

(For the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

WITH THE TIDE.

BY J. H. B. T., MONTREAL.

Not long ago, I stood upon the ocean's strand,
And gazing out to sea drank in the breeze
That tipped each wave with foam, then kissed the golden
sand.

Whispering sweet greeting from far o'er the seas.

Whispering sweet greeting: to how many shall I bring
News of the loved ones mourned so long as lost?
Glad tidings that shall make the weary heart to sing—
Sad heart that hath, alas! so long been tempest tossed.

I paused, for at my side there walked an aged man
Whose hoary locks blew wanton in the blustering wind:
A little blue-eyed maid clung to his hand and ran,
Surely a sweeter little maid 'twere hard to find.

That old man, like myself, gazed wistfully to sea,
And saw there many a stately vessel safely ride—
"Ah me!" he sighed, then lingering turned to me,
"Say, will they come again?" "They'll come in with the tide."

And day by day, when sank the sun to rest,
That old man with the blue-eyed maiden by his side
Stood on the beach, his eyes fixed ever on the west,
Whispering to himself, "Alas! they come not with the tide."

A stalwart fisherman was he twelve months ago,
And with two brassy sons the stormy seas defied:
Boldly each day they sailed away, come weak, come
strong.

Laden with ocean's spoils they came in with the tide.

Fiercely the tempest raged—the tale is hard to tell:
His two brave sons by lightning struck—died at his side.
He senseless on the stormy billows rose and fell,
Whilst friends in vain looked out, they came not with the tide.

That look for days—how many—never can be known,
Drifts with its ghastly cargo—three men laid side by side.
Two dead, the third, for aye his reason overthrown,
Reached home—a wind arose, they came in with the tide.

And ever since that day when sank the sun to rest,
That old man with the blue-eyed maiden by his side
Stands on the beach, his eye fixed ever on the west,
Muttering to himself the words, "They come not with the tide."

Soon, soon a breeze will spring from out the setting sun
Beating sweet greeting from those on the other side
To him—his voyage o'er his race of life being run,
They'll meet on angel's wings and go in with the tide.

ISABEL VANSOME'S REVENGE.

"Isabel, dearest, let me beg of you to pursue
your purpose no further. It is unfeminine and
dangerous!"

Miss Morrison spoke in a tone of entreaty.
She was somewhat agitated, and clasped Isabel's
hands anxiously.

Isabel Vansome impressed a tender kiss on her
aunt's forehead.

"What you ask me is impossible!" she an-
swered. "I must go on and fulfil my vow. At
last, after five years, the revenge for which I
have longed is mine. To-night, only a few
short hours, and Stanley Hamilton will learn I
do not care for him, and that he will receive as
much misery from me as he extended to my sister
Mildred."

"Why not try to forget the past? Be sure,
my dear, he will yet be punished for his dissi-
mulation!"

Isabel laughed derisively.

"Forget?" she resumed, bitterly: "were
there such a possibility as calling up oblivion,
how gladly would I accept the alternative for
painful memories! But I cannot, strive as I
may; and the vow I made over my dear, dead
sister's body must be kept. I hate Stanley
Hamilton as intensely as he loves me. I abhor
the honeyed words that fall from his lips. They
led a gentle, confiding, loving girl to her ruin!
By his treachery he sent both a tender father
and an affectionate mother into an early grave.
But how did my darling fare with the man for
whose sake she had given up parents, home,
friends? Why, he whom she had trusted im-
plicitly, and loved dearly, cruelly deserted her,
and she returned to her home a broken-hearted
woman, to die!"

"I wish you would go away, and forget all
about it," sighed her aunt. "I am sure no good
will ever come of revenge!"

The wealthy Miss Morrison's niece and heiress
looked surpassingly magnificent, as, leaning on
her aunt's arm, she entered Lady Fairborough's
room one evening.

Her rich dress of purple moire contrasted
favourably with her dusk beauty. In the dark
silk tresses diamonds flashed and gleamed in
the brilliant light, whilst jewels of the same
costly description encircled her throat.

As she swept, with the imperial grace of an
empress, through the brilliantly-illuminated
room, all eyes were directed towards her.

From the gentlemen there came a buzz of admi-
ration, and many a gallant felt a peculiar sensa-
tion at his heart, when he chanced to be favoured
with more than a cursory sign of recognition
from the beautiful Miss Vansome.

Demonstrations such as these were not without
their evils, for envy was busy with her malign
influences and jealous tongue. Faded belles and
poor demoiselles vied with discarded spinsters in
finding out the defects of the charmer.

But Miss Isabel Vansome heeded them not.
She was awaiting the advent of Stanley
Hamilton.

Presently he came. He was not gay; his
sprightliness deserted him, and he was looking
inexpressibly bored. He was accompanied by
the Dowager Lady Oldburne, and was talking
intently to her.

As Isabel sees him, a sudden gleam of satis-
faction lights up her magnificent countenance,
and a flush dyes her olive cheeks.

He has seen her, too; for, after a few hurried

words to his companion, he flies to the side of
the triumphant beauty. There was a smile upon
his handsome features, which was an index to
the passionate love he felt for the woman before
him.

She greets him with a winning grace that
almost intoxicates him with delight. His pulses
throb—his heart beats with joy.

He can scarcely credit it that so peerless a
creature, who to others is cold and formal, should
smile upon him.

He sinks into a seat beside her with a delicious
feeling of pleasure.

He loved Isabel Vansome; he has told him-
self that again and again. He adored her with
an affection tender, strong, steadfast; and life
without her, he fancied, would be impossible.

He fondly imagined she reciprocated his
passion, and he built bright hopes of a glorious
and happy future in store for both.

He had come here to-night with the deter-
mination to ask her to be his wife.

"You will favour me?" he asks, as the exhi-
lating strains of a waltz came floating through
the room.

"Yes!" and, rising, she took his proffered
arm.

It is a beautiful night. The stars gleam in
the azure sky like so many brilliant gems; a
soft, southerly wind now and then stirs the
sleeping flowers, and fills the air with a delicious
fragrance, the sweet strains of music that come
floating through the open windows lend an ad-
ditional charm to the splendour of the night.

On the balcony of Fairborough House, Stanley
Hamilton and Miss Vansome are standing side
by side.

He is agitated.

Isabel is watching him with a look of exalta-
tion.

She knows what causes his anxiety; she can
discover what is coming; she can almost read in
his aspect the words he fain would speak out,
but which he cannot find the courage to utter.

Suddenly he takes her hands in his, and holds
them as lightly as he can in his trembling grasp.
"Miss Vansome—Isabel—will you be my
wife?" he asks, pleadingly.

At last, Isabel's heart gives an exultant bound
as she hears the request. It is to her the most
welcome she has listened to for many a day.

She does not answer him directly; only the
look of triumph intensifies as she protracts her
reply.

"Oh, Isabel, my darling," he pleads, in the
same tremulous voice, "I love you with my
whole heart and soul, with an affection so strong,
so unutterable, that I feel on your answer depends
my happiness! From the first moment I saw
you, dearest, I loved you; and, day by day, that
love has increased in strength! Oh, my own,
with you, life will be all that is bright and fair!
Without you, blank, dreary, miserable! Say,
then, that my love is returned—that I do not
plead in vain! I lay my life's future at your
feet, to do with it as you will!"

Miss Vansome does not deign an answer. She
watches him in silence for a moment.

"Am I your first love?" she inquires, at last.

"Yes," he returns, quickly; you are the only
woman I have ever loved.

"I am glad of this assurance, Mr. Hamilton,
from your own lips; for you will, I am sure,
admit it would be extremely annoying to me
were I to learn hereafter that my husband had
had a former attachment."

"You are the only woman I have ever really
loved," he answered eagerly. "If you doubt—"

"Nay, I do not doubt you," she says, sharply.
"Mr. Stanley Hamilton is too much the gentle-
man to be capable of telling a falsehood, or of
committing a dishonourable action."

Had he not been so blind in his love, he must
have noted the sarcasm of her tone.

"And you will be my wife?" he asked, lean-
ing eagerly forward. "Say but the word, Isabel,
and I am the most favoured of men!"

"Never from my lips shall you hear the words
"I will," Stanley Hamilton!" she says, in a cold,
hard voice, and releasing her hand from his
grasp.

"Poor fool! know you who I am? I
need not ask; I see you do not. Learn, then,
that I am Mildred Vansome's sister. Ah! you
start, you tremble, you recall that name! I am
the sister and avenger of the girl you so basely
deceived—you, who, like a common thief, came
to our house and stole our darling from us! You
pretended to be our friend, and proved our dead-
liest enemy! Under that smooth exterior their
rests a base and treacherous spirit! You took
our darling from us, and broke her heart; for
when her eyes lost their lustre, her cheeks their
bloom, you abandoned her, left her homeless,
friendless in the streets to die, to starve, for
aught you cared, coward that you are!"

She paused and looked at him. His aspect
was full of despair. From his ashy lips there
came a cry for "Mercy!"

"Mercy!" she replies, scornfully; "dare you
ask for such a boon from me? The mercy you
showed my sister shall you have from me! Only
for you, she would be alive now! But for you
she might have been an honourable man's wife,
instead of sleeping in her unsanctified grave!
What consideration had you for my parents when
you beguiled their child away? What pity had
you for their gray hairs? None; and yet you
ask me for mercy!"

He has sunk on his knees, and is kneeling at
her feet, his face buried in his hands.

"Have pity!" he moans; "your words are
killing me!"

"You killed her without remorse!" she hisses
in his ears; "and I swore if ever I met you I

would make you suffer. I have kept my word!"
He gazed at her, to see if there was a shade of
pity for him.

There was no sign of compunction there. She
was relentless, and on her impassive features
there was a gleam of supreme satisfaction. She
rejoiced in the anguish she had caused him.
They confronted each other for a space in silence.
Then, bending forward, she exclaimed, "Mildred
is at last avenged! Farewell!" And the next
moment she was gone.

Miss Vansome and her aunt are seated in the
"Grande Hotel," Paris.

Isabel is perusing a London newspaper. After
awhile a sudden cry escapes her.

Miss Morrison glanced inquiringly at her.
"What is it, Bell?" she asked.

Isabel handed the paper to her aunt, and
pointed to a paragraph. "Read for yourself,"
she said.

Taking the paper, Miss Morrison looked at the
place indicated by her niece, and read:

"SUICIDE OF A GENTLEMAN.—Mr. Stanley
Hamilton, who was only in his thirty-fourth
year, and resided at Nuneaton Square, yesterday
terminated his life at his residence, by blowing
out his brains out with a revolver. The cause of
the melancholy occurrence is unknown. At the
inquest, the jury returned a verdict that the de-
ceased committed suicide while in a state of un-
sound mind."

Miss Morrison sighed as she laid the paper
down.

"Isabel," she said, "this is your doing."

"I know it," replied her niece. "Nemesis
will have her victims, for she is the victor in the
end."

G. D. R.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

A name appears in the obituary of the London
papers which awakens a thousand pleasant re-
collections in my heart, and, I suppose, in the
heart of every Englishman old enough to con-
nect the late "Countess of Essex" with the once
excellent vocalist, "Kitty Stephens." Before I
left England, in the days of George III., who,
in 1819, was as physically blind to the outer
world as he was mentally obtuse, before 1776, to
the consequences of his obstinacy, "Kitty"
was in the zenith of her fame. I knew her well.

A tall, plump girl, with bright eyes, and a voice
that would have surpassed in its influence the
fabled lute of Signor Orpheus. A good girl, a
modest girl, and not a very bad actress, consider-
ing that vocalists are never expected to do more
than sing. She was as much beloved by the pro-
fession as she was adored by the multitude. Her
Dolly, in the "Beggar's Opera," surpassed that
of the famous Mrs. Billington. Her *Mandane*,
in "Artaxerxes," completely put all previous
singers into the shade. But it was in her ren-
dering of the English ballads that her great
strength lay. "Robin Adair" entranced all
hearers. Until I heard the air on Friday even-

ing last, interpreted by a lady member of the
Windsor Dramatic Club, at the Masonic Temple
in Twenty-third street, I never could be per-
suaded that it was possible to revive the feelings
with which the adorable Kitty Stephens agitated
me more than "fifty years since." Well, I
left old England; seven years later, I returned.

But the exquisite balladist had left the stage and
the public concert-room. She had had many
suitors in her time. Hand and heart were freely
offered by men of all classes, who could appre-
ciate her worth, her *embouchure*, and her voice.

There was no suitor, however, to suit her. At
last, the young Earl of Essex, as attractive a
sprig of the aristocracy as his ancestor who be-
witched Queen Bess, conceived the idea of pos-
sessing himself of Queen Kitty. Pride of birth
stood in the way of an honorable offer of his
hand, though he had before him the examples of
the Derbys and the Boltons, who had married
actresses, and he had not the audacity to ap-
proach the charming *cantatrice* with a dishonor-
able proposal. In the fervor of his passion, he
adopted a compromise. He offered his *carte*
blanche—literally, he sent her an emblazoned
card, and begged that she would write "on what
terms" he might be allowed to hear her sweet
voice by day and night. The card was returned
with the simple superscription:—"Countess of
Essex." The Earl did not hesitate. He led her
to the altar to adorn his dwelling and convert
the gay *fleur-de-lis* to a devotee of the joys of home.

He was now to realize what she had sung, as no
one has been able to sing half so touchingly:

"There's no place like home."

Kitty was the first representative of *Clari* in
poor John Howard Payne's dream, and her
"Home, sweet Home," re-demanded three times
every night, and sung in every corner of the
United Kingdom, the colonies, and the United
States, is to this hour the *ballad par excellence*
with which domestic joys are fossilized. I saw
the countless forty years after I first left England,
at the home of another countess, who, like her-
self, had risen from the comparative obscurity
of an Irish brewer's daughter, (not such a brewer
as Guinness,) to become the wife of the oldest
soldier and field marshal of the British army. I
ventured to ask her if she would favor me—a piano
was in the room—by reviving the recollection of
"Robin Adair," or "Home, sweet Home," or
"Pity and Protect the Slave," another of her
delicious hits. She replied:—"If I thought it
would gratify you, I would do so; but I have
no longer the voice which made those things
popular, and if they impressed you favorably,
then, you had better not disturb the delusion."

"The illusion, you would say." "Well, the
illusion, if you like. When people have reached

an age which does not leave much space for hope,
it is a pity to disturb the pleasures of memory."
I could not press the countess after that.

And now she is gone, to realize the bliss of an
eternal "home." Few beings have left behind
them so blessed a legacy as the songs which at
once warm the heart and embellish the house-
hold whenever and wherever they are sung.

—Home Journal. I. H. S.

NEWSPAPER CIRCULATION.

Having been appointed to investigate the
actual circulation of the EVENING STAR for one
month, *to wit*, from 16th May to 15th June,
1876, I have carefully examined the books and
vouchers of said paper, and from which I find
that the circulation for said 26 days was 294,
933 as detailed below, being an average of
11,343 per day.

DATE.	CITY.	COUNTRY.	Total.
May 16	8,544	1,589	10,133
" 17	9,648	1,589	11,237
" 18	9,794	1,589	11,383
" 19	9,517	1,589	11,106
" 20	9,885	1,589	11,474
" 21	9,840	1,589	11,429
" 22	9,642	1,589	11,231
" 23	9,468	1,589	11,057
" 24	9,589	1,589	11,178
" 25	10,229	1,589	11,818
" 26	9,305	1,589	10,894
" 27	9,689	1,589	11,278
" 28	10,488	1,589	12,077
" 29	9,851	1,589	11,440
" 30	9,696	1,589	11,285
June 1	9,696	1,589	11,285
" 2	10,027	1,589	11,616
" 3	9,710	1,589	11,299
" 4	10,021	1,589	11,610
" 5	9,890	1,589	11,479
" 6	9,789	1,589	11,378
" 7	9,765	1,589	11,354
" 8	10,225	1,589	11,814
" 9	9,751	1,589	11,340
" 10	9,943	1,589	11,532
" 11	9,643	1,589	11,232
" 12	9,544	1,589	11,133
Average	9,743	1,600	11,343

THOMAS R. JOHNSON,
Accountant.

Montreal, June 23, 1876.

N. B.—The circulation for the month ending
15th June shows, in comparison with the
figures of the month preceding:

	Average Daily Circulation		
	City.	Country.	Total.
16th May to 15th June	9,743	1,600	11,343
16th April to 15th May	9,228	1,544	10,772
	515	56	571

Showing an average increase in city circula-
tion, in a single month, of 515 copies, daily, or
an aggregate increase of 21,190.

HYGIENIC.

Fermentation of food should be guarded
against during warm weather. This action is always
liable to cooked vegetables when set aside. Instead of
warming up cold vegetables it is better to scald them.

At Bonn, headaches, dyspepsia, &c., affecting
several patients, have been traced to evening studies
pursued under the baleful influence of a green lamp-
shade from which arsenic was set free by the heat of the
flame.

It is probable that many amateur milk-pos-
sors are not aware that butter globules can be seen in
milk immediately on its leaving the cow. A drop of
milk examined with a pretty high power shows many
thousands of the globules floating about in the fluid.
These are rather lighter than the fluid itself, and they
gradually rise to the top, forming cream. After being
dashed against each other for a time for creaming, as the
term is, they adhere together, and we have butter.

In many rooms there is always a musty smell
on a wet day in summer. Why is this? Because the
windows are shut to keep out the rain, while the fire-
place is shut to keep out the wind. It is almost a note
of a good housemaid to close the valve of the stove as soon
as the fire is let off; and, if this remains closed, the
ventilation of the room throughout the summer is left to
depend on the windows alone—in other words, is sus-
pended at night, and when even there is much wind to
rain in the day.

It is almost the universal habit to leave off
flannel in the summer; but the practice is most inju-
rious. A thinner flannel vest may be used in summer,
but it is precisely at this season, in this country, that the
most sudden changes of temperature occur. Frequently,
after very hot days in June, the evening temperature
becomes suddenly lowered; and a hot week is often
succeeded by a week in which the weather is very con-
siderably cooler, even in July. In summer a cotton shirt
may be worn over the flannel vest, while a flannel shirt
should be worn over it in winter. We have found Scotch
tweed to be an admirable substitute for flannel as the
material for shirts, and its general use would not only be
economical, but add materially to our bodily comfort.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

The Intercolonial Railway was opened on the
4th of July.

ABOUT 200 Menomites arrived at the Tan-
neries last week and left for Manitoba.

THE Customs authorities of Montreal seized
two American barges which have been engaged in con-
veying cargoes from one Canadian port to another.

THEY are in the midst of an election campaign
in Prince Edward Island for members of the House of
Assembly; the second question seems to be the principal
matter discussed by the candidates.

THE yacht *Madeline* has been chosen by the
Regatta Committee of the New York Yacht Club to sail
against the Canadian yacht *Countess of Dufferin* for the
Queen's Cup on the 10th, 12th and 14th of July.

THE Lacrosse Teams played before the Queen
at Windsor on the 26th ult. The game was a private
one, and only one goal was played, which the Canadians
won. The Queen gave portraits of herself to the Cana-
dians and the Indians, along with the Royal autograph.
Luncheon was afterwards served at the Castle. The
Indians presented Her Majesty with a birchwood basket.
The Queen graciously accepted the present.