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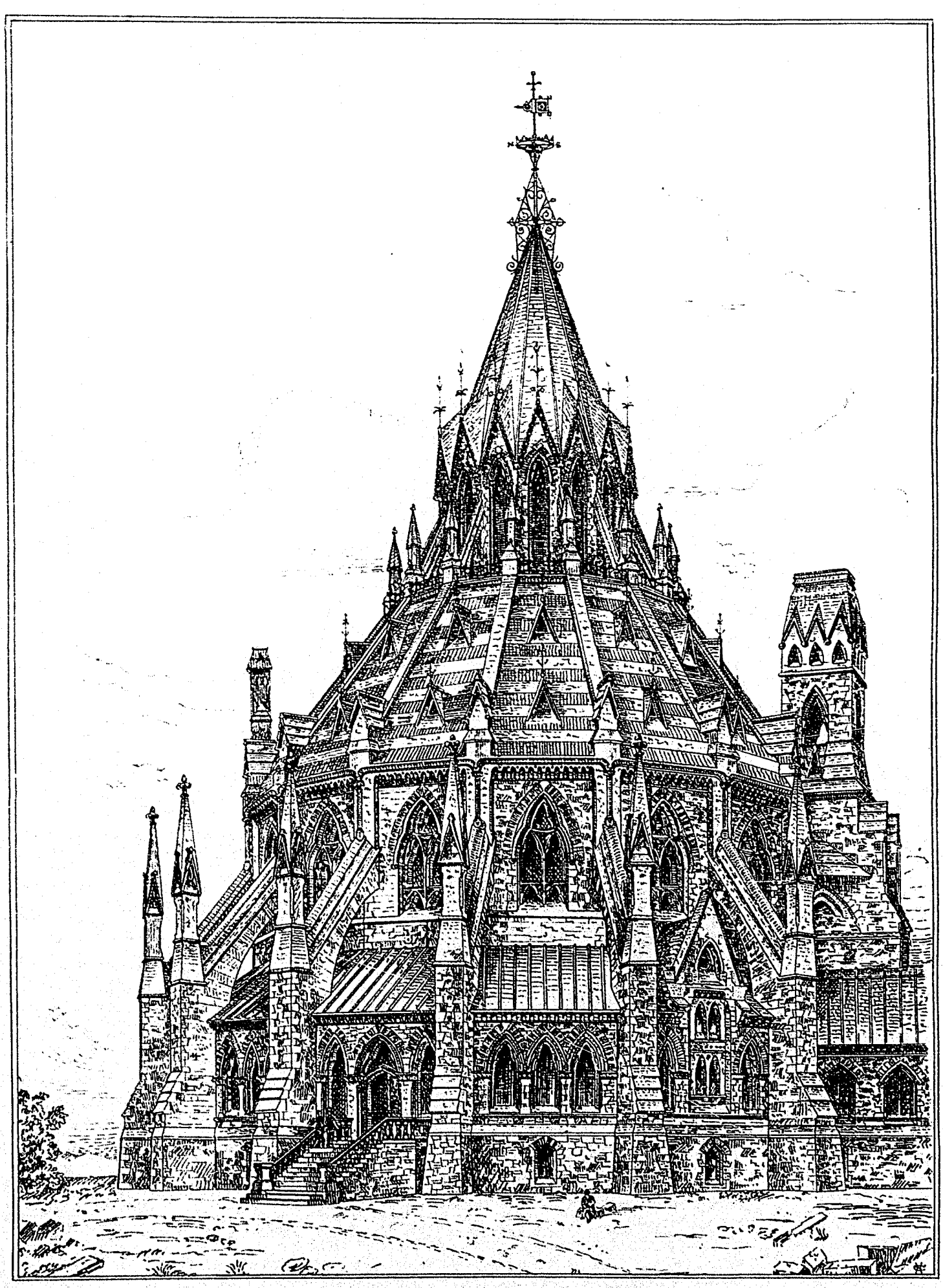

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 10th, 1877.

IRISH BLOOD IN AMERICA.

The recurrence of St. Patrick's Day and the imposing demonstrations with which it is invariably accompanied, forcibly bring to mind—even if no other circumstance did—the high standing and steadily increasing influence of Irishmen in America. The exile of Erin is found in every climate under the sun, but though he is met by travellers in the remotest and most devious by-ways of the globe, yet it is chiefly in America that he has found a congenial home, where his best talents and energies can unfold and produce their legitimate fruits.

No one who has followed the history of the United States for the last five-and-twenty years, can help noting the deep traces of Irish influence in the formation of their national character. The population of that country had been heterogeneous from the beginning, but although the Saxon element predominated, the French, Dutch and Spanish influences were strong and served to make the Americans, what they are to-day, a cosmopolitan people. But in our generation, the Irish-Celtic element is fast asserting a kind of supremacy. In numbers the increase has been wonderful, and in an inverse ratio to that of purely American families, for Irish mothers continue as prolific on this continent as they were in their own island, while native American, and especially New England women, are becoming more and more sterile. Mr. ROBINSON, Congressman from Brooklyn, some years ago estimated that fifteen millions of the American people are either wholly or in part of Irish blood, and predicted that at the present proportion of increase, the day is not far distant when there will be a hundred millions of Irish blood on this continent. Of course, if this statement be true—and we believe it is not far wide of the mark—we may readily understand how it must affect the future condition of the United States. That influence is being felt in other ways, besides the mere pressure of overwhelming numbers. It may be traced to American literature, which is more imaginative, more decorative, more sentimental than it was a century ago. It operates upon its character, too, giving it a cast of chivalry, gaiety and *abandon* which it had not before. The few brilliant things done in the late war were done by the Irish portion of the Federal army.

The standing of the Irish population in the Dominion of Canada is no less high. Indeed, as a general rule, it is higher. In his work on the "Irish in America," Mr. MAGUIRE expressly states that nowhere on this continent are the Irish more prosperous, more well-to-do, more contented, and more respected than in Canada. This is owing not only to the peculiar advantages of our Government, but also, because they settle down here to agricultural pursuits, for which they are specially well skilled. In the United States, on the contrary, the number of Irishmen who become farmers is comparatively small.

The Irish in Canada are a self-sustaining body in the highest sense of the word. Even if they doubled or tripled in numbers, they could never become a burden to the community, for they have charitable and benevolent societies among themselves, in which, by the most enlightened arrangement, they manage to supply the necessities of the poorest among themselves. This is a consideration in their favor, which should not be lost sight of, and if their example were universally followed, there would be little or no medicancy in a land so beautiful as ours.

The best qualities of the Irish character are likewise brought out into full play in Canada. This is a country of wide prospects for men of energy and courage. It opens a sphere for every effort, it spreads out a wide horizon for every species of talent. And in the great race that is going on among us, the Irish easily hold their own, as usual. In commerce, in agriculture, at the bar and on the bench, in politics, in literature, in science and strictly professional or technical careers, Irish names are among the foremost.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

RUTHERFORD B. HAYES is President of the United States. While the high office was still in abeyance, we might canvass the merits of this person and his claims to the trust, but now that the battle is over, and a term of settlement has been reached, we must merge the man in the official, and write of him with becoming respect. In the first place, it is a positive relief that the Presidential question has been solved at all, without the disturbance of the public peace, and that the leaders at Washington magnanimously decided to put the country above party. In all this matter, it is simple justice to say that the Democrats have acted in a very lofty spirit, thus strengthening their organization and endearing themselves to the American people. They had every advantage in their favor, and could have forced the result if they had been so minded; but instead of that they submitted to compromise upon compromise, and when, after an extraordinary combination of circumstances, they found themselves deprived of their dearest and clearest privileges, they gracefully submitted to the inevitable. There was one hope which we, among others, cherished—that Mr. HAYES would step forward as the *Deus ex machina*, and refuse to accept the Presidency as thus tendered to him. But with all his good qualities, Mr. HAYES is only a mortal, and it was too much to expect such heroic abnegation from him. His case is a singular one and unprecedented in the history of the country. He is in a large minority on the popular vote, and his electoral majority is only a unit. In other words, he holds to his office by a mere thread, and the suspicion of fraud has unfortunately not been removed by the deliberations of the Electoral Commission. In fact, the less said about that Commission the better. The taint it has brought on the impartiality and high judicial spirit of the Supreme Bench is one which, we fear, will be lasting. The Democrats have lost everything, except honor. Like FRANCIS II., at the battle of Pavia, they may exclaim "*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur.*" But the loss can only be temporary and is bound to turn out a gain. If they maintain their lines intact, they can virtually rule the President, as they have a majority in the House of Representatives and an increasingly strong minority in the Senate. The State elections will also be sure to go largely in their favor, as the people will use this means to declare their feeling in regard to the Presidential count. We have no doubt that Mr. HAYES' course will be conciliatory, both from disposition and policy, and that he will break loose completely from the party ties which have done so much to impair the efficiency of the Republican rulers.

THE pressure on our space is so great this week that we have been reluctantly obliged to postpone a number of articles and literary papers till the next issue.

ESSENCE OF ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

THE LORDS. — THE TURKISH QUESTION. — QUERIES AND REPLIES.

In the House of Lords, on the 12th, Earl Cadogan explained, in answer to an enquiry by the Duke of St. Albans, that the Engineer officers sent out to survey the fortifications at Constantinople were employed exclusively in the service of Her Majesty's Government, and that the Turkish Government had nothing at all to do with them.

On the 12th, in reply to Earl Granville, Lord Derby stated that the American citizen "Brett" had been surrendered under the Extradition Treaty, on the understanding that he would not be put on trial for any other offence than that for which he was surrendered. The British Government still insist on its construction of the existing treaty.

Earl Granville was also anxious to know why a conversation said to have taken place between the Marquis of Salisbury and Prince Bismark was not referred to in the Blue Book; the reply being that the conversation was of too confidential a nature to be published. Truly, the Liberal mountain which has been labouring so violently all through the summer and autumn, has so far brought forth ridiculously small mice.

In the House of Commons, on the 12th, Mr. Bourke confessed that the Turkish Government had hitherto done little or nothing to punish the perpetrators of the late outrages in Bulgaria, and in reply to Mr. Gladstone, stated that he had no information as to the execution of the sentence passed on the notorious Achmet Aga, and that the alleged relationship between the infamous Chafket Pacha and Midhat Pasha had been denied, but he did not know whether it was true or false. He did not know either whether Chefket Pasha had been arrested or not, but believed he was under surveillance. The amount of information possessed by Government as to the internal affairs of Turkey does not appear to be overwhelming—probably, they consider that where ignorance is comparative bliss t'were folly to be too inquisitive.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in reply to Sir George Campbell, stated that Sir Henry Elliot was still in the employ of Her Majesty's Government, and that he was not aware of any reason why he should not continue in it. The House seemed indisposed to lend itself to any personal attack on Sir Henry Elliott who has undoubtedly worked very hard under circumstances of great difficulty.

The Attorney-General introduced a Patents Bill which provides some much needed improvements in the facilities for, and the cost of registering inventions in this country.

On the 13th, Mr. Bourke provoked a good deal of laughter from the Opposition, by stating that "the reforms instituted by Midhat Pasha would be carried out by his successors."

Mr. Fawcett's motion calling for a select committee to enquire into the financial administration of India led to a lively debate, and was thrown out on division by 173 against 123. The House was unusually well filled during the discussion, and it is satisfactory to see that members are becoming more alive to the importance of Colonial questions as affecting the welfare of the empire at large.

A question from Mr. Samuels as to whether at the time the Prime Minister made his famous speech at the Mansion House, he was aware of the pacific protestations of the Czar, received the curt reply from the Chancellor of the Exchequer "that of course he was," which evoked loud cheers and countercheers.

Mr. Gladstone will ask on Friday, the 16th, "what is the interpretation which Her Majesty's Government now place upon our treaty engagements with Turkey." The intention of the Opposition is to force the Ministry into a declaration as to the course they will take in event of Russia declaring war against Turkey. It is by no means likely that the Government will make any definite statement on the subject; they will probably meet it by an amendment to the effect that in the interests of the country it is inexpedient that they should commit themselves to any line of action before the event occurs. In this they would have the sense of the country with them.

W. H. F.

LONDON, 10th Feb., 1877.

EPHEMERIDES.

BELFORD'S MAGAZINE is mellowing into a purely literary form which is very pleasing to the reader and must be encouraging to the publishers. The first three numbers were partially tentative, but the fourth number has settled down to ease in all its departments. Three of the former departments, Topics of the Times, Olla Podrida, Educational Notes, and Progress of Science, are omitted. This step has been taken for two reasons. First, because the subjects of necessity treated of were more or less handled by the daily newspapers, and, secondly, because the space devoted to them cramped the papers which are more in keeping with the character and purposes of a monthly magazine. The number and variety of articles given in this number will justify the course adopted in this respect; and this number gives an earnest of the success and popularity of this beautiful periodical.

I find that my usual column will be crowded out this week, making room for other articles, but I ask space for a single paragraph, illustrating precisely that literary fraud, a glaring example of which I gave in my Ephemerides of last week. That same number of the NEWS contained a poem, signed Harold, and entitled "Sweet Eyes." Here is what Mr. Richard Slattery writes to the Quebec *Chronicle* about it. "In the last issue of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, there is an "original" poem by "Harold" of Toronto, and addressed to some young lady—some beautiful young lady, no doubt—in that section of the Dominion. The only thing original about the poem just now, is the original rascality of "Harold," who imposed upon the editor of the *News*, and improved the poem backwards. I hope I won't be regarded as egotistical when I say that I am the author of the (mutilated) poem in the *Canadian Illustrated News*—"Sweet Eyes." It is now Harold's turn to rise and explain. I expect him to do so in the next number of the NEWS.

A. STEELE PENN.

GALLERY SKETCHES.

II.

THE GALLERY—ITS STANDING—WHITE—THE "GLOBE"—BELFORD—MACKINTOSH — CARROLL RYAN—SHORT — PHELAN — NORRIS — LUMSDEN — GRIFFIN — COMMITTEE MEETINGS—FRENCH REPORTERS.

I have already adverted to the close relationship existing between the Press and the Parliament. I might more properly term it a mutual dependence. Without the speechifying of the members, the journalists would naturally have nothing to do, but, on the other hand, without the brains and pencils of the reporters, the proceedings in Parliament would be shorne of fully half their importance. It is not only to the publicity which the reports give that I allude, but to the intelligent analysis that is their characteristic feature. There is many a man on the floor below who owes his reputation to one or the other of the writers in the Gallery above. I know of cases where a speaker has been saved from disgrace by the pity of a hostile reporter, or the reticence of a friendly one. A great deal of the service of the press lies in its absolute silence.

The Gallery of this Parliament will compare favorably with that of any Legislative body. It is composed of able, industrious and genial men. Their fellow-feeling is a remarkable feature. A few of them have pronounced political predilections, but the majority care little or nothing for one side or the other, and hence there is almost no disturbing element in their intercourse. The Dominion Editors' and Reporters' Association did not suceeed, I believe, as a Press Society, but so far as Ottawa and the sessions of Parliament are concerned, it is a living organization whose good effects are very palpable. It results in at least one good dinner every year, and that is something substantial.

The father of the Gallery is Thomas White, jr., editor of the *Gazette* of your city, whose fine head and pleasant face are conspicuous objects on a field night. You know how well he writes and speaks, but you would be surprised to see what a good listener he is. Nothing escapes him. No one has done more for the Gallery than he has, and the members would not part with him, except on the sole condition that he took a seat in the body of the House, where he properly belongs. The *Globe* was at first represented by Richardson and Bradley, but they have gone away to the Hansard. The former is unsurpassed as a reporter, almost commanding

his own terms. He is universally popular. Bradley has the best English traditions as a journalist. The genial Charles Belford is here for the *Mail*. He can dash off an editorial as rapidly and well as he can a report, and is distinguished for his great political knowledge. Another handsome man—they are nearly all good-looking these Gallery men—is Mackintosh, of the Ottawa *Citizen*, one of the rising journalists who will soon get into Parliament. He wields a cultivated and effective pen. Still another well-known figure is Carroll Ryan, who keeps watch for the Halifax *Chronicle*. His experience in journalism gives his name much weight. The Short parliamentary letters to the *Witness*, of your city, have attracted attention for two sessions from their fullness and impartiality. Phelan, of the *Star*, has the secret of condensation, while when he wants to sketch a scene on the floor, none can do it more happily. We have lost Norris, of the *Herald*, who has gone to Montreal, but his return is hoped for. He is a prodigious worker, a rapid writer, and his social qualities give him the clue to much that goes on behind the curtains. The influence and popularity of the Hamilton *Times* are mainly due to its editor, Lumsden, and he is doubly busy during the session furnishing it with telling copy. A later comer, but the more welcome from that circumstance, is Griffin, of the Halifax *Herald*, a splendid man, of scholarly tastes, who seems to enjoy the rush and roar of militant journalism. I think that he too will soon be in Parliament.

The labor of the newspaper man during the sessions of Parliament is greater than anybody but the initiated can understand. The reporter goes to his desk at three o'clock in the afternoon, scratches away till six, runs down to his hotel for dinner, is back before eight, and scratches away again without much intermission till midnight, or one, two, three, in the morning. Fortunately late sittings are rather discountenanced this year. Then he must be up bright and early, so as to dress, breakfast, and enjoy a smoke before going to the committee meetings at ten. These committee meetings often last up to the lunch hour, and are generally very important, requiring unusual attention on the part of the reporter.

The French representatives of the press are not short-hand writers, as a rule. They confine themselves to observing events from the Gallery, making notes of speeches, and out of these materials constructing letters for their papers. Some of their descriptive letters are the best record we have of Parliamentary transactions.

PLINTH.

QUEBEC.

As an item of interest to those favoring historical pursuits, it may not be amiss to mention that the *Literary and Historical Society* of Quebec, ever mindful of one of the chief objects of its Royal Charter, to wit: Canadian History, has gone to considerable expense to procure the missing fyles of the old *Quebec Gazette*, already in its possession. Neilson's old *Quebec Gazette* is unquestionably one of the most useful one of the most reliable records of current events in the Colony from 1764 to 1875. It will always be sought for, were it only as containing the early history of the great parliamentary struggle from 1822 to 1838, as written by its most able editor, the late Hon. John Neilson. Its columns contain, over and above, masses of solid material for history, and teem with an infinite number of minor incidents of interest for the general reader.

In turning over its fyles for 1842, I find in the issue for 1st June, a notice of the arrival at Quebec, on the 27th May preceding, in the steamer *Lady Odlarne*, from Montreal, of the great English novelist, Charles Dickens and his lady. They were accompanied by the Earl of Mulgrave, who had been their fellow passenger across the Atlantic. "They proceeded on landing to the house of Dr. Fisher." Dr. John Charlton Fisher, the well remembered President of the *Literary and Historical Society*—with the late gifted Andrew Stuart, Q. C., and the present Judge Adam Thom, of London, was joint author of Hawkins' "PICTURE OF QUEBEC," published in 1835. Dr. Fisher, father of Mrs. Ed. Burstall, late of Kirkella, Sillery, lived in the house, facing the Ring, now occupied by Dr. W. Marsden. He died in 1849.

Dickens and party lunched on the citadel, the honored guests of the officers of the Grenadier Guards, and appeared to enjoy very much the scenery of Quebec. They returned to Montreal, per steamer, same day. In a November number of the *Gazette*, I find Dickens' estimate of the old Rock, as borrowed from his *American Notes*, which being new to many, I beg to subjoin:

"The impression made upon the visitor by this Gibraltar of America, its giddy heights, its citadel suspended, as it were, in the air; its picturesque steep streets and frowning gateways; and the splendid views which burst upon the eye at every turn, is at once unique and lasting. It is a place not to be forgotten or mixed up in the mind with other places, or altered for a moment in the crowd of scenes a traveller can recall. Apart from the realities of this most picturesque city, there are associations clustering about it which would make a desert rich in interest. The dangerous precipice along whose rocky front Wolfe and his brave companions climbed to glory; the Plains of Abraham, where he received his mortal wound; the fortress so chivalrously defended by Montcalm; and his soldier's grave, dug for him while yet alive, by the bursting of a shell, are not the least among them, or among the gallant incidents of history. That is noble monument too, and worthy of two great nations, which perpetuates the memory of both brave Generals, and on which their names are jointly written.

"The city is rich in public institutions and in Catholic churches and charities, but it is mainly in the prospect from the site of the Old Government House and from the Citadel, that its surpassing beauty lies. The exquisite expanse of country, rich in field and forest, mountain-heights and water, which lies stretched out before the view, with miles of Canadian villages, glancing in long white streaks, like veins along the landscape; the motley crowd of gables, roofs and chimney tops in the old hilly town immediately at hand; the beautiful St. Lawrence sparkling and flashing in the sunlight; and the tiny ships below the rock from which you gaze, whose distant rigging looks like spiders' webs against the light, while casks and barrels on their decks dwindle into toys, and busy mariners become so many puppets; all this framed by a sunken window in the fortress and looked at from the shadowed room within, forms one of the brightest and most enchanting pictures that the eye can rest upon."

J. M. L.

Spencer Wood, Grange, 1st March, 1877.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE LIBRARY OF PARLIAMENT.—This magnificent building is perhaps unrivalled in any country, and if it has a fault, that is to be found in the exiguity of its accommodation. The pity is that more ample room was not provided. The building is full to overflowing, and yet fully 20,000 volumes are left in the Supreme Court.

TORBAY STATION AND ITS STAFF.—On the far shores of the Atlantic, in a wild, uncultivated strip of land, which forms part of the Dominion of Canada, is Torbay Station, the seat of transatlantic telegraphic reports. The name is well known. What goes on in that solitary spot would form the subject of an interesting paper. That there must be fun and enjoyment there, notwithstanding the circumstances, is evident from the youthful, handsome countenances of the staff of operators which we give to-day. We trust that one of them will send in his experiences of life and telegraphy on that remote tongue of land.

WE publish two sketches of a pipe head which was found several years ago, in an Indian pit in the Township of Flos, midway between Barrie and Penetanguishene, Ont. The material of which it is made is very hard. The surface is of a drab colour, and very smooth. Beneath, it is of a dark grey. There appears to have been on it, at first, two human faces, of which, however, only one remains. Usually, when a face is put on a tobacco pipe, it looks *from* the smoker. In this case, it looks *towards* him.

The artist who modelled the pipe has given the face high cheek-bones, but whether this is in imitation of the people among whom he lived, or because he was not a first-class modeller, is an open question. This pipe appears to have never been used. It would be well if all pipes, yea and cigars too, remained unused. But that by the way. There is also a sketch of a piece of a pot which was found several years ago, in a pit of the kind already referred to, on the Humber heights at Woodbridge, about 17 miles from Toronto. The material of which it is made is more gravelly, and, consequently, not so hard as that of the pipe. The outside is brown, but without the smoothness and polish of the pipe. The inside is blackish. There is a piece of a Druidical urn in the Museum of Knox College, Toronto, the material and decoration of which are very much the same as those of the fragment which we are now describing. There were a great many skeletons in the pit where this was found, and, very likely, there are more yet. In the course of researches we came on a skull which had received a blow from some sharp instrument, and a piece of another which had been burned, but whether before or after death, we, of course, could not tell. We found, also, a heap of ashes, and a stone about—if we rightly remember—the size and thickness of a painter's stone, hollowed in the centre about the depth of a saucer. The pit is in the woods. We understand that it was discovered by a human skull sticking to the roots of a tree which the wind had blown down.

THE TUILERIES RESTORED.—Our readers will remember that this historic palace was almost wholly destroyed during the insurrection of the Commune in 1871. Of course, the Government of France could not allow it to remain in ruins, and hence the reconstruction has been going on rapidly so as to be completed before the opening of the Exhibition next year.

BEFORE THE MATINEE.—We make it a point to introduce, as often as possible, pictures on purely artistic subjects. That representing the beautiful girl of fashion giving the last touch to her toilet, and taking the last indispensable feminine glance in her mirror, deserves attention from the accuracy of its drawing and the character which it imparts to the face of the handsome creature.

OUR CARTOON.—We are not alarmists by any means. But it is none the less true that many departments of Canadian trade and industry are being driven over to the United States. Canada cannot resist the monopoly of the United States unless she has effective legislative assistance. This is not a political or party question. It is a national issue. Canada for Canadians, or Canada for America—that is the problem, in a nutshell.

IMPERIAL DURBAR AT DELHI.—The great ceremony of proclaiming Her Majesty Empress of India took place on New Year's Day, on a large plain near Delhi. A large semi-circular amphitheatre had been formed on the plain for the accomodation of the various native Princes and Chiefs, and the higher European officials, and fronting this semi-circle was a handsomely built dais, on which the Viceregal throne was placed. Lord Lytton, the British Viceroy, received numerous deputations from native principalities prior to the ceremony. On the morning of January 1st the roads to the plain presented a truly marvelous appearance: British troops marching to their posts headed by their bands; processions of rainbow-hued elephants numbering from ninety downwards, and gold-plated camels belonging to the native chiefs; detachments of the retinues of the various princes equipped with uniforms and arms of every conceiveable form and age; European dignitaries with their escorts: a herd of ambulatory photographers, jugglers, acrobats, medal venders, and finally the great mass of intending spectators, ranging from gayly dressed ladies in dashing equipages to the humblest servant—all combined to make motley and picturesque panorama. As the Viceroy ascended the throne the band played the "National Anthem," and then the Herald read the Act of Parliament empowering Her Majesty to assume the Imperial title, and the Queen's Proclamation announcing her assumption of the style and title "India Imperatrix," "Empress of India." Next was read a Hindoostanee translation of the document, after which there was a great flourish of trumpets. The Royal Standard was run up the flagstaff, and an imperial salute of 101 salvoes of three guns each from the artillery, and three *feux de joie* from the infantry, announced to the world that the proclamation had been made. The bands of the various regiments were then massed together, and played the "National Anthem," and, after another flourish of trumpets, Lord Lytton stepped forward, and salaaming in Oriental fashion in different directions, read a long address, stating the reasons for the assumption of the Imperial title, thanking native princes and European officials, officers and soldiers, and the native subjects, for their fidelity and services, and announcing the formation of a new order of merit—the Order of the Indian Empire. Lord Lytton next read a telegram of greeting to the assemblage from the Queen, and then, after more trumpet flourishes and three cheers from the whole multitude, declared the assemblage dissolved. No untoward accident marred the day's proceedings.

THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION.—One of the final scenes in the session of this historical body which decided to "count in" Louisiana for Hayes, and thus elect him to the Presidency of the United States.

STEAMER L'AMERIQUE.—A few weeks ago we gave a sketch and description of the stranding of the French steamer *L'Amérique*, at Seabright, near Long Branch. We spoke also of the buoy or safety-boat apparatus by which passengers were landed. To-day we publish a sketch of the safety-boat and of its *modus operandi*.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

THE ladies fairly revel in the sweet buy and buy.

"I DETEST masquerades," said a beautiful lady to a gallant officer. "No wonder, madam," he replied, "since you do so much execution *unmasked*."

A NEW YORK girl sang "Darling, I am Growing Old," with an expression so pertinent and truthful that her procrastinating lover left her for good.

ON one of the recent dismal days a lady, dressed in the deepest myrtle-coloured cloth, told another that she had put on a deep-toned crimson bow to brighten the room.

Says a Philadelphia paper—"Those auburn-haired young ladies with noses suggestive of a cold morning who missed fire during the leap-year just passed now sadly sing, "It may be four years and it may be for ever."

"SPEAKING of shaving," said a pretty girl to an obstinate old bachelor, "I should think that a pair of handsome eyes would be the best to shave by."—"Yes, many a poor fellow has been shaved by them," the wretch replied.

THE fair daughters of this land: may they add virtue to beauty, substract envy from friendship, multiply amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, divide time by sociability and economy, and reduce scandal to its lowest denomination.

SUNDRY old ladies in Detroit report that, from a careful estimate, the average number of Detroit girls who go out each year after autumn leaves is 460; the number who get any leaves is 19; the number who discover young men, and forget all about leaves, is 441.

AN old maid was heard to explain, while sitting at her toilet the other day—"I can bear adversity, I can encounter hardships, and withstand the changes of fickle fortune; but oh, to live, and droop, and die like a single pink—I can't endure it; and what's more, I won't!"

"MRS. SAGE, I should like to know whose ferry-boats these are that I tumbled over in the hall?"—"Ferry-boats indeed, sir! Those are my shoes. Very polite of you to call them ferry-boats!"—"I didn't say ferry-boats, Mrs. Sage; you misunderstood me—fairy boots, I said, my dear friend."

SIR THOMAS MORE for a long time having only daughters, his wife prayed earnestly that they might have a boy; who, when he grew up, proved but simple. "Thou prayedst so long for a boy," said Sir Thomas to his wife, "that at last thou hast got one who will be a boy as long as he lives."

JEAN PAUL said that Rachel was the only woman he ever met who had true humor. Jean evidently never made the acquaintance of the New Jersey woman who stood a full coal scuttle half way up the hall stairs, and patiently waited in the dark for her husband's return from the Lodge.

"AND what would you do, Henry," asked a rather vain lady of her little nephew, who had been assuring her of his unbounded affection for her, "if your good aunt were to die, and your uncle were to marry again?" "Why," replied Henry, without the slightest hesitation, "I should go to the wedding, of course."

THEY had been engaged a long time, and one evening were reading the paper together. "Look, love," he exclaimed; "only fifteen dollars for a suit of clothes!"—"Is it a wedding suit?" she asked, looking naively at her lover. "Oh, no," he answered; "it is a business suit." "Well, I meant business," she replied.

IT is said that a young clergyman not far from Penrith, on the eve of marriage, and not wishing to trouble any of his brethren, wrote to the late Bishop of Carlisle, inquiring, as he had already published the bans in his own pulpit, could he marry himself. His lordship made no long appeal to ecclesiastical laws, but at once capped the query with another—"Could you bury yourself?"

A DANBURY couple have a nice little daughter of some five summers. A lady visitor lately observed to the mother, "What a pretty child you have! She must be a great comfort to you."—"She is indeed," said the fond mother. "When I'm mad at John, I don't have to speak to him. She calls him to his meals, and tells him to get up the coal, and other things that I want. She's real handy."

"WHY, Bill, what's the matter with you? You look down in the mouth."—"Well, Peter, I dare say if you'd been through what I have you'd look bad too,"—"What's the matter?"—"Well, you know Sarah Snivels, don't you, Peter?"—"Yes."—"I discarded her last night."—"You did! What for?"—"Well, I'll tell you. She said she wouldn't marry me, and I'll discard any girl that would treat me in that manner."

HYGIENIC.

To obviate offensive perspiration, wash your feet with soap and diluted spirits of ammonia.

REMAIN constantly in a dark room and drink lemon juice freely. This, it is said, has cured the most obstinate cases of inflammatory rheumatism.

TAKE one-third pulverized saltpetre and two-thirds pulverized sugar, mix well, and snuff two or three times a day, and it will prove a cure for catarrh.

GOOD temper with the majority of mankind, is dependent upon good health; good health upon good digestion; good digestion upon wholesome, well-prepared food, eaten in peace and pleasantness.

A FEVERISH thirst that refuses to be quenched by drinking water may be allayed in the following manner: Throw a slice of bread upon burning coal, and when it is all aflame throw it into a tumbler of water. This remedy has been tested and proved good.

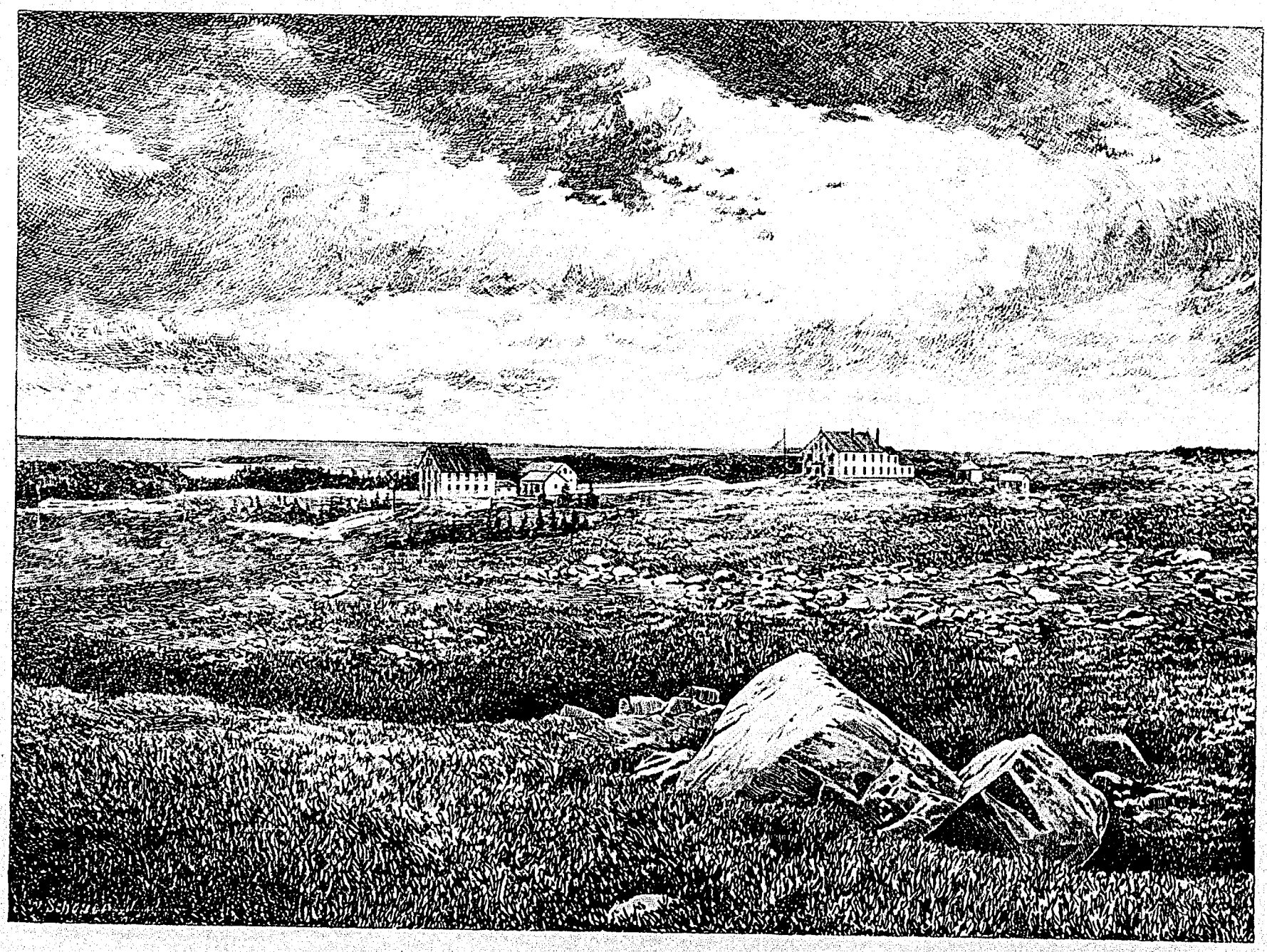
NOTED oculists, for instance, Graïf, Arlt, and Stellwag-Carion, recommend either blue, bluish-grey, or smoke-colored glasses as a protection for weak eyes against the unpleasant effect of red, orange, and yellow light. On the same principle, the trying reddish-yellow light of candles, lamps, and gas on normal eyes as well as weak ones, can be pleasantly modified by the use of blue chimneys or globes (or at least of shades for the reflection of the light) coloured a light ultra-marine blue. A remarkably near approach to a light as agreeable as daylight is said to be produced by a petroleum lamp with a round wick and a light-blue chimney of twice the usual length, the latter causing so great a draught that the petroleum burns with a nearly pure white flame.

LIFE-LONG discomfort and sudden death, writes a medical man, often come to children through the inattention or carelessness of the mothers or nurses. A child should never be allowed to go to sleep with cold feet: the thing to be last attended to is to see that the feet are dry and warm. Neglect of this has often resulted in dangerous attacks of croup, diphtheria, or fatal sore throat. Always on coming from school, on entering the house from a visit or errand in rainy, muddy, or damp weather, the child should remove its shoes, and the mother herself should ascertain whether the stockings are in the least damp. If they are, they should be taken off, the feet laid before the fire, and rubbed with the hands till perfectly dry, and another pair of stockings and another pair of shoes put on. The reserve shoes and stockings should be kept ready for use on a moment's notice.

"DOWN IN THE MOUTH."

Where there is a continual drooping down into the back of the mouth, with irritation and inflammation of the nasal cavities and throat, with hawking, spitting, and a sense of fullness about the head, be not deceived or fancy it a simple cold. You are afflicted with that scourge of this climate, Catarrh, the forerunner of Consumption. In its early stages a few bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will effect an entire cure. When confirmed, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medal Discovery should be used in connection with the Remedy. These standard medicines have been before the public many years, and their use has been attended with the most gratifying success. A full discussion of Catarrh and its rational treatment is contained in "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," a book of over nine hundred pages, illustrated with two hundred and eighty-two engravings, bound in cloth and gilt, price, post-paid, $1.50. Address, Publishing Department, World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE STAFF OF TELEGRAPHIC OPERATORS AT TORBAY STATION



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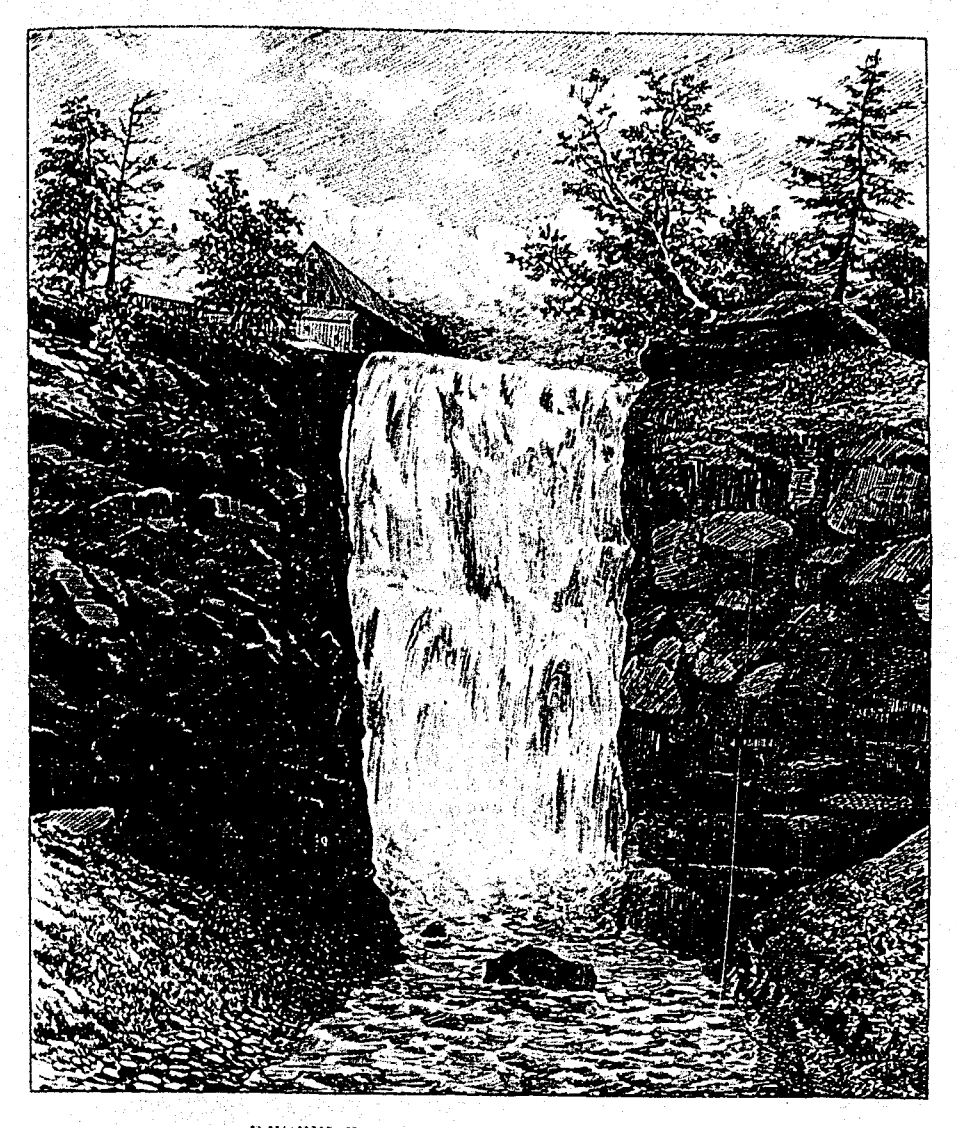
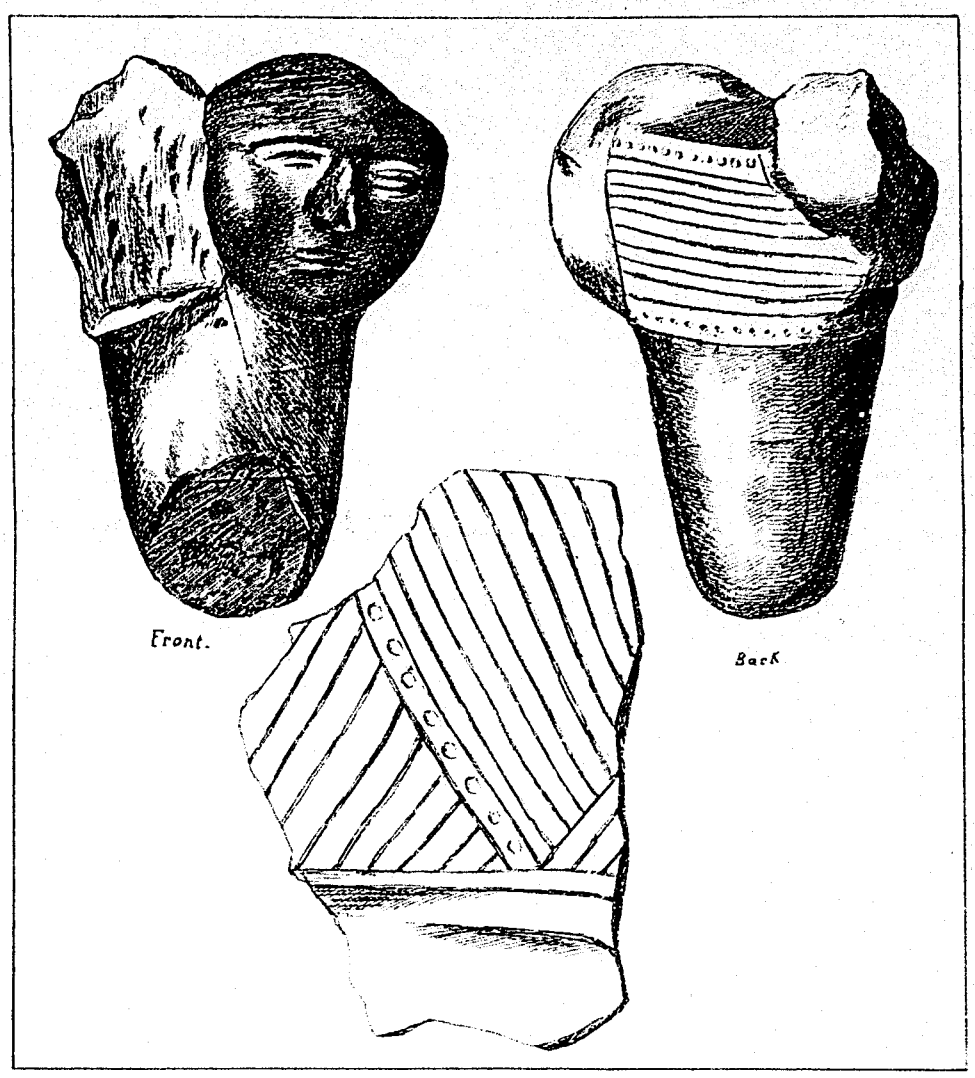
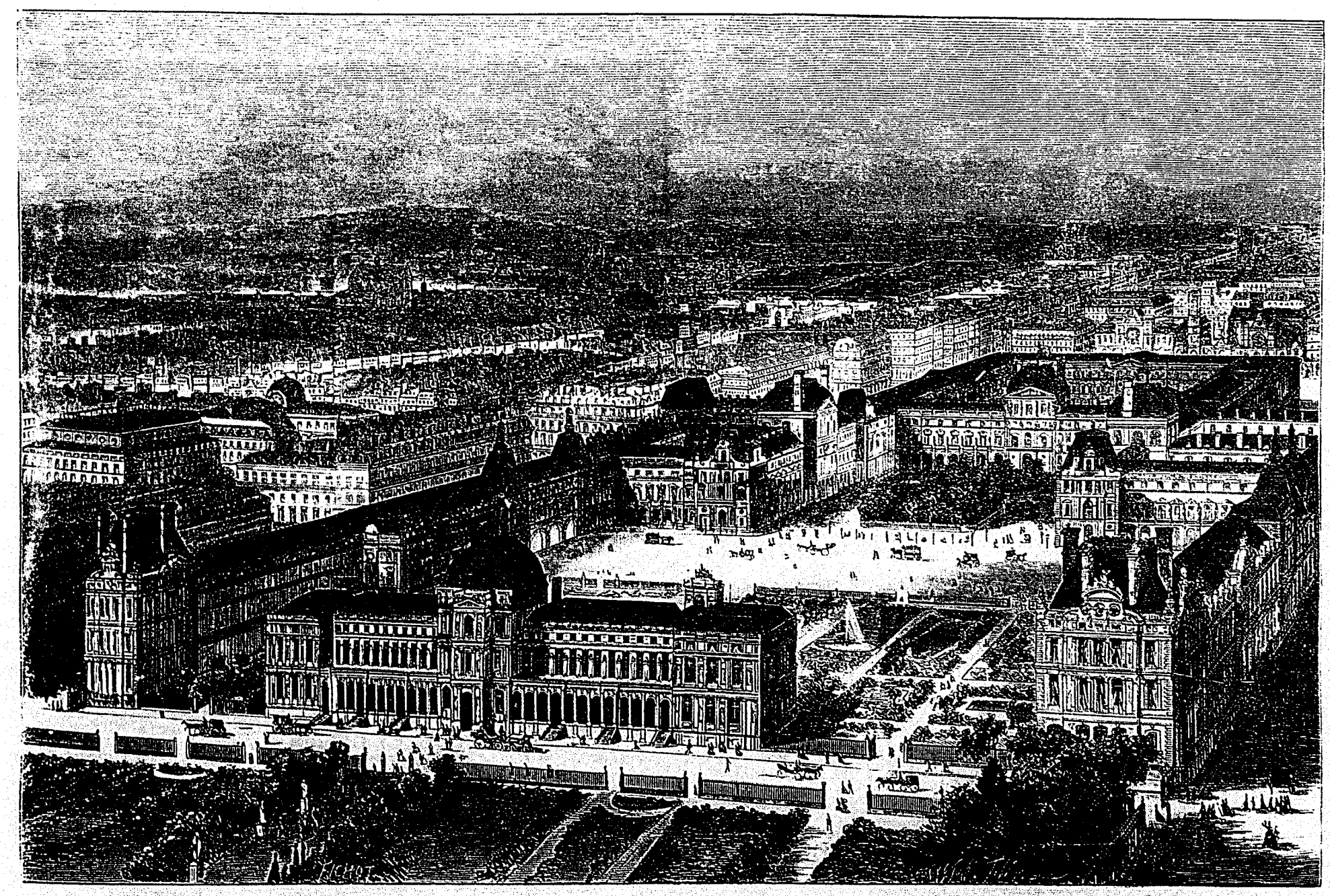


DECEW FALLS.—FROM A SKETCH BY LESLIE.



ANCIENT CANADIAN POTTERY.—SKETCHED BY REV. T. FENWICK.



PARIS:—THE TUILERIES AS AT PRESENT RESTORED.

ON THE SEA SHORE.

There's a watcher by the door, and she gazeth from the shore,
With a vision never tiring, and a longing ever mute;
And the breeze around her playing—through her loosened tresses straying,
Keeps up a gentle murmur, like the breathing of a lute.

As she views the mighty wave, that hath been her lover's grave,
Her spirit still keeps echoing the moaning of the surge;
And a smile lights up each feature, for the poor demented creature
But deems that hollow moaning is her sailor lover's dirge.

Her time of life was brief ere she felt the touch of grief
Young William saw her joyous as a songbird in the spring;
In that sweet time he found her, with a glow of beauty round her,
And wanting but the happiness that Love alone can bring.

He offered her that love, and like the timid dove,
That droppeth so confidingly into its leafy nest,
She took the joy so given, and found on earth her heaven,
As she breathed her modest vows upon her sailor's manly breast.

She bless'd the gentle gale that filled her William's sail,
That it might waft him quickly o'er the wide expanse of main;
But tho' she often wandered, and upon his coming pondered,
Her eyes were never to behold that snowy sail again.

But a pitying Heaven decreed that her youthful heart should bleed
Through a long life-time of sorrow for the joys that might have been,
And so upon her stealing, came a not unhappy feeling,
And she and all around her seemed the phantoms of a dream.

So Reason fled her throne, and the maiden fixed her home
Close by the bounding billows, where she dwelleth all alone,
And the kindly fishers greet her whene'er they chance to meet her,
And whisper, "She is waiting for her sailor coming home."

And so upon the shore she is watching evermore,
For she knows there is a something that the heaving ocean hides;
But her lonely vigil keeping, she has no thought of weeping,
But placidly she listens to the music of the tides.

Ah, poor half-witted one, when thy pilgrimage is done,
May pitying angels bear thee to thy destined home above;
There the mists all rolled away, that enshroud thy soul to-day,
May'st thou at last be happy in the treasure of thy love.

Montreal, Feb. 9th, 1877. MARY JOSEPHINE WELLS.

IN THE GREEN WOODS.

PART I.

IN THE WOODS.

"My cousins, I come to you; here I have no one now that my dear mother is gone. Thanks for the friendly hand reached across the seas to a lonely girl who hardly knew, until you gave it, that she had a friend in the world. My mother's little property will be easily disposed of, and a fortnight after you receive this I shall arrive in Montreal. Oh, I trust I shall be no burden to you, my unknown relatives."

The reader was a tall, strong young fellow, apparently a farmer's son. His mother, very evidently his mother, little woman as she was, stood with her knitting arrested, her white-capped head reaching little above the elbow of her stalwart son, yet trying to catch a glimpse of the letter as he read. The father stood behind him looking over his shoulder. A letter was a rare surprise in that forest home, and a letter from old France, that beloved mother country across the seas, they had seldom received in their lives before. One had come some weeks before this, to tell Madam Ribard that her sister in the old country had died, leaving a daughter alone and unprovided for, unless those Canadian friends whom she had neglected somewhat in more prosperous days took pity on her daughter's loneliness and received her.

Madam Ribard's sister had married, twenty years before, an artist from France, who had fallen in love with the delicate beauty of Melaine, married her, and carried her away. Melaine had not loved her friends overmuch, I must suppose, for, from her marriage to her death, she wrote to them but seldom, and coldly; but when the girl appealed to them for love and protection, sending her mother's dying words of regret and entreaty, all that mother's shortcomings were forgotten.

The letter was warmly responded to and the orphan assured that she would find sympathy, love, and protection in Canada.

The Ribards were loyal, homely folk, with great, honest hearts beating beneath their rough covering, and they warmed to the girl who was coming to them, the more, perhaps, that there were no girls in the family; and her coming was looked for with eagerness.

It was deep winter when Marie arrived, and Canada in its winter dress was an uninviting country to the girl fresh from the balmy climate of her native province. Her heart sank as she beheld the snow-clad streets of Montreal, and then the great tall man who met her and called her "cousin" in his odd French, how rough he was! Very kind, no doubt, but still, if he had only looked less uncouth she would have felt almost happy when he told her how glad his mother was that she had come. Meanwhile the poor fellow was almost afraid of hurting this tiny little woman, so different from any with whom he was acquainted—large-handed, large-footed women, who, beside this small cousin, would seem such coarse, strong creatures.

While taking her home he feared continually that something might happen her before he could get her safe under his mother's wing—so frail and delicate did she seem to him.

I need not tell of the affectionate welcome the girl met, or how sweet it was to her, or how when the first excitement of meeting her relatives was passed, the hard prosaic life they led seemed unbearable to her, or how she hated herself for so feeling, it seeming to her a shocking ingratitude. Yet what a house it was! She looked about—not a pleasant spot for the eye to rest upon; everything spoke of toil and hardship, from the square iron box, which warmed the house, to the miserable little images and coloured religious prints that adorned the walls, and were looked upon as treasures, in proportion as they were gaudy, by the simple family. But to this sense of ugliness there came another and better impulse—a resolve to make the very best of her surroundings.

She was painfully anxious to do something to make herself independent, but they were so far from a city that there was little opportunity, and her aunt begged her to remain with them at least for a year, until she became accustomed to the climate and manners; and as she saw that it would be a real service and pleasure to her kind friends, she did so.

Before the winter had melted into summer a great change had come over the little woodland farm-house, for it seemed that with Marie had entered a spirit of refinement which softened all it touched. Without hurting good Madam Ribard's feelings she had dexterously contrived to beautify the cheerless place. Plants and creepers ran over the windows, and as soon as the wild flowers made their appearance she filled the house with them. The ugly little statues were gradually put where their ugliness was less obtrusive, the gaudy prints replaced by photographs of the sacred pieces of great masters which she had brought from the breaking up of her old home, and, as she had one or two paintings of her father's, not gems of arts, perhaps, but warmly coloured, Madam Ribard was easily persuaded to allow her old favourites to be displaced in their favour.

But it was to Pierre the greatest change of all had come. To him, Marie, ever since he had first seen her, had been a divinity,—something to wonder at, reverence and worship. His love had at first been like that of some great faithful dog for his master: anxious, watchful, tender, thankful for a kind glance or word, and submissive and patient of frowns or anger; but to these last he was rarely subjected. True, an impatient shrug, or stamp of the neat foot so wonderfully small to his unaccustomed eyes, when he did something very awkward, made him more careful: but it so evidently pained him that Marie's good heart restrained her natural impatience.

I say at first his love was like that of a faithful dog asking no return, but as Marie became a familiar feature in his daily life, a more human craving asserted itself. She was so kind and tender to them all, made herself so much one of themselves, that he began to believe he might one day win her love in return. His natural vanity, as a man, reminded him that he had not had to complain of any want of favour from the girls he knew; but then, his heart would sink again as he thought of the vast difference between them and Marie. Yet surely he might improve himself, so as to be more worthy of her; and so the poor fellow studied, read, and did all that in him lay to be more like the town-bred man he had met, and often in his heart despised; but, had he not also despised their women, and was he not now worshipping the dainty ways of a city girl?

Pierre did not know that his honest loyal heart made him one of nature's gentlemen; and Marie looked with a sort of wondering pride on his strong limbs, and marvelled that such a great fellow should be so gentle and tender to all about him. She was very far from having any thought that she could ever be his wife, or live her present life in the woods for any length of time; but she loved those who thus lived, very dearly, as a daughter and a sister. This very kindness, so steady and unvaried as time went on, and he recognized whence it proceeded, caused a sort of despair to take possession of him.

For months things went on thus, Pierre cherishing his love in silence, hoping against hope that as time passed Marie might come to love him.

As for Marie, the beautiful summer life in the woods had swept away the memory of the bleak, awful winter; it was almost like her own native land again; and her heart went up to Heaven in great gladness and rejoicing when she arose on those fragrant mornings and ran into the dewy woods, the early sunlight gleaming among the trees, the birds singing their songs of thankfulness, all nature seeming to chant a grand anthem of gladness. Such mornings as these she would often walk far into the woods with Pierre and his father on the way to their daily work.

One such morning they had all set out in unusual spirits, Pierre's dog Jean, which accompanied him to his work every day, gambolling and frisking on in front, and then running back, madly barking, as if he too wished to call their attention to the intoxicating gladness of everything in nature.

"How glad Jean is this morning; the fresh air has got into his head, poor fellow," said Marie, laughing very gaily herself as she spoke.

Pierre looked down at her with his tender brown eyes.

"You look as if it had been intoxicating to you too, Marie; your eyes and your curls dance just as madly as Jean."

"Yes, and my feet too," said Marie, as she danced on in front, gathering wood-flowers as she went, and trilling forth a gay Provençal air.

"Don't they say if we are unusually gay in the morning it is a bad sign; we sorrow before night?" asked Pierre.

"Likely enough," said the father, "I never knew good to come of so much chatter and singing before the day's work is begun."

Old Ribard was a constitutional grumbler, good hearted in the main, but apt to think he could rule his household better by rough words than by kindness.

"Surely, uncle, you would not go to your work sorrowing?"

"If the sun shines too brightly in the morning, it rains before dark."

"Oh! don't grumble so, uncle, the day is too gay. Now I can go no farther, I have to help aunt with the butter, and show her how we make cassis in Provence; she has the fruit ready."

And leaving them with a demure courtesy, she tripped back to the house.

Cheerless as it appeared in winter it was a very romantic-looking abode now outside. Even the interior showed the evidence of a tasteful woman making the best of the small means at her command.

Marie took off her sunbonnet and churned butter for the family, and then they both set to work making cassis. The air was fragrant with the smell of fruit, Marie was skimming the last flakes of scum from the syrup she was making when Madame Ribard screamed and dropped the bowl she held. Marie turning quickly, saw her uncle running towards the house, but it was the expression of his face in addition to his haste, that alarmed them; it was blanched beneath the weather-beaten surface, and his eyes were wild and haggard.

"Oh, what can have happened?" exclaimed both women at once.

"Wife, wife, I've crippled the boy! they're bringing him. Quick! get a bed ready! Oh the poor boy! and I was grumbling a minute before. I wish my arm had dropped off before t struck that blow!"

The two women stayed to ask no questions, but with terror in their hearts, made such hasty preparations as they could to receive Pierre.

In a very few minutes the rudely constructed litter was borne in, and the large form of Pierre tenderly laid on the bed by four strong lumbermen, one of whom was immediately despatched for the doctor; then the women saw that the blood was streaming from his leg, which was nearly severed above the ankle, and in gasps and sobs the old man told them how it had happened.

It appeared that he and Pierre were both at work on the same log when Pierre slipped and his leg received the stroke of his father's axe. The old man trembled as he told the story.

"And Margot, I had just scolded him for dreaming over his work. Oh, that my tongue had been cut out!"

Pierre was senseless, and by the way in which the blood flowed, it seemed certain that he must bleed to death unless a doctor could be got very soon; and as the nearest was twenty miles, and he could hardly arrive before nightfall, when alas! Pierre would be no more, the poor parents looked upon their son as already lost to them. With such vague knowledge as they possessed they bound the leg above the knee to prevent the loss of blood, but the ligature failed to arrest it, and Pierre's life was fast ebbing away.

In silent agony the two women watched and prayed, utterly unable to aid him, or do aught to avert the fast approaching end.

Yet how dreadful it was to watch him die—so well, and so strong as he had been only this morning, and to know that it was simply for the want of some skill which they had not.

The time went by and Pierre got visibly weaker. Sometimes, it seemed as if they could hardly hear him breath, so faint had he become.

The old man wandered about the house and garden wringing his hands and blaming himself for what had happened, although it had been an undoubted accident, cursing his temper that had made him grumble as the blow fell, his axe, even the strength left in his left arm which had enabled him to strike so dreadful a blow.

Marie stood at the door of the house hoping and praying that the doctor might be coming. She returned from her hopeless task to share the poor mother's agonized watch over the fast fleeting life. She had hardly taken her place by the bedside when they were startled by Jean barking furiously. "*Bon Dieu*, can it be the doctor!" They rush to the window and see a waggon rapidly approaching. One of the men descends, he enters the house, and even in that moment of intense anxiety they see that he is in hunting dress, and their hearts sink.

Approaching Madame Ribard with the self-possessed air of one who knows his own skill, he said quietly:

"Madam, I heard of this accident and fearing that the doctor might arrive too late, have come to see if I can be of any assistance."

Madame Ribard looked up suspiciously.

What mockery was any proffer of unskilled aid!

"What can any one do for us? We want a doctor."

"I am not engaged in the practice of the profession, but I have studied it, and can be of some service. I think at least there is no better at hand. Allow me to see your son."

The mother still looked doubtful and whisperingly consulted her husband.

The stranger had meantime gone to the bedside and was examining the limb; it was evident he was not to be deterred from doing the good he wished, by the manifest distrust of the parents.

The poor people were torn by their doubts: to leave their son as he was, was to give him up to death possibly, but to let an incompetent stranger meddle with him might be as bad, and there was always the ghost of a chance that the doctor in whom they trusted might arrive in time, but Marie and the stranger seemed to have taken the matter into their own hands. Placing his finger on the artery he immediately stopped the flow of blood while she fetched him all he asked for, tearing up the sheets of the bed for bandages and giving stimulants of which there happened to be some in the house. This manifestation of skill astonished the family who had gathered about the bed to watch proceedings, and who on seeing the blood cease to flow were eager in helping Marie.

The stranger handled the limb very tenderly, and in a few minutes he had padded the artery, and they were assured that his life was no longer in danger.

At this the anxious looks gave place to those of joy, and the two women fell on their knees. In their sweet superstition it seemed as if the stranger who had come so miraculously to their relief must be a saint, some one sent them by the Virgin.

On arising, they thanked the stranger as saviour of a beloved life, and then they bethought themselves of doing something for him who had done so much for them.

They had been so absorbed in what had happened that they had not come down to every-day life until to Madame Ribard occurred her duty of hospitality.

"You will have some dinner, sir? Did you come far?"

"About eight or ten miles, I suppose. I came from Hart Lake. I was shooting near there when a lumberman told me of your son's accident and I came off at once. A cup of coffee will be sufficient, thanks, and it would be well to have some broth made for your son."

Marie flew to make the coffee, and Ribard started to kill a chicken for the broth, when his wife said—

"What may be your name, sir? I would like to remember it always. What you have done for my son a mother can never forget."

"I have done what any man would have done," said he. "My name is Garth, Godfrey Garth. At what time do you think your doctor can arrive?"

"Not before sundown. *Mon Dieu*, to think that but for you my boy would have been dead by that time. How can we thank you, how be grateful enough?"

"By saying no more about it. If you have any means of sending me back to my camp I will stay till the doctor comes. Pierre is hardly fit to be left."

"We will get you back, sir, if I have to drag the waggon myself," said old Ribard, who had scarcely spoken since he saw Pierre out of danger.

So Godfrey Garth remained the afternoon at the farm, made the better acquaintance of its inmates, particularly of Marie, about whom he could not repress a certain curiosity, so strange an anomaly did she seem with her dainty ways in such a rough place.

When the doctor came expecting from what he heard to find the man dead, he was surprised to see him taking chicken broth from Marie, his leg propped up and bandaged apparently doing well, although he looked very ghastly indeed.

Approaching the young man and seeing the manner in which the blood had been arrested, he looked surprised.

"Bless my soul, this is done as well as a doctor could do it; who did it?"

Godfrey, who had been talking to Marie, turning, replied,

"I did the best I could with the means at my command."

"You have done very well, as well as I could; but where in the mischief did you learn your anatomy?"

"Probably at the same school as yourself," said Godfrey laughing.

"What! Godfrey Garth! Bless my soul, how are you?"

A few words of greeting were exchanged, and the latter continued—

"Here, take my instruments, the case is in better hands than mine, I shall make the splint."

"By no means," added Godfrey, and after some friendly contention the doctors proceeded together to dress the injured limb; which done, the sportsman took his departure amidst fervent prayers for his future and for all belonging to him.

And as he rode back to camp it was with the delightful consciousness of having saved a fellow creature's life and earned the gratitude of very honest people.

When he reached the camp he was met by a chorus of questions. His friends thought he had met with some accident, no one having seen

him all day, and as night came on, they had discussed the propriety of sending a searching party: it was decided to wait another hour, and then if he did not arrive to set out in search of him.

The party was composed of several ladies and gentlemen from Quebec who had come to camp a week in the woods; the majority of whom were to leave for the city in a few days while Godfrey and a friend named Marcy were to remain for sport.

Of course Godfrey had to give an account of his adventures, and more than one woman's eyes filled, as he related very modestly and simply what the reader already knows.

"How glad you must have been, Mr. Garth," said one lady whose moist eyes told how the story had touched her womanly heart.

"Yes, and I feel amply repaid for all the time I ever gave to the study of medicine."

(To be continued.)

HEARTH AND HOME.

CHILDREN.—It was remarked by Cicero, when speaking of the early period at which children commence talking, that they seem to recall a language which they had learned in another world. Providence appears to develop this precious intelligence in them, in order that these tender and diminutive beings may make early advances in knowledge, and compensate by their drollery, their companionship, and amusement, for the cares and responsibilities infancy demands.

WORTH OF A SMILE.—A woman may be of great assistance to her husband in business, by wearing a cheerful smile continually upon her countenance. A man's perplexities and gloominess are increased a hundredfold when his "better half" moves about with a continual scowl upon her brow. A pleasant, cheerful wife is a rainbow set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife in the hour of trouble is like one of those fiends appointed to torture lost spirits.

FRUITS OF VIRTUE.—If you should see a man digging in a snow drift with the expectation of finding valuable ore, or planting seeds upon the rolling billows, you would say at once that he was beside himself. But in what respect does this man differ from you, while you sow the seeds of idleness and dissipation in your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution, elevated affections, and holy principles? If you desire a virtuous and happy life, in youth you must plant in your bosom the seeds of virtue.

THE SWALLOW.—The touching love for her young, her confiding nestling against houses, her roving games in the air, her coming and going with the coming and departing joys of summer; all this has awakened tender feelings towards her, has made her sacred. It is on account of these qualities that so many a fond belief is connected with this bird. Where the swallow nestles no lightning will fall; the place she deserts is taken possession of by death; and whoever destroys her nest destroys, in doing so, his own fortune, while blessings attend the hospitable protector.

BE NEAT.—Young ladies, if they only knew how disgusting to men slovenliness is, and how attractive are displays of neatness and taste, would array themselves in the simplicity and cleanliness of the lilies of the field; or, if able to indulge in costly attire, they would study the harmonious blending of colours which nature exhibits in all her works. A girl of good taste, and habits of neatness, can make a more fascinating toilet with a shilling calico dress, a few cheap ribbons and laces, and such ornaments as she can gather from the garden, than a vulgar, tawdry creature who is worth thousands, and has the jewellery and wardrobe of a princess.

WAKEFUL HOURS.—There is something beautiful and sublime in the hush of midnight. The myriad quiet sleepers, laying down each their life burden, insensible alike to joy and sorrow; helpless alike—the strong man as the infant—and over all the sleepless Eye, which, since the world began, has never lost sight of one pillowed head. Thoughts like these come to us in our wakeful night hours with an almost painful intensity. Then eternity only seems real, and every day life a fable. But morning comes, and the stir and hum of life chase them away, as the warm sun dries up the dew-drops, which like these thoughts performed their reviving mission ere they departed.

OUR DARLING.—She had been ill for some time; not very ill, but only fretful, and we did not see that our blossom was fading. The light was fading from her eyes, and the colour from her cheeks. Then she grew worse. Fever came on, and when the doctor told mother to "hope for the best," our hearts sank. Poor little suffering angel! The coral lips were parted, in her feverish excitement, and the words which broke forth at intervals showed what she loved best. "Mamma!" Poor Kitty!" "Papa, I love you!" and the white, dimpled arms were tossed above the curly head.

After two days and nights of weary, sorrowful watching, we saw, early on the third morning, that she was dying. Her breath came hard and fast, while her little hands were clenched, and her white brow was contracted until the blue veins knotted on the temples. Then, when we saw our baby pet lost to us, we first realized how firm were the links of affection which bound our hearts together. They were lightened until our bosoms ached with the sense of heavy grief.

One more convulsive effort, and the blue eyes dulled, and the heart stilled its beatings.

"Life and thought had gone away
Side by side."

Dead! What agony! What a wail of grief echoed through the benumbed brain! Dead! yet even then we did not realize it all.

The sweet baby form was enrobed in a simple slip, with dainty ruffles, and the golden curls were brushed back from the baby brow. A few violets were placed in the tiny fingers, and our darling was dressed for the grave. Death had left no traces of his presence except silence. Oh, silence, how hopeless thou art in death! She was laid to rest, and we over her empty cradle at home were turned to Heaven.

BURLESQUE.

PRETTY TOLERABLE MEAN.—A Detroit doctor met an ex-patient of his, and called the man's attention to the fact that he had a bill against him.

"Can't pay," replied the man.

"Do you want to pay?" sternly demanded the physician.

"Of course I do, but I'd like a little time."

"How much?"

"About twenty years."

"I'll sue this bill!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Sue away, for I ain't worth but a shirt and a half, and am growing poorer every day."

"Well, sir, you are a blamed mean man!" continued the doctor.

"How mean am I? Please state what grade of meanness you mean?"

"I mean," said the doctor, as he got more color in his ears, "I mean that you are mean enough to pretend to die, so as to spite your creditors and make your wife trouble. You are mean enough to let them bury you in due form. Then, if I came at night, dug you up and carried your cadaver on my back for a mile and a half, you'd be mean enough to come to life, pick my pockets, and want me to hire you to fill up the grave again!"

"Is that your candid opinion, doctor?"

"Yes, sir, it is!"

"Well, doctor, you may now drive on. If you have time during the day please write me out a chart, for you beat Fowler by a length and a half. Good-by, doctor; seems like spring, doesn't it?"

TEXAN COURTSHIP.—"What's your dog's name?"—"Coony." After this there is a sigh-broken stillness. "What is he good for," says he abstractedly, "your dog Coony?"—"Fur ketchin' possums." Silence of half an hour. "He looks like a deer-dog."—"Who looks like a deer-dog?"—"Coony."—"He is; but he's kinder bellowsed an' gettin' old an' slow now. An' he ain't no 'count on a cold trail." In the quiet ten minutes that ensue she takes two stitches in her quilt. It is a gorgeous affair, that quilt is, made after the pattern called "The Rose of Sharon." She is very particular about the nomenclature of her quilts, and frequently walks fifteen miles to get a new pattern, with a "real putty name." "Your ma raisin' many chickens?"—"Forty odd." Then more rocking, and somehow, after a while, the big rocking-chair and the little rocking chair are jammed side by side. "How many has yer ma got?"—"How many what?"—"Chickens."—"Nigh on to a hundred." By this time the chairs are so close together that rocking is impossible. "The minks has eat all ours." Then a long silence reigns. At last he observes—"Makin' quilts?"—"Yes," she replies, brightening up; "I've just finished a 'Roarin' Eagul of Brazeel,' a 'Sittin' Sun,' and a 'Nation's Pride.' Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose of the Parary?"—"No." More silence; then he says, "Do you love vegetables?"—"I does that." Then, after a half-hour spent in sighs, coughing, and clearing of throats, he suddenly says, "I'se a great mind to bite you."—"What are you a great mind to bite me fur?"—"Kase you won't have me."—"Kase you ain't axed me."—"Well, now, I ax you."—"Then, now, I has you."—Wednesday, the following week.—No cards.

WHO ARE THE BLESSED?—Blessed is the man who minds his own business.

Blessed is the woman who never says to her husband, "I told you so."

Blessed is the man who can sew on his buttons when the baby is crying.

Blessed is the woman who won't marry a widower—providing he's your father.

Blessed is the mother-in-law who never reminds you that you married above your station.

Blessed is the rich relation who never looks down on you—when you are in the gutter.

Blessed is the poor relation who never looks up to you—for money.

Blessed is the old maid that don't hate old people and children.

Blessed is the old bachelor that don't hate cats and pincushions.

Blessed are the married people that don't wish they were single.

Blessed are the single people that are content to remain so.

Blessed is the husband who never says his mother's pies were better than his wife's are.

Blessed is the wife (formerly a widow) who never calls up the virtues of her "dear departed" for No. 2 to emulate.

Blessed is the man who gives his wife 10 cents without asking her what she is going to do with it.

Blessed is the woman who don't scold when the stove-pipe falls down on the dinner-table and—blessed is the man who can fix it up without swearing.

Blessed is the friend who never requires the loan of your umbrella.

Blessed is the neighbor who is so busy with his own affairs that he has no time to pry into yours.

Where are the blessed?

Echo answers, "Where!"

THE GLEANER.

ITALY has only 550,000 voters in a population of 27,000,000.

IN March ferry boats after the American pattern will ply on the Thames at London.

SWEDEN declines and China consents to participation in next year's Paris Exposition.

THOSE who come to you to talk about others are the ones who go to others to talk about you.

THE Turkish Ambassador, on his way to the opening of Parliament, was loudly cheered throughout the whole length of the route.

MR. GATLING, inventer of the gun of that name, has brought out a new mitrailleuse, from which 300 rounds a minute can be fired.

UP to midnight an agent of police attends the chief Paris cab stands to advise passengers as to fares, &c. It is a great boon to the public, and what we need here.

THE steamship *St. Osyth*, which has made such extraordinary voyages since she was built, has lately completed the double journey from Plymouth to Melbourne and back in four months and five days.

THE number of letters posted in England in 1875 was 1,100,000,000. In Germany it was 643,000,000; in France, 366,000,000; in Austro-Hungary, 285,000,000; in Switzerland, 73,000,000; in Belgium, 68,000,000.

EVERY one at the clubs admires the *début* of the Earl of Beaconsfield in the House of Lords. It is agreed it was eminently sedate and judicial in tone and quality, while it was predicted it would savour too much of the Commons style, and that it would take a long time to readjust himself to the requisites of his new home.

A BULLET fired by a hunter in Texas struck the surface of a lake at a considerable distance, glanced upward, and wounded a girl who was walking on a hill beyond.

CALCRAFT is writing his Memoirs.

VARIETIES.

MEMORY OF FACES.—When a man has the painter's faculty of recollecting faces, and with it a quick and retentive memory of small facts, the combination gives him great social power. It is the characteristic of great men to possess this quality of memory. This was Macaulay's case. He never forgot the face of the man whom he had met in society, and with the face he remembered all the salient facts connected with the owner of it. Few things are more flattering to an ordinary man than being thoroughly remembered by a great person with whom he has perhaps had a brief interview several years before. It is doubtful if this faculty exists to any great extent among our public men.

THEATRE FRANCAIS.—For a long time the Français has distinguished itself from all other Paris theatres by the richness and correctness of its accessories. It possesses furniture of all epochs and all styles. Nothing is hired from the Tapissiers as is usually the case with theatrical managers. The furniture, the objects of art and all the decorations that figure upon the stage always correctly correspond to the time when the action takes place. The stock, already so complete and so varied, is constantly receiving new accessions. In *L'Etrangère* there was a conservatory with veritable rare plants. It would have been easy to have displayed artificial plants, but the theatre preferred to incur great expense rather than break with the tradition of realism which it has adopted. When it is necessary to fill the scene with men of the world or gentlemen of Louis XV.'s time, the scholars of the Conservatoire are called upon. Achard, of the Gymnase, when he was a scholar, was once charged with the delivery of two verses in Marion Delorme. The cigars used at the Français are said to be pure Havana. When an evening scene is played, each artist has the right to take one of them from the box which is upon the mantel piece or the table, and to keep it even if he does not light it. In *The Sphynx* the consumption of cigars was unusually large.

THE STORY OF AN ARM-CHAIR.—A curious story is being told in Paris about an arm-chair which has been bequeathed by an old woman, who has just died in one of the almshouses there, to the Louvre for the collection known as the Museum of Sovereigns. This arm-chair was presented more than a century ago to the Empress Maria Theresa, who had it placed in her boudoir. At her death, and in compliance with her express injunctions, it was sent to Queen Marie Antoinette at Versailles, and formed part of the furniture provided for Louis XVI. during his imprisonment in the Temple. After his execution his valet removed it to England, where it became the property first of the Prince of Wales, and then of the Duke of Cumberland. The latter took it with him to Berlin, where it was placed in the hands of an upholsterer to be repaired. The workman to whom the arm-chair was given discovered, upon removing the horse-hair with which it was stuffed, a diamond pin, the portrait of a boy, and several sheets of manuscript. He did not mention the discovery to his master, but soon afterwards sold the pin to a jeweller, giving him at the same time the portrait and the papers. The jeweller succeeded in making out from the papers, which were written in French, that they consisted of a series of instructions from Louis XVI. to his son, and that the portrait was that of the Dauphin. A few years afterwards the jeweller, whose name was Nauendorff, claimed to be Louis XVII., the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, producing as evidence in his favour the portrait and papers, and he imposed upon many people. The workman who had made the discovery was naturally disinclined to say how Nauendorff had become possessed of these documents; but, when he was on the point of death, he communicated the fact to his family, by whom the arm-chair, which the Duke of Buckingham had left at Berlin, was recovered and sold to a Frenchman. He took it with him to Paris, and his widow was brought to such poor circumstances that it was the last article of furniture remaining in her possession when she entered the almshouse in which she only recently died.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE Shakspeare Memorial Theatre, at Stratford, is making satisfactory progress, notwithstanding the numerous impediments to its advance.

MR. W. S. GILBERT is going to New York shortly, to superintend the production of the new comedy which he has written for Mr. Sothern.

THE obituary, a day or two ago, contained one name which recalls an almost forgotten past—that of Mrs. Mair, the only daughter of the great tragedienne, Mrs. Siddons.

MR. DALY, of New York, will celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the production of "The School for Scandal" by a special performance in May. Our Academy ought to do the same.

IT is announced that Mdlle. Albani, the opera singer, is to marry early next summer, Mr. Gye, son of the London impresario. The lady has long been engaged to him, and their marriage has been repeatedly reported as having taken place privately.

M. HENRI DE BORNIER, the author of "La Fille de Roland," which was produced at the Théâtre Français with immense success in 1875, and the title *rôle* in which was one of the most striking creations of Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt, is writing a new tragedy under the title of "Attila et Sainte Geneviève."

IT was while directing the "Barbiere di Siviglia" in Florence that, at the desire of his lazy friend Rossini, Romani composed Don Bartolo's air "Manca un foglio," which has become so integral and important a part of the opera that few persons guess that it was not composed by Rossini himself.

THE church of Wexio, the principal town in the province where Christine Nilsson was born, has long been disfigured by shabby lamps. When the great songstress was there last autumn, she asked whether the town could not afford some new lamps, but was told that its finances could not stand the expenditure. At Christmas three magnificent gilded chandeliers arrived anonymously at the church.

MR. STEPHEN FISKE, business director of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, contends that the prevalent idea that the theatre is a centre of dissipation is all wrong. The long lives of actors and actresses are a sufficient proof that their habits are regular and temperate. He thinks the social gayeties, the charming suppers, and agreeable coteries which redeem the drudgery of theatrical life can be enjoyed as much, if not more, by total abstinence believers, and holds that the front of a theatre is as much a place of business as a bank, while behind the curtain is as sacred a place for study and art as a college. And Mr. Fiske attributes his own success to habits of total abstinence inculcated in his youth.

HUMOROUS.

IF there is anything funny under the sun, it is a very thin, little man in a very long ulster.

SPRING is close upon us, and the time is not far distant when the ulster overcoat can no longer hide the patched-up knees of its owner.

BLUE eyes, with a few tears in them, sometimes cure a man of the habit of staying out late at nights—and then again sometimes they don't.

A PHILOSOPHER says that astronomy is the earliest of the sciences; but from the way that a baby gets into short dresses and immediately goes to work poking into the mica windows of the stove, we thought that the earliest of the sciences was mineralogy.

A German has invented a machine for turning music leaves for piano players, which, says an exchange, will do away with the ornamental young men. If some other German would invent a machine for playing the piano, it would do away with the ornamental young ladies.

"No need of having a gray hair in your head," as those who use *Lubin's Parisian Hair Renewer* say, for it is without doubt the most appropriate hair dressing that can be used, and an indispensable article for the toilet table. When using this preparation you require neither oil nor pomatum, and from the balsamic properties it contains, it strengthens the growth of the hair, removes all dandruff and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. It can be had at the Medical Hall and from all chemists in large bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, have been appointed sole agents for Canada.

A NEW DISCOVERY in Midicine which supplies to the system the waste caused by disease or by excesses of any kind. It is composed of Calisaya and the

OZONIC COMPOUNDS OF PHOSPHORUS,

and for building up the constitution is unequalled.

It has been prescribed for NERVOUS DEBILITY, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM and LUNG DISEASES with great success.

Sold by all Druggists. Further particulars on applying to EVANS, MERCER & CO., Montreal.

BEFORE THE MATINEE.

THE TRADE OF CANADA FLYING ACROSS THE BORDER.

MARCH.

SONNET BY HENRY PRINCE.

With herculean form and strength of Mars,
On boreal blasts and tempests fierce and wild;
Behold me! March!—the year's first male-born child,
Equipp'd for strife and elemental wars.

With mighty grasp soon from the Earth I'll fling
This icy armour, belted to her breast;
So birds, song-throated, homeward from the west
May wing their truant flight to welcome spring.

With sun-flush'd shield and spear this wintry gloom
Shall soon be pierced,—and dormant life shall rise
From her long death-like trance, in sweet surprise,
And thro' a thousand channels blush and bloom.
Like many a hero then must I lie down
To die,—my ears unbless'd with my deserved renown.

JOAN:

A TALE,

BY

RHODA BROUGHTON,

AUTHOR OF

"*Cometh up as a Flower*," "*Red as a Rose is she*," *etc.*

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

"How you dazzle one!" cries Lalage, advancing into the room, blinking her eyes, unused, after her long, dark drive, to the light; "how bright you are!—is there any one here that I know, I wonder? I hope, if there is, that he will come and claim acquaintance with me, for I can see nothing!" Then, as her sight suddenly recovers its wonted strength and clearness, she turns her quick, bold eyes round the room. In a moment they have lit upon Joan. "Miss Dering!—is it Miss Dering?—how very absurd!—Anthony, here is Miss Dering!—you do not mean to say that you do not remember Miss Dering!"

There comes no answer of any kind; at least in words. What answer is written on his face, Joan can but dimly conjecture, for her eyes refuse to lift themselves to his. She puts out a small and icy hand in the direction where she feels that he is, and is aware that it is taken for a second into one as cold; then instantly dropped.

"How small the world is!" cries Lalage, lightly; then quickly turning, in answer to an inquiry from her hostess, to a subject that is much nearer her heart: "Famished, my dear? of course we are! do not we look like it? You have kept some dinner for us, I hope—yes?—that is right! And how soon do you think it will be ready? do beg them to make haste!"

"Certainly!"

They have left the room now, and Joan breathes more freely; Lalage still laughing, and talking emphatically and rather loudly about her own hunger, and Anthony dead—*dead* silent. It is some time before they return; not until after the longed-for and so eagerly-asked-after dinner has been done justice to. In the meantime Joan remains in the corner of the old-fashioned sofa behind the work-table; the same spot where she was when the tones of Lalage's remembered voice first smote her like a sword. Her head is down, bent over her work; all the pretty tools of her trade are spread around her. She has all the air of a persistent industry, and yet is, in effect, absolutely idle. About her goes on the hum of light talk, utterly unheard; a wave that flows round her without reaching or touching her. After a while she becomes aware that the ill-starred millionaire is seated alongside of her.

CHAPTER IV.

Two nights and a day have passed since the arrival of the Wolferstans. Joan's cheeks and lips and heart have had thirty-six good hours in which to recover themselves; and pretty well righted they are. At least, such is the impression that the outside gives; and, happily for all of us, none can peep inside the machine and see what tricks our wheels and springs are playing us.

Joan has borne Rupert's French, and Faustine's music—the two most trying items of the curriculum—with about as much patience as usual; and now the workman's bell has long and loud rung twelve. The lesson-books are slammed with joyous disrespect. The children's fidgety limbs are released from their chairs.

The children participate themselves through the door, and, throwing themselves on Colonel Wolferstan, drag him into the room. Faustine and Rupert are urging him with imperative small hands, and Montacute by moral pressure.

He is in the room now; though (having her back to him) she does not see him, she yet feels it; standing tall and silent by the door. Silent—for it would be useless for him as yet to attempt to speak, such is the Babel of loud little voices that uplifts itself round him.

"It was not my fault!" he says, in a low voice of apology, speaking with an uncertain smile; "I did not mean to disturb you!"

"It—it—is of no consequence!" she says, stammering a little; "you—you are welcome—we have finished lessons."

As she speaks, she turns quickly away, and begins with trembling hands to collect the grammars, dictionaries, and copy-books, which the pupils, in their laudable eagerness to arrive at a just knowledge of the laws of morality, have forgotten and neglected. They have again seized upon their guest now, rather perhaps to his relief, and have dragged him off to the window, to show him Faustine's canaries, and Monty's scolding bullfinch, who are swinging aloft in gay cages. They keep him there, engaged in desultory conversation for some minutes.

Joan blesses them for it. For a little while she is not aware of what is passing. There is a sort of thickness in her hearing; but, by-and-by, she is herself again. She hears Rupert's voice successfully lifted above those of his brother and sister, and apparently engaged in giving a fragmentary biography of his family.

"My papa is a very nice gentleman," he is saying, boastfully; "and he has a beautiful dog-cart; and when he dies it will be mine!"

"But you would rather have your papa than the dog-cart, would not you?" suggests Wolferstan, mildly.

"Y—s" (very hesitatingly and doubtfully, "but" (with great alacrity and animation)—but it is a beautiful dog-cart!"

"There *is* papa!" cries Faustine, pricking up her ears at the sound of distant voices; "he is talking to mamma."

In a moment they have all sped away on this fresh track; out of the room, along the passages, down the stairs, their six feet go flying and pattering. They take noise and ease with them—they leave silence and embarrassment behind.

Deprived of their chaperonage, the two victims, whom they have led into this snare and then left to make the best of their way out of it again, stand stupidly mute; Anthony by the window, Joan by the table. But for the shrilling of the canaries and the little hopping noise of the sleek bullfinch from perch to perch, there would be dead silence. Anthony is the first to regain the power of articulation:

"So—so—this is your kingdom!" he says, suddenly and awkwardly, snatching a hurried glance at the face from which he has, for the last two days, been averting his eyes as if it were some unpleasant sight.

"Yes, this is my kingdom!" she answers, laughing nervously.

Then there is silence again. To both it seems as if, in the whole range of language, there were nothing else left to say.

"They are kind to you, I suppose?" he says abruptly; "they treat you well?"

She draws a long breath, and passes her hand over her eyes as one that awakes from a trance.

"Yes," she says, with almost her usual composure, smiling quietly. "I am afraid that I cannot *poser* for an ill-used governess. I have not one single slight or insult to boast of. I can only hope that Faustine will be as slow as she can in growing up; I shudder to see how tall she is already!"

"They treat you quite like one of the family, in fact?" he says, with a bitter, short laugh. "How kind of them! Well" (with an impatient toss of his head), "we all know that it is a topsy-turvy world. When I think—when I remember—"

"When you remember the old Dering days?" she says, with a sad tranquility; "the days when they were plain Smiths, before they had effloresced into Deloraines: when I used to ask them to my mixum gatherum parties, and think myself very condescending for shaking hands with him! Well" (with a slightly ironical smile). "I have my reward. Now that the tables are turned, he very seldom forgets to bid me 'good-morning,' or 'good-evening.'"

She says it with a matter-of-fact composure that her auditor is unable to emulate. Neither voice nor face is well under his command. He turns away and leans out of the window, round which the clematis-sprays nd the flushing Virginia creeper make a thick and pleasant frame. Questions that he could not allow himself while he was facing her, he can put now.

"Are you happy?" he asks, in a sudden quick voice, so low that she can scarcely catch the words, which seem to be addressed rather to the birds and the flowers, that at least, might certainly answer "yes," than to her.

She starts a little at the unexpected question, and sighs.

"Happy?" she repeats with a lingering accent of reflection; "it is a question that I never ask myself; which, I suppose is an argument that I *am* happy—as no one never asks one's self whether one is alive. I have moderate, healthy work that is not disagreeable to me, and that is quite within my powers; I have no pain of mind or body; I have no desire to hurry or retard the days as they go—quite content that they should slide on smoothly thus to the end. Yes—surely I am happy!" There is a tone of involuntary inquiry and appeal in her last words. She has certainly no intention of making him the judge of the measure of her content, and yet there is a note of indecision and questioning in her speech. He makes, however, no comment on it. He has stretched out his arm far down, to pluck from the house-wall a golden-hearted Marshal Niel rose, that, with the giant clematis and the flaming creeper, makes a glorious trinity of colors. "And you?" she says, by-and-by, seeing that he continues silent, and speaking with an accent of quiet, grave interest.

He draws his arm in again, and it falls inertly to his side. Then he wheels back into his former position, and their sad eyes once more meet.

"You know that the Abbey is let?" he goes on, presently, casting down his eyes and speaking in a tone of sullen dejection; "it has been in our family for three centuries and a half, and it has never been let before. Do you think that that is a bitter pill to swallow? or will one grow used to that, too?"

Joan sighs.

"At least it is not sold!" she says, "at least it is yours still; was it quite—quite unavoidable? was there no help for it?"

"We might have gone on living there, if we had lived very quietly," he replies gloomily, not raising his eyes; "if we had sent away half the servants and foregone society; but" (shaking his head) "that, of course, was a sacrifice that one could not ask of any woman!"

"I suppose not," she answers, with slow and dubious assent; but against even such assent her whole soul rises up within her in rebellious outcry.

"So it is let!" he repeats, with the same depressed intonation. "I am no longer Wolferstan of the Abbey; I am Wolferstan pure and simple—Wolferstan on his own merits, and I find" (laughing ironically) "that it makes a good deal of difference!"

A great wave of compassion rushes over her heart as she looks in his good and soberod face, out of which the young jollity, the happy, causeless hilarity, foolish, yet beautiful, too, have forever disappeared.

"I am sorry!—oh, sorry!" she says, in a sighing whisper under her breath. Then, a moment later, raising eyes in which a steady light is burning: "And yet," she says, with a spirited look of courage and faith, "as I told you long ago, I have always thought that unbroken good luck is a doubtful boon to any one; it is what God gives to his choicest ones!"

"You know," he says, "that it is hard to learn one's alphabet when one is grown up. Well, that is just what I am doing: I am learning my A B C, like a great overgrown dunce. No cockney that ever lived all his life within the sound of Bow Bells knew less about the management of an estate than I did, so late in the day as it is—do you know" (with a fleeting smile) "that I have struck thirty?—I have put myself to school to my own agent. No!" (seeing her questioning look), "not at Helmley! I do not know what heights of heroism I may yet climb by-and-by; as yet the wound is too raw; as yet" (writhing a little and flushing painfully) "I do not think I could make up my mind to leave cards at the Abbey, and ask permission to drive through the park."

He has finished, and she makes for the moment no comment. She would find it, indeed, rather difficult to do so, for the picture he has drawn of his present life, set side by side with that of his past, which is standing out so vividly and in such glorious gay colours, against the background of her memory, makes her utterance uncertain and her throat choked.

CHAPTER V.

Down-stairs they are dancing—dancing to a piano in the hall. Faintly, but yet clearly, the sounds of the oft-repeated valse come merrily stealing through the shut doors and along the passages. Joan does not even lift her heavy head to listen. What good news or heart-lightening could any air bring her? An utter discouragement of soul is pressing her to the earth; pressing down and slaying the gentle valor of her usually steady spirit.

She presses her forehead harder still down upon her small wrists, until the strong pressure is painful, and pinches her lips tight together, to keep in the pain-cry that seems as if it must issue from them.

Who is it that thus inopportunely seeks her?—that, in this her time of freedom, when she is utterly defenceless and off guard, cruelly intrudes himself upon her? And in what plight is she to meet any curious face? any prying light? She will make no answer at all; and so perhaps the unwelcome visitor will conclude that the room is empty, and will go away.

So she lies quiet as any partridge in a furrow. But the knock is a third time repeated; and, since it is still unanswered, the door opens softly; a river of light streams in—a river which does not reach her, as she is at the farthest end of the room; and on that river, lit by that sudden flame, a man's tall figure—a man's inquiring face—make themselves seen.

"Is there any one here?" asks the man's voice, uncertainly. Joan makes no answer. Even had she not resolved to be mute, that voice, striking in so opportunely among her thoughts, would have made her dumb. "Is there any one here?" he repeats rather more loudly; "surely" (straining his eyes into the gloom), "surely I see some one!"

Concealment is no longer to be hoped for. Joan has risen to her feet.

"Yes, I am here!" she answers, in a voice which she tries to believe is tolerably firm and untearful, trusting to the shortness of her sentence not to betray her."

"You are in the dark" cries Anthony in a tone of surprise, advancing gropingly with hands outstretched before him, a pace or two nearer to her.

"So it seems!" she answers, trying to laugh.

"Were you asleep?" he asks, and, by the noise he makes in stumbling over an intervening chair, she knows that he is still approaching her. "I knocked three times, but you did not answer!"

"Am I wanted?" cries Joan, hastily, evading his question and answering it by another; "does any one want me?"

"They are dancing!" he says, still feeling his way gingerly along by the table; helping himself on by the landmarks of Joan's desk, Monty's high chair, Faustine's work-box.

"And they want me to play for them?" (in a tone of consternation, raising frightened fingers to her own face, to feel her wet eyelashes and her hot and blistered cheeks).

"No, they want you to dance, they are all dancing; I was the only person that was not; that was why they sent me, I suppose; I would not have come" (in a tone of explanation and apology) "if they had not sent me!"

"To dance!" repeats Joan, in a voice of hurried apprehension; "oh, it is out of the question!—quite out of the question!"

There is a little scraping sound; and in a moment the candles are relit. The vanished light has leaped joyfully back again, driving before it the safe convenient darkness. The direction of her voice has guided him very accurately.

"Is this the way in which you generally spend your evenings?" he asks, abruptly.

"No, that it is not!" she cries, emphatically, while a beam of eager light shoots out from the depths of her drowned eyes; "please do not go away with that idea; do not think of me as such a miserably poor creature; it is not once in a twelvemonth that such a thing happens; if you had come yesterday—if you came to-morrow—you would find me rationally occupied like any one else; oh, why"—(with an accent of impatience)—"If you must come at all—why did you not come yesterday, or to-morrow, instead of to-night?"

His eyes are wandering round the room, which looks more of a prison and less of a bower, now that its plain furniture, its globes and maps, are indicated by the little spires of light of the two composite candles, than when they were flooded by the general wash of the royal sunbeams.

"Do you spend all your life within these four walls?" he asks. "Do you never mix with *them?*"—nodding his head in the direction whence the sound of the merry jigging company rises in muffled mirth.

"Sometimes," she answers, evasively; "it is as it happens—now and then."

"The children tell me," he says, speaking slowly, and shifting his position to one in which the fullest light the niggard candles give falls upon her, "that formerly—until quite lately—until a few days ago, in fact—you always used to make your appearance every evening in the drawing-room, after dinner."

"The children have very long tongues," she says, petulantly, with an embarrassed laugh.

"Tell me," he cries, stepping yet nearer to her, and fixing his grey eyes searchingly upon her, as if he would, in her despite, pierce through the poor mask of her troubled, disfigured face, and reach the verities of her clean soul—"tell me, is it a coincidence, or have I anything to say to it? We were always honest with each other, were not we? Is there any reason why we should not be honest still?"

"There is no honesty in the matter," she answers with a quiet dignity; "it is a question that you have as little right to ask as I to answer!"

"Then I withdraw it," he answers, gravely; "but, all the same" (shaking his head meaningly), "it is not only asked, but answered. Well!" (turning slowly away, and beginning to walk toward the door), "you know best—you always know best; except once"—lowering his voice and speaking quickly, yet emphatically—"once I am very sure that you did not know best! I think that now you know it too."

He has reached the door. The handle is already turning in his fingers, when he is aware that she stands again beside him, and is lifting her charming face with a look of pure friendliness, angel-mild, to his.

"You know," she says, in a quiet, moved voice, "that it is not from any ill-will that I bear you; if I could do you any good—if I could be of any use or profit to you at any time of my life or yours—indeed, I would not spare labor or trouble to be so; but you know, as well as I do, that I cannot."

For a moment he looks at her uncertainly without answering; then, taking his resolution in both hands, speaks.

"You were always a just woman," he says, gravely; "to other people you were merciful, too; not to me. No—" shaking his head "I cannot say that to me you were merciful; but until now you were always just—now you are not just!"

She is no longer looking full and directly at him. She has turned away, and is standing with her head drooped a little on her chest, and her fair hands clasped.

"I do not understand you!" she says, in a low voice.

"I have done nothing," he goes on, with gathering excitement, "to deserve being skinned and ostracized—will youpersist"—(speaking in a hurried, lowered voice, while a dull-red wave of shame rushes all over his face)—"will you persist in confounding me with that most unhappy madman, who, not well knowing what he did for raging pain, forced himself into your presence like a burglar one midnight, two years and a half ago? No!"—(seeing her put up her hands with a sudden gesture of prohibition and fear)—"no—do not be afraid—I know as well as you do, that it is a subject that will not bear handling; but, in God's name, put out

of your head that it was *I*?—it was a most miserable madman that had taken my shape!—it was not I!"

"I know it," she answers, in a stifled and hardly audible voice; "I have always known it!"

He draws a heavy long breath, and passes his hand over his forehead, and the sweep of his smooth hair.

"But as far as *I*—I myself—the real I—am concerned—" he goes on more quietly, but still with a profound and serious eagerness, "what harm, pray, have I ever done you? if we come to reckon up accounts," looking at her steadfastly and with a piteous resentment in his eyes, "as to which of us had wrought the other most woe, I should not have much doubt for my part, as to which would come out creditor! It will not do to hark back to old times—I know that as well as you! Do not tell me"—(in a rough voice of passionate prohibition)—"that between us and those dear days a door is inexorably shut, that not all our joint strength can henceforth open ever so little. Who, better than I, knows it? But cast one look back into your memory—that" (with a half sneer) "will not injure you—and tell me which of my sins it is that has called down upon me this galling punishment?—to be shunned by *you*"—(with an accent of indignant melancholy) "you that were ever so tolerant of even the uncongenial and wearisome—to be shunned by even *you*?"

She hesitates in a pained confusion; divided between the impossibility of honest speech and the cruelty of silence. She oscillates so long between the two, that he, unanswered, in his impatience speaks again.

"Do you think that, like the Bourbons, I have learned nothing and forgotten nothing?—Have these last bitter two years and a half done absolutely nothing for me, in the way of control and discipline?

"It is you that are unjust now," she says very gently, lifting her brave blue eyes—not wet now, but lit by their own steadfast light to the restless flashing of his—"I have no distrust of you, nor have I shown any; why should I be in such haste to suspect evil where there is none? But"—(with a long, low sigh, and flushing)—"apart from any question of you or me, you must know that since—since well, you know since when—society has but small pleasure for me; always, always I am ill at ease, and feel as if I had no right to be there; while here"—(looking slowly round with calm, lifted face)—"when I am between these four quiet walls, my past does not trouble me; I know that my future is in God's good keeping; I have nothing but my tranquil present to occupy me."

"*Tranquil!*" he repeats, with a sarcastic accent; glancing meaningly at the cheeks which still show traces of her tears; "your tranquility wears an odd dress!"

"It is true," she answers, with composure; "as the healthiest body ails sometimes, so, in the evenest, smoothest life, there comes a spell of soul-sickness, and"—(with a long sigh)—"I have had such a spell to-night!"

CHAPTER VI.

One after one, the hot days race past. The summer that begins with a gentle trot, ends with a fleet gallop and our pains on all-fours.

August is nearly run out; August, the last of Summer's three poor children. Even if you amalgamate Spring with her, she has but three. Alas! how can we help heavily sighing, we that are not fox-hunters, when we think of how many degrees of frost and feet of snow—of how many knife-like winds and stinging rains we shall have to wade and fight through before we catch sight of another! Joan has uneasily wished the days away; and her wish, like all our foolish, unthrifty wishes for the annihilation of our scant time, is rushing to its fulfilment. The Smith Deloraine party is on the eve of breaking up. There is only one whole day to intervene, before it melts like a snowball on the hob; before its members, brought into juxtaposition for a fortnight, whirl off from each other, north, south, east, west. Joan has wished for its breaking up. Therefore she must needs be now content. But when we have our wishes in our arms, they seldom look either so large or handsome as they did, when we saw them magnified by distance and mist, standing on the far-off mountain-tops of hope. Usually, we find some ugly scar on their faces, some malformation in their shape, that puts us out of humor with them. Perhaps you would say that Joan herself is looking a little out of humor with her wish, this morning, as she leans, dressed to go out, in a wide, coarse hat, and clean, scant calico gown, against the schoolroom window-frame. She is running over in her mind the incidents of the past three weeks; as once, at Helmsley, she had run over those of a somewhat similar space of time. Certainly, the disagreeables of this present period are by no means inferior, in either size or number, to that of the former one.

Six times she has come down suddenly face to face with Anthony, in garden, alley, or corridor. Out of those six times, twice has he passed her with lowered eyes in uneasy haste; twice have the children fallen like wolves upon him, and hindered her from hearing a tone of either his own or her voice throughout the interview; twice he has found Mr. Smith in her company, and has passed her with a silent angry bow.

She has spent five evenings in the drawing-room; five evenings made forever hot and sore even in memory, by the consciousness that pervaded them of the existence of a jocose conspiracy among the company for throwing her into the millionaire's society; a conspiracy not so patent as to be very ill-bred, or to become apparent to the dull-witted object of it; but plain as the sun in heaven to her; and resented with an impotent wrath that helps her not at all; a conspiracy to which she can plainly see, by his sullen brows and averted eyes, that Anthony thinks her a willing party. Though she is quite alone, she puts up her hands to cover her face, as if to hide even from the bullfinch's shy, round eye the indignant flush that has stained them at this humiliating recollection. Nor are her troubles wholly in the past. There is one last, worse one still ahead of her; one, in which all the others are to culminate. Is not to-day—this last day—to be devoted to a pleasure-excursion to Dering to see the "improvements?"

And so it comes to pass that, in the fresh and early morning, Joan stands at the window, leaden-hearted, waiting to be summoned.

Monty is ill and unable to share the general festivity. Joan has just bidden him good-by, and has left him sitting up in his small bed, with one little, feverish arm embracing a basin, and a large Bible open at Leviticus before him.

They are off now—three carriages full.

"Do you mind sitting with your back to the horses?" cries Lalage, gayly, as she establishes herself luxuriously in her corner, with air-cushion, dust-cloak, and sunshade. "Oh, do say that you do not."

They are off now. The buggy, with the host and Colonel Wolferstan, spinning on ahead; the stately barouche, with the hostess, Lalage, Joan, and the children, bowling smoothly after; and the wagonette with Mr. Smith, and the odds and ends of the party bringing up the rear.

Away they go; the bright harness throwing back the morning beams; the showy horses stepping out: Rupert perched on the box between coachman and footman, shouting out pieces of shrill information to Faustine inside, Faustine holding up her parasol and spreading the crisp circumference of her flounces all over Joan's modest calico gown.

At the end of the twelve miles' drive things are rather different. The sun has ceased to smile, and begun to suite. The refreshing gusts have laid down for their noonday sleep. The dust has found its way up to their noses, and their knees are growing cramped.

It is perhaps well for Joan that her attention is distracted from pensively dwelling on the old recollections and associations that each new half-mile calls forth, by the necessity of a stringent attention to Faustine, who, having grown tired of the confinement of her position, is beginning to jump up and down tiresomely on the seat, and to swing her legs to and fro.

"Miss Dering!" cries Rupert, from the box, in a voice of great glory and exultation, "Mitchell says that we shall see Dering Castel at the next turn. Oh, is not it fun!—Come up here, Fausty! there is plenty of room. James is not there plenty of room for Fausty too?" (appealing confidentially to the footman, who, indeed, is the same one from whom he has imbibed that ignoble rhyme about Mr. Lolsky, which Joan has so vainly tried to erase from his memory).

Joan's heart has sprung to her mouth; her limbs are trembling. For the moment she must leave Lalage and Faustine to fight it out as best they may. Her shrieking voice can be lifted in neither exhortation nor reprimand. Here is the turn! Already they are curving round it. In a moment the beloved, revered home will have risen upon her aching sight.

"There it is!" cries Rupert, wildly excited, pointing with one eager, fat forefinger; "James, there it is!"

Faustine has sprung on the seat, and her sharp look is following her brother's.

"Is that it?" she cries, in a contemptuous, hold-cheap voice; "it is not near so large as I expected!—Why, Miss Dering, you told us that it was such a beautiful house! I call it *hideous!*"

Joan has stood up too. Her blurred and misty gaze is hungrily fixed on the old, proud dwelling of her race, but she does not reply to Faustine's taunt. Is this, indeed, the lovely pile—half feudal castle, half old manorial hall—that she challenged all other counties to beat for stateliness and comfortable beauty?—this, that time and weather had vied in painting with sweet and sober tints; this, that, wrapping its giant ivy-cloak around it, had stood calmly bidding the little paltry years go by?

Joan sinks back again upon the seat; and turning her head as far as possible away from her fellow-travelers' observation, fixes her brimming eyes on the rolling wheels—on the whirling dust—on anything that is not Dering. She no longer heeds—she does not even hear any more of the children's jibes and comments. All through the park as they smoothly roll beneath the familiar stag-headed oaks, and the glorious spread of the mighty beeches, she is schooling her spirit to bear the purgatory that the next few hours will bring. If this first experience is to be a sample of the rest, it will indeed be a sad day's pleasuring for her. She has hardly got the better of the lump in her throat, nor has dared to trust her voice in any utterance; when, having passed through the last gate, they draw up at the grand entrance, to find that Mr. Smith, who has taken advantage of a short cut across the park to get ahead of them, already stands waiting, small, nervous, but hospitably triumphant, to receive his guests under the lofty arched and scutcheoned door, whence the obsolete Dering lion still looks down grimly ironical.

The moment that they come to a stand-still, the host advances, hastily pushing himself before his own new mammoth footman, and, while his near-sighted eyes appear to see no one but Joan, he stretches out his hand to her, crying with tremulous gayety, "Welcome back to Dering!"

"Thank Heaven we have reached the promised land at last!" cries Lalage, sweeping in with a large sigh of relief and weariness; "certainly we have not had much manna or many quails by the way! I could dispense with the manna, but O Mr. Smith! we look to you for the quails!—do you think—oh, do you think that they are likely to be nearly roasted?"

But not even this broad hint as to the state of her appetite can induce Mr. Smith to depart from the programme laid down in his own mind—to see the improvements first, and then to luncheon. Not all Mrs. Wolferstan's heavy sighs and broad innuendos can persuade him to alter this order of succession. If there can be any gladness in such a case Joan is glad. Since it must be, by all means let it be at once, so that by-and-by it may be over. The children, feeling that the bands of discipline are entirely relaxed, and that a general and agreeable condition of license and anarchy has set in, are already half over the house. Miles away one hears them; opening unintended doors, riding down banisters, teasing long-suffering footmen, chivying wrathy cats. It has begun. Joan is now well into the purgatorial flames. The first door, sticky with new paint, is thrown open.

"This was the late owner's private room, I am told!—am I not right? I thought I could not do better than follow his example; so now it is mine!"

And so on through the rooms. Joan is not even able to indulge in the poor luxury of silence. It is to her judgment that all the appeals on her taste, that all the calls are made; into her ears that all the stream of complacent volubility is poured. By-and-by a sort of stupefaction comes to her aid; a dim feeling that this is all a phantasmagoria. This is not her old home, this melancholy mummer masquerading thus gaudily in its Brummagem new clothes; her old home in the richness of its sober coloring, with its ancient stately fittings, so suited to its age and character that they seem to have grown part of it, not to be severed without mutilation—with its hangings faded a little by the action of the many summer suns that have filtered through the pleasant casement-windows upon them, but mellow and harmonious as the voice with the instrument.

The feeling strengthens as she walks bewildered through the rooms in their new possessor's wake; her feet treading on fine-new carpets, the brightness of whose sprawling flowers and scrolls gets up and boxes the ears; seeing herself centupled in hundreds of Titan mirrors; her eyes aching with the monotonous miles of white paint and tons of gilding that everywhere meet them. Now and again, indeed, the sight of an old friend—a picture—a Grinling Gibbons chimney-piece—a gem by Cellini—too palpably valuable to be relegated to the lumber-room, even by the most commercial taste or the grossest intelligence—make her start and shiver as one that meets a white-sheeted ghost, but for the most part a kind of numbness comes to her aid. This is a house, and that was a house, but there seem to be no threads in her memory to tie the two ideas together. It is nearly over now. They have returned to the rooms whence they first started. Mr. Smith has been called away to give some orders; Joan has sunk down on a chair by the table—both new, of course, and with gilt legs—and is leaning her burning forehead on her hands; her whole being seems to be one dull ache and bruise. She has only one idea that has any sharpness of distinctness in it, and that is, that she must not cry.

But at luncheon Joan's soul is draining so bitter a cup that it is of small moment to her what stamp of drink or what manner of food passes her bodily lips. They lunch in the small dining room in which she and her grandfather used always to dine when they were alone, or had gathered only a few intimates around them. It is travestied, indeed, and harlequinized, like the rest of the house; but alas! the billows of change that have swept over it have not done their work thoroughly enough. One or two old landmarks still sadly emerge, as they say that the church-steeples of a drowned city show sometimes, on quiet summer evenings, above the whelming waves. The old familiar-shaped leather has, indeed, vanished from the walls. The portrait of Mr. Smith's mother, in cameo, Holy Family, and satin gown—a sort of Bowdlerized Mrs. Moberley—now hangs as a grotesque and mismatching pendant to that of her grandfather; but yet his picture is still here, so is his great-armed and high-backed chair, which seems even yet to keep his faint and ghostly spirit-shape in its embrace. Her own chair, too, Mr. Smith has, with timid insistance, begged her to resume, observing that "it will be like old times to her," and she has obeyed with a limp compliance.

During the whole time that the entertainment lasts—it appears to her very lengthy, and, indeed, Lalage's appetite is not a thing to be appeased in a hurry—she sits, feeling as if the whole thing were a caricature—a dreadful burlesque of her sacred past. She is once again at the head of this familiar board—once again there is around her a sound of gay talk and bubbling laughter; once again her lifted eyes meet the smile and look of a *vis-à-vis*. But what smile? What look? What *vis-à-vis*? It seems as if her anguished gaze could not help ever raising itself from the little *chétif* reigning king, lost and swallowed up in the embraces of his great chair, to the lofty-statured, beloved dead king on the wall above him.

Perhaps it is as well for her—though at the time it seems as if it were the last drop in an already overbrimmed cup—that the children seem resolved to contribute their little mite toward making her day's pleasuring at Dering an ineffaceable one from her memory; that Faustine appears determined to follow the example of many of the great and good of all ages, and leave this life by the door of a surfeit; and that Rupert, casting to the winds all sense of the fitness of things, is devoting his young energies to the task of moving the strange footmen from their wonted gravity, by many occult practical jokes, such as he has often tested the efficacy of upon James and William at home. Not even with the end of luncheon do Joan's trials touch their end. Fresh logs are indeed to be thrown on the purgatorial flames. It is only the scene of her endurance that is to be a little changed. What has been already done inside the house has now to be done outside.

It is now the turn for the gardens and their improvements; nor will their owner take any denial. He is obliged, indeed, willy-nilly, to take a denial in the case of Mrs. Wolferstan, who declines to be of the party, with a robust and emphatic certainty, as to her own inclinations, which precludes pressing.

(*To be continued.*)

ARTISTIC.

PROF. RUSKIN is in Venice selecting and securing casts from the most beautiful types of sculpture to be found there, for a museum he is establishing at Walkley, a suburb of Sheffield, England, for the benefit of workingmen students.

A VOLUME of some artistic interest is just published by Goupil of Paris. It is a photographic album of Beaudry's paintings in the Foyer of the Opera, with the sketches and studies used in the course of the work. Edmond About has written a preface for it.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot in Paris to erect a monument to the memory of George Sand. On the committee are the names of MM. Victor Hugo, Duquesnel, Perrin, and a number of other leading literary men. The site fixed upon for the statue is the Place de l'Odéon, which is about the centre of the classic Latin quarter of Paris.

AN eminent physician, writing to the London *Times*, says he is so impressed with the benefit of pictures, bronzes, art decorations, sculpture, &c., in a medical point of view, that he is ready to give £100 toward a fund to cover the naked walls of the London hospitals, as he is confident that the contemplation of works of art is beneficial to the recovery of all classes of patients.

THE entire cost of moving the obelisk called Cleopatra's needle, from Egypt to London, is to be borne by an eminent English surgeon, Mr. Erasmus Wilson. He has made the necessary arrangements with Mr. Dickson, the civil engineer, at an estimated cost of $50,000. The obelisk will be surrounded with water-tight and air-tight casing of boiler plates, will have a wooden keel and an iron deck, and will be towed through the Mediterranean by a powerful steamer.

THE Legion of Honour has just been conferred on "the Comte de Noé, draughtsman, for exceptional services." He is well known as the "Cham" of *Charivari*, a pseudonym he assumed on account of his father's repugnance to his adopting the profession of a caricaturist, Noé being the French form of Noah, and Cham of Ham, so that the signature implied his being disinherited, or, at least, in disgrace. The objection to decorating a comic artist which had long excluded M. de Noé from the Legion of Honour has at last been waived.

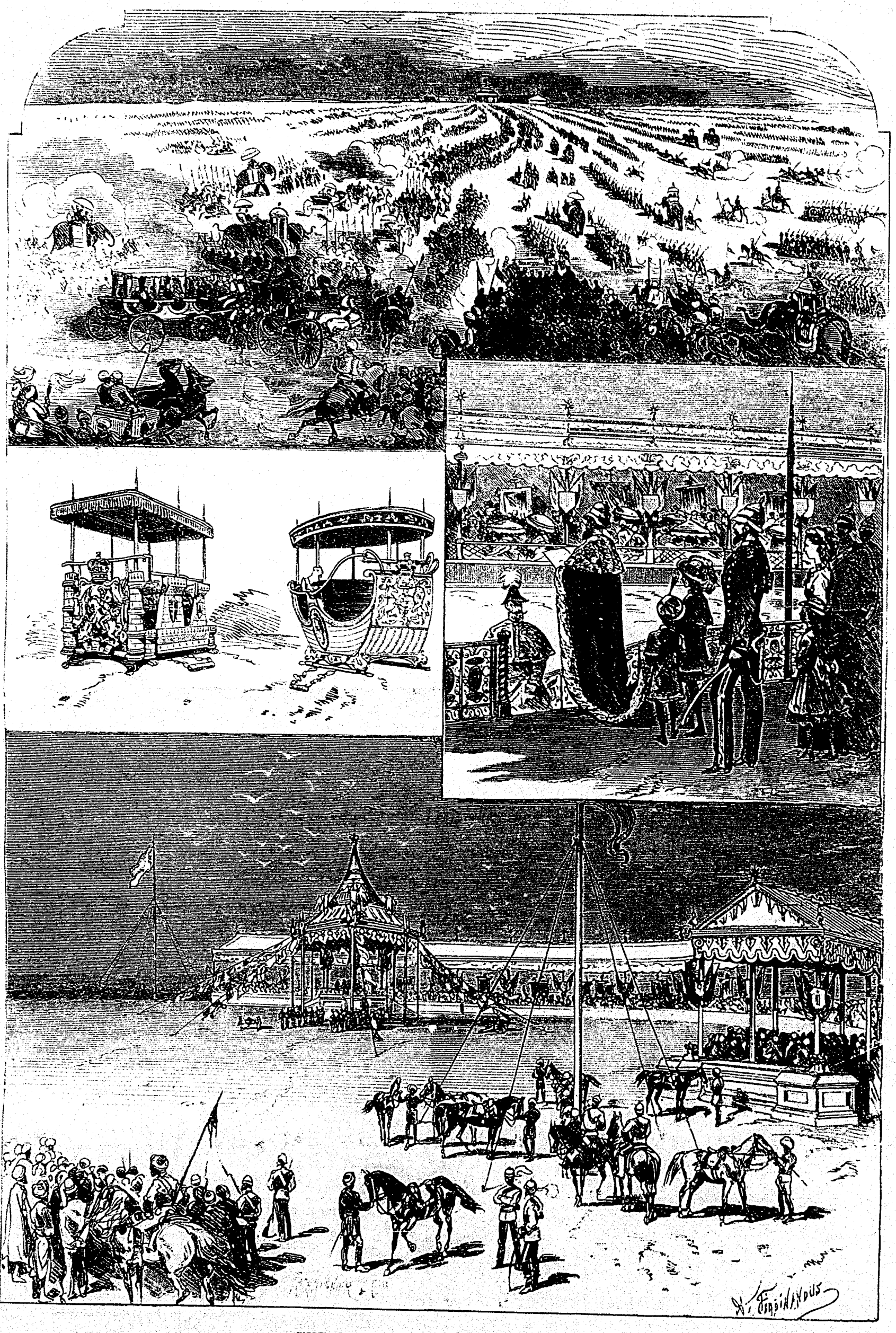
SOME rare miniatures and autographs were sold at Hôtel Drouot, in Paris, the other day, the *élite* of the old aristocracy and the members of the Orleans family being present. Nine miniatures fetched 11,200 francs, among them a portrait of Marie Antoinette, and another of Madame Elizabeth, the sister of Louis XVI. Four lines scrawled by the latter on the day after the capture of the Bastille, fetched 205 francs; and a autograph letter from Marie Antoinette to the Duchess of Polignac, 640 francs. Autographs, however, of Frederick the Great and of the Emperor Paul I. of Russia went for ridiculously small sums.

ONE of the novelties of the Paris Exposition of 1878, which is most likely to attract the keen interest of the public, will be the exhibition of historical portraits executed by French artists from the fifteenth century to 1830. This project has been approved by the Minister of Public Instruction, and has been submitted to a subcommission to consider the best means of carrying the scheme into effect and to ascertain the views on the subject of the possessors of historical paintings. The commission has already put itself in communication with the museums of the provinces and private owners of collections, who, it is said, have responded to the appeal with a liberality which promises a rich harvest of historical and artistic discoveries.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

It must be a matter of gratification to every Canadian to note the steady progress which this publication is making. It has undoubtedly achieved for itself a high position in the world of literature and art, and we regard it now as one of our national institutions and watch its weekly advent with the greatest of interest. Some of the political cartoons of the NEWS are capital without descending to the vulgarity which too often characterizes American illustrations of this nature. The last issue, for example, contains excellent likenesses of Mr. Mackenzie and Sir John Macdonald in the guise of cooks.—St. Johns, P.Q., *News*.

It gives us very great pleasure to refer to this popular journal—to recommend it to our readers as an illustrated paper worthy of their support. An honest attempt by the publishers to present a pictorial and literary weekly worthy of the Dominion deserves all praise. This week's number is very creditable. The pictures will bear comparison with any similar publication on the continent of America, and the letter-press is varied and interesting; the latter including a number of carefully edited departments suitable for the family circle. The object of the publishers being to produce as good an illustrated and family paper as the circumstances of the country will warrant, we trust the public will help the good work onward by extending a cordial support. Orders may be left at any bookstore, or new subscribers may address the publishers, Montreal.—London *Herald*.



THE IMPERIAL DURBAR AT DELHI.

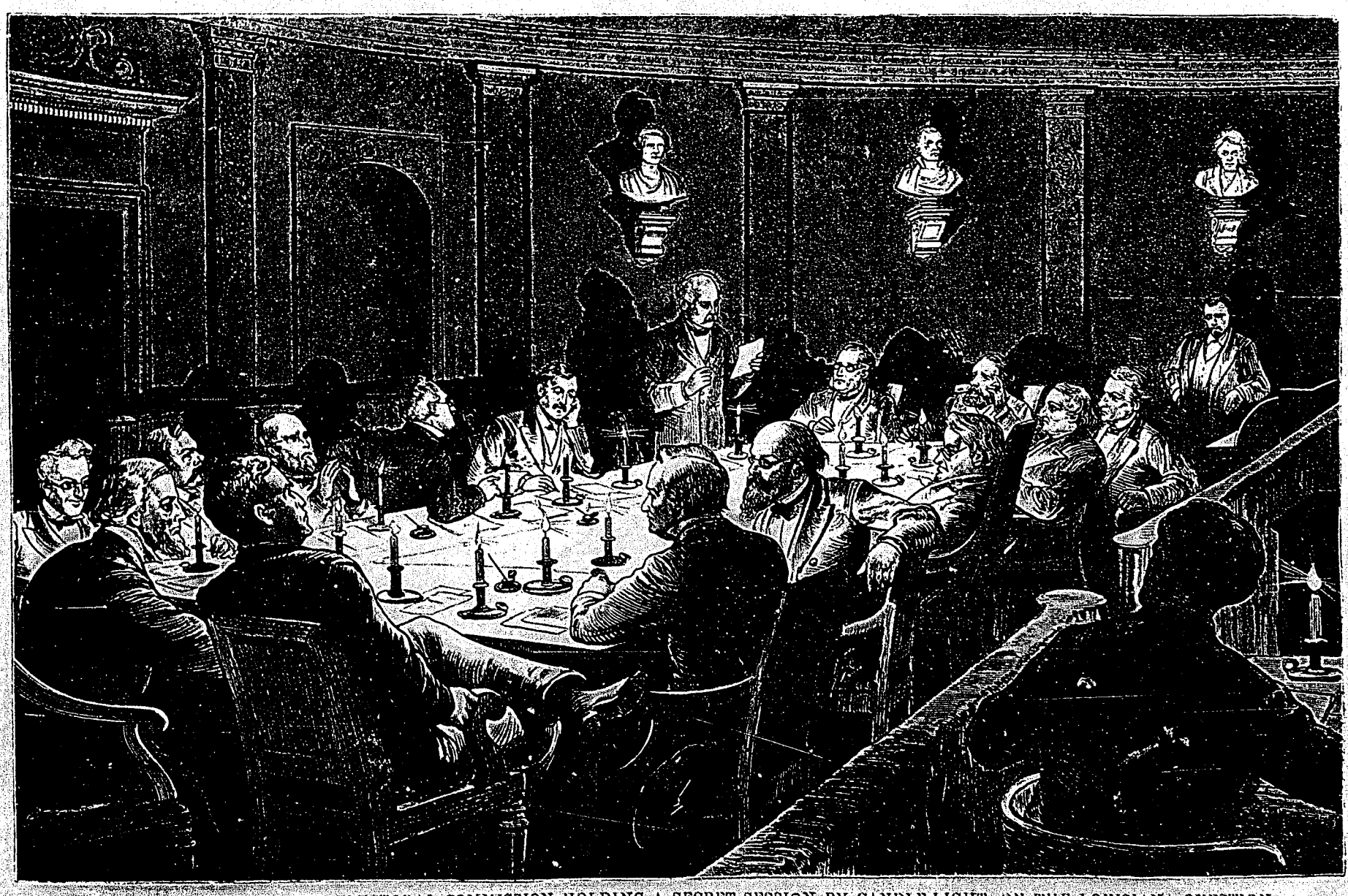
Route to the field.—Howdah of the Duke of Buckingham, Governor of Madras.—Lord Lytton, Vice-Roy of India, reading a telegram from the Queen.—General view of the Ceremony.

THE RELIGION OF SERVIA.

The national religion of Servia is that of the Greek Church, but is independent of the Patriarchate of Constantinople. The bishops are chosen by the Synod and consecrated by the Servian Metropolitan, the Metropolitan himself being chosen by the Synod. The country is divided into four dioceses—those of Belgrade, Schabatz, Negotin and Oushoetza. There are several monasteries, the most interesting of which are those of Studeniza, built by the first Servian King, Nemandia, about the end of the twelfth, and Manassia, built by Lazarus, in the fourteenth century. The Government pays the archbishop, the bishops and the rectors; the other priests are remunerated for their services by the people. There is a special ministry of national education, and a law passed in the reign of the late Prince Michael obliges the Government to supply and pay a qualified master for an elementary national school to every community which declares itself prepared to send thirty boys as scholars, and provides at the same time a building suitable for a school. The population is about 1,300,000. The soil is very fertile and productive, but the greater part is uncultivated. The peasants are averse to manual labor, and rather than work they employ itinerant laborers, who flock yearly to Servia in large numbers from the adjacent provinces of Albania and Macedonia. The principal grain is maize, but hemp, flax, tobacco, and cotton are also produced in large quantities. One striking peculiarity of the vegetation is the similarity of the wild flowers and weeds to those of England.

LANDING PASSENGERS FROM THE STRANDED STEAMER "L'AMERIQUE," AT LONG BRANCH.

THE LIFE-BOAT USED IN LANDING PASSENGERS FROM "L'AMERIQUE."



WASHINGTON:—THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION HOLDING A SECRET SESSION BY CANDLE-LIGHT, ON THE LOUISIANA QUESTION.

SONNET.

Learn to say *aye*, with sweetly sounding voice.
When thou art sick at heart and wouldst say *nay*:
Learn to say nay to thy heart's dearest choice,
And idly lie thy happiness away.
Learn how to talk, so that when thou hast done,
The moralist may say, with sapient look,
That there is nothing new beneath the sun
In woman's fashions, or the silliest book.—
Those utmost points of fashionable pleasure,—
Learn to do much that every modest woman
Would blush to dream of. In thine hours of leisure
Crush the divine within the groveling human.
Well schooled in these, and thou shalt surely be
The very essence of society.

Montreal, Feb. 26, 1877. BARRY DANE.

THE RICHELIEU.

I.

HISTORY OF THE RIVER.

This beautiful stream is intimately associated with the history of Canada. Its original name was Iroquois River, owing to the fact—that, in early times, these savage warriors used it as their great highway, in their continual wars against the Hurons, and their fearful depredations on the settlements of Quebec and Three Rivers.

Champlain was the first European who explored it from its mouth to a distant point on the lake which still bears his name. Finding that his infant colony at Quebec was in constant danger of extermination from the irruptions of the Iroquois, who were furnished with firearms by the Dutch of New York, he determined on pursuing them into their own country and there bringing them to a decisive battle. In the spring of 1609, accompanied by a party of Hurons and Algonquins, he started for the dreaded land of the Mohawks. After stopping at the mouth of the river to take in a supply of fish and game and consulting on a plan of campaign, he ascended it for a distance of some forty-five miles, without meeting with any obstacle. The deep primeval forest hung over him from either bank. He encountered no living thing, except the wild birds on the branches and the stag drinking on the river's edge. Suddenly, he heard the roar of waters tumbling over and among rocks, and observed long streaks of foam sweeping past his birch canoe. It was the rapids of Chambly. His party landed and the Indians made a *portage*, that is they transported on their shoulders their skiffs, arms and baggage to a point where the river was again navigable. The expedition then continued its march without incident, till one fine summer morning, its canoes shot into the clear waters of Lake Champlain. The great traveller seems to have traversed its whole length, for he discovered Lake George at its southern extremity. He gave the measurement of Lake Champlain as 180 miles long, a singular mistake for so accurate an explorer. The correct figure is 108 miles from Whitehall to Rouse's Point, though from the former place to Fort Henry, the lake is no more than a very narrow river in which a large steamer cannot turn on itself.

Champlain was also the first discoverer of the romantic Adirondack Mountains. They were pointed out to him by his Indian companions as the boundary of the Mohawk land.

After a long search, the terrible enemy was at length overtaken. A battle ensued, in which the Mohawks were defeated by the arquebuses of Champlain and two of his white associates, but the victory was unimportant and not worth the trouble which it cost.

The precise spot where this engagement took place is not known, though some of the old geographers set it down at the promontory of Ticonderoga, or Carillon, as it was called by the French.

Champlain and his band lost no time in retracing their steps. They followed the same route by which they had come, and parted company only at the rapids of Chambly. There the Indians moved across the country to reach the mouth of the Ottawa, and Champlain himself continued down to Quebec.

According as the country became settled, the valley of the Richelieu began to fill up. Some of the best families among the colonists chose it as their residence, both on account of the beauty of its scenery and the fertility of its soil. The St. Ours, the Duchesnays, the Deschambeaults, the Rouvilles and others obtained grants of land on its banks, thus giving their names to the Seigniories which survived so long in Lower Canada.

Its direct communication with the United States renders the Richelieu a favorite channel of commerce. It is and has been for years the great highway of the lumber trade. With proper attention it could be made the chief outlet of the wheat and grain market for at least all the parishes lying along its banks or contiguous to them. It might also be utilized, much more than it is, for manufactures, as its water-power is great and the supply of wood abundant and near at hand all along its eastern border.

It is 80 miles in length and bridged at five places. There is a railway bridge at Rouse's Point, another railway bridge and a fine traveller's bridge at St. Johns, a covered bridge at Chambly, and a railway bridge again at Beloeil, rendered famous by the terrible accident of 1864. There are twelve miles of canal from St. Johns to Chambly, but that canal should be much widened for the increased requirements of trade. There is also a dam at St. Ours.

The scenery of the river is of a beautiful, pastoral character. The continuous line of neat farms along its banks, the quiet villages nestling under the peaked tin roofs of the Norman-built churches, the stretches of green meadows, the clumps of forest trees, the variety of mountain views at every bend of the stream, constitute a landscape charming to travel through in summer days or by the favor of moonlight. The resemblance of the Richelieu to the Meuse of the Luxembourg valley is striking to any one who has visited both, and its broad sweep into the St. Lawrence at Sorel reminds the traveller of the fall of the Ohio *la belle riviere* of the French—into the Mississippi, at Cairo.

The present name of the river is derived from an old fort built on the present site of Sorel, by M. de Montmagny. As we shall see in the course of these papers, that fort played an important part in the early history of New France. It was meet that while Lake Champlain preserves the memory of its discoverer, the beautiful river which flows from it should bear the name of the great French Cardinal who did so much for the families settling on its banks.

A more popular name among the French-Canadian people is *Riviere Chambly*. It is less frequently called *Sorel River*.

JOHN LESPERANCE.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

No. 23. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

There were three men whose united ages were 180; and the age of the eldest was 5 times the age of the youngest, and the years of the second number two-fifths of twice the age of the eldest. What were their respective ages? A.

No. 24. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The judge assumed a serious air—
"You'd no right to filch that diamond rare:
The sentence is, you wicked lout,
Three months hard labor, before you come out."

1. Had I been in the judge's place,
I would have added to his disgrace:
He should have had upon his back,
This freely laid of blows no lack.
2. He drained the measure, then, with a sigh,
Told the Hebe he still was dry.
"Will you do this, my sweetest girl?"
"Oh, no," she said, "have no more purl."
3. To ancient Rome they were a bore.
But thrashed they got, and came no more.
4. He asked her to have him; the pert young Miss
Did'nt give him her portrait, but only this.
5. Fanny was in the garden, hanging out the clothes,
Down came the pelting rain upon her little nose:
Afraid her golden locks would turn to vulgar red,
She took it from her pocket, and tied it on her head.

No. 25. PROSE REBUSES.

1. Complete, I am a seat; behead, I am a weapon behead and reverse, I am a game.
2. Complete, I am hot; behead, I am often hotter.
3. Complete, I am a colour: behead, I am a deficiency.
4. Complete, I run; behead, I fall; behead, I stand; behead, I enter.

No. 26. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Singing merrily in the wood,
My *first* on part of my second stood.
A fortunate harper who once found a crown;
A lake-side thriving Bolivian town;
A choice drink found on the banks of the Rhine:
A stream whose meanders in Turkey twine.
Would I could bit my *first* beware.
How close she sings to the cruel snare.

SOLUTIONS.

No. 19. CHARADE IN VERSE.

Life-time.

No. 20. CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because he is a kneady (needy) man.
2. Because he is often busy about the flour (flower)
3. Because there is a good deal of crustiness about him.
4. Because he has business in the east (yeast).
5. Because he takes care of the loaves and fishes.
6. Because he gets his bread with the sweat of his brow. 7. Because he often has a hot goose near the fire.

No. 21. ARITHMOREM.

Isaac Disraeli, "Curiosities of Literature," thus:—

1. L u c I s i On
2. S a n C t i f Y.
3. A r t i e U t a t e Ly.
4. A u a m o R p h o s I s
4. C l v I l i Ty
6. D i s O r d Er.
7. I n S u Re.
8. S i c I l i Au.
9. R o T a Te.
10. A m p h I b i o Us.
11. E l e m E n t a Ry.
12. L a d y ' s S l i p p p E r.

No. 22. CHARADES.

1. Lark-spur. 2. Holly-hock. 3. Tu-lip. 4. Fox-glove.

FASHION NOTES.

NECKLACES composed entirely of flowers are the latest novelties for the ballroom.

THE banana leaf design has become quite a mania in Paris since the production of *Paul et Virginie*.

BUTTON PARTIES are popular in the West. We don't know whence they derive their name, unless it is because they're always sure to come off.

COSTLY sets of underclothing in twilled silk, ecru, or rose colour, elaborately trimmed with fine lace, are exposed in the Paris shops. They are purchased mainly by women.

SILK stockings striped with lace insertion are among the latest Paris toilets, while many fashionable ladies have their stocking powdered with gold dust, or made of a mixture of silk woven with silver.

RICE powder, which is much used by ladies upon their faces, is said to often contain lead, which renders it very injurious. If a little iodide of potash is dropped upon the powder the presence of lead will be revealed by its turning yellow.

DOMESTIC.

EGG TEA.—It is a common but injurious practice for women to take a cup of hot tea on an empty stomach when tired and exhausted. An egg broken into a weak cup of tea, well beaten and mixed with a glass of cold sweet milk, is much less injurious and really nourishing.

SALADS.—In the preparation of salads America is far behind other countries. No French or German peasant can live without his salad. If lettuce cannot be obtained, a few cold boiled potatoes or string beans, with a bit of onion or parsley, will do just as well. Hundreds of bits and ends which are thrown away by a Canadian housewife could be compounded into a delicious salad with a suitable dressing.

A BAKED STEW.—Cut some beef in thin slices, roll or beat it as for a pie, season well, slice some onions thin, scald them, and stew them amongst the meat; also dust a little flour over the meat, lay it in a pie dish, fill up the dish with potatoes, and half fill it with water. Bake an hour, or more, according to the size of the dish. If the flavor of the onions be objected to, they may be left out.

POTTED MEAT.—Remove all gristle, hard pieces and fat, from some cold roast or boiled beef, and any remnants of tongue and ham; mince it very fine, and pound it in a mortar with a little butter, a little gravy well-freed from grease, and a spoonful of Harvey's or Worcester sauce; beat it to a smooth paste, seasoning during the process with pounded clove, allspice, mace, or grated nutmeg, salt, and a little cayenne; put it into pots, press it close down, and cover it with clarified butter.

LITERARY.

MR. LONGFELLOW was three score and ten last week.

JOHN OXENFORD, the dramatic critic of the London *Times*, and a veteran journalist and *littérateur*, died recently in London.

THE new proprietors of the *Gentleman's Magazine* have given Mr. Swinburne £100 for a poem, to appear in the March number.

A NUMBER of letters and unfinished manuscripts belonging to Edgar Allen Poe, are said to have been found in a parcel left by his sister, who died in an asylum in Washington two years ago.

To account for the Ministerial tone of the articles in the London *Daily Telegraph*, a rumour is afloat that it has become the property of Mr. W. H. Smith, M. P.

CARDINAL MANNING will contribute to the *Nineteenth Century* a series of papers from original sources, to be called "The True Story of the Vatican Council." The first paper will appear in the March number of the review.

MR. H. W. DE STOECKEL, architect of the statue of Liberty to be erected on Bedloe's Island, will return to France on March 7, to complete his plans. The Government of the United States will furnish him with a topographic map of the island and all the necessary drawings.

THE Queen has sent a portrait of herself with an autograph letter, to Mrs. S. C. Hall. The venerable authoress, who has been in feeble health for some time, is much gratified and cheered by such a recognition on the part of her Majesty of her laborious and useful literary career.

PROF. E. B. TAYLOR said, in a recent lecture "On the Philosophy of Languages," at the London Institution: "Should the extraordinary increase of English-speaking people continue at the existing ratio, there will in twenty years be 500,000,000 of them, as against 80,000,000 of French or German. The English language bids fair to overwhelm all others."

MR. S. ELLIOT, of the *New York Daily Graphic*, went over with the authors of "A Princess of Thule" and "Clytie," and spent almost his last day in England with those two gentlemen and the author of "Robin Gray," at a little dinner of the novelists and their wives. Before he left he spoke of the event as one of his pleasantest evenings in London. Mr. Elliot is a Scotchman as is also his friend the editor of the *Graphic*, Mr. Crobey.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

☞ *Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.*

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and problem received. Many thanks.

W. J. R. B., Montreal.—Solution of Problems No. 108 and No. 110 received. Look over these positions again. It is not often that a good problem has a check as the first move of its solution.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Shall be glad to hear from you again. Problem No. 110 was wrongly printed as you must have surmised.

J. A., Montreal.—Letters received. They are inserted, as you will perceive, in our Column to-day.

At a meeting of the members of the Montreal Chess Club on Saturday last, it was resolved that the following letters should be published in the Chess Column of the *Canadian Illustrated News*.

MONTREAL CHESS CLUB,
February 15th, 1877.

H. E. Bird, Esq.,
New York.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am directed by the members of the Montreal Chess Club to convey to you the high gratification you have afforded them during your late visit to this city as their honoured guest. Never since the establishment of our club, extending over a period of twenty-five years, has there been awakened such a genuine enthusiasm for the noble game as your presence inspired; and which circumstance the Club trusts will be an impetus to the Chess spirit of the Dominion, tending to the development of a better knowledge and higher appreciation of the royal pastime which in the person of yourself has so brilliant an exponent.

That you may long be spared to enjoy the celebrity which you have so justly earned is our earnest wish.

I remain, my dear sir,
With the highest esteem,
Very faithfully yours,
JACOB G. ASCHER,
Secy.-Treas. M. C. C.

NEW YORK, 556 2nd Avenue,
20th February, 1877.

J. G. ASCHER, Esq.,

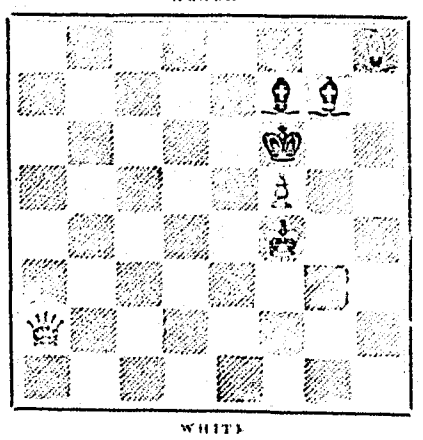
MY DEAR SIR.—I duly received your very kind and gratifying letter which I shall ever preserve, as one more remembrance of the delightfully charming associations connected with my visit to Montreal. I know not how to adequately express my thanks for all your unbounded liberality. I must tax your kindness once more by asking you to convey to your brother members of the Chess Club and circle the expressions of my sincere obligations. I may, I am sure, without being invidious, be allowed to present my warm respects to Dr. Howe, Prof. Hicks and Mr. Saunders, the pleasure I have derived and the honor I feel at my happy encounters with these gentlemen will ever be fondly remembered by me. To yourself personally what can I say for the *many, many* acts of kindness and courtesy received at your hands. Mr. Shaw also, as well as Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Atkinson, you will kindly assure of my warmest friendship and admiration. I must look forward to the pleasure of writing to each of them. Mr. Henderson's lines are highly appreciated. Hoping to write to you again soon, and again sincerely thanking you,

I remain,
My dear Mr. Ascher,
Yours very truly,
H. E. BIRD.

PROBLEM No. 112.

(*From "La Regence" Paris.*)

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 1614.

Played in England a short time ago between Messrs. Thorold and Minchin, the former giving the odds of Pawn and move.

(*Remove Black's King's Bishop's Pawn.*)

WHITE.—(Mr. M.)	BLACK.—(Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4	Q Kt to B 3
2. P to Q 4	P to Q 4
3. P to K 5	B to K 1 4
4. P to Q B 3	Q to Q 2
5. B to Q 3	Castles
6. B takes B	Q takes B
7. Q to K B 3	Q to Kt 5
8. K Kt to B 3	P to K R 4
9. Castles	P to K 3
10. Kt to B 4	Q to B 2
11. Q to R 3	B to B 3
12. Kt to Q 3	B to Kt 3
13. B to K 3	Kt to B 3
14. Kt to Q 2	Kt to B 4
15. Kt to B 3	B to K 2
16. K to R sq	B to Kt 5
17. P to K Kt 3	P to K Kt 4
18. P to Q Kt 4	B to B sq
19. Kt to Q 2	Q to Kt 5
20. Kt to Q B 5	P to Q Kt 3
21. Kt to Q Kt 3	Kt takes B
22. P takes Kt	Q to Q 5
23. R to K B 3	K to Kt 2
24. Q R to Q B sq	Q to Kt 3
25. P to Q B 3	Kt to Q sq
26. P to Q B 4	P takes P
27. R takes P	Kt to K B 2
28. Q to Kt 2	K to Kt sq
29. R takes Kt	Q takes R
30. P to K R 3	Q to Kt 3
31. P takes R	P takes P (dis ch)
32. K to Kt sq	Q to Q 6
33. K to B 2	R to B sq (ch)
34. K to K sq	Q takes P (ch)
35. K to Q sq	R to B 6
36. K to B 2	P to Kt 4
37. R to B 6	R takes P
38. Q to K B sq	P to Q B 3
39. Q to B 7	R to Q sq
40. Q to Q 7 and wins.	

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 110.

The Rook in this problem should be white instead of black.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to Q 8 be comes Kt	Any move
2. Mates accordingly.	

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 108.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. K to Q B 7	K to Q B 2 (best)
2. B to Q Kt 5	K to R sq (best)
3. B to Q B 4	K to R 2
4. B to Q 3 (ch)	K to R sq
5. B to Q 5 mate	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 109

WHITE	BLACK.
K at K Kt 2	K at Q 4
R at K B 7	Q at Q 2
B at K B 2	B at Q 3
B at Q Kt 3	Pawn at Q B 3
Kt at Q B 4	
Kt at K R 8	

White to play, and mate in two moves.

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15:2:26:214

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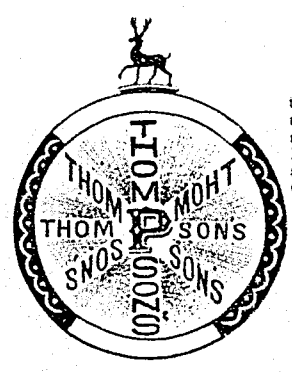

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Province of Quebec, } SUPERIOR COURT.
District of Montreal. }

MARGARET ANN SIMPSON, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Hugh Gervan, of the same place, Trader, duly authorised *à ester en Justice*. *Plaintiff.*

vs.

HUGH GERVAN, of the same place, *Defendant.*

An action for separation as to property has been instituted in this cause.

Montreal, 19th February, 1877.

L. E. BOWIE,
Atty. for Plaintiff.

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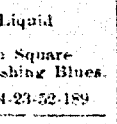

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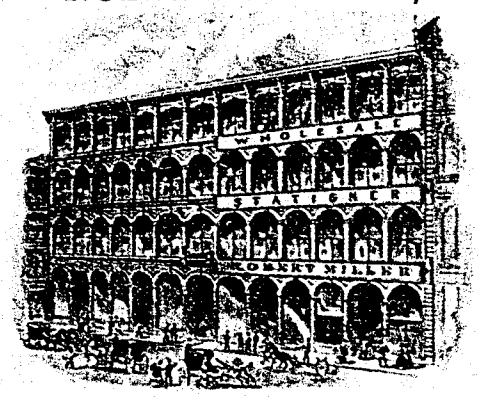

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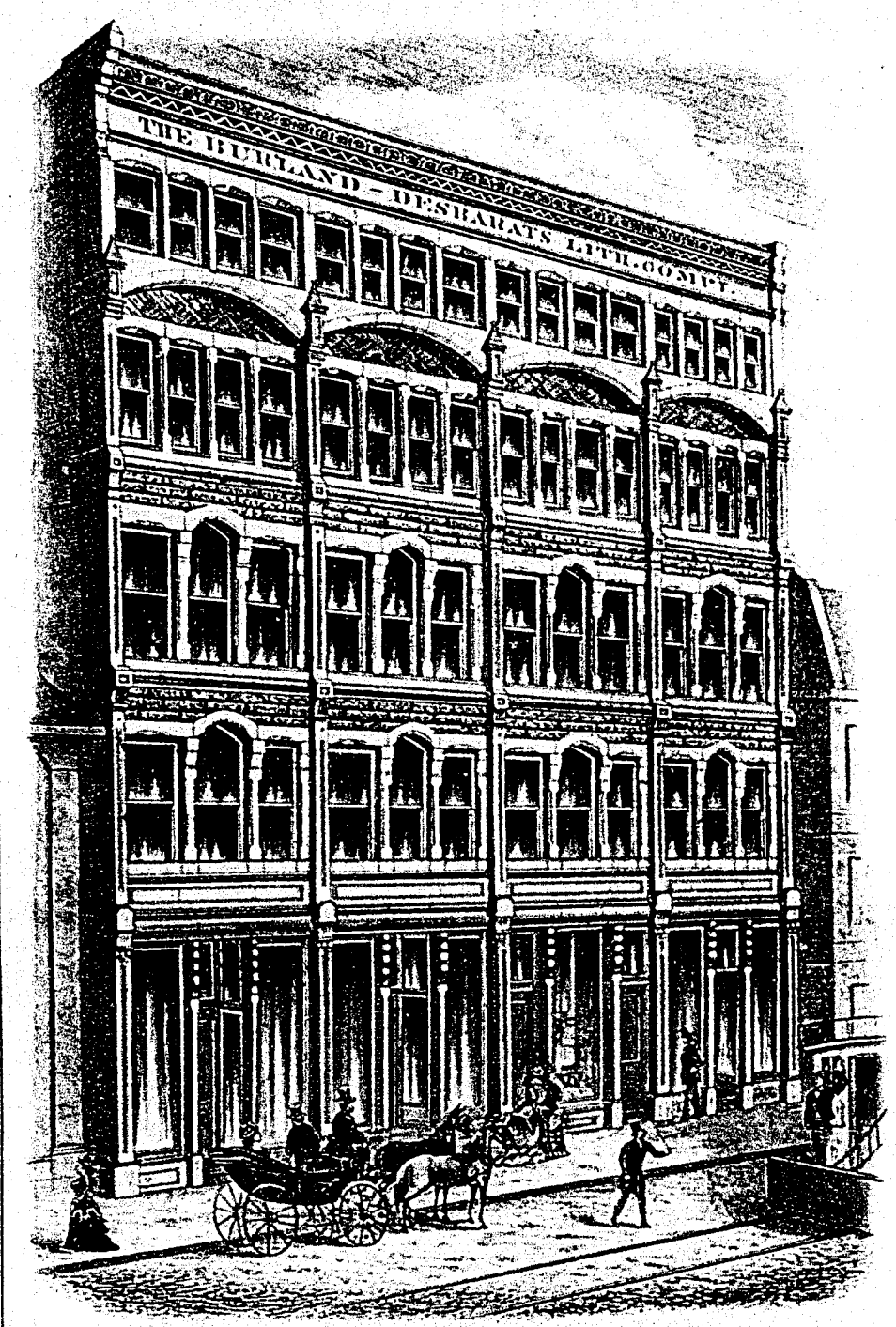

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