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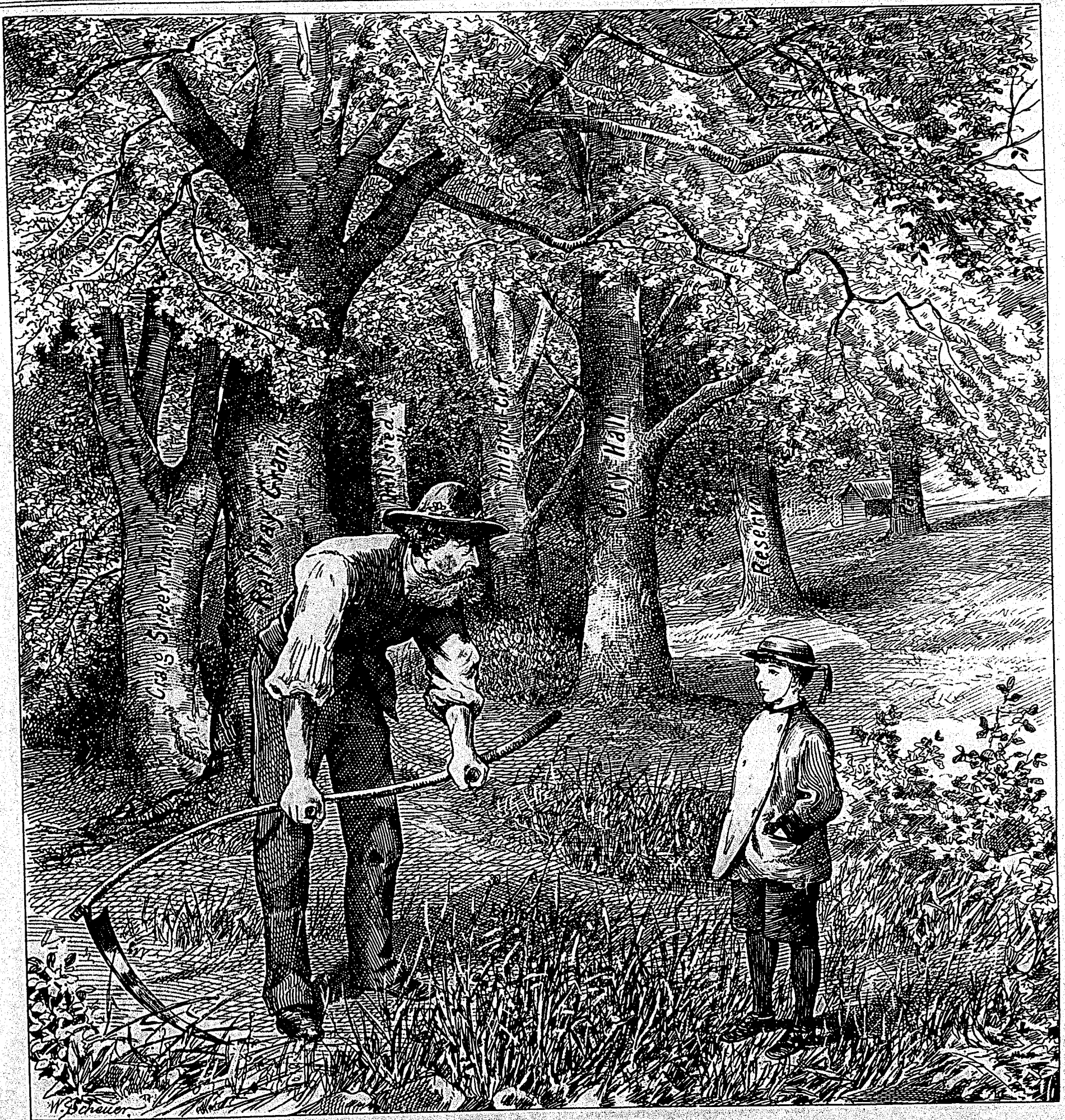
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# Wholesale News

Vol. XV.—No. 15.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1877

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## MUNICIPAL ECONOMY.

INQUISITIVE YOUTH :—What's that you're cutting up, sir?  
THE MAYOR :—Cutting down these big weeds that are eating out the life of my big trees.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS

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## L'OPINION PUBLIQUE.

Such is the title of an illustrated paper, written in French, and published from the offices of this Company. It is now in the seventh year of its existence and has prospered from the beginning, but since the month of January of this year, special efforts have been made to improve it, both pictorially and editorially, and the result has been of the most satisfactory nature. It is in the hands of two or three of the best known and most graceful writers of the Province of Quebec, who have, besides, the inappreciable advantage of assistance from the first pens in Quebec, Ottawa, Montreal, Three Rivers, and elsewhere. The literary movement among the French Canadians has never been so pronounced as it is at present, and most of us have really no idea of the variety, abundance, and general excellence of French Canadian literature. We feel therefore justified in calling attention to this fact among our English-speaking friends throughout the Dominion. The knowledge of French is almost a social and commercial necessity in Canada, while in the circle of polite education it cannot be omitted. Hence the English-speaking people of Canada, who wish to learn the language, or improve their acquaintance with it, cannot do better than subscribe to this beautiful weekly, which will furnish them with choice reading, written in good French, and edited with a single view to the entertainment of the fireside. The form of the paper is a large quarto, the size of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, containing twelve pages of matter—four devoted to illustrations and eight to letterpress. The price of subscription is only \$3.00 in advance. Colleges, convents, academies, schools, and public institutions are particularly invited to give the paper a trial and they may rely upon being treated with due consideration. For further particulars apply to the office of the Burland-Desbarats Lithographic Company, 5 Bleury Street, Montreal.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, April 14th, 1877.

### THE PRESERVATION OF LEARNING

A correspondent of an American scientific paper suggests the use of gum copal for the preservation of stereotype plates. The fact that this substance has withstood the elements for such a considerable period, as is indicated by the conditions under which it is found, is ample proof of its durability under ordinary circumstances; and all that would have to be specially guarded against would be its possible exposure to fire. The plan pro-

posed is this: To varnish on both sides the printed sheets to be preserved, and then, by the application of heat and pressure, mould them into solid blocks. This done the blocks might be placed in earthen vessels and covered with melted copal. Thus, like flies in amber, the ideas of the present age might be fossilized and laid away in their integrity for the entertainment or enlightenment of times to come. Buried under public buildings, or other structures likely to remain in some form to challenge the curiosity of explorers—geologists, maybe, of some distant geological era—such fossilized records of our day and generation might be the only clue to the mental and moral condition of a type of humanity that had long since passed to the limbo of forgotten existences.

The *Scientific American* taking up the suggestion makes the following serious proposition:—In a few years, one of the grandest monuments of the age will be erected, in or near New York, the magnificent gift of France in commemoration of the Centennial year. When we are building the tower on which to set the colossal statue of Liberty giving Light to the World, let us make room in the foundation, or elsewhere, for a legacy to intellectual light to remote posterity. Without weakening the structure in the least, spaces might be left for storing our more precious and instructive volumes, duly embalmed in copal or otherwise, to remain undisturbed until the celebration of our tenth centennial year, or longer, in case the preservation of ordinary books and records should be more satisfactory than we have anticipated. This would simply be carrying out in a more scientific and comprehensive way the common practice of depositing newspapers and transient matter in corner stones. A more favorable opportunity for setting a signal example to the civilized world touching this matter is not likely soon to occur than in connection with the light-bearing statue of Liberty; nor a more appropriate opportunity. Let it be done!

### DEAD HEADS.

In an article on "Journalism and Journalists" in the *New York Evening Mail*, we find the following:—"It is the people and not the journalists who are 'Dead heads.'" In case anything more serious than stubbing his toe befall a man, he hastens to the nearest newspaper and demands that the editor shall wield the pen and shed ink in his vindication or defence. And if the jaded editor does not with alacrity espouse the cause of his 'patron' he will make an enemy for life. 'Members of the press' are literally hunted down by all sorts of people who have axes to grind. The managers of a public meeting who do not find the reporters at the table suffer stings of disappointment; the judge who sonorously blows his nose after reading his opinion, looks anxiously for the stenographers; the preacher who descants upon some special subject loses spirit if the representatives of the press are not there; even the burglar on the way to the State prison covets a talk with the 'newspaper man.' Yet the outside barbarian thinks all newspaper men are 'dead heads,' and envies them the fine times they have in the way of free dinners and free tickets to all manner of shows. There never was a greater mistake. People do not seem to realize that, on the part of the journalist, it is merely a matter of business; that the reporter or editor goes to these places, so attractive to the outsider, much as the horse goes to the plough—because he must do so. We venture to say that four-fifths of the entertainments are to journalists intolerable bores. The press is the victim of the public's rapacious and unceasing demand for services without pay. Let us have the boot on the right leg.

Owing to unusual pressure on our space, we are compelled to hold over a mass of matter—editorial and other.

### EPHEMERIDES.

In the biographical memoir which we lately published, accompanying a portrait of the late Rev. William Smart, an account was given of a remarkable dream which that lamented clergyman once had. A gentleman of high standing in Ottawa writes thus to the editor concerning this dream:

"While lecturing recently in a neighbouring town I had occasion to quote your account; and endeavoured to explain the dream on scientific principles. At the close of the lecture, I was informed by a gentleman who resided beside Mr. Smart for many years, that Mr. Smart spent the early years of his life in the very shadow of the old Bailey. I think this fact will explain all that appeared wonderful about the dream. The curious in such matters will find the subject discussed fully in Carpenter's Mental Physiology."

An exchange says: "The question is very often asked: What is the difference between a registered letter and any other? The difference is that a registered letter does not go in the mail proper. It passes from hand to hand outside of the mail pouches, every person through whose hands it passes being required to sign a receipt for it on receiving it, and secure a receipt for it on passing it over to the next transit. The person holding the last receipt is thus always able to show who is accountable for its loss. The responsibility rests upon the man who has signed a receipt for the registered package and who is not able to produce the package or a receipt from somebody else for it. The safest way to send money is by money order. Where it does not go to a money-order office it should always be sent in a registered package. Money ought not to be sent in an ordinary letter under any circumstances. There is no possible way of 'tracking' such a letter."

The Americans must have a sensation every week. Blue glass has had its day and now is the turn of the telephone. Perhaps my readers would like to hear all about this new curiosity. The following is written in *parvo*:

The telephone in its present form consists of a powerful compound, permanent magnet, to the two poles of which are attached ordinary telegraph coils of insulated wire. In front of the poles, surrounded by these coils of wire, is placed a diaphragm of iron. A mouth-piece to converge the sound upon this diaphragm substantially completes the arrangement. The motion of steel or iron in front of the poles of a magnet creates a current of electricity in coils surrounding the poles of the magnet, and the duration of this current of electricity coincides with the duration of the motion of the steel or iron moved or vibrated in the proximity of the magnet. When the human voice causes the diaphragm to vibrate, electrical undulations are induced in the coils surrounding the magnets precisely analogous to the undulations of the air produced by that voice. These coils are connected with the line wire, which may be of any length, provided the insulation be good. The undulations which are induced in these coils travel through the line wire, and, passing through the coils of an instrument of precisely similar construction at the distant station, are again resolved into air undulations by the diaphragm of this instrument.

A study of the pedigree of many words which are in daily use would prove more fascinating than any other kind of mental recreation. Trench, in his little work on the "Study of Words," has done much to cultivate the taste for this kind of investigation; but he made only a beginning. The field is inexhaustible. "Jet" derives its name from the Gagate, a river of Lycia, where was found the black stones which the French call gagate, or jaet, which we abbreviate into jet.

Pamphylia, a Greek lady who compiled a history of the world in thirty-five little books, has given her name to the "pamphlet."

"Punch and Judy" are the relics of an ancient mystery play, in which the actors were Pontius Pilate and Judas Iscariot.

"Dollar" is from the German thaler, which is derived from Thal, the Valley of Joachim, in Bohemia, where the silver works situated there make this coin.

"Bigot" is from Visigoth, in which the fierce and intolerant Arianism of the Visigoth conqueror of Spain has been handed down to infamy.

"Humbag" is from Hamburg; "a piece of Hamburg news," was in Germany a proverbial expression for false rumors.

"Exhort" and "yeast" are from the same root, which signified something boiling or overflowing.

"Gas" and "gust" have the same parentage.

"Blue Jeans Williams" probably does not know that the fabric from which he gets his name was originally made by Moors, at Jean, in Spain.

"Gauze" derives its name from Gaza, where it was first made.

Damask silk was first made at Damascus.

The word "panic" has a curious origin. According to Herodotus, the god Pan was supposed to have assisted the Greeks at the battle of Marathon, 490 B. C., striking such a terror into the Persian host that they fled to their ships in perfect dismay. From that time the Greek word *panikon* was used to describe unreasonable or sudden and over-powering fear.

"Tabby cat" is all unconscious that her name is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad, inhabited by the manufacturers of the silken stuffs called Atabi, our taffety; the wavy markings of the watered silk resembling pussy's coat.

"Old Scratch" is the demon Skratti, who still survives in the superstitions of Northern Europe.

"Old Nick" is none other than Nirk, the dangerous water-demon of Scandinavian legend.

In the phrase "Deuce take it" the deity Tiw still continues to be invoked. In his book, "De Civitate Dei," Augustine speaks of "quosdam demones ducis Galli nuncupant."

The lemon takes its name from the city of Lima.

Loadstone is a corrupt translation of *Lydium lapis*, the stone of Lydia.

The word money reminds us that the coinage of the Romans was struck at the temple of Juno Moneta, the goddess of counsel.

### OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

**MUNICIPAL ECONOMY.**—The city of Montreal is grievously burdened with taxes and appropriations, and it is the intention of the present Council to inaugurate an era of reform. The new Mayor seems to have entered heartily into the project, as we stated last week, and it is to be hoped that he will persevere.

**ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL, KINGSTON.**—This fine old structure was built in 1825, at a cost of £14,000, raised, according to the record upon the tablet of its porch, partly by a sale of church lands, by contributions from the congregation and by a Government grant obtained through the intervention of Sir Peregrine Maitland, the Governor of the Province. In 1840, it was enlarged to its present dimensions by the liberality of the then Rector (Ven. Archaëacon Stewart) and his assistant-minister (Rev. Mr. Herchmer,) who gave each the magnificent sum of £1,000 for the purpose. A number of memorial tablets, which adorn the walls of the interior, record the names of numerous military officers and civilians whose ashes repose either beneath the building, or in the adjacent ground. Among the number is one to the memory of the late Governor General, Lord Sydenham, whose bones lie beneath the Cathedral floor. The church is identified with the early history of Ontario; the first St. George's (built of wood) and which stood on an adjoining block, having been the church in which was read and proclaimed the Act constituting the Province of Upper Canada. The present Rector is the Very Rev. Dean Lyster, who is assisted in his spiritual labors by the Rev. Henry Wilson. The congregation is large and composed of the leading society of Kingston, who have lately had the whole church restored at much expense. The interior has been resetted throughout, and painted—the massive pillars being imitation marble; while the altar is decorated in white, color, and gilt, which gives the old building quite a modern finish. A magnificent organ—one of the largest in the Dominion—has been placed in the gallery. The steeple clock, which had been silent for a long time, now chimes the passing hours. The views are taken from photographs by Mr. J. J. Abbott, of Kingston.

**THE LATE REV. ARCHIB HENDERSON, M.A.**—The Rev. Mr. Henderson, senior minister of the Presbyterian Church, St. Andrew's, Que., died on the 19th of January, 1877. The following sketch of his life and character is taken chiefly from the *Montreal Witness* and the *Argenteuil Advertiser*. He was born at Doune, near Stirling, Scotland, in the year 1783; attended the Grammar School of the latter place under Dr. Doig, graduated at St. Andrew's University, and after passing through the theological class of the ancient Dr. Lawson, at Selkirk, was licensed as a preacher in connection with the associate Synod. He was settled as minister in Carlisle, England, in 1810, and remained there till 1818, when he came to this country, having received an appointment from the British Government, as Presbyterian minister of the County of Argenteuil, with a salary of £100 stg. per annum, which he enjoyed to the last, but which, of course, dies with him. He settled in the village of St. Andrew's, then in its infancy, and resided there ever after, preaching the Gospel, and administering the ordinances of the church, with unwearied zeal, both there and in Lachute and Chatham, till ministers were settled in those places; gaining and retaining to the end of his life the unfeigned respect of the entire community, by his learning and ability, by his high-toned character and his ministerial faithfulness. In the year 1860, his failing sight rendered it necessary that he should obtain assistance in his work, and Mr. Paterson was ordained as colleague minister. After that, Mr. Henderson only preached occasionally, in the absence of his colleague. He continued, however, to do so till within a few months of his death, the last time he occupied the pulpit being in June last, and with no apparently falling off in mental power, and very little even in voice. But the strong man was bowing down. He gave an impressive and affectionate "Table Address" at the communion on the 3rd of December, and attended church for the last time on the 24th. He complained much of the cold, although it was not an unusually severe day, and began at once to fail. Apprehensive of the issue, although not without hope of partial recovery, he proceeded to set his affairs in order with the calmness of one who had the great concern settled long ago. The end of his long pilgrimage came somewhat

suddenly. About noon on the 19th, hemorrhage set in, and in a few seconds his spirit was with God. With him perishes one of the few links that connect this generation with that of the French Revolution and the great upheaval of modern society of which it was the symbol and the forerunner. Mr. Henderson died at the age of ninety-three years and three months, and was, we believe, the oldest clergyman in the Dominion, and the oldest Presbyterian minister (but one) in the world. He was a good man, and, although not without enemies during his long life (as every man will have who has a mind of his own in this world), yet he died in peace both with God and with man. His piety was deep, though unobtrusive. Its sincerity appeared in his whole life; it shone particularly in his prayers—not in their length, but in their comprehensiveness, in their profound reverence, in their rich Scriptural tone, and evangelical import. The sick and the dying knew their power. He was of a catholic spirit—a lover of all good men; he was a lover of liberty, and a strong hater of oppression and injustice. The religious press found ever in him a liberal supporter, for he knew its value to the public. To the last year of his life he continued to receive and read several religious newspapers, both British and Canadian and of the United States, besides reviews and new books; and he kept abreast of the intelligence of the age, discussing public questions, especially the ecclesiastical, with all the zest and keenness of a young man. He was a theologian of extensive and accurate knowledge, and a scholar, being especially a master in English and Latin. As a preacher he was scriptural, logical, profound, instructive rather than popular, but highly appreciated by intelligent minds. He excelled in preaching funeral sermons. He took a lively interest in education, and has bequeathed his valuable library to the theological and literary stores of which it will doubtless prove a welcome addition. He has left legacies also to various of the schemes of the Church and to the French-Canadian Missionary Society, of which he was from its beginning a warm friend. He was, at an early period, an earnest promoter of temperance reform in its then phase, and a liberal supporter of Missionary and Bible Societies, of the latter of which he was President of the local branch to the last. In private he was cheerful and affable among his intimate friends, full of humorous reminiscences of his early student and ministerial associates, which he delighted to bring forth, when in the vein—his accurate and retentive memory enabling him to reproduce scenes and conversations with dramatic vividness.

**FREDERICK DOUGLASS.**—Frederick Douglass, the new United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, was born at Tuckahoe, Talbot County, Md., about 1817, his mother being a negro slave and his father a white man. The first ten years of his life were spent as a slave on a plantation. He was then sent to Baltimore, and, while working for a relative of his master, he was secretly taught to read and write. In 1838 he fled from the city, stopped for a while in New York, and then sought immunity from arrest and return to bondage in New Bedford, Mass. He was taken in charge by some leaders of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, and found employment on the wharves and in some workshops. His career as a public speaker opened in 1841, when he ventured to address the delegates to an Anti-Slavery Convention held in Nantucket. His eloquence, earnestness and argumentative ability so impressed his hearers, that he was offered the agency of the State Society, and in that capacity he spent four years travelling, lecturing through the New England States. In 1845 he went to Europe, and appeared before large audiences in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, urging the formation of societies for the purpose of securing the abolition of human slavery. Upon his return to his country he began the publication of a vigorous anti-slavery paper in Rochester, N. Y., which he kept up until the war of 1861-65. In the early part of that struggle he urged the employment of colored troops, and President Lincoln consulted with him frequently upon the subject. After the Proclamation of Emancipation was issued he abandoned his newspaper enterprise, and for several years travelled throughout the United States and Canada as a public lecturer, drawing large audiences and making hosts of friends. In 1870 he started the *New National Era* in Washington. In the following year President Grant appointed him Secretary to the Santo Domingo Commission, and, on his return, a member of the Territorial Council of the District of Columbia; and in the next place he was elected Presidential Elector-at-large for the State of New York, and the messenger for conveying the official vote to Washington. On the 15th of March last, President Hayes appointed him Marshal for the District of Columbia, and two days later he was confirmed, by a vote of thirty to twelve. The duties of the United States Marshal for that District are much more important than those of that officer elsewhere. All the courts there are United States courts, and in addition to the duties of the marshal in other districts, he has to perform those usually devolving upon the sheriff. Besides this, custom has made the marshal almost a member of the President's official household and the master of ceremonies on all State occasions. It is understood that President Hayes will not require of Mr. Douglass the performance of the duties at the White House which Marshal Sharpe has discharged, but will expect him to simply attend to the ordinary and legal duties of his office. On Mon-

day, March 19th, Mr. Douglass drove up to the office of Marshal Sharpe, and, alighting, passed through a row of his friends to the Marshal's room, where he was received by Colonel George Phillips, the chief-deputy-marshal. After remaining a short time with this gentleman, he proceeded to the White House, and there received his commission. At 12:30 o'clock he returned to the court-house, and held a consultation with his bondsmen, Messrs. Hill and Alexander, who united with him in the execution of a bond of \$20,000 for the faithful performance of his duties. After this they all, with the addition of ex-Marshal Sharpe, left for the consultation-room of the Circuit Court, where Chief Justice Carter administered the "iron-clad" oath. Mr. Douglass returned to the Marshal's office and assumed control. His first act was the appointment of Mr. L. B. Williams as deputy-marshal, who, after being sworn, and his bond taken, at once entered upon his duties. Mr. Williams for many years has been in the office of the clerk of the court, and is a gentleman of high reputation. As soon as Mr. Douglass was fairly installed he was besieged by droves of his race, who had come to congratulate him. He promptly intimated that he was not in favor of removing any good men from their present position, and would make no change without careful consideration.

**SAN FRANCISCO NEWSBOYS.**—The space before the offices of the San Francisco daily newspapers presents every morning and evening a picturesque spectacle. Spirited mustangs, carrying large leather pouches on each side in front of the saddle, are drawn up in line, waiting for their owners to receive their papers. The moment a carrier gets his supply, he thrusts the damp sheets into the pouches, springs upon his mustang, and dashes off at break-neck speed to that part of the city where his papers are to be distributed. When several start at once, as represented in our sketch, the race becomes quite exciting.

**DR. SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES.**—We have already given ample information of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries at Mycenae, but in connection with our full page illustration in the present issue, it may be interesting to reproduce the doctor's own account as given at a late reception recently tendered him by the London Society of Antiquarians. He there stated that he knew of no example in history of an acropolis having served as a burial place save the small building of the Caryatides in the Athenian Acropolis, the traditional sepulchre of Cecrops, first King of Athens. But, he said, we now know with certainty that Cecrops is nothing else than Kacyapa, the sun-god, so that the story of Cecrops having been buried in the Acropolis is a pure myth. But here in the Acropolis of Mycenae the tombs are no myth, but a reality. Who were the great personages entombed here, and what services had they rendered to entitle them to such splendid honors? He thought they could be no other than those mentioned by Pausanias, in spite of the certainty that the traveller of the Antonine age could never have seen the tombs, which were then covered by a 10-feet thick layer of prehistoric rubbish. No ancient writer mentioned that Mycenae was rebuilt after B.C. 468, and Strabo even said that the site had remained uninhabited ever since its capture; but facts proved that the city had been rebuilt about B.C. 400, and again about B.C. 200. Below the ruins of the Hellenic city were found vast masses of splendidly painted archaic vases. Iron, he remarked, was found in the upper Hellenic city only, and no trace of it in the prehistoric strata. Glass was found now and then in the shape of white beads. Opal glass also occurred as beads or small ornaments. Sometimes wood was found in a perfect state of preservation, as in the board of a box, on which were carved, in bas-relief, beautiful spirals. Rock crystal was frequent, for beads and also for vases. There were also beads of amethyst, onyx, agate, serpentine, and the like precious stones, with splendid intaglio ornamentation, representing men or animals. When towards the middle of November he wished to close the excavations, Dr. Schliemann excavated the spots marked by the sepulchral slabs, and found below all of them immense slab-cut tombs, as well as other seemingly much older tombstones, and another very large sepulchre from which the tombstones had disappeared. These tombs and the treasures they contained, consisting of masses of jewels, golden diadems, crowns with foliage, large stars of leaves, girdles, shoulder-belts, breastplates, etc., were described in detail. He argued that as 100 goldsmiths would need years to prepare such a mass of jewels, there must have been goldsmiths in Mycenae, from whom such jewels could have been bought ready-made. He spoke of the necklaces, too, and of the golden mask taken from one of the bodies, which must evidently be a portrait of the deceased. Dr. Schliemann then proceeded to show that in a remote antiquity it was either the custom, or, at least, that it was nothing unusual that living persons wore masks. That also immortal gods wore masks was proved by the bust of Pallas Athens, of which one copy was in the British Museum and two in Athens. It was also represented on the Corinthian medals. The treasures of Mycenae did not contain an object which represented a trace of Oriental or Egyptian influences, and they proved, therefore, that ages before the epoch of Pericles there existed here a flourishing school of domestic artists, the formation and development of which must have occupied a great number of centuries. They further proved that Homer had lived in Mycenae's golden

age, and at or near the time of the tragic event by which the inmates of the five sepulchres lost their lives, because shortly after that event Mycenae sank by a sudden political catastrophe to the condition of a poor powerless provincial town, from which it had never again emerged. They had the certainty that Mycenae's flourishing school of art disappeared, together with its wealth; but its artistic genius survived the destruction, and when, in later centuries, circumstances became again favorable for its development, it lifted a second time its head to the heavens. In conclusion, he said that if they thought Mrs. Schliemann and he had by their disinterested labors contributed a little to show that Homer did not describe myths, but real events and tangible realities, this would be to them a most flattering acknowledgment and a greater encouragement in the continuation of their works in Troy, which they would resume very soon, for they had the necessary firmness of the Turkish government in their hands.

**FROM TOWER TO TOWER.**—Our illustration gives a good idea of the view to be obtained from the top of the Brooklyn tower of the East River Bridge. The temporary foot-bridge stretches in a graceful curve from tower to tower, diminishing almost to a thread as it ascends on the farther side. Beneath, the shipping of the East River presents strange appearances of foreshortening as the spectator looks down from his dizzy height upon the masts of sailing craft and the chimneys of tugs and ferry-boats. When completed, the bridge will be a favorite promenade, no doubt, for those who wish to enjoy the splendid view it will afford.

**ECLIPSES OF THE MOON AT CONSTANTINOPLE.**—The Turks have a superstition that the eclipse of the moon is caused by the struggle of that to them sacred luminary with a dragon. Hence, as lately happened, when there is a lunar eclipse, they fire their guns and pistols in the air, in order to drive away the dragon.

**YORK MINSTER.**—The minster is built of magnesian limestone from the quarries near Tadeaster, from the Huddlesstone quarries, and from quarries near Stapleton, Pontefract. Its length from base to base of the buttresses is 524 feet, and its extreme breadth 250 feet. It is thus twenty-four feet longer than St. Paul's Cathedral, and 149 feet longer than Westminster Abbey. York Minster has perhaps a more widely extended reputation than any other English cathedral. Until the rise of the great manufacturing towns within the present century, York was by far the most important city in the north of England. It was the centre from which Christianity had been dispersed throughout the country north of the Humber. The wealth and importance of the ancient town, and the memory of the great change of faith in Northumbria, found their most permanent representation in the minster, which, as the metropolitan church of the northern province, gathered about it the recollections, often of deep historical interest, connected with its long series of archbishops. These causes sufficiently explain the early fame of the cathedral, and as the several portions were completed, the size and grandeur of the building itself rapidly extended its reputation. For centuries the cathedral was the centre of the northern counties, and it still remains a bond of union between the many sects, parties, and classes scattered over the three ridings. Whatever touches the minster touches the heart of Yorkshire.

VARIETIES.

**MIS-PRONUNCIATION.**—It is possible that some one who reads this title may find himself guilty of failing to pronounce *ei* like *sh* in *shun*. I find that my lady friend, who is very precise in her language, will persist in accenting "etiquette" on the first instead of the last syllable. My good minister, who has the greatest aversion to anything wrong, was greatly surprised when I mildly suggested to him that "aspirant" should be accented on the penult, while my musical niece mortified me, the other day, by pronouncing "flute" in two syllables. I heard my geological friend explaining the "subsidences" of the earth's crust, but he should have accented the second instead of the first syllable. The same mistake happened, the other day, to my friend, the President of the Reform Society, who spoke of the "vagaries" of certain people by accenting the first instead of the second syllable. He also announced that I would deliver an "address" that evening, but I knew it was not polite to tell him to accent the last syllable. My boy says he left school at "recess," accenting the first syllable, and was loth to believe that whatever the meaning of the word, it should be accented on the final syllable. Then my friend, the president of the debating club, who is a great student of "Cushing's Manual," tells us that a motion to adjourn takes the "precedence" by accenting the first instead of the second syllable. My other lady friend says that she lives in a house having a "cuplow." She should consult a dictionary for that word. But I will close by remarking that my legal friend, who is very scholarly, always accents "coadjutor" on the second instead of the third, where it rightfully belongs.

**GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.**—The site of the Deserted Village is on the road from Athlone to Ballymahon, about six miles from the former town; and as crops of new "Auburns" are springing up in all directions, it is only necessary to mention the poet's name in order to be set on the proper track to "Goldsmith's Au-

burn," as the Westmeath peasantry call it. At a little distance from the entry to Lissoy, and, at the same side of the road, is the very pool alluded to by Goldsmith, and the noisy geese are now as ever gabbling over it. It is bordered by a few stunted hawthorn bushes, having upon them a strange impress as of old. Over against it is a ruinous cottage, the residence of a "wretched matron" whose tale of her own happier years assuredly merits a sympathetic listener:

The only left, of all the harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

The fields near her cottage were, up to recent period, covered with a deep embowering wood; but all this has been cut away, and now only the discolored stumps remain, as if to heighten the apparent desolateness of the scene. Ascending an incline, which certainly deserves not the name of "hill," we come to the cross of the "Three Jolly Pigeons," where the ruins of the alehouse may be seen; also the sycamore on which the signboard of that little inn used to be so invitingly hung in years that are over. Here, too, at the opposite side of the road, grows a later representative of that famous hawthorn bush, though no fragment of it now remains where those enviable old people would so often sit and chat, and where those artless loves were told by rustic lovers of long ago, yet bids fair to bloom in fancy's garden forever. To the right, a little off the road, leading northwest, are the hoary, roofless walls of the once "busy mill." Most of the wheel has been taken away, doubtless by visitors, each scrap being in some sort a faded palm branch from one of "the Delphian vales, the Palestines, the Meccas of the mind." The old nether millstone alone is likely to endure for a while beneath the ceaseless agencies of change and decay.

THE POET'S LAY.

I fain would sing, my queen,  
While my heart is full of song.  
Gaily sing of thee, my queen,  
And chant thy praises long.  
But thou hast said, my queen,  
If thy lover I may be,  
That I must not, my queen,  
Sing of lovely love to thee.

O, tell me, my queen,  
What I may sing to thee.  
O, teach me, my queen,  
Whate'er the song may be.  
And I will sing, my queen,  
In my loftiest, noblest rhyme;  
And I will ring, my queen,  
My fairest, purest chime.

Malakoff, Ont.

F. N. DEVEREUX.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

**EDHEM PASHA**, the present Grand Vizier, is a poet. He is the author of *Selim III.*, *Johanna Gray*, and other dramas.

"DANIEL DERONDA" has been dramatised by a bold Californian, and will soon be produced at a theatre in San Francisco.

The *Whitehall Review* says the Earl of Beaconsfield the other night was at the Prince of Wales's Theatre with the Duchess of Sutherland and other persons of consideration; and not only expressed his great delight at all he saw, but was minded to say he considered Mr. Cecil's acting "the best piece of comedy he had seen since Liston."

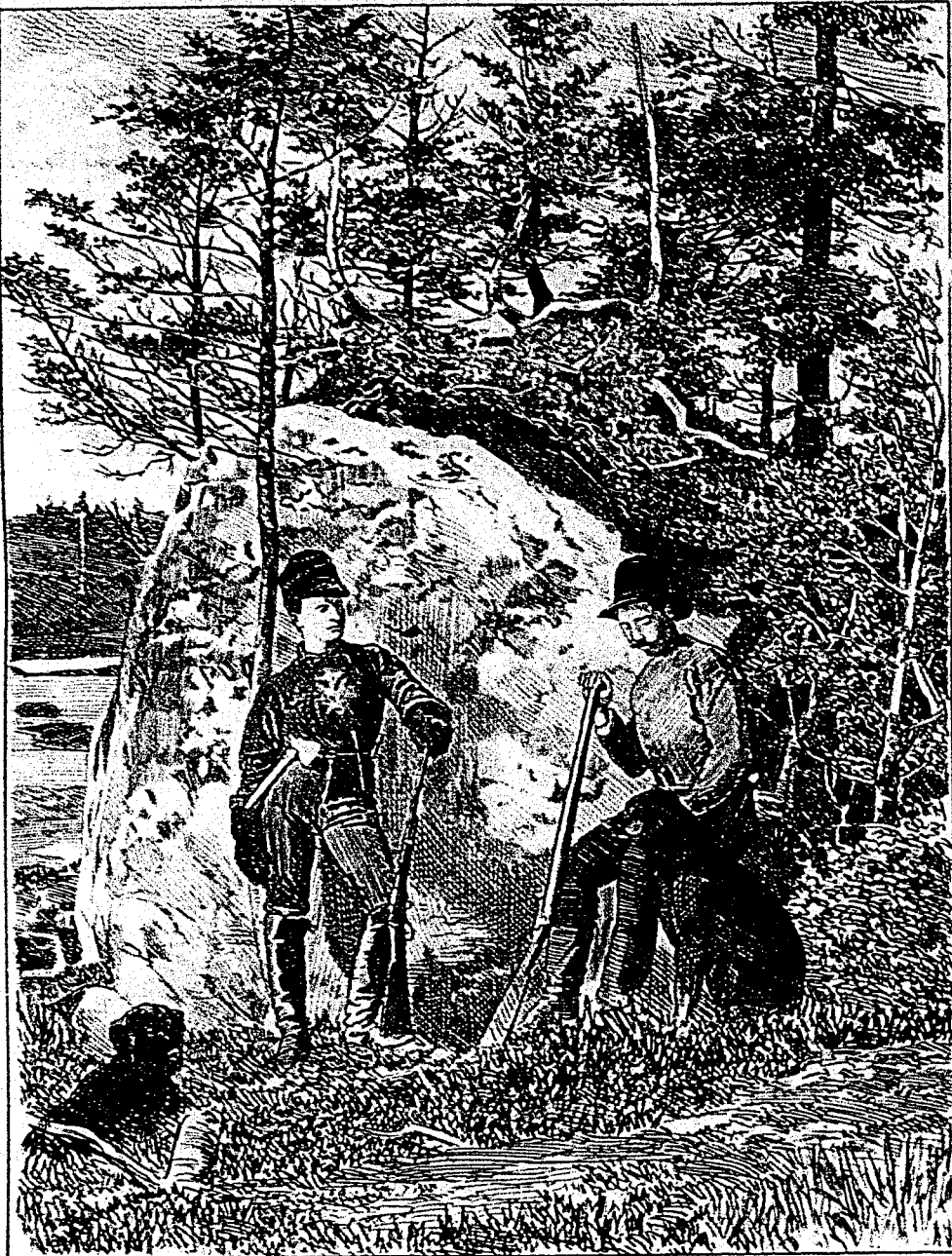
The first appearance on the lyric stage of Mlle Fechter at the Opéra Comique, Paris, has been quite successful in *Mignon*. The friends of Mlle Fechter showed much sympathy; but it seems that the young *debutante* could have relied on her own ability for the cordial reception she met with, her acting being quite out of the common order, and her vocalization of a quality to insure, with time and practice, her position as a *prima donna*.

LONDON playgoers, there is reason to believe, will not be denied the pleasure of seeing another piece from the pen of the late Mr. Oxenford. Some years ago that gentleman adapted to the English stage a French comedy in four acts. The name of the play we cannot remember, but the principal character was a duchess who falls from her high estate to the condition of a work-house drudge, and is brought into somewhat invidious contrast with a woman of humble origin. Though the adaptation was lauded by his friends as superior to the original, as regards both dialogue and character-painting, Mr. Oxenford did not have it represented; for what reason we are not aware. About a year ago, however, he intrusted the MS. to Mr. Herce Wigam, and it may be hoped that the "Wicked Woman," as the piece is called, will before long be brought out.

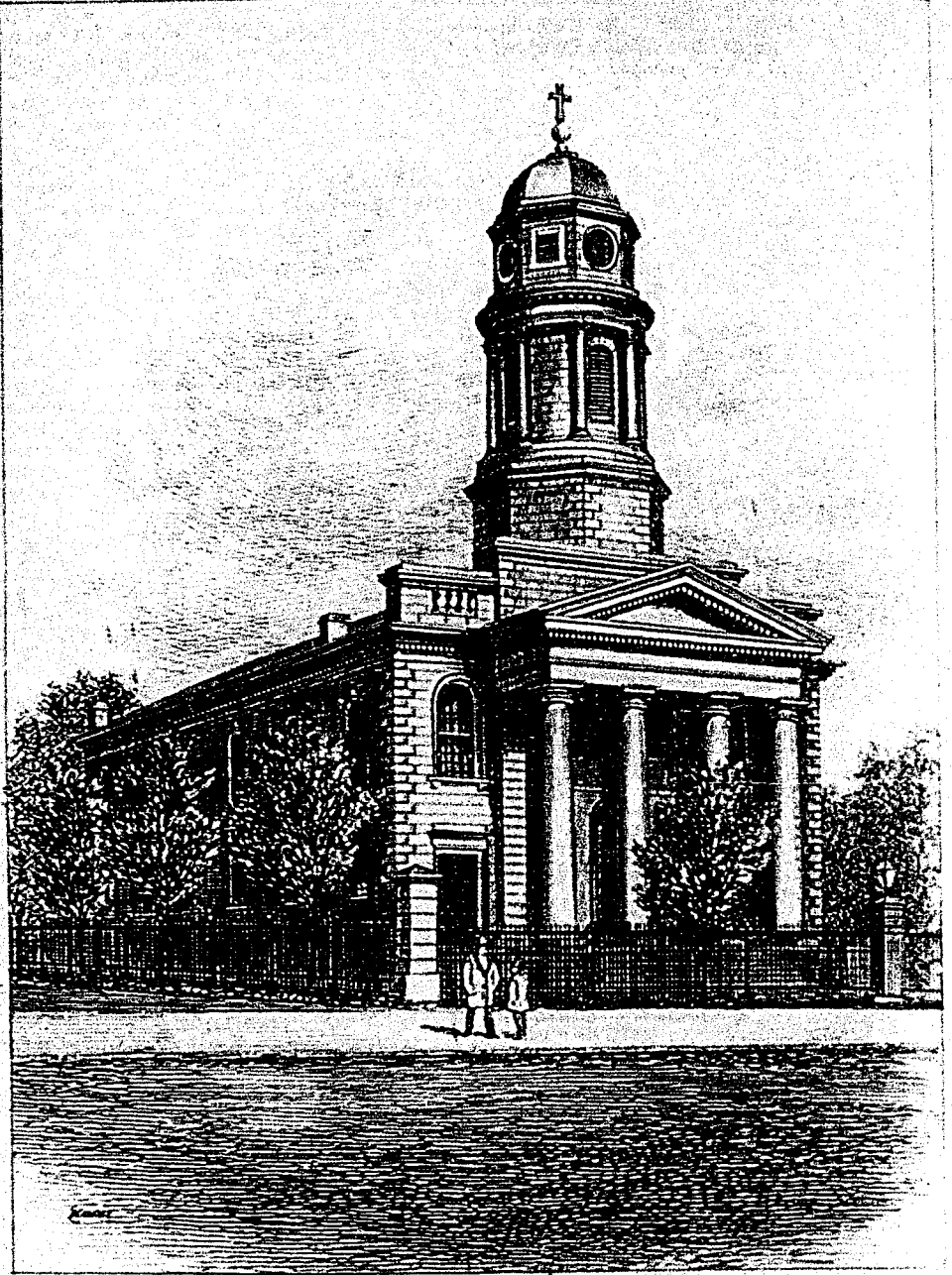
MR. IRVING has published the version as arranged by him of Shakspeare's *King Richard III.*, now in course of representation at the Lyceum. In a brief preface the tragedian speaks thus:—"In the task of arranging Shakspeare's *King Richard III.* for stage representation, which it has been thought desirable to place before the public in book form, I have been actuated by an earnest wish to rescue from the limbo of 'plays for the closet, not for the stage,' a tragedy which, in my humble opinion, possesses a variety of action and a unity of construction which readily accounts for its great popularity in the days of the author. The taste of a succeeding generation overlaid it with ornament as antagonistic to the fashions of our own day as the hair powder and knee breeches which were then indispensable to the recognized tragic dress; but, while fashions change, truth remains unalterable, and the words of Shakspeare now speak to the human soul of human passions as clearly as when they were written, and require no interpolations to convey their lesson into succeeding generations."

"OLD RELIABLE."

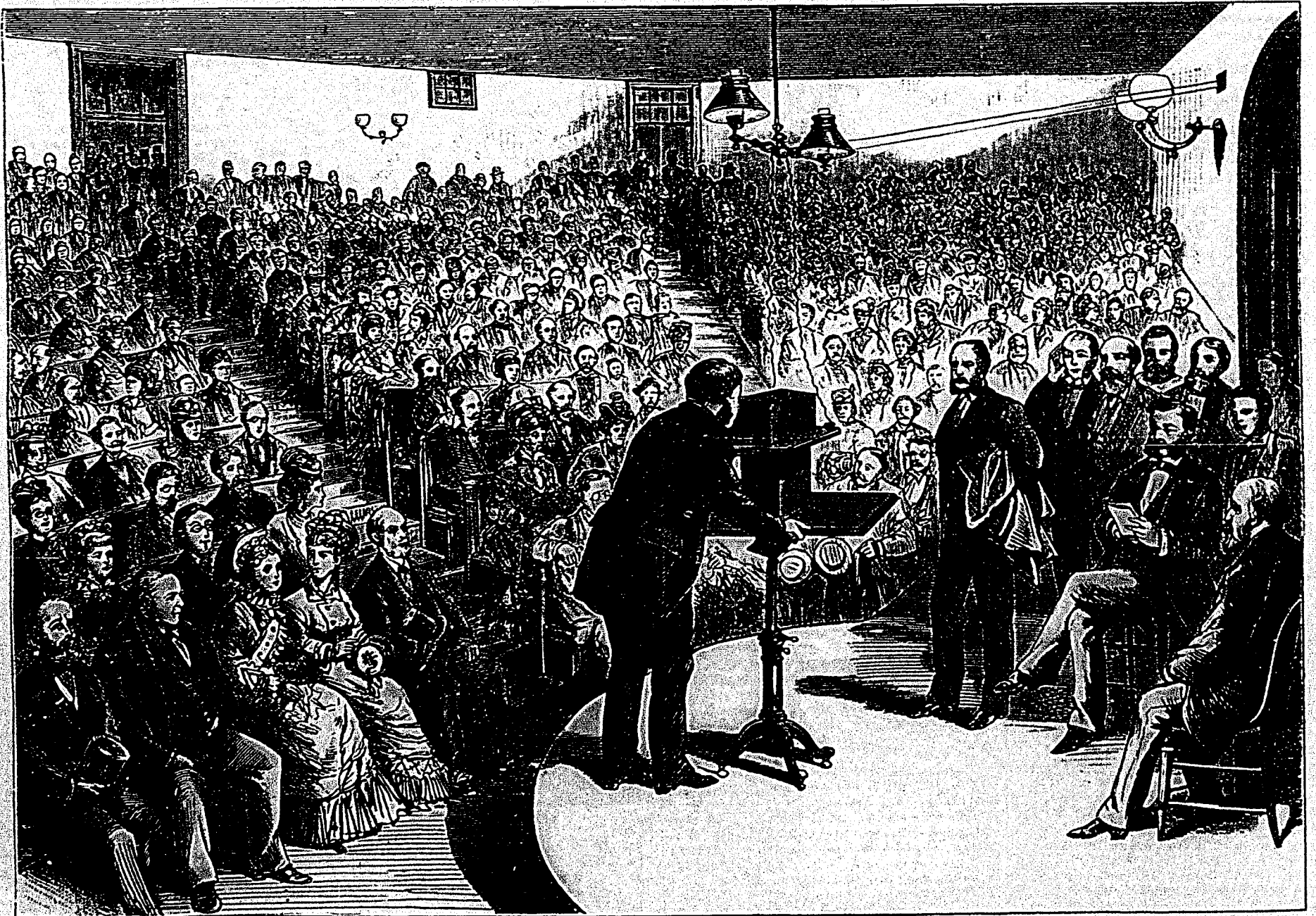
There are many reputed remedies for that very prevalent disease, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, but none which have given general satisfaction and become acknowledged standard preparations, except Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It continues to enjoy an unprecedented popularity. This reputation has been earned through the permanent cures which it has wrought, having proved itself a specific in the worst forms of the disease. Pierce's Pocket-Memorandum Books are given away at drug-stores.



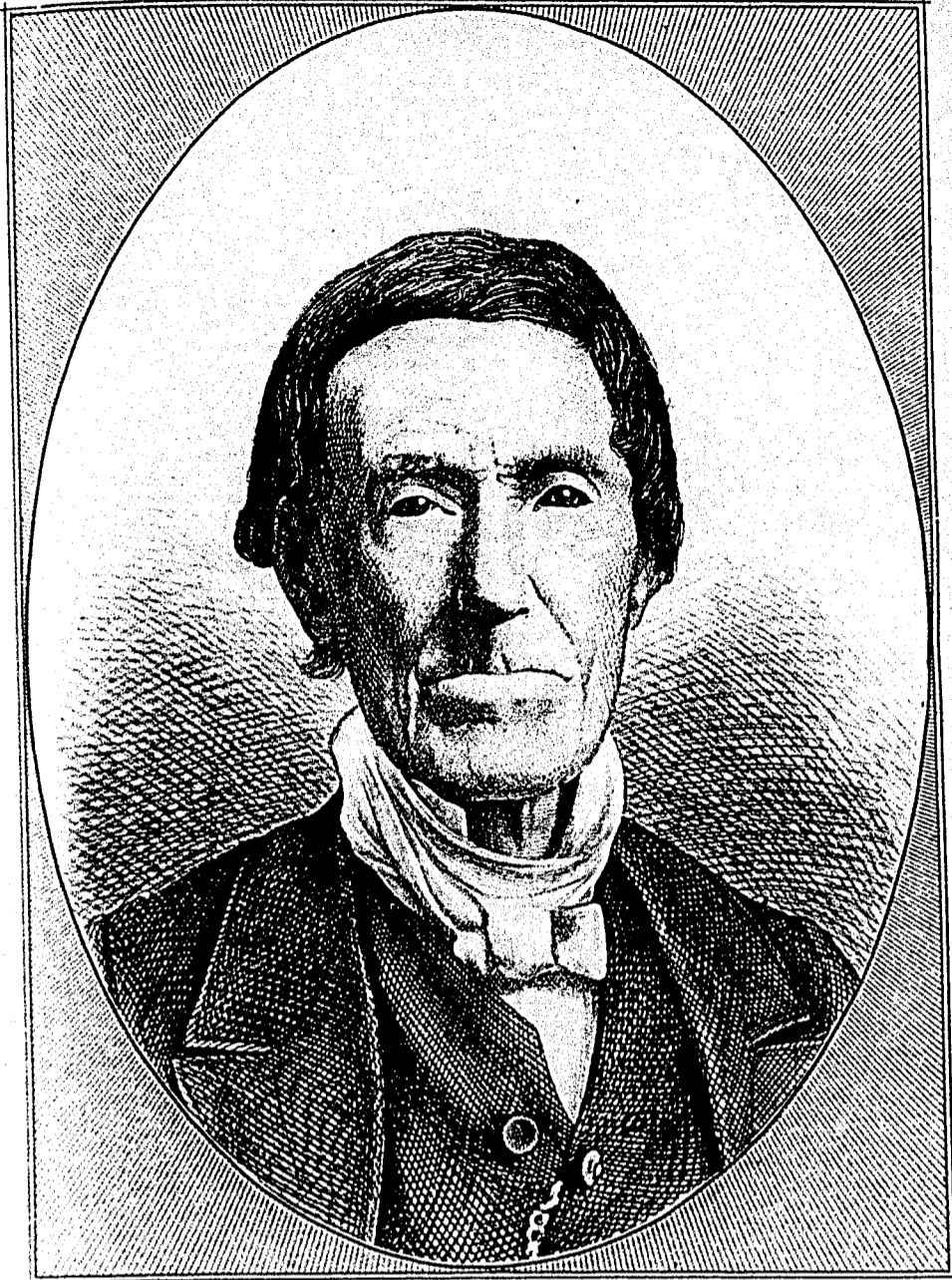
TORBAY STATION:—A HUNTING SCENE.



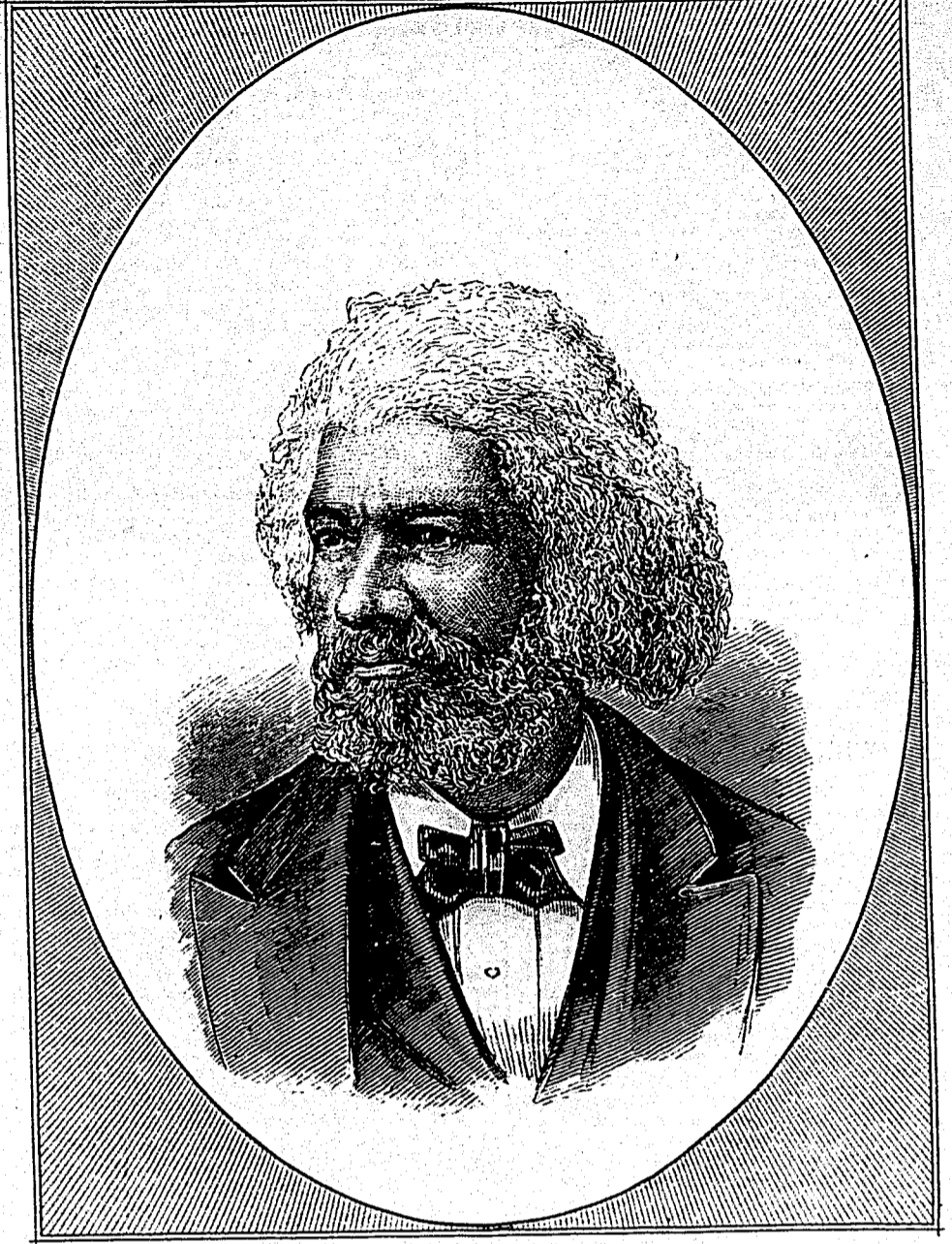
KINGSTON:—ST. GEORGE'S CATHEDRAL.



TRIAL EXHIBITION OF BELL'S TELEPHONE FOR THE TRANSMISSION OF SOUND BY ELECTRICITY, OPERATED BETWEEN SALEM AND BOSTON.



THE LATE REV. A. HENDERSON.



FREDERICK DOUGLAS, THE NEW MARSHAL OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.



SAN FRANCISCO.—NEWSBOYS DISTRIBUTING THE EVENING PAPERS.

## OUR LITTLE ROOM.

Well, it wasn't a very handsome room,  
Nor a fashionable street,  
And though first we called it an ugly tomb,  
Yet we grew to like the quiet gloom,  
And the echo of passing feet.

Our purses, you see, weren't over long,  
So we had to economize;  
And when we once got into the log,  
'Twas as easy as rolling off a log—  
Our poverty made us wise.

Enjoy ourselves! I should think we did.  
Why Bill had a violin,  
And he'd scrape a tune from some opera bouffe,  
That would very nearly raise the roof,  
And let the moonlight in.

Or else I'd write some rattling rhymes,  
And read them out aloud,  
And then he'd say, "By Jove that's good!"  
'Of course I always knew he would,  
Still, I felt a little proud.

And then, we'd lots of books to read,  
If the weather was cold or damp;  
Why, many and many winter's night,  
We've sat and read by the doubtful light  
Of a dim old coal-oil lamp.

And if we got tired of everything else,  
This we could always do—  
We could sit together, and talk and smoke,  
And very often the daylight broke  
Thro' the window, before we knew.

Ah yes! 'Twas a cosy little room,  
And we're leaving it now, for aye;  
But I fancy in dreams we shall often see  
The dear old place, as it used to be  
In the time long passed away.

Montreal.

BARRY DANE.

## DRAWING-ROOM AMUSEMENTS.

INCOGNITO; OR, WHO AM I?

One of the players is sent out of hearing distance, while the rest fix upon some well-known character of history or fiction whom he is to be taken to represent. On returning, he is addressed by each person in turn with allusions appropriate to the character he is supposed to personify. Usually each one of the company addresses the victim as he best pleases. It will be found, however, to be a great improvement upon the ordinary method if those who remain in the room choose for themselves each a character contemporary and connected with that which the absentee is intended to represent. When the principal character is taken from fiction, the rest must be taken, of course, from the same work. Suppose, for instance, that the character chosen for the absentee is that of Faust, then the parts of Marguerite, Valentine, Mephistopheles, Siebel, Dame Martha, &c., should be assumed by each of the company. On the excluded one returning to the room he will be addressed by Marguerite: "You are my ideal of a handsome student and a gallant lover. I trust you with my heart, and would with my life, for never were woman's love and faith like mine. And yet when, as we wander through the garden, I look into your eyes, a strange fear and a dreadful foreboding come over me. I have but the truth and tenderness of woman; you have the strength and intellect of man, if not of something more than man, to rely upon. Spare me, then, and we may yet live and die happily." Unable to make much out of this, the guesser answers, it may be, that the lady does him too much honour in her sentiments, and goes on to the next, which happens, perhaps, to be Dame Martha, who says, "I have my doubts about you, young man, and my opinion is that you are no better than you ought to be and a good deal worse than you might be. If I ever marry again, it will be to a tall, slender, fair-spoken gentleman who has already shown his affection for me, and I hope my charge may be as fortunate as I shall."—"I hope so too," says the guesser, whom Mephistopheles next addresses: "I am a friend to you such as few men possess, and, although I spring from the lower classes, you will find me able to add to the inestimable gifts which I have already bestowed upon you, others of even greater value. Such, however, is the ingratitude of mortal man, that I hardly expect an adequate return for all this, and I foresee that you may even make use of the advantages I have conferred upon you to find out a tricky way of evading the payment of my stipulated reward, poor even as it is." The guesser will possibly by this time have discovered the character he represents, and should henceforth answer each person appropriately, and if he pleases sarcastically. "For you, my friend," he will say to Mephistopheles, "I forgive you. You are but acting up to your character, and, for once, are quite as black as you have ever been painted; but what has this gentleman to say?" Supposing the next to be Valentine, he will answer, "I have to say that I will exact satisfaction for the wrong done to me, and that the insult placed upon our house can only be washed out in blood."—"Very well," returns the guesser; "I can refuse nothing, not even satisfaction, to the brother of the woman I adore; but I doubt if it will improve matters, and my belief is that if—doing some violence to the story—you will allow me to repent now, I shall get off with one curse the less, and my friend there will lose one soul the more." This sort of thing must not however, be too much prolonged, as the greater art of the interest has gone when once the guesser has shown that he has discovered the character he represents.

THE MUSICAL ORACLE.

Like all oracles of which we have any account, this requires a certain amount of intelligence

both in the working and the interpretation of it. One of the players having been sent out of the room, the rest arrange among themselves some task that he is to perform, and, a player being seated at the piano, on his readmission the task is to be indicated to him by the music played and the manner of playing it. Suppose, for instance, he is to be required to walk three times round the table, and kiss the hand of a particular lady. On entering, the victim will be saluted with "All round my hat," played on the piano. He will probably look for a hat, and, finding none, will try going round on his own axis, on which the music will die away almost to silence. He then approaches the table, when the strain swells louder; he takes a few steps—louder still; and now recognizing what is required, he paces round once to the air, and is about to go away, when the tune keeps on persistently and loudly, until he guesses that he has to go round the table again. Having completed the three turns, he waits for the next musical indication, which perhaps comes in the shape of "How happy could I be with either," changing to "Nora Creina." He then perceives that it must be the question of a lady, and passes in front of all those in the room—the music becoming fainter as he leaves the lady selected and louder as he approaches her. At length he stands before her, and the piano strikes up "When the heart of a man is oppressed with care." He offers her his arm, but she makes no move. He kneels, when the music stops abruptly. He rises again, and the music begins with "The Kiss." He attempts a kiss on the cheek, when he is met with an awful chord and clatter. He then tries the hand, when the music increases in loudness and winds up with a grand flourish, and, if he has acquitted himself intelligently, he obtains the applause of the company.

HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE.

This is a game which requires absolutely "no preparation," and which may be played driving home from a ball, or under any other depressing circumstances in which the want of amusement is most keenly felt. It is another of the guessing games, but a word can easily be settled by the company in whispers, the guesser being bound to stop his ears, and being put upon his honour not to listen. The word chosen must be a noun or a proper name, and as it is to be guessed by the answers returned to the three questions, "How, when, and where do you like it?" it must be twisted and turned about, and put to every contradictory use of which it is capable. Suppose, for instance, the word chosen to be flame, the gentleman asks each of the company, "How do you like it?" and gets for answers successively, "Bright," "Old," "New," "Steady," "Put out," "Tender," "Smokeless." Gaining no light from this, he then asks, "When do you like it?" and is told "When I am cold," "When I am warm," "After dinner." He next inquires, "Where do you like it?" and is told, "In Celia's breast," "Before my slippers," "Behind iron bars," and so on. At the end of each series of questions the victim is allowed one guess, and if at the conclusion of all the answers he has not succeeded in guessing aright, he must begin again. If, however, he detects the word, another must be appointed to his place. Punning is quite allowable, and even most laudable, in this game; and it is a great advantage to select a word pronounced like some other, even though it differ from it in spelling. Thus if Wales be the word chosen, it will be seen that the most contradictory answers may be given to the same question. To "How do you like it?" the answer may be, "Very well in dumb show," "Stuffed," "As a principality," "As an animal rather than a vegetable production." "When do you like it?" "In autumn," "Never," "When it spouts," "When all else fails," "Where do you like it?" "In Iceland," "On the back of a garrotter," "Next to a prince," &c. If the name of one of the company will bear punning, much amusement may be derived from it.

HOME-TRUTHS.

A diplomatic game, showing how the same fact is capable, if properly manipulated, of being drawn to any inferences, however opposite they may be. One of the company—supposing it to be a lady—informs her neighbour that she wishes she were some animal or object supremely disagreeable, and asks if he knows why. The person addressed is bound to give a passable reason, and at the same time to avoid paying a compliment in giving it. The lady then asks the person on her right the same question, and in this case must be answered with a compliment. For instance, the lady may say, "I should like to be a coal-scuttle; can you tell me why?" The first person addressed may answer, "Because you are less fair than useful, and your heart is only fit to be burnt." The second person of whom the same question is asked, replies, "Because you furnish the charm of home, and when appealed to never fail to produce a flame." Or a gentleman may say, "I should like to be a centipede; can you tell me why?" The first person appealed to replies, "Because you would be the better able to run away from your creditors." The second answers, "In order that whenever one of your friends had not a leg to stand upon, you might lend him one of your own." Each one of the company takes a turn at the choice, and by the time the end is reached a pretty crop of disparagement, and an equally plentiful supply of compliments, will have been obtained, between which the truth as to any particular player may be discovered.

ELEMENTS.

A most laughable and aggravating game, especially if it be struck up unexpectedly. One of the party throws a ball (it is hoped that it will be a soft one) at another, and cries at the same time one of the elements, viz., "earth," "air," "fire," or "water." The thrower then counts ten aloud, and before he has got to the end the person at whom the ball has been thrown must name some animal inhabiting the element in question. The fun of the game consists in the almost inevitable tendency to name an animal belonging to one of the other elements—a tendency which is much increased by the hurry into which the player generally gets as the number ten is approached. No animal must be named a second time, and it will be found that the difficulty of finding inhabitants for the different elements after the first five or six have been exhausted is something incredible. Any player who fails to name an animal, or who names one inhabiting another element than that mentioned, pays a forfeit, and has to throw the ball until he can get relieved in turn. The great object is to catch somebody who happens to be looking another way, and throwing the ball at him or her, to cry, "Air—one, two, three, four," &c.; when it is ten to one that the person addressed in the hurry names "sheep," or "elephant," or some other such wingless creature. When "fire" is named, the person at whom the ball is thrown must remain silent, for the obvious reason that there is no animal which exists in fire except the salamander, which, being a case not well authenticated, is not received among the authorised animals of the game.

THE FAMILY COACH.

This will be found to be, if fairly managed, a very stirring and amusing game. The company is seated in a circle, and one who is chosen historian of the "Family Coach," goes round the circle, and learns from each one what particular portion of the vehicle, or what pertaining to it, he or she chooses to represent. One chooses the linch-pin, another the fore-wheels, another the horses, another the coachman, and so on. He then seats himself in the centre of the circle, and tells as good a tale as he can invent of the adventures of the coach, and whenever any part of it is mentioned the person representing it must rise and turn round rapidly, and sit down again. When the word "coach" occurs the whole of the company must turn round. It is a cunning and successful device of some historians to mention the same portion of the coach three or four times running, which makes a kind of tototum of the person representing it, which is not without a certain charm (especially if it be a gentleman of portly presence inclined to giddiness), and will probably result either in amusement or forfeits. Any player who fails to revolve in proper form whenever his own part of the coach is mentioned pays a forfeit only to be redeemed by one of the varieties of the "petite forte et dure" which are given farther on. Here is a story: "The Marchioness of Pumphandle, wishing to advance herself and her daughters in the world, one day resolved to go to court, and as railways were not then invented was perforce obliged to set out in the family there everybody starts up to turn round vehicle—give me forfeits, please, all those who have got up. Sending then for the coachman (coachman revolves) —"Coachman" (coachman revolves again), said she, "if your fore-wheels (fore-wheels revolves), your linch-pins (linch-pins revolves), your traces (traces revolves), and the rest are all in proper order, I should like to go to court in the Family Coach (all revolves). On the next Drawing-room day, then, off they set, the Marchioness of Pumphandle looking as lovely as diamonds and paint could make her by daylight, while her daughters positively radiated beams of beauty through the windows (windows revolves) at the ill-fated pedestrians. But they no sooner got to the top of St. James's street than one of the horses (horses revolves) trod on a piece of orange-peel, fell down, broke the pole (pole revolves), and then the linch-pins (linch-pins revolves) coming out by capillary attraction the wheels (wheels revolves) upset, the marchioness and her daughters were thrown into a heap of mud, and had to walk home through Piccadilly in peach-coloured satin, without ever having seen the Queen after all."

POST.

Each player chooses a town which he or she will represent, and all remain seated in a circle, except one, who stands in the middle. It will be found necessary to have the names of the towns chosen written down to prevent confusion. The victim in the middle, to whom the paper is given, and who assumes the dignity of Postmaster-general, suddenly calls out, for instance, "The post is going—from Bagdad to Northampton." The players representing those towns must change places at once, and the object of the victim is to capture during the change one of the places left vacant, when the ousted player becomes in turn the victim. Once in six times he is allowed to call a "general post," when everybody must change places. This game is bustling, and is capable of amusing for a short time; but it has hardly "backbone" enough to make it a very great favourite.

CONSEQUENCES.

A well-known and favourite game, which is played in this wise. Each of the company has a strip of paper (note-paper torn in halves lengthwise answers the purpose well) and a pencil.

Each one then writes an adjective at the top of the slip and folds it backwards, and that which is written being thus concealed, each slip is handed on to the next person. The next thing is to write the name of a gentleman, after which the slips are passed on again. Then comes another adjective; then the "name of a lady;" next, "Where they met," "What they were doing," "What he said to her," "What she said to him," "What he did to her," "What she did to him," "What the consequences were," and finally, "What the world said," the slips being turned down and passed on between the writing of each circumstance in the history. When it is all written the slips are read aloud by one of the company specially selected for that purpose, and as they are necessarily made up of the most incongruous scraps, the effect is naturally supremely ludicrous. Here is a faithful copy of one such slip. "The dove-eyed" Mr. ——— (names suppressed for the credit of the society) met the "scraggy but muscular" Miss ——— on the knife-board of a two penny bus. "They were coming back from Cromorne." He said to her, "Fly to the desert; fly with me, my life, my soul, my all to be." She said to him, "The fact of the tides being influenced by lunar attraction proves that Mr. Mill is right in objecting to exclusion from the franchise on account of sex." He "kneelt at her feet, and vowed eternal constancy to her mild havannahs." She "at once lauded her left on his dexter optic." The consequences were "that the chances of municipal reform, and a supply of pure water for the metropolis, were greatly increased," and the world said, "The man who lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is unworthy of the name of coward."

COLLABORATION.

This is a game of the same nature as the last, but much less generally known, although it is infinitely more amusing. Paper and pencils are to be given as before to the company, and each of them on the upper part of the slip is to draw a head. Let not the unartistic be frightened at this, for it is not necessary to display any knowledge of drawing; on the contrary, the absence of it rather adds to than diminishes the fun of the game. The most effective heads to draw are naturally exaggerated caricatures of any of the company present. The head having been achieved as effectively as may be, the slip is folded back just above the ends of the two lines forming the neck, and handed to a person sitting next, who fills in a body from the neck down to the legs, folding the slip again immediately above the ends of the lines forming the body, and again hands it on. The third person then adds legs according to his or her fancy, writing the name at the bottom thereof, and the whole result will be found to be the most laughable specimen of ideal humanity conceivable.

SILENCE.

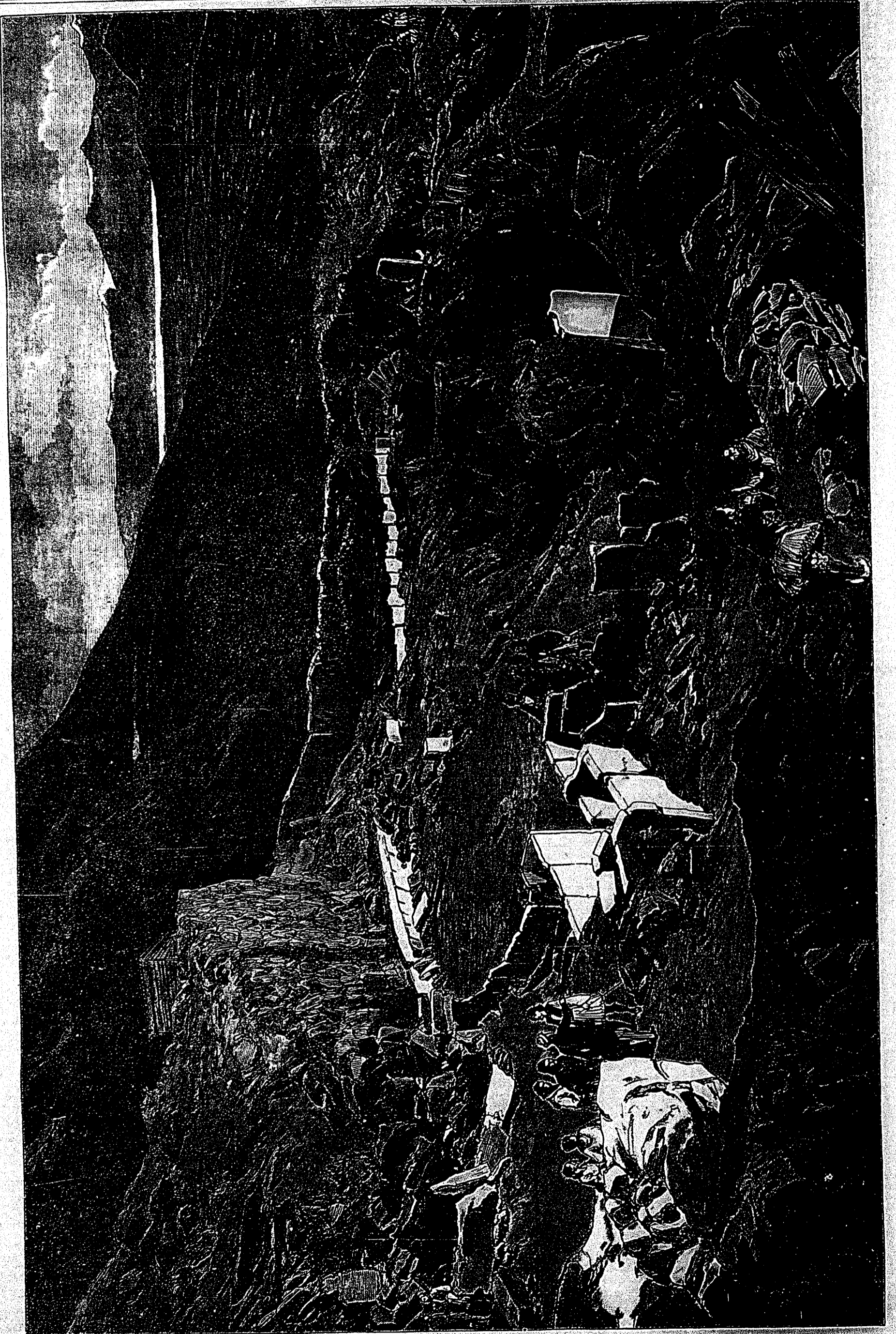
A pastime more amusing, perhaps, than intellectual, but not, therefore, to be despised. It is advisable to play this after one of the foregoing games—the last for instance—as it makes a contrast with them, and so militates against monotony, that deadliest foe to amusement. There is, too, the additional advantage that the players will be already seated. This, then, being the case, one of them in the most solemn manner, and with a perfectly grave face, softly slaps the face of his right-hand neighbour—whether lady or gentleman—who in turn repeats the operation upon the next. Thus it goes round the circle, the most profound silence being observed, until it reaches the leader again. He then gives his neighbour a box on the ear on each side (I trust that nobody will be tempted to box hard); and this, too, is repeated round the circle, possibly amid faints titterings, which the leader must suppress with all the weight of his authority and much severity of countenance. That concluded, he next proceeds softly to pull his neighbour's ear, the circle still, it is hoped, sufficiently restraining itself to observe the perfect silence which is indispensable to the game. This having been duly completed, he goes on to pull the nose of the unhappy right-hand neighbour, upon whom all the experiments are first tried. If the good sense and proper feeling of the players is such that this proceeding, suffered and inflicted in turn by each, goes round the room without inextinguishable roars of laughter, the circle may be congratulated upon being the first which ever succeeded in playing the game according to the canon, and as it should be played.

HUNT THE RING.

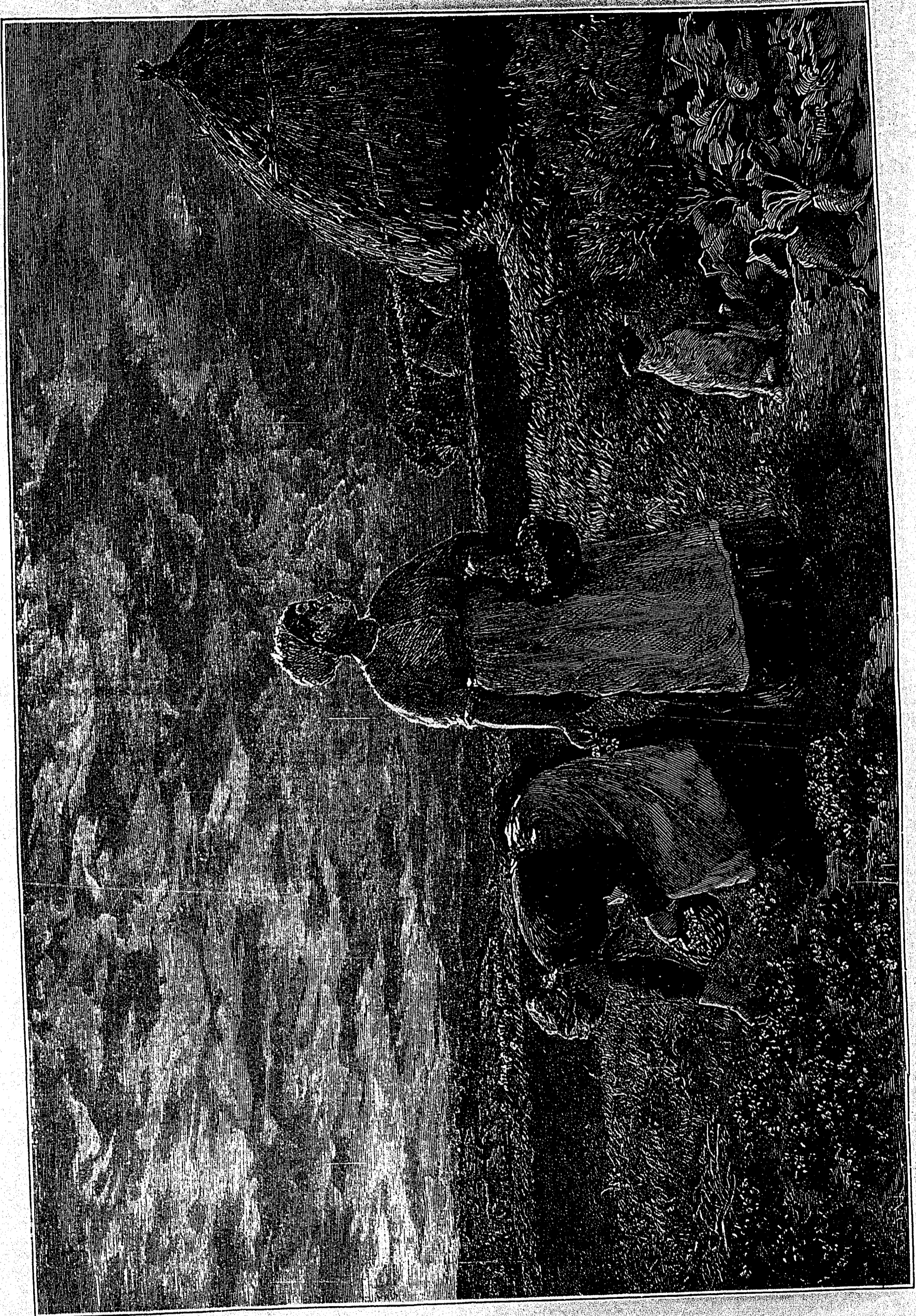
This is the more possible form of hunt the slipper. A circle is made, and a piece of tape or string is obtained sufficiently long to reach all round on the inside. A ring is then slipped on to it, and the two ends are tied together. Each of the players takes hold of the tape or string with both hands, and the person whom lot or choice has marked out for the victim, standing in the middle of the circle, is next made to turn round three times (without shutting his eyes or submitting to any other disadvantage), and is then let loose to hunt for the ring. The object of the rest of the players is, of course, to prevent his catching it, and they pass it from one to the other, covering it with their hands as rapidly as possible. If a constant backward motion of the hand is kept up, it will be found extremely difficult to discover where it is so as to stop it before it disappears. As in the fairy tale, it will often be seen to gleam, but only to disappear when an effort is made to grasp it,







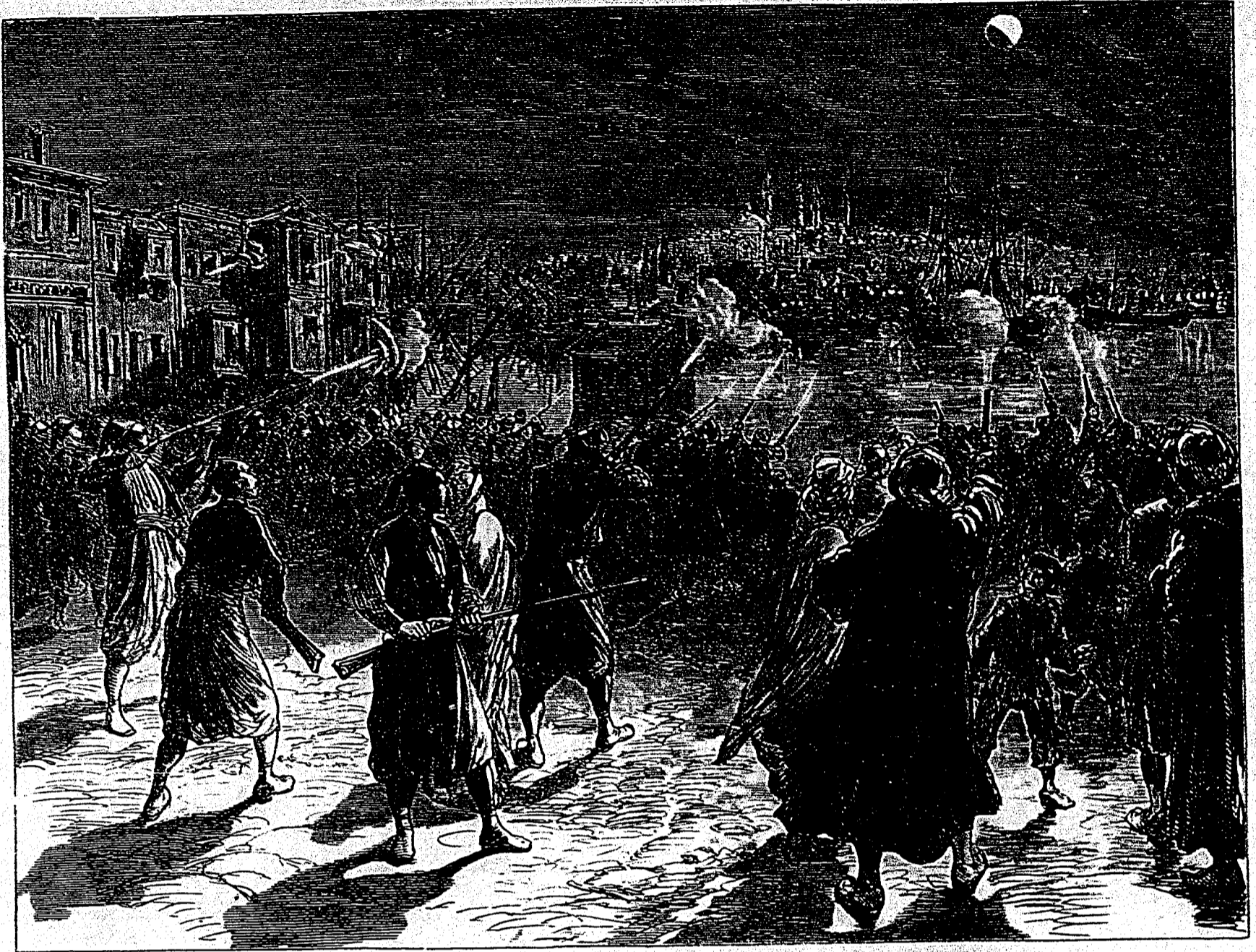
GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXPLORATIONS AT MYCENÆ.



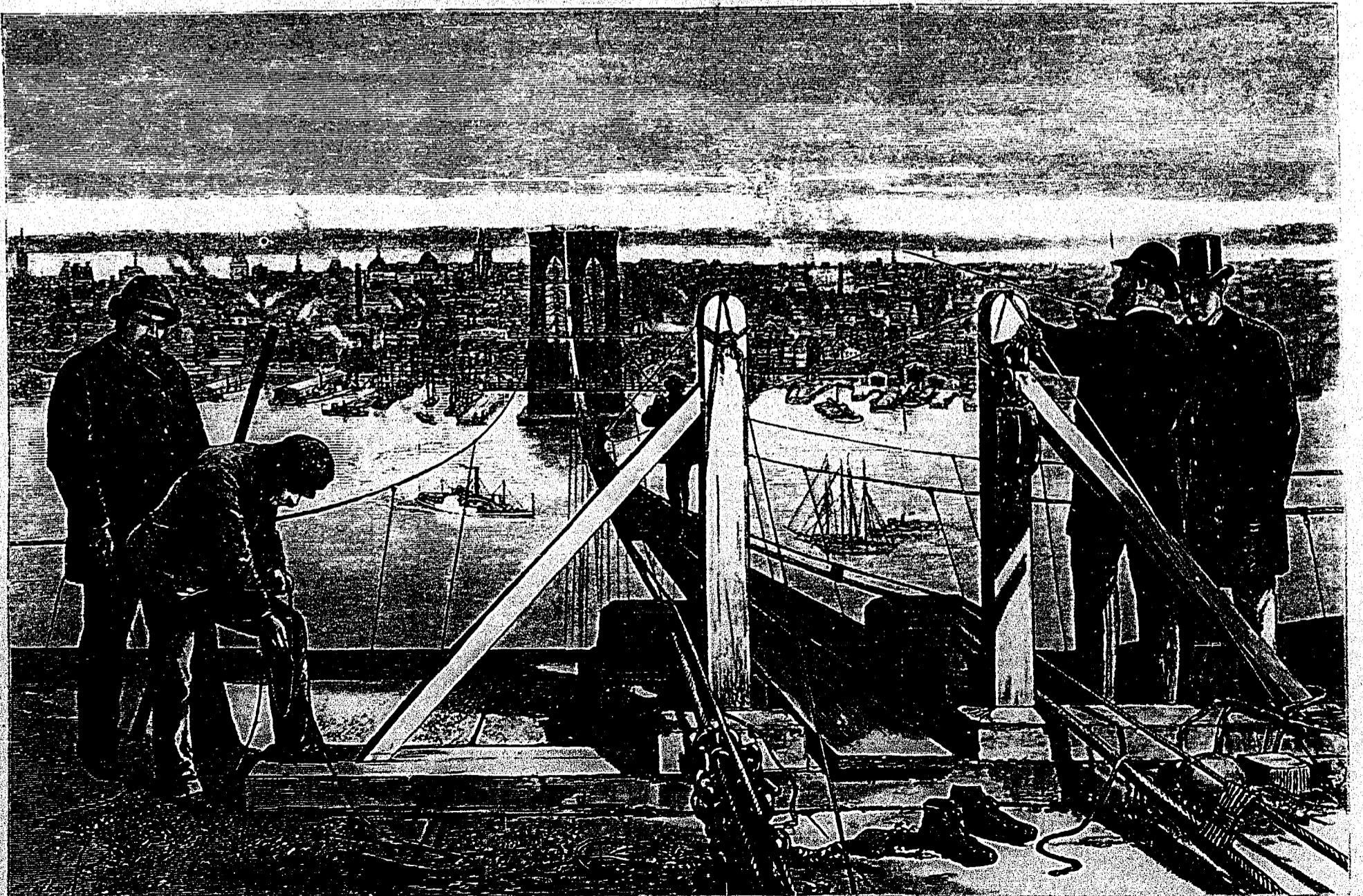
GATHERING VIOLETS.



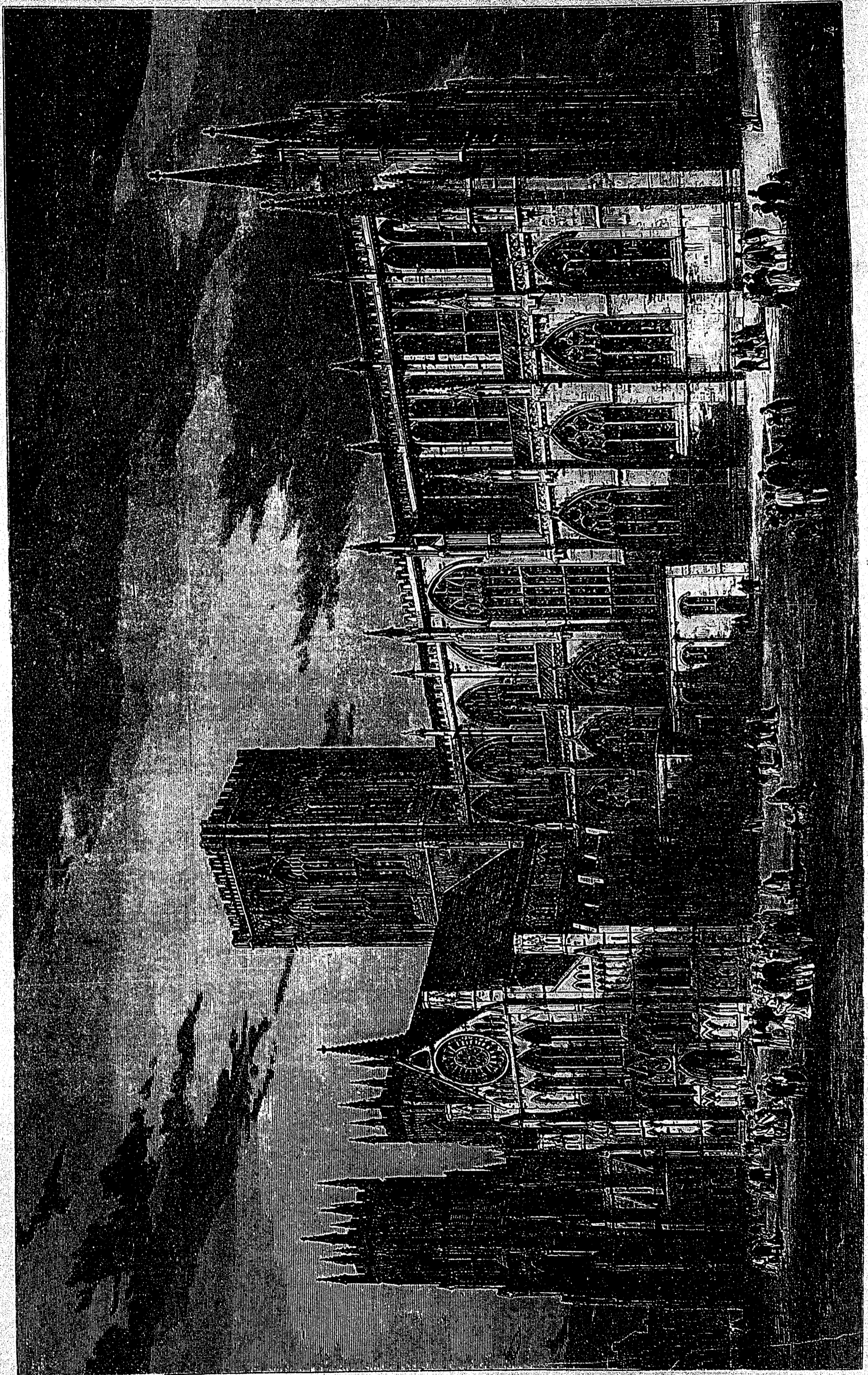




CONSTANTINOPLE.—THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON.



NEW YORK:—THE SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER EAST RIVER TO BROOKLYN.



THE GREAT MUNSTER OF YORK, ENGLAND.

SPRING.

FROM CHARLES D'ORLÉANS.

The year has cast aside its dress
Of rain, of tempest and of cold.

Fontain, brook and river-stream
Wear, in smiling liveliness,
Drops of gilt and silvery gleam

Montreal.

W. D. L.

TORRAY STATION.

It was a lovely afternoon in September, 1874, when I first beheld that part of Torbay where now stands the Direct Cable Company Station.

One thing here is particularly worthy and deserving of remark, that is the remarkable display of forethought exhibited on this occasion, as notwithstanding their impetuosity and our sudden appearance, one individual, whose nasal organ showed outward signs of his partiality to "tippie," produced from his pocket a suspicious looking bottle no-dolent of alcoholic matter.

Another observation is necessary here: it is the abnormal state of the Nova Scotia palate, the contents of the above mentioned bottle being the only drop of good and tuckable liquor I had tasted since entering the country, notwithstanding a vigorous search for the same.

When the pale moon is struggling thro' the hazy masses of clouds, which frequently hide her from view only to shine forth more brilliantly than ever, when the incongruous mass of clouds parted, a silvery streak was thrown upon the broad ocean, and looking seaward thro' the shady opening in the fir, vessels might be seen flitting hither and thither across this silver ribbon, their white sail reflecting in the moonlight.

stray fisherman, and from such visitors we learned that the nearest settlement of any consequence was Guysboro', a distance of twenty-four miles.

Being temporarily under a German officer, we were likewise subject to German discipline, at which we collectively manifested our disgust.

The dining tent was an erection well suited to the quality of the provisions consumed therein—a log hut plastered outside with mud and grass. A lantern suspended from the roof, and swaying to and fro, enabled a man with difficulty to convey the food to his mouth, and the table which had at one time unquestionably performed the duties of a door in a more civilized locality, whilst around this festive board were oatmeal casks, herring tubs, oilcasks, etc., which articles served as seats, and dangerous seats they proved to be upon several occasions.

I have frequently heard an animated argument as to the possession of a pickle tub in preference to an oatmeal cask, but when the portly figure of the major darkened the doorway, eloquence subsided and the strictest silence would prevail.

My anxious face wore a very troubled look, when a goose was placed before me for dissection, and my feelings, were indescribable. I had faced a bear, or rather that animal had faced me, but I had not experienced the same feelings of dread as I did at the sight of the goose.

To add to my discomfiture, the devils around the table apparently enjoyed my dilemma, as they indicated this distressing fact by divers contortions of the visage and stranger inward ramblings. Their appetites on this particular day appeared to be particularly partial to fowl, which they evinced by numerous demands for the same.

After this episode I could not bear the sight of a goose. Not so the major. That worthy demonstrated his respect for the bird by not having another killed during his stay amongst us. I carved no more and think the major would have rather faced the whole French army than have sat opposite me at dinner.

D. O.

(To be continued.)

GEN. RICHARD MONTGOMERY, 1775.

(Sketched by his wife.)

(Continued.)

In the preceding chapters, we gave four or five out of the nine original letters written to his wife, Janet Livingston, by Brigadier General Montgomery, a few days before his death: we shall close this short memoir with an extract written by Mrs. Montgomery and, we think, now given for the first time, in her memoir, to the public.

General Montgomery traced his origin from that Count of Montgomery, who, unfortunately, in playing with foils with his King, Henry II.,

of France, wounded him in the eye, thus causing his death. For this mishap the Count was brought to the scaffold. His family afterwards went to the Low Countries. One of their descendants came to England with William, Prince of Orange, and commanded a regiment during the wars of Ireland, where, either by his prowess or his wealth, he owned three estates. General Montgomery was born in Dublin, and was educated in the college of Dublin.

Montgomery had the promise of a majority in the year 1771, and had lodged his money for the purchase, when he was overruled and another purchased over him. This gave him a disgust for the service. He immediately sold out, and in 1772-3 came to New York, purchased a farm at Kingsbridge, and in July, 1773, was married. He then removed to Rhinebeck, where he built and laid the foundation of a house.

Unknown as his modesty led him to suppose himself to be, he was chosen, early in 1775, one of the Council of Fifty to New York, from Dutchess County. Although he received this call with surprise, and left his retirement with no small regret, he hesitated not a moment. The times were dangerous, but he shrank not from the duty of a citizen.

Mrs. Montgomery took the ribbon, and he continued: "I am satisfied. Trust me. You shall never blush for your Montgomery."

On his departure he remained only a moment to bid Judge Livingston farewell, who said: "Take care of your life." "Of my honor, you would say, sir," was Montgomery's reply. In passing his own villa he said: "I must not suffer myself to look that way."

We must now close this agreeable gossip indulged in by a loving wife, respecting the brave soldier, whom it was fated she never would meet again, and whilst enjoying those titbits of information dear to antiquarians, one regrets to light on the following: "A sword said to be his, and lately on exhibition at the Museum of Morris College in Quebec, has been purchased and presented to the University of Virginia."

J. M. L.

Quebec, 1st April, 1877.

THE GLEANER.

DAGUERRE, who gave a name to the daguerreotype, is to have a monument in Paris.

It is not an uncommon thing for Turks to smoke from sixty to eighty pipes of tobacco daily.

The King of Holland has offered to send to the Paris Universal Exhibition a collection of 40,000 tulips.

A FRENCH gymnast near the Champs Elysées has introduced music during exercising hours, as it is said greatly to facilitate the efforts of the gymnasts.

The Duke of Wellington, as is well known, stood as godfather to the Duke of Connaught. On the Prince's birth the warrior received an odd rebuff from the nurse. He asked simply enough, "Is it a boy or a girl?" and received the crushing reply, "It is a Prince, your grace."

Four tons weight of valentines have been returned to the Dead-Letter Office in London from all parts of the kingdom, and this immense mass of amatory rubbish is to be worked into pulp before being sold to the papermakers. Most of the valentines were not taken in at the houses to which they were addressed.

A NEW fashion in ladies' stockings is being introduced in Paris. The stockings are of thick white or pine silk, the clock being of solid but flexible gold, something like an ordinary snake-chain, about as thick as a man's little finger, and ornamented with pearls. The price of these simple articles of dress is only 500 francs a pair.

In Germany the bag-pipe is called the "Ehreitenduplungamtroitruhngliessend uegh-tenspielmichteegegsalterduichtenhauser —" What? Haven't! Well, leave what you've got up standing and telegraph for more type to Chicago, and set the rest when it comes. Try and get it up in time for the inside of the weekly.

A NEW device in the use of flowers has just come into use in Paris. It is the wearing of a small bunch of natural flowers on the shoes, in place of the lace and ribbon rosettes of a few seasons ago. The favourites are primroses, yellow on one shoe, purple on the other, or mixed on both; violets are much worn, and daisies are just "coming in."

The last interpretation of "Kaiser-Hind," the Queen's new Indian title, is given by the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, who informs disputants that "Kaiser" or "Caesar" is neither Etruscan, Latin, Greek, Arabic, Persian, nor German, but Punic. The Julian family are supposed to have received this title, which means elephant—as "an augmentation of honour" after the fall of Carthage. The real translation of the new Imperial title therefore should read "Elephant of India."

The trades of the hunter, fisher, archer, (bow), a bow, fletcher, (fêche, an arrow), smith, glover, etc., have given us many surnames. Grosvenor (gron venour) was chief huntsman to the Norman dukes. All the Reds, Reeds or Reids were originally red men. Buiker was so named from his good heart, (bon coeur.) But few have observed that old Dan Chaucer had a French shoemaker in his ancestry, (chausser,) and that Spenser was by lineage a butter, whose place was in the spence or buttery; not need he be ashamed, for his company is that of the Lord Despenner.

GO BANG is the rather odd name of a new society game, which is all the fashion just now in the best circles. The play is harmless and innocent, similar to checkers, only more amusing. It is played with an ornamental portfolio, on the inside of which the requisite number of square spaces is printed. There is a box, the compartments of which contain counters of different colors. Each person puts down a counter of his own color in turn, the object being to get five in a row, diagonally or straight. The winner, placing his fifth counter, says, "Go Bang." The game, which is learned at sight, may be played by two, three or four persons, and affords rare amusement for young or old.

HUMOROUS.

M. QUAD says that "one of the landscape scenes in Nevada is an English tourist wiggling over the ground to get in a position to kill a mule, believing that he has a sure thing on a grizzly."

A house in Bellaire, Ohio, has this legend on the gatepost: "Nineteen agents have called here this morning: we always shoot the wretched. No agent has touched the bell knob since the placard was posted."

An elderly darkey was inquiring of a policeman if he knew anything of his son Pete. The policeman replied that there was a young darkey in the lock up for breaking up a prayer meeting with an axe-handle. "Dat's him!" exclaimed the overjoyed parent. "He told me he was gaine to 'nouse himself!"

BASSOMPIERE, French ambassador to Spain, was telling Henry IV how he entered Madrid. "I was mounted on the very smallest mule in the world," said the ambassador. "Ah," said the King, "what an amusing sight to see the biggest ass mounted on the smallest mule!" "I was your majesty's representative," was the rejoinder.

A CRUSTY tenant of a miserly Scottish laird pressing him to complete some piece of work which had long stood over, the laird craved further delay, adding that he would give his word of honour—nay, his written bond—to have the thing done before a certain day. "Your word!" exclaimed the tenant; "it's woe kend that will do me little good; and as for yer writing nobody can read it."

An article which has long been sought after and but recently made known in this country is Lady's Parisian Hair Reviver. 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 cent. each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, are agents for Canada.

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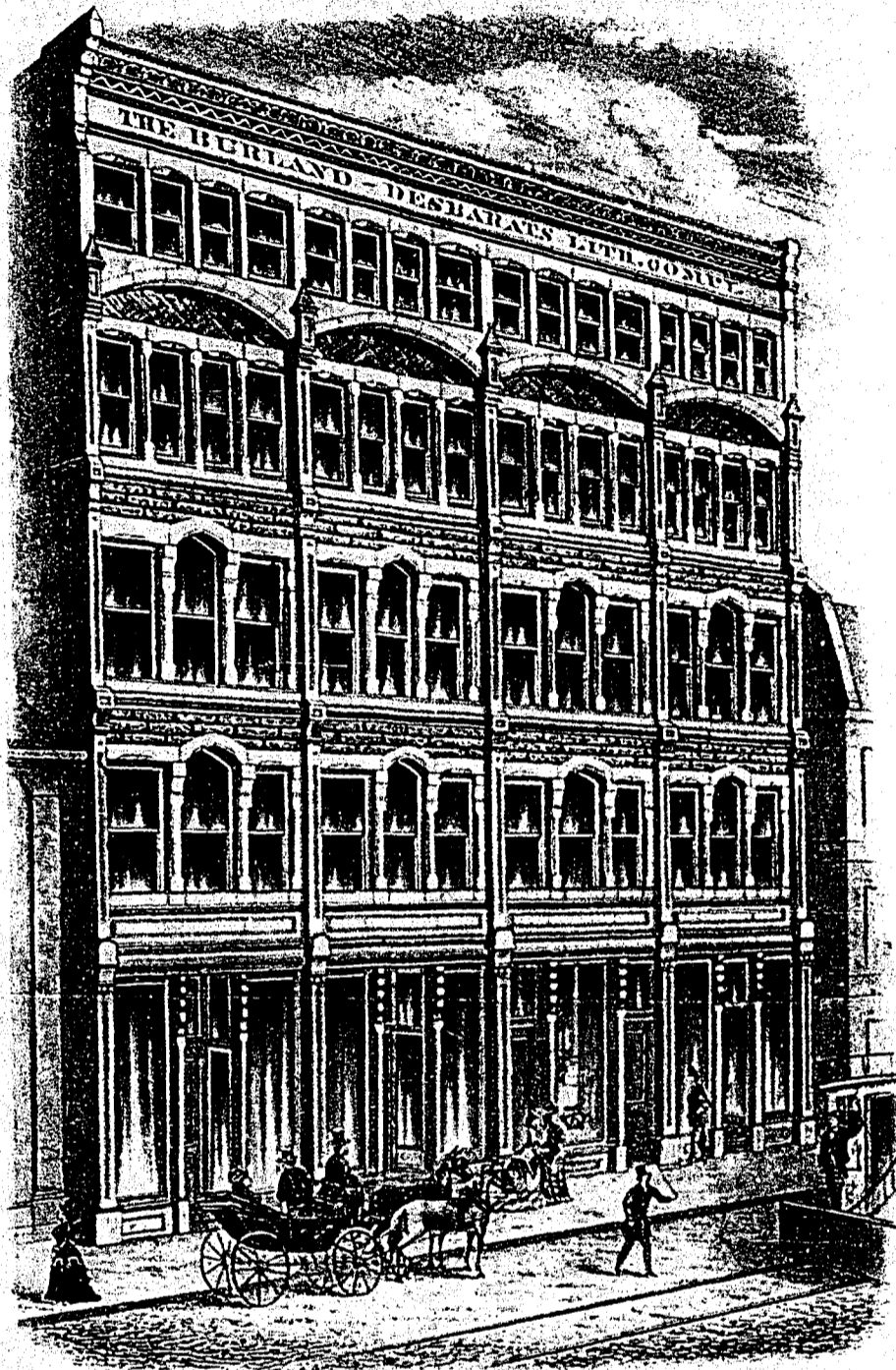
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