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THE AXE GRINDERS AT OTTAWA.

Sir Jons :—It's no use, boys. The good old times are gone now. You had better all go West and use your axes in clearing the wilderness.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions: \$4.00 per annum in advance, \$4.50 if not paid strictly in advance. \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and postmasters, in advance.

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BENEATH THE WAVE.

This interesting story is now proceeding in large instalments through our columns, and the interest of the plot deepens with every number. It should be remembered that we have gone to the expense of purchasing the sole copyright of this fine work for Canada, and we trust that our readers will show their appreciation of this fact by renewing their subscriptions and urging their friends to open subscriptions with the NEWS.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Jan. 11, 1879.

PRINCE AND PRESSMAN.

Strangely enough, the Canadian press has taken little notice of a curious and rather important incident connected with the arrival of the Marquis of LORNE and the Princess LOUISE at Halifax. We refer to an interview said to have taken place between the Duke of EDINBURGH and the special correspondent of the New York World. In an account of that interview, the Duke was reported to have unequivocally expressed his disgust at the Peace with Honour policy of the Earl of BEACONSFIELD, his complete disapproval of the occupation of Cyprus, and to have spoken very harshly of the sickness which the troops had undergone in that island. When we first read these statements they appeared to us so extraordinary that we felt sure they would not be allowed to go unnoticed so soon as Prince ALFRED had been advised of them. The "Black Prince" had hardly anchored at Spithead, when his Royal Highness received two very disagreeable messages—one announcing the death of his sister, the Grand Duchess of HESSE-DARMSTADT, and the other from the Admiralty, communicating the report of the New York journal. He forthwith sent to official headquarters an absolute denial, in which he declared, first, that he had never met a correspondent of the World, at Halifax, and, secondly, that he had never uttered the offensive and exceedingly compromising criticisms attributed to him. This denial was immediately telegraphed far and wide and, of course, implicitly accepted, and the incident would have had no further issue had not the journalist promptly reiterated his report and reaffirmed its absolute truth. On the part of the proprietor of the World, Mr. JENNINGS, the well-known correspondent of that paper in London, and himself, an Englishman, was thereupon commissioned to repair to the Admiralty for fuller particulars. The reply he received at this office was a brief but categorical repetition of the Princely denial, and this Mr. JENNINGS at once telegraphed to the World. Then appeared a rejoinder from the implicated correspondent, Mr. JOHN GILMER SPEED. This gentleman, after giving a brief account of the circumstances connected with the interview, declares that the Duke of EDINBURGH did make the remarks attributed to him, and that his denial must be the result either of "political duress," or of "a trick of memory." He concludes thus:

The evening after my visit, or the following day, I told several of the English correspondents what I had learned, and each of them assured me that it "did not make any difference what the Duke of EDINBURGH thought on any public question." It seems, however, to have been of enough importance to have justified the British Board of Admiralty in making an inquiry, and the importance attached to the inquiry has, I fear, embarrassed the diffident Prince into forgetting simple justice to a stranger who treated

him with all possible respect and fairness. I trust these details of the conversation will be sufficient to recall the occasion to the memory of the Duke, but should they fail, I may have to ask of you for a further opportunity to vindicate my veracity in a manner which shall leave, I think, no doubt on the subject in any honest man's mind.

From the last passage, we infer that Mr. SPEED stands prepared to affirm his accuracy under oath, and if he does so, it must be allowed that the matter will assume a new complication. And for this reason, that while we may not, for a moment, doubt the word of a Prince who is the model of a gentleman as well, we must not hastily impeach the veracity of a man who fills a lower social position. For the honour of our profession also, we must add, that while all its members are by no means beyond reproach, they stand, as a class, as high as any other in any community, and in the particular case of Mr. SPEED, we believe that he enjoys a high reputation. We imagine that there is a way of reconciling the two parties in the controversy, and that lies in the fact that, of course, the Duke did not know that he had met a correspondent of the World, because that individual was too wise to reveal his mission, and that he was led by skillful manipulation—which is the science of "interviewing"—into saying things which he afterwards wished he had not said, and which he would never have said had he imagined that they were to appear in print. And herein lies precisely the evil of "interviewing"—that a man should worm himself into your presence, listen to your unguarded conversation and then deliver it remorselessly to the world. The system is both mean and dishonest, and it is certain that Prince ALFRED, at least, will keep at a safe distance from it hereafter.

THE VITALITY OF THE INDIAN.

It is one of the boasts of British rule in Canada and the North-west that the aborigines have been generally well treated and allowed to develop according to their own notions and opportunities. The consequence has been a remarkable preservation of the old historical tribes throughout the Dominion. The Micmacs are still strong in Nova Scotia; the Abnakis hold their own in New Brunswick; there are deep traces of the gentle and faithful Hurons in Quebec; Ontario has thousands of Iroquois and Algonquins within her borders, while Keewatin, Manitoba, the Saskatchewan Valley, the Rocky Mountain region and British Columbia are the homes of tribes quite too numerous to mention. All this is gratifying enough, but what is really remarkable is the vitality of the Indian tribes under the adverse circumstances in which they have always been placed by the American policy. Notwithstanding all the injustice and cruelty they have endured from this cause, we are assured by a writer in the last number of *Lippincott's Magazine* that they have not appreciably diminished in numbers during the past hundred years. It seems to be a fallacy that the American aborigines ever exceeded the figure of three hundred thousand, and that is still about their number within the limits of the United States. Montcalm's Indian contingent at Fort William Henry, in 1757, was only 2,000 to 11,000 whites. The Iroquois of the Lake Champlain region, their old headquarters, numbered 11,650 souls in 1763, and they now count 13,666; 5,246 of the Six Nations living at Forestville, New York, alone. The Seminoles are said to be more numerous to-day than when they withstood, for five years, the whole military force of the United States. The noble Cherokees and Choctaws are, perhaps, more populous in their Arkansas Reserves than they were fifty years ago in Georgia and Alabama. The redoubtable Sioux are said by Captain Mallery to have quadrupled in one hundred and forty years, and doubled in twenty-nine. Notwithstanding the terrible retribution visited on the Modocs, fully one-half of them survive, while the California tribes still muster three-fourths of their original strength, in spite of the ferocious levelling

of the "Forty-niners." We are informed that fragments of tribes which have for generations been legally isolated in Massachusetts, on Long Island, on the Pamunkey, in North Carolina, and other Southern States, retain as sound a vitality, both physical and moral, as similar bodies of whites would in analogous circumstances. "Indians enough are employed on the boats of the Mississippi, Missouri and St. Lawrence, to equal the Prophet's force at Tippecanoe." These facts are interesting and important because they lead to the following conclusion—that, as the Indian nature, when left to itself, and even in the face of persecution, has conserved itself so well, steps should now be taken *ab extra* to give it that fuller development of which it must surely be susceptible. Hence the Indian as a coming citizen should, in Canada, at least, be made the subject of further beneficent legislation.

THE universal Postal Union was completed on New Year's Day by the admission of Newfoundland, the British Colonies on the West Coast of Africa, the Gold Coast, Senegambia, Lagos, and Sierra Leone, the Falkland Islands and British Honduras. This constitutes one of the grandest social works of the day. There is one detail, however, which deserves consideration at the hands of the authorities. We mean some kind of an international postage stamp. It is very inconvenient, for instance, for a Canadian correspondent to parties in the United States that he cannot enclose stamps for return postage, especially when such return is set down as obligatory to ensure a reply. The Canadian cannot enclose Dominion stamps, on the one hand, nor can he procure American stamps, on the other.

LORD DERBY may be a somewhat timorous statesman, but he is very practical. At Liverpool, last Saturday, His Lordship made an exhaustive review of the condition of England's trade and the obstacles which stood in the way of its revival. He showed how the increased ability of other nations to manufacture for themselves was constantly diminishing the market for English goods, and how difficult it would be for England to keep on paying large sums of money in return for articles of food which she was compelled to purchase from America and other countries. The only remedy, his Lordship said, which suggested itself to his mind after long and anxious reflection, was wholesale emigration to America and Australia, and he urged this with great earnestness.

OUR readers will hear with pleasure of the marriage of Miss SALLIE HOLMAN, which took place last week, at Toronto. Miss HOLMAN—now Mrs. DALTON—is a Canadian artist of rare talent and successful achievement. Had she enjoyed the training accorded to others of her sisters she would have risen to the highest rank. As it is, she has held her own for years as a most agreeable interpreter of light opera and established quite a name for herself. She carries the good wishes of her numerous friends throughout the country in her new sphere.

It is a source of gratification to learn, from the returns, that both the Post Office Savings' and the Postal Order Departments are in a flourishing condition. With regard to the latter, however, we have several times heard complaints of the delay occurring between the receipt of the money at the Post Office, in this city, for instance, and the order for paying it which must come from Ottawa. In some cases this delay leads to positive distress. Our remark has particular reference to Money Orders from Great Britain.

WE are gratefully returning to our old-fashioned winters. Snow is piling high on all the roads, and many a man that really wants to work can easily earn his

daily dollar by shovelling. The St. Lawrence has not "taken" yet, but next week we shall probably be able to chronicle that it is "took" in earnest. The ice-bridge is a positive blessing in such weather.

HANDSOME prices were received for the Canadian cattle and sheep sold at the Smithfield Market, during Christmas week. We are glad to hear it. The exportation of cattle to England, which is as yet only in its infancy, bids fair to become one of the most prosperous industries of the country and a never-failing source of wealth.

NOTES FROM HAMILTON.

MUSICAL.

Handel's sublime Oratorio, "The Messiah," is so universally known as to render much in the way of an introduction to it superfluous. The highest musical authorities of all the great centres, for a hundred years back, have pronounced it to be the grandest of all that great composer's works. All who are in any way familiar with London, must have had occasion to remember the general enthusiasm attending the Handel festivals, which usually last for several days, and are spoken of as being the grandest musical exhibitions of the times. The great composer, although born in Germany, lived so long in England that the British people almost claim him as their own, and his works occupy much the same place in the music world that Shakespeare's dramas do in literature. It must be very gratifying to students and appreciators of the higher order of music, to find a taste for the same gradually expanding and strengthening in our Canadian cities. As has been before mentioned, in the way of accomplished musicians and musical attainments, Hamilton occupies a leading position in the foremost rank. To Mr. Theodore Thomas, and his famous Orchestra Company, is, no doubt, due some measure of credit for the fostering of a general taste for high class music, but it is to such organizations as the Sacred Harmonic Society that the people are indebted for the development of a musical taste which enables the public to become familiar with, and appreciate, the works of the master composers. Last spring this Society delighted the citizens with two successful renditions of the oratorio of the "Creation." The result was so eminently satisfactory that the Society was encouraged to go on and prosper. The officers of the Society are: President, ex-Mayor Charlton; 1st Vice-President, ex-Mayor Roach; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. James F. Egan; Treasurer, Mr. T. Littlehales; Secretary, Mr. James A. Patton. Committee of Management—Dr. Chittenden, C. J. Robinson, Jos. Herald, James F. Egan, E. L. Parker, Wm. Herald, Jas. Johnson, Wm. Frier, George Mainwaring, James A. Patton, T. Littlehales, W. H. Clark.

Some time ago the Society decided to give two renditions of Handel's Oratorio "The Messiah," during the Christmas festival. Accordingly, the first public exhibition took place in the Mechanics' Hall, on the evening of Thursday, 26th ult., as follows:

Conductor, Mr. George Robinson (Bandmaster XIII. th Battalion Band); Organist, Mr. W. E. Fairclough; Soloists—Soprano, Mrs. Caldwell (of Centenary Church choir), Miss Egan (St. Mary's Cathedral choir), Miss Chittenden, Miss Jones. Contralto—Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Chittenden, Mrs. Bull, Miss Howard. Tenor—Jos. Herald, James Johnson, C. Poves. Bassi—Jas. F. Egan (of St. Mary's Cathedral choir), W. H. Clarke, James A. Patton (Secretary of the Society).

Orchestra, comprising 36 instruments, as follows: 7 First Violins—Wm. Frier, Robt. Cowan, D. J. O'Brien, Wm. Addison, Albert Stares, Jasper Hurrell, Thos. Wavell. 7 Second Violins—George Steel, Wm. Kraft, A. Grossman, J. Suelson, Gilbert Hutton, F. Domville, Emil Woolnig.

Violas—D. Jennings, Geo. Salter, H. Barnard. Cellos—E. L. Parker, Geo. Thompson, Dr. Chittenden.

Contra Bass—Thos. Littlehales, Geo. Waite, Wm. Wilson.

1st Clarinet—H. Fricker; 2nd do., J. Quinn. 1st Oboe—A. Russell; 2nd do., J. Birns. Flute—W. Gardner.

Bassoons—T. Foster, R. Watson. Horns—J. Nickling, L. Schwarz. Trombas—T. King, J. Dillon. Trombones—H. Sweetman, S. Bennett, J. Foster.

Tympani—J. Grossman. The vocal force consisted of one hundred and thirty-three voices, the ladies and gentlemen all belonging to the city. The audience was large and most appreciative.

The conductor was greeted with applause, and a moment later he had secured the attention of the vast musical force before him. Obedient to his signal, the orchestra led off in the overture. The music, so descriptive of the forlorn and unhappy state of the people before the promise of a Messiah had been given them, was very effective. After which, the recit. (accompanied) "Comfort ye my people" (tenor, Mr. Joseph Herald), and "Every valley shall be exalted,"

was fairly rendered. Then the chorus, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," broke forth in a grand volume, and seemed like the rejoicing of a people suddenly made glad.

No. 5. "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts (bass), Mr. W. H. Clarke, accompanied, was very finely given.

The chorus, "And He shall purify," gave signs of careful rehearsing.

The recit., contralto (Mrs. Bull), "Behold a virgin," well brought out the desired prophetic effect, and the contralto air and chorus, "O thou that tellest good tidings to Zion," was grandly descriptive of the dawning of hope. The orchestral effect in the recit. (basso), Mr. Clarke, "For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth," was faithfully indicated. Mr. Clarke was perfect in the air which followed, "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light;" then thundered forth that grand chorus, "For unto us a child is born," which was a fitting prelude to that exquisite pastoral symphony, "There were shepherds" (soprano), Mrs. Caldwell, followed by the recit., accompanied, by the same lady, "And lo! the angel," and also "And the angel said," all of which were rendered in a manner worthy of the greatest applause. The chorus, "Glory to God in the highest," went forth like an offering from a grateful people. Then came the gem of the evening, by Mrs. Caldwell, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion," in which the instrumentation had a charming effect.

The contralto recit. (Mrs. Parker), "Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened," was finely rendered by that lady, and also, "He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, was most touchingly given. The air, soprano, "Come unto Him, all ye that labour," so full of consolation, was sweetly given by Miss Chittenden, and then the glad and submissive chorus, "His yoke is easy and His burthen is light," completed the first part.

The New Testament furnishes the ground work for part second, and it opens with the triumphant chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God," which was rendered with much power. The plaintive contralto air, "He was despised and rejected of men," had, unavoidably, to be left out, and it was, indeed, a missing link. In the chorus, "All we like sheep have gone astray," the orchestra was very successful, and the descriptive effect was well brought out. Mrs. Caldwell again delighted the audience with the air (accompanied) "He was cut off out of the land of the living," and also in the continuing—"But Thou didst not leave" which was followed by the mighty chorus, "Lift up your heads," which was rendered with grand musical strength and expressive power. Miss Egan (soprano) in "How beautiful are," sang the difficult part in a most feeling manner, after which the chorus, "The Lord gave the word," was produced with the usual power. Mr. James F. Egan fairly excelled himself in the air (bass), "Why do the nations so furiously rage together." This gentleman also rendered "The kings of the earth," and the orchestra came out better than ever. Mr. James Johnson (tenor) in "He that dwelleth," and also in "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," sustained his reputation for artistic singing, and was followed by that beautiful chorus, "Hallelujah," which was undoubtedly the best rendered of any. The audience rose to their feet, and as the grandly sacred strains rolled forth the effect was truly sublime.

Part third opened with "I know that my Redeemer liveth," by Mrs. Caldwell, followed by "For now is Christ risen," both of which were exquisitely rendered. The quartette, "Since by man came death," by Miss Jones, Miss Howard, Mr. Poves, and Mr. James A. Patton, conveyed the mournfulness desired, and was a charming musical contrast to the chorus, "By man also came the resurrection." Mr. James F. Egan rendered "Behold, I tell you a mystery" in a faultless manner, and also "The trumpet shall sound," with trumpet obligato by Mr. Wm. Addison, both of which were much appreciated. The closing chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb," and "Blessing and honour," were rendered with all the power the Society was capable of, and the effect was a worthy conclusion to the rare musical treat.

Mr. Robinson, Mr. Egan, Mr. Patton, Mr. Clarke, Dr. Chittenden and all the members of the Committee, deserve the warmest thanks of the citizens for providing this most magnificent musical exhibition.

W. F. McMAHON.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

We acknowledge receipt with pleasure of the CANADA EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY, a periodical, as its name implies, devoted to educational purposes, which has just been established in Toronto, under the editorial management of Mr. G. Mercer Adam. It supplies an absolute want long felt in the professional literature of the country, and it appears at a time when the public are prepared to meet this want if proper material is supplied. The new periodical seems to come under these conditions, for it has the official sanction of the Ontario Department of Education, the written encouragement of the most prominent instructors of the Province, and the editor is a gentleman whose recognized ability and experience are almost in themselves a warranty of success. The distribution of matter in this initial number appears quite satisfactory. A series of substantial papers are published, chief among which we may mention "University Consolidation," "The Training of First-class Teachers" and "Our School Manuals." There

are severally also a Contributors' Department, an Art Department, a space devoted to Teachers' Associations and Editorial Notes on current topics of interest. The Monthly is well printed with handsome cover, and its price is exceedingly moderate, \$1.50 per year, or 15 cents a copy. We have faith in the future of this periodical and we believe in its success, being stimulated thereto by an ardent desire for the advancement of middle-class education in the country. Having said thus much in honest commendation, we should not deem our whole duty accomplished if we did not signalize one or two blemishes which, we fear, might mar the thorough usefulness of the publication. For instance, we do not at all like the tone in which the educational system of Quebec is spoken of. It is both unjust and offensive, for while there are grounds for criticizing, there is not so great a difference between the two Provinces in this respect as to justify either invidious comparison or an assumption of superiority. We have also remarked, in several articles, a disposition to be aggressive and dictatorial. Now, unless we are mistaken, an educational magazine should keep entirely clear of militant journalism and confine itself exclusively to the calm and impartial discussion of professional matters with a view to general improvement, and in such a manner as to conciliate readers of every creed and nationality.

The application of decorative art to commercial purposes is a most pleasing and promising sign of the times, and lately we have had several examples of it. Three calendars for 1879 which we have received deserve especial notice in this respect. The Canada Life Assurance Company, whose prosperous fortunes are presided over in this city by R. Pownall, 182 St. James street, publishes two—the larger of which is a very tasteful piece of work. At the upper corners, right and left respectively, are excellent portraits of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise, and the lower corners contain representations of Windsor and Inverary castles. Connecting these, as a wide floriated border, are a cluster of English roses on the one hand, and of Scotch thistles on the other, the whole elegantly drawn and nicely coloured. The smaller calendar, beside a beautiful head-piece, containing a properly quartered shield, is provided with twelve detachable sheets, one for each month, which are serviceable for office purposes. The third calendar is issued by the old and well-known stationery house of Morton, Phillips & Bulmer, and is of original design, the composition evidently due to one who is an adept in the art. The border may be described as musical, containing the notes of "God Save the Queen," "The Canadian Boat Song," "The Snow-Shoe Tramp," and "A La Claire Fontaine," respectively. A pretty and useful feature of the calendar proper is that all the Sundays of the year and each of the bank holidays are designated by a gilt square covering the figure, and thus attracting the eye. The whole card is of convenient size, and can serve not only as an indicator in the counting-room, but also as a useful ornament in a library.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAPER MILL AT KINGSEY FALLS.—Our readers will find in this number a sketch of the ruins of the paper mill, at Kingsey Falls, belonging to the Dominion Paper Company. The mill had been greatly improved since acquired by its present proprietors; it was in thorough order, and first class mechanics were in constant employment to keep it so, and the employees took pride in its appearance. They had become settled in the village, many of them making investments with a view to permanent homes for themselves and their families; they had become cemented in friendly interest in each other, and in the success of the mill intemperance was rare, work the rule, and immorality unknown. The employees and their friends were looking forward to their Christmas holiday; they had made arrangements for an evening of festivity, a supper and ball on New Year's Eve; yet, in a moment when all seemed brightest and when no thought of possibility of danger was nigh, one of the large Pulp boilers, in use for reducing wood to pulp, suddenly exploded, instantly killing two men and wounding seven others; simultaneously with the explosion the buildings were seen to be on fire. For a moment, the men of the mill seemed stunned by the disaster, sorrow-stricken for the wounded men taken from the ruins; with loud voices they called the names of the missing men, and with herculean strength, tore parts of the burning building to pieces in their efforts to find the remains of the dead. A night of toil was spent in extraordinary efforts in the seemingly hopeless task of saving the Machine-Room department, and as much of the Pulp mill as possible, from the flames. Success rewarded their efforts with respect to the Machine Room department, but the Pulp mill, with all the large pieces of machinery contained in it, is a mass of ruins. The mill was over 300 feet long, and of this, fully 200 feet is entirely destroyed. Some noteworthy incidents took place. One man on a side elevation about thirty feet from where the boiler stood, was thrown through a window on to the road without suffering any injury, while another, in close proximity, was blown forward about thirty feet into a sand bank, receiving no greater injury than a slight scald on the cheek; others of the wounded, not more favourably situated, were buried in the debris and only saved by the indomitable will of their co-employees to rescue them from being roasted alive. The names of the dead were John T. Thomson and James Armstrong; both of them were respected

by their employers and by the people of the neighbourhood. Armstrong was taken to Melbourne, and there buried. Thomson was without relatives in this country, and his remains were claimed by the Masonic Brotherhood, who attended his funeral, at Kingsey Falls, in large numbers from Montreal and the surrounding country, burying him with Masonic honours. Already initiatory steps are being taken to rebuild the mill which, it is hoped, will be again running in no less than sixty days.

AFGHAN WAR.—We give several views connected with this war in the present issue. The latest information is to the effect that the climate bids fair to give the invading force more trouble than the Afghan army itself.

THE HURON CHIEF.—This picture, drawn by the Chief himself, and presented, we believe, to the Laval University, is reproduced to show how the old Huron type is preserved to-day, as we state in an editorial article.

A SPLENDID DRAMA.

It is a real pleasure to be able to record the magnificent success which attended the play, entitled "Diplomacy," at the Academy of Music last week. The drama is a translation of one of Victorien Sardou's latest master-pieces, and stands out as a proof that the French theatre is not altogether given up to the representation of the morbidly sensational or immoral. Warde and Barrymore's Company were fit interpreters of such a play, and it is simple justice to state that we have not had a more talented or better balanced company in this city for years. We are pleased, but not surprised, to find that Montreal afforded them a cordial and most generous patronage, a proof that the city is as keenly appreciative of the truly excellent in art as any other community. We regret that, owing to an accident, a page illustration of the principal scenes of "Diplomacy," which we had prepared for this number, could not be made available, and that, in consequence, a detailed description of them in accompaniment had also to be laid aside. But we cannot allow this *contretemps* to prevent us from adding our unqualified commendation of the play and the company to the encomiums heaped upon them by the daily press. The present lessee of the Academy, Mr. Wallace, who, both as a journalist and an impresario, possesses full knowledge of the artistic wants of this city, is to be congratulated on the choice combinations which he has induced to visit us, and we bespeak for him an enlarged continuance of the public favour. We learn with pleasure that he has other superior attractions in hand, among which are Strakosch's Operatic Company, who are to appear here early in February.

HEARTH AND HOME.

RESIGNATION.—We must patiently suffer the laws of our condition; we are born to grow old, to grow weak, to be sick, in spite of all physic. 'Tis the first lesson the Mexicans teach their children. So soon as they are born they thus salute them, "Behold, thou art come into the world to endure, suffer, and say nothing!" 'Tis injustice to lament that that has befallen any one which may befall every one.

TEMPER.—Don't fight for the last word in a quarrel. If you are scolded and criticised, just bite your lips and keep still, it will soon be over; but if you retort you are in "for three years or the war." Many a man who pours himself in torrents of rain for five minutes, and then breaks out into the sunshine of good temper again, will settle down into a three days' dismal drizzle if he is weak enough to insist on having that last word.

A WORD ABOUT BABIES.—Mothers do not seem to have any notion that a baby can be too warm. Let them try the cooling-off process, unbundle the child, give it lung room, and get its blood down to a normal temperature. Babies are not salamanders. Within ten degrees they do not require as much heat as an adult. But the average mother, in her mistaken kindness and ignorant love, does not stop to consider that fact, but piles on an amount of clothing that would be unendurable to an adult, and then wonders because her infant remonstrates against the torture.

OSCULATION.—"My hand to a gentleman, my cheek to a friend; but my lips must be kept for my lover," say the French girls; and surely this rule is a wise one. Pretty girls among the French kiss each other on both cheeks. The German men put their arms about each other and kiss the lips. The Italians kiss the lips and cheek and the tip of the fair one's ear. So do the Spaniards, only more so. The inhabitants of the "awful north" also submit to and understand the osculatory process, as Lord Dufferin testifies, in his travels, of a Lap lady who undressed his chum Fitzgerald, tucked him in bed, and gave him a hearty smack on the lips before retiring to her own couch. So all the world believes in kissing.

THE RIGHT SORT.—Opposition incites the ambitious man to new effort. Large birds rise against the wind, not with it. A fine ship makes little progress in a dead calm. A stiff breeze purifies the atmosphere, supplying life-giving principles. Man never shows his latent force until opposition faces his darling schemes. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He who cannot abide the storm without flinching, or fight for the right against the legions in opposition, is not made of the stuff

that command success. Fair weather men; those who prosper only in the sunshine and under a cloudless sky, must resign the leadership to those of sterner qualities, whom opposition strengthens and whom the sight of the foe only nerves to brave and heroic deeds.

NATURALNESS.—To be really and fully natural, we must have some gifts. The finest men and women—they may be, and probably are, without fame or distinction—are always the most natural, while ordinary undeveloped mortals, who claim to be particularly natural, are apt to be totally unnatural, from the lack of fair inheritance, from false education—worse than none—from ancestral sins, from repression of instincts. To be natural is one thing, to be a dolt, or bigot, or barbarian is another. Nature must have a fair chance at us before we can in any way represent her. We must not avoid, combat, counteract her, we must not be conceited, priggish, or selfish, if we hope to be her disciples, or even to be on speaking terms with her. If not steadily thwarted, she will give us large sympathy, of which she is the source; and from sympathy flow tact, courtesy, justice, benevolence, love of truth.

A NATURAL GIFT.—It is undoubtedly true that the subtle quality known as style is a natural gift. A king may lack it and an artisan can possess it, and those who can look below the outward and visible signs of things see the hidden truth. There are men to whom no money or success can ever give a hair's breadth of real style, and others with whom it is to be seen from beneath their rags. A housemaid has it, and her lady with sixteen quarters has not; my lord is destitute, and his valet endowed. In art and in literature we see it fully, very plainly marked; in speech and pronunciation; in the way in which people come into a room or step into a carriage; in the very manner in which they shake hands, make an introduction, return a greeting; in all the little acts of life its style, or its lack, evident; and those who have it are the "glasses of fashion" to those who have it not, while the soul which honours perfection is too often vexed by the extravagance and ugliness of the copy we think it is "just like," and is instead a caricature and an abomination. Nothing is more grotesque than a bad imitation.

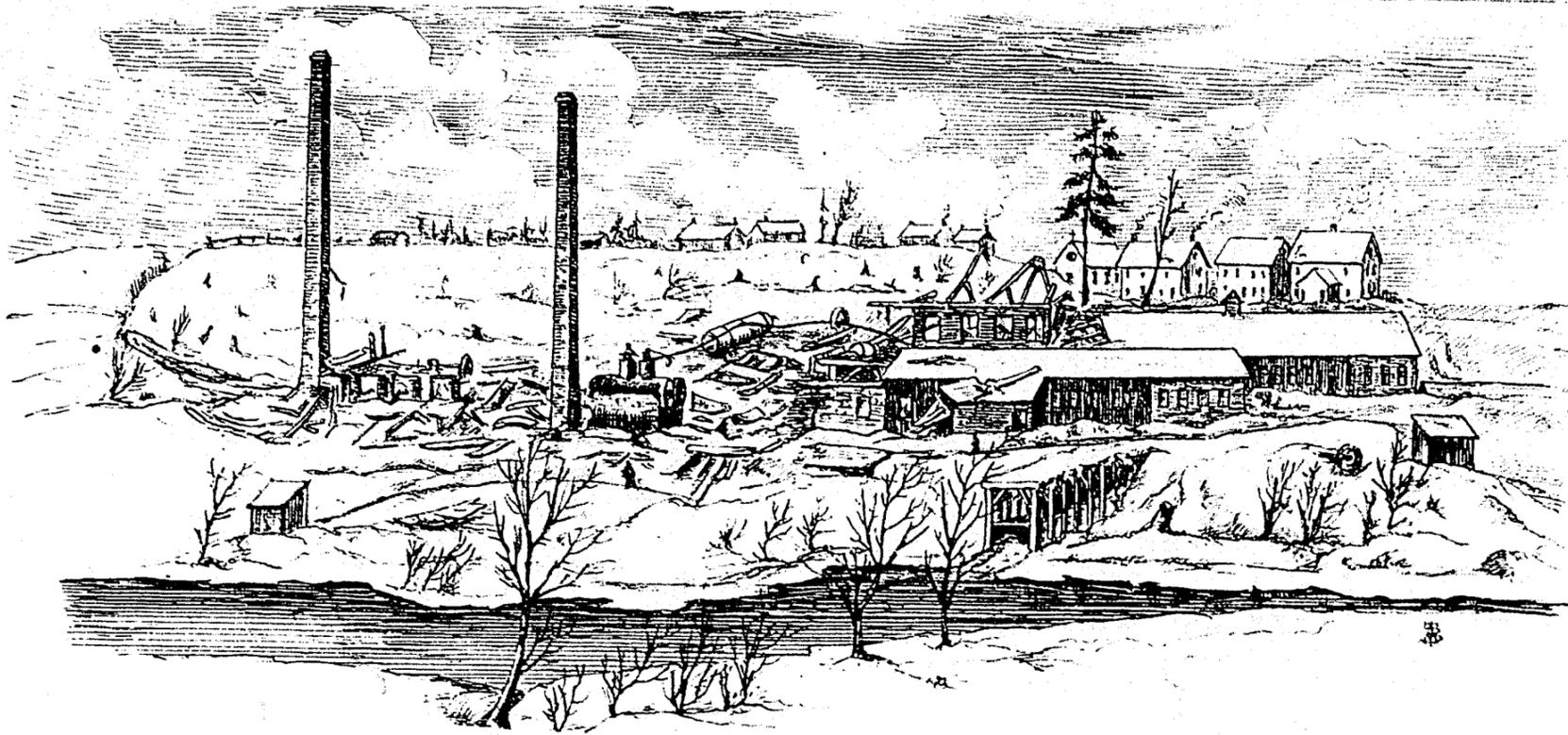
TRAITS OF A GENTLEMAN.—Why does every traveller feel that an Arab is a gentleman, or that a Turk is a gentleman? Because ooth the Turk and the Arab manifest perfect self-possession without a touch of self-assertion, have an air of command devoid of arrogance, are tranquil amid riot, and composed amid difficulty and disturbance. These qualities seem to spring from habits of command, and from an inherent sense of superiority, and the observation will apply with equal force to English gentlemen. A gentleman is a gentleman, and there's an end of it. He does not want to be anybody else, because he does not recognise any superior, save of the titulary and disciplinary sort. Your vulgar person, or even your person who, without being vulgar, is not a gentleman, is conscious of his inferiority, and periodically labours to conceal it or cloud it. There is no concealing it, and the attempt only exposes the fact more glaringly to view. This sort of person, too, is not calm, not self-possessed; he is fussy, solicitous, domineering by circumstances, instead of quietly settling down to a level with them. This by no means implies that a gentleman must not cope with circumstances when they are important enough to demand the exercise of his energies. But when he comes out of the battle, or the senate, or the hunting-field, no matter what he has gone through, he is composed and quiet once more. He never swaggers; he never makes unnecessary apologies or explanations. He takes things as he finds them. Now and then, no doubt, the idiosyncrasies of genius will lend an exceptional fervour to the manner of a gentleman; and Lady Blessington was so unaware of this, that she expressed herself surprised that Byron's manner in conversation was not as quiet as she would have expected from a person of his rank. The observation was at once stupid and snobbish. There is no cut-and-dry receipt for a gentleman; but he is unmistakable to those who know one, as the colour of a flower or the scent of a leaf.

WEATHER RECORD.

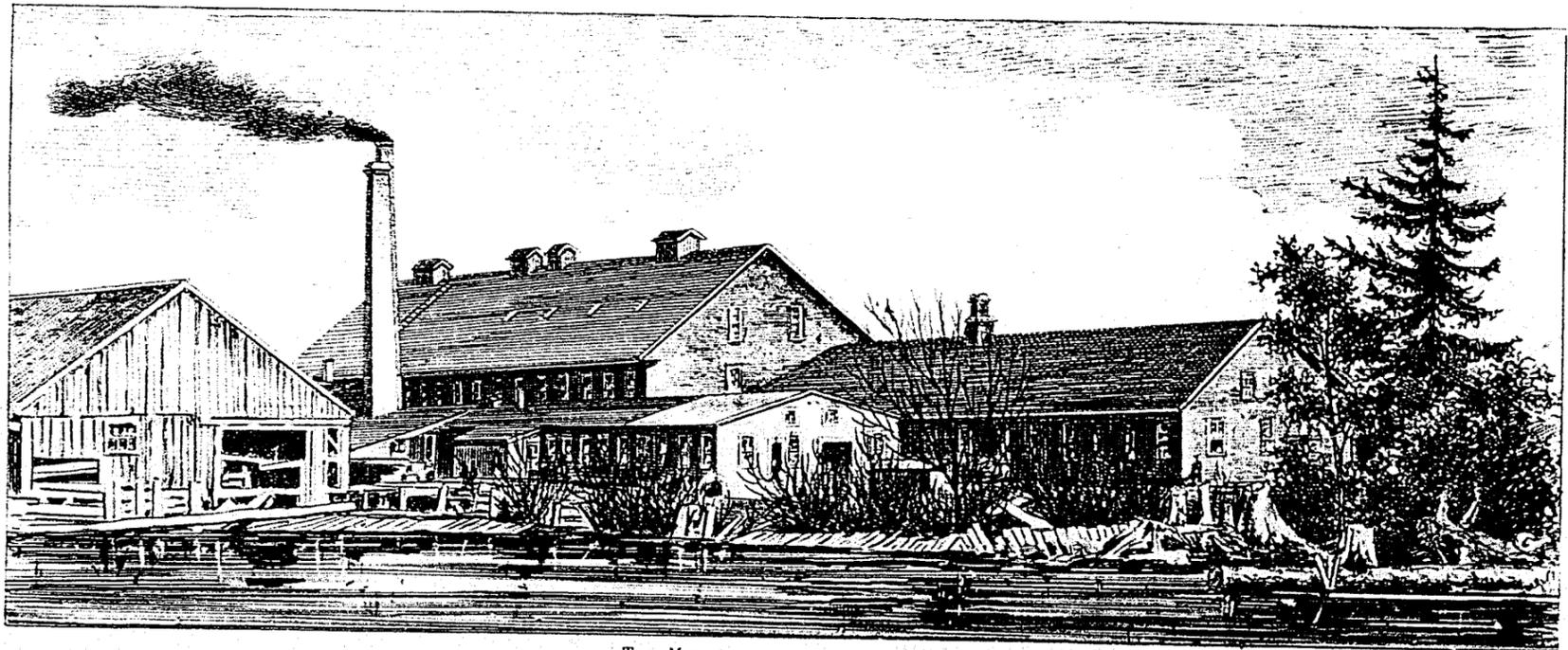
Jan. 2. Splendid wintry day. No wind. Bright and clear with a little sunshine. Winter roads and streets in excellent condition. Thousands of men making New Year calls. Sleighs gliding in every direction.
Jan. 2. Snow falling all day. Little wind. Just the weather to be out sleighing and getting agreeably covered with flakes. Quite blustering toward evening.
Jan. 3. Very cold and much drift. People muffled up to the ears. Few ladies on the street. Ice forming on the river.
Jan. 4. Heavy snow fall during night. Reports of extraordinary storms all over Canada and the United States. Thermometer reported at 60° in the North-West. Weather very cold and grey.

HUMOROUS.

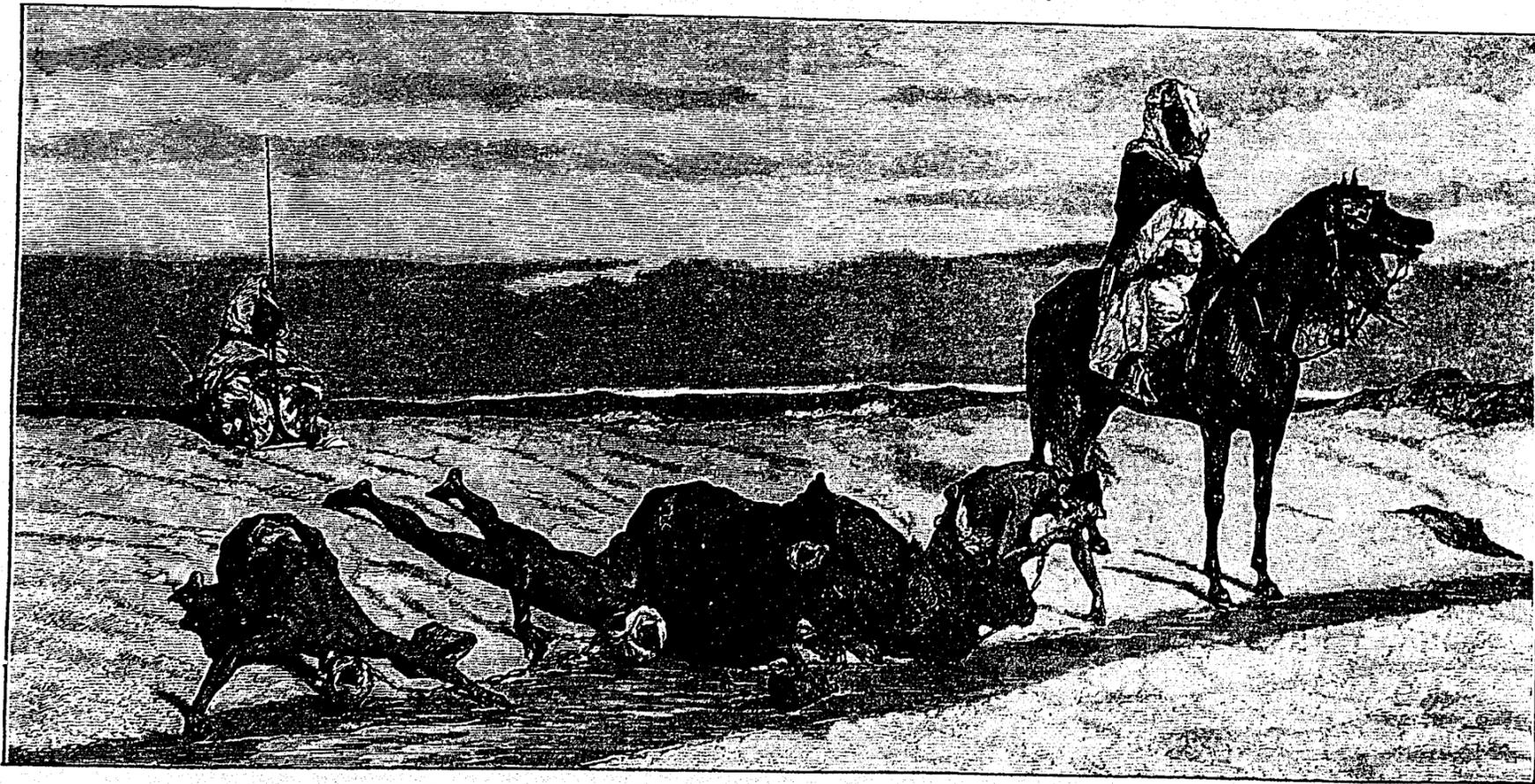
OVERCOATS will be worn long this winter, if we have a late spring.
ENGLAND appears to be getting ready to carry on war in four or five languages.
TAKE the first and last letters from the word majesty and you make a jest of word.
THE reason why "the horn of the hunter is not heard on the hill" any more, is because he carries it in a pocket flask just now.
AN advertisement now going the rounds of the press announces: "An article that will make the bald and grey-headed rejoice." This must have reference to a troupe of English blondes.



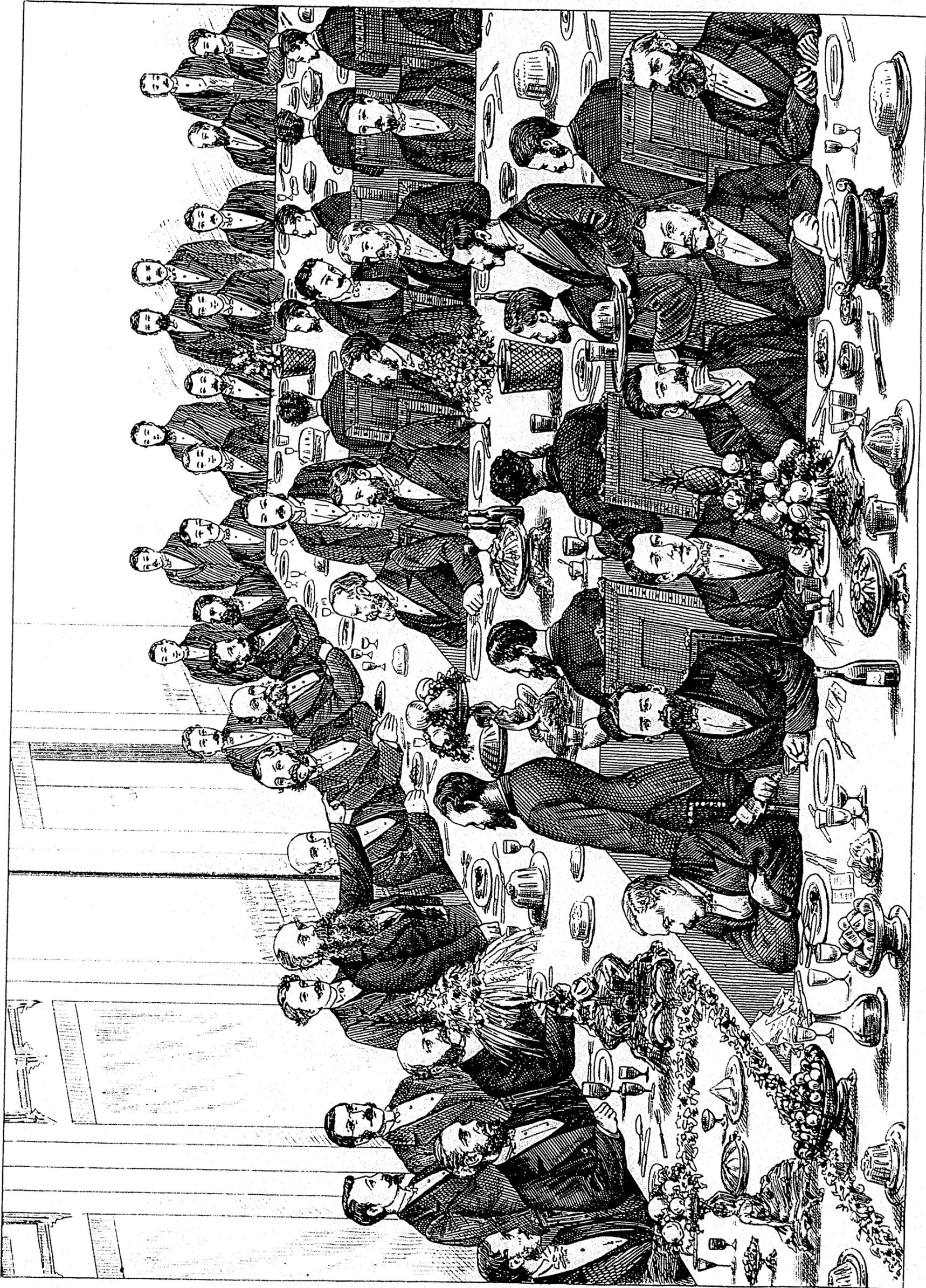
THE RUINS AFTER THE ACCIDENT.



THE MILL BEFORE THE ACCIDENT.
THE ACCIDENT AT THE PAPER MILL, KINGSEY FALLS, P.Q.



ATHIRST.—MOORISH PRISONERS IN THE DESERT.—FROM THE PAINTING BY BENJAMIN CONSTANT.



MONTREAL.—BANQUET OF THE DOMINION COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' ASSOCIATION.

RELICS OF BYRON.

A POEM AND LETTERS THAT HAVE BEEN A LONG TIME GETTING INTO PRINT.

Among the friends of Lord Byron who are well known through the poet's published letters, Francis Hodgson is eminent. He was one of the earliest and best of them. When Byron left England in 1809, three months after the publication of his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," for a tour in Spain, Greece and Turkey, accompanied by his college associate, John C. Hobhouse, Hodgson was the one friend to whom he wrote. And when his mother afterwards died and he made his will, Hodgson was one of the three persons to whom he bequeathed his "household goods and furniture, library, pictures, sabres, watches, plate, linen, trinkets, and other personal estate (except money and securities) situate within the walls of the mansion house." Two volumes of memoirs of Francis Hodgson have just been printed in London, and a single copy only of the advance sheets has been received in this country. These memoirs contain a poem and several letters from Lord Byron that were never before given to the world. The poem is dated Newstead Abbey, Aug. 26, 1811, and is as follows:

In the dome of my sires as the clear moonbeam falls
Through silence and shade o'er its desolate walls,
It shines from afar like the glories of old:
It girds but it warms not—'tis dazzling, but cold.

Let the sunbeam be bright for the younger of days;
'Tis the light that should shine on a race that decays.
When the stars are on high and the dew on the ground,
And the long shadow lingers the ruin around.

And the step that o'er echoes the gray floor of stone,
Falls suddenly now, for 'tis only my own;
And sunk are the voices that sounded in mirth,
And empty the goblets, and dreary the hearth.

And vain was each effort to raise and recall
The brightness of old to illumine our hall;
And vain was the hope to avert our decline,
And the fate of my fathers has faded to mine.

And mine was the wealth and the fullness of fame,
And mine to inherit too haughty a name;
And mine were the times and the triumphs of yore,
And mine to regret, but renew them no more.

And ruin is fixed on my tower and my wall,
Too boary to fade and too massy to fall:
It tells not of time's or the tempest's decay,
But the wreck of the line that have (sic) held in its way.

This poem was written two months after Byron's return to England and about three weeks after his mother died. He had also just lost two intimate friends. To his friend Mr. Dallas, the day before he wrote the poem, he said in a letter: "You will excuse all this, for I have nothing to say in this lone mansion but of myself, and yet I would willingly talk or think of aught else." Lord Byron returned from the East, as is well known, with his "Paraphrase of Horace's Art of Poetry," which he thought would yield him additional fame, and "Childe Harold," which he thought would yield him little or none. It was a few weeks before the date of the poem that he was induced to let Mr. Murray publish "Childe Harold." The memoirs of Hodgson contain unpublished letters from Byron, Lady Byron, Mrs. Augusta Leigh (Byron's sister), Thomas Moore, and many more eminent in literature fifty and sixty years ago. Byron and Hobhouse, after travelling together about a year, separated, Hobhouse returning to England, while Byron set out for Greece alone. Writing to Hodgson of this, he said:

"I have known a hundred instances of men setting out in couples, but not one of a similar return. Aberdeen's party split: several voyagers at present have done the same. I am confident that twelve months of any given individual is perfect ipeccuanha."

In November he was in Athens and sent the following bits of autobiography to his friend:

"I am living alone in the Franciscan monastery with one Friar (a Capuchin of course), and one Friar (a bandy-legged Turkish cook), two Albanian savages, a Tartar and a Dragoman; my only Englishman departs with this and other letters. The day before yesterday the Waynode (sic) (or governor of Athens) with the multi of Thebes (a sort of Mussulman bishop) supped here with the padre of the convent, and my Attic feast went off with great *colat* (sic). I have had a present of a stallion from the pacha of the Morea. I caught a fever going to Olympia. I was blown ashore on the island of Salamis, on my way to Corinth through the gulf of Ægina. I have kicked an Athenian postmaster. I have a friendship with the French consul and an Italian painter, and am on good terms with five Teutones and Cimbric, Danes and Germans who are travelling for an academy. Vale."

He liked the pachas. One of them called him "his son, desired his compliments to my mother, and said he was sure I was a man of birth, because I had small ears and curling hair."

Francis Hodgson was Byron's senior by seven years. In his time he was well known as a writer. The friendship began in March, 1808, when Byron went to Cambridge to take his M.A. degree. They had both been severely criticised in the *Edinburgh Review*, and Hodgson had already answered his critics "in a satire of no ordinary spirit and power." Byron's famous reply was in preparation. That they talked upon this subject freely cannot be doubted. Their early tastes were much alike. Both were zealous admirers of Dryden, and both had a profound reverence for Pope. But in religious matters they were not of the same mind. Hodgson was a son of a clergyman and himself entered holy orders, rising eventually to the post of provost of Eton. Lord Byron had been

reared in Calvinism and taught from boyhood to identify it with Christianity. "Being early disgusted," he says, "with a Calvinistic Scotch school, where I was cudgelled to church for the first ten years of my life, afflicted me with this malady." They had a correspondence in September, 1811, on the subject of revealed religion. Lord Byron wrote:

"It is a little hard to send a man preaching to Judea and leave the rest of the world—niggers and what not—dark as their complexions, without a ray of light for so many years to lead them on high; and who will believe that God will damn men for not knowing what they were never taught? I hope I am sincere; I was so at least on a bed of sickness in a far-distant country, when I had neither friend nor comforter nor hope to sustain me. I looked to death as a relief from pain, without a wish for an after-life, but a confidence that the God who punishes in this existence had left that last asylum for the weary. I am no Platonist, I am nothing at all; but I would sooner be a Paulician, Manichean, Spinozist, Gentile, Pyrrhonian, Zoroastrian, than one of the seventy-two villainous sects who are tearing each other to pieces for the Love of the Lord and hatred of each other. Talk of Galileism! Show me the effects—are you better, wiser, kinder by your precepts? I will bring you ten Mussulmans who will shame you all in good-will toward men, prayers to God, and duty to their neighbours."

And again:
"I trust that God is not a Jew, but the God of all mankind; and as you allow that a virtuous Gentile may be saved, you do away with the necessity of being a Jew or a Christian. I do not believe in any revealed religion, because no religion is revealed; and if it pleases the church to damn me for not allowing a nonentity, I throw myself on the mercy of the 'Great First Cause, least understood,' who must do what is most proper; though I conceive He never made anything to be tortured in another life, whatever it may be in this."

In spite of these passages Hodgson was not without hope for his friend. He believed him thoroughly sincere in his belief and his unbelief, and that as he became more mature his unbelief was being gradually relinquished. But at this point there came a sudden wreck to his domestic happiness which plunged him into a hopeless cynicism. To the original manuscript of the "Epistle to a Friend," in which Byron describes himself as

One whose deepening crimes
Suit with the saddest of the times,

Hodgson appended this note: "N.B. The poor dear soul meant nothing of this. F. H." Hodgson, however, had no good opinion of Shelley. He calls him "one of the most worthless of his contemporaries." Some years afterwards Byron's sister gave him a Bible, which he carried with him to Italy and Greece. After his death the following lines, which are not published with his works, were found:

Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries.
Oh! happiest day of human race,
To whom our God has given grace.

To hear to read, to fear, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way;
And better had they ne'er been born
Who read to doubt or read to scorn.

To these the following fragment is added:

Oh, that to me the wings were given
Which bear the turtle to her nest;
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
And flee away and be at rest.

About the time Byron announced his engagement to Miss Millbanke, Hodgson was himself engaged to be married. It was in these days, also, that he began a correspondence with the poet's famous sister Augusta, with whom he had been acquainted for some time. The letters relate largely to Byron's engagement and married life, and are printed in these memoirs for the first time. They are of the highest importance. The marriage took place in January, 1815. Early in March, Mrs. Leigh is "so happy and pleased with the bride that she does not know how to express her satisfaction." Lady Byron has written her that "she never saw her father and mother so happy; that she believes the latter would go to the bottom of the sea herself to find fish for B.'s dinner; that he (B.) owns at last that he is very happy and comfortable at Seaham, though he had pre-determined to be very miserable." At the end of the month Byron's nerves are troubling his sister, still she is sure he is safe in the keeping of his wife, whom the more she sees "the more she loves and esteems." In September Hodgson is married, and they all send congratulations, Byron being "in the best of spirits." A little later Mrs. Leigh writes to Hodgson:

"I will own to you, what I would not secretly to any other person, that I had many causes and circumstances of which I cannot write. Thank God! that they do not appear likely to be realized. In short, there seems to be but one drawback to all our felicity, and that alas! is the disposal of dear Newstead, which I am afraid is irrevocably decreed. I received the fatal communication from Lord B. ten days ago, and will own to you that it was not only grief, but disappointment, for I had flattered myself such a sacrifice would not be made."

In closing the letter, she described "a sort of domestic masquerade which has just taken place, in which Byron playfully snatched Lady Millbanke's wig from her head and dressed himself up in a dressing-gown turned inside out, while Lady Byron stalked about in his travel

ling cap and cloak, with sham whiskers and mustachios to match." This was eleven months after marriage. One month later the storm came Mrs. Leigh wrote Hodgson, entreating him to come to London. He took the first mail coach, but found Byron in such a nervous condition that he would see nobody. But his love for Hodgson soon overcame him, and the friend was admitted. The result of the interview was that Hodgson immediately addressed to Lady Byron "a very courteous, measured and judicial letter of remonstrance, every word of which, coming from such a man, at such a time, is worthy of careful study." In it he says:

"I am convinced that the deep and rooted feeling of his (Byron's) heart is regret and sorrow for the occurrences which have so deeply wounded you; and the most unmixed admiration of your conduct in all its particulars, and the warmest affection. But may I be allowed to state to Lady Byron that Lord B., after his general acknowledgment of having frequently been very wrong, and from various causes, in a painful state of irritation, yet declares himself ignorant of the specific things which have given the principal offence, and that he wishes to learn them; that he may, if extenuation or atonement be possible, endeavor to make some reply, or, at all events, may understand the fullness of those reasons which have now, and as unexpectedly as afflictively, driven your ladyship to the step you have taken."

To this appeal Lady Byron replied vaguely and incoherently, and with dark allusions to her husband's efforts to undermine her religious convictions. She also accused him of unkindness, but made no allusions to grievous moral offences of any kind. The letter in itself is enough, in the *Athenæum's* opinion, "to destroy the whole fabric of her later inventions." As to Mrs. Leigh, any suspicions of her having "any share in the sorrows of this unhappy family must," that paper thinks, "be finally set at rest." Her letters reveal an impulsive creature with "an anxious love for and a delicate sympathy with all around her that are exquisitely engaging."

The memoirs are rich in much other information relating to "the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century." It is well known that he was very proud of having swam the Hellespont. On July 4, 1810, he wrote from Constantinople: "I shall begin by telling you, having only told it you twice before, that I swam from Sestos to Abydos. I do this that you may be impressed with proper respect for me, the performer; for I plume myself on this achievement more than I could possibly do on any kind of glory, political, poetical or rhetorical." Of how his poor foot wounded his pride the world also knows. In one of the letters on religion he says: "And our carcasses, which are to rise again, are they worth rising? I hope that, if mine is, I shall have a better pair of legs than I have moved on these two-and-twenty years, or I shall be sadly behind in the squeeze into paradise." A few days before the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" were published, he wrote indifferently: "My poesy comes out on Saturday." And a year later: "I have no intention of continuing 'Childe Harold.'" When the first instalment of "Don Juan" came out it caused great distress to his sister, who thus alludes to it: "I assure you I am very low about him. This new poem, if persisted in, will be the ruin of him, from what I can learn." In his copy of Ruffhead's "Life of Pope," the word *mankind* is underlined, and in the margin he wrote: "A malignant race, with Christianity in their mouths and Molochism in their hearts."

In 1812, Hodgson's money matters were in a bad way. He was in debt to the extent of £1,000. The mother of a young lady to whom he was attached refused her consent to the marriage unless all his debts were paid. Byron at once, though not himself rich, offered to discharge his friend's debts, but the offer was several times refused. At last Hodgson accepted it, and when expressing his gratitude, Lord Byron replied to him, with the strongest marks of feeling and disinclination to have the subject mentioned, "Don't speak of it; I always intended to do it." Bonds and promissory notes were repeatedly offered him, but always refused. "What," he said, "is the use of a bond? I should only destroy or cancel it, or leave you the same by will." Hodgson at one time proposed to write Byron's life. Following the news of his death, Mrs. Leigh sent him a very full and succinct account of the burning of the poet's memoirs in Mr. Murray's parlor. Upon this Hodgson made his suggestion, but Moore came in with prior claim. Of Byron, as he appeared at Venice in 1818, Hodgson says he was "looking very well, but fat, immensely large, and his hair long."

PRACTICAL.—A wife is handy about the house. She'll take a great interest in you. If you go out at night she'll be awake when you get home, and she'll tell you all about yourself, and more too. Of course she will know where you've been and what kept you out so late, and will tell you. Yet right after she has told you, she will ask you where you have been and what kept you so late. And after you tell her and she won't believe you, you mustn't mind that; and if, after going to bed, she says she hasn't closed her eyes the whole night, and then keeps up the matinee two hours longer and won't go to sleep when she has the chance, you mustn't mind that, either; it's her nature. You'll become accustomed to her little ways in time.

VARIETIES.

LEO'S GIFT TO SWEDEN'S KING.—Pope Leo sent to the King of Sweden a diploma constituting him an honorary member of the literary society "Gil Arcadi Romani." This society was founded in Rome in 1669, with the object of continuing literary and scientific researches commenced by Queen Christina of Sweden, the daughter of the great Gustavus Adolphus, during her residence in the Eternal City. The symbol of the society is the flute of Pan, surrounded by wreaths of laurel. On his nomination as a member everybody receives a new name, and the King of Sweden has been christened under the name of Poliandro Samio. Other Kings of Sweden have been members; Gustav III. was called Anassandro Cheromio, and Charles XII. was named Artifido Maratonio.

PRINCESS LOUISE AND HER DOG.—Her Royal Highness is setting one good example to the ladies of the Dominion which it will be well for their health if they imitate. She is an early riser, and has been indulging in several long walks before breakfast of five or six miles. She is generally attended by one or more of her suite, and walks with that ease and grace which can only be acquired by habitual exercise in the open air. She dresses with great simplicity, but appears rather afraid of the cold, as she muffles up a great deal. In these walks she is accompanied by a splendid Collie dog, a present from her mother, who bears around his neck a very common looking leather collar with a brass plate, on which is engraved: "I belong to H. R. H. the Princess Louise, Kensington Palace." The dog is a magnificent specimen of his breed, and the princess is said to be exceedingly fond of him, partly on account of his donor and partly because at the fire at Inverary Castle it was the barking of Rover which awakened her, and saved her, perhaps, from a horrible death.

A TRICK OF HELLER'S.—A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial* tells the following story of Robert Heller's skill in slight-of-hand tricks: "Lager beer was the leading beverage in the Cincinnati Sketch Club. One day there were gathered some seventy gentlemen—artists, ministers, doctors, poets, musicians, men of letters, in fact, all professions were represented—when Heller announced the fact that he would make disappear a full glass of lager, not by the usual method—that was, that he would make disappear this glass and the beer, and it would be found in the rear pocket of some one of those present, and he would be unaware of its presence. A moment! It was not in Heller's hands, and where had it gone? Every eye was intent on Heller, and crowding closely around the performer. Mr. Samuel N. Pike, who was languidly leaning against the mantel-shelf, smoking, and quite unconcerned, some 20 feet away, put his hand in his coat-pocket (as we all did, not knowing but that each was the victim) and withdrew it hurriedly, dripping with beer. The veritable glass, half full of the frothing fluid, was in his pocket."

A REMINISCENCE OF DICKENS.—Among a batch of letters just received by this week's steamer is one from a tourist friend, who has been good enough to copy entire a page or so out of a guide book, settling forth some facts in connection with Charles Dickens which are unfamiliar, I believe, to the majority of Americans. It reads as follows: "There is a very attractive 'room'—or speaking more correctly, 'myth'—in Ipswich, to wit: Mr. Pickwick's room, at the Great White Horse Hotel, the true history of which is curious and hitherto unpublished. When Charles Dickens was a very young man and unknown to fame, he reported for the *Morning Chronicle*—which journal lent the services of the future novelist to the Suffolk assize on the occasion of a Suffolk assize. Arriving at his destination, the young pressman engaged the comfortable best room of the chief hotel, the Great White Horse. But later in the day, as the influx of visitors became great, the churlish landlord, named Brooks—generally called 'Old Billy Brooks'—who had small respect for the press and very limited ideas as to its power, surrendered Dickens' bedroom to some legal magnate, assigning to 'that newspaper fellow' one far less roomy and comfortable, and placed, in fact, just over some stabling. Dickens was naturally much annoyed, but said little, biding his time. When 'Pickwick' took the literary world by storm its ludicrous and scarcely exaggerated description of the White Horse, 'where they sold the worst possible wine at the best possible price,' entirely altered Mr. Brooks's notions as to the power of the pen, and much of his life was spent in raving about the injury Dickens was doing him. Not long afterwards Brooks died, and the hotel changed hands. But as the years rolled by the landlords began to discover that the brilliant humorist had done far more good than harm by making the hotel one of Mr. Pickwick's resorts. Tourists and travelers of all kinds—especially Americans—flocked to the White Horse to view the scene of Mr. Pickwick's startling adventure with the middle-aged lady. Whether the attendants always paint but the same room we cannot say—clearly, one room will do just as well as another, but it is certain that visitors keep coming to see it to the present. Truly, these pilgrimages to Pickwick's room are a singular proof of the power of genius." The writer of the above subscribes himself Charles Sully, who is certainly to be thanked for this addition to what we know, and want to know, about the master novelist.

HOMES OF GENIUS.

IN AND ABOUT CONCORD, THE HOME OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

BOSTON, December 18.—The homes of genius are always attractive. The favorite resorts of noble and poetic natures have a charm for the most plodding mind. "There is," says Alcott, "a virtuous curiosity felt by readers of remarkable books to learn something more of their author's literary tastes, habits, and dispositions than these ordinarily furnish."

The vale of Vaucluse is a green spot in the associations of every lover of poetry; Abbotsford draws wanderers in pilgrimages from all lands; and the banks of Ayr bloom with brighter flowers for the lover of Bobbie Burns.

Our own land has many a field and stream endeared to the lovers of letters by the presence of the poet and the sage.

Nowhere in America has literature grown more naturally than in Concord. I shall not frighten the reader with statistics; his memory is sufficient. The names of Emerson and Alcott, Hawthorne, and Thoreau and Channing call up a wealth of association, which makes Concord the Mecca of American literature. Its historical associations also make it interesting to every American. As this paper is preliminary to descriptions of the homes of the several Concord authors, and the natural features are the same in all, the description of the landscape has been extended so as to take in the whole vicinity.

Doubtless the reader's first desire in visiting Concord would be to see the battle-ground, and, accordingly, historical associations shall be gratified first. The most natural way of approaching the village is by the Boston turnpike, down which the British regulars marched in 1775. So we take an open carry-all, and bowl gently out over the Charles River bridge, into the thoroughfare of North avenue. We pass the retreats of many great and gentle spirits; we shall visit them by-and-by. Now, we must keep our eyes well open, to see the landmarks of the struggle. First we see the vacant site of the Black Horse Tavern, where the Committee of safety met in the anxious days and night before the battle. The tavern is gone, but a stone marks its locality. It is perhaps on the borders of Arlington—Menotomy in the days of the minute-men. The encroaching buildings have spared this site, and the visitor can easily mark the out-lines of the foundations in the grass. We roll slowly away, for there are twelve miles before us, and we cannot spend the day at the first milestone in the journey; though there is enough interest in each spot to fill a day's reflection. We have hardly fairly started away before we come to the village church, where the old men of Menotomy

CAPTURED EIGHTEEN RED-COATS,

who were employed as skirmishers. We cross a bridge in the road and soon come to the house of Janson Russell, where the first blood of the day was shed. The old house still stands by the road-side, and looks good for another century. Here twelve minute-men had assembled, on the April morning, and, in their innocence and ignorance of the art of war, had erected a barricade of lumber and shingles running parallel with the road and about three feet high, behind which they intended to open fire on the regulars when they should pass. The foremost British scout discovered the design and reported it to Major Pitcairn, who at once sent a detachment over the hill to the rear of the house. The rustic militia then found that their breastwork was on the wrong side, and retreated into the house. The file of soldiers then drew up before the kitchen door, fired a volley into the side of the house, and demanded a surrender. The farmers surrendered at once and grounded arms, as the British entered the door. Then the soldiers proceeded to pick the men off one by one, at short range, until they all lay dead on the floor. The inside walls still show the marks of bullets and the old staircase is full of half-inch bullet-holes. One of our party discovered a hole in the side of the newell post (a plain stick four inches square by three feet high), where a bullet had entered, and no corresponding mark where it had come out on the other side. He at once proposed with American disregard of private rights, to whistle down the post, and see if the bullet were still there! Mr. Teale, the great-grand-son of Jason Russell, and his mother, whose maiden name was Russell, still live in the house. The house itself is a simple story-and-a-half white farm house, with its side to the road, and its gables looking out on an ancient orchard and meadow. An ell has been added on the left and in the center the chimney rises in an immense stack, large enough for the fires of a banquet-hall, and recalling the great fire-places of the early day. Mr. Teale showed us the little parlor furnished with a modern cabinet organ, adorned with modest wall paper and the accompaniments of a rural home. Some likenesses of the family ancestors are hanging upon the walls, and over the hall door hangs a picture of the house itself in magenta worsted on perforated cardboard with the illuminated motto, "God Bless our Home," worked by some little daughter of the house of Russell, who is just beginning to listen with flushing cheek to the story of the past.

But we are loitering. Once more in the carriage, we rattle merrily along the road to Lexington. We are travelling the same road

OVER WHICH PAUL REVERE GALLOPED

on his midnight errand; and unbidden the lines recur:

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet through the gloom and the light

The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

We ride up to Lexington green with the involuntary reverence of one entering a holy place. The green is fenced off into a delta of lawn by the stone-post fence of modern New England. A plain granite obelisk rises in the center. We approach it silently, with uncovered heads. The inscription, bearing date 1799, begins:

"Sacred to liberty and the rights of mankind!!!"

The shaft bears the names of Ensign Robert Munroe, Jonas Parker, Samuel Hadley, Caleb Harrington, Jonathan Harrington, Jr., Isaac Muzzy, and John Brown, of Lexington, and Asahel Porter, of Woburn, who fell at the first fire. Elms and lindens throw their shade over it. A quaint and interesting church has long stood in the place of the meeting house burned by the soldiery. On the north the road skirts a hill, and following it nearly or distantly all the way to Concord. The declivity is covered with stunted pines and other low trees. Stone walls, moss grown with time, and showing here and there a port-hole and chink through which some rifle or Queen Anne's arm may have once protruded, separate the fields from the road. The houses are in the plain style of the last century, and are scattered at wide intervals along the turnpike. Across the green, and under the edge of the hill, the brown wooden cottage, which was the Massachusetts State Building of Centennial days, perks its many-gabled roof among the foliage. Its coat of arms glitters for a moment through the trees as we roll away. We wind through the valley and gradually ascend to the higher level of the road, overlooking the Concord Valley. At a turn in the road the blue tent of Monadnoc breaks the sky-line. It is pitched upon the horizon like the lodge of some long sleeping earth-spirit, and looks down upon the tortuous valley and highway with the same quiet grandeur as when, on April morning, it saw the narrow road filled with jolly, travel-stained soldiers. Its presence is a benediction, and calls up the apostrophe of Emerson:

Ages are thy days
Thou grand expresser of the present tense
And type of permanence!
Firm ensign of the fatal Being
Amid these coward shapes of joy and grief,
That will not bide the seeing.

Thou seest, O watchman tall,
Our towns and races grow and fall,
And smogest the stable good
For which we all our lifetime grope,
In shifting form the formless mind,
And though the substance us elude,
We in thee the shadow find.

The road now descends to the valley, and we jog lightly down the slopes, in quiet contemplation, born from the tranquility of the scene. The serene foliage of the maples, and the bare, brown branches of the gnarled apple trees, contrast somberly with the living green of the hemlocks and the red mound of apples, heaped here and there among the orchards. The stone walls are thick and low, and half covered with mosses and grass. They are easily scaled, and the fruit beyond them is easily reached. We found that the Middlesex gullflowers and russets tasted best when taken fresh from the heap and eaten in the open air after a ride over the hills of the Musketquad in the bracing air of November.

But now we are in the village. Shire town as it is, the street is deserted, and the houses, scattered along the banks of the Concord River, and nestling under the hill at the side of the turnpike, are as silent as though they belonged to some hibernating class, who had turned in at the first frost. Two or three church steeples prick the air as though they would give point to the civilization of the town.

The river is the central feature of Concord scenery. It wanders through the meadows which skirt its shores, with the sleepy, sinuous grace of some storied meander, and embraces the woods in the south with a belt of silver. It is spanned by three or four bridges at the village; one slight and slender, with a delicate arch of stone deeply sprung, like the window of a cathedral; another solid and heavy, for the railway whose station is on the outskirts of the village; another plain and rough, for the travel of the farmers, and last of all,

at the battle-ground. The river lapses slowly under them, as though bound by successive fetters, but below it flashes back against the sun as though it laughed to escape the somnolent spell of Concord, and sparkles lazily on the Merrimac. Called Muske-ta-quad in the Indian tongue, with some unknown significance, which is, perhaps, equalled by its modern name, invoked by its sleepy, peaceful character, the stream imparts a dreamy air to the whole landscape. Just above the village it seems to lose even the creeping current with which it slipped between the hills, and it spreads out into a placid pond called Fairhaven Bay, from its cognate character to that of the Concord itself. A little south of town the Assabeth, a tributary from the west, pours in a stream of waters distilled from the wooded slopes of Sudbury, and creases the bluff with another fold. Walden Pond—or Walden Water,

as Alcott has called it—gleams through the woods at the south-west.

It is not far beyond the village church,
After we pass the wood that skirts the road,
A lake—the blue-eyed Walden—that doth smile
Most tenderly upon its neighbor pines,
And they, as if to recompense this love,
In double beauty spread their branches forth.

The valley spreads out widely on either hand, giving a prairie-like landscape and horizon. The river meadows slope imperceptibly into the arable land, and the fields climb gradually to the crests of the hills. But the hills shut the whole valley in, as though nature had planned that no disturbing influence should enter here. It is a valley where Vishnu himself might dwell and disseminate the silent forces of the Vedas.

Upon climbing the hill to the north you see Wachusett and Monadnoc and a spur of the New Hampshire hills clustering upon the horizon's rim. The silent influence of the streams, the native sweetness and sap of the woods, and the benediction of the mountains seem to combine their subtle forces to make up the mystic total comprised in the name

CONCORD.

A land of streams! some like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn did go;
And some through wavering lights and shadows broke.
Rolling a slumberous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land; far off, three mountain tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flashed; and, dewed with showery drops,
Up clomb the shadowy pine above the woven corpse.

The monument to the soldiers of the late war stands in the centre of the road as we enter the village, and receives by anticipation a share of the interest intended for another shaft. It is made of rough-hewn granite, whose outline betokens well the spirit of the Middlesex farmers.

We glance for a moment at Wright's Tavern, where Major Pitcairn stopped for a glass of brandy before he pushed on to the river. Then we drive up to the old North Bridge. After following the direction of the river northward for some distance, the road turns west and runs through the avenue of pines to the historic spot. Just to the left is the old Manse, whose mosses had been endeared to us by the mystic genius of Hawthorne. The wind murmurs a gentle requiem in the pines, and we approach the river in silence. On the bank stands the slender cut-granite shaft which was erected in 1836. Here the British line was formed. A large bridge spans the stream as of old, and again brings back the poet's lines—

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

A glance at the other side shows the statue unveiled in 1875. We cross the bridge to study it more closely. A broad granite pedestal rises about ten feet above the embanked terrace, and supports the bronze figure of a farmer of colossal size. A slouched hat covers his head. His coat is gone, and his arms are bared to the elbow. His left hand rests upon the handle of his plow set in the furrow and headed west. His right hand grasps a musket brought half-way to the ready, while with left foot advanced and supporting the right drawn back, and the whole figure leaning forward, he scans the opposite shore. The action of the figure is strong, even carrying the attention away from the statue to the direction of its eager glance. Beneath are carved the lines we have just recited. We wandered back across the bridge and sat down for a moment in its rustic porticoes. Then, as we reached the eastern shore, we found close under the stone-wall at the side of the road a small inclosure, perhaps three feet by seven, with a chain fence about, a short, square block of stone at the western end, and upon the smooth face of the wall just above, in rude letters, the legend—

"GRAVE OF BRITISH SOLDIERS."

Then the lines of the hymn returned.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

Upon the opposite shore a few large trees are scattered about the field, and close upon the bank are some bending young ones whose germs have been brought down by the river from the wooded dells of its mountain source. Before leaving we cut some canes from their curiously gnarled branches.

The sun sinks low in the west. We look wistfully at the Old Manse as we drive away, and then regret that we spent so much time over that good dinner at the Middlesex House. We have not yet seen Emerson. We have not visited the hut of Thoreau. Neither have we been to the houses of Alcott and Hawthorne; but the gathering shadows warn us of the night-fall, and we must leave them for another day.

THE OLD NORTH BRIDGE

THE GLEANER.

MR. PAUL DU CHAILLU, who has been staying in Sweden and Norway, is about to publish a book concerning those countries.

VERA SASSOULITCH, celebrated for having shot the St. Petersburg Chief of Police, is shortly to marry a Russian political refugee in London.

THE Marquis of Lorne has accepted the position of Commodore of the Nova Scotia yacht squadron, vacated by the Earl of Dufferin.

IN his novel, "Vivian Grey," Disraeli says that Canning and John Wilson Croker were the only official men who could write grammar.

THE Very Rev. Dean Bond, Bishop-elect of

Montreal, has sent in a formal resignation of the rectorship of St. George's church in that city.

It is said the Queen would give the Bishopric of Durham to the Dean of Westminster, if he cared to accept it. But Dr. Stanley prefers the Abbey.

VICTOR HUGO is giving sittings to Bonnat, the successful Paris artist, for a portrait. The work promises to rival the portrait of Thiers, by the same artist.

MR. KINGLAKE does not intend to leave his history of the Crimean war unfinished, but will bring out the sixth and last volume in the course of the next half year.

THE British fleet in the Dardanelles will return to Ismid. This is in consequence of a difficulty in getting provisions and receiving letters from Artaki.

GUSTAVE DORE'S new work, "Orlando Furioso," with five hundred and fifty illustrations is nearly ready. It has been in progress for more than eight years.

ADMIRERS of Ruskin will be glad to learn that a list of all his published writings, in prose and verse, arranged in chronological order, from 1834 to the present time, is put forth in a little volume.

LADY ANNA BLUNT, who is about to publish an account of a winter residence among the Bedouin Arabs, is a granddaughter of the poet, Byron, being a daughter of the Earl of Lovelace, by Byron's only child "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart."

THE Bishop of Huron writes that he is meeting with unexpected success in securing funds for the western university. The amount secured in England now amounts to \$40,000.

MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, the accomplished writer, is descended through her father from the famous American baronet, Sir William Pepperell. One of her mother's ancestors was Sir John Brydges.

POPE LEO XIII. sent through Bishop Healey, of Portland, a splendid medal to the chiefs of the tribe of Abenakis Indians, who made a pair of moccasins presented to the Pope during the Bishop's visit to Rome.

NOTHING should be touched when gloves are worn, except the human hand, unless a handkerchief is held in the fingers, as varnished furniture, door-handles, and even books not only discolour, but leave an unpleasant odour on the glove.

KING HUMBERT'S son, the little Prince of Naples, has suffered so much by vivid dreams since the attempt by Passanante, that a quieter life with his books and playmates, remote from state ceremonials, has been prescribed for him.

MR. SALA mentions two words, "Roma Amor," which read backwards the same. A correspondent, "Etona," reminds us that these words are a portion of a pentameter, the whole of which reads both ways the same. It is as follows: "Roma Tibi Subito motibus ibit amor."

QUEEN VICTORIA, it is reported by the London *Echo*, helps the authors whose works she admires by recommending them to magazine editors. The latest man of letters whom his sovereign has assisted in this way, says the *Echo*, is Mr. Charles Gibbon, author of "Auld Robin Gray."

THE Swiss Roman Catholics, having received permission from their superiors to vote at the elections of parish priests instead of leaving the Old Catholics the monopoly of this privilege, have just carried by 446 votes to 25 the nomination of a Roman Catholic priest at Saigelegier, in the Bernese Jura.

LITERARY.

HENRY VINCENT, the distinguished lecturer, is dead.

THE King of Portugal not only translates Shakespeare into Portuguese, but is a couchologist.

MRS. HARRIET GROTE, the authoress and widow of Geo. Grote, the historian of Greece, is dead. She was well known as the authoress of the "Life of Ary Schaffer."

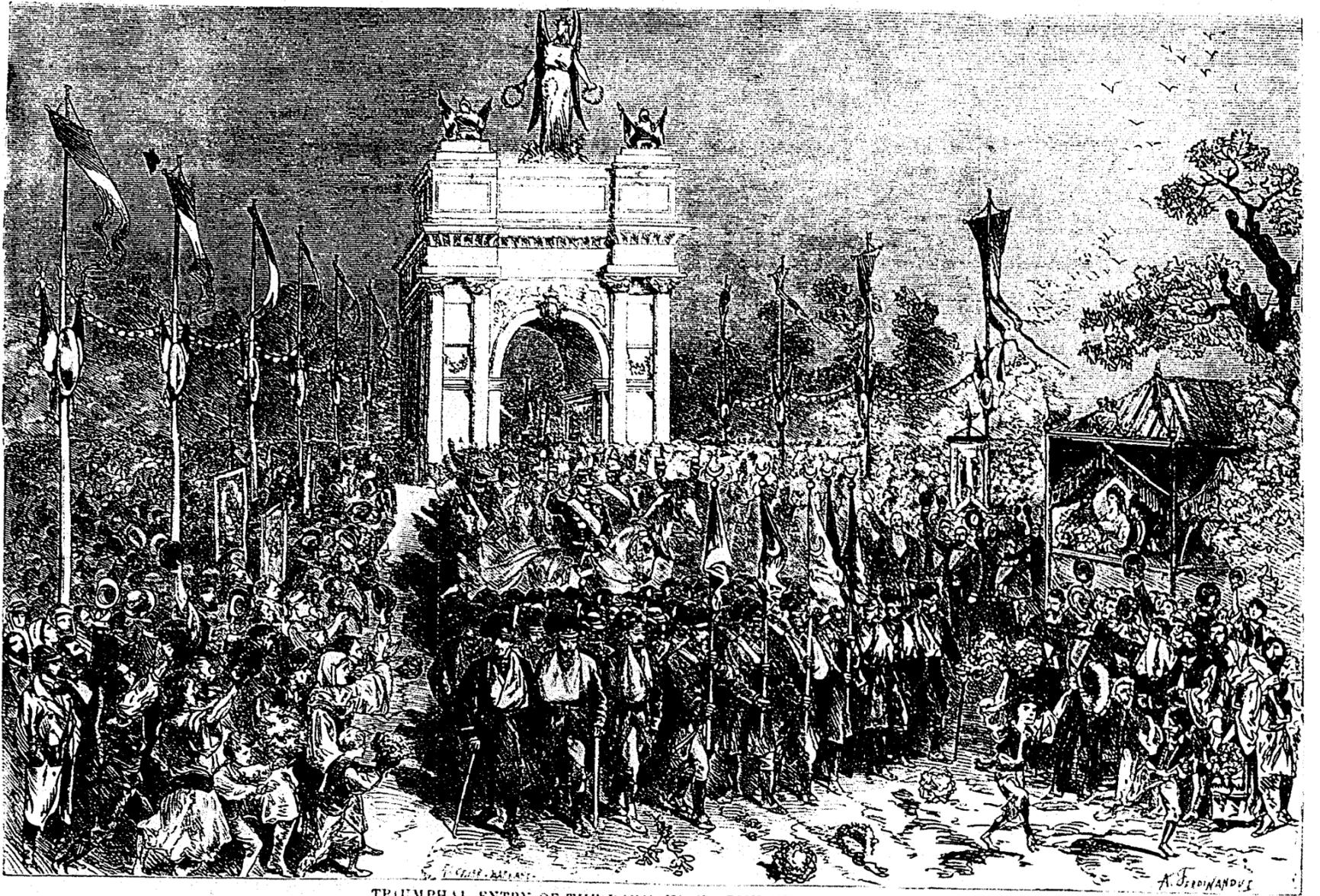
BURNS' grand-daughter, Mrs. Eliza Everitt, (she was the daughter of the poet's eldest son and namesake), has just died at Bath. It was an uncommon treat to hear her sing some of Burns' songs, such as "Ler Rig." She leaves one daughter, who fully inherits her mother's attractions, including a marked resemblance to the poet.

JEALOUSY is the worst of all evils, yet the one that is the least pitied by those who cause it. The only perfect Fitting Shirt made in Canada is made by TREBLE, of Hamilton. Send for samples and cards for self-measurement. Six A Number One Shirts for \$12.

NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the ladies of the city and country that they will find at his Retail Store, 196 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample, on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only. J. H. LEBLANC. Works 547 Craig St.

IT is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class shrunken Flannel Shirt, send for samples and card for self-measurement, to TREBLE'S, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.



TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE ROUMANIAN ARMY INTO BUCHAREST.



THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA. — HER MAJESTY PRESENTING THE NEW COLOURS TO THE FOURTH, AT WINDSOR CASTLE, UNDER ORDERS FOR THE CAPE.



ROE-DEER IN WINTER.—ENGRAVED SPECIALLY FOR THE NEWS, FROM THE PICTURE BY KROEMER.

THE BELLS.

The bells, the bells, the merry sleigh bells,
Two swells are seen driving who hear not the bells;
Deaf as an adder their attitude tells,
They hear not the merry, the merry sleigh bells.

'Tis hard to describe such ambiguous swells,
Not swells of the ocean disturbing the shells;
But swells of the land who sat watching the belles,
The belles that were passing, the beautiful belles.

Deaf to the sound of the coming sleigh bells,
Till the coming sleigh driver "look out" to them yells
A—When—And a crash, and out tumbled the swells,
Hurt only at hearing the laugh of the belles.

This world seems a lot of remarkable dells
Constructed somewhat as the bees have their cells,
And in every dell, some soft fellow dwells
Whose head's on the twist by the magical belles.

Now, lads, take a warning, don't squint at the belles,
But listen and watch for the coming sleigh bells;
Aye keep to the right at the least a few ells,
Avoiding a smash and the laugh of the belles.

And never forget what your honest dad tells,
That he was too modest to stare at the belles;
And that every mamma from her favour expels
A lad that's so rude as to stare at her "gells."

A. MACFIE.

Chatham, Ont.

BENEATH THE WAVE

A NOVEL

BY

MISS DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "Footprints in the Snow," "The Miner's Oath," "Annabel's Rival," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HAYWARD'S RELATIONS.

When Hayward felt himself clasped in his mother's arms, for a few moments a sort of rest seemed to come over his miserable heart. There was some one in the world to love him still, he thought. Then she asked with fond affection, as she pushed back his hair and kissed his brow, "Why did you not tell me you were coming, my dear?" Hayward gave a bitter, conscience-stricken sigh.

Why? Oh, poor mother! She who held him to her breast; who kissed him as she had kissed him when he was a little child, must never hear this question truly answered. Hayward thought a moment. Then, falteringly, and with quivering lips, he said—

"I—I—came up unexpectedly. But, mother," he went on more firmly, "why did you not tell me you were ill?"

"I could not bear to spoil your pleasure, dear. You had worked so hard, and it must have been so pleasant for you at Sir George Hamilton's," answered Mrs. Hayward; and as she did so Hayward, with a violent effort for her sake, controlled his emotions.

"Sir George Hamilton has left Massam for the present," he said, "and so I came away."

"Oh, of course, dear," said Mrs. Hayward, "but you must tell me all about it, my Philip," she continued smilingly. "All about the beautiful young lady, and—"

But at this moment while Philip Hayward's quivering lips were framing a suitable reply, a rap came to the door of the room, and Mr. Jarvis, the curate, appeared.

"May I come in?" he asked in his gentle way. "Well, Mrs. Hayward, you see your son and I are already friends."

"I do not understand," said Mrs. Hayward, looking from one young man to the other.

"We travelled up together in the same carriage," explained Mr. Jarvis. "I knew him by his photograph," he added smilingly, "and so took the liberty of introducing myself to him."

"Oh, Philip!" said Mrs. Hayward, with some agitation of manner, "you can never thank him enough for all his goodness to me!" And she looked at Mr. Jarvis.

"He must not begin now, at any rate," said the curate, again smiling kindly. "No," he added, holding out his hand, "he is tired, and you, Mrs. Hayward, are also tired, and so for this evening, with your permission, I shall take my leave."

"No, do not go," said Hayward, eagerly. He was afraid to be left alone with his mother now; afraid of the questions that he felt sure she would ask.

"Where will you stay for the night?" then asked the curate.

This question led to an inquiry about the accommodation that the house could afford. Then it was found that there was no unoccupied bedroom in it, and on hearing this Mr. Jarvis immediately invited Hayward to be his guest for the night.

Hayward looked at his mother. Could he leave her? he thought. But Mrs. Hayward herself pressed him to go. She could not sleep unless she knew he was in a comfortable bed, she said; and so at last, half unwillingly (yet feeling that he scarcely had the strength to stay), Hayward bade his mother good-night.

"Come the first thing in the morning, my dear," she said, and Hayward promised to do so.

Then he went out with his new friend into the streets, passing through the crowd and the glare, silent and absorbed. He was worn and weary. The excitement, the sudden change, and the great shock of hearing of his mother's illness, all now told upon him. He was so pale, and

even faint when he reached the curate's rooms, that Mr. Jarvis was almost alarmed. But Hayward made as light as he could of his condition, and as soon as he could, retired to his own room.

When there, he dare not think. He flung himself on the bed, and after a while nature came to his aid, and he sank into a heavy sleep.

The next morning when he awoke in the misty yellow haze of a London fog, he could not at first remember where he was. Then memory came back—memory—misery. Even Isabel Trevor's cold heart would have been touched if she could have known what the young man felt—the dead, cold weariness of life, the sickening despair. Yet he rose with a set purpose. His mother! He had forgotten her yesterday, but he thought of her to-day. "As long as she lives," he told himself, "as long as she lives!"

The mother, with her panting breath, the same hour was praying for her son. Hayward thought that he had deceived her the night before about his leaving Massam, but the sight of love is clear and keen. Mrs. Hayward knew that something grievous had happened to her boy, and—womanlike—guessed that a woman was the cause.

So in the dull, grey morning, with his grey-set face, Hayward rose. Many things lay before him, for he had to begin a fight for daily bread. He would take nothing now from Sir George Hamilton, he told himself, and he was absolutely nearly penniless. But he was well-educated, young and strong. These were three things in his favour, but even with them he knew that employment was sometimes not easily nor directly obtained.

He thought of his chances as he dressed himself. In the early part of this history it has been told how a certain Mr. Moxam had given Hayward his education. Now this Mr. Moxam was his mother's brother-in-law, and he had prospered of late. He was a merchant in the city, with great warehouses standing by the river edge, to which bales were drawn up, and from which bales were let down daily, and in whose dusty, fusty precincts, money was made. When a young man, he had married Mrs. Hayward's sister. They were the orphan daughters of a clergyman, and both pretty girls, but, as is too often the case, when their father died, he left nothing behind him. So they were thrown upon the world, and went out as governesses. They both married. Mrs. Hayward accompanied the family of a colonel to India, and married Lieut. Hayward, who was in the same regiment as her employer. Mrs. Moxam went to be the governess of a rich tradesman's family at Peckham, and married Mr. Moxam, who was nephew of the tradesman.

Thus, when Hayward's father died, Mr. Moxam promised to educate his wife's sister's only son. And he did educate him, but while this process was going on his wife died, and he married again after a couple of years. This event naturally changed young Hayward's position. The first Mrs. Moxam left two daughters, the second Mrs. Moxam had one son. So, as years went on, and they grew richer, the second Mrs. Moxam began to grudge the money spent yearly on the first Mrs. Moxam's nephew. She grudged, also, the trifling assistance which Mr. Moxam had occasionally given his first wife's sister, ever since the days when, as a poor, young, broken-hearted widow, Mrs. Hayward had returned to England. Under these circumstances Philip Hayward had felt himself almost compelled to leave college. He, in fact, accepted a tutorship, so as to be able at once to assist in supporting his widowed mother.

Now we come to the time when he lived at Sanda; to the time when he first saw Isabel Trevor, and when he saved Sir George Hamilton's life.

He had written a modest account of that incident to his mother. His mother was very proud of his conduct, and perhaps prouder of its results. When she heard of Sir George's offer to push him on in any profession he might choose, she was full of joy, and when he went to stay at Massam, her hopes for his future life were very high.

She had seen nothing of her relations, the Moxams, for some time. They were getting on in the world indeed, and did not care to be stopped by poor relations. The girls remembered her, and sometimes (very rarely) mentioned "poor aunt Hayward." Mrs. Moxam the second did not care to be reminded of her existence. So they let the poor widow drop out of their sight. They knew their cousin was a tutor "down in the north somewhere," but they did not care for cousins who were tutors.

All this had grieved and annoyed poor Mrs. Hayward once, but the Moxams could not grieve or annoy her now. For one thing, she was about leaving the world for which the Moxams existed; for another, she had lately hoped that her son would live to rise far above them.

Philip Hayward knew all these things. He despised and disliked Mr. Moxam, who was pompous, silly, and ill-bred, but for his mother's sake he made up his mind that he would go and beg Mr. Moxam to give him employment. He did not know of the poor, little store his mother had laid by. There was a letter lying ready written in her desk, addressed "To my dear son, to be given to him after my death," and in this letter there was an enclosure. The poor woman had literally grudged herself the necessities of life. She had faded faster because she had not taken what she ought to have taken, so that she might save this little sum for her son.

Hayward decided that he would not tell his mother of the application he was about to make to Mr. Moxam. It would be time enough to do

that, he thought, when he had got work. He therefore went to her bedside on the morning after his arrival in London, with forced smiles on his lips. Poor Mrs. Hayward was very ill. She was wasting and wearing fast away. Her face had a painfully transparent look, and her eyes were large, big-pupiled, and glittering. But she was quite prepared to die. She put her hot hand into her son's and looked into his face and smiled.

"God has been very good to me, my dear," she said, "and given me my heart's desire, for I prayed long to see my boy's face before I died."

"And—yet you never sent for me, mother?" faltered Hayward.

"God sent you to me, dear," answered Mrs. Hayward, and Hayward made no reply.

He sat down by his mother's bed, and after a while began talking to her. But she asked him nothing about Massam. She knew he would tell her by-and-by, when the gap which absence makes between those who love each other, would gradually pass away.

She had plenty to tell him. How good Mr. Jarvis was to her, and all the troubles of her neighbours in the house. Her circle was so narrow, that she was naturally interested in the curly-pated children who tumbled up and down the stairs, and cried and screamed by turns. Of the Moxams she said nothing, for she had nothing to say. Philip was thankful for this. He feared to hear of some fresh slight, which would make his task a shade more bitter.

So after sitting an hour or so with his mother, he went down the uncarpeted stairs. As he descended he was met by the hard-fac'd landlady of the house.

"Oh, sir, can I have a word with you, please?" she said.

"Certainly," answered Hayward, and she accordingly ushered him into a small room at the back of the house.

"It's about the poor lady upstairs," she began, after closing the room door. "You see that clergyman who comes here sometimes told me last night that you were her son."

"Yes, I am," said Hayward.

"Well, then, you see," continued the landlady, twisting the corner of her apron as she spoke, "she's certainly not long for here. Anyone can tell by her face she's going fast, and to tell the truth I can't abide corpses in the house. I don't wish to be hard, but I must live, and coffins are awkward things to drag up and down stairs, and then I've two other parties to consider. So if you can make it convenient to take her away at the end of the week—" And the landlady paused.

Hayward's face blazed all over when he understood what she meant.

"Do you call yourself a woman?" he said. "But she shall go." And without another word he left the landlady and the house.

"Oh! my poor mother," he thought, as he went along the streets. But this interview nerved him at once to encounter his intended one with his relation, Mr. Moxam.

He meant to go to Mr. Moxam's place of business in the city, and not to his house. He had been at this place of business before, having gone there as a lad, and had nearly always returned from these visits wounded and stung.

His uncle, Mr. Moxam, was not troubled with fine feelings, and tenderness for the unfortunate was not one of his qualifications. He frowned, therefore, and grunted uneasily on the present occasion, when Hayward's card was brought up to him.

"What can this chap want now?" he said, putting the card into his son's hand.

Let me describe the sire and son. Mr. Joseph Moxam, senior, was short, red-faced, and puffy. A man of narrow, warped, unintellectual nature, who made money his god, and who estimated a man exactly by the length of his purse. Not an uncommon type among his class, perhaps, but Mr. Moxam was a shade rougher, ruder, and harder than most of his fellows. Now for the son, Joseph Moxam, junior, as he was named in business transactions, "Young Joe," as he was commonly called in the society he frequented. He also was short, with a narrow forehead, small mean-looking blue-grey eyes, light musty hair, a high nose, and a mouth that unpleasantly protruded.

He grinned when his father placed Hayward's card in his hand; a grin expressive of contempt, and expressive also of him.

"Begging, I dare say!" he said, facetiously.

"Not the right shop to come to, eh, then, Joe?" said the sire.

"Not the right ticket by any means; but, let him try it on," said the son.

Then entered Philip Hayward, pale, composed, and gentlemanly. He was not nervous about this interview now, and over his face had passed the shadow of a great grief. He bowed to his uncle and half-cousin, who nodded in return; the old man extending two fat fingers patronisingly.

"Well, sir," he said to Hayward, "and where are you from?"

"I have come to ask a favour of you, Mr. Moxam," said Philip, in his clear voice.

"Humph!" said Mr. Moxam, senior.

"Thought so," muttered Mr. Moxam, junior.

"Can you give me, or get me, some employment?" continued Philip Hayward, briefly.

"Thought you had a berth," answered Mr. Moxam, senior. "A tutorship or something of that sort, down in the North? Have you got the sack?"

"No, sir," replied Hayward, still calm and cold. "But my mother is dying, and I therefore wish for employment in London."

"Dying!" echoed the old man. "Nonsense!" "Yes, sir, dying," repeated Hayward. "The doctor gives no hope. She has only a short time to live."

Mr. Moxam, senior, moved his stout little body rather uneasily at this piece of information, and a sort of feeling stirred within him under the left side of his waistcoat. He remembered at that moment his first wife and her pretty sister. Remembered how proud his poor Anna had been of her sister marrying an officer, and the bright, happy letters that had come from the young bride in India. Then he remembered the widow coming home—the woman who was dying now.

"Humph," he said again, "this is bad news."

"So you will understand," continued Hayward, "that I cannot leave her. I am ready, therefore, to accept anything you can give me; and I think I could undertake a clerk's work."

"So you should be, lad; so you should be, after the education I gave you," said the old man.

"For which I am very grateful," said Hayward, slowly.

"Well, I'm not grudging it," said Mr. Moxam, pompously. "It's a great thing, education, and a man ought to be grateful for it; and if your poor mother really is so ill—"

At this moment young Joe winked his eye at his sire.

"No humbug about all this, is there, now?" said the old man, roughly, taking a hint from his offspring. "You are not trying it on, are you, eh?"

"What do you mean?" asked Hayward.

"Your mother is ill, I suppose?" went on Mr. Moxam.

"She is dying," again repeated Hayward, but this time his face flushed.

"Well, well, I hope not," said Mr. Moxam. "At all events, you think you ought to be near her—humph!—well, we must see what we can do. Joe, come in here a moment, will you?"

Joe followed his father into an inner office, and the two remained together for about a quarter of an hour. Then old Mr. Moxam re-appeared.

"I've been talking it over with my son," he said pompously, "and we find we have no vacancy in our office at present, and so are unable to offer you employment. But my wife's brother, Mr. Newcome (Salkeld and Newcome, the printers), want, I understood from Newcome last Sunday, a literary chap with good education, as 'reader,' or something of that sort, in their establishment. There! do you think that will do for you? It's only to read over novels and bosh, I understand, so you ought to be up to it."

"I think, perhaps, I could manage it," answered Hayward, with a grim smile.

"Well, then, I'll say a word for you," continued Mr. Moxam. "I'll tell you what—come down and dine with us next Sunday, at Florentia Villa, Brixton, sharp two, and you'll meet Newcome himself. And now give my respects to your mother," and Mr. Moxam held out his two short fingers. "Sorry she's so ill, but hope she'll pull through. Good morning." And Hayward's interview with his rich relations was over.

Then he returned to his mother's lodging, purchasing on his way thither, almost with his last pound, a few little luxuries that he thought would please her. Her eyes brightened, and she smiled softly when she saw them. Her boy had thought of her. This was what she was thinking of as she put her thin fingers through his dark hair, and murmured her fond thanks.

But stern care was in Hayward's heart. The absolute want of money was oppressing him, for he knew that his dying mother could not now remain in the house where she was. He sat there holding her hand, thinking what he should do. Then he remembered the gentle parson down at Sanda, and he knew that the Rev. Matthew would help him if he could. So by and bye he sat down and wrote to that good friend. He told him that circumstances had happened which prevented him now accepting aid from Sir George Hamilton, but that he hoped soon to obtain work. In the meanwhile he was in immediate want of a small sum of money for the purpose of removing his dying mother to more comfortable rooms. Five pounds would be sufficient for this purpose, and this, with a burning blush passing over his face, and with a trembling hand, he asked the Rev. Matthew to advance him.

"For my mother's sake," he told himself again, as he did this, as he had told himself when he went to ask his uncle, Mr. Moxam, for employment.

But it was bitter, very bitter. Life is often so, but to be forced to borrow money is inexpressibly galling to a sensitive heart. Yet nothing is sweeter to a generous one than to lend it. When therefore the Rev. Matthew received his late tutor's letter on the following day, he only felt regret that he was poor, and true sympathy for Hayward. But it never crossed his mind to grudge the few pounds that he was so glad to have it in his power to send. Poor Hayward had asked for five, but the kindly parson went at once to his desk, and took out ten. This did not leave many behind, but without a word to wife or daughter, he put his hard-earned money into his pocket, and started to the post-office, sending from thence an order for the amount to Hayward. But he sent something else as well. Kind, thoughtful, gentle words; an offer that whenever he chose his old home at Sanda was open to him; and though it must be admitted that

he felt some curiosity as to the cause of Hayward's rupture with Sir George Hamilton, he made no inquiries on the subject.

"It will be about a woman, no doubt," thought the parson, shaking his head, though there was no one near to see him. "Ah, ah, they bring a vast deal of trouble."

Then there came into his mind something that his wife had told him about Miss Trevor. Mrs. Matthew had warned Hayward about her, and she had told her husband that she had warned him. They had been staying in the house together, the parson pondered. Was this it? "Poor lad, poor lad," was his next thought, and with another shake of his head he began reflecting on Miss Trevor's charms.

Miss Trevor, as we know, went upon the principle of trying to fascinate all men. Once or twice therefore for amusement, or for the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Irvine look disturbed, she had condescended to bestow a few smiles on the parson. The parson remembered what he had felt when he received these few smiles at this moment, and he gave a little sigh, and his comical look stole over his face.

"And I am fifty," he was thinking, "and poor Hayward quite a young fellow still—"

When he returned home, after despatching the money order to Hayward, the first person that he encountered was his wife.

"Matthew," said Mrs. Irvine, in her hollow tones, "I've a piece of news for you."

"Well, my dear?" meekly asked the Rev. Matthew.

"You must guess," said Mrs. Matthew, with jocularity.

The parson thought.

"You have found the lost teaspoon?" at last, he said.

"No such luck," replied Mrs. Irvine, "guess again."

To please her (for he was very sweet-tempered) the parson made various guesses all relating to little household affairs, but to each of his suggestions Mrs. Irvine solemnly shook her head. At last, the Rev. Matthew declared he had exhausted all his surmises, and asked his wife to keep him no longer in suspense.

"I always said it," then remarked Mrs. Irvine.

"But what is it, my dear?" asked the parson.

"Miss Trevor has succeeded," answered Mrs. Matthew with a certain amount of triumph in her tone. "I always said it, did I not, Matthew? and now my words have come true."

Then Mrs. Irvine proceeded to tell her tale. Miss Trevor's maid, Fanny Becker, had written to her cousin, Jane Becker, who was cousin to Mrs. Irvine's cook, that Miss Trevor was engaged to Sir George Hamilton; that the family were to return very shortly to the Hall, and that the marriage was to take place soon after their arrival.

The parson listened to the news, and then he remembered Hayward's letter. So, this was the probable cause why Hayward had parted with Sir George Hamilton—this.

"It's a great marriage for her, I suppose?" he said after a moment's silence. "That Mr. Hannaway, who was down about the time of the wreck of the yacht, told me that Sir George Hamilton is a very rich man."

"That's why she's going to marry him," answered his wife, sharply.

"You should not say that, my love," said the gentle parson.

"But I do say it," reiterated Mrs. Irvine. "Matthew, mark my words," she continued, "if ever there was a bad woman in the world she's one; if ever there was a heartless woman in the world she's one also, and you men will live to find it out." And having thus distinctly expressed her opinion, Mrs. Irvine left her husband to his reflections.

CHATTER XIX.

FLORENTIA VILLA.

The parson's ten pounds came like a gift from God. It enabled Hayward to pay off his mother's heartless landlady; to procure her fresh rooms; and to buy her various small comforts absolutely necessary for her condition.

Thus the last few weeks of Mrs. Hayward's life were perhaps the most beautiful and peaceful ones that she ever spent on earth. We all, more or less I believe, live on hope. It is not the present that we clothe in shining light, but the dim horizon that we scarcely see. Her hope now lay beyond the earthly boundaries, and far away in imagination, she seemed to realise the golden land beyond. Hayward, passion-tossed and world-weary, stood awe-struck by his dying mother's side. Hating his life here, he yet could not rise above it. A beautiful face came between him and peace, a beautiful face between him and hope. But he had set himself a task, and he meant to fulfil it. This was to comfort his mother's last days; to let her soul pass away undisturbed to rest.

It was in a neat and modest house, overlooking the Chelsea Pensioners' gardens, where he had found her a home. For hours when she was asleep, he would sit watching the veterans, for whom "life's fitful fever" was about over, walking stiffly about, arguing, and quarrelling. It was like a peep into other days. There was one old man that he had once travelled with in an omnibus to the city. He was in the last stage—drivelling, childish. A bold, ill-bred man, who was in the omnibus, also, had on this occasion begun "chaffing," as he called it, the old soldier.

"So, you'll have been in hotter climates than

this, I suppose, old fellow?" asked this obstrusive traveller, but the pensioner scarcely seemed to understand. Then a comrade, who accompanied him, and who was perhaps ten years younger, spoke up.

"He's not been in India, sir," he said, "but he served in the Low Countries. He's a Waterloo man." And as his friend spoke, the old man nodded his head, and laughed aloud.

Yes, memory came back at the well-remembered word, and he was ready to tell his tale, the tale he had told a thousand times before, and which brought such stirring memories to the listeners' hearts.

Hayward used to watch this old fellow hobbling about on the verge of the grave, from his mother's windows. In his day perhaps he had been brave and happy, now he was only testy, drivelling, and selfish. It was one of the lessons of life, was it not? The lessons which the thinker daily learns.

The curate, Mr. Jervis, grew deeply interested in Hayward. He saw that he was unhappy, and the efforts that he made to conceal this appealed to the curate's sympathies. Many solemn conversations the two young men held together, as they wandered up and down in the evenings, by the dusky river's edge. They had begun life about the same time, but from two very different starting-points. Horace Jervis was the son of a rich man, Philip Hayward of a very poor one. But a shadow had fallen on the Jervis family, while Horace was yet a boy, and the bitterest blush that had ever dyed his cheeks had been for his mother. He had been a refined and sensitive lad, and the agony and shame that he had then endured had left for a long time a most marked impression on his mind. But this was not the last. Accidentally, one evening, he accompanied a friend to hear a well-known and eloquent preacher, and the words he listened to that night coloured his whole future life.

He went into the Church after this, and laboured, as most men labour for fame or wealth. He was so much in earnest. There was no doubt in his faith, no fear. Hayward used to look into his sweet, calm face with a strange longing and envy. They were such a contrast; a contrast in everything, except that both were true and honest men.

So they became friends. They made no protestations of this, for they were Englishmen, and therefore shy of professing attachment, but the bond nevertheless grew up between them, and this friendship was a great source of comfort and thankfulness to Mrs. Hayward during her last days.

But we must now return to Mr. Moxam, of Florentia-villa, Brixton. With untold aversion in his heart, Hayward had proceeded to avail himself of this gentleman's invitation to dine with him on the Sunday following Hayward's interview with him in the city. He went by the train, and had not much difficulty in discovering his uncle's residence, for "Florentia-villa" was engraved in brass plates on the pillars of the gateway; "Florentia" being on one pillar, and "Villa" on the other. Inside the house and grounds corresponded with this arrangement. Here was everything in a small way. A lawn, a greenhouse, a sun dial! Everything about the place was new, and fresh with paint. Mr. Moxam himself, fat and pursy, stood on the lawn as Hayward opened the gate, and when he recognized his first wife's nephew, he held out two fat fingers in welcome.

"Ha, humph, so you're come, have you, sir?" he said. "Well, glad to see you. Newcome, Mrs. M's brother, will be here presently. See what you can do with him. He wants a chap of your sort, I believe—but, then, there's always a dozen fellows out of employment after every situation that casts up."

"Yes, there is scarcely elbow-room in England, I think," replied Hayward.

"Elbow-room? What d'ye mean by that? There's elbow-room and arms-room, too, for men who will work steadily, sir. Look at me. Where would I have been, d'ye think, if I had sat down with my hands before me? No, it's the early bird gets the worm—and another thing, mind ye, sir, 'rolling stones do not gather any moss.'"

Nothing could exceed the self-satisfaction of Mr. Moxam's looks as he uttered these two old adages. There he stood, he was thinking, on his own lawn, with his own greenhouse behind him, and his own villa, filled to the very brim with expensive furniture, and all this was his own doing. After all he had some reason to be proud. There had been days of struggle in his career, as there are days of struggle in most men's, and he had stoutly weathered the storm. He was pompous, vulgar, and ill-bred, but he had been industrious, steady, and hard-working ever since he knew the meaning of the words. So now he was reaping the reward, and one of his enjoyments was to snub every poor man who came in his way.

This Sunday, therefore, was very pleasant to him. Newcome, the printer, Mrs. Moxam's brother, owed him two thousand pounds, which he had borrowed, and Newcome, therefore, trembled before him. Hayward owed him his education, and now he was a candidate for his patronage, so he could say what he liked to Hayward, and accordingly, during the day, he said various things more or less disagreeable.

Mrs. Moxam the second was not an unfitting mate for her pompous, self-satisfied little spouse. She, too, thought that she had done well in life, and was proud of having done so. She was one of those women who live for their own narrow circle, and whose servants and din-

ners, and the servants and dinners of her acquaintances, served to occupy her whole mind.

Her stepdaughters, the Misses Moxam, were also not very interesting. Miss Moxam was past thirty, and was jealous of her stepmother's position in her father's house. She was always giving orders to the servants, and then referring them in a marked manner to "mamma." Nothing gave her so much pleasure as for anything to go wrong in the household. "I think I told you, mamma," she would say. "I believe I suggested," and so on. She was not handsome, but neutral tinted all over. Her eyes, her hair, her skin, were all a pale, rather dingy drab, and her character correspondent. She never got into a passion, she never coloured with generous warmth on any subject, but she gave her friends, and her stepmother in particular, little stabs occasionally, and felt a feeble pleasure in doing so. Her younger sister, Ellen, was much of the same type. She, however, was better looking, and had an admirer, and both these facts had a softening influence. Young Joe, their step-brother (the present Mrs. Moxam's son), used to say of his step-sisters to his chosen companions, "that there was a pair of them, but Ellen was the best of the two."

These young ladies received Hayward coldly at first. They had been told by their father that he was in bad circumstances, and, therefore, it was natural that they should do so. But they were women, and Hayward was good-looking and gentlemanly, so by and bye they began to thaw. His appearance also was not without its influence on his uncle's second wife. When therefore her brother, Mr. Newcome (of the printing establishment of Sulkeid and Newcome) arrived he found the party all talking very pleasantly together. He (Mr. Newcome) had a sour look. He had not been very prosperous in business for one thing, and he disliked his brother-in-law, Moxam, intensely for another.

"Ha! Newcome," said Mr. Moxam, putting out the two fat fingers that with him did duty for a handshake, when Mr. Newcome arrived.

"This is young Hayward," continued the rich man, indicating Hayward by a jerk of his thumb in his nephew's direction. "The young feller I told you of. He ought to understand correcting novels and rubbish, for his education cost enough—but you can talk it over."

Upon this Mr. Newcome smiled more sourly still. He was a peculiar-looking man, with small features, and thick brown hair, which gave you the impression that it was a wig, though it was not one. He had been for years the working partner of the firm to which he belonged, and had read and corrected scores and scores of novels in his day. Perhaps this had soured him. At all events, life had evidently not been pleasant to him, for his expression was habitually sneering and wearied.

He made a slight bow to Hayward after Mr. Moxam's introduction, and then looked into his face. He had been prepared to see something disagreeable in Mr. Moxam's nephew, but he now saw (and he was not a bad judge) a pale, thoughtful, clever face.

"So, you want to go into my line?" he said, addressing Hayward.

"I want employment, sir," said Hayward, "and I think I have been fairly educated."

Only a few words, but how much a few words may tell. They were enough, at least, for Mr. Newcome. Before the abundant family dinner which followed was over, Mr. Newcome had resolved to give Hayward a chance. During this dinner, "young Joe," the present Mrs. Moxam's son, made his appearance. The fond mother would have waited for her offspring, but when the dinner-hour arrived, Mr. Moxam took out his great gold watch, and shook it angrily.

"Sharp two, I said, did I not, Maria?" he said, looking at his wife.

"But Joe's not in," said Mrs. Moxam, glancing at the elaborate time-piece on the mantelpiece.

"I said two, Joe or not Joe," said Mr. Moxam. "Dinner, Maria."

And dinner accordingly was served.

After the soup and fish had been removed, Joe (around whom lingered a strong odour of smoke) entered the room.

"Humph," said the father, glancing at him; "did you not know the dinner hour, sir?"

Mr. Moxam said this gruffly enough, but his round, staring, grey eyes had a kindly expression in them when he looked at this graceless youth. As for his mother, she absolutely adored him. He was twenty times worse than the old man. He was mean-minded, snobbish, and vulgar in the extreme; but in her eyes he was all but perfection. She admired his loud ties and canary-coloured gloves. She boasted of the society that he was in (she little guessed of what sort) to her various acquaintances.

"Joe's off to one of his balls to-morrow night," she would say, with fond maternal pride; and she was ready to excuse late hours and misdemeanours of all kinds, in the belief that "Joe" was shining as became him, among his admiring friends.

If it were possible, Mr. Newcome disliked his nephew more than his brother-in-law. Young Joe irritated him almost past endurance. He turned, therefore, during the bustle consequent on his appearance, and addressed himself exclusively to Hayward:

"If you will call at Southampton-buildings to-morrow, at ten," he said, "I will see if we can come to some arrangement. It's nothing great, remember, I have to offer. Hard and worrying work, and a small salary—but if you really wish for employment?"

"I do really wish for employment, sir," replied Hayward, earnestly. And the sour man he addressed gave a slight nod of his head.

At this moment both Hayward's ears and Mr. Newcome's caught an inquiry addressed by young Joe to his mother, which they were supposed not to hear.

"I say, mother, what's making old Types more crusty than usual?" asked Joe of that fond parent.

Then "old Types" (Mr. Newcome) looked at Hayward with an ironical and bitter smile—a smile which betrayed some of the contempt and aversion with which he regarded his sister's son.

(To be continued.)

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(To be continued.)

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

IF anything will convince a not altogether bad man that he is a brute, it is the sweet forgiveness of a delicate woman.

THERE is one advantage in marrying a woman who hasn't a mind of her own; she can't forever be giving you a piece of it.

YOUNG lady, gazing on her portrait just finished by a rising young artist, remarked, "I look like a canvas-backed duck." He felt like eating her.

A CONTEMPORARY asks if Edison can invent anything to beat the brilliancy of a woman's eyes. A bad husband will do it—beat all the brilliancy out of them.

A LADY in Louisville has a husband who snores. She keeps a clothes-pin under her pillow, and when his snoring awakes her, she puts it on his nose, then sleeps in peace.

IT is astonishing what whooping lies young folks will give and take during courtship. The trouble with a good many marriages is that the parties quit lying when they enter matrimony.

"WHERE a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has been married with a congealing heart, and one that beats depending to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

THAT good old soul, Mrs. Wiggins, says she dunno but she enjoys reading about them Lorne folks as much as she did about the Stewart body, only it ain't quite so excitin' to the nervish system.

EXTRACT from a romance: "With one hand he held her beautiful golden head above the chilling waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

A KINGSTON damsel has developed the faculty of a mind-reader. She said to "her young man" last sparkin' night, "My, though, I do believe you're going to kiss me?" Correct! He was, and did.

A NEW YORK belle besought her father for a new seal-skin saccage. "My dear," he responded, fondly, but seriously, "we paid over \$5,500,000 to the British Government recently, and I can't afford it."

THE colour of a girl's hair is regulated by the size of her father's pocket-book. If the latter be plethoric the girl's tresses are golden or auburn. If the old man's wallet is lean we hear the daughter spoken of as only "that red-headed gal."

THE time approaches when the thoughtful husband gives his wife some money, which goes to buy a dressing-gown that all the world's riches couldn't hire him to wear in the presence of his male friends.

A FEMALE help in Chicago with admirable candour informed a lady that she was looking for a place where there was an "old couple with property, but without children, who would look upon me as a daughter."

AN English writer says, in his advice to young married women, that their mother Eve married a gardener. It might be added that the gardener, in consequence of his match, lost his situation.

AMBIGUOUS.—In a country churchyard there is the following epitaph: "Here lies the body of James Robinson and Ruth, his wife;" and underneath this text, "Their warfare is accomplished."

A LADY said that this was the finest compliment which she had ever received: She was on horseback, and as she rode past an Irishman who was standing by the roadside she heard him say, "I wish I was in prison for the staling ov ye."

AN old Scotchman, on marrying a very young wife, was rallied by his friends on the inequality of their ages. "She will be near me," he replied, "to close my een." "Weel," remarked another of the party, "I've had twa wives, and they opened my een!"

THE holiday season is now upon us, and the men stay out late o' nights on purpose to let their wives have a good chance to work on their dressing-gowns and sich—so that the dear creatures may be able to take them by surprise.

AN old gentleman of 84 and his bride, aged 82, entered a railway car the other day and took a seat by the stove. A youth occupying a seat behind says he overheard the following: Old gentleman to his bride: "Who's a 'ttle lamb?" Bride: "Bofe of us."

"Oh! where are you going, my pretty maid?"

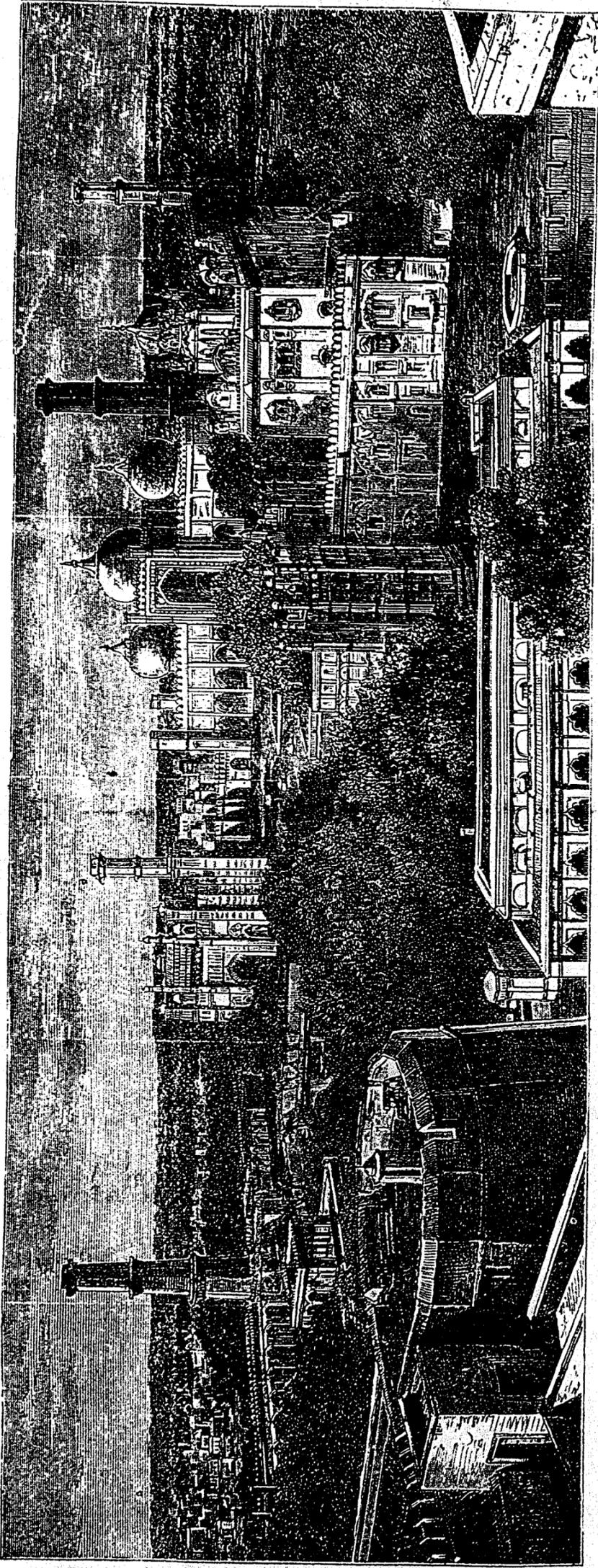
"I'm going to the lecture, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

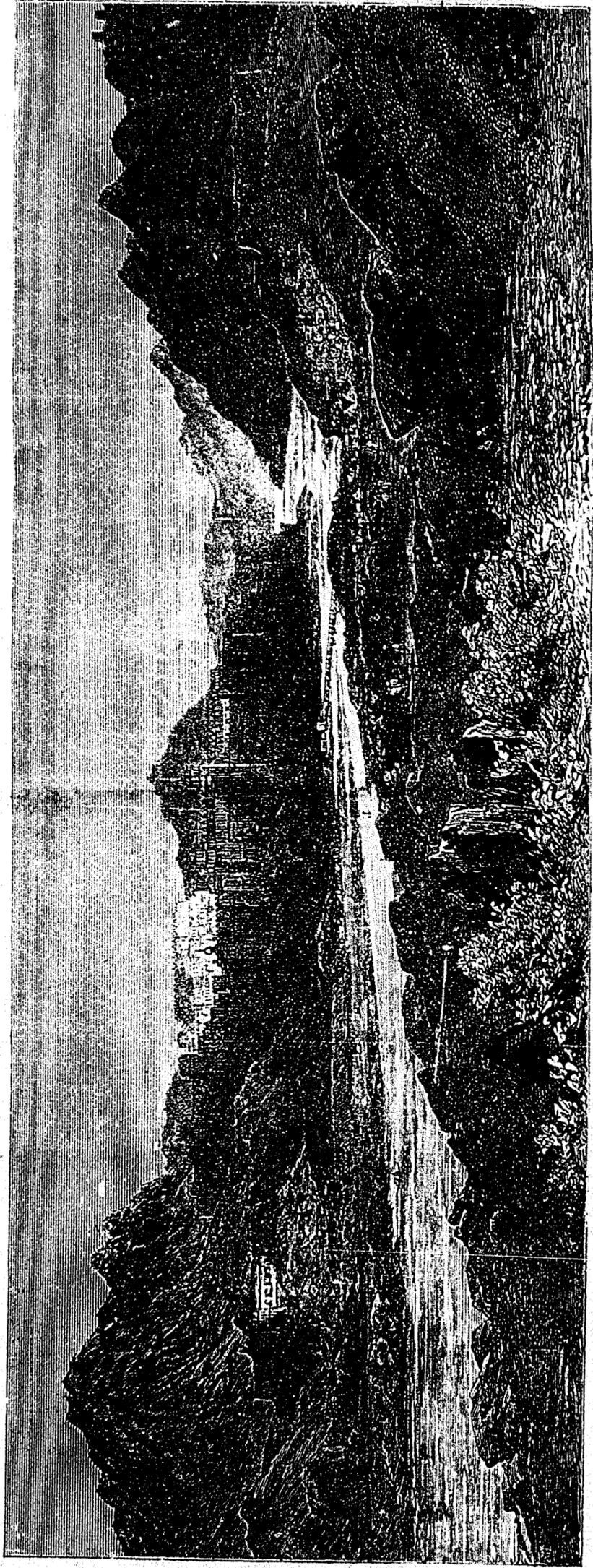
"The subject won't interest you," she said.

"Oh! what is that subject, my pretty maid?"

"The final extinction of man," she said.



THE AFGHAN WAR.—GENERAL VIEW OF LAHORE.



Khyrabab.

L'ipcaas

Attock.

THE AFGHAN WAR.—THE CITY OF ATTOCK AND ENTRANCE TO THE PESHAWUR VALLEY.



SCENE IN NORWAY. — THE NAEROFJOD.



A CIVIL MARRIAGE IN SWITZERLAND, BY BENJAMIN VAUTIER

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

[In connection with the memory of Bayard Taylor, late U. S. Minister to Berlin, whose portrait we published last week, we reproduce the following charming little poem, which contributed more than perhaps any single one of his compositions to establish his reputation.]

ED. CAN. ILL. NEWS.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the hostile guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombardment.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under,
And the tower, and of the Malakoff
No longer beamed its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the fort to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon,
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame,
Fergot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,
Their battle-eyes contending.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With screams of shot, and burst of shell,
And howling of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honoured rest
Your truth and valor wearing!
The bravest are the truest rest—
The loving are the daring.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S YOUTH

Many of the incidents which connect themselves with the life and character of a great and good man may become of such importance as to make it necessary for the truth of history that they be given to posterity.

There is a lost leaf or unwritten page of the life of Stonewall Jackson which it is the purpose of this paper to supply.

The "Old Jackson house and mills," situated on the west fork of the Monongalia river, four miles north of Weston, where Stonewall Jackson lived and worked, and then so little known to the outside world, have, by association with his name, become historic.

Cummins E. Jackson, the uncle of Stonewall, and owner of the house, mills and adjoining farm, took him, after the death of his father, Jonathan Jackson, when about twelve years of age, to live with him, who taught him to work in the mills and on the farm.

Thomas Jonathan Jackson, titled in the conflict of arms "Stonewall Jackson," who was well known to the writer, was a youth of exemplary habits, of a melancholy temperament, of indomitable will and undoubted courage. He possessed in an eminent degree a talent for mathematics, and was unwilling whilst at school to acknowledge his incapacity—"give him time," to solve any proposition.

He was by no means what is nowadays termed brilliant, but was one of those untiring, plain, matter-of-fact persons who would never give up when he engaged in an undertaking until he accomplished his object. He learned slowly, but when he got learning in his head he never forgot it. He was not quick to decide, except when excited, and then when he made up his mind to do a thing he did it on short notice and in quick time. As an evidence of his most extraordinary decision of purpose: A Mr. Mills taught school in the neighbourhood. He was a pupil, and while on the way to the school an overgrown rustic behaved rudely towards two of the school girls. He was fired at his cowardly conduct and told him he must apologize to them at once or he would thrash him. The big rustic, supposing he was an over-match for him, declined to do so; whereupon he pitched into him and gave him a severe pounding.

When the vacancy occurred in the cadetship to West Point from this congressional district, by the failure of the appointee to report himself at the academy, he decided to try for the place, and left here near sundown on horseback, 300 miles from Washington, poorly clad and illy qualified, to see Judge Spencer, the secretary of war, and ask him for the position. Arrived in Washington, he went straightway to the war department, and the parley which took place between the secretary and him, said an eye witness, "was gruff and heroic." Young Jackson had said in the crew—some of the grit of "Old Hickory," and would neither be bluffed nor driven from his purpose. The secretary was much aggrieved about that time on account of the execution of his son "on the high seas" by order of Commodore McKenzie, and consequent-

ly was not much in a giving humour. He claimed that the appointment should be given to the son of some soldier or seaman who had lost his life in the service of his country, and that there were then many applicants. Young Jackson was an orphan and a descendant of the early settlers and Indian fighters of Northwest Virginia, and consequently had but little difficulty in overcoming his objections to his appointment.

The secretary of war, in giving him the place, said: "Sir, you have a good name. Go to West Point, and the first one who insults you knock him down and have it charged to my account!" He obeyed orders, and although green, raw and seedy, and a good subject for the caudles "to put through," he decided to go through himself or die in the effort.

As is usual, the boys soon began to lay their plans to introduce him into what was then known as the mysteries of a West Pointer, and so unbearable did their conduct become that he was forced, out of self-respect, to give the officer charged with the performance of that duty a fearful bruising. The result was he was brought to trial, and only saved himself from expulsion by pleading the order of the secretary of war.

He was one of the hardest students ever at West Point, and for the first two years studied as much as sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. He made it a rule to sit with his back to the door, with his book before him, and to speak to no one who entered his room during study. At the end of the first two years it was thought he would not be able to go through, and some of the professors advised him to resign. His pride was touched, and he indignantly replied he would not do so, but "would go through or die."

About the middle of the third year, to use his own words, the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw through things at a glance which required him weeks to see through a year before. After that time he seemed to have had no trouble in any of his classes, and to have taken high rank. His merits were few and of no consequence. He graduated at the end of the fourth year with distinguished honors.

Young Jackson, as a horseback rider on the race, had no superiors. His uncle, Cummins E. Jackson, kept a number of blooded horses and had a four mile track on his farm. "Thomas," as he always called him, was his trainer, and so well was he taught to ride that he was never thrown from his horse, and rarely ever failed to win the race. He looked awkward on horseback, and cut rather a poor figure, from the fact that he rode with short stirrups and leaned forward—a position his uncle required of him when on his fastest steeds running for a "big pile." And the habit he then contracted he never after abandoned. And just here an element in him never failed to show itself, the mention thereof must not be omitted. Notwithstanding he rode his uncle's race-horses, and won for him money, he was a moralist in its fullest meaning. He observed the Sabbath, read good books, abstained from all intemperance and was kind to the poor. He early espoused the doctrine of foreordination, and cultivated the belief that men never die till their time comes—an error which may have prematurely led to his untimely death.

After leaving West Point he entered the United States army and fought through the Mexican war. How he bore himself in that war, the despatches of Gen. Scott to Mr. Marcy best tell. At its close he was placed in command of a body of United States soldiers at Fort Hamilton, and subsequently at Tampa Bay, and after remaining at these two places some two years, his health giving way he resigned his place in the army, and returned to his old home at Jackson's mills.

His uncle, a bachelor, had a number of negro slaves, who kept house for him and attended to his domestic affairs. Some of them had nursed young Stonewall when a child, and his meeting with them, after an absence, was not unlike an old-time love-feast. Such a shaking of hands, and laughing, loud enough to shake the house-tops, was a sight worth seeing.

Thomas J. Jackson was a noble-hearted fellow, and was never known to have forgotten a kindness or forsaken a friend. While at the mills he was a close student of history and the laws of war, and nothing pleased him more than to discuss with the writer the generalship of the commanders of armies and the treaties made by contending forces. He often said he had but one talent, and "he would never be anything but Tom Jackson unless the United States engaged in war."

He had read and pondered closely the lives of warriors and heroes of the old and new world, and was enamoured with the "pomp and circumstance of war!" Taking in review his own matchless campaigns, it is not wonderful that two such masters in the arts of war as Julius Caesar and Frederick the Great should have become his prototypes. That he often drew inspiration from their dash and rapid marches—their disposition of troops and dispatch of an enemy in his "valley campaigns"—there can be no doubt.

One of the marked characteristics of this extraordinary man was his extreme modesty. It was with the greatest difficulty that he could be induced to speak of any act, however meritorious, with which his name was associated. No young officer was ever more highly complimented by his superior than he in our war with Mexico; and yet, if that fact had been left alone for him to have told, it would never have been known.

When the vacancy occurred in the chair of mathematics of the University of Virginia, by the death of the accomplished Courtney, his friends presented him as a suitable successor, and he only lost the place by Dr. Bledsøe being an alumnus. For when Judge George H. Lee, a representative of his old home, laid before the board of visitors his credentials of fitness, the venerable Thomas Jefferson Randolph declared that no such high character of recommendation had ever before accompanied the applicant for a professorship in the university.

Lieut. Thomas J. Jackson connected himself with the Virginia Military Institute in 1851, as professor of natural and experimental philosophy and artillery tactics, and remained in that position until the breaking out of our civil war. He took sides with the South, and the role he acted in that bloody drama has become a part of our country's history.

CONCATENATION OF TROUBLES.—Troubles multiply, they never end. Yesterday morning a careless man threw a mug of hot shaving water out of a second story window. Instantly the air was filled with horrid shrieks, and looking out he saw that he had emptied the water on the head of his wife, who was digging up a geranium bed with a pine stick. He leaned out of the window to get a better view of the wreck, when the sash fell down on his neck, shutting off his wind. His wife, dismayed at the unexpected shower bath and appalled at her husband's situation, started at once on the run to his release. In her haste she fell over the baby's cot, upsetting it and hurling the wailing cherub upon a cactus plant. The hired girl up stairs, hearing the shrieks in the front yard and doubting not that the baby had been stolen by some philoprogenitive tramp, sprang to the rescue with such alacrity that she only touched two steps of the whole flight of stairs, the top one with her feet and the bottom one with her head, etc., etc., etc.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

- J. W. S., Montreal.—Thanks for several valuable communications.
Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 205 received.
J. E. N., St. John, N.B.—The game shall appear. Many thanks.
T. S., St. Andrews, Manitoba.—Correct solution of Problem No. 200 received.
E. D., Montreal.—See the rules in Staunton's Chess Praxis.
E. H.—Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 203 received. Correct.

On Friday morning last Captain Mackenzie arrived in Montreal, and though fatigued by his long journey during the recent storm, he signified his readiness to meet the members of the Montreal Chess Club in the evening for a simultaneous contest. Arrangements were immediately made at the Gymnasium, Mansfield street, and at 8 p.m. he encountered fourteen players who were so arranged that he could visit each board in regular succession.

The jubilant character of the Montreal Chess Club has been recently desecrated upon the pages of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS by a more graphic pen than ours, but we must say that on this occasion a more solemn assembly could hardly be imagined. Quietness was the order of the evening, and every one felt that he had his work to do. In a short time it became evident that the Captain's regular visits were too rapid and too successful, and one after another of his opponents bowed in acknowledgment of defeat and retired. Only two out of the fourteen were able to withstand the brilliant play of their antagonist, Mr. Theo. Workman succeeding in obtaining a draw, and Mr. Von Bokum in winning his game. The contest lasted three hours, and there was a fair attendance of visitors who seemed to take much interest in the results of the play on both sides.

On the following day, Saturday, at 3 p.m. at the same place, the Captain met twelve members of the Club, and a similar encounter took place which resulted in the defeat of the whole of his antagonists, except one player, Mr. Saunders, who succeeded in effecting a draw. In the evening single games were played in succession between seven members of the Club and the Captain. Mr. Von Bokum was the only player who was able to claim a victory on this occasion, and as this is the second game which he has won from his formidable antagonist, he has been eminently successful in maintaining the credit of Chess in Canada.

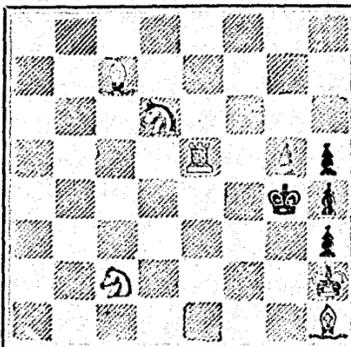
Feeling sure that everything connected with the brilliant Chess career of Captain Mackenzie will, at the present time, be interesting to Canadian amateurs, we insert in our Column to-day the game which he won of Dr. Zukertort, who took the first prize in the late Paris Tournament, and next week we hope to give the one which he secured against M. Wiaxer, who won the second prize in the same contest.

(From Land and Water.)

We learn, by the West Sussex County Chronicle, that Lord Henry G. Lennox, M.P. (with three others), was lately elected a member of the Chichester Chess Club; and we have also heard from various sources that the Right Hon. R. Lowe, M.P., Mr. Grantham, M.P., and the Hon. Granville Leveson-Gower are members of the Croydon Chess Club. We are not among those who think that a man is likely to play at chess any better on account of his name being ornamented with some affix or prefix; and still less do we consider that a fine old game like chess derives any additional lustre from being practised by men of distinguished social rank; but still, as proofs of the estimation in which the game is held amongst all classes, facts like these are worth alluding to. It must, however, be remembered that there is no royal road to excellence in chess, as Prince Leopold has probably found out by this time. He is fond of the game, but we apprehend that any of the third-class players at the City of London Club could be safely backed against him.

We have not yet received the December number of the Chessplayer's Chronicle, and miss its ample budget of Chess intelligence.

PROBLEM No. 207. By THOMAS SINCLAIR, St. Andrews, Manitoba BLACK.



WHITE White to play and mate in three moves.

GAME 28TH.

(From the Westminster Papers.)

Played at the Paris Tourney on the 21st June, 1875, between Dr. Zukertort and Captain Mackenzie. (Four Knights' Game.)

- WHITE—(Dr. Zukertort.) BLACK—(Capt. Mackenzie.)
1. P to K4 1. P to K4
2. K to Q B3 2. K to Q B3
3. Kt to K B3 3. Kt to K B3
4. B to Q Kt 5 4. B to Kt 5 (a)
5. Kt to Q 5 5. B to B4
6. P to Q 3 6. P to K R 3
7. P to Q B 3 7. P to Q R 3
8. B to R 4 8. Castles
9. Castles 9. P to Q 3
10. B to K 3 10. B takes B
11. P takes B 11. Kt takes Kt
12. P takes Kt 12. Kt to K 2
13. B to Kt 3 13. Kt to Kt 3
14. P to K sq 14. P to K B 4
15. R to Q sq 15. B to Q 2
16. P to K 4 16. P to K 5
17. P to K R 3 17. K to R 2
18. P to Q 4 18. P to K 2
19. P takes P (b) 19. Kt takes P
20. P to B 4 20. Kt takes Kt (ch)
21. R takes Kt 21. B to K sq
22. P to K 4 22. B to Kt 3
23. B to B 2 23. Q R to K sq
24. Q to B 2 24. Q to K 4
25. B to Q 3 25. Q to Kt 4
26. R to K sq 26. R to K 4
27. K to R 2 27. Q to B 3
28. P to K R 4 (c) 28. Q to K 2
29. P to R 5 29. B to K sq (d)
30. B to K B sq 30. B to Q 2
31. R takes P 31. R takes R
32. Q takes R 32. Q to R 5 (ch)
33. K to Kt 2 33. B takes P
34. Q to Kt 3 34. Q takes P
35. R to B 4 35. R to B 4
36. K to B 2 36. K to Kt sq
37. B to K 2 37. Q to Kt 4
38. Q to B 3 38. Q to K 2
39. B to Q 3 39. P to Kt 4
40. Q to Kt 2 40. Q to Kt 2
41. R to B 3 41. P to Kt 5
42. R to B 4 42. P to K R 4
43. P to B 5 43. P to R 5
44. P to B 6 44. P takes P
45. P takes P 45. B to K 3
46. K to Kt sq 46. R to Q B 4
47. Q to Q 2 47. P to R 6
48. Q to Kt 4 48. R to Kt 5 (ch)
49. K to B 2 49. Q to K 2 (e)
50. P to R 7 50. P to R 7
51. Q to Kt 8 (ch) 51. K to Kt 2
52. K to B 6 52. P to B 2
53. R to R 6 53. P to Kt 5 (ch) and wins (f)

NOTES.

- (a) I have said somewhere that B to B 4 is better, but I have lately seen reason to doubt whether that opinion was correct. At the same time I by no means admit that the text move affords a satisfactory defence, nor have I any liking for 5 P to Q 3. I have said in the present number that 3 P to K R 3, instead of bringing out the K Kt, does not please me in any way, and there I propose to leave the question open.
(b) This seems to me premature. B to B 2, I should say would be a very promising move.
(c) This turns out very badly, and I think Zukertort ought to have seen that it would. He could not reasonably expect to win in the position now arrived at, and ought to have played for a draw.
(d) The well timed movements by virtue of which the Q and B stand at this juncture just where they are wanted call for much praise. It will be observed that it would never do for the Q to be now at B 5.
(e) To give a square for the K.
(f) No victory could be better deserved, considering the patient skill with which this most difficult game has been conducted by Captain Mackenzie.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 205.

- WHITE BLACK.
1. R to K 5 1. B takes Kt
2. Q takes P (ch) 2. K takes Q
3. R takes B mate.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 203.

- WHITE BLACK.
1. Kt to Q Kt 2 1. K to Q 4
2. P to Q B 1 (ch) 2. K moves
3. Kt mates.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS, No. 204.

- WHITE BLACK.
K at Q Kt 7 K at Q R 4
R at K B sq Q at Q B 4
R at Q Kt 6 P at Q Kt 7
Kt at Q Kt 4
Pawn at Q Kt 3
White to play and mate in two moves.

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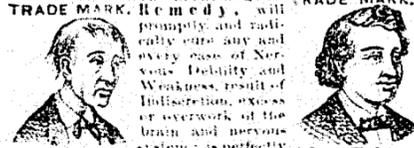
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Montreal, 10th Dec., 1878.

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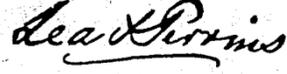


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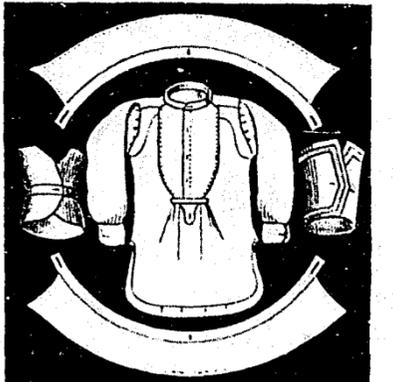
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