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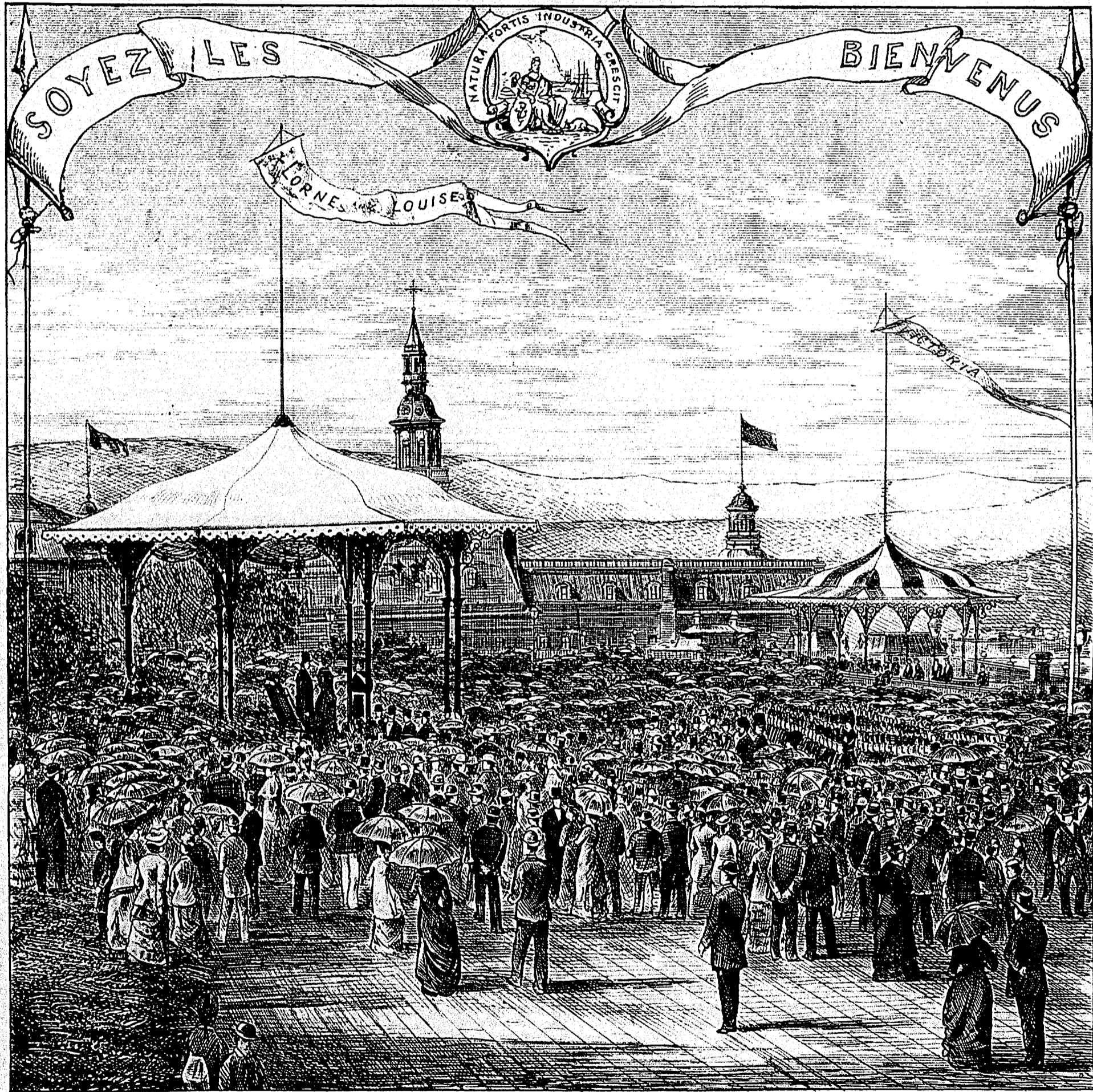
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Illustrated News

Vol. XIX.—No. 25.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1879.

{ SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO QUEBEC.
INAUGURATION OF DUFFERIN TERRACE BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND THE PRINCESS LOUISE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LIVRNOIS.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BERLAND-DESBRATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to G. B. BERLAND, General Manager.

When an answer is required, stamp for return postage must be enclosed.

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

NOTICE.

We have the pleasure to announce to all our friends and patrons that, on the 1st July, we shall commence the XXth Volume of THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, and with it shall introduce a number of improvements tending to make it still more worthy of public encouragement. We have engaged the services of a talented Superintendent of the Art Department, competent to infuse new energy and excellence in our illustrations; and to show what we intend to accomplish in the Literary Department, we have only to publish the names of the following Canadian writers of note who have kindly consented to be occasional contributors to our columns:

J. G. BOURINOT, Esq., Ottawa.
 REV. A. J. BRAY, Montreal.
 S. E. DAWSON, Esq., Montreal.
 F. M. DEROME, Esq., Rimouski.
 F. L. DIXON, Esq., Ottawa.
 N. F. DAVIN, Esq., Toronto.
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 BARRY DANE, Esq., Montreal.
 MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, Esq., Ottawa.
 JAMES HARPER, Esq., Montreal.
 J. GEORGE HODGINS, LL.D., Toronto.
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 J. M. LEMOINE, Esq., Quebec.
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 H. H. MILES, LL.D., Quebec.
 HENRY J. MORGAN, Esq., Ottawa.
 HON. E. G. PENNY, Senator, Montreal.
 REV. JAMES ROY, M.A., Montreal.
 JOHN READE, M.A., Montreal.
 MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS, Montreal.
 LINDSAY RUSSELL, Esq., Ottawa.
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 F. C. SUMMURAST, Esq., Halifax.
 FENNINGS TAYLOR, Esq., Ottawa.
 THOMAS WHITE, Esq., M.P.
 REV. S. W. YOUNG, M.A., Toronto.
 COMTE DE PREMIO REAL, Spanish Consul at Quebec.

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

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

II. It contains the only Canadian Portrait Gallery in existence, numbering already over 300, and containing the picture and biography of all the leading men of the Dominion in every department of life. This collection is invaluable for reference, can be found nowhere else, and ours is the only paper that can publish it.

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

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

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

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

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

OUR NEW STORY.

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

MY CREOLES:

A MEMOIR OF THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY,

BY JOHN LESPERANCE,

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

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

TEMPERATURE.

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

THE WEEK ENDING			Corresponding week, 1878				
June 15th, 1879.	Max.	Min.	Mean.	June 15th, 1878.	Max.	Min.	Mean.
Mon.	69°	49°	59°	Mon.	68°	49°	58° 5
Tues.	71°	53°	62°	Tues.	67°	49°	58° 5
Wed.	77°	53°	65°	Wed.	67°	54°	60° 5
Thur.	81°	53°	72°	Thur.	68°	54°	61° 5
Frid.	74°	54°	64°	Frid.	72°	50°	61° 5
Sat.	79°	55°	67°	Sat.	80°	50°	69° 5
Sun.	60°	50°	55° 5	Sun.	80°	64°	72° 5

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, June 21, 1879.

AFTER THE EVENT.

The recent general election in the Province of Ontario is a fact of such importance in our political history that it is well to consider one or two points connected with it, now that the dust and smoke of the struggle have blown away. There is the broad fact that in September last, Ontario returned 66 Conservatives and 33 Reformers; the issues being Dominion politics and notably the National Policy. On June 5th, the same Province elected 58 Reformers, 29 Conservatives and 1 Independent, on the issue of Provincial politics. The leading Reform papers in Ontario contend from this that the National Policy is condemned by the sober second-thought of the people of that Province, and some colour is lent to this view by a letter which has been published by Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH. If there were any general belief of this nature it would indeed have serious consequences, as it would cause capitalists to be timid in making investments, it being folly to do so if there were already indications of an early reversal of the new policy. It is perfectly true that Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, Sir SAMUEL TILLEY and Sir CHARLES TUPPER did go to Ontario during the election and make speeches, telling the people that the success of the National Policy was in a great measure involved in the success of the Conservative cause. But it is equally true, on the other hand, that Mr. MOWAT, the leader of the Reform Government, and nearly all his followers told the people that the National Policy was *not* involved in these elections; and that, in fact, they had nothing to do with it. This latter statement had the merit of being true; and the electors had the good sense to perceive the fact. There is a further consideration. The Conservative cause did not happen to be very strong either in its *personnel* or in its cry. As respects the former point it is admitted by the leading Conservative journal of this city that Mr. MOWAT'S Administration had the advantage. The only Conservative cry at all pertinent to the issue at the polls was, that Mr. MOWAT'S Government had spent a good deal more money than Mr. SANDFIELD MACDONALD'S. Now while that is a cry on one side of somewhat taking clap-trap, it may be actually dishonest; and, certainly, is nothing apart from the merits of the increase. This was made tellingly plain by some of the leading speakers on Mr. MOWAT'S side. There is quite enough in these two last points to account for the loss of the election by the Conservatives

without at all assuming that Ontario has Conservative sympathies, or that it is not as earnestly in favour of the National Policy as it was in September last. It will be a great advantage gained if the statesmen on both sides will take to heart the lessons taught by the facts.

A COMING QUESTION.

We may mention as at least a remarkable sign of the times that an article appears in that most advanced Liberal publication, the *Fortnightly Review*, under the title "Canadian Protection Vindicated," and this was preceded, only a month or two ago, by another article in another advanced Liberal publication, *The Nineteenth Century*. Our purpose is not to dwell on the scope of either of these articles; although both are remarkable for ability. The wonder is—the fact of their appearance and in such quarters, following outcries which have begun to gain force in England, arising from the depression, and which have already found their echo in the Imperial Parliament. By the latest accounts we notice that the agricultural distress has extended to Ireland and that many of the large land owners in England have been obliged to make to their tenants a rebate amounting to six months' rent. That is a sign of a frightful cutting down of values. And the question comes, is there prospect of mitigation? It is certain that in as far as the cultivation of wheat is concerned, the competition of English farmers will be very unequal with the improved modes of culture on the western prairies and the millions of acres being broken, so long as there is nothing between them and the English markets beyond very cheap freights. The same remark precisely applies to another great farming product, namely, the cattle sent from Canada and the United States. There is not in the face of these two great facts for the English farmer and the English landlord any prospect other than that of further and more serious breaking down of prices; and it is impossible not to believe that new agitations of questions thought to be settled will not supervene. It will be a happy stroke for the Empire when she serves out to foreign nations the measure they mete out to her, while she retains as much freedom of trade as possible with her own colonies. This great question is beginning to loom up.

NOT DEAD BUT SLEEPING.

Will modern wonders never cease? A statement appears in the English papers of a marvellous discovery made by one Signor ROTURA of Australia. It seems that this ROTURA had long been a student of South American plants, and through them discovered a method of suspending animation in animals for an indefinite time, and bringing them to life whenever he pleases. The mode of treatment is said to be somewhat as follows: The Signor makes a puncture in the ear of a dog or sheep, pours in a few drops of the plant extract, known only to himself, and the animal immediately goes to sleep, and is, to all appearances, dead. The counterfeits of death is so perfect that decomposition will set in if the body is not frozen. At the end of a month or two, or, according to the Signor, as long as you like, the body may be thawed out. When the natural temperature is reached, he punctures the neck of the animal, applies the antidote, and in a few minutes the beast is skipping about as lively as ever, and in perfect health. The use to which ROTURA purposes applying his discovery is the transportation of cattle from Australia to Europe. He claims that they can be put to sleep in Australia and roused up in England without sustaining any injury. Signor ROTURA has not yet experimented on a human being, chiefly because he could not induce a subject to volunteer. He is waiting for a felon, condemned to death, and the proper authority has promised him the next one. The man will doubtless agree to take the chances of

death by poison, or a sleep and restoration to life, with the prospect of a pardon in the latter event. When the Signor gets his man he purposes to keep him in a refrigerator for a month, then thaw him out and bring him to life again. The discoverer believes that a man might be put in this torpid state and kept in ice for years, and awakened up to life and the enjoyment of health at the end of that time—in reality no older than he was when he closed his eye in apparent death. Thus any person who is tired of life and wants a rest might be put to sleep and awakened at any given time, as no bodily change can take place during the frozen trance. Then we should have the beautiful legend of Rip Van Winkle rendered as commonplace as possible.

NIAGARA AND ELECTRICITY.

No less a person than Sir WILLIAM THOMPSON, in a report before the Committee on Electric Light in London, seriously set forth a scheme whereby he would turn the cataract of Niagara into a channel of public utility. His plan is to light North America with electricity generated by dynamo-magnetic engines in the neighbourhood of the Falls, the water furnishing all the power required to light a continent, and make its nights almost as light as its noon. If this plan were carried out on a grand scale, it has truly been said that it would practically abolish night on this continent and snuff out the moon and stars. These electric machines run by Niagara could also be made to boil our kettles, drive our sewing machines and do other light work for the family in larger cities. Sir WILLIAM THOMPSON is not certain that the power of Niagara could not be transferred across the Atlantic by suitable cable connection and used for cooking and lighting London. The Committee was somewhat astonished by Sir WILLIAM THOMPSON'S bold proposal, but was finally warmed up by his enthusiasm, and we shall now look forward to its report with some curiosity.

ONTARIO ELECTIONS.

About 5 o'clock on the evening of the 5th, large crowds assembled around the printing offices, especially those of the *Telegram* and *Mail*, which are exactly opposite each other. The *Mail* had a large sheet suspended in front of the *Telegram*, and the *Telegram* had a similar one on another building opposite. The results of the elections were reflected on these sheets as soon as received, and were greeted with loud cheers from the crowd. While waiting for news the *Telegram* amused the people by showing the pictures of prominent men, such as GEORGE BROWN, TUPPER, Rev. Dr. POTTS, &c., while the *Mail* filled up its intervals by giving comic pictures such as are generally appreciated by children at a magic-lantern show. About 11 o'clock the *Mail* put out its light, being disgusted at the way things were going, but the *Telegram* continued to give results and pictures till a much later hour.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Orillia Packet*, signing himself "Country Canuck" thus inquires:—"Will you or some reader of the *PACKET* kindly inform me why the American flag occupies a prominent position in the decorations in every city visited by His Excellency the Marquis of LORSE and H. R. H. the Princess LOUISE, as shown in the *Illustrated Canadian News*? If it be in accordance with the etiquette of such receptions, the rule appears to be disregarded by our American cousins when doing honour to their Presidents—judging too from their illustrated papers." The reason of the difference is that we are more liberal and more cosmopolitan than our neighbours.

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

The Vice-Regal Visit to Quebec.

Last week we took leave of the Vice-Regal party at the Montreal wharf as they embarked for Quebec. They arrived at the Ancient Capital on the 4th inst., and the numerous pictures which we publish in the present issue are illustrative of their reception and public movements there. It is impossible within our limited space to go into all the details, but we may say that the landing of His Excellency and Her Royal Highness at Queen's Wharf was perhaps the heartiest incident of the visit, and the Marquis' speech in French in reply to the address of welcome from the Mayor is decidedly the best that he has yet pronounced in Canada. Our front page presents a sketch of the landing and reception.

INAUGURATION OF THE DUFFERIN TERRACE.

At about three o'clock on Monday, the 9th inst., His Excellency, Her Royal Highness, Lady MacNamara, Major DeWinton and Hon. Capt. Harbord arrived on the ground, having a cavalry escort. The distinguished party were received by the Mayor and city authorities. After a brief interval His Excellency headed a procession which promenaded the new terrace. On returning to the dais in the centre, the Governor-General said: "I have now much pleasure in declaring this terrace to be open to the public, and that it be named in memory of the last Governor-General of Canada 'The Dufferin Terrace.'" Major DeWinton then called for three cheers to the memory of Lord Dufferin, which were given with enthusiasm. The Vice-Regal party then drove off the grounds. The Dufferin promenade is more than a quarter mile in length, and averaging 200 feet in breadth, with a garden adjoining, stands at a height of 182 feet above the St. Lawrence. It is erected on the crest of the rock forming the south-east face of the promontory upon which the city is built, and extends along the face of the cliff to a point below the King's Bastion of the Citadel, which rises above it at a height of 150 feet. The name of Lord Dufferin is associated with the improvement, the corner-stone of which he laid nine months ago. The Dominion Parliament has made a grant for the purpose of repairing the front fortification wall and of raising it to a level in a series of piers and arches. Along the front of the terrace are five pavilions or kiosks, known as the Victoria, Frontenac, Louise and Lorne, Dufferin and Plessis—one at each extremity of the promenade, one in the centre and two intermediate, thus dividing the walk into four sections of one-sixteenth of a mile each. The arched opening under the terrace are commenced and extended as occasion offers from the Lorne and Louise pavilion to the Victoria, a distance of 350 feet, and even the whole length of the new terrace if required. The range of guns from Wolfe's Battery being now rendered inefficient by the height of the new terrace, it is proposed to erect a new battery under the terrace between the Victoria and Dufferin pavilions, along a portion of the front or fortification wall. This battery will be situated on the very crest of the cliff, and command the shipping lying abreast of the Lower Town wharves and piers. The east portion of Dufferin Terrace rests on the foundations of the old Castle of St. Louis, around which many historical events gather.

LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF KENT GATE.

This ceremony took place at noon in presence of the Mayor and Corporation and many leading citizens. The attendance of the general public was not, however, so large as was expected—a circumstance probably due to two postponements having occurred. At one side of the partly-erected gate a temporary platform was placed for the accommodation of the Vice-Regal party and the principal spectators. Along one side of it a detachment of "B" Battery was stationed, while the city police acted with commendable efficiency in maintaining order at other points. The Vice-Regal party comprised His Excellency and Her Royal Highness, Major DeWinton, Hon. Mr. Moreton and Miss Moreton, and Hon. Capt. Harbord, A.D.C. His Excellency wore the star of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. The Princess was attired in a plain, black dress and silk jacket, trimmed with crape, and wore a silver necklace and bracelet, and black undressed kid gloves. Among those present on the platform were the Lord Bishop of Quebec, Monsignor Cazeau, the Rev. G. V. Houseman, and the Rev. T. E. Hamel, rector of Laval University; Col. Duchesnay, Deputy-Adjutant-General, the Commandant, Col. Strange, R.A., and a number of civic and military dignitaries, including Mayor Chambers, the Aldermen, Councillors, and civic officials. The proceedings commenced by the city engineer reading the inscription plate and enumerating the documents and articles deposited in a leaden box which was placed in the stone. Her Royal Highness contributed some English shillings, having finely cut profiles of Her Majesty, to the collection of coins. The Princess was then presented with an ebony-handled silver bowl, with the following engraved thereon, beneath a representation of the gate:—

Foundation Stone, Kent Gate, Quebec,
Laid by Her Royal Highness Princess Louise,
11th June, 1879.
R. Chambers, Esq., Mayor.
C. Baillarge, Chevalier, City Engineer.

On the reverse side were the letters "L. L." and an embossed likeness of the Princess Louise, intertwined in a wreath of maple leaves, the

whole of exquisite workmanship. Her Royal Highness then proceeded to perform the ceremony, and covered the stone with mortar in excellent style, concluding that operation by saying in very audible and distinct words, "I declare this stone well and truly laid, and henceforth it will be called the Kent Gate, and the upper gate is to retain its old name, St. Louis Gate," a little speech which seemed to delight the multitude of on-lookers, who spontaneously rent the air with three cheers for "Her Royal Highness." His Worship the Mayor then thanked Her Royal Highness for having performed a ceremony of such interest to the loyal citizens of the Ancient Capital, and so interwoven with pleasant historical recollections of her illustrious ancestor, the Duke of Kent, whose memory was revered by the people of this country. His Excellency concluded the ceremony by congratulating the citizens of Quebec upon the laying of the first stone of the Kent Gate, one of a series of gates which would give worthy entrances to their ancient and beautiful city.

HIS EXCELLENCY AND HER ROYAL HIGHNESS AT THE ART EXHIBITION.

On Friday afternoon their Excellencies, accompanied by Major DeWinton, Captain Harbord, A.D.C., and Miss Montalba, paid a visit to the Art Exhibition, opened in the Skating Rink, Grand Allée, in aid of the funds of the Ladies' Protestant Home.

The articles de vertu on view were all loaned by citizens of Quebec, and almost everything exhibited was worthy of careful inspection. The arrangements were most efficiently carried out under the personal superintendence of Mrs. R. R. Dobell, Mrs. Chas. G. Holt and Mrs. Gibb, who deserve every credit for their perseverance in the cause of charity.

Their Excellencies, on arrival, were received by ladies and gentlemen of the committee and conducted round the building; John L. Gibb, Esq., having the honor of escorting Her Royal Highness, and Mrs. R. R. Dobell accompanying the Marquis of Lorne.

To give even a superficial report on the varied exhibits made would occupy more space than our columns admit of; we can only mention cursorily a few of the paintings, &c., that came more immediately under notice.

Commencing with the pictures, we found on the various easels, among others, a fine painting by E. Carro of the "Death of Don Quixote," worthy of especial study, the old Knight of De la Mancha reclining in bed and surrounded by a sorrowing group. This was from Mr. W. E. Price's very choice exhibit. A very old original of "Pandora and Her Casket," the property of Mr. R. R. Dobell, commanded great attention. The beauty and perfection of each feature of countenance, the natural drooping of the hands and foldings of drapery bespoke the master's hand. A "Habitant," by Kreighoff (Mr. R. R. Dobell), was an exquisite piece of art. Two views of "Dieppe," in water colors (Mr. R. R. Dobell), were very beautiful and truthful, the work of T. B. Dibden. "The Peaceful Hour," by G. W. Morice (Mr. R. R. Dobell), was much admired. The painting represents an old lady looking over articles of wear long since disused, and one can imagine the many happy memories the owner recalls as she takes one article after another from the old trunk, their quiet resting place. Two of Kreighoff's "Caribou Hunting," and "A Wreck of a Raft" (Mr. R. R. Dobell), were painted in living colors, and gave vivid ideas of the excitement inseparable in such scenes. Two views of Quebec, by W. F. Friend (Mr. J. A. Sewell), one taken from Beauport and the other from Point Levis, were much admired. Four *chromos* of Quebec in 1832, lent by the Hon. P. Garneau, were found interesting. Four views, taken in the Alps by Elijah Watton; "Mt. Blanc as seen from Col d'Antern"; "As seen from near Bourg D'Orisans"; "The Matterhorn, from near Zermith"; and "Peaks near La Grave Dauphine," were perfect gems of art, and invited very close scrutiny. Two frames exhibiting heads of celebrated dogs, presented beautiful handiwork, and visions of Sir Edwin Landseer floated vividly before the spectator. Two sketches taken in Wales, illustrating "Sunrise" and "Sunset," by Murcham (Mr. C. F. Smith), were beautiful to contemplate; a cascade being exquisitely drawn. Mr. Jas. Patton, jr., sent a "View of Lake St. Charles," by Kreighoff, and a fine grouping of "Peonies," by G. Gontin. Mr. Harrison exhibited beautiful views of "Cape Trinity" and the "Upper and Lower Falls at Trois Pistoles." A beautiful work of art was the "Morning Star," copied by Mazzolini, loaned by M. Verret. This represented a female figure draped in the gauziest of gauze, the contour being beautifully and delicately lined, and the gossamer drapery admirably disposed. Two excellent views (very old) of Westminster Abbey recalled memories of the mighty ones who lie forever entombed within its massive pile. Two water colors, lent by Mr. W. M. Macpherson, representing "Prosperity" and "Adversity," called for more than passing remark. A piece of sea coast, lent by Mr. E. J. Price, was perfect in its finish. The rugged rocks, towering loftily, washed ceaselessly by the ocean surge and around whose crevices the sea-birds call, brought to mind many a bold headland, where wreckers most did ply their nefarious calling and many a noble ship has been dashed to pieces. A headland near "Tintagal by the Cornish Sea" might have been the chosen spot. Kreighoff's celebrated painting of the "Breaking up in the Morning" could not

fail but draw many admirers. The roistering crowd issuing from the hostelry of *J. Be. Jolifou*, after a night of revelry, was inimitably depicted, the ludicrous being, of course, the main feature of the artist's work. A case of photographs, portraits and landscapes, from the studio of Mr. J. E. Livernois, attracted much attention. They were beautiful exhibits of the photographer's art, defining clearly the outlines of feature and locality, and excellently toned.

Among other exhibits may be mentioned one of singing birds. Among the songsters were two beautiful Bob-o-Links, or Bobs-o-Link, whatever the plural may be, the property of Mr. J. Hawley, the keeper of the rink. Mr. J. M. LeMoine showed an unidentified bird, captured near Lorette and presented to him by the Rev. Mr. Auclair, the parish priest of Quebec.

Mr. J. N. Gregory, of the Department of Marine and Fisheries, Mr. J. M. Corkell, Dr. W. E. Russell, Mr. J. M. Lemoine, Mr. T. Beckett and others sent beautiful collections of stuffed birds, and Mr. T. Beckett a good collection of birds' eggs and a large paper-wasp's nest. Messrs. G. R. Renfrew & Co., Quebec's noted furriers, had a very handsome exhibit of furs, which were very much admired, notably some sea-otter and silver fox skins, white and cross foxes on Indian worked cloth, and in fancy muffs, white and silver foxes, Trajapan and Himalayan pheasant and emu. A case of cups won by different clubs of the city was the cynosure of all eyes, many of the trophies being remarkably handsome. Among others were the Quebec Challenge Curling Cup, the Golf Cup, the Rifle Cup, the Yacht Cup, Stadacona Rifle Association Cup, the Montreal and Quebec Golf Cup, &c., &c. A quantity of shell and cannon balls fired against the French at Montmorency in 1759 by General Wolfe's army and Admiral Saunders' fleet, were shown by Mr. H. M. Price, and from their condition did not appear to have done very much havoc. A quantity of loot from the Emperor's Palace at Peking was exhibited by Mr. C. F. Smith, and by Mr. Sheriff Sewell a Holyrod of James VI. of Scotland, given from the choir of Castle, 1625. General Wolfe's chess-board, in excellent preservation, purchased at the sale of his effects by Colonel le Compte Dupres, was exhibited by Mr. Thomas Lloyd. A very fine piece of needlework, date 1795, was loaned by Mrs. Newton. It represents a landscape with human figures, and is most delicate and minute in its execution. Without close inspection it might be taken for a pencil drawing. Reprints of the *London Times*, 1793, and several old books and manuscripts were sent by the Literary and Historical Society. A prayer-book, illuminated, once owned by Mary Queen of Scots, was also exhibited in capital preservation. The collection of china, &c., was very fine, some of it being of very ancient date.

Their Excellencies passed a considerable time in looking over the collection and appeared to take a great interest therein. Her Royal Highness was apparently much pleased with the exhibition of paintings.

THE ILLUMINATIONS.

On Monday night Quebec changed completely its normal sombre appearance; its dimly-lighted and narrow streets were illumined from the surface of the St. Lawrence to the topmost point of the King's Bastion on the Citadel, and the whole population of old Stadacona showed by the handsome apparel it had donned by lighting up its houses, stores and public buildings, how heartily it welcomed within its time-honored walls the daughter of our beloved Queen and the noble scion of the great house of Argyll.

The weather was all that could have been desired, and everything conspired to make the illuminations what they were, an unexampled success. Their Excellencies drove through the principal streets of the city to witness the display, and from end to end of the triumphal route cheers, such as have seldom wakened the echoes of the Laurentides, greeted them on every side.

A slight sketch of a few of the principal displays may be interesting:—

One of the finest views, of course, was that obtained from Dufferin Terrace, where not only the hundred and fifty gasjets all along the front railing of the Terrace, at distances of but ten feet apart, lit up the platform with unusual brilliancy, but whence could be seen the illuminations of the vessels in port and of the Government stores below, besides the reflection of the lights from Levis, St. Joseph, Beauport and the Island of Orleans.

The effect of the 24 large reflector lamps in the windows of the Queen's Store was very apparent on the Terrace. Each lamp had an 18 inch reflector, turned towards the platform, and all were used for the purpose, under Mr. Gregory's superintendence, by Mr. Fitzhenry.

Many persons crossed the river in the ferry boats and were well repaid for their trouble by the splendid view obtained. All along the base of the cliff the lights on the shipping and houses all along from the Commissioners' wharf as far as the eye could reach—say some three or four miles; overhead the line of lights some thousand of torches and gas jets along the Grand Battery, from the University to the summit of the Citadel glaced in front, and on the glacis another row gave a splendid effect. The lights from the foot of the glacis taken in connection with those on Dufferin Terrace to the King's Bastion described as nearly as might the figure of a Harp. In the background, again, were the University, Legislative buildings, Post Office, Normal School and private residences, all

brilliantly lighted—the whole producing an effect only to be appreciated by those who witnessed it.

The Parliament House on Mountain Hill, with its garden and lot surrounding, as illuminated, presented perhaps the prettiest sight of any in the city. All round the building and lot of ground below torches were placed at frequent intervals, and the garden was profusely hung with parti-colored lanterns. The building was most gorgeous in its decorations. At the summit boldly out and above that in colored glasses, the name "Lorne" and "Louise" shone lustroously. Over this again was a pretty device illuminated in the same manner. Over the doorway an Imperial Crown and the word "Welcome" showed well in gaslight. In the central window transparencies of the Provincial Arms and on either sides in large letters "V. R." In five other windows there were placed beautiful transparencies exhibiting portraits of Her Majesty the Queen, H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne, and H. R. H. the Princess Louise. In each window throughout the entire building candles were lit, while lines of colored lamps around the whole front showed off the contour of the house, facade and wings. The whole effect was universally pronounced as lovely in the extreme, and too much praise cannot be accorded to Doctor LaRoque, the courteous Sergeant-at-Arms, for his indefatigable zeal in preparing and seeing carried out such a magnificent display.

The Archbishop's Palace was beautifully lit up. The letters "L" and "L" were illuminated in the front, also capital portraits of their Excellencies with the Imperial Crown. The windows were one and all hung with balloons and lit with candles, while the carriage drive of the main entrance was like fairy-land, so gorgeous was it with beautifully colored lanterns.

The Laval University made a very pretty show. The dome or tower was lit up with electric light, which shed its rays far and wide, producing a fine effect. All the windows in the tower were lighted with colored lamps and every window in the building was made gay with sperm candles.

Messrs. J. Musson & Co. made a fine display with parti-colored lights round their store and patent medicine and drug rooms. Gas jets, exhibiting the Lorne crest (a boar's head), with the thistle and the word "Welcome," were very lustroous. Considerable pains had been manifested in the preparation of all these gentlemen exhibited. The colored lights were remarkably good.

Captain C. E. Holiwell had a very choice display. The whole front of the house was decorated with flags and floral wreaths, while the Royal Arms in relief stood prominently forward. The letters "V" and "L" were handsomely illuminated, and a transparency of the Royal Arms looked extremely well; Chinese lanterns were lit all over, and the magnesium light was displayed and fireworks and lights were let off at intervals during the evening.

The North Shore Railway station at the Palais was very handsomely illuminated, the decorations having been under the control of Mr. Wasson. Long rows of hand lanterns were suspended from the roof of the building, and two head lights added to the brilliancy of the front of the building. The windows were filled in with representations of the Queen, the Governor-General, the Princess, the Royal Standard and appropriate mottoes, such as "Welcome to our Queen's Daughter."

At about a quarter past eleven their Excellencies returned to the Citadel and immediately a royal salute was fired, six sky rockets being discharged between the firing of each gun. Before twelve had struck the illuminations were all over, and the city sank to rest without mishap of any kind having occurred to mar the pleasure of a night of highly pleasurable enjoyment.

THISTLE LACROSSE SPORTS.

Their Excellencies, accompanied by the Ladies Campbell, Lady MacNamara, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Moreton, Major DeWinton and Capt. Harbord, on Thursday visited the Thistle Lacrosse Club grounds to witness the sports and lacrosse match between the Thistles and Sherbrooke Club, and in which the gubernatorial party appeared to take great interest.

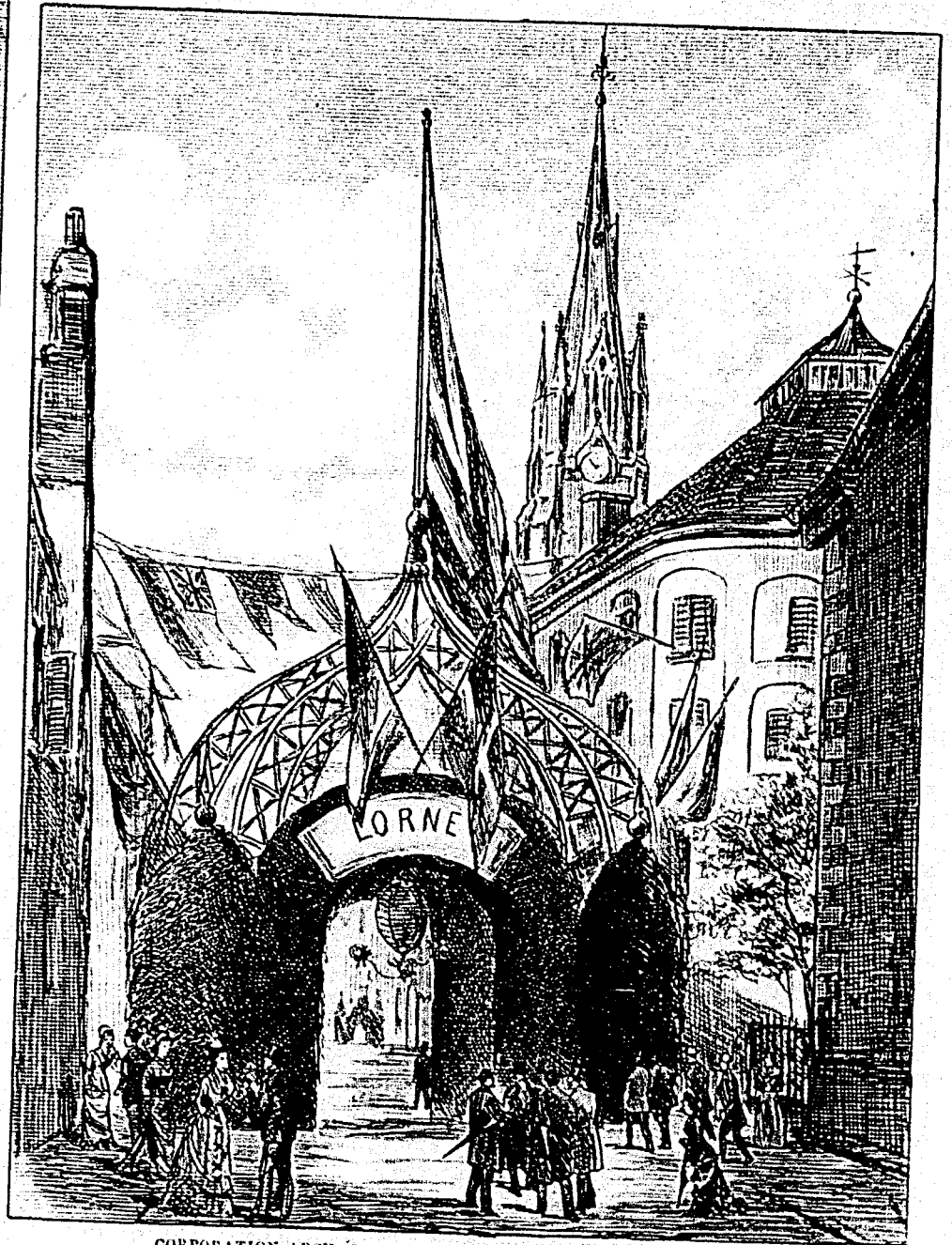
The following is the result of the afternoon programme:

100 Yards, in heats—A. D. Hastings (Thistles), 1; Newton (Sherbrooke), 2.
Quarter Mile (Boys' Race) Partridge, 1; Shaw, 2.
Mile Race—Harcourt Smith, 1; Spiers, 2; Irvine, 3.
Three-Legged Race—Adams and Henderson, 1; Partridge and Smith, 2.
Hurdle Race, 120 Yards—A. D. Hastings, 1; Putnam, 2.
Tug of War—"B" Battery vs. All Comers—Won by "B" Battery after a very hard and interesting struggle.
Quarter Mile Race—Hastings, 1; Richardson, 2.
His Excellency the Governor-General addressed a few words to the lacrosse players at the conclusion of the above events, and, with ringing cheers for the Marquis and the Princess Louise, the Thistles and Sherbrooke men took their stand. After very exciting play the match was concluded, with the result of the Sherbrooke team having taken the first two games and the Thistles the last three; the latter coming off victorious after a very up-hill fight.

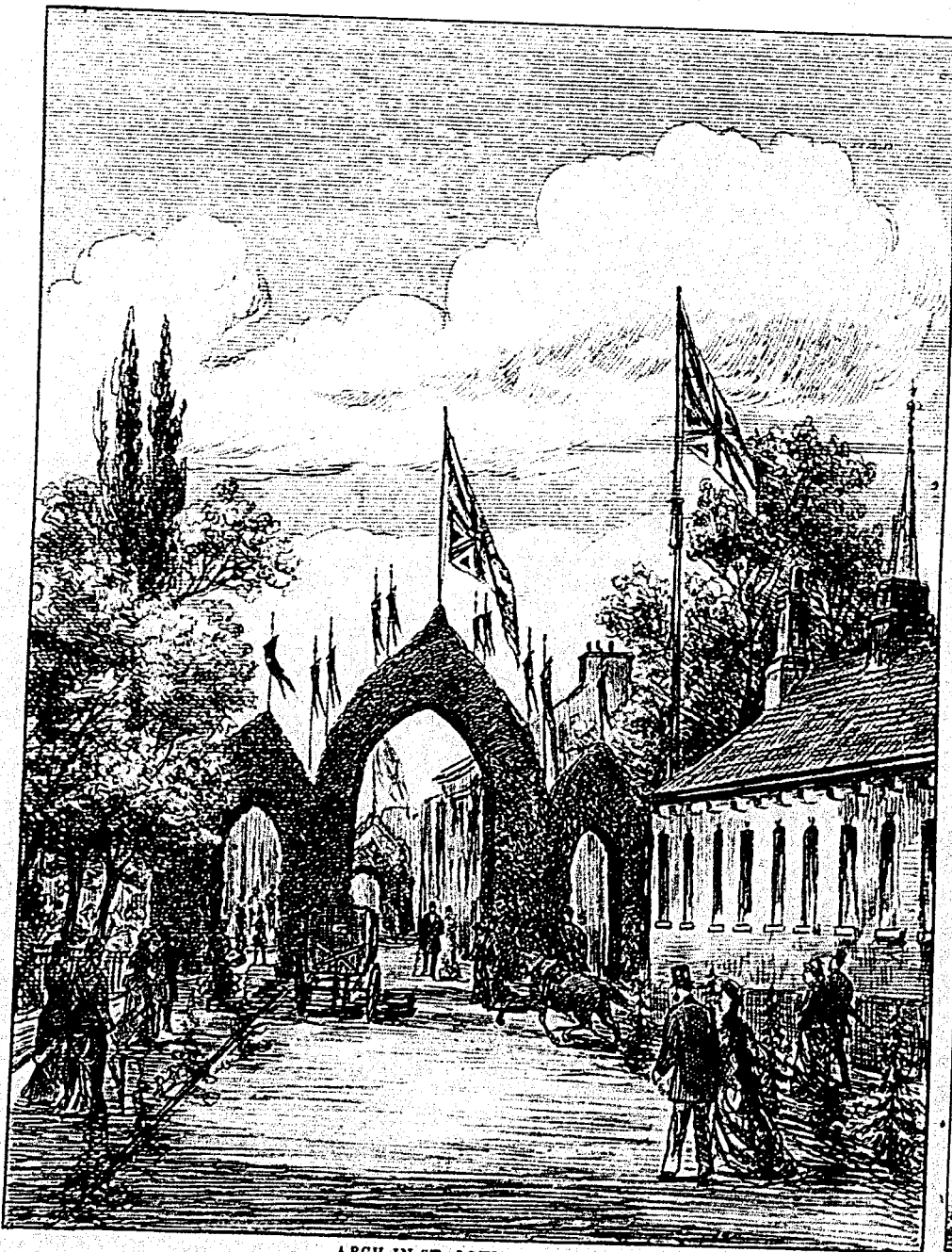
Her Royal Highness gracefully distributed the prizes at the close of the lacrosse match, and addressed a few gracious words to each recipient.



MILITARY ARCH IN FRONT OF THE CHAIN GATE, CITADEL.



CORPORATION ARCH, CORNER ST. LOUIS AND ST. URSULE STREETS.

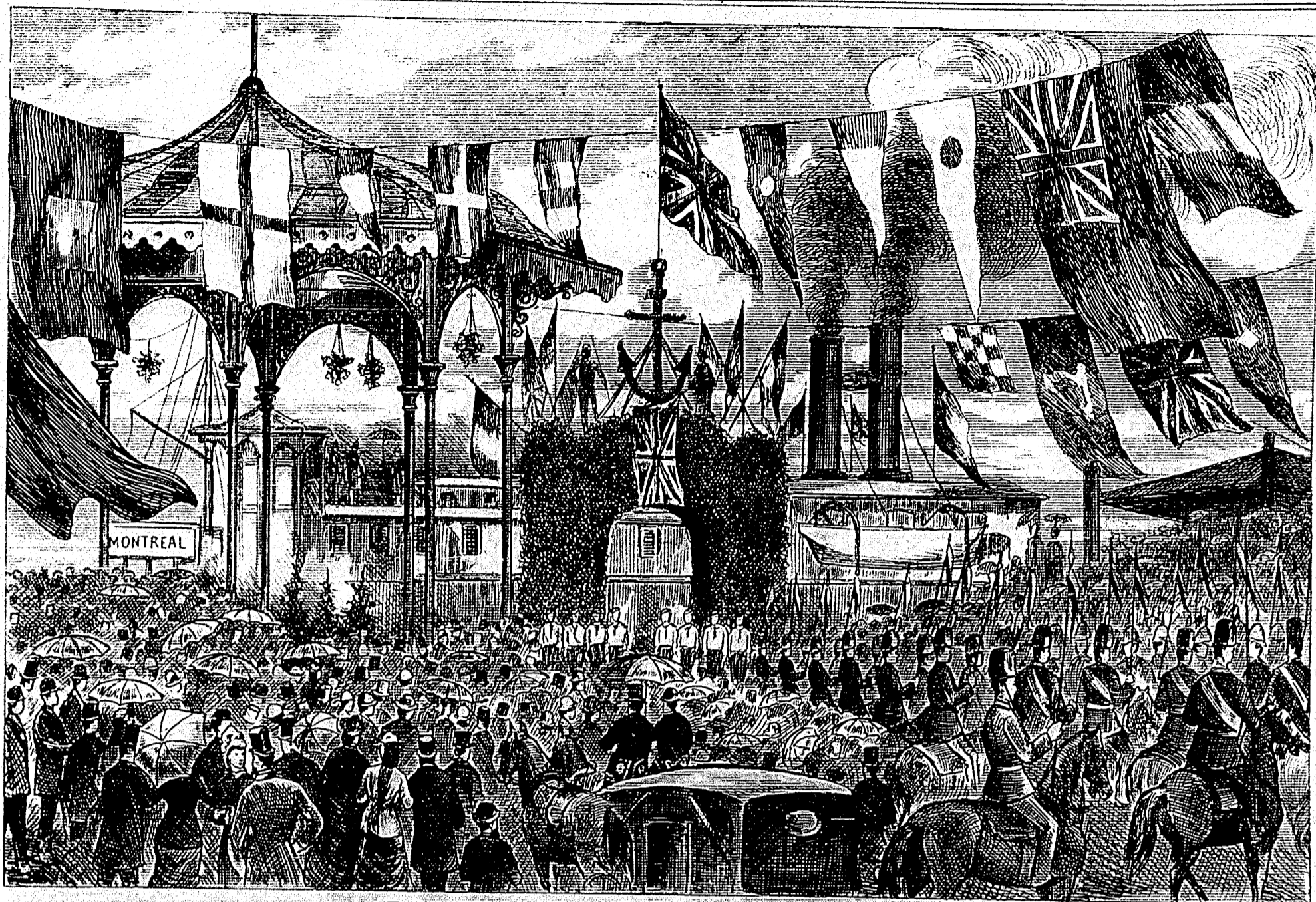


ARCH IN ST. LOUIS STREET.

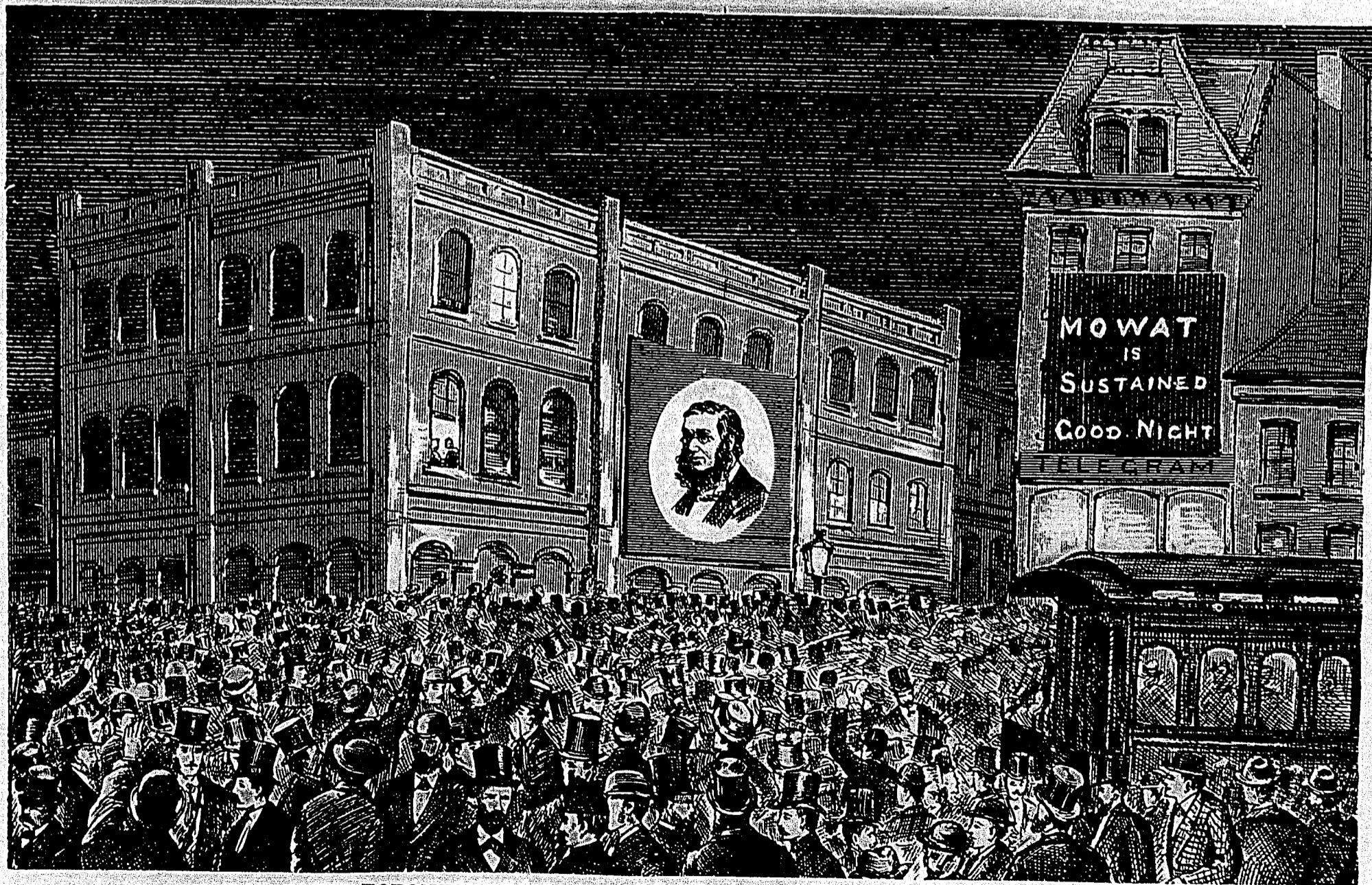


ARCH, CORNER OF DES CARRIERES AND ST. LOUIS STREETS.

THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO QUEBEC.



THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO QUEBEC.
LANDING OF THE VICE-REGAL PARTY AT THE QUEEN'S WHARF.



TORONTO.—THE NIGHT OF THE ELECTIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN BARR.

TENNYSON'S FIRST POEM.

THE "LOVER'S TALE," WRITTEN AT NINETEEN, IS PUBLISHED AT SIXTY-NINE.

Readers of Mr. Tennyson's poem, "The Golden Supper," will remember that it is the last chapter in the story of a disappointed love. There are a few glimpses of the earlier chapters, but only enough to make the sequel intelligible. It begins suddenly—

He flies the event; he leaves the event to me;
Poor Julian—how he rush'd away; the bells,
Those marriage bells, echoing in ear and heart—

the "event" being the marriage of Julian's cousin and foster-sister Camilla to his friend Lionel. "The Golden Supper" tells how, when Camilla is believed to have died, a strange chance enables Julian to bring her back from the grave, and restore her to her husband.

"The Lover's Tale," now published as a whole for the first time, is a poem in four parts. As many touches show, the scenery is not English but foreign, and this will explain itself to those who recognize the plot of the story as taken from Boccaccio. The fourth part is "The Golden Supper," a work of the author's mature life. The other three parts, which form a prelude to it, were written in his 19th year. "Two only of the three parts then written were printed," says Mr. Tennyson, "when, seeing the imperfections of the poem, I withdrew it from the press. One of my friends, however, who boy-like admired the boy's work, distributed among our common associates of that hour some copies of these two parts, without my knowledge, without the omissions and amendments which I had in contemplation and marred by many misprints of the compositor. Seeing that these two parts have of late been mercilessly pirated and that what I had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die, may I not be pardoned if I suffer the whole poem at last to come into the light, accompanied with a reprint of the sequel—work of my mature life—"The Golden Supper?"

If pirates often counted such benefits on the public, there would be some danger of their occupation becoming more popular than it has been since the days before Minos. The three new parts, or rather oldest parts, of "The Lover's Tale" contain many passages of very great beauty and power. They are also of the highest interest in relation to the development of Mr. Tennyson's style, and their publication adds a new value to "The Golden Supper." That noble but hitherto fragmentary poem now takes its proper place as part of a finished whole. Probably the first feeling of many readers will be surprise that a boy in his nineteenth year could have written thus. No one, indeed, can fail to perceive how greatly this early performance is surpassed by his mature work in subtle felicity of expression, in command of metrical and rythmical resource, in richness of music, in depth of thought and feeling. Still, when this wide interval has been recognized, it may be said that the essential characteristics of the boy's style are those of the man's. Pœtical genius is often precocious in manifesting the imaginative and creative faculties; but, considered as an artist of language, a poet has seldom, perhaps, been so ripe at such an age. The real lessons which these earliest poems teach is, that the form of Mr. Tennyson's work is more spontaneous and original, and less the result of a slowly elaborated art than some of his critics have been inclined to think. The following passage may be taken as a specimen of what Mr. Tennyson could write at eighteen:

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

The splendour of this passage, again, is not unworthy of his matured genius:

"O day which did enwrap that happy hour,
Thou art blessed in the years divinest day!
O Genius of that hour which dost uphold
Thy coronal of glory like a God,
Amid thy melancholy mates far-seen,
Who walk before thee, ever turning round
To gaze upon thee till their eyes are dim
With dwelling on the light and depths of thine.
Thy name is ever worshipp'd among hours!
Had I died then, I had not seem'd to die.
For bliss stood round me like the light of heaven—
Had I died then, I had not known the death;
Yea had the Power from whose right hand the light
Of life is useth, and from whose left hand floweth
The shadow of Death, perennial effluence,
Whereof to all that draw the wholesome air,
Somewhat the one must overflow the other,
Then had he stemm'd my day with night, and driven
My current to the fountain whence it sprang—

Even his own abiding excellence,—
On me, methinks, that shock of gloom had fall'n
Unfelt, and in this glory I had merged
The other, like the sun I gazed upon,
Which seeming for the moment due to death,
And dipping his head low beneath the verge,
Yet bearing round about him his own day,
In confidence of unabated strength
Steppeth from Heaven to Heaven, from light to light,
And holdeth his undimmed forehead far
Into a clearer zenith, pure of cloud."

But certainly the most powerful passage in the poem is that in which the pathos of the story finds its natural climax—where Camilla confides to Julian her love for his friend:

"Hither we came,
And sitting down upon the golden moss,
Held converse sweet and low—low converse sweet,
In which our voices bore least part. The wind
Told a love-tale beside us, now he woo'd
The waters, and the waters answering lip'd
To kisses of the wind, that, sick with love,
Fainted at intervals, and grew again
To utterance of passion: Ye cannot shape
Fancy so fair as in this memory.
Methought all excellence that ever was
Had drawn herself from many thousand years
And all the separate Edens of this earth,
To centre in this place and time. I listen'd,
And her words stole with most prevailing sweetness
Into my heart, as thronging fancies come
To boys and girls when summer-days are new,
And soul and heart and body are all at ease:
What marvel my Camilla told me all!
It was so happy an hour, so sweet a place,
And I was as the brother of her blood,
And by that name I moved upon her breath,
Dear name, which had too much of nearness in it
And heralded the distance of this time!
At first her voice was rather sweet and low,
As if she were afraid of utterance;
But in the onward current of her speech
(As echoes of the hollow banked brooks
Are fashion'd by the channel which they keep,
Her words did of her meaning borrow sound,
Her cheek did catch the colour of her words,
I heard and trembled, yet I could not hear;
My heart paused—my raised eyelids would not fall,
But still I kept my eyes upon the sky.
I seem'd the only part of Time stood still,
And saw the motion of all other things;
While her words, syllable by syllable,
Like water, drop by drop, upon my ear
Fell; and I wish'd, yet wish'd her not to speak;
But she spake on, for I did name no wish.
What marvel my Camilla told me all
Her maiden dignities of Hope and Love—
'Perchance,' she said, 'returned.' Even then the stars
Did tremble in their stations as I gazed;
But she spake on, for I did name no wish,
No wish—no hope. Hope was not wholly dead
But breathing hard at the approach of Death,—
Camilla, my Camilla, who was mine
No longer in the dearest sense of mine—
For all the secret of her inmost heart,
And all the maiden empire of her mind,
Lay like a map before me, and I saw
There, where I hoped myself to reign as king,
There, where that day I crown'd myself as king,
There in my realm and even on my throne,
Another! then it seem'd as tho' a link
Of some tight chain within my inmost frame
Was riven in twain: that life I heeded not
Flow'd from me, and the darkness of the grave,
The darkness of the grave and utter night,
Did swallow up my vision; at her feet,
Even the feet of her I loved, I fell,
Smit with exceeding sorrow unto Death."

It is an open secret that the friend who distributed a few copies of the partly-printed poem was the same to whom "In Memoriam" is inscribed. If, as may be inferred, Arthur Hallam warmly admired the poem, it is only another proof that even then his critical insight was true. He was assuredly right in desiring that the poem should live and should be known. As Arthur Hallam judged nearly half a century ago, so, we believe, the English-speaking world will judge now that these first fruits of Mr. Tennyson's genius have at last been given to it.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

I.

For some weeks past the engagement between the Earl of Beauvray and Miss Millicent Moyle had been chronicled in the fashionable intelligence of newspapers, and the marriage was appointed to take place in July. Beauvray House, Piccadilly, had been placed in the hands of the decorators; Beauvray Castle, in Northshire, was being refurnished and beautified by the combined energies of upholsterers, painters and landscape gardeners, and grand subscriptions had been set on foot amongst his lordship's tenants, his brother officers of the Guards and his fellow-members of the Northshire hunt to make the new Countess some handsome presents. There were many who considered Miss Moyle a lucky girl, for Lord Beauvray was not only of ancient family, young, immensely wealthy and well looking, but he was popular everywhere owing to his sunny temper and perfect uprightness of character. There are young noblemen who make their grandeur consist in throwing away their money and making their reputation into ducks and drakes. But Lord Beauvray had been merry without being dissolute. He was the most irreproachable of gentlemen, just as his betrothed, Miss Moyle, was the fairest flower among that bouquet of pretty girls who had been presented at court in the same season as herself. Millicent Moyle was a rich heiress as well as a pretty girl; but this was all that could be said of her. Her father, Josiah Moyle, a bill-discounter of Lombard street, was a "new man" of the city plutocracy—one of those financiers who have made such rapid fortunes that everybody expects to hear of them next in the bankruptcy court. It was said that he and Lord Beauvray had become acquainted while travelling abroad, and that the peer's relatives had been much scandalized on hearing of his lordship's intention to marry the daughter of a man whose antecedents were just a little misty. As for Mr. Moyle, quite conscious of how great a piece of luck had befallen him, he could

not refrain from bragging before his city friends about his future son-in-law, "the earl." He talked of retiring from business, of obtaining a seat in Parliament through Lord Beauvray's influence and devoting himself thenceforth to the assiduous study of conservative politics and the cultivation of aristocratic connections. The poor man had been admitted, on Lord Beauvray's presentation, to one or two first-rate clubs, and he had been introduced to so many ladies and gentlemen of title that his head was turned. He sighed over his business ledgers from twelve till four every day as if he had begun to realize the degradation of commercial pursuits; and as soon as the counting-house closed he would hurry off in a white waistcoat and with a flower in his button-hole, to take a drive round the park in his spanking phaeton, drawn by a pair of bays whom he could ill manage. It was honest Moyle's delight in these drives to meet the finely-appointed barouche, which carried his wife, his daughter Millie, and Lord Beauvray; and to note the number of hats which were lifted as it passed. Such bows made him grin in pure glee.

One sunny afternoon, just a fortnight before the date fixed for the marriage, the bill-discounter's phaeton was drawn up as usual alongside the pavement of Lombard street, waiting till the stroke of four from an adjoining steeple should bring out the plutocrat from his office, when a brougham, with a coronet on the panels, clattered up behind, and Lord Beauvray alighted. He was ghastly pale. The hall porter, who knew him by sight, and had always admired his pleasant smile, was startled by his appearance not less than by the broken voice in which he inquired if Mr. Moyle had left. Just then Mr. Moyle himself strutted out, all glorious with a geranium in his coat and a white hat perched acock on his pointed gray head. "Ah! Beauvray!" cried he, with cheerful welcome, but perceiving the look on the peer's face, he exclaimed: "Why, what's the matter? Not ill, I hope?"

"No, not ill; but I want to speak to you in private," said Lord Beauvray, hoarsely.

"Shall we go off in the phaeton?" stammered Mr. Moyle, full of uneasiness.

"No, into your room; but let us be quite alone," repeated the earl, and he himself led the way towards the sanctum, where the bill-discounter transacted most of his business. Mr. Moyle had a trick when agitated of grasping his nose with the whole of his hand, and working it up and down as if it were made of India-rubber which he wished to elongate. His nasal organ underwent a deal of pulling in the brief interval that elapsed before he and Lord Beauvray were closetted together. Then, plumping down in the arm-chair at his writing-table, Mr. Moyle stared in bewilderment while the peer sat down opposite and produced a long blue envelope with several black seals. Laying this on the table, Lord Beauvray placed his hand on it, and looked into the financier's eyes.

"Mr. Moyle," said he, sadly, "I have a painful communication to make; but I will not beat about the bush. I find that I have no legal right to the title which I bear, or to the fortune which I am using."

"Eh! what?" exclaimed Mr. Moyle, with a gasp.

"I made the discovery this morning in rummaging through a box of deeds," continued Lord Beauvray, whose voice grew steadier. "You know that I inherited the title from my uncle. He was the eldest of three brothers. My father, the youngest, died whilst I was a boy; my second uncle died a few years later, and we fancied he had been a bachelor, but it appears that he was clandestinely married, and left a son—a lad whom you know, by the bye, for I have seen him in your house. His name is Timburel."

"Timburel?" echoed Mr. Moyle, with a start; "young Timburel who used to be a clerk in our firm, and whom I dismissed for presuming to make love to our Millie?"

"I was not aware of those particulars," said Lord Beauvray, "but young Timburel is the man; he bears his mother's name (she was an actress), and we used to think he was the natural son of my second uncle; but it seems that his parents were lawfully married."

"And do you mean to say that Timburel—a vulgar, conceited upstart who is living on his wits at this moment, with not a shilling in his pocket I'll be bound—do you mean to say he has become Earl of Beauvray?"

"Not only that, but he becomes absolute owner of all my estates and property. My poor father left me a mere pittance. When I have put Timburel in possession of his own I shall have nothing but my commission in the Guards and about three hundred a year."

"Come, come, don't say such bosh," blurred out old Moyle, grasping his nose again. It had just occurred to him that Lord Beauvray was hoaxing. "He wants to find out whether our Millie loves him for himself or his title," reflected the money-man; but in a moment this idea was dispelled by Lord Beauvray displaying the contents of his envelope—a marriage certificate and a number of letters which substantiated this story. Then he entered into explanations. It seems that his uncle, the Hon. Colonel de Vray, being in garrison at Malta, had privately married an Italian actress named Timburelli. After a year's union this fickle person had deserted him, leaving her child to his care; and soon afterwards she died. Under the circumstances the Colonel, though he provided for his boy's maintenance, deemed it convenient to conceal his marriage, and eventually

he died suddenly without having acknowledged it. Apparently, however, his conscience had tormented him, so that while lacking the moral courage to speak the truth during his lifetime, he had left evidence by which it might be known after his death. Unfortunately, the envelope containing his marriage certificate had laid mixed up with some other documents in a box, which Lord Beauvray (who inherited the deceased's papers) had never thought of examining till that morning, when he had begun to sort his family papers in view of his marriage. There were the facts which the young peer explained, whilst old Moyle, with a series of wheezes like moans, ruefully examined all the documents one by one.

Suddenly the bill-discounter crumpled all the papers in his hand with a feverish grasp, and looked at Lord Beauvray. There was an expression in his dull eyes as of a light behind an uncleaned pane of glass: "I say," he whispered, "have you told anybody beside me about this secret?"

"No; I came to you first, as in duty bound."

"Then what prevents us from destroying these papers? I shan't say anything about it. That young Timburel is a skunk and a snob; it will be ridiculous to see him a lord, and he'll ruin himself, or become mad with conceit—so foolish is he. I say, Beauvray, if I throw this envelope into the fire, who will know anything about it?"

"I shall," answered Lord Beauvray quietly, and he held out his hand for the papers.

The shifty glance of the money man quailed before the light of unquenchable honesty in the eyes of one who happened to be a nobleman in something more than the name.

II.

There was a pretty hubbub in society when it became known that the Earl of Beauvray—or George de Vray, as he now simply called himself—was going to abandon his title and estates to a man who had been a city clerk. Lord Beauvray did his utmost to make the thing public; for as the legal formalities for reinstating his cousin into his rights would require some time, he was anxious that the new peer should obtain at least social recognition of his rank as soon as possible. For this purpose he placed the amazed and elated Mr. Timburel in possession of his mansion in Piccadilly, and a large sum in ready money "to go on with." Mr. Timburel was decidedly a snob; Lord Beauvray could not like him, as much as he forced himself to be friendly, and he was soon forced to reflect with a sigh that the house of De Vray would be poorly represented by its new chief. But this did not check his diligence in doing his duty, and he quite dismayed his solicitors, who were advising him to defend the action for ejectment that was going to be instituted, and to dispute the claim for the title that would be laid before the House of Lords.

"I wish to have no disputes," said George de Vray. "Even if a legal flaw were discovered, I should not avail myself of it so long as a moral certainty existed. And that certainly does exist." The lawyers grumbled, but they were fain to own the marriage certificate was genuine, and that nothing but chicanery could spoil the suit of Mr. Timburel, who now described himself as "Ralph de Vray, claimant to the Earldom of Beauvray."

Of course, George de Vray's marriage was postponed. The turn in his fortunes had thrown so much business on his hands that it was impossible he could devote a month to honeymooning until it was all disposed of; besides which, he felt bound to make Mr. Moyle the offer of releasing his daughter from her engagement. At first this proposal was pooh-poohed equally by the bill-discounter and by Miss Moyle herself. Millie, who was not quite so sensible as she was pretty, wept a good deal at not becoming a countess; then she wept at the nobility of George's action which everybody was praising. In fact, during a week or two she bedewed a good many pocket-handkerchiefs with her weeping over one thing and another. But, in the main she was disposed to remain faithful to George, and took some credit to herself for her fortitude.

Now there was staying in the house of the Moyles a poor little cousin of Millie's named Gertrude Brown. She was a soft-eyed brunette of eighteen, very quiet and lovable, who acted as a companion to Millie, and had to bear much of the whimsical humours of this spoiled child. Gertrude had always received marked kindness from Lord Beauvray, who treated her as if she had been his sister; and she looked upon him with admiration as the most noble being she had ever seen. His renunciation of rank and wealth had struck her as an act of surpassing heroism, and she could not so much as allude to it without tears gushing from her eyes. Gertrude Brown had a heart that beat in unison with all that was great and good. A shrewd, merry little thing, too, in her way, she was capable of discerning the difference that existed between a genuine man of honour like Lord Beauvray, and a mere man of money like her uncle Moyle. When she saw George de Vray after his "ruin," as old Moyle called it, behaving with the same cheerful grace as usual—not seeking praise, but shunning it—giving himself no airs of a hero, but talking and laughing simply like a man who has done his duty without any fuss and is glad of it—she thought her cousin happy amongst all girls, and sighed to reflect that Millie did not, perhaps, appreciate her treasure as fully as she ought.

It was this enthusiasm of poor Gertie Brown's on poor George de Vray's behalf which first began to make the cup of Moyle's bitterness overflow. That worthy gentleman had taken to supposing that there was an end now to his chances of sitting in parliament, getting a baronetcy, and all that. George de Vray might remain a pet of society, and by means of Millie's money keep a sumptuous town-house; but this was not the same as being an earl, with an enormous rent-roll and influence over a whole county. Old Moyle hinted as much to his daughter, and to make the lesson more forcible, threw out gloomy suggestions that his own fortune was not very secure, and that Millie might some day find herself constrained to live on her husband's £300 a year, and to make her own dresses with the sewing-machine. This lamentable prospect caused Millie's tears to burst out afresh, peevishly, so that she flew at Gertie when the latter happened to make some remark in George's praise. Mr. Moyle also scolded his niece, and very roundly, saying she was a silly girl to think that there was anything grand in throwing one's money out of the window, so that all the world might talk about it. Poor Gertie held her tongue, though her heart throbbed woefully. She had heard that the new Lord Beauvray, the ex-Mr. Tibburel, had been invited to dinner for that evening; and she began to suspect that her precious uncle was forming a plan for making of this former clerk of his a suitor for Millie's hand.

Her intuition was not at fault. Old Moyle had hastened to make peace with his discharged clerk; and the latter, whose vanity was tickled by seeing his quondam tyrant cringe before him, gradually became a regular guest at the bill-discounter's, though he took care never to come at times when he was likely to meet George there. These visits displeased Gertie Brown, who could feel no admiration for the vulgar manners and pure-prod ostentation of Ralph de Vray. This young man was handsome, however, and not devoid of talent. It was no secret to Millie that he had aspired to win her hand at a time when such a hope was folly, and he exercised over her that fascination which saucy assurance and a bold "gift of the gab" ever do over girls who are weak and giddy. One day, after he had been talking to Millie for an hour in his most brilliant vein, some recollection of a droll sally of his made the girl laugh after he was gone, and she exclaimed, "He is decidedly very amusing."

"I find him most wearisome," answered Gertie, dryly.

"You are not bound to sit and listen to him, then," said Millie, with a flash in her eyes.

"I will withdraw, then, on another occasion with great pleasure," was Gertie's reply.

"That's it, do—we shan't miss you. By the by, you never make yourself scarce when Mr. George de Vray comes here."

"There are not the same reasons for doing so. Mr. George is a thorough gentleman."

"And you mean that Mr. Ralph is not?"

"Certainly not, to my mind."

"Ah! ah! pray is it simply because Mr. George has given up property that was not his that you consider him so superior to his cousin? I see nothing wonderful in that. If I found one of your trinkets among my things I should restore it without crowing all over the town about my honesty. Indeed, I think it rather strange that Lord Beauvray should not have discovered this secret until he had enjoyed his property several years; it looks much to me as if some other people had discovered it, too, and as if he had only acted under compulsion."

"Oh, Millie, you are casting an aspersion on one of the most noble acts I have ever heard of!" exclaimed Gertie, quivering all over.

"Well, it's your fault," screamed Millie, exasperated; "I am sick of hearing you always harp on the same string. If you are so fond of Mr. de Vray, why don't you get him to marry you? That would be two beggars together!"

Naturally, Gertie went to her room to have a good cry, but from that day she ceased speaking about George, and became very circumspect in her demeanour towards him. When he called to see Millie she left the room. George soon noticed these tactics, for his interviews with Mr. Moyle's daughter were growing more and more irksome by reason of Millie's coldness and irritability. At the least thing she would snap and sulk; and one afternoon when George innocently made some inquiry about Miss Brown, she fired up in a jealous pet. "You seem very anxious about Miss Brown. I am not obliged to show her off in the drawing-room whenever visitors come. She is only a pauper cousin whom we have taken in from charity."

"It's queer charity, dear, if you talk of it in that way," laughed George. "I don't consider poverty a disgrace, either."

"No, but it's very inconvenient," said Millie, still querulously, "and that reminds me: if we marry, I suppose you don't mean to live on my money! Papa says his banks might break and all sorts of things. So I suppose you will do something to get an independent income!"

"Yes," answered George, colouring deeply. "I have applied for an exchange into the line, and think of going out to the war on the Indian frontier. I shall have lieutenant-colonel's rank—so if you will wait for me two years, Millie, I may return with a new career and perhaps an income before me."

"Oh, wait two years to become a soldier's wife, and go out to live in baking Indian heat!" exclaimed Millie, pointing. "I never bargained for that!"

Just at this minute Gertie Brown came in. She had a message to deliver to Millie from Mr.

Moyle, and blushed as she crossed the room to where the pair of quarrelling lovers sat. "Miss Brown," said George, rising to shake hands with her. "I will wish you good-by, for I have just been telling Miss Moyle that I am going off to the war in India—"

"You are going to the war! oh, Mr. de Vray—if anything should happen to you!" exclaimed Gertie, and tears started to her eyes.

"Thank you for those tears," said George, gratefully. "I shall know that one person here, at least, will feel interest. Now give me as a keepsake that red book-marker you are holding in your hand. I will bring back the ribbon with something hanging to it."

"The Victoria Cross, perhaps," tittered Millie rather uncomfortably. "I declare that's quite poetical. Well, good-by, Mr. de Vray, we part as friends, don't we?"

"Excellent friends," answered George, as he lifted both her hands to his lips, and kissed them playfully.

That evening when old Mr. Moyle was apprised of what had happened, he rubbed his nose and said, "Well, well, it's he who has broken off the match, not we. I suppose we've heard the last of him now—for he'll go out to India and stay there. As for the new Lord Beauvray, my dear, I was quite wrong in my estimate of him. He is a remarkably clever man, and he means to get me into parliament!"

III.

One year passed. There had been a triumph of the British arms in India, and the name of Col. de Vray was associated with it. His name was in everybody's mouth. He had received promotion and other honours, and was returning to England after the termination of the campaign as Major-Gen. Sir George de Vray.

As for Millie Moyle, she was betrothed to the new Earl of Beauvray, and when Sir George arrived in London one of the first things he read in the papers was that the marriage between this young lady and his cousin was to take place in a week.

He no longer cared now. He went to Mr. Moyle's house on the very day of his return, in the afternoon, and was ushered into the dining-room, where luncheon was taking place. He was received like a hero, for Mr. Moyle liked to be on good terms with successful men, and Millie was anxious to obtain something like forgiveness for her jilting. She received it fully and freely, so far as could be judged from the young general's manner, for he was frank and pleasant, but after first greetings were over he addressed himself principally to poor little Gertie Brown, who sat radiant and trembling. To her he recounted his adventures, and oh, what a brave knight she thought him with his sunburnt face and the modesty of true glory that breathed in all his words! The new Lord Beauvray was not present.

At last, when a toast had been drunk to George's honour and Millie's happiness—honest Mr. Moyle acting as toast-master—the general drew a parcel from his pocket and extracted from it Gertie's book-marker. No longer scarlet now, but faded pink from exposure to the air, for it had seen many a battle entwined with the soldier's sword knot. There were hanging from it a Cross of the Bath, a Victoria Cross, and something else—a wedding ring. "Will you take all three, Gertie?" said George approaching Millie's little cousin.

"Bravo, Sir George!" exclaimed Millie, clapping her hands, though she turned a little pale. "I always said that Gertie and you were made for each other."

"So did I," cried worthy Mr. Moyle; "but I say, hullo! what's that?"

There had been a loud knock at the door, and a footman entered with a telegram on a tray. Mr. Moyle opened the missive and uttered an exclamation of horror and dismay: "Great heavens, my Lord, read this!" he faltered.

The telegram announced that the new Lord Beauvray had been killed in a railway accident. So the Indian hero got his family title and estates again. He showed no elation, but seemed, on the contrary, much shocked, and was the first to lend assistance to Millie when she swooned in a somewhat forced attack of hysterics.

Old Moyle had sunk on a chair, helpless. His face was a thing to see.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

ADAM and Eve knew naught of the sweets of paternity until they began raising Cain.

SINGLE weddings are becoming fashionable in Iowa. They occur when the first child is old enough to speak.

The thinnest thing now on record is a man's pocket-book that has just been struck in the stomach by a milliner.

LADIES are like watches—pretty enough to look at; sweet face and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" after they are set a-going.

It takes a woman with a remarkably strong mind to gaze straight at the pulpit and not look around when a new soprano starts up a tune in the rear.

TRYING at the same time to drink in the beauties of the bonnets of two ladies, who are walking in opposite directions, has made many females cross-eyed for life.

"THERE is truth in my remarks," yelled out a scolding wife to a suffering husband, and he meekly answered, "I'll grant all the truth there is in your remarks if you will only put fewer remarks into your truth."

We should like to kiss the sweet little creature who said that fire-flies were made by God to "yite ze 'tittle froggies to bed."—(Eric Herolt.) If she is seventeen or eighteen years old, send her address this way.

AN epitaph in a Maine cemetery asserts: The wedding day appointed was, The wedding clothes provided, But ere that day had come, alas! He sickened and he died.

WHEN you see a woman going toward the river with a good-sized pole in her hand and a wrinkle across her nose, you needn't think she's going fishing. Not much; she's got a boy down that way who promised her, with tears in his eyes, he wouldn't go in swimming.

ONE of Grevin's designs represents a little wife leaning over her husband's chair and stroking his beard in the most affectionate manner. "Well, well, Julia," says the husband, "you are very tender to-night. Heigh-ho! I wonder how much it'll cost me this time?"

REV. DR. SOMNIFEROUS, having the week previous married a couple, is interrupted by the ex-bridegroom, while enjoying the paper and a quiet cup of tea. Ex-Bridegroom: Ah! my dear doctor, allow me to present you with a little memento (\$10 bill). That marriage turned out better than I expected.

AUNT: Well, love, did Mr. McSiller propose! Edith: No, aunty; but he was on the verge of it when— Aunty: When what, darling! Edith: When the clock struck and reminded him that there was only just time to catch the last cheap train, and he had a return ticket.

"ONCE for All."—"In your long absence have you thought of me?" asked she coyly. "Yes," replied he, provokingly, "once." "Only once?" inquired she, rising as if to depart. "Only once," repeated he, holding out his arms, "only once—all the time." And she came right back.

"WHAT young man of 25 is insensible to the pleasure of talking with a bright girl of 17 for a listener?" asks the New Haven Register. We think it is the youth who stands in full view of three ice cream saloons and four soda fountains and realizes that he has only eight cents in his pocket.

VARIETIES.

AN UNSET DIAMOND.—Presently the Western train came due, says Burdette in one of his railroad phantasies, and a tired-looking woman came in with two children hanging to her skirts and a baby in her arms, beside a bandbox and a satchel. It was the only vacant seat. She sank into it with a weary sigh, and tried to hush the fretful baby and keep watch of the two other restless, fluttering budgets, who were also tired and fretful, and kept teasing for this and that until the poor mother looked ready to sink. "Pretty tired, marm?" remarked Jonathan, a tall Yankee, who was uneasy himself, and anxious for something to do. "Going fur?" "To Boston, sir," replied the lady courtously.

"Got to wait long?"

"Until three" (glancing at me) "Oh, dearies, do be quiet, and don't tease mother any more."

"Look-a-her, you young shavers, and see what I've got in my pocket," and he drew out a handful of peppermint drops. In a few minutes they were both upon his knees, eating their candy and listening eagerly while he told them wonderful stories about the sheep and calves at home.

But the baby wouldn't go to sleep. He was quite heavy, and wanted to be tossed the whole time. Jonathan noticed this, and finding a string somewhere in the depths of his old carpet-bag, he taught the two children a game which he called "Cat's Cradle." Soon they were seated on the depot floor, as happy as two kittens.

"Now let me take that youngster, marm," he said, "you look clean beat out. I guess I can please him. I'm a powerful hand with babies," and he tossed the great lump of flesh up until it crowded with delight. And by it dropped its head upon his shoulder and fell fast asleep.

Two hours afterward I peeped through the window, as he helped her and belongings aboard the cars, and I don't believe if he had been the Czar of Russia she could have looked any more grateful or thanked him any sweeter.

"Tain't nothin' at all, marm," I heard him say, bashfully, but I knew she thought differently, and so did I.

He came back, resumed his seat, and buying a pint of peanuts from a thin-faced little girl—giving twelve cents instead of ten for them—sat munching away in hearty enjoyment until the Northern train came due. Then he snatched his dilapidated carpet-bag and that of an old lady near by, who was struggling feebly to walk the door.

"Lean right on me, marm; I'll see you safe through," he said, cheerfully.

The conductor shouted "All aboard!" and the train moved away.

As I looked around at the empty seats I thought, "Something bright has gone out of this depot that doesn't come in every day—an honest heart."

SEVEN STAGES OF DRUNKENNESS.

All the world's a pub.
And all the men and women merely drinkers;
They have their hicups and their staggerings;
And one man in a day drinks many glasses,
His acts being seven stages. At first the gentleman,
Steady and steadfast in his good resolve;
And then the wine and biters, appétiser,
And pining, yearning look, leaving like a snail
The comfortable bar. And then the arguments,
Trying like Hercules with a wrathful frontage
To refuse one more two-penn'orth. Then the mystified
Full of strange thoughts, unheeding good advice,
Careless of honour, sobber, thick, and gutt'ral,
Seeking the troubled repetition
Even in the bottle's mouth; and then quite jovial,
In fair good humour while the world swims round,
With eyes quite misty, while his friends him ent,
Full of nice oaths and awful bickerings;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the stupid, slipping drunken man
With "blooms" on his nose and bleary-eyed,
His shrunken face unshaved, from side to side
He rolls along; and his unmanly voice
Husky than ever, falls and flies
And leaves him—staggering round. Last scene of all,
That ends this true and painful history,
Is stupid childishness, and then oblivion—
Says watch, says chain, says coin, says everything.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said, Le Demi-Monde will be played in London by the Comédie Française.

J. W. HILL, manager of Denham Thompson and "Joshua Whitecomb," has probably made more money with his star this season than has been made by any other luminary.

PETROLEUM V. NASHBY'S dramatization of "The Widow Redout Papers" has been brought out in Philadelphia. The play, as a whole, is said to be crude and inartistic, but an exceedingly funny character is made of the garrulous, meddling Widow.

MR. DAMIE FITZGERALD GARRETT, a distinguished musical amateur of Limerick, who appeared successfully in leading tenor rôles ("Faust," "Mentel," and "Don Giovanni") in Italian opera, is the popular candidate for Mr. Butt's vacant seat in Parliament.

FATHER GIOVANNI, the wonderful Roman tenor, is reported to be growing wealthy through his voice. He gets a very large salary for his musical services, and sings also in society. He is getting enormously fat, and his voice appears to grow in proportion.

THE Viennese conductor Richter has at once become "the rage" in London, and from the tone of the criticisms his reputation has not been unduly berated. He is pronounced to be "the greatest symphonic conductor who has appeared in England," and his concerts have been so crowded that admission has been refused and people turned away from the door.

AUBREY'S famous opera, La Masette de Portici (Masaniello), is to be revived in Paris, with magnificent sets and immense chorus and ballet. The opera has its political history; it helped to bring about the revolution of 1830, and has never been a favourite with Governments that wished to seem strong. Its revival will be something of an event musically and historically.

MISS FANNY PITT has made a great hit at the Alexandra Theatre, Sheffield, by her interpretation of the rôle of the heroine in Mrs. Bright's new play called "Naomi's Sin." So pathetic and realistic was her acting in the poison scene that on one evening there came from the gallery a sympathetic voice, which exclaimed: "Don't drink, lass, thou'll poison thyself!"

LITERARY.

A Moscow publisher has Froude's "Cesar" in press and will publish it soon.

ROBERTS' Brothers have in press "Our Autumn Holidays on French Rivers," by J. L. Mulloy.

MR. HUSBAND is the author of "Law of Married Women in Pennsylvania."

THE Appletons are to publish a "Dictionary of New York," compiled upon the plan of Mr. Dickens' Dictionary of London.

"SIE GIBBIE," George Macdonald's new story, has just been published by Messrs. Harper Bros., and in a complete and handsome form is sold for only fifteen cents.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROS. have just issued the third volume of the Library edition of Greene's "History of the English People." The period treated in the volume from 1633 to 1688 is a most important one, and Mr. Greene handles it in a masterly manner.

THE Marquis of Lorne's work, entitled "Travels in the Dominion," is to be published this season in London. It will be illustrated by the Princess Louise, with whom the Misses Montalbo are now sojourning, in order that the mutual art studies of those ladies and Her Royal Highness may be rewarded.

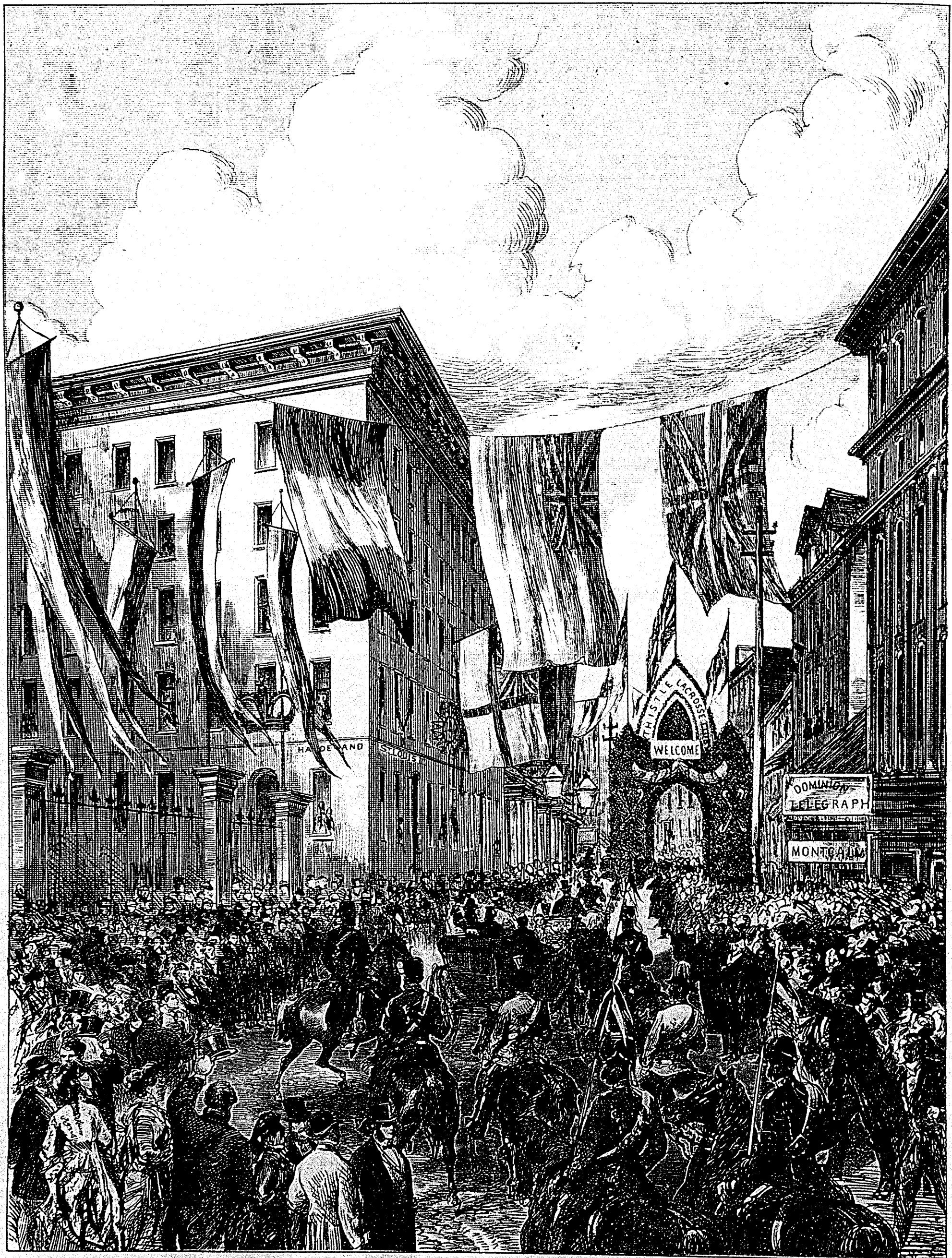
MR. J. W. BOSTON has Captain Hervey's extended edition of Scott's Novels. There are 4,000 additional illustrations, autograph letters, &c., bound up with it. Captain Hervey was an assiduous collector of rare books, and devoted to "extending" popular authors. His edition of Irving's "Washington" is well known among bibliomaniacs.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO. will shortly publish a work in four volumes consisting of selections from the English poets, which it is their purpose shall be a truly representative selection from poets other than dramatists, embraced in the period from Chaucer to Landor and Keats. Each poet is to be assigned to a special writer, who will be responsible for the selections, and write a short critical introduction. Matthew Arnold will write a general introduction. Two volumes are promised for this year.

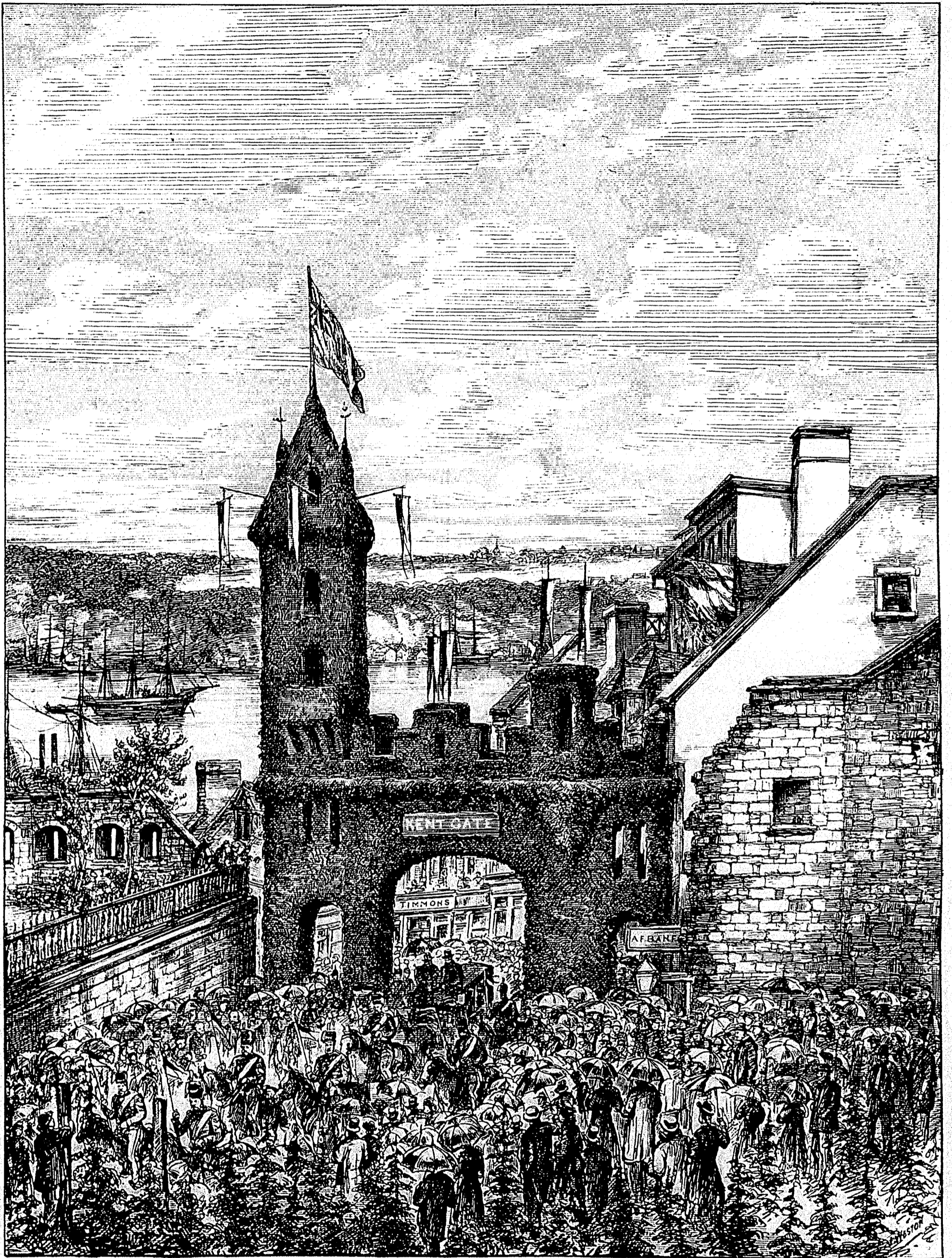
MESSRS. ROBERT CARTER & BROS. will shortly issue a new book of consolation for Christian mourners, under the title of "The Pains of Eternity," by the Rev. Dr. Maaduff. Of Dr. Maaduff's several books over 1,262,000 copies have been sold by the English publishers, including over 400,000 of his "Morning and Night Watchmen," 234,000 of "The Mind and Words of Jesus," and 123,000 of "The Flow in the Cloud." Of the first-named over 40,000 have been sold in England by one of the several houses printing it, and the American and Colonial sales of his book would probably bring the total up to two million copies.

A CARD.

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



THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO QUEBEC.
THE PROCESSION PASSING IN FRONT OF THE ST. LOUIS HOTEL.



THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO QUEBEC.
ARCH REPRESENTING KENT GATE, MOUNTAIN HILL.

A DAUGHTER OF MUSIC.

Rose, with her dower of golden tresses,
Sits at the open piano to-night;
And the moon, in her glory of maiden graces,
Folds the room in a dream of light;
For the lamps are unlit and the curtains undrawn,
And the moonbeams float like a silver dawn
Through all the wide windows that look on the lawn.

Delicate fingers, faintest things,
Over the keyboard glance and gleam;
And out of the world of hidden strings
Music uplifts like a wondrous dream:
A dream fulfilled through the march of years,
In loves and sorrows and hopes and fears,
And fever of longing and passion of tears.

Hark, it is Beethoven, vast and deep,
Sways the souls of the yielding strings;
Now as in torture they wail and weep,
Now they whisper like wafted wings;
And now 'tis the ripple of rhythmic waves,
In starlit seas, amid starlit caves,
Where never a tempest rocks and raves.

And Chopin, dreamer of sad strange dreams,
In a mist of mazurkas comes and goes;
And ringed with a splendour of shifting gleams
Schumann glides to a gloomful close;
And Mendelssohn, fair as the angels be,
Comes, like a breeze from a peaceful sea,
In a molten moonlight of melody.

And others are here of the soulful art,
Making their heart-beats audible;
Weber and Schubert and sunny Mozart,
A thrice beloved of the gods too well:
And lo, they glimmer and pale and pass,
And the moonlight, bereft of them, whispers "Alas!"
And the strings give a sigh for the music that was.

And Rose, with her wonderful wealth of tresses,
Forsaketh the open piano to-night;
And the moon, in her glory of maiden graces,
Folds the room in a dream of light;
And out on the upland the winds go by,
And murmur and mutter and droop and die;
All else is silent in earth and sky.

All else is silent under the sky,
For Rose has deserted the voiceful keys,
And Schumann and Schubert silent lie
In a slumber of speechless fantasies;
And the "Songs without Words" are sung and o'er,
And lie like waves on a desert shore
When the winds that woke them are heard no more.

Songs without words! Ah, tuneful maiden,
"Thine eyes to-night have a tearful glow;
Like sapphirine seas with mist o'erladen,
And fervour of sunset shining through!"
"To that wordless music thy soul hath sung
A strange libretto unchantered long;
Nay, words that never have found a tongue!"

A strange libretto of hopes and fears,
And loves and longings and visions flown;
Ay me, the song of the changeable years!
For Rose to-night hath a mournful tone;
And so by the window she sits and dreams,
Sits transfixed in glorious gleams,
Till herself but a part of the moonlight seems.

Rose, you are rich in golden fancies;
Your life is a perfume of sweets and flowers;
You live in an Eden of soft romances,
Where cares invade not the languid hours;
It cannot be that your heart makes moan;
That you pine like a queen on a loveless throne,
Mid splendid sorrows and hearts of stone.

Who knows?—O maiden, I pray thee tell,
This river whereof thou drinkest free,
This river that flows from a secret well,
This thing called Music, what is't to thee?
Hast thou a thirst that its waves can drown?
Or is it that when thou kneelest down,
And gazest into its depth unknown,

Thou seest thine own soul shadowed there,
And beudest over the mystic marge,
Rejoicing to find it a thing so fair;
Nor ever heeding how many a barge
Goes glimmering on adown the breeze,
Glimmering on 'twixt the tremulous trees,
On and on to the unseen seas?

Yet how can thy soul itself behold
In a stream so troubled, that foams as it flows?
Its waters are vexed with a passion untold,
And thou art as soft as a dove, sweet Rose,
Beethoven loved, and was loved not again;
Chopin won little of love but its pain;
Surely thou canst not have loved in vain!

Nay, I will ask no more, sweet Rose,
But leave thee alone till another day;
And only petition of One who knows
That Grief, when it find thee, as find it may,
Shall seem unto Art as a friend, not foe;
That each to the other its wealth may show,
And the Daughter of Music be brought not low.*

* Eccles. xii. 4.

A STRANGE STORY.

The incident of which you have asked me to give you an account occurred six years ago, but the details are still fresh in my memory. The matter impressed me at the time with peculiar force. I am quite sure that I cannot convey any of this impression to you. I can only give you the facts, and very probably your shrewd common sense will readily find a rational explanation of them. I confess honestly, however, that I have never been able to account for them to myself on any ordinary basis of reasoning.

In February of 1873 her physician ordered C— to the seashore. Our medical men were then just beginning to find out that the tonic of a bath of salt air for lungs and body, even in winter, was a surer restorer of exhausted vitality than the usual prescriptions of interminable quinine and beef-tea.

We went down together to an old farm-house on the New Jersey coast in which we had spent a summer years before. The farmer, who was also, according to custom there, captain of a coast-schooner, was trading in the South that winter, and had taken his wife with him. We rented the house, opened it, built up fires and began housekeeping in a couple of hours. The older part of the house, built long before the

Revolution, consisted of log huts joined one to another, through whose vacant rooms and fireless chimneys the wind from the sea whistled drearily, but the living-room and chamber which we occupied, with their double doors, red rag-carpets and hearths heaped with blazing logs from the wrecks which strewn the beach, were snug and comfortable enough. Outside, the solitude and silence, even at noonday, were so profound that it was incredible to us that we were but a day's journey from New York. This was surely some forgotten outskirts of the world which we had first discovered. The windows on one side of the living-room opened on the vast sweep of water, swelling and sinking that day gray and sullen under the low wintry sky; and on the other upon a plane of sand as interminable, broken at intervals by swamps overgrown with black bare laurel bushes, by pine woods and by a few lonely fishermen's houses, the surf-boats set up on one end against them, rows of crab-cars and seine-reels fronting the leafless orchards.

When C— and I had visited this coast before it had borrowed a certain gayety and lightness from the summer. The marshes were rich in colour; artists were camping under their yellow umbrellas here and there, catching brilliant effects of sky or water; sportsmen from New York in irreproachable shooting-rig were papping at the snipe among the reeds; the sea and bay were full of white scudding sails. But in winter it lapsed back to its primitive condition; the land seemed to answer the sea out of depths of immeasurable age and silence. The only sign of life was the trail of smoke upward to the clouds from some distant cabin, or a ghostly sail flitting along the far horizon. The sand heaped itself day by day in fantastic unbroken ridges along the beach. The very fences and houses had grown hoary with lichen and gray moss that shivered unwholesomely in the wind. Some of these old log houses had been built two centuries ago by Quaker refugees from England under the proprietary Barclay. They built the houses and settled down in them, so far barred out of the world on this lonely coast that they did not know when their old persecutor Charles was dead. We were almost persuaded that they had forgotten to die themselves when we saw the old gray-coated, slow-moving folk going in and out of these homes, with the same names as those of the men who built them, the same formal tricks of speech and strange superstitions. Indeed, these people usually live to an old age so extreme that it seems as if Death himself forgot this out-of-the-way corner of the world on his rounds. In many of the houses there had been but two generations since the days of the Stuarts, son and father living far beyond the nineteenth century.

A wiry, withered youth of seventy-six, Capt. Jeremiah Holdcomb (who is still living, by the way), whom we met one day on the beach, constituted himself our guide and protector; he took us from farm-house to farm-house by day to make friends with the "old people," always coming in at night to tell us the histories of them and of their houses, and to chuckle boyishly over the "onaccountable notions of them as was gettin' on in years," and to sip a glass of toddy, unctuously smacking his withered lips and wagging his white poll.

One day, as a storm was rising, C— and I led the old man across the garden at an earlier hour than usual to set him safely on his way homeward. A raw nor'-easter blew heavily off sea that evening; the sun had not been seen for two days; the fog was banked up to landward in solid wet masses; the landscape was washed in by it until nothing was left in view but our house and the rotted leaves of the garden-beds, half buried now in drifted sand.

"You have never told us the history of this house, captain?" said C—, looking back at the dilapidated log building behind us.

Holdcomb, as I thought, evaded the question at first. The house, he said when C— urged it, had been built by a family named Whyne, and still belonged to them, the young man from whom we rented it being himself only a tenant. The Whynes were of the oldest Quaker stock; the men had always followed the water; they "took to brandy," Holdcomb said, "as a lamb to a dam's milk. Men and women was oneasy, wanderin' folk." But they all came home to this house at the last, which was the reason, he supposed, they were so long-lived. He referred here to a belief which we had found current among these people, that a man's hold upon life was stronger in the house in which he was born than in any other.

"Because thar," explained the captain, "is where the yerth first got a grip on him, and thar's the last place it'll be loosened. Now, the Whynes all lived in this house to an uncommon old age. Thar was a kind of backbone of obstinacy in them. I reckon death himself had to have a tough fight with them before he got them under. Old Abner Whyne lived to be 104. He died—let me see—he died just sixty years ago, come January. Priscilla was his youngest da'arter. She's livin' yet; she's got no notion of dyin'. She's the only Whyne, though, that is livin'."

On further inquiry it appeared that this said Priscilla had married a Perot, and, being now a childless widow, occupied the Perot house, another decayed old habitation on the other side of the marshes, to the north.

"She was ninety-two last June," said Holdcomb. "It's thirty years since she has been able to hear thunder. But she keeps a-watchin'

and a-watchin' out of them black eyes of hern. God knows what fur. But whenever I see her I says to myself, 'It'll come to you some day, Priscilla,' says I, 'whatever it be.' She's got an awful holt on livin', that ther woman. All the Whynes had, as I told you. She's a mere shackle of bones, and as deaf as that dead sherk yander, but she's got a kind of life in her yet, sech as these pink-an'-white mishy young gells never knowed. I'll take you to see her to-morrow. If she gets a sight of anybody that's come from out of the 'towns and the crowd, it kind of gives her a fresh start. Yes, we'll go and see her to-morrow," climbing over the bars. "Well, I'll be goin' now. That's all ther is to tell about this house."

"No, no," said C—. "One moment, captain. Those queer squares of brick at the end of the garden, what are they?"

The old man shuffled uneasily: "I don't see no brick. I don't know nothin' about 'em."

"Surely, you can see them—close to the house, almost covered with the entrance to a vault—or they might be graves."

By this time Holdcomb had succeeded in riding his startled face of every glimmer of meaning, "Oh, them!" staring at them with unconcern. "They were there long before I was born. I wouldn't worry myself about them if I was you. They've somethin' to do, 's likely, with them old Whynes that's dead an' gone. I'd let 'em rest. Never dig deep into a rotten ma'ash, 's we say hereabouts."

With that old Jeremiah nobbled quickly away, and C— and I returned to the house, pausing to look curiously at the sunken squares of brick over which the sand had drifted deep. I remember that C— remarked irritably that it was evident that the old man knew for what purpose they had been built there, and chose to conceal it from us.

"There is something evil about them," she added, declaring that whenever she passed them she was conscious of some sudden unpleasant physical influence, as though she had breathed miasma. Her illness had made her peculiarly susceptible to outside influences, real or imaginary. I thought nothing more at the time, therefore, of her assertion, though later circumstances reminded me of it.

The next day we crossed the marshes under Jeremiah's guidance, and found Priscilla in the old Perot house. This woman differed from any other human being I had ever seen in some indescribable way. The peculiar effect of it upon me returns whenever I remember her; I would rather see a ghost than think of that nightmare of a woman.

Age had ravaged and gnawed her away mercilessly; nothing was left of her in the world but a little quick-moving shadow. The delicate features, the restless, bird-like hands, the shrunken outline of shape, made but a silhouette of the actual woman that she once had been. The brown flannel gown and crossed white handkerchief which she wore after the Quaker fashion seemed to me like a load hung upon a ghost. For the rest, she was vivacious, keen, hard; she talked incessantly in a shrill, vehement pipe; our answers necessarily were written or by signs. She welcomed us with a kind of fierce eagerness, examined the cut and material of our clothes, and questioned us about the city and the news of the day with the delight of a prisoner to whose dungeon had come a glimmer of light from the world outside. She chattered in return the gossip of the neighbourhood—gossip which from her lips obscurely hinted at malignant and foul meanings—occasionally rebuffing old Holdcomb with savage contempt.

"But she's not such a bad un," he said, turning deprecatingly to us. "Naterally, she's a kind, decent soul, Priscilla is. But, you see, it's excitement to her to talk that way; all them Whynes must have excitement of some sort or another. The men took to liquor, and the women—Now, Priscilla—" suddenly checking himself: "it's like bein' shut up in jail, what with livin' here alone and the dreadful deafness."

The old creature had gone, moving with a quick, nervous step, to a corner cupboard, from which she brought out a plate of seed-cakes. She stood holding them out to me, poisoning herself on tip-toe, her dark luminous eyes fixed on me from underneath the shaggy white brows.

"No, C—," I said, "this is not a bad woman; she is not immodest nor malignant." Yet I drew back from her. Now I was conscious wherein she differed from other aged people. It was a young woman who looked out of those strange eyes at me. Old Priscilla Perot, in the isolation of her thirty years of deafness, had grown vulgar and bitter in her speech, but back of that was another creature, who was not vulgar, who never spoke. I fancied that it looked out with all the unsatisfied passion and longing of youth through these eyes before me. They seemed perpetually challenging the world to give back something that was lost with a silent, sad entreaty strangely at variance with the shrill, mean talk that came from the woman's lips. I wondered idly when this creature in her had ever lived, and what had killed it, and whether it would ever, in all the ages to come, waken and live again. How many possible human beings, after all, die in each of us and are forgotten before the body gives up too and has to be hidden out of sight!

Old Priscilla went out into the kitchen and bustled aimlessly about. Our coming had made her restless; she laughed without cause; frequent nervous shudders passed over her lean

"It's always the way when any one from the city comes near her," said Jeremiah. "She was main fond of the crowd and of town."

"So I should have guessed," said C—. "Do you notice the dainty dress and the high shoes and jaunty bit of ribbon in her cap? Yet she impresses me strangely, as though she might have had once a much finer, more-delicate nature than she shows to us. She has not always lived here? What is her history?" turning to Holdcomb.

The old fellow gave a scared look at the wan little figure skipping in and out of the dark kitchen: "Lord how should I know? she belongs to them as was dead and gone before my time." To stop short all further inquiry he began talking to her by signs. She perched herself upon the high wooden chair at one side of the fireplace, looking at C—, her head a little to one side.

"She wants to know what changes I remember in this place?" for so Holdcomb had interpreted C—'s question. "Not many—not many; my time has been so short. Now, my father could remember when a good part of Ocean and Monmouth counties was under the sea. Bot he lived to a good age. Under this house where you are there's been dug up sharks' teeth and the backbones of whales. My grandfather, 's likely, could remember when they swam over this field," pursing up her thin lips thoughtfully. "Thee wasn't here in the war of 1812?" turning sharply on C—.

"No."

"I was here; I had come home for the first time from New York then. I watched the English vessels come up the inlet; it was a gusty afternoon like this. They had come up to plunder the farms. The men that weren't friends took their guns and went down to fire on them from the shore."

"And those that were friends?" asked C—. "Took their guns and went along," with a shrill laugh and nod. "Oh, the young people in the house were terribly frightened. It was all I could do to keep their courage up, silly children!"

"Were you not afraid?"

"No. I wasn't young, and had nothing to lose." She had turned her head, with her back to us, and was talking into the darkness. She hurled out the last words with a kind of defiance. "I had nothing to lose."

"True enough!" said Jeremiah, with many wags of head and senile blinks of sympathy; but, catching our inquiring looks, he recovered himself with a sudden deprecatory cough and leaned his chin on his cane, silent and attentive.

"I set the children to barring up the windows," continued Priscilla at a moment's pause, "and then I took a ladder and climbed on to the roof. I put my back against the chimney and my feet on the top rung, and there I saw the fight. Our men hid among the salt grass of the ma'ash and picked 'em off one by one. They were main good shots. I saw Ben Stover aim at a man up on the foremast, and then there was a whiff of smoke and down he went in a lump into the water. They said his dyin' yell was terrible to hear," she added with a chuckle.

"What became of Stover after that?" asked Jeremiah.

"He died when he was a young man—only sixty or thereabout. He used to go up and down the beach lookin' for Kidd's treasure, muttering to himself. They said he went mad because there was blood on his hands, him bein' a Quaker. But I knew different from that; it was the money drove him mad—Kidd's money—he was so sure of finding it."

She fell back in her chair, breathless with her vehemence. But in a few minutes she sat upright again and thrust her bloodless, peaked face into mine.

"Where did thee say thee came from?"

"New York, mother," sighed Jeremiah.

"New York—a-ah!" drawing in her breath. "I have lived nigh New York—in a country-place three miles from town, but now they tell me it's in the heart of the city, built over with huckster-shops. Dooes thee know it?"

I shook my head.

"No, nobody would remember it," she said gently. "I would know it; nothing they could build on it would hide it from me." Her eyes deepened in their sad quiet, the shrill tones softened. For a moment it was the voice of a young woman that we heard.

C— was about to question her, but Jeremiah interposed: "Take care! Don't ask her what she means. Never before sin' I've known her has she spoken of the time when she was in New York. God knows what's drove them words out of her now!"

To change the current of her thought he leaned forward and told her by signs the story of our coming to the Whyne house. I was quite willing that she should be turned from any subjects. I had the uncomfortable feeling when with her that we were dealing with death himself, or with some forgotten part of a past age more alien and incomprehensible than death.

"Thee is living in my house?" turning sharply on us. "Yes, it's mine; it will never belong to any but a Whyne. I know every board in it."

Her head dropped on her breast and her eyes were fixed on vacancy. After waiting a few moments, finding that she had apparently forgotten us, we rose to leave her. As C— came up to bid her good-bye she said, "You will come to your house while we are there?"

"I?" She started up, standing erect without her staff; her voice was feebler than a whis-

per, her hands were clasped over her head. But it was the voice and gesture of a young, passionate woman. "Into that house? I'll never cross the threshold while I'm living. It's just a step across the ma'ash, thee knows," appealing to Jeremiah, "but it's nigh sixty years since I put my foot in it. I've never forgot that I was Josiah Perot's wife. There's them waitin' for me there as Josiah never could abide. But when I'm dead— She threw out her arms with a sudden indescribable gesture of freedom. "I'll have done with Josiah Perot when I'm dead."

C— drew me away, and we hurried homeward. Glancing back, we could see the woman standing in the doorway; her back was turned towards us, looking into the sea.

It was a gusty, chilly afternoon. Spectral whitish drifts of fog were blown inland across the marshes. The sun went down in an angry glare which foreboded ill; and then the night fell suddenly, unusually dark, full of shrill whispers of the wind through the swamps and the threatening roar of the sea.

We had, however, I remember, a comfortable hot supper soon ready, and we closed the curtain and heaped up the fire in the living-room to shut out the darkness and strange noises without.

When supper was over and Captain Holdcomb was seated with his pipe in the chimney-corner, we urged him to tell us the story of Priscilla without reserve.

"There's not much to tell," he said. "She was born in this house, and married Josiah Perot well on in life; and if Josiah was a bit stupid he was a steady, God-fearin' fellow; and that's more than could be said of any Whyhne that ever lived."

"But before she married Perot?"

"Well, nothin' happened remarkable—unless," he added reluctantly, "that serious occurrence at Abner Whyhne's death. I kin tell you about that," dropping into the singsong of an oft-told tale.

"Abner Whyhne was this woman's father. He lived to be 104. He lived with his wife down to Sherk River, for the old people had give up this house to their da'ater Peggy, who married Sam Volk."

"Where was Priscilla?"

"Well, I might as well tell the whole on't. It was like this. She wa'n't like the rest on't. She wa'n't ez handsome as Peggy, but she was of a different sort, I've heard say—finer an' harder to please. She went up to York, and there she fell in with a Captain John Salterre, commanding a brig that run to the Mediterranean. He was a handsome fellow, 'cordin' to accounts, and of a high family—very different from the Whyhnes. Word came back that she was married to him, and next (that al'ays was the queer part of it to me) that he had sent her to school. Oh, I've heard my father say when she came back in 1812 she could speak one of them foreign tongues quite fluent. Her father al'ays set great store by Priscilla, though she never came anigh him. Peggy grew to be a humble, hard-workin' in middle age, and was a faithful da'ater. But, Lorn! he cared not a copper cent for her. It was all 'My da'ater Priscilla,' because she had made the grand marriage in New York. When her mother died down to Sherk River, Peggy war ther. She said, "Now, daddy thee must come along home to me."—'I will not, Margaret,' he says. "But thee must," says she; "thee cannot live here alone." For he was then ninety-eight. 'I hev my lines to know,' says he. For he was a fisherman, thee knows. "Very well, daddy," says Peggy, "thee can set the lines in the inlet jest as well as Sherk River." Then she ups and backs his clock and his wooden chair (it's this one I'm sittin' on, only it had a sheep-skin cover on then) and his tea-kettle and his fire-dogs, so's he might feel at home, and she fixed them all up in this hyar room back of me." Jeremiah, with his staff, pushed open the door into the half-ruined chamber behind him. The log walls had fallen to decay half a century ago, but there was the fireplace with rusted irons on the hearth—the very fire-dogs he had mentioned, perhaps.

"This was his room, he could do as he pleased in it. He used to sit by the door yander, his old deaf yaller dog Turk lyin' between his knees, both on 'em a-lookin' out at the sea hour in an' hour out. He lived on here with Peggy for six year. In that time no word came from Priscilla. He used to talk about her and her grandeur to the men a-fishin', but we all knowed it was jest his notions, for she never sent him a letter or made a sign. I was a pert young lad then, rising sixteen. It's jest sixty year ago, last October, when one mornin' Peggy went in to get the old man's coffee for him. She al'ays made his bite of breakfast ready afore anything else. "I'll have no coffee, Peggy," says he.—'Is thee sick, daddy?' says she. For it was the first time he had ever refused his breakfast. As for sickness, he had never been sick an hour since any living man could remember, though as to his boyhood nobody was left on this yerth that remembered that. So Peggy was sort of stunned. 'Is thee sick?' she says.—'No; I never was better,' he says; 'but I'll eat naught, I tell thee.' So he fell asleep, and Peggy went out. But she could not tend to her work, she was that dazed. She told me she was mendin' Sam's nets that mornin' (Sam was her husband), and presently out comes daddy dressed and leanin' on his staff as usual. He sat down in his chair by the fire yander, and she brought him his breakfast and he ate it. About an

hour after Joshua Van Dorn came in, and he and Peggy talked of the blue mackerel, for there was a shoal of them in, and Sam had made a good haul that mornin'. Joshua was but a boy about twenty, but a strong, rugged fellow. Abner said nothin' to him until he was on his feet to go; then he says 'Joshua, Sam'll be out eel-fishin' to-night, and I want thee to come an' watch with me. I'll die to-night when the tide goes out.' Joshua thought it was jest his notions. 'All right, daddy!' says he, winkin' at Peggy. 'I'll come and watch with thee, and eat breakfast with thee too in the mornin'. Who'll I bring with me? Jeremiah Holdcomb?'—'Jeremiah'll do as well as another; it's the same to me. It'll not take a strong man to streak me,' says the old man; and he leaned, looking down at himself. For he was lean like Priscilla. The Whyhnes wear away with age. Peggy said he sot 'most all day by the door yander, looking out to sea. There's some think that old sea-farin' men has a warnin' from the water when their time's come. I dunno how that may be. But old Abner he sot lookin' out all day. When Sam come in he talked about the blue mackerel haul. Sam watched him keeful, but he couldn't see as there was aught the matter with him."

"Was no clergyman sent for?" demanded C—. "Did nobody remind him of the God that he was going to meet?"

Jeremiah looked up startled, chuckled and grew suddenly grave: "Nobody'd go to a Whyhne with that sort of talk. I doubt of old Abner in all his hundred year had ever thought of a God, any more than his dog Turk had. Him and Priscilla war jest alike. They belonged to this yerth. But as to their turnin' up agen in any other—I dunno; I reckon they won't," shaking his head decisively.

"Go on with the story," said C—.

"Well, come evenin', Sam started out eel-fishin'. Daddy nodded to him. 'Good-bye, Sam Volk,' says he; 'I'll be gone before thee gets back.' Sam humoured him. "Good-bye, daddy," he says. 'Is there aught I ken do for thee afore I go?'—'No,' he says, 'no.' But he took Sam's hand and kept looking up at him. 'Unless,' he says, 'thee could fetch Priscilla hyar. I'd like to hev seen the girl afore I go. I hev it on my mind ther's somethin' she wants to say to me.'—'I can't do that, thee knows, daddy,' says Sam. For we all thought she was in foreign parts. But she'd been livin' in New York for four year, and that very night, as it turned out, she was on her way home in John Van Dorn's schooner."

"Well, Joshua and I come in to watch. We sent Peggy to bed at the usual time, 8 o'clock, for neither she nor we thought aught ra'aly ailed the old man. He took no notice of her when she went, nor of the children; he never could abide children. 'I'll make you some toddy, boys, to keep you awake,' he says; and we war willin'. There was not a man on the Jersey coast could brew toddy like old Abner. It was prime toddy that's a fact. He drank a bit, and then he went to bed (he wouldn't hev any help in undressin'), and when he was stretched out he whistled for old Turk, and the brute lay down across his feet. 'Good fellow!' he says, and he put his hand on the dog's head and straightened himself, and so went to sleep. About 10 o'clock Joshua called to me; he was standin' by the bed. 'Jerry,' says he, 'ther's a queer settin' in the old man's face, and his pulse is mighty low. Shouldn't wonder if he'd been in the right of it about himself, after all.—'Shall I call Peggy?' I says.—'No,' says he; 'wait a bit.' But in a hour he says, 'Jerry, go and call Peggy.' So I called her. But what could we do? He was goin' out with the tide. He didn't move or speak, and his eyes were shet; he didn't hear Peggy or the children when they was cryin' about him. His breath got slowly thinner, and thinner, and his flesh colder. When Peggy called to him he took no notice, but the dog raised himself after a while on his fore legs and looked in his face and gave a howl. I declar' it skeert me, it was so like a human bein'. The old man stirred at that, and sort of smiled, and his lips moved as if to say 'Good fellow!' But he was too far gone to speak. Then it was all quiet. I opened the window yander' (pointing to the square opening in the ruined wall of the room outside), "and I stood by it watchin' the tide go down, jest as you might be doin' now. And he lay on the bed hyar jest by the door. It was a clear night, and I could see the line of the white surf sinkin' lower and lower. I knowed by Peggy's face, leanin' over him, that he was goin' with it fast. At last the sea fell out of sight into darkness. Then I shut the window; I knowed it was all over. When I came up to the bed he was dead; Joshua was closin' his eyes. We folded his hands and straightened him. It seems to me but a few minutes till he was stark and stiff and dreadful cold. I remember Joshua said it was unusual, and was because there was so little blood in his body, but how that might be I dunno. We sot with him till the mornin'. Now, here's the curious part of the story. You'll likely not believe it, but I'll tell you word for word, just as it happened. An hour after Abner Whyhne died his da'ater Priscilla come to the house. She had landed at the inlet, where the men war a-fishin', and Sam brought her over. She war not a very young woman, but she was like a lady—very fine appearing. She was greatly excited when she found her father dead, though she skercely spoke a word. 'You came too late,' says Peggy. 'You might have given him a deal of comfort. But you're too late.' I didn't know

before that Peggy war so bitter agen her.—'I must speak to him,' she said; and she tore off the sheet and put her hand to his heart. I could see her start when she felt the cold. 'Daddy!' she cried, 'daddy!'—'Let the dead rest, Priscilla,' says Peggy—'Go out, all of you,' she says, motionin' to the door. 'Let me have him to myself.'

"I went out, an' took Peggy. Priscilla kept a-cryin' in a low voice, 'Daddy! daddy!' I went outside—I was that cur'ous—and looked in the window. The dead man opened his eyes and sat up. 'Why did you bring me back?' he said. 'Why did you not let me alone, Priscilla? I was at rest.' She leaned over him, sobbin'. Presently he says, 'Is your husband here?' Then she whispered something. God knows what. But I reckon the whole truth was wrenched out of her. You can't lie to the dead. He sat up in the bed, and I saw him point with one hand to the door. 'Begone!' says he; 'you are no da'ater of mine.' She stood a mite, and then came out and ran a-past me, cryin', into the dark.

"Of course you only fancied that you saw the man alive through the window?" said C—.

"I dunno," said Holdcomb doggedly. "I de know as she has never crossed the doorway from that night, and that's sixty year gone. And," lowering his voice, "when we come back into the room the old man was dead and stark as we had left him. But he was sitting bolt upright in the bed."

"What do you suppose she had told him?"

"Oh, that soon come out. She never had been John Salterre's wife. A sort of shame had seized her at last, and she had left him and come home. She's lived hyar ever since. Four years later she married Josiah Perot, who was a heap better husband than she deserved. She married him for a home; she never could abide to work. But nobody ever thought she cared aught for him. The Whyhnes never forget, and I believe she thinks of John Salterre at this minute, and keers for him jest the same as she did when she war a young girl."

"What became of him? Did he ever find her?" I asked.

Jeremiah hesitated: "I didn't mean to tell thee that. A year after her father died Salterre found out whar she was, and put off straight from New York on a schooner for this inlet. The schooner—the *Petrel* it was—struck the bar out yonder, and the crew was lost, Salterre and all. They war buried in the sand on the beach, jest whar they come ashore, 's the custom was."

The old man rose and began to put on his coat. We were not sorry to have him go. His ghastly story made us quite willing to close the door on the dilapidated apartment outside and turn our thoughts to cheerful matters.

For a week afterward the threatened nor'-east storm kept us in-doors. The captain did not come to pay his daily visit, and we heard from a neighbour that he 'was attendin' on Priscilla Perot, who was waitin' her call."

"Jerry's a main good doctor," she added. "But I doubt he'll not keep old Priscilla. She's bein' took off before her time; the Whyhnes live to a great old age. But they say she's been restless-like ever since she talked to thee about her young days in this house."

The storm continued to rage so heavily that it shut us in to an absolute solitude. Even the hardest fishermen did not venture out upon the beach. On the second night it abated. C— and I were sitting by the fire reading between 10 and 11 o'clock, when, finding that the beating of the rain upon the roof had ceased, I opened the door into the ruined room of which Holdcomb had told the story, and looked out. The wind had changed; the storm-clouds were driving to the east, and were banked on that horizon in a solid rampart; the moon shone out whitely on the surging sea and on the drenched marshes webbed with the swollen black lines of the creeks. The tide water had risen to an unprecedented height, and was within three feet of our door.

I called C— to look. "If the storm had lasted a few hours longer," I said, "the Whyhne house would have gone at last."

We both stood in the doorway between the living-room, in which we had been sitting, and Abner Whyhne's old chamber. The latter was clearly lighted by the moon and by the fire and lamplight in the room behind us. As I looked down through the broken wall to the marsh, C— pinched my arm, whispering, "Who is this?"

I turned. A small dark figure was crossing the beach, coming up toward the house. It came with such rapidity that before I had time to speak it stood in the outer doorway, and was in the room beside us.

"Priscilla," cried C—.

The woman had reached the spot where, as Jeremiah told us, her father had died. She halted there a moment. I saw her face as distinctly as that of C—, being about the same distance from both. It was Priscilla, and yet not Priscilla. The weight of age had dropped away. This was the creature which I had fancied still lived in the women, young, passionate, it might be wicked, but in no sense Perot's vulgar malignant widow.

She hesitated but a moment, and then passed through the back door into the garden, where the sand lay heaped by the storm in deep wet drifts. C— and I hurried after her, each with the same thought that the dying woman had become deranged and had escaped from her attendants with the wild fancy of reaching her old home. She suddenly flung out her arms

with a vehement gesture of triumph, and passed around a projection of the wall. We reached the spot in an instant. It was the place where mysterious heaps of brick were erected, one of which rose slightly above the sand. She was not there; sea and marsh and beach were utterly vacant.

We went into the house, and, I am bound to confess, we slept little that night.

Captain Holdcomb came early the next morning.

"The widow Perot is dead at last," was his first greeting.

"What time did she die?" asked C—.

"Last night at half-past ten o'clock."

C— rose, and going out beckoned the old man to follow her. "These are graves," she said, pointing to the heap of bricks. "Who were buried here?"

"I didn't keer to tell thee: I was afraid it might make thee uncomfortable. But—as thee knows so much—the crew of the *Petrel* was buried under them. That one which is part uncovered by the wind is whar Captain John Salterre is laid."

The old man never knew our reason for asking. There is no ghost-story, the only one for which I have never heard a rational explanation.

M. LAVALLEE'S CANTATA.

A very large and fashionable audience assembled at the Skating Rink, Quebec, on Wednesday night to hear the rendition of M. Calixa Lavallee's grand cantata of welcome to Their Excellencies.

The gubernatorial party occupied a spacious box, which had been specially prepared for their accommodation, and frequently applauded the different portions of the composition.

The solos were taken by Miss Wyse, Miss Carbray, M. Trudel and M. Laurent, and right nobly and artistically did they sing the music allotted to them. The orchestra, numbering one hundred and fifty performers, was well balanced and performed well. The choruses were in excellent harmony and time.

M. F. Jehin Prume, the eminent violinist, gave a splendid selection from "Othello," which was re-demanded. M. Prume well deserved all the praise heaped upon his execution.

M. Lavallee's Cantata, as a musical composition, is of great merit, and will become a favorite with our Canadian musicians.

SEASIDE HOTEL, RUSTICO BEACH, P. E. I.— This was formerly known as the Ocean House, and its proprietors are Messrs. John Newton & Son. This first-class house is run at moderate charges, and every attention is given to guests. A coach leaves Charlottetown every Wednesday and Saturday evening, calls for guests, returning every Thursday and Monday mornings. Arrangements have also been made to meet every train at Hunter River for passengers to the seaside.

HUMOROUS.

THERE is one thing that seems unaccountable to the average city fisherman, and that is, that an overgrown, awkward, saucy boy with a bean-pole for a fishing-rod and cotton twine for a line, will catch more fish than he with his fancy-jointed rod and fine silken line.

SOME persons have a great faculty for getting on in the world. The little shaver who stood at the foot of his class when we were schoolboys together now proudly guards the left field in some crack base ball club, and is playin' for a fielding average of 976.

THIS is the time of the year when the boy who has accidentally changed shirts with his companion, while enjoying the surreptitious swim, tells his mother, when she discovers the swap, that the other boy's mother took a fancy to his shirt and borrowed it as a pattern to make some shirts from for her little boy. Noble, unselfish little fellow!

IN a little town in Missouri a lady-teacher was exercising a class of juveniles in mental arithmetic. She commenced the question, "If you buy a cow for \$10—," when up came a little hand. "What is it, Johnny?" "Why, you can't buy no kind of a cow for \$10. Father sold one for \$60 the other day, and she was a regular old scrub at that."

IN a primary school not very long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the use of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard, "Bird's-nest," and pointing to the hyphen asked the school, "What is that fer?" After a short pause a young son of the Emerald Isle piped out, "A phaze ma'am, for the bird took roost on."

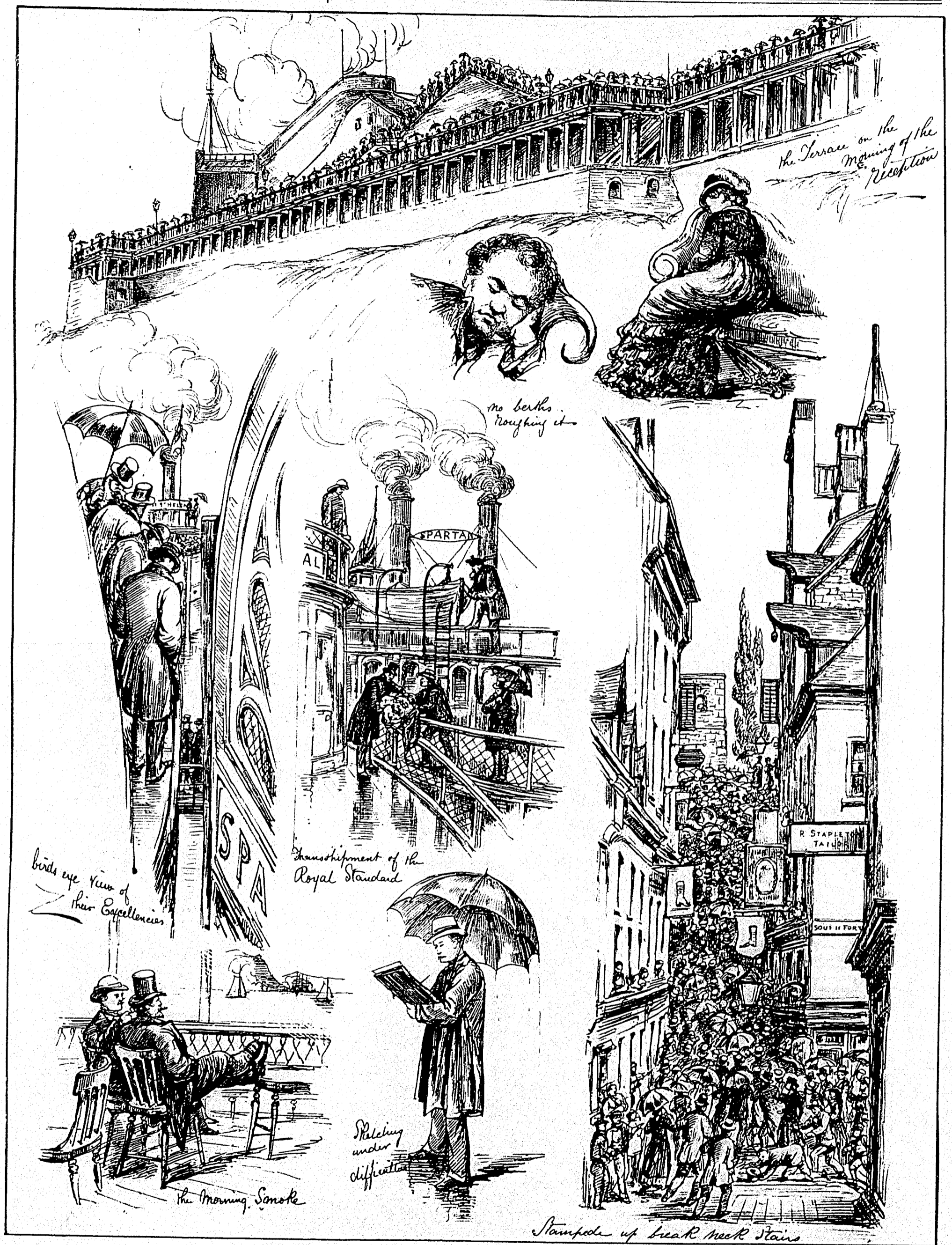
A CHILD'S logic is not to be sneered at. His mind is keen enough to see the folly of much of the reasoning of his seniors. A little fellow in Connecticut asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. "Well," was his shrewd suggestion in response, "you'd better take me now for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

A YOUTH, while having his hair cut last evening, asked the barber what he thought of his mustache. The barber said, "Bring it with you the next time you come, and I will give you my opinion."

Now the boy climbs up the trees, And the verdant fruit doth seize, And immediately the poison in his stomach camps, And so do the fidgets and the colics and the cramps.

"FEW things," says the New York Times, in a recent article on Caleb Cushing, "are more exaggerated than the amount of property men own." This is startlingly true. Only the other day we heard it reported on the street that we were worth a dollar and seventy-five cents, at an inside estimate, and could buy a pint of strawberries without feeling it. Let us say to our misinformed friends, while we are on this subject, that a man does not become a millionaire in journalism in ten years' time.

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



THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO QUEBEC.—LEAVES FROM OUR ARTIST'S SKETCH BOOK.

COLONEL NORTHEY.

Few officers of Her Majesty's army were better known in Canada than Captain Northey of the 60th. An unusually long term of service in the country had made one battalion or the other of the regiment well-known at London, Hamilton and Toronto, at Montreal, Quebec and Halifax. The men were quiet, orderly and well-conducted, the non-commissioned officers, among whom were many singularly intelligent and deserving soldiers, took often an active part in much of what was useful in civil life; and every effort towards mental or physical improvement was sure of sympathy and co-operation from the officers themselves. The tone of the mess and ante-room was more domestic and less professional than that of any regiment we remember, and to all that was bright and pleasant in society the officers always brought ready and cheery assistance. Amongst all the gallant men who joined with hearty good-will in such efforts, few, if any, were more esteemed than Captain Northey. Of an old-fashioned English race, the Northeys of Epsom, he was by descent and tradition a soldier. A granduncle lost a leg at the siege of Quebec—another retired a general officer. An uncle was a Colonel in the Coldstream Guards; another in the 71st Highland Light Infantry. Captain Northey's father served in the Peninsular war, and at Waterloo in the 52nd, that distinguished regiment of the Light Brigade, of Sir John Moore, commanded by Colonel Colborne (afterwards Lord Seaton), described by Napier as "a man born with a genius for war," never better exemplified than at Waterloo, where, by a quick and unexpected change of front, he threw the regiment in the flank of the charging French column and contributed largely to the success of the day; and so from generation to generation the cadets of the house served the Crown, whilst the Squire of Epsom kept up its old-fashioned hospitalities at Woodcote House, in view of many a "Derby" and many an "Oaks."

Captain Northey was born in 1838 and educated at Eton. He joined the 60th on first entering the army in 1855, and obtained the rank of Lieut.-Colonel in 1877. With his distinguished regiment he served in the Oude campaign, including the action of Biswah and the capture of Mertowlie. He married in 1869 a daughter of Col. Gzowski, of Toronto, who was recently made one of Her Majesty's military aides-de-camp.



THE LATE COLONEL NORTHEY.

On the march to relieve Ekowe the 60th were under the command of the gallant officer whose death we deplore, Col. Pemberton, his senior officer, who was also well-known in Canada, being on Lord Chelmsford's staff. The relieving column were, after a night's rest, breaking up their camp at early dawn on their road to Ekowe, when they were unexpectedly attacked by the Zulus. Almost the first shot struck Col. Northey; he was at the moment getting his men into order. They carried him back under cover, and he lingered for a couple of days in much suffering, but with every assistance which could be rendered. The wound proved mortal, and his remains were buried not far from the banks of the Tugela. A rumor reached us that he had been hit by a chance bullet from one of his own regiment, but it was not the case. His funeral, attended by all the officers off duty belonging to the relieving column, was followed by a firing party of his own regiment. The tears which coursed down many a bearded cheek told of the affection towards him cherished by his regiment. Peace to his memory!

Our portrait of this gallant soldier and worthy gentleman is from a photograph by Mr. Ewing of Toronto.

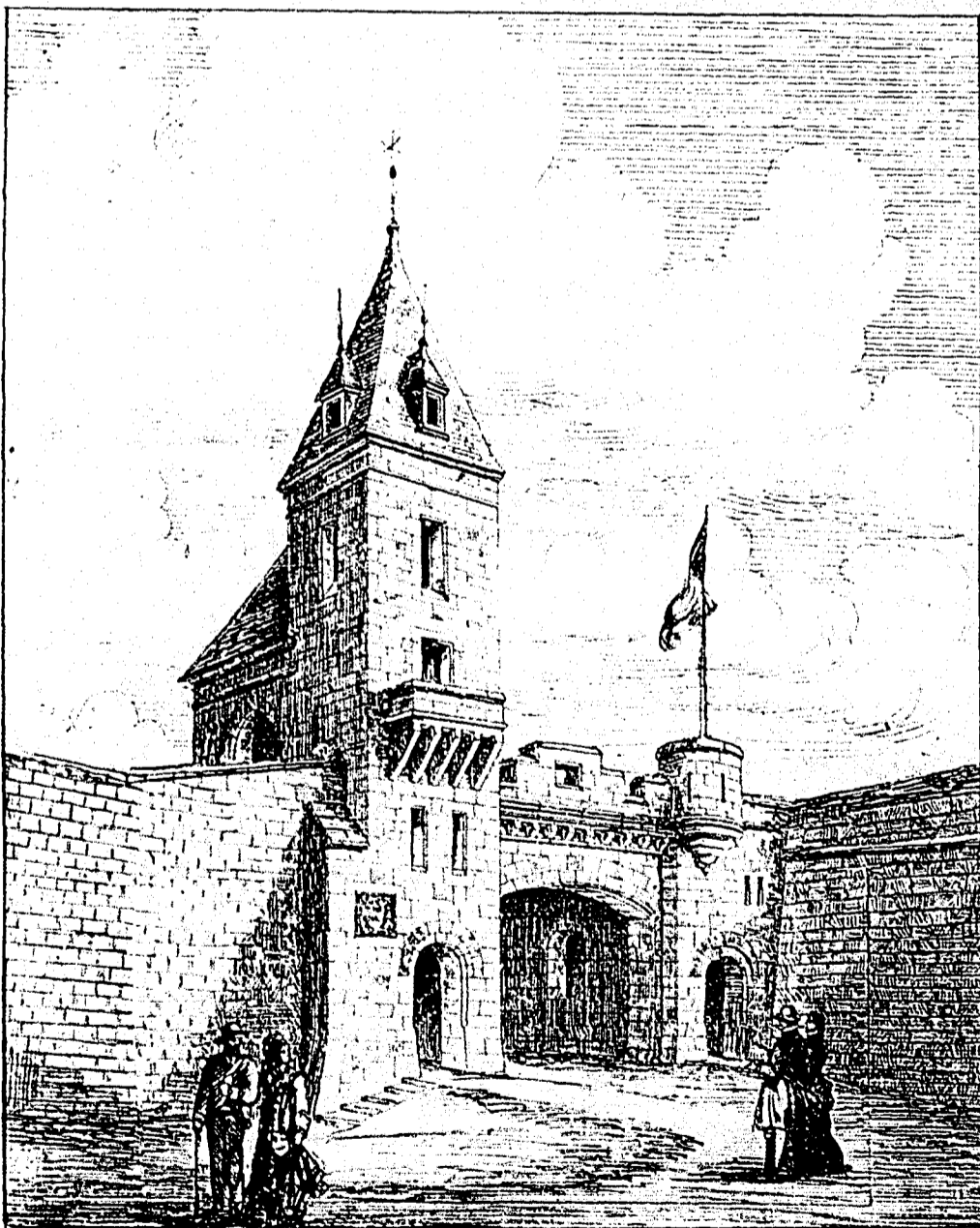
The puzzle which careful mothers try to solve is how to train the girls and how to restrain the boys.

The Boston Courier relates the following: A prettily dressed little girl fell on a muddy street-crossing the other day, and a gentleman hastened to her assistance. After cleaning off her clothes, he asked her if he shouldn't escort her home. "No, thir," answered the dignified little damsel, "if you please, we ain't been introduced."

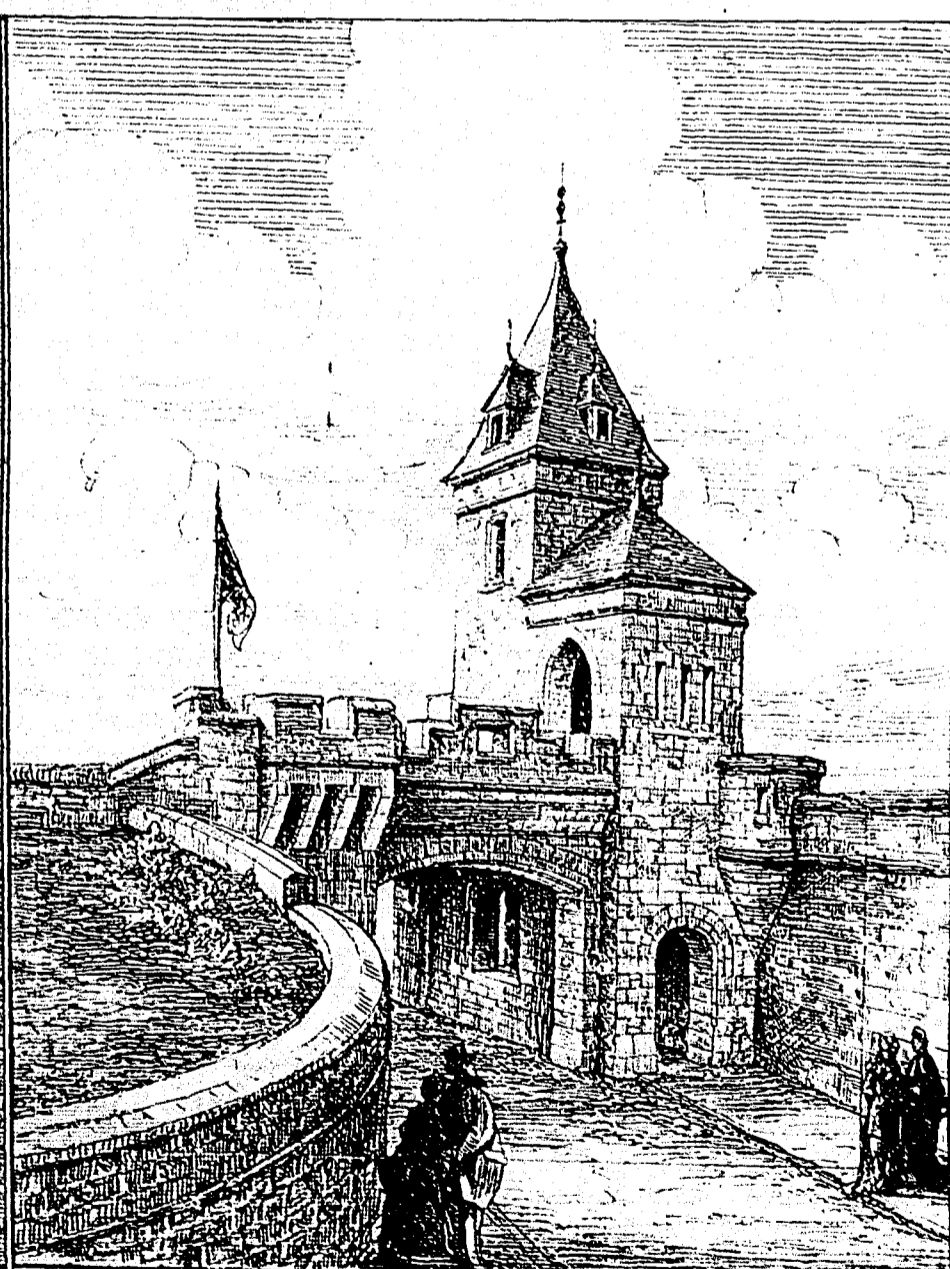
SAD, sad are they that know not love,
But, far from Passion's tears and smiles,
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

But sadder they, whose longing lips
Kiss empty air and never touch
The dear, warm mouth of those they love—
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, sweet as musk,
Is life to those whose loves unite:
They bask in Allah's smiles by day,
And nestle in his heart by night.



KENT GATE, FRONT VIEW



KENT GATE, BACK VIEW.

THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO QUEBEC.

GOD—ALL AND IN ALL.

O Thou, the source of life and light, Whose word gave earth its form, I feel Thy presence and Thy might, In sunshine and in storm.

Whatever falls to human lot, Thy wisdom has designed; For Nature's but Thy passing thought— An image of Thy mind.

In Being's deep and boundless sea, As in a glass I trace, The glory of Thy majesty, The brightness of Thy face.

I see Thy smile in every flower That glads the opening year; And in the calm, sweet twilight hour Thy solemn voice I hear.

Eternal Spirit, Light of light! Fountain of good most pure! Without Thee, all were night of night— A darkness most obscure.

Paris, Ont. H. M. STRAMBERG.

LITERARY AND HISTORIC.

We have been requested by Count Premio-Real to publish the following:

QUEBEC, 2nd June, 1879.

DEAR SIR,—The interest you have recently manifested by the publication of a volume on our archives, etc., makes me hope you will continue to help on the cause of Canadian history, by allowing your name to be associated to the solution of the following questions:

The plan recently adopted in Montreal of inserting questions in some widely-circulated journal, has been attended with beneficial results; prizes might here also be offered and awarded by a Committee, composed of the President of the "Literary and Historical Society," and of the President of "L'Institut Canadien" at Quebec.

1ST PRIZE, \$10,

for whoever will solve the largest number out of the following ten questions:

- 1st. In what part of Quebec was its founder, Samuel de Champlain, buried? 2nd. In what spot did the Marquis de Montcalm expire, on the morning of the 14th Sept., 1759? 3rd. Give all the names of Jacques Cartier's followers in 1535, on his voyage to Quebec. 4th. Had he any clergymen with him? If so, give their names. 5th. What was the name of the Lutheran clergyman whom Captain Louis Klotke, Governor of Quebec, incarcerated in the Jesuits' residence at Quebec for fomenting a rebellion during the time the city was held by the British, 1629-32? 6th. Give the names of all the Lieutenant-Governors of Quebec and of Gaspé, from 1763 to 1838. 7th. Give the names of all the French who remained in Quebec after Champlain's departure, 1629-1632. 8th. Who was the first Lieutenant-Governor of Gaspé? 9th. Where was the first model-farm in the Province of Quebec? 10th. What was the name and tonnage of the first Canada-built ship?

2ND PRIZE, \$5.

- 1st. Give all the origins of the word "Quebec." 2nd. Give all the origins of the word "Canada." 3rd. What were all the names of, and when were they given to, the Island of Anticosti? 4th. State proof, if any exists, of Bigot's treachery to the French Government during the siege of Quebec, in 1759. 5th. Of what origin was Donnacona, the Indian Chief who greeted Jacques Cartier in 1535?

Submitted by

J. M. LEMOINE.

Hmo. Sr. Conde de Premio-Real, S. C. G., Quebec.

The said prizes (\$10 and \$5) are offered as above, to be awarded on the 15th January, 1880; and not only may both prizes be gained by one and the same person, but in such case one grand prize of twenty dollars (\$20) instead of the above two of ten and five dollars will be awarded.

EL CONDE DE PREMIO-REAL.

AN IRISH CASSAGNAC.

One of the most remarkable men alive, says the London Morning Advertiser, has been added to the roll of members of parliament by the election of Colonel O'Gorman Mahon for the County Clare. It is doubtful whether, outside the record of Munchausen or his many rivals, there is to be traced a more extraordinary career than that of the gallant patriarch, who will resume his seat in the imperial legislature after a twenty years' interval of absence from it. But it is a longer time than that since the Colonel entered Parliament. He was elected in 1830 by the constituency which adopted him again last Saturday, after nearly forty years. In the interim the Colonel had amused himself with other than political pursuits. He has fought

eighteen duels, in six of which he was wounded by the enemy's fire, in seven of which he pinked his man, and in five of which honour was satisfied without hurt to either principal. His affairs of honour were but trivial episodes in the strangely varied and adventurous career of the member for Clare. He began life in 1823—over half a century ago—as one of that "Fighting Brigade" whose duty and delight it was to support at fifteen paces or so whatever Mr. Daniel O'Connell said of a political or personal antagonist. Then he went into Parliament.

The turn of time found him a journalist in Paris, where, had he been contemporary with the fire-eating Paul de Cassagnac, Greek would assuredly have met Greek. Then he plunged into finance and politics and disported in the troubled waters of both. Having skimmed the cream of Old World excitements he set out like a knight errant in quest of fresh exploits. His search met with more success than falls to the lot of the crowd. Joining the Peruvian army he rose to the rank of commander-in-chief. There was a question of appointing him president of the republic, but he evaded the perilous eminence by throwing up his exalted position in a fit of ennui and passing into the naval service of Chili, the neighboring state. The ex-generalissimo of the Peruvian land forces actually became lord high admiral of the Chilean fleet—such as it was. Col. O'Gorman is a cousin of Maj. O'Gorman—a fact which will not render him less welcome to all who appreciate rollicking humor and a natural geniality which is altogether above the petty spitefulness of Irish "national" politics. The colonel is a Home-Ruler, of course, but we doubt if he will identify himself with the obstructive section of that party. He is full of fire and vigor in spite of his age, but if he has the energy of a partisan he has the instincts and habits of a gentleman. His adventures should make a singularly interesting memoir, and if he would only leave politics to his colleagues and oblige the world, we should welcome from his own hand the story of his life from year to year.

FOOT NOTES.

A MUSCATINE lady named her canary Jim Blaine. He did not sing much, but she loved him tenderly until recently, when she learned that Jim had laid an egg. Now she declares that no dependance can be placed on a politician.

A GENTLEMAN not extremely given to piety was dismayed by being asked to say grace at a strange table. To refuse and explain would be embarrassing; to comply would be equally so. He chose the latter, and started off briskly enough with "O Lord, bless this table."—Just here, being unused to the business, he nearly broke down, but by a gigantic effort pulled through with "World without end. Yours, respectfully, amen."

MISTAKEN PUBLISHER.—Many years ago a young poet presented himself to a Paris publisher with the manuscript of his first volume of verse. The latter glanced over the verses and returned them, declaring that the time was peculiarly unfavorable for the publication of poetry, and he must decline the undertaking. The poet placed his manuscript in his pocket and prepared to take his leave, his aspect grave, and at the same time full of quiet assurance.

"You are wrong, because I am a man of genius," he said. "I would have signed a contract with you for the issue of my future book. You reject your own fortune."

"Many thanks. You are too kind," replied the other, with ironical politeness. The poet departed. The publisher reflected; he was impressed, not by the merit of the verses, but the coolness and confidence of his visitor. He rose to recall him, but the poet had disappeared. The young man was Victor Hugo, and the publisher, now dead, told the story. What must have been his sentiments when the crowd waited and carriages filled the street from dawn until noon, anticipating the first copies of "Les Miserables," given by the hand of a rival business house?

HE HAD FORGOTTEN.—An audience of Boston's beauty, culture and refinement filled the Old South church. The hour for the lecture drew near, lingered briefly up on the point and passed. An impatient rustle began to sweep through the house, as the speaker of the evening still delayed his appearance upon the platform. The committee glanced nervously at each other, conferred together in short and hurried whispers and then hastily repaired to the ante-room. An elderly man was standing in the centre of the room as they entered, clutching wildly at his flowing hair and muttered incoherently to himself.

"My dear sir," exclaimed the chairman of the committee, hastening forward, "the hour advertised for the lecture to begin has long since passed and the audience is impatient."

"Gentlemen," said the lecturer, in an impressive voice slightly broken by emotion, "I have come to this place in accordance with an agreement, to appear before a cultured Boston audience. I have forgotten to change my clothes, and am dressed in my old gardening outfit; I have forgotten to put on a clean shirt, and behold this gingham apology; I have forgotten to remove my boots, and hence these coverings ornamented with visible traces of agricultural pursuits; and sadder of all, I have totally and completely forgotten the subject of my lecture."

If the members of that committee live to be forty-nine years old they will never forget the expression of utter helplessness and misery that the speaker's every word and gesture implied. It was Ralph Waldo Emerson, and he was to lecture upon "Memory."

BURLESQUE.

"I'M IN A FIX."—Nobody except the people in the front pews last Sunday, and only the few there who listened very intently, could hear the tenor when the choir started out "When I can read my title clear," singing very distinctly, with his face turned towards the leader at the other end of the organ:

"I've lost my place; I'm in a fix, Whatever shall I do!"

And then the leader, in his profoundest bass, replied in faultless tone and metre:

"The tune is on page ninety-six, The words on forty-two."

WAS THE BOY JOKING?—"There were two men got into a fight in front of the store today," said a North End man at the supper-table, "and I tell you it looked pretty hard for one of them. The biggest one grabbed a cart stake and drew it back. I thought sure he was going to knock the other's brains out; and I jumped in between them."

The family had listened with wrapt attention, and as the head paused in his narrative the young heir, whose respect for his father's bravery was immeasurable, proudly remarked: "He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

The head of the family gazed long and earnestly at the heir, as if to detect evidences of a dawning humorist, but as the youth continued with great innocence to munch his fourth tart, he gasped and resumed his supper.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 227. As you remark, there is a dual in one of the defences of this problem. Student, Montreal.—Correct solution received of Problem No. 227. J. B., Montreal.—We shall be able to publish information on the subject shortly. E. H., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem for Young Players No. 224 received.

THE CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the members of this Association, held at the Gymnasium, Mansfield Street, Montreal, on the 7th inst., the following officers were elected for the present year:—

- President: Mr. John Barry, Montreal. Vice-Presidents: Mr. J. H. Gordon, Toronto; Mr. F. X. Lambert, Ottawa; Mr. E. B. Holt, Holt, Quebec. Secretary-Treasurer: Rev. T. D. Phillips, Ottawa. Managing Committee: Dr. Huriburt, Ottawa; Mr. Godfrey Baker, Ottawa; Mr. De Boucherville, Ottawa; Dr. J. Ryall, Hamilton; Mr. G. E. Jackson, Seaford; Mr. J. W. Shaw, Montreal; Mr. J. Henderson, Montreal.

Before the close of the meeting it was resolved to empower Mr. Baker to enter into communication with the members of the Ottawa Chess Club, with a view to the holding of the eighth Congress of the Association in that city during the month of August next. We have reason to believe that it would be agreeable to a large number of Chessplayers should Mr. Baker's efforts be successful.

That the Association needs active measures to keep it on its legs, and that its rules and regulations are not at the present time of a nature to enable it to meet all the exigencies which it may encounter in its travels from city to city in this wide Dominion, are truths which might easily be dilated upon, but for the time being it is as well to wait till we are certain of the locality where it is destined to take up its next quarters.

INTERNATIONAL POSTAL CARD TOURNEY.

The Rev. C. Ranken has resigned a game to Mr. Berry. The score now is—United States, 19; Great Britain, 17; drawn 7.—Argus and Express, Apr.

The match between Max Judd and the eight St. Louis amateurs in which the former undertook to give the odds of Kt, has, as we predicted at the outset, resulted in a complete success for the "little giant" of the west. Mr. Judd's antagonists were the strongest players to be found in St. Louis, and the triumph must be exceedingly gratifying to the victor. Mr. Judd is by no means a professional, his time being occupied in business pursuits, but he finds time occasionally to have a friendly tilt at chess, and is seldom, if ever, worsted.—Hartford (Conn.) Times.

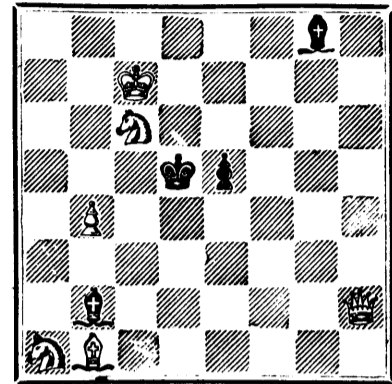
On Monday Mr. Blackburne played thirty-six simultaneous games at the Liberal Club of Leigh, Lancashire. He won thirty-four, and lost two games. On the following day (Tuesday) Mr. Blackburne played eight blindfold games at the same place. He defeated six of his opponents, and drew with the other two.—Land and Water.

In the City of London Chess Club Tourney, Mr. Potter was beaten in the first class by Mr. Bird. The last game was the longest on record, having lasted four evenings. It contains 143 moves. The result of his play with Mr. Potter does not, however, give Mr. Bird the first prize, as he has yet to play and win another match with Mr. McDonnell, or one of two others, before this prize is secured.—Turf, Field and Farm.

PROBLEM No. 229.

By H. J. C. Andrews.

BLACK.



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

GAME 367TH.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Second game played between Mr. John Barry, of the Montreal Chess Club, and Mr. C. H. Phillips, of Toronto, finished 4th June, 1879. (Fianchetto.)

- WHITE.—(Mr. Barry.) BLACK.—(Mr. Phillips.) 1. P to K4 1. P to K4 2. P to K Kt 3 2. B to B4 3. B to K Kt 2 3. P to Q3 4. Kt to K2

A waste of time on the part of White. Kt to K B 3 would have been better.

- 5. P to Q B 3 4. Kt to Q B 3 6. P to K B 3 5. Q to K B 3

Another lost move for White; by adopting the text White has left his King in a most constrained position; at this point he might have castled with impunity, for had Black taken White's King's Bishop's Pawn, giving check, he would have lost the checking Bishop in four moves.

- 7. P to Q R 4 6. K Kt to K 2 7. P to Q R 4 7. P to Q R 4 8. Kt to R 3 8. B to K 3 9. P to Q 3 9. Castles (Q R) 10. Kt to B 2 10. P to Q 4 11. P to K B 4 11. K P takes P

Black was too wary to be caught in such an old trap. Black was wrong in taking the proffered P, as White is now enabled to play with much greater freedom and force.

- 12. B takes P 12. Q P takes P 13. P to Q 4 13. Q B to K B 4 14. Castles 14. K B to Q Kt 3 15. B to K 3 15. P to K R 4 16. B takes P 16. P to K Kt 4 17. Q to B 1 17. Q R to K Kt 1 18. P to Q 5 18. Kt to K 4 19. Q Kt to Q 4

Well played as this stroke must result in the loss to Black of his Queen's Bishop.

- 20. B takes B (ch) 19. Kt to K Kt 5 21. Kt takes Kt 20. Kt takes B 21. Kt takes B

Ill-judged on the part of Black for he cannot now afford to offer exchanges.

- 22. Kt takes Kt 22. Q to K 4 23. Kt to Q 4 23. B takes Kt 24. P takes B 24. Q takes P at her 5th 25. R takes P

White now holds an interesting and threatening position.

- 26. K to R 1 25. Q to Q Kt 3 27. Q to B 4 26. Q to Q 3 27. R to K B 1

Black now seems to be playing White's game by offering the exchange again.

- 28. R takes R (ch) 23. R takes R 29. R to K B 1 29. Resigns

Mr. Phillips on resigning the first two games, challenged Mr. Barry to play simultaneously two other games. The game, we believe, has been taken up, and the third and fourth games, we understand, are now in progress.

GAME 368TH.

A very pretty game lately played at Simpson's Divan between Mr. Ensor and the Rev. S. W. Earnshaw. (King's Gambit declined.)

WHITE.—(Mr. S. Ensor.) BLACK.—(Mr. Earnshaw.)

- 1. P to K 4 1. P to K 4 2. P to K B 4 2. P to Q 4 3. P takes Q P 3. P to K 5 4. P to B 4 4. P to Q B 3 5. Kt to Q B 3 5. Kt to K B 3 6. P takes P 6. P takes P 7. P takes P 7. P to K Kt 5 8. Q to Kt 5 (ch) 8. Q to Q 2 9. P to B 4 9. B to K 2 10. P to K R 3 10. B to R 4 11. P to K Kt 4 11. Castles (a) 12. P takes B 12. Kt to Q R 3 13. B to K 2 13. R to Q B 3 14. Q to Kt 5 14. Q to Q 3 15. P to Q 4 15. Kt to Q Kt 5 16. Q to R 4 16. K Kt takes Q P 17. P to Q R 3 17. B to R 5 (ch) (b) 18. K to B sq 18. R takes Kt 19. P takes R 19. Kt takes K B P 20. Q takes Kt 20. Q to K B 3 21. B takes Kt 21. Q takes B (ch) 22. B to B 3 22. Q to Q 7 23. B to K 2 23. Q to K 6 24. R to K R 2 and wins

NOTES.

(a) The sacrifice of the B was no doubt intentional, and by no means unsound. (b) The end game is admirably played.

SOLUTIONS

Solution of Problem No. 27.

WHITE. BLACK. 1. B to K R 8 1. Anything 2. Mate accordingly

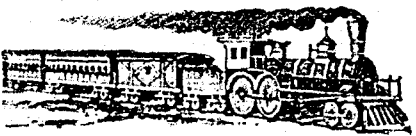
Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 225.

WHITE. BLACK. 1. K1 to K K4 (ch) 1. K to K B4 2. Q to K B3 (ch) 2. Any move 3. Q mate

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 226

WHITE. BLACK. K at K R 6 K at K R 4 R at Q B 3 Q at Q B 3 R at Q R 2 R at K R 2 B at Q R 4 B at K R 4 Kt at K 5 Kt at Q 4 Pawn at K R 7 Pawn at Q 4 K R 5, K B 4, K 2 & 3

White to play and mate in two moves.



Q. M. O. & O. RAILWAY. Eastern Division.

COMMENCING TUESDAY FEBRUARY 19th.

Trains will be run in this Division as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Direction, Express Time, Mixed Time. Rows include Leave Hochelaga, Arrive Three Rivers, Leave Three Rivers, Arrive Quebec.

RETURNING.

Table with 3 columns: Direction, Express Time, Mixed Time. Rows include Leave Quebec, Arrive Three Rivers, Leave Three Rivers, Arrive Hochelaga.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later. Tickets for sale at offices of Starnes, Leve & Alden, Agents, 202 St. James Street, and 152 Notre Dame Street, and at Hochelaga and Mile-End Stations.

J. T. PRINCE.

Gen'l Pass. Agent.

Feby. 7th, 1879.

60 CHROMO, MOTTO, Gift-Edge & Lily cards, with name, 10c. Globe Print Co., Northford, Ct.

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OIL, LEAD, PAINT,

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25 Fashionable Visiting Cards—no two alike, with name, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

D. MORRICE & CO.,

Ice Dealers,

24 VICTORIA SQUARE.

Prompt Delivery and Pure Ice.

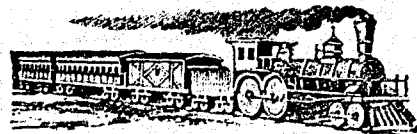
577 a Month and expenses guaranteed to Agents. Outfit Free. SHAW & CO., AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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\$10 to \$1000 invested in Wall St. Stocks makes fortunes every month. Book sent free explaining everything. Address BAXTER & CO., Bankers, 17 Wall St., N. Y.

50 Fortune, Snowflake, Chromo, Motto Cards, name, in gold & jet, 10c. G. A. SPRING, E. Wallingford, Ct.

50 Perfumed Chromo and Lace Cards, name, in gold in fancy case, 10c. Davids & Co., Northford, Ct.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. 1878-79.

Winter Arrangements.

EXPRESS PASSENGER TRAINS run DAILY (except Sundays) as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Train Name, Time. Rows include Leave Point Levi, River du Loup, Arrive Trois Pistoles (Dinner), Rimouski, Campbellton (Supper), Dulbousie, Bathurst, Newcastle, Moncton, St. John, Halifax.

Pullman Cars on Express Trains. These Trains connect at Point Levi with the Grand Trunk Trains leaving Montreal at 9.00 o'clock p.m. Pullman Car leaving Montreal on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, runs through to Halifax, and on Tuesday and Thursday to St. John.

Pullman Car leaving Point Levi on Monday morning, runs through to St. John. Car from Montreal on Friday evening remains over Sunday at Moncton. For information in regard to passenger fares, tickets, rates of freight, train arrangements, &c., apply to

G. W. ROBINSON, Agent, 177 St. James Street, C. J. BRYDGES, General Supt. of Gov't Ry's, Montreal, 15th Nov., 1878.

25 FANCY CARDS with Name 10c. Plain or Gold Agents' Outfit 10c. 150 Styles. Hall & Co. Hudson, N. Y.

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DALE, REV. R. W. Protestantism: Its Ultimate Principles. 60
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INVENTIONS AND MACHINERY, &c., or other matter of an original, useful, and instructive character, and suitable for subject matter in the columns of the MAGAZINE, and not as an advertisement, will be illustrated at very reduced rates.

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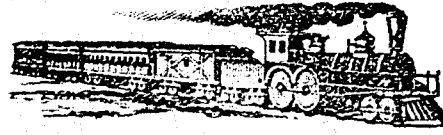
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The Great English Remedy, will promptly and radically cure any and every case of Nervous Debility and Weakness, result of Indiscretion, excess or overwork of the brain and nervous system; is perfectly harmless, acts like magic, and has been extensively used for over thirty years with great success.

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GOVERNMENT RAILWAY.

Western Division.

SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT ROUTE TO OTTAWA.

On and after MONDAY, APRIL 14th, Trains will leave HOCHELAGA DEPOT as follows:

Table with 3 columns: Train Name, Time, Destination. Rows include Express Trains for Hull, Arrive at Hull, Express Trains from Hull, Arrive at Hochelaga, Train for St. Jerome.

Trains leave Mile-End Station ten minutes later.

Magnificent Palace Cars on all passenger trains.

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Others 202 St. James and 178 Notre Dame Streets

C. A. SCOTT,

Gen'l Superintendent Western Division.

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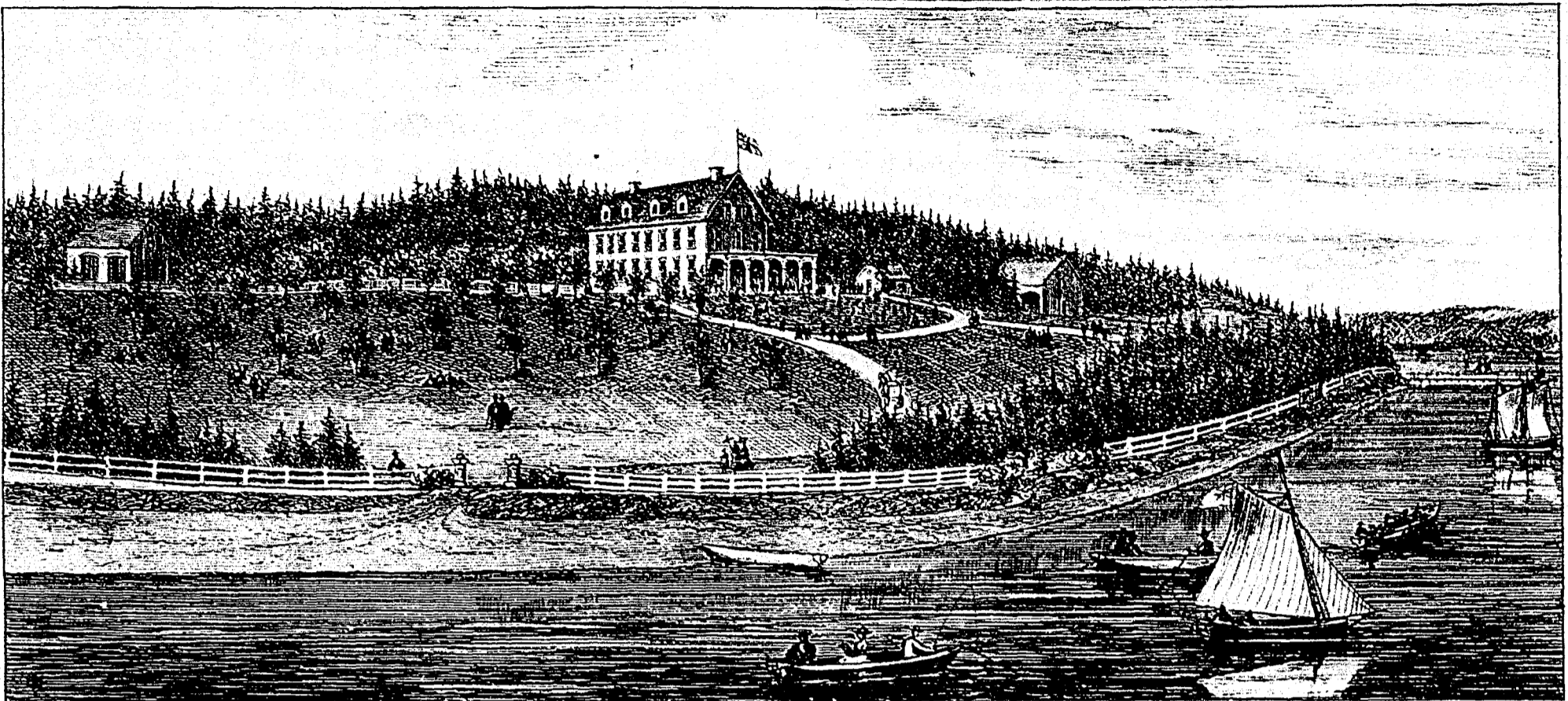
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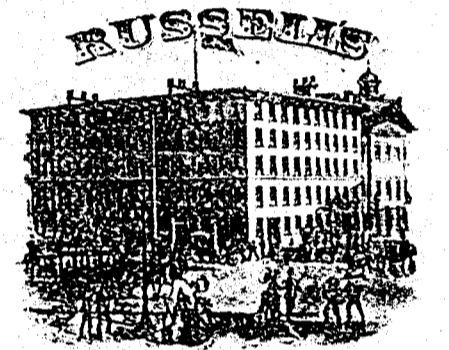
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