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Whitbread's News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1874.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1874.

There seems no room for doubt that a modification of the Tariff will have to be made during the present session of Parliament. It is a matter of regret that this necessity should arise, first, because stability in the sources of revenue is necessary to the due stability of trade, and, secondly, because the cause of the proposed change is a serious deficit in the year's budget. For the last six months of the fiscal year the deficit was some six million dollars, and it has since been very considerably increased. Although the Customs duties on the Spring importations will reduce these figures very considerably, there is still reason to believe that the Finance Minister will have to meet a deficiency of nearly three millions. Mere curtailment will not suffice him to balance the loss, as the public works in progress, or for which appropriations have been voted, will materially add to the current expenditure. There is nothing left him, then, but an adjustment of the Tariff. How this will be done no one knows as yet, not even the Minister himself, for the reason that it is a matter of the most complex description, depending upon an infinity of details, and intimately connected with a number of conflicting commercial and industrial interests. It is safe to assume, however, that the general fifteen per cent. rule will be made twenty per cent. We hope it will not go so far as twenty-five. In a young country like ours it is wise not to be committed to extremes. While, on the one hand, we cannot have free trade, we must not hamper ourselves with outright protection, but bide events, and pursue a moderate middle course, until our political stability, and, in consequence, our commercial standing among nations are assured beyond peradventure. Canada in 1856, when the protective tariff was put in force, and in 1874, when the great question of inland navigation, involving a rivalry with New York, is still trembling in the balance, present very different conditions indeed. One thing appears clear, and that is, that Mr. Cartwright ought to make as few definite changes as he possibly can, and with a single view to meet the obligations pressing upon him. In this course he will be supported by the most responsible men of both the political parties, whose course was foreshadowed by the very temperate motion passed on this head at the late annual meeting of the Dominion Board of Trade. The new Financier Minister has a splendid opportunity of proving his capacity, for his arduous office in the treatment of this revenue question. We trust he will succeed to the general satisfaction.

Archbishop Taché has published a pamphlet on the subject of amnesty to Riel, in which he goes minutely over the whole details of the question. He holds that the Imperial Government is bound to grant an amnesty, because the most solemn promises were made by its lawful representatives. These promises have never been revoked, and were accepted in the most perfect good faith. Following closely on such promises, the Imperial Government acted in such a manner as to convince everybody that it intended to carry out its word. He asserts, in the next place, that the Federal Authorities of Canada are also pledged to amnesty. It was Canada which "occasioned the troubles," and its responsibility was increased, not only by the words and acts of subalterns, but also by its higher officers, its Government and even its Parliament. Solemn promises were made verbally and in writing—promises often repeated and not since repudiated—by and in the name of the Federal Ministers. After the troubles, even after the death of Thomas Scott, the Federal Government treated officially with delegates sent and accredited by the Provisional Government of Assiniboia. The Archbishop goes further, and declares that the Provincial authorities of Manitoba have no discretion left them in the matter of amnesty. In all that relates to the Constitution and the conditions of the Federal Union, the Provincial Government must

necessarily respect the pledges made by those who promoted the incorporation of that Province in the Dominion. The Provincial Government, owing to the existence of the arrangements made with the delegates of the Provisional Government of Assiniboia, could make no promises for the Government, and could only be the echo of the pledges made in England and at Ottawa. The conduct of the Provincial authorities from the beginning, and for at least the first two years of their Administration, proves in the most unequivocal manner that they considered themselves obliged to act as if an amnesty had in reality been granted. His Grace also calls attention to the fact that, during the threat of a Fenian invasion, the men who were included in the terms of the amnesty were called upon to serve. Official correspondence passed between these men and the authorities. Their military services were regularly accepted, and the troops under their orders were regularly inspected. This argument the Archbishop regards as the most conclusive proof of a promised and a prospective amnesty.

The policy of the French Imperialists on the occasion of the recent meeting at Chiselhurst was certainly one which is calculated to inspire confidence in the future fortunes of the Napoleonic dynasty. The speech of the Prince Imperial in reply to the congratulations of the Duc de Padoue was singularly free from the violence and buncombe which so frequently characterize the utterances of exiled pretenders to European thrones. He made allusion neither to the Destiny in which his grand-uncle was so firm a believer, nor to the guiding star that was the constant hope and trust of his father. Nor did he endeavour to force down the throats of the people he aspires to rule over the unpalatable doctrine of the divine right of Kings, to which the Comte de Chambord has held fast with a tenacity that does him honour, much as it may have militated against the success of his cause. To many it will seem that the Prince erred on the side of excessive prudence. He did not even so much as advance a formal claim to his father's throne, but contented himself with a mere expression of opinion that in France an irresistible current of opinion has set in favour of a plebiscite. Had he any belief in the result of such an appeal—and it is difficult to imagine that he had any fear as to its consequences—he kept it entirely to himself. The salvation of France, he declared lay only in a plebiscite; and should the decision arrived at by this means turn against him he was willing to accept it. Such moderation, unexpected as it was, will have the greater effect in France in as much as it is in striking contrast with the stringent policy pursued by the Government towards declared and suspected Bonapartists. A recent dispatch informs us that the Duc de Padoue and other distinguished persons who neglected to respond to the Duc de Broglie's appeal, and who persisted in taking part in the Chiselhurst demonstration have been removed from the mayoralties and other offices held by them under Government. Such a step was not only justifiable but perfectly natural, yet its effect, among the middle and lower middle classes especially, will be to create a revulsion of feeling and to set up the sufferers as martyrs for public adoration. It is the old story told once more; the success of a cause advanced by opposition and perse-
 cution.

At the battle of Amoaful Sir Garnet Wolseley is said to have imitated the phalanx system of the ancients by throwing his infantry into quadrangle form, with almost as much fighting power on either flank as in the direct front. This compact body, moving slowly and sternly, completely scattered the overwhelming numbers of the Ashantee foe. If he had extended his front, in accordance with the modern rule of infantry tactics, it seems certain that his little force would have been speedily exterminated. This is another example of the advisability of having a man of true military genius to conduct such expeditions, where set canons of action cannot be followed, but where dispositions must be made conformably to the anomalies of circumstances.

A correspondent in the *Courier du Canada* writes a somewhat dogmatical letter about a little anecdote which appeared in a late issue of the News. He affects to see in it a slur on the confessional which he and all the members of his church respect so much. To defend ourselves from the imputation would be a quasi acknowledgment of malice in the premises. We shall, therefore, only say that the paragraph appeared and still appears to us as a harmless bit of *esprit*, such as we have heard many respectable members of the correspondent's own communion repeat more than once. We opine that the sacraments are too sacred to be made ridiculous by such little eccentricities of human nature.

As we apprehended, the woman's crusade against liquor

in the United States, now that the excitement of novelty is over, has given rise to riotous scenes more disgraceful than those which it intended to combat. At Cleveland, Ohio, the ladies were assailed by a crowd of roughs while out on a praying tour. A riot ensued. During the excitement the German brewers made up a procession, composed of lager beer waggons, loaded with beer kegs, on which sat a large number of men drinking as they moved along the streets. Surely this is disgusting enough. And perhaps never was the brutality of man in presence of female influence so strikingly illustrated.

A GOSSIP ON THE PORTLAND VASE.

BY T. D. KING.

Of the *Sepulchral Vases*, the most celebrated is that known by the name of the *Portland Vase*. The tomb which contained the sarcophagus wherein this exquisite production of art was deposited was discovered about the latter end of the sixteenth century in the Monte del Grano, which is at the distance of nearly three miles from Rome on the Frascati Road. This elegant vase was long preserved in the Barberini Palace at Rome, and called the *Barberini Vase*. It came into the hands of Mr. Byres, who parted with it to Sir William Hamilton, who sold it to the Duchess of Portland, and in consequence of its becoming the property of that family it has obtained the name of the *Portland Vase*, which I think was a great mistake, the original name ought to have been kept *Barberini*, unless the name of the maker or the family whose remains were deposited in the sarcophagus or tomb were known.

By the generous indulgence of the Duke of Portland it was deposited in the British Museum where in the month of February 1846 some mad-brained iconoclast, named William Lloyd, smashed it into fragments—may his name be execrated—it was however carefully repaired and remains now intact, and I hope never again to be handled except by reverend fingers, and long may it remain in its present resting place as a single and noble monument, eloquently asserting the high state of ceramic art and the art of design, which was attained in its unknown era.

The dimensions of the *Barberini Vase* are nine inches and three quarters in height, and twenty-one inches in circumference. Its substance is semi-transparent, and is two bodies of vitrified paste or glass of different colours, so closely united together as to make two distinct strata like the shell and the onyx out of which the cameos are made. The upper stratum, a beautiful white, serves for the figures which are in relief; and the under one, a dark blue, forms the ground—the blue almost amounting to a deep purple. The whole is wrought with a lathe after the manner of a cameo, and exhibits, along with the design and workmanship of the finest bas-reliefs, the minute and delicate finishing of the best gems such as are worn by ladies as brooches or armlets.

On that side of the vase which all who have set about to explain or describe the objects represented seem to have agreed in regarding as the first compartment, a female figure draped, in the centre, is sitting on the ground at the foot of a tree. On her left side is the head and part of the body of a serpent. Her right hand is extended toward the arm of a young male figure on her right, which descends into the picture naked from a portal, composed of two square columns with a plinth and frieze, a portion of drapery appears to be dropping from the left hand of the male figure. Over the head of the female figure is Cupid, flying in the opposite direction of the portal, and carrying in his right hand what is either a quiver or a torch. On the left is a second tree, under which, in nearly an erect posture, is an aged male figure of grave aspect. On the other side are likewise three figures. In the centre under a tree is a recumbent female figure naked to the waist, supported by the left arm, while the right is lifted up, and the hand laid upon the head. In her left hand is a torch inverted, but not extinguished, and at her foot is a square thin stone, perforated in the centre. In her countenance, which is turned to the left, there is an expression which may be said to be that of grief and love. Her eyes do not appear to be directed toward any object in the group. On her right hand is a male figure naked, seated and looking toward her. In his left hand he slightly holds a portion of drapery, upon which he rests his arm and which is thrown over one thigh. On his right is a square pillar, surmounted by a capital, in each side of which is wrought a hollow of an oblong shape. On the left of the female figure in the centre is a second female, more youthful in her appearance, naked to the waist. Her right arm descends perpendicularly, and the hand is laid upon the rock or bank on which she sits to support the weight of her body, which somewhat inclines backward; her head is turned round, apparently looking at the male figure on the opposite side of the group. The beautiful and youthful face of his figure has a placid expression, but mingled, perhaps, with a certain solicitude, of which the female figure in the centre might be supposed to be the object, and which she might be thought to direct toward the male figure, as if making enquiry or seeking sympathy. A tree is on the left of his figure, and to the left of this is the portal described in the first groups. The groups are divided in the upper part of the composition by heads, one of which ornaments the bottom of each handle. Under the foot of the vase, or in other words, on the bottom of the vase is a head or bust representing either a male or female in the Phrygian bonnet or pyramidal hood. One finger is raised to the mouth as in token of silence. The head or bust is overshadowed by a tree.

Of all these figures many explanations have been offered. Pietro San Bartoli, (gli antichi sepulchri) by whom it was first published, thought that the subject engraved on this vase relates to the birth of Alexander the Great. M. d'Hancarville, (*Recherches sur les Arts de la Grèce, &c.*, tom ii, page 133) thinks that it represents the well known fable of Orpheus's descent into Elysium, to recover from thence his beloved Eurydice so elegantly told by Virgil. M. Von Veltheim (*Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1792) supposes the story of Admetus recovering his wife Alcestes from Elysium is engraved on it. And the learned Enrico Quirino Visconti (*Il museo Pio Clementino*, tom vi., p 71) reckons that it records the marriage of Peleus and Thetis. Subjects of the same kind are to be seen on many sarcophagi; they probably all relate to the fables of Elysium, and the state of the dead.

But of the many authors who have mentioned the Barberini

Vase, D. Darwin, in his Botanic Garden, Canto ii, is generally admitted to have given the most probable account of it.

He is of opinion that the figures of this funeral urn do not represent the history of any particular family or event, but that they express part of the ceremonies of the Elusian mysteries.

Those anxious to know more about the Elusian Mysteries can consult Broughton's Dictionary of all Religions from the Creation of the World to the 18th century. Suffice it for the present to say that the persons initiated were thought to be under the more immediate care of Ceres, and, after death, were supposed to be honoured with the first places in the Elysian Fields.

Dr. Darwin divides the vase into two compartments, and reckons that the first is emblematical of mortal life, expressed by a lady who is dying, or Libitina, holding an inverted torch; she sits on ruins, under a tree of deciduous leaf, attended by two persons who seem to express the terror with which mankind look upon death; and that the second compartment represents immortal life, expressed by a hero entering the gate of Elysium, conducted by Divine Love, and received by Immortality, who is to present him to Pluto, the judge of what company he is to keep in Elysium.

This Elysium, according to Homer (see Pope's translation of the *Odyssey*) must have been a most delightful place, and a marked contrast to our winters in the Province of Quebec.

"Stern winter smiles on that auspicious clime,
The fields are florid with unfading prime;
From the bleak pole no winds molest blow,
Mould the round hail, or shake the fleecy snow;
But from the breezy deep the blest inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the western gale.

How true the rendition of Darwin may be, its general acceptance by the world of critics must bear testimony. Certainly the idea is full of grace and beauty.

Some have supposed that the vase contained the ashes of Alexander Severus and Julia Mummæ, but Darwin does not believe so.

The largest portion of these Etruscan or Grecian, or Græco-Italic or Italo-Greek vases which have escaped the devastations of time have been discovered in the sepulchral chambers of the ancients. In some instances they have been found with human ashes in them, but most frequently they have been found empty, placed upon the floor, arranged round an unburnt skeleton, or hanging upon nails of iron or bronze attached to the side of the walls. In this state they are supposed to have held the offerings &c., which it was customary to present to the dead.

Their modern copies certainly, therefore, ought not to be converted into flower vases, or desecrated with peacock feathers and dried everlasting flowers and wild grasses.

Few remains of antiquity have excited more interest than vases. The variety and the elegance of their forms, the singularity of their designs, the beauties of the compositions with which they are adorned, and the important instruction which the subjects of some of the pictures on them convey, have conspired to render them peculiarly attractive.

The "Ceramic Art Union," Wedgwood, Minton, and Copeland, have reproduced many of the most beautiful of them. Our best modern potters have derived high improvement from copying their beautiful designs; and even the manufacturer, in the imitation of their forms, has materially improved the shapes of many of those vessels and utensils which administer to the comforts or the elegancies of life.

THE DAGGER OF RAVAILLAC.

In relating a certain romantic incident of Paris life, the *Figaro* maintains that all the circumstances it details in the matter are strictly true. They relate to a singular attempt at suicide.

Everybody knows (remarks the *Figaro*, from whose columns we translate these facts) the circumstances under which Henri IV was assassinated by Ravallac, in the Rue de la Ferronnerie. Ravallac, thrusting his arm through the window of the royal carriage, struck the King two blows with a knife, the weapon at the second stroke piercing the heart. Then for a moment he brandished the knife defiantly; but he was immediately arrested, and the weapon taken from him by an Italian attached to the person of the Duc d'Épernon—one Pietro de Malaghina. When the Court on the day of the trial of Ravallac—May 24, 1578—reclaimed this knife, Malaghina declared that he had lost it in the crowd. This was a falsehood. The Italian having for his hobby the collection of curiosities, had secreted the knife of Ravallac, and he kept it all his life, leaving it as a gracious relic to his descendants.

Through some vicissitudes, now unknown, the knife passed into the hands of Marshall Maurice de Saxe, who in 1750 presented it to his physician, Dr. Senac. He dying shortly after left it to his son, M. Senac de Meilhan, who gave it to a certain Marquise de Crequi with a series of complimentary verses, beginning:

De ce couteau d'un régicide
Recevez le don, belle Armide.

This "belle Armide"—that is, the Marchioness Crequi left the historical knife to her cousin, Baron Blanchfort. After further changes of ownership, it came last year into the possession of a young student, Monsieur Philippe M—. This young man, who occupied a little room in the Rue des Acacias, led a hard life, struggling against poverty, and generally getting worsted in the combat. On several occasions he tried to sell the knife of Ravallac, but he valued it at 2000 francs, which was more than anybody would pay for it. A few weeks ago he found himself without a cent and with nothing to eat.

He would not think for a moment of abating the price of the knife of Ravallac, so, Frenchman-like, he determined to kill himself with it. He gave himself a violent thrust in the chest having first left on his table the following note:

To Monsieur le Commissary of Police:
Let no person be charged with my death. I go to rejoin Henri IV. If I had not been so feeble, I would have killed myself in the Rue de la Ferronnerie.
Dec. 24 1873.

PHILIPPE M—.

But the wonderful knife of Ravallac proved to be as weak as the intellect of the would-be suicide. The rusty weapon, broken and blunt, only made an insignificant wound, from which young Philippe recovered within a week. The knife in the meantime was deposited at the police office. It is a species of poniard, with a bone handle cut in the form of a cross, and bearing on the blade the initials of the original owner.

ENGLISH REPUBLICANISM.

M. D. Conway writes to the *Cincinnati Commercial* that it is a widely-recognized fact that Lancashire is the hot-bed of republicanism. The first republican club of any considerable size was started soon after the end of the American war in Bolton. That club numbered a good many men of ability among its members, some of them belonging to the wealthy classes. But the club has just come to an end. This was partly due to an officer of the club, who, in his ardour for freedom, made free with the funds of the society entrusted to his charge. But it has been due in still greater part to the decided decline of what two years ago we used to speak of as "the Republican movement in England." When Mr. Bradlaugh—who has, I hear, just arrived to find himself at the bottom of the poll at Northampton—comes to look around him, he will find that the Republican movement, about which he has been lecturing in America, has undergone a phase which even he will have to recognize. I have already hinted at this in previous letters, but my present visit to this region, and conversation with Republican leaders, has made the fact clear beyond dispute. Those leaders all say that they are now convinced that the English masses will require a long education before they will be prepared for a republic. So far as home politics are concerned, they find no serious change; even this week's elections have not made them believe in a real reaction in the direction of Conservatism. There never was, they affirm, a period when there was more animosity against the Church and the House of Lords. But the people no longer find a charm in the vision of an English republic. Some of the leaders referred to confess that their own minds have become doubtful and hesitating on the subject. One of the most influential confessed to me that his rock of offence had been America. He had long been a regular reader of American journals, and the exposures of the degree to which rings have flourished in that country—the Credit Mobilier and Salary Grab—and particularly the "miserable administration of Grant"—to use his own expression—had made him doubt whether substituting a President for the Queen might not be substituting King Stork for King Log. I had no idea, until I came into this region, of the extent to which these people are familiar with American affairs. One young man told me that he was still a Republican, but never meant to advocate an immediate republic until he thought the English people were ready to do without either monarch or president.

A COUNTESS TO ORDER.

If the average French narrative of alleged social realities is conspicuously questionable in its veracity, its whimsical ingenuity generally commends it to some amused notice; and the following latest specimen, gravely given in a Parisian daily paper, is particularly refreshing: Count X., a young patrician of an illustrious and indomitably proud family, fell deeply in love with a maiden in respectable but not aristocratic life, and, of course, realized that his illustrious parents would never consent to his marriage with her. He was a nobleman, and must take a noblewoman for wife. It was useless to plead with paternal pride for any modification of that edict. Miserable beyond expression thereat, the Count consulted a friend of ready wit for advice, and was informed that his sweetheart could be raised to nobility of title and at the same time left mistress of herself, if she would consent, for his dear sake, to act an artful part. A certain Count Y., a wild bachelor of society, was on the verge of bankruptcy, and ready to perform any extravagance for money. Let this audacious spendthrift be promised a goodly sum for pretending himself fascinated with the young lady, and actually leading her to the altar; allowing her to desert him there and then, instantly after the ceremony, as though in sudden remorse for jilting another; and then suing for a divorce on the ground of her desertion.

The idea of this stupendous artifice struck the love-lorn Count X. as being splendid, and he hastened to put it into execution. His lady-love could not refuse his prayer that she would thus, by a technicality, make herself eligible for his parents' acceptance, and the needy and empty-headed Count Y. consented to play his mercenary part for \$1,500. So, there was an introduction; a pretended infatuation; a marriage; a flight by the bride from the bridegroom before the party was out of church; an immense social sensation, and a summary divorce. But the wedding ceremony had made the exemplary heroine a countess, says the story, though the divorce followed so quickly after; and then, when the true lover could introduce her to his haughty parents as the Countess Y., those stately progenitors had no choice but to accept the titled fair as of rank to become their daughter-in-law.

Of course the whole story is absurdly a sheer invention; yet an American might as reasonably believe it practicable in French life as a Frenchman that such awful stuff as Sardou's play of "Uncle Sam" gives the realities of society in the United States.

MODERN INTERPRETATIONS OF ANCIENT PROPHECIES.

With all their apparent scepticism—perhaps some may say on account of it—the French are a very superstitious people, and they have always been fond of political prophecies, especially those of an arithmetical character. Most people will remember the well-known arithmetical mystery by which, the figures composing the dates of the birth, marriage, and accession to the throne of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette being severally added together, the dates of all the most remarkable events of the subsequent revolutionary period were discovered. A similar calculation was made regarding events connected with the family of the late Emperor, and in that case the additions all agreed with startling accuracy in fixing on the year 1869 as the epoch of some tremendous catastrophe. Unfortunately, however, for the prophecy, which might otherwise have been cited as a strange example of accidental coincidence, the crash came a year too late. Since then we have had the dark sayings of the Nun of Blois, which, during the miseries of the late war, aroused an intense interest among the more ignorant and credulous portion of the French people, but which still remains unfulfilled, for the "young Prince" has not yet left the "Isle of Captivity," and the Bonapartists say that the prophecy can no longer be regarded as applicable to the middle-aged Comte de Chambord at Frohsdorf, but evidently matches exactly with a scion of the Napoleonic race who is now pursuing his studies at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Lastly, a certain Abbé Baboisson has come

forth with a new interpretation of a well-known passage in the Book of Daniel—the only genuine interpretation extant, he avers. According to the ingenious Abbé, the fourth beast with the ten horns is Federated Germany, the little horn which arose afterwards, and waxed mightier than them all, is Prussia, and this horn will be crushed by the "Son of Man," i. e., the Comte de Chambord, on or before the 21st October next, the Abbé's interpretation of the "time, times, and half a time," being three years and a-half, dating from the Treaty of Frankfurt. English students of prophecy have usually allotted a much longer period to this mysterious phrase, but with that question we need not here concern ourselves, our chief object being to indicate the symptoms of unreason and unrest which still characterize the people of France, and of which the Abbé's book affords a striking example, for such works would not be published unless there were an audience eager to read them.—*Graphic*.

A WIDOWER'S WIT.

The peculiar fortune that was supposed by the classic sages to turn the folly of fools into good luck, had an illustration recently in the case of a German widower, living at a place called Hyde Park, in Pennsylvania. The wife of this fatuous mortal died not long ago, leaving him with a large family of young children to cherish; and, as his elderly mother, sisters, and sisters-in-law tired of the heavy domestic responsibility, one after another, it occurred to him that a second wife and a stepmother might best answer the urgent needs of heart and home.

To reach this conclusion and to make it practical were two different things. The overtaxed and bereaved parent did not happen to be acquainted with any lady of obvious eligibility for the honour he proposed conferring, nor did he like to make known his dilemma to kindred and friends. What, then, does he do but resort to a questionable kind of New York newspaper which admits "matrimonial" advertisements to its columns, and quietly search the same for some feminine application to his fancy! Finding one of these snares for the silly and wicked whereof the signature suited his taste, he made a pretext of business to his mother and children for coming to the great city, and actually started out to find the address given by the advertising husband-seeker.

And now for the illustration of the cynical classic proverb, *Fortuna favet Fatuis*. Reaching the very street of the address, the misguided widower became confused about the numbers, and entered the store of a small tradesman, who happened to be a fellow-countryman, to make inquiries. The tradesman knew the occupants of the desired number to be such questionable people that he was prompted to warn his rural compatriot against them, and upon being frankly informed further of the inquirer's matrimonial mission intimated that he could introduce the deluded innocent to a woman worthy to be made an honest man's wife. In short, he had in his home at that moment a penniless orphan-niece only lately coming to this country to earn a living, and lost no time in presenting her to his Pennsylvania friend as the very woman to place over his motherless household. She was a hearty, simple-minded, good lass, with a heart instinctively warm for any fellow-countryman meeting her in this great, strange country, and it took but a few hours' conversation to make her and the widower both quite willing to be comfortably married. On the following day, reports the *Scranton Republican*, bridegroom and bride took the home at Hyde Park by surprise, and there the twain are now living in a happiness, giving every promise of permanence.

LITERARY PIRACY.

The late D. P. Page, the first principal of the Albany State Normal School, remarks to the following purport: He said that a few years previous, while travelling in Massachusetts, his wife, at a hotel, found an article in a magazine that impressed her so favourably that she copied it in her scrap-book. He read it at the time, and had not thought of it since till the evening before, when the same article had been handed him by one of the students for "correction," as an original composition. He sincerely regretted that among young gentlemen and ladies, aspiring to the honourable position of teachers, even one should be found who would do so dishonourable a thing as to try to pass off as his or her own the productions of another, and his first impulse was to expose the fraud in open school. But he presumed that was the first thing of the kind that had occurred in that institution, and as there might be extenuating circumstances, he had concluded to forgive the offender, provided that individual should call at his room within three days, confess the fault and promise not to repeat it. In this statement Mr. Page gave no intimation as to the character of the "piece," or the personality of the offender, and before the expiration of the three days more than two-thirds of the students had called upon him, acknowledging the offense, and apologized, "and," said he, while relating the circumstances, "the right one did not come at all."

Literary Notes.

It is nearly certain that Mr. Burnand, of *Happy Thoughts* celebrity, will be the new editor of *Punch*.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the well-known correspondent of the *Daily News* during the Franco-German war, has gone to India to report upon the famine.

Hugo's "Quatre-vingt-Treize" has appeared, and even his bitterest political enemies declare it to contain some of the finest pages his genius has yet penned.

Malbrough was a favourite air of the great Napoleon's, though he had little ear for music. He rarely mounted his horse at the commencement of a campaign without humming the tune.

Mr. Gladstone has intimated his intention to present about 200 volumes of classical and theological works to the unattached students' library which is now in course of formation at Oxford.

A St. Petersburg letter mentions that the opera of *Life for the Czar*, by the Russian composer Glinka, has just been performed in that city for the 403rd time, its popularity showing no sign of abating.

Sir Richard Wallace (son of the late Marquis of Hereford), lost by the Pantechneon fire a valuable library, a large quantity of plate, a collection of ancient armour, and some pictures, all insured for \$140,000, but worth five times that amount.

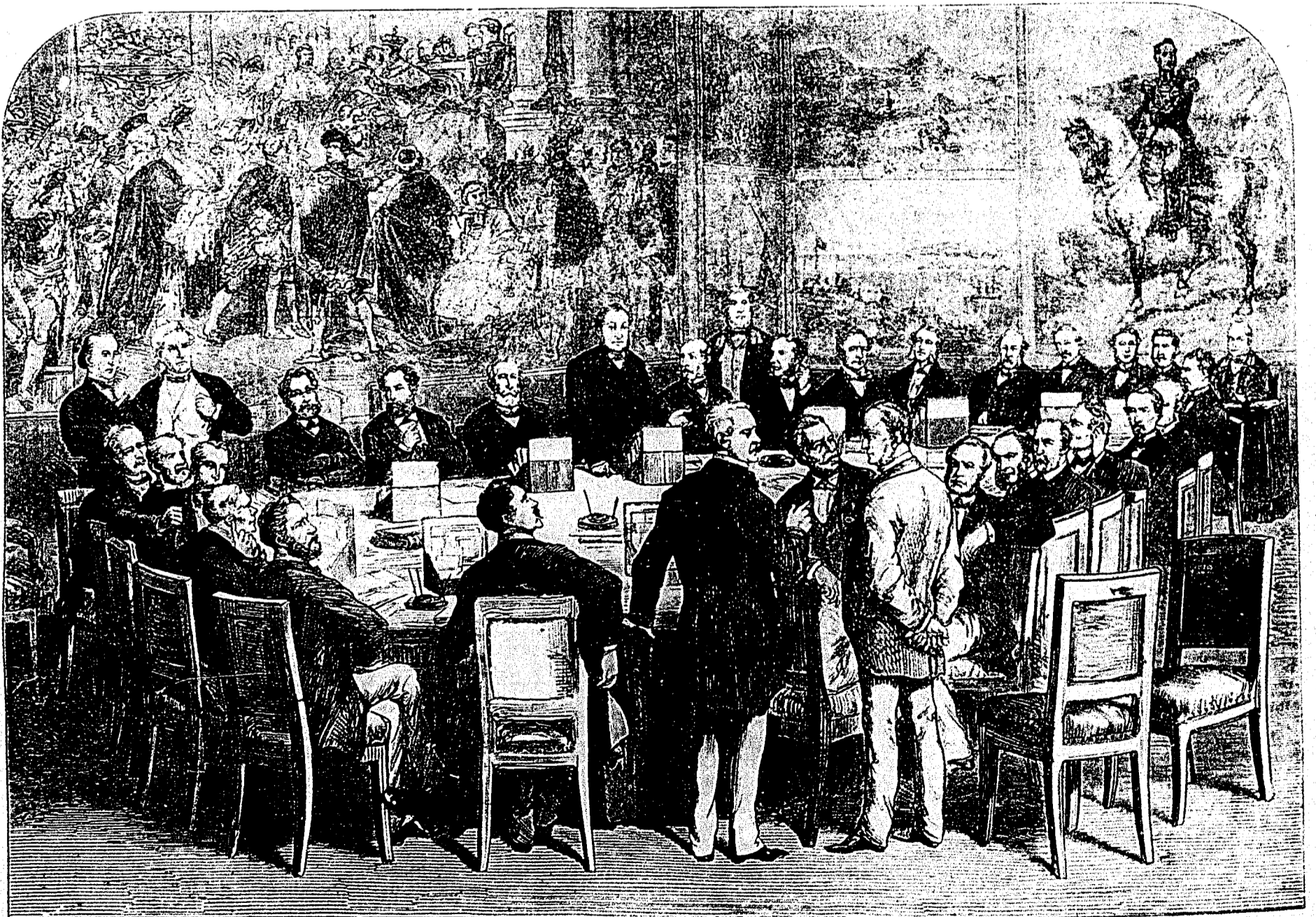
Lord Salisbury, it is said, has undertaken to draw up a scheme of University reform. The task requires a combination of scientific attainment with unflinching courage; and both these qualities the marquis possesses in no ordinary degree. It could not be in better hands.



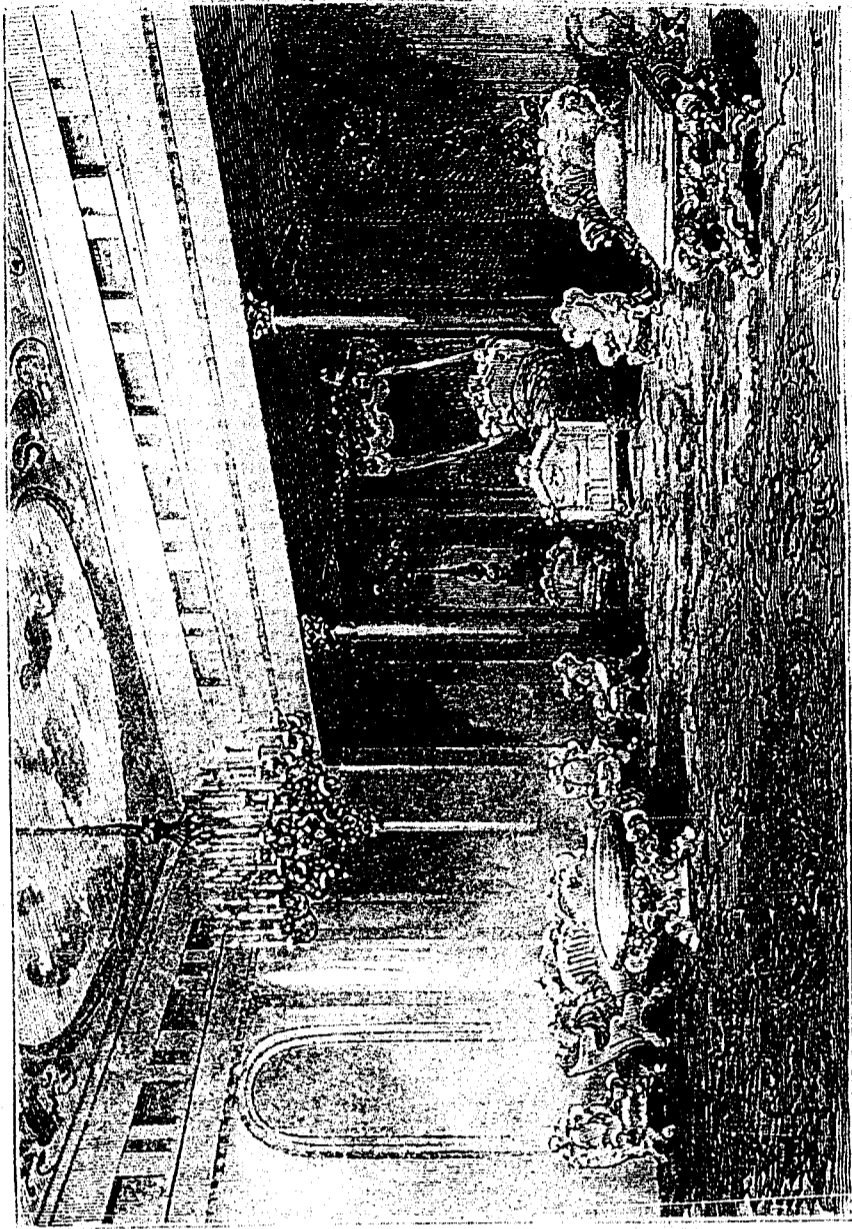
CARLOS MANUEL DE CESPEDES,
EX-PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC, RECENTLY KILLED.



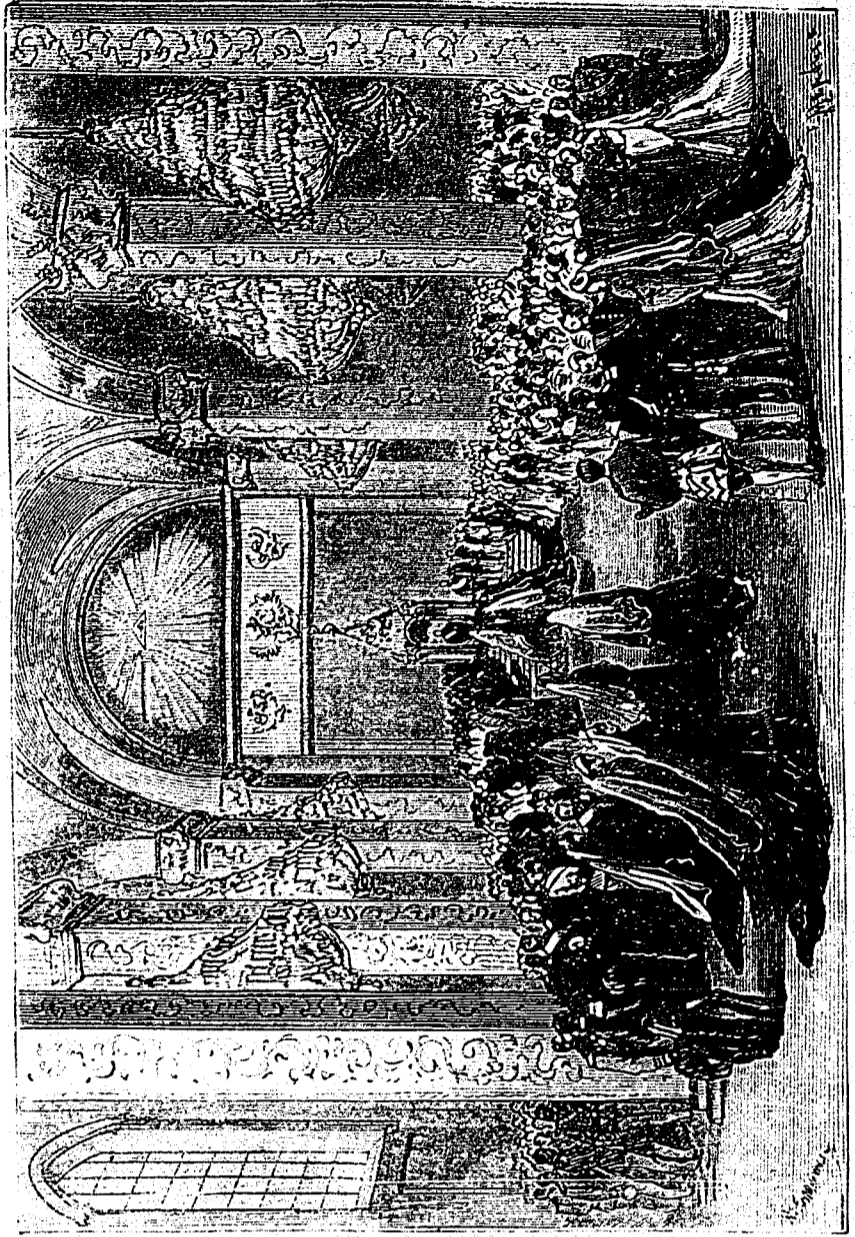
MADAME LA MARÉCHALE DE MACMAHON.



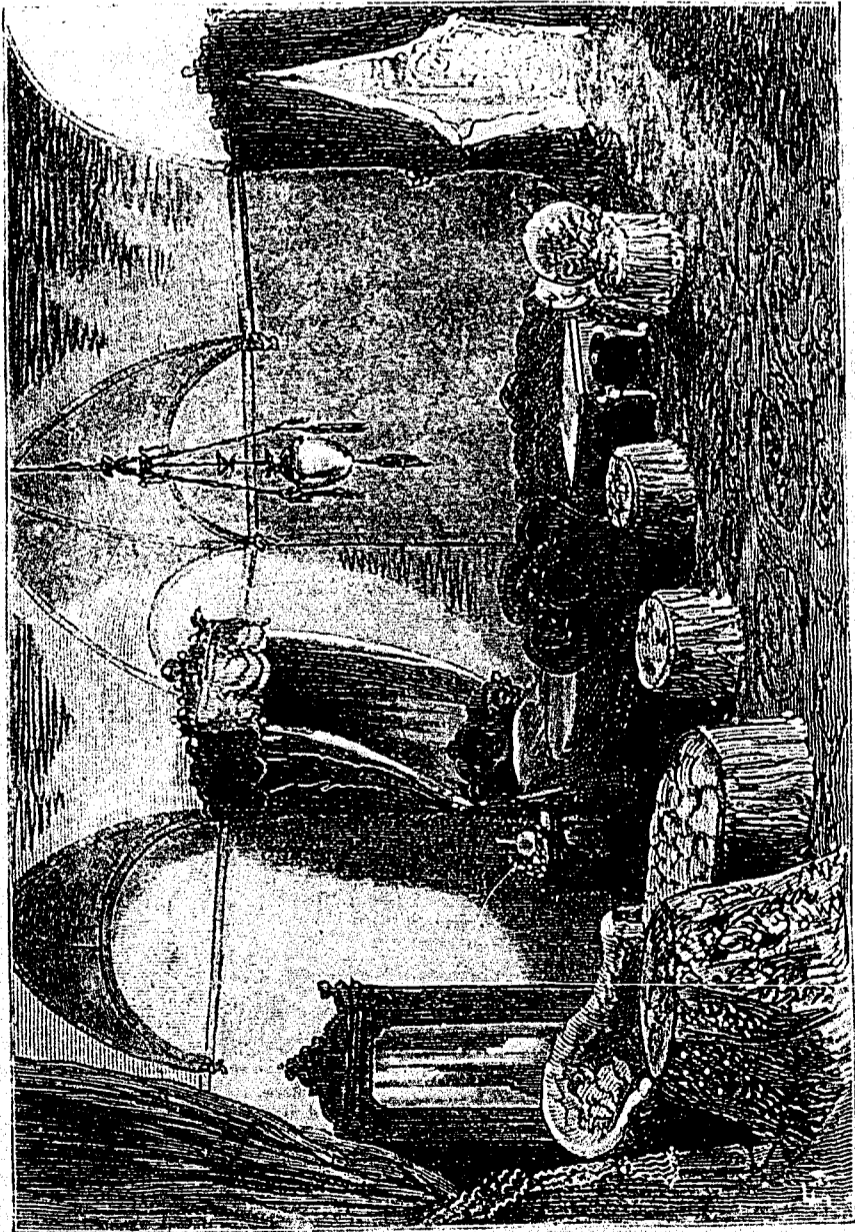
THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.—A SESSION OF THE COMMITTEE OF THIRTY.



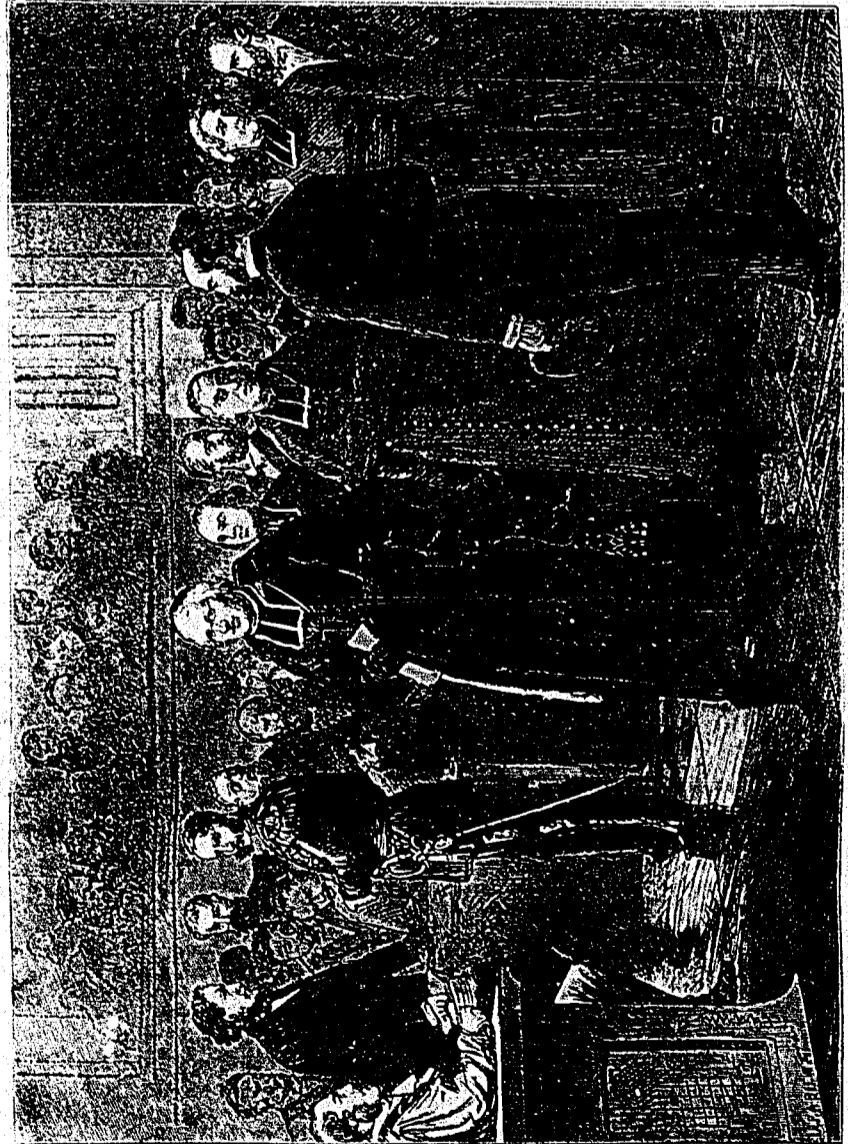
MOSCOW.—THE CZAR'S APARTMENT IN THE KREMLIN.



MOSCOW.—IMPERIAL RECEPTION IN ST. ANDREW'S HALL, AT THE KREMLIN.



MOSCOW.—THE BRIDAL CHAMBER IN THE KREMLIN.



BERLIN.—THE DEPUTIES FROM ALSACE AND LORRAINE ENTERING THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT.

A MAGNIFICENT REVIVAL.

Lucy Hooper, writing from Paris to the Philadelphia Press, describes the revival of "Orphée aux Enfers" as follows, saying that the opera known here is but an outline of the present gorgeous piece, Offenbach having, moreover, written several new *morceaux*: "The first act was only remarkable for a new chorus, sung by the Municipal Council of Thebus, a set of grave, spectacled old gentlemen bearing golden broom-sticks; a splendid ballet of fauns and shepherdesses, and a very charming chorus of twenty children, the pupils of Orpheus, who come to take leave of him, each playing vigorously on the violin. But with the rising of the curtain on the second act (the gods in Olympus) public expectation was on the *qui vive*, for of the *mise en scene* of this act such stories had been told as had greatly excited public curiosity. Thick veils of blue and silver clouds hid the stage completely from view, and the chorus of the sleeping gods was heard from behind. The first veil was lifted, revealing, half hidden in mist-like clouds, the Celestial Clock, a graceful female figure poised on an azure globe and holding a pendulum. The clock strikes and the hour appears in an illuminated figure on the globe, while from below appears a personified Hour, a dancer clad in gray and silver or pink and silver. The ballet of the Hours and the Dreams succeeds, and then the Hours lead in the Dawn, at whose appearance the clouds rise and disappear, all save the gold-edged and saffron-hued clouds of sunrise, which still hide the back of the stage. At the conclusion of the ballet the clock sinks into the earth, the dancers disappear, and the last clouds disperse, revealing a vast amphitheatre, on the steps of which repose the sleeping gods and goddesses. Nothing can be imagined more superb than this scene—exquisitely painted and dazzling with light, while the sleeping divinities are grouped with a skill that might render a classic painter jealous.

"The act closes with one of the most astonishing processions ever seen upon the Parisian stage. First came a band of twenty-five musicians, the orchestra of the Olympian Conservatory of Music; then follows the cortège of Public Opinion, with the personified newspapers of the time. Next follows Pluto, his purple velvet mantle upborne by negro pages, his courtiers glittering in golden armour; then comes Jupiter, with his suite; then Venus, followed by Psyche, leading her doves and attended by Cupid and her priestesses. Juno follows, accompanied by her peacock; then Agriculture, represented by Flora, Pomona, and Ceres (the latter goddess drawn on a magnificent car), and their followers; Industry and Commerce are represented by Fortune, who is followed by a cortège of money-bags, with gold coins for heads. Then come Art, Literature, War, and next the Marine, with Amphitrite borne aloft in a silver shell on the shoulders of four river gods; and finally, the Triumph of Bacchus, preceded by Silenus on his ass. The young god, garlanded with grapes and vine-leaves, sat astride of a barrel, on a litter draped with vines. Then, funniest feature of the great procession, came the Menagerie of the Gods—Juno's peacock, Minerva's owls, with 'Death to Mice!' inscribed on their banners, the doves of Venus, the Centaurs and Pegasus, the latter walking solemnly on his hind legs. Last of all came an omnibus for the aged and infirm divinities, inscribed 'From the Champs Elysées to the Barrière de l'Enfer,' which piece of pleasantry was much relished by the audience.

"As the procession filed across the stage the different participants in it took up their places, passing on the steps of the amphitheatre behind, so that at the close the whole assemblage was grouped there. Then into the sky, the centre of a dazzling star of light, rose the car of Apollo drawn by four white horses, hovering in the air above the back of the amphitheatre. On that last scene the curtain fell. At that moment four hundred persons were assembled on the stage, which, vast as it was, was crowded in every part.

"The third act was chiefly remarkable for a very beautiful ballet, that of the 'Flies,' wherein the four principal dancers were costumed as dragon-flies. The scenery of the fourth act, the banquet hall of Pluto, with the festivities of his Olympian guests, rivalled the splendours already past, and surpassed them in dazzling effects of colour and lights. The 'Triumph of Bacchus' closed the act and the opera together, and left us poor worn-out mortals to return home, wearied in eye and brain alike by the strain of six hours of constant gazing and incessant admiration and astonishment."

Our Illustrations.

On our first page we give an illustration of the statue of JOAN OF ARC erected last month on the Place des Pyramides, in Paris, the spot supposed by many to have been the scene of her cruel death. The statue is of bronze, life-size, and stands on a pedestal of red granite.

Three portraits appear in this issue, those, namely, of the late CARLOS MANUEL DE CESPEDES, ex-President of the Cuban Republic; of MADAME BAZAINE, the heroic wife of the unfortunate defender of Metz; and of the late SENATOR SUMNER. Cespedes, it will be remembered, was killed on the 17th ult., after being betrayed by a captured negro to a party of soldiers of the San Quentin battalion. Charles Sumner, the eminent American statesman and senator, died at Washington on the 11th inst. He was born at Boston on the 6th of January, 1811, graduated at Harvard, and studied law there after taking his degree. He practised at Boston in 1834, when he was called to the bar, visited Europe three years later, and was in Paris at the time of General Cass' embassy. At his request it was that he wrote a defence of the rights of the United States in reference to the questions at issue between the two Governments. His opposition to the annexation of Texas, his support of Van Buren's candidature for the Presidency in 1848, and, above all, his determined policy in the matter of abolitionism, brought him into notoriety both on this continent and in Europe. In 1851 he succeeded Daniel Webster in the Senate, and when the war of Secession broke out became known as one of the bitterest opponents of England. Nevertheless, when the Trent affair threatened to embroil the United States into a war with Great Britain, he recommended the surrender of Mason and Sidel, albeit he maintained the right of the Federal Government to retain the captured envoys. He was a warm advocate of the metric system, and recommended the throwing out by the Senate of the Neutrality Laws Abolition Bill, passed unanimously by the House of Representatives out of hostility to England. He was for several years Chairman of the Congressional Committee of Foreign Affairs, and his name has frequently been associated of late with important measures.

The COMMITTEE OF THIRTY was chosen, as our readers are aware, by the French Assembly, to elaborate the constitutional laws of the country. The president, or chairman, as we should

call him, is M. Batbie, whose name frequently figures in the despatches from Versailles.

The fetes in Russia on the occasions of the Royal marriage and of the visit of the Emperor of Austria, furnish subjects for five illustrations, the majority of which speak for themselves. The ceremony in the Cathedral of the Assumption is thus described by an eye-witness:—"On entering the church an involuntary exclamation of astonishment and admiration escaped us. We were unprepared for such a wealth of richness. On every side gold met our eyes. The interior of the church was square, and from floor to roof the walls, as well as the pillars and the ceiling, were covered with figures of saints painted on a golden ground. The door of the iconostasis was open, and disclosed the picture of the Virgin of Vladimir, painted by St. Luke, its setting of diamonds and emeralds blazing in the light of a thousand tapers. The reliquaries containing the vestment of Christ and the piece of the Virgin's robe, lit up by the lamps suspended from the roof, gleamed darkly from the depth of the sanctuary. The door which communicates with the interior of the palace was still shut, and while waiting for the appearance of the Imperial cortège, we whiled away the time by admiring the splendours of the cathedral and the gorgeous costumes of the clergy, who were drawn up in two lines between the entrance and the choir. At last the Palace door opened, and the Czar, in the uniform of a Russian general, made his appearance, followed by the members of the Imperial Family and a host of Princes, Grand-Dukes, and other high dignitaries, who took up their stand around one of the great pillars in front of the sanctuary. The Dean of the Archbishops then advanced to the front of the choir, bearing the cross, and the Czar, humbly kneeling before him, kissed the sacred symbol, and then one after another the sacred images and relics. His example was followed by the Grand-Dukes his sons."

The ceremony of opening the GERMAN REICHSTAG, or Parliament, took place in the White Hall of the Castle of Berlin on the 5th February. On the 16th the fifteen deputies from Alsace and Lorraine took their seats. Seven of these gentlemen are ecclesiastics, two of them belonging to the Episcopate. These latter are Moneigneur Dupont des Loges, Bishop of Metz, and Moneigneur Raess, Bishop of Strasburg.

The celebrated SCALA SANTA, or sacred staircase, is in the church of St. John Lateran at Rome. It consists of thirty-three steps of white marble, and is said by tradition to be that up which Christ passed on his way to the Pretorium. The ceremony, performed by the faithful, of mounting these stairs on their knees is too well known to need description.

Since the annexation of Rome to Italy the CARNIVAL has lost much of its old-time splendour. This year, however, notwithstanding the suppression of the horse-races (*barberi*) in the Corso, the celebration assumed considerable brilliancy. The processions of Saturn and Ceres, after having sailed down the Tiber in barks as far as Ponte Molle, were received by Pasquino II., the King of the Carnival, followed by all his court, and the whole entered the city by the Porta del Popolo. Then commenced, in the Corso, the usual showers of *confetti*, the throwing of bouquets and the witty cries of the Transteverini. Our sketches give scenes on the river and in the Corso.

Scraps.

A notorious scoundrel at present lying under sentence of death in Paris is occupied annotating a work on morality by the prison chaplain.

Mr. Gladstone has written to Prof. Max Muller, and told him that it is his (Mr. Gladstone's) purpose to devote his attention to philology.

A woman is composed of two hundred and forty-three bones, one hundred and sixty-nine muscles, and three hundred and sixty-nine pins.

A well-known deputy has been refused as a tenant, because his mother-in-law formed part of his family, and the proprietor "detested disturbances in the house."

Tax the piano is now the cry in France. The majority agree with Theophile Gauthier, who replied seriously, when asked if he liked a piano, "I prefer it to the guillotine."

A Parisian journal speaks of a present of a silk robe which the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld will present to Queen Victoria, and adds that it was manufactured at Lyons at a cost of 10,000*fr.*

A Vienna journal contains the following advertisement:—"Anna Agrikol, sick nurse, watches dead bodies, repairs straw chairs, applies leeches, and makes pastry, desserts, and delicacies."

Torch-holders in bronze are, by order of the Préfet of the Seine, to be set up at different points in the Place du Carrousel, so that torches may be lighted there in foggy weather when the gas lights are insufficient. The British fog is no longer a joke for the Frenchmen.

A London daily contemporary tells of a man who "attempted to commit suicide, and died from his self-inflicted injuries a few hours afterwards." If such was the melancholy result of a mere attempt, what extraordinary ill would have befallen him had his effort been crowned with complete success?

Monsieur Albert Bazaine, the nephew of the marshal, sent in his resignation. It has been refused in terms so honourable that there was no alternative but to remain in the service. Monsieur Bazaine has even been entrusted with a mission to the northern states of Europe to make some important studies.

A writer in *Macmillan* records a remark made by S. T. Coleridge to a schoolmaster, with whom he was making the trip to Margate by the old Margate hoy. Coleridge watched his friend's efforts over the side, and at length said, "Why, Robinson, I did not expect this from you; I thought you brought up nothing but young gentlemen."

Mr. Dawson, one of the captives in Coomassie, contrived to send Sir Garnet Wolseley a letter, a few hours before the battle of Amoaful, referring as a caution to the 2nd of Corinthians, 2nd chapter, 11th verse. The text is:—"Lest Satan should get an advantage of us: for we are not ignorant of his devices." Very shrewd on the part of Mr. Dawson, and showing an apt knowledge of Scripture. Few of the best-read of the clergy could at a moment of pressure have singled out such a text.

Mr. Lowe has furnished the material for a good many stories already, and since the administration of the Gladstone Ministry some fresh anecdotes have been in circulation. One is that at the last Cabinet dinner at Carlton House Terrace Mr. Gladstone was amazed at the request of the Home Secretary that he might say grace. Still more astonished were the guests, however, at the grim reminder which followed. Mr. Lowe slowly uttered these significant words, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

The indefatigable American showman, Barnum, will again make his bow to the people of New York on April 1st, and this time in a still more spacious and more comfortable structure than any heretofore occupied. The work in progress on the block bounded by Fourth and Madison Avenues, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets, is being rapidly converted into a substantial amphitheatre, and the many extraordinary attractions collected in all parts of the world by Mr. Barnum and his numerous agents will be exhibited under the following impressive titles: P. T. Barnum's Roman Hippodrome, World's Congress, Aquarium, Museum, and Caravan."

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The Queen's Hall, Montreal, was burned on the 20th inst.—A dinner was given to Hon. E. G. Penny, of Montreal, on the 19th inst.—Parliament met on the 25th.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Sir Garnet Wolseley has arrived in England with several regiments.—The Thames has overflowed its banks.—The Imperial Parliament re-assembled on the 19th, and the Queen's speech was read. Her Majesty says the Governor-General of India has been instructed to spare no expense to mitigate the horrors of the famine in Bengal. Also, if necessary, a bill will be introduced dealing with such portions of the acts regulating the sale of intoxicating liquors as have given rise to complaints.—The Queen has publicly expressed her admiration and thanks for the gallantry displayed by the Ashantee expedition.—The report that the Fenian prisoners would be liberated is generally discredited.—Lord Salisbury, Secretary of State for India, announces a loan of \$50,000,000, \$15,000,000 of which he requires immediately.—In the House of Commons Dr. Butt moved an amendment to the report on the Address, representing Ireland's dissatisfaction with the present system of government, stating also that the Irish asked for the management of their local affairs, leaving supreme matters to the control of Parliament.—The members of the Queensland Cabinet have all been returned without opposition.—Floods at Maitland and elsewhere in New South Wales have caused great loss of property.

UNITED STATES.—A man concerned in an extensive burglary as far back as the year 1868 has been arrested on Broadway, N. Y.—The New York Produce Exchange have appointed a committee to urge upon the Albany Legislature the deepening of the Erie Canal, and the introduction of steam navigation.—Bald Mountain gives further indications of a volcanic eruption, and the residents in the vicinity are rapidly clearing off.—Judge Brady has decided adversely on the motion for the alteration of Tweed's commitment.—The California Legislature have presented a resolution to the United States Senate instructing Congressmen to modify the Chinese treaty so as to discourage Chinese emigration to California.

GERMANY.—The Committee of the Reichstag have again voted against the standing army of Germany being placed at 400,000.

FRANCE.—The anniversary of the Communist uprising was celebrated in Paris by a ball and supper.—At a meeting of Deputies of Extreme Left held at Versailles it was resolved, that on presentation of the new electoral bill a demand should be made for the maintenance of the present law and the dissolution of the Assembly on the 28th January.—The Duke of Padua and other distinguished persons who took part in the recent demonstration at Chislehurst have been removed from Mayoralties and other offices held by them under Government.

SPAIN.—The Carlists have captured an outlying fort at Bilbao. Forty men belonging to the garrison were taken prisoners. The bombardment of the city by the insurgents continues.—An order has been issued, forbidding publication by press of other than official war news.

AUSTRIA.—The Emperor, having accepted the resignation of the Hungarian Ministry, has appointed Herr Bilo President of the new Council of Ministers.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—Prince Kalakua has been elected King of the Sandwich Islands. Queen Emma's adherents made a riotous demonstration, setting fire to the House of Assembly and beating several of the members.

Chess.

It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our "column."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

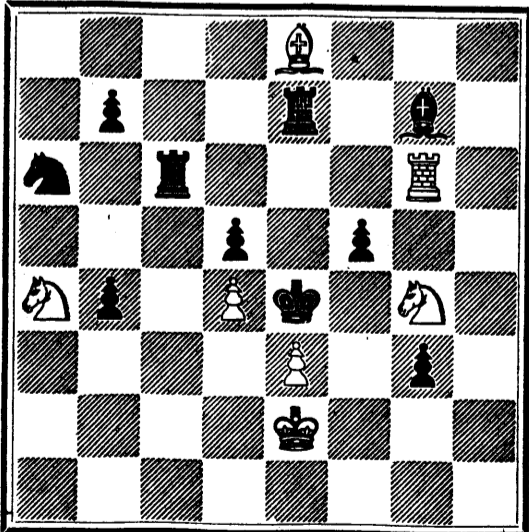
G. E. C., Montreal.—Many thanks for your problem; it is most welcome. As to Enigma 35, you lose sight of the Pawn at Q. Kt. 2nd. If Black play 1. Q. takes P. at her B. 6th, White would answer with P. takes Q., and then mate with the R. or Kt. Your solution was not correct, for if White plays 2. R. to Q. R. 8th, the Black Queen at Q. B 5th can then check the White King at K. B. 8th.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.—Problem No. 121, G. E. C., Montreal, and Juvénis, Quebec; No. 122, J. W. B., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 124.

By Mr. G. E. C., Montreal.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 122.

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| <i>White.</i> | <i>Black.</i> |
| 1. B to Kt 4th | 1. P to K 3rd or 4th (ch.) |
| 2. P takes P mate. | // |
| | 1. R takes R |
| 2. P takes R mate. | // |
| | 1. R takes Q |
| 2. P takes R mate. | // |
| | 1. Kt to Q 3rd |
| 2. Kt to K 5th mate, etc. | |

CREED.

BY MARY ASHLEY TOWNSEND (KARIFFA.)

I believe, if I should die,
And you should kiss my eyelids when I lie
Cold dead, and dumb to all the world contains,
The folded orbs would open at thy breath,
And from its exile in the Isles of Death,
Life would come gladly back along my veins.

I believe, if I were dead,
And you upon my lifeless heart should tread,
Not knowing what the poor clod chanced to be,
It would find sudden pulse beneath the touch
Of him it ever loved in life so much,
And throb again warm, tender, true to thee.

I believe, if on my grave,
Hidden in woody deeps, or by the wave,
Your eyes should drop some warm tears of regret,
From every salty seed of your dear grief
Some fair, sweet blossom would leap into leaf
To prove death could not make my love forget.

I believe, if I should fade
Into those mystic realms where light is made,
And you should long once more my face to see,
I would come forth upon the hills of night,
And gather stars like sagots, till thy sight,
Led by their beacon blaze, fell full on me!

I believe my faith in thee,
Strong as my life, so nobly placed to be,
I would as soon expect to see the sun
Fall like a dead king from his height sublime,
His glory stricken from the throns of Time,
As thee unworth the worship thou hast won.

I believe who has not loved
Hath half the treasure of his life unproved;
Like one who, with the grape within his grasp,
Drops it, with all its crimson juice unpressed,
And all its luscious sweetness left unguessed,
Out from his careless and unheeding clasp.

I believe love, pure and true,
Is to the soul a sweet, immortal dew,
That gems life's petals in its hours of dusk;
The waiting angels see and recognize
The rich crown-jewel, Love, of Paradise,
When life falls from us like a withered husk.

For Everybody.

American Singers in Europe.

Minnie Hauck is a favourite at the Opéra Comique, Vienna. Alice Urban is singing with great success at St. Petersburg and Moscow, in such parts as Selika and Saffo. Marie Louise Durand triumphs at the Scala, Milan, as Margherita, and is charged with the creation of two new rôles; Maestri Ponchielli and Braga having both chosen her to sing in their respective operas, *I Lituani* and *Caligola*.

A Morning Dram.

It is the custom of the workpeople and servants in Paris to take the first thing in the morning their *goutte*, consisting of a few sous worth of wine, absinthé, punch, or cognac, with or without a tiny roll of bread. These morning drinks must not be considered as drinking habits; they form the first breakfast for many who prefer the arrangement to hot-water milk, or chicory water which is palmed off as the real Mocha.

Writing With Ease.

The late John M. Earle was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, and at the same time editor of the Worcester *Spy*. He used to write his leaders in the cars on the way to Worcester at night, frequently pencilling his criticism of public men and measures on the margin of the Boston *Journal*. His penmanship was notably good, and his leaders frequently ran all over the margin of the paper, requiring many twistings and turnings and foldings of the same.

Kept His Blue Cotton Handkerchief.

It was recently stated, as illustrating the frugal habits of the late S. A. Hitchcock, that he had preserved all his life the blue cotton handkerchief in which all his worldly possessions were tied up when he started out in the world to get a living and that the first fifty dollars which he ever earned over his expenses was deposited in the savings' bank, and remained there at the time of his disease. It is believed that during his life he gave away more than six hundred thousand dollars.

The Highland Oath.

The Highlanders used to think slightly of the Lowland form of oath. At Carlisle assizes, a Highland drover, who had meditated the ruin of another, prosecuted him for horse-stealing, and swore positively to the fact. This being done, the supposed criminal desired that the prosecutor might be sworn in the Highland manner, and, the oath being tendered him accordingly, he refused to take it, saying—"There is a hantle o' difference betwixt blawing on a book and damning ane's ain soul!"

Presence of Mind.

A few weeks ago, at a theatre in the province, a young actor who was playing the part of an old porter had his false bald crown mischievously pulled off at the moment of his appearing before the footlights. After a moment of quickly-repressed astonishment at the sight of his thick black locks, his fellow-actor on the stage said, with the utmost sang-froid, "I did not call you, my good fellow; I called your father. Tell him I want him directly." And a few seconds afterwards the young man with his proper headgear reappeared before the public, who had not discovered anything amiss.

The Latest Ball-room Novelty.

The following anecdote is given on the authority of Professor Dove, of Berlin, in illustration of the production of snow by change of temperature. On an extremely cold but starlight night, a large company assembled in a ball-room in Sweden, which in the course of the evening became so warm that some of the ladies fainted. An officer tried to open a window, but found it was frozen to the sill. He then broke a pane of glass, and the rush of cold air from without produced a fall of snow in the room. Its atmosphere was charged with vapour, which, becoming suddenly condensed and frozen, fell in the form of snow upon the astonished dancers.

A Successful Opera.

The Folies Dramatiques performed the "Fille de Madame

Angot" for the 365th time, being the first occasion in theatrical annals that a piece has been played for a whole year without one single intermission. The management made, for 345 performances (from the 21st February, 1873, to the 31st January, 1874) a clear profit of 759,000f. The poor, who have a right to 10 per cent. on the gross receipts, gained 145,443f. The publisher of the music sold 15,000 copies, clearing 200,000f.; and the publisher of the libretto has benefited to the extent of 33,000f. The composer, Lecocq, and the authors have touched 62,000f.

Holding the Mirror up to Nature.

The anecdote of the sailor who wished to dissuade Romeo from committing suicide at the tomb of the Capulets, by informing him that Juliet was not dead, but merely in a swoon, is worn threadbare, but we found its parallel at one of the New York theatres a few weeks since. In the play, which portrayed the life of a drunkard, the chief actor, when in great destitution, exclaims, "Alas! alas! no one in this wide world will give me even a crust of bread to eat." These words had hardly been pronounced by the actor, before the audience saw a tall man arise in the parquette, who, in a voice trembling with emotion, said, "Gentlemen, I am a poor man, but I will give that man a dollar."

Successful Newspaper Man.

Charles A. Dana, of the New York *Sun*, is nearly sixty. He walks in an erect and haughty way with firm and lively step. He is very strong, and has a solidly built frame. His eyes are sound and clear, and his voice is stiff and hard as ever. It is marvellous to see how little he has changed in twenty years. Dana has grown rich through his proprietary interest in the *Sun* during the last five years; and his income from his paper and from the *American Cyclopaedia* (the second edition of which he is now editing, in company with Mr. Ripley), might safely be put down at a hundred thousand dollars a year for all the rest of the years of his life.

Ball Etiquette.

At the last ball at Brussels the following was the ceremonial for the invitation of partners by the members of the Royal Family. The Comte de Flandre, who moves about among the groups, having fixed on a lady as partner, an intimation to that effect is conveyed to her by the grand marshal of the palace; the lady approaches the Prince, curtsies, and the couple join in the movement as the music strikes up. The Countess advises the partner she has selected by the grand master of the household; the gentleman advances to the foot of the dais on which the Royal Family are seated, and, after making a low bow, waits until it pleases her Royal Highness to join him. It must be mentioned that the Countess waltzes admirably. At the *fête* in question a young Roumanian officer produced a great effect; he wore tight-fitting white inexpressibles, Cordovan boots, a crimson tunic edged and embroidered with black, and as close-fitting as the nether garment, and had a magnificent curved sabre; in addition, he was a tall, handsome man.

Charles Dickens—Why did he Die?

The life of Charles Dickens teems with interest; his death gives a most salutary lesson. An eminent medical writer gives a short summary of the various shocks to the system of Dickens, which naturally weakened him, and predisposed his frame to affliction, and gives the most conclusive evidence that paralysis, which ended the great *littérateur's* earthly career, was due almost exclusively to that very act of his life which drew admiring thousands to listen to the delineations in person of the leading characters of his published works. On leaving the platform after reading "Copperfield," so laborious, earnest, and pathetic were the exertions made by Dickens, his whole soul being thrown into the work, that the pulsations of his heart numbered 96, being 24 in excess of the ordinary pulse, 72; after "Marigold," 99; "Sikes and Nancy," 118; "Oliver Twist," 124. Thus, while his audiences were rejoicing over talented histrionic display, the efforts of the reader himself were driving nails into his coffin, breaking down the delicate walls of the nervous system of the brain, flooding that great organ with an inundation of fluid, which doomed the birth-place of Pickwick and a host of other interesting characters of English fictitious history.

Spirits for Soldiers.

While we fully concur with those who consider that, under ordinary circumstances, and especially in hot climates, a man had better discard rum and brandy, and substitute claret or light beer for spirits, we are clear that the soldier is frequently benefited by a moderate allowance of alcohol. Beer and light wines, such of claret, are out of the question, on account of their bulk and consequent difficulty of transport, and we suspect that the 42nd Highlander would as soon drink red ink as light wine. Under these circumstances, the issue of a small ration of rum at the end of a day's march, and whilst the troops are undertaking active duties during a campaign or siege, may be defended on moral and hygienic grounds. Common sense and a knowledge of men's habits are sometimes more useful guides than the results of science. Soldiers are like other men—they "want something to look forward to." Again, spite of anti-tobacco pedants, we are convinced that men on active service, like that on which our troops are at present engaged, are the better for an occasional "pipe." It is a solace to many a poor fellow under conditions that are anything but cheery.

The Cuisine.

Modern cookery is probably better than old. The cooks of the past excelled our own in the boldness of their ideas of culinary decoration. In fact, devices in statuary and architecture played so great a part in their feasts that material enjoyment must often have become sacrificed to display. An iced pudding à la Neapolitane would lose a good deal by being moulded into a correct likeness of the great diplomatist in a melting mood. The system also of presenting the animals and poultry forming the *menu* in their habit as they lived must have been embarrassing, and suggests an unpleasant admixture of fur and feathers with the rest of the banquet. However this may be, the art is not altogether lost. A revival of this mediæval style of cookery took place lately at a ball given by the French Cooks' Benevolent Society. Here the supper, which was, of course, a paramount attraction, was graced by a number of *pièces montées*, one of which, made by the President of the Society, consisted of a bear with his shaggy coat on, climbing a tree, and surrounded by "roosters" in the full glory of their plumage. Skin and feathers, however, came off, and showed both bear and roosters not only cooked, but larded and truffled. The dancing ought to have been "renewed with great spirit after supper," but was not, a larger interval

than usual being needed to ponder the details of this masterpiece of the Benevolent Cooks.

A Remarkable Opera Troupe.

An extraordinary public entertainment has been produced in Lima, Peru, by an Italian named Contarini, who proposes to bring his exhibition to Europe. He has taught and trained, by dint of great patience and perseverance, an opera company, made up of thirty parrots and paroquets, who perform two of Bellini's operas, *Norma* and *Sonnambula*, on a miniature stage, with full chorus and recitative. The director and manager accompanies the artistes on a piano-harmonium, and the perfection with which each bird sings his part and the excellence of the chorus are prodigious. The *debut* of this lyrico-ornithological company in *Norma* was attended by the wealth and fashion of Lima. When the paroquet that sang the contralto had finished the allegro to the "Salutation to the Moon," such was the enthusiasm, the shouting, and the applause at hearing the bird sing the "Casta Diva" that the bird company, affrighted, took flight, and sought refuge among the side scenes. This interrupted the performance for full a quarter of an hour, and Signor Contarini had to tranquillise the "artistes" by giving them bread soaked in wine. Henceforth the expression of approbation were moderate, in order not to spoil the play. It appears that the bird artistes have now become accustomed to the applause. The correctness and propriety with which they give certain parts of the opera are wonderful. The *primo tenore* possesses all the airs and graces of the school of Mario, and the ladies of Lima have named the *prima donna* Patti.

A Woman of Genius.

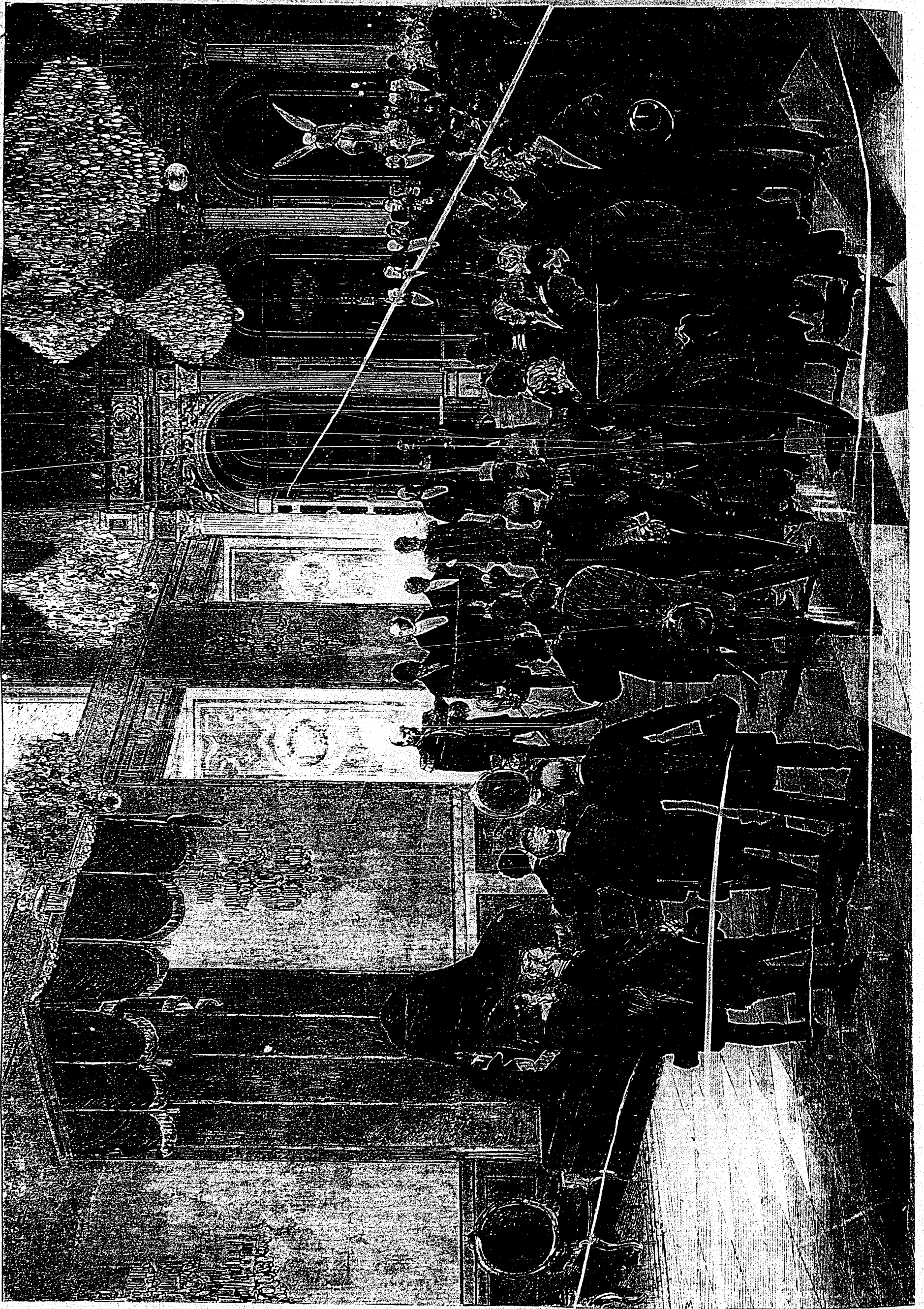
There is a story told by Madame Necker Saussure in her introduction to the collected works of Madame de Staël, which, as illustrating her filial love and certain vain-glorious traits of character is worth repeating. On the occasion of a certain visit which the narrator paid to the Neckers at Coppet, the carriage that had been sent to convey her from Geneva was overturned. Upon hearing of the accident, Madame de Staël was agitated by the wildest terror—not, as it may be imagined on account of her guest's narrow escape from injury, but from a possible contingency which the accident suggested to her mind. "Ah, heavens," she exclaimed, "it might have been my father!" She ran to the bell, rang furiously, and, in a voice trembling with agitation, ordered that the coachman should be instantly sent for. In a few minutes the offender stood before her. "Have you heard that I am a woman of genius?" were the first words she spoke to him. Her question was so odd and her manner so excited that he could not find a reply. "Have you heard that I am a woman of genius?" she repeated, yet more loudly and angrily. The servant, more confused than ever, was silent. "Well, then, I am a woman of genius," she said, hotly—"of great genius, of prodigious genius. And I tell you that all the genius I possess shall be exerted to secure your rotting all your days in a dungeon, if ever you overturn my father." When her agitation was over, her friend rallied her upon this curious speech, but she failed to see the absurd side of it. "What had I to threaten him with except my poor genius?" she answered, naively.

Ristori and Cavour.

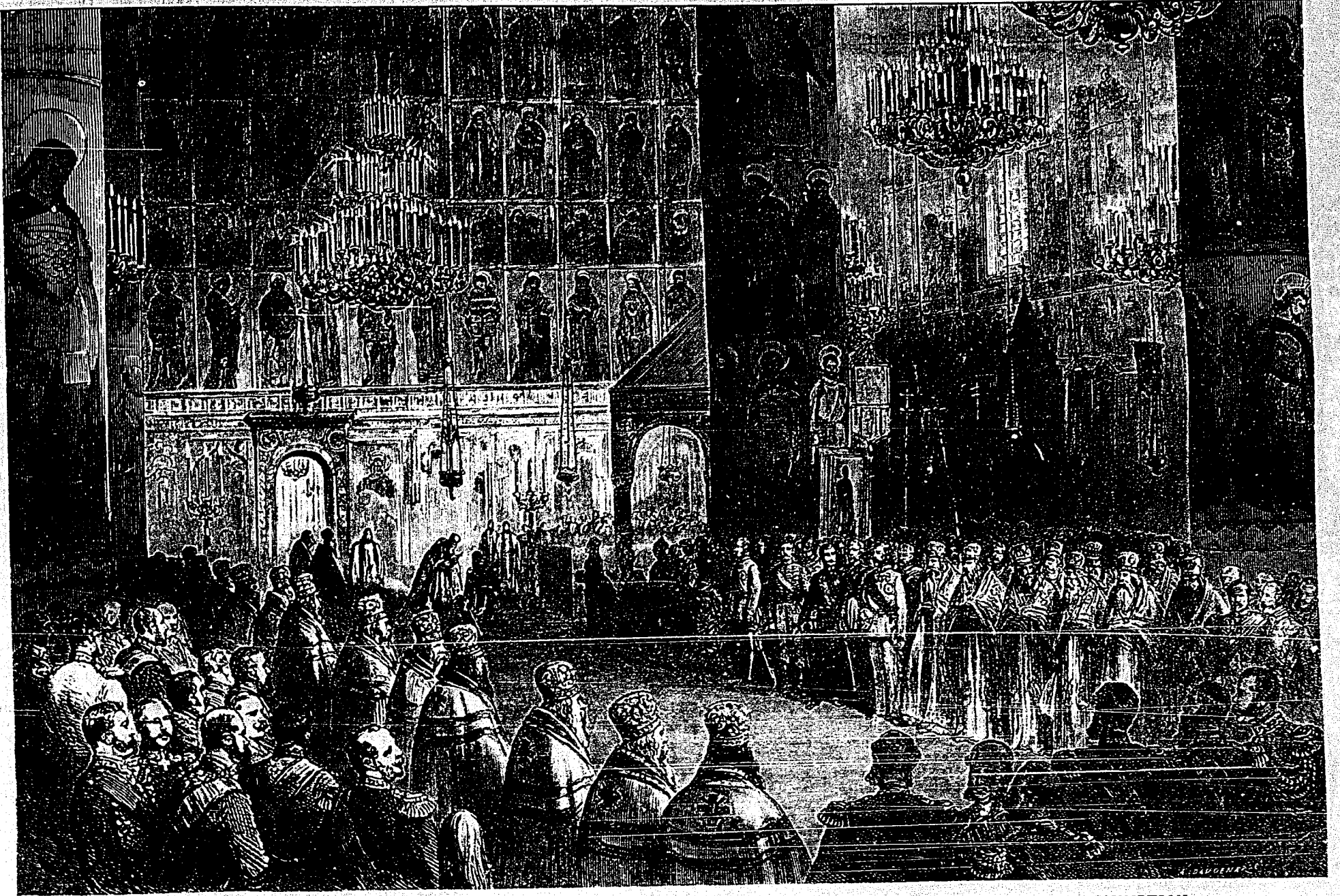
A curious anecdote about Cavour and Madame Ristori, which was related at the Cavour festival last autumn, seems to be confirmed by a "hitherto unpublished" letter from Cavour to the great actress, just printed in the *Lombardia* of Milan. In the winter of 1861, so runs the story, Cavour saw Madame Ristori perform for the first time, and he was so struck by her genius that, knowing she was about to proceed on a dramatic engagement to St. Petersburg, he determined to entrust her with a diplomatic mission to the Russian Court. There was at that time a certain estrangement between Russia and Piedmont, owing to the participation of the latter in the Crimean war, and the object of Madame Ristori's mission was to effect a reconciliation between the two Powers. In the letter now printed in the *Lombardia*, Cavour expresses his satisfaction at the result of the mission, advises the lady to continue her "patriotic apostolate" in France, and "preach the truth in a society that shows so much vice," and pays the following tribute to her genius:—"I rejoice at the brilliant triumph you have achieved on the French stage; it gives you an irresistible authority over the Parisian public, which must be thankful to you for the service you are rendering to French art. If you will make use of this authority for the service of our country, I will admire you not only as the first *artiste* of Europe, but also as the best worker on our diplomatic staff." The letter is signed "C. Cavour," and is addressed, "alla gentilissima signora Adelaide Ristori, marchesa Capranica del Grillo, Parigi."

Thiers' Republican Confession.

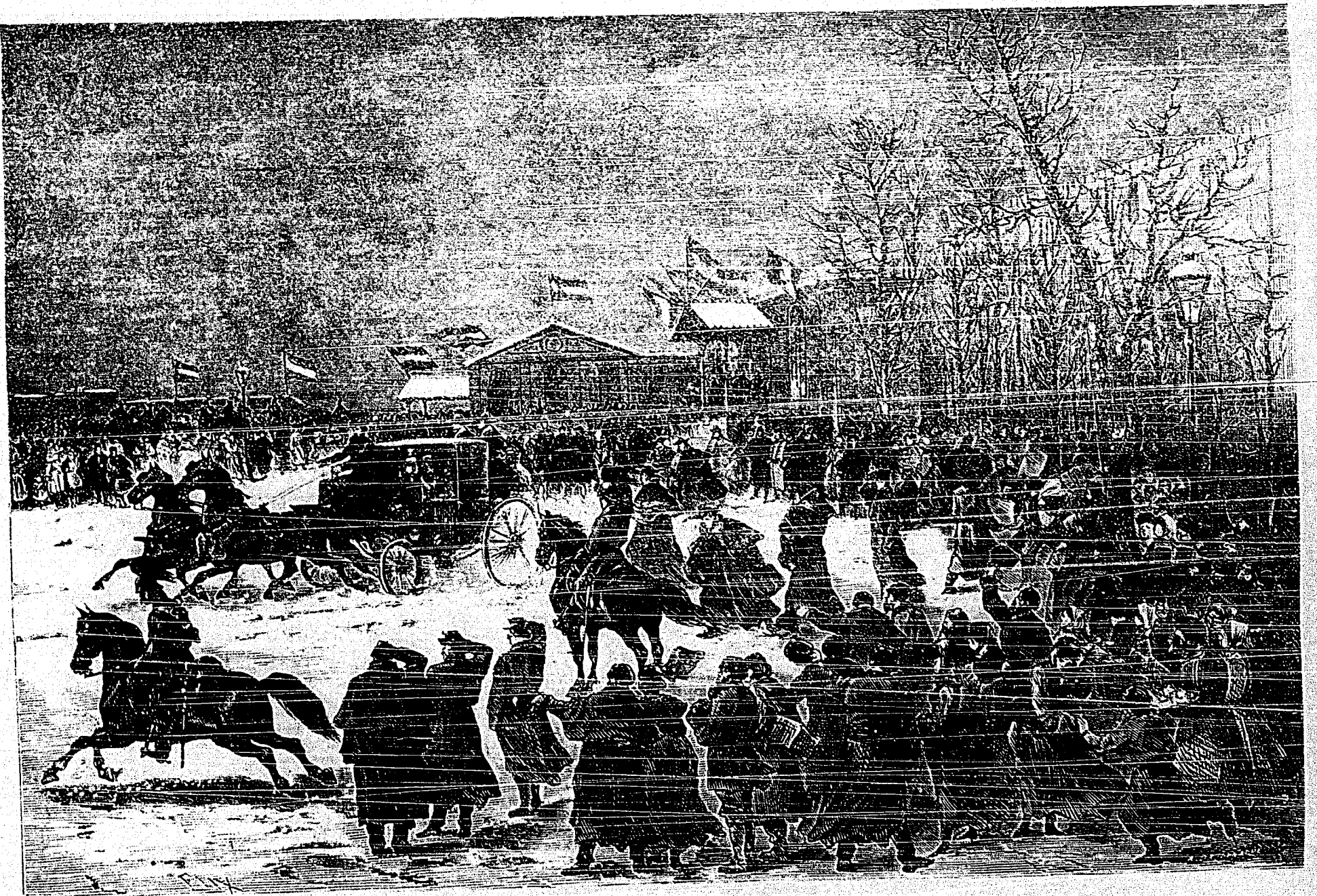
On one afternoon, says the author of the "Life of Grote," in 1869, we received a visit at our hotel from two friends, both Frenchmen—the Count A. de Circourt and the Count de Belvèze. Politics, of course, formed the staple of our long conversation, Grote gradually becoming animated by their respective predictions about the pending changes in the course of the Government. Indeed, the malady under which the chief of the Executive was then suffering rendered political speculation more bold and active than had been possible for a length of time. Towards the end of the visit, M. de Belvèze, amused by Grote's seeming to doubt the chances of France returning to Republicanism, in spite of all that the two friends had been telling him of its probability, said, "Well, now, I will recount to you what befell me this very day, and you shall judge whether the incident does not confirm our own opinions. I was on my way to call on my physician, when I met M. Thiers. 'Come with me,' cries he, 'and we will have a talk as we walk.' 'I cannot do so, for I must go and see Dr. —.' 'Ah! never mind your doctor, a walk with me will do you much more good than any doctor?' Thus saying, Thiers tucked his arm under that of M. de Belvèze, and off they went together—naturally, since I never knew any one to resist the fascination of M. Thiers' company, if offered to him. M. de Belvèze certainly could not, anyhow. They plunged at once into the "situation actuelle" of course. "You know," said M. Thiers, "as well as every one else, that I never was a Republican; my whole life has been spent in antagonism with Republican doctrines." "Certainly," rejoined M. de Belvèze, "we know it enough." "Well," replied M. Thiers, "for all that, I will frankly own to you that I have of late come to think differently. In plain terms, I am now profoundly persuaded *qu'il n'y a rien de possible que la République*. 'Now, what say you to this confession de foi?' said M. de Belvèze, smiling. We all held our peace. The communication seemed to take all three of us by surprise.



OPENING OF THE GERMAN PARLIAMENT IN THE WHITE HALL OF THE CASTLE AT BERLIN ON THE 5TH ULT.



Moscow.—VISIT OF THE IMPERIAL AND ROYAL PARTY TO THE SACRED RELICS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.



ST. PETERSBURG.—ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

THROUGH THE BREAKERS.

BY MARY ORCHIL HAY, "AUTHOR OF 'VICTOR AND VANQUISHED,'
"HIDDEN PERILS," ETC.

We were sisters only by adoption; yet I know that the love between us, in those old days, was as great as it could have been if the mothers, of whom only sweet memories were left us, had been one; and as if my father had been Elsie's father too, instead of having pitifully adopted the orphan child, and brought her from a poor and loveless life to share our happy home. I suppose I always knew that he could never grow to love her just as he loved his own child; yet even if I had felt he did so, I should only have rejoiced. I am speaking now of the old times, and speaking, too, when I can see those old times lying in the full sunlight of the unsuspecting love we bore each other. We two adopted sisters were a strong contrast. Elsie was a bright light-hearted girl, with a sunny prettiness, and a happy smile forever rippling on her lips and sparkling in her eyes. We were the same age within a year, yet I always felt much the elder, for my nature was silent and concentrated, dreamy to a fault, and steadfast—so steadfast, that if I had had one aim to pursue, however hopeless, I should have pursued it silently to my death. Yet under my quietness, I knew, even then, that there slept a passionate intensity of feeling which gave me one power greater than Elsie possessed, the power of suffering. She won love and friendship; while I stood isolated, with only her love and my father's to encircle me. She won admiration and esteem from all, and I knew that this was well, because suffering to her was weakening as illness; under it she lay passive and helpless, while I met it as I would meet a sorrowful friend, and made my step firm, and my heart strong, to support it. But all this was in the old times, before she won (easily, as she won all else) the only love which could have gladdened me; and before that chill gray cloud dropped down between us.

He did not live with us at first, but my father, when his own health failed, persuaded his young partner (to whom the mills would entirely belong after his death) to come and live with us in our great house, upon the hill, at the foot of which the mills lay. So Horace Capon came, and the whole active management of the mills fell into his hands; and although he was a young man, my father felt the utmost confidence in him. The master was safe in relying on Mr. Capon, the men would sometimes say to us, when we wandered, as we liked to do, over the busy noisy mills; he was one to be trusted. We used to smile at the expression, which seemed to them to mean so much, and when Horace would join us from the offices, what wonder was it if we saw a new power in his handsome face, and in his tone of genial yet irresistible authority? And could we warn each other of the feeling which was growing equally in both our hearts? Could we always remember that for one of us this feeling must end in bitter and humiliating pain? It was to me that the pain came at last; very gradually, because it took me such a long, long time to believe it after it was told; yet very suddenly, because I had forgotten as I said, that this love for Horace, which was growing equally in both our hearts, must end for one of us in bitter and humiliating pain. He had always treated us alike; coming home to us in the evenings, bringing a new element of strength and gaiety; interesting us no less than my father, and amusing and brightening my father no less than us. There was more laughter when he chatted with Elsie; but more earnestness when he talked with me. If he sang oftener with Elsie, he rode oftener with me; and if he fell beside Elsie oftener when we walked together, it was beside my chair that he would draw his own when he read aloud to us at night. And so the months sped on most happily for us, so equally loved and cared for that what wonder was it, as I said, that we forgot how this must end in a bitter humiliating pain for one?

I forget how it was that there first dawned on me the knowledge of one of my father's motives in having Horace Capon to live now in the house which he was eventually to occupy as master of the mills. I think he told me himself, one day, saying that Horace was even now as a son to him, the one man in all the world to whom he could most willingly give his daughter; and adding that he knew Elsie would always find a happy home with us. I listened quietly until the loving plan was all unfolded; then I went away and sat alone for hours, thinking of it, my cheeks burning even in my solitude, and my heart beating rapidly. What a future that was to dream of! From that hour, when my dreams lost their vagueness, and this one lay marked out in brightest hues before me, I was conscious of a new shyness in my manner to Horace; a timidity quite new to me, yet the most natural result of that dream which was buried now so deeply and so fixedly in my heart. I thought Elsie was too thoroughly wrapped up in her own bright thoughts to notice this, yet I knew that our love for each other then was true and unsuspecting. But the day came at last when, after one flash of nameless pain, that cloud fell slowly and heavily down between us.

I had found Elsie sitting in the morning sunshine, watching Horace; so I stood above her, watching too, in silence. He turned at the gate for a moment, to raise his hat with a smile, then hurried on down the hill, and disappeared through one of the great doors of the mills. Elsie rose then, but I was dreaming still, just as I had stood, a little way back from the window, my eyes upon the spot where Horace disappeared.

"Margaret," said Elsie softly, pausing as she faced me, "your eyes look warm and glad now; and—because Horace could not see—you answered his smile with one as bright as his. Then why have you been cold to him, and distant?"

"Cold!" I echoed in a whisper, and I could not bring my eyes back to her face; "Elsie dear, you do not understand."

She had both her hands upon my shoulders now, and her eyes were reading mine eagerly—ah, with such pained and breathless eagerness!

"O, Margaret," she cried, catching her breath in a great tearless sob, "tell me I am wrong! Say that I cannot read that in your face! O, no, no, no; it is not that!"

I put one arm around her, wondering that she should be so moved to read the secret which I must have guarded so much better than she had guarded hers.

"Elsie dear," I said, laying my cheek upon her bright bent head, "there was nothing in my face which need have given you this sudden pain."

"O yes," she cried, "O Margaret, yes, I saw."

She was weeping sorely, there with her eyes hidden on my breast, and her trembling fingers clasping me even to pain.

"Elsie, what grieves you so?" I asked; "I cannot understand it."

"I—I must tell you, Margaret," she sobbed, keeping her face still hidden, "I must tell you; but—I never guessed

"Tell me," I whispered fondly, when she paused.

"Horace—Horace says—" she was uttering the words very rapidly below her breath, and with her head drooping so upon my breast that it was not easy to hear them—"Horace says—I mean he asked me—only yesterday—only yesterday, to be—his wife! O Margaret, I love him more than all the world; and yet I wish—I wish—"

I think I put her gently from me, and made a feint of smiling; and I think that—groping blindly in my great misery—I spent that day, just as I had spent other days which had been crowned with love and hope and pleasure. I think that I gave Horace my hand that night, and told him he would be very happy with Elsie; and I think that it was only Elsie who cried when we bade each other good-night. But I am not sure—I am sure of nothing save the anguished aching of my heart and head, and how, when that had been mine for many, many days, a great lonely coldness came and wrapped itself about my heart.

It was a happy and unruffled courtship, that of Horace's. My father gave his free consent to the marriage, and breathed no word of that disappointed plan of his; and my father's men, who all loved Elsie for her bright face and winning ways, made her young lover's heart rejoice with their praises of the wife whom he had chosen. And, day by day, it was my lot to watch this happy courtship, living entirely apart in my own inward life, and growing day by day more silent and more cold. But I felt that they would not notice this; it could not pain them, so closely were they bound now in each other. When Horace came home, of what value was my presence to Elsie—though until then she had liked to linger with me? When Elsie was near, what thought of Horace's would stray to me? Ah, what a bitter solitary time it was, and what hopeless and despairing thoughts possessed me! Why had he been given to her? His love was all the world to me; and she could have been made happy with other love, and would have turned brightly to accept another life. Sometimes I told myself that if he had loved me best, only for one day, I would have made it grow to such a strong and all-engrossing love, that it could never change; a love beside which this happy and untroubled affection that he bore to Elsie would be a shadow only—if only the love had once been there to take root.

Never could he guess at any of these dreams which haunted me, but I noticed that he often now looked at me with a new and curious intentness, which warned me that this hidden selfish pain was changing even my outward self. It must have been this change which prompted them to plan for Elsie and me to travel to the seaside, and stay there until the summer waned.

If they had let me go alone—there or anywhere—I thought I might have gained health and strength and better thoughts; but Elsie would not leave me. The days had been hard enough to bear at home, but they were harder here. If I had been left to sit alone in silence on the cliffs, I could have loved perhaps, instead of chafing at, the lonely solemn sympathy of the sea; but Elsie seemed always near me, talking of home and Horace, until I nearly—ah, so very, very nearly—grew to hate her very presence, dreading every word that her bright voice should utter, and wearying utterly of her smiling face. Left alone with her, and hearing her constantly speak of Horace in that tone of confident childlike happiness, it could not be but that I soon must hate her in my heart.

II.

My father and Horace were to be with us in the afternoon, and in the morning Elsie and I went out to bathe together. There was no sunshine on the sea, but the water was fresh and full of motion, just as we liked it; so we laughed when we were told that there was danger of a sudden squall that day; that very few ladies had ventured out, and even they were returning now.

"Not that there's any danger, miss," the man said, as he hooked his horse's harness to the caravan which I had chosen; "only don't you think you'd better take one of the women with you?"

"We are not afraid; are we, Margaret?" smiled Elsie; "and we help each other quite enough."

Then she gave orders for her own machine to be wheeled close to mine in the sea, and ran up the steps with a smile and nod to me.

How well I remember the look of the sea that day, as I stepped into it, and Elsie came up to me with her dancing step and laughing eyes! So gray and sombre the water was, so wide and restless; so wide, so secret, and so safe. I shook away Elsie's clinging hands.

"Why do you hold me?" I cried. "Go away; do not come so close to me again."

"No, no; give me your hands, Margaret," she said, rising merrily, and shaking back her hair, after the noisy wave had passed over us, and left us free to speak again. "Do you forget that they feared a sudden gust? We shall be all right if we are hand in hand."

"We are quite safe so, and it is pleasanter," I said, and threw myself beneath the water, trying hard to drown the happy sound of Elsie's laughter.

How wide and secret the sea was! and what a little thing she looked there, battling merrily with its waters, so strong against her little shielding hands! And what a horrible longing possessed me, yet what an over-mastering fear! Fear of what? Fear of the waters which I loved? Fear of Elsie's tiny power? Ah, no; what fear I had was fear of myself.

We were standing quite still, telling each other how calm the sea had grown all in a minute, and still with that distance between us, which I kept so carefully, when the squall came. A sudden violent rush of wind swept across the waters towards the shore; the waves reared themselves above us, then swooped down and dashed us helplessly upon the sand.

"Margaret! Margaret!"—I could hear Elsie's call as the great wave rushed on—"Your hands!—hold me, hold me!"

I fought my way to her, and took her hands, then I looked wildly round. The bathing-machines seemed to be miles away from us now, and one was thrown upon its side by that strong rush of wind and water. If we could reach it, we might support ourselves, perhaps, until help came. The shore looked like another world, to my hot anguished eyes, so far away, so far away. What was this singing in my ears? Was it the water still? I was strong and fearless now; no wave, however

fierce and strong, would swallow me. The water was but shallow after all—unless we fell.

"O Margaret, take me in your arms—my breath is going! You are so strong and calm; don't leave me, Margaret!"

Calm! There was such a tempest in my heart, that this tempest on the waters was as nothing to it.

"Margaret, where have the waves carried us? O we are lost, we are lost!—help me, Margaret!"

I put my arms about her—this girl who had won from me all that made life precious—and I held her closely, very closely. She looked up from my arms, her eyes eagerly seeking comfort from mine, her lips parted for the question to come, panting forth:—

"Shall we be lost?"

Then, as if she had read a hopeless answer in my face, a piercing cry went up among the clouds:—

"O Horace! Horace!"

More closely still I held her now, but held her where the waters must pass over her in their rush. My lips were tight and firm; my eyes upon that second mighty wave that came so fiercely to engulf us.

"I am holding you, Elsie! Close your eyes, for it is coming!"

Bent and frail, she stood in my embrace, with her eyes closed, while the huge wave, which I could calmly stand and watch, came rolling on behind her. Then I held her down, firmly and steadily, beneath the water, battling the while for my own life and breath. When at last the sea grew calm again, and we were tossed no longer at its wild strong will, I had still my hands upon her shoulders, and under the waters I could see a white dead face. And my strength had not failed me even yet, for I was holding her so, when they found us, and lifted us together; whispering eagerly that one was living, but that the other had been for a long time dead.

III.

I did not see Horace for a long time, so that when at last they let me see him, the first bitterness of his grief was past. He asked me many things about that day, and I told him all—how the terrible truth that I had killed her. I told him how Elsie had clung to me in her fear, when that awful wind swept so suddenly across the sea; but how she had grown so weak at last and despairing, that she fell with the second wave, and never rose again. He sat beside me when I told him this, and then it seemed to grow natural to him to sit beside me; and at last I—watching his face—saw its sorrow fade, and the old look of content return to it. At first it was in silence that he sat beside me, and this silence I could understand and share; but gradually he would win me on to talk to him, and his eyes would brighten as he listened. So we grew dear friends again, dearer than we had ever been; and I forgot that white drowned face which lay now side by side with my own mother, under the old cedar in our churchyard on the hill.

One night we had strolled there together to lay some autumn blossoms on the grave; and so long he lingered there in perfect silence, that all my fears and my despair came back to me in overwhelming force. Had he forgotten me? Before his grave eyes was the bright childish face of her who had won his first love. He was wishing she had been saved and I lost. Why had he brought me here, where I could see the white drowned face, just as I saw it look when I held it still below the waters, after the angry death had passed? Should I be obliged to see it thus before me all my life?

Silently, as we had stood there, we turned from the grave side by side; then suddenly Horace clasped me in his arms and kissed me. So tenderly, and yet so passionately, he kissed me, under the quiet stars, that at that moment I knew I had won what I had so long craved for vainly. He had learned to give me a stronger and more fervent love than he had ever given to Elsie.

IV.

Horace and I had been married nearly a year, and this was Christmas-eve. My husband had been away for two or three days, but I knew he would return for Christmas-day, and so I sat waiting for him. Always I longed for his return when he had left me, but hardly ever so intensely as I longed for it this night. The wind was blowing fitfully; now rising in sudden gusts which brought back to me that horrible morning in the sea; and now lying lulled and calm, as it had been upon that autumn night when Horace and I stood beside Elsie's grave in that strange silence which he broke at last to tell me with what strength and tenderness he loved me.

So strangely nervous and so timid I had grown, that when I heard my husband's step at last, I ran to meet him just as if he came as a deliverer.

"Frightened, my darling?" he questioned tenderly, as he led me back into the lighted room. "Tempestuous, is it not? but so beautiful out of doors. The moon is full, and the sky exquisite. Have you been out at all to-day?"

"No, Horace."

"Then, when dinner is over, I will take you out. It will do you good, if you will put on plenty of furs; and it will do me good too, to have you walking at my side again. You are not afraid of this wind, my darling?"

"No."

"And I love it. Ah, how good it is to be at home with you again, my wife!"

"Do you miss me when we are apart, then, Horace?"

I asked it eagerly, yet I knew well that the time had come of which I used to dream—he lavished on me now far more intensity of affection than he had ever given to his first love.

"Miss you!" he echoed, folding me within his arms and laying his lips most tenderly on mine. "There is no minute in any hour of my absence in which I do not miss you, darling; and if I tried to say how much, I should but fail."

"Because you love me so, Horace?"

"Because I love you so, my cherished wife."

"You never loved any one before, as you love me?"

"I never have—I never can—love any one as I love you, my own beloved."

I knew it so well; but still I loved to hear him say it. The moon was riding gloriously through the frosty sky, when we started out together. Horace had himself fastened the soft furs about my neck, kissing me as he did so, and my heart beat joyously and proudly as I leaned on his strong arm, and felt that I was very precious to him.

So earnestly and happily were we talking, so perfect was the beauty of the night, that I had not noticed where we were going, until we stopped before a gate I knew, and Horace bent to open it.

"We have wandered here almost unconsciously, my darling," he said; "but we will go in and stand a moment in the quietness beside Elsie's grave. In our own intense happiness, we would not forget her upon this beautiful Christmas-night; and it is her birthday too, you remember, Margaret."

I shrank aside, and whispered, "Not to-night—not on Christmas-night—not on her birthday;" but Horace gently led me on, until we stood once more together beside that great square stone beneath the cedar. It was very chill and gloomy there, and I crept closer to my husband's side; very chill and gloomy, even with his strong protecting arm around me. Why had he brought me here, when we had both learned to forget, and had grown so happy? If he would but speak—if he would but talk to me, and chase away these haunting memories which had not visited me since, in this very spot, he had told me how he loved me! If he would only tell me so again—loudly, that the words might drown this moaning in my ears, this rushing of the sea about my head, this cry of a faint and dying voice! Why had he breathed her name at all to-night, and raised this awful memory?

"O Horace, Horace, see the white dead face!" My cry had not broken his long silence, so I knew it was uttered only in my heart. I looked up eagerly, that the glance of his kind eyes might give me courage; but that drowned face had come between us.

"O Horace," I cried, groping with my hands, "take it away, take it away! She would have you save her, and let me go!"

"Margaret, my darling, are you ill?" I heard the question in my husband's soft kind tones, but there was something else I heard far more distinctly.

"Listen," I cried, turning to face the blast of wind which came sweeping over the valley below; "listen!—listen!"

I waited for its coming with my arms outstretched, and when the storm had passed, and left me standing so, I fancied death had spared me once again, as it had done at sea, and I knew why. That story was to be told to Horace; here, by the grave where the voices moaned; now, before that second gust came sweeping by which had brought death before, and might bring death again. The white dead face beneath that stone cried out for justice now; the voices of the wind and sea cried out aloud their accusation. I had a task to do in the lull of that great storm, and I must do it. I drew away from my husband's side, and stood opposite him in the shadow of the cedar; my eyes fixed steadily upon him, and my words slow and clear.

Quite still he stood to listen, while I told him all; quite still until I had finished; then, after an utter terrible pause, he fell on his knees beside the stone, and hid his face upon it. I did not speak or move until he rose, after a long, long time; then I eagerly and piteously scanned his face, that I might glean only a ray of hope. Even in the shadow—for he was leaning now against the tree—I could see how rigid and how coldly white his face had grown.

"O Horace," I cried, falling on the grass before him, and appealing to him with my burning hands outstretched, "O my husband, all the sin there may have been, you caused. If I had not loved you—"

Coldly and sternly he interrupted me, bidding me come away from beside that grave.

"O Horace, take me back to your heart!" I pleaded. "Why did you bring me here? You would never have known, if you had not brought me here to-night, and we should have been happy now—as we were before. O Horace, I am the same Margaret whom you loved so dearly an hour ago—only a little hour ago—so dearly, you said; so dearly! I remember it, I remember every word. You missed me every minute of every hour of our separation, you said—O Horace, remember that, and take me back. See how I have loved you if you had—had even done what I have done, tempted by your love for me, I should have wept and prayed for pardon for you, and comforted you, I think; and clung to you and pitied you; but never ceased to love you—never, never! O my husband, let it come slowly; love me a little—just a little—until I can bear its being taken all away!"

I pushed my hair away from my throbbing temples; something was burning in my head, and the noise the sea made in rushing over Elsie's face, was deafening me—deafening and blinding me, for I could not see Horace now; nothing but a dark still shadow; and between it and me, a girl with long wet hair and ashen cheeks.

"O Horace, take me back! We can be happy still—we know it, we have proved it; you have often said it. You can forget this. I had forgotten until you brought me here to-night, and that wave came rolling to us and left her face—Horace, Horace!" the words were an eager hurried whisper now—"take me up, Horace! I am dying here; dying at her feet and yours; or—or am—I—mad?"

He raised me from the grass, without a movement of his white and rigid face.

"I will take you to your home," he said, "and after that I wish that I might never look upon your face again."

"Why, Horace?" I whispered, with a vacant smile upon my parching lips; "we cannot be separated—you and I; we are married, you know; they cannot separate us."

"We are separated now," he answered slowly; "separated utterly and for ever."

"O no, Horace, no!" I cried, appealing to him once again with eager hands and eyes. "You will take me back? It was for your sake I did it, and you have loved me since, when I was just what I am now. You valued my love then. Ah, yes, I know you did, for that knowledge was my happiness, and I could not be deceived. You valued my love then; O, take it now, my husband—my own husband, whom no one can take from me—when it is a hundred times more earnest than it has ever been before!"

I could see his face in the moonlight now, and I knew there was no hope for me.

"Horace!" I cried, with such a cry as might have reached to the cold dead around us, "Horace—forgive!"

Coldly he drew back from me, and then—I laughed; laughed loudly and shrilly, there in the silence of the calm and beautiful night. But when I saw his stern white face grow colder still, I wondered why I had laughed.

"Nothing can separate us, Horace," I whispered, trying to fix my vacant gaze upon him, and smiling as I thought that my glad low whisper must comfort him. "Nothing can separate us now. Don't be frightened, Horace; you are my husband, and I will not leave you. Did you dream that I could be so cruel? I was not half so cruel to her as that would be."

He turned from me, shuddering through all his frame, and

then I knew that the love, which had been my very life, was dead for ever. I saw, in all its fullest darkest horror, the long anguish of the life to which he doomed me; and standing still, I took my burning head within my hands and uttered shriek on shriek, until the silence of the winter night was all alive with sound, and the beauty of the moonlight vanished in a great black darkness.

V.

I have been very, very ill. I wake to the knowledge slowly, as I lie and listen to the hushed breath and softened footsteps in my room. I wake to it very, very slowly, dreaming a wonderful dream the while.

I am lying in my own room at home, and Elsie sits beside my bed, just as she did when I was ill once in the old past—so many years ago; and my father comes for tidings of his child, with his eyes dim and anxious, just as I used to see them in that far-back time. Horace is living with us, in this dream of mine, just as he did then; and he, too, waits for tidings, and comes to look upon me with a soft slow step. Ah, if this dream may last a little longer; because, when I awake, my husband's face will meet me stern and cold, as it must be through all the rest of my sin-shadowed life; and instead of this bright face beside my bed, will be the memory of that drowned head I saw beneath the waters. It is far better to be dying, and to dream this dream, than grow quite strong and well, and meet my misery again. It is such a beautiful, beautiful dream!

I am lying now under the beech upon the lawn, and the golden leaves fall softly on me one by one; very softly, as if they fell a long, long way—perhaps from heaven itself. The sky is bright and blue up there above them, and the sunlight creeps amid their shelter to lay its warm sweet kiss upon my face. There are no fierce rushing storms of wind in this beautiful dream, and no driving waves. There is only peace and calm and sunshine, and the rare sweet fragrance of the autumn flowers I love. I dare not speak, lest I should break my dream.

I see my father standing against the golden beech, and watching me, with the old look of love upon his face. Elsie is beside me still, and she has been all through this peaceful dream, and in her eyes is shining such a look of loving pitiful compassion, that I cannot even trust myself to meet it, lest it should bring the tears, for tears would waken me. And now, across the lawn, comes Horace; his face the kind and pleasant face of long ago, the face I loved when I was innocent—so long ago! He comes up to me—softly as they all come in this dream of mine—and I read the old friendship in his eyes and something more; not hatred and contempt, ah, no, but a great tenderness and a great compassion, and something that looks almost like awe. I remember the different face which I shall see when I awake, and silently I pray that it may be God's will I die before the waking comes.

My hands are very weak and thin and wasted, and when he takes one into his, and kneels beside my couch, I can see the pity and the fear which darken Elsie's eyes. My voice is low and failing, but at last they understand my question, reading it more from my eyes than from my lips; and Elsie answers it in a whisper, her warm lips touching my cheek and forehead between the words:

"No dream, my darling; no dream. We have you with us, and we are nursing you back to health again. If care and love—the truest, fondest love, my dear—can give you strength, then you will soon be your own self again."

So the words run, in this summer dream of mine. I have no pain, only a great faintness. If I were a leaf upon the beech above me, at the first faint breath of wind, I should fall just so—softly and slowly to the ground.

"Margaret," Elsie whispers, when her sweet face comes between those reddening leaves and my wide upturned eyes, "do you remember that day we were together in the sea, when the wind rose so suddenly? I want to tell you, O my dear, what the memory of that day has been to me."

I am awaking now, awaking with an icy shiver. In one moment my dream will be over—my beautiful summer dream.

"Tell me slowly—slowly," I plead, my broken words most eager in their utter weakness. "No—let Horace tell; then I shall be—awake. Tell me all, Horace."

"It is too much to tell to-day," he whispers, wrapping a shawl about me tenderly, for he does not know that I lie shivering there because I know I am awaking; "how can I tell, in a few simple words, that brave unselfish act of yours! How can I speak calmly, even yet, of how you saved my darling at the risk of your own life; of how, when she fainted and fell, you rescued her, and held her safe above the water until help came; then how you put her in safety, and—your strength all worn—sank down yourself, exhausted and unconscious; of how the fiercest wave of all came then, and we—were barely in time to save you! How can I tell of this, and of our gratitude and love?"

Both their faces are near mine, full of the love he has just spoken of, and—is it the gratitude too? My eyes gather a little warmth and life from theirs. There is a feeling, utterly strange to me, upon my thin white lips—they are breaking into a smile.

"This is true, then? This is true, and the—the other was the dream?"

"All this is true, my darling; and we are true; and the sunshine and the flowers, they are all true. Everything is true, except those terrible delirious fancies which have been with you in your fever. That was the dream; but it has passed now, and all the fancies have passed too. Ah, there is a little look of returning health at last. You are coming back to us from the gates of death—O my dear, my dear, we shall be happy once again!"—Belgravia.

Music and the Drama.

Madame Lucca is still Frau Baronin. She has married the Baron Emil von Walhaffen.

Mme. Arabella Goddard has been well received in Calcutta, and has met with much success.

M. Gounod has it is said, received a commission to write a work for the Grand Opera, in Paris.

By a decree of the 1st of February, the censure of the theatres has been formally re-established, in France.

Orchestral songs without words is an innovation which has been introduced in the order of *entr'acte* music at the Queen's Theatre, London.

A painting by Signor Fortuny of Rome, representing a poet with his friends in a garden watching an actor and actress recite his play, has been sold for 100,000 francs to M. Goupil, of Paris.

Suppé, the German Hervé, has produced at Frankfurt a burlesque on *Lohengrin*, entitled *Lohengelt*. The precise point of the joke is that "grün" or "grun" is green, while "gelb," is yellow.

The Bishop of Lincoln has given 100 guineas towards the fund for rebuilding Nottingham Castle and turning it into a Midland Fine Art Museum, the cost of doing which is estimated at £15,000.

It is understood that Mr. Arthur Sullivan has promised to write a Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis, with accompaniments, for use at the next Festival of the Sons of the Clergy in St. Paul's Cathedral.

A sacred musical drama by Massenet entitled "Mary Magdalen" has been brought out at the Odéon, Paris, and is pronounced very fine. The honours were won by the personator of *Judas Iscariot*.

A mixed American, English, and Italian Company, under charge of Mr. Nereul West, have arrived in Constantinople and are about to give entertainments in the nature of ballets and negro and general concerts.

A new theatre which is to be opened in Paris under the name of La Scala will have a drop-curtain which will contain three hundred allegorical figures representing the progress of music or the lyric art from the earliest time down to the present day.

M. Dumas, fils, has read to the actors of the Odéon the five revised acts of the *Jeunesse de Louis XIV*. The drama is now complete, corrected and amended. The ceremony of the reading was very impressive by reason of the new Academician's simple and withal delicate and effective delivery. This piece is the only unpublished work of the elder Dumas.

Oddities.

A Tipperary gentleman was asked why he did not take a newspaper. "Because," said he, "my father, when he died, left me a good many newspapers, and I haven't read them through yet."

An old Glasgow lady who had insisted on her minister's praying for rain, had her cabbages cut up by a hail-storm, and on viewing the wreck, remarked that she "never knew him to undertake anything without overdoing the matter."

A wide-awake Aberdeen minister, who found his congregation going to sleep one Sunday before he had fairly commenced, suddenly stopped and exclaimed, "Brethren, this isn't fair; it isn't giving a man half a chance. Wait till I get along, and then if I ain't worth listening to, go to sleep; but don't before I get commenced; give a man a chance."

A Kentucky legislator was recently missing for three days. The fourth found him back in his seat. To the inquiries of his friends he replied that he had been sick. Being asked what the matter was, "Well," said he, "some folks call it nervous chills, others pronounce it a kind of affection of the heart, but, to be candid, I call it a plain case of old-fashioned drunk."

When a clergyman of the Church of England was about to give a dinner to some of his clerical brethren, his butler asked whether his expected guests were High Church or Low Church. His master said: "Why do you ask that question?" The butler answered: "Because if they be High Church we want more wine; but if they be Low Church we want more wittles."

Some students fixed up a ghost and placed it on the staircase of a Troy newspaper office the other night, and then retired and awaited developments. One of the editors came along and didn't get frightened. He disrobed it, and now wears a \$15 pair of pantaloons, a \$7 vest, a \$10 pair of boots, and an \$8 hat, which are sadly missed from the wardrobes of the aforesaid students.

Thackeray had a nose of most peculiar shape, as may be seen by his portraits. The bridge was very low, and the nostrils extremely well developed. On one occasion, at a party where Douglas Jerrold was present, it was mentioned that Mr. Thackeray's religious opinions were unsettled, and that a lady of his acquaintance was doing her best to convert him to Romanism. "To Romanism!" exclaimed Jerrold; "let us hope she will begin with his nose."

The other day a merry-faced and bright-eyed Milesian was arraigned for disorderly conduct. The Judge inquired very angrily, "If he was not ashamed to be there?" "Pon my soul I am, yer honour." "You were in very disreputable company." "I know it, yer honour." "It is shameful." "Too true," was the penitent rejoinder. "If I permit you to go this time, will you ever be caught in such company again?" "Not unless yer honour sends for me," was the reply.

At an examination in Aberdeen the minister asked an old woman who Pontius Pilate was? "Adeed, sir, I kenna," she answered; "they tell me he was a Roman gommerral." "A Roman gommerral," echoed the clergyman; "what do you mean by a gommerral, woman?" "Adeed, sir, I'm no far-sighted in the meanin' o' words; but aye when I hear a gommerral spoken o' it puts me in mind o' just a domineerin', fashous fellow, aye meddling w' things he's naething ado w'!"

"WHO" AND "WHOM."—Thackeray once, being asked to write in a young lady's album, found, on looking over the book, the following lines:

"Mont Blanc is the Monarch of Mountains—
They crowned him long ago;
But who they got to put it on
Nobody seems to know.—Albert Smith."

Underneath these lines he wrote this humble suggestion:

"I know that Albert wrote in a hurry:
To criticise I scarce presume;
But yet methinks that Lindley Murray,
Instead of 'who,' had written 'whom.'
W. M. Thackeray."

POE'S RAVEN.

Who'er has read
The works of Poe,
His dusky bird
Must surely know.

Whose sable wing,
And eyes ablaze,
The startled Poe
Did much amaze.

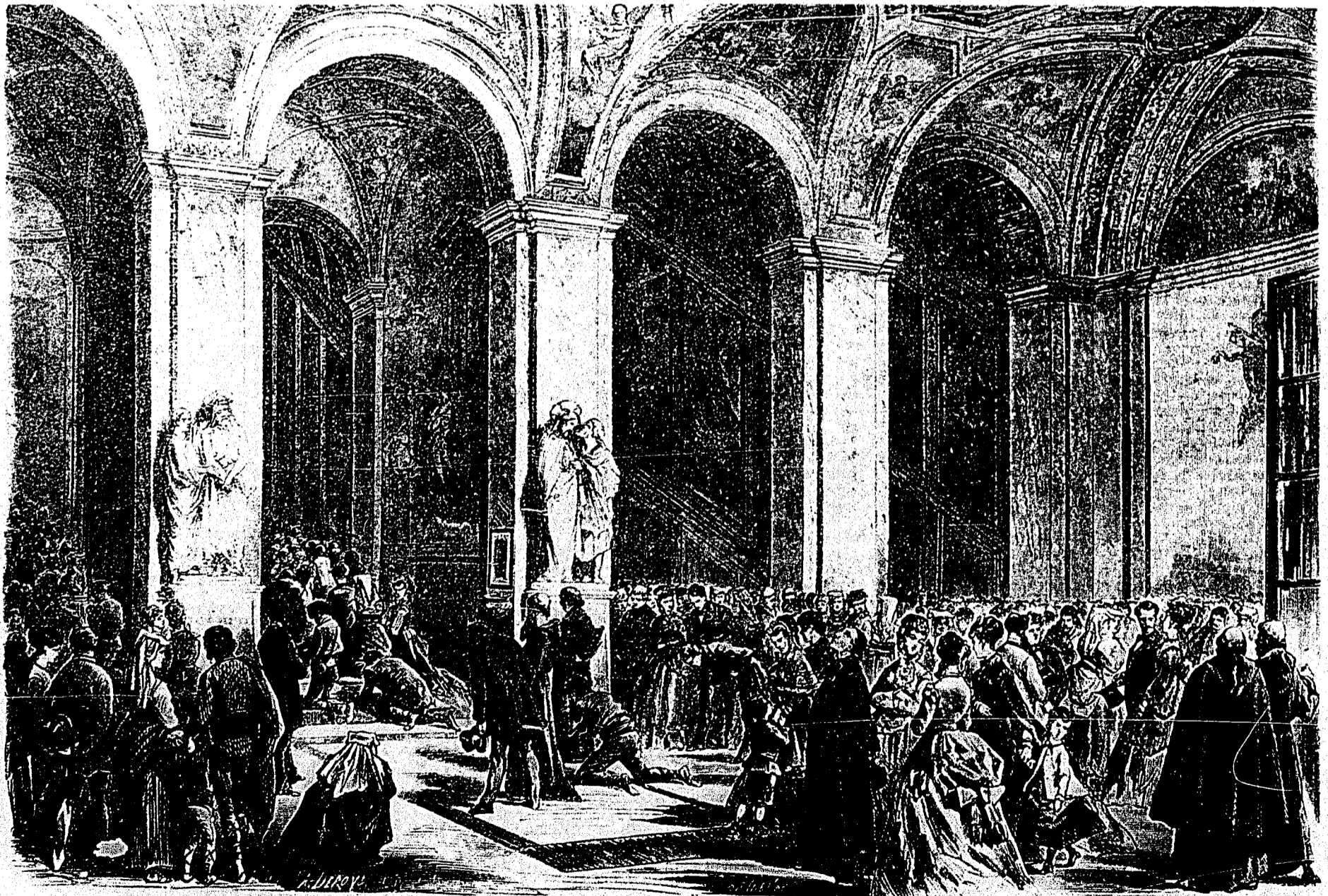
Whose husky voice,
From o'er the door,
Did gruffly croak
Out "Nevermore."

You know him? Well,
You must allow
A drunken thing
I'll prove him now.

The poet's words
Believe we must;
He says, the bird
Was on a "bust."

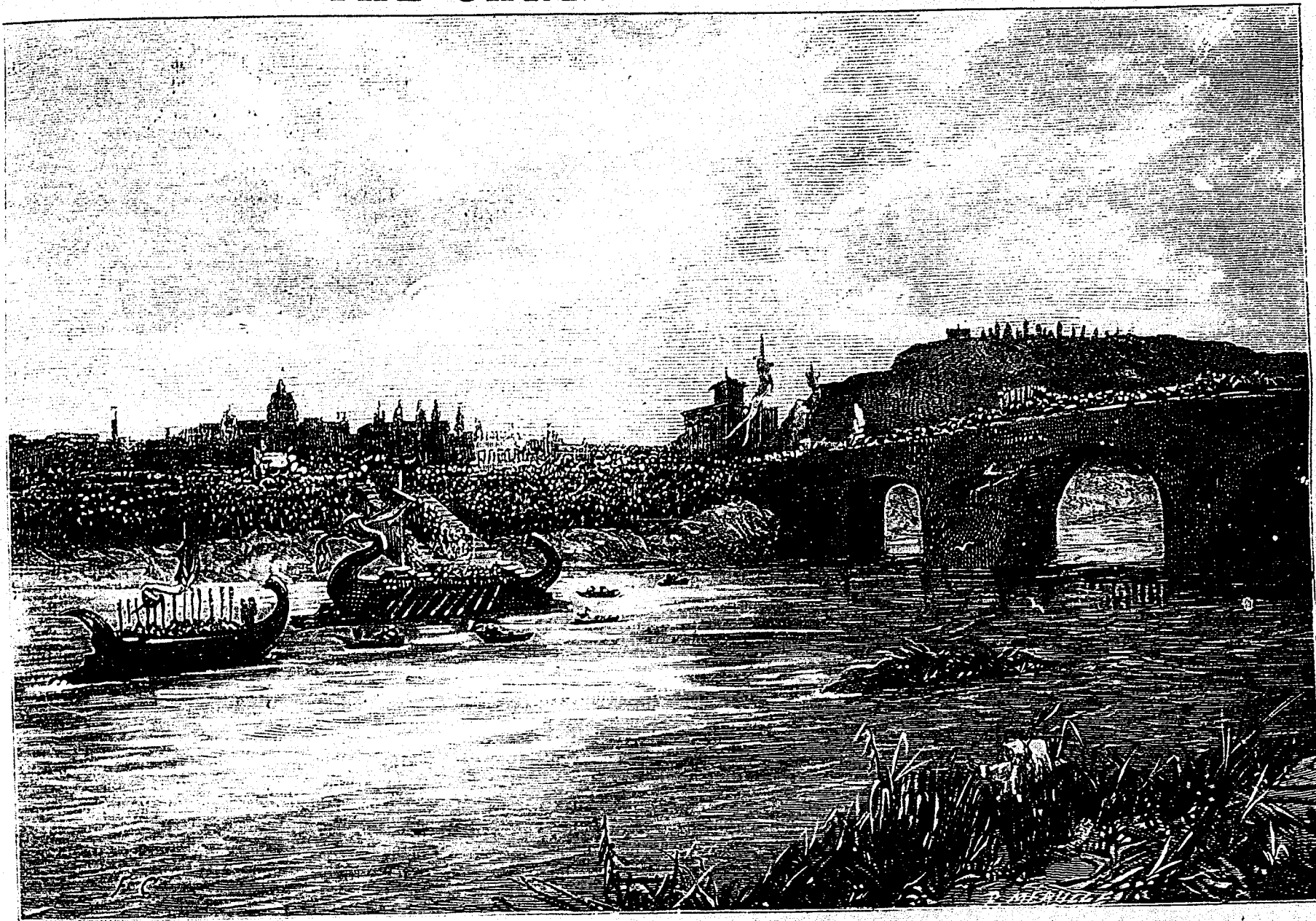


CHARLES SUMNER, LATE U. S. SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

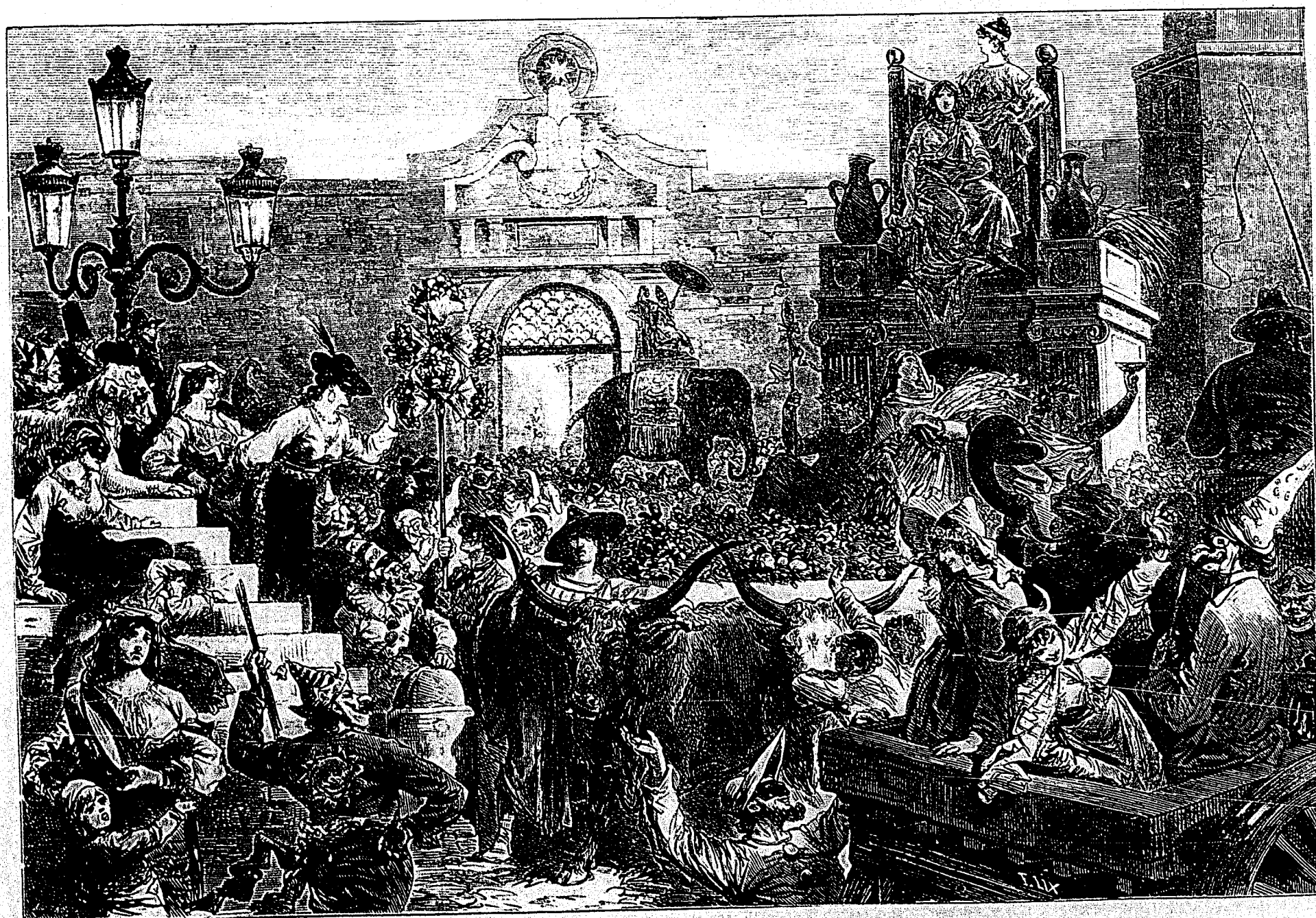


ROME.—THE 'SCALA SANTA' ON THE LAST FRIDAY IN MARCH.

THE CARNIVAL AT ROME.



ARRIVAL OF SATURN AT THE PONTE MOLLE.



THE CAR OF CERES AT THE PORTA DEL POPOLO

UNFINISHED STILL.

A baby's boot and a skein of wool,
Faded, and soiled, and soft,
(Odd things, you say, and I doubt you're right,
Round a seaman's neck, this stormy night,
Up in the yards aloft.

Most like 'tis folly; but, mate, look here;
When first I went to sea,
A woman stood on yon far-off strand,
With a wedding ring on the small, soft hand
Which clung so close to me.

My wife, God bless her! The day before
She sat beside my foot,
And the sunlight kissed her yellow hair,
And the dainty fingers, deft and fair,
Knitted a baby's boot.

The voyage was over; I came ashore,
What, thank you, found I there!
A grave the daisies had sprinkled white,
A cottage empty and dark as night,
And this beside the chair.

The little boot, 'twas unfinished still.
The tangled skein lay near:
But the knitter had gone away to rest,
With the babe asleep on her quiet breast,
Down in the churchyard drear.

[REGISTERED according to the Copyright Act of 1868.]

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL,

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LI.—(Continued.)

"Will you give me some kind of answer, Lady Perriam?"

"Can you expect me to answer such a startling question very quickly? Give me time to think, and I will answer you."

"My confession has not shocked you very much!"

"Why should it shock me? You are my equal, as you say; and if you are twenty years older than I, you may naturally consider that a trifling objection, since I married a man who was thirty years my senior. Let me have time to think, Mr. Bain."

"I shall not press you for a speedy answer, if you will only give me permission to hope."

"I should not refuse that if I were better convinced of your sincerity. You say you are my friend—devoted to me—yet you come here and worry me about poor Mr. Perriam."

"I only repeat slander which you ought to hear, in order that you may protect yourself against people's malice."

"And you are really my friend?"

"I am more than your friend—I am your slave."

"Shall I test your fidelity?"

"Yes, put me to the test."

"Help me to get rid of all the difficulties about Mr. Perriam. I begin to think that you—or the Monkhampton gossips—are right. He ought to be placed under restraint. His presence here is a source of anxiety to me. If his state doesn't improve soon I shall send for a mad doctor, and get him removed to an asylum."

"Whenever you make up your mind to that step, you may command my services."

"Do you know of any asylum where he would be safely cared for, or of any doctor who would take charge of him?"

"Why not consult Mr. Stimpson on that point?"

"I have no opinion of Mr. Stimpson's discretion. I would rather consult a stranger—some one unconnected with Monkhampton."

"I know of a man in London who might, perhaps, serve your purpose," said Mr. Bain, after some moments' thought, "and enable you to get rid of the difficulty quietly. But I should like to see Mr. Perriam, and judge for myself before I advise you any further. After all there may be nothing amiss but a little harmless eccentricity, which would hardly justify us in consigning him to a madhouse."

"There is more than eccentricity. At times he is subject to delusions."

"What—thinks himself the Pope, or the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I suppose?"

"Not exactly; but he has strange fancies—harmless enough—but sufficient to prove him insane. You shall see him in a few days, when he is at his best, and judge for yourself."

"Thanks," said the steward, "that looks like confidence. And now tell me, Lady Perriam, may I hope?"

"Yes," answered Sylvia, giving him her hand, "it would be hard to deny you hope."

She smiled, and Mr. Bain thought that the airy scaffolding he had put together that day in his office—when first he heard of Sir Aubrey's intended marriage—was in a fair way to become a substantial building. He had been prepared for indignant rejection. He had some vague sense of power over Sir Aubrey's widow, but he had thought it quite possible that she might defy him. His hints and veiled threats were but so much groping in the dark. The intensity of her agitation had taken him by surprise, and he had gone further than he had intended—ventured to reveal his ultimate hope.

He escorted her back to the house, went with her to the nursery, where the infant baronet expressed the strongest objection to Mr. Bain, and hid his face in his nurse's breast, turning now and then to steal an angry look at the custodian allotted to him by the Court of Chancery.

"We shall be the better friends by-and-by," said Mr. Bain, quietly.

He dined with Lady Perriam that evening, at her invitation, and though there was nothing of the accepted lover in his manner, he began to think the future was secure, and that in less than a year he might sit at that board as master.

He did not stop long after dinner, not wishing to make his presence an affliction; but before he went away Lady Perriam asked him the name of the London doctor he had mentioned.

"Mr. Ledlamb, of Jager-street, Bloomsbury," answered Mr. Bain.

"Is he a celebrated man?"

"Not at all. But I don't think you want a famous doctor to take care of Mr. Perriam. You want a man who will hold his tongue. Isn't that it?"

"I don't want Mr. Perriam's affliction to be talked about."

"Of course not. Joseph Ledlamb is the very man. His chief practice is in Bloomsbury, but he has a house on the Great Northern line, not far from Hatfield, where he receives two or three patients; a retired spot, quite remote from observation. A highly respectable man—poor, but clever."

"Are you sure that Mr. Perriam would be well treated in this gentleman's care?"

"As sure as I could possibly feel about his treatment, put him where you may. You might put him in the charge of a more distinguished doctor than Ledlamb. But in a larger and grander establishment he would be much more at the mercy of nurses and underlings than with such a man as Ledlamb, who receives a limited number of patients, and has them under his own eye, as it were."

"But he must be away a great part of his time, attending to his Bloomsbury practice," suggested Lady Perriam.

"I don't know how he manages about that. He may have a partner."

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"Hardly a friend, but an old acquaintance. He belongs to this part of the country, and he and I went to school together. Fifteen years ago he tried to get a practice in Monkhampton, but the old established doctors were too much for him, and he speedily collapsed. He had not long married, poor fellow, and had a hungry looking wife, and one sickly child. He gave up Monkhampton as a bad job, and went up to London to try his luck there. I've seen him occasionally when I've been in town for a few days, and we've had a quiet evening together. I know the man is clever, and I think," Mr. Bain said this with curious deliberation, "he is just the kind of man to suit your purpose, Lady Perriam. A man who will not talk about his patient, come what may."

"I shall not forget your recommendation," said Sylvia, with her easiest manner. All traces of agitation had vanished long ere this. "And if poor Mr. Perriam should get much worse, which I trust will not happen, I'll send for Mr. Ledlamb."

This conversation occurred after Mr. Bain's horse had been ordered. He had no further excuse for lingering, but took his leave with a subdued tenderness, too unobtrusive to offend, yet enough to remind Lady Perriam that he had asked her to be his wife, and that he expected an answer.

Scarcely had the door closed behind the departing agent when Sylvia looked at her watch, and then rang the bell sharply.

"Just nine. I wonder if it is too late to telegraph," she said to herself.

She went to a side table where there were writing materials and wrote the following telegram:—

Lady Perriam,	To Joseph Ledlamb,
Perriam Place,	Jager Street,
Near Monkhampton.	Bloomsbury.

"Please come immediately to consult upon an important case. Fee no consideration—loss of time dangerous."

The bell had been answered before her message was written, brief as it was. A footman stood at ease, awaiting her orders.

"Let this message be taken at once to Monkhampton railway station," said Lady Perriam, giving him the paper in a sealed envelope. "Send one of the grooms on a fast horse."

"Yes, my lady."

"If Mr. Ledlamb responds promptly to that message I can defy Shadrack Bain," thought Sylvia, as she flung herself into a chair, worn out by disappointment and anxiety. "But if not—if I cannot get rid of my incubus—what is to become of me? I can see no prospect of relief—I can see no hope of freedom."

"Oh, Edmund, Edmund, is this your love? Last night a slave at my feet—to-day far away from me in my bitterest hour of need."

CHAPTER LII.

THE FRIEND OF THE MENTALLY AFFLICTED.

It was not often that Mr. Ledlamb, of Jager-street, was informed that the amount of his fee was no consideration. To Dr. Crow such telegrams as Lady Perriam's were common enough. At the magic name of Crow people became as lavish of gold as if they had been so many Killmanseggs.

But the patients whom Mr. Ledlamb attended were wont to consider their fees very closely, indeed so scrupulously considerate were they of this question that sometimes they changed their minds about it altogether, and did not pay him anything at all.

At first Mr. Ledlamb was inclined to look suspiciously at Lady Perriam's telegram, doubtless whether it were not a hoax. But he knew enough of the neighbourhood of Monkhampton to know that there really was a seat called Perriam Place within half-a-dozen miles of that market-town; and this fact decided him. He would hazard a second-class return ticket to Monkhampton, in quest of the unlimited fee so liberally offered.

"I might charge as much as ten pounds, and, deducting two for my ticket, that would give me eight for my day's work, besides future contingencies," mused Mr. Ledlamb. "But what on earth could induce Lady Perriam to send for me? I didn't do so well while I was in Monkhampton that people should hunt me up fifteen years after I turned my back upon that miserable hole."

Mr. Ledlamb had bachelor's quarters in Jager-street; a sofa bedstead in the parlour behind the surgery, where he bivouacked now and then when it was his fancy to spend the night in London rather than return to the rustic shades of his lodge near Hatfield. Thus it happened that Lady Perriam's message reached Mr. Ledlamb while he was lounging over an unpretending breakfast of Epps's cocoa and a toasted bloater, prepared by his own hands.

He consulted a dog's-eat-Bradshaw. Yes, there was time to catch the 9.45 down train from Paddington. He could be at Monkhampton by three o'clock that afternoon.

In the simple phraseology of the neighbourhood, Mr. Ledlamb "cleaned himself"—a brief operation—put on his best suit of professional black, took up his least shiny hat, his umbrella—good to look at while neatly rolled up, but not much when opened—and set forth. He was fain to indulge in the luxury of a Hansom cab, paid the driver his minimum fare, calmly endured the threat of a summons, and reached the platform, ticket in hand, just as the train was going to move.

"As near as a toucher," muttered Mr. Ledlamb, breathing hard after the rapidity of his proceedings.

He threw himself back into a corner of the carriage, bought a *Daily Telegraph* as the train was leaving the station, and abandoned himself to an hour's quiet enjoyment between London and Swindon.

"I wonder whether the advertisement's at the bottom of that telegram?" he thought presently, not able to concentrate his attention on the leaders in the popular journal, so puzzled was he by that inexplicable message.

He turned to the advertisement sheet, where he was accustomed now and then to insert his own small requirements. Of course, he was too wide awake a man to put forth his desire crudely among the "Wanted's." He insinuated himself into public attention as a benefactor. His species—one who from pure benevolence was ready to relieve others of their burthens.

"To the Friends of those Mentally Afflicted. Privacy, Security, Home Comforts. These, with medical treatment, may be obtained in the domestic circle of an experienced practitioner, who resides in a retired and rustic locality in Hertfordshire. For terms, &c., apply to X. Y., Post Office, Jager-street, Bloomsbury."

If the telegram were the result of this advertisement, it ought naturally to have been sent to the post office; though, perhaps, no one would be so demented as to telegraph to a post office.

"No," decided Mr. Ledlamb, "the advertisement can have nothing to do with it. Clearly Lady Perriam must have heard of me."

At half-past three o'clock that afternoon Mr. Ledlamb was being driven up the long avenue at Perriam in a close fly. He had chosen a close fly despite the sultry heat of the day, because it looked more professional. A cab and a fly in the same day. Mr. Ledlamb winced as he looked into his empty purse, and thought what the expedition had cost him. If the telegram should prove a hoax after all?

The grandeur of the long avenue, the wide-spreading park, the palatial house struck awe to Joseph Ledlamb's soul. It seemed hardly possible that the inhabitants of yonder pile could have sent for him, when London was full of famous doctors.

"It must be some wretched mistake," he said to himself, "and I shall be all my expenses out of pocket. No, if they've made a blunder in sending for me I'll make them pay my travelling expenses."

He was at the door by this time, and the flyman had rung a loud pealing bell, and let down the steps.

"Now or never," thought Mr. Ledlamb, and put on a bold front. "Is Lady Perriam at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Please to take her my card."

"Step this way, sir, you are expected," answered the footman, and Mr. Ledlamb found himself ushered up a wider staircase than he had ever ascended in a private dwelling, along a dimly-lighted corridor, and then into a room whose brightness and perfumes—the scent of staphanotus and lilies, Palma violets, gloire de Dijon roses, all manner of choicest blossoms—almost bewildered his unaccustomed senses.

A lady was seated in a low chair by the open window, shaded from the sun by a half-closed Venetian shutter, a lady who struck him as more beautiful than any woman he had ever seen.

She received him with a somewhat haughty inclination of the head, pointed to a distant chair, and began at once, in a business-like manner.

"I have sent up for you, Mr. Ledlamb, because I have been informed that you are a person upon whose discretion I can safely rely."

"That is quite true, Madam. May I ask who recommended me to your notice?"

"I had rather not tell you that. Be satisfied with the knowledge that you have been recommended. It is my misfortune to have a near relative—by marriage—who is mentally afflicted. I have kept him under my own roof as long as I could safely do so, but I find I can keep him no longer without becoming subject to the remarks of the neighbourhood. It is my earnest wish, therefore, to remove him to some safe and comfortable home, where he will be well cared for, and made as happy as it is possible for him to be in his present condition of mind."

"I am in a position to offer you just such a home, Lady Perriam," answered Mr. Ledlamb, carefully suppressing all signs of eagerness, and adopting that dispassionate tone which bespeaks ample means and an independent mind. "I have a pleasant country house—the Arbour, at Crupskew Common, near Hatfield, where I am in the habit of receiving a limited number of patients—strictly limited, for, whenever their health allows of that privilege, they join our family circle, and we gather round the domestic hearth as a cheerful and united household. At other times, when their state is more critical, they of course remain in the retirement of their private apartments. My house is not large, it does not boast of splendour, but comfort is studied in every detail, and we are eminently rural. I have endeavoured to indicate that by the name of our retreat, 'The Arbour,' a sound suggestive of agreeable images."

"How many patients have you in your house at present?" asked Lady Perriam.

"Well, just at present only one—a youth of excellent family, but weak intellect. He is like a son of the household, follows our children about the garden like a pet dog."

This was true in a restricted sense. The youth in question having been forced to devote some part of his leisure to wheeling Mr. Ledlamb's youngest hope in a perambulator.

"May I see Mr.—our patient, Lady Perriam?" asked the doctor, blandly.

"Presently, he has been very troublesome lately, and although it was my earnest wish to keep him in this house, where he had the care of an excellent nurse, I begin to fear that it might be dangerous to do so much longer."

"My dear madam, believe me it is always dangerous, however good your nurse, however excellent your arrangements, there is no safety. Only under the experienced eye of a medical man can there be security. Lunacy is beyond measure treacherous, uncertain. Mischiefs may arise at any moment. I do not speak in my own interests; pray believe that I am above all sordid considerations."

Lady Perriam did not trouble herself to notice Mr. Ledlamb's vindication of his honour. She looked at him keenly with those darkly brilliant eyes whose splendour caring care could not dim. He looked a man who would do anything for greed—a hungry-looking man, with wide thin lips, dog-teeth, hollow cheeks, and large gray eyes; an unprosperous man,

clad in well-worn black; a man who would be a ready tool, but a dangerous ally.

"After all it is only a question of self-interest," reflected Lady Perriam. "If I pay him well enough he is not likely to betray me—not even if he held my fate in his hands. He might become rapacious and exacting; but that would be the worst. I am set round with dangers, and must face that issue."

"Permit me to enquire if the patient is a relative or a dependent," said Mr. Ledlamb, shrinking a little under the close scrutiny of those observant eyes.

"He is both—a relation by marriage, and partly dependent on me for support. Pray what are your usual terms for board and medical attendance—inclusive terms?"

"With carriage exercise?" enquired Mr. Ledlamb.

"Do you keep a carriage?"

"My wife has a pony phaeton, which she devotes to the use of those patients whose friends desire that relaxation. It is of course an extra, and adds thirty pounds a year to the charge for board, laundress, and medical attendance."

"I should wish my brother-in-law to have every reasonable indulgence. Be good enough to state your highest inclusive terms."

"My charge for a first-class patient is two hundred and fifty pounds a year," replied Mr. Ledlamb, faint with the agonies of alternate hope and fear.

"If I agree to your becoming custodian of my brother-in-law I will give you three hundred a year for his maintenance. But mind, I shall expect him to be made thoroughly comfortable, and as happy as his wretched condition will permit."

"Madam, you may rely upon my fidelity."

"I shall take nothing for granted. I have read horrible accounts of private asylums. I shall see that your patient is really treated well."

"I am not afraid of the supervision of my patients' friends, madam. The Commissioners visit us periodically."

Mr. Ledlamb spoke with supreme confidence. The friends of his patients had, as a rule, promised frequent visits to those sufferers, and as a rule studiously refrained from the performance of their promises. Lady Perriam did not look to him like a person who would take much trouble about a deranged brother-in-law.

CHAPTER LIII.

SECRET AS THE GRAVE.

"We are agreed as to terms then?" said Lady Perriam.

"Perfectly, my dear madam," replied Mr. Ledlamb. "Nothing could be more liberal than your proposal."

"Then we have only to arrange matters of detail. Suppose that I decide upon confiding my brother-in-law to your care, there would be some legal formula to be gone through, I believe."

"Undoubtedly. The patient must be seen by two medical men and duly certificated as a lunatic."

"So I understood. Now I do not care about bringing a second doctor to this house. If you decide that poor Mr. Perriam is insane, you could take him up to London, in the charge of his nurse, and the second doctor could see him at the hotel where you put up on your arrival."

"Unquestionably, Lady Perriam, that can be done."

What could not be done for a patroness who was about to throw three hundred a year into Joseph Ledlamb's lap? He had been wearing out body and brain for twenty years of mortal strife with debt and difficulty, and had never yet compassed so large an income.

"Let it be so then. If you can conscientiously pronounce that Mr. Perriam is a lunatic, you will take him to London with you by to-night's mail, which leaves Monkhampton at half-past eight. It will be dusk by that time, and you will be able to get him away unnoticed."

"Rely upon my discretion, Lady Perriam. There shall be no scandal, no discomfort to the patient. A I shall be done quietly and agreeably. Above all if the nurse is efficient."

"She is a good nurse, but timid. You will have to rule her with a stronger will than her own. She can remain with you for a week or two, till your patient grows accustomed to his new home. Indeed she might remain altogether if it were necessary."

"I do not apprehend that," said Mr. Ledlamb, quickly. "The restraining and soothing influences of the home circle, aided by medical supervision, will, I trust, do all that we can wish. I do not promise cure—my experience has not led me to believe that the majority of cases of mental derangement are amenable to actual cure. The brain, once affected, can rarely be restored to its normal strength," continued Mr. Ledlamb gravely, with a view to the permanence of his three hundred a year.

"I do not expect cure in this case," replied Lady Perriam. "There is here a fixed and rooted delusion which I fear must be beyond cure. However you shall see your patient and judge for yourself."

She rang a bell, which was answered after an interval of about five minutes by Mrs. Carter. She had to come from Mordred's rooms, which were at the opposite end of the house.

The nurse's pale, grave face expressed poignant anxiety as she looked from Lady Perriam to the stranger, but her countenance gave no indication of surprise. She had evidently been prepared for this interview.

"How is your patient this afternoon, Nurse?" asked Lady Perriam.

"Pretty much as usual, my lady."

"Still full of fancies, I suppose. This gentleman has come to see him. You can take him to Mr. Perriam's room."

"Will you come with us, Madam?" asked Mr. Ledlamb.

"No. I would rather you should form an unbiased judgment," replied Sylvia. "My presence might agitate my poor brother-in-law. He is accustomed to Mrs. Carter, and with her you will see him at his best."

Mr. Ledlamb bowed, and followed the nurse from the room, along the corridor, to the other end of the house, and into the large shabbily-furnished sitting-room, lined from floor to ceiling with dingily bound books, where the last of the two brothers spent his joyless existence.

He looked a very old man as he sat by the fireless hearth, half buried in the roomy arm chair, his shrunken limbs wrapped in a long dressing gown of faded Indian cashmere, his head bent upon his breast, his idle hands hanging loosely at his sides—an image of imbecility—or despair.

Lady Perriam paced her room restlessly during the doctor's absence, now pausing for a moment to look at the clock on the mantelpiece, now stopping by an open window to gaze out into distance, with eyes that saw not the landscape's summer beauty. It was to the avenue she looked with that quick, anxious gaze, dreading to see Mr. Bain's neat dog cart advancing between the double range of trees. He had been at the Place only yesterday, and there was no reason why he should come to-day, except the one fact that his coming to-day would be fatal.

Mr. Ledlamb's absence seemed a great deal longer than it need have been. She looked at the door every now and then, eagerly expecting his return.

"This is the crisis of my fate," she thought. "If all goes well now, my future is safe."

Mr. Ledlamb returned, and approached her with a grave and sympathetic countenance.

"Alas, dear lady, your fears were but too well founded," he began, "there is incurable derangement. Your unhappy brother-in-law is not in a condition to be left without medical restraint. There is a rooted delusion—a mistaken sense of identity, which is somewhat curious in its nature, and to the scientific mind eminently interesting—"

"Do not go into details," interposed Lady Perriam, "the subject is too painful. Do you pronounce my poor brother-in-law actually out of his mind?"

"I do. Without a moment's hesitation."

"And do you think any other doctor would arrive at the same conclusion?"

"I have no doubt of it."

"In that case, the sooner he is removed from this house the better. I told Mrs. Carter to have everything prepared for an immediate journey, should you decide as you have decided. My carriage can take you, your patient, and his nurse to the railway station. And now, Mr. Ledlamb, there only remains one question to be settled between us. Can I rely upon your discretion—upon your keeping the secret of Mr. Perriam's

melancholy state—the nature of his delusion, from every living creature, except those who have to attend upon him?"

"Yes, Lady Perriam, you may trust me implicitly."

"Remember, if I hear that you have broken faith with me in the smallest particular, I shall immediately remove your patient."

"I do not fear such a contingency," answered Mr. Ledlamb firmly. Was he likely to hazard three hundred a year, competence, wealth, by any ill-advised prating?

"I'd cut Mrs. Ledlamb's tongue out sooner than run the risk of losing such a patient," he said to himself.

"And you will leave for London without seeing any one whom you may know in Monkhampton; you will avoid all future communication with any one in this neighbourhood," urged Lady Perriam.

"Certainly, madam. I have not been in the habit of corresponding with Monkhampton people. The place was by no means a lucky place to me, and though I am a native of this county, I have no affection for it. I have sometimes met with Mr. Bain, the lawyer, in London, and spent a friendly evening with him, but he is the only Monkhampton man with whom I've kept up an acquaintance."

"It will be best to avoid Mr. Bain in future. He is my agent, and it was he who recommended you to me. I shall tell him that Mr. Perriam is in your care, but I distinctly forbid you ever to let him see your patient, should he come to your house for that purpose. He was raised to a position of undue power by my late husband, and he is too fond of interfering with my affairs. Should you see him at any time, you will be as uncommunicative as possible."

"Madam, I will be dumb. And I shall do my best to avoid Shadrack Bain."

Lady Perriam rang the bell, and ordered dinner to be served for Mr. Ledlamb, as soon as possible. She was anxious for the hour of his departure. But it was not yet five o'clock, and she could hardly get him and his patient away before seven. The train left at half-past eight, and reached London at one in the morning.

The carriage was ordered to be ready at seven to take Mr. Perriam and his nurse to the station. "He is going away for change of air and scene," Lady Perriam told the butler, to whom she gave this order, "going in the care of a medical attendant."

"Poor dear gentleman, he do seem to want it," said the butler, who had seen very little of Mordred since the baronet's death, but had gathered a melancholy idea of his condition from the talk of the women servants, who had their intelligence from Mrs. Carter.

At seven, Mr. Perriam was brought down stairs, a curious figure in his ill-fitting, old-fashioned clothes, a world too wide for that shrunken form, an eccentric looking figure crowded with a broad-brimmed white beaver hat, which almost extinguished him. He was led, or indeed almost carried, by the doctor and the nurse, and seemed to have barely sufficient strength to drag himself down stairs and across the hall, and into the carriage, with that double support. Sylvia watched his departure from an open gallery, watched him with heavily throbbing heart. The carriage rolled away upon the smooth gravel, the heavy doors closed with a sonorous bang. He was gone.

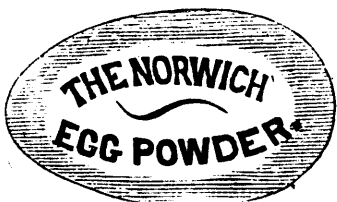
"Will all go right at the station?" she thought. "If they were only in London, I should feel secure."

She had told Mrs. Carter to telegraph to her as early as possible on the following morning. Till she received that telegram she could know nothing more.

There was little rest for her that night. She could not keep her thoughts from following those travellers, or prevent her fancy conjuring up possible difficulties which might arise to thwart her plans. It was an unspeakable relief to know that Mordred's rooms were empty; yet till all was over, and Mr. Ledlamb's patient safely settled under his roof, there to be for ever hidden from the outer world, Sylvia could know no perfect rest. Her slumbers that night were of the briefest, and her dreams made hideous by horrible images. Death and madness figured alternately in those confused visions.

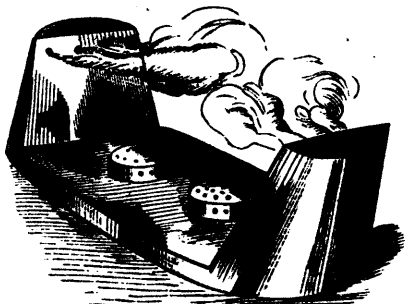
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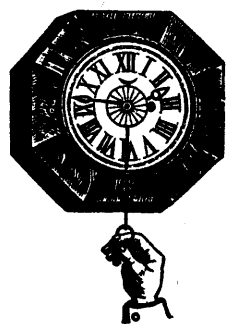
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