

ALEX. SCOTT, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR OF "THE YORK HERALD." TERMS: \$1 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. Keep Book and Job Printing Establishment. OFFICE—YONGE ST., RICHMOND HILL.

The York Herald.

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WHOLE NO. 865.

THE YORK HERALD

Every Friday Morning. And dispatched to subscribers by the earliest mails or other conveyances when so desired. The YORK HERALD will always be found to contain the latest and most important Foreign and Local News and Markets, and the greatest care will be taken to render it acceptable to the man of business, and a valuable Family Newspaper.

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H. SANDERSON & SON, PROPRIETORS OF THE RICHMOND HILL DRUG STORE.

Corner of Young and Centre streets East, have constantly on hand a good assortment of Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Chemicals, Oils, Toilet Soaps, Medicines, Varnishes, Fancy Articles, Dye Stuffs, Patent Medicines and all other articles kept by druggists generally. Our stock of medicines warranted genuine, and of the best quality.

THOMAS CARR, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Groceries, Wines, and Liquors, Thornhill, by Royal Letters Patent has been appointed Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

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A. ROBINSON'S, L. D. S. New method of extracting teeth without pain, by the use of Ether Spray, which affects the teeth only. The tooth and gum surrounding becomes insensible with the ether spray, when the tooth can be extracted with no pain, without endangering the life, as in the use of Chloroform. Dr. Robinson will be at the following places prepared to extract teeth with his new apparatus. All office operations in Dentistry performed in a workmanlike manner.

Aurora, 1st, 3rd, 16th and 23rd of each month. Aurora, 2nd, 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th. Aurora, 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th. Aurora, 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th. Aurora, 5th, 12th, 19th, 26th. Aurora, 6th, 13th, 20th, 27th. Aurora, 7th, 14th, 21st, 28th. Aurora, 8th, 15th, 22nd, 29th. Aurora, 9th, 16th, 23rd, 30th. Aurora, 10th, 17th, 24th, 31st.

Nitrous Oxide Gas always on hand at Aurora. Aurora, April 28, 1870. 615-1f

W. H. & R. PUGSLEY, (SUCCESSORS TO W. W. COX.) DUTCHES, RICHMOND HILL HAVE always on hand the best of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Veal, Pork, Sausages, &c., and sell at the lowest prices for Cash.

Also, Corned and Spiced Beef, Smoked and Dried Hams. The highest market price given for Cattle, Sheep, Lambs, &c. Richmond Hill, Oct. 24, '72. 745-1y

FARMERS' BOOT AND SHOE STORE.

JOHN BARROW, manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of boots and shoes, 38 West Market Square, Toronto. Boots and shoes made to measure, of the best material and workmanship, at the lowest remunerative prices. Toronto, Dec. 3, 1877.

PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR.

PETER S. GIBSON, Civil Engineer and Draughtsman. Orders by letter should state the Concession, Lot and character of Survey, the subscriber having the old Field Notes of the late D. GIBSON and other surveys, which should be consulted, in many cases, as to original monuments, &c., previous to commencing work. Office at WILLOWDALE, Yonge Street, in the Township of York. January 8, 1873. 755

ADAM H. MEYERS, JR., (Late of Duggan & Meyers.) BARRISTER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR-IN-CHIEF, CONVEYANCER, &c., &c. Office—No. 12 York Chambers, South-east Corner of Toronto and Court Streets, Toronto, Ont. January 15, 1873. 756-1y

J. H. SANDERSON, VETERINARY SURGEON, Graduate of Toronto University College, corner of Yonge and Centre Sts. East, Richmond Hill, begs to announce to the public that he is now practicing with H. Sanderson, of the same place, where they may be consulted personally by letter for all diseases of horses, cattle, &c. All orders for medicine promptly attended to, and medicine sent to any part of the Province. Horses examined as to soundness, and also bought and sold on commission. Richmond Hill, Jan. 25, 1872. 607

PATENT MEDICINES.

MUSTARD'S Catarrh Specific Cures Acute and Chronic cases of Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, Colic, Coughs, Cramp, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c., it is also a good Soothing Syrup. MUSTARD'S Pills are the best pills you can get for Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Liver, Kidney Complaints, &c. HAVE your Rheumatism, Wounds, Bruises, Old Sores, Cuts, Burns, Frost Bites, Piles, Painful Swellings, White Swellings, and every conceivable wound upon man or beast?

THE KING OF OILS.

Stands permanently above every other Remedy now in use. It is invaluable. ALSO, the Pain Victor is Infalible for A Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera, Cholera Morbus, Pain and Cramp in the Stomach and Bowels, &c.

Directions with each bottle and box. Manufactured by H. MUSTARD, Proprietor, Ingersoll. Sold by Druggists generally. The Dominion Worm Candy is the medicine to expel worms. Try it. 700-y

WM. MALLOY, BARRISTER, Attorney, Solicitor-in-Chief, Conveyancer, &c. Office—No. 6 Royal Insurance Buildings, Toronto Street. Toronto, Dec. 2, 1859. 594

D. C. O'BRIEN, ACCOUNTANT, Book-keeper, Conveyancer, and Commission Agent for the sale or purchase of lands, farm stock, &c., also for the collection of rents, notes and accounts. Charges Moderate. Office—Richmond street, Richmond Hill. 700-ly

J. SEGSWORTH, DEALER IN FINE GOLD AND SILVER Watches, Jewelry, &c., 113 Yonge Street, Toronto. September 1, 1871. 684

The Louisiana Trouble.

The troubled South is likely to continue troubled for some time to come. The affair of New Orleans is becoming a fierce bone of contention between the two political parties that divide the Union, and it is significant that the loudest complaints arise from the old Democratic party, who were always enemies of freedom, and who now have no sympathy with efforts for the elevation of the colored race. The low abettors and tools of this party in the great cities—the rowdy Irish element—have always been bitter enemies of the colored man. They retain the same feeling now, and if they could they would make him a slave again. Everything they can do to obstruct his path they are doing at present, and of all things they dislike the prospect of a quiet and orderly settling down of society and of the social order on the basis of perfect freedom and equality between the black man and white. There are, of course, wrongs on both sides. It is not to be expected that over such a vast extent of country and in so many States, the colored race will be entirely free from faults. White men committing blunders and crimes too, and it is not pretended that the colored man is any better than a white man in that respect. But neither is he any worse. The color of the skin surely makes no difference in the working of human nature. So, if we hear of this and that outrage, or such and such a piece of fraud and chicanery alleged to have been perpetrated by colored legislators or officials, we can only remember that in every one of these their white brethren have set them an example.

A Mean Fellow.

A young and beautiful lady, attending on some bazaar or other, had occasion to step forth early in the evening. On issuing outside, to her dismay, she found the broad street overflowing, and was nearly blinded by the rain. It seems her errand was imperative, for she ventured on till she came to a crossing. There she stopped in a quandary. Of course, a gentleman passed by, and of course, his first impulse was to assist the perplexed girl. He picked her up in his arms and started to traverse the broad sheet of water. But half way, the misty light of the corner lamp fell suddenly on the face of his delicate charge. The gentleman was so struck by its beauty, that he stopped there and then said: "Now really, Miss, you must give me a kiss."

"Never."

"I will drop you into the water if you don't."

"I won't," exclaimed the heroic maid.

And the brute dropped her splash into the water.

Many people like onions, but dislike to eat them because of the bad taste that remains in the mouth. This can be remedied by boiling the sliced onions in half a gallon of water for a minute or two. Pour it off, add pepper, salt and butter, and when dish, a few spoonfuls of sweet cream. No taste of onions will remain in the mouth, nor can it be detected on the breath.

THE SONG OF STEAM.

The following line poem, by George W. Carter, of Covington, Ky., Blackwood has pronounced "the best lyric of the century." Harness me down with your iron hands, Be sure of your carb and rein, For I scorn the strength of your puny hands As a tempest scours a plain. How I laughed as I lolled from sleep For many a countless hour, At the childish boasts of human might, And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land, A navy upon the seas, Creeping along, a small-like band, Or waiting a wayward breeze; When I saw the peasant reel With the toll that he faintly bore, As he tramped at the tardy wheel, Or toiled at the weary car;

When I measured the panting courier's speed, The flight of the carrier dove, As they bore a jav a jag decreed, Or the lines of imperial pride, I could not think how the world would feel As these were outstripped afar, When I should be bound to the rushing keel Or chained to the flying car!

He! he! he! They found me at last, They invited me forth at length, And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast, And laughed at my iron strength! Oh! then you saw a wondrous change On the earth and ocean wide, Where now my fiercest armies range, Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurrah! hurrah! the waters o'er, The mountain steep decline; Time—space—have yielded to my power— The world the world is mine! The rivers the sun hath ebbed, Or those where his beams decline; The great streams of the western West, Or the Orient floods divine.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep To hear my strength rejoice, And monsters of the briny deep Cover trembling at my voice. I carry the wealth and ore of earth, The thought of my iron might; The wind, I sweep my going forth, The lightning is left behind.

In the darkness depth of the fatigues of mine My tireless arms doth play, Where the rocks nor sea nor sun's decline Or the dawn of the glorious day; I bring earth's glittering jewels up From the hidden mines of day; And I make the fountain's granite cap With a crystal glass o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel In all the shops of trade; I hammer the ore and turn the wheel, Where my arms of strength are made; I manage the furnace, the mill, the mine—Curry, Leph, And all my doings I put in print On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no breast to decay, No bones to be laid on the shelf; And soon I intend you may "go and play," While I manage the world myself. But harness me down with your iron hands, Be sure of your carb and rein, For I scorn the strength of your puny hands As the tempest scours a plain.

THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

I've seen some people in this life Who always are repining, Who never, never rest could see, The storm clouds of their being, There always something is amiss, From sunrise to its setting; That could be had with the snap of life, They seem the white forgetting.

I have seen a blessed sight To sin-betrouled vision, Some people who, wherever they be, Make earth seem a Paradise; They always see the brightest side, The bright shadows here; And of keep the flower of hope in bloom Within their hearts forever.

The one can make the sunniest day Seen wondrous sad and dreary; The other smiles the clouds away, And makes a dark day bright; This life of ours is, after all, About as you shall make it, If we can but understand it, Let's haste to undertake it.

A ROYAL LOVE-STORY.

(From Harper's Bazar.) On the 26th of August, 1819, a boy was born at the Roseman, the summer residence of Ernest, Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, who was destined to play an important part in the world. He was furnished at christening with a long list of names, after the fashion of royalty.—Francis Charles Augustus Albert Emanuel—but in the household was known simply as Albert, and in later years as Prince Albert, the consort of the Queen of England. The birth of a prince or princess at one of the innumerable petty courts that once divided Germany between them, before the nation had become consolidated into an empire, was, as a rule, a matter of very little importance to the great world outside; and but for the influence that made him the husband of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert would in all probability have been reckoned with the vast multitude of German royal personages who lived undistinguished and blameless lives, and whose record is found only in the pages of the *Almanach de Gotha*. A different and happier fate awaited the amiable and large-hearted boy, whose story is so well told in Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort," the first volume of which has just been published by Smith, Elder & Co., London. The work was undertaken by Mr. Martin in compliance with the express desire of the widowed Queen, who placed much very interesting material in his hands. His portrait of the Prince is most attractive, and will enable the grumbling British public to understand better the prolonged sorrow of the Queen, which has viewed almost with resentment. His was a rare and excellent nature, rare not only by the accident of birth, but by every moral and intellectual quality which men deem admirable. Americans have every reason to honor his memory. It was his wise counsel, almost the closing act of his life, that averted war between this country and England when the *Trent* affair roused national passion to fever heat, and when the Queen's ministry were not unwilling to precipitate hostilities.

Albert was the second son of his parents. His only brother, Ernest, now Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was born a little more than a year before. Both the young princes were distinguished by their precocity. The beauty, gen-

tleless, and vivacity of Albert seem, however, to have made him the favorite. As a child his beauty was remarkable. In 1821 the Dowager Duchess of Coburg writes of him to the Duchess of Kent, the mother of Victoria:—"Little Albertchen, with his large blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, is bewitching, forward, and quick as a weasel. He can already say everything. Ernest is not nearly so pretty, only his intelligent brown eyes are very fine; but he is tall, active, and very clever for his age." And again, a few weeks later: "The little fellow is the pendant to the pretty cousin (the Princess Victoria), very handsome, but too slight for a boy; lively, very funny, all good nature, and full of mischief." Like his mother in person, and resembling her also in quickness, vivacity, and playfulness, Albert was his favorite child, and she made no secret of her preference. But this was not to last. The Duchess was not only beautiful, but exercised a great charm through her intelligence and kindness of heart. With a habit of viewing men and things in a droll and humorous way—characteristics in which the Prince strongly resembled her—she was a general favorite in society. But her wedded life, which commenced under the fairest auspices, proved unhappy. In 1824 a separation, followed by a divorce in 1826, was arranged between the Duke and herself, but not before she had established a hold upon the affections of her children which, although they never saw her again, remained with them to the last. She died at St. Wendel, in Switzerland, in 1831, at the age of thirty-two, after a long and painful illness. "The Prince," writes the Queen, "never forgot her, and spoke with much tenderness and sorrow of his poor mother, and was deeply affected in reading, after his marriage, the accounts of her sad and painful illness." All that could be done to compensate the loss of a mother's presence and care was done by the grandmother of the prince, who continued to watch over them with a twofold tenderness. Their education was of the broad, general character best suited to their position, and included history, geography, mathematics, philosophy, religion, Latin, and the modern European languages, relieved by the study of music and drawing, for both of which the Prince early showed a marked inclination. His father was an ardent sportsman, and the two brothers as they grew up took an eager interest in the sports of the field and forest, which in Germany are the pre-occupations of their class. Albert, though an excellent shot, enjoyed them, however, chiefly for the sake of exercise and for the pleasures of the scenery into which they carried him.

The house of Coburg was intimately related by marriage with the royal family of England. In 1816 Prince Leopold, the youngest brother of Prince Albert's father, had married the Princess Charlotte, then presumptive heiress to the English throne. After her untimely death the Duke of Kent married the youngest sister of the Duke of Coburg, and on the 24th of May, 1819, she presented him with a daughter, who was destined to become Queen of England. But long before it was known that she would ascend the throne the idea of her marriage with one of her Coburg cousins had taken such root in the family that Prince Albert's nurse was in the habit of prattling to her infant charge, when he was only three years old, of his destined bride in England. In 1836 there was no longer any doubt as to the succession of the Princess Victoria to the throne, and already several aspirants for her hand were in the field. King Leopold, her uncle and loved adviser in all matters, greatly desired her marriage to Prince Albert; but he also desired that the union should be one of affection, and not one merely of political expediency. He therefore arranged with the Duchess of Kent that she should invite the Duke of Coburg and his sons to visit her at Kensington Palace. The object of the visit was kept strictly secret from the Princess and the Prince, so as to leave them completely at their ease. The Prince's grandmother had, it is true, often spoken to him years before of her earnest desires on this subject; but he had no reason to think this was more than a family wish, and the Princess at least was left freely to the impulse of her own inclination. Her uncle, King Leopold, saw that the impression was favorable, and made her aware of his wishes in the matter. Her answer made it impossible to doubt how entirety those of the Princess were in accordance with his own. In June, 1836, soon after Prince Albert's departure from England, she wrote to the King: "I have only now to beg you, my dearest uncle, to take care of the health of one now so dear to me, and to take him under your special protection. I hope and trust that all will go on prosperously and well on a subject now of so much importance to me."

The Prince, however, was still kept in the dark; but his education was directed with a view to the possibility of his marriage with the English Princess. He and his brother were sent to Brussels, where, under the care of Baron Viechemann, a retired officer of the English German Legion, they remained for a period of twelve months, closely occupied with the study of history, the modern languages, the higher mathematics, etc. From Brussels they went to Bonn, where they remained eighteen months. While they were still at that university the death of William IV.,

June 20, 1837, threw upon the Princess Victoria, then only eighteen years old, the grave responsibilities of Queen of England. Her accession to the throne revived the rumors, which had been for some time current, of a contemplated marriage with her cousin, and it was thought inexpedient by their uncle, with the view of withdrawing public attention for the time from the young prince, that they should spend the autumn of 1837 in making a tour through Switzerland and the north of Italy. September and October were accordingly spent in a thorough exploration of Switzerland and the Italian lakes on foot—a mode of travelling of which Prince Albert was very fond.

But the time had arrived when the question of the English marriage had to be settled. King Leopold desired that some decisive arrangement should be made for the year 1839; but to this the Queen demurred, for reasons which her uncle considered conclusive. She was herself, she urged, too young, so also was the Prince, and moreover, his mastery of the English language was still very imperfect. The Prince, on being made aware of what was proposed and of the necessity of delay, very sensibly declared himself willing to submit, if he had only some certain assurance to go upon; "But," he said to King Leopold, "if after waiting perhaps three years I should find that the Queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a ridiculous position, and would, to a certain extent, ruin all my prospects for the future." This serious question, was, however, soon settled in a way entirely satisfactory to the Prince's mind, and in the winter of 1838 he set out on a protracted and interesting tour through Italy, returning to Coburg in the following May.

Meanwhile political events in England, which it is needless to go into, made it desirable that the question of the Queen's marriage should again be pressed. Those who had her welfare most at heart were anxious to secure for her without longer delay a husband's guidance and support. To effect this was, however, no simple matter. All that the Queen had heard of the Prince was most favorable. Her inclination toward him remained unchanged, and, to use her own words, "she never had an idea else." Still she desired delay; and the Prince went to England with his brother in October, 1839, under the impression that she wished the affair to be considered as broken off, and that for four years she could think of no marriage. Her reasons for delay were, however, destined to give way before the irresistible feeling inspired by the Prince when they again met. The three years which had passed since the prince was last in England had greatly improved their personal acquaintance. Tall and manly as they both were, Prince Albert was eminently handsome. But there was also in his countenance a gentleness of expression and peculiar sweetness in his smile, with a look of deep thought and high intelligence in his clear blue eye and expansive forehead, that added a charm to the impression he produced in all who saw him, far beyond that derived from mere beauty or regularity of features. The Queen was most favorably impressed. On the second day after their arrival she wrote to her uncle: "Albert's beauty is most striking, and he is most amiable and unaffected—in short, very fascinating." The question was soon settled. The Prince arrived at Windsor Castle on the 10th of October; on the 14th the Queen informed Lord Melbourne of her decision. To Baron Stockmar, her uncle's life-long friend and confidential counselor, to whom she had recently and strongly expressed her resolution not to marry for some time, she wrote with a naive embarrassment:

"WINDSOR CASTLE, 15th October, 1839. I do feel so guilty, I know not how to begin my letter, but I think the news it contains will be sufficient to insure your forgiveness. Albert has completely won my heart, and all was settled between us this morning. I feel certain he will make me very happy. I wish I could say I felt as certain of my marriage, but I shall do my best. Uncle Leopold must tell you all the details, which I have not time to do. Albert is very much attached to you."

The next day Prince Albert wrote to give Baron Stockmar what he knew would be "the most welcome news possible." He added:

"Victoria is so good and kind to me that I am often puzzled to believe that I should be the object of so much affection. I know the interest you take in my happiness, and therefore pour out my heart to you. More or less, I can not write; I am at this moment too much bewildered to do so. Das Auge sieht den Himmel offen. Es schweigt das Herz in Seligkeit." (Heaven opens on the ravished eye. The heart is all entranced in bliss.)

While offering to the Prince his hearty congratulations on the happy event, Stockmar coupled them with earnest counsels as to the course which must be pursued in laying the foundations of his future happiness, and in fulfilling worthily the duties of his high position. To this the Prince replied in a strain of lofty aspiration, and with a deep sense of the great part he was to play in his new career, which evinced true nobility of character, and promised well for the future. Neither the happiness of love—a happiness in his case made more intense by the singular purity and unselfishness of his own nature, on which the devotion shown him seems to have come with a bewildering strangeness—nor the brilliancy of the position into which this love had raised him, blinded him for a moment to its sterner features. "Tren und fest" (True and firm) was the motto of his house, and he was prepared to grapple with difficulties and face opposition with a manly heart. "With the exception of my relations to the Queen," he wrote to his

step-mother, "my future position will have its dark side, and the sky will not always be blue and unclouded. But life has its thorns in every position, and the consciousness of having used one's powers and endeavors for an object so great as that of promoting the welfare of so many will surely be sufficient to support me."

The announcement of the betrothal caused great rejoicings in England and among the Prince's own people. But when the question of the annuity to be settled upon him on his marriage came before Parliament there was a squabble which must have been very disagreeable to him and to the Queen. Her cabinet proposed £50,000 a year, the same that had been granted to Prince Leopold on his marriage with the Princess Charlotte; but after an acrimonious debate this sum was reduced to £30,000. The Prince took it in a manly manner, merely remarking to Baron Stockmar that his only regret was to find that his ability to help artists and men of science, to which he had been looking forward with delight, would be more restricted than he had hoped.

A thousand times more vexatious were the questions as to the rank and precedence he was to enjoy as the husband of the Queen. There is no provision in the English constitution for the title and precedence of the husband of a queen regnant, while the wife of a king has the highest rank and dignity, after her husband, assigned her by law; and while it is no doubt always in the power of a queen regnant to give her consort precedence at home over all her subjects by placing him next her person, her power stops there. The status is due to her personal favor alone, and, if acknowledged by other royal personages, it is so merely by courtesy. A bill was introduced in Parliament giving the Prince precedence for life next after the Queen in Parliament or elsewhere as her Majesty might think proper; but after much debate Parliament refused to give him any distinctive title, and left the question of precedence to the royal prerogative. It was not until 1857 that the title and dignity of Prince Consort were conferred upon him by royal letters patent. This omission gave rise to endless vexations, especially when the Queen and her husband were abroad. The position accorded to him at foreign courts the Queen always had to acknowledge as a grace and favor bestowed upon herself by the sovereigns whom she visited. Several sovereigns positively refused to gratify her wishes in this respect, and the only one who was courteous enough to do so without an offensive show of doing a favor was the late Emperor of the French. Even in England annoyances constantly arose from the want of Parliamentary action on this question. The Prince's right to occupy the seat next the throne when Parliament was opened or prorogued was questioned by the Duke of Sussex and others; but the Queen, supported by the Duke of Wellington, quietly ignored the interference.

"Let the Queen put the Prince where she likes," he said. The great Duke had not much tolerance for the traditions of court etiquette when they conflicted with the dictates of common sense. The late Lord Albemarle, when Master of the Horse, was very sensitive about his right in that capacity to sit in the sovereign's carriage on state occasions. "The Queen," said the Duke, when appealed to for his opinion, "can make Lord Albemarle sit at the top of the coach, or wherever else her Majesty pleases."

The marriage took place at the chapel of St. James's Palace on the 10th of February, 1840. It was very popular with the people, because it was not one of political convenience, but of pure affection, and thousands lined the roads from Buckingham Palace to Windsor Castle to see the Queen and her husband as they passed. The morning of the day had been wet, foggy, and dismal, but there was not wanting soon after the ceremony the happy omen of that sunshine which came afterward to be proverbially known as "Queen's weather." Whatever annoyances came to the Queen and her consort from that day to the hour of the Prince's death came from the outside. Their home life was always happy. From the day of his betrothal to the Queen, Prince Albert held unwaveringly to the high course of life he had marked out for himself—a course that gained him the confidence and affection of the people and the name of "Albert the Good."

While offering to the Prince his hearty congratulations on the happy event, Stockmar coupled them with earnest counsels as to the course which must be pursued in laying the foundations of his future happiness, and in fulfilling worthily the duties of his high position. To this the Prince replied in a strain of lofty aspiration, and with a deep sense of the great part he was to play in his new career, which evinced true nobility of character, and promised well for the future. Neither the happiness of love—a happiness in his case made more intense by the singular purity and unselfishness of his own nature, on which the devotion shown him seems to have come with a bewildering strangeness—nor the brilliancy of the position into which this love had raised him, blinded him for a moment to its sterner features. "Tren und fest" (True and firm) was the motto of his house, and he was prepared to grapple with difficulties and face opposition with a manly heart. "With the exception of my relations to the Queen," he wrote to his

Testing her Innocence.

The following touching scene recently occurred in a court of justice in Paris:

A poor pale seamstress, who had recently become a widow, was arraigned for theft. She appeared at the bar with her baby of eleven months on her arm. The want to get some work one day, and it was alleged that she stole three gold coins of ten francs each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her room to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the room, with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant, "I was going to carry them back to you." Nevertheless she was carried before the commissioner of police, and he ordered her to be sent before the police court for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself she answered: "The day I want to my employers I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I was not paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantelpiece, and unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe till I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth as I hope for Heaven's mercy."

The court could not believe this story. They upbraided her for her impudence in endeavoring to palm such a manifest falsehood for truth. They besought her for her own sake, to retract so absurd a tale, for it could have no effect but to oblige the court to sentence her to a much severer punishment than they were disposed to inflict upon one so young and evidently steeped so deep in poverty.

These appeals had no effect except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most adroit criminal can never counterfeit, the court was at last obliged to discover what decision justice demanded. To relieve their embarrassment, one of the judges proposed to renew the scene described by the mother. Three gold coins were laid on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause in court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then put forth its tiny hand and clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.—*Christian Weekly*.

Fire Incidents.

The tendency of the average person to "lose his head" at a fire was well illustrated lately at Rutland, Vt. The *Herald* thus enumerates:—"A girl in one of our hotels, who was absent during the first of the fire, came rushing in when it was at its height, and in breathless haste ran to her room. She quickly seized a hair-brush, and stuffing it into her muff, started down-stairs in the same haste, leaving her trunk and other valuables in the room. Another, in her excitement, forgot her little child, and left it to its fate. Two courageous young men, however, amid thick smoke, and in close proximity to the flames, rushed up-stairs and secured the child. While one of the blocks was burning, a woman came down-stairs with an old cast-iron kettle in her hand which she clung to with great tenacity. On reaching the sidewalk she crossed the street, walked along that side some distance, recrossed, walked along the sidewalk, and crossed back again, all the while carefully carrying the kettle. When she crossed the last time she was accosted by a gentleman, who said: 'Madam, what are you looking for?' She replied: 'I am looking for a place to put this kettle down.' The gentleman volunteered to take care of it, and she left perfectly satisfied.

Careless English.

A lady and gentleman were crossing our meadow one cloudy day, when suddenly it began to rain. "Won't you be kind enough to hoist my umbrella?" said the lady. "Certainly," said the gentleman. I was astonished at this, for if "won't" means anything at all it means will not; and therefore, according to my translation, the gentleman really had told the lady that really he would not be kind enough to hoist her umbrella!

But no. Even while he spoke, he opened that useful article, and held it gracefully over his companion. "Thank you!" said she earnestly. "Not at all," said he, still more earnestly. And on they went.

"Why the fellow flatly contradicted the lady," said I to myself. "How outrageous!" But no, again, for they were on the best of terms, and the lady smiled sweetly at his words.

Yet the birds tell me that this sort of talk is quite usual among genteel human beings.

Testing her Innocence.

The following touching scene recently occurred in a court of justice in Paris:

A poor pale seamstress, who had recently become a widow, was arraigned for theft. She appeared at the bar with her baby of eleven months on her arm. The want to get some work one day, and it was alleged that she stole three gold coins of ten francs each. The money was missed soon after she left her employer, and a servant was sent to her room to claim it. The servant found her about to quit the room, with the three gold coins in her hand. She said to the servant, "I was going to carry them back to you." Nevertheless she was carried before the commissioner of police, and he ordered her to be sent before the police court for trial. She was too poor to engage a lawyer, and when asked by the judge what she had to say for herself she answered: "The day I want to my employers I carried my child with me. It was in my arms as it is now. I was not paying attention to it. There were several gold coins on the mantelpiece, and unknown to me, it stretched out its little hand and seized three pieces, which I did not observe till I got home. I at once put on my bonnet, and was going back to my employer to return them when I was arrested. This is the solemn truth as I hope for Heaven's mercy."

The court could not believe this story. They upbraided her for her impudence in endeavoring to palm such a manifest falsehood for truth. They besought her for her own sake, to retract so absurd a tale, for it could have no effect but to oblige the court to sentence her to a much severer punishment than they were disposed to inflict upon one so young and evidently steeped so deep in poverty.

These appeals had no effect except to strengthen the poor mother's pertinacious adherence to her original story. As this firmness was sustained by that look of innocence which the most adroit criminal can never counterfeit, the court was at last obliged to discover what decision justice demanded. To relieve their embarrassment, one of the judges proposed to renew the scene described by the mother. Three gold coins were laid on the clerk's table. The mother was requested to assume the position in which she stood at her employer's house. There was then a breathless pause in court. The baby soon discovered the bright coins, eyed them for a moment, smiled, and then put forth its tiny hand and clutched them in its fingers with a miser's eagerness. The mother was at once acquitted.—*Christian Weekly*.

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The tendency of the average person