

The First and Last Kiss.

She had visited him several times in jail before his trial, and administered to him all the comfort and consolation which it was in her power to bestow. In his nature to receive; for it distressed her much to find that he manifested great hardness of heart, and that he was alike insensible to her sufferings and his own disgrace. But she had not seen him since his trial. She had not, indeed, been able to get so far, for her recovery, after lying in, was slow; and she was extremely feeble and delicate, when, at the expiration of about six weeks, she learned, by a harsh letter from her brutal husband, that if she "wanted to see him again," she must go to Monmouth before a day named, as he was on that day to be conveyed, with other convicts, to the seaport whence they were to embark for New South Wales. She did wish to see him again; and it was on the following morning of that very Sabbath evening, in the month of July, when her father set forth to visit her, as already mentioned, that she intended to do so.

Mr. Lloyd was desirous of seeing his daughter, not only to prepare her, by his conversation, for the melancholy task of taking, in all probability, a last farewell of one who, criminal and dishonourable as he was, was still her husband;—but also to arrange with her the time and manner of proceeding to Monmouth the next morning, whither he intended accompanying her himself. He found her weeping over her last-born, which lay asleep in her lap. He did not chide her tears, for they were the natural channels of her grief; but in his twofold character of her spiritual and paternal monitor, he applied himself to assuage the sorrow which was their fruitful source. And he had the consolation to observe, ere he departed, that Hester was so far tranquil and resigned, as to discourse calmly upon her approaching interview with David.

In this frame of mind he left her, and in this frame of mind he found her the following morning, when, at the early hour of five, she met him as had been agreed upon, at the foot of the gentle ascent that rises abruptly from the site of the picturesque ruins of Tintern Abbey. She had her infant in her arms, and was accompanied by a neighbor's daughter, a hale buxom wench about fifteen, who kindly offered to go with her, and help to carry the child, a labor for which the still impaired health and delicate frame of Hester was hardly sufficient. They set forth, Hester leaning for support upon her father, having, at his suggestion, transferred her sleeping baby to the care of her young companion.

No possible human pain or sorrow could so deaden the perceptions of natural beauty in souls susceptible of its influence, as wholly to destroy the effects of such scenery as meets the eye between Tintern and Monmouth. The thick woody acclivities which fringe the opposite bank of the river; the rich meadows and green steeps which run shelving from the hill to the water's edge, on the higher side; the picturesque little hamlet of Brook-Weir; the smooth translucent bay formed by the Wye, in front of the romantically beautiful village of Landogs, built upon a lofty hill whose indented side is mantled with deep woods; the white sails of small vessels occasionally gliding along, the solemn stillness of the whole scene, and its surpassing magnificence, might drive away, for a time, all memory of past grief, and extinguish all sense of present wretchedness. The face of sorrow reflects the placid smile of surrounding nature; the bruised heart catches her repose; and the weary spirit revives, beneath those feelings which lift it to the Divine Author of so much loveliness, while gazing with silent gladness, upon its refreshing features.

Hester felt all the benign influence of this consolation from without; and when they arrived in Monmouth, she expressed an eager desire to go at once to the prison, anxious to have the full benefit of her composed and re-animating feelings, in the interview with her husband. It was well she yielded to this desire; for had there been the further delay of but half an hour, the object of her journey would have been frustrated. Contrary to what was first intimated to the prisoners, the day fixed for their departure was hastened, in consequence of their having received peremptory orders to sail immediately. Due notice of this change was given to them all, that they who had friends, and wished to see them, might do so. But David Morgan did not trouble himself about the matter; and when Hester, with her child in her arms, presented herself at the prison gates, the vehicle in which the convicts were to proceed to the port of embarkation was already there.

She told her business in a faltering voice, and was conducted by the turnkey to an inner yard, where were assembled about a dozen men, whose scowling looks and ferocious countenances terrified her. They were mustered preparatory to removal. Among them stood David and old Morgan, hand-cuffed together, as were the others. Hester did not perceive them at first; but as they slowly approached her, she recognized her husband, and burst into tears. She was shocked at his altered appearance, for he was now hair cut close to his head. She was still more shocked at beholding the iron manacles which bound him to his father.

She could not speak. Old Morgan was silent. David, in a hard, unfeeling tone, while not a feature of his face relaxed from its rigid harshness, merely said, "You are come at last; I thought you might have found your way here a little sooner." Hester could only reply by pointing to her

baby, with a look of beseeching anguish, which seemed to say, "Do not upbraid me,—you forget I have given birth to this innocent." The mute appeal appeared to touch him, for he took her hand, and gazing for a moment upon its thin white fingers, and the blue veins that were not used to be so visible, till sickness had made them so, he kissed it. Hester drew nearer—leaned against her husband's bosom—and raising the infant towards his lips, whose little sparkling eyes unclosed themselves, as if to look upon its father, she exclaimed, in a scarcely articulate voice, "Kiss it, too, David,—kiss our son, and bless him." The felon father bowed his head and kissed his innocent child, while, with his unfettered arm, he clasped closer to his breast its weeping mother. Nature asserted her prerogative for an instant; the husband and the father prevailed over the hardened criminal; and the heart of David owned that he was both. But the next instant he was neither. As if he thought it became him to play the churl, even at such a moment, or that he should lose character with his new companions, who were standing round, witnesses of this scene, he put Hester coldly from him, and muttered, as he turned away, "There—we have had enough of this nonsense."

Before Hester could reply, or remove her handkerchief from her eyes, one of the officers of the prison entered the yard, and ordered the convicts to follow him. David and old Morgan hurried out the first; and in less than a minute, there were left only Hester, her father, and the girl who had accompanied them. Mr. Lloyd waited till he heard the rattling of the lumbering machine as it drove off; and he then led Hester out. He had been a silent and a sad spectator of the interview; and he felt that it would be only an unnecessary pang, added to those she had already endured, if he permitted her to witness the actual departure of her husband. Her emotions, when he told her that he was gone, satisfied him he had judged rightly, and acted wisely. They were not those deep and maddening emotions which lacerate the heart, when a beloved object is torn from it for ever.

It was impossible they should be. But Hester had stood at the altar with David. She was a wife. He was her husband. She was a mother. He was the father of her children. Ill usage may destroy all the finer sympathies which hallow those relations in a woman's gentle and affectionate nature; but it is death alone—or its equivalent, eternal separation in this world,—that can make her feel she has no longer a husband, and her children no longer a father. And when that feeling does come, it will wring the bosom with a sorrow unlike any other.

Hester returned to her father's house that day, and remained there "benevolent" with her two children. The cottage which she had occupied since her marriage was given up; and the produce of the little furniture it contained, when sold, her husband's creditor's allowed her to keep, out of respect for herself, and pity for her misfortunes. It was an additional burden which Mr. Lloyd was ill able to bear; but his trust was in Him whose command it is that we should succour the distressed, protect the fatherless, and do all manner of good. In the bosom of her family, in the discharge of her maternal duties, in the occupation afforded her by superintending the education of the daughters of some of her neighbors, which enabled her to meet many of her own personal expenses without drawing upon her father's slender means, and in the peaceful retreat of the valley of Tintern, her mind gradually recovered much of its former tranquillity. A more pleasing former tranquillity. A more pleasing retreat could not easily be found. The woods and glades intermixed, to adopt the language of one who has been pronounced an oracle in all that concerns the picturesque,—the winding of the river,—the variety of the ground,—the splendid ruin, contrasted with the objects of nature, and the elegant line formed by the summits of the hills which includes the whole make altogether a very enchanting piece of scenery. Everything around breathes an air so calm and tranquil, so sequestered from the commerce of life that it is easy to conceive a man of warm imagination, in monkish times, might have been allured by such a scene, to become an inhabitant of it.

In such a scene did Edmund, the son of David Morgan, pass his youth; and had he lived in "monkish times," by such a scene would his warm imagination have been allured, and he himself have become a monk of holy Tintern. It was his supreme delight, while yet a boy, to wander the live-long day amid the wild and craggy steeps, the tangled thickets, the solitary glens, and the variously wooded slopes of that magnificent amphitheatre, laid out by the hand of nature. It was no less his delight to linger, round the ruins of the venerable abbey as the shadows of the evening descended upon them, or when the pale moon partially illuminated the bright radiance through the ivy-wreath windows. At such moments, his imagination would carry him back to the period when it was the abode of living piety; when the vesper hymn pealed along its echoing cloisters; and when all the pomp and solemnity of a religion which inflamed the mind by the seduction of the senses, reigned in sacred grandeur beneath its roof. Sometimes he would people the ruin with his creations of his heated fancy, summon from their graves the shadowy forms of holy men who had died there in ages past, and half believe he saw the visions of his brain embodied before his eyes.

In such a place as this, at such an hour,

If aught of ancestry may be believed, Descending angels have conversed with men. And told the secrets of the world unknown.

At the period now described, Edmund Morgan was in his thirteenth year. He was no common boy; and his grandfather, who had watched the dawnings of his character, moral and intellectual, prided himself upon his cultivation of both. Enthusiasm was its basis. In whatever he engaged, it was with the whole energy of his nature. It may be supposed, therefore, that he quickly mastered those branches of knowledge which were within the compass of Mr. Lloyd to teach, and who was also anxious that he should have the advantages of a more comprehensive education. But how was his benevolent desire to be accomplished? He was too poor to pay for it, and he was too friendly to obtain it from patronage. Accident, at length, if such events in the life of man may rightly be called accidents, shaped his destiny. Some trifling circumstances, so unheeded at the time that no distinct recollection of it survived the occurrence, brought him into contact with an eccentric old gentleman of the neighbourhood, who had signalled himself on more than one occasion by the apparent caprice with which he bestowed his bounty. The last act of the kind which had been talked of, was his stocking a small farm for an industrious young man, and giving him besides a hundred pounds to begin with, to whom he had never spoken till he called upon him to announce his intention. But he had observed him frequently, in his walks, labouring early and late, in a little garden which was attached to his cottage; and had learned, upon inquiry, that he kept an aged mother and a sister, who was a cripple, out of the workhouse, by his scanty earnings. It was Edmund's good fortune to attract the notice of Squire Jones in the way described; and it was not long after that he paid a visit to Mr. Lloyd, for the express purpose of asking a few questions about him. The good old man spoke with pride and affection of his pupil and grandson, but with despondency of his future prospects. "I have reared him as my own," said he, "from his cradle, and I should know, or reasonably hope, so goodly a bench would not be left to float like a wretched weed upon the stream of time." "He shall be planted," replied Squire Jones, "Send for the boy. But never mind, just now. You know in what soil he will be most likely to thrive, I shall call again tomorrow. By that time make your choice, and leave the rest to me." The morrow came—the choice was made—and Edmund was to study for the Church, at Oxford, the great ambition of his youthful mind, upon an ample allowance secured to him by Squire Jones, in such a way as nothing but his own misconduct could forfeit.

If Edmund was the pride of his grandfather, he was no less the idol of his mother, who would sometimes think that Heaven had bestowed such a treasure upon her in compensation for what it had taken away. Perhaps her love for Edmund was somewhat heightened, by the circumstance that she had lost her first child when only four years old, and he had become, therefore, her only one; but, in truth, his own affectionate disposition, his intellectual endowments, were of themselves sufficient passports to all the love of a fond mother, though not a weak one. She looked forward with dejected feelings to the now approaching moment of her first separation from her dear boy; but she was too gratefully conscious of the benefit he was to derive from that separation to repine at it.

There had always been one subject, which, whenever it occupied the thoughts of Hester, was most painful and distressing to her. It was the mystery of Edmund's birth. She could not tell him his father was a convict, and she had no reason to believe any one else had done so. She could not even tell him that he lived; for from the moment of his leaving Monmouth prison, down to that of which we are now speaking, no tidings of him had reached her. Neither he nor old Morgan had written a single line to any relative or friend they had left behind. All she ever learned concerning him was, that he had arrived safely at New South Wales. Edmund, when a child, because the word was constantly upon the lips of his playmates, and because he saw they had fathers, but as he grew older, and began to reflect, a thousand little circumstances presented themselves to his mind, which though he knew not what, that hung over his infancy. Once, and only once, he asked his mother, "Who is my father? And where is he?" But the silent agitation of Hester, for she could not answer him, sealed his lips upon that subject ever afterwards.

Edmund was in his sixteenth year when he went to the University, and he remained there, with the usual visit, at home during the vacations, till he was one-and-twenty. The progress he bore for strict propriety of conduct, well justified the munificent liberality of his patron. But he was denied one gratification that of gladdening his grandfather's pride in him by the display of his scholastic attainments. The good old man, full of years and ripe in virtue, had breathed his last, from than from the inroads of disease, not long after he had seen the wish nearest his heart realised. Edmund was with him when he died, and he followed him to the grave with feelings which emphatically told him how he could have loved and how mourned—a father! By the interest of his benefactor, who the more he saw, and the more he knew of Edmund, found what had originally borne the stamp of a benevolent whim merely, gradually assuming the better

quality of a permanent desire to befriend him, the curacy of Tintern was reserved for his benefit, when he should be duly qualified, by ordination, to assume its pastoral functions. Meanwhile, the place of Mr. Lloyd was supplied by a neighbouring clergyman, to whom the fatigues of double duty were sweetened by something beyond the allotted stipend, out of the purse of Squire Jones.

To be Continued.

RESULTS AT THE HAGUE

Much Good May Result From the Peace Conference.

The Peace Congress has done something to render warfare more humane and less barbarous than it has been. It has also provided in the permanent arbitration tribunal a great instrument for securing peace among nations.

Much has been left undone. Militarism has been allowed to triumph. Armaments have not been reduced on land or sea. War taxation in time of peace remains the theory and practice of Europe. Private property, either under a neutral or a hostile flag, has not been exempted from seizure in wartime, and many other reforms in the relations of nations have been put aside.

The Peace Congress has not completed the work of civilization, and the millennium of peace and good-will on earth is still a long way ahead, but they are nearer than they were. The Parliament of Man at The Hague has done much to promote the welfare of the world.

While the arbitration scheme recommended and adopted by the Peace Congress is not perfect, it is designed to meet almost every question that is likely to arise between nations, and supplies a practical method of averting war by peaceful and honorable means. It also provides special resources of mediation when nations are on the verge of hostilities. No government will be compelled to abide by the decisions of the arbitration tribunal, but the moral forces of civilization are behind it.

Europe remains a circle of barracks and garrisons. The ogre of militarism, in full armor and with spiked helmet, is still a commanding figure in the Europe of to-day; yet it is true, that in consequence of the work of the Peace Congress, the nations stand in less dread of the spectre of war, and have a large faith in the resources of peace. It cannot be the same suspicious, jealous and resentful world when a great council representing all Christendom has sanctioned a reasonable and practical method of averting war.

TO ILLUMINATE NIAGARA.

A Feature of the Buffalo Exposition Will Be the Greatest Electrical Sight Ever Seen.

Buffalo's big exposition—and if only one half the promises of the management are realized it will be in every respect a big affair—will be the occasion of what will doubtless be a most brilliant and startling electrical illumination.

Niagara Falls will be transformed into a flood of fire. The seething, roaring torrent will be ablaze with all the hue of the spectrum. The superlative natural grandeur of the scene will be so enhanced that the projectors of the strikingly novel enterprise contend that its success will make the exposition an event in history.

The idea is to erect a series of tall towers on both the American and Canadian sides of the river. On the top of these lofty spires huge electric search lights will be placed, in such a manner that they may be played on any part of the falls. The imagination may picture the dazzling effect that will be produced when a score of those powerful instruments of illumination are brought to bear upon the rushing waters as they tumble irresistibly over the rocky ledge into the depths beneath. A constant change of colors will be used in the manipulation of the search lights, so that now the falls will be like molten silver, again a flood of crimson, again as green as the ocean itself, and so on through the whole gamut of the painter's palette. The astonishing effect will be still further heightened by the use of electric arc lights in the Cave of the Winds, in front of it a wide phosphorescent glow. The power for this record making illumination will be all within easy reach, as Niagara will itself be made to do all the necessary work. It is expected to be largely a spectacular arrangement, but scientists hope to discover something new about the effect of light on water, and make a new study of the chemistry of color. This has been done to some extent with electric fountains, but Niagara will offer an entirely new field.

THE KAISER'S SERVANTS.

There are 1,500 persons upon the German Emperor's list of employes, including 350 women servants, who are engaged in looking after the 22 royal palaces and castles that belong to the Crown.

POWER OF FROZEN WATER.

No receptacle has ever been made with sufficient strength to resist the bursting power of frozen water.

A WOMAN'S SUFFERING

Was Troubled With Palpitation of Heart, Extreme Weakness and Headaches.

In the little hamlet of Welland County, resides a powerful Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The subject of this testimony is Richard Hanna, an Englishman, who has resided in that locality for many years. A reporter seeking a view with Mrs. Hanna, who is willing to give full details, was given in her own words, "I was troubled at the time to which I did not get better. The palpitation of the heart, extreme weakness, and very nervous, had no appetite, and I experienced much wakefulness at night. Finally I was compelled to give up, being too weak to do anything longer. In this condition I was advised at different times to give up, and took a great quantity of medicine, but realized no benefit. No one of my neighbors thought I would die. In the meantime I thought of the death would soon end my suffering. One day Mrs. Smith, of Port Hope, came to see me and persuaded me to try to procure for me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he gave me six boxes. After taking the boxes I had improved very much, and was able to go to work, though yet not completely. As a result I consider myself sleep soundly, and can stand more than I could for years past. Although I have passed the best of my life I feel as healthy as when I was in my twenties. With great pleasure and a grateful heart I give the following testimony.

The public is cautioned against the numerous pink colored imitations of the famous pills. The genuine are only in boxes, the wrapper of which bears the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If a dealer does not have them they can be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Williams' Medicine Co., Boston, Ont.

ORIGIN OF LIFE INSURANCE

First Established in London on the 6th of 1799.

The practice of insuring human life first came into use two hundred years ago—to be exact, on October 6, 1799, and credit for being the first to give real life to the movement is due to Rev. Dr. William Assheton, of London. On the date above mentioned the Assurance Society for the Benefit of Widows and Orphans was incorporated in London, its statutes and by-laws being framed in accordance with views set forth in a book, which was published in 1801, and which was entitled "Natural and Political Observations in Regard to the Currents of Births and Deaths."

John Graunt, a wealthy Londoner was the author of this book, and Assheton was so impressed when he read it that he at once took steps to form a life insurance company. He succeeded, but not without much difficulty, and among the provisions of this first company were the following:—A married man, not more than 40 years old, could be insured for £500, one not more than forty for £200, and one not more than sixty, for £100. Sailors and persons travelling to distant countries, would not be insured, and suicides, as well as those convicted of death, lost the benefits of the insurance.

The company flourished during the first year, but soon afterward the directors learned to their cost that the expenditure was much in excess of the receipts, and consequently they raised the rate considerably. This did not help them much, however, and the result was that Parliament finally passed a law to their relief by granting the company an annual subsidy of £20,000. From this time forward the company did a good business, and was not long before similar companies were started throughout Europe, as well as in this country.

SAVED BY A CAT.

Aroused His Master by Gently Scratching His Face.

Score one for pussy. A British England, cat a few days ago prevented the means of saving a whole family from destruction by fire. At half-past two in the morning a shopkeeper named Ledo Schmiedermann was aroused by his pet tabby, which was gently scratching his face.

He tried to drive her away, but the faithful feline persisted, he aroused himself, to find the room full of smoke. He alarmed a lodger, Hermann Muller, who was sleeping on the second floor, and also his sister and another young woman. They all rushed to the stairs, where the flames were already spreading.

With the exception of the lodger, the inmates, taking puss with them, escaped a landing, from which they escaped to the back yard. Just as the flames shot right through the spiral staircase, Muller, who had stopped to put on his boots, was cut off from escape. The flames reached his room, and then, throwing out some bedding, he leaped from the second story window. He badly sprained his ankle, and was taken to the infirmary.

SMOKING IN EARLY TIMES.

The Practice Existed Before the Discovery of Tobacco?

There is some reason to think that tobacco was smoked before the London Standard. Several old books of housewifery which herbs named are to be "smoked," which means, perhaps, inhaling, should say; but the other indication is by no means impossible. A vast number of clay pipes have been found under conditions which would prove that they were deposited before Raleigh's birth; and a number of early dates is so utterly unlike modern form that these could not have been dropped by laborers of the present day. At an antiquarian meeting many years ago an old gentleman showed his grandfather used to give him coppers for wading into the pool at Newcastle-under-Lyme to get a "buck-bone," which the veteran smoked to relieve his asthma. That reminder carries us back a century and a half, and it is probably that buck-bone had been used for asthma "time of mind." People were already familiar with the practice of smoking herbs which would have an explanation of the astonishing rapidity with which they went to tobacco. It may be noted that the Indians of Hochecho, on the St. Lawrence, smoking a pipe which we recognize from his description. His sailors did not care for the tobacco, but the former met with their approval from the first, for it was "as good as drink" to them. The medicine smoked lobelia before prophesying, and under its effect they raved. This property of the weed been noted by the servants!

PRIMITIVE CANNONS.

They Have Been Made of Every conceivable Kind of Material.

Cannons for use in warfare appear to have been made of many substances which would appear very unsuitable to our modern ideas. It must, however, be remembered that in the early days of artillery powder was very coarse and slow-burning, and the range was very small. The wear and tear, therefore, on the bore of the gun was nothing compared to what it is now. For instance, the Swedes in the time of Gustavus Adolphus used cannon of leather, and in 1639 similar weapons were made in Scotland under the direction of Sir Alexander Hamilton, who had seen service in Sweden. Cannon have also been made of wood and stone, sometimes lined with a bore of metal and sometimes not. Cannon made of almost pure gold have been found in India. It is said that after Cortez left Mexico the Mexicans tried to imitate his cannon in terra-cotta. Krupp has been credited with an experiment in paper guns, that is to say, field pieces of small caliber composed of a metal core surrounded by compressed paper pulp. Such guns would, of course, be very much lighter, and would be much easier to carry about than metal guns. Of guns not used in warfare the most curious were those used to fire salutes at a winter festival in Petersburg in the year 1740, when the guns were made of ice. It is said that they had an effective range of 50 yards, and that they all withstood the test of firing without bursting.

MODERN SPANISH TORTURE.

How the Jailors Extort Confessions From Prisoners.

In view of the inquiry which it is understood has been granted by the Spanish Government into the charges of torturing prisoners in the case-mates of Monjuich, it may be of interest to set out some of the items in the indictment made out against the authorities. It is said, in the first place, that a reward of 10,000 pesetas was offered to any jail official who could extort an avowal of guilt from a prisoner. Acting under this stimulus, the jailors are stated to have forced the wretched creatures under their control to run around their cells day and night for eighty hours at a stretch heavy whips being used to keep the victims awake. The officials are also said to have deprived them of all food save salt stockfish and ardent spirits, confession being the price of a glass of water. Not a few paid it, slacked their thirst, and, it is contended, were summarily shot.

It is further alleged that wedges were driven under the nails of prisoners until the nails sloughed away. Even more horrible mutilations are stated not to have been uncommon. One of the most cruel devices, borrowed from the Inquisition, was, it is affirmed, a machine like a diver's helmet, fitted with a tube allowing the prisoner to breathe, while a screw compressing slowly the sides and top, thus producing inconceivable agony. One dargone this torture more than once, and to have been driven mad by it.

NO WONDER.

Small boy—I don't wonder that woman's heads so often ache. Little girl—Why? Small boy—Every time they see any of their children they've got to think up some reason for not letting them do what they want to.