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Canadian Illustrated News

VOL. X.—No. 19. MONTREAL, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1874. SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS. $4 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

OPENING OF THE S. E. T. & K. RAILROAD.

The formal opening of the Sherbrooke, Eastern Townships and Kennebec Railroad took place on Thursday, the 22nd ult. The celebration of the event took the form of an excursion from Sherbrooke to Lothrop's, in Westbury, a distance of fourteen miles, that being the length of road completed at the time. Some thousand persons took part in the excursion, filling ten cars, of which two were of the rolling stock of the new road. On arriving at their destination the party left the train and partook of refreshments. On the way back the train was stopped at Ascot Corners, where speeches were delivered by the Hon. Mr. ROBERTSON, Treasurer of the Province of Quebec, and a number of other guests.

When completed this line of railroad will give to Sherbrooke direct communication with Quebec by means of a connection, somewhere on the Chaudiere River, with the Levis and Kennebec line now in course of construction, fifty miles of which will be opened some time next month.

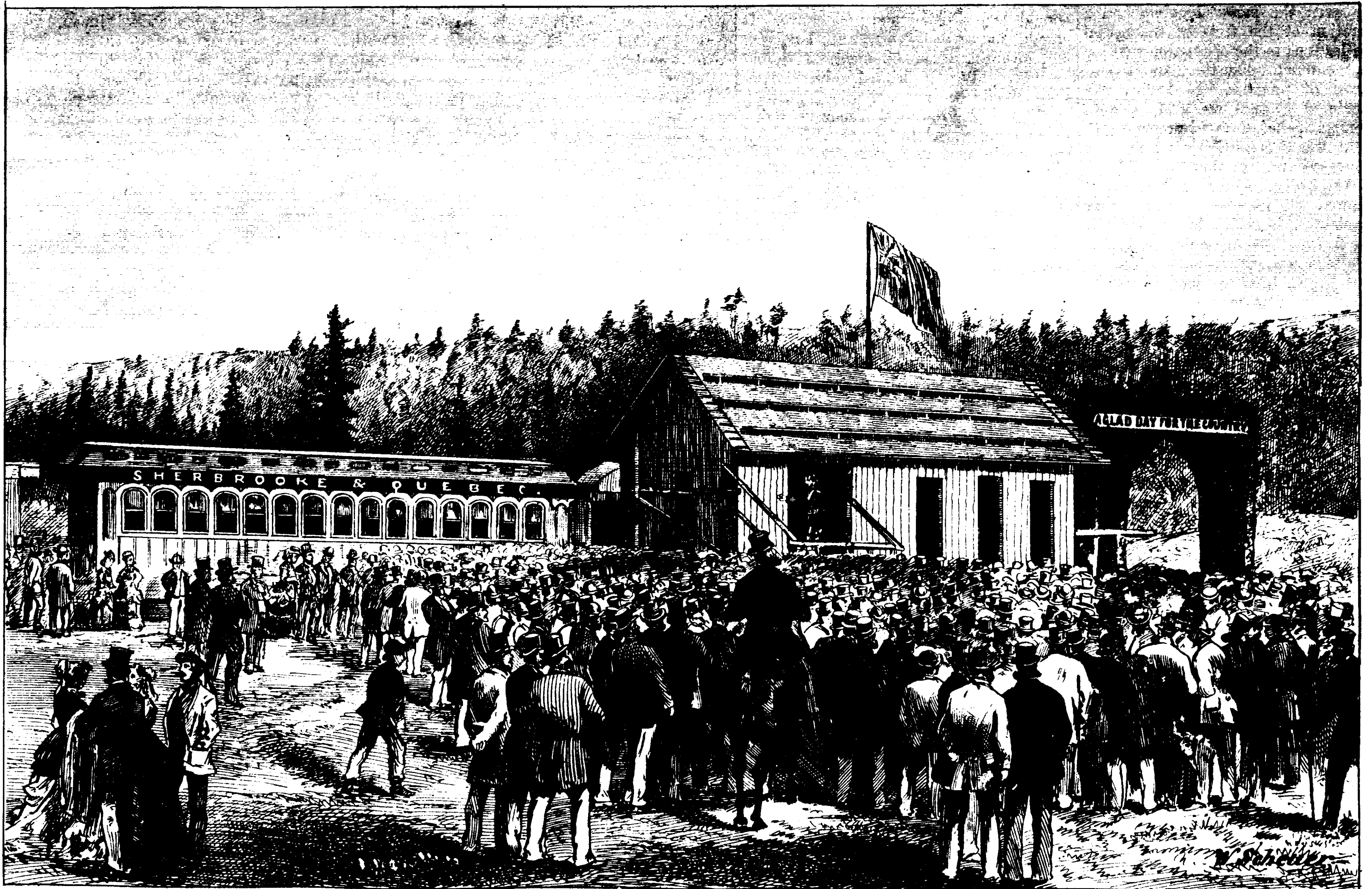
On the evening of the day of the opening a banquet was held in the Town Hall at Sherbrooke in honour of the Hon. Mr. ROBERTSON, whose constituents had seized the occasion of the railway celebration to tender him this compliment. The hall was tastily decorated for the occasion and tables were laid for the accommodation of two hundred and fifty guests. A very fair idea of the appearance of the room may be gathered from the illustration on another page. Mr. E. T. BROOKS, M.P., presided, having on his right the guest of the evening, and on his left Hon. Mr. MALHIOT. The speech of the evening was that delivered by the Provincial Treasurer, in which he explained the railway policy of the Government.

RAILWAY EXTENSION.

In connection with our Sherbrooke illustrations this week, it may not be amiss to refer more particularly to the railway policy of the Quebec Government, which Hon. Mr. ROBERTSON explained fully in his banquet speech. There can be no manner of doubt to any one who has followed the progress of the country during the last six or seven years, that this railway policy has accomplished wonders. As it has been enthusiastically supported by men of all parties, the credit for the same may be given to the whole Province.

The Hon. Treasurer stated that the first step taken by the Government was a promise of one hundred and fifty dollars a mile to railways annually for twenty years. But this measure was soon found to be in a great measure unsatisfactory. Advantage was then taken of a clause of the law which was open to doubt, to capitalize the annual payment, and the whole sum was given to the railways at the time they were doing their work, and when one dollar was worth two afterward. Later on, a fuller railway scheme was enacted. In pursuance thereof there was given to the North Shore, from Quebec to Montreal, and to the Northern Colonization, from Montreal to Aylmer, a subsidy of two millions of dollars, besides grants of land. Then six hundred and twenty five additional miles of various lines were subsidized, at two thousand five hundred dollars a mile. Furthermore, land grants or money were given as the railways thought preferable. In this way, aid to railways to the extent of five or six millions of dollars has been extended.

The results of this liberal policy will be amply apparent to every one. The North Shore road from Quebec to Montreal is well advanced, and the same may be said in regard to the Northern Colonization road from Montreal to Aylmer. The Government cannot build these roads, but it can assist people in building them, and thus opening out the country. We are further assured that the policy thus inaugurated will be continued with a vigour proportionate to the needs of the country and the condition of the exchequer.



OPENING OF THE S. E. T. & K. RR. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BLANCHARD OF SHERBROOKE.

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THE NEW STORY.

In this issue we give in addition to numerous improvements a first and liberal instalment of WILKIE COLLINS' new story.

THE LAW AND THE LADY.

This story is not only worthy of Mr. Collins' great reputation, but is stated to be the best he has written. Our readers will find a rare treat in its perusal.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 7th, 1874.

POSITION OF THE DOMINION.

It may not be uninteresting in the first number of the new series of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS to give a few facts in reference to the position of the Dominion of Canada in relation to its place among the nations, judged by its area and resources. The development of these since the era of Confederation has been so rapid as to surprise even the most sanguine, and a consideration of the facts of the actual position leads us to the conviction that we have but entered upon the first step of the career of progress. In 1866-7 the total trade of Canada was $94,791,866, and then we spoke of rapid progress; in 1872-3, it was $217,197,096; that is, it has increased nearly threefold in six years! And every interest in the country has followed the increase of trade. Our special purpose, however, is not to dwell on these figures, but to show the area of the Dominion and point out some of its resources stated by Provinces. The following are official figures:

	Square Miles.
Nova Scotia	21,731
New Brunswick	27,322
Quebec	193,355
Ontario	107,780
Manitoba	14,340
North West Territory	2,750,000
British Columbia	220,000
Prince Edward Island	12,173
	3,346,681

We may state for comparison that the area of the whole continent of Europe is only 3,900,000 square miles. Thus Canada approaches it in size. The area of the United States, without Alaska, is 2,933,588 square miles, that of Alaska is 577,390 square miles. Canada is, therefore, much larger than the United States, without Alaska, and very nearly the same size with that territory included. But it may be said that the Canadian territory goes up to the Arctic Ocean, and that a large portion of it is not habitable. This is true; but after the traveller passes the 100th degree of West Longitude in the United States, that is very little west of the Valley of the Missouri, he finds, with the exception of a few cases, one of the most hopeless deserts under the sun; and going South, beyond Virginia, he goes out of the region of northern grasses and northern pastures, and exchanges the condition of northern husbandry for those of the tropics; exchanges, moreover, climatic conditions to which the inhabitants of Northern Europe have been accustomed for those of the torrid zone which they will find oppressive; and which, according to one able American writer, Dr. Draper, will, in course of time, effect physiological changes in the races of men, in fact, make new varieties. Recent explorations have shown that Canada possesses vast areas of habitable land in her North West, which are just beginning to be opened up for settlement, at the time that the occupation of the U. S. prairie lands is approaching the limits of the American desert. We believe it is established that those immense areas in our North West, possess climatic, agricultural and other conditions, that will lead to rapid settlement in the immediate future. It is our purpose in a future number of this journal to point out some of these.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

This may be a homely, but it is an all important subject. The Provincial Teachers' Association which met at Granby last week, treated it at full length, and they acted right in doing so. Much if not all that was said on the subject we heartily endorse, precisely because it corroborates the remarks we made a few weeks ago on the embryonic and elementary state of Canadian literature. Every building depends on its foundation. Not only its strength, but its gracefulness, which is an ornament of strength, are subservient to the pillars on which it rests. Without education, there can be no culture; and without suitable school books, there can be no education. Yet our own experience shows that school books are difficult to procure. Every nation must have its own. In the primer, the geography, the history, the reader, there must breathe a flavour of nationality. Even the arithmetic should be national, in that it teaches primarily the current monies, the weights and measures, and the routine of commercial transactions in vogue in the country. The school-book should be limited in range, yet complete within its range. It should be graduated and progressive. It should be severely correct in language, and authoritative in statement. It should be thoroughly well printed. Its illustrations should be the best woods, pleasing to the eye, striking to the fancy, an index to the memory, not the daubs with which we have hitherto been generally favoured. In the beginning of our systematized school instruction, class books were derived from foreign sources. These were gradually discarded as insufficient, if not mischievous. Then we resorted to native compilations which answered pretty well for a time, but which, under the growing needs of the country, are now found totally inadequate. Native publishers have not had the means, nor the market, to produce a really first-rate article. Native writers have not had the time, nor the remuneration, to devote themselves entirely to the work. To write a school-book demands both perfect knowledge of the subject in hand, and large experience of the class of children for whom the book is intended. The composition thereof demands time and study. It cannot be dashed off like a novel or a newspaper article. It is, therefore, small wonder that teachers, as a rule, have not devoted their attention to this species of work.

Much was said, at the late Convention, of the Ontario series of school-books. It was declared by several teachers that they did not meet the wants of this Province. Judge DUNKIN went so far as to say that "we do not want our children to be looking South all the time, nor westward to Ontario. We should have Quebec books and sentiments." Perhaps this statement is overdrawn. Considering the relative paucity of the Protestant minority in this Province, there must necessarily be, as Mr. SAMUEL DAWSON remarked, "great difficulty in introducing school-books of our own," and the same gentleman added, "the cost of books depends on the number of them that can be sold." It were perhaps more judicious to say that we want, not Ontario, nor Quebec, but Dominion books, which, whether published at Toronto or Montreal, shall, each in its way, teach a Dominion, Canadian, national spirit. Suppose each of the thirty-eight States of the Union insisted on having its own school books, would not both the quality and effect of the teaching suffer by the exclusiveness?

It was also properly observed by some of the teachers that the duties and powers of the Council of Public Instruction in this Province are somewhat peculiar. They can exclude whatever books they choose from the school, but when once they give their sanction to any work, they cannot rescind that sanction. This is clearly an unprogressive condition of things, and accounts for many of the antiquated, worthless books still used in our class rooms. Perhaps it may be no harm to suggest some improvement on this system, now that a new Superintendent of Education has just assumed office.

We can hardly agree with Principal HICKS that it does not much matter what kinds of books are used, so long as there are really good teachers to interpret them. A good teacher may correct the faults or supply the deficiencies of a poor text book, but he cannot counteract its evil influences. The book has a silent mission distinct from the verbal instruction of the teacher. It is studied at home, perused at odd hours, and, in the case of a diligent student, may be so assimilated to the mental constitution, as to be beyond the influence of the teacher. If it is true, as all of us have at some time experienced, that one half of education consists in eradicating the other half, the necessity of unexceptionable school books must be admitted.

THE LECTURE SEASON.

With the advent of the long winter evenings, different forms of amusement are naturally resorted to. These differ according to the circumstances of every community. In large cities like Montreal and Toronto, there are special advantages to be enjoyed, though even in these partial restriction has forcibly to be practised. Gradually and quite visibly the æsthetical taste is making progress among their inhabitants. Yet the lack of population and of suitable accommodation prevents them from patronizing the highest development of art, such as painting, the legitimate drama, and the opera. The consequence is that they must fall back on less expensive entertainments, and among these public lectures are the most popular. Lectures have been properly termed an American institution. They are not cultivated the same way in England, and on the Continent they are unknown outside of the class-room. We remember a French professor of great renown expressing his astonishment at what he saw and heard during a lecture which he attended in one of the large cities of the United States. He was struck with the abtruse character of the subject discussed, with the grave decorum of the audience, with the infrequency of the applause, and with the evident satisfaction of the people on leaving the hall. We remember that some seven or eight years ago, lectures had become a rage of fashion in the United States. They were overdone, of course, and after a couple of winters they died out. Year before last, they revived under the stimulus of foreign authors who brought with them wherever they went the irresistible incentive of curiosity. The result was a flattering success. People crowded to see, if not to hear, the mystical MASSEY, the spiritual McDONALD, the robust KINGSLEY, the romantic COLLINS and the gifted BELLEW. Canada caught the fever, and our principal cities had the advantage of beholding and listening to all these celebrities. There is no denying the benefit derived from this novel species of intercourse.

The example thus set is worthy of being continued. We understand that owing to circumstances, the managers of these lectures in Montreal, lost money by them last winter. We know not how the case may have been elsewhere, but it is to be hoped that no discouragement will be indulged in, and that in our large cities, at least, a series of public lectures will be given this winter. To further this consummation, we would venture upon one suggestion. Let some of our own men step upon the platform. There are in Canada scores of able men of letters and science thoroughly competent to interest an audience by the treatment of their special subjects of study. The advantage of securing their services would be two-fold. It would be an encouragement to the men themselves, and would give an unmistakable impulse to the march of Canadian science and literature. That we have sore need of such a stimulus is granted on all sides. Our young writers, our journalists, our professors want a free field to work in. They have been pent up and trammelled too long. They are anxious to show their countrymen what they can do, if properly encouraged. What could be more interesting than a series of lectures on the most romantic episodes of Canadian history, by a Canadian writer, before a Canadian audience? Why should not one of our poets be called upon to discourse upon Canadian poetry? Why might not one of our novelists read publicly a tale of Canadian character and incident? We have several ladies who are distinguished in the paths of literature. Why not invite one or two of them to entertain their countrymen and countrywomen with the creations of their genius? The scheme which we advocate would be comparatively inexpensive and is well worth a trial. Where is the literary society or college association that is willing to take the lead in the matter?

LITERATURE AND ART.

ONE OF SHAKESPEARE'S SHORTCOMINGS.

It is little short of fool-hardihood to allege that the bard of Avon uttered or could have uttered a faulty note. National pride leads the average Englishman, with a persistency conforming in fixed ratio to his ignorance to arrogate to himself credit for every honourable and distinguished achievement of a fellow-countryman, and to resent as a personal affront any attempt, however reasonable and proper, to deduct the fancied merits of those in the shadow of whose excellence he lives. To affirm that the Iron Duke was inferior as a military tactician to his immortal antagonist; that Chantry was not the peer of Canova or Thorvaldsen, or that Bacon, Newton or Faraday is not exempt from successful rivalry through all time, is looked upon as an outrage not to be justified by any appeal to facts and authorities. But Shakespeare's reputation is most carefully entrenched by popular prejudice,—so fully entrenched that it is the extreme of hardihood, the forlornest of forlorn hopes, to assail it even in the interests of truth. The writer who ventures to assert that Shakespeare's genius was not universal must needs look for rough treatment. What must one expect who hazards the assertion that Shakespeare has utterly failed in the department of the play wright's art in which the highest power of the true artist might be shown? This is the unthankful task to which we now address ourselves.

Into the holy of holies of the human soul this high priest of humanity never ventured, or if he did in contemplation, he never put in words the marvels he found therein. He was familiar with all the approaches to it; he lingered long, wonderingly, lovingly in its vestibule, but if he passed with in his pen has given no hint of it.

Shakespeare has given us no idea of maternal affection. Launce's dog, objectionable as the creature is, does fuller justice to the canine race than any one of Shakespeare's characters does to woman in her highest development.

Before entering upon the proof, or rather the illustration of this statement,

and attempting to account for the fact we may pass in rapid review a few of the female characters of Shakespeare so as to become duly sensible of the gain which would have accrued from the employment of so skilled a pencil in the idealizing of woman in her highest estate of honour, and grace, and influence. That the great artist was sensitively appreciative of all that is excellent in woman as daughter, sister, lover and wife, and equally observant of the sex in its grosser, even down to its most degraded types, abundantly appears. With what consummate skill he suggests rather than depicts the ætherial Miranda—in comparison with whom Titania is "of the earth, earthy;" with what artlessness she opens all her soul to a passion which in the seclusion of the enchanted isle had never before obtained an entrance to it; while with as rare a tact there is compressed into a single line

"I am never weary when I hear sweet music."

all that is necessary to an understanding of the winsome disposition of fair Jessica. What need be said of his Juliet, so true in its conception, so finished in its most trivial detail. Each term descriptive of her, each thought attributed to her, is "a gem of purest ray serene" in a setting of fine gold.

"Else would I tear the cave where echo lies
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name."

These lines are matchless in the skill with which the energy of the most intense passion is qualified without weakening by the delicacy of the terms which express it. Katharine in *The Taming of the Shrew*, "Disdain and scorn still sparkling in her eyes," is unique in the long extending line of Shakespearian female portraiture. In his pourtrayal of wifely goodness Shakespeare far outvies all other dramatists, ancient and modern. Lady Percy sees perfection even in her "Heart's Dear Harry's" natural defects; and the parting scene between her and her "good lord" is every whit as tender and affecting as that between the Hotspur of Troy and his Andromache. Hermione branded with foul suspicion yet nerving her true, brave heart to

"Be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable;

Richard II's amiable queen who with heroic self abnegation, thoroughly womanly, vows for the King's sake to lay aside

"All heaviness and entertain a cheerful disposition;

and even though the order of mention is somewhat of an anti-climax, Mesdames Page and Ford are true types of woman as a wife.

These few meagre references must suffice. The writer would now venture with becoming timidity to show wherein the great dramatist fails. The subject is profoundly interesting from the light which may be incidentally thrown, perchance, on the obscure personal history of this laureate of all time. We know absolutely nothing of Shakespeare's childhood. He himself is silent about it; babbling tradition has not a word to say. Was the early home-life of the poet so devoid of interest, so blank of that dearest of eartly joys, maternal pride, and petting, that Shakespeare had no personal experience on which to draw when in after days he undertook to delineate mankind? At a distance of over three centuries hurt and wrong no one by the suggestion of such a theory to account for a fact which seems to need some theory to account for it.

But deferring far a while the consideration of this and other suggestions, let us first see whether it is absolutely necessary to go in quest of a theory—in other words whether there is anything to be either explained or accounted for. The most direct way in which this matter could be settled would be to challenge Shakespeare's admirers, all the world over, to show that in the vast crowd of typical characters whom his genius has vested with immortality, motherhood is represented. And such a challenge the writer would not hesitate to give, throwing down as the gage of battle the assertion that in this Shakespeare has not done woman the honour due her. In the allocation of his tributes of esteem he has given his gold to Desdemona, his frankincense to Juliet, and his myrrh to Miranda, and has even "tipped" Dame Quickly very liberally. But in his admiration of maids, wives and widows, he has with an oversight, unpardonable in him save on a theory yet to be propounded, and in any case much to be deplored by students of his works—done scant honour to woman at her best, as a mother.

The theory postponed, we enter upon the proof of this assertion, which, if made good, makes the finding of some theory necessary. In the play of "Romeo and Juliet" we have two mothers, Lady Capulet and Lady Montague, both of whom may be dismissed with a word. In representation on the stage, Lady Montague having neither said nor done anything very remarkable, in the middle of the first scene of the second act glides gracefully behind the scenes, and is at liberty to put on her bonnet and go home; while the other maternal veteran, Lady Capulet, lingers on the stage, only to utter a few ear-piercing shrieks over the corpse of poor love-killed Juliet. Turning to Shakespeare's best-known play, and the one which has most attracted and perplexed the great master's students, "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," we would say that the controversy as to whether the Prince's madness was real or feigned seems, from one point of view, most unreasonable, for such a mother as Gertrude would account for any degree of mental aberation in her luckless progeny. The plot of the "Winter's Tale" does not afford much scope for the display of maternal feeling; a few lines in the opening scene of the second act comprise all that the dramatist has thought fit to say in the way of depicting the maternal instincts of wrongly-suspected Hermione—

"Take the boy to you, he is so troublesome,
'Tis past enduring——"

may be true to nature, but is certainly not a gush of motherly tenderness. There must be excepted four lines at the end of the play, as void of soul as a washer-woman's bill—

"You gods! look down
And from your sacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou 'been preserved?'"

It will hardly be contended that "All's Well that Ends Well" is much richer in maternal sentiment than the play last referred to, or that in the Countess of Rousillon we have a much more amiable type of womankind than in Sir Walter Scott's Lady Douglas. Shakespeare, one might think, in this character desired to do some stiff formal dame of Elizabeth's splendid court a dis-service similar to that which he had done the shallow-pated Justice Lucy. A less affectionate parting between mother and son could scarcely be conceived than that between the Countess and Bertram, on the latter's departure for the court. Instead of a gush of maternal fondness and regret, we have a string of aphorisms as wise and as chilly as "Poor Richard's" sayings, far colder if not wiser than those of Polonius to his son Laertes. The passages are so similar in occasion, thought, and phrase, that one inevitably suggests the other. But if the Countess is cold and hard, Tamora, another of Shakespeare's mothers, is positively vulpine. Far kinder must have been the she-wolf at whose dugs Romulus and Remus suckled. Hideous as the hags singing their hateful chant around the hissing cauldron on the heath, there is nothing supernatural to relieve the horror which her words and deeds excite, nor is it at all lessened by the recollection of her wrongs. Rapidly nearing the bottom of the brief catalogue, we come next to Volumnia, mother of the haughty Coriolanus. Here, as is sometimes the case, the poet is less faithful to universal nature than to local history, which imagination, prejudice, lapse of time, and changes of social condition severally tinge, while human nature in all ages, lands, and circumstances essentially is one and the same. Volumnia is a typical Roman matron rather than a real *mother*. The play is so well known that illustration may be dispensed with.

It has been said that one of the most interesting of adjuncts to history would be a chronicle of things which *might have happened*, or would certainly have happened under circumstances slightly different from those which, combining, brought about certain results. This ingenious suggestion may be applied to the history of literature as well as to that of peoples, and with an equally interesting outcome. The books which distinguished authors might have written, had their surroundings been somewhat different from what they were when they took pen in hand; or the tenour of the works they actually wrote, had the accidents of the writing been only slightly changed—these may be matter of idle speculation, but to those who can afford to speculate and have an inclination that way, there is open an infinitely wide field for such self-indulgence. To the true student what an author, with whom his mind is *en rapport*, does not say is of as much interest as what he does say. To our thinking Shakespeare nowhere shows his acquaintance with "the deep things of man" more finely than in not investing Lady Macbeth with the station, much more with the sacred attributes—the yearnings and passions—of motherhood. A lesser genius might have essayed it.

Far above all his other representations of maternity we place Shakespeare's Constance, in "King John." It would not be going too far to say that Constance is the *only* carefully-executed delineation of the idea of maternity to be found in the thirty-seven plays which bear his superscription, though they do not all bear his image as well. The analysis of this character has been designedly reserved from the belief that in depicting it the poet did his best. If he failed in this his failure was utter. He failing, we need a greater than Shakespeare, or if a theory yet to be suggested be sound, a dramatist somewhat less than Shakespeare to do justice to maternity.

Shakespeare's "Constance," it cannot be denied, is a powerfully drawn character. To a certain extent it is true to the sex, but over and over again its truth is the sex's dishonour. Voluble as a Billingsgate fishwife, and as little regardful of feminine proprieties, she loads her enemies with heaps of abuse; and, when failing to coerce them into just treatment of herself and her son, bewails both in a requiem, each note and word of which shows the low order of womanhood in which she must be ranked. She loves her son, but it is the love of a lioness for her whelps, or a she grizzly for her cubs, the only difference being in the mode by which the animal instinct has expression. She roars in pentameters, but the fury is as instinctive as that which inspires the inarticulate growl of the tawny mothers of the jungle and prairie. Shakespeare utters through the puppets of his own creation few things more fiercely keen than those in the jangle between Constance and the Queen. Motherhood apart, Constance is a true woman, in the impetuosity with which she rushes from rumour to belief and from belief to further inference; in the haste with which denunciation follows on the heels of the sense of wrong endured; in the virulence of her attack on a female rival; in forgetfulness of the possible evils of precipitance. The first score lines of the third Act are word by word womanly, and, despite their artificiality, no equal number of lines in any English writer contain more truthfulness to nature than they; while the lines which occur a little further on, commencing "With my vexed," &c., are only a paraphrase into the formal diction of the stage of the housemaid's sensation of "a flutter all over." In her haughty moods, likewise, she is as faithfully typical of her sex.

"I will instruct my sorrow to be proud,"

will compare in dignity with any line in *Prometheus Vinctus*, and the mine of thought in the passage a little further on in the play,

"Here I and sorrow sit,
Here is my throne, let kings come bow to it."

is with the most diligent working exhaustless of thought-wealth. The royalty of suffering; the impatience of the wrong; the superiority of those who endure to those who do and enjoy; the community of all ranks in sympathy with those who suffer—all these suggest themselves to the thoughtful reader of these most pungent and pregnant lines.

The play of "King John" deserves to be far better known than it is. Few of the great dramatist's compositions or compilations are interesting on such a variety of accounts. In wealth and quaintness of diction, in smartness of repartee, in audacious disregard for all the unities, in like contempt or ignorance of history, in vivid portraiture, notably in the Bastard who speaks as many lines as the King himself, in affecting pathos and vigorous declamation, in many other noteworthy characteristics, the play deserves to rank with Shakespeare's best. But of the many things which make it so interesting to the student who is independent of the popular award of comparative merit, not the least is that for which it is here singled out. Our great writer never rose higher in his conception of maternity than in "Constance." And how high did he rise? Or, to change from interrogation to regretful exclamation, how signally did he fail to rise! Having fought bravely in his interests and failed, her darling Arthur becomes little more to her than "a thing of beauty" that has ceased to be "a joy for ever." Her mind, when not agitated by frenzied hatred of those who have done her wrong, is wholly filled with the image of his physical charms. She recalls no trace of his moral loveliness; all that was attractive in her lost boy is material; not the faintest scintillation of the spiritual brightness which encompasses her noble son penetrates the gloom of her smitten heart,

"Liker in feature to his father Geoffrey
Than thou and John in manners."

To Arthur—

"If thou that bidd'st me be content wert grim
Ugly and slanderous to thy mother's womb
Full of unpleasing &c."
I would not care, I then would be content
For then I would not love thee......
But thou art fair."

So in the last and most heart-rending wail—

"Father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we shall see and know our friends in heaven,
If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
For since the birth of Cain the first male child
To him that did but yesterday suspire
There was not such a gracious creature born,
But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheeks;
* * * * * *
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
I shall not know him; therefore, never, never,
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more."

Then to Philip's somewhat cruel rebuke—

"You are as fond of grief as of your child."

The answer is—

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his *pretty looks*, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments *with his* form."

The citation of these passages may not please those whose admiration of Shakespeare will not suffer any abatement of or endure any attempt to qualify it to make it reasonable and just. But it cannot be helped. The passages quoted are unspeakably beautiful, but the sentiment is as far removed in quality, in very nature rather, from that which courses wildly or flows gently through the true mother's heart as the most gorgeously sober image in Madame Tassaud's is from the rudest rustic that ever stared open-mouthed upon it.

A few words of explanation will bring this chapter of imperfect criticism to a close. The writer may be wrong from first to last, but he has not intentionally done dishonour to him who more than any other has helped to make "the whole world kin."

So far from it, and here is the theory which the present writer would offer for Shakespeare's failure to give us in dramatic embodiment those passions and modes of acting when he has given us almost every other. His was too clear a vision, too sensitive a nature, too reverent a spirit. If at all it was with slow hesitating step and timid eye he approached to gaze upon the bush burning with hallowed mysterious fire. He saw, and seeing so clearly, was silent as to what he saw. Better this, by far, than that with Dædalian hardihood he should have ventured where for the most courageous and ingenious to venture must be sure discomfiture. Q.

COMING HOME FROM CHURCH.—BY J. PRANISHNIKOFF.

BANQUET GIVEN TO THE HON. J. G. ROBERTSON IN THE TOWN HALL, SHERBROOKE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

1. VELVET AND FAILLE BONNET. 2. BLACK VELVET BONNET. 3. THE TOQUE HAT.

Fig. 1. Promenade Toilette. Fig. 2. The Directoire Tunic. Fig. 3. Girl's Cashmere Costume.

4. FASHIONABLE TOILETTES.

FALL FASHIONS.

THE FASHION PLATE.

1. *Velvet and Faille Bonnet.*—The brim turns up in front with a black velvet coronet, and beneath it there is a black net ruche beaded with jet. A tuft of roses of three shades, yellow, pink, and red, ornaments the left side, and there is a series of black faille loops at the back. The soft crown is covered with two natural feathers.

2. *Black Velvet Bonnet.*—The scarf that is twisted round the crown is foulard, the same colour as the dress worn at the time. Beneath the brim there is a thick wreath of poppies and leaves.

3. *The Toque Hat.*—Black velvet trimmed with écru lace. A tuft of marguerites ornaments the front, and serves to fasten a black aigrette with loops arranged in a formal manner. Ecru guipure is also used on the outside of the bonnet.

4. *Fashionable Toilettes. Fig. 1. Promenade Toilette.*—Striped black and white faille. The skirt is divided into two parts, and is trimmed in front with a deep plaiting, bordered at both edges with a pinked-on flounce. The back breadths are covered with flounces and bands. The tablier and bodice are trimmed in the same style.

Fig. 2. The Directoire Tunic.—Dark brown faille. The tablier is bouillonné and edged with two narrow flounces, the lower one being mounted with a heading. The back is entirely covered with flounces and bouillonés. The Directoire tunic is of écru Matelassé, bordered with brown feathers.

Fig. 3. Girl of Ten.—Prune cashmere over prune silk. The silk skirt is trimmed with two plaitings, and the cashmere polonaise is square in front, and has a round pouf at the back, with square basques above. It is edged with a silk ruche.—From the *Queen.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—I read with much interest your ghost story that appeared in your number of the 24th October, and the more so as the London *Lancet* drew attention to the book from which you took it.

Of course, I take it for granted that you gave it as a kind of literary curiosity. It is very interesting, in a scientific point of view, to show how people are troubled with hallucinations, and the difficulty of convincing them that they are labouring under an hallucination. Medical men meet with many cases of the kind, and I assure you they are most difficult cases to treat; sometimes it is due to the state of the liver, whence a blue pill at night and a saline draught in the morning will get rid of the ghost. Other times it will be due to the stomach, when a good beefsteak, and a glass of good wine or porter, will make his ghostship disappear. But sometimes the hallucination takes such a hold of a man, that it is nearly impossible to get rid of it, for the nervous centre will not be sympathetically affected, but there will be some functional or organic affection, some *physical* derangement of the moral or intellectual organization, that it is *sometimes* very difficult to reach by medical treatment. Persons afflicted with those hallucinations are always of an insane neurosis; and you will find that it is quite a common thing that these ghosts appear to certain families. "I heard my father say that he once saw a ghost," is a very common expression. I have heard people in Ireland boast that, because "they were of an ancient family, the *Banshee* always appeared to some of the family when one of the members was about to die." As a general rule you will find those persons who see ghosts to be of a highly moral organization, and rather a low intellectual—people generally very religious, and not given much to reason. I had a case under my care ten years ago, a man who was pursued by a ghost everywhere he went, and his ghost would speak to him. He did all he could to get rid of it. At last he jumped into the St. Lawrence, off one of the wharves. One of the water-police saved him. The ghost disappeared, but for six months afterwards he would insist that it was an angel that took him by the hair of the head and lifted him out. In time he came to believe in the policeman. He has been well ever since. He is a good, honest, hard-working man, but certainly he is a man of weak intellectual faculties. The old saying, "A strong mind in a strong body," is true; but when we speak of a strong body, we must mean a strong mental organization. To go back to your ghost-seer, who saw the ghost on horseback. The hallucination and circumstances are easily explained. He was a clergyman, evidently a man of high moral feeling, proved by the fact that believing it his duty to continue his journey, he did so; though in great fear that he would be murdered. Then he says he was a weak man, evidently meaning by the expression, that he was physically weak, compared with the reaper, who was strong. No doubt his intellectual organs were weak also; he evidently was not one of your muscular christians. He was on a lonely road when he met the reaper; he recognised him as one he had seen at a *tavern*, which roused his suspicions; then the man looked at his big silver watch in a *peculiar* way, and he had a sickle in straw. Evidently if the man wished to rob him, that was his time—no trouble in taking off the straw sheath. But the poor parson here becomes frightened, by his own account, out of his wits, the moment he heard a movement behind the ditch, even before he knew it was a man, and not an animal, that was running. Coming near the gate where the reaper with the sickle was, "he was in *despair*," and prayed, just worked himself up into a beautiful state to see a ghost. Of course, it was right to pray, but he should have done something more—he should have remembered the old adage, "The gods help those that help themselves;" or Cromwell's advice to his soldiers: "Put your trust in God, but keep your powder dry." However, he was not to blame, he acted according to his kind; he could not help it, he was a natural coward, and it was not his fault, it was his organization. At all events there was no occasion for a pugilistic performance, for, it appear, the poor reaper was as much frightened as himself, not at seeing two horsemen, but the fear that he would find him at some petty act of theft, perhaps cutting switches with his old sickle, to make baskets, or, more probably still, cutting a bundle of withes to make a bed for his wife and children, and knowing if he was caught in either act he would be sent to jail, the poor fellow ran away as soon as he saw his honour coming near the gate. Of course, as soon as the fear left the heart of the poor clergyman, and he *turned* to open the gate, the ghost on the white horse disappeared, just as all ghosts do. All any one has to do when he sees a ghost is to turn away his head for a moment, begin to read a book or a newspaper, and when he looks again the ghost will have vanished.

Your ghost story would have been better if we had the testimony of the reaper, that he also saw a ghost. As it is, it is quite evident the poor fellow was frightened at flesh and blood.

Yours, MEDICO.

Three volumes likely to throw much light upon the political and social life of England during the reigns of George IV. and William IV. have just been issued by Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co. They form the journal of the late Charles C. F. Greville, Clerk of the Council to the two monarchs.

LITTLE LUCY.

Trample softly o'er the carpet,
For our little darling sleeps
Underneath the open casement,
Where the amber sunlight creeps;
Hidden in her downy covering,
Like a drift of snow she lies,
And her soul is sweetly cradled
In angelic fantasies.

See, she wakes! Her tiny fingers
Double in her tepid palm,
And she rubs her languid eyelids
Fastened still by slumber's balm;
Watch the dainty limbs outstretching,
Wide she opes her limpid eyes,
And she gazes round about her
With a gentle, glad surprise.

Bend before her, come and tease her,
Press your hand upon her lips,
How she winks and turns and quivers,
Sipping at her finger tips;
Tender her that mimic plaything,
Lo! she lays it on her bib,
Or with mighty stroke she bangs it
On the top-bars of her crib,
While she tosses hands and ankles,
Showing all the fleshly charms
Of her feet so fat and plumpy,
Of her rounded, rosy arms.

Now she's full of agitation,
Then awhile sedate and coy,
Half-words on her lips now bubble,
Then she utters screams of joy;
Raise from her little cradle,
Balance her aloft in air,
How she doubles up with laughter,
Or looks out with anxious stare,
On the arabesques of the ceiling,
Or the figures of the wall,
That are cold to her approaches,
And unmindful of her call.

Swing her right and left a little,
Throw her on the open bed,
Down she sinks into the pillow,
Till we scarcely see her head;
Her blue eyes are all a-twinkle,
Like the flutterings of a mote,
And a sweet, convulsive laughter
Gurgles in her little throat.

O thou chubby, ruddy angel!
Pastime of the hour of gloom,
To the weary man returning
Nightly to his cheerful home;
Naught like thee to whisper courage
In thy mother's faltering heart,
Ah! thou hast the giant's secret,
Feeble baby as thou art.

JNO. LESPERANCE.

VICTOR HUGO.

Lucy H. Hooper, writing in *Appleton's Journal* of an evening at the house of Victor Hugo, says:

A stir, a movement among the guests, and all rose to greet the host who had just entered. It was with inexpressible interest and emotion that I gazed upon the literary idol of so many years, and found the vague image so long enshrined in my imagination taking the shape and substance of reality. My first glance, however, dispelled all my fear of possible disappointment as to the personal appearance of the great poet. The fine venerable head, crowned with profuse masses of snow-white hair; the forehead massive and slightly projecting; the dark keen eyes full of fire and expression; the ample, snowy beard, and above all the kindly and benevolent expression of the whole countenance, combined to make up a picture that more than realized the enthusiasm-tinted image of my ideal. In one respect he hardly realized the portrait I had unconsciously sketched of him. I had in some way become possessed with the idea that he was, like Goethe, a very tall man—the mighty mind enshrined in a Titanic form—and he is, on the contrary, below middle size. But, though not tall, his powerful frame, broad shoulders, and massive chest be-speak a physical condition of unusual health and vigor. He scarcely looks his age, notwithstanding the snowy whiteness of his hair and beard. The years have touched "the old man eloquent" with a kindly hand, strewing, indeed, their snow upon his brow, but neither bowing the strong shoulders nor quenching the fires of his lustrous eyes, nor, as we all know, enfeebling the grasp of that right hand which has wielded the inspired pen of genius for so many years.

The conversation that ensued was extremely interesting, though rather too desultory to admit of a full record being made of it. Victor Hugo talks as he writes, with a certain calm fervor and eloquence that render his lightest words impressive. His voice, too, soft, deep, and full in tone, gives weight to his slightest utterances. Some mention being made of the Colonne Vendome, he stigmatized those who had overthrown it as "a pack of fools. It is not yet decided," he said, "what statue shall be placed upon its summit. It ought to be a statue of La France." Then some one spoke of the siege, and I asked him about his little grand-daughter, the "Petite Jeanne" so beautifully apostrophized in "L'Année Terrible."

"Poor little Jeanne," he said, "was then very sick, and, indeed, supposed to be dying; and it was for that reason that I preferred to illuminate her figure rather than that of her brother George's. You know," he continued, with that exquisite tenderness he has always shown towards the little children, shining in his smile, and softening the deep tones of his voice, "one always loves best the child that is ill. But she is strong and healthy now; it is my grandson who is the sufferer at present."

I told the poet that I had heard of the change of name of the Boulevard Haussmann to the Boulevard Victor Hugo, and my regret at the subsequent restoration of the old name.

"The Boulevard Victor Hugo," I said, "would have had an international interest. Few are the nations that have not possessed the works of Victor Hugo, if only through the medium of translations; but very few, indeed, are they that know or care anything about Baron Haussmann."

"Yes," he replied, "I was surprised when I first entered Paris to see my name inscribed upon the walls. That was the work of my friends the Parisians, but the Versaillists did not suffer it to remain long."

The conversation then turned upon that universal subject, the weather, and one of the gentlemen present asked the poet if he had not suffered much from the inclement climate of Guernsey during his residence there.

"Not at all," he answered; "on the contrary, the weather was uniformly mild and pleasant. My son, in his work on the island, has felicitously described it as a perpetual April, never too warm or too cold."

I asked him if he had seen there specimens of the "pieuvre" of the dimensions he had described in "The Toilers of the Sea."

"Oh, yes," he made answer. "My son was once, while bathing in the sea, pursued by one, and forced to take refuge in a cave; and I saw one killed which had attacked a boat, and which measured four feet and a half from one extremity of its outstretched arms to the other. People blamed me for exaggeration in my description of the creature, but in truth I told nothing about it that I did not know from personal observation to be a fact; and subsequent evidence has proved that I rather understated than exaggerated the truth respecting it."

I was happy to be able to impart some small particle of evidence respecting the vexed question, and I told him that an officer of the United States Navy had assured me that when he was stationed in Charlestown harbor he had known a cuttle-fish, or "pieuvre," seize upon the anchor of a small vessel, and carry it off down the bady. He seemed much interested in this piece of information, and asked me several questions respecting the locality, the probable dimensions of the anchor, and the possible size of the animal.

"There is a very fine one in the great aquarium at Brighton," remarked one of the gentlemen. "Monsieur, the 'pieuvre,' owes you a debt of gratitude—you have made it fashionable (*vous l'avez mis à la mode*)."

After a little further time spent in conversation, we rose to take our leave, as it was growing late. I wish that, in this necessarily brief and imperfect record of our visit, I could have given some idea of the rare charm of the poet's manner; of the exceeding kindliness and friendliness wherewith he greeted us; and of the perfect simplicity and lack of affectation which characterized his manner and his discourse. To use an expressive Italian verb, he did not in the least "peacock himself" upon his world-wide renown; nor did he seem to fancy, as Tennyson always does, that our wish to be presented to him was a positive insult to his dignity. On the contrary, he seemed gratified at being able to confer upon us the pleasure, which we ventured freely to express, at being thus admitted to pay our respects to him. As I left he raised my hand with graceful French gallantry to his lips.

"Permit me," I said, "in return, to kiss the hand that penned 'Les Miserables.'"

And I bent over the hand I held it with a feeling of reverential admiration that no mere prince or potentate could ever have aroused in my republican soul.

"Monsieur," I continued, "often as I have visited Europe, you are the first king—you, the only living sovereign of the three great realms of literature—to whom I have ever desired to be presented."

"Entendez-vous cela!" he cried, turning with a smile to Mme. Drouet—"the first king—merci bien, madame—merci!"

Kind and noble-hearted old man! With the world's homage at his feet, he would fain have persuaded me that my little outburst of admiring and enthusiastic reverence had made some impression on his mind. And then he bade us farewell with the same kindly warmth with which he had greeted us. So ended my interview with Victor Hugo — an interview which had dethroned my ideal picture of the great poet only to enshrine in its place a nobler and more lovable reality. Like the traveller who kneels in prayer before some wayside shrine, I had bent the knee before the image of a greater and more divinely inspired humanity than my own, and I went on my way strengthened and elevated by the remembrance."

GEORGE COLMAN'S PUNS.

George Colman was an admirable punster. Sheridan once said, when George made a successful hit, "I hate a pun; but Colman almost reconciles me to the infliction." He was once asked if he knew Theodore Hook? "Oh yes," was his reply, "Hook and I [eye] are old associates." George Colman the younger was an early associate of Theodore Hook. On the first evening they met they had been sitting some time, when Colman, fixing his eyes upon Hook, muttered, "Very odd, very strange indeed! wonderful precocity of genius! Astonishing diligence and assiduity! You must be a very extraordinary young man. Why, sir," he continued raising his voice, "you can hardly have reached your twenty-first birthday?" "I have just passed it," said the other, using the phrase of card-players, "*vingt-un*, overdrawn." "Ah, very good," replied Colman; "but pray, sir, tell me how the deuce-ace did you contrive to find time to write that terribly long 'Roman History?'" (Hooke's.) A young person being hardly pressed to sing in company where George Colman formed one of the party, solemnly assured them that he could not sing; and at last said, rather hastily, that "they only wished to make a butt of him." "Oh, no," said Colman, "my good sir, we only want to get a stave out of you." One day, when Colman and his son were walking from Soho Square to the Haymarket, two witlings, Miles Peter Andrews and William Augustus Miles, were coming the contrary way, on the opposite side of the street. They each sent a dramatic manuscript for the Summer Theatre, and being anxious to get the start of each other in the production of their several works, they both called out, "Remember, Colman, I am first oar." "Humph," muttered the manager, as they passed on, "they may talk about first oars, but they have not a scull between them." This reminds one of a witticism of Douglas Jerrold. Two conceited young authors were boasting that they rowed in the same boat with a celebrated wit of the day. "Aye," replied Jerrold, "but not with the same sculls." John Taylor sent to Colman a volume of his poems, which bore the motto—

"I left no calling for this idle trade;"

to which Colman added—

"For none were blind enough to ask thine aid."

Now, Taylor was an occulist, but having little or no practice, the satire was the more poignant. Taylor heard of this *jeu d'esprit*, and shortly after, being in company with Colman, the word *calling* was incidentally mentioned by the latter, when Taylor, with great quickness, interrupted him with, "Talking of *callings*, my dear boy, your father was a great dramatic 'English Merchant,' now *your* dealings are and always will be those of a small *Coal-man*." George the Fourth presented to Colman a commission of Lieutenant of the Yeomen of the Guard in 1820. On the first birthday that Colman attended officially in full costume, his Majesty seemed much pleased to see him, and observed, "Your uniform, George, is so well made that I don't see the hooks and eyes." On which Colman, unhooking his coat, said, "Here are my eyes, where are yours?" At the table of George IV., when Prince Regent, the Royal host said, "Why, Colman, you are older than I am!" "Oh, no, sir," replied Colman "I could not take the liberty of coming into the world before your Royal Highness." Turning to the Duke of Wellington, who was Gold Stick in Waiting, the King remarked, "George Colman, puts me in mind of Paris." "If that is the case," exclaimed Colman, the only difference between the Duke of Wellington and me is, that I am the hero of Loo—he of Waterloo!" Colman and Banister were dining one day with Lord Erskine, the ex-chancellor, who in the course of conversation on rural affairs, boasted that he kept on his pasture-land nearly a thousand sheep. "I perceive, then," said Colman, "your lordship has still an eye to the Woolsack." Colman, himself no giant, delighted in quizzing persons of short stature. Liston and pretty little Mrs. Liston were dining with him, and towards evening, when preparing to leave their host, Liston said, "Come Mrs. L., let us be going." "Mrs. L. [Ell] indeed," exclaimed Colman, "Mrs. Inch, you mean." A Mr, Faulkener, from the provinces, had been engaged at the Haymarket. Colman was disappointed with his new actor, who had to deliver the following line, which he spoke in a nasal tone:—

"Ah! where is my honour now?"

Colman, who was behind the scenes, took a hasty pinch of snuff, and muttered, "I wish your honour was back at Newcastle again, with all my heart."—*Leisure Hour*.

MORE OF THE SHAH'S DIARY.

The London *Hornet* has the following: "The published portions of the Shah's diary of his visit to Europe having created so much interest, we are induced to give some further extracts. He seemed much impressed with everything he saw in London, especially the four-wheeled cabs, which showed, he said, the veneration entertained by us for anything of an ancient character. It was from the respect in which the drivers were held that they were allowed to make what charges they pleased. He found the English were great worshippers. They would worship anything. Even Lord Gladstone worshipped an idol known by the name of Homer, who was a wine merchant in London. The common people worshipped several idols, known as Bheer, Ruhm and Ghin, in whose honour thousands of magnificent temples were erected, all of which were brilliantly lighted at night for the convenience of worshippers during the ceremonies taking place therein. He was much impressed by the affectionate disposition exhibited by the married English. Among the noble and wise men it was the custom for the men to stop out late at places of intellectual study, called clubs, so that they might not interfere with the domestic avocations of their wives, who were generally employed in the kitchens, preparing the family meals, under the superintendence of police-constables, engaged expressly for the purpose, and who were regaled with cooked sheep's flesh and bheer. Among the poorer people it is the custom for the husband to display his affection by knocking his wife about in a playful manner. It is, however, a dangerous kind of amusement, and often attended with serious results. The dress of the people is something very curious. The women are fond of wearing large quantities of false hair, called 'chiknons,' on the top of which were placed little

ornaments made of flowers and lace called 'bonnehts.' They also wore very high heels to their shoes, by way of penance for the sins committed by them when young. But what struck him most was the singular habit of the women in appearing undressed at the grand parties given in his honour. He was informed that this was a regular custom, but that they were always properly clothed when at home. He found that we were not in the habit of paying wages to our servants, for they were always asking for money—to purchase food he presumed. He was much impressed with the magnificence of the liveries worn by some of the footmen, but it sometimes caused him much inconvenience, as he could not always distinguish between the servants and the guests, and on one occasion took the arm of a livery servant while promenading the grand saloon at Windsor Castle. He did not think much of the Houses of Parliament, but thought they were well situated, because when the members were tired of a speaker they could tie him up in a sack and fling him from one of the windows into the river. He says that when a speaker pleases his hearers they cry 'yer, yer,' and sometimes 'eye, eye,' at the same time turning their ears or eyes towards him. This is the reason why their ears are sometimes so long. There is a man called the 'Speeker' because he does not speak at all. He has before him a great heavy mace of metal, for the purpose of killing those who show him any disrespect. There is also a Lord Chanzellor, but he could not understand what were his duties, but he believed that he wrote letters to the papers describing the chances of the various horses running in the 'Dherbee,' for the English were great lovers of horse-racing, and whenever a jockey won he was always made a lord or a marquis, which explained why so many of those noblemen were to be seen at races."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Theresa Yelverton, who is now residing in Edinburgh, is preparing a second volume of her travels, which will shortly be published.

Messrs Chatto and Windus announce a new book by James Greenwood, entitled *The Wilds of London*, with twelve tinted illustrations.

It is announced that Mr. Gladstone intends to supplement his paper on Ritualisme by another dealing with points suggested by various criticism.

"A History of Advertizing, from the Eearliest Times," Illustrated by Anecdotes, Curious Specimens, Biographical Notes, and Examples of Successful Advertisers, by Henry Sampson, is just ready abroad.

Messrs Longmans will publish during the present month *Three Essays on Religion*, by J. S. Mill, and a revised edition of *The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man*, by Sir J. Lubbock.

Mr. Henry Blackburn, formerly editor of *London Society*, is promoting the establishment of the Illustration Company on an independent footing, to enable publishers and others to avail themselves of the newest and best processes of illustration.

Mr. Baring Gould, whose researches among old religious documents have been very extensive, will soon publish *Lost and Hostile Gospels*, being an account of two Hebrew gospels circulated among the Jews in the Middle Ages, with a critical examination of the notices of Christ in the Talmud, in Josephus, and in Justus.

Mr. J. E. Harting is preparing a new edition of White's *Selborne*, which will shortly be issued by Messrs Bickers and Son. The text will be carefully collated with the first quarto, and illustrated with numerous engravings by Bewick; a feature which will distinguish it from all other illustrated editions, and render it alike acceptable to naturalists and admirers of that renowned engraver.

Oliver Wendell Holme's dater verses have been collected and published by James R. Osgood & Co. in a volume entitled "Songs of Many Seasons." The collection includes all the poems published by Dr. Holmes since 1862, and among them will be recognized many of the delightful lyrics that were first introduced to us by the "Professor" and his successor, the "Poet," at the Breakfast Table of the *Atlautic.*

Mr. Bailey, the clever editor of the Danbury *News*, has recently returned from a scrutinizing journey through Europe, and wherever he went he ferretea out things about newspapers. He thinks that "they are rather slow concerns, are the London dailies. They crowd their advertisers into repulsive limits; they mix up their matter without any regard to classification; they publish but a beggarly handful of American news; they report in full the most insignificant speeches, but they don't seem to realize that there is such an attraction as condensed news paragraphs; they issue no Sunday paper, and but one or two have a weekly; they ignore agriculture and science, personals and gossip; they carefully exclude all humor and head-lines, and come to their readers every weekday a sombre and mournful spectacle that is most exasperating to behold."

Mr. Froude has left home for some time because his wife is dead. He is busy collecting materials for Mr. Carlyle's biography, and Mr. Carlyle is assisting him. He is with Mr. Carlyle nearly every day when they are both in London, and they may be frequently noticed together in the streets or parks. Mr. Froude will do his work well. It is absolutely necessary that it should be done sympathetically, and of all the writers of the present generation who have been drawn under Mr. Carlyle's influence, not one has evinced a deeper sympathy with him, or shown greater ability than Mr. Froude. The materials for his task are exceedingly rich. They embrace correspondence with great men like Goethe, and with humble unknown students seeking advice. If only a selection from the letters be printed, it will be shown that Mr. Carlyle has been the object of a discipleship deeper than is to be found outside any religious movement.

The October number of the *North American Review* contains among other notable contributions, the first of a series of articles by Charles F. Wingate, describing the history of the late Tammany Ring. The subject is one which has not yet lost interest, though it is now nearly two years since the Ring was broken up. This lapse of time makes a historical study of this unprecedented episode in municipal government both possible and desirable, as hitherto no complete or thorough sketch of the Ring has been attempted. Mr. Wingate has had special facilities for obtaining the truth about the Ring, and these articles are the result of much labour. He has had the valuable assistance of Charles F. Adams, Jr., who has taken the facts furnished by himself and added to them occasional comments throughout the articles, with the view of showing the philosophy of the whole affair. Probably no writer in the country is so well qualified as Mr. Adams to undertake such a revision, and while the articles are signed by Mr. Wingate alone, they owe a large share of their value to the vigorous and clear-sighted comment of his coadjutor, Mr. Adams.

MISCELLANY.

THE PLAINS—A PROPHECY.

Go ye and look upon that land,
That far vast land that few behold,
And none beholding understand—
That old, old land which men call new—
Go journey with the seasons through
Its wastes, and learn how limitless.
The solemn silence of that plain
Is, oh! so eloquent. The blue
And bended skies seem built for it,
And all else seems a yesterday,
An idle tale but illy told.
Its story if of God alone,
For man has lived and gone away
And left but little heaps of stone.
Lo! here you learn how more than fit
And dignified is silence when
You hear the petty jeers of men.
Its awful solitudes remain
Thenceforth for aye a part of you,
And you have learned your littleness.

Some silent red men cross your track;
Some sun-tanned trappers come and go;
Some rolling seas of buffalo
Break thunder-like and far away
Against the foot-hills, breaking back
Like breakers of some troubled bay;
Some white-tailed antelope blown by
So airy-like; some foxes shy
And shadow-like move to and fro
Like weavers' shuttles as you pass;
And now and then from out the grass
You hear some lone bird cluck and call
A sharp keen call for her lost brood,
That only makes the solitude
Seem deeper still, and that is all.

That wide domain of mysteries
And signs that men misunderstand:
A land of space and dream; a land
Of sea-salt lakes and dried-up seas;
A land of caves and caravans
And lonely wells and pools; a land
That hath its purposes and plans;
That seems so like dead Palestine,
Save that its wastes have no confine
Till pushed against the levelled skies;
A land from out whose depths shall rise
The new-time prophets; the domain
From out whose awful depths shall come,
All clad in skins, with dusty feet,
A man fresh from his Maker's hand,
A singer singing oversweet,
A charmer charming very wise;
And then all men shall not be dumb—
Nay, not be dumb, for he shall say,
"Take heed, for I prepare the way
For weary feet;" and from this land
The Christ shall come when next the race
Of man shall look upon His face.

JOAQUIN MILLER,
In Harper's for November.

A LONELY NIGHT.

"Good-bye, old fellow; keep up your spirits!" was the farewell shout of my comrades as they disappeared among the the thick undergrowth that half hid the narrow trail through the bush. A minute more and the last echo of their footsteps had died away, and I felt myself to be really alone. The change from the chatty intercourse of but a few moments before to the heavy sense of desolation which now made me its prey, was so depressing that but for the rising pride which forbade it, I verily believe I should have rushed after my friends and rejoined them almost before they were out of sight. But the thought of backing down from my resolve was not to be entertained, so, gloomingly and silently, I turned back to the camp.

We were four friends just out from England. Intent on seeing something of bush life, we had come up direct into the north country, making our way almost to the extreme limit of surveyed territory, and, pleased with the wild and picturesque country, we decided to set up in life on our own account as genuine backwoods settlers. Four hundred acres were selected in the most out-of-the-way and utterly uncivilized locality that could be found, and the settlement was duly approved by the courteous agent of the Crown Lands; though that functionary wore, I remember, a look of puzzled bewilderment when we four crowded into his little parlour and demanded to be recognized as squatters under the terms of the Free Grant Acts. If the reader will take a map of Upper Canada, and in the great triangle enclosed by the shore line of Lake Ontario, Ottawa River, and the Georgian Bay, select a point as nearly as possible equi-distant from its three sides, that point will indicate, within a few miles, the locality we selected.

Having obtained the aid of a friendly neighbour in giving us a start with the chopping, an acre or two of land was speedily cleared, and we then devoted our energies to the erection of a small shanty wherein to store tools, or take shelter during rain. Meanwhile our headquarters were established at a tavern on the colonization road some five miles west of our location. But on the eventful night to which this narrative relates the writer had undertaken—partly, it is to be feared, out of mere bravado—to remain alone at the shanty for the night, on the plea that by thus dispensing with the long walk to the tavern he would be in better trim for the work of the following day.

The shanty in question was not an imposing structure. Still it was our first attempt, and we regarded it with indulgent eyes. Its dimensions were just ten feet by seven; it was about five feet high at one side and a trifle over six feet at the other. The walls were poles averaging about eight inches in diameter, with open intervals varying from two to six inches between them, affording the fullest possible facilities for the ingress, egress, and regress of such speculatively minded musquitoes as should feel impelled by curiosity to inspect its retreats. The roof was a work of art which emanated exclusively from the brain of this present writer. A sufficient slope having been obtained by throwing off the uppermost log off the one side and adding an extra thick one on the other, some forty or fifty saplings were laid side by side across the edifice and covered in with large sheets of basswood bark.

Inside, a dozen smaller saplings stretched across one end about five feet from the floor, resting on the side logs at either extremity. These, covered with a thick layer of hemlock boughs, cut small and trimmed with the knife, were to form my bed. There was no window, but we had a doorway formed by the inexpensive process of sawing a hole three feet square in the farthest end wall, which might be closed by the equally simple plan of hanging a blanket across it. Round the end where my bed came we had "chinked" the wall with moss and bark, closing up the crevices sufficiently to prevent the musquitoes from making a too vigorous attack upon me in the early dawn, when they are reputed to be most vigorous. But the remainder of the "chinking" had to be deferred for some other time, as we could not find sufficient moss; so I beheld with dismay, as I looked round my roosting place for the night, at least two-thirds of the shanty walls perfectly open and accessible to my winged tormentors.

However, having made up my mind, I was not going to be frightened out of my intention, so, when my comrades had departed, I diligently made preparations for the night.

It was only six o'clock, and as the longest day of the year had but just passed, there were two clear hours of daylight before me. Much could be done in that time even by so thorough a greenhorn as myself. I repaired to our "clearing," which was distant a few paces to the side, and, after half an hour's work with the axe, got together a supply of nice handy logs for my camp fire, sufficient, I calculated, with the aid of some heavy maple boughs that were lying near, to keep up a good blaze all night. It was tough work "toting" all these to our camping ground, but I managed at last to get it done, though at the cost of blackening myself from head to foot with the half-burnt bark until I looked like a disreputable chimney sweep. This done, the next step was to collect a quantity of dry bark and turf for a "smudge," or smouldering fire, inside the shanty, without which a wink of sleep would be an impossibility. That took a longer time than I expected, and after I had run down to the spring and fetched a pail of water (how villainously those musquitoes did bite that evening down by the stream!) the evening was almost gone.

As the dusk came on, I stirred up the campfire, put a few fresh logs on, and made myself a cup of tea. A couple of eggs and a slice of pork toasted at the glowing charcoal, with a few crackers, made my supper, and I began to feel a little less lonesome. As the darkness increased, it was strange to see how everything seemed to close in upon me. The little circle around the shanty grew less and less; the sky seemed to lower until it appeared as if a dark pall rested overhead at the level of the tree tops. The maples and hemlock clustering round seemed like a solid wall shutting me in, and a sense of prison-like confinement began to depress me still more and more. Strange that such a sensation should be possible in the wild freedom of the woods!

Supper over, before it became actually pitch dark, I mounted to the top of the shanty and sat down to contemplate the changed appearance of the bush around me. It was a remarkable metamorphosis that had come about. All the green and life of nature had vanished, and in its place all around was the sombre dark shade, lit up ever and anon by the sparkling camp fire, but presenting the lifeless caricature of nature that is seen in ill-taken photographs of landscape scenery. The feeling induced on my mind was most oppressive.

There was something almost supernatural, too, in the stillness and calm which seemed to accompany the nightfall. All day long the air had been vocal with insect music, the chirp of the grasshopper, and the song of innumerable flying insects; there had been a gentle breeze which had caused the pleasant rustle of the leaves to be in our ears all the day, the birds and squirrels and all the varieties of animated nature in the woods had contributed to the vocal strain which never ceased while the sun shone.

But now, as the dusk deepened into total darkness, there came a sudden stillness, all in a moment. As I lay listening for some friendly sound, not the slightest flutter of a leaf or the smallest movement of any living creature struck my ear. The sounds of day were gone; those distinctive of the night season had not yet commenced.

To break the spell that was stealing over me, I jumped briskly down from the shanty top, ran to the fire, piled on two or three heavy logs and some hemlock bark, and soon had a great roaring fire flaming up like a triumphal bonfire. Then I made up my mind to go to bed.

But first I must defeat the schemes of the musquitoes, which had taken advantage of my absence to ensconce themselves inside the shanty in great numbers. Collecting a quantity of bark and chips on the centre of the earth floor, I piled some dry turf on the top and then set fire to the whole. In a few moments the hut was filled with dense suffocating smoke which drove out the most of my enemies, leaving the rest in a semi-torpid condition clinging to the walls. Hastily groping through the thick smoke, I made my way to the further end of the shanty, and, after a struggle like that experienced the first time of getting into a hammock on board ship, succeeded in ensconcing myself in my berth.

But not to sleep; at least not just yet. The novelty of the position, and the physical discomfort to which I was exposed, were sufficient of themselves to account for the extreme wakefulness which I experienced for the next few hours. But there were other considerations, too, which tended to produce a similar result. As I lay there in helpless unrest, all the stories about wolves and wild cats that I had ever heard in my life came crowding to my memory. How incautious I had been (I thought) in exposing myself to an attack from some ferocious denizen of the woods, alone, without means of defence! I had not even a shot gun with me. All at once I appreciated the propriety of my comrades' practice of always carrying their revolvers slung at their belts when out in the bush—a custom I had laughed at and ridiculed often enough in broad daylight, but which now began to appear a very proper and common sense precaution. To be sure I had four axes and a big carpenter's chisel, but what sort of a defence could one make to a night attack with such weapons as these?

How I wished that, before my friends went I had insisted that they should aid me in rigging up some kind of a door. A few half-split saplings nailed across the open doorway would have been a comfort. I began to think that sleeping out in the bush was a very risky thing for a solitary unarmed man like myself to do. Had I not been just frying pork by the camp fire, the very thing to make scent strong enough to draw the wolves upon me from miles around?

The sense of insecurity grew upon me so steadily that I hastily descended from my perch, wrapping a blanket round me and seizing an axe, determined to pass the night seated by the camp fire outside. That was a good idea I thought; the fire was company, and as I stirred up the embers, and pushed the logs together, the scene brightened up wonderfully and my spirits rose proportionately. There were now some sounds of life in the woods, which made it seem less lonely. Occasionally I could hear the cry of the loons on Wolf Lake, two miles away; a strange eerie, horrible cry to hear in the dead of night. Nearer, a whip-poor-will had taken his station on some lofty pine, and from time to time sung out his night call to his mate. It was the first time I had heard that singular bird; indeed I had not known before that it was found in this country.

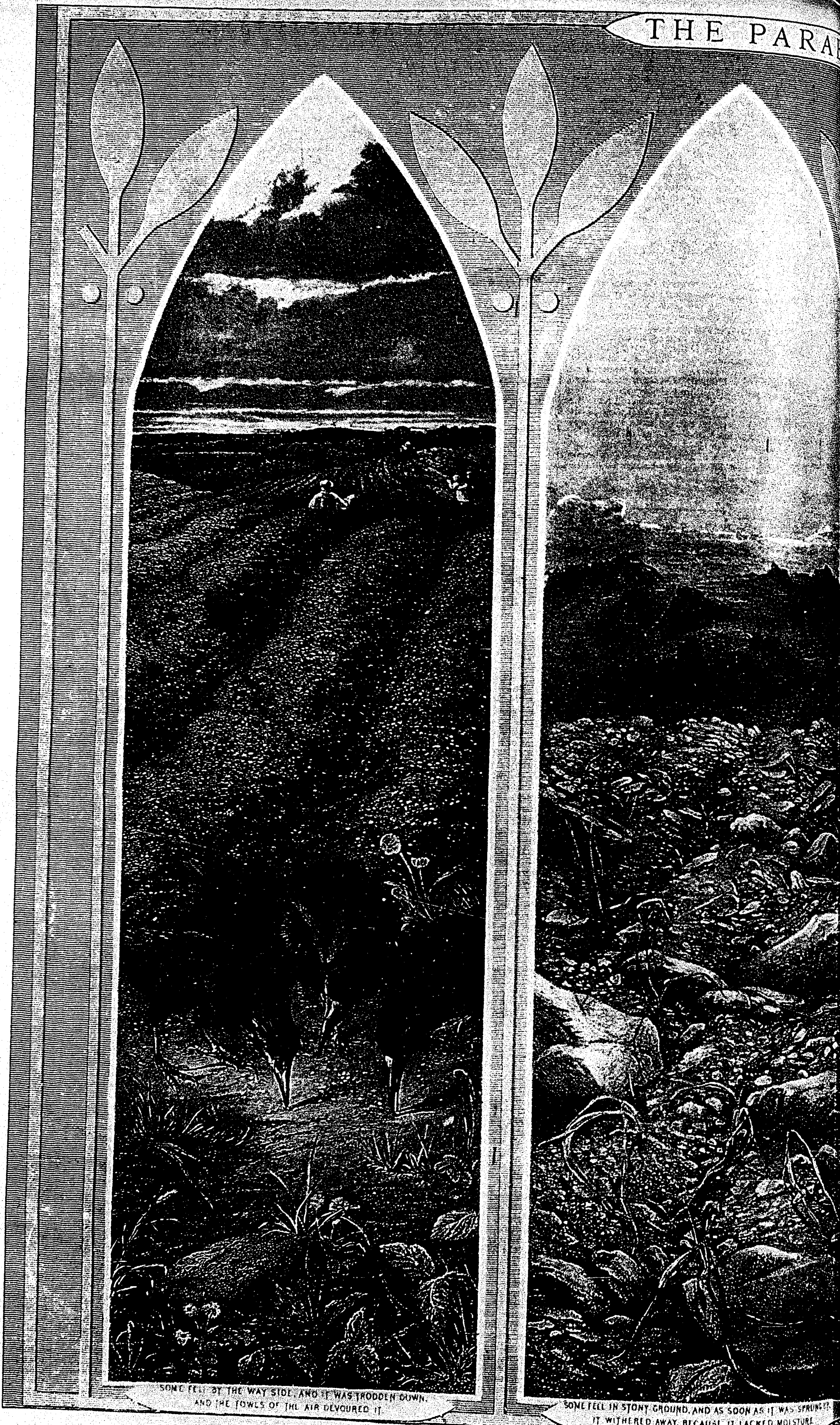
Once my ear caught the faint echo of a distant bark. How friendly that familiar sound appeared; it seemed to remind me that I was not so far out of the world as I had thought. I now remembered that, only a mile to the south, there was a small clearing and shanty tenanted by a settler and his wife. As I reflected on this, it really made me feel somewhat less out of the pale of human sympathy than before. I began to think that after all, it was not so disagreeable a thing to be out in the woods alone, and that the night was passing quite as satisfactorily as could have been expected.

I believe I was beginning to fall into a snooze, when I suddenly started up with a sense of newly found danger vividly impressed upon my mind. Just across the camp fire, only a dozen paces from where I sat, there stood a huge hemlock, standing probably a hundred and fifty feet high. A quantity of dry bark had been stripped from it for our fire during the day, and it had struck me that the tree must be dead and rotting. That, in open day had carried with it no presentiment of danger; but now, in the stillness of night, the thought struck me that the tree might come down. We had chopped several trees around, and I knew that the big hemlock was therefore more likely to fall, if it really was rotten.

The suspense arising from this fancy was overpowering. I made my way to the tree, picking my steps among the dead branches lying round as carefully as though each concealed a dozen snakes. The hemlock was as rotten as touchwood; where the bark had been stripped, I could actually poke my finger an inch or two into the wood. I looked up, and as I saw its enormous height soaring grimly up into the darkness, the reflection forced itself upon me that if it fell in the direction of our campfire, it would crush our shanty to atoms, and have at least a hundred feet of its length extending beyond. As I looked it became evident to me that the tree inclined somewhat in that very direction, and now that my eyes were becoming a little accustomed in the darkness, the reason of this became apparent. Another tree, at the back had fallen into a slanting position against the hemlock and was resting on with its whole weight. The hemlock might fall at any moment! Fortunately the tree which rested against it was only a small one, comparatively; but I felt convinced that even if its weight were not sufficient, the first puff of breeze that came would send it over, and necessarily in the direction in which it was already inclining.

In the presence of this new danger I became utterly unnerved for the moment. The campfire by which I had previously been so comfortably seated had no attraction for me now that I knew it lay just in the path where the monster hemlock must fall. The shanty lay beyond a little to the left; the hemlock, should it fall across the fire, might only catch the corner of the hut, might even fall clear of it, almost as likely as that it would fall right across the centre of it.

I thought of that miserable man who in a neighbouring township, who had been pinned by the bough of a falling tree, and in that position was roasted slowly to death, so that when his friends sought him they found but a crushed and charred unrecognizable trunk from which head and limbs had been burnt off. I thought of that other settler up by the lake shore, just a few miles north, who, roused from sleep by a loud creak from a pine tree close by his shanty, flung himself out of bed and through the doorway just in time to see his roof crushed flat to the ground by the falling tree, escaping so narrowly that as he fled for his life he received a blow on the head


THE PARA
SOME FELL BY THE WAY SIDE, AND IT WAS TRODDEN DOWN,
AND THE FOWLS OF THE AIR DEVOURED IT.
SOME FELL IN STONY GROUND, AND AS SOON AS IT WAS SPRUNG UP
IT WITHERED AWAY, BECAUSE IT LACKED MOISTURE.

E OF THE SOWER.

SOME FELL AMONG THORNS; AND THE THORNS SPRANG UP WITH IT, AND CHOKED IT.

OTHER FELL ON GOOD GROUND, AND SPRANG UP, AND BARE FRUIT, AN HUNDRED FOLD.

which came near finishing him. As I thought of these, a revulsion of feeling came over me and I determined in a spirit akin to that of the Mohammedan fatalist, that, come what might, I would return to my berth in the shanty and lie quietly there till the dawn of day.

As I turned towards the shanty with this resolve I was struck by the singular appearance it presented. The "smudge" inside was now getting well up to its work, and sending up volumes of thick yellow smoke which oozed out on every side between the logs and from under the broad eaves of the bark roof. There could be very few musquitoes inside, that was one comfort! I took out my watch, and by the bright light of the campfire, saw that it was five minutes to eleven. Not yet eleven, and I had thought it must be long past midnight. Would this miserable night never end? Wrapping the blanket round my head to escape suffocation, I made but one rush and a jump along the shanty and up into my berth, which I succeeded in attaining without scraping off more than two or three pieces of skin from elbows and shins. Then pushing out some of the moss chinking between the nearest logs I laid my mouth close to the opening, thus drawing a supply of fresh air from the outside.

Why should a backwoodsman choose that unreasonable hour of eleven p.m. out of the twenty four, to do his chopping? Yet, as I lay there, the sound of a distant axe falling in regular time upon some thick pine trunk, came distinctly, though faintly, to my ear. I knew it was a large tree that was being chopped, by the regularity and continuity of the blows. The sound appeared to come from a very great distance, but I could not mistake its cause. Once there came a tremendous rattling among the tin pots and kettles which were piled along by the shanty outside; perhaps it was squirrels or a racoon, or may be a ground hog (sometimes called a "wood-chuck") that was attempting an investigation into their contents. How I longed for my revolver to pepper these restless disturbers of my peace!

"Boo! Boo! Boo-boo!" a loud barking noise apparently close at my ear, startled me all in a moment, followed by repeated "Boo-boos" from every side, in a harsh grating tone, between a bark and a howl. I sat up for a moment in a desperate fright. Were these the wolves come at least? In half a minute I had jumped down and made a rush for the shanty door, then seizing a armful of hemlock branches I flung them on the fire. In a moment the flames sprung up, and grasping my trusty axe, I stood prepared to see what manner of attack the foe might make. After a few seconds employed in keenly peering into the dim forest, expecting momentarily to see half a dozen wolves appear on the scene, the same loud "Boo-boo" burst forth from the boughs almost over my head. At once I knew it to be the cry of the great night owl. A more startling sound to hear in the still darkness can hardly be imagined; and on first learning it, one can hardly believe that it can be produced by any bird. I have heard the hoot of the great Canadian owl many times since then, but I will never cease to remember the desperate fright it gave me on the first occasion of my hearing it.

Again I retired to my couch, but this time feeling thoroughly disgusted with myself, with the bush, and everything else. The moon had just risen and was beginning to shed a pale light across the tops of the trees. A mad project came into my mind to start off and make my way through the bush to the nearest settlement. But a moment's thought showed the impracticability of the idea; there were two swamps that lay between our clearing and the nearest neghbour; one of them broad and deep. It was a matter of difficulty to select a safe crossing place in full daylight; it would be impossible to do so by the faint rays of the moon.

At last, worn out by these succeeding alarms, following a long and arduous day's work, soon after midnight I fell into a troubled, uneasy, slumber. But not for very long. About three o'clock, I was awakened by a feeling of violent suffocation, and had to knock out quite a quantity of moss chinking before I could recover my breath. It was no wonder. On looking down from my perch, I saw that fully one half of the floor was glowing like a red hot coal, sending up a most suffocating heat and smoke. I had made my smudge too well! The last thing before turning in after supper I had poured a quantity of water round it to prevent it spreading and thought the ground was thoroughly soaked. But such was the depth of the decayed vegetation forming the soil that this precaution was of no use. The fire burnt into the ground under the damp surface, and spread round in the manner described. There was nothing for it but to pour on more water, and then take the spade and actually dig out the fire; leaving not a single spark from which it might start again, or else it would continue to spread until the walls of the shanty were reached.

But I had bothered the musquitos that night, there could be no doubt of that! It was now becoming broad daylight, so I thankfully turned in to make up an hour or two of good solid sleep before beginning my day's work. About six I was aroused by a hollow roaring kind of sound proceeding apparently from the ground; but on investigation I found it came from a hollow tree a few yards distant. This had taken fire inside and the flames were roaring up like a furnace; in a few minutes the tree fell over and left nothing but a charred stump. I was puzzled at first to account for this, as the tree stood quite apart from our campfire. But I afterwards recollected that when we first came on to the ground a fortnight previously, one of our party had set first to the grass near here and the fire had subsequently run over the ground. It must have caught one of the roots of that tree, and remained smouldering underneath all the time till it burst into flame as I had seen.

When my frends joined me, later in the morning, they brought with them two big burly fellows who had settled a few miles west to give us a day's help with logging up. I immediately begged these to fell the huge hemlock which had given me so much anxiety during the night. They lost no time in doing so, but, skilled choppers and backwoodsmen as they were, it was with the utmost difficulty they managed to draw it sufficiently to one side to bring it down clear of the shanty.

That evening when I returned to our quarters at the road side tavern (how snug and comfortable its rude accommodation seemed in comparison) I was the object of some curiosity on the part of the loafers round, who appeared to look upon me in a new light as a man who had seen strange sights and who was becoming initiated in bushcraft. But of their queries I took little note for every faculty of my nature was speedily concentrated on one square meal which our good hostess had ready on the table; which if memory serves me right, began with pancakes and cranberry sauce, continued with pork and eggs, and terminated in huge yellow chunks of cornbread with a relish of of strawberries and cream. If a cup of wholesome black tea had accompanied it in place of the villainous green decoction which was served out to us, my memories of the supper I made on that occasion would be those of unqualified satisfaction.

Often since that day I have spent nights out in the bush alone, and the terrors of my first experience now afford me nothing but amusement in the retrospect. Still, on the whole, I cannot recommend the practice to folk of feeble nerves.

C. B.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE OPENING OF THE S. E. T. & K. RR. took place on Thursday. the 22nd ult. and was attended by a number of railway men and merchants from various parts of the country and of the United States. A full description of the affair and also of the Banquet given to the Hon. Mr. Robertson the same evening at Sherbrooke appears on our front page.

COMING HOME FROM CHURCH.—Just such a scene as may be witnessed any fine Sunday, in a village near the city. The young gallant, who deserted his native village, and forsook the plough, for the brilliant position of dry-goods clerk in the noisy town, has hired a dashing equipage at the livery stable, and gone forth to astonish the natives of his parish. After divine service he invites the village belle, an *ancienne connaissance* to a ride in his jaunty conveyance. The old folks look askant, but dare not refuse. So away they go, and the ancient family nag is put on his mettle to keep up with the young people, and their stylish racer. They don't care to trust my fine gentleman out of their sight with the girl, and well as the artist rendered the various sentiments of the two contending parties, the young lady, object of all the excitement, seems to enjoy the ride, caring little for ought else but the fun of the thing.

THE FASHION PLATE, which is copied from the latest number of one of the best English authorities, is explained on the page on which it appears.

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.—All lovers of art will appreciate the copy of this magnificent steel engraving which we issue this week. The subject is a fruitful and suggestive one, and the painter, Mr. H. Larpent Roberts, has thoroughly succeeded in doing it justice. The pictorial setting-forth of the lessons of the parable are admirable, and the illustration, apart from its value as a work of art, possesses much practical utility.

THE HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

Election business continues to be the principal home topic of the week. In Addington, Mr. SHIBLEY, the unseated member, has been re-elected by a majority of nearly three hundred and fifty votes; and in Montreal Centre Mr. RYAN has been unseated. The writs for West Northumberland and Lincoln have been issued, nomination day being fixed in both cases for the 10th inst. The Governor General returned to the capital on Tuesday. It is stated that serious charges have been made against the Custom-House authorities at Montreal, and that in all probability an investigation will be ordered. An important meeting was to have been held at Ottawa on Wednesday, at which representatives of the local Governments of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick were to discuss the subject of immigration and devise some system of joint action. It is likely that some important measures will be brought up at the next session of the Dominion Parliament; and that the constitution of the Senate and the reorganization of the Civil Service will be taken into consideration. The result of the LEPINE trial has caused great excitement in the Province of Quebec, and it is stated that if an amnesty be not granted, the French members of the Cabinet will have to resign. On Monday last a large and influential meeting of about 3,000 people was held in Quebec, to protest against the condemnation of LEPINE, and to demand that amnesty should be granted immediately. The meeting was presided over by J. P. RHEAUME. Hon. Messrs, THIBAUDEAU, CAUCHON, CARON, PELLETIER, FRECHETTE and AMYOT addressed the meeting, and all pledged themselves to obtain amnesty by all means in their power, and to get the liberty of LEPINE.

The news from the States is as contradictory as ever, consisting mainly of rumours and counter-rumours as to the state of the South. In New Orleans the election took place on Monday, and resulted in a victory for the Conservatives. Advices from south-west Nebraska reveal a terrible state of things in that part of the Territory. Thousands of people are in a starving condition, having subsisted for weeks on a single meal of baked flour and water per day. Ten thousands of people in this State will need aid sufficient to keep them from starvation and cold during the winter.

From England we learn that the Foreign Office has received advices from Fiji, stating that Sir HERCULES ROBINSON has established a Provisional Government in the islands, imposed taxes and framed a tariff based on that of New South Wales. The NANA SAHIB story appears to receive little credence. Colonel MOWBRAY THOMSON, the defender of Cawnpore, fails to identify the person who claims to be NANA SAHIB, though he says there is certainly a likeness. The prisoner states he was arrested by mistake in 1864, and subsequently released, and claims that he has relatives who will recognize him. The cable of the Direct United States Company, which parted, and was lost while being laid by the "Faraday," has been picked up by that vessel in lat. 50 31, long. 24 19, at a depth of 1,871 fathoms. The cable is in perfect condition, and it was spliced with a portion remaining on the "Faraday," and the work of playing out again commenced.

There is nothing of importance to report from France, beyond the election in the Pas de Calais of a Bonapartist as member of the Assembly.

The German Reichstag was opened on the 29th by the Emperor in person. The KULLMAN trial has resulted in the conviction of the prisoner, who was sentenced to fourteen years in the House of Correction, ten years, suspension of his civil rights and police surveillance. VON ARNIM has been released on bail of 100,000 thalers. He will probably remain at Nice for the benefit of his health until the middle of the month, when his trial proper will take place.

The Spanish Government has acceded to Gen. LAZERNA'S demand for reinforcements of the army of the North. The General has therefore resumed his command. It is asserted that several leading Carlists have waited on DON CARLOS at Tolosa, and represented the uselessness of continuing the war. The *Iberia* has intelligence that DON CARLOS intends to hold an important conference on French Territory, and expresses a hope that the French authorities will prevent it.

Trouble appears to be looming up in Eastern Europe in the matter of the Danubian Principalities. The Austrian Government has informed the Porte of its intention to conclude commercial arrangements with his Principalities, and has intimated that it considers discussion of the subject useless. Turkey is endeavouring to secure a stipulation that the Principalities shall obtain the Porte's sanction before concluding any arrangements, but to this Austria declines to agree. Germany and Russia have not only informed the Porte that they approve of the views of Austria, but have followed her example. The Turkish Ambassadors at St. Petersburg, Berlin and Vienna have been instructed that the Treaty of Paris must be maintained. Should it be violated in this case the signatory powers will be appealed to. If, however, Roumania will submit the question to the Porte, a satisfactory compromise is possible.

Advices from Buenos Ayres state that a report has reached there which was not officially confirmed, that a battle took place on the 15th ult. in the Province of Buenos Ayres, near the mouth of Rio Salada, between the Government troops and a body of rebels under MITRE. The result is said to have been uncertain, although the Government forces claim the victory. MITRE'S forces retired and effected a junction with those of RIBAS, when both again marched towards the City of Buenos Ayres. The Government troops still retained their original positions about the capital; and a decisive engagement was expected. In Venezuela two provinces have risen in revolt against President GUZMAN BLANCO.

Among the notabilities whose deaths have taken place during the week are Mr. LAIRD, the celebrated Clyde ship-builder; JOHN LILLEYWHITE, the cricketer; the Old Catholic Bishop HEYKAMP, of Rotterdam; and W. H. REINHART, the American Sculptor.

A UTOPIAN SCHEME.

A writer in the *Queen* says:—It is scarcely to be credited that there has recently been organized in London a great scheme for "eating your cake and having it" at the same time. This scheme, which receives the title of the General Expenditure Assurance Company (Limited), has for its object the return to every buyer of all the money which he lays out in the purchase of goods. So that, sooner or later, every penny expended in the bread and meat which we eat, the beer or wine we drink, the boots and clothes we wear, will return to us, and can be used over again. We shall, by this notable plan, quite literally "eat our cake and have it," or its worth in money.

The company has its full complement of office bearers—trustees, directors, consulting actuary, auditors, bankers, brokers, and secretary. It issues a little catechism which states the object of the company, viz., to obtain the return of all money expended from day to day; and it states, as the condition of such return, that it is only necessary "to pay ready money for everything you buy." To the ordinary mind this would seem an efficient way of getting rid of money, not of returning it; but we are assured that, by dealing with the tradespeople appointed by the company, the whole of the money expended will be returned "to us or our descendants." The latter clause at once disposes of any hope of immediate profitable return, and dispels the idea which one was inclined to have, that the possession of five hundred pounds or there-abouts might make one independent for life—a perpetual expenditure being followed in some mysterious way by a perpetual return. If, however, we get over the shock of the possibility that the benefit of our expenditure may be felt only by our descendants, not by ourselves, and make up our minds to benefit posterity—though "posterity has never done anything for us"—we find ourselves further informed as to the mode in which the returns are to be made. For every sum of money which we disburse—from sixpence upwards—we are to receive a small ticket—"a coupon." The coupons are to be kept till they accumulate to the value of £5; then they are to be sent to the company, who, in exchange, will forward an assurance bond. The value of this bond will be paid at one of the half-yearly ballots, now, or at some century or so hence. In this way all money paid out will be refunded. If it is asked how the money is to be obtained by which the bonds are to be redeemed, we learn that "the premiums received by the company from its trade members, which are invested in Government and other sound securities, form in themselves an accumulated fund" for this purpose.

We do not learn how the trade members are to recoup themselves for this payment of premiums. We cannot ascertain how many bonds are to be paid at the half-yearly ballots; there are no means of finding out what is the remotest time at which bonds may be redeemable. Above all, we cannot imagine, if all the money paid out is to be return to the purchasers, how the tradespeople are to be repaid for their work. We see that there is a statemnnt made as to money doubling itself at compound interest in fourteen years. We are told nothing, however, as to the rate of interest at which this takes place, and nothing as to the source from which the interest is to be drawn, if everyone is to have all his expenditure returned to him. Money does not increase by the mere keeping. Nor does any account seem to be taken of the perpetual ballots, which will drawn off a certain sum half-yearly from the "accumulated fund." When we are told that "£5 becomes £10 in fourteen years, £10 becomes £20 in fourteen more years," but find that no reckoning is made for deductions, we have a sensation as if dust were being thrown in our eyes.

People seem sometimes to forget that money is only a medium of exchange, that money represents money's worth, and that no one will give twice over for money the work which the money only once represents. If people could only remember that you "cannot eat your cake and have it," they could not be misled by statements such as those to which we have alluded.

CARRIER PIGEONS FOR THE TRANSMISSION OF NEWS.

One of the great secrets of success in conducting a daily paper is the ability to publish information of current events at the earliest possible moment after they transpire This is becoming more and more essential with each successive stride of modern journalism, and although our English brethren express the opinion that American newspapers pay too much for news, we fear that any material reduction in that item of expenditure cannot be regarded wise as a business measure. The reading public require the news and *all* the news, and the paper that furnishes it will meet with the readiest sale. Newsless newspapers—mere political broadsides—have long been an institution of the past. Foreign newspaper men, feeling the importance of this and yet being unwilling to continue the enormous expense entailed by a system of complete telegraphic reports, are discussing the advisability of substituting carrier pigeons for the purpose,—and, in fact, have to some extent brought them into use—as being both expeditious and cheap. So it seems that after exhausting the ressources of modern science to secure the quick transmission of information, we are to take a step backwards into the Mddle Ages. It is claimed that for short distances news can be transmitted far more expediously and cheaper than by telegraph. In England, it is stated, these birds are being given a trial, numbers of them being sent to correspondents in different cities, whence they are released and sent on their mission as the necessities of the occasion require. They also accompany reporters sent on special work, and we have the authority of a Parisian typographic publication for saying that "it is nothing unusual to see reporters in the tribunals, at examinations and public gatherings, sending their manuscript, sheet by sheet, attached to the wings of pigeons, from the nearest door or window, or from railway trains, or the decks of passenger steamers." while the reporter proceeds on his homeward trip by the comparatively slow means of steam. Here is "enterprise" that has not been dreamed of by the press of this country, or at least not practiced, and we cannot see but that it is an excellent idea.

The attachment of these pigeons for their native place and the marvellous instinct they display in returning to it, even from remote distances, constitute their chief characteristic traits. Turning to account these curious faculties, a pigeon-house is built in close proximity to the publication office of a paper, and when a pigeon arrives with a despatch his entry is signalled by a bell connected with the editorial room, when he is captured and the contents of the sheet put in type by the busy fingers of the compositor.

The best carrier pigeons are bred in Antwerp, Brussels and Liége, and the method of breeding them in these cities, it will be remembered, was the subject of an illustrated article in *Harpers' Monthly* some months ago. Although usually employed for short journeys they can be rendered serviceable in trips of over five hundred miles, and have frequently been sent from London to Dublin, Brussels, Paris and even Rome. The distances traversed at first appear incredible, but the fact of their having accomplished the feat and in an extraordinarily short space of time is well authenticated. Two of these pigeons carried a dispatch from Paris to their native place in the county of Kent, England, in one hour and a quarter; thence it was dispatched by two others to London in fifteen minutes, the entire trip being made in an hour and thirty minutes.

Experiments, it is said, are being made with a view to establishing a miniature post between Europe and America, with what degree of success we are not informed. The subject is worthy the attention of newspaper managers, and if any means can be devised by which the excessive rates of the telegraphic companies can be avoided to any extent it will be a public blessing by cheapening the cost of production of newspapers.—*American Newspaper Reporter.*

THE ORIGIN OF MOSS-AGATES.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, writing from the plains, says that Prof. Mudge, of Kansas, has found where "moss-agates" come from, and knows just how to get at them. As they are usually discovered in the loose plains gravel, they have been supposed to owe their present deposit to "drift," their original home having been in the North. Professor Mudge has found, however, surprising as it seems, that they originated in the pliocene deposits of Kansas. In some localities this pliocene consists of a sedimentary silicious deposit, formed of material varying from coarse flint quartz to chalcedony. Oxide of maganese, more or less crystallized in minute moss-like sprigs, extends through the whole strata, which is often eight feet thick. The "agates" are mainly found in the upper six inches, and some of them are remarkably beautiful. The whole mass is very interesting to the mineralogist, as showing the so-called "moss-agate" through the whole process of its formation. The lower portion indicates an imperfect solution of the silica and oxide of manganese, but the upper few inches, where the best specimens are found, evince the deposit in a high state of chemical development. The "moss-agate" deposit forms the cap-rock of all the high hills in the vicinity of Sheridan, on the Kansas Pacific Railway, and also about Fort Wallace. In one instance Prof. Mudge found bones and portions of the tusk of a mastodon, which in process of fossilization had changed to nearly pure silica, and in the change had become infused with fine, sprig-like crystals of black oxide of manganese, thus presenting the strange phenomenon of ivory actually converted into "moss-agate." Some of the specimens cannot be detected in appearance from the real gem. Professor Mudge thinks that the agencies which produced this singular freak of nature must have been similar to the action of the "hot springs" of Iceland and Yellowstone Park, the only known natural agency that will make silica out of organic substances. The fact is a curious one at any rate; and while it may overstock the "moss-agate" market, it furnishes the scientist a revelation of rare interest and value. Professor Marsh, of Yale, is already giving it critical examination, and specimens have been furnished to other prominent gentlemen in his line of business.

BEAUTIFUL BRIC-A-BRAC.

The Boston *Advertiser* says: "One of the most notable incidents which attended the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to the recent triennial musical festival at Liverpool was the furnishing of the suite of rooms at the Philharmonic Hall for his use. A wealthy collector of Japanese bric-a-brac asked permission to prepare the rooms for the Prince's occupancy, and the privilege was accorded him. He covered the walls with richly patterned paper in crimson and gold, laid a costly Turkish carpet on the floor, and every article of furniture, including chairs and couch, was covered with a magnificent Japanese embroidery, unique in style and brilliant in colour. Wherever the eye rested upon the walls it met some exquisite specimen of Japanese art, and on one side of the principal apartment there was placed an Oriental cabinet of almost fabulous value, containing samples of Satsuma, Kaga, and Japanese enamel, several of them gathered from the imperial palaces of Japan, and literally worth more than their weight in gold. The retiring-room was furnished in ebony and gold, and all the earthenware was of the rarest and costliest china. Each day of the Prince's stay some change was made in the decoration of the reception-room. One day the ornaments were of porcelain, another day they were of lacquer-work exclusively, and a third day of gold and silver work, while the plate and glass on which luncheon was served were of singular beauty and great value. The name of the fortunate owner is James L. Bowes

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

Kossuth, in admitting his annoyance at the recent reports of his destitution, proudly says: "It is no discredit to a man who has held the supreme power of a kingdom, and had the absolute control of its millions of resources, that he should retire to private life with his hands empty but clean."

It is believed that the President of the French Republic intends shortly to create a new Marshal of France in place of the cashiered Marshal Bazaine. The Government hesitates, we are told, between the Duc d'Aumale and General Ladmirault. This announcement is a feeler to see what public opinion will bear.

It is on record that simultaneously with the outbreak of an epidemic, like the cholera, birds desert the fated town. This phenomenon has been observed in St. Petersburg, Riga, and in cities of Prussia, in Hanover, Galicia, and Southern Germany. Some scientific men suppose the birds are warned by the poison in the atmosphere, and instinctively fly from it.

It may interest teachers to know that the average salary of certified masters of elementary schools in England and Wales is $517 per annum. More than one-half, also, are provided with a house, or live rent free. In Scotland the average pay is $551, and two-thirds live rent free. In Ireland the average is $232, and only a little over one-fifth have their houses rent free.

It is announced that a second Austrian Arctic exploring expedition is being prepared to start next summer. One half of the expedition will seek to advance to the north, under Lieutenant Payer, by way of East Greenland, and the other half, under Count Wilckez, will proceed by way of Siberia. The object of the expedition is to ascertain if the newly-discovered Franz Land is a continent or an island.

A novel cricket match took place the other day near Aldershot, between twenty-two women, married and single. The married included one old woman of sixty years of age, who, while batting, received a severe blow in the face with the ball, and had to retire rather precipitately. On the unmarried side thirteen runs, the highest, were scored in one innings; one woman made twelve for the other side. At a former match, this being the return, one woman scored over sixty runs.

Extraordinary stories have recently been told of the healing properties of a new oil which is easily made from the yolks of hens' eggs. The eggs are first boiled hard, the yolks are then removed, and placed over a fire, where they are carefully stirred until the whole substance is just on the point of catching fire, when the oil separates, and may be poured off. It is in general use among the colonists of southern Russia as a means of curing cuts, bruises, and scratches.

Baron Brisse, the famous *chef de cuisine*, gives the following receipt for making "snail soup":—"Take one hundred snails, wash them well, boil them with pepper and salt, till they can be extracted from their shells with ease; wipe them in a towel; replace them in the saucepan, powder them with crumbs of bread, add mint, parsley and garlic, then a pint of almonds; before serving on slices of bread add for sauce the yolk of an egg beaten up with oil."

A proposal is on foot in England to make it compulsory on all vehicles plying in the public streets to have india-rubber tires round the wheels. Apart from the danger to pedestrians in crowded thoroughfares which such an innovation would occasion, the number of tires which vehicles in constant use would wear out would render the expense unendurable. The proposal is by no means a new one. It was tried many years ago, although not on a large scale, and was found to be utterly impracticable.

In Brittany there is said to prevail a curious matrimonial custom. On certain fête days the young ladies appear in red petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them. The number denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band, representing silver, betokens one hundred francs of rent; and each yellow band denotes gold, and stands for a thousand francs a year. Thus a young farmer who sees a face that pleases him has only to glance at the trimmings of the petticoats to learn in an instant what amount accompanies the wearer

A lady authoress writes kindly of "Child's night-lights." She says: "If a child wants a light to go to sleep by, give it one. The sort of Spartan firmness which walks off and takes away the candle, and shuts all the doors between the household cheer and warmth and the pleasant stir of evening mirth, and leaves a little son or daughter to hide its head under the bed-clothes, and get to sleep as best it can, is not at all admirable. It is after the pattern of Giant Despair, whose grim delight, confided to Diffidence, his wife, over the miseries of his wretched prisoners, always seemed most inimitable—a perfect picture of the meanness of despotism."

Odell, Illinois, has a novel sensation—a well in flames. Some farmers were boring for water the other day, and when the augur reached the depth of eighty feet the water spouted into the air to the height of nearly 200 feet, sending out sand and gravel. After a while gas was found to be issuing from the opening, and a match being lighted, instantly a streak of flame twenty feet high leaped into the air with a roar like that of a city in flames. The hole, which in the beginning was but five inches in diameter, increased to twelve, with the volume of flame enlarging. It is situated on the open prairie, and can be seen for miles. It has been visited by hundreds, who gaze awe-struck upon this weird and wonderful scene.

In Paris Dejazet's benefit is still all the talk, and her age especially is very much discussed. It appears certain that in 1811 she played the fairy *Nabotte* in the "Sleeping Beauty of the Wood." She was then about fifteen years of age, consequently she is close upon her seventy-eighth year. Some people say she is only twenty—for the fourth time. In 1835, nearly thirty years ago her age was already a topic of conversation, as the following passage by Jules Janin may prove. He says: "That woman still breathes the gaiety of youth. She does not know how to grow old. If you talk of her age she laughs and sings a drinking song. She is twenty! Twenty—that age that other human beings live but once—it is always hers.

A writer on Milwaukee topics relates the following:—"Selling berries by the foot is a new idea, the offspring of a Milwaukee girl's brain. The young lady, who was on a marketing expedition, desired to purchase some berries wherewith to add zest to her evening repast, but she wouldn't trust the fraudful little boxes which the grocers with pleasing fiction called 'quarts.' She wanted full scriptural measure, and proposed to the dealer to adopt her shoe as the standard of quantity. Visions of Cinderella floated through the huckster's brain, and, in a moment of forgetfulness, the deluded man accepted the proposition. Off came the shoe and in went the berries. Box followed box, until the dealer, with sadness in his eyes and half his stock in the girl's shoe, gently waved his customer away and closed up his shop."

Freemasonry has been professed publicly in England by a long line of noble and Royal personages. The Prince of Wales is a "Mason," so were the late Dukes of Sussex, York, Clarence, and Cumberland, and the Prince Regent; so in the previous generation were the Dukes of York and Gloucester. So, too, were the Emperor of Germany, in the year 1735, and our own King William III. fifty years earlier. And to go back further still, we find that Henry VI. was instituted a Freemason in 1450; that nearly a hundred years earlier still King Edward III. revised the Constitutions of Masonry, and, mounting higher still up the paths of history, we learn that Prince Edwin formed a Grand Lodge at York in 926, the very year in which King Athelston granted to the Freemasons a royal charter.

The Bishop of Exeter lectured the other day to the Young Men's Improvement Society on self-culture. He pointed out that the mental culture of mankind depended upon the degree in which they could understand each other, and the world in which God put them; whatever brought the mind in contact with those of others, either by study or conversation, had a power in cultivating the intellect. Men studied for different reasons—some with a view to improve their position in life; others with a view to becoming more really men by enlarging their understranding. Study, to be of real value, must be gradual, and it was necessary that the student should enter into whatever he undertook. Nor should he be discouraged by the slowness of his progress. Above all things he must avoid vanity, and remember that the greatest students felt that their greatest learning served only to show their own ignorance.

The apothecary's oath in mediæval days, read thus, according to *The Medical and Surgical Reporter*: "I take to witness, before all, God, the Creator of the universe, in three persons, that during the whole of my life, I will observe that which follows: 'I will live and die in the Christian faith. I will honour my parents. I will honour the physicians and master under whom I have studied. I will never say anything that shall be injurious to the seniors of our order, or to others. I will adorn with my best the dignity of the art, and I will not reveal its secrets. I will do nothing imprudently nor through hope of gain. In acute sickness I will not give purgatives without the order of the physician. I will keep the secrets of the patients. I will administer no poison, neither will I allow it to be administered, even to my enemies. I will not alter the prescriptions of physicians. I will never substitute one remedy for another without their knowledge. I will discourage the fatal practice of empirics. I will refuse to no one my legitimate assistance. I will not keep in my pharmacy stale or badly-prepared medicaments. In making and observing these rules, may God assist me. Ainsi soit-il.'" This is not such an antiquated oath but that we should like to see it revived and respected.

The London *Globe* says: "For the last few years the milliner's idea has been to dress her customers as like men as possible, to give them stand-up collars and leather belts, to arm them with umbrellas hanging from the waist as if they were swords, to supply them with gentlemen's watch-pockets and gentlemen's watch-chains. Even in fashion the world must advance, and the move for the coming winter is decidedly a move forward. Fashionable ladies, who have been dressed like men, must now dress like wild animals. All the new tissues are to resemble furs, and as a few years ago young ladies were said to wear Dolly Vardens, so now they will put on their 'camels' This is the generic name by which the Parisian *modistes* have called this year's fabrics, though of course there is a variety allowed, and a young lady may appear as a rein-deer, as a bear, as a northern elk—in fact, as any rough-skinned animal she may select. But it is necessary that the skins should consist of as few pieces as possible. The 'camel' and a collar which will be known in the fashionable world as a dog's collar, will complete the costume. But this new invention of the French dressmakers has not so much originality after all. The idea is merely a development of the Ulster great coat, which was borrowed a couple of years ago from the Irish peasantry. This desire for the roughest materials and the rudest make has produced already strange results. In Switzerland Englishmen are dressed so like guides that it is difficult to distinguish them."

ODDITIES.

Moonlight mechanics is the latest for burglars.

"Darwin's Darlings" is the suggestive name of a newly organized negro minstrel troupe at the west.

The keeper of a restaurant in New York announces "paroxysmal stews" as a specialty on his bill of fare.

The Count de Chambord duly notifies his friends to hold themselves in readiness for any event. The general impression out West is that Chambord must be going to treat.

A contemporary prescribes as a certain means to remove dandriff: "Go out on the plains and insult the Indians." It is also a speedy method of raising a head of hair.

A Michigan farmer complains that he is not receiving half the campaign speeches this year necessary to light his fires, and he has had to make a shaving contract with a cooper shop.

An attempt was to have been made last week to get up another woman's crusade in Cleveland, but three or four of the leaders were disappointed about their Fall bonnets and the affair didn't come off.

A rich but parsimonious old gentleman, on being taken to task for his uncharitableness, said: "True, I don't give much, but if you only knew how it hurts when I give anything, you wouldn't wonder."

A Morayshire farmer recently sent the following message to the lady of his love:—"Tell her," he said, "that gin she doesna' ha' me, I winna kill mysel', but I'll pine awa'!"

Lord Lyons is said to have remarked in his quiet way that as a money-making profession diplomacy could hardly be called a success; but there were compensations: one did get a great many excellent dinners.

The other day a Saratoga clergyman asked a stupid fellow who was digging by the road-side if he could tell him where Mr. J——lived. "Wa'al, no," was the reply: "but ef you'll ask the chap what keeps the simmetary, *he* kin tell you, 'cause he knows where everybody lives, whether they're dead or alive."

An American youth, while travelling in California, was ambitiously displaying a small pistol before a brawny miner, whose belt was weighed down with two heavy six shooters, when the miner asked what he had there. "Why," replied the youth, "that is a pistol." "Well," said the rough, "if you should shoot me with that, and I should find it out, I'd lick you like fun."

A Mississippi bootman with immense feet stopping at a public-house on the levee, asked the porter for a boot-jack to pull off his boots. The colored gentleman, after examining the stranger's feet, broke out as follows: "No jack here big nuff for dem feets. Jackass couldn't pull 'em off, massa, widout fraktring de leg. Yuse better go back about tree miles to de forks in de road an' pull 'em off dar."

"My father was a farmer before me, and I thank God that I am a farmer born." Such was the soap Porter expected to soothe the grangers with on Fourth of July last. It reminded Col. Geo. Stanley of the Illinois orator who addressed a rural audience: "Gentlemen," said he, "I am proud to be one of you. My father was a farmer, and I am a farmer born. Yes, I may truly say, I was born between two rows of corn." At this juncture a tipsy agriculturalist at the further end of the house hiccoughed out: "A (hic) pumpkin, by George!"

A somewhat curious circumstance recently took place in Miegle parish Church. The precentor, after proclaiming the banns of matrimony between a young couple, concluded by saying. "If there be any objections they can now be stated." A youth, an old admirer of the intended bride, noticing the eyes of a portion of the congregation fixed upon him, rose up and exclaimed, "I have no objection for my own part!" to the astonishment of all about him, and resumed his seat as if he had done a mere formal piece of business.

The excellent Mrs. Partington having returned to Boston from Newport, has commenced writing those pleasant little things for which she is celebrated. Noticing a toy steam-engine, she observed to Isaac: "Of course all boys ought to be instructuated in steam-engines; but, Isaac, you must be very careful, for you know those things are apt to expoliate if any vacuity occurs in the safety valve; and, Isaac, when you get the tickets, be sure and not buy a contributioner's ticket, as I am told the door-keeper is a very pecuniary man, and has orders to confiscate any contributionary tickets that are transferred, and I don't see how we are going to get in without transferring our tickets to the door-keeper."

Lucy Lee, who says that she is of good birth and education, has put a strange advertisement in a Mississippi paper, informing the world of her willingness "to marry an editor, as she believes herself able to support one." The *Standard* says:—"What fascination an editorial sanctum can have for Miss Lee will be a subject of wonder to those who are familiar with the life of a newspaper office. Whether she is anxious to obtain the first news about everything, and purposes to assist her husband in opening telegrams, or whether she is afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi*, and wishes to ensure the publication of a series of articles on subjects of feminine interest, is not apparent; and we think that Miss Lee ought to give editors more information about herself if her willingness to marry one is at all tempered with anxiety. We do not hold the young lady's choice to be a wise one; it is, indeed, about the worst she could make. As a rule, we can assure her editors are exceedingly irritable and domineering; and, from the late and uncertain hours which they are obliged to keep, are not at all likely to grow into good husbands and make home happy. Perhaps, however, Miss Lee is gifted with a sort of feminine Mark Tapleyism, and wishes to show that she can be jolly under the most trying circumstances. The winding-up of her advertisement, that she believes herself able to support one! may not signify that she is possessed of wealth, but that she has a good opinion of her capacity for putting up with the trials of this life, even when they fall as thickly as they frequently do in editorial homes. We hope that Miss Lee may find a suitable editor, and that she may not find that she has over-estimated her powers of endurance."

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Stewed Steak.—Place one pound of beef steak in a round cake tin, with two tablespoonfuls of water, a chopped shalot, and two finely crumbled sage leaves, no pepper or salt; cover tightly with a plate, and cook in a moderate oven for two, or even three hours. Serve in its own gravy.

To Remove Dry Ink Stains from Carpets.—Make a paste of arsenic and water and spread it upon the stain; when it has dried, wash it up and repeat the process untill the stains are removed. Of course great care should be employed in the use of a substance so poisonous as arsenic.

A Breakfast Dish.—A fricandeau of rabbit makes a capital dish for breakfast and is not difficult to dress. This is how it should be done: Take a young rabbit which has hung till tender; having duly prepared it, lard it from one end to the other, cut it into medium-sized pieces simmer them in enough stock to cover them, adding a little white wine and one or two slices of bacon. When cooked take out the pieces, strain, and reduce the stock to a jelly, and with it glaze the *fricandeau*, which serve with sauce according to taste.

Chicken Cutlets.—The remains of cold chicken can be converted into very nice little cutlets. The meat should be cut into as many small cutlets as possible, and as nearly the same shape as can be managed. Dip each into clarified butter mixed with the yolk of an egg; cover them with bread crumbs seasoned with half a teaspoonful of finely minced lemon peel, a little cayenne, and salt. Fry them for five minutes, and then arrange them on fried sippets of the same shape, the cutlets to be piled high in the dish. A sauce made as follows should be ready, which pour round: For the sauce, put one ounce butter into a stew pan, add two minced shalots, one small bunch of savory herbs, including parsley, a few slices of carrot, six peppercorns, with just a suspicion of mace; fry altogether for ten minutes, then pour in half a pint of gravy made from the chicken bones. Stew all together for twenty minutes, strain carefully, and serve.

Broiled Ham.—Ham for broiling or frying should be cut into thin slices the evening before, trimmed, and laid in a pan of boiling water, which, near bed-time, should be changed for cold water, and very early in the morning for boiling water, in which it should lie half an hour to soak still longer. If ham is not well soaked previously, it will, when broiled or fried, be disagreeably hard and salt; the salt frying out to the surface and forming a rough unpleasant crust, which will creat thirst in the eaters for hours after. Much of the salt of a ham goes off in boiling, but if it is *not* boiled or soaked, the salt comes on to the surface, and there it sticks. The slices being cut thin and nicely trimmed, they should be broiled on a very clean gridiron over a clear fire, and so well done that they incline to curl up at the edges. Dish them hot, and lay on every slice a very small bit of fresh butter, and sprinkle them with pepper.

Oyster Pie.—Having buttered the inside of a deep dish, line it with puff-paste rolled out rather thick; and prepare another sheet of paste for the lid. Put a clean towel into the dish (folded so as to support the lid), and then put on the lid; set it into the oven, and bake the paste well. When done, remove the lid, and take out the folded towel. While the paste is baking, prepare the oysters. Having picked off carefully any bits of shell that may be found about them, lay them in a sieve and drain off the liquor into a pan. Put the oysters into a skillet or stew-pan, with barely enough of the liquor to keep them from burning. Season them with whole pepper, blades of mace, some grated nutmeg, and some grated lemon-peel (the yellow rind only), and a little finely minced celery. Then add a large portion of fresh butter, divided into bits, and very slightly dredged with flour. Let the oysters simmer over the fire, but do not allow them to come to a boil as that will shrivel them. Next beat the yolks only of three, four, or five eggs (in proportion to the size of the pie) and stir the beaten egg into the stew a few minutes before you take it from the fire. Keep it warm till the paste is baked. Then carefully remove the lid of the pie; and replace it, after you have filled the dish with the oysters and gravy. The lid of the pie may be ornamented with a wreath of leaves cut out of paste, and put on before baking. In the centre place a paste-knot or flower. Oyster pies are generally eaten warm; but they are very good cold.

THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOONSTONE," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC.

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

[Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1874, by Wilkie Collins in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.]

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Part I.—Paradise Lost

CHAPTER I.

THE BRIDE'S MISTAKE.

"For after this manner in the old time the holy women also who trusted in God adorned themselves, being in subjection unto their own husbands: even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him lord: whose daughters ye are as long as ye do well, and are not afraid with any amazement."

Concluding the Marriage Service of the Church of England in those well-known words, my Uncle Starkweather shut up his book, and looked at me across the altar rails with a hearty expression of interest on his broad red face. At the same time my aunt, Mrs. Starkweather, standing by my side, tapped me smartly on the shoulder, and said,

"Valeria, you are married!"

Where were my thoughts? What had become of my attention? I was too bewildered to know. I started and looked to my new husband. He seemed to be almost as bewildered as I was. The same thought had, as I believe, occurred to us both at the same moment. Was it really possible—in spite of his mother's opposition to our marriage—that we were Man and Wife? My Aunt Starkweather settled the question by a second tap on my shoulder.

"Take his arm!" she whispered in the tone of a woman who had lost all patience with me.

I took his arm.

"Follow your uncle."

Holding fast by my husband's arm, I followed my uncle and the curate who had assisted him at the marriage.

The two clergymen led us into the vestry. The church was in one of the dreary quarters of London, situated between the City and the West End; the day was dull; the atmosphere was heavy and damp. We were a melancholy little wedding-party, worthy of the dreary neighbourhood and the dull day. No relatives or friends of my husband's were present; his family, as I have already hinted, disapproved of his marriage. Except my uncle and my aunt, no other relations appeared on my side. I had lost both my parents, and I had but few friends. My dear father's faithful old clerk, Benjamin, attended the wedding to "give me away," as the phrase is. He had known me from a child, and, in my forlorn position, he was as good as a father to me.

The last ceremony left to be performed was, as usual, the signing of the marriage-register. In the confusion of the moment (and in the absence of any information to guide me) I committed a mistake—ominous, in my Aunt Starkweather's opinion, of evil to come. I signed my married instead of my maiden name.

"What!" cried my uncle, in his loudest and cheeriest tones, "you can't realise that you are a married woman yet? Ah, well! well! you will find it out, my girl, before long. Try again Valeria—try again."

With trembling fingers I struck the pen through my first effort, and wrote my maiden name very badly indeed, as follows:—

Valeria Brinton

When it came to my husband's turn I noticed, with surprise, that *his* hand trembled too, and that *he* produced a very poor specimen of his customary signature:—

Eustace Woodville

My aunt, on being requested to sign, complied under protest. "A bad beginning!" she said, pointing to my first unfortunate signature with the feather-end of her pen. "I hope, my dear, you may not live to regret it."

Even then, in the days of my ignorance and my innocence, that curious outbreak of my aunt's superstition produced a certain uneasy sensation in my mind. It was a consolation to me to feel the reassuring pressure of my husband's hand. It was an indescribable relief to hear my uncle's hearty voice wishing me a happy life at parting. The good man had left his north-country vicarage (my home since the death of my parents) expressly to read the service at my marriage; and he and my aunt had arranged to return by the midday train. He folded me in his great strong arms, and he gave me a kiss which must certainly have been heard by the idlers waiting for the bride and bridegroom at the church door.

"I wish you health and happiness, my love, with all my heart. You are old enough to choose for yourself, and—no offence, Mr. Woodville, you and I are new friends—and I pray God, Valeria, it may turn out that you have chosen well. Our house will be dreary enough without you; but I don't complain, my dear. On the contrary, if this change in your life makes you happier I rejoice. Come, come! don't cry, or you will set your aunt off—and it's no joke at her time of life. Besides, crying will spoil your beauty. Dry your eyes and look in the glass there, and you will see that I am right. Goodbye, child—and God bless you!"

He tucked my aunt under his arm, and hurried out. My heart sank a little, dearly as I loved my husband, when I had seen the last of the true friend and protector of my maiden days.

The parting with old Benjamin came next. "I wish you well, my dear; don't forget me," was all he said. But the old days at home came back on me at those few words. Benjamin always dined with us on Sundays in my father's time, and always brought some little present with him for his master's child. I was very near to "spoiling my beauty" (as my uncle had put it) when I offered the old man my cheek to kiss, and heard him sigh to himself, as if he too was not quite hopeful about my future life.

My husband's voice roused me, and turned my mind to happier thoughts.

"Shall we go, Valeria?" he asked.

I stopped him on our way out to take advantage of my uncle's advice. In other words to see how I looked in the glass over the vestry fireplace.

What does the glass show me?

The glass shows a tall and slender young woman of three and twenty years of age. She is not at all the sort of person who attracts attention in the street, seeing that she fails to exhibit the popular yellow hair and the popular painted cheeks. Her hair is black; dressed, in these later days (as it was dressed years since to please her father), in broad ripples drawn back from the forehead, and gathered into a simple knot behind (like the hair of the Venus de Medici), so as to show the neck beneath. Her complexion is pale; except in moments of violent agitation there is no colour to be seen in her face. Her eyes are of so dark a blue that they are generally mistaken for black. Her eyebrows are well enough in form, but they are too dark, and too strongly marked. Her nose just inclines towards the aquiline bend, and is considered a little too large by persons difficult to please in the matter of noses. The mouth, her best feature, is very delicately shaped, and is capable of presenting great varieties of expression. As to the face in general, it is too narrow and too long at the lower part; too broad and too low in the higher region of the eyes and the head. The whole picture, as reflected in the glass, represents a woman of some elegance, rather too pale, and rather too sedate and serious in her moments of silence and repose—in short, a person who fails to strike the ordinary observer at first sight; but who gains in general estimation, on a second, and sometimes even on a third view. As for her dress, it studiously conceals, instead of proclaiming, that she has been married that morning. She wears a grey Cashmere tunic trimmed with grey silk, and having a skirt of the same material and colour beneath it. On her head is a bonnet to match, relieved by a quilling of white muslin, with one deep red rose, as a morsel of positive colour, to complete the effect of the whole dress.

Have I succeeded or failed in describing the picture of myself which I see in the glass? It is not for me to say. I have done my best to keep clear of the two vanities—the vanity of depreciating, and the vanity of praising, my own personal appearance. For the rest, well written or badly written, thank Heaven it is done!

And whom do I see in the glass, standing by my side?

I see a man who is not quite so tall as I am, and who has the misfortune of looking older than his years. His forehead is prematurely bald. His big chestnut-coloured beard and his long overhanging moustache are prematurely streaked with grey. He has the colour in the face which my face wants, and the firmness in his figure which my figure wants. He looks at me with the tenderest and gentlest eyes (of a light brown) that I ever saw in the countenance

We confronted each other for the first time, I on the bank and he in the shallow water below.—(See page 301, col. 3.)

Instead of answering he burst into a fit of laughter—loud, coarse, hard laughter, so utterly unlike any sound I had ever yet heard issue from his lips, so strangely and shockingly foreign to his character as *I* understood it, that I stood still on the sands, and openly remonstrated with him

(See page 303, col. 1.)

of a man. His smile is rare and sweet; his manner, perfectly quiet and retiring, has yet a latent persuasiveness in it, which is (to women) irresistibly winning. He just halts a little in his walk, from the effect of an injury received in past years, when he was a soldier serving in India, and he carries a thick bamboo cane, with a curious crutch handle (an old favourite) to help himself along whenever he gets on his feet, indoors or out. With this one little drawback (if it *is* a drawback), there is nothing infirm or old or awkward about him; his slight limp when he walks has (perhaps to my partial eyes) a certain quaint grace of its own, which is pleasanter to see than the unrestrained activity of other men. And last, and best of all, I love him! I love him! I love him! And there is an end of my portrait of my husband on our wedding day.

The glass has told me all I want to know. We leave the vestry at last.

The sky, cloudy since the morning, has darkened while we have been in the church, and the rain is beginning to fall heavily. The idlers outside stare at us grimly under their umbrellas as we pass through their ranks, and hasten into our carriage. No cheering; no sunshine; no flowers strewn in our path; no grand breakfast; no genial speeches, no bridesmaids; no father's or mother's blessing. A dreary wedding—there is no denying it—and (if Aunt Starkweather is right) a bad beginning as well!

A *coupé* has been reserved for us at the railway station. The attentive porter, on the look-out for his fee, pulls down the blinds over the side windows of the carriage, and shuts out all prying eyes in that way. After what seems to be an interminable delay the train starts. My husband winds his arm round me. "At last!" he whispers, with love in his eyes that no words can utter, and presses me to him gently. My arm steals round his neck; my eyes answer his eyes. Our lips meet in the first long lingering kiss of our married life.

Oh, what recollections of that journey rise in me as I write! Let me dry my eyes, and shut up my paper for the day.

CHAPTER II.

THE BRIDE'S THOUGHTS.

We had been travelling for a little more than an hour, when a change passed insensibly over us both.

Still sitting close together, with my hand in his, with my head on his shoulder, little by little we fell insensibly into silence. Had we already exhausted the narrow yet eloquent vocabulary of love? Or had we determined by unexpressed consent, after enjoying the luxury of passion that speaks, to try the deeper and finer rapture passion that thinks? I can hardly determine; I only know that a time came when under some strange influence our lips were closed towards each other. We travelled along, each of us absorbed in our own reverie. Was he thinking exclusively of me—as I was thinking exclusively of him? Before the journey's end I had my doubts, at a little later time I knew for certain, that his thoughts, wandering far away from his young wife, were all turned inward on his own unhappy self.

For me, the secret pleasure of filling my mind while I felt him by my side, was a luxury in itself.

I pictured in my thoughts our first meeting in the neighbourhood of my uncle's house.

Our famous north-country trout-stream wound its flashing and foaming way through a ravine in the rocky moorland. It was a windy, shadowy evening. A heavily clouded sunset lay low and red in the west. A solitary angler stood casting his fly, at a turn in the stream, where the backwater lay still and deep under an overhanging bank. A girl (myself) standing on the bank, invisible to the fisherman beneath, waited eagerly to see the trout rise.

The moment came; the fish took the fly.

Sometimes on the little level strip of sand at the feet of the bank; sometimes (when the stream turned again) in the shallower water rushing over its rocky bed, the angler followed the captured trout, now letting the line run out, and now winding it in again, in the difficult and delicate process of "playing" the fish. Along the bank I followed, to watch the contest of skill and cunning between the man and the trout. I had lived long enough with my Uncle Starkweather to catch some of his enthusiasm for field sports, and to learn something, especially, of the angler's art. Still following the stranger, with my eyes intently fixed on every movement of his rod and line, and with not so much as a chance fragment of my attention to spare for the rough path along which I was walking, I stepped by chance on the loose overhanging earth at the edge of the bank, and fell into the stream in an instant.

The distance was trifling; the water was shallow; the bed of the river was (fortunately for me) of sand. Beyond the fright and the wetting I had nothing to complain of. In a few moments I was out of the water and up again, very much ashamed of myself, on the firm ground. Short as the interval was, it proved long enough to favour the escape of the fish. The angler had heard my first instinctive cry of alarm, had turned, and had thrown aside his rod to help me. We confronted each other for the first time, I on the bank and he in the shallow water below. Our eyes encountered, and I verily believe our hearts encountered at the same moment. This I know for certain, we forgot our breeding as lady and gentleman; we looked at each other in barbarous silence.

I was the first to recover myself. What did I say to him?

I said something about my not being hurt, and then something more, urging him to come back, and try if he might not yet recover the fish.

He went back unwillingly. He returned to me—of course, without the fish. Knowing how bitterly disappointed my uncle would have been in his place, I apologised very earnestly. In my eagerness to make atonement I even offered to show him a spot where he might try again, lower down the steam.

He would not hear of it; he entreated me to go home and change my wet dress. I cared nothing for the wetting, but I obeyed him without knowing why.

He walked with me. My way back to the vicarage was his way back to the inn. He had come to our parts, he told me, for the quiet and retirement as much as for the fishing. He had noticed me once or twice from the window of his room at the inn. He asked if I was not the vicar's daughter.

I set him right. I told him that the vicar had married my mother's sister, and that the two had been father and mother to me since the death of my parents. He asked if he might venture to call on Doctor Starkweather the next day; mentioning the name of a friend of his with whom he believed the vicar to be acquainted. I invited him to visit us, as if it had been my house; I was spell-bound, under his eyes and under his voice. I had fancied, honestly fancied, myself to have been in love, often and often before this time. Never, in no other man's company, had I felt as I now felt in the presence of *this* man. Night seemed to fall suddenly over the evening landscape when he left me. I leaned against the Vicarage gate. I could not breathe, I could not think; my heart fluttered as if it would fly out of my bosom—and all this for a stranger! I burnt with shame: but oh, in spite of it all, I was so happy!

And now, when the little more than a few weeks had passed since that first meeting, I had him by my side; he was mine for life! I lifted my head from his bosom to look at him. I was like a child with a new toy—I wanted to make sure that he was really my own.

He never noticed the action: he never moved in his corner of the carriage. Was he deep in his own thoughts? and were they thoughts of Me?

I laid down my head again softly, so as not to disturb him. My thoughts wandered backward once more, and showed me another picture in the golden gallery of the past.

The garden at the Vicarage formed the new scene. The time was night. We had met together in secret. We were walking slowly to and fro, out of sight of the house; now in the shadowy paths of the shrubbery, now in the lovely moonlight on the open lawn.

We had long since owned our love, and devoted our lives to each other. Already our interests were one; already we shared the pleasures and the pains of life. I had gone out to meet him that night with a heavy heart, to seek comfort in his presence, and to find encouragement in his voice. He noticed that I sighed when he first took me in his arms, and he gently turned my head towards the moonlight, to read my trouble in my face. How often he had read my happiness there in the earlier days of our love!

"You bring bad news, my angel," he said, lifting my hair tenderly from my forehead as he spoke. "I see the lines here which tell me of anxiety and distress. I almost wish I loved you less dearly, Valeria."

"Why?"

"I might give you back your freedom. I have only to leave this place, and your uncle would be satisfied, and you would be relieved from all the cares that are pressing on you now."

"Don't speak of it, Eustace! If you want me to forget my cares say you love me more dearly than ever."

He said it in a kiss. We had a moment of exquisite forgetfulness of the hard ways of life—a moment of delicious absorption in each other. I came back to realities, fortified and composed, rewarded for all that I had gone through, ready to go through it all over again for another kiss. Only give a woman love, and there is nothing she will not venture, suffer, and do.

"Have they been raising fresh objections to our marriage?" he asked, as we slowly walked on again.

"No: they have done with objecting. They have remembered at last that I am of age, and that I can choose for myself. They have been pleading with me, Eustace, to give you up. My aunt, whom I thought rather a hard woman, has been crying—for the first time in my experience of her. My uncle, always kind and good to me, has been kinder and better than ever. He has told me that if I persist in becoming your wife I shall not be deserted on my wedding day. Wherever we may marry he will be there to read the service, and my aunt will go to the church with me. But he entreats me to consider seriously what I am doing—to consent to a separation from you for a time—to consult other people on my position towards you, if I am not satisfied with his opinion. Oh, my darling, they are as anxious to part us, as if you were the worst, instead of the best of men!"

"Has anything happened since yesterday to increase their distrust of me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"You remember referring my uncle to a friend of yours and of his?"

"Yes. To Major Fitz-David."

"My uncle has written to Major Fitz-David."

"Why?"

He pronounced that one word in a tone so utterly unlike his natural tone that his voice sounded quite strange to me.

"You won't be angry, Eustache, if I tell you?" I said. "My uncle, as I understood him, had several motives for writing to the Major. One of them was to inquire if he knew your mother's address."

Eustache suddenly stood still.

I paused at the same moment, feeling that I could venture no farther without the risk of offending him.

To speak the truth, his conduct, when he first mentioned our engagement to my uncle, had been (so far as appearances went) a little flighty and strange. The Vicar had naturally questioned him about his family. He had answered that his father was dead; and he had consented, though not very readily, to announce his contemplated marriage to his mother. Informing us that she too lived in the country, he had gone to see her—without more particularly mentioning her address. In two days he had returned to the Vicarage with a very startling message. His mother intended no disrespect to me or my relatives; but she disapproved so absolutely of her son's marriage that she (and the members of her family, who all agreed with her) would refuse to be present at the ceremony, if Mr. Woodville persisted in keeping his engagement with Doctor Starkweather's niece. Being asked to explain this extraordinary communication, Eustache had told us that his mother and his sisters were bent on his marrying another lady, and that they were bitterly mortified and disappointed by his choosing a stranger to the family. The explanation was enough for me; it implied, so far as I was concerned, a compliment to my superior influence over Eustace, which a woman always receives with pleasure. But it failed to satisfy my uncle and my aunt. The Vicar expressed to Mr. Woodville a wish to write to his mother, or to see her, on the subject of her strange message. Eustache obstinately declined to mention his mother's address, on the ground that the Vicar's interference would be utterly useless. My uncle at once drew the conclusion that the mystery about the address indicated something wrong. He refused to favour Mr. Woodville's renewed proposal for my hand; and he wrote the same day to make inquiries of Mr. Woodville's reference, and of his own friend—Major Fitz-David.

Under such circumstances as these, to speak of my uncle's motives was to venture on very delicate ground. Eustace relieved me from further embarrassment by asking a question to which I could easily reply.

"Has your uncle received any answer from Major Fitz-David?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Were you allowed to read it?" His voice sank as he said those words; his face betrayed a sudden anxiety which it pained me to see.

"I have got the answer with me to show you," I said.

He almost snatched the letter out of my hand; he turned his back on me to read it by the light of the moon. The letter was short enough to be soon read. I could have repeated it at the time. I can repeat it now.

"Dear Vicar,—

"Mr. Eustace Woodville is quite correct in stating to you that he is a gentleman by birth and position, and that he inherits (under his deceased father's will) an independent fortune of two thousand a year,

"Always yours,

"Lawrence Fitz-David."

"Can anybody wish for a plainer answer than that?" Eustace asked, handing the letter back to me.

"If *I* had written for information about you," I answered, "it would have been plain enough for me."

"Is it not plain enough for your uncle?"

"No."

"What does he say?"

"Why need you care to know, my darling?"

"I want to know, Valeria. There must be no secret between us in this matter. Did your uncle say anything when he showed you the Major's letter?"

"Yes."

"What was it?"

"My uncle told me that his letter of inquiry filled three pages, and he bade me observe that the Major's answer contained one sentence only. He said, 'I volunteered to go to Major Fitz-David and talk the matter over. You see, he takes no notice of my proposal. I asked him for the address of Mr. Woodville's mother. He passes over my request, as he has passed over my proposal—he studiously confines himself to the shortest possible statement of bare facts. Use your own common sense, Valeria. Isn't this rudeness rather remarkable on the part of a man who is a gentleman by birth and breeding, and who is also a friend of mine?'"

Eustace stopped me there.

"Did you answer your uncle's question?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I only said that I did not understand the Major's conduct."

"And what did your uncle say next? If you love me, Valeria, tell me the truth."

"He used very strong language, Eustace. He is an old man; you must not be offended with him."

"I am not offended. What did he say?"

"He said, 'Mark my words! There is something under the surface in connection with Mr. Woodville, or with his family, to which Major Fitz-David is not at liberty to allude. Properly interpreted, Valeria, that letter is a warning. Show it to Mr. Woodville, and tell him (if you like) what I have just told you——'"

Eustace stopped me again.

"You are sure your uncle said those words?" he asked, scanning my face attentively in the moonlight.

"Quite sure. But I don't say what my uncle says. Pray don't think that!"

He suddenly pressed me to his bosom, and fixed his eyes on mine. His look frightened me.

"Good bye, Valeria!" he said. "Try and think kindly of me, my darling, when you are married to some happier man."

He attempted to leave me. I clung to him in an agony of terror that shook me from head to foot.

"What do you mean?" I asked, as soon as I could speak. "I am yours and yours only. What have I said, what have I done, to deserve those dreadful words?"

"We must part, my angel," he answered, sadly. "The fault is none of yours; the misfortune is all mine. My Valeria! how can you marry a man who is an object of suspicion to your nearest and dearest friends? I have led a dreary life. I have never found in any other woman the sympathy with me, the sweet comfort and companionship, that I find in you. Oh, it is hard to lose you! it is hard to go back again to my unfriended life! I must make the sacrifice, love, for your sake. I know no more why that letter is what it is than you do. Will your uncle believe me? will your friends believe me? One last kiss, Valeria! Forgive me for having loved you—passionately, devotedly loved you. Forgive me, and let me go!"

I held him desperately, recklessly. His eyes put me beside myself; his words filled me with a frenzy of despair.

"Go where you may," I said, "I go with you! Friends—reputation—I care nothing who I lose, or what I lose. Oh, Eustace, I am only a woman—don't madden me! I can't live without you. I must, and will be your wife!" Those wild words were ale I could say before the misery and madness in me forced their way outward in a burst of sobs and tears.

He yielded. He soothed me with his charming voice; he brought me back to myself with his tender caresses. He called the bright heaven above us to witness that he devoted his whole life to me. He vowed—oh, in such solemn, such eloquent words! that his one thought, night and day, should be to prove himself worthy of such love as mine. And had he not nobly redeemed the pledge? Had not the betrothal of that memorable night been followed by the betrothal at the altar, by the vows before God? Ah, what a life was before me! What more than mortal happiness was mine!

Again, I lifted my head from his bosom to taste the dear delight of seeing him by my side—my life, my love, my husband, my own!

Hardly awakened yet from the absorbing memories of the past to the sweet realities of the present, I let my cheek touch his cheek, I whispered to him softly, "Oh, how I love you! how I love you!"

The next instant I started back from him. My heart stood still. I put my hand up to my face. What did I feel on my cheek? (*I* had not been weeping—I was too happy.) What did I feel on my cheek? A tear!

His face was still averted from me. I turned it towards me, with my own hands, by main force.

I looked at him—and saw my husband, on our wedding-day, with his eyes full of tears.

CHAPTER III.

RAMSGATE SANDS.

Eustace succeeded in quieting my alarm. But I can hardly say that he succeeded in satisfying my mind as well.

He had been thinking, he told me, of the contrast between his past and his present life. Bitter remembrances of the years that had gone had risen in his memory, and had filled him with melancholy misgivings of his capacity to make my life with him a happy one. He had asked himself if he had not met me too late—if he was not already a man soured and broken by the disappointments and disenchantments of the past? Doubts such as these, weighing more and more heavily on his mind, had filled his eyes with the tears which I had discovered—tears which he now entreated me, by my love for him, to dismiss from my memory for ever.

I forgave him, comforted him, revived him—but there were moments when the remembrance of what I had seen troubled me in secret, and when I asked myself if I really possessed my husband's full confidence as he possessed mine.

We left the train at Ramsgate.

The favourite watering-place was empty; the season was just over. Our arrangements for the wedding-tour included a cruise to the Mediterranean in a yacht lent to Eustace by a friend. We were both fond of the sea, and we were equally desirous, considering the circumstances under which we had married, of escaping the notice of friends and acquaintances. With this object in view, having celebrated our marriage privately in London, we had decided on instructing the sailing-master of the yacht to join us at Ramsgate. At this port (when the season for visitors was at an end) we could embark far more privately than at the popular yachting stations situated in the Isle of Wight.

Three days passed—days of delicious solitude, of exquisite happiness, never to be forgotten, never to be lived over again, to the end of our lives!

Early on the morning of the fourth day, just before sunrise, a trifling incident happened, which was noticeable, nevertheless, as being strange to me in my experience of myself.

I awoke, suddenly and unaccountably, from a deep and dreamless sleep, with an all-pervading sensation of nervous uneasiness, which I had never felt before. In the old days at the vicarage, my capacity as a sound sleeper had been the subject of many a little harmless joke. From the moment when my head was on the pillow I had never known what it was to wake until the maid knocked at my door. At all seasons and times the long and unterrupted repose of a child was the repose that I enjoyed.

And now I had awakened, without any assignable cause, hours before my usual time. I tried to compose myself to sleep again. The effort was useless. Such a restlessness possessed me that I was not even able to lie still in the bed. My husband was sleeping soundly by my side. In the fear of disturbing him I rose, and put on my dressing-gown and slippers.

I went to the window. The sun was just rising over the calm grey sea. For a while the majestic spectacle before me exercised a tranquillising influence on the irritable condition of my nerves. But ere long the old restlessness returned upon me. I walked slowly to and fro in the room, until I was weary of the monotony of the evercise. I took up a book and laid it aside again. My attention wandered; the author was powerless to recall it. I got on my feet once more, and looked at Eustace, and admired him and loved him in his tranquil sleep. I went back to the window, and wearied of the beautiful morning. I sat down before the glass, and looked at myself. How haggard and worn I was already, through waking before my usual time. I rose again, not knowing what to do next. The confinement to the four walls of the room began to be intolerable to me. I opened the door that led into my husband's dressing-room, and entered it, to try if the change would relieve me.

The first object that I noticed was his dressing-case, open on the toilette table.

I took out the bottles and pots and brushes and combs, the knives and scissors in one department, the writing materials in another. I smelt the perfumes and pomatums; I busily cleaned and dusted the bottles with my handkerchief as I took them out. Little by little I completely emptied the dressing-case. It was lined with blue velvet. In one corner I noticed a tiny slip of loose blue silk. Taking it between my finger and thumb, and drawing it upward, I discovered that there was a false bottom to the case, forming a secret compartment for letters and papers. In my strange condition—capricious, idle, inquisitive—it was an amusement to me to take out the papers, just as I had taken out everything else.

I found some receipted bills, which failed to interest me; some letters, which it is needless to say I laid aside, after looking at the addresses; and under all a photograph, face downwards, with writing on the back of it. I looked at the writing, and saw these words:—

"To my dear son Eustace."

His mother—the woman who had so obstinately and so mercilessly opposed herself to our marriage!

I eagerly turned the photograph, expecting to see a woman with a stern ill-tempered, forbidding countenance. To my surprise the face showed the remains of great beauty; the expression, though remarkably firm, was yet winning, tender, and kind. The grey hair was arranged in rows of little quaint old-fashioned curls on either side of the head, under a plain lace cap. At one corner of the mouth there was a mark, apparently a mole, which added to the characteristic peculiarity of the face. I looked and looked, fixing the portrait thoroughly in my mind. This woman, who had almost insulted me and my relatives, was beyond all doubt or dispute, so far as appearance went, a person possessing unusual attractions—a person whom it would a pleasure and a privilege to know.

I fell into deep thought. The discovery of the photograph quieted me as nothing had quieted me yet.

The striking of a clock downstairs in the hall warned me of the flight of time. I carefully put back all the objects in the dressing-case (beginning with the photograph) exactly as I had found them, and returned to the bed-room. As I looked at my husband still sleeping peacefully, the question forced itself into my mind. What had made that genial, gentle mother of his so sternly bent on parting us; so harshly and pitilessly resolute in asserting her disapproval of our marriage?

Could I put my question openly to Eustace when he woke? No; I was afraid to venture that length. It had been tacitly understood between us that we were not to speak of his mother—and besides, he might be angry if he knew that I had opened the private compartment of his dressing-case.

After breakfast we had news at last of the yacht. The vessel had safely moored in the inner harbour, and the sailing-master was waiting to receive my husband's orders on board.

Eustace hesitated at asking me to accompany him to the yacht. It would be necessary for him to examine the inventory of the vessel, and to decide questions not very interesting to a woman, relating to charts and barometers, provisions and water. He asked me if I would wait for his return. The day was enticingly beautiful, and the tide was on the ebb. I pleaded for a walk on the sands, and the landlady of our lodgings, who happened to be in the room at the time, volunteered to accompany me and take care of me. It was agreed that we should walk as far as we felt inclined in the direction of Broadstairs, and that Eustace should follow and meet us on the sands, after having completed his arrangements on board the yacht.

In half an hour more the landlady and I were out on the beach.

The scene on the fine autumn morning was nothing less than enchanting. The brisk breeze, the brilliant sky, the flashing blue sea, the sunbright cliffs and the tawny sands at their feet, the gliding procession of ships on the great marine highway of the English Channel—it was all so exhilarating, it was all so delightful, that I really believe if I had been by myself I could have danced for joy like a child. The one drawback to my happiness was the landlady's un tiring tongue. She was a forward, good-natured, empty-headed woman, who persisted in talking, whether I listened or not, and who had a habit of perpetually addressing me as "Mrs. Woodville," which I thought a little over-familiar from a person in her position to a person in mine.

We had been out, I should think, more than half an hour, when we overtook a lady walking before us on the beach.

Just as were about to pass the stranger, she took her handkerchief from her pocket, and accidentally drew out with it a letter, which fell, unnoticed by her, on the sand. I was nearest to the letter, and I picked it up and offered it to the lady.

The instant she turned to thank me, I stood rooted to the spot. There was the original of the photographic portrait in the dressing-case; there was my husband's mother, standing face to face with me. I recognised the quaint little grey curls, the gentle, genial expression, the mole at the corner of the mouth. No mistake was possible. His mother herself!

The old lady naturally enough mistook my confusion for shyness. With perfect tact and kindness she entered into conversation with me. In another minute I was walking side by side with the woman who had sternly repudiated me as a member of her family; feeling, I own, terribly discomposed, and not knowing in the least whether I ought or ought not to assume the responsibility, in my husband's absence, of telling her who I was.

In another minute my familiar landlady, walking on the other side of my mother-in-law, desided the question for me. I happened to say that I supposed we must by that time be near the end of our walk, the little watering-place called Broadstairs. "Oh, no, Mrs. Woodville," cried the irrepressible woman, calling me by my name, as usual, "nothing like so near as you think!"

I looked with a beating heart at the old lady.

To my unutterable amazement not the faintest gleam of recognition appeared in her face. Old Mrs. Woodvillle went on talking to young Mrs. Woodville just as composedly as if she had never heard her own name before in her life.

My face and manner must have betrayed something of the agitation that I was suffering. Happening to look at me at the end of her next sentence, the old lady started, and said in her kindly way:

"I am afraid you have over-exerted yourself. You are very pale—you are looking quite exhausted, Come and sit down here; let me lend you my smelling-bottle."

I followed her quite helplessly to the base of the cliff. Some fragments of chalk offered us a seat. I vaguely heard the voluble landlady's expressions of sympathy and regret; I mechanically took the smelling-bottle which my husband's mother offered to me, after hearing my name, as an act of kindness to a stranger.

If I had only had myself to care for, I believe I should have provoked an explanation on the spot. But I had Eustace to think of. I was entirely ignorant of the relations, hostile or friendly, which existed between his mother and himself. What could I do?

In the meantime the old lady was still speaking to me with the most considerate sympathy. She, too, was fatigued, she said. She had passed a weary night at the bedside of a near relative, staying at Ramsgate. Only the day before she had received a telegram announcing that one of her sisters was seriously ill. She was herself, thank God, still active and strong, and she had thought it her duty to start at once for Ramsgate. Towards the morning the state of the patient had improved. "The doctor assures me, ma'am, that there is no immediate danger; and I thought it might revive me, after my long night at the bedside, if I took a little walk on the beach."

I heard the words—I understood what they meant—but I was still too bewildered and too intimidated by my extraordinary position to be able to continue the conversation. The landlady had a sensible suggestion to make; the landlady was the next person who spoke.

"Here is a gentleman coming," she said to me, pointing in the direction of Ramsgate. "You can never walk back. Shall we ask him to send a chaise from Broadstairs to the gap in the cliff?"

The gentleman advanced a little nearer.

The landlady and I recognised him at the same moment. It was Eustace coming to meet us, as we had arranged. The irrepressible landlady gave the freest expression to her feelings. "Oh, Mrs. Woodville, ain't it lucky? Here is Mr. Woodville himself."

Once more I looked at my mother-in-law. Once more the name failed to produce the slightest effect on her. Her sight was not so keen as ours; she had not recognised the son yet. *He* had young eyes like us, and he recognised his mother. For a moment he stopped like a man thunderstruck. Then he came on, his ruddy face white with suppressed emotion, his eyes fixed on his mother.

"You here!" he said to her.

"How do you do, Eustace?" she quietly rejoined. "Have *you* heard of your aunt's illness, too? Did you know she was staying at Ramsgate?"

He made no answer. The landlady, drawing the inevitable inference from the words that she had just heard, looked from me to my mother-in-law in a state of amazement which paralysed *her* tongue. I waited, with my eyes on my husband, to see what he would do. If he had delayed acknowledging me another moment, the whole future course of my life might have been altered—I should have despised him.

He did *not* delay. He came to my side and took my hand.

"Do you know who this is?" he said to his mother.

She answered, looking at me with a courteous bend of the head.

"A lady I met on the beach, Eustace, who kindly restored to me a letter that I had drop-

ped. I think I heard the name" (she turned to the landlady)—"Mrs. Woodville, was it not?"

My husband's fingers unconsciously closed on my hand with a grasp that hurt me. He set his mother right, it is only just to say, without one cowardly moment of hesitation.

"Mother," said he to her very quietly, "this lady is my wife."

She had hitherto kept her seat. She now rose slowly, and faced her son in silence. The first expression of surprise passed from her face. It was succeeded by the most terrible look of mingled indignation and contempt that I ever saw in a woman's eyes.

"I pity your wife," she said.

With those words, and no more, lifting her hand she waved him back from her, and went on her way again, as we had first found her, alone.

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE WAY HOME

Left by ourselves, there was a moment of silence amongst us. Eustace spoke first.

"Are you able to walk back?" he said to me. "Or shall we go on to Broadstairs, and return to Ramsgate by the railway?"

He put those questions as composedly, so far as his manner was concerned, as if nothing remarkable had happened. But his eyes and his lips betrayed him. They told me that he was suffering keenly in secret. The extraordinary scene that had just passed, far from depriving me of the last remains of my courage, had strung up my nerves and restored my self-possession. I must have been more or less than woman if my self-respect had not been wounded, if my curiosity had not been wrought to the highest pitch, by the extraordinary conduct of my husband's mother when Eustace presented me to her. What was the secret of her despising him, and pitying me? Were was the explanation of her incomprehensible apathy when my name was twice pronounced in her hearing? Why had she left us, as if the bare idea of remaining in our company was abhorrent to her? The foremost interest of my life was now the interest of penetrating these mysteries. Walk? I was in such a fever of expectation that I felt as if I could have walked to the world's end, if I could only keep my husband by my side, and question him on the way!

"I am quite recovered," I said. "Let us go back, as we came, on foot."

Eustace glanced at the landlady. The landlady understood him.

"I won't intrude my company on you, sir," she said sharply. "I have some business to do at Broadstairs—and, now I am so near, I may as well go on. Good morning, Mrs. Woodville."

She laid a marked emphasis on my name; and she added one significant look at parting, which (in the pre-occupied state of my mind at that moment) I entirely failed to comprehend. There was neither time nor opportunity to ask her what she meant. With a stiff little bow, addressed to Eustace, she left us as his mother had left us; taking the way to Broadstairs, and walking rapidly.

At last, we were alone.

I lost no time in beginning my inquiries; I wasted no words in prefatory phrases. In the plainest terms, I put the questions to him:

"What does your mother's conduct mean?"

Instead of answering, he burst into a fit of laughter—loud, coarse, hard laughter, so utterly unlike any sound I had ever yet heard issue from his lips, so strangely and shockingly foreign to his character as *I* understood it, that I stood still on the sands, and openly remonstrated with him.

"Eustace! you are not like yourself," I said. "You almost frighten me."

He took no notice. He seemed to be pursuing some pleasant train of thought just started in his mind.

"So like my mother!" he exclaimed, with the air of a man who felt irresistibly diverted by some humorous idea of his own. "Tell me all about it, Valeria!"

"Tell *you*?" I repeated. "After what has happened, surely it is your duty to enlighten *me*."

"You don't see the joke?" he said.

"I not only fail to see the joke," I rejoined, "I see something in your mother's language and your mother's behaviour, which justifies me in asking you for a serious explanation."

"My dear Valeria! if you understood my mother as well as I do, a serious explanation of her conduct would be the last thing in the world that you would expect from me. The idea of taking my mother seriously!" He burst out laughing again. "My darling! you don't know how you amuse me."

It was all forced; it was all unnatural. He, the most delicate, the most refined of men—a gentleman in the highest sense of the world—was coarse and loud and vulgar! My heart sank under a sudden sense of misgiving which, with all my love for him, it was impossible to resist. In unutterable distress and alarm I asked myself: "Is my husband beginning to deceive me? is he acting a part, and acting it badly, before we have been married a week?"

I set myself to win his confidence in a new way. He was evidently determined to force his own point of view on me. I determined, on my side, to accept his point of view.

"You tell me I don't understand your mother," I said gently. "Will you help me to understand her?"

"It is not easy to help you to understand a woman will doesn't understand herself," he answered. "But I will try. The key to my poor dear mother's character is, one word—Eccentricity."

If he had picked out the most inappropriate word in the whole Dictionary to describe the lady whom I had met on the beach, "Eccentricity" would have been that word. A child who had seen what I saw, who had heard what I heard, would have discovered that he was trifling — grossly, recklessly trifling — with the truth.

"Bear in mind what I have said," he proceeded; "and, if you want to understand my mother, do what I asked you to do a minute since—tell me all about it. How came you to speak to her, to begin with?"

"Your mother told you, Eustace. I was walking just behind her, when she dropped a letter by accident—"

"No accident," he interposed. "The letter was dropped on purpose."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "Why should your mother drop the letter on purpose?"

"Use the key to her character, my dear. Eccentricity! My mother's odd way of making acquaintance with you."

"Making acquaintance with me? I have just told you that I was walking behind her. She could not have known of the existence of such a person as myself until I spoke to her first."

"So you suppose, Valeria."

"I am certain of it."

"Pardon me—you don't know my mother as I do."

I began to lose all patience with him.

"Do you mean to tell me," I said, "that your mother was out on the sands to-day for the express purpose of making acquaintance with Me?"

"I have not the slightest doubt of it," he answered coolly.

"Why she didn't even recognise my name!" I burst out. "Twice over, the landlady called me Mrs. Woodville in your mother's hearing—and, twice over, I declare to you on my word of honour, it failed to produce the slightest impression on her. She looked, and acted, as if she had never heard her own name before in her life."

"'Acted' is the right word," he said, just as composedly as before. "The women on the stage are not the only women who can act. My mother's object was to make herself thoroughly acquainted with you, and to throw you off your guard by speaking in the character of a stranger. It is exactly like her to take that roundabout way of satisfying her curiosity about a daughter-in-law she disapproves of. If I had not joined you when I did, you would have been examined and cross-examined about yourself and about me; and you would innocently have answered under the impression that you were speaking to a chance acquaintance. There is my mother all over! She is your enemy, remember—not your friend: she is not in search of your merits but of your faults. And you wonder why no impression was produced on her when she heard you addressed by your name! Poor innocent! I can tell you this—you only discovered my mother in her own character, when I put an end to the mystification by presenting you to each other. You saw how angry she was; and now you know why."

I let him go on without saying a word. I listened—oh, with such a heavy heart! with such a crushing sense of disenchantment and despair! The idol of my worship; the companion, guide, protector of my life—had he fallen so low? could he stoop to such shameless prevarications as this?

Was there one word of truth in all that he had said to me? Yes! If I had not discovered his mother's portrait, it was certainly true that I should not have known, not even have vaguely suspected, who she really was. Apart from this, the rest was lying; clumsy lying which said one thing at least for him, that he was not accustomed to falsehood and deceit. Good Heavens—if my husband was to be believed, his mother must have tracked us to London; tracked us to the church; tracked us to the railway station; tracked us to Ramsgate! To a sert that she knew me by sight as the wife of Eustace, and that she had waited on the sands, and dropped her letter for the express purpose of making acquaintance with me, was also to assert every one of these monstrous improbabilities to be facts that had actually happened!

I could say no more. I walked by his side in silence, feeling the miserable conviction that there was an abyss in the shape of a family secret between my husband and me. In the spirit, if not in the body, we were separated—after a married life of barely four days!

"Valeria," he asked, "have you nothing to say to me?"

"Nothing."

"Are you not satisfied with my explanation?"

I detected a slight tremor in his voice as he put that question. The tone was, for the first time since we had spoken together, a tone that my experience associated with him in certain moods of his which I had already learnt to know well. Among the hundred thousand mysterious influences which a man exercises over the woman who loves him, I doubt if there is any more irresistible to her than the influence of his voice. I am not one of those women who shed tears on the smallest provocation: it is not in my temperament, I suppose. But when I heard that little natural change in his tone, my mind went back (I can't say why) to the happy day when I first owned that I loved him. I burst out crying.

He suddenly stood still, and took me by the hand. He tried to look at me.

I kept my head down and my eyes on the ground. I was ashamed of my weakness and my want of spirit. I was determined not to look at him.

In the silence that followed, he suddenly dropped on his knees at my feet, with a cry of despair that cut through me like a knife.

"Valeria! I am vile—I am false—I am unworthy of you. Don't believe a word of what I have been saying—lies, lies, cowardly contemptible lies! You don't know what I have gone through; you don't know how I have been tortured. Oh, my darling, try not to despise me! I must have been beside myself when I spoke to you as I did. You looked hurt; you looked offended; I didn't know what to do. I wanted to spare you even a moment's pain—I wanted to hush it up, and have done with it. For God's sake don't ask me to tell you any more! My love! my angel! its something between my mother and me; it's nothing that need disturb you, it's nothing to anybody now. I love you, I adore you; my whole heart and soul are yours. Be satisfied with that. Forget was has happened. You shall never see my mother again. We will leave this place to-morrow. We will go away in the yacht. Does it matter where we live, so long as we live for each other? Forgive and forget! Oh, Valeria, Valeria, forgive and forget!"

Unutterable misery was in his face; unutterable misery was in his voice. Remember this. And remember that I loved him.

"It is easy to forgive," I said sadly. "For your sake, Eustace, I will try to forget."

I raised him gently as I spoke. He kissed my hands, with the air of a man who was too humble to venture on any more familiar expression of his gratitude that that. The sense of embrassment between us, as we slowly walked on again, was so unenderable that I actually cast about in my mind for a subject of conversation as if I had been in the company of a stranger! In mercy to *him*, I asked him to tell me about the yacht.

He seized on the subject as a drowning man seizes on the hand that rescues him.

On that one poor little topic of the yacht, he talked, talked, talked, as if his life depended upon his not being silent for an instant on the rest of the way back. To me, it was dreadful to hear him. I could estimate what he was suffering, by the violence which he—ordinary a silent and thoughtful man—was now doing to his true nature and to the prejudices and habits of his life. With the greatest difficulty I preserved my self-control, until we reached the door of our lodgings. There, I was obliged to plead fatigue, and ask him to let me rest for a little while in the solitude of my own room.

"Shall we sail to, morrow?" he called after me suddenly, as I ascended the stairs.

Sail with him to the Mediterranean the next day? Pass weeks and weeks absolutely alone with him, in the narrow limits of a vessel, with his horrible secret parting us in sympathy farther and farther from each other day dy day? I shuddered at the thought of it.

"To-morrow is rather a short notice," I said. "Will you give me a little longer time to prepare for the voyage?"

"Oh, yes—take any time you like," he answered, not (as I thought) very willingly. "While you are resting—there are still one or two little things to be settled—I think I will go back to the yacht. Is there anything I can do for you, Valeria, before I go?"

"Nothing—thank you, Eustace."

He hastened away to the harbour. Was he afraid of his own thoughts, if he was left by himself in the house? Was the company of the sailing-master and the steward better than no company at all?

It was useless to ask. What did I know about him or his thoughts? I locked myself into my room.

CHAPTFR V.

THF LANDLADY'S DISCOVERY

I sat down, and tried to compose my spirits. Now, or never, was the time to decide what it was my duty to my husband and my duty to myself to do next.

The effort was beyond me. Worn out in mind and body alike, I was perfectly incapable of pursuing any regular train of thought. I vaguely felt—if I left things as they were—that I could never hope to remove the shadow which now rested on the married life that had begun so brightly. We might live together, so as to save appearances. But to forget what had happened, or to feel satisfied with my position, was beyond the power of my will. My tranquillity as a woman—perhaps my dearest interests as a wife—depended absolutely on penetrating the mystery of my mother-in-law's conduct, and on discovering the true meaning of the wild words of penitence and self-reproach which my husband had addressed to me on our way home.

So far I could advance towards realising my position—and no farther. When I asked myself what was to be done next, hopeless confusion, maddening doubt, filled my mind, and transformed me into the most listless and helpless of living women.

I gave up the struggle. In dull, stupid, obstinate despair, I threw myself on my bed, and and fell from sheer fatigue into a broken uneasy sleep.

I was awakened by a knock at the door of my room.

Was it my husband? I started to my feet as the idea occured to me. Was some new trial of my patience and my fortitude at hand? Half nervously, half irritably, I asked who was there.

The landlady's voice answered me.

"Can I speak to you for a moment, if you please?"

I opened the door. There is no disguising it—though I loved him so dearly; though I had left home and friends for his sake—it was a relief to me, at the miserable time, to know that Eustace, had not returned to the house.

The landlady came in, and took a seat, without waiting to be invited, close by my side. She was no longer satisfied with merely asserting herself as my equal. Ascending another step on the social ladder, she took her stand on the platform of patronage, and charitably looked down on me as an object of pity.

"I have just returned from Broadstairs," she began. "I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I sincerely regret what has happened?"

I bowed, and said nothing.

"As a gentlewoman myself," proceeded the landlady—"reduced by family misfortunes to let lodgings, but still a gentlewoman—I feel sincere sympathy with you. I will even go farther than that. I will take it on myself to say that I don't blame *you*. No, no. I noticed that you were as much shocked and surprised at your mother-in-law's conduct as I was; and that is saying a great deal, a great deal indeed. However, I have a duty to perform. It is disagreeable, but it is not the less a duty on that account. I am a single woman; not from want of opportunities of changing my condition—I beg you will understand that—but from choice. Situated as I am, I receive only the most respectable persons into my house. There must be no mystery about the positions of *my* lodgers. Mystery in the position of a lodger carries with it—what shall I say? I don't wish to offend you—I will say, a certain Taint. Very well. Now I put it to your own common sense. Can a person in my position be expected to expose herself to—Taint? I make these remarks in a sisterly and Christian spirit. As a lady yourself; I will even go the length of saying a cruelly-used lady, you will I am sure understand——"

I could endure it no longer. I stopped her there.

"I understand," I said, "that you wish to give us notice to quite your lodgings. When do you want us to go?"

The landlady help up a long, lean, red hand, in sorrowful and sisterly protest.

"No," she said. "Not that tone; not those looks. It's natural you should be angry. But do—now do please try and control yourself. I put it to your own common sense (we will say a week for the notice to quit)—why not treat me like a friend? You don't know what a sacrifice, I have made—entirely for your sake."

"You!" I exclaimed. "What sacrifice?"

"What sacrifice?" repeated the landlady. "I have degraded myself as a gentlewoman. I have forfeited my own self-respect." She paused for a moment, and suddenly seized me by the hand, in a perfect frenzy of friendship. "Oh, my dear," cried this intolerable person, "I have discovered everything! A vilain has deceived you. You are no more married than I am!"

I snatched my hand out of hers, and rose angrily from my chair.

"Are you mad?" I asked.

The landlady raised her eyes to the ceiling, with the air of a person who had deserved martyrdom, and who submitted to it cheerfully.

"Yes," she said. "I begin to think I *am* mad—mad to have devoted myself to an ungrateful woman, to a person who doesn't appreciate a sisterly and Christian sacrifice of self. Well! I won't do it again. Heaven forgive me—I won't do it again!"

"Do what again?" I asked.

"Follow your mother-in-law," cried the landlady, suddenly dropping the character of a martyr, and assuming the character of a vixen in its place. "I blush when I think of it. I followed that most respectable person evry step of the way to her own door."

Thus far, my pride had held me up. It sustained me no longer. I dropped back again into my chair, in undisguised dread of what was coming next.

"I gave you a look when I left you on the beach," pursued the landlady; growing louder and louder, and redder and redder as she went on. "A grateful woman would have understood that look. Never mind! I won't do it again. I overtook your mother-in-law at the gap in the cliff. I followed her—oh, how I feel the disgrace of it *now!*—I followed her to the station at Broadstairs. She went back by train to Ramsgate. *I* went back by train to Ramsgate. She walked to her lodgings. *I* walked to her lodgings. Behind her. Like a dog. Oh, the disgrace of it! Providentially as I then thought.—I don't know what to think of it now—the landlord of the house happened to be a friend of of mine, and happened to be at home. We have no secrets from each other, where lodgers are concerned. I am in a position to tell you, madam, what your mother-in-law's name really is. She knows nothing about any such person as Mrs. Woodville, for an excellent reason. Her name is *not* Woodville. Her name (and consequently her son's name) is Macallan. Mrs. Macallan, widow of the late General Macallan. Yes! your husband is *not* your husband. You are neither maid, wife, nor widow. You are worse than nothing, madam—and you leave my house."

I stopped her as she opened the door to go out. She had roused *my* temper by this time. The doubt that she had cast on my marriage was more than mortal resignation could endure.

"Give me Mrs. Macallan's address," I said.

The landlady's anger receded into the background, and the landlady's astonishment appeared in its place.

"You don't mean to tell me you are going to the old lady yourself?" she said.

"Nobody but the old lady can tell me what I want to know," I answered. "Your discovery (as you call it) may be enough for *you*; it is not enough for *me*. How do we know that Mrs. Macallan may not have been twice married? and that her first husband's name may not have been Woodville?"

The landlady's astonishment subsided in its turn, and the landlady's curiosity succeeded as the ruling influence of the moment. Substantially, as I have already said of her, she was a good-natured woman. Her fits of temper (as is usual with good-natured people) were of the hot and the short-lived sort; easily roused and easily appeased.

"I never thought of that," she said. "Look here! if I give you the address, will you promise to tell me all about it when you come back?"

I gave the required promise, and received the address in return.

"No malice," said the landlady, suddenly resuming all her old familiarity with me.

"No malice," I answered, with all possible cordiality on my side.

In ten minutes more I was at my mother-in-law's lodgings.

(To be continued.)

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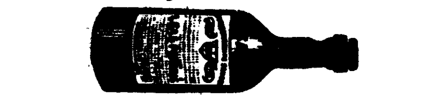

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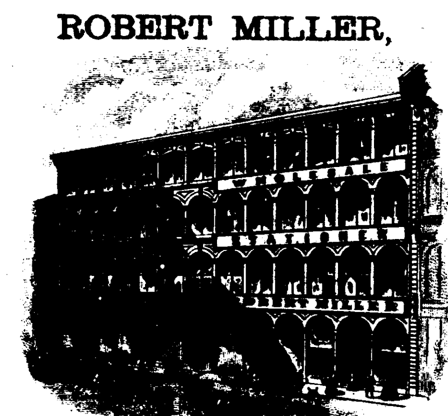

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