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THE SPECTATOR & MONTREAL DUMPS

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THE MILL BETWEEN THE PETROLEUM LAMP AND THE TEA POT. THE SUGAR BOWL IN THE DUMPS.—(See Budget Speech.)

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DRSBARATS 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 post-masters in advance.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

is that he will procure us ONE additional subscriber. This can be easily done, and it will go far towards increasing the efficiency of the journal. We are doing our best to put forth a paper creditable to the country, and our friends should make it a point to assist us. Remember that the Dominion should support at least one illustrated paper. Remember too that the "News" is the only purely literary paper in the country. We invite our friends to examine carefully the present number of the paper and judge for themselves of our efforts in their behalf.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, March 3rd, 1877.

THE AMERICAN OUTLOOK.

We shall not make any reference to the merits of the decision arrived at by the Electoral Commission in regard to the choice of the President. Popular feeling runs too high among our neighbors to expect from them a dispassionate judgment, and the words of an outsider like ourselves would have little weight in any case. But we may rise higher and consider the tendency of the extraordinary proceedings which have just taken place in Washington. To any one fully acquainted with the history of the American Union from its commencement, it must appear remarkable that the people of that country are coming back to the practically monarchical ideas so persistently set forth by the old Ultra-Federal leaders. They have done so by no violent revolutionary process indeed, but the end is the self-same nevertheless. For what are the Republicans of to-day? The successors of the Whigs. And who were the Whigs? The successors of the Federalists. And what was the cardinal Federal doctrine? It is clearly explained in the works of ALEXANDER HAMILTON, the "Laocon" of AMES, the letters of OLIVER WOLCOTT, the writings of JOHN ADAMS, and it is unquestionably the principle of centralization. There was no settled scheme of internal policy during the administrations of WASHINGTON and ADAMS; but when JEFFERSON established the Democratic form of Government, the Federals openly came out with theirs. The Federal leaders, with the exception of HAMILTON, were all New England men, and in New England their teachings have always been carried out. This party has ever gone in for centralizing power somewhere. It has ever advocated a strong ruling power. It triumphs to-day, after having been kept in the background for over half a century. The old constitutional landmarks are admitted on all hands to be in jeopardy. There is a radical change in repub-

lican ideas. The United States Government is verging to a central ruling power, embracing in itself the Legislative and Executive departments, and swallowing up the Judiciary, as is glaringly evident in the present Electoral Commission. To all intents and purposes, there now exists an oligarchy at Washington. This consummation may amaze many, but it need not surprise any one who follows the logic of events. It is a natural sequence of the old Federal doctrines. FISHER AMES, one of the great lights of the New England Federalists, wrote three quarters of a century ago: "Our country is *too big for union, too sordid for patriotism, too democratic for liberty*. What is to become of it, He who made it best knows. *Its vices will govern it by practising on its folly.*" This is ordained for democracies."

These are remarkable words which deserved to be pondered. Coming from such a quarter, they may be regarded as a prophecy, and as an explanation of what we behold to-day.

But there is this to be added. If the Federalists have remained true to their principles, the Democrats, who appear to such disadvantage at present, may still return to theirs, and, if so, the disciples of JEFFERSON may yet prove a match for those of HAMILTON. The people of the United States have had a thorough Democratic training, and if we read them aright, they will no more put up with an oligarchy than the Athenians did with their Thirty Tyrants, the Romans with their Triumvirs, or the French with their Directory. If, in one point of view, the present crisis is painful, in another it is interesting. It may be the making of the Americans.

THE LITERARY PROSPECTS OF THE DOMINION.

We love to recur to a subject which affords us the occasion of expressing our confidence in the established resources of this country, and our hopes in the full development of these resources. There seems to us to be nothing now that can retard our onward march. The advantages of our geographical position are being secured by the rapid extension of our public works westward; our vast mineral wealth is actively opening out; thousands of emigrants are clearing our forests and settling our lands, and the spirit of bold enterprise is assuming gigantic proportions in Toronto, Montreal, and our principal cities. No factious opposition from within or without can effectively check the prodigious progress which the bounty of Nature, and our steady industry have secured for us in the future. This prospect is a fit subject for pride and rejoicing. It should likewise furnish matter for serious reflection. We should begin even now to devise the means of utilizing our wealth, so as to place our social and intellectual standing on a level with our commercial importance. In proportion as our riches increase, so will our influence be more widely felt. We shall have the power of the great North-West to wield. This great Northern country has certain constitutional principles to maintain, a certain mighty, independent spirit to foster, certain traditions to cherish, a certain mission of its own to accomplish. For these ends we want men—true men, trained and educated for the work before them. Hence in our strides onward we must not forget to provide suitable means for the instruction of those who are destined to be the instruments of this power and influence. We must encourage native talent. There is a mass of undeveloped intellectual activity throughout the Dominion which only demands an opportunity to display itself. Let us give them that opportunity. Let not these men have to depend upon foreign publishing houses for a chance of giving the world the mite which they hold in store. These young men—for they mostly belong to our generation—have not the means to apply to foreign publishing houses, have not the standing to resist the hostile influences of foreign literary coteries. Their Canadian, their provincial

training militates against them. Give them a trial here—let them have an opening in our backwood cities. Let us create a literature of our own. Let us have Canadian publishing houses, and having them, let us patronize them. Let us have our influential literary, artistic and scientific clubs. Let us have literary papers, where our youth may find a channel for their pent-up thoughts. Let them understand that letters are an honorable, and, in some measure at least, a profitable profession among us. And, especially, let us establish and encourage periodicals, weekly and monthly, which shall be the exponents of the thoughts, feelings, aspirations and polity of the Dominion. We have the men to write for these periodicals, to make them prosper, to give them fame even abroad. We would appeal to every educated man among us to give these ideas serious consideration, as the best means of securing the literary standing of Canada.

JUSTICE TO TURKEY.

In the midst of the storm of denunciation which has broken over the rights and privileges of Turkey, at the bidding of a powerful party in Great Britain, headed by no less a man than Mr. GLADSTONE, it is some satisfaction to learn that the humble views entertained by this journal in regard to the Eastern question are shared by so high an authority as Lord STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, than whom no man in Europe is better acquainted with the internal condition of the Porte. The venerable peer was for very many years British Ambassador at Constantinople, where he was the great Eltehi, wielding an immense influence even over the Sultan. Lord REDCLIFFE is a Liberal in politics and it was to him that Mr. GLADSTONE dedicated his famous pamphlet, and hence his statement cannot be charged with the partiality of partisanship. In a recently published letter, he declares that the Ottoman Constitution affords the very best promise of reformations, and that the Powers ought now to agree upon a term of years during which Turkey should have full and peaceful opportunity to reconcile herself with civilization. He urges further that the main objects at stake are peace more or less comprehensive, reforms in the Turkish system of polity and administration, and continuance of the Sultan's authority over the Ottoman Empire. That sovereign having proclaimed with great solemnity a new Constitution of undoubted and almost unbounded liberality, though still in point of execution not a little uncertain, the three objects may be said with truth to exist—precariously, no doubt, but still, for the time being, as positive living facts. The conclusion he draws is that on these grounds the mediating Powers might take a position by which they would consult their dignity, prolong the existing peace of Christendom, and reserve the means of acting more efficiently in case of need.... Supposing them to favour this suggestion, they would have to give a conventional form to their agreement, and cause the Porte to understand that they were not only agreed, but vigilant, determined, and only for a reasonable time forbearing. This authoritative statement of Lord REDCLIFFE, timely as it is, has created a notable impression in England, and, no doubt, has contributed towards calming the agitation of the Eastern question in the initial stages of the present session of Parliament.

THE AGREEMENT BETWEEN THE PORTE AND SERVIA.—The agreement between the Porte and Servia was concluded last week. Prince MILAN will address a letter to the Sultan, accepting the Turkish conditions, except those claiming equality for Jews in Servia and the right of the Porte to be diplomatically represented at Belgrade. The Sultan will grant Prince MILAN a new firman, determining future relations of Servia and Turkey.

THE AMERICAN NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—The American National Rifle Association has issued a notice to foreign rifle teams that the next match for the Centennial trophy takes place in September. A letter received from the captain of the Irish Rifle Team states that it is uncertain whether it is possible to raise a team to shoot for the trophy this season.

THE second number of our Gallery Sketches reached us too late for publication in the present issue, but it will appear next week, along with the third number. To replace it, we have a paper of English Parliamentary Echoes, from a well-known pen, to which we invite the attention of our readers.

PENDING the counting of the vote in the Mexican Presidential elections which have just occurred, DIAZ has been sworn in as President *ad interim*. Diaz Presidential electors have been chosen by an immense majority, there being almost no opposition.

WELL informed circles report that the Czar will certainly await the Powers' reply to Gortschakoff's circular before attacking Turkey.

THE Montenegrin delegates have arrived in Constantinople, and the armistice has been prolonged by mutual accord.

THE Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs is engaged upon the draft of a treaty of commerce with the United States.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PETROLEUM LAMP AND THE TARIFF.—The cartoon on the first page will easily explain itself. It is the natural outgrowth of the tariff changes announced last week by the Minister of Finance. We leave the picture to make its own comments, only remarking that we believe it to be a humorous transcript of the public feeling on the subject.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH MINISTER AT HONG-KONG.—We give this picture not so much for the incident itself, as for the fine view which it affords of the great Chinese port, about which we hear so much in commercial life. The event is memorable also as an example of international courtesy, it being in a French war vessel that Sir Francis Wade made his entrance into Hong-Kong.

SWORD OF HONOR TO ABDUL-KECIM.—A number of Hungarian youths, mostly belonging to representative families, and whose sympathies are entirely with the Turks, in the present difficulty, ordered a magnificent sword of honor to be made for presentation to Abdul-Kecim, Commander-in-chief of the Ottoman army, on his successful termination of the Serbian war by the capture of Djunis. A delegation proceeded to Constantinople with the sword, where they were received with official pomp, and waving of handkerchiefs from the white bands of fair inmates of the Seraglio. Our sketch represents the scene when the sword is formally delivered to the old Turkish soldier.

THE DEATH OF WOLFE AND THE DEATH OF MONTEAL.—We are indebted for these two historical pictures, so full of mournful interest to all Canadians, to the kindness of Mr. J. M. LeMoine, of Quebec, who furnished us with the engravings. The names of the artists are in themselves a recommendation. The painter of the death of Wolfe is Benjamin West, and that of the death of Montcalm, no other than the celebrated Watteau. For the descriptive matter to accompany these pictures, we have only to refer the reader to the splendid paper on the Plains of Abraham recently published in these columns from the pen of that indefatigable student of Canadian annals, Mr. LeMoine. We learn with pleasure that this gentleman is preparing another volume, entitled "Picturesque Quebec," in which he will embody papers illustrative of the ancient capital and its environs. It is gratifying to us to be the first to announce this welcome piece of intelligence to the public.

CARNIVAL IN THE 15TH CENTURY.—The same four hundred years ago as to-day—human folly always displaying itself in fantastic shapes. The picture is presented as an exhibition of art. It is from the pencil of the eminent painter Kollarz.

AMERICAN CONGRESSIONAL SKETCHES.—These are not caricatures by any means. They are a fair study of the physiognomies of some of the principal American statesmen and politicians, at present distinguishing themselves in the Presidential electoral contest.

THE DELHI DURBAR.—The ceremony of New Year's Day, at the Imperial Durbar, took place on the Dahepore plain, three miles from the Viceroy's camp. The Viceroy had been occupied several days in receiving and returning the state visits of the native Indian potentates or dignitaries; and there was a deputation of Ambassadors from the Maharajah of Nepal, as well as from the Nizam of Hyderabad—both of whom are independent Sovereigns, to present the "nuzzur," or complimentary gift, to the repre-

sentative of the British Empress of India. The final proceedings on the day of the Imperial Durbar, which was a pageant of gorgeous magnificence, were brief and simple, as we have described them. The Imperial Proclamation was read by Major Barnes, the Chief Herald. The Imperial standard was hoisted with an artillery salute of a hundred and one guns. The National Anthem was played by all the military bands. Lord Lytton then read an address, explaining the rights and reasons of Her Majesty's new title, and announcing the creation of a new order of knighthood, that of the "Indian Empire." He also read a telegraphic message from Her Majesty, and so closed the Durbar. It was altogether a very grand affair; sixty-three of the native ruling chiefs were present, with splendid retinues, and 14,000 troops were arrayed on the field.

RUINS OF MYCENAE.—Mycenae was a powerful city-state of the Peloponnesus for ages preceding the rise of Athens. It seems to have enjoyed a sort of "hegemony," or political and military headship, among the Greek principalities before the era of republican governments. The siege of Troy, under whatever circumstances it really took place, and whatever may be thought of the veracity of Homer's "Iliad," is likely to have been conducted by the Greeks under the command of a King of Mycenae whose name may possibly have been Agamemnon. It was, therefore, quite an appropriate task for Dr. Schliemann, after his late exploration of the supposed site of Troy, on the coast of Asia Minor, near the entrance to the Dardanelles, to engage in similar operations at the site of Mycenae. That place is further associated with the tragedy of Agamemnon's murder by the wicked contrivance of his adulterous wife Clytemnestra and her paramour Egisthus; a subject which employed the genius of each of the three Greek tragic poets, Eschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, either in the principal action or its consequences to the son and daughter of Agamemnon. This story was believed in later times; and it is mentioned by historians and topographers, writing after the Christian era, that the tombs of Agamemnon, of his father Atreus, and of his daughter Electra, were then to be seen at Mycenae; but that the bodies of Egisthus and Clytemnestra, who were slain by Orestes to avenge his father's death, had been excluded, and were buried outside the city walls. The most certain historical event, after all, concerning Mycenae, is the fact of its being destroyed, in the year B.C. 458, by the people of Argos, a neighbouring city which had formerly been subject to Mycenae, and over which King Agamemnon had ruled. This city was then razed to the ground. Its site is about seven miles from Argos, upon a raised recess between two high summits of the mountain range that bounds the east side of the Argolic plain. The Acropolis, the upper city or fortress, of which the entire circuit is yet to be seen, was built upon the top of a steep and rugged hill, between two streams; its length is about 400 yards, and its breadth 200 yards. Within this inclosure the ground rises considerably; on the summit are the openings to subterranean chambers, built of large irregular stones lined with plaster. There is a great gate at the north-west angle, and a postern gate to the north-east. In the great gate, which is called the "Gate of the Lions," the doorway is formed of two massive blocks of stone, with another laid across them, which upper stone is 15 ft. long, 4 ft. wide, and 6 ft. 7 in. high; and above this stands a triangular piece of green limestone, 12 ft. long, 10 ft. high, and 2 ft. thick, upon the face of which two lions are sculptured in bas-relief. The lions are represented standing on their hind legs, one at each side of a round pillar or altar, upon which their fore paws rest; the pillar, which broadens at the top, has a capital decorated with a row of four circles between parallel fillets. Below the mound of the Acropolis, at some little distance towards the modern village of Mycenae, is a series of underground chambers, which has been called the Treasury of Atreus: they are cells of a conical form, the largest about 50 ft. in diameter at the floor, and their doorways have Tuscan or Doric half-columns. The Cyclopean architecture of the older ruins of Mycenae differs entirely from what is found in other ancient cities of Greece, and their antiquity is probably much greater.

According to Dr. Schliemann, the walls belong to three distinct periods, the oldest portion being the underlying part, which resembles the architecture of Tiryns. They surrounded the Acropolis, the lower city extending to the south-west, and being still marked by traces of Cyclopean walls and other remains. One of the most curious results of Dr. Schliemann's excavations is the discovery that the city was re-inhabited after its capture by the Argives in B.C. 458, although its very site had been so completely forgotten in Strabo's day that he declares no vestiges of it were in existence. The new Mycenae seems to have lasted about two centuries; at all events, the fluted vases found among its rubbish are of the Macedonian era, and come down to the second century B.C. Below the later city lie the ruins of the Mycenae of Homer, and these have already yielded an immense number of objects to Dr. Schliemann's workmen.

It is the opinion of Dr. Schliemann that he has discovered the identical tombs of Atreus and Agamemnon, of Cassandra, another daughter of the last-named King, and of Erymedon, his charioteer, according to the local tradition which Pausanias has preserved. He has opened five tombs cut in the rock, in which

he found two gold cups, a gold diadem, some bronze and crystal vessels, a quantity of fine pottery, knives and lances, and, finally, the bones of a man and a woman, covered with ornaments of pure gold. In another double circular sepulchre, as we learn by a later telegram, he has found four golden vases, richly ornamented, and two golden signet-rings, one engraved with a palm-tree and seven figures of women. These and other treasures, belonging to the Greek Government, are to be deposited in a museum at Athens.

REVIEW AND CRITICISM.

The Boys and Girls will find many special features to delight them in this fresh number of ST. NICHOLAS. The frontispiece is a beautifully executed picture, and illustrates a fine "folk-story," telling of wonderful things that happened in a snug little German cottage. Then, there is a bright poem called "The Seven Ages," illustrated with exceedingly funny cuts by Hopkins; and W. E. Griffis' "The Golden Fish of Owari Castle" relates an adventure that all the boy-lovers of kite-flying ought to read, besides giving them some surprising facts about the habits and luxuries of a race of kite-flyers. Old Winter—jolly, good friend that he is!—is not suffered to depart without a tribute; and after reading "On the Ice," the young folks will be more than ever loth to give up the sports of skating and curling. Many of the country lads, however, may find compensation in the spring-time pleasure of "Making Maple Sugar," described on another page. Susan Coolidge contributes a delightful fairy-tale, entitled "The Two Wishes," while nothing more perfect in the way of a sweet, pure, simple, dainty story has been published lately than Laura Winthrop Johnson's "Extract from the Journal of a Blue-coat Girl." As for the serials, Mr. Trowbridge's hero gets into real difficulties in this number, and "Pattikin's" home is the scene of many interesting events and dilemmas. "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" coolly disposes in a few words of such marvels as "Crystallized Horses" and a "Fresh-water Whale." The "Very Little Folks" are treated to the two very comical pictures of "Little Tradja of Norway" and "The Sick Frog," with a funny account of each. And fine poems and pictures meet the eye everywhere in the sunny pages.

There are about eighty illustrations in the March number of SCRIBNER, twenty-eight of them accompanying Mr. W. S. Ward's description of "The New York Aquarium." Other illustrated papers are "Princeton College" by Rev. Dr. Alexander, the last of the College series except Oberlin and Smith; the ninth of Clarence Cook's familiar talks on house-furnishing, this month with unique designs and practical suggestions; the concluding part of Gen. McClellan's "Winter on the Nile," and a popular science discussion of "The Pitcher Plants" by Mrs. S. B. Herrick, with drawings from nature by the author. There is also a large engraving from a fine portrait of Gilbert Stuart painted by himself—this accompanying Miss Stuart's reminiscences of her father, entitled "The Youth of Gilbert Stuart," and containing anecdotes of Benjamin West, Sir Joshua Reynolds and others. A single illustration is given with Dr. Holland's "Nicholas Minotaur," the motive of which is discovered to lie in the discussion of problems connected with mediæval classes in all ranks of society. Bret Harte reappears in SCRIBNER with a poem, "Of William Francis Bartlett"; Mrs. Anne Lynch Botta, who has not published for several years, has a noteworthy sonnet, "Harmony." Gen. Dix has a short sketch of "Claudian," one of whose poems he translates in a happy line-for-line rendition. In "Topics of the Time," Dr. Holland writes of "Political Training" and "The Amusements of the Rich;" "The Old Cabinet" has something about "The Professor of Literature," "Tennyson's 'Harold,'" "Picture Frames," and "Art at the Cooper Institute;" and concludes with "A Song of the City;" in "Home and Society," the fifth "Letter to a Young Mother" deals with the cultivation of literary taste in children; "Culture and Progress" has notices of American, English, French and German books; "The World's Work" (which is widely copied from month to month by industrial papers) records some late inventions, and "Brie-a-Brac" contains verse and pictures in a humorous or patriotic vein.

The March number of APPLETORNS' JOURNAL opens with an illustrated paper on "The Mountains of North Carolina," from the pen of Christian Reid, who, from her frequent visits to that region, is enabled to describe it with marked fidelity. The time cannot be far distant when these mountains will become the favorite resort of pleasure-seekers and artists. A story, in verse, by "M. E. W. S.", entitled "Love or Study," is marked by many felicitous touches and descriptions; the serial story, "Cherry Ripe," is continued, and is specially noteworthy for the freshness of the situations, and the charming characteristics of the heroine, Mignon; the short stories are "The Young Doctor," by Miss Olney, and "My Son Victor," by Mrs. Wagner-Fisher, the one being a touching and sad story, the other a vivacious sketch, founded on incidents occurring at the Centennial; an article, by Charlotte Adams, entitled "Giorgione's Venice," is remarkable for graphic and picturesque description; Julian Hawthorne resumes his "Out of London" sketches, this

installment being specially pungent and good; there is a paper under the title of "Culture-Heroes of the Ancient Americans," describing some of the strange traditions of the aborigines; and some of the most entertaining incidents in Dr. Mackay's "Forty Years' Recollections" are gathered in an interesting paper by Dr. Guernsey. There are the usual gossip of the editor, and the book reviews.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for March opens with a very interesting and handsomely illustrated sketch of travel entitled "In the Valleys of Peru," which is followed by an entertaining account of "An Adventure in Japan," also finely illustrated. "Seth" is a powerful story by that popular writer, Fannie Hodgson Burnett, and "A Jewish Family," also a story, presents a strong picture of Jewish life and character. Under the title of "Reminiscences of a Poet-Painter," are presented some very interesting recollections and anecdotes of T. Buchanan Read, the well-known author of "Sheridan's Ride" and other poems. "Place aux Dames; or, The Ladies Speak at Last," is an amusing little play, in which various female characters from Shakespeare's works are introduced and made to speak in a manner that would surely astonish the "Bard of Avon." "The Marquis of Lossie," by George Macdonald, and "Young Aloys," from the German of Auerbach, are continued with increasing interest. Poetry is ably represented by three charming poems by Charles De Kay, Kate Hillard, and Sidney Lanier. "Our Monthly Gossip" is full of good, short papers, and the "Literature of the Day" includes several able reviews.

THE GALAXY for March opens with a semi-historical article upon the English peerage, with sketches and anecdotes of the Howards, the Percys, and other families illustrious in the golden age of England. Titus Munson Coan contributes a very curious and interesting study of the poet Wordsworth, comparing his early publications with the later and more finished editions of certain poems, and showing how the mind of the laureate developed and refined itself by the influence of outside criticism and his own critical sense upon his work. This article cannot be read too carefully by young writers. The most novel and original, and we may say daring article in the number is Mr. Hickox's plea for the revival of the whipping post, which he claims is the only means by which tramps and petty thieves and roughs may be effectually disposed of. The author presents his case with a clearness and directness which will carry conviction, we hope, to the most tender-hearted and mercifully inclined. Mr. Whittaker discourses upon the construction of plays, the management of theatrical effects and stage business, with quotations from the rules established by professional playwrights. Mr. David Ker, an English traveller, gives a sketch of a journey on the river Don, between Austria and lower Russia, in company with a party of Cossacks, who amuse themselves somewhat at the expense of their foreign visitors. Mr. Henry Sedley emulates Bret Harte in a story of frontier life with a sentimental coloring. There is also a curious love story by Ivan Tourgueniev, the famous Russian novelist, which seems to us to be equal to his best productions.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

We were the first to announce to the English public of this city the preparation of an opera by such consummate and conscious artists as Messrs. Prune and Lavallee. It is the "Jeanne d'Arc" of Gounod, the author of "Faust," and will be given in its entirety, with full choruses, grand orchestra and every possible accompaniment of high art. The representation will be in May, at the Academy of Music, and doubtless will prove the musical event of the year. For the purpose of better organizing this work, Messrs. Prune and Lavallee announced a great concert, at Mechanics' Hall, on Friday, the 2nd of March, when they will appear with Madame Prune and other artists. As this is the last concert of the season, we are certain that the public of Montreal will attend it in crowds.

The management of the Academy of Music

deserve the thanks of the public for giving them

the opportunity of witnessing the exceptional

performances of Adelaide Neilson. We have no

need to say anything about her further than

this—that during the week she appears in the

great roles of Juliet, Pauline, Rosalind and

Amy Robart, which she had made her own in

the perfection of interpretation. No public is

more appreciative of genuine merit than is ours,

and the proof is that they are crowding to the

performances of this beautiful and accomplished

artist.

ARTISTIC.

PAUL WEBER'S "Lake Maggiore," for which \$9,000 was once refused, was sold at auction lately for \$1,000.

DR. SCHLIEMANN has discovered the mouth of a double circular necropolis at Mycenae, and has found in a tomb four golden vases, eight inches high, richly ornamented; also, two golden signet rings, one representing a palm tree and seven figures of women.

THE Musée de Cluny has just made the ac-

quisition of a cast of Dante's face, taken after death.

It appears that some years back the plaster cast,

modelled on the face of the dead poet, was sold at Rome,

and its acquisition warmly disputed.

It was purchased by the Chevalier Morgantini, who had it carefully re-

produced, and has offered a copy to all the principal

museums of Europe. The impression produced by the mask is most faithful.

FASHION NOTES.

THE latest novelty in Paris is the *Pensee* shoe.

VERY little, if any, change is anticipated in the shapes of spring bonnets and hats.

SOME of the new *robes de chambre* are made of cardinal red opera flannel, trimmed with insertion, cascades, and ruches of white Smyrna lace.

SIDE-CUT kid gloves are the latest novelties. The slit is left in the outside seam in a manner that throws the buttons on the outside of the wrist, and obviates the slit in the palm.

HUMOROUS.

A QUACK doctor advertises confidently, "People never cough after taking one bottle of my cough mixture."

AN AMERICAN student of Latin being confined to his room by sickness, was called upon by a friend. "What, John?" said the visitor, "sick, eh?" "Yes," answered John, "*sic cum!*"

IF it had only been a game of seven-up for the Presidency, things would not have been so bad; but it is a game of eight to seven up.

"DO you understand the nature of an oath?" a juryman was asked in a St. Louis court-room. "Of course I do," was the reply. "Do you mistake me for a member of the Electoral Commission?"

A VIRGINIA hunter says that he saw about seven hundred thousand ducks settle on a pond. They were wedged closely together. He fired both barrels of his gun into them. They flew away, leaving no dead ones in the water; but, as soon as the flock spread out a little, dead ducks loosened and fell until he picked up enough to fill twenty-nine barrels.

"STRANGER, I want to leave my dog in this office till the boat starts. I'm afraid somebody will steal him."—"You can't do it," said the clerk; "take him out."—"Well, stranger, that is cruel; but you're both dispositioned alike, and he's kinder company for you."—"Take him out!" roared the clerk.—"Well, stranger, I don't think you're honest, and you want watching; here, Dragon," he said to the dog, "set down here, and watch that fellow sharp," and turning on his heel, said, "Put him out, stranger, if he's troublesome." The dog lay there till the boat started, watching and growling at every movement of the clerk, who gave him the better half of his office.

LITERARY.

A COMMITTEE has been formed at La Chatre, in France, for the purpose of erecting a statue to George Sand, formerly of that town.

IT was Mrs. Sherwood, a daughter of John Neal, of Portland, Maine, who translated "Sidonie" from the French, and she did it very gracefully and spiritedly, too.

MR. G. H. LEWES and Mrs. Lewes ("George Eliot") are going, after next June, to live in Surrey, in which county of England they have purchased a house. It is not unlikely they may give up their house in London altogether.

THE London *Telegraph*, which claims to be the daily paper having the largest circulation in the world, publishes a certificate that during the five months ending December 1st, it printed the vast number of 26,441,275 copies, being a daily average of over 200,000 copies.

MISS KATE FIELD, who is one of the busiest women in the world, has just accepted a permanent position on the staff of the London *Examiner*, a leading liberal weekly; is a contributor to the *Hornet*, has written a play for Herman Vezin, and a blank verse poem, her first attempt, which has been warmly praised. Beside all this she is fulfilling an important theatrical engagement in London.

A NEW light has recently been thrown on the much vexed question of Burns's love of strong drink. An Edinburgh manuscript, found in Somerset House, contains a report by the Inspector of Excise. Against the names of a long list of excise-men are noted their characteristics and capabilities. It is a noteworthy fact and one tending to vindicate Burns to no small extent, that, whereas several are spoken of as fond of the bottle, against his name there is written, "The poet does well." This is very ambiguous.

IT is a curious coincidence that the two greatest military historians of our time, the men whose pages glow mostly with life, and whose battle pieces make your pulses beat quicker, should both have been slow writers. Colonel Xapier thought it good work if he got through a page a day, and that was generally copied and recopied four or five times, and on an average Mr. Kinglake perhaps scarcely achieves a page. But it is work that will last and live even if it does not pay, and the best literary work nowadays does not pay.

WHETHER at work or at leisure in his study, Mr. James Russell Lowell occupies a broad easy chair standing midway between the table and the fire-place, which holds blazing logs. In this chair he has done most of his writing, his only desk being a stiff piece of pasteboard, conveniently resting upon his knee. One of the curiosities which Mr. Lowell's study contains is a pair of silver sleeve-buttons, now tarnished almost into blackness, which were once worn by Robert Burns. Mr. Lowell is fond of trees and flowers, and often works among them. He is an angler and a pedestrian, never riding when he can walk. He is in excellent health, and looks manly, robust, and erect. He may sometimes be seen in bleak wintry weather walking leisurely through Cambridge thoroughfares, with not even the ghost of an overcoat enveloping him.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

HERR MOSENTHAL, the dramatic writer, is dead. He was author of "Leah, the Forsaken."

EDWIN ADAMS, whose death was erroneously reported from Australia, is dying of consumption in San Francisco.

MME. NILSSON has received a magnificent bracelet from the Empress of Austria, and been appointed singer to the Court (Hofsangerin).

OFFENBACH says in his book that the Americans taking their midday lunch in the restaurant never have time to eat with the knife and fork, and always hurl the food down their mouths with their fingers. In this way they manage to eat with frightful rapidity.

MISS ABBOTT says that the audiences in Dublin, where she sang with great applause, were most peculiar. Between the acts the students were wont to sing air from the opera of the evening, and she frequently heard voices of the finest quality.

FREDERICK TENNYSON, at the door of Her Majesty's Opera, when the doorman (seeing that he wore a black instead of a white cravat) said, "your cravat does not admit you, sir!" answered promptly, "My ticket does," and went in.



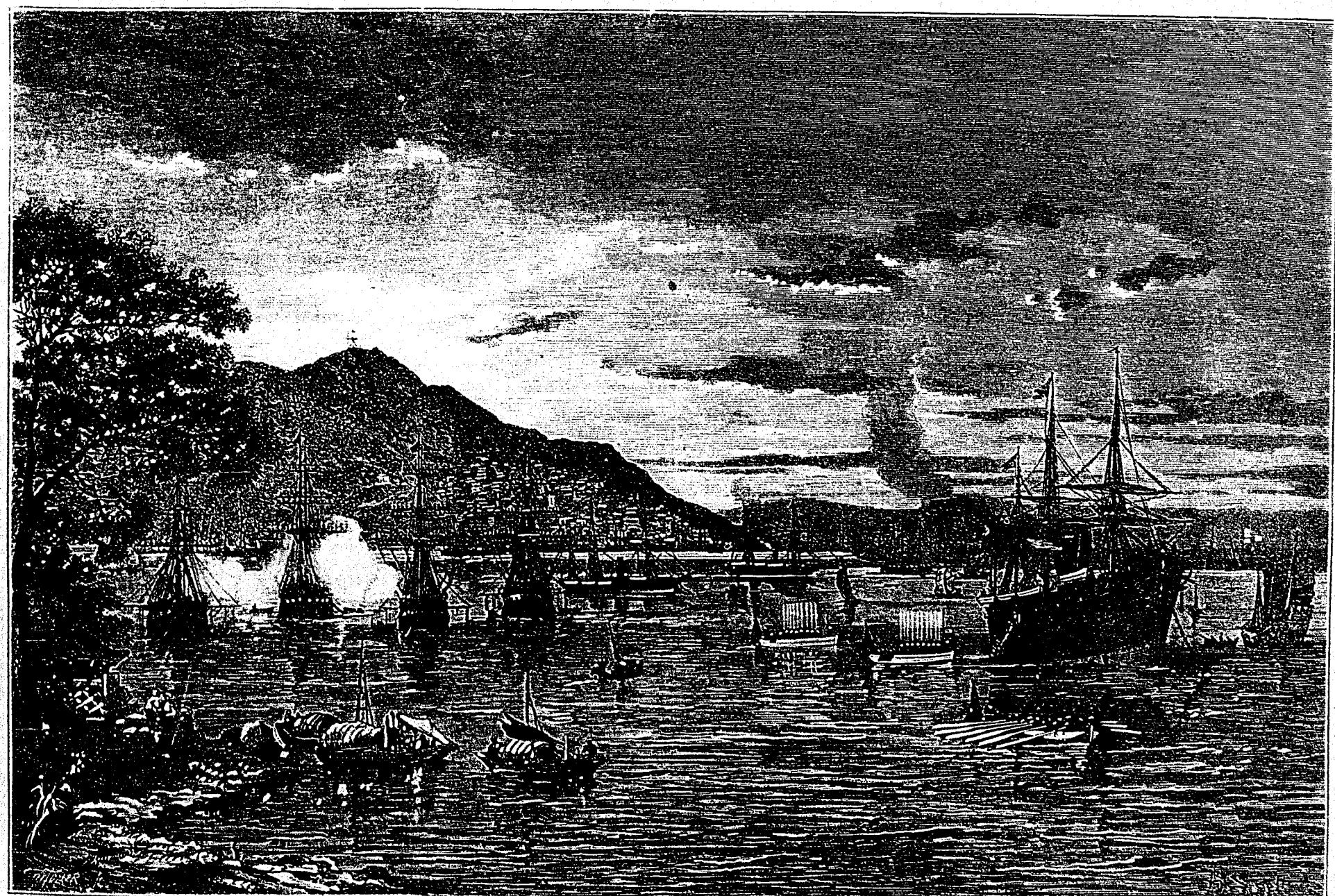
DEATH OF WOLFE ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM.—FROM THE PAINTING OF WEST.



CONSTANTINOPLE:—DEPUTATION OF HUNGARIAN YOUTHS PRESENTING A SWORD OF HONOR TO THE TURKISH GENERALISSIMO ABDUL-KERIM,
THE "HERO OF DJUNIS."



DEATH OF MONTCALM.—FROM A PAINTING BY WATTEAU.



HONG-KONG:—ARRIVAL OF THE BRITISH MINISTER, SIR FRANCIS WADE.

SING UNTO ME.

BY THOMAS CLAUDE DEAN.

I've heard the dove bewail its weight of care,
 Hid in the twilight grey;
I've heard the lark sing in the startled air,
 Just at the break of day;
I've heard the brooklets sing their serenades,
 Mourful and brokenly;
But oh! the memory of this music fades
 When thou dost sing to me.

Then sing again to me thy breadth of song,
 Which makes my soul rejoice.
As soft the sweet, rich notes flow swift along
 From thy low, thrilling voice.
Hush me to rest beneath thy magic spell
 Of matchless melody.
While in the vale of song in bliss I dwell.
 Oh, sing again to me.

Awake my soul from dreams of dark despair,
 Which long have round me clung,
Unloose the bonds which bind me to Old Care
 With the vibrating tongue.
Far in the sunny lands of love, oh, let
 My spirit wander free.
And all life's bitter trials I will forget
 If thou wilt sing to me.

L'Original.

D.

MARRIED BY ACCIDENT.

Dick Osborne was not exactly fortunate in his university career, which is a euphemism for saying that it was everything the reverse. He spent all his money, he wasted all his time, he was reprimanded, he was rusticated, he was plucked. It became an open question in the mind of Richard whether he should enlist in the army or drive a hansom. Fortunately a third course was indicated to him by a friend—he might turn private tutor. I once heard of a man who was on the verge of bankruptcy, but was saved from it by the following ingenious plan: He advertised for pupils at three hundred a year, and got a dozen of them. People thought that if such a price was asked something good must surely be imparted. The advertisement, which a friend of Dick's had brought to him, stated that a private tutor was wanted to prepare a young gentleman for matriculation and the previous examination at an English university. Now it was quite true that Dick Osborne had been ploughed for Greats, but then nobody could deny that he had passed prosperously through Smalls. The fact that he had been ploughed for Greats was not one which he was bound to obtrude upon public attention. The decision of the matter virtually rested with the young gentleman himself, who, being greatly pleased with some traits in Dick's character which had not been equally pleasing to Dick's academic superiors, insisted on having Mr. Osborne, and nobody else, for his private tutor. It was true that Dick knew next to nothing, but, as his pupil knew absolutely nothing, the mental superiority ultimately rested with Dick.

The tutor and pupil went down to Wingfield Hall. The odd thing was that Wingfield Hall did not belong to the pupil, but to his sister. The brother had a hall of his own with ever so much shooting, but being a minor it was let off to some Leeds manufacturer. The father had married a lady with a large landed estate, which was settled on the younger children of the marriage. There was only one child, a girl, who became an heiress, as her mother had been an heiress before her. It was of course only very gradually that the exact bearings of things became known to young Osborne. I must also do him the justice to say that when the fact became known to Mr. Osborne, instead of stimulating any tendency in the direction of heiress-hunting, it had a directly contrary effect. Dick rightly considered that grapes of this kind hung a good deal beyond his reach, and that it would be better for him to limit himself to the legitimate enjoyments of his surroundings; for his lines had certainly fallen to him in pleasant places. His pupil was a very backward delicate lad; and as he had the faculty of forgetting everything as fast as he learned it, no early date could be assigned to the termination of Mr. Osborne's services. He had already continued at Wingfield Hall for a twelvemonth when certain circumstances arose which I am about to relate. The real mistress of the Hall was hardly its nominal mistress; for an active aunt bore sway, and had done so for years. Lucy Harlowe was a quiet, imaginative, retiring, simple-hearted girl, who wrapt up in her own quiet ways and accustomed to leave everything to her energetic and self-asserting aunt, against whose yoke, however, she occasionally felt inclined to rebel, hardly asserted or even realized her true position. A gentleman is almost a necessity in a household, and, beyond his tutorial duties, Mr. Osborne made himself useful in a variety of ways which were sources of interest and occupation to himself. He looked after the horses, he kept the gardener and coachman in order, he had a keen eye for plantations and preserves, and in company with his pupil he did a good deal of fishing and shooting. Indeed these were very properly regarded as essential points in young Harlowe's education, as peculiarly adapted to fit him for that future destiny in life which he was intended to adorn. So Dick was quiet, harmless, and happy as a general rule, though a little weak-brained, as might be conjectured from his history, and with a whole store of susceptibilities and sensitivities. His natural tendency would have been to flirt with Lucy Harlowe, whom he really liked very much; but he had spent his little all, and looked with dismay on any chance that

would drive him from his warm corner into the cold of the outer world. In the shooting season various gentlemen came to join in the Wingfield shootings; for the aunt rightly considered that the society of country gentlemen was a proper thing for her nephew, and would probably provide a befitting husband for her niece. The aunt, with all her imperiousness, was an honest woman, and wished to do her duty according to her lights. The gentlemen came, two gentlemen especially, Squire Dorrington and Major Fitzpatrick, who liked the shooting, the lunch in the preserves, the late dinner. They were rather puzzled and jealous about Dick Osborne's position in the household. He was only the tutor; but then all in the neighbourhood had discovered that he was something more besides. The gentlemen found out that Osborne was a simple-hearted fellow, and had resolved to "draw" him for their own behoof and satisfaction.

They were two very artful men, the Major and the Squire. They sat in the smoking-room, going in respectively for sherry-and-seltzer and for brandy-and-soda. The pupil, not over-strong, had been ordered to bed by the aunt hours before.

They were both of them clever gentlemanly fellows in their way. Dick could not help feeling a kind of awe of them. They were handsome, he was not; clever, he was not; dressed in the very best style, he was not; thoroughly men of the world, he was not; plenty of money in their pockets, which was certainly not the case with him. They made him partake of the brandy-and-soda, they made him partake of the sherry-and-seltzer. Dick became slightly excited. His imagination took a broader range.

"You're very much in clover here, Mr. Richard Osborne," said the Major.

"It does very well for a stop-gap," answered Mr. Richard. "I must do something till I can take my degree and get called to the bar."

This was Osborne's professed object in life, but he was himself giving up belief in it.

"You're a clever dog," said the Major.

"And he's a deep dog, too," said the Squire. "What a capital plan for a fellow to get shut up with Lucy Harlowe, to pretend to be a tutor to her brother! Why that gives you an opportunity of seeing her every day of your life! What wouldn't some of us give to have a chance like that?"

Dick was astonished to hear such deep designs imputed to him. He felt that it was something like perfidy, however, that such a conversation should go on in the sanctuary of that home. He admired her like the Victoria Regia in the conservatory pond, or the vesper star at an immeasurable distance beyond sea and air.

He hastened to assure his new friends of the perfect rectitude and straightforwardness of his views and intentions.

"But it would be very nice if you could come in and hang up your hat in the hall as the master of everything—the house and the grounds and the young lady."

In this remark the metropolitan Major was only reproducing his own state of mind. He was tired of those small rooms in Jermyn-street, though backed up with a couple of clubs. It would be very sweet to have a *pied à terre* in the country, especially if it took the shape of a real hall with a rent-roll of three good farms to back it.

The Squire had his estate, but only a squire can understand the loveliness of annexing the next estate and enclosing them both in a ring-fence. The joy of annexing the young woman would be nothing in comparison.

"Have you ever tried it on with her?" said the Major. "Ah, Mr. Dick, Mr. Dick Osborne, you are a deep fellow! You university men are the fellows to get on with the ladies. You beat us Rag-and-Famish fellows hollow."

Dick blushed a radiant blush. The character of a deep dog was one by no means to be despised.

"Well, I say just what I think," said the Squire. "She's a very nice young woman, and any fellow might do worse than be tied up to her, especially when Wingfield Hall is to be part of the bargain."

Dick thought she certainly was a nice young woman, one of the nicest ladies whom he had ever met in his career. To give him his due, he really thought more of the young lady than he did of the old hall.

A notion was put into Dick's honest head which had never deliberately found place there before. He thought it would be very nice to fall in love with Lucy Harlowe. That might be agreed on all hands. Great swells as might be the Squire and the Major, they could not make a better match. His cheek tingled at the thought of such a match. But however easy it might be to fall in love with Lucy, the difficulty remained of making Lucy fall in love with him.

"The fact of it is," said the designing Major, who liked nothing better than to befool a fellow and play a practical joke, a taste derived from early army days,—"the fact of it is that the girl's half spoony on you already. Don't you think so, Dorrington?" he asked his neighbour.

Dorrington caught the cue at once.

"Think it!" he exclaimed; "why, to any fellow who knows a bit of life, the thing is as plain as a pikestaff. I have seen something of that sort of thing in my life, and nobody could mistake it."

Now both the Squire and the Major had some touch of selfishness at the bottom of this chaff,

when a man in his own centre of the universe (and this is so with most of us), it is impossible that the case should be otherwise. The Major had seriously determined that he would have a "go in" for the heiress. But he had the wit to keep his own counsel from both the other men. The idea began to loom before his eyes that he would get Dick Osborne to propose, if he could. That Dick could possibly be accepted did not enter his mind for a moment. He made no doubt that Dick would be turned out of the house at once. Serve him right for his impudence. That Dick might be utterly ruined formed no part of his calculations. The Major knew that there was danger in proximity, and he thought he would remove the young gentleman, of whose presence he greatly disapproved.

Mr. Dorrington had also his ideas. He had truly interpreted the Major's wink, and thought he saw his way into a practical joke. When the young lady had thrown off a rubbly proposal, she would better be able to appreciate a proposal of the right sort.

In poetry and fiction we have memorable instances of tutors marrying heiresses. This is the case in Currer Bell's *Shirley*. This is the case in Mrs. Browning's *Lady Geraldine*. I do not know if honest Richard Osborne was acquainted with these precedents. They might have given him a gleam of encouragement. But I suppose these things happen much more frequently in fable than in reality. Dick might have been ready enough to propose if he had the least tangible basis to go upon.

"The fact of the matter is, Mr. Osborne," said the Major, "you're afraid."

Now Dick Osborne belonged to just that bulldog order of Englishmen to whom the words "You're afraid," especially when coming from a military man, who is supposed to be afraid of nothing, are simply maddening.

"You can't deny that you're fond of the young woman," said the Squire judicially, lighting up his cigar.

Dick hardly knew his own mind; but he did not venture to deny the soft impeachment.

"Then why don't you tell her so, like a man? I am afraid the Major's about right when he says you're afraid."

"I shouldn't mind making her an offer if I had made up my mind to do it," said Dick.

"Lay you a pony you don't do anything of the sort, and that's twenty-five skivs."

"Done with you," said Dick.

I am afraid there was a mixture of motives: bravado, a false shame of not shrinking from a money-bet, and perhaps some allowance or soda-and-brandy, might be among the elements of this sudden determination.

Accordingly Dick sat down to concoct his letter. His friends would have given him every assistance, but on this occasion he decided to trust entirely to his own swimming, and not to any corks or bladders that might be devised for him. Thus he wrote :

"Dear Miss Harlowe, or rather dearest Miss Harlowe, if you will allow me to say so—Although I am only a poor man, and your brother's tutor, I am a human being, and cannot help falling in love with you. My family is as old a family as any, and at school and college I was thought as good a fellow as any other fellow. I think I could make you happy. I would strive very hard to do so. So will will you marry."

"RICHARD OSBORNE."

Dick thought this way of finishing was a great literary master stroke. He was very shy of showing the letter to the men, but they insisted that on the terms of the bet they had a clear right to see that a direct intelligible offer was really made. So Osborne showed them the last line, which was of course sufficient for all practical purposes.

"That's all straight," said one man.

"That's the direct tip," said the other.

The next question that arose was, how was the letter to be delivered? and how was it to be clearly ascertained that it had been delivered? But just at this moment there was a light step by the door, which being a little ajar disclosed the lithe figure of Florence, the handsome lady's maid.

"O Florence, you're wanted here. There's something for you to do," said the Major. "Mr. Osborne will tell you what it is."

Florence came demurely into the room, not unwilling to obtain some little portion of admiration from the three gentlemen. Such is the nature of Florence.

"It is only something that I have to give to Miss Harlowe. Please let her have it."

"Take care to put it on her dressing-table, that she may find it when she goes to bed," said the Major.

Florence stretched out her hand for letter, or parcel, or anything else that the article might be; but Richard Osborne felt wonderfully reluctant to give it up. He felt like a man who was about to clear a chasm or leap from the rock into the sea.

"Out with it, old man," said the Major.

"The longer you look at it, the less you'll like it," said the other.

A neglected poet of the last century has spoken of a hero

"Who, without *buts* or *ifs*,
Jump'd into the sea from off the cliff."

But Dick was not that hero. The whole enormity of that proceeding came vividly before his mind. He had far better lose those twenty-five sovereigns. Yes, he could touch his quarter's stipend, and it would be that exactly. What, then, about the outlying ties? For I need hard-

ly say that Dick was just the sort of good fellow who lives in a chronic state of outlying ties. With the receipt of the quarter's stipend he would bid farewell to any further quarterly stipends, at least from this source. Above all, what would be Miss Harlowe's feelings if she ever learned that she had thus been made the subject of a bet of this sort.

He had handed forth the fatal letter in an irrevocable way. The Major had quickly caught it from the grasp and handed it over to the waiting-maid.

"Here, Florence; look sharp and take it up stairs, and lay it on the dressing-table."

Florence saw there was some fun going. She gave a laugh of glee, and bounded upstairs. Richard rose from his seat and bounded after her. Then the Squire caught hold of his coat-tail. The coat-tail might probably have given way, but the Major laid firm grasp upon his arm. In the mean time Florence entered her mistress's room, and, just showing herself on the top of the staircase, disappeared in the *peristyle* of the mansion.

"Poor Richard"—for he might well appropriate to himself the title of that historical personage—felt positively sick and ill. He was not sorry when the Major and the Squire, with all sorts of grins and grimaces, took their leave for the night.

Poor Dick could hardly rest. He took a turn in the grounds, threading the shrubbery and pacing the lawn. He watched the light in her room; he watched her figure moving before the blind. At last the light was extinguished and he went indoors. He went indoors, but not to sleep; he tossed about restlessly. He really thought that he had done for himself. He must bid adieu to the very comfortable quarters where he was so pleasantly ensconced from the cares of life. But I must do Dick the justice of saying that this was not the primary consideration. Dick had worked himself into a sort of fever. He was seriously in love, or thought he was seriously in love. For the first and last time in his life he began to compose some poetry. It is a curious psychological fact that the love-fever quickens the mind, and makes dull people quite intellectual for the time-being. There is a constant repetition of the fable of Cymon and Iphigenia. Cymon wrote in that thorough state of despair which is so congenial for the production of poetry :

The meaneast hill that ploughs the lea,
 To-night is crown'd in dreams of blis;
But love's bright gaze is not for me,
 And not for me affection's kiss.

Enough that I alone should sigh,
 And make other pleasures banish'd past;
And watch with an unquiet eye
 Till the grey sky is dash'd at last;

These are some of the very egotistical lines. They are not so very bad. I am inclined to maintain; but then Dick threw into this one supreme effort all the poetry of a life-time.

The two gentlemen had bed-rooms that night at the Hall. All assembled at a late breakfast next morning, and one or two slightly curious glances were interchanged between the Major and the Squire. Lucy Harlowe retained, however, her usual quiet impassive attitude, except that perhaps her dark eyelashes shaded her cheek a little more demurely that morning. The visitors, after their breakfast, smoked their cigars, and dwelt about the kennels, and then rode off in different directions. Richard Osborne kept himself extremely quiet that day, and applied himself to his pupil with great assiduity. The thought occurred to him, should he write a note and recall that former one, and beg pardon, and ask that the whole matter of his unfortunate mistake should be buried in oblivion? But somehow Dick resolved that this should not be the case. He had crossed the Rubicon, he had burned his boats, he had dared the giddy leap, he had trusted his last coin to the throw of the dice, he had done whatever is most desperate in the annals of desperation. He would wait quietly. It was not often that he was left alone with the young lady, for that chaperoned aunt was vigilant enough. But the chance would come, and indeed, at any moment, Florence, the waiting-maid, might bring him a note in answer to his own.

He did not have long to wait. The chance soon came. The aunt was not coming down to dinner. She was rather fatigued with entertaining visitors, and had slightly over-eaten herself with very high game. So Dick found himself alone in the drawing-room, in the mixed lights of twilight and firelight. Soon enters Lucy, who goes straight up to him and lays her hand on his, and looks earnestly at him, and says :

"Richard!—Mr. Osborne—did you really mean that letter?"

The moment of moments was come! Richard Osborne threw to the winds any thought of backing out of the transaction.

"I do, indeed, Lucy; I cannot help myself. I love you with all my heart."

"O Richard," said the girl, "you are so kind and good and clever. It is very silly of me, but I could not help thinking a good deal of you for a long time."

It is unnecessary to carry on the conversation beyond this point. Things were manifestly tending in one direction. The aunt did not quite like it, but Miss Harlowe was her own mistress; and the aunt thought it judicious to give way. When the engagement was made public, the Major sent his cheque for twenty-five pounds to Dick Osborne, and it came in handy.

"How on earth did such a girl as Lucy Har-

lowe manage to accept Dick Osborne?" So asked the Major and the Squire, with deep feelings of indignation; and so have asked many others. It is one of those things which no fellow can understand. Though the Major paid the twenty-five pounds honourably, it was one of the bitterest pills which he ever had to swallow. Certainly Mr. Richard Osborne gained considerably by the transaction; but he made a good husband, a good father, a good squire, and finally a good member of parliament.

Squire Dorrington is married now. I am afraid that his wife has told the wife of Squire Osborne all about the matter of the bet. Also I am afraid that, though nominally the best of neighbours, Squire Dorrington voted against Squire Osborne at the last general election under the cover of the ballot.

ESSENCE OF ENGLISH PARLIAMENT.

Her Majesty opened Parliament on the 8th instant with the usual ceremony. The weather was genuine "Queen's weather" and the crowd dense, but it struck me that there was less enthusiasm than usual and a marked absence of anything like loud cheering. Judging from the remarks I heard made by many in the crowd, I fancy the Londoners do not approve of the prolonged absence of her Majesty from her Capital.

In the House of Lords the address was moved by Viscount Grey de Wilton and seconded by the Earl of Haddington.

Earl Granville congratulated the House on the presence of the Prime Minister, who, he admitted had well earned his distinction, but he thought it necessary to throw out a gentile hint that the noble Lord would find it desirable to tone down his House of Commons style of oratory to suit the more refined atmosphere of the Lords.

The Duke of Argyle after stating that he intended to reserve his opinion upon the Eastern Question, of course commenced to discuss it at length and denounced the action of the Government with his usual vigour, winding up by stating that "human beings owed the Government of Turkey no allegiance." This brought down the House and brought up Lord Beaconsfield, who stated, in effect, that being naturally a modest man and being considerably impressed by the aristocratic atmosphere in which he then found himself, he had not intended to take part in the debate, but that the remarks of the noble Duke had forced him to do so. He then proceeded to demolish his opponent in his usual effective style, concluding by a quiet intimation that although he had let him off easily that time, he proposed to finish the job when the debate was resumed, a prospect which did not appear to particularly gratify the noble Duke.

Lord Salisbury said he found the Turks would not take the good advice he was prepared to give them in any quantity, and that being the case he didn't exactly see what was to be done. He supposed that England was not prepared to declare war against Turkey, and even if she did all that could be done was to send the fleet up the Bosphorus and bombard Stamboul.

The effect of this would be that as the Turkish population is armed and the Christians are not, every Christian in the Turkish Empire would probably be massacred, which he fancied was scarcely the object at which the Duke of Argyle and his friends aimed.

So the matter rests until the 1200 folio pages of information promised is furnished to the House, out of which it will be hard if the Opposition cannot pick a few salient points for attack.

Earl Russell has given notice of his intention to move a resolution declaring it to be "inconsistent with the duty of Her Majesty's Government to maintain relations of amity with a State so barbarous and cruel as the Sultan's Government, and that the only relation we can maintain with Turkey is a relation of hostility." This is intended to place the Government on the horns of a dilemma, but it is clumsy contrived and not likely to be effective.

In the House of Commons the Marquis of Hartington criticised the action of the Government in connection with the Eastern Question in a very effective speech, and was replied to by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who said that if the noble Marquis had been content to wait for the paper on the question, he would probably have been able to avoid a number of errors into which he had fallen. He deprecated being forced into a discussion until all the information was before the House, and on being interrupted by a remark from the leader of the Opposition to the effect that the Government did not represent the country, showed considerable confidence in his majority by challenging his opponents to put the question to the test as soon as he liked.

The new leader made a very good speech, but said too much, and left one or two openings which were instantly taken advantage of by Mr. Mundella and Mr. Gladstone. The Government are as weak in debating power in the Commons, as they are strong in the House of Lords, and they may look forward to being pretty severely handled during the session.

On the 9th there was a very thin House and the only incident of interest was a speech made by Dr. Keney referring to certain cruelties and hardships alleged to be inflicted on the Tichborne Claimant at Dartmoor prison. Although out of order the Doctor was allowed to go through with his speech which was a

thoroughly sensational one, but no evidence of the charge made was brought forward.

The Government has been very severely criticized on the omission in the Queen's speech of any allusion to the Indian Cyclone in which upwards of a quarter of a million lives were lost, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer had to admit that it was a discreditable oversight.

W. H. F.

LONDON, 10th Feb., 1877.

EPHEMERIDES.

Translations from the classics are always in favor. No finer reading can be indulged in by scholars and literary men. Here is a new version of Horace's ode, *Persicus*:

To feast in high state
Like a Persian, I hate;
Wreaths of linden I care not to braid,
Then cease, boy, to look
Through each leafy nook
For the summer's last rose ere it fade.

The myrtle alone
Has a charm all its own:
I forbid thee nught else to entwine,
It is fairest for thee,
It is sweetest for me,
While I quaff 'neath the close-arching vine.

Still another translation from Homer by C. B. Cayley. It is in hexameter. I never could join in the hostility of critics to the English unrhymed hexameter, but regard it as a very beautiful and effective vehicle of verse. Longfellow and Clough have long since not only reconciled me to the metre, but persuaded me of its perfect adaptability to the genius of our language. The following is a specimen of the new translation of the famous passage of the eighth book of the Iliad upon which so many have tested their skill:

So said he; and Trojan plaudits made boisterous answer.
Then from their car yokes their reeking steeds they un-harnessed.
And near his chariot they fastened each with his halter;
And from Troy dapper herds and flocks were speedily furnished.
With wine heart-solacing, with garner'd wheat in abundance,
And with sere wood in heaps, and soon was a savory vapor.
Over the levels rising, wind whirl'd, to the bourns of the welkin;
Thus they, with dapper hearts, i' the lanes of the combat assembled,
All night were seated, many watch-fires blazing among them;
And as heaven sheweth when stars all round the resurgent moon are array'd beaming, when stirs not a wind below ether;
Hill-tops and outlines o' the woods, and sea-jutting headlands.
Stand clear, and from above the skies break infinite how'ns;
All stars are manifest, each feathered i'ly rejoiceth;
Thus, by so many fires, the front of Troy was illumin'd From the rippled Xanthus right up to the ships of Achaea.
Over the plain fell a thousand burn'd, and fifty by each one;
Were sitting, arm'd warriors, red firelight glancing against them.
Whilst their steeds, fasten'd to the ears, and greedily tearing
Their oats and pale barley, superb-thron'd Morning awaited.

The last issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY gives a number of the portraits of Washington, by different artists, on the occasion of the 23rd February. But singularly enough, it says nothing of the picture which the late Alexander Duncan, of Providence, Rhode Island, caused to be made for the Massachusetts Historical Society from a very remarkable portrait of Washington, now in the possession of Lord Albemarle, in England. The portrait was painted in the United States, as is supposed, in 1779, and was designed as a present for the Stadholder of Holland. It was entrusted to Henry Laurens who, in the latter part of that year, sailed for the Hague, as the minister of the United States to the Stadholder's Court, and when Laurens was captured by Captain Keppel, of the British Navy, and sent to the Tower of London, the picture became the property of the captor. Captain Keppel presented it to his uncle, Admiral Lord Keppel, from whom it descended to the present Earl of Albemarle. The picture has long been known to exist, and great interest has been felt concerning it, on account of its history and of the period of Washington's life at which it was painted, and also on account of the broad blue ribbon which he wore over his breast, and which gave rise in England to the belief that he had been made a Marshal of France. The name of the artist is not known, and the merit of the execution is not high, but the picture, such as it is, will complete the list of the portraits of the great American which are known to exist. It will also possess extraordinary interest on account of the destination for which it was designed, its historic association with the capture of Laurens while sailing in a neutral ship as an ambassador of the United States, and also of its singular fortune during the long period which has since elapsed. At the foot of the picture are emblems and allegorical illustrations designed, it is supposed, to disparage the valor of England. The broad blue ribbon across the breast of Washington was the designation of the commander-in-chief, fixed, not by any act of Congress, but simply by a military order issued as early as 1775, when he first took command of the army in the environs of Boston.

I want to signalize here a case of either literary fraud or literary misunderstanding. When

I first came to Canada, I happened on a file of the old *Evening Telegraph*, of this city, then defunct, and my eyes pounced on the following remarkably beautiful poem, then full of mournful actuality from the recent civil war. An editorial note in the *Telegraph* stated that it was the work of a bright young Southerner, at that time completing his studies at McGill University. I was so taken with the pathos and music of the poem that I cut it out and sent it to a literary friend in St. Louis who published it in the *Guardian* of that city. To my surprise, a few weeks later I received a copy of the *Guardian* with a letter from a subscriber in Omaha—if I remember rightly—denouncing the Montreal author as a forger, and claiming the poem for George Alfred Townsend, who, the writer declared, composed it in his presence, somewhere in Virginia. George Alfred Townsend is the well-known "Gath" and "Laertes" of American journalism. I subjoin the poem and commend it to the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Ah! for the pleasant peace we knew,
In the happy summers of long ago,
When the rivers were bright and the skies were blue,
By our homes in Henrico.

We dreamed of wars that were far away,
And read as in fable of blood that ran,
Where the James and the Chincahominy stray
Through the groves of Powhatan.

Tis a dream come true, for the afternoons
Blow bugles of war by our fields of grain,
And the sabres ring as the dark dragoons
Come galloping up the lane.

The pigeons have flown from the eaves and tiles;
The oat-blades have grown to be blades of steel;
And our foes swarm down the leavy aisles
Of the grand old common weal.

They have torn the Indian fisher's nets,
Where the gay Powhatan goes towards the sea,
And blood runs red in rivulets,
That bubbled and brawled in glee.

Corpses are strewn in the fairy oak glade,
Hoarse guns thunder from Drury's ridge,
And the fishes that played in the cool deep shade
Are frightened from Bottom Bridge.

Tottering chimneys and blackened walls
Mark the ruin of our cities proud,
While children play with battered balis,
And friends are buried without a shroud.

I wond' that the year were passed away,
And the strawberry green in the hedge again,
That the scythe might swing in the tangled hay,
And squirrels romp in the glen.

The walnuts sprinkle the clover slopes,
Where graze the sheep and the spotted deer,
And winter restore the golden hopes
That were trampled in a year.

A. STEELE PENN.

HOBART PASHA.

I wish to correct an error in your paper of the 17th inst.:—Hobart Pasha is a son of the 6th Earl of Buckinghamshire and not of the Duke of Buckingham, as you state. The family name of the former is "Hobart" and of the latter "Grenville"—hence it will be seen that "Lord Hobart" still retains his name.

PRERAGE.

Montreal, Feb. 19, 1877.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

"GRACE before meat," as the young lady remarked when she laced herself so tight she couldn't swallow.

To make a girl love you, coax her to love somebody else. If there be anything that woman relishes, it is to be contrary.

A CONUNDRUM for the social scientist—Which is the most to be pitied, the poor man with a rich mother-in-law, or the rich man with a poor mother-in-law?

ONE of the greatest humiliations of life is for a 226 pound man to fall down the cellar stairs and have his fifty-two pound daughter come and offer to help him up.

THE New York *Mail* mentions a new kind of marriage announcement, in which only the names of the bride and the clergyman appear. As civilization advances, the groom becomes of less and less importance on such occasions.

A GREAT many anecdotes are related of personal bravery. We should like to see that man who would deliberately allow a woman to catch him making mouths at her first baby.

HINTS for bachelors—A doctor remarks, after thirty years' experience, that the hands of ladies without fortune are tough and fleshy, and of which those of shop girls are types.

STATE Senator Frank Stewart has introduced a bill into the Nevada Legislature for the prevention of cruelty to women. It provides that women beaters shall be tied to a stone post erected for the purpose, wearing a placard on their breast marked "Woman beater" or "Wife beater," as the case may be, and further punished by imprisonment and fine.

Mrs. CADY STANTON relates how she with other ladies educated a young man for the Presbyterian ministry, had given him a new suit, a beaver hat and all the ectera pertaining to the ministerial garb, and of course, were all aghast to hear their protégé preach. I imagine their dismay and disgust when the young man announced the text:—"Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak."

PARLIAMENTARY.

MONDAY, Feb. 19.—Routine.

TUESDAY, Feb. 20.—Budget speech. Deficit of \$1,900,000. Duty on petroleum reduced from 15 to 6 per cent. Excise rescinded. Duty on tea raised 2 per cent. Duty raised on malt, beer and a few other articles.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 21.—Routine. Crimination and recrimination. Much personality on both sides.

THURSDAY, Feb. 22.—Debate on the budget in the Senate and the House of Commons.

FRIDAY, Feb. 23.—Routine.

SATURDAY, Feb. 24.—Recess.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

The *Canadian Illustrated News* shows steady improvement in its illustrations. It only requires time and the enhanced resources which we hope time will bring to make it more and more a credit to Canada. Let it receive hearty encouragement.—London *Advertiser*.

THE NORTHERN LIGHT.—The *Canadian Illustrated News* for February 24th, 1877, contains an excellent illustration, representing the steamer *Northern Light* nipped in the ice floes of the Straits of Northumberland. It gives a vivid idea of the difficulties of winter navigation.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—As a pictorial weekly the *Canadian Illustrated News* will rank with those of the United States and Europe. Its cartoons by Julien are very pointed, and its original matter is agreeable to all thinkers and students of art, politics, or literature.—*Montreal Herald*.

"CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED."—The last number of the *Canadian Illustrated News* is a pictorial and literary weekly worthy of the Dominion and the success which so far has attended its publication. The paper does not trench on the domain of any other newspaper, its sphere being quite distinct. The publishers' object is to produce as good an illustrated and family paper as the circumstances of the country will warrant.—*Kingston Whig*.

CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.—The number of the *Illustrated News* for the present week is of unusual excellence both in point of choice and well executed illustrations and entertaining and instructive letter press. We cannot but strongly commend the enterprise of the publishers to public countenance and support. Their honest attempt to publish a pictorial and weekly worthy of the Dominion is deserving of every encouragement. They are now producing as good an illustrated and family paper as the circumstances of the country warrant.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

The present number of this popular weekly is very creditable. The pictures will bear comparison with any similar publication the world over, and the letter-press is varied and interesting. Among the former may be mentioned a full page portrait of the Canadian prima donna, Mlle. Ladueuse (Alban); a series of sketches illustrating the Imperial proclamation at Delhi; a capital political cartoon; pictures illustrative of French art; the *Northern Light* among the ice, &c., &c. The letter-press includes a number of carefully-edited departments suitable for the family circle; impartial articles upon current topics; interesting selections. It is pleasing to know that the publishers of the *News* are doing their utmost to make their paper a credit to the country, and we trust the public will help the good work onward by extending a cordial support.—*Montreal Star*.

ROUND THE WORLD.

ITALY has refused Germany's demand for the extradition of Archbishop Ledochowski.

THE rumor is revived that Lord Lytton will shortly resign the Governor-Generalship of India, to be succeeded by Lord Dufferin.

THE European Powers have communicated to Russia their reply to Prince Gortschakoff's circular. They all agreed to abstain from interference with the Porte until the latter shall have proved itself incapable of carrying out its proposed policy of reform.

DOMESTIC.

CORN BREAD.—Three teacupfuls yellow corn-meal, one teacupful wheat flour, one-half cupful sugar, one teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonsful baking-powder; mix together dry, wet with tepid water to a thick batter; bake in sheet or patty pans in quick oven.

GERMAN TOAST.—Cut thick slices of baker's bread; dip them each in milk enough to soften them, then dip them in beaten egg; put them in a pan greased with just sufficient butter to fry; fry till brown as an omelet, and then serve well sprinkled with white sugar. Two eggs would be sufficient to dip nearly a dozen slices of bread pancakes. The hotter the toast the better.

CORN CAKE, WITH FRUIT.—Pour one quart boiling water on one quart corn-meal, and stir quickly. Wet the hands, and form the dough into small round cakes, one-half an inch thick. Bake in a hot oven. The addition of a few raspberries, bucklerberries, or any other sub-acid fruit, is a decided improvement. Sweet apples, chopped fine, are also excellent.

HOW TO COOK TOUGH BEEFSTEAK.—A round steak, or one too tough for a savoury broil, may be made palatable in the following way: Have your skillet very hot, and fry your steak with very little butter, just long enough to brown each side. Fill up with boiling water, cover, and let it stew two hours. Take up the steak, thicken the gravy, season to taste, and pour over the meat.

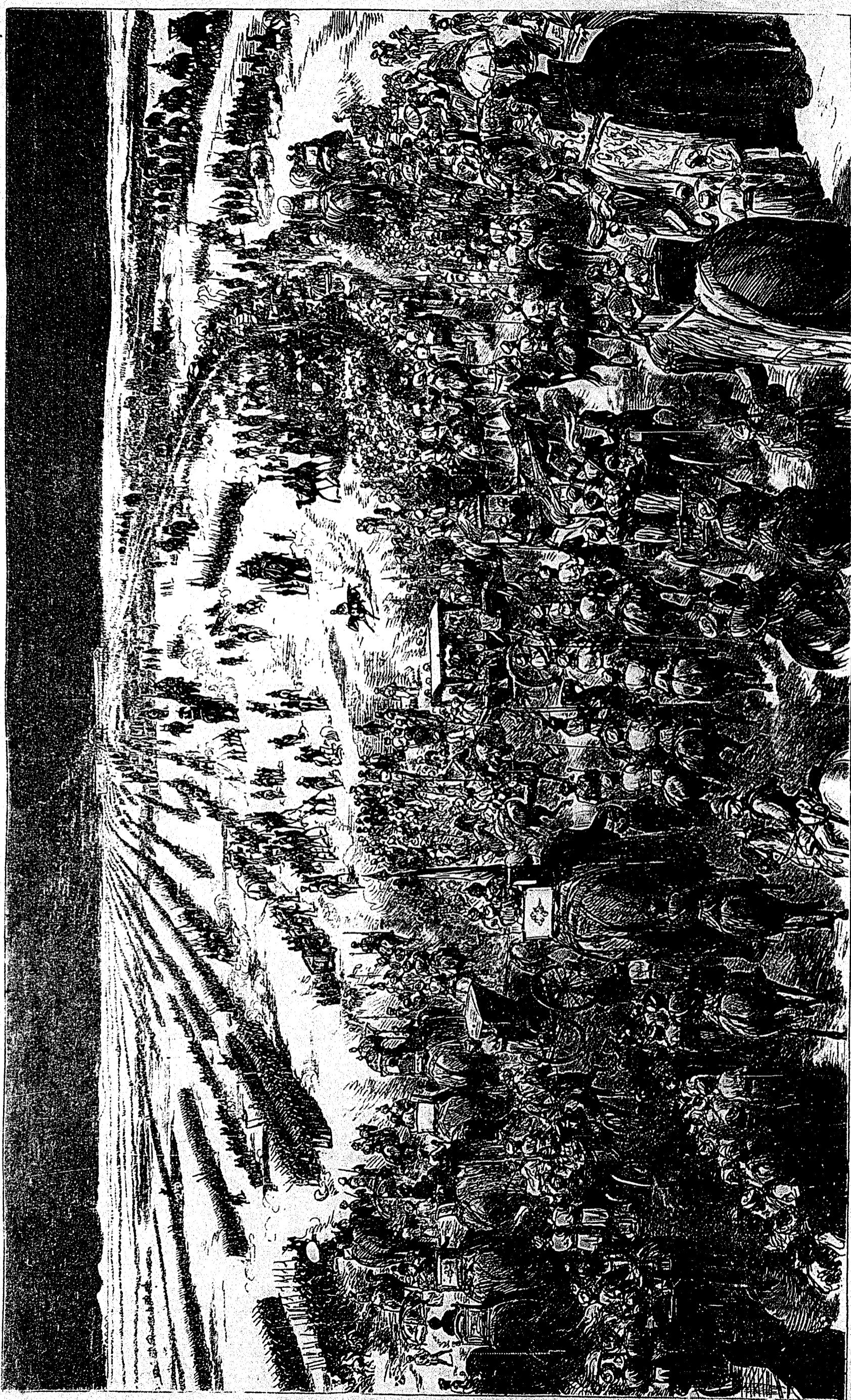
NOURISHING SOUP FOR INVALIDS.—Boil two pounds of lean veal and a quarter of a pound of pearl barley in a quart of water very slowly until it becomes the consistency of cream. Pass it through a fine sieve, and salt it to taste. Flavour it with celery seed, if the taste be liked, or use fresh celery, if in season. A very small quantity of seed would suffice. It should simmer very slowly, as otherwise the barley does not properly amalgamate with the soup. It is called barley-cream, and will not keep more than twenty-four hours. Beef may be used instead of veal.

TO COOK RICE.—Wash in cold water several times, removing imperfect grains. To one pint of rice put three quarts of boiling water, let it boil seventeen minutes from the time it fairly begins. Turn off the water, remove the pot lid, and put on the back of range, thus searing the grains being white, separate and dry. For griddle cakes, rice should be mashed, boiled in cold milk in similar proportions, sweetened and flavored, and turned into wet molds to turn out when cold.

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

OZONIC COMPOUNDS OF PHOSPHORUS, and for building up the constitution is unequalled. It has been prescribed for NERVOUS DEBILITY, MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM and LUNG DISEASES with great success.

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



THE GREAT PROCESSION TO THE DELHI DURBAR TO PROCLAIM THE EMPRESS OF INDIA.



THE CARNIVAL IN THE 15TH CENTURY—From a Sketch by Kollarz.

FOR AN ALBUM.

Write something, you say? Well now, let me see; To scribble nonsense is always my way, But grant a moment's indulgence to me, Short as nonsensical will be my lay.

I hope, kind friend, and believe me sincere, That life's rugged path to you will be clear; If clouds should appear and darken the way, Remember that sunshine oft comes with the day.

Montreal.

G. T. B.

JOAN:

A TALE,

BY

RHODA BROUGHTON,

AUTHOR OF

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

PART I.

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

"Have you come to tell me the sequel of it?" she asks, in a voice which, though a little mollified, contains still a good deal of starch.

"Why do you ask these offensive questions?" he cries, impatiently. "I wish I had a box of cigar-lights that I might strike a Vesuvian, and see whether your face tallies with your cold, east-windy voice. It is evident that you are displeased with me—and why? I have done nothing to deserve it!—but come, let us hear—what do you suppose happened?—what do you think we said or did—when we got there?

"I have never hazarded a conjecture!" she answers, lifting her small, white chin into the air, and speaking in a tone of equal frostiness and falsity.

"When I came back, it was in ten minutes—believe me it was in ten minutes—you were gone! I went out on the terrace, I ran to all our resorts—to our trellised rose-walk—to our beech-tree—to our hew-hedge—you were nowhere; I called you—but there came no answer."

"Are you still out of humor with me?" he asks, rather crestfallen; then, after a moment, in a tone of doubtful exultation: "Is it possible, Joan—is it possible that you are—jealous of me? It seems too good news to be true; but indeed—it looks like it. As for me, do you know that I am jealous of the very dews that have leave to drench your gown? of the very dial round which your arms are thrown." He steps nearer to her, with his arms passionately outstretched, but she slips from him as if she were a mist-maiden, made out of moonbeams and evening vapor. "Are you angry?" he cries, vehemently; "indeed you have no need to be! I had to come to night. I could not put it off till to-morrow. I thought, 'I may die in the night.' Even if they had all been here—they are all out, are not they? God bless them!—but even if they had all been sitting round, I think I should have had to ask you all the same."

She laughs a little—a laugh that is half a sob.

"What is it that gives this sharpest edge of keen pain-pleasure?" he cries, looking passionately up at the impassioned sky. "O love! do you know that I can fancy no ecstasy in the conventional idea of heaven? the dead-sweet certainty of everlasting fruition would nauseate my palate; it is the uncertainty—the thought that you may die—that to-morrow—to-morrow it may be ended and gone, that makes this agony of rapture."

"You are wrong! you are wrong!" she cries, vehemently; "in love there is no uncertainty. All those who have ever really loved, whether they died to-day or three thousand years ago, love still. Oh, my dear! what good or pleasure could there be in it if we believed that it could pass? In this weak and shifting world it is the one all-sure, all-strong, all-lovely thing! Kill me, sooner than convince me of its mortality!"

As she so brokenly speaks, she lifts her streaming eyes to the stars that are not clearer or more holy than they. And those words and that look her lover carries away with him in his heart, when, five minutes later, she sweetly but resolutely sends him away. I think that they will be buried with him when he dies.

CHAPTER XXIII.

On entering the drawing-room Joan finds the Moberley triad all gathered in the window; all standing, and all with heads close together, bent over some object of interest held in the hands of one of them. At her entry they all turn with exclamations of relief and pleasure toward her.

"What a provoking girl you are!" cries Bell, sharply; "you always manage to be out of the way when anything interesting happens! Here is another note come for you from the Abbey! What can it mean? Surely" (in accents of almost indignation), "they cannot be wanting you back already!—it cannot be another invitation!"

Joan has torn open the well-fingered and stretched envelope presented to her, and hastily mastered its contents.

"It is not an invitation!" she says, answer-

i ng the six intent eyes that are focusing her; and, if they had leisure to notice her complexion, they might mark how utterly that small piece of note-paper has abolished from her cheeks the dainty red that love, sea-air, and exercise had printed there; "on the contrary, it is to say that Mrs. Wolferstan is coming here today—she will be here about three!"

"Mrs. Wolferstan?"

"Coming here?"

"To-day!" cried the three voices, in each of which awe, astonishment, and rapture, are mixed in differing proportions.

Ten minutes later, Joan, escaped from her family's conjectures and lamentations, is sitting in her own little bare room. On her knee is outspread her future mother-in-law's missive:

"DEAR MISS DEERING:

"If I hear nothing to the contrary, I shall be with you this afternoon at three o'clock, as I wish to speak to you on a subject of the most vital importance.

"Yours, truly,

"SOPHIA WOLFERSTAN."

What that subject of most vital importance is, Joan has no difficulty in conjecturing. And since, in less than two hours, a battle is to be fought, she is already arming herself with spear, shield, and buckler, for it. In order to harden herself against, and take the sting out of, the many depreciating remarks that she is aware will during the next three hours, be addressed to her, she is saying them all over, in order, to herself.

She sighs heavily, and her eyes raise themselves from the druggist to the wash-stand, and fasten upon the mutilated ewer, which is now, so to speak, reduced to be only a torso; its handle having lately gone to join his long-lost brother, the spout, on the ash-heap. She smiles sardonically, "Certainly, it is a singular house in which to come to look for a wife!" By-and-by, in self-defense, she begins diffidently to reckon up her counterbalancing advantages. "I am well-born and well-bred," she says, half aloud; "I have an old and stainless name—older, more stainless, than their own; there are absolutely no dark stories about any of us; we have always held our heads up, and looked the world straight in the face.

As she so speaks, her dejected head lifts itself, her bent figure grows straight; there come a greater dignity and confidence into her whole bearing.

"Let her say her worst!" she says, with low energy; "she shall not part us two."

CHAPTER XXIV.

The hospital clock has reached only the second stroke of three, when the Wolferstan carriage draws up at the door of Portland Villa.

"Punctual to the moment, you see!" says the Dame, beginning to talk at once and quickly; "did not I tell you that punctuality was my one virtue? Never in all my life have I missed an appointment, or been late for a train; it is well to have even a small virtue in perfection; is not it?"

"Is it a small virtue?" says Joan, politely. But Mrs. Wolferstan does not heed her remark.

"It is always a mistake beating about the bush, is not it?" she says, laughing nervously; "always better to go to the point at once—straight to the point;—I always go straight to the point; do not you?—I am always an advocate for truth—truth, truth, at any price, I always say; well, the truth is, I came to speak to you about—about Anthony/

"You are too late!" says Joan, rising and stretching out her hands before her, as one that warns off another, and speaking in a resolute, clear voice—"you have come too late—a day too late! Yesterday—last evening, Anthony asked me to marry him!"

"And you said 'yes'?" cries the other, rising too.

"I said 'yes.' Is there any reason why I should not say 'yes'?"

They stand facing each other; Joan tall and pale, and resolute; her two hands straightly clasped together, and her courage gathered up; for is not this the brunt of the battle?

"What!" cries the elder woman, her voice rising to the neighborhood of a scream, "what!—you can stand there and look me, his mother, in the face and ask, 'is there any reason why I should not marry your son!'—you too, whom I credited with such sound sense!"

"Are you going to tell me that a marriage with me must be a disadvantageous one for any man, much more for one who, like your son, might ask and get so much?" says Joan, speaking in a low voice, but quite calmly and gently. I know it! I quite agree with you!—Are you going to tell me that I am poor—almost destitute—that I have very undesirable relations—that I have sunk to a grade in society far below your or my own natural level? It is all quite true! I quite agree with you; but he knows it all too, and he has overlooked it!"

"I protest that I am quite unable to follow you!" says Mrs. Wolferstan, coldly. She has sat down again as if exhausted—"I never was so mistaken in any one in my life!—you affect to be alluding to the drawbacks that there are to a union with you, and you pass over in total silence the one insuperable objection; in comparison with which all the others are trifles light—as air!"

"What do you mean?" asks Joan, slowly, her blue eyes widening in a painful wonder; "as

God lives, I have told you all the drawbacks to myself that I know of."

"How!" cries the other, in accents of unfeigned amazement and dismay; "are you serious? but indeed there is no appearance of insincerity about you; is it possible that you do not know the—really it is difficult to know how to word it—the deplorable—the lamentable circumstances?"

"I know nothing!" answers Joan, her composure breaking a little, and speaking in quick and shaken tones; "I am in the dark!—I see that something dreadful is coming; if you have any mercy—if you have any humanity—let it come quickly!"

"Is it possible?" says the other, in a scared voice; "who could have imagined such a thing? is it possible that you are ignorant—that you have not heard—that no one has ever told you about—about—your father?"

"My father! I know absolutely nothing of him! I have vaguely heard that he was rather wild, and that he died when I was ten months old; is there anything else to hear? anything bad?"

"This is too shocking!" cries Mrs. Wolferstan, rising hastily, and making for the door; "you must excuse me, I will leave you! I must go home! I will write; you may depend upon me; as soon as I reach home I will write!"

"You will not write!" says Joan, rapidly crossing the room; standing with her back against the door, and speaking in low, stern tones, steadied by an enormous effort—"you will tell me—tell me now—before you leave this room!"

"It is absolutely impossible!" says Mrs. Wolferstan, whimpering, and feeling with futile fingers for the useless door-handle. "I never was able to break anything to anybody in my life! I never had the nerve for it; I refer you to your aunt; she knows the whole affair; she will tell you."

"You will tell me!" repeats Joan, still in the same resolute, low voice, as she stands—inexorable guardian—with her straight young back against the door-panel. "You will tell me; you have begun and you must end; if I can bear to hear, you can bear to speak!"

"I never was placed in such a position in my life!" says the elder woman, trembling all over, and aimlessly fumbling for her smelling bottle; "I, too, who have always—all my life—been physically incapable of giving pain to any one! I, who never could bear to see a fly killed—but since you insist upon it—since you use compulsion—since you give me no choice—I suppose I must be driven—though certainly no one in the world is less fitted for the task than I—to tell you that—that—that—your father—"

She stops.

"Go on!"

Again she stops, dead short, gasping.

"Go on!"

"By—by—well, it is not my fault—you will have it—forged his employer's signature—he had been taken into the employ of a provincial banker as clerk—to a check for a large amount. Out of regard to the family, and especially out of regard to your grandfather, whom all the world revered, the banker abstained from prosecuting, and, I am told, honestly tried to hush up the matter. But" (with a shrug) "how impossible it is to keep things of this kind quiet. In a day the affair had got wind, in a week the whole country-side, high and low, gentle and simple, knew it. Soon afterward, fortunately—one may really say, providentially—your father died. There, I hope you are satisfied now!" sinking down on a chair, and breaking, behind her swaddling veil, into a torrent of feeble tears.

There is a silence, a dead icy silence, at least in the room; for outside God's good air is full of merry noises—the holiday shrieks of the scampering Campidoglio children, the triumphant cluckling of the Sardanapalus hens. After a while:

"What," says Joan, in a rough, slow whisper; reeling as one drunk, while her haggard eyes roll round the miserable finery of the little garish room—"what—is—this—you—have been saying? There—is—something—wrong—about my ears! I—hear wrong." Another pause. "What," her voice rising with sudden leap into an anguished loudness, as, staggering forward, she convulsively clutches the wrists of the cowering old woman, while her eyes turn the full agony of their blaze on her face—"what! do you know who it is that you are speaking to? Do you know that it is I—Joan Dering—whom you have been telling that her father was a *forgiver*? that it was only by accident that he did not die in a felon's jail? You have lost your wits, I say! you have lost your wits!" spasmodically shaking the frightened hands that she holds.

"I have done nothing of the kind," says Mrs. Wolferstan, thoroughly alarmed and sobbing angrily; "let me go! you have no right to be so violent! I have not said one word for the truth of which I cannot vouch. I am hardly likely to be inventive on such a subject; ask your aunt—ask anybody."

The sound of her peevish, tremulous voice seems to bring Joan back to sanity.

Slowly she loosens her hands, and tottering blindly back against the wall.

"It is true, then!" she says, under her breath. "True—true—true!" repeating the word over several times, as if it were one of unfamiliar sound and strange meaning.

There is another lead-footed silence. Mrs. Wolferstan is ruefully regarding her wrists, on which Joan's agonized grasp has left distinct

red marks. Joan herself is still leaned against the wall, which alone seems to prevent her falling; her hands clenched together in icy wedlock, her eyes stiffly fixed; her red mouth pinched and pale, her dimples murdered and dead. Then she speaks in a harsh, marred voice, with gaps between the broken words:

"They knew it, then, all along—all these years the people at Dering knew it!—among whom I held my head so high and lorded it over them because they were not so purely born as I! They knew it, and they did not taunt me with it—did not throw it in my teeth. Great God! they were forebearing!" lifting her arms and clasped hands high above her head, and then letting them despairingly drop again.

"I suppose that they thought it kinder to keep you in the dark," says Mrs. Wolferstan, querulously; for the tears she has shed have taken all the gum out of her eyelashes, and sent smoky runlets down her partly-coloured cheeks; "though, for my part, I think they were extremely ill-judged!"

"Kinder! kinder! kinder!" cries the girl, with a mild laugh, her voice at each word scaling new heights of woe. "Do you call that kind? If they had been kind, they would have taught me, as soon as I could speak, that I was not like other children; that I had no right to play with them, or have hopes of a future like theirs. As soon as I could understand anything they should have told me that God had sent me into the world branded—branded to my life's end!"

At the last words she falls forward on her trembling knees before a chair, and her stricken head sinks heavily on the gaudy, faded worsted seat. There she lies, absolutely motionless, without a moan or a cry; only now and then a short dry sob tells that she still lives.

After an interval—a long, long interval, neither of them ever knows how long—Joan slowly lifts her face—a face across which is forever written the superscription of an unutterable woe. Then she speaks in a collected, even voice, no longer hoarse or distraught.

"When you first came here to-day," she says, addressing Mrs. Wolferstan, and holding her by the solemnity of her great and woeful eyes, "you told me that when you had explained yourself I should agree with you. You are right; I do agree with you." No answer. Another heavy silence. "You came," says Joan, slowly, still in the same composed tone, with not even a gasp or catching of the breath, "to rescue your son from the infamy of marrying a *forgiver*'s daughter. Well, you have succeeded—he is safe. And now, will you go, please? I think I should be glad if you would go."

Mastered by the silent tragedy of her eyes, the other turns without a word and moves limp and crestfallen to the door, but before she can turn the door-handle Joan is again beside her.

"I was wrong," she says, "discourteous; I ask your pardon. If I had been in your place I should have done as you have done; probably I should have done it more harshly, for, in the face of such a peril, one could not be scrupulous, or pick one's words. I bear no malice. Good-by."

As she speaks she puts out an ice-cold hand, and the other, taking it, silently goes.

CHAPTER XXV.

The hour draws nigh when Wolferstan and his love are again to meet, for sweet good-night speech by the twilight waves. For a quarter of an hour he has been trudging impatiently up and down on the soft, loose sand and sour, small grass of the dunes, his quick look turned sometimes seaward, but oftenest toward the inland landscape, where, in the utter mellow stillness of heaven, spread the shaven cornfields, the steamy meadows, the red cottage-roofs, and heavy-weighted apple-orchards.

To his hurrying thought, his love's steps seem tardy. Each moment that she delays is so much coin filched from their treasury. As he so childishly thinks, there becomes visible to his intent eyes, a figure, small and indistinct from distance, outlined against the pallid primrose of the sky. It is she, at last. His first impulse is to go hastily to meet her, but a superstitious feeling restrains him.

"I will not go to her; she shall come to me; we will meet on the same spot where we met this morning; it will be a good omen."

So he stands still and watches her. She seems to him to come but slowly; and her feet trail but heavily after each other. But she is close to him now. He had meant to have reproached her; but as he looks upon her, his reproaches die away in utter joy and pride. Dumbly he holds out his arms to her. Dumbly, too, she comes up to him, and speaks in a clear voice: "Kiss me."

"You are surprised at me!—you wonder what has made me suddenly so forward!—ah!" (with a long sigh), "one does not stand much on forms when one is saying 'good-by'!"

"Good-by!" he cries, startled; then quickly recovering his happy confidence—"ah! you mean 'God be with you!' I hope he will; now that you are beside me, he is more likely to be."

"Nay," she answers, looking at him with a solemn tenderness, "I mean 'good-by'—'farewell'—whatever other word most means leaving."

"Leave-taking!" he echoes, alarmed and puzzled; "why should we speak of leave-taking?—are you going anywhere?"

"Ay!" she says, with a bitter smile; "I am

going away from hope and love and pleasantness! I wish—oh, I wish that I were going away from life too! but that is not likely!—at twenty, that is not likely!"

"Joan!" he says, now thoroughly frightened, while a vague, cold terror girdles his heart and chills the hot river in his young veins—"Joan! what are you saying? I know that there can be nothing amiss really—what could there be?—what could have happened within these few hours?"

"Nothing has happened!" she answers, her pale lips still curving in that most bitter smile; "only that to-day I have been my own sexton, and have been burying my past and my future together in one deep grave. O love!" (in a voice, anguished indeed, but more natural—more like herself than her late so icy composure), "your labor is lost! you need not try to hide it from me any more; I know—to-day I know—what I am! your mother has told me!"

"What?" he cries, his face, a moment ago goodly and content as the fleckless sky above him, or the meek summer sea at his feet, all overcast with sudden clouds, while his eyes dart steely shafts of anger and fear—"what! she has dared!"

"Hush!" she says, with low authority, laying her cold hand on his wrathful mouth—"hush! She did well! Had I been she, and she I, I should have done the same. I am glad—" (speaking with firm and weighty slowness), "yes, glad that I have learned in time what an injury I was going to do you; I think—" (the softness of her tone tempered by a great softness)—"I think that you know that I would not willingly do you a mischief!"

"I am glad of it," he says, quickly. "God grant that we mean the same thing! There is only one real mischief that you could do me!"

"And you knew it all along—all the time!" she cries—a sort of triumph in her voice, "and yet you would have kept silence all your life, and have set me at your side as your honored wife! O love, it was well and worthily done of you, and I thank you—from the bottom of my heart I thank you for it!"

As she speaks, she humbly takes his hand and kisses it, while the tears, so long in coming, shower at last, in plentiful salt rain from her parched lips.

"For God's sake, stop!" cries Anthony, snatching away his hand; "you humiliate me! Why, pray?" he goes on, red and stammering, "why should I have told you about it? why should we waste time in speaking of so ugly and outworn, and—and—unimportant a subject! Have not we had pleasanter themes, Joan?"

She shakes her head sadly. "Unimportant, is it? Alas! it is important enough to set us two forever asunder!"

"What?" he says, falling back uncertainly a step or two, as if one had heavily and suddenly struck him, while a great dread slides coldly along his limbs, and chokes back the crowding words that are hurrying to his lips.

"Do you think," she says, speaking with the greatest sweetness, yet resolution withal, "that I love you so poorly as to saddle you forever with my disgrace? Do you think that I will let you—willing as you are—God bless you for that willingness!—couple your good, clean name with my stained one?"

"How?" he cries; the laggard words coming quickly enough now, in torrent-flow; words of utter scorn and contempt; "do I understand you right? Is it my rational, sweet, sensible Joan that is speaking? Are you going to set up a phantom, a bogey between us?—because there are no real hindrances—because the path that leads from me to you is smooth and level as path can be?—must you yourself build up impediments and throw obstacles?—impediments of straw—obstacles of air?"

She is silent. Her red eyes have travelled away to the red western wave, which seems to be dyed with the blood of all the roses that have blossomed since the world was.

"It makes my blood boil to hear you talk of your stained name!" he says, feverishly, beginning to walk up and down on the little hillock; "how can any stain come near my unsullied lily? and that name" (stopping beside her, and speaking with the utmost eagerness)—"and that name!—not much longer will it be yours! Soon, very soon, mine, which you praise for its cleanliness, will be yours too; will not it, beloved? will not it?"

"Never!" she says, looking solemnly and proudly up to heaven's vault darkening over their heads. "I shall never bear your or any other man's name; into no man's home will I carry my disgrace; till God, who makes all things clean, shall wipe away the stain from me, we two shall meet in love and fellowship never again!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Wolferstan is wed. The *Helmsley Courier* devotes three columns to the describing of his and his wife's deportment on the occasion; of how they were clad, who wed them, and who looked on. The *Morning Post*, the *Court Journal*, and half a dozen other papers, have also each and all something to say on this subject; and all these notices Joan has to read aloud to her aunt, and does so read them with an unsatisfactory voice, and where it appears seemly and probable that she should do so, makes comments on them. But the wedding is now deposited from its supremacy of interest. The past has ever few courtiers in comparison with

the future. The honey-moon is drawing towards its close, and Joan is still at Portland Villa. Each day her hope of escaping before the dreaded epoch of Wolferstan's return has grown more sickly; now it is dead. She has heard his wedding-bells. For days after they ceased pealing she hears them still. Sometimes she hears them now at the deepest hour of night deafening her ears. She has heard, and now Fate wills that she shall also see.

The day finally decided upon for her departure is—oh, irony of destiny!—the one after that fixed for the bride-peoples return, and the fancy ball which is to grace it, instead of, as she had ardently prayed, the one before. Our eye speaks much more loudly and distinctly than does our ear. It seems to Joan that what she has already endured, is as nothing compared with what she will suffer when seeing with bodily eyes that felicity of which she yet already knows.

The honey-moon nears its end; it is to be literally only a moon. The young people are to be allowed no margin; they are to be strictly tied down to their four weeks, at the end of which time they are to make their triumphant entry into their paternal home. They are to be dragged from the station by their tenants. Flags are to wave for them, arches are to tower above them, party-colored poles to rise to their glory, and in the evening the Abbey-doors are to be thrown open to admit so great a crowd as even its wide rooms will scarcely contain; a crowd embracing everything which the slenderest claims to gentility in all the country round, and in Helmsley itself.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

When we left Joan it was February, when we find her again it is August. When we left her it was dark, when we find her it is light. When we left her it was night, when we find her it is day—an August day in the afternoon. But there is no sultry August sun-blaze. The whole air is occupied by a fine, small rain, soft as butter, thick as mist, which while it seems to caress you, soaks you to the skin. And so, though it is a half-holiday, the Smith Deloraine school-room is as inhabited as if it were mid-lesson time.

By the open window, almost reached by the rain-pash, sits a little boy with heavy volume supported on small crossed knees, bent head, and hair falling into his studious eyes; evidently buried, full five fathom deep, in the quarto page before him. Another boy, a size larger, and apparently of a bent less intellectual than practical, has stealthily climbed upon a chair, and, by the aid of a grammar and a door ajar, is cautiously arranging a booby-trap for the reception of his sister Faustine, who left the room about ten minutes ago, and may shortly be expected to return.

Did his instructress see him she would undoubtedly put a stop to his exertions; but, as it happens, her back is turned toward him; and, moreover, for the moment, her thoughts are far enough from little boys. She is sitting at the table with brown head leaned on white hand, while before lies open an old pocket-book, at one entry in which her blue eyes are fixedly staring. For the moment, she sees neither pupils, nor green baze, nor small rain, nor big maps.

Her meditations are broken in upon by the voice of the little student, who suddenly lifts up his stooped head, his intently wrinkled forehead, and his little shrill voice.

"Miss Dering, why was not Queen Caroline a good woman? what did she do? did she cut off people's heads?"

"Not that I ever heard of, Monty!" replies Joan, laughing a little.

Again there is silence; broken this time by the opening of the door (innocuously, for the booby-trap has missed fire), to admit a little girl, Joan's eldest and last disciple—a well-to-do pink miss of ten.

"Miss Dering, mamma sends her love to you, and will you mind dining with them to-night?—they will be thirteen if you do not. Why do they mind being thirteen? I asked mamma, and she said it was because of Judas Iscariot!—what has Judas Iscariot to say to it?"

"Going to dine!" cries Rupert, with a long drawn sigh of bitter envy; "how I wish I was going to dine! what a lot I'd eat! I'd have twice of everything!"

"What will you wear, Miss Dering?" asks Faustine, gravely; "but you have so few dresses!—do not you wish that you had as many as mamma?" Mills says that mamma might go for a month without stopping, putting on two fresh dresses every day!"

Joan is dressed to the last pin and button. She has taken her farewell look at her own image—that look of temperate approval which a very pretty woman must, in common honesty, award to her own reflection. She would admire such a face were it on any one else's body. Why not because it is on her own? Joan knows quite as well as you could tell her that she is pretty; but it is such an old piece of news that it brings no great elation or complacency with it.

Joan is in the drawing-room now. She has run rather hastily down stairs, under the impression that she is late; but, on entering, she finds that only ten people besides herself are

yet assembled—that three must therefore be still missing. The host and hostess are both standing on the Persian hearth-rug, though no fire lures them thither. Mrs. Smith Deloraine is a good head taller than her husband. That there may be no mistake about it, she is fond of standing beside him, and drawing up her slight, tall figure to its last inch, so as to display to the world this advantage. Mr. Smith Deloraine is indeed neither so long nor so smart as his name.

As Joan enters, his wife is saying fretfully, "I am sure I do not know how much longer we are going to wait for Mr. Smith Deloraine's cousin; no one should be allowed more than ten minutes' law! it is not fair upon one's cook."

"But, my love," suggests the host, with the deferential air of a man who has married above him, "you forget that it is not only my cousin that has played truant—that we have not yet had the pleasure of welcoming your own relatives!"

It is Joan's first intimation that her employer expected any cousins; but she expresses the proper regrets. Five minutes later, they are all marching in to dinner; Joan bringing up the rear, in composed solitude. As she crosses the hall, she looks upward to send nods and becks up to the children, who, in company with half a dozen lady-servants appraising the smart gowns, are hanging over the banisters.

CHAPTER II.

Joan's position at the dinner-table is between the master of the house and a vacant place; not a promising situation for conversational enjoyment; but Joan has no great wish to converse. Her one desire is that the empty seat should remain empty throughout dinner.

Soup is safely passed, and the party is in mid-fish when Joan's careless eyes are caught and fettered by the sight of a little young gentleman with a red head, and a small face on which freckles and ruddiness strive for mastery; who is tendering stuttered apologies to the hostess, and having them received in a manner which would make a stouter heart than his quail, a wiser face than his look foolish. Is this the triumphant plutocrat—this unhappy little lad, bathed in scarlet discomfiture from top to toe, who is beginning aimlessly to ramble round the dinner-table; not seeing in his confusion that a kind-hearted footman is trying to guide him to his destined seat?

He is deposited in it at last, and, in a small and shaking voice, refuses soup that has been recalled for him. Joan's animosity dies on the spot—replaced by an immense surprise, and a hardly inferior compassion. It would be barbarity to address him now, but by-and-by, when he is cooled, fed, and calmed, it will, perhaps, be an act of Christian charity to make some small, soothing observation to him.

For a full quarter of an hour, therefore, she leaves him entirely alone; then, when the last *entrée* is setting out on its travels, she turns her charming, kind face toward him, and, in a low, pleasant voice that would not frighten a mouse or a hare, speaks:

"You mistook the dinner-hour, I dare say! It has happened to me once or twice in my life!"

On perceiving that he is addressed, the flamingo hue again rushes over the little young gentleman, far as the eye can reach. Not daring to look her in the face, he shoots a timorous glance out of the corner of his right eye, from amidst a forest of white eyelashes, and says in a hurried, low voice:

"The clocks were different; ought not I to have come in? Did it matter much?"

Joan smiles involuntarily.

"Not in the least! Why should it? Did you drive over—drive yourself?"

"Oh, dear, no!" (in the same quick, nervous voice). "I never drive, I do not know much about horses; I came in a fly!"

A pause.

"Were you ever here before?" asks Joan, perceiving that the conversation, if kept up at all, must be supported catechism-fashion—question and answer—and being perversely resolved not to let her little victim relapse again into silence.

"No, never!" (looking timidly round the table). "I know nobody. I am quite a stranger in these parts."

"And yet you belong to this neighborhood?" says Joan, interrogatively. She cannot bring herself to ask more directly after her beloved, deserted home, and yet has a morbid longing to have it brought into the conversation.

"I suppose so" (in a not very exhilarated tone). "I have lately purchased a place about twelve miles away—a very large place" (sighing); "perhaps you may have heard of it!" Dering Castle!"

"Certainly I have heard of it," she answers, with a smile of exceeding sadness; "not only so, but I used once to live there!"

"Indeed!"

"My name is Dering, I used to live there with my grandfather."

"Oh, really! You are a member of the late family—I had no idea!" A moment later, in a hesitating tone: "Were you—were you—much attached to the place?"

"I loved it!" she answers; her blue eyes growing moist. "It would be a wonder if I did not. I spent twenty most happy years there."

"Perhaps—perhaps, if you were so fond of the castle, you might like to run over some day and see the improvements."

"Improvements!" cries Joan, hastily, "What improvements?" Then, recollecting herself, and in a calmer voice: "Have you, then, been making any improvements?"

"There is a great deal of new furniture introduced," says the young man, with a faint flush of pleasure in his pale eyes.

"A great deal of new furniture!" repeats Joan, drawing a long breath. "Yes!—and what else?"

"All the old tapestry has been removed, it has been replaced by white and gold, and mirrors in the French taste!"

"White and gold, and mirrors in the French taste!" repats Joan, mechanically. "Yes—and what else?"

"All the windows throughout the building have been turned into sash ones, the best plate instead of the old casements. No expense has been spared. I think" (with a nervous smile) "that you will say that I have not yet

"I am sure I shall!" she answers in a very low voice, bending down her head.

It is well for Joan, and perhaps also for her neighbor, though he does not think so, that at this moment Mrs. Smith Deloraine beckons. Never—never has she left a table, or a table-companion, with greater readiness. As they pass through the hall Mrs. Smith Deloraine lays her hand affectionately on Joan's shoulder.

"Thank you so much!" she says, lackadaisically; "how good you were!—you drew him out wonderfully!"

"Did I?" says Joan, with a gasp and an hysterical laugh; "then I wish I had not!"

The evening wears away. Coffee is past; the men reappear, Joan's new *protégé*, on first entering the room, has aimed at her a pitiless, shipwrecked look, but seeing her palised round by women, his heart fails him; and he remains planted on the hearth-rug—the spot whither he had first drifted.

There he stands, a wretched little Crusoe, on his desert island of hearth-rug. Joan looks at him, and smiles maliciously.

It is ten o'clock now, and past; and the hostess's expected cousins are overdue. She has observed several times that they will be hungry—that they will be tired—that she wishes they would come; and has succeeded in awakening a feeling of faint expectancy in the breasts of the company generally, when, at length, the listened-for carriage-wheels are heard crunching the gravel of the drive; the hall-door is rung; servants hasten to answer the summons, and Mrs. Smith Deloraine herself hurries out, leaving the door open behind her. There is a lull in the talk among those who are left behind; all, however little addicted to eavesdropping, involuntarily listening—listening to the sound of cheerful, mixed voices that has risen in the adjoining hall; voices welcoming—voices welcomed—voices questioning, replying, ejaculating. At first they all talk at once, and you can detect no separate tones; but after a moment or two a strange woman's voice, clear, rather loud, raises itself above the others.

Before they are well over the threshold, Joan's eyes have fastened upon, and taken possession of the entering forms. What new trick of Fate is it? There is no need for a second look. The first one darted, lightning-quick, has assured her, past the possibility of error, that the newcomer's face and figure are not less familiar to her than were her voice and her laugh; and that face, figure, voice, laugh, belong to none other than to Lalage Wolferstan! And if the woman be Lalage, who then is this handsome, dusty man that is stepping after her, making polite, short answers to his new host's volved civilities? Who is he likely to be? Who but her husband? Who but Anthony?

SCIENTIFIC.

WINDOW-plants in Germany are often watered with cold tea or coffee. The effects are said to be beneficial.

THE electric light is becoming common in Paris in connection with works that have to be carried on during the night. A large lamp has been established in the Avenue de l'Opéra, and others are employed in the Trocadero, in connection with the building of the Exhibition Palace.

AN INVENTOR proposes a vessel that will not be affected by waves at sea. A hollow body is to be submerged several yards below the surface of the water; above the surface, supported by strong posts, is to be the part of the vessel for passengers. The propelling machinery is to be in the submerged portion.

AMONG little gems that seem adapted to all purposes, and as well to one as to another, is *Cuphea hyssopifolia*. It grows but a foot in height, is somewhat spreading in habit, and the slight stems are clothed with little linear-elliptical leaves of a dark, shining green, from the axils of which spring the small, rosy-like flowers that bloom perpetually.

THE wicks of lighted paraffin-lamps should never be turned low. In this position of the wick, if the oil is bad, a vapour with an innumerable quantity of specks of soot diffuses itself through the apartment, and so affects the nose and respiratory organs that one runs a danger of suffocation while falling asleep. It is advisable therefore to allow the lamp to burn brightly or to extinguish it entirely.

THE Rotafronium is the name of an ingenious and simple contrivance—recently patented—which has been designed for the purpose of preventing the too-often recurring accidents arising from the self-starting of perambulators on sloping pavements or inclined ways. The apparatus costs little, and can be applied to any child's carriage, the novel brake-power coming into play immediately the person who has the care of the perambulator releases his or her hold of the entrance.

MARCH 3, 1877.



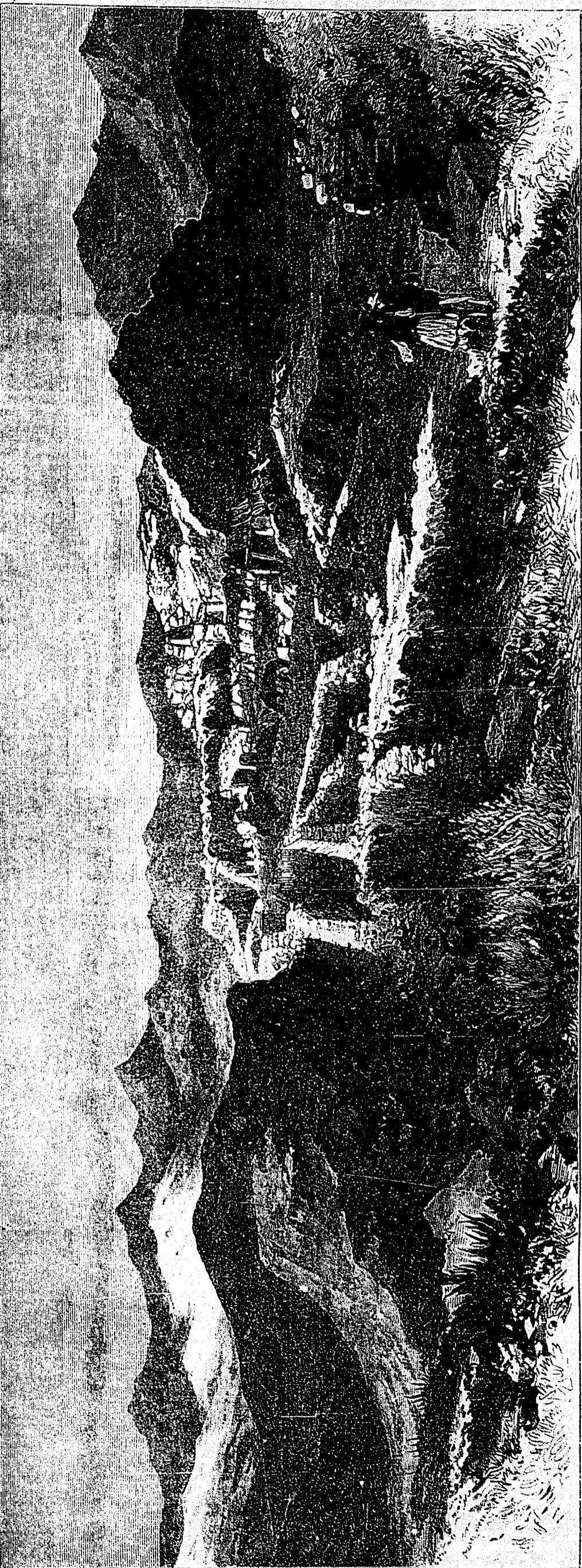
WASHINGTON:—CHARACTER SKETCHES OF AMERICAN CONGRESSMEN.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS, MYCENAE.



THE ACROPOLIS,
MYCENAE.



RUINS AND EXCAVATIONS OF THE ACROPOLIS, MYCENAE.

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERIES IN GREECE.

HISTORY OF THE STREETS OF MONTREAL.

The historical notes I published in French on the streets of Quebec, and which my esteemed friend, Charles Aylwin, Esq., of Cap Sante, was kind enough to render into English, I noticed with pleasure, led your readers to hope that similar notes on Montreal, from some Montreal pen, would shortly grace your columns. This ought to be a labor of love for many of your able and patriotic Montreal *littérateurs*. It will, of course, be found to entail no small amount of patient and tedious research. Surely amongst the clever writers of the *Antiquarian Magazine*, some will come to the rescue. English and French ought to combine. You have Messrs. Sandham, McLachlan, Bellemare, Abbé Verreau, and several other antiquarians of note. Though a Quebecer, I shall take the liberty to contribute the first stone to the structure, by translating what a literary friend of mine has written on the subject of streets in large cities.

"In a large city, each street has its peculiar feature. Such a street is sacred to commerce—a private residence in it would appear out of place. Such an other is devoted to unpretending dwellings: the modest grocery shop of the corner looks conscious of being there on sufferance only. Here resides the well-to-do—the successful merchant; further, much further on, dwell the lowly—the poor. Between both points there exists a kind of mutual territory, uniting the habitations of both classes. Some of the inmates, when calling, wear kid gloves, whilst others go visiting in their shirt sleeves. The same individual will even indulge in a cigar or light an ordinary clay pipe, according as his course is east or west. All this is so marked, so apparent, that it suffices to settle in your mind the street or ward to which an individual belongs. The ways of each street vary. Here, in front of a well-polished door, stands a showy, emblazoned carriage, drawn by thoroughbreds; mark how subdued the tints of the livery are. There is, however, something *distingué* about it, and people hurrying past assume a respectful bearing.

"In the next street, the carriage standing at the door is just as rich, but its pannelling is more gaudy—more striking in color are the horses—more glitter—more profusion about the silver harness mountings. Though the livery has more *éclat*, there seems to be less distance between the social status of the groom and his master.

Walk on further—the private carriage has merged into the public conveyance; still further, and you find but the plain *calèche*.

Finally, every kind of vehicle having disappeared, the house-doors are left ajar; the inmates like to fraternise with the street. On fine evenings, the footpath gets strewn with chairs and benches, occupied by men, smoking—women, chatting *al fresco* unreservedly—laughing that loud laugh, which says, "I don't care who hears me." Passers-by exchange a remark, children play at foot-ball, while the house dog, exulting in the enjoyment of sweet liberty, gambles in the very midst of the happy crowd.

These are good streets. One travels over them cheerfully and jolly. An atmosphere of rowdiness, theft, wantonness, hovers over some thoroughfares. Dread and disgust accompany him who travels over them. Their gates and doorways seem dark—full of pit-falls. Iron shutters, thick doors with deep gashes, indicate the turbulent nature of their inhabitants. Rude men on the sidepaths stare you out of countenance, or perform strange signs—a kind of occult telegraphy, which makes your flesh creep. To guard against an unseen foe, you take to the centre of the street—nasty and muddy though it should be—but there you fancy yourself safe from the blow of a skull-cracker, hurled by an unseen hand on watch under a gateway.

The police make themselves conspicuous here by their absence; 'tis a fit spot for midnight murder and robbery—unprovoked, unpunished. Honest tradesmen may reside here, but not from choice; they are bound to ignore street rows; lending a helping hand to a victim would cause them to receive, on the morrow, a notice to quit.

Be on your guard, if necessity brings you, after nightfall, to this unhallowed ground. Danger hovers over, under, round your footsteps. If an urchin plays a trick on you at a street corner, heed him not. Try and catch him, he will disappear to return with a reinforcement of roughs, prepared to avenge his pretended wrongs by violence to your person and injury to your purse.

Should a drunken man hustle you, as he passes, do not mind him, it may end in a scuffle out of which you will emerge bruised and with rifled pockets.

We dare not tell you yield to fear, but be prudent. Though prudence may be akin to fear, you never more required all your wits about you. It is very unlikely you will ever select this road again, though it should be a short cut. Such are some of the dangerous streets in their main features. There are thoroughfares, on the other hand, to which fancy lends imaginary charms; the street in which you live, for instance. You think it better, more agreeable. Each object it contains becomes familiar, nay cherished by you—the houses, their doors, their gables. The very air seems more genial. A fellowship springs up between you and your threshold—your land. You get to believe they know you as you know them—softening influences—sweet emanations of 'Home.'

Quebec,

J. M. LEMOINE.

HEARTH AND HOME.

FRIENDSHIP.—Friendship between men, when it deserves the name, is the slow growth of mutual respect; is of a nature calm and simple, professes nothing, exacts nothing; is, above all, careful and considerate in its expectations, and to keep at a distance from the romantic, the visionary, and the impossible. The torrid zone, with its heats, and its tempests, is left to the inexperience of youth, or to the love that exists between the sexes; the temperate, with its sunshine and zephyrs, cheerful morning and calm evening, is the only proper region for manly friendship.

TREACHERY.—Injury may wound, and be forgiven; insult may sting, and be forgotten; but treachery bewilders and chills us; and we know, even while we struggle to pardon, that for that there is no oblivion. A brightness and a melody has gone from our lives, when once we feel we have been betrayed; an asp has sprung from amid the flowers of our paradise, and we can never more tread there as fearlessly and gladly as before. Trust, that blessed portion of youth and inexperience, hath been driven from its stronghold in our hearts, and a few moments have sufficed to change us for ever.

HAPPINESS OF CHILDHOOD.—The period of life from three years to ten, if we are kindly treated, if we are not galled with the iron yoke of despotism, if we are not made to feel that we have a will of our own, if we are not thwarted and thrust aside from our innocent desire by the caprice of persons older than ourselves, is, in many respects, the happiest epoch of human existence. Then is the sunshine of the bosom, the first vintage and harvest of our newly-acquired senses of perception and imagination, before dear-bought experience has convinced us of their futility and hollowness. It is the epoch in which, by the omnipotent character of nature, we have no care what we shall eat, or wherewithal we shall be clothed. But all is provided for us by a superintendence that asks no aid from ourselves, and in which we have no particle of consciousness.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.—As house-mistress and as mothers, women have duties to perform quite as important in their results, if not so extensive in their area, as any that fall to the lot of men. As the former, the comfort and happiness of a greater or less number of people depends principally on them; as the latter, they influence and mould the future generation, and so are ultimate sources whence flows the current of events, and the creators of the characters in which history is to be written. But for the most part they enter on these important duties with no preparation that can be called serious or sufficient, and act as if knowledge comes by the grace of nature.

DISCOURAGERS.—It is curious to observe, says Helps, how even in modern times the arts of discouragement prevail. There are men whose sole pretence to wisdom consists in administering discouragement. They are never at a loss. They are equally ready to prophesy, with wonderful ingenuity, all possible varieties of misfortune to any enterprise that is proposed, and, when anything is produced and has met with some suitable success, to find it. A work of art was produced in the presence of an eminent cold-water pourer. He did not deny that it was beautiful; but he instantly fastened upon a small crack in it that nobody had observed, and upon that crack he would dilate whenever the work was discussed in his presence. Indeed he did not see the work, but only the crack in it. That flaw, that little flaw, was all in all to him.

SELF-HELP.—People who have been bolstered up all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for somebody to cling to or lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go. Once down they are perfectly helpless, and they cannot find their feet again without assistance. Such persons no more resemble men who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping-stones and deriving determination from defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or sputtering rush-lights the stars of heaven.

Efforts persisted in to achievements train a man to self-reliance; and, when he has proved to the world that he can trust himself, the world will trust him. One of the best lessons a father can give his son is this: Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties as you would strengthen your muscles, by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you will then be independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their mark on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount to their high position by the help of leverage; they leaped the chasm, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and, when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that strengthened them as they strove, it could never have been attained.

An article which has long been sought after and but recently made known in this country is *Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer*. A few applications as an ordinary hair dressing is all that is necessary to restore gray hair to its natural color, after which one application a week will be sufficient. It imparts a most beautiful perfume and gloss to the hair and keeps the head cool and entirely free from dandruff. It is quite a favourite toilet dressing with ladies, as it does not soil the most delicate head dress. It can be had of all chemists in large sized bottles 50 cents each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, are agents for Canada.

THE GLEANER.

THE ROYAL STATE COACH.—The Royal State coach in which Queen Victoria went to the Houses of Parliament the other day has just had a complete overhauling and been rebuilt. It was constructed in 1761. The builder was Sir Thomas Chambers, and the paintings were executed by Cipriani. It is richly ornamented with laurel and carved work, the whole being elaborately gilt. The length of the body is 24 feet, it is 8 feet 3 inches wide, and 12 feet high.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF ENGINEERS.—The Brotherhood of Engineers was formed thirteen years ago. It now embraces 189 subdivisions and 12,000 regular members in all parts of the United States and Canada. It provides for the widows and children of dead brethren, and since its organization has expended more than \$1,000,000 in this work, besides donating \$50,000 to aid needy members. Only locomotive engineers are eligible for membership, and at a death the family receives \$3,000.

NEUILLY AND THE NEIGHBORING PARTS OF PARIS.—During the last month or two, been puzzled by aerial music, which was at last found to proceed from carrier pigeons, being reared and trained at the Military Pigeon House in the "Jardin d'Acclimatation." As they will in future be expected to fly very long distances, become exhausted, and then probably be attacked by other birds, extremely thin and light bells have been attached to their necks, which, it is believed, will scare assailants.

MADAME MICHELET.—In a letter states her intention of insuring a supply of water to Pere-Lachaise for the use of persons planting flowers on the tombs of relatives. This, she thinks, will be the best memorial of her husband, who was struck by this want when, on losing a friend, 50 years ago, he paid frequent visits to his grave and vainly endeavoured to keep alive flowers planted upon it.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.**No. 19. CHARADE IN VERSE.**

As long as we retain our breath,
My *first* we shall have unto death;
Not one amongst us, no not one,
May live to see to-morrow's sun.
My *second* ever speeding fast,
The same in future as in past,
Ever onward thus he goes,
Bringing with it cares and woes.
During my *whole*, let's strive each day
Some goodly action to display;
To one another act upright,
With heart and hand also unite.

No. 20. CONUNDRUMS.**THE BAKER.**

1. Why is he likely to be poor?
2. Why is he like a honey bee?
3. Why is he like an ill-natured man?
4. Why is he like a traveller in Egypt?
5. Why is he like an avaricious clergyman?
6. Why is he a remarkable example of industry?
7. Why is he like a tailor?

No. 21. ARITHMOREM.

- | | |
|---|-----------|
| 103 and son (a cutting) | curtailed |
| 101 " fast N (to make holy) | " |
| 201 " eat rat (clearly spoken) | " |
| 1001 " soap Norah (excessive development) | " |
| 156 " e (kind treatment) | " |
| 1001 " rose (malady) | " |
| 1 " runs (to underwrite) | " |
| 153 " as pertaining to (Sicily) | " |
| 0 " tart (to turn round) | " |
| 1002 " a bupho (what an otter is) | " |
| 1050 " re-eaten (relating to the first part of anything) | " |
| 601 " spy, peas (the common name of a plant) of the genus "Cypripedium," nat. or order "Orchidæ." | " |

The initials, the centrals, and the penultimate letters, taken downwards, give the name of an author, and the title of one of his works.

No. 22. CHARADES.

1. My *first* is 2 birds; my *second* is used in hunting; and my *whole* is a flower.
2. My *first* is seen at Christmas time; my *second* is a kind of wine; and my *whole* is a flower.
3. My *first* is a number; my *second* is a part of the face; and my *whole* is a flower.
4. My *first* is an animal; my *second*, a covering for be hand; and my *whole* is a flower.

DYSPEPSIA.—Is but a breaking down of the tone of the stomach and inability to digest the food and work it up into nourishment for the brain and body. An eminent writer on this subject says, "that although the fact is established that alcoholic stimulants are unnecessary and alarmingly destructive to health, comparatively few have yet learned that the gross adulteration to which tea, coffee, cocoa, &c., are subjected, render them equally so."

Tea, coffee and cocoa all contain much in common, but cocoa is the most nutritious beverage of the three, and the one which approaches nearest to milk in its ultimate composition.

Analyzing the different compounds sold to-day, it is easy to understand how the unnatural fever in the whole digestive apparatus is produced and daily strengthened. Cocoa in its purity—scientifically treated—is admitted by high medical authority to be a most nourishing and strengthening beverage, and when secured in its purity with all the original richness of the cocoa nib not weakened or reduced by any adulteration, is strongly recommended to all as an article that will tone and stimulate the most delicate stomach. A propos of adulterated articles there is one thing to be said in favor of English manufacturers, and that is that they seldom advertise their *prepared* or *adulterated* cocoas as *pure*, they either leave out that important word altogether or call them *prepared*, or by some high sounding and equally deceptive name. The preparation consists merely in mixing the cocoa with starch arrowroot, or some other unnecessary (and when used in this way very indigestible) compound. And this fact should be borne in mind by those who wish to avoid the *prepared* and *adulterated* and to obtain the pure article.

We have thoroughly examined Rowntree's Prize Medall Rock Cacao, now enjoying a large sale in this country, as it has for years past in England and throughout Continental Europe, and find it to be a genuine *agreeable* and *economical* preparation and all that the proprietors claim for it, and knowing it to be such, take pleasure in endorsing it as a pure, healthy and refreshing beverage.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. W. S., Montreal.—Your solution of Problem No. 107 was noticed in our last Column. It came too late for the previous issue. Many thanks for your letter and its contents.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Solutions of Problems No. 108 and No. 109 received. Correct.

H. A. C. F., Montreal.—You will perceive that we take advantage of your communications. We shall be glad to hear from you again.

J. A., Montreal.—Letter received. Many thanks.

Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 107 received. Correct.

The visit of Mr. Bird to Montreal has been beneficial to the cause of Chess in many respects. In the first place it has led to an interest in the game among many, who, although not entirely indifferent to it, were rarely seen to take part in actual play themselves, or to seek any information respecting its progress in quarters where it was considered worthy of especial attention. In the second place, the Chess players of Montreal have not only had an opportunity of seeing the mode of play of one who deservedly stands high in the Chess world, but they have been enabled to test their own powers with their talented visitor, and thus form a more accurate estimate of their own skill, than they could by any number of encounters with those who, day by day, were their antagonists in the mimic battle.

In the third place, Mr. Bird's sojourn here will have, there is no doubt, an influence in many localities in Canada where Chess has been almost a thing unknown and unappreciated and will ultimately lead to the establishment of clubs in some of the more rapidly growing parts of our Province.

Mr. Bird's visit to Sherbrooke seemed to give him much satisfaction, and from what he stated with reference to the number of Chess players there, and the contests he had with the members of their club, it is evident that the Royal Game has many votaries in that enterprising city.

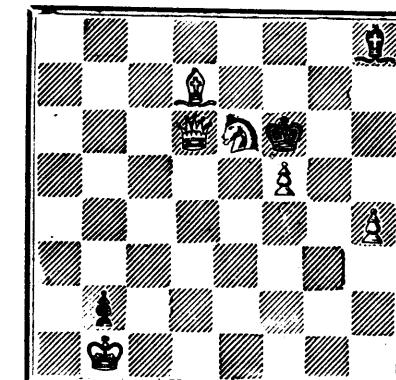
Some of the more immediate results of our late visitor's influence may be seen in the proposal on the part of the Montreal Chess Club to begin a Tournament among themselves, and also to make enquiries respecting a correspondence Tournament with the members of a club connected with one of the large cities of the United States.

A Chess match has just been concluded at the Montreal Chess Club, between Mr. G. Barry and Mr. Shaw. The terms of the match were that the player who scored the first five games was to win, and that draws should not count. The result was as follows:—Mr. Barry, 0; Mr. Shaw, 5; Draws, 0. We have the score of one of the games, but have not space for it in our Column this week.

The Rook in Problem No. 110 should be White instead of Black.

PROBLEM No. 111.

By F. HEALEY.

BLACK

WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.**GAME 159TH.**

Played in London, Eng., in the Divan Tournament between the Rev. G. A. Macdonald and Mr. Wisker.

(Roy Lopez.)

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| WHITE. —(Mr. M.) | BLACK. —(Mr. W.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 |
| 2. Kt to E 2 | Kt to Q B 3 |
| 3. B to Q Kt 5 | P to Q R 3 |
| 4. B to R 4 | Kt to K B 3 |
| 5. Castles | P to Q 3 (a) |
| 6. P to Q 4 | P to Q Kt 4 |
| 7. B to Q Kt 3 | Kt takes Q P |
| 8. K takes Kt | P takes Kt |
| 9. B to K Kt 5 (b) | B to K 2 |
| 10. P to Q R 4 | B to Q Kt 2 |
| 11. P takes P | P takes P |
| 12. R takes R | Q takes R |
| 13. Kt to Q R 3 | P to B 4 |
| 14. Q takes P | Castles |
| 15. Q to Q sq | R to Q sq |
| 16. P to Q B 3 | P to K R 3 |
| 17. B to Q 2 | P to Kt 4 |
| 18. B to K R 4 | B takes P |
| 19. B to K Kt 3 | Kt takes B |
| 20. B takes B | P to Q 4 |
| 21. R to K sq | Kt takes B |
| 22. P to B 3 | Kt to B 4 |
| 23. R takes B | P to Q Kt 5 |
| 24. R to K 5 | P takes P (d) |
| 25. Kt to B 2 (c) | Kt to R 5 |
| 26. P takes P | Kt to Kt 3 |
| | |

NOTES.

- (a) Many authorities prefer 5. Kt takes K P.
 (b) He clearly could not retake the Pawn with Queen without losing a piece.
 (c) Far better than 25. R takes Kt.
 (d) Very well played. If the Knight be taken the Pawns march on to victory.
 (e) Evidently overlooking White's neat rejoinder.
 (f) Clever and conclusive.

CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

GAME 16011.

(From the New York Illustrated Journal.)

(Allgaier Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Capt. MacKenzie.)	BLACK.—(Mr. Parnell.)
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. P to K B 4	P takes P
3. Kt to K B 3	P to K R 4
4. P to K R 4	P to K 5
5. Kt to K 5	P to K R 3
6. Kt takes B P	K takes Kt
7. P to Q 4	P to Q 4
8. B takes P	P takes P
9. B to B 4 (elo)	K to K 3
10. Castles	B to B 4
11. B to K 5	Kt to K B 3
12. R takes B (a)	K takes R
13. B to K B 7	P to K 6 (b)
14. Q to Q 3 (b)	Kt to K 5
15. Q takes Kt (b)	K takes Q
16. R to B 3 (b)	K to B 5
17. R to K B sq. mate (c)	

NOTES.

- (a) The initial move of a beautiful combination.
 (b) He has nothing better to do, as a very little examination will show.
 (c) In the genuine pleasure they will afford the reader, the last six moves surpass a dozen games between the position-mongers of the period.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 109.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. R to Q Kt sq.	1. P moves
2. P to Q S becomes a Kt	2. P moves
3. R takes P	3. Either Kt plays,
4. Kt mates acc.	

Solution of Problem for Young Players, No. 107.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. B to Q 4	1. K to K 4
2. Kt to K 7	2. K moves
3. B to K 3	3. K moves
4. R to K R 7 mate.	

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 108.

WHITE.	BLACK.
K at Q 8	K at Q B sq.
B at Q R sq	Pawns at Q R 6
B at Q R 4	Q R 5, K B 3, and K 2
Kt at Q 3	K 2
Pawns at Q Kt 3, and K B 5	

White to play, and mate in five moves.

LIGHT ON A DARK SUBJECT.

NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION.

(CORRECTED TO FEBRUARY 20TH, 1877.)

STATEMENT of the Circulation of the Daily Newspapers printed in the English language in the City of Montreal:

THE STAR . . .	13,628
The Witness . . .	12,111
The Gazette . . .	3,500
The Herald . . .	1,100

STATEMENT of the Circulation in the City of Montreal:

THE STAR . . .	11,258
The Witness . . .	8,150
The Gazette . . .	1,700
The Herald . . .	900

10,750

Shewing that the City Circulation of the STAR exceeds the combined City Circulation of all the other papers.

Comparative Statement shewing the Circulation of the principal papers in February, 1877, and the corresponding period of 1876:

THE STAR in 1877 . . .	13,628
THE STAR in 1876 . . .	10,310

Increase . . . 3,288

The Witness in 1876, 12,694.

The Witness in 1877, 12,111

Decrease . . . 583

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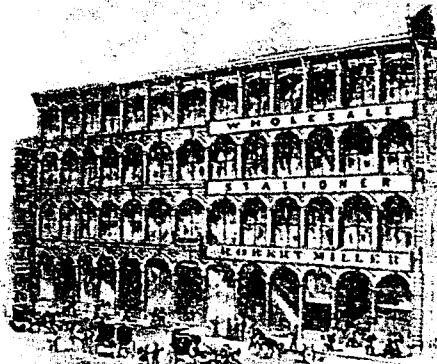
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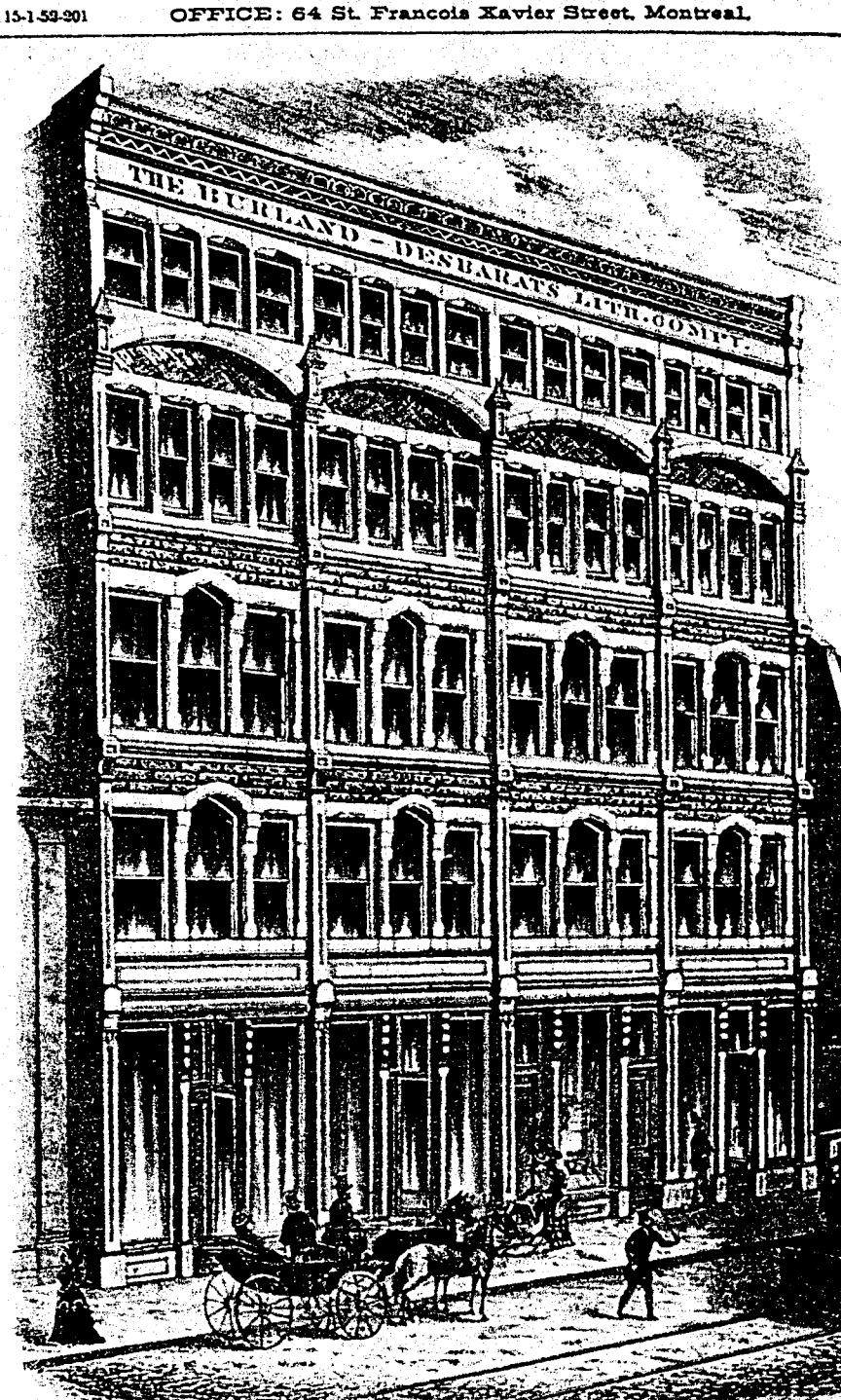
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