Pills, Rodger's Razors, Mechi's Silver Steel, Hodgson's Pale Ale, Doudney Brothers' Clothes, Pear's Transparent Soap, and the Virginia Hams at 50, Bishopsgate Within. These pieces were given by their authors as "example of that new achievement of modern song, which, blending the *utile* with the *dulce*, symbolises at once the practical and spiritual characteristics of the age, and is called familiarly, the puff poetical." Such versical puffs, however, are relegated to the columns of provincial newspapers, and "poets and papers" are seldom found in conjunction in the daily London journals in the form of the puff poetical on Warren's Blacking, Moses' Suits, and Rose's Tea. Illustrations and peculiarities in type are also forbidden; and advertisers are thus driven to various expedients in order to attract the roving eye of the reader. Claiming a whole page of a newspaper is a very expensive affair. Above a hundred pounds is the charge for a page in the "Times," yet this is often paid, especially by publishers at the commencement of their various seasons. A whole column filled by one advertiser is very common, and a favourite device is to repeat the same words over and over again in single or double lines, or to arrange various-sized paragraphs at regular intervals; or to leave such blanks in the lines as to make a sort of pattern that can hardly fail to attract notice.

The general advertisements are classified and arranged, especially in the "Times," in a wonderfully easy way for the reader, who, after but a slight acquaintance with his newspaper, will know where to turn for his particular advertisement, whether it relates to coal or coffee, wines or waggonettes, packet-ships or perambulators, soups or soaps, plate or pickles, theatres or toilette tables, china or concerts, hotels or hats, photographs or poultry, lamps or lozenges, croquet or charity, teeth or Turkey carpets, ironmongery or institutions, railways or refuges, tea or trowsers, suppers or schools, auctions or asylums, banks or books, spectacles or sewing machines, silks or sauces, hair dyes or harmoniums, monograms or magic lanterns. To peculiar advertisements are accorded a special place in certain papers; thus, those charitable ladies and gentlemen, who for a month or two have been working with a forty-secretary power, to secure the election of a little boy or girl to some asylum or school, will know, that for the advertised result of such election, they must turn to the inner page of the chief sheet of the "Times," immediately over the theatrical advertisements. The special notices of the learned societies are also given at the head of the same page. In the "Times," the column of mystery is the second in the front sheet of the supplement; but in the "Daily Telegraph," it is the last column on the back sheet. The latter, therefore, cannot be accused of being an accomplice in a scheme in which the former has (it is said) unwittingly been often made to play its part. The first column of the "Times" sheet is that which gives the births, marriages, and deaths, which notices, as they are all paid for, very properly head the advertisements. The paper is brought to Paterfamilias at the breakfast table, and its Supplement, or "lady's portion," is handed to his grown-up daughter, in order that she may look at the first column and see, as Crabbe says,—

> "What new-born heir has made his father blest,
> What heir exults his father now at rest."

but she glances at the second column, and there reads something to this effect:—"Forget me not. Waited till six. So sorry. Try same time and place on Thursday." If, however, this clandestine correspondence is adopted, it is at any rate some satisfaction to know, that it is by no means so cheap as the penny post, or so commendable as the ordinary straight-forward and honourable course. The young may be assured that usually these notices are the traps of knaves for fools. And it is anything but romantic to pay for the insertion of an enigmatical love-letter in the same column with the lost people, strayed dogs, and stolen purses.

Occasionally, the advertising columns of the "Times," present us with other languages than our own, that necessitate the use of particular types; thus, in February last, the performance of Mr. Bandmann was advertised in German; and in the previous December, a printer advertised his readiness to undertake the printing of any works in the Abyssinian language, and gave a specimen of the type.

RECENT ARCTIC DISCOVERY.

We have not yet seen "the last of the Arctic voyages." The solution of the mystery of Sir John Franklin's fate marked a period in the story of northern adventure, but neither the conclusion of this search, nor the discovery of "the north-west passage," can satisfy all the demands of science, nor the projects of adventure. A plan was formed by certain German geographers for a new exploration of the North Polar regions. A distinguished Prussian naval officer was selected for the command, and various preparations commenced, when the war with Austria absorbed public attention, and this private expedition was for the time abandoned. It is understood that the Prussian government has again taken steps to resume the exploration. Meanwhile we may keep our readers abreast of the subject by presenting the following report by Captain Sherard Osborne, who has thus narrated the most recent discoveries in the Arctic regions:—

"In Baffin's Bay, Captain Richard Wells, of the steamship Arctic, of Dundee, has been farther north in his ship in open water than any navigator had previously reached. His affidavit, forwarded to me by Allen Young, the distinguished companion of Sir Leopold M'Clintock in his last memorable voyage, is very clear, and bears the impress of truth.

"As early as the 20th of June last, the Arctic proceeded up Baffin's Bay, crossed the face of the glacier of Melville Bay, steamed away past Cary Isles and Hakluyt Island, visited Whale Sound of Baffin, and the subsequent scene of Dr. Kane's adventures. Captain Wells then, finding open water to the north, crossed to the west side of Smith's Sound, and still, tempted by a fine open sea, went on till he sighted Kane's Glacier of Humboldt, and must, he says, have then been in the 79th north parallel—considerably north of where I reached in 1850 in the Pioneer—beyond Inglefield in the Prince Albert, and beyond Kane in the Advance. The bold Dundee whaler was still in open water, and adds, 'I should have continued my course northwards had I seen a fish. There was no indication of ice to the northward, the sky blue and watery, and only a few small streams of light ice to be seen.' Of course, Captain Wells did right in not being tempted to risk his owner's property into the unknown straits before him, but I am sure all living Arctic officers will feel with me. Would that one of us, with a well-found discovery ship, could that day have been where the Arctic was, only 660 miles from the Pole, and I feel pretty sure, from Kane's report, that we know what to expect for at least another 120 miles, or within 540 miles of the axis of the globe.

"Had Arctic explorers listened to me in 1865, we should probably before this have solved the great problem, by the very open road which Kane and Hayes saw, and

which it was the good fortune of Wells, of Dundee, to reach. They allowed a red herring to be trailed across the track, and ran wild after open water and hot water routes *viâ* Spitzbergen, and, as the Duke of Somerset very justly said, until they made up their minds as to the right road to the Pole, he could not possibly be expected to entertain any such project.

"Another remarkable voyage has been made from the Pacific Ocean by a whaler called the Nile. She has rediscovered an extensive land, which will be found recorded on all our Admiralty charts since 1850. The Russian Admiral Wrangel first mentioned it in the account of his remarkable survey of the Siberian shores of the Arctic Ocean. The Tchukties, now wandering near Cape Chelagskoi, aver that a tribe called the Onkillon fled before them across the frozen sea to a land lying north of Siberia, and occasionally seen from Cape Jakan. Wrangel questioned its existence, I believe, but Admiral (then Captain) Kellett, in her Majesty's ship Herald, in 1850, sighted this land some thirty miles distant; and although he would not name it, as he could not land upon it, he said, as far as eyesight could be trusted, it was land of a bold character, extending from about 175° to 180° W. long., and in lat. 71° N.

"It is a verification of this discovery which the whaler Nile brings us this year. By an extract from an American paper, which our geographical commander-in-chief, Sir Roderick Murchison, was good enough to send me the other day, I find that the sea within Behring's Straits was so clear of ice this last summer that the good ship Nile reached considerably closer to, but it does not appear that any one landed on, Kellett's Land. Her enterprising captain traced the land, so far as I can learn, to the 73rd degree north latitude, and saw it still reaching away to the northward in all the magnificence of snow-capped cliffs and mountain peaks.

"The Nile has thus done us good geographical service, though her discovery will somewhat bar the road of an illustrious German philosopher, who feels sure of a watery highway from Spitzbergen to Behring's Straits."

THE MORTONS OF MORTON HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT VAN BROEK PROPERTY."

CHAPTER XLVI.—ONCE MORE IN THE LANE CUT THROUGH THE WOOD.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to say that the discovery of the villainy of Thomas Dickson freed the minds of Mr. Sinclair and his niece, and Dr. Pendriggen from a suspicion which they could not help entertaining that Henry Talbot had been in some way concerned in the theft of the pocket-book. It was difficult otherwise to account for the way in which the locket had come into Mary Talbot's possession. As has been heretofore hinted, since the day on which the story heard by Miss Talbot in old Dame Hoolit's cottage had been set afloat—by some means or other, as every secret becomes known in a country village—it had been generally suspected, by others besides Jemmy Tapley, that the young governess did really possess the lost trinket. This suspicion on the part of her friends had in no degree lessened their kindness to Mary herself, or decreased the respect and esteem in which they held her. On the contrary, it rather led them to regard her with greater kindness and sympathy, since no one suspected that she was in any respect to blame, or that she had the slightest idea, until long after her brother's departure for America, to whom the trinket he had left with her had originally belonged. Nevertheless it was a great relief to them to learn that, through the discovery of Dickson's guilt, Henry Talbot stood completely exculpated. Though they delicately abstained from any allusion to the matter in Mary's presence, it was manifest to the young lady that there was more than ordinary meaning in the congratulations she received on her brother's happy return, nor had she any difficulty in surmising the cause of her friends' unusual sympathy.

There was one alone of Mary's friends who knew nothing as yet of the happy turn of affairs—one whose opinion she valued as highly, perhaps more highly, than that of any other person. Mr. Sharpe was absent from St. David on a visit to his mother when the Mohawk arrived at Falmouth. He did not return until a week afterwards, and Mary was still unaware that he had returned, when one morning she set out to visit a young woman who had been one of her elder pupils, and who had recently married a farmer who lived at some distance from the village. On her return her homeward path led her along the lane cut through the wood, in which she had first heard from Mr. Sharpe the true story of the robbery of the pocket-book, and in this lane she and the young curate had subsequently met and parted, not in coolness, still less in enmity, yet with mutual feelings of sorrow which weighed heavily upon them, for Mary had declared that circumstances, over which she had no control, had interposed an insurmountable barrier between them.

Since that day they had often met and had once interchanged letters, but unless to exchange a brief "good-morrow" they had never spoken.

Mary Talbot's thoughts reverted to this last meeting and parting when she entered the lane, which she had never passed through since that well-remembered day. She knew now that the barrier her once sensitive feelings had raised was removed. She remembered that the curate had assured her in his letter that he loved and respected her more than ever, and had urged her to cast aside all conventional prejudices and idle fears, and to allow matters to be between them as they had been; and that *she*, though her heart had sunk within her, and life had seemed to lose its brightness as she penned the words, had replied that the duty she owed to herself and others, as well as her esteem and regard for him, and her anxiety for his future welfare, forbade this. She remembered also that she had assured him that she could not any longer hold him bound to his promise, that the bonds which had existed between them were sundered, and that he was free to act as he pleased without regard to her. She wondered now whether he had taken her at her word, and trembled lest such should be the case. Much as she had to be thankful for, and to rejoice over, she still felt that there was one thing needful to perfect her earthly happiness. Yet *she* could do nothing in the matter. It rested with *him*, and with *him* only to render—as she thought at this moment—her happiness complete, or to cause her future life to be lonely and desolate.

It was only now, when the troubles and anxieties which had so long oppressed her were removed, that she discovered how large a place he held in her heart; what an aching void would be there were he to separate himself from her for ever.

It was a lovely afternoon near the end of autumn. The sun shone bright and warm, and the birds were singing merrily in the deep recesses of the wood. The sky was almost cloudless, and the atmosphere was heavy with the perfume of autumnal wild flowers.

And yet there was a tone of melancholy pervading everything above and around her. The light breeze