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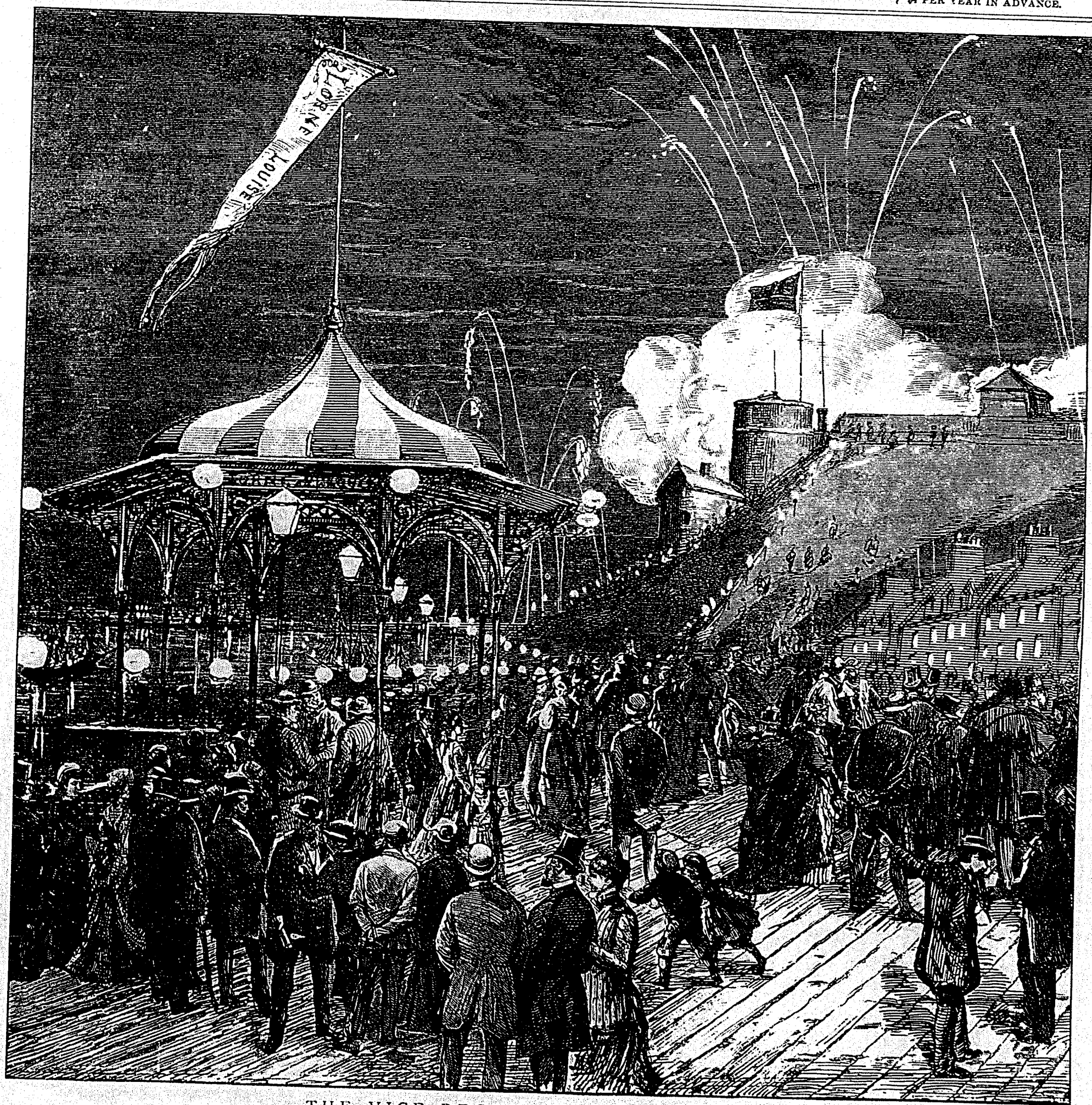
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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1879.

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THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO QUEBEC.
DUFFERIN TERRACE ON THE NIGHT OF THE ILLUMINATION.

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City subscribers are requested to report at once to this office, either personally or by postal card, any irregularity in the delivery of their papers.

PROSPECTUS OF VOL. XX.

We have the pleasure to announce to all our friends and patrons that, on the 5th July, we shall commence the XXth Volume of

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS,

and with it shall introduce a number of improvements tending to make it still more worthy of public encouragement. We have engaged the services of a talented Superintendent of the Art Department, competent to infuse new energy and excellence in our illustrations; and to show what we intend to accomplish in the Literary Department, we have only to publish the names of the following Canadian writers of note who have kindly consented to be occasional contributors to our columns:

J. G. BOURINOT, Esq., Ottawa.
 Rev. A. J. BRAY, Montreal.
 S. E. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.
 F. M. DEROME, Esq., Rimouski.
 F. L. DIXON, Esq., Ottawa.
 N. F. DAVIN, Esq., Toronto.
 GEORGE M. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.
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 J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL.D., Toronto.
 W. D. LESUEUR, Esq., Ottawa.
 J. M. LEMOINE, Esq., Quebec.
 CHAS. LINDSEY, Esq., Toronto.
 H. H. MILES, LL.D., Quebec.
 HENRY J. MORGAN, Esq., Ottawa.
 Hon. E. G. PENNY, Senator, Montreal.
 Rev. JAMES ROY, M.A., Montreal.
 JOHN READE, M.A., Montreal.
 Mrs. ALEXANDER ROSS, Montreal.
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 FENNINGS TAYLOR, Esq., Ottawa.
 THOMAS WHITE, Esq., M.P.
 Rev. S. W. YOUNG, M.A., Toronto.
 Count de PREMIO REAL, Spanish Consul at Quebec.

In addition to these attractions we beg to call attention to the following special features of the NEWS:

I. It is the only illustrated paper in the Dominion; the only purely literary weekly, and is every respect a family paper.

II. It contains the only Canadian Portrait Gallery in existence, numbering already over 200, and containing the picture and biography of all the leading men of the Dominion in every department of life. This collection is invaluable for reference, can be found nowhere else, and ours is the only paper that can publish it.

III. It gives views and sketches of all important events at home and abroad, as they transpire every week.

IV. It has been publishing, and will continue to publish, illustrations of the principal towns, manufactures and industries of the country, which, when collected in a volume, will constitute the most complete pictorial gazetteer ever printed.

V. Its original and selected matter is varied, spicy, and of that literary quality which is calculated to improve the public taste.

VI. It studiously eschews all partisanship in politics, and all sectarianism in religion.

The expenditure of an illustrated journal is double that of any ordinary paper, and to meet that we earnestly request the support of all those who believe that Canada should possess such a periodical as ours. The more we are encouraged the better will be our paper, and we promise to spare no effort to make it worthy of universal acceptance. A great step will be made if, with the new volume, all our friends help us to the extent of procuring for us an additional subscriber each.

OUR NEW STORY.

On the 1st July we shall begin the publication of an original serial story, entitled:—

MY GREGOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY,

BY JOHN LESPERANCE.

Author of "Rosalba," "The Bastonnais," &c.

This story will run through several months, and we bespeak for it the favour which was accorded to "The Bastonnais," originally published in these columns two years ago. The subject is new and interesting. The book will deal, *inter alia*, with the mysteries of Voudouism, and touch delicately upon several of those social questions which have so thoroughly agitated the North and South since the war. Begin your subscriptions with the opening of this story.

NOTICE.

To prevent all confusion in the delivery of papers, our readers and subscribers are requested to give notice at this office, by post-card or otherwise, of their change of residence, giving the new number along with the old number of their houses.

NOTICE.

Subscribers removing to the country or the sea-side during the summer months, are respectfully requested to send their new addresses to our offices, 5 and 7 Bleury Street, and the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will be duly sent to them.

TEMPERATURE.

As observed by HEARN & HARRISON, Thermometer and Barometer Makers, Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1878				
June 22nd, 1879.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	June 22nd, 1878.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	67°	51°	59°	Mon.	77°	62°	69°
Tues.	62°	49°	55°	Tues.	78°	61°	69°
Wed.	68°	50°	59°	Wed.	71°	58°	64°
Thur.	71°	49°	60°	Thur.	77°	67°	72°
Frid.	75°	54°	66°	Frid.	81°	68°	74°
Sat.	84°	62°	73°	Sat.	79°	66°	72°
Sun.	81°	64°	74°	Sun.	76°	66°	71°

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 28, 1879.

THE LATE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

We present our readers to-day with a portrait of the late Prince Louis NAPOLEON, whose untimely end in Zululand is the subject of regret and sympathy throughout the entire world. The photograph from which we copied the likeness is not a military one, but it comes direct from Camden Place, Chiselhurst, and was obtained there only last summer by a French gentleman, to whom we are indebted for it. It is, therefore, authentic, and may be preserved as a memorial of the unfortunate youth.

The deceased Prince, whose full name was EUGENE LOUIS JEAN JOSEPH NAPOLEON, was born on the 16th of March, 1856. His health in infancy was delicate, but for the past ten years has been more robust. In 1870 he accompanied his father, the late Emperor, to the German frontier, and after the fatal battle of Sedan he made his escape by Belgium to England, where he was soon joined by his mother, and after some time by the dethroned Emperor. The exiled family resided at Chiselhurst, and the Prince Imperial became a cadet at Woolwich, where he took a very creditable course. Owing to some technical objection he was not permitted to become a regular officer in the South African army, but he was allowed to remain with Colonel Wood's force unattached, and was in this position when he met his untimely death.

A FIFTH GOSPEL.

The latest and most interesting literary news which comes to us from England is that the Gospel according to the Hebrews, traditionally believed to be more ancient than that of St. MATTHEW, has been recovered, translated, annotated and analysed by EDWARD BYRON NICHOLSON, M.A., late scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and is

to be published by subscription. This venerable piece of antiquity is in thirty-three fragments and it is said to have been written in Aramaic, the language of Palestine in the time of the Saviour. The work was known to the early fathers and JEROME translated it into both Greek and Latin. The fact has been established that it is a special memoir—not, as was once supposed, a transcript of MATTHEW—and there is ground for the belief that it is older than either of the four Gospels. It runs parallel to MATTHEW to a certain extent, but presents differences which will create much comment and controversy. To take one for example, the appearance of JESUS to James (his brother), alluded to by PAUL in 1. Corinthians, xv., but lost out of the Gospels in the century which followed him, is here narrated in detail: "And when the Lord had given his linen cloth to the servant of the priest, he went to James and appeared to him. For JAMES had sworn that he would not eat bread from the hour wherein he had drunk the cup of the Lord until he saw Him rising again from the dead.—(hiatus)... Bring a table and bring—(hiatus)... He took up the bread and blessed and broke and afterwards gave to JAMES the Just, and said to him, My brother, eat, for the son of Man is risen from them that sleep." "It appears that when this was written the efforts to make out that MARY had no other children, but was a virgin, had not been yet made." This recovered Gospel also says that JESUS asked all His disciples to handle him and see that He was not an 'incorporeal demon' (daimonion), and not THOMAS alone. In the fourth Gospel the moral of this incident seems pointed against a growing skepticism which would not believe unless it saw; but here it seems directed against that denial by BARNABAS and SIMON MAGUS of Christ's genuine flesh-and-blood humanity which PAUL withstood.

The question of baptismal redemption will acquire special importance if this new Gospel is recognized, as one of the fragments gives a significant account of the baptism of the Saviour. His mother and brethren having proposed that He and they should go together and be baptized by JOHN, JESUS answered: "Wherein have I sinned that I should go and be baptized by him; except perchance this very thing that I have said is ignorance." After baptism, "as He went out of the water the heavens opened, and He saw the Holy Spirit of God in the form of a dove descend and enter Him. And a voice was heard from Heaven saying, 'Thou art my beloved Son; in Thee I am well pleased.'" and again, "This day have I begotten Thee," and immediately a great light shone in that place." Then the Spirit, or dove, also spake, saying: "My son, in all the prophets did I await Thee that Thou mightest come, and I mightest rest in Thee. For Thou art My rest, Thou art My first-born Son that reignest forever."

We present our readers with these few outlines without venturing to pronounce any opinion thereupon in advance of the publication of the book itself, and we are quite content to await the judgment of professional exegetists on the merit, if any, of the discovery itself.

THE ASIATIC CHRIST.

What difference would it make if it were proven that JESUS was not, in reality, a Jew by extraction? This is a question which we are altogether unprepared to answer, but perhaps a clue might be found in a new work by Mr. ERNEST VOX BUNSEN, in which the author brings forward some curious facts to establish that somewhat startling theory.

The descent of DAVID from CALEB, the Kenezite, and thus from non-Hebrews, points to a connection of JESUS with "the strangers in Israel." This the author finds confirmed by the fact that the four female ancestors of JESUS mentioned in the genealogies of MATTHEW are all non-Hebrews. Although the descent of THAMAR is not specified in the Bible, PHILO calls her "a

stranger" (DE NOBIL., 5). The second female ancestor, RAHAB or RHEHAB, refers to the Kenezites also. The third, RUTH, the Moabite, was a descendant from CALEB, the Kenezite. The fourth was the wife of URIAH, BATHSHEBA or BATHSHEA. She was a grand-daughter of AHITOPHEL, born in the hill country of JUDAH, where the Kenezites dwelt, all non-Hebrews. The name BATHSHEA, or daughter of SHUA, connects the wife of URIAH with the Canaanite name SHUA, wife of JUDAH, whose son was called ER or GER, "the Stranger." Also one of the sons of ABRAHAM and his concubine, KETURAH, was called SHUA, which name, with the divine prefix, formed JEHOSHUA, JOSHUA or JESUS. BUNSEN connects this non-Hebrew element in Israel principally with the Medo-Chaldeans, the nation that ruled in Mesopotamia before ABRAHAM was born, and which transmitted the Chaldean or Magian wisdom in which DANIEL was instructed. And this "wisdom," our author contends, was mainly the tradition of the Zendavesta.

It will reassure the orthodox to be informed that Mr. BUNSEN is an earnest believer in CHRIST and the redemption, and has no intention of lowering the prestige of the Saviour of the world. But he also believes in the super-human claims of BUDDHA, and holds that he has discovered the long lost link between the New Testament and the Buddhist Sacred Books. He asserts that the "Asiatic Christ" taught and acted in ways that have for ages been the cherished ways of devout Hindoos. He taught, for example, the doctrine of non-resistance, while the Western Christians teach the need and justifiability of war. Neither, according to BUNSEN, can there be any doubt that the doctrines taught by CHRIST—especially in the matter of getting and keeping the goods of this world—resemble very closely the doctrines of BUDDHA. "Certainly the teaching of CHRIST in this respect was a very radical departure from the Mosaic doctrine." The inquiry might be prolonged further, but we have written enough to provoke the curiosity of our readers, which is all that can be asked in the present stage of the controversy.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LIGHTNING PAINTER.—The theatregoers of Milan, Italy, are very much interested in the remarkable performances of a man who has gained the cognomen of "The Rapid Painter." His name is Marcus Morello, and he bids fair to attain a world-renowned reputation in his peculiar line. He practices his art most of the time at the theatres, where, in presence of a large audience, he paints a correct picture of some prominent actor or actress in a remarkable short space of time, not more than twenty minutes being taken to do the job. There is a rumour to the effect that he will visit America in the fall, in which case we shall expect to see the phizzes of some of our prominent men and women of the day done up in short and sweet order.

FIGHT WITH BEARS.—Between the hours of five and six in the evening of Sunday week, two men visited Joe Roof's "cave" to see the sights, and among other things were shown the den of three bears, who are kept in a cavern, about six feet high by ten feet square, under the hall where the cooking is done. The only entrance to the cage is by a trap door in the floor, and when the trio of bears are exhibited, the door is opened and by a known signal the bears are trained to raise on their hind feet and rest their forepaws on the edge of the floor around the mouth of the trap. While the men were feasting their eyes on the miniature menagerie, a four year old boy of Joe's was playing around the hall, and coming too close to the open trap, overbalanced himself and fell among the beasts. The largest of the three uttered a loud, deep growl, and dashed at the little boy, grasping him bear-fashion between his forepaws. The boy shrieked piteously, and in an instant Joe was down in the pit among the bears, who although they are called "tame," displayed all the ferocity of their brethren who roam at large in the forest. Joe wrestled with brain-maddeningly, and managed to release the child from his grasp, and was just in the act of raising him to safe quarters, when the savage beast seized the boy a second time and bore him to the ground. The father again released his child, and this time was successful in placing him out of reach of the now doubly infuriated monster, who then turned on Joe himself and attacked him savagely, and before he had time to disappear out of the pit the brute succeeded in terribly lacerating the flesh of the lower right thigh and around the knee. Finally, the men at the top grabbed Joe's

hands and pulled him out of the pit, the bears all the while giving vent to the most unearthly growls. The injured man's wounds were speedily dressed, and it is not probable that he will be compelled to abstain from work, although he suffers great pain. Strange to say, he did not see fit to shoot the bear afterwards.

IMMIGRANTS EX SS. "SARDINIAN."—The station at the Tanneries was a scene of bustle and excitement the other day on the arrival of the special train from Levis with the immigrants ex SS. Sardinian, numbering in all 512 souls. From Levis they were under charge of Mr. John Sumner, Dominion Immigration Agent, and on arrival were received by Mr. Daly, Dominion Agent, Montreal, and his assistants. The train reached the station at 8.15 p. m., and halted alongside the immigration shed, where a substantial and inviting dinner was laid out by the enterprising and worthy caterer, Mr. Carslake, of the Mansion House. The appearance of the interior of the shed, with long rows of tables stretching its full length, covered with table-cloths of snowy whiteness, glittering with delf, and adorned with bouquets of flowers, was suggestive of the heartiest of welcomes and must have been regarded as a bright augury by the hardy children of toil, and combined with the savory whiffs from the culinary department which greeted the nostrils, would have excited an appetite in the most fastidious epicurean. Soon the immigrants placed themselves in their seats, Miss Rye's children coming trooping in first, their faces beaming with pleasurable excitement at the novelty of the situation, the wee ones of all wearing little red riding hoods which made them look like elfins as they emerged from the outer darkness into the shed, and occupying a separate table. The greatest order existed, the transfer from the cars to the shed having been effected without any confusion, under the direction of Mr. Daly, and the intending settlers being waited on with the utmost celerity by the attendants under the direction of Mr. Carslake. Previous to commencing their meal, Miss Rye's proteges sang very prettily grace before meat; and then in the manner in which knife and fork were piled on all sides not only indicated a keen relish for the good things which the worthy caterer had provided, but showed that the bonny and sinewy being imported into the Dominion was of a character fitted to build up a new country. The men were, as a rule, sturdy, not ill-looking fellows and all had great faith in the future. They are principally, if not entirely, laborers or farmers. One man named H. Wis, from South Wales, has a family of twelve children, four daughters and eight boys. He intends settling down to farming in Palestine, the Atlas settlement on the forks of the Saskatchewan, Manitoba, where he has secured a reservation. Having had two years' experience as a farm bailiff, and possessing a good knowledge of market gardening, his success he considers to be but a question of time. He is a man of considerable intelligence, and is well educated, having at one time run a printing office, of which his eldest son was foreman. The majority are bound for Ontario, and all seem to be impressed with the laudable desire of settling on land.

Grace after meat having been sung by the children, Mr. M. H. Gault kindly stepped forward to address a few words of welcome and advice to the new comers; addressing the children more especially, he expressed a hope that they would be happy in their new "Home," and pray to Almighty God to aid them in all times of trouble and danger, so that in after-life they might be enabled to thank Him for a merciful deliverance from the terrible scenes of wickedness and poverty from which they had been rescued by the timely arrival of good Miss Rye. Miss Rye made a suitable and feeling reply, refusing, however, to take the credit to herself, and awarding a due share of praise to her assistants and faithful secretary. After several new songs and hymns had been sung, orders were given to get on board about 10 p. m., which was successfully accomplished under the vigilant superintendence of Mr. J. J. Daly, and his deputies, Messrs. McNicholls and Quinn. The children each had a bunch of white blossoms presented to them by the worthy caterer.

The immigrants then left under the direction of Mr. E. M. Pesse, the travelling agent of the Ontario Government, carrying with them the hearty good wishes of all present for their future prosperity in the "Great Lone Land," a wish which we are sure will be cordially echoed by all our readers.

Our artist has given some very faithful sketches of a few of the incidents alluded to, likewise a view of Mr. Carslake's Hostelry in Bonaventure street, where such of the immigrants as fall under his charge during the winter months will be regaled after their long and dreary ride from Halifax to Montreal, over the snow bound roads of the Intercolonial and Grand Trunk Railways.

WHAT glorious fun the small boy has about these times, as he splashes and dives about in the pond! The only drawback seems to be that a good deal of time has to be wasted in stirring up his dripping hair with a little stick to dry, lest it should give him away to the old lady when he sneaks into the backdoor to steal a doughnut.

THEATRE tickets in ancient times were in very odd shapes. In Rome we are informed the theatre-goer purchased at the box office a slender little walking stick of ivory or bronze which he carried in his hand and delivered to the doorkeeper. Those old Romans knew a thing or two. In modern days the young man is compelled to go out between nets and rush into a saloon to get his "stick"—in a glass of lemonade or something.

THE LOVER'S TALE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

The original preface to "The Lover's Tale" states that it was composed in my nineteenth year. Two only of the three parts then written were printed, when, feeling the imperfection of the poem, I withdrew it from the press. One of my friends, however, who boy-like admired the boy's work, distributed among our common associates of that hour some copies of these two parts, without my knowledge, without the omissions and amendments which I had in contemplation and marred by many misprints of the compositor. Seeing that these two parts have of late been mercilessly pirated and that what I had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die, may I not be pardoned if I suffer the whole poem at last to come into the light, accompanied with a reprint of the sequel—work of my mature life—"The Golden Supper"?

May, 1879.

ARGUMENT.

Julian, whose cousin and foster-sister, Camilla, has been wedded to his friend and rival, Lionel, endeavours to narrate the story of his own love for her, and the strange sequel. He speaks (in Parts II. and III.) of having been haunted by visions and the sound of bells tolling for a funeral, and at last ringing for a marriage; but he breaks away, overcome, as he approaches the event, and a witness to it completes the tale.

I.

Here far away, seen from the topmost cliff, Filling with purple gloom the vaucesies Between the tufted hills, the sloping seas Hung in mid heaven, and half way down rare sails, White as white clouds, floated from sky to sky. Oh! pleasant breast of waters, quiet bay, Like to a quiet mind in the lone world, Where the chafed breakers of the outer sea Sank powerless, as angry falls aside, And withers on the breast of penitential love; Thon didst receive the growth of pines that fledged The hills that watched thee, as Love watcheth Love, In thine own essence, and delight thyself To make it wholly thine on sunny days. Keep thou the name of "Lover's Bay." See, sir, Even now the Goddess of the Past, that takes The heart, and sometimes touches but one string That quivers, and is silent, and sometimes Sweeps suddenly all its half-moulder'd chords To some old melody, begins to play That air which pleased her first. I feel thy breath; I come, great Mistress of the ear and eye: Thy breath is of the pinewood; and thy years Have hollow'd out a deep and stormy strait Betwixt the native land of Love and me, Breathe but a little on me, and the sail Will draw me to the rising of the sun, The lucid chambers of the morning star, And East of Life.

Permit me, friend, I prithee, To pass my hand across my brows, and muse On those dear hills, that never more will meet The sight that throbs and aches beneath my touch, As tho' there beat a heart in either eye: For when the outer lights are darkened thus, The memory's vision hatches a keener edge. It grows upon me now—the semicircle Of dark blue waters and the narrow fringe Of curving beach—its wreaths of dripping green— Its pale pink shells—the summer-house aloft. A mountain nest—the pleasure-boat that rock'd, Like green with its own shadow, keel to keel, Upon the dappled dimplings of the wave, That blanch'd upon its side.

O Love, O Hope! They come, they crowd upon me all at once— Moved from the cloud of forgotten things, That sometimes on the horizon of the mind Flash faded, often sweeps athwart in storm— Flash upon flash they lighten thro' me—days Of dewy dawning and the amber eyes When thou and I, Camilla, thou and I Were borne about the bay or safely moor'd Beneath a low-brow'd cavern, where the tide Plash'd, sapping its own ribs; and all without The slowly-rising rollers on the cliffs Clash'd, calling to each other, and thro' the arch Down those loud waters, like a setting star, Mixt with the gorgeous west the light-house shone, And silver smiling Venus ere she fell Would often loiter in her balmy blue, To crown it with herself.

Here, too, my love Waver'd at anchor with me, when day hung From his mid-dome in Heaven's airy halls; Gleams of the water-circles as they broke, Flicker'd like doubtful smiles about her lips, Quiver'd a flying glory on her hair, Leapt like a passing thought across her eyes; And mine with one that will not pass, till earth And heaven pass too, dwell on my heaven, a face Most stately-fair, but kindled from within As 'twere with dawn. She was dark-haired, dark-eyed: Oh, such dark eyes! a single glance of them Will govern a whole life from birth to death, Careless of all things else, led on with light In trances and in visions; look at them, You lose yourself in utter ignorance; You can not find their depth; for they go back, And further back, and still withdraw themselves Quite into the deep soul, that evermore Fresh springing from her fountains to the brain, Still pouring thro' floods with redundant life Her narrow portals.

Trust me, long ago I should have died, if it were possible To die in gazing on that perfectness Which I do bear within me; I had died, But from my furthest lapse, my latest ebb, Thine image, like a charm of light and strength Upon the waters, push'd me back again On these deserted sands of barren life. Tho' from the deep vault where the heart of Hope Fell into dust, and crumbled in the dark— Forgetting how to render beautiful Her countenance with quick and healthful blood— Thon didst not sway me upward; could I perish While thou, a meteor of the sepulchre, Didst swathe thyself all round Hope's quiet urn Forever! He, that saith it, bath'd or steeped The slippery footing of his narrow wit, And fell a way from judgment. Thon art light, To which my spirit leanteth all her flowers, And length of days, and immortality Of thought, and freshness ever self-renew'd, For Time and Grief abide too long with Life, And, like all other friends 't the world, at last

They grew aware of her fellowship: So Time and Grief did beckon unto Death, And Death drew nigh and beat the doors of Life; But thou didst sit alone in the inner house. A wakeful portress, and didst purle with Death,— "This is a charmed dwelling which I hold;" So Death gave back, and would no further come. Yet is my life nor in the present time, Nor in the present place. To me alone, Push'd from his chair of regal heritage, The Present is the vessel of the Past: So that, in that I have lived, do I live, And can not die, and am, in having been— A portion of the pleasant yesterday, Thrust forward on to-day and out of place; A body journeying onward, sick with toil, The weight as if of age upon my limbs, The grasp of hopeless grief about my heart, And all the senses weaken'd, save in that, Which long ago they had glean'd and garner'd up Into the granaries of memory— The clear brow, bulwark of the precious brain, Think'd as you see, and seem'd—and all the while The light soul twines and mingles with the growths Of vigorous early days, attracted, won, Married, made one with, molten into all The beautiful in East or West or place, And like the all-enduring camel, driven Far from the diamond fountain by the palms, Who toils across the middle moon-lit nights, Or when the white heats of the blinding noons Beat from the concave sand; yet in him keeps A draught of that sweet fountain that he loves, To stay his feet from falling, and his spirit From bitterness of death.

When I began to love. How should I tell you Or from the after-fulness of my heart, Flow back again unto my slender spring And first of love, tho' every turn and depth Between is clearer in my life than all its present flow. You know not what ye ask. How should the broad and open flower tell What sort of bud it was, when, prest together In its green sheath, close-lapt in silken folds, It seem'd to keep its sweetness to itself. Yet was not the less sweet for that it seem'd? For young Life knows not when young Life was born, But takes it all for granted: neither Love, Warm in the heart, his cradle, can remember Love in the womb, but resteth satisfied, Looking on her that brought him to the light: Or as men know not when they fall asleep Into delicious dreams, our other life, So know I not when I began to love. This is my sum of knowledge—that my love Grew with myself—say, rather, was my growth, My inward sap, the hold I have on earth, My outward circling air, wherewith I breathe, Which ye upholds my life, and evermore Is to me daily life and daily death. For how should I have lived and not have loved? Can ye take off the sweetness from the flower, The color and the sweetness from the rose, And place them by themselves; or set apart Their motions and their brightness from the stars, And then point out the flower or the star? Or build a wall betwixt my life and love, And tell me where I am? 'Tis even thus: In that I live I love; because I love I live; what'er is fountain to the one Is fountain to the other; and where'er Our God unkinks the riddle of the one, There is no shade or fold of mystery Swathing the other.

Many, many years (For they seem many and my most of life, And well I could have linger'd in that porch, So unpropitious to the dwelling-place), In the May dews of childhood, opposite The flush and dawn of youth, we lived together, Apart, alone together on those hills.

Before he saw my day my father died, And he was happy that he saw it not; But I and the first daisy on his grave From the same clay came into light at once. As Love and I do number equal years, So she, my love, is of an age with me. How like each other was the birth of each! On the same morning, almost the same hour, Under the selfsame aspect of the stars (O falsehood of all starcraft!) we were born. How like each other was the birth of each! The sister of my mother—she that bore Camilla close beneath her beating heart, Which to the imprison'd spirit of the child, With its true-touched pulses in the flow And hourly visitation of the blood, Sent notes of preparation manifold, And mellow'd echoes of the outer world— My mother's sister, mother of my love, Who had a twofold claim upon my heart, One twofold mightier than the other was, In giving so much beauty to the world, And so much wealth as God had charged her with— Leaching to put it from herself forever, Left her own life with it; and dying thus, Crown'd with her highest net the placid face And breathless body of her good deeds past.

So were we born, so orphan'd. She was motherless And I without a father. So from each Of those two pillars which from earth uphold Our childhood, one had fallen away, and all The careful burden of our tender years Trembled upon the other. He that gave Her life, to me delightedly fulfill'd All loving-kindnesses, all offices— Of watchful care and trembling tenderness. He walked for both; he pray'd for both; he slept Dreaming of both; nor was his love the less Because it was divided, and shot forth Boughs on each side, laden with wholesome shade, Wherein we nestled sleeping or awake, And sang aloud the matin-song of life.

She was my foster-sister, on one arm The flaxen ringlets of our infancies Wander'd, the while we rested; one soft lap Pillow'd us both; a common light of eyes Was on us as we lay; our baby lips, Kissing one bosom, ever drew from thence The stream of life, one stream, one life, one blood, One sustenance, which, still as thought grew large, Still larger moulding all the house of thought, Made all our tastes and fancies like, perhaps— All—all but one; and strange to me, and sweet, Sweet thro' strange years to know that whatsoever Our general mother meant for me alone, Our mutual mother dealt to both of us; So what was earliest mine in earliest life, I shared with her in whom myself remains.

As was our childhood, so our infancy, They tell me, was a very miracle Of fellow-feeling and communion. They tell me that we would not be alone.— We cried when we were putted; when I wept, Her smile lit up the rainbow on my tears, Staid on the cloud of sorrow; that we loved The sound of one another's voices more Than the gray cuckoo loves his name, and learnt To hup in tune together; that we slept In the same cradle always, face to face, Heart beating time to heart, lip pressing lip, Fiddling each other, breathing on each other, Dreaming together (dreaming of each other

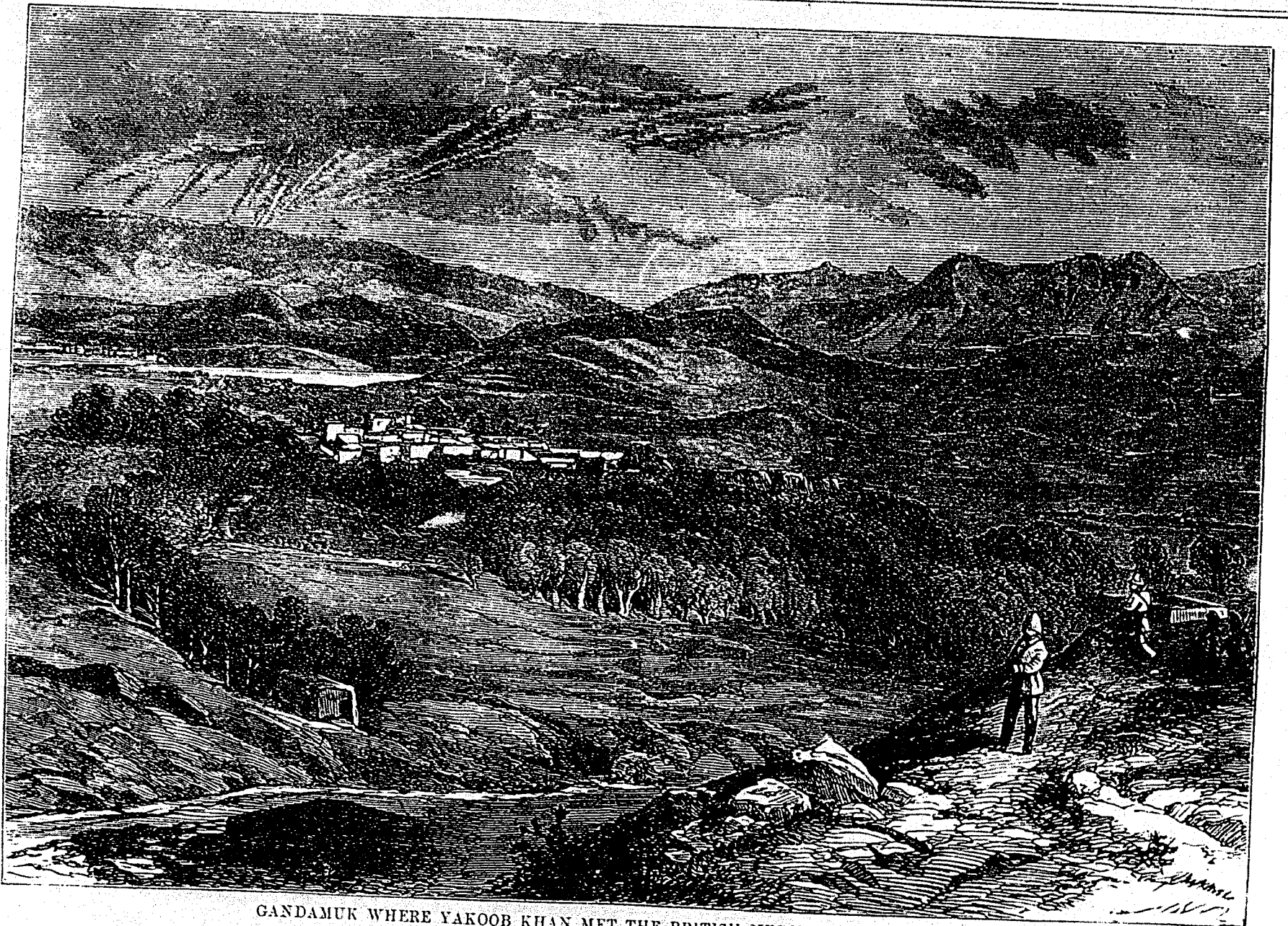
They should have added), till the morning light Sloped thro' the pines, upon the dewy pane Falling, unseal'd our eyelids, and we woke To gaze upon each other. If this be true, At thought of which my whole soul languishes And faints, and bath no pulse, no breath—as tho A man in some still garden should infuse Rich star in the bosom of the rose, Till, drunk with its own wine, and overflow Of sweetness, and in smelling of itself, It fall on its own thorns—if this be true— And that way my wish leads me evermore Still to believe it—'tis so sweet a thought, Why in the utter stillness of the soul Doth question'd memory answer not, nor tell Of this our earliest, our closest-drawn, Most loveliest, earthly-heavenliest harmony! O blossom'd portal of the lonely house, Green prelude, April promise, glad new-year Of Being, which with earliest violets And lavish carol of clear-throated larks Fill'd all the March of life!—I will not speak of thee; These have not seen thee, these can never know thee, They can not understand me. Pass we then A term of eighteen years. Ye would but laugh, If I should tell you how I heard in thought The faded rhymes and scraps of ancient crones, Gray relics of the nurseries of the world, Which are as gems set in my memory, Because she learnt them with me; or what use To know her father left us just before The daffodil was blown? or how we found The dead man cast upon the shore? All this Seems to the quiet day-light of your mind; But cloud and smoke; and in the dark of mine Is traced with flame. Move with me to the event. There came a glorious morning, such a one As dawns but once a season. Mercury On such a morning would have flung himself From cloud to cloud, and scum with balanced wings To some tall mountain; when I said to her, "A day for Gods to stoop," she answered, "Ay, And men to soar;" for as that other gazed, Shading his eyes till all the fiery cloud, The prophet and the chariot and the steeds, Suck'd into oneness like a little star Were drunk into the inmost blue, we stood, When first we came from out the pines at noon, With hands for eaves, up-looking and almost Waiting to see some blessed shape in heaven, So bathed we were in brilliance. Never yet Before or after have I known the spring Pour with such sudden deluges of light Into the middle summer; for that day Love, rising, shook his wings, and charged the winds With speeded May-sweets from bound to bound, and blew Fresh life into the sun, and from within Burst thro' the heated buds, and sent his soul Into the songs of birds, and touch'd far off His mountain-altars, his high hills, with flame Milder and purer.

Thro' the rocks we found: The great pine shook with lovely sounds of joy That came on the sea-wind. As mountain streams Our bloods ran free; the sunshine seem'd to brood More warmly on the heart than on the brow. We often paused, and, looking back, we saw The clefts and openings in the mountains fill'd With the blue valley and the glistening brooks, And all the low dark groves, a land of love! A land of promise, a land of memory, A land of promise, flowing with the milk And honey of delicious memories! And down to sea, and far as eye could ken, Each way from verge to verge a Holy Land, Still growing holier as you near'd the bay, For there the Temple stood.

When we had reach'd The grassy platform on some hill, I stoop'd, I gather'd the wild herbs, and for her brows And mine made garlands of the selfsame flowers, Which she took smiling, and with my work thus Crown'd her clear forehead. Once or twice she told me (For I remember all things) to let grow The flowers that run poison in their veins. She said, "The evil flourish in the world." Then playfully she gave herself the lie— "Nothing in nature is unbecomful; So, brother, pluck, and spare not." So I wore Ev'n the dull-blooded poppy-stem, "whose flower, Hued with the scarlet of a fierce surprise, Like to the wild youth of an evil prince, Is without sweetness, but who crowsns himself Above the secret poisons of his heart In his old age." A graceful thought of hers (Gave'n on my fancy! And oh, how like a nymph, A stately mountain nymph she look'd! how native Unto the hills she trod on!) While I gazed, My coronal slowly disintegrated, And fell between us both; the while I gazed My spirit beat as with those thrills of bliss That strike across the soul in prayer, and show us That we are surely heard. Methought a light Burst from the earland I had wov'n, and stood A solid glory on her bright black hair; A light methought broke from her dark, dark eye, and shot into the singing winds; A mystic light flash'd ev'n from her white robe As from a glass in the sun, and fell about My footsteps on the mountains.

"Last we came To what our people call 'The Hill of Woe.' A bridge is there, that look'd at from beneath, Seems but a cobweb filament to link The yawning of an earthquake-cloven chasm, And there ce one night, when all the winds were loud, A woeful man (for so the story went) Had thrust his wife and child, and dash'd himself Into the dizzy depth below. Below, Fierce in the strength of far descent, a stream Flies with a shattered foam along the chasm. The path was perilous, loosely strewn with crags: We mounted slowly; yet to both there came The joy of life in steepness overcome, And victories of ascent, and looking down On all that had look'd down on us; and joy In breathing nearer heaven; and joy to me, High over all the azure-circled earth, To breath with her as if in heaven itself; And more than joy that I to her became Her guardian and her angel, raising her Still higher, past all peril, until she saw Beneath her feet the region far away, Beyond the nearest mountain's bosky brows, Burst in open prospect—health and hill, And hollow-sined and wooded to the lips, And steep down walls of battlemented rock Gilded with broom or snitter'd into spires, And glory of broad waters interflowed, Whence rose as it were breath and steam of gold, And over all the great wood rioting, And climbing, streak'd or star'd at intervals With falling brook or blossom'd bush—and last Framing the mighty landscape to the west, A purple range of mountain-cones, between Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding bursts The incorporate blaze of sun and sea."

At length Descending from the point and standing both, There on the tremulous bridge, that from beneath Had seem'd a gossamer filament up in air, We pause amid the splendour. All the west And ev'n unto the middle south was ribb'd And barr'd with bloom on bloom. The sun below, Held for a space 'twixt cloud and wave, shower'd down



GANDAMUK WHERE YAKOUB KHAN MET THE BRITISH NEGOTIATORS FOR PEACE.

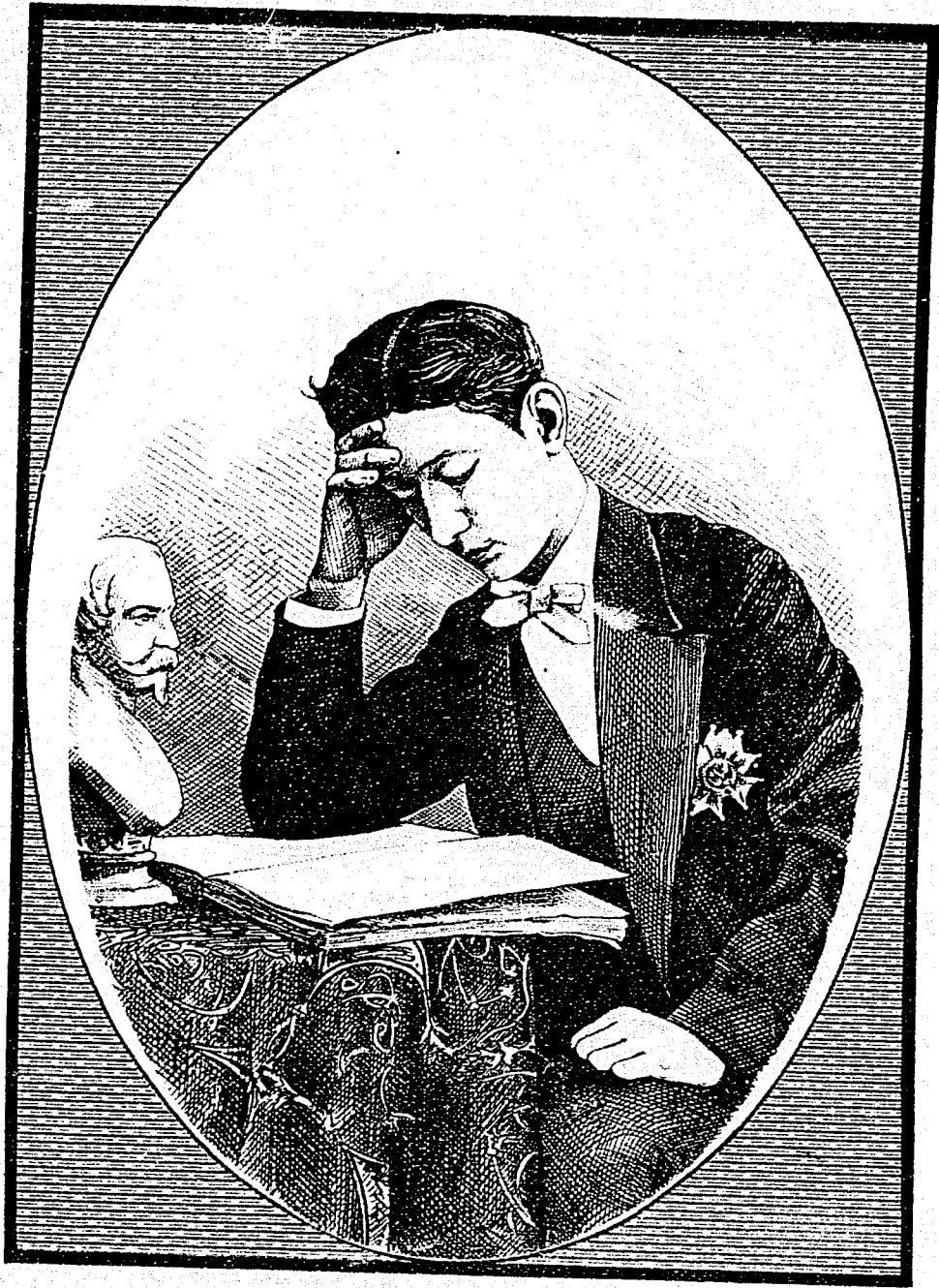


THE LIGHTNING PAINTER.—AN ITALIAN WHO PAINTS A FINISHED PICTURE IN TWENTY MINUTES.

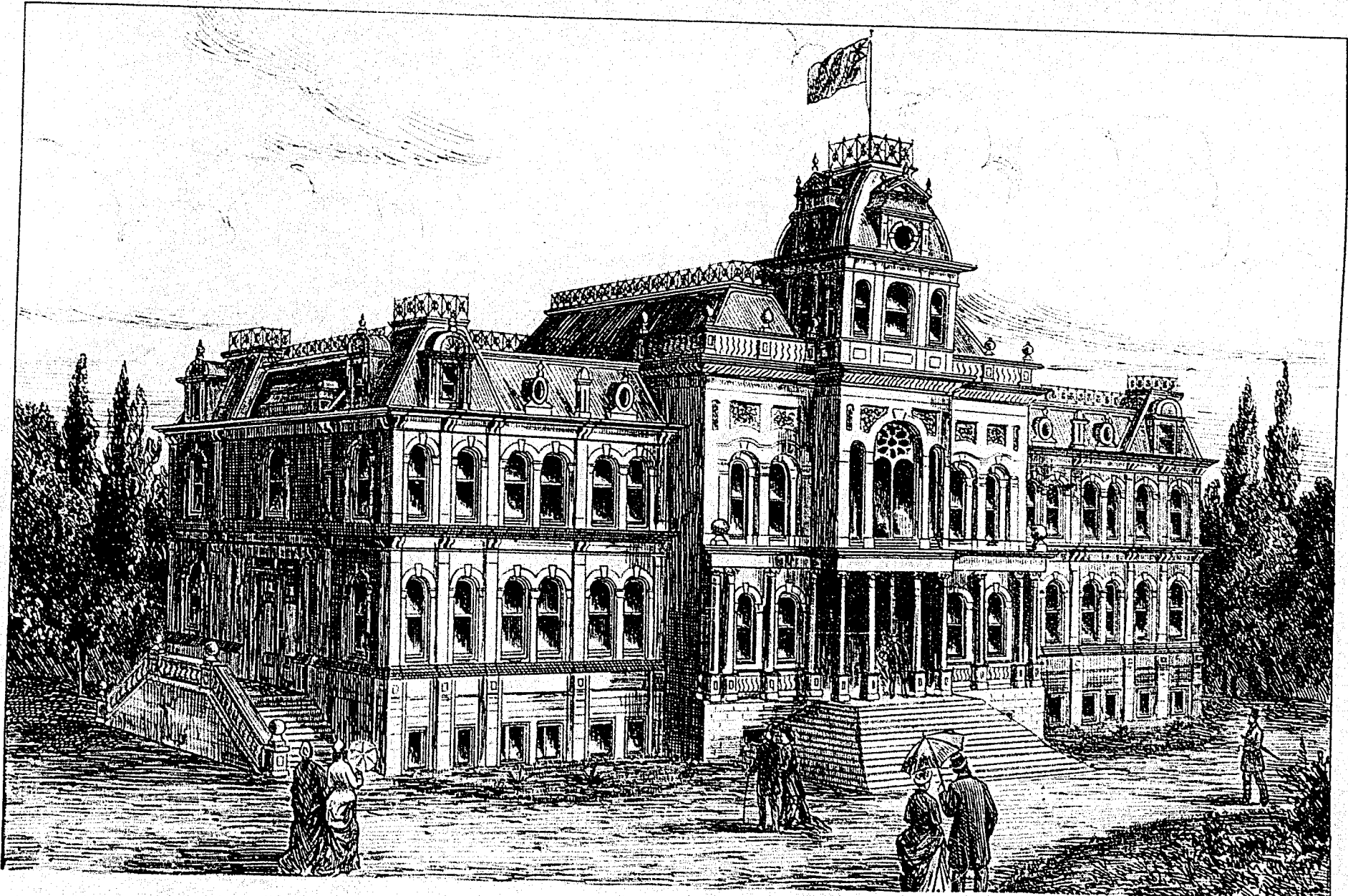
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Rays of a mighty circle, weaving over
That various wilderness a tissue of light
Unparallel'd. On the other side, the moon,
Half melted into thin blue air, stood still,
And pale and fibrous as a wither'd leaf,
Nor yet endured in presence of his eyes
To induce his lustre; most unlover-like,
Since in his presence fall of light and joy,
And giving light to others. But this most,
Next to her presence whom I loved so well,
Spoke loudly even into my inmost heart
As to my outward hearing; the loud stream,
Forth issuing from his portals in the crag
(A visible link unto the home of my heart),
Ran amber toward the west, and nigh the sea
Parting my own loved mountains was received,
Shorn of its strength, into the sympathy
Of that small bay, which out to open main
Glow'd intermingling close beneath the sun.
Spirit of Love! that little hour was bound
Shut in from Time, and dedicate to thee:
Thy fire from heaven had touch'd it, and the earth
They fell on became hallow'd evermore.

We turn'd: our eyes met: hers were bright, and mine
Were dim with floating tears, that shot the sunset
In lightning round me; and my name was borne
Upon her breath. Henceforth my name has been
A hallow'd memory like the names of old,
A centred, glory-circled memory,
And a peculiar treasure, brooking not
Exchange or currency: and in that hour
A hope flow'd round me, like a golden mist
Charm'd amid eddies of melodious airs,
A moment, ere the onward whirlwind shatter it,
Waver'd and floated—which was less than Hope,
Because it lack'd the power of perfect Hope;
But which was more and higher than all Hope,
Because all other Hope had lower aim;
Even that this name to which her gracious lips
Did lend such gentle utterance, this one name,
In some obscure hereafter, might inwreath,
(How lovelier, nobler than!) her life, her love,
With my life, love, soul, spirit, and heart and strength.
"Brother," she said, "let this be call'd henceforth
The Hill of Hope;" and I replied, "O sister,
My will is one with thine; the Hill of Hope."
Nevertheless, we did not change the name.
I did not speak: I could not speak my love.
Love lieth deep: Love dwells not in lip-deaths.
Love wraps his wings on either side the heart,
Constraining it with kisses close and warm,
Absorbing all the incense of sweet thoughts
So that they pass not to the shrine of sound.
Else had the life of that delight'd hour
Drunk in the largeness of the utterance
Of Love; but how should Earthly measure mete
The Heavenly-unmeasured or unlimited Love,
Who scarce can tune his high majestic sense
Unto the thunder song that wheels the spheres,
Scarce living in the Eolian harmony,
And flowing odor of the spacious air,
Scarce housed within the circle of this Earth,
Be cabin'd up in words and syllables,
Which pass with that which breathes them? Sooner
Earth
Might go round Heaven, and the strait girth of Time
Inswathe the fullness of Eternity,
Than language grasp the infinite of Love.

O day which did enwomb that happy hour,
Thou art blest in the year's divinest day!
O Genius of that hour which dost uphold
Thy coronal of glory like a God,
Amid thy melancholy mates far-seen,
Who walk before thee, ever turning round
To gaze upon thee till their eyes are dim
With dwelling on the light and depths of thine.
Thy name is ever worshipp'd among hours!
Had I died then, I had not seem'd to die.
For bliss stood round me like the light of heaven,—
Had I died then, I had not known the death;
Yea had the Power from whose right hand the light
Of life issueth, and from whose left hand floweth
The Shadow of Death, perennial effluences,
Whereof to all that draw the wholesome air,
Somewhat the one must overflow the other;
Then had no stemm'd my day with night, and driven
My current to the fountain whence it sprang—
Even his own abiding excellence,—
On me, methinks, that shock of gloom had fall'n
Unfelt, and in this glory I had merged
The other, like the sun I gazed upon,
Which seeming for the moment due to death,
And dipping his head low beneath the verge,
Yet bearing round about him his own day,
In confidence of unabated strength,
Steppeth from Heaven to Heaven, from light to light,
And holdeth his undimmed forehead far
Into a clearer zenith, pure of cloud.

We trod the shadow of the downward hill;
We passed from light to dark. On the other side
Is scop'd a cavern and a mountain hall,
Which none have fathom'd. If you go far in
(The country people rumor) you may hear
The moaning of the woman and the child,
Shut in the secret chambers of the rock.
I too have heard a sound—perchance of streams
Running far on within its inmost halls,
The home of darkness; but the cavern-mouth,
Half overtraced with a wanton weed,
Gives birth to a brawling brook, that passing lightly
A-down a natural stair of tangled roots,
Is presently received in a sweet grave
Of gentleness, a place of burial.
For lovelier than its sweetest, for unseen,
But taken with the sweetness of the place
It makes a constant bubbling melody
That drowns the nearer echoes. Lower down
Spreads out a little lake, that, flooding, leaves
Low banks of yellow sand; and from the woods
That belt it rise three dark, tall cypresses,—
Three cypresses, symbols of mortal woe,
That men plant over graves.

Hither we came,
And sitting down upon the golden moss,
Held converse sweet and low—low converse sweet,
In which our voices bore least part. The wind
Told a love-tale beside us, how he woo'd
The waters, and the waters answering liep'd
To kisses of the wind, that, sick with love,
Fainted at intervals, and grew again
To utterance of passion: Ye cannot shape
Fancy so fair as in this memory.
Methought all excellence that ever was
Had drawn herself from many thousand years
And all the separate Edens of this earth,
To centre in this place and time. I listen'd,
And her words stole with most prevailing sweetness
Into my heart, as thronging fancies come
To boys and girls when summer days are new,
And soul and heart and body are all at ease:
What marvel my Camilla told me all?
It was so happy an hour, so sweet a place,
And I was as the brother of her blood,
And by that name I moved upon her breath;
Dear name, which had too much of nearness in it
And heralded the distance of this time!
At first her voice was rather sweet and low,
As if she were afraid of utterance;
But in the onward current of her speech
(As echoes of the hollow banked brooks
Are fashion'd by the channel which they keep),
Her words did of her meaning borrow sound,
Her cheek did catch the colour of her words,
I heard and trembled, yet I could but hear;
My heart paused—my raised eyelids would not fall,

But still I kept my eyes upon the sky.
I seem'd the only part of Time stood still,
And saw the motion of all other things;
While her words, syllable by syllable,
Like water, drop by drop, upon my ear
Fell: and I wish'd, yet wish'd her not to speak;
But she spoke on, for I did name no wish.
What marvel my Camilla told me all
Her maiden dignities of Hope and Love—
'Perchance,' she said, 'returned.' Even then the stars
Did tremble in their stations as I gazed;
But she spoke on, for I did name no wish,
No wish—no hope. Hope was not wholly dead
But breathing hard at the approach of Death,—
Camilla, my Camilla, who was mine
No longer in the dearest sense of mine—
For all the secret of her inmost heart,
And all the maiden empire of her mind,
Lay like a map before me, and I saw
There, where I hoped myself to reign as king,
There, where that day I crown'd myself as king,
There in my realm and even on my throne,
Another! then it seem'd as tho' a link
Of some tight chain within my inmost frame
Was riven in twain: that life I heed not
Flow'd from me, and the darkness of the grave,
The darkness of the grave and utter night,
Did swallow up my vision; at her feet,
Even the feet of her I loved, I fell,
Smit with exceeding sorrow unto Death.

Then had the earth beneath me yawning cleft
With such a sound as when the iceberg splits
From cope to base—had Heaven from all her doors,
With all her golden thresholds clashing, roll'd
Her heaviest thunder—I had lain as dead,
Mute, blind, and motionless as then I lay;
Dead, for henceforth there was no life for me!
Mute, for henceforth what use were words to me!
Blind, for the day was as the night to me!
The night to me was kinder than the day;
The night in pity took away my day,
Because my grief as yet was newly born
Of eyes too weak to look upon the light;
And thro' the hasty notice of the ear
Fell Life was startled from the tender love
Of him she brooded over. Would I had lain
Until the plaited ivy-tress had wound
Round my worn limbs, and the wild brier had driven
Its knotted thorns thro' my unpadding brows,
Leaning its roses on my faded eyes.
The wind had blown above me, and the rain
Had fall'n upon me, and the glided snake
Had nestled in this bosom-throne of Love,
But I had been at rest for evermore.

Long time entrenchment held me. All too soon
Life (like a wanton too-officious friend,
Who will not heed denial, vain and rude
With proffer of unwish'd-for services)
Entering all the avenues of sense
Past thro' into his citadel, the brain,
With hated warmth of apprehensiveness,
And first the chillness of the sprinkled brook
Smote on my brows, and then I seem'd to hear
Its murmur, as the drowning seaman hears,
Who with his head below the surface dropt
Listens to the muffled booming indistinct
Of the confused floods, and dimly knows
His head shall rise no more; and then came in
The white light of the weary moon above,
Diffused and molten into flaky cloud.
Was my sight drunk that it did shape to me
Him who should own that name? Were it not well
If so be that the echo of that name
Ringing within the fancy had updrawn
A fashion and a phantom of the form
It should attach to? Phantom!—had the ghastliest
That ever lusted for a body, sucking
The foul steam of the grave to thicken by it,
There in the shuddering moonlight brought its face
And what it has for eyes as close to mine
As he did—better that than his, than he,
The friend, the neighbour, Lionel, the beloved,
The loved, the lover, the happy Lionel,
The low-voiced, tender-spirited Lionel,
All joy, to whom my agony was a joy.
O how her choice did leap forth from his eyes!
And how her love did clothe itself in smiles
About his lips! and—and not one moment's grace—
Then when the effect weigh'd seas upon my head
To come my way! to twit me with the cause!

Was not the land as free thro' all her ways
To him as me? Was not his wont to walk
Between the going light and growing night?
Had I not learnt my loss before he came?
Could that be more because he came my way?
Why should he not come my way if he would?
And yet to-night, to-night—when all my wealth
Flash'd from me in a moment and I fell
Begger'd forever—why should he come my way
Robed in those robes of light I must not wear,
With that great crown of beams about his brows—
Come like an angel to a damned soul.
To tell him of the bliss he had with God—
Come like a careless and a greedy heir
That scarce can wait the reading of the will
Before he takes possession? Was mine a mood
To be invaded rudely, and not rather
A sacred, secret, unapproach'd woe,
Unspcakable? I was shut up with Grief;
She took the body of my past delight
Narded and swathed and balm'd it for herself,
And laid it in a sepulchre of rock
Never to rise again. I was led mute
Into her temple like a sacrifice;
I was the High Priest in her holiest place,
Not to be loudly broken in upon.
Oh friend, thoughts deep and heavy as those well-nigh
O'erborne the limits of my brain: but he
Bent o'er me, and my neck his arm upstay'd.
I thought it was adder's fold and once
I strove to disengage myself, but fall'd,
Being so feeble: she bent over me, too;
Was was her cheek; for whatsoe'er of blight
Lives in the dewy touch of pity had made
The red rose there a pale one—and her eyes—
I saw the moonlight glitter on their tears—
And some few drops of that distressful rain
Fell on my face, and her long ringlets moved,
Drooping and beaten by the breeze, and brush'd
My fallen forehead in their to and fro,
For in the sudden anguish of heart,
Loosed from their simple thrall they had flow'd abroad,
And floated on and parted round her neck,
Mantling her form half way. She, when I woke,
Something she ask'd, I know not what, and ask'd,
Unanswer'd, since I spoke not; for the sound
Of that dear voice so musically low,
And now first heard with any sense of pain,
As it had taken life away before
Choked all the syllables, that strove to rise
From my full heart.

The blissful lover, too,
From his great hoard of happiness distill'd
Some drops of solace; like a vain rich man,
That, having always prosper'd in the world,
Folding his hands, deals comfortable words
To hearts wounded forever; yet, in truth,
Fair speech was his and delicate of phrase,
Falling in whispers on the sense, address'd
More to the inward than the outward ear,
As rain of the midsummer midnight soft,
Scarce heard, recalling fragrance and the green
Of the dead spring: but mine was wholly dead,
No bud, no leaf, no flower, no fruit for me.
Yet who had done, or who had suffer'd wrong?
And why was I to darken their pure love,

If, as I found, they two did love each other,
Because my own was darken'd! Why was I
To cross between their happy star and them?
To stand a shadow by their shining doors,
And vex them with my darkness? Did I love her?
Ye know that I did love her; to this present
My full-orb'd love has waned not. Did I love her,
And could I look upon her tearful eyes?
What had she done to weep? Why should she weep?
O innocent of spirit—let my heart
Diek rather—whom the gentlest airs of Heaven
Should kiss with an unwonted gentleness.
Her love did murder mine? What then? She deem'd
I wore a brother's mind; she call'd me brother:
She told me all her love; she shall not weep.

The brightness of a burning thought, awhile
In battle with the glooms of my dark will,
Moon-like emerged, and to itself lit up
There on the depth of an unfathom'd woe
Reflex of actions, Starting up at once,
As from a dismal dream of my own death,
I, for I loved her, lost my love in Love;
I, for I loved her, grasped the hand she lov'd,
And laid it in her own, and sent my cry
Thro' the blank night to Him who loving made
The happy and the unhappy love, that He
Would hold the hand of blessing over them,
Lionel, the happy, and her, and her, his bride!
Let them so love that men and boys may say,
"Lo! how they love each other!" till their love
Shall ripen to a proverb, unto all
Known, when their faces are forgot in the land—
One golden dream of love, from which may death
Awake them with heaven's music in a life
More living to some happier happiness,
Swallowing its precedent in victory,
And as for me, Camilla, as for me,—
The dew of tears is an unwholesome dew,
They will but sicken the sick plant the more.
Deem that I love thee but as brothers do,
So shalt thou love me still as sisters do,
Or if thou dream aught farther, dream but now
I could have loved thee, had there been none else
To love as lovers, loved again by thee.

Or this, or something like to this, I spake,
When I beheld her weep so ruefully:
For sure my love should ne'er induce the front
And mask of Hate, who lives on others' moans.
Shall Love pledge Hatred to her bitter draughts,
And batten on her poisons? Love forbid!
Love passeth not the threshold of cold Hate,
And Hate is strange beneath the roof of Love.
O Love, if thou be't Love, dry up these tears
Shed for the love of Love; for tho' mine image
The subject of thy power, be cold in her,
Yet, like cold snow, it melteth in the source
Of these sad tears, and feeds their downward flow.
So Love, arraign'd to judgment and to death,
Received unto himself a part of blame,
Being guiltless, as an innocent prisoner,
Who, when the woeful sentence hath been past,
And all the clearness of his fame hath gone
Beneath the shadow of the curse of man,
First falls asleep in swoon, wherefrom awaked,
And looking round upon his tearful friends,
Forthwith and in his agony conceives
A shameful sense as of a cleaving crime—
For whence without some guilt should such grief be!

So died that hour, and fell into the abyss
Of forms outworn, but not to me outworn,
Who never had'd another—was there one?
There might be one—another, worth the life
That made it possible. So that hour died
Like odor rapt into the winged wind
Borne into alien lands and far away.

There be some hearts so airily built, that they,
They—when their love is wreck'd—if Love can wreck—
On that sharp ridge of utmost doom ride high
Above the perilous seas of Change and Chance;
Nay, more, hold out the lights of cheerfulness;
As the tall ship, that man a dreary year
Knit to some dismal sand-bank far at sea,
All thro' the livelong hours of utter dark,
Showers of alighting light upon the dolorous waves.
For me—what light, what gleam upon those black ways
Where Love could walk with banish'd Hope no more!

It was ill done to part you, Sisters fair;
Love's arms were wreath'd about the neck of Hope,
And Hope kiss'd Love, and Love drew in her breath
In that close kiss, and drank her whisper'd tales.
They said that Love would die when Hope was gone,
And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd after Hope;
At last she sought out Memory, and they trod
The same old paths where Love had walk'd with Hope,
And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears.

II.
From that time forth I would not see her more;
But many weary moons I lived alone—
Alone, and in the heart of the great forest.
Sometimes upon the hills beside the sea
All day I watch'd the floating isles of shade,
And sometimes on the shore, upon the sands
Insensibly I drew her name, until
The meaning of the letters shot into
My brain; anon the wanton billow wash'd
Them over, till they faded like my love.
The hollow caverns heard me—the black brooks
Of the mid-forest heard me—the soft winds
Laden with thistle-down and seeds of flowers,
Paused in their course to hear me, for my voice
Was all of thee: the merry linnet knew me,
The squirrel knew me, and the dragon-fly
Shot by me like a flash of purple fire.
The rough brier tore my bleeding palms; the hemlock
Brow-high, did strike my forehead as I past;
Yet trod I not the willflower in my path,
Nor bruised the wildbrier's egg.

Was this the end?
Why grew we then together in one plot?
Why fed we from one fountain? drew one sun?
Why were our mother's branches of one stem?
Why were we one in all things, save in that
Where to have been one had been the cope and crown
Of all I hoped and fear'd—if that same nearness
Were fatter to this distance, and that one
Yantourier to this double? If Affection
Living love, and Sympathy bew'd out
The bosom-sepulchre of Sympathy!

Chiefly I sought the cavern and the hill
Where last we roam'd together, for the sound
Of the loud stream was pleasant, and the wind
Came wooingly with woodbine smells. Sometimes
All day I sat within the cavern-mouth,
Fixing my eyes on those three cypress cones
That spir'd above the wood; and with mad hand
Tearing the bright leaves of the ivy-screen,
I cast them in the misty brook beneath,
And watch'd them till they vanish'd from my sight
Beneath the bower of wreathed eglantines:
And all the fragments of the living rock
(Huge blocks, which some old trembling of the world
Had loosen'd from the mountain, till they fell
Half digging their own graves), these in my agony
Did I make bare of all the golden moss.
Wherever the dashing rannel in the spring
Had liver'd them all over. In my brain,
The spirit seem'd to flag from thought to thought,
As moonlight wandering thro' a mist: my blood
Crept like marsh drains thro' all my languid limbs;

The motions of my heart seem'd far within me,
Unfrequent, low, as tho' it told its pulses;
And yet it shook me, that my frame would shudder,
As if 'twere drawn asunder by the rack.
But over the deep graves of Hope and Fear,
And all the broken palaces of the Past,
Brooded one master-passion evermore,
Like to a low-hung and a fiery sky
Above some fair metropolis, earth-shock'd,—
Hung round with rugged rims and burning folds,—
Embalming all with wild and woful hues,
Great hills of ruins, and collapsed masses
Of thunder-shaken columns indistinct,
And fused together in the tyrannous light—
Ruins, the ruin of all my life and me!

Sometimes I thought! Camilla was no more,
Some one had told she was dead, and ask'd me
If I would see her burial; then I seem'd
To rise, and through the forest-shadow borne
With more than mortal swiftness, I ran down
The steepy sea-bank, till I came upon
The rear of a procession, curving round
The silver-sheeted bay: in front of which
Six stately virgins, all in white, upbore
A broad earth-sweeping pall of whitest lawn,
Wreathed round the bier with garlands: in the distance,
From out the yellow woods upon the hill
Look'd forth the summit and the pinnacles
Of a gray steeple—thence at intervals
A low bell tolling. All the pageantry,
Save those six virgins which upheld the bier,
Were stoled from head to foot in flowing black;
One walk'd abreast with me, and veil'd his brow,
And he was loud in weeping and in praise
Of her we follow'd: a strong sympathy
Shook all my soul: I flung myself upon him
In tears and cries: I told him all my love,
How I had loved her from the first; whereat
He shrank and howl'd, and from his brow drew back
His hand to push me from him; and the face,
The very face and form of Lionel
Flash'd thro' my eyes into my innermost brain,
And at his feet I seem'd to faint and fall,
To fall and die away. I could not rise,
Albeit I strove to follow. They past on,
The lordly Phantasms! in their floating folds
They past and were no more: but I had fallen
Prone by the dashing rannel on the grass.

Always the inaudible invisible thought,
Artifice and subject, lord and slave,
Shaped by the audible and visible,
Moulded the audible and visible;
All crisped sounds of wave and leaf and wind
Flatter'd the fancy of my fading brain;
The cloud-pavilion'd element, the wood,
The mountain, the three cypresses, the cave,
Storm, sunset, glows and glories of the moon
Below black firs, when silent creeping winds
Laid the long night in silver streaks and bars.
Were wrought into the tissue of my dream:
The moanings in the forest, the loud brook,
Cries of the partridge like a rusty key,
Turn'd in a look, owl-whoop and dorkhawk-whir,
Awoke me not, but were a part of sleep,
And voices in the distance calling to me
And in my vision bidding me dream on,
Like sounds without the twilight realm of dreams,
Which wander round the bases of the hills,
And murmur at the low-dropt eaves of sleep,
Half-entering the portals. Oftentimes
The vision had fair prelude, in the end
Opening on darkness, stately vestibules
To caves and shows of death: whether the mind,
With some revenge—even to itself unknown—
Made strange division of its suffering
With her, whom to have suffering view'd had been
Extreme pain; or that the clear-eyed Spirit,
Being blunted in the Present, grew at length
Prophecy and prescient of what'er
The Future had in store: or that which most
Enchains belief, the sorrow of my spirit
Was of so wide a compass it took in
All I had loved, and my dull agony,
Ideally to her transferr'd, became
Anguish intolerable.

The day waned:
Alone I sat with her: about my brow
Her warm breath floated in the utterance
Of silver-chorded tones: her lips were sunder'd
With smiles of tranquil bliss, which broke in light
Like morning from her eyes—her eloquent eyes
(As I have seen them many a hundred times),
Filled all with pure clear fire, thro' mine down rain'd
Their spirit-searching splendors. As a vision
Unto a haggard prisoner, iron-stay'd
In damp and dismal dudgeons under-ground,
Confused on points of faith, when strength is shock'd
With torment, and expectancy of worse
Upon the sorrow, thro' the ragged walls,
All unawares before his half shut eyes,
Comes in upon him in the dead of awe,
And with the excess of sweetness and of awe,
Makes the heart tremble, and the sight run over
Upon his steely gyves; as those fair eyes
Shone on my darkness, forms which ever stood
Within the magic circus of memory,
Invisible but deathless, waiting still
The edict of the will to re-assume
The semblance of those rare realities
Of which they were the mirrors. Now the light
Which was their life bursts through the cloud of thought
Keen, irrepressible.

It was a room
Within the summer-house of which I spake,
Hung round with paintings of the sea, and one
A vessel in mid-ocean, her heaved prow
Clambering, the mast bent and the ravin wind
In her sail roaring. From the outer day,
Betwixt the close-set ivies came a broad
And solid beam of isolated light,
Crowded with driving atoms, and fell
Slanting upon that picture, from prime youth
Well known, well loved. She drew it long ago
Forth-gazing on the waste and open sea,
One morning when the upblown willow ran
Shoreward beneath red clouds, and I had pour'd
Into the shadowing pencil's naked forms
Color and life: it was a bond and seal
Of friendship, spoken of with tearful smiles;
A monument of childhood and of love;
The poetry of childhood; my lost love
Symbol'd in storm. We gazed on it together
In mute and glad remembrance, and each heart
Grew closer to the other, and the eye
Was riveted and charm-bound, gazing like
The Indian on a still-eyed snake, low-couch'd—
A beauty which is death; when all at once
That painted vessel, as with inner life,
Began to heave upon that painted sea;
An earthquake, my loud heart-beats, made the ground
Reel under us, and all at once, soul, life
And breath and motion, past and flow'd away
To those unreal billows: round and round
A whirlwind caught and bore us; mighty gyres
Rapid and vast, of hissing spray wind-driven
Far thro' the dizzy dark. Aloud she shriek'd;
My heart was cloven with pain; I wound my arms
About her: we whirl'd giddily; the wind
Sung; but I clasp'd her without fear; her weight
Shrank in my grasp, and over my dim eyes,
And parted lips which drank her breath, down hung
The jaws of Death: I, groaning, from me flung
Her empty phantom: all the away and whirl
Of the storm dropt to windless calm, and I
Down welter'd thro' the dark ever and ever.

III.

I came one day and sat among the stones
Strewed in the entry of the moaning cave;
A morning air, sweet after rain, ran over
The rippling levels of the lake, and blew
Coolness and moisture and all smells of bud
And foliage from the dark and dripping woods
Upon my fever'd brows that shook and throb'd
From being unto temple. To what height
The day had grown I know not. Then came on me
The hollow tolling of the bell, and all
The vision of the hier. As heretofore,
I walk'd behind with one who veil'd his brow.
Methought by slow degrees the sullen bell
Toll'd quicker, and the breakers on the shore
Sloped into louder surf: those that went with me,
And those that held the hier before my face,
Moved with one spirit round about the bay.
Tro'd swifter steps; and while I walk'd with these
I marvel'd at that gradual change, I thought
Four bells instead of one began to ring.
Four merry bells, four merry marriage bells,
In clanging cadence jangling peal on peal—
A long loud clasp of rapid marriage bells.
Then those who led the van, and those in rear,
Rush'd into dance, and like wild bacchanals
Fled onward to the steeples in the woods:
I, too, was borne along and felt the blast
Beat on my heated eyelids: all at once
The front rank made a sudden halt; the bells
Lapsed into frightful stillness; the surge fell
From thunder into whisper; those six maids
With shrieks and ringing laughter on the sand
Threw down the hier; the woollen upon the hill
Waved with a sudden gust that sweeping down
Took the edges of the gull, and blew it far
Until it hung, a little silver cloud
Over the sounding sea. I turn'd: my heart
Shrank in me like a snowflake in the hand.
Waiting to see the settled countenance
Of her I loved, adorn'd with fading flowers.
But she from out her death-like chrysalis,
She from her hier, as into fresher life,
My sister, and my cousin, and my love,
Leapt lightly, clad in bridal white—her hair
Studded with one rich Provence rose—a light
Of smiling welcome round her lips—her eyes
And cheeks as bright as when she climb'd the hill.
One hand she reach'd to those that came behind,
And while I mused nor yet dur'd to take
So rich a prize, the man who stood with me
Stept gaily forward, throwing down his robes,
And clasp'd her hand in his; again the bells
Jangled and clang'd; again the stormy surf
Crash'd on the shingle; and the whirling surf
Led by those two rush'd into dance, and fled
Wind-blasted to the steeples in the woods,
Till they were swallow'd in the leafy bowers.
And I stood sole beside the vacant hier.

There, there, my latest vision—then the event!

IV.

THE GOLDEN SUPPER.

(Another speaks)

He flies the event; he leaves the event to me:
Poor Julian—how he rush'd away; the bells,
Those marriage bells, echoing in ear and heart—
But cast a parting glance at me, you saw,
As who should say—"Continue." Well, he had
One golden hour—of triumph shall I say?
Solace at least—before he left his home.
Would you had seen him in that hour of his!
He moved thro' all of it majestically—
Restrained himself quite to the close—but now—
Whether they were his lady's marriage bells,
Or prophecies of them in his fantasy,
I never asked; but Lionel and the girl
Were wedded, and our Julian came again
Back to his mother's house among the pines.
But these things elude the mountains and the Bay.
The whole land weigh'd him down as Ætna does
The Giant of Mythology; he would go,
Would leave the land forever, and had gone
Surely, but for a whisper. "Go not yet."
Some warning—sent divinely—as it seem'd
By that which follow'd—but of this I deem
As of the visions that he told—the event
Glaz'd back upon them in his after life,
And partly made them—tho' he knew it not
And that he stand and would not look at her—
No rest for months; but, when the eleventh moon
After their marriage lit the lover's Bay,
Heard yet once more the tolling bell, and said,
Would you could tell me out of life, but found—
All softly as his mother broke it to him—
A crueler reason than a crazy ear.
For that low knell tolling his lady dead—
Dead—and had laid three days without a pulse—
As they look'd on her had pronounced her dead,
And so they bore her to the Julian's land
They never had a dumb-head try in vain.
Here her free feet to the fresh air of heaven,
And had her in the vault of her own kin.
What did he then? not die—he is here and here—
Not plunge head foremost into the mountain there,
And leave the name of Lover's Leap; not he:
He knew the meaning of the whisper now,
Thought that he knew it. "This, I said for this
To Love, I have not seen you for so long,
Now, now, will I go down into the grave,
I will be all alone with all I love,
And kiss her on the lips. She is his no more:
The dead returns to me, and I go down
To kiss the dead."
The fancy stirr'd him so
He rose and went, and entering the dim vault,
And, making there a sudden light, beheld
All round about him that which all will be.
The light was but a flash, and went again.
Then at the far end of the vault he saw
His lady with the moonlight on her face,
Her breast as in a shadow-veil, her hair
Of black and bands of silver, which the moon
Struck from an open grating overhead
High in the wall, and all the rest of her
Drown'd in the gloom and horror of the vault.
"It was my wish," he said, "to pass to sleep,
To rest, to be with her—till the great day
Peal'd on us with that music which rights all,
And raised us hand in hand." And kneeling there
Down in the dreadful dust that once was man,
Dust, as he said, that once was loving hearts,
Hearts that had beat with such a love as mine—
Not such as mine, no, not for such as her—
He softly put his arm about her neck
And kiss'd her more than once, till helpless death
And silence made him look—say, but I wrong him,
He reviv'd his dear lady even in death,
But, placing his true hand upon her heart,
"O, you cannot hear," he mused, "not even death
Can chill you all at once;" then starting, thought
His dreams had come again. "Do I wake or sleep?
Or am I made immortal or my love
What! once more?" It beat—the heart—it beat:
Faint—but it beat—at which his own began
To pulse with such a vehemence that it drown'd
The feeble motion underneath his hand.

But when at last his doubts were satisfied,
He raised her softly from the sepulchre,
And wrapping her all over with the cloak
He came in, and now striding fast, and now
Sitting awhile to rest, but evermore
Holding his golden burden in his arms,
So bore her thro' the solitary land
Back to the mother's house where she was born.
There the good mother's kindly ministering,
With half a night's appliances, recall'd
Her fluttering life: she raised an eye that ask'd
"Where?" till the things familiar to her youth
Had made a silent answer; then she spoke:
"Here! and how came I here?" and learning it
(They told her somewhat rashly as I think),
At once began to wander and to wail,
"Ay, but you know that you must give me back:
Send! bid him come!" but Lionel was away—
Stung by his loss had vanished, none knew where.
"He casts me out," she wept, "and goes"—a wail
That seeming something, yet was nothing, born
Not from believing mind, but shatter'd nerve,
Yet haunting Julian, as her own reproof
At some presences in her spirit.
Then, when her own true spirit had return'd,
"O yes, and you," she said, "and none but you."
For you have given me life and love again,
And none but you yourself shall tell him of it,
And you shall give me back when he returns.
"Stay then a little," answered Julian, "here,
And keep yourself, none knowing, to yourself;
And I will do your will. I may not stay,
No, not an hour; but send me notice of him
When he returns, and then will I return,
And I will make a solemn offering of you
To him you love." And faintly she replied,
"And I will do your will, and none shall know."
Not know! with such a secret to be known,
But all their house was old and loved them both,
And all the house had known the loves of both;
Had died almost to serve them any way,
And all the land was waste and solitary:
And then he rode away; but after this,
An hour or two, Camilla's travel came
Upon her, and that day a boy was born,
Heir of his face and hand, to Lionel.
And thus our lonely lover rode away,
And pausing at a hostel in a marsh,
There fever seized upon him: myself was then
Travelling that land, and meant to rest an hour;
And sitting down to such a base repast,
It makes me angry yet to speak of it—
I heard a groaning overhead, and climb'd
The moulder'd stairs (for every thing was vile),
And in a loft, with none to wait on him,
Found, as it seem'd, a skeleton alone,
Raving of dead men's dust and beating hearts.
A dismal hostess in a dismal land,
A flat malarian world of reed and rush!
But there from fever and my care of him
Sprang up a friendship that may help us yet,
For while we roam'd along the dreary coast,
And wait'd for her message, piece by piece
I learnt the drearier story of his life;
And tho' he lov'd and honor'd Lionel,
Found that the sudden wail his lady made
Dwell'd in his fancy; did he know her worth,
Her beauty even? should he not be taught,
Ev'n by the price that others set upon it,
The value of that jewel he had to guard?
Suddenly came her notice, and we part,
I with our lover to his native Bay.
This love is of the brain, the mind, the soul:
That makes the sequel pure; tho' some of us
Beginning at the sequel know no more,
Not such am I: and yet I say, the bird
That will not hear my call, however sweet,
But if my neighbor whistle answers him—
What matter? these are others in the wood.
Yet when I saw her food I thought him crazed,
Tho' not with such a starkness as needs
A cell and keeper, those dark eyes of hers—
Oh! such dark eyes! and not her eyes alone,
But all from these to where she touch'd on earth,
For such a craziness as Julian's look'd
No less than one divine apology.
So sweetly and so modestly she came
To greet us, her young hero in her arms!
"Kiss him," she said. "You gave me life again,
He, but for you, had never seen it once,
His other father you! Kiss him, and then
Forgive him, if his name be Julian too."
Talk of lost hopes and broken heart! his own
Sent such a flame into his face, I knew
Some sudden vivid pleasure hit him there.
But he was all the more resolved to go,
And sent at once to Lionel, praying him
By that great love they both had borne the dead,
To come and revel for one hour with him
Before he left the land for evermore;
And then to friends—they were not many—who lived
Scattering about that lonely land of his,
And bade them to a banquet of farewells.
And Julian made a solemn feast: I never
Sat at a cooler; for all round his hall
From column out to column, as in a wood,
Not such as here—an equatorial one—
Great garlands swung and blossom'd; and beneath,
Heirlooms, and ancient miracles of Art,
Chalice and salver, wines that Heaven knows when
Had suck'd the fire of some forgotten sun,
And kept it thro' a hundred years of gloom,
Yet glowing in a heart of ruby—cups
Where nymph and god run ever round in gold—
Others of glass as costly—some with gems
Movable and restorable at will,
And trembling all the rest in value—Ah heavens!
Why need I tell you all—suffice to say
That whatsoever such a house as his,
And his was old, has in its rare or fair,
Was brought before the guest; and they, the guests,
Wonder'd at some strange light in Julian's eyes
(I told you that he had his golden hour),
And such a feast fit suited as it seem'd
To such a time, to Lionel's loss and his,
And that resolved self-exile from a land
He never would revisit, such a feast
So rich, so strange, and stranger ev'n than rich,
But rich as for the nuptials of a king.
And stranger yet, at one end of the hall
Two great funeral curtains, looping down,
Parted a little ere they met the floor,
About a picture of his lady, taken
Some years before, and falling hid the frame.
And just above the parting was a lamp;
So the sweet figure folded round with night
Seem'd stepping out of darkness with a smile.
Well, then—our solemn feast—we ate and drank,
And night—the wines being of such nobleness—
Have stemb'd also, but for Julian's eyes,
And something weird and wild about it all:
What was it? for our lover seldom spoke,
Sense touch'd the mounts; but ever and anon
A priestess goblet with a priceless wine,
Arising, show'd he drank beyond his use;
And when the feast was near an end, he said:

"There is a custom in the Orient, friends—
I read of it in Persia—when a man
Will honour those who feast with him, he brings
And shows them whatsoever he accounts
Of all his treasures the most beautiful,
Gold, jewels, arms, whatever it may be.
This custom—"
Pausing here a moment, all
The guests broke in upon him with meeting hands
And cries about the banquet—"Beautiful!
Who could desire more beauty at a feast?"
The lover answered, "There is more than one
Here sitting who desires it. Laud me not
Before my time, but hear me to the close.
This custom steps yet further when the guest
Is loved and honor'd to the uttermost.
For after he hath shown him gems or gold,
He brings and sets before him in rich guise
That which is thrice as beautiful as these.
The beauty that is dearest to his heart—
'O my heart's lord, would I could show you,' he says,
'Ev'n my heart too.' And I propose to-night
To show you what is dearest to my heart,
And my heart too."
"But solve me first a doubt.
I knew a man, not many years ago,
He had a faithful servant, one who loved
His master more than all on earth beside.
He falling sick, and seeming close on death,
His master would not wait until he died,
But bade his menials bear him from the door,
And leave him in the public way to die.
I knew another, not so long ago,
Who found the dying servant, took him home,
And fed, and cherish'd him, and saved his life.
I ask you now, should this first master claim
His service, whom does it belong to? him
Who thrust him out, or him who saved his life?"
This question, so flung down before the guests,
And balanced either way by each, at length,
When some were doubtful how the law would hold,
Was handed over by consent of all
To one who had not spoken, Lionel.
Fair speech was his, and delicate of phrase,
And he, beginning languidly—his loss
Weigh'd on him yet—but warning as he went,
Glanced at the point of law, to pass it by,
Affirming that as long as either lived,
By all the laws of love and gratefulness,
The service of the one so saved was due
All to the savior—adding, with a smile,
The first for many weeks—a semi-smile
As at a strong conclusion—"holly and soul
And life and limbs, all his to work his will."
Then Julian made a secret sign to me
To bring Camilla down before them all,
And crossing her own picture as she came,
And looking as much lovelier as herself
Is lovelier than all others—on her head
A diamond circlet, and from under this
A veil, that seem'd no more than gilded air,
Flying by each fine ear, an eastern gauze
With seeds of gold—with that grace of hers,
Slow moving as a wave against the wind,
That things a mist behind it in the sun—
And bearing high in arms the mighty babe,
The younger Julian, who himself was crown'd
With roses, none so rosy as himself—
And over all her babe and her the jewels
Of many generations of his house
Sparkled and flash'd, for he had decked them out
As for a solemn sacrifice of love—
So she came in:—I am long in telling it,
I never yet beheld a thing so strange,
Sad, sweet, and strange together—floats in—
While all the guests in mute amazement rose—
And slowly paing to the middle hall,
Before the board, there paused and stood, her breast
Hard-heaving, and her eyes upon her feet,
Not daring yet to glance at Lionel.
But him she carried, him nor lights nor feast
Dazed or amazed, nor eyes of men; who cared
Only to use his own, and starting wide
And hungering for the gift and jewel'd world
About him, look'd, as he is like to prove,
When Julian goes, the lord of all he saw.
"My guests," said Julian, "you are honor'd now
Ev'n to the uttermost: in her behalf
Of all my treasures the most beautiful,
Of all things upon earth the dearest to me,
I send you as a sign to seat yourselves,
Lest his dear lady to a chair of state,
And I, by Lionel sitting, save his face
Fire, and dead ashes, and all fire again
Thrice in a second, let him tremble too,
And heard him muttering, "So like, so like,
She never had a sister. I knew none,
Some cousin of his and hers—O God, so like!"
And then he suddenly ask'd her if she were,
She shook, and cast her eyes down, and was dumb.
And then some other question'd if she came
From foreign lands, and still she did not speak.
Another, if the boy were hers; but she
To all their queries answer'd not a word,
Which made the amazement more, till one of them
Said, shuddering, "Her spectre!" But his friend
Replied, in half a whisper, "Not at least
The spectre that will speak if spoken to
Terrible pity, if one so beautiful
Prove, as I almost dread to find her, dumb!"
But Julian, sitting by her, answer'd all:
"She is but dumb because in her you see
That faithful servant whom we spoke about,
Obedient to her second master now;
Which will not last. I have here to-night a guest
So bound to me by common love and loss—
What? shall I bind him more? in his behalf,
I shall exceed the Persian, giving him
That which of all things is the dearest to me,
Not only showing, but he himself pronounced
That my rich gift is wholly mine to give."
"Now all be dumb, and promise all of you
Not to break in on what I say by word
Or whisper, while I show you all my heart"
And then began the story of his love,
As here to-day, but not so wordily—
The passionate moment would not suffer that—
Past thro' his visions to the burial; thence
Down to this last strange hour in his own hall;
And then rose up, and with him all his guests
Once more as by enchantment: all but he,
Lionel, who fat had risen but fell again,
And sat as if in chains—to whom he said:
"Take my free gift, my cousin, for your wife;
And were it only for the giver's sake,
And tho' she seem so like the one you lost,
Yet eust her not away so suddenly,
Lest there be none left here to bring her back:
I leave this land forever." Here he ceased.
Then taking his dear lady by one hand,
And bearing on one arm the noble babe,
He slowly brought them both to Lionel,
And there the widower husband and dead wife
Rush'd each at each with a cry, (I rather seem'd
For some new death than for a "be renewed")
Whereat the very babe began to wail;
At once they turn'd, and caught and brought him in
To their charm'd circle, and, half killing him

With kisses, round him closed and clasp'd again.
But Lionel, when at last he freed himself
From wife and child, and lifted up a face
All over glowing with the sun of life,
And love, and boundless thanks—the sight of this
So frighted our good friend, that, turning to me
And saying, "It is over: let us go"—
These were our horses ready at the doors—
We bade them no farewell, but mounting these
He past forever from his native land;
And I with him, my Julian, back to mine.

FOOT NOTES.

THE CHROMOGRAPH.—A new convenience—a fresh danger! An invention has just been patented under the name of the chromograph which will diminish the labours of business men and afford fresh facilities for forgery. A layer of some hardened gelatinous compound is prepared, and when a letter is laid upon this and pressed down by rubbing the hand over it, an impression remains from which a copy may be made by merely laying a piece of paper on the compound and passing the hand smartly across it with a gentle pressure. By the use of a patent ink many copies may be taken, but a copy can be obtained from a letter written in ordinary ink. The experts when called to give an opinion as to handwriting will have to be very careful in their evidence in future.

THE STUFF SAILORS ARE MADE OF.—A private letter received in this city from a passenger on the Pacific Mail steamship Colima, which sailed for Panama, May 5, speaks in flattering terms of the qualities of the vessel and her officers, and relates the following incident of the trip down the coast: "On May 12, at 5 A.M., while setting the awnings, a sailor slipped overboard. The ship was going some 12 miles an hour. They had a boat in the water, manned by four men and the third mate, in 52 seconds after the sailor went over, and in four minutes they had him in the boat, a long way astern. When he fell into water he had on boots with the legs cut off, which he kept on. He lost his hat and deliberately swam for it and put it on. When picked up he had his sheathknife in his hand, having drawn it to be prepared for a stray shark. On being taken aboard he took a hand at an oar, and helped hoist the boat on returning alongside."

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.—The first thing to be done is to catch him. Having done so, the mode of cooking him so as to make a good dish is as follows:—Many a good husband is spoiled in the cooking. Some women keep them constantly in hot water, while others freeze them with conjugal coldness; some smother them with hatred and contention, and still others keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up with tongue sauce. Now, it is not to be supposed that husbands will be tender and good if treated this way, but they are, on the contrary, very delicious when managed as follows:—Get a large jar, called the jar of carefulness (which all good housewives have on hand), place your husband in it, and place him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, especially let it be clear; above all, let the heat be constant; cover him over with affection; garnish him over with the spice of pleasantrv; and if you add kisses and other confections, let them be accompanied with a sufficient portion of secret, mixed with prudence and moderation.

A RELIC OF BURNS.—An interesting relic of the poet Burns is just now on sale in London. It is a thin folio volume containing twenty-nine pages in the autograph of the poet, and including many of his most beautiful compositions. The volume appears to have been a repository or commonplace book of the earlier works of Burns, most probably (judging from the character of the handwriting) copied as soon as completed, there being but few corrections. It was written, or, at all events, commenced before 1786, as it was in April of that year, and preparatory to his first appearance in print, that he changed the orthography of his family name (here spelled "Burness") into that of which his works have gained a world-wide fame. This fact renders the volume of greater interest, as having been written in his early years, the amusement of his evenings after his day's work as a farmer. Among the pieces in the poet's autograph are "The Holy Fair," "Hallowe'en," four pages of the "Address to the Deil," "John Barleycorn," "The Cottar's Saturday Night," and several of his most famous poems. This unique relic is priced by the autograph dealer in whose possession it at present is at £120.

HUMOROUS.

HALF the time we have had a peculiarly bright thought, we have found, after putting it in elegant language, that some Shakespeare or Longfellow or Collye has anticipated us, and not infrequently used our very words. If those fellows had never been, it had been millions in our pocket.
FANNY DAVENPORT, interviewed by a San Francisco reporter, says Henry Irving is the homeliest man she ever saw. His feet are enormously large and his legs tremendously long; besides which he limps "famously." Miss Davenport is to be married in September. It is pretty evident that Henry is not the man.
WITH new brooms with extra-sized handles selling at fifteen cents each, it is really getting to be a little like war times. Every woman can afford an arsenal for defence, and it will be unusually difficult to get inside the house at unreasonable hours. We shall have to make some arrangement with Jones' boy to hold a ladder for us. He'll do it. He's a mighty good fellow. He wouldn't like to see us get hurt—not until he gets that quarter we owe him.



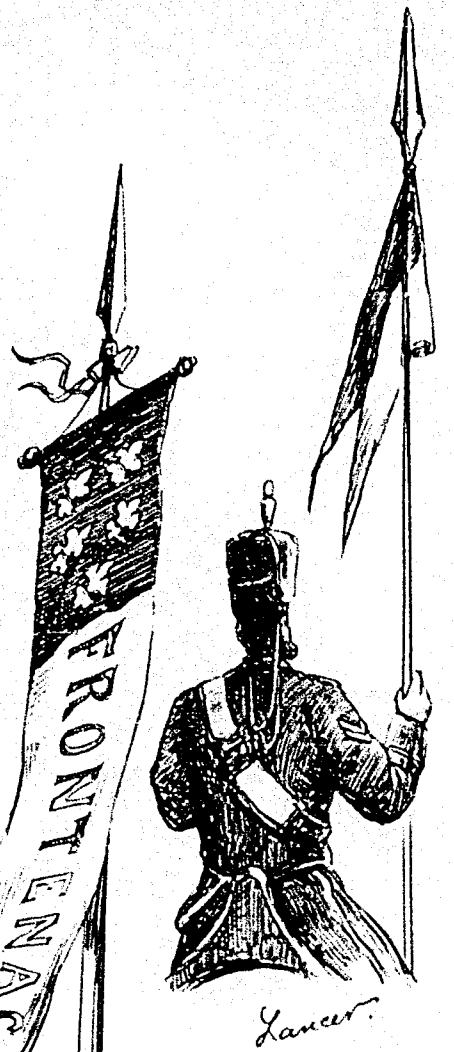
Quietly surveying the surroundings.



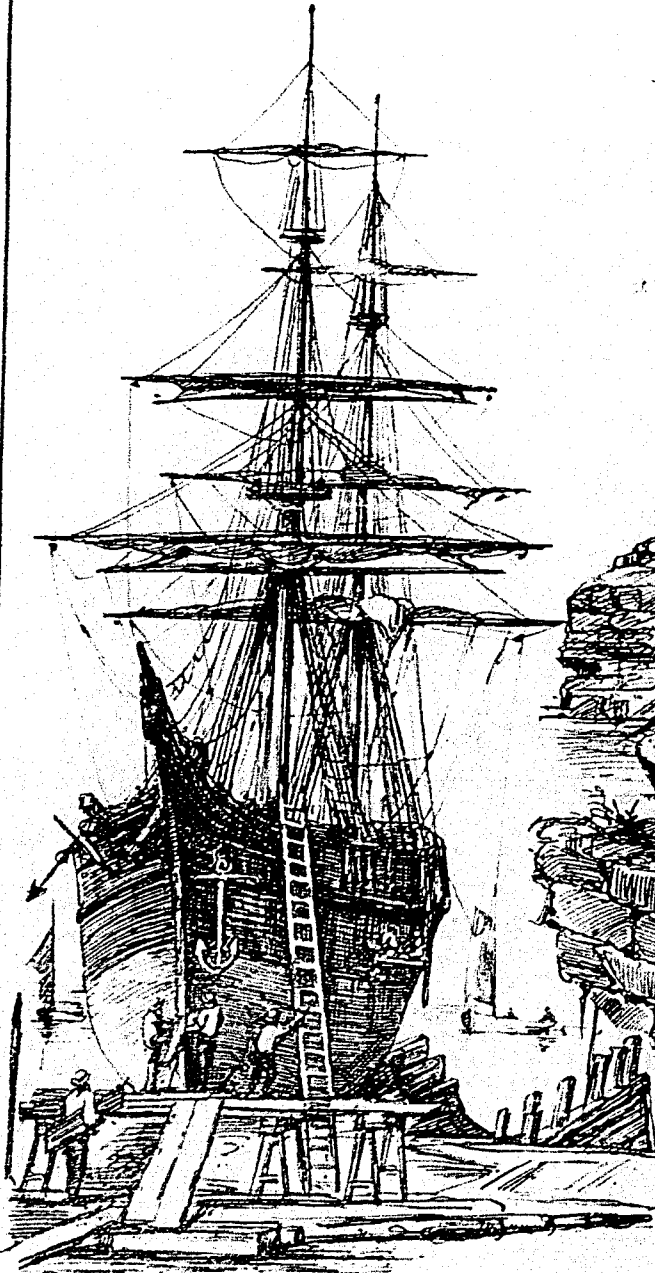
*Saint Simon Peter Mungon
Elija the Prophet, 4th
Moses the 2nd*



*Member of the
Toujours prêt*



Lancer.

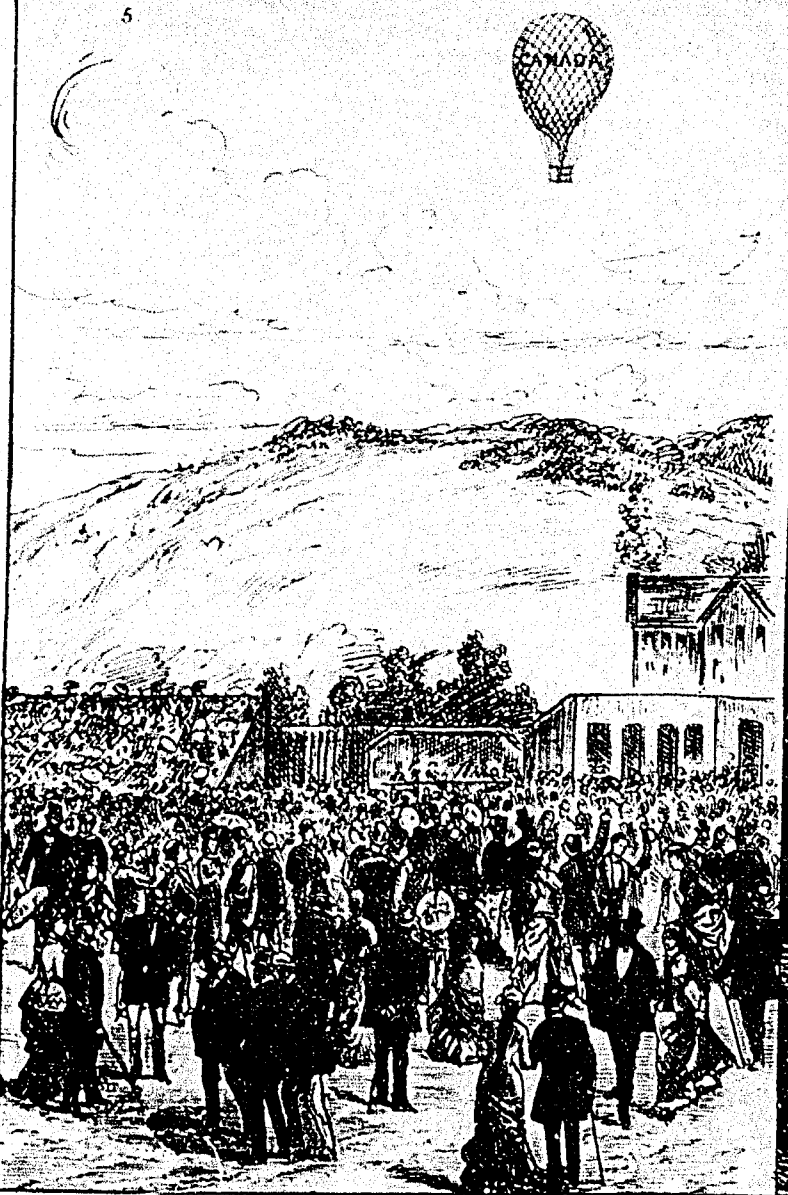
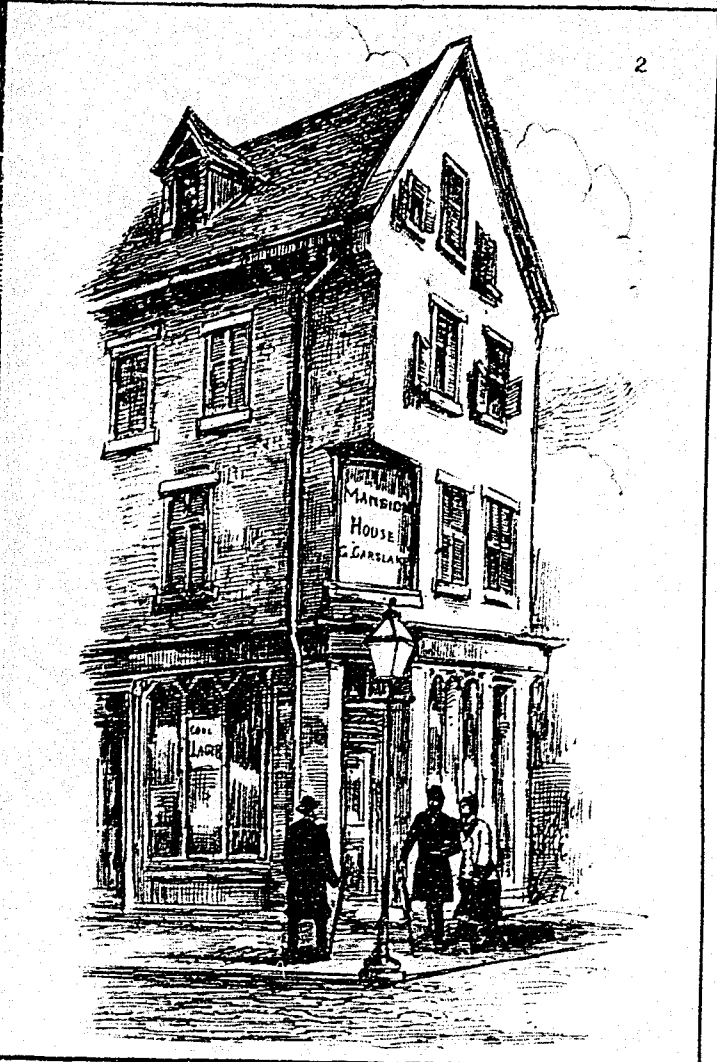


Under repairs at Point Leve.



Remaining piece of Old Prescotts Gate Battery

J. WESTON



1. A Fight with Bears. 2. Mansion House. 3. Miss Rye's Orphans at the Immigration Shed, Montreal. 4. Dining at the Immigration Shed. 5. Balloon Ascension at Irish Protestant Benevolent Society's Picnic.

INCIDENTS OF THE WEEK.

TIGHT-LACING IN THE PULPIT.

Rev. Mr. Hawcis, in addressing a crowded congregation at St. James', Marylebone, spoke very strongly on the "Criminal Ignorance and Thoughtlessness of Tight-Lacing." The chief points of his discourse are thus paraphrased in *Truth*—

What is it makes a lady's head
Feel heavy as a lump of lead?
What makes her nose's tip so red?
Tight-lacing!

What makes her cheek burn like a coal,
Her feet as cold as Arctic pole?
What cramps her body and her soul?
Tight-lacing!

What makes her temper short and sharp?
What causes her to fret and carp?
And on the smallest ills to harp?
Tight-lacing!

What checks her proper circulation,
And dulls her ordinate sensation?
What blights babes breeds for the nation?
Tight-lacing!

What makes her waist a wasp-like thing,
And gives her tongue a waspish sting?
What hawks her when high notes she'd sing?
Tight-lacing!

What is it, with its vice-like squeeze,
Destroys its faded victim's ease,
And brings her doctors countless fees?
Tight-lacing!

What is it that makes her gasp for breath,
And—so stern modern science saith—
Dooms her too oft to early death?
Tight-lacing!

What brings a "corn upon her heart,"
And makes her "spoiled by cruel art"
Unfit to play the mother's part?
Tight-lacing!

What tortures her into a shape
Which "ruts her liver" past escape,
And which, at most, makes *goumeuz gape*?
Tight-lacing!

What beauty's lines is her destroys,
And fashion's powerful aid employs,
To crush from out her life its joys?
Tight-lacing!

What ages her before her time,
And makes her feeble ere her prime?
What tempts to a self-suffer'd crime?
Tight-lacing!

What, quite ignoring Nature's facts,
Her waist so cruelly contracts,
That each inch saved fresh pain exacts?
Tight-lacing!

And what bad fashion of the day
Is it that ladies now should say
They'll spurn without an hour's delay?
Tight-lacing!

MEG.

Margaret Neale, a girl of twenty or thereabouts, sat on a low, broad stone at the edge of the cliff that overhung the sea. Her features were irregular, but she had a certain dark, gypsy-like beauty of her own. Her brown stuff gown clung closely about her; her hat had fallen back, and hung carelessly by the strings; a red woollen shawl was wrapped around her shoulders, one end trailing over the scant, gray herbage. Her hands were clasped about her knees; there was a hard, set look about the unsmiling mouth; and the eyes, that were sometimes most tender, had a dangerous light in them as they gazed steadfastly off over the darkening sea to a distant horizon, still red with the reflected glow of the sunset.

At a little distance, but with his back toward her, and his steel-blue eyes just as steadfastly bent in the opposite direction, stood Matthew Erickson, a handsome young fellow enough, in the rough dress of a miner, tall, strong and ruddy, with a full, curling, chestnut beard and hair of the same rich colour. A blue ribbon dangled from his left hand.

There had evidently been a quarrel, and a love-quarrel in a straggling mining hamlet on the northwest coast of England does not differ greatly from one in a scattered fishing hamlet on the eastern coast of Maine. Forms of speech may differ, but love and anger are much the same the wide world over. As for the queer, quaint dialect in which this especial pair of lovers poured forth their mutual grievances, no attempt will be made to reproduce it here. You may be sure they said "yo" for "you," and "toid" for "told," and "ta" for "thou," and "canna" for "cannot." But all that shall be taken for granted, if not for your ease and comfort, at least for mine!

Tired of the silence at length, the young miner sauntered away with an air of assumed indifference, and picking up a handful of pebbles, slowly tossed them, one by one, into the waves below. Margaret's eyes did not waver, but none the less did she follow every motion of his hand. Having watched the fall of his last pebble, he came back and stood behind her, winding the ribbon round his finger to its evident detriment.

"So you will not wear it, Meg?" he said at last.

"No, I will not," she answered, without turning her head. "Why do you vex me? There's no more to be said about it."

"But why, Meg?" and he laid his hand on her shoulder as if with an attempt at reconciliation. "Tell me why? Surely you can do no less."

"Because—because I can't abide blue, Matt Erickson. It's hateful to me."

"But I like it, Meg! and if you cared for me you would be glad to wear a blue ribbon to the fair when I ask it."

"Why did you buy it?" she asked shortly, turning towards him by a hair's breadth. "Not to please me, that's sure!"

"Yes; to please you and to please myself. Jenny wears ribbons as blue as her own eyes, and I am sure you cannot say they are not pretty. You are just stubborn, Meg."

Poor Matt! In his uneducated, masculine blindness he could not see that the delicate color that harmonized so well with his pretty cousin's pink and white cheeks and sunny curls, was utterly unsuited to his brown Meg, who needed rich dark hues and warm reds to brighten her somewhat swarthy complexion.

And poor Meg! She had an instinctive sense of fitness that taught her this, but she was not wise enough to know how to explain it to her somewhat imperious lover. She could not say she "hated blue!"

Besides, Meg had carried a sore spot in her heart for two months; ever since this same cousin Jenny of Matt's came on a visit to Rysdyk. She was a dimpled, delicate little creature from the south—from near London, in fact—where, as Meg was very certain, everything was nicer and finer than in Lancashire. Jenny's hands were soft and white, and she had pretty gowns, as befitted the daughter of a well-to-do farmer who kept men-servants and maid-servants. And she had a pair of real gold earrings and a lace scarf! Old Mother Marley said it was real lace, but of that Meg was not quite sure. That was a height of magnificence to which she was not certain that even Jenny could attain. And Jenny had sweet little coaxing ways with her; and she was always purring around her cousin Matt like a kitten; and—and—she wore blue ribbons! Meg would none of them.

She sat for a moment as if turned to stone. Then she blazed out:

"Jenny! 'Jenny! I am tired of 'Jenny! She has turned your head with her flirting ways like a butterfly, and her yellow hair and her finery. Give your blue ribbon to her and take her to the fair—for I'll not wear it!"

"And you'll not go to the fair either!" said Matt, in tones of suppressed passion. "Is that what you mean?"

"I'll not go with you," she answered, growing cool herself as she grew angry. "Yet it's likely enough that I may go. There are plenty of lads who would be glad to take me with no ribbons at all."

With a strong effort the young man put the curb upon his tongue, but his face darkened. "You will go with me or no one, Meg," he said. "This is all nonsense—and we to be married next Michaelmas! But come," and he put out his hand to raise her from the stone; "it grows dark."

Meg still angry, but willing to be pacified if she must, allowed him to assist her, and stood beside her stalwart lover with burning cheeks and downcast eyes. She rather liked, on the whole, his tacit refusal to defend himself and his masterful way of telling her it was "all nonsense." But just at this moment, as ill-luck would have it, a small brown paper parcel dropped from the folds of her shawl. Matt stooped to pick it up. It burst open, and a yard or two of scarlet ribbon rippled over his fingers.

Now our poor Meg, not to be outdone by the fair Jenny, had bought this ribbon herself that very evening, meaning to wear it to the fair next week. But it so happened that when Matt went to Mother Marley's shop to buy his own blue love-token, he had found Dan Willis there—the only man in Rysdyk whose rivalry he had ever feared. And Dan was buying a ribbon precisely like this. Mother Marley had wrapped it in this very piece of paper. Matt was sure, and he had seen Dan put it in his pocket and walk off with it.

And now, here it was! His gift was spurned then, and his rival's accepted; and all Meg's talk about Jenny was a mere subterfuge—an excuse for a quarrel.

It was easy to see now why she had been so irritable of late, and so prone to take offence. But a man could not stand everything, and if Meg preferred Dan Willis to him, why so be it.

Yet if she would not wear his love-token she certainly should not wear Dan's. He hardly meant to do it; he was sorry the next minute. But what he did, as the tide of passion swept him off his feet for an instant, was to wind the two ribbons into a knot and throw them vehemently into the sea.

"There!" he cried; that's settled, once for all.

"And something else is settled, too, Matt Erickson," retorted Meg, in a white heat. "There'll be no marriage for us next Michaelmas, no marriage then or ever! You would strike me some day, for aught I know, if I should choose to wear a red knot rather than a blue. I'll not run the risk. I'll have nothing more to say to you while the stars shine," and darting round the cliff she was half way down to the beach before he ever thought of stopping her.

The next day Erickson, magnanimous, great-hearted fellow that he was, after all, having gotten over his quarrel from Meg's standpoint, it occurred to him that he might have drawn un-called-for inferences. Dan Willis might have a dozen sweethearts who all liked red ribbons for aught he knew. And how like a fool he had behaved, losing his temper like a hot-headed boy and throwing Meg's poor little trinkets over the cliff. No wonder she was afraid to trust him. More than one husband in Rysdyk was in

the habit of beating his wife on as slight provocation as the hue of a ribbon; and it was not strange that a high-spirited girl like Meg should decline to run the risk after she had once seen him in a fury.

As for Jenny—she had come in between him and Meg. He could see it now. But she was going home the day after the fair, and he would see Meg that very night and tell her so. For he did not dream that all was indeed over between them. He could hardly wait for the hour to leave the mine.

He changed his soiled clothes, ate his supper hurriedly, and was soon on his way to Meg, stopping as he went to buy another ribbon—red, this time, and broader and richer and handsomer than the one he had robbed her of.

Then he went on through the crooked, scattered little village till he reached the Widow Neale's cottage just on the outskirts.

To his surprise he found the door locked and the shutters closed. As he stood in his perplexity, a white-haired archon who was throwing somersets near by shouted: "Ho, you, Matt Erickson! It's no good to wait there. The widow and Meg have gone away."

"Gone? Where?"

"Don't know. To France, like enough—or to Ameriky—or to London—or somewhere. They took a big box and a bundle, and they don't know but they'll stay forever'n ever. Meg said so," and, making a rotating wheel of himself, the lad vanished round the corner.

Just then the door of the nearest cottage opened, and a woman's face looked out. It was growing dark.

"Is it you, Erickson? There's no one at home in the house there. But I have something here I was to give you when you come this way."

His face was stern and set and white in the fading light, as he took the little packet from the woman's hand.

"Where have they gone?" was all he said.

"I don't just know. To visit some of their kinfolk a great way off," the widow said. "Oh! but she's a close-mouthed one, she is—and Meg's a bit like her. They're not gossipy folk. You never get much out of them," she added with an injured air.

"Not but I've found them good neighbours enough, but they're rather high and mighty for commoners."

As soon as he was out of sight Matthew Erickson opened the packet. He knew what was in it before he untied the knot, a string of curiously carved beads with a strange, foreign, spicy odor, that he bought of a wandering sailor and fastened round Meg's neck one happy night, and two or three other trifles he had given her. And he found this note slowly and painfully written, badly spelled, perhaps, and not punctuated at all. But what of that? The meaning was plain enough; all too plain, Matt thought, as he drew his hand across his eyes as if to clear his vision.

"I gave you back your truth last night. Here are the beads, and the silver piece, and the heron feathers. Now all is over between us." Here she had evidently hesitated a moment, wondering if her words were strong enough; for, on the line below she had written, as with an echo from the prayer-book reverberating in her ears: "Forever and forever, amen. Margaret Neale."

Not Meg, his Meg, his proud, high-spirited sweetheart—but Margaret Neale! It set her at such an immeasurable distance from him. "All is over between us." As if she were dead, and buried out of his sight. And he had spoken to James Ray about the snug cottage beyond the bay; and they were to have been married at Michaelmas!

He knew enough of the Widow Neale's habits to ask no more questions of the neighbours. As one of them had said, she was close-mouthed. He knew she had a sister living in Scotland, for whom Meg was named; but where even he did not know. Scotland was like a distant, foreign land to the people in Rysdyk. But the widow had money enough to go to Scotland or farther if she wished, even on such short notice. She had never worked in the mines, neither had Meg. She had a comfortable annuity, left her by her old mistress; for she had served in a great family before she married John Neale.

Month after month passed. Michaelmas was over, the winter came and went, and Rysdyk knew no more of her or of Meg than when they left. The silence, the void, grew unendurable to Matt. With the early spring he carried into effect what had been the one dream of his life before he learned to love Meg. America was the land of promise for miners as well as others; and had he not a friend who worked in the great iron mines at Ishpening, on the shores of the wonderful Northern lake that was itself almost as large as all England? He had no father or mother, only a half-uncle whose house had been the only home he had ever known.

What better could he do than to seek work and forgetfulness together, where there would be nothing to remind him of the past?

So, when one fine morning, nearly a year after her sudden flitting, the neighbours awoke to find the door of Widow Neale's cottage ajar and the shutters open, the great bit of news Meg heard was that Matt Erickson had gone to America.

It struck her like a blow. Now, indeed, he had dropped out of her life as utterly as, months since, she had dropped out of his. For she, too, had time to repent. Almost before the blue hills of Scotland had dawned upon her sight she had repented in dust and ashes. How foolish she had been, like a child who throws away

its bread in a pet and goes to bed hungry. Why had she not worn the blue ribbon to please her lover, even if she did not like it? As for Jenny—but what nonsense was that! She would have been ashamed of Matt if he had not been kind to her.

To be sure, he had been cross and had thrown away her ribbon. But then he was a man, and men were strong and masterful and could not bear contradiction, and she had angered him by her foolish persistence.

Ah! If she could but undo it all and have her tall, brave, handsome lover back again!

She would have turned round and gone back to Rysdyk the very next day if she could have had her way. But a journey was a journey to people of their rank and condition, and her mother, who had taken it to please her and somewhat against her own will, was not to be blown about like a feather by her caprices. She had suspected a love quarrel was at the bottom of Meg's sudden and impetuous desire to go immediately on a visit to her Aunt Margaret in Kilmarnock. But once being there the old lady was determined to have "the worth of her money" before she went back. She could not afford to go jaunting round the country, she said, as if she were the queen herself, with all parliament at her back. When she had had her visit out she would go home, and not before. Meg was a good girl, but she was a bit hot-tempered. This lesson would do her good.

But why, do you ask, did not Meg write to her lover, if she felt she had been in the wrong? And why did no wiser ones than she always do the best thing, the right thing? Besides, she was a woman, and a proud one. After having discarded her lover she would not forthwith fall at his feet and ask him to marry her. But, ah! she thought, as the long slow days wore on, if she could but look upon his face once more, he would know all without the telling.

There was another reason. Writing was a hard and unaccustomed task. She could not talk with her pen. Sometime, if the good God would let her see Matt face to face, she might be able to explain. But she could not write.

And now after all the months of waiting, she was back in Rysdyk, but he—she was in America. It was as if he had gone out of the world. One day she went to the rectory and asked Miss Agnes to let her look at a map of America. The young lady did so and showed her England, also, and the wide waste of waters that lay between the two. What a speck England was, to be sure! Then she asked to be shown Lake Superior, and Miss Agnes pointed it out, wonderingly. How far it was! As far from the sea board, almost, as the width of the Atlantic itself.

She turned away with a long, shuddering sigh. Hope was dead within her. Matthew Erickson had gone out of her little world into another of which she knew nothing. He would have been nearer if he had been dead.

Once in a while, as the years went on, at rare intervals news of him came back to Rysdyk. He was well; he had fair wages, though gold was not to be had for the gathering in America any more than in England; he had been promoted and had charge of a gang of men. At length there was a long interval of silence. Then came the floating rumours of ill; then after awhile a letter in a strange handwriting, a letter to his uncle, who had died three weeks before it came. There had been a bad accident in the mine—an explosion; and in the effort to save others, Matthew Erickson had himself received dangerous injuries. No one thought he could live. But now, after months, he was slowly recovering, if recovery it could be called. For he was blind. The poisonous vapours had destroyed his sight.

It was five years since he went away—five years that had brought many changes to Meg. It was sobered, thoughtful woman, not a hot-tempered girl, who knelt by the Widow Neale's side a week after the letter came and said:

"Mother, have I been a good, faithful child to you these many years?" Her mother looked at her wonderingly. Two quiet women living alone, they were not in the habit of being over demonstrative.

"A good child? Why do you ask that, Meg? There's not a better in all Lancashire?"

"Have I ever vexed you or given you sorrow?"

"Tell me, mother."

"No," said the Widow Neale slowly. "Only—it vexes me that you will not marry; an old maid's no good, and you know that two of the best men in Rysdyk worship the very ground you tread on this day. I call no names and I say nothing. A woman must answer for herself. I wish you were married, Meg. I've saved up a good penny for your dowry; you know that."

"Yes," she said, her lips quivering.

"Whatever was the reason you did not have Matt Erickson?" her mother went on querulously. "You'd been a proud wife now, and he here, hale and hearty."

With a quick gasp Meg threw up both arms, and then buried her face in her mother's lap, sobbing vehemently, while the latter sat aghast, frightened at the storm she had unwittingly raised. At last she touched her daughter's hair softly.

"Don't, Meg," she said. "I did not mean it."

But Meg only drew the wrinkled hands about her neck, and let her tears flow unchecked. At length she looked up.

"It was I who drove him away—Matt Erickson," she said. "We had a little quarrel, just

a few idle words about a ribbon, and I told him in my silly anger I would have no more to say to him while the stars shone. And now they do not shine for him, for he is blind—blind. O mother, I cannot live, I cannot bear it!"

"Yes, you will live, child," the widow answered quickly. "We can bear anything, we women. Your father was brought in to me dead—killed in these mines when you were scarce three years old, my Meg, and I am alive yet."

"But this is worse than death," she cried passionately. "Mother, do you hear? He who was my plighted husband is blind, in a far, strange country. I must go and bring him home, home to Rysdyk."

She had risen from her mother's arms and stood before her in the moonlight, pale, resolute, with her hands clasped rigidly. "Give me my dowry, mother, and let me go," she said. "Do not deny me this thing. I am well and strong, and, if I do say it, I am quick-witted; I can make my way. I shall come back safely. Let me go, mother!"

"It is not your place, Meg. Let some one else go."

"Who? Tell me that! Has he father or brother or uncle? Who is there to go?"

"But—it's not right maidenly to go off after a lover, Meg. What will the folks say? And—would you marry a blind man?"

"Maidenly! It is maidenly to do right," said Meg sturdily, her brown cheek flushing. "What do I care for the folks! I'm not a young girl to drop my eyes and be shame-faced because folks will talk. They always talk. And as for marriage—it is not of marriage I am thinking now; it is of bringing Matt Erickson—he whom I drove away with my ill-doings—back safe to his own country—"

She hesitated a moment and then went on: "But I'll not play false with you, mother. He'll not ask me to marry him. But I shall know. If he wants me, after all that's past, he shall have me, and I'll take care of him till I die."

Their talk lasted far into the night. But with it we have no more to do, nor the details by which a little money was made to go a great way. For, after many tears, the widow consented that Meg should take her dowry and spend it as she choose. If they had been more worldly-wise they would have known how to accomplish their purpose through the agency of others. As it was, they saw no other way than for Meg to do herself the thing she wanted done.

Oh, that weary, weary journey! Why was the world so wide, the way so long! Meg kept up a brave heart until the boisterous ocean was crossed, and she had made her way as far as Buffalo, where she had been told to take the steamer for Marquette. It seemed to her that she had travelled the width of the whole wide earth already, since her foot first fell upon the soil of the strange new world.

"Is this Lake Superior, sir?" she asked of a policeman, as she left the cars and saw the water of Lake Erie stretching away in the distance. And can you tell me are we near Ishpeming?"

"Oh, no, my girl, this is Erie. Lake Superior is away up north, hundreds of miles from here—Ishpeming? Never heard of such a place. But here's your steamer if you're going up that way."

Her heart sank like lead. Would she ever reach the end? All day, and day after day, she sat silently in the bow of the boat, gazing steadily forward. On, on, till Erie was passed—on through lovely St. Clair with its softly-rounded shores and fairy islands—then up through Lake Huron, still struggling up, as it were, past towering, frowning heights, past stretches of interminable forest, past rocky headlands, past sandy beaches, through tortuous channels and devious ways, into the wild rapids of Sault Ste. Marie. Then at last Superior! grand, weird, majestic in its awful silences, sweeping on between its mighty, far-reaching shores, dark as the grave.

Where was she going? Would she ever find Matt? Sailing on and on—penetrating nature's secret places, where the foot of man had never trodden. So it seemed to her. Could human kind live in these vast, wild wildernesses?

It was like a new birth when, after many days, the steamer entered the beautiful bay of Marquette, and the fair young city rose before her astonished eyes, its white cliffs gleaming in the sun, its green shores sweeping downward to the water's edge. She was near her goal at last.

For Ishpeming was about twenty miles away up the railroad, and thither she went by the first train. How rough and wild it all was! And how the charred and blackened pine trees towered aloft like grim giants, and pointed their ghastly fingers at her as she swept through their solitude!

"Can you tell me where to find a man called Matthew Erickson?" she asked of the depot-master, trembling from head to foot.

"Erickson? Erickson? Blown up in the mines a year or so ago, wasn't he? He stays at Sam Ayres', the Englishman's, I believe. Just yer go round that corner, ma'am, then turn to the right and go up the hill—or stay! Let me lock up and I'll go with you. Ever been in Ishpeming before? No? I thought you looked like a stranger in these parts."

He left her at Sam Ayres' gate, having opened it gallantly when he saw that her cold fingers were unfit to do her bidding. A kindly-faced woman came to the door and bade her welcome. Meg's story was soon told.

"And you have come all this long way to take Erickson home again!" her eyes filling. "God bless you, dear, for I'm sure He sent you. We've done the best we could for him, but you are his sister?"

"No, I'm a friend—a neighbour. There was no one else," she said simply.

"What's your name? I'll tell him."

"No matter about the name; say a friend from the old country."

The woman came back presently.

"Be careful," she said, "he's weak yet. But I want to tell you something just to keep your heart up, for he looks like a ghost. There was a great doctor from New York up here last week to look at his poor eyes, and he told Sam there was a chance for him yet—just one chance in a hundred."

"Does he know it?" asked Meg, tremulously, her colour coming and going. She was but a woman after all. Only blindness would have brought her there.

"No, and you must not tell him. The doctor said so most particularly. Will you go up now?"

He had been sitting in the sun by the window all day brooding. They had been very kind to him, these people, but kindness wears itself out after awhile. What was to become of him? The wages he had laid up were wasting away. The early northern winter would soon set in. He shivered as he thought of the fierce winds, the pitiless, drifting snows. There was nothing a blind man could do here! If he were only home in Rysdyk! Would Meg be sorry for him, he considered, if she knew how desolate he was, how lonely in this strange land? If he were at home he could learn to weave baskets like old Timothy. Here he was just a dead weight.

"Some one to see him from the old country?"

He turned his sightless eyes towards the door where Meg was entering noiseless as a spirit, and his face kindled eagerly. Noiselessly she closed the door behind her. He was so changed, so white and worn, that her own heart stopped its pulsations for a moment. She feared any sudden shock might overcome him. She dared not speak lest he should know her voice. Strange that she had not thought of this before!

He put out his hand vaguely, feeling the presence that he could not see.

"You are very welcome," he said. "But I do not know who it is. Who are you?"

He thought it was some kindly Englishman, who having heard of his misfortunes had come to speak a word of cheer and comfort.

She gave him her hand, still silently. A woman's hand! A swift thrill shot through his frame and his face flushed. Holding herself still with a mighty effort, Meg knelt by his side, laying her head on his knee.

His hand touched her hair, her forehead his lips. She gave a low cry, trembling like a leaf.

"Speak to me, quick," he whispered hoarsely.

"Matt!"

"O, Meg, my Meg!"

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE lady with a new bonnet never likes to hear a clergyman pray for rain.

THE young girl who graduates in four languages and sixteen frounces will soon be heard from.

MRS. JONES says her husband will never be struck by lightning, because he always gets insulate.

KENTUCKY has a father of thirty-seven children. He once lived in Rhode Island, but had to move out of the State.

A BEAUTIFUL custom prevails in many parts of Europe of planting a tree upon the birth of every child. It saves wear and tear of slippers.

WHEN a baby stuffs his toe into his mouth, he little realizes how hard it will be for him in later years to make both ends meet.

GRANDMA—"Yes, children, when I was young as you are I used to walk in my sleep." Tommy (eagerly)—"Say, grandma, what time did you make?"

A MOBILE paper describes a young lady with hair "as black as a raven's." The ravens weren't wearing any hair to speak of last summer, but we suppose the style has changed this year.

SEVERAL notable happy marriages have been made on two hours' courtship, but it is a pretty safe rule to know the girl for at least three days and a picnic.

It is a fact generally observed, says the *Troy Times*, that the man who denounces the institution of marriage is generally the person who thought he was getting a rich widow and didn't.

"My dear," said a husband to his wife, on observing new red-striped stockings on his only heir, "why have you made barber's poles of our child's legs?" "Because he is a little shaver," was the reply.

If any languishing maiden feels that she is "called" to write poetry, let her hunt up a word to rhyme with scrubbing-brush or darning stockings.

"How do you tie a love-not?" asked Laura, peering with a bit of blue ribbon. "Oh, any way," growled Tom, behind his newspaper, "just so it will pull out easy."

"WHAT constitutes the chief happiness of our life?" asked a serious Sunday-school

teacher. She blushed, and then replied, "It is that John has at last fixed the day."

"No girl gets along well without a mother," says a moral exchange. This may be true; but hereabouts girls work harder to get mothers-in-law than they do to get mothers.

A MEMBER of a fashionable up-town congregation called at a music store and inquired: "Have you the notes of a piece called the 'Song of Solomon?'" adding: "Our pastor referred to it yesterday as an exquisite gem, and my wife would like to learn to play it."

A KANSAS farmer purchased a revolver for his wife, and insisted on target practice, so that she could defend the house in case of his absence. After the bullet had been dug out of his leg and the cow buried, he said he guessed that she'd better shoot with an axe.

A MICHIGAN lady writes: "Now that the columns of the press are open to women and the advancement of her interests, let the readers see that there is something else in the female brain besides jelly cake and fancy work."

"How happy you must be, Mrs. Smith, now that you are free from the care and worry of house-keeping," Mrs. S.—"Yes, I am, in a measure; but all this month I have been longing for an old-fashioned campaign of house-cleaning; I need the tonic effect of it in the spring."

THE girl of the period who loves not wisely is she who rejects the hand of the silver-haired widower at the head of the firm, who has an assured income of \$50,000 per annum, and weds one of the junior clerks of the establishment, who is in the full enjoyment of an uncertain salary of \$500 a year.

A RUSTIC bridegroom was complimented by one of his acquaintances on the charming appearance of his bride. "She has the most lovely colour I have ever seen," remarked the friend. "Yes, it ought to be good," pensively replied the groom; "she paid a dollar for just a little bit of it in a saucer."

IN the opinion of the *New Haven Register* you might as well undertake to put a barn door in your vest pocket as to try to convince a woman that she looks just as well in last summer's suit as she will in something new, fashionable, and altogether "lovely."

It has been proven that the strength, care and thought expended by the average housewife in coaxing a weak-chested, hollow-backed, consumptive geranium up two inches would lift a ton weight three-quarters of a mile and raise a \$1,000 mortgage out of sight.

A STRIKING window ornament is made as follows: Take one woman weighing about two hundred pounds, with a neck like a stove-pipe and hair uncombed, and let her throw up the sash, look up and down, and call out: "Reuben, you come in here, or I'll take your hide off!"

A CLEVELAND lady who has passed a few weeks in Paris always refers to her kitchen girl as her "fille de cuisine." Her son will insist on referring to the worthy domestic as our "pot rasser," much to his mother's horror—but he hasn't had the benefit of a fortnight in "Paree."

If the young man who went to call on a girl on Fourth street last Sunday night, but who suddenly left the front door and shot out of the yard with a dog attached to the dome of his trousers, will return the dog, a reward of \$5 will be paid by the girl's father, and no questions asked.

A FASHION item says "charming caps for breakfast are of muslin, have mob crowns bordered with scant ruffles that are neatly scalloped." It doesn't tell how they are cooked, and we don't believe we could eat 'em, no matter how they were served up. Scalloped muslin caps for breakfast can never take the place of scalloped oysters.

"WHAT made you quit the East?" said a man in Nevada to a new-comer. "I got into trouble by marrying two wives," was the response. "Well," said the other, "I came out here because I got into trouble by marrying only one wife." "And I," added a bystander, "came here because I got into trouble simply by promising to marry one."

AN impossible feat for a female pedestrian is to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours past a thousand millinery stores displaying the latest styles of spring bonnets.

A hysteric creature, Deborah, Sat admiring the crimson Aurora; When a mouse in distress, Ran under her dress, She fainted and fell on the floor-ah.

A RURAL bride of considerable beauty went to Indianapolis on the honeymoon tour. Her husband was manifestly proud of her good looks. While they were going about the city she was struck in the face by a falling signboard, and her nose broken. The attending surgeon said that she was badly disfigured for life. "Just my darned luck," the husband exclaimed, "property always goes to ruin in my hands."

CONJUGAL affection depends largely upon mutual confidence. "I make it a rule," said a wisecrack to his friend, "to tell my wife everything that happens. In this way we manage to avoid any misunderstanding." Not to be outdone in generosity the friend replied: "Well, sir, you are not so open and frank as I am, for I tell my wife a great many things that never happen."

"THEODORE," observed a solicitous young mother to her husband, "I think I will not let little Georgie attend Sunday-school any more."

I find the poor boy is quite feverish to-night and his feet are all blistered." Upon hearing which George inwardly groans for next Sunday; they were to meet for the last time to settle the number of quarter miles walked, and he knows now that a chance for any share in the twenty-five cents gate money is gone forever.

HEARTH AND HOME.

BE EASY of address and courteous in conversation, and then everybody will think it a pleasure to have any dealings with you.

IT is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

THE woman who works in some honourable way to maintain herself loses none of the dignity nor refinement of true womanhood, and is much more an ornament to her sex than the woman whose days are passed in indolence and indulgence.

ALL human hearts have at some time a desire to love and be loved. A loveless life is a starved life. Love warms human nature; it sets on fire. The affections can receive their highest developments only in marriage. The loves between friends are poor and transient; but the love between a man and woman in a perfect marriage is something divine—heavenly.

THERE are many kinds of pride. About the most unnatural kind is the pride of humanity, which is a compound of pretentious meanness and affectation. Humanity is a good thing when it is genuine—that is, when it is real humanity, and not a self-sufficient consciousness of one own's superior humbleness. The pride of humanity is very severe on all other kinds of pride. It will not tolerate them in the least. It tolerates nothing but itself.

BACKACHE.—Most women have at times—and dwellers in towns more than those who live in the country—a distressing feeling of back-ache caused by weakness of the muscles of the back, especially of those attached to the spine. This is due to a variety of causes. Among them are the want of vigorous daily exercise in the open air, the languid movements which are often encouraged in girls as being more graceful than quicker, more decided muscular action, and the injurious practice of encasing in steel ribs backs and chests which nature has sufficiently supported with ribs and plates of bone.

AN IMPORTANT QUALITY.—Of all the qualities that come to form a good character, there is not one more important than reliability. Most emphatically is this true of the character of a good business man. The world itself embraces both truth and honesty, and the reliable man must necessarily be truthful and honest. We see so much all around us that exhibits the absence of this crowning quality that we are tempted in our bilious moods to deny its very existence. But there are nevertheless reliable men, men to be depended upon, to be trusted, in whom you may repose confidence, whose word is as good as their bond, and whose promise is performance.

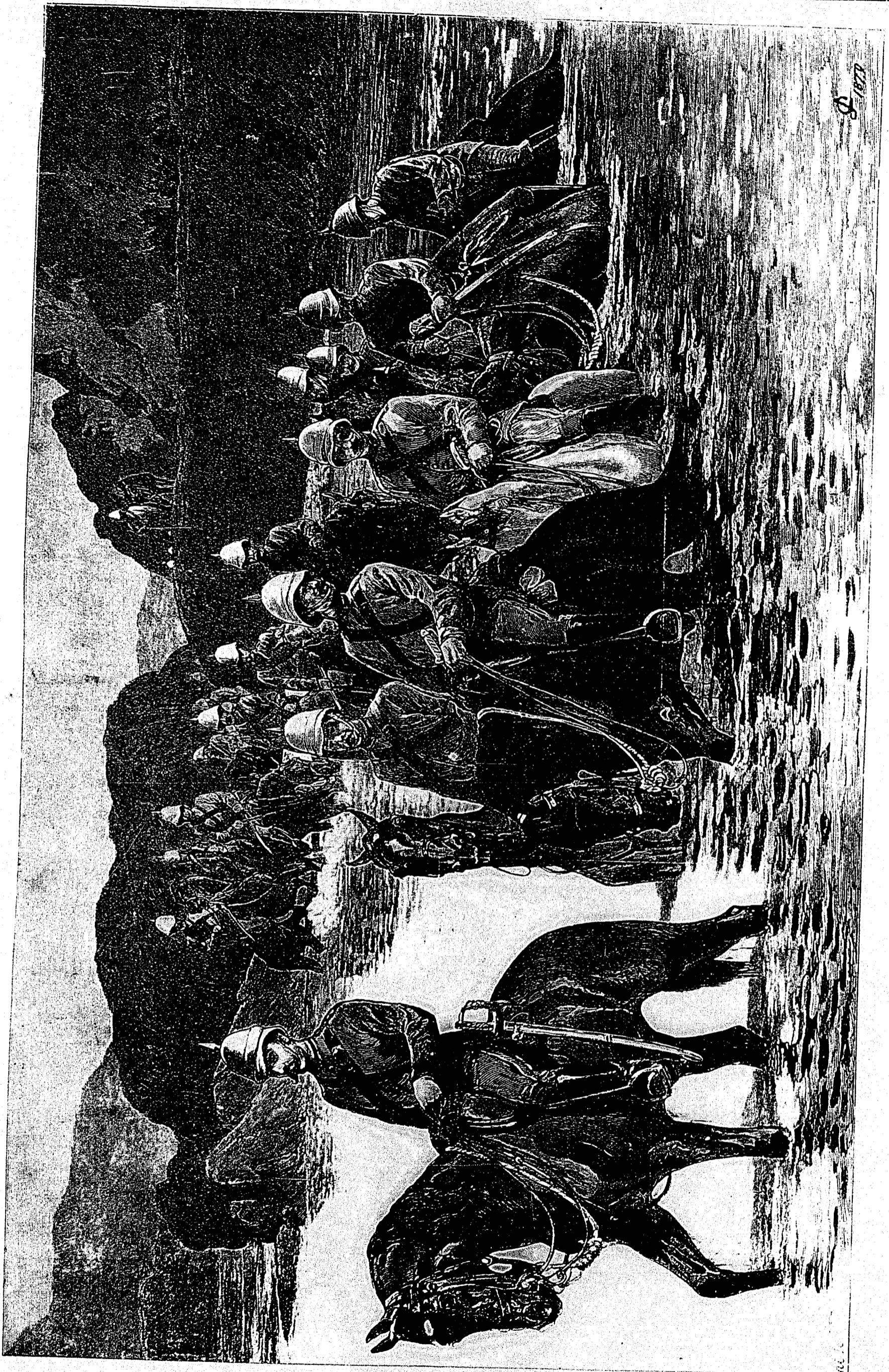
AGE AND YOUTH.—There is a dignity in age which should command respect. The inspired Book says, "The hoary head is a crown of glory," and yet old age is often spoken of slightly, and treated disrespectfully. This is greatly to be deplored, both because the younger folk lose so much of the benefit which they might receive from the varied experiences of those who have preceded them in the painful and dangerous journey of life, and because the elder ones are deprived of the sweet companionship of those who could, if they would, do so much to brighten their waning years. There is no more harmonious helpful friendship than when the old and young walk together in loving confidence. True, the younger must be patient with the infirmities and conservatism of age, as it, in turn, needs to be tolerant with the impetuosity and enthusiasm of youth.

LITERARY.

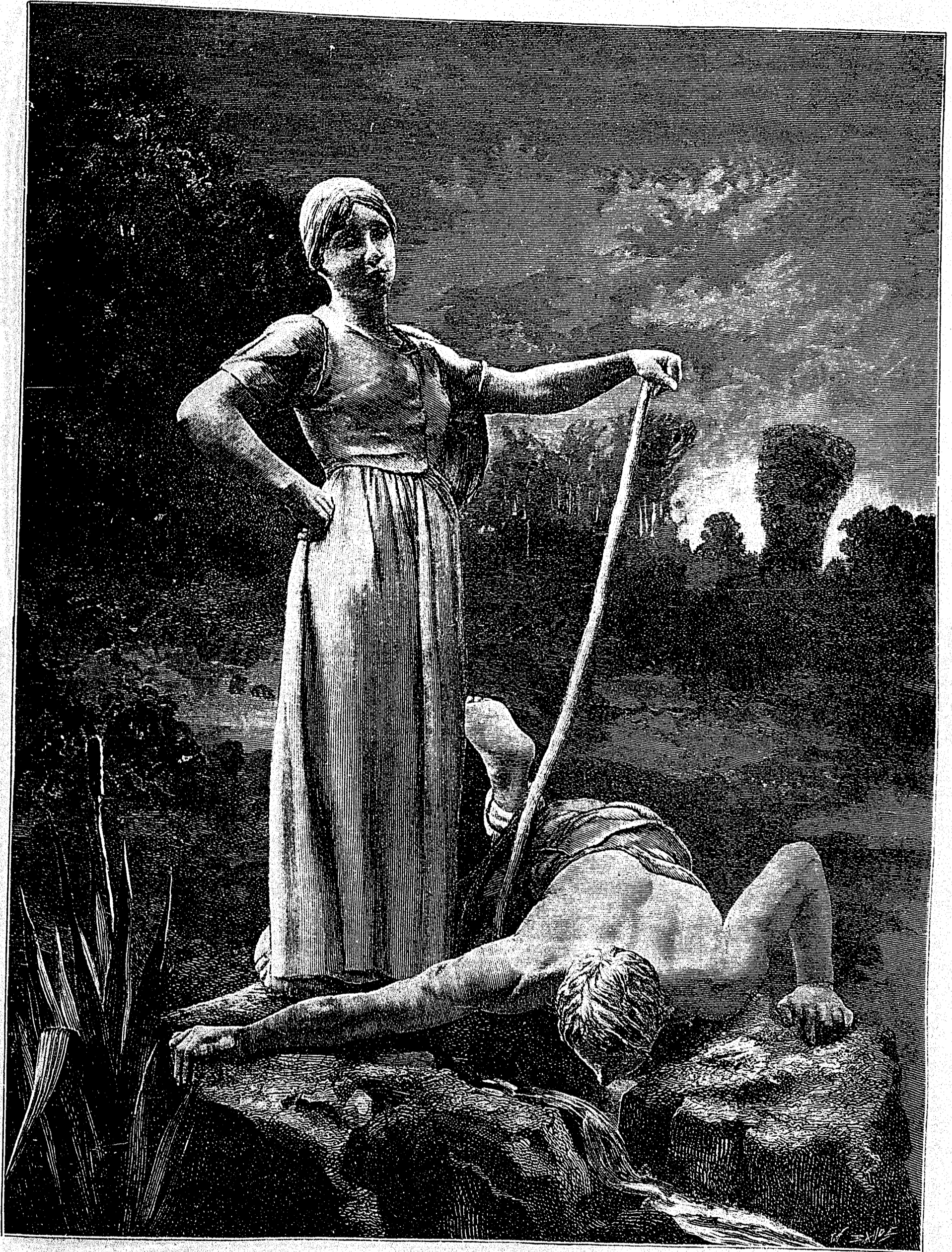
A LONDON bookseller offers for sale several important relics of the great Irish poet, Tom Moore. These consist of MSS. in Moore's handwriting. There are two of "Lalla Rookh," a copy of his "Juvenile Poems," which he made for his mother; his "Epicurean," many of his political squibs, the first draught of his "Life of Lord Byron," and about forty other manuscripts of less importance. The "Byron" contains the passages which were omitted, and has been cancelled. It is written partly in pencil and partly in ink, and is offered for \$375. The rough draught of "Lalla Rookh" is a thick quarto of 100 leaves, and contained four tales not incorporated in the published work. The writing is in a small hand, on both sides of the paper, and has been laboriously revised. The price put on it is \$250. The other manuscript of "Lalla Rookh," which is a copy of the complete poem entirely in the handwriting of the author, with interlineations and corrections, is a small quarto of 187 leaves, and is offered for \$400.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York City.



AFGHANISTAN.—CAVALRY CROSSING A FORD.



THE SPRING IN THE FIELDS.

THE TIME OF LOVERS IS BRIEF.

From the depth of the green garden-cloves,
Where the summer in darkness dozes,
Till autumn pluck from his hand
An hour-glass that holds not a sand;
From a maze that a flower-bed incloses
To the stones and sea-grass on the strand,
How red was the reign of the roses
Over the rose-crowned land!

The time of lovers is brief;
From the first fair joy to the grief
That falls when love is grown old,
From the warm, wild kiss to the cold,
From the red to the white rose-leaf,
They have but a season to seem
As rose leaves lost on a stream
That part not and pass not apart
As a spirit from dream to dream,
As a sorrow from heart to heart.

From the bloom and the gloom that incloses
The death-bed of love where he dozes
Till a relief be left not of sand
To the hour-glass that breaks in his hand,
From the change in the gray garden-cloves
To the last stray grass of the strand,
A rain and ruin of roses
Over the red-rose land.

SWINBURNE.

THE LATE MR. ROBERT SHORE MILNES BOUCHETTE.

"The late," as applied to a friend, is a very mournful form of expression, and cannot be employed without a twinge. It is especially so in its relation to Mr. Robert Bouchette; for he always carried about him such an air of youthfulness, of vivacity, of cheerfulness and exuberant life, that it is difficult to realize the fact that he has "turned his face to the wall," and the place which once knew him "will know him no more for ever." Mr. J. M. LeMoine, of Quebec, will have the unwelcome opportunity of adding a fresh spray to his garland of "Maple Leaves," and of writing a new name on the historic roll of Canadian worthies. For there can be no doubt that Mr. Robert Bouchette came of a chivalrous and high-minded race, whose record is inseparably interlaced with the history of Canada. The inherent quality of gentleman was as plainly seen in Mr. Bouchette's face and carriage, as it was fairly illustrated in his conversation and conduct. It would have been difficult for him to have been the author of a *gaucherie*, and impossible to have been guilty of a rudeness, for his courtesy was innate, and his high breeding, like a personal feature, was a part of himself. Like an agreeable epidemic such charms were contagious and seemed to affect all who were brought within their influence. Even his parrot apparently was touched by them, for the clever bird was not only a reciter of poetry, but was very apt and accurate in quoting selections from Shakspeare.

Mr. Robert Bouchette's grandfather, Commodore Bouchette, was not only a subject of France, but he was an officer of the French King when Montcalm fell on the Plains of Abraham, in September, 1759. When the Treaty of Paris was made in 1763, and Canada was abandoned by its ancient rulers, the subjects of those rulers were suddenly called on to make their election and either follow the lilies of France, to their home in Europe, or remain in Canada under the protection of the lions of England. The choice, it is probable, was made with some difficulty and many misgivings. Nevertheless the problem had to be solved, and those who were able to do it thoroughly, and without reserve, showed true wisdom. Could honor be extracted from misfortune, and might liberty and peace as truly be enjoyed under the new as under the old flag?—was the form which the question probably took. Commodore Bouchette, by his conduct, returned an affirmative answer to all such inquiries, for he gave his allegiance and services to King George the Third as truly as he had given them to King Louis the Fifteenth.

In 1774, a year memorable alike to the United States and to Canada, Mr. Joseph Bouchette, the father of the subject of this sketch, was born. The former succeeded Major Holland as Surveyor General of Lower Canada. It was during his incumbency of that office that he rendered to his native country an imperishable service, for he published his grand work on the geography and topography of Canada, accompanied with maps and illustrations. The work was honorable to the Province, but it was ruinous to the author, for it impoverished him and injured his family. However, it is due to his sons to say that while they missed the money which had purchased fame, they dearly prized the fame, irrespective of the sacrifice by which it had been acquired. Mr. Robert Bouchette never failed to speak with filial enthusiasm of his father's worth and services, and it is a matter to be deplored that neither he, nor any one else, could speak in the like way of his country's appreciation of those services.

Mr. Robert Bouchette was the youngest of four brothers, and was born on the 12th of March, 1805. He was educated for the law, and called to the Bar in 1826. In 1837 he was the editor of the *Liberal* and the fast friend and contemporary of the late Sir George E. Cartier, with whom he thoroughly sympathized in his plans and aims to secure the amelioration of the political status of the inhabitants of Lower Canada of French origin. The effort failed in form, but eventually it became successful in fact. But between the first and second periods a voluntary absence from Canada, on the part of both those gentlemen, was necessary in the interests of prudence and safety. Hence it came about that Sir George Cartier and Mr. Robert Bouchette had the advantage of see-

ing and living in countries foreign to their own. For a while the latter, with his first wife, resided in one of the New England States. The social life of that part of the Union was pleasing to neither of them, but it was put up with by both, and with amusing, if not satisfactory, results. We have said, elsewhere, that Mr. Bouchette's geniality and courtliness never deserted him. His respect and homage were due to any form and condition of life that qualified and clothed itself in the typical petticoat of womanhood. He recognized the garment as one "of mystical sublimity whether of russet, silk or dimity."

Mrs. Bouchette used to tell an amusing story of their New England life. They wanted a servant, and could afford to keep only one. "A help" came "to hire." The contract included the condition that she was to "meal with the family." This condition was cheerfully assented to, Mr. Bouchette observing that it would be highly unbecoming not to conform to the habits of the people whose hospitality they were receiving, and among whom their lot was cast. The first day's experience sufficed for "the help," but the method by which experience, the teacher, gained his end, was unique and characteristic. It sparkled with amusement, for it was pointed with drollery, and its recital always provoked laughter. In the first place, "the help" found that her employers desired to have breakfast "at no fitting time at all"—10 o'clock. "The help" would have been "real starved" by that time, so she had her breakfast at 7. In the next place, no lunch was needed, as dinner was to be served at six, which the help concluded would suit her "for supper," and she would dine by herself at twelve. The hour of six and the dinner arrived together. Mr. Bouchette had busied himself in getting flowers to decorate the table—a large bunch and two bouquets, where covers were placed for the hostess and "the help." On the announcement being made that dinner was ready, Mr. Bouchette appeared in full evening dress, and Mrs. Bouchette in an elaborate robe, including the low neck and short sleeve conditions, which our mothers and sisters were accustomed to observe, but to which the prudes of the present day take envious exception. Mr. Bouchette offered chairs to "the ladies," and opening his celloret placed wine and glasses on the table. Having said grace in latin, he invited "the help" to have some soup, which she declined. Mr. and Mrs. Bouchette ate their soup slowly; he all the while provoking "the help" to converse, and only succeeding in making her look, and probably feel, miserably hot and uncomfortable. "Now," said Mr. Bouchette, turning towards "the help," and wiping his lips with a napkin, "you take wine with my wife while I clear away the things." "The help" could not stand this, and made an effort to discharge a waiting maid's duties. "Excuse me," interposed Mrs. Bouchette, taking in the fun of the thing; "excuse me; you must not rise till dinner is over, Mr. Bouchette is very particular on this point, and never allows me to rise, much less to move away from the table, as he says it would be a reproach to his gallantry and politeness. "Of course he has not been accustomed to this kind of work," continued Mrs. Bouchette, playfully, "but he is very quick in learning, as you will see in time." The fish then appeared, but before anything more was done, Mr. Bouchette, radiant with smiles, and sympathetically smoothing his hands, invited "the help" to take a little fish! "No, she'd rather not." Mr. Bouchette again rose, "cleared away" the things and brought in "the cutlets," his wife enquiring of "the help" whether he did not do it very well, considering his want of experience. "The help" would have a cutlet, but she noticed that the host and hostess held their knives and forks in a way to which she had not been accustomed, and so the cutlet was rather turned over than tasted. This indifference gave rise to tender inquiries about the health of "the help," and sympathetic ones about her appetite. Then wine and walnuts followed. Would she take a little of the "red wine," inquired Mr. Bouchette, coaxingly, "or crack a few walnuts?" "No, she wouldn't." The dessert came to an end. Mrs. Bouchette rose to retire, and "the help" followed. Mr. Bouchette preceded them, opened the door, but before they had passed out, he, with a courteous bow, presented his wife and "the help" each with a bouquet. The result was announced before the door was closed, for the help exclaimed that she "would rather eat her victuals in a cupboard and off a board than go through such a horrid time again." That was the first and last time that the maid "mealed with the family." The story was characteristic of the man, and serves to illustrate the way in which rough notions may be subdued by refinement.

Mr. Robert Bouchette successfully served his country in several capacities as Law Clerk of the Crown Land Department—as Commissioner of Customs—as special Commissioner on various subjects—and on several important occasions, including the office of Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition in 1866. He was both trusted and respected, and we think deservedly so. Moreover, he was equally liked by the French and English speaking races into which Canada is divided, and did much towards tightening the line and lessening the obstructions that separate the members of different nationalities. On his retirement from the public service a dinner was given to him by those whom he left behind, and who still wore the harness of the State. As one looked at him the thought did not occur that he

had reached the age of three score years and ten. His gaiety of manner rather suggested that it was an arbitrary way of measuring a man's life by the standard of years, for men were not equally old, in fact, though they might in years be equally aged. All such speculation is idle. The time arrives and the collapse comes. He whom we knew yesterday, to our surprise and deep regret is called away from us, and passes in silence into the company of the "great majority." Like his father and his grandfather, Mr. Robert Bouchette was an ardent Royalist at heart, and a loyal subject of Her Majesty. It was therefore fitting that he should go into ordinary, and rest from his work, on the 4th of June, being the anniversary of the birthday of that much maligned monarch, but nevertheless good king, who as the third George sat on the English throne when Canada became a portion of the British empire.

THE GLEANER.

THE presentation of new colours to the French army will take place early in September in the neighbourhood of Paris.

It is reported that Paris will have a grand baby show in the month of September next, to come off in the Palace of Industry like other competitive exhibitions.

A NEW game has been invented. It is called *Jaculun*. Spears, a target, a velvet lawn, pretty dresses, and plenty of opportunity for small talk are pressed into the service of the coming pastime.

THERE is announced in London for early sale a curiosity which is, of course, unique—namely, the original anvil and hammer of Powell, "the harmonious blacksmith" of Whitechurch, from which Handel composed his celebrated melody, named after him.

PRINCE JEROME NAPOLEON BONAPARTE has a museum of Napoleonic relics. There is the sabre worn by the Emperor at Marengo, a silver dressing-case which he gave to King Jerome, the little three-cornered hat, and the field glass with which he watched his battles.

ALTHOUGH no orders have as yet been received at Portsmouth on the subject, it is reported in naval circles that the Indian troopship *Serapis*, which conveyed the Prince of Wales to and from India, is to be got ready to take His Royal Highness and a distinguished party to Australia, where the Prince will open the great colonial exhibition.

AFTER a patient labour of nearly three years M. Pinelli has succeeded in unrolling several rolls of papyrus that were found amongst the manuscripts at the Institut de France. The documents are mostly very ancient title deeds to property. One is a deed of sale of a house under Ptolemy Soter. These papyrus rolls are now to be seen on the grand staircase of the Egyptian Museum at the Louvre.

VARIETIES.

CARRIER PIGEONS.—The French Government are developing the carrier-pigeon service in earnest, for in Paris and twelve of the other fortified towns no fewer than 6,000 birds are fed at the public expense. The art of pigeon breeding and training is taught to a number of officers and soldiers, and a great deal of the work of communication is regularly carried on by the pigeon post. Prizes are given for pigeon races by the Ministers of Public Instruction and Agriculture.

AT THE BARON'S GRAVE.—At Baron Rothschild's funeral a few days ago there stood by the grave, mute and motionless, as they had stood for upwards of an hour, three remarkable figures. The centre one, an elderly man with black eyes, and black beard just touched with grey, was dressed in caftan and berouise, whose rich colour was stained with the marks of much travel. His companion on the left also wore a berouise of dark crimson cloth. The third man, though of strongly marked Oriental type, had absolutely abandoned his more familiar dress and appeared in a suit of Western clothing. These men had just arrived from Jerusalem, and, hearing that the great Baron was dead (though he had lived just long enough for them to know how unquestioning was his charity), they had found their way to Willesden to pay the last homage to his memory.

THE CONDITION OF WOMEN.—The ages of animal passions, of muscular supremacy, of conflict with wild animals, of barbarian wars—in short, the ages of physical prowess, when the only ordeal was one of muscle—belong indisputably to man. The subservience of woman was one of the conditions of progress in those rude phases of human existence. But it does not follow that this will always be the case. It is a generally recognized principle that the stepping-stones of one generation are likely to become the stumbling-blocks of a succeeding one; and Mr. Spencer even uses the argument of a presumptive evidence against opinions which have arisen in a barbarous age. Legouve says: "The protracted subservience of woman proves but one thing, that the world so far has had more need of the dominant qualities of man, and that her hour has not yet come. We have no reason to conclude from this fact that it will not come." And he fortifies his position with the following striking illustration: "How many centuries did it take to produce this simple maxim of common sense, 'All

men are equal before the law?' The tardy advent of an idea, so far from proving its uselessness and fallacy, is often an argument in favour of its grandeur. The principles of liberty, charity, fraternity, are all modern principles." It remains for these principles to become still further modernized by their extension to women as a part of the human family. Their coexistence, with certain curious "survivals" from the ages of muscle, supplies a striking example of the remarkable tolerance of the average human mind for incongruous ideas, provided these ideas have been associated for a sufficient length of time. In England, until the reign of William and Mary, women were refused the benefit of clergy, and in the time of Henry VIII. an English parliament prohibited the reading of the New Testament in English by women and others of low estate. The male Mohammedan to-day indignantly rejects the idea that his female companion, as well as himself, may have a soul. Among the Hindoos women are still excluded from the advantages of reading and writing, and with a few exceptions, the higher institutions of learning are everywhere still monopolized by the more muscular sex. That these facts (gathered from widely separated ages and countries) harmonize in spirit and principle, thus revealing a common origin, scarcely needs to be pointed out; the laws of heredity and descent are therein conspicuously illustrated, and, as between men and women, the age of muscle still exists.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S. Montreal.—Papers received. Thanks.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 228.
G. E. R. St. Ronan's Malvern, England.—Post card received. We will attend to the matter.
E. H. Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 226 received.
Anonymous, Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks.

We have received the June number of the *Chess Players' Chronicle*, which contains, as it does, such a fund of chess news from the old world, must always be welcome to amateurs on this side of the Atlantic. In the issue just received, we have an excellent sketch of the life of the late George Walker, which necessarily embodies a fund of matter of a chessical nature, at all times interesting to lovers of the game. The games published this month are chiefly those of celebrities of the day, but, besides these, there are two played some years ago by Mr. Cochrane, whose contests over the board, on account of their brilliancy, are always profitable to the chess student. The monthly record, containing news from London, Germany, the United States, Scandinavia, New Zealand, &c., will be acceptable to those who, besides enjoying the game themselves, are glad to find it extending its influence from one end of the world to another. The problem department is under the supervision of Mr. H. J. C. Andrews and C. W. of Sunbury; a sufficient guarantee for the merit of this important feature of the *Chronicle*.

A correspondent, who does not give his name, kindly sends us an extract from the translation of M. Delannoy's Prize Essay, which appeared in the *Hartford Times* a short time ago. The extract is headed "Three London Players," but, as we have already published in our Column the part which so admirably describes our old friend, Mr. Bird, it is only necessary for us to find space for his companions in the picture, Messrs. Macdonnell and Hoffer, who, we doubt not, are equally well delineated:

"The Rev. G. A. Macdonnell is a man of acute mind, deeply learned, and has something of the Parisian in his manners and character. He likes, as the French say, his laugh and his glass, and has a fund of *apropos* anecdotes, illustrations, and remarks worthy of the 'Regence' in the best days of Comte de Boissy, D'Angia, Labourdonnais, Doazan, Muret, and Salsias. To see him play and hear him talk carries me back to my youth. He likes to give odds, and his confidence in his own powers enables him to try the most risky combinations, and to emerge, notwithstanding, safe and sound, to the no small astonishment of the bystanders. However, he has been not unfrequently engaged in matches with many of the strongest masters, and has often scored a victory.

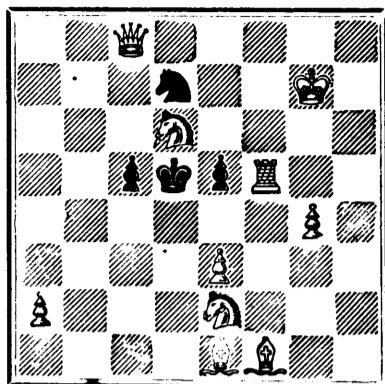
"I have reserved for my closing sketch that of Mr. Hoffer, whom I knew for a long time in Paris, and who has compelled my regard and sympathy by his talents, his character, and his unvarying kindness to myself. Unlike certain other celebrities, who like to make themselves conspicuous, Mr. Hoffer keeps in the background, shows no pretensions to majestic honours, has no ambition to occupy the King's throne; but the share of his science and practice is not a small one, and the flame of his genius which seems smouldering under a covering of ashes, will prove, if I am not mistaken, to be a dormant volcano, whose eruptions will one day astonish the world of Chess. His present state is but a prelude to future success. Only the will is yet wanting. I must add that he has great kindness for novices; playing with them he is no niggard with his valuable suggestions and advice. In such cases he plays for no stake when requested, which is by no means infrequent, and for which I like him the better."—A. Delannoy, in the *Hartford Times*.

As regularly as moons come, Northern papers state regularly that Paul Morphy is reported insane. Mr. Morphy is a quiet little gentleman, engaged in minding his own business, which fact is perhaps sufficient reason for meddling correspondents to call him crazy.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Miss Blake has received no response to her challenge which was sent to Mrs. Gilbert nearly two weeks ago.—*Weekly News, Charleston, S. C.*

On Saturday, the 14th inst., the Montreal Chess Club was visited by Mr. H. J. Webber, a member of the City of London Chess Club, and conductor, for several years, of the class which meets regularly at the Birkbeck Literary and Scientific Institution, London, for the purpose of learning chess. Mr. Webber has been very successful in his teaching, and is, perhaps, the only chessplayer in the world who has under his care a large number of young persons, of both sexes, learning the royal game. He is on a tour to the West, and will probably, on his way home, revisit Montreal, and try the skill of some of the members of the chess club.

PROBLEM No. 230. By J. W. Abbott. BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 369TH. (Land and Water.)

CHESS AT THE AQUARIUM.

The following gamikin is the skirmish between Mephisto and a young lady, to which we alluded last week:

(Philidor's Defence.)

- WHITE.—(Miss H. Down.) 1. P to K 4, 2. Kt to K B 3, 3. B to B 4, 4. P to Q 4, 5. Castles (b), 6. Kt takes P, 7. Q takes Kt, 8. Q to Q sq, 9. Kt to B 3, 10. B to K Kt 5, 11. R to K sq (f), 12. Kt to Q 5, 13. P to K B 3, 14. P takes P, 15. P to K 5. BLACK.—(Mephisto.) 1. P to K 4, 2. P to Q 3, 3. Kt to Q B 3, 4. P to B 4 (a), 5. P takes Q P (c), 6. Kt takes Kt, 7. P to B 4 (d), 8. P takes P, 9. Kt to B 3, 10. Q to K 2 (e), 11. B to B 4 (g), 12. Q to Q sq, 13. B to K 2, 14. B to Q 2, Resigns (h).

NOTES.

- (a) Relying upon himself and also upon his adversary. (b) The best reply is P takes K P, followed if BP takes K P by Q to Q 5. (c) P takes K P would give him the advantage. White's best play, in reply thereto, would be to sacrifice the Knight. The following variation will illustrate some of the points: 5 P takes K P, 6 P takes P, P takes Kt, 7 Q takes P, Kt takes P, 8 R to K sq, Kt to B 3 (if Q to K 2 then Q to Q B 3, (threatening P to B 4), 9 B to B 4, etc. We may remark that 6 Kt to Kt 5 looks more unsatisfactory than it really is. (d) Not good, but a satisfactory move is not to be found. Kt to B 3 at once is probably his best resource. (e) He is in a bad plight altogether. B to K 2, if better, is hopeless enough, and B to B 4 is answered by R to K sq. (f) Kt takes P drives the K to Q sq, and Kt to Q 5 sends the Queen back there. While preferring either of these continuations to the text move, we consider that the latter is in a good style, as being devoid of that impetuosity which might be expected from a young lady player. (g) If B to K 3, then B takes Kt followed by B takes B. (h) And quite right too, as an examination of the overpowering nature of White's really fine move will make evident. Mephisto showed himself to be a good-humored loser, for, after resigning, he in a most courteous manner offered his hand to his fair opponent, who accepted the compliment, being evidently under the impression that a demon who behaved like a gentleman, should be treated as such.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 128.

- WHITE. 1. R to K 5, 2. Q to K R 7, 3. Q Mates accordingly. BLACK. 1. P takes R, 2. Anything. There are other defences.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 226.

- WHITE. 1. R to K Kt 3, 2. Mates acc. BLACK. 1. Any move.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 227.

- WHITE. K at K sq, Q at Q R 3, B at Q R 8, B at K R 6, Kt at Q B 6. BLACK. K at K 5, Q at K sq, Kt at K Kt 6.

White to play and mate in two moves.

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By order,

F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 13th June, 1879.



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F. BRAUN, Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, 16th June, 1879.

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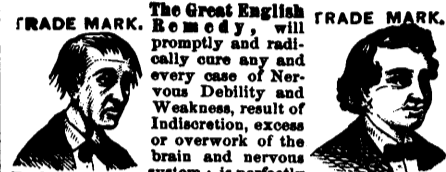
this Office and the three Receiving Houses will be closed at 10 a.m., unless the mails received up to that time shall not then have been distributed.

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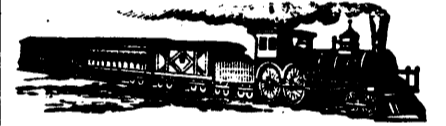
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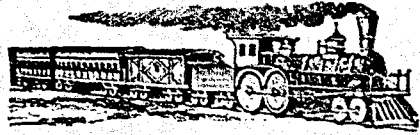
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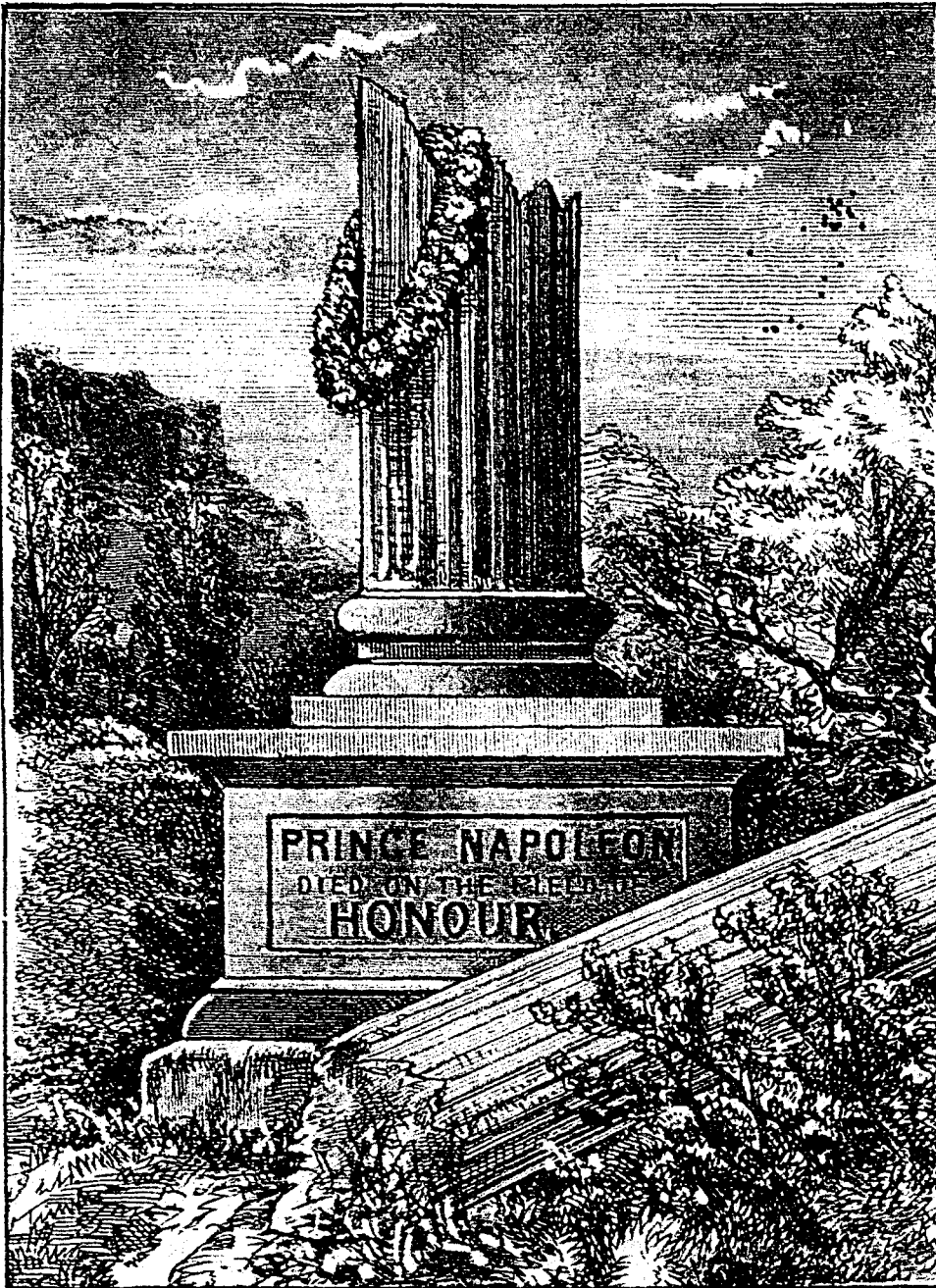
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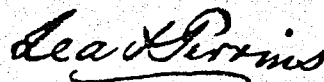


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Arrive Quebec	10.46 p.m.	9.00 a.m.
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Leave Quebec	2.20 p.m.	6.15 p.m.
Arrive Three Rivers	5.10 p.m.	11.30 p.m.
Leave Three Rivers	5.25 p.m.	3.25 p.m.
Arrive Hochelaga	8.40 p.m.	8.30 p.m.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later. Tickets for sale at offices of Starnes, Leve & Alden, Agents, 202 St. James Street, and 158 Notre Dame Street, and at Hochelaga and Mile-End Stations.

J. T. PRINCE,
Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Feby. 7th, 1879.

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