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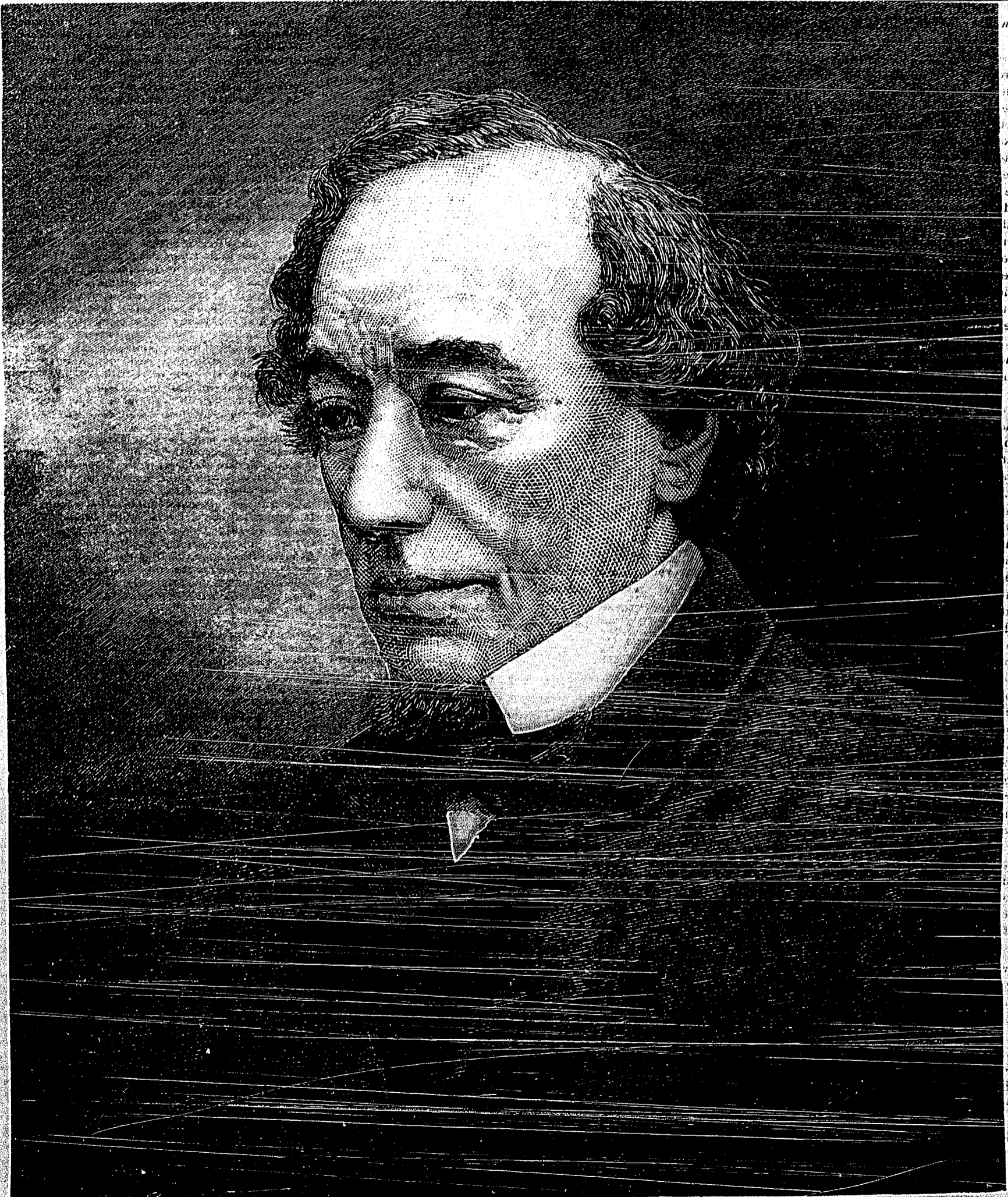
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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1874.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1874.

When Mr. Dorion succeeded Sir John A. Macdonald in the Department of Justice, it was expected on all hands that he would set about the work of prompt and thorough reform. Hardly more than a year ago, from his seat in the House, he poured a broadside into the whole Bench of the Province of Quebec, and held up the then Minister to a stern responsibility for the train of judicial abuses, which he described in language of unwonted violence. On the strength of that denunciation, he was elected, a few weeks later, Batonnier of the Montreal Bar, and still later, Batonnier of the whole Provincial Bar. As a leading lawyer, he was supposed to know all the abuses of which he complained, and as a Minister, with the combined influence of all the lawyers at his back, he was supposed willing and able to remedy them without loss of time. And yet, though five months have elapsed since he assumed charge of his Department, he is still hesitating and undecided. Indeed, it was only through the loud protestations of the Bar, at several meetings, that he was induced to act even partially. There were four judges whose removal the lawyers demanded—Drummond, Badgeley, Monk and Duval. The first of these resigned before the late Government went out of power, and he was promptly replaced by Judge Ramsay. The second resigned some days ago, and he has been replaced by Judge Sanborn. The third, instead of resigning, has asked and obtained a six months' leave of absence—a proceeding which the lawyers of Montreal pronounce unaccountable. The fourth was said, at first to have offered his resignation, but now seems to have withdrawn it, at Mr. Dorion's suggestion, and to have obtained a *congé* till June. In consequence of all these manipulations, the Court of Appeals, which ought strictly to consist of five members, has now only three—Judges Taschereau, Ramsay, and Sanborn. Chief Justice Duval and Judge Monk, being only temporarily absent, can be only temporarily replaced, and two judges *ad hoc* had to be appointed in their stead. Up to the present writing, only one of these judges—Loranger—has been nominated. As was to be expected, the above changes have met with scant favour from the Bar. In the first place, it demands the absolute resignation of Judge Monk, who is charged with being the head and front of the offending Bench. The physical incapacity of the Chief Justice is also urged as a reason for his immediate removal from his high and responsible charge. In the next place, temporary judges cannot, in the nature of things, answer to their duties where there is such an unusually long list of cases in arrears as in the present Court of Appeals. In all this business, it is charged that there is something more than mere neglect on the part of the Minister of Justice, but we are fain to believe the rumours on this head to be exaggerated. If they were true, the case of the Chief Justiceship would assume the proportions of a scandal. Mr. Dorion owes it to his own fair fame to introduce at once and quite fearlessly the radical reforms which he urged with so much warmth on his predecessor.

Some weeks ago the London *Standard* announced that three regiments were about to be garrisoned in Canada. Private advices, of a later date, received at Quebec, were said to confirm the statement. Since then nothing more has been heard on the subject, and one paper, with or without authority, has contradicted the rumour. Whether or not the late Government had any such intention cannot now be known, and since its retirement from power the matter is of no consequence. But with the advent of a new Administration, the case assumes another aspect. It is well known that when Mr. Cardwell announced his policy of withdrawing the troops from the Colonies, he was opposed by the Conservative party, who regarded the slight economy resulting therefrom, as a trifle compared with the advantages of retaining colonial garrisons. The Gladstone Administration carried its point, but the

Conservatives maintained their opposition. The question now arises whether it would not be well for Mr. Disraeli to restore that which his predecessor took away? He would be doing a gracious and meritorious act if he made the restitution. Of course, as the troops were withdrawn without our consent, nay, against our express wishes, Mr. Disraeli should not ask to be supplicated by us in the matter. The deed must be spontaneous on the part of the British Government. Of the mutual advantage of the step to both Canada and the troops there is really no serious question. While it is quite true that we can get along without the soldiers, there is no use denying that the presence of the red-coat is a visible link of union with the old country, while the military manœuvres are ennobling to those who witness them. It is no less certain that residence in foreign garrisons has a most salutary effect on the British soldier, as the history of the army for nearly two centuries abundantly proves. We believe we are echoing a healthy public opinion in advising this measure; and we trust we shall be supported in bringing it to the attention of the new Secretary of War and the new Colonial Minister, who are both tried friends of the Dominion.

The "Reformed Church" movement in Ottawa appears to be progressing rapidly. Ever since its inception it has shown remarkable vitality, and given promise of future greatness. Indeed, until within but a short while ago, it possessed every requisite, with one exception, which could ensure its success. The lacking element has, however, been supplied, and that by the very man whose interest it was, of all men, that the movement should prove a failure. An Ottawa journal announces, on reliable authority, that the Bishop of Ontario has formally communicated Mr. J. B. Steacy, of that city, on being made aware by him of his intention to support the new establishment; and it further expresses its belief that it is his Lordship's intention to take the same course with other members of his flock who may join the movement. Naturally the only effect of opposition from such a quarter will be to confirm and establish the new Church in Ottawa, while it certainly will in no way contribute to increase the popularity of the High Church clergy, or the respect with which their Evangelical brethren regard them. Much as Bishop Cummins' schism is to be deplored, the action of the Bishop of Ottawa will be the subject of greater regret among the true friends of the Church of England. No one questions his Lordship's perfect right to use the censures of the Church in the matter, but his policy is certainly of the most doubtful; the more so as the great mass of members of the English Church have always affected to set at nought the censures of the Roman Church in similar cases.

Apropos of the recent railway disaster a commercial traveller writes to the *Globe* suggesting an improvement in the mode of hanging doors on railway car doors. In all cases these are made to swing inwards, whereas were they made to open outwards, or, better still, both outwards and inwards, so as to allow of easier egress, the danger attending accidents similar to that which occurred at Komoka would be greatly reduced. It is only extraordinary that while such an arrangement is insisted on for public buildings no provision has been made for securing its adoption for railway cars. Its necessity in the latter case has been so amply demonstrated, that there can be no excuse for overlooking it in the future.

One of the latest stories from the other side of the Ocean is to the effect that the people of Fayal, in the Azores, having petitioned President Grant for a United States protectorate over those islands, the President replied that "the era of popular will has replaced the era of conquest." It is difficult to place any faith in the rumour, for the United States Government has always been as accustomed to grasp at any chance of national aggrandizement as the President has been unaccustomed to utter any such sententious dicta as that which has been so unfeelingly put into his mouth. But for this we should be inclined to enquire what the South might have to say as to the era of popular will having supplanted the era of conquest.

The appointment to the Senate of Mr. Penny, of the Montreal *Herald*, and of Mr. Joly M. P. P., Quebec, has given great satisfaction among supporters of the Government, and has been favourably received by the majority of the Opposition Press. It is only questionable if Mr. Penny's long and valuable services to his party do not deserve a higher recognition than a seat in the upper House. To a journalist the calm and dignified repose which is characteristic of this august assembly will form but a sorry exchange for the bustle and excitement of such a newspaper office as that of the *Herald*.

An Ottawa paper suggests that on the confirmation of

the reported success of the Ashantee expedition, instructions should be sent to commanding officers of artillery throughout the Dominion to fire a salute. Would it not have been well further to proclaim a public holiday? Such a boon would have been gratefully appreciated by the busy merchant, the tired mechanic, and the overworked Government clerk. Such an oversight—from Ottawa—is incomprehensible!

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

LAMENT OF A DEFEATED NOVA SCOTIA M.P.

I was first elected to serve my noble County in the Dominion Parliament in 1867. Previous to that time I had been an uncompromising Anti-Confederate. True at heart, I felt that the Union of these Provinces was a good thing, in fact, the only broad and consistent course that could be pursued. But, then, you see, the popular tide had set in against it, and I could not fancy letting the golden opportunity slip of gaining political honours. So I threw in my destinies enthusiastically with the Nova Scotia Antis. The result was I was elected to Parliament in 1867 by an immense majority over an old veteran statesman, who had served the County faithfully for years; but who had the misfortune of being in the unpopular side.

Once in Ottawa the situation was a little trying. It would not do to come out fairly in support of the Government, and yet Sir John was so strong, and had such an extensive patronage, that one could not very well resist courting his favour. The first step toward a solution of the difficulty was Mr. Howe's change of base. I watched the effect of this on the people of Nova Scotia, and more particularly my own constituents. I had an idea, at first, that all the Anti-Unionists would follow Howe, since his course was the only wise and statesmanlike one that he could pursue. "But by some means or other, it didn't take." And so I withheld from any active cooperation, and left my old leader to bear the brunt of the difficulty alone. I think I was pretty shrewd in this course.

After this I pursued a sort of temporising policy. I could not afford to let the patronage of my County slip out of my hands, and so I managed to vote with the Government on all important questions. At the same time I kept sending letters to my old supporters stating, in effect, that "the situation here was very embarrassing; that it required all the wisdom and prudence one could command to steer one's course accurately; that I had no love for the Government, but the Opposition was worse; that I would act conscientiously and do the best I could for the general interests of the County, and aim only to faithfully serve my friends, and obtain the favour of my constituents." And in this way I kept coquetting with the Government, secured its patronage and favour, and avoided openly committing myself to any particular party or policy.

In this way everything went on pretty smoothly for the first five years. It is true the Liberals of Nova Scotia, to whom I owed my election, were commencing to take sides with the so-called Reformers of Ontario, and the Rouges of Quebec. And the newspapers, too, had a nasty way of talking about "our double-dealing representatives;" but I managed to keep my constituents pretty well in the dark as to my real wishes, intimating in general to my old Liberal supporters that my sympathies were really with the Opposition, but "it would scarcely be wise, you know, etc." While to some of the leading Conservatives of the County, I quietly insinuated my belief that the "present administration should be sustained." In this way, although I was pretty strongly opposed in the election of 1872, I succeeded in quietly slipping in again, and, as I fondly thought, was good for "another five years." As my political ambition did not lead me to seek for any more lengthened Parliamentary career than ten years, I felt I could act pretty independently, now. Upon one thing I was firmly bent, that was the securing of some pleasant, lucrative office, in which I could quietly spend the remainder of my days. With this in view I began to act a little independent toward the Government. The Opposition was now pretty formidable, and I could dictate my own terms. On the first division I voted slap against the Government, and as the majority was not very large, I began to be "looked after," a neat little billet was suggested, and I, after some hesitation, made a slight sally toward the bait. It was dangled about a little, kept temptingly near my eyes, and I played about it coyly, as the cat with the captured mouse, neither taking it absolutely in possession, nor allowing it to slip from my grasp.

And thus matters proceeded till that horrible Pacific Scandal came up. Oh, how I hate the sight of that very word, "Pacific," and those miserable words "Pacific Scandal!" At first I did not apprehend any difficulty. I had seen Sir John in just such a fix before, but he always managed to come out right, and so I expected it would be this time. I wisely remained away from the meeting at August 13th and so escaped the unpleasant dilemma of signing that Protest, or offending my party, the members of which were beginning by this time to be very vigilant and warm. When we assembled in October, I was in a great quandary how to act. I heard the members of the Government say that they could command a clear majority of thirty; I heard the Opposition leaders express confidence that they could carry their ends. On the whole, the chances, at first, seemed to favour the Government. Then this little office was skilfully dangled by the Hon. Minister of — and it was proposed that I should be gazetted at once. This, and old associations, turned the scale in my mind, and I made up my mind that I could, upon the whole, stand by the Government. Meanwhile some of the Nova Scotia members began to fall off. One after another announced his intention in Parliament to oppose the Government to the last. I rather pitied these poor fellows at the time, and fancied that they were foolishly damning their prospects for the next four years. The Great Debate went on, and nothing but uncertainty prevailed. One of the Nova Scotia members hinted to me that I had better "come over," before it was too late, but I only laughed at him.

At last came the awful blow, *the Government resigns!* My first care is to see if I am gazetted all right for my promised office. To my dismay I find another fellow's name in my place! My next care was to bawl out loudly against the Government, and "corruption." I went to the reporter, one of the leading opposition papers in Nova Scotia, and told him to telegraph down that "Phipps would have supported the Opposition if it had come to a vote." But, contrary to my request, he telegraphed just the reverse. I then went to Mr. McKennie and

tendered him my support, but he received the offer rather coolly. Then I started off to my native County, and as often as I met an old supporter, I exclaimed, "Well, Jones, we turned them out at last," to which an equivocal reply was generally returned. In vain I pleaded that I had always sympathised with the Opposition, it was "too thin," they said. The Reform papers began to abuse me, and stir up my constituents to bring out a "square man." Soon a meeting of the Reform party was held in the County, for the selection of a "Straight Reform Candidate." I was not even invited to attend, all my friends deserted me and brought out a strong opponent. I did the best I could. I bid for and obtained the support of the remnant of the old Conservative party, I imposed upon a few Liberals so far as to make them believe that I was a genuine Reformer. I got through nomination day pretty well, although there were some ugly questions asked me. I cursed the new Government for dissolving so soon, as I intended to have redeemed myself the next session by giving the new Government a good support. I worked hard, and made a respectable show; but at the close of the poll I found myself in a hopeless minority. I am doomed to stay at home, and perhaps, the most galling feature of the matter is the return of every one of the Nova Scotia "bolters," who here clearly have the laugh on me.

I am a disappointed man. Neither party like me much, and I fear my political career is ended. Poor Clara turns up her eyes with grateful mien, and expresses her great joy that "Joel is out of those horrid politics." She says she loves a quiet life so dearly. But I fear Clara does not enjoy my defeat at heart. She sometimes turns up her nose when a lady friend makes one unpleasant insinuation, in a manner not wholly lamb-like. I may say that I have "resumed the practice of my profession."

JOEL PHIPPS.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

EXPERIENCES OF "A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER."

BY "ONE OF THEM."

"All aboard" is a familiar sound in the ear of a "Commercial," and with him familiarity breeds contempt, at least of the starting of railway trains, for it seems to be a point of honour with him to copy the conductor and train men by never getting "aboard" till the last car is leaving the station, and then, so it seems to bystanders, at the imminent risk of life and limb. There is an old saying that somebody "takes care of his own;" and if no one else looks after them, that somebody deserves credit for the way in which he performs his duties to "Commercials," as he certainly has his hands full.

Well, I left you at the station in Toronto on board a northern-bound train. Some folks think railway travelling dull, but if they would only arouse themselves to an interest in their fellow-travellers, and if they are at all appreciative, they would find an ample fund of amusement in studying the motley variety of characters and faces. Going up that day, immediately after the general elections, politics was the universal theme. Tories, Radicals, "Canada First"—all were represented, and some of the discussions were most animated. A group of four, evidently from the Muskoka district, I found excitedly arguing the probabilities of the elections there, which had not then come off. By the tenor of their conversation I gathered that Teviotdale was likely to be elected, and Cockburn, the Government candidate, ousted this time; a conclusion which has since been woefully disproved. The airing of political opinions is not the only interesting feature of railway travelling; the occasion is often taken advantage of by billing and cooing lovers, or newly married couples, to make a public display of their affection, as if to encourage others to "go and do likewise." Little by-plays of this kind are generally indulged in by country bumpkins who are making their wedding "tower," and consider it indispensable to advertise the fact. Although affording considerable amusement to the other occupants of a car, such displays are, to put it mildly, very foolish; still there is hardly a train on a well-travelled road that has not got its complement of these uxorious folk. The stoical bearing of the conductor towards them is really admirable; he completely ignores, or appears to, everything but their tickets, and rudely disturbs "love's sweet communings" by a shake or a poke in the ribs administered to the male, coupled with a request for "tickets." To all else he is blind. Not the least amusing character is the old chap who was never on a railroad "afore," and if you come across him, and can derive any pleasure from the mental torture of another, you will have an ample field here, as you will soon find that he is very nervous about accidents, and can then of course make his blood run cold with tales of railway horrors. Having worked his mind up to the proper pitch, wait for the whistle of the engine, and then tell him "you guess there's something wrong" when you'll have him in an agony of terror. The imaginary danger past, he will confide to you that, "if he's spared, he'll never venture on one of these dashed trains again."

Travellers, as a rule, and I am ashamed to say commercial travellers in particular, are very selfish about seats in the cars. One of them will occupy a whole seat, and if any new comer enters the car, already nearly full, he will quietly deposit his satchels, overcoat, &c. on the other half of the seat, so as to exclude another from it. Not this alone, but one of the "Swell" variety will frequently turn over the seat in front of him, and sitting on one seat, with his feet deposited on the other, he will erect a breastwork of umbrellas, hat-boxes, coats, and other paraphernalia about him, that completely precludes the possibility of any one else occupying either of the seats. As the car fills up, and his isolation becomes endangered, he will feign sleep, and is deaf to all the audible remonstrances that are spoken at him, for few would have the hardihood to speak to such a travelling magnate. Peacefully he slumbers till the conductor, accustomed to such gentry, compels him to make room, and unceremoniously hustles his traps into the rack above him. It is not, however, fair to the fraternity to say that such examples of selfishness are the rule; there are many true gentlemen among them who will be the first to offer their seat to a lady, or, what is better still, to a aged or decrepit person, rather than see them stand. Travelling, unfortunately, has a tendency to make men selfish; attentions and courtesies are so rarely reciprocated, that they grow callous and indifferent.

But I must ask pardon of my readers in digressing so far from my subject to note experiences and observations on the

train. We jogged along in the hum-drum fashion for which the Northern Railway is noted, stopping half a dozen or more times between Toronto and Newmarket—in fact, it seemed as if the train was barely started before it stopped again. On this particular day the road maintained its reputation for being, if not the slowest, one of the slowest roads in this "Canada of ours." At length, arrived at Newmarket, a long, straggling town with the backs of the houses all facing you as you view it from the train, I disembarked, and gave my checks to the urbane porter of the "Royal." After supper I sat in the general sitting-room, a very cosy place, heated by that most genial, if not warmest of all fires, a hearth-fire. These, I am sorry to say, are becoming rarer every year, the ugly modern stove is fast supplanting them, and in Ontario it is only north of Toronto they are to be found. Nothing, I think, is more cheerful and conducive to pleasant, chatty talk; but in this matter-of-fact age economy is a primary consideration, and I am afraid that hearth-fires are extravagant consumers of wood, and to the growing scarcity of that fuel is to be attributed the introduction of stoves in preference. Listening to the talk of farmers, town residents, and others, I found here, as elsewhere, that politics were still the topic of the day; Reformers were jubilant and Conservatives correspondingly downcast. In that Riding, North York, Conservatives, after a fierce struggle, had been defeated, although they still derived some crumbs of consolation from the hope that the election would be contested. From my observation: the Conservatives have, in a great measure, been to blame for the numerous defeats they have sustained, even in districts where they deemed themselves impregnable. They seem to be totally without organization, and in this particular would do well to take a leaf from their opponents' book.

Travelling in winter time one cannot fail to note the multiplicity of hops, assemblies, socials, and other friendly gatherings in country towns and villages. Whatever place you drop into there is sure to be something going on at night, either there or a few miles distant; and it speaks well for the regard in which the "Knight of the Road" is held, that if he is at all well known he is almost sure to be invited, either by a customer or an outside friend. Canadians as a rule are very hospitable in this particular, and do their best to make a stranger feel at home with the company.

From Newmarket I went to Bradford, a small but very busy place. Fire has, in times past, played sad havoc with it; twice it has been burned completely up, the last time about two years ago, but was rebuilt with wonderful rapidity, and has now a far handsomer appearance than before the fire. Getting off at the station the first who accost you are the livery-men of the village, who ply their trade here with commendable perseverance, vieing with each other in their attempts to procure custom. "Going to drive out anywhere, sir?" is the first salutation that greets you. The hotel at Bradford is justly popular—"good fare and plenty of it" is the rule here, and travellers are never tired of eulogising the sample-room accommodation. The Reform political element of Bradford is terribly disgusted at the election by acclamation of a Conservative to represent the constituency of South Simcoe, in which Bradford is situated. South Simcoe, I believe, is the only Riding in Ontario that elected a Conservative by acclamation. Bradford is a great place for grain buying, and very large quantities are shipped from there.

From Bradford I took the train to Barrie, but on arriving there found I could procure no sample-room; this is frequently the case at Barrie, as it is a great point for travellers. The Northern branches off here to Orillia and the Muskoka district, and stages drive daily to the old French settlement of Penetanguishene, so that it is a centre for operations. Finding that a sample-room was not to be had, I went on to Orillia, one of the most thriving places north of Toronto, and here I must leave my readers till next week, when I will endeavour to sketch my experiences there, and at Bracebridge, in the Muskoka district, 36 miles from Orillia.

WAYFARER.

DRESS IN THE BUSH.

BY H. B. K.

New Year's Day, 1872, was one of those exceptionally beautiful days when hope is generated in the saddest heart, and when the most pressing cares and anxieties retire for a time at least into the background of our lives. The sky was blue and clear, the sun bright, and the air quite soft and balmy for the time of year. We had before and afterwards some bitter cold and gloomy weather, the thermometer being at times forty degrees below zero during the winter. We had the greatest difficulty in keeping ourselves sufficiently clothed for such a season. All people coming to the bush bring clothes far too good for the rough life they lead there. In coming out, we had no means of providing any special outfit, and therefore brought only the ordinary wardrobes of genteel life. All silks, delicate shawls, laces, and ornaments are perfectly useless here. Every article I possess of that kind is carefully put away, and will probably never see day-light again. We found everything we had taken of woollen, warm plaid shawls, winter dresses, thick flannels, furs, etc., most useful; of these we had a tolerable stock, and we put one thing over another as the cold increased, till we must often have presented the appearance of feather-beds tied with a string in the middle. As to our feet and legs it was not a trifling matter to encase them securely. Our delicate French boots and slippers were of no use here. Stockings drawn over stockings, French *chaussons*, and over all moccasins or large stockings of your brothers', even these hardly kept us warm enough. Nor were the gentlemen a whit behind us in wrapping up. Your brother sometimes wore six pairs of thick woollen stockings at a time, with sea-boots drawn over all; shirts, jerseys, and coats in proportion. Your brother-in-law and I had goatskin coats brought from France, such as are worn by the shepherds there, and in which they looked like Crusoes.

DICKENS'S DESPENDENCY.

"During his absence abroad in the greater part of 1854, '55, and '56, while the elder of his children were growing out of childhood, and his books were less easy to him than in his earlier manhood, evidences presented themselves in his letters of the old 'unhappy loss or want of something,' to which he had given a pervading prominence in 'Copperfield.' In the first of those years he made express allusion to the kind of experience which had been one of his descriptions in that favourite book, and, mentioning the drawbacks of his present

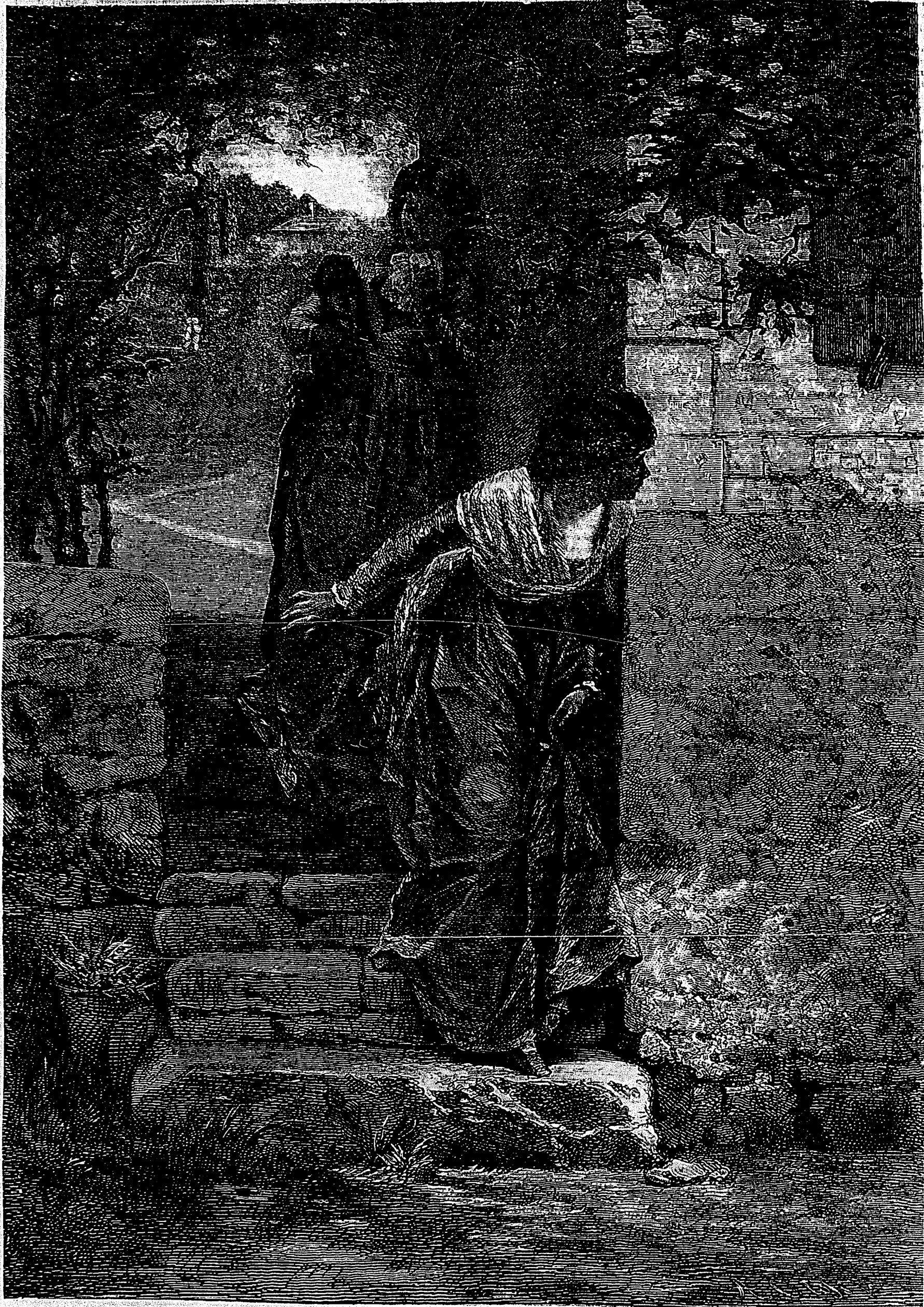
life, had first identified it with his own; 'the so happy and yet so unhappy existence which seeks its realities and unrealities, and finds its dangerous comfort in a perpetual escape from the disappointment of heart around it.' Later in the same year he thus wrote from Boulogne: 'I have had dreadful thoughts of getting away somewhere altogether myself. If I could have managed it, I think possibly I might have gone to the Pyrenees (you know what I mean that word for, so I won't re-write it) for six months! I have put the idea into the perspective of six months, but have not abandoned it. I have visions of living for half a year or so, in all sorts of inaccessible places, and opening a new book therein. A floating idea of going up above the snow line in Switzerland, and living in some astonishing convent, hovers about me. If 'Household Words' could be got into a good train, in short, I don't know in what strange place, or at what remote elevation above the level of the sea, I might fall to work next. Restlessness, you will say. Whatever it is, it is always driving me, and I cannot help it. I have rested nine or ten weeks, and sometimes feel as if it had been a year—though I had the strangest nervous miseries before I stopped. If I couldn't walk fast and far, I should justly explode and perish.' Again, four months later he wrote: 'You will hear of me in Paris, probably next Sunday, and I may go on to Bordeaux. Have general ideas of emigrating in the summer to the mountain ground between France and Spain. Am altogether in a dishevelled state of mind—notes of new books in the dirty air, miseries of older growth threatening to close upon me. Why is it, that as with poor David, a sense comes always crushing on me now, when I fall into low spirits, as of one happiness I have missed in life, and one friend and companion I have never made?'

SLOGANS, OR WAR CRIES.

Every clan and great family, and also various towns, had formerly its Slogan, or War Cry. Slogan is properly slughorne, from the Irish *slugh*, an army, and *corn*, a horn. Several of these animating calls consisted simply of a repetition of the name of the chief, as "a Home! a Home!" "a Douglas! a Douglas!" "Gordon, Gordon, by-dand!" The Setons had "Set on," a pun upon the name. Others were formed of an expressive sentence. The Hepburns had "Bide me Fair!" the Stewarts of Lennox, "Avant, Dornale!" the Grants, "Stand fast, Craigellachie!" (a wooded hillcock near Arivesmore, in Strathspey, the country of the Grants); the town of Jedburgh, "Jethart's here!" the Clanranald branch of the Macdonalds, "A dh' ain dooin co' heireadh e!" or, as Sir Walter Scott spells it in Waverley, "Ganyen Coheriga," which means, "in spite of whoever may say to the contrary." Other slogans consisted of the name of the place where the clans, or the adherents of the chief were rendezvoused on occasions of danger. Thus, Scott of Buccleuch had "Bellenden!" a place near the head of Borthwick water, in the midst of the extensive possessions of that powerful family. The Cranstouns had "Henwoodie," a place on Oxnam water; Mercer of Aldie, "The Grit Pule;" the Forbeses, "Lonachin," a hilly ridge in Strathdon; the Farquharsons, "Cairn-na-ouen," i. e., the Hill of Remembrance, a mountain in Braemar; the Macphersons, "Craig-dhu," a high, black, conspicuous rock in Badenoch; the chief of Glenangry, "Craggan-an-shithich," the rock of the raven; the Mackenzies, "Tullichard," a hill in Kintail, which yet forms the crest of the Seafort branch of the family; Macfarlane, "Loch Sloy," a small lake between Loch Lomond and Loch Long; Buchanan, "Clare Innis," an island in Loch Lomond; Macgregor, "O'ard choille," the wooded height, the rendezvous, it will be observed, being generally a conspicuous place in the territories of the family. The slogan of Dumfries is "Loreburn," a vacant space near the town, where the inhabitants were marshalled on occasions of danger—for the first time, we believe, in 1715, when an attack was anticipated from the rebel Lord Kenmore. The word is still inscribed on the Provost's baton of office. The town of Hawick had for its war cry the words, "Terri bus and terri odin," which we have never heard explained, though they are still inscribed on the banner which the inhabitants carry at their annual festival of the riding of the marches.

Literary Notes.

The popular edition of Carlyle's writings in thirty volumes is to be enlarged by the addition of all his translations. Sheldon & Co. will publish Theodore Tilton's new novel, which is running through his paper, and is nearly finished. J. O. Osgood & Co. have issued James Parton's "Life of Jefferson." It is one of the very best of its author's good works. Ten thousand copies of the last volume of Forster's "Life of Dickens" were sold in London in ten days after publication. A new work by the author of "The Fight at Dame Europa's School," entitled "The House that Baby Built," will shortly be published. Jean Ingelow is writing a novel. But her progress is slow, as most of her time and care are devoted to her mother, who has been ill, and is still very feeble. It is announced that M. Prosper Mérimée has left an unedited work on "Don Quixote," which will be published with M. Lucien Biart's translation of Cervantes's romance. Miss M. G. Hogg, the authoress of the recently-published book of tales entitled "Dr. Dunbar," is a daughter of the Ettrick Shepherd. The same lady has a novel in the press. The Philadelphia Press says that a national college of the most advanced order for women will be established in Washington, in which will be taught all branches of learning, including theology, medicine, law, art, and the sciences. In *Lippincott's* for March Geo. Macdonald's story 'Malcolm,' and Edward Sirahan's 'New Hyperion' are continued, while a second serial, 'A Modern Oressida,' by Francis Asheton, is commenced. Art is represented by two papers, viz., 'In a Caravan with Gerome the Painter,' and 'Critic and Artist,' the latter by Titus Munson Coan. Further papers treat of Cannes and its neighbourhood, and of Ferdinand de Lesseps. There are also in this number three short tales and sketches and the same number of poems. The library of the American Congress now contains 258,753 volumes, of which number 12,407 were added in the course of last year. The librarian reports the accessions to the library as unusually valuable, including an almost complete set of the county histories of England, purchased in London, and very important as throwing light upon the history and genealogy of thousands of American families. Besides the above, the library has about 50,000 pamphlets. In the copyright department, there have been 15,552 entries made during the year, and the librarian has paid into the Treasury the sum of 13,404 dollars, as the receipt from copyright fees.



"HE'S COMING."—BY W. AMBERG.



THE BROKEN TAMBOURINE.—By P. DE CONINCK.

LOVE-PHILTERS.

The "old story" has been handed down unchanged; but the language in which it is uttered has undergone many modifications, adapting itself to the varying phases of social usage and the constraining influence of fashion. Thus, in the days of chivalry, the enamoured knight borrowed the phraseology of the tournament when he would apostrophise his mistress, and deemed no enterprise too perilous which could win her favour. The Crusader believed that "there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than the report of valour." And nation stood in arms against nation "for the honour of the ladies." While the Troubadour, applauding the spirit of those days, sang:

"Les chevaliers mieux en valent,
Les dames meilleures etoient,
Et plus chastement en vivoient."

When religious asceticism was the rule, the love-sick swain wore the weeds of penitence; and when it was the mode for pilgrims to travel through the land, he set forth, staff in hand, to seek some knight well-read in the heart's lore, whose mature wisdom might suggest some advice to meet his case. But among all the methods by which it was deemed that the coy god might be won or retained, perhaps the most curious was the employment of love-philters, by which it was believed that the most obdurate heart could be softened.

The philter of the Greeks was, as its name implies, a love-potion; and since "all is fair in love and war," it was looked on as a recognised weapon, not only to be used but also to be guarded against. Hence arose the custom of applying counter-charms, which, when employed with the cabalistic songs prescribed for the occasion, were sure of success, unless a more powerful one of the order should counteract the spells of the officiating witch. The ingredients mingled in a love-potion were such that it may well have tasked all the gallantry of a reluctant lover to accept the proffered cup. Some of the components most in favour were the bones of toads and snakes, a portion of the forehead of a new-born foal, called "hippomanes," the feathers of a nighthawk, the blood of doves, bones torn from the mouth of famishing dogs, and the strands of the rope with which a man had hanged himself. Among such a heterogeneous collection of materials some must have had injurious properties. And, either in gratification of private hate, or to make good their reputation from time to time among their votaries, it was in the power of the dealers in magic to prepare a decoction which should arrest the reason or even the flow of life; such as the witch of Vesuvius prepared for Glaucus.

So great was the encouragement given to this nefarious traffic that it produced a regular profession, well skilled to cull the spotted henbane and dig the hemlock's root. From her evil preeminence, Locusta, the poisoner of Britannicus, gave her name to the trade, and taught the matrons of Rome how to distil the toad and poisonous mushroom in their husbands' cup, so that the disordered brain might wander.

Among the Greeks, the Thessalians held the first place as magicians; and it was believed that they had power even to draw down the moon by their incantations. In Italy, the Marsians, who derived their power from the son of Circe, were deemed the most potent, and many instances are related of their skill.

We must not stray into the field of ordinary poisoning, which was so fashionable among the patrician ladies of Rome as to call for special legislation in the Lex Cornelia against all who sold, bought, or prepared noxious drugs, but confine ourselves to what may be called love-philters, i. e., potions administered, or incantations performed, for the purpose of exciting or retaining love; and under this category, it will be seen that luckless husbands, whose affections were supposed to be straying, were not exempt from danger. It is upon this that the tragic story of Dejanira is founded, who, becoming jealous of Iole, sent to her husband, Hercules, the robe steeped in the blood of Nessus, which the crafty centaur gave her, bidding her take this profit of his last passage across the river over which he was bearing her, that it might prove to her a soothing charm over the mind of Hercules, so that when he looked on any other woman he might not feel more affection for her than for his lawful wife.

Horace describes the method by which witches prepared a love-charm by burying the body of a child in the ground. The head being left exposed, food, changed three times in the day, was placed before the famishing victim; then, when life had become slowly extinct, the parched liver was removed and carefully guarded as a charm of peculiar potency. Theocritus supplies us with a recipe so accurately described that it may be worth recounting. The slighted maiden, complaining that her lover had deserted her, prepares "a poisonous brewage," with which she bids her attendant smear the threshold of his door. Having wreathed a bowl with fine purple wool, she whirls the wheel, casting meantime a handful of barleymeal upon the fire that so the faithless lover's bones may waste away; whirling the wheel again, she burns a sprig of laurel, that as the crackling leaves consume, so his flesh may burn; then she moves the wheel once more; she melts wax upon the flames, that her stubborn lover may in like manner melt. How great is the faith she places in these arts we gather from her love-sick ravings. "Whom sought I not?" she exclaims. "What magic-dealing crone consulted not?" And again:

"That ohest has drugs shall make him feel my rage;
The art I learned from an Assyrian sage."

In addition to these methods for awakening a reciprocal passion, images of wax were formed, under the belief that whatever impress the plastic material received would be communicated to the person whose form it bore. And when it was desired to soften one heart and render the other obdurate, clay and wax were exposed at the same time.

In these days, when so many are engaged in sweeping clean the cobwebs which time and fancy have hung on many a cherished theory, it seems strange to reflect that the belief in this black art should have been handed down through so many generations. The slighted swain was accustomed to resort to the "wise woman" to learn what medicine would induce his "light-heel'd mistress" to look kindly on his suit. And the forlorn maiden, who had cast her affections on some supercilious Adonis, repaired, with beating heart and strange sense of guilt, to the magician's cave, to obtain the mystic draught. Then, trembling, but urged on by the prize to be won, or, what was perchance of more importance in her eyes, to be torn from her rival, she would present the cup to her lover, as Nydia administered the draught to Glaucus.

If any there be who suffer from unrequited love, and are deprived of these means of obtaining it, let them take comfort

from the words of the great instructor, who, denouncing as criminal the use of those philters "which cause paleness," bids his disciples bear in mind that there is no virtue in the herbs of Medea, nor in Marsian spells mingled with magic notes, to make the flickering flame of love burn steady. Dash down the poison cup, which would substitute the raging flames of madness for the flames of Venus. Would you avoid the dreary willow, and bask still in the sunlight of your mistress's favour, "make yourself worthy to be loved, and trust not alone in beauty." Remember how the ill-favoured Ulysses, with his fluent speech, charmed poor Calypso's heart, and how she bid him tell her again and again the story of his woes, and trace with mimic art the walls of Troy upon the sand of the sea, which she implored him never again to make trial of.

Wit never fades, but beauty is fleeting. The violets and lilies bloom not forever. And when the pink rose has fallen there remains but the thorny bush which bore it.

A REMINISCENCE OF ABBOTSFORD.

It was in the quiet of a small domestic circle, writes Miss Ferrier, I had again an opportunity of enjoying the society of Sir Walter Scott, and of witnessing, during the ten days I remained at Abbotsford, the unbroken serenity of his temper, the unflinching cheerfulness of his spirits, and the unceasing courtesy of his manners. I had been promised a quiet time, else I should not have gone, and indeed the state of the family was a sufficient guarantee against all festivities. Mrs. Lockhart was confined to bed by severe indisposition, while Mr. Lockhart was detained in London by the alarming illness of his eldest boy, and both Captain Scott and his brother were absent. The party, therefore, consisted only of Sir Walter and Miss Scott, Miss Macdonald Buchanan (who was almost one of the family), and myself. Being the only stranger, I consequently came in for a larger share of my amiable hosts' time than I should otherwise have been entitled to expect. Many a pleasant tale and amusing anecdote I might have had to relate, had I written down half of what I daily heard; but I had always an invincible repugnance of playing the reporter, and taking down people's words under their own roof. Every day Sir Walter was ready by one o'clock to accompany us either in driving or walking; often in both, and in either there was the same inexhaustible flow of legendary lore, romantic incident, apt quotations, curious or diverting story; and sometimes old ballads were recited commemorative of some of the localities through which he passed. Those who had seen him only amidst the ordinary avocations of life, or even doing the honours of his own table, could scarcely have conceived the fire and animation of his countenance at such times, when his eyes seemed literally to kindle, and even (as some one has remarked) to change their colour and become a sort of deep sapphire-blue; but, perhaps from being close to him in the open air, I was more struck with this peculiarity than those whose better sight enabled them to mark his varying expressions at other times. Yet I must confess this was an enthusiasm I found as little infectious as that of his antiquarianism. On the contrary, I often wished his noble faculties had been exercised on loftier themes than those which seemed to stir his very soul.

The evenings were passed either in Mrs. Lockhart's bedroom or in chatting quietly by the fireside below, but wherever we were he was always the same kind, unostentatious, amusing, and amiable companion.

The day before I was to depart, Sir David Wilkie and his sister arrived, and the Fergusons and one or two friends were invited to meet him. Mrs. Lockhart was so desirous of meeting this old friend and distinguished person, that, though unable to put her foot to the ground, she caused herself to be dressed and carried down to the drawing room while the company were at dinner. Great was her father's surprise and delight, on his entrance, to find her seated (looking well and in high spirits) with her harp before her, ready to sing his favourite ballads. This raised his spirits above their usual quiet pitch, and towards the end of the evening, he proposed to wind up the whole by all present standing in a circle with hands joined, singing,

"Weel may we a' be!
Ill may we never see!"

Mrs. Lockhart was, of course, unable to join the festive band. Sir David Wilkie was languid and dispirited from bad health, and my feelings were not such as to enable me to join in what seemed little else than a mockery of human life; but rather than "displace the mirth," I tried, but could not long remain a passive spectator; the glee seemed forced and unnatural. It touched no sympathetic chord; it only jarred the feelings; it was the last attempt at gaiety I witnessed within the walls of Abbotsford.

FROM THE DEAD.

In a town of Northern New York a poor man went to his grave by a disease of the brain, concerning which the local medical authorities differed widely and acrimoniously. In fact, two particular physicians, who had long been professional rivals, so radically disagreed as to the exact character of the case that, when he whose treatment prevailed could not save the patient, the other did not hesitate to allege that the sick man had been destroyed by ignorant mismanagement. When a respectable practitioner casts such an imputation upon a member of his own professional school he should be pretty confident of his ability to prove it, and the accuser in the present instance was not unaware of his imperative obligation to substantiate his accusation. But how was that to be done? He had firmly maintained that the disease in question was caused by a tumour, and that the removal of the same by an operation would save the patient's life. His rival insisted that there was no tumour, and, consequently, did not perform the operation. Now, how was it to be practically demonstrated that the tumour did exist, if the patient was in his grave? There was but one way of doing that, and the doctor adopted it.

On Christmas Eve, near midnight, when lights shone brightly from homes far and at hand, and the snow lay crisply on the ground, the professional disputant whose truth and standing were at stake, as he considered, in the matter, took a confidential student of his with him in a sleigh to the graveyard where had been placed the hapless subject of dispute, and rapidly and silently disinterred the poor body and placed it in the vehicle. Then whip was given to horse, and away started the sleigh on the snowy road back to the surgery.

But scarcely had the desecrators of man's last resting-place got under way with their ghastly prize, when the muffled beat of horse's hoofs somewhere in the darkness behind them told that they had been watched and were being pursued. Sharper fell the whip, and the spirited young animal before the sleigh went like the wind; yet still the pursuing hoof-beats sounded through the keen air, showing that the pursuer was well mounted. Turning from the main road into a by-way, or short cut, leading through a swampy piece of woods, the fugitives managed to gain enough distance to stop the sleigh a moment just at the edge of a plank bridge over a frozen woodland stream, and stretch a rope across the dark and narrow road. This done, they were off again for the surgery close at hand, with the gallop of the pursuer coming sharply again to their ears. Pausing once again beyond the bridge, to hear presently the collision of the coming horseman with the unseen rope, a crash, and a cry of wrath, the two men carried the body to the house and triumphantly deposited it upon a dissecting-table.

Then, thinking of nothing but his own discredited diagnosis of the disease, and the glory it would be to prove it true, the daring practitioner set to work with his instruments. Carefully shaving one side of the head, and cutting through the scalp over the spot where the principal pain had been, he bored with his trephine through the skull until a circular button of bone, about as large as a copper cent, was removed, and behold there was, indeed, the tumour! But the strangest scene of the curious drama was yet to come, and may be best described in the Doctor's own terms, as they appear in an extract from his posthumous papers lately published in the *Watertown, N. Y., Dispatch*: "With no small degree of self-satisfaction, I threw down my instruments, and was going down-stairs, when I heard a faint sigh. As I knelt by the dead man's side and, candle in hand, gazed anxiously into his pallid features, he feebly gasped and raised his eyelids. My God! Could it be a reality? Eagerly the slender thread of life was seized upon, and hour by hour, day by day, week by week, it was strengthened into a cable of perfect health."

In other words, the supposed dead man, whose disinterment has occurred but a few hours after burial, had been only insensible instead of dead, and the removal of the tumorous pressure on his brain was just in time to save his life. And another strange discovery was, that, on the same Christmas night, the doctor who had denied the tumour had broken his arm by falling from his horse! Suspecting what his rival intended, he, too, had ridden secretly to the graveyard, and was the pursuing horseman whom the concealed rope across the road so signally overthrew.

BORES.

London swarms with bores—men and women too, possessed of one idea, to which they devote their whole mind, or such part of it as business allows to spare. Sometimes the ideas get no further than matter of talk, with which people are at all opportunities bored; but more frequently they assume shape in pamphlets, copies of which are pressed on all with whom they get acquainted. I know one of these geniuses, who carries a stock of pamphlets in a leather reticule, suspended by a belt round his neck, ready for distribution whenever he happens to go. A public meeting, which has just broken up, and is in course of dispersal, gives him a splendid opportunity of emptying his wallet. The prevalent idea of these bores have in some cases a hue of plausibility, but as often they are visionary crochets. Mr. M—, artist, has a scheme for economising the sewage of London, which has gone through several transformations, and proposes to save the Thames from impurity, and redeem some millions a year at least. Mr. P—, another artist, has a new idea about perspective. Speak on any other subject, and you find him a rational man; but mention perspective, and you are in for a two hours' lecture. He would represent the pillars of a colonnade bent outwards at the middle, as necessary for rigid truth. It is of no use to tell him that the eye would be offended by it. "Your eyes must be educated to see it in the right way." He once gave a lecture, which went on very well till he broached this idea, and then the audience set off in a fit of merriment, from which he could not recover them. Mrs. A— is possessed with magnificent ideas about Australia. It takes an hour to get a mere outline of her plans. Captain M— is all for convict management by the marked system; and to hear him you would think that, if he could get his idea carried out, crime would soon be banished from the earth. Captain M— (a different man from the foregoing) has a great geographical scheme. Maps are to be made and books written giving the name of every place in the world, even sandbanks at sea, estimated to be three hundred thousand in number; the maps to be managed by having figures of reference instead of names, which, he justly remarks, sometimes extend over twenty degrees of longitude. Captain K— is full of new modes of land-tenure in Ireland. Bring these modes into operation, and everything is to go on beautifully. Mr. C— is all for sanitary regulations, and can give exact estimates as to what, in certain circumstances of aerial purification, would be the annual saving of soap to the metropolis. T—, denunciatory of horse-racing. B—, crazy about temperance. Never loses a chance of pressing upon you the value of cold water. Takes two tumblers regularly before breakfast. (Since the above was written in 1845, what immense additions to the realms of Boredom by "Spiritualism," "Evolution," "Woman's Rights," "Permissive Bills," and other speculative topics.

A NATION OF SNOBS.

If, before he sailed, Mr. Kingsley could have interviewed the young Lord Rosebery, who has just returned from the United States, after having won golden opinions from those of its inhabitants with whom he came in contact, he would have learnt that in no part of the world are ancestral titles and hereditary rank held in higher esteem. Despite the Republican propagandism of American authors and members of Congress, the citizens of the United States who swarm over Europe have a strange sympathy with what Mr. Disraeli calls "the sustained splendour of a stately life." They are great worshippers of the first and second Empires in France, of the autocrats of all the Russias, and of the proudest magnificences among our own hereditary nobility. When Mr. Charles Sumner visits us his time is chiefly spent among the ancestral homes of England, and his friends are selected from the ranks of the aristocracy. Even Mrs. Beecher Stowe, in her "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," reserved her choicest adulations for the late Duchess of Sutherland, for Earls and Countesses, and other members of what she calls "the titled nobility."

LOVE'S SUNSET.

They call me cold—alas! they little know
The hidden pulses of this throbbing heart—
The ardent love that shrinks from outward show—
The power that checks the tear-drops ere they start.

Cold! On Vesuvius' brow when Summer reigns,
And gentle zephyrs fan the noon-tide air,
When springing flowerets deck the verdant plains,
Fierce fires are slumbering 'neath that scene so fair!

Cold! When the glorious ocean, calm and bright,
Bares its smooth bosom to the azure sky,
Beneath that glossy surface bathed in light
The angry surges of the tempest lie!

Cold! While within the tropics Nature smiles,
In Spring's first loveliness, and not a cloud
Floats o'er the blue serene, those verdant isles
Conceal beneath their depths the earthquake's shroud!

Cold! Yes—the calm of Summer's sultry noon,
When the still air awaits the lightning's flash—
Or night clouds, silvered by the silent moon,
That meet and shiver in the thunder's crash.

I am not cold, though I may seem to be
Unloving, calm, and passionless as night,
Oh, could I dare to set my spirit free,
How it would blaze upon th' astonished sight!

Why should I thus unwell? Full many a flower
Closes its petals with declining day;
It has no sympathy with night's dark hour,
It yields no colour to the moon's pale ray.

So, when the sun of love has set, the heart,
Deep in its own recesses, quivering lies,
And firmly holds in check the coward's part
That would proclaim its grief to curious eyes.

For Everybody.

A Truism.

A Cambridge University mathematical master says, "That the benevolence of nineteenth of people is the kind that decreases in proportion to the square of the distance of the object."

A Dear Duck.

A young lady at Athole has a tame duck which follows its mistress about like a dog. It escorts her to church on Sunday, and remains outside till the service is over, when it escorts her back home.

Social Philosophy.

The late Mr. Peech, a veterinary surgeon, said, "I never ask a gentleman for money; but after waiting for a certain time without my client mentioning the matter of money, I conclude that he is not a gentleman and then I ask him!"

Popular Ignorance.

Of the fifteen million inhabitants of Spain, twelve millions can neither read nor write. There are four thousand villages, towns, and cities presided over by mayors, two thousand of whom are unable to sign their names to any public document.

Hugo's 93

Victor Hugo's new novel, *Quatre-vingt-treize*, will be translated simultaneously into ten languages—English, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Russian, Polish, Swedish, Dutch, Hungarian, and Cseh. There will be no authorized German translation.

Victoria.

Queen Victoria is gradually recovering from the grief of her widowhood. For a long time after the death of the Prince Consort she could not bear to touch a piano, nor did she even allow one to be opened in her presence. Now she has resumed her old accomplishment, and plays duets with her last remaining daughter, the Princess Beatrice; and Gounod has arranged some of the music of "Jeanne d'Arc" as a duet for the Queen and her daughter.

The Church of the Sacred Heart.

The Archbishop of Paris, it is said, is rather anxious about the Church of the Sacred Heart, which is to be built on the summit of Montmartre. The estimated cost of the building is 7,000,000 francs, and as yet only a little over 1,000,000 francs has been subscribed. The Cardinal, however, hopes that with a well-organized system it will be possible to raise 3,000,000 francs in France, and foreigners will furnish the remainder of the sum.

Spread Eagle.

The following is a fair specimen of Home Rule oratory:—"Our country's fate looms darkling before us, without a star above the horizon on which the patriotic mariner can hang a scintillation of hope, but with ominous features of fast-coming doom, gloomy and rayless as the eyes of an owl perched upon the topmost bough of a barren poplar, enveloped in an impenetrable fog."

Simple Faith.

"Sir," said an old Scotchwoman to an Aberdeen minister, "I dinna ken a part of your sermon yesterday." "Indeed! What was it?" "You said the Apostle used the figure of circumlocution; and I dinna ken what it means." "Is that all?" said the minister. "It's very plain. The figure of circumlocution is merely a periphrastic mode of diction." "Oh! oh! is that all?" said the good woman. "What a puir fool I were not to understand that!"

Practical Father.

A business man's letter to the head master of his son's college runs as follows:—"Sir—Yours to h'd & cont's noted. Don't want son to study s't'r'n'm'y. 'Twon't pay. Also stop Latin & Greek. Boy'll pick up L't'n words 'nough. make money 'nough without L't'n and G'k, etc. No use. Put boy thr'gh on Dr., Or., ct., pr., ct., ol'r house, Rail'r'ds, etc. When term ends send boy and books by N.W.R., 3rd class, with L'd'g in hat. Draw slight d't for Money."

Coal.

About the year 1300 coal was first discovered on the banks

of the Tyne, and was introduced as fuel into London about the year 1350, in the reign of Edward I. Its use, however, was in 1373 forbidden by proclamation, in consequence of the gas being considered to be deleterious to health through corrupting the atmosphere, and for many years after it remained unused. At the close of the century, however, the value of coal became recognized, and its application and consumption extended.

Tom Moore.

A correspondent who used to live close to the residence of the late Tom Moore, sends us the following anecdote:—"Once driving home to Chippenham from Devizes, I gave an old lady a lift into the trap; and in conversation I asked her if she saw much of Tom Moore in her village when he was alive. 'Tom Moore, sir?—Tom Moore?' said she. 'Oh, you mean Mr. Moore. Mrs. Moore was a very kind lady, but Mr. Moore used to write all sorts of verses about the moon, and such like things. He were no account!'"

Good Broad Scotch.

This, says the late Dr. Guthrie, in his Autobiography, I have found very serviceable in railway carriages abroad: when, perhaps speaking about them, I wanted to make sure my foreign fellow-travellers should not understand what I was saying to some countryman or countrywoman. One is never quite sure of this if he speaks English, as so many foreigners are acquainted with that tongue, to which, indeed, I have often caught them listening; in such cases I have found perfect safety in good broad Scotch, when I had anything to say to the company that were present.

A Tiny Engine.

The smallest engine in the world is now in possession of John Penn, of Greenwich, England, the eminent maker of great engines. It will stand on a threepenny piece; it really covers less space, for its base-plate measures only three-eighths of an inch by three-tenths. So small are some of the parts that they require a powerful magnifying glass to see their form. The whole weight of the model is less than a threepenny piece. It works admirably, and, when working, its crank-shaft performs from twenty to thirty thousand revolutions in a minute.

Singular Juxtaposition.

The publicans of Sheffield issued the following handbill during the election contest:—

"We have been taunted by our opponents that we have carried all the recent elections in collusion with the Church, of which I, for one, am very proud. Let us stick to the taunt of

BEER AND THE BIBLE,
AND STAND BY A
NATIONAL CHURCH
AND A
NATIONAL BEVERAGE."

A Sexton.

The sexton of a Dublin church, having to be away from his duties one day, got a substitute who was not acquainted with the congregation, and became much excited when he saw an old man come into one of the pews and raise a peculiar-shaped ear-trumpet to his face. Springing to his side, he said something in a low voice; whereupon, the gentleman endeavoured to raise the trumpet to his ear, but was prevented by the sexton seizing his hand. With increasing voice and excitement, he said—"Sure, yer honour, yer wouldn't be after blowing that horn? If you do, I shall be obliged to put you out!" And the good old man pocketing his bugle, heard nothing of service or sermon.

What will she do with them?

Should the Duchess of Edinburgh live to the age of fourscore, it is impossible to contemplate her wearing out the different articles which compose her trousseau. The Louis Quatorze, Louis Quinze, and Marie Antoinette boots and shoes to fit her Imperial Highness's foot are numbered by the gross. The possibility of her discarding high for low heels is also contemplated. Parental forethought, moreover, anticipates excursions in Swiss and Scotch mountains, hunts in Thuringian forests, probable visits in the winter season to Russia, and reviews of the regiment of which the Grand Duchess is a colonel. Her snow and military boots are stitched with an elaboration of detail which might be thrown away in Western Europe.

A big Homestretch.

"I conversed," says a writer, "with a racist to-day. He told me how he won a race in New Haven. For four weeks he mixed soft rubber with horse's oats, and every day he hitched that horse to a post and opened a blue-cotton umbrella in his face, making him pull back, stretching his neck awfully. Then he'd shut his umbrellas, the horse would stop pulling, and his neck would resume its original length. He got the horse's neck very elastic, and on the day of the race, as his horse and the other horses were on the homestretch, side by side, just at the finish, the driver struck this man's horse a bat behind his ears, and his neck shot out almost a rod, winning the race by a neck. It is said to be the biggest homestretch on record. I believe the story to be true, because the man is the only son of a deacon."

A Female Colonel.

The Colonel's uniform occasionally worn by the Grand Duchess Marie merits description. It is charmingly designed and executed. Arrayed in it her Imperial Highness (who is a blonde of exquisite fairness) must have the air of a pocket Penthesilea. Her helmet is of cunning Muscovite workmanship. It is a beautiful product of the Russian artificer's skill in blending gold, steel, and silver. Those who visited the Paris Exhibition of 1867 may form an idea of its peculiar merits as a work of metallurgy from the Muscovite vases which were then on view in the Russian department. As a matter of course, so great a personage as the Czar's only daughter has a right to appear at reviews with her breast covered with decorations, which enhance the effect of gold lace and brandenburgs.

A Proud Dominic.

While a youth, Dr. Chalmers was for a time under the scholastic charge of Mr. Daniel Ramsay. There was a dash of eccentricity in this same dominie. When the whole

powers of the kingdom lay for a short time in the hands of the Duke of Wellington, he wrote to his Grace in the true schoolmaster spirit, but with almost as much wisdom as wit, that he could tell him how to do the most difficult thing he had in hand, namely, to cure the ills of Ireland. He should just take, he told him, "the taws in the tae hand, and the Testament in the tither." Engrossed as he was, the duke sent an acknowledgment, signed by himself, and for some time it was difficult to say which of the two Daniel Ramsay was proudest—of having taught Dr. Chalmers, and so laid, as he was always accustomed to boast, the foundation of his fame, or of having instructed the Duke of Wellington as to the best way of governing Ireland, and having got an answer from his Grace himself.

Hogarth's Home.

Hogarth's house—his little country box at Chiswick, which he left on his last journey to Leicester-square, after having for more than a century escaped any considerable injury, has been let on lease to a neighbouring publican, who has turned the house into a "sweetstuff" shop; while the garden, which until of late was a wilderness of half-neglected flowers, has been stripped of these ornaments, for the land is to be used by a florist. The burial-places of Hogarth's pets, with their little tablets, are still preserved, and we are glad to learn that the tenant promises to take care of them. The porch has fallen down, thus greatly spoiling the characteristic appearance of the once pretty cottage. A trifle will yet save the place, which might be used as a residence for a decayed artist.

Charles Kingsley's Home.

An "interviewer" who has "done" Canon Kingsley and his daughter, says that Miss Kingsley gave the following description of their country home, illustrating the same by exhibiting photographs of the place: "These are the windows of father's library," pointing to windows which showed like loop-holes through masses of ivy. "I think all his books were written there. Eversley is a charming old place. It was at one time only a cell of St. Peter's, Westminster; so, of course, that part is very old—between 300 and 400 years; and, where the lawn now is, there used to be a fish-pond, from which the monks drew their Lenten supply of fish. We are just on the edge of wide moor-lands, and we can ride some fifteen miles across the moor, through the heather and self-sowed Scotch firs. And in the fall, when the heather is a mass of purple blossoms, you can imagine how beautiful it is." "I think a man's home ought to reflect him, and he it; and somehow this description of Eversley accounted to me for much that we find in Charles Kingsley's books."

A Gift to Genoa.

According to the *Swiss Times*, the Duchess of Galliera has given to the City of Genoa the Palace Brignole Sale—perhaps better known to travellers as the Palazzo Rosso—together with the library and the far-famed gallery of pictures. The various sale or halls containing masterpieces of Vandyke, Domenichino, Paul Veronese, Piola, &c., are to remain, as heretofore, open to strangers. All proceeds arising from the use of the other parts of the extensive building are to be applied to the encouragement of literature and the fine arts. The munificent giver is a daughter of the late Marquis of Brignole, who had long been Sardinian Ambassador at the Courts of Vienna and St. Petersburg, and who was well-known for his wealth and liberality as "Le grand ambassadeur dans un petit état." His surviving daughter, the Duchess, not satisfied with affording students an opportunity of developing their talents, has generously decided on erecting a hospital on a site between Genoa and the communes which have lately been annexed to the city.

Penitent Paris.

Lucy Hooper, writing to the *Philadelphia Press* from Paris, says: "There is no doubt about one thing—Paris in losing the Empire has lost much of its brilliancy. The dashing toilets, the splendid equipages, the noise and clatter and glare of that very uproarious and scandalous court, were all in their way amusing. One felt as though a page of M. de St. Simon's Memoirs was being acted once more in real life. There was so much to see and to talk about, to be amused at and to be shocked at, that one was kept continually interested, though occasionally horrified. Now a sort of republican or bourgeois quiet seems to have settled down upon all things. The world goes on as it went before, only its wheels are no longer gilded and do not creak so loudly. Even those lively ladies, the cocottes, have shrunk into decent obscurity, and are no longer the cynosure of all eyes and the theme of every tongue, nor are their pictures, in various stages of nudity, to be seen in every window. Things in Paris, to use a burlesque on the titles of Miss Broughton's novels, used to be 'naughty, naughty, but ever so nice!' They are wonderfully nice now, but much less naughty, and not nearly so nasty. Let us hope that the improvement will continue and increase."

That Electric Boy.

The Danbury *News Man* is travelling, with the following happy result: "We stayed some ten minutes at Barrington, and enjoyed it very much. On the platform were eighteen plush caps with obese ear-laps, and under them were as many springy and electric boys. They were the regular winter boys. Rough, bolsterous, and singularly numerous. The observer was not long in centering his attention on one particular boy. He was a bouncer, with an inclination all over him to roll up. The bottoms of his pants rolled up, the toes of his boots rolled up, the cap was rolled up on his head, and the rear hem of his jacket rolled up prodigiously. He was short, and chunked, and healthy, being mainly built with a view to a great deal of sitting down. We knew he was the youngest son of a widow who does washing for a living, and that he cut the wood, carried home the clothes, and otherwise busied himself rather than go to school. He was like a young colt just now because school was out, and society had arrived to meet him. Suddenly he knocked off a plush cap; then there was a sudden commotion, and the plush caps (I don't think I ever before saw so many of them at once) were filling the air. I was amazed at the success of the fatherless young man. He pranced about with lightning speed, and every time he jumped one or more caps flew into the snow. Finally he came about full face in front of me, and then the mystery was explained. He had a cast in his eye. Of course no one could tell where he was going to hit, and in this stage of painful uncertainty the smartest boxer lost his presence of mind and went down. When I was a boy I had a cast in the eye, and an army with banners couldn't have been a better friend to me."

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY,

Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge, is descended from an ancient family of Cheshire, the Kingsleys of Kingley, in the Forest of Delamere, who suffered very severely during the civil wars for their adherence to the cause of the Parliament. He was born at Holne Vicarage, on the borders of Dartmoor, Devon, June 12, 1819, and was educated at home until the age of fourteen, when he became a pupil of the Rev. D. Coleridge, and afterwards a student at King's College, London, whence he removed to Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he gained a Scholarship and several prizes, taking a First Class in Classics, and a Second Class in Mathematics. After devoting some time to preparation for the law, he entered the church, became curate at Eversley, a moorland parish in Hampshire, and that living becoming vacant, he was presented to it by the patron, the late Sir John Cope, Bart. Mr. Kingsley has mixed much with workingmen, as may be inferred from his "Alton Locke," and has taken part in the ragged-school movement, and in various efforts to ameliorate the condition of the working classes, to such an extent as to have earned the name of "Chartist Parson." He has distinguished himself as a dramatic and lyric poet, the "Saints' Tragedy" having been published in 1846, and is the author of several novels. He has written "Phaeton: Loose Thoughts for Loose Thinkers," published in 1852; "Hypatia; or, New Foes with an Old Face," in 1853; "Alexandria and her Schools: Lectures," in 1854; "Westward Ho!" in 1855; "Two Years Ago," in 1857; "Miscellanies from Frazer's Magazine," in 1859; "The Roman and the Teuton Lectures," delivered at



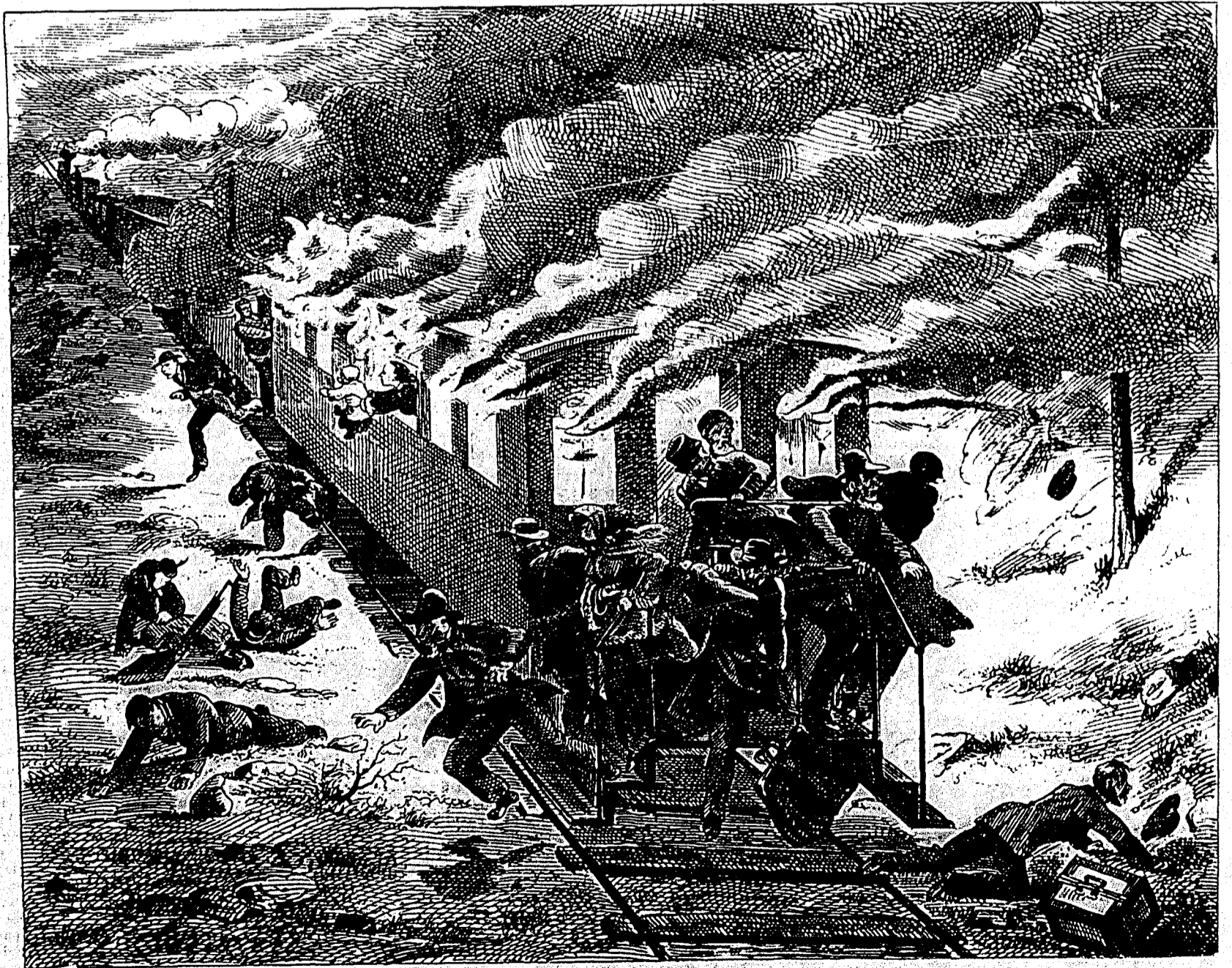
THE REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Cambridge in 1864; "Westward, the Last of the English," in 1866, and several later works, along with various volumes of sermons. He was appointed Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge in 1859. He has just come over from England to the United States and Canada, under the auspices of the American Bureau, in order to deliver lectures. The Montreal University Literary Society has engaged this distinguished man to lecture in this city on March 24 and 25—subjects: "Westminster Abbey" and "First Discoverer of America."

NO MATTER WHAT IF IT IS ONLY FASHIONABLE.

A writer thus hits off some of the absurdities attendant upon following the fashions:

"Do anything you please now-a-days, no matter how absurd, and wear anything you like, no matter how ridiculous, and if anyone by even so much as a look, question the propriety of it, with a stare which announces your contempt of their ignorance, remark in a matter-of-fact tone that 'it's the fashion.' That's sufficient excuse for any and every folly under the sun. Tall women wear church-steeple hats, and short men pancake shape, during the same season, thus making the fashion of the other appear more absurd, and ladies promenading with their husbands present the appearance of mother and her little boy. A woman with a crow-like neck revives the ruff of Elizabethan days, and looks charming in it. Forthwith it becomes the rage, and soon you see her more unfortunate sister, with almost no neck at all, with a head rising from a mass of starched muslin, which reaches from shoulder to ear. Of course she looks like a 'perfect show,' but what matter?—'it's the fashion.'



THE ACCIDENT ON THE G. W. R. BETWEEN LONDON AND KOMOKA.



EARLY CHRISTIANS REMOVING THE BODIES OF MARTYRS FROM THE AMPHITHEATRE.

ON THE BRINK.

FRAGMENTS FROM A DIARY.

EDITED BY WED P. MAH.

We have known each other from our earliest childhood, yet it seems but as yesterday that we wandered together gathering kingcups and daisies in the meadows, those kingcups and daisies that Aimée's little fingers wove so deftly into wreaths and crowns and fashioned into wondrous balls whose creation was a work full of awe and mystery to me—great orbs of flowers, with all the petals outwards, as though growing from one common central root—but yesterday that we sought for berries in the wood, and lost ourselves, and wept like veritable babies that we were; but yesterday that we made, for we were not better than other children, our mud pies on the river bank, or laid out miniature grounds and built lilliputian houses on the sands of the lake shore; but yesterday that we drove out together in our carriage, with our dear, faithful, strong, but tenderly careful old Newfoundland Bruno between its shafts, looking lovingly askance at us out of his big, deep, intelligent brown eye; but yesterday that we sauntered, handed, through the deep shadows of the eventide, already "little husband" and "little wife" to each other, drawing vivid pictures of a future never-sullied bliss; but yesterday that the shadow of our first great sorrow fell on us—a sorrow of which we had not even dreamed, and which we did not realize when it fell—the shadow of my father's ruin. It seems, too, only yesterday that the sorrow which we did realize happened, the sorrow of our first parting. And that was to be for eight years.

I do not know exactly how it was arranged. I only know that it was arranged by an old friend of my father's. I suppose my father had been lamenting to him the failures of his hopes with regard to myself, that he had drawn a vivid picture to him of my fondness for Aimée, and of Aimée's fondness for me, of how he had watched the growth of our attachment, and had cherished the idea of one day seeing me the husband of his neighbour's child, and of how that idea must now be laid aside, for now I should never be rich enough to sue for her hand. And I suppose my father's old friend answered him in some such strain as this: had told him how he was childless, and how often he had wished that he might have a son, how, if he would, I should sit in his own counting house, and should have every chance given me that could have been given to a son of his own, and how, if during eight years I had stood the test of separation—for he stipulated that during those eight years there should be no communication between us—I should be admitted to a partnership with himself and should then marry my Aimée.

You see that the possibility of Aimée's not standing the test of separation was never once taken into account!

At least in any conversation that I ever heard or overheard I never knew that side of the question mentioned. And as I did not myself doubt my own fidelity, I had also the most implicit faith in hers.

And all this happened eight years ago, and now Aimée is twenty-one and I am twenty-five.

And we are going to be married—to-morrow!

So it seems that we have both stood the eight years' test, barring the few months that have been remitted us in order that due preparation might be made for the wedding to take place on the exact anniversary, and I have become a partner in due course and am in a position to marry my Aimée without shame.

Only I wonder if Aimée's affection never wavered, if she never, even for a moment, loved, if she never felt a warmer friendship even for some other who, with all the advantages of presence and the opportunity of expressing his admiration by word, and look, and action; some other, too, whose beauty of form, whose intellectual attainments, or whose mental ability, nay, whose depth of soul, may have far surpassed my own!

Bah! what if she has. Do I ask that she should be more than human? If she were she would no longer be a suitable wife for poor mortal me.

Why, I have a dozen souvenirs, more or less compromising, in my desk. I am going to burn them all to-night.

First, here is a letter from Laura, aged sixteen, written in the child's own blood too, the blood which she tells me she should be so extremely honourable to shed for me. O, Aimée, little do you know the cruelties which my allegiance to you has compelled me to perpetrate! And here is a lock of hair, the souvenir of a moonlight flirtation behind the cactuses—or the cacti, is it? shade of Lindley Murray, which?—And here a glove picked up at a picnic, and here—a portrait. Ah, here alone, Aimée, do my memories linger with something of guilt; yet you would forgive me, Aimée, if you knew all, and you would forgive her too, for she is dead; and, oh heavens, what a death to die, for she died as she had lived—alone. There! let us bundle all the trash together, and burn it out of our sight. On the threshold of heaven we must relinquish every taint of earth!

Yet I wonder if, when the freed spirit soars upward, it feels no regrets for aught it leaves behind, for I own these awakened memories have made me sad. Has Aimée, too, perhaps, her little *au'o-da-fe* in her own chamber. Does she, too, feel sad to-night?

Yet when I think of her as I first saw her on my return, and as I see her now, does not even such a suspicion become an injustice and a cruelty. Then she looked pale and weary as of one worn out with long watching and waiting, and pining. And now, the picture of health, and joy and happiness! Hebe herself never had fresher roses in her cheeks.

Shall I try to draw her picture with my pen? How can I do it? How can I analyze a beauty so ethereal which seemed to have no parts but which makes up one incomprehensible, mysterious, darling whole? Yet what more pleasant pastime for the lover, as he smokes to its end the stump of his last bachelor cigar, than to attempt such an analysis. Perhaps when I have picked my Aimée to pieces I shall find out she is really plain. Never mind, then I will console myself by the thought that then I may be ever such a little bit nearer being worthy of her.

Aimée then, as the novelists say, is neither petite nor tall, but of a good middle height for a woman; and her form is beautifully rounded, no, that is not the word; Aimée is as far from giving to the idea that she is round as that she is angular, but she has dimples instead of elbows, and her hands are

so charmingly soft you would think they had been "boned;" she is, indeed—

"Fashioned in Nature's best proportioned mould."

She has the whitest skin, without exception, that I ever saw, but her eyes are so deep a violet that they sometimes appear black; her lashes are black beyond a doubt, and very long indeed, and her eyebrows are much darker than I have ever seen in so fair a woman before. Her hair is golden, and as fine as floss silk. Her mouth is small and rosy, and her teeth regular and very white, but not *pearly*. In dress she has the best taste I ever knew, the secret of which is, she tells me herself, its extreme simplicity. She never wears rings, and her little hands are not rosy-tipped but wondrously white. She will wear a ring, however, to-morrow, *for the first time!* Add to the above any quantity of sunshine, and expression, and sweet dimples, and I have done all my possible to portray my Aimée. I will lie down and dream of her till morning.

Heaven bless her!

If only my father had lived to share our happiness now.

And so I close the faithful diary which I have so neglected of late, ending its last page on the last day of my bachelor life.

It has always been a relief to me in any great crisis of my life, in any great happiness or great sorrow, to write down events, sensations, thought. Let me see if it will be a relief to me now.

When I had closed my diary upon its last page, I went to bed and slept peacefully, only dreaming, as I had promised myself, of happiness and Aimée.

I was awakened by the usual tap at the door. I rose and went down through the garden of the inn to bathe in the swift stream at its foot. It was a bright, joyous morning, and the birds were singing blithely. I felt that I could sympathize with their songs with my whole heart.

I returned, and was dressing carefully and quickly when H— appeared. He was smoking a cigarette. He joined me in my cup of coffee.

We had given each other a great grasp of the hand when he came in and nodded. We were, at least I was, too full of happiness for words.

Now he was sitting down at the little table and idly breaking little fragments from a sweet cake into his cup. I dwell on these topics because I seem to see it all over again, and it is a relief to me.

"You are a lucky fellow," he said, "I wish I was in your shoes."

"I am sure I heartily wish you," I returned, "a happiness as great."

We went down. The carriage was at the door, the sleek horses proud of their ribbons. All the people in the old inn came out to see us drive off. There was a chorus of good wishes, and little eight-year-old Marie took off her shoe and flung it after us.

We drove quickly, about a mile, to the door of the little old church. The chateau was about two miles further on, up the long avenue. The villagers were thronging about the porch, and the churchyard, and in the road outside. There was a great cheering as we drove up.

The hot sun was glaring down upon the dusty road and the grey horses, upon the river and the rapids, and the still waters of the distant lake, and upon the rugged white and grey rocks which overhung them, glaring down upon the pebbled path by which we entered the shadowy porch and stood within the cool refreshing atmosphere of the church.

We waited, waited—Heaven knows how long we waited. It seemed to me like a thousand years; but there are times when moments seem *æras*. We waited till the aged curé sympathized, and H— suggested that last finishing touch to the toilette as the cause of the delay, as though it were Aimée's habitude to linger over her toilette. "But when one is dressing for the one grand occasion of one's existence," pleaded H—. We waited till I grew nervous and pale as the flags at my feet—we can feel ourselves grow pale sometimes—till I grew cold beside, and my blood seemed to curdle in my veins with some nameless dread; waited until a sensation began to run through the audience, and whispered surmises were current, whisperings which grew and grew till they surged audibly from end to end of the little concourse; waited till I felt sick, and faint, and giddy; waited till a horseman galloped up with the tidings that the bride was nowhere to be found, and that we were wanted to assist in the search!

We drove to the chateau. The bride's maids were there with white faces and in tears, the guests were there pale and awe-stricken; her father was there half distracted—swearing and cajoling, storming and pleading, by turns. I was shown her boudoir, her dressing room, with the white dress spread out in readiness. I was shown, for nothing was sacred for me now, the very bed where she had rested last night, which still bore the slight impress of her form.

It had been at first supposed that she had risen early and gone out to climb the cliff and take one last look of what had been for all her young life her home; to revisit once more her favourite haunts and nooks among the rocks. Her absence was thought nothing of at first. "She will be in presently," they said, "It never takes her any time to dress." But as the hours sped by and the time for church approached she had been sought for high and low, but no trace, no sign of her was found. Nothing was missing from the house or from her rooms but the little white wrapper and the dainty straw hat that was her ordinary garden costume. She had gone out then, as they had supposed, for a morning stroll, a farewell visit to her favourite spots. But what accident could have befallen her. Where was she now?

Later on a discovery was made which, while it seemed to offer a clue, yet further complicated the mystery. One of the wedding guests was missing. He was a young man, wealthy, and of good family, who had always openly expressed the greatest admiration for Aimée, yet had never been suspected of being a suitor of hers, or had ever been heard to say anything suggestive of more than the friendliest feelings and highest esteem in her regard.

Yet this man had ordered an extra post waggon and had taken his departure at daybreak, climbing the hill on foot, intending to rejoin his equipage at the summit of the steps and winding road.

A miller who had driven into the village with a load of sacks, stated that he had met the traveller beyond this point, and was sure that he was alone in the carriage, the fore part of which was open, the after part of the calèche being alone left standing as a protection from what promised soon to be a pitiless sun; that there was nothing particular in his appear-

ance, and that he had given him, the miller, a hearty "good day" in return to his salute.

There was no telegraph from Aimée's village in those days. I, to whom inaction would have been death, started at once in pursuit.

I found M. T— in his apartments in one of the principal hotels in Berne. He received me courteously, but expressed his surprise and concern at seeing me. "He had thought me," he said, "ere this the happiest man in the world."

"Yesterday," I replied, "I had thought so too. On your honour, and as you hope for salvation, can you tell me why I am not?"

"I am at a loss to understand your language," said he. "Pray have you any suspicion that I could?"

"The case is this," said I—"Mdlle. F— left her home at daybreak yesterday morning, as it is supposed to climb the cliff, and look for the last time at the home she was about to leave. She never returned. You left the village at daybreak; you climbed the cliff on foot, rejoining your vehicle at the summit of the hill. Now, I ask you, upon your honour did you speak to, see, hear, or murder Mdlle. F— in the interval?"

"I forgive the violence of your language," he replied softly, "in consideration of the extreme agitation which you have undergone, the painful suspense from which you still suffer. Permit me, however, most solemnly to declare that I never saw the slightest trace of the young lady in question from the time I left my carriage at the foot till I rejoined it at the top of the hill. This may easily be accounted for by the fact that no point on the most direct route for regaining the road is the best calculated to obtain a view of the village, and that any one occupying the most favourable position with regard to prospect, would be entirely hidden by the mountain-ash which grows luxuriantly near that point from the traveller upon the beaten footpath. Yet, though I never cast eyes on Mdlle. F—, I do not deny that that young lady monopolized my thoughts during the whole distance. To be quite frank with you, I had so learned to esteem and prize her, that I own I had resolved, in a great measure on that account, to travel, and thus to endeavour to forget that it is not to everyone, but only to the deserving (with a bow to me) that the prizes in Nature's lottery fall. I beg to proffer you my firmest assurances, however, that I never breathed a word to Mdlle. F— which could, by any possibility, in the slightest degree have offended the finest sense of honour."

"Now, then, that you are prepared to believe that the terrible news of this mystery is not without its share or sadness for myself, I will beg you to accept my services to assist you in its elucidation. Let me return with you to the chateau, and pursue our researches together."

Of course I accepted. We have done everything which mortal ingenuity can invent to clear up this dreadful secret. The only explanation is the almost incredible one that Aimée, knowing as she did every inch of the rocks by heart, should have ventured out upon the slippery, mossy ledge above the torrent, and then—Oh! horror—horror—horror!

T— and I, thus linked together by this mystery of fate, are about to seek in travel the forgetfulness which he was before about to seek alone. Sad that it should be necessary for us both now.

How a few short hours may bring about a complete revolution of our ideas, our views, our opinions, in regard of persons or things, which had become as firmly rooted as the daily customs of our lives; how a few critical moments may annihilate what might have been a life-long friendship, and show us the viper we have nourished in our bosom.

It is now nearly two years that T— and I had been fellow-travellers, and I had learned to like him, although his pursuits were often such as I did not care to participate. He was fond of pleasure, and his evenings, when we were in any city, were divided between the theatre, the gambling saloon, the billiard or the ball-room. He was a thorough man of the world, an adept at all games, whether of hazard or of skill, and thoroughly understood the art of extracting from circumstances the highest amount of pleasure that might be practicable for the moment.

But I had a deeper sorrow than he—a sorrow that was ever present with me, and unfitted me for the frivolous gaiety of a coarse, unfeeling world.

Thus it happened that my evenings were usually passed alone, in reading or in meditation, over a cigar, or in a solitary stroll upon beech or cliff, or over down or meadow, according to the nature of the place which we had chosen as our temporary resting-place.

But when our tent was pitched far from the busy haunts of men, where Nature reigned supreme, where there was not so much as a village beauty to attract his roving eye, there, with a wondrous versatility of talent, he became a most attractive and entertaining companion. Gifted and well-read, with great originality of idea, and a flow of language which clothed every phrase of thought in fitting words, he would chatter by the hour together, never permitting me to perceive that he found me, as I must actually have been, a most uninspiring auditor, but seemingly unwearying in his endeavour, as I then thought, to amuse me, to interest me, to draw me out, to lead me to display my whole inner self before him, that my sorrow might lose half its bitterness by being participated—as I now know to *exult* in the analysis of his victim's grief.

This knowledge came to me but an hour since, and it came to me in this wise:—

We had occasion to-day to cross a river where the stream ran in torrents between rocks. It was just one of those places which it is easy enough to pass in safety if one makes the leap without forethought or hesitation, but where one moment's want of confidence is death. I had dared T— to follow me; when I looked back he had disappeared. Retracing my steps to the edge of the nearest crag, I perceived that he had missed his footing, and was hanging by one arm to a strong oak sapling which he had caught in his fall. Letting myself cautiously down upon a ledge of rock, and clinging with my limbs and one arm to a tree which was rooted in the crevices among the crags, I was able almost to reach his hand.

Rallying his energy for a spring, he succeeded in catching my hand in an uncertain grasp, but at the same moment the sapling tore away, and the arm on which he had hitherto depended hung as if dislocated by his side.

He was hanging now with his whole weight depending from my arm, my fingers not having a full, fair grasp even of his hand. His cigar was still between his lips. He raised with difficulty his other arm and removed it.

"This is a queer grip for our last hand-shaking, isn't it?" he said, cool, and with a joke upon his lips, even at that awful moment.

"By God, old fellow, it can't last much longer," he cried, a few seconds after. Then he added, "Look over my papers when I'm gone. They may interest you."

A tremor ran through my frame. Something in his tone had struck me—"about Aimée?" I strove to articulate, but my tongue refused its office. A ghastly pallor and a convulsive spasm crossed his face. "Good-bye," he shrieked, and fell!

Among his papers was a little packet containing a faded piece of ribbon and a fragment of a lace collar, such as Aimée once wore, and over them a legend—

"The rest of these lie with the wearer beneath the eddies of the rapacious whirlpool, which never returns aught that touches the margin of its vortex."

The fishermen say that a "white lady" haunts the lake that lies near Aimée's once happy home.

In these pages lies the story which shall one day explain to the children of my kindred why my hair is grey so early, and why, as they sometimes wonderingly ask, I am never known to smile.

Music and the Drama.

A very cold reception was recently given the notorious Theresa at La Valette Theatre at Marseilles. They actually hissed some of the most lightly-veiled indecencies.

"Les Deux Orphelines" has won a genuine success at the Porte Saint Martin, Paris, and is pronounced the greatest melodrama that has been seen for at least ten years.

A new opera bouffe by a young composer named Serpette, "La Branche Casse," has met with a good reception at the Bouffes, Paris. Judic has the leading role.

Miss Virginia Frances, Mr. Bateman's daughter, is commended for some very effective acting in the bright little duologue "A Husband in Clover," at the London Lyceum.

A four-act play in blank verse, imaginary in scene and date and fantastic in character, is to be reproduced at the Court Theatre, London. It is called "The White Pilgrim."

A letter from Rome states that Verdi is terminating the Grand Requiem Mass, which is to be executed at Milan on the 22nd of May, for the anniversary of the death of Manzoni.

The Musical Standard says that a rage for female instrumentalists seems likely to set in. A trio of ladies has come out at Vienna, and another orchestra of women at Berlin.

In speaking of the contemplated marriage of Miss Rose Hersee to Mr. Arthur Howell, the London Orchestra says: "The gentleman gets a charming prima donna, the lady a clever chef."

The French opera has been put on the stage at the Salle Ventadour, Paris, but the performance of "Don Juan" (which was the initial effort) was quite spiritless, even Faure not being in voice.

Miss Amy Sheridan, who failed to create a sensation in the States, is announced to appear shortly in Paris in a character of the Menkin class. The papers already speak of her as the "representative and collective beautiful blonde of Old England."

The Figaro protests against the make-up of the regulation stage-actor. "Why," it asks, "should he be allowed to look so horribly dingy and unkempt, and why is he not permitted to wash his face before keeping an appointment with his valuable client?"

Offenbach's Orpheus aux Enfers has been almost entirely rewritten, and produced at the Paris Gaité. At its first representation in 1858 Orpheus was in two acts and four scenes, and the composer has now so added to it that it contains four acts and twelve scenes.

The Khedive of Egypt, who was so successful in persuading Signor Verdi to compose "Aida" for the Cairo Italian Opera-house, has made Herr Wagner a most liberal offer for a work on some Egyptian subject, the music of which, it is to be hoped, will not be in hieroglyphics.

Gounod's "Mireille," at the Grand Opera of St. Petersburg, recently, was one of the notable triumphs in the succession of festivities attendant on the royal and imperial marriage. The honours of the night fell to Madame Patti, who was called before the curtain no less than thirty-seven times.

Prodigious excitement has been produced in Vienna by the appearance of Dr. Liszt as a pianist, at a concert given for the benefit of the "Kaiser-Franz Stiftung." He played one of his Hungarian "Rhapsodies," and a fantasia by Schubert. Herr Herbeck conducted the orchestra. He was received by a deputation of the Conservatoire professors, and by all the pupils, and was presented with a golden crown. His playing was as consummate as in his best days.

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal has issued a circular to be read in the churches of his diocese, denouncing a certain theatre in this city, where the spectacle is presented, he says, "of the most revolting immoralities." "Scandalous plays, criminal dances, the most indecent liberties, are the ordinary pabulum with which these buffoons glut the spectators." After describing the shameless manner in which half-nude females are there paraded before the public gaze, the Bishop depicts the evil and misery such lewd entertainments are promotive of, and warns the clergy and laity to do their best against the scandal.

The tenor Palermi lately sang in the "Favorite" in Italy, at Rimini, and every evening the public encircled him when he broke his sword in presence of the king. A few days back the sub-prefect sent a message to him by an agent of the police not to sing "Sol Perche sei Re" (Only because you are King), but to substitute for it "Sol Perche dono fur del Re" (Only because it is a present from the King). The tenor said he saw no reason to modify the text, and refused. In consequence he was arrested after the performance and taken to prison. But he did long remain there, as a deputation of the audience went next day to Forli, to the house of the prefect, and returned with an order to set Palermi at liberty.

SIGNOR ARDITI'S NEW RUSSIAN CANTATA.—The presence of Signor Arditi in the Russian capital was taken advantage of by the Imperial authorities when arranging for the magnificent fêtes given in honour of the nuptials of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duchess Marie. Besides being called upon to direct the State performances of music, the renowned conductor of Italian Opera was commissioned to write a cantata suitable for the auspicious event, and with its performance to call into requisition the services of the distinguished artists with whom he is associated at the Imperial Theatre. With the readiness and fluency which always characterize eminent Italian maestri, and with a knowledge of art and musical capacity possessed by few living musicians, Signor Arditi accomplished his task in time for the grand ceremonies of the nuptial week, and presented a cantata which Russian critics declare to be a musical offering worthy of musical Europe.

Our Illustrations.

RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI was born in London, it is said in Bloomsbury-square, Dec. 21, 1805. His father was Mr. Isaac D'Israeli (that was the way he wrote his name), author of "The Curiosities of Literature" and the "Calamities and Quarrels of Authors." Mr. Isaac D'Israeli had inherited a moderate fortune from his father, who was a London merchant in the Mediterranean trade. The great grandfather had come to London from Venice; but the family, which was Jewish, had been driven to Italy from Spain, in the fifteenth century, by a religious persecution. They had thence assumed the name of Israeli. Mr. Isaac D'Israeli did not adhere to the Jewish religion, but he dissented from the Church of England, and his son Benjamin was therefore educated at a small private school kept by the late Rev. E. Cogan, Unitarian minister, of Walthamstow. The mother of Benjamin Disraeli was a lady whose maiden name was Basevi, sister to the architect of the Pavilion at Brighton. His father possessed the estate and mansion of Bradenham Manor, near High Wycombe, and might have associated on equal terms with the landed gentry, but for his peculiarities of foreign race and creed, and his secluded life as a student. When Mr. Benjamin Disraeli left school, instead of going to one of the Universities, which were then more under Church direction than they now are, he was placed in an attorney's office to learn some details of business. This sort of work proved ungenial, and he left it.

The future Prime Minister chose a career of literary and romantic enterprise. Like Byron, he roved about in Albania and the Levant; like Shelley, he wrote a "Revolutionary Epic." He also wrote "Vivian Grey," the ideal of a bold and clever youngster aspiring to win the prizes of social and political distinction by self-asserting force. This was so early as 1827. In the saloons of Lady Blessington, and other leaders of the fashionable world on the ultra-liberal side, he made a conspicuous figure, even at a juvenile age, while Mr. Gladstone. In his college at Oxford, was imbibing the doctrines of orthodoxy and austere Toryism. In like manner, when Mr. Gladstone obtained a seat in the House of Commons for Newark, by the patronage of the ultra-Tory Duke of Newcastle, as an opponent of the Reform Bill, Mr. Disraeli, one of the wildest of "Dandy Radicals," sought an entrance to Parliamentary life by an introduction from Joseph Hume.

It was not till 1837 that Mr. Disraeli succeeded in getting a seat in the House, as one of the members for Maidstone. His colleague was the late Mr. Wyndham Lewis, of Pantwynlais Castle, Glamorganshire; and in 1839, after the death of that gentleman, Mr. Disraeli married his widow. To that lady, who in 1868 was created Viscountess Beaconsfield, he has gratefully and chivalrously acknowledged that he owes no small part of his opportunity of success. He was soon alienated from the Radical Reform party, and connected himself with what was then called the "Young England" school. Their ideas of the true agencies of social and political regeneration might be expressed by the three titles of Monarchy, Aristocracy, and Anglican High Church. Mr. Disraeli, in 1841, exchanged Maidstone for Shrewsbury. The opposition of some representatives of the landed interest to Sir Robert Peel's free-trade measures, and, finally, to his repeal of the corn laws, in 1846, gave occasion to Mr. Disraeli for taking a forward place in debate, on the side of this malcontent section of the Tory party, the "Protectionists." He was now elected for Buckinghamshire, and, with the political importance of his rank of a county member, he became, after Lord George Bentinck's death, with the isolation of Sir Robert Peel, the leader of the Conservatives in the Lower House. In this position he was always supported by the chief of that party, the late Earl of Derby; and he appears to possess the confidence of the present Lord Derby as well. It need scarcely be stated that Mr. Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Derby Ministry of 1852, and in that of 1858, and again from July, 1865, to February, 1868, when he became First Lord of the Treasury. His Ministry was overthrown by the general election of November, 1868, upon Mr. Gladstone's proposal to disestablish the Protestant Church in Ireland. The most remarkable act of Mr. Disraeli's Government was the Parliamentary Reform Act of 1867, extending the suffrage to all householders in boroughs and cities. This was denounced not only by the Tories, but by Mr. Lowe and other Liberals, as an excessively democratic measure; but it now seems to have proved favourable to the Conservative party. In some respects Mr. Disraeli has been consistently Liberal from the first, as in advocating the removal of political disabilities imposed on account of religious belief.

An inestimable merit of Mr. Disraeli is that command of temper, with that unfailing courtesy of his personal demeanour, which have sometimes disarmed his most bitter opponents. He is eminently a gentleman in bearing and in feeling. He has consummate social tact, and vast knowledge of the world. His fame as an author would probably not have been very considerable, but for the notoriety of his public position. A series of novels and romances, the last of which was "Lothair," have displayed highly coloured and exaggerated pictures of social life and incredible conceptions of character, mixed with rather indiscreet caricature or mimicry of real persons in our time. Fancy and wit Mr. Disraeli has in abundance, but little genuine humour, and none of the highest qualities of imagination. These literary pastimes, however, do not constitute his principal claim to the regard of his countrymen. The titles of some of his books may be enumerated:—"Vivian Grey," "The Revolutionary Epic," "The Rise of Iskander," "Ixion in Heaven," "Popanilla," "The Young Duke," "Henrietta Temple," "Constarini Fleming," "Alroy," "Coningsby, or the New Generation," "Sybil, or the Two Nations," "Tancred, or the New Crusade," "Lord George Bentinck, a Political Biography," and finally, "Lothair."

Mr. Disraeli is a widower; the death of Lady Beaconsfield occurred not long ago. He has no children, and his only brother is deceased.

We present in this issue a galaxy of genre pictures to which we call the attention of our readers. "HIS COMING" "THE BROKEN TAMBOURINE," "EARLY MARTYRS," "THE PET," and others are remarkable both for style and finish.

THE FASHION PLATE.—Steel Blue Velvet Paletot, cut en oeuw, and trimmed with grosgrain pleatings, bows and piping, and edged with narrow silk fringe.

The costumes accompanying the above are two favourites for the coming spring.

Grey Silk Costume, trimmed with kilt-pleated ruffles, ribbons, bows, and buttons of the same.

Child's costume of Blue Cashmere, with blue grosgrain ribbon trimming. White batiste blouse with long sleeves.

Silk Rep and Popeline Walking Costume. Skirt of black silk rep with a trimming of kilt-pleated ruffles and ribbon of the same. Overkirt of pearl-grey popeline with kilt-pleated ruffles of the same and grosgrain ribbon to match. Black velvet hat with velvet trimming and a small spray of rosebuds.

Olive Green Cloth Costume with a flounced skirt. Trimming of kilt-pleated ruffles, silk-rep ribbon and buttons.

Child's Costume, consisting of basque waist, overskirt and underskirt of a reddish brown material, trimmed with grosgrain ribbon and buttons of a lighter shade.

Scraps.

The eldest daughter of the King of the Belgians will shortly be betrothed to a Prince of the Austrian Imperial family.

The Earl of Dufferin and Clandeboye, Governor-General of Canada, has joined the vice-presidents of the new Shakspeare Society.

The following advertisement is posted near a Western depot on the front of a restaurant: "Lunch, 25 cents; dinner, 50; a real gorge, 75 cents."

An Aberdeen gentleman is authority for the statement that a diet of beans is better for the complexion than all the powders and creams ever manufactured.

A lady of Marseilles has received an addition to her family. The child—a female—has a cat's head. The mother is a good-tempered and good-looking woman. It is a catastrophe.

A Parisian paper states that there is in Paris an Hôtel des Phénomènes, where human curiosities resort to on arriving at the capital. The table d'hôtes there must be a singular one.

General La Marmora sent a letter to the Italian Chamber of Deputies yesterday, requesting it to accept his resignation. The Chamber decided to give him two months' leave of absence.

A French physician has discovered that the peculiar odour of Russia leather has a very beneficial effect upon weak lungs, and he advises consumptive persons to repose upon pillows covered with that material.

After Agassiz had published the statement that fish food was peculiarly appropriate for brain workers, he was compelled to give up accepting invitations out to dine, as scarcely anything but fish was offered him.

Warwick Castle is fast being restored. The great hall is almost entirely renovated, and its marble floor will shortly be relaid; the asphalt roofs in the place of those destroyed are almost finished, and the dismantled State apartments are being redecorated.

"You cannot taste in the dark," said a renowned and pedantic Edinburgh lecturer. "Nature has intended us to see our food." "Then" inquired a forward pupil, "how about a blind man at dinner?" "Nature, sir," answered the professor, "has provided him with eye-teeth."

A correspondent says that the reunion of the Christian churches has become a favourite topic among the leaders of the Russian high aristocracy, and that the movement has acquired fresh impetus and vigour from Dean Stanley's presence and his discourse upon the subject.

It is said that a speculator has cleared some money by buying a wooden figure of a Highlander taking snuff, such as is seen sometimes outside a tobacconist's. He has let the figure lie in the ground for a few months and sold it to an Aberdeen antiquarian as a petrified native.

Among the pocket handkerchiefs in the trousseaux of the Duchess of Edinburgh there is one that was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1867 in the Italian department. It was purchased last year in Italy for 12,000 francs by the Czarina, and is said to have cost the embroiderer seven of the best years of her life and her eyes into the bargain.

Mr. T. Brassey, M. P., in a recent speech said:—"It is most economical to pay labour well. It is better to employ fewer men at high wages than more men at low wages. Every individual is better off, and the total expenditure on labour is reduced. For the non-employed fresh fields must be found, and these will be opened by the ingenuity and enterprise of mankind."

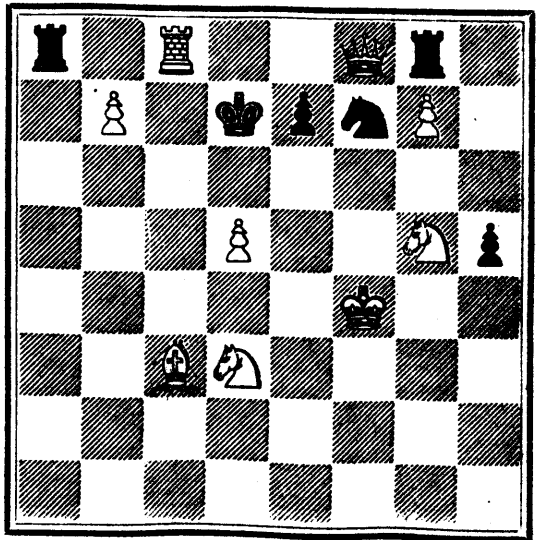
Prince Bismarck has undertaken to obtain the adoption by foreign Powers of German as the language of diplomacy. He had not hitherto endeavoured to impose it officially, but had confined himself to semi-official propositions by his agents. He has just himself commenced the struggle. He sent a note in German to Prince Gortschakoff, who replied in Russian. As the Emperor William's Prime Minister does not understand that language, he had to send for a translator, and the opposition journals of Berlin state that he was much irritated at the result of his experiment.

Chess.

It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our "columns."

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.—Problems Nos. 118, 120, and Enigmas Nos. 34 and 35, J. W. B., Toronto; No. 119, J. H. G., St. John; No. 119, Junius; Nos. 118, 119, 120, and Enigma No. 34, Juvenis, Quebec; Nos. 120, 121, F. X. L., Ottawa; No. 120, G. E. C., Montreal.

PROBLEM No. 122. By "Alpha," Whitby, Ont. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 120.

- White. 1. K to K Kt 5th 2. B to K 2nd 3. B to K B 3rd mate.

- Black. 1. K to Kt 7th 2. K takes Kt (or a)

3. B to K B sq mate.

2. K to R 6th



J. T. BALCOMB. DEL.

SMOKERS' UTENSILS FROM THE COLLECTION AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

1, 2. Japanese Metal Pipes.—3, 4. Old English Clay Pipes.—5. African Pipe.—6. Clay Pipe from the Upper Nile.—7. Red Earthen Pipe, inlaid with Silver, from Vancouver Island.—8. Fragment of one of the Oldest Pipes Known, Found in an Indian Tumulus.—9. Old German Pipe.—10. French Clay Pipe.—11. Old German Tobacco Stopper, (Bronze.) 12. Chinese Hubble-Bubble.—13. Wooden Pipe from Central Africa.—14. Old German Tinder Box.—15. Indian Tobacco Pouch.—16. Mexican Clay Pipe.—17. Sheisha, or Native Pipe from Djebba-Sobat, Africa. This kind of pipe is filled with now milk after having been soaked.—18. Porcelain Bowl, Belonging to an Old German Pipe.—19. Indian Cigar Holders.—20. Javanese Horn Pipe.—21. Dutch Tobacco Grater.—22. Dutch Tobacco Mills.—23. Japanese Opium Pipe. 24. Bone Pipe from Greenland.—25. German Tobacco Stopper, Silver.—26. Chinese Ivon Tobacco Box.—27. Turkish Tobacco Pouch.—28. Indian Clay Pipe from Vancouver Island.—29, 30. Tobacco Spoons made by the Raffis.



Overskirt and Basque Waist.

Steel Blue Paletot.

Polonaise.

Grey Silk Costume.

Costume for a Little Girl of 3-5.

Silk Rep and Popoline Walking Costume.

Olive Green Cloth Costume.

Costume for a Girl of 6-8.

SPRING FASHIONS.

"LES GANTS GLACÉS."

(AN ANECDOTE OF THE FRONDE, 1650.)

Wrapped in smoke stood the towers of Bethel,
The battle surged fierce by the town,
On terror, and struggle, and turmoil,
The sweet skies of Champagne looked down.
Far away smiled the beautiful uplands,
The blue Vosges lay solemn beyond;
Well France knew such discord of colour,
In the terrible days of the Fronde.

At the breach in the ramparts of Bethel
Each stone was bought dearly by blood,
For De Raslin was leading the stormers,
And Turenne on the battlements stood.
Again and again closed the conflict,
The madness of strife upon all.
Right well fought the ranks of the marshal,
Yet twice they fell back from the wall.

Twice, thrice, repulsed, baffled, and beaten,
They glared, where in gallant array,
Brave in gilding, and 'broidery, and feather,
The Guards, in reserve, watched the fray.
"En avant les gants glacés!" they shouted,
As suddenly rearward they bore,
The gaps deep and wide in their columns,
The lilies all dripping in gore.

"En avant les gants glacés!" and laughing
At the challenge, the Household Brigade
Dressed ranks, floated standards, blew trumpets,
And flashed out each glittering blade;
And carelessly, as to a banquet,
And joyously as to a dance,
Where the Frondeurs in triumph were gathered,
Went the best blood of Scotland and France.

The gay plumes were shorn as in tempest,
The gay scarves stained crimson and black,
Storm of bullet and broadsword closed over them,
Yet never one proud foot turned back,
Though half of their number lay silent,
On the breach their last effort had won,
King Louis was master of Bethel
Ere the day and its story was done.

And the fierce taunting cry grew a proverb,
Ere revolt and his horrors were past;
For men knew, ere o'er France's fair valleys,
Peace waved her white banner at last,
That the softest of tones in the boudoir,
The lightest of steps in the "ronde,"
Was theirs, whose keen swords bit the deepest
In the terrible days of the Fronde.

[REGISTERED according to the Copyright Act of 1869.]

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SYLVIA TRIUMPHS.

After that outburst of passion, in the moonlit churchyard, Edmund Standen went home, humiliated, remorseful, and as completely miserable as he had ever been in his life. There was no sense of triumph in the thought that Sylvia was once more his own, but a sense of deepest shame. He felt like some felonious wretch whose pockets were crammed with stolen gold. The joy of possession was extinguished in the agony of self-abasement. His jewel, the treasure of his life, the only object he had ever ardently desired, was restored to him, but at a price that made the gift worthless.

Not long did he linger in Perriam churchyard after that fatal avowal of weakness. He kissed the pale forehead, the sweet red lips, as he had been wont to kiss them in days of old; looked into the depths of those luminous eyes, and tried to pierce the soul that gave them light, and then tore himself away with but a brief farewell. He would have seen Sylvia safe within her own door ere he left her, but this she forbade. Of the future neither spoke. She was more than content. Her heart swelled with secret triumph,—for she had made her lover's marriage with Esther Rochdale an impossibility. After to-night's avowal he dare not fulfil his engagement to Miss Rochdale. Henceforward he belonged to her—Sylvia Perriam.

She did not therefore murmur at a leave-taking which seemed at once sudden, constrained, and hurried. She knew he was sorry for what he had done. That late repentance mattered little. He had done it.

Safe in the solitude of her room she gave herself up to the full rapture of triumph. She laughed softly to herself as she brushed her long bright hair before the large oval mirror, in the dressing-room which she had made a glistening temple of feminine luxury. What a victory she had won over her arch-enemy Mrs. Standen. How changed her position since that stately dowager had paid her a visit of condescension and conciliation to the village school-house.

"Will she come here to pay me another visit, when she is told that Edmund is going to marry me after all?" wondered Sylvia. "I think not. She will hardly attempt to patronise Lady Perriam."

Of Esther Rochdale's wounded, or perhaps, broken heart, Sylvia thought not at all. Other people's broken hearts had never been a source of anguish to her. Besides she had always detested Miss Rochdale. She had hated her for being richer than herself, she had hated her still more for being better, purer, and truer than herself.

She rang for her maid,—she had her own maid now,—and told her to fetch Mrs. Carter. She was in a mood to confide in somebody, and there was no one else to whom she could unbosom herself.

Mrs. Carter came promptly in answer to that unwonted summons. She closed the door behind her carefully, drew

near Sylvia's chair, and bent over her with that tender look with which timidity was so painfully blended.

"Are you better, darling?" she asked softly.

"Better? I am well. Is your patient asleep?"

"Yes, he has been asleep since nine o'clock."

"He sleeps well, doesn't he?" asked Sylvia.

"Very well. Yes, thank heaven, his nights are all peace."

"And his days," said Sylvia, with a vexed look. "I should think they must be peaceful enough, too. You give him all he wants—all he can ever ask for?"

"I try my uttermost to make him comfortable, and even humour his caprices as far as possible. But in spite of that—"

"Well, what?" asked Sylvia, impatiently, as Mrs. Carter paused, playing nervously with the ribbon of her neat little black silk apron. She was peculiarly neat and precise in her dress at all times—a person never to be seen at a disadvantage. The quiet pauses of her monotonous life gave ample leisure for this scrupulous neatness.

"In spite of all my care he is sometimes very miserable," she said.

Sylvia shrugged her shoulders, and turned from her with an impatient movement.

"I suppose it is in the nature of his malady to be miserable," she answered coldly.

"I don't think it is altogether that."

"What does he want, then?"

"A little more liberty."

Lady Perriam turned upon her with a furious look, the lovely face distorted with anger.

"I forbid you ever to speak of him again," she said. "Do your duty. You are paid for that, and paid lavishly. But don't come whining to me and talking of his being unhappy—as if my interests were the last thing you cared about."

"Is that a fair thing to say, Sylvia, after what I have done for you?"

"You undo it every time you speak of it. A favour is no favour when it is flung in one's face."

"How often do you fling your bounties in my face?" retorted the mother, bitterly. "Why did you send for me to-night, if it was only to be unkind?"

"I didn't mean to be unkind—but you provoked me by speaking of a subject I hate."

"Indeed, Sylvia, it was you who questioned me."

"You should have some tact. I may have asked a straight question; but I did not invite reproaches, or lamentations."

Mrs. Carter looked at Lady Perriam with that half sorrowful half wondering expression which often marked her countenance. She was thinking of the strange resemblance in character between father and daughter. In each the same absorbing self-love—in each the same indifference to the woes of others.

Lady Perriam recovered her temper, and poured the story of her triumph into her mother's ear. It was not from any natural affection for that mother, whom she had, since her widowhood, condescended to acknowledge, in the seclusion of her own rooms—though to the little world of Perriam Place Sylvia's mother seemed no more than the hired sick nurse. It was from no impulse of filial love—but only from a desire to talk to some one—to have some sympathetic ear to listen to the triumph of woman's art over man's honour.

"It was not till I pretended to give him up that I brought him to my feet," she said, after telling her story. "Till then he was rock. I told him to go back to Esther Rochdale. He saw me melting from his sight—and in the next moment I was in his arms, and he was as much my own as when we parted by the tomb of the de Bossneys. It was a happy thought to make him meet me in the churchyard. The scene brought back all the old feelings. And now he is once more—my Edmund—and I am rich enough to laugh at Mrs. Standen's petty fortune. We will be married as soon as my year of widowhood is over—and he will come and lighten up this gloomy old house with his presence. I shall feel no more fear when he is by my side. Let the worst come it will be his business to protect me."

Mrs. Carter looked at her earnestly for some moments, and then knelt down by her chair, and clasped her hands and looked into her eyes with passionate appeal. "Oh, Sylvia," she cried, "why did God give you all good things except heart and conscience? It tortures me to hear you talk like this. I would rather see you groveling in the dust, anguish-stricken, than hear you speak of happiness—and count upon a prosperous future—knowing what I know."

CHAPTER XLIX.

"MORE BITTER THAN DEATH."

No sleep visited Edmund Standen's eyelids that night. His eyes had a seared feeling, as if he had been staring into the red-hot heart of a furnace. He did not delude himself by going to bed—but sat in his dressing room writing letters till some time after the cocks in the Dean House poultry yard had offered their shrill salutations to the morn, and had been answered by stranger cocks at remotest distance, and at all points of the compass. Once only did he pause from his task-work—and that was only to extinguish the burnt-down candles and draw up the Venetian blind. How bleak and cold the world looked at early dawn—even that summer world which would so soon be all aglow with brightness and colour.

It was exactly six o'clock when he sealed the last letter—he had written no less than three—laid them out in a neat row upon the mantel-shelf, where they appeared sufficiently conspicuous in their large business-like envelopes. By half-past six he had made his usual toilet and packed his portmanteau. This he contrived to convey down the wide shallow staircase noiselessly, and thus out through the long stone passage to the spacious stable yard. Here he found help enough, for the coachman and groom were both astir. He ordered the dogcart, put his portmanteau in, and drove off as the clock chimed the quarter before seven. His heart had been beating uneasily all the time. Esther and his mother were both early risers. One of them might hear the wheels, and be in time to witness his departure. Yet it mattered very little if they did see him. All the abominable truth would so soon be known.

"I didn't know you was goin' anywhere this morning, sir, or I'd have had the trap ready," said the groom, speculatively.

"I didn't know as much myself till last night. I'm going to Germany for a few months, on business. Oh! by the by, Evans, after you've dropped me at the station you'll take the dogcart home as fast as you can, and tell Jane to give my

mother the letters she'll find on the mantelpiece in my dressing-room. She'll have found them before you get home, I daresay, but there's just the chance of them being overlooked."

At the Monkhampton station Mr. Standen met a man he knew. Depart from a country town when you will there is generally some individual of your acquaintance who contrives to choose the same day and hour for his journeying. Mr. Standen was somewhat brief and unfriendly in his responses to the customary questions as to how far he was going and how long he was likely to be away. He withdrew himself to the compartment furthest from that chosen by his acquaintance, and altogether comforted himself in a sullen and bearish fashion. He was too angry with himself to be commonly civil to other people. What was he doing? Running away from the consequences of his sin; making a base and dastardly retreat from the ruin his dishonour had wrought. He could not look in Esther's face, and tell her how he had wronged her. He could not endure to see those gentle eyes, that had never looked upon him in unkindness, clouded by tears. He could not fancy the white change in that innocent face, but he could not brook the sight of it. So he had written his plighted wife a long, passionate, despairing letter, full of remorse and self-upbraiding, humbling himself in the dust, but telling her all the bitter truth. He had been mistaken when he fancied himself cured of his first fatal passion; he had deceived himself when he thought he loved her, a hard and humiliating confession for any man to make, a crushing announcement for any woman to receive.

He was on his way to London by the early express, speeding on the first stage of a journey that he meant to be a long one, ere that letter was delivered to Esther Rochdale.

No one had heard Edmund Standen's departure. The daily business of the quiet orderly household went on just in the usual methodical manner, though the young master had ordered the dogcart and driven off in that unexpected way. The servants, almost too respectable even to be inquisitive, concluded that this early departure had been arranged ever so long beforehand. Mr. Standen was going on a little bit of a tour in foreign parts before he married and settled down into a poudorous unlocomotive country gentleman. Mrs. Standen was always reserved. She was not a woman who unbosomed herself to an upper housemaid, or poured her woes into the ear of a cook. The Dean House servants lived on the fat of the land, had ample wages, and kind nursing in the hour of sickness; but they lived afar off from their mistress, and their feelings towards her were rather respectful than sympathetic.

Esther came down stairs at a few minutes before seven, just about five minutes after the dogcart containing her perjured lover had rolled briskly out of the stable yard, with that cheery sound which swift revolving wheels always have on a sunshiny morning—a sound of life and progress. She strayed out into the garden, loitered on the smooth gravel mall, gathered a bunch of dewy roses to fill an old oriental bowl on the breakfast table, thought, not quite happily, of Edmund. He seemed dull and tired of late; had lost that active spirit which had made him eager for long walks—for new music—for small domestic pleasures. They were working him too hard at the Bank. Yes, that was it. He always came home tired now.

Esther made the round of garden and orchard, took Trotty, the eldest of Edmund's nieces, for an appetising before-breakfast walk in one of the meadows; did all she could to promote pleasant feelings between Trotty and the tawny red-skinned cows of whose placid looks Trotty went in awful fear, and then, relinquishing Trotty to the nurse, strolled slowly back to the house.

There are days when sad thoughts come uncalled. Just as she came to the glass door, there flashed upon Esther Rochdale the memory of a summer morning two years ago, the morning when Edmund told her of his engagement to Sylvia Carew. The very memory of that revelation made her shudder. She could recall the old forgotten pain; the sharp sting of an agony which she had hidden with all a woman's self-command.

"I don't think I could bear such another blow as that," she said to herself. "I think if I had to suffer like that again the pain would kill me. But what can put such a fancy into my head to-day, when everything is changed since that time, and I am thoroughly happy?"

She tried to dismiss a memory that seemed more foolishness, and went into the breakfast room, softly singing one of Edmund's favourite airs, as she arranged her roses.

Mrs. Standen was not seated before the urn with her open prayer book, ready for the eight o'clock prayers, after her usual manner at five minutes before the hour. She was standing by the breakfast table, with a pale disordered countenance, reading a letter.

Jane, the housemaid, came into the room with a tray just as Esther entered from the garden.

"Tell them that I don't feel well enough to read prayers this morning," said Mrs. Standen, without looking up from the letter.

The servant stared ever so little. Illness, save of the most serious character, had never been wont to interfere with Mrs. Standen's religious duties. She had read prayers in the agonies of headache and neuralgia, in the prostration of influenza; yet she stood there this morning strong, and stern of aspect, and said she was too ill for that customary duty.

"Is there anything the matter, Auntie?" asked Esther, agitated. That pale set face struck terror to her, somehow. It was not grief, but anger that made it awful.

"There is this much the matter," replied Mrs. Standen, "My only son—my too well loved son—is a consummate villain."

"Auntie, are you mad?" cried Esther, with a faint shriek, clasping that rigid figure, looking wildly at that white resolute face.

Horrible visions of possible calamity flashed across her mind. Edmund had been forging, or embezzling, or something dreadful of that kind. People in banks so often end by forging. It seems almost a necessary consequence of a confidential position. He was a criminal—a felon—in prison. Let him be what he might she was his plighted wife, she would stand by him in the dock, at Dartmoor,—on the scaffold, if need were.

"Whatever he may be, or whatever he has done, I shall love him all the same," she said proudly, with a woman's wrong-headed pride in the extremity of her devotion to worthless man.

"Poor child," exclaimed Mrs. Standen, with bitter half-contemptuous pity. "He does not want your love, he does not value your fidelity. He has the only kind of love he cares for, the love of a wicked woman."

"Auntie," cries the girl with widely opening eyes, and one

band stretched forth as if to ward off a blow. Something, the mere inkling of the truth, creeps into her mind.

"Auntie," she repeats with desperate entreaty, "What has he done?"

"Deserted you for love of Sylvia Carew. I beg that lady's pardon, Lady Perriam. But you had better read his letter to you, and see what kind of excuse he makes for himself. He has tried to extenuate his conduct to me, not to justify himself. He is too wise for that. But he is no more a son of mine. I have done with him for ever."

"No, no, no," cried the girl passionately, "No, you shall not renounce him for any wrong done to me. What was a mother's love meant for except to outlive all lesser love? You are his mother, and you cannot shut him out of your heart. You could not if he were steeped in sin. Where is the letter?"

She stretched out her hand almost mechanically to take the letter from the table where it lay beside her plate, as if it were the pleasantest letter in the world, instead of Cleopatra's deadly asp disguised in a sheet of Bath-past. Then with a piteous look at Mrs. Standen, she asked, "Why should he write to me—could he not tell me with his own lips? Did he think I should upraid him?"

"He was ashamed of his dishonour, Esther, and he ran away—like a defaulting clerk. He has gone to Germany."

Again a faint cry broke unawares from the girl's pale lips—a broken-hearted cry, as of one whose palace of life has crumbled suddenly to dust and ashes. She broke the seal, and read her false lover's letter. No sense of degradation could be deeper than that which breathed in every line of that passionate letter.

"I hate—I despise myself beyond the common measure of contempt," he wrote, "but love her still. I have seen her—I need not tell you how our meeting came about—the fact is enough. I did not set myself to betray you. I did not go deliberately to my doom. As I hope for life eternal, Esther, I thought I was cured. I believed I loved you. No man could have been truer-hearted than I was that night on Cropley common when I asked you to be my wife. It was not till I stood face to face with Sylvia Perriam, not till I was drunken with the sound of her voice, with the light of her eyes, with the fatal charm that she has for me, in every look and tone—not till then, as I live now and hope to live hereafter, did I know that the old lunacy still raged in my heart, that I had never forgotten her, never ceased to love her, never been less her slave, than I was when I first cast every consideration of self interest to the winds for her sake. Can I ask you to forgive me? No!—I am too sensible of my own iniquity to entreat or to expect forgiveness. Forget me if you can. Or if you cannot quite blot out the memory of my dishonour despise me, as I despise myself. I cannot face the scorn which I have earned. I leave Dean House, in all probability, never to return to it. I accept my mother's old sentence of disinheritance. I did not deserve it when it was first pronounced, but I acknowledge its justice henceforward. I have no right to the wealth of a man who never lured me, who am stained by my falsehood to you. And now, my adopted sister—my promised wife—there is no other word between us, except farewell! If I respected you less I might come to you with my tarnished honour, with half allegiance, and say, let us keep our engagement. At the worst there will be as much love and truth between us as there is between three out of every six couples who swear changeless love and honour. But I will not offer my pure Esther anything less than my whole heart, anything less than perfect truth and loyalty. Passion made me forget myself, and I confessed my love for the woman who jilted me two years ago. That confession, impulsive, unconsidered though it was, has dug a pit between us which I will not try to bridge over."

Thus ended the letter. Esther stood with her eyes fixed on the lines, tearless. This was that other blow which she had thought of, as a stroke barely within the bounds of possibility, ten minutes ago. It had come very quickly. Would it be as deadly as she had told herself it must be? Just at present she seemed wonderfully steeled. She calmly folded the fatal letter, she took Mrs. Standen's cold hand in both of hers, and clasped it tenderly. She kissed the rigid, resolute face, trying to kiss it into softness.

"I can forgive him, Auntie," she said. "With all my heart. Cannot you forgive him too?"

"No. I cannot forgive him. I will never forgive him for having treated you so cruelly—for having trifled with you, cheated you, deceived you."

"He deceived himself as well."

"He had no right to practise self-deception that must needs bring sorrow to you. Oh, Esther, forgive me," cried the mother, with a sudden burst of passionate tenderness, "It was my fault, in some measure my fault. I was so anxious you should be his good angel, his consoler. I was always praising you to him, always leading him on to care for you."

"I know, I know," answered Esther, quickly, with a pained look. "It all sprang from your love for me, but it was a mis-

take. Let us forget it if we can. How much better that this should happen now than later. If the delusion had lasted only a little longer, till I had been his wife, and he had found out then that he still loved that other. Think what an escape we have had."

"Escape," repeated Mrs. Standen gloomily, "How can you talk of escape when he has left you for the sake of that false, wicked woman, when he has gone headlong to his ruin."

The open Bible lay under her hand. She turned to Ecclesiastes, and read in a stern voice, solemn as the utterance of an antique sybil, "And I find more bitter than death the woman whose heart is snares and nets, her hands as bands; whose pleaseth God shall escape from her; but the sinner shall be taken by her."

(To be continued.)

Gadflies.

One way to get out of a scrape—Let your beard grow. The sight of a drunkard is a better sermon against that vice than the most elaborate that was ever preached upon it.

"This engine won't work," said a fireman to the chief of the fire department. "No wonder," was the reply; "it was made to play."

An obituary notice in a Connecticut paper concludes with the announcement that "the deceased leaves two infant daughters, both girls."

Josh Billings says, "I have often been told that the best way is to take the bull by the horns; but I think in many instances I should prefer the tall hold."

A student at a veterinary college being asked, "If a broken-winded horse were brought to you for treatment, what would you advise?" promptly replied, "To sell him as soon as possible."

A German enthusiast, while Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" was issuing from the press, bought a house in London and embarked in the heroic enterprise of rendering it into German. He perished.

An editor, who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says that the new way to prevent bleeding at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

TIT FOR TAT.—"Why do you spend so much money on your wife's funeral?" asked a man of his neighbour. "Ah, sir," was the reply, "she would have done as much for me, and more too, with pleasure."

The following epitaph is offered to the medical faculty at Philadelphia, to be inscribed over what is left of the remains of the Siamese twins, when they finish cutting and carving them: "They were not lovely in their lives, and in death they were divided."

Said Lord John Russell to Hume, at a social dinner, "what do you consider the object of legislation?" "The greatest good to the greatest number." "What do you consider the greatest number?" continued his lordship. "Number one, my lord," was the commoner's prompt reply.

A Frenchman, condemned to death for murdering his wife and child without extenuating circumstances, demurred to the sentence, because capital punishment had been abolished in France for political offences, and he had killed his wife and child for no other reason but because they were Legitimists.

They tell of the urbane President of a local legislature out West, who remarks persuasively, "Gentlemen, I call you to order," and then hurls bricks at every man in the room. The locality will become civilized in due time, however, and we have no doubt that those dangerous articles will be dropped for something less rude and uncouth.

A crossing sweeper was trying to get a gratuity from an excessively dandified individual, who, in resting, urged that he had no change, nothing but a twenty-dollar bill. "I can get it changed for you," said the youngster. On seeing the dandy hesitate as if from fear of trusting him with a twenty-dollar bill, he put it again, "If you doubt my honour, hold my broom."

Jeremy Taylor says of him who jests with Scripture: "He had better part with his eyes in a jest, and give his heart to make a tennis-ball." Doctor Johnson, in his own peculiar manner, thus admonished a young man guilty of this fault: "Idle application of words of Scripture is a mode of merriment, sir, which a good man dreads for its profaneness, and a witty man disdains for its coarseness and vulgarity."

The travellers' book at an inn in Switzerland contains the following epigram:

THE TWO TRAVELLERS. "I've lost my portmanteau!" "I pity your grief." "All my sermons were in it!" "I pity the thief."

A cross-eyed man cast a gloom over a Detroit street car, last Wednesday, by asking one of seven men and strangers, on the opposite seat, "if he had any chewing tobacco handy." First the seven strangers looked at each other; then the seven hands went pocketward; and, observing this motion, each of the seven supposed his neighbour the one spoken to, and the seven hands returned empty. The cross-eyed man cast a rueful glance of indignation along the line, and, with the remark, "A sweet-scented lot of generous roosters," took a chew of his own tobacco.

A very Daniel of a judge lives in Memphis. He came to judgment the other day in a case about a goose. This graceful fowl fell into the river, and it was rescued by a man and brother nigger, who claimed salvage from its owner, an Italian. The latter wouldn't pay it, and produced a persuasive pistol, whereupon the coloured person marched off with the goose and got a warrant for assault. Then did the goose's owner take out an answering warrant for the goose. The judge, perplexed, fined both of them, and kept the goose himself.

The Professor of Natural Philosophy in a certain college gave the class a problem to think over during the night and answer the next day. The question was this: "If a hole were bored through the centre of the earth, from side to side, and a ball dropped into it, what motions would the ball pass through, and how would it come to a state of rest?" The next morning a student was called up to solve the problem. "What answer have you to give to the question?" asked the professor. "Well, really," replied the student, "I have not thought of the main question, but of a preliminary one. How are you going to get that hole through?"

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—Mr. Joly and Mr. E. G. Penny have been nominated to the Senate. A bill has been introduced into the Albany Senate to permit Canadian Insurance Companies to transact business in that State, on condition of their depositing Canadian securities with the Superintendent of the Insurance Department. Judge Sanborn has been appointed Judge in the place of Judge Badgley, resigned, and Mr. Loranger as Judge ad hoc, in lieu of Judge Monk. A meeting was lately held in London, Ontario, for the purpose of endeavouring to organize an association similar to the American Granges. The idea was not very cordially taken up.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Lord Northbrooke, Governor-General of India, says the Government will have to maintain three million persons for three months. The expenditure on account of the famine to the end of February has been seven million and a half dollars. A diplomatic dispute in consequence of the arrest of a British subject, has arisen between England and Turkey. It is understood that Mr. Gladstone has declined the active leadership of the Opposition during the coming session. Dispatches to the 7th ult. from Ashantee state that Commanche had been burned, and the British troops were returning to the coast unhindered. A later despatch of the 9th, says a message had arrived requesting a treaty of peace, and General Wolseley was to remain till the 13th to negotiate for the same. The remains of Dr. Livingstone are to be transported from Africa to England at the public expense. A monster demonstration is being prepared, to take place in Hyde Park, London, on the 15th inst., favouring an amnesty to the incarcerated Fenians. On the 5 inst. the New Imperial Parliament assembled. Right Hon. Henry Bouverie Brand, Speaker of the last House of Commons, being unanimously re-elected.

UNITED STATES.—The Police Commissioners of Columbus, Ohio, have asked the City Council to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors within corporate limits, pledging themselves to see the law enforced. Whiskey dealers are already beginning to feel the effects of the movement. A despatch from Wilkes-Barre says great consternation has been caused by an extensive cave in at the Empire Mine. Families are leaving the vicinity. A petition has been presented to the Washington Senate from New York merchants representing \$500,000,000 of capital, condemning the late issue of notes, and asking for its immediate retirement. Four Government bonded warehouses in New York have failed through the falling off in imports since the September panic. Four convicts, in attempting to escape from Sing Sing, were re-captured, one of them being mortally wounded by the guards. Dispatches from Upper Lake ports show there is nothing to prevent the passage of steamers to the upper end of Huron River, and boats will commence their regular trips. Ex-President Fillmore is dead.

FRANCE.—A demonstration is anticipated in Paris on the 16th inst. in favour of Napoleon the Fourth, who becomes of age to govern on that day, and it is said that the ex-Empress Eugenie is in Paris plotting a Bonapartist manifestation.

SPAIN.—Don Carlos does not mean to levy contributions on the people of Bilbao, when that place is taken. On his entrance to the city he will proceed to the Cathedral and be crowned King of Spain. The Carlists continue the bombardment of Bilbao vigorously, throwing 200 shells into the city daily. The people are so alarmed at the aggressive measure of the Carlists that they have offered their aid to Government in putting down the rebellion.

GERMANY.—The Bishop of Trèves has been imprisoned. RUSSIA.—Serious rioting is reported in Eastern Poland. The military were obliged to be called out at one place, and seventy of the rioters were killed and wounded.

CUBA.—The report of the death of Ex-President Céspedes is confirmed. Three Cubans, who had secreted themselves on board the S. S. City of New York, in order to escape the Spanish draft, were taken back and landed again.

SOUTH AMERICA.—Cholera still continues at Buenos Ayres. There is every prospect of a war between Brazil and the Argentine States.

JAPAN.—The insurgent forces before Nangasaki, have been totally defeated by the Government troops, and are said to have disappeared.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY 1874. Winter Arrangement. 1874. On and after MONDAY, 24th inst., a Passenger and Mail Train will leave Halifax daily, at 7:30 a.m., and be due in St. John at 8:30 p.m. A Passenger and Mail Train will also leave St. John daily, at 8:00 a.m., and be due in Halifax at 9:00 p.m. Trains will connect at Painsong with trains to and from Shodiac and intermediate stations. At Truro with trains to and from Pietu and intermediate stations. At Windsor Junction with the trains of the Windsor and Annapolis Railway. At St. John with the Consolidated European and North American Railway for Bangor, Danville Junction, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, also with the International Steamers to and from Eastport, Portland, and Boston. LEWIS CARVELL, General Superintendent. Railway Offices. MONCTON, N.B., Nov. 1873. 7-2-17

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Express for Boston via Vermont Central Railroad, at.....	8.20 a.m.
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