



The Ceylon Times

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

THE KANDY HERALD.

VOL. 31.

COLOMBO: FRIDAY, JULY 22nd, 1870.

No. 58

SHIPPING ANNOUNCEMENTS.

SERVICES MARITIMES.
Messageries Impériales.—
PAQUEBOTS POSTE FRANÇAIS
STEAMERS will leave Point de Galle
on or about the following days:

	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
For Suez, Mauritius and Mediterranean.	1, 15, 29	12, 26	10, 24	9, 23	7, 21	5, 19
For Cochin China, China, and Japan.	1, 15, 29	12, 26	10, 24	9, 23	7, 21	5, 19
For Calcutta.	6, 17, 30	14, 27	12, 25	11, 24	10, 23	9, 22

Passengers for London can obtain at Messrs. Railway tickets direct, either via Calcutta, Bombay, or via Dieppe and Newhaven at the following rates, viz:
Via Calcutta or Bombay Rs. 175..... £6 12 0
Dieppe and Newhaven..... £5 15 4
These tickets are available for one month.
For freight or passage apply in Galle at the Office of the Company, and in Colombo at the Office of Messrs. ARMITAGE BROTHERS.

PENINSULAR AND ORIENTAL Steam Navigation Company.

STEAMERS will leave Point de Galle
on or about the following dates:—

For	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
Marseilles and Southampton.	11, 25	8, 22	5, 19	3, 17	1, 15	29
Bombay.	10, 24	7, 21	4, 18	2, 16	1, 13	11
Madras and Calcutta.	26, 23	20, 18	15, 12	10, 7	5, 2	27
Straits and China.	13, 27	24, 21	19, 16	14, 11	9, 6	24
Australia.	13, 27	10, 24	7, 21	4, 18	2, 16	11

Rates of Passage Money.

Suez	£65	To King George's Sound	£30
Southern	85	Melbourne or Sydney	40
Marseilles	80	Penang	20
Bombay	16	Shanghai	30
Madras	10	Hong Kong	40
Calcutta	24	Shanghai	74

Transit through Egypt £4 10s. extra.
Children above 3 and under 10 years—half of first class rates.
One child under 3 years, (if with Parent) free.

To Marseilles. To Southampton
2nd Class Passengers..... £48 0
European Servants..... 48 0
Native do..... 24 0
Transit through Egypt £2 5s. extra.

Return Fares.
Passengers embarking within six months of their arrival from Europe or Suez, and within three months of arrival from all ports Eastward of Suez and vice versa will be allowed a reduction of 20 per cent. on the return passage money.

THE COMPANY reserve the option of forwarding all Goods shipped by their Steamers for Europe through Egypt, either by Rail or by Canal in their own Steamers, or in vessels employed for the purpose, they also book goods on through Bill of Lading to Trieste, Venice, Genoa, Barcelona, Marseilles or Havre.
For rates of freight and further particulars, Apply to
F. BAYLEY, AGENT.
Point de Galle.

British India Steam Navigation Company (LIMITED.)

ONE OF THE COMPANY'S STEAMERS WILL LEAVE COLOMBO
FOR CALCUTTA—Calling at Galle, 11th and 25th August, Negapatam, 17th, 8th & 22nd August, Cochin, 29th August, Mangalore and Carwar, 6th and 20th on or about 1st Sept.
FOR BOMBAY—Calling at Tuticorin, 12th and 26th August, Cochin, Calicut, 29th August, Mangalore and Carwar, 6th and 20th on or about 1st Sept.
ALSTONS, SCOTT & Co., Agents.

NOTICE.

THE AGENT of the MESSAGERIES IMPERIALES has the honour of informing the public of Ceylon, that for the convenience of travellers, this Company has created on their steamers a second class passage or first class prov passage. These passengers will find in the second deck well aired cabins, the third deck cabins being abolished for the first and second classes. The meals of the second class differ but slightly from those of the first. The ordinary Claret is the same; and the rate from Galle to Marseilles is twenty-five per cent. less.

NOTA BENE—The second class passengers can go on the poop, as those of the first. This part of the deck is prohibited to the third class passengers. The reduced rates of passages from Galle to Marseilles are the following, viz:—
FIRST CLASS (ordinary cabin)..... £78 0 0
SECOND CLASS..... £59 0 0
THIRD CLASS..... £35 0 0
DIRECT PASSAGE..... £28 0 0
For further particulars apply in Galle at the Office of the Company, and in Colombo at the Office of Messrs. ARMITAGE BROTHERS.

H. AUER, Agents.

FOR LONDON.

The A. I. Barque "MONARCHY"
701 Tons Register,
Capt. A. DAY.
Will load with despatch.
For particulars of freight &c., Apply to
GEORGE WALL & Co.

SALES BY AUCTION.

SALE OF VALUABLE LAND

CALLED
BOROLUKETIVE LANDE,
Situating at Hinetiengale in the Calutia District

MESSRS. VENN & Co. are instructed by the Trustees of the Estate of Ossen Lebbe Maricar, Esq., to sell at the Calutia Rest House, on Saturday, the 30th of July, at 2 P. M.
24 lots of Land averaging about 4 acres each.
THIS LAND was previously offered in one lot, but has been divided into 24 for the convenience of purchasers; it is situated about 4 miles South of Calutia, and 2 miles from Galle Road, and is known to be rich in Plumbago.
A plan may be seen at the office of the Auctioneers.

MESSRS. VENN & Co.

ARE instructed by FRANCIS SCHULTZE, Esq., Assignee to the Estate of Messrs. C. H. LEEDWARD & Co., to sell on Thursday, the 26th of July, at 4 P. M.

THAT DESIRABLE PROPERTY KNOWN AS

THE "COTTAGE"

situate in the Cinnamon Gardens, containing in extent.....more or less.
This very valuable Property is about two miles from the F. M. with a fine view of the beautiful Lake opposite the General's residence, the soil is rich, the garden is well planted with coconut and other fruit bearing-trees, and produces large crops of Guinea Grass. There is a beautiful avenue terrace for flowers, a neat Cottage with Summer House, and excellent Offices.
Being so near the Lake, this would be a fine site to erect an extensive store, and there are good situations to erect two Villas facing south, and the whole property combines very great advantages.

VENN & Co.

MESSRS. VENN & Co.

ARE instructed by John Guthrie, Esq., TO SELL
at his residence 14 Union Place, Slave Island, on Wednesday, 27th July, at 1 P. M.
The whole of his

Well-kept Household Furniture

PLATE, GLASS, CROCKERY, &c.
Catalogues will be published.

MESSRS. VENN & Co.

ARE instructed by Messrs. C. SHAND & Co., to sell at their Rooms, on Wednesday the 30th of August, at 4 P. M.
A POLICY OF INSURANCE issued in 1853 by the Colonial, now the Standard Life Assurance Company, on the life of MRS. L. M. A. MONTGOMERY, formerly of Ceylon, but now residing at Pondicherry. The Policy is for £1,000 with profits. The last yearly premium £23 16s. 8d. The amount already paid up is £48 0 0.

AUCTION AT NEW RA ELIA.

THE UNDERSIGNED is instructed to sell at Mr. W. Kellow's Store, on Monday and Tuesday, the 16th and 16th August:—

A LARGE QUANTITY OF

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

GLASS AND CROCKERY,
PORT, SHERRY, GINGER WINE,
BEER AND PORTER,
some half-bred

ENGLISH CATTLE,

OILMANSTORES,
&c. &c.
ARTHUR BULLOCK.

FISCAL'S SALE.

No. 52,762.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF KANDY.

Udawalana Loku Banda..... Plaintiff.
Vs.
Wewagunmedda Dahanayakegedere..... Defendant.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Saturday, the 6th August, 1870, at one (1) o'clock, P. M., will be sold by Public Auction at the premises, the following property, belonging to the Defendant in the above case.

All that Chena now Coffee garden, called Talagalamulawatta, said to be of three pels of paddy sowing extent more or less.

All that Chena now Coffee Garden, called Talagalamulawatta, said to be of three pels in extent more or less, both situated at Elakaduwa in the Udasiyapattu of Matala South.

G. S. WILLIAMS, Deputy Fiscal.

FISCAL'S SALE.

No. 52,613.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF KANDY.

D. M. Jayawardene..... Plaintiff.
Vs.
W. Cornelis Fernando..... Defendant.

NOTICE is hereby given, that on Saturday, the 6th August, 1870, at one (1) o'clock, P. M. will be sold by Public Auction at the premises, the following property, belonging to the Defendant in the above case.

Godabitterepola of 1 pella, and the adjoining Wanate of 3 kurumies, with the Tiled Upstair Building thereon, situate at Kandagale in Kandupalaya of Yatinuwera.

T. E. B. SKINNER, Fiscal.

MERCANTILE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

OVERLAND.

JUST OPENED.

GENTLEMEN'S HATS

made to order
By MESSRS. CHRISTY & Co.
W. BOLAM & Co.

OVERLAND.

MESSRS. W. BOLAM & Co., KANDY, will open on Friday, the 22nd instant,

GENTLEMEN'S HATS

FOR THE SPORTS.
W. BOLAM & Co.

GUNS

For Superintendents.

NICHOLLS & Co. HAVE JUST TO HAND

DOUBLE BARREL GUNS

at £4 10 0
do in Case complete £7 10 0.
HIGHLY FINISHED.

Just Received.

Per A. O. A.

BASS' BEER in Hhd.

DARLEY, BUTLER & Co.

Alsopps Pale Ale

in Hhds. price £7 15s. Cash.
Reid & Co's London Stout
in Hhds. price £7 Cash
Full to the Bung.
CARGILL & Co.
SOLE AGENTS FOR CEYLON.
Colombo, 14th July, 1870.

ON SALE

By the Undersigned:

BASS' BEER in HHDS.

BARCLAY, PERKIN'S PORTER in HHDS.
do do C.B. do in qts. and Pints.
R. DAWSON.
37, Chatham Street.

Barclay Perkin's

BROWN STOUT PORTER

J. P. GREEN & Co.

TOD HEATLY'S WINES.

IMPORTED BY H. S. SAUNDERS, and
for Sale at the Godowns of the undersigned:
Champagne..... 80s per dozen.
Sherry..... 60s do
Vieux Cognac..... 72s do
J. P. GREEN & Co.

La Grande Marque Cognac.

THE UNDERSIGNED having been appointed
Agents for the Sale of the above Cognac, in the Island of Ceylon, are prepared to supply it in large or small quantities. Orders from out-stations must be accompanied by a reference.
J. P. GREEN & Co.
Colombo, 19th May, 1870.

MARTELL'S HENNESSY'S

LA GRANDE MARQUE } BRANDIES
in one dozen Cases.

FINEST SPARKLING MOSELE

@ 60s. per dozen.
from A. Jordan, Coblenz.
J. P. GREEN & Co.

E. J. BRAND & CO'S WINES

CROWN SHERRY, Pale and Dry, in quarter Cases
Do. MADEIRA
Do. CLARET, Superior
Do. PORT, fine old
FINEST VERMOUTH
Do. CURACAO
Do. CROWN WHISKY
J. P. GREEN & Co.

FOR SALE

At the Godowns of the Undersigned.
A Fresh Supply of the
FINEST AUSTRALIAN FLOUR
in 50lb tins at 16s 6d.

LEE, HEDGES & Co.,
Kandy, 19th November, 1869.

Ex Steamer "Surbiton."

SPANISH CORKS, FOR QUARTS AND PINTS
LEE, HEDGES & Co.
Colombo, 20th April, 1870.

EX "A. O. A."

"Shooting Star."

BASS' BEER in HHDS.

Younger's do do do
St. Julien's do do do

Burdon's Sherry in Qr. Cases

BARCLAY'S AND PERKIN'S PORTER
in Wood and Bottle.
Bass' Beer bottled by the well-known Harper
Boulton & Co.
W. M. YOUNG & Co.
Colombo, 18th July, 1870.

EX "A. O. A."

THE UNDERSIGNED have to hand a large consignment of

"Morson's" Pepsine Preparations.

such as
PEPSINE WINE, PEPSINE LOZENGES, PEP-
SINE GLOBULES, SACCHARATED
WHEAT PHOSPHATES

for Children and Invalids, which they can confidently recommend to outstation traders.

W. M. YOUNG & Co.
Colombo, 18th July, 1870.

MESSRS. BISSETT & Co.

WILL act as our AGENTS in GALLE, and receive and forward

WATCHES, CLOCKS, &c.

W. M. YOUNG & Co.

Ex S. S. "Great Victoria."

W. M. YOUNG & Co.

HAVE TO HAND BY THE ABOVE STEAMER

A SUPPLY OF

WATCH GLASSES,

MAIN AND HAIR SPRINGS,
HANDS, KEYS, &c.

FOR SALE.

THE GODOWNS OF THE UNDERSIGNED

THE FOLLOWING EXCELLENT SHERRIES
in one dozen cases.

White Seal at 48s. per Dozen
Yellow Seal at 42s. "
Red Seal at 36s. "
Green Seal at 30s. "

ALSO EX "BRITOMART."

SHERRY in Quarter Cases and Hogsheads
Hoop Iron 1 1/2 in, 1 1/4 in, and 1 1/2 in.
KEPPEL JONES & Co.
Colombo, Feb. 10, 1870.

PURSER'S COFFEE MANURES.

THE UNDERSIGNED have received per
Steamer "Surbiton," via Suez Canal, con-
signments of these Manures, as follows:—

Purser's Patent Coffee Manure,

in Bags each containing 2 Cwts. Nett,
PRICE £14 10s. 4/ Ton.

Purser's Dissolved Bones,

in Bags each containing 2 Cwts. Nett,
PRICE £10 4/ Ton.
Delivered free at the Hulsdorf Mills, or at the
Colombo Railway Station.
G. & W. LEECHMAN.

FROM

Messrs. James Macmickan Co.
FLEMINGTON BONE MILLS.
Melbourne, Australia.

THEIR AUSTRALIAN BONE

DUST. £9 per ton.
THEIR SUPERPHOSPHATE OF
LIME. £13 per ton.

LEECHMAN & Co.,
Sole Agents for Ceylon.

FINE BONE DUST.

THE UNDERSIGNED having received a fresh
supply of BONES, are now prepared to register
orders for BONE DUST, and to forward same up-
country when required. Samples forwarded on ap-
plication to
C. SHAND & Co.
Slave Island M

Marbles and Chemicals.

JOHN BENNET LAWES, F. R. S.,
59, Mark Lane, London,
has ready for delivery—

Superphosphate of Lime,
Dissolved Bones,
Cane Manure,
Coffee Manure,
Sulphate of Ammonia,
Nitrate of Soda,
Peruvian Guano,
and all Chemical Manures of Value.

Manures can be prepared and shipped in small or
large quantities for experiments. If required, also
Tartaric, Citric and Sulphuric Acids.

SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME.

THE UNDERSIGNED have received per "Caro-
line" from JAMES MACMICKAN & Co., Mel-
bourne, a trial shipment of the above valuable Ma-
nure, price here £15 per Ton. It is packed in bags.
LEECHMAN & Co.,
Sole Agents in Ceylon.

Colombo, 21st June, 1869.

FOR SALE.

At the Godowns of the Undersigned:

THE following RHINE WINES from the well-
known house of G. M. PASTMANN SON,
MAVENCE.

Deidesheimer..... @ 20s. per doz.
Geisenheimer..... @ 30s. do
Liebfraumilch..... @ 40s. do
Queen Victoria Berg..... @ 72s. do

ALSO

Rhine Wines of other marks, viz:—
Johannisberger..... @ 40s. per doz.
Rudesheimer..... @ 35s. do
Brandy, Hennessy's Barile Aze..... @ 40s. do
do J. J. Dupuy 1835..... @ 45s. do

Claret in Wood £20 per Ca-k.

do £11 per half Ca-k.
Claret de Lorne Margaux @ 45s. per doz.
SAUTERNE, Chat des Touris..... @ 60s. do
do Chat Duval..... @ 45s. do
do J. J. Dupuy 1835..... @ 45s. do

MUMM'S SPARKLING CHAMPAGNE

in Quarts and Pints,
@ 55s. and 30s. per dozen.

LIQUEUR AYA PANA.

ARCHD. ARROLLS, INDIA PALE ALE
in Quarts and Pints,
@ 10s. and 6s. per dozen.

Galvanized Roofing Iron.

NEILGHERRY TEA in 4 lbs Tins @ 3s. 6d. per lb.
VOLKART BROTHERS.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS JUST RECEIVED

Per "SHOOTING STAR."

GENTLEMEN'S BLACK KID AND PATENT

BOOTS.

"WHITE LONGCLOTH SHIRTS."

"WHITE MERINO BANIENS.

Carpenter and Courier Bags, Men's Linen Colors,
Boys Straw Boating Hats, Men's Drab Oxonian Hats

HORROCK'S LONGCLOTH.

Hanging, Moon Lamps, Travelling Lamp with Box
complete, Carriage Lamp and Carriage Cups.

A. L. M. LEBBENA MARKAR.
Shop No. 25, Main Street.
Colombo, 12th July, 1870.

SADDLERY AND HARNESS.

JUST RECEIVED

Per Steamer "Collingwood," via Suez Canal,
Consisting of

SUITS KERSY HORSE CLOTHING,

complete with Rollers.

Horse Blankets, Saddle Cloths.

Knee Caps, Martingales, Double Bridles, Spare
Saddle Girths, Stirrup Leathers,
&c., &c., &c.

ALSO

Hides of Brown and Black Leather

for making Harness.

TINS OF DAY and MARTINS HARNESS BLACKING.
J. AUWARDT.

GENERAL NOTICES

COFFEE ESTATE FOR SALE

IN MADDOOLSEMA DISTRICT,
"HEWA ELIA",
containing 412 acres,
PER GOVERNMENT SURVEY,
of which 180 acres are now coming into full bearing,
and the remaining 232 acres, consist of fine
forest land.

THE STORE, LINES and BUNGALOW
of the Estate, which is well wooded and
partially drained. The property is distant about six
miles from the new Batticaloa road with which it
communicates by a good bridge path.

The Estate is likely to improve rapidly in bearing,
and its value will be further enhanced by the new
mode of communication now being adopted.

Apply to
GEORGE WALL & Co.

EDUCATION.

Hon'ble W. Benson Arbuthnot, of Messrs. Arbuthnot & Co.,
E. Leont, Esq., of Messrs. Leont & Co.,
T. H. Allan Esq., of Messrs. Bainbridge, Byars,
Gair & Co.,
C. A. Ansell Esq., of Messrs. Pinn & Co.,
Col. John Carpendale, Royal Engineers
LONDON BANKERS, - BANK OF ENGLAND
Head Office.
BRANCHES: BANGALORE, BELLARY, BIMPALA-
TAM, CALCUTTA, COCHIN, COLOMBO, KAN-
DY, OOTACAMUND, TIRUCHIRAPPALLI, TRICHIN-
PATAM, ALBANY, BEHAMPUR, GUNTOOR AND
MANGALORE.

Colombo Branch.
The Bank will negotiate Bills, and issue Drafts drawn on demand, on the above places, and on the Head Office and Branches of the Bank of Bengal and Bombay, at rates to be ascertained at the office.
The Bank will also discount approved local Bills not having more than four months to run at current rate. The Bank receives money from depositors on Current Account, upon which interest is allowed at the rate of 2 per cent per annum, minimum monthly balance, provided the same has not fallen below £100 during the half year.

Fixed Deposits are also received, upon which interest is allowed as follows:
for 1 month at 2 per cent per annum.
" 2 months " 3 do do
" 3 months " 4 do do
" 6 months " 5 do do
The Bank receives for safe custody Government securities, Bank and Railway Stocks, purchases and disposes of the same, and realises and remits the dividends, interest and proceeds of Sale, as constituents may direct, on the following terms:
On receiving charge of Securities or Shares—No Realising interest or dividends on do 4 per cent
Buying or Selling do do
Returning to constituents do do
A. RIACH,
Agent.

Colombo, 31st March, 1870.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

Hultsdorf Mills, Colombo.

PATENT STEAMED BONE DUST,
Price £8 10s per Ton.

PACKED in strong Gunny Bags and delivered free at the Colombo Railway Station.
G. & W. LEECHMAN.
Colombo, 2nd May, 1870.

Hultsdorf Mills, Colombo.

POONAC MIXTURE.
Price £5 per ton.

CONTAINS a large proportion of COCOA NUT POONAC for which as Manure it will be found a good substitute for application with Bone Dust. Packed and delivered free at the Colombo Railway Station.
Further particulars and samples on application.
G. & W. LEECHMAN.

Hultsdorf Mills, Colombo.

PATENT COMPOST MANURE. Now recognised as a first-rate Manure for Coffee; exact particulars of the ingredients will be made known to intending purchasers, and samples furnished on application.
Price £7 10s. per ton, including Bags. Delivered at the Colombo Railway Station Free of extra charges.
G. & W. LEECHMAN.

MANURES.

BOLIVIAN GUANO

W E invite the attention of our Planting friends to a small trial consignment, just received of
"Caro Guano"
Price £13 per ton, and very highly recommended.
Analysis on application.
GEORGE WALL & Co.

FOR SALE.

ASPHALT.

PORTLAND CEMENT.

GLASS TILES.

PRUNING KNIVES.

ELWELL'S AXES.

CATTIES

AND MAMOTIES.

PLANTING BARS.

CART AXLES AND BUSHES.

CISTERNS VALVES.

GALVANIZED

ROOFING TILES.

CORRUGATED SHEETS,

AND

RIDGE CAPS AND GUTTERS.

GALVANIZED FENCING WIRE,

in coils of

600, 1000 and 2000 feet.

GALVANIZED STEEL WIRE,

in coils of 1000 feet.

guaranteed to carry 120 lbs.,

and of 2000 feet,

guaranteed to carry 80 lbs.

HOOP IRON

14 to 2 1/2 in.

PAINTS.

CALCUTTA BAGS.

DUNDEE BAGS.

COOTY BAGS.

A 16 feet Water Wheel.

GEORGE WALL & Co.

FIELD & COY'S

EXPORT STOUT,

in Hogsheads.

GUINNESS STOUT

in Pints and Quarts.

H. AND R. BRANDY

in wood and bottle.

VINE GROWER'S BRANDY,

in one dozen Cases.

VINO DA PASTA

in 1 dozen Cases.

FERGUSON'S SHERRIES

(Green, Blue, and White Seal)

AND

PORT WINE,

in one dozen Cases.

MORT & CHANDON'S

CHAMPAGNE,

a small invoice of

QUININE.

A small invoice of

TOBACCO

"FIG CAVENDISHES" and "AROMATIC"

GEORGE WALL & Co.

MESSRS. VENN & CO.

Will sell at the residence of C. TATHAM, Esq.,

Maradahn, on Friday, the 29th of July,

at noon.

THE WHOLE OF HIS

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

in various valuable woods.

PLATE, GLASS, CROCKERY, &c.

MESSRS. VENN & CO.

Are instructed to sell at the Wharf on Mon-

day, the 25th of July, at noon:

20 Bales 9 lbs. Grey Shirtings,

1000 PIECES.

more or less damaged, ex "Shooting Star," Mac-

Kenzie, Master, from London,

on account of the concerned.

FOR SALE.

At the Godowns of the Undersigned:

BEST STAFFORDSHIRE HOOP IRON

12 INCH, 14 INCH and 15 INCH.

Just landed ex "A. O. A." from London.

LEECHMAN & Co.

Colombo, 18th July, 1870.

FOR SALE.

At the Rooms of the Undersigned:

PARKING CHAMPAGNE Quarts @ 30s. per doz.

BERRY'S "LION" ALE in cases

each 4 dozen qts. @ 18s. 6d. do

SOUND BREAKFAST CLARET

@ 15s. do

CHATEAU LA ROSE CLARET

@ 20s. do

STURGEON LA ROSE CLARET

@ 25s. do

The above are Cash Prices.

J. AUWARTD.

For Batticaloa and Intermediate Ports.

The Schooner
"ARION."
Captain JAMES WORSLEY.
WILL SAIL as above on or before
Tuesday, 26th instant.
For freight or passage,
Apply to
W. MOREY,
or to the Master on board.

BY ORDER OF THE DISTRICT COURT OF NEGOMBO.

THE UNDERSIGNED is instructed to sell at his Rooms on Wednesday, the 3rd of August next, at noon.

2,300 lbs. of Cinnamon,

more or less, on account of the concerned.

H. D. GABRIEL,

Colombo, 20th July, 1870.

SALE OF CASHMERE GOODS.

THE SALE of the Cashmere Goods will take place on Saturday, the 23rd instant, at the Rooms of the undersigned, to commence at Noon.

On view a day before the Sale.

H. D. GABRIEL.

Colombo, 20th July, 1870.

AUCTION SALE OF COLORED MUSLINS

AND

WHITE BROCADES.

ON MONDAY, the 25th instant, at noon, at the Rooms of the undersigned:

100 Pieces Colored Muslins,

suitable for Ladies' dresses.

AND

40 Pieces White Brocades,

for Children's dresses.

H. D. GABRIEL.

Colombo, 20th July, 1870.

AUCTION SALE OF E. B. WINES.

THE UNDERSIGNED is instructed to sell at his Rooms on Saturday, the 23rd instant, at 2 P. M.

A WELL-BUILT PHETON WAGON,

light and in excellent order.

A do do for a Horse or Pony.

A BAY INDIAN HORSE,

perfect in harness.

H. D. GABRIEL.

Colombo, 20th July, 1870.

AUCTION SALE OF E. B. WINES.

THE UNDERSIGNED is instructed to sell at his Rooms, the 23rd instant, at his Rooms, at 2 P. M.

26 dozens E. B. Pale Sherry

AND

A FEW DOZENS OF CHAMPAGNE

In quarts and pints, to close account.

H. D. GABRIEL.

Colombo, 20th July, 1870.

THE UNDERSIGNED is instructed to sell at his Rooms, on Saturday, the 23rd instant, at noon:

1 Bale 50 Pieces Grey Mexican,

each 77 and 78 yards,

more or less sea-damaged, ex "A. O. A." Young, Master, from London, on account of the concerned.

H. D. GABRIEL.

Colombo, 21st July, 1870.

FOR SALE.

SINCLARI'S HAMS per "A. O. A."

HUNTLEY AND PALMER'S

2lb. Cabin Biscuit.

2lb. Family Biscuit.

ALSTONS, SCOTT & Co.

AUCTION SALE OF PINK PADS.

THE undersigned is instructed to sell at Messrs. DUNN, GARRARD & Co.'s Bonded Warehouse on Saturday, the 23rd instant, at 12 o'clock:

2 CASES PINK PADS,

more or less sea-damaged, ex S. S. "Ottoburn," from London, on account of the concerned.

J. AUWARTD.

SALE OF CROWN LANDS.

AT COLOMBO KACHOCHI.

On the 26th July, 1870, and the following days:

Hevagam Korale—17 lots from 1 to 28 acres each situated in Puwakpitiya of Udakapattu.

Adjoining the road from Colombo to Sitawaka near the 27th mile post.

Adukkuru Korale—10 lots from 3 to 32 acres each situated in Madampella of Dunagapattu.

Hapitigam Korale—2 lots of 1 and 3 acres each situated in Arukgoda and Madewitwa of Udakapattu.

On the 9th August, 1870.

Adukkuru Korale—56 lots from 1 to 21 acres each situated in Akaragama and Katuvelledara of Dunagapattu.

Do 35 lots from 1 to 18 acres each situated in Madabala Bombagummana Horagasmulla, and Bomugama of Dasiyapattu.

Hevagam Korale—3 lots from 2 to 23 acres each situated in Kosugama of Udakapattu.

Siyane Korale—14 lots from 1 to 22 acres each situated in Heyyattuduwa and Makola of Adikaripattu.

AT KANDY KACHOCHI.

On the 27th July.

Udappalata District—5 lots from 3 to 13 acres each situated in Puppura of Kandukura, Ihala palata. Adjoining and on the West of Puppura or Kondolwewatenna Estate.

Do 3 lots from 1 to 2 acres each situated in Mulgama of Kandukura Palahapalata.

Lower Hewachala—13 lots from 1 to 1 acre each situated in Ugurupura of Gandakura Korale. Adjoining and on the South West of General Fraser's land and close to South Eastern end of the Kandy Lake.

Lower Dumbura—1 lot of 8 acres situated in Giddawa of Palihapattu. Adjoining the Hulugama and Netewekela Estate.

Tumpana District—1 lot of 14 acres situated in Minigumwa of Udappalata. About 2 miles North of Kirimetiya Estate.

Ankumpitu District—1 lot of 14 acres situated in Ankumbura. Adjoining the Morankanda Estate. On the 10th August, 1870.

Lower Dumbura—3 lots from 27 perches to 1 acre each situated in Teldeniya near the stores of Messrs. Keir Dundas & Co.

Kotmale District—7 lots from 188 acres to 264 acres each, situated in Udagama of Udupane Korale. Adjoining and on the South of Tillicultry, Angankanda and Passifera Estates and land purchased by Messrs. Rossiter & Downall.

Udunuwara District—8 lots from 1 to 5 acres each situated in Vageriya of Medapalata. Adjoining and within 1/2 mile West of Kuragala Estate.

Municipality of Kandy—2 lots from 1 to 1 acre each situated in the East of Trincomalee road and about 1/2 mile North of Kandy Town.

Upper Dumbura District—5 lots from 6 to 13 acres each situated in Dunuwila of Medasiyapattu. Adjoining Hangrugama Estate.

AT GALLE KACHOCHI.

On the 2nd August, 1870.

Galle District—45 lots from 30 perches to 25 acres each situated in Baddegama, Palahakimbiya, Walpitiya, Gimelimbaga Dewela Kimbiya and Akkimaana, of Gangabodapattu.

AT PUTTALAM KACHOCHI.

On the 5th August, 1870.

Puttalam District—17 lots from 2 to 26 acres each situated in Anuradha of Puttalam.

On the 17th August, 1870, and the following days:

Chilaw District—1 lot of 82 acres situated near Rajakadalawa in Munneerampattu.

Do—250 lots from 1 to 45 acres each situated in Kirimetiya, Banduruppuwa and Haldandawar of Otrapalata.

Further particulars respecting the land may be obtained at the Surveyor General's Office and respecting the conditions of sale at the office of the Government Agents.

J. G. JERVOIS,

Acting Surveyor General.

Surveyor General's Office,

Colombo, 20th July, 1870.

AUCTION SALE.
HORSES,
DOGS, &c.
THE Undersigned is instructed to sell by Public Auction, at the ORIENTAL HOTEL, Kandy, on Monday, the 25th instant, at 12 o'clock:
A BAY MARE
quiet in harness and saddle.
A Very Handsome Greyhound Dog.
A HALF-BRED FOX HOUND DOG PUP.
A Do. Do. BITCH.
EIGHT DOZ. OF CHAMPAGNE,
Quarts and Pints.
W. A. ARCHBALD,
Auctioneer.
Kandy, 20th 1870.

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED is instructed to sell by auction, at his Rooms, on Saturday, 23rd instant, at 3 P. M.

THE PRIVILEGE OF SELLING REFRESHMENTS AT THE RACE COURSE DURING THE RACING SEASON.

W. MOREY, Auctioneer.

MONS. BEURTEAUX, DENTIST,

WILL return to Colombo on the 10th of August, when he will remain 10 days. Consultation at Messrs. MAITLAND & Co.

BEST FAMILY BEEF,

AND

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AND

COMMERCIAL AND PLANTING CHRONICLE

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FOR SALE.

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SITUATED in the Moorova Korle district. In extent 193 acres, of which 122 acres were planted with Coffee in 1866, the remainder is fine available forest. The Coffee will be in full bearing this season.

Also
A BLOCK OF FINE FOREST LAND,
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WANTED BY SAMUEL HOLDSWORTH, 54, Spencer Street, Clerkenwell, London, E.C. Manufacturer of Jewel Holes and Compass Cases, and dealer in Precious Stones. Prize Medal Dublin 1865 and Paris 1867.

NOTICE.
NOTICE is hereby given, that the rate of interest to be charged on Cash Credit Bonds for a term of one year, and collateralized security by a Mortgage over the Coffee Crops of 1869-1870, has been fixed at 8 per cent.

By order of the Directors,
B. V. DUNLOP,
Acting Manager
Oriental Bank Corporation,
Colombo 7th January, 1869.

NOTICE.

MR. DOYLE.
HAVING arrived by the 'GREAT VICTORIA,' we would draw the attention of the public to the advantage of having their Watches attended to in the Island, by an
English Watchmaker,
herely saving the risk and expense of sending them home for repairs.
W. M. YOUNG & Co.

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DIRECT FROM THE GROWERS
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for Children cutting their teeth. Purchasers are requested to

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Purser's Patent Coffee Manure,

contains all the mineral constituents of the Coffee Plant in their most available form.

Purser's Dissolved Bones.

A manure which has been used for many years,

and requires no recommendation. But in this

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Digestion is restored and perfected by the use of "Pancreatic Emulsion." This valuable natural product properly assimilates every kind of food and procures a healthy state. Sold in Bottles and Wine and in powder.

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WELCH'S FEMALE PILLS,

long celebrated for their peculiar virtues, are strongly recommended as a safe and valuable medicine in removing obstructions and relieving other inconveniences to which the female frame is liable; especially those which at an early period of life frequently arise from want of exercise and general debility of the system.

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PICKLES, SAUCES, SYRUPS,

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Fresh supplies of the above may always be had from every Storekeeper in India.

CAUTION.

To prevent the fraud of refilling the bottles or jars with native productions, they should invariably be destroyed when empty.

Goods should always be examined upon delivery, to detect any attempt at substitution of inferior brands.

CROSSE & BLACKWELL,

PURVEYORS TO THE QUEEN

SUPPLEMENT TO THE CEYLON TIMES.

COLOMBO:—JULY 22nd, 1870.

MAN AND WIFE.

By Wilkie Collins.

PROLOGUE.—THE VILLA AT HAMPSHIRE.

(The first part of the Prologue relates simply to the parting of two school companions on board an East Indiaman at Gravesend, one young girl, Blanche leaving for India, Anne remaining to act her part in life on the stage. This was in the summer of eighteen hundred and thirty-one.)

II.

Twenty-four years later—in the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-five—there was a villa at Hampshire to be let, furnished.

The house was still occupied by the persons who desired to let it. On the evening on which this scene opens, a lady and two gentlemen were seated at the dinner-table. The lady had reached the mature age of forty-two. She was still a rarely beautiful woman. Her husband, some years younger than herself, faced her at the table; sitting, silent and constrained, and never, even by accident, looking at his wife. The third person was a guest. The husband's name was Vanborough. The guest's name was Kendrew.

It was the end of dinner. The fruit and the wine were on the table. Mr. Vanborough pushed the bottles in silence to Mr. Kendrew. The lady of the house looked round at the servant who was waiting, and said, "Tell the children to come in."

The door opened, and a girl twelve years old entered, leading by the hand a younger girl of five. They were both prettily dressed in white, with sashes of the same shade of light blue. But there was no family resemblance between them. The elder girl was frail and delicate, with a pale sensitive face. The younger was light and florid, with round red cheeks, and bright, saucy eyes—a charming little picture of happiness and health.

Mr. Kendrew looked inquiringly at the youngest of the two girls.

"Here is a young lady," he said, "who is a total stranger to me."

"If you had not been a total stranger yourself, for a whole year past," answered Mrs. Vanborough, "you would never have made that confession. This is little Blanche—the only child of the dearest friend I have. When Blanche's mother and I last saw each other, we were two poor school-girls, beginning the world. My friend went to India—and married there, late in life. You may have heard of her husband—the famous Indian officer, Sir Thomas Lundie? Yes: 'the rich Sir Thomas,' as you call him. Lady Lundie is now on her way back to England, for the first time since she left it—I am afraid to say how many years since. I expected her yesterday; I expect her to-day—she may come at any moment. We exchanged promises to meet, in the ship that took her to India—'vows' we called them, in the dear old times. Imagine how changed we shall find each other, when we do meet again at last!"

"In the meantime," said Mr. Kendrew, "your friend appears to have sent you her little daughter to represent her? It is a long journey for so young a traveller."

"A journey ordered by the doctors in India, a year since," rejoined Mrs. Vanborough. "They said Blanche's health required English air. Sir Thomas was ill at the time; and his wife couldn't leave him. She had to send the child to England—and who should she send her to but me? Look at her now, and say if the English air hasn't agreed with her! We two mothers, Mr. Kendrew, seem literally to live again in our children. I have an only child. My daughter is little Anne—as I was. My friend's daughter is little Blanche—as she was. And, to crown it all, those two girls have taken the same fancy to each other, which we took to each other, in the bygone days at school. One has often heard of hereditary hatred. Is there such a thing as hereditary love as well?"

Before the guest could answer, his attention was claimed by the master of the house.

"Kendrew," said Mr. Vanborough, "when you have had enough of domestic sentiment suppose you take a glass of wine?"

The words were spoken with undisguised contempt of tone and manner. Mrs. Vanborough's colour rose. She waited, and controlled the momentary irritation. When she spoke to her husband, it was evidently with a wish to soothe and conciliate him.

"I am afraid, my dear, you are not well, this evening?"

"I shall be better when those children have done clattering with their knives and forks."

The girls were peeling fruit. The younger one went on. The elder stopped, and looked at her mother. Mrs. Vanborough beckoned to Blanche to come to her, and pointed towards the French window, opening to the floor.

"Would you like to eat your fruit in the garden, Blanche?"

"Yes," said Blanche, "if Anne will go with me."

Anne rose at once, and the two girls went away together into the garden, hand in hand. On their departure, Mr. Kendrew wisely started a new subject. He referred to the letting of the house.

"The loss of the garden will be a sad loss to those two young ladies," he said. "It really seems to be a pity that you should be giving up this pretty place."

"Leaving the house is not the worst of the sacrifice," answered Mrs. Vanborough. "If John finds Hampshire too far for him from London, of course we must move. The only hardship that I complain of, is the hardship of having the house to let."

Mr. Vanborough looked across the table, as ungraciously as possible, at his wife.

"What have you to do with it?" he asked.

Mrs. Vanborough tried to clear the conjugal horizon by a smile.

"My dear John," she said gently, "you forget that, while you are at business, I am here all day. I can't help seeing the people who come to look at the house. Such people!" she continued, turning to Mr. Kendrew. "They distrust everything, from the scraper at the door, to the chimneys on the roof. They force their way in at all hours. They ask all sorts of impudent questions—and they show you plainly that they don't mean to believe your answers, before you have time to make them. Some wretch of a woman says, 'Do you think the drains are right?'—and sniffs suspiciously, before I can say Yes. Some brute of a man asks, 'Are you quite sure this house is solidly built, ma'am?'—and jumps on the floor, at the full stretch of his legs, without waiting for me to reply. Nobody believes in our gravel soil, and our south aspect. Nobody wants any of our improvements. The moment they hear of John's artesian well, they look as if they never drank water. And, if they happen to pass my poultry yard, they instantly lose all appreciation of the merits of a fresh egg!"

Mr. Kendrew laughed. "I have been through it all, in my time," he said. "The people who want to take a house, are the born enemies of the people who want to let a house. Odd—isn't it, Vanborough?"

Mr. Vanborough's sullen humour resisted his friend as obstinately as it had resisted his wife.

"I dare say," he answered. "I wasn't listening."

This time, the tone was almost brutal. Mrs. Vanborough looked at her husband with unconcealed surprise and distress.

"John!" she said. "What can be the matter with you? Are you in pain?"

"A man may be anxious and worried, I suppose, without being actually in pain."

"I am sorry to hear you are worried. Is it business?"

"Yes—business."

"Consult Mr. Kendrew."

"I am waiting to consult him."

Mrs. Vanborough rose immediately. "Ring, dear," she said, "when you want coffee. As she passed her husband, she stopped and laid her hand tenderly on his forehead. 'I wish I could smooth out that frown!' she whispered. Mr. Vanborough impatiently shook his head. Mrs. Vanborough sighed, as she turned to the door. Her husband called to her, before she could leave the room.

"Mind we are not interrupted!"

"I will do my best, John." She looked at Mr. Kendrew, holding the door open for her; and resumed, with an effort, her former lightness of tone. "But don't forget our 'born enemies!' Somebody may come, even at this hour of the evening, who wants to see the house."

The two gentlemen were left alone over their wine. There was a strong personal contrast between them. Mr. Vanborough was tall and dark—a dashing, handsome man; with an energy in his face which all the world saw: with an inbred falseness under it, which only a special observer could detect. Mr. Kendrew was short and light—slow and awkward in manner, except when something happened to rouse him. Looking in his face, the world saw an ugly and undemonstrative little man. The special observer, penetrating under the surface, found a fine nature beneath, resting on a steady foundation of honour and truth.

Mr. Vanborough opened the conversation. "If you ever marry," he said, "don't be such a fool, Kendrew, as I have been. Don't take a wife from the stage."

"If I could get such a wife as yours," replied the other, "I would take her from the stage to-morrow. A beautiful woman, a clever woman, a woman of unblemished character, and a woman who truly loves you. Man alive! what do you want more?"

"I want a great deal more. I want a woman highly connected and highly bred—a woman who can receive the best society in England, and open her husband's way to a position in the world."

"A position in the world!" cried Mr. Kendrew. "Here is a man whose father has left him half a million of money—with the one condition annexed to it, of taking his father's place at the head of one of the greatest mercantile houses in England. And he talks about a position, as if he was a junior clerk in his own office! What on earth does your ambition see, beyond what your ambition has already got?"

Mr. Vanborough finished his glass of wine, and looked his friend steadily in the face.

"My ambition," he said, "sees a Parliamentary career, with a Peerage at the end of it—and with no obstacle in the way, but my estimable wife."

Mr. Kendrew lifted his hand warningly. "Don't talk in the way," he said. "If you're joking—it's a joke I don't see. If you're in earnest—you force a suspicion on me which I would rather not feel. Let us change the subject."

"No! Let us have it out at once. What do you suspect?"

"I suspect you are getting tired of your wife."

"She is forty-two, and I am thirty-five; and I have been married to her for thirteen years. You know all that—and you only suspect I am tired of her. Bless your innocence! Have you anything more to say?"

"If you force me to it, I take the freedom of an old friend—and I say you are not treating her fairly. It's nearly two years since you broke up your establishment abroad, and came to England on your father's death. With the exception on myself, and one or two other friends of former days, you have presented your wife to nobody. Your new position has smoothed the way for you into the best society. You never take your wife with you. You go out as if you were a single man. I have reason to know that you are actually believed to be a single man, among these new acquaintances yours, in more than one quarter. Forgive me for speaking my mind bluntly—I say what I think. It's unworthy of you to keep your wife buried here, as if you were ashamed of her."

"I am ashamed of her."

"Vanborough!"

"Wait a little! you are not to have it all your own way, my good fellow. What are the facts? Thirteen years ago, I fell in love with a handsome public singer, and married her. My father was angry with me; and I had to go and live with her abroad. It didn't matter, abroad. My father forgave me on his death-bed, and I had to bring her home again. It does matter, at home. I find myself, with a great career opening before me, tied to a woman whose relations are (as you well know) the lowest of the low. A woman, without the slightest distinction of manner, or the slightest aspiration beyond her nursery and her kitchen, her piano and her books. Is that a wife who can help me to make my place in society?—who can smooth my way, through social obstacles and political obstacles, to the House of Lords? By Jupiter! if ever there was a woman to be 'buried' (as you call it), that woman is my wife. And, what's more, if you want the truth, it's because I can't bury her here, that I'm going to leave this house. She has got a cursed knack of making acquaintances wherever she goes. She'll have a circle of friends about her, if I leave her in this neighbourhood much longer. Friends who remember her as the famous opera-singer. Friends who will see her swindling scoundrel of a father (when my back is turned) coming drunk to the door to borrow money of her! I tell you, my marriage has wrecked my prospects. It's no use talking to me of my wife's virtues. If I had not been a born idiot, I should have waited, and married a woman who would have been of some use to me; a woman with high connections—"

Mr. Kendrew touched his host's arm, and suddenly interrupted him.

"To come to the point, he said—"a woman like Lady Jane Parnell."

Mr. Vanborough started. His eyes fell, for the first time, before the eyes of his friend.

"What do you know about Lady Jane?" he asked.

"Nothing. I don't move in Lady Jane's world—but I do go sometimes to the opera. I saw you with her, last night, in her box; and I heard what was said in the stalls near me. You were openly spoken of, as the favoured man who was singled out from the rest by Lady Jane. Imagine what would happen if your wife heard that! You are wrong, Vanborough—you are in every way wrong. You alarm, you distress, you disappoint me. I never sought this explanation—but now it has come, I won't spring from it. Reconsider your conduct; reconsider what you have said to me—or you count me no longer among your friends. No! I want no further talk about it now. We are both getting hot—we may end in saying

what had better have been left unsaid. Once more, let us change the subject. You wrote me word that you wanted me here to-day, because you needed my advice on a matter of some importance. What is it?"

Silence followed that question. Vanborough's face betrayed signs of embarrassment. He poured himself out another glass of wine, and drank it at a draught before he replied.

"It's not easy to tell you what I want," he said, "after the tone you have taken with me about my wife."

Mr. Kendrew looked surprised.

"Is Mrs. Vanborough concerned in the matter?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Does she know about it?"

"No."

"Have you kept the thing a secret, out of regard for her?"

"Yes."

"Have I any right to advise on it?"

"You have the right of an old friend."

"Then, why not tell me frankly what it is?"

There was another moment of embarrassment, on Mr. Vanborough's part.

"It will come better," he answered, from a third person, whom I expect here every minute. He is in possession of all the facts—and he is better able to state them than I am."

"Who is the person?"

"My friend, Delamayn."

"Your lawyer?"

"Yes—the junior partner in the firm of Delamayn, Hawke, and Delamayn. Do you know him?"

"I am acquainted with him. His wife's family were friends of mine, before he married. I don't like him."

"You're rather hard to please, to-day! Delamayn is a rising man, if ever there was one yet. A man with a career before him, and with courage enough to pursue it. He is going to leave the Firm, and try his luck at the Bar. Everybody says he will do great things. What's your objection to him?"

"I have no objection whatever. We meet with people occasionally whom we dislike without knowing why. Without knowing why, I dislike Mr. Delamayn."

"Whatever you do, you must put up with him this evening. He will be here directly."

He was there, at that moment. The servant opened the door, and announced—"Mr. Delamayn."

III.

Externally speaking, the rising solicitor, who was going to try his luck at the Bar, looked like a man who was going to succeed. His hard, hairless face, his watchful grey eyes, his thin resolute lips, said plainly, in so many words, "I mean to get on in the world; and, if you are in my way, I mean to get on at your expense." Mr. Delamayn was habitually polite to everybody—but he had never been known to say one unnecessary word to his dearest friend. A man of rare ability; a man of unblemished honour (as the code of the world goes)—but not a man to be taken familiarly by the hand. You would never have borrowed money of him—but you would have trusted him with untold gold. Involved in private and personal troubles, you would have hesitated at asking him to help you. Involved in public and producible troubles, you would have said, Here is my man. Sure to push his way—nobody could look at him and doubt it—sure to push his way.

"Kendrew is an old friend of mine," said Mr. Vanborough, addressed himself to the lawyer. "Whatever you have to say to me you may say before him. Will you have some wine?"

"No—thank you."

"Have you brought any news?"

"Yes."

"Have you got the written opinions of the two barristers?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because nothing of the sort is necessary. If the facts of the case are correctly stated, there is not the slightest doubt about the law."

With the reply, Mr. Delamayn took a written paper from his pocket, and spread it out on the table before him.

"What is that?" asked Mr. Vanborough.

"The case relating to your marriage."

Mr. Kendrew started, and showed the first tokens of interest in the proceedings which had escaped him yet. Mr. Delamayn looked at him for a moment—and went on.

"The case," he resumed, "as originally stated by you, and taken down in writing by our head-clerk."

Mr. Vanborough's temper began to show itself again.

"What have we got to do with that now?" he asked.

"You have made your inquiries to prove the correctness of my statement—haven't you?"

"Yes."

"And you have found out that I am right?"

"I have found out that you are right—if the case is right. I wish to be sure that no mistake has occurred between you and the clerk. This is a very important matter. I am going to take the responsibility of giving an opinion which may be followed by serious consequences; and I mean to assure myself that the opinion

is given on a sound basis, first. I have some questions to ask you. Don't be impatient, if you please. They won't take long."

He referred to the manuscript, and put the first question.

"You were married at Inchmallock, in Ireland, Mr. Vanborough, thirteen years since?"

"Yes."
"Her father and mother were Roman Catholics?"

"They were."

"Your father and mother were Protestants? and you were baptised, and brought up in the Church of England?"

"All right."

"Miss Anne Silvester felt, and expressed, a strong repugnance to marry you, because you and she belonged to different religious communities?"

"She did."

"You got over her objection, by consenting to become a Roman Catholic, like herself?"

"It was the shortest way with her—and it didn't matter to me."

"You were formally received into the Roman Catholic Church?"

"I went through the whole ceremony."

"Abroad or at home?"

"Abroad."

"How long was it before the date of your marriage?"

"Six weeks before I was married."

"Referring perpetually to the paper in his hand, Mr. Delamayn was especially careful in comparing the last answer, with the answer given to the head clerk."

"Quite right," and went on with his questions.

"The priest who married you, who was Ambrose Redman—a young man recently appointed to his clerical duties?"

"Yes."

"Did he ask if you were both Roman Catholics?"

"Yes."

"Did he ask anything more?"

"No."

"Are you sure he never inquired whether you had both been Catholics, for more than one year before you came to him to be married?"

"I am certain of it."

"He must have forgotten that part of his duty—or, being only a beginner, he may well have been ignorant of it, altogether. Did neither you nor the lady think of informing him on the point?"

"Neither I, nor the lady, knew there was any necessity for informing him."

Mr. Delamayn folded up the manuscript, and put it back in his pocket.

"Right," he said, "in every particular."

Mr. Vanborough's swarthy complexion slowly turned pale. He cast one furtive glance at Mr. Kendrew, and turned away again.

"Well," he said to the lawyer, "now for your opinion! What is the law?"

"The law," answered Mr. Delamayn, "is beyond doubt or dispute. Your marriage with Miss Anne Silvester is no marriage at all."

"Mr. Kendrew started to his feet."

"What do you mean?" he asked sternly.

The rising solicitor lifted the eyebrows in polite surprise. If Mr. Kendrew wanted information, why should Mr. Kendrew ask for it in that way? "Do you wish me to go into law of the case?" he inquired.

"I do."
Mr. Delamayn stated the law, as that law still stands—to the disgrace of the English Legislature, and the English Nation.

"By the Irish Statute of George the Second," he said, "every marriage, celebrated by a Popish priest between two Protestants, or between a Papist and any person who has been a Protestant within twelve months before the marriage, is declared null and void. And by two other Acts of the same reign such a celebration of marriage is made a felony on the part of the priest. The clergy in Ireland of other religious denominations have been relieved from this law. But it still remains in force, so far as the Roman Catholic priesthood is concerned."

"Is such a state of things possible, in the age we live in!" exclaimed Mr. Kendrew.

Mr. Delamayn smiled. He had outgrown the customary illusions as to the age we live in.

"There are other instances in which the Irish marriage-law presents some curious anomalies of its own," he went on. "It is felony, as I have just told you, for a Roman Catholic priest to celebrate a marriage which may be lawfully celebrated by a parochial clergyman, a Presbyterian minister, and a Nonconformist minister. It is also felony (by another law) on the part of a parochial clergyman to celebrate a marriage that may be lawfully celebrated by a Roman Catholic priest. And it is again felony (by yet another law) for a Presbyterian minister and a Nonconformist minister to celebrate a marriage which may be lawfully celebrated by a clergyman of the Established Church. An odd state of things. Foreigners might possibly think it a scandalous state of things. In this country, we don't appear to mind it.—Returning to the present case, the results stand thus:—Mr. Vanborough is a single man; Mrs. Vanborough is a single woman; their child is illegitimate, and the priest, Ambrose Redman, is liable to be tried, and punished, as a felon, for marrying them."

"An infamous law!" said Mr. Kendrew.

"It is the law," returned Mr. Delamayn, as a sufficient answer to him.

Thus far, not a word had escaped the master of the house. He sat with his lips fast closed, and his eyes riveted on the table, thinking.

Mr. Kendrew turned to him, and broke the silence.

"Am I to understand," he asked "that the advice you wanted from me, related to this?"

"Yes."

"You mean to tell me that, foreseeing the present interview and the result to which it might lead, you felt any doubt as to the course you were bound to take? Am I really to understand that you hesitate to set this dreadful

mistake right, and to make the woman who is your wife in the sight of Heaven, your wife in the sight of the law?"

"If you choose to put it in that light," said Mr. Vanborough; "if you won't consider—"

"I want a plain answer to my question—yes, or no?"

"Let me speak, will you! A man has a right to explain himself, I suppose."

Mr. Kendrew stopped him by a gesture of disgust.

"I won't trouble you to explain yourself," he said. "I prefer to leave the house. You have given me a lesson, sir, which I shall not forget. I find that one man may have known another from the days when they were both boys, and may have seen nothing but the false surface of him in all that time. I am ashamed of having ever been your friend. You are a stranger to me, from this moment."

With those words, he left the room.

"That is a curious hot-headed man," remarked Mr. Delamayn. "If you will allow me, I think I'll change my mind. I'll have a glass of wine."

Mr. Vanborough rose to his feet without replying, and took a turn in the room impatiently. Scoundrel as he was—in intention, if not yet in act—the loss of the oldest friend he had in the world, staggered him—for the moment.

"This is an awkward business, Delamayn," he said. "What would you advise me to do?"

Mr. Delamayn shook his head, and sipped his claret.

"I decline to advise you," he answered. "I take no responsibility, beyond the responsibility of stating the law as it stands, in your case."

Mr. Vanborough sat down again at the table, to consider the alternative of asserting or not asserting his freedom from the marriage tie. He had not much time thus far, for turning the matter over in his mind. But for his residence on the Continent, the question of the flaw in his marriage might, no doubt, have been raised long since. As things were, the question had only taken its rise in a chance conversation with Mr. Delamayn in the summer of that year.

For some minutes the lawyer sat silent, sipping his wine, and the husband sat silent, thinking his own thoughts. The first charge that came over the scene was produced by the appearance of a servant in the dining-room.

Mr. Vanborough looked up at the man with a sudden outbreak of anger.

"What do you want here?"

The man was a well-bred English servant. In other words, a human machine, doing its duty impenetrably when it was once wound up. He had his words to speak—and he spoke them.

"There is a lady at the door, sir, who wishes to see the house."

"The house is not to be seen at this time of the evening."

The machine had a message to deliver—and delivered it.

"The lady desired me to present her apologies, sir. I was to tell you she was much pressed for time. This was the last house on the house-agent's list—and her coachman is stupid about finding his way in strange places."

"Hold your tongue!—and tell the lady to go to the devil!"

Mr. Delamayn interfered—partly in the interests of his client; partly interests of propriety.

"You attach some importance, I think to letting this house as soon as possible?" he said.

"Of course I do!"

"Is it wise—on account of a momentary annoyance—to lose an opportunity of laying your hand on a tenant?"

"Wise or not, it's an infernal nuisance to be disturbed by a stranger."

"Just as you please. I don't wish to interfere. I only wish to say—in case you are thinking of my convenience as your guest—that it will be no nuisance to me."

The servant impenetrably waited. Mr. Vanborough impatiently gave way.

"Very well. Let her in. Mind! if she comes here, she's only to look into the room, and go out again. If she wants to ask questions, she must go to the agent."

Mr. Delamayn interfered once more—in the interests, this time, of the lady of the house.

"Might it not be desirable," he suggested, "to consult Mrs. Vanborough, before you quite decide?"

"Where's your mistress?"

"In the garden, or the paddock, sir—I am not sure which."

"We can't send all over the ground in search of her. Tell the housemaid—and show the lady in."

The servant withdrew. Mr. Delamayn helped to a second glass of wine.

"Excellent claret," he said. "Do you get it direct from Bordeaux?"

There was no answer. Mr. Vanborough had returned to the contemplation of the alternative between freeing himself, or not freeing himself, from the marriage tie. One of his elbows was on the table. He bit fiercely at his finger-nails. He muttered between his teeth, "What am I to do?"

A sound of rustling silk made itself gently audible in the passage outside. The door opened—and the lady who had come to see the house appeared in the dining-room.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.—A tale of Athens. By Sir Edward Creasy, M.A.

This book has marks of a pure love and a great knowledge of classic lore, also of a highly cultivated mind generally. The author carries us back more than 2000 years with admirable ease. Some may think the style of conversation employed and the description given of habits and customs, as existing in those days, too modern for the proper sustaining of the requisite illusion. But if a translation of Pliny's letters, for instance, be read—and the remark applies equally to the Grecians—it is very perceptible that society and the manner in which speakers and writers expressed themselves centuries ago were, after all, little dissimilar to the characteristics of such matters in the present age.

The story—a fascinating one—opens with an

account of the march of Leon, a celebrated Athenian, to Plataea, then about to be besieged, after a winter's quiet, by Lacedaemonians and Thebans with unwearied vigour. He was to take command of the force at Plataea, which would assuredly need every advantage it could obtain by the instructions, valour, and example of an officer so efficient as Leon had proved himself to be. He and his small band, when approaching the end of their march, came upon some Megarian brigades, who appeared to guard strictly a litter conveyed by two mules. After a spirited encounter, and eventually a victory over the marauders, the litter was opened, and found to contain a lady bound hand and foot. Several of the party soon recognised the captive as one of the brilliant beauties of Athens, who had lately shone in the circle formed around Pericles and Aspasia. Their General, when this charming prize was brought before him, started at beholding the face of one to whom he had from time to time in vain proffered his love. The scornful girl, Atalanta by name, had deemed him too arrogant, too fond of displaying his superiority, and had disliked him accordingly. We have next a recital of the entrance into Plataea, the illness of Atalanta after the fatigue, anxiety, and pain, which arose from her abduction by the brigands, the attention paid her by a kind and skilful old nurse, as directed by Leon, and her recovery. Meanwhile the besieging force had settled under the walls of the city. An unsuccessful attempt at taking it by storm had occurred. But a much fiercer one being expected that offered itself of her escaping to Athens in the disguise of a Scythian archer, yet she firmly declined leaving Plataea. In despair at her having thus decided, he enquired why she would not quit the doomed spot. A reply was given in a low, distinct tone—"Leon, I love you." On hearing this declaration, Leon's wish that she should leave the scene of danger became still more vehement. Atalanta at last, seeming to acquiesce in his proposal, assumed the garb laid ready for her, and Leon imagined she had left Plataea in safety. The looked-for assault commenced next morning, and in a most formidable manner. All night the besiegers had been bringing down pine and other wood from Mount Citharon and piling it round the walls. Afterwards, having poured in sulphur and pitch, they set fire to the whole mass. To the terrible heat and smoke thus rapidly engendered, Leon succumbed and lay helpless. But a cruise of water was held to his lips. Looking up, he was beneath the helmet of an apparent soldier, the beautiful features of Atalanta. Perceiving that he new her, she whispered, "Forgive me for deceiving you. I could not leave you. We must die together." But the city was not thus to fall. Dark clouds accumulated over it, and torrents of rain succeeding rapidly quenched the flames. The garrison felt assured that their tutelary gods had intervened and rescued them from destruction. Encouraged by the omen, they rushed to the walls and repelled their assailants, who were awe-struck at what they also considered a superhuman interposition. One body of men, however, dashed into the town. The Corinthian General Timarchus and an ally led the corps. Atalanta, of whom the former came in search—for him it was the Megarian brigand who had carried her off in the mole-fight—being recognised again, fell into the detested General's power, leaving Leon cooped up in the city, which the enemy now determined on reducing by famine. The adventures of Atalanta are next recorded. By the aid of Timarchus's ally, Diphlus, now turned into a foe, owing to faith not having been kept with him, her escape from the General's tent is effected, and then all her energies are devoted to the object of striving to relieve the beleaguered garrison, Leon, of course being met in her thoughts. To state how she and her companion eventually reached Athens, how Chremylus, the banker, an old friend of Atalanta's, afforded his advice and assistance, how it was agreed to try bribery with those who could bring about a raising of the siege, so that all imprisoned in Plataea might issue forth without injury, how the trusty Diphlus and his charge sallied away for the purpose of realising this idea, and how long a period elapsed ere the latter again met Leon, would occupy too much space. Return we then to the fortunes of the hero. The helmet and shield of Atalanta being found near a confused mass of charred bodies, no doubt existed as to her having been killed, the apparent certainty of which calamity plunged the faithful maiden's lover into the wildest misery. We now come to a period during which Leon, the hero of the day, recommenced life in Athens, visiting his friends going to entertainments, and for the most part, passing his time agreeably. To sorrow, reflections, however, he would frequently be a prey. The image of the noble girl whose love for him had, he could not question, caused her untimely death, was ever and anon before him, and saddened many a moment. After awhile he began to sigh for active service again; on this occasion a naval expedition had attractions for him. Having inspected a vessel that had been brought into the docks considerably injured, and feeling convinced that with proper repairing she would be everything that he could desire, he resolved to propose to the authorities that he should have her put into complete order and fit her out at his own expense, on the understanding that he should be appointed to the Trierarchy. His offer met with a cordial welcome, so day after day he was down at the docks, accompanied by his true friend, Lysis, whose request that he might serve under him had been granted. Well would it have fared with Leon had he devoted his attention entirely to naval matters. Alas! a graceful being, formed to love deeply, even to the death, had already, although unwittingly, gained some notice from the hero of Plataea when she appeared in a procession as a canopha, or bearer of a sacred basket, the attitude of which officiating maiden displayed her figure to the best advantage. Aristippus, a wealthy Athenian, invited Leon to a banquet shortly after this vision had passed under his gaze, and at the festive board Evadne—such was her name—appeared as a guest, escorted by her aunt, Timoclea. On the following day Leon accompanied some friends to the house where Timoclea and her niece, together with a nephew, resided. Evadne was sitting apart, exploring maps, with the object of tracing the line of march from Plataea to Athens and the scenes of the exploits mentioned at Aristippus's feast. A little embarrassment and a slight trembling of the hand on her greeting Leon by no means displeased the latter. He spoke of his new ship, showed drawings of her, and promised to send a model. When the visitors had gone Charmides, Evadne's brother, took occasion to blame Leon's conduct in an incident connected with Socrates. His sister warmly defended the accused, and finally bursting into tears left the apartment. After this occurrence Leon soon came daily to the house as Evadne's acknowledged suitor, and eventually the betrothal formally took place, when all present at the ceremony were invited to attend the wedding on the day month. Yet the favoured

Athenian could not entirely set aside the remembrance of certain events at Plataea. He told his friend Lysis the roots of the old love still existed: the growth of the new love was tangled among them miserably. But a sudden separation was at hand. Tidings arrived that Phormio, the great Athenian admiral, had died at Naupactus, and he must at once be replaced by a competent officer. The Board of War thought of Leon, and implored him to sail instantly to the Corinthian Gulf. He at last consented to do so. On the following day Leon came to say the farewell. His betrothed one placed in his hands a flag which she had worked for his ship, and, bestowing kisses on both banner and bearer, she restrained her tears till her lover had departed, when she fainted and remained for hours in paroxysms of grief. It is best at this point to cease continuing a summary of the narrative. Suffice it then to say that sea fights and other adventures are vividly depicted, hopes, fears, joys, disappointments, are alternately rife; until we reach the final catastrophe, for anticipating which we should scarcely be thanked.

CHARLES DICKENS'S LAST WORDS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY NEWS.

Sir,—Much as I should have continued to prize to my dying day the enclosed letter of our dear friend, Charles Dickens, I should never have entertained the idea of printing it without the consent of the author or his representatives, except for the fact of its having been probably one of the last he ever wrote, and for its expression of sentiments, which I am sure it will be a pleasure to thousands of his readers to be permitted to peruse and to peruse at once.

That the public may exactly understand the circumstances under which it was written, I am bound to explain that it is a reply to a letter which I addressed to him in reference to a passage in the tenth chapter of "Edwin Drood," respecting which I ventured to suggest that—without the slightest intention (I was persuaded) of hurting the sincere religious feelings of any of his readers—he had perhaps for the moment forgotten that the figure of speech alluded to by him, in a way which, to my certain knowledge, was distasteful to some of his admirers, was drawn from a passage of Holy Writ which is greatly revered by a large number of his countrymen as a prophetic description of the sufferings of our Saviour. Kindly and Christianly as I believe my letter was worded, I certainly would not have written it, if I could have seen only a few hours into the future. I told him that, exemplary as had been his castigation of religious pretenders, I was assured he could no more say anything deliberately, to hurt the feelings of rebeld and honest people, than he could write the divinity of Habelais or Swift: that I was myself but indifferently religious (as Hamlet would have said), and that if the passage grated upon my mind, it would grate still more harshly upon the minds of many others whom I was sure, he would not willingly offend. The letter which I send you is Charles Dickens's reply to mine, and it is one of which neither he nor his dearest friends can have need to be ashamed. It appears to me a satisfactory reply, because I think it indicates that if the point of view which I suggested had occurred to him in the first instance he would have avoided the allusion altogether; for although the figure may have been so often used on inappropriate occasions, he, I am sure, would not have wished to follow the bad example. Whatever the result of our friendly discussion might have been (for I was thinking over my reply to him on my way to business when I saw the astounding announcement of his death), I cannot but be glad to have in my possession Charles Dickens's last words—and such words—as to be able to lay them before his thousands of admiring and mourning friends.—I am, &c., J. M. M.

"Gad's Hill-place, Higham by Rochester, Kent, Wednesday, the 8th June, 1870."

"DEAR SIR.—It would be quite inconceivable to me—but for your letter—that any reasonable reader could possibly attach a scriptural reference to a passage in a book of mine, reproducing a much abused social figure of speech, inappressed into all sorts of service, on all sorts of inappropriate occasions without the faintest connection of it with its original source. I am truly shocked to find that any reader can make the mistake. I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of our Saviour; because I feel it; and because I re-wrote that history for my children—every one of whom knew it from having it repeated to them, long before they could read, and almost as soon as they could speak. But I have never made proclamation of this from the house-tops."

Faithfully yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

DICKENS'S LAST LETTER.—The *Madras Athenaeum* says, "Mr. Charles Kent has kindly consented to the printing, by our London namesake, of what is in all probability the last letter that Mr. Dickens wrote. On Thursday, when Mr. Kent went to keep the appointment, Mr. Dickens was lying unconscious and was within a very few hours of his death. The 'opal enjoyments' referred to in the letter are the 'Gad's-hill-place, Higham-by-Rochester, Kent, Wednesday, June 8, 1870.' My dear Kent,—To-morrow is a very bad day for me to make a call, as in addition to my usual office business, have a mass of accounts to settle. But I hope I may be ready for you at 3 o'clock. If I can't be, why then I shan't be. You must really get rid of these opal enjoyments. They are too overpowering.—Those violent delights have violent ends. I think it was a father of your Church who made the wise remark to a young gentleman who got up early (or stayed out late) at Verona? Ever affectionately, Charles Dickens. To Charles Kent, Esq." The pictures and other objects of art which belonged to Mr. Dickens are to be sold by auction by Messrs. Christie and Manson. His library he has left to his eldest son. His manuscripts and papers are at present in the hands of his executors, Mr. Forster and Miss Hogarth. All the *Year Round* has been left to his eldest son by Mr. Dickens in a codicil appended to his will only a week before his death. Mr. C. Dickens, jun., has for some time been acting editor of the journal, and in a gracefully written address, which appears in the last number, he declares his resolution to conduct the journal in the same spirit in which his father conducted it, and aided by the contributors who have hitherto contributed to it. At the present moment it is difficult to speak with entire precision, but the *Athenaeum* is authorized to say that Mr. Dickens has left the *Mystery of Edwin Drood* in a very advanced state, but that, as if he had a presentiment of his decease, he had at the outset arranged equitable terms of accommodation in case the novel were stopped before it was completed.

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