



# The Ceylon Times

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

## THE KANDY HERALD.

VOL. 31.

COLOMBO: FRIDAY, JULY 29th, 1870.

No. 60.

### 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.	4	11, 15, 26	10	9	7	23
For Pondicherry, Madras and Calcutta.	6	17	14	12	9	7

Passengers for London can obtain at Marseilles Railway tickets direct, either via Calais, Boulogne, or via Dieppe and Newhaven at the following rates, viz: Via Calais or Boulogne Fr. 175. 12 0 0  
Dieppe and Newhaven 134 15 0 0  
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.

H. AUER, AGENT.

#### 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	8	5	3	2	14
Bombay.	25	22	19	17	15	12
Madras and Calcutta.	24	21	18	16	15	12
Straits and China.	13	10	7	5	3	2
Australia.	13	10	7	5	3	2

#### Rates of Passage Money.

To Suez	£55	To King George's Sound	£30
Southampton	85	Melbourne or Sydney	40
Marseilles	80	Penang	20
Bombay	16	Singapore	30
Madras	10	Hong Kong	54
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. 50  
European Servants..... 48. 50  
Native do..... 24. 50

\* 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 Negapatnam, Madras, 17th, 8th & Cochin, 22nd Aug. 23rd Aug. 24th Aug. 25th Aug. 26th Aug. 27th Aug. 28th Aug. 29th Aug. 30th Aug. 31st Aug. 1st Sept. 2nd Sept. 3rd Sept. 4th Sept. 5th Sept. 6th Sept. 7th Sept. 8th Sept. 9th Sept. 10th Sept. 11th Sept. 12th Sept. 13th Sept. 14th Sept. 15th Sept. 16th Sept. 17th Sept. 18th Sept. 19th Sept. 20th Sept. 21st Sept. 22nd Sept. 23rd Sept. 24th Sept. 25th Sept. 26th Sept. 27th Sept. 28th Sept. 29th Sept. 30th Sept. 1st Oct. 2nd Oct. 3rd Oct. 4th Oct. 5th Oct. 6th Oct. 7th Oct. 8th Oct. 9th Oct. 10th Oct. 11th Oct. 12th Oct. 13th Oct. 14th Oct. 15th Oct. 16th Oct. 17th Oct. 18th Oct. 19th Oct. 20th Oct. 21st Oct. 22nd Oct. 23rd Oct. 24th Oct. 25th Oct. 26th Oct. 27th Oct. 28th Oct. 29th Oct. 30th Oct. 31st Oct. 1st Nov. 2nd Nov. 3rd Nov. 4th Nov. 5th Nov. 6th Nov. 7th Nov. 8th Nov. 9th Nov. 10th Nov. 11th Nov. 12th Nov. 13th Nov. 14th Nov. 15th Nov. 16th Nov. 17th Nov. 18th Nov. 19th Nov. 20th Nov. 21st Nov. 22nd Nov. 23rd Nov. 24th Nov. 25th Nov. 26th Nov. 27th Nov. 28th Nov. 29th Nov. 30th Nov. 1st Dec. 2nd Dec. 3rd Dec. 4th Dec. 5th Dec. 6th Dec. 7th Dec. 8th Dec. 9th Dec. 10th Dec. 11th Dec. 12th Dec. 13th Dec. 14th Dec. 15th Dec. 16th Dec. 17th Dec. 18th Dec. 19th Dec. 20th Dec. 21st Dec. 22nd Dec. 23rd Dec. 24th Dec. 25th Dec. 26th Dec. 27th Dec. 28th Dec. 29th Dec. 30th Dec. 31st Dec.

FOR BOMBAY—Calling at Tuticorin, Cochin, Calicut, 19th and 26th Beypore, Cannanore, 23rd Aug. 24th Aug. 25th Aug. 26th Aug. 27th Aug. 28th Aug. 29th Aug. 30th Aug. 31st Aug. 1st Sept. 2nd Sept. 3rd Sept. 4th Sept. 5th Sept. 6th Sept. 7th Sept. 8th Sept. 9th Sept. 10th Sept. 11th Sept. 12th Sept. 13th Sept. 14th Sept. 15th Sept. 16th Sept. 17th Sept. 18th Sept. 19th Sept. 20th Sept. 21st Sept. 22nd Sept. 23rd Sept. 24th Sept. 25th Sept. 26th Sept. 27th Sept. 28th Sept. 29th Sept. 30th Sept. 1st Oct. 2nd Oct. 3rd Oct. 4th Oct. 5th Oct. 6th Oct. 7th Oct. 8th Oct. 9th Oct. 10th Oct. 11th Oct. 12th Oct. 13th Oct. 14th Oct. 15th Oct. 16th Oct. 17th Oct. 18th Oct. 19th Oct. 20th Oct. 21st Oct. 22nd Oct. 23rd Oct. 24th Oct. 25th Oct. 26th Oct. 27th Oct. 28th Oct. 29th Oct. 30th Oct. 31st Oct. 1st Nov. 2nd Nov. 3rd Nov. 4th Nov. 5th Nov. 6th Nov. 7th Nov. 8th Nov. 9th Nov. 10th Nov. 11th Nov. 12th Nov. 13th Nov. 14th Nov. 15th Nov. 16th Nov. 17th Nov. 18th Nov. 19th Nov. 20th Nov. 21st Nov. 22nd Nov. 23rd Nov. 24th Nov. 25th Nov. 26th Nov. 27th Nov. 28th Nov. 29th Nov. 30th Nov. 1st Dec. 2nd Dec. 3rd Dec. 4th Dec. 5th Dec. 6th Dec. 7th Dec. 8th Dec. 9th Dec. 10th Dec. 11th Dec. 12th Dec. 13th Dec. 14th Dec. 15th Dec. 16th Dec. 17th Dec. 18th Dec. 19th Dec. 20th Dec. 21st Dec. 22nd Dec. 23rd Dec. 24th Dec. 25th Dec. 26th Dec. 27th Dec. 28th Dec. 29th Dec. 30th Dec. 31st Dec.

ALSTONS, SCOTT & Co., Agents.

#### NOTICE.

THE AGENT of the Messageries Impériales 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 promenade passage. These passengers will find in the second deck well-ventilated cabins, the third deck cabins being abolished for the first and second classes. The meals of the second class differ 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  
DECK PASSAGE..... £23 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 Batticaloa and Intermediate Ports.

The Schooner "ARION".  
Captain JAMES WORSLEY.

WILL SAIL as above on or before Tuesday, 28th instant.

For freight or passage, Apply to W. MOREY, or to the Master on board.

### SALES BY AUCTION.

#### SALE OF VALUABLE LAND

CALLER  
BOROLUKETIYE LANDE,  
Situated at Hincinangle in the Calcutta District

MESSRS. VENN & Co. are instructed by the Trustees of the Estate of Ossen Lebbe Maricar, Esq., to sell at the Calcutta 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 Calcutta, 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 Messrs. C. SHAND & Co. to sell at their Rooms, on Wednesday the 3rd 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 Mons. I. M. A. MONTCLAIR, formerly of Ceylon, but now residing at Pondicherry. The Policy is for £1,000 with profits. The half yearly premium £23 16s. 8d. The amount already paid up is £748 0 0.

#### MESSRS. VENN & Co.

ARE instructed to sell without reserve on Wednesday, the 3rd of August, at their Rooms, THE EFFECTS OF THE

Colombo Philharmonic Society

consisting of

A VALUABLE PIANO FORTE

made expressly to suit the climate (Cost 85 guineas)

AND

SUNDRY MUSIC, AS FOLLOWS:

Acis and Galatea 12th Mass Mozart

Alexander's Feast Handel Stabat Mater Rossini

The Messiah St. Paul Mendel

Sir Henry Bishop's Gleesymphony of Praise 24 part songs for open air

for open air

#### AUCTION

AT NEWERA ELLIA.

THE UNDERSIGNED is instructed to sell at Mr. W. KELLON'S Store, on Monday and Tuesday, the 15th and 16th August—

A LARGE QUANTITY OF

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

GLASS AND CROCKERY,

PORT, SHERRY, GINGER WINE,

BEER AND PORTER,

some half-bred

ENGLISH CATTLE,

OILMANSTONES,

&c. &c.

ARTHUR BULLOCK.

#### SALE OF INDIAN HORSES.

THE UNDERSIGNED is instructed to sell on Wednesday, the 3rd of August next, at 2 P. M., opposite the Esplanade, Fort, Colombo.

14 INDIAN HORSES

just arrived.

To be seen at the Stables, No. 2 mile-post, Cinnamon-gardens.

H. D. GABRIEL.

#### AT THE REQUEST of the Administrator of the Estate of the late OVEN CAMPBELL, Esq.,

and by order of Court, the Undersigned is instructed to sell on Wednesday, the 10th of August next, at 4 P. M., on the spot,

AN ALLOTMENT OF LAND,

situated in the Maradahn Cinnamon Garden, within the Gravets of Colombo, Western Province, bounded on the North by land purchased by Franchise Bikerjee, on the South-East by land purchased by Cowasjee Eduljee, on the South by land reserved for public purposes, and on the North-West by land purchased by Andris Peris, containing in extent two acres as per survey and description by Lieut. Colonel Charles Sim, Surveyor General, bearing date the 4th November, 1864, No. 62,829.

H. D. GABRIEL.

#### THE UNDERSIGNED is instructed to sell at the Cotachina Mills, Colombo, on Saturday, the 30th instant, to commence at noon—

A SCREW PRESS for baling Gunny Bags or Coir Yarn,

A PEELER TROUGH, A BONE CRUSHER,

A CAST IRON SUGAR BOILER AND PIPING,

A LOT OF DOOR AND WINDOW SHUTTERS,

Venetian Doors, Railings and Verandah Posts,

ALSO

Empty Bottles, Tin Boxes, and Oil Cans.

H. D. GABRIEL.

#### 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.

#### FISCAL'S SALE.

No. 52,762.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT of KANDY.

Udawalana Loku Banda..... Plaintiff.

VS.

Wewagammedda Dahanayakegedere

Kiri Menika..... 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.

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

All that Chena now Coffee Garden, called Talaghamulawatta, said to be of three paces in extent more or less, both situated at Elkaduwa in the Udasyapattu of Matale South.

G. S. WILLIAMS, Deputy Fiscal.

Deputy Fiscal's Matale, 11th July, 1870.

#### FISCAL'S SALE.

No. 52,813.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT of KANDY.

D. M. Jayewardene..... 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.

A Godditterepela of 1 pels, and the adjoining

Wanate of 3 kurunies, with the Tiled Upstairs Building thereon, situated at Kandangae in Kandupalate of Yatinuwera.

T. E. B. SKINNER, Fiscal.

Fiscal's Office, Kandy, 12th July, 1870.

#### MERCANTILE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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.

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.

Barclay Perkin's

BROWN STOUT PORTER

£6 10s. per Hhd.

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.,

Trincomalee Street, Kandy, 19th November, 1869.

#### Ex Steamer "Surbiton."

SPANISH CORKS, FOR QUARTS AND PINTS

LEE, HEDGES & Co.

Colombo, 20th April, 1870.

#### FOR SALE.

At the Rooms of the Undersigned:

SPARKLING CHAMPAGNE Quarts @ 30s. per doz.

Do. Pints @ 18s. do

BERRY'S "LION" ALE in cases @ 8s. 6d. do

each 4 dozen qts., @ 15s. do

SOUND BREAKFAST CLARET..... @ 25s. do

CHATEAU LA ROSE CLARET..... @ 60s. do

STEINWEIN..... @ 60s. do

The above are Cash Prices.

J. AUWARDT.

#### BEST FAMILY BEEF,

AND

PIGS JOWLS.

A FURTHER supply just received in prime order in Kegs of 50 lbs. each.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

at 45s. per keg and 1s. per lb. Cash.

J. AUWARDT.

#### SINCLAIR'S CELEBRATED YORK HAMS.

JUST LANDED PER STEAMER

in prime order,

Each weighing from 15 to 18 lb.

at 1s. 6d. per lb. Cash.

J. AUWARDT.

#### MESSRS. BISSET & 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







COLOMBO:—JULY 29th, 1870.

## MAN AND WIFE.

By Wilkie Collins.

### PROLOGUE.—THE VILLA AT HAMPSHIRE.

#### IV.

She was tall and elegant; beautifully dressed, in the happiest combination of simplicity and splendour. A light summer veil hung over her face. She lifted it, and made her apologies for disturbing the gentlemen over their wine, with the unaffected ease and grace of a highly-bred woman.

'Pray accept my excuses for this intrusion. I am ashamed to disturb you. One look at the room will be quite enough.'

Thus far, she had addressed Mr. Delamayn who happened to be nearest to her. Looking round the room, her eye fell on Mr. Vanborough. She started—with a loud exclamation of astonishment. 'You!' she said.

Good heavens! who would have thought of meeting you here?

Mr. Vanborough, on his side, stood petrified.

'Lady Jane!' he exclaimed. 'Is it possible?'

He bravely looked at her while he spoke. His eyes wandered guiltily towards the window which led into the garden. The situation was a terrible one—equally terrible if his wife discovered Lady Jane, or if Lady Jane discovered his wife. For the moment, nobody was visible on the lawn. There was time—if the chance only offered—there was time for him to get the visitor out of the house. The visitor, innocent of all knowledge of the truth, gaily offered him her hand.

'I believe in mesmerism for the first time,' she said. 'This is an instance of magnetic sympathy, Mr. Vanborough. An invalid friend of mine wants a furnished house at Hampstead. I undertook to find one for her—and the day I select to make the discovery is the day you select for dining with a friend. A last house at Hampstead is left on my list—and in that house, I meet you. Astonishing!' She turned to Mr. Delamayn. 'I presume I am addressing the owner of the house?' Before a word could be said by either of the gentlemen, she noticed the garden? I hope I have not driven her away.' She looked round, and appealed to Mr. Vanborough. 'Your friend's wife?' she asked—and, on this occasion, waited for a reply.

In Mr. Vanborough's situation, what reply was possible?

Mrs. Vanborough was not only visible—but audible—in the garden giving her orders to one of the out-of-door servants, with the tone and manner which proclaimed the mistress of the house. Suppose he said, 'She is not my friend's wife?' female curiosity would inevitably put the next question, 'Who is she?' Suppose he invented an explanation? The explanation would take time—and time would give his wife an opportunity of discovering Lady Jane. Seeing all these considerations in one breathless moment. Mr. Vanborough took the shortest and the boldest way out of the difficulty. He answered silently by an affirmative inclination of the head, which dextrously turned Mrs. Vanborough into Mrs. Delamayn, without allowing Mr. Delamayn the opportunity of hearing it.

But the lawyer's eye was habitually watchful—and the lawyer saw him.

Mastering in a moment his first natural astonishment at the liberty taken with him, Mr. Delamayn drew the inevitable conclusion that there was something wrong, and that there was an attempt (not to be permitted for a moment) to mix him up in it. He advanced, resolute to contradict his client, to his client's own face.

The voluble Lady Jane interrupted him, before he could open his lips.

'Might I ask one question? Is the aspect south? Of course it is!—I ought to see by the sun that the aspect is south. These, and the other two, are, I suppose, the only rooms on the ground-floor? And is it quiet? Of course it's quiet! A charming house. Far more likely to suit my friend than any I have seen yet. Will you give me the refusal of it till to-morrow? There she stopped for breath and gave Mr. Delamayn his first opportunity of speaking to her.

'I beg your ladyship's pardon,' he began. 'I really can't—'

Mr. Vanborough—passing close behind him, and whispering as he passed—stopped the lawyer before he could say a word more. 'For God's sake don't contradict me! My wife is coming this way!'

At the same moment (still supposing that Mr. Delamayn was the master of the house) Lady Jane returned to the charge.

'You appear to feel some hesitation,' she said. 'Do you want a reference?' She smiled satirically, and summoned her friend to her aid. Mr. Vanborough.

Mr. Vanborough, stealing step by step nearer to the window—intent, come what might of it, on keeping his wife out of the room—neither heeded nor heard her. Lady

Jane followed him, and tapped him briskly on the shoulder with her parasol.

At that moment, Mrs. Vanborough appeared, on the garden side of the window.

'Am I in the way?' she asked addressing her husband, after one steady look at Lady Jane. 'This lady appears to be an old friend of yours.' There was a tone of sarcasm, in that allusion to the parasol, which might develop into a tone of jealousy, at a moment's notice.

Lady Jane was not in the least disconcerted. She had her double privilege of familiarity with the men whom she liked—her privilege as a woman of high rank, and her privilege as a young widow. She bowed to Mrs. Vanborough, with all the highly-finished politeness of the order to which she belonged.

'The lady of the house, I presume?' she said, with a gracious smile.

Mrs. Vanborough returned the bow coldly—entered the room first—and then answered, 'Yes.'

Lady Jane turned to Mr. Vanborough.

'Present me!' she said, submitting resignedly to the formalities of the middle classes.

Mr. Vanborough obeyed, without looking at his wife, and without mentioning his wife's name.

'Lady Jane Parnell,' he said, passing over the introduction as rapidly as possible. 'Let me see you to your carriage,' he added offering his arm. 'I will take care that you have the refusal of the house. You may trust it all to me.'

No! Lady Jane was accustomed to leave a favourable impression behind her, wherever she went. It was a habit with her to be charming (in widely different ways) to both sexes. The social experience of the upper classes is, in England, and experience to universal welcome. Lady Jane declined to leave, until she had thawed the icy reception of the lady of the house.

'I must repeat my apologies,' she said to Mrs. Vanborough, 'for coming at this inconvenient time. My intrusion appears to have sadly disturbed the two gentlemen. Mr. Vanborough looks as if he wished me a hundred miles away. And as for your husband—' she stopped, and glanced toward Mr. Delamayn. 'Pardon me for speaking in that familiar way. I have not the pleasure of knowing your husband's name.'

In speechless amazement, Mrs. Vanborough's eyes followed the direction of Lady Jane's eyes—and rested on the lawyer, personally a total stranger to her.

Mr. Delamayn, resolutely waiting his opportunity to speak, seized it once more—and held it, this time.

'I beg your pardon,' he said, 'There is some misapprehension here, for which I am in no way responsible. I am not that lady's husband.'

It was Lady Jane's turn to be astonished. She looked at the lawyer. Useless! Mr. Delamayn had set himself right—Mr. Delamayn declined to interfere further. He silently took a chair at the other end of the room. Lady Jane addressed Mr. Vanborough.

'Whatever the mistake may be,' she said, 'you are responsible for it. You certainly told me this lady was your friend's wife.'

'What!!!' cried Mrs. Vanborough—loudly, sternly, incredulously.

The inbred pride of the great lady began to appear, behind the thin outer veil of politeness that covered it.

'I will speak louder, if you wish it,' she said. 'Mr. Vanborough told me you were that gentleman's wife.'

Mr. Vanborough whispered fiercely to his wife, through his clenched teeth.

'The whole thing is a mistake. Go into the garden again!'

Mrs. Vanborough's indignation was suspended for the moment in dread, as she saw the passion and the terror struggling in her husband's face.

'How you look at me!' she said. 'How you speak to me!'

He only repeated, 'Go into the garden!'

Lady Jane began to perceive, what the lawyer had discovered some minutes previously—that there was something wrong in the villa at Hampstead. The lady of the house was a lady in an anomalous position of some kind. And as the house, to all appearance, belonged to Mr. Vanborough's friend, Mr. Vanborough's friend must (in spite of his recent disclaimer) be in some way responsible for it. Arriving, naturally enough, at this erroneous conclusion, Lady Jane's eyes rested for an instant on Mrs. Vanborough, with a keenly-contemptuous expression of inquiry which would have roused the spirit of the tamest woman in existence.

The implied insult stung the wife's sensitive nature to the quick. She turned once more to her husband—this time without flinching.

'Who is that woman?' she asked.

Lady Jane was equal to the emergency. The manner in which she wrapped herself up in her own virtue, without the slightest pretension, on the one hand, and, without

the slightest compromise, on the other, was a sight to see.

'Mr. Vanborough,' she said, 'you offered to take me to my carriage just now. I begin to understand that I had better have accepted the offer at once. Give me your arm.'

'Stop!' said Mrs. Vanborough, 'your ladyship's looks are looks of contempt; your ladyship's words can bear but one interpretation. I am innocently involved in some vile deception which I don't understand. But this I do know—I won't submit to be insulted in my own house. After what you have just said, I forbid my husband to give you his arm.'

Her husband!

Lady Jane looked at Mr. Vanborough—at Mr. Vanborough, whom she loved; whom she had honestly believed to be a single man; whom she had suspected, up to that moment, of nothing worse than of trying to screen the frailties of his friend. She dropped her highly-bred tone; she lost her highly-bred manners. The sense of her injury (if this was true), the pang of her jealousy (if that woman *was* his wife) stripped the human nature in her bare of all disguises, raised the angry colour in her cheeks, and struck the angry fire out of her eyes.

'If you can tell the truth, sir,' she said haughtily, 'be so good as to tell it now. Have you been falsely presenting yourself to the world—falsely presenting yourself to me—in the character, and with the aspirations, of a single man? Is that lady your wife?'

'Do you hear her? do you see her?' cried Mrs. Vanborough, appealing to her husband in her turn. She suddenly drew back from him, shuddering from head to foot. 'He hesitates!' she said to herself faintly. 'Good God! he hesitates!'

Lady Jane sternly repeated her question. 'Is that lady your wife?'

He roused his scoundrel-courage, and said the fatal word.

'No!'

Mrs. Vanborough staggered back. She caught at the white curtains of the window to save herself from falling, and tore them. She looked at her husband, with the torn curtain clutched fast in her hand. She asked herself, 'Am I mad? or is he?'

Lady Jane drew a deep breath of relief. He was not married! He was only a profligate single man. A profligate single man is shocking—but reclaimable. It is possible to blame him severely, and to insist on his reformation in the most uncompromising terms. It is also possible to forgive him, and marry him. Lady Jane took the necessary position, under the circumstances, with perfect tact. She inflicted reproof, in the present, without excluding hope, in the future.

'I have made a very painful discovery,' she said gravely to Mr. Vanborough. 'It rests with you to persuade me to forget it! Good evening.'

She accompanied the last words by a farewell look, which roused Mrs. Vanborough to frenzy. She sprang forward, and prevented Lady Jane from leaving the room.

'No!' she said. 'You don't go yet!'

Mr. Vanborough came forward to interfere. His wife eyed him with a terrible look, and turned from him with a contempt.

'That man has lied!' she said. 'In justice to myself, I insist on proving it!' She struck a bell on a table near her. The servant came in. 'Fetch my writing-desk out of the next room.' She waited—with her back turned on her husband, with her eyes fixed on Lady Jane. Defenceless and alone, she stood on the wreck of her married life, superior to the rival's contempt. At that dreadful moment, her beauty shone out again with a gleam of its old glory. The grand woman who, in the old stage days, had held thousands breathless over the mimic woes of the scene, stood there grander than ever, in her own woe, and held the three people who looked at her breathless till she spoke again.

The servant came in with the desk. She took out a paper, and handed it to Lady Jane.

'I was a singer on the stage,' she said, 'when I was a single woman. The slander to which such women are exposed, doubted my marriage. I provided myself with the paper in your hand. It speaks for itself. Even the highest society, madam, respects that!'

Lady Jane examined the paper. It was a marriage-certificate. She turned deadly pale and beckoned to Mr. Vanborough. 'Are you deceiving me?' she asked.

Mr. Vanborough looked back into the far corner of the room, in which the lawyer sat impenetrably waiting for events. 'Oblige me by coming here for a moment,' he said.

Mr. Delamayn rose, and complied with

the request. Mr. Vanborough addressed himself to Lady Jane.

'I beg to refer you to my man of business. He is not interested in deceiving you.' 'Am I required simply to speak to the fact?' asked Mr. Delamayn. 'I decline to do more.'

'You are not wanted to do more.'

Listening intently to that interchange of question and answer, Mrs. Vanborough advanced a step in silence. The high courage that had sustained her against outrage which had openly declared itself, shrank under the sense of something coming which she had not foreseen. A nameless dread throbbed at her heart, and crept among the roots of her hair.

Lady Jane handed the certificate to the lawyer.

'In two words, sir,' she said impatiently. 'What is this?'

'In two words, madam,' answered Mr. Delamayn. 'Waste paper.'

'He is not married?'

'He is not married.'

After a moment's hesitation, Lady Jane looked round at Mr. Vanborough, standing silent at her side—looked, and started back in terror. 'Take me away!' she cried, shrinking from the ghastly face that confronted her, with the fixed stare of agony in the great glittering eyes. 'Take me away! That woman will murder me!'

Mr. Vanborough gave her his arm, and led her to the door. There was dead silence in the room, as he did it. Step by step, the wife's eyes followed them, with the same dreadful stare, till the door closed, and shut them out. The lawyer, left alone with the disowned and deserted woman, put the useless certificate silently on the table. She looked from him to the paper—and dropped without a cry to warn him, without an effort to save herself, senseless at his feet.

He lifted her from the floor, and placed her on the sofa—and waited to see if Mr. Vanborough would come back. Looking at the beautiful face—still beautiful, even in the swoon—he owned it was hard on her. Yes! in his own impenetrable way, the rising lawyer owned it was hard on her.

But the law justified it. There was no doubt, in this case. The law justified it.

The trampling of horses and the grating of wheels sounded outside. Lady Jane's carriage was driving away. Would the husband come back? (See what a thing habit is! Even Mr. Delamayn still mechanically thought of him as the husband—in the face of the law! in the face of the facts!)

No. The minutes passed. And no sign of the husband coming back.

It was not wise to make a scandal in the house. It was not desirable (on his own sole responsibility) to let the servants see what had happened. Still, there she lay senseless. The cool evening air came in through the open window, and lifted the light ribbons in her lace cap, lifted the little lock of hair that had broken loose, and drooped over her neck. Still, there she lay—the wife who had loved him; the mother of his child—there she lay.

He stretched out his hand to ring the bell and summon help.

At the same moment, the quiet of the summer evening was once more disturbed. He held his hand suspended over the bell. The noise outside came nearer: It was again the trampling of horses and the grating of wheels. Advancing—rapidly advancing—stopping at the house.

Was Lady Jane coming back?

Was the husband coming back?

There was a loud ring at the bell—a quick opening of the house door—a rustling of a woman's dress in the passage. The door of the room opened, and the woman appeared—alone. Not Lady Jane. A stranger—older, years older, than Lady Jane. A plain woman perhaps, at other times. A woman almost beautiful, now, with the eager happiness that beamed in her face.

She saw the figure on the sofa. She ran to it with a cry—a cry of recognition and a cry of terror in one. She dropped on her knees—and laid that helpless head on her bosom, and kissed, with a sister's kisses that cold white cheek.

'Oh, my darling!' she said, 'Is it thus we meet again?'

Yes! After all the years that had passed since the parting in the cabin of the ship. It was thus the two school-friends met again.

### ODD RUNS AND WALKS.

When the beautiful Empress of the French, as one of the notabilities assembled in Egypt to take part in the Suez Canal ceremonies, was lately astonishing the Arabs and Fellahs of Cairo with her joyous runs through the bazaars and streets of that city—sometimes sitting beside the Khedive in an open carriage, sometimes careering along on donkey-back, but in either case exciting the astonishment of the Mussulmans and the envy of the ladies of the harem—she was preceded by running-footmen of the wildest and most

picturesque kind: They were swarthy, lithe, half-naked fellows, brandishing huge torches in the darkness of evening, and screaming out to scare away any and all who might otherwise impede the progress of the imperial and viceregal personages. Our puny attempts at a cavalcade must have been beaten all to nothing by this.

And yet the time was when running-footmen formed part of the establishment of our titled folks and county families. They used to run in front of the travelling carriage, when out on journeys of any considerable distance; partly to be at hand when the wheels stuck in the mud of the wretched roads, but chiefly to make a show in the eyes of the world. A speed of four or five miles an hour the men could maintain for several hours together; but when improved roads permitted a speed of six or seven miles to be kept up, the running-footmen gradually ceased to be employed. Sir Walter Scott mentions his having seen the state-coach of the Earl of Hope-town preceded in this way. The old Duke of Queensberry was one of the last who kept up this practice; and a story is told of a running-footman who displayed his agility by running off with his grace's livery while "showing his paces."

Of course many crack runners have made a noise and obtained fame, alike independent of the footman world and the sporting world. There was the Shoreditch tradesman, neither young nor slim, who in 1760 ran from the church in that street to Edmonton, eight miles, in fifty minutes. There was the shepherd who, in 1764, ran on Moulsey Hurst fifteen miles in eighty-eight minutes—at the rate of full ten miles an hour. Of course these achievements have been beaten by the professional racers, concerning whom it is not the purpose of the present article to speak. There was once a race between two men, one of whom was unfairly interrupted by an emissary of the other: he knocked the racer down, fell over him, picked himself up again, and won the race. There was a running match between a lady and a gentleman round the Steyne at Brighton in 1825: the gentleman ran well, but the lady ran better, and she won.

Nor is there any deficiency of walking achievements, irrespective of those by professional pedestrians, and sometimes marked by singular conditions. There was the attorney's clerk who in 1773, took a walk from London to York and back, and accomplished the whole four hundred miles between Monday morning and Saturday evening in one week. There was the Gloucestershire militiaman, about the same period, who walked from London to Bristol in a little less than twenty hours—so, at least, said the newspapers of the period. It would be interesting to know whether the "Young Irish Gentleman" performed the task on which a wager was laid in 1788, of "Walking from London to Constantinople and back within a year." We have no record of the result; but it may be presumed that he did not emulate the feat of walking on the sea, attributed by a lyrical authority to Teddy McGee, by which he wore his legs down to the knee. Among the odd walks which odd people have taken, may be mentioned that of picking up stones placed a yard apart, and carrying them singly to a basket: a walk or a run, this according to conditions. Then there is the formidable task of walking a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours, first performed by Captain Barclay; since outdone by a walk of a thousand quarter-miles in a thousand successive quarter-hours—a much more wearing and exhausting achievement, seeing that the runner must not rest or sleep so long as half an hour at any one time this foolish, health-ruining work was once attempted, be it observed, by a woman!

From men on foot to men on horseback the transition is natural. Some of the remarkable examples of speed on horseback have been performed by nonprofessional riders. Cardinal Wolsey won his first promotion in life by a quick journey. When chaplain to Henry the Seventh, he was sent from London on a special mission to the Emperor Maximilian in the Netherlands; he did the journey there and back in a little over two days, including the very slow and tedious sea passage out and home between Dover and Calais. When Robert Carey was sent from London to Edinburgh, to announce to King James the death of Queen Elizabeth, he performed the journey of four hundred miles in the daylight of three days. Stow relates that one Bernard Calvert went in 1621 from London to Calais and back, in seventeen hours; doing the land journey on horseback, and the channel voyage in a barge! by which was probably meant a heavy sailing boat. In 1745, an innkeeper named Thorahill rode from Stilton in Huntingdonshire to London, back to Stilton, and once again to London, accomplishing the whole two hundred and thirteen miles in twelve hours seventeen minutes: of course, with a good relay of horses. This was really a wonderful achievement, if reliable. Dick Turpin's ride we all know about; and let us never forget the immortal ride of Johnny Gilpin, of the verity of which we seem as certain as of anything in story. Of the doings on race-courses, we need only mention those in which ladies have been concerned. At the races in 1735, we find that the ladies' plate was ridden for, by women, in three heats and a final struggle. But the most notable lady in this class of achievements was probably Mrs. Thornton, the wife of Colonel Thornton. The colonel challenged Mr. Flint, in 1804, that Mrs. Thornton would contest a race with him on York race-course, for five hundred guineas as stake. The bet was accepted, and the race took place; the colonel leading the lady's horse to the starting-place. Mrs. Thornton took and kept the lead for the first three miles, when her horse failed, and her competitor won. She afterwards wrote to one of the newspapers, complaining that Mr. Flint's demeanour to her on the occasion had hardly been that of a gentleman. A "turf

row" sprang out of this event. Mr. Flint asserted that Colonel Thornton shirked off the lost bet; the colonel equivocated; Mr. Flint publicly horsewhipped him; and as the Jockey Club first, and the Court of King's Bench afterwards, refused to give him redress, we may safely infer that there was something wrong about Colonel Thornton. His equestrian wife, however, did not relinquish her fondness for achievements in the saddle. She rode a race against Buckle, the Newmarket jockey. Mrs. Thornton appeared on the race-course, attired in purple cap and jacket, nankeen skirt, purple shoes, and embroidered stockings. She was mounted on her mare "Louisa." She rode nine stone six pounds, against Buckle's thirteen stone six, and won by half a head.

Among driving achievements was the famous one by the Earl of March in 1750. He undertook to provide a four-wheeled carriage that would be driven nineteen miles in one hour by one single team of four horses. It was a four-wheeler, but one of marvellously light construction. Wire and cords were used wherever practicable, instead of heavier materials; the harness was of fine leather covered with silk; the seat for the driver (on other "fare") was of leather straps covered with velvet; every wheel had a tin box which dropped down oil uninteruptedly; the breechings for the horses were of walebone; the wood-work was as light as possible, but in all critical parts strengthened with well-tempered steel. In short the whole machine was so light that one man could carry it, together with the harness. The earl sat on the hinder part of the carriage, but four postillions virtually drove the horses. Many vehicles were made and abandoned, and many horses killed, before the real event came off. He achieved the task; doing nineteen miles in ample time for another mile within the hour.

**SUBMARINE EXPLORATIONS.**—A series of the most remarkable and interesting discoveries which have rewarded the efforts of scientific men for many years, have recently been reported to the Royal Society by their author, Dr. Carpenter. We cannot give more than an outline of those on the subject: but it will be obvious at once to those of our readers who have even only a superficial knowledge of the most commonly-accepted theories regarding the past history of our globe, how important the conclusions may be which are to be drawn from the investigations of Dr. Carpenter.

These investigations have been carried on at the bottom of the ocean. They are in fact explanations of the surface of the ocean bed made by dredging. The first great discovery in this line of investigation is, however, due to a Swedish explorer named M. Sars, who brought up from a depth of 300 fathoms a certain crinoid belonging to a class which was held by the dogmas of the Geologists to have had its last living representative in the chalk period. It is most nearly allied to a type that flourished in the eolitic period long anterior to the chalk. Here then as Dr. Carpenter observes we have a discovery as important as would be the discovery of a living mammoth or plesiosaurus. It suggested the possibility that the process of chalk formation which it was believed had long since ceased, might still be in progress. And this it was which formed the incentive to the further and more elaborate explanations in the same field of science, recently reported on by Dr. Carpenter.

The first result of these efforts was the overthrow of two very commonly accepted axioms in science, one that at a depth of 300 fathoms all life ceased, and another that the temperature of the ocean at great depths was the same. It has been established, however, that there is abundant life at a depth far greater than 300 fathoms, and that there is a great difference in temperature. Nor does the result of these investigations, stop here. The temperature is found to vary at points only eight or ten miles distant from each other, and this variation was marked by corresponding variations between the living creature that inhabited those parts of the ocean bed, and between the geological and mineralogical construction of the different parts of the ocean bed. Thus, as Dr. Carpenter says, "An upheaval of a few miles of the sea bottom, subject to these conditions, would present to the geologist of the future two portions of surface totally different in their structure, the one exhibiting traces of a depressed, the other of an elevated temperature, and yet these formations would have been contemporaneous and continuous. Wherever similar conditions are found upon the dry land in the present day it has been supposed that the high and the low temperature, the formation of chalk and the formation of sandstone, must have been separated from each other by long periods: and the discovery that they may actually co-exist upon adjacent surfaces has done no less than strike at the root of many of the customary assumptions with regard to geological time."

Another result of these investigations which has a manifested bearing upon the dogma of geologists, is the fact of the existence of a very deep sea current, which carries cold water from the Arctic seas into the Atlantic bearing with it the debris of the region whence it comes, sustaining its appropriate forms of animal life, and displacing other forms for which a higher temperature is required. There is therefore scarcely any limit to the changes which might at any time be effected in the fauna of the Northern Atlantic from a free efflux of deep Arctic water.

Upon the abundance of animal life extant in the depths of the ocean (and we may add here that the dredging was carried out, to a depth of 2500 fathoms) Dr. Carpenter observes— "Over the whole of the warm area explored the bottom was found to be covered with *globigerina* deposit, that is with animal life actively

engaged in chalk formation. From the most profound depths animals of high organization and with perfect eyes, have been brought to the surface by the dredge, and the creatures discovered include an extraordinary collection of siliceous sponges and foraminifera, together with zoophytes, echinoderms, molluscs, annulids and crustaceans. One hundred and twenty-seven species of mollusca not previously known to exist in British seas, were among the captives, and large numbers of these were altogether new to science.

These enormous multitudes of living creatures are sustained it is supposed by an immense quantity of organic matter diffused all throughout the deep sea water. A chemical analysis of water brought up from these great depths showed that the proportion of carbonic acid in the water increased in proportion to the depth. After storms of wind, however, by which the surface of the ocean had been much agitated, the quantity of carbonic acid was very much diminished. The inference from these facts is that the agitation of the sea by storms, by liberating its superficial carbonic acid and thus permitting the ascent of that which is constantly formed by the abundant animal life below, furnishes one of the conditions which render the continuance of that life possible.

The results of these discoveries, which were styled by Sir Charles Lyell "almost revolutionary" in their geological aspects, are manifestly calculated to affect very materially the conclusions arrived at by geologists. For they show that certain operations are in progress which result in the production of many of the phenomena which geologists have persistently and dogmatically declared are proofs of the lapse of long periods time between successive conditions of the earth's surface which we now find might have been contemporaneous.

They also show that the fauna of the geological epoch are not necessarily extinct. And thirdly that a succession of vast periods of alternating cold and heat, are not necessary to account for the appearance of remains belonging to inhabitants of Arctic regions in tropical zones.

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

Few that have noticed during the last few years the well known-known figure of Mr. Charles Dickens will have been surprised, though grieved, at the sad news of his death. When he formally appeared, either as lecturer or speaker, the necessary preparation for an excitement of the moment softened the rugged lines which a long and laborious career, added to the wearing effect of his sympathetic spirit, had furrowed in his cheeks, and his pluck enabled him to cast off for a time the stoop from his shoulders which had of late become habitual. If, however, we met him alone, treading the pavement with laborious steps, figure bent forward, and head a little raised, we must have been pained to see in the man's whole attitude and bearing, even in his gay overcoat thrown back as if too heavy for his shoulders, and his hat pushed off from his forehead, well-known signs of breaking health.

Mr. Dickens has himself given the following vivid sketch of his early experiences in journalism:—"I went into the gallery of the House of Commons as a parliamentary reporter when I was a boy not eighteen. I have pursued the calling of a reporter under circumstances of which many of my brethren at home in England here, many of my modern successors, can form no adequate conception. I have often transcribed for the printer from my shorthand notes, important public speeches in which the strictest accuracy was required, and a mistake in which would have been to a young man severely compromising, writing on the palm of my hand, by the light of a dark lantern, in a post chaise and four, galloping through a wild country, and through the dead of the night at the then surprising rate of fifteen miles an hour. The very last time I was at Exeter I strolled into the castle yard there to identify, for the amusement of a friend, the spot on which I once 'took', as we used to call it, an election speech of my noble friend Lord Russell, in the midst of a lively fight maintained by all the vagabonds in that division of the country, and under such a pelting rain, that I remember two good natured colleagues, who chanced to be at leisure held a pocket handkerchief over my notebook, after the manner of a state canopy in an ecclesiastical procession. I have worn my knees by writing on them on the old back row of the old gallery of the House of Commons; and I have worn my feet by standing to write in a preposterous pen in the old House of Lords, where we used to be huddled together like so many sheep kept in waiting, say, until the wool-sack might want stuffing. Returning home from excited political meetings in the country to the waiting press in London. I do verily believe I have been upset in almost every description of vehicle known in this country. I have been, in my time, bleated on miry by-roads towards the small hours, 40 or 50 miles from London in a wheel-less carriage, with exhausted horses and drunken post-boys, and have got back in time for publication to be received with never-forgotten compliments by the late Mr. Black, coming in the broadest of Scotch from the broadest of hearts I ever knew."

Mr. Dickens's earnestness was such that he not only took upon his own shoulders the most arduous tasks connected with amateur performances for charitable objects, but superintended the minutes details, and often worked with his own hands to ensure what he held to be necessary effect. There are men living who remember his occupying himself for a whole day with hammer and nails on the stage of Miss Kelly's Theatre, while it was matter for playful jocularities among brave spirits who have gone before, that Dickens had converted himself into an amateur check-taker, and sat in the receipt of custom with Arthur Smith all day long at the Gallery of Illustration, when the Jerrold performances were about to be given. He never rested, and never seemed to tire. His active mind has, alas! worn out his frame, and he has died, pen in hand, literally from over-work.

The day of his death was, strange to say, the anniversary of the staplehurst accident, in which it will be remembered he was in great peril, and from which some of those nearest to him consider he received a physical shock from which he never really recovered. The friends in the habit of meeting Mr. Dickens privately, recall now the energy with which he depicted that dreadful scene, and how, as the climax of the story came, and its dread interest grew, he would rise from the table, and literally act the parts of the several sufferers to whom he had lent a helping hand. Now that he is gone it is remembered too, with absolute pain that one of the first surgeons of the day, who was present when this Staplehurst story was told soon

after its occurrence, remarked that "the worst of these railway accidents was the difficulty of determining the period at which the system could be said to have survived the shock, and that instances were on record of two or three years having gone by before the life-sufferer knew that he was seriously hurt." But the medical testimony as to the immediate cause of Mr. Dickens's death is definite and precise. Apoplexy—an effusion of blood on the brain, the cause an overstrained system, and the result one which was only stayed off twelve months ago, when he was induced to obey his doctor's injunctions and to suspend his readings in public—has carried him away at a comparatively early age, and all that remains to his sorrowing friends is to recal with affection the many traits which made this great man so loveable.

His hours and days were spent by rule. He rose at a certain time, he retired at another, and though no precision, it was not often that his arrangements varied. His hours for writing were between breakfast and luncheon, and when there was work to be done no temptation was sufficiently strong to cause it to be neglected. This order and regularity followed him through the day. His mind was essentially methodical, and in his long walks, in his recreations, in his labour, he was governed by rules laid down for himself, rules well studied before-hand, and rarely departed from. The so-called men of business, the people whose own exclusive devotion to the science of profit and loss makes them regard doubtfully all to whom that same science is not the main object of life, would have been delighted and amazed at this side of Dickens's character. Although his intimate friend and partner, Mr. W. H. Wills, filled the post of acting Editor until 12 or 18 months ago (when he resigned the position to Mr. Charles Dickens the younger), and saved Mr. Dickens much of the labour of selection, we believe we are correct in stating that every article in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* passed under the conductor's eye and that every proof was read and corrected by him.

During a representation of *Dalila* at the Comedie Francaise, Paris, a young lady in one of the boxes followed with intense interest one of the love scenes between Martha Sertorius and the maestro. The dialogue turns on a button to be attached to a glove. The girl, carried on by her own impulse, threw herself forward with an involuntary movement, exclaiming: "Fool! fool! don't you see that she loves you?" The writer adds, that if he were the author, he would wish no stronger proof than this of success.

A few weeks since a man approached the rope to which is attached the balloon in which the people of Paris are making ascensions. He drew a knife, when the attendant asked him his intention. "My wife," he replied, "is up in the balloon, and I'd give a hundred francs for the privilege of cutting the rope." The offer was refused.

A toll-keeper was lately brought before a magistrate for cruelty to his daughter. The little difficulty arose from a discovery made by the parent that the girl, who was frequently left in charge of the gate, used to allow her sweetheart, a young butcher, to drive his cart through free. She never "toll'd" her love.

Some time since a gentleman died who, during life, refused to believe in any future punishment. Two or three weeks after his demise his wife received, through a medium, a communication, which read as follows: "Dear wife, I now believe. Please send me my thin clothes and a barrel of ice-water."

The *Bulletin* considers the Big Horn expedition perfectly safe, because it "carries a piece of artillery along—a thing which the Indians dread more than anything else." The *Bulletin* is right; the Indians have a holy horror of any cumbersome baggage which uses up the white warriors' horses so that they are useless when captured.

A woman attempted suicide by drowning, the other day, because she detected a young man with whom she was in love, going to a picnic with another girl. What an awful weight of remorse would have rested upon that young man's conscience if the unhappy female had not been fished out in time to save her life. Particularly if the other one had jilted him.

A traveled simpleton from Australia writes to the *Call*, expressing lively amazement at the affection of Californians for the Chinese. It is rather singular considering the ferocious and untamable nature of these animals, and their provoking obstinacy in repelling our gentle advances. A partial excuse for the latter eccentricity may be found in the fact that these advances are usually made with a club. Our newly-arrived profound observer says that in Victoria people never patronize the Mongolians by giving out washing to them. We infer that the people with whose domestic habits he is most familiar, are in the habit of taking in, rather than giving out, washing.

#### IN MEMORY.

THERE swept a sigh of sorrow universal  
From melancholy Midway's mournful strand,  
Upon the night wind's desolate dispersal,  
To float along the land.

The closing eve had had no shade of sorrow;  
In silver haze we saw the planets swim:—  
But when the sun arose upon the morrow,  
We felt the dawn was dim.

With grief-drawn'd eyes we read—how briefly stated!—  
That he was gone—the man of pure renown:  
As if some bark, with our best treasures freighted,  
Had in the dark gone down!

'Twas but a whisper, yet more widely sounding  
Than the hoarse guns that for dead warriors roar,  
A thrill electric circled all surrounding,  
And spread from shore to shore.

And that sad circle stretching, still unbroken,  
Around the world to utmost regions sped,  
And tears were shed, where'er our tongue is spoken,  
To know CHARLES DICKENS—dead!

Within The Abbey let him take his slumber.  
Make room, oh great ones of the Long Ago;  
In your grand roll CHARLES DICKENS thus to number,  
Ye smile, blest shades, we know!

Not his the coronet, or ermine legal,  
No herald-blazoned office in the state!  
Without a title, to the Council Regal  
But summoned when too late.

Here lay him down:—the dust where he reposes  
Is glorious dust of the illustrious dead;  
And where he lies shall blossom God's rare roses  
When sounds the summons dread!

Calm be his sleep—despite warm tears above him—  
Who loved the weak, and never feared the strong,  
Whose page was pure, who made all good hearts love him  
Who felt for others' wrong.

Yet though he sleeps lamented of a nation,  
The good he did for us shall ne'er decay;  
They live—the beings of his fine creation—  
To make us glad for aye!