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# Illustrated News

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MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1874.

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## CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1874.

It is remarkable that the daily press have passed over the late debate, on the constitution of the Senate, almost without notice. The reason is that these papers are necessarily partisan and favour the retention of a nominative Senate, as a house of refuge for political favourites. In the present agitation of Parliamentary topics, there is no room for the calm discussion of constitutional questions such as Mr. MILLS introduced. Even the new Government have no disposition to interfere with the Senate as they have plainly shown in the cases of Brown, Penny, Scott, and Christie. But let Mr. MILLS persevere. He will certainly prevail in the end. The result of the yearly onslaught on Dual Representation ought to be an encouragement to him. Mr. MILLS will succeed because he is right. The question may be resumed in a nutshell. The Senate must not be nominative, but elective. Theoretically, no one will demur to this proposition. Practically, the further query arises whether the election of Senators shall be made *mediately* by the Local Legislatures, or *immediately* by Electoral Divisions. Mr. MILLS favours the former mode, and he has the high example of the United States in his support. The direct election of Senators by the people would only result in the creation of a second House of Commons, an unnecessary, if not a mischievous, duplication. People of this Province are more interested than any other in the settlement of the question, for the electoral transformation of the Federal Senate would necessarily entail the abolition of the Provincial Legislative Council. Alarmists may affect to see in both a tendency to Democratic levelling, but should our experience of Democracy in this country never be worse than the lopping off of expensive excrescences and old-time absurdities, it would be a boon which we might all regret not having sooner enjoyed.

The financial question in the United States has reached a final stage of settlement, by the passage, in the House of Representatives, of the Senate Bill which limits the circulation of paper at \$400,000,000. This measure bears upon its face the character of inflation, but the actual expansion need not necessarily be the full amount stated in the Bill. The \$400,000,000 are the extreme term beyond which no greenbacks can be issued, and it is confidently urged, that there will be no occasion to use that sum. The limit is a prudential one intended to inspire confidence. The Senate Bill was further restricted by an amendment which balances the expansion with a distribution of banking reserves, the object being to make the inflation gradual and thus comparatively harmless in disturbing the equilibrium of trade. Up to the present writing the President has not signed the Bill, but there seems to be no doubt that he will do so. His reasons are that something must at once be done to relieve the commercial depression and the financial distress in the West and Southwest, and the issue of more redeemable paper is at present the only means to that end. It is said further that the first issue of forty-six millions will be so graduated as not to glut the Eastern banks. In view of these arguments, it is a remarkable circumstance that the first effect of the passage of the Senate Bill has been an advance of from an eighth to a quarter in Government funds, a fall in the price of gold and a check to stock speculation. It would be too much to expect that this effect will be permanent. We may be prepared for a reaction. The revival of the Spring trade will act for a further while as a breakwater, but it seems certain that the early summer will witness financial trouble in the United States. If we could be assured that all this paper will be redeemed within a reasonable period, the inconveniences caused by its periodically forced issues might be endured for the stern lessons which they inculcate, but when we read in so many influential American journals that the end of all is Repudiation, it seems a tremendous fatality to have in-

dividual suffering made the prelude to national disgrace. From a political stand-point, GENERAL GRANT prefers to go with the West which clamors for inflation, than with the East which demands contraction and a swift return to specie payment. The issue of the next elections will turn on that point and, of course, the victory of the Great West is beyond a peradventure.

RIEL has been expelled from the House of Commons. The reason was that he is a fugitive from justice. This plea was proven by a two-fold fact—first, that he had escaped from Manitoba, where a warrant was issued against him; and secondly, that having been summoned to appear in his seat, at Ottawa, he failed to do so. Technically, therefore, there was a case against RIEL, and his expulsion, on that ground, was legal. But was it politic, or in other words, was the motive laid down in Mr. BOWELL'S motion, the true cause of his expulsion? We fear there was a deeper feeling of religious and sectional divergence at the bottom of the whole business. A scrutiny of the votes cast seems to justify that view. The whole Catholic vote went one way; the whole Protestant, vote the other. Frenchmen and Irishmen were arrayed against Englishmen and Scotchmen. With regard to RIEL himself, it looks like a mistake that he did not boldly come forward, take his seat, and plead his own cause before his peers. Not only would such action have created sympathy which his absence alienated, but it might have thrown new light upon the subject. The friends who induced him to sign his name on the Parliamentary roll should have persuaded him to follow up the logical results of that first step, and should have pledged themselves to screen him from harm. So far as the Government are concerned, if Mr. BOWELL meant to embarrass them by his motion, he has signally failed. He has relieved them of an awkward perplexity and thrown back the question of amnesty to an indefinite period. The only Ministers who have suffered, are Mr. DORION and his two French colleagues. They have shown their utter want of influence in the settlement of the matter, and many of their own followers charge them with criminal indifference. Altogether, the whole episode was lamentably overdone, and there is reason for congratulation that it is over for the present.

Politics in the pulpit are, to our mind, as much out of place as polemical discussions would be in Parliament. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam* is as applicable to the preacher as to the cobbler; and the clergyman who goes out of the way to drag in political subjects into his sermons is as deserving of the lash of censure or of ridicule as the cobbler who will not stick to his last. In a lecture, the last of a series on preaching, recently delivered in London, Sir Emilius Bayley made an energetic protest against the use of "clap-trap," or the desecration of the occasion to a mere criticism of poets or historians, or to the bare consideration of the topics of the day, or to the discussion of any subject rather adapted to the press than to the pulpit. As the lecture in question will doubtless be published *in extenso* in some of the English religious journals which find their way to Canada, we trust it will be read, marked, and inwardly digested by reverend offenders.

The accident on the Great Western Railway at Komoka, unlike most disasters of the kind, has not been unproductive of good results. The Railway Company, with commendable promptitude, immediately took steps to prevent the occurrence of similar calamities in the future, and within the last week the matter of ensuring the safety of the railway traveller has been twice brought before the notice of the House. Mr. PELLETIER, of Kamouraska, has introduced a bill to amend the Railway Act, so as to secure greater security to life and property on railways; and this has been supplemented by a bill, introduced by Mr. Thompson, of Haldimand, to provide better egress from railway cars in case of fire. So true is it that it never rains but it pours.

"Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to direct that the State umbrella of the King of Ashantee shall be exhibited in the South Kensington Museum." Thus gravely say the English papers. The enthusiasm manifested at home over the Ashantee Expedition has been sufficiently overdone, one would have thought, but this caps the climax. Doubtless this magnificent specimen of the *spolia optima*, won at the cost of so much noble blood, etc., etc., will, after it has been sufficiently exhibited to the gaping Cookney, be finally consigned to a fitting place among the trophies of the Waterloo campaign and the Red River Expedition.

## FROM THE CAPITAL.

THE EXPULSION OF RIEL.—THE THREE DIVISIONS.—RE-ELECTION.—THE BUDGET.—MR. CARTWRIGHT.—DR. TUPPER.—THE PREMIER.—ONTARIO SUPREMACY.

OTTAWA, APRIL 21.—We all bless Providence that the Riel business is over. It was overworked *ad nauseam*. If there had been anything really dramatic about it, it might have been endured for the sensation, but the absence of the culprit and the very ostentatiousness of his numerous disguises stripped it of that element. Had the ex-President of Assiniboia possessed the wit and the nerve, he might have appeared as the hero of grand opera, but, as it is, he is only the figurant of a bouffe. "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view." Riel, at the head of his bronzed and long-haired Metis on the Red River prairie, and Riel at Ottawa, are two wofully different characters.

The debate which led to his expulsion was uninteresting enough. Mr. BOWELL, the chief mover in the matter made a long speech, which, considering his well-known feelings as an Orangeman, was singularly free from acrimony or pettishness. The same compliment cannot be paid to Mr. ROCHESTER who followed on the same side. All the French members who took part in the debate, were strikingly calm, temperate and argumentative. When all the speeches were made, the House found itself in presence of three different propositions, one of which had to be acted on, to the exclusion of the other two.

The first was the substantive motion of Mr. BOWELL: "That Louis Riel, a member of this House for the Electoral District of Provencher, in the Province of Manitoba, having been charged with murder, and a bill of indictment for said offence having been found against him, and warrants issued for his apprehension; and the said Louis Riel having fled from justice, and having failed to obey an order of this House that he should attend in his place on Thursday, the 9th day of April, 1874, be expelled from this House."

The second was an amendment of Mr. HOLTON, intended to gain time and to conciliate discordant feelings:

"That inasmuch as the crime of which Louis Riel is accused was connected with and arose out of the civil commotion which existed in the North-West in the autumn of 1869 and in the early spring of 1870, and as a Select Committee of this House has been appointed to enquire into the cause of these troubles, and the promise of an amnesty, it is expedient to postpone this motion until that Committee shall have reported."

The third was an amendment of Mr. MOUSSEAU, travelling clear-out of the record, opening up the larger and more knotty question of amnesty, and manifestly draughted to set a snare for the Government:

"1st. That the interests of the Dominion of Canada require that there should be tranquillity and content in the various Provinces of this Confederation. 2nd. That in consequence of the disturbance which had occurred in the Province of Manitoba before its reception into the Dominion, and the actual violence committed, there exists in that Province a sense of uneasiness and inquiet that would be dissipated and give place to a general feeling of satisfaction if Her Most Gracious Majesty would exercise her Royal prerogative, and grant a full and complete pardon or amnesty for all acts, crimes and offences that may have been committed in the Province of Manitoba during such disturbance. 3rd. That an humble address be presented to Her Most Gracious Majesty, praying Her Majesty to exercise Her Royal prerogative and grant such pardon or amnesty."

Mr. MOUSSEAU'S amendment came up first and was overwhelmingly voted down by 164 to 27.

Mr. HOLTON'S amendment followed and was negatived by 117 to 76.

Mr. BOWELL'S motion was then carried by the large vote of 124 to 68.

On the principle of striking the iron while it is hot, Dr. SCHULTZ arose immediately and moved that Mr. Speaker issue his warrant for the election of a member for the Electoral District of Provencher, in place of Louis Riel, expelled from this House. And the motion was carried.

It goes without saying, that the infatuated people of Provencher will set to work and reelect Riel. And furthermore, if that amiable personage, Attorney General CLARKE, should try to oppose him, as formerly, those same electors will take his scalp, and make a special immolation of his glorious flowing beard.

The debate on the Budget calls for scant reference. It was not marked by any notable incidents, either on the side of the Government or the Opposition. Mr. CARTWRIGHT spoke out his mind and no mistake. To that extent he deserves credit, but I am dubious whether a desire of self-justification warrant so lugubrious a picture of this country's commercial and financial future as he was pleased to trace. A Minister of Finance should have a severe, judicial mind, and not allow his imagination to run away with him. Mr. CARTWRIGHT represented the country as being committed to obligations which, if strictly carried out, would compel us to borrow thirty millions of dollars every year for seven years, at the end of which time we should be burthened with a debt one-third greater, in proportion to our population, than that of the United States at the end of the civil war. He declared that the undertaking to build the Pacific Railway in seven years cannot be literally carried out. To borrow thirty millions a year, for ten years, would be simply impossible. A very much less amount would greatly reduce the price of our securities, and an announcement that it was intended to float the whole of that sum, in so short a time, would go far to make them unsaleable.

Dr. TUPPER'S reply to the Finance Minister was thoroughly characteristic. He bore down on the Treasury Benches like a cuirassier. But his blows were as innocuous as the lance-thrusts of old Priam. Dr. TUPPER is nothing if not a politician. He lugs in all kinds of irrelevant partisan matter into his speeches. He was far too violent on the present occasion, and Mr. MACKENZIE touched him up neatly for it.

Of our leader himself, after a three weeks' experience of him, I must say that he is not a model of suavity. He is sharp and incisive in his replies and does not take kindly to criticism. Still Mr. MACKENZIE ought to know enough of men to understand that politeness is a cheap commodity and never does any harm.

I said above that the French members bore themselves well throughout the Riel business. They have one interpretation, however, of the vote in the BOWELL motion, which may be worth putting into print. They see in it the overwhelming



preponderance of Ontario in the affairs of the Dominion, or, as they put it, the arrogance and despotism of Upper Canada. There is a feeling of humiliation in this reproach and, mark me, it rankles. So long as the French members are divided among themselves; so long as Rouges hate Conservatives so heartily as they do now, there need be no fear of reclamation, but if ever the French get united, their animosity against Ontario, for alleged wrongs, extending over thirty years, will burst out and burn fiercely.

CHAUDIERE.

## MRS. BROWN AT THE BOAT-RACE.

Mrs. Welks, she's all for the water, through being brought up by a uncle as were in the marine stores, and come to be transported in the end, and 'ad been a purser or somethink like that; though in my opinion he were receiver of stolen goods; she were cut out for a bum-boat woman 'erself, and that's why she always like's to live near the water-side—as I considers the Broadway, 'Ammersmith, the next thing to—not ten minits' walk from it. So when she asked me about goin' to the boat-race last year, I says, "Oh! no, thank you, not for me, as shan't never forget a-settin' on the wireduck, as the railway goes over the river by, with my legs a-danglin' like the hedge of a presserpitch, with the trains nearly a-shakin' you off in passin', and see nothink of the boat-race more than if it 'ad been on Hepsium Downs." So, Mrs. Welks, she says, "Oh! we're a-goin' to 'ave a boat as is as roomy as a barge, and shall take the lunch along with us." I says, "In course, if it's a barge I ain't no objections, 'cos there'll be room for to stretch your legs, but," I says, "if it's a launch you're a-taking, you must let me bring a-something for my share, as shall be a pigin pie, with bottled beer." She says, "all right, so you shall."

It were a fine day enuf, I must say, though a fog on the river, as come by the 'bus myself for to meet 'em at the other side of Putney Bridge; and a good step to where the boat were to be a-waitin' for us. They told me ten puntual; and there I was at 'alf-past nine down by the waterside, dressed like Queen Victorier 'erself in a puce-coloured plush cape and sleeves, as fitted close to the figger, and a black silk skirt and white flowers in my bonnet, with a extra shawl, and my basket with the pie and cake in, and the beer packed careful.

It was not before eleven o'clock as that dratted Mrs. Welks and 'er lot come a-pullin' up in the boat, as were full enuf a-ready.

"Ah! there you are," says she, "basket and all, jest like you;" so out they all got, and she says, "And 'ere's Mrs. Amber and Miss Puttick and my niece Jane and 'er young man, and 'ere's Uncle Bowles as is used to the sea, and two young friends of mine in the name of 'Ollis and their Aunt Tabley."

So I says, when we'd 'ad a little ale and biskits at a genteel 'ouse, "Mussy on us, Mrs Welks, there ain't no room in that boat for me." "That there ain't," says Uncle Bowles, "for we're over-crowded a-ready, and if you steps aboard we're swamped, that's all."

Says them young 'Ollises, "Oh! we'll take Mrs. Brown and Aunt Tabley, as is scrouged to death, in a ran-dan, if Jane Stork will come too." I says, "In a wot? I won't go in none of them new-fangled fooleries of boats, with irons a-stickin' out, as is like floatin' on a tooth-pick." "Oh! no," they says, "that's a out-rigger. We means this boat, as you and aunt will just fill, and you must steer, 'cos aunt's got a stiff elber. It were a roomy boat, with a green rallin' round the seat you 'old you in; so I said I were agreeable, and when that old 'ooman were stowed in I got in, though it were wobby work till I got seated; and then they gave me a couple of ropes as was tied to the boat behind me. I says, "Wot's these for?" "Why, to steer by," says Tom 'Ollis. I says, "I can't steer." "Why," says 'is brother, "any fool can do that; you've only got to pull at the ropes accordin' to which way you wants to go."

Well, there was a good many a-lookin' on, partickler some young gents in trousers and Jerseys, as they said was a rowin' lot. One on 'em says, "You'll steer like a fish, Mrs. Brown, never fear."

Well, when we was in the boat, them two young 'Ollises, as come the bounce a good deal, a-makin' believe as they knowed all about it, says, "Now mind you keep us the right side." I says, "Oh! yes, in course; but do be off," 'cos the other boat-load were gone, as 'ad got my basket a-board, and were ever so far a-head, as I could see as they'd begun a-drinkin' the beer.

Whether it was the mud as we stuck in, or the weight, I don't know, but we never should 'ave got floated in this world if a lot of them young gents in the Jerseys 'adn't took and pushed us off, a-larin' like mad, into the river with a spin, as werry nigh upset us, and made that there old Aunt Tabley's 'eels fly up in the hair, and came down on my left corn like a 'atahet. "I won't be anserable for your life if you goes on like that," says the young feller nearest to me, as were pullin' all over the place fit to bust 'isself; "why, you ain't steerin' a bit." I says, "I am; I'm a-pullin' at both ropes like mad." "Pull the left," says one. "No, you means the right," says the other. "Whichever do you mean?" says I. "You're taking us the wrong side of the river," the both 'ollers. I give a woiolent tug at one of them ropes, as seemed for to send us on like mad in among a lot of other boats. "Pull the right rope," says Ned 'Ollis, "I tell you;" and I gave it a good tug, as sent us slap into a 'ole boatful of people, as was reg'lar seafarin' by their langwidge, and one on 'em took 'old of our boat and sent it a-spinnin'. So I give the other rope a pull, as would 'ave been all right enuf, if that old catamaran 'adn't got 'old of it with her crooked arm some'ow and took and sent us slap across the other side.

"Well, I gets both the ropes in my own 'ands ag'in, as was nearly breaking my arms, and 'ad made both my sleeves break out at the arm-oles. "Don't go into the shore like that," said the heldest 'Ollis. "I will," I says, "for 'ow else am I to get off the way of all these 'ere boats as is runnin' into us?" Just then the one as were a-settin' in front of me, as were a-pullin' like mad, seemed for to miss 'is tip with his oar somehow, for it flew up into the air, and so did 'is 'eels in my face, and he shot back'ards with his 'ead in 'is brother's stomach, as knock-ed 'im over. I thought as he'd broke 'is back, but he 'adn't, 'cos he picked 'isself up; and then the other blowed 'im up frightful, and he says, "It weren't my fault, it's all Mr. Brown's. 'Ow could I 'elp it, as wasn't never in a boat a-fore?" "Well, says the other, "no more wasn't I, not to pull." I says, "you're a good-for-nothink couple of young fresh-water pilots, that's wot you are, to 'tee anyone aboard a wessel to

drownded like this." I says, "Pull to the bank this instant." He says, "Wait till we've picked up the oar." So when he'd got it I didn't make no more bones about it, but pulls that there string as took the boat close agin a bank. "You can't land 'ere," says one, "its only hosiers." I says, "I don't care whose it is, but I gets out there, young Waggerbones. Come on," I says to the old aunt, as wouldn't get out, though.

I'd took and run the boat close agin' the stump of a tree, as I ketch'd 'old on, and took and jumped ashore like a bird, as couldn't be called dry land, through bein' all squash-like, but that were better than the bottomless deep. So them young chaps began to cheek me, and say as I could stop where I was if I wanted to be drownded. So I says, "If it's private property I'm sure they'll let me stop till I can get a boat," for I see it were a sort of a highland. So I says, "You go on, and don't you bother about me, my good boy. Go on your own way, and look arter your aunt."

It certainly was a werry marshy spot as I'd got on to, and when a steamer comes by the waves as it made splashed me 'alf up to my knees, and at last one boat came up with a man wanted five shillin's to put me ashore. I says, "Go on with your rubbish. I won't pay it if I 'as to stop 'ere till my friends in the big boat comes by." "Ah!" he says, "you wants to stop there till 'igh water, do you? All right," and off he goes.

So there I kep' a-standin' till the water come up close to my feet. So I says, "I'll get a little further back," and turned to do so, when wot should I see but all them tall weeds, as was behind me, 'arf way up in water themselves. "Why," I says, "mussy on us, it must be a quicksand, or else somethink's wrong. Why, wotever will become on me if I should keep on like this, as is a watery grave a-yorning under me, as the sayin' is." So I set up a loud 'oller, and that feller came back in 'is boat and put me ashore for five shillin's, up to my knees in black mud and water, close agin' 'Ammersmith Bridge.

So I made my way to Mrs. Welks's, jest to dry myself, as never come in till close on seven, and me a-starvin' for a cup of tea, and then I'm sure she were a little bit on; and if she didn't say to me, "You're a nice one to purvide lunch, as wasn't 'arf enuf to go round, and only six bottles of beer." I were that disgusted as up I jumps, famished as I were, and 'ome I goes by train with nothink but a Banbury cake and a glass of ale, as I got at the station; so you don't ketch me a-gain' to the boat-race no more unless I can see it comfortable from dry land.—London "Fun."

## A NEW ENTERTAINMENT.

We have always been disposed to agree with King Solomon in his famous declaration that there was nothing new under the sun; but according to our latest London advices we find some reason to regard the statement as obsolete. There is, certainly, something new in the way of entertainment, and it has been ushered in by nothing less than a hair-dressing festival held on the night of the 2d of March in the concert room of the Hanover Square Rooms, in London, at which the public were invited to attend.

The scenic properties appertaining to this occasion were a long table in the centre of the room, with toilet glasses standing back along the length, and before each glass a chair, and on the tray a card with the name of the operator and of the particular style he was to exhibit, whether hair dressed Pompadour, Marie Antoinette, Grand Duchesse, Du Barri, Louis XIV., Alexandra, *au soiré*, fancy, court, ball, or *grande fantasia*.

We think it must be an alluring opportunity when it is presented, the opportunity of seeing how several of these vast and complicated masses are really endowed with life and stability, of seeing a little leaven leaven the lump; and though there are some, doubtless, who would prefer to unravel the mysteries of the regular *coiffure au soiré*, and some the Alexandra, for our own part we should have given undivided attention to the *grande fantasia*, since it seems to us that the *grande fantasia* of a barber's mind must be something as well worth seeing as a display of pyrotechnics. Think, then, of the chance to see not one but all, and all at once? Quite a number of people availed themselves of this chance, and constituted a suitable body of spectators at this entertainment, to which tickets had been issued announcing the hour of eight as the time fixed for the opening exercises. At that hour the artists entered, made their bow to the spectators, and the opening exercises took place in the depositing of several small cases, containing combs, pomades, powders, pins, cushions, switches, puffs and ringlets, in their chosen places, and the pre-empting of a particular chair by spreading a towel on the back of it. This done they retired, to slow music possibly; very slow one might say, since the "wait" was something longer than an hour. But at half-past nine they reappeared, each artist leading by the hand a lady whose locks flowed *au naturel* about her shoulders, some crepe, others straight and plain, and one already powdered and tied together at the back of her head.

Our readers shall have the pleasure of seeing this powdered lady's hair "done up;" though, if they had been present at the interesting ceremonial, they might have seen all the others of the sixteen various styles of the day grow thread by thread, plait by plait, curl by curl, into the wondrous creations of the artists' fancies. The lady in question took her seat; the hair-dresser untied the knotted tress, and passing his comb through it spread it out à la Godiva. Then he took from his small case a thick cushion which he placed on the front of the head, and combing the immediate front hair straight back wrapped it round and round this cushion and fastened it in its place securely with pins. Over a second cushion the immediate back hair was rolled and the cushion was pinned as before, though this time it was just above the nape of the neck. This left a space still to be filled, and for which the hair upon the sides of the head was utilized, being folded round three cushions converging from the right ear and three from the left towards the central ridge. Thus was erected a thick, firm mass not easily to be moved, and into which the operator might drive vertically the multitude of pins necessary to moore his superstructure. This superstructure was begun by a long, thick wisp of hair which the artist took from his case of materials and pinned in the middle of its length to the back of the head; this being divided in many strands, was rolled in puff above puff until there was presented an effect of hill rising over hill to the grand summit of the frontal roll on which the hair had been brushed straight back from the brow, the whole profusely powdered; a wreath of small roses was fastened by pearls across the front, a single

curl was parted on the forehead, two long ringlets were tucked on and allowed to fall over the left shoulder, and the triumphant effect was complete.

This operation occupied some three-quarters of an hour, and when the toilets of all the sixteen ladies had received the finishing touch, each hair-dresser offered his arm to his "subject," and they formed in procession and marched round the room to the notes of a march played by the seventeenth hair-dresser, who, having no other, was obliged to exercise his art on "Music, heavenly maid." This done, and the company seated, a discourse was delivered by one of the artists, which must have been both novel and amusing; for while it advised the establishment of a "Hair-dressers' Academy," it showed the obvious need of such an institution by declaring that "hair-dressers should have the opportunity of irrigating their minds." And as we said in the beginning, we are very sure that Solomon in all the glory of his five hundred wives never assisted at any entertainment exactly like the festival of the hair-dressers.

## Literary Notes.

George Eliot has a volume of poems in press.

Bellew, the English elocutionist, is dangerously ill.

Mrs. Oliphant's new story is "For Love and Life."

The Paris Salon will open, as usual, on the 1st of May.

As editor of *Punch*, Mr. Tom Taylor receives £1,200 a year.

Frederick Seward is writing a life of his father, William Henry Seward.

Fifteen hundred new journals have been registered in France during the last three years.

Mr. Wilkie Collins will, it is stated, go back to America as soon as he can arrange for doing so.

M. Alexandre Dumas has gone to Naples to prepare his address for his coming reception at the Paris Académie.

It is said that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe will not bestow any more of her writings on the public for some time.

The "Life of Chief-Justice Chase" has been written by J. W. Sotnickus, and will be published by D. Appleton & Co.

A story is current that *Old and New* is to be purchased by a publishing firm in this city and removed to New York.

A new English edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," in three volumes, edited by Percy Fitzgerald, is announced in London.

James T. Fields has added two more lectures to his course on English authors. One is on De Quincey and the other is on Long-fellow.

J. R. Osgood & Co. are going to bring out an American edition of "Badeker's European Guide-Books," which have a world-wide celebrity.

Mr. George Carter Stent has in the press a collection of songs, ballads, &c., translated from the Chinese. It will be published under the title of "The Jade Chaplet, in Twenty-Four Beads."

James Gordon Bennet, of the *Herald*, is to return to Europe in a few days, expecting to continue his management of the paper by cable. Paris is to be the headquarters of the editor-in-chief.

Messrs. Blackwood & Sons are preparing for publication a "Narrative of the Ashantee War," prepared from the official documents of the campaign, with permission of Sir Garnet Wolseley, by his assistant military secretary, Captain Brackenbury, R. A.

"Taken at the Flood," the novel contributed by Miss Braddon to the columns of several provincial newspapers, will shortly appear in the orthodox three-volume shape. The experiment of issuing an original novel in newspapers published simultaneously in different parts of the kingdom is said to have answered expectations. Miss Braddon has undertaken to follow up the completion of "Taken at the Flood" with another novel.

"Ivan De Biron" is the title of a new novel by Arthur Helps. Mr. Helps is known here as a novelist chiefly by his "Real-mah," a work that we might properly class as a prehistorical novel. "Ivan De Biron" is, on the contrary, strictly an historical novel, and it presents what is undoubtedly a faithful picture of the Russian Court in the middle of the last century. While the leading characters of the book are carefully drawn, and the plot is lacking neither in symmetry nor strength, the chief charm of the work is the admirable style in which it is written. Mr. Helps is a master of English, and he has displayed in his new volume the same faultless literary taste which has characterized his previous works.

LITERARY MEMBERS OF THE NEW CABINET.—The new Ministry contains a very fair representation of literature in its ranks. It is all but fifty years (1825) since the Premier published his first work, "Vivian Grey." He has published about a dozen novels since, besides a "Life of Lord George Bentinck," a "Vindication of the English Constitution," and a "Revolutionary Epic." Mr. Cross has written a work on "The Practice of Quarter Sessions." Lord Derby, as Lord Rector of Glasgow University, has delivered an address which has been published. Lord Carnarvon is the author of a work on "The Druces of Mount Lebanon," and of some historical and antiquarian lectures. Lord Salisbury's articles in the *Quarterly Review* were famous, and equally trenchant were those which appeared in the brilliant but short-lived *Bentley's Quarterly*. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has written "Twenty Years of Financial Policy," which has been scanned a good deal during the last few days by those persons who are anxious to anticipate his first budget. Like Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Malmesbury has also written one book, or rather edited it—viz., the "Diaries and Correspondence" of his grandfather. Next to Mr. Disraeli himself, Lord John Manners has written most books. Five and thirty years ago, being just of age, he published "Notes of an Irish Tour," and two years later (1841) he issued "England's Trust and other poems," and in 1850, "English Ballads." Since then, true to the "Young England" fanes of his youth, he has published "A Plea for National Holidays," "A Cruise in Scotch Waters," and other works. His lordship is a pleasing and elegant writer.

## BOOKS, &amp;c., RECEIVED.

From Dawson Bros., Montreal.

The Trust and the Romittance: Mary Cowden Clarke.

Roberts Bros.

Through Fire and Water: Frederick Talbot. Harper & Bros.

Colonel Daerc: Author of 'Caste.' Harper & Bros.

Armada: Wilkie Collins. Harper & Bros.

The Christian Pastor: Rev. S. H. Tyng. Harper & Bros.

Canada On The Pacific: Chas. Horetsky. Dawson Bros.

Geology: Dr. Archibald Geikie. Appleton & Co.

Record of Mr. Alcott's School. Roberts Bros.

Thorpe Regis: Author of "The Rose Garden." Roberts Bros.

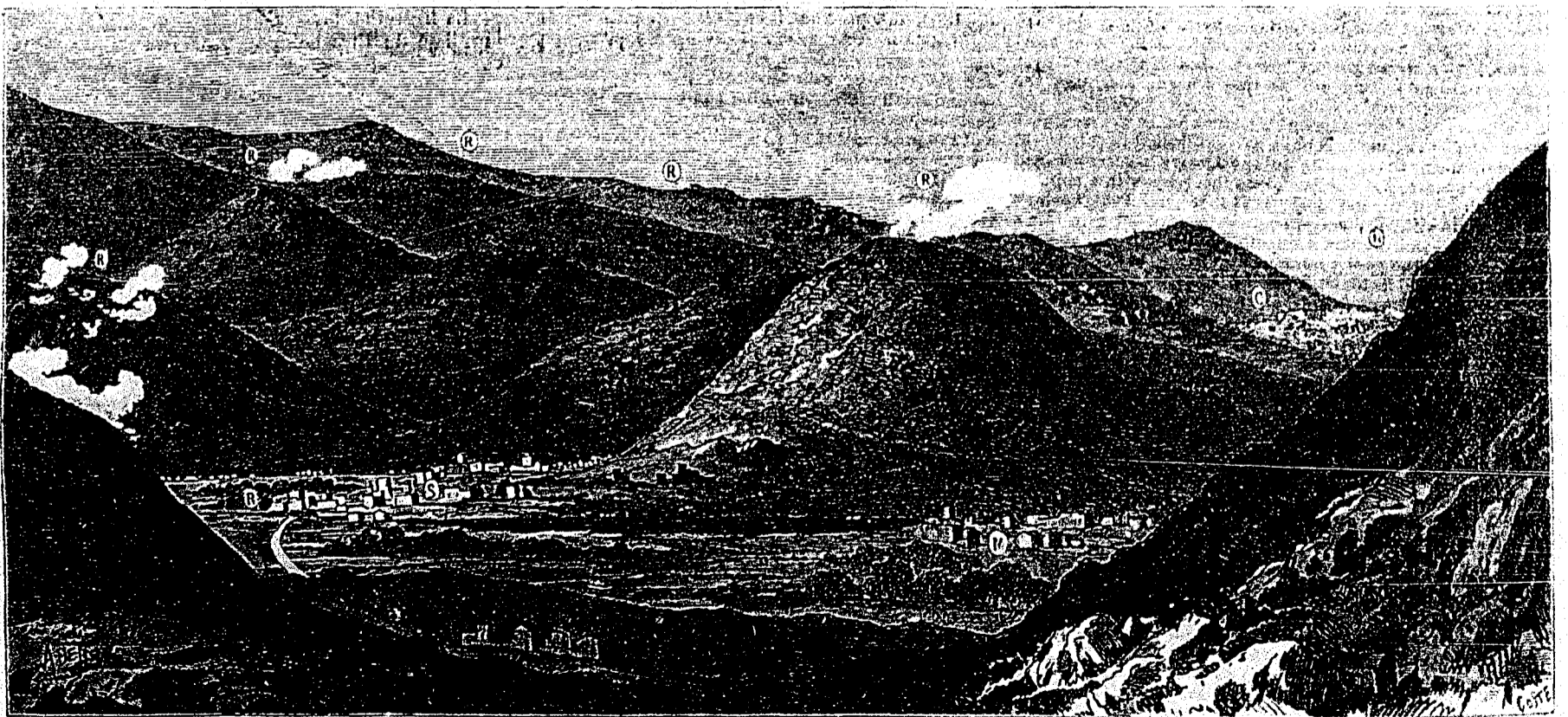
Sex and Education. Roberts Bros.

The above for notice next week:

THE CARLIST WAR.



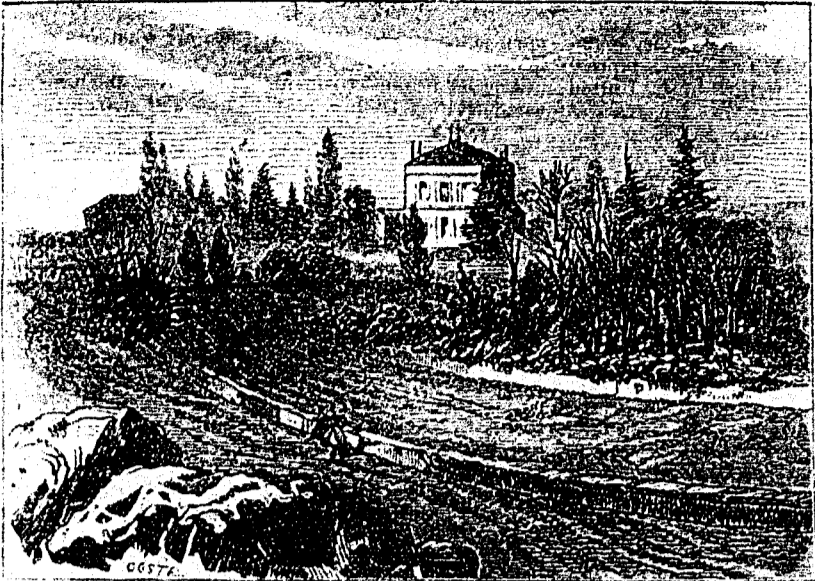
THE BATTLE OF SOMOROSTRO, FEB. 25.—REPUBLICAN PRISONERS BROUGHT BEFORE DON CARLOS DURING THE ACTION



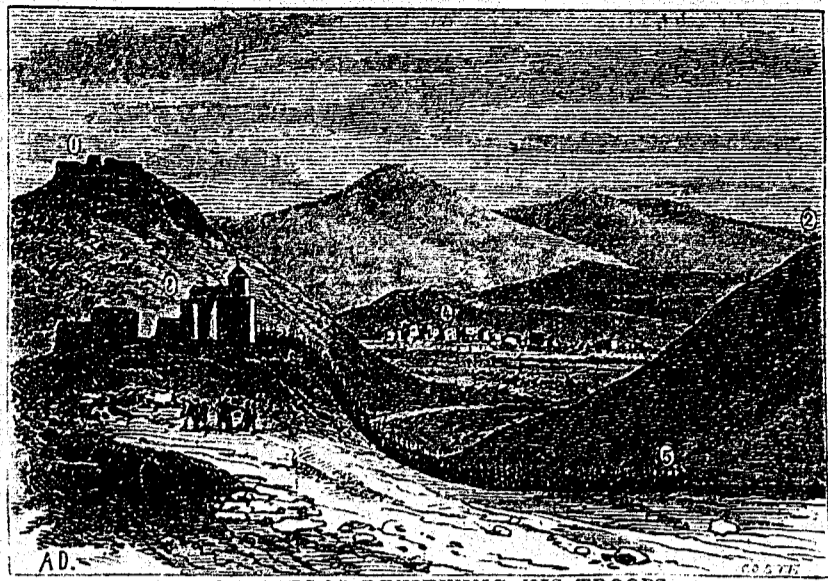
THE BATTLE OF SOMOROSTRO, FEB. 24.

R. Firing on the Republican Right and the Carlist Left. C. Carlist Fusillade. S. Somorostro. M. Murquiz. O. Castrurdiales. N. The Sea

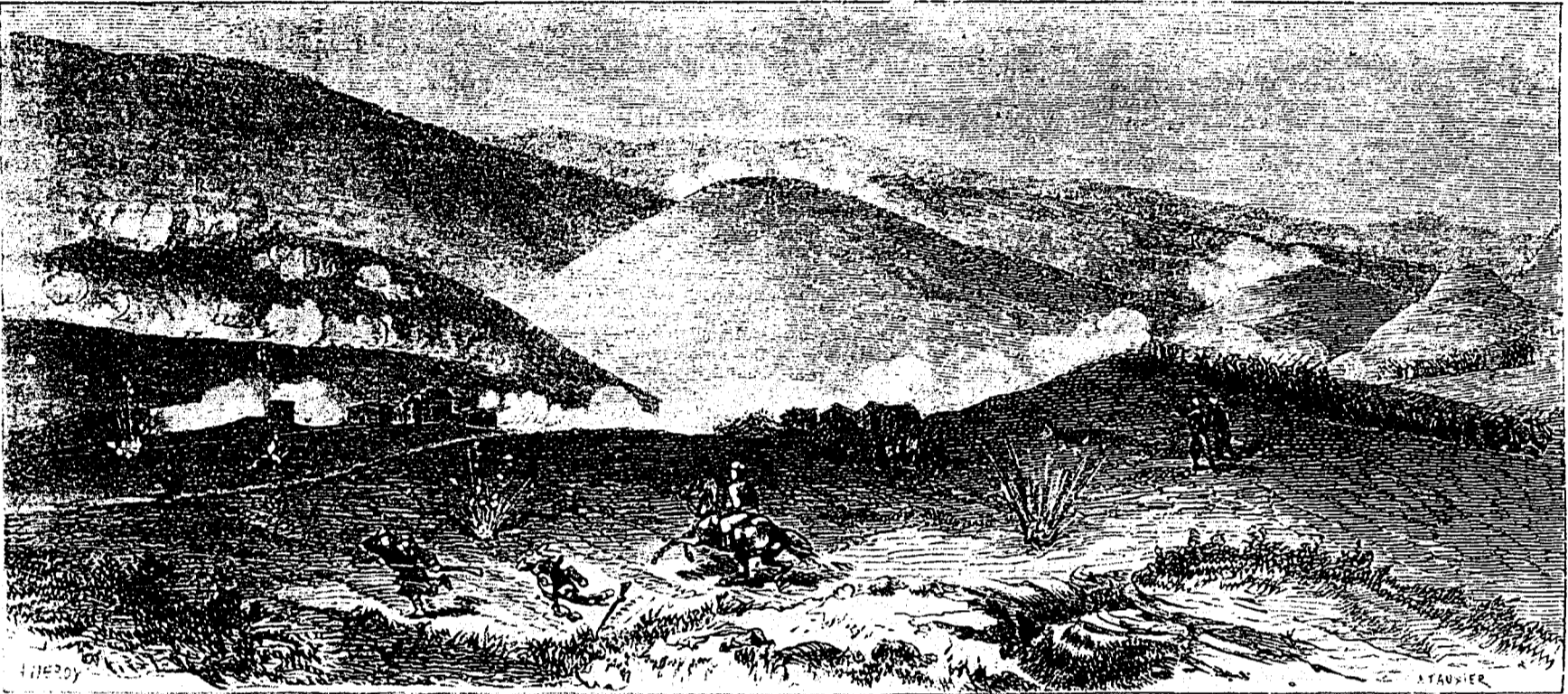




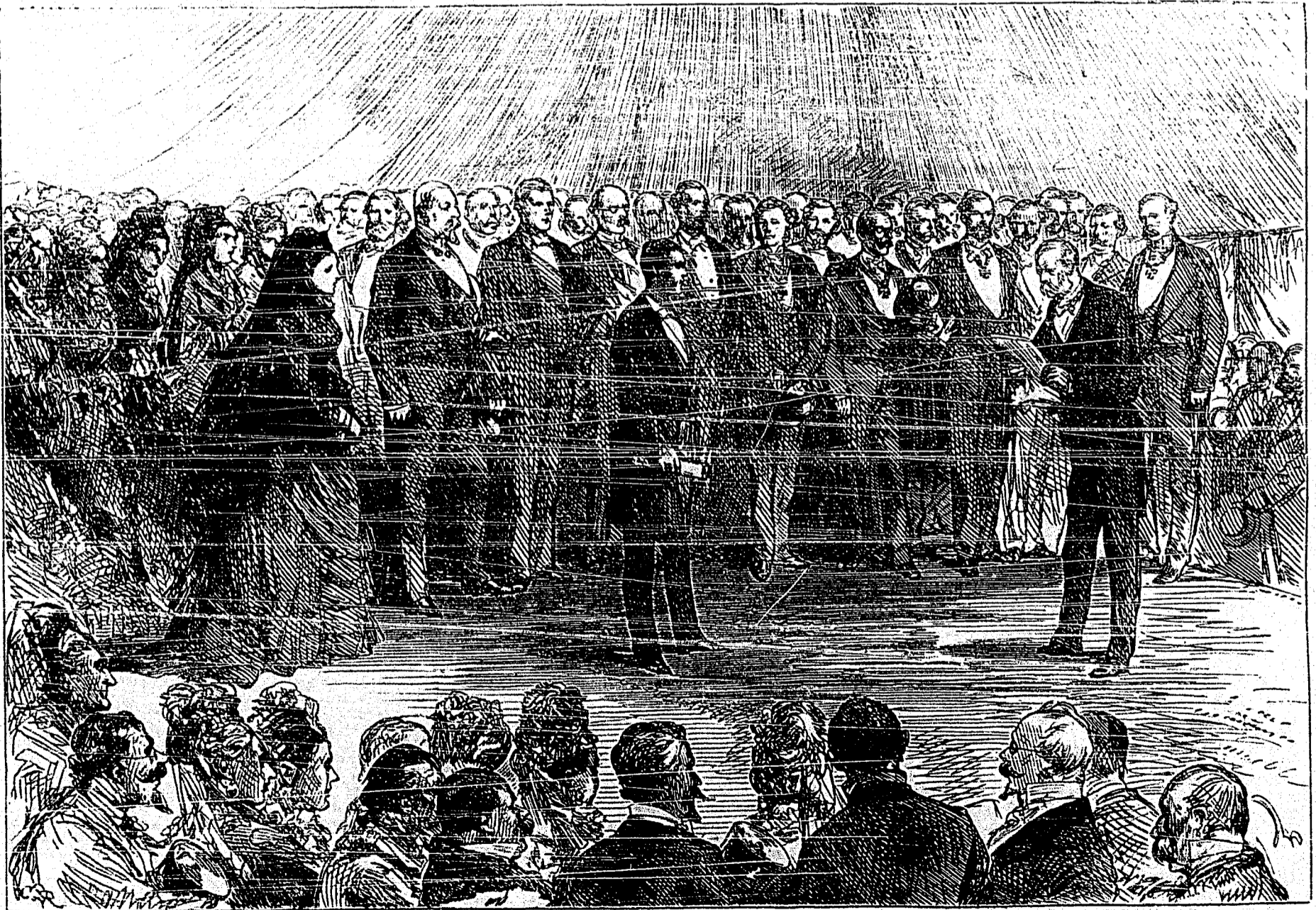
DON CARLOS'S HOUSE, FOUR MILES FROM BILBOA.



DON CARLOS REVIEWING HIS TROOPS.  
1-2. Navarre Battalions. 3. San Pedro d'Abanto. 4. Somorostro. 5. Alava Battalion



BATTLE OF SOMOROSTRO. THE ARAGON BATTALIONS REINFORCING THE CARLIST TROOPS AT DAYBREAK ON THE 25TH FEB



THE DUKE DE PADOUE READING THE ADDRESS TO THE PRINCE IMPERIAL AT CHISLEHURST.



## THE LAST ARRIVAL.

There came to port, last Sunday night,  
The queerest little craft,  
Without an inch of rigging on.  
I looked and looked—and laughed!  
It seemed so curious that she  
Should cross the unknown water  
And moor herself within my room—  
My daughter! Oh, my daughter!

Yet by these presents witness all  
She's welcome fifty times,  
And comes consigned in Hope and Love  
And common-metre rhymes.  
She has no manifest but this;  
No flag floats o'er the water;  
She's rather new for our marine—  
My daughter! Oh, my daughter!

Ring out, wild bells—and tame ones, too!  
Ring out the lover's moon!  
Ring in the little worsted socks!  
Ring in the bib and spoon!  
Ring out the muse! Ring in the nurse!  
Ring in the milk-and-water!  
Away with paper, pen and ink!—  
My daughter! Oh! my daughter!

## PEOPLE WHO WRITE TO THE EDITOR.

Looking at the matter from the editor's point of view—we are not speaking of this journal, or of any journal in particular—there can be no doubt that a great many people who write to him ought never to write to him at all. In an age when dictionaries, directories, gazetteers, and encyclopædias abound it is scarcely fair to write to that long-suffering gentleman and request information on such topics as the following:—The causes which led to the Peloponnesian War; the date of the celebrated prize-fight between Heenan and Sayers; the Christian names, exact ages, and personal characteristics of her Majesty's children and grandchildren; a reliable recipe for the removal of superfluous hairs; a summary of the most salient points in the law of landlord and tenant; Mr. Charles Mathew's birthday; or the decision of a wager pending among a few gentlemen assembled at the Coomassie Arms, Camberwell, as to whether every seventeenth person in London has red hair. Such queries as these should be addressed to those journals which keep a column specially open for answers to correspondents, and whose editors, judging from the multiplicity of the subjects with which they deal, are practically omniscient. Next there are the people whose letters are reasonable enough in themselves, but who persist in writing to the wrong department. They send stamps for next week's number; they want to know why they didn't receive last week's number; they wish to be informed if a certain back number is still procurable; they would like to learn what would be the lowest charge for inserting the advertisement enclosed herewith; and they ask the unlucky editor to respond to all this, which is purely the publisher's business. Then there are the correspondents who have suggestions or comments to make. When they sign their real names and addresses, their observations are often sensible, and usually innocuous; but when they hide themselves under the cloak of anonymity, they are sometimes offensive, as thus:—

"DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Who is that braying ass, who wrote so-and-so last week? Sack him by all manner of means, or you will lose a good few of your "CONSTANT SUBSCRIBERS."

Or thus (still more truculent):—

"MISTER ED.—There is a cad on your staff whom I wish to kick (I mean the writer of so-and-so). If you will send him to-morrow, at five P.M., to Hanover Square, by Pilly Pitt's statue, I will make him acquainted with the length of my "WELLINGTON BOOT."

Next, and most numerous of all, are the correspondents who desire to contribute to your journal. They may be divided under several heads, according to the point of view from which you regard them. For example, those who will be content with the honour and glory of appearing in print, and those who expect to be paid for their endeavours; those who write prose and those who write verse; those who send stamps for the return of their MSS. and those who don't. Of this species of correspondence the supply is, in the editor's opinion, always in excess of the demand. Literary composition, to beginners at any rate, is a very delightful pursuit, and then there are so many men and women whose lives are passed in monotonous employments, and who would fain add to their slender incomes by the exercise of this talent which they fondly believe they possess. And of course some of them do possess this talent, or else the race of authors and journalists would cease to exist, for all authors, and almost all journalists, were amateurs once, and passed through the same unpleasant ordeal of expectation, followed by frequent rejection, which these would-be contributors pass through now. The recollection of this fact, namely, that he was once what they are now, ought sometimes to soften the editor's flinty heart, but in many cases he has no option but to reject the matter submitted to him, not because it is wanting in merit, but because he is already provided with a competent staff. A contribution from an unknown hand ought to possess some exceptionally good qualities in order to attract an editor's attention, and even then there is always an unpleasant suspicion (warranted by the occasional detection of such frauds) that the MS. may be copied from some unacknowledged source. In any case we recommend the would-be contributor to send a proper provision of postage stamps (a stamped and directed envelope is best) to ensure the return of his MS. This act of what is nothing more than common justice, especially if accompanied by exceedingly legible penmanship, sometimes just turns the decision of a hesitating editor in the contributor's favour. Conceivably, on the contrary, if you can, the feelings of the editor upon receiving a bulky manuscript, perhaps in a very illegible hand, and unaccompanied by any postage stamps. If the weather should happen to be cold I fear it is with malevolent glee that he casts the manuscript in question upon the coals in his grate, and as the ruddy blaze bursts forth he exclaims in the words of the prophet, "Aha! I am warm. I have seen the fire."

As for the poetical contributors they are so numerous that they deserve a fresh paragraph all to themselves. Few English editors probably possess that intimate acquaintance with the personal peculiarities of their correspondents, which induced an American editor to write thus of a certain fair one who

bored him with her rhymes:—"Mary C.—Darn your stockings and your poetry also." Possibly this two-edged reproof is applicable in the United Kingdom, as well as in the United States. At any rate, all those who have sat for a few years at the editorial desk will admit that the verse power of this country is enormous, and if it was all concentrated in a few heads we might manage to turn out an extra set of Tennysons, Brownings, and Swinburnes. Being diluted, it is comparatively worthless, and one often regrets that its professors do not direct their enthusiasm to some more useful craft, say, for example, the production of eggs and the hatching of chickens. If all the would-be poets of the United Kingdom were to effect this diversion of their energies, a stale egg at breakfast might become an exceptionally rare phenomenon. This verse-power, be it observed, of the country at large is fitful in its operations. It is called into special activity by some event which interest everybody. Such objects as the wreck of the *Northwest*, the Ashantee Expedition, and perhaps, more than all, the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, rouse unnumbered poets from their temporary torpor. Editors are overwhelmed with contributions, but they know too well that the chaff will far exceed the wheat, for these are just the sort of subjects about which it is extremely difficult to say anything striking and original. It is a remarkable fact about the Tichborne case, considering the immense space which it occupied in the public attention, that it has been the cause of very little verse. Perhaps, while the trial was in progress, the poets, like other people, were afraid of being pulled up for contempt of court. Anyhow, we may here take the opportunity of thanking them heartily for their self-control.—*Graphic*.

## WITH THE COMPOSER OF "MARTHA."

No opera has ever been more popular than Flotow's "Martha." Since 1849, when it first appeared, it has been performed upward of one thousand times, at all the great theatres of the world; and it still is a perfect gold-mine for its composer, who derives from it alone, aside from his other operas, an income of at least twenty thousand florins a year.

Frederick von Flotow has always been a favourite child of fortune. Although nothing more than an amateur in 1845, and, in effect, a mere stripling, his first operatic venture, "Alessandro Stradella," proved so thorough a success that his name was at once ranked among the foremost operatic composers of Europe. At the age of twenty-three he was hailed as a peer by Meyerbeer, Auber, and Rossini, and his beautiful opera rapidly made the tour of the world.

His next composition, "Martha," made him the most popular of his brethren among the operatic composers of Europe. It had two hundred successive representations at the Opera Comique, in Paris, and soon became a favourite with the opera-goers of all civilized nations. A younger son of a Mecklenburg nobleman, whose patrimony consisted of a few sterile acres, saw suddenly flowing into his coffers *tantidies* such as had not been even paid to the renowned composers of "Robert le Diable" and "William Tell." Airs from "Martha" were played at every concert; they were drummed and sung by young boarding-house misses, and whistled by the street boys in all great cities of the world.

I remember seeing Flotow, at the first performance of "Martha," in his native city of Rostock, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin. He was then a handsome youth, looking younger, indeed, than he really was. The applause bestowed upon him by his fellow-citizens evidently delighted him beyond measure. He blushed to the roots of his hair when the enthusiastic audience called him, at the end of the performance, before the curtain.

A few days ago I saw him again. It was at his beautiful chateau Prientz, near Lins, in Austria. I was startled at the change which twenty-four years had produced in his appearance. He looked like an old, broken-down man, although he is but little over fifty. His hair was entirely white, and he was bent down like an octogenarian.

He recognized me by my Mecklenburg dialect, and, as soon as I had seated myself by his side, told me that he regretted nothing so much as that he had left his dear native country and settled among strangers.

"Why do you not return to Mecklenburg?" I ventured to ask. "I am sure everybody there will receive you with open arms."

"No, no," he replied, firmly, "you do not know what would happen. Look at this" (and he produced a ponderous epistle); "this is a letter from the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, Frederick Francis, who withdraws from me the appointment of grand-ducal *maître de chapelle*, because I married the sister of my divorced wife! Oh, the hypocrisy of these fellows on their petty thrones!"

I durst not say anything on this painful subject. For ten years past this unfortunate event has cast a gloom over Flotow's life. He has been most severely censured for his second marriage. But what are the facts? When scarcely old enough to know his own mind, Frederick von Flotow was induced by his parents to marry a young girl who was secretly affianced to another. Their wedded life was wretched in the extreme. They parted by mutual consent. Flotow's present wife idolizes her gifted husband, and he is happy with her. Nevertheless, he is ostracised in aristocratic circles.

He knit his massive brow as he continued complaining of how people had recently treated him. "I have led," he said, "my whole life long a most laborious existence. If I have won successes, they were due, above all things, to hard work, to unremitting toil. The score of 'Martha' I rewrote four times before I allowed it to be played; and I have been still more painstaking with my subsequent operas. And what has been the result? Pecuniarily, I have no reason to complain; for, although I am not rich, I am comfortably situated, and certainly richer than any of my ancestors have been for many years past. But what a life of disappointments I have recently had to lead! Will you believe that the Parisians, who were once my most ardent admirers, have completely ostracized me? I have my new opera, 'Haida,' ready for the stage. I am free to say it is quite equal to any of my previous productions. And yet not a manager in Paris dares to perform it, because I am a German. It is tabooed in Berlin, because my Grand Duke of Mecklenburg hates me; and, in Vienna, because the Emperor of Germany will not permit its performance in Berlin. Has any modern composer ever been so unfortunate?"

"Why not start your new opera in London?" I interrupted. "No, no, my friend," replied Herr von Flotow, "you don't understand that. A new opera, to succeed in London, must first have been given in Paris. Listen," he added, going to the

open piano in his room, "and tell me what you think of these melodies."

And he began to run his fingers over the ivory keys with wonderful mastery, playing new and delightful airs.

"Are these melodies pretty?" he asked.

"Pretty," I replied, "they are enchanting! Better than 'Martha!'"

And yet he cannot get this opera performed! Such are conventional and national prejudices.

Herr von Flotow has three children by his second wife, who herself is an eminent pianist. He leads at Prientz the life of a hermit, going but rarely to Vienna. His tenants are greatly attached to him, on account of his kindness toward them.

During my long conversation with him, I heard Herr von Flotow pass some curious opinions on the other great composers of the day.

"Meyerbeer," he said, "was incomparably the greatest of them all. Rossini ruined himself by writing too much. Bellini was a musical confectioner, producing excellent sweetmeats. Donizetti would have been very great had he not been an Italian. Wagner is grand, but often too terrible. Verdi was very promising, but had deteriorated of late. Ambroise Thomas was an imitator of Adams. Gounod had made a great mistake to write anything after 'Faust.' He should have taken warning by Auber's example."

All this was well said, extremely caustic, but not always just. Herr von Flotow had evidently been soured by what he considers his bitter disappointments. He is a spoiled child of Dame Fortune. The slightest mishaps make him angry.

Upon leaving the chateau, I caught a glimpse of Frau von Flotow. She is a portly, good-looking lady of forty. Her serene face does not indicate in any way that she is conscious of the trouble she has caused her illustrious husband. And yet he is smarting under it, and to me it seems more than probable that his days are numbered. He looks certainly very old and broken down.

## For Everybody.

## Regular Habits.

M. Rouher, one of France's ablest men, rises daily at 5 A. M., and spends the early hours in close study. At eight he takes a cup of coffee, and receives the visits of Bonapartists and others. At twelve, breakfast; then to Versailles, to spend the day in the Assembly. After dinner he plays *bisquit*, and chats with the visitors who crowd his parlors. At ten, to bed. This is the daily routine of the champion and chief representative of the Second Empire.

## Telegraph.

At length the telegraph has been successfully introduced into the main portion of the Chinese empire by the Great Northern Telegraphic Company. A line has been established between Shanghai and Woosung. Twenty words are sent for a dollar. Hitherto the Chinese people have been violently opposed to the introduction of the telegraph, and have cut the wires and destroyed the poles; but they are becoming more reconciled to the progress of scientific improvements in their midst.

## Singular.

A philosopher seems anxious about the fulfilment of a great social omission, for he has recently written—"It is among the curious things connected with princes that they do not commit suicide. In the whole range of modern history, commencing, say, from the year 1600, no prince has selected that mode of exit from the world, and we scarcely remember, in all the memoirs, secret histories, and books of anecdote, one of whom suicide might not have been predicted as a method of getting rid of a weary life."

## Territorial Statistics.

The British Empire now possesses 7,760,449 square miles of territory. The United Kingdom, 121,608 square miles; the Colonies, 6,888,021; India and Ceylon, 962,820. There are 38 persons to a square mile in the Empire; 260 in the United Kingdom, 201 in India, and 1.41 in the Colonies. In some parts of India the density of population more than equals that of England. The Queen rules over 234,762,593 souls; her people dwell in 44,142,651 houses; and the area of the lands they inhabit is not less than 7,769,449 square miles.

## Detectives.

Mr. "Macaulay," the clever New York correspondent of the *Bochester Democrat and Chronicle*, says that most of the detectives of New York not only know the thieves, but are on good terms with them. One of the best detectives in New York is said to know 1800 thieves and bad characters. The detectives do not follow up any moderate robbery! it must be a large one to secure their attention. When traced, they usually recommend the victims to compromise, and the rewards and emoluments go to the thieves and detectives together, and in fat proportions. Such, at least, is the common belief.

## Cool.

A few weeks ago, at a theatre in the provinces, a young actor who was playing the part of an old porter had his false bald crown mischievously pulled off at the moment of his appearing before the foot-lights. After a moment of quickly repressed astonishment at the sight of his thick black locks, his fellow-actor on the stage said, with the utmost *sang-froid*, "I did not call you, my good fellow; I called your father. Tell him I want him directly." And a few seconds afterwards the young man, with his proper head-gear, re-appeared before the public, who had not discovered any thing amiss.

## Change.

Five years ago a gentleman in Portland scratched his name on a nickel cent and sent it on its travels. Eighteen months after, this came into the possession of a Lowell acquaintance, who marked his name upon it. Two years after it left the pocket of the Lowell man it turned up in Pennsylvania, and came into the hands of a former chum of the Portlander. Recognizing the name, he inscribed his also on the coin. Last week the man who started the cent on its travels was making a purchase at Lowell, when the identical nickel which left his pocket five years ago was handed to him in change.

## Annotating.

A singular action has just been tried in Lanarkshire. Mr. Page Hopps, a Unitarian minister of Glasgow, some time since published a book, "The Life of Jesus, re-written for Young

Disciples." Mr. Long, a Trinitarian missionary, took this work, and adding notes and criticism here and there, republished it at half the original price, and when charged with piracy pleaded that as a blasphemous and heretical book it was not protected by law. Sheriff Buntine has, however, decided that though the doctrine of the Divinity of Our Lord is statute law, yet it is open to decent criticism. A perpetual interdict has been granted against Mr. Long, and he will have to pay the costs.

#### Not to be Caught.

A coloured man once applied at one of the Boston savings banks where he had a deposit, and whence he wished to draw a dollar. The polite clerk informed him that the iron rule of the institution forbade the withdrawal of a less sum than three dollars. Sambo meditated for a few minutes, and then said, "Sar, I'll take the free dollars." The three dollars were paid to him, when he at once added, "Now, sar, if you please, sar, I'll 'post two dollars in de institution." The amount was duly received and credited to his account, when, with his one dollar in his pocket, he gave the clerk a sly wink, and walked away whistling "Catch a weasel asleep."

#### Prices of Autographs.

At a recent sale of autographs in London a love-letter of David Garrick's brought £7 10s., a page of correspondence in the handwriting of Erasmus realized £16 10s., and a humorous note from Burns was sold for £13. A four-page musical manuscript of Bach was sold for £16, and a letter of Beethoven for £11 10s. A higher price—£22 10s.—was realized for one of Goethe's letters. Hogarth's letter accepting the membership of the Augsburg Academy brought £18 10s.; one of Mozart, £16 10s.; one of Rubens, £15 15s.; and a Tasso, £18 10s. The highest price was that given for a letter from Goldsmith to Sir Joshua Reynolds describing his miseries on the Continent—£37 10s.

#### En Rat.

An ingenious individual of Liskeard, Cornwall, has for some time past been exhibiting himself in a dress composed from top to toe of rat skins, which he has been collecting for three years and a half. The dress was made entirely by himself; it consists of hat, neckerchief, coat, waistcoat, trousers, tippet, gaiters, and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suite was six hundred and seventy; and the individual, when thus dressed, appears exactly like one of the Esquimaux described in the travels of Parry and Ross. The tippet or boa is composed of the pieces of skin immediately around the tail of the rats, and is a very curious part of the dress, containing about six hundred tails and those none of the shortest.

#### A Spitzbergen "Cold Snap."

Says a writer: "No description can give an adequate idea of the intense rigour of the six months' winter in Spitzbergen. Stones crack with the noise of thunder; in a crowded hut the breath of the occupants will fall in flakes of snow; wine and spirits turn to ice; the snow burns like caustic; if iron touches the skin it brings the flesh away with it; the soles of your stockings may be burned off your feet before you feel the slightest warmth from the fire; linen taken out of boiling water instantly stiffens to the consistency of a wooden board; and heated stones will not prevent the sheets of the bed from freezing. If these are the effects of a climate within an airtight, fire-warmed, crowded hut, what must they be among the dark, storm-lashed mountain peaks outside?"

#### A Feather's Weight.

They suffer in Cedar Rapids even, it appears. Here is a wall of indignation: "The man who can sit patiently in the opera house and be satisfied with the view of the stage he gets through a three-story feather in a tall girl's hat is fit to be transported to a better world than this. But even such a man loses some of his patience when a regulation dry goods clerk, with his hair parted by a civil engineer, sits beside the girl and engages in conversation with her. Then the feather waves gracefully before his eyes as she bends her head to listen to his remarks on the weather, and a confused blending of feather, high hat, back hair, and the actors on the stage drives the observer to distraction. Those long white feathers are very nice indeed; in fact, they are fine; but we earnestly assert that they ought not to take the place of a drop-curtain in the opera house."

A correspondent relates the following story of a coachman who had evidently never puzzled his head with chronology, or any other kind of ology: "A friend of mine was riding a few years ago on the outside of a North Devon coach, from Barnstaple to Ilfracombe, when the driver said to him, 'I've had a coin giv' me to-day two hundred years old. Did you ever see a coin two hundred years old?' 'Oh, yes! I have one myself two thousand years old.' 'Ah,' said the driver, 'have ye?' and spoke no more during the rest of the journey. When the coach arrived at its destination, the driver came up to my friend with an intensely self-satisfied air, and said, 'I told you, as we druv' along, I had a coin two hundred years old.' 'Yes.' 'And you said to me as you had one two thousand years old.' 'Yes, so I have.' 'Now it's a lie.' 'What do you mean by that?' 'What do I mean? Why it's only 1867 now!'"

#### Parental Prince and Princess.

A London correspondent, in speaking of the rejoicings which followed the arrival of the Duchess of Edinburgh in England, says: "The Prince and Princess of Wales were at Windsor taking part in the extraordinary festivities of the week. Everybody but themselves seemed to have forgotten that last Wednesday was the anniversary of their marriage, and people could not understand why they suddenly left Windsor that day and came up to town. The next day it was known that they and all their children had spent the evening at the circus, where they absolutely sat out the entire performance. Said Alexandra to Edward: 'My dear, do you know that this is our wedding day?' Said Edward to Alexandra: 'So it is, my love, let us run up to town and give the children a treat.' And up to town they went, and gave the children their treat, and then back again the next day to take their places in the ceremonials there. It may seem like a small matter, but it was a pretty incident, and has appealed to every father's and mother's heart."

#### The French Editor.

The French editor does not produce more than half as much work as his American fellow, and he receives more pay. When the French writer makes two articles in a week, each of about fifteen hundred words, he has performed what is considered fair work; and he receives for this a salary of twenty thousand francs a year, or about seventy-five dollars per week in gold. In New York, the highest grade of salaries in

the offices of the best papers, as a rule, does not exceed seventy-five dollars in currency, and the writer does double the work of the French journalist. Besides, the work of the American is done under unfavorable circumstances—at night, in haste, based on the latest news by telegraph; while that of the Frenchman is done leisurely in daylight, for the latest news feature, which is considered of such importance in America, is not required here. There are instances where higher salaries are paid, as in that of Edmond About, attached to the *XIXe Siècle*, who receives thirty thousand francs a year. Several writers are paid from twenty-five to twenty-eight thousand, and with such compensation they do not stand so far behind men in other professions as journalists do in America; for the professional man outside of journalism is not as well paid in France as in our country, where the leading lawyers and doctors make forty or fifty thousand dollars a year.

#### Crab.

In view of its supposed restriction to North America, much astonishment was excited some time since by the discovery on the coast of Holland of specimens of the American horse-foot or king crab. More recently, however, the problem has been solved by a communication in the *Zoologist* by Mr. W. A. Lloyd, who remarks that in 1860 numbers of these crabs were imported alive into Hamburg, and sold about the streets, and that many were purchased and kept in aquaria and elsewhere. On one occasion, a few years later, a large number were shipped from New York to Hamburg, and the market glutted thereby. With much tender-heartedness, Mr. Lloyd, who was then director of the great aquarium of Hamburg, in preference to allowing this great number to die, took occasion to have them thrown into the sea off the island of Heligoland, this taking place in August, 1866. Whether the animals captured are those originally introduced in this summary manner, or their descendants, is not known, but there is no good reason why the species may not hold its own in these seas, and in time become as abundant as they are on the American coast.

#### The First Boats vs. Sunday School.

The *Galena (Ill.) Gazette* relates the following incident: "As the Gate City pulled up to the landing in this city on Sunday afternoon the superintendent of a certain Sabbath-school was wending his way in the direction of the church. Casting his eye along the wharf he discovered a large crowd of men and boys, and sighed in his heart at the thought that several of his flock might be there, having been attracted by the arrival of the first boat of the season. On reaching the Sabbath-school, however, he was delighted to see both teachers and scholars in their accustomed seats, whereupon he acquitted himself of a congratulatory speech, announcing that he was proud to say that not even the first boat of the season had drawn away a single one of his flock. In the twinkling of an eye there was a general stampede for the door, and when that Sunday-school superintendent arose from the floor, where he had been violently thrown by the retreating mass, and had collected his thoughts sufficiently to determine in his own mind whether he was himself or some one else, he cast his eyes about the room and, through the partially settled dust, he made the sad discovery that he was alone with several rows of empty benches. His scholars had remained in blissful ignorance of the news until he had given them the cue."

#### Restrictions on the Belgic Light Fantastic Too.

The clergy of the parish of Berchem, in Belgium, have, it appears, a conscientious objection to dancing. This is, unluckily, not confined to satirical action on their own part, but extends to the enjoyment of the pastime by others. Accordingly, one evening, a public ball being in progress, the priests resolved to make a stand against the objectionable practice, and enlisted the communal authorities on their side, as the Belgian clergy are, under the present régime, too frequently permitted to do. As early as 11 p. m. the ball-room was invaded by the whole *posse comitatus*, the names, surnames, addresses, and professions of those present taken down, and the guests ordered to retire. These, however, sturdily refused to move unless expelled by bayonets. These weapons not being forthcoming the police officers withdrew, having drawn up a report of the proceedings, and the fiddles again began to play. At midnight, however, the whole force returned, desired the company to withdraw, revised the report, and retired. The fiddles went on again. At one o'clock, again at two, the same imposing array reappeared, with the same result; but before three o'clock the police authorities and the dancers, like duellists, declared themselves satisfied, and the matter stands over for decision before a competent tribunal.

#### Oriental.

A Hindustani Ode has been addressed to the daughter of Lord Northbrook by a gentleman whom the *Calcutta Englishman* calls the "Irrepressible Poet Laureate" of that town. Here is a translation—"But," says the *Englishman*, "The English language has no words in which we can express the extraordinary beauty of this poem."—

The renowned Hon'ble Miss Barlog has obtained much delight by her tour.

All of us ever pray to Almighty God for her health and well-fare.

She is adorned with the ornament of learning, and her conversation graceful.

And this is the beauty of the flower of nobility, its sweet fragrance fills the mind.

Her return here and the presence of His Lordship will enhance and ensure the prosperity of the City.

The Durbar and Entertainments at Government House will be characterized by elegance.

For His Lordship's continued happiness, we ever heartily pray. May this my humble tribute of respect be kindly accepted!

#### Dying as the Romans Die.

"Rome," says a correspondent, "is the dearest place in the world for a foreigner to die in. From the moment the breath is out of the body until the final disposition of the remains, a system of extortion prevails. The landlord will most likely lay in a claim for heavy damages. He will insist on being paid the cost of a new set of furniture, carpets, wall-paper, bed and bed-clothes, &c., and for the rent of the apartments for several weeks, during which they are undergoing fumigation, disinfection, and refurbishing. The municipal law gives them such indemnities in case of death occurring from infectious diseases, such as small-pox, scarlatina, and typhus fever, but they call pretty much all kinds of sickness which produces death 'infectious,' and insist on their exorbitant demands being paid—enforcing them by vexatious litigation, seizures of the effects of the deceased, and abuse of the relatives. After the landlords are settled with, the rapacious bills of the undertakers are next in order. The embalmer requires

about 1,200 or 1,500 francs for his fee. The corporation of the city presents a bill; the clergyman who drones over some printed prayers expects a gratuity of several guineas; and sundry and divers other people expect fees for doing what it is difficult to comprehend. The best advice that can be given to the traveller is not to die in Rome if he or she can avoid it, but to select some other town, and the one nearest your American home is to be the most preferred."

#### "Under Simon Jennings."

Among the scholars when Lamb and Coleridge attended the Blue-coat School was a poor clergyman's son, by the name of Simon Jennings. On account of his dismal and gloomy nature his playmates had nicknamed him Pontius Pilate. One morning he went up to the master, Dr. Boyer, and said, in his usual whimpering manner, "Please, Dr. Boyer, the boys call me Pontius Pilate." If there was one thing which old Boyer hated more than a false quantity in Greek or Latin it was the practice of nicknaming. Rushing down among the scholars from his pedestal of state, with cane in hand, he cried, with his usual voice of thunder, "Listen, boys; the next time I hear any of you say 'Pontius Pilate' I'll cane you as long as this cane will last. You are to say 'Simon Jennings,' and not 'Pontius Pilate.' Remember that, if you value your hides." Having said this, Jupiter Tonans remounted Olympus, the clouds still hanging on his brow. Next day, when the same class were reciting the catechism, a boy of a remarkably dull and literal turn of mind had to repeat the creed. He got as "suffered under," and was about popping out the next word, when Boyer's prohibition unluckily flashed across his obtuse mind. After a moment's hesitation he blurted out, "Suffered under Simon Jennings, cruci—" The rest of the word was never uttered, for Boyer had already sprung like a tiger upon him, and the cane was descending upon his unfortunate shoulders like a Norwegian hail-storm or an Alpine avalanche.

#### The Neglected Hand.

The *Scientific American* asks: "Why should not a child be taught to write and draw with both hands? The very natural echo is, 'Why?' The human body can be educated to do almost anything. Men have written with their toes and done all sorts of wonderful things with their teeth; and yet since the creation of man that intelligent animal seems to have regarded the left hand as a sort of tender to the right. In fact, the left hand is the latest member of the human body. When the right is scribbling away for bare life the left looks on placidly; keeps down the paper with its fingers and shows its rings. In truth the only things in which it seems to excel, except when occasionally helping its big brother in an indifferent sort of way, consist in hitting from the shoulder in a prize-fight, and in using a fork to advantage. The left hand is always too pretty to do any work. Ladies show off its lines of beauty while delicately resting their lovely chins upon its fingers. Let a poor fellow have his right hand shot away, and then just see what the left can do! In a wonderfully short space of time it can button a coat, write a letter, and do things which, in its palmy days, it never dreamt of. By all means educate the left hand, and if it will not work make it. There is nothing in the world to hinder a man writing two letters at once, like Ristori in "Queen Elizabeth," and keeping up an animated conversation with his unruly member at the same time. The left hand was given to man to do its share in the business of life, just as much as its twin brother in boots. At present it is a kind of a loafer, doing the gentle pressure business in love affairs, and having all the fun. We are down on left hands, and strongly recommend that they be put to school."

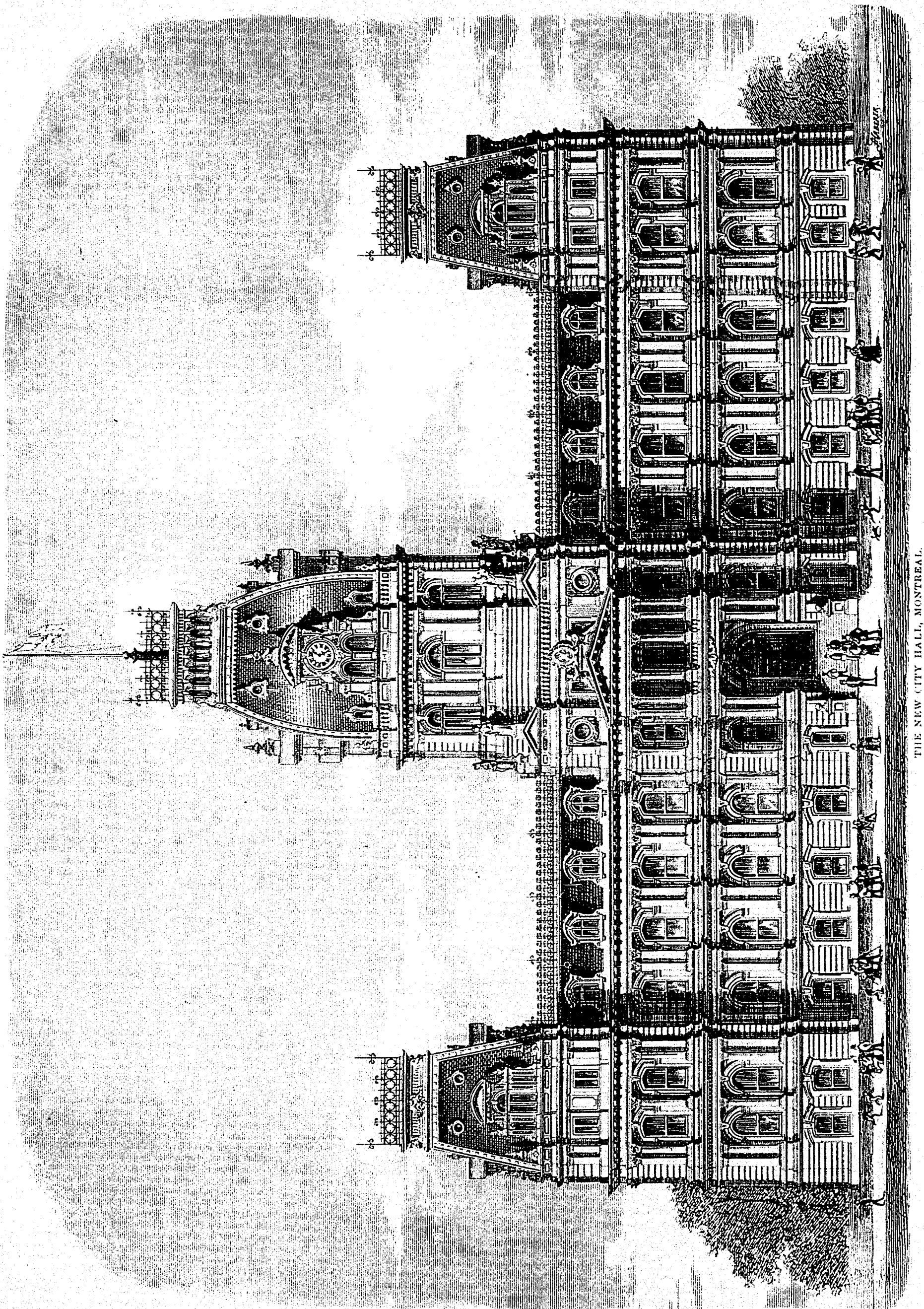
#### The Power of Music.

Snooks had occasion to call on the Reverend Dominic Thomas Campbell while he was at Glasgow. "Is the dominie in?" he inquired of a portly dame who opened the door. "He's at home, but he's no in," replied the lady. "He's in the yard, superintendin' Sauners, the carpenter. Ye' can see him the noo if you business is vera precise." Snooks assented, and walked through the door pointed out to him into the yard, where he beheld a carpenter briskly planing away to the air of "Maggie Lauder," and the worthy dominie standing by. Unwilling to intrude on their conversation, Snooks stepped, unseen, behind a water-cask, and heard, "Sauners!" No answer from the carpenter. "Sauners, I say! Can ye no hear me?" "Yes, minister, I hear ye. What's you will?" "Can ye no whistle some mair solem and godly tune while ye're at your work?" "A-weel, minister, if it be your will, I'll e'en do it." Upon which he changed the air to the "Dead March" in Saul, greatly to the hindrance of what was now painful planing. The dominie looked on for some minutes in silence, and then said, "Sauners, I hae anither word to say till ye. Did the gudewife hire ye by the day's darg or by the job?" "The day's darg was our agreeing, maister." "Then, on the whole, Sauners, I think ye may just as weel gae back to whistling bonnie 'Maggie Lauder.'"

#### Diamond Parures in New York.

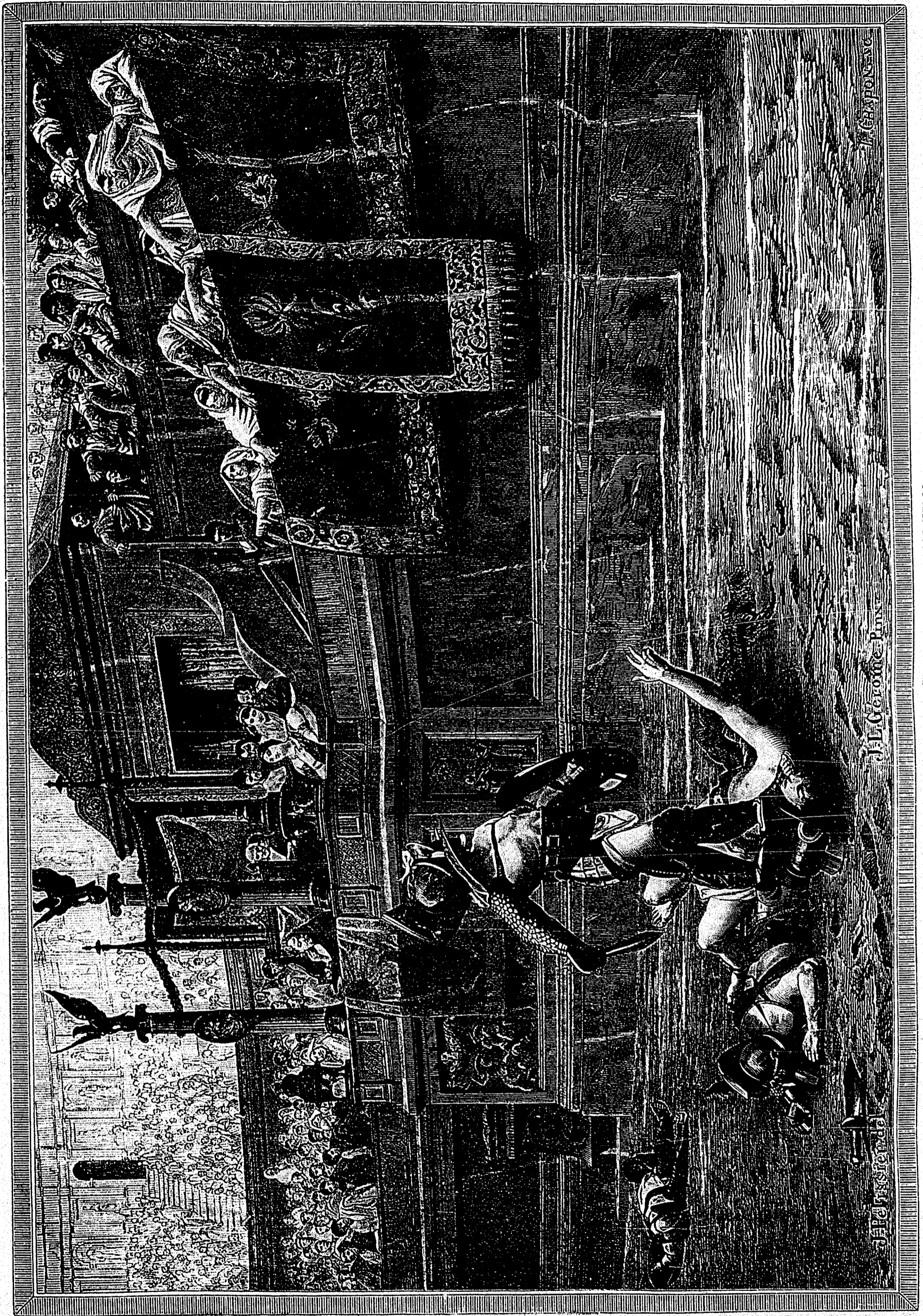
Concerning diamonds and the value of precious gems that may on occasion be seen at parties in New York, it is said that at an entertainment given recently by Mrs. Astor, at her residence on Fifth Avenue, she was radiant with jewels. "On each of her shoulders were four stars, the size of silver half dollars, made of diamonds. Her hair was set very thickly with diamonds, and her head seemed aflame with them. There was a diamond bandeau upon her brow. She had diamond ear-rings, and a diamond necklace of magnificent proportions. Upon the two sides of her chest were two circles of diamonds about the size of the palm of the hand. From them depended lines and curves of diamonds reaching to the waist, round which she wore a diamond girdle. On the skirts of her dress in front were two large peacocks wrought of lines of diamonds. There were rosettes of diamonds on her slippers. There were diamonds, large or small, but in every variety of form, all over her dress and person wherever they could be artistically placed. She presented an extraordinary and dazzling spectacle as she moved languidly through the dance among her friends. One of the ladies present, a connoisseur in precious stones, who kept cool enough to take practical observation, says the diamonds she wore could not have cost less than a million dollars, and must have represented her husband's income for at least a quarter of a year. This same lady, who is familiar with court life in Europe, says the largest collection of diamonds in possession of any European empress or queen belongs to the present German Empress, but she adds that even Augusta herself could not make a diamond show which would begin to compare with that made by Mrs. Astor."





THE NEW CITY HALL, MONTREAL.





J. Chapman sculp.

J. H. Colton Pinx.

J. H. Colton Pinx.

A ROMAN HOLIDAY.—THE VERDICT.—POLICE VERSO.



## THE CONVICT'S RETURN.

"Will you ask whether Mr. Graham will see a stranger?" The clerk spoken to nodded, arose and went into an inner office.

The stranger remained leaning against the desk, his hand trifling with the little door that shut outsiders from the sanctum within.

He was a tall, fair man of thirty, with close-cropped hair and beard.

"Mr. Graham will see you, sir," said the clerk, returning and opening the little railed door. "In there—the office to the right."

The stranger passed into the room indicated, and closed the door behind him; then standing with his back against it, he fumbled with his hat in the same odd manner in which he had handled it in the outer office, and instead of speaking, looked at the gentleman behind the desk with eyes that had a measureless appeal in them.

The other did not rise from his chair, nor hold out his hand, nor even speak for some moments; each looked at the other, that was all.

But it was the elder who broke the spell at last.

"So," he said, "it is you, James?"

"Yes, it is I," said the other, "haven't you a word for me, William?"

"I have a good many words that you might not like to hear," said William Graham. "I really can't say I am glad to see you."

"I don't expect anyone to be glad," said the other. "I know I've disgraced the family, but I've been punished for it. Fifteen years, William—think of that—fifteen years of prison life, and prison fare, and prison friends! I'd have given my soul to undo what I did, even before it was found out; and I never meant to keep the money."

"We know the story," said the merchant. "You were in a position of confidence; you betrayed it. It's the old affair. I've had it happen in my own office."

"I can't feel any sentimental pity for a fellow like you. What brings you here, James?"

Shifting his hat from hand to hand, looking from under his eyebrows in an abject fashion, pitiable to contemplate when one saw in what a gentlemanly mould he had been cast, James Graham answered—

"I was twenty when I went to prison. I'm five-and-thirty now. The outside world has been a blank to me for all these years. I want work. I want you to give it to me—any honest work, William. I'm a good bookkeeper, but I'll be a porter—anything."

"Oh, no; not anything here," said the elder. "You are no brother of mine; I cast you off when you became a felon. For the sake of the poor woman who called you 'son,' I'll give you some money—enough to live on for a week or two; I will never give you more—don't expect it. I will have you sent away if you come here again."

The prison taint was so strong upon the other man that his pride was not aroused yet.

He fumbled with his hat, ground himself against the door, looked abjectly from under his eyebrows again, and asked—

"How is sister Jessie?"

"Well," said the merchant

"Can you tell me where she lives?" asked his brother.

"No," said the merchant; "Jessie is married, and has tried to forget the terrible grief you gave her. You are the last person a respectable brother-in-law would care to see."

"I'll ask you one more question," said James, in a faltering voice; "Ada Musgrove—what has become of her? Is she living? Is she married?"

"I have no information for you," said the merchant, harshly. "Here are ten pounds. If you are careful, you will get work before it is gone. Take it and go, and don't come back again."

He flung the money down upon the table, but there was a spark of manhood in his brother's breast even yet.

He could not take a gift so proffered.

Suddenly the abject look upon his face changed to one of wrath and hate.

Glaring at his brother, he threw the note that lay before him in his face.

"Curse you, keep your money!" he said. "I don't want it. I don't want anything from you or anyone. I came for help, it is true; for help to be an honest man."

"I've been among the outcast of the world so long that I've lost all kinship with you decent folk; but I thought a brother might hold out a hand to draw me back. You refused it. Money! Why, look at these hands, these shoulders—look at me! I can earn money somehow. And, by Heaven! if this is all your respectability and Christianity amounts to, I don't care if I see no more of it. There are plenty to welcome me, and you have driven me to them. Remember that, son of my mother! You!"

He thrust his hat upon his head, and dashed out of the room.

One dark night, a few weeks later, James Graham, in full fellowship with a gang of burglars, was receiving instructions from a companion how to enter and conceal himself in a house marked for robbery.

The lesson was given in front of the doomed house itself, and after his companion had left him Graham muttered—

"Yes, I belong to the fraternity now. I am here to rob this house. My brother—I wonder what my poor mother would say if she could see me now? If she knew—"

He stopped himself, and in a moment more had mounted to the window indicated by his comrade, and, finding that it opened easily, had clambered in.

Guiding himself by his lantern's light, he looked for a place of concealment.

It soon presented itself.

A long wardrobe, with a door at either end.

In this, behind a very curtain of suspended garments, he hid himself.

He heard, after a while, a baby cry, and, in a minute more, a step, and a ray of light glanced through the keyhole at one end of the wardrobe.

"Ada," cried a lady's voice, "come here! Baby is wide awake."

Then another rustle, another step, and there were two women very near him; so near that he could almost hear them breathe.

"I'm so glad you came to-day, Ada," said the other, "when

I was all alone. Charles was called away so unexpectedly this morning. I declare the thought of that accident makes me ill, and I am nervous all alone in the house at night, dear; besides, being always glad to see you, I am so thankful to have you to-night."

"I am never nervous, Jessie," said the other. "I'm as good as a man about the house, mamma says. I've hunted imaginary burglars with a poker many a night. Mamma is always imagining burglars, dear soul."

"Don't speak of them," said the matron, who was evidently quieting her child as only a mother can. "This house would be more of a temptation to them to-night than it has ever been before since we lived here. There are ten thousand pounds in that safe, Ada. Charlie hadn't time to deposit it. They telegraphed that Mr. Bird might be dying."

As she made this confession, the man concealed so near her listened with his very heart in his ears.

But it was not to the statement so well calculated to rejoice a burglar's heart.

That was forgotten.

He heard only the voices and the names these two women called each other by.

Ada.

That had been the name of the girl he loved.

Jessie.

That was his sister's name.

After all, what was it to him?

Like his brother, the latter had cast him off, of course, and no doubt Ada only remembered him with horror.

Still, how like the voices were.

Could it be?

He knelt down with his eye to the keyhole, but he could only see part of a woman's figure swaying to and fro, as she rocked her infant on her bosom.

"Dear little fellow!" said the voice of the other woman.

"How sweet babies are."

She came forward now and knelt down, and he saw her profile.

It was Ada Musgrove—older, for he had left her a girl of sixteen, and found her a woman of thirty, but handsomer than ever.

"You love children so, that I wonder you don't marry," said the matron; and now James Graham knew that it was his sister who spoke.

"I know William wants you to have him. He always has loved you. And, Ada, he can give you all that makes life happy."

James Graham's cheeks flushed in the darkness.

He hated the world more than ever now.

He hated his kinsfolk—this cruel brother and sister of his most of all.

"He cannot give me the one thing necessary for wedded happiness—love for him," said Ada. "No, Jessie; I have never said this to you before, but I must say it now. I loved poor James too well ever to love any other man while I know he lives."

"Ah, Ada," cried Jessie, stooping over her, "it is a comfort to me to know you still remember my poor brother. I thought I was the only living being who still loved him."

And then James Graham, listening on the other side of the door, heard these two women weeping together, and for him.

"Yes, Ada," said his sister, "and though poor James is so sadly disgraced, still when he returns I will be glad to see him, and this shall be his home if he will, and my good husband will help him to win back the place among good men that he lost so long ago. When he is free again, I trust he will come straight to us. He will be free very soon, Ada."

The man who had stolen into that house to rob it, could bear no more; his heart was softened.

He crept away, and finding his way to the window by which he had entered, he departed as he had come, vowing to lead an honest life.

With these thoughts in his mind, he stood on the ground, and remembered, with a pang, who would arrive soon, and what their errand would be. He felt in his bosom for his pistol.

He would not use it until the last.

But he must stand between these women and all harm.

He knew well enough the unforgiving ferocity of those with whom he had to deal, and he muttered a little prayer for aid as he heard soft footsteps approaching.

"He is opening his eyes," said a voice.

James Graham heard it, and wondered what had happened, and why he could not turn himself, and who spoke.

Then came a remembrance of a quarrel, a conflict, and the report of a pistol.

He knew all now.

His fellow burglars had shot him, and left him for dead.

But where was he now?

"Ada, dear," said the voice again. "I think he is opening his eyes."

Then they did open, and James Graham saw two women bending over him.

"James," said one, "do you know sister Jessie?"

The other only burst into tears.

"Yes; I know you both," said he faintly. "How did I come here? I am so full of wonder. How did you know me?"

"We found you wounded—dead, we thought, at our gate," said Jessie. "It was Ada knew you first."

"Dear Jessie!" he said, "dear Ada!"

"We don't know how it happened," she said. "When you are better you must tell us. Only we have you back, and you shall never go away again; never."

He knew he never should.

He knew that in a little while he should neither see their faces nor hear their voices, but he was very happy.

"They have been terrible years," he said, "terrible years! All that while I have never heard from you, but I have you now. Come closer; I can't see you very well. There's a mist before my eyes. I want Jessie to kiss me."

The sister flung her arms about his neck, and kissed him over and over again.

Then he turned to Ada Musgrove.

"If I were going to live, I should not ask it," he said, "but you used to kiss me long ago, Ada. Will you kiss me now, my dear, just once more?"

She took him in her arms.

"God is very merciful," he said, "more merciful than man. Perhaps we shall meet again, darling."

These were the last words he ever uttered.

## A DRAMATIC SCENE.

Mrs. Scott Siddons tells of herself the following remarkable circumstance:

"One winter night, a friend of Tom's (her husband—an officer in his regiment—came up to our house to spend the night with us. During the evening, the conversation turned upon dramatic subjects, when Tom's friend began to dispute with him about the reading of some lines in 'Macbeth,' which he had heard rendered a few nights before, as he claimed, without sense or meaning. To defend his interpretation of the lines, he went to the library, and, taking down a copy of Shakespeare, began to read the play. He was a fine natural reader, and, in his earnestness to convince Tom, read with considerable effect.

"I shall never forget that scene," said Mrs. Siddons, with great animation. "I was sitting at the table sewing. Tom was in a chair before the grate, his back to me, and his friend sat facing us. He read the play from the beginning, connecting the parts omitted with some remarks tending to show the unity of his interpretation of the character of *Lady Macbeth*. When he approached the climax of the 'Sleep-Walking Scene' he rose and with great animation declaimed the lines. The effect upon me was like a nervous shock. A cold tremor seized upon me. Although I had never before felt so strong, my body trembled with agitation. I feared, if I remained longer, that the feeling of ecstasy would overpower me, and I should burst into tears. My nervous sensibility had undoubtedly been made more keen by a severe sickness from which I had hardly recovered, and afraid that my agitation would be noticed, I stole to my chamber, where, standing in the middle of the room, my brain on fire with the long pent-up desire to represent to others the power I felt stirring my soul, my mind exalted by the conception I had of the woe which drove *Lady Macbeth* forth from her bed at midnight, I began to feel I myself was *Lady Macbeth*. I was seized, almost agonized, with an inexpressible dread—a kind of nightmare horror—and felt that I could only exercise the terrible spirit which had seized upon me by retiring to the library and driving it forth in their presence. I dreaded to stay longer alone, yet was fascinated by my ideal, and with the almost insane desire to appear to my husband as *Lady Macbeth*, I quickly bound up my face with a handkerchief, threw about my body a white wrapper, and taking my wax candle, started for the door. In the mirror, as I passed, I caught the first sight of my face—pallid with fear, and drawn into an expression of woe unutterable. My eyes, made large by recent sickness, seemed fixed with a strong stare that so frightened me that I dropped my candlestick from my hand, and was alone in the dark. I ran out into the hall down the stairs, and paused at the library door only for a moment.

"Remember," said Mrs. Siddons, "I had never before studied 'Macbeth,' and knew nothing of the lines. I only felt I was *Lady Macbeth*. So inspired was I by the conception caught during the reading of the scene that I felt myself able to render it in pantomime.

"Swinging back the door," she continued, "I glided into the room and stood for a moment so absorbed by my conception that I forgot to act. I must have looked like a grave-risen person with my white wrapper, my chin tied up with a handkerchief, and my wide-open eyes staring out of my pallid face. Tom's friend, who sat facing the door, sprang to his feet in great consternation, and wheeled his chair in front of him. My husband, seeing his excitement, turned, and catching a glimpse of my face, exclaimed, 'Oh! my God! she has gone mad!'

"This broke the charm," said Mrs. Siddons, "and the nervous strain had been so great that Tom had barely time to save me from falling on the floor as I fell fainting in a chair. Do you wonder now that I always feel a kind of dread when I attempt to render the 'Sleep-Walking Scene?'" said Mrs. Siddons, with a laugh.

"But did this incident determine you to appear at once on the stage?" asked I.

"I began immediately after I recovered my health to study 'Macbeth,'" she answered, "and soon after determined to appear on the stage."

## A ROYAL LIBRETTIST.

M. Legouvé, who has just been lecturing in Paris on Scribe, reveals that Louis Philippe wrote *libretti* for operas:—In 1850 Scribe had composed an opera on Shakespeare's "Tempest." The English desired that it should be played in their country, and the author went over to London to bring it out. Immediately on his arrival he paid a visit to his Majesty Louis Philippe. Scribe had never been a Republican, and had been too well received at the Tuileries not to make a pilgrimage to Claremont. Louis Philippe, according to the account of those who knew him, was one of the most agreeable talkers of his day. He gracefully turned the conversation on the "Tempest," and all at once said, in a tone half laughing and half serious, "Do you know, Monsieur Scribe, that I have the honour to be a colleague of yours?" "You, sire?" "Yes, indeed. You came to London about an opera; well, I also, in my younger days, wrote one, and I assure you it was not bad." "I believe it, sire. You have accomplished more difficult things than that." "More difficult for you, perhaps, but not for me. I took for subject the Cavaliers and Roundheads." "A fine theme," replied the author of the "Huguenots." "Well, shall I read it to you? I have lately come across my manuscript by accident. I am curious to know your opinion of it." "I am at your orders, sire." And the King, with his excellent delivery, commenced the first act. Scribe listened at first respectfully, silently, with all the attention he would have paid to a speech from the throne, but gradually, as the piece advanced, his nature of dramatic author getting the mastery, he absolutely forgot the sovereign, and saw only the plan of an opera, and, stopping the reader at a defective passage, exclaimed, "Oh, that is impossible!" "How impossible?" replied the monarch, somewhat piqued. "Why? Because, first of all, it is improbable, and what is worse, uninteresting." "Not interesting—not interesting! My dear Monsieur Scribe. Excuse me." But that was enough—Scribe was excited, the parts were inverted, and the author was now the master. "Do you know what is necessary there, sire? A love scene—politics are very good in a council of ministers, but in an opera the tender passion is required." "Well, we will introduce some love," said Louis Philippe, laughing. And both set to work proposing, debating, until the clock reminded the author that he was expected in London. "Already?" said the King to him. "Oh, wait an instant. I shall not let

you go unless you promise to come again to-morrow and lunch with me. Our opera is not finished. Till to-morrow?" "To-morrow, sire." He returned, in fact, the next day; but on arriving whom should he find at the door of the King's cabinet? The Queen, who was waiting for him, and who, taking his hand with emotion, said, "Oh, welcome, Monsieur Scribe. For the first time since our exile the King dined yesterday with good appetite. During the whole evening he was gay, chatty; and this morning, on entering his room, I found him rubbing his forehead, like his ancestor, Henry IV., when embarrassed, and saying, in a low tone, 'That terrible Scribe! he thinks it easy.' And he smiled, Monsieur—he smiled. Come again—often. Come every day, as long as you are in England. Do you promise me?" He gave the required pledge, and kept his word, and during one whole week he went every morning to pour a little joy into that wounded heart—a little light in that sombre dwelling; and when he returned to France he brought back with him the finest recompense an author has ever received—the gratitude of an exile, the affection of a de-throned king, and the benediction of a saint.

DEEDS OF DARING.

Four young people, two of either sex, were enjoying an afternoon walk on the charming bluff nearest Main street, in Memphis, Tenn., a few days ago, when one of the ladies and her escort strayed away from the other pair, and were back in the city again before they realized the situation. It was in the neighborhood of Calvary Church that they came to a sense of their treason to their friends, and in rallying each other upon the possibly sentimental construction that might be placed upon their desertion, the lively cavalier "dared" the dame to enter the church and be married to him, and she promptly accepted the proposition. Both of them were people of good social position, the lady being a visitor to friends in Memphis, from Tuscaloosa, Ala., where her father had been an affluent and influential citizen before his death, and the gentleman a Tennessean of excellent family. They were intimate friends, too, so that the playful banter and its quick acceptance were not so rudely startling as they might otherwise have been.

True to their words, the pair actually entered the church, in which services were proceeding at the time, but the cavalier's heart failed him at that crisis, and he was compelled to whisper his recreancy to his more daring companion, and retire with her from the sanctuary under a keen fire of mock expostulation. The curious jest served as an inspiration for much further badinage until they had come to a place in Madison street where waited a milk-wagon, whereon appeared a name known to both, when the lady proposed that the milkman should be summoned from an adjoining store to greet his friends. No sooner proposed than done. The cavalier called the lacteal tradesman to the conference, and laughingly informed him of the recent little comedy at the church.

"Well," said the gallant young milkman, "if Miss Martin should 'dare' me in that way, I'd not back out."

"Then I do dare you," retorted the young woman.

"And I accept the challenge!" was his response.

Here, again, he explained that this milkman, too, was a familiar friend, and is in the milk-business as a manly alternative of the poverty forced upon his formerly rich and distinguished middle-Tennessean family by the bitter fortunes of the secession war. His name, too, is Martin, the same as the lady's; so that, once more, the story rises into a distinguished social atmosphere. Upon his acceptance of the challenge aforesaid he sent his wagon home by a messenger, and stepping into a hack with his two friends, proceeded to ride in search of a clergyman to perform the wedding-ceremony. At two rectories the reverend incumbents were from home, and still the lady was true to her proposal as he to his assent; but at the third—that of the Rev. George C. Harris—the rite was duly solemnized, and the belle of Tuscaloosa and the milkman of Memphis became wife and husband. It is a Memphis correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial who publishes the astonishing romance, and he describes the opening surprise and final congratulations of the former Miss Martin's friends, when bride and groom appeared at their house in the new relation, as something alternately incredulous and enthusiastic.

Music and the Drama.

Molière's "Georges Dandin" furnishes the theme for M. Gounod's new opera for the Paris Opéra Comique.

Italian Opera Bouffe is going to have a house to itself in Paris. A new theatre, entirely devoted to this style of entertainment, will shortly be built in the Champs Elysées, on the site of the Concert de l'Horloge.

Mdlle. de Belocca has been engaged by Mr. Gye, of Covent Garden Theatre, for the summer season. She will make her debut on April 14th, in "Il Barbiere," and afterwards perform in the "Cenerentola," "Sémiramide," and in the "Nozze di Figaro," as Cherubino.

Many of our actors have attained a good old age, Killigrew died at the age of 88; John Lowen, 83; Bowman (who died in 1739, but had several times performed before the second Charles) 88; Quin, 73; Mr. Garrick, 88; Mrs. Clive, 75; Beard, 74; Rich, 70; Betterton, 75; Quirk, 83; King, 76; Charles Dibdin (the naval song writer), 74; Murphy, 78; Barrymore, 71; Wycherley, 75; Southerton, 86; Moody, 85; Mrs. Bracegirdle, 85; Macklin, 107; Cibber, 86; Cumberland, 79; Hull, 76; Yates (the contemporary of Garrick, not he of the Adelphi), 89; Munden, 74; Chamberlain (a provincial actor), 86; Mrs. Abington, 84; Gentleman" Smith, 89; John Johnstone, 82; Pope, 73; Mrs. Hartley, 73; John Bannister, 76; Mrs. Bannister, 92; Fawcett, 72; Powell, 82; George Colman "the younger," 74; Gattie, 70; Mrs. J. Kemble, 88; Mrs. Sparks, 83; O'Keefe, 86; Wroughton, 74; Mrs. Glover, 70; Betterton (her father), 83; Elkanah Settle, 75; Madame Mara, 84; Mrs. Siddons, 76; Mrs. Mattocks, 81; Charles Abbott, 89; Mrs. Pitt, 79; Roger Kemble (the father of John and Charles), 82; Mrs. Wallack (the mother of James and Henry), 90; Blisset, 83; Branton, 82; Wewitzer, 76; Mrs. Daventport, 84; Miss Pope, 75; Thomas Dibdin, 70; Packer, 78; Byrne, 90; Phillip Astley (the founder of the Amphitheatre), 72; Saunders (the noted "showman," who is said to have fostered Edmund Kean and Andrew Ducrow), 90; Henry Johnston, 70; Miss Besford (for many seasons, at Covent Garden), 94; the benevolent Joanna Baillie, 89; Patrick Barrett (the father of the Irish stage), 88; Downton, 88; Mrs. Harlowe, 87; Charles Kemble, 79; Richard Jones, 73; Mrs. Edwin, 82; and Mrs. Ann Kelly, 103.

News of the Week.

UNITED STATES.—Gov. Washburne has been elected to fill Sumner's place.—The derelict steamship "L'Amérique," has been towed into port.—The announcement is made that the Tehuantepec Railroad Company have completed a contract for the construction and equipment of a railway from Minatitlan across the Isthmus to Santa Cruz, a distance of 145 miles, the work to be finished by August 1st, 1876.—Last week, Mr. Carpenter introduced a joint resolution in the Senate, declaring it the duty of the United States to recognize Cuba as one of the independent nations of the earth, and that the United States will observe strict neutrality between the contending parties.

UNITED KINGDOM.—The funeral of Dr. Livingstone took place on Saturday, in Westminster Abbey, and was attended by a great throng, including a full representation from the Royal Geographical Society. There was a special funeral service early in the day, and another was held by Dean Stanley on Sunday. The grave is in the centre of the west part of the nave of Westminster Abbey, near that of Stephenson, the celebrated engineer.—Dr. Kenealy has applied for a new trial for Orton, the Titchborne claimant, on the ground of Chief Justice Cockburn's misdirection to the jury, interference with the testimony, and that the verdict was contrary to the evidence. Application was refused as to Chief Justice Cockburn's conduct, but on the legal points, the Court reserved its decision.—A terrific gale raged last week in the English Channel, continuing during three days. Many ships, the names of which are unknown, have been wrecked and all on board lost.—Mr. Holker having accepted the new Solicitor-Generalship, has issued an address to the voters of Preston, asking for re-election. It is understood that Mr. Jacob Bright, will contest the election.—A lock-out of 15,000 miners is threatened in Cornwall.—The Queen has sent a message to the House of Commons recommending a grant of £25,000 to General Sir Garnet Wolseley.—In the House of Lords Earl Russell has given notice that on May 4th he should ask for copies of the correspondence of the British Government with the Governments of Germany, France, Russia and Austria relative to the maintenance of peace; also, that he should call for a copy of the instructions sent to Sir Ed. Thornton, Minister at Washington, in regard to the Oregon boundary question; and further, for an account of the compensation made by the United States for damages caused by the Fenian raid in Canada.

AUSTRIA.—Baron Schwarz Senborn, the newly appointed Austrian Ambassador to the United States, will leave for Washington in the latter part of May.

SPAIN.—After a suspension of hostilities in consequence of bad weather, active operations were resumed on Saturday before Bilbao. General Cuchon has assumed the command of one corps of Serrano's army.—The Carlist General Saballs and all his staff were recently captured by the Republican troops near Vich. Saballs with some of his officers subsequently escaped, and crossed the frontier into France.

SWITZERLAND.—The plebiscite taken on the revision of the Swiss Federal Constitution resulted in a majority of a hundred thousand in favor of the revision.

EGYPT.—The Porte has authorized the Khedive of Egypt to keep the Suez Canal in working order should M. De Lesseps persist in his refusal to abide by the decision of the International Commission.

INDIA.—Despatches from Calcutta state the condition of the famine in the afflicted districts is improving.

SOUTH AMERICA.—A rupture has occurred between the Argentine Republic and the Government at Montevideo, because President Sarmiento arbitrarily closed the river Uruguay against vessels from Oriental ports. It is hoped a settlement will be effected.—The sentence of the Bishop of Pernambuco has been commuted to simple imprisonment.—Garcia has again assumed the Presidency of Costa Rica, a conspiracy to overthrow him having failed.—An attempted revolution at Lima, Peru, was frustrated on the 16th ult., a Government Agent having discovered the plot. The plan of the conspirators was to seize the President and secure co-operation of the troops. The ring-leaders are now in irons.

Our Illustrations.

The scene we reproduce on our front page this week, over the title "SKETCHING AFTER NATURE" is from a picture by a French artist, who no doubt has himself after pursued his art in the forest at Versailles under the friendly criticism of venator and his dog.

THE CARLIST WAR furnishes us with subjects for a number of illustrations, which we supplement with a map which will be found extremely handy in following the operations of the contending forces. Our illustrations mainly refer to the engagement at the bridge of San Pedro de Somorostro where a column of Republican troops 5000 strong was surprised and utterly defeated by the Carlists, the former losing one fifth their number killed and numerous prisoners.

THE DEMONSTRATION at CHISLEHURST on the occasion of the Prince Imperial attaining his majority was fully described in the telegraphic despatches from London at the time. The illustration we reproduce from the Illustrated London News shows the Duc de Padoue reading the Address in the name of all the adherents of the Napoleonic dynasty.

A full description of the Montreal NEW CITY HALL will appear in our next issue.

Gerome's picture, to which we have given the title "A Roman Holiday," will be appreciated by all classical readers. It represents a scene in the amphitheatre—a contest of gladiators in presence of the Emperor. One of the contestants has overcome his opponent who appeals for his life to the audience, meeting with the significant reply of the downturned thumb, *pollice verso*.

The following are the references to the specimens of DRINKING CUPS in the South Kensington Museum, reproduced elsewhere:—

- A—Forsyth glass, Venetian; seventeenth century; doubtless identical with the English "yard-of-ale" glass. It is 37 in. long, and holds four fifths of a pint. In "Evelyn's Diary," Feb. 10, 1685, he notices that when James II. was proclaimed in the market-place of Bromley by the Sheriff of Kent the military officers drank the King's health in a flint glass a yard long.
- B—Silver beaker, English; hall-marked, 1664.
- C—Spanish glass; seventeenth century.
- D—Bronze Italian cup and cover, attributed to Cellini.
- E—A tyg (English). Tygs were generally bowl-shaped, and had from two to seven handles. Those exhibited will hold from half a pint to two quarts; the latter were well adapted for drinkers of large capacity.

- F—Scandinavian drinking-horn, contributed by the Royal Museum, Copenhagen.
- G—German glass goblet, 20 in. high, lent by Prince Christian. This is a very characteristic specimen of the old German glass manufacture. It was heavier than the Venetian in substance and more clumsy in form. A very usual design, as in the present case, is the Imperial eagle, bearing on its wings the arms of the States and cities comprised in the German Empire. It is dated 1616.
- H—Dutch drinking-glass, with cover: eighteenth century.
- I—French drinking-vessel, stoneware: sixteenth century.
- J—Venetian beaker glass, 13½ in. high, of blackish tint, with square bosses; sixteenth century.
- K—Peg tankard, from Glastonbury Abbey. It is of oak, varnished, and will hold exactly two quarts of ale. Inside there were originally eight pegs, which divided the contained liquor into equal quantities of half a pint each; but some of the pegs, have dropped out. King Edgar (who was buried in Glastonbury Abbey, in 975), to restrain the habits of drunkenness brought over by the Danes, caused pegs to be fixed in drinking-cups. Those who drank below their proper marks were punished. The probable age of this tankard is about the tenth or eleventh century, judging from the forms of the letters and some *wortung* peculiarities in the dresses of the Apostles. In speaking of a person in high spirits, we say he is "in merry pin." The original meaning of this was that he had drunk below the sober mark or pin.
- L—English leather black-jack. They were made of all sizes. In Haywood's "Philocotheists," published in 1635, we read that when the French first saw the large black-jacks, they reported in their own country that the English drank out of their boots.
- M—Mug or tankard, of clear glass, splashed with red, white, and blue. Venice, sixteenth century.
- N—Ancient Roman earthenware drinking-cup, found at Ioklingham, Suffolk.
- O—Mug, old Newcastle ware, with model of toad inside. This is one of the pleasanties connected with "beer." The reader will notice that, when holding the mug to the mouth with the right hand, the reptile is so placed as not to be seen by the victim till the liquor is nearly drunk.
- P—Beaker, enamelled glass, ornamented with tritons, spread eagles, and other figures. This is a capital example of the earliest style of Venetian glass manufacture. The later productions of the school include the drinking-vessels of thin blown glass, which command universal admiration for their exquisite grace and variety of form.
- Q—Ancient Roman earthenware drinking-cup, found at Fordlingbridge.
- R—Pilgrim's bottle. Old German or Flemish.
- S—English puzzle-jug; date about 1650. The inscription on it reads thus:—  
Here, gentlemen, come try your skill,  
I'll hold a wager, if you will,  
That you don't drink this liquor all  
Without you spill or let some fall.  
It may be inferred that there is much difficulty in drinking from a puzzle-jug, the upper portion of the sides of which are perforated. On the top-rim are holes which communicate with the contained liquor at the inside and bottom. There is a modern imitation of this trick in conjuring circles called the "Cup of Tantalus."
- T—Gilt tankard, Nuremberg; sixteenth century.
- U—Cyanthus, Etruscan black ware.
- V—Drinking-flagon, dated 1603, of Shakespeare's period.

Chess.

CANADIAN CHESS ASSOCIATION.

Under the Patronage of His Excellency the Governor General.  
Prof. J. B. CHEERMAN, Univ. Col., Toronto, President.  
H. ASPINWALL HOWE, Esq., LL.D., Montreal, }  
J. H. GRAMAM, Esq., St. John, N.B., } Vice-Pres'dts  
J. T. WYLDE, Esq., Halifax, N.S., }

PROSPECTUS

FOR CONGRESS AND TOURNEY OF 1874.  
The following programme has been adopted for the third general meeting of Canadian Chess Players, to take place in the city of Montreal on the first Tuesday of July, 1874.  
Two Tourneys will be held, one for Games the other for Problems.

GAME TOURNEY.  
Open to all residents of the Dominion, only one class to be opened. Three prizes to be awarded, one to each of the three players winning the greatest number of games. Preliminaries to be arranged at the meeting by a majority of those entered, present. Entrance fee to non-members of the Association, \$2.00.  
First Prize, Champion Cup..... value \$50.00  
Second " Medal..... " 30.00  
Third " Set of Chessmen..... " 10.00

PROBLEM TOURNEY.  
For the best Two-move Problem..... \$10.00. Second..... \$5.00  
" Three-move " " " 10.00. " " " 5.00  
" Four-move " " " 10.00. " " " 5.00

Two honorary prizes will be added, one (value \$20) for the best set, (i. e. Two, Three and Four-move Problems) and another, (value \$10) for the greatest curiosity of any kind in chess; for both the latter, foreign players are invited to compete also. All the Problems (except the last named) to be ordinary mates, original and never before published; problems in a set (except the winning set) are eligible for the prizes given to single problems. Competitors may send in as many sets or single problems as they please. Each competitor to affix a "motto" to every Problem or set sent in, and also to enclose his name and address in a sealed envelope bearing the same motto. All problems competing to be sent as above to J. White, Secretary-Treasurer of the Association, Stanstead, Que., so as to reach him not later than the 15th June, 1874. Their several merits will be decided by a Judge or Judges to be appointed at the next Congress.

The value of the Prizes in the Game Tourney and of supplementary Prizes in the Problem Tourney, will depend upon the amount subscribed in the meantime by Clubs and members generally, and it is at the discretion of the Committee to increase, if possible, the sums named as prizes for single Problems.

Arrangements for the reception of visitors to Montreal, attending the meeting, are in the hands of the President, Secretary, and members of the Montreal Chess Club, who have already procured the promise of a suitable building for the use of the next Congress.

It is requested that individual members will renew their subscriptions for this year without delay, and that Secretaries of Clubs will attend promptly to the forwarding of subscriptions from their several Clubs, so that the Committee may be in a position to meet their engagements.

It is confidently expected that the next and third general Congress of Canadian Chess players will be, at least, equally successful with the two former, held respectively in Hamilton and Toronto.

The annual subscription to the Association is: For Clubs, \$5.00; individual members, \$2.00; life members, \$20.00. All subscriptions to be forwarded to the Secretary-Treasurer, J. White, Stanstead, Que.

By order of the President, and approved by H. Aspinwall Howe, Montreal, Vice-President; Jacob G. Gramam, Montreal; R. H. Ramsey, Cobourg; J. Henderson, St. Liboire.—Managing Committee.  
J. WHITE, Secretary-Treasurer, Stanstead, Que.

SOLUTION TO CHESS STUDY No. 1.

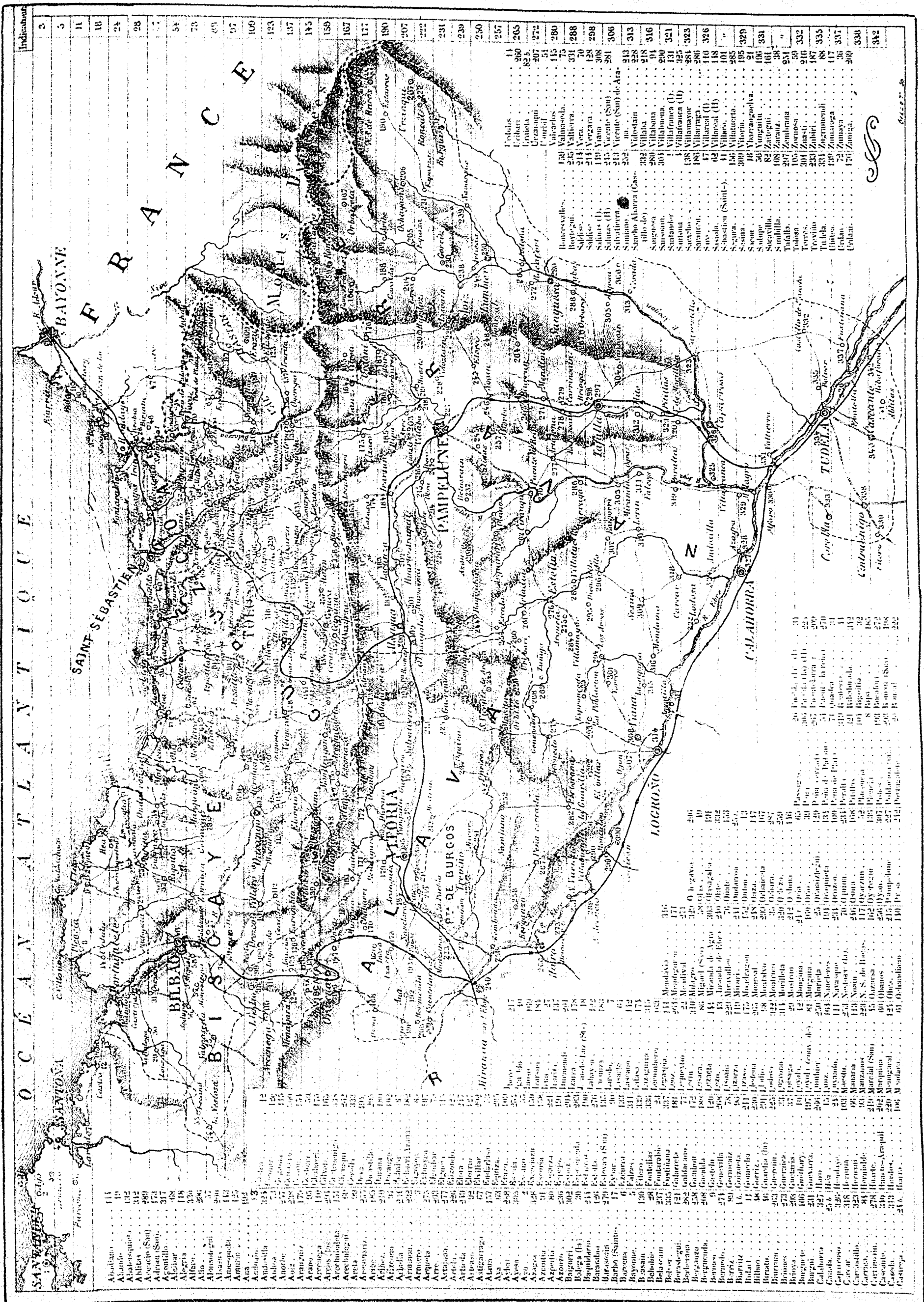
Place a White Kt. at Q. R. 6th, then play 1. P. to Q. B. 7th; 2. P. to Q. B. 8th becoming Kt. ch. mate.





J.T. BALCOMB. DEL.

ANCIENT DRINKING VESSELS IN THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.



MAP OF THE BASQUE PROVINCES AND SPANISH NAVARRE.—THE SEAT OF THE CARLIST WAR.



The following is the translation of a song which the Bonapartists are distributing in celebration of the Prince Imperial's coming of age:

MARCH 16, 1874.

Our enemies cried in their folly and madness,  
"The Empire is dead—we have nothing to fear!"  
But Fate has deceived their hopes and their gladness;  
They forgot all about the child that was near.  
Ye people of France, that child's now a man  
Who will render your future triumphant and gay,  
And Paris shall outshine old Rome in the van—  
Napoleon is eighteen years old to-day.

Young Emperor come, be our guide and our friend;  
The people are starving—they ask to be fed;  
Thou alone canst their sufferings bring to an end—  
Young Emperor, come, and give us some bread.  
Thy father he loved the tool and the plough,  
The workman and peasant remember his way;  
His goodness has fallen upon thy young brow—  
Napoleon is eighteen years old to-day.

Think not, my dear friends, he's too young to reign;  
Put your faith in his star and remember his cry,  
When saluting the tri-colour borne o'er the main.  
"It's all for the people and by them, say I."  
At the tomb of his father, in exile and sorrow,  
He has learnt the great truths which never decay,  
From that tomb will the light issue forth on the morrow—  
Napoleon is eighteen years old to-day.

His arm it is strong—his heart it is bold,  
May God bless his courage; so precocious and warm;  
Misfortune has taught him her lessons to hold,  
And, like a young pilot, he'll weather the storm.  
Son of our Cæsar, he alone has the power  
To lead us again into victory's way,  
And riches and glory will return in a shower—  
Napoleon is eighteen years old to-day.

Already the sound of the trumpets I hear—  
The sixteenth of March is a day of delight:  
Let us shake off the dust from the flag that's so dear,  
Napoleon is henceforth a man by right.  
By the people alone does he hope to reign,  
The eagle revives in Spring's genial ray,  
Like a phoenix he rises from his ashes again—  
Napoleon is eighteen years old to-day.

J. M.

[REGISTERED according to the Copyright Act of 1863.]

## TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL,

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LXI.

Edmund's strong arm clasped Sylvia closer to his breast. "My dearest, what need of alarm?" he whispered, "I am yours to the end of life."

Then turning to Shadrack Bain he exclaimed angrily, "Pray Sir—what is the meaning of this most unwarrantable intrusion."

"Unwarrantable, perhaps. Though, if I had been inclined that way, I might have come with a magistrate's warrant and a detective officer. You have reason to thank me for this intrusion, Mr. Standen, and to thank Providence that I am here in time to prevent your marriage with that lady."

"That you will never do, sir, let your audacity go as far as it may. Stand away from that door, if you please, Mr. Bain, and let us pass into the church."

"If you value your future peace you had better hear what I have to say first," said Shadrack Bain, with undisturbed coolness. "Perhaps this gentleman," glancing at the incumbent, "and Mr. Carew would be good enough to leave us three alone together. Unless Lady Perriam would like me to speak out before everyone."

"What can you have to say?" asked Sylvia, looking up at him. Great heaven, what a blanched deathlike face she lifted from the shelter of her lover's breast; from brow to lip white as her bridal veil.

"Cannot you guess, Lady Perriam?" demanded Mr. Bain with a threatening significance in his tones. "Before Mr. Standen makes you his wife and takes the burden of your incumbrances on his shoulders, I should like, for his sake—his father was a good friend to my father, and I've a natural interest in his welfare on that account—before the knot is tied, I should like to ask you a few questions about the brother-in-law you shut up in a madhouse the other day."

Sylvia stretched out her hands with entreating gesture, as if to stop that awful accuser, who confronted her with a countenance of stone. She had cheated and disappointed him, and Mr. Bain had no mercy for people who did either. He was implacable against the woman who had done both.

"Pray sir, go," she cried in piteous appeal to the clergyman. "Father, go, leave us with this man. Let him say what he pleases against me. It is only a tissue of lies. But I don't want everybody to hear me insulted. Edmund can defend me. Edmund will stand by me. Yes. Till death. Leave me alone with him and my accuser." She said this with an air of defiance that was almost noble. She flung herself again upon her lover's breast, as if that were her strong rock.

The clergyman and Mr. Carew withdrew to the church, bewildered.

"I fear there will be no wedding to-day," said the incumbent.

"Pshaw, my dear sir—a mere passing cloud. I know something of this man—the late Sir Aubrey Perriam's land steward, a self-seeking fellow who was allowed to exercise a great deal too much power during my son-in-law's life. I always suspected him to be a scoundrel." Thus spoke Mr. Carew, with a mind ill at ease. Mr. Bain was too prudent a man to make a disturbance of this kind without being tolerably sure of his ground. And Sylvia's white face had been a mute confession of guilt. What it might all mean James Carew felt powerless even to conjecture; but he feared it must mean something

bad. An intrigue, perhaps, or a broken promise of marriage.

The vestry door was shut, and those three were alone. Mr. Bain had left his satellite, John Sadgrove, in the church porch, ready to be of use in the event of his being wanted.

"Well, sir," said Edmund sternly, "we are alone. What have you to say to us, and pray what do you mean by asserting that this lady's brother-in-law has been shut up in a madhouse at her instigation."

No gossip from Monkhampton had reached Edmund since his departure. His letters from the bank had been of a purely business character. His mother had written to him only once, a letter full of anger and bitterness, in which she renounced all kindred with him. He knew nothing, therefore, of Mordred's removal from Perriam Place, an event which had been sufficiently discussed within a forty miles radius of Monkhampton.

"I state the simple truth—that Mordred Perriam was removed from the house in which he had lived a harmless irreproachable life for the last thirty years—removed at an hour's warning, by this lady—and confined in a private lunatic asylum."

"Sylvia," exclaimed Edmund, "Look up and tell me that this fellow is a liar."

"Does she look like denying it," sneered Mr. Bain, pointing to the pallid face, with its half-closed eyelids and agonised lips, which was slowly turned to the light of day.

"It is true that Mordred is in a private asylum," said Sylvia, "I did not like to tell you, Edmund—it was such a dreadful calamity to speak about, and it might have set you against me. But it was at that man's advice I had Mordred removed from Perriam. He is a liar if he denies that."

"I do deny that I ever directly advised you to incarcerate Mordred Perriam," returned Mr. Bain, unflinchingly. "I told you what people said about him; I told you that people wanted to know why he had been kept a prisoner in his own rooms, hardly permitted to breathe the air of heaven, ever since his brother's death. I warned you of the scandals that were circulating against you. And I asked you, for your own sake, to let me see Mordred Perriam, and assure myself that he was not shut up in his rooms at Perriam Place, under watch and ward of a nurse, against his will, that he was not imprisoned to serve any purpose of yours. Let me be sure of this, I said to you, and I will give the lie to anyone who dare to traduce you, I will be your champion and defender! What was your answer to my request. Lady Perriam? An eminently practical one. The day after I said this to you, Mordred Perriam was taken away from the home of his ancestors, in the keeping of a madhouse doctor—without an hour's pause for consideration of advice. Without help or council from any living creature, you smuggled your dead husband's brother into an obscure asylum."

"Sylvia, is there one word of truth in this man's charge against you?" cried Edmund, looking down at that terror-stricken face, whose awful pallor pent a thrill of terror to his heart, only by some indication of guilt in herself could he believe her guilty. The words of her accuser would have seemed to him idle as the faint breathings of the summer-wind, but for that dreadful look in her changed face, which betrayed so abject a terror in the heart whose wild beating he felt against his breast.

"Speak, Sylvia," he entreated, "speak, my love, and give this fellow the lie. Tell him that your brother-in-law was not smuggled into an asylum; that there was no undue haste, no secrecy; that you were fully justified in all you did."

"I was justified," she answered, meeting her lover's searching look with a gaze as steadfast, with eyes that would have looked in the face of death just as calmly. Her terror was vanquished now. Ruin was before her, perhaps, but the nervous force, the indomitable courage which had sustained her so long had returned to her once more. Every vestige of youthful bloom had faded from lip and cheek, her face had aged by ten years in hue and expression; but her eyes shone their brightest, and her pallid lips were firmly set, defying misery and shame.

"I was justified," she repeated. "The doctor to whom I confided Mr. Perriam was a doctor recommended by that man. Two medical men certified his insanity—everything was done fairly and openly—yes, openly. I was not bound to give Mr. Bain notice of my intention. He is not my master."

"Tell me why you took this sudden resolve of sending Mr. Perriam to a madhouse," asked Edmund, somewhat reassured by her bolder manner, but still feeling that there was some deeper meaning in her agitation than a woman's shrinking from a false charge. "Had he become suddenly violent?"

"Shall I tell you why Lady Perriam had him smuggled into a madhouse, Mr. Standen?" asked Shadrack Bain.

"No, sir, I ask no questions of you. I seek no information from you. I address my enquiry to the lady who will presently be my wife."

"You had better save yourself the trouble," said the agent, with a short laugh. "You'll never get Lady Perriam to answer that question. I'll tell you why she put poor harmless Mordred out of the way—a man who was no more demented than I am—she did it because he knew her secret, knew that her husband, Sir Aubrey, came to an untimely death at her hands."

Sylvia gave a shriek, and fell to the ground at her lover's feet, with her arms extended above her head in adjuration.

"As surely as there is a God whose justice I have offended, that is a black and bitter lie," she cried, her eyes gazing solemnly upward, as if she would indeed invoke Divinity to witness her truth, "I am guiltless of my husband's blood."

"If you did not murder him you planned his murder," said Shadrack Bain. "I dare say you were too dainty a lady to do the business yourself, so you got your tool and sycophant, Mrs. Carter, to take the dirty work off your hands."

"It is false, all false," cried Sylvia, still on the ground.

Edmund raised her to her feet, held her as he had held her before, encircled and defended by her lover's strong arm.

"If we were not in a church, Mr. Bain, I should knock you down," he said coolly; "as it is I'll only ask you to walk out of this room a little quicker than you came into it, for fear I should be tempted to forget that the place is sacred."

"Shall I go away, Mr. Standen, and leave you to marry this lady—would it not be just as well to put her to the test first? Postpone your wedding till to-morrow, and come with me to unearth Mr. Perriam. The place where my lady has sent him is only an hour's journey from London. See Sir Aubrey's brother for yourself. If there is no secret—if there has been no foul play, I'll make the most profound apology to that lady for having done her so deep a wrong. But at the worst there will not be much harm done. The postponement of the cere-

mony intended for to-day can be of very little consequence, if you are but in the same mind to-morrow."

"Let it be so," said Edmund, decisively, after a moment's thought. "We will delay our marriage till to-morrow, Sylvia, and I will devote to-day to the proof of this man's calumny."

"You will not go with him," cried Sylvia, the old look of terror coming back to her face. "You will not go with him, Edmund—to do that is to acknowledge your belief in his slander. You cannot surely believe—"

"I believe nothing against you, dearest. But there is only one way of crushing such a scandal as this, and that is to unearth its falsehood. I will go to the asylum with Mr. Bain. I will see and speak with your supposed victim, and I will demonstrate your innocence from any wrong towards him, before I come back to you."

"Edmund," pleaded Sylvia, desperately, slipping from her lover's breast to his feet, where she knelt, a piteous spectacle of self-abasement. "Edmund, if you ever loved me, do not go."

"I love you too well to suffer your good name to rest under a cloud that I can dispel. Contemptible as the slander may be, the lie must be made manifest."

"You are going, then?" she asked, despairingly.

"I am going, Sylvia—release me," as she clung about his knees. "My dearest love, your humiliation is more painful to me than this man's accusation."

He freed himself from that despairing clasp, opened the door, and beckoned Mr. Carew, who was waiting with an anxious face not far from the entrance to the vestry.

"Take care of your daughter, Mr. Carew," he said. "Take her home immediately, and let no one intrude upon her till my return. There will be no wedding to-day. I shall be back in a few hours to explain everything."

"Are you really going, Edmund?" asked Sylvia.

She stood by the door, marble-pale, but with the calm of spent passion. Her breath came faintly and thickly, and that was the only token of her agitation.

"Yes, dear love, I am going to vindicate your honour."

"Kiss me once more, Edmund, before we part." He was quick to obey the behest. He clasped her to his heart, and kissed lips and brow.

"Do you remember our parting kiss in Hedingham churchyard, Edmund? A Judas kiss you thought it afterwards, for it heralded your betrayal. Kiss me once again—trust me once again, if only for an hour. This is a bitterer farewell to me. Now go."

She put him from her with a firm gesture, and went to her father's side, once more mistress of herself.

"Let us go home, Papa," she said, taking Mr. Carew's arm.

"Good-bye, dearest," whispered Edmund—"remember it is only for a few hours. I shall return to tell you that I have exploded this senseless slander."

"Or not return at all," she answered, in a slow sad voice, with the dull quiet of utter despair. "Go, Edmund—we have loved each other very dearly, but fate has been against us."

He looked at her wonderingly, as if half fearing that her mind had lost its balance, and then tore himself away. She had spoken the truth. This was indeed a more painful parting than their first farewell, even though he thought to come back to her before the day was done—thought that his wedding was only put off for twenty-four hours.

"Now, sir," he said to Shadrack Bain, "I am ready."

"I've a cab waiting outside," returned that gentleman coolly. "We shall catch the twelve o'clock train at the Great Northern."

CHAPTER LXII.

"ANYWHERE, ANYWHERE, OUT OF THE WORLD."

Mr. Carew took his daughter back to the carriage, sorely disturbed in mind, and in profoundest darkness of spirit as to the cause of this disturbance. The incumbent accompanied them to the carriage, which waited at a side-door opening from the chancel, blandly sympathising with Lady Perriam under these unpleasant circumstances.

A small sprinkling of nursemaids with perambulators, and a fringe of street boys had gathered on the pavement between church door and carriage, having scented out a wedding despite the privacy which had attended Lady Perriam's arrangements. The young women stared their hardest at the bride as she emerged from the chancel door, with her veil gathered across her face. Sylvia's death-like pallor showed conspicuously through that transparent tissue, and there were murmurs of wondering compassion at the whiteness of her face. The small boys in the crowd commented freely on the bride's death-like countenance, and opined that she had been married to that "skinny old bloke," meaning Mr. Carew, against her will.

Not a word did Sylvia utter during the brief drive to Wiltonby Crescent. She alighted without the help of her father's arm, passed with a quick firm step into the hall, and ran upstairs. Mr. Carew followed her, and arrived breathless at the door of her boudoir just as she had reached it.

She turned and confronted him, with angry eyes.

"Why do you follow me?" she exclaimed. "I want nothing except to be left alone."

"But Sylvia, for mercy's sake tell me the meaning of all this unhappiness. What brought that man Bain to the vestry?"

"You will know soon enough. Cannot you leave me in peace for a few hours? Your wish has been gratified—my marriage is postponed."

"I should be glad of that if there were no trouble for you involved in the postponement. Why cannot you trust me—your own father?"

"Because you never acted a father's part towards me," answered Lady Perriam, "I would sooner appeal to strangers for mercy or for aid than to you. Leave me to myself."

Mr. Carew groaned faintly, drew back from the door, which was shut in his face a moment afterwards. Shut and locked. He heard the turning of the key.

But even after having excluded her father Lady Perriam was not destined to be alone. As she locked the door opening on the landing, Céline emerged from the door of communication with the dressing-room, where she had been engaged in her daily labours of tidying wardrobes and drawers.

"But great heaven, Madame, how you are pale," exclaimed the girl, struck by the change in the face which had been so fair an hour ago.

"Don't trouble yourself about my looks, but take off these things as quickly as you can."

The girl, who knew nothing of the interrupted wedding, obeyed, wondering not a little, but afraid to question. She

took off the pearl-grey satin dress with its priceless Spanish point, two hundred years old—the white satin slippers—the muslin underskirts with their ruchings of Brussels lace—all the costly adornment upon which Sylvia had bestowed such interest a few days ago. She flung them from her now with a shudder of aversion, as if they had been more loathsome than Cinderella's rags.

Céline was about to unfasten the slender gold chain which held Edmund's last gift, the diamond cross.

"Leave that where it is," said Sylvia, stopping the girl's hand. "I shall wear that till I die."

"Was it possible that Madame's mind wandered a little?" mused Céline.

"Now give me the plainest dress I have," said Sylvia, when all the bridal finery had been taken away.

"But, Madame, there is the travelling dress all ready for you to put on—the dove-colour and blue—the bonnet the very best gem. Mademoiselle Marchette said it was an inspiration. Why not the travelling dress?"

"Be good enough to do as I bid you. Give me my black cashmere."

"The mourning dress?—but Madame, to go into black again after the wedding—it would bring you misfortune."

A look from Lady Perriam stopped the girl's tongue. She brought the sombre mourning dress, which made Sylvia's face seem a shade more ghastly than it had done before.

"That will do," said Sylvia, "and now you can go. Tell the household my marriage has been put off—perhaps only till to-morrow—possibly still longer. You will see that my father has everything that he asks for. I want a few hours rest, and shall lie down. Don't disturb me till Mr. Standen calls this afternoon."

"Mr. Standen is going to call. They have not quarrelled, then," thought Céline. What can have happened to make her look so awful?"

She ran downstairs to discuss this strange event with Mrs. Tringfold, as they had discussed the course of their mistress's brief courtship. The other servants in the house were strangers, with whom Céline had no sympathy. They were left to wonder and speculate among themselves, while Mrs. Tringfold and Céline discoursed in the nursery with closed doors, and a cold chicken and a bottle of champagne from the marriage feast wherewithal to regale themselves.

"I don't believe there'll be any wedding breakfast at all," said Céline. "She wouldn't look as she does if the marriage was only put off for a day. There's something deeper than that."

"I never thought no good would come of it from the moment we went among them foreigners," said Mrs. Tringfold, with conviction. "There must be something altogether wrong about people when their own native land isn't large enough for 'em."

Sylvia sat alone in her misery—sat in the centre of the room, motionless, like a lifeless figure that had been put there. The broad mid-day sun streamed in at the window opposite her. The ruthless sun, which shines alike upon the just and the unjust—the happy and the despairing. Once she lifted her eyes to that glad summer sky, and thought how the sunlight and summer of her life had gone out for ever.

"I have tried to be fortunate as well as happy—tried to have all good things," she reflected, "and in trying for too much have lost all. I should have been a happy woman if I had been contented with a reasonable share of fortune—satisfied with having won Edmund's love, ready to fight the battle of life with him."

She remembered her father's words on the night of Sir Aubrey's first visit to the schoolhouse—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune."

"I took that tide at the flood," she thought, "and it has drifted me to ruin."

She sat for an hour without change of attitude—and in that hour the vision of days that were gone passed before her like an unfolded scroll, a bitter retrospect, the picture of a life in which self had reigned supreme, and which had ended in deepest self-abasement.

She awakened from that long reverie at last, looked at her watch, found it was later than she had thought, hurriedly put on her bonnet and mantle—the crape bonnet with its large veil and narrow fold of white, the mark of widowhood—the loose cashmere mantle. Dressed thus, with her veil down, she was not likely to attract notice.

She took some money out of her jewel box, and put it into a small Morocco bag. This bag was all she took with her.

She opened the boudoir door, went out upon the landing, and listened. All was perfectly still in the house. She went down stairs, past the nursery, where she heard the voices of Céline and Mrs. Tringfold in earnest converse; went by with hardly a sigh of regret for her child, crossed the hall, opened the street-door softly, and slipped out.

Once in the street she flew along with light footsteps, turned the corner of the Crescent into a wide and busy road, hailed the first cab she saw, and stepped into it.

"Drive to the London-bridge Station," she said—"Brighton line."

She knew there were several ways of getting to France, and that one way was by Newhaven and Dieppe. If they followed her they would most likely take it for granted she had gone by the Dover and Calais route. By choosing the slower journey she would have a chance of escaping them—supposing that anyone took the trouble to follow her—supposing that anyone guessed she had gone to France.

At the station Lady Perriam found that there was a train which would start for Lewes in half an hour, and that she could get on with some little delay at Newhaven, but at Newhaven she would have to wait till midnight before the boat started for Dieppe.

She had no definite purpose in this flight—no plan for the future. No distant ray of hope beckoned her on. She only wanted to escape the shame of the present; not to hear Edmund's voice accusing and renouncing her; not to be brought face to face with her sin. She wanted to go to some corner of the earth, and die, nameless and alone.

The train carried her to Lewes, where she had to wait a weary hour and a half before another train took her on to Newhaven—a dismal pause in which that solemn scroll wherein her past life was recorded again unfolded itself, and again she thought how sweet her days might have been had she asked for less—had she been content to take her lot in blind submission from the urn of Fate—instead of trying to improve upon Destiny.

All that day she had eaten nothing, and for many past days had lived in a perpetual fever of hope and fear, always vaguely dreading that "something" which might happen to frustrate her scheme of the future; never able to repose in the calm assurance that Providence would rule her life for the best. By the time she took her place in the Newhaven train faintness increased almost to exhaustion. A mist dimmed her eyes, her limbs felt heavy and painful. The landscape swam before her like a troubled sea.

She had just strength to get out of the railway carriage to follow a porter to the hotel, but she had scarcely entered the sitting-room to which a chambermaid conducted her when she fell fainting to the ground.

The landlady was summoned, and hearing that the unconscious traveller had no luggage and no attendant, was only mildly sympathetic.

"You had better get her to bed, Jane, and send for the doctor," said the hostess, after various restoratives had been tried without effect. "She seems very bad."

#### CHAPTER LXIII.

##### A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY.

Mr. Bain and his companion drove to the Great Northern Railway in silence, took their tickets for Hatfield, and started in the mid-day train with as brief exchange of words as was possible between them. In the railway carriage each gentleman had his newspaper, and each pretended to read it. One, the accuser, was cool enough, and was even able to take some interest in the markets and corn exchange, and other subjects that affected his own prosperity. He knew what lay before him. He was working out a scheme that had been deliberately concocted. He had sworn to have one or two things: Lady Perriam for his wife, or revenge. That Lady Perriam would ever be his wife seemed now beyond all hope, but he was going to have his revenge, and he was not ill-satisfied with himself. Nor would self-interest be sacrificed in the indulgence of this fierce desire of unregenerate mankind. If he could prove Sylvia Perriam the criminal he believed her to be, he must needs remain the sole guardian of her child. There was no one to dispute that office with him, and the Court of Chancery would have no ground for ousting him. During Sir St. John's years of tutelage he, Shadrack Bain, would be to all intents and purposes, the master of the Perriam estates.

To him therefore this journey was not a journey of despair. Yet some emotion the man must needs feel, if he was not a mere mechanical figure of some hard metal. He did feel a certain movement of the heart, an undefined sense of the awfulness of his errand. All that had happened to-day, Lady Perriam's horror-stricken countenance, her undisguised despair, her piteous entreaty to Edmund not to go with him to the madhouse, all had tended to confirm Mr. Bain in his belief that Sir Aubrey's death had been his wife's work, and that the prisoner to be unearched to-day knew of the crime, and would proclaim it were his lips unsealed.

"I know what Joseph Ledlamb is pretty well," mused Mr. Bain, "and I know that he'd lend himself to the concealment of the vilest crime that was ever done upon earth if he was paid well enough for his silence. It shall be my task to let the light in upon his snug little home. Lady Perriam reckoned upon too much when she fancied she could make use of a tool of my providing."

Edmund sat in silence behind his paper, thinking deeply, but not so much of what lay before him as of that strange scene in the vestry. Vainly did he strive to account for Sylvia's agitation upon any ground consistent with innocence. The despairing accents of her farewell still rang in his ear. Had she been guiltless would she have feared his desertion, could she, who knew the depth of his love, suppose that their parting would be final? Yet if guilty, what was the nature of her guilt?

That it was the hideous crime suggested by Shadrack Bain he did not for an instant imagine. Even had he been capable of believing in the infamy of the woman he loved, Sylvia's denial would have assured him of her innocence, at least upon this one point. Truth had spoken in her tones—truth had glorified her countenance in that one supreme moment, when with uplifted eyes and hands raised to Heaven she had asserted her innocence.

That she had committed an act of cruelty and injustice in sending Mordred Perriam to the dreary imprisonment of a private lunatic asylum, was just possible, and that she was smitten with shame at the revelation of this wrong. Alas! Edmund Standen knew too well that this enchantress, for whose sake he had made so many sacrifices, was not altogether stainless; that she was not free from the taint of selfishness. She might have been glad to get rid of a troublesome dependant—to clear her house of a tiresome old man. She might so far be culpable.

What would he do if he found that it was so, that she had allowed eccentricity to be treated as lunacy; that she had betrayed the trust left her by her husband, and had banished Mordred unnecessarily from the house of his own fathers? What should he do? Blame, reprove, and then forgive her; take her to his heart again, with all her errors on her head, and make it the business and duty of his life to reform and elevate her character.

This was the lover's resolve. He would set right the wrong she had done, and then forgive her. Even her sin should not part them.

At Hatfield Mr. Bain hired a fly, and after a good deal of talk with the driver, contrived to make him understand the direction in which he required to be conveyed. At first the flyman asserted that he never heard tell of no place within twenty miles called the Arbour. But after profound rumination and scratching his stubby hairs a little, opined that he did remember having had such a place pointed out to him on Crupskew Common, and "might it be a 'ouse where they took folks that was a trifle cranky?"

"That is the place," replied Mr. Bain, "drive us there as fast as you can."

"It's a seven mile drive," remarked the man dubiously, "fourteen mile there and back, and my fare will be fourteen shillings."

"I shall not dispute your fare."

"And something for myself?"

"If you drive quickly there and back I'll give you a crown," said Edmund, eager to end the discussion.

"Very well, sir; you can't say fairer than that; jump in; only it's just as well to avoid disputes afterwards, you see, and it's a wicked road betwixt here and Crupskew Common."

The man drove off at a smartish pace, and the occupants of

his vehicle were soon made acquainted with the wickedness of the road. Noble prospects and rustic beauty may abound in the environs of Hatfield; but the road to the Arbour hugged the ugliness of the land. It lay in narrow lanes, and by the margin of waste patches of swampy level, where the sour land grew nothing but rush or thistle, dock or dandelion; by black and dismal waterpools; by scrubby groves of bare and stunted trees; by meandering ditches, across which pollard willows leaned side-long extending scraggy arms, like the octopus—such a landscape as that in which Macbeth and Banquo met the weird sisters. Yet no, Scotland would not furnish such small and insignificant ugliness. Her dreariest landscape owns the grandeur of size—over her most dismal plains the shadow of some distant mountain looms in rugged nobility, and the wind from wild deer walks rushes across the barren level like the breath of the Great Goddess Nature.

The scenery grew more hopelessly barren as the travellers approached the end of their journey. Crupskew Common, was a desolate flat, whose dull surface of soddened turf was varied here and there by a patch of stagnant water, here and there enlivened by a deponent-looking donkey, dragging some clog or fetter at its hind-legs—a convict donkey, condemned to penal servitude for life, if one might judge by his look and manner. On one side of the common was a narrow road, and along this the flyman drove till he came to a gate in a dilapidated fence, behind which appeared the windows of a square plaster-fronted house, which may have originally belonged to some tenant-farmer in a small way, a house to which neither wealth nor taste had added a single charm—the barest shell of a habitation, less habitable-looking than a gipsy's tent.

"This is the place I've heard folks call the Arbour," said the flyman, pointing to the dwelling with a disparaging turn of his whip.

In confirmation of his statement appeared an inscription in white paint on the slate-coloured door:

#### THE ARBOUR.—DR. LEDLAM.

"Wait for us," said Mr. Bain to the driver, as he and his companion alighted. "Now, Mr. Standen," he said, turning to Edmund, while they waited for the opening of the gate, "it is for you or for me to get this old man's secret out of him. That he has a secret, and one that will criminate Lady Perriam, is a fact upon which I am ready to stake every farthing I have in the world."

"I am here to see to the bottom of your scheme, sir," answered Edmund, sternly, "I believe nothing you assert, I admit nothing. I am here as Lady Perriam's husband to see her righted."

"You had better see Mordred Perriam righted first," returned Mr. Bain, with a sneer.

The door was opened after some delay by a slovenly maid-servant, who seemed loath to admit the visitors. It was not till Mr. Bain had told her that they were friends of Lady Perriam's that she abandoned her jealous guardianship of the threshold and let them pass into the garden.

Such a garden—a waste of weeds, and mould, and rough moss-grown gravel—a patch of grass that might once have been a smiling lawn, a damp and ancient willow weeping over a shrunken pond, on whose muddy bosom two dirty ducks disported themselves; a wilderness of pothebs on one side, where the cheap and fertile scarlet runner ruled dominant, and the vegetable marrow sprawled its tough tendrils and flung bloated yellow gourds upon the weedy waste.

"I don't know as master will allow you to see Mr. Peeram," said the girl, "but I'll ask if you'll be so good as to step into the drawin' room."

The visitors complied with this request, and were forthwith ushered into an apartment which made some pretension to gentility. The walls were blotched with damp, and stained with mildew. The atmosphere was earthy, but the circular table boasted a gaily coloured cover, and was further adorned with a green glass inkstand, a papier maché blotting book, and a photograph album. An ancient cottage piano stood against one wall, a feeble old sofa faced it, a cheap print or two hinted at Dr. Ledlamb's taste for art. The room was in rigid order, and was evidently held sacred to the reception of visitors.

Here the steward and Edmund Standen waited for about a quarter of an hour, which seemed longer to both. There were footsteps in the room above, and a running up and downstairs, which might indicate confusion, and preparation of some kind, but Mr. Ledlamb did not appear.

"Are these people going to keep us here all day?" exclaimed Edmund, impatiently.

He went over to the fireplace and rang the bell, not an easy thing to do, for the wire was loose, and his first efforts only produced a distant jangling sound.

"What a house," he exclaimed. "What desolation and decay in everything."

This aspect of misery grieved his soul. It would be harder now to forgive Sylvia's sin. That she had placed her brother-in-law under medical restraint, deprived him of actual liberty, he, Edmund Standen, might have schooled himself to pardon. But he had expected to find her victim surrounded by all temporal comforts, in the care of a medical man of position and reputation, whose name alone would be a guarantee for the patient's good treatment.

To find him here—in this abode of misery—in a house on which abject poverty had set its mark! This was indeed a blow, and the young man—ne who a few hours ago had been a proud and happy lover—turned his back upon Shadrack Bain, and shed tears at the thought of that callous selfishness which had abandoned a harmless old man to such an existence as life in Dr. Ledlamb's rural retreat.

No answer came to the bell. There was a window down to the ground, opening directly on the weedy patch that had once been a lawn.

"I'll wait no longer," said Mr. Standen, who had brushed away the traces of his tears and hoped his weakness had escaped the eye of Shadrack Bain. "I'll explore this wretched hole for myself. You can come with me, or not, as you please Mr. Bain."

The maidservant appeared at the door just as Edmund opened the window.

To be continued.

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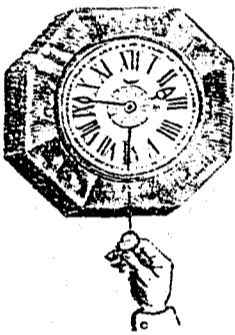
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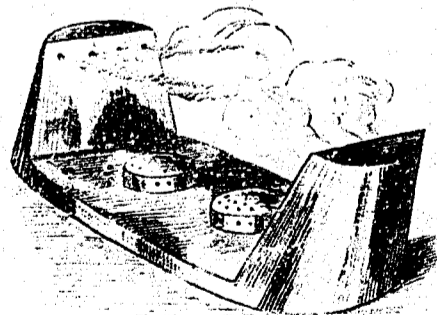
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