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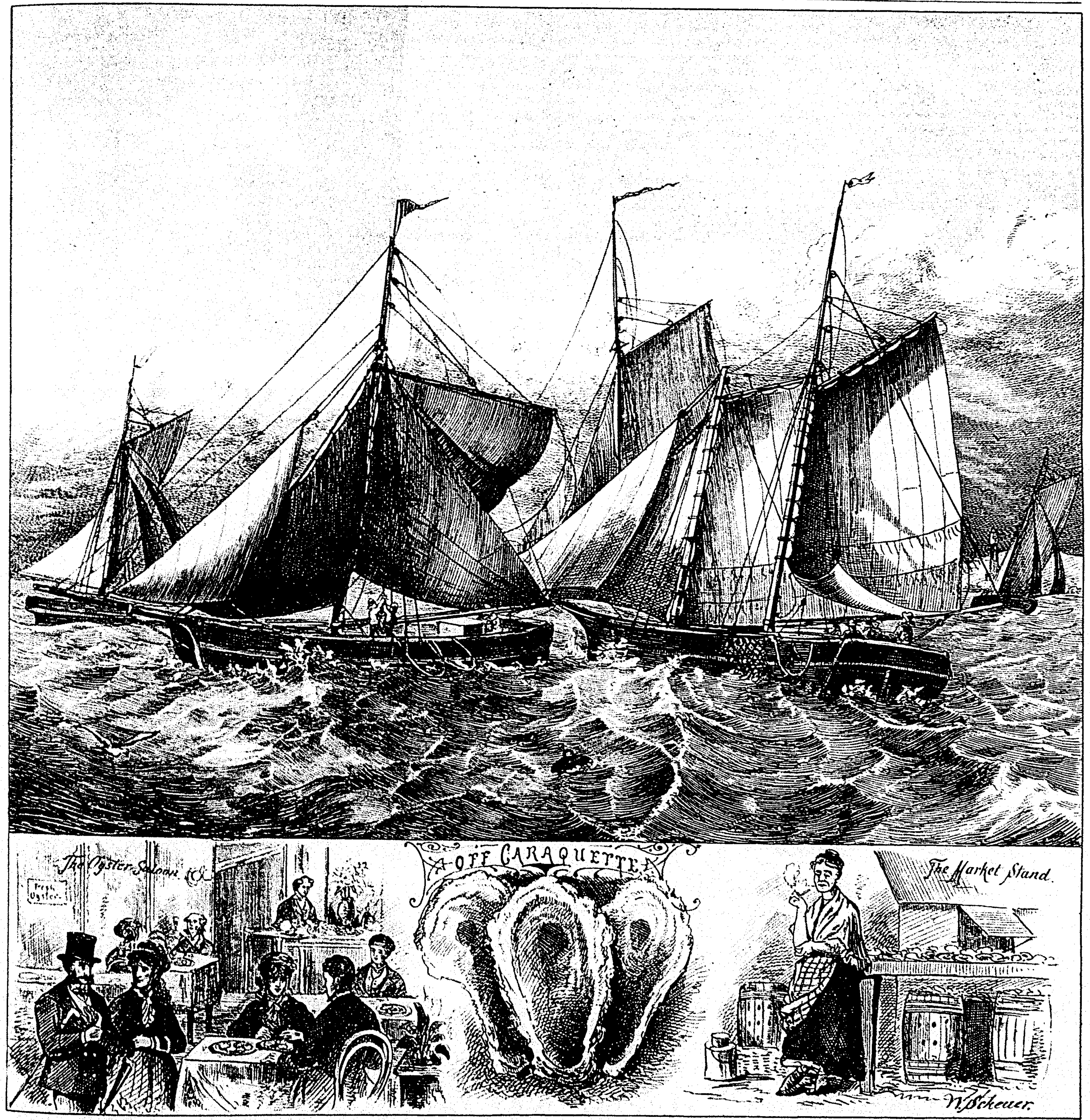

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CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

Montreal, Saturday, Nov. 14th, 1874.

TEACHERS' SALARIES.

At the last Convention of the Protestant Provincial Teachers, the question of renumeration naturally came up for debate. And, quite as naturally, there was a pretty general complaint about the low average of salaries. The subject merits consideration from the public at large, in more senses than one. It implies an act of justice to the teachers themselves, as a class. It affects also the cause of education, in which every Canadian is or ought to be interested. There is no question, whatever, that, in this Province more especially, teachers are not properly rewarded for their important services. The years they spend in preparing themselves for their vocation entail an expenditure which should be, but never is, counted in their salaries. Herein they are placed in an unjust inferiority, as compared with physicians, lawyers and notaries. Members of these professions charge high fees, precisely because their services are the fruit of years of toil and expense. But the case of teachers is still farther aggravated. They are paid barely for maintenance. It is next to impossible for them to save money, to lay by a scant store against the day of shadow and sorrow. At the end of a decade, they are no farther advanced than they were at its inception.

We refer, of course, to country teachers who conduct the bulk of elementary schools. The figures are there to substantiate our assertion. Female teachers, of whom the number is very great in the Province of Quebec, receive on an average 20*l*. to 45*l*., including free rent. 30*l*. are regarded as a good salary for the most of them. A young woman cannot live all alone in a large school house. She must have, and she generally has, her aged parents residing with her. How the three can manage to maintain themselves on ten dollars a month is a mystery to us, and can only be explained on the suggestion of that simple heroism and modest self-sacrifice of which women alone seem to have the secret. Breathing a mephitic atmosphere for ten hours every day; exercising her usually weak lungs, from nine in the morning, till five on the afternoon, the lady teacher requires certain delicacies of food, to say nothing of occasional medicinal helps, all of which cost money. Besides, she is obliged to dress with more care than if she kept the round of household duties, unseen to the world. No wonder that when she can escape from the bondage, she does so with the eagerness of the bird who has long beaten his wings against the cage bars.

The case of male teachers is hardly brighter. Their salaries range from 60*l*. to 100*l*. The latter figure is rarely vouchsafed except to graduates of the Normal Schools. 125*l*. to 150*l*. are exceptional rates. No matter how devoted a student a man may be, no matter how much he appreciates and loves the noble mission of education, there comes a time when his spirit must rebel against these hard restrictions. The hey-day of youth passes; the enthusiasm of inexperience flickers out; the future must be provided for; wife and children have to be supported. It need, therefore, be no matter of surprise that the teacher abandons the school room for the counting house or for some other profitable business. That we are not doing this worthy class of men justice is evidenced from a comparison of the remuneration awarded them in the older countries where the cost of living is much more reduced. The average salaries of certified masters of elementary schools in England and Wales is $517 a year, and more than one-half are provided with a house or live rent free. In Scotland, the average pay is $551, and two-thirds live rent free.

Governments are not responsible for this anomalous state of things. It is the people who are to blame. They have not sufficient appreciation of the benefits of education, and, by consequence, do not entertain a sufficiently high estimate of the dignity, difficulty, and drudgery of the teacher's vocation. It will take time to alter this unfortunate disposition and teachers themselves must have a hand in it by zealously instructing the young generations under their charge.

CANADIAN ARCHIVES.

We have often had occasion to say it—Canada is the most historical portion of the American continent. Its annals teem with tragic episodes, and the influence of its great men, both in church and state, extended through nearly every portion of the American continent. The story of the Great West, from Michilimackinack to Walla Walla; that of the West, from the Falls of St. Anthony to St. Louis; that of the South, from Natchitoches to Mobile, cannot be written without constant recurrence to those records. When BANCROFT wrote his history of the United States, he had to consult them. When GAYARRE penned his history of Louisiana, he largely consulted them. When GILMARY SHEA composed his history of missions among the Indian tribes, he drew almost all his materials therefrom. When SPARKS compiled his interesting monographs of colonial and Revolutionary worthies, he laid them under abundant contribution. And when PARKMAN looked about him for subjects to occupy his graphic pen, he found none more interesting than the great figures of our ancient days. While we rejoice that he has done justice to them, we cannot but regret that Canadians should have left the filial task in the hands of a stranger.

Those old archives of ours are abundant and have been singularly well preserved. The acts of the French Governors were regularly dispatched to the proper authorities at Paris and by them deposited in the department *de la Marine*. There they are to this day, having escaped many a revolution. The acts of the Missionaries, which are invaluable for ethnological and geographical details, were equally transcribed in full. The Superior of the Jesuits, at Quebec, kept a diary of everything which occurred in his vast jurisdiction. Some of these records have unfortunately been lost, but many more survive. After the conquest, the official acts of the British Governors were transcribed and the bulk of them may be seen to this day in the different departments at London. Many precious manuscripts, chiefly of local interest, but of the highest importance in a general collation, are to be found at Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, and Halifax. But these have not been guarded as jealously as they should have been. They should all be transported to Ottawa and there kept in water- and fire-proof compartments.

We are pleased to know that some attempt has been made towards putting these precious papers into proper shape for general use. But much more remains to be done. The archives department at Ottawa should be thoroughly organized, and manned by men of the highest competence. All the manuscripts to be found in the country should be classified and catalogued. Next, all the papers relating to Canada, however remotely, which are to be found in Europe, should be copied for filing with us. Mr. BRYMNER, of the department of Agriculture and Statistics, in his two visits to London, has shown what historical treasures pertaining to Canada lie *perdu* there. The abbé VERRAULT, of the Jacques Cartier Normal School, we believe at his own expense, has made similar discoveries in Paris. Such gentlemen, and others equally skilled, should be entrusted with the compilation of these papers and with the periodical publication of the most important of them. Nothing, in our opinion, would conduce more to the spreading of a taste for Canadian history with the rising generation and nothing would be more apt to broaden and exalt a spirit of patriotism and nationality. From them, it would also be easy to construct authentic and properly coloured school histories, which, as we stated some weeks ago, are great desiderata at present.

THE TRANSMISSION OF NEWS.

Telegraphing is an expeditious mode of transmitting news, but it is expensive and not unattended with trouble. Every night editor on a daily journal has experienced the trouble and delay of deciphering the rapid chirography of the writers on manifold paper. To obviate both the expense and trouble of telegraphy, at least in some measure, the use of carrier pigeons for the press is on the increase, and the breed is rapidly improving. By careful selection, powers have been developed which a few years ago would have been thought impossible. They can be specially trained to fly over 500 miles, and it is no uncommon thing for despatches to be brought to London from Paris, Lisbon, or Brussels. *Land and Water* records a case of interest. An ocean homing bird, of great docility, intelligence, and spirit, has been found in Iceland which flies at the meteor-like speed of 150 miles an hour. A pair of these birds whose present home is in Kent, within ten miles of London, recently carried despatches from Paris to their home in one hour and a quarter. Press pigeons carried on the despatches to London, and the whole journey of the despatches from Paris to London occupied only one hour and a half. The press pigeons now commonly used are not the ordinary carrier pigeons, but are bred from prize birds selected from the best lofts of Antwerp, Brussels, and Liege. The use of these pigeons is due to the French who used them during the siege of Paris and, later, at the trial of Marshal Bazaine.

DEMOCRATIC TRIUMPH.

We have now sufficiently full returns of the late elections in the United States to be able to pronounce judgment thereupon, and form an accurate estimate of the political situation which must necessarily result therefrom. The Democratic majorities in Indiana and Ohio, during the month of October, were a sure indication that the current of public opinion was changing, and the old campaigners of the East foretold that the rest of the country would follow in the same current. But nobody ever imagined that the triumph of one party would be so complete, and the discomfiture of the other so sudden and utter. At the last session of Congress, the House of Representatives stood: 195 Republicans, 92 Democrats and Liberals, and a few contested seats vacant. In other words, the Republican majority was over one hundred. Nothing at that time, that is about four months ago, presaged the change that was about to occur. On the contrary, the Republicans seemed confident of a further lease of power. They carried everything with a high hand. Neither the Democrats nor the Liberals could induce them to alter their mode of headlong legislation. The Forty-Fourth Congress has not yet met—it will be organized only on the 4th March 1875—and yet the Republicans are ousted and the Democrats hold the field with a majority of nearly fifty.

The following table indicating the change may be useful for reference, as we are more interested than is generally imagined in the political concerns of our neighbours.

	Forty-fourth Congress.		*Forty-third Congress.*	
	Rep.	*Dem.*	*Rep.*	*Dem.*
Alabama	2	6	5	3
Arkansas	1	3	3	2
Delaware	..	1	1	..
Florida	2	..	2	..
Georgia	..	9	2	7
Illinois	10	9	14	5
Indiana	5	8	10	3
Iowa	8	1	9	..
Kansas	2	1	3	..
Kentucky	..	10	..	10
Louisiana	3	3	6	..
Maine	5	..	5	..
Maryland	1	5	2	4
Massachusetts	6	5	11	..
Michigan	6	3	9	..
Minnesota	3	..	3	..
Missouri	2	11	4	9
Nebraska	1	..	1	..
Nevada	..	1	..	1
New Jersey	5	2	6	1
New York	16	17	24	9
North Carolina	1	7	4	5
Ohio	7	13	13	7
Oregon	..	1	..	1
Pennsylvania	13	14	22	5
Rhode Island	2	..	2	..
South Carolina	4	1	5	..
Tennessee	2	8	7	3
Texas	..	6	..	6
Vermont	3	..	3	..
Virginia	3	6	4	5
West Virginia	..	3	2	1
Wisconsin	6	2	6	2
Thirty-three States	119	156	187	88

There are four states remaining which hold their elections only next spring, but from what is known of their usual political complexion, it may be forecast that the result among them will be as follows—

			Rep.	*Dem.*
California	..	..	3	1
Connecticut	..	..	3	1
Mississippi	..	..	5	1
New Hampshire	..	..	2	1
	..	..	13	4

There can be no question whatever that the revolution which has taken place in the United States is freighted with important results. It puts a quietus on the Third Term agitation for one thing. It will change the policy of the North towards the South, for another. What effect it will have on the vexed question of contraction or inflation is still undetermined. The Democratic party itself is divided on that issue, New York and the East advocating a return to specie payments, while Ohio, Indiana and a large proportion of the West hold fast, out of sheer necessity, to the inflation of greenbacks.

The majority of the Democrats in the House of Representatives gives them the choice of a speaker and a vast amount of congressional patronage. After the 4th March 1875, the government of the country is practically in their hands, although the President is opposed to them, and the Senate, by a singular anomaly, finds itself slightly Republican until 1877. In the autumn of 1876, the Presidential election takes place, and if during the sixteen or eighteen intervening months, the Democrats hold their favour with the public, there appears no doubt they will elect the next occupant of the White House. The Republicans have been in power since 1861, and they are being borne down, among other things, by the static law of longevity.

PARDON AND AMNESTY.

The result of the trial of AMBROISE LEPINE may be said to have transplanted the case of the Metis from the domain of mere politics to that of national policy. His participation in the death of THOMAS SCOTT was clearly proven. The judge charged on the simple facts, the jury deliberated on the simple facts, and the verdict was, in consequence, prompt and distinct. The recommendation to mercy, however, by which the verdict was accompanied, had an emphatic significance in the minds of the jury and it is that circumstance which invests LEPINE'S case with a broader and higher importance than it might otherwise have. It will be remembered that the jury was composed of six English-speaking members and of six French half-breeds. It is only natural to surmise that when the six half-breeds consented to a verdict of culpability, they made it a condition that the prisoner should be recommended to executive clemency. The six English jurymen probably accepted the condition, both because it secured the desired unanimity and because they honestly believed that their party in Manitoba would be amply satisfied with the moral effect of a condemnation.

If such are really the facts, and if the English jurymen truly represent their countrymen in the North West, as we may be certain the Metis jurymen represent theirs, it is only right that the rest of the Dominion, personified in their representatives at Ottawa, should make account of the circumstance and govern themselves accordingly. That they have already done so, may be assumed from the tone of the press throughout the Provinces. The general feeling appears to be that law and equity have been justified in the condemnation of Lepine, and that there is no occasion for further retribution in taking the life of the prisoner. However high the feeling of indignation may have ruled while justice was ignored, all thirst of vengeance has died out now that the procedures of common law have been enforced. To these sentiments we heartily subscribe. In the interest of that harmony which ought to reign among all classes of our diversified community, and in order that all past wrangling issues may be buried, so that we may all apply ourselves to the loftier needs of the country, we think that the recommendation of the Manitoba jurymen, both French and English, should be complied with. And we have every room to believe that it will be complied with.

We wish that the decision of LEPINE'S case, could solve the RIEL problem as well. At first blush, we had hopes that it would, but on closer examination, we are more dubious. RIEL is at present a fugitive from justice. He will probably be outlawed. If so, he cannot take his seat in Parliament. His attempt to do so, would only renew the bad blood of last session and keep alive the agitation in the North West. Why does he not come forward manfully and stand his trial? It is certain that he would be treated fairly. His spontaneous surrendering of himself would perhaps ensure him a lenient trial. But if it came to the worse, his fate would not be harder than that of LEPINE. The way would then be open to a general amnesty. But we are assured that RIEL will not deliver himself up. He demands amnesty without a trial. In the present situation of affairs can this be granted him? Will public sentiment in Ontario and elsewhere allow him what was refused to LEPINE and others? These are knotty questions. And yet they must soon be answered one way or the other. The impatience in Manitoba is evinced from the fact that NAULT who was tried immediately after RIEL, and on almost identical charges, was not found guilty. The jury divided.

THE DECLINE OF CARLISM.

The latest news from the seat of war in Spain is that the siege of Irun is raised, or about to be raised, by the Carlists, and that DON CARLOS, with his staff, has crossed the French frontier to Andaye. If this intelligence proves authentic, it may safely be assumed that a crisis has been reached in the affairs of CHARLES VII. Irun is on the northern limit of Spain, in the province of Guipuzcoa. The Carlists have almost entirely abandoned the line of the Ebro, and concentrated their forces under the guns of that distant fortress. The capture of this fortress is all-important to them. If they succeeded in taking it, they would have a good base of operations open to the sea on one side, and protected, on the other, by the French frontier and the north-western base of the Pyrenees. But if it is true that DON CARLOS has crossed over to France, with his staff, the only conclusion is that he has deserted his army. And if he has deserted his army, the probabilities are that the army is on the point of being disbanded.

In the light of subsequent events, it would appear that the culminating point of the unfortunate war which has been devastating Spain for several years, was the recovery of Bilbao by Marshal CONCHA. The Carlists have never really rallied from that blow. Instead of marching further south, as they threatened to do on several occasions, they have abandoned the Basque Provinces, one by one, and fallen back gradually to a narrow territory on the eastern extremity of the coast of Biscay. Their presence in that region, contiguous to the French frontier, has led to many diplomatic complications of late, and the Government of Marshal MACMAHON has had some trouble to maintain friendly relations with SERRANO in consequence of it. However, a solution will now be easily reached if DON CARLOS has really turned his horse's head to French soil. The Government of Madrid has demanded that the Prince and his suite should be interned, that is, that they should be disarmed by the French troops, and put under pledge not to draw their swords again on Spanish territory. That the French authorities will not refuse this reasonable request is certain, considering the experience of their own soldiers in Belgium and Switzerland, during the late war.

It is to be hoped in the interests of poor Spain, as well as in the interests of civilisation, that the fratricidal war should come to an end. The Spanish people have made honest efforts in the last seven years to found a stable, responsible government, and notwithstanding many untoward circumstances, they would probably have succeeded, if this Carlist invasion had not baffled all their plans. DON CARLOS may have been sincere in his aims; he may have believed in the principle of Legitimism and Divine Right, of which he professed himself the standard-bearer, but he should have seen long ago that his unaided efforts to conquer the throne of Spain was futile, aud his sentiments of humanity, outside of any other consideration, should have induced him to give up the bloody and cruel contest. Whatever sympathy he may have enlisted in his behalf at the opening of the campaign—and he was certainly viewed with a favourable eye by Russia, Prussia, and Austria—was gradually dispelled when the hopelessness of his cause was made apparent. Peoples are no longer the property of any set of men, or the representative of any dynasty, however ancient and honourable, and it is little less than a sin against humanity to endeavour to enforce one's personal claims upon them by the brutality of the sword, and the shedding of innocent blood. If, therefore, DON CARLOS has at length been driven from Spain, there is no reason to regret the conclusion of the war which he declared and waged.

CHEAP TRANSPORTATION.

This important question has attracted an unusual amount of attention in the United States and Canada during the last six or seven months. There seems no doubt that it exercised a considerable influence in the late elections across the border. The farmers of the West are suffering from dull times, and the chief cause of the depression seems to be the low price of grain, as regulated by the English market, and the correspondingly high rates of transportation to the seaboard. Wheat is selling in Liverpool at about forty shillings per quarter, and its price in New York is from $1.00 to $1.25 per bushel. These rates are not sufficient for the Western farmer and hence he naturally agitates for a remedy. The remedy does not lie in enhancing the value of grain, for the grain market must suffer an equipoise like every other commodity, and when it is abundant in all the grain fields of the world, as happens to be the case this year, the rates must fall to a low level, regulated by that balance, the jobbers of Mark Lane. The only remedy for the farmer lies in cheap transportation. As a leading New York authority aptly says: Cheap food for the moment is a poor compensation for the bankruptcy of merchants occasioned by the inability of their Western customers to pay, and the Western merchant's ability is limited wholly by the ability of the farmer. Reducing the cost of transportation increases the price to the producer, without enhancing the cost to the consumer: the more, therefore, it can be reduced, the better for the country at large.

The exporters of New York are naturally afraid of the competition of Baltimore and Montreal in the matter of cheap transportation. The former city is pressing forward in the race by stocking its railroads at their actual cost of $40.000 per mile, which it believes must yield a great advantage over New York, capitalized at $130.000 per mile. But the greatest apprehension, because really the most formidable rivalry of the great American metropolis lies in the direction of Montreal. Our growing city does not attempt to compete against the trunk railways, which are in the hands of private corporations, and raise or lower their rates to suit themselves, irrespective of the needs of the public service, but it runs a muck directly with the mighty artery of the Erie Canal, the property of the Empire State. Hence the attention of New York merchants and legislators is turned to the improvement of Erie. The introduction of steam is expected to work the revolution so long expected, and to put the Erie Canal far beyond the reach of any competition. In 1871, the Legislature of New York offered a reward of $100.000 for the successful introduction of steam on that high way. After two years of careful experiment, the prize was awarded to William Baxter, the well-known engine maker of New York. His boat has attained a speed of 3 9-100 miles an hour, upon a consumption of 14 82-100 pounds of coal per mile, carrying 200 tons of freight. The nearest competitor made 2 41-100 miles an hour, and burned 75 89-100 pounds of coal to the mile. The average speed of the horse-drawn boats being only one and a half miles per hour, and the cost of towing being thirty-five cents per mile, this way was regarded as a complete solution of the problem of cheap and rapid transportation; as it would double the speed and at the same time reduce the expense of running the boats fully one-half. The capacity will be doubled without cost, and the granaries of the West be brought within half the distance (as to time) of New York. It is also estimated that the saving in cost of transportation will be three million dollars per annum on the present volume of business.

SHAKESPEARE'S "CONSTANCE."

To the Editor of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

SIR,—There is not a particle of use discussing the character of *Constance* or any of Shakespeare's personages in the light of a preconceived theory, for the experience of all Shakespearian students is, that you can draw from him, as from Scripture, any meaning that suits your taste or fancy. But it may be no harm to say that *Constance* betrays the maternal feeling after a fashion of her own, and that her manifestations of it are rightly coupled with her outraged sentiments of queen. Indeed, throughout the play, she is half-raving with despair, and when she says she would not love her *Arthur* if he were ugly or deformed, it is because she knew he was beautiful, and that his comeliness was about to be disfigured by the irons of *Hubert*. There is morbid exaggeration in this estimate of mere fleshly beauty; but have not many noble mothers experienced it under tragical circumstances?

Maternal love is always sublime, yet it is one of the common-places of life. The lowliest have it as well as the queenliest. Shakespeare touched upon it as it came in his way. I am sure he never feared to treat it as above him. Far inferior writers have described it with success. It permeates all literature, from Homer to Hugo, and strikes home to our hearts in different ways, from Hecuba to Fantine. L.

THE THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Harry Lindley has opened the winter season at this favourite place of amusement, and proposes offering to the Montreal public during the next six months a series of varied attractions. The present week is devoted to burlesque and musical extravaganzas, wherein the beautiful and graceful Eliza Weathersby and the sprightly little Ella Chapman delight the crowded houses. The former realises all that has been written on the poetry of motion, and has, moreover, the rare merit of an exquisitely clear, one might say, crystalline enunciation. Miss Chapman is full of merriment, and sings and dances apparently with as much fun to herself as pleasure to her audience.

THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD.

For the following account of the personal appearance and habits of the Comte de Chambord we are indebted to the pages of a contemporary: "The Comte is comely, dignified, and agreeable. His profile resembles that of his grand-uncle, Louis XVIII., a mustache and whiskers of a slightly Austrian cavalry cut being allowed for. His demeanour is easy, graceful, and unstudied. He is slightly above the middle height, and more than slightly given to *embonpoint*—the family failing, if it be not the family favour—of the older branch. His forehead is remarkably high and smooth; his voice is sonorous and particularly attractive. His acquirements as a linguist, especially in English, are, it is reported, remarkable. He is in every respect accomplished, and is a very brilliant conversationist. The Prince is an early riser, seldom quitting his apartment later than six in the morning. Towards nine he starts for an airing on horseback, accompanied by a single servant, or by some gentlemen, on a visit to Frohsdorf. At half-past ten he returns to breakfast. The meal over, the prince adjourns to the smoking-room. He talks freely upon ordinary topics, receives visitors, and gives audience to persons coming on business. During the remainder of the day he usually devotes two or three hours to writing, after which, accompanied by the princess, he takes a ride in the park or in the environs of Frohsdorf, returning to dinner, which is served at seven o'clock, and lasts precisely one hour. Beyond the ordinary rules of exalted etiquette, which are of course rigidly observed, there is no restraint on the conversation, which concludes the evening; and by ten o'clock all is quiet in the Castle of Frohsdorf."

VICTOR HUGO'S FIRST SUCCESS.

A writer in a sketch of Victor Hugo says: "When Victor Hugo married Adèle Foucher, the joint income of the young couple scarcely amounted to $300 a year. He had not even enough to pay for the printing of his first volume of poems, "Les Odes," on the results of the publication of which he anticipated great things. He felt certain that the merits of those magnificent productions would soon render him famous; but this opinion was not shared by the publishers, who, one and all, refused to bring out the volume as their own. Utterly discouraged Victor Hugo threw the manuscript into his waste-paper drawer, where it was discovered by his brother Abel, who took it to a small publisher named Delaunay, and paid for its printing with his own savings, and without saying a word about his generosity. Once printed, it was not easy to persuade the booksellers to let the cheaply got up volumes even rest upon their stands, and with difficulty Abel succeeded in inducing the uncle of one of his schoolmates to offer the book for sale. The first copy bought was purchased by M. Mennechet, reader to Louis XVIII., and thus it was that the 'Odes' were read to the King, who delighted with their surpassing beauty, immediately rewarded the author with a pension of 1,000 francs per annum. Imagine the delight of the surprised poet when he discovered that through the affectionate solicitude of his brother, his first book was printed. Its success was so great that within six months a second edition was demanded, for which the poet received a handsome remuneration. He immediately repaid the generous Abel, and removed with his young wife from a poor and small apartment in the Rue du Dragon, which they had hired on their wedding-day, to a larger and more commodious one in the Rue Vaugirard."

CANADIAN CHARITIES.

No. I.—THE MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL.

In 1872 the Corporation of the Montreal General Hospital attained its fiftieth year. As one of the longest-established of Canadian charities, as well as one of the largest, it may fittingly take the first place in our series of sketches and papers on this subject.

From the records of the society it appears that in 1819, owing to the increase in the population of the city and the great influx of emigrants from the United Kingdom, some of whom suffered from contagious fevers and other diseases not admissible into the Hotel Dieu nunnery, that institution was found inadequate to the reception of the indigent sick, and in consequence four rooms were hired in a house in Chaboillez-square as a temporary hospital by a number of philanthropic persons, conspicuous amongst whom were the Rev. John Bethune, the Rev. Henry Esson, and Staff-surgeon Dr. Blackwood. After a year's experience of the new institution, it was thought highly desirable to erect a building which might give permanency to the establishment, and provide for a larger number of persons.

Accordingly, on the 25th April, 1820, a meeting of subscribers for the establishment of a General Hospital in the city was held in the court-house, the Hon. John Richardson in the chair, for the election of officers.

The next day Issac Winslow Clarke was elected president, and the Hon. John Richardson, the Rev. John Bethune, the Rev. Henry Esson, the Rev. Mr. Hick, Thomas Blackwood, and Horatio Gates, vice-presidents for the year. A sub-committee, "to provide for and superintend the household economy of the institution," was appointed, and a short code of rules and regulations was agreed upon. A moderate-sized house on the north side of Craig-street two doors east of De Bleury-street, was hired as a temporary building, and to it the patients were removed from the primitive institution in Chaboillez-square.

In November, 1820, the land upon which the hospital now stands, and which was known as Marshall's nursery, was purchased, and the citizens of Montreal, with a liberality that gave promise of future munificence, immediately subscribed over £2,000 to erect a suitable permanent building to be called "The Montreal General Hospital."

The corner-stone of the body of the present building was laid on the 6th June, 1821, and it was ready for the reception of patients the following May. It was considered capable of receiving seventy patients, and 421 were treated within its walls the first year of its existence. The building and land cost £5,856, and a debt of £3,688 remained upon it, which was advanced by three gentlemen, the Hon. John Richardson, Hon. Wm. McGillivray, and Samuel Gerrard, Esq.

In January, 1823, His Majesty George IV. granted a charter to the institution, and thereby secured it upon a permanent basis. At this early period of its history, the hospital was chiefly maintained by the subscriptions of the citizens, by collections in the Protestant churches, and by a small annual grant from the Provincial Legislature. During the first five years the sums subscribed by the citizens ranged from £416 to £700 per annum, amounts which compare favourably with the handsome subscriptions now received, when the comparatively small population of those days is taken into account. In the year 1831 an important event in the history of the institution occurred. The number of patients admitted annually had been steadily increasing, so that the building had become inadequate to their accommodation, and the death that year of the Hon John Richardson (who had from the beginning of the benevolent work taken an active personal interest in its promotion, and had been president of the governing body from 1821 to 1831) furnished the occasion for extending its capabilities of usefulness.

The governors were so sensible of the services rendered to the hospital by their president, that they resolved to record their recognition of those services by erecting a permanent memorial to commemorate them. At first it was proposed to erect a monument in the hospital, but it was afterwards unanimously decided to perpetuate the memory of their distinguished colleague by building a wing to the hospital, to be called the Richardson wing—than which no memorial could have been in greater harmony with the character of the man.

In a short time the sum of £2,232 14s. 7d. was collected for the Richardson Memorial Fund, of which £1,885 1s. 3d, were contributed by Montreal, £220 by the city of Quebec, and £127 13s, 4d. by friends in Upper Canada. The Richardson wing was completed in 1832, and toward the close of that year two of its wards were occupied by convalescent patients. It proved a very necessary addition to the institution, for, strange as it may appear now, 1,853 in-door patients were treated in the hospital in the year 1831-32, before the Richardson wing had been built, and 1,717 in the year 1832-33, which was the first year of its occupation; and these numbers have been but twice attained since, viz., in 1842-43, when the in-door patients numbered 1,735, and in 1847-48, when they reached 2,061.

The Hon. John Molson, who had been vice-president of the institution from 1823, succeeded to the office of president in 1831, on the death of the Hon. John Richardson, and held it till his own death in 1835, when Samuel Gerrard, Esq., was made president and John Molson, Esq., vice-president. In 1856, after twenty years of faith-

COUNT VON ARNIM.

CANADIAN CHARITIES.—No 1, THE MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL.

FLOWER GIRL OF TRIESTE.

ful service, Mr. Gerrard resigned the presidential chair on the ground of advanced age, and the Hon John Molson was promoted to the vacant seat, while the Rev. Dr. Bethune, Dean of Montreal, was for the second time elected vice-president.

Perhaps the next event worthy of notice is the death of Alexander Skakel, LL.D,, who had been the indefatigable secretary of the institution, and one of its most influential friends from the year 1823 to 1846. Not satisfied with his efforts in its behalf during his life, he bequeathed to the hospital the whole of his immovable property, which proved a valuable addition to its endowment fund.

The year 1848 was a memorable one in the history of this institution. At a meeting of the governors in March of that year the much-respected widow of the late Hon. Chief Justice Reid communicated through her friend the late Hon. Peter McGill her desire to build a wing to the hospital to correspond exactly with the Richardson wing. This munificent offer was, of course, accepted by the governors. A committee was appointed to superintend the immediate erection of the said wing, and by a deed executed on 30th May, 1849, the benevolent lady conveyed to the society the now well-known Reid wing, the first and as yet only portion of the building provided by individual munificence.

In the year 1859 some amendments were made to the original charter, the chief of which were the following:—Under the original, members of corporation were persons who had given a donation of £5 and continued to pay £1 annually towards the support of the hospital. Under the amended charter annual contributors of $5 became members of the corporation, and the qualifications of elected governors were reduced so as to include annual contributors of $12. The quorum of governors for the transaction of business was reduced from seven to five, and instead of thirteen elected governors chosen annually, the number was fixed at twelve, of whom six are to be elected for two years and six for one year. The amount of real estate that the corporation might acquire and hold, and the time that it might hold it, were fixed, and a provision was made for the investment of the proceeds of the sale of real estate and of all monies appertaining to the permanent fund.

A measure highly conducive to the sanitary welfare of the hospital as well as to its appearance was effected in 1866. Some objectionable buildings situated immediately in front of the hospital had for many years proved disagreeable to the governors. The property was purchased, the building removed, and the vacant ground added to that previously in possession of the society, the effect of which was to secure a large open square in front of the institution capable of providing an ample supply of fresh air to the inmates. The cost of this property ($4,800) was generously borne equally by Mr. Wm. Molson and Mr. J. G. Mackenzie.

It had long been felt desirable by the governors that a separate building for the treatment of the more dangerous contagious diseases should be erected in connection with this charity. In 1867 it was resolved to build one in the rear of, but quite detached from, the Richardson wing; and in May, 1868, the Fever Hospital, a brick building capable of receiving forty ordinary patients and possessed of several private wards for private patients was ready for occupation. It cost $10,674, but it is pleasing to be able to add that Mr. William Molson again spontaneously gave proof of his interest in the sick poor, this time by the munificent donation of $5,000, or about half the cost of the fever hospital.

Having thus far briefly glanced at the more important facts in the history of the foundation, growth, and administration of the hospital, it may be well to notice the work it has done.

During the fifty-two years of the existence of the hospital which terminated in April, 1872, the number of patients that have been treated within its walls has been 55,948, or an average of 1,076 annually. In addition 192,948 applications for out-door relief have been attended to.

But the benefits which have been conferred by the hospital may not be estimated by the mere number of the patients treated within its walls. Let it be remembered that when it was founded, the only other hospital in the city, the venerable Hotel Dieu, did not admit persons suffering from contagious diseases, and the "General Hospital" was established to meet that want in benevolent enterprise, as well as for other objects. Indeed by far the greater proportion of the diseases treated in the hospital up to the year 1849 consisted of fevers. When it is borne in mind that about one-half of these fever cases were of the variety called typhus, one of the most contagious diseases, it may be imagined, perhaps, what the citizens in Montreal, and people of this country generally, owe to this institution, which provided for emigrants and others suffering from fever an asylum in which they might be separated from the rest of the inhabitants. Those who remember the scenes of 1847 in Montreal and throughout Canada will be able to appreciate the force of these remarks. At that time, in spite of quarantine regulations below Quebec, fever sheds at Point St. Charles, and our hospital, its capacity enlarged by sheds erected on the ground so as to hold 250 beds, typhus fever spread amongst the citizens and more or less along the great lines of travel through the country, and many clergymen, nurses, physicians, students, and benevolent persons, besides multitudes of the general public, fell victims to the disease.

It has been already shown that, in the earlier history of the hospital, fever patients, who were chiefly emigrants, constituted a large proportion of the admissions. Fortunately, since 1848, fever has not been largely prevalent either amongst emigrants or citizens, and consequently there have been fewer sick seeking admission. During the last twelve years, however, there has been a steady and considerable annual augmentation of the number of in-door patients, due chiefly to the growth of the population of the city, and the augmentation would have been greater had not the committee of management, because of the limited resources of the charity, endeavoured to limit the admissions.

It is natural in a retrospect like this to look over the names of the men who first gave form and life to an institution which has proved so useful, and has gained such a hold upon the community, with a view of learning how many of these have survived the flight of half a century. Five gentlemen out of the original founders and governors of the institution are still living amongst us, the Very Reverend the Dean of Montreal, and Messrs, William Molson, W. Lunn, Archibald Ferguson, and John Mackenzie. One of these gentlemen is now president, the third of his family to occupy that office, and two of them, Mr. Lunn and Mr. Ferguson, are still active members of the committee of management.

Of that band of brothers who in the early days of the hospital performed their part of the charitable work to which this institution is consecrated, but one remains. Drs. Blackwood, Christie, Farrenden, Stephenson, Robertson, Caldwell, Holmes, Loedel, Lyons, Diehl, Vallée, Racey, Bruneau, Hall, Crawford, and Sewell, have long passed away—Dr. Campbell alone remains. He has served the institution as an attending physician from 1835 to 1854, and since then has rendered it good service as a consulting physician—and long may he be spared to do so.

It is a noticeable feature in the history of this institution that all the great additions made to its buildings have been erected as monuments in memoriam of some deceased friend of the institution. It would be a commendable departure from this custom were some benevolent person during his lifetime to found and erect, upon some healthy site in the outskirts of the city, a plain building for the reception of the patients convalescing from serious diseases in the hospital. This would not only enlarge the capabilities of the present institution, and thus tend to meet the growing requirements of our increasing population, but would provide a means now being employed in Europe, with the most beneficial results, of promoting recovery from some forms of disease, and of shortening the period of convalescence in many. Still more noble would it be were this corporation, in the name of the wealthy citizens of Montreal, to resolve to erect an entirely new set of buildings in accordance with the latest scientific and economic improvements, upon some suitable site, where it should stand as another monument amongst the many now standing, of the benevolence and munificence of the inhabitants of this prosperous city.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

A writer in the *Leisure Hour* describes as follows the playthings and employments used in the German Kindergarten:—

Physical education or bodily culture must always be at the basis of every proper system of training. Taking physical education as the first step or foundation on which to build, Frobel invented a number of games which should exercise, in the form of play, all the limbs and muscles of of the body. While affording healthy and cheerful exercise to the muscles, all the games have songs set to music, which the little ones sing as they play, and great care must be taken by the teachers to observe that every movement should be in order, and in exact time to the music.

Perceiving that even babies, as soon as they begin to notice the things around, require some plaything in their little hands, Frobel began his system of education at the very foundation, and gave the infant toys which he should be induced to think about as he grew older.

The first toy used in the schoolroom for children above three years of age is a cube divided into eight smaller cubes, contained in a box which it closely fits. With this the little ones receive their first definite lesson in form, number, order, and construction. They learn addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division by having the actual objects before them. They learn to distinguish the cube from other forms around, to notice the lines and angles on its faces, to distinguish the perpendicular and horizontal lines, to build a vast variety of forms of use and beauty with their eight small cubes, and also to embody their own ideas in some definite form, instead of following the teacher word by word and without thinking for themselves. For after directing them for some time, the teacher should allow her pupils to build as they like, merely pointing out any defects in the order of construction, or want of accuracy in form, which may strike her experienced eye in the wonderful things she will be called upon to admire.

Another plaything is then given, a cube divided into eight oblongs. The same lessons can be imparted with it, and it also affords many more facilities for making numerous forms and figures.

The next toy is a much larger cube, divided into twenty-seven smaller cubes, three of this number being divided across from corner to corner, each into two triangular pieces, and three more being divided in the same manner into four triangular pieces. This toy enables the pupil to extend his lessons and building operations, and construct his houses, churches, and other objects of use and beauty, in a perfect form.

A still more advanced toy is a box containing a cube divided into twenty-seven oblongs instead of cubes. Of the twenty-seven oblongs in this box three are divided lengthways, each into two parallelopipeds, and three others cut each into two squares, being half the oblong.

It will be perceived that these gifts bring the child step by step from the first rule in arithmetic gradually on to the extraction of the square and cube root and decimal fractions. In geometry, from the simple ball, cube, and cylinder, he learns to make and become accustomed to the most intricate and complicated geometrical forms; and that, too, without any forcing or undue strain or pressure on his memory, but by constantly using and becoming accustomed to them in his daily work. In construction, also, he goes step by step, from the effort of placing one brick to stand upon another, till he builds his houses, monuments, churches, and embodies with facility his ideas on any mechanical subject.

I now turn to the Kindergarten employments, which, I would have the reader bear in mind, are purely educational; and although the child of tender years does not perceive this—and, indeed, knows nothing about it, but simply, under the stimulus of an awakening energy which impels it to action, is perpetually doing something—still it is the duty of the teacher to comprehend everything, and, above all, to get some insight into the meaning of the child's play, and to give it useful direction.

Frobel maintained as one of the principles on which his system was based, "play is the work of the child;" and those who have sat down calmly to study the plays and occupations of children, with the conviction that there is some deep meaning in their little games, which they extemporise themselves, will have been struck by the fact that all their conceptions are ideal, and that they always play at what they are not, and not what they are. Sometimes they act as though they were men or women; one will be mamma, another papa, another grandmamma; at other times they pretend to follow various trades and professions, and every occupation, from the minister to the costermonger, will be personified. Again, they are horses, dogs, sheep, bullocks, as the whim of the moment inspires them. Then look at what they are attempting to do—they will keep a school, build a house, attempt every variety of cookery, and practise any or every trade; but all this time they are labouring under the same ideal impression, and are attempting to be what they are not.

What, then, is it that the child is doing in all this? He is exercising at the same time the body and the mind, and is educating himself is life's essential lessons. I have spoken of the purpose of physical exercise, but in play the child is receiving a mental training scarcely inferior. The Kindergarten simply gives a fixed and definite purpose to this restless and wandering action. We give full vent to the child's ideality or imagination; but with us he learns the value of mathematical accuracy, and acquires what we may call ability. Size, form, order, proportion, and relation, are ideas which he insensibly acquires in some of the employments which I will briefly enumerate.

The first employment we will glance at, more from the fact of its being the most simple. and a sort of introduction to what will follow it, than from the interest attached, is stick-laying. This is exceeding easy. A number of pieces of stick, three or four inches in length, like the round lucifer matches before being dipped, are given to each child, and the mother or teacher with them can direct the little ones to make the various kinds of geometrical lines—the angles, triangles, squares, and all the straight letters of the alphabet. In addition to this, very pretty stars, and the outlines of figures and patterns, can be laid out on the table with a number of these sticks, but it must never be forgotten that as soon as the children have learnt how to use their new toy or employment, they should be allowed free use of it only for five or ten minutes at a time, the teacher simply giving a word of advice when she considers it necessary.

Pea-work, to which stick-laying is an introduction, is likewise made with the round undipped lucifer-match sticks. They can be obtained at almost any German toy warehouse, about a yard in length, and can then be broken, and the ends pointed, any size required.

In addition to the sticks, some common yellow peas, soaked in cold water twelve hours, so that they may be softened and swell, must be ready, and slightly rubbed in a soft dry cloth before commencing work. With these simple materials all sorts of objects can be constructed, and they afford more varying and lasting, as well as cheaper amusement than purchased toys. Ready-made tops are usually in favour only for a very short time, and are often broken just to find out how they are made, if not out of sheer destructiveness. Frobel advised that children should make their own toys, and in constructing them exercise their invention and skill. What they make themselves they are more likely to preserve than to destroy.

Lessons in modelling come next. The best material for the purpose is common modelling clay, two or three pounds of which can be obtained for sixpence at any modeller's shop; besides this, a modelling knife of hard polished wood is wanted, about the size of a lead pencil, flattened at one end and the edges sharpened, and the other end rounded down to a point. A small piece of oilcloth and a nursery pinafore are quite sufficient to protect the rest of the dress from the white dust, which, however, will readily brush off from any material on which it may happen to fall or come in contact.

Having the plastic clay before her, the teacher should give a lump to each of her pupils, telling them to roll it into a round ball. This should always be the first step, as anything can be made from the ball more readily than any other definite form, and a starting-point, especially with children, is always necessary.

Modelling supplies what the pea-work lacked. With the latter employment the outline or skeleton of a building or anything of the kind could be made, but in modelling there is more substance and reality, and it enables the pupil, as soon as proficient, to model birds, vases, or imitate any solid form.

Our next employment is mat-making, or paper-plaiting, a most interesting and favourite occupation, especially with little girls. The mat is a piece of coloured satin paper, perpendicular cuts being made in it at equal distances, but leaving a margin of nearly an inch on all sides of the square, so that a frame is left which holds it together. Strips of the same kind of paper, but of a different and suitable colour, are passed in the slit at one end of a long thin piece of wood called the mat needle, and the needle is worked through the mat, taking one strip up and going over the next, till half are over, and the other half under it. The needle is then taken through on the opposite side of the mat from which it entered, and the coloured strip drawn after it, until it crosses the mat, when the strip is retained, and the needle drawn away. This is repeated until the mat is full of strips, the second row always taking up what was passed over, and going over what was taken up in the preceding row. When full, the ends are pasted down at the back of the mat, and it is complete. This is the first and most simple form. But an endless variety of patterns can be invented, and any crochet pattern copied, from the fact of the mat being formed of squares.

In addition to the above, we have paper-cutting, paper-folding, and paper-plaiting in other forms, but as this system of education must be seen in practice to be fully appreciated and understood, I will simply observe that we teach writing and reading on the same principle as we instruct our pupils in other branches of education. In learning to read, the little ones have first of all coloured pieces of card-board of various sizes, some of them half-circles, given to them; with these they learn to make their letters, and so master the alphabet, and begin to spell the first simple words. As an advanced step, they have ready-made letters, with which they receive spelling lessons; after this they read in books,

In writing and drawing, a child proceeds in in the same manner. One side of his slate is engraved with squares of about a quarter of an inch. Over these he learns to draw his pencil over one, two, three, or more squares, and gradually acquiring the use of the pencil and pen, learns to write and draw.

It will be observed that the same principle pervades everything in this system of training, developed from a very simple but purely mathematical basis. The child is gradually induced to develop his faculties, *not forced* to do so. The principle is, to turn to systematic and progressive use the otherwise random and wayward activity of childish play. The system will be found equally practicable in the nursery or public schoolroom; and all mothers who have the welfare of their little ones at heart would do well to become more fully acquainted with it, if they have not already tested its value, whether for bodily exercise or mental discipline.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Mr. James Grant, author of "The History of the Newspaper Press," &c., and editor of the *Christian Standard*, has just ready for publication "The Plymouth Brethren: their History and Heresies," in which an account is given of the rise, progress, and doctrines of that religious denomination.

"Mes Fils" is the name of a little book by Victor Hugo which has just appeared in Paris. The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* writes in regard to it: "It is now four years since Charles Hugo died at Bordeaux; ten months since Francois-Victor died in Paris. They both perished at the same age—forty-five years. The poet's only daughter, Leopoldine, was drowned near Havre. It is said that the work contains an expression of M. Hugo's creed, in much the same terms as M. Louis Blanc defined it at the grave of his youngest son. The goodness of God and the immortality of the soul are nearly all its conditions; but they are set forth in the peroration with an eloquence and a conviction which will not, perhaps, he wholly approved by some of M. Hugo's friends. But a man who has read with intelligence the great works on which has been built up that world-wide reputation will not be astonished by the disclosure. Careless and prejudiced must they be who find atheism in the productions of any genius that has been blessed with a tinge of fancy."

In the preface to the speeches of Lord Lytton, just published by Messrs. Blackwood & Sons, is the following singular self-analysis, written by Lord Lytton at the age of forty-three, and intended to describe his own deficiencies as a man of action. 'I am too irresolute," he writes "and easily persuaded, except when my *honour or sense of duty makes me obstinate*. I have so great a dread of giving pain that I have often submitted to be cheated to my face rather than wound the rogue's feelings by showing him that he was detected. I am indolent of body, though active of mind. I am *painfully thin-skinned and susceptible*; less so than I was in youth, but still too much so. I find it difficult to amalgamate with others and act with a party. The acting man should never be conscious of the absurdity and error which are more or less inseparable from every path of action. I am too impatient of subordination—an immense fault in the acting man. In all situations of command I act best when I have to defend others, not serve myself. I do not possess, or rather I have not cultivated [for no man can distinguish accurately between deficiencies from nature and those from disuse], the ready faculties in any proportion to my slower and more reflective ones. I have little repartee, my memory is slow, and my presence of mind not great. My powers of speaking are very uncertain, and very imperfectly developed. I have eloquence in me, and have spoken even as an orator, but not in the House of Commons. I cannot speak without either preparation or the pressure of powerful excitement. It would cost me immense labour to acquire the ready, cool trick of words with little knowledge and no heart in them, which is necessary for a parliamentary debater. I might have acquired this once. Now it is too late."

THE GLEANER.

Several charming Russian proverbs:

Work is black, but money is white.

Debt does not roar, and yet it prevents one from sleeping.

With a good wife, grief is half grief; joy is double joy.

On going to war, say one prayer; on going to sea, say two prayers; on getting married, say three.

Woman can scatter and lose with her sleeve more than a man can gather in a cart.

We waste trees in this forest land of ours. In Europe, trees are nursed and loved like human beings. On the high roads, when a tree dies it is immediately removed. Any man caught in the act of injuring a tree is punished by law.

A warning to the fraternity of dentists:

The other day a gentleman entered the office of a leading dentist. He announces himself as the Honourable so and so. Salutations are exchanged.

"I want a complete set of teeth."

"Nothing more simple, sir."

"Beg your pardon. Not so simple. I have still a few bad teeth that will need extracting first. Until now I have always dreaded the operation. I am morbidly sensitive, and——"

"But, sir, you will suffer no pain whatever."

"Ah, yes! I have heard of your system of insensibilisation."

"It is infallible, sir."

"Infallible.... infallible; of course, you always say that. But the proof.—"

"The proof?.... Why Sir, I will breathe a little of the liquid contained in this vessel and you will see."

"You will be thorough insensible?

"Thoroughly. You may pinch me and....."

"Very well."

And the dentist, put upon his mettle, sits down, inhales, and goes to sleep.

When he awoke, the honorable gentleman had disappeared, carrying off the dentists' watch and all the money he had in his drawer!

The impudence of genteel beggars is sublime. An impecunious artist called upon a colleague, and after recounting his misfortunes, seasoning his account with plentiful reproaches on the selfishness of his fellow men, managed to ask the loan of a dollar.

His companion gave him seventy-five cents, stating that he would have handed him the balance, if he had it upon him.

The next day, at the same hour, there was a ringing at the door. The servant appeared.

"Please tell your master that I have called for the twenty five cents which he owes me since yesterday."

The gentleman had not the courage to refuse.

Dyspepsia is apply termed the demon of America.

Frenchmen are often twitted for their ignorance of geography. Englishman confess that they are not much better in this respect. Lord Roseberg said before the Social Science congress, that he could walk up to a map in the dark and put his finger on the site of Ciceros' Villa, but if any one asked where San Francisco was, he should have to think twice.

The world is certainly moving. Dr. Holland tells us that as a class our Christian Ministers are the purest men we have. And he adds: "they average better than the apostles did at the first."

What is the use of dead leaves?

In Paris, the trees of the Palais Royal are carefully collected and sold for 83,000 francs. The dead leaves of the Tuileries are much sought after on account of the large quantity of plane-tree leaves, which are valuable for covering seed plots. The garden of the Tuileries produces from 80 to 100 cart loads of dead leaves. The leaves of the Luxembourg are preserved by the administration and stored away for the preservation of tropical plants. The leaves of the Champs Elysées, the parks, the squares, and the promenades, are sent to the hot-houses of Passy. Some are also sent to the horticultural establishment of Sevres.

THE FASHION PLATE.

SERGE COSTUME.—This costume is made of serge of a greenish-grey shade, trimmed with gathered and kilt-pleated flounces of the same material, and bias strips, side sashes and bows of a darker shade of silk. Black velvet hat with feathers, grosgrain ribbon and flowers.

POPLIN DRESS.—The material for this is poplin of a shade of blue-grey. The skirt is trimmed with narrow and broad kilted pleats of the same material, and strips of darker grosgrain. The overskirt is arranged with strips and bows of grosgrain.

GROSGRAIN COSTUME.—Dark-brown grosgrain underskirt with pleated flounce. Demi-train and jacket of a ligher shade, the latter trimmed with dark grosgrain strips and knotted with silk fringe.

CASHMERE AND GROSGRAIN COSTUME.—This consists of a grey cashmere dress and grosgrain sleeveless jacket of a shade to match. The folds on the sleeves are also grosgrain.

COSTUME FOR A GIRL OF NINE TO ELEVEN. Skirt and overskirt of steel-blue serge, the former trimmed with a broad kilt-pleated flounce of the same material. Checkered silk sash.

COSTUME IN DRAP-RELIEF.—The material is olive-green drap-relief, and the trimmings olive-green silk fringe, velvet strips and grosgrain bows.

MY LOSS.

In the world was one green nook I knew,
Full of roses, roses red and white,
Reddest roses summer ever grew,
Whitest roses ever pearled with dew;
And their sweetness was beyond delight,
Was all love's delight.

Wheresoever in the world I went
Roses were, for in my heart I took
Blow and blossom and bewildering scent,
Roses never with the summer spent,
Roses always ripening in that nook,
Love's far summer nook.

In the world a soddened plot I know,
Blackening in this chill and misty air,
Set with shivering bushes in a row,
One by one the last leaves letting go:
Whereso'er I turn I shall be there,
Always sighing there.

Ah, my folly! Ah, my loss, my pain!
Dead, my roses that can blow no more!
Wherefore looked I on our nook again?
Wherefore went I after autumn's rain
Where the summer roses bloomed before,
Bloomed so sweet before?

—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A POLISH LADY.

I.

"And so my little girl is going to leave me to-morrow, for one who can love her more and take better care of her than I."

"Now, uncle," the girl's brown eyes filled with tears, and the hand stroking his white hair trembled visibly, "I wish you wouldn't talk as if you're never going to see me any more after to-morrow; you know very well that though I love Julian better than all the world, that doesn't make me love you any the less; you know that, don't you, uncle Stanislaus?"

"Yes, my dear, I know. There, there, you foolish girl, don't cry any more, I was only joking. I'm sure I'll be utterly bored to death with the company of Doctor and Madame Kostowitz. But wheel my chair up to the window, Natalie dear, where I can reach some of those roses that are poking in their heads."

Let us look from the window, reader, over the heads of the invalid Stanislaus Semensky and his niece Natalie, and we shall see a broad branch of the Southern Nieman rolling majestically past, it's blue waters sparkling in the last beams of the sun, retiring to rest behind the distant mountains. Little would any one think as he gazes on the clumps of white cottages along the river bank, and then on those further inland, dotting the fair plain on all sides, surrounded by fields of grain almost ripe enough for the sickle, and orchards of trees loaded with fruit, that not long before the horrors of war had driven happiness and comfort from that fair village. But so it was. Not many years before, the tidal wave of war had swept over the country, devastating the homes of the people, and still further crushing them under the yoke of oppression and slavery. Hard, indeed, has been the fate of that gallant and patriotic nation, who fought so bravely for their liberty and their homes. Little though Natalie remembered of those sad times, she knew the history of the brave efforts of the Poles, and hated with all the strength of her woman's heart the oppressors and taskmasters of her people. But just at present her thoughts are not occupied with the rights and wrongs of the Polish nation, but, womanlike, with her lover and her trousseau, for she has made her choice, and to-morrow is to be joined for life to one whom she loves with all her heart. As she leans over her uncle, the wide sleeves of her silk dress falling back, show to advantage the white arms crossed on the back of his chair, and the tender light that beams in her soft eyes as she thinks of her absent lover, makes her face exquisite in it's youthful loveliness. Not that she possesses very wonderful features, except, perhaps, the eyes—those eyes that can be so merry, so mischievous, so tender, or so defiantly passionate—and the little rosebud mouth, so beautiful with it's loving smile. Her figure is tall and slender, with an indescribable girlish grace about it, which is noticeable in every movement. Her hair is dark brown; to tell the truth, the young lady is the least little bit in the world proud of her hair, and no wonder, for it is perfectly magnificent. To-night it is drawn back from her forehead, and arranged in thick plaits coiled round and round high up on the back of her small, aristocratic head. Suddenly Natalie lifts her head, and the glad light dances in her eyes, and a pink flush mounts to her rounded cheek, as a well-known form is seen down the street. He is a handsome fellow this lover of Natalie's, and good and generous as he is handsome, truly it is little wonder that they are proud of each other. But now his firm, quick footstep is plainly heard, he is quite near, and Natalie makes a sweet picture as she leans out of the window, framed with climbing roses, bowing and smiling; then, half in fun, half in earnest, touches the tips of her dainty fingers and blows a kiss. A minute more and a pleasant voice is heard under the window,

"Are you nearly ready, Natalie?"

"Yes, nearly," returned Natalie, and turning quickly to the old gentleman, she kissed his cheek, saying,

"Good-night, uncle Stanislaus. I won't be long, but I suppose you'll be in bed by the time I get back. If you want anything, Paulovitch will help you."

"Are you going out with Julian, my dear?"

"Yes, uncle, you know we promised to go to that little party at Madame Polowsky's."

"Oh, to be sure. I had forgotten. Now then, run along, and don't keep Julian waiting, or he may get angry."

"Angry, indeed," retorted Natalie, laughing lightly, "I'd like to see him get angry with me yet awhile," and she swept him a saucy courtsey.

"She gets more and more like her mother every day," murmured her uncle, looking after her as she disappeared down the stairs, "and yet how strangely like her poor father too. He didn't look happy like that, poor fellow, the last time I saw him, when he took a last farewell of his wife and child; I can almost see him now, with that set, despairing look on his face, as he turned in his saddle and waved his hand till we could see him no more. How lonesome we shall be without Natalie," he continued, his thoughts reverting to his niece; "but I am glad—yes, I am glad she is to be so comfortably settled; if I had my choice of all the world, I couldn't wish a better husband to my little niece."

Meantime Natalie and Julian were sauntering slowly, arm in arm, into the village, talking lovingly of their plans for the future. Many a shy reverence did they get from the young, and blessings were sent after the young doctor and his bride from the lips of the aged, for these two were well known and loved by the poor as well as the rich. Suddenly Natalie stopped as they were passing a small cottage of the poorer class,

"What noise is that," she said quickly, her sharp ear detecting a rough Russian accent, and the imploring tones of a woman's voice. Even as she spoke, the door opened with a jerk, and two Cossacks came out, dragging between them a man tightly bound with ropes. Natalie's face blanched, and she clung tightly to the arm on which she was leaning, but Julian stepped forward and walked quickly past without looking again on the wretched scene,

"I suppose," he remarked bitterly, "the unfortunate man has been uttering some truths about our conquerors."

"Hush! hush!" exclaimed Natalie, in a terrified tone, "nobody knows who may hear you."

Nothing more passed between them, for well they knew that they dare not say a word about such a subject on the street which might be overheard, or their lives were endangered. A few minutes walk brought them to the house of their entertainer, where they found all the company assembled. They were all intimate Polish friends, and were known to be bitter haters of their oppressors, the Russians. As Natalie and Julian entered the room, a lady who was sitting at the piano running her fingers over the keys, rose quickly and came forward to meet them. She was very tall and masculine looking, and appeared to be about thirty-five years of age. Her hair was perfectly black, as were her thick, heavy eyebrows, which almost met across the bridge of her aquiline nose, giving a sinister expression to her face.

"I hope I did not disturb you, Mademoiselle Katherine," said Julian, after the greetings were over; "I have not heard you sing for a long time, and you know how fond I am of your music. Please let me take you to the piano."

The lady laughed, but a gratified expression passed over her face, as she accepted his proffered arm and moved to the other end of the room. There was a moment of silence as Katherine Durakoff placed her music; her long white fingers ran over a few chords, and the song commenced. Julian stood entranced as her magnificent voice rose and fell, now clear and sweet like the lark singing at Heaven's gate, and again soft and low as the summer breeze sweeping across the strings of an Œolian harp. But for once Katherine cared not for the effect of her voice. Her mind seemed in a terrible chaos—a whirlwind of passion surged through her heart. For a moment she could not think, then crushing down her feelings, and hardening her heart, she thought passionately, "He shall never marry her. Is that baby-faced girl of twenty to come between me and my wishes in everything? Is it not enough that she is liked in society better than I, but she must gain the love of the only man I ever loved? Bah! and the poor boy thinks he loves her, but he will soon see which is preferable, her love or mine. I shall put her out of the way. I shall gain his love." As song succeeded song, scheme after scheme passed through her mind. At last she rose abruptly, and received the enraptured thanks of Julian, but shook her head smilingly as he pleaded for one more.

"Not to-night, Dr. Kossowitz," she replied, "let us go over to that corner and hear what Natalie is talking so vehemently about."

As they neared the group to which Katherine Durakoff referred, her face brightened and for an instant a look almost fiendish in its wicked triumph appeared in her eyes. The next moment it was gone, as she smilingly asked what was the matter.

"Matter!" exclaimed Natalie bitterly, her wonderful eyes flashing passionately as she spoke, "I was just telling our friends here of the scene we witnessed not an hour ago. How a poor quiet man, probably for a few truthful words in his own home, of hatred and revenge, against those who have ground him down to the earth, was seized and dragged away from his wife and children, whom in all probability he will never see again. Ah," she continued excitedly, "how well I remember my dear father and brothers killed in battle, my mother dying of starvation in the in the forest to which we had escaped, while our Russian oppressors destroyed everything on our land; good reason, indeed, have I to hate them from my soul, and I do."

"Natalie, Natalie, you forget yourself; for Heaven's sake don't speak so loud," said Julian, looking anxiously towards the window. "Remember that there are always spies about, and how cautiously we should talk of anything relating to our troubles."

The girl glanced quickly at the window, and then relapsed into silence. In a few minutes, however, she seemed to have forgotten what she had been talking about, for on some one alluding to her wedding day, she commenced to laugh and talk merrily in her usual style, and so continued till ten o'clock arrived, when the little company separated.

Instead of proceeding straight to her home, Katherine Durakoff drove to a large building at the other end of the village, and demanded to see the officer commanding the Russian garrison. After a few moments delay, the gentleman appeared, obviously surprised at being summoned. Two or three words passed between them in a low tone, and then Katherine was assisted to alight, and conducted to a private room, where a long and earnest conversation followed.

"To-morrow morning will do," said the officer, as he politely accompanied her back to her carriage.

"Yes, yes, to-morrow," ejaculated Katherine eagerly, as the door was shut.

Meanwhile Natalie and Julian had arrived at the house of Stanislaus Semensky, and were bidding each other good-night as only lovers can. If Natalie had only known, as she stood with her lover's arm round her waist, the mine almost exploding under her little feet, how she would have shrunk back horror-stricken; but well for her, perhaps, that she did not know, as she turned from him and went up the little path to the door, and that their last meeting on earth was so happy.

"Did you call me, love?" she said, turning slightly, as she heard his footsteps coming after, "have I forgotten anything?"

"No, no," he said, tenderly folding her in his arms, and speaking with a strange yearning in his tone, "I only wanted to hear you say once more how you love me; kiss me again, sweet wife."

She raised herself on tip-toe, and put her arms round his neck. "I love you, Julian," she said simply, "with all my heart and soul, and will love you through all eternity," and the girl put up her sweet mouth and pressed a long, passionate kiss upon his lips. "Well, good-night, darling," she said at last, laughingly; "I must get my beauty sleep to-night. I suppose you'll be here to-morrow morning."

"No, I forgot to tell you," he returned, "I have to drive into the country about twenty miles, but I shall be in time for the ceremony; I'm not going to run away from my little bride now, never fear."

II.

The next morning dawned bright and fair. Natalie was up with the sun, helping to arrange the house for the great event which was about to take place. Very sweet and happy she looked, as she ran up and down stairs, occasionally looking in at her uncle to pat his white head and laugh merrily as she remarked that she was sure "he was as happy to be rid of her, as she was to go away from him." At length everything was ready, and Natalie was arranging some flowers in her uncle's room, preparatory to putting on her bridal dress, into which she had sewed so many sweet, tender hopes and resolutions, when a loud prolonged knock was heard at the door. "I wonder whom it can be," ejaculated Natalie, peeping childishly over the banisters, but as she did so the smile faded from her face, and was replaced by the ashen hue of horror, as she saw the servant start back, and two Russian soldiers make their appearance.

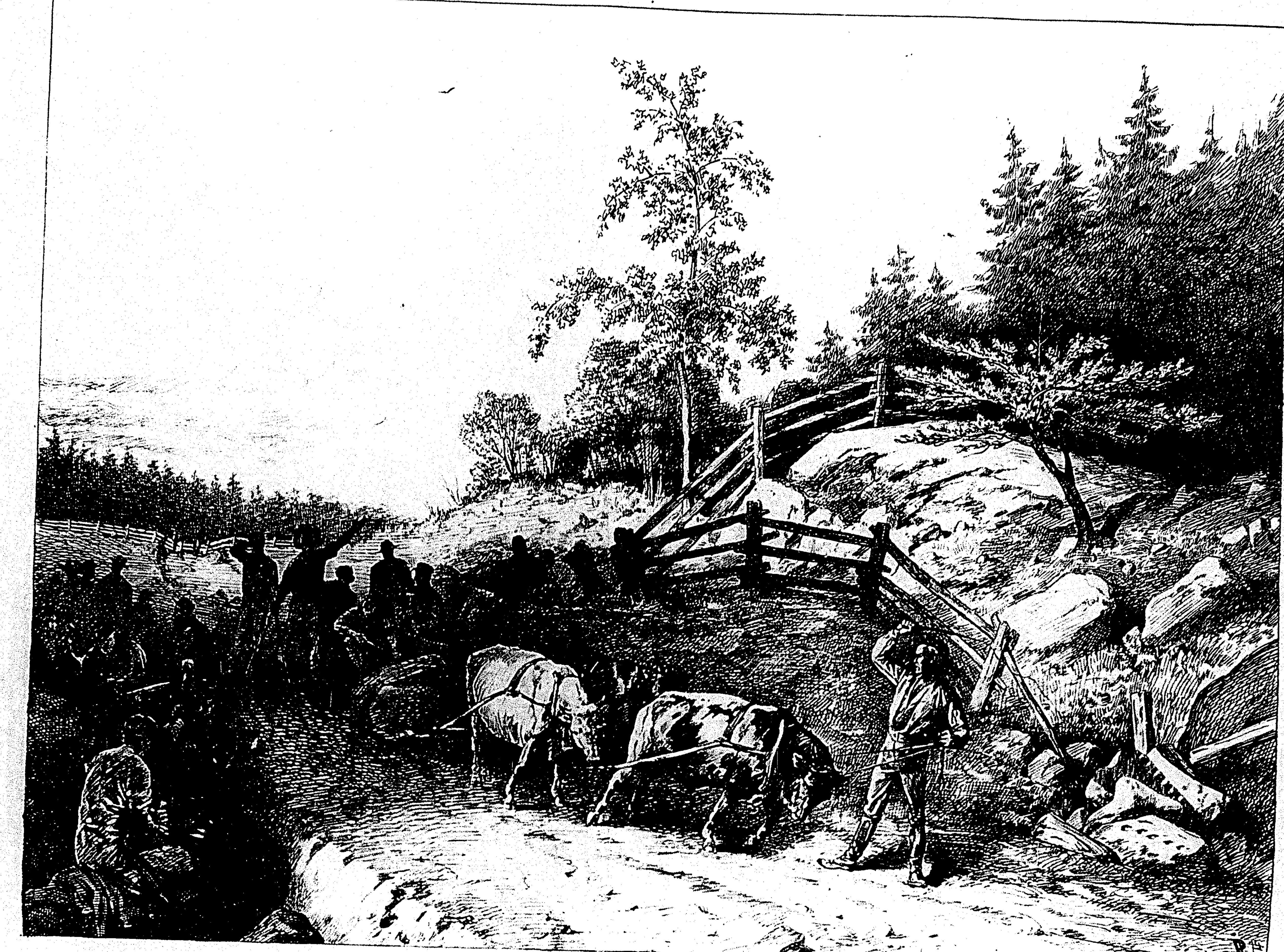
"We have come to arrest Mademoiselle Natalie Semensky for seditious utterances against the Russian government. Where is she, girl?" demanded one of them sternly, of the trembling servant. But no answer was needed, for they all caught sight of the girl upstairs, as she rushed back to her uncle's room; "Oh my God! uncle, save me, save me," she shrieked, throwing herself down on the floor at his foot. Count Semensky stood up for the first time in several years, and raised the half unconscious girl in his arms.

"What do you mean," he said angrily, as the two men entered the room, "by coming into a quiet house, and terrifying a lady like this." One of the soldiers drew a paper from his breast and read the warrant. "Did you speak against the Government last night, Natalie?" groaned her uncle, his face growing livid with terror for his brother's daughter.

"No, no, uncle," sobbed the girl, with a violent shudder, as she clung helplesly to his arm. "Well," he continued in a reassured tone, "they will have to prove the charge, and as of course they can't, they won't be able to punish you. Come," he added, turning to the soldiers, "you needn't mind securing her, we will go together." They drove in silence to the house where the court was held, and to Count Semensky's great relief it was nearly empty. The trial came on at last and was very short. The judge spoke a few words to the Cossacks who had brought her, and then turned to the wretched girl. "Natalie Semensky, daughter of that arch rebel Peter Semensky, do you utterly and entirely deny the offence for which you have been indicted." "I do," she returned in a low voice wondering how she could demean herself so much as to tell a lie. "Bring in the witness against the prisoner," said the Judge. Natalie started, and trembled violently as she looked up and saw the tall form of Katherine Durakoff standing before her.

"Oh, God!" moaned Natalie, hiding her face in her hands, "what harm have I ever done you, that you should betray me." "The judge's face lighted up, as he said briskly, "Do you acknowledge the charge, madame?" "Yes," murmured the girl, utterly broken down by the faithlessness of one whom she had believed a friend.

"Your offence" said the Judge, after a short pause," might warrant me in sending you before a higher tribunal, where the penalty would be death, but as you are you are young, and appear



WORK ON THE NORTH SHORE RAILROAD NEAR INDIAN LORETTE.—BY J. PRANISHNIKOFF.

SERGE COSTUME. POPLIN DRESS. GROSGRAIN COSTUME. CASHMERE AND GROSGRAIN COSTUME. COSTUME FOR A GIRL OF NINE TO ELEVEN. COSTUME IN DRAP-RELIEF.

LADIES FALL COSTUMES.

to be contrite, I will mercifully mitigate your sentence, and order you to receive thirty-five lashes with the knout. I hope this lesson will teach you that the Russians are not cruel oppressors, but your kind and merciful protectors. You will be ready in half an hour, Madame." Almost benumbed with shame and terror, the wretched girl was led away to the prison, which was not far distant. She was thrust into a small cell and the door locked. There in a heap crushed upon the stone floor she lay—she, that fair young girl to whom that very morning the world had appeared so bright and joyous. That morning—her wedding-day—it could not be—how many hundred years had passed over her since she arranged the flowers in her uncle's room. And where was Julian—her lover—who used to be so proud of her—Ah ! she would never be Julian's wife now. But what is that noise—surely they are not coming already. The keys rattle at the lock, the door opens, the words are spoken, she doesn't not know how or where. "Mademoiselle, it is time." She rose with difficulty, and with feverish haste twisted up her long dark hair—the hair of which she had once been so proud. She groped blindly for the wall, and then she felt some one take her arm, and lead her from the room. Then the mist cleared from her sight, and she saw that they went through passage after passage, her guide stopping every now and then to unlock a door, and then lock it again. At length they emerged upon an open square, which she saw was lined with soldiers. In the centre was a scaffold, on the top of which stood an inclined plane. Beside this stood an executioner, holding in his muscular hand what she knew to be that terrible weapon—the knout. This weapon consists of a stick or handle, two feet long, with a lash four feet long of soft leather, to the end of which is attached by a loop a piece of flat raw hide two inches wide and two feet long. In the hand of an experienced man this piece can be made to cut like a knife. All this she saw mechanically as she walked slowly beside her guard towards the scaffold. She did not cry or faint, simply because she could not. Until the terrible words "Remove her clothing to the waist" were uttered, she hardly appeared to comprehend what was about to happen, but in a few moments, despite her struggles and mute appeals the order was obeyed. Cowering down almost double she was forced to ascend the steps and her hands and feet were tied to the corners of the plane. There was a moment of silence, the savage Russian soldiers stood motionless as statues, not a thrill of pity troubling their hearts, while officers smiled slightly to each other, as they admired the beauty of the girl's form. The Judge nodded, the executioner twirling his long lash in the air stepped suddenly backward, and with a sharp crash the thong fell on the back of the sobbing girl, cutting a crimson streak from shoulder to waist. A terrible tremor passed over her, and a quick low cry escaped her lips, but it was the only sound she uttered. When the last lash had been given, the unfortunate girl was unfastened, and with some clothes rudely thrown about her, she was taken to prison, where after thanking the judge for mercy, according to the necessary formula, she was laid upon a pallet, covered with a sheet, and carried by two men to the house of a doctor near, where it had been arranged she should stay, till her wounds were healed.

Meanwhile Julian, happily ignorant of these terrible circumstances was galloping towards the village. So happy he was, poor fellow! No shadow, no presentiment darkened his mind as he rode along. The sun seemed brighter, the leaves greener, the song sof the birds sweeter, than usual ; his very horse's hoofs striking the hard road seemed to say "Natalie, Natalie." By and by the horse fell into a walk, and Julian took from his breast-pocket a photograph. "My own sweet wife, now and for ever," he whispered, and then pressed the insensible card against his moustache. As he entered the village he noticed groups of people standing talking, but it seemed to him that whenever they saw him approaching, they broke up and hurried away as fast as possible.

"What might be the matter, why it must be an execution," he thought sadly, as his eye fell on the soldiers preparing to march away to the barracks, with the executioner laughing and gesticulating in the rear." I wonder who it was; probably that unfortunate man we saw last night." He soon arrived at the house of Count Semensky, and leaving his horse at the gate, but finding the door locked, he rapped somewhat impatiently. The door was opened by the servant maid whose eyes were red and swollen with weeping. "Why, Marie, crying to-day ! what's the matter ?" he said kindly "where's Mademoiselle Natalie ?" The girl sat down on a chair, and throwing her apron over her head, sobbed out "Oh, Dr. Kossowitz, haven't you heard while coming through the village ? Mademoiselle Natalie isn't here." "Where is she then, girl ?" demanded Julian, in an agony of apprehension. "This morning, sir," returned the girl between her sobs, "Mademoiselle Natalie was arrested and taken away and tried, and—and—" "Not knouted," shouted Julian, fiercely, the scenes through which he had passed while entering the village recurring to his mind, as the girl stopped tremblingly.

"Knouted," he groaned, flinging himself into a chair, and burying his face in his hands, then a terrible oath crunched through his teeth, as he sprang to his feet "You said she isn't here, where is she ?" he said hoarsely. "They took her to Dr. Menskykoff's, but sir———" But he was gone without heeding her last words. At the door of Dr. Menskykoff's he met his old friend, who pressed his hand sympathizingly as he said "I know what you want, my poor boy, but it is utterly impossible to admit you ; if you return in the evening after she has had some rest, I shall let you in." Julian turned and strode away without a word into the woods, where he could wrestle with his grief alone. When he was far away from the village, he threw himself down on the ground, and hiding his face in his hands sobbed aloud. "Oh, my sweep Natalie, my dear sensitive girl, how could they do it," he groaned tearing at the grass in his agony. For a long time he lay there, then he rose and paced backward and forward among the trees. "When my poor girl is better, we will be married quietly, and leave this accursed place," he muttered bitterly, "we will take Uncle Stanislaus and go far away to England or to America. The people there are kind and good, and will help us. And I will never in our new home, recall to her memory by word, look, or deed, the terrible humiliation through which my dear wife has passed. I will strive with all my power to make her as happy as it is possible to be on this earth." Aware that the sun was beginning to sink in the West, he at length returned to the village. The door of Dr. Menskykoff's house stood open and as he entered the hall he saw the doctor's wife coming towards him. The good old lady's eyes were red with weeping, and she pressed his hand kindly she said "I think she must be asleep, Julian, she asked me not to disturb her, but she wished you to go up whenever you came in." Julian ascended the stairs, and opened the door softly. A peculiar odour in the room caused him to start forward, with a terrible fear at his heart.

Natalie was half sitting upon a couch with her arms stretched out upon the table and her face lying upon them. Her glorious hair was unbound, and fell round her figure in hapless confusion, and across it like a halo of glory, crept a tiny sunbeam, as if, though all the rest had gone, it could not bear to leave the still form to darkness. Clenched in the left hand was a small empty phial which told its own sorrowful tale. Silently and tenderly he raised the dear head and laid it back upon his shoulder. Could it be possible ? Was this calm, dead face the same that only yesterday had been so full of life and health ? Were those set, white lips the same that had pressed his own so tenderly ? Dead—alas! in the first flush of her happiness and beauty, lying in his arms, dead by her own hand, when she should have been nestling there his own wedded wife. Silently and tenderly, his hot tears raining down upon the beautiful, set face, he kissed the cold lips that never again would thrill with life and love. On the table, where her face had been lying, was a sheet of paper, with a few lines of writing, which she — his wife, had traced with her hand.

"Forgive me, my beloved, for causing you such sorrow as I have done, by taking my destiny into my own hands, and bringing it to such an end as this. I have prayed God, oh, so earnestly to forgive me, and I think He will, for my shame was greater than I could bear. Give my dear love to Uncle Stanislaus, my more than father, and tell him not to grieve much for I am only gone before. I have much to thank him for ; I was very happy with him. I remember to the end what I said last night, when we kissed each other for the last time. 'I love you, Julian, with all my heart and soul, and will love you through all eternity.' My eyes are blinded with tears—I cannot see—ah ! it is hard to die, but it is better so, Fare thee well my darling, till we meet above. God bless you. Jesus have mercy upon me. Amen."

His face was furrowed with care, and his hair was turning gray, but for all that in the distant land to which he had gone, they knew the kind foreign physician was young: and no one, even the most curious ever asked him about the past, for they knew instinctively that he had some great sorrow hidden in his heart.

After a while there came to the city where he lived a terrible pestilence. and this foreign doctor, beloved above all others, by almost superhuman efforts, succeeded in turning the tide of misfortune and saving a great many of the lives of the people. And after it was all over, worn out by work and anxiety, he sickened and drooped and died. In his pocketbook was found the photograph of a young and beautiful lady, on the back of which was written in a pretty, girlish hand, "Ever your loving Natalie," and round the card was twined a long tress of beautiful, dark brown hair. And so in death, they laid Natalie's picture and hair upon the breast of him she had loved so well, where in life her head had so often happily rested.

ON THE NILE.

A writer in the London *Graphic* gives the following interesting sketch of life and scenery on the Nile.

I am floating down the Nile in that steady old dahabeyah, so well-known to English tourists, the *Nourredeen*. From the cabin, where I sit like the Veiled Prophet (particularly as to the veil) abusing Egypt's flies, which ever since the time of Moses have, I presume, worried stout happy-go-lucky people like myself, I hear the soothing bubbling gurgle of the cocoa-nut nargileh, through which Abool Hoosayn, my one-eyed dragoman, inhales the beatified essence of his dirty old hubble-bubble. I am writing this letter aided by a tumbler of sweetened lime-juice which I have just squeezed from that little net full of green delicious fruit that hangs on a nail by the cabin door, matching a yellow leather bag full of dried apricots for *mish-mish*. We are three days out from Cairo, and little, to tell the sober truth, have we yet seen but the broad level of the turbid yellow river which has washed the Nubian hippopotami and the lithe crocodiles of the Upper Cataracts, and has bathed the dusky hunters of elephants, and kissed adoringly the temple thresholds of Philæ. It flows on as I and my companion—a young Indian officer whom I met at Shepherd's Hotel—roar with inextinguishable laughter as we read Herodotus and hear the good credulous old greybeard boldly affirm that the waters of the River Nile are a bright blue, when with a turn of the eye we are ready to sign any affidavit that they are a deep pea-soup yellow wherever they come from—lake, mountain, or marsh. We have for three days sipped tea, drank lentil soup, discussed claret, gnawed tough mutton and goat's flesh, and smoked cigars, and all we have seen has been thousand of green millet fields, myriads of patches of sharp-bladed young corn, creaking water-mills, strung with earshern jars, and clumps of feathery palm trees, spotted with big white birds, which Abool declares are Ibises, though we don't believe him. Now and then a quaint fishing-boat has passed us, full of half-naked men, and once at sunset we saw a fellaw swimming home from work across the river, with his clothes tied in a bundle upon his head ; clumsy, buffalo-like cattle stare at us now with large brown eyes from the river bank, and here and there, on the glistening mud of the dreary shore, skips a zik-a-zak (a kind of hoopoe) a bird that Abool tells us warns sleeping crocodiles of danger.

If our venturous voyage has a fault, it is that it is slow, and my friend mutters that adjective between the incense puff of his tenth cheeroot. The fact is we have no exercise but on our ten foot of quarter-deck, and we tire of the mute crew and the ceaseless monotony of the majestic river. O ! for a league of brown Surrey heath, or a mile of Highland moor. O ! even for a tug at the wet top-rope with our eight stalwart Nubians. Yet to-day we are in spirits, for to-night we shall sight Gibbel Tayr—the Monks' Fortress—the first bit of real scenery on this wonderful intolerable river.

But am I not ungrateful ? Had we not on our first day out that glorious revelation of the Pyramids half a mile or so off on our larboard bow—the great Egyptian moon on the forehead of the ghost of Isis rising above phantom mountain peaks, and heaven's palaces. To-night we are to have once more the old Egyptian grandeur realised ; and as our eight men, droning an invocation to some Moslem saint, are out on the bank tugging in Indian file at the tow-rope, how shall we beguile the time ? When we consult Abool, who is sitting sleepy and cross-legged on his big red canteen chest at our cabin-door, his only reply is—

"What for no shoot pelican ?"

"What for no, you old impostor ?" shouts my companion ; "why, because there are no pelicans to shoot."

Slowly the wily Abool uncoils one leg from the other, and looking carefully along the muddy shore, towards the mud huts of Golosany, he points with a sly smile of lazy triumph at a small object near a rotten tree trunk. We follow his coffee-coloured eyes.

"Bring us the gun, old man," exclaims my comrade, suddenly shaking off his tropical languor, "By the living Harry, here's a young crocodile asleep."

Yes, it was a stripling crocodile, about three feet long, a dirty brown flattened creature with a long snout. Bang goes the old rusty double-barrel we hired at Cairo. Bang goes the second barrel to rectify the first, a whiff of sand in a long furrow, a scuttle, a waddle, a flounder, and off rools our young friend into the river, mightily discomposed but not seriously hurt, though the young officer declares he'll never last the night through.

It is near sunset now ; a pleasant odour of vermicelli soup arises from Abool's kitchen, mingled with the fizzling of juicy cutlets from from that kid we bought last night—sweet, harmonious sounds, prophetic of a speedy repast. Suddenly on the crest of the grey line of calcined cliff that we have been three hours coasting there rise against the crimson sunset dark walls and terraces. Yes, it is the Copt convent at last—the shrine of Miriam el Adra, or "Our Lady Mary the Virgin." Those rows of little notches, no bigger than the holes of a flute, are steps cut te the rock, and they lead from the monastary down ro the river.

With becoming dignity Abool rushes from his soup, screeches "El Adra ! El Adra !" and blaces on both barrels of his gun—the customary salute to the monks of our Blessed Lady. Bang ! Bang ! goes the ricketty old fowling-piece ; b-a-a-a-a-ng ! b-a-a-a-ng ! roar in bass echoes the huge dust-coloured cliffs in giant welcome. Our men, long since done with rowing, rest on their big oars, half in contempt, half in expectation. In a moment, like Jacks-in-the-Box, two or three black puppets appear on the cliffstop—evidently monks.

"If river not rough, much wind," explains Abool. "Dirty beast monks swim off on proof goat-skins, and cry, 'I Christian Howajhe—Baksheesh. Baksheesh in the name of Christ, O, Howajhe.' Beast monks ! Pah ! Come, soup spoil, gentlemen."

As we turn our faces to the west, where the crew are kneeling, looking towards Mecca, their foreheads touching the deck, a great glory widens in the sky. The magician Night has turned the long line of cliffs to burning rose and carmine ; the day is passing to his funeral pyre. In a moment more it is twilight, the broad cliffs put on their grey shrouds, the sky turns a cold green, the palm trees grow black, end the first star sparkles above the convent.

"Thank God !" cries my comrade, as Abool scuttles up with a tureen ; "there another day gone, and here's the soup."

TWILIGHT.

Oh ! in the shadowed Lonely
A night bird calls,
Once, from the stillness, only ;
And in the restless Nameless
The mountain walls
Are stronger ones grown blameless.

Oh ! watch each tree's outlining,
And see it's soul
In a clear fashion shining,
While all the spaces folded·
In cloud control,
To azure gates are moulded !

Oh ! hear the palm trees quiver,
With yearnings low,
Beside the living river ;
And hear the crystal motions,
Eternal slow,
Of God's unmeasured oceans !

Here is a sense of nearness,
In the wide sky ;
For all unworded dearness,
And all remembered speeches,
Lie, as shells lie,
On the sweet sea's bright reaches.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

We have heard of exhibitions of barmaids, of babies, &c., but the oddest affair of the kind that has yet been witnessed is the nose show that has just taken place at Ottakring in Austria, where, on a platform in a large public hall, eighty persons competed for the prize offered for the most extraordinary nasal prominence in form, size, and color. The jury, after a review of the noses submitted to their examination, decided that only three out of the whole could be admitted to compete for the prize, which was finally adjudged to a competitor from Vienna, possessor of what is stated to be 'a gigantic nose of a deep violet-blue.' We are not informed of the nature of the prize awarded, whether a smelling-bottle, pocket-handkerchief, snuff-box, or spectacles.

A correspondent says: "A few days ago a young and poorly-clad girl entered a barber's shop in Vienna, and told the proprietor that he 'must buy her head.' The friseur examined her long, glossy, chestnut locks, and began to bargain. He could give eight gulden, and no more. Hair was plentiful this year, the price had fallen, there was less demand, and other phrases of the kind. The little maiden's eyes filled with tears, and she hesitated a moment while threading her fingers through her chestnut locks. She finally threw herself into a chair. 'In God's name,' she gasped, 'take it quickly.' The barber, satisfied with his bargain, was about to clinch it with his shears when a gentleman who sat half shaved, looking on, told him to stop. 'My child,' he said, 'why do you want to sell your beautiful hair ?' 'My mother has been nearly five months ill ; I can't work enough to support us, everything has been sold or pawned, and there is not a penny in the house' (*und kein kreutzer im haus*). 'No, no, I will buy your hair, and will give you a hundred gulden for it.' He gave the poor girl the note, the sight of which had dried her tears, and took up the barber's shears. Taking the locks in his hand he took the longest hair, cut it off alone, and put it carefully in his pocketbook, thus paying one gundred florins for a single hair. He took the poor girl's address, in case he should want to buy another at the same rate. This charitable man is only designated as the chief of a great industrial enterprise within the city."

There are four cantons in Switzerland—Neufchatel, Berne, Vaud, and Geneva—in which the manufacture of watches forms the chief industry. According to the returns issued in 1870, the number of persons employed in this manufacture amounts together to 37,060, who are thus distributed: In Neufchatel, 16,464, of whom 5,383 are women ; in Berne, 14,045, of whom 4,713 are women ; in Vaud, 3,752, of whom 1,313 are women ; and in Geneva, 3,618, including 1,288 women. As to the number and value of the watches manufactured, Geneva turns out 500,000 per annum, almost all of them being of an ordinary character. This, at an average price of forty francs each, represents an annual return to the canton of twenty millions of francs. In Berne the number is estimated at 150,000, but as many of these are of gold. of a higher order of workmanship, and highly ornamented, their aggregate value may be taken to represent about twenty millions. Vaud also yields about the same number, but the greater portion are exported without cases, and yield, at thirty-five francs apiece, about five and a quarter millions. About 35 per cent. of the whole value of the Swiss watch manufacture forms the share of the remaining canton — Neufchatel. The four principal watchmaking countries turn out the following numbers, and representing the following aggregate values, respectively —Switzerland, 1,600,000, of the estimated value of eighty-eight millions of francs; France, 300,000, worth sixteen and a half millions; England, 200,000, worth sixteen millions; and the United States. 100,000, of the value of seven and a half millions. Thus the average price of an English watch is eighty francs, of a United States, seventy-five francs, while that of the Swiss and French watches is severally fifty-five francs.

A writer in the *Jewish Messenger*, speaking of Leeuwarden, a town in Holland, says: "The women of Leeuwarden deserve a paragraph to themselves. There is a primitive air about them which is refreshing after the starched up and made-up-to-order beauties that are elsewhere visible. They have a sturdy. grand look. They are generally tall, with high forehead, aquiline nose, lips closely set, and well-developed chin. The skin is white, the cheeks delicately tinted (with colours from nature's *atelier*), and the eyes are large and piercing. The young girls have lost much of the Frisian bearing, for their heads are crazed, doubtless, by the furbelows and fixings of the foreign dressmaker and milliner. As among the Quakers, the younger generation are losing their reverence for the distinctive dress which should be every fair Frisian's pride to wear. The matrons, however, adhere to the fashions of their ancestors. They have almost a masculine face, but the sternness is relieved by the beauty of the eyes and the fair skin. In Southern Holland a distinctive costume is worn by many, but it is not so quaint as in Northern Holland, in which Friesland is situated. Take a woman's head-dress, for instance. A broad band of gold, of horse-shoe shape, spans the forehead, aiding to keep the hair back. The sides of the band are adorned with large oval gold rosettes. Above the band is reared a lace cap, or veil, often of the best lace, with edges or complete wings drooping to the neck. The ears glitter with rings of gold and gems. These ornaments, which are either of gold or silver even among the poorer classes, are regarded with great reverence, and treasured as sacred heirlooms, pass from mother to daughter for many generations. The bands give a soldierly aspect to the women, who are generally full-faced, not sunken-cheeked, and walk with a firm tread. Their stout, large shoes are in pleasing contrast to the baby shoes which are considered the style among our belles of the languid and languishing type."

The Washington *Capital* says: "One of the most graphic, and probably one of the most accurate, descriptions of the personal manners of Prince Bismarck is

the following by a gentleman who has recently taken stock of the man: 'The portrait has a peculiar interest at the present moment,' says the writer. 'The mightiest statesman in the world is a tall, bald man with some white hair. He wears a military uniform to please old William, but he best likes looser drapery. The man is very upright, very strong, very affable, and so wonderfully elastic in his movements that he might be taken for an India-rubber man. He looks in robust health till examined closely, and then an observer begins to notice painful spasms and contractions of the face which reveal over-exhausted nerves. In a manner he is a rollicking, overbearing man. Wife, children, and friends stand in awe of him. He will not even listen to remonstrance, still less to contradiction. He strides over his enemies and acquaintances, nodding to the latter as he puts his foot on the former. The man is of giant appetite for work and food. He eats old sausages and black bread, served without a table-cloth, for breakfast. His dinner is of mighty meals in plenty, washed down or floated in large goblets of strong Burgundy. He smokes, and works, and talks perpetually. His home is like a volcano in constant eruption. His secretaries cannot stand his work long; they are obliged to give in from sheer exhaustion. Prince Bismarck is very funny when pleased, very formidable, very rash, very imprudent at all times. He is not a far-sighted man, or he would not have rushed into a war so abruptly. He is rather an astonished man, who has become mighty in spite of errors, often because of errors, and who believes that everything may be done by courage and opportunity. He is, so to say, a man who has stunned himself by his own noise, and who keeps on bawling because it seems to bewilder people and make everybody shut their ears and give in to him."

ODDITIES.

A Danbury little darkey refused to go to church "kase he didn't want to look there like a huckleberry in a pail of milk."

Mississippi is singularly blessed in some respects. A traveller there says some of the land in that State is so poor that a disturbance could not be raised on it.

The most artless fashion editor yet heard from is the Western young person who closed her remarks one day by saying that she didn't know any more then, but was going to church the next day and would learn something.

The Danbury *News* traces the secret of Chicago's complacency over her desertion by the fire insurance companies to the fact that any one of her girls could stamp out the next great conflagration that comes along.

A Detroit man about two-thirds drunk, and his back covered with mud, stopped a policeman on the street and asked to be locked up. "Why, you are able to walk home, aren't you?" asked the officer. "Yes, I could get home all right, but I don't want to, and you wouldn't if you had my wife! Take me down, ole feller, and if she comes inquiring 'round just say I've gone to T'ledo on 'portant business.

Sunday night, says the Detroit *Free Press*, a policeman on Baker street, passing a certain house about ten o'clock, saw a man drop from a window and heard smothered cries inside. He seized the man for a burglar, but soon found that he had the owner of the house in his clutches. "Well," said the officer, "it looked suspicious to see you drop out of a window that way." "Well," replied the man, heaving a sigh, "when the old woman gets her dander up I ain't particular about what road I get out of the house.

When Lord Chesterfield was one day at Newcastle House, the duke happening to be very particularly engaged, the earl was requested to sit down in an ante-room, and "Garnet upon Job," a book dedicated to the duke, happened to lie in the window. When his grace entered, and found the earl so busily engaged in reading, he asked him how he liked the commentary. "It is in any other place," replied Chesterfield, "I should not think much of it; but there is so much propriety in putting a volume upon patience in the room where every visitor is to wait for your grace, that here it must be considered as one of the best books in the world."

Our young friend Parker went round the other evening (says an American contemporary) to visit the two Smiths. After conversing with them for a while, Miss Susan excused herself for a few moments and went up-stairs. Presently Parker thought he heard her coming, and, slipping behind the door, he suggested that the other Miss Smith should tell Miss Susan he had gone. But it wasn't Miss Susan, it was old Mr. Smith, in his slippers. As he entered he looked round, and said to his daughter, "Ah, ha! So Parker's gone, has he? Good riddance! I don't want any such lantern-jawed, red-haired idiot foolin' round here. He hasn't got the sense of a turnip, or money enough to buy a clean shirt. He gets none of my daughters. I'll shake the everlasting life out of him if I catch him here again, mind me!" Just as he concluded Susan came down, and, not perceiving Parker, said, "Thank goodness, he's gone. That man is enough to provoke a saint. I was awfully afraid he was going to stay and spend the evening. Mary Jane, I hope you didn't ask him to come again." Then Parker didn't know whether to stay there or bolt, while Mary Jane looked as if she would like to drop into the cellar. But Parker finally walked out and rushed to the entrance, seized his hat, shot down the steps, and went home, meditating on the emptiness of human happiness, and the uncertainty of the Smiths.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

A New Breakfast Dish.—Devilled sardines make an excellent and tasty breakfast dish—simply devilled and broiled in their own oil, and served on toast.

To Boil Rice, Carolina Fashion.—To one pint of rice put one quart of water. Cover closely and boil rapidly. When done, each grain will be distinct, well swelled, and very white. Twenty minutes are sufficient for the whole process. Rice should always be picked over carefully, false grains removed, and cooked in a stew-pan clean to a nicety.

Apples and Tapioca.—Peel four or six good-sized apples, take out the core, and fill up the cavity with sugar and powdered cinnamon, putting a small bit of butter on the top of each. Place them in a baking-dish, and strew round them about a cupful of tapioca, raw, mixed with some sugar and some grated lemon-rind; fill the dish with water, and put in a gentle oven until both apples and tapioca are done.

Cheese Fritters.—Slice in half a dozen large tart apples and prepare half as many thin slices of nice cheese. Beat up one or two eggs, according to the quantity required, and season high with salt, mustard and a little pepper. Lay the slices of cheese to soak for a few moments in the mixture, then put each slice between two slices of apples, sandwich style, and dip the whole into the beaten egg, then fry in hot butter like oysters, and serve very hot. These fritters are an addition to any breakfast table.

Cheese Pudding.—Take a quarter of a pound of excellent cheese; rich, but not strong or old. Cut it in small bits, and then beat it (a little at a time) in a marble mortar. Add a quarter of a pound of fresh butter. Cut it up, and pound it in the mortar with the cheese, till perfectly smooth and well mixed. Beat five eggs till very thick and smooth. Mix them, gradually, with the cheese and butter. Put the mixture into a deep dish with a rim. Have ready some puff-paste, and lay a broad border of it all round the edge, ornamenting it handsomely. Set it immediately into a moderate oven, and bake it till the paste is browned, and has risen very high all round the edge of the dish. Sift with sugar over it before it goes to table.

Florendines.—These are made of any sort of fruit stewed in its own juice or in sweetmeat-syrup, but when practicable, without any water. A pint of this fruit is mixed with half a pint of fresh butter, and half a pint of powdered sugar stirred together to a light cream, and then mixed with three well-beaten eggs, and the fruit stirred in alternately with the beaten butter and sugar. Have ready-baked shells of puff-paste, ready to be filled with the mixture.

Beefsteak Pie.—Make some forcemeat with 2oz. of fat bacon, 2oz. of bread crumbs, a little chopped parsley, thyme, a small onion, and some mushrooms; add seasoning of salt, pepper, and nutmeg, pound in a mortar, moistening with the yolks of two eggs. Take a tender rump steak (or the undercut of a sirloin of beef), cut it in thin slices, season with salt, pepper, and a little shalot. Roll each slice like a sausage with some forcemeat inside. Border a pie dish, put in the beef and forcemeat, fill it up with good gravy, flavoured with Harvey sauce. Cover with puff paste; bake in a moderate oven. Make a hole in the top, and add some reduced gravy. It can be served hot or cold.

Cinnamon Cake.—Cut up half a pound of fresh butter, and warm it till soft in half a pint of rich milk. Sift a pound of fine flour into a broad pan; make a hole in the centre, and pour into it the milk and butter, having stirred them well together. Then, gradually, add a large quarter of a pound of powdered sugar, and a heaped tea-spoonful of powdered cinnamon. Beat three eggs very smooth and thick, and stir them in, also a wine-glass and a half of brewer's yeast, or two glasses of fresh baker's yeast. Then mix (having sprinkled some over the top) all the flour into the hole in the centre, so as to make a soft dough. When all is well mixed, cover it, and set it to rise in a round straight-sided tin pan. Place it near the fire, and when quite light and cracked all over the surface, flour your pasteboard well, place the loaf upon it and having prepared in a pint bowl a stiff mixture of ground cinnamon, fresh butter, and brown sugar, beaten together so as to stand alone, make numerous deep cuts or incisions all over the surface on the sides and top of the cake; fill them with the cinnamon mixture, and pinch together so as to keep the seasoning from coming out. Glaze it all over with beaten white of egg a little sweetened. Then return the loaf to the pan and bake it in a moderate oven till thoroughly done. When cool, cut it down in slices like a pound cake.

An Indian Curry.—We venture to say that no one who has ever tasted this recipe will care to try another curry. First, a good plateful of onions (about two or three good-sized onions), well browned in a stewpan in a good lump of butter, next about two teaspoonfuls of *Madras* curry powder, stir well, add the meat, *which must be raw*, best mutton or beef, cut up into fairly small pieces, stir well again, then throw in two cloves of garlic, chopped small, salt to taste, and about half a coffee cup of cold water, and let the whole boil up. After this, let the curry simmer, adding cold fresh milk whenever it becomes too dry, and, just before serving, a goodly squeeze of lemon. The curry ought to be commenced three hours before dinner.

THE GOSSIP.

HOME ATTRACTION.—Some one writes, both gracefully and forcibly, "I would be glad to see more parents understand that when they spend money judiciously to improve and beautify the house and grounds about it, they are paying their children a premium to stay at home as much as possible to enjoy it; but when they spend money unnecessarily on fine clothing and jewellery for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time from home—that is in those places where they can attract the most display."

THE CHAINED FOX.—A fox that had been caught young was kept chained in a yard, and became so tame that fowls and geese approached it without fear.

"Pretty thing," said the mistress. "It does no harm. It is cruel to keep it chained."

So she unbuckled its collar and let it run about. Scarcely, however, had she turned her back than she heard a great clucking from her poultry. Looking around, she saw the fox scampering off with her plump pet thrown over his shoulder,

"You treacherous, ungrateful little villain," cried the woman, "and I thought you were so good."

"So I was, mistress," said the fox, "so long as I was chained."

There are many little foxes that need chaining. There is the put-off-studying-your-lesson-till-the last-minute fox that runs off with your good marks at school; Master Reynard "speak-without-thinking," which is always getting its owner into trouble; and Sly-boots "nobody-will-see-you-do-it." Chain them up: Chain them up with strong yet tender chords of loving discipline. That's the only way to manage them.

SPINSTERS.—It was, in early times, in England, a custom passing almost into a domestic and social law that no young woman should be married until she had, with her own hands, spun a full set of linen for her body, her table and her bed. Hence all unmarried women were called "spinsters," and in all legal documents they were, and have been since, so denominated.

What would we do with that appellation as applied to marriageable young ladies of the present day? To be sure, the need of spinning by hand is passed; but how many of our damsels who think themselves ready for matrimony can even make a good, sweet, healthful loaf of bread? There are a few, thanks to a motherhood not quite extinct; but far, far more can spin, if the spinning be confined to street yarns and idle gossip.

Look ye, fathers, do as a father of my acquaintance did, who had a family of growing daughters, which daughters were sure, in time, to want gold watches.

"My child," he said to each in turn, "when you will present to me a loaf of raised wheaten bread, made by yourself, which you would not be ashamed to set before any company as your own handiwork, I will give you a gold watch."

Two of those girls, to my knowledge, have a received their watches, and I believe they will make good wives.

The gossip is great in asserting his own innocence of intention. He repudiates altogether the classification which would include him in the category of the slanderers—those conversational assassins against whom we make special supplication; and, when he is brought to book on the charge of spreading abroad false reports and bearing his part in shying stones at his neighbours houses, answers demurely: "I did not mean to do any harm; I only told so and so to Mrs This and That, and she had no business to repeat it!" This only telling so and so is just the whole burden of the mischief. Mrs This and That is a great a gossip as himself—as much of a sieve; and when two sieves are put togethor to hold water, how much will be left for a thirsty soul to drink by the end of a summer's day? And again, Mrs This and That's promise of secresy is no valid plea for condonation. The things we cannot keep for ourselves we have no right to expect others will keep for us, and we only play monkey tricks with our conscience when we pretend to believe that everyone else is more trutsworthy than ourselves. Grim experience tells us that gossip is never kept, how sacred soever the promise, and that no methods have been as yet invented which can padlock the wagging tongue and check that fluid speech which is worse than the letting out of many waters. We know that we have simply ensured translation and passing it on with additions, when we gossip to our friends under promise of silence, and that we have been sowing seeds of evil whereof no man can foretell the ultimate deadly growth.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

The female fashion-books, says a writer in the children of the present day, are amusing by reason of their extravagances—the oddities to which purveyors of costume have recourse to please the fashionable world. It is too late to assume the part of censor with regard to those costly enormities when they relate to women, but it is not too late to refer to them with indignation when they are attached to children. Once it was only adult women who were bedizened by fashion makers, but pictures now are common of children overladen with ridiculous trickeries to which names that are both ludicrons and incomprehensible are given, and which it is a profanation of a reasonable woman's mouth to pronounce. The poor child, bearing a load of finery into a ball-room, thinks herself as good a woman as the rest, and endeavours to play a part like one; but the spectacle is saddening. "It does not much matter," says the Scotch critic, "if a young man selects a little girl of eight for partner; even in these precocious days she is too young to be much harmed by his pretty speeehes (I am not so sure of that); indeed she probably hardly understands them, but it is a very different matter with her sister of fifteen. She fully comprehends the compliments, though she does not understand that they are as often as not made in jest to 'please the child.' She enjoys them thoroughly, imagines herself grown-up, often fancies herself in love, and at any rate looks with distaste on the school-room life to which she must return. Instead of enjoying her studies and seizing eagerly every opportunity of improving her mind, she is fretful and discontented, longing for emancipation and the permission to plunge into the whirl of dissipation which appears so delightful." Amatory fancies ensue. The music-master or the dancing-master is in imagination an immaculate being, endowed with seraphic qualities; and it fortunately happens that music-masters and dancing-masters are generally honourable men—otherwise mischief would occur. Before Miss is out of her teens, she may be an old woman in experience and in misery.

HOW MUCH WE TALK.—It is well that all we say is not written down, not only because some of it might be rather against us, but because there would not be room for it. A curious Frenchman has lately been making a calculation, which is that a man talks on an average three hours a day. at the rate of about twenty-nine octavo pages an hour. This would make eighty-seven pages a day, about six hundred a week, which would amount to fifty-two good sized volumes every year. And then, multiplying this by the number of years in a man's life, what a library he would have if it should all be printed! And, too how very little of the whole would be worth preserving, and how much he would be so glad if it had been left unsaid!

NOVELISTS' GIRLS.

If the fabulous prince who had never seen a female were a real person, and if he could be obliged to expound to the world his idea—to be entirely derived from modern novels—of what a girl is, the result would be funny to contemplate. The bewilderment of Mrs. Todgers when called upon by Mr. Pecknift to define her notion of a wooden leg would feebly represent the state of a candidate for examination on the question,—"What sort of creature is a modern girl?" Certain of our novelists—they are those whose works are more or less tainted and suspect—avoid girls, except when their casual introduction is a necessity of the story, as a foil for the seductive young married women who do all the real business of the plots; or they take them simply and above board from the French ingénue school, in which everything remotely resembling reality is rejected, and the substituted ideal is intolerably foolish and insipid. Novelists with a purpose give us the puppets of their predilection, which dance to the pulling of their strings as doll-hoydens, doll-sportswomen, doll-incomprises, doll-models of many varieties, from the vulgar and ungrammatical animals of Miss Braddon's and her imitators' books, to the muscular, breezy, unconventional, ungloved, long-walk-loving, white-lie-hating young woman, unpopular with her own sex, and with a tendency to Joshua Davidsonism, who is undergoing evolution by Mrs. Linton's strong, but grinding and gritty process, in her story called "Patricia Kemball." Miss Broughton's girls would be hardly more intolerable in real life than Miss Yonge's, and the damsels who do nothing but keep journals —unmistakably written by Mr. Wilkie Collins— than those who, according to Mortimer, his namesake, do little else than eat. Miss Thackeray can make girls real and charming, but she does not always do so; the "Old-Kensington Girls" are wreaths of mist. Mrs. Edwardes's girls are occasionally on the side of "loudness," but they are, on the whole, capital. Just three of the male novelists who are drawing girl pictures for us at present, are doing so well, effectively, to the life. These three are Mr. William Black, Mr. Justin MacCarthy, and Mr. James Payn.

CLARA MORRIS ON LADY MACBETH.

Miss Clara Morris has heen interviewed by a *Graphic* reporter to whom she expressed herself as follows as to the character of *Lady Macbeth*:—

"I maintain that *Lady Macbeth* was slight, slender, and of a blonde type. I know this is not the accepted theory, but it seems to me very plausible. I do not believe that she coerced her husband otherwise than with that subtle and almost intangible persuasion which is essentially womanly, and which is indicated in some chance expression or look rather than animating every tone and word of converse. Take, for instance, nine out of every ten flirts we see about us. No one imagines that it is because of the man himself that they exercise their arts. No; it is to hear some one say, 'she is irresistible—no man can help succumbing to her attractions.' *Lady Macbeth* found that she could completely rule in this persuasive, womanly way her great soldier of a husband, and it made her drunk! She thirsted for more extended power. Her husband first catches sight of what she would have him do in that simple question *apropos* of *Duncan*, 'And when goes hence?'—in which by a look, but with no mouthing to point the significance of her speech, she points the bent of her ambition. She longs to see him seated on the throne, and to be seated by his side. The conventional *Lady Macbeth* swoops down upon her lord, and leads him off as though she were the bigger man of the two. And no *Lady Macbeth* that I have yet seen has rendered justice to the sleep-walking scene. You know that a somnambulist has absolutely no fear, but *Lady Macbeth* is always represented as groping her way with difficulty about the stage. This is a very little thing, but I always look out for the small matters, and the large ones come of themselves. Thus hurriedly I have given you some idea of my conception of *Lady Macbeth*. It has been my pet character since I was a child, and I hope to do something with it. At least I can try."

AN ESSAY ON NOSES.

The degree to which this member governs the expression of the human face, and is an exponent of character, is scarcely credible.

The aquiline, when animated by blue blood, quivers in colour with dilated nostrils, like the war-horse. The long, slim nose is generally followed by its owner into a systematic and precise groove in the world, and seldom turns from a settled purpose.

Mrs. Grundy's nose may be said to have an independent respiratory apparatus, and possibly is not unlike an interrogation point?

What shall we say of the pug, the pitiable target for youth's remorseless arrows, and perhaps at that callow season not exempt from membranous agitation; from inhaling of pepper or other pungent cures of an odious habit, applied to the apron-sleeve by well-meaning mothers?

A broad, flat protuberance is sometimes set above a wide, mirthful mouth and solid, square jaws.

A piquantly *retroussé* nose may be charming in coquettish young ladies; but it unhappily ofttimes degenerates with their mother's years and obesity into an elevation of the olfactory organ, as if constantly offended.

A crooked nose does not by any means augur an angular disposition, nor shrewdish propensities.

Another style, seldom possessed by men, is comely enough at the beginning and symmetrical of bridge, but in the culmination is a little, round, vicious ball, which on provocation is exceedingly rubicund and irascible. It is a sort of barometer for internal indignation, and a focus from which sparks of fury scintillate. It would be novel to find persons whose upper lips project, and become nervous and unmanageable when giving utterance to falsehoods, have noses much the same fashion.

It may not be intimated that an insignificant nose is not suggestive of unusual ability and attainments; neither is it always to be taken for granted that prominent ones show marked intelligence; yet we are wont to give the latter the benefit of the doubt.

THE LAW AND THE LADY: A NOVEL.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOONSTONE," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC.

(From Author's MS. and Advance Sheets)

[ENTERED according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1874, by WILKIE COLLINS, in the Office of the Minister of Agriculture.]

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Part I.—Paradise Lost

CHAPTER VI.

MY OWN DISCOVERY.

Fortunately for me, the landlord did not open the door when I rang. A stupid maid-of-all-work, who never thought of asking me for my name, let me in. Mrs. Macallan was at home, and had no visitors with her. Giving me this information, the maid led the way upstairs, and showed me into the drawing-room without a word of announcement.

My mother-in-law was sitting alone, near a work-table, knitting. The moment I appeared in the doorway, she laid aside her work; and, rising, signed to me with a commanding gesture of her hand to let her speak first.

"I know what you have come here for," she said. "You have come here to ask questions. Spare yourself, and spare me. I warn you beforehand that I will not answer any questions relating to my son."

It was firmly, but not harshly, said. I spoke firmly in my turn.

"I have not come here, madam, to ask questions about your son," I answered. "I have come—if you will excuse me—to ask you a question about yourself."

She started, and looked at me keenly over her spectacles. I had evidently taken her by surprise.

"What is the question?" she inquired.

"I now know for the first time, madam, that your name is Macallan," I said. "Your son has married me under the name of Woodville. The only honourable explanation of this circumstance, so far as I know, is that my husband is your son by a first marriage. The happiness of my life is at stake. Will you kindly consider my position? Will you let me ask if you have been twice married, and if the name of your first husband was Woodville?"

She considered a little before she replied.

"The question is a perfectly natural one, in your position," she said. "But I think I had better not answer it."

"May I ask why?"

"Certainly. If I answered you, I should only lead to other questions; and I should be obliged to decline replying to them. I am sorry to disappoint you. I repeat what I said on the beach—I have no other feeling than a feeling of sympathy towards *you*. If you had consulted me before your marriage, I should willingly have admitted you to my fullest confidence. It is now too late. You are married. I recommend you to make the best of your position, and to rest satisfied with things as they are."

"Pardon me, madam," I remonstrated. "As things are, I don't know that I *am* married. All I know, unless you enlighten me, is that your son has married me under a name that is not his own. How can I be sure whether I am, or am not, his lawful wife?"

"I believe there can be no doubt that you are lawfully my son's wife," Mrs. Macallan answered. "At any rate it is easy to take a legal opinion on the subject. If the opinion is that you are *not* lawfully married, my son (whatever his faults and failings may be) is a gentleman. He is incapable of wilfully deceiving a woman who loves and trusts him; he will do you justice. On my side, I will do you justice too. If the legal opinion is adverse to your rightful claims, I will promise to answer any questions which you may choose to put to me. As it is, I believe you to be lawfully my son's wife; and I say again, make the best of your position. Be satisfied with your husband's affectionate devotion to you. If you value your peace of mind, and the happiness of your life to come, abstain from attempting to know more than you know now."

She sat down again with the air of a woman who had said her last word.

Further remonstrance would be useless—I could see it in her face; I could hear it in her voice. I turned round to open the drawing-room door.

"You are hard on me, madam," I said at parting. "I am at your mercy, and I must submit."

She suddenly looked up, and answered me with a flush on her kind and handsome old face.

"As God is my witness, child, I pity *you* from the bottom of my heart!"

After that extraordinary outburst of feeling, she took up her work with one hand, and signed to me with the other to leave her.

I bowed to her in silence, and went out.

I had entered the house, *far from feeling sure* of the course I ought to take in the future. I left the house, positively resolved, come what might of it, to discover the secret which the mother and son were hiding from me. As to the question of the name, I saw it now in the light in which I ought to have seen it from the first. If Mrs. Macallan *had* been twice married (as I had rashly chosen to suppose) she would certainly have shown some signs of recognition, when she heard me addressed by her first husband's name. Where all else was mystery, there was no mystery here. Whatever his reasons might be, Eustace had assuredly married me under an assumed name.

She was a middle-aged woman, with a large experience of the world and its wickedness written legibly on her manner and on her face. . . . . My hair, however, stood in need of some skilled attention. The chambermaid rearranged it, with a ready hand which showed that she was no beginner in the art of dressing hair.—(See page 318, col. 2.)

Approaching the door of our lodgings, I saw my husband walking backwards and forwards before it, evidently waiting for my return. If he asked me the question, I decided to tell him frankly where I had been, and what had passed between his mother and myself.

He hurried to meet me with signs of disturbance in his face and manner.

"I have a favour to ask of you, Valeria," he said. "Do you mind returning with me to London by the next train?"

I looked at him. In the popular phrase, I could hardly believe my own ears.

"It's a matter of business," he went on, "of no interest to any one but myself; and it requires my presence in London. You don't wish to sail just yet, as I understand? I can't leave you here by yourself. Have you any objections to going to London for a day or two?"

I made no objection. I too was eager to go back.

In London, I could obtain the legal opinion which would tell me whether I was lawfully married to Eustace or not. In London, I should be within reach of the help and advice of my father's faithful old clerk. I could confide in Benjamin as I could confide in no one else. Dearly as I loved my uncle Starkweather, I shrank from communicating with him in my present need. His wife had told me that I had made a bad beginning when I signed the wrong name in the marriage register. Shall I own it? My pride shrank from acknowledging, before the honeymoon was over, that his wife was right.

In two hours more we were on the railway again. Ah, what a contrast that second journey presented to the first! On our way to Ramsgate, everybody could see that we were a newly married couple. On our way to London, nobody noticed us; nobody would have doubted that we had been married for years.

We went to a private hotel in the neighbourhood of Portland Place.

After breakfast, the next morning, Eustace announced that he must leave me to attend to his business. I had previously mentioned to him that I had some purchases to make in London. He was quite willing to let me go out alone—on the condition that I should take a carriage provided by the hotel.

My heart was heavy that morning; I felt the unacknowledged estrangement that had grown up between us very keenly. My husband opened the door to go out—and came back to kiss me before he left me by myself. That little afterthought of tenderness touched me. Acting on the impulse of the moment, I put my arm round his neck and pressed him to me gently.

"My darling," I said, "give me all your confidence. I know that you love me. Show that you can trust me too."

He sighed bitterly, and drew back from me—in sorrow, not in anger.

"I thought we had agreed, Valeria, not to return to that subject again," he said. "You only distress yourself and distress me."

He left the room abruptly, as if he dare not trust himself to say more. It is better not to dwell on what I felt after this last repulse. I ordered the carriage at once. I was eager to find a refuge from my own thoughts in movement and change.

I drove to the shops first, and made the purchases which I had mentioned to Eustace by way of giving a reason for going out. Then I devoted myself to the object which I really had at heart. I went to old Benjamin's little villa, in the byeways of St. John's Wood.

As soon as he had got over the first surprise of seeing me, he noticed that I looked pale and careworn. I confessed at once that I was in trouble. We sat down together by the bright fireside in his little library (Benjamin, as far as

"I will join you in a few minutes. *Au revoir*, my charming pupil.—*Au revoir*"—(See page 319, col. 1.)

his means would allow, was a great collector of books)—and there I told my old friend, frankly and truly, all that I have told here.

He was too distressed to say much. He fervently pressed my hand, he fervently thanked God that my father had not lived to hear what he had heard. Then, after a pause, he repeated my mother-in-law's name to himself, in a doubting, questioning tone.

"Macallan?" he said. "Macallan? Where have I heard that name? Why does it sound as if it wasn't strange to me?"

He gave up pursuing the lost recollection, and asked, very earnestly, what he could do for me. I answered that he could help me in the first place to put an end to the doubt—an unendurable doubt to *me*—whether I was lawfully married or not. His energy of the old days when he had conducted my father's business showed itself again, the moment I said these words.

"Your carriage is at the door, my dear," he answered. "Come with me to my lawyer, without wasting another moment."

We drove to Lincoln's Inn Fields.

At my request, Benjamin put my case to the lawyer, as the case of a friend in whom I was interested. The answer was given without hesitation. I had married, honestly believing my husband's name to be the name under which I had known him. The witnesses to my marriage, my uncle, my aunt, and Benjamin, had acted, as I had acted, in perfect good faith. Under those circumstances, there was no doubt about the law. I was legally married. Macallan or Woodville, I was his wife.

This decisive answer relieved me of a heavy anxiety. I accepted my old friend's invitation to return with him to St. John's Wood, and to make my luncheon at his early dinner.

On our way back I reverted to the one other subject which was now uppermost in my mind. I reiterated my resolution to discover why Eustace had not married me under the name that was really his own.

My companion shook his head, and entreated me to consider well beforehand what I proposed doing. His advice to me—so strange do extremes meet!—was my mother-in-law's advice, repeated almost word for word. "Leave things as they are, my dear. In the interest of your own peace of mind, be satisfied with your husband's affection. You know that you are his wife, and you know that he loves you. Surely that is enough?"

I had but one answer to this. Life, on such conditions as my good friend had just stated, would be simply unendurable to me. Nothing could alter my resolution, for this plain reason, that nothing could reconcile me to living with my husband on the terms on which we were living now. It only rested with Benjamin to say whether he would give a helping hand to his master's daughter or not.

The old man's answer was thoroughly characteristic of him.

"Mention what you want of me, my dear," was all he said.

We were then passing a street in the neighbourhood of Portman Square. I was on the point of speaking again when the words were suspended on my lips. I saw my husband.

He was just descending the steps of a house, as if leaving it after a visit. His eyes were on the ground; he did not look up when the carriage passed. As the servant closed the door behind him, I noticed that the number of the house was sixteen. At the next corner I saw the name of the street. It was Vivian Place.

"Do you happen to know who lives at number sixteen, Vivian Place?" I inquired of my companion.

Benjamin started. My question was certainly a strange one, after what he had just said to me.

"No," he replied. "Why do you ask?"

"I have just seen Eustace leaving that house."

"Well, my dear, and what of that?"

"My mind is in a bad way, Benjamin. Everything my husband does that I don't understand rouses my suspicion now."

Benjamin lifted his withered old hands, and let them drop on his knees again in mute lamentation over me.

"I tell you again," I went on, "my life is unendurable to me. I won't answer for what I may do if I am left much longer to live in doubt of the one man on earth whom I love. You have had experience of the world. Suppose you were shut out from Eustace's confidence as I am? Suppose you were as fond of him as I am, and felt your position as bitterly as I feel it, what would you do?"

The question was plain. Benjamin met it with a plain answer.

"I think I should find my way, my dear, to some intimate friend of your husband's," he said, "and make a few discreet inquiries in that quarter first."

Some intimate friend of my husband's? I considered with myself. There was but one friend of his whom I knew of: my uncle's correspondent, Major Fitz-David. My heart beat fast as the name recurred to my memory. Suppose I followed Benjamin's advice? Suppose I applied to Major Fitz-David? Even if he too refused to answer my questions, my position would not be more helpless than it was now. I determined to make the attempt. The only difficulty in the way, so far, was to discover the Major's address. I had given back his letter to Doctor Starkweather, at my uncle's own request. I remembered that the address from which the Major wrote was somewhere in London, and I remembered no more.

"Thank you, old friend; you have given me an idea already," I said to Benjamin. "Have you got a directory in your house."

"No, my dear," he rejoined, looking very much puzzled. "But I can easily send out and borrow one."

We returned to the Villa. The servant was sent at once to the nearest stationer's to borrow a directory. She returned with the book just as we sat down to dinner. Searching for the Major's name under the letter F, I was startled by a new discovery.

"Benjamin!" I said. "This is a strange coincidence. Look here!"

He looked where I pointed. Major Fitz-David's address was Number Sixteen, Vivian Place—the very house which I had seen my husband leaving as we passed in the carriage!

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE WAY TO THE MAJOR.

"Yes," said Benjamin. "It *is* a coincidence certainly. Still——"

He stopped and looked at me. He seemed a little doubtful how I might receive what he had it in his mind to say to me next.

"Go on," I said.

"Still, my dear, I see nothing suspicious in what has happened," he resumed. "To my mind, it is quite natural that your husband, being in London, should pay a visit to one of his friends. And it's equally natural that we should pass through Vivian Place on our way back here. This seems to be the reasonable view. What do *you* say?"

"I have told you already that my mind is in a bad way about Eustace," I answered. "*I* say there is some motive at the bottom of his visit to Major Fitz-David. It is not an ordinary call. I am firmly convinced it is not an ordinary call!"

"Suppose we get on with our dinner?" said Benjamin resignedly. "Here is a loin of mutton, my dear, an ordinary loin of mutton. Is there anything suspicious in *that?* Very well, then. Show me you have confidence in the mutton; please eat. There's the wine, again. No mystery, Valeria, in that claret; I'll take my oath it's nothing but innocent juice of the grape. If we can't believe in anything else, let's believe in juice of the grape. Your good health, my dear."

I adapted myself to the old man's genial humour as readily as I could. We eat and we drank, and we talked of bygone days. For a little while I was almost happy in the company of my fatherly old friend. Why was I not old too? Why had I not done with love—with it's certain miseries; it's transient delights; it's cruel losses; it's bitterly doubtful gains? The last autumn flowers in the window basked brightly in the last of the autumn sunlight. Benjamin's little dog digested his dinner in perfect comfort on the hearth. The parrot in the next house screeched his vocal accomplishments cheerfully. I don't doubt that it is a great privilege to be a human being. But may it not be the happier destiny to be an animal or a plant?

The brief respite was soon over; all my anxieties came back. I was once more a doubting, discontented, depressed creature, when I rose to say good-bye.

"Promise, my dear, you will do nothing rash," said Benjamin, as he opened the door for me.

"Is it rash to go to Major Fitz-David?" I asked.

"Yes, if you go by yourself. You don't know what sort of man he is; you don't know how he may receive you. Let me try first, and pave the way, as the saying is. Trust my experience, my dear. In matters of this sort there is nothing like paving the way."

I considered a moment. It was due to my good friend to consider before I said No.

Reflection decided me on taking the responsibility, whatever it might be, upon my own shoulders. Good or bad, compassionate or cruel, the Major was a man. A woman's influence was the safest influence to trust with him, where the end to be gained was such an end as I had in view. It was not easy to say this to Benjamin without the danger of mortifying him. I made an appointment with the old man to call on me the next morning at the hotel, and talk the matter over again. Is it very disgraceful to me to add that I privately determined, if the thing could be accomplished, to see Major Fitz-David in the interval?

"Do nothing rash, my dear. In your own interests, do nothing rash!"

Those were Benjamin's last words when we parted for the day.

I found Eustace waiting for me in our sitting-room at the hotel. His spirits seemed to have revived since I had seen him last. He advanced to meet me cheerfully, with an open sheet of paper in his hand.

"My business is settled, Valeria, sooner than I expected," he began gaily. "Are your purchases all completed, fair lady? Are *you* free, too?"

I had learnt already, God help me! to distrust his fits of gaiety. I asked cautiously,

"Do you mean free for to-day?"

"Free for to-day, and to-morrow, and next week, and next month, and next year, too, for all I know to the contrary," he answered, putting his arm boisterously round my waist. "Look here!"

He lifted the open sheet of paper which I had noticed in his hand, and held it for me to read. It was a telegram to the sailing master of the yacht, informing him that we had arranged to return to Ramsgate that evening, and that we should be ready to sail for the Mediterranean with the next tide.

"I only waited for your return," said Eustace, "to send the telegram to the office."

He crossed the room, as he spoke, to ring the bell. I stopped him.

"I am afraid I can't go to Ramsgate to-day," I said.

"Why not?" he asked, suddenly changing his tone and speaking sharply.

I dare say it will seem ridiculous to some people—but it is really true that he shook my resolution to go to Major Fitz-David when he put his arm round me. Even a mere passing caress, from *him*, stole away my heart, and softly tempted me to yield. But the ominous alteration in his tone made another woman of me. I felt once more, and felt more strongly than ever, that, in my critical position, it was useless to stand still, and worse than useless to draw back.

"I am sorry to disappoint you," I answered. "It is impossible for me, as I told you at Ramsgate, to be ready to sail at a moment's notice. I want time."

"What for?"

Not only his tone, but his look, when he put that second question, jarred on every nerve in me. He roused in my mind—I can't tell how or why—an angry sense of the indignity that he had put upon his wife in marrying her under a false name. Fearing that I should answer rashly, that I should say something which my better sense might regret, if I spoke at that moment, I said nothing. Women alone can estimate what it cost me to be silent. And men alone can understand how irritating my silence must have been to my husband.

"You want time?" he repeated. "I ask you again—what for?"

My self-control, pushed to its extremest limits, failed me. The rash reply flew out of my lips, like a bird set free from a cage.

"I want time," I said, "to accustom myself to my right name."

He suddenly stepped up to me with a dark look.

"What do you mean by your 'right name'?"

"Surely you know," I answered. "I once thought I was Mrs. Woodville. I have now discovered that I am Mrs. Macallan."

He started back at the sound of his own name as if I had struck him; he started back and turned so deadly pale that I feared he was going to drop at my feet in a swoon. Oh, my tongue! my tongue! Why had I not controlled my miserable mischievous woman's tongue?

"I didn't mean to alarm you, Eustace," I said. "I spoke at random. Pray forgive me."

He waved his hand impatiently, as if my penitent words were tangible things—ruffling, worrying things, like flies in summer—which he was putting away from him.

"What else have you discovered?" he asked, in low stern tones.

"Nothing, Eustace."

"Nothing?" He paused as he repeated the word, and passed his hand over his forehead in a weary way. "Nothing, of course," he resumed, speaking to himself, "or she would not be here." He paused once more, and looked at me searchingly. "Don't say again what you said just now," he went on. "For your own sake, Valeria, as well as for mine." He dropped into the nearest chair, and said no more.

I certainly heard the warning; but the only words which really produced an impression on my mind were the words preceding it, which he had spoken to himself. He had said:—"Nothing of course, *or she would not be here*." If I had found out some other truth besides the truth about the name, would it have prevented me from ever returning to my husband? Was that what he meant? Did the sort of discovery that he contemplated, mean something so dreadful that it would have parted us at once and for ever? I stood by his chair in silence; and tried to find the answer to those terrible questions in his face. It used to speak to me so eloquently when it spoke of his love. It told me nothing now.

He sat for some time without looking at me, lost in his own thoughts. Then he rose on a sudden, and took his hat.

"The friend who lent me the yacht is in town," he said. "I suppose I had better see him, and say our plans are changed." He tore up the telegram with an air of sullen resignation as he spoke. "You are evidently determined not to go to sea with me," he resumed. "We have better give it up. I don't see what else is to be done. Do you?"

His tone was almost a tone of contempt. I was too depressed about myself, too alarmed about *him*, to resent it.

"Decide as you think best, Eustace," I said sadly. "Every way, the prospect seems a hopeless one. As long as I am shut out from your confidence, it matters little whether we live on land or at sea—we cannot live happily."

"If you could control your curiosity," he answered sternly, "we might live happily enough. I thought I had married a woman who was superior to the vulgar failings of her sex. A good wife should know better than to pry into affairs of her husband's with which she has no concern."

Surely it was hard to bear this? However, I bore it.

"Is it no concern of mine?" I asked gently, "when I find that my husband has not married me under his family name? Is it no concern of mine when I hear your mother say, in so many words, that she pities your wife? It is hard, Eustace, to accuse me of curiosity, because I cannot accept the unendurable position in which you have placed me. Your cruel silence is a blight on my happiness, and a threat to my future. Your cruel silence is estranging us from each other, at the beginning of our married life. And you blame me for feeling this? You tell me I am prying into affairs which are your's only? They are *not* your's only: I have my interest in them too. Oh, my darling, why do you trifle with our love and confidence in each other? Why do you keep me in the dark?"

He answered with a stern and pitiless brevity.

"For your own good."

I turned away from him in silence. He was treating me like a child.

He followed me. Putting one hand heavily on my shoulder, he forced me to face him at once.

"Listen to this," he said. "What I am now going to say to you, I say for the first, and last time. Valeria! if you ever discover what I am now keeping from your knowledge, from that moment you live a life of torture; your tranquillity is gone. Your days will be days of terror; your nights will be full of horrid dreams through no fault of mine, mind! through no fault of mine! Every day of your life, you will feel some new distrust, some growing fear of me, and you will be doing me the vilest injustice all the time. On my faith as a Christian, on my honour as a man, if you stir a step farther in this matter, there is an end of your happiness for the rest of your life! Think seriously of what I have said to you; you will have time to reflect. I am going to tell my friend that our plans for the Mediterranean are given up. I shall not be back before the evening." He sighed, and looked at me with unutterable sadness. "I love you, Valeria," he said. "In spite of all that has passed, as God is my witness, I love you more dearly than ever."

So he spoke. So he left me.

I must write the truth about myself, however strange it may appear. I don't pretend to be able to analyse my own motives; I don't pretend even to guess how other women might have acted in my place. It is true of *me*, that my husband's terrible warning—all the more terrible in its mystery and its vagueness—produced no deterrent effect on my mind: it only stimulated my resolution to discover what he was hiding from me. He had not been gone two minutes before I rang the bell, and ordered the carriage to take me to Major Fitz-David's house in Vivian Place.

Walking to and fro while I was waiting—I was in such a fever of excitement that it was impossible for me to sit still—I accidentally caught sight of myself in the glass.

My own face startled me: it looked so haggard and so wild. Could I present myself to a stranger, could I hope to produce the necessary impression in my favour, looking as I looked at that moment? For all I knew to the contrary, my whole future might depend upon the effect which I produced on Major Fitz-David at first sight. I rang the bell again, and sent a message to one of the chambermaids to follow me to my room.

I had no maid of my own with me: the stewardess of the yacht would have acted as my attendant, if we had held to our first arrangement. It mattered little, so long as I had a woman to help me. The chambermaid appeared. I can give no better idea of the disordered and desperate condition of my mind at that time, than by owning that I actually consulted this perfect stranger on the question of my personal appearance. She was a middle-aged woman, with a large experience of the world and its wickedness written legibly on her manner and on her face. I put money into the woman's hand, enough of it to surprise her. She thanked me with a cynical smile, evidently placing her own evil interpretation on my motive for bribing her.

"What can I do for you, ma'am?" she asked in a confidential whisper. "Don't speak loud! There is somebody in the next room."

"I want to look my best," I said; "and I have sent for you to help me."

"I understand, ma'am."

She nodded her head significantly, and whispered to me again.

"Lord bless you, I'm used to this!" she said. "There is a gentleman in the case. Don't mind me, ma'am. It's a way I have. I mean no harm." She stopped and looked at me critically. "I wouldn't change my dress, if I were you," she went on. "The colour becomes you."

It was too late to resent the woman's impertinence. There was no help for it but to make use of her. Besides, she was right about the dress. It was of a delicate maize colour, prettily trimmed with lace. I could wear nothing which suited me better. My hair, however, stood in need of some skilled attention. The chambermaid re-arranged it, with a ready hand which showed that she was no beginner in the art of dressing hair. She laid down the combs and brushes, and looked at me—then looked at the toilette table, searching for something which she apparently failed to find.

"Where do you keep it?" she asked.

"What do you mean?"

"Look at your complexion, ma'am. You will frighten him if he sees you like that. A touch of colour you *must* have. Where do you keep it? What! you haven't got it? you never use it? Dear, dear, dear me!"

For a moment, surprise fairly deprived her of her self-possession! Recovering herself, she begged permission to leave me for a minute. I let her go, knowing what her errand was. She came back with a box of paints and powders; and I said nothing to check her. I saw, in the glass, my skin take a false fairness, my cheeks a false colour, my eyes a false brightness—and I never shrank from it. No! I let the odious deceit go on; I even admired the extraordinary delicacy and dexterity with which it was all done. "Anything" (I thought to myself, in the madness of that miserable time), "so long as it helps me to win the Major's confidence! Anything so long as I discover what those last words of my husband's really mean!"

The transformation of my face was accomplished. The chambermaid pointed with her wicked forefinger in the direction of the glass.

"Bear in mind, ma'am, what you looked like when you sent for me," she said. "And just see for yourself how you look now. You're the prettiest woman (of your style) in London. Ah, what a thing pearl powder is, when one knows how to use it!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FRIEND OF THE WOMEN.

I find it impossible to describe my sensations while the carriage was taking me to Major Fitz-David's house. I doubt, indeed, if I really felt or thought at all, in the true sense of those words.

From the moment when I had resigned myself into the hands of the chambermaid, I seemed in some strange way to have lost my ordinary identity, to have stepped out of my own character. At other times, my temperament was of the nervous and anxious sort, and my tendency was to exaggerate any difficulties that might place themselves in my way. At other times, having before me the prospect of a critical interview with a stranger, I should have considered with myself what it might be wise to pass over, and what it might be wise to say. Now, I never gave my coming interview with the Major a thought; I felt an unreasoning confidence in myself, and a blind faith in *him*. Now, neither the past nor the future troubled me; I lived unreflectingly in the present. I looked at the shops as we drove by them, and at the other carriages as they passed mine. I noticed—yes! and enjoyed—the glances of admiration which chance foot-passengers on the pavement cast on me. I said to myself, "This looks well for my prospect of making a friend of the Major!" When we drew up at the door in Vivian Place, it is no exaggeration to say that I had but one anxiety, anxiety to find the Major at home.

The door was opened by a servant out of livery, an old man who looked as if he might have been a soldier in his earlier days. He eyed me with a grave attention, which relaxed little by little into sly approval. I asked for Major Fitz-David. The answer was not altogether encouraging: the man was not sure whether his master was at home or not.

I gave him my card. My cards, being part of my wedding outfit, necessarily had the false name printed on them, *Mrs. Eustace Woodville*. The servant showed me into a front room on the ground floor, and disappeared with my card in his hand.

Looking about me, I noticed a door in the wall opposite the window, communicating with some inner room. The door was not of the ordinary kind. It fitted into the thickness of the partition wall, and worked in grooves. Looking a little nearer, I saw that it had not been pulled out so as completely to close the doorway. Only the merest chink was left; but it was enough to convey to my ears all that passed in the next room.

"What did you say, Oliver, when she asked for me?" inquired a man's voice, pitched cautiously in a low key.

"I said I was not sure you were at home, sir," answered the voice of the servant who had let me in.

There was a pause. The first speaker was evidently Major Fitz-David himself. I waited to hear more.

"I think I had better not see her, Oliver," the Major's voice resumed.

"Very good, sir."

"Say I have gone out, and you don't know when I shall be back again. Beg the lady to write, if she has any business with me."

"Yes, sir."

"Stop, Oliver."

Oliver stopped. There was another and longer pause. Then the master resumed the examination of the man.

"Is she young, Oliver?"

"Yes, sir."

"And—pretty?"

"Better than pretty, sir, to my thinking."

"Aye? aye? What you call a fine woman—eh, Oliver?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Tall?"

"Nearly as tall as I am, Major."

"Aye? aye? aye? A good figure?"

"As slim as a sapling, sir, and as upright as a dart."

"On second thoughts I am at home, Oliver. Show her in! show her in!"

So far, one thing at least seemed to be clear. I had done well in sending for the chambermaid. What would Oliver's report of me have been, if I had presented myself to him with colourless cheeks and my ill-dressed hair?

The servant re-appeared; and conducted me to the inner room. Major Fitz-David advanced to welcome me. What was the Major like?

Well—he was like a well-preserved old gentleman of (say) sixty years old; little and lean, and chiefly remarkable by the extraordinary length of his nose. After this feature, I noticed, next, his beautiful brown wig; his sparkling little grey eyes; his rosy complexion; his short military whisker, dyed to match his wig; his white teeth and his winning smile; his smart blue frock-coat, with a camellia in the buttonhole; and his splendid ring—a ruby, flashing on his little finger as he courteously signed to me to take a chair.

"Dear Mrs. Woodville, how very kind of you this is! I have been longing to have the happiness of knowing you. Eustace is an old friend of mine. I congratulated him when I heard of his marriage. May I make a confession?—I envy him now I have seen his wife."

The future of my life was, perhaps, in the man's hands. I studied him attentively; I tried to read his character in his face.

The Major's sparkling little grey eyes softened as they looked at me; the Major's strong and sturdy voice dropped to its lowest and tenderest tones when he spoke to me; the Major's manner expressed, from the moment when I entered the room, a happy mixture of admiration and respect. He drew his chair close to mine, as if it was a privilege to be near me. He took my hand, and lifted my glove to his lips, as if that glove was the most delicious luxury the world could produce. "Dear Mrs. Woodville," he said as he softly laid my hand back on my lap, "bear with an old fellow who worships your enchanting sex. You really brighten this dull house. It is *such* a pleasure to see you!"

There was no need for the old gentleman to make his little confession. Women, children, and dogs proverbially know by instinct who the people are who really like them. The women had a warm friend—perhaps, at one time, a dangerous warm friend—in Major Fitz-David. I knew as much of him as that, before I had settled myself in my chair and opened my lips to answer him.

"Thank you, Major, for your kind reception and your pretty compliment," I said; matching my host's easy tone as closely as the necessary restraints on my side would permit. "You have made your confession. May I make mine?"

Major Fitz-David lifted my hand again from my lap, and drew his chair as close as possible to mine. I looked at him gravely, and tried to release my hand. Major Fitz-David declined to let go of it, and proceeded to tell me why.

"I have just heard you speak for the first time," he said. "I am under the charm of your voice. Dear Mrs. Woodville, bear with an old fellow who is under the charm! Don't grudge me my innocent little pleasures. Lend me—I wish I could say *give* me—this pretty hand. I am such an admirer of pretty hands; I can listen so much better with a pretty hand in mine. The ladies indulge my weakness. Please indulge me too. Yes? And what were you going to say?"

"I was going to say, Major, that I felt particularly sensible of your kind welcome, because, as it happens, I have a favour to ask of you."

I was conscious, while I spoke, that I was approaching the object of my visit a little too abruptly. But Major Fitz-David's admiration rose from one climax to another with such alarming rapidity, that I felt the importance of administering a practical check to it. I trusted to those ominous words, "a favour to ask of you," to administer the check—and I did not trust in vain. My aged admirer gently dropped my hand, and (with all possible politeness) changed the subject.

"The favour is granted, of course!" he said. "And now—tell me—how is our dear Eustace?"

"Anxious and out of spirits," I answered.

"Anxious and out of spirits!" repeated the Major. "The enviable man who is married to you, anxious and out of spirits! Monstrous! Eustace fairly disgusts me. I shall take him off the list of my friends."

"In that case, take me off the list with him, Major. I am in wretched spirits too. You are my husband's old friend. I may acknowledge to *you* that our married life, is, just now, not quite a happy one."

Major Fitz-David lifted his eyebrows [dyed to match his whiskers] in polite surprise.

"Already!" he exclaimed. "What can Eustace be made of? Has he no appreciation of beauty and grace? Is he the most insensible of living beings?"

"He is the best and dearest of men," I answered. "But there is some dreadful mystery in his past life——"

I could get no further: Major Fitz-David deliberately stopped me. He did it with the smoothest politeness, on the surface. But I saw a look in his bright little eyes, which said plainly, "If you *will* venture on delicate ground, madam, don't ask me to accompany you."

"My charming friend!" he exclaimed. "May I call you my charming friend? You have—among a thousand other delightful qualities which I can see already—a vivid imagination. Don't let it get the upper hand. Take an old fellow's advice; don't let it get the upper hand! What can I offer you, dear Mrs. Woodville? A cup of tea?"

"Call me by my right name, sir," I answered boldly. "I have made a discovery. I know as well as you do, that my name is Macallan."

The Major started, and looked at me very attentively. His manner became grave, his tone changed completely, when he spoke next.

"May I ask," he said, "if you have communicated to your husband the discovery which you have just mentioned to me?"

"Certainly!" I answered. "I consider that my husband owes me an explanation. I have asked him to tell me what his extraordinary conduct means—and he has refused, in language that frightens me. I have appealed to his mother—and *she* has refused to explain, in language that humiliates me. Dear Major Fitz-David, I have no friends to take my part; I have nobody to come to but you! Do me the greatest of all favours—tell me why your friend Eustace has married me under a false name!"

"Do *me* the greatest of all favours," answered the Major. "Don't ask me to say a word about it."

He looked, in spite of his unsatisfactory reply as if he really felt for me. I determined to try my utmost powers of persuasion; I resolved not to be beaten at the first repulse.

"I *must* ask you," I said. "Think of my position. How can I live, knowing what I know, —and knowing no more? I would rather hear the most horrible thing you can tell me than be condemned [as I am now] to perpetual misgiving and perpetual suspense. I love my husband with all my heart; but I cannot live with him on these terms: the misery of it would drive me mad. I am only a woman, Major. I can only throw myself on your kindness. Don't—pray, pray don't keep me in the dark!"

I could say no more. In the reckless impulse of the moment. I snatched up his hand and raised it to my lips. The gallant old gentleman started as if I had given him an electric shock.

"My dear, dear lady!" he exclaimed, "I can't tell you how I feel for you! You charm me, you overwhelm me, you touch me to the

heart. What can I say? What can I do? I can only imitate your admirable frankness, your fearless candour. You have told me what your position is. Let me tell you, in my turn, how I am placed. Compose yourself—pray compose yourself! I have a smelling bottle here, at the service of the ladies. Permit me to offer it."

He brought me the smelling-bottle; he put a little stool under my feet; he entreated me to take time enough to compose myself. "Infernal fool!" I heard him say to himself, as he considerately turned away from me for a few moments. "If I had been her husband—come what might of it, I would have told her the truth!"

Was he referring to Eustace? And was he going to do what he would have done in my husband's place—was he really going to tell me the truth?

The idea had barely crossed my mind, when I was startled by a loud and peremptory knocking at the street door. The Major stopped, and listened attentively. In a few moments the door was opened, and the rustling of a woman's dress was plainly audible in the hall. The Major hurried to the door of the room, with the activity of a young man. He was too late. The door was violently opened from the outer side, just as he got to it. The lady of the rustling dress burst into the room.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEFEAT OF THE MAJOR.

Major Fitz-David's visitor proved to be a plump, round-eyed, over-dressed girl, with a florid complexion and straw-coloured hair. After first fixing on me a broad stare of astonishment, she pointedly addressed her apologies for intruding on us to the Major alone. The creature evidently believed me to be the last new object of the old gentleman's idolatry; and she took no pains to disguise her jealous resentment on discovering us together. Major Fitz-David set matters right in his own irresistible way. He kissed the hand of the over-dressed girl, as devotedly as he had kissed mine; he told her she was looking charmingly. Then he led her, with his happy mixture of admiration and respect, back to the door by which she had entered—a second door communicating directly with the hall.

"No apology is necessary, my dear," he said. "This lady is with me on a matter of business. You will find your singing-master waiting for you upstairs. Begin your lesson; and I will join you in a few minutes. *Au revoir*, my charming pupil—*au revoir*."

The young lady answered this polite little speech in a whisper—with her round eyes fixed distrustfully on me while she spoke. The door closed on her. Major Fitz-David was at liberty to set matters right with me, in my turn.

"I call that young person one of my happy discoveries," said the old gentleman complacently. "She possesses, I don't hesitate to say, the finest soprano voice in Europe. Would you believe it, I met with her at a railway station? She was behind the counter in a refreshment-room, poor innocent, rinsing wine-glasses, and singing over her work. Good heavens, such singing! Her upper notes electrified me. I said to myself, 'Here is a born prima-donna—I will bring her out!' She is the third I have brought out in my time. I shall take her to Italy when her education is sufficiently advanced, and perfect her at Milan. In that unsophisticated girl, my dear lady, you see one of the future Queens of Song. Listen! she is beginning her scales. What a voice! Brava! Brava! Bravissima!"

The high soprano notes of the future Queen of song rang through the house as he spoke. Of the loudness of the young lady's voice there could be no sort of doubt. The sweetness and the purity of it admitted, in my opinion, of considerable dispute.

Having said the polite words which the occasion rendered necessary, I ventured to recall Major Fitz-David to the subject in discussion between us, when his visitor had entered the room. The Major was very unwilling to return to the perilous topic on which we had just touched when the interruption occurred. He beat time with his forefinger to the singing upstairs; he asked me about *my* voice, and whether I sang; he remarked that life would be intolerable to him without Love and Art. A man in my place would have lost all patience, and would have given up the struggle in disgust. Being a woman, and having my end in view, my resolution was invincible. I fairly wore out the Major's resistance, and compelled him to surrender at discretion. It is only justice to add that, when he did make up his mind to speak to me again of Eustace, he spoke frankly, and spoke to the point.

"I have known your husband," he began, "since the time when he was a boy. At a certain period of his past life, a terrible misfortune fell upon him. The secret of that misfortune is known to his friends, and is religiously kept by his friends. It is the secret that he is keeping from you. He will never tell it to you as long as he lives. And he has bound *me* not to tell it, under a promise given on my word of honour. You wished, dear Mrs. Woodville, to be made acquainted with my position towards Eustace. There it is!"

"You persist in calling me Mrs. Woodville," I said.

"He will now acknowledge no other. Remonstrance is useless. You must do, what we do—you must give way to an unreasonable man. The best fellow in the world in other respects: in this one matter, as obstinate and self-willed as he can be. If you ask me my opinion, I tell you honestly that I think he was wrong in courting and marrying you under his false name. He trusted his honour and his happiness to your keeping, in making you his wife. Why should he not trust the story of his troubles to you as well? His mother quite shares my opinion in this matter. You must not blame her for refusing to admit you into her confidence after your marriage; it was then too late. Before your marriage, she did all she could do—without betraying secrets which, as a good mother, she was bound to respect—to induce her son to act justly towards you. I commit no indiscretion when I tell you that she refused to sanction your marriage, mainly for the reason that Eustace refused to follow her advice, and to tell you what his position really was. On my part, I did all I could to support Mrs. Macallan in the course that she took. When Eustace wrote to tell me that he had engaged himself to marry a niece of my good friend Dr. Starkweather, and that he had mentioned me as his reference, I wrote back to warn him that I would have nothing to do with the affair, unless he revealed the whole truth about himself to his future wife. He refused to listen to me, as he had refused to listen to his mother; and he held me, at the same time, to my promise to keep his secret. When Starkweather wrote to me, I had no choice but to involve myself in a deception of which I thoroughly disapproved—or to answer in a tone so guarded and so brief as to stop the correspondence at the outset. I chose the last alternative; and I fear I have offended my good old friend. You now see the painful position in which I am placed. To add to the difficulties of that situation, Eustace came here, this very day, to warn me to be on my guard, in case of your addressing to me the very request which you have just made! He told me that you had met with his mother, by an unlucky accident, and that you had discovered the family name. He declared that he had travelled to London for the express purpose of speaking to me personally on this serious subject. 'I know your weakness' he said, 'where women are concerned. Valeria is aware that you are my old friend. She will certainly write to you; she may even be bold enough to make her way into your house. Renew your promise to keep the great calamity of my life a secret, on your honour, and on your oath.' Those were his words, as nearly as I can remember them. I tried to treat the thing lightly; I ridiculed the absurdly theatrical notion of 'renewing my promise,' and all the rest of it. Quite useless! He refused to leave me—he reminded me of his unmerited sufferings, poor fellow, in the past time. It ended in his bursting into tears. You love him, and so do I. Can you wonder that I let him have his way. The result is that I am doubly bound to tell you nothing, by the most sacred promise that a man can give. My dear lady, I cordially side with you in this matter; I long to relieve your anxieties. But what can I do?"

He stopped, and waited—gravely waited—to hear my reply.

I had listened from beginning to end, without interrupting him. The extraordinary change in his manner, and in his way of expressing himself, while he was speaking of Eustace, alarmed me as nothing had alarmed me yet. How terrible (I thought to myself) must this untold story be, if the mere act of referring to it makes light-hearted Major Fitz-David speak seriously and sadly—never smiling; never paying me a compliment; never even noticing the singing upstairs! My heart sank in me as I drew that startling conclusion. For the first time since I had entered the house, I was at the end of my resources; I knew neither what to say or what to do next.

And yet, I kept my seat. Never had the resolution to discover what my husband was hiding from me been more firmly rooted in my mind than it was at that moment! I cannot account for the extraordinary inconsistency in my character which this confession implies. I can only describe the facts as they really were.

The singing went on upstairs. Major Fitz-David still waited impenetrably to hear what I had to say—to know what I resolved on doing next.

Before I had decided what to say or what to do, another domestic incident happened. In plain words, another knocking announced a new visitor at the house door. On this occasion, there was no rustling of a woman's dress in the hall. On this occasion, only the old servant entered the room carrying a magnificent nosegay in his hand. "With Lady Clarinda's kind regards. To remind Major Fitz-David of his appointment." Another lady! This time, a lady with a title. A great lady who sent her flowers and her messages without condescending to concealment. The Major—first apologising to me—wrote a few lines of acknowledgment, and sent them out to the messenger. When the door was closed again, he carefully selected one of the choicest flowers in the nosegay. "May I ask," he said, presenting the flower to me with his best grace "whether you now understand the delicate position in which I am placed between your husband and yourself?"

The little interruption caused by the appearance of the nosegay had given a new impulse to my thoughts, and had thus helped, in some degree, to restore me to myself. I was able at last to satisfy Major Fitz-David that his considerate and courteous explanation had not been thrown away upon me.

"I thank you most sincerely, Major," I said. "You have convinced me that I must not ask you to forget, on my account, the promise which you have given to my husband. It is a sacred promise which I, too, am bound to respect; I quite understand that."

The Major drew a long breath of relief, and patted me on the shoulder in high approval of what I had said to him.

"Admirably expressed," he rejoined, recovering his light-hearted looks and his lover-like ways in a moment. "My dear lady, you have the gift of sympathy; you see exactly how I am situated. Do you know, you remind me of my charming Lady Clarinda? *She* has the gift of sympathy, and sees exactly how I am situated. I should so enjoy introducing you to each other," said the Major, plunging his long nose ecstatically into Lady Clarinda's flowers.

I had my end still to gain, and being, as you will have discovered by this time, the most obstinate of living women, I still kept that end in view.

"I shall be delighted to meet Lady Clarinda," I replied. "In the meantime——"

"I will get up a little dinner," proceeded the Major with a burst of enthusiasm. "You and I and Lady Clarinda. Our young prima-donna shall come in the evening and sing to us. Suppose we draw out the *menu*? My sweet friend, what is your favourite autumn soup?"

"In the meantime," I persisted, "to return to what we were speaking of just now——"

The Major's smile vanished; the Major's hand dropped the pen destined to immortalise the name of my favourite autumn soup.

"*Must* we return to that?" he asked piteously.

"Only for a moment," I said.

"You remind me," pursued Major Fitz-David, shaking his head sadly, "of another charming friend of mine—a French friend—Madame Mirliflore. You are a person of prodigious tenacity of purpose. She happens to be in London. Shall we have her at our little dinner?" The Major brightened at the idea, and took up the pen again. "Do tell me," he said, "what *is* your favourite autumn soup?"

"Pardon me," I began, "we were speaking just now——"

"Oh, dear me!" cried Major Fitz-David, "is this the other subject?"

"Yes, this is the other subject."

The Major put down his pen for the second time, and regretfully dismissed from his mind Madame Mirliflore and the autumn soup.

"Yes?" he said, with a patient bow and a submissive smile. "You were going to say——"

"I was going to say," I rejoined, "that your promise only pledges you not to tell the secret which my husband is keeping from me. You have given no promise not to answer me if I venture to ask you one or two questions."

Major Fitz-David held up his head warningly, and cast a sly look at me out of his bright little grey eyes.

"Stop!" he said. "My sweet friend, stop there. I know where your questions will lead me, and what the result will be if I once begin to answer them. When your husband was here to-day he took occasion to remind me t at I was as weak as water in the hands of a pretty woman. He is quite right. I *am* as weak as water; I can refuse nothing to a pretty woman. Dear and admirable lady, don't abuse your influence; don't make an old soldier false to his word of honour!"

I tried to say something here in defence of my motives. The Major clasped his hands entreatingly, and looked at me with a pleading simplicity wonderful to see.

"Why press it?" he asked. "I offer no resistance. I am a lamb—why sacrifice me? I acknowledge your power; I throw myself on your mercy. All the misfortunes of my youth and my manhood have come to me through women. I am not a bit better in my age—I am just as fond of the women, and just as ready to be misled by them as ever, with one foot in the grave. Shocking, isn't it? But how true! Look at this mark!" He lifted a curl of his beautiful brown wig, and showed me a terrible scar at the side of his head. "That wound, supposed to be mortal at the time, was made by a pistol bullet," he proceeded. "Not received in the services my c untry—oh, dear no! Received in the service of a much-injured lady, at the hands of her scoundrel of a husband, in a duel abroad. Well, she was worth it." He kissed his hand affectionately to the memory of the dead, or absent lady, and pointed to a water-colour drawing of a pretty country house, hanging on the opposite wall. "That fine estate," he proceeded, "once belonged to me. It was sold years and years since. And who had the money? The women—God bless them all—the women. I don't regret it. If I had another estate I have no doubt it would go the same way. Your adorable sex has made its pretty playthings of my life, my time, and my money; and welcome. The one thing I have kept to myself is my honour. And now, *that* is in danger. Yes, if you put your clever little questions, with those lovely eyes and with that gentle voice, I know what will happen—you will deprive me of the last and best of all my possessions. Have I deserved to be treated in that way—and by you, my charming friend—by you of all people in the world? Oh, fie, fie!"

He paused and looked at me as before, the picture of artless entreaty, with his head a little on one side. I made another attempt to speak of the matter in dispute between us, from my own point of view. Major Fitz-David instantly threw himself prostrate on my mercy more innocently than ever.

"Ask of me anything else in the wide world," he said; "but don't ask me to be false to my friend. Spare me *that*, and there is nothing I will not do to satisfy you. I mean what I say, mind," he went on, bending closer to me, and speaking more seriously than he had spoken yet. "I think you are very hardly used. It is monstrous to expect that a woman, placed in your situation, will consent to be left for the rest of her life in the dark. No, no! If I saw you at this moment on the point of finding out for yourself what Eustace persists in hiding from you, I should remember that my promise, like all other promises, has its limits and reserves. I should consider myself bound in honour not to help you—but I would not lift a finger to prevent you from discovering the truth for yourself."

At last he was speaking in good earnest; he laid a strong emphasis on his closing words. I laid a stronger emphasis on them still, by suddenly leaving my chair. The impulse to spring to my feet was irresistible. Major Fitz-David had started a new idea in my mind.

"Now we understand each other," I said, "I will accept your own terms, Major. I will ask nothing of you but what you have just offered to me of your own accord."

"What have I offered?" he enquired, looking a little alarmed.

"Nothing that you need repent of," I answered; "nothing which it is not easy for you to grant. May I ask a bold question? Suppose this house was mine instead of yours?"

"Consider it yours, cried the gallant old gentleman. "From the garrets to the kitchen consider it yours."

"A thousand thanks, Major; I will consider it mine for the moment. You know—everybody knows—that one of a woman's many weaknesses is curiosity. Suppose my curiosity led me to examine everything in my new house?"

"Yes!"

"Suppose I went from room to room, and searched everything and peeped in everywhere? Do you think there would be a chance——"

The quick-witted Major anticipated my question. He followed my example; he, too, started to his feet, with a new idea in his mind.

"Would there be any chance," I went on, "of my finding my own way to my husban l's secret in this house? One word of reply, Major Fitz-David. Only one word—yes or no."

"Don't excite yourself!" cried the Major.

"Yes or no,' I repeated, more vehemently than ever.

"Yes," said the Major, after a moment's consideration.

It was the reply I had asked for, but it was not explicit enough, now I had got it, to satisfy me. I felt the necessity of leading him, if possible, into details.

"Does 'Yes,' mean that there is some sort of clue to the mystery?" I asked. "Something," for instance, which my eyes might see, and my hands might touch, if I could ouly find it?"

He considered again. I saw that I had succeeded in interesting him, in some way unknown to myself; and I waited patiently until he was prepared to answer me.

"The thing you mention," he said; "the clue (as you call it) might be seen and might be touched—supposing you could find it."

"In this house?" I asked.

The Major advanced a step nearer to me, and answered,

"In this room."

My head began to swim; my heart throbbed violently. I tried to speak: it was in vain; the effort almost choked me. In the silence, I could hear the music lesson still going on in the room above. The future prima-donna had done practising her scales, and was trying her voice now in selections from Italian operas. At the moment when I first heard her, she was singing the lovely air from the *Sonnanbula*, "Come per me sereno." I never heard that delicious melody, to this day, without being instantly transported in imagination to the fatal back-room in Vivian Place.

The Major—st rongly affected himself, by this time—was the first to break the silence.

"Sit down again," he said; "and pray take the easy chair. You are very much agitated; you want rest."

He was right. I could stand no longer; I dropped into the chair. Major Fitz-David rang the bell, and spoke a few words to the servant at the door.

"I have been here a long time," I said, faintly. "Tell me if I am in the way."

"In the way?" he repeated, with his irresistible smile. "You forget that you are in your own house!"

(*To be continued.*)

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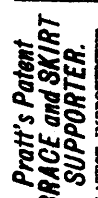

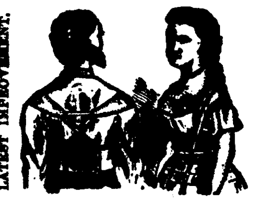

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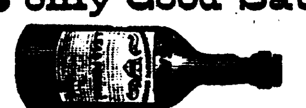

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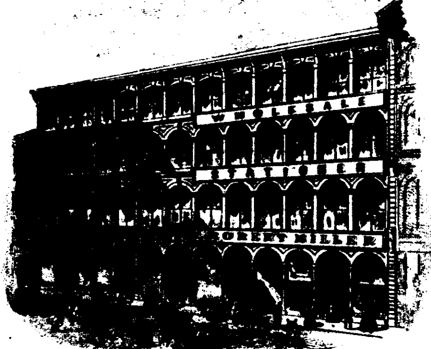

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