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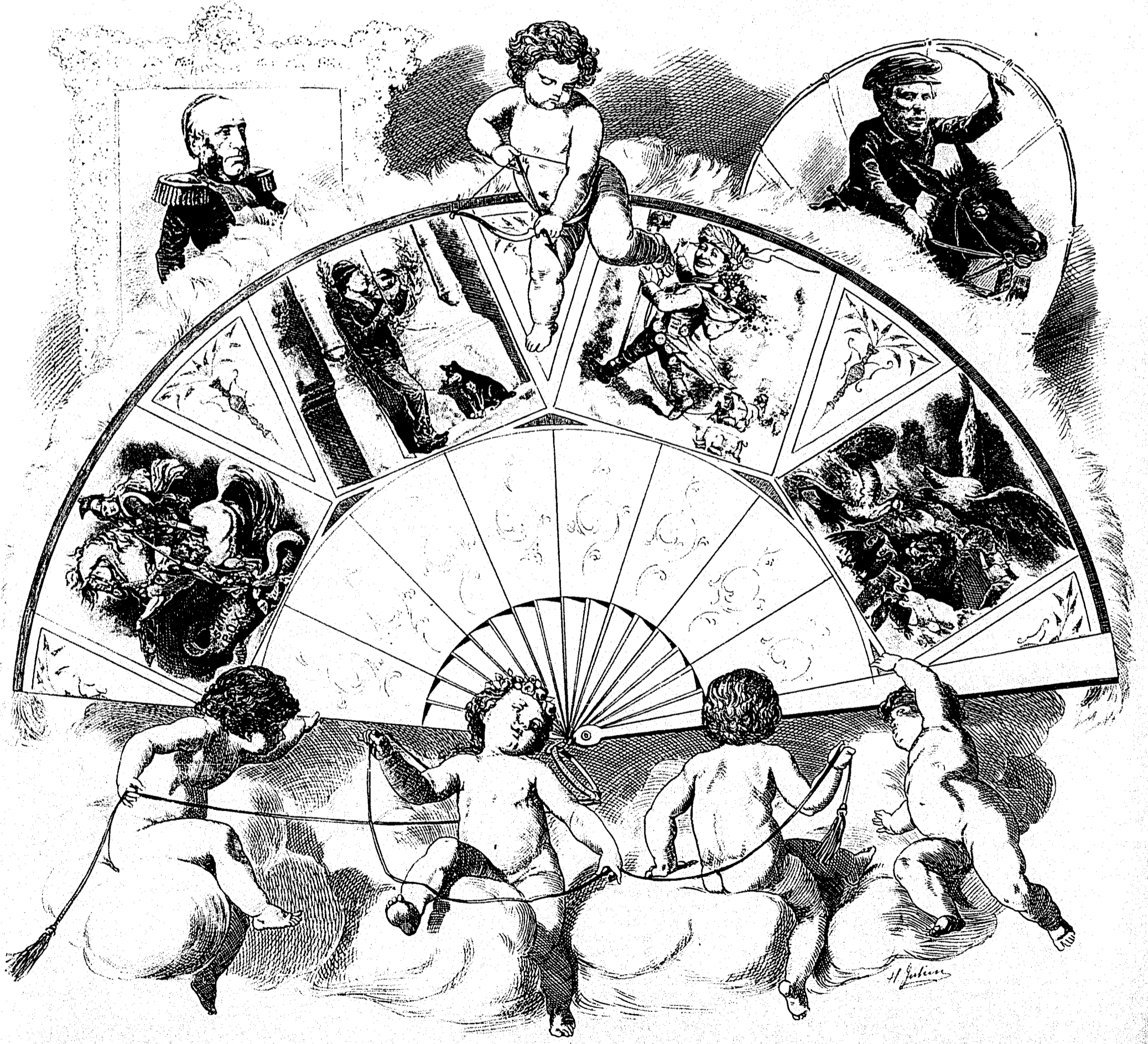
# THE MONTREAL FREE PRESS

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OUR VALENTINE.

The CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS is published by THE BURLAND-DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY on the following conditions:—\$4.00 per annum in advance, \$1.50 if not paid strictly in advance, \$3.00 for clergymen, school-teachers and post-masters in advance.

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

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Mr. ARTHUR W. MOORE has been appointed Agent for the "NEWS" in Kingston and vicinity.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Feb. 17th, 1877.

### THEORY OF OUR LOCAL GOVERNMENTS.

In certain quarters this important question has, of late, been discussed with some animation. Some writers put forth exaggerated views in favor of the privileges of Provincial Governments, while others assert the absolute control of the Federal Administration. Like many of those topics that have an air of learning about them, the present one turns mainly upon a proper understanding of terms. If these are correctly defined, fully half of the difficulty will be cancelled. The first of them is the term *independence*. Now, it should be understood at the outset that there is no *absolute* independence, either in the Federal or Provincial Governments, but only a *relative* independence, in the former of the Imperial, and in the latter of the Imperial and Federal Governments. Absolute independence is autonomy, relative independence always presupposes delegated powers.

This understood, it may be set down as a fundamental principle that the Local Governments are *independent within the circle of their delegated powers*. What these powers are can be easily ascertained by referring to the North America Act, where they are enumerated, one by one, in the clearest and most unmistakable language. In the legitimate exercise of these powers, they cannot be interfered with either by the other Provinces, or even by the Federal Government. Within this very wide sphere, then, we in Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, have our destinies in our own hands, to fashion them, improve them or damn them, as we please. So long as we respect these powers, no extraneous authority can molest us.

But there is this to be observed. The minorities in all the Provinces—minorities of race and creed, the most susceptible of all—have been promised certain

guarantees. Should these guarantees be violated, these minorities be oppressed, they have the recognized right of appeal to the Federal Government, and even from the Federal Government to the Federal Parliament. This is distinctly stated in Section III, clause 93, of the Imperial Act. This right affects not only the Protestant minority of Quebec, but also the Catholic minority of Ontario. Justice must work both ways, as it should do. This minority check, while it proves the abstract principle that Local Governments are absolutely independent of the Federal Administration, is in practice a strong impediment to the abuse of their delegated powers.

Another word much used in this controversy is *municipality*. Some writers pretend that the Provincial Government is not a mere municipality, but something distinct from and above it. Others hold that, strictly speaking, it may be ranked among municipalities. Now, to settle this difference, there is no need whatever of making learned disquisitions on the term *municipium*, either as understood in the old Roman law, or as modified by mediæval jurisprudence. It is only necessary to determine what is meant by municipalities when we state that the Local Administration is not one of them. It must be clear to every one that the Ontario Government is much more than an enlarged edition of the common council of Toronto, for instance. A municipality, as we understand it in popular parlance—and not in what lexicographers would call its *derivative* or *extended* meanings—has very little more than executive powers. It gets its charter from the legislature; it cannot alter that charter without the consent of the legislature; cannot enact organic laws, though it may promulgate by-laws for its better management; the Mayor has a council to help him in his administration, but they have little or no judicial authority, and their functions are almost confined to the different ways of enforcing and carrying out the specific provisions of the corporation charter. These functions are multifarious, no doubt, especially in populous centres, but they may be all classified under one department.

The attributes of our Local Governments are far higher and wider than these. They are the source and depository of power throughout their geographical extent. They have the three departments which constitute a self-working government—the executive, the judiciary and the legislative. They may, up to a certain point, amend their own constitution or charter. In a word, as we said above, they are autonomous, within a very extended sphere.

In our view of the case, then, there is a theory—that we take for the true one—between the extremes of absolute independence and cringing subserviency, which, at the same time, traces out a clear line of demarcation betwixt our system and the American system. In the neighboring Republic, the several States—each sovereign and independent—formed a union, with a general government, to which they delegated a portion of their powers. Among us, the Imperial Government, partly by *immediate* or direct transmission, partly by the *mediate* authority of the Federal Administration, has delegated a liberal share of its powers to the Local authorities. The difference of procedure is obvious. In the first case, it is the many that produce the one; in the latter, it is the one that creates the many. As Sir George Cartier epigrammatically expressed it, we may reverse the American motto, and put it on our escutcheon. Theirs is *E pluribus unum*; ours, *Ex uno plures*.

Our institutions must be respected. Their vested rights must be religiously guarded. If all unite, without hesitancy or perfunctoriness, with mutual good will and honest fellowship, to advance our national destinies, there is little doubt that our governmental experiment will succeed in making Canada a prosperous and self-sustaining country.

### THE RESOURCES OF THE COUNTRY.

The other day we overheard a conversation of educated men, who were commenting on our articles in regard to the Canadian emigration to the United States. They all deplored the exodus, they all admitted that we were right in agitating the question, and then they fell to discussing the causes of this lamentable evil. We were particularly struck by the remark of one of the interlocutors. He held that in the present condition of the country, among certain classes of our population, emigration was an imperious necessity, because there was not work enough for the hands that demanded it. "The people must go to the United States," said he, "to keep from starvation." We repeat we were struck by the remark, because it is a popular error, a gross and mischievous fallacy. It is not true that there is not work enough in the country. Neither is it true that there is starvation in this bountiful land.

We broached the subject to an intelligent man, who has great experience in agricultural matters, and he assured us that if there was not work enough on our farms, during the winter season, it was generally the fault of the farmers themselves. A harder working people during sowing time, haying and harvest time, could not be found, but out of those seasons, he informed us that our farmers, as a general thing, had fallen into a routine of inaction during which they amuse themselves and positively do nothing but eat up what they make during other portions of the year. Now, whoever knows anything about a farm, knows that work is constantly required on it, and that there are a thousand little things to be done to keep it in trim. The climate cannot be pleaded as an excuse for idleness, for in Maine, Vermont, New Hampshire, Michigan, Wisconsin and Iowa, the winter is just as rigorous as it is here, and yet there are no finer agricultural tracts in the world. But then the farmers of those States are model farmers, always at work, in winter and summer, at a variety of occupations suited to the season. One thing especially they attend to, which is almost completely and unaccountably neglected here. They pay particular attention to the raising of stock of every description, which become a vast source of revenue and emolument, outside the yield of grain and vegetables.

It is a well known axiom among political economists that there can be no fears of starvation so long as there is not a surplus population in a country. Now our country so far from being overstocked, has actually not hands enough in proportion to its cultivable area. It is, therefore, not from want of work, but from want of activity, from want of intelligent industry, that our people find themselves unable to meet their outlays. We are willing to admit—indeed we have already charged—that the Government have not done enough to open up roads and highways of communication, that they have not done enough practically in aid of colonization, but this does not exculpate the people, who ought to have the patriotism and energy to help themselves. There is a great deal to be said on this subject of colonization, which we shall, however, reserve for another article.

Another drawback to our population much more serious than the one just referred to, because more founded in fact, is the dearth of skilled labor in our country. Considering its extent and resources, there is no country which has more solid capital than Canada, but there is, perhaps, no country either where capitalists fail more in making an enlightened use of their money. It is another principle of political economy that in order to the prosperity of a country, the capital that is raised out of it, out of its bowels and by the sweat of its people, should be returned to the country in different channels. Like the steam that is distributed through a large building by means of multitudinous pipes connecting with a common fur-

nace, so the capital of a country should circulate through it, benefitting thousands through the means of honest labor. A niggardly policy of abstention or monopoly on the part of capitalists is ruinous to the country, and must ultimately prove ruinous to themselves. Manufactures of different kinds, where skilled labor and scientific apprenticeship may be rewarded, are necessary for a nation to keep pace in the great market of competition, and prevent willing hands from seeking employment with the stranger.

It is reported on good authority that a Basque deputation have proposed and Government accepted a *convenio* for a settlement which will remove present difficulties with the Basque provinces by a compromise. Instead of furnishing soldiers by conscription, each province is to maintain a battalion of volunteers, which is to be placed under orders of Government in case of war, and economical and administrative autonomy are secured to the Basque provinces. The Basque Juntas are willing to accept this *convenio*, and Government will submit it to the Cortes.

UNTIL recently the Isthmus of Darien, has been comparatively quiet, but the wave of revolution threatens to sweep over Panama as well as the interior States. There is a feeling of insecurity and dread there, lest any day or night there will be an outbreak. In Columbia a sort of guerilla warfare continues, with wholesale assassinations whenever the opportunity is offered on either side. There is no telling where the struggle will be ended, or how it will terminate.

Minister RISTES and the Turkish delegate, PERLEFF EFFENDI, have agreed on the formal points of the Turkish basis of peace, viz.—Saluting the Turkish flag, the conservation of Servian fortresses, and the prevention of armed hands crossing the frontier. PERLEFF has asked the Porte for instructions on the other points. When the preliminaries are settled, RISTES will go to Constantinople, to definitely negotiate terms of peace.

In our next we shall begin a series of descriptive papers entitled Gallery Sketches, containing personal views on men and things in Parliament. We shall likewise give a Parliamentary column, embracing in brief a history of each day's proceedings, and forming in the aggregate a useful compendium of legislation.

### REVIEW.

With the close of the volume for the latter half of 1876, THE CANADIAN MONTHLY completed the fifth year of its existence. Some delay in completing the negotiations necessary for a transfer of the proprietary has been unavoidable; but now as the transfer has actually been made, the Company who have undertaken the future of the magazine feel justified in claiming the support of the old friends of the MONTHLY, and the literary public throughout the Dominion. In future THE MONTHLY will be published for the Company by Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson, publishers, Toronto.

A MAD WORLD is the name of a little book by Julius Chambers which is intended to convey to the public a correct insight into the working of private lunatic asylums. The author is a journalist of New York, who feigned insanity, for the purpose of revelation. It is needless to say that he succeeded perfectly in his scheme, and that the result as here spread out in book form, is both interesting and valuable information. There are several hints in the work. The publishers are Belford Brothers, and the work is for sale by Dawson Brothers.

The Princess Salm-Salm should have a proper recognition in her own country. She is a Townships girl by the name of Joyce, and the family is still very well known in the environs of Philipsburg or Frelighsburg. Of her early history there are several versions, about which we need not enter into detail, as she herself, in the work before us, has made no reference to it, beginning the story of her adventures with her courtship and marriage in 1862. TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE is the title of the book, published by Belford Brothers, Toronto, and for sale at Dawson's. From a merely literary point of view the work is not of much character, but as the author honestly disavows any attempt at high composition, we are dispensed from any



further comment on that score. The materials of the story, on the other hand, are very interesting, having reference to the military experiences of the Princess and her husband, in Mexico, under Maximilian, during the American war, and in the late Franco-Prussian campaign. At Gravelotte, Prince Salm-Salm was killed, after which the author travelled extensively in Italy and Spain.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE U. S. ELECTORAL COMMISSION.—George F. Edmunds, Republican, is a native of the Green Mountain State. He was born at Richmond, February 1, 1828. He was educated for the bar, and is well-known as a lawyer of great ability. Mr. Edmunds went early into political life. He was a member of the State Legislature in 1854, 1855, 1857, 1858 and 1859, and afterward State Senator. He was appointed to the United States Senate, as a Republican, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Solomon Foot, taking his seat April 5, 1866; and was elected to fill the remainder of the term, and re-elected for the terms ending 1875 and 1881.

OLIVER P. MORTON, Republican, of Indiana, was born in that State August 4, 1823; graduated at the Miami University; studied and practiced law; was elected Circuit Judge of the Fifth Judicial Circuit Court of Indiana in 1852; was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Indiana in 1860, and became Governor in 1861, when Governor Lane was elected to the United States Senate; was elected Governor in 1864; was elected to the Senate, as a Republican, to succeed Henry S. Lane, and took his seat March 4, 1867, and was re-elected in 1872. His term of office will expire March 3, 1879.

FREDERICK T. FEELINGHUYSEN, Republican, of New Jersey, was born at Millstown, Somerset County, New Jersey, August 4, 1817; was graduated at Rutgers College in 1838; was admitted to the bar in 1839; was appointed Attorney-General of the State in 1861, and re-appointed in 1866; was temporarily appointed United States Senator in 1866, in place of William Wright, deceased, and was elected in 1867 to fill the unexpired term, which terminated in 1869; was elected to the United States Senate, as a Republican, to succeed A. G. Cattell, and took his seat March 4, 1871. His term of service will expire March 3, 1877.

ALLEN G. THURMAN, Democrat, of Ohio, was born at Lynchburg, Virginia, November 13, 1813; removed to Ohio in 1819; was admitted to the bar in 1835; was a Representative from Ohio in the Twenty-ninth Congress; was elected to be Judge of the Supreme Court in Ohio in 1851; was Chief Justice of that court from 1854 to 1856; was the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio in 1867; was elected to the United States Senate, as a Democrat, in place of Benjamin F. Wade, Republican; took his seat March 4, 1869, and was re-elected in 1874. His term of service will expire March 3, 1881.

THOMAS F. BAYARD, Democrat, of Delaware, was born at Wilmington, Delaware, October 29, 1828; was admitted to the bar in 1851. In 1868 he was appointed United States Senator, as a Democrat, to succeed his father, James A. Bayard; took his seat March 4, 1869, and was re-elected in 1875. His term of service will expire March 3, 1881.

GEORGE F. HOAR, Republican, of Massachusetts, was born at Concord, in that State, August 29, 1829; was graduated at Harvard in 1846, and graduated at the law school in that university; was a member of the State Assembly in 1852, and of the State Senate in 1857; was elected to the Forty-first, Forty-second, Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congresses, as a Republican, and but a short time ago was elected by the Massachusetts Legislature to the United States Senate.

JAMES A. GARFIELD, Republican, of Ohio, was born in Orange, Cuyahoga County, in that State, November 19, 1831; graduated from Williams College, and was admitted to the bar; was a member of the State Senate of Ohio in 1859 and 1860; entered the Union army as Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers; was promoted to be Brigadier-General January 10, 1862, and to be Major-General and Chief of Staff of the Army of the Cumberland September 20, 1863; was elected to the Thirty-eighth Congress, and re-elected to all subsequent Congresses.

HENRY B. PAYNE, Democrat, of Ohio, was born in Madison County, New York, November, 1810; graduated at Hamilton College; commenced practice at the bar at Cleveland, Ohio, in 1834; was a member of the Ohio State Senate in 1849 and 1850; was defeated in a contest for the United States Senatorship in 1851, and for Governor in 1857; was delegate to the Cincinnati Convention in 1854, the Charleston Convention in 1860, and the Baltimore Convention in 1872, and was elected to the Forty-fourth Congress by the Democrats and Liberal Republicans.

JOSIAH G. ABBOTT, Democrat, of Massachusetts, was born at Chelmsford, in that State, November 1, 1815; graduated at Harvard in 1832; was admitted to the bar in 1835; was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives in 1836, and of the State Senate in 1841 and 1842; was Judge of the Superior Court of Massachusetts in 1855, and was elected to be Forty-fourth Congress as a Democrat.

EPHA HUSTON, Democrat, of Virginia, was born in Fauquier County, in that State, September 23, 1823; was elected to the State Convention in Virginia, which assembled at Richmond in February, 1861, served through its first session, and then entered the service of the Confederacy as Colonel of the Eighth Virginia Infantry. After the battle of Gettysburg he was promoted to be Brigadier-General, was elected to the Forty-third Congress, and re-elected to the Forty-fourth.

NATHAN CLIFFORD is the oldest member of the Court. He was born in Rumney, Grafton County, New Hampshire, August 18, 1803. He fitted for college at the Haverhill Academy, and completed his education at the Hampton Literary Institution. He studied law, and, after being admitted to the bar, removed to Maine in 1827. He was elected to the Legislature, from York County, in 1830, and re-elected for three years, during the last two being Speaker. In 1834 he was appointed Attorney-General for the State of Maine. He was a Representative in Congress from 1839 to 1846. In 1846 he was appointed by President Polk, Attorney-General of the United States, which office he held until March, 1847, when he was appointed Commissioner to Mexico. When peace was declared between this country and Mexico, he was appointed Minister to that Republic. On his return to the United States he settled in Portland, devoting himself to his profession, and in 1858 was appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court by President Buchanan.

SAMUEL F. MILLER was born in Richmond, Kentucky, April 5, 1816; graduated at the University of Transylvania, and after taking the degree of Doctor of Medicine, practiced the profession a few years, and then turned his attention to the law. Having been, from 1848, in favor of emancipation, and though generally taking no part in politics, the course of public affairs caused him to remove from the State, in 1850, when he settled in Iowa, and became one of the leaders of the Republican party in that State. In 1852 he was appointed to the Supreme Court by President Lincoln.

WILLIAM STRONG was born in Somers, Tolland County, Connecticut, May 6, 1808. He graduated at Yale College in 1828. Afterward he taught school in Connecticut and in New Jersey, meanwhile studying law. He was admitted to the Bar in Philadelphia in 1832, and soon after began to practice law in Reading, Pennsylvania. He was elected to the Thirtieth and to the Thirty-first Congresses. Upon retiring from Congress he resumed his profession, and continued in practice until 1857, when he was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania for fifteen years. He resigned that position in 1868, and returned to the Bar, and in 1870 was appointed to the Supreme Court by President Grant.

STEPHEN J. FIELD, is a son of David Dudley Field, D. D., a distinguished New England divine, and a brother of David Dudley, Cyrus W., and Henry W. Field. He was born in Haddam, Connecticut, November 4, 1816. He was graduated at Williams College in 1837; studied law in New York city with his brother David Dudley, with whom he formed a law partnership. In 1849 he settled in California, for the practice of his profession, and in January, 1850, was elected First Alcade of the city of Marysville; in October of the same year he was elected to the Legislature, where he took a leading part in moulding the Judiciary of the State. In 1857 he was elected a Judge of the Supreme Court of California, and became its Chief Justice. In 1863 he was appointed to his present position by President Lincoln.

JOSEPH P. BRADLEY, the fifth Justice of the Supreme Court selected to serve on the Electoral Commission, was born in Berne, Albany County, New York, March 14, 1813. He was a graduate from Rutgers College, New Brunswick, New Jersey, in 1836, and, after teaching in an academy at Millstone, studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in New Jersey in 1839. He practiced law in Newark from that time until his appointment as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; March 21, 1870. He never took an active part in politics, but was a Republican Presidential elector in 1868. He was a Whig while that party continued, and afterward became a moderate Republican, though he was never identified with the anti-slavery movement. He was a zealous supporter of the government during the war of the rebellion. His grandfather served as an officer in the Revolutionary war, and his father in the war of 1812.

HOBART PACHA.—This distinguished man is the third son of the Duke of Buckingham. He was born in 1823, entered the navy in 1835, where he attained the rank of commander in 1855. During the American civil war he ran the blockade no less than eighteen times, and after the war wrote a book entitled "Never Caught." In 1867, he entered the service of the Porte, with the rank of rear-admiral and the title of Pacha. During the Cretan insurrection he was charged with the duty of preventing the Greeks from smuggling succors into the island, and put an end to the exploits of the *Enosis*. In 1869, he was named Grand Admiral, and assumed command of the Turkish squadron in the Mediterranean.

EDHEM PACHA.—This statesman was one of the Turkish plenipotentiaries at the Eastern Conference. He has now acquired additional prominence as the successor of Midhat Pacha, in

the office of Grand Vizier, or Prime Minister of the Sublime Porte. He is about fifty-four years of age. His education is French, as he spent three years at the Paris School of Mines. When he returned to Turkey, he was attached to the staff of the army with the rank of Captain, whence he rose rapidly to a Colonelcy and was appointed a member of the Council of Mines on its formation. In 1849, he was made an aide-de-camp to the Sultan; then Brigadier, next Major-General. In 1854, he was named Commissioner to bear to Prince Alexander Karageorgevitch, of Serbia, the decree confirming the privileges accorded to that Province. In 1856, Edhem was appointed a member of the Council of Tanzimat, and subsequently Minister of Foreign Affairs, with the rank of Muahir or Marshal. He retained this position only one year. Until lately he was Turkish ambassador at Berlin.

OUR VALENTINE.—On the front page of the present issue, the readers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS will find the Valentine which we present to each and single of them. It is a fan of comic pictures, reduced from the original size to diminutive dimensions. We particularly call attention to the facilities of our process for making these reductions, and thus providing cheap and attractive pictorial advertisements.

THE ELECTORAL TRIBUNAL.—We give several sketches of this historical body—a joint session of the two Houses of Congress in the Hall of the Representatives, with Vice-President Ferry opening the electoral certificates, and the Hon. Chas. O'Connor, the great New York lawyer, addressing the Commission in favor of the Democratic side of the question.

CA DORO.—On the Grand Canal stands this delicious bit of Venetian architecture. It is the Golden House or *Casa Doro*, softened in the Genetian dialect to *Ca Doro*.

FATTENING CATTLE FOR TRANSHIPMENT.—We give several sketches of the Toronto cattl-byres with animals at present fattening for shipment to England. The byres are six in number with space for three thousand steers. With the exception of some three score oxen and bulls, the beasts are well made, with small bones, although there are doubts with regard to the quality of swill-fed beef. The swill is pumped from the neighboring distillery to the vats in No. 1 skotch, and is then sluiced through troughs under the animals' noses. Fattening being the business of their lives they are kept well up to the work by a short ring-chain. Hay, also, is let down from the loft by the long opening over their heads, twice a day. The swill that escapes by the trough goes into the piggeries in the rear. Feeding on such soft food no water is provided, and the tails are clipped bare to the stump; it does not look well, but is absolutely necessary for cleanliness. The two thousand five hundred heads at present here, will be shipped to Liverpool early in the spring. The last sketch represents the vats, from which all the local cow-keepers and dairies draw their winter food.

CASTLE DERG.

In your obituary notice of the late Hugh Mathewson, there is a mistake which, though of only one letter, is worthy of correction. There is no such place as Castledery in Tyrone, but Castle Derg is meant. It is an ancient little town where some of the principal roads of the county centre. It is on the River Derg, which flows from the celebrated lake of that name, so famous as the scene of one of the Catholic pilgrimages. When I was at school in that region of country, some thirty-five years ago, from ten to twenty thousand people went annually, chiefly on foot, to Station Island on Lough Derg, which is in the County Donegal, just over the border of Tyrone. The river, however, flows north-east through the latter country, and as you say, through lovely scenery. "Bessy Bell" and "Mary Gray,"—two mountains on which a song has been written—are in the neighborhood. Apologising for taking up so much space, I am yours truly,

Hamilton, Feb. 2, 1877.

F. B.

MARGINALIA.

REALISM.—In France it is the custom to joke and laugh at every possible thing, no matter how serious. The following *canard* was invented some thirty years ago, *a propos* of one of the accomplices in the murder of King Gustave III. of Sweden. The Count Ribbing had taken refuge in Paris, and at the time referred to was very old. Scribe with Auber had just finished the opera of *Gustave, ou le Bal Masque*. Uncertain in several points, says the legend, Scribe went to Count Ribbing, and begged him to assist at the rehearsal of the opera. He came, and followed the piece with great attention. "Well?" asked Scribe eagerly. "What do you say to it?" "It's very nice, very nice," said the Count, slowly and somewhat coolly. "But you don't seem altogether satisfied," urged Scribe. "Well," answered the Count, "you are slightly mistaken; the affair was not done quite in that way." "What more was there?" anxiously inquired Scribe. "It seems to me, as far as I can remember," answered the Count with perfect simplicity, "that we murdered him a little more to the left!" Scribe thanked him and acted on the suggestion. The bare

idea of arranging the ballet of Gustave historically, with the assistance of one of his assassins, is a very lively one, and, we must add, exceedingly French.

CURRAN.—Perhaps the most crushing rejoinder ever flung back in return for an insult from the bench was that which this Curran hurled at Judge Robinson. Judge Robinson is described as a man of sour and cynical disposition, who had been raised to the bench—so, at least, it was commonly believed—simply because he had written in favour of the Government of his day a number of pamphlets remarkable for nothing but their servile and rancorous scurrility. At a time when Curran was only just rising into notice, and while he was yet a poor and struggling man, this judge ventured upon a sneering joke, which, small though it was, but for Curran's ready wit and scathing eloquence, might have done him irreparable injury. Speaking of some opinion of counsel on the opposite side, Curran said he had consulted all his books and could not find a single case in which the principle in dispute was thus established. "That may be, Mr. Curran," sneered the judge; "but I suspect your law library is rather limited." Curran eyed the heartless toady for a moment, and then broke forth with noble retaliation:—"It is very true, my lord, that I am poor, and this circumstance has certainly rather curtailed my library. My books are not numerous, but they are select, and I hope have been perused with proper dispositions. I have prepared myself for this high profession rather by the study of a few good books than by the composition of a great many bad ones. I am not ashamed of my poverty, but I should be ashamed of wealth if I could stoop to acquire it by servility and corruption. If I rise not to rank, I shall at least be honest: and should I ever cease to be so, many an example shows me that an ill-acquired elevation, by making me the more conspicuous, would only make me the more universally and notoriously contemptible."

ARTISTIC.

THE Italian papers announce the death, at Milan, at the age of 66, of the sculptor Pietro Magni. Signor Magni was best known by his statues of David and Socrates.

LONGFELLOW has a quaint portrait of Liszt. The background is dark, and he is dressed in the long black convent robe. High above his head he holds a lighted candle. The rays shape themselves like a halo round his head, and throw into fine relief the thin, spirited face. Mr. Longfellow saw him thus for the first time as he stood in the convent door peering out into the night. The vision impressed itself on the poet, and he persuaded Liszt to have his picture painted.

Two interesting additions have been lately made to the art treasures in the Vatican—a Murillo brought in October from Spain as an offering to the Pope, and the painting of the loggia above the loggia of Raphael, which has hitherto remained simply white-washed. The Murillo represents the martyrdom of San Pedro Arbues, the grand inquisitor, who was murdered in 1495 by one Vidal Duran, on account of his great severity, and was canonized by Alexander VII. in 1664; it is a fine example of Murillo's early style. The painting of the loggia has been entrusted to Signor Mantovani, who, after three years' labor, has now finished the roof, which is divided into eight compartments, the vaults of which are painted with much delicate and grotesque ornamentation of birds and flowers, and contain, besides, some of them small medallions, with figures in relief delicately tinted and cast: the first compartment contains two of these, representing the Virgin roosting and the Annunciation; and the second two representing our Lord asleep in the ship, and blessing little children. Another compartment has angels holding the tables of the law, and another allegorical representation of the arts. The beauty of the loggia consists in the softness of the coloring, and the extreme accuracy and delicacy of the drawing, which is all by Signor Mantovani's own hand.

DOMESTIC.

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, huckleberries, 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 savory 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.

CHEESE AND BREAD TOAST.—Grate half a cup of good cheese—use your crumbs and dry pieces—mix it with one cup of grated bread and the yolk of one egg, half a spoonful of butter, and three spoonfuls of rich cream. Add a salt spoonful of salt, and a sprinkle of cayenne and mustard if desired. Toast two or three slices of bread, spread the cheese mixture on quite thick, put into the oven a minute or two, and send to the table hot. Or lay on a top slice, and make a sandwich. Take a sharp knife and cut into four pieces.

MUTTON BROTH WITH PEARL BARLEY.—When ordinary pearl barley is used for this purpose, it is essential that it should be first washed in three different waters, and afterwards put on the fire—or rather by the side of the fire—to simmer very gently for two hours. Of course the barley must be boiled in water, in the proportion of a pint of water to every three ounces of barley. When the barley thus treated is thoroughly done, and has become quite soft, it may be gently boiled in the broth for another half hour.

BEEFSTEAK PIE.—A paste made of one pound of flour and one-half pound of beef suet mixed very fine is very nice for this pie; line the sides of your dish; place in it your steak, trimmed free of bone and part of the fat; season with salt and pepper, and add lumps of butter rolled in flour; bake in a moderate oven, or you can cut up your steak in inch pieces, or have it minced very fine by your butcher, adding one-quarter of a pound of fat salt pork to every two of beef, and you can also add a beef kidney parsley and cut in pieces; besides, this pie made in a mould and boiled is very rich and nice.

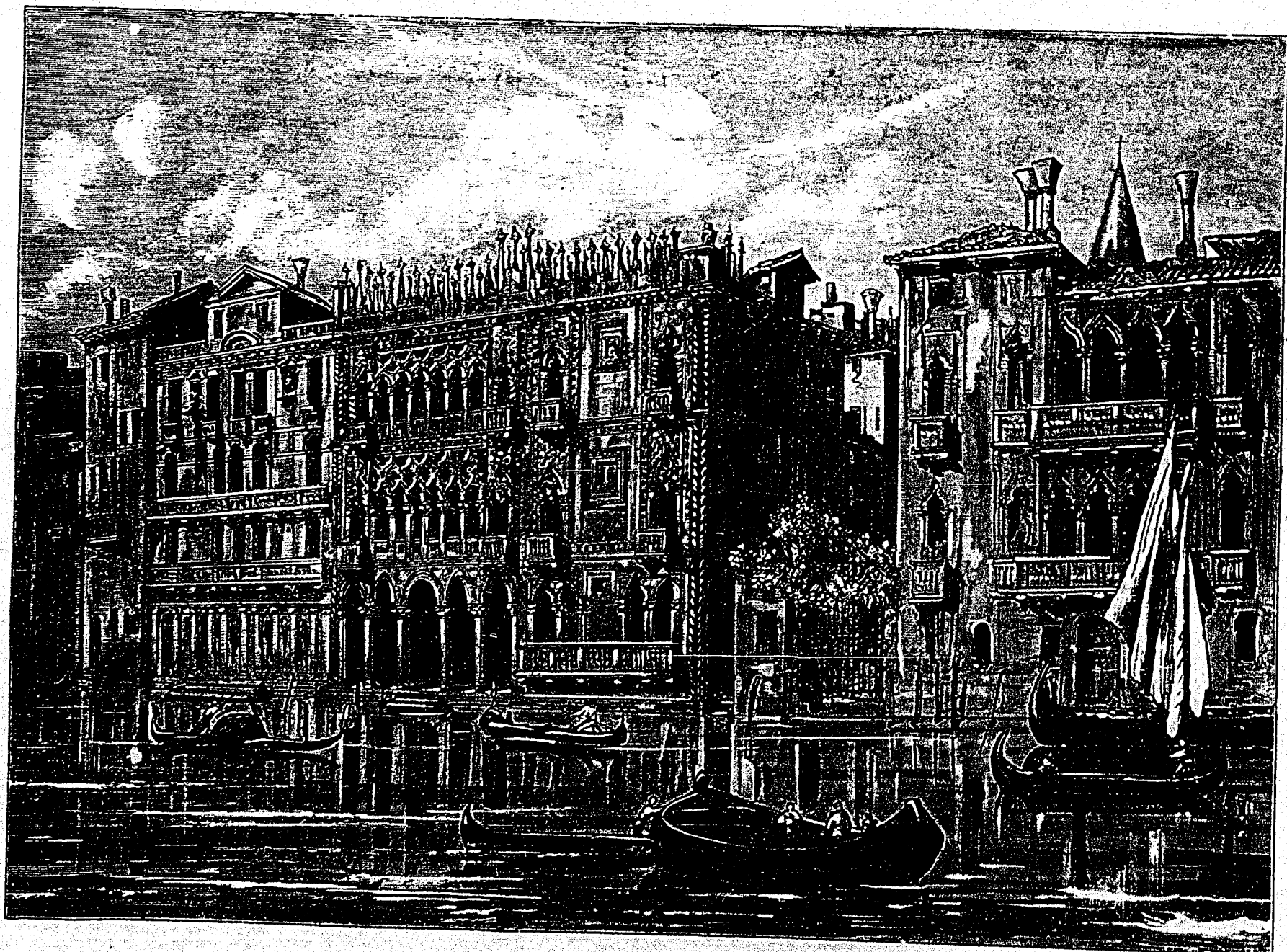




EDHEM PASHA, THE NEW GRAND VIZIER OF TURKEY.

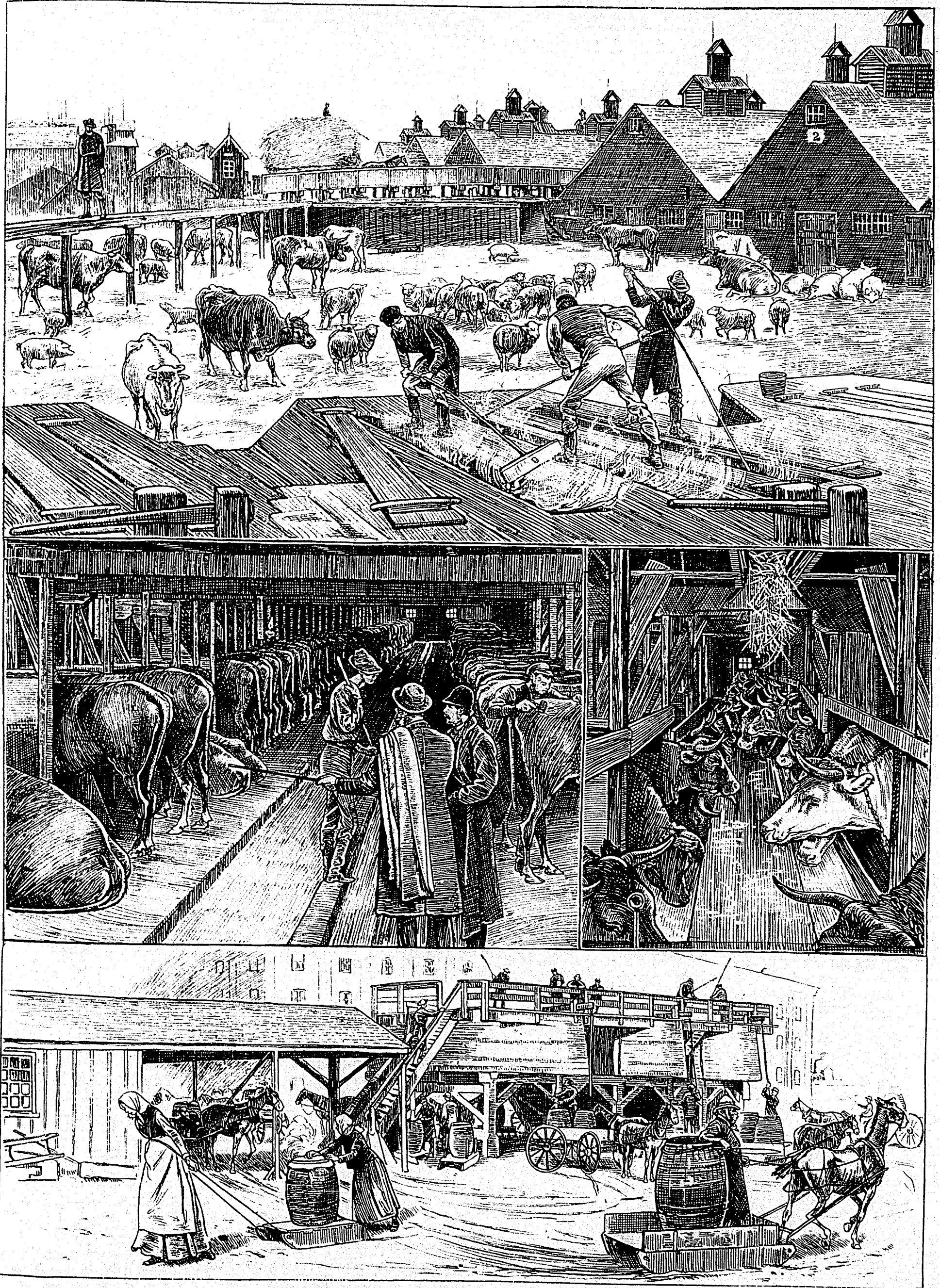


HOBART PASHA, THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE TURKISH NAVY.



VENICE.—CA DORO.





TORONTO:—CATTLE FATTENING FOR SHIPMENT TO ENGLAND.



**ST. PETER'S PUMP, BRISTOL.**

The antiquity of St. Peter's Pump is so remote that it has baffled the research of all modern antiquarians; and even William of Wyreestre (circa 1480) says—"Yn Sanctre Petre hys parysh ye own auneyente foyntayne or pompe, fore auente ye gret house of Mastyre Norton, an alchymist, of gret fayme: yt be 14 stoppes from hys house, and was mych reputed for yts gode water long tyme afore ye Romayns." We have every reason, on the authority of Diodorus Siculus, to infer that it was the very pump from which Julius Cesar, on visiting Bristol—the ancient Caer Brito—drew his first supply of water to make the thousand bowls of brandy-punch to which he treated his victorious legions: and so pleased was he with the quality of the lymph, that when afterwards he pitched his *castra stativa* on St. Vincent's-hill, he every evening sent down his kettle by a centurion's company to fetch back a supply for his night's toddy. It subsequently became so famous that Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, when she gave a tea party to the Roman General Paulinus and his officers (who afterwards showed themselves so grossly ungrateful as to whip the old lady and her daughters as though they were school girls), she sent a special messenger to Bristol for a pitcher full, saying that to get the true flavour of the Souchong there was no water like that of St. Peter's Pump. It was equally and jealously prized by the Romans, and Leland appears to think it was the chief cause why Ostorius so rigidly guarded the place, and surrounded and fortified the neighbourhood with those strong camps whose vestiges still remain the wonders of castramentation. Tacitus, in the 12th Book of his Annals, says, "*Ostorius civibus castris Sabrinam et Antoniam fluvios ostendere parat*"—the chief temptation for his adopting these coercive measures towards the aborigines being their envied possession of St. Peter's Pump, though it is a singular circumstance that neither Camden, Horsey, nor Strakeley, whose antiquarian industry has been so highly applauded, make any mention of the fact. After the departure of the Romans we only meet an incidental mention of this interesting object of antiquity in that celebrated incubation, "*The Groans of the Britons*," where the pathetic writer says, their tears fell "like water from St. Peter's Pump." A much more cheerful allusion is made to it in another very ancient composition by Eeca, Bishop of Hereford, about the latter end of the 15th century. It was in Latin, but is thus translated by Thos. Rowley (in a very old MS., *penes me*)—

"Whanne sprynge came dauncynge onne a flourette bedde,  
Dichte yune greene raimente alle in gaynesse spredde,  
The leaves of haurborne boddyng on his stynge,  
Lyke sparklyng droppes from out St. Peter's pumpe."

Time will only permit me to refer casually to the other incidents and individuals with which it was associated. The Great Godfrey of Constance, when inhabiting the neighbouring castle, used to have his *shirt of mail* washed in it, and the Consul Robert had such a regard for it that he presented it with a new sucker at his own expense. Queen Elizabeth stopped at the pump in her triumphal passage through Bristol, when the mayor presented her with a glassful, qualifying it with a "sketch of cognac" from his leather flask. The mayor's calendar (which I have been permitted to inspect through the courtesy of the Chamberlain) thus quaintly and curtly records the incident: "Mayster mayer dyd gyve her puyssente Majestie a draft of Saynte Petre hys pumpe, addynge thereto fro the botal he dyd tak fro hys poke: ye queen did like ye tynple ful wel, and dyd sai pleasantlie too him—"Maister maire, by ye bones of my father, I do much relyse yr pumpe, but much more yr botal—whereat yr cortiers laft rite merrilie." Its water continued to grow in popularity and use, and was partaken of by various other royal and distinguished personages on their visit to Bristol. It was extensively patronised by the various mayors until the present, who, according to his own testimony before the Water Works Committee, has had very little personal acquaintance with that particular element.

I shall now conclude this imperfect paper by a curious bill of charges incurred for repairing the pump in 1397. It ran as follows:—

- Item, a leyther sneker iij ponds oxe leyther for ye pumpe.
- Item, yron nayles L in number to fastyn yt.
- Item, for new tymbre for top of yt.
- Item, ij pyns for handle.
- Item, iij daies pai for an old foole to maikie ye work.

Now let me finally thank you for the patience with which you have listened to my imperfect attempts to throw light upon so abstruse a subject, and beg of you, since the matter has been so dry, you will accompany me to the pump itself, when I will stand treat for the brandy, and we'll all drink to the continued preservation of this noble and interesting monument.

**BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.**

Why are troubles like babies?—Because they get bigger by nursing.  
"Time works wonders," as the woman said when she got married after a thirteen years' courtship.  
Why is a fashionable society like a warming-pan?—Because it is highly polished, but very hollow.

We often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but whoever heard of a woman being in such a predicament?

WOMEN have often successfully hid valuables in their hair, and a young French lady lately found a thousand franc note in her deceased mother's chignon.

AN Illinois girl couldn't secure a certificate as a school-teacher because she couldn't tell the committee why the hind-wheels of a carriage were the largest.

AN old maid suggests that when men break their hearts, it is all the same as when a lobster breaks one of his claws—another sprouts up very soon, and grows in its place.

WHEN a man is treating a dashing widow to ice cream, and sees his wife coming into the restaurant, about all he can do is to button his coat, hang to his chair, and trust to Providence.

FORTUNATELY for medical science, not every physician who saves a married woman's life is so morbid as to suspect her husband of lying in wait for him with an air-gun.

A NEW style of ear-rings has a small bell attached as the pendant. When Charles Augustus calls around to see Clara Jane, those tell-tale bells are muffled as soon as the old folks retire.

THE Boston girl is clever. She brings her suit for breach of promise, and then has the trial postponed until she reduces her weight sufficiently to go before the jury as a fearful example of the ravages of blighted affection.

THERE was some philosophy in the hen-pecked husband, who being asked why he had placed himself so completely under the government of his wife, answered, "To avoid the worse slavery of being under my own."

"DID she return your love?" inquired a sympathizing friend of a young man, who intimated that he had had some difficulty with his sweetheart.—"Yes, she returned it, and that is exactly what the annoyance is. She said she didn't want it."

"I HAD nine children to support, and it kept me busy," said Smith to Jones, as they met: "but one of the girls got married. Now I have ——" "Eight!" interrupted Jones. "No, ten—counting the son-in-law!" said Smith, with a sigh which might have been heard afar off.

THE father of Dorabella recently found that girl's hands full of blossoms of a beautiful tear-rose on which he had bestowed great care. "My dear," he said, "didn't I tell you not to pick one of those flowers without leave?"—"Yes, papa, said she; "but all these had leaves!"

We have just had occasion to console with a friend suffering from the shafts of female wit. He had been in the habit of making very frequent calls on a very agreeable lady of his acquaintance, and, on entering her parlour one evening, he said, "Well, Miss Sims, here I am again, you see, as regularly as the fever and ague."—"Oh, no," said she, very demurely, "that comes only every other day." He declares he will not call again for—a whole week.

MADAME X. was in the habit of consulting her physician, Dr. Z., daily, between the hours of two and three. The doctor was a witty and charming man, and they talked of every subject under heaven. One day, however, the doctor came and was denied admittance. He thought there must be some mistake, and ordered the servant to announce him again. This time the lady sent down a very polite message, informing the doctor that she was grieved beyond measure at being obliged to deny herself the pleasure of his company, but she was very ill.

**THE GLEANER.**

THE Rhine salmon are the largest in the known world, frequently reaching 80 and 90 pounds weight.

THE English cricketers that went out to Australia to show the way to play cricket have been beaten again; last of all by the Sydney team.

FRANCE now collects the largest revenue ever raised by any nation in a time of peace. She collects 234,000,000 a year more than England.

DR. CUMMINGS is a prophet, and he predicts that the Turks are now about to be swept out of Europe, and the Jews are preparing to take possession of their own land of Jerusalem.

THE police of Moscow have frequently found of late placards upon walls, posted during the night, which demand for Russia the same constitution lately granted by the Sultan to Turkey.

THE Empress Eugenie will return to England in February. Her Majesty's visit to Rome does not appear to have given her so much satisfaction as she anticipated. The Empress is reported to be growing rather stout.

ONE of the latest Parisian toys is called the "Eastern Question." It is a steel crescent around which hang a certain number of rings strung together. The problem is to bring order out of confusion, but the more one tries to arrange them, the greater is the confusion. In the end, the toyseller divides the crescent into several pieces, and the rings arrange themselves in the simplest way imaginable.

DURING one of the fairs in Paris, some years ago, Baron James de Rothschild was a patron. Chancing to pass a stand where some pretty young ladies were installed, he asked in a bantering tone: "Well, my dears, what can I do for you?" "Ah, Baron," said one, "you can give us your autograph." "With pleasure," replied the gallant old Baron, "if you preface it with an agreeable sentiment." So the young lady, without much ado, wrote on a dainty slip of paper: "I hereby give to ——— charity ten thousand francs," and the Baron immediately signed his name in full, and smiling paid the same to the enterprising Parisian.

**HEARTH AND HOME.**

GOSPELING IDLENESS.—The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious when by frivolous visitations they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their bread, and, like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honour of his visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an intolerable load of *cauni*, when he sallies forth to distribute it amongst all his acquaintance.

SILENT SUFFERING.—These things are often unknown to the world; for there is much pain that is quite noiseless, and vibrations that make human agonies are often mere whispers in the roar of hurrying existence. There are glances of hatred that stab, and raise no cry of murder; robberies that leave man and woman for ever beggared of peace and joy, yet are kept secret by the sufferer—committed to no sounds, except of low moans in the night—seen in no writing, except that made on the face by the slow months of suppressed anguish and early morning tears. Many an inherited sorrow that has marred a life has been breathed into no human ear.

PRIDE.—A proud man is a fool in fermentation, swelling and boiling like a porridge-pot. He sets his feathers like an owl to swell and seem bigger than he is. He is troubled with an inflammation of self-conceit, that renders him the man of paste-board, and a true buckram knight. He has given himself sympathetic love-powder, that works upon him to dotage, and transforms himself into his own mistress, making most passionate court to his own dear perfection, and worshipping his own image. All his upper storeys are crammed with masses of spongy substances, occupying much space—as feathers and cotton will stuff cushions better than things of more compact and solid proportion.

A TRUE LADY.—Beauty and style are not the purest passports to respectability—some of the noblest specimens of womanhood the world has ever seen have presented the plainest and most unprepossessing appearance. A woman's worth is to be estimated by her real goodness of heart, and the purity and sweetness of her character; and such a woman, with a kindly disposition and a well-balanced mind and temper, is lovely and attractive. Be her face ever so plain and her form ever so homely, she makes the best of wives and the truest of mothers. She has a higher purpose in life than the beautiful yet vain and supercilious woman, who has no higher ambition than to flaunt her finery in the streets, or to gratify her inordinate vanity by attracting flattery and praise from a society whose compliments are as hollow as they are insincere.

PHASES OF LIFE.—There are in existence two periods when we shrink from any great vicissitude—early youth and old age. In the middle of life, we are indifferent to change; for we have discovered that nothing is, in the end, so good or so bad as it first appeared. We know, moreover, how to accommodate ourselves to circumstances; and enough of exertion is still left in us to cope with the event. But age is heart-wearied and tempest torn; it is the crumbling cenotaph of fear and hope! Wherefore should there be turmoil for the few and evening hours, when all they covet is repose? They see their shadow fall upon the grave, and need but to be at rest beneath! Youth is not less averse from change; but that is from exaggeration of its consequences, for all seems to the young so important, and so fatal. They are timid, because they know not what they fear; hopeful, because they know not what they expect. Despite their gayety of confidence, they yet dread the first plunge into life's unfathomed deep.

**VARIETIES.**

AIR BATHS.—Mr. John Quincy Adams was in his ninetieth year when Charles Mackay first visited the United States. He was in excellent health, the cause of which is explained by Dr. Mackay. "Men and women," he said, "scarcely ever allow the fresh air of heaven to touch any part of their bodies except their hands and face, and even to these ladies are systematically unjust by wearing gloves and veils. The surface of the beautiful human form requires to be for a certain period of every day exposed to the action of the atmosphere. I take an air-bath regularly every morning, and walk in my bedroom *in puris naturalibus*, with all the windows open, for a full half-hour. I also take a water bath daily. I read and write for eight hours a day. I sleep eight hours, and devote another eight to exercise, conversation and meals. I feel within myself a reserve of bodily

strength which, I think, will carry me to a hundred years, unless I die by accident or am shot or hanged."

FEMALE SKATERS.—In Friesland, the women are as fond of skating as the men, and frequently have races. At one of these races, which took place in February, 1865, on a piece of ice in the outer ditch of the town of Leuwarden, there were thirteen competitors for the prize. They skated two and two, and after each heat, she who arrived last at the goal quitted the course. The seventh and last trial was between the two remaining winners, one of whom was twenty years of age, and the other sixteen. The former gained the principal prize, consisting of a gold ornament for the head, and the other the second, which was a coral necklace, with a gold clasp. One of the competitors on this occasion, was past fifty, and many of them only fifteen. To afford some idea of their swiftness, it is stated that one young female passed over the course, which was about 150 yards long, in thirteen seconds, or a mile in something less than two minutes and a half.

LIVING CHESSMEN.—Most persons who have any acquaintance with the literature of chess have heard of the games said to have been played in the Middle Ages with living chessmen. Lord Lytton recently revived this amusement in India. During his visit to Mooltan, last month, his Lordship, after receiving and replying to an address from the municipality of the city, engaged, we are told, in a novel game of chess with Col. Millet. The chess board, if such a term may be allowed to a carpet of red and white calico with checkers a yard square, having been spread in front of the hall, chessmen, men and boys, dressed in opposing red and white uniforms appropriate to the various pieces, were marched and took their places. Then by word of command each piece moved to the square indicated, and a very lively game ensued, ending in an easy victory for the Viceroy. An Emperor of Morocco, who once indulged in a similar amusement, is said to have added a terrible realism to the game by causing all the pieces taken during its progress to be beheaded.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.—There seems at last a reasonable probability that Cleopatra's Needle, which was given by Mehemet Ali to the British Government, and which has remained so long on the shore at Alexandria, will, before many months are over, be set up in London. An engineer, who has devoted much attention to the subject, says that by carefully swathing the monolith in a kind of sacking, and covering it with wood in a rounded shape, it could be rolled into a barge and then towed to the Thames. Once there, however, the still further and greater difficulty of erecting it has to be encountered. The erection of the obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, at Paris, cost £80,000; and it is the enormous expense involved in dealing with this still larger and more interesting monolith which has hitherto deterred the British Government from attempting the enterprise. The engineer, whose plan is now to be tried, maintains, however, that the work can be done, and the obelisk put up safely in the place to be provided for it at the end of Northumberland avenue, at a cost of £7,000.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.**

MME. ALBONI, once the greatest of contralto singers, widow of Count Pepoli, was married for the second time in Paris, on Jan. 25, to Captain Charles Zieger, of the Republican Guard.

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN have finished their great patriotic drama, "The Traitor," on which they have been engaged for three years, and it will be presented at the inauguration of the new season at the Ambigu Theatre, Paris.

THE receipts of the masquerade at the Paris Opera amounted to nearly £3,500. One thousand five hundred carriages drew up to the gates, bringing 5,123 people. The ball-room was far more than half a square mile in extent, and the gaslights were as bewildering in their number as their blaze and glare to those who sought to count them.

THE Vienna Ladies' Orchestra, the organization that performed in Steinway Hall on first coming to this country, and subsequently in the Atlantic Garden, has been arrested in San Francisco, where there is a law against women being employed in places where liquor is sold. The members were marched through the streets in their evening dress by the police.

THE wife of Salvini, the actor, recently sent Wagner a basket of flowers, consisting of a bed of white blossoms, on which were laid five lines of verse made by five blades of grass, with the trouble-key picked out in violets. The two opening bars of the "Rhine Daughter's Song" were marked on the lines by pink blossoms.

THE former residence of Edwin Forrest, near Philadelphia, now a house for indigent actors, is a strange place. The house is a palace in its gorgeousness; the furniture is beautiful and expensive, the library, the pictures and the statuary are such as are seldom seen in private collections. All this is enjoyed by two old and infirm actors and a superintendent, for the benefits of the establishment have not been availed of by any except the two mentioned. Forrest's will orders the erection of a miniature theatre, in which the inmates of the house may entertain themselves and others. The endowment is sufficient to maintain a large number of persons, and it is supposed that in time the institution will become filled.

A JOURNALIST, formerly of Chicago, but now employed in New York, is afflicted with stammering, and also with the ambition to excel as a dramatic writer. A New York manager recently consented to hear him read a short farce, the sole condition being that the reading should not occupy more time than the manager did in smoking the cigar he had just lighted. Away they started, the one in no less hurry than the other, and the reading and smoking were concluded together. Of course, the question was immediately put: "What do you think of it?" "Well," replied the manager, "it is not a bad idea. Father, mother, lover, daughter, all stammering, will have a novel effect." The journalist furiously exclaimed: "They'd don't stammer; it's only my misfortune." "Oh, then, it isn't funny at all," Sorry I can't accept it."

STRANGE STORIES

TOLD AT ELM LODGE.

BY ELLEN VAVASOUR NOEL.

It was a night in Christmas week, and the small party assembled at Elm Lodge—for so my house was called—had gathered around the warm fire which glowed brightly in the grate of our pleasant drawing-room. From a remark made by one of the company, the conversation turned upon ghosts, spirits and goblins, and as I know that most persons, whether they profess or not to believe in such things, like to hear stories concerning the supernatural, I will relate a few that were told that night.

"Many years ago," said my uncle, "I lived in Albany, and my sister kept house for me. We had lately moved into a retired street in the suburbs of the city. The house I had rented was a quaint, ancient-looking mansion, built in the Dutch style, and I believe one of the oldest dwellings in Albany; but as my means were small, and the house seemed comfortable enough, I did not mind its antiquated appearance. We had only been a few days in the house, when, one night, as I was lying awake in my room, where I always kept a light burning, my attention was most unpleasantly attracted by a dark, indescribable object moving about above the bed. It was a strange-looking mass, the size of a large bird, but not like one in form, and, with its appearance, a feeling of awe, such as I had never before experienced, crept over me. After moving a while above me near the ceiling, to my infinite horror, it began to descend as if about to rest upon the bed. With an exclamation of terror, I sprang from my couch and stood shuddering, as I watched the horrid object as it came slowly down. It touched the bed, and then, to my surprise and relief, it suddenly vanished. Several times afterwards, the same dreadful apparition appeared in my chamber, and again performed the strange manoeuvre I have just described; every time rousing me from my bed to stand shaking with disgust and dread in the middle of the room. I did not say anything about this singular nightly visitor to my sister, for, although I knew her to be a sensible, strong-minded woman, still I thought it best to be silent on the subject, and not disturb her by the recital of—to say the least of it—an unpleasant story, especially as I had noticed that she did not seem as well, or cheerful, as usual. This state of things lasted some weeks, when, one night, not caring to retire to bed, again, perhaps, to behold the frightful supernatural spectacle, whose appearance I looked forward to with perfect horror, I was walking up and down the passage into which my room and, also, my sister's room opened—hers being just at the head of the wide old-fashioned staircase. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock, and through the old gabled window in the hall the moon shone brightly. Suddenly my attention was attracted by hearing footsteps coming down the stairs leading to the attic. My sister, I knew, had retired long before to her apartment, so I thought it must be Sarah, our only domestic, who occupied the upper region. I stood and looked up the stairs, wondering where she could be going at that hour, for the woman I saw and who, as I have said, I supposed was Sarah, had her bonnet on with a white veil over her face. She also wore a white shawl and silk dress which rustled as she approached. 'Why, Sarah,' I asked, in astonishment, 'where are you going at this time of night?' She did not answer; but, as I spoke, the figure threw aside her veil suddenly and looked at me, and then passed into my sister's room, the door of which stood open beside us. The remembrance of that face I shall carry with me to my grave. It was an awful one, white, ghastly, and hideous. I started back in horror; a sickening sense of terror came over me. I felt as if I would faint, indeed. I think that for a few minutes I did lose consciousness. What was that horrible face and unearthly form which I, in the bright moonlight, so plainly saw beside me? Sleep for that night was banished, for I could not shake off the feeling of horror and dread which oppressed me, lest the awful being should again appear to me. I fully determined to leave the frightful old house in the morning, and while at breakfast, told my sister what had occurred the night before, and how several times I had been alarmed by the frightful object which had appeared in my apartment. What was my surprise to learn that she also had been disturbed almost every night by feeling some invisible presence near her, oppressing her heart with a sense of intense dread. Like myself, not believing in the supernatural, she was unwilling to speak of what she could not in any way account for, but what she had suffered in silence caused the change in her health and spirits, of which I have spoken. I did not wonder at it, when I thought of the hideous, unearthly form I had seen going into her chamber, and which, no doubt, was her dread unseen visitor. Before night we left that haunted house, and although I am now an old man, the remembrance of the awful sights I there witnessed has never been effaced from my memory."

The following incidents were related by one of our lady visitors:

"Not very long ago," she began, "my family lived in a large stone mansion, in one of the principal streets of the city of K—. While residing there, I was not disturbed by any supernatural sights or sounds, as some members of

the family were, except on one occasion; but that very strange things happened during the two years we lived there I must allow. The house, as I have stated, was a large one. In the third story my brother occupied a small room at the end of a long, narrow passage. While lying awake late one night, he heard footsteps coming along this passage, and some one, the rustling of whose dress he distinctly perceived, entered his room and stood beside his bed. He was a boy of about fourteen years old, brave, spirited, and one who had no belief in the existence of ghosts, but on that occasion, an unaccountable feeling of dread oppressed him, and he was so terribly frightened that he buried his head beneath the clothes. After a while, when he recovered himself a little, he called out loudly, startling some of the family from their sleep. My father went to him and saw, at once, from his appearance and manner, that he had been dreadfully alarmed, nor would he remain any longer in the room, but moved his bed that night to another apartment. The only time I suffered any alarm was being suddenly awakened one night, by my sister asking me in startled tones, who that was standing at the foot of our bed? I was too much frightened to look who or what it was, for, with the exclamation 'Oh! do hush!' I quickly drew the coverlet over my face. My sister, however, declared that she plainly saw the figure of a woman—a little woman, dressed in black, standing silently in the morning dawn at the foot of the bed. The apparition, as she called out to me, vanished. Again, one night, long after every one had retired to rest, some one was heard, through the silence which pervaded the house, to run quickly up the long staircase. Another strange circumstance which occurred was this. To the house there was an unfinished attic, but it had no communication with the rest of the dwelling, except by a sort of trap door in the third story. As there were no stairs, or even a ladder, ascending to the attic, no one could possibly get up there. At the side of the house, under the roof, there was in this attic a small window. A gentleman, an intimate friend of ours, in passing down the street one day, happened to glance up at this window. He noticed that there was some one sitting there; the figure of an old man he took it to be. As he thought it rather singular, a day or two afterwards, he mentioned the circumstance to my brother. After leaving the house, we learned that our family was not the only one troubled by unaccountable occurrences in that old dwelling."

Another of the stories told by a gentleman of the party was as follows:

"When a young man, I resided with my mother and sister, in a house situated at the corner of A— and L— streets, in Montreal. The house was pleasantly located, and in quite a thoroughfare, but even at that time, it was not a modern dwelling. One afternoon, my mother—who was by no means of a nervous or fanciful temperament—was sitting at work near one of the windows at the back of the house, overlooking the yard. As she turned her head for a moment and looked out, to her amazement she distinctly saw an open grave in the middle of the yard, and at the same instant, she observed the figure of a little old man, strangely dressed in some ancient costume, going towards it. She called out to my sister, who was in the apartment, to look out; but when she reached the window, both the yawning grave and old-looking old man had disappeared."

Another time I was out late one night, and on my return home my mother hearing me at the door came down to let me in. While in the act of unlocking the door she heard a step beside her, and instantly afterwards some one struck her on the shoulder. She cried out in alarm. I heard her and drawing my knife—the only weapon which I possessed—from my pocket, hastily opened it, and stood ready to defend her, as she threw back the door. I sprang into the hall, but to my surprise encountered my mother only, instead of some midnight robber whom I, on hearing her scream, had imagined was hid in the house and had attacked her."

On one other occasion an incident occurred for which we also could never account. My sister was in her room one evening about dusk. While crossing the apartment she beheld, in the passage outside, the form of a woman standing at the window, which was at the foot of the stairs leading to the third storey. She was attired in a loose flowing robe, her arms were crossed over her breast, and her face was pressed closely against the window as she apparently peered earnestly into the street below. While my sister in silent terror gazed at her she suddenly turned from the window and vanished up the stairs beside her. As my sister was quite alone in the house and no one could possibly have entered it without her being aware of the fact, her appearance there to this day has remained a mystery to us."

The last story was told by one of the young ladies of the party, who commenced by saying: Last winter I went with my sister to visit some friends who lived in the country. Our apartment was a large one in the front of the house, and being tired out by our journey we soon fell asleep after retiring to our chamber. Suddenly I was awakened and became at once conscious that some one was in the room. It was as I have said a large apartment with three windows in it through which the moon shone brightly. On looking around I perceived walking slowly up and down the room the tall figure of a woman with her head wrapped up and her face covered by her hands. I was greatly

alarmed and lay almost breathless watching this strange form, as in the bright moonlight it paced the room apparently in great trouble. I did not awake my sister, for I was too much frightened either to move or speak. Presently the figure came towards the bed. You may imagine my terror at its approach. Nearer it came until it bent over me, the lips moved and in hollow tones it said, "I'm cold. Let me in."

These words dispelled the terror which had seized me, for I saw that the being beside me was one of flesh and blood, and no spirit as I had fancied. The lady was a relative of the family who arriving late that night after every one had gone to bed, came in by the back door which was unfastened, and proceeded upstairs to the spare room which we occupied. As she was suffering from a severe toothache she had muffled her head and walked the floor until the pain had subsided a little.

This is my story, she added, and although at the time of its occurrence it was quite as frightful to me as some of those I have just listened to, yet it will not, I am sure, be as much appreciated by you as those authenticated ghost stories which have been related this evening.

BLENNERHASSET IN MONTREAL.

Your article on Blennerhasset in the issue of the 3rd inst., asking any particulars connected with this unfortunate family during their residence in Montreal, has induced to send you the following:—

Blennerhasset quite disheartened, and being cramped by endorsements for Colonel Burr, amounting to \$30,000, sold out his plantation in Mississippi and moved to Montreal. One of his intimate friends of former days was the Governor, of the Province (Sir George Prevost, I believe), and had invited him to come, with the promise of an appointment to a seat on the Bench for which he was well qualified. But misfortune seemed still to pursue him. He had scarcely reached Montreal ere his friend the Governor was removed from office, and all his hopes were frustrated. His friends urged him to return to England with the assurance of a lucrative post from the Government. He returned but to be again disappointed.

While in this city, when blighted hopes and prospects of poverty were thickening around them, Mrs. Blennerhasset wrote her beautiful poem entitled, "The Deserted Isle."

It was the outgushing of her heart in lament over the once happy home on Blennerhasset Island, Ohio.

I here give you a few of the stanzas—

"Like mournful echo from the silent tomb  
That pines away upon the midnight air,  
While the pale moon breaks out with fitful gloom,  
Fond memory turns with sad, but welcome care  
To scenes of desolation and despair.  
Once bright with all that beauty could bestow,  
That peace could shed, or youthful fancy know.

To the fair isle reverts the pleasing dream:  
Again thou risest in thy green attire,  
Fresh as at first, thy blooming graces seem,  
Thy groves, thy fields, thy wonted sweets respire;  
Again thou'rt all my heart could e'er desire,  
Oh! why, dear isle, art thou not still my own,  
Thy charms could then for all my griefs atone.

For many blissful moments there I've known,  
Too many hopes have there met their decay,  
Too many feelings now forever gone:  
To wish that thou wouldst ere again display  
The joyful colouring of thy prime array;  
Buried with thee, let them remain a blot,  
With thee, their sweets, their bitterness forgot.

And Oh! that I could wholly wipe away  
The memory of the ill that work'd thy fall,  
The memory of that all-eventful day  
When I returned, and found my own fair hall  
Held by an infuriate populace in thrall,  
My own fireside blockaded by a band  
That once found food and shelter at my hand.

My children, (Oh! a mother's pangs forbear,  
Nor strike again that arrow through my soul.)  
Clasp the ruffians in suppliant prayer,  
To free their mother from unjust control,  
While with false crimes, and imprecations foul  
The wretches, vilest refuse of the earth,  
Mock jurisdiction held around my hearth.

Sweet isle! methinks I see thy bosom torn  
Again behold the ruthless rabble throng,  
That wrought destruction, taste most ever mourn;  
Alas! I see thee now, shall see thee long,  
Yet ne'er bitter feelings urge the wrong,  
That to a mob would give the censure due  
To those that arm'd the plunder-greedy crew."

JOHN HORN.

Montreal, 6th February, 1877.

MAXIMS OF THE TABLE.

- Brillat-Savarin is the author of these sayings:
- I. The Universe is nothing except through life, and everything which lives nourishes itself.
  - II. Animals feed; man eats; a man of wit and breeding alone knows how to eat.
  - III. The destiny of nations depends on the way in which they nourish themselves.
  - IV. Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are.
  - V. The Creator, in obliging man to eat in order that he may live, invites him by appetite, and rewards him by pleasure.
  - VI. Taste is an act of our judgment, by which we accord the preference to things which are palatable over those which are not.
  - VII. The pleasures of the table are for all ages, all conditions, all countries, and all days; they can associate themselves with all other pleasures, and remain to console us for their loss.

VIII. The dining-room is the only place where you are never bored during the first hour.

IX. The discovery of a new dish does more for the happiness of the human race than the discovery of a new constellation.

X. Those who get an indigestion, and those who get drunk, know neither how to eat nor how to drink.

XI. The order of edibles is from the more substantial to the lighter.

XII. The order of the drinks is from the lighter to the more heady and more perfumed.

XIII. To assert that there should be no change of wines at dinner is a heresy; the tongue surfeits itself; and, after the third glass, the best wine produces but a dull sensation.

XIV. A dessert without cheese is even as a fair woman who lacketh an eye.

XV. A man may become a cook, but he must be born a roaster.

XVI. The most indispensable quality in a cook is punctuality; the same quality is required of a guest.

XVII. To wait too long for a guest who is late is a want of politeness for all who are present.

XVIII. He who receives his friends, and bestows no thought on the meal to be prepared for them, is unworthy to have friends.

XIX. The mistress of the house ought always to assure herself that the coffee is excellent; the master should see that the wines are of the best brand.

XX. To invite any one to dinner is to make yourself responsible for his happiness during the time he is under your roof.

EPHEMERIDES.

The second meeting of the Sunday School Parliament and Bible Conference, will be held on Wellesley Island, (one of the famous "Thousand Islands" in St. Lawrence River, lying between Gananoque, Canada, and Clayton, N.Y.,) August 20 to 31st, 1877. Rev. W. F. Crafts will be Conductor, as before, assisted by Mrs. W. F. Crafts, in charge of Primary Department Work, and leading Christian workers from Canada and the United States, who will soon be announced. The first five days will be devoted to a "Bible Conference" on methods of Bible Reading, and the use of "Bible Readings," &c., while the second five days will be given to methods of Sunday School Work and Christian Work, including "Parents' Institute," "Temperance day," "Laymen's day," &c. A Normal Class will be organized, which will meet twice a day through the whole session, taking two courses of study of 19 lessons each, with an examination and diploma at the close. The evenings will be given to popular religious addresses by leading preachers and others, and each afternoon there will be a service adapted to interest children as well as older ones. Lodgings can be secured at low prices and of excellent quality in tents, cottages, boarding houses and first-class hotels, while excellent board is furnished at a large Dining Hall on the grounds. Railroads and Steamboats will, many of them, bring persons, as last year, at half fare. Those who wish bulletins and programmes sent them should forward their names on a Postal Card to Rev. J. F. Dayan, Watertown, N. Y., Secretary of the Association of the "Thousand Island Park."

HYGIENIC.

WARM food is more digestible than cold.

BITTER almonds are said to be a prophylactic against intoxication.

MR. F. E. FORRESTER cut himself, and trying to stop bleeding, he did not succeed, notwithstanding he tried to do it in several ways: finally the idea struck him to put on some dry plaster of Paris, which happened to be at hand. It stopped the bleeding at once, while it only caused some stinging sensation, lasting a minute or two, but no ill effects were experienced.

It cannot be too often pointed out that, roughly speaking, nobody need suffer from small-pox unless he chooses to do so; for the experience of the last epidemic in London disclosed the startling fact that, whilst vaccination gave considerable protection against the fatal effects of the disease, revaccination conferred almost a positive immunity. Some four out of 1,400 represented the proportion of attacks amongst the revaccinated.

THE St. Louis Sanitarium is a charitable institution for the reformation of drunkards and opium eaters. Patients are treated as inmates, and medicine and advice are also dispensed to outsiders. Non-alcoholic tonics are prescribed for those who habitually resort to stimulants when overworked, and lectures are given in which the nature and consequences of drunkenness are described. The managers now ask that liquor dealers be taxed to support the Sanitarium.

M. SAX gives the following: All the men who make it their profession to try the wind-instruments made at the various factories before sending them off for sale—all, without exception, to my knowledge, are free from pulmonary affections. I have known many such who, on entering on this profession, were very delicate, and who, though their duty obliged them to blow for hours together, enjoyed perfect health after a certain time. The day is not far distant, perhaps, when physicians will have recourse to our art in order to conquer pulmonary disease.

It has been supposed by some that the effects of compressed air on workmen were injurious, but Siebe, an eminent German hydraulic engineer, has established, by a series of experiments during several years, the fact that workmen working in caissons, attitud, in a short time, a remarkable degree of comfort; and their chests become strengthened to a remarkable degree. He has also ascertained that pulmonary complaints become cured by thus working under water. In consequence of this, Dr. Carlo Farlanni, of Milan, has established an aërotherapeutic establishment, for the treatment of pulmonary complaints.





JOINT SESSION OF THE AMERICAN CONGRESS FOR COUNTING THE ELECTORAL VOTES: VICE-PRESIDENT FERRY OPENING THE CERTIFICATES.



**HON. C. A. P. PELLETIER.**

The Cabinet office vacated by the elevation of the Hon. Mr. Latellier de St. Just to the Lieut.-Governorship of Quebec has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Charles Alphonse Pantaléon Pelletier, as Minister of Agriculture. The new Cabinet Minister has sat continuously in the House of Commons, as member for Kamouraska, since 1866, and was returned at the last general election by acclamation. He also represented for some time the Eastern Division of Quebec in the Quebec Legislature, but retired from the Assembly three years ago, in order to devote himself more fully to the work of the House of Commons. Mr. Pelletier was called to the bar of Lower Canada in 1860, and has held the office of Syndic of the Quebec Bar. He was for some years Major of the 9th Battalion, or *Voltigeurs de Québec*. Mr. Pelletier was born in the beginning of 1837, and is thus only in his fortieth year. He therefore belongs to the young generation of statesmen, who have been trained in a severe school, and from whom much may, in consequence, be expected. His appointment was connected with many circumstances to which we will not refer, except to say that they reflect credit upon him personally, and point to a legitimate influence which he is destined to exert. The Department over which he is called upon to preside is one of the most important in the machinery of our Government, and one which was raised to a high standard by the industry, urbanity, and talents of the late Minister, Mr. Latellier de St. Just. We are confident that the new incumbent will prove himself equal to the standard laid down by his predecessor, and that he will fully satisfy the legitimate demands of the public.

**JOURNALISM TWENTY CENTURIES AGO.**

The first Roman journal, published over 2,000 years ago, appeared only once a year. This paper, intended to be read by the public, was known by the title *Annales Maximæ*. The editor of this paper was the "Pontifex Maximus," whose duty it was to chronicle all the important events of the year. The news was written on white marble tablets and attached to the residences of citizens. It must have been a curious sight to see the old Romans crowding around these tablets to get a look at the latest news. But thirst after knowledge and the curiosity of the people grew rapidly, and in such



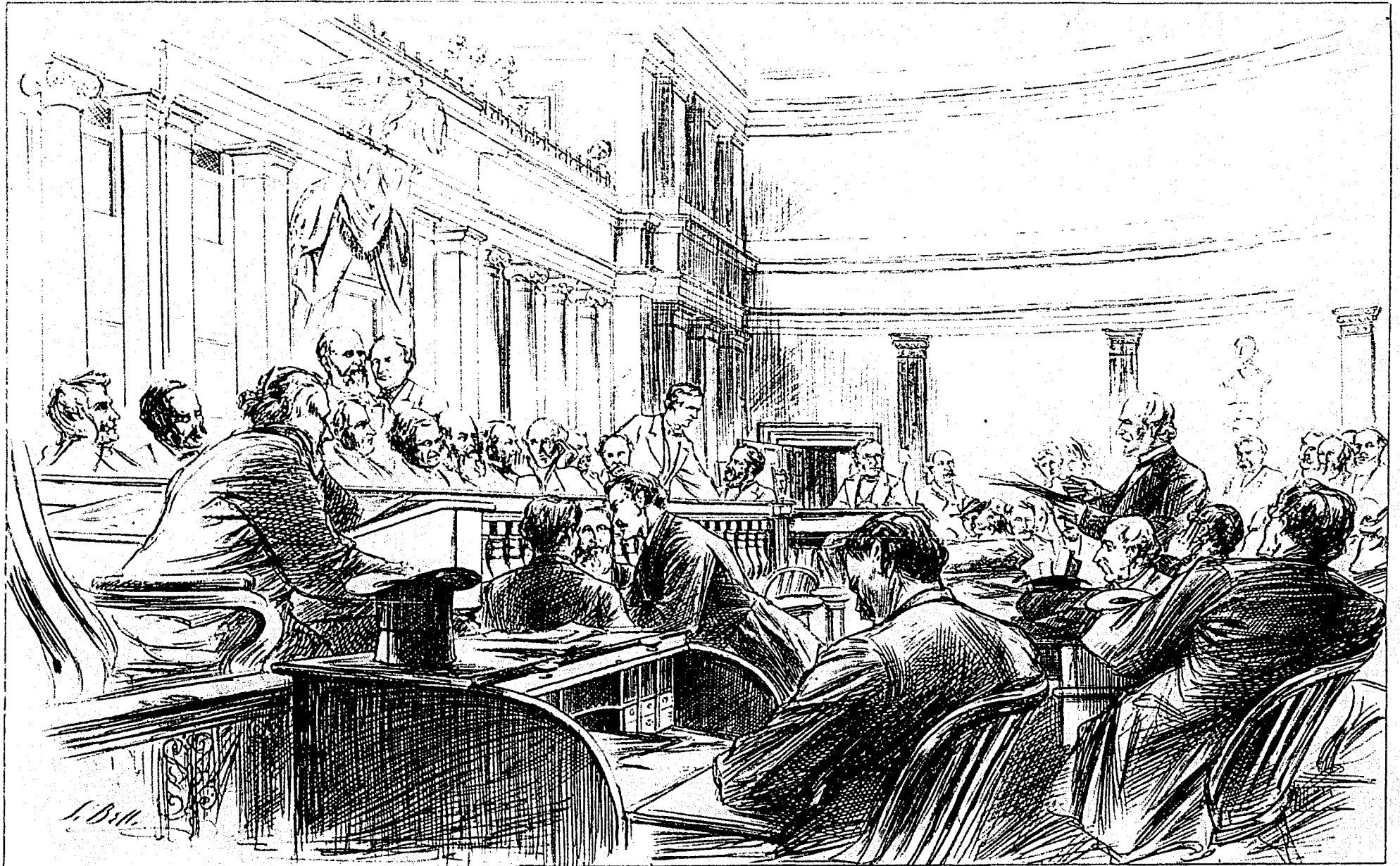
HON. C. A. P. PELLETIER, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

a measure that the Government, the only issuer of a journal, found itself obliged to issue a daily. It is interesting to know that some of the oldest journals, having reached the age of 2,044 years, are still in existence. The name of the first daily journal was *Acta Populi Romani Diurna*; it appeared daily either as "Album," i. e., the tablet hung out in public, or the contents were written with red chalk on the walls of the houses. The contents of the journal comprised what would be classed as daily news in our modern papers. From the want of the necessary material, political articles were not to be had. Nevertheless, according to the views of the Roman Government, it was a true journal, and intended as reading matter for the public.

Doubtless it will interest some of our readers to peruse a verbal translation from the oldest journal extant, issued 168 years before the birth of Christ: "Consul Licinius was the acting judge to-day. There was a heavy thunder-storm, and the lightning split an oak at the foot of the hills of Veli. In a hostelry at the foot of the hills of Janus there was a fight, in which the landlord was badly wounded. Titinius punished some butchers on account of their selling meat which had not been inspected; the money thus paid was used to erect a chapel to the Goddess Laveren. The broker Ausidius fled from town to-day, taking money with him belonging to other people. He was caught, and had to refund the money. The brigand Demiphon, who was captured by Officer Nerva, has been crucified to-day. The flotilla from Asia arrived to-day."

We see from this that it was in olden times pretty much the same as in our days; we only wish that our officials would attend to the butchers as well as Titinius. It must be of interest to journalism to know that Julius Cæsar, the greatest of all Romans, paid special attention to journalism. He saw the necessity of instructing the people in everything occurring in the State, and we find this quotation in Suetonius: "Julius Cæsar, as soon as he had entered his public office, caused not only to be written, but also spread among the people, the proceedings of the Senate."

This was the first political paper, and, as it contained news about buildings, births, deaths, executions, and anecdotes, it can be likened very much to our modern papers. It seems incredible, but it can be proved, that already in the olden times there were stenographers, who took down the speeches made in the Senate or in public. They were called "Notarii," and we find a place in Suetonius where Augustus is angry because the stenographers reported the speech of Cæsar for Metellus in a very imperfect manner.



Senator Frelinghuysen, Senator Morton, Senator Thurman, Senator Edmunds, Judge Miller, Judge Wray, Judge Willard, Judge Field, Judge Brewer, Mr. Fay, Mr. Abbott, Mr. Boston, Senator Bayard, Mr. Usher, Mr. Hall, Mr. O'Connor, Mr. D. P. Cook.

THE ELECTORAL TRIBUNAL AT WASHINGTON: CHARLES O'CONNOR ADDRESSING THE COURT.



THE TEXT.

"I'm glad you've come, the baby's squalled  
Like vengeance since you went away;  
The more I sang, the more it bawled,—  
I thought the preacher would preach all day!  
Whatever could have made him drawl  
His sermon out at such a length?  
I guess his reason's getting small,  
I think he'd better save his strength!"

"Tut, Thomas, now you shouldn't speak  
In such a cross and wicked way;  
You know through all the weary week  
I hain't bin out a single day.  
And now a-cause I wanted you  
To mind the baby, while I went  
To hear a sermon good an' true,  
You'll jaw me to your heart's content!"

"Jaw? pshaw! I didn't mean to jaw!  
You needn't get so very vexed.  
Sit down and tell us what you saw—  
But first jest let us have the text!"

"The text? oh, yes, 'twas somewhere in—  
But there, that puts me jest in mind.  
An' so before I do begin,  
I'll tell you who I sat behind."

"'Twas Mrs. Brown the butcher's wife—  
She's got a brae new velvet hat,—  
I never saw in all my life  
A more unfastless thing than that!  
An' then the way she tossed her head,  
A-comin' in so very late—  
Indeed I wouldn't have it said  
That I'd no silver for the plate!"

"The text? oh, yes, 'twas all about—  
But do you think its hardly right  
For them, as wants to be devout,  
To stare if people is a-fright?  
Now Jones, who ought to shut his eyes  
At prayers, was gappin' at a girl,  
Whose dress was neither neat nor wise,  
Her head a frizzled mass of curl."

"The text? oh, yes, 'twas very good—  
But if you'd seen that ugly fan  
Stuck on a bit of painted wood—  
I really thought that Mrs. Mann  
Had better taste than take a thing  
Like that into the house of prayer!  
And when the folks got up to sing,  
She waved it round with such an air!"

"The text? oh, yes, 'twas in the Book—  
But what a noise that baby makes!  
I'm sure the little darling's look  
Is like it had the stummy-eakes!  
The text? I text you, if you don't  
Take up that baby on your knee!  
We'll have to hurry or we won't  
Have dinner done till after tea!"

Stuyver, Ont.

C. E. JANEWAY.

JOAN:  
A TALE,

BY  
RHODA BROUGHTON,

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

PART I.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

He walks again to the window and watches the Campiloglio cat, who, having made herself into an arch, and stiffened her tail to the likeness of a poker, is boxing the angry dog's ears. In a moment, however, he utters an exclamation of astonishment.

"Is it possible?" he cries, turning to Joan with a vexed expression. "They are back already—how quickly they must have walked! They must have run!"

In two minutes they are all in the room—all three.

"How do you do, Colonel Wolferstan?" Mrs. Moberley cries, with right hand far outstretched, and as much warmth of greeting as if he were a long-lost prodigal son. "Very glad to see you in my house; though it is the first time, I hope it will not be the last by many! You do not know my girls, I think? No! Never happened to meet! My eldest," proudly producing Bell; "my youngest!" affably indicating Di.

"We have often felt as if we knew you," says Bell, in a laughing tone, hazarding a glance of sugared bashfulness, "meeting you so often in society."

"Speak for yourself, Bell!" says Diana, gruffly; "I never thought that I knew Colonel Wolferstan—I always knew that I did not."

"I hope you will always know me for the future," says Anthony, rather embarrassed between an intense inclination to laugh, and as intense a compassion for Joan. "Fortunately, down here I have not a double as I have in London, where, in consequence, I am mostly cut by the people I know, and greeted by the people I do not know."

"We have not been up at all this year," says Bell, affectedly, as if a season were with her an annual occurrence.

"We never do!" cries Diana, flushing. "Do you know," lifting a large pair of shy eyes to their guest's face—"do you know that I have never been in London in my life?"

"This year, at least, you have no loss," he answers, civilly. "The heat has been something unheard-of—ninety in the shade the day I came down."

"You do not say so!" said Mrs. Moberley, in a high staccato key of astonishment. "We had been regretting that we had put up our

furs. We should have had them out again only that it seemed a pity to take them out of the campior." A moment later—"You will stay to din—luncheon, I mean—of course. I must tell Sarah to lay another place; you will hardly believe it, she would never do it out of her own head."

She is on her way to the door when, mindful of his oath, he arrests her progress.

"Thank you very much—nothing I should like better! But I am afraid it is impossible. I—I have an engagement at home."

"Now, what engagement can you have on a Sunday?" asks Mrs. Moberley, with affectionate incredulity. "I will not take 'No!' We can offer you only a plain roast leg of mutton"—this information at least is needless—"but I dare say you do not dislike a plain joint for a change!"

"I love it!" he answers, laughing, thankful for even this flimsy excuse to indulge his mirth, which otherwise he feels that he would be constrained to indulge without a pretext. But, in mid-mirth, he suddenly stops; he has caught one look of Joan's face—her face of abject entreaty and agonized appeal—and his laughter dies.

Rebutting with civil persistence the importunities of Mrs. Moberley and of her eldest daughter, he is at length allowed to depart.

"Well, we do really know him at last!" cries Bell, with a long-drawn breath of triumph, before he is well out of the room; "what a mercy the rain was!"

"He was laughing so that he could hardly speak," says Diana, in a mortified tone. "I watched him down the drive—he was shaking all over!"

As for Joan, she has rushed up to her room, and, flinging herself on the bed, has buried her miserable, burning face on the little hard pillow.

"It will kill me!" she says, with strangled sobs—strangled for fear of being heard through the thin floor. "It will kill me! as long as they did not know him, it was bearable—henceforth, it will be unbearable."

CHAPTER XIV.

Since that dread Sunday, two whole months and one half have now rolled by. August is come; the month on which our short and chilly summer generally tries to concentrate all its heat.

"No one who lives in a large house has any idea of what heat is!" Joan says to herself, sitting nerveless and pallid by the drawing-room window, through which, at the passing of every harvest-wain, or more briskly-rolling carriage, a great volley of white dust pours over the hedge and into the room. For a wonder, she has the apartment to herself, and, also, for a wonder she is idle. Joan is not often idle.

It is impossible to grow fat upon air; and during this hot weather her palate absolutely refuses the coarse food that is offered to it. Two months and a half, and in all that time not one bright spot! And yet she has not seen Wolferstan!

Looking back on the past twelve weeks, what has she left her, but an impression of mortification and purgatorial heat?

Pshaw! this weather is asphyxiating! She whisks about her pocket-handkerchief in the effort to make a little air-current, but in vain. This is in the morning, and you may imagine that in the afternoon it is not likely to be much cooler. Yet the afternoon sees Joan trudging along the Helmsley road. What was her idle, passive, shielded morning heat compared to her active, sun-struck afternoon heat?

Mrs. Moberley is spending the day with a friend. Bell is in bed with a sick headache; it seems ill-natured to allow Diana to go alone; and to Helmsley some one must go, to remonstrate with the baker on leaving the establishment breadless.

In spiritless silence, with throbbing heads and powdery feet, and faint limbs, the two girls take their way along the gridiron of the high-road, their very brains feeling as if they were frying, bubbling, steaming in their heads. They have reached the town, have trodden the hot pavement, have done their errand, and again left the burning flags, and are on their way back again. Di has not even had spirit to peep at the new perales in the draper's window, or give one passing glance to the awkward squad drilling and grilling in the barrack-yard.

Now at least their faces are turned homeward. More than half of their ordeal is over. They are about midway between Helmsley and home, when their burnt and dazzled eyes catch sight of a carriage involved in dust, bowling briskly along to meet them; a well-turned out London carriage, smart servants, sleek, lofty-mannered horses.

"It is Mrs. Wolferstan!" says Diana, in an excited voice, a ray of life and animation streaming into her scorched, fagged face; "they have come down then, at last! I wonder will she bow to me?"

The doubt is soon solved. As the barouche flashes past, its sole inmate—a lady luxuriously stretched under a big sun-shade, amid a sea of muslins—leans forward to bow and smile with accented civility.

"Is the world coming to an end?" cries Diana, standing stock-still in the dust, and gazing in astonishment after the retreating vehicle. "Mostly she looks as if she were not aware that there were such people on the earth's

face! At this rate she will probably soon kiss us."

"Was that Colonel Wolferstan's mother?" asks Joan, surprised; having received only a transient impression of white veil, yellow hair, and pink cheeks. "Why, she looked like a young lady!"

"I do not fancy that she looks very young when you take her to pieces," replies Diana, sagely. "There is a good deal about her that does not belong to her! I wish," she adds, regretfully, "that it was not so hot! I look so like Bell when I am red; I hope that she did not mistake me for her! Do you think she did?"

"It is not in the least likely," replies Joan, reassuringly, feeling, meanwhile, an inward conviction that to Mrs. Wolferstan's mind the Misses Moberley are a vague fact—a blur, endowed with no separate identity.

At length they have reached Portland Villa, and on entering the drawing-room find it no longer untenanted. Mrs. Moberley has returned. Bell has risen from her bed. Both are talking eagerly. The cause of the conversation is speedily discovered to be a small, unopened note, which, held between Bell's finger and thumb, is having its superscription eagerly scanned.

On perceiving the two girls, she advances eagerly, holding it out to Joan, and crying: "You have come at last! how you must have crawled! I could not have borne the suspense much longer; I should have been obliged to have opened it. Mrs. Wolferstan brought it," she goes on, presently, with voluble minuteness; "she came in her big barouche with the C-springs. She did not ask to come in; the footman left it!"

"Of course it is all that good fellow's doing," says Mrs. Moberley, with a familiarly fond allusion to Colonel Wolferstan; "he naturally likes his mother to be intimate with a family that he himself is on such very good terms with."

"Probably," says Bell, her eyes greedily fastened on Joan, who has unfolded the billet, and, with tired white cheeks slightly pleasure-flushed, is reading it—"probably it is to invite us all to their school-feast."

"To luncheon, more likely!" says Mrs. Moberley, loftily; "naturally they wish to repay some of our hospitality."

"We must have a fly!" cries Bell, sanguinely; "we never could walk in this weather—a two-horse fly!"

"I would not order it at once," says Diana, ironically. "I think you will find that our own equipages will be enough to convey us."

"Will you read it for yourselves?" asks Joan, coming to the end of the effusion, and holding it vaguely out to the company generally.

Bell eagerly snatches it and reads aloud: "MY DEAR MISS DERING: Will you overlook the informality of the request, and give us the pleasure of a visit? Your grandfather and I were such old friends that I cannot feel as if you were a stranger. If it suits you, will you come to us to-morrow for a week or ten days? I will send the carriage for you at any hour you like to name. Hoping that we shall be able to persuade you,

"Yours, very truly,  
"SOPHIA WOLFERSTAN."

There is a blank silence.

"Was not it a mercy that we had not ordered the fly?" asks Diana, dryly.

"We might not be in existence, for all the mention she makes of us!" says Bell, in a wrathful voice; turning the note inside out to see whether the name of Moberley does not lurk in some overlooked postscript; "not even kind regards or best remembrances."

CHAPTER XV.

Were Joan a wise woman she would, as she is well aware, reject Mrs. Wolferstan's overture. When Fate has seated you on a low rung of the social ladder, it is a mistake to allow yourself to be hoisted for a small and transient period on to a higher one. The temporary elevation only makes your low seat the more uneasy to you forever after.

"I never used to be thought susceptible in my good days, never!" she says to herself. "I always laughed at them when they made love to me. At the end of ten days I shall be able to laugh."

Having thought for a moment and conscientiously answered "No!" she goes the length of writing a note of refusal, which is no sooner finished than it is torn into a hundred fragments.

"I am willing to pay for it," she cries out aloud—she is sitting in her own little room, her elbows resting on the table, her chin leaned on her clasped hands—"however heavily I have to pay! No musk-plant in a dry summer ever longed for rain as I do for a little happiness, a little enjoyment! I am dying of thirst. I must drink!" So without giving herself time for reflection, she writes a line of acceptance and sends it off at once, lest she should again change her mind.

So it comes to pass that on the morrow, in the late afternoon, when the sun is beginning a little to relax the severity of his rule, she sets off. The big barouche stands at the door, the tall horses tossing their heads and digging unnecessary holes in the gravel with the hoofs of their supercilious forefeet, her aunt and cousins

nodding farewell to her, with mixed envy and good-nature in their eyes.

The last adieux are said; she has kissed all the dogs and told them that she is going to church, which, though not exactly true, conveys the right idea to their minds, viz., that it will be impious to attempt to follow her. Bell's parting adjuration to be sure not to forget to remember them to Colonel Wolferstan, screamed after her, dies away, drowned in the noise of the rolling wheels.

She is off! bowling swiftly along the well-known bit of road, where she has so often slowly trudged with weary feet, less weary than her heart. With the thrifty idea of making the most of it, she leans luxuriously back on the cushions, and, lulled by the smooth motion and the caress of the yielding air, the idea strikes her, "Has it possibly been a most ugly dream?" Is she driving to Dering to dinner? Will by-and-by the four grey towers rise in familiar solemnity on her sight against the lustre of the opulent sky?

For one happy moment she nurses the idle notion. Then her eyes fall on the men-servants, and the dream dissolves; the liveries are different, and on the buttons the Wolf shows his snarling teeth where the Dering lion was wont to ramp. Through the iron gates, between whose bars Diana and she had thrust their envious hot faces, in meagre survey, on the day after her arrival; through the park, where above the deep-green bracken, high-crowned heads are seen to toss and glance; a glimpse of dazzling garden-squares, and of sunshiny fountains coolly playing; and then, with a sweep, they drive up to the door, and the great bay horses stand still.

There is no need to open the door. It is already thrown hospitably back; and in the aperture stands a man less soberly clad than a butler, less floridly glorious than a footman—a man dressed all in virgin white, like a lily, a *débutant*, or a cricketer. On his feet are cricketer shoes, on his head brown hair, shaven as only young hair ever is; on his cheeks and nose a coppery shining, which shows how, through the long summer day, the sun has been doing his wicked will upon him; in his eyes—the only part of his face to which the hot day's work has been unable to do any despite—a great jollity and gladness. He is here, then! The ten days have begun. Only ten! one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!

She is out of the carriage, through the porch, away from the men-servants, in an inner hall before he gives her much greeting. There and then—they two being quite alone, a moderate richly-coloured light, filtering through the old and mellow dyes of a stained window, on their heads, and only dead stags' eyes staring glassily at them from the walls—she finds that both her hands are in his, and that he is saying to her most gravely, though with a smile—

"Welcome! welcome! welcome!" three times, and emphasizing each repetition. It would be pleasant to leave them in his, where, indeed, they feel most comfortably at home; she therefore instantly withdraws them. "Now at last I believe in your coming!" he cries, drawing a long, glad breath. "I never did tell you; there is something shifty and uncertain about you that one cannot reckon upon. I am afraid now to move my eyes away from you, lest when I looked again I should find that you were half-way back to Portland Villa!"

She smiles a little bitterly. "Am I, then, so fond of Portland Villa?" A pause. Her eyes have been resting on the harmonious middle of the Turkey carpet; she lifts them to his face. Where is Mrs. Wolferstan? am I not to be introduced to her?"

"By-and-by, by-and-by!" he cries, with impatient gaiety, "you have hardly been introduced to me yet. *A propos* of that, can you conscientiously tell me, this time, that you are glad to see me—not as a link, mind—not as a link—but as myself, as Anthony?" She is silent. "I think you are!" he says softly and slowly, "though you would be torn asunder by wild horses before you would own it. Have you made a vow to keep my vanity at starving point, prison-diet, bread-and-water, and very little of that?" Without waiting for her unreadily answer, he goes on eagerly: "Then let me tell you that I am glad enough for two, for ten, for twenty. I am inconveniently, unprecedentedly, disagreeably glad!"

She looks up at him with a spirited smile. "Methinks, my lord, thou dost protest too much!" she says, altering the quotation.

"Ay, but I'll keep my word!" he cries quickly, catching it up where she has left it, and altering it too.

She laughs a little. "Where is Mrs. Wolferstan? If you will not find her for me, I shall be reduced to finding her for myself!"

"It would serve you right to let you try!" he says, gayly. "Well! since you do not know when you are well off! leading the way through empty rooms, along cool passages, up steps, down steps, till at length they stop before a door carefully protected by a heavy *portière*. Here they come to a standstill. "You have never seen her?" asks Anthony, in a whisper, with his hand on the curtain.

"No."

"You have not the slightest idea what she is like?"

"Not the slightest," whispering too. "Is she like you?"

He smiles a little oddly. "I do not know. Does one ever know what one's self is like? She does not seem to me to have much resemblance to what I see in the glass."

In another half-moment they are in the room, and Joan is making her bow to Wolferstan's mother. The light is so dim that that which pervades a twilight cathedral at even-tide is garish in comparison. Rigorously closed *persiennes* outside the windows, lowered rose-blinds inside, reduce the August sunshine to a minimum. Through the gloom she dimly sees an uncovered gold head, filleted with a pale-pink ribbon, stooping toward her, and a civil, level, chilly voice saying—

"I hope you are not quite dead with the heat! I hope they have given you some tea!"

"Thank you! I had some before I set off." "When I last saw you, you were only so high," continues Mrs. Wolferstan, holding a thin, pale hand heavily freighted with diamonds at a level of about a foot from the floor; "it was at Dering; you used to call me the pretty lady. Do you recollect? No!"

They are seated side by side on a lounge, with their backs carefully turned to the feeble light. Joan's eyes are fixed on her hostess; on the bright locks whose liberal gold has spread even over the parting. She shakes her head. "I do not remember."

"But you did call me so, all the same!" repeats the other, her even voice taking a little sharpness of tone. A moment later, with recovered blandness: "Do you know I rather feel as if we had lured you here under false pretences? Has Anthony told you we are quite, quite, quite alone?"

Anthony nods. "It is true," he says, laconically. "Do you mind?"

"By-and-by," continues Mrs. Wolferstan, coldly smiling. "I hope we shall be a little more amusing. In about a week we may perhaps find some playfellows. Anthony dear" (with a tart change of tone), "why will you always leave the door open! There comes in such a glare from the passage as I am sure must be blinding poor Miss Dering."

Anthony gets up docilely, and shuts the door, successfully excluding thereby one small, weak shaft of God's good light, which was modestly trying to steal in; and again they sit in complete gloom.

CHAPTER XVI.

The butler's practised hand has made its daily assault upon the Abbey gong; and the four people to whom its loud whirring has appeared are seated round the dinner-table. How delightful to be going to eat one's dinner without having had the whole bloom taken off the affair—without having had its existence forced upon one's notice for three preceding hours by the all-pervasive smell of the rampant onion! There might not be such a bulb in existence, for all that one perceives of it here.

Joan has made her entry into the dining-room, with her hand on the back of a wheeled chair, which is the nearest approach to taking her into dinner which the master of the house is capable. For he, poor old gentleman, is in very indifferent repair, both of mind and body, and is rolled in, nodding a good deal and smiling foolishly, until snubbed into gravity by an austere valet, who cuts up his dinner and blows his nose for him.

"He only dines with us when we are alone, of course!" says Mrs. Wolferstan, in calm apology; "but I thought you would not mind!—no—it amuses him seeing strangers and talking to them; he will answer you quite rationally sometimes."

So now they are seated, while quiet-footed, swift servants ply them with many palate-tickling dishes. For the first time since leaving Dering, she is dining.

In order to distract her attention from her own gluttony, and relying on his wife's account of his powers of conversation, she hazards a timid observation to her host and neighbor, to the effect that "it is a fine day!" and is much abashed at having her cheerfully-meant remark received with a burst of tears.

"Yes, it is a very fine day!" (sobbing).

In great discomfort she looks across the garden of late roses, that spreads in red pomp and perfume over the table between them, at Anthony, who nods reassuringly, and says:

"It is all right! he usually does it!" She wishes that he would not nod; he has a look of his father when he does.

"Were not you very sorry to leave Dering?" asks Mrs. Wolferstan, presently, drawing still more deeply down the already large and opaque candle-shade over the candle nearest her; "but I am silly—of course you were! sweet old spot! I am sure" (with a sigh), "no one can have pleasanter associations with it than I!"

Joan is silent. When her old home is mentioned, she can depend upon neither voice nor eyes.

"Always something doing—something going on there!" pursues the other, her head poised on one side in pensive recollection; "last time that I was there, we got up some tableaux; the very best of their kind, I think, that I have ever seen! it was during the visit that I was mentioning before dinner—the one that you do not recollect!" (with a faintly-resentful intonation).

Joan is conscious that Anthony is looking at her, with all his imploring soul thrown into his eyes, across the table; that he is even coughing with patient artificiality to attract her attention to this glorious opportunity for re-remembering the so unluckily-forgotten fact. But she lets it slip.

"In one, I remember," pursues Mrs. Wolferstan with a half-smile of complacent reminis-

cence, "I was the beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green; bare feet, you know, and my hair all loose about my shoulders" (touching them with the tips of her fingers); "the squire himself himself posed me, dear old man! of course he was not old then! indeed he was Cophetua."

"He was always fond of pretty people!" answers Joan.

"And I am sure they returned the compliment," answers Mrs. Wolferstan, with brisk cordiality; "at least I can answer for myself, but I have always clung to my elders; it has been my way all my life! I have never cared for my contemporaries!"

Joan looks down at the plump quail on her plate, with rose-reddened cheeks and bitten lips, at the consciousness of the dumb pantomime of applause and approbation which, invisibly to any one but her, Anthony is going through, on the other side of the table, for her behoof. Dinner is over and done with now; nothing but its genial memory left; and Joan stands alone among the garden odors. Her hostess has not accompanied her; whether afraid that the moonlight may bleach her gold hair, or the night-wind blow the pink from her cheeks, is unknown.

So, by the fountain, with the slumberous tumble of the salt sea in her ears, and with an enormously long, slim shadow stretching over the fine turf behind her, Joan stands. The fountain is no longer playing. Though the Tritons have their mouths wide open, though the fat Cupids' cheeks are still puffed out, no water issues from their cold stone lips. In the basin the water lies still as death, holding the moon and the constellations on its heart. How plainly mirrored is the fringe of ferns! each frond so faithfully given back. Will she be able to see her own face as clearly? Thriftily lifting her gown, she kneels on the dewy turf; and, leaning over the edge of the basin, peeps. Her face is only a featureless blur. She dips her hand into the water—then her wrist—then almost her arm. How pleasant to feel the cold flood creeping round it! Then she draws it out and holds it aloft in the moonbeams, admiring it. What a glorified, pear-colored limb! and how prettily the shining wet drops race down it! Footsteps make small noise on the turf; and, before she suspects it, some one is beside her. Ashamed of being found out in an employment so babyish and so vain, she rises hastily; and trying covertly to wipe her arm on her pocket-handkerchief, without being detected, cries out:

"Did you ever see anything so long as my shadow? it is running up the house! it has reached the second story!"

"It is trying to get in at the windows," answers Anthony, for it is he.

"Those are my windows!"

"Are they! But you need not be conceited about it; mine is quite as tall!" (moving toward her, and standing so close beside her that their two shadows unite and blend into a single whole).

"See! we are one!" (deepening the meaning of the trifling, jesting words by the emphasis of his moonlit eyes).

"But we can very soon be two again!" cries Joan, briskly, moving away from him, and turning her face toward the house.

"You are not going in?" he says, in a tone of strong disapprobation, getting ahead of her, and backing slowly before her; "until I came, you were good for another hour's moon-gazing!"

"Another hour! no—another half-hour! perhaps—yes!" (with a fine smile).

"Am I a fog or a miasma, that I should drive you in?" he cries, in an offended voice. She laughs lightly, yet restlessly; and the eyes that, against their will, meet his, are full of an uneasy distrust.

"I do not know! I am not quite sure that you are not!"

They are standing still again. Joan has stopped perforce, seeing that one other backward step will precipitate Anthony into the flamy depths of a geranium-bed. Above their heads a bright half-moon—no crescent—an honest half, as if it had been accurately sliced in two; below their feet the freshness of the hoary dew.

"May I ask, are you apt to catch cold?" She shakes her head.

"Have you a delicate throat?"

"No."

"A weak chest?"

"No."

"Rickety lungs?" She laughs a little.

"To save you the pain of further catechism, I will tell you that, as far as I know, I am perfectly sound!"

"Do you like fresh air?" he goes on, eagerly; "because, if so, let me tell you that indoors every window is tightly closed—every shutter rigorously barred! Do you like conversation? you will have to do without it! My mother is asleep and dislikes to be waked. Do you like light and occupation? you will get neither! it is one of our manners and customs to grope through our evening in Egyptian gloom!"

She is silent.

"Not convinced yet?" he cries, in a tone of impatient astonishment, but half feigned; "then go! buy dearly the experience that I was willing to give you for nothing!"

But, with the permission to go, she seems to lose the inclination.

"What time is it?" she asks, after thinking a moment; "take out your watch! I have not one." Then as he obeys her, and they both stoop over the little disk, "There!" she says, placing one small moonlit finger firmly on a figure on the dial-plate, "I will stay till then!"

"A beggarly quarter of an hour!" says the young man, grumbling; "what can one say in a quarter of an hour?"

"If one speaks quickly one can say an immense number of sentences!" answers Joan, demurely; "thousands, I should think; had not you better begin at once?"

But he seems in no hurry to comply with her suggestion. Slowly, and in a luxury of silence, they step side by side through the windless night. Above their heads in the suave, far sky, God's countless, noiseless armies are all awake and ashine. Thin trails of silvered clouds are flung hither and thither across the deep-blue space. One is even thrown, like a lawn veil, about the moon's face; but, it is so transparent, so luminous, that she looks through it with hardly lessened lustre.

Joan's head is thrown back; and her eyes and all her face are lifted upward, seeking, among the numberless battalions of the unknown, the few familiar faces of her shining friends.

"Have you finished counting the stars?" asks Anthony, presently, breaking the silence.

"Not quite!" (laughing a little, but not changing her position).

"There is no hurry!" says the young man, affably; "if you are content, so am I; I am looking at you at my leisure. I am not at all sure that I do not like looking at you better than talking to you; your face is so far gentler than your speech; I am sorry for your own sake that you cannot see at this moment how delicately and neatly your profile is cut out against the sky!"

If he had meant to bring her look down to earth again, he could not have taken a better course. In a moment the features he praises have come back to their usual level, and are turned with youthful severity toward him.

"I am sure that the time is up!" she says, uneasily; "I am sure that it is more than a quarter of an hour—let me look for myself!"

He takes out his watch, and, holding it up at some little distance from her for the space of an instant, hastily returns it to his pocket.

"Ten minutes more!" he says, promptly; "only five gone—I thought so!"

"A very long five minutes!" says Joan, suspiciously. They have seated themselves on a wooden bench under a tree. From an island of black shade they look out upon a sea of white moonlight. Around them is the perfect stillness that the rich man can make about his dwelling; no noise of rolling wheels, or of drunken men uproariously singing, which has so often of late been Joan's lullaby; no noise, save only the sea's far speech, its comfortable voice speaking coolly through the sultry night.

"There is one great want in the English language," says Anthony, presently, with apparent irrelevancy; "has it ever struck you? One has to employ the same pronoun to one's sweetheart and one's laundress. One says to the first, 'You are a darling,' and to the second, 'You have not put enough starch in my collar.' Ought not there to be a difference? Why does not one say 'thou' to the people one loves? I have a great longing to call you 'thou' to-night."

In the heart of this thick-clad tree it is too dark to see clearly, but his voice sounds dangerously moved, and Joan has a dim impression of young and flashing eyes. She laughs coldly and lightly.

"Why do not you, then? Pray do if you like; I am sure I have no objection."

"You have dried up all inclination," he cries, angrily, retiring into the farthest corner of the bench, out of which he had before been making cautious and stealthy advances like a horned snail out of its shell. "As long as I live I shall never wish to call you 'thou' again! if there were any colder pronoun than 'you,' I should make a point of employing it."

She laughs again mockingly.

"He, she, they, it; I give you your choice of them all. I will answer to any one of them."

As she speaks she rises, and, leaving his side, steps softly forth into the moonlight again. They have left the great main garden, with its terraces, its million bedding plants, its ingenious, unlovely flower mosaics. They are in the seclusion of a little ancient parterre that has survived from the olden time. Here formal bed box-edged answers to formal bed. Here the yew-peacock still keeps his shape; here many well-smelling out-of-fashion dwellers in old gardens have taken refuge, watched over by a quiet garden god done in stone, while around a tall trellis, over-flung by clematis, up-climbed by roses, profuse almost as June's, makes a high close wall.

"I have a favor to ask of you; now that we are alone I must not lose the opportunity; I want"—(lifting two meek, troubled eyes to his expectant face)—"I want to make you promise never to come and call upon me again."

"Nearer to come and call upon you again!"

"I know," continues Joan, beginning to speak very fast, and still looking at him humbly yet steadily—"I know that you mean it in all kindness and civility, but if you knew" (with an unmistakable accent of sincerity)—"if you knew how I hate your visits!"

"Thank you."

"If you knew how my heart sinks when the door-bell rings for fear that it may be you!"

"Thank you!"

"I grow hot, I grow cold, I choke!" cries the girl with an accent of deepening excitement; when I see their unnecessary, overdone effusiveness—their mistaken joy in greeting you—when I watch you with difficulty hiding your mirth!

no—do not mistake me" (seeing that he is about to interrupt her), "you do hide it, at least they do not see it; but I!—how can I help it? I divine it, and it suffocates me!"

Anthony is silent; an uncomfortable scarlet silence. Fain would he asseverate that the sight of the Misses Moberley and their mamma has no perceptible effect on his gravity, but the words stick in his throat. Did he swear this till he was black in the face, he knows that she would not believe him.

"Do not think that I blame you!" continues Joan, in a dejected tone, while her unoccupied hand idly strays among the gray-green sprays and tendrils of the bowery clematis; "were I in your place, no doubt I should not be able to keep my countenance so well as you do; but, things being as they are, they being my very near relatives—my closest kin—you may fancy that it is hardly amusement that I feel!"

Anthony turns away, writhing involuntarily, as the redundant form and over-flown face of Bell Moberley rises in awful distinctness before his mind's eye. "If this appalling fact be true, why, in Heaven's name, should she put it into words?"

"As you know," continues Joan, sighing a little, while her downcast eyes still stray sadly over the numberless little white flowers, and the downy fluff of the clematis—"as you know, mine is not a particularly sweet lot! well—when I tell you that each of your visits pours an additional drop of gall into my cup, I am sure that I need say nothing further to persuade you to leave them off!"

She stops; her voice, grown a little tremulous, dies into silence. Nothing breaks the suave dumbness of the night. A very light air has arisen, and is gently swinging the heavy-folded roses and playing over the garden god's cold limbs, the girl's soft face, and the man's troubled one.

Half an hour later she is standing in her bedroom, lost in honest admiration of the large white bed, the spouted jugs and uncracked basins, the whole and healthy carpet, and the safe-legged, dependable chairs.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY.

MR. HALLAM TENNYSON, a son of the poet, is a writer of some promise.

HART AND RAWLINSON are the publishers of the *Canadian Monthly* for its new proprietary.

The authorities of the grand library of Paris estimate the annual increment of volumes at 40,000. The whole number now is, by the latest report, 2,157,571.

LONGFELLOW has a bookcase filled with his own works in the original manuscripts. They are handsomely bound, as befits the clear, beautiful writing, and make a noble collection.

THE *Leopold Shakespeare*, which has been announced, will contain some of the very finest drawings that have emanated from the pencil of Fred Barnard, and magnificently engraved.

THE subscription for the benefit of Mr. Henry Kingsley is receiving contributions from all hands: poets, earls, bishops, and all sorts and conditions of men giving readily and liberally.

MR. OSGOOD, of Boston, is a miraculously rapid sort of publisher. He sent the copy of Tennyson's *Harold* to the printer one Monday morning, and next afternoon he was pointing with pride to the drama already bound in volumes in his own office.

HUMOROUS.

AN Iowa boy sued his father, and he got damages—with a skate-strap.

It is the duty of every man to accumulate property, but umbrellas should be purchased.

"PA," said a little fellow to his unshaven father, "your chin looks like the wheel in the music box."

ANYBODY can shovel snow, but the man who can do it and not swear, is good enough to be an editor.

SYDNEY SMITH said "A Bengal tiger with his tail in the air is a much less dangerous animal than an honest man with good intentions."

WHEN you see a young man with a red necktie and a brace of ear muffs, he always puts down his cane as if he were trying to sink an artesian well.

IN these days a boy shall forsake his father and mother, and leave the kindling pile an orphan, to go out and wear all the seclusion out of his best pants on a moonlit hillside.

A SENSIBLE writer advises those who would enjoy good eating to keep good-natured, for, says he, "an angry man cannot tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage or stewed umbrellas."

REV. TALMAGE thinks Jeremiah was the journalist of the Scriptures. Jerry was a very unhappy man, you know; but thousands of persons will refuse to abandon the belief that Mr. Ananias was the journalist of that period.

PEOPLE are feeling a good deal more tenderly toward Adam just now. The fact that he fell and fell badly, has led to the belief that they must have had a city government in Eden, and an ordinance directing that the ice should be removed from the sidewalks, and that the other residents never payed any attention to it.

AN Oil City boy was threatened with a whipping yesterday, when he called for a compromise. His argument was, that it had been stated that he must be whipped, but nothing could be found to show who should hold the whip. There were numerous precedents in favor of the father using the rod, but nothing could be found in the law which expressly stated that he should do the licking. Therefore the boy called for a compromise bill, when disputed questions should be left to a committee composed of his sister and his mother, they to choose a third disinterested party, to whom all objections should be left; and he wished as a beginning to file an objection to being whipped. But the president of the whip overruled the objection and proceeded to the count, while a variety of unmusical notes certified to the full receipt of all returns.





THOMAS F. BAYARD.



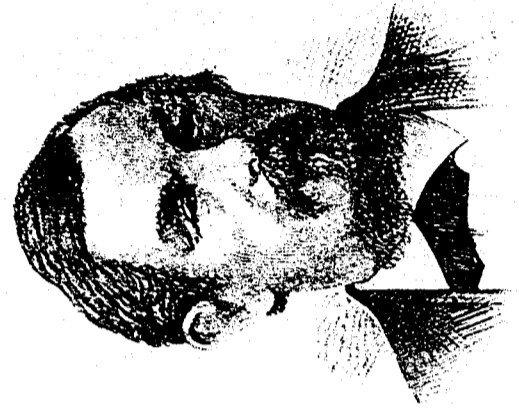
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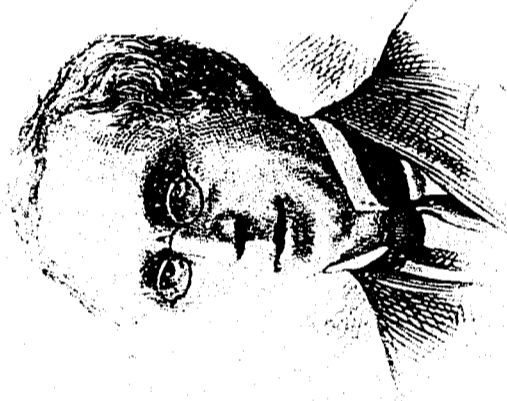
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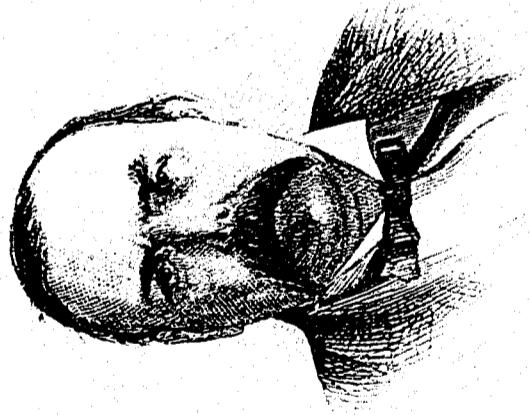
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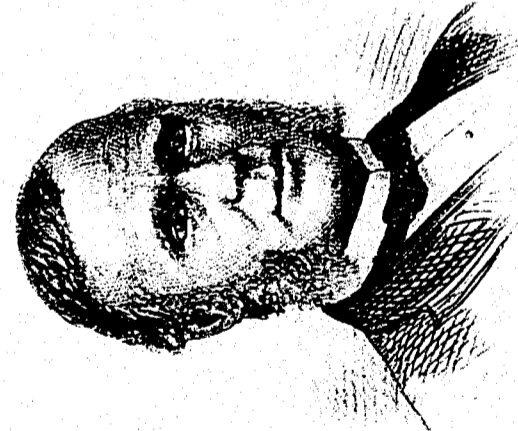
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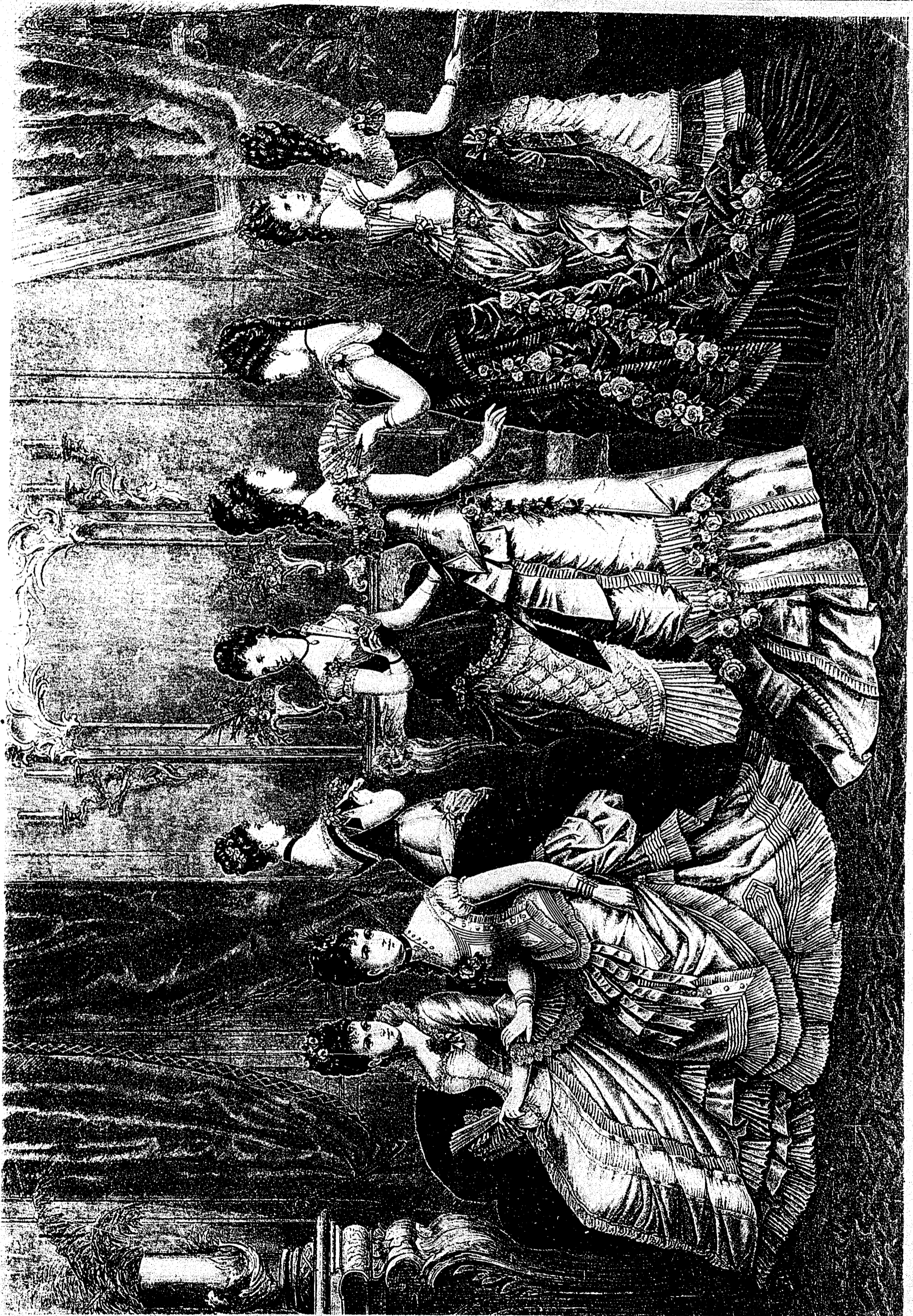


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BALL COSTUMES.



THE ABBEY BELL.

A LEGEND.

List to the simple story Which the peasants of Baden tell; A simple, faithful story— And give both praise and glory To Bayon the abbe bell.

High on a bank of the river Rhine, An ancient abbey stood In front of a stately wood. On the slope before grew the vine, With spreading leaf and twisted root That furnished the monks with luscious fruit And the abbey chapels with wine. Above on the meadows the great herds fed, And their lowing mixed with the sounds from below, With the chirping of birds, the sheep's low, And the tinkling of bells on the sheep that led The snow-white flocks with conscious tread. As they follow the shepherd, or quietly stand To lick the salt from his gentle hand, Behold the abbey the great clock tower Gazing afar with its deal eyes, Lifted its spire crowned head to the skies, Tolling each passing hour.— Bayon, the bell, the abbey's pride, Within the clock tower hung; Within the clock tower Bayon swung And scanned the country far and wide Of the ebbing of life's tide. His it was at break of morn To rouse the abbey to life; And his peal on the early zephyrs borne With kindly greetings was rife— And when he tolled all demons fled— Inspired with dread— For a holy monk had blessed the bell With many a prayer and sacred rite, And at its peal the spirits of hell Flew as the darkness flies from light; And when as curfew bell, He proclaimed the close of day, Each monk repaired to his narrow cell, For his fellow-men to pray; Or devoutly to pore on the holy tome That spoke to his heart of a future home, And of everlasting day. Among the rest, Justin, a novice blest, To his cell betook his way, And weary knelt him down to pray; While in prayer the youth was sunk, Before him the arch fiend tempter stood, Disguised as a brother monk.— As the Abbott of Holy Rood, To Justin he spoke in accents mild, And said: "My son, my beloved child, Here you lead but a life of care, A life of weary toil and prayer, Come then with me to my abbey fair, To the abbey of Holy Rood; And you shall have rest from labor there, And shall feast on delicious food." Thus spoke the tempter in accents low, Thinking the holy youth to tempt, For no mortal who dwells on earth below, Though pure the stream of his life may flow, From temptation is exempt. But lo! on the evening air, As if raised for the monk in prayer, A peal from Bayon sounded. At the sound the tempter vanished; By the voice of Bayon banished, By the Virgin's power confounded. For the peasants say 'twas at Mary's command The bell had been tolled by an angel's hand; For 'twas known that Bayon from days of yore Had never tolled at that hour before; And Justin thanked God, and praised the bell, That had rescued him from the power of hell.

This is the simple story, Which the faithful peasants tell— The simple and faithful story— Now give both praise and glory To Bayon the abbe bell.

FORDHAM.

ST. VALENTINE.

I have in my possession certain books and papers, some of which, although the dates were either never appended, or have been since obliterated, I can recognize as belonging to the sixteenth century. That anything instructive, much less interesting, could possibly be got from such material, would seem at first impossible, and the time expended by deciphering them would, by many, be regarded as thrown away. Nevertheless, while leisurely perusing one of these yellow, antique manuscripts, I chanced upon a sweet and pathetic tale, written in the *Langue d'Oil*, at that time in its transition stage. The incidents related occurred, undoubtedly, about the close of the fifteenth century; the precise dates, I have reason to suppose, were 1493-94, dates which also mark the close of the middle ages.

In the quiet town of Le Mans—for though it was the chief town of Maine, it was a quiet place—lived a poor widow; her only support was her son Jacques, a fine brave boy, just at that period of life when all seems bright and joyous; he was troubled with no fears of the future, either for himself or his mother; as for himself, indeed, he had never known fear, and had managed by honest toil to save enough to keep his aged mother in comfort.

She often said to him: "Thou wilt make a good husband, my boy." And, indeed, this had sorely troubled the poor old lady, who would gladly have seen her son settled in life, but she could not decide which of the many maidens of Le Mans would make the fittest match for her Jacques. There was Josephine, the inn-keeper's daughter, but she was too much of the coquette; there was that black-eyed Henriette, over the way, who, perhaps, would do as well as anybody. But Jacques, although he said nothing, was attached to the miller's daughter, Emilie, a quiet, simple-hearted maiden. How the attachment had come about, was in this way. On the last St. Valentine's Eve, all the young folks had assembled, as was customary, for an evening's jollification.

The principal part of the evening's amusement was a little game that was much in vogue at that time. All the company were supplied with slips of paper, upon which the young men inscribed the names of the young ladies and vice versa.

These were all placed in a common receptacle from which all drew one, as in a lottery, care being taken that each should draw one of the opposite sex. The person drawn became one's valentine for a year's time. Of course, besides having got a valentine for oneself, one also became some other person's valentine; but, as Misson, a learned traveller of the early part of last century, remarks, "the man stuck faster to the valentine that had fallen to him, than to her to whom he had fallen." But this time a most unusual thing happened. Emilie and Jacques drew one another; great surprise was expressed on all hands, and many were the jokes on the occasion. Before this, Jacques had thought little of the quiet girl who was now brought so prominently under his notice. As they grew more intimate, he discovered a rich mine of womanly thoughtfulness and feeling, beneath her quiet, maidenly reserve, which by the casual observer was often mistaken for prudery or ignorance. About the close of 1493, however, Charles VIII. declared war against Italy, and Jacques, like many another before and since, determined to follow the fortunes of the ambitious young king. "It is my duty," he said, in reply to the entreaties of his mother and Emilie, "and if I fall, it shall be like my father before me, with my face to the enemy." For a long time, in that campaign of 1494, success attended the French arms, and they were now nearing Naples; but here they were overthrown by the united forces of Italy, Austria, and Venice. There fell poor Jacques, already well-known in the army by his bravery in previous battles. Before the battle, he had given two letters to a companion; his friend survived, though hardly wounded, and the letters reached Le Mans two months afterwards.

Both were extremely short; to his mother he commended Emilie to her as a daughter, and the other enjoined upon Emilie to watch over his aged mother. The aged and grief-stricken mother did not long survive her unfortunate son; Emilie was with her to the last, and only when her adopted mother was gone did she feel the full force of her sorrow. She afterwards retired to a neighboring convent, there to bury her grief in good deeds and holy ministrations. The MS. relates, in its prosy way, that she lived to a very old age, and was renowned far and wide for her charities and deeds of mercy; and when, at last, the bells tolled farewell to Sister Emilie, many a heart was raised to heaven in thankful remembrance.

The second story brings us nearer home, and I lay aside all MSS. and trust entirely to my memory. Nor will I make any abstract speculations with regard to time and place, for both are too well known to me to be ever forgotten, but neither shall be revealed. The hero (if such a name is applicable to a person who ignominiously falls in love and loses what few scraps of sense he formerly had) is my unworthy self; the heroine—well, she shall be introduced at the proper time; till then, have patience, fair reader, and hear a little about your humble servant. I am a Canadian born and bred; my parents died when I was quite young, and the little property left me was expended on my education. After leaving college, I tried my hand at many things, but finally settled into journalism. I had had no love affairs in my younger days, and my free and careless life since, had engendered a cynical feeling with regard to all matters of the heart. I regarded love as a fanciful sentiment evolved from the imaginations of sickly novelists and still more sickly poets. That I should be guilty of falling in love was simply impossible; the mere thought wore absurdity on the very face of it. But that I did so "is most true." My charmer was a young widow of three years' standing, that is, of three years' widowhood. I met her at a small party about Christmas time not many years back; here, the wily widow so contrived it that we had several *interviews*; and then she took the castle by storm; no tedious siege work for her; oh, no, if this fortress was to be taken at all, it must be done at once. And all the time she kept drawing me out and cutting and slashing at me in a way that I have never seen equalled in the review columns of the most sarcastic journals. Behold me then, hitherto invincible, now surrendering unconditionally to a widow. But now a new difficulty arose, and that was to affect a capitulation on the other side as well. As I was wholly unused to this kind of warfare, I neglected the established usages of people in love. And on the approach of February 14th, 1877, the plan of surprising the enemy by a valentine was met with considerable opposition, but the plea that "all's fair in love and war" at last carried the day; and the committee of ways and means obtained the article in question after much mature deliberation regarding its suitability, sentimentality and many other points of importance. The address was written in a painfully disguised hand, and within it was written, "Guess who's the sender." This was carefully mailed on the 13th, and on returning home at 6 p.m. on the 14th, I was not a little surprised at finding a mysterious packet awaiting me; opening it, I found it to be a valentine of very respectable dimensions, and inscribed in it was:—"If I have guessed rightly, please come round and spend the evening." I needed no second invitation, and presented myself accordingly at an early hour at No. —, B. street. I can say conscientiously I never spent a happier evening, and it was all arranged before I left. We were married shortly afterwards, and by a very curious coincidence, the next anniversary of St. Valentine saw me the father of a fine

boy. But as I write, there she comes herself and wants to know what I am writing about. "Guess." What lucky genius prompted her I know not, but she guessed aright, St. Valentine.

Montreal. X. An article which has long been sought after and but recently made known in this country is *Luby's Parisian Hair Restorer*. 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.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. W. S., Montreal.—Letter and game received. Many thanks. Also solution of Problem No. 106. Correct. F., Montreal.—Letter and Problems received. Many thanks. Student, Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 107, received. W. J. R. B., Montreal.—Solution of Problem No. 107, received. Correct. H. A. C. P., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 107 received.

The following Chess item we insert in our Column at the request of a correspondent, who takes much interest in all that relates to the royal game. We thank him for his contribution, which we are sure will be interesting to others besides Chess players.

PLAYING CHESS WITH HUMAN MEN.—Most persons who have any acquaintance with the literature of Chess, have heard of the games played in the Middle Ages with living Chessmen. According to a letter in the *Illustrated*, Lord Lytton has recently revived this amusement in India. During his visit to Madras, last month, his lordship, after receiving and replying to an address from the municipality of the city, engaged, we are told, in a novel game of Chess with Col. Millett.

The Chess board, if such a term may be allowed to a carpet of white and red called, with checkers a *yard square*, having been spread in front of the hall, Chessmen, men and boys, dressed in opposing red and white uniform appropriate to the various pieces, were marked in, and took their places. Then, by word of command, each piece moved to the square indicated, and a very lively game ensued, ending in an easy victory for the Victoria.

An Emperor of Morocco, who once indulged in a similar amusement, is said to have added a terrible realism to the game, by causing all the pieces taken during its progress to be beheaded.

Mr. Bird, who has just returned from a visit to the Chess players of Sherbrooke, P. Q., took part in a tournament at the Montreal Chess Club, on Saturday last, the 10th inst., when he played simultaneously against more than twenty antagonists.

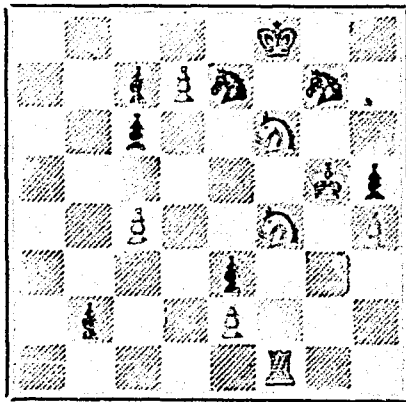
The match began at 3 p.m., and continued, with two hours' intermission, till a little after 11 p.m., at which time Mr. Bird had scored fifteen games, lost one, two were drawn, and the rest had to be adjourned.

We shall not fail to give full particulars in our next Column.

PROBLEM No. 109.

By H. J. C. ANDREWS.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in four moves.

GAME 156TH.

CHESS IN CANADA.

A lively skirmish, played at the Montreal Chess Club, a few days ago, between Mr. Bird and Mr. Shaw, the former giving the odds of Queen's Knight.

(White's Queen's Knight must be removed.)

THE GAMBIT REFUSED.

WHITE.—(Mr. Bird.) 1. P to K 4 2. P to K B 4 3. Kt to K B 3 4. Kt takes K P 5. P to Q 4 6. B takes P 7. P takes B 8. Castles 9. B to K Kt 5 10. K to R sq 11. B takes R P (ch) 12. Q to R 5 (ch) 13. Q R to K sq 14. R takes Kt 15. R takes P (ch) 16. B to R 6 (ch) And wins. BLACK.—(Mr. Shaw.) P to K 4 P to Q 4 P takes K P B to Q 3 P takes P (on pass) B takes Kt Kt to K 2 Castles Q to Q 5 (ch) Q takes P K takes R K to Kt sq Q to Q R 4 P to K B 3 K takes R

CHESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

GAME 157TH.

Played in the *Clipper* Tournament between Messrs. Bird and Wernich.

(From *Land and Water*.)

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE.—(Mr. Bird.) 1. P to K 4 2. Kt to K B 3 3. P to Q 4 4. Kt takes P 5. Kt to K 5 6. B to K 2 (ch) 7. Castles 8. P to Q B 4 9. Q Kt to B 3 10. P to B 5 11. P takes P 12. B to K Kt 5 13. B takes Kt 14. Q to R 4 15. Q R to Q sq 16. Kt takes B 17. R takes P 18. K R to K 5 19. R takes B 20. B to K 4 21. Q takes Kt (ch) 22. Kt to K 5 23. Q to Q 8 (ch) BLACK.—(Mr. Wernich.) P to K 4 Kt to Q B 3 P takes P Q to R 5 Q takes P (ch) K to Q 3 P to Q 3 Kt to B 3 Q to K sq Q to Q 2 (ch) P takes P P to K R 3 P takes B P to B 4 B to Q 2 P takes Kt K to K 4 (ch) Kt takes R Q to K 4 P to R 3 Resigns.

NOTES.

(a) B to K 3 is the usual and better reply to the check of the Queen. (b) Already Black's position is a cheerless one. His pieces are locked in, and with a poor prospect of escape from distance file. (c) A poor resource, but he does not seem to have any better.

SOLUTIONS.

Solution of Problem No. 107.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. B to Q 6 K to B 3 (A) 2. B to K 2 Any move. 3. R to K B 8 mate.

(A) P to Q 5 (B) 2. R to K 4 Any move. 3. R mates.

(B) P to Kt 6 K moves. 2. R to B 3 (ch) 3. R mates.

Solution of Problem for Young Players No. 105.

WHITE. BLACK.

1. B to Q B 7 (ch) Kt to Q 3 2. P to Q 4 P takes P (on pass) 3. B takes Kt (ch) Q to K 5 4. P takes P, mate.

PROBLEMS FOR YOUNG PLAYERS NO. 106.

WHITE. BLACK.

Kt to Q B 7 K to K B 7 R to K sq Pawns at K B 3 Kt to K 6 Q 3 and Q B 4 Pawns at K B 5, Q 5, and Q B 4.

White to play, and mate in four moves.

SCIENTIFIC.

A close watch is being kept on the prospective eruption of Mount Vesuvius. The latest things from the spot were written at the Observatory on the Mount, on Jan. 7, by Prof. Palmieri. He reported that for the previous few days the instruments had shown evident signs of agitation, and the smoke from the mountain was issuing with greater force and increased volume.

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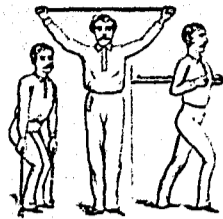
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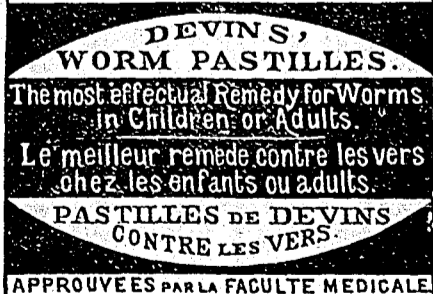
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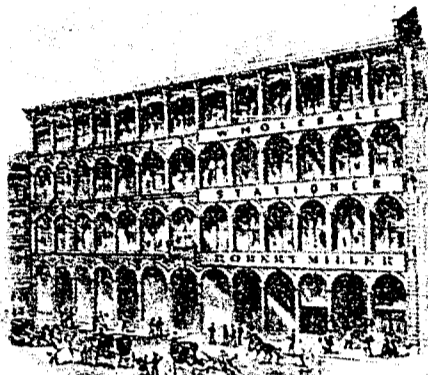
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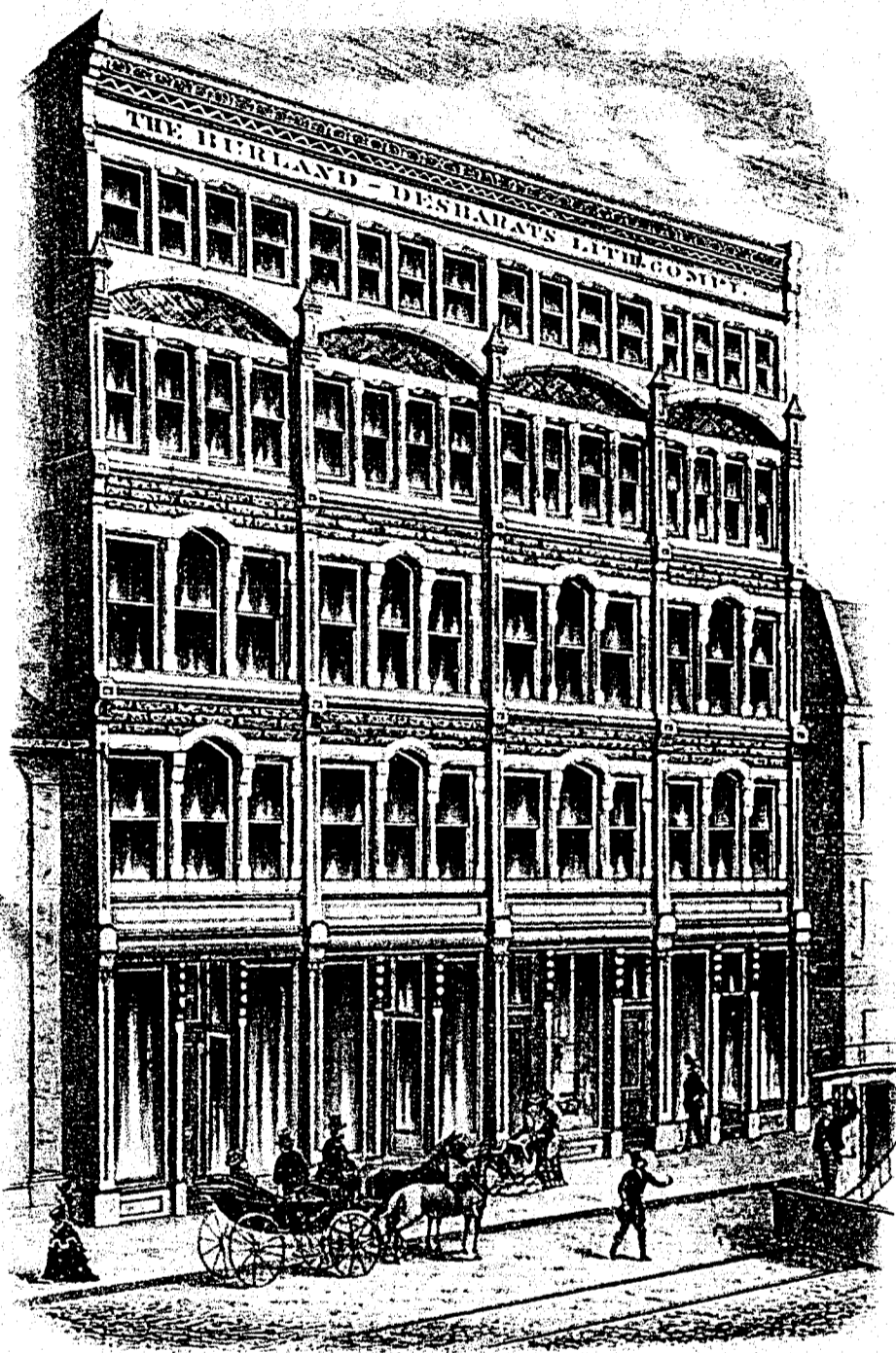
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