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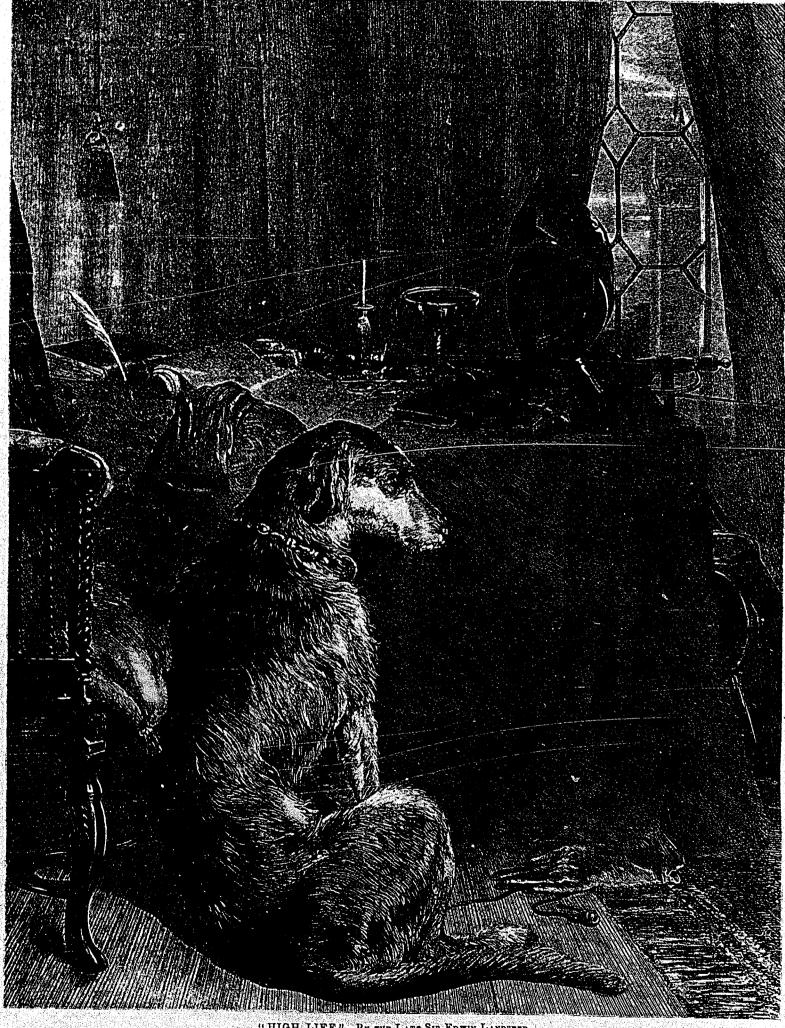
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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1874.

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"HIGH LIFE"-BY THE LATE SIR EDWIN LANDSBER.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APAIL 11, 1874.

THE Minister of Marine and Fisheries has been sent on to assist Mr. Brown in his negotiations for a Reciprocity Treaty with the United States. This circumstance proves either that Mr. Brown requires more information direct from Ottawa prior to further and more definite action, or else that he has committed himself to some policy which it requires a Cabinet Minister either to approve or disapprove. The fact of Mr. Smith being selected to aid in the negotiations likewise points to the conclusion that the vexed question of our fisheries is coming up for discussion and settlement. We are told by the Opposition press that Mr. Brown, whose leanings for the present party now dominant in Washington are well known to date back from the era of the civil war, has made undue concessions to the Americans. This at best can be only a surmise, and we do not credit it. We are particularly sceptical, because the Government must be aware that, considering its antagonistic stand to the Washington Treaty, when in opposition, it cannot afford to relax any of those condi tions which it formerly stigmatised as cowardly surrenderings to American bravado. For ourselves, we are not very sanguine as to the favourable result of the conferences now being held at Washington. It is quite true that among the commercial men of the United States, a feeling in favour of reciprocal relations with Canada has been growing for several years past, and that this feeling has, on several occasions, found expression in resolutions passed by the National Board of Trade. But there is no indication, that we are aware of, which shows the existence of any such sympathy in Congress, and as a matter of fact, the question of Reciprocity has not been discussed in the Senate or House of Representatives for years. The mission of Mr. Brown will, however, not be fruitless in any case. It may even lead to the laying down of the preliminaries of a treaty, the particulars of which will have afterwards to be discussed and acted on by the American Congress and our own Federal Parliament. The Speech from the Throne gave no inkling of the basis on which Mr. Brown was instructed to negotiate. Perhaps the Government has data to work upon which are unknown to the public. If such be the case, we shall only be too glad to welcome the prospect of opening once more the channels of free communication with our neigh-

We should not be surprised if British Columbia made some attempt at secession from the Confederacy. It is perfectly certain that she entered the Canadian union out of pure self-interest, not through any sympathy with Canada. Now that the motive of self-interest may be said to have disappeared, it would only be natural that she should consider herself at liberty to return to her former position and act as best suits her. The British Columbians are shrewd enough to know that the Pacific Railway is indefinitely postponed. The Government may not choose to say so in as many words, and we do not blame them, but in the nature of things, they cannot honestly promise to build the road before the next twenty-five years. Nay Mr. Scott, in a speech at Ottawa, pushed his candor so far as to declare that neither the present government, no r the next, nor yet the next after that, could undertake to construct the Pacific Railway. The British Columbians are shrewd enough to know this, and from the tone of their press, notwithstanding the reassuring pledges of Mr. DeCesmos, it is evident that they comprehend the unreal character of the situation. The Pacific Railway being then put out of the account, it remains to inquire whether any other arrangement may be made which shall satisfy the British Columbians and hold them to the Confederate Compact. Mr. Edgar has been entrusted with a special mission to Victoria, around which the government have thought fit to throw a great deal of mystery. Replying to pointed interpellations on that head, the Prime Min

ister, has refused, in quite peremptory language, to communicate any information. We are quite willing to wait for the issue of the negotiations, if they prove really as important as the mystery which invests them warrants us to presume. It is the business of the present Administration to do its uttermost towards allaying the uneasy feeling now prevalent in British Columbia. Whether or not they are responsible for this feeling, it is idle to inquire. Their plain duty is to maintain the integrity of our Confederation, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In a nascent country such as this, where the national sentiment is only beginning to assume a certain stability, it would require but a slight occasion of discord indeed, to throw us back into the old sectional jealousies of eight years ago. The Pacific Province must be thoroughly pacified, not in a mere mercenary spirit, nor with bare makeshift money indemnities, but with large pledges such as shall convince her that we regard her as necessary to our United existence. The present Government, considering their course when British Columbia claimed admission, are particularly bound to show profound sympathy.

The British press is by no means unanimous in its praise of the issue of the Ashantee war. They complain of mismanagement in the earlier stages of the campaign. Thus the 42nd Regiment was left on the Gold Coast for want of means to transport them into the interior. There they remained at great expense and with much danger to their health, while their services were required at the front. Another ground of complaint is the burning of Coomassie. It is urged that the act was unnecessary, and savours of barbarism. To raze to the ground a city of ten thousand souls does look, prima facie, as a harsh measure. General Wolseley justifies it on the principle of necessity. He declares that he could no longer delay his return to the Coast, owing to the rainy season and the swelling of the floods. Besides, he saw no other way of bringing King Koffee to terms. The plunder of the Royal Palace was not allowed, though there was the usual, and, it seems, inevitable "loet." Neither are the English papers satisfied with the material results of the war. It is true that the Ashantee King promised to pay a large indemnity, but later intelligence hints that, now the troops are gone, he does not consider himself bound to carry out this condition of the treaty of peace. Punch expresses something of the popular feeling by a ludicrous cartoon, in which Sir Garnet Wolseley is represented presenting to Britannia a preposterously large umbrella, the property of Koffee Kalcalli, "It don't look much, madam," says the General, "but it has cost good money and better lives." When the cost of the expedition will be discussed in Parliament, we may expect the whole subject to be again canvassed, and perhaps more light in justification thrown upon the war. So far as Sir Garnet Wolseley is personally concerned, it seems admitted that he did the best that could be done under the circumstances. The treachery of his savage foes made his position one of peculiar difficulty; and this was enhanced by the unreliable character of his native allies. He had therefore to cast aside all conventional rules of action, and trust to his own inspirations. The abnormally insalubrious climate enforced celerity, and thus Sir Garnet had no room for humanitarian half measures. He was ably seconded by Lord Gifford, who distinguished himself in the highest degree. Captain Butler, well-known among us, likewise received the official commendation of his Commander for efficient services rendered in a subsidiary expedition, on one of the wings of the invading army.

It is to be hoped that the financial question arising out of an inevitable remodelling of the Tariff will be taken up without delay by the House. The reason of this urgency is twofold. First, as we are on the eve of the opening of navigation, and our shipping to and fro will be crowding to the different ports of the Dominion, it would be only consulting the good of trade to set the minds of importers and exporters at rest concerning any modification necessary to be introduced into their different lines of business. In the next place, if we are really to have improved trade relations with the United States-whether the shape of a definitive Reciprocity Treaty, or som thing equivalent thereto-it must strike every one as of the highest importance that our Tariff should be fixed on a firm and intelligible basis. No doubt the various interests of trades and manufactures will render the proper adjustment of details a lengthy operation, but there is no reason, at least that we can see at present, why a general basis of action should not be determined on at once. One thing the Finance Minister can rely upon, and that is, that he will meet with hearty cooperation throughout the country, without political distinction, in any measure which shall point to rapid and decisive treatment of this vital question. With his hands thus strengthened, Mr. Cartwright can have no legitimate excuse for hesitation.

FROM THE CAPITAL.

BLACK ROD.—ELECTION OF A NEW SPEAKER.—MOSS OF WEST TORONTO.—SIR JOHN.—OLD FACES GONE —THE RIEL EPISODE. Young Men in Parliament.—Speaking French.

OTTAWA, APRIL 6.—I need not rehearse the ceremonial of the opening of Parliament, It is sufficiently well-known and, this year, did not vary from the old forms. I may remark, however, that the ridicule which has always attached to them, in a more or less marked degree, was made particularly manifest this year. It is grotesque in the extreme, this retention of feudal display, and as to the antics of the Black Rod, if the present Government of reform were to prohibit them hereafter, it would meet with the approbation of everybody in Ottawa. Mr. Kimber is a very excellent man; indeed, he is a man of culture and it is therefore pitiable that he should be forced to go through such a series of tomfooleries as pertain to his office. The civil service men tell me, however, that the old gentleman is fond of the business and prides himself on putting extra touches to it. In deference to this amiable weakness, Mr. Mackenzie may perhaps be induced to postpone the suppression of the office, till after the superannuation of Mr Kimber. This year, in honour doubtless of the new Ministry and Parliament, Black Rod wore a spank new coat which was literally covered with gold. In this the cut a stunning figure, to the unbounded amusement of the girls in the gallery.

The election of Mr. Anglin to the speakership was a foregone conclusion. As he could not possibly get a seat in the Cabinet, it was necessary, in deference to his position as an Irish Catholic, that he should be pro noted to the next highest office in the gift of the majority. I have heard some French members grumble that the honour was not conferred on one of their nationality. This, however, is not reasonable, as the two preceding Presidents of the Senate were French Canadians. What they might complain of with more reason is the fact that the present Speaker does not know one word of French. As the members must always address the Chair, and are presumed to ignore the rest of the House altogether, it struck me as the height of absurdity to see Mr. Laurier, second it of the Address, expending his glowing eloquence on Mr. Anglin

who sat as immoveable as a stone statue.

Writing of the member for Arthabaska reminds me of Mr. Moss, who moved the Address. The entrance of this gentleman into Parliament looks like an acquisition. He is evidently a man of information and has a certain fluency of speech which will be certain to draw him frequently into debate. Perhaps Mr. Moss would have done himself a service if he had declined the honour of moving the Address. I have a notion, from what I think I know of his character, that it would have been better for him to have remained in the background for several weeks. A man inclined to be self-assertive ought to choose his opportunities to give out his views, and those opportunities should be infrequent.

Sir John A. Macdonald has surprised his enemies, which is saying a great deal. They all expected and possibly hoped that he would be spiteful, snappish and vindictive. Inst of that he is as smooth as oil and as sweet as honey. S.tting muffled in a large red scarf, on account of a cold, he attracts the attention of every one who comes into the House. He is pointed out to visitors as a kind of central figure. He is evidently suffering from rheumatic cold, at present, but I fancy it is nothing serious. His voice is good, his language flows free, and there are scintillations of the old playful spirit still flashing out occasionally. If his party has any sense left, it will stick to him as leader.

The benches around Sir John tell plainly the havoc of the late elections. The broad, handsome face of Tilley has disappeared. The bent white head of Sir Francis is gone. The serene, solid Langevin has vacated his old seat. O'Connor is missed, though not on account of his beauty. The lounging, sprawling, easy-going Pope is away in Europe and will perhaps not return before the end of the session. There remain only Mitchell, Tupper and Robitaille, the Adonis of

the House.

The Riel episode has been miserably overdone. The excitement over it is entirely factitious, gotten up by a few restless spirits. I presume to say that if the ex-President of Assiniboia had been left to take his seat without hindrance, the real solution of his singularly vexed case would have been reached already. It is not that the people of Ontario are any less incensed against him than they were four years ago, but they have no intention now, as they probably had then, of taking the law into their own hand. One thing is certain and it is that the government is seriously embarrassed by the untoward event. The French Liberals would have consuited their own best interests by persuading Riel to keep away altogether from Ottawa.

There are fewer young men in the House than is good for it. The most of these are from your Province. They look rather romantic and dandified, enjoying their high estate with illconcealed delight But judging from the conversation of most of th m, they do not speak English with any ease. This is so serious a deficiency that it may be said to counterbalance all the other good qualities which these young men may possess. French is useless in Parliament. There is no use arguing about it. It is a fact F or a Quebec constituency to send a member up here who knows no English is simply to suffer itself to remain unrepresented.

From present appearances, I am inclined to think that we shall have a long and laborious session. It will probably be stormy at times, and perhaps will produce results on the present composition of the House which will surprise a good many people.

"HARASSING LEGISLATION."

To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Sin,-The above quotation, from Mr. Disraeli's late address to his constituents is an expression seldom surpassed in significance by statesmen. The idea is doubtless the result of great historical research, and describes a political evil to hich popular governments are and have ever been exposed. "Harassing Legislation" is the sure forerunner of despotism, or anarchy which is still worse. The greatest danger often exists where no danger at all is apprehended. The abuse of free institutions may result in something just as bad as des-

Judging from the result of the late general election in England, the significance of the term has not been overlooked

There is a class of persons in whose hands legislation seems a mere toy. Passing, amending, and repealing laws is their only idea of statesmanship. Imitation is the only faculty in which they appear to excel. They must have their names identified with some measure, good or bad, even though it would last no longer than the next session.

Through much legislation laws may, and often do, become

so complicated that, right or wrong, litigation is ruinous to all except the rich. Of course nothing can "harass" the courts of law so long as they get their fees, but it is different with the great mass of the people, who have neither money to squander, nor time to study law, and want to get their cases decided as cheaply and expeditiously as possible. This kind of legislation is carried a great length in the States. Hence we hear of judges setting aside the decisions of courts repeatedly. Now, the courts must decide according to some law, and the decision must be set aside by some other law, which proves the existence of conflicting and "harassing legislation."

Laws are passed and amended so frequently that people fail to keep track of them till their effects become intolerable. Perhaps, nothing is more conductive to the growth of despotism than "harassing legislation." Making, amending, and repealing laws has become so common that nearly every thing proposed is allowed to pass under the pretence of giving it a trial. This is a great error, for when people get into this mood of thinking they are triding seriously with their liberties. If I am asked to believe that a thistle tran planted into my garden will immediately begin to bear strawberries, should I try the exp-riment, intending to dig it up and cast it out in case of failure? Now, it may not be so easy as imagined to dig it up and throw it away. The roots of evil principles, like evil plants, often strike deep, and the seeds scatter far in a short time. When the time for digging up anyting proposed intention begins to plant for delay and another arrives procrastination begins to plead for delay and another chance. Thus it goes on till the evil which it was supposed could be nipped so easily becomes unmanageable. Every wrong move produces new complications. It adds to the difficulties and bewilderment of those who are striving to get to the root of evils and discover remedies for them.

Those who recommend experiments, in legislation, should Those who recommend experiments, in registation, should consider these facts. And especially, members of parliament who draw pay from the public chest should see that their services are productive of something more substantial, to the public, than mere experiments. Making a plaything of the legislative power is sure to bring it into contempt. If a law fails to answer the purpose telerably well society is better fails to answer the purpose, tolerably well, society is better off without it altogether. A wholesome public opinion is much better than lame laws. We have some laws of this kind, on our statute books already, and are likely to soon have

Notwithstanding this there are some continually recommending changes. Changes are in their opinion the only of progress. Hence their constant appeal is " tickle and entertain us or we die." If a long list of measures is not foreshadowed in the Speech from the Throne, and along list of Acts receive the Royal assent at the close of the session it is thought that no good has been done. As "eternal vigilance" is aptly called "the price of liberty," so "harassing legislation" might be considered its death.

Changes of government are usually productive of this sort of legislation, for at each change ministers are likely to set themselves to undo or outdo the acts or exploits of their predecessors. The liberty of the people is in more danger by the attempt to outdo than to undo; for in this manner, measures, already carried to an extreme are likely to be carried still further.

Experiments in legislation are also objectionable for other reasons. After a law is passed, unless it is really oppressive to some party, no effective demand is likely to be made for its repeal. Hence, it is allowed to remain, either a dead letter, or an ever increasing evil, till it creates sufficient opposition to cause its removal. In this manner, laws which lie a long time as dead letters sometimes defeat the ends of justice. On the other hand, in their early stages, their evil effects, though not sufficient to cause their repeal, may have pressed with considerable severity on some.

A people may be harassed by legislation, "Till tired and undetermined to the last they yield and what comes then is master of the field."

It was legislation of the kind which paved the way for the usurpations of Marius, Sylla and Cazar. Yours truly, W. DEWART.

Fenelon Falls.

Keligious.

It is said that Mr. Lowe at a dinner at Mr. Cardwell's just before the Ministerial resignation, obtained leave to say grace, which he did as follows: " Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." The Rock says that for once it will adopt the Romish formula, and add "R. I. P." but cautions its readers that the letters must be read as three Latin words, not as one English.

Elder Jacob Knapp, well known throughout the country as a revival preacher, died a few days since at Rockford, Illinois, as the age of seventy-four. He was brought up an Episcopalian, but became a Baptist, and preached as an Independent itinerant, preferring Baptist churches where they would receive him. He estimated that over 100,000 persons had been

and students for Holy Orders at the Chapter House of St. Pauls. He exhorted them never to neglect pulpit preparation, and when in the pulpit to speak plainly, not to preach before people, nor at people, but to them, with direct pointed application, calling a spade a spade.

Rumour is still busy with the names of the new cardinals to be appointed at the next Papal Consistory. We present the list as report has shaped it. The fortunate prelates are, Monsignori Pacca, the major-domo of the Pope's household; De Mérede, Papal Almoner; Vitelleschi, secretary of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars; Simeoni, secretary of the Propaganda, and probable successor of Cardinal Barnabo, its late head, whose death is just recorded Bartholini, secretary of the Congregation of Rites; and Giannelli, secretary of the Congregation of the Council, together Rumour is still busy with the names of the new cardinals

with the Archbishops of Westminster and Malines. It will ful analysis of Stephen's "Liberty, Equality and Fraterbe seen that the Pope is likely to provide well for his own

The Empress of Russia has just presented to the Rev. Father Hatherly, of the English-speaking Greek Church, Wolverhampton, a handsome donation of money and a piece of altar plate, with the request, written inside the gilt silver margin, "Pray for the rest and peace of the soul of the Emperor Nicholas." He has also just received from the Greek Consulate at St. Petersburg some "sacred vases," a complete massive set of altar furniture, and a set of priestly vestments as recognitions of his services.

As many people, remarks the Leisure Hour, seem to think that Bismarck, in the conflict with the Papacy, is acting against the principles of toleration, his own explanation should be accepted:—" I acknowledge it as my duty to respect the dogmas of the Catholic Church as dogmas, and I have never interfered with anybody for believing in them. But, if the Infallibility dogma is so interpreted as to lead to the establishment of an ecclesiastical imperium in imperio, if it occasions the setting aside of the laws of this country, because unapproved by the Vatican, I am naturally driven to assert the legitimate supremacy of the State. We Protestants are under the conviction that the kingdom of Prussia ought not to be ruled by the Pope, and we demand that you, the Ultramontane section of the Roman Catholics, respect our convictions, as we do yourse Unfattened. convictions, as we do yours. Unfortunately, however, you are accustomed to complain of oppression whenever not permitted to lord it over others."

The Bishop of Lincoln has recently commented severely upon a certain class of Church advertisements. He says that pastors of the Church of Christ are tempted by the inducements, not of saving souls and promoting the glory of God, but by such allurements as gardens and green-houses, coaches and stables, a comfortable parsonage and well-kept grounds, with a trout-stream and grammar school for the sons, and with the sea not far off for the wife and daughters, and good society and a railway station within a mile, and an in-come of £800 a year; and it is added that the incumbent is seventy-five years of age, and that the population is small, with light duty." Comparing this traffic to that which is carried on at Zanzibar, he says: "We have open slave markets of souls in London. Congregations of immortal beings are publicly put up for auction and are sold to the highest hidder and the clargemen who has bluggly them with bidder, and the clergyman who has bought them—either directly by his own money, or by some clandestine and oblique subterfuge and evasion—comes and presents himself to a bishop for institution, and makes a solemn declaration that he has made no simonical contract, by himself or others, to the best of his knowledge and belief.

Some years ago (says Der Evangelische Botschafter, quoting from the Evangelist), the four chief Church courts of Prussia, Hanover, Saxony, and Wurtemberg summoned ten theologians to undertake the revision of the Lutheran translation of the Bible. An edition of the New Testament has already appeared, in the revised form, at the "Cantein'schen Bibelanstalt," in Halle. For the revision of the Old Testament more labourers were introduced. The First Book of Moses has already appeared, and the whole work has been successful as far as the Book of Isaiah. The course adopted in this important but difficult undertaking is as follows:—Two or three reporters (Berichstatter or Referentem), are appointed for every book of the Bible. One of these writes out all the passages which, in his opinion, required to be altered, and sends them to the others, who communicate with one another in the first place only by letter. They then meet and prepare the report for the conference at Halle. No change is made by the conference conference at Halle. No change is made by the conference unless approved of by two-thirds of the members present. In addition to this every book is subject to a three-fold discussion twice in the conference, after which the decisions are published, and every one has time to make objections and express his views. The opinions, which are sent in from wide circles, are then considered; and after this third discussion the text is finally settled. These arrangements beget confi-dence in the work. Luther's translation has many imperfecdence in the work. Luther's translation has many imperiections, which, although they do not touch any leading matter, nevertheless leave many passages obsoure. He had himself to keep on altering his own translation, which is, on the whole, one deserving of all respect. It is to be hoped this new edition will meet with universal acceptance, especially as the corrections are few, and made only where most ne-

Piterary Aotes.

MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

THE April number of OLD AND New deals vigorously with several live topics, and diversifies its vigor with a good array of stories and verses. Mr. Hale's Introduction discusses a question which is now growing more and more important very day,—the question of political re-organization. He takes no party view, but suggests, as the important points to consider, these five,—cheap transportation, education at the South, harmony of the legislative and executive departments ceive him. He estimated that over 100,000 per one had be enconverted under his ministry.

The Rev. Canon Miller gave lately the first of a series of lectures on preaching to a large assembly of the younger clergy and students for Holy Orders at the Chapter House of St. a good story called "Achsa's Possibilities." There are three poems,—one by Paul H. Hayne, addressed to Mr. Longfellow; a pleasant fancy called "My Bird," by Kate L. Colby; and a satirical description, apparently of some political demagogue, called "The Modern Cleon." Miss Hinckley has another of her graceful descriptions of "Country Sights and Sounds." Mr. Tyrwhitt's useful and spirited "Sketching Club" is continued. Thoughtful readers will be delighted to welcome back Rev. Mr. Martin au, who resumes his series of papers with a powerful and learned discussion of the Romish claim with a powerful and learned discussion of the somish claim of infallibility. An anonymous paper takes a rather fresh view of Mr. Tweed as a colvict, arguing that the old man has a right to be reformed into a good citizen by those who shut him up. There are two short remißiscent papers about Mr. Sumner; a brief additional account of the rescue of the scotch convict Muits, and only one back review at the resc. Scotch convict Muir; and only one book review, -a thought-

The Pann Montely, like Old and New, is distinguished by its serious papers and the practicality of its aims. There is no periodical more welcome to our sanctum than this magasine with its bright blue dress. The "Epitaph of Adonis" is an ambitious poem, which promises well for its author. The articles on "The Law of Partnership," "The Communions of the Old World," and "Workingmen's Clubs and Institutes,"

the Old World," and "Workingmen's Clubs and Institutes," are brief, but very much to the point.

Harper's for April is replete with its usual articles of travel, adventure, and romance. Its stories are "My Mother and I," by the author of John Halifax, and "The Living Link," by the author of the "Dodge Club." An illustrated paper on "Oliver Goldsmith" is worth the price of the number. An account of Carlyle's home is also interesting. General Mc-Clellan publishes the first of a series of papers on army organization which does not strike us as in any way remarkable. ization which does not strike us as in any way remarkable. The "Drawer" is as racy of anecdote as usual.

ST. NICHOLAS is our pet beauty. From the illuminated scarlet cover to the Riddle Box on the last page, it is full of sunshine, birdsong, playfulness and laughter. The engravings sunsine, olrosong, playfulness and laughter. The engravings are simply admirable, and the papers adapted to the wants of the young. Such experienced writers as Ik Mirvel, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, J. T. Trowbridge, Celia Thaxter, and Frank Stockton, to say nothing of the clever editor herself, have contributions to this number. Bound volumes of Sr. Nicholas will be a treasure for every household.

An accident delayed the publication of the LAKESIDE MONTHLY for February, but it has gained the advantage of being printed on a font cast expressly for it, now presenting a very beautiful appearance. This Western periodical has high ambition in yieing with its more ancient rivals of the East, but so far it has done so with success, and the present number is quite in keeping with its predecessors. There is a certain vigour and unconventionality about the papers which savour of the atmosphere in which they are written.

THE GALAXY for April has an uncommonly good list of contributions, including Justin McCarthy, Albert Rhodes, Bayard Taylor, Henry James, Jr., Richard Grant White, Junius Henri Browne, and other well-known writers. The poetical department has contributions from Bayard Taylor, William Winter, and Professor Parsons. The departments of Literature, Science, and Miscellany are well sustained, and the April number, as a whole, is quite up to the usual high standing of the magazine.

In Scribber's the remarkable story of Rebecca Harding Davis, "Earthern Pitchers," is concluded. The conclusion is by no means equal to the opening chapters, yet the tale is one of rare beauty and power. The papers on the "Great South" are continued. The illustrations of the "Ramble in Virginia" are very creditable indeed. The number contains no less than twenty one preserve which are the state of the stat twenty-one papers, which all maintain Scribnes's reputation for thoroughness, variety, and literary finish.

Lippingort is as fresh as ever. The "New Hyperion" leads

us through beautiful scenes, and an illustrated article on Japan and California is full of entertainment. George McDonald's story, "Malcolm," evolves itself gradually as all the psychological studies of this amiable author do. The number contains the usual series of short stories for which Lippincort has a reputation. A critical paper on Walter Savage Landon is very readable and contains new glimpses into the poet's inner

"The Romance of Yseult" is stated to be the name of Mr.

Swinburne's forthcoming poem.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold will write a personal and biographical sketch of the late Shirley Brooks.

Lord Chief Justice Cockburn's work on "Junius" is, it is said,

completed, and will be published in September.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that there has been for some time past a Quarterly Journal of Prophecy.

The National Food Reformer, illustrated, and edited by Amelia

Lewis, is the title of a new forthcoming English penny General Cluseret, the fugitive Communist, is going to contribute a series of letters on the Paris Commune of 1871 to the

Swiss Times. A story by Mr. Black, the author of "A Princess of Thule," will be begun shortly in one of the English magazines. It will be illustrated by Mr. du Maurier.

Several articles on Horace Greeley are said to be forthcoming

several articles on Horace Greeley are said to be forthcoming in the autumn magazines, each author claiming to have known the great journalist better than any living man.

The following telegraphic review of Victor Hugo's new novel was, according to the Rappel, forwarded to the author by the Italian poet Boito: "Milan, the 22nd, 1.55, p.m.—To Victor Hugo: I am at the 192nd page of the 3rd volume. Glory!—Rouro.

A Novel by Victor Hugo, similar to "Ninety-three," is calcualmost as much as a Galife extravaganza. As a rule, however, it well repays its cost, the Misérables having brought in a clear profit of £32,000.

Among Mr. Sumner's valued books is the Bible used by Bun-Among Mr. Sumuer's valued books is the bloic used by bun-yan when he wrote the "Filgrim's Progress," in which is the autograph of Bunyan, while the margin is full of notes also in his handwriting. There is also the manuscript of Burns's "Soyls wha hae wi' Wallace bled," given to Mr. Sumner by an eminent Englishman, to whom it was given by Burns. The manuscript is remarkably noted and plain and is quarefully preserved between is remarkably neat and plain, and is carefully preserved between stiff covers neatly bound.

stiff covers neatly bound.

Messers. Longmans are preparing for publication, in four volumes, 8vo., with portraits from the originals in the possession of the Imperial family, and fac-similes of letters of Napoleon I., Napoleon III., Queen Hortense, &c., "The Life of Napoleon III., derived from State Records, unpublished Family Correspondence, and Personal Testimony," by Blanchard Jerrold. Vol. I. will by published in March, Vol. II. in the autumn, and Vols. III. and IV completing the work in the applies of 1875.

IV., completing the work, in the spring of 1875.

The Academy is authorized to deny the statement of the Athenasum that Mr. Gladstone "has written to Professor Max Muller, and told him that it is his purpose to devote his attention to philology." But there is a rumour in London that Mr. Gladstone has some intention of retiring for a time from public life, and devoting himself to literature, and more particularly to the translation of classical poetry. A trip to the Holy Land is also mentioned among the diversions in which the ex-Premier

contemplates indulging.

A society has been started in the South under the name of the A society has seen seated in the south under the name of the Southern Historical Society, having special reference to securing materials toward a history of the events of the late war, all printed matter procurable having been brought together for this printed matter procurable naving been brought together for this purpose, while a vast amount of manuscript has also been received. One gentleman has furnished a history of the army corps of Northern Virginia of 1,000 pages, while General S. D. Lee has supplied his order-books of the Army of Tennessee. A contract has been made with Trumbull Brothers, of Baltimore, and the soulety and to make the Southern Magazine the organ of the society, and they are to publish twenty pages monthly free of cost

COLONEL KINGSMILL.

Of the many old and tried servants of the Crown in this country who have claims upon the gratitude of the Government there are few who have deserved better than Col. Kingsmill. And yet no man, we venture to say, has been more ungratefully treated by the country for which he has suffered. Sixty-three years continuously has Col. Kingsmill served under the Crown in various capacities, civil and military, and the sole reward he bas hitherto received for this long and faithful service has been an appointment to the Postmastership of Guelph.

The following brief statement of Col. Kingsmill's services will prove of interest. After a careful perusal thereof the reader will be fain to admit that it is not only republics that are uncertaful

grateful.

After a service of 25 years in the regular army, including the Peninsular War, Col. Kings-mill sold out and became a settler in Canada, and was appointed, by Sir John Colborne, the then Governor of Upper Canada, to the office of Collec-tor of Customs at Port Hope, and continued to be so employed, until an order was received from Sir Francis Bond Head dirrecting him to proceed to Toronto, with all the men he could muster, to assist in the suppression of the Rebellion. During that period he raised, organized, drilled and brought into the field, three regiments in succession, the discipline of which was approved of, in a marked manner, by the com-mander of the Forces on the Niagara Frontier. On the close of 'the Rebellion, Col. Kingsmill was appointed, by Sir George Arthur, to the Shrievality of the Niagara District, then containing three counties. During his incumbency of that office he paid unremittent attention to the prisoners under his charge, by constantly visit-



LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM KINGSMILL, OF GUELPH, ONT.

ing, lecturing and Instructing them, which he has reason to know resulted most beneficially in many instances. Many culprits, and more especially incoriates, have thus been made to see the errors of their ways, and in fact restored to society. Col. Kingzmill continued to exercise the duties of Sheriff for the period of twenty-one years, till he found them too laborious for the mind and body, and consequently resigned on receiving his present appointment.

pointment.
Surely it was for the benefit
of such old servants as this that
the Superannuation Fund was
established.

But this is not all. Colonel Kingsmill has also pecuniary claims upon the Government, which, though of long standing—not his fault—are not the less equitable, viz:

on being appointed collector of customs, he built a handsome house, in the vicinity of the harbor, for the purpose of being near his business, and more effeetually discharging his duties. A class of people called "smug-glers," however, caused it to be burnt down, for the obvious reason that it was too near their operations, resulting in a loss of about six hundred pounds to this claimant. The whole of the circumstances of this extremely hard case were brought before Parliament, but remuneration was denied by a majority of only two, and that as it was quite understood at the time, under the apprehension that a precedent might have been established; whereas, in England, the law would have compelled the "Hundreds" to pay the amount thus lost through incendiarism. During the period that Col. Kingsmill filled the office of Sheriff, he had occasion to go over to Buffalo, and while there was, to his great astonishment, arrested under the authority of American laws, for an act perfectly legal, and in fact obligatory, committed in his own country, by



GRAND DUKE ALEXIS. HEREDITARY GRAND DUKE. PRINCE OF WALES. THE CZAR. GRAND DUKE CONSTANTINE. GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS. EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH. GRAND DUKE VLADIMIR. COUNT ANDRASSY.

St. Petersburg —THE CZAR AND HIS GUESTS AT THE REVIEW HELD IN HONOUR OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.



virtue of his office as Sheriff. He-was discharged from custody on giving his own bond to appear, which he did in an evil hour, under the full impression that the Canadian Government would protect its own officials from harm, so long as they continued within the bounds of their duty. The case, however, was allowed to be tried in our courts, and through the power of special pleading a verdict, was obtained against the defendant, who was thus mulcted in a sum of about £600, including costs and expenses. The late Chief Justice Robinson gave s strong opiniou in favour of the defendant, and against the proceedings taken on the other side. When the Colonel was suddenly called upon to assist in quelling the "Outbreaks," he was of necessity obliged to leave his public as well as his private affairs in an unsettled state, which he found on his return had resulted in a severe pecuniary loss. As a notable instance of saving which he effected for the Government, it may be stated that on one occasion, when it was deemed expedient to reorganize the incorporated Militia Force, he was called upon by Sir George Arthur, as an old officer, to provide a plan for its better and less expensive management. That which he submitted was highly approved of by His Excellency, who, in thanking him, was pleased to remark that without at all diminishing the efficiency of the force a large amount of money was saved to the country.

Under all these circumstances, which are placed before the country, in no exaggerated terms, but in words of sobernes

and truth, we cannot for a moment doubt that a considerate Government will not only remunerate his losses but, by an adequate pension, enable him to enjoy that "Otium cum dignitate" to which, as an old and faithful servant, he is fairly and justly entitled.

Mome Motes.

A woman's social club is seriously talked of in New York, and with a fair prospect of early establishment. A number of literary women are engaged in the movement.

The proprietor of a well-known silver establishment in Philadelphia says that housekeepers ruin their silver by washing it in scap-suds, which makes it look like pewter. He recommends soft leather and whiting to be used.

The language of flowers is succeeded in France by the language of rings. A pearl and garnet ring signifies its owner is unhappy; a thin circlet of fine turquoises intimates the fair one's inability to return her lover's sentiments; while a thick, plain gold ring, in the shape of a knot, expresses her willingness to share his fortunes. One in the shape of a gold serpent with a brilliant in his head, indicates the lady's doubts of her lover's sincerity; while her faith and her wish to confide in him always is shown by a ring formed by two clasped hands.

A French writer says: "No hair-dresser, however adroit he may be, can ever arrange the hair as becomingly as one's self. He is always classic, and does always as he has learned to do upon the wax heads with expressionless faces that ornament his shop. He also finds it more convenient and more lucrative to cover the heads that are confided to him with false hir. He draws all the natural hair to the top of the head, and makes it a base for his operations, then he attaches his false chignons and stiff curls, the edifice according as best it may with the expression of the face. All hair without life is devoid of softness, brilliancy, and natural grace."

The first Fashion Journal is said to have appeared in the reign of Louis XVI., and was edited by a lady of rank and title, ha ame de la Mesangère. Our lady readers may like to there, has same de la messangere. Our lady residers may like to hear the names of the most fashionable caps of that epoch. There were the "Gertrude," and "Henry IV." (brave "King Henry of Navarre,") "Fan-Fan," "The Cherry," "The Turnip," "The Pomegranate," "The Sultana," "The Boston," "Philadelphia," "The English Park," "Returned Love," and the Broken thairs." As to the head-dresses their name is "Broken Chaius." As to the head-dresses, their name is legion. There were "windmills," "summer-houses," "gutters," "sheep," "sheepherds," "shepherdesses," "a hunter in a thicket," and for those nautically inclined "a frigate."

The following is a curious inventory of the contents of and it is a curious inventory of the contents of a lady's wardrobe in 1712, with the price of each article: A smeck of cambric holland, three and one-half ells, £2 2s.; Marseilles quilted petticoat, three yards wide and one yard long, £3 6s; a hoop petticoat covered with tab, £2 15s.; a French or Italian silk quilted petticoat, one and one-quarter yards deep and six yards wide, £10; manteau and petticoat of the price of the price of the perturbation of the pertu yards deep and six yards wide, £10; manteau and petticoat of French brocade, £71; French point or Flanders laced head, ruffles, and tucker, £80; English stay, covered with tably, £3; a French necklace, £1 5s; Flanders lace handkerchief, £10; French or Italian flowers for the hair, £2; an Italian fan, £5; English silk stockings, £1; English shoes, £2 10; French girdle, 15s.; a cambric pocket-handkerchief, 10s.; French kid gloves, 2s. 6d.; black French silk à la mode hood, 15s.; black French laced hood, £5 5s.; French embroidered knot and bosom knot, £2 2s.; French garters, £15s.; nockets of Marseilles quilting, £1 5s.; muff. £5 Leghorn, £1 10s.; a beaver and feather for the forest, £3; a riding suit with embroidery of Paris, £47 10s.; three dresses for the masquerade, two from Venice, £36; dress from Paris of green velvet, ∂ la Sultanesse, set with pearls and rubies, £123

A writer on perfumes says: "Any woman, with very little expense, can compose a perfumery enclosing all the natural odors; that is, by gathering them from the fields, the gardens and the woods, and they will have a sweetness and finesse that the most experienced chemists can never give their complicated productions. Ofall the odors the violet is the most fragrant, but unhappily it cannot be distilled; it is, grant, but unhappily it cannot be distilled; it is, however, very well imitated with iris root. The powder of iris possesses a fine and penetrating scent; put in sachels, and shut up in boxes or drawers, it communicates to the object with which it comes in contact a delicious, persistent, and poetic perfume, A little of this powder put upon a brush gives to the hair a real violet odor; it succeeds equally well with laces, and gives to letter-paper a perfume very distingué. This word distingué is not exaggerated, for the perfumes have their peculiar elegance. A true lady will never employ those violent liar elegance. A true lady will never employ those violent perfumes that certain women of gaudy toilets especially adopt.

A woman of bon ton will never choose such essences as patchouli and, above all, musk—that animal perfume so highly appreciated by the Orientals. She will content herself with those essences of flowers that are sold in perfumery. Among the last figure the jasmine, which is obtained very exactly; the rose, fallen a little now into the vulgar domain; the pink the orange, (known under the name of Portugal), the citronelle or garden mint, the bitter almond, the magnolia, and the eucalyptus—that new perfume that evaporates very quickly, leaving only an odor sweet and unhealthy."

Speaking of Senator Stewart's new house in Washington, a correspondent says: "Some idea of the vastness of the house may be gathered from the fact that it takes four tons of coal for every twenty days's fire; and yet, large as it is, there is a flood of sunshine and fresh air all through it. In every room and in each of the halls, which are the distinctive features of the house, there are speaking-tubes and electric bells—these also connecting with the stables. The rooms devoted to the host of servants are wholly separate from the main part of the The dressing-rooms are the loveliest little nooks imaginable; heavy curtains, with delicate lace beneath, drape the windows; marble-lined bath; a corona of gas over the mirror; and side-lights and soft cushions at the foot of the glass, whereon the lady may rest her dainty feet while under her maid's manipulation. Immense closets, with shelves and drawers and pegs enough to accommodate the most extravagant wardrobe, are attached to the chambers, and cedar and linen closets stand convenient to the housekeeper's hand. The dome which surmounts the hall and the smaller one over the vestibule are lit by a corona of gas, forming two rings of solid fire similar to those that quiver around the galleries of the Capitol rotunds. In every room there is a writing-desk —sometimes a rich écritoire, panelled, gilded, and stamped with the monogram of its mistress, "A. F. S.", sometimes an unobtrusive little Davenport. Beyond the mere richness of the furniture no visitor can help noticing the complete fitness of every thing. All that experience and taste could suggest, all that wealth could furnish, are there—not in an experience and taste could suggest, all that wealth could furnish, are there—not in an experience in the could furnish. incongruous jumble, as too often happens, but artistically arranged, appropriately contrasted, and always beautiful."

Our Illustrations.

The late Sir Edwin Landseer's unapproachable genius for the pictorial representation of dog life and character is admirably shown in the pair of companion pictures, "High Life" and "Low Life", belonging to the Vernon Collection at the South Kensington Museum. In the former we see one of the most gentlemanly beasts, so to speak, that the animal creation has to show, namely, the rough-haired or Scottish greyhound, of a pure breed, the worthy retainer of a noble Earl's household in some fine old castle of North Britain. The painter knew such dogs and their masters, and the game they pursued, with the intimate acquaintance of a lifetime passed in constantly enjoying, observing, and depicting their gallant behaviour

The REVIEW at ST. PETERSBURG, which was held by the Czar in honour of his distinguished visitor, the Emperor of Austria, was the last of the series of entertainments that followed the Royal and Imperial marriage. It was attended, as will be seen on reference to the names at the foot of the illustration, by all the celebrities of the Imperial Family.

the celebrities of the Imperial Family.

Two illustrations apropose of the Ashantee War will prove acceptable to our readers. In connection with this subject we reproduce the portrait of the late Captain Huyshe, of the Rifle Brigade, who died of fever and dysentery at Prah-Su on the 19th of January. Captain Huyshe was the only surviving son of the late General Huyshe, C. B., of Guernsey. He entered the 83rd Foot in 1856, and served with that regiment in Central India. Foot in 1856, and served with that regiment in Central India during the Mutiny; but, exchanging into the Rifle Brigade on his promotion, he went with his regiment to Canada in 1866, and, in 1870, volunteered for the Red River Expedition, which he accompanied on the staff of Sir Garnet Wolseley. He published a clever and interesting book, narrating the history of that Expedition, and showing the energy and skill which overcame its difficulties. Captain Huyshe passed into the Staff Column is 1872 and in August last ware when it was determined to lege in 1872, and in August last year, when it was determined to send the expedition to the West Coast, being then in Germany for send the expedition to the West Coast, being then in Germany for the 'purpose of completing his knowledge of the German language, he was invited by Sir Garnet Wolseley to join his staff, and sailed with the head-quarters in the "Ambriz" on Sep. 12. Captain Huyshe was appointed Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General, and was engaged in the bush-fighting which resulted in the retreat of the enemy beyond the Prah, and in missions to the native chiefs. His most valuable service, however, was in the survey of the country between the coast and the Prah, in which work he engaged with the greatest energy and seal, penetrating with a slight native guard into the remote parts of the trating with a slight native guard into the remote parts of the bush, often close to and in the rear of the Ashantee army. The map of the country was compiled under his supervision. Capt. Huyshe was well until a short time before his death; but the mala is had no doubt entered his system long before, and an excur sion into a swampy region brought on the final attack of dysen-tery and fever which resulted in his death after a week's illness He died in his thirty-fifth year, deeply regretted by all who

We give this week two illustrations in connection with the arrival and reception of the DUKE and DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH at Gravesend and Windsor. At the former place the Royal pair were received by the Mayor and his daughter, Miss Bestrice Lake, the Recorder, the Town Clerk, the Bishop of Rochester. Miss Beatrice Lake had the honour of presenting her Imperial Highness with a beautiful bouquet, composed of lilies of the valley, white camellias, sprays of spirses, and maidenhair fern, held in a beautifully-wrought gold handle. The design of the latter is Hymen's torch set with pearls, the arms of Gravesend on one side and those of Kent on the otherside; acorns, oak-leaves, and the rose, shamrock, and thistle were chased upon the holder, on which was the Duchess's monogram, with the words—
"Presented by the Ladies of Gravesend to the Duchess of Edinburgh, March 7, 1874." The bouquet was surrounded with a beautiful garland of Honiton lace, designed and manufactured The bouquet was surrounded with a pressly for the occasion. At Gravesend the Duke and Duch took the train for Windsor, via Waterloo. The carriage in which they travelled was that in which the Shah was conveyed from The meeting with the Queen at the Windsor station is thus described by an English paper:—"The traincame into the station amid the cheers of the company, and her Majesty stepped from the waiting-room to the platform. Close behind her stood the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince and pening ner stood the Frince and Frincess of Wales, Frince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, Princes Leopold, the Duke of Cambridge, and the two eldest boys of the Prince of Wales. The train was skilfully driven, so that the door of the chief saloon carriage came to a stop opposite the door of the Royal waiting-room. It had hardly halted before the Duke of Ediphers humand havetedly out ambraced his mother. Duke of Edinburgh Jumped hurriedly out, embraced his mother,

and turned to assist his young wife. No sooner had the Grand-Duchess set foot on the platform than a glad smile lighted up the features of the Queen, who advanced to meet her, took her in both arms before she could make any courtesy or formal greet ing, and kissed her repeatedly on both cheeks with the warmest affection. This embrace was returned with equal warmth of feeling. When the Queen had thus welcomed her daughter the feeding. When the Queen had thus westerned her daughest the Prince and Princess of Wales kissed the Grand-Duchess. They had lately parted from her in Russia. But Princess Helena, Princess Louise, and Princess Beatrice were sisters now seen for the first time. It was their turn now to salute the Grand-Duchess. rince Leopold took the like privilege, and then the Grand-

the first time. It was their turn now to salute the Grand-Duchess. Prince Leopold took the like privilege, and then the Grand-Duchess, stooping down, gave a hearty embrace to her husband's nephews, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, who held up their cheeks to be kissed, with a childlike wonder and simplicity. Other greetings were exchanged with other members of the Royal Family." The Royal cortége then returned to the Casile. The CHESS CLUB of the Café de la Régence is renowned over the world as the head-quarters of Caissa, and the place where some of the most famous European tournaments were held. In our picture we give the photographs of the most celebrated players engaged in a sixty-four-handed game. The old school is wor hily represented by Hon. M. Devinck, ex-deputy; M. Grevy, late President of the National Assembly, and others who play a game or two every day. Their style is solid, classic, and correct. Standing between the ancient and modern schools is M. Preti, editor of the class journal, La Stratégie, and of a hundred of Paul Morphy's games. His habitual opponent is the Viscount de Vanfreland. In the group may be seen Tourgueneff, the Russian novelist; Lequeane, the renowned scuiptor, whose forte is analysis and the composition of problems; Prince Villafranca; Kolisch, the winner of the international tournament of 1867; Riviere and Joumond, two pillars of French chess; Prince Polignac, Military Attaché at Berlin; Count de l'Eglise, staff officer, and Baron André, captain in the navy, whose play is brilliant and terrible. Chief of all is Rosenthal, who recently performed another of those surprising mental feats for which he is so famous. He played twenty-seven games of chess at once with that number of the best French and foreign chess-players. It so famous. He played twenty-seven games of chess at once with that number of the best French and foreign chess-players. It was stipulated that he should have only one minute for each was stipulated that he should have only one influence of course move, passing along the twenty-seven tables in order. Of course each of his antagonists had time to study his game while Mr. Rosenthal was busy at the other twenty-six table. It is quite unnecessary to point out the mental strain of keeping thus in unnecessary to point out the mental strain of keeping thus in mind so large a number of gam's at once during the time they lasted, which was from nine o'clock at night until two o'clock in the morning. The result was marvellous. Mr. Rosenthal won twenty-three games, three were drawn, and he lost only one, which was gained by a Hungarian player named Rakowski, who thus achieved a victory of which he may well be proud. The twin scenes of the Carrival at Leipzig and the Velocipede Tournament at Magdeburg need no explanation. The latter was held on the Rist Langary.

The latter was held on the 31st January.

PRINCE DAVID KALAKAUA, who hast just been elected King of the Sandwich Islands, is a native chief, and stands first in rank in the kingdom by virtue of his blood. He has been prominent in the political affairs of the islands, and was the rival of the late king after the death of Kamahamaha V. Kalakaua of the late king after the death of Kamehameha V. Kalakaua is a man of education, of better physical stamina than the late king, of good habits, vigorous will, and a strong determination to maintain the independence of the islands, in which he is supported by the people, who are of like mind with him on this

Scraps.

It was recently stated in a public address that there are 12,000

more women than men in the city of New York.

An Aberdeen authoress gives it as an item of domestic felicity that the men of the family should be absent at least six hours

per day. A California paper, having obtained a new subscriber, records the startling fact in a half-column article headed, "Still another! Our course indorsed by the reople.

The Duc de Montpensier has offered to lend fifty-five pictures, valued at 500,000 dols., to the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston for one year, provided the trustees consent to pay the insurance and freight expenses.

A thoughtful Parisian vegetarian has applied to the Government to let out to him the moat of the fortifications round the capital for the purpose of planting it with fruit and vegetables in use of a second sie re.

A map of the moon, the result of the labor of thirty-four years A map of the moon, the result of the isoor of thirty-four years has just been completed by Dr. Schmidt, Professor of Astronomy in the University of Athens. It is two meters in diameter, and is a marvel of accurate mapping and minute delineation. The Rev. Mr. Roberts, an English clergyman, having been dismissed from his curacy for taking a too prominent part in the agricultural labourers' movement, was promptly and generously

agricultural labourers' movement, was promptly and generously appointed to a much more valuable and desirable living by Mr.

Artificial nests have been suspended in many of the trees in the Bois de Vincannes, near Paris, with a view of attracting birds that may prove useful in destroying insects. The attempt was first made last year, with the result of filling about sixty pe

The head of Haydn is in possession of Dr. Rokitanski, of Vienna, and is preserved under a glass cover. The doctor tenderly points out to his victors a slight deficiency in the bony substance of the nasal organ, the seat of disease which gave so much pain to the great composer during the latter part of his

February has been a fortunate month for Mr. Disraeli. On the 27th of that month, in 1852, he first became a cubinet minister and leader of the House of Commons; on the 25th of February, 1858, he again took office; on the 29th of the same month, in 1868, he first became Prime Minister; and on the 21st of February of the present year he again became Premier, with a compact majority to sustain him.

The Hampton coloured singers recently stopped at a hotel in Troy; whereupon the waiters refused to serve them at table. The proprietor informed the boarders of the state of things, and several ladies and gentlemen volunteered their services. The singers remonstrated, saying that some of their own number would serve the table. The boarders, however, performed the would serve the table. kindly offices with great efficiency.

Scientific men will be giad to hear that the Earl of Rosse is about to remodel the smaller of the two celebrated telescopes d by the late Earl, by substitution of a clock apparatus which is intended to move the telescope within a new observa-tory which his lordship has commenced to build. The under-taking will be watched with much interest by astronomers, as it is one long contemplated but never before attempted.

A young man "out in the country" not exactly of the country tried milking a cow, and as he milked he smoked his cigar.
He got on very well, as he believed, until he lowered his head and touched the cow's flank with the lighted end of his weed: The next instant himself and cigar were dreadfully "put out."
The cow introduced about two tons weight into one of her legs, and then passed it under the milker's left jaw. When he ceased whirling around, and myriads of stars had disappeared, he said farming was the hardest work a man could put his hands to.

MNEMOSYNE; • OR, THE RETROSPECT.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Still were the azure fields, thick strewn With stars, and trod by luminous feet; In the low west the wan white Moon Walked in her winding-sheet-Holding her taper up, to see Thy cold fair face, Mnemosyne.

And on that face her lustre fell, Deepening the marble pallor there, While by the stream, and down the dell, Thy slow still feet did fare: Thy maiden thoughts were far from me, Thy lips were still, Mnemosyne!

1 knew thee by a simpler name. Fit for a maid of English birth And though thy beauty put to shame All beauty born of earth, Not till that night could my soul see Thy soul's dark depths, Mnemosyne!

At last thy voice thrilled soft and low-"Oh, blessed be the silent night! It brings strange life of long ago Back to the soul's sad night— It trances sense, and thought is free To tremble through eternity.

"Oh, thinkest thou this life we live, In this strange haunted planet nurst, So mythical, so fugitive, Could be the last? or first?
Nay, I remember!"—Pale stood she,
Fronting the west, Mnemosyne!

The moonlight on her cheek of snow, The starlight in her raven hair, Her eyes in one divine dark glow On heaven, she waited there-"Nay, I remember!" murmured she, The earthly maid Mnemosyne.

And as she spake, it seemed I saw Before me, in the mystic light, That old Greek woman's shape of awe, Large, lustrous-eyed, and white— The twilight goddess, fair to see, With heavenly eyes—Mnemosyne

The haunter of green moonlit tombs,
The reader of old midnight lore,
The glorious walker through God's glooms,
Back looking evermore.
I shook and almost bent the knee, Naming the name, "Mnemosyne!"

" I can remember !--all the day Memory is dark, the past is dead, But when the light orb fades away, And from the void o'erhead Heaven's eyes flash open, I can see That lost life!" said Mnemosyne.

"Before this mortal sphere I trod, I breathed some strange and silvern air : Ay, wandered 'mid the glooms of God,
A living soul, up there; The old lost life comes back to me With starry gleams of memory.

"I can remember !- In a trance, O love, thou didst up-gazing stand, Nor turned from heaven thy lustrous glance, While soft I kissed thy hand. Whispering that mystic name to me, "Mnemosyne! Mnemosyne!"

And all the luminous eyes above Concentred one pale gaze on thine, While warm wild words of earthly love Poured in thine eyes divine, Till, with thy soft lips kissing me, Thy soul saw mine, Mnemosyne!

A sense of that forgotten life Blew on our cheeks like living breath; Lifted above the world's dark strife, Beyond the gates of death, Hand linked in hand, again lived we That starlight life of mystery.

Go by, bright days of golden blooms! She shrinks and darkens in your gleam; Come, starry nights and glistening glooms, And deepen tat sweet dream; Let her remember: let her be Priestess of peace-Mnemosyne.

O child of heaven, the life we live In this strange haunted planet nurst, So mythical, so fugitive, Is not the last, nor first; That lost life was, new life shall be— So keep thy name, "Mnemosyne!"

for Gverybody.

Poetical Quotation.

The line "Tho' lost to sight to mem'ry dear" has been traced at last to Ruthven Jenkyns, and was published in The Greenwich Magazine, for mariners, in 1701.

A French Custom.

A Paris dentist was reported to have hung out a sign on which was inscribed-

> "Teeth extracted Without pain for 2 francs."

To his disgust, no patients made their appearance, and, after enduring the heart-sickness of hope deferred for three months, he added a line to his announcement thus-

"With pain for 1 franc."

To his gratification, he had crowds of patients, but they all preferred to pay the two francs.

Paddy's Berth.

. "While journeying by rail," says a traveller in America.

"I witnessed the following incident. One night, just after I had scrambled into my sleeping-berth, I heard loud and angry voices proceeding from the rear of the car. "I tell you this is voices proceeding from the rear of the ear. I ten you this is a sleeping car, and you can't come in without a ticket.' 'Begors, I had a ticket.' 'Where is it?' 'I've lost it.' 'If you really had the misfortune to lose your ticket, perhaps you can remember your berth.' There was an interval of silence, Paddy evidently employing his thinking powers. 'Och, by jabers!' he exclaimed at length, 'I was born on the twenty-iivth day of October 1838'" sixth day of October, 1838.'"

Young Legislator.

In the House of Commons, just elected, there are a few very young men—Viscount Helmsley, twenty-one years old; Earl De Grey, twenty-two; the Marquis of Stafford, twenty-two; Viscount Macduff, twenty-three. In the House the Duke of Abercorn has three sons, the Duke of Devonshire two sons and a brother, the Duke of Buccleuch two sons, the Duke of Rutland two brothers, the Duke of Richmond a son and a brother, the Dukes of Northumberland, Marlborough, and Argyle each a son, and the Duke of Manchester a brother. As there are but twenty-one dukes in Great Britain, the ducal families may be said to be well represented.

An Historical Shirt.

"It is not generally known," says a relic-hunter, "that in the late fire at the Pantechnicon there was presumably destroyed an interesting relic of King Charles I., in fact a shirt he wore on the day of his execution. Handed down as an heirloom, this historical memento seems to have fond its last resting place in one of the doomed rooms of the Pantechnicon, owing to a difference of opinion amongst some family relatives as to its proper ownership. It was stored there to await 'the issue of events' by litigation or otherwise. The story goes that the ill-fated monarch fearing that any symptom of shiv-ering on his part on the scaffold might be attributed to cow-ardice, held by many to be foreign to his nature, bade his valet array him in two shirts on the fatal morn.

Macready had been advertised for many weeks. star whose advent invariably filled the company with dread on account of his brusque behaviour. Coleman had acted with him previously, and informed the company, a few days before the arrival of the great man, that he was on intimate terms with him, and that Macready thought very highly of his (Coleman's) attainments. On the arrival of the London star, (Coleman's) attainments. On the arrival of the London star, the company, on the tiptoe of expectation, thronged the "wings" and stage to see the greeting between the patron and his protégé. "You remember me?" said Mr. Coleman, going up confidently with outstretched hands. "No, sir," replied Macready, coldly. "Why, I had the honour of playing Iago to your Othello at Bath last year. Do you remember now?" "Remember you, sir! I shall never forget you."

O'dest Timber in the World.

Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to the use of man, is that which is found in the ancient temples of Egypt. It is found in the connection with stone-work which is known to be at least four thousand years old. This wood, and the only wood used in the construction of the temple, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stone to another in its upper service. When two blocks were laid in place, then it appears that an excavation about an inch deep, was made into each block, into which an hour-glass shaped tie was driven. It is therefore very difficult to force any stone from its position. The ties appear to have been the tamerick from its position. The ties appear to have been the tamarisk, or shittim wood, of which the ark was constructed; a sacred tree in ancient Egypt, and now very rarely found in the Valley of the Nile. These dovetailed ties are just as sound now as on the day of their insertion.

Chopines.

High heels for ladies' use are, no new thing. They were introduced under the name of "chopines." in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. "By'r lady," Hamlet says to one of the lady actors, in his play before the King of Denmark, "your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine!" This fashion also came from Italy, and Coryate reports that in his time the chopine was so common that no one could go without it. "It is a thing made of wood," he says, "and covered with leather of sundry celours, some white, some red, some yellow. Many of them are curjously painted; some also of them I have seen fairly gilt. curiously painted; some also of them I have seen fairly gilt. There are many of these chopines of a great height, even half a yard high; and by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her chopines. All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widows that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported either by men or women when they walk abroad, to the end that they may not fall.'

Singular Beinge.

Mr. Darwin's "Missing Link" has at length been found, to judge from the following curious account of dwarfish human beings, said to resemble a race of monkeys, which is given by the Siam Weekly Advertiser :- "On the Island of Burneo has been found a certain race of wild creatures, of which kindred varieties have been discovered in the Philippine Islands, in Terra del Fuego, and in South America. They walk unusually almost erect, on two legs, and in that attitude measure about four feet in height. They construct no habitations, form no families, scarcely associate together, sleep in caves and trees, feed on snakes and vermin, on ants' eggs, and on each other. They cannot be tamed or forced to any labour, and are hunted and shot among the trees like the great gorilla, of which they are a stunted copy. When captured alive one finds with surprise that their uncouth jabbering sounds are like articulate language. They turn up a human face to gaze at their captors, and females show instincts of modesty; in fine, these wretched beings are men and women.'

Clerical Incomes in New York.

The religious denominations in New York have, in the aggregate, 349 churches. The salaries of the ministers in several nstances, in addition to an official residence, range from 600 dollars to 12,000 dollars, but it is right to explain that only sixty receive 5,000 dollars or upwards, while the number receiving over that sum is only thirty, and only ten of the thirty are paid 10,000 dollars or over. Six of these fortunate ten are pastors of Episcopal churches. Twenty Baptist ministers get from 1,000 dollars to 3,000 dollars, ten ministers in the Lutheran Church are paid from 1,000 dollars to 2,500 dollars; forty in the Methodist Church at the same rates;

thirty in the Presbyterian from 1,000 dollars to 3,000 dollars thirty-five in the Episcopal from 1,000 to 2,500 dollars; and ten in the Beformed Dutch from 1,000 dollars to 3,000 dollars. It is stated as safe to say that not more than half the ministers in New York receive salaries of 2,500 dollars, while a very large number do not get more than half this sum. Still, with few exceptions, the ministers of New York are paid at least as liberally as any class of intellectual workers.

The Power of the Press.

The wife of the President of France, Madame M'Mahon, found it impracticable to make her grand charity project a success without the aid of the newspaper men. To give the affair a dashing start, Mr. Debrousse, one of the most opulent press proprietors of Paris, gave her a check for 100,000 francs, and got the editors to meet Mrs. President. She made them a little speech, and forthwith the men of the pen organised subscriptions, and devoted space to publishing the names of persons giving. In a few days money began to pour in, and in a little over a week 275,000 francs were raised for the souphouses. The press does this, although more heavily burdened with taxes than any other industry (each journal pays one-fifth of its value to the state), and yet receives very little credit for it. The walls of Paris were recently covered with notices signed by the Mayor of Paris, saying that Madame M'Mahon had devoted 100,000f, to the release of the mattresses in pawn, and 100,000 more to certain soup-houses which she had founded. Paris is having a charity mania. All the ladies of the haut monde are vicing with each other, and are happy to see their names in the papers as having passed the plate all day long at some public ceremony.

" Put Out a Bit."

A nervous lady, travelling by rail from Kensington to Croydon, during the recent elections, found herself alone in a first-class compartment. Just as the train was leaving, a wild-looking gentleman, with excited eyes jumped in. Presently he began talking aloud, lending emphasis to angry ejacula-tions by vehemently slapping his knees. The fog was dense, and, as a matter of course, no lamp illumined the darkness. Naturally, the lady was much starmed at the strange behaviour of her solitary companion, especially as she had only that morning been told that several escaped lunatics are roving about England. What was to be done? She determined on changing carriages at the first station she came to, but a fear of exciting the madman's suspicion palsied her attempted movement. For a time this continued, the lunatic gesticulating and remonstrating vehemently with some imaginary person. Just when the tension on her nerves was absolutely insupportable the train stopped, and, to her intense relief, the Bedlamite got out. Great was her surprise to see that his ticket was not demanded, whilst the employés touched their hats to him with the most obsequious civility. Calling a guard, she inquired who the strange gentleman was, and why he seemed so excited. "One of our directors, ma'am; and he's put out a bit because the election's goin' against his man."

Henry the Eighth in his Youth.

The Court still wore a festive air; and no one in the Palace gave much thought to either Amboise and his Great Reform, or Catharine and her great appeal. Gentlemen dressed in white, put green branches in their hate, and stood around the butts while Henry fired his bolts. No archer in his guard could bend a stronger bow, nor shoot a greater length, than Catharine's husband. Henry and two companions challenged all the world to stand at barriers, to cast the eight-feet lance, to fight with a two-handed sword. Some knights took up the glove, but Henry and his men received the chief applause. Such deeds delighted soldiers, who desired to see their master give his mind to warlike sports. But he was no less busy and successful in the arts of peace. His day was spent in shooting, singing, casting of the bars, and playing on the flute. An hour was given to wrestling in the morning; another hour was given to setting music in the afternoon. A dance at night was followed by an early mass, in both of which he bore an author's part. For pictures he displayed an early love, and he collected jewellery and armour of the finest workmanship from distant lands. Such tastes were grateful to the Churchmen, who desired to see their master busy with the arts of peace.

Lord Palmerston swayed the House of Commons by his elo-Lord Palmerston swayed the House of Commons by his elo-quence, he attracted it by his presence, and enlightened it by his wit, and kept it in a proper state of mind by his untiring and inexhaustible good humour. He was at once a great statesman, a great political leader, a great judge; a great manager and manipulator of mankind; and all these qualities he used primarily, I am bound to say, fouthe good of whole parties and the whole House, and secondly, no doubt, to the great advantage of that political party which had the im-mense honour and advantage of having him for their leader. I cannot express to you the admiration I felt for the mere in-tellectual and physical power which I have seen Lord Paltellectual and physical power which I have seen Lord Palmerston exert, when I have seen him rise, with more than eighty years on his head, and answer, at two o'clock in the morning, a long and intricate debate—picking out all the topics that required explanation, discarding from the consideration of the House all irrelevant matter, and putting forward in the clearest possible manner that which was important: and that without a single note or having to appeal to any one to assist him or to refresh his memory. But greatly as we all admired Lord Palmerston's intellectual power, there was one thing which we admired even more, and which goes home to every Englishman's mind; that was his extraordinary sense of duty-his indomitable industry and perseverance. Lord Palmerston was the most regular and constant attendant of his Government in the House of Commons. He came at four o'clock four nights weekly, and sat until two o'clock in the morning, never leaving except to take a cup of tea. He was always accessible to everybody and always courteous. No reverse, no taunt, no weight of years, no labour, no exertion that he underwent ever seemed for a moment to disturb his temper or sour his good humour. He had always a courteous word for a friend or a foe, and he never seemed to think it was anything wonderful that he was able at his age to undergo these exertions. Lord Palmerston was not only a great political leader and a great statesman, he was a great Englishman, and his life should be an example to the highest and lowest of us; for whatever duty he undertook he did it, and did it thoroughly. Although he had the society of the whole world at his disposal he never left the House when there was work to be done.

[.] The Greek name of the goddens of Memory.

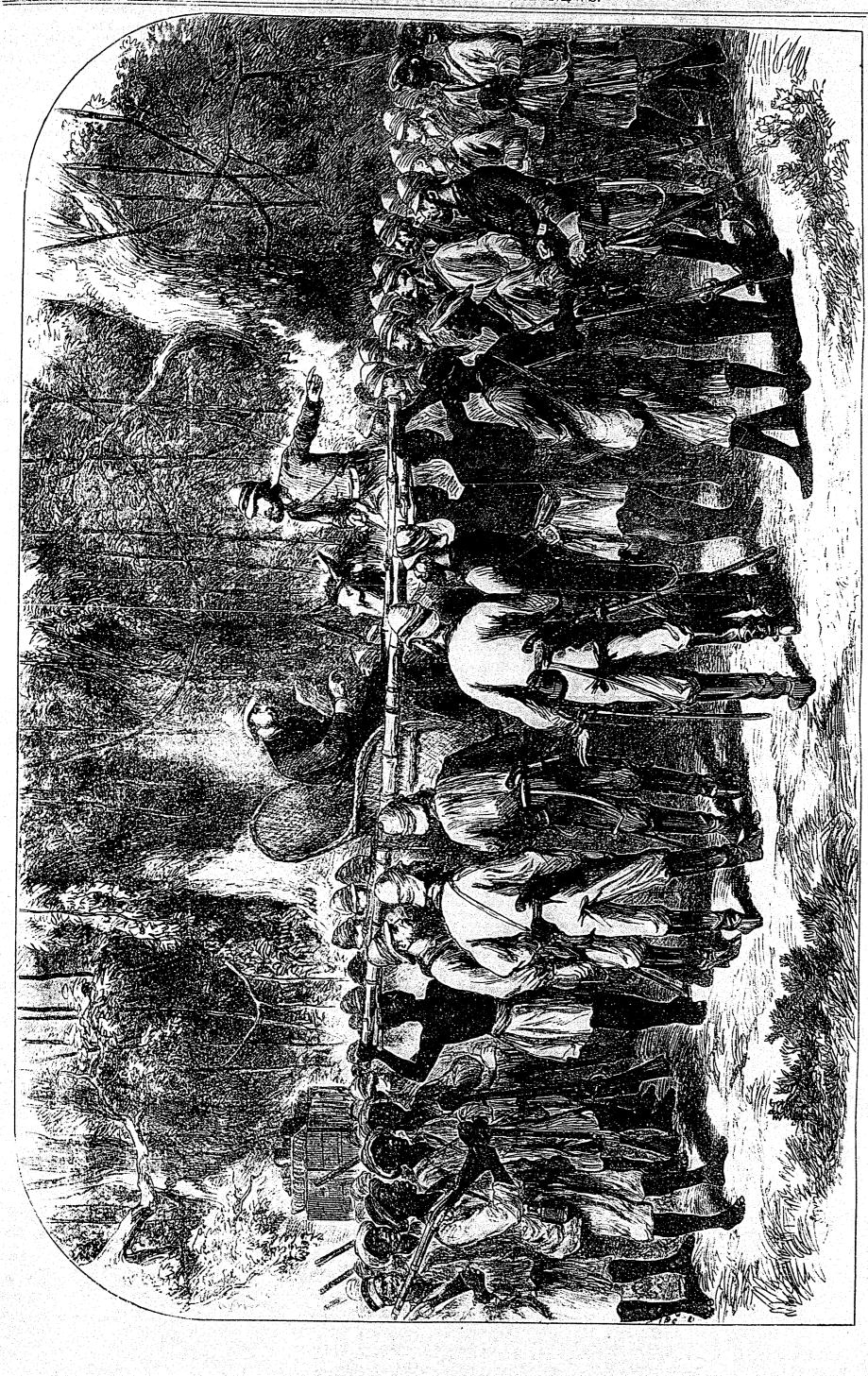
THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.—RECEPTION OF THE NEWLY MARRIED PAIR IN ENGLAND.



STREWING FLOWERS BEFORE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH AT GRAVESEND.



THE QUEEN MEETING THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH AT THE WINDSOR RAILWAY STATION.



SPRING.

Thou of the sunny head, With lilles garlanded, And bosom fairer than the blown sea foam; O Spring, in what waste desert dost thou stay Whilst leaves await thy presence to unfold?
The branches of the lime with frost are gray,
And all imprisoned is the crocus' gold.
Come, sweet Euchantress, come!

Though, in the sombre west, Thy star hath lit its crest-Pale Phosphor, fronting full the withered moon-Thy violets are sepultured in snow. Thy daisies twinkle never in the sun, Rude winds throughout the ruined forests blow, And silent is the dove's melodious moan; Enchantress, hasten soon.

White are the country ways, And white and tangled maze, Loved of the oxlip and the creeping thyme; Bare shakes the poplar on the sullen ridge, Cold g'ooms the spectral mill above the fixed; Hoarse torrents stream beneath the ivied bridge, And lightnings strike the darkness of the wood: Enchantress, bless our clime.

No bloom of dewy morn, No freshly-blossomed thorn, Gladdens the importunings of sad eyes; The day wastes drearly, through cloud and sleet:
Over the watered meadows and stark vales The night comes down impetuous and fleet, And ships and cities shiver O fair Enchantress, rise. ships and cities shiver in the gales;

Arise, and bring with thee

The rathe bud for the tree, The healing sunshine for the trampled grass ! Loose tendrils for the boughs which bless the eaves, And shield the swallows in the rainy hours, The pendent flames which the laburnum heaves, And faint scents for the wind-stirsed lilac flowers, Enchantress, breathe and pass.

Men knew, and kissed, of old, Thy garment's glittering fold— Thy radiant footprint on the mead or waste; Earth kindled at thine advent—altars burned,
And ringing cymbals bade the hearths be gay; But now, in sunless solitude inurned,
Thou leav'st the world unto reluctant day. Oh! haste, Enchantress, haste!

The lark shall sing again, Between the sun and rain, The brown bee through the flowered pastures roam.

There shall be music in the frozen woods, A gurgling carol in the rushing brook, An odour in the half-unbosomed bud, And dancing forgioves in each forest nook : Then, come, Enchantress, come!

THE RED ROSE.

"Yes, I am pretty," she said. She put her hands on either side of the mirror-frame, and made a little grimace at it as though she were about to kiss the fair reflection.

"Very pretty, and I'm glad of it. What-would be the use of living if one were not pretty?" She turned away from the glass after this, and sat down on a little ottoman with her arms folded, and the frown of reflection on her smooth fore-

"It seems a pity that I must grow old and faded," she said. "But I know I'm only mortal.

"I'd like to be a girl for ever. But since I can't, I must

marry somebody "I'm twenty-one. It's time I thought seriously about it. I

"Last year I had five suitors. Two I refused. They are married both of them. There are three left. Do I like any one of them enough to marry him?

"Three!" she said, in a moment more. "I could say four, if I choose, only of course I don't count the little musicteacher."

Then she pulled her watch from her belt.
"Half-past three," she said. "In ten minutes more he will be done teaching that stupid cousin of mine her piece.

"Yes," she said again, "if I choose to count the little music-master amongst my beaux, I could. Only of course I don't.

"Of course I don't, sir," apostrophising some unseen individual. "Don't be vain and ridiculous, and fancy that I do.

"Firstly," she said, touching one rosy forefinger's tip to the other, "you are not at all good-looking.

"Secondly, you are as poor as a church-mouse.

"Thirdly, you are nobody but a poor music-teacher, and I am Miss Velt.

"We are proud of our family. We move in the first society.

I shouldn't have much respect for myself if I counted little Devoe among my beaux.
"Last year I danced with a French nobleman. An Italian

count fell in love with me. "A German baron—oh, wasn't he funny !—popped the question one night in broken English, and set me laughing so that

" My loaflie Mess,' that's how he began. Oh, dear, he was

ugly, and he smelt of smoke, but he was a baron. "Yes, I can marry well, when I do marry. No little music-teacher for me; but, dear me, how he likes me! A minute more now and he'll go into the conservatory, just because he fancies he'll find me there and he'll protect fancies he'll find me there, and he'll pretend he comes for a

tuberose and a leaf of geranium to wear in his buttonhole. "It's only to see me, I know. And if he finds me there, I shall cut the flower for him, and he'll say, 'thank you,' and

put it in his buttonhole. "He always does. Fond of tuberoses? Nonsense! He's

fond of me. And the tuberoses are at the farthest end of the conservatory.

"It takes longest to get them. That's why he chooses them. I won't go down to-day. I declare I wont. There, the lesson is over. I hear his step on the strirs."

Then she looked in the glass, and went at once to the con-

servatory. The music-teacher was there before her. It was all as she said.

He would have only the tuberoses.

She looked at him as she knew how to look when she gave them to him.

And he looked at her as men look at women they love. But nothing was said more than might have been uttered by strangers.

thing, of everything; she thinking to herself the while, "He dare not show his heart to Miss Velt." They talked of the weather, of the last new book-of any-

She might look and smile and speak softly without dangeran immeasurable gulf lay between them.

On the other side he knelt worshipping her in vain. He was

a gentleman too.

No one looking at them would have fancied that pretty girl in any way his superior.

But that every man must fall in love with her, was, in her opinion, a law of nature.

That only a rich and aristocratic person dared aspire to her hand, was another; but there was triumph in the adoration of those humble creatures at her feet.

When the music-master went away, she ran up stairs quite exhilarated, and put on her hat for a walk
In this summer weather the Velts lived at their country

seat, and the doctor had ordered Miss Velt to walk every day. She had taken too little exercise, as idle young ladies with carriages at command often do.

This afternoon her way lay along a green lane, dotted here

and there by pretty cottages.

Passing one of these, Miss Velt saw a dress she knew and a

bonnet that was familiar to her emerge from its little gate.

They were the dress and bonnet of Miss Burns, a lady de-They were the dress and bonnet of Miss Burns, a lady use voted to Sunday-school interests, and kindly given to the visiting of the sick. Tracts and jelly filled her basket.

Kettles of soup and little Bibles were always ready for the That there was some trouble she did not know, and that her Charles Davos was always very kind to her.

She preached to them, but if they needed it, she fed them also.

Everyone spoke well of Miss Burns.

"My dear Miss Velt," she said, "how glad I am to see you! "I've been paying a most interesting visit—not to a poor person, not a very poor one, at least—a lady; but nearly gone

in consumption, and so beautiful.
"Will you see her? I should like to introduce you. A call from you would cheer her up. She's in the garden. She's about your age, and so pretty. Let me just take you to see

Miss Velt made no objection.

Miss Burns took her by the arm and led her around the house into the garden.

There, under a grape arbour, in a great chair, reclined a lady—a very young one, not more than seventeen—and as beautiful as a human being well could be, but plainly fading fast.

There were homely flowers growing all about her, and in the bosom of her dress she wore pinned a white tuberose and a geranium leaf.

Near her sat an old woman knitting She knew Miss Velt and courtesied

The girl looked up.

"This is Miss Rose Bray-Miss Velt," said Miss Burns.

"Miss Velt was a Sunday-school scholar of mine a year or two ago, Rose. I wanted her to know you."

"I am glad to know your friend," said Miss Velt.
"I see you love flowers. I will send you as many as you

want, and fruit also. Our grapes would tempt an invalid. "You'll come and get some, won't you, Mrs. Black, or shall I send a servant? That will be better. Anything you'd like

to have I'll be so pleased to send." "Yes, very kind of you," said the girl, wearily. "Yes, I love flowers.

"Have you tuberoses?" asked Miss Velt of Mrs. Black.

"Those in Miss Bray's dress are as fine as ours, I'm sure."
"Nay," said the old lady; "someone brings those to Rosa. The girl flushed brightly.

"A lover, evidently," thought Miss Velt.

"Every afternoon he brings 'em," said the old lady. "She

loves tuberoses so." Miss Velt glanced at the flowers.

She knew of none so fine, save in her own conservatory. " Every afternoon!"

Suddenly she felt angry without knowing why

What a very beautiful girl this was !

She said a few more words, and hurried away. Out in the lane she put her thought into shape for herself,

having bidden Miss Burns good-bye. "Those flowers are the same I gave this morning to Mr. Devoe, to the little music master."

She walked on faster, her face quite hot.

"She is prettier than I," she said, "much. He is in love with her—not with me. I'm a fool. He comes to the conservatory only to get the flowers for her. He don't think of me; of course, I don't care. Why should I?"

She sat down under a great elm tree, holding her pirasol Her face was burning hot.

he!" Now scalding tears were in her eyes.

"I'm not sure," she said; "there may be other tuberoses in the place as large as those. I'll know whether there are." She arose and walked on.

"After all," she said, "what does it matter? I could never have a thought for him I've said so often enough. I know that I shall marry Charles Delano when he asks me. He's rich; he's stylish; he's of good family; he's very handsome.

"What is a little music-master to me? Only—and she

clenched her gloved hand-"did he dare look so at me if he meant nothing?" The next day she listened to the music lesson in the conservatory, and she had a little piece of scarlet ribbon in her

When Mr. Devoe joined her, she smiled more charmingly than ever, an I she tied his little bouquet with the ribbon.

When he turned his eyes upon her, when he looked as she was used to see him look—when she saw in his face that tender wistfulness that had proved to her haughty heart that he

loved her well and hopelessly, she said to herself—
"This is natural; this is not art. He does love mo. There are other tuberoses, and he is not Rose's lover." Yet she called on Rose in the twilight with an offering of

white grapes, and before the girl saw her she had seen that the flowers in her bosom were held together with scarlet ribbon.

It was the first experience of this kind that Miss Velt-belle, beauty, and heiress—had ever had.

She stood triumphant, and others suffered for her sake.

When she should marry, hearts would break.

This was her faith.

Suddenly, one man had dared to slight her. He looked tenderly at her, meaning nothing. He only played the admirer, and carried her gifts of flowers to another girl.

She always had believed that he wore their faded ashes next his heart, and apostrophised them in lonely moments.

He only came to the conservatory to obtain something hard to find elsewhere.

He cared nothing for her beauty. He admired fair hair and blue eyes.

He was Rose's lover

Miss Velt came to this conclusion reluctantly. If this could be so, why, others might do the same.

Where was her power? Suddenly, as she found herself lowered in her own estimation, she found the man who had brought her to this pass

exalted. She suddenly felt that his admiration was something well

worth having. Yesterday he had been a humble lover, at whose homage she

jested. Now he was a man not to be won by her charms.

He had only flirted with her. He was in love with this beautiful girl at the cottage. The next day she sought Miss Burns to talk about the girl.

cousin, Charles Davoe, was always very kind to her.
"Buys her flowers and books, and sings to her, and all that sort of thing," said Miss Burns.

After this, one might have noticed that Miss Velt was a thought less gay in her manner.

A shade lay upon the beauty of her face. She was conscious of being mastered by her own feelings-

something that had never happened to her before.

Against her own will her feet carried her to the conservawhere she plucked tuberoses for this music-master to tory, where s give his love.

She could not forbid herself to see him, and this, with lovers at her feet, and the power of an acknowledged belie and heiress in her hands.

The grapes that hang out of reach are the sweetest.

The lover of another woman, whose heart she could not move, was to Miss Velt a different being from those who pined for her smiles. He was still only the music-master-still poor, and no hand-

All the same, he was out of reach. Talking to him more, listening to what he said in a graver,

quieter way, she learnt more of him. He was mentally superior to most of the men she knew.

He was charming, if he was not beautiful.

And still had she not known that her flowers were given for his lady-love, she might have fancied that he meant something

by his tender glances.
"They are not assumed," she said to herself, "only they are not for me. When he looks so, he is thinking of that fair girl

at widow Black's cottage." One day Charles Delano proposed to her and was refused. Time passed on.

The weather grew cold. There was to be a flitting cityward soon, but Miss Velt had no delightful anticipation of the coming winter.

All that she had rejoiced in seemed stale, flat, and unprofit-

She was pleased no more with the thought of wounding many men's hearts. She desired to have one for her very own-just one out of

all the beating hearts in all the world.

somer than before.

Yet for that she made no effort. She could strive with all a belle's high art for love that she intended to fling aside when it was won, but she was too proud to beckon on the man she loved in very truth."

Miss Velt grew fond of sitting alone in the twilight; of wandering in the mossy garden, beneath the glimpses of the moon; of reading poetry and singing tender love-songs to her-

She grew fond also of going to evening prayers.

At that hour the church was quiet; the few women scattered about the pews devout; the service sweet and comforting.

And besides the prayers in the velvet prayer-book, Miss Velt prayed another prayer as she knelt alone on her crimson

cushion. She prayed for relief from the sadness that had fallen upon

her—for her light young heart again.
She prayed that she might cease to love this man who loved another.

It was the country custom of the place to toll the church "He has dared to flirt with me—with Miss Velt!" she said; bell when anyone left it forever through the gate of Death.

One day, walking in her garden, Miss Velt heard the long, solemn strokes drop upon the air. Pale and trembling, she

Just then a voice, broken with sobs, called to her over the

gate.
Miss Burns stood there.

"It is little Rose," she said. "She died last night in my arms."

"Was he there?" asked Miss Velt.

"Her cousin?—yes. He knelt beside her.
"I was very wicked, Charles,' she said, 'but you forgave me. Kiss me before I go. I would have loved you, Charles,

if I had known you as I do now.' "And he kissed her. It almost broke my heart," said poor

Miss Burns.

The two women sat down together.
The young one held the other one's hand.
Tears flooded both their eyes.

Neither said a word more.

For once, between two women silence said all. But, when Miss Burns was gone, Miss Velt went into her conservatory, and severed from its stem every waxen tuberose that grew there.

She heaped them in a basket with long, trailing slips of cy-

In the darkened parlour she found the music-master, Charles Devoe

"Take these flowers," she said. "You have given her many

of them ere now. These are the very last."
"Sweets to the sweet," he said sadly. "Thank you, Miss

She had looked upon the fair, dead face, and had gone homeward.

The day had passed, and others had slipped away.

The lessons had been discontinued for some time, when one afternoon she heard the notes of the piano, and that wellknown touch again.

By force of habit her feet carried her to the conservatory. He would not seek her there, she felt sure.

But if it should be that he did, he should find her.

It was his step at last. He stood close to her.

She looked into his face.

"I have come to say good-bye," he said; "I am going awav "

Not a word did she say

Soon he spoke again "Mrs. Black has told me how kind you were to my poor little cousin. Hers was a sad story. You may have heard something of it.

"In our childhood, our parents foolishly set us apart for each other. When she was sixteen we were to have been married-neither of us loving each other.

"Though I did not know then but that the brotherly tenderness I felt for her was all sufficient.

"She knew better than I. She eloped one morning with a

rascal. "When she returned to her father's, insulted, neglected, even beaten by the fellow, the old man turned her from his door

penniless. "Of course, I did not leave her to starve. But when she left

this world she was rich. Her father died suddenly "Probably he would have made his will had he lived longer; but, as it is, all went to her, poor girl.

He paused. Miss Velt's head was turned away.

She was looking pensively at the ground.

"Love comes to every man at last," he said. "I did not love that beautiful little cousin of mine, whom once the fates seemed to destine me to marry. I thought, perhaps, I should never love anyone—that I was not made of the stuff that nature makes lovers of. I know better now. Perhaps I know it to my cost. Before I leave this place I must make sure."

He drew nearer to Miss Velt.
She still looked away from him.
"I think you know the language of flowers?" he said.

"Will you give me a red rose?"
Miss Velt looked at him now.

He looked at her.

A red rose drooped so low beside her that its petals almost touched her hair.

She lifted her white hand and broke it from its stem and gave it to him.

An hour afterwards he said this to her "After my cousin I am heir to all my late uncle's property.

I am a rich man, else I should not have asked Miss Velt to give me a red rose." Miss Velt hardly felt glad to hear it.

Rich or poor, it was the same to her.

She had given the red rose long ago, when she only seemed to give him tuberoses.

Music and the Drama.

Campanini will sail for England in about a fortnight.

Tom Taylor's new historical play is called "Clancarty." "Ingomar" has been done into a burlesque by Mr. Reece

A new opera house is to be erected on the Thames embank-

M. Gounod is writing a new three-act opera for the Paris Opera Comique. It will be produced next winter.

The season of the Royal Italian Opera commenced on Tuesday,

March 31st, and that of Her Majesty's on the 17th. A dramatic adaptation of Dickens's "Seven Poor Travellers"

has been performed at the Theatre Royal, Brighton,

Giroffe-Giroffa, the new opera by Charles Lecucq, the composer of "La Fille de Madame Angot," is to be produced at Brussels on the 15th inst. Toole is to play with the London Globe company for a season

before his departure for this continent, appearing in a new comedy by James Albery. "The School for Scandal" is the rage in London. Both the

Gaiety and the Prince of Wales Theatres are preparing to revive that anciert intrigue.

A new drama, by Miss Braddon, entitled "The Missing Witness," was to have been produced at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, on Easter Monday. Wilkie Collins's story of the "Dream Woman" has been

dramatized, and under the title of "The Ostler's Vision," is being played at the Pavilion Theatre, Whitechapel, London. "La Perichole" is to be extensively "done over." Offenbach

will write an extra song of two, besides revising the music, and MM. Mellhac and Halevy will furnish a new third act. A St. Petersburg letter mentions that the opera of "Life for the Czar," by the Russian composer Glinka, has just been per-

formed in that city for the 403rd time, its popularity showing no sign of abating. A letter from Aix-la-Chapelle speaks very highly of M. Rummel, a young Belgian débutant, whose recent performance on the piano has created some sensation. He is spoken of as likely to rival the celebrated Liszt.

It is reported that the comedy bringing nightly crowded houses to the Teatro de Apolo (Madrid), entitled "El Libro Talonario" (The Cheque Book), is the work of Senor Echegaray, Spain's present Chancellor of the Exchequer.

During the last ten years not less than twenty actresses in New York have been married off the stage by men of some note in entirely different walks of life, and of these, over half of them, it is said, have returned to the boards.

The Tichborne trial is actually wandering into the realms of music. No less an artist than Mr. Charles Gounod has written

press, and took her way to Mrs. Black's, carrying them with her own hand, unused even to such dainty burdens as they and will be called "Chidlock Tichborne." The substance of the song consists of words quoted in the Attorney-General's closing speech.

Musical folk will remember Mr. Dan Godfrey, band-master of the Grenadier Guards, who came over to assist at that matter in Boston in the summer of '72. His son has written a play called "Queen Mab," which is to be produced in a few days at the Haymarket Theatre, London, and which those who have read it say contains many fine points.

The total cost of the New French Opera, estimated at \$2,600,-000 francs, will amount in reality to \$3,846,000 francs, or, in round numbers, 33,500,000 francs, without including the price of the ground, which, at 717 francs the mêtre, came to 10,500,000 francs; also, without counting the new scenery and properties, for which a credit of 2,500,000 francs is asked, so that the total expenditure will reach 46,500,000 francs.

Mr. Sothern, who is one of the trustees of the Royal Dramatic Mr. Sothern, who is one of the trustees of the Royal Dramatic Fund, of England, has been again indulging in one of his characteristic acts of generosity. It was found at the end of last year that the fund needed \$1,895 to meet claims, and this sum was promptly contributed by Mr. Sothern. Two years ago Mr. S. went over to London expressly to act for the benefit of the fund, and last year he gave it \$500. It is said that Mr. Sothern's late engagement in San Francisco was pocuniarily the most successful area played by any actor in any constant in any constant. cessful ever played by any actor in any country in any age.

Mr. Carl Rosa has decided upon founding a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, in memory of his late wife, Madame Parepa Rosa, which will bear her name. It will be awarded by competition to British-born female vocalists between the ages of eighteen and twenty-two years, and the successful candidate will be entitled to two years' free education in the Royal Academy of Music. In connection with this scholarship there will be also a prize of a gold medal with Madame Parepa Rosa's likeuess, which will be awarded to the best female vocalist in the Royal cademy of Music at the annual public distribution of prizes in July.

Among the novel musical instruments now exciting attention in Germany is the piano-quatuor, invented by Budet, of Paris. The piano mechanism is so arranged that at the will of the player the accompaniment of the quatur, particularly violoncello and double-bass, can be brought out, though these string tones are somewhat nasal, owing to the steel springs used. R. Lechleitner, of Innspruck, has also recently exhibited a grand plano (Flugal form), combined with harmonium and organ, so that all can be played together, or the plano separately. The instrument is called pantynphoniam. The price of the first is about eight hundred thalers, the last from eight to twelve hundred.

Hews of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—The West Durham election to fill the seat rendered vacant by the appointment of the Hon. E. B. Wood to the Chief Justiceship of Manitoba, has resulted in the election of Mr. Burk, the Ministerial candidate, by a majority of 263 over his opponent, Mr. McClung.——George Brown, of Halifax, has received a challenge from Coulter to row a five-mile race at Toronto on the 29th June, for one thousand dollars aside. It is likely the challenge will be accepted. Another match has been arranged between Brown and Fulton, of \$t. John, to come off in Halifax Harbour some time in June. A rumour is in circulation that the Great Western Railway Company have determined to provide the Babcock fire extinguisher for their passenger trains in case of fire. An improve-ment has also been made in the manner of lighting the saloon used in first-class carriages, by replacing the lamps once in use by candles, which are so adjusted as to be safe and meet all re-quirements.——Mr. C. J. Brydges has resigned the Grand quirements.——Mr. C. J. Brydges has resigned the Grand Trunk management, and will be appointed manager of the In-tercolonial Railway. UNITED STATES.—Leading inflationists in the Washington

Senate own to having lost ground during the last few days, and do not expect to be able to fully carry their point in consequence. Among the bills recently passed was one reported by Mr. Manning, of Ohio, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, requesting the President to use his good offices with the British Government for the discharge from prison of a Fenian prisoner, Edward O'Meagher Conlon, of Cincinnati, convicted on a charge of murder in Manchester, England.——The Inman and National have withdrawn from the compact for harmony of action hitherto existing between the various Transatiantic steamship lines.——The Eric R. R. strike is completely ended, trains running regularly, and all the disabled engines have been put in working order.——The additional bank-note circulation of \$46,000,000, voted by the Uni ed States Senate last week, is considered a finality.

New York advices say that the decision sidered a finality.—New York advices say that the decision in the Court of Common Pleas with reference to Police Justices in the Court of Common Fleas with reference to Police Justices has been agreed upon, and that the former Justices will be reinstated on Tuesday, thus rendering illegal all convictions under the new régime.——Kate Stoddard will be tried this month for the alleged murder of Charles Goodrich.

the alleged murder of Charles Goodrich.

United Kingdom.—The Queen will review the naval brigade of the Ashantee expedition at Portsmouth on the 22nd inst.

Latest advices from Cape Coast Castle are to March 12th. An embassy numbering, with its escort, 250 person; had arrived there from the Ashantee king. It as reported that they had refused to discontinue human sacrifices, and disputed the amount of the indemnity.—The Committee of Investigation in the case of Mr. Whalley, M. P., have reported that Chief Justice Cockburn only did what was his duty, and no further investigation was necessary. Mr. Whalley gave notice that he would move for a new committee of inquiry.

GERMANY.—The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cologne has been arrested for violating the ecclesiastical laws.

been arrested for violating the ecclesiastical laws.

SPAIN.—Operations at Bilboa were resumed on the 3rd inst. with the bombardment of Abanto by the Republican forces. Previous to that date there had been no fighting until the 29th of March. Marshal Serrano is reorganizing his forces, and the of March. Marshal selfator is a factor of the factor of th was so complete that the Republicans surrendered withou,

fighting. CUBA.—Havana advices state that the new Captain-General Concha will propose a temporary cessation of hostilities, to be followed by a formal treaty of peace. The bases of the treaty followed by a formal treaty of peace. The bases of the treaty are made known, and include the pledge that the Island shall elect representatives to the Cortes; that slavery shall only be interfered with by the consent of the owners, and in case emancipation should be decreed, then owners of slaves are to be indemnified. Concha arrived at Havana on Monday.

JAPAN.—The Saga insurrection has been quelled INDIA.—The reports from the famine-stricken districts show a continued improvement in the general situation. The authorities are now in a condition to hope that the difficulties are over, except in the north-east portion of Tirhoot, where o 500,000 persons are just dependent upon Government for food. The spring crop has yielded well, except in Turboot.

Oddities.

Weather report—A thunder clap.
"Madam, what do you hold on this question of female suffrage?" "Sir, I hold my tongue."

Japanese editors are allowed to carry swords, and a common man has to take off his hat to them.

Cooing is well enough before marriage, but the billing doesn't come till after; and then it comes from the tradesmen.

come till after; and then it comes from the tradesmen.

Two rival belies at a ball.—"How well you look under the candle-light!" exclaimed one, with a stress on the candle. "And how very charming you are in the dark!" answered the other.

"Why," asked a lady governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days, or five days, or a week?" "We want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.

Kentucky has introduced a new feature infelts schools. When

Kentucky has introduced a new feature into its schools. When

Kentucky has introduced a new feature into its schools. When one of the girls fails to spell a word correctly, the boy who spells it right has permission to kiss her. Several girls are fast forgeting all they ever knew about spelling, while the boys are improving, with unexampled rapidity.

"If I put my money in the savings bank, when can I get to out again?" asked one young lady of another. "Well," was the reply, "I have not become quite familiar with the rules yet, but I think that if you put it in to-day, you can draw it out comorrow by giving sixty days' notice."

SLOW TRAVELLING.—A traveller, on a miserable lean steed, was halled by a Yankee, who was hoeing his pumpkins by the roadside.—"Hullo, friend, where are you bound?" "I am going to settle in the Western country," replied the other. "Well, get off and straddle this pumpkin—it will grow and carry you faster than that 'ere beast." than that 'ere beast.

A city merchant invited several well-known literary characters to dinner some time ago, to meet a large party. Two of the "book-builders" arrived somewhat early, and began conversing together, when their host rushed up to them, and exclaimed,

whot yet, gentlemen; not yet, if you please. Do wait till some more of the company will have arrived."

New Subjects.—A lady out West is lecturing on "Kissing.'

The subject seems to have a smack to it; but how does she ilrne subject seems to have a smack to it; but now does she illustrate it? We suppose she calls for a good-looking chap in the audience. By the way, if our women lecturers were to follow the example of the men, and lecture on matters of which they know nothing, they would select such themes as "Cooking," "Washing," "Tending Bables," "Housekeeping," "Home Duter was the "American paper." ties," &c.—American paper.
"Let me rest calmly within a shroud,

With a weeping willow by my side,"

wrote a sentimental old bachelor, who affected to be tired of life; but the reckless printer put it-

"Let me rest calmly within a shawl,
With a weeping widow by my side."
On reading that, the old bachelor really did want to die.
The Boston Traveller relates the following dog story: "G. F. Richardson, of Lowell, owns a magnificent Newfoundland dog.
Mrs. Richardson took the children and dog to the photograph saloon to have the group taken; but the dog was in a willful mood, and would not pose, and was turned out. The next day the dog put in an appearance at the saloon and scratched at the door till he was admitted; he then proceeded directly to the spot assigned him the day before, and placed himself in the exact position desired by the artist. The photograph was taken and when completed put into a box and given to the dog, who and when completed put into a box and given to the dog, who carried it directly to his master.

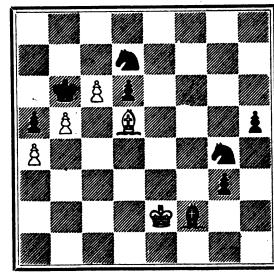
Thess.

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

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.—Problem No. 123, G. E. C., Montreal; Nos. 123 and 124, J. W. B., Toronto.

CHESS STUDY NO. 1. By Mr. F. X. L., Ottawa.



White has the move. Before playing, however, find out the missing piece and place it on the proper square, then mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 123.

Sth 1. K to Q B 2nd 6th ch 2. K to Q Kt 1st Waste.

1. B to Q R 8th
2. Q to Q B 6th ch
3. Q to Q K t7th mate. 2. K to Q lat 8. Q to Q 7th mate. 1. K to Q B 4th 2. K to Q K 5th 2. Q to Q B 6th ch 8. K takes P dis. ch. and mate. 1. Kt moves 2. K takes Q 2. Q to K 5th ch. 2. K tages 3. B to K Kt 3rd mate. Solution to Problem No. 124. Black. White.

1. Kt to K B 6th ch.

2. B to Q Kt 5th

8. B or Kt mates accordingly. 1. B takes Kt 2. P takes R 2. R to K Kt 4th ch.
3. B to K Kt 6th mate.

THOMAS C. KING.

The emineut tragedian whose portrait is presented to-day to the renders of the Canadian It-LUSTRATED NEWS came to the Dominion three or four weeks ago without other recommendation than his own superior merit. His first appearance was at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, in the character of "Othello," and for the succeeding twelve days he rehearsed the principal impersonations of Shakespeare, Bulwer, and Sheridan Knowles. A remarkable circumstance about his success in Montreal is that his audiences increased in size from evening to even-ing, until at the final perform-ance of his first engagement the house was crowded to the doors, and there was literally no standing room. From Montreal Mr. King went to Ottawa by invita-tion, and there, notwithstand-ing the drawback of Holy Week, he was received with enthusiasm. Members of Parliament flocked to hear him, and the Governor-General, whose reputation as a man of literary culture is a prize in himself, gave him his hearty patronage. By general desire Mr. King was forced to return to Montreal for another fortnight, and he is now meeting with the same unbounded favour which greeted his first visit. He intends visit-ing Hamilton and other Canadian cities.

Mr. T. C. King is a native of Cheltenham, where he was born in 1822. He had scarcely attained manhood when he adopted the stage as a profession. He had previously won high encomiums for his success in various amateur performances, and, encouraged by the flattering opinions of his admirers, abandoned mercautile pursuits for the career of an actor. Having procured an engagement at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, then under the management of Mr. Mercer Simpson, he sustained a number of minor characters during his first sea-



MR. T. C. KING, THE CELEBRATED TRAGEDIAN.

son with marked success. His son with marked success. His increasing reputation gained for him the offer of an engagement for the leading business in the York Theatrical Circuit, where he soon became a great favourite. The manager, Mr. John Langford Pritchard, fully appreciated the rising genius of the young tragedian, whose success in the Shakspearian and legiin the Shakspearian and legitimate drama at the Theatres Royal, York, Leeds, and Hull was highly eulogized by the Yorkshire press. A very advantageous and lucrative offer from Mr. Wm. Murray induced Mr. King to transfer his services to the Edinburgh stage, where his eminent abilities rendered him the most popular tragedian who had for years paced the boards of the Edinburgh Theatre. The late Charles Kean, while playing an engagement in Edin-burgh, was so forcibly struck with the great abilities of Mr. with the great addition of air. King, that he offered him a three years' engagement at a handsome salary to appear at the Princess's Theatre, London. This offer was too tempting to be refused, so after playing a brief but most successful engagement at Glasgow, and bidding adieu to his many friends in the Scottish capital, Mr. King made his first appearance in the Metropolis at the Princess's Theatre, in Shakespeare's play of the "Merchant of Venice." The fame he had won in the north was fully confirmed by the verdict of a London audience, and the press were unanimous in their unqualified praise of Mr. King's performances. In 1851 Mr. King was one of the actors selected to appear in the State Theatricals at Windsor Castle, and on the occasion of the performance of "As You Like it," he was complimented by the late Prince Consort, who expressed his high gratification with the admirable performance of Mr. King,

Mr. King remained two years under the management of Charles Kean, when he relinquished his engagement for a



A, de Riviere

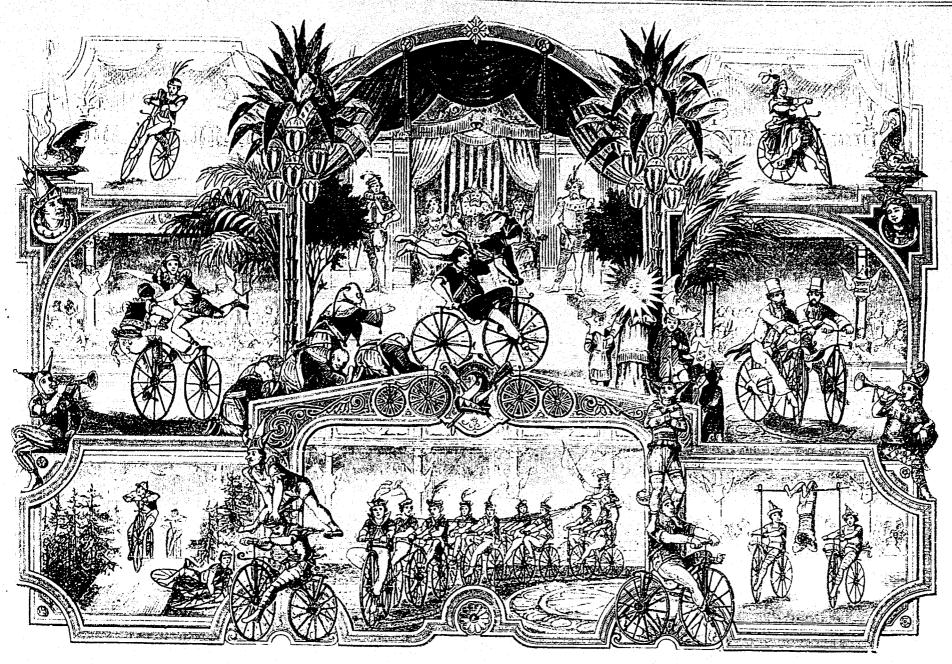
Journoud, Comis de l'Église, Sa Sivinski,

ioel Livy. Winayer,

Lolisch.

Berinel . Lequena Tourguebeff.

Preti Sia, Brandon, De Vantreland, Hernard, Morel Maubant, Nachmann,



GERMANY -SKETCHES AT THE RECENT VELOCIPEDE TOURNAMENT AT MAGDEBURG.



GERMANY.—THE CARNIVAL AT LEIPZIG.

starring tour in the principal theatres of the provinces, which was attended with the most gratifying success. Crowded audiences assembled to witness his impersonations, and his benefits in the Theatres Royal, Birmingham and Dublin, attracted the largest audiences ever assembled in those vast temples of the drams.

In Dublin Mr. King was seized with a lingering and dangerous illness, and for some months was incapacitated from pursuing his profession. When at length he recovered, and reappeared on the stage of the Theatre Royal, he was welcomed by an enormous audience. The dite of the Irish capital crowded the boxes, and the pit and galleries were densely crammed.

He then fulfilled a series of starring engagements in England, Ireland, and Scotland, at the end of which he accepted an offer of a three years' engagement from Mr. F. B. Chatterton, and appeared at the Theatre Boyal, Drury Lane, in October, 1868. He made his reappearance in the metropolis in the character of Cardinal Richelieu, and achieved a remarkable success. This impersonation was succeeded by "Hamlet," "Othello," "Macbeth," "William Tell," and other of his chief roles. His finished and artistic embodiments stamped him as the greatest Shakespearian actor of the day. The Times, in a criticism on his performances at Drury Lane, says: "Now in the zenith of his matured powers, Mr. King stands alone in his pourtrayal of Shakespearian tragedy. He is earnest and impassioned, tender and pathetic, declamatory and conversational, as suits the pirit of the character he represents, and in all the varying moods and feelings that actuate him he is true to nature. Apparently impulsive and unstudied, only rare discriminatory powers and exceptional intelligence could have enabled him to present such a perfect and harmonious embodiment." The Saturday Review, referring to Mr. King's performances, said: "At last the national theatre can boast of an exponent worthy of the high-class characters of Shakespeare. Mr. King has all the attributes of a first-class tragedian. No such actor has appeared on the boards of old Drury since Macready bade farewell to the stage in the same character (Macbeth)."

This is high praise, and coming from such authorities it sets the seal upon the reputation of this great artist. The praise is in every respect deserved. Mr. King has rare physical gifts—a deep, resonant baritone, which can be made to thunder like a clarion or murmur like a reed; an imposing presence; wonderful mobility of features; vivacity of temper, and exuberance of health. These qualities he has supplemented by deep study of his profession and the most intelligent reading of his parts. He has told us that it takes thirty years for a tragedian to qualify himself for excellence. This remark has given us the measure of his thoroughness and perfection, especially when we contrast it with the example of so many young fellows who, with little or no training, rush into the representation of the highest tragic roles. Socially, Mr. King is the type of the English gentleman, genial, affable, and brimful of most entertaining anecdotes. As he is still in the prime of life and the full maturity of his great powers, he only requires the assistance of an adequate travelling company to visit the whole American continent and Australia, with large pecuniary profit and the wide extension of his fame.

[REGISTERED according to the Copyright Act of 1868.]

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and l'ilgrims," fc., fc.

CHAPTER LVI.

"BITHER I'LL BE THY SLAVE OR THY DESTROYER."

Very grave was Mr. Bain's aspect as he rode back to Monkhampton—the suppressed smile, a smile of lurking triumph, had vanished from his lips, and there was a look of settled purpose which augured ill for that person whom the steward dremed his enemy. He did not draw rein at his house in the High-street, but rode further into the town, and stopped at another house of the same present, but a house with more pretension to grandeur than Mr. Bain's substantial and homely dwelling. This house stood a little way back from the street. and had a narrow shrubbery in front of it, guarded by iron railings, and wide gates right and left, and a semi-circular gravel sweep for the accommodation of carriages. The dignity of this good old house, as an ancestral mansion, was somewhat compromised by a side-door, which had been made on the left of the dining-room windows, a door adorned with a very large brass plate, and at night made conspicuous by a red lamp which burned above it. This was the abode of that well-to-do citizen, Mr. Stimpson, the family practitioner.

It was not long after two o'clock, the hour at which Mr.

Stimpson regaled himself with a comfortable and substantial luncheon, washed down by a glass or so, perchance half a bottle, of his own particular dry sherry. Mr. Stimpson was a family man as well as a family doctor, but he had married late in life, and his habits had been formed without reference to Mrs. Stimpson or the little Stimpsons. So while the wife and children had their noisy, boisterous meal in the diningroom, the doctor took his chop and his pint of sherry comfortably in his snuggery, where he could not be pestered by rude boys demanding potatoes, or shrill girls swamping the doubtfully-clean table-cloth with small beer.

Mr. Bain was lucky enough to find Mr. Stimpson still lia-gering over his cosy little luncheon, trifling with a bisoult, and digging choice morsels out of the cavernous depths of a

Stilton cheese, one of those choice Stiltons with which grate-

ful patients occasionally rewarded Mr. Stimpson's labours.
"Sit down, Bain," he said, with friendly familiarity, "and with down, Bain, he said, with friendly laminarity, many help yourself to a glass of that sherry. No sugar there, sig; no brandy; no suppressed gout or heartburn in that with. Nothing wrong at home, I hope. You're looking pale. Mass Bain keeps up pretty well under her heavy responsibilities—admirable young lady, a pattern to all Monkhampton."

"Yes, my daughters are very well. They are good girls."

"Frecullant girls girls girls girls girls another your

"Excellent girls, sir; first-rate girls—girls such as you don't often meet with now-a-days," said the doctor, bursting with enthusiasm, and with the air of knowing a good deat

more about the Miss Bains than their father himself was

"My family are well enough, I am happy to say," said Mr. Bain, after he had drunk a glass of the doctor's favourite sherry, an acrid fluid which seemed nearly related to some of the doctor's tonics. "I did not come to speak about them."

"Not about yourself, I hope," exclaimed the doctor, running his eye over Mr. Bain with professional scrutiny, not uneager which would to detect the tokens of some chronic disease make Shadrack as profitable a patient as his wife had been.

"Upon a much more serious subject than any ailment of mine.

Good heavens, Mr. Bain, you alarm me!"

"I shall give you better cause for alarm, perhaps, before I have done," said Mr. Bain, gravely. "You know what my position was with Sir Aubrey Perriam?"

"One of entire confidence, I am aware." "Yes, and of more than confidence, of affection. I served him, and I honoured him, as I have never served or honoured any other man. I was proud to think of him as my master—from my boyhood I had made it the study of my life to watch his interests. After his paralytic seisure I became, as you know, his right hand. His helplessness drew us nearer together. I felt as if I were attending the decline of a beloved

"Highly creditable to your heart and head," said the doctor warmly, wondering what was the drift of these remarks, which seemed to lead nowhere in particular.

"You may remember that when you advised my taking my poor wife to Cannes, on the second occasion, I somewhat hrank from doing so, though it is not my habit to recoil from the performance of a duty, be it ever so onerous. The fact was, that I did not like to leave my old friend and employer in his brokendown condition. It may have been a foreboding, perhaps even a warning intended to deter me, but I certainly felt a profound disinclination to leave him, even for a few Judge, then, of my horror when I returned and heard he was dead.

"A sad blow, doubtless," exclaimed Mr. Stimpson, wondering more and more at the drift of this lamentation.

"I heard that he was dead—suddenly, unexpectedly snatched away. Before I returned he had been huddled into his

"Don't say huddled into his grave," protested Mr. Stimpson; "the funeral, though strictly private, was performed in excellent style. I attended it myself, remember. There was absolutely nothing wanting.

"Yes, there was one thingan inquest upon the dead man." "An inquest?—quite uncalled for, my dear Bain. Granted Sir Aubrey's death came upon us somewhat unexpectedly at last, still it was not to be ranked among sudden deaths. was a confirmed invalid, and in a condition in which he might go off at any moment without astonishing any medical man acquainted with his constitution. The heart had been feeble for a long time. I have very little doubt that the heart was the immediate cause of death.

"Don't you think a post mortem examination would have been better than speculation or theory upon such a question

"A post morten examination could not have brought Sir Aubrey back to life, and it would have given extreme pain to Lady Perriam."

"I perceive. You considered the living rather than the dead."

"I could do nothing for the dead, but I could spare useless and needless pain to the living," answered Mr. Stimpson, with offended dignity. He did not like to have his conduct ques-

"And you never tried to understand the cause of Sir Aubrey's death. You took it for granted that he died from heart

"I did not say heart disease," said Mr. Stimpson, looking uncomfortable, "I only said that he had a weak heart. There was no organic disease.'

"How long had he been dead when you saw him?"

"Some hours. I was not sent for till morning, and he died shortly after midnight. I found Lady Perriam in a fearful state of distress; the shock had been almost fatal to her. If I had not thought more of the living than the dead at that time she would have been in a brain fever, very likely, before the day was out."

"You gave your attention, therefore, to the living patient,

and did not trouble yourself about the dead?" "There was nothing for me to do."

"You made no examination of the body?"

"To what end? I would not disturb the repose of the dead. Mrs. Carter had performed the necessary offices. Sir Aubrey's limbs had been composed in their last rest for some hours when I saw him "

Oh, Mrs. Carter laid him out, did she? Where was his faithful old valet, Chapelain? Why did not he assist in that last sad office?

"He was confined to his bed by an attack of gout-a victim, I very much fear, to intemperance. He left Perriam Place before the funeral, a thoroughly broken man, to go back to France, most liberally rewarded, though Sir Aubrey's will had not yet been read. Lady Perriam rewarded his fidelity from her own purse."

"Sir Aubrey was much changed, I suppose? You did not glance at his face, perhaps?"

"Yes, I looked at the face. The room was somewhat dark but I did perceive a change, a more marked change than death usually makes."

"Did that give rise to no suspicion in your mind?"

"Good heavens, no! What suspicion could arise from it?"
"That Sir Aubrey had not come by his death fairly."

"Mr. Bain, are you mad?"

"I hope not, but I have broaded upon the subject of my employer's sudden, and, to my mind, mysterious death, until it has assumed an awful shape in my mind. Why were you not sooner summoned to that death-bed-why were hours suffered to elapse—why was the corpse laid out before they took the trouble to send for you?"

"I attribute anything unusual in the circumstances to Lady Perriam's prostrate state at the time," said the doctor.

"Well, perhaps I am wrong. Pray do not for a moment imagine that I suspect Lady Perriam. Not for the world would I harbour such a thought. She is doubtless as innocent as she is beautiful. Never did I hear Sir Aubrey utter a complaint against her. Never did I hear her repine at her lot. The person I suspect is Mrs. Carter-that smooth, silent time server,"

"A singularly reserved person, I admit. But I cannot see what motive she could have for harming Sir Aubrey

"She may have believed that his will had provided for her. In some moment of childishness he may have made her some promise which kindled avarice and inspired wonder."

Mr. Stimpson brushed up his few grey hairs with an agitated movement of his hands till they literally stood on end. Very pale, very fearful looked Mr. Stimpson as he clutched the decanter and poured out another glass of the dry sherry wherewith to fortify himself against the horror of Shadrack Bain's suggestion.

"I don't believe it," he exclaimed. "Why do you come here to alarm me with such a cock-and-bull story, simply because I respected the feelings of a refined and delicate lady, and took some trouble to save her the torture of a coroner's inquest? What is your motive in coming here with such insinuations, Mr. Bain?"

"Simply to put you on your guard. I thought from the first that there was something wrong ab out Sir Aubrey's death. Circumstances that have occurred of late have gone very far to confirm this opinion. I thought it my duty to warn you. In the event of any revelation some discredit might fall upon you-you might be accused of want of care. Take my advice, Mr. Stimpson, and not a word of this to any one till you hear more from me, or from some one else. Good day to you. I've some particular business to transact down street, and can't any longer."

"Mr. Bain—my dear Bain—for goodness sake be more explicit," cried the doctor piteously; but Shadrack Bain had left the room before his appeal was finished, leaving the family practitioner in a state of collapse.

"I think I've laid the train neatly there," the lawyer said to himself as he walked away from the surgeon's in the direction of the bank. "If Lady Perriam changes her mind, and comes into my way of thinking, it will be easy enough to withdraw all I have said. If not, it is the beginning of the machine that shall destroy her."

He went to the bank, paid in two or three checks which he had carried in his pocket for a week or two, and then asked if he could see Mr. Standen.

"Mr. Standen is not in Monkhampton. Would Mr. Phil-

potts do?" argued the clerk.
"No. I wanted to see Mr. Standen himself particularly.

Will he be back in a day or two, do you think?"
"I've no idea, but I'll ask Mr. Philpotts if you like. I dare say he knows," said the clerk civilly, anxious to oblige so good a customer, one who in some measure represented the Perriam

"Do, there's a good fellow, and if you can find out where he has gone to I shall be doubly obliged."

The clerk vanished into an inner room, and speedily reappeared, smiling.

"Mr. Philpotts had a letter this morning, sir. Mr. Standen is not expected back just yet. He's at Antwerp."

"At Antwerp?

"Yes, sir; on a tour, I suppose. His letter was from Antwerp. He might be leaving directly to go up the Rhine, but he wrote from the Hotel Peter Paul, Antwerp.

"Thank you—that'll do. I'll write to him by this afternoon's post. I wanted to consult him about a little piece of land contiguous to the Dean House property. Good morning. Shadrack Bain went back to his own house. He knew all

that Monkhampton could help him to discover.

"At Antwerp," he thought; "at Antwerp. The chances are that those two—Lady Perriam and Edmund Standen—are acting in concert, and that she has gone after him. Where else can she have gone? She boldly avows her affection for him in her letter to me. She has gone to join him at Antwerp, to be married to him most likely if I don't prevent it. But it'll be strange if I can't put a stop to that marriage. I wonder how often the steamers go to Antwerp? Stay, the quicker way will be to go from Dover to Ostend, and then on by rail. Yes, that shall be my route, and I must get to Dover in time

for to-night's mail." The agent was a man prompt in action. He went to his office, gave verbal instructions and a page or so of written memoranda to his clerks, told them he had to go to Belgium on business for a few days, or possibly more than a few days, gave instructions as to the forwarding of letters and telegrams, packed his portmanteau, announced his departure to his as-tonished children, eat a mutton chop, though with the smallest inclination for that sustenance, and was at the station in time for the 3.45 train, which reached London at a quarter to eight, time enough for him to catch the mail for Dover.

At midnight he was standing on the deck of the fast little steamer, speeding over moonlit waves in the balmy August air, and meditating upon the course that lay before him.

He followed Sylvia Perriam with a settled purpose. If he failed to win her for his wife he meant to denounce her. That which had been only a dark suspicion in his mind was now almost certainty.

It was his firm belief that Sir Aubrey Perriam had come to an untimely end at his wife's hands.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE SWEETS OF RE-UNION.

Sylvia and her belongings landed at Antwerp early in the morning after they left St. Katherine's Wharf. Celine, the French maid, was quite in her element amidst all the bustle and confusion of the quay, since many of those jabbering tongues which made a Babel around the travellers jabbered in French, while poor Mrs. Tringfold gazed about her in helpless amazement, as much alarmed as if she had found herself amidst a tribe of North American Indians, or the dark aborgines of Central Africa.

"I never could abide foreigners," she muttered to herself, since there was none other to whom she could confide her emotions, "and to live among them must be awful, not knowing what one's eating or driaking, or if the natives mayn't be laying a plan to murder one. I'm sure they all look like it."

Lady Perriam made short work of the ordeal with the Cus-

tom House officials, who glanced with an indulgent eye at the portmanteaux of so liberal a lady, and then had her child and nurse and maid put into a hackney coach and whisked off to the Hotel St. Antoine. She did not think it advisable to put up at the hotel where Mr. Standen was staying.

She chose her rooms, a bed room for Tringfold and the child, opening out of hers; a saloon with three windows, gorgeous with crimson velvet and looking-glass; altogether a

princely suite of apartments. But this splendour evoked no admiration from Mrs. Tringfold. "The rooms are 'andsome enough," she said to Celine, who happily understood English, "but they're not 'omely. I feel a something wanting in them."

Breakfast was served for my lady in the solitary grandeur of the saloon. For Tringfold and Celine in a smaller apartment, which did duty for the nursery. Tringfold brightened a little at sight of a beefsteak and fried potatoes, which she confessed was more unsophisticated than she could have expected from foreign food. "But I shouldn't wonder if it was horse tiesh, for all that," she added dubiously. Horse flesh or ox flesh, however, Tringfold ate, and with an appetite. She had been prostrated with sea-sickness during the passage, and her inside, as she informed Celine, was nothing but emptiness.

Lady Perriam's breakfast was a briefer business. She ate a little piece of roll, drank a cup of coffee, and then went to her bedroom to renovate her toilet before going to the Hotel Peter Paul in quest of Edmund Standen.

She was feverishly impatient for their meeting, fearing lest some evil hazard should prevent it. He might have left Antwerp, without waiting for a reply to his letter. Swiftly as she had hastened to answer his question with her own lips, she might be too late. Fate had been against them heretofo

"How haggard I look," she thought, as she arranged her

bonnet before the strange looking-glass.

Strange mirrors are no flatterers. They are apt to give a green and sickly hue to the human countenance, like that despondent view of life which obtains in some minds. Lady Perriam's deep mourning intensified the pallor of her tired face. The large hazel eyes had a heavy look. It was still perfect beauty, but not the fresh young loveliness that had smiled upon Edmund Standen in the half-light under the chestnut

tree.
"Love will make me beautiful again when I am with him," she said to herself.

She ordered a fly, and drove off to the Hotel Peter Paul, a large and somewhat gloomy-looking hostelry, not far from the mous Rubens house which travellers go to see. Here she asked for Mr. Standen.

Yes, there was an English monsieur of that name in the hotel. He was at that moment writing his letters in a private Would madame desire that he should be summoned, room. or would she go to his apartment?

Madame said she would go to his apartment. The waiter led her up a slippery staircase to a room on the first floor, a room fronting the big empty square which wakes into spasmodic life only on market days. How Sylvia's heart beat as she followed the man up the stairs, along the corridor, till he stopped to knock a cautious, respectful knock, to which came the brief answer in a voice she knew. "Entrez"

It was not the waiter, but Sylvia, who entered. Edmund was writing at a table near a window, with his back to the door, and did not even look round, or lift his head, expecting no one but the waiter. Sylvia went close to his chair, and touched him lightly on the shoulder. At that light touch he started to his feet, saw the lovely face looking at him pleadingly, and clasped her in his arms.

Sylvia, is this your answer?" he cried rapturously. Forgotten his dishonour, his broken promise, his mother's wrath, Esther's sorrow: all forgotten in that one blissful moment.

"What other answer would you have?" she asked, half reproachfully, looking up at him with tear-dimmed eyes. "Haven't I told you that I never ceased to love you. What better answer could you expect to the most foolish question that was ever asked. I am yours, Edmund. Yours to the end Why did you run away from me?

"I did not run away from you, but from my own disgrace.

I have behaved like a scoundrel. I execrate myself for my folly in ever believing that I could forget you, or live without

"Yes, that was a mistake, certainly," replied Sylvia, with a She felt now that the world was her own. serene smile. Cleopatra, with Antony at her feet, could not have felt a more complete sense of sovereignty, or a greater contempt for Octavia, than Sylvia felt for Miss Rochdale.

"A mistake that caused pain to another," said Edmund, self-accusingly. For him, conscience would never be silent, not even at this supreme hour, when he had Sylvia's bright brown head lying on his breast, Sylvia's eyes looking up at him, radiant with triumphant love.

"Bah! It was Miss Rochdale's own fault if she was deceived. She knew how fond you had been of me two years ago. She should have known that you had no heart to give her."

"She believed in my honesty of purpose, Sylvia. She did me the honour to trust my word, only to discover that I had lied to her. She will never know that I lied to myself as

"Go back to your Miss Rochdale," cried Sylvia, snatching herself from his arms. "It is clear you care more for her than

"You know I do not, Sylvia. You know that I tried to care for her-tried to set her in your vacant place-to look forward hopefully to a future shared with her; but I could not.

Your spell held me too strongly."
"Did it?" cried Sylvia. "I'm glad of that. lieve in the power of one mind over another? I do. and often, in those slow, wretched days at Perriam—after—after Sir Aubrey's death—when I hoped you would come to see me and you did not come, I used to fold my arms upon my presst, and close my eyes, and try to send my will to rule yours; 'Edmund, come to me,' I used to say; 'Edmund, be true to me; Edmund, I love you, give me love for love! Did the charm work?"

"It did," he answered, clasping her to his heart again. They were lovers once more—betrothed—all in all to each otherstanding alone in their own narrow world, as in the old days under the chestnut tree. "The charm did work, Sylvia, but it was the old charm—the same spell which bound me that spring day when I saw you first in Hedingham Church. I was never released from that sweet thraldom; I only fancied my-

"You are my prisoner for ever more," said Sylvia, clasping her arms lightly round her lover's neck, as he bent his head towards hers. "And now, Edmund, let us talk of the future," she went on, releasing him from that gentle bondage, and seating herself in the chair by the open window, below which lay the sleepy old square, white in the noontide sun. "There is no fear of poverty now—no .terror of a stern parent disinheriting us."

"No," said Edmund, rather moodily, "you are rich enough."
"And you are poor—poor for my sake—and you scorn to
owe wealth to me? Is that it, Edmund? I made myselt

disagreeable once because there seemed a chance of your being poor, and now you are going to make yourself disagreeable because I am rich."

"No, Sylvia, I am too happy to be disagreeable. What welcome can I give you glad enough, my brave girl, for having come to your lover? We will care nothing for any world but come to your lover? We will care nothing for any world but our own world; and if other people despise your husband you will never scorn him, will you, Sylvia?"
"Scorn you!" she echoed. "You know I have always con-

sidered you the best and noblest of men. Yes, even when I

treated you so hardly."

"We will forget all past sorrows, Sylvia. And now tell me how you came here. I have been too surprised and too happy to ask the question any sooner. How did you come to Antwerp? Not alone?" "No. not alone."

"Your mother, perhaps, came with you. The mother for whom you sacrificed yourself. She has need to be fond of

you, and to cling to you." Sylvia looked embarrasse:1.

"No," she said; "my mother is not with me."

Was he going to use his right as her betrothed lover, and ask all manner of awkward questions? She looked away from him uneasily; looked down at the broad sunlit place, with eyes that hardly saw the tall white houses, with their quaint gables and shining windows, and little mirrors stuck out to catch the rare reflection of vehicle or pedestrian.

"Where is she then, darling? She should have been with you at such a time as this. Does she doubt my friendship for her? My Sylvia's mother would be sacred in my mind."

"She has endured so much sorrow, and shrinks from strangers. By and bye, of course, it will be different. She is staying near London with old friends. You need not trouble yourself about her, Edmund; she is amply provided for."

"I have no doubt of that. But you said you did not come

to Antwerp alone." "I had my son and his nurse with me. My own maid as

She saw the little shiver he gave at the mention of her son an involuntary expression of that lurking jealousy with which he had ever regarded the heir of Perriam. Here was a claimant for Sylvia's love who could never be thrust asidewhose claim would strengthen and widen year by year, till by and by her natural pride in her firstborn might make her almost indifferent to her husband. Maternal love must needs be an absorbing passion. And Edmund had sacrificed too much to his mistress to endure the thought of sharing her effection, even with her child.

"Oh, the little boy is here," he said, with rather a blank

"Yes, Edmund. He is to be your son henceforward remember.

"I cannot help loving him for his mother's sake, if
"If what, Edmund?" asked Sylvia, when he hesitated.
"If you do not love him too much."

"You need not be afraid of that," she answered, with her cold smile, " I am not a model mother."

The phrase jarred upon him somehow, although but this moment he had been jealous of the child's claim upon her

"You shall love him as much as you like, darling," he said. "I don't mean to be a cruel stepfather. The little one shall be as dear to me as if he were my very son. Is he not yours, and should not that be an all sufficient title to my love? Ah, Sylvia," with a sigh, "you little know what fond day dreams I used to weave about your first child -our first child."

"Never mind the past, Edmund, we have the present and the future.'

"Yes, darling, happiness has come to us at last."

"And now show me Antwerp-and all the famous pic-

"Let me seal my letters, and then I am at your se vice." "You have been writing to your mother, I suppose? "No, I wrote yesterday to tell her my whereabouts, in case

she should care to write to me. But I hardly expect a letter. I am an outcast from D an House." "For my sake? Well, Perriam Place is at your disposal

till St. John is twenty-one. Twenty long years to look forward to. We shall be tired of manaious perhaps by that time and glad to fall back upon the comfortable old house which is mine by my marriage settlement. But to whom have you written that long letter, if not to your mother?"

"To my chief at the Bank, telling him that I can never return to Monkhampton, and he must get me a post elsewhere.

or add a postscript to say that "Tear up your letter then-

you have done with banking altogether."

"No, Sylvia. If we are to live at Perriam Place, I shall cancel this letter, and write to tell the directors that with their permission, I shall resume my duties a month

"What, you mean to stick in an office -to earn some paltry pittance of a few hundreds a year-when I have an ample income for both of us?" said Sylvia, indignantly.

"I mean to be—so far as possible—just the man I was when I first loved you, Sylvia, and not less independent. Do you think I could know an hour's happiness if I felt myself a pensioner upon the wealth your first husband left you? dearest, let me but earn my living-my habits are simplemy wants few. Let me earm my five hundred a year, which will more than suffice for my own maintenance—and though I may live among splendours that are not my own, I shall feel myself not the less an honest working man—not unworthy of

"Do as you please," said Sylvia, offended, but stifling her anger, "I see you intend to be my master."

"No, dearest, only the master of my own independence. In

all reasonable things I will be your slave."

CHAPTER LVIII

SHADRACK BAIN AT FAULT.

Mr. Bain arrived at Antwerp the day after that meeting between Lady Perriam and her lover. He had been detained at Ostend for some hours-arriving in the early summer dawn when only a melancholy waiter with half shut eyes was to be found astir at the hotel where Mr. Bain sought shelter and refreshment. There would be no train to carry him on to Antwerp till eight o'clock. The slumberous waiter took Mr. Bain into a salle-d-manger, looking into a dismal court-yard, with three long windows, curtained with white muslin. Here, on a

narrow table, appeared those pasteboard piles of fruit and those bouquets of painted paper flowers which beautified the daily meal for the patrons of the hotels. These decorations seem never to be removed by night or day, since there they were at five o'clock in the morning.

The traveller seated himself at one end of the table, and after waiting about an hour was rewarded with a breakfast of coffee and rolls, and a cold fowl. This despatched he perambulated the silent town—and the sea wall, thinking his own thoughts, and but little moved to admiration by the novelty of the scene around him.

"Shall I be in time to find them?"

That was the question which he was perpetually asking of

and " them meant Sylvia and Edmund.

Little by little shutters were opened, shrill-voiced maid-servants appeared and began with vigorous mops to splash and purify the thresholds of doors. Ostend gradually awoke to life; and at last, after a delay that had sorely vexed the soul of Mr. Bain, the Antwerp train started, and jogged along the sandy country at the leisurely pace of Belgian trains in general. Such a stunted apology for a train as it seemed to Mr. Bain, who was accustomed to the West country express, with its long line of carriages and screaming engine, rushing swift across the face of the country. This train travelled at a foot pace.

could have walked faster," thought Mr. Bain impatiently as he looked at his opposite neighbour, a fat little priest, whose breath sent forth odours of garlie as he read his breviary; a stalwart matron sat beside Mr. Bain; brawny youths and damsels filled the remaining seats, and stuffed the carriage with warm humanity. The Belgian trains contain no carriages than can be filled to repletion.

Never had Mr. Bain endured such a wearisome journey. The innumerable little stations, the dust, the heat, the country women who assailed the travellers with baskets of fruit, the everlasting talk and screaming at every halting place, the getting in and getting out. His patience had been sorely exercised by the time the train rumbled into the gloomy Antwerp terminus.

The sun seemed at its hottest as Mr. Bain drove through the streets, everything glared whitely at him. Happily the drive was short, and he found himself at the door of the Peter

"There is an English gentleman staying here, I believe! he began, in rather awkward French, "Anglais reste ici, nomme Standen."

" Mr. Standen was here, sir, this morning," answered the waiter, in very fair English. He was a German waiter, a wanderer on the face of the earth, and a linguist. "He left this morning."

"Left! At what time this morning?"

This was a death-blow. If Edmund Standen had left Antwerp, Mr. Bain felt little doubt Sylvia had also left the city. She could but have come here for one purpose. To join her lover. He gone, she must have gone too.

"You are sure, Mr. Standen left Antwerp?" he asked the waiter, "sure that he did not go to another hotel."
"Quite sure, sir. He drove to the railway station before

eight this morning."

"Do you know where he was going?"

" No, sir, not exactly. But when he first arrived here he told me that he was going on to Cologne. It is possible that he may have changed his plans, but he said nothing to that

"Have you had an English lady staying at this house, yes-

terday for instance, Lady Perriam? "There has been no English lady staying in the house, sir. But an English lady came here vesterday at about noon to see Mr. Standen, and they went out together. Mr. Standen was absent all day."

"Was the lady young and in deep mourning?"

"Precisely, sir. Young, in mourning, and extremely

"That will do. Have you any idea where the lady was staying?" "It was most likely at the hotel St. Antoine, since Mr. Standen had said he had dined at that hotel when he came in

last night."

Mr. Bain rewarded the waiter and drove off to the St. Antoine, there to discover that lady Perriam had been there, had taken the principal suite of apartments with the intention of occupying them some time, as the manager supposed, and had departed with bag and baggage, femme de chambre, child and nurse, the morning at eight o'clock, for Cologne, the manager believed.

Mr. Bain started for Cologne by the first train that would convey him. • He snatched a hasty savourless meal at the buffet of the railway station, and departed without rest or respite, sorely tormented in mind. They had the start of him, and there was no knowing how long they might keep the advant-There was only one thought from which he could derive comfort. Certain preliminaries must be gone through before Mr. Standen could marry Sylvia—certain papers procured, certain notices given, before the knot could be tied. These preliminaries would require time for their fulfilment. And before the time could elapse, Mr. Bain would have overtaken the

It was night when he arrived at Cologne, too late for inquiries that must needs occupy considerable time, as he had no clue to help him in his search. He did what he could. He questioned the custom-house officers as to any English travellers who might have arrived at Cologne that night But the custom-house people told him that swarms of English travel-lers arrived at Cologne by every train, that almost all travellers were English or American, which came to the same thing. They had no power to distinguish one particular group among the herd of autumnal tourists.

Mr. Bain began his quest at eight o'clock next morning, and pursued it till noon. He had made his inquiries at every decent hotel in Cologne, and even at boarding houses, but had learned nothing definite. No one could tell him of any party answering his description, and as to name, travellers were for the most part nameless. They came and went, and the hotel keepers knew no more of them than of the swallows that flew over the housetops. Mr. Bain ceased from his endeavours theroughly disheartened, knowing not which way to go.

From Cologne they might have taken one of many routes. He took the most frequented, and went up the Rhine in a steamer-stopping at every landing place-everywhere pursuing his search, and always vainly.

To be continued.





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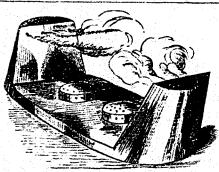
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