The Stable-Boy who Became a Prime

"E.A." (N. ard Q., No. 12) asks for in-formation respecting Baron Ward, who from being a Yorkishire stable-by became Prime Wind may be found in Sir Bernard Barke's "Vioissitudes of Families," but the foi-lowing steeh may be of service to many ward was born at York in the year 1800, and was the son of a groom in the sta-ble of a trainor there. His mother dying year draws born at York in the year property and years, and ever after provide the sent stable of a trainer, who have a born at later the year of the passed bis carly years, and ever after provide of Howden as his home. At fourthern years of age he began life for himself, and in May 1822 he was sent with a horse to Vi-ena, where he entered into the service of Prime von Lichtenstein as groom, and was soon after, for his good conduct, advanced in the service of the Dake of Lucze. At this time he was a good expecime of a York-this time he was a good expecime of a York-this time he was a good expecime of a York-this time he was a good expecime of a York-this time he was a good expecime of a York-this time he was a good expecime of a York-this time he was a good expecime of a York-this time he was a good expecime of a York-this time he was a good expecime of a York-this time he was a good expecime of a York-this time he was a good expecime of a York-this time he was a good expecime of a York-this time he was a good expecime of a York-this a the coronation of the Emperor of Austria as the coronation of the Emperor of Austria as the coronation of the Emperor of Yoenna, and lived in a neat little house for frivy Parse, he m initianed his humble pasiton. He was aver averal to a native of Yoenna, and lived in a neat little house for the yield in part, and the Bake, you fully placed him a the head of the Finance part of State, but this he deslined. At length he yield in a neat little house for his master urged him to accept the offise of Missions, and m hazed them so well that his master us system and the Dake yon fully placed him a the head of the F I pass the great stone charch, where shines the r light; The lovely convent walls, wrapped in the sha-hight. Above the fortress grim and high chatter I see, Its while folds proadly spread our regal *here* d the shile folds proadly spread our regal *here* d to be the series of the spread out of the spread the shift of the spread of the spread of the str Upon this tower rock above the stream's expans and watch the moonlit tide to see the ship Prance. Look down the spreading way of this life-brin stream, And tell me if thou see the blessed sail appear That bends above my love, that brings my true lo In the dark wild I ardently have : But now my h trance. o know my maiden comes within the : France ! thy skies Will skine on me again from out her sunny eyes. And I shall feel again my young life's brifflant si Whon I clasp her soft, warm hands, and kiss the of her. And will she bear the change, my lily pure irent river of the north, back from the ocean glide and axifar bear along the soldier's periess bride slow, forest wind, whose breath is of the fir and plus the dastern, hasten her to these strong arms of mine it it he mist that moves upon the channel's trail ! So, there the lasteras gleam beneath a gliding sail they pass the shadowy isle, and to the clift advance the comes, she comes, my love, my daring bride C Prance ! PART II.—CONTINUED. Three days have passed away. Only tw more and Jack and his frames will take the departure and I shall breathe freely again They have passed, with Jack and Jenni in a sort of armod neutrality. They have been little passages at arms, bu no open scenes; by the most careful d plomacy Jenni has up to the present tim avoided being alone with him. Bat eac day Jack, piqued by her indifference, bi-the utter absence of the proference sile one showed only too openly, disappointed o inding himself held in tender and regret remembrance by her who, as Lady Astr ther, is probably ten times more attractive in his syes than ever was Jennie Brandreth to the ill-humours of his betrothed, mor set on reviring the dead ashes of a love h himself extinguished. Dy we not all koor that in these selightened days a man think no shame of repaying his friend's hospitalit by making love to his wife before his ver vges?...

The Stand at Newmarket.

The Stand at Newmarket. (Poin the London Solars):
 The stand is, as usual, divided into the decky parts and solar divided into the decky parts and the decky parts and solar divided into the decky parts and t



VOL. II.-NO. 16.

The Ship from France. BT C. L. CLEAVELAND QUEBEC, 167-

convent walls, wrapped in the shad

derness, where raging rapids toss, a fought to raise the flag and cross heart is wild in Love's enraptur

of the south, my girl of gentlest gla et she left her gay and gracious Fra

"AULD ROBIN GRAY." BY MRS. G. W. GODFREY, UTHOR OF "DOLLY-A PASTORAL," E PART IL.-CONTINUED.

-May Atlant

LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH, MAY 16, 1879.

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

That she has driven him to the very end of his endurance? "I think," he answers slowly, "that it would not trouble him, on the contrary it might amuse him very much, to read, for instance, a letter that you wrote when he first proposed to you. It would be so-mos gratifying to see the difference between then and now, supposing for instance the letter fell into his hands by accident—would it not?" Jennic's face, white enough already, turns ghastly in the moon's pa's light. She looks as if she were petriled by the horror of the idea, she cannot see as I can, that it is only the bitter taunt of a man driven to the last extremity. She takes the cruel jest for crueller earnet. "Do you mean," she cries, showing her hand—poor Jennie, who could not deceive a baby..." (Do you dhar to tell me that you have kept that letter ?"

and ceremonies. He is 40 nauguty and care-less." "Is he ?' says Jennie, with a little fro-zen smile, but she doos not tozoh her let-ters, and her face is as white as the unlucky curvelope that bears Jack's unmittkeable, terribly unmistakeable handwriting. A minute's silence. Miss Hodgson is evidendly drawing on her resources, Jennie pushes back her chair and makes a move, gathering up her letters. But if she thinks to escape so easily she is mista-kee.

move, gathering up not average the is mista-kae thinks to escape oessily she is mista-kon. "Have you no curi-sity, Laly Anstruth-er?" arys Miss Hodgson. "Now, when I get letters, I am wild to see what is in them. Fancy "(with a little affected laugh) "being able to keep one's letters !" "Mine will usually bar keeping," says Jennie, coldy. "I generally prefer to read thom them in my own room." Any other woman would be daunted. Miss Hodgson is more ill-bred than most women (if her mother in any way resem-bled Lady Grainger, there must be a strong vein of the cotton-making papa in the daughter), and she persists. "But, at least, open Jack's letter and fell us whether we may expect him at Stone-leigh to night," she says with an air of play-ful coaring. Jennie is driven into a corner. Miss Hodg-son has aucceeded in a least one thing. She has attracted general attention to Janne and her letter. She has no alternative but to open it. She gives Miss Hodgson one look--such an one as I would not care too meet--and breaks the seal. From the outer envelope comes another--another that has evidently already been through the post, and is battered and tumbled and altogether the worse for wear. Jennie turns it over, puts it back again.

baby—" ab you date to tell me that you have kept that letter?" "Do you think I would part with the only letter I ever had from the woman I love best in the world?" he retorts. "Give it to me!" she ories, stamping her foot, "fetch it and give it to me this in-stant!" "Ask preitily," he says—more gently, "say, "Give it to me, Jack," and you shall have it." For a moment she heaitates. Then she turns away.

For a moment see heatates. Then she turns away. "No," she says deliberately. "I will not say it, not to save my life." "'Say good-bye then, Jennie," he ories, laying a detaining hand on her. "Say good-bye kindly—at you used to say it, and to-morrow I will go away and trouble you no more." She shakes bis hand off with a sudden fary.

and the proving his friend's hospitality by making love to his wife before his very eyes?...
Each day Miss Hodgson, who is, I have discovered, not deficient in a cortain shrewidness, grows a little more sulky, a little colder to Jennie, and a little more stollidy axacting of the attentions which she considers her exclusive right. Each day Sir Robert grows a little more silent, never forgetting one of the duties of the most controous host, and yet going through them with an effort which is apparent to me, who know too well his usual genial and hearty manner to deseived by any counterfeit of it.
Bo you wonder that I wish from the very bottom of my heart that Jack's regiment had been ordered to India or to the very uttermost ends of the earth before ever he had put foot in Beechlands to destroy our newtond happiness.
The evening of this the third day of their visit is, by one of the accustomed freig all day, an lying is a small roon that opens out of the drawing room, so that I am ot biliged to ree or to speak to ally but these whore such address to all who have been suffering all day, and list but dut losse being and are but or losses behind her, and the small eath at been gut on for company fades from her faces, I notice saily how white and worrs he looks.
"How are you, darling !" sine says, coming to me and laying her hand on ny forehead.
"Much better," I answer. "But, Jennie, you are not well. How your hand therwing back

wish that you were dead !" she cries passionately. "I hope that I may never see you again. That is my gool-bye !"
We does not try to detain her any more. He drops her hand and turns away. Jand she comes to the window : and as her foot is on the step the door opens, and "I more is nent and turns away. Jonnie turns it over, puts it back again, and looks her enemy straight contain on the step the door opens, and "Intere in not a line from Captain Mellish ----- and vari," she asya, with a cold smile. "Intere is not a line from Captain Mellish and a nonight, like one newly risen from the date. She hooks, in her long array to the law melly enclosed me a letter. No doubt he will meet you to-night at Stone-lever more and not read. She has no time to amouth the law melly enclosed me a letter. No doubt he will meet you to-night at Stone-lever wrought such havos on it. They are sain at the asone light, and ex round her, holding her ever him and the moonlight.
His arms are around her, holding her read hor read them. "Jonnie," cries her hawband, forgetting in a moment all the collness of the press three days. "My darling, what has happened."
His arms are around her, holding her read hor read them. "Jonnie, do not look, hith a first first impuls were to go there too. —then his arms drop her has dead and leady what alvantage over her. . . . and yet has algothest interest in what has a man and the moonlight.
He looks out and sees Jack—Jack, with a step date and there who is a sitting there with listes hand classed.
He looks out and sees Jack—Jack, with a step and danced and langed about the place who is sitting there with listes hand classed he to marry him, encore is not thim sail the section who a sitting there with listes hand sense and in the trace is here hand to the heaving the place who is sitting there with listes hand sensed and in aldow here here who has a what the letter which has a the heaving the heaving there heavis the heaving the heavis the heaving the heavi

<page-header><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text>

Did Yeu Ever?

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> the Royal Hymn was called for. The Neapolitans were true to their antecedents Not four months have elapsed since they would have torn Passanante to picese, and at last accounts they were all rejoring that is worthers life has been asved. GENERAL RICHARD TAYLOR, whose death many respects a notable man. If was a man of scholarly tastes and habits, as well as a man of wit and society, while he proved himself one of the ablest and most success ful generals in the Confederate array. He was one of the brist whist players this coun-try has produced, and in the London club was regarded as possessing rare skill at the game, so much so that his fame cannot to the east of the Prince of Wales, who loves a rubber next to a tiger-hunt, and they met at the Marlborough Club one night and played together. Thus began an intimacy which endured to the last. Wherever the prince went, whelter to Sandrightam for week at the Castle. When the Prince went is taste acco, or to the Queen and the party. But the General Paylor to to stay in to out or cost and many a quiet rubber was played to the General Paylor to to stay in to invit General Taylor. He introduced him at Windgor to the Queen and the Castle. When the Prince were is to his, he invited General Taylor to to stay in Loodon, and many a quiet rubbe was played at Marlborough House with the Princes, the Duke of Cannotige, sand the American, while the Prince were and rarely to bet. Was familia, he invited General Paylor to be and the party. But the General Paylor to be the Princes, thon Duke of Casmbridge, sand the American, while the Prince were will be no leased bed. St. Paul's Cross. The workem in the new garden at the set of the arm the family the dispondent in the torget and the general to own cast family the dispond and the general form the party. St. Paul's Cross. The workem in the new family find the dispondent to the party to own cast family the formation of the to own cast family the formation of the party and the family the formation the party and the family the for