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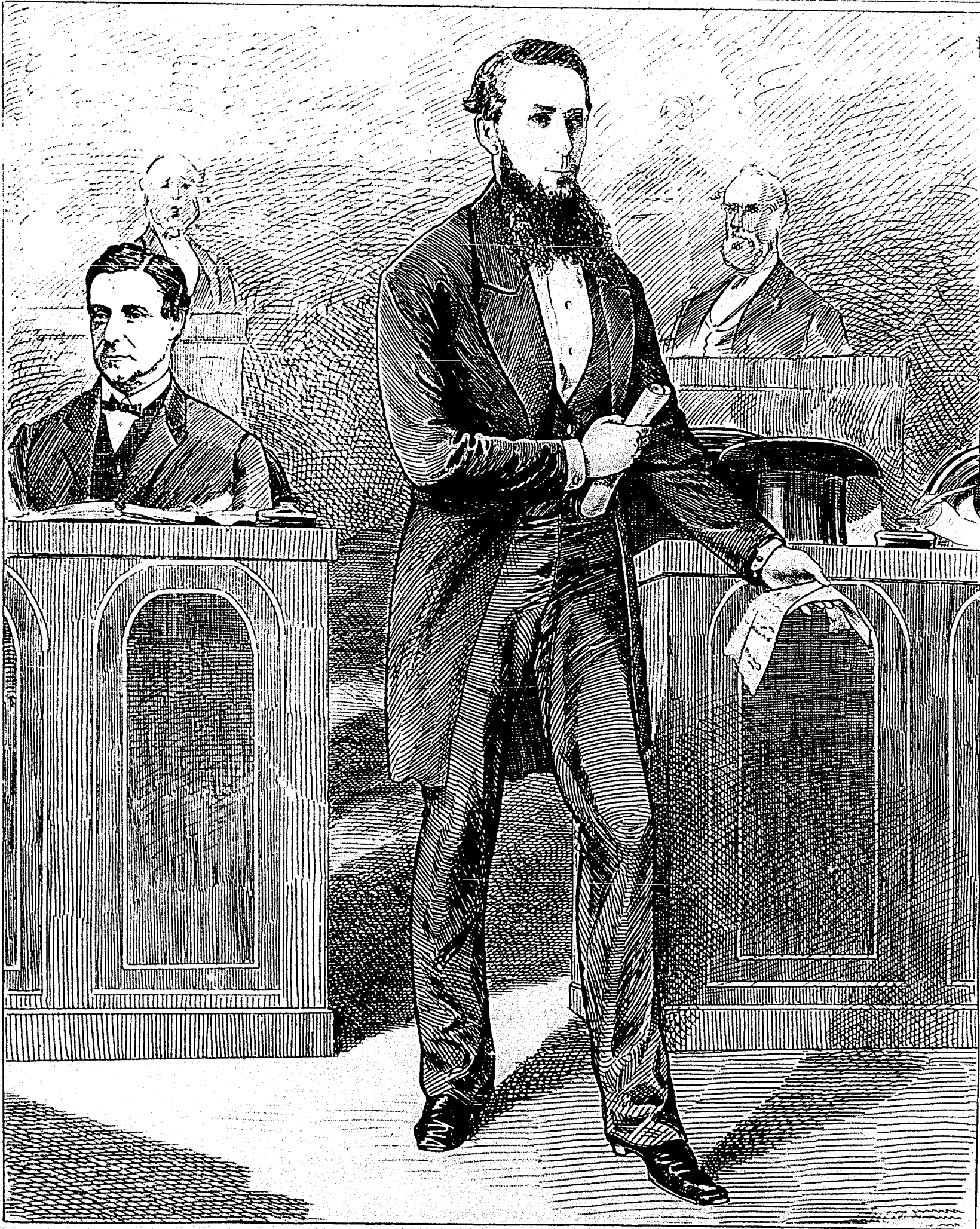
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Vol. IX.—No. 14.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1874.

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1874.

Parliament was opened in due form on the 26th inst.,
 the Speech from the Throne being reserved until the fol-
 lowing day. The following is the text of the Speech:—

Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate:

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

I have convoked Parliament at the earliest moment con-
 sistent with the delay entailed by the recent dissolution.

Your attention will be invited during the present session
 to measures having reference to the representation of the peo-
 ple in Parliament, embracing the system now prevailing in
 Great Britain, and in most other countries enjoying constitu-
 tional government, of taking votes by ballot, and to the estab-
 lishment of a general Court of Appeals. Measures will also be
 submitted to you for amendment of the law relating to Con-
 troverted Elections, the Militia, and Insolvency.

The enactment of 1872, respecting the Canadian Pacific
 Railway, having failed to secure the prosecution of that great
 enterprise, you will be called upon to consider what plan will
 best and most speedily provide the means of trans-continental
 communication with British Columbia. A report of the Chief
 Engineer will be laid before you, showing what progress was
 made during the past year in the surveys connected with the
 proposed line. The destruction of the railway offices by fire
 involved a serious loss of maps, plans, and papers, the posses-
 sion of which would have made the report more complete.

The canal and harbour improvements are being vigorously
 prosecuted, with a view to ensure adequate accommodation
 for the rapidly growing trade of the country. The report of
 the Chief Engineer of the Department of Public Works on the
 proposed canal between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Bay of
 Fundy will be submitted for your consideration. With the
 progress already made in the construction of the Intercolonial
 Railway, another year will be required to complete it. A re-
 port, indicating its actual condition, will be laid before Parlia-
 ment, and a measure will be introduced to vest in the Depart-
 ment of Public Works the powers now exercised by the Board
 of Railway Commissioners.

The question of compensation due to the Dominion for the
 fishery privileges conceded to the United States by the Treaty
 of Washington, has given rise to a renewal of negotiations
 tending to widen reciprocal trade relations with that country.
 At the instance of my Government, the Imperial authorities
 have given directions to the British Minister to discuss the
 whole subject with the Administration at Washington, and
 have associated with him for this purpose a Canadian Commis-
 sioner.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

The accounts of the last financial year will be laid before
 you, as well as a statement of the receipts and expenditures of
 the present year to the latest practicable period. I regret to
 state that the receipts of the current year will not be sufficient
 to meet the expenditures. It will therefore be necessary for
 you to consider the best means to be adopted for making good
 the anticipated deficiency. The estimates for the ensuing
 year will be laid before you. They have been prepared with
 as much regard to economy as is consistent with the efficiency
 of the public service.

Honourable Gentlemen of the Senate:

Gentlemen of the House of Commons:

The combined efforts of the Dominion and Provincial Gov-
 ernments to promote immigration have met with a reasonable
 measure of success, thus adding a considerable number of de-
 sirable persons from other countries to our industrial popula-
 tion. Notwithstanding the commercial depression which,
 through exceptional causes, prevailed to some extent during
 the past year, it is satisfactory to know that the general pros-
 perity was not thereby seriously affected. I do not doubt but
 that, as the great natural resources of the Dominion become
 more widely appreciated, the results will be a healthy stimu-
 lus to the enterprise and energy of our people, and a still
 larger accession to our numbers.

I trust that your deliberations may be directed by wisdom
 and aided by Divine Providence.

The opening of Parliament was characterized by no
 special features such as might have been expected on the
 advent of a new Government. The speech from the
 Throne being a very important document, we have felt in
 duty bound to give it in its entirety. The reply to the
 speech was confided to Mr. Moss, of West Toronto, for the
 English members, and to Mr. Laurier, of Arthabaska, for
 the French members. Mr. Moss did more than echo the
 sentiments of the speech. He amplified them, and in
 several instances showed a disposition to treat them in a
 spirit of criticism. He contended that the deficit must
 be laid at the door of the late administration, and urged
 the necessity of a readjustment of the tariff. Speaking
 of the Militia, he expected the question would be ap-
 proached without party spirit. He paid a high compli-
 ment to the volunteers. He held it to be the duty of the
 Government to encourage the volunteers to continue their
 services to the country. He always regarded their pay as
 miserably inadequate to the work performed by the
 militia. He believed a militia encouraged a national
 spirit, and he believed in such a sentiment, not in a nar-
 row "know-nothing" sense, but such as would seek to
 build up this Dominion by welcoming to its shore the
 toiling millions of Europe. Speaking of the insolvency
 law, he was afraid no law on insolvency would give satis-
 faction unless it gave one hundred cents in the dollar to
 creditors and a free discharge to debtors. A system of
 terrorism was exercised by debtors under the present
 law. These were often perfectly able to pay all demands
 upon them, but as things now existed they could force
 their estates into insolvency to their own advantage. The
 reply of Sir John A. Macdonald was moderate and in good
 taste. He promised to maintain an attitude of fairness to
 the Government while endeavouring to do his duty to his
 party as leader of the Opposition. Mr. Masson, of Terre-
 bonne, made a strong appeal for amnesty in the case of
 Riel. We are pleased to see this gentleman coming for-
 ward thus early in the session. His ability and social in-
 fluence place him high in the estimation of all parties.
 There was no real obstacle put to the passage of the
 Address, and indeed the business of the session cannot
 commence before next week.

We fear the attempt made to remove Sir John A. Mac-
 donald from the leadership of the Opposition must be
 characterized as a conspiracy. The attempt, if successful
 would be suicidal and would stamp the Conservative party
 with the brand of the blackest ingratitude. From our
 latest intelligence, we are pleased to believe that it will
 not be successful. Sir John cannot be dispensed with.
 He is too closely associated with the destinies of the coun-
 try thus to be set aside to please a few faint-hearted and
 hypocritical followers. With all his faults, he is still a
 prince among his peers, and, however his health may
 have failed, he has recuperative energies enough to buoy
 him up for a long future service to Canada. We can
 afford to speak plainly on this subject. We predicted his
 fall months before it occurred; we gave reasons why he
 should retire from the Government of the country, and
 we endorsed the action of the House which forced his
 resignation. We have been independent in our views
 throughout the whole crisis of last summer and autumn.
 It is precisely for this reason that we now raise our voice
 to protest against the indecency of those who would de-
 prive us of Sir John's transcendent ability.

The case of Riel, member for Provencher, has taken a
 dramatic turn. Silently, secretly and with much mystery
 he has at length appeared at Ottawa. He signed his name
 upon the list and was sworn in by the Clerk of the House
 of Commons. This step had scarcely been taken when a
 motion was passed requiring the Clerk of the Crown in
 Chancery to attend the House with a return of the last
 election for the District of Provencher, together with
 poll books and all other papers, letters and documents
 which may have any reference to that election. A reso-
 lution was also passed to the effect that the Hon. H.
 J. Clark, Attorney-General of the Province of Manitoba,
 be summoned to the bar of the House to answer such
 questions as may be put to him relative to the indictment
 now before the Grand Jury, and a true bill returned by
 the said Grand Jury against Louis Riel, member elect for
 the District of Provencher, in the Province of Manitoba,
 for the murder of Thomas Scott. At our present writing,
 no more is known, but full developments in this exte-
 mely important case may be expected before the present
 issue of the News reaches its readers.

We have made arrangements to get a weekly letter from
 Ottawa, during the session, chiefly devoted to a review of
 the Parliamentary work, pen-and-ink sketches of the
 principal members, graphic accounts of the incidents of
 debate, along with piquant description of personal and
 social episodes such as are of almost daily occurrence

in the Capital. We call the attention of our readers to
 these letters which we have reason to believe will be full
 of information and entertainment.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

EXPERIENCES OF A "COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER."

BY "ONE OF THEM."

OWEN SOUND, Feb. 28, 1874.

Journeying from Barrie to Orillia on the Northern Extension
 it is a matter of surprise to find how large a proportion
 of men there are, even in these days of railroads, who have
 never before travelled on one; this is observable on all new
 roads. Nor are they more than half pleased with the intro-
 duction of the iron horse; for a long time after its first neigh
 the animal is regarded with suspicion. Railway horrors and
 rumours of railway horrors have been industriously circulated
 by the opponents of the new line, and the untravelled venture
 on it with fear and trembling, and many of them grumblingly
 express their preference for the lumbering farm waggon and
 plodding farm team. Time changes all this. A few experiences
 of the comforts of well-warmed, well-ventilated, and easy-
 cushioned cars, as contrasted with the miseries and discom-
 forts of a mud side road in the spring or fall of the year, soon
 reconcile them to the "new dispensation." Farmers, too, are
 the last men to ignore an increase of worldly gains, and when
 they find that a railroad means a better price and a nearer
 market for their produce, the dawning discovery is an effectual
 gag to their first complaints.

The country through which the Northern Extension passes
 does not give a stranger a very exalted idea of the advances
 made by Canada in agriculture. The line is laid for miles
 through timber tracts, where, as yet, the "rail" is the first
 settler. That there must be large farmed districts in the
 vicinity is, however, evidenced by the number of bucolic-look-
 ing individuals who get on and off the trains at the stations
en route; and it is from these yeomen we hear those expres-
 sions of fear and distrust as to the safety of the cars. "Shanty-
 men," who, at the close of a lumbering season, are constant
 passengers on the road, display a marked contrast to the agri-
 culturist in their indifference or contempt for railway dangers
 in common with all other dangers—a more reckless, devil-
 may-care class of men than these same shanty boys it would
 be hard to find. Probably the constant jeopardy their lives
 are placed in during their rough-and-tumble life in the woods
 familiarizes them with danger.

A stranger arrived at Orillia station, on leaving the train,
 would imagine he had arrived at the Grand Central depot of
 some northern city, if he were to judge by the number of
 hotel "touters" who clamour for his custom. A Babel of
 sounds assails his ear, and should he ever have been at that
 terror to all weak-minded tourists, Niagara Falls, its horrors
 at once occur to his mind. Many and varied are the encom-
 iums on their several hostleries which the "touters" indulge
 in. "This way for the Albion Hotel, best house in town!"
 "Second bus for the Orillia House, pass in your checks,
 gents," "Queen's Hotel here, the only first-class hotel in the
 city," "Russell House, sir? step right into the first bus for
 the new Russell House,"—all of which are delivered in a very
 high key, with the same unvarying rising intonation on the
 last word, as if challenging any doubt of the excellence of the
 house they so vociferously extol. There is no hope for a
 traveller arrived at a station of this kind unless he takes a
 firm stand; when you decide upon where you'll stop, don't
 falter. Should you do so, you will never have had such a de-
 monstrations that "he who hesitates is lost;" a display of weak
 knees at such a critical moment will probably result in a por-
 tion of you stopping at each hotel in the place, if it is in the
 power of the "touters" to dismember you. I speak from per-
 sonal and bitter experience. Well I remember my maiden
 trip which led me to Hamilton; how at that place, instead of
 at once taking the hotel bus, I was weak enough to listen to
 the blandishments of a cabman who, seeing in me a green and
 consequently eligible subject for the exercise of his wiles, de-
 monstrated to his own satisfaction that it was much nicer and
 more "the thing, you know," to ride up town in a cab than
 an omnibus; how, when I had once wavered, and before I had
 time to get into the cab, other Jehus rushed up and proffered
 their services for something less than my first tempter, and
 how I at once became the "bone of contention" for a throng
 of excited, angry, and disputative "cabbies." What my ulti-
 mate fate would have been I don't know, but I doubt whether
 anything short of forcible dismemberment would have satisfied
 them; such a sanguinary termination was, however, prevented
 by the opportune arrival of the bus-driver of the Royal, who,
 after a fierce but brief struggle, bore me off in triumph amid
 the jeers and execrations of the "knights of the rein." Nor
 did my punishment terminate here, for once in the bus I was
 subjected to the scowls and sneers of my fellow passengers for
 keeping them waiting.

When at Orillia this time I put up with mine host of the
 "Orillia House," as it happened to be handiest to my cus-
 tomers, but before reaching it, I found that the rivalry of the
 little band of "touters" did not terminate with the acqui-
 sition of customers. No sooner were the various conveyances
 ready to start than a frantic rush was made for the station
 gate, almost resulting in a jam, a consequence which would
 have been fraught with disaster to the trembling and helpless
 occupants. Danger to their passengers was, however, alto-
 gether a secondary consideration to gaining first place with
 our emulous drivers, and the open street once gained, we were
 made unwilling parties to a most exciting and reckless "scrub"
 race. I could not help thinking of the Mississippi steamboat
 races, and must acknowledge to a feeling of satisfaction when
 I found that our team headed the rest, and had reached town a
 "length" ahead. Dismounting from the van, I was greeted
 by the landlord of the "Orillia House," a man of many ail-
 ments, and a sort of mi-anthropic philosopher, a very amusing
 man to draw out, and let his opinions on all kinds of sub-
 jects, for he has them, and is very dictatorial in his expression
 of them, and has no hesitation in giving vent to his contempt
 for all who differ from him. However, I found tarrying at his
 house a man who at once enlisted my curiosity, the same
 curiosity which one feels when he sees for the first time some
 new specimen of the animal kingdom. This was a genuine
 sample of the "Yankee Commercial Traveller," and a combi-
 nation of ignorance, lankness, slang and blasphemy; full of
 strange oaths, and fuller still of Canadian whiskey, he did not
 hesitate to indulge his spleen, and trespass on the good-

natured forbearance of his listeners by a trade of abuse against all things Canadian and British. Like most of his tribe, he was selling something that requires no samples, for the fraternity from over the borders are as a rule averse to anything that bears the semblance of work. Their delight is to sit by the fire whittling and indulging their natural propensity for "blow" by eulogies on the "spreading" qualities of the Great American Eagle. Then, after spending the greater part of the day in this fashion, they sally forth and bully some unfortunate "Kanuck" into buying a patent clothes-horse or a new sewing machine, for which the man has no possible use, and which, if he had, would turn out useless. These gentry are as a rule very sterile in thoughts or modes of expressing them. Their minds are generally as narrow as their bodies, and their style of inducing customers to buy, although at present, perhaps, new to Canadians, soon loses its novelty when they find that they are all cut after one pattern. The most prominent feature in their conversation is the constant iteration of some one meaningless and tiresome piece of slang. I remember seeing one of these superlatively clever chaps selling, or offering, his wares (base balls, I think, he had) to a wholesale house in Toronto, and he would end up every commendation of his goods, or every new and probably sham inducement, with the enigmatical expression "How's that, eh?" It seemed to be appended to his sentences as a sort of clincher, but to my unsophisticated mind it did not seem to possess any great argumentative power. Probably, though, it would have carried more weight on the other side than here, although I foolishly attributed it to an utter want of original sentiment in the man who made use of it, and his consequent need to employ slang to fill up the gaps. However, I have said enough about our Yankee brethren; the type will be readily recognized by most of my Canadian fellow-travellers.

Orillia, in winter time, is not the most attractive place in the world to live in; snow abounds, and the temperature is anything but mild; Lake Couchiching, on which it is situated, is one vast sheet of ice, which in the spring does not break up and get borne away on the current, but rots slowly, and mingles with the water. The opening of navigation is necessarily often delayed to a very late date, while the necessity for water traffic on these small inland waters, both for business purposes and pleasure, is increasing fast. The vast rafts of timber that in a busy lumbering season are tugged down to Barrie, Bell Ewart, and other shipping points on Lake Simcoe, alone are evidences of this, and as the attractions for summer pleasure-seekers afforded by the scenery of the Muskoka district and its facilities for sport become known, their demand for accommodation increases every season. The delights of a winter trip into this country, which it requires an Esquimaux or a Polar bear to appreciate, I must reserve for a subsequent paper, especially as the journey, occurring as it did, the day after a parliamentary election, was peculiarly fraught with incidents.

WAYFARRER.

THE ENGLISH BOHEMIAN HAVEN.

Among the places in London interesting to such as have a penchant for the haunts of genius is a sort of tap-room, located in a cellar under a corner of the Tavistock Hotel, and directly opposite the Covent Garden Market. Little known to the American tourist, and more seldom visited by him, there are few, we take it, among the reading community of London to whom its history is not more or less familiar. Evans's it is styled, and it stands in the very midst of numberless scenes well known to most of us through the medium of old as well as more recent British authors.

For the past century and a half—if what we are told be true—the choicest spirits of the English literary and theatrical world have been wont, at night, to congregate in this refectory; then and there to abandon themselves to whatever recreation appertains to such an assemblage.

The original Evans, of course, went to his last home long years ago, but succeeding tapsters have occupied his shoes in such uninterrupted succession that each has taken the thread of history where his predecessor dropped it, and so preserved unbroken the story of the place.

The present depository of its annals is a rubicund old fellow, who possesses an appropriately coloured nose, but who lacks somewhat that complete rotundity of person which one desires to see in the host of a very ancient tap. Though dignified and little prone to the garrulity which might be expected from his occupation and surroundings, he still is quite ready to recite his story, whenever he feels that he has an auditor upon whom his breath will not be wasted. To the worthy listener, then, he will point out table after table, at which have sat various celebrities who frequented Evans's "before you was born, sir," and will narrate such incidents of their careers as are the special property of that institution.

But his great boast is of the pictures that adorn the walls, among which are the portraits of Sheridan, Siddons, Kemble, and fifty others who, within the recollection of Evans, have roused audiences, or even stirred the nation.

Quaint and cracked as many of these portraits are, they are much better than the ordinary run of "likenesses," and not a few of them are noticeable for genuine artistic merit. In our memory we see Peg Woffington now just as the artist depicted her; a lithe fair creature; more girl than woman; simplicity's self, and yet about whom there is that something or other, we know not how to call it, which Charles Reade brings out so cleverly in his novel bearing her name. Among the collection is a picture of Edwin Forrest; and we will never forget the pompous flourish with which the host pointed to it as a proof of England's appreciation of genius, no matter what its nationality. A portrait in the gallery of which he has the ward, in his opinion, is akin to sculptured honours in Westminster Abbey.

But midnight has come. The theatres are over and the crowd is collecting. So, to be regular and to do as others do, let us choose a table and order chops and potatoes and beer.

By this time, no doubt, the room is filled with notabilities, and it would be our greatest pleasure to tell the reader just how they look, and all about them; but as we ourselves haven't the slightest idea as to who is who, we will presume each individual to be a marvel in his own particular way, and turn our attention to the reflection that we see is coming.

And isn't this a toothsome dish? Chops as delicate as the daintiest palate could wish for, and potatoes such as are to be gotten only when potatoes are a speciality. How white the latter open, and how beautifully they crumble as the waiter presses them from their jackets.

Now everything is ready. So, with the best of appetites and an imagination so strengthened by the situation as to be

able to summon whomever it will, we proceeded to sup amid a company selected from a list extending back for ages.

Fancy occupying a table where, a hundred and fifty years ago, Colly Cibber may have discussed chops and potatoes with boon companions; or from which, in their respective periods, Garrick or Wilson or dear old Thackeray were used to contribute to the fun and hilarity of this place.

Does any one who has read "Pendennis" forget the "Back Kitchen"? What a jolly den it was! How every rollicking disposition gravitated to it naturally! Was ever description more graphic than the novelist has written of that resort? When Thackeray penned it he unquestionably had in his mind some place that had figured in his own experience; and we can hardly visit Evans's without feeling that Foker, or Shandon, or miserable old drunken Costigan must be somewhere about, or that little Bows may still be found operating at the piano.

Apropos of the turn our thoughts has taken, how wild fancy runs when once free rein is given it! Whilst we've been sitting here it has peopled this old room with beings whose talk and laughter ceased generations since, the walls meanwhile reverberating the din and clamour of a living throng. And furthermore, not only has it rehabilitated the dead, it has brought hither the shadowy creatures of imagination and invested them also with substantiality.

Well, the chops and potatoes are gone, the tankard is empty, and the crowd is departing. Perforce, then, we must wend our way.

Having lighted a cigar we sally forth, and as we homeward stroll this thought suggests itself, that, as we have sat and mused of men who now live only in the story of their achievements, so when the Present shall have retreated to its position in the Past, the coming might will occupy the seat we have just vacated, and therein will meditate upon souls as yet unknown but striving, and whose names the Future will find upon the record of the great.

THE DISPOSAL OF THE DEAD.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for March says: "I assume that there is no point of view to be regarded as belonging to the deceased person, and that no one believes that the dead has any interest in the matter. We who live may anxiously hope—as I should hope at least—to do no evil to survivors after death, whatever we may have done of harm to others during life. But, being deceased, I take it we can have no wishes or feelings touching this subject. What is best to be done with the dead is, then, mainly a question for the living, and to them it is one of extreme importance. When the globe was thinly peopled, and when there were no large bodies of men living in close neighbourhood, the subject was an inconsiderable one and could afford to wait, and might indeed be left for its solution to sentiment of any kind. But the rapid increase of population forces it into notice, and especially man's tendency to live in crowded cities. There is no necessity to prove, as the fact is too patent, that our present mode of treating the dead, namely, that by burial beneath the soil, is full of danger to the living. Hence intramural interment has been recently forbidden, first step in a series of reforms which must follow. At present we who dwell in towns are able to escape much evil by selecting a portion of ground distant—in this year of grace 1873—some five or ten miles from any very populous neighbourhood, and by sending our dead to be buried there—laying by poison nevertheless, it is certain, for our children's children, who will find our remains polluting their water-sources, when the now distant plot is covered, as it will be, more or less closely, by human dwellings. For it can be a question of time only when every now waste spot will be utilized for food-production or for shelter, and when some other mode of disposing of the dead than that of burial must be adopted. If, therefore, burial in the soil be certainly injurious either now or in the future, has not the time already come to discuss the possibility of replacing it by a better process? We cannot too soon cease to do evil and learn to do well. Is it not indeed a social sin of no small magnitude to sow the seeds of disease and death broadcast, caring only to be certain that they cannot do much harm to our own generation? It may be granted, to anticipate objection, that it is quite possible that the bodies now buried may have lost most, if not all, their power of doing mischief by the time that the particular soil they inhabit is turned up again to the sun's rays, although this is by no means certain; but it is beyond dispute that the margin of safety as to time grows narrower year by year, and that pollution of wells and streams which supply the living must ere long arise wherever we bury our dead in this country."

THE LAST OF THE SIAMESE TWINS.

Christopher and Diogenes Bunker, the sons respectively of Chang and Eng, have removed the remains of the twins from Philadelphia to Mount Airy. The sons expressed themselves as being very much shocked at the impression, which became very general in consequence of the allegations being published that the arrangement made as to the bodies of Chang and Eng with the medical commission was a speculation by which the relatives reaped a large pecuniary gain. The young men desired Drs. Pancoast and Allen to give them a formal written denial of this rumour, to be shown the people, and, if necessary, to be published, which request, of course, the commission at once complied with. The young men assert most positively that if any money passed between the commission and any one in the case, one Mr. Gillman, of Mount Airy, was the only gainer. The latter, they say, strongly urged the wives of the deceased twins to permit the remains to be removed to this city. At that time Christopher was in Kansas City, his home, and Diogenes was in San Francisco, where he resides. As soon as they heard of the removal of the bodies they determined to come to this city and take them home again. They were very much pleased to see the careful manner in which the remains of their fathers had been preserved, but expressed regret that the embalming process would cause so slow a decomposition. They asked anxiously if the influence of the injecting fluid could not be destroyed so as to permit the bodies to return to dust in the ordinary manner and space of time, and upon being answered in the negative evidenced deep regret. The supposition that the remains of the twins are to be publicly exhibited, and were embalmed particularly with a view to that object, would seem to be unfounded. The Messrs. Bunker stated that the bodies would be immediately buried with appropriate funeral ceremonies as soon after they reach home as is consistent with decency.

PRESUMPTIVE PROOF.

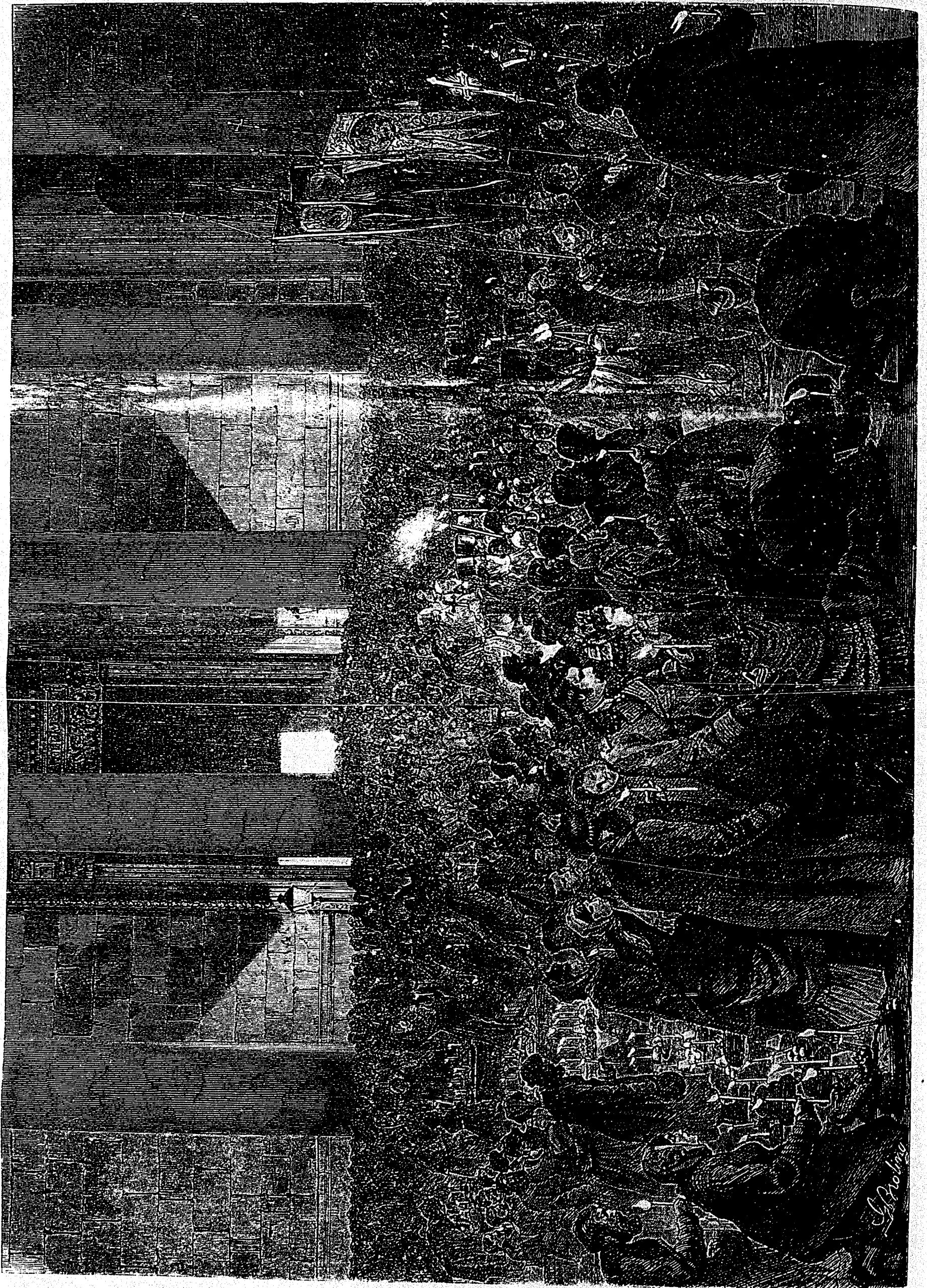
How possible it is for the most positive kind of proof presumptive, as it is called, to be no proof at all, is shown by the following story of circumstances not quite a year old: A Russian gentleman of distinction, provided with strong and flattering recommendations, visited the coin and medal room of the British Museum in London. The coins and medals in this collection being to all intents and purposes priceless, the curators are compelled to exercise the very utmost caution as to the admission of strangers, and to keep a sharp lookout on the visitors while they are inspecting the rarest of the numismatic treasures. The Russian gentleman wished to see a medal—say of Constantine Chlorus—which was of gold, of large size, and reputed to be unique. Suddenly, while he was bending over it, the medal disappeared, and the foreigner declared that it had slipped from his hand and fallen on the floor. After a scrupulous examination of every chink and cranny in the room, the officials began to doubt the stranger's integrity, and intimated that it would be necessary to call in a detective and to have him searched, whereupon the gentleman evidenced great mental disturbance. As this agitation only confirmed the suspicions of his guilt, a policeman was actually summoned; but, just as the half-resisting stranger was about to be exposed to gross personal indignity, an attendant cried out that he had found the medal. The effigy had indeed fallen to the ground, and rolled under one of the presses. The curators of the collection, of course, overwhelmed the Russian gentleman with apologies; but they could not refrain from asking him why he had exhibited reluctance so great to be searched. "For this reason," said the foreigner, still pallid and trembling with agitation. "It has been generally asserted and believed that the fellow to your Constantine Chlorus medal is not to be found in the whole world. You told me so half a dozen times this morning. Now I happen to possess a counterpart of this very medal (he produced it as he spoke from his waistcoat pocket) and it was my wish to enjoy your discomfiture when I proved to you that your treasure was not unique. But what would have been my position if your medal had not come to light and mine had been found in my pocket? Who would have believed in my story of the counterpart?"

AN ACCURSED LEGACY.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "The enormous bequest of the Duke of Brunswick to the City of Geneva, which is likely to realize over £650,000, has already proved a fruitful source of dissension among those who were intended to benefit by it. The committee of the Town Council appointed to take charge of it has been at war within itself, the majority recommending that the first use made of the proceeds be to pay off the city funded debt of some £200,000, and the minority strongly protesting against a course which would deprive future generations of half the income accruing from the legacy. And now a collision is threatened between the municipality and the cantonal Administration, the cause of which is explained by a debate that arose in the Grand Council on the annual report of its Budget Committee. In this committee, again, there is a division, but the majority inserted a paragraph in the report declaring their opinion that the canton is entitled to receive from the town the usual twelve per cent. on the whole succession, payable by heirs not akin to a testator, and recommending that the Grand Council should take the most prompt action possible to recover this amount. Against this the minority protest on the ground that a law passed in 1870 exempts from legacy duties all "establishments authorised by the State," and that the Town Council of Geneva is clearly such an establishment. In any case, they are of opinion that the matter, if at all doubtful, should be reserved for the law courts and not brought before the Grand Council at all in its legislative capacity, since the doing this is of necessity an attempt to prejudice a wholly legal case. A warm answer was made to the effect that the opinion given by the majority was but the needful reply to a part of the Grand Council's report, under which it was appointed; and the debate grew hotter when M. Turrentini—who is a member of the municipality as well as of the Grand Council—declared, in regard to certain supposed imputations as to the good faith of the former, that the report that it intended to trick the cantonal government out of its possible rights had no foundation in appearance or reality. Further discussions, however, led to the adjournment of the question, leaving open the disputed recommendation of the committee, which is the more unpalatable to the citizens, since the report was prepared by M. Tognetti, a member who is also a burgeois. Meanwhile the debate is transferred to the columns of the newspapers, which, as is not unnatural, are disposed to side with the municipality as against the pretensions of the canton to share in the windfall."

GOOD FOR ROEBUCK.

M. D. Conway writes to the *Cincinnati Commercial* that the Radicals have suffered a sore disappointment in not being able to get in their new man, Mr. Chamberlain, at Sheffield. The rich cutlers and plutocrats of that city seem to have been frightened by the watchwords of that uncompromising gentleman, and have resented the advance of one of their own social order as a champion of popular rights, by using extra exertions. They have returned to Parliament old Roebuck, who is, on the other hand, a man who began political life as a Radical, along with Mill, but has, in his old age, become the bitterest reactionary, and flies at everything Radical as a bull at a red flag. Roebuck is a wretched old cynic, who sputters rather than speaks, and vents his spleen on everybody with whom he once co-operated, and his presence again in the House of Commons will bring no credit to that body, and certainly none to the retrograde party with which he will act. I am happy to say that he treats America with especial ferocity, and we may expect to hear from him such abuse of the United States as will bring out the contrary feeling in a light which will reveal to the world that anti-American feeling in Parliament is an anachronism which will be resented. The placard put out by Roebuck's friends were remarkably frank. One of them read: "Working-men, vote for Roebuck, who is in favor of a National Church and a National Beverage." This was genuine; but another which appeared is suspicious as to origin. It ran: "Vote for Roebuck, Beer, and the Bible."



ST. PETERSBURG.—THE PROCESSION IN THE CHURCH OF ST. ISAAC AFTER THE EASTER SERVICE.



SIR STA. POKO HENRY NORTHGOTE, BART. THE EARL OF MALMESBURY. RT. HON. R. A. CROSS. THE DUKE OF RICHMOND, K. G.
 Chancellor of the Exchequer Lord Privy Seal. Colonial Secretary. War Secretary Home Secretary Lord President of the Council
 LORD JOHN MANNEFFS, Post-master-General. RT. HON. GATHORNE HARDY, War Secretary. THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, Indian Secretary.
 RT. HON. GEORGE WARD HUNT, Lord of the Admiralty. RT. HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, First Lord of the Treasury.

T H E E N G L I S H M I N I S T E R Y .

FUN ON THE PLAINS.

Westward, westward, westward we have been riding all day over the Kansas Pacific. From Kansas city the road runs straight up the Kansas River bottom and along Smoky Hill and the buffalo country to Denver.

As we near Salina, Kansas, Conductor Cheney comes along to collect the fare. Touching a long-haired gentleman on the back he looks down and says: "Tickets!"

"Haint got none," says the passenger, holding his gun with one hand and scowling out from under his black slouch hat.

"But you must pay your fare, sir!" expostulated the conductor.

"Now jes look a-here, stranger! mebbly you'r a doin' your duty, but I haint never paid yet goin' through this country, and—"

Just then a slouchy, old frontiersman who had been compelled to pay his fare in a rear car, stepped up in front of the mulish passenger and, pointing a six-shooter at him, said:

"See here, Long Bill, you jes pay yer fare. I've paid mine, and they don't anybody ride on this train free if I don't—if they do damme!"

"All right, you've got the drop on me, old boy, so put up yer shooter an' I'll settle," said the passenger, going into his pockets for the money.

"Do these incidents often happen?" I asked the conductor a little while afterwards.

"Well, yes, but not so often as they used to in '68 and '70, Mr. Perkins. The other day," continued the conductor, "some three-card-monte men came on the train and swindled a drover out of \$150. The poor man seemed to take it to heart. He said his cattle got so cheap during the Eastern 'bust' that he had to just 'peel 'em' and sell their hides in Kansas City—and this was all the money he had. A half-dozen miners from Denver overheard the talk, and, coming up, they 'drew a head' on the monte men and told 'em to pay that money back."

"Just you count that money back, conductor," they said, "and after I had done it," continued the conductor, "one of the head miners said:

"Now, conductor, you jes stop the train, and we'll hang these three-card fellers to the telegraph pole."

"But the monte men flew out the door too quick for 'em."

To illustrate the value of human life in this country, Mr. Locke, the manager of the Kansas City Opera House, tells me this story:

Two years ago the James brothers, the same two desperadoes who sacked the express car, and "went through the passengers on the Chicago, Rock Island, and Pacific at Gad's hill, stole the money-box at the Kansas State Fair. They rode into Kansas City on horseback, and when the cashier was walking to the bank with the receipts of the day, about \$2,000, they pointed their pistols at his head, seized the box, and galloped off. This was done in broad day-light in the midst of a great crowd.

Well, some time afterwards one of the Kansas City reporters wrote an article about these highwaymen, saying some kind things. He called them brave, and said they had done the most daring deed in the highwayman's record. A few night's afterwards the James brothers rode into Kansas City, went to the newspaper office, and calling the reporter out, presented him a handsome watch and chain. They said the article in question touched them in a tender spot, and they desired to show their gratitude.

"But I don't feel at liberty to take this watch," said the reporter.

"But do it to gratify us. We didn't steal this watch; we bought and paid for it with our own money," continued the desperadoes.

"No; you must excuse me," continued the reporter.

"Well, then, if you can't take this watch," replied the James brothers, regretfully, "perhaps you can name some man around here you want killed!"—"ELI PERKINS," in the Daily Graphic.

A SUMPTUOUS HOUSE-WARMING.

M. Menier, the chocolate manufacturer, recently gave a ball in Paris, and a correspondent, speaking of the affair, says: "The town residence which he has built for himself at immense cost stands at the west end of the Parc Monceaux, just within the large gilded gates abutting upon the Avenue de la Reine Hortense. The style of the architecture is florid, and amid the ornamentation of the pillars may be perceived in many places sculptures of the cocoa plant, by the culture of which the fortunes of the house of Menier was founded. M. Parent, the architect of the house, took great part in the fitting up of the interior. Every room has a distinct character, and is a museum in itself, without, however, being crowded, like an old curiosity shop, with heterogeneous articles which render apartments uninhabitable with comfort. From a drawing-room, gilded in modern French fashion, you pass to a dining-room, where old carved wooden panels, worthy of Blenheim, harmonize with massive oak sideboards, displaying the best imitation of the choicest old models which modern art can achieve. The chimney-piece of rare marble, within which massive logs of wood glow on the hearth, reminds one of a manor hall fireplace in some great English ducal house. In many rooms there are ceilings painted by Boucher, or great Dutch artists, carefully transferred from the house in which they were originally painted. The grand staircase, with balustrades of ponderous marble, is ornamented on either side by large pictures of Snyder's and one of his contemporaries. Smaller paintings of merit are studded about rooms, in which are choice pieces of furniture and vases of great price. To prendre la crème (the French phrase for house-warming) in this richly and tastefully furnished palace, 1,500 guests were invited and at least 1,200 came, which is an unusually large proportion, considering the inevitable average of excuses from indisposition and other engagements. Dancing was kept up till seven o'clock, to the music of Desgrand's band—the one which participated with Waldteuffel at the fêtes of the Elysée. The buffets were so plentifully supplied all the evening with substantial refreshments, as well as ices and bonbons, champagne and claret flowing copiously all the time, that further supper was not expected or desired by the majority of the company. But in the small hours of the morning, when two-thirds of the crowd had gone home, at least 400 people sat down comfortably to a sumptuous supper. In one of the rooms the lights suddenly went out, and then alone the people in it became alive to the fact that it was broad daylight."

Our Illustrations.

We present this week a series of pictures appropriate to Holy Week and the Paschal season. THE SORROWFUL MOTHER is from the celebrated original by Guido. The Easter services are portrayed as given in the Russian ritual at the church of St. Isaac, at St. Petersburg.

GERMAN EMIGRATION is the subject of three sketches by our own artist—one representing the passage at Hull, the other the embarking at Liverpool, and the third the passage across the Atlantic.

THE ENGLISH MINISTRY consists of twelve members. We have already given Mr. Disraeli's biography. Lord Cairns has held the office of Lord Chancellor before, viz., during the short-lived Conservative Government of 1868. Previous to that he successively held the offices of Attorney and Solicitor-General. Lord Cairns, who was raised to the peerage in 1867, is an Ulsterman by birth, was born in 1819, educated at Trinity College, called to the Bar of the Middle Temple, and for sixteen years represented Belfast in the House of Commons. For some time he was leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords, but indifferent health has prevented the full display of his remarkable abilities.—In this leadership he was succeeded by the Duke of Richmond, who has now become Lord President of the Council. The Duke, who is a man of excellent sense and good business qualifications, served in the last Conservative Government as President of the Board of Trade. He was born in 1818, and was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford.—The Earl of Malmesbury, now Lord Privy Seal, is quite an official veteran, having previously held that post in 1866-68, besides being twice before Foreign Secretary. He was born in 1807, and was educated at Eton and Oriel College, Oxford.—The Earl of Derby, the new Foreign Secretary, held the same post in 1866-68. Judging from his speeches, which are remarkable for their sound common sense, he is not likely to lead his countrymen into any rash enterprises abroad. Lord Derby was born in 1826, and was educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge.—The Marquis of Salisbury succeeds to the Indian Secretaryship at a very critical moment, but if intellectual power and a remarkable capacity for hard work are qualifications for such an office, Lord Salisbury is well worthy of it. It will be remembered that both Lords Salisbury and Carnarvon declined to follow Mr. Disraeli when he made his famous "leap in the dark." Their conscientious scruples were generally respected, but everybody is pleased, now that the deed is done and cannot be undone, to see them return to active political service. Lord Salisbury was born in 1830, and was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford.—The Earl of Carnarvon resumes the post of Colonial Secretary, which he held in 1866-67, during which he carried out the Canadian Confederation scheme. He was a very popular Colonial Secretary then, and may, we hope, become equally popular now. He was born in 1831, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church.—Most people expected that Mr. Gathorne Hardy would return to the Home Secretaryship, an onerous department, which he managed very creditably, but he has been appointed to the War Department, where he will doubtless feel it his duty to carry out the changes introduced by his predecessor, now Lord Cardwell. Mr. Hardy, who represents the University of Oxford in Parliament, was born in 1814, and was educated at Shrewsbury and Christ Church, Oxford.—The new Home Secretary, Mr. R. A. Cross, one of the members for South-West Lancashire, is a freshman as regards office, but is much esteemed in the House of Commons as a man of good sense. He is not a very enviable post. If he confines himself to his routine duties he will be stigmatised as a King Log; if he attempts reforms he will stir up hornets' nests all round him. Mr. Cross was born in 1823, and was educated at Rugby and Trinity College, Cambridge.—Mr. Hunt, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer during Mr. Disraeli's late administration, has now accepted the premiership of the Admiralty, for it seems that the Sea Lords prefer to have a landsman to rule over them. Mr. Hunt was born in 1825, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford.—Sir Stafford Northcote is still more of an official veteran, having been private Secretary to Mr. Gladstone more than five-and-twenty years ago, and having since held several important offices. He has been Secretary of State for India, and went to Washington as one of the "Alabama" Commissioners. He has now become Chancellor of the Exchequer, an appointment that gives general satisfaction, as he is imbued with the financial principles of his early preceptor, Mr. Gladstone. Sir Stafford Northcote was born in 1813, and was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford.—Lord John Manners, who has now become Postmaster-General, with a seat in the Cabinet, has on three previous occasions served as First Commissioner of Public Works. He was born in 1818, and was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge.

Oddities.

"Sir Roger," the claimant, looked so unconcerned upon hearing the verdict, that a bystander exclaimed; "He stands it like a gentleman."

A Yankee editor has placed over his marriage a cut representing a trap, sprung, with this motto:—"The trap down—another nunny caught!"

It is said that a small piece of borax placed in the mouth will often relieve speakers of the hoarseness from which they suffer. Speaking may have the character of bore-act without the use of borax.

A Springfield girl threatens to sue her father for breach of promise. She says that the old gentleman first gave his consent, and then withdrew it, and that her beau, having got tired of waiting, has gone after another girl.

The jocos American literary man and poet laureate Smith issues the following notice:—"Lost or strayed from the scribe a shepe all over white—one leg was black and half his body—all persons shall receive one pound to bring him. He was a she gote."

A friend who had been appointed to a judgeship in one of the colonies, was long afterwards describing to Sir George Rose the agonies he had suffered on the voyage out from sea-sickness. Sir George listened with much interest to the recital of his friend's sufferings, and then said in a tone of deep commiseration, "It's a great mercy you did not throw up your appointment."

Caution in giving an answer to a direct question was illustrated to me, says a correspondent the other day, when I asked a friend of mine, whose family were not noted for very active habits, "Was not your father's death very sudden?" Slowly drawing one hand from his pocket, and pulling down his beard, the interrogated cautiously replied, "Well, rather sudden for him."

From a scientific contemporary—"Spiral shells are only straight cones twisted round a central axis." But then plum puddings are only rhomboidal parallelograms conglomerated into prehensible globes, and the most centrifugal marble that ever waltzed down the ringing grooves of change—small change, of course, as marbles are twenty a penny—began its career of iniquity as the parallelepipedon of synchronous but amorphous chunk of protoplasmic clay.

Scraps.

"Every man who saves money must be made to divide with every man who saves none," is said to be the platform of the Communists.

The London *Lancet* learns that mental anxiety and confinement are doing their untoward work on Marshal Bazaine, and that he now exhibits unmistakable evidence of impaired health.

A Parisian poet gets a living by leaving a poem about the deceased at the door of the still mourning relatives. He never ascends the stairs. He has a reason for it in some houses.

When the Prince Imperial was born endowment assurances to a large amount were effected on his life, and made payable at the age of 18. Consequently, on the 16th of March, 1874, he will receive several millions of francs from the insurance companies.

The newest Parisian handkerchief has a *café au lait* centre of linen, and is about twelve inches square. In the four corners is a simple tulip embroidered in white, and the brown square is edged with the finest round point lace. The combination is very curious, but exceedingly handsome and effective.

A Troy merchant took his wife to New York the other day. The conductor, when he came along, recognised the Troy merchant as entitled to a free passage, but not knowing the lady, whispered to him:—"Is this lady a friend of yours?" "No, no," said the Troy merchant, in haste, "she is my wife."

The Boston "Red Stocking" Base-ball Club and the Philadelphia "Athletic" Club contemplate a trip to England in July or August next, and Mr. A. G. Spalding, of the former club, is now in London arranging the preliminaries. Mr. Spalding is receiving every encouragement from the prominent cricket clubs, and the scheme promises to be a great success.

In the new House of Commons the Duke of Abercorn has three sons; the Duke of Devonshire, two sons and a brother; the Duke of Buccleugh, two sons; the Duke of Rutland, two brothers; the Duke of Richmond, a son and a brother; the Dukes of Northumberland, Marlborough, and Argyll, each a son; and the Duke of Manchester, a brother. The ducal families are therefore well represented in the Lower House.

The 5th of February was appointed for the formal trying of the great bell for the cathedral of Cologne. It is now finished but it still remains at Herr Hamm's foundry in Frankenthal, where it was cast, and where its tone are to be tested by the musical commission appointed by the directors of the cathedral works, at the head of which stand Herr Weber, the chief musical director, and Dr. Hiller. Their verdict has not yet been made public.

At a recent revival in Iowa all who wanted to go to heaven were requested to rise. The entire congregation, with the exception of one boy, immediately rose to their feet. All who wanted to go to hell were requested to rise, and the boy was up in an instant. The church society had the lad arrested for disturbing the meeting, but the Court held that if the boy really wanted to go to hell he had a perfect right to, and ordered his discharge.

A NEW INVENTION.—A Mr. George A. Gustin, a Georgian, residing in Washington, D.C., has invented a typewriting machine which may prove to be a very valuable invention: The typewriter is about the size of an ordinary sewing machine, and is worked with keys similar to piano keys. It is claimed that an expert can write with it readily sixty words a minute, and that it can write fully a hundred words a minute. Any person, it is said, with only two weeks' practice, can write with it faster than with a pen. It can also "manifold," or write two to twenty copies at once, when desired.

In the late Gladstone Ministry of all the "talents," only two of the Ministers were not first-class University men; and yet the Queen's Speech was shamefully ungrammatical.

The woman of the coming time
Shall man to vote appoint her?
Well, yes or no, your bottom dime
She'll do as she's a min'ter.
We know she will or else she wont;
'Twill be the same as now;
And if she does, or if she don't,
God bless her, anyhow!

News of the Week.

CANADA.—Parliament opened on the 26th ult., the Speech from the Throne being delivered the following day. Mr. Anglin was elected Speaker of the House of Commons. Parliament will sit over Easter on account of press of business.

UNITED STATES.—Bishop Cummins is in such bad health he is obliged to abandon his work.—It is stated that the River Mississippi has overflowed its banks and spread itself fifty miles wide from Cairo to its mouth.—Mr. Dawes has been elected as the successor of the late Chas. Sumner.—The hands on strike on the Erie Railroad have agreed to accept the company's terms.—Rates of the fare for emigrants on the New York Central to all principal points have been reduced nearly 50 per cent.—An appropriation has been made in the Washington Senate for the deepening of the mouth of the Mississippi River.—An Extradition Treaty, to continue for ten years, has been officially proclaimed between the United States and Ecuador.—Mr. Richardson, United States Secretary of the Treasury, favours free banking, and a gradual resumption of specie payments.—Propositions have been submitted to the United States Senate to reduce the maximum limit of notes to \$356,000,000, or \$30,000,000 less than fixed by the Bill.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The British Government have declined to release the Fenian convicts.—Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is mentioned as likely to succeed Mr. Disraeli in the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University.—The Royal Marines and Rifle Brigade arrived at Portsmouth from the Gold Coast last week by the troop-ship "Himalaya."—The steamship "Calcutta," with the remains of Dr. Livingstone on board, arrived at Aden last week.—It has been resolved to press the subject of Home Rule upon the Imperial Parliament, notwithstanding the failure of Dr. Buti's amendment to the Address.—The London *Morning Post* intimates that Gen. Wolsley will receive the rank of Major-General, and a pension of \$7,500 per annum for two lives.—Disraeli has consented to receive the deputation of 70 Irish members of Parliament urging the release of the Fenian prisoners.

SPAIN.—The Carlists under General Seballo are reported to have routed a force of Republicans.—Further shipments to Cuba of Carlist prisoners are suspended, and the return of a number is ordered for the purpose of exchange.—A desperate engagement is reported between the Carlists and Republicans outside Bilbao. The National troops are said to have lost 470 men.—Gen. Burriel is to be made a field-marshal for his eminent services in Cuba.

FRANCE.—A Paris despatch says a deputation is to wait on the Count de Chambord to make a last effort to effect the restoration of Monarchy.

ITALY.—The Pope intimates that Archbishop Manning and nine other Archbishops will be created Cardinals at the next Consistory.—A despatch from Rome says the Calabrian Brigands have been completely exterminated.

THE OUTSIDE OF THE WINDOW.

They stand at the window, peering
And pressing against the pane,
Their beautiful childish faces;
Without are the night and rain.

They stand at the window peering:
What see they, the children there?
A room full of happy faces,
A room full of shining air.

A room full of warm and brightness,
A room full of pleasant sights—
Of pictures, and statues and vases,
And shadows at play with the lights.

But sweetest of all to their gazing,
(So near, they seem part of them there!)
Is the room full of happy faces
In the room full of shining air.

Ah me! my precious observers,
Another sight I shall find.
What is it? I dread to tell you,
And, oh! it were sweet to be blind!

From the lighted room, through the window,
I see and have seen them of old,
A world full of wretched faces,
A world full of darkness and cold.

A world full of cold and darkness,
A world full of dreary sights;
No pictures, nor statues, nor vases,
But shadows that put out the lights.

Ah, saddest of all, through the window
(They seem with us, so near!) I behold
A world full of wretched faces
In a world full of darkness and cold.

For Everybody.

A Sporting Paradise.

An American paper says that near Dalhousie, in Canada, the shooting and fishing are most excellent. For £200 a man may buy a farm of 100 acres, have his shooting and fishing free, a right to set a salmon net in front of his property, and very light taxes; and snow-shoe walking for three months every winter.

Carnival in Berlin.

A good deal of cheerful excitement prevailed at Berlin in the earlier part of this week. For the first time the Berliners have adopted one of the most characteristic customs of the "happy Rhineland," and have kept "Rose Monday" and Shrove Tuesday in good Cologne fashion by public procession not, indeed, as generally or with the same spirit as in Italy. Still the innovation was striking, and the new custom bids fair, after a few years' practice, to turn out a success.

The Russians' Facility for Languages.

The Russian nation is the one which speaks the most languages, and which speaks them the best. One may go through Germany and not hear a word of French spoken, but he will be sure to hear it when he reaches the frontier of Russia. The Russian schools and gymnasia for girls are of the highest excellence, and in some of the girl's schools in Moscow the dresses are all brown to prevent the bad feelings which might arise from a comparison of dresses and toilets.

A Remarkable Portrait.

In St. John's College, Oxford, there is a very curious portrait of Charles I., done with a pen in such a manner that the lines are formed by verses from the Psalms, and so contrived as to contain every Psalm. When Charles II. was once at Oxford he was greatly struck with this portrait, begged it of the College, and promised in return to grant whatever request they should make. This they consented to, and gave his Majesty the picture, accompanied by the request that he would return it.

A "Domestic Animal."

Colonel Higginson says that when he was a boy at Cambridge there was not a boat owned at Harvard. A student in the class two years before him owned the first boat, and was "hauled up" by the faculty therefor. He pleaded that he was not aware of any objection to it—there was nothing against it in the college laws so far as he knew. The college officer, however, showed him a rule that "No student shall be permitted to keep a domestic animal without consent of the faculty," and he then argued that a boat came under that head.

Shadow-Show.

A sheet is suspended tightly across a darkened room, a candle (never a kerosene lamp) lighted and placed upon the floor a few feet behind it, and the selected players are ranged behind the candle. All being ready for the show, the players, dressed in any comic way, may perform what funny pantomime they choose between candle and sheet, and their shadows will be projected upon the latter to the uproarious amusement of the audience on the other side. By jumping over the candle from before it, the jumper is made to disappear very laughably and surprisingly in the air.

Abominable, but Nice.

A writer, speaking of a certain concert, says: Then came Strauss's "Beautiful Blue Danube." After Wagner and Schumann, it was amusing to see the audience wake up and bestir themselves; indeed, that waltz so rendered would have given vitality to a graven image. A clergyman evidently, who sat in front of us, became quite frenzied, and was heard to exclaim, reckless of consequences: "It's abominable, it is; abominable; but it is beautiful! I declare, it makes one feel like breaking every commandment in the decalogue, right straight through!"

A Turkish Bath.

An Indian named Squatting Bear went into Omaha the other day, and while he was in a condition of vinous thoughtfulness somebody induced him to go in and take a Turkish bath. The next day he went home. As he approached the camp a squad of Indians rushed at him and began to shoot arrows into him and to hack him with their tomahawks. He yelled for them to stop, and asked them what they meant by treating him in that manner. He declared that he was Squatting Bear. They received the statement with derision. They

took him away and killed him. It was the first wash he had had since 1827.

Velocipedes.

The employment of velocipedes by commissionaires in France has led to the formation of a company or society to supply these locomotives on credit—like sewing-machines, clothing and pianos—repayable by instalments. Experience has found that such messengers outstrip cabs, and indeed perhaps the telegraph itself and postal cards. Strong and light young porters provided with a facon of good "trotter" oil in their vest pocket can turn twenty francs a day, nearly as much as a deputy, and far more than a first-class Government clerk, a captain on full-pay, or a clergyman of the subsidised religions. Why have velocipedes been so utterly abandoned in this Country and the United States?

Anger's Poison.

At Stillwater, in Minnesota, the other day, a man who had been bitten in the hand in a fight with an enraged fellow laborer, was so terribly poisoned thereby that his life could be saved only by amputation of the bitten member. A Dr. Reiner, who performed the operation, was also infected with the terrible poison through a slight scratch on his own hand, and actually died soon thereafter in delirious agony. In fact, the bites of infuriated human beings have so often produced the same symptoms that are witnessed in hydrophobic and serpent poisonings as to prove almost that ungovernable rage in a man induces a poisonous secretion in his saliva!

Dainty Tibbits.

A Paris correspondent says the *Jardin d'Acclimatation* is occupied with the question of edible dogs, received as a present from China, along with the receipt for cooking them. The dogs are small, without hair, and a mass of fat. We have already taken to bison, and also to kangaroo-tail soup. There are forty horse-butcher shops in Paris, subject to inspection by authorized Vets. During 1873, there were consumed 1,548 horses, 140 asses and mules, or 300 tons of flesh, exclusive of offal, which is eaten as that of sheep and oxen. The price of horseflesh is exactly the one-half of ordinary meat. Several of the butchers have received "medals" during the past year, in honour of their efforts.

How a Newsboy Rose in the World.

William Henry Smith, just appointed parliamentary secretary of the treasury, by Mr. Disraeli, the Prime Minister of England, was a newsboy less than twenty-five years ago, on the streets from 5 in the morning till 8 at night. Presently he had a booth near the Strand, then he had to employ assistants, finally he hit upon the idea of buying the exclusive right to sell newspapers and other literature at the principal railroad stations in the British isles, and that made his fortune. He has been in Parliament for five years, and made the reputation of a good speaker and thinker, and Mr. Disraeli puts him now in a place that is regarded as the stepping-stone to promotion.

Newspaper Men in the British Parliament.

The profession of journalism is well represented in the British House of Commons. Among its profession recently elected are Mr. Walter, principal proprietor of the *Times*; Mr. Beresford Hope, principal proprietor of the *Saturday Review*; Mr. Morley and Mr. Charles Reed, of the *Daily News*; Alderman Carter, of the *Leeds Express*; Mr. McLaren, of the *Leeds Daily News*; Mr. P. Taylor, of the *Examiner*; Dr. Cameron, of the *North British Mail*; Sir John Gray, of the *Freeman's Journal*; Mr. Whitworth, of the *Circle*; Mr. Colman, of the *Norfolk News*; Mr. Barr, of the *Railway Service Gazette*; Mr. Cowan, of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*; and Mr. Sullivan, of the *Nation*.

A Stubborn Singer.

During the performance of "La Favorita" at Rimini, the audience night after night encored Palermi, the tenor, in the scene where Ferdinand breaks his sword in the presence of the King. But this gave offence to the authorities, and the Sub-Prefect sent the tenor a message that he must sing "Only because it is a present from the King," instead of the previous words. "Only because you are King." Palermi refused to modify the text upon the next performance, and as a consequence of his disobedience he was arrested at the close of the opera. But next day a deputation of the audience went to the residence of the Prefect at Forli on behalf of the tenor, and came back in triumph with an order to set him free.

French Finesse.

A writer says: "As I gave a couple of grochen to the waiter who was helping me on with my coat in one of the restaurants in Dresden he said he remembered me from the summer before. 'Dreaden you think I have improved in my German?' asked I. 'Oh, yes,' answered he; 'you speak somewhat better; you speak *ziemlich gut*.' Candid young Saxon, thought I, you deserve a better place; a *garçon* would have bowed and assured me that I had acquired the genuine accent. It is amusing to note the skill with which this sort of flattery is often laid on. Now, nature left her shading-brush at home when she made my lip. A French barber, however, laid all the fault on other shoulders, as he was manipulating me and talking about what a great country ours was; 'but,' added he, 'it is very strange in America, on *n'aime pas la moustache*.'"

Epicurean Coffee.

There is such a thing as science even in coffee-making, and the French understand it better, perhaps, than any other people in the world. They can combine different coffees, like the parts of a fine wine, to produce certain rare bouquets, or aromas, for the epicure. Not more than half a pound of coffee should be roasted at a time for domestic use; it should be ground only just before going into the pot; an ounce should be allowed for every three cups; in its mixture with the white of egg to clear it there should be some warmth before the water is added, and it should never be allowed to reach a boil. Observe these rules, which are based upon scientific reasons, and you may make from an inferior coffee-bean a beverage far superior to what generally goes by that name. It will never be black nor bitter, and can be kept indefinitely without staling.

The Right Note in the Wrong Place.

A funny thing happened in Congress the other day. Sir Edward Thornton, the British Minister, came into the diplomatic gallery, and a member who spied him out was anxious that some guests of his in the other gallery should see the live lord. So he wrote a little note, saying, "That old swell with the mutton-chop whiskers is Sir Edward Thornton," and told a page to take it up-stairs. The page, who had a mixed notion who the note was for, and of whom it was about,

marched straight to the diplomatic gallery and gave it to the "old swell" himself. Meanwhile our M. C., watching the progress of his note, was horrified to see it in the august hands of the nobility, and he rushed out frantically to swear at the poor little page. "Did he say anything?" he asked, as soon as he could get his breath. "Yes, sir," said the boy, "he told me to take it back to the gentleman who sent it, and say it was a very good description."

Artistic House Furnishing.

Perhaps those curious in such matters would be glad to hear how the country house of a well-known English connoisseur in matters of taste is furnished. Each bedroom is of a different colour, but in all other respects alike. The carpets throughout are black; the panels, wainscots, doors, and furniture are also black, with a little gilding introduced. The walls are not papered, but are covered with the same cretonne as the curtains and bed furniture. Each bed has an elderdown quilt covered with the same cretonne, and each window has plain muslin curtains, with goffered frills as well as cretonne curtains. Black is coming into great favour now in the decoration of houses; and lace workers are beginning to see that furniture lace never shows to such advantage as on black velvet, or black satin, relieved by coloured bows, either for writing or tea-tables, mantelpieces, brackets, or the like. Thick linen-backed satin is more durable than velvet, for soap and water carefully applied will make it as good as new.

Temperance in Sweden.

They have an original way of dealing with intemperance in Sweden. There working men have formed leagues among themselves for the suppression of intemperance. One of their regulations is that no married man shall enter a public house, though he is allowed a bottle of brandy at home. Bachelors may order a glass of liquor with their meals only. But nobody is permitted to "stand treat," while the fines for delinquencies are heavy. In Gothenburg, for instance, the liquor trade is managed by certain trustees of the town. Under their restrictions the inn-keepers find dram-selling impossible, and are driven to depend on their legitimate business. Thus the most disreputable taverns have become well-kept and orderly restaurants, where a glass of pure brandy can be obtained, indeed, but only by ordering a meal. In 1866 Gothenburg reported over two thousand cases of drunkenness. In 1871, with a much larger population, the number had fallen to fifteen hundred.

A "Story" of Maximilian.

The Munich correspondent of the *Independent Belge* tells of an absurd story which has gained credence in South Germany. According to this King Maximilian II., who died in 1864, is not really dead, only he has been stupefied (narcotised) by the wicked Prussians, by whom he is detained in an island in the Mediterranean. Their object was to make Bavaria thoroughly submissive to Prussia; but Providence will not allow this dark design to be accomplished. King Maximilian in reality has only been banished for ten years, at the end of which period he will return again to take possession of his throne, and thereby confound the world in general, and Prince Bismarck in particular. The ten years have now nearly expired, and there can be little doubt Prince Bismarck would be considerably surprised by the reappearance of Maximilian. More astonished still would probably be King Ludwig II., who would thereby be relegated from a throne to the felicity of private life, after a reign of ten years.

Genius From Broken Heads.

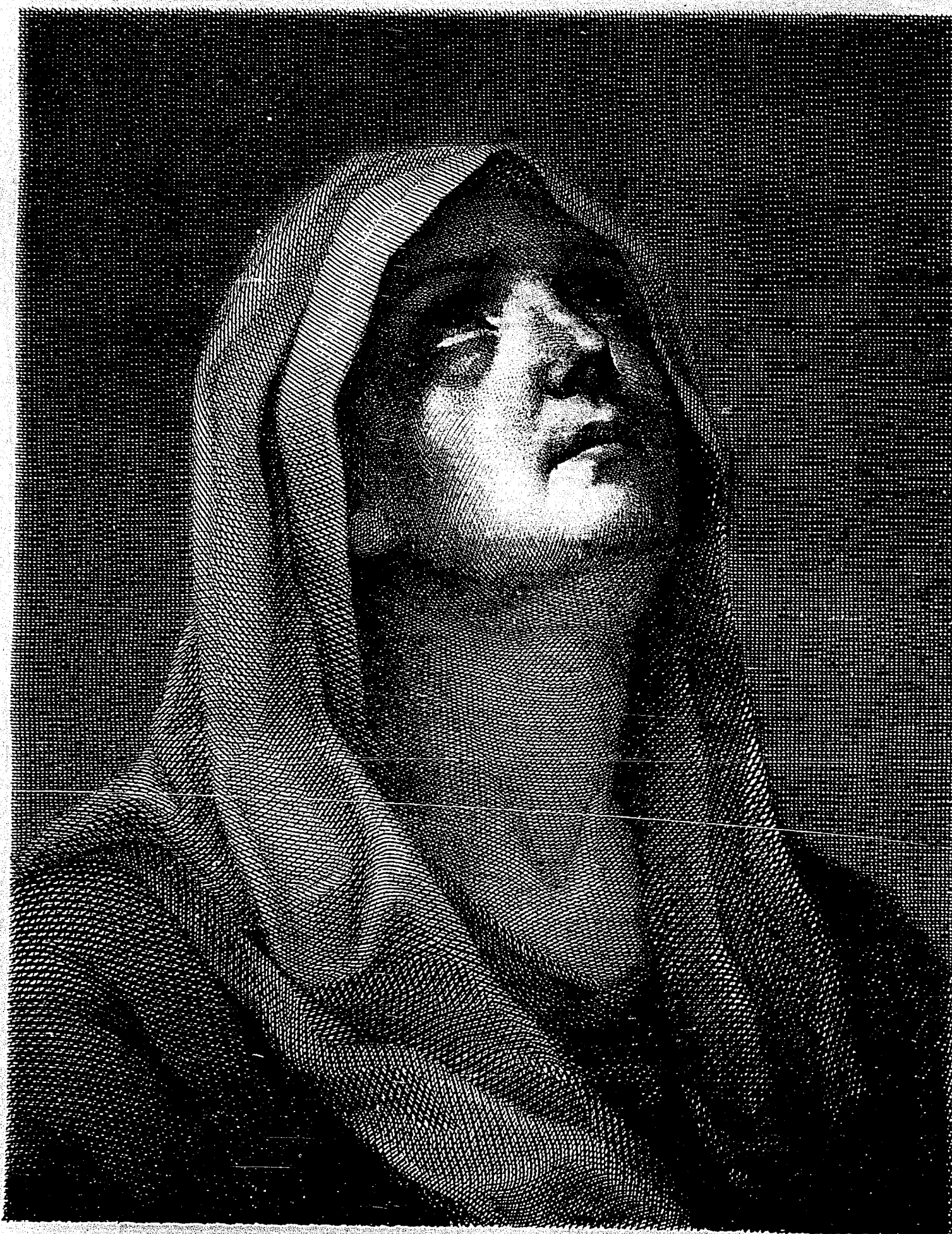
A writer in the *British Colonist* notes various instances of the transmutation of idiocy into genius by head-breaking accidents. The great German Wallenstein is said to have been but a half-witted child, until a fall from a window and consequent cerebral fracture suddenly redeemed his intellectual nature. The famous Mabilien was irreclaimably idiotic until in his nineteenth year, when a fall down a stone staircase turned him into a genius. In an English lunatic asylum one patient struck another a tremendous blow on the bridge of the nose, and from that moment the stricken man rapidly regained his sound mind. In fact, one of the old English remedies for imbecility and madness was a revolving swing, whirling around a hundred times in a minute. The patient was strapped helplessly to a machine, which, after hundreds of dissing revolutions, was stopped with a frightful jerk, at the very height of its velocity. And there is indisputable evidence that many astonishing cures were wrought thereby.

The Cat on the Farm.

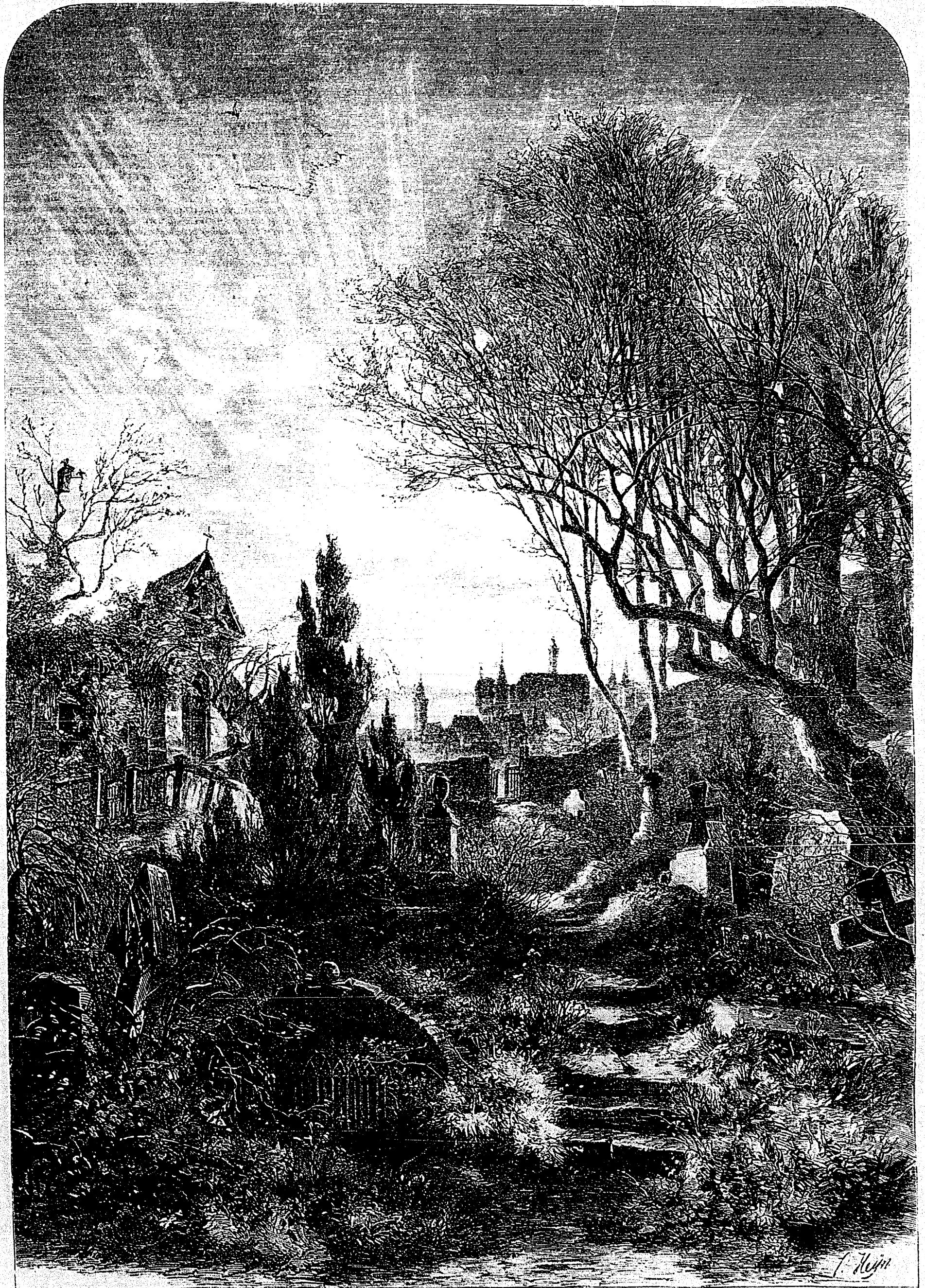
By a Welsh law of Howel the Good, A.D. 938, quoted by Pennant, it was enacted that if anyone stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milk ewe, its fleece, and lamb, or as much wheat as, when poured on the cat suspended by its tail, the head touching the floor, would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of its tail. Worse laws than this have been made. The cat is a valuable domestic, and though made into a pet, and valued for its beauty and its affectionate manner, by the fair sex especially, to the farmer it is a servant of great value in keeping down the pest of rats in the farm-buildings. When these form a colony, poison, traps, ferrets, and every plan that can be adopted are sometimes ineffective, and fail to dislodge them. In such cases, if two or three tabbies are confined in the granary before giving birth to their young, and fed there well for a short time, and after that put on short commons and allowed to range over the premises, the rats will speedily skedaddle, and leave puss and her precious "ones master of the situation."

"Sweet Bells Jangled."

At a recent fashionable wedding in Boston it was announced that the ceremony would take place in the church at half-past seven o'clock in the evening. A well-known musical gentleman was requested to preside at the organ, and, at the time appointed, opened the service with the "Wedding March." The church was filled with a large audience, but the wedding party was late. The organist played the "Wedding March" through twice, as a prelude. By the time the church bell had tolled eight strokes, he had gone through the limited repertory of music appropriate to such an occasion, had executed a number of sacred airs in a style so rapid and novel that few, if any, in the audience recognised them, and finally, in despair, played the "Dead March in Saul," with variations of an exceedingly original nature. Still there were no signs of the wedding party, and the organist, thoroughly vexed at the delay, began and played a few measures of the air, "O, dear, what can the matter be?" and closed his introduction with the "Rogue's March," to the movement of which the party, which had in the meantime arrived, passed up the broad aisle to the altar.



HOLY WEEK.—THE SORROWFUL MOTHER.



EASTER MORNING.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DYE.

A TALE.

EDITED BY ARTHUR FEATHERSTONE.

PART I.

VANITY.

He was walking in the Burlington Arcade. It was eleven o'clock in the morning. He paused to contemplate his imperfections in one of those lengthy mirrors that adorn the pilasters between the shops. He was scarcely satisfied with the result. He might be eight-and-thirty. He was exceedingly handsome. But one indication of approaching age marred his redolent beauty, and this was his *very* grey hair. For my part I thought it improved him; but then the hair did not happen to be mine; and, consequently, I was not a judge. Whether the hair in itself was an ornament, from its grey disposition, or not was less a question to my friend than the age which the colour disclosed. And as, of course, I could not possibly tell what age he might wish to appear, I was only a judge of the colour, from my point of view, not his. One thing, at least, was certain, that, whatever the colour of the hair, it adorned a head and countenance which were strikingly serene and fine. Not strictly, perhaps, intellectual; not the head of a Newton or a Locke, but the pledge of distinctive character, with largeness of soul, if not mind. The head was a head which said—and the countenance said the same thing—"I think, but not to great purpose. I have the highest ambition to be something great, but not the force to achieve it. I aspire to ideas beyond the reach of any one, and therefore necessarily of myself. I have the finest conceptions of the infinitely Should-Be; but my achievements are abnormally normal. In short, I am a man of theory, with just nine hundred a year."

Such a man was Algernon Stapleton

He united the weak and the strong to a point that was absolutely typical. At breakfast he would originate the most splendid ideas, which by dinner he had totally forgotten. He would begin a book on some giant subject, and write the first page or preface, but the effort so exhausted his fund of power that completion was out of the question. He would plan a method for relieving the poor from every hardship and wrong; but he worked out the method as he walked to his tailor, and it ended in his ordering a coat. He would arrive at the conclusion that a lucid intellect depends on ascetic life; but he encouraged the view over a bottle of champagne, and woke next morning with a headache. Thus it will be seen that, though a superior man, he was eminently wanting in ballast. And this is perhaps, that popular want which is suggested by the Burlington Arcade.

I joined my friend Stapleton on this pregnant morning; but first I watched him from afar as he gazed into the mirror, adoring. (The reader will have noticed in the Burlington Arcade a popular weakness which pervades the loungers, to look at themselves in the mirrors.) Possibly, however, he might be saying to himself, "Mon Dieu, comme je me regrette!" Whichever it was, he stood long. Bewailment or pleasure was distinctly spun out beyond the limits of taste. He might vastly admire his elegant form; if so, that concerned but himself. He might profoundly deplore the frecklings of age; if so, the public would not care for it. The occupation of pondering oneself in a mirror, though adapted to the interior closet, is quite unfitted to an arcade; and many persons obviously thought so while passing poor Stapleton on the Walk.

I stood to contemplate. I was anxious to see how long human vanity—or, let us put it, human regrets—could keep a man staring into a mirror in the middle of the Burlington Arcade. Vanity, we know, is the master passion of most of the greatest of men; but vanity that advertises itself in a mirror is an error in tactic and taste.

Presently, while still he was wrapped in self-depreciation or praise, there peered beside him into the mirror a very beautiful girl. She was exactly seventeen years old. (I knew it.) She smiled with exquisite sweetness, with adolescent play and innocence, as she contemplated the glass—or him. She looked into Stapleton's face. She said to him by her eyes, by her smile and light, "O vain, but handsome man!" Stapleton caught the observation. He read it in the syllables of the face. Imaged and writ on that lovely countenance, those words were very quill-penned.

He turned to look. As he did so the face moved away; and, joining a lady of more mature years, the girl remarked to her friend: "What a remarkably handsome man that must have been—before his hair turned grey."

II.

Stapleton heard that remark.

I was standing, perhaps, three yards from him just as the words were uttered.

I was anxious that he should not suspect that I had been the spectator of his folly. My conscience smote me for not having abbreviated the period of his reckless advertisement. I ought to have stopped him from publishing to the world the fact that he was so human. He might, perhaps, be doing what many would have done had they had the courage to be silly; but vanity hides vanity with the vainest of veils, which, indeed, is the vainest part of all.

Now here I have a remark to make, which I am sure the reader will pardon. I was desperately in love myself. Moreover, I was in love with the very young lady who had made this comment on Stapleton. I had met her at an evening party just one month before. I too well remembered her. Alas! she had forgotten me. The reader will therefore acutely appreciate my own very painful sensibilities. Had she deigned to admire me, as I peered into the mirror, reflecting, it is certain I should have easily forgiven her; but nothing can be more galling, in love, than to hear another admired.

Stapleton, when he heard her remark, stood for a moment mute. He seemed lost in the tremendous power of the flattery plus the reproach. Then, giving utterance to the terrible echo, which came up from the depths of his soul, he murmured feebly but sadly, "Before his hair turned grey!"

It was done. With those words had sunk into his soul a new regret and ambition. He would dye! But one thing was wanting, as she had said, to complete his remarkable beauty—dark hair.

He turned. As he turned he saw me. Transfixed with the new idea which that moment had entered his soul, he seemed as if hardly he knew me. With a gaze that was absent, yet meaning, an expression that was painfully lost, he said—not one single word.

He took my arm. I was silent. I waited till he should

disclose the abysmal purpose of his mind. I suspected exactly what was coming. I knew my friend Stapleton, and I could truthfully augur the current operations of his will. I had not one minute to wait. With a burst of unwonted inspiration—unwonted in the rareness of the theme—he asked me, spasmodically and fiercely, "What is your opinion of Dye?"

I was equal to the greatness of the occasion. I replied, very briefly but emphatically, "Bosh!"

"You are an idiot!" he continued. (That was rude.) "Hair-dye is a symbol. It is the material rendering of a popular principle and practice. All men dye—but not their hair. It is purely a question of *what* they dye. Every man and woman dyes something. Some dye their characters—most do. Some dye their fortunes, that they may appear to be richer than they are. Some dye their vices, that they may pass for being good. Some dye their parents, their origin, their family. Some dye their profession, their business, their trade. The shopman dyes his goods by false announcement. The barrister dyes his client, his cause, or his defence. The Member of Parliament dyes his politics, his speeches, his addresses. The clergyman dyes his sermons, his views, and even piety. Women dye their morals—by propriety. Professors dye their ignorance. Merchants dye their cargoes—to make big fortunes. Dye, sir, is the principle of life. I am astonished at your superficiality. I should have thought you a man of greater observation than to monosyllabize your contempt of dye by 'Bosh!' Why, every one who has studied life and men must know that, without the use of dye, society could not hold together for even half an hour. Men would be kicked out of every drawing-room who should dare to show themselves without it. Pulpits would be empty; Parliament unvoiced; the bar unrigged; the shops all shut; the City waste. Sir, the man who dyes his hair pays but his humble compliment to the supreme conviction of the age—that man was born to dye, and that without it he cannot live."

(I have said that Stapleton was a remarkable man.)

"No one," I replied, "is better able than yourself to poetise a folly."

"Now there you wrong me again. Folly is the absence of thought. What I have said is reason. It is the laying bare the great foundations of the Real. You are not a shallow man, and yet you scoff at Fact."

"Pardon me," I answered, "it is one thing to admit a fact, another to approve it. You talk of dyeing as a merit, whereas at most, as it appears to myself, it can be only a veil."

"I am not prepared to agree with you," responded the gifted Stapleton. "Society has its science, which is the mutual adjustment of things as they are, with the least amount of offence. Admit that the Fall has permeated every rank and stratum of society, and it then becomes a duty to protect ourselves by *seeming* to be perfect. We are not perfect. Every man and woman is imperfect—mentally, ethically imperfect. Now, moral dye is that religious substitute which takes the place of rank disedification. Good heavens! you would not have men *seem* what they are, nor women either? You must have dye. The only question is, how to use it with the least amount of lying."

"But what has this to do with hair-dye?" I remarked. "Your rhapsodies are carrying you away from your text, and landing you in visionary ethics of most impossible nonsense."

"Ah! you have no mind," he continued, very much irritated at my comment. "You cannot grasp a principle. What I am trying to drive into your head—but you are so amazingly dull—is the great and deep-lying truth that all men dye, and that the very most fictional part of their dyeing is that they deny it. Why, take that poor unfortunate woman, Madame Rachel. That woman was a type of London. She was the very apostle of the public truth that all men dye, but that none have the courage to confess it. She ought to have had a statue erected to her in Trafalgar Square, by an admiring, a grateful, and an appreciative nation. She ought to have been homaged by both Houses of Parliament as the great Pythagoras of dye, who had the courage to follow as a profession what others secretly espouse. She boldly proclaimed—what every one practises—the principle of dye. She worshipped, though at a mighty distance, the dukes and duchesses; the senators, bishops, and high clergy; the merchant princes, leaders of fashion, and the bar, in daring, but in the most humble manner, to offer homage to their fictions by practising her own. Madame Rachel was the great apostle of the age. She taught by symbols, yet proclaimed the truth. 'You dye,' she said to the nineteenth century; 'permit me just to dye your faces, since you have already dyed, without my aid, your hearts and consciences, your minds, your morals, and your souls.'"

"I think that a glass of sherry," I replied, "would be refreshing after that."

And leaving the Arcade we strolled back to my chambers, and pursued the soft amenities of life in two very comfortable arm-chairs.

III.

Now, shall I confess it? Yes, I began this story expressly to make reparation, and though I have lingered long upon the threshold, it is only to show what a superior man poor Stapleton was, and therein to exalt my own meritorious confession.

I saw he was determined to dye—but why?

The truth was, that beautiful girl who had seen him in the Burlington Arcade had got into his head—and hair. He had heard the remark, "What a handsome man that must have been, before his hair turned grey," and, being a man of inductive thought, or deductive, productive, or what you will, he instantly determined to dye. That beautiful little face—oh, it was so beautiful!—peering beside him in the mirror, had fascinated his head—and hair. He loved that girl! (This was very painful to me.) I did not tell him that I knew her. I am sorry for this now. I thought he would never discover her—never see her again; and as I had been introduced, and passed an evening in her society, I was secretly decided that nothing should escape me to let out who she was. Stapleton could talk of no one else. "I have seen," he said, so soon as we were seated in my chambers, "the most beautiful face this morning I ever saw in my life." And then he went off to describe her features, her ineffable charm and youth, her hair, that was glittering gold (O pregnant and disastrous theme!) her childish way and innocence, and her exquisite pettiness of style. I listened as one who was inhaling from afar the perfumes of an unknown garden. "If I could get an introduction to her," he exclaimed, "I would sacrifice half my income." (He might sacrifice the whole if he liked, but he should not be introduced by me.)

The very next morning I was walking in the Burlington Arcade—fascinated, no doubt, by yesterday—when I saw, to my unspeakable horror, Stapleton talking to her! In

conceivable wildness and effrontery! Not merely gazing, not merely imbibing, from a respectful and contemplative distance, the exhalations of her pictorial beauty but actually talking, conversing, laughing! Oh! this was too much. How could he have got an introduction? The thing was absolutely impossible. I must knock him down.

"Ah! Walter," he said to me, with masterly cheeriness and complacency, "how do you do?"

Now, Christianity has some excellent ideas. Forgiving an enemy, and loving him, is, of course, a beautiful precept. To have forgiven Stapleton, and to have loved him, at that particular moment would have been, doubtless, superbly heroic. There *may* be men who could do it. I do not say there are not, but I most emphatically assert that I am not of the kind. I should reverence the man with almost worship who could rise to such mystic level; canonization would be inadequate to his merits. But as a matter of fact—and I can speak only for myself—I am not the man to whom posterity will point as having achieved that incredible perfection.

It transpired that the lady had dropped her purse, that Stapleton had picked it up, that her gratitude was almost boundless, that Stapleton had used his opportunity, that his volubility of utterance had been pushed to its utmost, that politeness—of which he was a master—had swung open the gates of acquaintance, and that his extraordinary charm (for I deny not he had it) had broken down barriers of decorum, and trampled into dust Introduction.

I was savage as virtue when it finds itself galled, as meekness when it loses its aim. The Decalogue had a right to complain of my temper on that wretched morning. I was inspired by one simple feeling—revenge!

And this was the way I took it.

IV.

We were sitting next morning in Stapleton's rooms, discussing personal beauty.

Stapleton, who was always superb in his manipulation of nonsensical themes, hazarded, in regard of dye, some new and startling views.

This was exactly what I wanted. Stapleton, as he was, stood supreme among conquering men. His soft grey hair gave a tone and mellowness to a face that was brimful of soul. It was just such a face as a girl loves to look on; parental in the breadth of its heart, juvenile in the instinct of life, buoyant with infantine hilarity, yet nurtured with an ocean of calm. The combination is seductive and rare. Stapleton had it.

I knew it was useless for me to fight against such a man as Stapleton. I might be younger by at least fifteen years; but what have years to do with conquest when Stapletons mar the way? Stapleton could talk; Stapleton could induce; Stapleton could ravish the ears of a girl with flooding power and thought. I could not. I could only do—what most men can do—talk well enough to let out the secret that I had very little in me to let out. I could reveal by effort the wantings of mind. I was not Stapleton: O hated but gifted enemy! how shall I crush you in the dust?

One way lay open before me—to make poor Stapleton ridiculous.

The thing was ready to hand. He would dye: he should.

I remarked that morning as we sat in Stapleton's chairs, but two days after he had seen The Beauty: "The only thing, Stapleton, that spoils your appearance is the equivocal colour of your hair. If you were to dye your hair you would be the serene man that could sun the humanity of town."

"You think so? I am glad to have your opinion. I was afraid you would be adverse to the merits of Art, at least to that branch which is tinctural."

"Adverse! I approve it. What you were talking of two days ago, was dye considered as a virtue. Therein I was unable to follow you; but when you place its merits on a purely art footing I am with you *totò calo*. Dye is the reforescence of age, the rejuvenization of time. When successfully pursued it has merit—the merit of conquering nature."

Stapleton looked at me, incredulous. He fancied I was rallying his weakness; but I preserved equanimity of face, though I was glorying in future fiasco.

"Now what dye should you chiefly recommend as an incipient essay in art?" continued my tincturing friend. "Rosseter has merit on the score of its principle, which is to 'restore' (professedly) not dye. Of course that is nonsense; but the idea of 'restoring' is, perhaps, less repulsive to the artistic and natural mind than the sudden transition from white to jet-black, proposed by transmuting compounds."

I replied, only delighted that he should dye at all, that I had a great regard for Rosseter; that I was at school with one of his sons (Heaven forgive the invention!); that I considered him a virtuous man, and above mere charlatan chicanery. "Rosseter be it," I gaily advanced. "I will try a bottle with you; it will amuse me, but not change my hair."

"Sir," (wrote Stapleton, snatching up his pen) "you will be so good as to send me, secured from public observation, a bottle of your Hair Restorer, for which I enclose three and ninepence."

"Your obedient Servant,

ALGERNON STAPLETON.

"To Rosseter, Esq." "This letter I posted that morning Oh! would that I had not done so."

PART II.

FIASCO.

I was alarmed on receiving about three days afterwards the following letter from Stapleton:

"Dear Walter,
"Come at once. I am very, very ill."

"Yours,

"A. S."

I hastened to Stapleton's rooms. There I found him stretched on a sofa, looking the picture of misery. "Good gracious!" I said, "what has happened?"

He gurgled and gasped a reply. His face was expressive of utter disgust, even more than of positive pain. He asked me—and these were the first words he spoke—"What are the ingredients of Rosseter's dye—do you know?"

I said I believed it was an innocent compound of sulphur, and water, and glycerine, with a sediment of acetate of lead to secure the colour. I could not speak as a *savant*, for I did not understand such matters; but my opinion, though feebly gleaned, was that acetate of lead was a poison, if taken in very large quantities. From external application, however, no sort of harm could be dreaded.

"External application!" howled poor Stapleton; "I have taken a bottle inwardly! Listen, while I tell you what has happened. Feeling rather poorly yesterday I sent for a medical quickener. It came; it was exactly like, in colour and quantity, the Restorer that was in that bottle. But in my fear lest anyone should recognize the Restorer, as it stood on my table, as an unguent, I had removed the label from the bottle, and, in a moment of absence of mind, I swallowed the whole of the Restorer, in mistake for the dose I had sent for. It has made me feel very ill. I was really ashamed to send for a doctor, to tell him I had dyed my inside."

I suggested a palliative I thought of, and in a very few hours he was well. But nothing could induce him to renew his experience of Rosseter's cream-coloured wash.

So soon, however, as he was recovered his mind reverted to the theme. He said to me in a diffident manner, and half-smiling at his own imbecility, "What is your opinion of Mrs. Allen—I mean of that advertised nostrum which she proclaims will renovate the world?"

Now I was anxious that Stapleton should dye, but not that he should impregnate his system with glycerine and acetate of lead. I had heard of men suffering horrible pains from imbibing the latter ingredient; and though, of course, in hair-dye the quantity is small, still, if mis-taken in bottles at a time, the result could not be salubrious. So I said, "Perhaps it would be safer to try some other kind of dye. Mrs. Allen, I know, has very fine pictures of ladies' back-hair and shoulders, and doubtless will restore a 'world-wide' hair by her wash, sold only in large bottles; but I should hazard that a speedier dye, whose effects would be permanent while quick, would save you an infinity of trouble, and would not be mistaken for draughts."

He caught the idea. He said, "I will make my own dye." "Pray do not," I answered. "Bosoriacians or alchemists may toy with drugs, with very little danger to their lives; but for amateurs in dye to compound rank poisons is simply to invite destruction."

So he said, "Do you think that 'Auricomus' would become me?" And he laughed at the fond conceit. "That gold shade is not without merit. But, to be sure, it never was mine."

"Exactly," I replied. "The normal absurdity of people who dye is, that they choose a colour not their own. A fair man will come out in jet-black hair, and a dark man in rays of the sun. Now prudence in colour is closely akin to prudence in language and manners. For a man of bright gaiety to assume the undertaker would be an error in choice of vocation, and for a lugubrious mortal to become a pantaloon would be to make himself still more unhappy. Yet men who dye as a rule select their most antipodal colour. They advertise their art by public proclamation of their unfitness to practise it. I saw a man yesterday who had put his hair into mourning for sins of departed youth. When last I met him he was five-and-twenty, and then he had flaxen hair; yet now his very eyebrows are craped, he has hands and weepers his whiskers, he hears feathers and mutes the whole of his head in a style of recent bereavement. Such affliction, in hair, I never beheld; such capillared grief and misery. I thought when I met him I must go up to him and say, with the tenderest voice and manner, 'Sir, for whom do you mourn? Has the whole of your family been swept off by pestilence, and have even your grandchildren been killed? What inconsolable grief—what rayless sorrow! How shall I condole—with your hair?'"

"Then you advise me," said Stapleton, laughing, "not to dye my hair?"

I saw that I had gone too far, so I instantly revoked, and added, "On the contrary, with a man of your taste no such risk could be run. You would dye harmoniously. You would favour your complexion with the sympathies of art. What you had been you would be, and sixteen would revive in eight-and-thirty. Pray dye! I shall rejoice to see you return (next week) to the spring of your redolent beauty."

He conceived that I was mocking his weakness. My playful disrespect for the art of dye shone through my words and accents, and he said not another word.

But he dyed! From Burlington's mystic Arcade he bought a preparation, and he used it *secundum artem*.

It was some deleterious compound. The inventor knew what were its poisons; but Stapleton spread out his *Materia Medica*, and sponged, and scoured, and towelled. He described it all to me afterwards, and this was the picture he drew:—

"After waiting ten minutes my hair grew dark. I was sanguine of immediate success. I had hardly anticipated so speedy a return to the auburn locks of youth. I stood before the glass, and was contemplating with real satisfaction my recovered teens and bloom, when, just as complacency was reaching its height, there came a knock at the door.

"What then? Well, nothing if the knock but preluded a message or the arrival of a letter by post. But the servant, discharging his words through the keyhole (for I had locked the door), announced that two ladies were waiting below, 'in a handsome barouche and pair,' and that they were very desirous to see me.

"One of these ladies was The Beauty.

"I did not know what to do. My hair was dripping wet; moreover the tints were lugubrious, as though struggling to obscure the Past with a new but fitful Present. I determined on the instant to wash. I said to the servant, 'I will be down in a moment;' and, seizing a towel, I washed my head with infinite speed and anxiety.

"Scarcely had I completed the task when my eye caught sight of a passage in the 'Directions for Dyeing the Hair,' which had up to that moment escaped me. The passage was as follows: 'Be very careful not to wash the hair within twenty-four hours of dyeing, as the result would probably be a Red.'

"But now 'twas done. All reeking, moist and wretched, I descended the stairs. The ladies were in their carriage; they had come to invite me to dinner, to-morrow, at seven o'clock. Their urbanity was extreme and painful. I might have fancied it, but it seemed to me that there was a piteous tone in their voices, which commiserated my hair and dye. Anyway my own sensibilities were much more keen than theirs—I felt dyed. I felt that I was discoloured, painted, smirched. My hat, even, refused to veil the cruel malignities of the hair. The more the ladies grew kindly the more I realised dye; and the parting was my happiest moment, for indeed I was in intensest misery.

"It transpired that the day after I had met The Beauty, with her aunt, in the Burlington Arcade, they had mentioned the fact to an uncle, who happened to be a member of my club—Colonel Fryth: you know him. Amiable to the point

of insanity, this uncle has invited me to dinner, and to-morrow I have promised to go.

"New, returning to my room I was naturally eager to see if I had really turned red. I looked in the glass, and there, sure enough, the first promise of red was written. You see it, my dear Walter. Not positive red just at present, but only the sickening promise. I may get whiter or redder—the alternative is too distressing!"

He sank back in his chair and groaned; then resuming his theme he continued:—

"I wish you had not urged me to dye. It was your fault from beginning to end."

I know human nature, and was prepared for this base equivocation. When a man very earnestly desires a folly, and falls in his primary effort, he will be sure to blame a friend for the council which his own hot vanity evoked. But I soothed him with wisdom (and folly). I said to him that in every science, and in every branch of high art, success only waits on endeavour; that whether in painting, or sculpture, or drawing men do not pinnacle at once. Stage failure, stage incident, stage hopeful, is the order of Nature's slow step.

"You will be," I said, "the dyedest Apollo in the whole of artistic London. Don't hurry or give up in despair. The outside, like the in, of the head is developed only by time."

Now it is certain that nonsense can resist sound sense better than can wisdom or power. The latter will fail because they have measure, while the former is quite without limit. Let a man get a folly well into his head, and Socrates might harangue him in vain; whereas grandness of purpose may be quickly overthrown from the fact that it depends upon force. Stapleton was a capital fellow—he was clever, original, good; he could talk like a god (of the bipedal school), and even write superbly, for a moment. In all that had to do with theory he was a most 'superior man,' but in the actual practice of wisdom he was down in the zero of fact.

He would dye because he had fallen in love, because he had heard that unfortunate comment, "What a remarkably handsome man that must have been, before his hair turned grey!" To divert poor Stapleton from dye was now impossible. Still I was the demon that egged him on from spite, and envy, and malice.

Now Dye Number One having proved a fiasco, from the fact that it was inadvertently swallowed, and Dye Number Two having issued in calamity, on account of the carriage at the door, it became a moot question how Dye Number Three could be hedged with sufficient precaution. The difficulty was this—and a very grave difficulty it was—the effect of washing with the purest rain-water the undried dye Number Two was to give to the hair an indiscriminate colour, like sunrise going into mourning. The dre adred had not ensued, but a partial, indecisive shade of reddish, blackish white was now the fitful character of Stapleton's once grey hair. This would not do; nature or art must reign supreme, and Nature having resigned her throne Art must do what she could.

I waive the detail of that purchasing noon; suffice it to say that at 11.25 Stapleton stepped out to buy. He obtained, in the Burlington Arcade, another bottle of dye. This time all must be safe. And a coiffeur assuring him that "one application would suffice to produce a hazel," he took the unguent to his home, and next morning commenced the campaign of Dye Number Three, and last.

PART III.

REPENTANCE.

Nitrate of silver has this disadvantage, that it requires to be critically used. If taken internally it dyes the skin brown, if applied externally it dyes the hair blue, except under rigid conditions.

These conditions were not complied with by Algernon Stapleton, Esq. He purchased (in the Burlington Arcade) Simpkins' Incomparable Dye. The "Incomparable" had reference chiefly to the profit Mr. Simpkins derived. It had also some vague application to the effect produced on the hair. Whether from inartistic combination the nitrate was suffered to abound over the other less noxious chemicals, or whether, from the previous impregnation of Stapleton's hair with red, certain it is that the result produced was the very last that would have merited approval from his own æsthetic views. *His hair turned purple!* He was a supreme exemplar of cerulean beauty, spotted all over with brown.

Moreover, the skin of the intelligent countenance, from too much haste in applying, was dotted with ugly black spots, which lent a variegated appearance to the complexion, far more uncommon than beautiful.

Now blue or purple, though pleasing colours in a sphere adapted to their use, are out of place on a gentleman's head, especially on that of Stapleton. His soft blue eyes and delicate skin called for no such contrast. His graceful way and delicate hands were not set off by purple. Purple is a pronounced colour. It attracts a painful attention. You could not walk down Bond-street (nor even in the Burlington Arcade) with a brilliant head of purple without exciting the untoward remark, "His hair is somewhat too blue!"

Then the ugly black spots were another incentive to popular reprehension as to taste. They would not come off; no appeal from water, or even from friction, had any weight with their stubbornness; they seemed to *like* Stapleton's face. Their adherence to his cheeks was so markedly cordial, that at last poor Stapleton despaired.

"You will go to-night?" I cruelly asked him, when the spots would not come off.

"It is a difficult question," he wanderingly said. "Intellect is a powerful makeway, but intellect with a purple head-dress creates antipathy to begin with."

"Consider," I said, "the merit of conquest obtained under such disadvantage. An ordinary man would of course succumb, but I am not quite sure, were I Algernon Stapleton, that I should not glory in my purple, for the pride of talking it down."

"You are good to put it so," he feebly rejoined. "Certainly, what is complexion? After all a man must win by his brains and not by his *couleur de rose*. It is absurd to think that men like ourselves require an alabaster skin. Boys may do so; average minds may press into service every auxiliary of look, but, as you say, where is the use of being superior to the herd if we cannot rise above colour? Yes, I think I shall go. But if I do you must go with me. I may require sustenance from a friend, upholding by wisdom and power. Ring the bell."

I rang it.

"The brougham," he said to the servant, "at exactly a quarter to seven."

II.

Stapleton's appearance in full-dress toilet was a sight to move the angels. Such command of self and such purple hair we never seen together. He read a treatise of Plato in the course of the afternoon to acquire the necessary calm. And at half-past five he began to dress, and at six was a perfect "sight."

Supremely got up, with consummate care, he baffled malignity to smile. Graceful as a man need wish to be, his head was all the more droll. His manners were calm as breeding could make them; his head was dazzling blue. The spots on the face were useful for this, that they told their own tale with tears, and when the brougham came round to take us to dine, I knew not whether to laugh or to weep.

"How do I look?" he plaintively asked, just before we descended the stairs.

The question was not easy to answer. Veracity is a merit when combined with taste, but without it may sometimes be wrong. Veracity *now* would have been simply a crime; so I replied that, considering the conditions, the effect was not phenomenal.

"You still think I can go?" he said, doubting.

Now it is one of the peculiarities of human nature, that we don't take the same view of others' misfortunes that we habitually take of our own. Given our *own* face, maculate to distemper, and it is certain that we should not go to parties. But another's countenance is not our own, and, consequently, a result which, if we saw it in the glass, would simply drive ourselves mad, when seen in a friend is endurable. This is the weak side of nature. Selfishness is king of all vices; for, though many a man has conquered every other, no one has quite conquered that.

I began to repent. "Don't go," rose quickly to my lips; but to have said it would have been to proclaim to Stapleton that he was simply hideous to look upon. Here was a subtle perplexity—which was more generous of the two, to say to a friend, "You are hideous," or to let him go into society for society to take that view? On the one hand you hurt his feelings, on the other you hurt his success. On the one hand you make him miserable, on the other you make him ridiculous. Oh, I give up the question—it is too profoundly esoteric!

No fear for Stapleton. If ever he commanded himself he did so on that purple night. Even The Beauty's eyes, when they caught his hair, drew forth not one restless look. As though born in purple, and spotted with mother-devices, he moved into the room, and swayed to and fro with accomplished ease and grandeur.

To laugh—no one could. The ladies, of course, saw the joke in a moment. The uncle was prudently innocent.

"Take my niece down to dinner," said the uncle to Stapleton; and they linked in purple intuition.

At dinner poor Stapleton talked—talked even better than ever. His art of investing the commonest subjects with extravagant interest and hue was new to the ladies, and even to the uncle, it was so exuberantly yet naturally poured. He held himself in with a modest distrust, then burst forth with marvellous torrent. To talk is the king of all gifts; to talk well, with modesty, most rare. Stapleton was the only talker whom I ever met in my life who could talk with extraordinary winningness, yet in perfect oblivion of self.

The consequence was, before dinner was over the hair was totally forgotten. That hair might have been like a Highland plaid, Tartan, Campbell, or Cameron, the ladies would have forgiven the pattern for the sake of the brains it covered. The Beauty feasted on his words. I knew that my reign was over. By the side of a man who could talk like that, there was nothing for me but the coal-cellar.

Then, dinner being ended, we adjourned to the drawing-room, and music was lord of the evening.

Now I was more desperately in love—ten times—than even my purpled friend, Stapleton, and I could have slain him, I felt, on the spot, but for pity and shame on my part. The aunt extracted, while we sat together, all that I knew about him, and a very great deal it was. But I determined to be hugely magnanimous, and, scoring the occasion for undermining him, I lifted him up on a monument. I said he was good, he was great, he was loving; I said I had known him at school; I said he was a model brother and friend—in short, an epitaph living. I ended with a spasm of infinite praise: "Stapleton is the *only* man I know."

"I think he has dyed since first we saw him," said the aunt, with painful composure. "Have you any conception why?"

I arose and left her.

But Stapleton, catching the words, turned round and answered for himself:—

"Why should a man of thirty-eight years of age dye his hair a rich purple? Because he heard Seventeen say, 'What a remarkably handsome man that must have been, before his hair turned grey.' I have paid my first compliment to Seventeen in making myself ridiculous, my next real compliment shall be to undye, and offer my age in homage."

This was said so quietly, so without presumption, that no offence could be taken. The words were addressed to the uncle, even more than to the listening ladies. The uncle, who was perfectly the gentleman, replied with admirable ease, "You can afford to dye, or to let it alone. With so much *inside* your head it cannot possibly matter what is out."

III.

Why need I delay the reader's patience, and pursue my narrative further?

In ten days' time the hair was "restored," though not by Mr. Rosseter. The old grey streak came back to their rest, and Stapleton was himself once more.

He never dyed again. But what think you ensued on that evening, and on the freak of dyeing the hair?

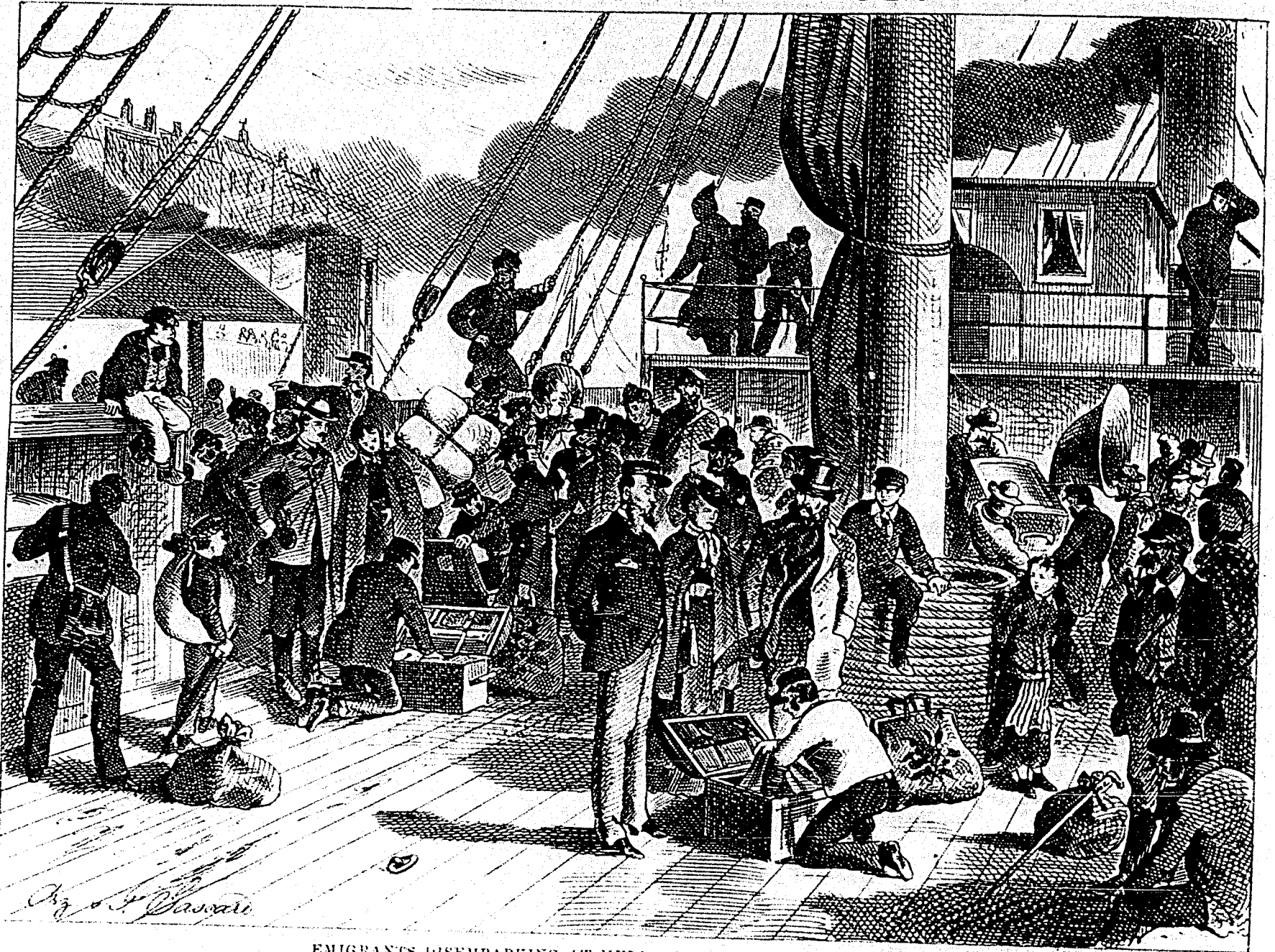
Why this, that Seventeen adored Thirty-eight, and that I retired in shame. I confessed to Stapleton afterwards the whole of my malignant design; he freely and laughingly forgave me. "All is fair in love," he said, "even to make a man dye. I should have dyed without you; but the weakness did me this service, that it enabled me to pay my first compliment."

He said this just before he was married.

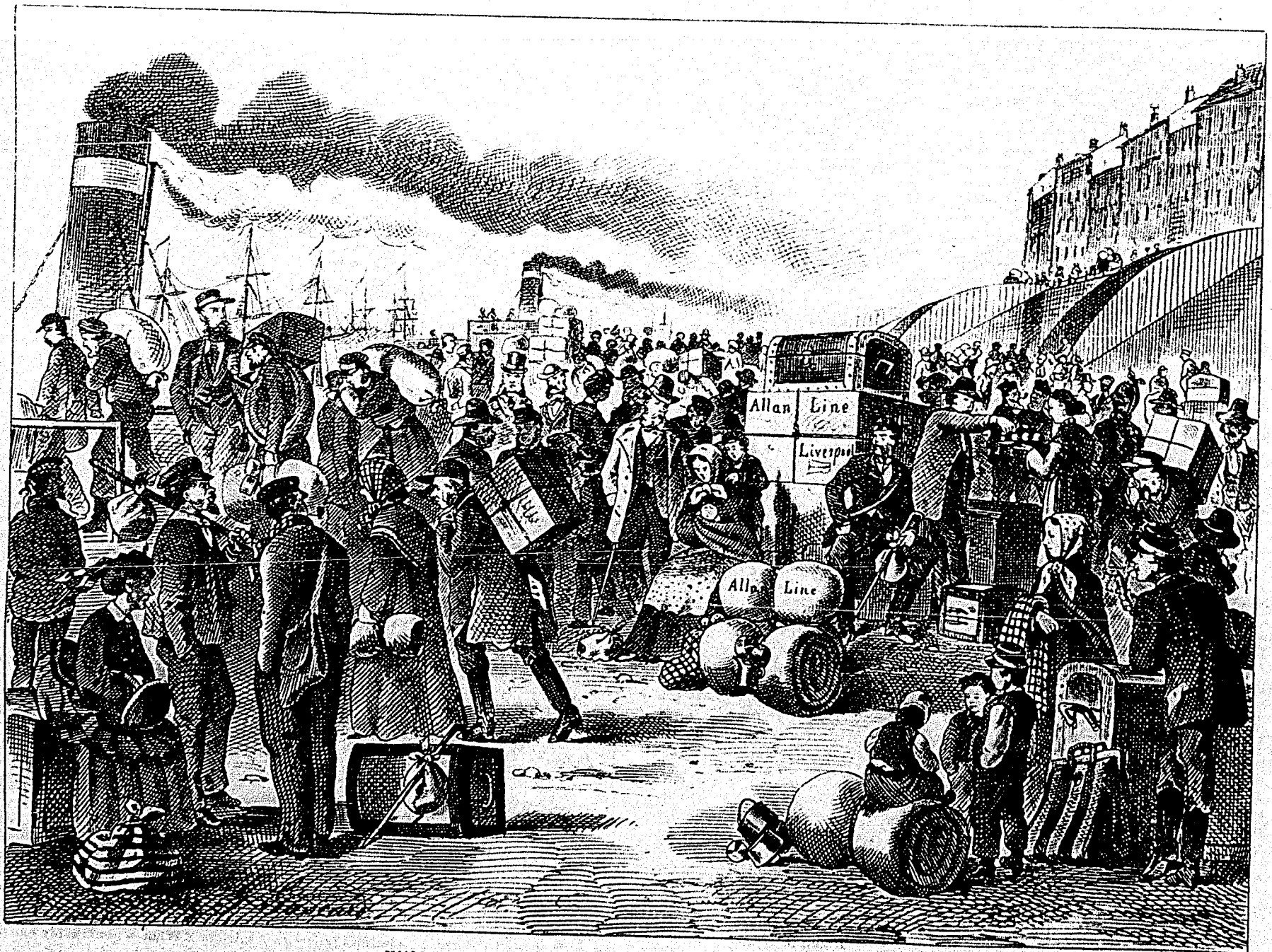
We still walk sometimes in the Burlington Arcade, and look into the coiffeur's windows. Mrs. Stapleton laughs when she sees the dyes, and says to me slyly, in a whisper, "It will soon be your turn to dye."

But I reply that no lovely lady will ever say of me, as she admires my face in a mirror: "What a remarkably handsome man that must have been—before his hair turned grey!"

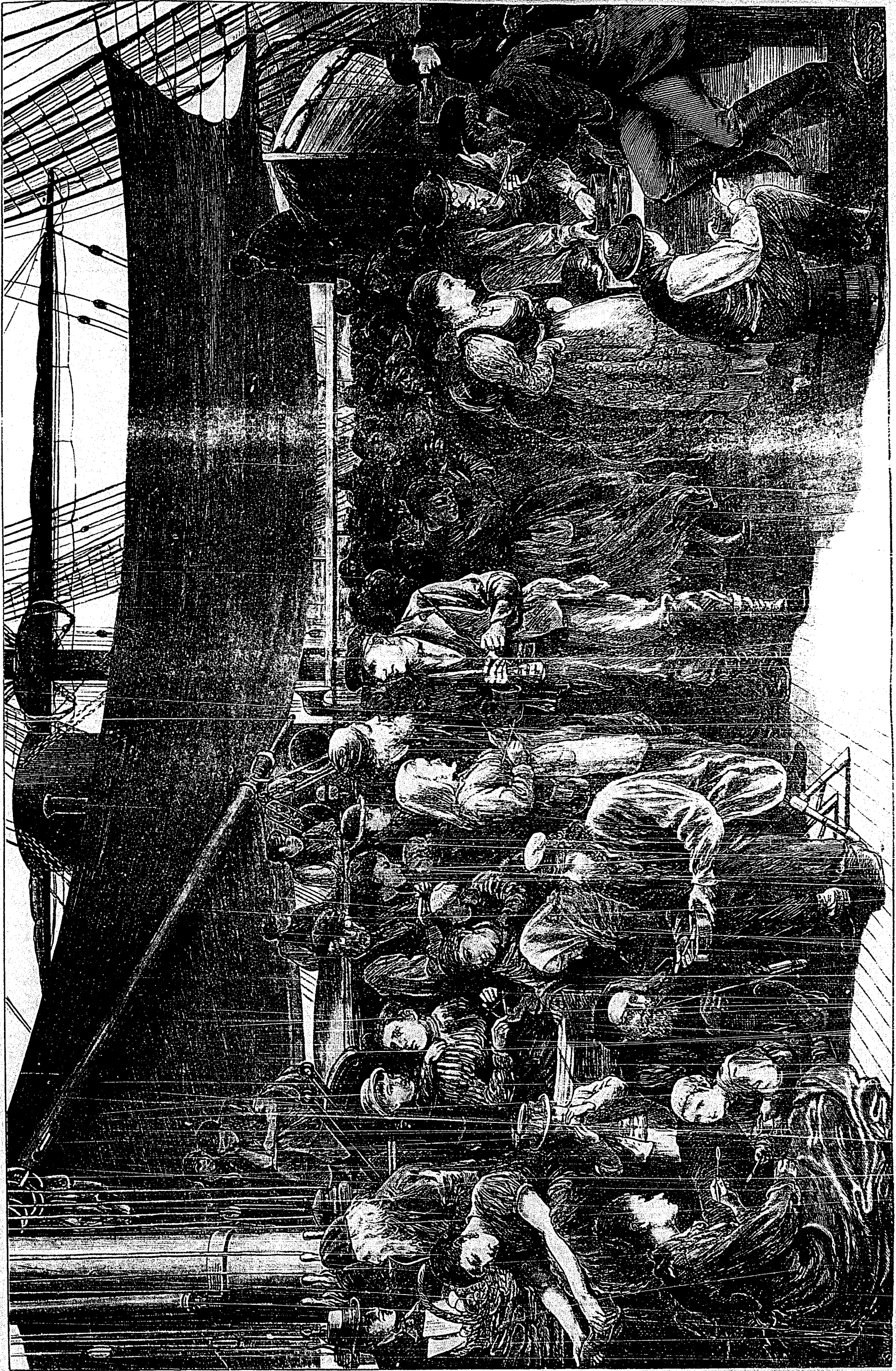
GERMAN EMIGRATION.



EMIGRANTS DISSEMBARKING AT HULL, EN ROUTE FOR LIVERPOOL.



EMIGRANTS EMBARKING AT LIVERPOOL FOR QUEBEC.



GERMAN EMIGRATION.—THE STEERAGE OF A NORTH GERMAN LLOYDS ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP.

A WELCOME.

BY THE POET LAUREATE.

I.

The son of him with whom we strove for power—
Whose will is lord thro' all his world-domain—
Who made the serf a man, and burst his chain—
Has given our Prince his own Imperial Flower,
Alexandrowna.

And welcome, Russian flower, a people's pride,
To Britain, when her flowers begin to blow,
From love to love, from home to home do go,
From mother unto mother, stately bride,
Marie Alexandrowna!

II.

The golden news along the steppes is blown,
And at the name the Tartar tents are stirred;
Elburz and all the Caucasus have heard;
And all the sultry plains of India known,
Alexandrowna.

The voices of our universal sea
On capes of Africa as on cliffs of Kent,
The Maories and that Isle of Continent,
And loyal pines of Canada murmur thee,
Marie Alexandrowna.

III.

Fair empires branching, both in lusty life!—
Yet Harold's England fell to Norman swords;
Yet thine own land has bow'd to Tartar hordes
Since English Harold gave its throne a wife,
Alexandrowna!

For thrones and people are as waifs that swing,
And float or fall, in endless ebb and flow;
But who love best have best the grace to know
That Love by right divine is deathless king,
Marie Alexandrowna!

IV.

And Love has led thee to the stranger land,
Where men are bold, and strongly say their say;—
See, empire upon empire smiles to-day,
As thou with thy young lover hand in hand,
Alexandrowna!

So now thy fuller life is in the West,
Whose hand at home was gracious to thy poor;
Thy name was blest within the narrow door;
Here also, Marie, shall thy name be blest,
Marie Alexandrowna.

V.

Shall fears and jealous hatred flame again?
Or at thy coming, Princess, everywhere
The blue heaven break, and some diviner air
Breathe thro' the world and change the hearts of men,
Alexandrowna?

But hearts that change not, love that cannot cease,
And peace be yours, the peace of soul in soul!
And howsoever this wild world may roll,
Between your peoples truth and manful peace,
Alfred—Alexandrowna.

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TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

A NEW NOVEL,

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

CHAPTER LVIII.—(Continued.)

The telegram arrived while Lady Perriam was seated before an untasted breakfast. It brought relief and satisfaction to her mind.

Mrs. Carter, Paddington. To Lady Perriam, Perriam Place, near Monkhampton.

"Arrived in London safely. Put up at Jones's private hotel, Paddington. Met with no difficulty during journey."

This was all, but it was sufficient to lighten Lady Perriam's anxieties. The next telegram would be from Mr. Ledlamb to tell her the result of his patient's interview with the second doctor, whose opinion was to settle the fact of Mr. Perriam's lunacy.

Sylvia's next anxiety was the expected letter from Edmund Standen. If he wrote on the first stage of his journey the letter ought to reach her by that afternoon's post. In the meanwhile she was in the dark as to his intentions. Did he intend to forsake her, after swearing that it was she alone whom he loved? Could he be so mad as to fly from love, fortune, happiness? Or was his departure only designed to soften the blow to Esther Rochdale, to make the breaking of their engagement easier for both?

This was the view which Sylvia took of his conduct, and she waited with intense impatience for the letter which was to justify her hopes.

The telegram from Mr. Ledlamb came at three o'clock in the afternoon.

"Dr. Dervish, of Bluhenden Square, has seen the patient, and confirms my opinion as to mental derangement. Certificates, and all preliminaries arranged. The patient accompanies me to the Arbour this afternoon, with Mrs. Carter."

That was all. How easily the business had been done.

There was an hour still to wait for the afternoon post, which came to Perriam at four; a weary hour in which to suffer that heart-sickness of hope deferred. And Sylvia dreaded a visit from Mr. Bain ere that afternoon was over. Was he likely to give her a long respite? Would he not be impatient to have his audacious question answered?

She thought of his wooing with mingled bitterness and contempt, but not without a thrill of fear. His manner had implied some hidden power—a hold upon her which she trembled to think of. Never could she forget the agony of that hour on the sun-lit terrace.

"Would he dare to make me such an offer if he did not believe he has some power over me?" she asked herself me-

ditatively. "Yet what could his knowledge amount to? What can he know, or even suspect? And now, if Mr. Ledlamb is but faithful to me, all is safe. The grave could hardly be a better hiding place for what I want to hide."

CHAPTER LIX.

THE MASTER PASSION.

The afternoon wore away, and to Sylvia's supreme relief, Mr. Bain did not appear to claim her answer to his proposal. The four o'clock post brought her Edmund's promised letter, posted from Antwerp. It was a long letter, and when Sylvia first looked at it, the closely written lines swam before her eyes.

Hotel Peter Paul, Antwerp.

Dear Lady Perriam.—When I consented to that fatal meeting of the other night, I did so strong in the belief that I had steeled myself against a fascination which once had such complete power over me. I came to meet you, prepared to be your friend or counsellor, should you need friend or counsel, but resolved never again to be your lover. On that point I believed myself firm as a rock. You had done me the deepest wrong that it is possible for a woman to inflict upon the man who loves her. You had blighted the fairest years of my life. I might forgive you for all I had suffered—blot out the remembrance of those years, but I must be weak indeed, despicable indeed, if I threw myself once again beneath the foot that had trampled upon me—if I offered my love again, to be again fooled to the top of my bent, and ruthlessly thrown over in the hour when my faith was firmest.

This is what I thought and believed when I rashly braved the spell of your presence, the fatal magic of your voice. You know how miserably weak I proved in the hour of temptation. I did not know myself when I came to that meeting in Perriam churchyard. I know myself only too well now, and know that I am your slave for ever.

And now, Sylvia, what is to be my fate? I place my lot in your hands. I am a despicable, dishonoured wretch, who has broken faith with one of the best and purest of women—a woman whom to know is to honour; for whom love goes hand in hand with reverence. I have fled from the scene of my own ignominy; not daring to face those pure penetrating eyes whose truthful gaze would look into my very soul; still less able to endure the pardon which I know would be mine, though my folly and falsehood may go near to break that faithful heart. I have fled, leaving Esther Rochdale to despise me as the meanest of men.

Pronounce, Sylvia. It is for you to speak my sentence. Am I to be your husband, happy in the possession of one whose very presence has a magic which steals my senses, and brings sweet forgetfulness of all things in life save the upward glance of those divine eyes, and the warm touch of that little clinging hand? Am I to be your husband, despised most likely by the world as the man who was not too proud to marry the girl who jilted him, and even to profit by the perfidy which made her a rich woman—despised as a fortune hunter, but happy in your love? What is my future to give me, Sylvia? It is for you to decide. Remember, if you marry me, you marry a pauper, or a man who at the best can earn four or five hundred a year, by the drudgery of a bank manager. With your beauty, youth, and wealth you might do much better than this. You might mount a step higher on the ladder of fortune, marry a man whose position should be twice as great as Sir Aubrey Perriam's: circle that lovely brow with the coronet of a peeress. Consider all this, Sylvia. You have fooled me once, beguiled me with a pleasant dream from which the waking was most bitter. In common humanity, do not again deceive me. If you love me well enough to sacrifice ambition and to endure slander—for be very sure such a marriage would expose you to the malevolence of the world—I am at your feet, and ask no higher joy than to be your husband. But be very sure of yourself before you answer this letter. And if the word yes be said, let it be a yes that will stand, though all heaven and earth combined against us.

Yours till death,
EDMUND STANDEN.

Sylvia covered the letter with passionate kisses, kisses mingled with tears.

"If I love him well enough!" she repeated, "If I love him! God help me! Could he know what I have gone through to win him once again he would not talk of ifs. My Edmund, my beloved, mine at last! What does all I have ever suffered count against the joy of this moment? My Edmund! He is poor, and I am rich. I can give him happiness, wealth, grandeur. Who shall dare to despise him or me. Now! now, at last I shall know the meaning of happiness. I shall know the value of wealth."

She read and re-read the letter. For the nonce the letter was Edmund. She kissed the senseless paper—cried over it till it was limp with her tears.

It was not all sweetness. One passage stung her to the quick—that sentence in which Edmund paid tribute to Esther Rochdale's noble nature—that was bitter.

"He thinks her so much better than I—there is not a word in all the letter that speaks of respect for me—confidence in me," she reflected, brooding over that praise of Esther. "But then he loves me best; he has tried to love her, and failed. He loves me in spite of himself. That is the love best worth having—the true master passion."

Lady Perriam rang for her maid.

"Pack a couple of portmanteaux with everything necessary for a month's absence," she said, "and get yourself ready to leave by the nine o'clock train this evening. I am going away for change of air."

The woman looked astonished at the sudden announcement, but Lady Perriam was not a communicative mistress, and gave all orders with a cold imperiousness which left no room for question.

"Stop, Céline," she said as the woman was retiring. She meditated silently for a minute or two, looking downward with a troubled brow.

"Send Tringfold to me," she said.

She had reflected that it would be wise to take her child with her—even though nurse and infant and maid would be incumbrances where she was going. Mr. Bain, outraged, cheated might attempt some act of revenge, and to leave the child in his power would be like leaving it in a lion's den. The child was her strong rock—through him she enjoyed house, income, position. She had but the vaguest idea of the power the Court of Chancery possessed to rule her life, but she thought it just possible that Mr. Bain, possessed of the child, and aided by the Court of Chancery, might be able to oust her from Perriam

Place, separate her from her infant son, and rob her of the liberal allowance the Court had awarded for his maintenance.

She was going straight to Antwerp, and she hoped to return to Perriam as Edmund Standen's wife.

Sir Aubrey had been dead little more than six months. Sylvia knew that to marry soon would be to have the world's contempt, but she was prepared to endure that. She was willing to be slandered, ridiculed even, rather than to give Edmund time to change his mind, to repent, and return to Esther Rochdale.

Mrs. Tringfold came presently, and she, not so well trained as Lady Perriam's own maid, did not fail to express unbounded surprise at such a sudden departure. How was she to get Sir St. John's frocks ready at a moment's notice? There were a dozen in the laundry not so much as ironed, rolled up in the starch, and it would be two days' work to iron them.

"He can go without frocks, if necessary," answered Sylvia, decisively. She had no idea of being balked by a dependent. "We can buy more frocks, and everything else to-morrow in London. The doctor who was here yesterday told me that change of air and scene were necessary for my health, and the sooner I went away the better."

"If you'd only told me yesterday evening, my lady."

"I was too much agitated by poor Mr. Perriam's departure to think of myself. I have only now made up my mind, and I do not wish to lose any time in getting away. I feel that I want change of air."

"You have been looking out of sorts, and low like, for a long time, my lady. But that's only natural, after your sad loss."

"Of course. Come, Mrs. Tringfold, don't waste any time talking. If you can't get ready to go with baby, Céline must take him. I am determined not to lose the nine o'clock train."

"Let him go without me! That dear blessed child; that's more to me than any of my own ever was, though I've brought up five, strong and healthy, too, as your ladyship knows. I wouldn't leave him for the world. It'll be a dreadful drive; but I'll get ready somehow, if I work myself into a fever."

"There need be no fever," answered Lady Perriam, calmly, though inward fever burned in her breast. "You can have plenty of help. There is a house full of servants doing nothing."

"The boxes shall be packed, my lady, and I'll take the frocks in the starch, and iron them myself when we get to our destination."

"Be ready at eight o'clock. I shall not wait for you."

Sylvia had something to do herself before her departure. She had to write a letter to Mr. Bain—a letter which should, if possible, soften the edge of his disappointment, and conciliate the man who had so much power, either as her ally or her adversary.

The composition of that letter was almost the hardest work Sylvia Perriam had ever had to do, and the task occupied some time. After three or four attempts, resulting in failure, she wrote the following:—

Dear Mr. Bain,—I have given serious and careful consideration to the proposal you did me the honour to make me the day before yesterday, and much thought has resulted in the conviction that I can only reply to that flattering proposition in the negative.

I respect your force of character, admire your capacity for business, and that mental power which, I do not doubt, would have made you great or distinguished in almost any walk of life; but I cannot give you the affection you ask for, and I will show my confidence in your generosity, and my belief in your honour, by telling you why I cannot do so.

You are, doubtless, aware that before I married Sir Aubrey I was engaged to Mr. Standen. That engagement was broken at my father's bidding, at the hazard of breaking my heart, because he was too proud to permit my marriage with a man whose mother was so strongly averse to such an union. I yielded to my father's wishes, and married Sir Aubrey, whose goodness had inspired me with deepest gratitude, whom I respected and revered, but to whom I could not give the love which had already been given to Edmund Standen. Sir Aubrey was too generous to claim such a love from me. He recognised the disparity of our years, and was content to receive my reverence and obedience. That old love was buried, but not dead. No thought of Edmund Standen ever came between me and my duty to my husband. But now that I am once more free memory is re-awakened, and I know that my first lover is still master of my heart. With this knowledge I should do you the deepest wrong were I to offer encouragement to your hopes. Be assured of my confidence, my regard; remain my friend, my counsellor; retain all the power you have ever enjoyed at Perriam, be the adviser of my son's youth, the protector and manager of his wealth, and be assured through all, and under all circumstances, of my unchanging gratitude and undeviating regard.

Ever faithfully yours,
SYLVIA PERRIAM.

P.S.—I find it necessary—rather suddenly to take decisive measures with regard to Mr. Perriam. I have taken your advice and placed him in your friend's care.

Sylvia read this letter carefully before sealing it. It seemed to her a triumph of ingenuity. If anything could appease Mr. Bain's wrath, soften the pangs of disappointed ambition, surely this letter would do it. She left it to be delivered after her departure. She trembled at the thought that even yet Shadrack Bain might make his appearance before she had started. She had her own preparations still to make—money, papers, and jewels to collect and pack safely for the journey. She had not said a word about leaving Perriam Place in the letter to Mr. Bain. It would be time enough for him to make the discovery when he came there and found her gone.

Eight o'clock came at last, an hour as impatiently longed for as it had been last night. Lady Perriam, nurse, and infant entered the chariot; a cart was loaded with portmanteaux and travelling bags. Céline took her place beside the driver of this inferior vehicle, the swift wheels rolled along the avenue and Sylvia had started on the first stage of her journey to Antwerp.

The party stopped that night at a monster hotel in Paddington, where Lady Perriam courted sleep in one of the most expensive bedrooms of the house, a desert waste of polished walnut wood and dark green damask. To-morrow night she would be tossing on the sea, or steaming swiftly up the Scheldt in the Baron Oey, or some sister boat.

The Antwerp steamer left St. Catherine's Wharf at noon next day. Lady Perriam, to whom slumber had come but by

briefest snatches, was astir early. She breakfasted with her boy and the nurse, and was unusually gracious to Mrs. Tringfold, whom she thought it might be well to conciliate.

"I haven't so much as heard you say where we are going to, my lady," said Mrs. Tringfold, emboldened by this condescension; "and it's rather wearing to the mind to feel oneself travelling and not know what one's coming to."

"Didn't I tell you, Tringfold?" exclaimed Sylvia, with an innocent wondering look, "how odd that I should forget it. We are going to Antwerp on the first stage of our journey up the Rhine."

Mrs. Tringfold looked insufficiently enlightened. "Antwerp," she repeated, "might that be any wheres in the Highlands, my lady; I know Scotch travelling is all the rage with the aristocracy."

Lady Perriam explained that Antwerp was not in North Britain. Mrs. Tringfold was grateful for the explanation, but expressed some horror at the idea of going among nasty, dirty Frenchmen.

Lady Perriam made good use of the interval between breakfast and half-past ten o'clock, at which hour the fly was ordered to convey the travellers to St. Katherine's Wharf. She went in a cab to a central telegraph station, and sent the following telegram to Edmund Standen, at the Hotel Peter Paul, Antwerp.

"Yes, a thousand times yes. I am on my way to Antwerp, and shall answer all questions for myself."

This done Lady Perriam drove to Jager-street, Bloomsbury, where she was fortunate enough to find Mr. Ledlamb just arriving from his country retreat, whence an early train had brought him to his surgery.

That gentleman looked not a little surprised at the appearance of his patroness.

"Are you about to honour us with a visit to the Arbour, Lady Perriam?" he asked rather anxiously.

"Not just yet, Mr. Ledlamb. I am on my way to the Continent, for a little change and rest. On my return I shall come to see your patient, and hope to find that he does honour to your care. I thought while in London I might as well call here and ascertain from your own lips that all is well."

"Nothing could be better," answered Mr. Ledlamb glibly. "Our poor patient has been somewhat sullen and querulous; but on the whole we have got on charmingly. Mrs. Carter, the nurse, has been of some service in soothing him. He has a curious fancy about her, and sometimes—"

"My dear Mr. Ledlamb, I have begged you not to torture me with details. So you found Mrs. Carter useful. It has occurred to me that as the patient likes her, it might be as well to retain her services for some time to come."

Mr. Ledlamb's countenance fell somewhat at this suggestion.

"I should, of course, make an allowance for her maintenance—say fifty pounds a year."

Mr. Ledlamb brightened visibly, then looked thoughtful—finally brightened again.

"It might be so arranged, Lady Perriam, if you desire it. It is somewhat against my rule to receive any patient's former attendant. I prefer attendants of my own choosing. But in this case I will strain a point. Mrs. Carter shall stay with us—she shall share the tranquil repose of our secluded home."

"I have been thinking that you might be glad of a payment on account, Mr. Ledlamb."

"That is very considerate of you, Lady Perriam. I admit that some small advance would not be unwelcome."

Sylvia gave him a hundred pounds in notes, which she had prepared for that purpose, and took his receipt for the amount in a thoroughly business-like manner.

Two hours afterwards she was standing on the deck of the Antwerp steamer, watching the low shores of Essex glide slowly by, and dreaming of a happy future.

Not a thought of the lunatic in his strange abode—home in name, in reality a prison—no regret for the mother whom she had condemned to share his dismal doom, stole like a dark and menacing shadow across Sylvia Perriam's sunlit day-dreams. She was a woman who lived for herself—whose fears, hopes, desires ever tended towards one perpetual centre.

She was hastening to meet her lover, and she was happy.

CHAPTER LX.

MR. BAIN IS WORSTED.

Mr. Bain mounted his horse, Pepper—a sleek, deep-chested animal, which he kept for the saddle—and rode forth gaily—or as gaily as so young a widower might ride with the eye of his townfolk upon him—just about an hour after Lady Perriam had been borne away from St. Katherine's wharf on the Antwerp steamer.

It was a bright August noontide, with just a pleasant westerly breeze to fan the leaves of the young trees that had been planted in the front gardens of those smart-looking villas which had lately cropped up, like a fringe of brick and mortar, along the road just outside Monkhampton—agreeable indications of the prosperity of "our ever-increasing town," as the Monkhamptonians called it in the local paper. Mr. Bain, secure in his square, red brick dwelling-place, whose freehold his father and grandfather had held before him, looked with an eye of contempt on these toy-shop villas—little more substantial than those pasteboard Swiss cottages and rustic savings banks in which juvenile hoards are wont to be garnered. The people who occupied these newly built habitations were people who had newly begun housekeeping—people of the mushroom race—young couples with small children and very young maid-servants—nothing solid or old-established about them.

Gaily rode Mr. Bain past the mushroom villas, more gaily as the road grew more rural, and there were only birds and butterflies, or the ruddy kine in the fat meadows, or lazy old horses looking over a field gate to mark the brightness of his eye, or the half-suppressed smile upon his firm lip.

He was going to ask Lady Perriam for her answer—and he told himself that answer would be favourable. He had considered the matter from every standpoint, gone into it deeply, and he did not believe she would dare to refuse his offer of marriage, unexpected, or even repugnant, as that offer might have been.

Granted that her heart was given to her first lover, Edmund Standen. She would conquer that fancy as she had conquered it before, when she married Sir Aubrey Perriam. Granted that her heart could never belong to Mr. Bain, any more than it had belonged to Sir Aubrey. Shadrack Bain could do without her heart.

"I have never had a particular fancy for hearts," the land

steward said to himself, "but I want those outlying lands—the lands my father and I have put together—land bought judiciously, and improved so carefully that it yields four and a-half per cent. I want to be master where I have been servant. I want to hand over my office to my son and my head clerk, and wash my hands of Monkhampton and drudgery. I want to sit down upon my own acres, and have a pretty wife to head my table, and ride to hounds three times a week, and be called squire instead of lawyer."

These desires were the sum of Mr. Bain's ambition, and he fancied that he was on the threshold of his commonplace Paradise. It was his conviction that Lady Perriam dared not refuse him anything.

"First and foremost, and there lies the main spring of my machine, there is a secret, a secret connected with Sir Aubrey's death. What it is I hardly care to know. Perhaps better not to know it. My power is the same, so long as she believes I know it. Secondly, poor old half-witted Mordred Perriam has some inkling of her secret, and that's why she has kept him so close, and has taken such care to keep me from seeing him, and would have very little objection to shut him up in a lunatic asylum if she could do it safely. Thirdly, that Mrs. Carter, who I believe is a poor relation of Lady Perriam's, is in some manner concerned in this secret. Between the old man and his nurse I might unravel the mystery, I dare say, if I set about it. But there's no occasion for that. Lady Perriam's face told me enough the other day. Whatever her secret is, she gives me credit for knowing it, and fears me with all her heart and soul; fears me so much that she will marry me, and be ruled by me for the rest of her life. If not out of love, out of fear."

Thus mused Shadrack Bain as he rode to Perriam Place. The woman at the lodge swung open the gate and dropped her lowest curtsy as he entered the avenue. All the servants at the Place felt that Mr. Bain was more or less their master. He had taken upon himself the duties of house-steward since Sir Aubrey's illness, and had contrived to retain those duties even after Sir Aubrey's death. He paid the servants their wages, and they believed that they would have to part at his dismissal.

Occupied as he was with his own schemes, Mr. Bain remarked the lodgekeeper's profound reverence, and felt the sweetness of power.

"A nice sinecure that woman has," he said to himself; "nothing to do but mind her own children, and open and shut that gate half-a-dozen times a day. That's one of the evils of a large estate. There are always more cats than can catch mice."

Perriam Place looked its grandest in the broad midday sunshine, the parterres in the Italian garden ablaze with flowers, the statues and marble balustrade of the terraces steeped in sunlight.

"A fine old house," thought Mr. Bain, "nothing of the mushroom about that. It would be something to inhabit such a place, even if one were but a tenant on sufferance."

The hall doors stood wide open, but the sleek footman who was wont to lounge in the vestibule was not visible to-day. Mr. Bain had to ring the bell for some one to come and look after his horse, whereupon, after a pause of some three minutes, during which Mr. Bain rung a second time, the well-fed servitor made his appearance, with something of a guilty look.

"Have you all grown deaf?" asked Mr. Bain, with stern reproof. "Take my horse, and tell Morris to make him comfortable. I shan't want him for an hour or so. You needn't announce me; I know my way to Lady Perriam's morning room."

Mr. Bain pushed past the dumbfounded servitor and mounted the stairs. He had not given the man time to answer, nor could the man follow Mr. Bain to give him any information, for he had the horse's bridle in his hand, and knew not what manner of brute that quadruped might be, or whether it might not career off and rampage across the Italian parterre, and knock down a statue or two, if haply let free.

So Mr. Bain mounted the stairs, with the lover's impatient footsteps, and went straight to Lady Perriam's morning-room—which he found empty.

There was utter silence in the corridor, no murmur of the youthful St. John's voice, which was wont to be audible, either in plaint or rejoicing. Mr. Bain went on to the day nursery, a large, airy room, not far from Lady Perriam's apartments. The nursery was also empty, and had, moreover, an orderly look; everything in its place, swept and garnished, the look of a deserted nursery.

Mr. Bain stared round him aghast, and then rang the bell vehemently.

It was answered by the chief housemaid, a vinegar-faced person who had been accustomed to wait on Lady Perriam before Sir Aubrey's death, a person who had been superseded after that event by Céline, the French maid.

"Goodness, gracious, sir, how you did startle me!" exclaimed the housemaid, "ringing that precious bell. The house seemed as if it was haunted, Mrs. Tringfold being gone, and this room empty, to the best of my belief."

"Mrs. Tringfold gone! What do you mean, woman?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bain, my name is Betsy Dyke, and I should thank you to call me by it. You may be ever so surprised, and I grant it's natural you should feel surprised, but I don't like such an epithet as that flung at me."

The "epitaph" was the generic term "woman" which Mr. Bain had hurled at the damsel somewhat roughly.

"Do you mean that Mrs. Tringfold has gone away, left Perriam Place," he asked, without noticing the reproof.

"Yes, sir, left yesterday evening by the London train."

"Then who is nursing Sir St. John?"

"Sir St. John left too, sir, yesterday evening by the London train."

"What did they go away for, where are they going, who sent them?" gasped the steward, breathless with angry agitation.

"Nobody knows that but Lady Perriam. She arranged it all, and she went with them."

"Lady Perriam has gone to London, has she?" said Mr. Bain, slowly recovering self-control and composure. "She has gone away for a little change of air I suppose, as I recommended her to do, ever so long ago. She has gone rather suddenly at last, and that's just a lady's way of acting. There's nothing so difficult as to get a woman to make up her mind; but when she does make up her mind, she always does it in a hurry. Did Lady Perriam tell any one, the housekeeper for instance, where she was going, and how long she meant to be away?"

"Lady Perriam didn't tell anybody anything, sir. She was

always a lady to keep things close, and she has been closer than usual lately. Mrs. Tringfold and that blessed child was whiked off at an hour's notice—things packed anyhow. One would have thought Lady Perriam was running away from some danger."

"An impetuous way of doing things, certainly," said Mr. Bain, now completely master of his emotions; "but I daresay, after such a hurried departure, Lady Perriam will not be long absent. And now I'll go and speak to Mrs. Carter. I have a little bit of business to arrange with her."

"You wanted to speak to Mrs. Carter, sir? Didn't you know that she had left the Place?"

"Mrs. Carter! What, has she left too?"

"Yes, sir. She went away with Mr. Perriam and a strange gentleman, the day before yesterday."

Mr. Bain questioned the housemaid closely, and heard the story of Mordred's removal, so far as Betsy Dyke could tell it. How a strange gentleman, who looked like a clergyman or a doctor, had come to the Place in the afternoon of the day before yesterday; how he and Lady Perriam had been closeted together for an hour or more; and how the order had then been given for the carriage to be ready at seven o'clock; and how at that time Mr. Perriam had been led down to the hall between the stranger and Mrs. Carter, and those three had gone off together in the carriage, which took them to the Monkhampton station and there deposited them.

"By heaven! she has made a clean sweep of it," thought Mr. Bain, when he had listened, with seeming carelessness, to this story, set forth at considerable length, and with much circumlocution, by the housemaid; "but she is not so clever a woman as I think her if she counts upon escaping me so easily. She can't leave Perriam Place, or my dominion, very long without leaving five thousand a year behind her—the dowry she perjured herself to win—and she'll hardly do that I fancy."

As yet Mr. Bain had heard nothing of Edmund Standen's departure. He, therefore, lacked the key-note to Lady Perriam's flight.

"I think there's a letter for you, sir," said Betsy Dyke, whose mind had been considerably relieved by the letting off of sundry spiteful insinuations against the mistress who had discarded her services. "I seem to remember seeing one on the chimney-piece in Lady Perriam's morning room, when I dusted it this morning."

"Seem to remember!" exclaimed the agent. "You might have remembered it a little sooner, I should think, if you had your wits about you."

He went in quest of the letter himself. Yes, there lay the envelope in Sylvia's clear bold handwriting, sealed with the Perriam arms.

Shadrack Bain tore open the envelope with fingers which, for this once in his well-ordered life, trembled a little. He devoured those carefully studied lines, glanced at the postscript with eyes which gleamed with anger, and then from between his clenched teeth there hissed forth a single word which was not good to hear—an epithet more objectionable than that against which Betsy, the housemaid, had protested.

"Does she think she can be so easily rid of me!" he said in his deep inward whisper, "knowing what I know, or suspecting what I suspect, which comes to the same thing. Does she count upon flinging me off as lightly as if we stood on equal terms? She avows her love for Standen—blasons it even! She could hardly do that if he and she had not come to an understanding, had not made their plans for the future. She dares to speak of Sir Aubrey, too—her esteem, her reverence, her gratitude? How did she prove these? It shall be my task to answer that question, ay, and to publish my answer to all the world, unless she is wise."

The postscript angered him even more than the letter.

"What a designing jade," he muttered, "to get me to give her the name of a safe tool, and then use him without my help. But I'll unearth this poor wretch Mordred, and wring her secret out of him, if, as I suspect, he knows it. First to follow her, though—hunt her down before she has put the barrier of a second marriage between her fortune and me."

What Mr. Bain suspected was a matter which he kept to himself, but whatever it was he was not unwilling to take Sylvia Perriam for his wife. She was the loveliest woman he had ever seen, and the wealthiest who had ever come within his orbit. He could manage to make light of a little peccadillo which with most men would have been a stumbling block in the rosy path to the altar.

"There are not many who would marry her, suspecting what I suspect," he told himself meditatively, as he thrust that crumpled letter into his pocket.

"But then most men are poltroons in their dealings with women," he argued. "I am no more afraid of her than those Indian snake charmers of the serpents they hang round their necks."

He went down stairs, saw the housekeeper, spoke very lightly of Lady Perriam's departure, as if it had been the most natural thing in the world, ascertained that there was no information to be had in this quarter, and left the place with his usual steady bearing. Yet the world was considerably changed for him, and he no longer felt sure of those outlying lands which he and his father had worked and schemed, with infinite astuteness and calculation, to add to the Perriam estate.

One thing, however, he did feel sure of, that if he did not get the outlying lands he could have revenge.

To be continued.

A system of optical telegraphy, somewhat like that devised in France and Italy, has been announced by Mr. Gustin, of Troy, who uses an instrument like a head-light to a locomotive, with a shield that fits over and shuts off the light. The operator sits behind, and an attachment, worked by the hand, lifts the shield, throwing forward the flash of light. A single flash stands for a dot, and a prolonged one means a dash. While the French and Italian systems have given very gratifying results, although not specially adapted for use in the field, Mr. Gustin's method, on the other hand, is designed especially for use at a moment's notice. Some objections have been made against it by the authorities at Washington, but the inventor thinks these have but slight foundation.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, the 4th of February, 1874, at the Archbishop's Palace, St. Boniface, Manitoba, by His Grace Archbishop Taché, Quartermaster Joseph Hamilton Sommerville, of Canadian Light Infantry, son of Alexander Sommerville, Esq., of Kingston, Ontario, to Marie Charlotte Heva Leocadie, second daughter of Raphael Camirant, Esq., formerly of this city.

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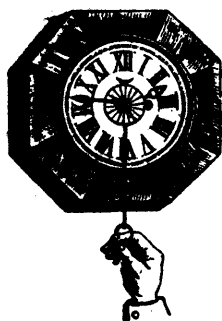
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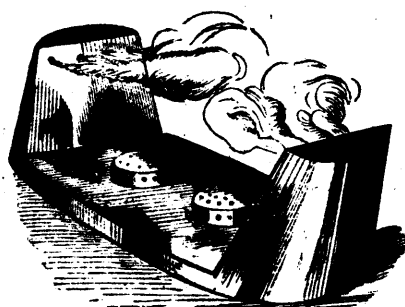
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