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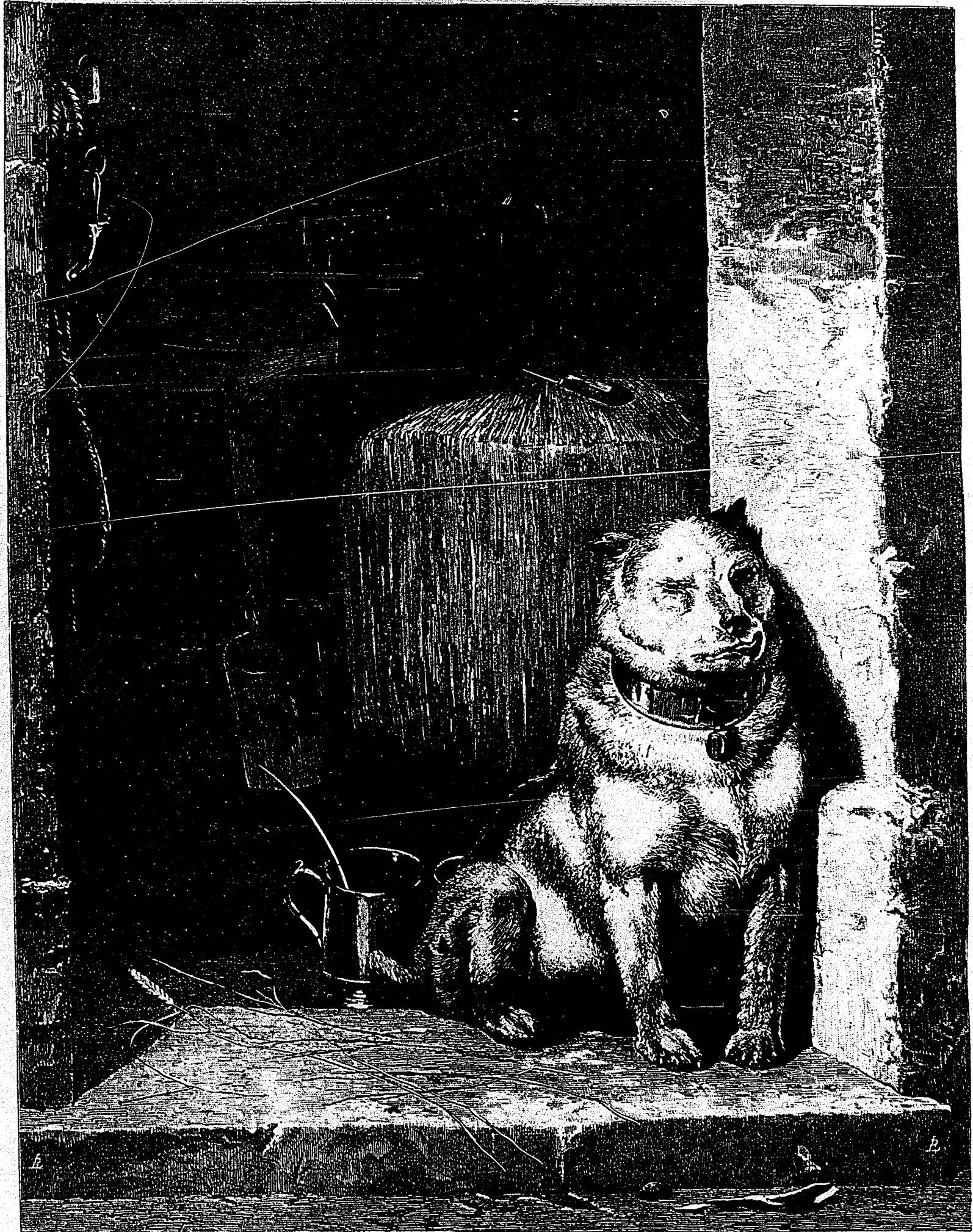
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# Illustrated News

Vol. IX.—No. 12.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1874.

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LOW LIFE.—BY THE LATE SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

ANALYSIS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS BY T. D. KING, FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1874.

Mean temperature of the month, 17.47; mean of the maxima and minima temperatures, 17.37; greatest heat on the 20th, 41.2; greatest cold on the 2nd, 18 below zero—giving a range of temperature of 59 deg. Greatest range of the thermometer on the 13th, 36.5; lowest range on the 14th, 1.0. Eight nights below zero—(note minus sign—)  
 Mean height of the barometer corrected for temperature 32o, and reduced to sea level (constant applied + 0.100) 30.012; highest reading of barometer on the 1st, 30.814; lowest reading on the 16th, 29.425—giving a range of 1.389 inches.  
 Rain and snow fell on nine days; amount of precipitation when the snow was reduced to its equivalent of water, 2.28 inches. Reckoning 9 inches of snow to be equivalent to 1 inch of rain water, the depth of the snow fall may be estimated at 1 foot 2 inches.

Date.	Thermometer.				Bar.	Rain and Sleet	Snow Melt'd	Remarks.
	Mean	Max.	Min.	Range				
1	-4.7	1.0	-7.5	8.5	30.796			Highest Bar.
2	-6.4	-1.3	-18.0	16.7	30.652			Min. of month, 18.0.
3	12.2	15.2	-2.4	17.6	30.047	0.32		Partly 2nd and 3rd.
4	17.1	21.8	13.7	8.1	30.103			
5	1.8	6.0	-7.5	13.5	30.412			
6	1.5	6.5	-4.0	10.5	30.377			
7	3.2	7.5	-4.5	12.0	30.130			
8	15.0	20.5	-1.5	22.0	30.367			
9	16.2	20.8	5.0	15.8	30.029			
10	21.5	28.5	13.1	15.4	29.783		inapp	
11	15.1	19.1	9.0	10.1	30.178			
12	9.7	14.5	3.5	10.5	30.118			
13	39.5	43.0	7.5	36.5	29.643	0.75		Greatest range of Ther; rap. thaw.
14	28.8	33.0	32.0	1.0	30.034		inapp	Lowest range of Ther. on 14th.
15	32.3	37.0	17.5	17.5	30.040			
16	29.9	38.0	28.0	5.0	29.465		0.37	Low't Bar. on 16th.
17	14.1	21.5	12.0	9.5	30.976			
18	11.5	18.5	4.0	14.5	30.373			
19	32.1	31.0	-0.5	31.5	30.043		0.10	
20	4.6	41.2	30.0	11.2	29.901		0.26	Max. of month. 41.2. Rapid thaw.
21	20.1	24.0	14.0	10.0	30.147			
22	22.0	26.8	14.5	12.3	30.325			
23	31.2	38.0	19.0	19.0	29.592		0.25	Greatest range of Barometer.
24	10.5	15.2	5.5	9.7	30.475			
25	19.3							
26	20.0							
27	22.8							
28	21.3							
Sums								
Mean	17.47	26.0	8.74		30.012		1.01	1.27

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 THE CANADIAN PATENT OFFICE RECORD AND MECHANICS' MAGAZINE 1.50 "  
 L'OPINION PUBLIQUE..... 8.00 "

THE DESBARATS LITHOGRAPHIC AND PUBLISHING COMPANY;  
 Montreal; Publishers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

All remittances and business communications to be addressed to,  
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All correspondence for the Papers, and literary contributions to be addressed to,  
 THE EDITOR—DESBARATS COMPANY, Montreal.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1874.

The United States have sustained a double loss in the deaths of ex-President Fillmore and Senator Sumner. The lives of these two public men represent two distinct epochs in the national history of the Union. The former's administration will remain memorable for the supreme effort which it made to reconcile the contending parties of the North and South, on the irreconcilable question of slavery; while the latter's career is identified with relentless war against and final victory over the "nation's curse." The strict retirement to which Mr. Fillmore withdrew after his Presidential term, and the stirring incidents of the civil war, have caused that statesman to be almost forgotten by his countrymen, but in his day he was a shining figure, with administrative talents of a high order and patriotism devoted exclusively to the welfare of his native land. The successes of the war render the discussion an idle one to-day, but it will ever remain a problem whether the gradual solution of the great slavery issue which Fillmore advocated, along with such intellectual giants as Clay and Webster, would not have resulted in effects more enduring to the United States than the violent and precipitate course urged by Garrison, Phillips, Seward and Sumner. The present generation is too much dazzled by the stupendous material results of the war to judge dispassionately of its probable or possible effect on the ultimate stability of the American Union. But of whatever nature this future effect may be, there can be no question that chief among those who battled with force of word and strength of character in the "irrepressible conflict," stands Charles Sumner. In the phalanx of those who led the charge against the South, his position is clearly marked. He had not the massive power of Chase, nor the tactical skill of Seward, nor the popular magnetism of Greeley, but he soared far above the demagoguism of William Lloyd Garrison, the charlatanism of Wendell Phillips, and the petty malignity of Gerritt Smith. Sumner was an Aristocrat by scholarship and too much of a recluse to be a leader of the people. He lacked the higher qualities of a statesman and his name is associated with no great Congressional measure. Still he had the courage of his opinions, and suffered for them, both phy-

sically, mentally and socially. He was pre-eminently a speaker—not an orator in the full sense of the term. His discourses were written essays, declaimed with rare elocutionary elegance. Their quality was more than rhetorical, but less than a philosophical, and they were never exhaustive. Some of them are superb models of oratory; others, as often happens with much greater men, are commonplace indeed, and notably the harangue against Great Britain, in respect of the Alabama claims and the Washington Conference, is little better than ridiculous. The real services rendered to his country, the dignified bearing, the fine literary tastes, and the long congressional career of Senator Sumner make of his death a marked event, but we opine that his place will be easily filled and that twenty years hence—when who knows what the United States may have passed through?—his name will not stir stronger emotions than has that of Millard Fillmore.

Men are very much like children. When something new is presented to them they wish to try and test it to the full. We have an almost amusing proof of this tendency in the numerous cases about to be brought up under the recently enacted Controverted Elections Act. While it is certain that the late elections were conducted with no more bribery or corruption than usual, the number of appeals is greater than it has ever been on any previous occasion. Doubtless it is well to make a trial of the new Act, but in many instances there is *prima facie* evidence that this otherwise innocent curiosity is indulged in at the expense of the feelings of the defendant, and without sufficient cause. The fact is, the law, as now constructed, is so wide in its application that there is not a single election, of the two hundred and six in the Dominion, which could not be brought up under it. All that the contestant is required to establish is, either that his opponent, by himself, by his agents or others in his behalf, provided entertainment to the electors; or lent, or promised to lend, money to voters, or made gifts to the same, or "treated" them, or paid for horses and vehicles, and all this before, during, or after the election. Knowing, as we all do, how elections are conducted, not only in this country, but in all countries, there is not a single returned candidate who may not be unseated under one or another of the provisions of this law. Hence, though the law in itself is a good and necessary one, it should obviously be appealed to only with discrimination; and we expect to have some amusing accounts of its application in the many cases recorded. It is very much to be feared, from information that has reached us, that many of these cases will prove farcical, with a tendency to cast discredit on the new law. Fortunately, all such things correct themselves with time, and the abuses in the present instance will operate for good on a future occasion. The probability is, that after subsequent elections, the controverted cases will be notably fewer.

The defeat of the German Military Bill is a noticeable event. It testifies to the disfavour with which the majority of the people of the Empire view the huge armaments and the iron discipline attempted to be kept up by the Government. After the gigantic efforts put forth in the late war and the splendid successes with which these efforts were crowned, the German people naturally looked to a long era of peace and expected that the army would, in consequence, be reduced to a reasonable peace footing. Furthermore, after counting up the losses of the war, they found that they had suffered proportionally as much as their vanquished adversaries, and trusted that they would be allowed to return in large numbers to their usual avocations, in order to repair those losses. When, therefore, all the military authorities, from Count Moltke down, declared that they must maintain a large establishment, of all arms, for some fifty years to come, the people rebelled and forced their representatives to record an energetic protest. They went further. They threatened to emigrate in crowds to the United States in order to escape the service. What the Government will do respecting the Military Bill itself remains to be seen. What they have done to prevent emigration is already well known. But in this matter, their efforts will be futile. It is just as easy to dam the Nile with bulrushes as to attempt to stem the torrent of emigration, when once it has fully set in. Military glory is all very well for Prince This and Grand Duke That, but it is a scourge for the rank and file, a curse to the peaceful homes of the hamlet and a source of terrible demoralization to the bulk of the country itself.

The new U. S. postage law brings a considerable revenue from the New York advertising agencies. Geo. P. Rowell & Co's quarterly bills upon newspapers received exceed \$130; those of S. M. Pettengill & Co. are above \$350, while the agencies of W. J. Carlton, Bates & Locke, W. W. Sharpe and others most prominent, pay from one-fourth to one-eighth of the above amounts.

TENNYSON AND ANDERSEN.

Hans Christian Andersen gives, in the *Scandinavian Review*, the following account of a recent visit to Alfred Tennyson:

That was a melancholy meeting between me and the great English poet, in his quiet, unpretending home on the Isle of Wight. Fifteen years before I had visited Alfred Tennyson in company with Charles Dickens. Then we were in the best of humour—Dickens's sparkling wit carrying away with it, not only poor me, who have always had a weakness for humour, but even the grave Tennyson, who looks as if it cost him a labour to smile.

At that time Tennyson was a fine-looking man, with black hair and beard, and his face was hardly furrowed. I thought that I had greatly changed in those fifteen years; but Tennyson had evidently grown older much faster.

As we shook hands we looked in each other's eyes, and his filled with tears. Why, I don't know exactly; I suppose it was a tribute paid to the memory of Charles Dickens. Indeed, the words he uttered were these:

"Ah, this time you come alone Mr. Andersen. Do you remember the theatrical performance at Gadshill?"

Why should I not? The play was "London Assurance," and the leading part was given by Charles Dickens. That was in 1858, and in the audience were Alfred Tennyson, Charles Reade, Goeschel, Delane, and others, whose names have since become famous.

"What a time we had!" exclaimed Tennyson. "Yes," I replied; "and do you remember getting us out of bed at four o'clock in the morning so that we might go with you to the Isle of Wight?"

Of course he did, and he made me walk with him through the garden, as he had done fifteen years before. There was the tablet to the memory of young Hallam. It looked somewhat dimmer than in 1858, but it had been surrounded in the most aesthetic manner with the finest growth of ivy.

"Ivy seems to be your favorite plant," I said to Tennyson. "To tell you the truth, it is," he replied. "Ivy needs no nursing. It knows neither cold nor heat. It is the plant of immortality."

"But what about laurel?" I rejoined. "Laurel-wreaths," he said, playfully, "look well enough in pictures; but in reality, they wither too soon."

This was a golden saying. How many writers have I seen wreathed in laurel, and how soon the laurel became dry and withered!

We returned to Tennyson's library. He showed me the manuscript of his first volume of poems. I opened the first page—"Where Claribel low lieth."

To me there is in this quiet little poem something indescribably charming. The small country graveyard is described in a few lines, with such consummate ability that you actually believe yourself to be there; and that, while you inhale the fragrant breeze fanned by the branches of the old tree, you seem to hear, as if coming from far away, that "ancient melody" which will be sure to vibrate in your heart when you read "Claribel," provided there is a poetical vein in your bosom.

"Tell me about dear Scandinavia," said Tennyson to me. "When I left the Sound," I replied, laughing, "it was raining, and the Kattegat was lashed into a fury."

"Now," he rejoined, "that Kattegat of yours is horribly destructive of shipping-craft, but I take it to be the most interesting sea in Europe. Old Kanneguy, the man-eating giant was buried in it, right off the shores of Jutland. Kattegat, the young hero, overpowered him; but, when he himself died of a broken heart, on account of fair Sigridd's faithlessness, he swore he never would be at rest until the whole of Jutland was buried in the blue waters of the sea; and so his spirit storms and raves almost incessantly, giving the sea painters sublime subjects, travellers the sea-sickness, and marine-insurers the headache."

The transition from the weird and sublime to the laughable was so sudden and unexpected, that we both burst into hearty merriment. But this was the peculiarity of Tennyson's genius that he will suddenly contrast the grandest flights of his imagination with something droll and ludicrous, which will startle you at first, but ultimately fill you with all the more admiration for him.

He asked me about my last writings. I pointed to my eyes, and exclaimed:

"How can I be expected to do much when my lights every moment threaten to go out?"

Tennyson suggested an amanuensis.

"No, no," I replied, "I cannot dictate original matter. I am at a loss to account for the faculty of some writers to do so. Mr. Thiers told me the other day that he dictated the whole of his 'History of the Consulate and the Empire.' I was amazed at this. I, for one, must be alone when I write. The presence of a secretary would disturb me. Did you ever dictate any of your works to a secretary?"

"No, no," he replied, eagerly. "I think like you. Original composition through another person seems to me impossible. All the copy I ever sent to the printer was written with my own hand."

When I left him he said to me: "My old friend, both of us are past the meridian of life; but I believe there is still a great deal of work in us. You have eclipsed the splendid imagery of the 'Arabian Nights.'"

I interrupted with a deprecating gesture, saying, "And you have verified what Macaulay wrote about your splendid language, that 'English, in the right hands, can sound as melodious as the tongues of Italy or Spain.'"

"We part, then, with compliments," said Tennyson. "It is good that both of us are sincere."

I am sure I was.

SECRET WRITING.

Perhaps one of the most extraordinary deceptions ever known in cryptography was adopted by Histæus in his message to Aristagoras, advising him to revolt. This Histæus, then, chose one of his most faithful slaves, and having shaved his head, tattooed it with his advice, and after keeping him till his hair had grown again, dispatched him to Aristagoras with this message only, "Shave my head and look thereon." Two objections might be urged against this method: first, if the communication was of an urgent nature (which indeed it was), the growing of the hair involved some little delay; and secondly, it is difficult to see why, if his slave was most faithful, Histæus did not intrust his message to the slave's mind instead of his skull, especially as the slave must have known,



from the pain of the operation, that some mystery lay there, and, in his time of trial by threats and promises, would probably have said so. The account we have given is that offered by Herodotus, who has been irreverently called "the father of lies." The story is better told by Aulus Gellius, who says Histæus chose for his purpose a slave who had an infirmity in his eyes, and shaved his hair under pretence of healing his diseased vision, and after, when his hair was grown, sent him to Aristagoras, bidding the slave tell that ruler to repeat the operation. By this version the slave's suspicion was less likely to be aroused, but the difficulty of the delay still remains. Aulus Gellius denominates the whole undertaking as "an unexpected and profound wile excogitated by barbaric craft."

Most people have tried their hand at that so-called secret writing which is effected by various vegetable juices, and brought to light by fire or water—here the use of sal ammoniac and juice of onions, of solution of galls, and of coppers, is well known. From the time of Ovid, who advises a young lady in his *Art of Love*—as if, forsooth, young ladies required instruction, at least on that subject—to deceive all prying eyes by a letter written with raw milk, till the present day recipes have been prescribed of various values to this end. One of the most curious is that which recommends an ink to be used made under certain conditions with the ichor of glow-worms. The writing, says the author, may be well read in light of moon or star. This is a sure recipe.

The story of Histæus may be compared with that of Harpagus who rears a letter Cyrus to in a hare; or with that of a certain surgeon, who, wishing to disclose a matter of great importance to a brother of his craft, sent him a live bull-dog to be dissected, to whom he had previously administered a bolus containing the letter he wished kept secret. So his friend was guided by that dumb, dead, dissected beast, as the wise men were guided by a star. Another applied a MS. to a sore leg instead of, or under, the bandage. The sewing of the letter in a shoe is recommended by Ovid, and rolling thin leaves of metal containing the secret into ear-rings by another ancient author; a third directs the communication to be written afterward on a blown bladder, the bladder to be placed in a flask and filled with wine. Letters may be also written on the inside of the sheath of a sword, on an arrow, on a bullet, in an egg, or rolled up in a hollow stick—which last proceeding calls to mind the story of that unfaithful depositary, who hid the trust-money in this manner, and when called before the judge for breach of trust by the depositor, asking the plaintiff to hold his stick while he kissed the Bible with fervent devotion, swore he had returned the money, and it was at that very time in the plaintiff's possession. Another method explained at large by a learned Dutchman, which consisted in first writing the letter in lilliputian character and inclosing it in a hazel-nut, can not, for other reason than want of space be more than alluded to here. Among a hundred other devices suggested by affection or by fear, letters were hidden in women's hair, which would now, we suppose, be represented by their chignons. But we can not refrain from adding one more method which has been proposed for secret transmission of sound. Let a man, says the ingenious author, breathe his words slowly in a long hollow cane hermetically sealed at the farthest end, then let him suddenly and closely seal the end into which he breathed. The voice will continue in the tube till it has some vent. When the seal is removed at the end which was first sealed, the words will come out distinctly and in order, but if the seal at the other end be removed, their inverted series will create confusion. This happy conception, which seems to have been proposed in all good faith by its author reminds us of that famous one of bottled sentences, and may be compared with Joseph's grunt, to which he gave vent in the execution of his trade, and which is preserved, it is said, in crystal among other equally valuable and sacred relics in a celebrated church in Madrid.

A secret message ought, like a telegram, to be composed in as few words as possible, may, in as few letters, like short-hand, since this will save trouble to the writer and to the reader, and will, moreover, render less likely the danger of detection.

#### PROTESTANT SISTERHOODS.

Mrs. J. M. Parker states, in a weekly paper, that there are now within the Episcopal Church in the United States fifteen well-organized and prosperous communities called Sisterhoods or Associations of Deaconesses. The founder of the first was Dr. Muhlenberg, an acknowledged leader of the Evangelical party. The inspiration of the opposite party, who adopt the more rigorous system, is the Rev. Dr. Dix of Trinity Church, New York, the Chaplain of the Sisters of Mary.

Dr. Dix has written several papers in defence of the revival of Community life, of which his two pamphlets entitled "The Two Estates" and "Religious Orders and the Community Life" have attracted much attention. It is understood that a new treatise upon the restoration of the confessional is now in the hands of the printer.

These sisterhoods are not so accessible to new members as some may imagine. They are not intended as asylums for the world-weary, but households of disciplined, unwearying workers.

A comparison of the published rules of the various organizations reveals a striking similarity. The Sisters of St. Mary, New York, may be considered the prototype of the orders under the Rigorous System, and the prosperity and growth of these communities is given as proof of the necessity of a strict sacramental system for the perpetuity of an order. The work and the religious life are strikingly similar to that of the Roman Catholic sisterhoods. The difference is in matter of faith. No sister—and the statement is made upon reliable authority—has yet "progressed" to Rome.

The sisterhoods most firmly established and endowed with members, zeal, and financial strength are those under the Rigorous System. The Sisters of St. Mary, the Sisterhood of St. John, at Washington, D. C., and the Sisterhood of the Holy Child Jesus, recently organized at Albany, N. Y., come under this head. But classify the various communities as we may—either as Lax or Rigorous, High or Low Church—one aim they have in common—a desire to serve the Master in humble quietude, seeking no publicity, renouncing all worldly ties, that a consecrated life may be given without hindrance to the poor.

"They who lead this life," writes Dr. Dix, "must have every help which human nature requires for perseverance. An organization, a uniform, a rule, a ritual; a devotional system much more minute than we need in the world; a pastoral

supervision much more intimate and searching—these will be found in practice essential to the realization of the idea of an unworldly, sacrificial, and devoted life. The oratory, the hours of prayer, the religious picture, the crucifix, the devotional manual, the coarse dress, the minimum of personal expenses, the simple fare, the narrow bed, the severely plain room—all these belong to the life, and will be preferred by those who lead it."

There is no vow from which even a confirmed sister may not be honourably released. The Sisters of St. John engage with the order for a term of not less than one year and not more than three; the Sisterhood of the Holy Communion three years. The Good Shepherd, at Baltimore, admits the candidate as a full sister after a probationary term of two years, upon the supposition that the applicant intends a life service. The Sisters of St. Mary require no vow, yet they regard the perpetual vow as within the limits of a Christian woman's liberty. If a sister desires to consecrate her life to the work she is not denied the privilege. "We who take this strict view," says Dr. Dix, "do not contend for vows. She who could not make her vow and keep it has not the spirit needed in this vocation and is not the right stuff for a Sister of Mercy." In the words of another, "No vow binds them. The love of Christ and of their neighbour holds them."

#### DICKENS'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

The following letter was written upon the youngest of his children leaving home in September, 1868, to join his brother in Australia: "I write this note to-day because your going away is much on my mind, and because I want you to have a few parting words from me, to think of now and then at quiet times. I need not tell you that I love you dearly, and am very, very sorry in my heart to part with you. But this life is half made up of partings, and these pains must be borne. It is my comfort and my sincere conviction that you are going to try the life for which you are best fitted. I think its freedom and wildness more suited to you than any experiment in a study or office would have been; and without that training you could have followed no other suitable occupation. What you have always wanted, until now, has been a set, steady, constant purpose. I therefore exhort you to persevere in a thorough determination to do whatever you have to do as well as you can do it. I was not so old as you are now when I first had to win my food, and to do it out of this determination; and I have never slackened in it since. Never take a mean advantage of any one in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power. Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better for you that they fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by our Saviour than that you should. I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reasons, and with the very same hopes, that made me write an easy account of it for you, when you were a little child. Because it is the best book that ever was, or ever will be, known to the world; and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature, who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty, can possibly be guided. As your brothers have gone away, one by one, I have written to each such words as I am now writing to you, and have entreated them all to guide themselves by this Book, putting aside the interpretations and inventions of man. Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it. I hope you will always be able to say in after-life that you had a kind father. You cannot show your affection for him so well, or make him so happy, as by doing your duty."

#### A ROMANCE OF WAR.

Sympathy has been roused by a family drama which has just occurred in the Vosges. A young married soldier was hurried away with one of the contingents hastily got together at the outbreak of the war. In one of the first battles, while flying with his comrades, he threw away his knapsack to lighten himself, escaped death, but was made prisoner. Another soldier brought back to the fight after having also thrown away his knapsack, picked up the one the first had thrown down, fought, was killed, and recognised by the number of the kit he carried, was set down among the dead under the other man's name. The official announcement of his death was made to his widow, who wore mourning for him until 1873. For some reason or other, the soldier taken prisoner did not return to the village till last month. He found his wife legally married to one of his friends and mother of a child only a few months old. The perplexity of justice how to give each man his own may be imagined, though this sort of painful complication is not so rare as is believed. An adventure almost similar happened some years ago in the environs of Cattaro. In a house, which on one side looked upon the street, and on the other overhung a canal, lived a woman, still young, who had been married for five years to the brother of her first husband, whose death had been officially registered in the account of the wreck of a vessel of which he was the captain. Five years after her second marriage, in the middle of the night, and while she was alone in the house, her husband having remained at Cattaro, some one knocked at the street door. On opening the chamber window to ascertain who was knocking she beheld her first husband, who, overjoyed, informed her of his having been unexpectedly saved from the wreck, and of his return. Instead of opening the door, the woman ran to the back of the house and plunged into the canal, where she was found dead. Two days after both brothers, in deep mourning, each holding a child by the hand, followed the hearse of their unhappy wife to the grave.

#### PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S DREAM.

"On the afternoon of the day on which the President was shot, there was a Cabinet Council at which he presided. Mr. Stanton, being at the time commander-in-chief of the Northern troops that were concentrated about here, arrived rather late. Indeed, they were waiting for him, and on his entering the room, the President broke off in something he was saying, and remarked: 'Let us proceed to business, gentlemen.' Mr. Stanton then noticed, with great surprise, that the President sat with an air of dignity in his chair instead of lolling about in the most ungainly attitudes, as his invariable custom was; and that instead of telling irrelevant or questionable

stories, he was grave and calm, and quite a different man. Mr. Stanton, on leaving the Council with the Attorney-General, said to him, 'That is the most satisfactory Cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day. What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln!' The Attorney-General replied, 'We all saw it before you came in. While we were waiting for you, he said, with his chin down on his breast, "Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon." To which the Attorney-General had observed, "Something good, sir, I hope?" when the President answered very gravely: "I don't know; I don't know. But it will happen, and shortly too!" As they were all impressed by his manner, the Attorney-General took him up again: "Have you received any information, sir, not yet disclosed to us?" "No," answered the President; "but I have had a dream. And I have now had the same dream three times. Once, on the night preceding the Battle of Bull Run. Once, in the night preceding such another (naming a battle also not favourable to the North). His chin sank on his breast again, and he sat reflecting. "Might one ask the nature of this dream, sir?" said the Attorney-General. "Well," replied the President, without lifting his head or changing his attitude, "I am on a broad rolling river—and I am in a boat—and I drift—and I drift—but this is not business,"—suddenly raising his face and looking round the table as Mr. Stanton entered—"let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton and the Attorney-General said, as they walked on together, it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on this, and they agreed to notice. He was shot that night."

A FORTUNE IN ITSELF.—Civility is a fortune in itself; for a courteous man generally succeeds well in life, and that even when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one contemporary that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and by another that it was more pleasure to be denied a favour by his Grace than to receive a favour by most men. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from personal dislike, even at a time when he was politically the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The history of every country is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we may recal the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. In being introduced to strangers, his affability, or the reverse, creates instantaneously a prepossession in behalf of, or awakens unconsciously a prejudice against him.

A female club in London has often been talked about, but it is at last to become one of the institutions of the English metropolis. Premises have been secured in St. James's-street. There is to be an institution called a "Husbands' Hall" in connection with the club. This is to be a room where husbands may wait for their wives till they are ready to go home, and which is to be extensively stocked with female rights literature.

North Adams has a tailor long known for his keen, pungent wit. Not long since a well-known clergyman called at his shop with a pair of pantaloons, and asked him if they could be repaired. The knight of the shears unrolled them, held them up in a most artistic manner, carefully examined them, and replied, "Yes, yes, the knees are the best part of them." The reverend gentleman saw the joke, smiled blandly and gracefully bowed himself out.

#### Literary Notes.

An English penny newspaper has been started at Venice, called the *Venice Mail*.

The late Dr. Strauss has left unfinished biographies of Beethoven and the poet Lessing.

A volume containing a collection of letters of the late Mrs. Julius Hare, entitled "Words of Hope and Comfort to those in Sorrow," which was printed for private circulation a few years ago, will, says the *Athenæum*, be shortly issued in England, and will be dedicated by express permission to her Majesty.

A remarkable paper on the Book of Jonah by M. Astruc, Grand Rabbi of Belgium, will, says the *Indépendance Belge*, appear in a forthcoming number of the *Revue de Belgique*. The author places the date of the book two centuries later than the time of the prophet himself, and regards it as utterly unhistorical.

William Cullen Bryant disrelashes being called the Nestor of the press. He enjoyed it the first nine or ten thousand times he was so designated, but he now thinks the epithet is becoming a little worn. He even says in pure Attic what may be freely translated into "I can punch the head of any fellow who refers to me as the Nestor of anything."

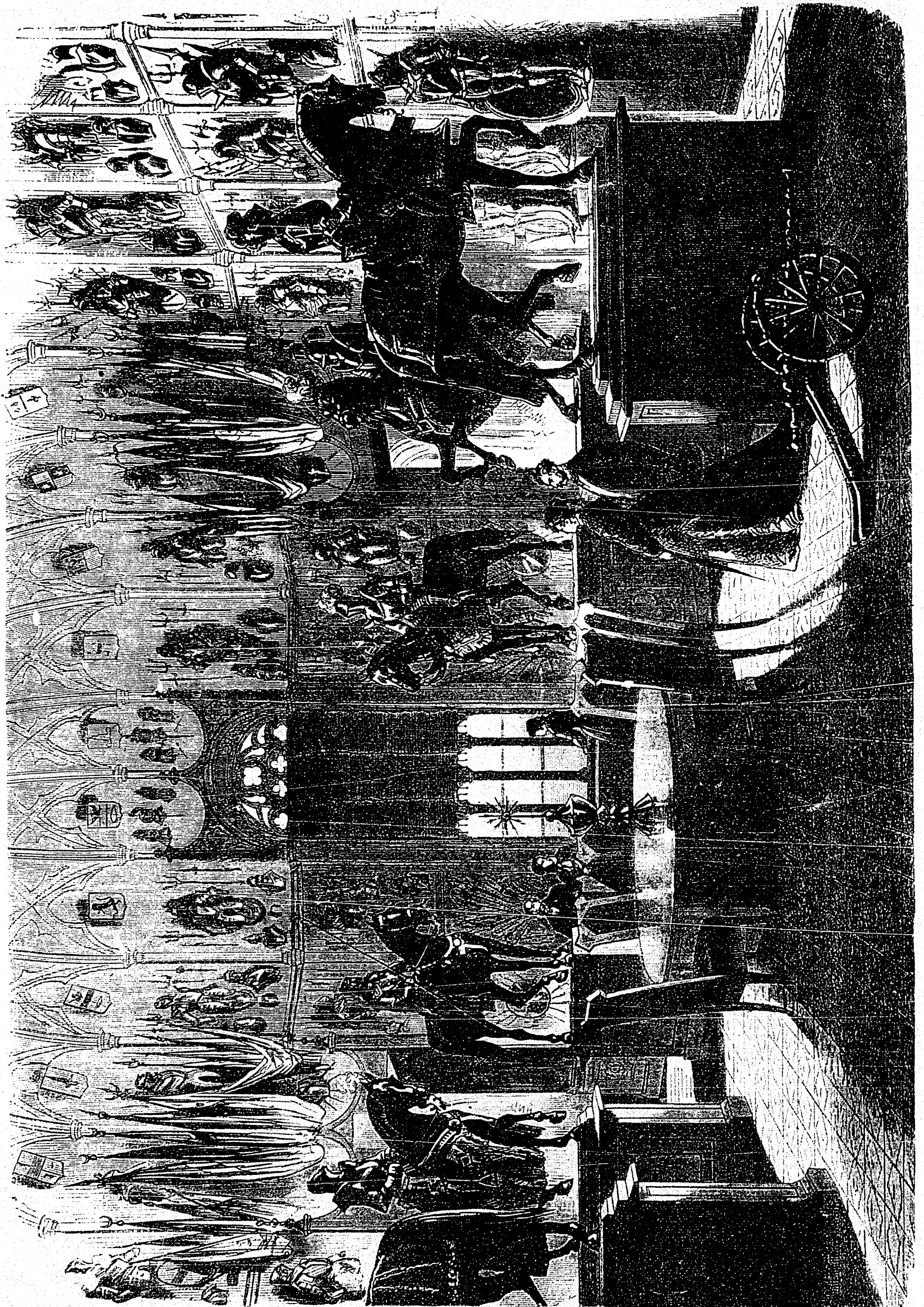
A new weekly paper is announced for the special use and benefit of "Fanciers," or those who breed for exhibition any kind of pet birds or animals, such as dogs, poultry, pigeons, birds, rabbits, cats, &c. It is to be called *The Fanciers' Gazette*, and will be under the editorship of Mr. Lewis Wright, so widely known by his various writings on poultry.

"The Cyclopaedia of Costume; or, a Dictionary of Dress, Regal, Ecclesiastical, Civil and Military, from the earliest period in England to the reign of George the Third," is the title of a work, by Mr. J. R. Planché, F.S.A. It will be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, in twenty-four monthly parts, at five shillings, profusely illustrated by wood engravings.

The *Manchester Evening News* says:—A London correspondent writes that a movement has been set on foot to raise a subscription for Mrs. Moxon, widow of the eminent publisher. The recent lawsuit with Mr. Payne, although it terminated in Mrs. Moxon's favour, has virtually ruined the lady. Mrs. Moxon has a personal claim upon the public sympathy which ought not to be forgotten. She was the adopted daughter of Charles Lamb, and she nursed both the gentle "Elia" and his sister with tender assiduity during their last illness. Lamb constantly spoke and wrote of her as his "little brown maid."

Mr. William Black, author of *A Princess of Thule*, was almost unknown in his own country, and a year ago unheard of here. After some years' service on the editorial staff of a Glasgow paper, he went to London, seeking literary employment, and working hard for some time without success. Finally he got work on the magazines, and published in the *St. James's The Monarch of Mincing Lane*, which was not remarkable as a fiction. His *Daughter of Beth* was much better, and proved an immediate and great success. His last work has been equally successful, and Mr. Black may be now reckoned among the best English novelists.





RUSSIA.—INTERIOR OF THE MUSEUM OF ARMS AT TSARSKOE-SELO.

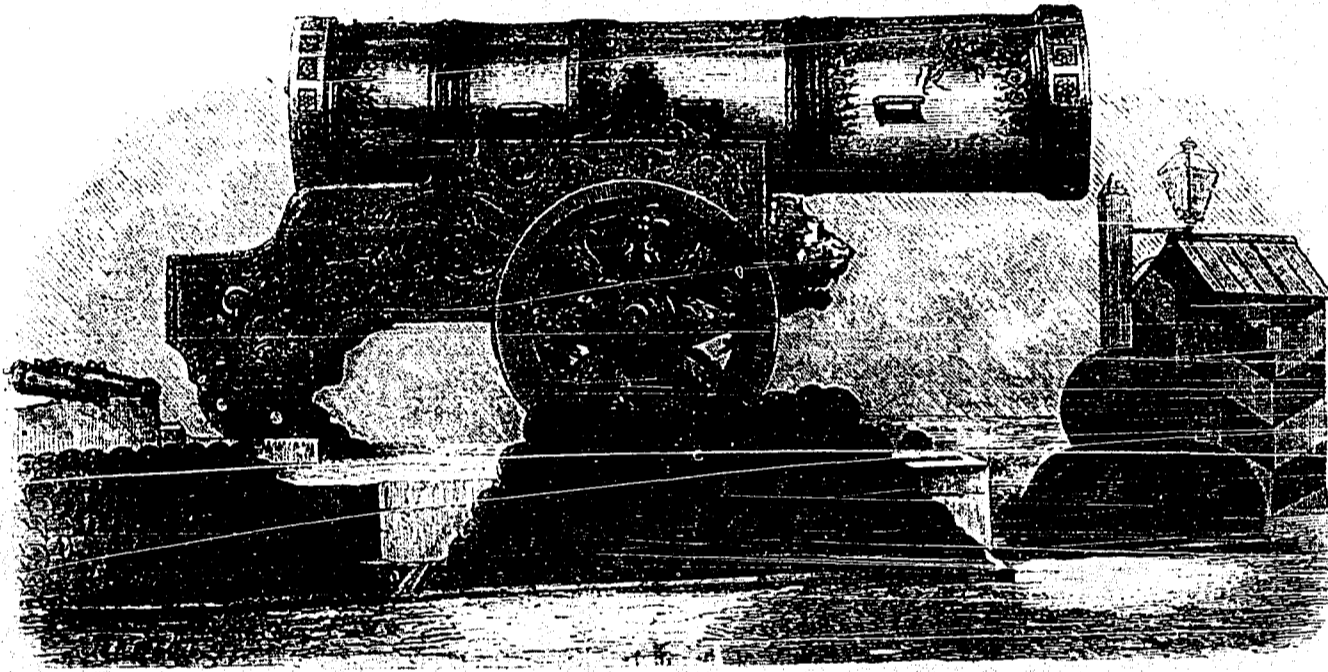




MEDAL STRUCK BY THE CORPORATION OF THE CITY OF LONDON COMMEMORATIVE OF THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE FOR THE RECOVERY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

**THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING MEDAL.**

This medal was struck by order of the Corporation of London (Eng.) to commemorate the National Thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales, held in St. Paul's Cathedral on the 27th February, 1872. The obverse bears an allegorical group representing the City of London inviting Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince of Wales to the Cathedral, with Britannia looking on approvingly. In the background we catch a glimpse of the sacred edifice, and beneath the group is the text which was placed over the west front of the Cathedral on Thanksgiving Day, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

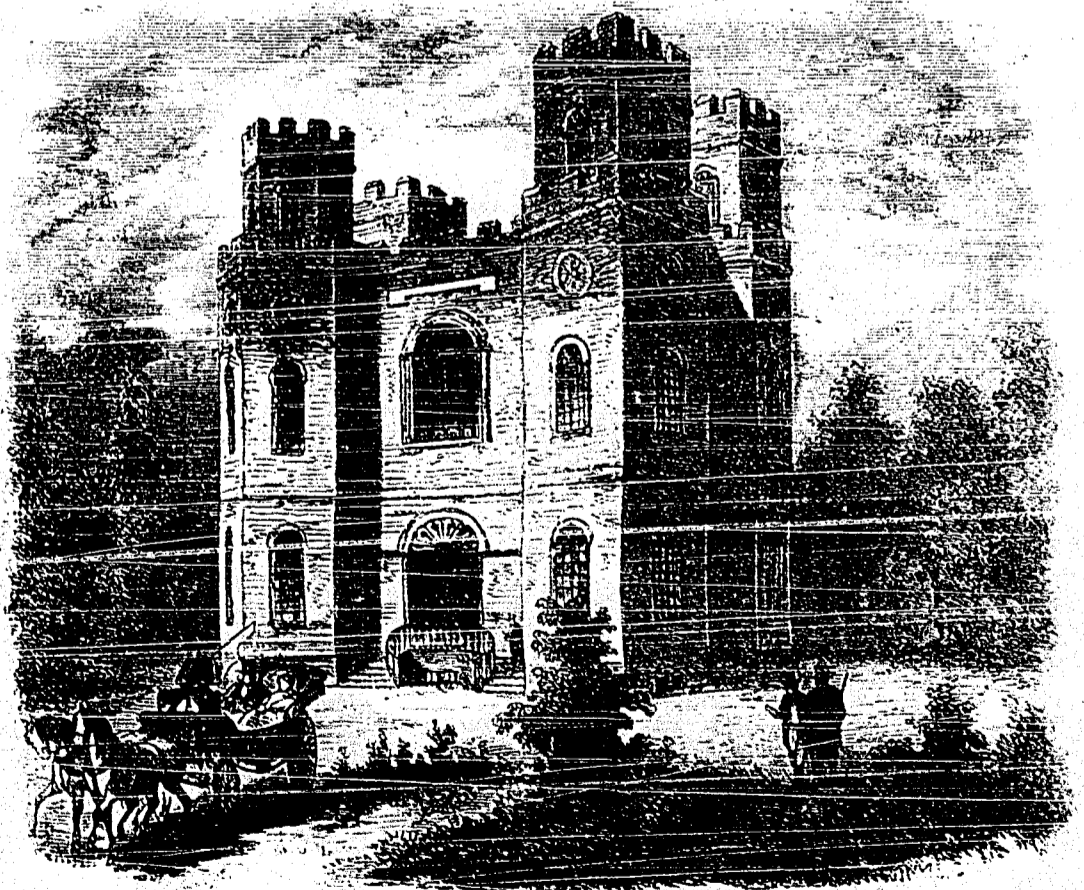


CZAR-PUSHKA, THE GREAT GUN IN THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.

On the reverse of the medal is a view of the interior of the Cathedral during the Thanksgiving Service; on either side of which appear the Royal Arms of the United Kingdom, and those of the City of London, with an appropriate inscription. The medal is exactly three inches in diameter, and the minuteness of detail has rendered the work one of more than ordinary difficulty. It was entrusted to Messrs J. S. and A. B. Wyon, engravers to the Queen, but the former of those gentlemen died while it was yet unfinished, and it has been completed by his brother, Mr. A. B. Wyon, who has yet another commission from the Corporation of London to execute one in commemoration of the visit of the Shah of Persia.



CZAR-KOLOKOL, THE BIG BELL OF MOSCOW.



THE MUSEUM OF ARMS AT TSARSKOE-SELO.

## STAGE TRICKS.

Notwithstanding the reformation that has taken place in all that concerns stage matters, there is a good deal left to comfort even the most unyielding Tory. Floods of lime-light have been turned on; the air has been filled with "suspended women," as the French programmes style it; streets have been built upon the stage, primæval forests planted, theatrical drawing-rooms equipped, ("the furniture by Messrs. ———," "the carpets by Messrs. ———," to say nothing of other information)—in short, a new world has been created behind the curtain which would make Garrick's bright eyes stare, and George Frederick Cooke express his astonishment. But with this headlong march of improvement there is one trifling matter that has not kept pace. The upholstery, colouring, and light may have developed; but there are certain old traditions of "business" which are as unchanged as the yellow waistcoat, high collar, and the "flap" pockets of an old country squire. These time-honoured traditions handed down from (theatrical) father to son are as tenderly cherished as though they were heirlooms, and every night at the Royal Thaumatrope or some other well-known "Temple of Theopis" we are certain to see some of these stale and ancient histrionic peculiarities in the fullest vigour.

First as to servants. Now, who, though a martyr to his menials—suffering daily biliousness by his cook, and plundered weekly by his valet—would consent to accept the services of the gentry who are "in place" on the stage? The classes of these beings are innumerable, but all alike are unnatural and disagreeable. In the "comedy drama" we are often introduced to an attendant in a white livery coat and plush breeches, with long weeping whiskers down to his armpits, who closes his eyes as he speaks, puts his arm into the shape of a teapot handle, and struts about as though his legs were made of china. A roar attends him as he comes on and goes, with grotesque antics worthy of a pantomime. This outrageous caricature is meant to be a portrait of the London "flunkey." Not less odious is the red-faced, drunken butler in some "Sir George's" family, who, when the drawing-room is full of company, walks about addressing various persons in a thick utterance, and helps on the plot in some way. Every one knows the dapper valet of the farce, who serves a rollicking young master, and is employed to carry letters to some young lady in a boarding-house. He is always making puns, laughing privately in his hat, or flying to avoid the kick his master makes at him. Sometimes he is personated by a young lady who wears top boots and a kind of dress livery, and the combination is singularly disagreeable. Another peculiarity of stage menials is their gait. Whatever they do, be it a message, or answering the bell, or announcing visitors, it is done at a sort of headlong pace. It is curious, too, that no sooner does Mrs. Chesterfield, after writing and sealing the letter which is to announce to her husband that she quits him for ever, "strike upon the bell," or press the little spring of the little gong, than the servant appears at the door with the abruptness of a Jack-in-the-box. Needless to say that this prompt attention to our wants is not known off the stage. It may be said, too, that in most drawing-rooms people go over to the fire-place and ring the bell, otherwise we might go on chinning the little instrument for hours, and be told, in remonstrance, that "it was not heard in the servants' hall." Again, when a menial delivers a letter on the stage, he comes rushing in as though he were a postman, with a salver extended, halts like a soldier, answers the question in a loud, off-hand fashion, and gets off, right about face, at the same speed. The way in which announcements of visitors, carriages, &c., are made on the stage, is simply detestable. At some houses there is a walnut-faced, Digory-looking person who seems to be always selected for livery—a preference he no doubt owes to this brisk style of doing his work, which has secured the stage manager's approbation. How curious, too, the hash of French names. "Mussier le Shevaller de, &c.!" "A letter for Mardarm!"

The pert valet is associated with some extraordinary traditions. "Did you give my letter?" asks his master on many occasions. "Yes, sir, I did." "Well, what did he say, sir?" "He told me to go to the Devil!" "And what did you do?" "Well, sir, I came to you!" It would be impossible to say in how many pieces this time-honoured jest turns up. It may be suspected that it is often introduced as a valuable piece of repartee. But, after all, what would his part be, shorn of one important piece of business? or, indeed, what would the drama itself be without it? Repeated again and again without variation; renewed two or three times during the course of a performance, the exercise in question always rouses the flagging attention of an audience into delighted sympathy. Need it be said that the allusion is to the practice of stage-kissing? Kissing at the close of a scene has obtained, and will always obtain, so long as the British drama shall flourish. The servant—notably the pert valet aforesaid—always enjoys the chief share of this pastime. He has brought his master's letter for delivery to Susan's "young lady." "It's very nice, ain't it, Susan, for people to be in love with each other?" "I'm sure I can't say, Mr. Smart." "I wish somebody was in love with me, Susan." Susan tosses her head, and wonders why on earth he should wish that. "Because"—drawing nearer—"I say, Susan, you're uncommon pretty; you are, indeed." "For shame, Mr. Smart. Let me go, or I'll scream out." Then, of course, follows kiss-kiss, with an agitated "There's misssus's bell!" and both run out at opposite sides. If the valet be a man of infinite humour he will call out, "I say, Susan, I forgot to tell you something," and by this ingenious ruse secures another salute. Who has not seen this all again and again? Among the higher classes it is not nearly so effective, nor does it evoke much sympathy. The proceedings of the valet and Susan are, no doubt, reproduced at a hundred suburban villas and Blue Lions, and touch the true chord. In genteel comedies there is a small amount tolerated between two lovers, and with certain actresses of a highly correct turn of mind the proceeding is carried out in a mimetic way, the kiss being about as genuine as the slap the clown gives the pantaloon in the pantomime.

The conventional mode on a stage of opening and reading a letter must almost jar on a spectator of nice sensibilities. Dramatic instinct, or even a little reflection, would show players how effective this simple proceeding could be made. But no. It must be carried out in a highly forced and unnatural style. "A letter!" says Henry Mordaunt, who opens it by tearing off the envelope in strips—a fashion peculiar to the stage. A very mean solution may be offered for this—viz., that stage letters are written on a cheap, thin material, which will not open in the simple style that a substantial envelope

of ordinary life does, but from its flimsy materials has to be destroyed in this mince-meat fashion. When Mordaunt has got his letter open he gives it a tap with the back of his fingers to smooth it out, and reads it invariably at arm's length, holding it with both hands. He reads it also aloud, with extraordinary emphasis (often to slow music). All this is absurd and unnatural, but our actors would sooner go to the stake than resign this "business."

Connected with the letter reading is the important interview—when one of the characters brings down two chairs, and sets them in the middle of the stage, a proceeding that is really unknown in polite life. The chair may be drawn forward for the lady, whilst the host drops carelessly on a sofa close by, but this formal "setting of chairs," which must date back to the days of Garrick, has a depressing effect on the spectator, who knows that he is "in" for a long and serious conversation. Could not also the absurd arrangement of furnishing a front scene, with the necessary two chairs and a little table, brought in specially by a stage servant, be got rid of? No amount of habit or tradition can get rid of a disagreeable jar attendant on it. So with the two menials who came to unfurnish the room, one carrying out the table and two chairs linked together in an ingenious combination.

There are certain primitive arrangements as to scenery which still obtain, notwithstanding the march of colour and canvas. There is an air of incongruity, to say the least of it, in seeing the opened archway of the castle soaring aloft, swinging and fluttering like a sail, only to disclose a banquet hall within. More disagreeable is it to see a whole cathedral, as in "Faust," in Covent Garden, hoisted aloft into the clouds. At some houses the two halves of a "flat" scene still come merrily together with a loud and startling clap; and in the same opening again we see the legs of the scene-shifter, whose shoulders are applied to the framework, cantering alone briskly. Sometimes we see a loose canvas scene drawn upwards in sudden twitches, clearly revealing the fact that the hands of men are busily engaged in the task. On the same principle great folding doors often flap to as the lover bursts indignantly from the apartment, with a ricketty airiness but too significant of their canvas material; and a drawing-room with real gilt cornices, on which hang real curtains, does not at all harmonize with the sham and painted windows.

Another direction, too, in which there is room for improvement, is the fashion of eating and drinking on the stage. In operas we all know there is nothing in the pasteboard jug; but the singer, when he fills his goblet, does it in really too careless a manner, and does not care to conceal that he is filling out air and drinking nothing. The generous rebel, who is called on to drink to a usurping sovereign, will fling his goblet on the floor, quite reckless as to whether the peculiar "cardboard" sound may not be inconsistent with the metallic appearance—for it affects to be silver. It must be conceded, however, that eating is carried on in a thoroughly realistic manner. Actors must look back to that unique night of the production of a comedy written by a certain noble lord, and produced at the noble lord's theatre; when the realization of eating could not be further carried. There were breakfasts in a crowded country house, a picnic in the woods attached to the house; and on every occasion rich and genuine banquets were set forth—meat-pies, hams, and tongues from Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, real champagnes, and other wines. This was what might be called putting the piece "on" in a satisfactory and generous spirit. Only it was too appetizing for the audience.

It must be owned that the question of money payment in specie is rather an embarrassing one. When it is spurned, as it often is, the intended recipient of course flings "yer gold" on the ground, where, being made of tin, it makes a peculiarly light and unsatisfactory sound. On the other hand, if it were made of heavier stuff, say of iron, the rattle on the boards, the rolling about in circles, would be equally undramatic. Some *juste milieu* should surely be thought of. Objections might be also taken to the fashion in which the soldiers in helmets come in to execute their arrests, filing off three to this, three to that side, and keeping close to the wall of the chamber. A body of privates, or of police detailed for such a function would enter in more disorderly and business-like fashion. All these things are inconsistent with the great advance of scenic art in other directions, and indicates an undue adherence to tradition.—*Graphic*.

## Music and the Drama.

*Appleton's Journal* calls a prima donna a compound of vulture and nightingale.

M. Alexandre Dumas is going to Italy to work on a five-act comedy for the Odéon.

Mlle. Di Murska has returned to New York to enter into an engagement for an elaborate operatic tour through this country. The season, in which she will be supported by Natali-Testa, Vizzani, Mari, Rossi-Galli, and other well-known artists, will begin on the 2d of March, in Albany, whence she will go to Utica, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Pittsburg, and Philadelphia.

It is rumoured that Mr. Mapleson may probably commence his season of Her Majesty's Opera, at Drury Lane Theatre, with some performances in honour of the Royal marriage, about the middle of March. It is said that the lessee has engaged two young prima donnas who have recently achieved great success abroad—Mdlle. Lodi, from Milan and other Italian cities; and Mdlle. Singelli, from Berlin; besides a new tenor, Signor Paladini, from La Scala. Sir Michael Costa will again preside as conductor and musical director.

Lord Minto, in his recollections, describes Mrs. Siddons as being very beautiful in a room, but of the strong, powerful sort of beauty that reminds one of a handsome Jewess. "She does not speak much, and that modestly enough, but in a slow, set, and studied sort of phrase and accent, very like the most familiar passage of her acting, but still in a degree theatrical. Mr. Siddons is quite a plain, modest, well-behaved man, tall, stout, clean, and well-looking, but nothing theatrical, romantic, or witty, and his appearance not such as one would conceive the mate of the Tragic Muse ought to be."

PRACTICAL PLAYS.—Mr. Thorpe Pede has written for the Alexandria Theatre, London, a piece called "This Plot of Ground to Let," which describes his own adventures in procuring the site upon which the Theatre is built. Messrs. Baker, Montell, Chamberlain, Elton, and Hilton did their best for this trade, and Mr. Pede was called before the curtain. This piece, although only interesting to those immediately concerned, is noticeable because it opens up a new and fruitful field to author managers.

"How I Opened My Box Office" would make a fine farce; "Who Painted My Act Drop," a capital comedietta; "My Architect's Bill," a three-act melodrama, and "Chorister's Wanted," a lovely comic opera.

Herr Wagner's last appeal to the public for subscriptions to enable him to complete his theatre at Bayreuth seems to have produced but little effect. The total amount subscribed, including the profits of Herr Wagner's concerts in North Germany, is about 100,000 thalers, and nearly the whole of this sum has already been expended in constructing the outer shell of the building. The few workmen who still remain are employed in removing the scaffolding, but nothing more can be done for want of funds. It is estimated that a further sum of 200,000 thalers would be required for the construction of the stage, the purchase of scenery, and the engagement of painters and musicians. As there does not seem to be any prospect of obtaining this amount by public subscription, it is proposed to apply to the "crowned heads" of Germany for their combined assistance in behalf of the undertaking.

GERMAN PLAYS.—A German correspondent writes: The stage teems with new pieces. For example, the manager of one of the principal Vienna theatres received for examination over 200 original dramas last year, from various known and unknown authors, of which he found only eighteen available, and this is said to be the case at all the principal theatres. The plays that are accepted are in general excellent studies of character, and full of satire upon the foibles of the day. And yet, however cordially a new piece is received, it seldom has a "run." The craving for novelty soon pushes it aside, after three or four performances, and these do not follow each other in succession, but at intervals of two or three weeks. A "run" of a hundred nights of a piece, however magnificent it might be, would be considered by the amusement-loving public as undesirable as it would be impossible.

## Oddities.

The first thing a promising youth said to a dog presenting his nose at his heels, was: "Go away! Do you think I'm a bone?"

Two hearts that beat as one are singularly oblivious to mud. We never knew a man in love to circulate a petition for a new pavement or an additional lamp-post.

A Peoria naturalist, in attempting to warm the ears of a frozen wasp over a gas jet, discovered that the tail of the insect thawed out first, and worked with a rapidity that was as astonishing as the hideous profanity of the naturalist, who held the insect by the tail while thus experimenting.

An Iowa school-teacher has been discharged for the offense of kissing a female assistant. Whereupon a local paper inquires "what inducement is there for any person to exile himself to the country districts of Iowa to direct the young idea in its musket practice if he is to be denied the ordinary luxuries of every-day life?"

In Galloway large crags are met with having ancient writings on them. One on the farm of Knockleby has cut deep on the upper side, "Lift me up and I'll tell you more." A number of people gathered to this crag and succeeded in lifting it up, in hopes of being well repaid; but instead of finding any gold, they found written on it, "Lay me down as I was before."

FIFTH AVENUE POCAHONTASES.—A correspondent writes: "A brand-new thing is the 'unbleached face powder,' a clear olive tint, considered much more stylish than the old-time pearl-white and flesh tints. On Fifth Avenue of a bright afternoon can be met any number of these brune complexions—a dash of rose upon the cheeks, and the hair parted one side and plastered in scallops across the front. This olive powder is making Pocahontases of the already beaded and feathered damsels.

Some years ago a letter was received in New Orleans, directed to "the biggest fool in New Orleans." The postmaster was absent, and on his return one of the young clerks informed him of the receipt of the letter. "And what became of it?" inquired the postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "I did not know who the biggest fool in New Orleans was, so I opened the letter myself." "And what did you find in it?" inquired the postmaster. "Why," replied the clerk, "nothing but the words, 'Thou art the man!'"

SAND.—At a masquerade given one evening last week at a private residence two or three miles out from Boston, fears having been expressed that others might come who were not invited, a lady prominent in getting up the occasion sent round to the invited some cards which were formerly used by her husband, said cards to be given up at the door. The novelty consists in the card, on which was printed "Good for one load of Sand." It is not known whether the order on the cards was filled, but it is safe to say that only invited guests were present.

GEORDIE'S RUSE.—Before the adoption of the Police Act in Airdrie, a worthy named Geordie G. had the surveillance of the town. A drunken, noisy Irishman was lodged in the cells, and he caused an "awful row" by kicking the cell door with his heavy boots. Geordie went to the cell, and opening the door a little, said, "Man, ye might put aff yer bults, and I'll gie them a bit rub, so that ye'll be respectable like afore the Bailie in the mornin'." The prisoner complied with the request, and saw his mistake only when the door was closed upon him, Geordie crying out, "Ye can kick as lang as ye like noo."

CALIFORNIA SCIENCE.—This, from a California paper, is characteristic of the scientific spirit in Bret Harte's State: "A miner, fond of whiskey, attempted to obtain a drink surreptitiously from a soda-water bottle which the foreman had in a box in the wagon. Watching when the overseer had turned away for a minute, he slipped up to the wagon, slyly inserted his hand, took out the soda-water bottle, and swallowed the contents—but just then the foreman discovered him, and saw that he had drunk a bottle of quicksilver instead of the coveted whiskey. All the window glass in the neighbourhood was collected, and that miner was kept busy for two days breathing on the panes to convert them into mirrors."

HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES, BY ONE WHO KNOWS.—1. The nearest way to your husband's heart—and pocket, is through his understandings. So if you desire a new frock, never forget to have his slippers well warmed on his return from the city.

2. Every body knows how heat affects the hand. So when you go to church, wear your very oldest gloves to the hot evening services, and be careful to keep the stiff new ones for your morning devotions—when the plate goes round.

3. How to get a new bonnet. Give your hubby nice little tasty dishes every day for dinner, and stick to the cold mutton yourself. When he asks the reason, shake your head, sigh, and say, "I am obliged to economize, dear." Keep on like this for a week, then, after you have given him his second edition of frog, hint that your "poor old bonnet is getting so shabby."

4. Recollect that connubial bliss is like raspberry jam, it will keep a long time if properly preserved.

5. It is the duty of wives to be submissive and obedient to their husbands in everything. When, therefore, your lord and master tells you to go and get yourself a new silk dress or two, and seal-skin coats for the winter, obey him at once. By acting thus you will do your duty, and at the same time gratify your own—conscience.



## THE LANGUAGE OF THE BELLS.

Down in a peaceful sylvan dell,  
Echo responding to the bell,  
Repeats the call to rise, to rise,  
Before the sun has lit the skies.  
The time, the time, the time has come,  
To toll, to toll, to toll; the hum  
Of wheels whispers 'tis well, 'tis well,  
Obey the morning workshop bell!

'Tis noon—gone is the dew that fell.  
The hollow sky, like a vast bell,  
Is ringing with the cheerful chime  
Of music, like the rhythmic rhyme  
Of singing birds, of singing birds,  
Or ringing words, or ringing words,  
Too soon 'tis noon, 'tis noon, 'tis well,  
To heed the welcome dining bell!

Day closes like a closing shell,  
The silence broken by the bell  
Gives place to tones that fill the air,  
Like music melting into prayer.  
Another day has passed away;  
The evenings gray, like nuns to pray,  
Come not to dwell, come not to dwell,  
Says the evening bell, evening bell.

The loving hearts with raptures swell,  
The soft notes of a cooling bell  
Sound sweetly to the listening ear:  
"Oh, darling, dear, time's near—'tis here!  
Swift flying, happy, golden hours  
Come crowned with fragrant snow-white  
flowers.

Through life, sweet wife, we'll dwell  
In love," rings the sweet wedding-bell.

Loud clanging like an angry knell,  
At midnight hear the awful bell;  
Loud and louder, nigh and nigher,  
Ringing, ringing, fire! fire! fire!  
Awake! arise! the crimson skies  
Seem all ablaze! a banner flies  
Of flame, where stormy tempests swell!  
"Put out the fire!" exclaims the bell.

Soft sounds of love and duty tell  
The heart attuned to a sweet bell,  
That beats in holy harmony,  
And throbs with joyful ecstasy  
To worship here—to worship here  
With contrite soul and heart sincere.  
" 'Tis here the Christian loves to dwell,"  
Exclaims the cheerful Sabbath bell.

## For Everybody.

## The End of Poland.

The designation of the "Kingdom of Poland" having been abolished, the kingdom itself is about to be broken up. As *Ruski Mir* represents, the Government Augustovo and part of the Government of Lublin are to be detached. The former will be joined to the Government of Vilna, the latter to Kieff.

## "Interesting."

It is stated that her Imperial Highness the Countess d'Eu, heiress presumptive to the throne of Brazil, is in a condition which will, it is hoped, secure the succession after her death through her own line. As the Princess justly enjoys general popularity in the empire, the realization of this hope will be a subject of universal satisfaction.

## Laborious Old Age.

M. Guizot, who is now in his eighty-ninth year, said recently: "Last year I finished my History of France, and this, please God, will see me commence my Universal History. I come of a hardy race. I can hear well, see well, and work well. Pius IX. can do the same; we are the hardest old men in Europe, and will outlive many who are yet young, if God please."

## Mr. Disraeli's London Residence.

Mr. Disraeli has taken up his quarters at No. 2, Whitehall-gardens, a small thin house belonging to a Dowager Duchess of Northumberland, and of the usual London type. A contemporary observes that, "Had he lived in the year 1649 he might have witnessed from his west windows the decapitation of Charles I., who was beheaded at Whitehall, within a pistol-shot of Mr. Disraeli's door."

## Squaring Timber.

At Muskoka, Joseph Arch met with Yankees squaring some pine trees for exportation. "You're an Englishman?" it was asked. "Yes, I am," he replied. "Well, I never knew one of your people who could square timber well enough for us." "You never did?" said Arch; "lend me your axe." Without any aid Arch took the axe and squared the timber to the full satisfaction of the critics. He was offered forty-five dollars a month to cut timber.

## Tobacco for the Troops in Ashantee.

Tobacco, it is well known, is often serviceable to the soldier on the march and on sentry-duty, and, above all, when provisions become scanty. Besides conserving tissue, it has a soothing and solacing influence—facts which did not escape the keen eye of the First Napoleon in the Russian campaign. Medical authority has prescribed its use in the Ashantee war, and accordingly supplies of it are now on their way to be served out to the troops.

## A Strange Duel.

A duel has taken place in Paris not of an ordinary character—except that the principals were not, as usual, killed—but in conformity with orthodox rules. Two cooks disputed, and it was arranged to settle the quarrel then and there, by fighting with roasting spits, in the kitchen. Witnesses placed the parties at a measured distance, and when the first blood was drawn honour was declared to be satisfied. The man who was hurt with the roasting spit was taken to the hospital, as he could cook horse meat to perfection.

## Farming Extraordinary.

In Texas, United States, there is a man, a native of Kentucky, named Samuel Allan, who is said to be the greatest cattle-raiser in the world. On one of his farms, which embraces an

area of eighty miles long and forty wide, extending to three counties, he has a herd of 120,000 cattle. On two other farms, he has very nearly as large a herd, making a total of 225,000 head of cattle, all fattened on the native grasses. Besides these he has three thousand horses. Sixty thousand calves are branded every year to keep up the supply.

## Sad if True.

A writer in the *Victoria Magazine*, of which Miss Emily Faithful is the editor, says: "Germany, in spite of its military successes, and splendour of its triumphs in the realms of science, stands lower in the scale of civilization than any other European country, except Turkey; for in no other country does woman occupy so ignoble and servile a position. In England women are treated with respect. In France and America, so long as they are young and pretty, they are worshipped. But in Germany they are simply utilized."

## Handing Over a Church.

At the ritualist church of St. Mary Magdalene the mission was commenced with a ceremonial that was almost ludicrous. The incumbent, Mr. West, shut himself in his church, and after a little while a knock was heard at the great oak door, and Mr. West, advancing in solemn state, went towards the door and asked, "Who's there?" The reply was "William James Earby Bennett;" whereupon the door was thrown open and Mr. West, addressing Mr. Bennett, formally handed the church over to him for the rest of the week in the name of the Trinity.

## Dickens and the Queen.

Mr. Forster denies point blank the statement that a baronetcy, or any other Court honours, were offered to Dickens by the Queen; but the Queen sent for him to Buckingham Palace in 1870, had a most friendly chat with him, and gave him her book on the Highlands, with an autograph inscription. Her Majesty said she, as the humblest of writers, would be ashamed to offer it to one of the greatest, but that Mr. Helps, being asked to give it, had told that it would be valued most if given by herself. After this he went to a Royal Levee, and his daughter was presented at the next Drawing Room.

## Serrano and the Carlists.

News has been received in London according to which it would appear that negotiations are being actively carried on by Serrano and the Carlist chiefs. Taking this fact into account with Serrano's utterances concerning the impossibility of concluding the war by force without utterly devastating the country, it leads to the conclusion that the President of the Republic either contemplates a second edition of *amorivista*, or else, if the accounts of an entire rupture between himself and Don Alfonso be true, an alliance with Don Carlos with the object of placing him on the Throne of Spain.

## Theatrical Profits.

Play making seems to pay pretty well in the U. S. To Sardou's representative the management of the Union Square Theatre gave 56,000 dollars for "Agnes," to Mr. Jackson, the representative of D'Enery, for "Le Centenaire," 2,500 dollars; about the same amount to Mr. Daly for "Frou-Frou," rather less to Messrs. Jackson and Daly for "Fernande;" over 3,000 dollars to George Fawcett Rowe, the Micawber of pleasant memory, for "Geneva Cross;" and 700 dollars to Mr. Gilbert, of London, for one fortnight of "The Wicked World." Mr. Boucicault receives nearly 115 dollars nightly for "Lad Astray."

## Queer Freak of a Horse.

Sir Greville Smyth went into the stable to see a favourite horse of his, which is being made quite a pet of by him. He generally takes with him a lump or two of sugar, which he gives the horse. However, on this day he forgot the sugar, and while caressing the horse, the animal, probably angered by not getting his usual sweet morsel, suddenly turned on the worthy baronet, seized him by the throat, and severely tore the flesh. The laceration was considerable, and a medical man had to be immediately sent for, who did what was necessary.

## The Cathedral Cities of England.

Not the least singular feature in connection with the electoral contests is the change of feeling which has taken place in the twenty cathedral cities of England. At the general election in 1868 they were represented by thirty-one Liberals and only seven Conservatives, whereas the latter, by a net gain of eight seats, now number fifteen as against twenty-three Liberals. Two seats have been won at Exeter, and one has been secured at Bath, Gloucester, Hereford, Lincoln, Manchester, Salisbury, and Winchester, the only loss being at Worcester, where the second seat has relapsed to the Liberals.

## New Discoveries at Pompeii.

One of the most remarkable discoveries yet made at Pompeii took place in the presence of M. Fournier (ex-Minister of France in Italy), who was making a casual tour to the ruins of this ancient city. Two skeletons were turned up, one in a perfect state of preservation, as life-like as though he was merely sleeping. The muscles of the arm, wrinkles of the neck, the aquiline nose and crisp Roman moustache are all there, while his cheek is resting on his hand, showing that death had overtaken him while taking his mid-day siesta, just as the Pompeian of the present time does.

## The Disadvantage of a Long Beard.

Gentlemen blessed with long beards should be careful how they smoke in the streets of Paris. A M. Morien was lately sauntering along cigar in mouth, when a child with one of those little coloured balloons so common in the French capital ran against him. The balloon burst in coming in contact with the lighted cigar, and the exploding gas set fire to Mr. Morien's beard. This, we may add, from experience, is no unfrequent occurrence, and visitors to the Carnival would do well to soak their facial appendages in a solution of alum and water which, according to Professor Pepper, renders everything impervious to fire.

## A Great Ship.

The "Three Brothers," said to be the largest sailing vessel in the world, sailed from San Francisco recently with a large cargo of wheat for Europe. She is the old steamer "Vanderbilt," which was presented to the Government for the U. S. Navy, and which, not long ago, the Navy department sold. As a steamer, the enormous consumption of coal, although it produced high speed, made her too costly for mercantile ventures. She was therefore changed by her purchasers into a sailing ship, and when she went out of San Francisco harbour she spread 15,000 yards of canvas in her suit of sails. Her

mainmast measures 99 feet, her mainyard 100 feet, and other measurements are in proportion. Her tonnage is 3,187.

## Live it Down.

Never flinch before scandal; if your good name is assailed, take it quietly. Breath is wasted in nothing more lavishly than in negations and denials. It is not necessary for truth to worry itself, even if a lie can run a league while it is putting on its boots. Let it run and get out of breath, and get out of the way. A man who spends his days in arresting and knocking down lies and liars, will have no time left for speaking the truth. There is nothing more damaging to a man's reputation than his admission that it needs defending when attacked. Great sensitiveness to assault, on the part of any cause, is an unmistakable sign of weakness. A strong man and a strong cause need only to live an affirmative life, devoting no attention whatever to enemies, to win their way, and to trample beneath their feet all the obstacles that malice, or jealousy, or selfishness throws before them.

## The Young Chinese Emperor.

We receive some interesting news from Peking. The young Emperor—this reminds us of the famous Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid—has already twice made by night, *incognito*, promenades in the city, in order to see with his own eyes what is done and thought by the people of his capital, which courtiers represent to him as the happiest, the most beautiful, and the best governed city in the world. The proceeding is so contrary to the principles and doctrines of Confucius, to the dreams of Lan-Tan, and to all the traditions of China, that people hesitate to believe it. Nevertheless it is not the mere gossip of the lower orders, but a truth which has the property of alarming the highest classes. Foreigners, on the contrary, look on this fact as a manifestation which gives the brightest hopes for the future of China, as denoting on the part of the young Emperor an independent character which promises a vigorous reign.

## The Grievance of Ignorance.

Victor Hugo, in his *Année Terrible*, a poem on the year in which Paris was burnt, his upon one of the reasons of the grievances of the lowest classes. Going along the street during the second terrible siege, the aged poet meets with a Communist, who informs him that he has just set fire to the National Library. "What!" cries the poet, "Burn Homer and Plato and Socrates; burn all the historians and poets—those who have given men wider hopes and better lives—those who have made discoveries and perished for liberty! What! Burn Galileo and Newton and Kepler, to whom the world owes science and so many discoveries! Burn those who make life merry and good—burn Babelais, Molière, Lesage—burn Racine and Shakspeare—burn the preachers and moralists, and finally burn the Bible itself! Wretch, what have you done?" The man answers with a grin and an epigram, "*Je ne sais pas lire!*"—"I don't know how to read!"

## Dickens's Profits.

He twice received, Mr. Forster tells us, a thousand pounds for a story not half the length of one of the numbers of *Copperfield*; and Mr. Forster adds that there are no "other such instances in the history of literature." The success of his writings was beyond all precedent. The Christmas numbers of *All the Year Round* had a sale of 300,000. He was to receive £7,500 for 25,000 copies of *Edwin Drood*, and to have half the profit of all sales beyond that number, whilst during his life sales reached 50,000 copies. Scott in all his glory was not to be compared with Dickens in point of immediate popularity. Surely, one would think, a man in such a position might be independent enough of pecuniary cares to allow his mind due rest and employ it upon worthy tasks. The arguments, however, which induced Dickens to lecture in America simply come to this, that he calculated upon making £15,500 by eighty readings. On his return from America he continued his readings in England, and calculated that by both together he would have made £28,000 in a year and a half.

## The Actress and her Lover.

In a provincial town in France—in which country it is almost an invariable rule for managers to engage artists on the condition that they are approved by the public—a young actress, who had met with several very stormy receptions, the real reason for which was that, being attached to a young comedian of the troupe, she would not accept any bouquets or *billets-doux* from her admirers, was about to make her last appearance on trial. When the evening arrived, and she appeared on the stage, she was received with hisses and hootings, and the theatre was "alive" with apples, beans, and the like. The climax was reached when there fell at her feet a bouquet of hay and thistles, the noise increasing every moment. The poor girl nearly fainted, but the young comedian above mentioned, who was playing in the piece, supported her, and, having led her to a couch, coolly picked up the bouquet. In an instant one could have heard a pin drop. The actor approached his companion, who was crying bitterly, and, dropping before her on one knee, said in a distinct voice, "Allow me to beg your acceptance of this present, madame. The donor must certainly have deprived himself of his breakfast this morning." Instantaneously the current of public favour turned, and thunders of applause were heard. The young comedian's presence of mind had saved his *fiancée*.

## Mr. Gladstone's Honeyed Words.

A correspondent present at the Greenwich election says:—A funny incident came under my own notice. The Premier advanced to the front of the hustings bareheaded. Standing still for a moment, he took from his pocket a mysterious looking bottle, very like a pomade pot, and eyed its contents with great attention. "I'll bet I know what he's going to do with that," said a woman in the crowd. "He's going to put it on his head; it's balm o' Gilead, that's what it is." "Balm o' Gilead?" echoed a woman. "Why he's a-eatin' of it; he's a-eatin' the balm!" she screamed. "Well, then, rejoined the first speaker triumphantly, "you may reckon it's the proper sort of balm, or he wouldn't do it. Let him oil his throat well; he'll let the Tories have it." The fact is that Mrs. Gladstone, ever mindful of the duties of a wife, and aware of the fact that the Premier's throat is somewhat given to bronchial attacks, provides him always with a neat little pot of honey and balsam, of which Mr. Gladstone partakes somewhat plentifully before delivering a speech of any length; and it was this lubricatory mixture which led to the remarks that I overheard in the crowd. After all, honey and balsam is better for a man who intends to speak clearly than champagne or gin and soda—beverages in which some of our great speakers are wont to indulge. But Mr. Disraeli will scarcely be inclined to think that there was much honey in the Premier's speech.

## SIR GARNET WOLSELEY.

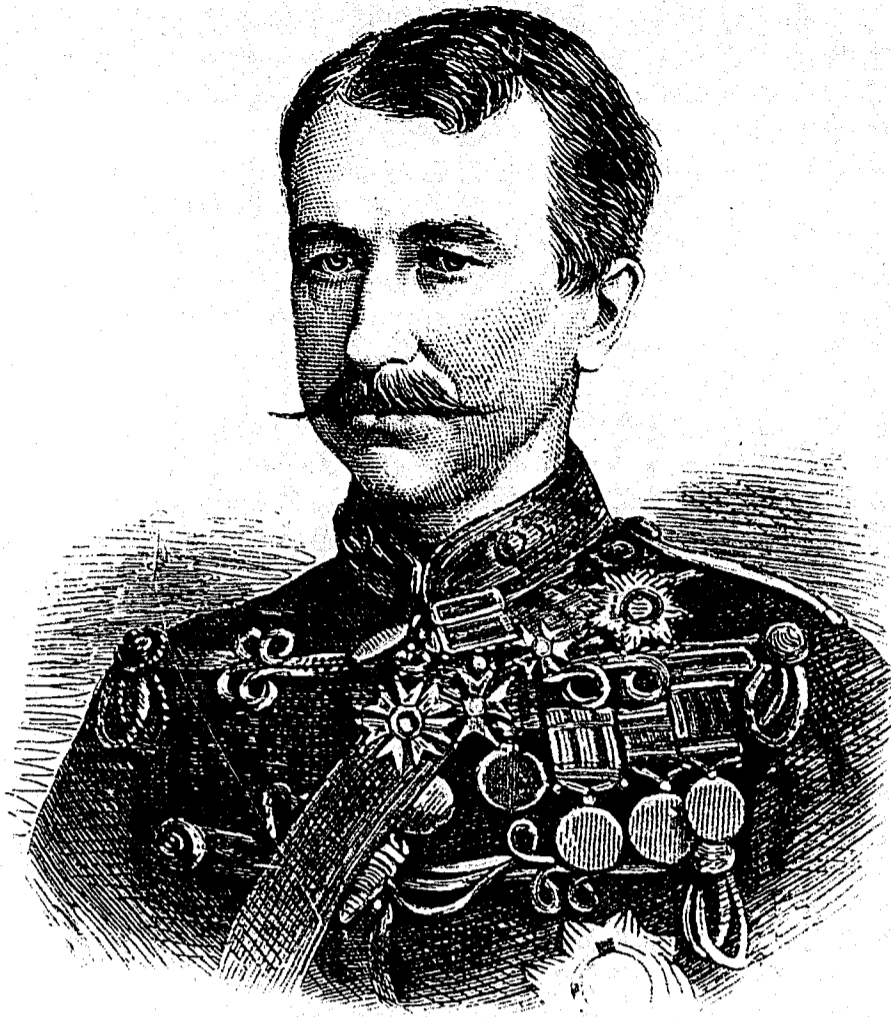
SKETCH OF HIS LIFE AND CAREER.

In 1854, when a British army, distributed in transports, was bound to the East at the outbreak of the war with Russia, a moderate-sized man in the undress of an infantry regiment might have been seen, any day of the week, on board the troop-ship *Orontes*, drilling his company by squads, to the disgust of the sailors and less zealous military passengers, in out-of-the-way corners of the steamer's main deck. There was nothing very remarkable about this officer; he was always scrupulously neat, not at all troubled by sea-sickness, only afflicted by a sleepless sort of energy that seemed rather out of place in a soldier on shipboard. When he was not drilling his men or showing some of the recruits how to "back up" the knapsack, with its forty-two pounds weight of spare ammunition, and so forth, so as to afford the lungs free play under the chest-strap, he might generally be found in his cabin with Petchirine's Kersonese on his knees, and the Admiralty chart of the Euxine spread out for reference. That officer was Captain Garnet Wolseley, the present Commander-in-Chief in Ashantee.

Arrived at Gallipoli the division to which Captain Wolseley's regiment was attached had a time of inactivity, little of which fell to the share of the subject of this sketch. His was the privilege to incur an early rebuff from the divisional commander, whose faith in the red-tapism of a by-gone age induced him to fall foul of so startling an innovation as that the young fusilier captain wished to initiate; that, namely, of allowing his men to dispense with the choking leather stock when the glass marked 90 degrees Fahrenheit. Capt. Wolseley, however, was an irrepresible innovator; checked in one direction this impulse broke out in another, and when the division was moved to Varna his company was, through the judicious changes effected by him in the soldiers' kit, in lighter heavy marching order than any other in the regiment.

Upon the investment of Sebastopol after the defeat of the Russians at the Alma by the combined armies, Captain Wolseley's regiment was incorporated with the Fifth (Sir Richard England's) Infantry Division, which was severely handled at Inkermann. That battle gave Captain Wolseley his majority. He had now sufficient influence in the regiment to carry through some of the minor reforms in the condition of his command. He was the first officer who dispensed with shaving in the ranks, and, when the rigours of the Crimean winter set in, to encourage the soldiers to wear sheepskin coats and caps, whereby the regiment obtained the sobriquet of "Wolseley's woolley boys."

During the desperate fighting to repulse the Russian sortie



GEN. SIR GARNET J. WOLSELEY, K. C. B.

on the 9th of December, 1855, Major Wolseley, who was field officer of the trenches, observed the left wing of the Third Buffs, that was acting as covering force to the advanced working parties, suffering severely from the enemy's artillery fire, and, moving up to the officer in command, suggested that he should order his men to lie down.

"Excuse me, I command the wing," was the repellent answer. The next instant the utterer fell mortally wounded.

"Come lads, your officer has set you the example, lie down," said Wolseley drily, and the men complied. Shortly afterwards

a half troop of Russian horse artillery was pushed forward to enfilade the advancing column of the French reinforcements led by Gen. Auroull's de Paladine.

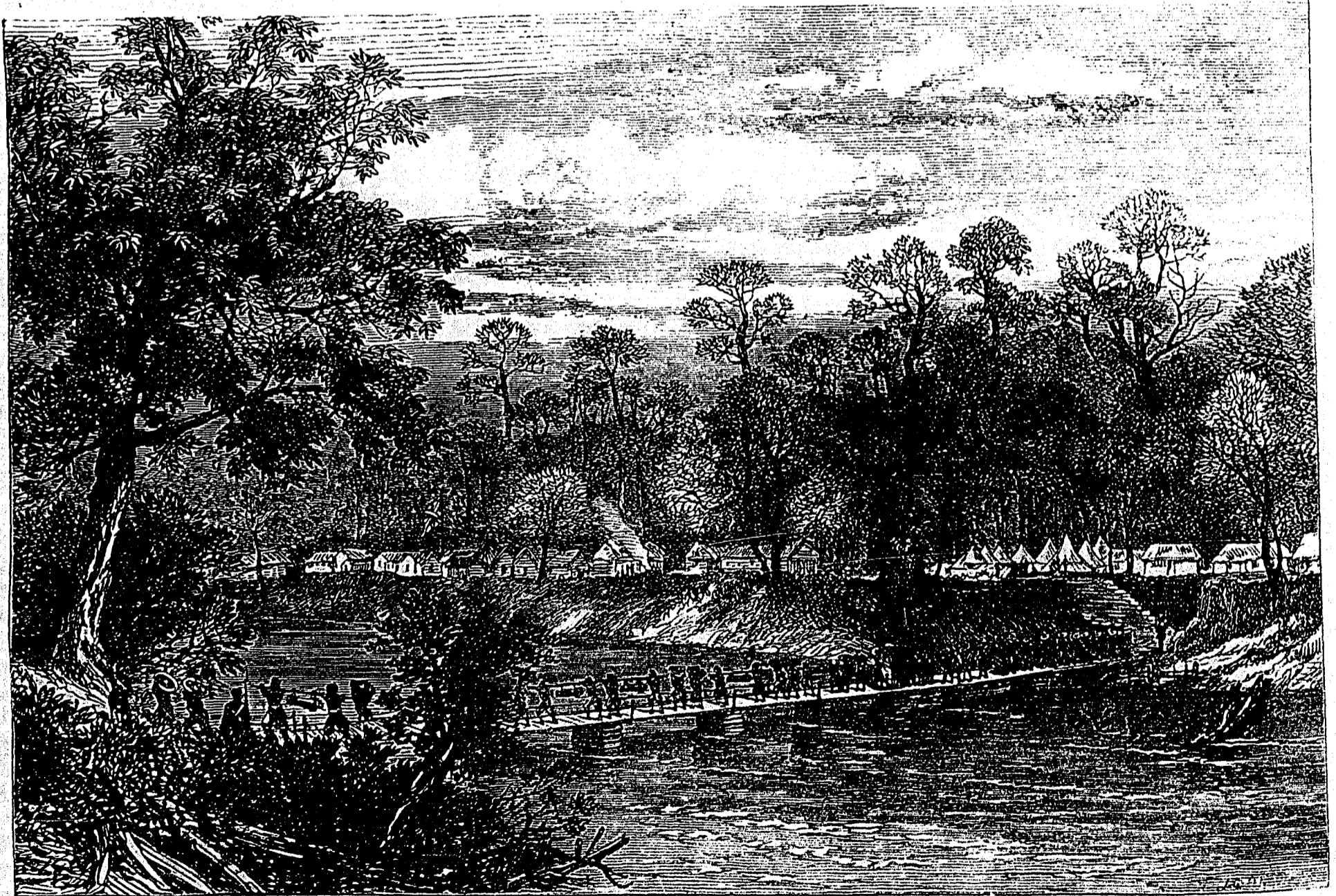
"There is a time for all things, boys," said Wolseley quietly: "a time to take rest, and a time to take guns. We'll have those two; follow me!"

And have them he did. They may be seen to this day on Clifton Down, in England, with "3rd Buffs" scratched at the time of capture on the chase of each piece by Garnet Wolseley's sword-point. The interval between the first and second bombardment of Sebastopol afforded Major Wolseley opportunities to distinguish himself, which he was not the man to neglect.

The audacity with which he threw himself with a portion of his regiment into redoubt Kalkh which the Turks had abandoned, and from which he held the whole Russian attack in check until Sir Colin Campbell's brigade had changed front, earned him mention in Lord Raglan's despatches, and the conclusion of the war found him a lieutenant-colonel, a Knight Commander of the French Legion of Honour, holder of the Victoria Cross, and of the Turkish Order of the Mejidie of the first class.

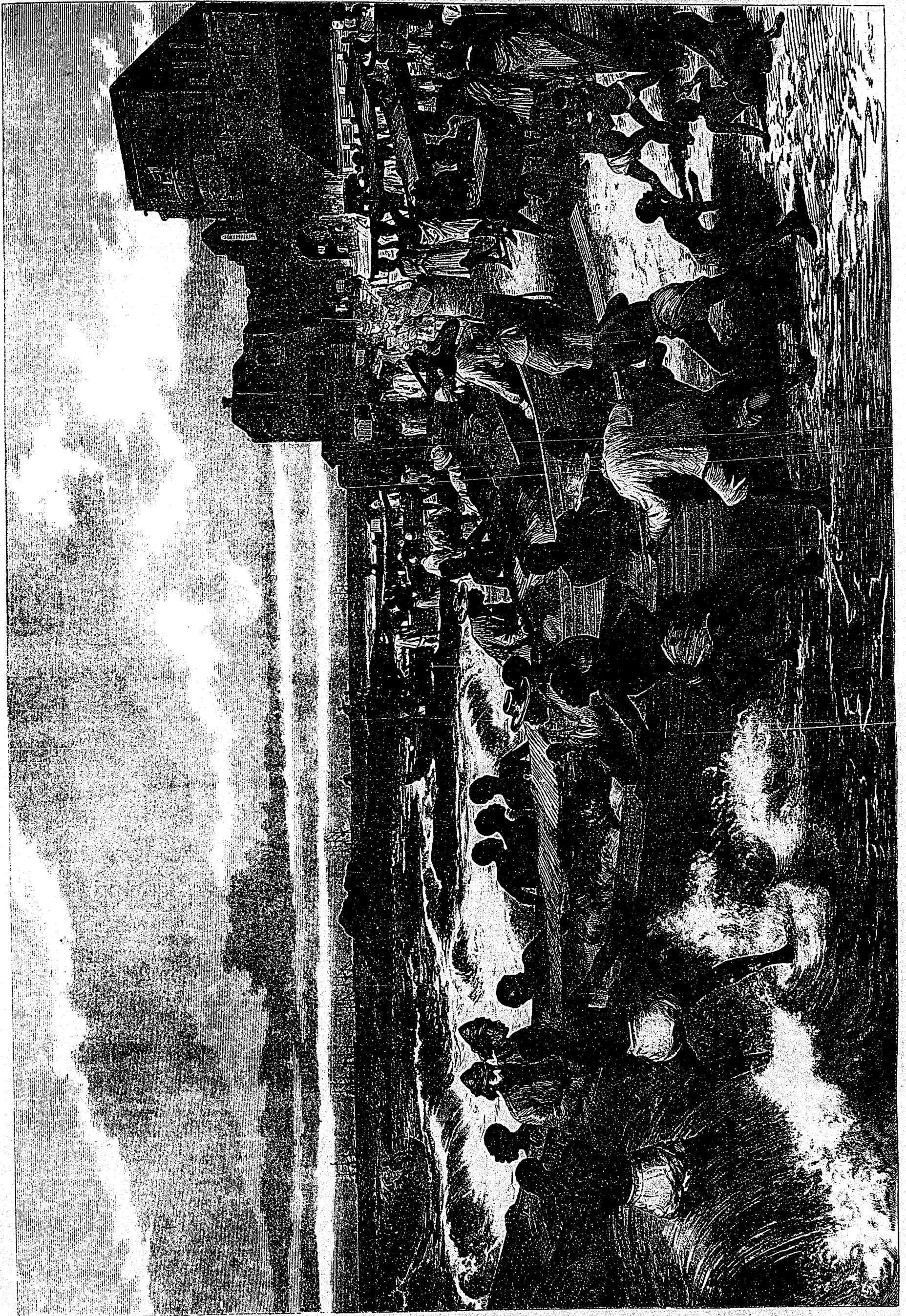
In 1858 Sir Garnet obtained his majority. At that time he was attached to the 90th regiment, from which he retired on half pay, after serving in the Burmese and the Crimean wars; but obtained the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, with an Indian appointment, in April, 1859, and that of Colonel in 1865. He was at the siege of Lucknow and defence of the Alumbagh in the Indian mutiny, when the despatches mentioned him with praise, and his conduct was rewarded with a step of brevet rank. He served in 1860 on the staff of the Quartermaster-General, through the war in China, for which, as for his previous services in three other wars, he received medals and other tokens of distinction. In October, 1867, he was appointed Quartermaster-General in Canada, and held that office several years. He commanded the Red River expedition in 1870, in which his skillful management was justly applauded; and he has since his return to England shown much ability in command of a division of the troops engaged in the autumn campaigns of

the last two or three years. Various articles, from his pen upon the subjects of coast and urban fortification, recruiting, defensive and offensive systems of war, and modern tactics and drill made the name of Garnet Wolseley more of a household word than any of his deeds in the field. The attention his pen won for him brought him a major-general's commission when his age was far below that at which that rank is generally attained to in the British service, and the action of Mr. Cardwell in nominating him to the command of the Ashantee expedition was such a departure from Horse Guards traditions that it



THE ASHANTEE WAR.—THE CAMP AT PRAH-SU (PERMANENT GARRISON CAMP.)





THE ASIANTER WAR.—INVALIDS EMBARKING AT CAPE COAST CASTLE.



startled public opinion into unquestioning approbation. The result, however, has fully justified Mr. Cardwell's action, and General Sir Garnet Wolseley—soon to be, it is expected, Lord Wolseley of Coomassie—is the hero whose name is in every man's mouth.

## HOW MR. PENLAKE EXERCISED A PROCTOR.

In the year of grace 18—, it pleased the ancient house of Congregation of the University of Oxford to enact in dog-Latin—which out of mercy to the scholastic instincts of our readers we forbear to quote—that, whereas candidates for "responsions" (vulgarly called "smalls," or the "little-go" examination) hitherto had paid a fee of one pound for the privilege of running their chance of being plucked, in future the University would charge one guinea to each undergraduate who should offer himself to "respond"—whatever "responding" may mean.

Shortly after the promulgation of this solemn decree, which, by the way, occupied half a column of the *Times*, a notice was issued to the effect that the Junior Proctor would attend in the hall of — College, between the hours of one and two on the following Friday, in order to receive the names of candidates for responsions, who were required to adduce certain papers as evidences of their identity, sanity, and membership of the University.

Obediently to this summons, some three hundred youths, attired in academicals, congregated in and about the hall aforesaid, wherein on the dais was seated the Junior Proctor, engaged in the thankless task of latinizing the homely *prænomina* of Joneses, Smiths, and Robinsons.

"Your name, sir, and college, sir?" snapped the officer at a tall stripling.

"Herbert Maurice Smith of Wadham," was the intelligible reply. Whereupon down went the young man's name as Herbertus Mauritus Smith à Collegio Wadhamsiensis. "Smith," you will remark, being incapable of latinization, was permitted to remain in all its native cacophony.

"A guinea, sir," observed the Proctor perfunctorily; and Mr. Smith, having come provided with a sovereign and a shilling, popped it down smilingly, and departed, devoutly hoping that the examiners would overlook his very Oxonian Euclid, and exceedingly gentlemanly arithmetic—his exercises in the latter science having hitherto been almost wholly confined to the study of "odds," and the mysteries of book-keeping in general.

To him succeeded a young gentleman, whose sporting costume contrasted most strangely with that curtailed caricature of the old Benedictine habit partially covering his shoulders. He announced himself briefly as Mr. Richard Penlake of Brazenose College; which respectable patronymic, after being duly amplified to suit the mediæval proclivities of the University, was written down carefully by the Proctor. Looking over the dignitary's shoulders to see that there was no mistake about it, and being satisfied with the accuracy of the entry, Mr. Penlake proceeded to pull carelessly a sovereign out of his trousers-pocket. Then he flung it magnificently on the table with the air of a man paying away money which was not of the slightest consequence.

"A guinea, if you please," remarked the Proctor, looking rather foolish at the sovereign, and perhaps a trifle angry with Mr. Penlake.

"The fee's a pound," replied that gentleman coolly.

"The fee, sir," retorted the Proctor deliberately, "is a guinea."

"But," urged Mr. Penlake, appealing to his brother students, who were crowding round the table, "I've always been used to pay a pound."

At this sally there arose a complete roar of laughter. Mr. Penlake was well known as a gentleman who had made very heavy efforts to "respond" satisfactorily, but hitherto without success. In fact, he had already paid many pounds to an unkind University, which does not return fees to those whom the examiners in their discretion think fit to reject.

"Silence!" cried the Proctor, rising angrily from his seat. Then turning to Mr. Penlake, "A shilling if you please, or I shall erase your name from the list."

Mr. P. fumbled first in one pocket, then in the other; but, although he found several pipes handy, he did not seem to be possessed of either silver, gold, or notes. In his perplexity he faced right about, addressing himself incontinently to every one:

"Look here. This is my last chance for smalls. I wish one of you fellows would lend me a shilling."

In a trice a dozen hands proffered the needful coin. Whereupon Mr. Penlake, ejaculating "Thanks!" clutched at the nearest, and then with great gravity deposited it by the side of the sovereign on the table.

"Next time, sir," observed the Proctor sarcastically, "you will remember—a guinea."

"Next time, sir," rejoined Mr. Penlake, "I propose to give the University of Cambridge a turn."

Whereat the audience grinned—the general impression being that, unlike "Adolphus Smalls" of the famous ballad, he would be plucked again, even though he might "put on coaches three," and "read all night with towelled head." Mr. Penlake himself thought otherwise, and as he strolled back to his college, he registered a solemn vow that when he had secured his testamur, or certificate of having passed, he would take his revenge on that sharp-tongued Junior Proctor who had raised the laugh against him, not altogether unsuccessfully.

For Mr. Penlake, though exceedingly idle, and in debt, and impecunious, we must not regard as a dunce. The great Sir Robert Peel, the present Lord Chancellor, and a host of other celebrities have been ploughed for this same examination, and yet subsequently have attained to the most exalted academical distinction. A "pluck" often operates favourably in taking the conceit out of young persons, who at school have been so worshipped as paragons that they have already begun to defy their own very ordinary brains. Nor is a "pluck" in any case to be regarded as a disgrace. It remains on record that three undergraduates of one of our best colleges, all three being men of the highest social position, achieved no less than twenty-seven plucks between them. Each of these gentlemen is now a benefited clergyman, highly respected, and occupying a sphere of wide usefulness. In short, their early failures have not one whit impaired their subsequent well-

merited success in life. No doubt they often laugh over their hard-fought battles with the examiners. *Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

To return to Mr. Penlake. This little brush with proctorial authority put him on his mettle. Of course the story of how he had *always* been used to pay one pound spread like wildfire over the University, where men will subsidize you for any *bon mot*, which will serve to fire-off at a wine or a breakfast, provided that it be quite fresh, and safe to raise a laugh. In the merriment occasioned by his words no one joined more heartily than their author; but perhaps he felt all the more acutely that he would be singularly stultified if he missed his mark in the Schools. Hence he set to work with a will; to him Sunday was as a working day, night as morning. He cut all parties, eschewed liquors, from champagne down to small beer, and the outcome of such energy was, that he got his previous reading into ship-shape; and when once in the cockpit, and face to face with the string of ugly questions, so effectually flooded the papers, that he was let off with a minimum of *viva-vocs*, and departed from the Schools bespattered with the cold compliments of his ancient persecutors, who congratulated him both on the quantity and quality of his work most condescendingly.

"Now," said Mr. Penlake, as he accepted his testamur from Purdue, bearing the autographs of two individuals whom he had caused enough to abhor—"now, to serve out my friend the Junior Proctor."

About the date of this voracious history a certain M. Lecocq had just retired from the honourable office of cook of Boniface College. Whether he and the then Master agreed to differ, this deponent sayeth not; suffice it, that Mr. Lecocq transferred his artistic ability from Boniface kitchen to a restaurant in the High-street, which straightway became the place for the juvenile gourmets to eat, and learn what art can effect. Mr. Lecocq found his enterprise rather more arduous than he had anticipated. The Vice-Chancellor of the period was a very stately courteous gentleman; but not at all disposed to relax academical discipline. He it was who, when Mr. Thackeray requested permission to deliver his lectures on "The Four Georges" within the precincts of the University, asked the great satirist, innocently enough, who he was, and what work he had written.

"I am the author of *Vanity Fair*," replied Thackeray. "*Vanity Fair!*" exclaimed the Vice-Chancellor; "a dissenting publication I presume."

The good man, not being a novel-reader, imagined that the grandest work of that period was a tract. However, if severe upon the guild of letters, the great don could also wield the rod of office against another branch of art with rigour. Gastronomy to him was as sinful as fiction. Hence, shortly after the institution of the Restaurant Lecocq, he was down upon its talented proprietor.

"I understand," said he, "that you have infringed the statute which provides that no person shall sell to any member of this University, being *in statu pupillari*, cooked meats."

"You would not have me serve *ze* gentlemen *vid raw?*" urged the monsieur, by way of defence.

Whereupon the Vice-Chancellor responded by inflicting a fine, called in University parlance "a scone," and M. Lecocq departed, as one may imagine, tolerably disgusted with this specimen of official tyranny.

Now it happened on the return of M. Lecocq from his interview with the Vice-Chancellor that he encountered Mr. Penlake, whose features were exuberant with joviality, waving in triumph his testamur.

"Look here, Lecocq," he cried; "look at these autographs—very rare. Talk about the autographs of Shakespeare, Milton, Guy Fawkes, Oliver Cromwell, and all those kind of people—they're nothing to these, simply *nothing*. Lecocq, I must dine—sumptuously, mind you—all the delicacies of the season—expense no object—seven o'clock—you understand."

Then, without waiting for the worthy Frenchman's reply, Mr. Penlake darted away, and was soon buried in the recesses of a hair-dresser's establishment, from whence he emerged, after a time, carrying a largish brown-paper parcel.

Next he wended his way towards the establishment of a well-known tailor, where he exchanged his commoner's for a scholar's gown, to the utter amazement of the honest tradesman, who, to use his own phraseology, "Allers guv Muster Penlake credit for being a gennelum, but not for being a schollard." The credit part of the business was, we fear, only too true, inasmuch as our hero occupied two pages and a half of a large ledger, the total being in three figures. A warm bath, a glass of bitters, a shampoo, and a game of billiards made up the time to seven o'clock, when Mr. Penlake duly presented himself at the door of M. Lecocq's establishment in the classic High-street.

"Dinner, sir?" said the waiter. "Yessir. Fust pair, left." Upstairs lumbered Mr. Penlake, very hungry indeed, and most anxious to do full justice to the best dinner in Oxford. He thought he heard a titter on the stairs, but it didn't disturb him. The room looked bright and cheerful, and his feelings were those of a man at peace with all the world except the Junior Proctor.

"What will you drink, sir?" asked the waiter, returning with something approaching a grin on his features.

"Sham, Charles, sham—dry—that'll do to begin with. And, I say, Charles, look sharp."

Again a titter. However, Charles rapidly reappeared with the seductive fluid, the cork of which he drew deliberately. Then he remarked with an effort at *sang froid*:

"M. Lecocq, sir, sorry, sir; no soup, sir. Will you have up the salmon, sir?"

An expletive was on the tip of Mr. Penlake's tongue, but he suppressed it, intimating that he didn't care what they brought him so long as they did not keep him waiting.

Clank, clank of the plates, and, presto! the salmon was on the table, and Charles out of the room, laughing as he went rather explosively.

"What the doose!" ejaculated Mr. Penlake, as he endeavoured to help himself with the fish-slice, which somehow would not penetrate. "What the doose! Why I'm dashed if it isn't raw!"

With a bound he rushed to the bell-ropes and pulled till it yielded with a crack. He was about to inflict summary chastisement on the luckless Charles, whose voice was heard outside the door, convulsed with merriment, when, with a serious countenance, entered no less a personage than M. Lecocq.

"*Plait-il, Monsieur?*" imperturbably.

"Look here—I say—this is some confounded practical joke of Charles's."

"Not so, sare I've been, as you say, sconzed by your

Vise-Chancellor. He say that I must not geef *ze* gentlemen *cooked* meads. Zo I obey *ze* statudes, and I geef them *raw!* Zo!"

"But I can't make myself into a cannibal or a German," exclaimed Mr. Penlake; "and I'm doosed hungry, upon my honour I am, Lecocq."

"You must obey *ze* statudes of *ze* Univairité."

"Hang the statudes! I suppose my good friend, the Junior Proctor, has hauled you up before the Vice, eh?"

"Yace," answered Lecocq. "It vos 'im."

Whereupon Mr. Penlake took monsieur by the button-hole, and commenced confidences which caused much laughter to both speaker and listener. In fact he was revealing his project of playing a practical joke on this very Proctor whose officiousness had caused M. Lecocq to be mulcted.

"Goot, goot, vare goot!" shouted the Frenchman. "Yace, yace, you shall 'ave some cooked meads for dinner—in *faive* minits, Meester Penlake. Bud you must pay *ze* scone if you are caught in the act of eating *ze* mead which is not raw."

"That's a bargain," was the ready reply. Accordingly, within the stated five minutes, Charles, with the humblest apologies, was engaged in serving Mr. Penlake with a delicious *menu*. The soup was discovered, salmon appeared done to a turn, *entrées* succeeded, and, in one word, repletion was attained within five-and-forty minutes after feeding commenced.

To champagne succeeded claret, curaçoa, coffee, cigars. By the time that Great Tom of Christ Church was booming away his hundred-and-one discords, to announce that it was past nine o'clock, and the number of students on Wolsey's Foundation had not yet been altered by the authority of Parliament, Mr. Penlake was pleasant, jovial, perhaps larky, but certainly not inebriate. A soda-and-brandy caused him to rise just one degree further in the direction of liveliness, after which he declared himself as "altogether fit," and accordingly proceeded to prepare for action.

First, he took his innocent trencher-cap, and smashed it to a jelly.

Secondly, he slewed his tie round to the back of his ear. Thirdly, he extracted from the before-mentioned brown-paper parcel a beard and moustache of copious dimensions, with which appendages he invested his own smooth downless countenance. Then he superimposed the battered cap, doffed the scholar's gown, and lighted a fresh cigar, carefully scenting himself by sprinkling brandy over his beard, linen, and clothes.

Having surveyed his appearance in the looking-glass, and being satisfied that he simulated intoxication successfully, he rang the bell and dispatched a messenger to inform him when the Junior Proctor was going his rounds.

We may inform the non-academical reader that Proctors are irresponsible magistrates, who, in our two University towns, can enter houses forcibly, dispense with *habeas corpus*, and commit people to prison without the formula of a trial. These privileges they exercise most freely after dark. Hence their habit of perambulating the town by gaslight, attended by a *posse comitatus* termed appropriately "bulldogs."

After waiting nearly an hour, Mr. Penlake's outpost advised him that the Proctor was sheering down the street, having just benevolently stepped into the Mitre to stop a quiet supper party.

On receipt of this intelligence, our hero staggered forth into the street and, affectionately embracing the nearest lamp-post, vociferated a popular melody, in order to secure attention.

Authority, thus challenged, hove down promptly upon him. Nothing daunted, Mr. Penlake continued his ditty in thorough maudlin fashion, stopping only to whiff his cigar, which, as all the world knows, is a luxury regarded by the University as somewhat more immoral than any of the mentioned sins in the Decalogue.

"Your name and college, sir?" asked the Proctor sternly. Mr. Penlake muttered thickly and inaudibly, blowing the smoke in the inquirer's face.

"Your name, sir; and college, sir?"

"Ben'l—Wooshter," was the reply.

"Bennel of Worcester, do you say?"

"Schpel it with a P., old boy," answered the hardened Mr. Penlake.

"Pennel. Then, Mr. Pennel, what business have you to be in this disgusting state of intoxication? Go home to your college, sir, and call upon me at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"I think, sir," murmured the Marshal, as the chief bulldog is termed, "that the gentleman is—hum—ha—is unable to take care of himself."

This indeed seemed likely, as Mr. Penlake continued to cling incontinently to the lamp-post, as if he needed its support.

"We had better take him to Worcester," answered the Proctor, by no means in a tone as if he relished the march of a good half mile with an inebriate man. Accordingly, two of the bulldogs, advancing, seized Mr. Penlake's arms, and offered their assistance.

But Mr. Penlake was not going to be removed quietly. He struggled and lurched and tumbled into the gutter, until he had fairly got the Proctor into a towering passion.

"Carry him!" he shouted indignantly. And thus it came to pass that a procession was formed, and the word to march having been given, they bore the recumbent Mr. Penlake to Worcester and deposited him comfortably at the college gate. But the porter, on being summoned, disavowed all knowledge of Mr. Penlake. Nor was there, as it appeared, any undergraduate of the name of Bennel or Pennel on the college books.

"What is your college?" shouted the Proctor.

"Maudlin," grunted Mr. Penlake stupidly.

"Then why did you say Worcester?"

"I—I didn't shay Wooshter; I shed M-Maudlin."

There was nothing for it but to resume their march. To the reader unacquainted with the geography of Oxford, we may state that Worcester College is distant from Magdalen (or Maudlin) College about a mile and a quarter.

"Dear, dear," yawned the unlucky Proctor, "I'm tired to death as it is, and, besides, it's getting late. This is very, very unpleasant."

Tramp, tramp down Beaumont street, Broad street, Holywell, Long Wall. At length they arrived at Magdalen College, the bulldogs almost ready to drop from carrying some thirteen stone of inert humanity.

On summoning the janitor of Waynflete's Foundation, Mr. Bennel, or Pennel, was indignantly repudiated. What was to be done? The man seemed too idiotically intoxicated to be

guilty of a practical joke. However, the Proctor began to entertain suspicions.

"If you don't tell me, sir, at once your true name and college, I'll—I'll expel you, sir, from this University, sir!"

These terrible words he shouted in Mr. Penlake's ear.

"Whash use of making such row? I shed Sin Johnsh. Take me to Sin Johnsh."

"You prevaricate, sir," replied the Proctor. "You have dragged us to two other colleges: and let me tell you, you have done so at your peril."

Mr. Penlake was acting with some *nous*. He meant to give his enemy a good walk in order to have the laugh of him. For this reason he mentioned the names of colleges as far apart as he could, thereby entailing upon the weary official and his officers the maximum of hard work.

In high dudgeon the whole party retraced their steps towards St. Giles's, and after several stoppages, caused by the fatigue of the bulldogs, they eventually reached St. John's College, where, as before, the porter denied Mr. Penlake admittance. Here, however, the bulldogs began to protest their inability to act as beasts of burden beyond a reasonable limit. So a council of war was held. The Marshal opined that Mr. Penlake, who was reposing cosily on the pavement, was a member of Christ Church. One bulldog could swear that he belonged to Merton; another that he had seen him in a surplice in New College Chapel. The Marshal's opinion, being entitled to most weight, prevailed; and therefore once more the burden was lifted, and borne, amid the muttered execrations of the bulldogs, to Canterbury gate. There the porter, having strict instructions from brave old Dr. Gaisford, the then Dean of Christ Church, to hold no parley with Proctors, slammed the door in their faces. Indignant beyond measure at this rebuff, the Proctor gave orders to convey Mr. Penlake to the lock-up, in spite of a remonstrance from the Marshal that he would in that case be associated with parties of the opposite sex, who, for real or supposed naughtiness, were confined in the University prison-cell—an eventuality which, to the mind of the Marshal, appeared more than terrible. The Proctor, however, wanted to get to bed, and, inasmuch as something must be done with this man of no college, he preferred to put him under lock and key. Accordingly, the bulldogs prepared to lift Mr. Penlake once again. That gentleman, however, had no idea of anything so serious as imprisonment. He felt, therefore, that he must escape from his present situation by hook or by crook. His first move was to regain his legs.

"I'm better now," he muttered. "I'll try and walk."

"Why didn't you tell us your college?" whispered the Marshal confidentially.

"I've told you once," he said, more rationally; "it's Wadham."

Finding that the prisoner could walk, the bulldogs very readily allowed him the use of his legs, retaining him by his arms only. In this fashion the procession reached the quadrangle formed by the Bodleian, All Souls, Brasenose, and St. Mary's Church, in the centre of which stands the Radcliffe Library. As they passed the church, Mr. Penlake dexterously thrust one leg under the bulldog who held his right arm, thereby tripping him up. Then, by a quick movement, as one man fell, he wrenched himself from the grasp of the other, and thus in a trice stood at liberty. Before the Marshal, who realised the hoax, could seize his gown, he had bounded away from them down Brasenose Lane at a tearing pace; turning sharp round by Exeter, he made for the Broad street, where, distancing his pursuers, he divested himself of his beard and moustache, flung away his scholar's gown, twisted round his tie, and then deliberately turned back and encountered the Proctor in the Turf.

"Your name and college, sir?"

"Penlake of Brazenface."

"Where is your gown, sir?"

"I've left it in Trinity."

"Did you meet any one running in the Broad street?"

"Yes, sir; a man with a beard, about my height."

"Thank you, sir. Don't let me meet you without your gown again at this time of night."

Mr. Penlake bowed, and triumphantly marched off to his college, where, at a supper of superlative festivity, he told the story to an admiring circle.

Luckily for Mr. Penlake, the Junior Proctor went out of office during the next vacation. Of course, by degrees, it oozed out that Mr. Penlake, of so many colleges, was really Mr. Penlake. However, he never suffered, directly or indirectly, from the results of this adventure. Indeed, it was whispered that the good old Head of Brazenface was so delighted at a joke being played upon one from whom he differed ecclesiastically and politically, that it was solely on account of this escapade that he awarded to Mr. Penlake a certain valuable exhibition. We must, however, accept that as mere scandal. Our hero, having once passed the dreaded smalls, took more kindly to reading, and eventually achieved his B.A. sleeves, to the credit of himself and his college. Hence, perhaps, he merited the patronage of his worthy chief.—COMPTON READS, in *Belgravia*.

Scraps.

William Ged, the inventor of stereotyping, was a Scotchman. He was a jeweller in Edinburgh.

The vineyard of Clos-Vougeot is to be put up for sale by auction on March 19th, at the Chamber of Notaries of Paris. The upset price is 1,900,000fr.

It was recently remarked by a young lady at a party at Manchester, of a solemnly precise youth:—"He looks as if he were setting an example to his ancestors."

A biographical Dictionary, containing more than twelve hundred pages, has just been published in England, without containing the name of Charles Dickens.

The statue of Napoleon I, with the traditional hat, which Louis Philippe placed at the summit of the Vendôme column, is to be reinstated in its old position as soon as the monument is restored.

According to a French journal, horses and other animals may be protected from the persecution of flies by painting with a pencil the inside of the ears, or other parts liable to be bitten, with a few drops of empyreumatic juniper oil (*huile de cade*).

A discovery of interest to wood engravers is the fact that plates of polished slate may be used as substitutes for box wood for engraving. These plates will furnish over 100,000 impressions without loss of detail, do not warp, and are not affected by oil or water.

At a recent hearing before a Massachusetts Legislative Committee in favour of repealing the law exempting churches and educational institutions from taxation, the claim was made that

the press, as a disseminator of religious truths, and as a public educator, had as good a right to immunity in that respect.

The word husband, with which young women before marriage associate so much poetry and romance, is not in its etymology all that fancy may present it. It is Anglo-Saxon—husbonda, composed of hus and bonda, meaning house boor. We fear the significance of the word is truer than many spouses would wish to admit.

Mr. Sothorn has been good enough to inform an "interviewer" that he plays Lord Dundreary in the same wig and whiskers which were made for him when he first assumed the part. "I am not a superstitious man," said Mr. Sothorn, "but I am convinced that I never play the part as well as when I have the original wig and whiskers on."

Two of the sons of the Siamese twins were enlisted in the rebel army during the late war, and when a conscription was made in North Carolina the names of the twins themselves were put on the list. When the drawing was made the name of Chang came out, but Eng's remained. The recruiting officer was nonplussed; he could not take Chang without also taking Eng, but Eng refused to go, and finally both were left alone in peace.

In Cooperstown they tell the story of an English joker who one visited Fenimore Cooper. Cooper was then the most conspicuous man in the little town. One day, while Mr. Cooper was dining with the Englishman, he poured out some native wine—wine from grapes raised in his own garden. Taking up a glass and looking through it with pride, Cooper remarked, "Now, Mr. Stebbins, I call this good, honest wine." "Yes, Mr. Cooper, I agree with you, it is honest wine—poor, but honest." Mr. Cooper went on telling his "Injun" stories.

Our Illustrations.

In none of his numerous works is Sir Edwin Landseer happier in suggesting analogies between the canine races and the different orders of men than in the two celebrated pictures of "HIGH-LIFE" and "LOW-LIFE," now in the Vernon Collection in the South Kensington Museum. In the former the dog is of the purest breed—thin, sinewy, agile, fond of field sports—yet, as he reclines against his lord's cushion, he has a thoughtful, even melancholy, air. And every accessory about him—sword and casque, books and manuscript (perhaps the rent or pedigree roll), hawking-glove and eagle's-claw—tell of aristocratic life and tastes. The other dog is a vulgar cross of two plebeian breeds. He is neither active nor graceful in his movements, nor is he beautiful to look at. There is, however, plenty of fight in him; and though out of condition, he would be a match for most dogs in a short tussle, and rats would have small chance in his neighbourhood. He has doubtless been at many a dog-fight, rattling-mat, and pugilistic encounter. His master's habits may be inferred from the pewter pot and pipe behind the dog, and the empty bottle above. His sporting proclivities are probably indicated by the top-boots and blue spotted necktie; whilst his employment is evident from the butcher's block, knife, &c. Fat, overfed, indolent, impudent, blinking or winking one eye in the sunshine, and licking his lips over a well-polished bone, the butcher's dog stands at his master's door in stolid self-satisfaction, and perfectly content with the "Low Life" he leads and represents.

On pages 179 and 180 is a series of sketches of places and things of interest in connection with the recent royal marriage at St. Petersburg. TSARSKOYE SELO, where the bridal couple spent their honeymoon, is a town seventeen miles south of St. Petersburg, the site of an Imperial park and residence. CZAR PUSHKA, or, "The Emperor of Guns," lies in the arsenal at Moscow. It was cast in the reign of Theodore (1590), whose effigy it bears. It is nearly forty tons in weight. The CZAR KOKOLK, "Emperor of Bells," was first cast at Moscow in 1553. It then weighed 36,000 lbs., and twenty-four men were required to move the clapper. During a fire the bell fell from its position and was broken, and in 1654 was recast, its weight being increased to 288,000 lbs. In 1706, owing to another fire, it again fell, and was broken, the fragments lying on the ground neglected until the reign of the Empress Anne, who had it recast in 1733. Once more, in 1737, owing to fire, the CZAR KOKOLK was injured, the side being knocked out, and it remained buried in the ground until 1836, when it was placed in its present position by the late Emperor Nicholas. The bell now weighs 444,000 lbs., is 19 feet 3 inches in height, 60 feet 9 inches in circumference, and 2 feet thick, while the broken piece weighs 11 tons. On the bell are sculptured the figures of the Czar Alexis and the Empress Anne, and on a scroll are represented the Saviour, the Holy Ghost, and the Evangelists, surrounded by cherubims, and an inscription.

The CAMP OF PRAH-SU, we learn by a recent dispatch, is to be maintained as a permanent garrison post. The illustration shows the huts and tents on the bank of the river, with the General's flag above the head-quarters' residence, and the bridge of planks, constructed by four men of the Royal Marines, with the assistance of native labourers. The battery of native artillery, with three small guns, is seen crossing the bridge. On the opposite page the illustration shows the embarkation, at Cape Coast Castle, of a number of invalid British officers and soldiers for the voyage home, or to Madeira, or some other place of sanitary treatment.

A sketch of an ENGLISH POLLING PLACE and two pictures apropos of the PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION complete our list of illustrations, which is supplemented by a map of the English, Russian, and German railway routes for connecting Europe and Asia, after the plan presented by M. de Lesseps to Baron Schwartz-Zenbron, Director-General of the Vienna Exhibition. The Eastern terminus of the existing railway system of Russia is at Syzran, a town on the Volga, situated at a distance of about 280 miles from Orenburg. From this point M. Lesseps takes his projected line across the bare, unwatered steppes which lie between Orsk and Kasalinsk, and so on to Cabul and Peshawur. This route, however, the Russian engineers state to be impracticable. It has further been strongly objected to by the four Powers most interested in the opening of railway communication between the two continents, viz., England, Russia, Germany, and Austria, each of which is desirous of adopting the route which will best serve its own interests. The English route takes Soutari as its starting-point, cuts across Asia Minor, by way of Erzeroum and Tauris, to Teheran, thence almost due east to Herat, and south-east to Chickarpoor, where it would join the line from Hyderabad to Peshawur. The length of this route would be about twelve hundred leagues. The proposed line is, however, objected to by the other Powers. The German route starts from Rostow, on the Sea of Azov, runs through the provinces of Caucasasia and Chircassia, and following the western coast of the Caspian Sea joins the English line at Teheran. This project meets with as little favour from Russia and Austria as the purely English line from Soutari. That proposed by the Russian Government takes a totally different course. Its starting-point is Nijni Novgorod, whence it branches out eastwards and south-eastwards, by way of Kasan, Sarapour, Perm, and Ekaterinenburg, to Kouldja, the capital of the district annexed by Russia three years ago. From Kouldja, which lies in the fertile valley of the Il, the road would follow an almost straight line through Chinese Tartary to Shanghai. A second Russian line would form a loop from Syzran to Tashkend, and thence to Kouldja.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—Two more clergymen of the Ottawa Episcopal Diocese have been excommunicated for joining the Reform movement.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Duke of Edinburgh and his bride made their entry into London on the 12th inst., and, in spite of most unpropitious weather, the streets through which the procession passed were crowded with people. As many as 50,000 are said to have gathered in front of Buckingham Palace.

The total cost to the Bank of England, incurred in the pursuit and prosecution of the Bidwells, was £46,000.—The London press seem to regard Gladstone as the only person capable of leading the Opposition as a body, as any other would be the leader of a section merely. Still Mr. Gladstone will resume the leadership of the Liberal party in the English Commons only next year, if his health will permit his doing so.—A meeting in favour of a Fenian amnesty held in Hyde Park recently was attended by 20,000 persons. Good order prevailed.—Lincoln's Inn authorities have considered the charges of unprofessional conduct against Dr. Kenealy.—The King of Ashantee agrees to pay fifty thousand ounces of gold to the British Government for indemnity.—It is rumoured that General Schenck's visit to the United States is with a view to negotiate a new reciprocity treaty between that country and Great Britain.

UNITED STATES.—Senator Sumner died at 8 o'clock on the afternoon of the 12th inst., and was buried at Boston with great honours.—Bishop Cummins accepts the Rectorship of the Reformed Episcopal Church.—The snow blockade on the Central Pacific R. R. is raised.—Stokes is said to be speculating in stocks to raise a library for Sing-Sing prison.—The Ladies' Temperance Crusade in Ohio continues amid great excitement. In many cases the ladies were subjected to the grossest insults, which were borne with meekness and resignation, tending to increase the numerical strength of the crusade.

—The Directors of the American Steamship Company voted a thousand dollars to Brady, formerly third mate of the Atlantic, who brought the Pennsylvania safely into port.

FRANCE.—The tickets distributed for the celebration of the Prince Imperial's majority at Chiselhurst exceeded 5,000. Among numberless presents, the Queen sent from Windsor a flag, an order of the Garter, and also a brass plate with an inscription, to be placed over the Emperor's sarcophagus. There was an address read by Duke de Padoue, to which the Prince Imperial replied.—The Empress Eugenie and her son have broken off relations with Prince Napoleon, he having refused to go to Chiselhurst.—A proposition has been made by the Right in the French House of Assembly to disfranchise the French colonies.

GERMANY.—Bismarck has had a slight attack of gout.

SPAIN.—The Governor of Bilbao says he has provisions to last over April, and means to hold out.—Marshal Serrano, with 34,000 men and 90 pieces of artillery, is now face to face with a Carlist force of 35,000 men, while Gen. Loma, with a column 8,000 strong, is moving in the enemy's rear.

AUSTRIA.—The Hungarian Ministry has resigned.—The Pope urged the Austrian Bishops to combat the passage of the Ecclesiastical Laws Bill, and has written to the Emperor Francis Joseph to protect the Church in his Dominions.

TURKEY.—There is great distress in Constantinople, on account of a heavy snow-storm.

JAPAN.—The late political disturbance was confined to one province. All the offenders have surrendered to the Government.

SOUTH AMERICA.—The fire at Panama on the 19th ult. did damage to the amount of upwards of \$1,000,000. The police and soldiers got drunk and pillaged the place.—The Bishop of Pernambuco has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment for resisting the laws of the State.—Cholera and fever have disappeared from Buenos Ayres.

CUBA.—Substitutes in Havana are scarce at \$1,000 gold.

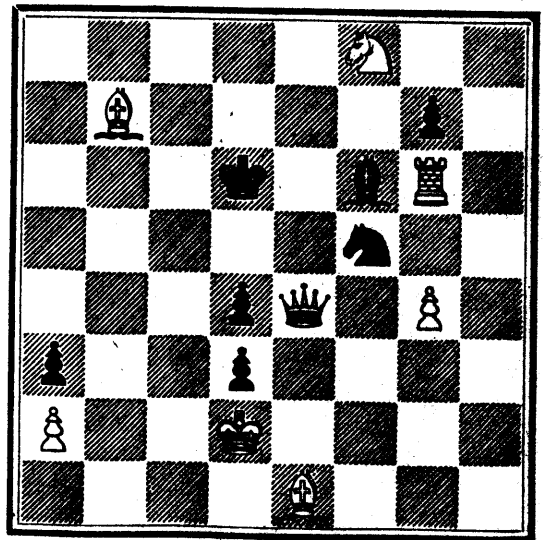
Chess.

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

CORRECT SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.—Problem No. 120, Junius, and Alpha, Whitby; No. 121, F. X. L., Ottawa; Junius; J. W. B., Toronto; W. H. P., Montreal; No. 122, F. X. L., Ottawa.

The following Problem appeared in the *London Illustrated News* a few years ago. It is worthy of examination.

PROBLEM No. 122.  
BLACK.



White to play and mate in three moves.

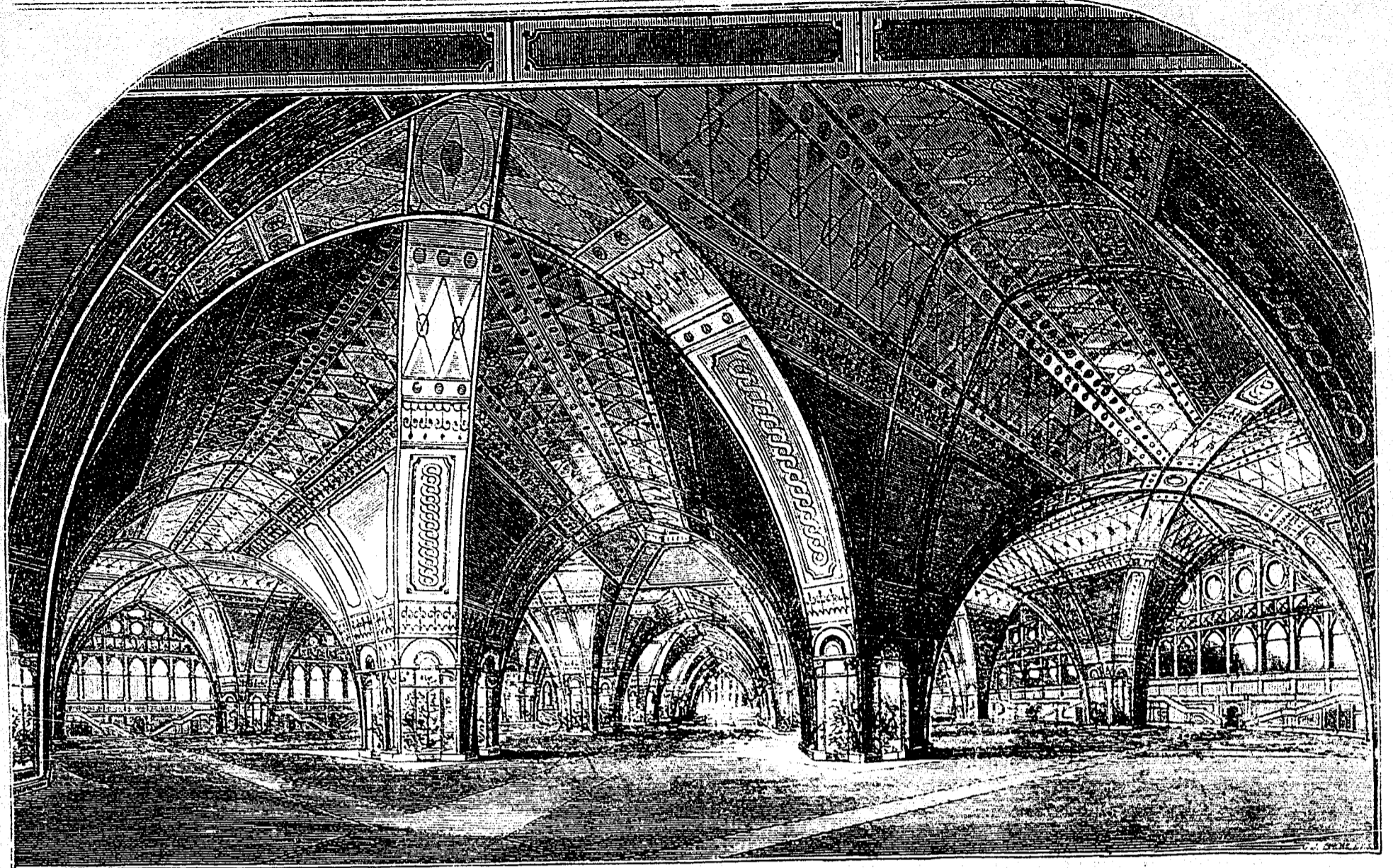
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 121.

- |                  |              |
|------------------|--------------|
| White:           | Black:       |
| 1. B to K Kt 6th | 1. Any move. |
| 2. B to Q B 2nd  | 2. "         |
| 3. B mates.      |              |

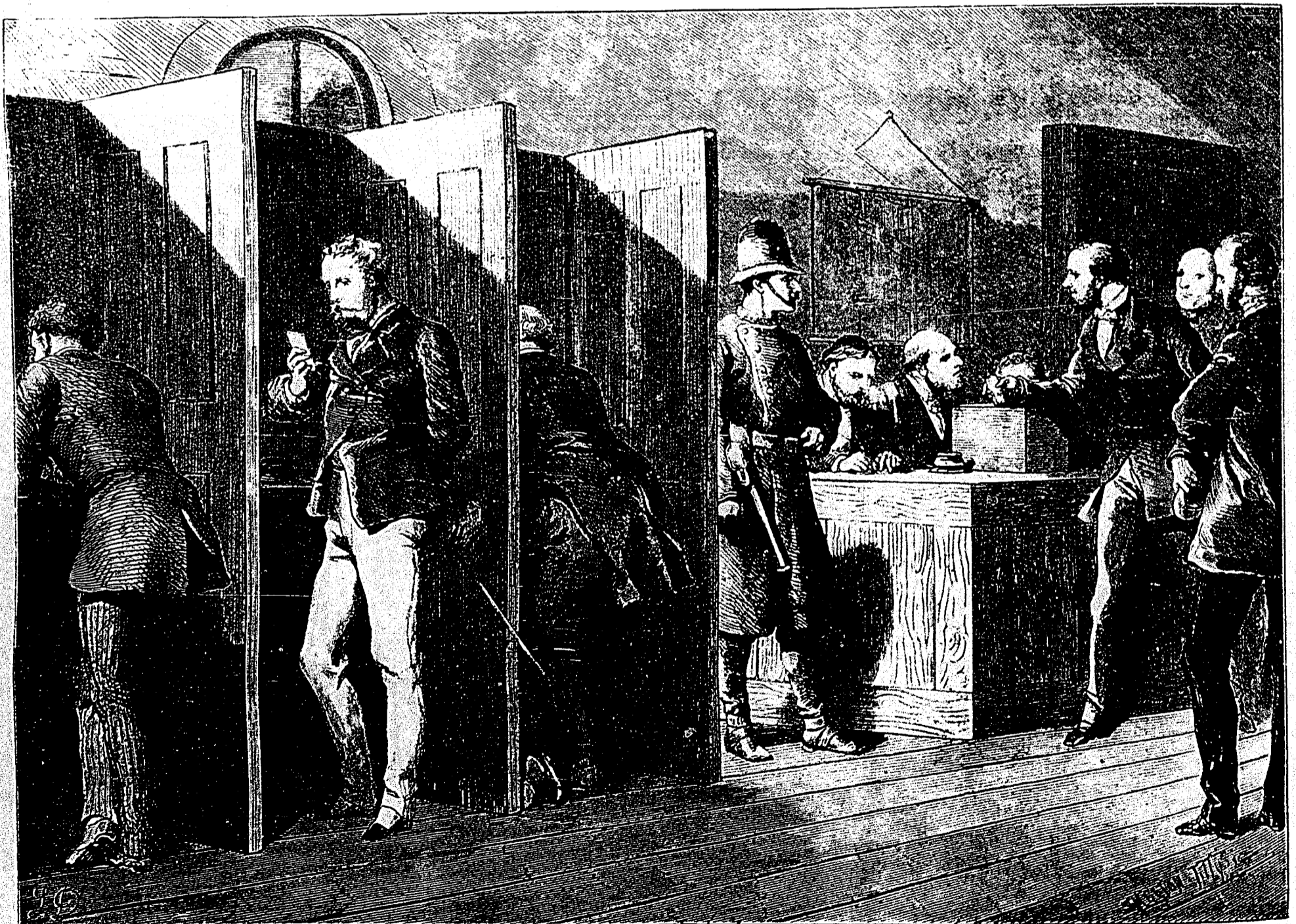
VARIATION.

- |                        |                 |
|------------------------|-----------------|
| 1. B to Q B 6th        | 1. R to K R 4th |
| 2. B to Q B 4th        | 2. Any move.    |
| 3. B to Q Kt 3rd mate. |                 |
| IF                     |                 |
| 2. B takes R           | 1. R to Q 2nd   |
| 3. B to K 6th mate.    | 2. P moves.     |



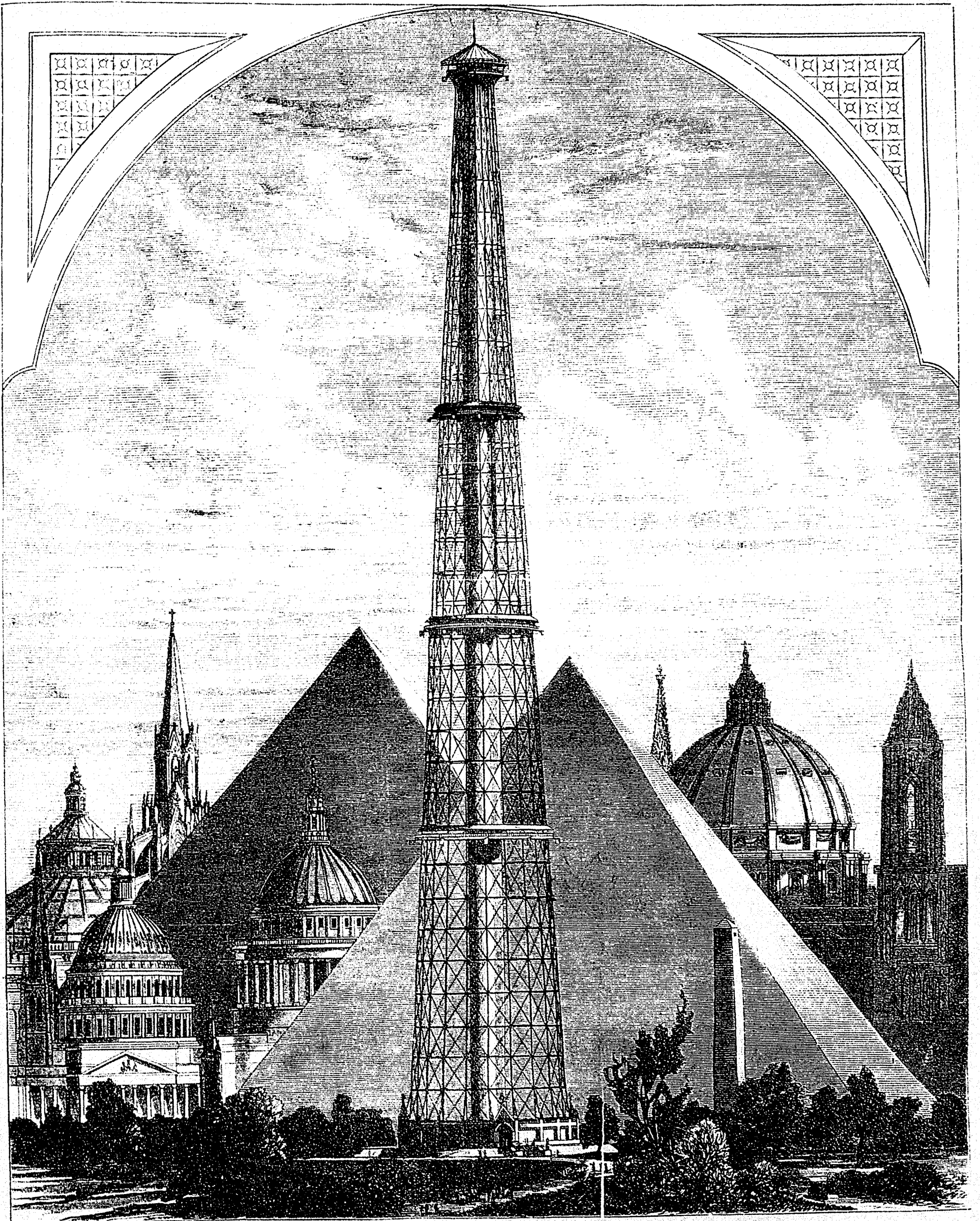


INTERIOR OF THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION BUILDING.



AN ENGLISH POLLING BOOTH.





THE GREAT TOWER OF THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION BUILDING.

Rotunda, Vienna Exhibition, 348 ft.—Cathedral, Cologne, 500 ft.—Pyramid of Cheops, 480 ft.—Tower, Philadelphia, 1000 ft.—S t. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna, 436 ft.—St. Peter's, Rome, 473 ft.—Strasburg Cathedral, 438 ft.—Washington Capitol, 287 ft.—St. Paul's, London, 315 ft.—Pyramid of Cephren, 454 ft.—Buck er's Hill Monument, 221 ft.—Trinity Church, New York, 266 ft.

## MEMORY AND HOPE.

Ab, Memory, all potent is thy spell!  
How many a lonely life thou makest bright!  
Aided by thee, how sweet it is to dwell  
On vanish'd youth and childhood! Thy pure light  
Flung down the vista of receding years,  
Hallows and softens hours of bitter pain,  
Brings back our brightest days, till Life appears  
So fair that we could wish to live again.

And Hope's bright presence was most kindly given  
To chase Despair with her celestial ray—  
To show us glimpses of the promised heaven,  
And turn our thoughts from present griefs away.  
Yet Memory, thou art very dear to me,  
Though oft thy tenderness is mixed with pain—  
Hope shows a picture which has yet to be,  
But Memory keeps what cannot be again.

The fairest hopes of earth too often fade  
As we approach them; Memory is true,  
For by her hand are faithfully portrayed  
The joys and sorrows that we have passed through.  
She sings again the carols of our youth,  
Restores the fragrance of our withered flowers,  
Gives to the Past reality and truth,  
The guardian angel of departed hours.

Earth has much beauty; and in joy or sorrow  
Let us thank God for these two angels bright—  
Hope that looks forward to a glorious morrow,  
And Memory that cheers us through the night.  
For Memory gives us something here to love,  
The careful treasurer of transient bliss;  
And Hope points upward to the home above,  
And leads us to a better world than this.

[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 Pilgrims," &c., &c.

## CHAPTER L.

SYLVIA IS DISAPPOINTED.

After that moonlight meeting in the churchyard, Lady Perriam looked upon her lover's subjugation as a settled thing. He would come to her next day, he would declare herself her slave for ever, and they would only have to settle between them how soon they could decently marry.

Not until a year after Sir Aubrey's death—that delay seemed inevitable. However she might sigh for Edmund's companion hip and protection, for the sense of security that there would be in that union, she must needs conform in some measure to the usages of society. Not until after this year was dead and gone, and a new year's snowdrops were gleaming whitely in the shrubby borders could she be Edmund Standen's wife.

He might repent and forsake her in the meantime.

"Forsake me," she exclaimed, with a little laugh of triumph, "No, he will hardly do that. I know my power over him now. He fought his hardest against me last night, but I think the struggle is over. He will never try to break his fetters again."

All that day, the day of Edmund Standen's journey in the Monkhampton express, Lady Perriam watched for her lover's coming. She had no doubt that ere the day was done he would be at her side. He would not pause to calculate the effect of such a visit, the possibility of gossip or even scandal arising therefrom. He would come, full of a lover's rapture, reckless of all the world, come to ratify his impassioned vows of last night, come to set the seal of certainty upon their re-union.

He would come early perhaps, even before noon. He would hardly stop for conventional hours. She scarcely touched the dainty breakfast, not set forth in the solemn state of the dining-room, but neatly spread on a low round table in her boudoir, a table garnished with a low wide centre dish of biscuit-china full of summer's loveliest flowers, roses, seringa, Australian clematis, velvet-petalled geranium.

Breakfast, an idle dawdling meal with the widowed Lady Perriam, was over at last. She turned over half-a-dozen books and could read none of them, so wandering were her thoughts. She looked at herself in the glass and wondered if the change that Shadrack Bain had presumed to speak of were visible in her face to-day. No, it was all beaming, radiant loveliness. Triumph and hope had renewed the old lustre. Happiness was the true Median bath. It had made her young again.

The day waned. Luncheon, a meal at which Lady Perriam tried to be maternal and sacrificed comfort to baby worship, succeeded the long blank morning. The young heir of Perriam ate his morsel of boiled fowl, minced to suit his budding teeth, cried a little, said mam-mam, was kissed and sent back to his own domain of the nursery. Lady Perriam dismissed him with a yawn.

"I do believe she cares less and less for that blessed little lamb every day of her life," said nurse Tringfold to Nurse Carter, in an indignant outburst, when the latter crept into the nursery to hang over the child's scrib for a minute or two, and bless him as he slept.

"I never did see such a mother. She looks at him sometimes as if she didn't see him, and if he frets and whimpers a bit,—in this gentle manner did Mrs. Tringfold gloss over the bantling's shrieks and yells of rage when his infantine wishes were for the moment crossed,—"she shivers and looks as vexed as if he was somebody else's baby."

"Lady Perriam is very young," said nurse Carter, apologetically.

"If she's old enough to have a baby, she ought to be old enough to care for him," answered Mrs. Tringfold snappishly.

As the afternoon lengthened Sylvia grew too impatient to endure the restraint of the four walls. She felt that Edmund Standen must come very soon now. The conventional visiting hour had arrived. If he wished to be strictly within rules now was his time. Her impatience over-mastered her. She put on her bonnet—the widow's little crape bonnet, which she rarely touched without a shudder of aversion, took up her black parasol and went out. She went down the long avenue, where

the monkey trees spread their spiky arms above the smooth bright grass. This way was the only ceremonial approach to the house, the only carriage way. Edmund Standen would drive most likely, and would come this way.

More than once she had thought of his employment at the Bank. It was just possible, after all, that he might not be able to come till the evening—just like a shopman at Ganzlein's, who could only get out when the shop was shut. The idea was humiliating. He to be bound by any such restraint—he who had once been so grand a gentleman in her sight.

She walked all the way down the avenue—looking straight before, between those two stiff lines of interminable monkey trees—the tall elms rising grandly on either side behind them shutting out the world beyond Perriam. She looked straight before her for distant dogcart, or pedestrian, but there was nothing—nothing but the spiky branches, the soft spreading greenery of the elms, the grass, the long straight road diminishing to a point in the distance, the blue warm sky.

Yes, there was something human in the remote distance. A few minutes ago he might have looked like a robin redbreast, with that spot of scarlet on his neck. Now he had developed into a distant boy. A telegraph boy, evidently, with those patches of red which enlivened his garments.

"Who would send me a telegram," thought Sylvia, alarmed; not Edmund certainly. There was no telegraphic communication between Heddingham and Perriam—no railway—no public conveyance—nothing but the rustic high road. The modest meadow path. The short cut by wood or corn field.

The boy came up the avenue whistling. What matter if he sometimes carried tidings of ruin or death? To him his avocation was commonplace enough. He had no idea that he was a kind of spurious Mercury, messenger of gods and men.

Lady Perriam stopped him as he came up to her.

"What message have you there?" she asked.

"A telegram for Lady Perriam."

"Give it me. I am Lady Perriam."

The boy looked at her suspiciously.

"I'm bound to deliver it up at the Place," he said, "and get the time wrote on it. I beg your pardon, my lady, but I must stick to rules."

"I've a pencil," she said, "will that do?" emphasising the question with a fat clean shilling—not an attenuated worn-out button of a coin, but a full-bodied shilling.

"Pencils don't do in general," answered the boy, "but I'll see if I can make it do this time."

Lady Perriam filled in the hour—4-15—more than time that Edmund should have come, and dismissed the boy.

Then she read her telegram.

"From Edmund Standen, London, to Lady Perriam, Perriam Place, near Monkhampton." "Edmund Standen, London!"

Were the telegraph clerks mad to write such nonsense?"

"I have left Heddingham, for an indefinite time, on my way to Germany. After what happened last night it is my only course. I could not face home difficulties, and thought it well for all interests that I should be away. More by letter."

"Coward," whispered Sylvia, with a serpent-like hiss, "is this what his love is worth, after all. His love, for which I have hazarded so much."

## CHAPTER LI.

RANDOM SHOTS.

The receipt of that telegram was a blow that struck home. Sylvia had brought her lover to her feet as she firmly believed, and behold, at the moment when she felt most certain of his allegiance he had been able to leave her for an indefinite period! Was this the love that had made him so weak a slave last night in the moonlit churchyard? Had the cold light of day so completely restored him to reason?

She dragged her steps slowly back to the house. What a weary length of monotonous green sward she had to tread, with leaden lingering feet. She had come this way so gaily a little while ago, looking down the long vista for the figure she expected to see. She had felt so utterly sure of his coming, and instead of that dear presence, that strong hand clasping hers, there was nothing but the crumpled telegram in her feverish palm.

"I suppose Mrs. Carter will be glad of this," she said to herself bitterly, remembering the reproachful look that had obliterated her wild talk of happiness.

"She would like to see me in sackcloth and ashes, or branded on the forehead with a red-hot iron," thought Sylvia, brooding upon her mother's reproaches of last night. "She would consider that for my good. No harder judge than you, penitent sinner."

The sun beat down upon her head, the fierce August afternoon sun, as she crossed the broad gravelled expanse before the hall door, and in this open sunlight she found herself face to face with that person whom of all others she dreaded, for no definite reason, perhaps, but with an instinctive fear which reason could not stifle.

Shadrack Bain met her in front of the hall door, whip in hand, the dust of a long ride upon his stout country-squireish boots. He had come to the Place by the servant's entrance, from a round of inspection on the home farm.

"They told me you were out, Lady Perriam," he said, as he shook hands with Sylvia, "but I could hardly believe it, on such a blazing day, knowing your predilection for closed venetians and a cool room."

"One must take a walk now and then," answered Sylvia, coolly. She made no secret of her indifference to any suggestion of Mr. Bain's; but the agent was not to be put down by those small tokens of disdain. He went on suggesting all the same, and could not see, or appear to see, that his interest in her welfare was unappreciated and unwelcome.

"Wouldn't it be wiser to choose the cool of the evening for your walk," asked Mr. Bain.

"If you were my doctor, Mr. Bain, I daresay I should ask your advice upon that point," retorted Sylvia, "but as you are not my medical adviser I prefer to consult my own inclination."

"If I were a doctor," repeated Mr. Bain, with a curious little laugh, "that's a singular way of putting it, Lady Perriam. If I were a doctor I might do a great many things that I don't do now. If I were a doctor I should want to see a little more than I do see of that poor half-cracked Mr. Perriam. If I were a doctor I might want to know a little more than I do know of the manner of Sir Aubrey's death."

That blanching cheek, which had been flushed by heat and anger a moment ago, told him that his shot had struck the mark.

"How white and tired you look, Lady Perriam. I am sure

that walk was a mistake. Come into the saloon and sit down for a little before you go upstairs to your own rooms."

They were in front of the saloon; the sashes of the long windows were raised, and the butterflies floated in now and then upon the summer air, and cooled themselves in the stately gloom of that disused apartment.

"I hate that room," said Sylvia, looking towards the open window with a shudder.

"Because Sir Aubrey's attack happened there. Yes, I can fancy the association must be painful to one so truly attached to him as you were. Well, we won't go into the saloon. You seem to like the open air better. We'll go on to the terrace. I want to have half-an-hour's talk with you."

"What can you have to say to me? I thought we settled all business matters yesterday."

"This is not exactly business—nothing connected with the estate, that is to say."

Lady Perriam walked by his side as far as the terrace, reluctantly, but with that feeling of helplessness which she always experienced in Mr. Bain's presence. She hated him, she feared him, and she always ended by submitting to his will—that will which had ruled Sir Aubrey in days gone by, which had awed the tenants into closest adherence to quarter days, and which had exercised itself in the vestry of Monkhampton, until it had made Mr. Bain a power in the sleepy old country town.

She sank down with a tired air upon a bench on the terrace, a broad marble bench, in an angle of the marble balustrade, and an ancient orange tree in a sculptured vase crowning the angle, and screening her from the fierceness of the sun.

"This is better than the saloon, isn't it, Lady Perriam?" asked Mr. Bain, as he seated himself by her side.

"It will do very well," she answered coldly.

No tinge of colour had come back to her marble-pale cheeks. There was a dogged look in her face, the lips set tightly, the eyes looking straight before her, every feature accentuated by the fixity of her expression. She looked like a woman who had nerved herself to face some fatal crisis in her life.

"What do you want to say to me?" she asked, not looking at Mr. Bain, but always straight before her.

What a different interview this was from the one she had expected. She had hoped to watch the sultry close of that afternoon with Edmund Standen by her side; to have planned the future with him, and to have shown him the splendours of her house—her's for the twenty long years of her boy's minority—to have told him of her wealth, and that it should be his to spend as he pleased. Her smaller nature had never imagined Mr. Standen's probable repugnance to wealth so won.

"I want to talk to you about your own interests, your own reputation, Lady Perriam," said the agent, after a thoughtful pause. "I need hardly remind you that the world is censorious, or that a woman in your position is an easy mark for slander."

"What can any one find to say against me? Is not my life secluded enough to preclude the possibility of slander?"

"That is just the question. Your life is too secluded to satisfy the neighbourhood. You bury yourself alive in Perriam Place; and the malicious, who are always on the look out for sinister motives, begin to ask if you have any secret to hide, that you keep so close within yonder walls. From one speculation they have passed to another. As a man of business I get to hear these things. I may outstep my functions as your business adviser—your son's guardian—in broaching this subject to you; but, right or wrong, I consider it my duty to put you in possession of the truth."

"Pray go on, sir. What is your Monkhampton gossips' complaints against me?"

"It is not a complaint; it is no positive statement, your enemies—the grocers you don't deal with, the butcher whose rival supplies your household—can allege nothing against you. But people begin to wonder and speculate about the close restraint in which you keep Mr. Perriam. If he is mad, they say, he ought to be put into a mad-house; if he is sane, he ought to be allowed more liberty."

Lady Perriam's eyes, so long fixed on vacancy, shifted un- easily, and stole a look at the steward's face. The countenance of the man of business indicated little of the mind behind it. The face of a dutch clock could hardly have been less expressive.

"He has as much liberty as he cares to have," answered Sylvia. "It is his fancy to lead that dull, muddling life, pottering about among his books, amusing himself in his own way, and troubling no one, seeing no one but the servant who waits on him. He lives now exactly as he has lived for the last ten years."

"Not exactly. He used to walk in the kitchen garden daily, fair weather or foul. He never does that now."

"He is weaker than he used to be. The shock of his brother's death has shaken him."

"Then he ought to have medical advice. If he were to die suddenly some day like his brother, what would the world say? Might not the malicious say that both deaths were indirectly your work?"

"Mr. Bain!"

"Don't look at me so indignantly, Lady Perriam. I am not going to slander you, I am not going to doubt your kindness or your justice. If ever you should need a champion, you'll find me very ready to defy the world in your defense. I only wish to protect you from the consequences of your own indiscretion. But the people of Monkhampton have taken it into their heads that Mordred Perriam is kept under undue restraint—deprived of all natural liberty—and that this seclusion and restraint are your work. More than this, they go so far as to hint that you must have some strong reason for keeping your brother-in-law out of sight—that he has knowledge of some secret of yours. Pray don't be angry with me—I am only repeating vulgar gossip."

How deadly white the face is now—colourless as the marble balustrade against which Lady Perriam leaned.

"I do not wish to hear their gossip," she said, after a pause, and there was a dull muffled sound in her speech as if she could hardly articulate the words. "What does it matter to me how these stupid country people slander me? If I went to London, and spent money, and enjoyed my life, as many women would do in my position," with a faint laugh, "they would call me heartless. Because I live in seclusion they try to imagine some secret motive for my quiet life: Mr. Perriam leads the life that pleases him. Why should I drag his harmless eccentricities before the eyes of the world? Even if he is a little wrong in his head, he does no mischief, and Mrs. Carter is quite capable of taking care of him."

"Are you aware, Lady Perriam, that it is illegal to keep a



lunatic in a private dwelling-house, or in any house not especially licensed for the accommodation of lunatics?

"Who said he was a lunatic?" "You did, just this minute." "I said he was a little wrong in his head." "Which in plain English means that he is mad. Come, now, Lady Perriam, I'll put this matter as simply as I can. If he is sane you have no right to deprive him of his liberty. If he is mad you have no right to keep him in this house." "I do not deprive him of his liberty." "Don't you? Would you object to my hearing him acknowledge as much with his own lips? Will you allow me to ask him the plain question—is he satisfied with his mode of life? If he answers that question in the affirmative, I will answer for you to all Monkhampton. No one shall dare to slander you if once I am in a position to give them the lie." Sylvia had wiped her pale brow with a cambric handkerchief, a little square of thinnest tissue. She held it now in her clenched hands—held it twisted into a rag by the writhing of those restless hands. "Mordred objects to see anyone," she said; "he has shrunk from every one since his brother's death. He is perfectly happy in his own way. Why cannot you let him alone?" "The world will not consent to his being let alone, Lady Perriam. If you refuse my advice in this matter, if you won't let me help you, as I can help you, other people will step in." "One of the magistrates? Would they dare to come here and question me? Cannot I do as I like in my own house?" "Unhappily, no. The law has a knack of looking inside

people's houses. Come, Lady Perriam, be reasonable. I am here for your own good, for your own safety. Let me see Mr. Perriam, and judge for myself as to his condition." "You shall not see him," cried Sylvia, rising suddenly and confronting him; still marble pale, but with a desperate look in her face which meant defiance. "You refuse me so slight a favour?" "You shall not see him; no one shall see him unless I choose, or until I choose. Let the magistrates come here. I will show them that I can be mistress in my own house." "What reason can you have for denying me access to him?" "I have no reason. But I will not accept dictation from anyone, least of all from you. You have long tried to be master in this house. I will show you that it is not so easy to be my master as you may have thought." She sank down upon the bench again, exhausted by that burst of passion. One little spot of crimson gleamed in the white cheeks, and the restless hands were still working nervously. "Lady Perriam, you are wrong when you say I have wished to be your master," said the steward, bending over her, and speaking in an altered voice, a softer tone than was common to Shadrack Bain's lips, yet with the old grave earnestness of the business man. "From the first hour I saw you I have been your slave. Nay, you need fear no torrent of passionate words from me. I am not versed in the language of passion. I only know that I love you. I will not say that I loved you from that first hour when you came into my office, brighter and lovelier to look upon than anything I had ever seen in a

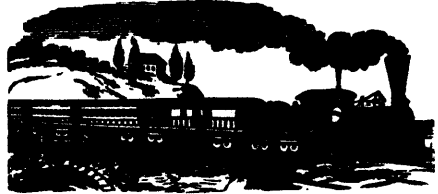
dream, but from that hour I was your devoted servant—considered your interest before all others—pleaded your cause with the husband who would have stinted your dower, watched over your welfare, so far as it was in my power to protect and benefit you." "You have always been very good to me," replied Sylvia, looking up at him with a quick, questioning glance, as if to gauge the depth of his meaning. "In those days, at least, my devotion must have been disinterested," continued the steward; "what had I to hope for? You had a husband—I a wife. What two people could be further apart than you and I? I served you, because I admired and respected you; and if, even at that time, some warmer feeling lurked in my heart, I had never confessed as much to myself. But now the day has come when I dare speak plainly. You stand quite alone in the world, Lady Perriam—a world not too kind to defenceless youth and beauty. I am your equal in education; before your marriage with Sir Aubrey, I was more than your equal in social status. I am too well off to be open to the charge of mercenary motives. Nothing remains but the disparity of our years. I dare to hope that the strength of my devotion is enough to weigh against that. Sylvia, I love you. The one hope of my life is to be your husband." Lady Perriam gave no indication of astonishment, audacious as this address may have seemed to her. She sat motionless, looking downward. The agitation of a few minutes ago had passed away, and left her very calm. To be continued.

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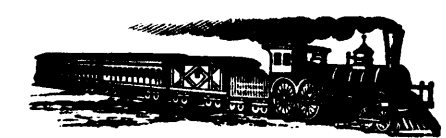
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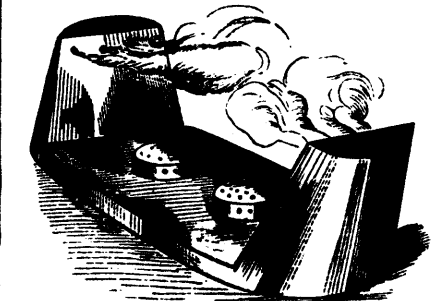
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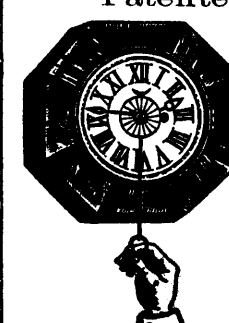
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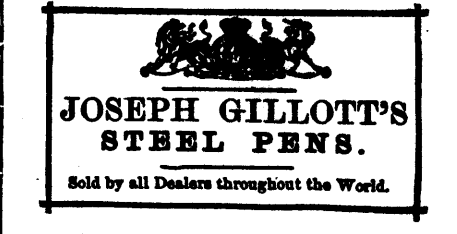
- OTTAWA. THE RUSSELL HOUSE, JAMES GOULD. QUEBEC. ALBION HOTEL, Palace Street, W. KIRWIN, Proprietor. STRATFORD, ONT. ALBION HOTEL, D. L. CAVEN, Proprietor. WAVERLEY HOUSE, E. S. REYNOLDS, Proprietor. TORONTO. THE QUEEN'S HOTEL, CAPT. THOS. DICK.

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REFERENCES: A. G. NISH, Harbour Engineer. C. T. IRISH, Manager Express Office. THOMAS MURPHY, Merchant. Messrs. SCHWOB BROS., do. For further particulars apply to NELSON & LEFORT, Importers of Watches and Jewellery, 66 St. James Street, Montreal. August 5. 8-9 Jan



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