

I thank you for your dutiful address, and am very sensible of this fresh mark of the loyal attachment of my neighbours the people of Aberdeen. I have felt that at a time when the attention of the country has been so anxiously directed to the state of the public health it was right that I should make an exertion to testify my sense of the importance of a work so well calculated as this is to promote the health and comfort of your ancient city."

It is in such actions as these that royalty does its best work. Her Majesty's presence at Aberdeen, and still more her words there, will do much towards stimulating the present urgent demand for that which shall be literally the "pure" element.

There is a paper published in Switzerland called the *Gazette de Lausanne* which has been hoeing the private life of Queen Victoria in a style calculated to attract unusual attention. Such attention it has received from the Hon. E. A. Harris, our minister at Berne, who represented the case to the Swiss government. The latest news is that the editor has apologised, and the matter allowed to drop. It would have been wiser to have taken no notice of the *Gazette de Lausanne*, a paper never heard of out of its own immediate locality. The nature of the libel has not transpired, and it is scarcely worth while to enquire for it.

Still keeping on the subject of royalty, let me observe that a fruitful topic for discussion of late has been the health of the French Emperor. There are those who swear that he is in a bad way, and there are those who vow that he is enjoying perfect health. They cannot both be right, and so we are puzzled what to think upon the matter.

The general opinion of Paris is reflected by the *Times* correspondent who maintains that the Emperor's life is seriously threatened by his disease; while on the other hand he of the *Telegraph* a "jolly dog," who affects to be intimate with society in general and every body in particular, laughs at the idea, and protests that his imperial friend is in excellent health. I am inclined to think with the pessimists to a certain extent. A public rumor, with so much vitality as this one has, must possess some foundation in fact. It will be a *mauvais quart d'heure*, however, when Napoleon does "shuffle off this mortal coil," and the strong hand and steady brain leaves the helm of that ill-trimmed ship *La Belle France*.

The trade outrage at Sheffield, to which I alluded last week, has excited unusual attention as well it might. The government and the town have taken the matter up promptly, as the following extract from a Sheffield paper will show:

"The offer of £500 for information respecting the perpetrators of the late diabolical trade outrage in New Hereford street, Sheffield, has failed to bring the perpetrators to justice. It has now been determined to increase the reward to £1100, and this large reward ought to have the effect desired. £1000 is offered on the part of the town, and £100 by Government; and the Secretary of State will advise her Majesty to grant a free pardon to any accomplice, not being the actual perpetrator of the deed, who will give satisfactory information to the police."

Since the occurrence threatening letters have been received by some of the masters who have just introduced file grinding machines into their establishments to do work formerly done by hand. Here is an extract from one of those choice effusions. "The blasted place of yours ought to be blod up, I should like to do it myself, I wish I had the chance, and warm that devil of an engine tenter of yours." What think you, Mr. Editor, of such elegance? Last week the Rev. Newman Hall, a dissenting clergyman of mark and renown went down to Sheffield, and called the workmen around him. They came in crowds, to hear some very plain speaking. I send you some of it on the principle that "what is sauce for the goose, is sauce for the gander." There may be Englishmen in Canada to whom the advice will be as salutary as to Englishmen in England. This outspoken truth-teller used words to the following effect:

"He thought that working men had a perfect

right to demand whatever wages they could get, to combine to get those wages, and to strike if they could not get them. (Great applause.) If he went into Mr. Rodgers's saleroom and offered 5s. for a knife which was worth, in the opinion of the seller 6s., the latter would "strike" for that amount, and refuse to part with the knife for less, and be perfectly justified in doing so. The working men had time, and muscle, and labour, and skill to sell, and they had the right to demand their price, and to combine together and say they would not work for less than a stated sum per day. If the employer offered less, they could say, "We shan't accept, and we will go home, and read our paper, and enjoy ourselves. (Laughter.) The working man had clearly as great a right to stand out for a certain price for his labour as the capitalist had to demand one for his goods. (Hear, hear.) But there was another side to the picture. Suppose a man were to go to another and say, "I have been working for six shillings a day, and I want seven, I want you to join me in refusing to work for less than seven," and if the other man were to reply, "I trust my employer, who says he can't afford to give more at present, I have a wife and children, and if I were to lose my work my wife and children would be in difficulties. I don't feel disposed to do as you ask, but you can do it if you like, but I shall go on working." Supposing the first replies, "Very well a number of us will combine together, we will drive you from the works, and if you persist in it, we will blow up your house!" That was tyranny. (Great applause.) If the tyranny of the men who had never professed to care for freedom was a despicable thing, the tyranny of those who were always denouncing tyranny and crying out for liberty, was so despicable, that he could find no word in the English language strong enough to express it. (Renewed cheering.) Out upon such despotism! Let the working men deliver themselves from the shackles of their own class."

Would that the working classes always had such wise counsellors.

We have had another grand reform demonstration, the last and well-nigh the greatest of those gatherings which have redeemed the dull season from absolute stagnation. This time it was the smoky commercial metropolis of Scotland—Glasgow, that "pronounced." There was a procession of some 70,000 working men; and afterwards an open air meeting attended by 150,000 persons. Mr. Bright spoke at the evening meeting as usual, and delivered an oration which, for downright eloquence and force, has rarely been surpassed. The peroration especially was a masterpiece of art. I cannot better describe to you what the great popular orator is than by using the words of Garth.

"Whene'er he speaks, Heaven, how the listening
Dwell on the molting music of his tongue;
His arguments are the emblems of his mien
Mild, but not faint, and forcing though serene:
And when the power of eloquence he'd try
Hero lightning strikes you—there soft breezes sigh."

Talking of reform, Mr. Editor, if report be true you need one in your "high places" of a peculiar character. There is some talk here of sending over half a dozen of our most eloquent teetotallers, supplied with a stock of best arguments, with a view to the conversion from the worship of Bacchus of some among your cabinet ministers. The cause of this is a statement to the effect that the late Fenian invasion caught the official most concerned to meet it, in a state of unbecoming jollification and more disposed to cry. "Al'right m'boy, let's ave 'noth'r bottl'" (than to shout "To arms." We ought not to fling stones, because we live in a glass house ourselves, but this news has surprised us somewhat. We thought the "three-bottle men" were an extinct species.

Now for a "mysterious affair," duly tragic in character. Some years ago there lived in London a young Turkish student of medicine called Risk Allah Effendi. This gentleman being handsome and agreeable was received into "society," and finally married a rich widow. Shortly after, the lady died leaving her husband the greater portion of her wealth, the remainder going to a young lad, a relative of her former husband, on

his attaining his majority. Risk Allah took this young man to Turkey, but eventually they turn up at Brussels, where, it was said the latter committed suicide. An enquiry took place and the Turk was arrested, but for want of evidence discharged in a few days. From Brussels he went to Paris, where he published a history of his life and adventures, afterwards he reappeared in London. But meanwhile the Belgian police had not forgotten him, and managed somehow to get hold of a letter from his Turkish servant which led to a demand by the Belgian minister here for his arrest and extradition. He now awaits trial in a Brussels prison. A grim romance is wrapped up in this little history which I would commend to Miss Braddon of Lady Audley fame.

The publishing season has now set in, and I will close my letter with one or two items of gossip thereon. Lord Lytton, then, is writing a new play. May it prove worthy the author of "The Lady of Lyons." Tennyson and Browning are each busy on a new poem, and Miss Lott, late a governess in the Palais of Egypt's establishment promises us "Nights in the Harem." W. Carew Hazlitt is preparing a new edition of the "Works and Letters of Charles Lamb," and Mr. S. Adams Leo is editing two volumes of sonnets, collected by Leigh Hunt. Mr. Swinburne, too, the young poet, whose sensuous muse got the better of his judgment is about to bring out "A Parley with my Critics." Mr. J. A. St. John has a life of Sir Walter Raleigh in hand, and Mrs. S. C. Hall promises a Christmas fairy tale, called "The Prince of the Fair Family." These are a few selections out of many, for of the making of books there is now no end.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

Continued from page 118.

CHAPTER XXVII.—JOHN ENGLISH TELLS THE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

"Once upon a time," began John, "there was a young man who knew neither his name nor his age, nor where he was born. But I had better drop the story-telling style, and say what I have got to say in my own fashion—My earliest recollections, which are very faint, and very vague, carry me back, as in a dream, to a stately and beautiful home, where everybody is kind to me. I seem to see myself, a very wee fellow indeed, richly dressed, cantering on a pony down a long avenue of trees, and then I am inside a magnificent room, and a lady in rustling silk is beside me, who speaks to me in a soft silvery voice. I fancy she is trying to persuade me to take some physic; but I don't like her, in spite of her honey-eyed words; and then, all at once, I am in a dreadful room with barred windows, and great wooden, high-backed chairs, and a huge, funeral-looking bed, to which a faint odour of dead people seems to cling—a bed that becomes absolutely horrible as the afternoon deepens. Something whispers to me that behind that shroud-like drape a skeleton is hidden, which will put forth its bony hand in the middle of the night, and clutch me by the hair; and the conviction at length works so powerfully upon me, that I rush to the door, and shriek aloud to be let out; but nobody heeds me, and I fancy that I go off into some kind of a fit, and am ill for many days afterwards.

"Next I am on the sea, and still ill, but in a different way, and am waited upon, off and on, by a lame, ugly man and his shrewish-looking wife, who call themselves my uncle and aunt; but I repudiate the relationship in a childish, obstinate way that makes the lame man snarl and growl, and threaten with an oath to fling me overboard. We seem to be a long time on that dreary sea; but we land at last on a bustling wharf, where I feel more insignificant and miserable than before. Next come scenes, like portions of a moving panorama, in a strange country, as we move slowly forward to our new home, which is in a wretched little American country town. I will