

I. GRIEF.

There are despairs which seem to blast and kill,
That darken day and rob the stars of light,
That makes the manliest weep as women might
That bend the valor of the human will—

Despairs which burn like hopeless love; and
Love can transfigure while it seems to blight;
Strong hearts feed nobly on their grief, despite
A world where hearts can ever thrive but ill.

Sweet love and laughter are the dream of
youth.

And soft contentment is a golden bar
Which shuts a life within its commonplace;

But the old world grows wiser in the truth
That sorrows fashion us to what we are
And rouse the invincible genius of our race.

II. HOPE.

I may not close my thought or sight to all
The scourge and struggle of our common lives,
I may speak boldly of a world that thrives
On self-destruction, war, disease, and thrill;

And yet my hope cries clearly as the call
Of jubilant thrushes when the spring revives;
It has the wings of dawn and blithely strives
To sing when life is nearest to its fall;

Dreams, creeds, and aspirations may go by
Like friends that have betrayed us; but we
stand
Sublime and strong while one thing fills the
heart.

Hope born immortal to us till we die,
Which makes such men of us that we with-
stand
The wolfish years which crush us and depart.

III. LOVE.

Love is forever and divinely new,
As young as when the first heart learned to
beat,
As strong, as tender, and as wildly sweet,
The immortal part of us, the crown of few.

Out of the savage lust of life it grew,
As a soft flower-growth out of light and heat,
A spirit of fire that time could not defeat,
Which made the antique world it overthrew.

Unshaken amid the wreck of ages, one
Known of all life and speech for every month,
One song that echoes world-wide and one
time—

One thing worth living for beneath the sun,
As beautiful as Summer in the South,
And full of passion as the heart of June.

G. E. MONTGOMERY.

STRANGE BRITISH CRIMES.

Scandals, Murders, Assaults, Mutilation of Cattle, &c.

I.

An epidemic of scandal and social outrage appears to be afflicting England at the present time. There are epidemics of burglary and murder as well as epidemics of fever and small-pox. The latest trouble is a strange out-break of crime affecting the domestic hearth and illuminating the ranks of the higher classes of society. "The Morewood affair," a Derbyshire scandal, holds a foremost place in the social annals of the time. It is an episode of Christmas; but it is accentuated in this new year by the extracting of bail money to the extent of \$20,000 bonds entered into for the appearance of four "aristocratic" prisoners who have decamped to foreign lands. The story is a curious satire upon the supposed culture and good feeling of English country families. From my own knowledge of this society I am bound to say it is a somewhat exceptional case of utter blackguardism and lawlessness.

Alfreton Hall is a pleasant mansion situated on one of the uplands overlooking the Erewash Valley, just where the green plains of Nottinghamshire rise into the wooded heights of the Peak of Derbyshire. A sweet rural valley was this stretch of the midlands intersected by one little river—Erewash—in the days before coal was discovered throughout its entire length. Now, however, colliery shafting and steam engines seam and scar its face with an cypripales of smoke and dirt—pillars of cloud by day and fires by night. Out of these rich coal mines the Morewoods of Alfreton, a county family, have become opulent. They have "struck it." The father of the family died recently, and the elder brother, Mr. Charles Palmer-Morewood, Alfreton, acting as head of the family, invited a Christmas gathering of his kinsmen at the ancestral hall. His mother and his four brothers assembled there on Christmas day. They were hospitably entertained. The yule log burned brightly. The holly bough hung over family portraits. Everything told of the great anniversary of humanity which Christendom was celebrating. The wind brought a message of Christmas bells across the valley. It was a day to remove domestic ties and to revive the happy memories of childhood and youth. All went on with peace and good will until the mother left. Then Mr. Moorewood and his four brothers adjourned to the smoking-room.

There appears to have been an interval in which the merits of a greatly prized old rum, which was in a singular, antique bottle, were discussed. Suddenly, without words or warning, Squire Morewood was seized by his four brothers and thrust into the library. They locked the door inside. Then they endeavored to drag him into signing a document to their pecuniary advantage. This document related to certain money mentioned in the dead father's will, some of which, being vested in colliery interests, had not had time to be realized and paid over to them. The father left each of his sons a legacy of \$100,000. Part of this patrimony the four younger brothers had received. Now they resorted to fear and force to obtain the remainder. The victim of their treachery refused to sign the document. He would not be cowed by coercion. He was told that the four brothers had cast lots to take his life. A revolver was held at his head to emphasize the threat. The elder brother insisted, and a desperate and dastardly struggle ensued. It was four against one. The elder brother twice struggled to the bell and rang for help. When the butler answered the summons of his master he was dismissed by one of the brothers on some trivial errand, while the others held their victim. Finally the four miscreants left their victim on the floor senseless and bleeding. "Go into the library," they said to one of the servants as they left the house, "you will find your master very drunk. It was a sorrowful and sickening sight that met this servant's gaze when he went into the ancestral dining saloon, furnished with all that wealth could procure and taste suggest. The Squire was lying on the carpet in a pool of blood. He was en-

tirely naked. All his clothes had been cut from off his body. He was insensible and bleeding from several wounds.

While this farce was going on, Mrs. Morewood, the Squire's wife, was lying in bed in the same house, her confinement having taken place only a short time previously. The four young heroes—(let me immortalize them by printing their names in full: George Herbert Palmer-Morewood of Hallfield Gate; Alfred Ernest Augustus, and William Louis Palmer-Morewood, of Wigwell Hall, Wirksworth)—were subsequently arrested upon warrants charging them with "unlawfully assaulting" Mr. C. R. Palmer-Morewood, Justice of the Peace, but they were liberated on bail, each in his own recognizance of \$2,500, and sureties of \$2,500 each, making a total sum of \$20,000. When, however, the case came on for trial the defendants had absconded and the bail was estreated. The money was paid, and it is understood that it came from the pockets of the fugitives. The fact that the Police warrant was only for "common assault," and that the aristocratic ruffians were allowed bail at all, is regarded in the neighborhood as a serious reflection on the justice dispensed by the English unpaid magistracy. Had these civilized savages been lower in the social scale, it is said they would have been offered no opportunity of liberty. Now they are reported to be laughing at the law in France or Spain. One account which reaches us from Alfreton declares they are about to embark on a cruise in the Mediterranean on the beautiful yacht of the Earl of Shrewsbury. "These four young aesthetes, and their divorced and divine sister, and the lordly libertine," says my correspondent, "will make, no doubt, a merry crew," and thereby hangs another story.

II.

Turning from this strange story of Alfreton Hall, I would recur for a moment to the suicide of the Criterion bar-maid in London, after the desertion of her seducer, Lieut. Pombony, of the Royal Navy. I narrated the case quite recently. She was a respectable girl. He was an officer reputed to be rich. He induced her to go and live with him. She did so. A few days after he left her. Finding herself afflicted with a terrible disease, she killed herself, leaving behind a letter denouncing her betrayer. At the inquest on her body he narrowly escaped lynching. I intimated that the Queen and the Admiralty would have the conduct of this officer laid before them. The authorities have not been long in considering the case. Lieut. Pombony's name has been struck off the list of her Majesty's Navy. Hitherto his career had been, so far as the service goes, honorable and gallant. It ends in disgrace and remorse, for no man can be so callous as not to grieve over the shocking death of the poor girl whose tragic end has been one of the "sensations" of the past few weeks.

III.

Now there has come before the world the new scandal to which reference was made in my letter from London. The Dissenting minister and husband of the boarding school lady has been captured. Henry Barwick Skilling has been taken before the Stratford County Police Court charged on a warrant with having unlawfully and indecently assaulted Mary Ann Hyams, on or about Dec. 6, 1881, in the Parish of Leyton. He was also further charged with assaulting Salina Simons, Julia Simons, Amelia Simons, Florence Hyams, Mary Jane Thew, Selina Thew, and Maud Brown, on or about the same date, at Clifton House School, Leyton. These are the schoolgirls under the care of his wife. Though the prisoner has been a preacher for some years, he is described on the charge sheet as a printer and bookbinder. The solicitor in the case applied for a remand, stating that the prosecution would be undertaken by her Majesty's Treasury. The prisoner was respectfully dressed, but not in clerical garb. He is a stout, dark, middle-aged man. The local reporter who sent notes of the arrest to London says: "Latterly the prisoner had been talking of making a tour through America." It is possible the United States have had a narrow escape from the intrigues of this wolf in sheep's clothing. The prisoner has been formally arraigned before the magistrates. The case has created quite a consternation among parents whose girls are at boarding-schools. I have frequently mentioned as a fact not favorable to this class of educational institutions in England that they are not subject to official inspection as in Germany. Anybody can open a school in England, and it is notorious that the teaching in fashionable ladies' schools is largely devoted to "deportment" and the art of "assuming airs" in society. Mr. Skilling, it is said, will turn out to have been an elderly Don Juan in his wife's school, though Mrs. Skilling has declared to the reporters that he is innocent of the crimes imputed to him.

IV.

Among the *curiosities* of the time which may be fairly recorded under the heading of "stranger than fiction" is "the Brooks case," mentioned in a London letter as likely to lead to the release of two respectable men who have served two years imprisonment out of ten to which they were condemned on a charge of assault and mutilation. The prisoners, Johnson and Clowes, are to be released, and the Government is considering the question of awarding them compensation for the misery they have undergone. As the \$20,000 of estreated bail in the Morewood affair goes to the Crown, it would be a good thing to hand it over to the victims of the insane Brooks. The story briefly told is this: Some two years ago Isaac Brooks, a farmer of Staffordshire, was assaulted and cruelly mutilated. He charged two neighbors, Johnson and Clowes, with the crime. They were tried and found guilty. The mutilation was of so savage a kind that the judge sentenced the prisoners to 10 years' penal servitude. A fortnight since Brooks died. On his death-bed, with some formality, he dictated and signed a confession that Johnson and Clowes are perfectly innocent: that they never touched him. Before he could be cross-examined he died. Medical inquiries have since been made into the character and habits of Brooks, and the result is the conviction that the man was afflicted with an insane mania of self-mutilation. The investigation has brought to light the fact that Brooks was always a man of eccentric habits, and that a year ago he

was taken to a local hospital, suffering from a second attack and injury, which he insisted on hushing up," declining to say who had assaulted him. This it is now contended ought to have excited the friends of the prisoners sufficiently to have induced them to institute inquiries in their interest; though it is questionable whether anything could have been done for them, seeing that the prosecutor's evidence and identification of them was accepted by the jury and endorsed by the Judge. It is an element in the case, as showing how Brooks may have desired to injure Clowes by charging him with assault that some years ago his sister lived with Clowes "outside the bonds of matrimony." But he had no grudge against Johnson, and the idea that any man would cut and wound himself for the purpose of charging others with the offence never appears to have occurred to any one connected with the affair until now.

It seems, however, there is no case without a parallel. A clergyman writes to the papers to say that he recently officiated at the death-bed of a man who had served many years of imprisonment for manslaughter. He had had a quarrel with his brother, who struck him. A fight ensued, in which he got the better of his assailant, who after the scuffle was found to be fatally stabbed, and who charged his brother with killing him, and the result was a sentence of some years imprisonment. On the trial the prisoner pleaded that the dead man stabbed himself, the theory being that finding his brother had the best of the encounter, he stabbed himself (only intending to do himself a slight injury) in order to get his brother into trouble. The Judge and jury did not believe this, but the prisoner on his death-bed quite recently repeated the story to the clergyman, and with his last breath declared that it was true. The Minister expresses his own belief in the statement, which suggests a rival case of injustice for comparison with the mutilation of Isaac Brooks.

V.

Just as I am closing this article my Derbyshire correspondent informs me that the history of the Morewoods of Alfreton Hall is likely to come still more prominently before the world than at present. The question of rightful succession to the estates was tried in 1841 by a "claimant" whose case is not unlike in some of its details to that of the Tichborne romance. Later another claimant turned up. "This person," says a townsman of Alfreton, writing to a local newspaper, "was a man named John Williams, calling himself John William Morewood, a native of Pembroke, who has been in the Army, and when at the Cape of Good Hope met with another soldier from Alfreton, who informed Williams of the history of the Alfreton Morewoods, and also the history of the Ladbroke Palmer-Morewoods. On Williams's return to England he wrote from Pembroke to the late Mr. Stoppard, of Pinxton, two letters (which said letters Mr. Stoppard gave to me.) He addressed Mr. Stoppard as 'Dear Uncle,' and in one letter, among other things, he writes: 'I am the son of the Rev. Henry Case Morewood and Ellen Case Morewood, and was stolen from my parents when young and sent to sea,' when, in truth, Mrs. Case Home-wood was the mother of only one child; a son, by her first husband, George Morewood Esq., who died when a few months old. It is also true that a stout pair of boots had something to do with helping Williams not only from Alfreton Hall, but also out of Alfreton town.

"But," continues the same correspondent, (and he writes with an air of authority), "the farces which took place at Alfreton Hall, at Christmas, is not the only disturbance that has occurred in the Palmer-Morewood family. The late Mr. Charles Rowland Palmer-Morewood and his brother, the late Mr. Frederick William Morewood, did not visit Alfreton at the same time, and upon an occasion of business I once had with Mr. Frederick W. Palmer-Morewood he said to me at Leamington: 'If I live longer than my father, my brother Charles shall never have Alfreton. I know of a gentleman who can trace his pedigree direct from the old Alfreton Morewoods and is possessed of many family deeds and documents relating to the Hall estates, but he has never exercised any claim to the estates, but intends shortly to do so in a way he may be legally advised; and I think an important deed will be produced which will operate in my friend's favor in barring the Statute of Limitations. I fancy there will be a greater surprise than that which took place in the action of Wood against Morewood in 1841. The shorthand notes of that trial are in hand, as also a private letter from the Judge, Baron Parke, dated ten years after the trial.' We may, therefore, in the ordinary course of events, look for further revelations in the history of the county family which has so recently ruffled the aristocratic waters of high society with the shameful details of a lord's case of adultery, elopement, and divorce, and the celebration of Christmas with an attempted robbery and murder.

Women Boxing, 1723.

At the Boarded House in Marybone Fields, to-morrow being Thursday, the 8th day of August, will be performed an extraordinary Match at Boxing between Joanna Heyfield, of Newgate Market, Basket-Woman, and the City Championess, for Ten pounds Note. There has not been seen a battle for these 20 Years past, and as these two Heroines are as brave and as bold as the ancient Amazons, the Spectators may expect abundance of Diversion and Satisfaction from these Female Combatants. They will mount at the usual Hour, and the Company will be diverted with Cudgel-playing till they mount. Note a scholar of Mr. Figg, that challenged Mr. Stokes last Summer, fights Mr. Stokes's Scholar 6 Bouts at Staff for Three Guineas: the first Blood wins. The Weather stoppeth the Battle last Wednesday.

Snow-Balling.

Are you the happy father of a brace of vigorous, active boys? You are: Then you know all about having two snow forts in the front yard, and all the neighbors' brats being in wait behind them to give you a warm greeting with a snowball volley as you come swinging up the walk with a half a dozen new lamp chimneys in your pocket, and a 17 x 14 pane of glass under your arm to set in the cellar window.

THE MUSKOKA DISTRICT.

Settlers in a Prosperous Condition—The People Very Desirous to Have Railway Accommodation.

A prominent citizen of Muskoka, says, regarding extent of undeveloped lands. In answer to a question as to the quality of good farming land, he said that, according to Murray & Kirkwood's "Undeveloped Lands of Ontario," there were in that section upwards 3,520,000 acres of territory. The population in the sixty-six townships of Muskoka and Parry Sound is 27,000 which allows an average of five persons to a family, gives 5,400 heads of families. Now if we compute the average size of a farm at 150 acres that will give an area of one million acres occupied, leaving about two and a half million acres unoccupied, a very considerable portion of which is left for settlement.

A TRIP THROUGH THE COUNTRY.

"Have you been through the district lately?"

"Yes, and travelled through a great part of the country. I followed up the Muskoka colonization road to within twenty miles of Lake Nipissing. At Huntsville, township of Chaffey, I found business showing much activity. They had good crops there, wheat especially being very good, the farmers as a consequence prospering. The next township north is Perry, and although not long since opened up to settlement, it has a population of 1,200 inhabitants. There was a small surplus of wheat grown in Perry last year, and a large area is ready for wheat in the spring. I then went eastward to the township of Bethune, where I found that good crops had been raised. A large quantity of good timber, mostly hardwood, is to be found in this neighborhood. Thence I went back through Perry into the township of Armour, and visited Katrine and Burke's Falls, where it is expected that the Northern and North-Western Sault Railway will cross the Magnetawan River. There is a good stretch of this river suitable for steam navigation. It extends twenty-five miles westward to Magnetawan Village, and if the proposed Magnetawan Village is constructed, the distance of navigable water will be extended twelve miles still further westward, through the townships of Rycerson, Chapman, and Croft, these districts containing already a large area of cultivated land. Proceeding northward, the township of Strong is reached. This has been the most rapidly settled township in the Free Grant district. Although not long opened there are now one hundred and forty families settled, mostly from the older districts of Ontario. At the village of Stirling Falls there is a saw mill owner, a grist mill owner, and several other business men lately arrived there from Listowel. The owner of the grist mill told me that his mill is running steadily sixteen hours a day, and that he expects to be kept running briskly all the winter. There are also saw mills at Sanbridge and Dunville, the latter belonging to Mr. Nicholls, who has lately come from Markham. I visited the farm of a former resident of Verulam, South Victoria, Mr. Manzie, and he expressed himself well satisfied with his farm, saying that it was equal to any land in South Victoria. I proceeded on to Uplands, in the township of Machar, where there are 70 families settled, the equality of the land in that neighbourhood, as far as I could see, being excellent. The settlers informed me that there was plenty of good land in that locality yet unoccupied. The next place visited was Commanda, in the township of Gurd, where Mr. Carr, Postmaster, is erecting a grist mill, and he stated that there was a great deal of available free grant lands in the vicinity as good if not superior to that already taken up. In the township of Huntsworth there are two settlements—Barrett and Big Bend—both prosperous and growing. In the township of Patterson I found Kistone to be a prosperous little settlement with plenty of land of fair quality in the vicinity. I found the township of Ferris to be very sparsely settled, but containing fair land. I then passed south of the townships of Mills, Hartly, and McConkey, not having had time to visit them, where, however, the land is very highly spoken of. Besides hardwood all these townships contain large quantities of pine and white oak timber of fine quality. There is also in all this territory an immense quantity of birch, which is used in cabinet-making, railway coach building, and carriage building. Lumbering is very brisk all through this region. The snow is scarce in some places, but not so as to retard operations.

RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION

The Pacific Railway construction is being carried on along the Northern and eastern shores of Lake Nipissing, not far from the lake. Mr. S. A. King being Construction Superintendent. The railway construction gives the settlers a good market for their farm produce. A large number of trains may be seen every day hauling pressed hay and oats to the Callender lumbering camps. It is expected that next year, between railway construction and lumbering, there will be a great deal of business done around Lake Nipissing. Generally I found the people prosperous, but the one object which they were unanimous in calling for was a railway, and there is no doubt that a railway would derive a very valuable local traffic. It is expected that the construction of the two roads will be commenced in the present year, which will give the people of that district, both on the east and west sides, facilities for transport. The Ontario and Sault Ste. Marie line, which will be under the auspices of the Midland Railway system, will run through Gravenhurst and Bracebridge to the Sault, crossing French River and Contain Island, and will probably afford railway facilities to the townships of Muskoka, Macaulay, Monk, Watt, Cardwell, Monteith Christie, McKellar, Hagerman, Mackenzie, Wilson, Brown and Blair. The Northern and North-Western and Canada Pacific, running from Gravenhurst to Callender, will serve the townships of Muskoka, Draper, Macaulay, Stevenson, Brunel, Chaffey, Perry, Armour, Strong, Joly, Lanier, and Hunsworth. The construction of both these roads will give a wonderful impetus to the settlement of the country. The Manitoba and North-West fever has reached the people to a certain extent, but as soon as they get railway facilities they will be quite contented, and feel no apprehensions as to their future prosperity, as new markets will be

created for their farm products. Though much of the land is rocky and fertile, yet there is sufficient material for two wealthy counties. The country is well watered and furnished with hemlock, birch, pine and other woods. I drove all through this country, the whole of it in my constituency, Strong, Machar, Hunsworth, and Patterson never having been visited by me before.

STOCK RAISING.

"Is the country adapted for stock raising?"

"Yes; in the township of Perry Mr. Henry Riozin intends to turn his three hundred cleared acres into a stock farm after taking off his next stock of wheat. Sheep have done remarkably well, and I have been informed that the offspring is superior to the parent stock, thus showing that the country is well suited for stock raising."

Mr. Cockburn said that intending settlers would do well to apply to Mr. Shaughnessy, Uplands; Mr. Carr, Commanda Creek; Mr. M. Lawson and Mr. M. Sinclair, Glenlady; J. S. Scarlett, Nipissing; Mr. Best, Magnetawan; Mr. Handy, Emsdale; and Mr. McKay, Parry Sound; also Mr. J. C. Taylor Bracebridge.

AIMING SETTLEMENT, ETC.

The Ontario Government is opening up new townships by means of colonization roads. To the north and west of Lake Nipissing there is good land in the townships of Springer and Caldwell. They are not yet opened up for settlement, but in all probability will soon be thrown open. It is reported that vast tracts of good land are also to be found to the north-east and north-west of Lake Nipissing, at a distance of fifteen or twenty miles from that lake, in addition to some good belts nearer to the lake.

A PERSEVERING PRISONER.

Wonderful Escape of a Convict from the California Penitentiary.

An interesting story comes from Stockton of the way in which the notorious safe robber, Johnny Sansone, recently escaped from the Folsom State Prison. The story of his well-laid plan is as follows: About nine months ago he received the scheme of escaping. He worked the cement out from between two granite blocks in the floor of his cell, and, by sounding with a wire, found a cavity underneath. With a chisel, which he smuggled into his cell, and a piece of hard wood, he succeeded in breaking in two one of the granite blocks. He struck the blows only when the door was slammed. Then he painted a piece of wood in imitation of the granite and inserted it in the floor, so that he could remove it at pleasure. When he made an examination of the hollow space below he found that by cutting through stone and cement three and a half feet thick he could reach an abandoned sewer. In order to avoid detection by the guard he hung some of his clothes upon the wall, and the rest he made into a dumpty which he tucked nicely under the blankets. Naked, he worked night after night until he had entered the opening of a stone sewer. The holes he cut were so small that he had to grease them to allow his body to slip through.

After passing through the sewer fifty-two feet he met with an obstruction in the shape of stone and cement ten feet in thickness, which had been filled in when the sewer was abandoned. This he removed slowly, piece by piece, carrying it back like a squirrel into the hollow space underneath his cell. He met with another obstruction when this was removed, a granite block two and a half feet thick. When he had made his way through this he ran a tunnel into the ground eight feet long, just wide enough to admit his body, and then started an incline upwards, which, after running four feet, brought him into an unused closet in a small room with an asphaltum floor, and with a window barred with chilled iron bars. Sansone had provided himself with steel saws, made out of case-knives, to cut the bars. The opportunities afforded him to complete his work were given when the guards were changing shifts, or when they were in a remote portion of the institution. It was during a change of the shifts that he escaped and gained his liberty. When once outside he procured clothing from some tramps and then made his way through to Marysville. Often while working in the sewer the air was so foul that he had to withdraw to save himself from suffocation. In the nine months required to complete the job, Sansone lost twenty-five pounds in flesh. Sansone was captured by an accident in Marysville, a Sheriff who knew him covering the convict with a revolver before he had warning.

Cornish Superstitions.

Old customs still prevail to a great extent in the northern and western portions of England. In the north, especially amid the great Black Country, they are almost universal, while in the Midlands and the south they seem to have disappeared. Many of these customs come within the category of superstitions. In the north, no child's nails are ever cut on Sunday; no man's nails are cut until it has attained the age of one year, but are bitten; the inside of a child's hands are never washed until three weeks after birth; infants, before they are carried down stairs, are always taken up stairs, in order to insure their course in the world upward; no child is shown itself in the glass, or its teething process will be painful; cake is always given to the first person met on the road to the christening; marriage should never be performed on a Saturday, but always, if possible, on a Wednesday; the person who sleeps first on the wedding night will die first, as will the person who kneels first at the marriage ceremony. In Cornwall no miner whistles underground; a Cornish child born after midnight will see more of the world than ordinary folk, and Sunday is an especially lucky day for birth.

Went Shopping.

"I ain't feeling very well to-day. My head aches, my liver is out of order. I've got the sciatica, my pulse is feeble, and I expect I'll die before night if I don't take care of myself."

"And you won't go to the office to-day, dearest?" tenderly inquired his wife.

"No," he answered, groaning, and looking very pale.

"In so glad, deary. You can tend the children, then, while I go shopping," and she skipped up-stairs to put on her things with a joyous, heart-easy laugh that only the true wife ever gives vent to.