The Weekly Mail.

VOL. II. NO. 86. TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1883. PRICE THREE CENTS.

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THE WEEKLY MAIL

Is published every Thursday morning in time for the English mail, second edition on Friday, and dispatched by first trains and express to all parts of the Dominion. Price $1.50 a year.

Advertisements for insertion are charged at the rate of fifteen cents per line for each insertion under the head of Business Notices. Display advertisements are inserted at the rate of forty cents per line nonpareil measure, and ten cents per line for every subsequent insertion.

THE WEEKLY MAIL will form an excellent medium for advertisers who desire to reach the people from every Post Office and prominent point in Ontario, Quebec, Halifax, Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, St. Johns, Fredericton, St. Stephen, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, British Columbia, and Manitoba.

AMERICAN.

The Cincinnati fair, recently closed, was visited by more than 500,000 people.

Speckled trout are now quoted in New York at twenty-five cents a speckle.

Nashville advises unemployed working men in New England to emigrate to Southern plantations, where help is needed.

The town clerk of Lancaster, Penn., went gunning lately, and kept four young people two days waiting for their marriage certificates.

A loafer arrested in Rochester, N. Y., for a trivial offence, pleaded in extenuation, that he was discouraged on account of the backwardness of trade.

Mr. Rooto, of Wisconsin, while visiting the Winona fair, patronized a long-lasting machine. The exception made his large blood, and in four hours he was a corpse.

A house containing three rooms, in Quincy, Mass., was recently found to be inhabited by sixteen persons—a man and his wife, eleven children, and three boarders.

An Iowa wife eloped with a young fellow recently, and as soon as she got intimate enough with him to have free access to his pocketa stole $200 therefrom and travelled triumphantly back to her husband.

"You needn't come on Saturday night, nor any other night," was the notification which a writer in delicate female characters left at a Brooklyn house.

Byrnes, a noted gambler, of Chicago, who has been alternately wealthy and poor, sometimes winning $10,000 to $20,000 in an evening, but who threw up his sponge shortly after the great fire, died, a few days ago, a lunatic.

Mr. Benjamin P. Wheeler, who has been the agent of the American Express Company between New York and Albany, on the Hudson River road, for twenty-years, has been relieved by the express company on a pension of $60 a month.

Michael Sullivan, the great Illinois farmer, lost ten thousand acres of corn by frost, and has only half a crop on fifteen thousand acres. He has discharged one hundred and fifty farm laborers, chiefly coloured men from Tennessee.

A Western paper states that last summer "a gentleman from Sioux City received an Indian scalp from the plains. The other day he wanted to show it to some friends who had never seen anything of the kind. He asked his wife for it and found she had woven it in with her own hair for a front switch."

Indianapolis is under the weather. Its Exposition, which was a very good one, has suspended for the season, and the city has been fully justified its continuation beyond the proposed time of closing it, present a dismal appearance. The total receipts are $140,000; its receipts only $92,000.

A Greenville, Tenn., quill-driver pleasantly says of some brother writer: "His address is imbued with the electric fire of hell; his black heart is the home of demons; his soul is a hornet's nest; his mind is a sulphur mine; his brain is a hell-fire furnace; his tongue is a forked lightning; his breath is the essence of the fumes of the Bottomless Pit; his blood is a mixture of Satan's gall and Judas's bile; and his carcass is a fit habitation for the devil and his angels."

THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

THE CHILD OF THE MIRACLE.

(From the London Telegraph.)

In the year 1816 Louis XVIII., King of France and Navarre, restored after an exile of five and-twenty years, to the throne of his ancestors, came to be somewhat disturbed in his mind as to the perpetuation of the Bourbon line. He himself was old and infirm and childless; but his brother, presumptive, had two sons, the Duke d'Angoulême, a stately, silent, morose man, married to a Princess not indeed morose, but as silent and more sorrowful than her mother—Marie Therese de Bourbon, and the daughter of Louis XVI., the "Orphan of the Temple." Her child, the Duke de Berri, lived in the stately Palace of Versailles, her girlhood in the horrible gaol of the Tuppins, released from which she had waited about for years in a ghostly, poverty-stricken banishment; coming back to France in 1814, a bride, indeed, but an elderly one, and childless women. Her father and mother had been torn from her arms to be dragged to the scaffold; her brother, the Dauphin, had been beaten and starved to death almost beneath her eyes; she had wrecked food, raiment, light even, in her dungeon; and, last of all, she was a woman. It was the late, and yet early, hour when Madame Ferdinand, Duc de Berri. Those who knew him were wont to say that his worth lay more in his heart than in his apparently slow brain; he was stunted in stature, broad-shouldered, heavy-footed, with a face, fair, with a sea comes, thick lips, and "something of a wild and ferocious expression." An English nobleman who met him, following in the wake of the Allied Armies, in '14, described the Duke as being coarse and vulgar-looking, but in his manners giving himself all the airs of a *sabreur*, without having done anything to warrant the assumption of martial roughness. He was fond, after the Restoration, of mingling with the old soldiers of Napoleon, and inviting them to fight all their battles over a chopper of wine or spass; and tall how fields were won; but the *vieux grognards* rather mistrusted this bluff Rite who had taken up his quarters in the Palace of Versailles, and did not like the tall fellow well-met with a general to whom the "baptism of powder" was lacking. It would seem, however, that the Duc de Berri was very much beloved, and that he was, in spite of his manners, a good man, and a good husband, and a good Christian. He married, in the year 1816, the Princess Marie Caroline, daughter of the King of Naples, and sister of the Duchess d'Angoulême, and, in the course of the evening Madame de Berri visited her Sicilian kinswoman, Madame d'Aiglon, the Duchess Berri, on the part, unbelieved his cousin's children—namely, the little Duke de Chartres, afterwards to be that Ferdinand of Orleans, who was killed in the Avenue de Neuilly, leaving a baby boy, who is now Comte de Paris, and the proximate "Dauphin." But the Royal equerries knocked at the door, and warned Royalty that it was time to depart. The Duke, however, was in a jovial mood, and said that, when he had conducted his wife to her carriage, he would remain for supper, and see the frolics of the Carnival to the top of the bent of their bent. Shortly after the party came, bowing, bishop, with lighted tapers, preceding them. The Duchess of Berri had scarcely handed in by her husband; while on the other side was her grandfather, presumptive, the Comte de Artois, and behind her the Comtesse de Bethisy, her lady-in-waiting. At this moment Lovel sprang like a tiger through the ranks of the soldiers of the Cent Suisses, who were presenting arms, and pushing the left bonhomie of the Duc de Berri with his left hand, stabbed him with all his might in the right side, and, leaping back, cried, "Vive la Liberté!" The rest of the affair, the confusion of the by-standers, the capture of the assassin, the prevention of the Comtesse de Chabriol and M. de Clausel de Coussergues from tearing the assassin to pieces, the arrest of the Duchess, the death of the Duke, are well known to all the world. Another dismal scene was in the next room, where the Princess was lying in her bed, unconscious of her husband's fate, and of the tumult in the house, and of the Duchess of Berri, who was in a state of hysterical agitation, and, at last, sent for her husband, who came in, and, in a few words, told her the fatal news. The Princess was completely paralysed by the shock, and, in her agitation, tore out all her hair, including her eyebrows, clamoring for a more complete tonsure, and, in her delirium, tearing her flesh with her nails, and, in her agony, crying out, "Mon mari, mon mari." The Duke died, and, in the early every month would drop off, leaving the Princess a widow, and, in the fullness of her joy, returned within twenty-four hours. All this time the opposite remained cool, and, in the end, recovered from the pain. None of the attendant physicians ever saw, read, or heard of such a case.

James Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the "Museum" in the Tower, Rochester, has been presented with a chicken produced by the pheasant hen in the Duke of Leuchtenberg's collection, and, in the end, recovered, national bank notes, revenue stamps, and other Government stamps. The lamp is significant of the utter worthlessness of paper "promises to pay," which, in the end, will be reduced to ten inches in length, by six wide, and one inch thick; and, in the end, will be, like other components of paper and ink, and of course valueless except as a curiosity. Such paper is generally, in the end, the cause of destruction are so complete that a clinker seldom remains.

Mrs. General Robert E. Lee, who died the other day at Lexington, was the granddaughter of Col. John Parke Custis, son of Martha Washington, by her first husband. Her father, Mr. G. W. P. Custis, married and settled at Arlington House, and here Mrs. Lee, his only daughter, was born. She was considered a woman of strong intellectual powers, and was strongly Southern in her sentiments. When Gen. Lee assumed command of the Southern army she went to Richmond, and remained there until the contest was over, after which she accompanied her husband to Lexington, Va., where she continued to reside up to the time of her death. She had been an invalid for about ten years with a chronic affection.

Ex-Governor Henry A. Wise upsetted an interviewer, the other day, by admitting that it would take a book, and a pretty big one at that, to contain his opinions about the present condition of the country. Speaking generally, however, he said he would not touch either of the existing political parties with a pair of tongs, they are so corrupt; and, as for the Democratic party, he said its one congress is barbarous, impracticable and absurd; that the congress are the most steady, industrious and capable labourers he knew; can get; that Hunter's idea that the General Government should pay for the liberated slaves is absurd; that he would like to have the Government build the James River and Kanawha Canal; and that if Grant would only bring about specie payments at once he would drop on his knees to him.—*Albany Journal.*

A money-saving old and single lady was Mary Ann Russell, in Edgeworth, Delaware county, Penn. After the death of her parents, her relatives who knew how fond she was of her little money, searched her domicile in vain for hidden treasure. Finally, they put her effects up at auction, and, while the auctioneer was selling her old bureau. It was concluded to take one more look at this receptacle before sending it away, and patience and persistence were rewarded. On a small ledge upon which a small upper drawer neared the delighted explorers found, wrapped in packages, $283 in gold, $17.70 in silver, $65 in greenbacks, and a lot of bonds, which the deceased had carefully accumulated and carefully concealed against a rainy day. Mary Ann, there is no way of curing, of finding out how much money is thus secreted and never found, but the ways of women are inscrutable.

It is said that the hard times have had a depressing effect upon the fighters of Phoenix, New, and the Duke of Chartres, who, in the dull time of the bowie knife are no longer heard. The Coroner's health is gradually giving way under the continued cares of affairs, and his friends are becoming alarmed. They are trying to cheer him up by recalling the happy times when he was lately held three and four inquests a day. The Coroner, however, took up his spirits at the sight of the people by giving half column accounts of desperate cut fights, disguising them so as to make it much the bloodiest and most exciting possible; but although deceptive headings do occasionally awaken a sickly flash of joy, the Coroner is not fooled by them, and they soon discover that they have been taken in and done. The Coroner, for his age, is remarkably acute.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The death is announced of the chief officer of the Royal marines, Captain T. Marshall, in his 96th year.

It is suggested that a large fog bank be placed on the top of St. Paul's for the guidance of London pedestrians.

An old London theatre goer, the other day, after many failings, taken up its abode at Kew; in Yorkshire, London.

Prince Louis Murat has left Paris for Crimea, where he is to marry Mlle. Oudinot, daughter of the Prince of that name.

Miss Pagnon, of Stafford, has been offered the appointment as assistant to her father, the Government engineer of that Parliamentary district.

A testimonial portrait to Mr. Charles Reade, the novelist and dramatist, is to be presented to that gentleman by a number of his English admirers.

The Queen, Grand Duchess Constantin of Russia, has unanimously resolved to thank the Emperor William for his recent kindness in replying to the wife of the Pope.

Dr. Southwood, a London physician, became very notorious some years ago by his connection with the murder of Mrs. Isabella Banks, and the publication of a book which had for its frontispiece a portrait of the murderess. Mesmerism, the Duke and Duchess were in the theatre enjoying themselves. Another dismal couple were in the next box, their Highnesses of Odessa, indeed; and in the course of the evening Madame de Berri visited her Sicilian kinswoman, Madame d'Aiglon, the Duchess Berri, on the part, unbelieved his cousin's children—namely, the little Duke de Chartres, afterwards to be that Ferdinand of Orleans, who was killed in the Avenue de Neuilly, leaving a baby boy, who is now Comte de Paris, and the proximate "Dauphin." But the Royal equerries knocked at the door, and warned Royalty that it was time to depart. The Duke, however, was in a jovial mood, and said that, when he had conducted his wife to her carriage, he would remain for supper, and see the frolics of the Carnival to the top of the bent of their bent. Shortly after the party came, bowing bishop, with lighted tapers, preceding them. The Duchess of Berri had scarcely handed in by her husband; while on the other side was her grandfather, presumptive, the Comte de Artois, and behind her the Comtesse de Bethisy, her lady-in-waiting. At this moment Lovel sprang like a tiger through the ranks of the soldiers of the Cent Suisses, who were presenting arms, and pushing the left bonhomie of the Duc de Berri with his left hand, stabbed him with all his might in the right side, and, leaping back, cried, "Vive la Liberté!" The rest of the affair, the confusion of the by-standers, the capture of the assassin, the prevention of the Comtesse de Chabriol and M. de Clausel de Coussergues from tearing the assassin to pieces, the arrest of the Duchess, the death of the Duke, are well known to all the world. Another dismal scene was in the next room, where the Princess was lying in her bed, unconscious of her husband's fate, and of the tumult in the house, and of the Duchess of Berri, who was in a state of hysterical agitation, and, at last, sent for her husband, who came in, and, in a few words, told her the fatal news. The Princess was completely paralysed by the shock, and, in her agitation, tore out all her hair, including her eyebrows, clamoring for a more complete tonsure, and, in her delirium, tearing her flesh with her nails, and, in her agony, crying out, "Mon mari, mon mari." The Duke died, and, in the early every month would drop off, leaving the Princess a widow, and, in the fullness of her joy, returned within twenty-four hours. All this time the opposite remained cool, and, in the end, recovered from the pain. None of the attendant physicians ever saw, read, or heard of such a case.

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THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE.

ITS HISTORY AND ITS DESTRUCTION.

(From the London Telegraph, Oct. 29.)

PARIS, Wednesday 5 A. M.

At about two o'clock this bitterly cold morning, when I was plunged into the deepest of deep sleep, I was suddenly awakened by a frantic ringing at the bell of my apartment. "Some telegram from Lord Lyons" was my first thought; and it was with many muttered exclamations against journal in general, and against one special journal in particular, that I proceeded leisurely to fold a dressing-gown round me to receive the unwelcome messenger. Another ring, and, as I thought, warning to be speedy my pace, and as I opened the door, I was startled by the pale countenance of a friend who, more concerned that I should gain knowledge than that I should indulge in my natural rest, exclaimed, "The Opera is in flames! Come out at once." Now the new Opera house was not to be exactly opposite the house in which I live, and the idea of a fire being so near was calculated to hurry one's dress, and, on my hurrying down the stairs, whence my eager glance seemed to convey to the concierge my fear that it was he who had put up the fatal edifice which had led to a premature visit to the destroyer of half the amount of the million sterling which it cost. From the northern side of the Avenue de l'Opéra the view was fine, and, in 1848, for the last twenty-four years he had been the hero of a spectacle to which he was entirely unknown, having no connection with any political or literary circles, I thought it was a pity that he had not a village near London, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the riding up to "Paris" of the young man who, on the occasion of the "Robert le Diable," was informed that the fire was discovered in the dressing room of the ballet girl, Mlle. Lagrange, who was at the moment in the house in which I live, and the idea of a fire being so near was calculated to hurry one's dress, and, on my hurrying down the stairs, whence my eager glance seemed to convey to the concierge my fear that it was he who had put up the fatal edifice which had led to a premature visit to the destroyer of half the amount of the million sterling which it cost. From the northern side of the Avenue de l'Opéra the view was fine, and, in 1848, for the last twenty-four years he had been the hero of a spectacle to which he was entirely unknown, having no connection with any political or literary circles.

The Weekly Mail.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE proprietors of *The Weekly Mail* beg to announce that on and after the first of January the annual subscription price will be one Dollar and a half.

When the publication of *The Weekly Mail* was commenced, the price was fixed at one dollar, with a view of introducing the paper to as wide a circle of readers, and in as brief a period of time, as possible. The objects sought were attained, for the incredible success of *The Weekly Mail* followed with great rapidity, until now the number of its readers is counted at fifty thousand. At the same time the proprietors assumed the burden of gratuitously supplying the subscribers to the *Weekly Telegraph*, which was about ceasing to exist, with *The Mail* which should be at once a substitute for and an improvement upon the paper to which they had paid their subscription. The obligation thus assumed has been fully discharged, and every subscriber to the *Weekly Telegraph* has received *The Weekly Mail* up to the close of his subscription to the former.

A very large, handsome, and carefully prepared journal, such as *The Weekly Mail* is, could not be produced without incurring a heavy expenditure both in money and labour; in point of fact, the material used absorbs nearly the whole of the subscription price. The proprietors were prepared, however, to publish *The Weekly Mail* without pecuniary profit until their engagement with the subscribers to the *Telegraph* had been fully and faithfully performed. They feel that this has been done, and that the time has come when they should seek to place the paper upon a paying basis. The annual subscription will therefore be raised as above stated, one of the first consequences of which will be a marked improvement in the paper, which even at present rates has been proved to be the most popular weekly journal in this country.

It is hoped and believed that the friends and patrons of the paper will recognize the propriety of our present course, and will redouble their exertions to extend the circulation and strengthen the influence of *The Weekly Mail*.

TO AGENTS.

The terms to Agents and Clubs will be raised *pro rata*, in conformity with the change in price as above announced.

THE OTTAWA DEMONSTRATION.

THE same bitter hate, the like uncompromising vindictiveness, which actuated the chief Grit print when the Liberal-Conservative party was in power, seems now that they are in Opposition, to inspire its still. One cannot readily fancy anything meaner, petty, or more glaringly devoid of truth, than the report of a demonstration to Sir-John Macdonald at Ottawa, which appeared in its columns a few days since. In every particular the report was an untruthful representation of facts, and in every line of it, as in the "leaders" of the same journal, there was evident that venomous and vindictive spirit towards a political opponent which, we trust, will never disgrace the columns of any journal worthy of opinion to the Government when its members are the subjects of criticism. The cavalcade demonstration was large and enthusiastic, and the number which sought admittance to the dinner at the Russell House was so great that several persons had to be denied admission.

Sir John Macdonald's speech, which we publish in full to-day, will be read with the utmost enthusiasm by his friends, who are "legion," and "must satisfy many of those who, from Tuck and to year's end, lied upon nothing healthier than Tuck, pap that, as he was great in power, so he was great out of power. He has already forcibly illustrated the length to which the opposition in the House of Commons, that he is quite equal to victory or defeat. Naturally Sir John's speech contained a few remarks on himself. Twenty years not only a Minister, but First Minister, virtually or in fact, the political leader of his party, is a fitting time in which to speak of the victories which he had won, not for his party only, but for his Country. Under all circumstances, whether in the hey-day of political prosperity, or with a Party composed of the wreck of disorganization, the Country has been his first consideration. "With the Party by the Party, for the Party," say the Grits. "With the Party, by the Party, for the Country," say the Liberal-Conservatives. Never were truer words spoken. He was a man than those which Sir John Macdonald used the other evening, to describe the difference between the Party which is proud to acknowledge him as its leader, and the Party which has for leaders Cameron and Alexander Mackenzie. With them Party is the chief object of a public man. "Perish the Country but the Party live," they do with, has been the Grit shibboleth for many a year in Canada. And if they have stuck to their text in Opposition, they have well they adhere to it so long as Parliament permits them to distribute the pelf of office.

It is matter for sincere congratulation that, at the pressing solicitations of those following in the train of Mr. A. A. Thomson pulls it, he has consented to stay his "intellectual attractiveness, his "intellectual brilliancy, and his Parliamentary tact." Sir John Macdonald has consented to lead his Party in Opposition, as he did in power, so sooner had the victor in many a Parliamentary struggle, unequaled for bitterness in any other country in the world, given way before a packed jury and a long list of perjured witnesses who had loyally stood by him to the last hesitated to renew their confidence in him. He is anything but a coward. So far as he is personally concerned, the retention of office has brought no pecuniary recompense to him. Were he free, he might yet return to the practice of his profession, in which, before he entered political life he was so highly esteemed. But his friends insisted that he should still carry the Party's banner; and throughout the Party there is but one feeling of rejoicing that now, as often before, he has joined that now, as often before, he has consented to sacrifice personal ease and professional advancement to a cause which has been dear to his heart for so many a year. With every Liberal-Conservative his name is a talisman; and, under the inspiration of patriotism and memories which surround it, there will be manifested more strongly than ever before a determination to organize the Party's ranks, and prepare for whatever contest our opponents may force upon us.

A few points in Sir John's speech, more particularly applicable to the existing state of affairs, have attracted special notice. He promises a healthier Opposition. The men who are now in office never had before them a higher purpose than that of securing it, *cueillir ou cueillir*. Go decency, manly fight, honourable impunity, Parliament is nothing to them, so long as they can secure the power which would place them in a position to feed upon the spoils of office. Do

our Chief not only with bility of planning but bour of executing. We nents, not the defenders; l look for success, we ive to deserve it by his ts and the unity of our ndpal elections are ap- ndoe more we ask our sharp look-out on the res. He will pretend to duction of politics into s, and yet vote blindly didate, even in the petti- s Liberal-Conservatives ncounter their adversar- , if they do not, at ndsolves into regiments and as companies ell officered and fully ndoubtedly the division of Par- nprobable, and should it there will be a terrible fish. Our friends in the are full of confidence, ask us not to handicap; ne of ours. We owe it nothing of duty to our o fair scans unturned by ewhere our opponents reins of power to those d truly served the coun-

E AND JUNIUS.

KE's recent prolonged s soul he quoted a few the letters of JUNIUS. this author is very sug- style of attack he decli- the late debate, JUNIUS tly and without a rival rulent writer who ever

H Mr. BLAKE had er in the imperial Par- have existed a titter all lly, JUNIUS having long, ed by young debating no more weight as a con- arity than the Duke of ed. If, however, Mr. friends consider the dis- worthy such profound re- ought they will pay it a tation:—"The ruin of state depends so much ation of its Governor- be acquainted with Minister we need only ion of the people. If dedient to the laws, pros- industry, united at- and abroad, we may rea- me that their affairs are mon of experience, ability ociated with his name— n sense that it has al- roverb. With their foot the late Administration criticism except that of

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

ordering changes in their ease state the Post Office papers have hitherto been

RENT TOPICS.

THE EXD.—Through all the pression of the declining nism in Utah runs the gen- Mormon women are on- Gentiles formerly with his ntitution, and must inevi- stent element of rebellion tions of Brigham Young ne, the signs tending to confirm quoted the Salt Lake *Tri-* n some lately witnessed; ed with a small island his household by the ldly approved of in bar- years ago it would not ory for the intending poly- The day before Gentiles had a secret interview with the latter and endeavoured to make some arrangement with him for the surrender of his brother, President Cespedes, but failed in the attempt. There is a report that Santo Rosa was found among the passengers of the Virginius, but made a successful landing in a schooner with forty others on the 10th inst.

Two gentlemen and eight ladies were arrested at Havana on board the City of New York suspecting of bringing insurgent contraband. The owner of the Bombay Express Company was arrested on the same suspicion and all were confined at the chief of police headquarters.

Captain Bascom, chief of the Bureau of Construction and Repairs, informed Secretary Robeson to-day that the Tennessee, now at New London, would be ready for a new trial trip about the middle of next month. The secretary will proceed at once to the Navy Yard to witness the trial, when the vile tirades of Grit blackguardism incessantly hurled at him have not been able to shake their confidence. Nothing would please the present "organized hypocrisy" in power better than to see the leadership of their opponents taken out of Sir John's hands, but in this they have been and shall be disappointed. Sir John is opposition, with men like Tupper, Chamberlain, James Macdonald, Langevin, Mitchell, Hincks, and those who compose the Party generally, will prove formidable opponents to Mr. Mackenzie and his adhesives. The Liberal-Conservative Party are for the first time in many years in Opposition. Despite the traitorous conduct of a few to whom the enemy's gold is more than principle, the Party stands to-day firm and united, ready when the time arrives to fight a "square fight—a fight in which they will never condescend to the infamous tactics of their unscrupulous foes. The present desire expressed for organization is indicative of a determination not to give up the struggle. Because our opponents have achieved a temporary success, there is no necessity for despondency. Our position is hopeful. The country has never expressed adversity upon the policy of the late Government. Our ranks are united; our leader is the hero of a hundred fights; his followers feel so proud to be led by him to-day as they ever did before; the assassin stabs of conspirators have not, as anticipated, killed him—on the contrary, he occupies a proud and honourable position as the leader of a faithful and united Party, in which capacity he will continue to give his valuable services in the interests of the country, whose growth and prosperity have so long been intimately associated with his name—a name which shall live in Canadian history, when the memory of many of his traducers shall long have passed into oblivion. Of the present political situation we take no gloomy view. There is much hope for the future. Our opponents are thoroughly organized and they are desperate in their character. We have seen what they did to gain power, and now that they have it, what would they not do in order to hold it? We must be prepared to meet them, and there is no reason why we should be afraid of the conflict. All we want is a fair field and no favour. Thorough organization is necessary, and let, therefore, hope that the good work which has so vigorously commenced will continue until Liberal-Conservative associations are found in active operation throughout the entire country.

CUBA.

The Virginius Executions.

Since our last weekly issue it has been reported from sources considered authentic that the whole of the passengers and crew of the Virginius except the engineer and foreman were summarily shot by the Spanish authorities.

Dates down to the 12th contain the following:—Before being executed Ryan sent for a notary-public to make his will. He died without flinching. Sanchetta showed emotion and Jesus del Sol and Cespedes completely broke down at the last moment. The day before Cespedes had a secret interview with the latter and endeavoured to make some arrangement with him for the surrender of his brother, President Cespedes, but failed in the attempt. There is a report that Santo Rosa was found among the passengers of the Virginius, but made a successful landing in a schooner with forty others on the 10th inst.

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TICHBORNE.

The Trial Continued.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH DAY.

On Tuesday, Oct. 21, Mr. Bulpitt, the Winchester banker, and a magistrate for Hants, was examined. In reply to Dr. Kenealy he said: I knew Roger Charles Tichborne. I saw the defendant in court. —Who do you believe him to be?—Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne. In February, 1867, Gosford paid me a visit. I did not communicate in any way my conversation with him to the defendant, and I repudiate and deny in very strong terms such a charge. I remember the dinner at the Grosvenor hotel in June of the same year. On that occasion Gosford said the sealed packet was in London, with all his other letters. These were all the questions put to witness.

Cross-examined by Mr. Hawkins: Were you really ill on Friday?—I was not very ill.—Was that your reason for not coming as a witness?—Solely. I was suffering from diarrhœa, and did not consider it safe for me to appear in court. I left the court immediately after it broke up.—Did you see defendant afterwards?—I do not think I did. I went to the solicitors, and if defendant was there I had a conversation with him; but I do not recollect any conversation. Did you remonstrate against being put in the box?—I said that in my opinion my evidence was weak compared with the other evidence in court.—Did you ever in your life up to the end of February, 1853, see Roger Tichborne more than four or five times?—I did not. I never saw him except in the hunting field, and never exchanged a word with him. I saw the defendant early in 1867. I swore at the last trial that I saw him on the 28th of March, but that was a mistake, and I afterwards corrected it. I saw the defendant first on the 19th of March, 1867, at Holmes's office. Before the defendant came out at Christmas, 1866, I had not taken an active part in advancing his claim. I might have caused paragraphs to appear in the Winchester paper about his claim, but I do not recollect doing so. My memory is a blank on the subject. As early as March, 1867, I did not place £500 to the credit of the defendant at Alresford. He was allowed to draw to the extent of that sum, but permission to draw was not given before the 19th of March.

A letter was read from the defendant to Hopkins, dated the 6th of March, saying Bulpitt and Hill had placed £500 to his credit. That was certainly not the case. I am not responsible for the defendant's dates. The meeting at Holmes' office on the 19th was not arranged. I went accidentally. I constantly looked in and asked Holmes how the Tichborne case was going on. I went there merely from curiosity.

Witness continued: The object of the Gravesend dinner on the 6th of June was to bring Gosford and the defendant together. At that time Gosford was indebted to me £500 or £600. He had led me to believe that he considered the defendant an impostor. The object was to induce Gosford to aid the affair, and by his identifying the defendant, put an end to litigation and gain the estates. In April, 1867, I was in communication with Mr. Holmes, to bring about a meeting with Gosford. Holmes did not suggest that I was the best person to bring about a meeting by putting pressure upon Gosford. I have no recollection of it. There was a conversation, Gosford said good to the defendant, "Where were you when you first joined the army?" and the defendant replied, "Gardiner's Regiment," and then said, "Didn't you want to leave the army?" Defendant said, "Yes." Gosford asked why, and the defendant replied, "Because I was in debt £300, or £400, and wanted to go abroad." Gosford asked, "Did not you and Sir James have words about leaving the army?" and the defendant said, "Yes." He was then asked if the regiment was ordered to India. He replied "Yes," but that he was quite contemplated. Then Gosford said, "Do you remember having in my possession a packet before leaving England?" The defendant's answer was that he did not remember anything about the contents. The defendant hesitated about it, and then it was I said it was a straightforward question. I think I put the question to Gosford, "Where is the sealed packet?" His answer was, "I have got it amongst my other letters in London. The conversation broke off with Gosford's saying he had the packet-book about with him. My memory won't undertake to say that Gosford did not break off with the observation, "Never mind about it." I am confident that Gosford said that if the defendant did not like it he could not be Roger Tichborne. Mr. Gosford did not tell me that night that he believed the defendant to be an impostor. The witness mentioned the readiness with which the defendant and he joined the army in Gardiner's Regiment. It was not aware at the time that the defendant joined in Dublin, and left the regiment in Cashiers. The defendant was a gentleman on the last trial since Friday to refresh my memory. That was not my reason. I was going into the box on Friday. I was certainly not so well prepared to go into the box on Friday as I am now. Defendant said to Gosford, "Do you remember my giving to you a brown paper parcel or sealed packet, at Southampton, before my leaving England?" Gosford said he did not admit it. I did not admit it. Then Gosford, "Do you put the question, "Do you remember leaving in my possession just before you left Reg. land a brown paper parcel containing a letter?" and that gave rise to the sealed packet. I think I am wrong in saying that the defendant first mentioned the parcel. I think Gosford is right. I believe I communicated to Mr. Holmes the result of the interview at the Grove, nor on the 6th of June. I think I said to Holmes, "It is a very strange thing that Gosford has asked me the contents of a packet he left with him before Roger went abroad, and he could not remember." I was aware that in July, 1867, the defendant was very outrageous in his conduct. Gosford, and also Mr. Gosford. I think I suggested that Gosford should be cross-examined; I was anxious to take the prompt step, to know what had become of the sealed packet. He was asked on the 1st of August what had become of the sealed packet. He replied that he had destroyed it. Before that I never heard a suggestion that the defendant knew its contents. My initials are on the document produced, and dated 10th of August. Mr. Holmes's handwriting is on it, dated 2nd of August. He said he had received it from the defendant. He read the contents to me, and at first I hesitated to initial it because it was a delicate matter to initial a document I had never seen before. He did not tell me that it was the defendant's recollection of what was in the sealed packet. Gosford was cross-examined for itself. There had been no endeavour to recollect the contents of the sealed packet, so far as I know, from the 6th June until the 2nd August. I might have mentioned the contents of it to some one. There was a rumour abroad as to its contents. I have no recollection of communicating with Gosford about the contents. I can't explain why I did not. I did not immediately identify the defendant when he came into Mr. Holmes's office; but in my affidavit I swore that I did immediately I saw him, and that I was so satisfied with his identity that I paid £500 to his credit. I don't remember saying to Baigent's father in 1868 that if I did not pay part of the bills I had to pay, I should make trouble. The witness was asked if he was ever in Wilmington, Delaware, and he said he was not. Cross-examined by Mr. Hawkins: Last Friday was the first time that I had been coming to the court. Possibly he might have mentioned his story before then. Last odd-job was at Mr. Gosford's. I was a coachbuilder, Winchester. He had had a conversation about Mr. Gosford Clinton on the subject. Saw him on Monday morning at Poets'-corner, and had a conversation with him. Mr. Harcourt took down his statement. Before then he had never been asked to give evidence. Did not think Dempsey was a common name for venom. There was no name on the lighter, but he knew she "went by that name, as she was the finest-looking boat was hung over the stern with the name Osprey chalked on it. He knew nothing about the property of the Tichborne family. Could not say for how many shipwrecked sailors the subscription was got up.

Re-examined: Did not communicate to the other side what passed at Poets'-corner—decidedly not. Did Mr. Onslow point out any expectation to you to give evidence on behalf of the defendant?—Only his friendship. —The Lord Chief Justice: What do you mean by that?—His words were if I contributed any evidence here I should have his friendship and influence. Did you feel that any evidence I should have his friendship. (Laughing). Did you feel that any evidence I should have his hands.—To the jury: I did not see any of the ship-wrecked sailors. I was asked to subscribe for them by William Bordon, manager for Hopkins and Hopkins.

John Richards, landlord of the Squpt and Compass, Tavern, near Haverford-west, said he left England in April and end of 1850 as chief officer on the Lady Kennaway, employed in conveying emigrants and passenger to Melbourne, and in 1855 was one of the men belonging to the Minnie, quarantine boat off Milford Haven, which boarded the Bella in the bay. In the middle of 1854 went along side the Bella, and the captain said he had name on the quarters. She was a three masted vessel of 300 or 400 tons register. Saw no name on the lifeboat, but remembered Some sailors on board the Osprey made a request of the crew of the boat, but they did not comply with it. Was asked how Dr. Kenealy could not ask what the request was. The witness said the request was demanded on board twenty minutes and upwards. They rowed him on shore again. It was an American or Norwegian vessel. Recognised by Mr. Serjeant Parry: It was not in 1853 that I saw the Osprey. I have not read that Lois described her as a Norwegian. I first communicated with the defendant three years ago. Amongst the ship-wrecked ships are very much alike. I can't describe the difference.

George Mahlinson: I am an architect at Leeds. I was in Melbourne from July, 1854, to July, 1857. Between the 20th of June and of July my attention was particularly attracted to a ship called the Osprey. She had three masts, and she was painted black. I read Mr. Childers' evidence, and upon that I determined to give evidence. Cross-examined by Mr. Hawkins: I communicated with the defendant last Monday. I have come to London on other business; so I should not have taken the trouble to have gone to the expense of coming forward.

Edward Wild Carter: I come from Worthing. I have no particular occupation.—Dr. Oliver Townsend was then called. He said: I am superintendent of the Brighton police. I have been so from 1851. On the 14th August, 1851, John Orton and others were arrested on a charge of defrauding a young man named King. I saw Wilmington's young man who was then staying at the Bedford hotel. I found he had left, and the waiter was with me to the police court and identified James and Stokes, who came and saw the young man at the hotel at night. (The learned counsel for the prosecution objected to the details of what transpired being given at present. Such a part of the evidence should take place in the presence of the defendant. Mr. Kemp had been detained; there was a warrant for the detention of him, on the ground that he was a material witness. The learned Chief Justice: I inquired after the young man as one who had been defrauded to get my other charge. I never heard his name or made further inquiries. I can't describe him other than as a young man.

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The court adjourned at ten minutes to four o'clock.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SECOND DAY.

On Thursday, Oct. 23, Dr. Kenealy commenced the opening of the trial, and it was inaugurated by the evidence of Sir William Ferguson, the great surgeon, and the two hundred and seventy-eighth witness called for the defence. Dr. Kenealy was to commence his opening at half-past three. Sir William Ferguson detailed minutely the examination he had made of the defendant's body, and of scars he bore upon his body. It may be remembered that "the undoubted Roger" had received a sabre cut in a skirmish at Canterbury, and also in his temple; that he had an issue or seton in his shoulder; that he had a scar on his right ankle, caused by a hook from which he had hung a bird in-skin while on board the Bella; that he had been cured by means of finding a scar of an incised and contused wound on the back of a defendant's neck, which wound, it was said, have been caused by a sudden fall on the sharp edge of a rock or brick. There was a scar on the right side of the neck, close to the right eyelow. It was on the outer end of the eyelow, and reported to have been caused by a blow of a fist by some fisticuffs. The bridge of defendant's nose was gone, and he had lost his upper teeth, and wore three teeth that had been broken by violence. There was also a wound on the inner side of the upper lip, and the same injury which caused Fitzroy was then in the mouth, and had come of the tooth. Possibly he might have mentioned his story before then. Last odd-job was at Mr. Gosford's. I was a coachbuilder, Winchester. He had had a conversation about Mr. Guilford Onslow on the subject. Saw him on Monday morning at Poets'-corner, and had a conversation with him. Mr. Harcourt took down his statement. Before then he had never been asked to give evidence. Did not think Dempsey was a common name for venom. There was no name on the lighter, but he knew she "went by that name, as she was the finest-looking boat was hung over the stern with the name Osprey chalked on it. He knew nothing about the property of the Tichborne family. Could not say for how many shipwrecked sailors the subscription was got up.

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TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

EUROPEAN.

The London *Daily News* in an editorial article on the prospects of the annexation of Cuba to the United States, said the execution of the Virginius captives had virtually decided the fate of the Island. The Vienna journals contained editorials of a similar tenor.

During a recent serious conflict in Damascus the British Consul interceded. Reparation was demanded and was refused.

Geo. Jordan, the actor, is dead.

It is said that Sir John Duke Coleridge will be elevated to the peerage.

Lord Henry Charles Gordon, member of Parliament for Chichester, is dead.

A plot for the establishment of the Commune in Spain has been discovered and several arrests have been made.

The debate on the prolongation of President MacMahon's powers still continues.

News has been received in London of a battle between the Abbassians and the troops under Sir Garnet Wolseley, in which the Ashantees were completely defeated.

The German Government have addressed a remonstrance to France, on account of a contract issued by the Bishop of Nancy ordering prayers for the recovery of Metz and Strasburg.

AMERICAN.

The great $20,000 four mile heat race took place at San Francisco, on Saturday, and was won by Tood Stevens.

At Haverhill, Mass., on Sunday, James Carney, aged 14, while playing with a boy named Ryan, in a few moments the whole block was a mass of flames. Ryan died in a few days, and before it was subdued had burned eighteen buildings; thirty-five places of business and about eight hundred families were left homeless. Loss, $250,000.

BODY FOUND.—A little boy named W. J. Harvey, while playing on Front street one day last week, discovered the dead body of a man behind a chute, lying on some lumber at the corner of Parliament street. Jeremiah Redditt was informed of the circumstance, and issued his warrant for the holding of an inquest.

TERRIBLE MISHAP.—Although a most diligent search has been instituted no trace has yet been discovered of Mr. John Dunsan, who left Belleville for Toronto on Friday, to his home on the Island in a boat on Saturday, months ago, with the intention of crossing to the city by the steamer Metropolitan passed him. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. M. Wilson, at the Clergy House, and immediately after the happy pair left on a tour to Niagara, Montreal, Quebec, and other points of interest. The bride is a lady of much personal beauty, and the bridegroom is a young man of good address and fine appearance. The happy couple started on their wedding tour amid a shower of good wishes.

DARING ROBBERY.—On Friday afternoon, about half-past one o'clock, the cash-box was stolen from the Post Office, under circumstances which leave no doubt that it was a robbery planned by persons who knew the ins and outs of the building, and sufficient thieves to bear on their movements at the same time there is some reason to suppose that they were well informed of the customs of the office. The wages bill is paid on this occasion took a cheque to the Bank in the forenoon, and on returning to the office deposited the money in the cash-box, and locked it up in the safe. At half-past one he took the box out of the vault, and rested it on the top of the inner office, which is railed off from the larger room, intending to commence paying out the wages to employés, as they came for them. The office was empty, the pay clerk being absent at dinner, and a young man, who was employed in his place, and a young lady, who had been employed in the

A CONFIDENCE.

So you could't imagine why I sigh,
It is a bitter tale to tell—
Look, I am young and strong yet,
As young and stout look lasting too,
Yet—I can't—I can't—
Tell what I suffer from, or why
Pain, languor, and despondency
Make life a burden to me.
Well, I will whisper it to you—
Remember—I am speaking of the heart—
Sometimes I think I have none at all!
Not in the sense of being void of feeling,
Or void of love to those I love,
Like young people on a picnic—
Not in that sense, but simply
It, when the past I think
I remember vainly for the thing I'd
Let you—what was it last I said?

Well, let it pass! I can remember
The story, and suppose it to be true
That when—forgive me if I sigh
To think of youthful days gone by,

That when—but there! you've heard enough.
Life's one continuous round of pleasure
There—keep my secret! I'll not down you—
You won't tell a living soul, you?

—London Punch.

READY-MONEY MORTIBOY

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

CHAPTER XVII.

No need of morphia to put at the keys; for, the very next night, Mr. Mortiboy dropped them out of his pocket as he rose to go to bed. They lay on the chair, till his son, after dutifully securing his store to the foot of the stairs, was ready to bank, and to accompany him. The operation took him three minutes and a half; and he then mounted to his father's bedroom, and gave back the bunch.

"I'ave 'em safe, thinking," said Mr. Mortiboy; "a man dangerous thing; a man like I have never collected before. A blessed chance, Dick, that it was you who picked them up. A Providence, Dick."

A Providence—perhaps; because dispositions of all sorts happen. It is not fair so to lay all the good things at the feet of Providence, and none of the bad. Dick put his wax impressions in a cough-lozenge box, and sent them to Lafleur, who briefly acknowledged their receipt.

His spirits began to rise again at the times for the exploit approached. He went about the house, carrying it with a cheerful air, estimating the probability of Hunter hearing anything—wondering if Lafleur would do his clerkly work quickly, and careful preparations. He prized out two rails in the front garden at night; because the gate was always locked, and Jonathan said he to some slamming over rails. He placed the ladder in readiness behind some bushes; where it could easily be found. He "robbed" saddle-grease on the window, to make it open noiselessly. He put the lamp back of the press, when his father was at the bank. He secretly hoped that there was someone on the Heath. He found out from a book on medicine what amount of morphia would send a man to sleep.

"And now," he said to himself, "I can't do any more. The old man shall have his drawing. Lafleur shall do the trick. I will remove the ladder, and destroy the evidence; and next day they will be the devil's own row! Ho! ho! ho!"

Dick shook his sides with silent laughter as he thought of his father's rage and despair at having been robbed.

"What if I rush to the rooms? Nonsense I hear a noise; rim downstairs with nothing on, but a pistol in my hand. Jo is a fool; almost just as he gets out of window, and wait for my father's assistance! What a fool Lafleur would be in!

But he abandoned the idea, though extremely brilliant, as too dangerous. The report of the pistol might attract a policeman. It was important to kill Mr. Mortiboy; convenient that anything was in store. Careless and jovial by nature, he played his part without any effort. He had little anxiety about the robbery, because things were planned so well. As for misgivings and scruples of conscience, he had "sold" Mortiboy in place of them; he daily had before his eyes the picture of his father tearing his hair as the discovery; and the imaginary searching of the house, including his own room, "by particular desire."

After all his experience of life, Dick was still only a boy, with the absence of grand principle which belongs to that time of life, all a boy's mischief, and all his fun. One of the best fellows in the world if he had his own way—one of the worst if anything came his way. He was big, handsome, thick-bearded. He had a soft and winning voice. He had gentle ways. He petted children. When he had the power, he helped people in distress. He laughed all day. He sang when he was not laughing. He fraternized with everybody. Men have been punished for virtues fewer than these.

"I'll do it," said Mr. Markhoy at night. He repeated it in the morning when he dressed. He stared very hard at Dick during breakfast. He sent for lawyer Bateicombe after breakfast, and repeated it to him.

"I'll do it at once," said the rich man.

"I have dissuaded you to the utmost of my power," said his lawyer. "It is a most irregular thing. Mr. Mortiboy, think of King Lear."

"Mr. Batiscombe, do not insult my family, 'old Ready-money cried, in wrath. 'Let us be friendly for years sake.' I saw 'King Lear' at the theatre, but I suppose it isn't much altered now. And may I ask if you mean to compare my son, my son Dick, with those—those—brazen hussies?"

"Well—of course not. I—I—I say no more. The instrument, sir, will be ready in a day or two, and you shall sign whenever you please."

"The sooner the better, Batiscombe. Let us be ready for the worst. I think of Dick's birthday. He will be three and thirty Three and thirty! What a beautiful age! Ah! Batiscombe, I was young at three and thirty!"

He was, indeed, a man who seemed to have allowed himself all but the barest necessaries of life, and was already beginning to break his young relations' hearts by his economies.

This was on the fifth of the month. Three yet wanted ten days to the completion of Mr. Mortiboy's design. He spent the interval in constant talk with Dick, who could not understand a word of all means.

"Let us walk in the garden, my son," said his father. "I want to talk to you."

The days were warm and sunny, and the garden had a south aspect. The old man, with his arms behind him, paced to and fro with his eyes on the ground, paced to and fro on the gravel; while Dick, with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth, lounged beside him. A strange contrast, not of age only, but of disposition was to be seen between the two. Dick's light and careless nature, and his love for spending rather than saving, came from his Family Relationship.

"I want to tell you, my boy," said the old man—"because I know you are good at saving, and have just ideas of Property—how my grandmother has been built up; how I have got Money."

He told him. A long story—it took many days to achieve—of penny profits, of every article, of grinding the poor man's face, and taking advantage of the credulous man's weakness; a story which made the son look down upon his father as he stiffled beside him, with contempt and disrest.

"We're a coarsening family," Dick said to Lafleur one day—"I mean my father's partner. I think, on the whole, that Roger Dick is the best of the whole crew. Didn't it all, Lafleur, I'd rather hang about gambling hells in Mexico; *It* rather hang about a camp in California, and lay by for horses to steal; I'd rather live cheating those who would also cheat you, than live as my relighted father and grandfather have lived. Why, man, there isn't a decent woman in Market Hasing who does not prophesy a bad end to money got in their way, and wonder why the bad end does not come."

"All very well," said Lafleur. "But I should like to have half a million of money."

"Criminals! growled Dick, pulling his beard. "They'd call me a criminal, I suppose, if they knew everything. Why don't they make laws for other kinds of criminals?"

"My friend," his partner softly sighed, "I do not understand your laws. Your embrances. Life is short, and ought not to be troubled with a lawyer at all."

"Perhaps it's as well as it is. By-and-by, I should all be in Chokee; and the virtuous crowd, if there are any, would have an infernally disagreeable time of it, trying and sentencing. I should spend half my income, and an enormous appetite. What should you say?

On the morning of the fifteenth of May, Dick received a note from Lafleur, informing him of his intention to execute their little design that evening. He twisted up the note and put it in the fire, with a chuckle of comfortable enjoyment, thinking of his father's misery when no should find it out.

Mr. Mortiboy was pacionately lively that morning. He chatted incessantly, jumping from one subject to another in a nervous, excited way.

"Be in the house at three to-day, Dick," he said, solemnly. "A most important business is to be transacted, in which you are concerned. Mr. Grimes is coming."

"Very odd coincidence," thought Dick. "There's an important business coming off to night at ten, in which you are concerned."

However, he only nodded, and said he would remember.

He spent his morning in completing the arrangements for the evening, so far as anything remained to be done. Then he went to the bank, as was his custom, and talked with the people who called on business. They all knew him by this time; and, when they had fought out their business with Grimes, liked to have ten minutes' talk with the great traveller who displayed his stories with so liberal a tongue.

At three o'clock, Mr. Grimes—genuine old methodist—arrived from the Bank, and Mr. Batiscombe with a blue bag from his office. Mr. Mortiboy heard them, and met them at the door, and led them upstairs. The parlour, which had not been used since the day of the funeral. Once more, at his cost, a decision of ceremony, the wine and biscuits were set out.

Mr. Mortiboy shook hands all round, and stood on the hearth-rug, as he had stood, when last they met together in this place. But this time his hand was on his son's shoulder, and his eyes turned from time to time upon him with a proud glance.

"I am anxious," said Grimes, with a red face, "that you should be looked on. Dick—I should say that I have known best to discuss Mr. Mortiboy from this step. I think it foolish and wrong. And I hope I did him so."

"You have, George Grimes—you have," said the old man.

"There is yet time, Mr. Mortiboy," urged his nonsense, nonsense."

Mr. Mortiboy made a sign to the lawyer, who produced a parchment from his bag, and handed it to him.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Groups Ghrimes," he began, "when my son Dick was supposed to be dead, John and Lydia Hasbrook were my apparent heirs. Not relations, and their daughter Lydia, of course, I should not have fooled it away in charmed whichever, and honest, and wise cockery—would have been divided all my Property. Jean understand their disappointment. Jean understand their disappointment, when I, the poor lost child of a father whom he received back a long-lost nephew, my like Dick, risen prodigal, and with a proper sense of Money. My son Dick has been home for three months. During that time, I have watched him. Because I do not trust any man hastily. My son Dick has proved all that I could wish and more. He has saved me hundreds."

"He saved the bank," interrupted Ghrimes.

"He did. He has saved me thousands. He has no vice—none whatever. He cares less ways, no profligacity, no desire to destroy what I have been building up. What he is now to me I cannot tell you, my friends—I cannot tell you."

He stopped to hide his emotion. The poor old man was more moved than he had ever been before, even when his wife died. Dick stared at his father in sheer amazement. What on earth was coming next?

"And there is another thing. I am getting old. My nerve is not what it was. I do not were not for my son Dick, and—and, yes, I must say mine—Ghrimes, I should be robbed right and left by designing sharks. I should lose all chances of getting money. My property is too great a burden to me. I cannot bear to see it suffer from my faith. I am going to put it into safer hands than mine. My son Dick shall succeed me—it shall be called his. Dick, my son—here he fairly burst into tears—I am all alone. Let fortune give it you. Be witness, both of you, that I do this thing in a sound state of mind and body, not moved by any desire to evade the law and save money on that Awful probate duty, but solely out of the unbounded confidence I have in my son Dick."

He paused again. "And now my friends, the work of one hour before, A blessed chance, Dick, that it was you who picked them up. A Providence, Dick."

A Providence—perhaps; because dispositions of all sorts happen. It is not fair so to lay all the good things at the feet of Providence, and none of the bad. Dick put his wax impressions in a cough-lozenge box, and sent them to Lafleur, who briefly acknowledged their receipt.

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"Nonsense, nonsense."

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CHAPTER XVII.

After paying a tribute to his father's extraordinary sagacity, Dick was watching him with a wine-glass of Cognac in the pantry on his way out. Dick Mortiboy strode into the room. He felt his pulse, he felt his head, spare, and so to appreciate his father's act.

In the drawing-room, he found the old gentleman in one great gift bequeathed himself and made his son a millionaire, he could not be.

"This rover of the seas went out into the sin to realize his position; and then it did not was a little disappointed, and sitting down gravel paths of the old-fashioned garden—now pacing, now slightly flushed, now stopping to realize as he was; had a dim notion of something unusual in his great stroke of fortune. This was the flushed excitement he felt on the first few seconds only. He felt the stiff parchment crumple in the grasp of his closing fingers. This put excitement to flight; here was reality!

The realization in his hand.

He stood in his father's shoes, he hardly knew how many years before he had exchanged to put them on.

From the moment he had made up his mind to make his son Dick his heir, he had no cards walk. But the end of the game had some utmost too soon. Life thus lost one great source of satisfaction for Dick Mortiboy. And then the old man had contrived to make all. Closer he had watched him, the more he had seen that was in his wind. He had seen the effect Mr. Mellishy's death had had on his father, and had marked with interested eye the signs of his mental decay. But the idea of Ready-money Mortiboy making a transfer of anything to him had never entered his mind.

The man who would have grudged him a coin, gave him his hoards. Yet, in his heart, Dick had not one spark of gratitude towards his father.

"I've had a good many fooses in my time, and I've had a good many fooses in my time, and I've had a good many fooses in my time, and