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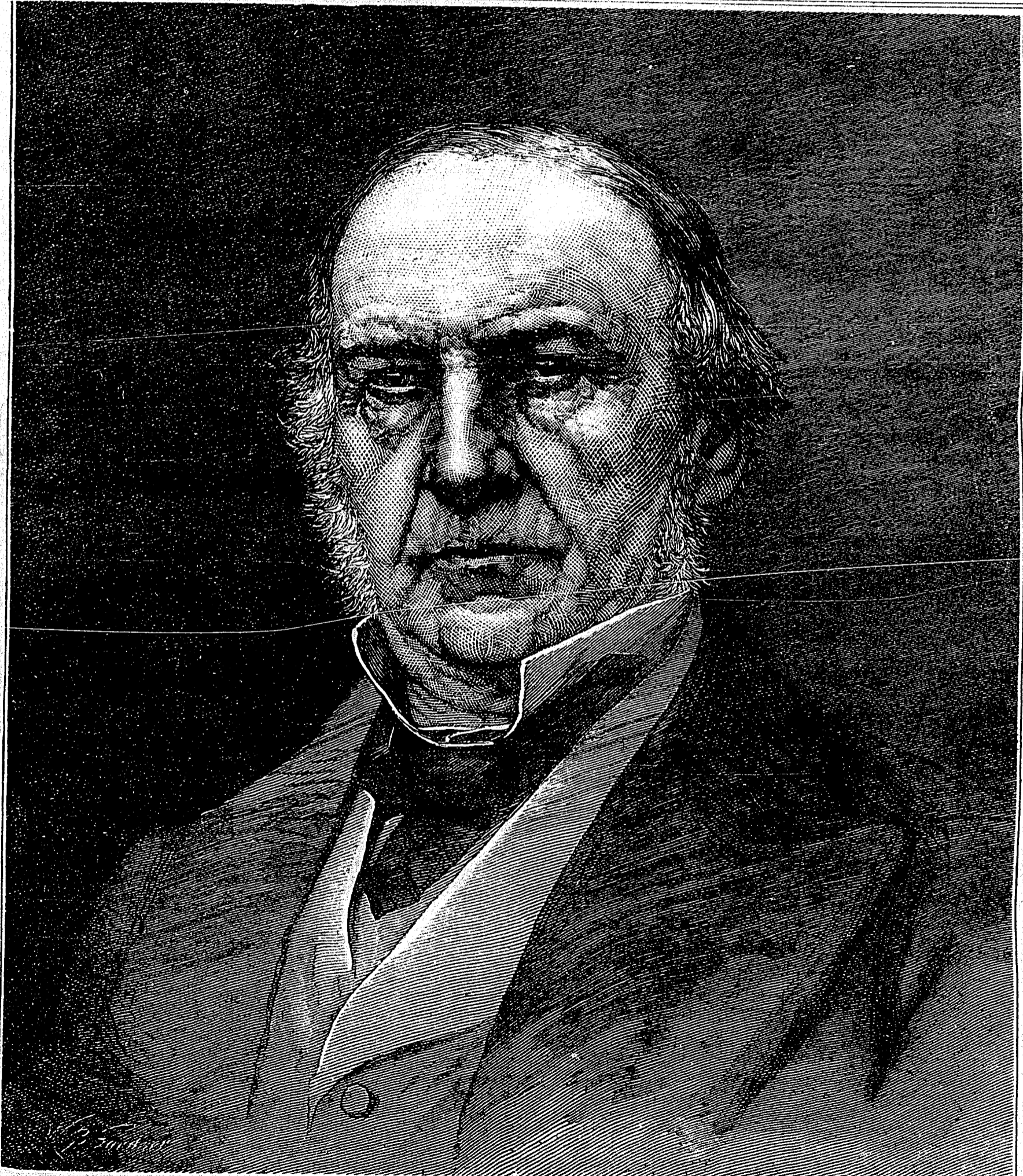
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# AMERICAN Whistleblower News

Vol. IX.—No. 10.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1874.

SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.  
\$4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.



THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1874.

The Proprietor of this paper, Mr. George E. Desbarats, has been obliged to go into insolvency. He had hoped to recover from the heavy losses incurred in the early stages of this publication, some of which are natural to all similar new enterprises. And latterly, he endeavoured to form a company to carry on the business, and thereby relieve himself of a part of the load, mental and financial, he was carrying. But undue pressure in certain quarters has forced him, before this plan was completely realised, to protect himself and his creditors under the provisions of the Insolvent Act. Should he be enabled to regain possession of the business, he is confident that its present efficient state, and its powers of production, may enable him, in time, and with industry and perseverance, not only to recuperate, but to reimburse those whom his failure may temporarily affect. Meanwhile, his creditors understand the impossibility of stopping for a single week such important publications as the *Canadian Illustrated News*, *The Favorite*, *L'Opinion Publique* and the *Patent Office Record*, without loss to all concerned, and the business will suffer no interruption. We therefore request a continuance of the public confidence and support, and, on our part, we will strive to improve our publications in every respect and to deserve the cooperation of every true Canadian.

Another of those terrible railway accidents which result in loss of life and cast a gloom over the country occurred last week. The scene was on the line of the Great Western Railway, midway between London and Komoka. On Saturday evening the Sarnia express left the former place at twenty minutes past six, with several petroleum and baggage cars and one coach crowded with passengers. About midway between London and Komoka station, an oil lamp in the closet fell from where it was suspended to the floor, and was broken. In a moment the oil ignited and the whole interior of the closet was on fire. A panic at once seized the passengers, and efforts were made to stifle the flames by the use of cushions, but it was found useless. The great speed at which the train was going, reckoned at over 30 miles an hour, fanned the fire to such a degree that no hope was left but an immediate stoppage of the train. But there being no bell-rope attached, no communication could be passed, until Conductor Mitchell, at much personal risk, ran forward and gave the word. By this time the fire had gained full sway, and the affrighted passengers were throwing themselves headlong from the platform and out of the windows which they smashed for the purpose. In a few minutes the car was consumed, and those who could not escape were burned to a crisp. Such is the account given of the disaster in the morning papers of Monday last. Seven persons, it appears, lost their lives, and twelve were injured, seven seriously. It is only natural to expect that such an accident as this—if accident it can be called—will be made the subject of an enquiry instituted by the Government. It is to be hoped that the investigation will be more thorough than such investigations are wont to be and that the parties who are responsible for the disaster will be made to understand that they cannot with impunity trifle with the lives of the public. After all there is very little to sift, and the duties of those appointed to examine the matter will be mainly confined to discovering the individuals to whom the blame attaches. It is pretty clear that the disaster is due in the first place to the insecurity of the lamp in the closet of the burnt car. Everyone accustomed to travelling by rail must have noticed the careless manner in which the oil lamps are frequently fastened, and how liable they are to being upset by the jolting of the cars. It is only surprising that accidents of the nature of that which occurred at Komoka are not more frequent. In this case, however, the disaster might have been limited to the partial destruction of the car had it not been for the unaccountable absence of the bell-rope which usually connects the whole train with the engine. Had this rope been in its place there would have been no difficulty in communicating with the engine driver and stopping the train before much damage was done. It certainly is a very extraordinary thing, whether it be of frequent occurrence or not, that a train should be allowed to leave any station without the indispensable apparatus for communication. As well might a vessel be allowed to sail from port without life-saving apparatus. The person who is guilty of the culpable piece of negligence which has led to the loss of seven lives has a heavy weight of responsibility at his door. There is yet another feature in the Komoka disaster to which we would draw attention, viz., the dangerous custom of attaching petroleum cars to passenger trains. This should be distinctly prohibited by law under

heavy penalties in cases of infraction. There are dangers enough already attendant on railway travel, without adding new and cunningly invented perils to risk the unfortunate traveller's life and limbs. Until our railway system is established on a completely new basis, or the European principle is adopted, which insists on the highest penalty being visited on the person or persons responsible for accidents involving loss of life, we despair of seeing railway traffic in this country conducted with anything like due regard for the safety of passengers. One accident may occur after another, all causing loss of life, and still the lesson will not be learned. The Komoka disaster, like those that have gone before it, will be a subject of interest and indignation for the usual nine days, and will then drop out of sight. It might be different had there been a couple of dozen railway directors, a sprinkling of members of Parliament, and one or two Cabinet Ministers on board the ill-fated Sarnia train. But in that case the bell-rope would have been in its place.

At the dinner given last week by the Cabinet to the Delegates of the Dominion Board of Trade, Mr. Huntington, the Chairman, expressed a wish that merchants, and commercial men in general, should devote themselves more to politics. We think the retort courteous might be made to the Hon. President of the Council. Mercantile men might reply that it were more to the purpose if politicians applied themselves more to a knowledge of the commercial wants of the country. Much less politics and a better acquaintance with the practical requirements of a new people like ours are, indeed, much to be desired. That the Delegates of the Dominion Board of Trade, at their last annual meeting, more particularly, were alive to this fact is matter of sincere congratulation. The ability displayed in the discussions was certainly very marked, while the range of subjects occupying the attention of the Board testified to their knowledge of our national wants and their zeal for their country's welfare. Clear, practical views were expressed on such important topics as the Insolvency Laws, Insurance, the Inspection Act, Reciprocity, the Fisheries, Inland Communication, and the Tariff. The latter question, hinging as it does on political issues, especially in the present altered condition of the Government, was treated in a business-like spirit, and was brought to a point which must be regarded as particularly significant. The present tariff is known to be drafted on an average of fifteen per cent. The Free-traders, feeling that they could not reasonably ask a reduction of that figure, and being naturally opposed to any increase of the same, opened the debate by proposing the maintenance of the present tariff, with the proviso that, in the event of an increase of revenue being required, it should be raised by an increase of duties on articles that are luxuries and not necessities of life. The Protectionists, on the other hand, brought forward a proposition to the effect that a tariff of twenty per cent, instead of fifteen, was necessary in order to afford proper protection to the manufactures of the country. A long discussion ensued in support of one or the other of these motions. The speeches were rather distinguished for earnestness and special knowledge, according as the speakers represented different manufacturing or commercial interests, than for a broad or profound grasp of the subject, but they made patent the fact that the majority of the Board was in favour of moderate protection. But this was not sufficient. It was made known that the revenue of the last fiscal year was \$6,000,000 less than the revenue of the previous year, and that, in fact, for the first time since the establishment of Confederation, there was a deficit in the Canadian revenue. That deficit had to be made up during the approaching session of Parliament. Should the Board memorialize Parliament to do this by raising the tariff to twenty per cent, as the Protectionists wanted, or by retaining the present *ad valorem* rates and increasing the duty on luxuries, as the Free-traders advised? It was finally resolved to drop any specific figures, and leave the whole matter to the wisdom of Parliament, on the distinct understanding, however, that the principle of protection to manufacturers' industry should be embodied as a groundwork in any revision of the tariff. In other words, Government and Parliament are given to understand that the representatives of the commerce and wealth of the whole Dominion are pledged to a protective policy. Considering the known leanings of the Government towards free trade, the declaration is timely, and there is reason to believe that it will prove potential. Under the circumstances we may express ourselves satisfied. But, things being equal, and the former Government being in power, we should have preferred a more precise and outspoken opinion from the Board, who, considering their standing, have an undeniable right to speak with authority on all questions coming within their sphere.

The strange, dramatic, wearisome Tichborne trial is over. After a duration of one hundred and eighty days, it resulted in the claimant being convicted of perjury and immediately sentenced to fourteen years of penal servitude. From many points of view, the conclusion of this case may be regarded as a great relief. It decides, with almost the force and clearness of a demonstration, the unparalleled audacity of the knave who palmed himself off as a scion of English aristocracy and the heir of one of the oldest patrimonies in Britain. It rehabilitates the reputation of a virtuous married lady from the slur of unchastity. It frees the English courts from a growing imputation of charlatanism and ridiculous adherence to mere forms. It saves a considerable portion of the English people from a further exhibition of morbid sympathy for bare-faced rascality. And finally, though not least, it relieves our English exchanges from the daily incubus of eight or nine columns of matter relating to the transactions of the trial. So absorbing was the interest manifested in the case that this report had to be regularly published to the exclusion of far more important matters. The two Tichborne trials will remain among the most famous on record. The burly figure of the claimant bids fair to be long remembered not only in judicial annals, but in grotesque legend and ballad as well. Much of his fame will also doubtless be due to his native cleverness, for none but a man of singular ability could have carried himself through two such ordeals with so few breaks in his chain of consistency. The issues which the case provoked in its progress are likewise curious as psychological manifestations. The active and zealous interference of Mr. Whalley, out of pure religious fanaticism, is remarkable as illustrating the existence of an old leaven of intolerant bitterness, not at all creditable to the good sense of the English people. What will add to the interest of the case, in a legal and literary point of view, is the connection of Sir John Coleridge and Chief Justice Cockburn therewith. The speech of the late Solicitor-General in the first trial was a marvel of clear analysis, logical shrewdness, and elegant diction. It led to the complete breaking down of the case and the withdrawal of Sergeant Balfour from any further participation in it. The summing up of Lord Cockburn in the second trial, just closed, is described as singularly impressive, and it reads as a master-piece of straightforward, uncompromising, inexorable presentment of truth, stripped of every disguise and accretion. It carried conviction to the mind of every hearer, and it is no wonder that the jury should have retired for only a few moments prior to returning with an unanimous verdict of guilty. The statement is made that, after the verdict was announced, the claimant expressed a desire to address the Court, and that a movement is already on foot to have an appeal. But it is hardly to be credited that fanatical votaries will subscribe any more money to this scandalous case. It is rather to be expected that the "Tichborne Bonds" will drift rapidly into the collection of curiosities, as monuments of human folly and religious bigotry.

When the Ministry came into power in November last we heard a great deal about the promptness they were going to display in the conduct of public affairs. Oh, where is that promptness now? Gone away, like Hans Breitmann's "Barty," "away in die Ewigkeit." The Estimates were to have been brought down in November. They were not brought down, but they would be ready for the meeting of the House in January. In January the House did not meet. Then we were to have them in March. And now, alas for the fallacy of human hopes, we are once more put off—to April. The promptness was evidently meant in a Pickwickian sense, but then no one was prepared to see the Premier, of all men, making his appearance in the character of a humourist.

The doctors are at their old games—falling out again. There is war—war to the scalpel—between the Allopaths and the children of Hahnemann, and outsiders, such at least as enjoy good health, are laughing at the belligerents. For sick people the spectacle must be anything but reassuring.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." Can that be so applied as to mean that the procrastination of the Ministry in the matter of calling Parliament together will prove the thief that will rob them of their time—in office. It certainly does look as if they thought so.

Here is a chance for the Ministry to act up to their principles. Let them reform our railway system. It is bad enough in all conscience, and cries loud enough for improvement to be seen and heard by the blindest and deafest of reformers.

## MARRIED.

TAYLOR—SMALLWOOD.—On Tuesday, the 17th ult., at Christ Church Cathedral, by the pastor, assisted by the Rev. Canon Bancroft, D.D., Reid Taylor, Esq., advocate, to Mattie, youngest daughter of the late Charles Smallwood, Esq., M.D., LL.D., D.C.L. The happy couple left for the South immediately after the marriage.

## A POETICAL COOKERY BOOK.

The writer of a keenly satirical and most amusing little pamphlet, which hails from the University of Oxford, has shadowed, if not demonstrated, that the larger portion of the poetical effusions which flood us from the purlieus of "Mount Parnassus" are capable of being concocted according to receipt. By way of illustration, he gives the ingredients and quantities of several popular cooks of the day whose names may easily be guessed from their respective "plats."

Touching the nature of poetry as illustrated by the productions of some noted pens of the day, the Oxford censor observes that it may be briefly described as "the art of expressing what is too foolish, too profane, or too indecorous to be expressed in any other way." Then as to the materials with which they work, "animals, vegetables, and spirits," he proceeds to show, were by past lords of song deftly interwoven in their creations, whereas modern masters draw upon only one of the three, so that their readers are either deluged with fleshly lubrications, pictures of inanimate nature, or spiritual and metaphysical abstractions. Speaking of a noted poet of the "Lake school," he observes, "He confined himself almost exclusively to the confection of primrose pudding and flint soup, flavoured with the lesser celandine, and only now and then a beggar-boy boiled down in it to give it a colour. The robins and drowned lambs, which he was wont to use when on additional piquancy was needed, were employed so sparingly that they did not destroy in the least the general vegetable tone of his productions; and these form, in consequence, an unimpeachable Lenten diet."

Shelley's mode of cookery would appear to set the culinary code at defiance, though promising an exquisite hash or piquant-made dish. He "is, perhaps, somewhat embarrassing to classify, as, though spirits are what he affected most, he made use of a large amount of vegetable matter also. We shall be probably not far wrong in describing his material as a kind of methylated spirits, or pure psychic alcohol, strongly tintured with the bark of trees, and rendered below proof by a quantity of sea-water."

Let us turn to the "Recipes," which are arranged progressively for a tyro's use, commencing with "the silliest and commonest of all kinds of verse." "How to make an ordinary Love Poem."

"Take two large and tender human hearts, which match one another perfectly. Arrange these close together, but preserve them from actual contact by placing between them some cruel barrier. Wound them both in several places, and insert through the openings thus made a fine stuffing of wild yearnings, hopeless tenderness, and a general admiration for stars. Then completely cover up one heart with a sufficient quantity of chill churchyard mould, which may be garnished according to taste with dank waving weeds or tender violets, and promptly break over it the other heart."

Next is the recipe for concocting "A Pathetic Marine Poem." "Take one midnight storm, and one fisherman's family, which, if the poem is to be a real success, should be as large and as hungry as possible, and must contain at least one innocent infant. Place this brat in a cradle, with the mother singing over it, being careful that the babe be dreaming of angels, or else smiling sweetly. Stir the father well up in the storm, until he disappears."

The epic poem "may now be cooked." Our Oxford Soyer lays it down that as we may find some difficulty in obtaining a hero, we should content ourselves with the next best article, "plentiful and easy to catch, namely, a prig."

"Take, then, one blameless prig. Set him upright in the middle of a round table, and place beside him a beautiful wife, who cannot abide prigs. Add to these one marred, goodly man, and tie the three together in a bundle with a link or two of Destiny. Proceed next to surround this group with a large number of men and women of the nineteenth century, in fancy-ball costume, flavoured with a great many possible vices and a few impossible virtues. Stir these briskly about for two volumes, to the great annoyance of the blameless prig, who is, however, to be kept carefully below swearing-point for the whole time. If he once boils over into any natural action or exclamation, he is forthwith worthless, and you must get another. Next break the wife's reputation into small pieces, and dust them well over the blameless prig. Then take a few vials of tribulation, and empty these generally over the whole ingredients of your poem; and, taking the sword of the heathen, cut into small pieces the greater part of your minor characters. Then wound slightly the head of the blameless prig, remove him suddenly from the table, and keep in a cool barge for future use."

It is unnecessary to mention the particular poem here so deftly dished and spiced, though it may be observed that the concomitants are equally useful to the novelist. From such favourable circumstances a highly wrought and *délicat* kettle of fish may easily be served at the shortest notice; and our sympathy is somewhat confusedly divided between the wrongs of the heavy saint and the temptations of the sweet sinner. For in this wicked world we cannot help pitying the superhuman trials of those erring ones when authors sugar the forbidden fruit out of an enchanted bag. What should we have done in their place?

Apropos of sugar, which Mr. Lowe so sagely described as the especial solace of ladies, we now approach the dazzling, succulent regions of eternal "sweetness and light"—a combination of divine philosophy and transcendental poetry, barley-sugar and sunshine! What a charming diet for "an age when young men prattle about protoplasm, and young ladies in gilded saloons unconsciously talk atheism!" Is it surprising our mental stomach is disordered when we must, to be in the fashion, consume some such "plat" as the following, more deleterious than the frenzied combination of the hasty ball-supper on the swift-succeeding plates of two reckless, absorbed, flirting fellow-creatures?

"Take one soul full of involuntary unbelief, which has been previously well flavoured with self-satisfied despair. Add to this one beautiful text of Scripture. Mix these well together, and, as soon as an ebullition commences, grate in finely a few regretful allusions to the New Testament and the Lake Tiberias, one constellation of stars, half a dozen allusions to the nineteenth century, one to Goethe, one to Mont Blanc or the Lake of Geneva, and one also, if possible, to some personal bereavement. Flavour the whole with a mouthful of 'faiths' and 'infinities,' and a mixed mouthful of 'passions,' 'finites,' and 'yearnings.' This class of poem is concluded usually with some question, about which we have only to observe that it shall be impossible to answer."

Whosoever may have groaned over the exquisitely muddling,

discordant pages of a venerated master of strange dishes which are *caviare* to the vulgar, and generally more admired than understood, will appreciate the next recipe. Let us call it Analytical Pudding, and congratulate the lucky fingers that can extract a tasty plum from the bulky darkness. Would that it were possible to learn how many honest, plodding, common-sense readers have skirted the gates of Hanwell, trying to learn what the frantic poem was all about! The nightmare poet should be prosecuted by the Crown for hopelessly muddling the brains of John Bull.

"Take rather a coarse view of things in general. In the midst of this place a man and woman, his and her ankles tastefully arranged on a slice of Italy or the country about Pornic. Cut an opening across the breast of each, until the soul becomes visible; but be very careful that none of the body be lost during the operation. Pour into each breast as much as it will hold of the new strong wine of love, and, for fear they should take cold by exposure, cover them quickly up with a quantity of obscure classical quotations, a few familiar allusions to an unknown period of history and a half-destroyed fresco by an early master, varied every now and then with a reference to the fugues or toccatos of a quite forgotten composer. If the poem be still intelligible, take a pen and remove carefully all the necessary particles."

Passing over excellent prescriptions for the modern Pre-Raphaelite and long-winded narrative mythological poem, we arrive at the Byronic-Satanic. "Take a couple of fine deadly sins, and let them hang before your eyes until they become racy. Then take them down, dissect them, and stew them for some time in a solution of weak remorse; after which they are to be devilled with mock despair."

Our cook appears to agree with Johnson, that patriotism may be defined as the last refuge of "scoundrelism." Indeed the sight is not uncommon of a tavern demagogue, inspired by a "dogsnose," spouting "Chartism," while his poor wife and child cower cold and hungry round the corner. So we have writers of patriotic poems who might better serve their oppressed country by leading lives of ordinary respectability, and speaking moderately and decently.

"Take one blaspheming patriot who has been hung or buried for some time, together with the oppressed country belonging to him. Soak these in a quantity of rotten sentiment till they are completely sodden, and in the meanwhile get ready an indefinite number of Christian kings and priests; kick them till they are nearly dead; add copiously broken fragments of the Catholic Church, and mix all together thoroughly. Place them in a heap upon the oppressed country; season plentifully with very coarse expressions; and on the top carefully arrange your patriot, garnished with laurel or with parsley. Surround with artificial hopes for the future, which are never meant to be tested. This kind of poem is cooked in verbiage, flavoured with liberty, the taste of which is much heightened by the introduction of a few high gods and the game of Fortune.—*London Society.*"

## THE MONACO-RATAZZI ALLIANCE.

Anna Brewster, writing from Rome, has the following: "The last bit of gossip is the report of the marriage of the Prince, the reigning Prince of Monaco, to Madame Ratazzi! One can hardly credit it. But the news comes to me from excellent authority. It is not announced publicly, but I am assured that the report is true. *Si j'étais Reine* is the title of Madame Ratazzi's curious novel in which she lampooned Turin society. Then she hoped to be Queen of Piedmont. Now, if this story is true, she is a reigning European princess. What social luck for her, and what a blunder for the Prince of Monaco! Ratazzi has not been dead a year. The Prince's wife died ten years ago. That Princess of Monaco was a Princess Chislaine, Countess de Merode, a kinswoman of Prince Amadeus's wife and of the Monsignor de Merode who is to be named Cardinal in June, according to report. As the Prince of Monaco was born in 1818, his reported folly cannot be attributed to second childhood; he is at that period of life of which Byron said so wittily:

"The worst of all ages is the middle age of man."

"His son, the hereditary Prince, married the daughter of the Duke of Hamilton in 1869, but they soon fell out and parted company. Last year, when the hereditary Princess of Monaco and her mother, the widowed Duchess of Hamilton—who, by the way, was by birth a Baden Princess—were in Florence, the hereditary Prince tried to get possession of the child of this short-lived, ill-starred marriage. This child is a boy, and was born in 1870, so he is quite a baby yet. Everybody was on the side of the Princess, for it appears that the hereditary Prince is a bad fellow. The child was smuggled off into the house of some Russian lady, the officers of the Prince were forbidden to enter by the Russian authorities, and the Princess and her mother carried off the child. Madame Ratazzi has Bonaparte blood in her, and is acknowledged by some of her Bonaparte kinsfolk, notwithstanding her notorious reputation. She is probably one of the vainest and most conceited women living, and uses the journals for *réclames* as much as a quack doctor or cheap clothing store does. Her mother was a half sister of Cardinal Bonaparte, a daughter of Prince Lucien (the son of the old Prince Lucien, brother of Napoleon I.) by a second marriage with a certain Madame de Bleschamps. This mother of Madame Ratazzi married a Sir Thomas Wyse, who was English Minister to Greece. Madame Wyse led an adventurous life, and her daughter has followed in her footsteps. A gay Princess of Monaco she will make."

## A GENTLE CLOWN.

Charles Dickens did not disdain to devote some of his youthful powers of genius to a sympathetic and heartily appreciative biography of the famous and irreproachable English clown, Joe Grimaldi; and the death, at Bordeaux, about a month ago, of Debureau, the greatest of French *Pierrots* and oft-celebrated delight of Theophile Gautier and Scribe, has induced many interesting reminiscences in foreign print. Like Grimaldi, the French grotesque pantomimist was the son of a professional clown of great note, who strove hard to avert the boy from his own vocation—for a time, at least; and, like the younger Grimaldi again, Debureau could not resist the hereditary instinct impelling him to the playhouse. He and the veteran Paul Legrand were long the renowned rival comic pantomimists of France; and his inimitable foxy in the whitened face, white peaked hat, and snowy costume of the traditional *Pierrot* made thousand of audiences roar over what

is the only clean and harmless humour of the Parisian theatre.

Before giving way finally to his inherited predilection for the stage, this genius of the grotesque acquired a good education, and always thereafter maintained the intelligence and manners of a well-bred man in private life; but on one occasion, when a wild young nobleman of Paris exhibited the questionable feeling and taste of inviting him to meet a party of learned savans at dinner, his professional wit got the better of his reverence. After listening for a while to the erudite discussions of all sorts of abstruse and scientific themes by the pundits around him, he suddenly sprang to his feet, seized two tapers from a pair of candlesticks on the table before him, turned a double somersault with marvellous agility and grace, and, in descending, replaced the candles in their sockets. "There, gentlemen," said he to the astounded pedants, "you have spoken what you know, and I have done what I know. So, we are quits."

At the particular request of the Khedive, Debureau paid a professional visit to Egypt, and in the City of the Pharaohs reaped a golden harvest of more than \$40,000. Low as his calling may have been in the scales of intellect and art, he was unquestionably the greatest in it of his time; the enthusiastic praises of the critical and æsthetic Gautier gave him a rank much above anything conceivable in comic pantomimicry outside of France, and the ample fortune and blameless name which he has bequeathed to his children are proof of the compensations and sterling merit that may enter into a career apparently no more substantial than a sorry jest.

A Geneva physician has observed that among populations dwelling at a high elevation above the level of the sea cases of consumption are very rare, while on the other hand cases of pneumonia are very frequent. Having bestowed attention also upon therapeutic effects of a change of latitude he comes to the conclusion that a given increase of altitude produces always the same effect, whatever the altitude of the starting point.

The business agent of Miss Braddon and of Mr. Wilkie Collins has recently made arrangements for the publication of works by those two writers in Holland, Russia, and Sweden, and in the language of those nations, upon terms which recognize the interests of the authors. For instance, "*Lucius Dayoren*," is to be published in the German language, and £100 has been accepted for the copyright; in the Russian language for £45, in the Swedish language for £30, in the Dutch language for £25, and in the Italian language for £10. "*John Jago's Ghost*," a short story written by Mr. Wilkie Collins in the *Home Journal*, is to be published in German, and £65 is to be given for the copyright; in Swedish for £10, in Russian for £15, in Italian for £5, and in Dutch for £5.

## News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—Mantoba wants to extend her boundaries. A terrible tragedy occurred on the Great Western Railway on Saturday 28th ult., resulting in the death of 7 or 8 passengers, and the serious wounding of 10 or 12 others. The Sarnia express left there at 8:20 p. m., with several petroleum and baggage cars, and one coach crowded with passengers. About midway between that city and Komoka station, an oil lamp in the closet fell from where it was suspended to the floor, and was broken. In a moment the oil ignited, and the whole interior of the closet was on fire. A panic at once seized the passengers, and efforts were made to stifle the flames by the use of the cushions, but it was found useless. In a few minutes the car was consumed, and those who could not escape were burned to a crisp.

GREAT BRITAIN.—It is said that the new Parliament immediately after assembling will adjourn for a fortnight or three weeks.—The company which issued proposals a few weeks ago for laying a light telegraph cable between England and America has abandoned the enterprise, because of scanty support, and gives notice that money deposited by subscribers to its stock will be refunded on demand.—Mr. Cardwell, late War Secretary, has been made a Peer.—The Queen has sent a congratulatory despatch to Sir Garnet Wolseley.—Advices from the Gold Coast represent that up to the 29th January it was doubtful whether the Ashantees meant peace or war. News having been received that a large force of the enemy was collecting in rear of the British forces, a reconnaissance was made, and this led to a series of battles which ended in the capture of Coomassie.—It is officially announced that the Duke of Edinburgh and his bride, accompanied by the Queen, will enter London on the 12th March.—The trial of the Tichenborne claimant on charges of perjury committed during the trial for the possession of the estate which has been in progress for 180 days, was brought to a close on the 28th ult., with the conviction of the accused. The jury, after being out a short time, brought in a verdict of guilty of all the charges, and the claimant was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. There was great excitement over the verdict.

FRANCE.—The sale of the Conservative Republican journal *Le XXe Siècle* has been prohibited, because of a publication in its columns of an article insulting to M. Buffet, President of the National Assembly.—The French exhibition to be held in 1875 is a private enterprise.—The Court of Appeals has dismissed the claim of Naundorf, who styled himself Louis XVII, pronouncing the man a crafty adventurer.

RUSSIA.—At Yamud, the Turkomans recently made an attack on Russian fortifications; they were defeated, and while crossing the frozen river during their retreat the ice broke, and a large number were drowned. Gen. Kaufmann is to return to Khiva in April.

SPAIN.—Senor Serrano has been declared President of the Republic of Spain.—A despatch has been received at the War Office, Madrid, from General Moriones, stating he is unable to force the Carlists from the entrenchments before Bilbao, and that his own advanced line has been broken by the insurgents. He asks for reinforcements and the appointment of his successor.—President Serrano and Admiral Topeta, Minister of Marine, left Madrid for the North. Zabala will act as President during the absence from the capital of Senor Serrano.

UNITED STATES.—The Woman's Temperance Association met with a very encouraging reception at Ithaca, N. Y.—United States imports for last January, from Great Britain, have greatly decreased compared with the same month last year.—Locomotive engineers are in sessions at Cleveland. Though the business is transacted in secret, it is thought the subject of a general strike is being discussed.—A Detroit despatch says information from the Upper Lakes indicates an unusually early opening of navigation.

CHINA.—It is reported that the Chinese Government notified Foreign Ministers at Peking that it cannot guarantee the safety of the lives of foreigners residing at Tientsin, and that the naval authorities here have been requested to send war vessels to Tientsin to insure their protection.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Wendell Phillips was born at Boston in 1811. He is the son of John Phillips, first mayor of Boston. He performed his studies where he greatly distinguished himself, graduating in 1831. He then entered Cambridge Law School, where he got his degree in 1833. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, but never practised. He chose the platform as the sphere of his activity, and acquired a world-wide reputation as an anti-slavery propagandist. Since the war Mr. Phillips has turned his attention to literary subjects. His private life has always been simple, elegant, and above reproach. His devotion to an invalid wife has been truly exemplary. His manners are graceful and dignified, and his conversation is always engaging and sometimes fascinating. His courage has been put to the test by excited mobs and desperate ruffians, but has never failed, and his gifts to poor coloured people and the destitute friends of the anti-slavery cause would amount to a fortune. He has been the friend of the friendless, and has carried his kind offices to the very bottom of society to save its drags. If he has excoriated judges and heads of colleges and doctors of divinity and Congressmen and Presidents, he has never failed to lift his voice for the poor and defend the defenceless and oppressed. His speeches read like decanted champagne; to know what they are they must be heard as the words flow, beaded and sparkling, from his lips. As an orator he has no living superior. He stands on the platform, with finely chiselled face and thoughtful brow—something almost Roman in the statuesque severity of his features and aspect—and sentence after sentence drops



MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

from his lips almost as if improvised and he were merely talking to his friends; and yet every sentence is as exquisitely cut as a cameo or as brilliant in its polish as a Damascus blade.

The University Literary Society of Montreal, who have done so much towards fostering a taste for science, literature and art, by the engagement of prominent American and English lecturers, may be said to have set the seal on their usefulness by inducing Mr. Phillips to deliver two of his celebrated addresses, under their auspices. There will certainly be crowded houses to hear Mr. Phillips on the 11th and 12th instant.

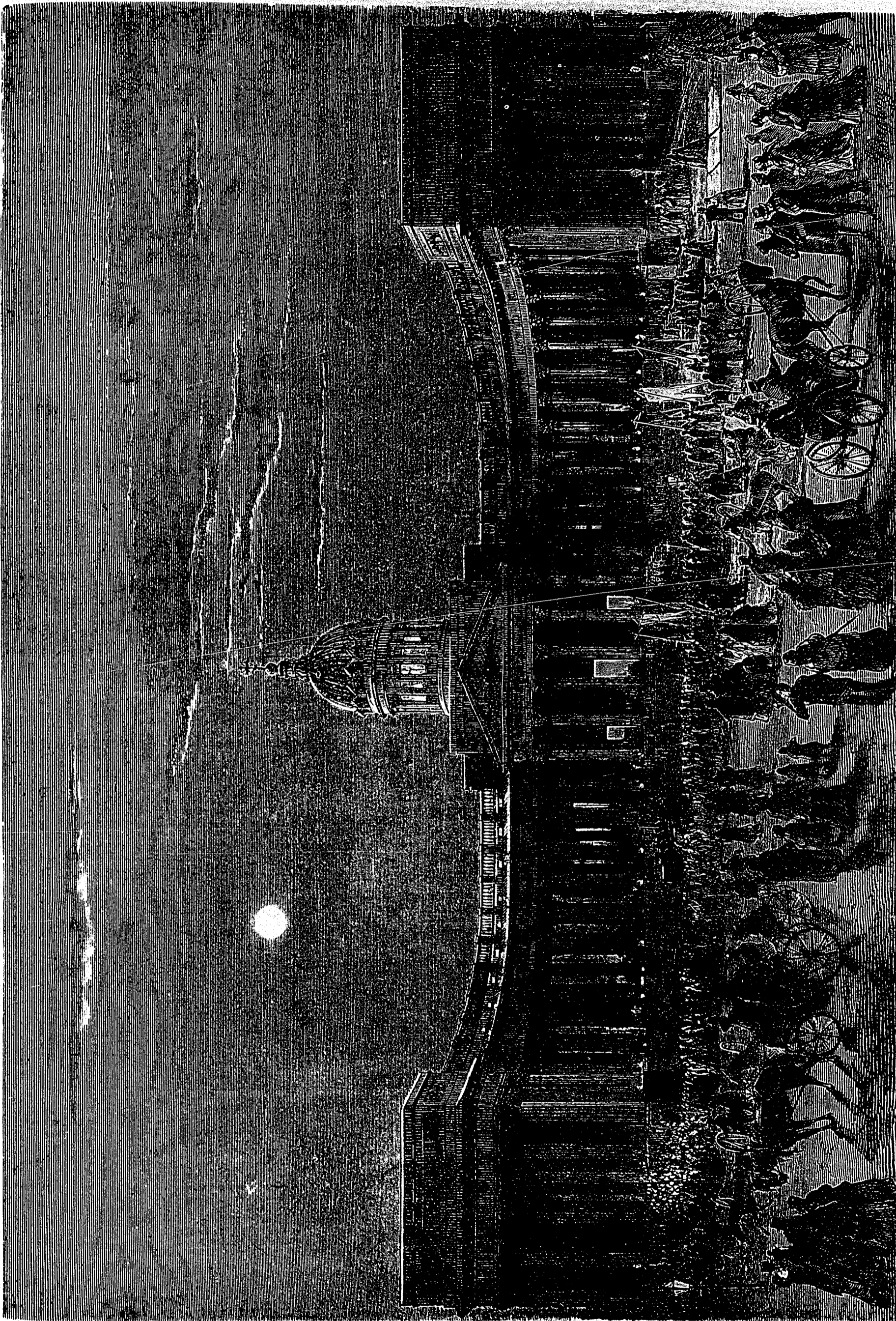
GRACEFUL CONDESCENSION.

Seband, the faithful body servant through many years of Marshal MacMahon, was married recently at Versailles to the waiting-woman of the Duchess of Magenta. The ceremony was attended by M. and Mme. de MacMahon, who presented the bride and bridegroom with many valuable and useful presents. The contract was signed by the President and his wife, who also appeared at the wedding-breakfast and dance. The presence of the Marshal and his wife, who are now the sovereigns of France, at the wedding of their servants, says the *Catholic Review*, reminds one of the good old times when Mary Stuart danced—for the last time alas—at the marriage of her valet, Sebastian.

The number of industrial establishments in France at present is 150,000, employing two million of hands and steam power equal to 850,000 horses. The business done amounts to twelve thousand millions of francs.



THE REMAINS OF THE LATE BISHOP GUIQUES LYING IN STATE.



THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.—THE CHURCH OF OUR LADY OF KAZAN ON THE NIGHT OF THE WEDDING.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## EXPERIENCES OF A "COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER."

BY "ONE OF THEM."

Orillia, Feb. 7, 1874.

In the course of an experience extending about over five years of Ontario peregrinations, the writer has often thought that with all the advantages this checkered life affords them, no one of the "changing, wandering tribe" has ever put his experiences on paper; but few occupations admit of the same opportunities for studying human nature in all its varied phases. The business demands the adaptation of every characteristic in the traveller to the humour of his customer, and while teaching him to discipline and subjugate his own eccentricities, necessarily makes him realise more keenly the same, or similar, eccentricities in others. Doubtless the reason of "the craft" not being "heard from," is the close attention which the business demands—besides which, an active mercantile life undeniably blunts the perceptions to everything outside the actual requirements of the vocation.

Commercial travellers, as a distinct class, are daily growing in importance, as is evinced by the increasing notice which is being taken of them in the prints of the day; this recognition is certainly not always complimentary, for the press is never very charitable to any aspirants for public favour who, it imagines, can not, or will not, take up the cudgels in their own defence; so that those who are not brought into daily contact with the travelling trading species, are prone to form a very hazy, and, to say the least, unjust opinion of them. American papers abound with jokes having for their staple element "the drummer;" he is pictured as a selling machine and outside of that acquired "bread-and-butter" talent, a mere animal in his tastes and passions, a vehicle for the samples of a firm and the slang of a State. Unfortunately, a large number of the fraternity, particularly across the lines, have well earned this unworthy reputation, but in "this Canada of ours" the commercial travellers of to-day—to their credit be it said—are, as a thinking, intelligent class of the community, infinitely superior to those knights of the road, who, ten or fifteen years ago, so well earned the sobriquet of "Canadian guerillas." I must, however, presume so far on the acquiescence of my brother sample men, as to admit that there is still ample "room for improvement;" and, to justify this admission, I will attempt to sketch a few of the more notable types of us travellers. One very common now-a-days is the "green" Commercial Traveller: the frequency with which this verdant specimen occurs is owing to the rapidity with which the number of men on the road is increasing. He is easily recognized. Should he be just starting out, he will probably have a number of his relatives about him bidding him an affectionate and lachrymose farewell; he carries his valise, no matter how cumbersome, in one hand, and it is not at all unlikely that he will have a lunch done up in newspaper in the other; he rushes frantically about the platform, and exasperates the "baggage-smasher" by his ceaseless importunities for "checks." When he is at length fairly on his way, his inexperience manifests itself in about the same way as does that of any "untraveller" man; he is sure to have lost his ticket when the conductor comes round, and exhausts that usually urbane official's patience by his search for it in all sorts of unlikely places, probably concluded by finding it in his other hand. But it is away from home that the "new hand" becomes conspicuous; all his efforts to maintain a nonchalant air are vain—they only serve to make his verdancy more painfully prominent. He is a "marked man" with hotel-keepers; should they be "full," the unfortunate youth, though blissfully ignorant of it, comes in for but a small share of accommodation. Nor is it they alone who traffic on his ignorance; "a fellow feeling" is said to make us "wondrous kind," but the unfortunate travelling novice soon realises the fallacy of the adage, for it is too often the case that none are so uncharitable to him as his more experienced brethren—they chaff and bully him alternately, and it is a curious fact that the young C. T., grown older, seems to lose all recollection of the time when he was green, and takes delight in joining with his former tormentors to use in like manner the first eligible subject they meet with; perhaps in the days of his fagdom he looked forward with longing to this time, as affording him a chance to wreak his revenge on "the coming man."—I, of course, don't know.

The "swell" Commercial Traveller is a heavy card; his personal baggage is often much larger than his samples, and a hat-box, umbrella and cane are indispensable belongings of this variety; in Canada they almost all hail from Montreal, and they shine to best advantage in Western cities and large towns, where the uninitiated are only perplexed as to whether the gorgeous gent is a foreign plenipotentiary or a confidence man. In the winter time he will have rugs, coats and satchels enough with him for a Saratoga swell;—such is his well-assumed contempt for all the vulgar requirements of life, including business, that other and more retiring members of the craft cannot but wonder when he does that business, which he affects to regard as altogether a minor consideration to the maintaining of his reputation as a "dresser." To the credit of our fraternity be it said that he is regarded by the majority as a vulgar snob,—a brainless fop who endeavours, by affecting to ignore his confrères on the road, and preserving a pompous silence when in their company, to induce a belief that he is Sir Oracle!—and were he but to open his lips, the words of wisdom that would fall from them would shame the Delphian oracle of old!—This man deems it his especial privilege to stare out of countenance every lady who is unfortunate enough to come under his notice. But—thank Fortune—his type is becoming rarer every year. Merchants are realising that the pranks these travelling tailor-shops cut up don't pay; they find they have to "pay too dear for their whistle."

Then we have the "sly" Commercial Traveller, whose peccadilloes are known only to a few, but are none the less for that; he is often mistaken for an itinerant preacher, and, in fact, would have no objection to addressing a Sunday school if he thought he could thereby "make a point;" he is regarded by his customers as a paragon of virtue, and is always sleek, well-brushed, and tidy. As a rule, he parts his hair in the middle, and never speaks above a low and well-modulated tone of voice. He smiles meekly at the jokes of his boisterous companions, who, if they don't know him well, regard him with a feeling akin to awe. As an offset to this character, we have the "hall-fellow, well-met" Commercial Traveller, who always has his joke ready for you; and by his immense

display of sociality makes you feel that you're not half the man you ought to be, in fact, that you're almost an anchorite. This youth's ambition is to earn a reputation for being a jolly fellow, technically known as "a good boy," or "a white man." He never objects to sitting up all night "just to please the company," and he will sing for them, joke for them, and—drink for them. A specimen of this species is a perfect godsend to the fossilised shopkeepers of some rural hamlet, but with those who know them better, their humorisms and mountebank tricks are stale, flat and unprofitable, although in rural districts if any of his more sober-sided brethren should fall in with him, he has the clown's pleasure of monopolising the guffaws of the company.

One of the most amusing men to meet with is the "mysterious" Commercial Traveller, who comes from nowhere, sells nothing, and don't know where he's going; the species might almost be called the Know-Nothings for their professed lack of knowledge. One almost wonders how they were ever allowed to leave home. But he is not without his match in the "curious" Commercial Traveller, who, like the mosquito, seems to have been invented for the annoyance of all men, but for the particular pestering of his mysterious brother, who makes it his especial business to find out everything about him and everybody else, and in reply to your modest question will tell you everything about his business with a charming frankness that completely disarms you, but whose voluntary information is unfortunately unreliable. A twin-brother of his is the "impertinent" Commercial Traveller, whose inherited "brass" has lost nothing by the exercise of his peculiar calling, and who shows the "ruling passion" in his business by rudely thrusting himself through a crowd of customers to gain the ear of a merchant, and to the customers' annoyance and the merchant's loss, proceeds to clack his oft-repeated story. Snubbing has no terrors for the irrepressible infant. When at last he hooks the merchant, the unhappy man, if he be at all weak-minded, hardly knows whether he is buying, or the disinterested youth is buying for him. On the train, should he see a young lady apparently alone, he will, without the slightest hesitation, take the other half of the seat, and at once enter into a conversation, which, should she be bashful, will partake of the nature of a soliloquy.

Stealthily watching his movements, we have the "spy" Commercial Traveller, happily a "rara avis," but detested and shunned by all who know his despicable nature. This is the man who, sycophant that he is, makes it his business to worm himself into the confidence of his fellow travellers, and then, at the first opportunity, poisons the ears of their employers with garbled accounts of their doings on the road, and who regales the too-often greedy ears of country merchants with histories of the scrapes of Brown, the misdeeds of Jones, and the sprees of Robinson.

And now, Mr. Editor, for the delineation of various other road characters you will have to "await developments." You ask me who I'm travelling for? That's none of your business. What are you selling? Well, I'm selling—but that's my business. I'm going, at present, to play the rôle of the Mysterious Commercial Traveller; but I suppose I'll have to tell you where I'm going to ensure my reader's attention next week, when I intend to give them an account of my wanderings. I'm going "up North." So "all aboard," and good-bye.

WAYFARR.

## GILDING BOOKS WITH GOLD.

Gold is a wonderful metal! This is a very original observation, let it be noted; though we are ready to grant that there may be those who have found it out for themselves. But, setting aside gold in its monetary sense, it is really wonderful how thin a film can be laid upon another substance, giving to it the effect of fine gold, as brilliant as if the piece were solid. We are far more economical now than they used to be in bygone days, when monks and others devoted themselves to the illuminating of books. Some of the parchments display bright, glittering layers of gold that are, comparatively speaking, massive in comparison with the film that our bookbinders are compelled to handle so gingerly that a breath would send it flying—one of the heaviest metals—like a piece of thistle-down. Here, close at hand, we can see the manipulations of the gold hammered out so thinly by the goldbeater. Here they are—not the goldbeaters, but the men who use their gold. This man is a fair sample of the rest, and he has before him a pile of "blind" covers; a very neat little calf leather cushion, about ten inches long by six wide—the brown leather has upon it a ruddy tinge, as if it had been rubbed with red chalk. He has also a thin-bladed palette knife, whose edge is smooth and blunt, and a dozen or two of little, dirty, ochre-smear'd, ruddy books, just a few leaves of some old book sewn up together and cut square. Uninviting little pamphlets these, until a workman takes up one, and dexterously opens it at what should be page one. Not much dexterity needed, it may be, to open a little book. Stop a little, my dear critic, and place yourself in our workman's situation. He has so many of these books counted out to him a day; each book contains so many leaves, and between these leaves are films of gold leaf—each leaf containing so many square inches; and for all those inches he has to account. The loss of a leaf means money out of his not over-rich pocket; hence he acquires dexterity in opening a leaf which your fingers would touch but to send the gold film flying away, or crumble it up beyond recovery. It is interesting to watch him as he opens the leaf to display the rich, smooth film of refulgent gold, looking the richer for the ruddy paper, chalked to prevent adhesion. Now he takes up his palette knife, gives a gentle pat to the paper, with the effect of making the gold start up sufficiently to allow of his passing the knife blade beneath. This done, he lifts the tender gold gently, bears it over the pad or cushion of leather, and lets it fall upon the surface—all so gently that the delicacy of the strong hands is surprising. But for all that the gold leaf lies crumpled up on the leather. Only for a moment, though. He breathes upon it softly, and it all lies smooth—ready for him to deftly raise his knife, and mark or cut it into eight little square pieces. What next? Each little square is taken up upon a pad slightly oiled, and then transferred to the blind cover—in this case to the back where the title of the book is to be, and to the centre of the front side, where there is to be a golden ornament. At the next bench, though, the worker is preparing for the embellishment of a gorgeous book, and he literally covers the back and one side of the case with gold. This constitutes these men's task—namely, to transfer to the parts to be gilded thin films of gold, just large enough to cover the stamp to be applied: and as they perform this task, they

diminish the blind heap on one side, and pile up a roughly-gilded heap upon the other, ready for them to be borne off to the stampers, busy by the presses we have seen in use for the blind-tooling—arming presses they are termed, and they perform the work at one motion, with beautiful exactness, either ornamenting or lettering, that used to be done by hand, regularly by the very skilled workman, but indifferently well by those not so true of eye. Here, all is the regularity of the machine; the workman has merely to get by experience the right heat to be attained by his brass ornaments, already secured to a plate at the proper distance one from the other by means of paste and brown paper. The gold was, as we have seen, adhering to the cover or case in a square patch; and there is sufficient adhesiveness in a newly-glued or "green" cover to ensure the firm fixing of the gold when heat is applied. A heap of loose covers has just been placed by one man's press; and on looking at them we see that they are those richly gilded cases, with side and back completely covered. He takes up one, passes it under the brass ornaments, placing it exactly square, according to certain checks or stays arranged for accuracy; he draws a handle, and the heated machinery is moved by powerful leverage, coming down with slow, steady force upon the cloth-covered mill-board, which, on the handle being released, is quickly removed, and another and another rapidly stamped or printed. Upon taking up a printed cover, there is the pattern, glistening and bright, while the rest remains gilded but dead. We now see what a waste of gold there is—not one-half having been covered by the pattern. However, our friend at the arming press has nothing to do with that; he merely goes on stamping, watching carefully the while that his brass ornaments keep sufficiently heated to force in the pattern deep into the cloth without burning. It is this division of labour that enables binders to furnish handsome book covers at so low a rate, each man keeping on at his own particular branch, and acquiring a dexterity that is almost wonderful in the work it achieves.—Once a Week.

## TENNYSON'S DISLIKE TO BEING STARED AT.

A writer in *Lippincott's* says: "An unfamous person finds it a little difficult to sympathize with Tennyson's overpowering horror of the troublesomely affectionate curiosity of which he is the object. Even such extreme cases of hero-worship as that of the American who climbed the tree at Farringford to survey its master at his leisure, and that of the bevy of ladies at a London exhibition who, occupying a lounge before one of the special pictures of the season, and beholding Tennyson approach for a look, overwhelmed him with discomfiture by impressively ceding to him the entire sofa,—even these, and others of their kind, have a humorous side that might serve to qualify their impertinence and ill-breeding. Neither Browning nor George Eliot is unknown by sight to the reading world of London; neither was Thackeray or Dickens. Did either of these make outcry at the friendly if vulgar glances? Yet it is true that no one of them, save Dickens, has been so widely read, and it is probable that Browning, who looks like nothing so much as a hale, hearty business man, often escapes detection, while Tennyson's late photograph reproduces him so faithfully that he declares he can go nowhere without being known. Of the mischievous fidelity of the picture I am myself a witness for having driven up one day to the Victoria station of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, by which Tennyson's new home is reached, and being busied with extricating from my purse the cabman's fare, my companion suddenly caught my arm, crying out, 'Oh, S—, there's Tennyson!' The purse dropped in my lap; he was so near the cab I could have touched him, and of course he had heard the exclamation and knew why two ladies had so utterly forgotten their manners; but if he had also known that one of us had a certain shabby thorough-use an edition of all his earlier poems, which during a space of a dozen years had never been separated from her, travelling in a crowded trunk for even the shortest absence from home—that for months of that time she had been used to read therefrom to a precocious child who came every night in her nightgown to nestle in the reader's lap and listen to the music without which she declined to undertake the business of sleep—I think the look bestowed upon the absorbed twain might well have been more amiable than the one which really fell upon them and blighted their innocent delight. It was all the photograph's fault, and, enthusiastic American sisters, be content with beholding the representation, for the original looks neither more patient, more gracious, nor more hopeful. So sensitive is he to looks which have in them any recognition, any stress, that a visitor at Farringford relates that, wandering about the cliffs and shores with his host, the latter would every now and then nervously cry out, 'Come! let's walk on—I hear tourists!' and his companion, delaying a little, would be able to answer reassuringly, 'Oh no; see! there's nothing in sight but a flock of sheep.'"

## DICKENS' DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

The late Charles Dickens, it was generally known, was separated from his wife. In the third volume of Forster's "Life of Dickens," just issued in London, the great novelist himself explains his mysterious family troubles: "Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so, too—and much more so. She is exactly what you know, in the way of being amiable and complying; but we are strangely ill-assorted for the bond there is between us. God knows she would have been a thousand times happier if she had married another kind of man, and that her avoidance of this destiny would have been at least equally good for us both. I am often cut to the heart by thinking what a pity it is, for her own sake, that I ever fell in her way; and if I were sick or disabled to-morrow I know how sorry she would be, and how deeply grieved myself, to think how we had lost each other. But exactly the same incompatibility would arise the moment I was well again; and nothing on earth could make her understand me, or suit us to each other. Her temperament will not go with mine. It mattered not so much when we had only ourselves to consider, but reasons have been growing since which make it all but hopeless that we should ever try to struggle on. What is now befalling me I have seen steadily coming, ever since the days you remember when Mary was born; and I know too well that you cannot and no one can, help me. Why I have written I hardly know, but it is a miserable sort of comfort that you should be clearly aware how matters stand."

DESPAIR.

Ah me! the curse of the Music Hall!  
Its gilded terrors and crimson pall—  
Its brilliant glare, its reckless cheer,  
Its noisy din, its insolent leer!  
Behold its glitter and dazzling show,  
But seek not the skeleton lying below!

Hark! from the boxes, curtained and dim,  
The jeering laugh of the Wine-King grim,  
Who numbers the fallen, one by one,  
And shouts when his fiendish work is done!  
Who shall give answer whether or no  
Such hell be not worse than the hell below?

Alas, for the cup that lures to Sin,  
With its glittering serpent coiled within!  
Wreathed with Despair to its hideous brim,  
Death's pale roses encircle its rim!  
Misery dwells in its sparkling flow,  
Madness and Ruin lie hid below.

The wasted life, the maddened brain,  
With all to lose and naught to gain,  
The mother's tear, the serpent's hiss,  
The loss of another world in this—  
These are the trophies of Music Hall woe,  
That light up the courts of the realms below!

Sad, white face, lying mute and alone,  
Bleeding and dead, on the cold, hard stone,  
Let the mantle of charity over thee fall—  
Thy taint was the breath of the Music Hall!  
Over thy grave let the violets grow,  
Thy griefs are at rest in the dust below.

For Everybody.

A New Prodigal.

A young man in Indiana sued his father for loaned money which the father claims was his own. The latter's counsel, in summing up the case of his client, remarked: "Twice has the prodigal returned to his father's house; twice has he been received with open arms; twice for him has the fatted calf been killed; and now he comes back and wants the old cow."

Belles Lettres.

Charles Francis Adams thinks the art of speaking and writing with elegance and force has been too much neglected in all colleges, but questions whether the plan of intercollegiate contests will meet the case. His present impression is that the proper time has not yet come to decide the question. The first thing to consider is whether the respective colleges have yet done their preliminary duty in the premises. He cannot disguise the fear that they have not.

French Colony in Missouri.

Count De Vervins of France, who has been examining the lands of this and other States for several months past, has just closed a purchase of 40,000 acres of land on the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, in Newton county, Mo., extending from Neosho to the border of the Indian Territory. The Count will erect flour and saw mills, a school, church and store at once, and arrange as speedily as possible for bringing out some five hundred French people from his estate in France and establishing a colony on these lands.

Longevity.

The obituary of the *Times* lately contained some remarkable illustrations of prolonged existence in five ladies and gentlemen, whose united ages amounted to 437 years, giving an average of 87 years and more than four months to each. The oldest was a lady, who had reached the great age of 99 years; the youngest was a gentleman 80 years of age. The following were the respective ages: 80, 81, 85, 92, and 99. Of the septuagenarians there were seven, whose united ages amounted to 525 years, giving an average of exactly 75 years to each.

A Dolls' Ball.

The little misses in Philadelphia gave a dolls' ball one evening last week. Invitations written on miniature note paper were sent to thirty or forty of the most aristocratic of the Quaker City dolls, and, in every instance, the invitation was accepted. The dolls presented themselves in full ball costume, and some were exquisite. Supper was served at the unusual hour of eight o'clock. The service and the proportion of food corresponded with the size of the guests. Champagne, in bottles about the size of one's finger, was placed in silver coolers of equal height. After supper there was dancing, which continued about an hour, when the servants announced that, "Miss Dollie Dumplin's carriage stops the way," a signal for the termination of the ball.

Wooden Shoes.

European agricultural societies are interested in the manufacture of wooden shoes, which are said to possess many advantages over leather, as it is shown that many diseases resulting in impaired constitutions, and even in the loss of life, have resulted from wearing leather shoes in wet weather. A practical workman from France has been called recently to Germany to superintend their manufacture. They are light and easy to wear, and provided with a small cushion within the upper side to obviate any pressure on that part of the foot. They are of a neat, pleasant appearance, blackened or varnished, large enough to accommodate comfortable stockings, and provided with leather straps. Their prices range from twenty-four to thirty-six cents, and a very few pairs would last a lifetime.

An Imperative Order.

One of the numerous anecdotes set afloat by the Ashantee war brings into notice a strange practice. The King of Ashantee, desiring one of his generals to return with his troops, sent by a message an "emblem of recall," consisting of a circle of beads. This order was disregarded, and one more potent was sent by the irate king. Its form was that of a small shield made of fibres of palm, and its significance was well understood by its recipient. In accordance with native usage, when a general will not return from war in accord with the message of the beads, the king takes this miniature shield and solemnly swears upon it that he will kill himself if his

order is again disobeyed. The troops were filled with superstitious horror when the symbol was received, and the general no longer disobeyed the order to retreat.

Trained Pigeons.

Whimsical Paris is now enjoying a curious street exhibition of tame pigeons. The owner has a portable pigeon-house, which he plants at a street corner, the flock being at liberty to remain in or out. Having taken up his position, the exhibitor blows a trumpet, and off flies the whole flock a quarter of a mile or so, settling eventually on house-tops and window-sills. Another peculiar blast, and back they come. As they approach the Frenchman holds up a small red flag. That red flag is for one particular bird, which knows the colour, and settles upon the staff as the showman holds it horizontally. In like manner are blue, white, and parti-coloured flags held up, each one of which seems the exclusive property or signal of a particular bird, and on which that especial bird, which, meantime, has been waiting on some window-ledge or house-top, settles.

Red Tape.

In the trial of an English election petition the other day the post-office authorities were required to produce the telegrams which had passed between certain persons during the election. A clerk accordingly attended with "a sackful" of the desired documents, but refused to give them up without an order of the court. The judge took three days for consultation and reflection, and then declined to interfere. "His lordship said he did not intend to go into the reason for this decision, but he had no wish to say that cases might not arise where strong specific grounds might justify the interposition of the election judge." The demand was not pressed, and the telegrams were not read. The inquiry is now raised why telegrams should not be held as sacred as letters, and protected absolutely against the espionage which they seem to have narrowly escaped on this occasion.

What one Playwright has Imagined.

A writer in the *Paris Figaro* gives some statistics which show that dramatic authors in France are not altogether exempt from the straining after the sensational which is the prevailing vice of modern literature. Fresh from a visit to the Porte St. Martin, which M. d'Ennery has supplied with a drama of the most approved fashion, he points out that in the numerous pieces written by that gentleman there are 18 widows, 16 sons and 2 daughters of men who have been guillotined, 196 orphans, 60 blind persons, 10 persons shamming blindness, 93 abductions, 22 fratricides, 8 parricides, 145 foundlings, 162 children lost, 118 children stolen and 124 change-lings, 212 forged wills, 216 robberies of note-cases, 198 duels with swords, 168 with pistols, 8 with knives, and 10 with hatchets; 13 cases of arson, and 123 of arson accompanied by murder; 136 poisonings, 46 drownings, 26 convicts rightly and 62 wrongly sentenced, 80 convicts set at liberty, and 35 escaped from prison; 77 cases of asphyxiation, 115 escapes from violent death, 206 cases of lunacy, and 259 of adultery.

Revelals.

What strange coincidences sometimes happen! While all Ohio is being stirred with the excitement of the temperance movements, something very like it is happening in London. The Ritualists have started a "mission," like those which are common in the Roman Catholic Church, and the metropolis rings with the clamour of advocates and opponents of the scheme. The Ritualists, indeed, purpose to go much further than either the Ohio praying bands or the Roman Catholic clergy, for according to the *Fall Mall Gazette* "there is to be a general invasion of every building whose owner will tolerate it—ship-yards, dock-yards, hotels, railway stations, breweries, printing offices, factories, and gas works. Public house tap-rooms are also to be entered; there are to be special efforts for fallen women, and visitations from house to house in the poorer districts of a parish every evening shortly before the services to ask the people to come." The more staid and orthodox papers wonder how Dr. Jackson, the Bishop, could have been induced to tolerate what they call "religious hubbub."

Why English Workmen Don't Like the United States.

The London correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial* says: "The other day I had shown me some letters written by various poor men who had gone out from Yorkshire and settled in a town of Central New York, and they said that, though they could earn enough there to make them much more comfortable than they had been in Yorkshire, they were all resolved to come back, and I suppose by this time they have done so. They were vague in giving their objections, but they said they found life in America void of all interest for workmen. They found none of those little clubs in which at home (Yorkshire) they were wont to meet and talk over the politics of the day. They found no learned gentlemen anxious to lecture to them occasionally. The amusements were of the most miserable description, chiefly negro minstrelsy. The local newspaper had never an interesting article, and was a tissue of the driest local items. The preachers preached a dull, hum-drum orthodoxy, and were rarely as well educated as their own English parsons. Altogether, life in a New York town they found intolerable, and preferred their crust in Yorkshire with the old surroundings."

Expenses of Opera.

Strakosch has given to a Chicago reporter statistical information concerning the expenses of running an opera company for four performances per week, tabulated as follows:

Prima donna	\$4,000
Other sopranos	600
Contraltos	400
Tenors	2,000
Baritones	600
Basses	500
Chorus	1,100
Orchestra	1,500
The house	3,000
Agents	350
Travelling	500
Advertising	800
Properties, ballet, stage hands, tailors, etc.	1,000
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$16,000</b>

A Novel Theatre.

A visitor of the Chinese theatre, in San Francisco, does not seem to be particularly charmed by the Mongolian drama.

He says: "Battle scenes are stock ingredient of the Chinese drama, and are conducted on a principle totally at variance with all our modern ideas of warfare. It is no uncommon feat for the hero to dismiss his army, and, single-handed, conquer the enemy, merely using his soldiers as a pursuing force. The stage, which is limited, in that the orchestra occupies nearly the whole of it, is merely a platform flanked by the walls of the house, lit up by some four or five footlights and two attenuated gas-pipes pendant on either side of the house, which terminate in numerous gas jets far more useful than ornamental. In the rear a screen, festooned with spears, armour, musical instruments, and diabolical characters, serves as a partition to veil the dressing-rooms and green-room from the eye of the casual observer, and two curtained doors are the means of exit and entrance. It has never been our misfortune to hear the overture, if one be played, but judging by the descriptive music and singing during the progress of the play, which would make an excellent accompaniment for wandering minstrel cats, nothing has been lost."

Mr. Spurgeon on the Good Old Times.

Mr. Spurgeon is a believer in the "good old times," and, according to his views, they were Christian times. In an address at a prayer meeting at the London Tavern he said: "There has been much prayer during the past year, in one place or another, for the success of the Church, yet the Church had not succeeded, and the year 1873 could not be said to be a satisfactory year as far as the interests of Christianity were concerned." And the reason of this he stated as follows: "In the city of London the first, all-absorbing thought was to be a successful banker or a well-to-do merchant, and afterwards to be a Christian. The fact was, our religion was treated in the same manner as a rich man treated his farm—it was handed over to the care and management of some hired person. This was not a creditable state of things in a Christian community. Peter the Hermit proclaimed throughout the world God's will, and the world listened to him. Some there were who might say all this conduct on the part of Peter the Hermit and other 'early' Christians was fanaticism. He prayed that God might bring us to such a state of fanaticism."

The Value of a Newspaper.

A mechanic tells an interesting story of how he was induced to take a newspaper, and what came of it, as follows: "Ten years ago I lived in a town in Indiana. On returning home one night—for I am a carpenter by trade—I saw a little girl leave my door, and I asked my wife who she was. She said Mrs. Harris had sent after their newspaper which my wife had borrowed. As we sat down to tea my wife said to me:

"I wish you would subscribe for the newspaper; it is so much comfort to me when you are away from home."

"I would like to do so," said I, "but you know I owe a payment on the house and lot. It will be all I can do to meet it."

"She replied, 'If you take this paper I will sew for the tailor to pay for it.'

"I subscribed for the paper; it came in due time to the shop. While reading one noon and looking over it I saw an advertisement of the county commissioners to let a bridge that was to be built. I put in a bid for the bridge, and the job was awarded to me, on which I cleared \$3,000, which enabled me to pay for my house and lot easily and for the newspaper. If I had not subscribed for the newspaper I should not have known anything about the contract, and could not have met my payment on the house and lot. A mechanic never loses anything by taking a newspaper."

Religious Liberty under Bismarck.

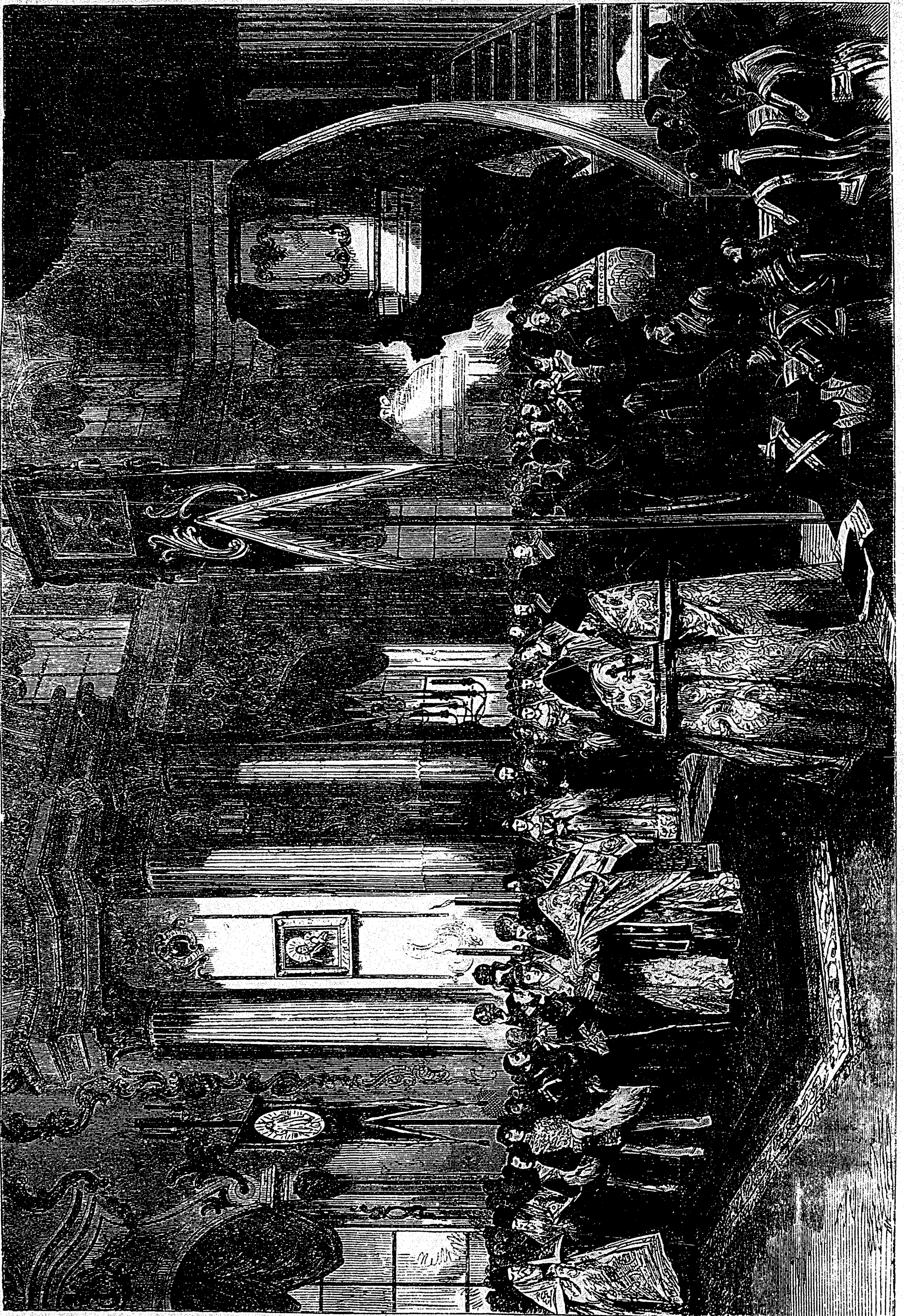
Are they themselves convinced of what they say, who praise Prince Bismarck as a champion of religious liberty? asks the *Catholic Times*. Is there anybody at all against whom he has to defend religious liberty in Germany? May the Catholics not go over to the old or new Protestants or become Jews or Pagans if they like, not only with the fullest liberty, but even with the utmost advantages? There is nobody in all the German Empire who offers violence to men's consciences but Bismarck himself. Thirteen millions of Catholics in the German Empire, and especially the eight millions in Prussia, are worn down by the religious tyranny of Bismarck. They were Catholics before they were Prussians, and when they united, the free exercise of their religion was guaranteed by the holiest of compacts; and that they all, except very few, the most of whom are dependent upon the Government, wish for nothing more than to be allowed to exercise the religion of their forefathers, has been evidently proved by the last elections, and is testified by the people wherever an opportunity is supplied. Sunday, January 18, there was a very touching spectacle in Breslau. The old prince-bishop, Dr. Foerster, his carriage and horses being seized by the Government, was for the first time obliged to go on foot to the cathedral. As soon as the rumour of it was spread through the city, people ran from all parts to the palace of the prince-bishop, the clergy and nobility formed a brilliant procession, a banner being borne before it, and attended their old beloved shepherd to the cathedral and accompanied him the same manner home after the high mass. It would be very easy to collect a great many similar proofs from all parts of Germany.

They had a wreck on Tuesday at Johnstown, and the *Tribune* says: "Some of the folks who considered that they had a perfect right to capture the goods at the wreck, near the depot this morning, will likely have an opportunity of knowing what twelve unbiased men think of it at the next term of the District Court."

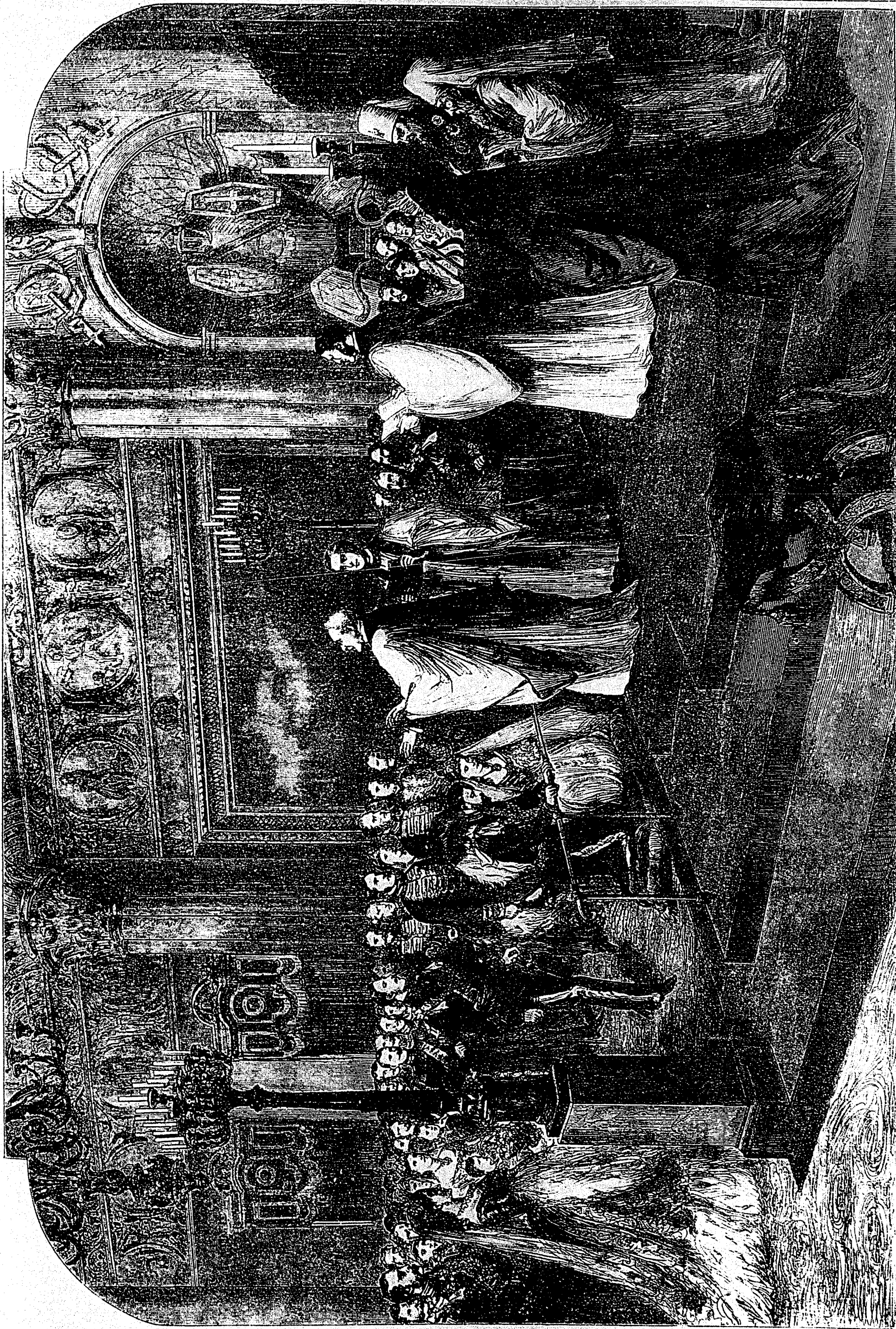
An amateur actor recently, on coming down to the footlights, was seen to have an undesirable rent in a portion of his costume. His cousin was sitting on the front bench; he immediately rose, and in a stage whisper, sent over the orchestra and heard by all the house, exclaimed "Larry! Larry! there's the last taste in life of yer washing to be seen!"

An Aberdeen student has found out a means to induce him to rise early and rapidly while he was about it. The alarm-clock struck a match which lighted the lamp, which boiled the water for shaving. If the rooster stayed in bed too long the water boiled over upon his razor, and clean shirt, and the prayer-book his mother gave him, and Burns's autograph, and his open pocket-book, and all the other precious things he could put in a basin underneath when he went to bed; so he had to get up before that moment came.





THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT ST. PETERSBURG.—THE GREEK CEREMONY IN THE IMPERIAL CHAPEL OF THE WINTER PALACE.



THE ROYAL MARRIAGE AT ST. PETERSBURG.—THE ENGLISH CEREMONY IN THE ALEXANDER HALL OF THE WINTER PALACE.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

## BABY ANNIE'S KISS.

AND

WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY ANNA BOYD.

I had no home, or to be more explicit, had no settled home, for truth is I had so many I hardly knew which to choose from; indeed I often feared that I might some day find myself in the same predicament as the man with the "two stools" and told sister Annie so, but she would laugh and say that never could happen whilst 'Ivy Cottage' stood. 'Too many homes? Yes, really, for I had four; but as I loved 'Ivy Cottage' best, the dear snug little nest of Annie and Fred, I shall not trouble myself to say anything about the others. What a sweet spot to be sure was 'Ivy Cottage,' though why it was called so I never could understand, for there was not so much as a leaf of ivy to be seen anywhere. Fred (that's my brother-in-law, you know) used to declare that 'ivy' was only a corruption of 'Hivey' and that that was what the former tenant meant to call it because the old gentleman was near crazy about bees, but then we never minded what Fred said, and besides Annie and I liked the name and we did not care a rush whether it was appropriate or not.

I had been living with Fred and Annie two years, and always declared I never intended leaving them. "Not till you get the chance," would tantalizing Fred say (brothers-in-law are so rude, they are ten times worse than cousins). "Not till the right one comes for you," would Annie say and then call me "old maid," and she was pretty true too, for I was very nearly twenty. "I don't care, I intend to be an old maid, and wear curls and glasses, talk about 'women's rights' and interfere with every one's business." So I would say, but I am not quite sure that I ever intended it, any more than I was in earnest about old maids interfering; but then, we talked a great deal of nonsense in that happy home.

How few visitors we had. I often wondered then how it was I was never lonesome. I never do now, though; for I can now see that all I cared for used very often to be to walk up the trim little garden walk of an evening—of course to "see Fred." But then we were nearly always all together, and somehow neither Annie nor I cared to leave the rose-covered porch or cozy fireside, as the case might be, just because the Revd. Richard came to talk to Fred. The consequence was, we stayed chatting together till late on into the evening.

If there was one person in the world that I loved dearly, truly, fondly, it was darling Baby Annie, with her blue eyes, flaxen curls, dimpled cheeks, and little rose-bud of a mouth; and I think she loved me too, the darling, for she was always ready to come to Auntie. She was barely a year old, and had many funny little ways, but the one which gave her father more amusement than any other was, to insist upon every one who kissed her doing the same to the one who happened to have her in their arms. How often had she done so with us three, turning round the face of whoever she wished to have kissed, and saying, in her baby way, "Too, too," or, when very anxious, "Tis too, oh pease."

Fred would laugh heartily, and often pretend not to understand the little lady, purposely that he might hear the sweet little coaxing voice say, "Oh, pease." But one day he was awkwardly placed by Miss Baby, and after that the fashion was quietly set aside in the hope it might be forgotten. Among the few who came to see us was Mrs. Merton and her two daughters, Sophia and Ellen, familiarly called Nellie. Mrs. Merton was a dear old lady, and Nellie about the most bewitching little dame that ever donned "Grecian bend" and high-heeled boots. But Miss Sophia was quite another sort. Tall, thin, and plain, she made herself taller, thinner, and plainer by her style of dress. No Grecian bend or voluminous over-skirts for Miss Sophia; no smart little hat with light, graceful trimmings, or becoming bonnet; no pretty lace collars and cuffs, with nice bright bow to lighten up the sallow complexion. No, year in and year out Miss Sophia was never seen in other than one of two suits, black or grey, each severely plain, and plain linen collar and cuffs. No wonder that Sophia Merton at twenty-five looked forty-five.

They had been seated with us for some time one lovely summer afternoon when Fred, who had just arrived from the city, entered the room, Baby Annie in his arms. He spoke to Mrs. Merton, and then turned to Sophia, who unfortunately kissed Annie. No sooner had she done so than the little hands were pulling at her father's face, and the "Too, too," we knew so well sounded through the room. Poor Fred. I think I see him now striving so hard to smother a laugh, and at the same time quiet his little daughter before Sophia should understand; but it was all to no purpose—up to this time Baby Annie had always had her own way, and with praiseworthy perseverance, she tried for it now. "Too, too, oh! pease," sounded the little voice over and over again, till at length our gravity was completely upset, and all but Sophia laughed in chorus. I must say it was Nellie began first. She "could not help it," she declared to her sister, with eyes brim-full of fun. But Miss Sophia never quite agreed to that. Need I say that we were rather afraid of Miss Annie's affectionate ideas after this, and rather discouraged them.

It was a lovely day in autumn. Annie and I were seated at our work, when we were rather surprised to see our old friend Revd. Richard Whitman walk up the garden-walk.

"Surely it is something unusual brings Mr. Whitman here at this time," said Annie; "he never comes till evening."

"Parish business, most likely," I answered as carelessly as I could; for somehow my heart always beat a little faster when he was near, and the fear that others might be aware of it only made matters worse. I sometimes fancied that Annie looked at me, but I must have been mistaken, for how could she know what I scarcely knew myself.

"I suppose so," was Annie's demure answer, but there was a little roguish smile about her mouth that made me angry, and it was that and nothing else, I assure you, that made the colour rush to my face when Mr. Whitman took my hand in his. But it was not "parish business," no, not one bit, but something a great deal nicer, if not better.

His mother and sister had come to stay a few days with him, and he wished them to see the "Falls," about seven miles from the village. Would we drive with them?

"Yes, certainly, we should be delighted." And so it was arranged.

We, that is, Annie and I, would go over that very afternoon

to call upon the ladies, and next day we were to have our drive.

I wonder what always makes me look back to that day as the happiest of all my happy life. There was nothing very special about it. I have known hundreds and hundreds of fine days, yet for everything that is bright and happy memory always returns to that one day. There was nothing so very remarkable surely in a seven-mile drive with a middle-aged clergyman, whose conversation would have been thought dull by many. And yet, as I said before, it was the one day in my life, above all others, deserving the white cross. Years have passed since then, and a white-haired gentleman who is looking over my shoulder, with most unpardonable vanity says it was because "he was there." But that could not be—could it?

Our intention, upon leaving home, had been to return in time for tea, but as the weather was rather sultry we tired, and so we allowed ourselves to be persuaded to wait at the hotel till evening.

"Let us take tea at the hotel, and drive home by moon-light."

"I don't mind, as we have Baby with us;" and so we waited, and, I believe, we might have waited till now, if we had been as obstinate as the moon, for rise it would not, though we waited and waited, and watched and watched, and at last had to go without it.

I had driven with Mr. Whitman, Fred and Annie with Mrs. Whitman, whilst a certain Cousin Harry, who, by the by, did not seem at all satisfied with the relationship, took charge of Susie. Tired of waiting for her fickle ladyship, the moon, we were about to start when something, I know not what, made me stretch out my arms to Baby Annie, who willingly came to their shelter.

We drove away from the hotel, Fred first, to "pilot us," he said, next Susie and her cousin, and we were following, when a poor man, who was standing near by, recognized my escort, and came forward to speak to him.

A good ten minutes passed ere we followed the others, who were by this time out of sight. On we went in the dusky light, which seemed each moment to become thicker and darker as great heavy clouds swept across the heavens, till at length we reached a spot where the road divided. Either of the two would take us home, and it mattered little whether we followed the one chosen by the others or not.

"Which shall it be?" said Richard.

"Leave it to Pluto." And so we did, and Pluto, very unlike a good parson's horse, chose the broad way instead of the narrow.

Oh, what a road that was. Surely all the stones in Canada had been hurled there for the express purpose of breaking wagon springs; anyway, ours came near doing so.

"Had we not better turn back and take the other road?" I asked, and so Pluto was guided round, but in the darkness a treacherous hole made short work of our axle, and lo! we were helpless on the road, fully three miles or more from home.

"What shall we do; how ever get home?" I asked, and I must confess I felt very like crying.

"Stay here till morning, I suppose," was the somewhat cool rejoinder; "or at any rate till some one comes for us. Were the moon shining I could place you on Pluto, and so reach the village, but one cannot see where to step, it is so dark."

At that moment a little rim of silver showed through the breaking clouds, and soon the "Queen of Night" was sailing along with her usual brilliancy. Pluto was untackled, the reins fastened up, as well as numerous straps, and I was just going to attempt to mount him, when he pricked up his ears, gave a little short neigh, just as near to a laugh as could be, and away he trotted off towards home. Nothing will ever persuade me that that horse did not know better; he did it from pure mischief, and the roguish twinkle in his eye whenever I go to his stall with Richard, and stroke his still glossy neck, says as plain as possible: "I knew all about it better than you did yourselves, and helped you both."

No use to run after him—no, that has been tried often enough, and very little comes of it, except tired legs. Men do look such fools running after a horse, who ten to one just keeps far enough ahead to lead them on, and on, and will not be caught till he pleases. No use to run after him, what then should we do? Why, leave the waggon to take care of itself and walk home.

Behold us started, Richard in front carrying Baby Annie, I behind. No difficulty now about the road, which after all was not so bad. The bright full moon shone down on us and we could not fail to reach home in time to save the dear ones any very great uneasiness.

And so we should but whatever tempted us to try that provoking little bye-path through the maple grove?

"Here is a path will save us a good distance, do you mind trying it?" And so we entered what turned out to be a perfect labyrinth to us. How we walked to be sure, here, there, everywhere it seemed to me, and yet no sign of the high road.

Our friend the moon, too, having finished her nightly journey, sank quietly to rest and we were once more in darkness. I had kept up bravely till now, but I was really tired, and the little light we had left, though quite sufficient to let us see a short distance round us, was of very little use for any other purpose. I tried to laugh as the truth burst upon me that we were lost, but it was a poor attempt and tears rolled silently down my cheeks.

How kind he was to me, choosing the best available spot for me to sit down, making me as comfortable as he could, and then sitting near as he said to "watch over me."

I think we had been wandering about nearly two hours, and all that time, Annie had slept soundly in the strong arms that cradled her so gently; but now she woke up, and unable to understand why she was not in her own crib at home, began to cry. Richard Whitman tried hard to comfort her, but all to no purpose—truth compels me to say that he was awkward about it, he is much better now though—so he was forced to give her up to me.

I stooped over my pet, kissing the sweet little face, and she was soon quiet again, but whatever possessed me to say "now Annie, kiss Mr. Whitman, and say 'thank you' for being so good to you."

It was a foolish speech, and the next moment I could have bitten my tongue out for having said it, for in an instant, up went the baby hands to my face, and the baby voice pleaded as it had so often done before, "too, too, Auntie too," and then almost in desperation, "oh please, please."

We were standing side by side, for I had risen to take Annie, and involuntarily my eyes were raised till they met those looking so earnestly at me—talk of love being blind indeed,

nonsense, why no other person would have been able to see whether you had eyes or not, and yet Richard always declares it was what he read in mine that gave him courage—but I don't believe him one bit, though I would not tell the dear old fellow so, and really after all I like to make an excuse for what he did. My eyes barely met his when I found myself clasped close to the truest heart that ever beat, and a whispered "my darling" sounded sweetly in my ear.

What Baby Annie thought I neither knew nor cared. I was happy, oh so happy! And so was Richard. He did not tell me so, there was no need, but I felt it as we sat side by side in the wood waiting for the dawn. It came at length and we found ourselves quite close to home, though we never knew it. Twenty minutes sufficed to take us there and then imagine if you can our reception. I shall not attempt to describe it, for I could not. I only know we were all cried over and kissed and petted as though we had all escaped certain death.

Before Christmas there was a quiet wedding in the village church, and although the Rev. Richard Whitman was there, he did not officiate—he had other duty that day which prevented him—duty which he undertook that day and which will last his lifetime or mine. I was there too; "throwing myself away," as people said because I was barely twenty and my husband (there it is, out at last, though I did not intend telling) was nearly double my age; but I who ought to know best, consider it the most fortunate "throwing away" that could have happened, for are we not happy as the day is long.

He is looking over me as I write and I turn round to say, "Richard, what made you choose such a strange time and place to propose to me?"

"My dear, you are under a mistake, I never proposed."

I was astounded. I jumped from my seat in a most unmanly way. "Why, Richard, you don't mean to say I asked you."

"I mean, dearest," there was a glance of quiet fun in the eye though a world of love in the tone and in the manner of holding me close to him, "I mean dearest that I don't think I ever fairly asked you to be my wife, but when I kissed you that night, I felt I never could marry another, and I seemed to feel that you too thought the same. It was Baby Annie, darling, I have to thank."

And now I think it over, I believe he is right; but what does it matter, indeed perhaps it is better as it is, for had he really said plain out those words which every lover is supposed to say to the lady of his choice, "dearest, will you be mine?" (I am just certain that the half of them never say anything of the kind) I might perhaps have said "no," when all the time I meant "yes." At least so Baby Annie says, who by the way is no longer a baby, but a dashing young lady with hair à la wild hussiness behind, and countless little frizzles in front, and who wears flowers, frills, and ribbons enough to mark her as a true daughter of our Dominion. Annie then says so, and of course she must be right, let me therefore never forget,

BABY ANNIE'S KISS.

## DUMAS AND HIS PLAYS.

Olive Logan, while protesting against "interviewing" anybody, has yet furnished in a recent letter some very interesting gossip about Dumas, *filis*. After stating that "he writes at a large Marie Antoinette desk, and with a steel pen that has an ivory holder as big around as your finger and twice as long, with his feet in a heap of tiger skins, and wearing light trousers, and a brown *neglige* jacket buttoned with one button at the neck," she goes on to say: "During my last conversation with Dumas he was full of the wrongs he had sustained at the hands of American managers, and I stood up for such of our managers as I know have dealt honourably by him. I said that whether the money ever reached his (Dumas's) pocket or not, Augustin Daly had paid very considerable sums for Dumas's pieces, some of which he had made money by, and some of which have served no other purpose than to embellish Daly's bureau drawer, as that manager has not seen fit to put them on the stage. Dumas' pet grievance is that *La Dame aux Camelias* has been performed upwards of 3,000 times on the American stage, and he has never got one penny from it. Poor Matilda Heron! I could not help thinking of her. No doubt the idea of paying Dumas anything for the use of his piece, which was bringing her in thousands and thousands of dollars, never once entered her head. Far be it from me to say one word against the impulsive, generous, and warm-hearted Matilda, whose greatest fault has always been that she was too unselfish; but the matter is really a curious study, as showing the necessity of laws to regulate us in the way of toeing the mark. If 'Camille' had been John Brougham's piece Miss Heron would have paid him a nightly royalty with pleasure; but the idea of paying a vague abstraction—a literary Will o' the Wisp, who called himself Alexandre Dumas, and lived away off here in France—was a shadowy notion which had no more tangibility of right and wrong about it than the airy visions of a dream. This question of copyrights is a dreadfully mixed affair. Mr. Dumas told me that Boucicault had paid him for the right to play 'Diane de Lys' in America. Now, we all know that before Mr. Boucicault found time to handle that some other parties—the Lingards, I think—brought out 'Diane de Lys' at a minor theatre. So Boucicault works up 'Le Fils Naturel' instead into the 'Man of Honour,' and for 'Le Fils Naturel,' if I understood Mr. Dumas correctly, he has not said. Mr. Dumas was particularly savage on the subject of agents—said they gobbled a third of the money paid to them by the managers for the actors. At this rate one might better be an agent than an author; it would fatigue the brain less. Nevertheless, I prefer the literary sphere. Everybody hates agents—Dumas not excepted. This led me to inquire if 'Monsieur Alphonse' had been purchased for America yet. He replied no; but he had been pestered by a dozen agents who wanted copies of the play to speculate with; he had refused to let them have it; his price for New York was several thousand francs. A manager in Rome had just paid him ten thousand francs for the right of that city alone. Still more was paid for the right for England, but it will not be produced there till April. So you will probably see it in New York before it will be seen in England—for I got the play from Mr. Dumas for Augustin Daly, and shall send it over by the ship that takes this letter to you. Say what you will, Daly is a plucky manager. He sent the money for 'Monsieur Alphonse' across the ocean by cable, and I had thoughts at one time of sending the whole play over by the same channel. It would only have cost about \$7,000 at the regular rate—seventy-five cents a word.

"I presume Mr. Daly will rehandle the piece before playing it. As done here, the whole action of the play takes place

in one drawing-room, and as the events transpire in a single afternoon, there are no changes of costume. Mr. Dumas told me, with a mischievous smile, that he had done this on purpose (*je l'ai fait exprès*); he wanted to show that a real piece had no need of such accessories, and that while scenery and toilets were well enough in their way, they were apt to lead an author to rely too much on them, and to become a mere scene carpenter and man-milliner—a hit, I thought, at Sardou's 'Merveilleuses'; an absurd procession of extravagant and ugly costumes, with no plot, nor good writing, nor interest of any kind in it. If I am not much mistaken, Daly will find 'Monsieur Alphonse', as much of a magnet as 'Divorce' was. The way the handkerchiefs flourish in all parts of the Gymnase Theatre every night is a caution. Men, women, and children snivel in concert, and when Mlle. Alphonse comes out with one of her slang-whanging funny remarks the laughter is enough to shake the house. As they say in Theo's opera bouffe, 'C'est immense!'

### Our Illustrations.

The RIGHT HON. WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE was born at Liverpool, Dec. 29, 1809. He was educated at Eton and at Oxford, where he graduated, with double first-class honours, in 1831. After a tour on the Continent he was elected M. P. for Newark in December, 1832. When Sir Robert Peel was in office in 1834 and 1835, Mr. Gladstone was appointed a Junior Lord of the Treasury, and, some weeks afterwards, Under-Secretary for the Colonies. He lost office, with his political leader, in April, 1835; and the Conservatives did not regain power till 1841. Mr. Gladstone was then admitted to the Privy Council, and took office as Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint. The revision of the commercial tariff in 1842 was chiefly his work in matters of detail. In 1843 he succeeded the late Earl of Ripon as President of the Board of Trade, but left that office in 1845 to succeed Lord Stanley (the late Earl of Derby) as Secretary for the Colonies. In 1846, by acting with Sir Robert Peel in the repeal of the corn laws, Mr. Gladstone was obliged to give up his seat for Newark; but in August, 1847 he was elected for the University of Oxford. Mr. Gladstone's separation from the Tory party began soon after the overthrow of Sir Robert Peel's Government in 1846, but it was latent and gradual. In 1851 his complete estrangement from his earlier political allies could no longer be disguised, and his re-election for the University cost a severe contest. The Earl of Aberdeen formed a Coalition Ministry in December, 1852, upon the defeat of Mr. Disraeli's Budget, after a debate in which Mr. Gladstone had been the most formidable antagonist of the Tory Finance Minister. Mr. Gladstone was therefore made Chancellor of the Exchequer in the new Government. But the Russian war broke out in 1854, and caused the downfall of the Ministry. A new one was formed by Lord Palmerston, in which Mr. Gladstone at first held office, but withdrew on account of Mr. Roebuck's motion for an inquiry into the mismanagement of the War Department. Mr. Gladstone remained some years out of office, but in 1859 accepted from the late Lord Derby a special mission to the Ionian Islands.

When Lord Palmerston was again in power, in 1859, Mr. Gladstone joined his Cabinet as Chancellor of the Exchequer. In the very next year he gained a brilliant success, with the help of Mr. Cobden and other economists, in concluding the French commercial treaty and in abolishing the paper duty. This made him very popular, and he was invited, in 1861, to become a candidate for South Lancashire. He did not, however, avail himself of this offer till 1865, when the University of Oxford had rejected him. After the death of Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell having gone up as Earl Russell to the House of Lords, Mr. Gladstone became leader of the House of Commons during the ascendancy of the Liberal party. In 1868 he proposed and passed his resolutions for the disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland. The general election of November, 1868, turned mainly upon this question. Mr. Gladstone lost his seat for South Lancashire, but was elected for Greenwich. He came into power with a large majority in December, 1868, and proceeded to execute his measures of justice to Ireland. The abolition of the Irish Church Establishment in 1869, was followed in the next year by the Irish Landlord and Tenant Act. The Gladstone Ministry has done several other useful things in the reform of the army and navy and the law courts, the establishment of school boards and of a school rate, the improvement of criminal law and of bankruptcy law; while it has escaped being drawn into the wars of the continental powers. Mr. Gladstone, as a writer, has shown a fine taste for literary scholarship, with an especial turn for classical archaeology, and a disposition to reflect gravely upon themes of deep moral and religious interest. His chief publications are "The State in its Relations with the Church," which appeared in 1833; "Church Principles Considered in their Results," in 1841; "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age," 1858; a commentary on "Ecce Homo," 1868; and "Juvencus Mundi; or, the Gods and Men of the Heroic Age," 1869; besides political treatises or pamphlets. Mr. Gladstone married, in 1839, Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Sir Stephen Glynne, Bart., of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire. He has four sons and three or four daughters.

THE MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALFRED ERNEST ALBERT, DUKE OF EDINBURGH, second son of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, to Her Imperial Highness the PRINCESS and GRAND DUCHESS MARIE ALEXANDROVNA, only daughter of His Imperial Majesty Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, took place, in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, on Friday, the 23rd January, a day which is reckoned the 11th by the Russian Calendar.

The different classes of persons who were privileged to witness the ceremony met about noon in the several state apartments of the Winter Palace. Members of the Council of the Empire and Foreign Ambassadors, with the ladies who accompanied them, met in the Alexander Hall; the Emperor's Aides-de-Camp and other military or naval officers of distinction met in the Nicholas Hall; a select company of Russian merchants and foreigners met in the Marshals' Hall. In the Concert Hall were the Court ladies, the wives of senators and other Russian nobles. They assembled, at a quarter to one, in the Salle des Armoires. Here were several hundred ladies and gentlemen, the former in rich robes of every gorgeous colour, with diamond-studded coifs and lace veils, the latter in a variety of splendid uniforms, with the badges of many orders. The ladies were ranged standing on one side of the long and rather narrow hall or gallery; the gentlemen stood along the other side. An avenue was so formed, through which the procession of the Imperial family, with their princely visitors, conducted the bride and bridegroom to the chapel. A detachment of Lancers was stationed as a guard of honour in the middle of the gallery.

The Czar wore the dark green uniform of a Russian General, with white shoulder knots. He carried a plumed helmet in his hand. The Empress wore a gold-embroidered train trimmed with ermine, and with two broad rows of gems on her breast; on her head was the crown, with a tiara of diamonds, and a long veil. The bride, Grand Duchess Marie, wore a silver-embroidered dress, on which were roses and fleurs-de-lys; she had

a purple velvet mantle trimmed with ermine; her train, very long and heavy, was borne by four chamberlains and an equerry. The bridegroom, the Duke of Edinburgh, wore his uniform as a Captain in the British Navy. The Crown Prince of Germany wore a dark blue uniform. The Crown Princess of Germany had a green velvet train. The Prince of Wales wore a British military officer's scarlet uniform, with white satin shoulder-knots. The Princess of Wales wore a pearl-coloured satin dress, with a train of crimson and gold; she had a diamond tiara, a collar of brilliants, and a pearl necklace. Her sister, the Czarevna (Princess Dagmar of Denmark), wore a gold and white robe, with a train of deep-blue velvet, a diamond tiara, and a collar of brilliants. The Russian Grand Duchesses were all splendidly attired. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg had a white Russian uniform. Some of the Grand Dukes were little children, wearing uniforms, helmets, and high boots, with a manly and soldierly air.

At the door of the Imperial chapel the Czar and Czarina, and the Prince and Princesses, were received by the Metropolitan Archbishop and the Holy Synod, with other clergy, bearing the cross and holy water. They were conducted to the altar.

Upon the altar table were placed the cross, the Gospels, in a massive gold frame, the pyx or box for the sacramental bread, and a picture of the Virgin and Child framed in gold. A flood of light was shed upon all by a great number of wax tapers in the candelabra. The four chief priests—viz., the Metropolitan Archbishops of St. Petersburg and Kiev; Monsignor Bajanoff, Confessor of the Emperor and Empress, and Monsignor Macarius, Bishop of Vilna—stood at the analogion or lectern. They wore gold bestamets, and Monsignor Bajanoff wore a scarlet collar, with other decorations. The Czar took his place at the right-hand side of the altar. The bride and bridegroom were placed immediately before the priests at the lectern; Prince Arthur and the Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis, and Sergius stood behind them as groomsmen.

The Greek service then began, one of the chief features, that given in our illustration, being the "crowning" of the bride and bridegroom. Taking in his hands the crowns, which play a conspicuous part in every Russian marriage, the priest first crowned the Duke of Edinburgh, mentioning his Royal Highness's name, and saying, "The servant of God is crowned for the handmaid of God (naming the Grand Duchess Marie), in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Then he put the crown on the bride's head, saying that she, the handmaid of God, was crowned for the servant of God (her husband), in the name, &c. After this interesting ceremony the benediction was given, the priest saying three times, "O Lord our God, crown them with glory and honour," and making in the air the sign of the cross. From this time until the end of the service the crowns were held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom by the four groomsmen alternately. Next came the Prokimenon of the Apostle, consisting of verses out of the Psalms, the choir chanting the verses after each had been read.

At the conclusion of the service, the bride and bridegroom, having kissed the holy cross, were embraced first by the Emperor and then by the Empress, whose greeting of her Royal son-in-law was profoundly touching. After the congratulations of the other members of the two Imperial and Royal families, the bridal procession left the church, the conclusion of the Russian rite being marked by the discharge of 101 cannon from the ramparts of the fortress of St. Petersburg.

The procession moved on through the palace to the Alexander Hall, which is not very large, but of beautiful design and sculptural adornment, with pillars of white marble, their capitals surmounted by white marble eagles.

In this room an altar had been erected. It was exceedingly plain, about 3½ ft. in height, and covered with a deep, rich crimson velvet altar-cloth. The altar-rails were of brass, supported on brass pedestals; three steps led to the holy table, and in the centre of the steps were placed two cushions of the same deep crimson velvet as the frontal, and a curtain of similar texture, hung in brass rings, draped the back of the altar.

Shortly before half-past two o'clock the procession entered the Alexander Hall, the Emperor leading the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess Marie to the altar, where stood the three English clergymen.

When all had taken their places the English form of solemnisation of marriage was begun. Just as at Royal marriages in England the Archbishop of Canterbury reads the whole of the service, so on this day the Very Rev. the Dean of Westminster took the whole of the duty upon himself.

After its conclusion the procession went on to the Malachite Hall, where the last important formality of signing the register was gone through, the only persons present besides the above distinguished personages and Viscount Sydney, Lady Augusta Stanley, and the three English clergymen, being the chamberlains and the pages who held the trains. Prince Gortschakoff and Count Schouvaloff were present. The bride and bridegroom signed first, then the Emperor, the Empress, the Russian and English Princes and Princesses signing next. Viscount Sydney affixing his signature last but one, and the Rev. Mr. Thompson signing last. During this interesting ceremony the Grand Duchess Marie sat on one side of the table and the Empress on the other. The register of the Chapel Royal St. James's being justly regarded as too valuable a volume to be removed, a leaf was taken to St. Petersburg in order that, after their Royal Highnesses had signed it, the page might be subsequently inserted in the book.

It is observed with interest that the prayer-book from which the Dean of Westminster read the first part of the service was the same volume which was used at the coronation of William IV., and that in the after-part of the office Dean Stanley read from the prayer-book which was used at the marriage of George III., Princess Charlotte, the Duke of Gloucester, the Princess of Hesse, the Duke of Cambridge, William IV., the Duke of Kent, and the Prince of Wales. This historic volume is the property of Lady Mary Hamilton.

The Emperor and Empress gave a grand banquet to 800 wedding guests, in the Nicholas Hall, at five o'clock. It was a brilliant scene; the great hall is white, and was lighted up by thousand of wax lights in the numerous chandeliers. At the four tables sat a splendidly-dressed company. The newly-married Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were placed side by side. On her left sat her father the Czar, and next him were the Princesses of Wales, the Prince Imperial of Germany, and the Czarevna on that side of the high table. On the Duke of Edinburgh's right sat the Empress, in close conversation all through the banquet with her new son, who, in speaking to her Majesty, bent towards her with an air of courtesy and deference. Next to the Czarina sat the Prince of Wales. Next to the Prince sat the Princess Imperial of Prussia, and the Czarevitch. Music was performed during the feast, Patti and Albani singing their best. The health of the bride and bridegroom was drunk, all standing up and touching glasses with each other. At half-past eight in the evening the company reassembled at St. George's Hall for the graceful dance, or rather promenade to music, which is called the polonaise. It went gaily round the ball-room, with frequent changing of partners, till nearly ten o'clock. Then came the quiet departure of the newly married couple to the palace of Tsarsko-Selo, a few miles from St. Petersburg.

ELECTRIC APPARATUS for vessels has, since the loss of the *Ville du Havre*, again attracted the attention of underwriters. The French Transatlantic Company was the first to use the electric light; but discontinued it during the war. It will now be

revived, especially as both the governments of the United States and Great Britain have resolved to move actively in the premises. The buoys given in our sketches to-day are of two forms. The one, of sheet iron and elliptical are provided with a receptacle in which would turn substances giving an intense light inextinguishable by either wind or rain. The others represent the aspect of a small raft whereon a species of mast upholds combustible material.

### Addities.

A Kentuckian has married his stepmother, which is said to be a step farther than the law allows.

When a couple of young people strongly devoted to each other commence to eat onions, it is safe to pronounce them engaged.

An obituary notice in a western paper contained the touching intelligence that the deceased "had accumulated a little money and ten children."

Smith writes thus of a cattle show: "As with men, so it is with cattle. They may be, and possibly are, lovely and beautiful in their lives; but in their death they are divided."

A Peoria letter-carrier, after walking nine miles and delivering the same letter to 137 men, none of whom would receive it, sat down on a fire-plug and wept. The letter was directed to Mr. Smith.

A workman, while repairing one of the outer Venetian blinds of an aristocratic establishment, missed his footing and fell into the street. A crowd gathered round him and raised him up, when it was found that he had received only a few slight contusions. Meanwhile, one of the servants brought him a glass of water. Making a wry face, the man said, "Only water! From what height should I have to fall to get a glass of beer?"

PLUGGING TEETH.—A country paper contains an account of a machine for plugging teeth, which reminds us of the invention patented many years ago by Dr. Slugg. It was a tooth-puller. Slugg had an enormous business, and he concluded to economize his strength by pulling teeth by machinery. He constructed a series of cranks and levers, fixed to a moveable stand, and operating a pair of forceps, by means of a leather belt which was connected with an engine. The doctor experimented with it several times on nails firmly inserted in a board, and it worked splendidly. The first patient he tried it on was a judge, who called in to have an aching molar removed. When the forceps had been clamped upon the judge's tooth, Dr. Slugg geared the machine and opened the valve. We believe it was never known with any degree of exactness at what rate of power the steam engine was working. But, in the twinkling of an eye, the judge was twisted out of the chair, and the moveable stand began to execute the most surprising manoeuvres around the room. It would jerk the judge high into the air, and send him down in an appalling manner. Then it would jerk him up against the chandelier three or four times, and across the room; it drove the judge's head through the oil portrait of Slugg's father over the mantelpiece. After bumping him against all the ancestors it flung the judge around among the crockery on the wash-stand, and danced him up and down in an exciting manner; finally, the machine dashed violently against Dr. Slugg, who seized the judge's leg with the forceps, and out came the tooth. When they carried the judge home, he seemed inordinately glad his tooth was out.

### Chess.

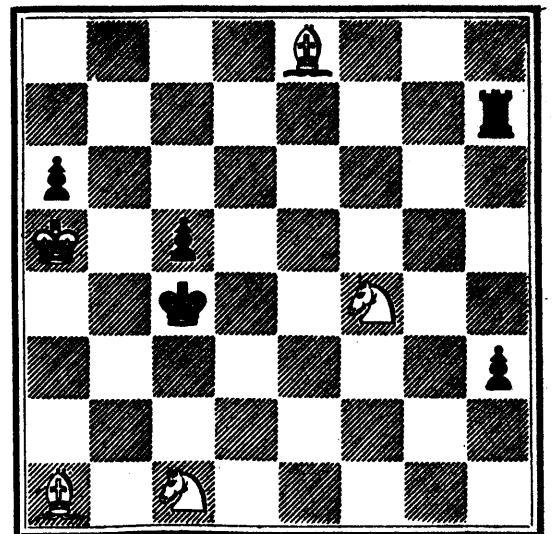
It is impossible for us to answer letters by mail. Games, Problems, Solutions, &c., forwarded are always welcome, and receive due attention, but we trust that our correspondents will consider the various demands upon our time, and accept as answers the necessarily brief replies through our "column."

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.—Enigma No. 34, E. L. S., Cassopolis; Problems Nos. 119 and 120, W. H. P., Montreal; No. 119, G. E. C., Montreal, and Junius.

#### PROBLEM No. 121.

By "Alpha," Whitby, Ont.

BLACK.



WHITE.

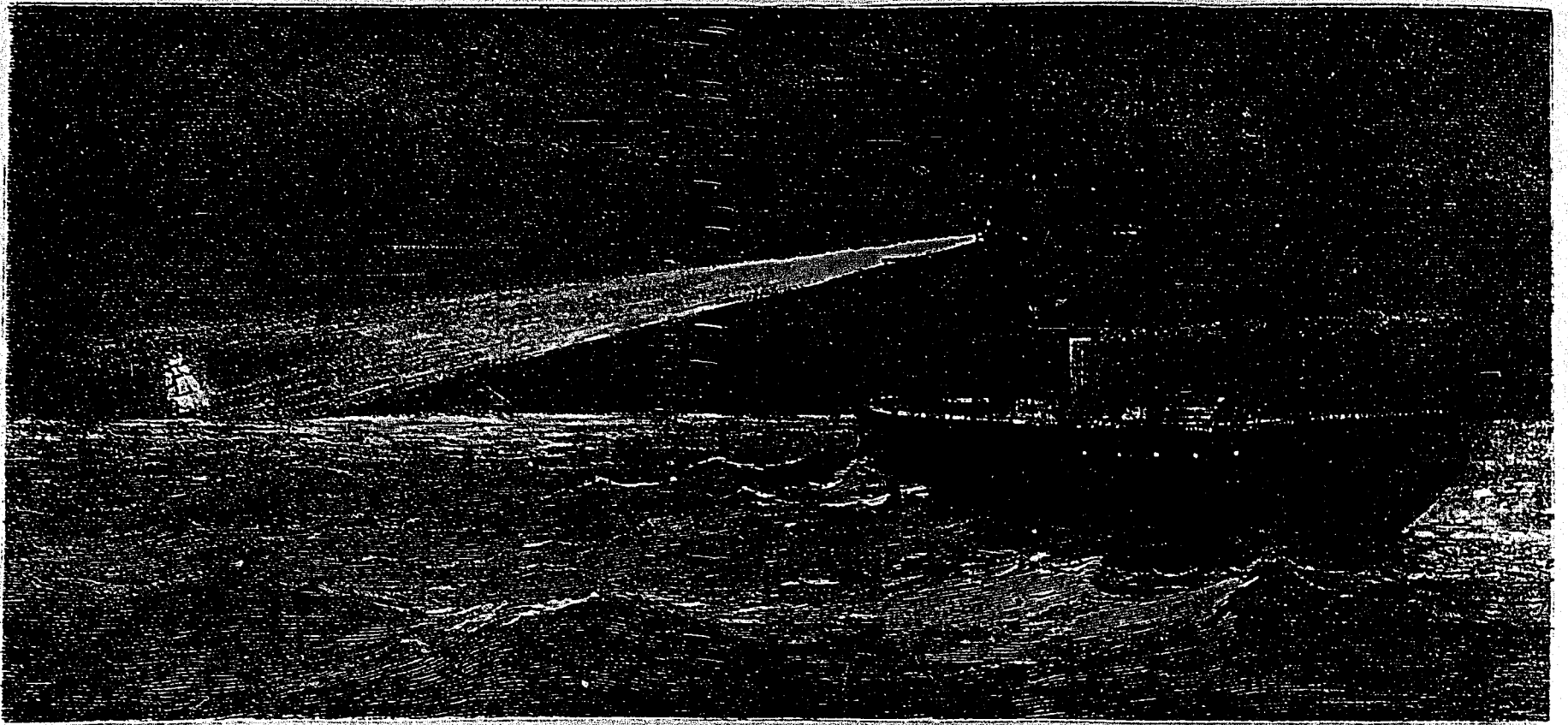
White to play and mate in three moves.

#### SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 119.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>White.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Kt to Kt 8th ch</li> <li>2. P takes Q dis ch</li> <li>3. Q to Kt 6th mate.</li> </ol> | <p>Black.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. K to B 2nd (best)</li> <li>2. P in</li> </ol> <p style="text-align: center;">//</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>2. K to Q sq</li> </ol> |
|---|--|

#### SOLUTION TO ENIGMA No. 35.

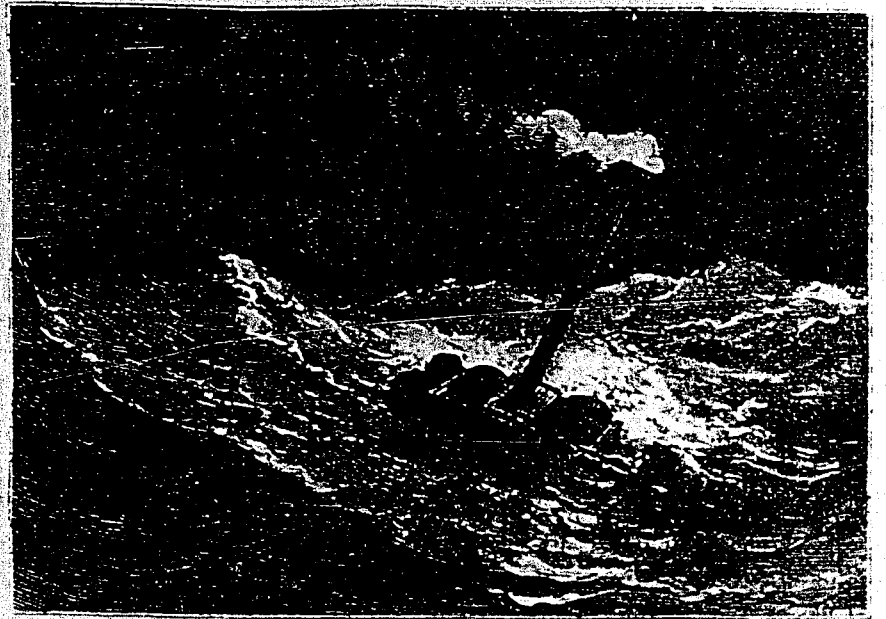
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>White.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. R to QR 8th</li> <li>2. B to K sq</li> <li>3. P to QB 4th dis ch mate.</li> </ol> | <p>Black.</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. O takes K</li> </ol> |
|---|--|



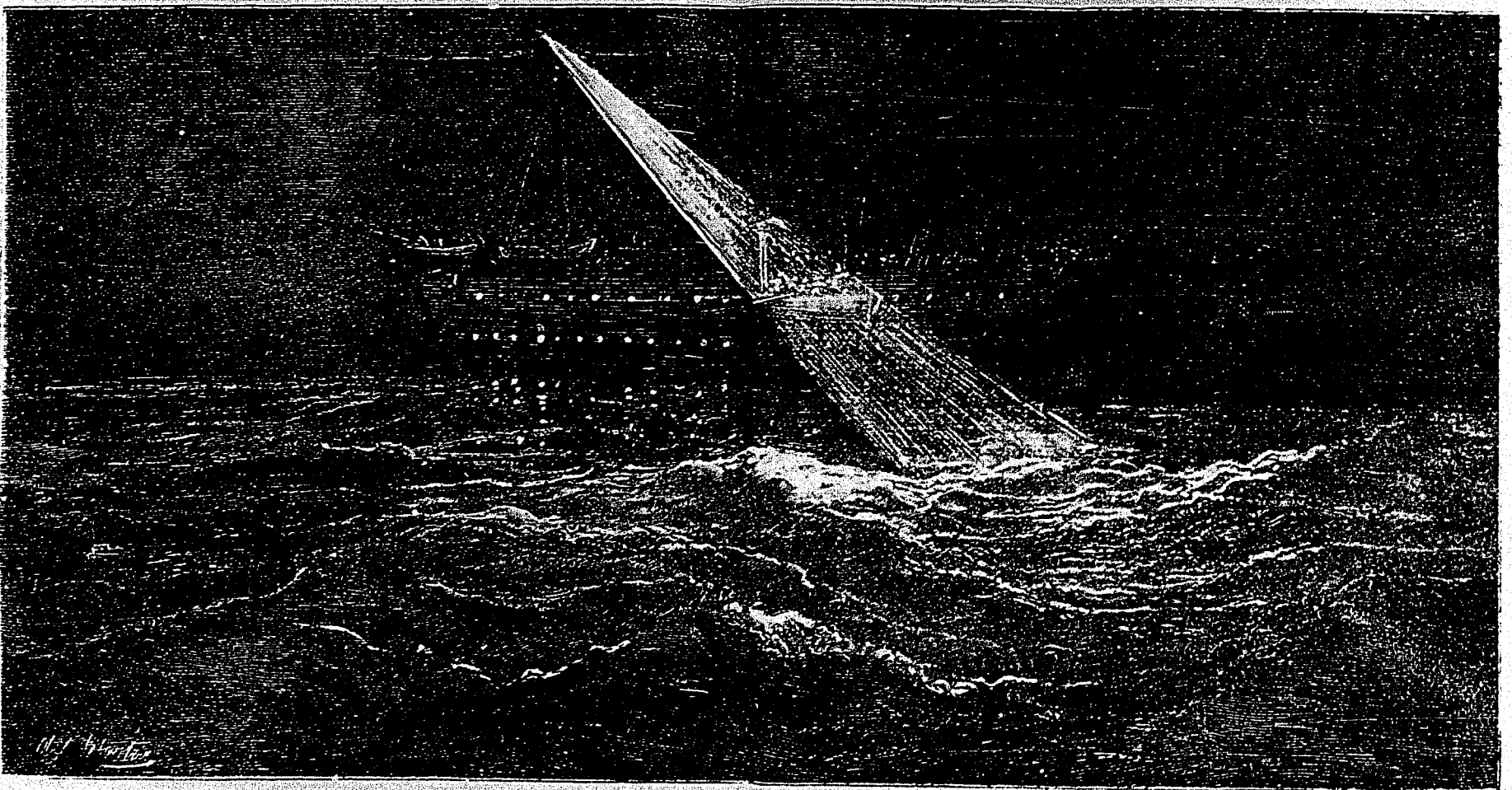
ELECTRIC LIGHT FOR TRANSATLANTIC STEAMERS.



LIGHT BUOY.



LIGHT BUOY.



ELECTRIC LIGHT USED TO DISCOVER THE WHEREABOUTS OF A MAN OVERBOARD.



SUNRISE ON THE WATZMANN, BAVARIAN ALPS.—By COLLINGWOOD SMITH.

## INLAND.

"Here rosy snow peaks out the twilight heaven,  
And boundless green savanas roll below,  
New stars look down from dewy skies at even,  
And unfamiliar flowers in splendour glow!  
Where is the sea?"

Strange boughs wave round me, bright with fruitage  
golden,

Lithe dusky forms look kindly on my way,  
And wondrous cities, mythical and olden,  
Open their glittering gates, to lure my stay!  
Where is the sea?"

Oh! for the sounds of rushing wind and ocean,  
The mingling, many-voiced, bewildering sea,  
The light, the power, the tumult and the motion,  
The air that is the breath of life to me!  
Where is the sea?"

Oh, for the stretch of brown and shingly beaches,  
Where dreaming childhood played the livelong day,  
For the bright water's wide and changeful reaches,  
The strong salt breezes, and the blinding spray!  
Where is the sea?"

Ye glorious mountains! wonderful and lonely,  
I bow before your majesty divine!  
But oh, forgive! if I remember only  
Beyond you lies the sea for which I pine!  
Where is the sea?"

[REGISTERED according to the Copyright Act of 1869.]

## TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

## A NEW NOVEL.

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

## CHAPTER XLV.—(Continued.)

"There is something," thought Shadrack Bain, "some secret between these two women. I could read as much in Lady Perriam's face to-day, when it paled at the mention of Mrs. Carter's name. Is the link the secret of the remote past, before Sylvia was Sir Aubrey's wife? Or has it something to do with the time I was away, just before Sir Aubrey's death? There was a strangeness in Lady Perriam's manner when I first saw her after her husband's death which I have never been able to explain to myself. I have not forgotten her look of horror when we went into Sir Aubrey's room. A woman's natural aversion to the gloom of death, perhaps. Yet she seems of too stern a metal for weak fears such as those. There is something—a secret—a mystery somewhere, and that woman Carter knows all about it. Why should I puzzle my brains to unravel it? Whatever it is I'll make it work into the web of my own scheme, or I am something less than Shadrack Bain."

Not many weeks after this, before the summer was old, all Monkhampton was startled by an event which scandalized a considerable portion of the community. Shadrack Bain seceded from the Baptists and entered the Church of England. Without a day's notice he left his family to worship alone in the square deal pew in the Water-lane Chapel, and transferred himself to one of the oaken benches of the Parish Church.

"Let my children still sit under their favourite minister," said Mr. Bain. "I don't want to disturb their convictions, however my own opinions may change."

## CHAPTER XLVI.

## SYLVIA WRITES A LETTER.

Very sweet was that summer tide to Esther Rochdale. The old, commonplace life went on at Dean House. Esther's mornings were still devoted to Ellen Sargent's children—she taught them—played with them—petted them—was, in fact, a second mother to them; while the languid widow, spoiled by the tropical luxuries and indolences of her life in Demerara, lolled upon sofas, dawdled through the last new work from the library, and lamented her "dear George." Esther had her mead of praise and gratitude from mother and grandmother, but the duty itself was pleasant to her, and the love of those impulsive little ones a noble recompense for all her trouble. Esther's life was full of occupation. She had her music, which she cultivated assiduously for Edmund's sake; she had to read the books he recommended her, sometimes books which required all a feminine intellect to understand. She had her district, her sick and poor, by whom she was tenderly beloved, and whom she never neglected.

But with evening, and Edmund's return from the Bank, came Esther's holiday. Mrs. Sargent, after resting all day, was equal to the fatigue of sitting in the nursery, while the children were being got ready for bed, and of even hearing them say their prayers, though this, she complained sometimes, made her head ache. Esther had Edmund all to herself of an evening, for Mrs. Standen, with a mother's unselfishness, was never happier than when these two were absorbed in each other, and forgetful of her. The dearest wish of her life had been gratified when she saw them united, for now, she told herself, Edmund must have forgotten that wicked Sylvia Carew. Nothing less than her son's engagement to Esther would have convinced Mrs. Standen upon this point, but apart from this, she had years ago planned such a union. It had been in her scheme of the future, when Esther still wore diaphanous, with lace frills round the neck and arms, and broad scarlet sashes, and shoulder knots. She was a pretty child, and would grow up a pretty girl, and Edmund must inevitably fall in love with and want to marry her, thought the mother; forgetting that young men rarely wish to marry young ladies whom they see every day of their lives, or at least not until they have been led astray once or twice by less familiar charms.

But now all was well. Edmund had been foolish, and was cured of his folly. There is no better wisdom than that of the man who knows he has been fooled.

There had been no talk yet awhile of wedding day, or even of the trousseau. The lovers were happy, and in no haste to change these light bonds for the heavier fetters of matrimony. Whenever Edmund touched upon the question of when the

marriage was to be, Esther put him off lightly, and could not be induced to prolong the discussion.

"I want to be very sure of you before we are married, Edmund," she said, "and for you to be very sure of yourself. I believe in long engagements."

They had many a walk and ride together in the summer evenings, and the news-mongers of Heddingham were not slow to find out that this time it really was an engagement between Mr. Standen and Miss Rochdale.

"I had it from Mrs. Standen herself, my lady," said Mary Peters when she told Lady Perriam the news on a sultry morning late in August. It might be the heat which made Sylvia so deadly pale just at that moment, Miss Peter thought; or it was just possible that she did not quite like to hear of her first lover's intended marriage.

"But she couldn't have cared for him very much, anyhow," reflected Mary Peters, "or she wouldn't have cast him off as cool as she did."

"When is it to be?" asked Sylvia, in a tone of indifference that imposed upon the artless mantua-maker.

"Not just yet, but it's quite settled. Miss Rochdale wants it to be a year's engagement, Mrs. Standen says, if not longer; and I don't wonder at that. There's something so nice in courting, and when people are once married they so soon settle down, and it's all over and done with; and after the first six months they might just as well have been married ten years, for any difference one can see in them. I know I should like a long engagement, if I was keeping company with anyone. I'm to have some of the dresses to make, Mrs. Standen says, so I shall know a good bit before the wedding, and I can let you know all about it."

"Let me know!" cried Lady Perriam. "Do you suppose I care whom Mr. Standen marries, or when he marries?"

"No, of course not, my lady," said Mary Peters, afraid she had offended. "I hope you don't think I've taken a liberty in mentioning such a thing; but I thought you might feel a little interested in Mr. Standen, after having been engaged to him yourself. I remember what pleasant walks we used to have of an evening—you and me, and Alice Cook, and how we used to meet Mr. Standen promiscuous, and how he always seemed to wish Alice and me away. To think of my making your wedding clothes, and believing it was for Mr. Standen all the time, when you was going to marry Sir Aubrey, and be made a lady of title. What a wonderful life yours has been, Sylvia—I beg pardon, my lady!"

"A wonderful life," repeated Sylvia, with a sigh; "yes, it is a wonderful life. I wonder what will be the end of it."

"And a happy life too, I should think," said Mary. "In this beautiful house, and with these lovely rooms furnished according to your own fancy." Mary cast an admiring glance round the bright-looking boudoir which Lady Perriam had embellished. "And that dear boy, in that lovely bassinet, with white lace curtains over pink silk. Mrs. Tringford was kind enough to let me have a peep at the pretty dear as I came past the nursery door. And quite your own mistress, too."

"Quite my own mistress," echoed Sylvia. "Yes, there was never anyone more free than I."

She dismissed Mary Peters, and then began to pace the room with quick, impatient steps. The dark eyes glittered angrily, the full under lip was held in by the small white teeth.

This was the end of it all, then. This was what came of her liberty. She had been a widow more than five months, and in all that time Edmund Standen had made no sign. She had waited with a sickening heart for some token that the old love was not utterly dead; that to know her free was to love her once again. He had loved her so well of old—was it possible that such love could die? In her breast it lived and burned still, a deathless flame. Why should he find it easy to forget when memory had such power over her? He had seemed to love the best in those old days. He had been ready to sacrifice so much for her sake—to lead a life of poverty and toil even.

The days went by, the dreary days, whose length was an almost intolerable burden, and brought no indication of surviving regard in Edmund Standen's heart. She tried to think that he kept aloof from delicacy. Her widowhood as yet had been brief. Her former lover dared not approach her. For him to cross the threshold of Perriam Place would be to set a hundred tongues wagging.

But he might, at least, have written a few lines of sympathy, with the old imperishable love lurking between them, felt but unexpressed—how such a letter would have cheered Sylvia Perriam's solitude, breathed of hope and future happiness. No such letter came, and a desperate, half angry, half despairing feeling was kindled in that passionate heart. She tried to hate the man whose coldness thus tortured her, tried to forget him, but in vain. Her love had been fostered in loneliness, she had never honestly striven to thrust it out of her heart. At her best, when she was most dutiful as a wife, she had always cherished one dream, a dream of the day when Sir Aubrey's death would leave her free, and Edmund Standen would come back to her.

She was free, but Edmund did not return.

Until this news of Mary Peters', she had still hoped. Building much upon her knowledge of Edmund's high principles, she had comforted herself with the idea that he was only waiting till a decent period of mourning should be past, and he could approach her with a good grace. This announcement of to-day was a death blow. All that day and all the next she spent in the solitude of her own rooms, shunning even the nursery and the garden, where her child, now a fine little fellow of a twelve month's growth, beguiled the long summer's day with his baby sports. She looked so pale, and was so silent that her maid thought she must be ill, and said as much to Mrs. Carter, who went to Lady Perriam's room soon afterwards, full of solicitude.

"I heard you were ill," she said, "and came to see if I could be of any use."

Sylvia was in no humour for sympathy, even from Mrs. Carter.

"You can be of no use," she answered. "If I wanted you I should send for you."

The nurse drew back with a pained look.

"It's hardly kind to speak to me like that," she said

"I cannot study my manner of speaking to you. You should not come to me unless you are sent for," returned Sylvia, impatiently. She was sitting in her easy chair by the open window, in a listless attitude, gazing straight before her at the dark line of the avenue, and the distant hills beyond that boundary.

"Sylvia," said Mrs. Carter, bending over the weary looking figure, "You are unhappy, and I have a right to be near you—

not the right of motherhood alone, I may have forfeited that for ever—but the right of having served you at the sacrifice of my own peace. God knows I have never known an hour's peace since I did you that fatal service."

"What am I the better for it?" cried Lady Perriam, turning fretfully from the eyes that looked at her with such mournful tenderness. "I wish it had never been done. Would to God it could be undone."

"That can never be till some of us are dead," answered Mrs. Carter, in a tone of deepest despondency. "I told you at the time, Sylvia, when I tried to dissuade you, on my knees, that it was an act which once done was done for ever. Remorseful tears, agony of mind, can avail nothing now. The thing is done."

"Will your preaching mend matters, do you think?" cried Sylvia, angrily. "Why do you come here to torment me? I want comfort not torture."

"If I only knew how to comfort you," said the mother, regretfully.

"There is no such thing as comfort for a grief like mine. I have lost the only being I ever cared about. He is lost to me for ever."

"You mean Mr. Standen?"

"Who else should I mean? He is the only person I ever cared for, and now he is going to marry Esther Rochdale."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"Quite sure, it is a settled thing. His mother has persuaded him into this engagement, I daresay, but the fact remains, he is engaged. I thought that when he heard of Sir Aubrey's death and knew that I was unfettered, his heart would turn towards me again. He cannot have forgotten me. My love for him is the same to-day as it was two years ago."

"But you can hardly expect him to believe that, or to forgive you for having broken faith with him. Perhaps if he knew how you repented that falsehood, he would turn towards you again. But even if he did—"

"Well, what then?"

"You could hardly marry him," said Mrs. Carter, in an awestruck whisper. She looked at her daughter with a curious expression—half horror, half pity—as if she wondered at having given birth to so relentless a being, yet clung to her with all a mother's love.

"What other motive had I for wishing to be free?" asked Sylvia.

Mrs. Carter covered her face with her hands, to hide the tears she could not keep back—tears of shame and agony. She had felt the sting of shame for herself, drained the cup of self-abasement, but this shame which she felt for her only child seemed even more bitter.

"You had better go back to your charge," said Sylvia, coldly.

"I am going," answered the mother. She tried to clasp Sylvia's hand, but was repulsed impatiently.

"You always make me miserable," said Lady Perriam.

"You are such a bundle of weakness. Had I any one of strong mind and steady purpose to lean upon I might leave this hateful house. But how could I trust to you to watch over my interests while I was away? It would be leaning upon a reed."

"I am sorry you consider me so despicable," said Mr. Carter, with a touch of bitterness in her quiet tone; "I have been faithful to you against my own conscience."

"Go," said Sylvia, "and before you prate of conscience try to remember that I took you out of the gutter."

The shot went home—Mrs. Carter's face, always pale, grew deadly white at this savage taunt. She left the room without a word, and Sylvia Perriam was alone. She rose and paced the room in a fever of excitement.

"He may not know that I am sorry," she said to herself, pondering on her mother's suggestion; "He may not know that I loved him even when I was false to him, loved him with all my heart when I deserted him. But he shall know it! he shall know this wretched heart before he marries Esther Rochdale. Having risked so much to win him, why should I shrink from one more hazard. He despises me already. If I fail in this last effort he can but despise me a little more. He shall know that I am at his feet, and then let him abandon me if he can."

She seated herself before the ashwood writing table, with its blue velvet cover and ormolu fittings, strangely different from the battered mahogany desk on which the schoolmaster's daughter had been wont to write her letters. She wrote a few hurried lines with a hand that was somewhat tremulous, though the characters looked firm enough upon the paper—wrote to Edmund Standen, for the first time since that fatal letter which was to dissolve their engagement.

"Will he think this step wanting in womanly feeling, or will he be glad?" she wondered; and then with a little bitter laugh she murmured, "Womanly feeling! I bade farewell to that when I jilted the man I fondly loved to marry Sir Aubrey Perriam."

## CHAPTER XLVII.

## "THE FAULTS OF LOVE BY LOVE ARE JUSTIFIED."

Was Edmund Standen happy? He tried to believe that his lot was life's consummate felicity. He was prosperous, successful as a man of business, appreciated by directors and shareholders; the master spirit of the Monkhampton Branch of the Western Union Bank. His home was pleasant, his womanly worshipped him; he was betrothed to a woman he admired and respected, who loved him with devotion, and whose handsome income would do much to swell the sum of his own prosperity. He ought to have been happy. He had youth, health, independence, the knowledge that work need not for him be the monotonous toil of a lifetime but only the congenial employment of his prime, to be given up at any hour should it prove wearisome to him. He knew that the bulk of his father's fortune was now securely his own, for his mother had shown him her last will, in which she left Ellen Sargent only the savings of her widowhood, and all the rest to her son.

"I am not likely ever to alter this will, Edmund, or to threaten you with loss of fortune," said Mrs. Standen, who was positively enraptured with the present condition of affairs. She would fain have hurried on the marriage, but she found Esther averse to haste, and Edmund somewhat indifferent.

"After all, mother," he said, "if Esther likes a long engagement why should we worry her to give up her fancy? We are very happy as we are."

"If you are happy, Edmund, that is all I care for. And I am not afraid that Esther will change her mind."

Thus things went on, with every appearance of general satisfaction.

"I ought to be completely happy," Edmund said to himself, more often than a man who was really happy would have made the remark. Indeed happiness has so subtle a flavour that we rarely recognize the taste of that wine of life while yet it lingers on our lips. It is afterwards that we look back and say we were happy. Few talk of happiness in the present tense.

Edmund found that his present content lacked the charm of that brief period of delight in which he had been Sylvia's lover. He tried to recall the old day-dream of a happy home, only changing the central figure. The same bright picture of the domestic hearth, but with a difference in the wife who sat beside it. Vain endeavour. He found that the picture would not compose as well as of old. It had even lost the old glow and colour. He shut his eyes upon the outer world, and tried to lose himself in dreams of future happiness, but the dreams would not come. So Mr. Standen became more than ever devoted to business, worked longer hours at his desk, made himself hateful to his subordinates by his unflinching attention to every detail, and went home of an evening too tired sometimes for the twilight walks which were so sweet to Esther Rochdale—too tired even to sing their favourite duets,—glad to sit in the easy chair opposite his mother's while Esther sang or played to him. She did both with exquisite expression, and often brought the tears to her lover's eyes, but the tears he shed were not for her. They were weak regretful tears for one he knew to be unworthy of them. Vainly did he struggle against regrets which he felt to be both weak and wicked. This struggle was at its height when Lady Perriam's letter was handed to him one morning among his business letters at the Bank. Sylvia had been too prudent to direct her epistle to Dean House.

The letter was of the briefest.

"Dear Mr. Standen,

I have a communication to make to you which I think you ought to hear. I dare not ask you to call upon me, lest you should compromise yours:—if and me by such a visit. Will you, therefore, meet me to-morrow evening, at nine o'clock, in Perriam Churchyard?

Yours faithfully,

SYLVIA PERRIAM,

Perriam Place,

Wednesday."

This seemed cool and business like. The letter of a woman who had forgotten there had been so tender a tie between her and the man to whom she wrote. Edmund twisted the small sheet of perfumed paper between his fingers for a long time, pondering on that strange appeal. Should he grant this audacious request, knowing as he too well knew the weakness of his own heart? His first answer to that request was a forcible negative. He would not go.

Then came after-thoughts, which are apt to be fatal. Would she have written to him thus if she had not had strong reasons for sending him such a letter? What communication could she make to him? There was but one secret he would care to hear from those lips, and to hear that now would be worse than futile.

She would tell him, perhaps, that the infidelity which had gone very near to break his heart had been no willing act of hers. That influences stronger than he could imagine or believe had forced her to that unwomanly falsehood. That her father's greed, and not her own ambition, had made her the wife of Sir Aubrey Perriam. She might tell him all this, but to what avail? Could she stand blameless in his sight, she would be no nearer to him than she was now, for he was the affianced husband of Esther Rochdale. It was just possible, however, that she did not seek this meeting in order to extenuate her sin against him. She might have some pressing need of his help. He knew that she was friendless. He was a man of business. He had once loved her. To whom would she be more likely to appeal than to him?

"I should be a craven if I refused to grant her request," he said to himself; and wrote two or three lines in answer to Lady Perriam's letter promising to be in the churchyard at the hour she named.

The letter was no sooner posted than Edmund Standen began to repent having written it. He thought how bad a look such a secret meeting would have in Esther's eye, should some unlucky hazard bring it to her knowledge. And people who live in villages are set round with spies.

Should he write another letter, recalling his promise? He debated that point all the afternoon, but did not write any such letter.

As the day grew later a guilty feeling crept over him, and he shrank from the idea of seeing Esther Rochdale and his mother before he had kept his appointment with Lady Perriam. He ordered his dinner from a tavern, and stayed at the bank after office hours, looking into accounts, and writing business letters; stayed there till the Monkhampton clocks chimed the quarter before eight.

From the bank to Perriam was about an hour's walk. Mr. Standen gave himself a quarter of an hour's margin, but instead of walking at a leisurely pace, and keeping himself cool, as he intended, he walked his fastest, walked himself almost into a fever, and entered the little lane leading to Perriam Church at half-past eight, having done the distance in three-quarters of an hour.

He had nothing to do for the next half-hour but smoke a cigar or two, stroll in and out among the moss-grown old grave stones, muse like the meditative Hervey on life's mutability, and regret his own foolishness in having allowed Sylvia Perriam to entrap him into this evening rendezvous.

Bitterly did he think of his false love as that long half-hour wore on, and yet he yearned for her coming; and at the first sound of a light footfall on the terrace above him felt his heart beating, just as it used to beat in summer evenings gone by when he had waited for his mistress under the chestnut tree;—the same fervour, the same impatience, the same passion as of old, although he was Esther Rochdale's promised husband.

The light step came along the terrace, and he saw a black robed figure pause by a low iron gate, open it, and then descend a little flight of steps to a gate opening into the churchyard. The moon was at the full, and Sylvia's beauty had a phantasmal look in that soft silver light as she came slowly towards him, slender and shadowy in her flowing black dress only the face shining out from that sombre darkness of drapery, ivory pale.

"This is very good of you," she said falteringly, holding out her little ungloved hand with a doubtful gesture.

Hard to keep the leash upon passion. He had intended to be cold as ice—unimpressionable as a family lawyer. But he took the tremulous hand in his, and held it in as tender a clasp as when he had deemed this girl all innocence and truth.

"Good of me!" he said. "I suppose you knew you had only to beckon and I should come. But before you say one other word to me, let me tell you what, as an honest man, I am bound to tell. I come here as Esther Rochdale's affianced husband."

"I knew that when I wrote to you," answered Lady Perriam, her eyes fixed upon his face, fever bright, but steadfast. "I knew that you could only come here as Miss Rochdale's engaged lover, but before you married I thought it right you should know the truth about me."

"I know quite enough, Lady Perriam," answered Edmund, letting go the little hand, and putting on that armour of coldness which he had meant to wear from the first. "I know that you jilted me in order to marry my superior in wealth and position. Do I need to know any more?"

"Yes. You need to know why I did it," answered Sylvia in a voice that thrilled him. Its ringing tone sounded like truth. For passion has a truth of its own—the truth of the moment.

"A woman has a thousand good reasons for every wrong she does," returned Edmund. "I am content to know that I was wronged without entering into an examination of causes. The effect was all sufficient."

"Do you think it was for my own sake I married Sir Aubrey?"

"Certainly. Since you were the person to benefit by such an alliance."

"Can you imagine that I who loved you so dearly would have deserted you, unless I had been compelled to that act by an overpowering necessity?"

"What necessity should compel you, save your own ambition. You had shown me, often enough, your horror of poverty. You shrank from the future I offered you, which must have begun with a struggle for maintenance. It was not enough for you that I was hopeful; it was not enough that I promised to work for you. Sir Aubrey could give you wealth and splendour in the present, and you chose Sir Aubrey."

"I chose Sir Aubrey because my mother was starving in a garret in London, and to marry him was my only hope of maintaining her. You were brave. You were ready to begin life without a penny, and to work for me. If I burdened you with myself—blighted your prospects—lost your inheritance—could I also burden you with the support of my mother? Yet I must do that, or let her starve, if I married you. For my mother's sake I sacrificed my own happiness, and married Sir Aubrey Perriam."

Edmund gazed at her for some moments in sheer bewilderment. Her looks and tones were full of truthfulness—earnestness so thrilling could hardly be false. He believed her in spite of himself.

"How was it that I never heard of your mother, or heard of her only as one who had long been dead? You told me that you had never seen her face, that she died while you were an infant."

"So I believed until the night after the school feast," answered Sylvia, and then briefly, yet with a graphic force that conjured up the scene before his wondering eyes, she told him of that night visitant—the penitent mother—depicted all her misery, but affected a deeper pity than she had ever felt for it, and touched the listener's compassionate heart. She described their parting, how the broken-hearted mother had kissed and blessed her, and how she (Sylvia) had promised to help and befriend her, were it at the cost of her own happiness.

"Within a week of that parting Sir Aubrey asked me to marry him. I remembered my promise to my mother. I knew that if I married him it would be easy to keep my promise; if I married you, almost impossible. I thought how unfortunate our marriage would be for you; how great a sacrifice it was to cost you; and I prayed God for strength of mind to renounce you, and to marry the rich old man who could give me power to rescue my mother from a life of unmitigated wretchedness. Was I so utterly contemptible as you seem to have thought me, Edmund?"

"Contemptible," cried Edmund; "no, Sylvia, not contemptible; but mistaken, fatally mistaken. I would have toiled for your mother as willingly as for you—worked for her ungrudgingly—and whether our home were rich or poor she would have shared it."

"You do not know what you are saying, Edmund. My mother was not one you could have acknowledged without some touch of shame. She had been a sinner."

"And had repented. I would not have been ashamed of her penitence. She should have lived with us in peace and security, and none should have dared to question her past life."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sylvia, with a cry of despair, "if I had but known you could be so generous."

"You had no right to question my generosity—or my humanity. This was a case for common humanity rather than generosity. Do you think I would have let my wife's mother starve?"

"You might have found life so hard, Edmund."

"I would have fought the battle let it be ever so hard. I would have kept sheep in Australia if I couldn't earn our bread in England."

Sylvia was silent. That picture of Australian sheep farming, though noble enough in the abstract, had no fascination for her. Yet, as circumstances had shaped themselves, she would gladly have been an emigrant's hard-working helpmeet rather than the thing she was, burdened with one dark secret that weighed her to the ground.

"I have told you all the truth, Edmund," she said, after a pause in which they had both seemed lost in thought, Edmund leaning upon the rusty railings of a tomb, his face hidden from Lady Perriam, as if he feared to let her see the workings of a countenance which might have revealed too much of the mind's fierce struggle with over-mastering passion.

"I have told you all," she repeated, "can you forgive me?"

"I have nothing to forgive. You did what you deemed was right. I can only regret that you had not greater confidence in my affection and in my power to help those you love. I hope that you secured your own happiness by an act which nearly wrecked mine?"

"My own happiness!" she echoed drearily. "Do you think it was for my happiness to forsake you. Do you think I was all falsehood when I hung upon your neck that day in Hedingham churchyard?"

No answer. He stands like a rock, looking straight before

him with a cold, steady gaze, ordering his heart to be still, that heart whose passionate beating belies his outward calm.

"Have you ever doubted my love for you, Edmund?" asks Sylvia, stung by this merciless calm.

"No more than I doubted that the summer roses bloomed that year—and withered," he answers. "Your love died with them."

"It never died. It filled my heart when I deserted you. Yes, when I stood before God's altar with Sir Aubrey Perriam it was you I saw standing at my side. It was to you I uttered my vows, it was to you I swore to love and honour and obey. The rest was all a bad dream."

Still silence, a pause, during which Sylvia feels as if her heart were slowly congealing, as if she were standing in the Norse God's icy palace, freezing to death.

Then came a question asked in slow, level tones, as if it were the most commonplace inquiry.

"Was this the communication you had to make, Lady Perriam?"

"Yes; what else should I have to say to you? Yes, I sent for you to tell you this; you shall not give Esther Rochdale your heart without knowing the secret of mine. I never ceased to love you. I was never really false to you. I flung away my own peace for the sake of a desolate, despairing creature, who had but one being in all the world from whom to hope for succour. And now I am free once more—free and rich—and true to you. Will you forget all your old vows, the deathless love you have so often told me about? Will you forsake me to marry that prim pattern of provincial perfection, Miss Rochdale?"

"Spare your sneers against my future wife, Lady Perriam. Yes, I am going to marry Miss Rochdale, and if I am not as happy with her as I once hoped to be with you, it will be my folly, and no missing grace or charm in my wife that will be to blame."

"Which means that you do not care for her," cried Sylvia.

"Oh, Edmund, I know how contemptible I must seem in your eyes to-night, even more despicable than when I seemed to be false to you. I know what a hideous offence against conventionality I have committed, that I have almost shut myself out from the rank of virtuous women by this self-sought meeting. Despise me as much as you please, Edmund; I know full well how deep a shame I have brought upon myself by this reckless act; but I can bear even that. Marry Esther Rochdale. Yes, you are right. She is worthy of you. She is good, pure, true—all things that I am not. Marry her, and forget me. I am content now that you know the truth. Blot me from your memory, Edmund, for ever, if you like—but if you do remember me, think at least, that I was not utterly base. And now leave me, and go back to Miss Rochdale."

She stretched out her arm, with a gesture of dismissal. Till this moment Edmund had stood by the ivy-wreathed railings of the Perriam tomb, fixed, immovable, sturdily battling with that demon of weak and foolish love which had him cast truth, honour, loyalty to the winds, and clasp this false idol to his breast. But now, as she retreated from him slowly in the moonlight—a phantom-like figure gliding out of his reach—the fatal folly mastered him, the passion he had never conquered once more enslaved him. He stretched out his arms—three eager steps brought him to her side—and once again she was held to his heart—held as if never more to be set free.

"Leave you, forget you, go back to another woman! No, Sylvia, you know I cannot do that. You knew that, when you lured me here to-night, you would have me at your feet. I have come back to your net. You have called me back. You would have it so, for good, or evil. I am dishonoured, perjured, weakest and worst among men, but I am yours, and yours only!"

To be continued.

## Literary Notes.

A project is under consideration for establishing in London a "News Club," for members of the press, authors, and publishers. The Duke of Argyll's "Reign of Law" is about to appear in a Norse dress, by the Froken Augustra Rudmose of Fersley—a young Danish lady.

A free library, and about 10,000 volumes as a commencement, are about to be presented to the town of Macclesfield by Mr. D. Chadwick, the borough member.

The new novel by Auerbach, which has been expected for some time, is announced to be published in March. The title will be "Waldfried, a Family History."

The new romance of Victor Hugo, "Quatre-vingt-treize," appeared on the 19th of February, published by MM. Michel Levy Frères. It forms three volumes octavo, and is in three parts, entitled: 1st, "En Mer;" 2nd, "A Paris;" and 3rd, "En Vendée."

Florence Marryat (Mrs. Ross Church), author of "Love's Conflict," &c., made her *début* as a dramatic reader in the City Hall, Glasgow, on the 28th ult., when she read selections from "Guy Mannering" and "The Lady of the Lake," accompanied by the incidental music.

A Life of Christ, by the Rev. F. W. Farrar, D.D., Master of Marlborough College, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, is now in preparation, and will be shortly published in two volumes, by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. Each volume will contain an illustration from an original sketch, made expressly for the work, by Mr. Holman Hunt.

The world is fast forgetting Mrs. Barbauld, we fear; so we are glad to hear that Messrs. Bell and Sons are about to publish a little work, "Memoir of Mrs. Barbauld, including Letters and Notices of her Family and Friends," by her great-niece, Anna Letitia (Mrs.) Le Breton. The volume will contain a medallion portrait of Mrs. Barbauld.—*Athenæum*.

The *Athenæum* says that in Mr. Freeman's "Historical Series for Schools," the "History of Germany" will be the next to appear, and will be immediately followed by the "History of America." The German history is by Mr. James Sime. The "History of the United States of America" has been written by Mr. J. A. Davis, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford.

The concluding volume (the fourth) of the late Lord Lytton's "Parisians" contains a preface by the present lord, stating that his father intended this work to be accepted with "Keuism Chillingly" and "The Coming Race," as exponents of the same idea. "The Parisians" breaks off near to its completion, death having arrested the author's hand in the midst of a sentence.

The *Athenæum* contains the following paragraph:—"In our last week's number we said that the trustees of the British Museum had resigned their patronage into the hands of the Government. This statement, we have been informed, is incorrect. However, the trustees will, we believe, in all probability take the step before long, and, indeed, would have done so by this time but for the dissolution of Parliament."



