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Wholesale News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1874.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1874.

Mr. McDougall, member for North Renfrew, has moved a Parliamentary Committee to enquire into the state of the Quebec office for culling and measuring wood, and to recommend, with a view to efficiency and economy, such changes in the regulations and the staff, in and out of office, as may be required by the existing circumstances and dimensions of the Quebec timber trade. The object of this proposition is to obtain that all the timber passing through Quebec should be properly measured. As this duty is of an important character, the men belonging to the office should have sufficient salary to keep them all the year round even when there is no work to be done. The annual amount made by cullers is about four hundred and seventy-four dollars. The rotation system hitherto employed has certainly some disadvantages, and we do not wonder that some of the members who took part in the debate on the subject denounced it in very severe terms. Yet, as Mr. Cauchon properly remarked, it is a very difficult matter to get a perfect system—one equally adapted to the buyer and the seller. By the present system, if a merchant wants a particular culler he must wait his turn; while the poor man, who is perhaps not able to wait, has to have his timber measured by the culler then in rotation, whether he be competent or not. That a false standard is given to our lumber in European markets by this hap-hazard mode of culling is only natural. The Member for Quebec Centre produced a rather startling proof of the fact by stating that when in France, and on a visit to the Marine Department, he tried to induce the authorities to buy Canadian timber for their vessels. The answer he got was, that Canadian timber is not good, and that the standard of our goods in Liverpool is a false standard, that marked A 1 upon the wood being only A 2. It is clearly important for the purchaser, as well as for the buyer, not only in Quebec but throughout the country, that the standards should be all that they claim; and if a school for cullers, apprenticing them to their business, and with a severe examination for efficiency, could be adopted, there is no doubt that rotation could be changed into a positive advantage. The Committee of Enquiry has been adopted, and we shall look forward to its report with lively interest.

In the whole annals of the Canadian courts it would be difficult to find a parallel to the scene enacted on Saturday in the Court of Queen's Bench in this city on the occasion of the delivery of the verdict of the jury in the *Witness* libel suit. The account of the affair reads like one of the not always too veracious stories that are the delight of the Bar in all countries. On the return of the jury into the Court and on being asked their verdict they replied almost unanimously "not guilty," and "*non coupable*." One of the French jurors added "*M. Mousseau est non coupable*;" another "*il est bon homme*;" and several of them said that Mr. Mousseau was not guilty. Thus it seems that after the case had been patiently and thoroughly gone into—the trial having occupied some eight or nine days—after the judge's extremely lucid exposition of the case and the bearings of the law thereupon, the only impression left on the mind of these enlightened jurymen was that Mr. Mousseau was undergoing his trial—for what offence it is difficult to say, but it is supposed they imagined for the abduction of the woman who was at the bottom of the Lormier affair. After some further misunderstanding the jury finally returned a verdict of "guilty," against the Messrs. Dougall, whose legal representative immediately filed a protest. Such a termination to so important a trial as this is in the highest degree unsatisfactory. The verdict was only such as, considering the facts of the case, it was natural to expect; but coming as it does from the lips of men who have proved themselves totally unfit for the responsible position they occupied, it is stripped of all the significance it should possess.

"A protest has been entered against his return; and founded upon allegations which, if proved correct, will unseat him, and render him incompetent to re-enter the present Parliament. As the trial is about to come off, we make no further remark about it than this—that we trust sincerely it may be found just to rid Parliament of his pestiferous presence." This is how a Halifax journal speaks of a member of the House of Commons. If this is a specimen of the kind of thing that is usually served up at Halifax breakfast-tables, it must be confessed that the universal jollity and kindness for which the Halifax people are noted are remarkable phenomena. A persistent course of perusal of such rancorous language as that quoted above would breed a fertile crop of envy, hatred and malice in most people's hearts. But in Halifax it falls dead. Probably because the people there are not in the habit of taking for gospel everything they are told, and this indifference and incredulity will probably be found to account for the atrabilious style of journalism for which Halifax is notable.

A correspondent of the *Daily Graphic*, whose letters on American peculiarities have created not a little sensation in New York, thus inveighs against the women's crusade against the whiskey shops:—"What can be more contemptible than your woman's whiskey-war? First you virtually confess that you are a nation of drunkards, without manliness enough to give up the vice. Then you fall to abusing the men who supply the spirits which you demand, and send your wives and sisters—delicate, refined women—into dirty bar-rooms to make themselves ridiculous by a display of public hysterics, and to break up by unfair means the business of men who are at least as respectable as the men who patronize them. I confess that anything more childish and cowardly and mean and disgraceful than this whiskey-war I never dreamed to be possible. For Heaven's sake, if you are all imbecile drunkards, do quietly drink yourselves to death without disgracing your women."

The agitation against intemperance was overdone in the West, as it was only natural that it should be. The consequence is that several very disgraceful scenes of riot have been enacted, in some sense doing more harm than liquor itself. Taught by the experience of their Western sisters, the ladies of Philadelphia have decided to proceed in a more quiet and undemonstrative manner. Committees of two or three will visit the saloons, not in a way calculated to draw crowds, and try their powers of persuasion on the proprietors in secret. Thousands will do this who would shrink to go praying and psalm singing on the streets, and perhaps more good will be accomplished.

Livingstone is to be buried to-day in Westminster Abbey. His funeral is to be at the public expense. This is well. As a representative Briton, an illustration of the courage, hardihood, and indomitable perseverance of his race, the great traveller deserved a place in the national temple of the dead. When the whole story of his life and death shall have been told, it will be found that perhaps few careers in our day have been so full of heroism and pathos as that of this solitary wanderer. We may be allowed to hope that Englishmen will crown their honours to the martyr of science by devising a generous support for his children and two aged sisters who are in straitened circumstances.

All kinds of conjectures are indulged in to account for the unexpected resignation of Mr. Brydges. They are all idle, inasmuch as we shall soon have full particulars from London. It is more to the purpose to busy ourselves about Mr. Brydges's successor. We fancy he will not be so easily found. Taken for all in all, Mr. Brydges had remarkable adaptations for his late position. Spite of several glaring errors, which might be easily pointed out, it may be truly said that his career, at the head of the Grand Trunk Railway, was an illustration of superior management. It is some comfort to know that his talents will not be lost to the country.

An important step has been reached in the much disputed German Military Bill. The government have agreed to a compromise which is almost a surrendering of their principal claims. The strength of the army will be limited to 400,000 men, and the period of service to seven years. It is quite possible that Bismarck used his influence to bring about this agreement, threatening to resign unless a speedy settlement of the question was arrived at. The result is a matter of congratulation. For all practical purposes, Moltke has men enough, while the country is relieved of an intolerable burden.

Yet another example of the gross ignorance displayed

by the English newspapers of matters pertaining to this country. One of the higher-class weeklies speaks of the Komoka disaster as "a dreadful accident on the American Great Western Railway."

FROM THE CAPITAL.

THE SPEAKER.—A CRUCIAL TEST.—MR. HOLTON.—RIEL.—THE ISSUE OF HIS CASE.

OTTAWA, APRIL 14.—If any test of the new Speaker's ability was required, it was given last week. I believe few men in his position were ever in so tight a predicament as he was, during the rambling interrogatory of Attorney General Clarke relatively to the Riel business. If Mr. Anglin were an angel, he could not help remembering that he only lately was a partisan and a pretty bitter one at that. Hence, spite of himself, he felt strongly in the matter and could not help showing it. Mr. Bowell was a thorn in his side. If the member for Hastings had been a Government man, and acted precisely as he did, Mr. Anglin would have had no trouble. But Mr. Bowell happens to be a determined Oppositionist, and there, to the observer who knew the ins and outs of the comedy and of all the players therein, from the Speaker down, was the root of the whole trouble.

The late Speaker was a little man, low voiced, retiring and apparently timid. His rulings were by no means infallible and there was no prestige about him to awe the House. Yet he got along very smoothly for seven years. Mr. Anglin, on the other hand, has a certain presence, plenty of self assurance, and a good sounding voice. Still he cut a sorry figure.

In the first place, he talks too much. A ruling should be brief, clear as crystal and final as fate. One superfluous sentence spoils its effect. Mr. Anglin utters many superfluous sentences. In this respect, he is like Doctor Bernard in the Mayor's Chair of your city. He explains, expostulates, nay even argues from his seat.

Mr. Holton was the *Deus ex machina*. He came to the rescue of the Speaker in season and sometimes out of season. People here praise him for this disinterested conduct. I may be cynical, but I fancied the member for Chateauguay took a little malicious delight in it. It is only thus I can explain the excess of his zeal.

Riel's persistent concealment has affected his reputation among his admirers. They understand that he had to travel through Ontario in disguise; that a certain mystery would invest his case with some interest and romance, and that it was prudent to keep in the background on first coming to Ottawa. But now that his hiding has lasted nearly three weeks, some begin to suspect that the man is not exactly the hero they figured him to be. They gave him credit for bravery above all things. What if he should turn out to be a coward? The police here never anticipated any danger from his taking his seat. And if the authorities had been very anxious, the detectives could easily have laid hands on Riel.

The sitting of the committee to investigate this whole Red River affair is not looked to with much favor, for the reason that it will postpone a final settlement of the same. The arrival of Archbishop Taché is, however, expected with some curiosity, as it is hoped, he will feel himself justified to give *vis-à-vis* testimony which he withheld in his pamphlet.

CHAUDIERE.

THE OLDEST STOVE IN AMERICA.

A. Packard, now of Thorold, Ontario, but a native of Massachusetts, a patriarch of over eighty winters, sends to the *Springfield Republican* a bit of historical reminiscence about the oldest stove in America. A stove made in England in 1770, and still used to heat the State Capitol at Richmond, Va., has been widely credited as forming the greatest antiquity. Mr. Packard, however, matches this relic with a specimen in Plymouth County of this State that out-dates it by nearly half a century. In 1735, he says, a Quaker family by the name of Barker located in the old colony and built a block-house twenty feet square, intended as a kind of fort or protection against Indians. Additions and improvements were made from time to time as circumstances required, till it has reached the magnitude of a two-story, double-front, old-time form mansion. This with all its appurtenances has been handed down, and is still in possession of one of the original descendants bearing the same name, and yet is a comfortable residence. The room as first built has been kept as much in its primitive state as time and circumstances would permit, and has been used as a kind of museum or receptacle for ancient relics. The original chimney has given place to a more modern one of brick. In this fire-place stands a stove, similar in construction to the old Franklin, bearing on its front in legible figures 1722, which is supposed to be the date of its make. The resident proprietors know nothing of its former history, (they are now about eighty years old), but think it was cast in the neighborhood. It has ever been doing good service where it now stands for one hundred and fifty-two years.

ARISTOCRACY OF THE MIND.

Intelligence is the true criterion of greatness. We often see persons who are styled aristocracy with feelings of pity, if not of contempt, realising, as we do, the shallowness of brain, intellect, and culture. Intellect is a glorious star, that only fades when life expires. The rich man may lose by misfortune his wealth, or he who owes his position to the accident of birth, and invariably he fails to support himself in the walks of life in which the change of wealth places him. But the intellectual man has a source of never-failing riches within, which is like a good vein of ore, the more it is wrought the more it produces. Therefore, we claim, there is but one standard of greatness, and that is intelligence; and whether in the halls of the great or the humble cot of the lowly, we are proud to render it homage. In our land successful intelligence is not confined, as in the Old World, to the lordly palace and gilded halls of the nobles, but we find it in the workshop, at the blacksmith's forge, behind the plough, and at the humble fireside of the poor. The humblest schoolboy may become the great statesman, the poorest student the eloquent orator.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

EXPERIENCES OF "A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER."

BY "ONE OF THEM."

Owen Sound, March 7th.—"Hiring a team" is one of the most vexatious pieces of business that comes within the scope of a "Commercial's" duties. Ignorant, as he too often is, of what constitutes good horse-flesh, he is entirely at the mercy of the liveryman, and as the horse-business is proverbially ruinous to a man's conscience, the hapless "Commercial" gets sold oftener than he gets value for his money. If there are any of the craft who are so fortunate as never to have required four-footed assistance in their travels, but who may at some future day stand in need of it, let me give them a word of advice—never listen to the offer of a porter of the hotel to get you a team, for if you do, you will surely rue it. A porter who professes you his assistance is never disinterested—in fact, it is not in the nature of these gentry to do so. The team hired through this "medium" comes from some liveryman whose hacks are so thoroughly worn-out and rigs so rickety that he is compelled to have recourse to an organised system of bribery and corruption to procure custom, and the hotel-porters are by him made the recipients of these bribes, to compensate for which he generally "tucks it on" to the victimised customer. If you want a team go to the proprietor of the hotel, or consult one of your customers, some one who you think will do this best for you. I remember not many years ago hiring a team in Barrie to drive me to Penetanguishene, and placing faith in a porter who had pocketed many of my "quarters" for real and imaginary services performed. But, alas! I leant on a broken reed. The team, a scraggy pair of broken-down greys, for whom Richard would have been very sorry to have bartered his kingdom, were round in the morning betimes, accompanied by its hard-visaged owner. Seeing me rather sceptical as to the travelling qualities of his beasts, he adopted an injured air, and actually made me feel that I had grievously wronged him and his property. Unfortunately, however, the truth of my first impressions was made evident when I had driven some five miles out of the town. I had been furnished with a whip, or, rather, an apology for one, which, by considerable stretching of the body and arms, could just be made to reach the latter ends of the "noble steeds." But as it lacked lash, and consequently sting, its application resulted in nothing farther than a contemptuous whisk of their tails. If "time was made for slaves" they, evidently, were not slaves, for they exhibited as much of a contempt for "the old man of the scythe" as they did for my whip. Finding I could make no impression on them, I resigned myself to the situation, which resulted in my reaching Wyebridge, thirty miles from Barrie, at dusk, while with any ordinary horses I should have reached there about noon. I was not alone, for I had succeeded in persuading a Hamilton man to accompany me, a Highland Scotchman, and a fine generous fellow, but who vented the direst anathemas on the horses, the man who hired them to us, and all connected with him. And as the first stage of our journey passed so passed the wearisome whole, and not till the evening of the third day did we return to Barrie; and when we reached there, not content with foisting his wretched nags on us, our livery friend wanted to charge us what would have been an exorbitant price for a good turn-out, for we had been guilty of the foolishness of not making a bargain with him beforehand, affording him an opportunity for "beating" us he was not slow to take advantage of. After considerable haggling, and an appeal to the landlord, we succeeded in slightly abating his demands, although we still felt we had been swindled, and mentally resolved that the horse-gentleman would see no more of our money, a vow which I myself have kept religiously. But I digress—taught by bitter experience when hiring a team in Orillia on this occasion, I made cautious enquiries previously, and was rewarded by getting a fine pair of horses, and, what was equally desirable, a driver who knew and minded his own business. Drivers are generally a pest and a necessary nuisance; you sit on the same seat with them for so many long hours together that a sort of forced friendship springs up between you, and they are wanting in sufficient discernment to know how far that friendship may go, so that when you arrive at your destination they keep up their display of sociability till it becomes offensive, intruding upon you at all sorts of inauspicious times, shoving open the door of your sample-room when there is a customer in with you, and enquiring "if you ain't ready to start yet?" then persistently remaining in the sample-room, in spite of all your nods and frowns, and listening, with mouth agape (as if to help his ears), to all that passes. Next, frequently, will he leave till he is actually ordered out, a termination that you feel will make things unpleasant for you when you get under way again. Fortunately this driver was blessed with a large amount of common sense, his only objectionable trait being his taciturnity, which verged on sullenness, his answers to my questions and comments on my remarks being strictly confined to monosyllables; but as I had so much experience of over-talkative drivers, I welcomed this man as a pleasing change.

Called as I was at the unreasonable hour of half-past six on a February morning, and leaving Orillia breakfastless, I did not feel in the best of humours at the start. On coming downstairs, I found our Yankee friend ahead of me, a feat he was disposed to crow over me for, until I told him I supposed he had got up early to start his day's drinking betimes—a supposition the truth of which he gave me ample proof of before I left the house that morning. Once started on our way my spirits soon rose, stimulated by the clear winter morning air and the swift pace at which we flew along; for the roads were exceptionally good. About six miles out of the town we passed a sleigh-load of "free and independents," and among them Cockburn, the winning man, who was being brought down by them in triumph to Orillia. As they passed us they raised a "howl" of "Hurrah for Cockburn!" which, from its character, I judged was as much stimulated by strong waters as by enthusiasm for the so-called Reform cause. Washago was at length reached, a place at which we did not stop, but drove on two miles farther to Severn Bridge, so called from a large wooden bridge that spans the river Severn here. Stopping at the hotel, kept by a Mr. McKensie, for some breakfast, I soon found by the disgust he expressed at the result of the election, that Cockburn was not "his man." The bar-room was full of his retainers, and glum they looked as they bemoaned the fact that they had "lost their votes," as they styled it. Having occasion to walk over to the shed

where the horses were tied, I was greatly puzzled by a confused and muffled hum overhead, as nearly like the noise made by an angry swarm of bees as anything else. Enquiring from the driver how the anomaly of a swarm of bees in winter time came about, I was laughingly informed that the sound proceeded from a school situated in the loft over the driving-shed—rather an odd locality, so it struck me, for teaching the young idea how to shoot. However, I expect it was more the result of necessity than choice.

There, too, I became acquainted with the irrepressible M. P. P. for South Simcoe, Mr. D'Arcy Boulton, whose Conservative ardour was nothing damped by his last defeat. In truth, this gentleman deserves credit for his indomitable pluck—reverses only seem to spur him on to fresh exertions. *Nil Desperandum* is his motto.

Leaving Severn Bridge, after a good substantial breakfast, we drove on twelve miles further to Gravenhurst, to which the Northern will be extended this summer, and which for a time will be its terminus. Here the fun was still going "fast and furious;" the successful candidate had made this his head-quarters, and had celebrated his victory by a midnight supper after the result was practically certain. To this supper his henchmen had been invited, while the great Reform public had been entertained through the "wee sma' hours" with Reform whiskey at a Reform bar, and, to judge by its results, I should say Reform whiskey possesses just about the same properties as Conservative whiskey. "Ructions" had been many and fierce the day before, and while there I was witness to a disgraceful and brutal scene. A big, burly Orangeman chose to find fault with the religious opinions, mildly expressed, of another and, of course, much smaller and weaker man, and to enforce his own religious views (save the mark!) knocked the man who presumed to differ with him down, and then proceeded to administer a most brutal kicking. It is doubtful if the man would ever have survived to receive the doctrines of this Orange crusader, had not three or four dragged him away from his victim. Speaking of the Canadian style of fighting, nothing so disgusts an old-countryman as the cowardly way in which men fight in Canada. Pity it is that such a way of settling quarrels should be resorted to at all, but as it unfortunately is, let the combatants remember that "fairplay's a jewel." It may seem incredible to some of my readers, but it is nevertheless a fact, that in some parts of Canada, particularly in some backwoods districts north of Toronto, it is a common thing to see men horribly disfigured by the loss of a nose or an ear, bitten off in some bar-room fight. Can anything be more frightful? Cannibalism is not nearly so bad, as the poor wretches who practise it have had the practice handed down to them through ages. Another favourite style of mutilation among these semi-barbarians is eye-gouging, it being often esteemed quite an honour to be answerable for the loss of an enemy's optic. In Canadian country fighting the old and chivalrous law of "never hit a man when he's down" is entirely disregarded, and for it is substituted, "when a man's down jump on him, and don't let him up again." But I expect this subject is no more pleasing to my readers than it is to me. Leaving Gravenhurst shortly after dinner, we drove on to our ultimate destination—Bracebridge. This latter part of the road is by far the most picturesque, abounding in rock and hill and dale scenery which only lacked the charm of summer to make it most romantic. Within three miles of Bracebridge we crossed the beautiful Muskoka Falls, which, with their rapids, have a total fall of nearly 160 feet. The bridge on which we crossed spans the river at a point but a few feet above the largest fall, and from the sleigh we had a magnificent view of its beauties, to which winter had added a charm by spanning it with a gorgeous rainbow (for I can call it nothing else) of ice, that glistened and glittered in the sun with all the varied hues of a genuine rainbow.

From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step—we had hardly left the Muskoka Falls behind, when I was attracted by a low, squalid-looking log-house—I say the log-house attracted me, but I am wrong, what attracted me was a shining brass plate on its rickety door, and which bore in large characters the imposing name, "GOSCHEN LODGE." Anything more incongruous I don't think I ever saw. The nearest parallel I could think of was the Sandwich Islander, who thought his attire complete when he had equipped himself with a new shirt-collar and a pair of spurs, at the same time being in a state of native nudity.

Arrived at length at Bracebridge, I must leave my experiences there to another paper, having already protracted this one much beyond its usual limits.

WAYFARER.

SCRAP.

It is stated that the Emperor of Morocco will visit England next summer.

The Mennonites of the United States and Canada have already raised \$20,000 to aid their Russian brethren.

Folly and the Republic have one striking point of similarity, says the Paris *Figaro*—they both wear the Phrygian cap.

An exchange advises ladies when they attend evening parties to "dress so that no one will remember what you don't have on."

An amateur exhibition of pictures painted by officers of the army and navy will be opened shortly at the Albert Hall, London.

Manchester, alarmed at the high price of coals, has opened an exhibition of appliances for the diminution of waste in the consumption of fuel.

A French railway company have engaged in a law-suit with Millie Christine, the "double" lady, the point in dispute being whether she (or they) ought to travel with one or two tickets.

A curious sale took place recently in London—the sale of the clothes and jewelry of the notorious bank forgers, Macdonald and Bidwell. Their seal-skin coats brought more than £40 apiece.

It appears that passengers on a crowded railroad train may occupy seats in the palace car without paying extra for them if there are no other vacant seats. Such is the decision of a New York court.

This is a very good world to live in,
To spend or to lend or to give in;
But to beg or to borrow or to get a man's own,
It is the very worst world that ever was known.

A not uncommon trick in Paris is for a person with a bad cigar to stop a gentleman having a good one to solicit permission to light, and in the handing back manage to substitute the inferior weed.

France pays her ambassadors fairly. Her new minister to London, the Duc de Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, gets \$40,000 a-year, the highest sum paid to any diplomatist except the ambassador to St. Petersburg, who receives \$50,000. The ambassador at Vienna receives \$34,000; the one at Berlin \$28,000.

A proposal has been made that foreigners residing in France who are not subject to military service in their own countries shall be incorporated in the French army, in the reserve, or even in the active force. This proposal, it is added, has been taken into consideration by the Committee of Initiative.

The *Spensersche Zeitung* announces that the Genevan authorities have determined to restore to the reigning Duke of Brunswick all the art treasures bequeathed to the city by his late eccentric brother. This valuable collection includes the celebrated onyx, and the equally famous gem which once formed part of Mary Stuart's signet-ring.

A big bunch of black Hamburg grapes, weighing thirteen pounds and four ounces, was raised at Lambton Castle, the seat of the Earl of Durham, and was exhibited at Manchester, England, last September. The vine bore last year seven bunches besides the one mentioned above, the lightest weighing over four pounds. This productive vine was started from an eye in 1869.

Propos of the "light fantastic," the Rev. H. W. Beecher makes this reply to a query as to whether it is wicked to dance: "It is wicked when it is wicked, and not wicked when it is not wicked. In itself it has no more moral character than walking, wrestling, or rowing. Bad company, untimely hours, evil dances, may make the exercise evil; good company, wholesome hours, and home influences may make it a very great benefit."

The "tree pumpkin," a new species of vegetable, is announced from the Jardin d'Acclimatation at Paris. Its mode of growth, instead of being trailing, is in erect tufts, with numerous fruits of a depressed spherical shape, from five to eight inches in diameter. These are said to be of excellent quality. The chief merit of the plant is, that from its mode of growth it occupies very little space in cultivation. It is a native of Buenos Ayres.

Lord John Russell was once accused in the House of Commons of falling back on the "cant of patriotism." The accuser was a man who, having originally been a Liberal, had deserted his party and turned Tory. Russell, in the course of his reply, coldly said, "I quite agree with the honourable baronet that the 'cant of patriotism' is a bad thing, but I hardly need remind him that there is something worse—the re-cant of patriotism."

Literary Notes.

Mr. George Alfred Townsend purposes to write a biography of Mr. Sumner, entitled "The Life and Friends of Chas. Sumner."

A double story is "in circulation to the effect that the *Revolution* is to be revived, with Laura Curtis Bullard and Susan B. Anthony as editors.

Smiles's "Self Help" translated into Japanese, and an illustrated Anglo-Japanese Dictionary, were the chief prizes given away by the Empress of Japan at a native girls' school.

The number of books found in the Roman convents, which were confiscated by the Italian government, reaches 608,018 volumes. It is to be hoped that they will be combined together in one great collection.

During the Tichborne trial the circulation of the leading daily penny papers of London increased 40,000 copies. The interesting calculation has been made that people have wasted in reading the reports of this trial time enough for them to have acquired a couple of languages, or read the best classic works of English literature.

The *Movimento* of Genoa publishes the following as the text of a curious autograph of Tasso, belonging to the collection of the Marquis of Villanova: "March 23, 1870. The undersigned acknowledges the receipt from Mr. Abraham Levi of twenty-five lire, for which he leaves in pledge a sword of the same value, six shirts, four sheets and two napkins. Torquato Tasso."

An English snob wants an edition of Dickens's Works brought out in classical English, as the words used in the author's works are extremely disagreeable to read, and the language of the lower orders ought never to appear in print. The *Athenaeum* suggests that he should confine his reading to the "Spanish Armada." Mr. Puff was "not for making slavish distinctions, and giving all the fine language to the upper sort of people."

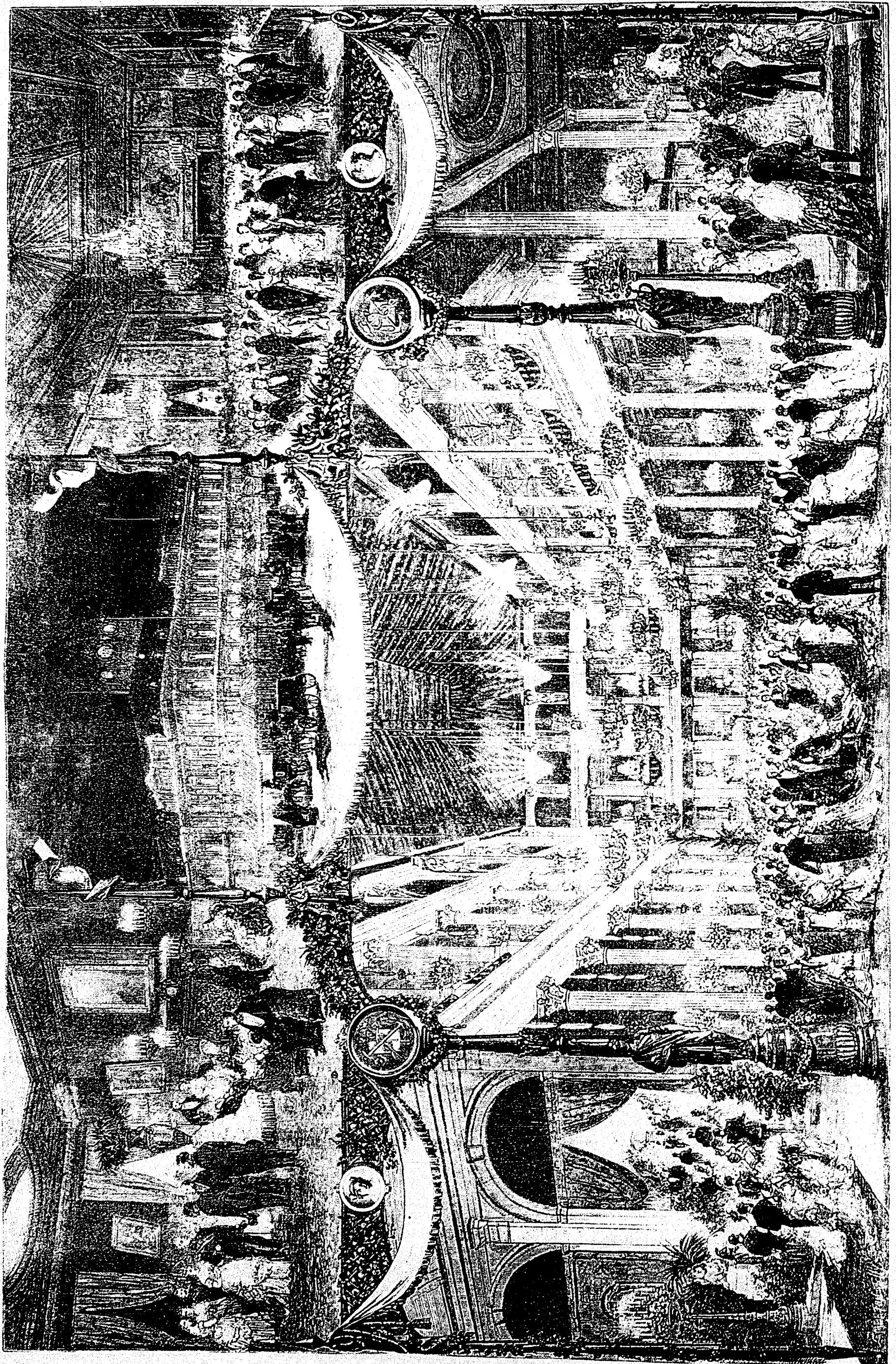
An eminent medical writer is of the opinion that paralysis, which caused the death of Dickens, was due almost exclusively to his public readings. He states that on leaving the platform after reading "Copperfield," so laborious, earnest, and pathetic were the exertions made by Dickens, his whole soul being thrown into the work, that the pulsations of his heart numbered 98, being 24 in excess of the ordinary pulse, 72; after "Marigold," 99; "Sikes and Nancy," 118; "Oliver Twist," 124.

The new library of the city of Paris occupies a portion of the Hôtel Carnavalet, in the Rue Sévigné. Though but a poor substitute for the splendid collection of 125,000 volumes which was destroyed, it already contains 28,000 volumes or pamphlets, and 15,000 engravings. About 8,000 of the books and 12,000 of the engravings have been presented to the library; the rest have been purchased. Only about one hundred volumes of the old library remain, these having been lent before the fire, and thus preserved.

DICKENS-COLLINS.—On several occasions, as is well-known, Dickens and Wilkie Collins wrote a short story together. "On one of these occasions," said Mr. Collins recently, "we agreed to exchange styles, so as to puzzle the critics; Mr. Dickens was to adopt my style, and I was to imitate his. The plan succeeded perfectly, and it was amusing to see the reviewers point out a passage of mine as an example of Dickens's peculiar vein, and in the next sentence comment on a paragraph of Dickens's as a sample of Wilkie Collins's sensational style."

The London *Orchestra* says: "The poet Laureate committed two blunders in his 'Welcome' to the Princess Alexandrovna. The first is historical, making 'England's Harold' give Russia's throne a wife. It was not England's Harold but England's Harold's papa, Earl Godwin, who furnished a bride for the Muscovite prince of the period. But there was not much Russia in those days. Mr. Tennyson's second mistake is writing Alexandrovna with a *v* instead of *u*. There is no *v* in the word at all. The Russian letter is the Greek beta now pronounced *vet*, and its exact equivalent in English is our *u*."

M. Pierre Véron gives a concise sketch of how some contemporaneous authors worked. Dumas the elder was wont to take up his pen without knowing what he was going to write, but the contact of paper aroused him. Alfred de Musset never felt himself in proper humour to write until he had covered five or six sheets of paper with fanciful designs, and perhaps taken more abstruse than was good for him. Prosper Mérimée usually commenced his stories at the end, and, after having made a collection of *dénouements*, sketched in the beginning. Victor Hugo had an original method. He mapped out things while walking the streets of Paris, or rambling about the rocks of Guernsey. After pondering the thing for a year he would suddenly set himself at work, and finish, as it were, at a sitting. Each of his dramas was written in less than a fortnight, and at times he would write an act in a day.

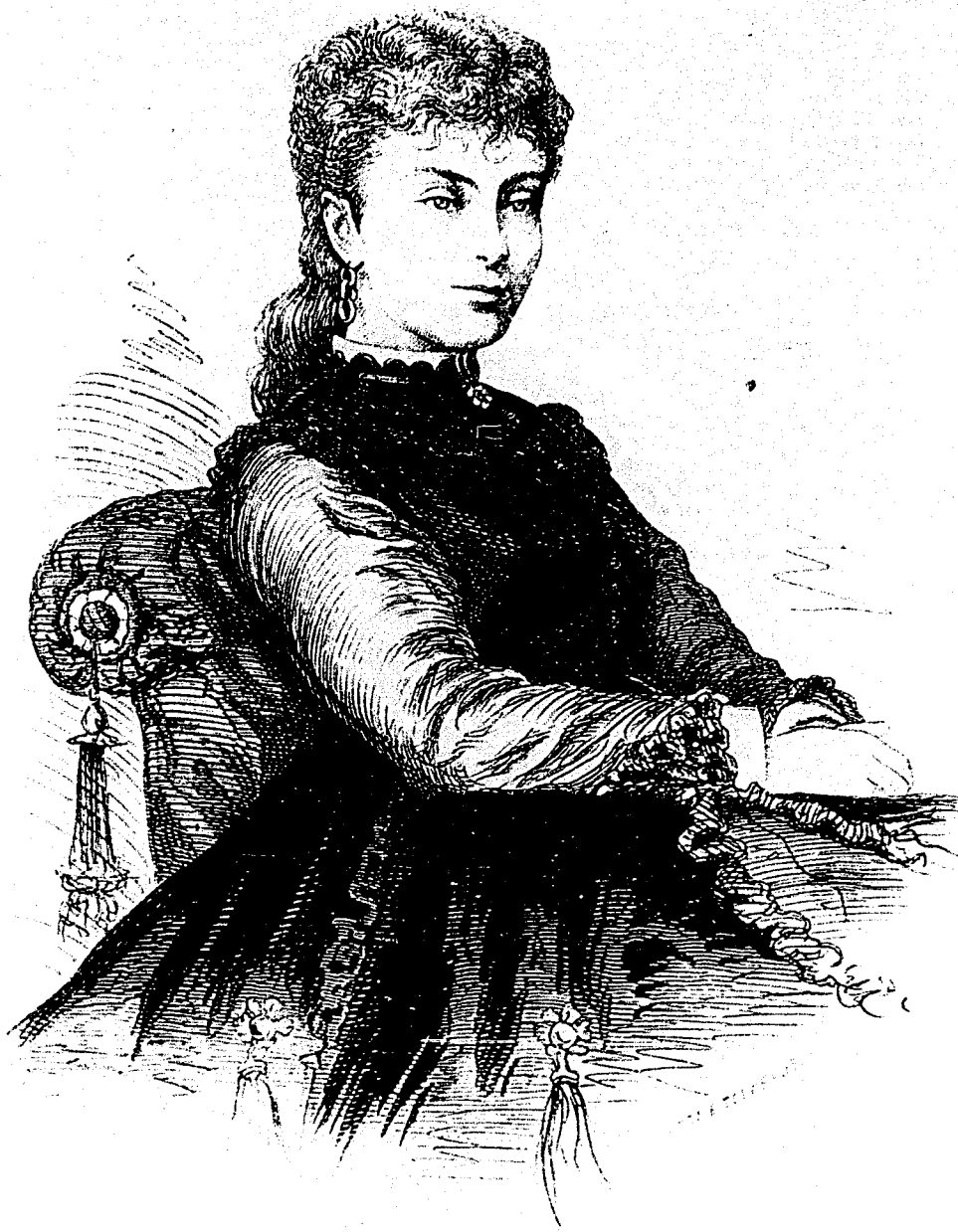


PARIS—GRAND FÊTE GIVEN ON THE 9TH ULT. AT THE PALACE OF THE TRIBUNAL DE COMMERCE.

AIMEE DESCLEE.

A writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives the following criticism of the subject of our sketch: "The irony of life has never been more cruel than it has shown itself in the brief story of a great artist, discovered only to be lost. For years a struggling actress, discredited and unrecognized, Aimée Desclée, came into the full light at last, conscious probably that her long privations and her hard battle had killed her; knowing how surely the seeds of death were sown with the seeds of fame. And it was all the harder upon her, all the harder upon art, because this was no common case of talent which it takes years and long practice to ripen, but genius so spontaneous and so new that it needed no better training than success, no greater chastener than its own instinctive modesty.

"I have seen many fine and some great actresses, but none the least like this. I mean no comparisons, and cannot make them, for Desclée could be compared only to herself, so distinct and peculiar was her style. She seemed to have taken up acting at its beginning, and studied it as a new art. She spoke as no other player; for she spoke, not as one who knows beforehand what has to be said, in speech more or less measured and prepared, as all others have spoken, as far as I have seen or know, but now rapidly and decidedly, now hesitating for a word here and there, now with some slight repetition. So people speak in real life. She listened like no other player; for she listened sometimes with an air of deep attention, sometimes as with an evident effort, like a person distracted by the conversation supposed to be carried on round her, the eye a little wandering, the ear but half commanded. Often the thoughts were clearly far away. So people listen in real life. When first I saw her act it was in "Frou-

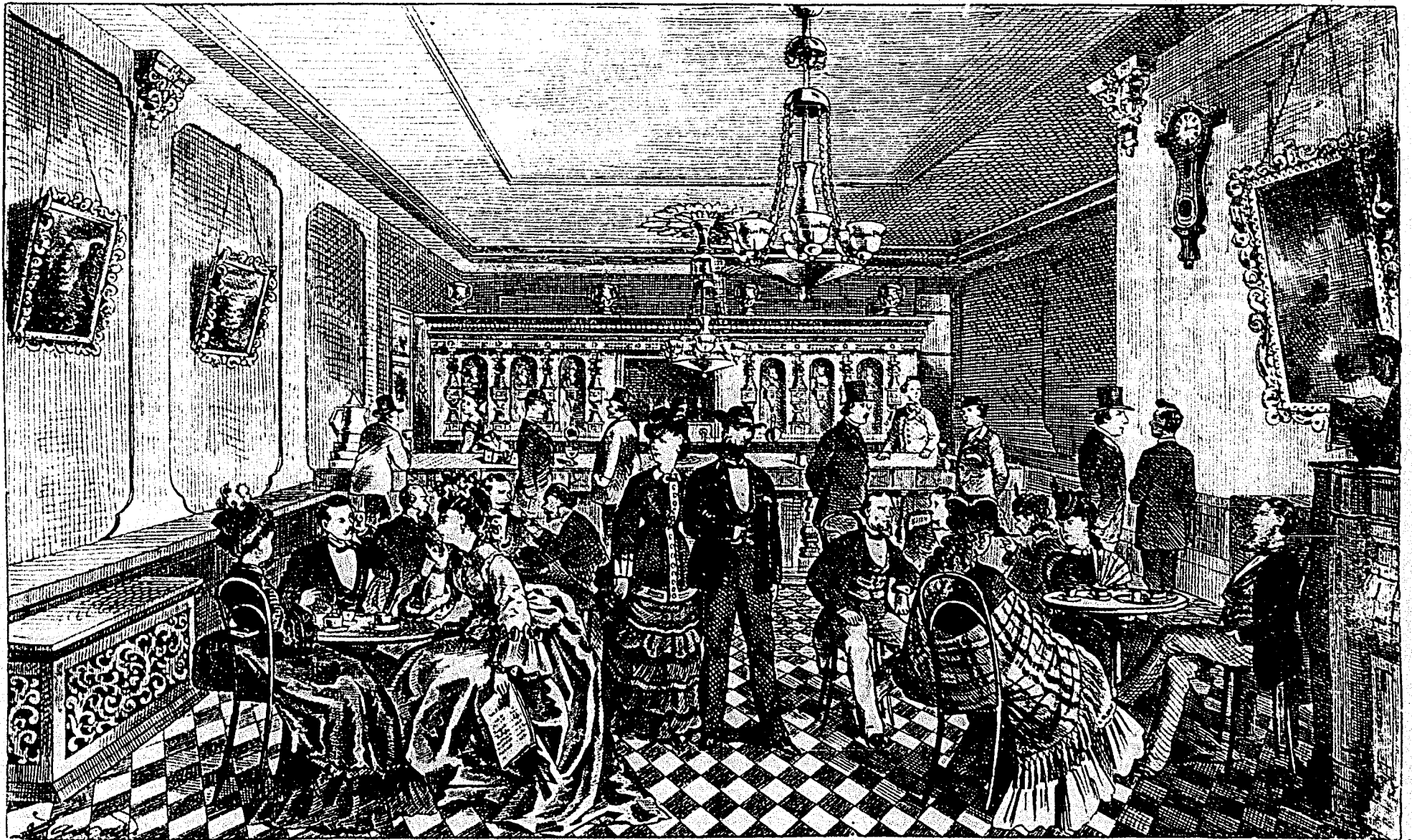


THE LATE MDLLE. AIMEE DESCLEE.

"Frou," when she had played it for many consecutive nights. My first impression, caused by this her peculiar method of speaking and listening, was that she was not sure of the words of her part, and was careless of it. Only by degrees, as the play went on, did we learn that this was the very consummation of the art of hiding art itself. And thus it was that she grew on her audience. As she said herself, she never took them by storm at first, as some great tragic artists have done. It was easy to depreciate and difficult to understand her; while at the best many who believed in her could give no reason for the faith that was in them.

"To the nervous, she was a revelation. Nerves are the bitter growth of the day, born of railways on the one side, and the propagation of weaklings, through improved medical science, on the other. And the name of the sufferers is legion. There is genius with nerves, and genius without them. The last means happiness and success; the first may mean failure, and must mean misery. Desclée was nerves from head to foot. In the wonderful little scene in "Frou-Frou," where she tried in vain to make her husband understand that the child-wife has grown into a woman, every nerve crisped and every sense rebelled at the good-natured stolidity of the sensible man whom she had married. Alas for the little misunderstandings of life! If George Eliot writes their epics, Aimée Desclée was their best interpreter.

Her eyes were wonderful. She acted whole histories with them alone. There was one little scene in the "Visite de Noces," in which she stood quietly recalling some happy memories of the past to the man who had made them, when a whole world of joy and of sorrow seemed concentrated in her eyes. She never made "points"—as it is now the fashion to call them—for



MONTREAL.—THE MAISON ETHIER, NOTRE DAME STREET.

the many; for the few she never missed one. I never can avoid associating her in fancy with parts that she might have played. She was to me an ideal Marguerite; and those who happen to have seen her in the "Gueule du Loup" may remember—probably they will not—how for one passing instant she assumed the words and attitude of Gretchen, "Je ne suis ni demoiselle, ni belle." Of the parts she did play, "Frou-Frou" was perhaps the most perfect, but the "Princesse Georges" was the most striking. The former, gem as it was, suffered from the coarse and commonplace nature of its setting. Never, apart from Desclée, was there a duller play. From the "Princesse Georges" London was debarred by the wisdom of the authorities, who smiled at the same moment upon the pleasant moral of the "New Magdalen." I saw it in Paris I am glad to think. But we shall see her there no more, and shall soon hear how much she is excelled, even in her own line, by M^{me}. Chose or M^{lle}. Une Telle. Her passage among us was too short, it may be, to build up one of those enduring reputations whose roots spread downwards. But to those lovers of her art who loved it most in her, she stands apart among the finest of its interpreters. To some the finest, because the most subtle, of all. Her sad story is as strange a riddle as any in this world. But it carries at least this lesson—that we never should despair of an art in which, even in a day of small people and small things, a genius like hers can come straight to the front at last and force even from stupidity a certain meed of honour."

THE COMPOSER OF "LOHENGRIN."

Richard Wagner has been interviewed by Herr Lobe for the *Leipziger Musikzeitung*. The account says:—

"The dimensions of the new Wagnerian Temple are truly colossal. Imagine the three largest theatres of Berlin thrown into one, and you have an idea of the enormous edifice now in course of erection for no other purpose than to enable representations of the Wagnerian music of the future to be given in a style such as the works of no operatic composer have enjoyed. I asked a labourer to tell me where I could find Richard Wagner. 'There he stands,' he replied, pointing to a group of carpenters. All of them were in their shirt-sleeves. One was a tall man, with black hair, swarthy complexion, and most remarkably chiselled features. This was Wagner, the composer of 'Tannhauser' and 'Lohengrin.' I hastened to him and said: 'Herr Richard Wagner?' He turned round to me, and acknowledging my address, took from me the letter of introduction I presented to him. It was from Joachim the great violinist, his most intimate friend. He read it carefully, and said then: 'My friend Joachim writes to me that you would like to hear all about my opera-house.' 'There have been rumours,' I replied, 'that you would abandon the whole enterprise, owing to the exhaustion of funds collected for it.' He said laughingly: 'I know that my enemies have circulated that report. But that is groundless. Among my friends the rumour has never found any credence. They know better. They know that I never gave up anything, no matter how great the obstacles I had to surmount. Here,' he added, pointing to the unfinished edifice, 'that has cost me \$250,000. I need three times that amount more. Last week I had but \$12,000 in my exchequer—yesterday I received a letter enclosing an order for \$300,000 more. You will go home with me. I will show it to you. Whom do you suppose this generous gift is from?' I said I could not guess who the generous donor was. 'Why, his Bavarian Majesty sent me that princely gift,' he said, laughing. 'King Louis?' I exclaimed, 'but—' 'Ah!' he interrupted, gaily. 'You think what most people believe, that the King and I are enemies. There is nothing in that report either. King Louis II. has a head of his own, and so have I. But, if we quarrel sometimes, we still remain friends. The King gave me \$100,000 for my theatre before.'

All this conversation had been carried on in the presence of several carpenters. Herr Wagner gave them some instructions and then conducted me round the theatre as far as it was finished. I was excessively struck with the colossal dimensions of the stage. 'But this will require an immense orchestra,' I exclaimed. 'No fewer than three hundred performers,' said Richard Wagner, gravely. 'I have written my operas for vast orchestras. "Tannhauser," my first opera here, will have a band of the above number of instruments. There will be seventy-five violins and twenty-five trombones. Then will people for the first time learn what I intended with the overture.' 'Will not the expense be very heavy?' I asked. 'For the musicians and singers? No, I have now more applications for gratuitous co-operation from first-class singers and musicians than I can use. Joachim will lead the violins, Liszt will preside at the organ. And,' he added, with glowing face, 'that organ will be a superb one—more powerful and melodious than the one at Ulm, although it will not be quite so large. That organ will be a present too,' he added, gaily. 'But what will be the destination of your grand opera-house permanently?' I enquired. 'I shall present it to the nation in 1878,' he replied, gravely, 'on condition that every year, once for two weeks, deserving operas of young German composers will be performed there in imposing style. Thus my opera-house will become a national institution in the truest sense of the word—an institution that no other civilised country can boast of—and the annual performances in it will be like the Olympic games in ancient Greece—grand, superb festivals of art—tributes to genius which will have a sympathetic echo throughout the world.' Here the *maestro's* face glowed with enthusiasm as he uttered these eloquent words. 'Let us go home,' he said, after a brief pause, and we walked slowly up Main-street again. Every now and then a citizen passed us. All of them greeted Richard Wagner with affectionate reverence. The people of Baireuth seemed to understand how much lustre the great enterprise of Wagner would shed upon their humble city. They have already made him an honorary citizen of Baireuth, a distinction conferred on no one except him and Bismarck. At Wagner's house I was introduced to his wife, a beautiful and accomplished lady, and a true help-mate to her eminent husband. She is his secretary and cashier. She showed me the above-mentioned letter from the King of Bavaria, and allowed me to copy it. It was very brief, and to the point—

'Hohenschwangau, October 15, 1873.

'My Dear Wagner,—Here are three hundred thousand dollars more for your opera-house. That sum, I trust, will be sufficient.

'Louv.'

'And when will the opera-house be opened?' I asked. 'If I live,' replied Wagner, solemnly, 'on the first of May, 1875.'

It cannot be done before. On that occasion we shall have an audience such as has never been assembled in a theatre before. Already have I invited all well-known operatic composers, even my bitterest enemies. Nearly all of them have answered that they would be present. Of course the kings and emperors will be here too. It will be a grand festival for little Baireuth. Three new hotels will be built by that time.'

Herr Lobe left Wagner with the impression that he was "the most genial, energetic, and modest of all the eminent composers" he ever met.

A CASE OF COURT ETIQUETTE.

The London *Gazette*—the official paper of the Court and Government—contained on Saturday the following extraordinary announcement:—"Notice is hereby given that the presentation of Mrs. Johnson at her Majesty's drawing-room on Thursday, the 26th of February last, took place through inadvertence." The notice is dated at the Lord Chamberlain's office. All fashionable London is inquiring who "Mrs. Johnson" is, and if, as one must conclude from this public impaling of her name, she is a person of objectionable character, how she managed to get to the Queen's drawing-room. It is well known that a reception by the Queen implies a free course through the best London society. Ordinarily, it requires the most careful introduction and vouchers to reach that heaven of bliss which is the dream of every young lady who makes her appearance in London. A whole season of dinners and parties follows, and the matrimonial projects of the *débutants* are considered secure. But, notwithstanding the reputation which the Lord Chamberlain has got for being a vigilant Cerberus at the palace door, it has been for some time whispered that ladies of a "fast" description have been making their appearance at Court, and through having friends at Court. It has been hinted that some of these exceptional recruits come from France, Germany, and America. These whispers and hints will be sharply pointed by the paragraph in the *Gazette* above quoted, and there will be considerable dismay. If there is one superstition in these sceptical times which has remained hitherto unshaken it is the Briton's faith in the moral perfection of Victoria's Court; if it shall now turn out that a reception there is no guarantee of character and spotlessness, the sensation will be indescribable. And yet it may be, after all, that poor Mrs. Johnson was only rather too plebeian, or that she was not adequately dressed—or undressed—Queen Victoria's chief weakness being her vehement sticking for court etiquette. The fashion of evening dress has so changed that ladies can no longer appear at other parties in the dresses which, by a rigorous exaction that the Queen, though often appealed to, refuses to relax, they have worn at Court.

STAGE CONFLAGRATIONS.

A writer, in *Harper's Magazine* says: "Conflagrations on the stage are easily and safely managed. I have seen many pieces in which terrific fires were simulated—from the "Madonna of the Roses," in Paris, to the "Streets of New York," in this city—but never knew nor heard of any accident from this cause. In the first-named piece the fire took place in a grand hall of a ducal palace, of severe but rich architecture, in imitation of ebony. The conflagration breaking out with terrible energy, smoke poured forth from doors and windows, the cornices cracked and fell down, the ceiling came tumbling upon the stage a burning mass, and every object the eye beheld seemed to be slowly consumed. Through the ruined walls which remained standing at the back the spectator now saw a second immense *salon*, apparently full of flames and smoke. The servants of the castle ran wildly about, seeking to escape; the leading actor, carrying his wife in his arms, slid down a spiral burning staircase while the flames burst through the balustrades.

"This scene was of course constructed in a peculiar manner. The frames of the flats and set pieces were made of two layers of wood held lightly together by means of cords passing through holes. At the pre-arranged moment certain parts of the frame were jerked down, leaving exposed the other parts, seemingly burning—an effect produced by small gas jets carefully arranged in rows around the edges of the frame. Behind the heaviest set piece at the back was a transparent curtain painted with fiercest flames, which, being lit up from behind, glowed through the smoke in a most lurid manner. Drummond lights and Bengal fires were turned on the stage in profusion, producing glaring cross-lights. Pots full of lycopodium were placed over furnaces, to which were attached huge blacksmith's bellows, worked by assiduous machinists with such vigor that the flames were at frequent intervals projected five or six yards high, where they caught at nothing. Vast funnels overhead threw out torrents of black smoke mixed with innocent sparks, which went out as soon as they took wing. Several machinists, costumed according to the epoch represented, personated the frightened servants running about and trying to escape, only they were actually throwing more of the innocent but fiery-looking sparks about in pre-arranged spots, and thus keeping things as hot as possible in appearance. And finally helmeted firemen with hose in hand stood at the back of the stage, ready instantly to extinguish any spark of real fire."

HOW DE GIRARDIN DINED DICKENS.

In one of his letters to Mr. Forster, published in Forster's recently issued "Life of Charles Dickens," that author gives the following description of a banquet given him by Emile de Girardin on the occasion of one of his visits to Paris, "No man unacquainted with my determination never to embellish or fancy such accounts would believe in the description I shall let off when we meet, of dining at Emile Girardin's; of the three gorgeous drawing-rooms, with ten thousand wax candles in golden sconces, terminating in a dining-room of unprecedented magnificence with two enormous transparent plate-glass doors in it, looking (across an ante-chamber full of clean plates) straight into the kitchen, with the cooks in their white paper caps, dishing the dinner. From his seat in the midst of the table, the host (like a giant in a fairy story) beholds the kitchen and the snow-white table, and the profound order and silence there prevailing. Forth from the plate-glass doors issues the banquet—the most wonderful feast ever tasted by mortal.

"At the present price of truffles, that article alone cost for eight people at least five pounds. On the table are ground glass jugs of peculiar construction, laden with the finest growth of champagne and the coolest ice. With the third

course is issued port wine (previously unheard of in a good state on this continent) which would fetch two guineas a bottle at any sale.

"The dinner done, Oriental flowers, in vases of golden cobweb, are placed upon the board. With the ice is issued brandy buried for hundred years. To that succeeds coffee, brought by the brother of one of the convicts from the remotest East in exchange for an equal quality of California gold dust. The company being returned to the drawing-room, tables roll in by unseen agency, laden with cigarettes from the harem of the Sultan, and with cool drinks in which the flavor of the lemon arrived yesterday from Algeria struggles voluptuously with the delicate orange arrived this morning from Lisbon. That period passed, and the guests reposing on divans worked with many-coloured blossoms, big table rolls in, heavy with massive furniture of silver, and breathing incense in the form of a little present of tea, direct from China—table and all, I believe, but cannot swear to it, and am resolved to be prosaic.

"All this time the host perpetually repeats, 'Ce petit dîner-ci n'est que pour faire la connaissance de Monsieur Dickens; il ne compte pas; ce n'est rien.' And even now I have forgotten to set down half of it—in particular the item of a far larger plum-pudding than was ever seen in England at Christmas time, served up with a Celestial sauce, in colour like the orange blossom, and in substance like the blossom, powdered and bathed in dew, and called in the *carte* (carte in a gold frame, like a little fish slice, to be handed about) 'Hommage à l'illustre écrivain d'Angleterre.' That illustrious man staggered out at the last drawing-room door, speechless with wonder finally, and even at that moment his host, holding to his lips a chalice set with precious stones, and containing nectar distilled from the air that blew over the fields of beans in bloom for fifteen summers, remarked, 'Le dîner que nous avons eu, Monsieur, n'est rien—il ne compte pas—il a été tout-à-fait en famille—il faut dîner (en vérité, dîner) bientôt. Au plaisir! Au revoir! Au dîner!'"

Religious.

During his term of power Mr. Gladstone appointed ten bishops and eight deans. All the schools of Anglican opinion are represented in those appointments, though, it is claimed, with a predominance of the High-Church school.

An interesting event in Geneva was the recent marriage of the Abbé Chavard, the third curé of the city. It will be remembered that under the new laws the people of the canton have chosen their own pastors, and given them possession of the state Catholic churches. The ceremony was performed by Father Hyacinthe, and witnessed by a select company, among them some Americans.

Two men well known all over North America as revivalists have recently passed away—Elder Jacob Knapp, on the 8th of March, and the Rev. Dr. Edward N. Kirk, of Boston. Elder Knapp was a Baptist, and in earlier life combined the occupations of pastor and farmer. In 1832 he began his work as an evangelist, preaching in our large cities and elsewhere to immense crowds, and producing extraordinary effects upon his congregations. Dr. Kirk was of Presbyterian stock, and was educated at Princeton. Soon after entering upon his ministry he became a co-labourer with Mr. Finney and the Rev. Dr. Beman, of Troy. In 1837 he went to Paris, where he founded the well-known American Chapel. In 1842 he settled in Boston, where for more than thirty years he was pastor of the Mount Vernon Church. He died on the 27th of March, at the ripe age of seventy-two years.

No Christian community in proportion to its home resources does so much for missions as the Moravian Church. Its total of members in Germany, Bohemia, Great Britain and America is 27,753, but its total in foreign missions is 69,139, making an aggregate of 96,892. The foreign missions are in Greenland, Labrador, West Indies, South Africa, Australia, and Himalaya. The total number of missionaries is 322; the whole number of servants of the church is about 702. Forty-five boarding-schools are maintained. The "Text-book" for 1874 states that the home mission on the continent of Europe numbers "about 100,000 persons, who are in spiritual connection with the Moravians, but remain members of the state churches." The statistics of the American province for 1873 show a total of 8,259 communicants, 1,479 non-communicants over thirteen years of age, and 4,999 children, making a total of 14,737. There are in all seventy churches; of these, two are in New York, and four in Philadelphia.

Our Illustrations.

The group of SAMSON and DELILAH, from a Roman work lately on view at the Vienna Exhibition, is interesting as suggestive of a new treatment of this famous Biblical episode. Neither the shears nor the shock of the strong man's hair are in the hands of the harlot.

The GREAT BANQUET given, to Marshal MacMahon and the Duchesse of Magenta at the Palace of the Tribunal of Commerce is described by correspondents as having been one of the most gorgeous entertainments held in Paris for upwards of half a century.

Our views of the CARLIST WAR in the present number derive special interest from the fact that around Bilbao may be said to hinge the crisis of this long-protracted internecine struggle. Marshal Serrano seems to have determined on ending the war at that point, if not by arms at least by negotiation. Should he be defeated it will go hard with the Republic. Should Don Carlos be defeated it is probable that he will retire from the coast.

The ACHILLE WAR has been somewhat lost sight of, owing to the superior attractions of the Ashantee war. Our two sketches will give an idea of the people and their modes of habitation.

It is the intention of Mr. FRYMAN to open a restaurant in Montreal, which shall be on a footing with the best of Parisian saloons. Everything is conducted with tranquillity and order, and the most thorough decorum will be required of visitors, as it will be exhibited by the proprietor. The furnishing of the establishment is in very good taste. The woodwork is particularly deserving of attention, and reflects credit on Mr. Escoubé, the French workman who chiselled it. The specialty of the house is its cuisine. A cook has been brought directly from Paris, and his dishes are worthy of his reputation. The wines will also be found of a superior quality. The comfort of the visitor is guaranteed, and the charges are reasonable.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

TWO SUNSETS.

BY MARGARET DALLAS.

A rift of crimson sunset in the West,
A sky of azure 'gainst a bank of gold—
A restless moaning sea, with rainbow hues
Crowning each wild wave's foamy crest.

Two youthful faces, touched by sunset glow,
One, fair and tender as a fragile flower,
One, dark and fiery as a tropic night,
With burning eyes beneath a manly brow.

A rift of purple sunset in the West,
A sombre sky against a sombre bank,
A fair, dead face upturned, so pale and still,
The white hands crossed upon the pulseless breast.

Above, a dark face bending down to press
The dead cold lips, that once were wreathed in smiles,
That once grew white at bitter words of his,
That warm, nor part not, in this last caress.

Poor heart below, at rest for evermore—
Poor heart above, so filled with vain regrets—
The wild sea moans a dreary requiem,
And breaks in sobs along the rocky shore.

For Everybody.

A Royal Jest.

All England is in a rave over a witticism of the Queen. Some one at the court had spoken disparagingly of the criticisms pronounced by Sir Charles Dilke on the civil list. "It is strange," Queen Victoria is said to have replied, "for I remember having him as a boy on my knee and stroking his hair. I suppose," continued Her Majesty, "I must have stroked it the wrong way."

"Sharps" and "Flats."

The following story of Liszt comes from Vienna: It is said that the great pianist found himself recently in the company of a number of ladies, who begged him in hyperbolic terms to procure for them "the ecstasies, the artistic raptures, which his magnificent talent inevitably produces." He obligingly seated himself at the piano and played. When he had finished, some of his admirers had fainted. "Well," said Liszt, "I played wrong notes all through intentionally; so badly, indeed, that I should have been turned out of doors at any elementary school of music."

Cure for Diphtheria.

The Australian newspapers have had much to say about a cure for diphtheria, as discovered by Mr. Greathead, the secret of which was offered to the government at a large price, and which was subsequently found to consist in the administration of four drops of sulphuric acid in half a glass of water. This causes vomiting, accompanied by the breaking away of the diphtheritic matter which produces the suffocation. As the disease is very prevalent in Australia, the government offered a reward of £5,000 for an absolute cure, and Mr. Greathead is quite confident of securing this, since he claims that in nearly every instance he has been successful in the application of his remedy.

Singular Epitaph.

The wise, the witty, and the nonsensical literature of epitaphs must be nearly used up; but we fancy the following singular felicitous one will be new to our readers. It is a gem. It is said to exist in Herefordshire, upon the tomb of a churchwarden of Llandinabo:

"Templum, bellum, spelunca,
De terra in arca."

Thus translated:

"Church-war-den
Of land-in-a-bo."

The power of compound punning could no further go.

Newspaper Statistics.

"The Newspaper Press Directory for 1874" tells us that 1,585 newspapers are published in the United Kingdom, as follows:—314 in London; 915 in the British Provinces; 58 in Wales; 149 in Scotland; 131 in Ireland; and 18 in the British Isles. England has 95 daily papers; Wales 2; Scotland 14; Ireland 17; and British Isles 2. Twenty years ago there were only 624 journals in the United Kingdom, and of these 20 were issued daily—16 in England; 3 in Ireland; and 1 in Scotland. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 639, of which 242 are of a decidedly religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, and other Christian communities.

The Odor-Giving Chinese.

A San Francisco paper says that "a Miss Hemme, a few evenings since, had occasion to enter the kitchen of her father's house, and in a few moments returned to the room where her father was with the startling information that she smelt a Chinaman in the kitchen. Mr. Hemme laughed at his daughter, but she insisted that she was sure that there was a Chinaman in the house; so the gentleman went down stairs with her, and to his astonishment saw a washtub turned bottom up on the floor, and beyond the edge something which looked very much like a queue. He raised the tub and found underneath it, crouched all in a heap, the owner of the queue, who had burglariously effected an entrance into the house. The individual, whose name is Ah Chen, was duly held by the Police Judge to answer to a charge of burglary."

A Dangerous Paper-Weight.

A writer in the Boston Transcript says: "A young lady in a house on Louisburg Square the other day in passing through an entry perceived a suggestion of fire, a smell of something burning, sufficiently out of the common course to arrest her attention. Finding the furnace fire and soft-coal sitting-room fire with nothing unusual to account for this smell of fire, she continued to the front drawing-room. Now the forenoon was bright, the curtain and shades withdrawn, so that the rays of the sun were hotly streaming in at the windows in full blaze

upon the centre-table, where rested a common round-top glass paper-weight, under which a mass of papers lay. Here was the fire. The papers were burning smartly. She disposed of them in the grate, and taking up the glass found it burning hot; acting as a burning glass, it had concentrated the rays of the sun sufficiently to cause combustion. It should be told that the paper bottom of this glass was for some reason gone—either worn off or torn off."

"His Majesty."

Nicholas I. of Russia was very fond of masquerade balls, and one night appeared at one in the character of the devil, with grinning face, horns and tail, and seemed to enjoy his character very much. About three o'clock in the morning he went out, and throwing over him some furs, called a coachman, and ordered him to take him to the Quai Anglais. As it was very cold he fell asleep, and when he awoke he found the man had taken him in a wrong direction, for the Quai Anglais is one of the most elegant portions of St. Petersburg, while before him were some miserable houses. Nicholas began to remonstrate, but the coachman paid no heed to him, and presently, passing through a stone gateway, brought him into a cemetery, and taking a large knife from his girdle, and pointing it at his employer's throat, said, "Give me your money and your furs, or I will kill you!" "And do you give me your soul!" exclaimed Nicholas, as he threw off the furs and disclosed his personification of the devil. The Russians are very superstitious, and the coachman was so terrified that he fell senseless on the ground, and the Emperor drove himself back to his palace.

The Good Humoured Pope.

Describing the Papal Senate as it now exists, a correspondent of the Times says it is a circle of old gentlemen, half of whom have passed the age of sixty-five. The Pope is as much disposed to joke as was President Lincoln, and a story is told of one of his recent sallies of good humour. "The death of Cardinal Tarquini so soon after he was created," said the Pope, "is a proof that the Romans will have nothing more to do with the Tarquins; and here is Cardinal de Angelis, who is most of the time in Fermo (*inferno*), and holds out to the last." The cardinals standing by, as they were bound to do, laughed at the Pope's lively humour, which he will frequently indulge, no matter who is hit. Pius IX. is in good health, and on the 13th of the coming May he will have completed his eighty-first year, for he was born in 1792. His long reign as pontiff is frequently spoken of as something remarkable, and by some is accounted nothing less than as a sign of the special providence of God. But if the Pope lives ten years longer, we shall find nothing in the fact except what is perfectly in the order of nature. If most of the other members of the Mastal-Ferretti family live to the age of eighty or ninety, there is no reason why this brother Giovanni, with his regular mode of living, should not have allotted to him an equal number of years.

Artistic Filching.

It rained—hopelessly. The clouds came down in sheets and sluices. Monsieur De H—, an elegant "of the first water," found this second water too wet for him. He was islanded under another man's portico, and not a hackney-coach or an umbrella within screaming at. Suddenly around the corner comes a plain citizen, housed under a protecting canopy of blue cotton and whalebone, but under this enviable umbrella, walking alone. A thought seizes Monsieur De H—. He rushes to the citizen's side, and seizing him affectionately by the arm, commences eager narration of a touching train of events. Not giving his astonished listener time to respond, he hurries him along, sharing his umbrella, of course, as he goes, and clinging closely to his side, and vociferating the confidential communications till they arrive at the Boulevard. He stops at a café, and then, for the first time apparently, takes a surprised look at the face of his umbrella-tender. Overwhelming apologies—had wholly mistaken the person—thought it was his intimate friend—bears ten thousand pardons—and dodges into the safe inside of the coffee-house. But the fun was to be in the telling of the story. To a convulsed circle of delighted fellow-dandies Monsieur De H— was telling his adventure, when, by chance, placing his hand upon his heart, he missed the usual protuberance in his vest pocket. The valuable gold watch was gone! In his close clinging to the apparently plain citizen the gay joker had hugged a pick-pocket, and—"consequence was!" But he was subsequently fonder of "a dry joke" than a wet one!

The Romance of a Restaurant.

A Chicago correspondent of the Troy Times says: "A bit of romance recently came to my notice which has not before appeared in print. Some time in December last a girl about seventeen years of age, who at that time was serving as table-waiter in a large dining restaurant, was arrested for stealing a package of money from the pocket of a gentleman's overcoat which was hanging in the room while he was eating his dinner. At the preliminary examination a party swore to having seen her take the coat down and hang it up quickly again; that she soon left the room for a short time; and, as the money was not to be found, she was held for trial. In vain she protested that she merely moved the coat to avoid its getting soiled; in vain with tearful eyes she offered to be searched. The circumstances were suspicious, and the officers inexorable. In the meantime the gentleman who had lost the money became interested in her history, found she was an orphan girl, and though comparatively friendless, bearing an excellent character. Further than this, he ascertained she was of English parentage, that her name was the same as his own, and, to make the story short, from evidence which he could not disbelieve, that she was the daughter of his own brother, whom he supposed to have died childless in Australia several years ago. Of course he declined prosecuting her, and, as he is wealthy and without near kin, he at once arranged to take her home with him, on his return from the West, whither he was then en route. The other day he, with his newly adopted child so strangely brought to him, started for New York, whence they will soon sail for England."

The Great Clerical Beggar.

Alluding to the recent dedication of the Rev. Mr. Talmage's new Tabernacle in Brooklyn, and to the raising of money to pay off church indebtedness, "Burleigh" writes to the Boston Journal that "the great beggar of the continent, as he is called, is Rev. L. F. Ives, of Auburn, New York. He has attended the dedication of 800 churches, most of which he has freed from debt. He usually takes several days in the preparation.

Meetings are held, plans are drawn, leading men consulted and the sum agreed upon placed on a list. The audience see the smooth operation of the work; the machinery, the pulleys, and the wires are out of sight. The time devoted to the collection is given up exclusively to Mr. Ives. He clears the deck like a commodore preparing for action. During the two hours and a-half of his work he makes things lively. He is full of racy anecdotes, humorous story, illustration, and incident. As if in doubt how to proceed, he suggests that they begin with \$1,000 subscriptions, or \$500. The men who have agreed to subscribe those sums are in different parts of the house, and ring out the amounts sonorously. The good work goes on until the smaller sums are reached. All the while the getting of money is interspersed with story and song, and the mirthfulness of the audience is kept up to a fervid range. All this machinery was introduced at the Tabernacle dedication to lift a subscription of \$35,000. Mr. Ives was in his glory. His sallies brought peals of laughter from the mouth as well as money from the pocket. He gets well paid for this work; he receives from \$250 to \$1,000 a Sunday, according to the amount raised. In his sphere he is supreme. He is in constant demand, and is quite at home wherever called."

Curiosities of the Law Courts.

Many of the queerest proceedings, says Iron, before courts of law do not get into the papers. Recently, however, most likely on account of its being the silly season, several eccentricities have cropped up in that usually barren and uninteresting portion of our best possible instructor, the legal column. A monumental sculptor, who cultivates high art somewhere in the vicinity of Highgate, sought lately to recover in the Court of Common Pleas, from the widow of a poulterer, the price of a monument erected by that lady to her husband's memory. The principal figure of the sculpture seems to have been an angel, which the forlorn lady had ordered to be carved after a figure in a book, and be made to stand on the top of the tomb. But, the angel, as he was turned out of the studio, was neither like the angel in the book, nor like angels in general. The lady's first criticism was in some sense professional; she noticed that the feathers on the wings were not cut deep enough. The figure was also, she thought, too slim and thin—a defect certainly in a fowl, probably also in an angel; and it was also a natural objection. The jury agreed with the defendant, and gave a verdict against the sculptor. Another curious plea was decided the other day in the Edinburgh Small Debts Court. A lady had in her conservatory a sprig of myrtle from her mother's marriage bouquet, which had grown to a good-sized tree; and on letting the house to a clergyman she had specially warned him to "spare that tree." The parson, however, pruned it overmuch, for which he had to pay to the lady £2 10s. as the value of the tree, and £1 15s. as a solatium to her wounded feelings. In the same northern county a young lady obtained, the other day, substantial damages from a barber who had cut ten inches too much from her long and beautiful hair.

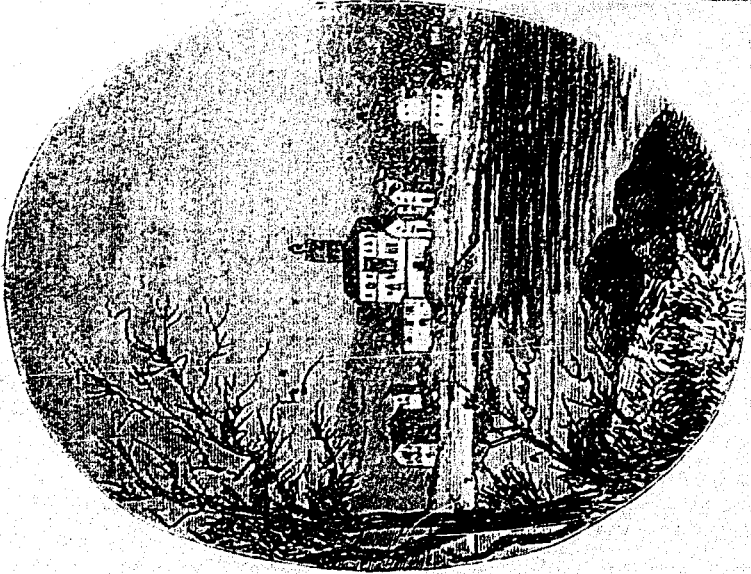
Descent of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh.

It does not seem to be generally known that the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duchess of Edinburgh are both the descendants of Mary Stuart. Ernest Augustus, Duke of Brunswick-Lüneburg, and afterwards Elector of Hanover, married Sophia, the daughter of the unfortunate Frederick, Elector of the Palatinate, and of Elizabeth, James the First of England's daughter. Of Sophia's children, one was he who, as George First, ascended the throne of England, and another was Sophia Charlotte, that became the wife of Frederick First, who, after being Elector of Brandenburg, assumed, in the first month of the first year of the eighteenth century, the title of King. Frederick First's son Frederick William First, married his cousin, Sophia Dorothea, the sister of George Second of England, and had by her, besides Frederick the Great, and other children, Augustus William, the father of Frederick William Second, Frederick the Great's successor. Frederick William Second was succeeded by his son, Frederick William Third, who, in his turn, was succeeded by his son Frederick William Fourth, whose successor was his brother, the present Emperor of Germany. Nicholas, the brother of the Russian Emperor, Alexander First, and ultimately himself Emperor, married in 1817, Charlotte, the eldest daughter of the Prussian King, Frederick William the Third. In the children of Nicholas, through this marriage, the (Hanoverianised) blood of the Stuarts blends with the blood of the Hohenzollerns and the Romanoffs (female line). The Duchess Marie is the daughter of one of those children, the Czar Alexander Second. As there is what may be called a Stuart kinship between the Duke and the Duchess of Edinburgh, it is unnecessary to say that exactly the same kinship exists between the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess of Germany.

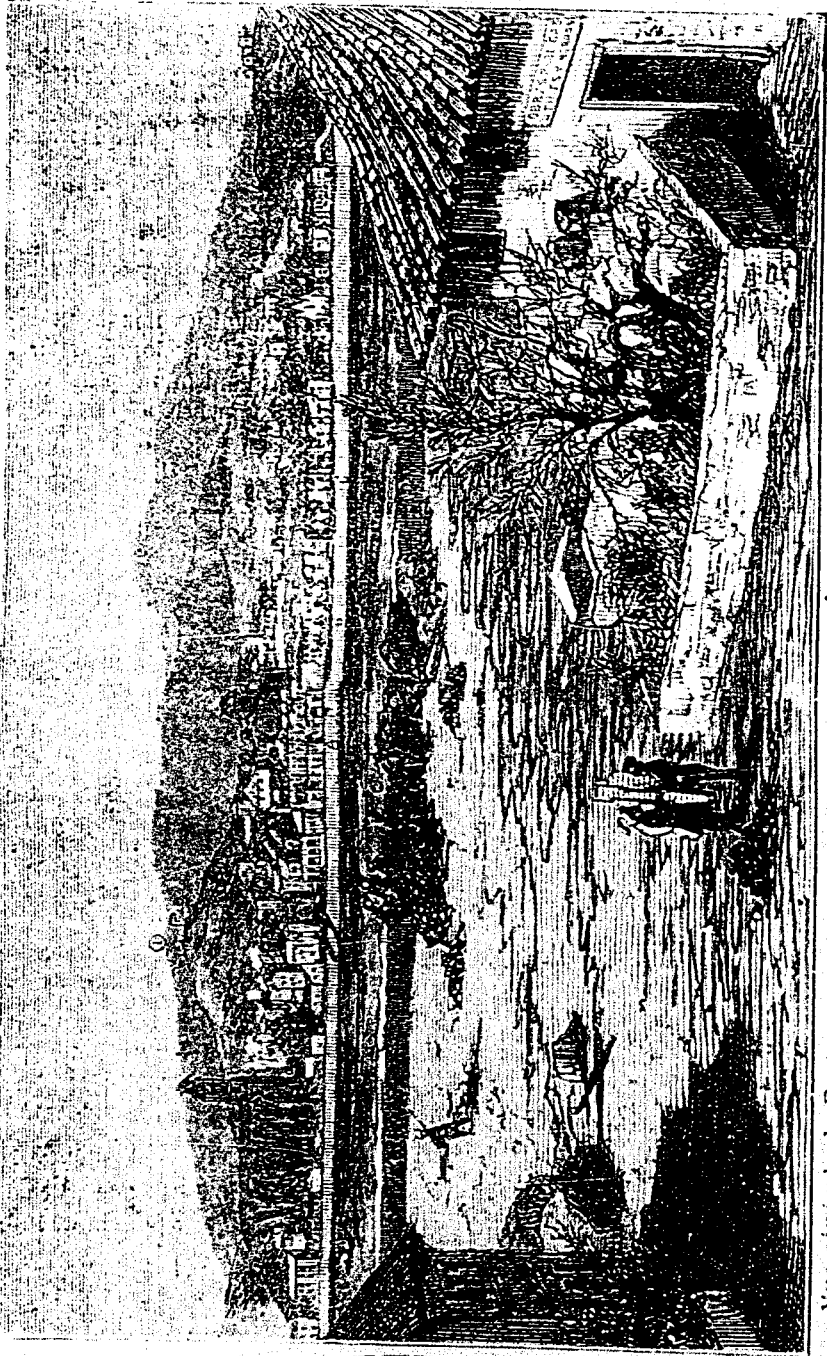
A Racy Sketch of Bismarck.

Certainly one of the most graphic and probably one of the most accurate descriptions of the personal manners and habits of Prince Bismarck is the following, by a gentleman who has recently taken stock of the man: "The mightiest statesman in the world is a tall, bald man, with some white hair. He wears a military uniform to please old William, but he best likes looser drapery. The man is very upright, very strong, very affable, and so wonderfully elastic in his movements that he might be an India rubber man. He looks in robust health till examined closely, and then an observer begins to notice painful spasms and contractions of the face, which reveal over-excited nerves. In manner he is a rollicking, overbearing man. Wife, children, and friends stand in awe of him. He will not even listen to remonstrance, still less to contradiction. He strides over his enemies and acquaintances, nodding to the latter as he puts his foot upon the former. The man is of a giant appetite for work and food. He eats old sausages and black bread, served without a table-cloth, for breakfast. His dinner is of mighty meats in plentiness, washed down or floated in large goblets of strong Burgundy. He smokes and works and talks perpetually. His home is like a volcano in constant eruption. His secretaries cannot stand his work long; they are obliged to give in from sheer exhaustion. Prince Bismarck is very funny when pleased, very formidable, very rash, very impudent at all times. He is not a far-sighted man, or he would not have rushed into a religious war so abruptly. He is rather an astonished man, who has become mighty in spite of errors, often because of errors, and who believes that every thing may be done by courage and opportunity. He is, so to say, a man who has stunned himself with his own noise, and who keeps on bawling because it seems to bewilder other people and to make everybody shut his ears and give in to him."

THE CARLIST WAR.



LAS ARENAS, NEAR PORTUGALETE.



Vue générale de Port

VIEW OF PORTUGALETE, AFTER THE SIEGE.

1. Carlist Battery. 2 Carlist Batteries at Las Arenas. A. B. C. Ruins. 7

atillas de las Arenas.



RUINS OF A HOUSE AT PORTUGALETE,
FIRED BY THE REPUBLICANS.



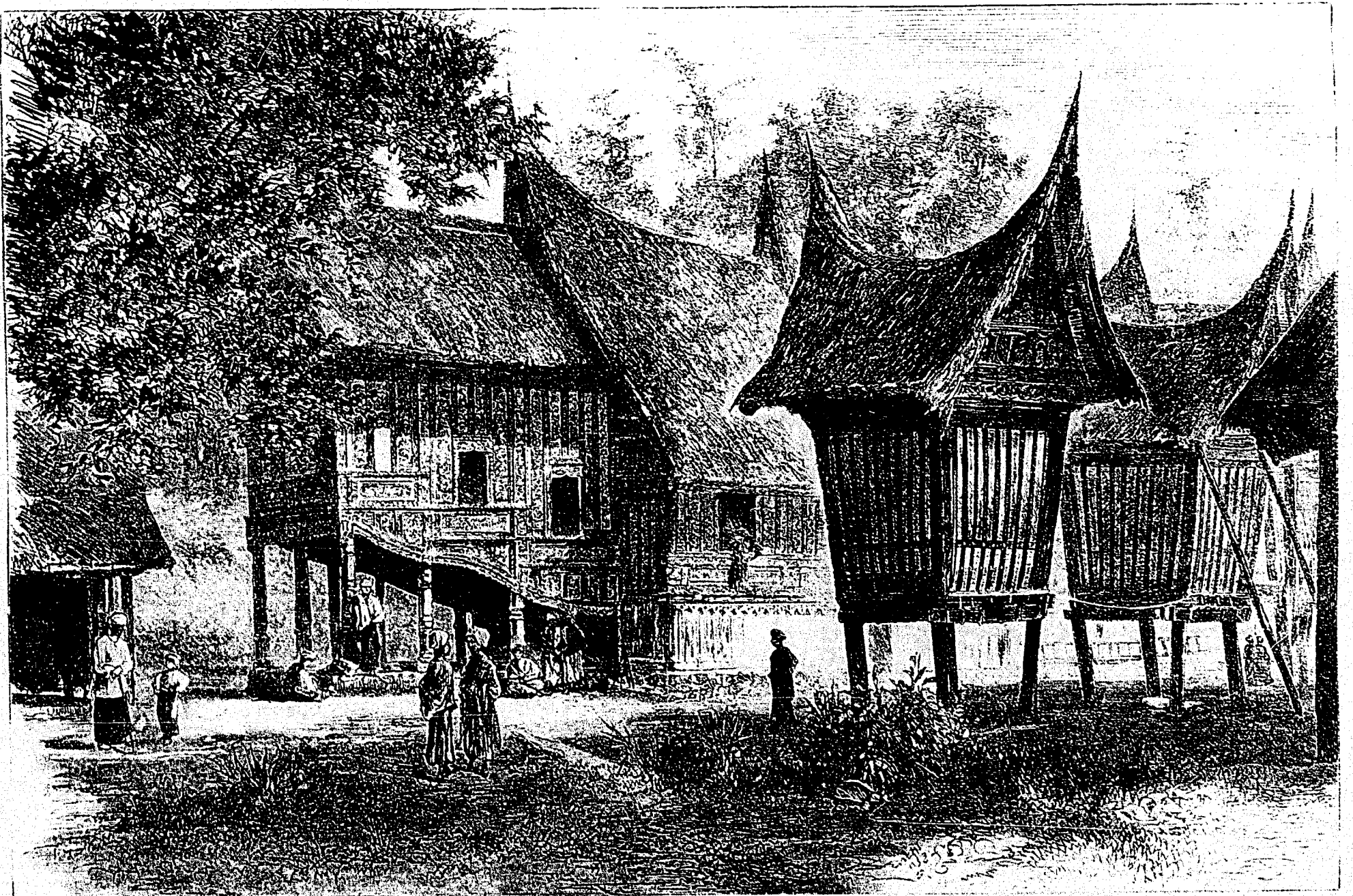
BIRDS EYE VIEW OF BILBOA AND VICINITY.

- 1. Santander. 2. Santona. 3. Laredo. 4. Castro-Urdiales. 5. Somorrostro (S. Juan). 6. Portugalete. 7. Fort del Desierto. 8. Fort de Burrenna. 9. Luchana. 10. Saint-Mames. 11. Deusto. 12. Algorta. 13. Las Banderas. 14. Capuchinos. 15. Albia o Abando. 16. Saint-Agustin. 17. Fort and Cemetery of Mallona. 18. Fortalices on the line of Begogna. 19. Begogna (Santuario). 20. Heights of San Domingo. 21. El Morro. 22. Achuri (Barrio). 23. Old Bilboa. 24. Fort of Mirvilla. 25. Saint-Francisco (barracks). 26. La Concepcion. 27. Railway Depot. 28. Le Nervion.

THE ACHINESE WAR.



A GROUP OF ACHINESE.



AN ACHINESE VILLAGE.

NOT LOST.

Let me recount to you a true love story; a story of love pure and undefiled—love as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.

For love is all things in one to us. It is hope and fear and joy and despair; it is truth and it is falsehood; it is anything in short, that you are pleased to call it, and it can represent the brightness of heaven or the blackness of perdition.

"Love is a melting of the soul."

It was late in the afternoon of a dull autumnal day that a group of young people came chatting down the flight of stone steps leading from the door of a cathedral church, in an old Atlantic seaport town. They were members of the choral society attached to the church, and they had evidently been there for rehearsal. Within the great building yawned black and lonely, save in the gallery, where, over the organ, a gas-jet spun rays of light in the gloom, and the sound of softly subdued voices broke through the stillness.

The visible occupants were two, a man and a maiden—youth, and with the cabalistic word, "lovers," gleaming, as did the mysterious handwriting of old on the wall, on their foreheads. Robert Field, the organist, was turning over some sheets of manuscript music with an absorbed air, while by his side stood Hester Heathersleigh, her pretty face full of anxious interest as she watched his movements. A little cloud of uneasiness wrinkled her forehead now and then as she saw the rent edges of angry clouds scud by the narrow slit of window giving to the east where the gray sea lay tossing stormily.

"Well, Robert!" she said at last, dropping her slim hand on his shoulder. "Well, Robert, what is it?"

The musician's dark, serious face lighted a moment, gloriously, as he turned and took the little ungloved hands in his.

"I asked you to stay, Hester, because I wished to play for you some passages from my new piece. I shall submit it to the society at Music Hall to-morrow evening, and I want your opinion in advance."

The young girl laughed—a little, rippling laugh of gleeful enthusiasm.

"My opinion! Why, Robert, you know beforehand what that will be. It would be nothing but a form asking it."

Robert raised the little hand tenderly to his lips.

"I know that love makes gentle critics of us all," he said wisely. "But now I want you to forget who is the author of the melody, and to exercise your judgment without stint. Remember, too, that love is the theme; love which, wisely or unwisely, hopes all things, believes all things, and endures all things unto the end." And then he turned to the organ.

He played slowly at first. It was a lonely opening, full of strange, sad chords, as if a soul were waiting somewhere in shadow. Then, as brightness entered, the theme asserted itself. The wonderful tones climbed higher and higher, expressive of a great faith, of a fond, mad triumph, and bewildering joy. On and on the chords swept; it was as if a living chain of light ran round the world.

When he had finished there was silence for a moment between these two. The lingering echoes rolled back and forth till one by one they, too, escaped into stillness. Then Hester Heathersleigh stooped, and, with quivering lips and tear-wet eyes, reverently kissed the bowed forehead of her lover.

"Oh, my darling!" she cried, "it is so beautiful! I am so proud of you. Who taught you to play like that?"

A proud and satisfied smile curved Robert Field's lips as he listened. "My love for you taught me," he answered. "My love for you, which is so great, so all-absorbing, that my music seems to be but a poor expression of it."

Then lifting her head he gazed for a moment, with wistful tenderness into the rose-pink beauty of her small, sweet face. "You think it is a triumph then, dear? Ah, Hester, are you sure you speak for the music itself, or only out of a tender mercy born of your love for me?"

An indignant light brightened the pretty violet eyes out of the drowsy languor of youth's enchanting dreams.

"Tender mercy for you," she repeated. Then her voice changed. "Ah, Robert! if my love can make you write like that now, then your future life shall be full of inspiration, for I shall love you more and more the longer I know you. I shall love you more and more forever."

She wound her arm about his neck, and with tender, maiden sweetness kissed his forehead, and kissed his wavy hair, and kissed the thin, pale hand which lay nervelessly on the yellow organ keys. And then a stillness more fraught with eloquent joy than any measure of golden speech could have been.

While they thus stood hand in hand talking the curtain behind them partitioning off the long gallery parted and a dark face peered through. It was a man's face, handsome but cruel in that purple gloom of gathering shadow. It was no friendly face, either, that with its many changes of hate and jealous anger and furious despair seemed, while the lovers talked, to be playing a dark and stormy accompaniment to the idyl of their love.

A sudden angry burst of wind at the narrow window roused them unpleasantly to a sense of night and the nearing storm.

"Oh, the rain!" cried Hester, with a pale face. "How thoughtless of us to stay, and you have that long, desolate walk over the cliffs in the dark!"

"Never mind!" cried Robert, stoutly. "There are such light and warmth within me that I shall not heed a passing touch of wind and water. I will see you to your door first, and then good night."

"My cousin Conrad promised to come for me," Hester answered. "I wonder what detains him. It is too bad for me to take you all this long way out of your route."

"I like it better so," the young man said, gravely. "I do not like your cousin Conrad, and I am not willing to trust you to his care. Oh, my darling!" he went on, earnestly, "if my music but brings me fame and fortune I can then make you all my own, and there will be no more good nights, no more partings in the storm for us."

They passed down the stairs and out into the street together unconscious of the shadow closing upon them, nearer and blacker. At the door of Hester's home they parted with a lingering good-by.

"My precious music," cried Robert, buttoning his coat closer about him. "No harm must come to that. It represents fame and fortune and love and honour for thee and me, my darling."

Hester lifted a small wet face to peer into the gloom. "I wish you could stay," she said. "And oh, Robert, be careful of the cliffs—the path is so lonely and dangerous. I

shall come early to rehearsal to-morrow for the sake of knowing that you are safe."

"Do!" he answered. "I shall bring you glad tidings. Success is too near for me to miss it now. Good night, good night, my sweetheart!" and so speaking he passed from her into the shadow of his waiting doom.

After that night of storm the day dawned clear and cool. At St. Paul's the Choral Society, just then in first flush of enthusiasm over a new oratorio, gathered early. One—Two—Three! the great bells chimed the hours and the singers waited impatient for their leader. Something had detained him most likely; he would come soon! The hour struck four and he had not come, and Hester Heathersleigh, with a heart heavy as lead in her bosom, fell on her knees in an agony of prayer.

"Oh, my God!" she cried, reckless of who might hear her. "He is dead. My Robert is dead! He has been lost in the cruel storm!"

Some one, pitying, touched her arm. It was her cousin, Conrad Charteris; he was looking at her with a pale face—a face paler far than that with which he had spied upon her yesterday from behind the gallery curtain. Her piteous cry had touched even his stony heart.

"Hush!" he whispered, "here is news from him—from Robert; come and hear what it is."

A note had been brought by a swift-running messenger, and a shudder ran round the waiting circle of listeners when its contents were made known. It was signed by a leading physician of the city, and stated that Robert Field had been picked up that morning at the foot of the cliffs and taken home for dead. He was now, at the date of writing, lying in an insensible condition, and it was impossible to tell what the extent of his injuries were, or if there were any hope of his ultimate recovery.

A horror-stricken silence followed the reading of the note, broken at last by a low, sobbing cry from Hester Heathersleigh's white lips.

"I must go to him—oh, I must go to him! Who will take me? You! you!" and she caught Conrad Charteris by the arm.

He shrank away from her with a gesture much as if she had pierced him with a knife. His black eyes dilated horribly.

"I? I go with you to see him?" he cried. "What are you thinking of? What do you take me for?" Then noting her astonished look he made a fierce struggle for composure; but his hands shook like withered leaves.

"Why do you wish to go to him?" he questioned angrily. "He would not recognize you—and it is no place for you! Let me take you home."

She snatched up her shawl and bound it with trembling fingers about her shoulders. "I tell you I shall go to him," she answered. "I was to have been his wife and, living or dead my place is now by his side. You can come with me if you like!" And she flew down the steps.

It seemed an age to her, that short time she was on the road leading to the lonely house of Robert Field's widowed mother; and when at last, by dint of her prayers and tears, she was suffered to approach his bedside, she looked down on a very different Robert Field from the one with whom she had parted in such high hope the night before.

The bruises were chiefly about the head, the physician said gravely, and even if he recovered it was doubtful if his mind would ever be sound again. Hester heard him, and with a great sob fell on her knees by the bedside. Where now were the brilliant aspirations, the tender hopes, the gay courage and stout-hearted faith of one short day gone by? Lost! lost! Success so near to him, and yet to fail. Triumph so nearly won, and yet to pass by on the other side.

"Robert, O my Robert! Look up! Speak to me, or I, too, shall die!"

Ah! but love remained. Love unchanged and unflinching. This then was left—the blessing of a love which believes all things, hopes all things, and endures all things unto the end.

The drawn white face on the pillow did not change at Hester's cry, but under the half-closed lids the dull eyes gleamed feebly and the slender hand outside on the coverlet groped helplessly. Hester took his hand in hers and then, quick as lightning, by some strange, subtle instinct rather than by any demonstration of his, she felt that the poor, stricken senses were trying to break through the darkness that enveloped them and make their unknown want understood.

"Robert, Robert! what is it?" she cried. "What is it that you want to make us understand?"

The helpless movement of his lips, the helpless groping of his fingers, were enough to make one weep. Hester bent her ear to his mouth:

"What is it, Robert, dear? Tell me—what is it you want?"

The stiffened lips strove with a terrible effort to move, and this time one word was feebly articulated:

"Music!"

Hester looked up with a startled exclamation: "Music! he calls for his music. Do you not hear? Where is it? Who knows about it? Is it lost?" she questioned eagerly.

Again that terrible attempt at speech. The dull eyes opened wide, the feeble fingers clenched themselves on Hester's hand, and, with a last mad effort of expiring desperate strength, he raised himself, and shrieked:

"My music! Find it! Save it!" And then he fell back on his pillow like one dead.

"You have killed him," said the physician, angrily, and at the words Hester, with a moan, dropped down insensible.

Not dead! But when, after weeks and months of painful illness, he faced the world again, he looked like a shadow out of the past. But bent and aged, with scarred forehead and whitened locks, the wreck of his body was not the greatest evil that had befallen him; for of the brilliant genius of other days no vestige was left. Sadder of all, the miserable ghost of his lost hopes haunted him, and in the ruined chambers of his darkened intellect he was forever groping, trying to gather up the mystic chords of tuneful thought which no longer vibrated to his magic touch. The lost manuscript music had never been recovered, and though his feeble mind failed to take in the greatness of his loss, the shadow of something beautiful which was to have been, but, somehow, failed to be, lay on him, and gave his face a wistful look, which was sadder far in its mute endurance than any wail of speech could have been.

Music was to him now something akin to the sound of "sweet bells jingled, out of tune and harsh."

One day in early spring he went to the church for the first time, leaning on Hester's arm. The old, familiar look of the place struck him forcibly and roused his dormant wit. He

sat down to the organ and glided his hands over the keys; a few jangling discordant chords followed, wandering and disconnected; then his face changed, and, with a terrible cry, he flung his head down on his arms.

"Oh Hester! tell me what is it I have lost! Sometimes I almost reach it—it is in my mind, something beautiful which I almost grasp, and then it eludes me and fades away. I have lost it now. Hester! Hester! take me home!"

Soon after that they were married. In vain Hester's friends threatened and opposed her. She was quietly determined.

"He loved me when friends and fortune smiled on him," she answered them. "He would have given me every great gift which the world was ready to bestow on him for love of his beautiful genius, and shall I desert him now when misfortune has overtaken him? Perhaps—oh, perhaps some time God may restore to him his lost mind." Tears filled her lovely soft pathetic eyes. "If I dared to hope it—oh, if I but might hope for it, how willingly would I give my life to have it so."

The day before her wedding she received a visit from Conrad Charteris.

"It shall not be!" he cried out vehemently. "Do you realize what you are doing? Why, you had better far die at once, for Robert Field is but little better than an idiot."

"And if he were an idiot," returned Hester, bravely hiding her hurt at the brutal words, "even then I would marry him. I love him, and if not one vestige of his glorious intellect remained I would be Robert Field's wife, and a proud one, too!"

"And, by God, I believe you would," answered Conrad, looking with a fond, mad longing into the small pale face, lifted so undauntedly to his dark gaze. "Hester, you will drive me mad. I would to heaven that Robert Field was dead. Why did he not die that night last winter?" and he struck his hand furiously on the table in a blind frenzy of despair.

"God knows it was for no lack of purpose in you that he did not die," retorted Hester spiritedly.

She spoke at random, but Conrad shrank away with a white face. The idle words evidently hit him hard. They cut close and sharp as steel in their unexpected descent, and wheeling abruptly about he left her and did not seek her again.

They were married quietly, and after that, in the tender security of his modest home, under the fond and cherishing care of his wife, health and strength came slowly back to the shattered frame of Robert Field.

Slowly, too, out of the darkness he began to wrench, one by one, the secrets of his prisoned mind. Old melodies began to shape themselves under his touch, discordant and fragmentary at first, but gradually assuming symmetry and power.

"Not quite a wreck!" he would sigh, wistfully. "Some day some good genius will unlock my prison door and set me free."

In the child that was born to them, a beautiful boy who sang sweet music in every tone of his childish voice, his pride was great. He talked of him, listened to him, watched him, and dreamed of him, predicting a future of which Bertrand was to be the perfect flower, the very golden rose of joy. So the years passed, and sweet Hester Field's fair face grew heavenly beautiful to see, with its tired look of patient waiting. God only knows how her heart failed her now at times; or with what fierce power she wrestled with her growing doubts, and prayed for strength to help her bear this cross whose shadow fell even darker and deeper on her young life.

Had her love, then, been a sacrifice in vain?

But one day the answer came!

Returning one afternoon from a long walk, Robert Field stopped in the hall, spell-bound by the triumphant strains of some new and beautiful melody floating through the rooms. His worn face flashed with the old light of inspired thought; his eyes dilated; his whole form shook with a mysterious emotion.

"What is it? what is it?" he asked of his wife, who came to meet him.

"Bertrand's music!" answered proud mother Hester. "He has been engaged with it a long time. He meant it to be a surprise for you."

Robert Field threw up his arms with a joyful cry.

"It is mine!—mine! My lost music!—the music I played for you that long-forgotten day! Hark, Hester! do you not recognise it now? Oh! to think that it has slept so long and now comes back to me so fresh and fair. This is what I have missed out of my life? This is my treasure which was lost to me after many years. Brought back by a little child! Our child, Hester! Oh, thank God for that!"

Rushing into the parlour he swept Bertrand from the stool and, seating himself at the organ, with one powerful sweep of his hand over the keys he summoned his God-given genius from the tomb of his youth and bade it stand resurrectionised in new life before him. On and on the music swept: not a note was lost; not a chord dropped out of the splendid work. Shoutingly, exultantly the tones leaped forth, "and their name was called Wonderful." On! on! Up and up!

At last, from sheer exhaustion, the musician dropped to the floor, and lying there at Hester's feet he wept tears which were no shame to him.

"It is the very same!" he cried. "Bertrand has written it out note for note, a counterpart of my own work. Is it not an awful thing to think of! My own work, and yet his! Who but God can explain it. And oh, Hester! The darkness is all gone now! Let me thank God for that."

Then, wrapping his arm about her, Robert Field kissed his wife's pale face and kissed her tender mouth, her wavy hair, and her slim, pale faithful hands.

"My wife! my wife! Oh, what if your love had failed you, Hester? If, in those terrible first hours of my misfortune, your true heart had been one whit less true, then I should have been lying in my grave to-day, a broken and forgotten man!"

So fame and success in the later days of his life came, not unwelcomely, to Robert Field. The world welcomed his famous piece with none the less acclaim for its long delay, and for the strange story which accompanied it. One truth only concerning that fatal night Robert withheld—known alone to his faithful wife. But Conrad Charteris had long ago disappeared from the town, and was seen no more among them. So he and Hester buried the secret in their hearts, contented that it should be so—for God is his own avenger.

They had been taught a wonderful lesson, too, by One who, having lived on earth, knew what the full fruition of earthly life must be, and who gave, ere he passed away from among men, the crowning blessing of His wisdom in a last, new commandment—

Love ye one another!

Music and the Drama.

Dion Boucicault sails for Europe on the 22nd instant in the "Russia."

Lecocq is writing a new opera entitled "Don Juan XIV." for the Folies Dramatiques, Paris.

Faure is shortly to appear in a revival of Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet" at the Paris Grand Opera.

Ponchielli's new opera, "I Lituani," has been brought out with complete success at the Scala, Milan.

Great enthusiasm has attended the production of "La Fille de Madame Angot" at the Teatro Nuova, Naples.

A pupil of Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Galloway, of Liverpool has been singing very successfully in the Isle of Man.

Rubinstein is playing at St. Petersburg, where, it is rumoured, he intends devoting himself hereafter entirely to composition.

"Elizabeth; or, The Exile of Siberia," has been produced at the Adelphi, London, out of compliment to the Duchess of Edinburgh.

A new theatre, to be called the Gaiety, is shortly to be opened in Liverpool for the performance of burlesques and the lighter dramas.

Mlle. Belocca, the recent *débutante* at the Italian Opera, Paris, is announced to appear shortly as *Cherubino* in "Le Nozze di Figaro."

"Le Magot," Sardou's "Palais Royal" piece, is said to be insufferably stupid, and the "business" even worse than the dialogue.

A new opera, entitled "The Rose of Navarre," is soon to be brought out in London. The composer is a Mr. Reginald Churchill.

M. Maurice Strakosch is repudiating the star system in his management of the Italiens, and yet it is the rendezvous of fashionable Paris.

For the first time in the history of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, its proprietor leaves it a prosperous man, a change of management having been determined upon.

A writer says, in speaking of the late Aimée Desolée, "With the soul of a tragedienne, she had the face of a soubrette, with round baby eyes and a nose more *retroussé* than classic."

Mr. Halliwell has found a drawing of the original Globe Theatre, Southwark, where Shakespeare acted, and which was built in 1599. The only engraving heretofore known is that of the rebuilt theatre of 1613.

David Strauss left among his papers direction that his grave should be closed to the tune of "O Isis and Osiris," from Mozart's "Magic Flute," the words to be sung having been specially written by him for the occasion. The paper was not discovered till too late.

William Stuart, manager and proprietor of the New Park Theatre, was the author of those severe and extremely clever criticisms against Forrest which were printed in the *Tribune* some twenty years ago, and which created a profound sensation in dramatic circles of that time.

The polyglot character of the Italian opera is shown by the Strakosch company. Nilsson is a Swede, Del Puente a Spaniard, Cary an American, Campanini an Italian, Blum a German, while the chorus and orchestra are made up of Italians, Germans, Americans, Belgians, French, Russians, Spaniards, English, Scotch, and Dutch—ten nationalities in the same troupe.

The London opera-houses are to have the French pitch this season, Mr. Mapleson having consented to defray the outlay for the new instruments required to introduce the French "Diapason Normal." Sir Michael Costa assented to the lowering of the pitch required by Madame Nilsson and Mlle. Titiens, and new flutes, clarionets, bassoons, &c., have been ordered in Paris.

The late Alexandre Dumas is now asserted to have left three unpublished dramatic works, in addition to the drama of "La Jeunesse de Louis XIV.," produced this week at the Odéon. One is a "Romeo and Juliet" in verse, quite complete, and was to have been produced at the Odéon in 1869, but was shelved on account of a difficulty in finding a suitable Juliet. The two others consist of part of a drama, "The Death of Porthos," a piece written at the actor Dumaine's request, and three scenes of "Joseph Balsamo." Dumas is said to have felt dissatisfied with all three of these works.

A successful opera *bouffe* is a profitable investment in the age of Offenbach, Hervé, Lecocq, and Co. A year's (345 nights) performance of "La Fille de Madame Angot" in Paris has brought a clear profit of £30,860 to the management of the Folies Dramatiques. The poor of the French capital, who have a right to 10 per cent. of the gross receipts of all theatrical performances, benefited £5,817; the publishers of the music and libretto cleared relatively £8,000 and £1,412, while the composer, Lecocq, and the authors shared £2,480 between them. This, it should be remembered, is for Paris alone.

On one occasion when Parepa-Rosa was at a rehearsal, she enquired why a temporary flight of stairs was placed in front of the platform. On being informed that it was expressly for her use, she quickly and smilingly replied, "I declare I won't sing unless I come in with the rest of the girls!" Constant good nature was one of her distinguishing traits, and she had the happy faculty, through strong personal magnetism, of producing harmony from discord. On one occasion a pompous artiste refused to perform a piece, because it was "placed too near the beginning of the programme." "Never mind," said she, "I will change places with him," which she did, receiving immense applause, and she never found that artiste troublesome again. Who was this?—Parepa-Rosa.

A writer in the *Galaxy* says: "The usual place of Sardou during a rehearsal is alongside the prompter's box, on the front of the stage, where he sits and notes every detail, jumping up at intervals, and running from one side to the other to give instructions, sometimes compelling a player to repeat a simple sentence a dozen times. In the gavotte—a dance under the directory in the "Merveilleuses"—an experienced ballet-master was employed to lead it. After going through it twenty times M. Sardou still expressed his dissatisfaction; when the irate master of the ballet put on his hat and told him he might lead his ballet himself, since he pretended to know everything. Amid general surprise the author left his chair, placed himself at the head of the dancing troupe, and executed the gavotte. "C'est le théâtre incarné!" was the exclamation of the manager.

The public of Padua seem to have taken a maniacal distrust of all efforts to please them at the Teatro Concordi and the Teatro Garibaldi. At the latter house "Un Ballo in Maschera" produced an awful onslaught upon the footlights. The orchestra was stormed and its Rubicon crossed, and full assault delivered

upon the stage. Seats were used as weapons, lamps flew about like bombshells, and the proscenium and auditorium were soon a wreck. A delegate wearing a tricolour scarf appeared, accompanied by guards and carabinieri, and tried to soothe the mob, but was encountered with cries of "Give us back our money." At last a young man jumped up and made a proposal—"Send the receipts to the poor of the town," he cried. The suggestion found favour; applause followed, and the audience quietly strolled out of the despoiled theatre, merely breaking a few bones of the boxkeepers and other officials on their road out.

In a Glasgow court Sheriff-Substitute Erakine Murray has issued an interlocutor in the case of the Estelle troupe of danseuses against Mr. David Brown, proprietor of the Royal Music Hall, Glasgow. The pursuers sought to recover the sum of £44 for four weeks' salary, at the rate of £11 per week, alleged due through wrongful dismissal. The defence was that the four members of the troupe had refused to dance when requested to do so by the manager, after an *encore*. They declined on the ground that the dress of one of their number had become disarranged. They were afterwards dismissed. The Sheriff-Substitute was of opinion that the real cause of the dismissal of the troupe was because they refused to sit in the American bar or green-room in the dress in which they had appeared on the stage, although this was denied by Mr. Wallace. The Sheriff found that the defender had failed to prove that the dismissal was justifiable, and that the pursuers were entitled to the stipulated salary of £44 for the four weeks, and he also found the defender liable for expenses.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The case of Biel occupied the House the whole week.—The Montreal *Witness* has been condemned of libel in the case of Mousseau.

UNITED STATES.—The idea of running elevated railroads in New York has been abandoned for the present.—The Mexican soldiers who took part in the murder of Rev. Mr. Stephens, the Boston missionary, have been imprisoned.—The Governor of the State of New York sends a special message to the Legislature relating to the inflation question, calling attention to the disastrous effects of such a course to the prosperity of the country.—It is said the President will approve the finance Bill passed by the Senate.—Brigham Young is getting his property well in hand, preparatory to departure, in anticipation of his final overthrow.—The Inflation Bill was passed at Washington. It fixes the maximum amount of United States notes at \$400,000,000.—The lease of the Samana Bay Company with the Dominion Government has been declared to have lapsed by non-payment of annual rental.—Another bad crevasse has occurred some forty miles above New Orleans, which it is feared may result in a widespread inundation.—Dr. Ernest Whiting, of Williamport, Pa., who buried a coffin full of bricks in place of a corpse and claimed \$10,000 life insurance, has been arrested therefor.—On a standing vote in the Washington House on Saturday, an amendment was carried abolishing the limitation of currency and establishing the free banking system.—Fifty convicts in the cabinet factory of Sing-Sing Prison have struck. It is thought a revolt is not unlikely, as the rest of the prisoners openly avow their sympathy with the offenders.—An Extradition Treaty between San Salvador and the United States has been officially promulgated.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The annual volunteer review took place at Wimbledon, on the 8th, when ten thousand men were under arms.—The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are to visit Ireland shortly.—England has been formally tendered the sovereignty of the Fiji Islands.—Dr. Livingstone was buried in Westminster Abbey, and Government will defray the expenses of the funeral.—The brigantine "Republic" from Halifax to Cork, has made the passage in 18 days, said to be the quickest time ever made by a sailing vessel from Halifax.—Three thousand colliers are on strike in Somersetshire, England.—A special from Calcutta says the famine is everywhere under control, and further subscriptions are considered superfluous.—The steamship "Victor Emmanuel" arrived at Portsmouth from the Gold Coast yesterday with invalid soldiers. Nineteen died on the way home.—Captain Brown and Jean Lule, witnesses for the Tichborne claimant, have been found guilty of perjury, and respectively sentenced to five and seven years penal servitude.—Sir John Karslake has resigned the Attorney Generalship, in consequence of ill-health, and Sir Richard Bagally, the present Solicitor-General, will succeed him.—The King of Ashantee has signed the treaty with England sent to him by Sir Garnet Wolseley, but has given no guarantee that he will execute its provisions.

FRANCE.—The French steamer "Europe," abandoned at sea, is valued at one million and a quarter, and the freight at about one million.—The Government has received a despatch from the Governor of New Caledonia confirming the report of the escape of Rochefort and his companions.

GERMANY.—In consequence of Bismark's slow recovery, it is proposed to appoint Camphausen Vice-Chancellor.—A compromise has been effected with regard to the German Military Bill, limiting the strength of the army to 400,000 men, and the period of service to seven years.—There is no foundation for the report telegraphed hence to a London paper of a Conservative and Ultramontane intrigue to supplant Bismark by General Manteuffel.—It has been officially ascertained that the Government of Wurtemberg never offered to pardon Communists if they leave for the United States.

SPAIN.—The Carlists have definitively rejected the proposal for a settlement made by Marshal Serrano.

CUBA.—All slaves furnished to Government in accordance with the decree issued during the administration of Captain General Jovellar are to be organized as soldiers under white officers. They are to serve five years and at the expiration of their term will be declared free. Their compensation will be the same as that of the regular troops. Free colored persons who enter the Government service will be assigned to transport duty.—Further disturbances are rumored, and many dissatisfied Spanish troops are joining the insurgents.—Captain-General Concha has arrived at Havana.

BRAZIL.—The Roman Catholic Bishop of Pernambuco, Brazil, has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment for fulminating a decree of the Pope in the churches against Free Masons, without first obtaining the Government's consent.

PERU.—Jesuits leaving Germany, Italy and Spain on account of trouble there, are not to be allowed to take refuge in Peru.

SAN DOMINGO. Despatches from San Domingo to the 30th ult., show affairs to be in a very unsettled state. The President elect, Gonzalez, has not yet been installed, and several arrests have been made of persons charged with conspiring for the restoration of Baez.

Oddities.

It is rather cool in a San Francisco paper to advertise a young man to "go West."

A San Francisco paper says in speaking of a lately-deceased worthy. "He was an habitual drunkard, but was often sober."

It is a rule of etiquette in Arkansas that no true gentleman will eat with his leg thrown over the back of his neighbor's chair, if he can help it."

It is pleasant to see a young creature come into a horse-car, seat herself for admiration, look happy for five minutes, and then wake up to the dismal consciousness that there is a rip in the middle finger of her right glove.

An Indiana court has decided, in the case of a boy who had disturbed a religious meeting, that he had a legal right to go to Hades if he wants to, and that no one can justly interfere with the carrying out of his inclination.

There is nothing so tends to shorten the lives of old people and to injure their health as the practice of sitting up late, especially winter evenings. This is especially the case when there is a grown-up daughter in the family. We publish this item at the earnest request of several young men.

Providence aldermen, it seems, are noticeable for the breadth of sole and the quantity of ground covered in their debates. One of them being called to order the other day for some personal remarks, gravely informed the president that he "couldn't help it if he had stepped on some one's toes; he must put his feet down somewhere."

A Danbury man who recently lost his wife was asked by a friend whether she died suddenly. "Indeed she did," he exclaimed, with much feeling; "why, only a week before there was a man around here that wanted to insure her, but I never dreamed of anything happening. And," he added, apologetically, "I don't believe anybody would have thought it to look at her."

It is one of the sweetest and most consoling reflections of the opening season of buds and flowers, when the brooks shall be released from their icy chains and there is a fair promise of the gentle lambs skipping from rock to rock and thistle to thistle, that the nights are rapidly growing briefer and the iron rod of the oppressive gas man has been broken at the fountain to some extent.

A Western journalist who lost his wife several years ago, and wrote a touching memorial to his departed spouse, has lately fallen in love with another woman, and is prevented from marrying her only by the fact that a rival editor has possession of a copy of the memorial, and threatens to point it in connection with the notice of the new espousals. Moral: Widowers should never write memorials.

One who had the reputation of being a great philosopher, an experienced man of the world, a profound thinker, and an acute observer, with a deep insight into human nature, has left on record the expression of his firm conviction that no man, however gifted, however fortunate in his domestic relations, however successful in his public undertakings, can be pronounced happy, whose trousers bag at the knees.

A young man in "these parts," who had spent a little of his own time and a good deal of his father's money in fitting for the bar, was asked, after his examination, how he got along. "Oh, well," said he, "I answered one question right." "Ah, indeed!" said the old gentleman, with looks of paternal satisfaction at his son's peculiar smartness; "and what was that?" "They asked me what a *que twm* action was." "That was a hard one! and you answered it correctly, did you?" "Yes; I told them I did not know."

The steward of the Prairie Bird committed suicide on the voyage from Havre to New Orleans. The extract from the captain's log, which the newspapers publish, is a mixture of the nautical and the literal; "The steward went into the cabin with the fish-basket. Heard report. The carpenter sung out, 'My God, he has shot himself!' Laid him on the main hatch and found a bullet-hole in his right temple. Then laid him out on a plank in starboard gangway; hauled down fore and aft sails; laid yard aback, read funeral ceremony and launched him into the deep."

An insane asylum was recently visited by the Legislative Committee; and this is the way they performed their duties:

One of the fatherly Senators stepped up to one of the young lady attendants, and said, "My poor girl, do you know how long you have been here?"

"The poor girl" smiled, and replied, "Nearly a year."

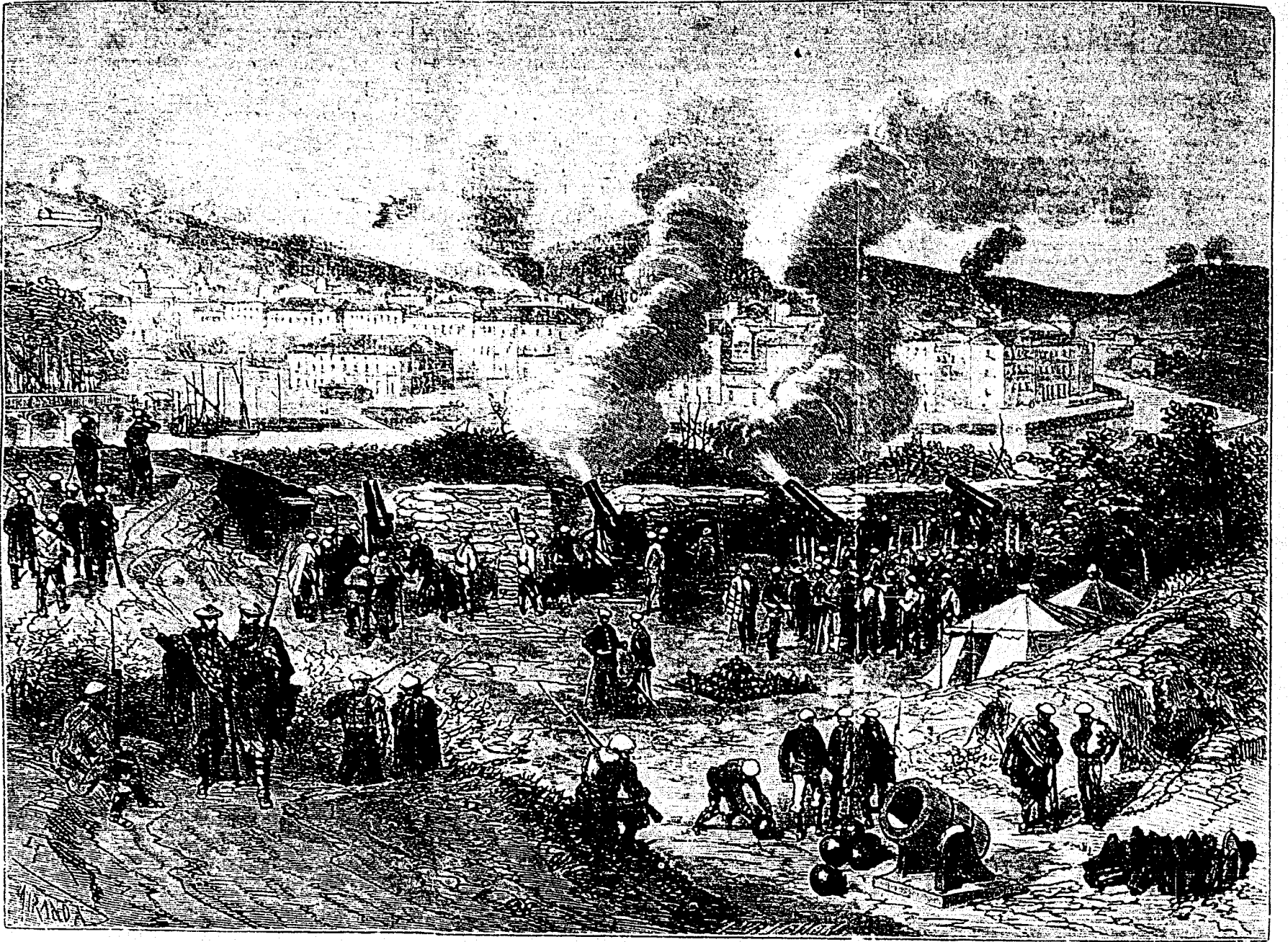
"How long do you think you will have to stay?" continued the Senator, in the same sympathetic tone.

"Well, Sir," continued the fair lunatic, "I shall probably stay till they stop my wages, or I get married;" and she walked away laughing.

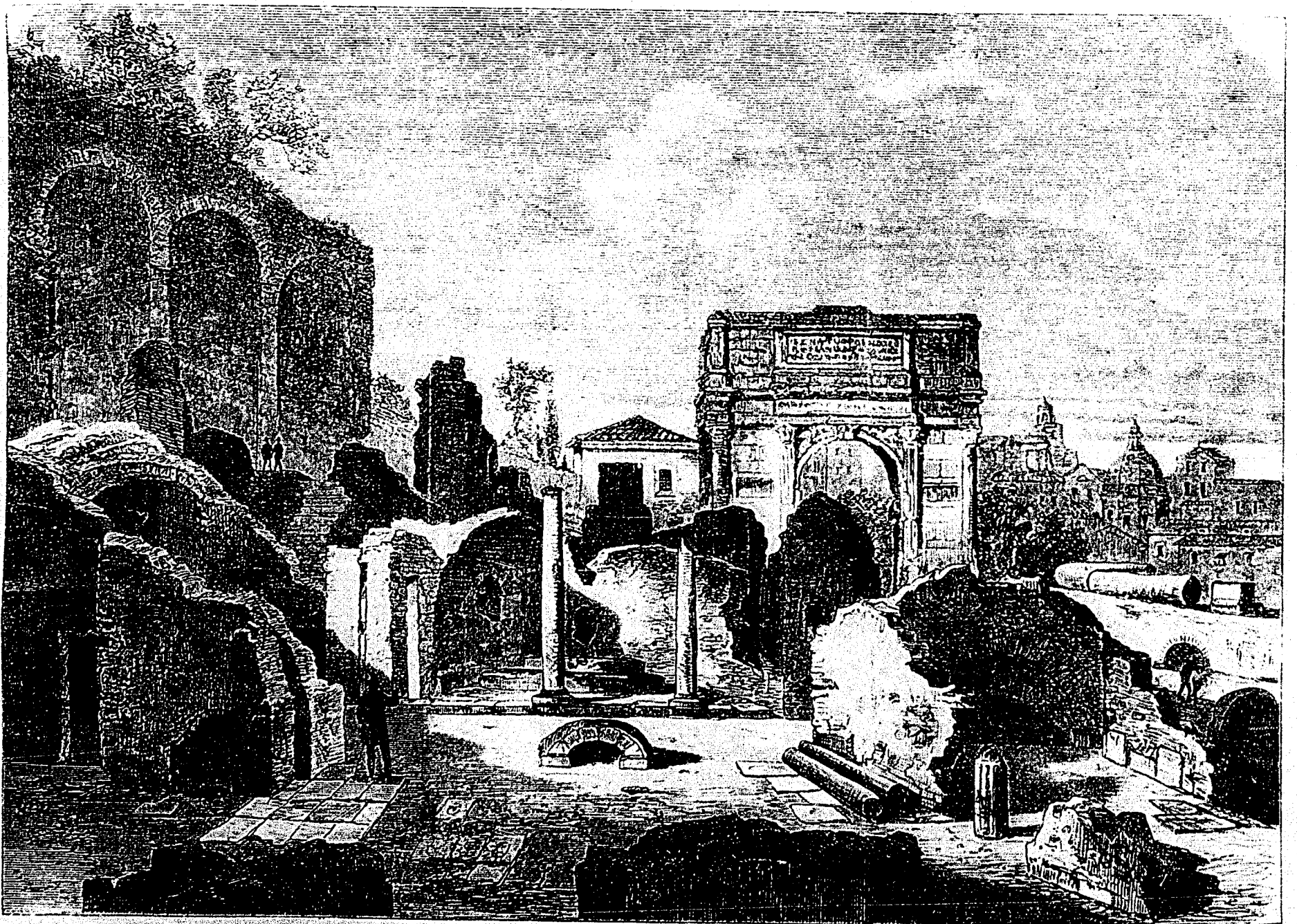
The kind-hearted Senator looked after her with tears in his eyes, and murmured, "Poor thing! poor thing!" while the "poor thing" related the affair to the matron, and laughed till she cried.

He was an Irishman, and when first seen he was coming down Montague Street, Brooklyn, on his way to the Wall Street Ferry. Over his port shoulder hung a bag containing about a bushel of potatoes, and in his starboard hand he carried a stout stick. Being under full sail, the momentum acquired in coming down the steep grade carried him nearly through the gateway, when, seeing a boat about ten feet from the dock, he shook out another reef, made an astonishing burst of speed, and jumped. Just as he reached the deck the potato bag shifted heavily to port, and laid out a Broad Street clerk who was smoking a Henry Clay through a meerschaum holder, while the stick hit a rotund South Street merchant in the waistband, shutting him up like a jackknife, and Pat himself assumed an involuntary devotional attitude. He was the first to recover his perpendicularity, and as he replaced the bag in its normal position, he complacently remarked, "Be me sowl, but got the boat anyhow!" "Got the boat!" screamed he of Broad Street, spitting the pieces of amber out of his mouth, "why, you confounded idiot, the boat is coming in!" And so she was.

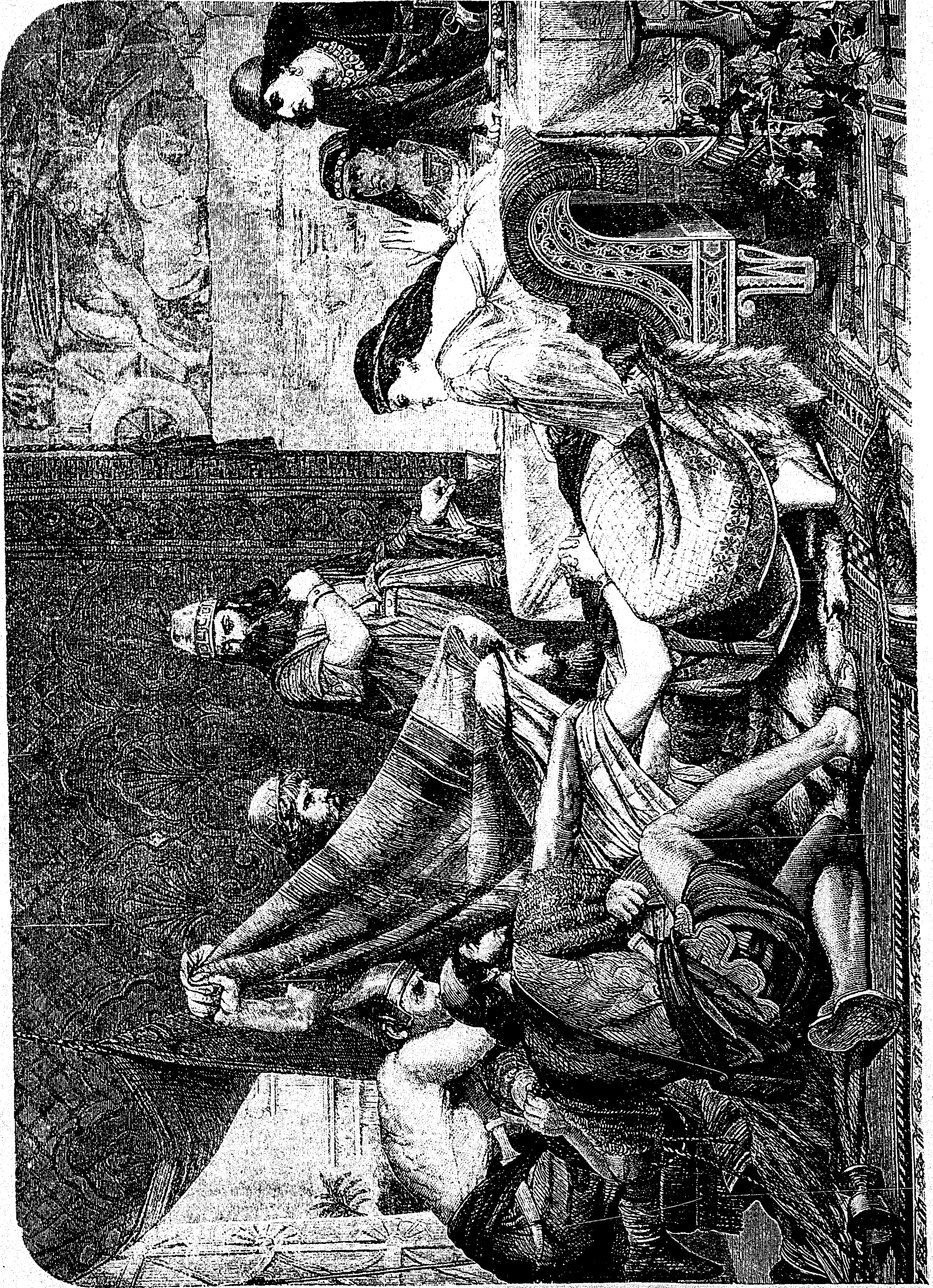
Bottlebury, of Camden, will never dive into the creek to save another woman from drowning. He saw a red-haired girl named Sparks tumble in the other day off a boat, and he instantly plunged in after her, caught her by her dress, and swam to the shore with her. As soon as they were on dry land Miss Sparks gave a hysterical scream, flung her arms about Bottlebury's neck, and fainted. Just then the father came up with the rest of the family, and perceiving the situation, he dashed up to Bottlebury, grasped his hand, and said; "Take her, my boy; take her! It is hard to give her up; it wrenches her old father's heart; but she is yours. Bless you, my children—bless you!" Then Mrs. Sparks cried, and said she hoped Harriet would be happy. The little Sparkses manifested their emotion by climbing up Bottlebury's legs and pulling his coat tails. Then Harriet came to, and laying her head on his shoulder, whispered, "Kiss me, darling." Bottlebury, amazed and indignant, tore himself away and fled. He was arrested that afternoon on charge of breach of promise, and on the trial the jury gave the broken-hearted Miss Sparks two hundred dollars damages. Bottlebury has intimated to his confidential friends that if any other warm-hearted woman intends to fall overboard near him, she will find it to her advantage to learn to swim.



SPAIN.—THE BOMBARDMENT OF BILBOA BY THE CARLISTS.



ROME.—THE LATEST EXCAVATIONS ON THE VIA SACRA BETWEEN THE ARCHES OF TITUS AND CONSTANTINE.



HAMAN BESEECHING ESTHER FOR HIS LIFE — BY E. ARMITAGE.

BLUE AND GOLD.

I.

Grizzly-bearded, swarthy, and keen,
Sits a Jeweller, cunning and cold;
Spectral-eyed, like a Bedouin,
Counting his gems and gold.

II.

Counting his chaplets of Syrian jet,
And odorous amber steeped in the sun,
The golden circlets, turquoise set,
A dowry every one;

III.

Blood-red rubies, pearls like grapes,
In clusters of purple, black, and white;
Cameo girdles for exquisite shapes,
Diamond drops of light;

IV.

Jewelled masks and filigree fans,
In carved cases of tropical wood;
Aspic bracelets, buckles, and bands,
Clasps for mantle and hood.

V.

Dreaming a dream of sordid gain,
The merchant, keen-eyed, cunning, and cold,
Smiles in thought of a yellow rain,
Ducats and sequins of gold.

VI.

Trailing her robes of velvet and lace,
Through the luminous dimness glows
Viola's form of girlish grace,
And face like an Alpine rose.

VII.

She comes to look at the baubles new,
To look at the rubies and strings of pearls,
With light in her eyes of turquoise blue,
And light in her golden curls.

VIII.

She fans herself with the filigree fans,
Opal-handled, with flame and dusk—
Giving the palms of her slender hands
The scent of attar and musk.

IX.

She tosses the chaplets of Syrian jet
And amber by, with a careless air,
And looks in vain for a jewelled net
For her beautiful golden hair.

X.

Grizzly-bearded, with spectral gleams
In the merchant's keen eye, cunning, and bold,
Through the long day he sits and dreams
Of mingled blue and gold—

XI.

Counting his wealth of baubles and toys,
Of the hoarded coin which his coffers hold,
A snare for the eyes of blue turquoise,
And net for the hair of gold.

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TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

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

CHAPTER LVIII.—(Continued.)

Then he turned back, benched off, and explored the line in another direction. He spent more than a fortnight in this manner, roaming through Germany like a modern embodiment of the wandering Jew—writing to his son every night; and appointing the post-office to which his letters were to be sent, and thus continuing to keep himself tolerably well acquainted with the progress of his business, and able to give detailed instructions upon all work he had in hand, so that although Mr. Bain was in Germany, it was not the less Shadrack Bain's intellect which ruled in the Monkhampton office. His clients could hardly feel impatient when his chief clerk read the clear and sharp sentences in which Mr. Bain gave his instructions for the conduct of their affairs.

"Upon my word he's a wonderful man," they said, "he never forgets anything. Such a clear head."

He had entered upon the third week of this fruitless search—had driven and walked to and fro in the scorching August heat, amidst the blinding glare of the white dusty streets—passing, a stranger, through curious old towns, and taking no more interest in the various pictures that passed before his weary eyes than if he had been amidst Sahara's arid waste. He was sick at heart, and he felt as if he had been wandering up and down this foreign land, by road and rail, for months instead of weeks. The strange diet disagreed with him—the unknown tongues, that sounded thick, fierce, and guttural in his ear, worried him. The sense of failure was the sharpest torture of all. Never till now had Shadrack Bain been beaten.

"I hold the secret which will make her my slave, if I can find her before she is Edmund Standen's wife," he told himself, "but if I am too late—if she is married before I can overtake them—what then? Why then?" mused Shadrack Bain, after an interval of deepest thought, "let me remember how she

has cheated me. Revenge is sweet. Sir Aubrey was a good friend to me. It would be hard that I should let his death go unavenged."

Mr. Bain had even consulted the police—had taken the professional opinion as to his chances of success. But the chief of police to whom he applied shrugged his shoulders and gave the applicant no encouragement.

"In the first place," he said with official dignity, "This is a matter in which we could not possibly concern ourselves. But as a mere word of friendly advice I may as well tell you, that were I in a position to help you, such a search would be utterly hopeless. When you left Antwerp you had already lost the trail. You had no certain knowledge that the people you want had come on to Cologne. When you left Cologne you were completely at sea. The time you have spent since is time lost. Your friends may be in France, in Switzerland, in Italy, or they may have even gone back to England."

"Gone back to England." That sentence struck upon Mr. Bain's ear like the vaguely worded counsel of a Greek oracle. "They may have gone back to England."

A sudden idea struck him. He was a fool in these wretched German towns, voiceless, almost mindless. Better to fight with weapons he was used to handle. The dogged stage-by-stage pursuit had come to nothing. He had spent money, wearied himself to no end. He thanked the German police officer and started that night on his return to England.

But not to Monkhampton. Beaten and baffled as he had been so far, he had no idea of abandoning his search. He meant to find Lady Perriam.

There was, of course, little doubt that she would eventually return to the Place. She had too much at stake to turn wanderer over the face of the earth. She would go back to Perriam by and by; but Shadrack Bain firmly believed that when she did return there it would be as Mr. Standen's wife. This was the contingency which he had to prevent.

Three days' journeying by land and sea took him to London, where he put up at a private hotel in one of the streets out of the Strand—a comfortable, homely place enough, which he had been in the habit of using for the last twenty years whenever he had occasion to stay in London. He was known here and respected, and not overcharged. He had the entire use of a small private sitting-room—the landlady's own particular parlour, which she was too busy to occupy herself—without paying for that accommodation. The house was quiet and orderly, and remote from observation. Here Mr. Bain felt like the spider in his web. He could spin his airy threads securely. His first act was to send the following advertisement for insertion in the *Times* newspaper:—

"Mary Tringfold, widow, now, or lately, of Hilldrop Farm, near Monkhampton, may hear of something to her advantage by applying to Y., at the Post Office, Norfolk street, Strand."

"If Lady Perriam is in England, Mrs. Tringfold is in England also," Mr. Bain reflected, "and it will be strange if she doesn't fall into the trap I've set for her, and answer that letter. If she does answer it, the rest is easy enough."

Mr. Bain managed his little plan with the utmost nicety and discretion. Of course it would not do for him to show in the business. If Mary Tringfold answered that advertisement, and asked for an interview with the advertiser, a stranger must appear—a strange lawyer, who could tell her that a small legacy had been left her by a former mistress. She had been in service before she married, and Shadrack Bain had her history at his fingers' ends. It would be worth Mr. Bain's while to give a ten pound note for the information he wanted, and a ten pound legacy would satisfy Mrs. Tringfold that she had not been duped by the advertiser.

Before handing her the money it would be easy enough for a sharp witted young man to draw from her all the information she had to give about her mistress and Mr. Standen—where they had been—where they were—their actions in the past, and their plans for the future.

He had a handy tool for this business in the person of his landlady's son, a clerk in a lawyer's office, the modern type of fast youth, who, in his own more expressive than elegant phraseology, was ready for anything, "from pitch-and-toss to manslaughter."

CHAPTER LIX.

SECRET SERVICE.

Shadrack Bain, having issued his advertisement, waited, like the spider, for that unwary fly which he deemed must, sooner or later,—even if the fly should haply be still a wanderer in foreign lands—be enmeshed in his net. No spider, in the last stage of attenuation for lack of flies, was ever more anxious or impatient than Mr. Bain.

The advertisement had appeared three times, and he was beginning to think that his return to England had been altogether a mistake, and the absolute surrender of all his chances when triumph and hope came to him in the shape of a letter from Mrs. Tringfold; a letter addressed from Willoughby Crescent, Hyde Park. Now, Mrs. Tringfold was not likely to be residing in so fashionable and expensive a district as Tyburnia if she had been living at her own charge. It was clear that she was still with Lady Perriam, and Willoughby Crescent was Lady Perriam's abode; whereby Mr. Bain felt that the fly was almost in his web.

Mrs. Tringfold's missive was one of those composite documents, fluctuating between a note and a letter, in which her class delights. It ran thus:—

Mrs. Mary Tringfold's compellments to Mr. Y. Esq., wch advertised in The times paper, and I ham the Mary Tringfold mesahuned, wch my late husband was a Pharmar at lldrope pharm. I shall be glad to here off anythink to mi hadventeg. hand she wil caul hiff Mr. Y. wil saye wear.

Your obedient survent.

MRS. TRINGFOLD.

P. Hess.—I am in survus weth a Lady & can honely cum out hafter thes baby is gone to bed.

Y., or Shadrack Bain, by his willing agent, John Sadgrove, the landlady's eldest hope, made haste to answer this letter, by a telegram, appolating that evening at nine o'clock for an interview, at the Quayside Hotel, in Embankment-street, Strand.

That postscript about the baby gave Mr. Bain the delightful assurance that Lady Perriam was to be found in Willoughby Crescent. Weak as were her maternal instincts, she was hardly likely to separate herself from a son upon whom her future position in some measure depended.

"Go where she will, she'll stick to the boy," mused Mr. Bain. "The only question is, whether by this time she may

not be the wife of Edmund Standen. I shall know that before ten o'clock to-night, if Mrs. Tringfold keeps her appointment!"

The private sitting-room which Mr. Bain had the privilege of using at the Quayside Hotel, was a little bit of a three-cornered apartment on the first floor, cut off a landing, and opening into a larger room in which the landlady and her family took their meals. In this larger room Mr. Bain was to plant himself, close to the door of communication, which was to be left artfully ajar, so as to give him the opportunity of hearing Mr. Sadgrove's interrogation of the visitor, and even of giving that young man a whispered hint if he found him wandering from his brief, or not master of the situation. Mr. Sadgrove, to whose budding genius any little business of a secret and furtive nature was peculiarly interesting, flung himself heart and soul into the case. He had ever admired Shadrack Bain;—had sat at his feet, as it were, from time to time, during the west country solicitor's brief visits to the Quayside Hotel; and he felt proud to serve him, even without consideration of that modest pecuniary reward which Mr. Bain had promised him.

The young man felt as important as an Old Bailey practitioner when Mrs. Tringfold was ushered into the triangular parlour, where he sat with an official-looking inkstand and a quire of foolscap before him.

The business of the legacy was speedily despatched. There was a certain Miss Harper, of Mostree, twenty miles from Monkhampton, with whom Mrs. Tringfold had lived ten years ago, as confidential maid and house-keeper, and whom she had nursed in her last illness.

"She didn't leave you anything, did she?" asked John Sadgrove, with a business-like air.

"Not a sixpence, sir, though it was expected by most folks as she would leave me well pervided for. The famby give me some portion of her wardrobe—she had a handsome wardrobe, had old Miss Harper, not having the heart to wear her things for fear of spoiling 'em, but hoarding of 'em like in her drawers and chests. The fall I have on this evening was Miss Harper's—real Spanish blonde, and everlasting wear."

"Well, I am happy to tell you that one of the late Miss Harper's relatives happened the other day to come across a packet of papers, and amongst them there was a memorandum in which Miss Harper stated her intention to leave you ten pounds."

"Well, sir, it isn't much, considering how faithfully I served her; but anythink comes welcome after so long."

"The memorandum was not a legal document, remember. Miss Harper's relatives were under no obligation to act upon it; but, with generosity that does them credit, they decided to let you have the whole benefit of Miss Harper's unfulfilled intention. I am commissioned by them to pay you the ten pounds."

"I'm sure, sir, I'm much beholden. Shall I write and thank the gentleman—or lady?"

"No, they require no acknowledgment."

"They're very good, sir; and I'm bound to say Miss Harper's famby always treated me liberally. The famby give me my mourning, everythink of the best, though not so good as the black I'm wearing now for Sir Aubrey Perriam."

"Sir Aubrey Perriam—the gentleman who married a pretty young woman shortly before his death," said Mr. Sadgrove carelessly, as if he had known all about it ever so long ago. "I suppose the widow is married again by this time?"

"No, sir, not married," answered Mrs. Tringfold significantly.

"But thinking about it, eh?"

"Thinking about it a good deal more than becomes a lady whose poor dear husband hasn't been six months in his grave! It's all very well to put up a marble tablet, and shut yourself up in your own room, and see no company, and call that grief!" said Mrs. Tringfold, sententiously; "but if you go and marry a young man you was keeping company with before-hand not six months after your husband's funeral, them as looks deep into things will think your marble tablet and your doleful ways nothing more than a blind. Blinds is made of a good many more things than calico at sixpence halfpenny a yard, sir," added Mrs. Tringfold, winding up with an aphorism.

"You can't expect grief to last for ever in young widows," rejoined Mr. Sadgrove, jauntily, "but I suppose Lady Perriam is hardly thinking of marrying just yet a while. Six months hence or so she might make up her mind. She'll show some respect for the 'conveniences,' as our French neighbours have it?"

"What would you say, sir, if I was to tell you that Lady Perriam is going to get married to her first sweetheart—which all Hedingham knows there was carrying on between them before Sir Aubrey took a fancy to her—to-morrow morning?"

"Nonsense, Mrs. Tringfold! I can't believe such a thing!"

"It's gospel truth, sir, whether you believe it, or whether you do not."

"Where are they to be married?"

"At St. Francis of Sissy, sir, just at the back of the Crescent; a new church, and very high, they say; though to my eye the steeple isn't as tall as the spire of our new church at Monkhampton."

"What time is the ceremony to take place?"

"At half-past ten, and it's to be strictly private, as it had need be. They're to go to the Lakes for their honeymoon, and then back to Perriam—to brasen it out, as I say—which Mr. Standen, being in the Monkhampton Bank, can't stay long away. Such a low match for a baronet's widow, and to give that precious boy a stepfather before he's out his double teeth!"

"They are to meet at the church, I suppose now," said Mr. Sadgrove in a conversational tone, after he had helped Mrs. Tringfold to a glass of sherry and a biscuit.

"Yes, Lady Perriam and him is to meet in the Vestry at twenty minutes past ten, and it'll be all over by eleven. Celine, her maid, is to be the only person with her, and me and my blessed boy are to start off to Brighton directly after the wedding, and stay there in lodgings that has been took for us in Rock Gardens till we get our orders to go back to Perriam. It's to be the dimmallest wedding as ever I heard of."

"How long has Lady Perriam been in Willoughby Crescent?"

"Close upon three weeks. We came here straight from Brussels."

"Oh, you were at Brussels previously were you? Pray take another glass of that sherry, it won't do you any harm."

"Yes, sir—wishing you your health—we was three days in Brussels after we left Antwerp—where I didn't see nothing worth looking at but the Poll parrots in the Zoological gardens. My lady was three days at Brussels seeing all the sights—pictures and churches—and the battle of Waterloo. And then we left as abruptly as we'd left Antwerp, and came back to London, where we stopped one night at the hotel, and the next morning Mr. Standen came to say as he had found a furnished house to suit in Willoughby Crescent, and before Sir St. John's dinner time we was all comfortably settled, and glad I was to find myself among my rational fellow creatures once more, instead of those jabbering Belgees."

"Do you know why Lady Perriam came back to London so suddenly?" asked Mr. Sadgrove, prompted by a whisper behind the door.

"No, sir—not any more than that I heard my lady tell Mr. Standen one day at Brussels, when I went to her room to fetch the baby—one can't help having ears—that there was no place like London; and that people were free to do what they liked there without any one noticing them. 'London's like a forest,' she said, 'we shall be lost in it, Edmund.' It used to give me the cold shivers down my back to hear her call him by his christian name, and Sir Aubrey not cold in his coffin, as you may say."

The door behind Mr. Sadgrove now gave a gentle creak, or groan, which, in the language of the spirits, meant that Mr. Bain had heard enough, so Mr. Sadgrove forthwith paid Mrs. Tringfold her legacy, ten glistening new sovereigns, which made the young man's mouth water, and dismissed her, very well satisfied with what she had heard to her advantage.

"Well, Mr. Bain, did I manage it all right?" asked John Sadgrove, with conscious merit, as Shadrack Bain emerged from the adjoining chamber.

"You couldn't have done it better, John, and here's the sovereign I promised you. But you must beg a few hours' liberty to-morrow morning, and go with me to the Church where Lady Perriam thinks she is going to be married. I may find you useful as a witness."

"I'll run round to the office to-morrow morning to ask leave of absence, and be back here at half-past nine," answered John Sadgrove, blithely. "Are you going to put a stop to the marriage?" he asked.

"I think it's more than likely I shall," replied Mr. Bain, with a grim smile.

CHAPTER LIX.

JUST CAUSE FOR IMPEDIMENT.

It was the morning of Sylvia's second marriage—that union which was to be the blessed fulfilment of all her girlish dreams, which was to bring her nothing but happiness.

Restless had been her slumbers through the night that was gone, and haunted by awful dreams. Not once, but several times, in vague and various shapes the event of the coming day had been enacted. Sometimes the scene had been lifelike enough, the circumstances possible—some element of reason in the fabric of her vision; at other times all had been dense darkness and wildest confusion. She had been drifting with her lover over storm-driven waves. They had stood together on the bare and empty deck of a wrecked vessel, while a priest in splendid vestments, such as she had seen at St. Gudule, in Brussels, had recited the marriage service; and, behold! just as he had joined their hands, a gigantic wave rose, white-crested, and broke over the ship, sweeping away priest and bridegroom, and leaving her alone, whirling madly onward over that hideous ocean.

In another dream they had been together on some tropical waste of level sand, under a copper-coloured sky, the sultry air thick with hot white vapour, and every now and then a cloud of burning sand blown over them by the sudden blast of a hot wind. Here, too, they knelt side by side, and a voice that came, the dreamer knew not whence, repeated the words of the marriage service; but before it was ended, the bride looked at her companion, and saw that he had fallen dead at her side, and saw a flock of vultures swooping down upon him through that awful sky.

It was broad day when she awoke from this last vision. She started up in her bed, her forehead damp with the cold dews of fear, and looked at the summer light shining in upon her through the uncurtained windows.

"Thank God, it was only a dream!"

She sprang up, rang for Céline, and began the operations of the toilet, though it was only six o'clock. Céline remonstrated politely, urged upon her mistress the duty of looking her loveliest in her wedding bonnet, the most delicious chapeau of white chip, ostrich feathers, and palest mauve, the faintest suggestion of half-mourning as a delicate compliment to the departed Sir Aubrey.

"It's no use talking, Céline!" replied Lady Perriam impatiently, "I shan't attempt to sleep any more! I have had such horrible dreams."

"Horrible dreams, on the eve of so happy a union, ma'am, Madame, c'est incroyable!"

"It is true, nevertheless. I suppose I have had too much anxiety lately."

"A cause des dents du pauvre petit," said Céline naively. There had been trouble lately about Sir St. John's dental development, and the maid imagined that maternal solicitude might have disturbed her lady's slumbers.

Sylvia felt considerably refreshed after a cold bath, a cup of strong tea, and an elaborate toilet. She looked lovely in her wedding dress of palest gray satin, trimmed with heavy Spanish point lace—a matronly costume, which rendered the youthfulness of her beauty all the more striking.

"And now run down stairs and get me my letters," she said to Céline, as the clock on the chimney piece struck nine, "the post must have come by this time."

The only letter she thought of was a possible greeting from Edmund—one loving line perhaps to welcome the day. She had communicated with the housekeeper at Perriam Place, and ordered that letters should be sent to her, but of any such letters she had no thought this morning.

Céline came back with a bulky little packet, wrapped in the thickest and creamiest paper, sealed with several seals—a jeweller's parcel, evidently. This was Edmund's greeting. She also brought a letter—a foreign letter—addressed to Perriam Place, in a delicate, nervous hand, a hand Sylvia knew very well, and re-addressed to Willoughby Crescent, in the housekeeper's clumsy characters.

This letter was from Mr. Carew. His epistles were not frequent, and their purport was generally either to ask or acknowledge money. He had continued his easy life in the

south of France—only varying it by an occasional fortnight in Paris, and Sylvia had every reason to suppose that he would spend the rest of his days in that agreeable exile. She had been sufficiently liberal to him, and they corresponded in most affectionate terms; but Sylvia did not sigh for re-union with the father in whose companionship she had spent so many years of her life.

She opened Edmund's packet first. It contained a ruby velvet case with her monogram—her new monogram, S. S., in gold, and inside the case, on a bed of white satin, reposed a diamond cross—the gems of large size and purest colour.

Upon a slip of paper in the case Edmund had written these lines:

"Wear this to-morrow, dearest, for my sake, instead of the jewels you showed me last night. I should like to think that you wore my gift rather than Sir Aubrey's on that solemn day which is to unite us for ever."

"My own generous Edmund!" murmured Sylvia, and unbidden tears clouded her eyes as she kissed the letter and the cross.

She had shown him her diamond necklace, Sir Aubrey's gift, the day before, and had asked him, half in sport, if she should wear it on her wedding day.

She clasped the cross on her neck before she even thought of her father's letter. The diamonds flashed out between folds of rich lace, which veiled the narrow opening of her Raphael-shaped bodice.

When her lover's offering had been adjusted to her satisfaction, with much enthusiasm and ejaculation on the part of Céline, Lady Perriam seated herself at the breakfast table to sip a second cup of tea and to read her father's letter.

"You can go now, Céline," she said, "but come to me at a quarter to ten, to arrange my bonnet and veil."

Mr. Carew's letter was briefer than usual, for in the calm retirement of his unoccupied life he had found time to write to his daughter with considerable amplitude. He prided himself on being able to write a good letter, and his epistles had been for the most part as elaborate as those of travellers who have an eye to publishing their effusions later in a permanent form at the request of friends.

To-day the letter was brief, and the tidings it contained were not agreeable. Sylvia's brow darkened as she read it.

My Dear Sylvia,

After two years' residence in this genial clime, I find my health established, and that nature has, in some measure, compensated herself by profound rest, for the wear and tear of those years of toil which had made me an old man before my time. With renewed strength I find reawakening within me those yearnings for home and country which are, I suppose, innate in every breast. You are now your own mistress, rich, and secure in the noble position which your attractions won for you. If I come now to sit beside your hearth—or perchance to dwell at a short distance from your house in some modest retreat of my own—I shall not feel myself an intruder. I am coming, therefore, my dear child, to claim your affectionate welcome, to taste the sweets of your bounty. You have been most generous to me during my exile, but I crave something more than pecuniary aid. I languish for your society, your ever dutiful regard. I shall be with you, perhaps, in a day or two after you receive this letter. For the first time, therefore, I may venture to close my sheet with *au revoir* instead of adieu.

Your ever attached father,

JAMES CAREW.

"One would imagine my evil genius had put it into his head to come back, and at such a time!" thought Sylvia. "I wonder whether I have an evil genius. Most people would say no, for I have been so lucky. But then the devils we read of gave their slaves all their desires at the outset."

She tried to calculate the time that must elapse before her father could arrive in England, but his letter was too vaguely written. It was dated nearly a week ago. If he had followed it quickly he might be in England already.

He would go straight to Perriam Place, no doubt, find her absent, obtain her address from the housekeeper, who would be awed by his paternal authority, and come to Willoughby Crescent in quest of her. Hope whispered that he might come too late.

A bell rung loudly while she was still standing with the letter in her hand, a bell that sent a thrill of fear through her heart, though it might be a common-place summons enough.

She had been breakfasting in a boudoir that had been extemporised for her, a bright little apartment, adjoining her dressing-room. This room was held sacred to her privacy, and when a masculine step sounded presently on the landing, she told herself it must be Edmund. No one else would venture to intrude at such an hour.

Céline opened the door and screamed—"Madame, it is Monsieur, your father!"

Another moment and Sylvia—shedding tears of vexation—was clasped to her father's breast. Not so fondly would he have clasped her in the old days when he was the parish schoolmaster, and she his unrecompensed handmaiden. It may be that severance had taught him the value of this only daughter.

"My love," he exclaimed, with emotion, "this is rapture. I knew not the feelings of a father's heart till this moment."

For half a minute or so he indulged those feelings, and shed, or seemed to be shedding, paternal tears upon Sylvia's soft brown hair. After that gush of emotion he put her suddenly away from him.

"Let me look at you, my love," he exclaimed—"let me see how these two years have ripened your young beauty. Yes, the bud is expanding into a blossom, but it has not lost the freshness of its early bloom. But, my sweet Sylvia, what in heaven's name is the meaning of this dress at this early hour? Has fashion invented some morning assembly? What is the meaning of this almost bridal attire?"

Sylvia looked him straight in the face, nerving herself for a battle.

"It simply means that I am going to be married," she answered in her coolest, hardest tones—tones that meant "no surrender."

"You—are—going—to be married?" ejaculated Mr. Carew, "six months after your husband's death—such a husband as Sir Aubrey Perriam!"

"I know that it may seem strange to you—to the world," answered Sylvia, "but I do not hold myself accountable to the world, or to you. I consult my own feeling *this time*. I sacrificed myself once to win comfort and ease for you. It would be a poor return if you were to reward that sacrifice by opposition, now that I seek happiness for myself."

"The world will say hard things of you for this marriage, Sylvia."

"Let the world say what it will. The world is always hard—hard to the rich—harder to the poor—hard to beauty—hard to virtue. Let the world hate me. I am my own mistress. I am tired of a lonely, unprotected life, and I am going to marry the lover of my youth, the only man I ever loved. Is that such a wicked act?"

"It is an improper act to marry six months after your husband's death."

"I suppose if widow-burning were the fashion in this country you would come and ask me to perform suttee rather than outrage society," said Sylvia with a bitter laugh. "You sold me to the highest bidder, and you have profited by the bargain, and are likely to profit by it for the rest of your life. What more do you want? Did you intend to make a second barter—to find another rich man to pay you the price of my broken heart?"

"This is unkind, Sylvia. If I profited in a small degree by your union with Sir Aubrey you profited largely. And I think you were as much gratified to become Lady Perriam as I was to see you raised to that proud position. Let us not dispute, my love. For your own sake I would entreat you to postpone your marriage. There is no reason you should not marry Mr. Standen, when a decent interval has elapsed. But if I have any influence with you I will exert to the utmost to hinder your taking a step which will be the ruin of your name."

"You have no influence with me; you exhausted all your stock of influence when you persuaded me to marry Sir Aubrey Perriam. You shall not come a second time between me and the man I love."

"Sylvia!" cried her father desperately, "cannot you understand that I have no objection to make to your ultimate union with Mr. Standen? I only ask you to respect the laws of society, and to delay this marriage, if only for six months."

"Delays are dangerous," answered Sylvia. "Who knows what might happen in six months?"

"What have you to fear—you, who have youth, wealth, and beauty? Edmund Standen has everything to gain by marrying you."

"He might not always think so. Come, dear father," said Sylvia in a lighter tone, "don't let us spoil this reunion by a needless dispute. You have always taken your way in life, let me take mine, unassailed by advice or interference. Do this and we shall always be good friends. Oppose me—and—" she finished the sentence with a shrug of her shoulders, which was easy of interpretation.

"What then?" asked Mr. Carew.

"In that case I should try to forget that I have a father."

"Very well, Sylvia, take your own way. After all it is your reputation and not mine that is at stake—why should I trouble myself about the matter. I have never been in the habit of making myself unhappy about other people's business. Let us say no more about it. Perhaps you will be good enough to give me some breakfast. I went down to Perriam yesterday, found that you were living in London, got your address from the housekeeper, and came back to town by the evening mail. I slept at the Great Western Hotel, and in my impatience to see you would not even wait to breakfast before coming here."

"You shall not suffer for that sacrifice," said Sylvia gaily. She was eager to conciliate this unwelcome parent, now that he showed himself amenable to reason. She rang the bell, ordered the best breakfast the house could produce at five minutes' notice, and presently Mr. Carew found himself seated at a well-furnished table, with his daughter opposite to him, the aroma of choicest Mocha ascending to his nostrils, and a rush-bound flask of Maraschino at his elbow.

"After all, papa, if you will only take things pleasantly your unexpected arrival is not inopportune," said Sylvia, ministering to her parent's wants with daintiest care. "You can go to church with me. I shall feel a less desolate creature if I have your arm to lean on."

"My love, no one is desolate with five thousand a-year," said Mr. Carew, sententiously. "For people with such an income the world teems with friends."

"Yes, friends who are enemies in disguise—wolves in sheepskins," answered Sylvia, bitterly. "I shall not waste my money in paying for such friendship. My only hope of happiness is with the man who loved me for my own sake when I was your penniless daughter."

Mr. Carew ate his breakfast, wound up with a couple of glasses of Maraschino—tiny Venetian goblets, emblazoned with gold—and discreetly held his peace. After all—as he had remarked just now—his daughter's too speedy marriage would make no difference to him; it was she who must suffer the world's scorn.

They drove to the church—the new Gothic temple with its painted windows, which made patches of luminous colour in the half-light in the narrow vaulted aisles. Edmund was waiting for them in the vestry—looking as happy as a bridegroom should look. No remorseful thought troubled him to-day. Mind and heart were alike filled with one subject, and that was Sylvia.

He was surprised to see Mr. Carew, but welcomed him cordially, ready to forgive and forget the schoolmaster's insolent reception of his proposal two years ago. To-day was no day for the remembrance of old injuries. Marriage would be but a sorry business if every man were not a Christian on his wedding day.

"My Sylvia," said the bridegroom proudly, as he drew her a little aside from the clergyman and Mr. Carew, and looked at her with fond admiring eyes, "how lovely you have made yourself, as if satin and pearl were needed to enhance your beauty. If you had come to me in rags, if you had come to me a beggar-girl out of yonder street, I should love you every bit as well. My Sylvia!—mine at last!—mine for ever from to-day."

"Are you ready?" asked the clergyman, who had remained politely unconscious of this sentimental episode.

"Quite ready," answered Edmund, putting Sylvia's arm through his, and moving towards the door.

"Not quite, I think, when you have heard what I have to tell you," said a strong voice from the threshold. The half-opened door was pushed aside, and Mr. Bain entered the vestry.

Sylvia gave a cry of despair—a shriek that echoed loud in the vaulted aisles on the other side of the door—and hung herself upon her lover's breast.

"He shall not part us!" she said. "Edmund, Edmund, be true to me, let him say what he will."

(To be continued.)

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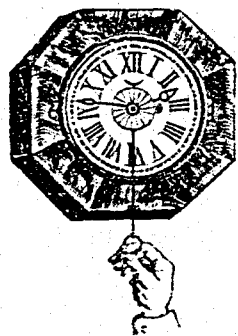
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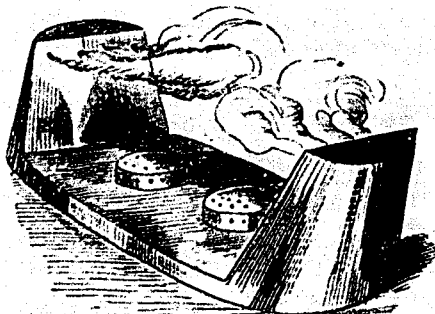
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