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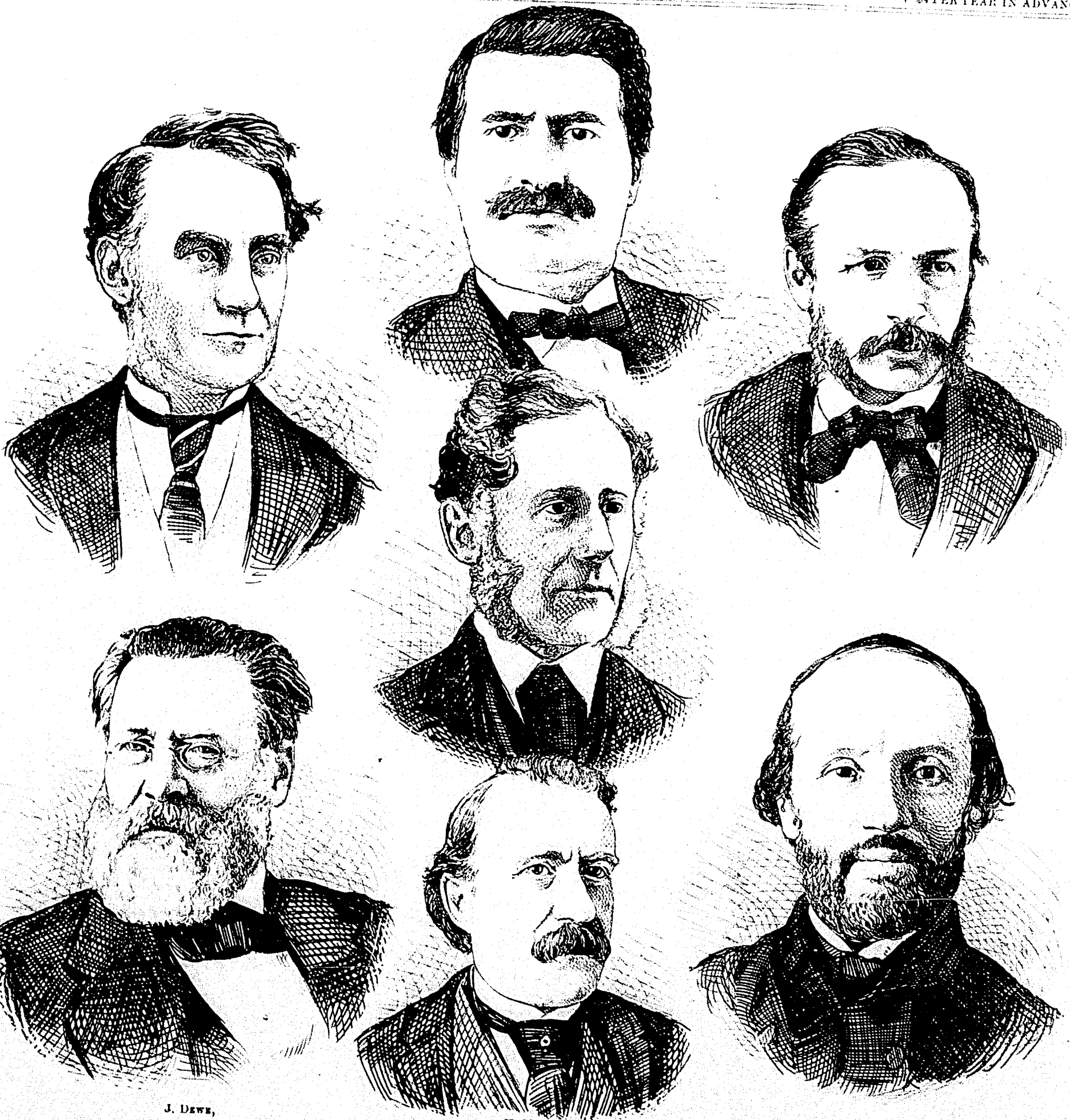
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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1874.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1874.

OUR ARTISTS.

It is with a feeling of gratification that we welcome the return in our midst of Mr. William Vogt and his accomplished sister, Miss Jeannette Vogt, who have just returned from Europe, after consecrating three patient and labourious years to their musical education. The artistic aptitudes of these two persons are well known in our midst. Now, with the prestige of their Berlin diplomas, we are certain that they will be even more appreciated. Mr. Vogt studied at the Berlin Conservatorium, under the celebrated Professor Julius Stern, and has carried away with him, after a brilliant examination, the highest degrees for composition, counterpoint, organ, score reading orchestra direction, and singing. Mr. Vogt would like to form an orchestra in this city and we trust he will be successful. The piano is the favourite instrument both of himself and his sister. Montreal needs sorely an artistic impulsion, and Mr. Vogt has both the ability and the will to afford this. It is to be hoped that brother and sister will soon favour us with a public concert.

The Nova Scotia Legislature has treated the country to a bit of comedy. A Mr. Woodworth, member of the Opposition, was required to apologize for making certain charges against the Provincial Secretary, which, it is alleged, were not substantiated by evidence adduced before a special Committee of Inquiry. Mr. Woodworth refused to apologize.

The Attorney-General moved that Mr. Woodworth be required to withdraw until the apology demanded was made. Mr. Woodworth refused to leave the House. The Attorney-General then moved that Mr. Woodworth be forcibly removed by the Sergeant-at-Arms and not permitted to enter until the apology was made. On this resolution passing, the Speaker directed the Sergeant-at-Arms and Assistant to remove Mr. Woodworth, which they did. The crowded galleries cheered Mr. Woodworth, and hissed the Speaker. An attempt was made to clear the galleries, but the people would not move.

When he got outside, Mr. Woodworth harangued the crowd which had gathered in front of the Parliament building and was enthusiastically applauded. The next day the Government, apprehensive of trouble, had a posse of policemen stationed in the halls and gallery to preserve order.

Mr. BLANCHARD, the leader of the Opposition protested against this as an insult to the people and a disgrace to the Legislature. He then moved that the Act removing Mr. Woodworth from his seat being illegal and unconstitutional, no further business be done until said Mr. Woodworth be requested to take his seat.

But the resolution was lost by a vote of 21 to 8.

The case of MARGARET SLEMAN, a beautiful girl of nineteen, who was found, last week, lying dead on some hay in a barn on Cote St. Antoine Road, near Monkland, calls for notice in connection with the usual mode of treating persons afflicted with an unsound mind. This poor girl was neither troublesome nor violent in her vagaries, nor had she the physical strength to do harm, and yet, when it was found necessary to remove her from the contact of her friends she was pitilessly locked up for a considerable time in the common jail. Such conduct is an outrage. Before any person suspected of lunacy is locked up at all, the case should be diligently inquired into by competent medical authorities, and, when seclusion is decided upon, it should be enforced in an asylum, and not in a public jail. It is to be regretted that the coroner's inquest in the present case was so brief and circumscribed, as, from the antecedent facts which might have been elicited in it, much force could have been added to an appeal to our legislators for effective measures in the premises.

That there ought to be an official record of our parliamentary debates is unquestionable. The history of the country requires it. To give it an official and therefore reliable character, it should be made under Parliamentary supervision and printed at the public expense. It has been urged that this expense would be enormous. Not if the work were properly done. We would suggest that our Hansard should contain only summaries of the speeches made. These summaries taken by competent men and submitted to each speaker for approval would be amply sufficient for the purposes of the historians, who dispense with rhetoric and want only statements and arguments. How much can be done in this manner within a small compass, and at moderate expense, is evinced from the "Thirty Years' View," and the "Abridged Debates," of Ben. Benton, the celebrated U. S. Senator from Missouri.

The following are the principal amendments to Mr. CARTWRIGHT's tariff:—green tea, 4 cents per pound; black, 3 cents; sugars, placed on same footing as last year. Wire rigging has been added to the five per cent. list, and bunting, cables, iron masts, and pig iron struck off, together with steel, copper, and yellow metal. Cheaper wines, a specific duty of 30 cents per gallon; other wines, except sparkling, 60 cents; sparkling wine \$3.00 per dozen, quarts. Silks, satins, velvets, gold, silver or plated ware, fancy goods, hats, caps and bonnets, jewelry, watches and clocks have been placed on the 17½ per cent. list. Iron—bar, hoop, rod and sheet, nail and spike rod, Canada plate, tin plate, rolled plate, and boiler plate have been left as before the reduction in Mr. CARTWRIGHT's tariff.

Carlism has sustained a severe blow in the relief of Bilbao. When DON CARLOS planted his batteries on the mountains overlooking the capital of Biscay, he gave out that he would persevere in his attacks until the old city was taken, when he would assume the crown of Spain in its venerable cathedral, and call upon the European Powers for recognition. For a time he seemed assured of success. But the fall of Cartagena and the return of SERRANO to power rendered his position more critical. The President of the Republic, feeling that the capture of Bilbao would be a severe stroke to his Government, took the field in person, and, after weeks of strategy and some respectable fighting, has succeeded in driving the Carlists from all their positions around the beleaguered city.

Arkansas is following in the wake of Louisiana. Two rival governors—BROOKS and BAXTER—are stirring up civil war in support of their respective claims. Both invoke the interference of the Federal Government, and if bloodshed continues, GENERAL GRANT will be forced to declare in favour of one or the other, or else take the matter in his own hands. The consequences may be grave. Prominent papers advocate the dictatorship of a SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, or HANCOCK over Louisiana, Arkansas, and South Carolina. Begin that game once, and what becomes of your free democratic institutions?

While politicians are vainly discussing the abstract questions of Protection and Free Trade, Municipalities, with a lively eye to their own interest, do all they can to protect native industries in their midst. One of many is Coaticook, whose Council have passed a by-law, subject to ratification by the tax-payers, granting a bonus of \$10,000 to every manufacturing establishment locating in the village with a capital of \$50,000, and employing 50 hands; a bonus of \$20,000 to companies with a capital of \$100,000, and so on.

FROM THE CAPITAL.

THE AMENDED TARIFF DEBATE—PRINCIPAL SPEECHES ON BOTH SIDES—PERSONALITIES AND RUDENESS.

OTTAWA, May 2, 1874.

The sole event of the week was the debate on the Tariff. The House having gone into Committee of Ways and Means, Mr. CARTWRIGHT stated there were only two grounds on which his financial statement was attacked—namely, that the revenue of 1873 and 1874 would not exceed \$22,000,000, and that the Government would have to raise a revenue of \$22,500,000 to meet the expenditure of the current year. He held that there was nothing advanced to disprove his statement. The revenue received for the first eight months of the current year was \$16,000,000. Arguing on this basis, no one could say the revenue for the whole year would exceed \$22,000,000. The returns for the first ten days of April were not a fair basis of calculation on account of large amount of goods withdrawn from bond. The total amount of available revenue for the current year was \$6,750,000 for ordinary expenses. Out of this there had to be met a deficit in the Post Office and a deficit in Public Works, amounting

to \$2,500,000. The interest on the capital to be expended on necessary works made up a total of \$3,000,000, which had to be met by additional taxation. He warned the House not to be misled by the arguments of the Opposition, which would be based on the enormous receipts from the first twenty days of April, which amounted to nearly \$3,000,000. This amount could not be used fairly in calculating the revenue of the whole year. He then came to the Tariff question. The Government would adhere in the main to the tariff, but were willing to consult the wishes of the House and supporters by altering some of its details. The first modification was that articles of luxury paying 16½ per cent., as at first arranged, will hereafter pay a uniform duty of 17½ per cent. Duty on tea would be reduced to 4 cents on green and 3 cents on black; on ships' material the duty would be removed from cables, anchors, iron masts, wire rigging, copper sheathing and metal. Duty is also taken from pig iron, and the extra 2½ per cent. added to other iron paying 5 per cent. is removed. On cheap wines the duty is reduced to 30 cents per gallon; or wine costing more than 40 cents per gallon, and not containing more than 20 per cent. of alcohol, medium grades, will pay 60 cents per gallon; while on sparkling wines the old duty of \$3 per dozen will be imposed. The increased duty indicated will raise an additional revenue of \$300,000, to be applied in modifying the duty on the articles named. The sugar tax is removed, and remains as before. Considering everything, the Government now considered that the tariff would be satisfactory to the country.

Dr. TUPPER replied. He said he had been charged with audacity the other day when he called in question the correctness of the Finance Minister's statements, and pointed out the injustice of the tariff; but his position was sustained to-day. He was pained at the humiliating position of the Finance Minister and the Government, after disturbing the entire trade of the country, to have now to abandon their position, to reconstruct the tariff and adopt the views advanced by the Opposition. In doing this the Government now admitted before the House and the country that they had framed a tariff which could not be justified, and which, in most points, they were compelled to abandon. He showed that there was no deficit, and that the revenue of this year exceeded the estimates by \$500,000. There was a surplus from the previous year of \$1,600,000, and there was on hand \$400,000 of a sinking fund for the Intercolonial Railway. Adding these sums to the revenue of the year brought it up to \$23,899,000. This would leave a surplus on the first of July next of nearly \$200,000. By Mr. Cartwright's statement the revenue for the first nine months of the year would be \$16,000,000, and the expenditure over \$15,000,000, leaving a balance of nearly \$200,000, while the last three months would show a further excess of revenue. The whole receipts of 1873-4 exceeded those of 1872-3 by nearly \$3,000,000. The Finance Minister had estimated that the expenditure in working the Government railways for the current year, over the revenue, would be \$1,400,000. This estimate was unjustifiable, as shown by the fact that last year, when there were unprecedented storms, when extensive repairs were made, the expenditure on these railways exceeded the revenue only by \$700,000. Dr. Tupper defended the policy of the late administration, and stated that \$3,000,000 of additional taxation was entirely unnecessary, unless to meet prospective extravagance.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT replied, reiterating the charges of extravagance against the late Government, and showing that Mr. Tilley had warned the House that additional taxation would be required. He held that our credit would eventually stand better in the British market by a correct statement of our affairs being made than if we tried to keep up a false appearance. He admitted indirectly that there was not an actual deficit, but the increased taxation would be necessary by increased expenditure in different directions. He defended his course in reconstructing the tariff, after having decided upon it, by showing that other Finance Ministers have done the same.

Mr. HOLTON, characterized Dr. Tupper's speech as audacious, remarking, amid the laughter of the House, that the circumstances under which that gentleman and his colleagues had been expelled from office debarred him from the right of criticising the speech of the Finance Minister. He approved of the changes which had been announced in the tariff that day, and said they would be acceptable to the country. He thought the real sentiment of the House must unquestionably have been that which induced Mr. Mitchell to ask if the speech of the member for Châteauguay were really serious.

Mr. PLUMB, said the country was not in that very depressed state which the Hon. Minister of Finance wished to make out. He did not see anything which warranted him in thinking that the statement of the Finance Minister as to the deficit of three millions had any foundation except in his own imagination. It was the easiest thing in the world, however, to make an imaginary deficit. He contended that the present tariff muddled everything, protected nothing, and disturbed every branch of the Legislature. It would be useless to tell the people that the increased taxation was owing to the late Government, for they would be told they were sent there to eliminate them from it.

Mr. PALMER said he did not think it proved that there was a deficit in the last year of the revenue. He ridiculed the opinion of the member for Charlotte that the Government was perfectly right in all its doings, and contended that the tariff, which he criticized very narrowly, bore very heavily and in undue proportion on the Maritime Provinces.

The debate concluded at 2 o'clock in the morning. It was very animated and in some respects violent. Mr. Holton was personal and did not argue at all. It is a wonder to me why the Government and their chief supporters are so acrimonious in resenting criticism. They can afford to be magnanimous.

CHAUDIERE.

EXPERIENCES OF "A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER."

BY "ONE OF THEM."

MOUNT FOREST, March 28.

"The road is a wonderful leveller. Those men in the house who only take occasional trips "just to see the country" and who have not adopted travelling as a profession, are made to feel this acutely. No matter with what importance their position at home may be invested, whether they be "boss," or manager, or buyer, all such distinctions must be waived on the road. Their self-sufficiency receives a sad blow when they find that hotel-men only recognize them as a new hand, that customers are disposed to look coldly upon them as a poor substitute for the usual traveller, whom they have come to identify with the house, and that of all they meet, no one is at all oppressed with a sense of their importance. A partner in a firm takes, for the nonce, the beat his traveller has tramped for years. That traveller has made it his business to become regarded as an ephemeral citizen of every place he visits; like a change in the moon, or fair-day, people know just when to expect him. When he enters a store, ten chances to one he is saluted with "Hello! here's A and B's man again," and when a stranger enters the store and announces that he is A and B's man" a shade of disappointment flits over the face of the merchant, and his first enquiry is "Why, where's So-and-so? why isn't he round?" Then, very often, he launches into a fulsome eulogy on the salesman-like qualities of "So-and-so." Ah! he will say, "smart fellow Jack—A and B will never get a man that'll sell the goods in this town he did" all of which is neither flattering nor pleasing to Jack's successor, especially when he finds himself assailed with like enquiries at every turn. The reflection that Jack works for his money, which might under other circumstances, have been consoling, becomes a galling one. The Americanism "Jack's as good as his master," is bad enough, but Jack being regarded as better than his master is too much. The trip over he is glad to take refuge in his warehouse, where he is "monarch of all he surveys," and sends Jack on his way rejoicing.

Sometimes, though the "boss" has his revenge; in his travels, if his traveller who preceded him has been a fast youth strange revelations are made to him of the doings of the gay Lothario. Queer stories of his amours and of the midnight revels he has been a party to are added to and improved upon for the special delectation of the "boss"; stories, which had he never taken the road, would never have reached him, nor gone beyond the choice circle of a few cronies who participated, and a few outsiders whose ears are always open for male gossips. But unfortunately it happens that the "boss" is just as prone to fall from grace as his traveller, and often he is anything but an unwilling party to those orgies in which his traveller played the "heavy man." So, when he returns home he preserves a discreet silence as to the doings of this man "on the road," as it is not likely he would have ever become aware of those doings had he not sought the society in which they were perpetrated. But, dear me! how I have forgotten myself—this paper was to have been devoted to an analysis (good word, that) of customers, and I haven't said a word about them since I started. Well, as to-morrow is Sunday, I expect the Religious Customer will be in order. Do any of my readers know the "Religious Customer?" But it is not right nor Christian-like to apply such a term as "religious" to a man who is worthy only of a "genuine contempt," so I will amend it and dub my sanctimonious friend the Hypocritical Customer

"Who, binding up his Bible with his ledger,
Blends Gospel texts with trading Gammou;
A Blackleg Saint, a Spiritual Hedger,
Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,
Against the wicked remnant of the week."

Poor Tom Hood's bitter words are peculiarly applicable to this self-constituted saint. This is the man who won't sell playing-cards, boasting with unctuous mouthings that "he doesn't know one card from another," and who delights in calling them "the devil's picture book." Yet this same univeller frequently makes his living, or the better part of it, by selling liquor, and with a consistency worthy of such a man will consent to eke his miserable dole out of some poor wretch whose insatiable craving for drink has long ago stifled the cries of the miserable, starving brood who depend on him for subsistence. The "Religious Customer," is always in a doleful mood, the world, to him, is purgatory, at least he wishes others to believe so; no smiles, no laughter no jollity for him; he delights in "in dust and ashes" similes and quotes the most dismal extracts from the Old Testament to the "worldly commercial" who tries to sell him goods. While you are standing at his counter a wan and wretched little beggar girl comes in craving for money or bread; more brutal than they who gave the stone for bread, he tells her to "clear out, or he'll send for a policeman," and the poor haggard little wretch runs away in terror. The next moment, he is all scripture and dooms-day again, and like a male "Mrs Jellyby" is soliciting your subscription for the benighted heathens in Manitoba, the Canadian Booriooboola-Gha. Such is the Customer who rides to death his hobby of a pretence of Religion. God grant that such men are not the earthly St. Peters who hold the key to Heaven, in such case, small chance for us who err, and know we err. But from a worldly point of view, let me say to my brethren on the road, beware of these wolves in sheep's clothing! I have in my mind's eye, a man who lives in a town "not 100 miles from Toronto," who has compromised with, or to use plainer English, defrauded, his creditors on three successive occasions, who has been held up by the leading paper of the town in which he lives for scorn "to point its slow and moving finger at," and yet—who had the hardihood to appear on a public platform recently, in company with hoary-headed and I hope, sincere clergymen, and there with a cheek and presumption rarely equalled, and with what would to a stranger appear ardent fervour in the good cause, advocate a prohibitory liquor law! To put it in a comical light.—Not only cheat the man he owes one thousand dollars to out of five hundred, but tell him also, with charming effrontery, that no matter how much he likes his glass of

beer or sherry, he, his swindler, will not allow him to drink it. But, as a refreshing antidote to the "Religious" or rather "Hypocritical Customer," us, travellers, fall in with the "Genuine Customer" who is willing to give

"A liberal acceptance to a damn,"

especially if the expletive be applied to his insincere neighbor, whom he abominates. The "Genuine Customer" is partial to Commercials as a body, but gives the cold shoulder to those of them who "put on airs." He may not please you on a first acquaintance, but that is because he has not been favourably impressed with you, for he is very sensitive to first impressions. Often his dislike to what he calls "siry" Commercials will mislead him, and make him ruthlessly snub some young fellow who never dreams of ostentation, but who has an unfortunate little crotchet that our sham-hating friend construes into an affectation. Should he take a liking to you, you will rarely meet a stauncher friend; it will take a good deal to alter his regard for you, a regard that a chance rupture he may have with your house never changes. In this regard, a traveller's position is peculiar; his very friendships, although none the less genuine, are a source of profit to the house he travels for. With him, as with a politician it pays to be sociable. But to return to our genuine friend. Many such I know, and it is like an oasis in the desert to drop in upon one of them after you have been drudging in a neighboring town all day among a lot of stiff-necked cold-blooded, "heaven-is-my-home" traders. If he is a grocer, he will have a liquor cellar, and your welcome appearance will in all probability be the excuse for an adjournment to the lower regions—I fear my readers have found out that I am not a "liquor crusader."—I have noticed on these occasions of the dispensing of underground refreshment, the merchant and you are rarely alone, some thirsty soul is sure to be occupying a prominent position on a store box, and by his yearning glance toward the trap-door, shows that "he don't mind if he does." Then, gone below, over our cups, the compliments of the season are exchanged—"Well, Tom, how has the world been using you?—help yourself—you're looking pretty well," to which Tom responds "Oh! yes, so-so—good whiskey that, John—whose is it?"—"Why, mine!" says John. "No, no, but whose make is it?"—"Oh! I see; it's Chippawa whiskey bought before Cartwright because Finance Minister, and hasn't been watered." But the best of friends must part, so we will drop into the store of Mr. Glum, the Dismal Customer. Mr. Glum is a misanthrope, and a bit of a philosopher, although his philosophy is rather cramped. He hates a cheerful man, and is the last person you would think of slapping on the back and saluting with a hearty "Hello! how are you?" Few men have seen him smile, but those who have say his frown is just about as amiable. A young and guileless Commercial sprightly, and full of animal spirits, enters his store, and with a confidence born of his inexperience, rashly attempts to break the ice of Mr. Glum's nature. If he succeeds he succeeds only to melt it into cold water that is ruthlessly dashed on his young and illusory hopes, and the hapless youth leaves the shop and Mr. Glum's presence, feeling like a convicted felon. If times are dull, Mr. Glum's says "we haven't seen the worst of them yet," and if things are pretty brisk, he won't admit it. His jaundiced eye prevents him seeing the bright side of things, and if it is shown to him, he resolutely turns from it. He has resolved that this earth is a dungeon, and he sustains that idea in his own person. Let us leave his gloomy presence and call on Mr. Happy, a fair specimen of the "Cheerful Customer." The morning is dull and cloudy, and Mr. Happy is pleased—"Ah! good morning, gentlemen, good morning,—going to rain, I see; just what's wanted, gentlemen, just what's wanted, fine thing for the crops." Or mayhap it is a bitter cold morning in winter, and Mr. Happy is in ecstasies with the "brisk, bracing air," although you cower over the stove, and shiver as you hear the bitter North wind howling round the building. It is doubtful if Mr. Happy is always sincere in his profession of perfect contentment; it is his role, and he acts it well. I don't like him; if I am out of sorts, he exasperates me. Don't go to him for sympathy, for his sympathy consists in showing you how ungrateful you are, and how you are so much better off than Mr. So-and-so—this Mr. So-and-so being an exceptionally unfortunate individual. Mr. Happy's business is in a chronic state of prosperity, but when it comes to a question of "do you want any goods?" he is fertile in excuses. You're either too early or too late, or "everybody has been here before you," and his excuse is so glib, and he seems so pleased with himself as he makes it, that you feel more than half-inclined to "give him a bit of your mind." But this don't pay, so if you are wise, your discretion compels you to hold your tongue.

A most troublesome gentleman is the "Deaf Customer;" in addition to his infirmity, which is almost as annoying to others as it is to himself, he is generally old and crabbed. His perverseness often leads him to pretend to be far deaf than he actually is, and you bellow at him till your voice grows hoarse, and your breath comes short. By the time you think you have got him to understand what your business is, there is a crowd of gaping children flattening their noses against the store window. Then when you have utterly ruined your voice, and about deafened yourself, he will snappishly tell you "he doesn't want anything." A curious feature of calling on the deaf customer develops itself when you leave his store and call on his neighbour. You walk up to the man, put your hands on his counter, lean over and shout in his ear in stentorian tones, "Good day—I—r—present—Smith—White—and—Co—o—o—the o being delivered with such a climax of noise and startling emphasis, that the man jumps from you as if you had fired a pistol at his ear. If there are ladies in the store, their suppressed giggles, and when he finds voice, the man's indignant enquiry of "What d'ye mean, sir? What d'ye mean, you infernal idiot? Do you think I'm deaf?" recal you to your senses, and if ever a Commercial felt mean, you do, and if you are capable of blushing, blush you must.

Last and best, the Commercial sometimes has the pleasure of dealing with the Business Customer. Like angels, visits they are few and far between. I know, and so do most of my fellow Commercials, a Business Customer in Sarua. He is a thorough gentleman; any traveller, no matter what his claims or pretences, can depend upon a civil and patient hearing from him. He never insults a man, but he can exquisitely snub any who presume to try "cheek" with him, or who, deceived by his quiet, inobtrusive manner, imagine they can bully him. If he wants any goods he frankly tells you so, without any demur or equivocation. He makes an appointment to see you, and keeps that appointment to the minute, expecting you to do the same. Alas! that such men should be the exception in-

stead of the rule. It is a fact which speaks ill for the common sense of country merchants, that more than one-half of the orders taken by travellers are taken from men who have told them, in the first instance, plump and plain, that "they didn't want anything." Truly a nice comment on their knowledge of their business and their stock.

I spoke just now of "cheek." People are fond of talking about the "cheek" of travellers, and say that "cheek" is their stock-in-trade. They are wrong, no sensible traveller—nay nor do good traveller—will be guilty of a display of "cheek." He will have—he must have confidence, but confidence and "cheek" are widely different. A gentlemanly confidence is the outward expression of a manly and becoming self-respect, while "cheek" is but the result of a want of respect for others born of ignorance.

WAYFARRER.

FROM THE NEW DOMINION TO THE OLD DOMINION.

"Colum non animum, mutant, qui transmare currunt" said somebody, years and years ago, little thinking that an age would come where a man could close his eyes in sleep amidst the snows of the North, to be opened in a green and sunny country, without change of cars. Here I sit, in my window, looking out upon the State House and gardens (with its magnificent equestrian statue of Washington, surrounded by the fathers of the Great Republic and the emblems of peace, finance, mechanics, &c.), of perhaps one of the most celebrated of historical cities. Richmond (Va.) has a population of sixty thousand; it is solidly built of brick and stone and is the most beautiful and pleasant town I ever visited. But, "Revenons à nos moutons," Mr. Editor. Let's look for the sheep we left behind us.

Canada, the New Dominion, had up to the date of my departure enjoyed a delightful winter, clear days and sunny skies had succeeded each other for weeks, but the political horizon had been overcast by the pall of scandal, party strife had waged with malignant violence and the whole press had, for weeks, been up in arms struggling to decide a point, which may prove as important to the future history of Canada as the battle of Hastings was to the subsequent history of England. With a new and untried party in power, supported by an immense majority but without a policy, or rather, composed of men each of whom has a policy of his own, with British Columbia almost in rebellion and many ticklish points to be decided, we shall leave Canada, crossing one of its richest farming districts to reach a Railway station. The roomy, substantial houses, often of stone or brick, the capacious barns, fine orchards and well-fed cattle strike one as evidence of thrift and wealth, while the immense amount of traffic on the public highways betokens a country in every respect prosperous. Taking the Grand Trunk, one is astonished at the improvements upon it within the last few years. The cars are comfortable and glide smoothly over the track at a speed not exceeded by that of any American Railway I have yet tried. The conductors are civil and obliging, and the whole appearance of things suggests the dawn of prosperity. No institution has done more for Canada, and none, the more, deserves success. Prescott always reminds me of a tavern in a small village where the Temperance movement has become epidemic. It seems to look on with stolid indifference, regarding the return of the Golden Age of tipplers and tap rooms as a matter of absolute certainty. The town is infested with "Ticket Agents" (a peculiar breed of the "Ouran Outang" tribe not particularly described by Darwin). They are a piratical kind of animal, a sort of social parasite, living upon the credulity and childish trustfulness of the travelling public.

The typical "Tic" is usually a short man, but not the less airish and important on that account. He wears square-toed boots and a diamond brooch, pinned on his coat collar or shirt bosom. In addition to these features, he sports a heavy gold watch chain, chews tobacco and is altogether a very obliging man. He pronounces "New York Central" with the Yankeeiest of nasal twangs, and Grand Trunk, in an insinuating and hisping bass. He talks of the Company as we and generally manages to delude the inquiring traveller. Every station should post up notices with the following advice, "Cave canem" "Beware the Ticket Agent." The public would profit by it. While passing through a small village, we came suddenly to the conclusion that dinner would not be objectionable. Acting on the impulse of the moment, we pulled up at what had been an hotel. I say had been because I ushered two ladies into the drawingroom and proceeded to order dinner, when my feelings received a severe blow (not to speak of my stomach) by running foul of a tall girl dressed in blue, who, in the most flagrant manner, denounced me as an intruder on the sanctity of a private house. I was so greatly overcome by some of her remarks, that I at once determined in future to steer clear of tall girls and scrupulously avoid those in blue. As we neared the Railway station, we were besieged by some schoolboys for a ride. One of our party, who was reclining upon the lap of the person behind, uttered the magic word *Small-pox*. Had a thunder-bolt fallen in their midst a greater commotion could not have been induced. Terror was instantly depicted on every countenance and with one accord they fled in radiating directions from the practical joker.

Crossing to the "Burg" from Prescott, I took the morning train on the "Bome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railway." At Sandy Creek I took the "Syracuse Northern" which taps the New York Central, by which line I reached Canandaigua about 6:30 P.M.

The city of Ogdensburg is a flourishing place, largely engaged in the grain and lumber trade. Near it, are some fine beds of iron ore. Whilst passing one of these beds, I was addressed in a peculiarly American voice thusly:

"Ben't you from the Burg?"

Laconically—"No."

"Ah! from Canada I guess?"

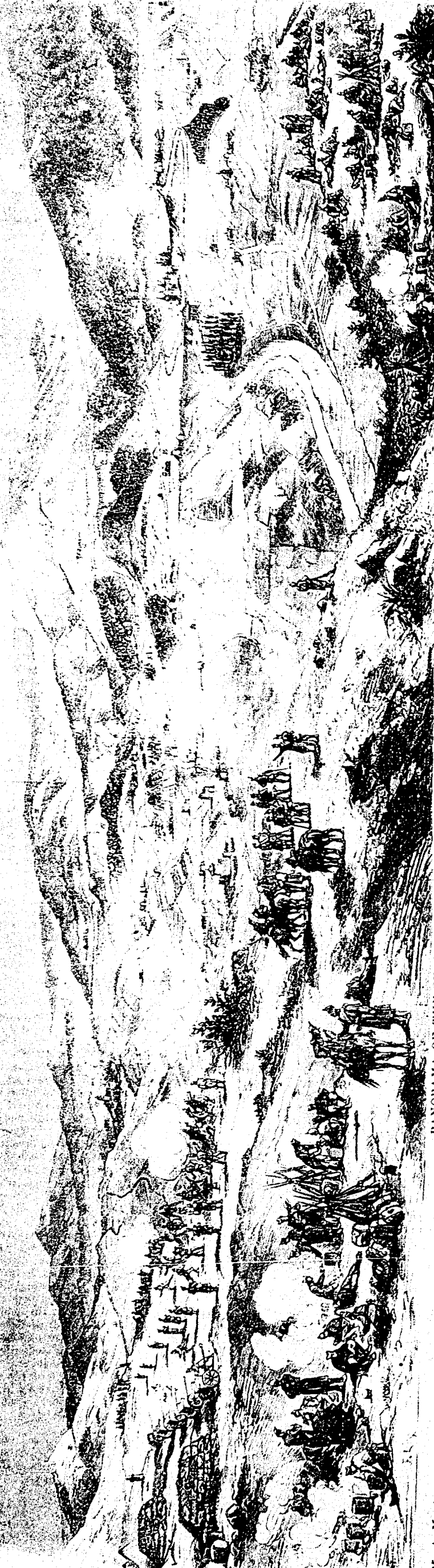
"Yes."

"How's stock over there?"

"Don't know."

"Why! Ben't you a cattle drover? How's live stock?"

I assured the party, that I know nothing of live stock or



PANORAMA OF THE SECOND ACTION AT SOMMOROSTRO, TAKEN FROM THE HEIGHTS OF MONTAGNO

1. Monte Montano. 2. Carlist Entrenchment. 3. Carlist Redoubt. 4. Carlist Entrenchment. 5. Banderas Mountains. 6. San Fuentes Behind the Mountain. 7. Church of San Pedro Abanto. 8. House in Flames. 9. Carlist Entrenchment on the Road from Sommoestro to San Pedro. 10. Santa Julianna. 11. Bilbao. 12. Las Carreras, Occupied by the Loma Division. 13. Tower of Mazzarello: Loma Division Concealed in the Rear. 14. Barrio San Martin. 15. Battery. 16. Hermitage of San Lorenzo. 17. Pucheta. 18. Monte Triano, Mines of Sommoestro. 19. Tunnel. 20. Moruecco Mountains. 21. Position Occupied by Don Carlos on the 25th and 26th March. 22. Mountains de las Cortes. 23. Primo de Rivera's Division. 24. Pueblo de las Cortes. 25. Spaniards. 26. Battery. 27. Railway. 28. Road to Valmasada. 29. Church of Sommoestro. 30. Galdakos Mountains. 31. Alto Arenella Mountains. 32. Battery No. 1. 33. Battery No. 2. 34. Battery No. 3. A. Rivulet. B. Rio de Sommoestro. CCC. Carlists. D. Position Occupied by Serrano and His Staff on the 25th. E. Alto Ferra Cortera. F. Turf Casemates.



PANORAMA OF THE SECOND BATTLE OF SOMMOROSTRO, TAKEN FROM THE CARLIST POSITION

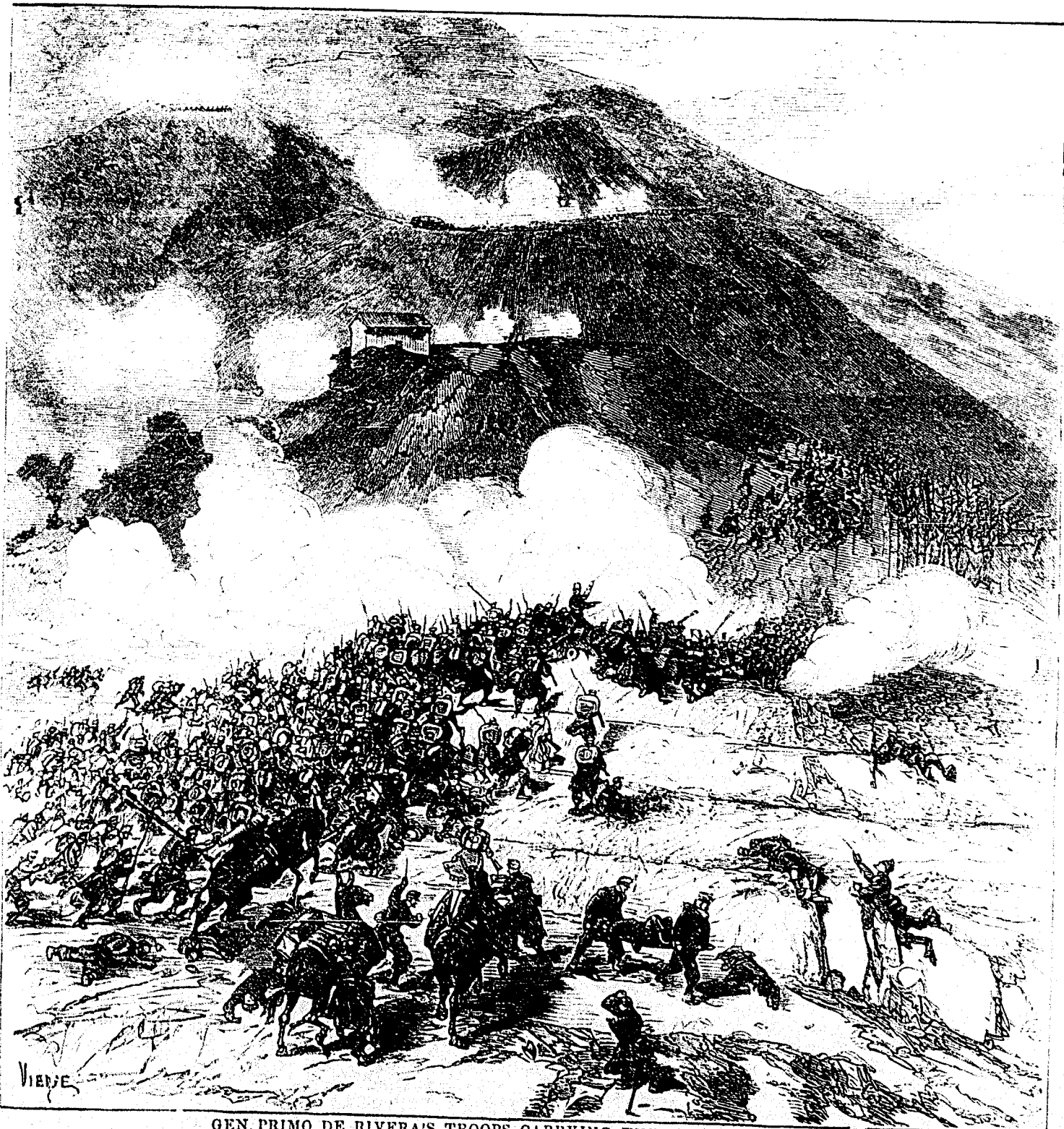
B. Republican Battery. T. Republican Frigates Shelling the Carlist position on the right. S. Republican Batteries at Sommoestro. N. Murquiz. GGG. Republican Guerillas. M. Murrieta. F. Carlist Position of the side of Mount Mantrez. RR. Republicans. CC. Carlists. D. San Pedro de Abanto, Defended by the Carlists. Houses fired by the Enemy's Shells. Z. San Juentes, Occupied by Generals Elio, Dorregaray, Olio, etc., and the Carlist Reserves. A. Mamelon from which Don Carlos Watched the Action.



MARSHAL SERRANO,
Commander in chief of the Republican Forces before Bilbao.



GENERAL PRIMO DE RIVERA,
Wounded at San Pedro Abanto.



GEN. PRIMO DE RIVERA'S TROOPS CARRYING THE CARLIST POSITION.

any other kind of stock, but he persisted in throwing out hints, hoping to learn my occupation. In this, however, he was foiled.

I sighed when he left, deeming him to be but the forerunner of a perfect army of inquisitors whom I expected would besiege me, but I was disappointed.

American women, travelling in their own country, behave better than report gives them credit for. The greatest peculiarity I observed about them, was an *anæmic* condition of the gums, and in fact, nearly all those I met in New York state appeared to be suffering from *anæmia*. What could cause it so generally, I cannot conceive.

Syracuse is a peculiar place; bounded on one side by a marshy lake and on another by an immense field of salt-kilns and drying sheds, it has a very dismal and monotonous appearance from the approach by rail.

Many fine buildings embellish this growing city and the amount of business done in salt alone, is almost incredible.

Along the New York Central Route, many fine towns exist. Indeed the whole country through which the N.Y.C. passes (the famous Genesee Valley) is one of the most beautiful in America.

Auburn—"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain," as sung by Campbell in "Gertrude of Wyoming" is the prettiest place along the line. It is built upon two hills and an intervening valley, and many of its buildings (conspicuously the State Prison) are very fine.

It is difficult to imagine this place, which seems always to have been as it is now, as it was a hundred years ago, when Indians whooped and scalped among these hills and "going to Auburn" was "going to the far West." Canandaigua is a junction station where the Northern Central Railway joins the New York Central. It possesses an institution for the treatment of mental diseases, which has a good reputation. From Canandaigua to Elmira, the Northern Central follows the Chemung Valley whose diminutive grandeur is quite peculiar. It seems like one of the great Valleys of the Tyrol or Switzerland in its infancy, or, as if a mighty mountain had sunk into a morass and fallen asleep with head and shoulders alone uncovered. All along this section, line after line of cars loaded with coal and iron lie along the track. You breathe coal, you feel it on your hands, you smell it, you are thoroughly impregnated with anthracite before you reach Elmira.

Elmira is quite a large town, at the junction of the Erie and Northern Central Railways and does a large business in coal and iron. It is almost in the heart of the coal mining district. South of Elmira, we plunge into the Alleghenies, through cuttings, tunnels, and bridges that it must have taken a gigantic power to construct.

Firstly, along the Wychoming, and then along the Susquehanna, the Railway takes its course. Some of the scenery near Ralston is grand, but usually it is tame. The mountains jut out to the valleys and end abruptly, having much the appearance of huge mansard roofs whose summits are decorated with dark pine trees in place of iron railings.

Near Dauphin and Harrisburgh, the scenery is beautiful. The Susquehanna becomes quite broad, but the curves it makes are abrupt and frequent. At nearly every curve there is a bridge. Indeed within a circuit of eight miles of Harrisburgh, there are, at least, half a dozen bridges, some of them of great length.

Harrisburgh is a large and flourishing town, engaged in the coal trade and iron smelting. It is built on the eastern bank of the shallow, sandy-bottomed Susquehanna, but has a bad appearance from the Railway Bridge, on account of the low, dirty-look of the bank of the stream.

At Clark's ferry, the scenery is very pretty. After leaving Harrisburgh, the soil becomes reddish. It looks like disintegrated red sandstone or granite, or more like red chalk. This colour is communicated to the streams and gives them a very filthy appearance. The bricks in the country, seem to be peculiarly red also. We soon get into Maryland, where the great rolling land and fine houses are a relief to the eye but where the red looking roads and streams and squat Dutchmen compare unfavourably with the New York Roads and Pennsylvania coal heavens.

Just before dark, we ran into a tunnel which I was told was Baltimore. We only remained a short time here, but long enough to ascertain, that the city is built on several hills, and that all the railways enter it by tunnels, or at a higher level than the streets, to avoid accidents long enough to sniff the sea-breeze; long enough to see the scene of the street-fight which occurred at the commencement of the American war. From Baltimore to Washington, I saw nothing till the Capitol loomed into view. On the train, I fell in with a fine young man, a confere, who had been adjutant to General Lee during the late war, and had been engaged in twenty-five battles. From him, I got much useful information. He accompanied me to the Capitol, which I think compares unfavourably with our buildings at Ottawa. Some of the statuary, and the bronze castings on main entrance are very fine. I shall never forget the first night, under the moonlight, when, a thousand miles from home, I drank at the fountain of Republicanism. This is literal. The water was brackish and savoured, to my mind, of Radicalism. Pennsylvania Avenue is a fine broad street, and the view of the Potomac from Government Hill, even in the moonlight, is good.

The finest-looking girls, I have seen, are in Harrisburgh and the most gentlemanly and well behaved people I met after leaving Washington.

There is a strong under-current of feeling, even north of Baltimore, against the Union. That foul ulcer has not yet healed. I heard a very clear definition of Democrat and Republican, which I reproduce. Democrats insist on state's rights, to self Government and favour free trade; Republicans wish for a central controlling Government and a protective tariff. The last snow I saw was in Washington. The climate here is delightful. Of Fredericksburg and Richmond, so full of interest, I must speak in another letter. Living is no dearer here than in Canada, and the people are very kind and obliging. I intend visiting the Libby prison and other places of interest before leaving. With my next letter, I may enclose some etchings.

Meanwhile,

Believe me, etc.,

CANADIAN.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* furnishes the anagram, "Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, Baronet," which transposes into "You horrid butcher Orton—biggest rascal here!"

A SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

In these November days of May, with sharp winds, and keen frosts, and great feathery flakes of snow, calling to one's mind Tom Hood's lines, descriptive of the negative character of November:—

"No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,
November!"

A refreshing city item, in the *Montreal Gazette*, like the following is conducive to buoyancy and cheerfulness of spirits:—

"THE OLD SOB.—Mr. O. Devlin has brought back with him valid memorials of the 'Old Sol' in the shape of fine blackthorn shillelahs, some of which he has presented to his friends."

Valid is a good word when applied to a "sprig of Shillelah"—Milton uses it in "Paradise Lost"—

"—perhaps more valid arms,
Weapons more violent when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,
Or equal what between us make the odds,
In nature none."

The author of the city item has omitted to say whether the recipients of the shillelahs are O. D.'s political friends; and to hazard the conjecture that the "blackthorns are to be used at the next general election to help the return to Parliament of men to represent Montreal, having no fixed politics, or, in truth, decided principles respecting anything; gentlemen by birth, with little else but their brains and their pedigree—the one no use to them, and the other never employed to any great and noble purpose, such as the pursuit, the enforcement, and the exhibition of truth, justice, and good government, and the removal of hindrances which obstruct good, and facilities and temptations to evil; men who are not scholars well versed in the writings of such great political philosophers as Burke, nor disciples of such illustrious men as Pitt, Fox, Canning, Palmerston, and Peel; nor who have learnt the principles of jurisprudence from such men as Resdesdale, Camden, Tenterden, Mansfield, and Stowell.

But not being a politician, nor a writer on politics, I will dismiss election matters and everything connected with Parliament and Parliament men, the subject being too dry, and by no means exhilarating for a dull November feeling day, like the present second of May, and will return to the "Sprig of Shillelah," which I contend is an oak stick, not a "black thorn"; and it derives its name from Shillelah, a district in the county of Wicklow, formerly celebrated for its oak woods.

An amusing essayist in the "Dublin Penny Journal." Speaking about the national Emblems says: If an Irishman travels he will beg, borrow or steal a Shillelah; if he goes to play he hurls with a crooked oak stick; if he goes to a fair, it is delightful to hear the sound of his clovel-peen on the cattle horns; if he fights at market or fair, the cudgel is brandished on high; and, as Fin Ma Coul of old smiled grimly in the joy of battle, so his descendants shout lustily in the joy of the cudgels—*Be'lo gaudentes—fratris videntes!*

In truxion delighting,
Languing while fighting!

Leather away with your oak stick, is still the privilege, the glory, and the practice of Irishmen. The Essayist adds:—When dying, Paddy dies quietly if assured he shall have a decent "berrin," be buried in an oak coffin, and attended to the grave by a powerful faction well provided with oak sapplings.

Again, to show that the shillelah is not a blackthorn, there is a lyric to be found in several collections of songs, as follows:—

When from the new-formed pregnant earth,
Sprang vegetations progeny,
The Irish oak of ancient birth,
Arose the kingly forest tree.
Hail to the oak, the Irish oak,
And Irish hearts, with three times three!

Its verdure sickens where the slave,
To power despotic, homage gives;
But rest shillelah, with the brave.
True to the soil, luxuriant lives.
Hail to the oak, the Irish tree,
And hearts of oak, with three times three.

Instances may be multiplied where the shillelah is always associated with an oak sapling. Hoping these few lines may be interesting to some who were never in the County of Wicklow and as much so as the item announcing the importation of shillelahs of blackthorn.

R. E. X.

May 2nd, 1874

SCRAPS.

The bill which England is about to pay for the reception of the Shah of Persia last summer amounts to about eighty thou and dollars.

It is said that Government will shortly issue an order recalling all the Russian guns—trophies of the Crimean war—which are scattered throughout the country, in order that they may be destroyed.

There was much consternation among the proprietors of the London daily newspapers this week, in consequence of a new order by the Serjeant-at-Arms forbidding leader writers in the gallery. They will have to get into Parliament.

All the officers who have served in the Ashantee war will receive four months' leave of absence, and all the privates one month. The prize money to be distributed among the soldiers will amount to the handsome sum of 7s. 6d. per man.

A Horse Guards order will shortly be issued expressing Her Majesty's approval of the word "Ashantee" being borne on the colours and appointments of the 23rd Fusiliers, 42nd Highlanders, Rifle Brigade, and 1st and 2nd West India Regiments, in recognition of the services rendered by the corps during the late campaign.

Many attribute the decrease in the population of France to the disinclination of mothers to suckle their infants, as interfering with the former's appearance in society; hence the infant is given out to a mercenary nurse. Alphonse Karr supplicates the Assembly to decree a law, compelling every mother who is able but unwilling to nurse her own child, to wear a collar of corks round her neck for a twelvemonth.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Bayard Taylor is reported to be collecting materials for a joint biography of Schiller and Goethe.

Dr. Kenealy has started a new weekly paper, called the *Englishman*, devoted to politics, religion, law, and literature.

Among new books publishing in Germany, the *Allgemeine Zeitung* mentions Uhland's "Life and Remains," edited by his widow.

Azamat-Batuk has started upon a tour round the world, having arranged to contribute occasional articles and sketches to the *Pictorial World*.

The Great Ice Age is a recent English work, which portrays the earth as it appeared about 200,000 years ago, when "the British Islands and all Northern Europe were enveloped in snow and ice."

Prof. von Ranke is engaged in re-editing his "History of the Popes," with reference to the relations between Pius Nono and the German empire. The professor is now more than seventy-five years old, but is as active as ever.

A "new light" is constantly being thrown upon ancient worthies, and unworthies, and among these is the handsome poisoner, Lucrezia Borgia, who will probably be whitewashed in a new story of her life, which will shortly appear in Germany.

Goldsmith is coming in again. At a recent sale of autographs in London one of his commanded the highest price, \$190. Among others were autographs of Goethe, Tasso, Schiller, Swift, Sterne, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and many others.

The maximum of cheapness in printing has been reached by a London edition of the *Waverley Novels*, published by Dicks at three pence each. For about six cents one may have one of Scott's novels complete, in fair print, and illustrated by John Gilbert.

Senor Hipolito Fernandez has discovered in the temple of Buddha, at Ceylon, a manuscript in a character to him unknown. The form of the manuscript is peculiar, consisting of about sixty palm-leaves, inscribed on both sides with characters resembling the cuneiform.

George Eliot's new volume of poetry, which Messrs. Blackwood will publish about the end of the month, will include the poems contributed to English magazines and a poem contributed only to an American serial, together, the *Academy* believes, with more recent poetical work, which will now for the first time see the light.

The late Mr. Sumner has bequeathed all his papers and MSS. to his old friend, Henry Longfellow, together with the half of his collection of coins and bronzes, the remainder of which has been left by him to Dr. Samuel Howe, of Boston. Mr. Sumner leaves \$50,000 to the library of Harvard College, the interest of which is to be annually spent in the purchase of books.

Mr. M. D. Conway has been visiting Ernest Renan. Mr. Conway's picture of the writer is an excellent one. He is a man of about 50, thick set, but not tall, with a full face and a strong brow. His eye is at once sweet and penetrating, and his voice both gentle and firm. He gives one the impression of a man who has a great deal of work in him, and one likely to give the orthodox far more trouble than he has even yet done. With his smooth-shaven face and black Academic dress he conveys still the impression of the priest until he converses, when he is felt to be more than all a scholar. He divides his labours between his theological writings and the Asiatic Society, of which he is Secretary, and which, indeed, rests mainly on his shoulders.

"Not long ago," says the London correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, "an eminent English authoress was leaving an afternoon concert in London, when two old ladies from the country, finding that she was the writer of books that had delighted them, rushed up to her and begged permission to kiss her hand. The authoress blushed deeply and began tugging at her tight-fitting glove. The glove was only withdrawn after a minute or two of effort, causing much embarrassment to the modest authoress. A French gentleman, who witnessed the proceeding, remarked that if it had been George Sand she would instantly have thrown her arms around the old women and kissed each on both cheeks. And undoubtedly that is the fact. The French are creatures of impulse, and though it may show itself sometimes in wild ways this impulsiveness makes English and even American life appear cold and stiff in contrast."

Chess.

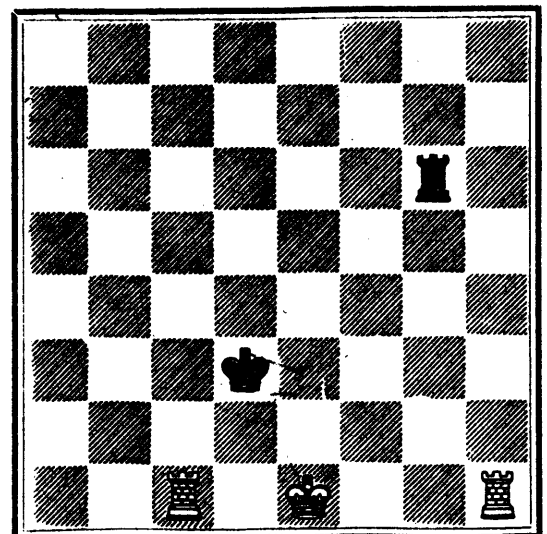
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CORRECT SOLUTION RECEIVED.—Study No. 1, T. J. L., Charlottetown.

CHESS STUDY NO. 2.

By Mr. T. J. L., Charlottetown.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Supply one piece, not a Queen, so that White moving first may give checkmate in two moves.

A RELIC OF BURNS.

Soon and Perth Masonic Lodge, known as No. 3, the third oldest lodge in Scotland, has become possessed of a very interesting relic of Burns, which is understood to be hitherto unpublished. It is addressed to "Mrs. W. Riddell, Haleaths." The poem appears to have been written on three pages of a sheet of letter-paper, the following note occupying the first page:—"Mrs. W. Riddle, Haleaths,—The health you wished me in your morning's card is, I think, flown from me for ever. I have not been able to leave my bed to-day till about an hour ago. Those wickedly unlucky advertisements I lent (I did wrong) to a friend, and I am ill able to go in quest of him. The Muses have not quite forsaken me. The following detached stanzas I intend to interweave in some disastrous tale of a shepherd:—

"Despairing beside a clear stream,
L'amour: toujours l'amour!
Volte subito.

The trout in yonder wimpling burn
That glides, a silver dart,
And safe beneath the shady thorn
Defies the angler's art:
My life was once that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I:
But love w' unremitting beam
Has scorched my fountains dry.

That little flower's peaceful lot
In yonder cliff that grows,
Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
No ruder visit knows,
Was mine, till Love has o'er me passed,
And blighted a' my bloom;
And now beneath the withering blast
My youth and joy consume.

The waken'd lav'rock warbling springs,
And climbs the early sky,
Winnowing blythe his dewy wings
In morning's rosy eye:
As little reckt I sorrow's power,
Until the flow'ry snare
O' witching love, in luckless hour,
Made me the thrall o' care."

FOR EVERYBODY.

A Fruitful Vine.

"The Lord Raleigh Grape Vine," which was growing when Sir Walter landed at Roanoke Island in 1610, and was then but three inches in diameter, is now spoken of as one of the largest vines in the world. It covers one and a half acres, and last year yielded 48 barrels of wine—1,840 gallons in all—which sold for two dollars per gallon, yielding 3,680 dollars.

An Actress Flattered.

A well-known author was about to read a new piece in the green-room of a West-end theatre, when, before commencing, a young and charming actress, who is always remarkable for the elegance of her toilettes, smirking, said, "My dear Mr. —, is the part you have written for me well within my power?" "Perfectly," replied the author. "You have to change your dress seven times!"

Important Invention.

The necrometer is a newly-invented instrument designed to afford the means of distinguishing real from apparent death. Dr. Bouchut, a French physician, recently obtained a prize from the Academy of Medicine for this discovery, which simply has reference to the temperature of the body after death. When the temperature of the body falls to 20 deg. above zero in the centigrade scale (68 deg. F.), death is certain. The necrometer is so arranged as to indicate the temperature of a dead body.

A Gentle Hint.

At a concert recently given at Marseilles for the benefit of the Poles the conversation gradually became something more than audible. Some happily inspired person despatched a little billet to the performers, who were then executing an exquisite piece of music. The note ran thus: "The performers are requested to play extremely *piano* in order not to disturb the conversation." The billet was passed from hand to hand; the *spiritual* rebuke was accepted in good part, and silence was restored.

Scotch Thrift.

The spirit of Scotch thrift was never, perhaps, better exemplified than in the following anecdote, which shows that even the fowls of the air and the barn in Glasgow have the propensity strong within them—yes, even unto their very eggs. The *Glasgow Citizen* assures us that on Sunday morning, at breakfast, a lad was in the act of eating a hen's egg boiled when a sixpence, bearing date 1857, was found about the centre of the egg. Two-thirds was imbedded in the yolk, the rest of it projecting into the white part.

The Old Coach.

Several four-horse coaches will commence running from London to various parts on the 1st of May. This mode of travelling is pleasantly connected in the mind with associations of "the good old times," and in summer, or fine weather at any time of the year, it is delightful. The old knack has by no means died out, and it is really a pretty sight to see the coach from St. Albans coming into town about five in the afternoon. Swift and sure, easy and well in hand, the cheerful-faced, well-conditioned Jehu looks the very embodiment, though heavy and stout, of the light of other days.

Easter in London.

Easter in London was marked by an unusual number of "high celebrations." The Ritualist churches were profusely decorated, and early communion commenced in some cases at half-past five o'clock. At one of them the principal service opened with a procession in which four trumpeters and eighty robed choristers preceded the cross-bearer. He was followed by incense-bearers, candle-bearers, and magnificently-embroidered curates. Throughout the day the church was numerously attended. The theatres were not open in the evening.

A Somebody.

The Marquis of Lorne will in the next generation be an important personage. He will be brother-in-law, or brother-in-law by courtesy, to the following personages, whom I place in the ascending scale of their dignities—the King of Greece, the King of Denmark, the Emperor of Germany, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of England. What gentleman can

you call to mind (out of a fairy tale) who had five kings for his brothers-in-law? I think the above calculations will be interesting to some persons in even a republican country.

Noel Apparatus.

Dr. Schuppert, of New Orleans, proposes a simple method of extinguishing fires on shipboard. He would place at various points in the hold of a vessel boxes filled with marble waste, each box communicating with the deck by means of lead pipes terminating in a funnel. Should a fire break out in the hold sulphuric acid is poured down the pipes, and this coming in contact with the marble, causes the active evolution of carbonic acid gas, which finds its way in large quantities into the hold through perforations in the boxes, and thus the cargo is quickly surrounded with an atmosphere in which combustion cannot take place.

Ante-Natal Marks.

A remarkable instance of the ante-natal impression has been discussed in the *Lancet*. In a village near Glastonbury, England, there is now living one Eli H., aged 75 years. Before Eli was born his mother had three daughters in succession, and his father vowed if the next child should be a girl he would never speak to the child as long as he lived. The child turned out to be a boy. But the boy, who was christened Eli, could never speak to any one in his father's presence—never spoke to his father, and until his father died could not speak to a male person. No scientific solution has as yet been given of this singular case.

Horticultural Prediction.

A Mr. Campbell claims to be able to ascertain in advance the qualities of seedling grapes. He says that "in the taste or flavour of the green tendrils of the vine may be found a true index of the character of its prospective fruit." He further declares that the tendrils of each variety possess a distinguishing flavour, by which it may always be detected from any other, and a seedling with this peculiar character may be at once set down as good, even in advance of its crop. His predictions are said to have been verified in every instance, and frequently, too, when the appearance of the foliage would lead him to an opposite conclusion.

Dramatic Criticism.

A critic on critics writes the following: "A healthier and more vigorous tone of criticism in operatic matters is much to be desired. Every notice you read gives you the idea that the writer has been 'got at' or 'squared,' not by venal means, but by little friendly attentions, for which, as a rule, critics representing the public are far too grateful. I should like to see a critic advertised for who had always paid his money at the door, and who did not know personally a single manager or actor. It would then be seen whether the tribe of critics, once represented by Dr. Johnson, Haslitt, Charles Lamb, and Leigh Hunt are quite extinct, and, if so, whether they could not be revived."

A Homely Curry Dinner.

The coffee planters in the hill country of Ceylon are the most hospitable of men. But a rapid succession of travellers sometimes leaves the bungalow bare, and supplies have to be brought for miles on the heads of coolies. Late one afternoon two officers were seen approaching; the planter was in despair. He called out, "Boy, try to get something to eat for officer-gentlemen." After some delay an excellent curry was on the table, and the bitter beer not being exhausted, the officers enjoyed their tiffin very much, and went on their way rejoicing. A couple of days afterwards the planter missed his cat, and the following colloquy ensued:—"Boy, where is the cat?" "Oh, pardon, master; nothing to eat for officer-gentlemen, me curry the cat."

Nibbling Ideas.

M. Octave Feuillet, whose drama the "Sphinx" has just been represented at the Théâtre Français, is a well-known fisherman, with rod, line, and bait, quite as primitive in this kind of sport as is Thiers, Jules Favre, and several other celebrities. It is while thus tranquilly occupied that M. Feuillet thinks out his dramas and poems. He hardly catches anything, a result that never annoys him; besides, he asserts a "bite" ever deranges his thoughts. His pocket or basket companion is a Walter Scott, of whose works he has a copy in every edition that has ever appeared. His book-marker is original, and consists of a toy-dog, that he has trained to put its paw on the open book, and never to stir till ordered to do so.

A Curious Illustration of Capillarity.

The following experiment was described at a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences: Put into a flask a small quantity of carbonic disulphide (bisulphide of carbon), and let a small tight roll of filtering paper pass through a hole in the cork and dip into the liquid, which will ascend through the pores of the paper and evaporate rapidly on coming in contact with the air outside. The temperature is thus reduced to about zero of the Fahrenheit scale, and the moisture of the air is condensed and precipitated in the state of hoar frost, forming with the disulphide a peculiar white hydrate. As the evaporation goes on, this gradually accumulates until it rises in mushroom shape to the height of an inch or so above the cork.

The Transit of Venus.

The preparations at Greenwich for the observation of the transit of Venus in December next are on a grand scale. The Astronomer Royal has chosen five principal stations for our share of the enterprise. Honolulu, Rodriguez Island, near the Mauritius; Christmas Harbour, in Kerguelen Land; Christchurch, New Zealand; and Alexandria. To each of these will be sent a party consisting of a chief astronomer in charge, one or more solar photographers, and several assistant astronomers. Other parties will be sent to the three subsidiary stations. The instrumental outfit is said to be the largest and most perfect of its kind which has ever been brought together. The most trustworthy observations hitherto made leave an uncertainty in the computation of the sun's distance from the earth of about 300,000 miles. The observations of next December will probably result in the determination of the distance within 50,000 miles. As already stated, France, Germany, America, and Russia will co-operate in this great undertaking.

Mental Recovery.

A case has been recorded of a lady who, when suffering under an attack of delirium, spoke a language which nobody around her could understand. It was at length discovered to be Welsh, or something similar. None of her friends could form any conception of the time or manner in which she could

have acquired a familiarity with that tongue; but after much inquiry it was ascertained that, in her childhood, she had had as nurse a native of the French province of Brittany, the dialect of which is derived from the same Cymric stock as Welsh. The lady had during those early years learned a good deal of the dialect, but had entirely forgotten it in later life, until her attack of illness produced some inexplicable change in the mental action. This case was in every way remarkable, for the lapse of memory was in the native tongue, while the language brought vividly into action was that which she had only heard during some of her child years. In all probability it was not really Welsh, but something like it.

Grammatical.

Highlanders have the habit, when talking their English, such as it is, of interjecting the personal pronoun "he" where not required, such as "The king he has come," instead of "The king has come." Often, in consequence, a sentence or expression is rendered sufficiently ludicrous, as the sequel will show. A gentleman says he has had the pleasure of listening to a clever man, the Rev. Mr. — (let his locality be a secret), and recently he began his discourse thus: "My friends, you will find the subject of my discourse this afternoon in the First Epistle General of the Apostle Peter, fifth chapter and eighth verse, in the words, 'The devil he goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' Now, my friends, with your leave we will divide the subject of our text to-day into four heads. Firstly, we shall endeavour to ascertain 'Who the devil he was.' Secondly, we shall inquire into his geographical position, namely, 'Where the devil he was,' and 'Where the devil he was going.' Thirdly—and this of a personal character—'Who the devil he was seeking.' And fourthly and lastly, we shall endeavour to solve a question which has never been solved yet, 'What the devil he was roaring about.'"

The Duchess of Edinburgh.

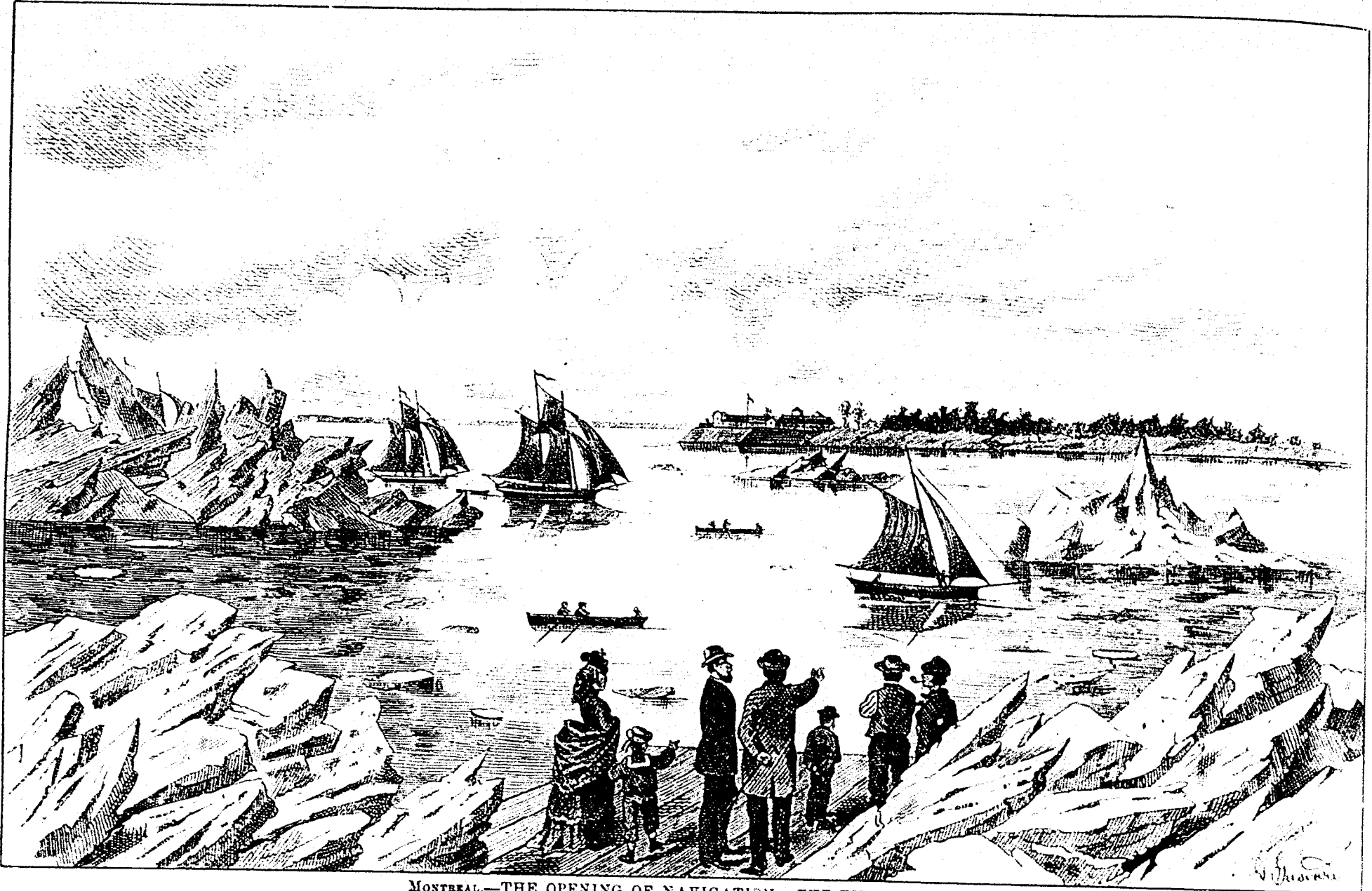
The new Parliament and the opera opened simultaneously in London. At the latter were present, in the same box, the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. It was impossible not to compare the two ladies, of whom one is really beautiful, while the other has nothing to recommend her but the charm which is almost inseparable from youth—health and a lively disposition. The Princess of Wales was very pretty when she was first married, she is beautiful now, she will be handsome ten years hence, and she can never be otherwise than refined and distinguished in appearance if she lives to no matter what age. The Duchess of Edinburgh, on the other hand, is not only without beauty, she is almost without features. She has a round head, a flat face, small eyes, and a nose so insignificant that one may almost describe it as "conspicuous by its absence." The redeeming point about her is that she is animated, as any one may see, and, according to report, very good-tempered. Her father is known to entertain the greatest possible affection for her. At St. Petersburg he was scarcely ever seen without her, and the Emperor Alexander and his much-loved daughter have been photographed together for the benefit of their faithful subjects times out of number.

The Laughing Plant.

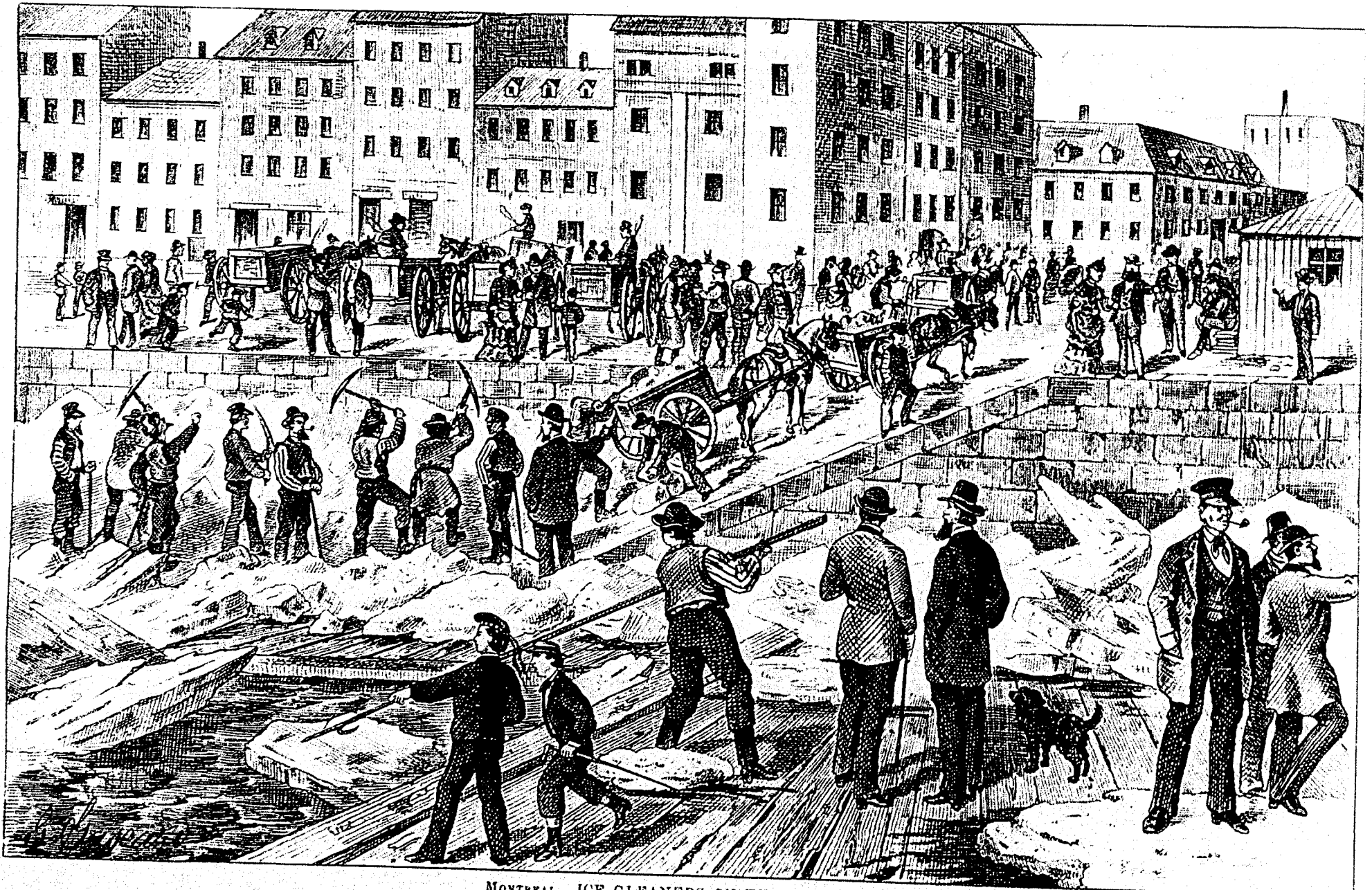
In Palgrave's work on Central and Eastern Arabia we read of a plant whose seeds produce effects similar to those of laughing gas. It is a native of Arabia. A dwarf variety of it is found at Kaseem, and another variety at Oman, which attains to a height of from three to four feet, with woody stems, wide-spreading branches, and bright green foliage. Its flowers are produced in clusters, and are of a bright yellow colour. The seed pods are soft and woolly in texture, and contain two or three black seeds of the size and shape of French beans. Their flavour is a little like that of opium, and their taste is sweet; the odour from them produces a sickening sensation, and is slightly offensive. Those seeds contain the essential property of this extraordinary plant, and when pulverised and taken in small doses, operate upon a person in a most peculiar manner. He begins to laugh loudly, boisterously; then he sings, dances, and puts all manner of fantastic capers. Such extravagance of gesture and manner was never produced by any other kind of dosing. The effect continues about an hour, and the patient is uproariously comic. When the excitement ceases the exhausted exhibitor falls into a deep sleep, which continues for an hour or more, and when he awakens he is utterly unconscious that any demonstrations have been enacted by him. We usually say that there is nothing new under the sun; but this peculiar plant, recently discovered, as it exercises the most extraordinary influence over the human brain, demands from men of science a careful investigation.

"Le Mari de la Reine."


A writer on "Actresses' Husbands" says: "The most ordinary type is Fred. Fred has married an actress whom my friend, Lord Bonton, thinks the most charming creature on earth. Bonton would once have given his eyes to be introduced to her. And he is not singular. Sir William Ventnor throws her a bouquet twice a week. 'Polly' Farquhar, of the Guards, has been heard to say at the Marlborough, in the presence of the Prince, that she is the only woman he cares for. Young Fenton, son of Sir Charles Fenton the millionaire, is ready to spend any amount of money to please her. All the men like her, and wish to be near her. But Fred is near her, and he does not trouble himself about her doings. Just as people who sell sweetmeats are said to have little inclination for what they have in abundance, so Fred, who lives in the full blaze of her charms, does not exult in his lot. He gives himself no airs on account of his good fortune. Nobody would know from his manner that he was the lucky possessor of what other men desire. Fred is the best-natured fellow in the world. Bonton, Sir William, 'Polly' Farquhar, of the Guards, young Fenton, have each in turn been presented to his wife, and he treats them all good-humouredly. Their attention to her is honour to him. Fred and his wife are equally satisfied with the arrangement which leaves both free. That is their great talent. He has the sense of heart, if not at head, to exact little. He never reproaches her. If she seems to interrupt the course of her attachment for himself, he knows it cannot endure, for—is he not her husband? After all it does him no harm. By encouraging the attentions of influential men like Bonton, which he knows are of the most innocent nature, he benefits himself and advances her interest. He hates being selfish, and if he ever appears chagrined the mood is only transient. It sometimes occurs to him that were she not an actress people would hesitate to make up to his wife; but then, were she not an actress, he would have to be his own bread-getter."



MONTREAL.—THE OPENING OF NAVIGATION. THE FIRST SAILS.



MONTREAL.—ICE GLEANERS ON THE WHARFS.

1. *Private* *M.M. 13.*  Forwarded by a friend for the information of Mr. Young *Y* *M.M.*

Hon. John Young Esq.
Montreal

2. There were three (3) Regd. Letters received here 14th February 72 in Mail of 15th from Quebec, delivered by the Post Office (Mr. Gaudry), all of which were delivered to Mr. Graham, Post of the Star, on the 14th Feb. The letter in question is supposed to be one of the above number. No other means of identification, origin of letters not being recorded Montreal 16 May 72



Edw. Palmer
J. F. Palmer

Private

(P)
XXX

3. Honble John Young M.P.
Montreal

Palmer

Forwarded by a friend for the information of Mr. Young

3. Capt. Paul Pope

Store Keeper
Militia Dept
St. Helens Island

Drawer 210
Western Division

4. *Is your sign name or name longer - James truly*
John H. Dinning

3. Capt & Pope 221 Harbor St. - covered by Carrier

IN THE BALANCE.

The only adventure I ever had worth relating (said my friend Philip Holman) occurred one night during a journey from New York to a point a few miles north.

The cars were just comfortably full, the coach I entered having a single vacant seat as well as a few containing only one occupant each. I established myself comfortably in the vacant seat, close by the window, and, as the train moved slowly through the depot, watched the vanishing lights and passengers waiting for other trains. While thus engaged my attention was arrested by a man rushing hastily from a little crowd near the ticket office. He ran toward the car I had taken, and in another moment entered. His appearance was striking. He was of large, commanding stature, with a full black beard. His face was expressive and intelligent, and would have been noble but for a peculiar look about the eyes, which moved about restlessly and with a nervous alertness. Having closed the car door he hesitated, looked back as if in anxiety, and then peered intently out of the window for a moment. Finally he walked forward as if some mental question had been decided, and stopped by my side.

"Is this seat occupied, sir?" he inquired courteously.

"No, sir," I replied, and made room for him.

"I came near missing the train," he said, after being seated.

"You haven't noticed a small man with iron-gray whiskers and dark clothes aboard, have you?"

"No," I answered. "Were you looking for a friend?"

"A friend?" he echoed absently; and then with animation, "Oh, no—by no means—not at all." He wound up his emphatic denial with a short laugh. "It's all right!" he finally explained.

"Rather an eccentric character," I thought.

For some moments our journey was pursued in silence, when my companion abruptly turned to me, and said in a tone of confidence:

"For years I have been studying one of the most gigantic problems that has ever occupied the human mind."

"Ah!" I said, not knowing what else to say.

"They say the British Government has a standing offer of ten thousand pounds as a reward for its solution. Do you believe it?"

"To what problem do you refer?" I inquired.

"Oh, pardon me? Perpetual motion—that grand desideratum of all inventors, scholars, and thinkers."

"I have heard something of such an offer, but scarcely credit the story."

"And why?" he demanded.

"Because it is a generally accepted conclusion among intelligent people that there can be no such thing as perpetual motion. An effect without a cause is an anomaly which no amount of inventive genius can overcome."

"My dear sir," he said earnestly, "you have been imposed upon by the old sophism. How singular are the delusions that logic creates! Reason, that great attribute of man, can prove lies to be true, and cause people to deny facts and cling to error. It can and does deceive, delude, and degrade, when it ought to enlighten and elevate. And, sir, it's all owing to the hopeless imbecility of its recognized exponents!"

"You are rather sweeping in your denunciation," I suggested, with a smile and a curious look at him.

"I know I am," he responded loftily. "But if I am a century in advance of the age, I am not to blame for it. My theories will in time be accepted as immutable laws. But benefactors of the race seldom live to see the fruits of their work. I am content; I can endure the persecutions I have been subjected to. I do not murmur. 'Whatever is, is right.'"

"And on the other hand," I said, lightly, scarcely knowing whether he meant to be facetious or not, "whatever is not, is wrong, I suppose."

"Certainly; you have hit it," he replied, gravely.

I began to suspect that my fellow-traveller was not exactly what is termed "round in the upper story." A searching glance into his face showed that he was in earnest, and his eyes began to glitter with excitement. If he was a monomaniac I thought it best not to do anything to arouse him on his particular hobby, and so I endeavoured to let the subject of perpetual motion drop, but he was bent on pursuing it.

"This perpetual-motion problem," he resumed, "has, I know, received ridicule at the hands of many; but it is, nevertheless, a fact—an existence—that has as yet been undeveloped. And, sir,—he spoke in a low, mysterious tone—"it has been reserved for me to astound the world by making the principle apparent and useful."

"Possible!"

"Not only possible, but true. I see you are incredulous, but I do not blame you. You look like a man of intelligence—in fact, there is something in your eye that leads me to believe you are the person I have been looking for so long."

"Oh, no—" I began.

"Don't be modest about it, sir. If it is an unlooked-for honour, it is also destiny, and destiny cannot be resisted. The conviction grows upon me every moment that you are the man."

"But I know nothing of the subject. I have never looked into it. I could not even give you the name of a single one of the many who have failed, after years of labour and lives of study, to discover the secret."

"So much the better for that, sir. You are not burdened with prejudices nor laden with arguments against it. You are open to conviction, and are not so steeped in bigotry that you would deny what might be plainly proven to you. Am I not right?"

"I don't know but you are," I laughed.

"Of course I am."

"I wish," he added, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "that I could prevail on you to accompany me to-night to my workshop, where I have, after arduous toil and intense mental labour, accomplished the long-looked-for result. Accomplished it, I say: it is true there is one thing lacking, but only one, and when this single want is supplied the consummation will be shown to the world as the greatest achievement of the age."

"You may be assured," I replied, "that I feel deeply interested in your invention—"

"Yes," he interrupted, with a nod of approbation.

"But I cannot go with you to-night. Some other time perhaps—"

"We may never meet again, and your chance for a share in the honour of the thing may be lost."

"Oh, I claim no share of the honour. Wait until the one thing lacking is supplied, and then take all the credit and profit to yourself."

"Aye, the one thing lacking: there's the rub. It is something very difficult to secure."

"May I ask what it is?"

"I would be a fool to tell you, and thus reveal a secret that would enable others to supplant me. But I might do it if you would manifest confidence and interest enough to go with me and witness the invention. Then you would comprehend my want and perhaps be willing to supply it."

"No, no," I rejoined hastily; "I credit myself with no such capability. You must seek assistance elsewhere. I have no attention to spare from my business now."

I was growing somewhat uneasy at my companion's strange talk and pertinacity, and wished to rid myself of him. To have a monomaniac tackle himself to you is by no means a comfortable situation, and I determined to repel, if possible, any further advances from him.

He sighed at my last words, and said resignedly: "Well, I will not press you. You are cruelly indifferent, though, in regard to a matter of such vital importance. It is so with them all!"

After this he relapsed into silence, but seemed ill at ease, looking hither and thither, and frequently half rising in his seat.

Finally, as an excuse to leave his presence, I said I believed I would take a little fresh air, and stepped out on the platform of the car. This proved to be an unfortunate move. The train was moving rapidly, and, yielding to the fascination of gazing at the swiftly shifting scenery, illumined by the pale beams of the moon, I lit a cigar and remained in my position for some time.

Suddenly I became aware that somebody was standing behind me. I turned and beheld, with some consternation, my perpetual-motion friend. He must have opened and closed the car-door very silently, for I had not heard his approach.

"I thought I would take the fresh air, too," he said with a peculiar smile. "I can circumvent anybody who stands in my way; yes, anybody—no matter who!" This was said with considerable vehemence. Then, with an air of suavity, he remarked: "There is something very exhilarating in standing here in the breeze, in listening to the rumbling of the noisy wheels, almost under one's feet, and gazing at the flying landscape and moving lights in distant houses. Do you not think so?"

I replied that I did. He came closer and bent over me, his strange black eyes glittering in the moonlight. My position was anything but a comfortable one. I was on one of the steps, and he immediately above me, so that I could not ascend to the car door without requesting him to move. This I did not wish to do abruptly, for if he was of unsound mind any appearance of uneasiness or distrust on my part might cause him to indulge in some violent freak. I therefore feigned to welcome his presence, though in fact I heartily wished myself back in the car.

He drew closer to me, and said:

"I have concluded to give you a description of my perpetual-motion machine, for somehow I have taken a singular fancy to you, and believe I can trust you."

"Don't be too sure of that," I rejoined, jocosely; "I may prove a wolf in sheep's clothing, and betray your confidence."

"I am not afraid," he replied; "I am too good a physiognomist to be thus imposed upon. But we trifle. To come at once to the point, my workshop is not a great distance from here. A road just on the outskirts of the next station leads to it. As soon as the train arrives within a mile of its stopping place I shall jump off and repair directly to the spot. I have already lost much time by an unavoidable absence and must make all haste to resume my task."

"You would not jump off while the train is in motion?"

"Yes; there is no danger."

"Pardon me; the practice is a very dangerous one, and has frequently resulted in loss of life."

"Do not contradict me! I shall jump off and so must you!"

"I shall not," I replied, "and I beg of you not to risk your own life."

"Bah! It's no risk at all, I tell you. I'd willingly try it now, fast as we're going!"

I did not reply to his last remark, but started to rise, saying: "I believe I will go in the car again."

But a hand was laid heavily on my shoulder with a nervous strength, against which resistance would have been futile. My strange acquaintance said:

"No you don't—I'm not through with you yet."

"Let me pass!" I exclaimed angrily.

"I shall not! you are the man—"

"I shall call on the brakeman the next time he steps out. You are taking an unwarrantable liberty."

"If you say a word to the brakeman I will push you off."

"Come—this is no time or place for jesting. I wish to enter the car."

"And I wish you to remain here. As for jesting, nothing was ever further from my thought."

I was now fairly alarmed. The man was undoubtedly a lunatic. And he had me at an advantage, for, in our relative positions, he could easily launch me into eternity by an energetic push. I saw that the assumption of defiance was of no avail, and abandoned it at once for fear of provoking him to an immediate fulfilment of his threat. He still retained his hold on my shoulder with unrelaxed vigour.

"Oh, well," I said, "I'm not particular. But please finish your business with me, and then allow me to return."

"My business with you cannot be finished here," he said, gravely. "I was about to repeat that you are the man destined to assist me in the great consummation of my life-work. And I must not lose sight of you, nor permit you to escape."

I remarked, as you will recollect, that only one thing was needed to complete my invention. I will now tell you what it is. To begin with. My perpetual-motion machine is apparently nothing more or less than an ordinary looking wheel. But the hub and other portions of it are hollow, and herein lies the secret. The wheel is filled with a fluid so closely resembling blood that nothing but the most skillful and exhaustive chemical tests can descry any difference. This fluid circulates through the wheel in such a manner as to keep it revolving for a long time, through the agencies of momentum and gravity; but at the end of a certain period the revolutions slacken, and finally stop altogether.

"Now all that is necessary to keep it going perpetually is a worm, living *in* heart within the hollow hub."

"Horrible!" I exclaimed with a shudder, for he hissed his

words out sharply and eagerly. "But in what way can I supply such a want?"

"Is it difficult to imagine?" He stared down upon me with deadly purpose gleaming from his eyes.

A frightful suspicion dawned upon me. "Can it be possible—"

"Yes, yes!" he interrupted. "You divine my purpose readily. I want to cut your heart out, and, while it is still throbbing, seize it and thrust it in the hollow hub of the wheel?"

"But that would be murder," I exclaimed—"cold-blooded, premeditated murder."

"There, again, is where you jump at conclusions," he said, with an air of bland superiority. "There would be no murder about it. I should replace your heart instantly with one taken from a living sheep, and so quickly and skillfully would I perform the operation that you would lose less than a pint of blood."

"But you would not do this without my consent?"

"With your consent if possible; without it if necessary."

I offer no apology for being alarmed—for arguing with him seriously. I was in his power. He eyed me vigilantly, and levity or defiance on my part would probably have exasperated his poor disorderly brain. I made a suggestion:

"Why not place the sheep's heart in the hub? Would not that do as well?"

"No; it must be a human heart. Brutes have instinct, as you know, but human beings only have reason and creative desires. The motive principle which we call mind permeates the blood and endues the human heart with a certain propelling energy that is necessary for my purpose. Do you know?"—he lowered his voice to a solemn whisper—"that I sometimes think my machine will possess conscience and will? Does it not look reasonable? But of course that is only a matter of conjecture as yet. There will be time enough to consider it when the first object is accomplished."

There was no disguising the fact that some desperate resort—some stroke of strategy—was necessary to defeat my demoted companion. His whole manner proclaimed that he was terribly in earnest, and the gleam of his eyes revealed unmistakably that he would execute immediate vengeance should I attempt to force my way into the car or summon assistance. Of course he was incapable of considering the consequences to himself. I endeavoured in vain to hit upon some plan to outwit him or divert his mind from its purpose. We were both silent for a short time, when suddenly an idea struck me. Said I:

"Why not have your own heart cut out instead of mine and placed in the wheel? Its supply of nerve power must be much greater, and all its energies tend in the desired direction. Surely it would be much more effective for your purpose than mine."

"Yes, you are right," he conceded; "but there are difficulties in the way. First, it would be almost impossible to find a skilled surgeon willing to perform the operation. And again, I was once betrayed by one who made the same proposition that you have. I lay down with my breast bared, ready for him to remove my heart, when he suddenly slipped a pair of handcuffs on my wrists and bound my legs together. He then carried me off, and from him and his hirelings I suffered various indignities. However, that is neither here nor there. I am out of his clutches now, and am not to be imposed upon again in the same way. Pardon me for doubting your sincerity, but I have learned to be on my guard. No; you must be the victim this time, and I the operator. Ah! we are almost there. I think it best that we jump off about a mile this side of the station, as it is necessary that our operations be carried on secretly. About sixty rods further on you see a large haystack close by the side of the road. Just this side of it we will make the leap, and then we will have a walk of three or four miles across the country."

"I tell you I do not wish to jump off. Wait till we get to the station, and I will walk back with you."

"No; there are spies there whom I wish to avoid. Get ready."

"Wait! You jump off, and I will ride on and walk back to join you."

"No; that would be wasting time, and we've none to lose. Are you ready? We are almost there!"

I made no reply, but turned suddenly and endeavoured to grasp one of his legs and throw him down. But he was too quick for me. He seized me by the collar, lifted me up with apparent ease, and then clasped me around the body, firmly holding both of my arms to my sides. His strength was prodigious.

The engine whistled before the train began to slacken its speed. A brakeman came out of the car. I shouted for help.

But my captor made the leap, carrying me with him. There was a violent concussion—a fearful rebound, and then unutterable confusion. Was I hurt? Was I killed? Was the awful tumult in my brain caused by the flight of the spirit from the body? How long would the struggle last? What would I see next?

These and a flood of other wild questionings darted through my brain with inconceivable rapidity, then a swift numbness settled upon me, and all became blank.

I awoke and heard low-spoken words. After an instant's effort I recollected everything. Two men were seated near me. I was lying on a couch, and could see faces peering in at a window and hear the hum of voices outside.

As I opened my eyes two men arose and regarded me intently. I concluded that they were physicians.

"Any bones broken?" I asked.

"No," one of them replied.

"Any other injuries?"

"A few bruises."

"Shall I try to arise?"

"Not just yet."

"Here, take this," said the other doctor, extending a glass of wine.

I drank it and sat up. Beyond a slight dizziness I experienced no uncomfortable feeling. I expressed the opinion that I was all right, in which the doctors were disposed to concur.

"How about the other one?" I asked.

"Was he a friend of yours?"

"No, not even an acquaintance."

"How did you happen to be with him?"

I related the matter briefly, and then repeated my inquiry.

"Well, he's dead."

"Poor fellow!" I exclaimed. "He must have been crazy."
 "Yes, he escaped from Dr. X's asylum about eight hours ago. A telegram was received here describing him, and officers were waiting to search the train. The brakeman saw him make the leap with you in his arms, and the train was stopped. You were picked up, and have been here about half an hour."

"How comes it that he was killed, while I got off so easy?"
 "He struck the ground first, and broke the violence of your fall. You rebounded against a haystack, and were only bruised a little."

"Oh, yes—I remember the haystack was there. Poor fellow! He must have been shattered from head to foot."

"Yes. There are not many whole bones in his body."

It turned out that my crazy companion was a hopeless lunatic. I learned something of his history. Perpetual motion was his hobby, and for years he had been bent on carrying out the scheme unfolded to me. He possessed fine natural abilities, and in early life had given promise of a brilliant career. But the taint of insanity was in his blood, and took the direction that has been indicated. His madness was his own destruction. As for me, although it is not within the bounds of possibility that I will ever again meet with even a remotely similar adventure, I have ever since made it a point to scrutinize critically the faces of travellers who tend to sociability or communicativeness. Do you wonder at it?

SOME POINTS FOR WOULD-BE PRIME DONNE.

A correspondent of the *Hartford Courant*, writing from Milan, says: "American girls who come over to pursue their musical studies here after a little while find out a great many things they would like to have known before leaving home. In the face of all the disadvantages that present themselves, they will be apt to ask how it happens that Milan has become so popular with musical students, and how it is possible that two or three hundred Americans are content to make it their residence for a prolonged course of musical study. The first and great reason is that this city has become the acknowledged musical market of the world. Her position as an operatic emporium is as firmly settled as that of Paris as a leader of fashions, or London as the monetary centre of the globe. Impresarios from every land come here to engage their companies, and musical critics from all nations sit in the boxes at La Scala to pass judgment upon the new aspirants for operatic honors. A success at this magnificent establishment is sufficient for the whole operatic world, and an artist who passes the ordeal need have no doubts about the future. It is a brilliant prize to strive for, this winning of the honours at La Scala, but, alas! few succeed to it. One or two of our countrywomen succeed in gaining an appearance here during the season. The others must be content with *debuts* at the lesser theatres. There are of course no end of bitter disappointments. Young girls who come over here on limited means find they have not enough to complete the lengthened course of study they here find to be necessary. Many who in America were told they had the voices of Nilsson and Patti find here that they have allowed themselves to be deceived by the enthusiastic judgment of partial friends. Those who held excellent positions in American church choirs, and gave unmixed pleasure as amateur singers, find here in the great majority of cases they are not equal to the requirement of the operatic stage. Indeed the most brilliant reputation as an amateur at home signifies nothing here. I have heard of ladies who, as church singers in America, have earned \$1,500 a year, besides a handsome sum extra in concerts, making lamentable failures here and returning home discouraged. Even the most experienced *impresarios* never trust their judgment of a voice they have only heard in a parlour. When they have heard it in the crowded theatre, and witnessed its effect upon the people, then and not till then will they venture to give an opinion. If a person does not intend studying for the opera it is entirely unnecessary to come to Milan. I am informed by Americans here who are entirely competent to judge, that general musical instruction may be had in our larger cities fully equal to that here, and that the only advantages of a residence in Milan are to learn to sing the text of an opera in regard to accent and expression just as an Italian sings it, and in case of a successful *debut* to be brought into contact with the operatic agents here, through whom engagements are to be secured. I was somewhat surprised to hear that the Americans who learn their Italian from a good teacher in America have generally a better pronunciation than those who begin their study of the language here. The Milanese dialect is said to be scarcely intelligible to one who has learned the pure Italian, and the pronunciation of those who are not well grounded in the language before they come here is apt, from this cause, to be more or less injured. In general, however, the Americans are said to be diligent students and succeed admirably in mastering the difficulties of the language."

ODDITIES.

Lazy husbands are known out West as stove watchers. Kentucky has a paper "devoted to the interests of its proprietor."

A Chicago minister is affectionately advertised as being "out of a job."

A New York dentist gives a premium chromo for every tooth he draws.

A Georgia editor was bitten by a dog, "being evidently mistaken for a bone."

The editor of the New Berlin *Gazette* wants to trade his Midland Railway stock for an old setting hen.

A Maine man is out with a temperance lecture the taking title of which is, "How Goliath was Killed with a Sling."

In St. Louis everybody is considerate, and therefore a daily paper remarks: "Two gentlemen and a lady left for the Penitentiary last week."

Indianapolis boasts of a divinity student who preaches in English, prays in Armenian, sings in Turkish, and holds his tongue in eleven other languages.

A teacher asked an advanced school-girl why beer in French was feminine. She replied that it was probably owing to the fact that the boys liked it so well.

Inscription on a tombstone in Columbia, Tenn.: "Escaped the bullets of the enemy to be assassinated by a cowardly puppy—a kind husband, an affectionate father."

An exchange asks: "Is there anything that man cannot do?"

To which Dr. Wood, of the Glasgow, Ky., *Times*, replies: "Yes, sir; we have never known one suckle a baby."

Sixteen years ago Tom Kenyon went to Kansas City with a cent, and the other day he signed a check for sixteen thousand dollars. He signed with another man's name, however.

A client remarked to his solicitor: "You are writing out my affidavit on very rough paper, sir." "Never mind," was the reply of the latter; "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

Sally, looking down from the window upon one of her master's customers, said: "We have all been converted, and when you want whiskey on Sundays, you must come in at the back door."

An exchange sagely remarks, "When they find a man in Washington who hasn't a plan of his own for the solution of the financial problem they drown him. No one has been drowned there yet."

A Detroit hotel-keeper writes his own bill of fare, thereby saving the cost of printing. It announces "Coffee, soupe, roste befe, fride ham, boyled and bakt potatys, fride coul puddin, and mins pie."

The Chicago *Tribune* prints a poem in which the writer wishes that she had "a heart full of sweet yearlings." How the persecuted author must have yearned to fumble among that compositor's hair.

At an Aberdeen examination of some girls for the right of confirmation, in answer to the question, "What is the outward and visible sign and form in baptism?" One of them replied, "The baby, sir."

As one result of the panic several of the "upper ten" have felt it a duty to give up their pews in fashionable churches, and if things go on at this rate they fear they may have to relinquish their boxes at the opera.

If you want to fire to frenzy the heart of the average Brooklynite, just whisper to him the base suggestion that he may yet make his boast that his home is in the Twenty-fifth Ward of the City of New York.

The difference between having a tooth properly drawn by a professional surgeon, and having it knocked out miscellaneously by a fall on the pavement, is only a slight distinction—one is dental and the other accidental.

An old lady, who had insisted on her minister's praying for rain, had her cabbages cut up by a hail-storm, and, on viewing the wreck, remarked that she "never knew him to undertake anything without overdoing the matter."

A Western exchange says: "The gift-chromo business has reached its sublimate altitude in Washington County. An enterprising clergyman offers 'an elegant chromo' to every person who shall not miss one of his sermons for a year."

One evening recently, at a Paris café, a group of idlers were discussing politics and people who change their opinions. "Well," said one, I've never cried 'Long live anybody!'" "Quite so," remarked another; "but then you're a doctor."

A correspondent at Portsmouth, describing the preparations in that town to welcome the troops from the Gold Coast, says that a huge flag with the inscription, "Welcome Home," had been hoisted over the police station. It was fortunately seen and removed in time.

A drunken Irishman was found by his friend, the other night lying in the snow, with his heels upon the fence, warming his toes by the moonlight. He was muttering, "What a cowld fire you have got, Biddy darlin'! Have on some carrysane, or my futs will fraze."

Is it possible that the German schoolmen nod sometimes? At Berlin the director of a great ladies' college is said to have given to his pupils—young girls from fourteen to sixteen—as a theme for stylistic composition, "The advantages and inconveniences of the married state."

A wretched cynic writes: "A bright little five-year-old was looking through a picture-book the other night, when she suddenly paused, gazed eagerly into her mother's face, and, while there shone in her eyes the light of a wisdom beyond her years, said—[blamed if we haven't forgotten what she said]."

They have extraordinary children in Tennessee. One recently died in Memphis at the tender age of two months; yet a local paper tells its readers that "she rose as a star, and beamed lucently with meteoric resplendency along the horizon of her parents, lighting their pathway with the sheen of hope."

A man in Haverhill, N. B., who had recently buried his wife, on hearing of the sudden death of his nearest neighbour's better half, hastened over to his house to console him. After he beheld the lifeless remains of the lady, he remarked, "Wal, we have both lost our women, and all we hev got to do is to find two more."

A Scottish regiment, more famous for fighting than fluency, purchased a silver jug for the colonel, and summoned him to receive it. When all were assembled together, the spokesman of the subscribers grasped the "piece of plate," and said, "Colonel, there's the jug." "Eh!" said the colonel, "is that the jug?" And the thing was done.

A university debating-club has decided the following question: "Was Lord Chatham a greater man than Pitt?" The speaker on the affirmative sat down after having delivered the following single but unanswerable argument: "Mr. President, I believe that Chatham was the greater man; because, if Chatham hadn't been, how could Pitt have been?"

"How much better it would have been to have shaken hands and allow it was all a mistake," said a Detroit judge. "Then the lion and the lamb would have lain down together, and white-robed peace would have fanned you with her wing; and elevated you with her smiles of approbation. But no; you went to clawing and biting and rolling in the mud, and here you are. It's five dollars apiece."

NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.—The Rev. Newman Hall having explained the performance of some 'Madame Angot' music prior to a religious service in Surrey Chapel by stating that the organist was a gentleman who offered his services, and not the regular organist, and taking occasion at the same time to state that he knew nothing of such "demoralizing" entertainments, the editor of the London *Orchestra* observes: "The Rev. Newman Hall should blush to own himself ignorant of the 'Fille de Madame Angot' music; but it is not too late to repair the neglect. Busses run frequently to the Angel, and the Opera Comique is even nearer the Surrey side. Until he has incoherently himself in both performances let him not write nonsense about 'demoralizing entertainments.' There is no more demoralizing in 'Madame Angot' than in lectures on labor and other such blinding themes."

TWO INSCRIPTIONS.—The *Northern Border* says that a graveyard near Bangor has a monument with the following inscriptions, the first verse of which was written by the wife before her death, and the second by the husband after he had married again:—

"Weep not for me, my dearest dear,
 I am not dead, but sleeping here;
 Repent, my love, before you die,
 For you must come and sleep with I."

"I will not weep, my dearest life,
 For I have got another wife;
 I cannot come and sleep with thee,
 For I must go and sleep with she."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We present to-day a group of the POST OFFICE INQUIRY now going on in this city. The Chairman of the Commission is Honoré Mercier, Esq., advocate, of St. Hyacinthe, and Member of Parliament for Rouville during the last session. His two colleagues are J. Dewe, Esq., Chief P. O. Inspector, and W. G. Parmelee, of the Eastern Townships. Messrs. E. F. King, Emery, and J. T. Wright appeared as important witnesses. The fac-similes of handwriting displayed were produced in the effort to discover the author of the Pope-Macdonald letter robbery. We gave an opinion editorially last week on the worth of the evidence elicited from this source.

Our illustrations of the military scenes around BILBAO derive additional interest from the late successes of the Republican forces at that point. Marshal Serrano has entered Bilbao, after a long and arduous struggle, and the Carlists are precipitately retreating into the interior of the Province of Biscay. What the result of these important events may be it is difficult as yet to foretell.

The two river scenes on the eighth page are timely. Within a few days there was plentiful ICE CLEANING on the wharves of this city, and the advent of the FIRST SAILS on the opening of navigation.

The BALLOON ASCENSION of Messrs. Croce, Spinelli, and Sive is the most remarkable on record, because it rose to 7,400 metres the greatest altitude yet reached by aeronauts. The balloon went up from Paris, amid a concourse of scientific men, on the 22nd of March ult. Besides the usual instruments for scientific observation the aeronauts, relying on the theories of Mr. Bert, were provided with two small balloons, one containing 40 per cent. oxygen and 60 per cent. nitrogen, and the other 75 per cent. oxygen and 25 per cent. nitrogen. This vital fluid proved of indispensable use. As soon as it was imbued the body recovered its vigour, the mind became clear, and the eyesight, from being dim, was sharp and distinct. One of the ascensionists at a great altitude managed to eat with appetite by alternately taking mouthfuls of chicken and inspirations of oxygen. The spectroscopic observations were very important. The question was to ascertain whether the sun contains aqueous vapour, as Padre Secchi surmises, or whether it was exempt from the same, as the French astronomer Janssen affirms. The latter theory was found the true one. The bands of watery vapour became invisible at 6,500 metres, and the line of hydrogen was intensely marked. The lines of the spectrum proved, moreover, that the aqueous vapour contained in the air was almost wholly in the lower strata. The balloon came down at Bar-sur-Seine, after a voyage of two hours 40 minutes duration, or 57 miles an hour. There were two layers of air passed through, the lower one relatively slow, and with a westerly direction, and a velocity of 30 to 35 miles an hour, and the upper, above 2,000 metres, with a velocity of 66 miles an hour, and a north-west direction.

PROFESSOR SCHLIEHMANN'S excavations in the Hill of Hissarlik and among the ruins of Ilium Novum are full of interest. We give several of his specimens in the present number. Under a stratum of earth, sixteen metres thick, where the remains of four superimposed cities are discernible, he discovered the ruins of an ancient city, surrounded by walls, destroyed by fire, and which he believes to be the Troy of Homer. The specimens are as follows:—

- 1, 9, 11, 13, 15—Glazed earthenware vases of different sizes, some bearing ornamental work scored on the fresh clay.
- 10, 12—Earthenware vases ornamented with rude similitudes of faces and women's breasts.
- 14—Glazed earthenware wine vessel (Enochos) with long spout.
- 16—Drinking vessel of the same make. All these utensils are hand made.
- 17, 28—Articles in baked clay, use unknown.
- 21—Flint saw.
- 25, 26—Rude figures in stone.
- 27—Glazed earthenware vessel with three necks.
- 28, 32—Brass axe and spear-heads.
- 33—Glazed earthenware vessel, rudely ornamented.
- 34—Earthenware vessel with cover.
- 35—Brass knife.
- 36, 40—Gold and electrum vessels.
- 41, 42, 46, 47—Silver articles, use unknown.
- 43, 44, 45, 48—Gold and electrum vessels.
- 49—Brass buckler.
- 50—Brass vessel.
- 51, 54, 55, 57, 58—Gold earrings.
- 52—Necklace of gold pearls.
- 53—Gold necklace and pendants.
- 56—Gold head ornament.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE DOMINION.—The New Tariff of Mr. Cartwright has been remodelled.—Parliament is expected to adjourn about the 20th inst.

THE UNITED KINGDOM.—The *Observer* announces Sir Robert Peel will resign the position of Liberal whip on account of ill health.—Steerage passengers are being carried from Liverpool to New York for fifteen dollars.—The House of Commons will take recess during the Whitsuntide holidays, adjourning on the 12th of May until the 1st of June.—The result of the election in Stroud, Gloucestershire, has been annulled on account of bribery, and a new election ordered.—A grand banquet was given at Portsmouth to the soldiers of the Aabant expedition.—The *Daily News* says the lock-out of farm labourers will soon be submitted to arbitration for settlement.

SPAIN.—The Government troops have entered Bilbao. Gen. Concha, with 20,000 men to attack the Carlists in the rear, gained the heights on the left bank of the river Nervion above Sopuerta. The Carlist General, Andshana, was killed in one of the engagements before Bilbao previous to its recapture by Serrano. A church in San Pedro Abanto was nearly demolished by the fire of the Republicans.—A body of Carlists, 2,000 strong, is said to have been defeated in the Province of Tarragona, by the National troops.

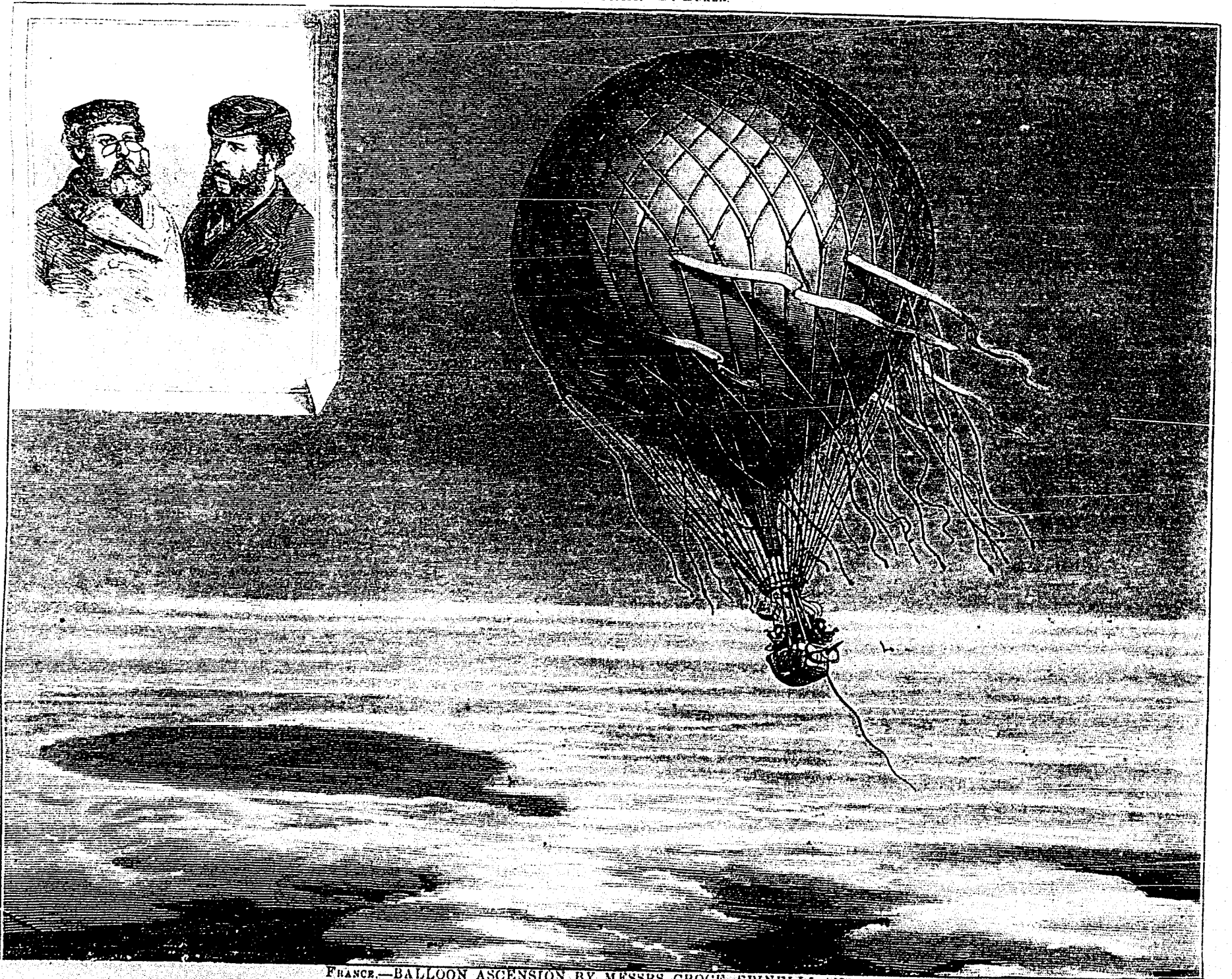
UNITED STATES.—A Little Rock despatch says Brook's party in the State-house have thirty day's provisions, six tons of powder, and large quantities of shot and shell.—The Conference at Liverpool of ocean-steamship owners has been dissolved, and as tariffs will now be made on an independent basis a lively competition may be expected.—A terrible boiler explosion occurred at a mill in Shavangunk, Pa., by which ten people lost their lives. The boiler, weighing five tons, was thrown 600 feet.—Very little further information has been received from the inundated district in Louisiana, except that the stock are huddled together throughout the district, and what are not starving are being killed by buffalo.—It is said insurance in New York this year will be three to four times that of last year.

FRANCE.—The Franco-American Postal Convention was signed on the 20th by the French Government. Duke de Cases will submit it to the Assembly and request its immediate consideration.

HOLLAND.—General Swieten, commander of the Dutch expedition to Acheen, and his staff have returned to Batavia.



GRANDMAMMA.—By ANKER.



FRANCE.—BALLOON ASCENSION BY MESSRS. CROCE, SPINELLI AND SIVEL.



TROJAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED BY DR. SCHLIEMANN.

"COME HOME, FATHER."

"Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the shop
As soon as your day's work was done.
Our fire has gone out—our house is all dark—
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor brother Benny so sick in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.

Come home! come home! come home!
Please father, dear father! come home."
Hear the sweet voice of the child,
Which the night winds repeat as they roam!
Oh, who could resist this most plaintive of prayers:
"Please father, dear father, come home."

"Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse—
But he has been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse—Ma says he will die,
Perhaps before morning shall dawn;
And this is the message she sent me to bring:
'Come quickly, or he will be gone.'

"Father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The home is so lonely—the hours are so long
For poor weeping mother and me,
Yes, we are alone—poor Benny is dead,
And gone with the angels of light;
And these were the very last words that he said—
'I want to kiss papa good night.'

(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 LXIV.—Continued.

"You mean that you would stand by me so long as my acts were such as God and man would approve," said Sylvia, with a thoughtful look, "but if I went out of the straight course—if I asked you to do something that involved difficulty, or even danger, would you stand by me then?"

"Yes, Sylvia, if I could reconcile the act with my own conscience."

"Conscience!" exclaimed my daughter with a sneer, "since when have you had a conscience?"

"From the hour of my wrong-doing. Remorse awakened my sleeping conscience."

"Well, mother, she exclaimed lightly, "I am not going to put your courage or your affection to the test. What could you do to help me? Nothing. You could not lighten my burden by a feather's weight."

"I don't think it is a very heavy burden for you to bear, Sylvia. You have all things which the world calls good."

"Let the world judge for itself and not for me," she cried contemptuously, "I have not the only blessing that could make life happy for me. I have lost the love of the only man I ever cared for."

"You must have made up your mind to live without that, Sylvia, when you married Sir Aubrey Perriam."

"Oh, I was dazzled, blinded, bewildered by my father's worldly arguments; stung by Mrs. Standen's insinuation. It seemed a grand revenge upon her to marry her son's superior. I forgot that I could not live without Edmund. I did not know my own heart—hardly knew that I had a heart. But I have seen him to-day. I passed him in Monkhampton High-street; saw scorn and regret both in his face, and came home—home to this dreary house—more completely miserable than I have ever been yet."

I tried to convince her of the wickedness of these regrets, this useless sorrow, but with no effect. She poured her tale of love and grief into my ear; told me of her brief engagement to Mr. Standen, his courage, his devotion, and how she had rewarded him by desertion. She humiliated herself to the dust, and though I was compelled to blame I could not withhold my pity.

"Is there any hope of release for me?" she asked at last, looking at me intently with those full, bright eyes, which are always most steadfast when there is some evil thought in her mind. "In Sir Aubrey's wretched state he cannot linger long, I should think."

"Do not cling to that wicked hope," I answered. "Mr. Stimpson told me only a week ago that Sir Aubrey's health has improved wonderfully within the last few months, and that, although he may never regain clearness of intellect or the active use of his left side, he may live to be a very old man."

"What a burden," she exclaimed, "a burden to himself and a burden to me! And we are to go dawdling on year after year with the same joyless objectless existence. When I married I thought I was to lead a life of splendour and pleasure—that the world would teach me to forget my forsaken lover. Do you think I should have been mad enough to enter knowingly upon such a life as this—the life of a convent or a prison? I was twenty times happier at the school-house. If I had only known it," she added, with a profound sigh.

I urged her to do her duty meekly and patiently so that she might feel the tranquil blessedness of a life well spent. I reminded her of her many advantages, and entreated her to contrast her life with the miserable existences which fill that nethermost world where poverty reigns supreme.

"Be happy that your husband is spared to you, and that by your devotion to him in his declining years you may prove your gratitude for the affection which has raised you from a village schoolmaster's daughter to be mistress of Perriam Place," I said, appealing to her worldliness as a last resource. "Be kind to him while you have the power. There is one in his house to whom you have not been over kind, and who may soon have passed beyond the reach of human kindness or unkindness."

"Whom do you mean?" Sylvia asked eagerly.

"Mordred Perriam. He has been slowly fading ever since the shock of his brother's seizure—slipping unawares out of life. He rarely complains, and his descriptions of his malady are so vague and rambling that it is hard to make out the nature of his sufferings. No one ever takes any notice of him. He is of no importance here—a figure always in shadow. I have spoken to Mr. Stimpson more than once about him, but Mr. Stimpson only shrugs his shoulders, and says that Mr. Perriam was always a poor creature—no stamina—organic derangement, will go off some day like the snuff of a candle. Poor fellow, I have done what I can for him, but it is very little."

"And do you really think he is dying?" asked Sylvia, in a half whisper.

"I will not say that; but I believe that his life hangs by the feeblest thread, a thread that may snap at any moment."

Sylvia was silent, and seemed lost in thought. "Have you ever noticed the resemblance between Sir Aubrey and his brother?" she asked at last.

"It is impossible for any one to avoid noticing so strong a resemblance."

"Do you think the likeness has increased since you have been here?"

"To a marked degree."

"And now one brother might easily be mistaken for the other?"

"By a casual observer, perhaps. Not by any one who was intimate with either of the brothers."

"But seen at a distance, or seen for a moment only, or in a half light, one might be mistaken for the other."

"Very easily."

I wondered at questions which seemed frivolous and purposeless. Sylvia said no more upon the subject, and dismissed me, after promising to conquer her grief, and to think no more of Edmund Standen.

For about six weeks life at Perriam went on in the usual way. There was only one change, but that was a marked one. Lady Perriam was a great deal kinder and more attentive to her husband. She spent more of her time in his room—never failed to be by his side when he took his airing on the terrace—read to him—conversed with him—bore with his fretful childish ways, and seemed in everything all that a wife should be.

In my foolish blindness I was proud of the change. I thought that my weak words had caused this improvement.

Mr. Bain left England, and about two days after his departure Mr. Perriam, who had up to this time been able to shuffle to and fro between his own rooms and his brother's, was utterly prostrated by a kind of low fever which followed a severe cold. I suggested to Lady Perriam that Mr. Stimpson should see her brother-in-law, but she said no, peremptorily. I was a better doctor for such simple ailments than Mr. Stimpson, she told me, and I was to nurse Mr. Perriam.

"Mr. Stimpson would give him saline draughts, and rob him of the little strength he has left," she said; "you can bring him round again with beef tea and jellies."

I obeyed, the illness appearing a very simple one. But I hardly took into account the low ebb to which the patient's strength had fallen.

He was not actually confined to his bed, but sat and dozed by the fire, in his easy chair. I went into his room and attended to him as often as I could venture to leave Sir Aubrey, who was always an exacting invalid. Mr. Perriam was all patience, received my attention with gratitude, and thanked me repeatedly, in his feeble voice, for my care.

He asked me to place his chair within reach of some bookshelves close behind the mantelpiece, but placed somewhat high. He could just manage to reach the lowest row of books without rising from his chair. Though too weak to read more than a few minutes at a stretch, it amused him to take down the books and turn the leaves, reading a line here and there.

He had remained in this state for two days, growing neither better nor worse, and I saw no reason for apprehension, feeble as I knew him to be.

Late on the evening of the second day I left Lady Perriam's dressing-room to take Mordred a basin of broth for his supper. It was between ten and eleven, the servants were all gone to bed, Jean Chapelain having retired early, complaining of gout. I had strong reason to suspect that this pretended gout was only a disguise for nightly intoxication. Chapelain's services in the sick-room had long been of the feeblest order.

He assisted at his master's morning toilet, read a French novel to him occasionally, and sometimes appeared at ten o'clock to assist in putting Sir Aubrey to bed. For the rest of the evening he generally contrived to be missing. All was quiet in Sir Aubrey's room when I left Sylvia to go to Mr. Perriam. The baronet had gone to bed earlier than usual to suit the convenience of Chapelain, and was sleeping peacefully. I went through the passage of communication to Mr. Perriam's room. He sat in the armchair where I had left him, beside the wood fire, the ruddy blaze of the logs shining full upon him. At the first glance which I cast towards that motionless figure, I uttered a cry of fear, and hurried forward, setting down the broth-basin hastily as I passed the table. His head was thrown back upon the pillow I had placed to support it. One arm was raised above the head, but hung loose and nerveless. An open book lay on the pillow beside the drooping grey head. Mordred Perriam was dead. He might have died any time within the last hour. Only an hour ago I had arranged his pillows, and given him his dose of weak brandy and water. It was clear to me that he had raised himself to reach that volume from one of the higher shelves, and that this slight exertion had been enough to snap the feeble thread of life.

While I stood gazing at him in pained astonishment, a light step approached me, and, looking round, I saw Lady Perriam standing on the other side of the hearth, arrested spell bound, perhaps, by the aspect of that quiet figure in the arm chair.

"What has happened?" she asked.

"Mr. Perriam is dead."

"No, not Mr. Perriam. Sir Aubrey is dead. Mr. Perriam may survive him for many years."

Never had I heard her tone more decided. Never had I seen such a look of decision in her pale set face.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean that the time has come for you to stand by me and help me as you promised you would do, when the time should come. I do not ask any desperate act from you. I only ask you to help me and be true to me. Sir Aubrey is dead in life, almost as dead as yonder corpse. What can it matter to him what name he bears in his living grave? What need he care whether he is called Aubrey or Mordred? As Mordred he

would have the same care—the same indulgence—not a desire of his feeble mind ungratified."

"What madness is this?" I exclaimed. "You can never dream of attempting to substitute this dead man for your living husband." "That is exactly what I do mean," she answered resolutely. "It matters nothing to that paralytic old man whether he occupies one set of rooms or another. But it matters a great deal to me to be free from the hateful bondage that chains me to this dreary house, to be Sir Aubrey's widow instead of his wife."

I need not record my remonstrances. All that a mother could say to dissuade her child from a desperate and wicked act I said, not once, but with passionate despairing iteration. Sylvia held firmly to her purpose, and told me, with every appearance of a fixed resolve, that if I refused to help her in this vile scheme, refused to set her free, as she called it, she would make away with herself before the dawn of to-morrow's light. She was utterly weary of her life, and would endure it no longer if she lost this one chance of freedom.

At last, in weakness and despair, I consented to an act which has poisoned my life with the bitterness of useless remorse. In the dead of the night, when all the house was wrapped in sleep, we contrived with infinite labour and trouble to remove Sir Aubrey on a couch from his own apartments to his brother's, dragging that heavy couch along the passage with as little sound as was possible, yet not without sufficient noise to have betrayed us, had any of the household slept at that end of the house. Fate favoured my daughter's crime, for we had the east wing entirely to ourselves, and there was little fear of our movements being overheard.

Lady Perriam acted with a presence of mind and energy that knew no limit. It was an opiate of her administering which enabled us to remove Sir Aubrey to his new quarters, it was her quick intelligence which arranged every detail of that evil work.

Before daybreak all was over, and Mordred Perriam lay upon Sir Aubrey's bed, his limbs composed in the last awful slumber, his beard and hair arranged so as to increase his likeness to the baronet, and that likeness stronger in death than it had ever been in life.

CHAPTER XLVI.

SIR AUBREY'S RETURN.

There was more in Mrs. Carford's manuscript; but what remained told only of her difficult service with the victim of that conspiracy in which she had been an unwilling actor. She described the misery of long and weary days spent with the invalid, who at times was fully conscious of the wrong that had been done him, and asserted his identity, and his claims as master of Perriam Place with vehemence and insistence; while at other times he lapsed into a state of dull indifference—vacant-minded—unconscious of anything beyond his physical comfort, his dinner, his wine, the temperature of his rooms, the warmth of his garments.

In every stage of his feelings Mrs. Carford was at hand, patient, unflinching, his comforter and friend, and to her in his lighter moments he clung with sincere affection. His guilty wife never approached him, shrinking from him with as deep a horror as if the quiet room where he sat had been the chamber of death. Mrs. Carford neglected no care, left no duty undone that might lighten the burden of that joyless life. This ceaseless labour, this continual anxiety, she accepted as her penance for the errors of her past life. Her deepest sorrow was for her daughter's guilt; her never-ending fear was for that day of retribution which she felt convinced must come sooner or later to the sinner.

All this was recorded at length in the manuscript which Sylvia's mother had given to Edmund Standen.

He rose from the perusal of that paper with the feeling that every hope and desire of his life had ended. Existence lay before him, a blank and sunless waste to be traversed, every star that had once lighted and beautified the distance extinguished for ever.

What was he to do with his life henceforward? Go back to Monkhampton, resume his situation in the Bank, work for his daily bread, live through all the scandal that would follow the revelation of Sylvia's crime; see the woods of Perriam Place in the distance, and be reminded every day how she whom he loved so fondly was banished for ever from that scene, in deepest disgrace and shame—existing only as a nameless wanderer—none knew where?

No, he could not return. That question was decided easily enough! He had £200 in hand, money he had saved from his salary, his wants in his mother's house being very few. He would go abroad—wander far from the scene of his disappointments for a year or so, and when he came back to England he would get a situation either in London, or one of the northern counties, where he would find himself among strangers who would never torture his ears with the name of Sylvia Perriam. It would be easy now for him to get employment in any English Bank, with such testimonials as he could obtain from the chiefs of the Western Union.

He wrote to Mr. Sanderson, the Monkhampton manager, touched briefly on the trouble that had changed all his plans—surrendered his position in the bank, and engaged Mr. Sanderson's friendship in the future, when he should have occasion to obtain a new employment. He wrote also to Mrs. Standen, telling her in the simplest words, without passion, or self-abasement, how cruel a disappointment had overtaken the hopes that had made him an exile from his home. He acknowledged that this blow seemed like retribution for his dishonoured vows to Esther, but he put forward no plea for forgiveness; he hinted at no hope for the future. He told his mother that, dear though she must ever be to him, his life was likely to be spent far from Dean House.

"I shall come to you gladly whenever you may summon me, my dear mother," he wrote, "but I shall only come in obedience to your summons, and I never again can enter Dean House except as a guest. You will say, and rightly, that I have fooled away all my chances of happiness; but you shall never have occasion to say that I am leading an unmanly or dishonourable life. I am going on the continent again to try and forget this latest grief amidst unfamiliar scenes. My career after my return to England will be one of honourable industry, and however you may blame your son for his past errors, with God's help you shall have no cause to blush for him in the future."

These two letters despatched Edmund Standen felt that he had but one more duty to do. That duty was to provide for Mrs. Carford's declining days. She was helpless, friendless, dying, and anxious as he was to leave England, he could not go without doing all that benevolence could do to ensure the

peace of her last hours. He took a famous physician down to Crupskew Common, to ascertain whether Mrs. Carford could safely be moved to more comfortable quarters, but the doctor told him decisively that any attempt to remove the patient would only precipitate the inevitable end. She was dying. Tender and skilful nursing might alleviate the sufferings of her last hours. It could do no more.

Edmund made all necessary arrangements, took all charges upon himself, and remained at a village Inn in the immediate neighbourhood of Mr. Ledlamb's cheerless abode, in order to ensure the patient's welfare by frequent visits to the Arbor.

He had not long to wait for the melancholy end. Before the week was over Mrs. Carford's troubled life had reached its penitient close. James Carford was summoned ere the end, and came in time to breathe words of forgiveness into the dying woman's ear, and to implore pardon for his own unkindness and neglect, which he confessed might have done much to influence his wife's conduct.

"We are both to blame, I dare say," he said, "and I may have been the worst sinner."

James Carford and Edmund Standen returned to London together after the quiet funeral in the village churchyard. During the journey Mr. Carford, alias Carew, took occasion to inform Mr. Standen of the subject position to which his daughter's misfortunes had reduced him.

"I have been living like a gentleman for the last two years," he said, "and now I find myself brought face to face with starvation. My daughter had no thought of my destitute position when she fled, with all the property at her command. Unless I can join her in her exile I know not what is to become of me."

"You need not fear starvation," answered Edmund. "I have forfeited the inheritance that would have been mine, for your daughter's sake, and must henceforward work for my living; but I am not afraid to promise you fifty pounds a year for the rest of your life, and that income will save you from starvation."

"You are too good, Mr. Standen. Ah, if my unfortunate child had but seen things more clearly. How much happier for her to have been your wife than to have bartered peace for splendour."

"You forget, Mr. Carew, that you rejected my offer with contempt."

"Pardon that act of folly, Mr. Standen. Remember how little I knew of you. I saw before me only a foolish young man, over head and ears in love—rash, impetuous, ready to sacrifice his prospects, and involve the object of his affections in his own ruin. Had I known your steadfast and noble character, your power to win a position for yourself, I should have been the last to hesitate. However, it is worse than idle to regret the past errors. Poor Sylvia! Would to Heaven I knew where to find her."

Edmund sighed, and looked out of the window. Guilty Sylvia! His heart bled for her, worthless though she was. If she had stoned against him in the beginning, her last and heaviest sin had been committed for his sake. Hard if he had not pitied her.

"Those diamonds," mused Mr. Carew—"they must have been worth three or four thousand pounds. And that poor child wandering alone and unprotected, when she might at least have had a father's care."

He thought of that noble income, that splendid home, which Sylvia had lost by an act of guilt and folly that seemed to him unparalleled in the history of woman's wrong-doing.

Not long had Mr. Carew been permitted to enjoy the luxuries of the establishment in Willoughby Crescent. Mr. Bain appeared on the morning after Sylvia's flight, and that abode and its belongings had, as it were, dissolved and vanished before his coming; just as Lamia's air-built palace melted when that serpent woman was denounced by the Corinthian philosopher. Shadrack Bain paid and dismissed all the servants except Mrs. Tringfold, whom he sent back to Perriam with her youthful charge, without enlightening her as to his reason for so doing. He informed Mr. Carew, with extreme politeness, that it would be necessary for him to find other quarters forthwith, and at two o'clock in the afternoon he restored the keys of No. 17, Willoughby Crescent, to the house-agent, with all the moneys due to him on account of that dwelling-place.

Mr. Carew pressed for an explanation, whereupon the steward, in briefest, plainest words told the story of his daughter's wrong-doing.

"I decline to believe this statement until it is proved to my satisfaction," said Mr. Carew. "How do I know that this is not a plot of your hatching? It is easy enough for you to assert that the surviving brother is Sir Aubrey and not Mr. Perriam."

"There is one piece of evidence which ought to be convincing to you, Mr. Carew," answered the steward, unmoved.

"What evidence, sir?"

"Your daughter's flight."

James Carew was silent.

He removed from Willoughby Crescent to a single room in the shabbiest by-street of that aristocratic neighbourhood. Even cities of palaces have their outer fringe of hovels, where wealth's pauper dependents may find shelter. A sad change for Mr. Carew to find himself living in a shabby lodging on his scanty reserve fund, and with faintest hope of future comfort.

A brief statement of the main facts concerning Mordred's death had been made by Mrs. Carter the day before she died, in the present of Edmund Standen, Mr. Ledlamb, and Mr. Bain, who came to the Arbor expressly to obtain this confession. He had no knowledge of that manuscript in which Sylvia's mother had written the entire history of the conspiracy.

The document signed and witnessed, Mr. Bain had allowed Mrs. Carter to die in peace, while he remained in attendance upon Sir Aubrey at the chief inn at Hatfield, awaiting the time when it would be wise to remove the Baronet to Devonshire.

Happily there was no one interested in disputing Sir Aubrey's return to life. The heir-at-law would be no worse off for his resurrection, and there were no proceedings in Chancery to be feared from him. Nor could the question of identity give much trouble. All the old Perriam Place servants had been excluded from the rooms which their master inhabited after his supposed death. Mrs. Carter had performed the most menial services rather than suffer even a housemaid to enter those prison-like apartments. Those old servants who had waited on Sir Aubrey for years would not fail to recognize him.

There was Mr. Stimpson, too, who with self-abasement must needs confess the cheat that had been put upon him. Altogether there could be little doubt as to Sir Aubrey's reception at Perriam Place. One important question remained to be decided—was the wretched woman who had fled to be pursued by the law? Was any penalty to be exacted from her for her iniquity? Here Mr. Bain found himself at fault. His master and client was weak in mind and body, certainly in no condition to answer such a question as this. Finding himself obliged to determine on the course to be followed, Mr. Bain pursued his customary plan in all such difficulties—he referred the matter to his own interests, and decided that he had nothing to gain by hunting the miserable fugitive, or by dragging Sir Aubrey's sufferings and Sir Aubrey's wrongs before a court of law. All the law could do would be to restore Sir Aubrey to the position from which he had been ousted. If Sir Aubrey could be restored without the aid of the law, why incur the expense and scandal of law proceedings.

This was how Shadrack Bain argued. He had tasted all the sweets of revenge, and could afford to be negatively merciful to the woman who had scorned him. Let her go—let her starve, forgotten and unknown, in some foreign city; or let her win shameful fortune by the beauty he had once admired. Her fate could signify very little to him. The estate which he had once hoped to win through his influence over her was now removed beyond the limit of hopes. He had only his stewardship to look to. But Sir Aubrey's helplessness and his son's infancy made the Perriam stewardship a very comfortable thing.

"I shall be a rich man before I die," thought Shadrack Bain, "tho' I may never be called 'The Squire.'"

Skilful medical treatment and careful nursing wrought a considerable improvement in Sir Aubrey, and by the time he had been a week in Mr. Bain's charge, at the Hatfield Inn, he had become pretty much the man he was at Perriam, before the steward left for his second journey to Cannes. His speech and appearance were alike improved. Memory had in a considerable measure returned. He spoke of familiar things, asked for his old servants, was eager to return to Perriam, and never failed to recognize Shadrack Bain. But on one subject he was curiously silent—his wife's name never passed his lips.

Mr. Bain waited another week, by the end of which the patient's improvement was still more marked. He then wrote to the housekeeper at Perriam, announcing his return with Mr. Ledlamb's patient—no mention of Sir Aubrey's name—and requesting that Mr. Stimpson might be at the Place to receive the invalid on the following evening.

Perriam was looking its fairest in the glow of an autumnal sunset when Sir Aubrey returned to that peaceful abode of his forefathers. Sir Aubrey, whose name had been inscribed on one of the massive oaken coffins in the Perriam vault, whose pompous Latin epitaph—with an error in an ablative case, when was there a Latin epitaph without an erroneous termination of substantive or adjective, according to some learned caviller?—adorned the chapel wall. Mr. Bain and his charge drove from the station in the yellow chariot, which had been sent to meet them by the steward's order.

Sir Aubrey gazed upon that familiar scene in silent rapture. All the consciousness remaining to that weakened brain was aroused by the sight of home. How often in his joyless, comfortless captivity his thoughts had wandered dimly backward to these scenes; and with how keen an agony had he told himself that he should see them no more.

He turned away from the landscape at last, and clung to his steward's arm with a sudden pang of fear. "You won't let them take me away again, will you, Bain? You've always been a good servant to me. I tell everyone so. You've improved the property as your father did before you, and kept the servants up to the mark, and not wasted money on fanciful repairs. I've always praised you. You won't let me be sent away, will you, Bain? If I am mad I am not mad enough to do any one any harm. And I am Aubrey. They may talk themselves dumb, but they can never shake me from the certainty of that one fact. I know my own name. Mordred is a poor creature; my brother, but a poor creature. I will never submit to be called Mr. Perriam."

"Your brother Mordred is in his grave," replied Mr. Bain, "and you are Sir Aubrey Perriam, sole owner and master of this place. You shall never leave it again, save at your own wish."

"Poor Mordred dead! Bless my soul!" murmured Sir Aubrey. "He was a poor creature, but I was fond of him and he was fond of me. A man's hold on his own life relaxes when he loses his only brother."

They were at the house by this time. All the servants were assembled in the hall, according to Mr. Bain's instructions; and Mr. Stimpson was also in attendance. The outer world was still steeped in sunset's fading glory, but the lamps in the dusky old hall were lighted, and shone full on the faces of the travellers.

One startled cry broke from almost every lip as the baronet appeared among his household, leaning on Mr. Bain's arm, and supported on the other side by a valet who, in the steward had engaged for him at Hatfield.

"Sir Aubrey Perriam!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Bain, "Sir Aubrey Perriam. I thought such faithful servants would hardly fail to recognize a master they had served so long. Sir Aubrey Perriam, in spite of Lady Perriam's pretended widowhood—in spite of the lying epitaph in Perriam Church—in spite of the funeral, and the will which I read in this house—Sir Aubrey alive and among you once more. The coffin that was carried out of those doors held the body of Sir Aubrey's brother Mordred. For the last eight months of his life, Sir Aubrey has been the victim of a most foul conspiracy. But I have unearthed the plotters; I have unravelled their mystery; I have brought your old master back again to you and to his rights and his home."

Cheers, long and loud, for Sir Aubrey and his deliverer. Mr. Bain felt all the sweetness of being a hero.

Mr. Stimpson advanced, pale and scared of aspect, and examined the countenance of his old patient.

"Good heavens, how could I have been so much mistaken?" he exclaimed. "Yes, it is indeed Sir Aubrey. Those artful women! They kept the room dark, and contrived to distract my attention. There ought to have been an inquest. Sir Aubrey, can you ever forgive me?"

"I forgive everybody," said the baronet, feebly, looking round with an agitated expression; "and now I think I should like to go to bed, Bain. You'll stop with me, won't you. You'll take care. You'll not let them remove me while I'm asleep."

"Sir Aubrey, you are beneath your own roof. You are sole master here. This house holds no secret enemy now. You

can sleep in safety. You are surrounded by faithful servants."

The old man looked at them with a faint smile. "I thank them kindly for remembering me," he said, and then looking about him as if he suddenly remembered something, "I should like to see my son," he exclaimed.

Mrs. Tringfold came with her youthful charge, the youthful charge somewhat cross and sleepy, having been kept awake against his will for the last hour in case Sir Aubrey should ask to see him.

The old man looked down at him tenderly. There was no imbecility in that fond gaze, but sentient affection, a father's deep and silent love.

"I shall sleep better now that I have seen my boy," he said, "now that I know we two are under the same roof. Never let anybody part us again."

(To be continued.)

DRAMATIC GOSSIP.

Berlin is going to build a theatre to be exclusively devoted to comic opera.

M. V. Sardou, the dramatist, is dangerously ill at Marly. He is suffering from erysipelas.

Molière's "Georges Dandia" furnishes the theme for M. Gounod's new opera for the Paris Opera.

H. C. Lumbye, the Danish composer, died at Copenhagen a few days ago. In dance music he was considered almost the equal of Strauss and Gung'l.

A wonderful collection of violins, signed by the great Italian instrument makers of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, will shortly be sold at Havre.

The new Alexandra Palace is rapidly approaching completion, and it will be entirely rebuilt by the middle of June, when it is to be opened with great ceremony.

Adelina Patti, by a Royal decree of the Emperor of Austria, has been appointed first chamber singer to their Imperial Majesties, a compliment usually reserved for native vocalists.

Herr Wagner's early opera, "Rienzi," has been successfully produced at the Fenice in Venice. The local critics were surprised and pleased to find no traces of the "music of the future" in "Rienzi."

Cincinnati has an "Allegory of the Great Republic," that has netted £10,000 in twelve representations. Washington is one of the characters, but none of his old friends would be able to recognize him.

Gomez, the young Brazilian composer, whose opera, "Il Guarany," met with such poor success in London the year before last, has just brought out a new work, "Salvator Rosa," which has been very successfully produced at Genoa.

Madame Artot-Padilla (wife of the Spanish baritone, Senor Padilla, of the Italian Opera-house, Paris), has been creating a sensation in Berlin as prima donna. The lady was a pupil of Madame Viardot Garcia, and, like her teacher, is able to sing in half a dozen European languages.

Under the heading of "A Curious Coincidence," the Paris *Figaro* contends that the libretto of M. Offenbach's "Orphée aux Enfers" was suggested by one of the light pieces written by Mr. Dismal, a classical squib, a translation of which, by M. C. de Francoisi, was published in 1855 in the *Revue de Nord de la France*. The entrance of Orpheus into Pandemonium, the imprecations of the Furies, the intercession of Proserpine to induce Pluto to depart with Eurydice, the protests against any infraction of the fundamental laws *des Enfers*, which forbid the departure of any mortal therefrom who has once crossed the Styx, and the consequent resignation of Pluto's ministers, are amusingly described.

A curious incident occurred recently in a provincial town. The tenor who was to appear in the opera was on approval, as is the custom, but he sang so delightfully that the whole house applauded to the very echo. At the end of the applause one solitary spectator sent forth a long and melancholy hiss. The house applauded again, the spectator hissed once more, when there was, of course, a unanimous cry of "Turn him out." Thereupon the sibilant party rose, and with great indignation exclaimed, "Why, you are no better than a pack of fools, of imbeciles! Don't you know that the tenor you are applauding has entirely booked off with the Republicans, and is an enthusiastic Bonapartist?"

"La Causa Ticciborni" is the title of an opera about to be produced at Naples. The sensitive ear of the Italians, however, required that the English names of this world-famed trial should be rendered somewhat more euphonious in order to suit the music. Thus we have in the cast Sir Eugenio Ticciborni and Arturo Ortone, rival heroes; Caterina Danti, beloved by both; Sir Radicaliffo, a cavalier who marries the heroine; and subsidiary characters—Boghill, Pittendri, and Uolli, as the honourable member for Peterborough is called; the zealous counsel for the defence is fairly rendered as Il Dottore Chinelli; but the Lord Chief Justice would hardly know himself as Il Lord Capo di Giustizia Sir Cochiborno.

FINE STAGE "EXECUTION."—The London *Orchestra* says:—"Corporal Tibble, of the Twenty-first Foot, has died from injuries sustained on the stage of the Paisley Theatre Royal. 'Jack Robinson and his Monkey' was being represented, and a young gentleman named Douglas, student in the Glasgow University, impersonated as an amateur the part of Captain Tibble, who had previously gone on the boards as an auxiliary, took part in a general 'stage scramble.' The young captain directed his rifle at the head of Tibble, and discharged it at him at a distance not exceeding two feet from his eyes. The consequence was that the deceased's right eye was blown out, and his left one seriously injured. Douglas was brought before Sheriff Cowan and admitted to bail on £15."

Leococq's new opera, "Giroflà et Giroflée," turns upon the indistinguishable likeness of two sisters, who are both engaged to be married. One of them is unfortunately abducted by pirates just before the ceremony, and as the match is an advantageous one, the parents determine that the wedding shall be attempted even in the absence of a real bride. Accordingly the remaining sister does duty for her own wedding and for her absent one's. The lover of the missing girl never detects the difference. In manoeuvres to avoid discovery the three acts are taken up, numerous shifts being devised for not presenting the two brides together; and it is only at the end of the piece that the missing sister returns and is allotted to her legitimate owner. It will be seen the plot is ludicrous enough. It should be stated that the locale is fixed in Spain.

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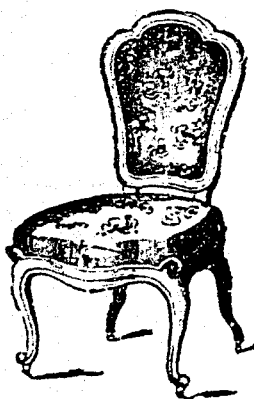
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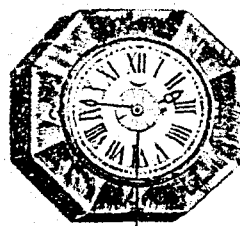
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