

be intentionally—to be firm, and end the thing, as people strike hard blows to get the sooner to the termination of a fight.

"There were quite tears in Peter's eyes. 'No money can repay me, madam'—But the poor fellow stopped short; there was something in his throat that would not let the words pass out.

"For your labour—I know it has been great, incessant, but—"

"Not that," and Peter's pride conquered his soba. "Nothing can compensate me for the loss of the picture; it has been my whole sole thought and occupation for two years; it has been the ceaseless joy and light of my studio. That gone, and this room is a dark dungeon; my life as a blind man's who can never hope to see the sun again. I love it, I love it! Pray, don't take it from me; it is priceless, priceless!" and he sank on his knees before the panel. It was a delicate way of making love to the widow; a little complicated perhaps, but still very effective. She could not possibly be offended by it, and it might touch her very nearly—and it did. It was really a very artful plan of that simple Peter's.

The widow came quite close to him, and she was trembling and fluttering a good deal, and quite a tempest of emotion was surging in her white neck. She bent over Peter, hiding his face now in his hands, till her gold ringlets mingled with Peter's blond locks.

"Will nothing repay you?" and her soft, warm breath stirred the dry, blond locks as a breeze a cornfield.

"Nothing—nothing—nothing!" moaned Peter piteously.

"Not even this?"

And her little plump hand—white satin lined with silk, as Peter had described it to Max—stole down and crept into his. To give money? A ring, perhaps? No; it was empty! Dull Peter—he was a humble, plodding, miniature-minded man—did not quite understand even yet. How pretty the widow looked, blushing and confused!

"Will you take the original as payment for the copy?" What a silvery, bird's whisper was that explanation!

Peter comprehended then. How he kissed the little plump hand; you would have thought the creature was going to eat it! What a delightful little laugh the widow gave as she stooped down her head! Really, Peter was, after all, a dull fellow; but he did make it out at last, and gave her lips a kiss that made them even more rosy than ever. I think, certainly, that it was the widow who made love to Peter, and not Peter to the widow.

"O how I love you! How happy I am! I never hoped for this. Bertha, dear Bertha, may I call you Bertha?"

"Of course you may."

The door leading on to the back-staircase opened very slowly and quietly, and the face of Max Keppen appeared there. The dog had been listening! He was very pale, with very bright eyes, plentifully decorated with tears. He was beset by two emotions; he rejoiced at Peter's happiness, and he sorrowed because he began to fear that Peter's whole love would now be given to Bertha—that none would be left for Max. He saw Peter's wife stepping in, and severing him from Peter. It was very hard for he did so love Peter! But he was an unselfish good fellow. He had a great heart; there was room in it for all, he thought. "I will love them both; then they will both love me." So he gave himself up unreservedly to sympathy with Peter's happiness, and triumphed in his triumph. Discreetly he closed the door without disturbing the lovers, and disappeared, immensely comfortable.

Such was the manner of Van Slingelandt's wooing.

ANOTHER PROPHECY.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"As this is a fitting time to take up all disagreeable prophecies respecting France, the prediction of St. Casario, Bishop of Arles, in 542, is not without interest. It is taken from a book entitled 'Liber Mirabilis,' printed in Gothic characters, and deposited in the Royal Library, Paris, and was referred to in 'Notes and Queries,' on December 13, 1851.—The administration of the kingdom (France) will be so blinded that they will leave it without defenders. The hand of God shall extend itself over them, and over all the rich; all the nobles shall be deprived of their estates and dignity; a division shall spring up in the church of God; and there shall be two husbands, the one true and the other adulterous. The legitimate husband shall be put to flight; there shall be great carnage, and as great a profusion of blood as in the days of the Gentiles. The Universal Church and the whole world shall deplore the ruin and destruction of a most celebrated city, the capital and mistress of France. The altars of the temple shall be destroyed; the holy virgins, outraged, shall fly from their seats; and the whole church shall be stripped of her temporal goods; but at length the black eagle and the lion shall appear hovering from far countries. Misery to thee, O city of philosophy! Thou shalt be subjected! A captive, humbled even to confusion, shall at last receive his crown and destroy the children of Brutus."

THE "CITY OF BOSTON."—A bottle has been recently cast upon the shores of the West of Ireland, which presumes to throw some light upon the mystery enveloping the loss of the missing steamer *City of Boston*. Obviously, however, the relic must be received with reserve, especially as we are without any collateral evidence of its authenticity. A bottle appears to have come in and been picked up on Cranstock sands, two miles west of New Quay. On being opened it was found to contain four or five pieces of envelope, upon which the following names and words are written in pencil:—"O. Jones, E. Williams" "Seth—A collision; 403 Greenwich Street, New York." "Evan Evans, Cadiz, Landulle." "We are lost." "City of Boston—We are all sinking, good-bye. I should like my." Written in ink—"Michael Jones, Cariboo House, 212 Fulton Street, N. Y." There is some other writing in pencil, which our correspondent thinks is Welsh. Upon the envelope there are two postmarks also. One is as follows:—"Ebenzer, A. Jy. 4, 70;" the other ringed mark reads, "London A. C. Jy. 6, 70." The aeriatic bottle bears evidence of having been many months in the water.

"A Silent Member," who has just published the first of a series of sketches of the House of Commons, has taken the trouble to reckon up Mr. Gladstone's speeches last session. The Premier was on his legs 178 times, and his speeches occupy about eighty columns of the *Times*; if placed in a single column it would be a sheet reaching to the top of the Monument. This is fame by the yard, indeed.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Lothair" appears in an Italian dress in the *feuilleton* of the "Gazette de Italia," a daily paper now issued in Rome. It is translated by Mr. Robert Montgomery Stewart, a young Anglo-Italian.

Mr. E. Arber hopes to have a facsimile of the first English New Testament ready this month, with an introduction, correcting many errors of his predecessors. The Early English Text Society have given up in his favour their proposed edition of William Roy's celebrated satire against Cardinal Wolsey; and the book will next year take its place in Mr. Arber's "English Reprints."

An important discovery has been made in dentistry, that teeth may be extracted and then again replanted. It has been found that in case of inflammation about the roots of a tooth, the latter may be taken out, scraped, and cleaned, re-inserted and made to do duty again. The *London Lancet* says, in speaking of this process: "Mr. Lyons carried this out in fourteen cases for Mr. Boleman, with success, in the case of bicuspids and molars, no mechanical appliances being used to keep the teeth supported until they had become firm."

Mr. Allan Park Paton, librarian of the Greenock library, believes that he has made an interesting discovery. A few days ago a folio volume, a copy of North's translation of "Plutarch's Lives," was presented to the library, and after careful examination Mr. Paton is convinced that it is the identical work from which Shakespeare derived the materials of his three Roman plays, "Julius Caesar," "Coriolanus," and "Anthony and Cleopatra." The volume is said to contain Shakespeare's autograph on the title-page.

This story will be highly disapproved of by teetotallers:—Dr. Peter Hood relates the following remarkable case, which seems to show, he says, that even aged persons are sometimes allowed to die unnecessarily: "There are many facts which seem to show that even aged people are sometimes allowed to die unnecessarily. Instances might be quoted of persons who were believed to be dead, but were recovered, and amongst them not the least remarkable was that of a celebrated west country baronet who was laid out in his coffin. His old butler volunteered to watch his master's corpse throughout the night; but, most probably thinking the time would hang heavy on him, he invited a friend to share his vigil with him. This butler's only fault, as a servant, was his indulgence in stimulating beverages; and he did not omit on this occasion to have recourse to them. As the night wore on, the idea rose in the butler's mind that there would be no harm if he administered to his late master a glass of the brandy he and his companion were engaged in drinking, and he proposed it to his comrade, saying, 'He has been a good master to me for many years, and has given me many a glass, and I will do the same by him before he is taken from our sight.' He did as he said, and poured a glass of brandy down his master's throat, which had the instantaneous effect of recalling him to life, and he survived for many years."

The population of the New England States has increased very little during the last ten years, and that increase must be ascribed, not to the fecundity of the native population, but to foreign emigration. Comparing the census of 1870 with that of 1860, we obtain the following statistical facts: Maine had, in 1860, 628,270 inhabitants, and in 1870, 630,428—a gain in ten years of a little over 2,000. New Hampshire had, in 1860, 329,973 inhabitants, and in 1870 only 317,906, showing a decrease of about 8,000. Vermont had, in 1860, a population of 315,998, and in 1869, 330,035—being a gain of nearly 15,000. Massachusetts had, in 1869, a population of 1,231,086, and in 1870, 1,488,655—being a gain of about 250,000. Rhode Island had, in 1860, a population of 174,620, while in 1870 she has 217,319—a gain of about 43,000; and Connecticut had, in 1860, a population of 460,000,147; while in 1870 she has 537,998—showing a gain of about 70,000. The total population of the five New England States was, in 1860, 3,155,283, and in 1870 it is 3,482,901—showing a gain on the whole of 346,710. New Hampshire alone shows a diminished population for the last decade. This civil war and emigration may be assumed to be the causes of this falling off. Maine, though a sparsely settled State, has made the least increase—only one-half of one per cent. Vermont has increased during the last decade 4.91 per cent. It is only in the manufacturing States that population has materially increased during the last ten years. The States, whose population is devoted chiefly to agricultural pursuits, remain almost stationary in point of population, and, we presume, in wealth also, though we have no statistics on that point.

Twenty-one years ago, in the number of *Punch* for February 3, 1849, the late Mr. Thackeray drew an imaginary picture of "England in 1869," in supposed extracts from the newspapers of that period. One of these, under the heading of "Marriages of the Royal Family," is as follows:—"We have heard it stated that the august mother and father of a numerous and illustrious race, whose increase is dear to the heart of every Briton, have determined no longer to seek for German alliances for their exalted children, but to look at home for establishments for those so dear to them. More would be at present premature. We are not at liberty to mention particulars, but it is whispered that Her Royal Highness the Princess Boudicca is about to confer her royal hand upon a young nobleman, who is the eldest son of a noble Peer who is connected by marriage with our noble and venerable Premier, with the Foreign and Colonial Secretaries, and with His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. The same 'little bird' also whispers that His Royal Highness Prince Bengist has cast an eye of princely approbation upon a lovely and accomplished young lady of the highest class, whose distinguished parents are 'fine the North,' whose name is known and beloved throughout the wide dominions of Britain's sway—in India, at the Admiralty, at the Home and Colonial Offices, and in both Houses of Parliament." The first part of the prediction is being accomplished with a literalness that should drive Zerkel to despair. The Princess Louise, then a baby not quite a year old, is betrothed to the eldest son of a nobleman actually in office, who comes "fine the North," and whose name is certainly known in India, seeing that he is, and has for some time, been the Secretary of State for India. Moreover, he is connected by marriage with the Foreign Secretary, Earl Granville, for he married a Gower, the earl's first cousin, while, as the head of the Campbells, he may claim cousinship with the earl's second wife, Miss Campbell, of Islay, as well as with the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose mother was a Campbell.

JENKINS AT WILHELMSHOE.

A remarkable feature of the present European war, writes "Carl Byng" in the *Buffalo Express*, is the extraordinary candour of the prominent persons who have been engaged in it. From Bismarck to Napoleon, from Bazaine to William, the dignitaries have manifested a miraculous alacrity in the frank avowal of their intentions, plans and projects, and have seemed happiest when making a clean breast of it to some newspaper correspondent. As a fair illustration of their amiable candour, I have condensed the following specimen from the New York *Herald* correspondent's recent interview with Napoleon.—

"As I was ushered into the reception room at Wilhelmshoe the Emperor arose (from a 'luxurious fauteuil,' of course,) and advanced to welcome me, with extended hands and an air of extreme gratification that put me perfectly at ease.

"Bung Zhoo, sire," said I, giving him a cordial shake. With the exquisite tact of a practical courtier, His Majesty seized the occasion to pay me (and my countrymen) one of his neatest compliments. He said, 'Perhaps we had better conduct our conversation in English. The fact is, you speak French with an accent that really shames us Parisians. I've often remarked this trait in accomplished Americans, and wondered at it.' The Emperor's remark was so unexpectedly flattering that it took my breath away for a moment; but under cover of a profound bow, I recovered my fluency and observed: 'Such a compliment from your Majesty, in happier days, would have brought the entire American nobility to your feet.' My indirect allusion to his misfortunes affected His Majesty profoundly. The tears that chased each other silently down his majestic and imperial purple nose and dripped in imperial sorrow from the waxed ends of his moustache might have moved a heart of stone, with a little assistance.

"Surely," (thought I,) the Emperor who can thus weep at his own calamities cannot be utterly heartless."

"When the Emperor had removed his composure, and had his nose blown by the proper officer, I opened the conversation in a way that I thought less likely to offend his delicacy. I told him it was currently reported that he had feathered his nest pretty well while Emperor, and I should take it as a special favour if he would tell me how much he had really stolen. In America, I told him, public men were expected to lay by something for a rainy day, and it would rather enhance our respect for him to be assured that he had exercised a like justifiable prudence. He replied, 'My friend, I respect the *Herald* too much to deceive it. I have made a nice thing, on the whole, and my chamberlain shall provide you with an inventory of all that I have gobbled.' I asked him if he owned any property in New York. 'Well,' said he, 'I thought I owned the New York *World* a few months ago; but since the Sedan affair it has gone back on me.' 'Your Majesty was accused of treachery at Sedan. Was you really a traitor?' 'Frankly,' said he, 'I think it I had tried I might have died at the head of the army, instead of surrendering. If this be treason make the most of it.' I said, 'Sire, we Americans are very frank and straightforward, especially in asking questions. Now you needn't answer if you feel the least bit squeamish about it; but I should like to know—I really would be pleased to know whether your father was a Bonaparte or a Dutch Admiral, as some have intimated?' His Majesty with great cheerfulness replied, 'So would I.'

"The engaging simplicity with which his Majesty unbosomed himself emboldened me to pursue my inquiries, and our conversation became almost confidential. I asked him if Eugenie was ever jealous. He replied: 'Not as Empress: but as Mrs. Napoleon, I have sometimes thought she was inclined to be a little too strict with me.' I said, 'Can you lay your hand on your heart, sire, and solemnly assure the *Herald* that you never gave her cause for jealousy?' 'The Emperor (musingly)—You may be right.' At this point the Emperor seemed a great deal cut up and sighed profoundly. Instead of answering my question explicitly, I was sorry to see him put both hands in his pockets instead of on his heart.

"I told him he might deem me rather inquisitive, but if he knew how deeply interested we Americans were in such scandal, I was sure he would gladly tell me all about the Bellanger intrigues referred to in his private correspondence, which was discovered at the Tuilleries after the flight of the Empress. He said, 'My friend, I am deeply touched by your friendly solicitude about my affairs. Your curiosity is tempered with an exquisite delicacy that disarms it of any power to offend. That correspondence, I grieve to confess—' The announcement of a messenger from Berlin unhappily interrupted the Emperor's remarks at this point. I intended to have gradually drawn Napoleon to speak about private and personal topics, and should have succeeded, but for that interruption.

"As I was about to withdraw, the Emperor embraced me with every mark of esteem, particularly on my shirt front, which he marked with his nose, in the ardour of his country. If the mark is indelible—and it has that appearance—I am an historic shirt ahead."

The *North German Gazette* comments on the numerous letters written by captured French officers to Belgian newspapers, vindicating themselves from the accusations of the Prussians or those of their own colleagues, as a remarkable proof how profoundly the discipline of the French army must be shattered. Subalterns and privates, moreover, do not hesitate to denounce their commanders as traitors.

THE FASHION PLATE.

The cold weather having at last made its appearance, we begin to turn our attention to articles of winter wear. This week we give, for the benefit of our lady-readers, illustrations of the newest fashions for capotes and clouds, as well as a pattern for an entirely new thing in knitted jackets for home wear. In Europe these *ufantelets*, as they are called, are everywhere meeting with great favour, and are rapidly superseding the old-fashioned *sontags* or breakfast shawls.

CAPOTES AND CLOUDS.

No. 1 is a *capote* of fine blue cashmere, consisting of a *capuchon*, or head-piece, and a neck-piece covering the entire bust. The *capuchon* is trimmed with three strips of blue cashmere, the hindmost edged with blue chenille fringe. In front, over the forehead, is a bow of the same material, of which the ends are also trimmed with fringe. The *capuchon* closes round the