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THE

SEPTEMBER, 1865, TO MARCH, 1866.

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W. B. CORDIER & CO.

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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 1.

FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 9, 1865.

FIVE CENTS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

A boon, good Public—yield it of your grace—
"Let us be friends," behold the boon we crave.
We're not the Publisher, with serious face,
Dreaming of Printer's bills and things as grave.
Nor yet the Editor, with anxious mien,
As small boys shout for "copy, if you please,"
Nor e'en the printer armed with weapons keen
Which make and unmake prodigies with ease.
But we're, so please you, one who fain would be
Your right good friend and always welcome guest,
Whispering at times sweet strains of poetry,
Then sober prose—anon some sprightly jest.
We've themes exhaustless, "Half a million," say,
We know no limit to our varied store—
Of flood and field adventures, grave and gay—
Games for the parlour—philosophic lore—
Thoughts for the statesman—scientific truth—
Problems and puzzles framed for studious youth.
Fiction all healthful—not of Ledger store,
Something of everything, we trust, but—bore.
Then yield the boon, good Public, of your grace,
As we forswear the role of special pleader,
And stand unveiled and hopeful, thee to face,
Your friend and servant to command,

THE READER.

OUR UNDERTAKING.

THE birth of a literary paper in Canada is a matter of some importance, several causes having contributed to make it so. The history of literary journalism in this country is of very small compass, and what little there is to record is of a very sad character. There is scarcely any department of industry on which we could enter, where one bright star, bidding us hope, might not be descried flickering in the distance; scarcely a sphere in which labour or talents can be employed, where some intrepid and fortunate precursor might not be pointed to as a living pledge that there is, at least, a possibility of success. Out of this scarcity we have selected one. The occasions on which Canadians have had an opportunity of bidding welcome to a literary paper, on its advent, have been few, and we must add that the greetings at such occurrences have not been of a very hearty nature; and, indeed, the griefs and regrets at the decease of such publications, although of almost as frequent recurrence, have been equally tame and ephemeral in their character. Advancing theoretical speculations as to the causes of this indifference to native literature would only be a loss of time; it would not alter the naked truth that almost every effort in this direction has been totally unsuccessful, while it might possibly give offence, a rudeness and want of taste, of which we have no desire to plead guilty. We have determined to publish a literary journal, and we have no intention of losing money by it; we have entered upon the task in the full belief that the time has arrived when such an undertaking, if conducted with energy and prudence, must prove successful; and although we are unfortunately without a precedent in this respect, twelve unlucky months must roll by before we shall be convinced of the fallacy of our faith. Our primary object, and we may just as well own it, is to ~~make money; and although we may have select-~~

ed a somewhat roundabout road to fortune, like most other ordinary individuals, we have chosen the one which, for us, possesses the greatest variety of way-side attractions. As a pledge that we will use every legitimate effort to produce a meritorious periodical, we offer self-interest; it is perhaps the "drossiest," but it is certainly the surest we can give. It is the fairywand of every day life, at whose magical touch, order springs forth from confusion, symmetry out of chaos.

It must be apparent to every thinking person that in a new country like this, where the literary arena is limited, the success of a periodical, whose existence depends chiefly upon the extent of its circulation, can only be attained by embracing a large number of interests, or rather by interesting a large number of readers. To command the attention of the politician, questions of provincial policy must be freely discussed; to secure the approbation of the economist, political and domestic economy must have their places; then the general reader who looks after fresh literature, expects the merits and demerits of every new book to be set forth with mirror-like distinctness; the novel reader considers fiction the staple commodity; the man of science would have us devote half our space to the expounding of scientific theories and the recording of scientific researches and discoveries; the lover of music and the fine arts wants at least a page a week; the admirer of the drama considers the stage deserving of more attention than is generally accorded to it. And the ladies? why, they expect a perfect transcript of the London and Paris fashions. Besides, there are a large number of other interests ranging between the hoary-headed old man who wants a decent periodical to relieve the monotony of idle blessedness, to the urchin of a dozen summers, who willingly suspends the pursuit of his favourite studies—the Rule of Three, Grammar, Spelling Book Superseded, &c.—to luxuriate in the fantastic delights of a good Christmas tale. All this and more must be done, and well done, before the failure of a periodical can be justly charged upon the public.

In handling political and general subjects, we shall endeavour to earn, at least, the palm of originality in our mode of treatment. We shall endeavour to regard the Public as a compound mass of beings possessing equal intelligence, equal understanding and equal judgment with ourselves; and herein will consist our originality. Hitherto Canadian writers have acted towards the public the part of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to Hamlet. How often have they tried to "govern its vantages" with their fingers and thumbs? How many times has it been sounded from its lowest note to the top of its compass? But though they have "fretted" it, they seemingly have not been able to play upon it. The fact is, the public of Canada is not to be played upon by the most skillful performer; and in our opinion the duty of the honest journalist now-a-days is confined to the amassing or compiling of facts and the

placing of the evidence and arguments, on both sides of the question, before his readers in the most condensed and yet comprehensive shape, leaving each individual to use his own judgment and draw his own conclusions. We do not mean to convey the idea that a journalist should withhold his own views on the question he treats of in his paper, but that these should be put forth in the shape of common-sense arguments, and not endearing entreaties or rude badgering, as though the public were a pet spaniel or a rusty horse, innocent of intelligence and amenable only to coaxing or the lash. This is the style pursued by the more respectable journals of this Province at present, and, to say the least, it is anything but flattering to the public.

In fiction, we shall confine ourselves chiefly to the reproduction of the works of British authors of repute; arrangements which we have made with a respectable London publishing house, enabling us to produce the works of some standard writers, at the same time that they are published in England, and before they have been published on this continent. Each of the other departments to which we have referred, we hope, to supply by native talent, and on the whole we are confident of our ability to furnish a SATURDAY READER, which shall deserve and receive generous support.

VENERATION VERSUS REFORM.

THE people of Quebec seem to be weary of municipal institutions, and have applied to the Legislature to relieve them from the evils of civic government as understood by the Anglo-Saxon race. For this they have been severely censured, as well in Parliament as by the press. But we doubt if the denizens of the ancient capital have not suffered injustice at the hands of their critics and judges. It is certain that the affairs of the city of Quebec have been grossly mismanaged, and that some great change in some direction can alone save them from bankruptcy and disgrace. Now, what are the citizens of Quebec to do in this exigency? Under the existing system, they have, year after year, been hoping that matters would mend; but year after year they have been sinking deeper and deeper into difficulty and debt. Let us not blame them, then, overmuch, if for an extreme evil, they seek an extreme remedy. We do not believe they would act wisely in placing the city funds in the hands of parties irresponsible to the taxpayers; for all experience is opposed to such a step. But while convinced of this, we also believe that our municipal system is greatly behind the age, and requires not only to be amended and reformed, but to be revolutionised, so to speak. A form of city government that was a benefit and a blessing in the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors, may be anything but a benefit or a blessing in the nineteenth century; yet, in our reverence for the good it has effected in the past, we hold even its faults in traditional veneration. It is the same, too, in the United States, into which the old Puritans

and others introduced the municipal customs of the mother country, and which they long regarded as the chief bulwark of their liberties. We consider the leading fault of the system to be, that under it the same person exercises legislative and executive functions, and which should always be kept asunder. This is the leaven which leaveneth the whole lump. In England they have abated the evil by depriving corporations of many of their ancient powers and prerogatives, while leaving them others which they could beneficially or harmlessly wield. The police was taken out of their hands, for instance; and in the great towns, such as London and Liverpool, many important public duties which formerly appertained to the civic fathers, are now performed by commissioners and trustees, independent of, and apart from, the Council. It is this direction that the reform of our town municipalities ought to take; or the cure, we fear, will be worse than the disease.

It is not in Quebec alone, that municipal government has been found wanting. Almost every town and city in the Province has suffered from it. All are indebted, and several are unable to meet their engagements. Here, in Montreal, our finances are in a somewhat flourishing condition, at present; yet, for a quarter of a century, we have been afflicted with mismanagement, or worse, in every shape and form. The misdoings of their civic rulers are an endless subject of complaint among our republican neighbours; and the city government of New York has long been a by-word for extravagance and corruption. We repeat, then, that the reform of this great modern nuisance must be thorough and complete.

WHAT PEOPLE SAY.

The man who declared that if he could make a nation's songs, he cared not who made its laws, was wise in his generation. It is no less true, that the wants, wishes and purposes of a community are generally indicated by the opinions uttered in every private circle, or at every street corner; and that more faithfully, too, than they are to be traced in the columns of party newspapers, or the declamation of party speeches. Instead, therefore, of imparting to our readers our own speculations concerning affairs public and political, we prefer to repeat to them what "all the world" think and say about a few of the matters which command general attention at this moment.

The late ministerial mission to England is spoken of with anything but antipathy by the opponents of the men now in office. It is asked what it is that our ambassadors have effected? Feasted sumptuously with princes, nobles, ministers of state, and wealthy corporations, certainly; but what more? Nothing but obtained the permission and assistance of the British Government to burthen the people of Canada with an immense debt for the erection of fortifications, and to enable us to buy out the Hudson's Bay Company. Without calling in question the wisdom of fortifying the country against the Americans, and of purchasing the vast tract lying between Canada and the Rocky Mountains or the Pacific, can we afford, it is asked, to do either just now, when we cannot meet the liabilities which we have already incurred? Fortifications are excellent things no doubt; but they are not a profitable investment in a pecuniary point of view; and

the Hudson's Bay Territory will not make very large returns to the treasury for many a long year to come. With a heavy deficit in the Provincial Exchequer, it is difficult to discover how we are to pay interest on some millions more of borrowed money, though such money could be procured at four instead of six per cent., or even less, were that possible. Sinking capital in unproductive works or speculations, is not, one would think, a wise step on the part of this Province, in the existing state of our finances, except under the pressure of an undoubted and immediate necessity. Is there such immediate necessity? Ministers, Imperial and Provincial, say yes; and surely that is high authority. But the Canadian Ministers any more than this. They insist that their mission to England has been highly successful, or, at least, as successful as they expected, or had a right to expect. They have done much to secure the early union of the British North American Provinces into a Confederation which must eventually become one of the great nations of the world; they have ascertained that Canada can be made safe from foreign conquest, and they have received the pledge of the English Government to maintain the existing connection, with the whole means and power of the empire; they have been promised Imperial aid for the erection of the Intercolonial Railway, the improvement of our canals, for arming and defending the Province, and for the extension of our territory; they have turned the tide of public opinion in England, and called forth expressions of sympathy and kindness for these Provinces from the leading men in both Houses of Parliament, from public bodies and private individuals throughout the land; as one of the great results of their labours, the Queen has addressed Parliament in terms of affectionate concern for the welfare of Her North American subjects, as well as of acknowledgment of their loyalty to her person, and attachment to the mother country; lastly, they have learnt the exact position of our relations with the parent state, and consequently the best mode of strengthening that position in the present, and maintaining it in the future. Such are some of the benefits claimed to be derived from this mission.

As to the great subject of the Reciprocity Treaty—the popular mind being relieved from the mist caused by *ad captandum* arguments and arrays of figures and facts which may mean anything or nothing, the case resolves itself into a few plain propositions. 1st. The American farmer and producer pays heavy taxes to meet the interest on the great debt created by the late war, and for the other expenses of his Government; the Canadian farmer and producer pays comparatively light taxes to his own, and none at all to the American Government. 2nd. Under these circumstances, will the American farmer and producer consent to the free entry of Canadian products to undersell him in his own market? 3rd. Is the free use of our great fishing grounds; the free passage of American timber, &c., down the St. John river; the free navigation of the St. Lawrence river and Canadian canals; the free entrance of certain American products into our markets and those of the other North American Provinces,—are these a sufficient equivalent for the advantages we wish to gain from the renewal of the Treaty? They are questions more easily asked than answered.

There is one thing, however, on which all men agree, namely, that the business of legislation

has not, for a long time, been conducted in Canada in a manner creditable to those engaged in it or profitable to the country. While the Parliament, which lately expired in England, is praised by the whole nation for the numerous and important measures it has passed for the general welfare of the empire, our legislators, for about the same period, have left a record behind them of which neither we nor they have reason to be proud. Session after session, they have assembled to quarrel, talk much, and do little or nothing else. The house now sitting is not at all likely to differ from its immediate predecessors in that respect, for the legislative programme consists chiefly of loose promises of what mighty things shall be done when Parliament meets again. This is a real and crying grievance, the cure of which is in the hands of the electors who should apply the proper remedy at the earliest opportunity.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART.

August, 12th, 1865.

At this season of the year there is, as usual, great dulness in the world of science, literature and art. All who can afford it, and very many who can not, are holiday making. The watering places of England and the show places of Europe generally are crowded with visitors during these hot summer months. The novel writer is either abroad searching for "incidents in real life," wherewith to embellish his pages, or, closely shut up in his apartments, is labouring to be in readiness for the fast approaching time when the reflux of fair ones to town will once more tax the powers of ever circulating Mudie and Booth. The artist is in Italy studying the masterpieces of ancient art. The philosopher, the dealer in wondrous discoveries concerning things material and immaterial in this universe of ours, is awaiting the coming together of the learned societies, ere he opens his budget and pours forth his treasures. The seed is being sown, the harvest has yet to be gathered. The less now, the more in a not distant hereafter.

PALESTINE AND THE DEAD SEA.

Among the few books which have lately been issued, the most noticeable, certainly the one which has received the most notice at the hands of the at present almost occupationless critics, is a work on Palestine, by Mr. H. B. Tristram. The author combines in his person the printer and the philosopher, though the latter quality predominates over the former. He throws considerable light on the natural history of the land, and some of its physical characteristics. His narrative of adventure is amusing enough. Birds and beasts fell plentifully before his remorseless arm; but in reading his accounts we cannot help feeling that the mere pleasure of the hunt was greater to him than the study of the victim after he had been secured. He holds amongst other things, wherein he differs from various travellers, that the Dead Sea has been sadly maligned. This wonderful lake, believed by the people of the land to cover the wicked cities of the plain, which emits unpleasant odours, and upon whose shores it has hitherto been thought no breathing thing can long live, will yet, if justice be done it, become a favourite place of resort for seekers after health. Its waters, albeit eschewed by fish, and destructive of vegetation, Mr. Tristram believes to be highly medicinal, while the wind which has travelled over its surface is health-giving as the zephyrs of the Blessed Isles. But a more valuable, though not to the general reader so interesting a work as the one named, is promised shortly. It is the result of the labours of a commission of scientific men. The details have not yet transpired, but it is said that the vexed questions concerning the level of the Dead Sea is at least settled and placed at 1280 feet below the waters of the Mediterranean. For the purposes of further exploration a Society was recently

found, the subscription to which already amounts to £2,000. Captain Wilson, a gentleman most competent to the task, has been authorised to commence a topographical survey of the Bible lands, and if the funds of the Society should permit, other works will be undertaken.

A UNIVERSAL ALPHABET.

In Mr. Alexander Melville Bell we have a gentleman who claims in an alphabet of forty letters to represent every possible sound capable of being uttered by human beings. Many attempts have been made to introduce a universal alphabet, which men of all languages might use. Mr. Pitman, the inventor of phonography, has long been before the public. The enthusiastic supporters of his system used to declare that by its means a short hand writer would be able to report speeches written in, to him, an unknown tongue. Experience has proved the fallacy of this theory. Mr. Bell does not go so far. His is not a short hand system. He merely claims the invention of a universal alphabet. In the presence of some *vavants* recently, he wrote down at their dictation sentences of little known languages, which his son, who was perfectly ignorant of them, when called into the room, read off with a purity of pronunciation not to be excelled. But *est bono?* A universal alphabet can be of little or no use until the world speaks a universal language, which it is to be apprehended will not be before the millenium, when it will come notionably perhaps. Meanwhile the labours of Mr. Bell and others may help Max Müller and similar enquirers into the origin of languages; but nothing more.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

The Arnold Prize Essay for 1865 you will find much more interesting than usual. Even the late J. B. Macaulay I am sure would vote against tearing it up into spills wherewith to light candles made out of prize sheep. The Essay is a rapid review of the history of various secret societies the Rosicrucians, the Gnostics, the Imailites, the Freemasons, the Vehmgerichte, and others. In many French and German novels the agents of the behmgerichte play prominent parts, which unlearned readers are apt to attribute to the imagination of the author. This is not altogether the case. The Vehmgerichte was at one time a great power in the Father land. In days when robber nobles, strong in their feudal castles, wrought their licentious will upon all around and weaker than themselves, when they set the law and the monarch alike at defiance, plundered, ravished and burned at their good pleasure, the Vehmgerichte, did not a little good service in visiting than with chastisement. Numbering in its ranks many thousands or more bound together by oaths of "mickle might," it worked in secret. Its courts were held in the dark recesses of the forest; to disobey its summons was certain death, while condemnation by it was followed by immediate execution on the nearest tree. Once that the word had gone forth its agents followed the appointed victim wheresoever he might roam. Sooner or later, unless prematurely cut off, he was sure to be found, perhaps in his tent or his bed, or his garden, stabbed to the heart with the mark of the Vehmgerichte, a gashed cross, deeply cut in his heart. Fearful must have been the days when such means were necessary to punish the wicked, but German writers claim that the society did much to hold evil doers in check, and to ameliorate the evils of the day.

The Vehmgerichte never penetrated to England. There, consequent upon the wisdom of William the Conqueror, the nobles were always subordinate to the monarch except when supported by the people at large; and though bad enough, when compared with the feudal lords of France and Germany, were a civilized set of beings. A strong dash of romance in Mr. Marras' Essay gives to it an additional charm. This account of the Vehmgerichtes and of the Imailites is the most interesting pastime. Having confined himself within narrow limits, he has scarcely done justice to the rest.

THE UTTERMOST FARTHING.

The latest sensation novel is by Cecil Griffith, and is entitled the Uttermost Farthing. It is "absolutely a warranted to keep every young lady who commences the career, out of her bed until

she has finished it. So far as the language used goes it is well written; but there, I must stop in my commendations, for the author has had no other object in view than the manufacture of a telling story and a horrible one too. There is plenty of murder in it, and lots of mystery. The hero Allan Valery kills an Italian, unknown to his betrothed Catherine Mayhew. After an arduous courtship he succeeds in persuading Kate to marry him. Soon afterwards his wife and Razaqui, a fellow countryman of the unfortunate lover, discovered by whom the Italian was murdered. For a long time does Valery pay for the preservation of his secret; but Razaqui, determined to revenge the death of his friends, drains him to the "uttermost farthing," and then gives him his choice between a public hanging and a private jerk under the ribs. He accepts the latter, and Razaqui administers a few inches of cold steel in the most approved Italian fashion. The curtain then falls.

BLACKWOOD.

In the absence of book literature, the August supply of magazines is peculiarly acceptable. "Blackwood" of course must head the list. Tory as he is, disliked as his public sentiments are by a very large body of readers, the great British public cling to him with a tenacity which would be surprising were it not for the talent always discernible in his pages. He has no new story this month. "Cornelius O'Dowd" progresses "with measured pace and slow." When completed, as will shortly be the case, it will be republished, and will doubtless have, as it deserves, a large sale. The number contains a very readable paper on the "Psychonomy of the Hand," in which, amid a great deal of sarcasm, it is still shown that there is more truth in palmistry than is believed by many who would throw it into the limbo of exploded humbugs. Professor Fowler, the phrenologist, finds no difficulty by a casual examination of the hand, in telling whether a man earns his livelihood by brain work or by physical labour. Extend the application of this fact a little, and the man who uses the hammer may readily be distinguished from one who sets type. Extend it still farther, and the hand which labours with the pen, has a different character to that which merely holds the reins of the hunter or lifts the drinking cup. Once this step is gained, once that the key to the pursuits of the subject is found, and a shrewd observer has little difficulty in arriving at at least semi-accurate conclusions, as to his position in life, his hopes, his desires, and general character. Not alone the skull, but the hands, the face, aye the whole body has the story of each man's life written upon its separate parts.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

Dublin University Magazine has a very interesting contribution entitled "Missions of the Morn," a string of stories about highwaymen and Rapparees, who have infested the Green Isle. One of the chief arriving there was Pat Collier, whose chosen scene of labour was the province of Leinster. Like Robin Hood, he was a very gentlemanly thief; never shed blood for amusement, and while he robbed the rich, was generous to the poor. One of his jokes is to this effect. A landlord threatened to distrain a widow's goods for rent. Collier, who, like some of his countrymen still living, believed that the holders of land ought not to get anything for its use, supplied the widow with funds to pay her rent, and then, as the landlord was returning home, robbed him of his "ill gotten gains." So much favoured was he by public opinion, that instead of hanging him some of the great folks connived at his purchase of a commission and got him sent on foreign service, in the hope doubtless that he would get killed. While out with his regiment, at the suggestion of some of his brother officers he waylaid a certain captain who had been bragging of his courage, frightened him by the exhibition of a formidable looking cabbage stalk, and robbed him of his watch and other valuables. Falstaffian was the account the dupe gave of the perils he had escaped and of the bravery with which he had fought; but when the cabbage stalk and the lost property were exhibited at the mess table, the hero was found to be far less proficient in the manufacture of excuses, than his prototype old Sir John Collier, the last of the Rapparees,

turned publican on his return to Ireland, died at a good old age, "beloved and respected by all who knew him." The paper is a good one as illustrative of a state of public sentiment almost incomprehensible in these latter days.

SIR J. BOWRING ON CHINESE EDUCATION.

Sir J. Bowring holds forth in the *Shilling Magazine* on education in China. Anything coming from the pen of this gentleman is of course worthy of attention. But I imagine people are becoming tired of the celestial pig-tailed. Time was when little was known of their character; when folks were curious about them. Articles from China were carefully treasured and counted curiosities, no matter how ugly or coarse they might be. As we learn from Oliver Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," even in his day fine ladies cherished miniature pagodas, twirly tailed dragons and gaudy flower pots, and the fashion held until within a recent day. But for evident reasons it is now going out, and with it all care about the Chinese so long as they will sell us tea, buy our opium, and, in remembrance of the thrashings they have had, be on their good behaviour. However this may be, Sir John Bowring finds much that is admirable in their educational system. He says, that in China writing materials—paper, ink, pencils, books—cost but little. Multitudes of books are sold for less than a farthing each. The common price of a printed sheet is a talent, of which twenty make a penny. There are abundance of book-stalls in the streets and squares of Chinese cities where popular literature is provided at rates marvellously low. Poor students find little difficulty in borrowing books to aid them in their studies; indeed, it may be generally said that youths of studious habits meet with much of friendly aid and encouragement, and are often assisted by the gratuitous help of those who have obtained degrees at the public examinations."

WANTED, A GOOD LITERARY MAN.

Turning aside from books to the doings of literary men, the Guild of Literature and Art finds itself in what your neighbours would call—a *fine fix*. Twelve years ago, the Society was originated for the purpose of assisting needy literary men, authors, and actors, and their widows and orphans. Bulwer Lytton wrote a play for it "Not as Bad as we Seem," in which the chief characters were taken by Charles Dickens, Charles Knight, and others. A great deal of money has been gathered by the Guild, and last week three handsome "retreats" built at Knebworth were opened. The land was given by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and together with it a large donation. But it now turns out there is no can to live in the "retreats," all the members of the Society being either too well off or too proud to accept hospitality in the shape proffered. One can scarcely tell whether to rejoice or to sorrow at the fact.

The tercentenary anniversary of Shakespeare's birth was prolific of books. The Dante Sixcentenary promises to be almost equally so. Florence has produced seventeen works respecting her great poet; Milan, six; Turin, four; Venice, four; Pisa, three; Padua, two; Palermo, two. Germany is in the field with a number of volumes; and the United States are also represented. But no single English work on the subject has the year thus far seen.

NON-EXPLOSIVE GUNPOWDER.

A Mr. Gall has discovered that, by the admixture of gunpowder with three times its weight of finely-powdered glass, explosion becomes impossible; and some of the scientific newspapers are urging that not only should the Government adopt the plan thus indicated for their magazines, but that it should be made compulsory in private dealers to adopt it also. By merely passing the mixture through a fine sieve, the powder may readily be separated from the glass—a process which could be practised as the former was wanted. The allegation that the expense of storage would be very much enhanced is denied. The extraordinary care taken in the Government establishments involves the expenditure of large sums of money, and the regulations imposed on private dealers are in proportion equally onerous. But mixed with glass there would be no necessity for watchfulness, while large quantities might be kept with impunity in private shops,

The advantages thus gained, it is contended, would more than compensate for the expense incurred in mixing and in the use of additional space.

The Earl of Derby has made a suggestion which ere long will be put into practice. He proposes a grand exhibition of portraits of all ages. The old halls of England teem with likenesses of men famous in history, very many of them painted by masters of the art. To the antiquarian and the student the exhibition will be exceedingly interesting. A preliminary meeting has already been held, and an effort is to be made to secure the exhibition building at Kensington for the purpose named.

Dr. H. G. Ollendorff, the inventor of the royal road to the knowledge of German, French, Latin, and other languages, is dead. It is perhaps a matter of regret that his book will not die with him. It is very much to be questioned whether his system ever helped any one to an accurate knowledge of any tongue; while it is certain that half the labour expended in following faithfully his directions would, if applied to less pretentious though more old-fashioned works, have been attended with thoroughly satisfactory results. The deceased Doctor during thirty years of puffing and publishing was very successful commercially, and died worth a large sum of money.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM AND SCIENTIFIC ENQUIRY.

THE following is a report of some observations of Sir Chas. Lyell at the recent anniversary of the Geological Society:

"In the discussions which I have lately heard, on the propriety of certain writers having openly declared the modifications in their views, to which they had been led by new discoveries in science, I have heard some able scholars of about my own age gravely declare that, while they highly approved of researches in science and Biblical criticism, and were interested in seeing the light which modern researches in physics, languages, ethnology, and antiquities, were shedding on the interpretation of Scripture, and while they were of opinion that questions arising out of these inquiries should be thought out and communicated to the learned—they yet regretted that they were not all published, as they would have been some four centuries ago, in the Latin language, so as to be confined to a circle which could be safely entrusted with such novelties without there being any danger of unsettling the creed of the multitude.

"I cannot help being amused when I try to imagine what would have been the sensations of these friends of mine, if they had happened casually to drop into the theatre in Jermyn Street when Professor Huxley was lecturing on the origin of species and of the various races of mankind, or when Professor Ramsay was giving the course of lectures, which he has just concluded, on geological time—and observed that these discourses, delivered gratis, or for a mere nominal fee, in a Government establishment, were addressed to the working classes—to a large, intelligent, and enthusiastic audience composed of the artisans of London—that they were given, not to a select few and in a dead language, but in the vulgar tongue, in good, impressive, clear, and often eloquent English—what, I say, would have been the reflections of my friends upon the want of judgment shown by the teachers of the present generation, in freely communicating such knowledge to such a class of students? But, if it were possible to limit the communication of new truths to a privileged class, you will, I am sure, agree with me that it is not desirable or right to do so; and that no state of society can be conceived more dangerous than one in which the distance between the opinions of the educated few and the less educated millions is continually becoming wider and wider, in matters in which all must take the deepest interest.

"There is, however, another step in advance, which it is high time for scientific laymen to take, if they would be true to themselves and to science. It is not enough that they should themselves communicate freely to all the new truths at which they have arrived. They should lend their encouragement, sympathy, and support, to those members of the clergy (a body to whom the education of the millions is mainly entrusted) who boldly come forward to make known such truths as science has established, even when they

necessitate the modification of some of those theological and traditional opinions in which we have all been brought up. They should admire and honour them for the sacrifices they are ready to make in their efforts to reform the popular views of Scripture, and to bring them into harmony with the conclusions deduced from scientific inquiry. Above all, they should protest against the doctrine of those who hold that the moment any one of these teachers, appointed by the nation, has acquired clear knowledge of some of these new truths, he should resign his post, and give place to some other, who, being ignorant, could conscientiously go on teaching the old doctrines, or, not being ignorant, could reconcile it with his sense of duty to teach others what he does not believe himself."

REVIEWS.

Books for review should be forwarded, as soon as published, to the Editor, SATURDAY READER, Montreal.

THE OLD THING.

HAVING a bad memory for names and dates, we are unable to say who wrote the first romance, and, in like manner, we cannot tell our readers the particular day of the week, and year on which it was issued. We are also unable to say whether it was the first, second, or third novel that contained the story of a Secret Love, a Secret Marriage, a Duel and a Wedding. Certain it is that very early in the history of written romance, Secret Loves, Secret Marriages, Secret Duels and Public Weddings became staple commodities in the world of fiction; and with a due respect for ancient custom, Mrs. Leprohon has travelled upon the beaten track with commendable rectitude.

Antoinette de Mirecourt is a historical romance. It is purely Canadian, treating of Canadian persons and places, appealing to Canadian sentiment and sympathy. We forbear discussing two general remarks about such works. Firstly, the difficulty the writer has to encounter in getting heroes who shall be natural and fit characters—and of securing that romantic setting, that atmosphere other than our own everyday one, which is so necessary to romance. Secondly, there has been so much done already in romances,—Bulwer, James, and a host of others, that even a Canadian author must suffer by comparison. Briefly the plot is this. Antoinette de Mirecourt is the daughter of a Seigneur, whose seigneurie (Valmont) is not on the map. She has a cousin M^{me}. D'Aulnay, who incidentally possesses a husband who lets her work her own sweet will, provided he is not disturbed in his library. The scene is, we may say, in Montreal, in 1762. Miss de Mirecourt goes to Montreal to dissipate much as any one would in 1862. She falls desperately in love with one Audley Sternfield, an officer in the English army. He is irresistibly handsome, of course. He has thus two things against him:—his name and his nature. Audley is completely played out. Irresistible young fops, such as the Assyrian Bull in "Maud," and with whom the heroine always falls in love are really getting too common. The full soul loatheth the honey-comb. With this young man Antoinette falls in love, and by a concatenation of circumstances is forced to marry him secretly. She becomes his wife in nothing but in so much that the ceremony has been performed. He also acquires the right of hectoring about her flirtations, and of himself flirting monstrously without reproof. But the plot thickens. A Mr. Louis Beauchêne was previously introduced upon the stage. Papas appear on the whole to have been much the same in 1762 that they are in 1862. He kindly announced that she would marry Beauchêne in four weeks. The lady demurred, being married already. Whereupon a lively scene occurred. Miss de Mirecourt prevails upon Mr. Louis Beauchêne to assist her in, we may say, humbugging her papa. Mr. Louis Beauchêne pretends to be engaged to her, and postpones the ceremony for six months. Being very much in love and not showing it, appears to be his *forte*. This convenient decoy duck, Mr. Louis Beauchêne, staves off (tho' the imagery is bold) discovery for some time. Captain A. Sternfield declines to publish his marriage, kindly assigning as a reason to his bride that he only waits her coming of

* ANTOINETTE DE MIRECOURT, traduit de l'anglais par J. A. GERRARD, Montreal, Beauchêne et Valois, 1865.

age so that he may secure her fortune. This is candid. Just now Miss de Mirecourt discovers that she does not love Audley. The man in question is Colonel Cecil (Cecil of all names, how sweet), Evelyn (Evolyn of all names how original!) a stoical member of the British aristocracy, who was disappointed in love. He loves her, and she loves him. He discovers her love for Mr. Sternfield, and cuts her acquaintance. All the characters drive madly to Lachine, where they lunch on provisions carried out in a hamper. Every one races from Montreal to Valmont, and is detained by the roads. Miss de Mirecourt has a confirmed habit of crying herself to sleep. Mr. Louis Beauchêne and Captain A. Sternfield meet at a ball. Miss de Mirecourt is about to dance with Mr. Louis Beauchêne. Sternfield insists on her dancing with himself—she does so. Well, Mr. Louis Beauchêne challenges Captain Sternfield, and kills him. This is the last we hear of Mr. Louis Beauchêne. He flies to France, and consistently marries some one else. Miss de Mirecourt—we beg pardon, Mrs. Sternfield—waits upon her husband's dying couch. Be swears and sighs, and finally dies forgiven. Mrs. Sternfield has an attack of brain fever, and marries Colonel Evelyn,—and that's all.

Briefly the book is good for Canada. It faithfully tells its story without episodes and digressions. It sticks to Canadian accuracy and to Canadian character. The plot is ingenious enough, particularly as regards Mr. Beauchêne and his collaterals; by killing Captain Sternfield, he puts himself out of the way. Mr. Evelyn marries a maiden-widow, and we thus overcome the natural repugnance to the true love wedding the scoundrel's widow. The book is not strong in incidental descriptions of the characters or scenery. Still we can confidently call it our best Canadian novel, *en attendant mieux*.

Mr. Genend has translated it with the fidelity and spirit of a scholar and translator. Such reciprocity among authors tends to a better acquaintance with our national literature in both languages, by those who do not possess another tongue than their own.

We may briefly cite (page 278) one little error. The man whose last state was worse than his first, is mentioned by the Evangelists, and not by St. Paul, as the author states.

To conclude. This book is intended as a lesson against foolish and inexperienced young girls forming senseless attachments with any handsome young fop they may meet. It teaches the folly of undertaking obligations whose performance entails troubles which were not anticipated and provided for. It shows us that a woman by such a *liaison* forfeits the love of one that is true and manly. It teaches the imprudence of silly match-making, but we cannot help regretting that the author has thought it necessary to deface those good morals by throwing such a halo of romance around the close of her heroine's career. This may be necessary in writing an attractive novel, but, if it is so, it is a necessary evil. The lesson of Miss de Mirecourt's misery and sufferings, brought on by foolish and imprudent conduct, will be totally lost on the romantic young reader, when she learns that the said Miss de Mirecourt's misfortunes ultimately resolve themselves into a happy union with the man she loves and by whom she is beloved. ALLIO.

HAPPY IDEA.—We understand that a society is about to be organized on this continent, for the purpose of securing from the various Railway companies, and the present contractors, the sole privilege of selling newspapers, periodicals, magazines, books, &c., on the Railway cars and at the stations. The object in view is to use this important medium, through which such an enormous quantity of pernicious and trashy sensation literature is circulated, for the diffusion of periodical books, magazines, &c., which tend to the improvement of the public morals. It is certainly a happy idea, and if found practicable and judiciously managed, we have no doubt but a large amount of real good may be accomplished. It would be an undoubted boon to the travelling public if nine-tenths of the current literature were entirely banished from the cars, and replaced by something of a more healthy description. The sale of this trashy stuff, combined with the prize package system of cozenage forms one of the chief bores with which the traveller meets. We learn that the committee which has been formed for the organization of the society referred to, has met three times; once in California, once in the Eastern States, and once in the house of a respected citizen of Montreal who takes an active interest in such matters.

UP THE SAGUENAY.

I HAD been slowly melting for two months. Positively I began to be afraid of myself. The mosquitoes were intolerable; so was the dust; so was the cream souring, and the cook asking if skim milk would do for the berries. But what were these annoyances compared to the heat? Something must be done.

I had been reading in the daily papers insinuating advertisements of trips to the far-famed Saguenay, and a disinterested steamboat that would convey travellers thither for the merest song, financially. The Saguenay? Oh glorious! There has always been, I know not what, of charm to me in that name. When I thought of it I felt another being. I became primeval. I wanted to put on a blanket and a pair of moccasins, and get into a canoe. I even thought that a feather or two and a little paint could not be out of the way. Why, the Saguenay was down, down, and away beyond everything; where there was sterility, and that sort of thing; where there were seals and porpoises, and even occasionally something very like a whale. I thought of heat, and dust, and lassitude foregone, and the salt breezes coming up straight into my nostrils from the grand sea; and a determination, not loud but deep, came into my soul that I must achieve this trip, or die the death.

So one morning I went down to the breakfast table, and, finding every one in the most melting mood, seized my opportunity diplomatically, and said I must go to the Saguenay. I cannot put a very fine point on the clatter that obtained at this announcement. It was dreadful. Bodiam was a mere incident in comparison. If I had said that I must "run the blockade," or go to the —, or do something else equally unladylike, I can understand that some such accident as popular prejudice might have operated unfavourably on my family circle, well-regulated although it undoubtedly is. I would have looked for a sensation. I would have been rather mortified if my declaration had been treated as ordinary small talk. But every one goes to the Saguenay; it is quite a common occurrence; and I really saw no indiscretion in the proposal. However, the man in authority over me looked daggers—no, that's effete—mild carving knives at me, from under his beetling brows, for a couple of days, by way of intimidating me from harbouring any such heterodoxy in my gentle breast. It was of no use. Be remonstrated with me forcibly a few times, and then gave up the point, and filled my purse.

Straightway I packed up my purple and fine linen, and the next morning found myself at Quebec. I went to see it, thinking of Abraham. And, having seen it, I would say without prejudice, that there is a good deal of getting up stairs in it. Too much; I object to it. There is also a sense of narrowness about the streets that oppresses you. When you go out walking you seem to knock down things with your skirts—like Mrs. Pardiggle. And when you go out driving, you have an odd but undoubtedly humane desire to get out and help the horse who goes up the hills sprawling. As for Wolfe, Abraham and those people, they shewed me a few fields, a post or two with a little man stuck on the top thereof, some cannon and a good deal of rock, and I went away and got on board a boat which was making a great deal of noise, and where everybody was saying to everybody else, that if anybody wanted any breakfast he had better make sure of his chair. I immediately sat down on one innocently, and tried to keep from shedding tears of joy, when I found that I had anticipated several hungry looking individuals, who at that moment made a rush for it. However, I was hungry myself. When at last, after we had all waited in our chairs, looking at the table cloth for half an hour or so, the waiters came filing in, and I undertook with an infinite relish three platesful of fresh salmon. The way we used to fight for chairs three times a day after this, and having obtained these, the skirmishes we used to have among the crockery—and the way long armed men used to help themselves to roast beef, and that elderly woman with moustaches would fish pitilessly at the bottom of vegetable dishes for stray beans—and the way the vegetables were cooked when we did get them, and the craving we had for the poultry that never reached us—and the snap-pishness with which we would pass the omelette, when asked for it, are things to be remembered. I think that we all in common pined for enough. I never sat down to the table without feeling that I would not be satisfied, nor rose from it without knowing that I was not. We used to apologise to

ourselves, by saying it was the cold air, the change in the atmosphere, or the salt water, that did it. In connection with hunger we had cold, which I found out practically, when the captain came and made a general remark that we were in salt water. Of course there was a scene directly. No one could get on deck that enough. I started up to fly, and upset two old gentlemen. Embarrassed, I went to the other extreme, and they upset me. With a thousand blushes, I opened the door, and was immediately met by a whirlwind. It caught me up, and flew about with me, and treated me shamefully. At first I could see nothing for pocket handkerchiefs. Every person was carrying one, and had a cold in his head, and such an absurd blue nose. One is not agreeable with a blue nose—a nose, by all means, of course, that understands itself, as the Germans say. Without a nose, what, for instance, would be the benefit of Lubia's extracts? But I do think that the accident of colour could, as a general thing, be advantageously dispensed with. I tried to distract my attention. I looked at the water, which was a sickly green. I got some, and tasted it—once. I contemplated the scenery, which was hilly. I attempted to be thouy with the owner of the elbow which supported me. I even remember making a pun—a bad one. I pretended that I was very happy. But a raw, bleak and humid day on the lower St. Lawrence is not to be defied. I felt that my fate was coming on space; and I arose with a ghastly smile. The whirlwind playfully laid hold of me again, and buried me against a judicious number of tripods. Those crushed me through the door, and I went and lost myself in "Peculiar," quite unmanned for the time.

If you ever go up the Saguenay, I advise you to sit up all night, and see everything for yourself. I didn't. I was snoring beautifully on the top shelf of my stateroom when we entered the river, and did not even dream that anything was happening. When I came out to breakfast I received official notice that we had passed the most interesting scenery during the night, but that the passengers were not to be excited, as we would have an opportunity of seeing everything on our way back. Very good. I was not excited. I yielded myself calmly, and with a certain grace, to circumstances which I could not control. All would have been well if matters had ended here; but they didn't. I went to breakfast, and an elderly unmarried woman, with prominent eyes, came and sat down opposite me impressively, and began to "take on" in the most dreadful way. She had seen the capes, and no one else had! She was triumphant. She actually crowed. She said, in effect, that she had gone to bed and to sleep. Not content with this, as an ordinary woman might have been, she awoke before she had any business to, and straightway had an impulse to poke her night-cap out of the window. And oh! my! there gray and hoar, in the morning twilight, towering up aloft and asserting itself amid the clouds, was a great, big—ah! a thing like a goblin monster, or a giant, or a mountain, "or a—you know," she said indefinitely, right beside the boat! And she thought she was going to faint (if you please). After a while she recovered enough to peep out again; and, good gracious! there was ANOTHER! She never! and neither would we, she told us.

At Ha! Ha! Bay you may observe three things: that there is a blue-togued, beef-moccasined, short gown and petticoated population, who speak the dear old Cannuck gibberish that your grand Parisian die-dains; that you buy little *casseous* of blue-berries, and pay four times their value for them; that you can go about, like cattle, on a thousand hills. I clambered up a cone, fancying myself an Ethiopian princess making the ascent of my native pyramid. When I got to the top, my companion apologized, sat down, and lit a cigar. I immediately came out of History, and politely suppressed a sense of wanting to choke. We had been gazing across the bay a good deal, and wondering what was on the other side of the mountains, when we turned round abruptly.

"Is that the steamer's whistle?" said I to him.

"Is that rain?" said he to me.

We were both painfully correct.

Sometime after this, I found myself setting on a lounge in the cabin, with a confused recollection of having rolled down something and of tumbling over a fence at the bottom; of running some distance in a great hurry and getting mixed up hopelessly with horses, carts and cordwood, and of two dripping things sliding over a dirty gangway. I suppose it must have been my companion and myself.

I was still sitting pensive, when everybody began to get up and anticipate and utter exclamations. I asked in my artless way if any one would be good enough to tell me what was the matter. Twenty amiable people said at once that we were coming to the capes, and instantly we all rushed out to see them.

The dock was in a very bad state. It had been raining a good deal; it was still raining a good deal, and as far as one might judge, it intended to go on raining a good deal more. There was a damp, dragged, he-spattered look about everything. People who had umbrellas had them up, and people who had none looked upon their neighbours as personal insults. A few women had white pocket-handkerchiefs tied around their heads. There was no curl left in feathers. Straw hats were swollen and blistered. Everyone tried to get the best place, and then as the capes were still some little from us we—passed.

The steamer kept sweeping in nearer to them, and they grew upon us in height and size every moment, until when we were fairly under shadow of one of them, some one (officially) shied two potatoes at it, with the effect of making them appear very small potatoes indeed, by contrast. The rock certainly looks very large; but then why shouldn't it? It is eighteen hundred feet high. People again remarked, that nothing grew upon it. Could we reasonably, and with any degree of certainty look for a crop of cabbages? or even potatoes? I thought not, and, therefore, took the rock calmly, being no poet. There was one beside me, however, with red whiskers, who felt called upon to go off into indefinite raptures. He seemed desirous of making the most of it, and he did. He writhed. He made faces. He said a great deal, and he said it very fast. He brought a good many authors to bear upon it; he quoted ponderous passages from the poets; he even recited modestly a heavy ode of his own. I had an impression of being crushed with soul and awe and nothingness to such a degree, that when he suggested that we should go up to the hurricane deck to get a different view of the cape, I followed him quite feebly. I don't think I shall ever go again. I was first jammed through a narrow passage, then squeezed through a narrower door, then stifled in an apartment so small, that I do not think, even had I felt any inclination for that sort of exercise, that I could have swang a cat there. There was a flight of eight long narrow perpendicular steps, up which the Poet went and pulled me through a hole in the roof, and I found myself on the hurricane deck. Soul, and awe and nothingness was worse than ever, and so was the wind; if I must confess it, I never experienced anything like it. Its searchingness and curiosity were really too much. If some one had lashed me to the pipe, I might have borne it; but as it was, I said that I was going down. When I came to the stairs I paused. Would I go first, or would he? The wind gave me little time for reflection. Blindly and despairingly, I let myself down two steps. There was a nail; something caught. The Poet with not quite so much nothingness in his face set me free. I turned round vindictively and pulled down the hatch with a bang! and he got down some other way, (by a ladder, I believe), and went off and rolled about his stateroom in a fine frenzy. He came out after a while with his hair parted in the middle, but I pretended not to see him, and betook myself to musing.

And the steamer swept on through lights, and through shadows, through turmoil and calm into broader waters again, and I turned from the Saguenay, winding like a great black limon snake between its lonely walls, and set my face homeward and northward as the loadstone to its star. EPILOGUE.

HUMAN LIFE.—Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but Memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of Heaven. The cup of life is sweeter at the brim, the flavour is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when the cup is taken from our lips.

PHOTOGRAPHIC HANDKERCHIEFS.—The idea has been seized upon by a speculative house of business to have handkerchiefs marked with photographs of the owner. The process "will wash." The idea might be extended upon the knob of an umbrella; it would carry conviction at once, and be patent circumstantial evidence against the purloiner.

SIR JOSEPH PAXTON is to have a statue erected to his memory, by subscription, in the gardens of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, close to the residence where he died.

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

THE name of New France was given to certain territories in America, for two principal reasons: first, because these countries lay parallel to old France; second, from their having been originally discovered by the French Bretons in 1504, or one hundred and eleven years previous to the date of the following narrative. During that long interval of time the Bretons never ceased voyaging to this part of the New World. The Normands, also, were among the first to participate in the work of discovery; for in the year 1500, Captain Jean Deoys, of Harfleur, visited these countries, but as he only brought back with him some fishes and maps, his name remained more obscure than that of Captain Thomas Aubert, a native of Dieppe, who sailed thither in 1508, and conveyed to France some of the savages of the new lands and whom he exhibited to his countrymen and was rewarded with their admiration and applause. In 1523 Jean Verazzan coasted along the eastern side of the American continent, from Florida to Cape Breton, and took possession of it in the name of his master Francis the First. This navigator, Verazzan, was believed to be the god-father of the name New France; for Canada, by which appellation the country was also commonly known, was not, properly speaking, all that extent of country styled New France, but only so much of it as stretched along the banks of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence. The country, therefore, known as Canada, was only the most northern part of New France.

From the commencement of these discoveries the French interested themselves very greatly as to the reclaiming of these deserts and the inhabitants thereof. But, amongst the attempts for this purpose, the one most favourably known was that of the Sieur de Monts Pierre du Gas. This gentleman, having raised sufficient funds, and entered into partnership with certain merchants of Rouen, St. Malo, and Rochelle, received from Henry the Fourth full power and authority of King's lieutenant over the countries situated between the 40th and 46th degrees of latitude; but although his power to dispose of lands was confined within these bounds, his privileges as to trade and government, extended nevertheless, to the 54th degree. From this commission of the Sieur de Monts, it would seem that occasion had been taken to limit the boundaries of New France; because it previously extended as far South as New Florida, but now they usually defined its borders to be the 39th degree of South latitude.

The Sieur de Monts, well supplied with men and means, left France in 1604, exactly one hundred years after the discovery of the new regions. He set out to take up his residence on the coast of Norambegue, among the people known as the Eteminquois, and upon a little island he named St. Croix. But misfortune awaited him there, for he lost by sickness a large portion of his people. In the course of the next year he was forced by want to change his residence from St. Croix to Port Royal, eastward some twenty-six leagues, and situated in Acadia, the country of the Souriquois. Here he dwelt only two years, forasmuch as the associated merchants, seeing that their expenses exceeded the profits, no longer wished to stick by the venture. It thus became necessary that all should return to France, leaving as a monument of their enterprise, two empty buildings, one at St. Croix and the other at Port Royal, and deriving from their labours no other gain nor greater advantage than topographical sketches, and descriptions of seas, capes, coasts, and rivers that had been explored. These were the principal doings of the expedition up to the year 1610 and 1611, of which more hereafter, when it shall become necessary to bring the Jesuits upon the scene.

The Jesuit, Father Biard, lived in the country three years and a half. The place of his longest stay was Port Royal. The snow fell there at the end of November, and never melted away entirely in the woods till towards the latter part of February, if there did not come, as was often the case, some heavy rain, or very strong wind from the South that caused it to disappear. Outside the woods and in the open country, there only lay a little more snow than in France. But it snowed more frequently than at home; the deepest that he saw, however, was one foot and a half, no more. When the North-west wind began to blow, the cold became insupportable; but it did not last more than eight or ten days at the longest, then the weather grew mild, as in France, and one would not be hindered from following any business, nor from coming and going, if indeed

a person were as well provided for in the new as he would be in the old country. But from all the Jesuits saw there was nothing but extreme poverty in this region; some wretched huts, open in many places; their food peas and beans, and even these very irregularly; their drink pure water; their garments and coats all tattered. They had to go to the woods day by day for their victuals; their medicine was a glass of wine at high festivals; their restoratives some morsels of game, procured by good luck. The locality was unpeopled, the roads without any tracks; the shoes and stockings of the party only fit for the fire-side. But at least the water was very good, and the air very wholesome, and notwithstanding the hardships that had to be endured, the party along with the Jesuits were always in very fair health, and though this company at all times were at least twenty in number, yet in the course of three years only two persons died of disease; and one of them more for the want of a little bread and wine to nourish him, than by severity of sickness. As to the mildness of the weather, Father Biard records that during one year of his experience he remarked that two days, the 26th and 27th of February, were as beautiful, soft and spring-like as could be seen in France about the same time; nevertheless, the third day following, it snowed a little, and the cold returned. Sometimes during the summer, the heat was as intolerable or more so, than in France; but it did not last long, for the weather broke up very soon afterwards. The trees came into leaf later than was usual in France, but this was not the case during the year 1614, for on arriving at Picardy at the end of April, he did not find the season more advanced than it would be in Canada about the same period; indeed it seemed to him that in the latter country vegetation would have made more progress. To speak generally, the weather of Canada, resembled on the whole, what had been experienced in 1614 in Paris and Picardy, with the exception, however, of the fogs and mists to which the new country was more subjected.

At Port Royal, they had little summer except beside the sea-coast; but, among the people known as the Eteminquois, and at Pentagoet, the mists in summer remained for three and four days at a time; this caused the Jesuits to feel apprehensions about their crops, but they had, nevertheless, plenty of facts to the contrary; for at Port Royal, which was colder and more changeable, their harvests always succeeded. Moreover, Champlain asserted that at St. Croix, which is on the same coast, and a place still more chilly and cloudy, all his grain and seeds came to maturity.

The whole of New France was divided into different nations, each people having its language and country apart. They met in the summer time to trade with the French, principally on the St. Lawrence. They bartered the skins of the beaver, the seal and other animals for bread, peas, beans, fruit, tobacco, kettles, axes, arrows, beads, awls, bodkins, cloaks, coverings, and all other commodities which the French brought from them. But some of the inhabitants carried on a deadly war against the new-comers, the Excominquois, for instance, a people dwelling, on the North shore of the gulf of St. Lawrence, who caused the French a great deal of injury. It was said this war began on the occasion of certain Basques trying to commit outrages upon the women of this tribe; but they paid dearly for their unchastity; and not only they, but also those of St. Malo, and many others, suffered the sad consequences every year. For, these savages were furious, and gave themselves up to death recklessly, provided they had hope of killing or wounding their enemies. There were tribes who were familiar and good friends with the French as the Montagnais, the Souriquois, the Eteminquois. As to the other tribes, there was no confidence to be reposed in them; so the French only visited them in order to discover something concerning their coasts; and yet they found themselves badly received; Champlain, however, was an exception, for in his last explorations, while ascending the St. Lawrence, he made no complaint about them.

The friendship and faithfulness of the three tribes already mentioned were displayed to the French in a remarkable manner, after the latter were defeated by the English. This will be shown in a later stage of the narrative. These people, having learned of the defeat, came to the French during the night, and comforted them as far as they were able, offering their canoes and their services to conduct the vanquished wherever they wished to go. They offered also, in case the French were pleased to live with them, each of their three chiefs would take ten of the troop—for there

were thirty of the French—and support them till the following year, when the ships from France would visit the coast, and in this way the strangers could return to their own country, without falling into the hands of the wicked Ingres, for it was by this name the savages styled the English.

MUSICAL NOTES.

MUSIC AT HOME.

ITALIAN OPERA.—It is now beyond doubt that an Italian Opera troupe will visit us this Fall,—probably in the early part of October. We are to have this time a complete chorus and orchestra. The Theatre has been engaged by the management. In our next issue we hope to be able to give the names of the principal artists composing the troupe, and something of their history.

On Thursday and Friday evenings, August the 17th and 18th, two concerts were given in the Mechanics' Hall, by Master Coker, late soprano of Trinity Church choir, N. Y. Owing to the immense attraction in the persons of the Keans at the Theatre, these concerts were very thinly attended; a fact to be regretted since the concerts, musically considered, were quite a treat.

We regret to hear that there is some probability of Mr. Torrington, the talented violinist and organist of the Methodist church, Great St. James' Street, leaving his post and practice for a better opening at Albany. This regret will be very generally felt in musical circles, for Mr. Torrington has been so useful a musician amongst us (and there being no one here at present that we know of to take his place), that his departure from the city will create a blank not easily to be overcome.

It is whispered that the Montreal Oratorio Society is again coming into existence. We wish the Society life with all our hearts, for take it all-in-all, it was the best vocal organization that has ever existed in Montreal within the compass of our memory.

MUSIC ABROAD.

The London season closed on July 29th, and the artists are now dispersed in all directions.

Carlotta Patti has given three concerts in Rouen, Dieppe, and Havre. It was her first appearance in France.

The flute-player Tulow, one of the greatest artists on his instrument, is dead.

Flotow, the composer of "Martha," has written a new Opera for Vienna.

When the French musician Mezeray died, there was found among his effects a twenty franc piece, which was wrapped up in a piece of paper. On the paper was written the following: "This piece I have preserved for nineteen years, in order to hire a window on the Place de Grèer, as soon as a "critic" would be hanged."

In Italy there is a great lack of prima donnas. So says *Il Pirata*.

Adolina Patti, Brigueil, and Scalsee gave a concert in Vichy on the 3rd of August. We hope "Vichy" had a good effect upon them.

A young violinist, Benjamin Godard, one of Vieuxtempa's pupils, has made a successful debut in Germany.

The London *Musical World* seems to think that the performance of Meyerbeer's last opera *L'Africaine* at Covent Garden was a success from beginning to end. An account of the same performance in the *Orchestra*, a very able musical paper, indicates something like a failure. Many of the London papers are of the latter opinion.

NEW MUSIC.

We are indebted to Mr. Prince, Notre Dame St., for a copy of the "Emily Polka Mazurka" composed by Moritz Rello, Band-master 25th Regt. We heard this composition played by the band a short time ago, and thought it the prettiest morsel we have listened to for a long time. It is quite simple—yet effectively arranged for the Piano-forte. Price 30c.

Copies of the gems from Meyerbeer's new Opera *L'Africaine* may now be obtained at the principal music stores in town.

An English farmer, asked to tell the secret of his luck with land, remarked that "he had his land before it was hungry, rested it before it was weary, and weeded it before it was foul."

HOPE RASHLEIGH.

THERE never was a prouder nor more indulgent father than John Rashleigh. A haughty, dry, and saturnine man, with few weaknesses and fewer affections; all the tenderness of his nature having concentrated itself on his daughter. The love which had been only partially bestowed upon the wife was lavished on the child with an excess that knew no bounds.

It was unfortunate for Hope that she was left motherless at the very time when maternal care and guidance were most needed. A wilful, high-spirited girl, clever, beautiful, and perilously fascinating, ran but a poor chance of coming to good, without some firm hand to guide and govern her; but when she was just thirteen Mrs. Rashleigh died, and Hope was given up to the worst training a girl can have—the over-indulgence of a father. Father, servants, masters (whom she chose to accept lessons, which she did sometimes out of the weariness of idleness), the half housekeeper, half companion, bowed to her. No one was found to oppose her; even Grantley Watts put himself under her foot with the rest, and thought himself honoured if she condescended to treat him like a slave, made him fetch and carry and work for her, and attend upon her every whim and caprice. She never thanked him, and she rarely rewarded him even with a smile; though sometimes she did; and then he forgot all but that smile, and thought himself richer than many a king standing on the threshold of his treasure-chamber.

Hope and Grantley Watts were cousins of a far-away kind; though he was that most miserable of all things—a poor relation brought up on charity, therefore in no wise her equal according to the canons of society. Still, the equality of blood was between them, however great the inequality of means; and the equality of nature as well; save that the balance of nobleness hung to Grantley's side, who had been spared the dangers which beset a spoiled and pampered child, and whose virtues therefore had a better chance and freer room for growth.

He was a fine, manly, noble-hearted fellow this Grantley, with two special characteristics, good temper and an invincible sense of honour. His cousin, John Rashleigh, was substantially kind to him. He housed him, and had educated him liberally; but for more immaterial kindnesses of tender look or gracious word, of indulgences granted by the generosity of love, of gills or pleasures beyond strict deserving, the boy had grown up absolutely without them. Hope, too, had used towards him all the insolence which girls of a certain type are so thick of showing towards young men, no matter what their degree; adding to this haughtiness the tyranny and domination to which every one within her sphere was forced to submit. But Grantley accepted all her girlish impertinences with unwavering good humour and that patience of the stronger which is so large and calm; never seeming to see what would have fired many another youth to saucy retaliation, but, always master of himself, returning good for evil, smiles for jeers, obedience for command, and service for ingratitude. And yet he was not mean spirited.

Hope was now seventeen—Grantley two years older. She was a tall, slight, fair girl, with dark eyes to which straight brows and long lashes gave a mingled expression of fire and softness; her hair, which waved in broad undulations and was of a pure golden brown, was thrown back from her face and left loose and wandering about her neck; her lips were full and finely curved; but the general tone of her face and manner altogether was that of pride and self-will, with an underflow of loving warmth if it could but be reached. As yet no one had reached it save her father, and even he was not loved in proportion to the love he gave, as is the sorrowful law of life. The universal feeling in the neighbourhood where she lived was, that Miss Hope Rashleigh wanted her master, and that a little still tribulation would be the making of her.

Hope had one quality which counted much in the blotting out of her sins: she was generous. In this she went beyond her father by many degrees, for he was only just; and when he was more than just he was proud, and bestowed from ostentation rather than from generosity—as a duty owing to his own dignity and condition, not as the duty of kindness to others. She, on the contrary, gave from the influence of her nature, because giving presents was a pleasure in itself, and attending suffering her instincts. No one

who came to her was ever sent away empty handed; and if she was more than usually exacting and impatient with her servants, she healed their wounds so liberally that they all said "a bad day with Miss Hope was equal to a month's wages any time."

This was the only point on which her father ever checked her. He made her a liberal allowance, more than sufficient for her own wants had they been double what they were; but as she was for ever behindhand, owing to her bounties, he had to make up her deficiencies at the end of the quarter; vowing that this should be the last time, and that he must positively, for her own sake, let her learn the value of money. But the last time had never come yet.

At last Grantley was offered an Indian appointment, which, though of small value in the beginning, promised well, and was sure to lead to a favourable future if he were found capable and steady. There was no question of doubt or hesitation in the matter; he must go, willing or unwilling. Foppish young men, kept on idle at home, are generally glad enough of good appointments where they can make their fortunes; but his cousin noticed that he turned deadly pale as he spoke, and Hope caught a look such as she had never seen in his eyes before, and which sent all the blood in a thick wave of mingled passions round her heart.

A few days before Grantley's departure, Hope was walking in the shrubbery by the long field. She had been rather dull of late. Hope Rashleigh could get out of temper. Presently, up the long path where she was walking came Grantley with his gun and his game-bag. He, too, was dull. Glad and grateful as he was for that Indian appointment, he had never been quite himself since it had been made; though his gravity and preoccupation were perhaps only natural in a thoughtful youth on the eve of entering the world on his own account, and with all his future depending on himself alone. As he came nearer, Hope raised her eyes from the book she had been reading; at least not exactly reading, since she was holding it upside down; and as she looked she coloured.

"I am going to get you a partridge, Miss Hope," said Grantley, stopping for a moment as he came near to her. He always called her Miss Hope.

"I dare say the partridges will be safe enough from your gun," said Hope, insolently. But she did not look at him as she spoke; and somehow her insolence seemed a little put on and forced.

"Oh! that is scarcely fair," said Grantley, smiling. "I may be good for very little, Miss Hope, but I am a pretty fair shot."

"At least you say so of yourself. I never believe boasters," answered Hope, carelessly.

"Is knowing an insignificant thing like this, a bit of skill which any one can attain by practice—and not being proud of it, boasting?" Grantley asked, gently.

"I do not condescend to argue with you," cried Hope, shaking back her hair. "You are very rude to contradict me."

"I do not wish to contradict you, Miss Hope," replied Grantley, in a sweet grave voice; "but you must not think me rude because I do not like you to have a mean opinion of me, and try to set you right."

The blood rushed over Hope's face, and she turned away abruptly.

"I am going away—perhaps for ever," then said Grantley after a short pause, speaking in a low voice but not looking at his cousin—looking down instead, occupied about the stock of his gun which just then needed an extra polish; and I should like to ask you one question before I go—may I?"

"I suppose my permission or refusal would not count for much if you have made up your mind," said Hope, she too looking down, folding the leaves of her book a little unconsciously.

"I think it would, Miss Hope. I think I have always been careful to obey your every wish, so far as I could; and I have never wilfully displeased you, believe me."

"It is a pity, then, that you should have done it so often without your will," said Hope.

"That is just what I want to ask," replied Grantley. "Why have you been so constantly displeased with me, Miss Hope? No one has tried more earnestly than I to please and obey you—I can truly say from the very first years of my life here—why is it, then, that you hate me as you do? What have I ever done to make you hate me? If I only knew! If I only had known for all these years!"

"Hate you?" she cried quickly, turning full round upon him and raising her eyes with a strange look

into his face. Then she dropped them again, and said coldly, "I did not know, Mr. Watts, that I had ever honoured you enough to hate you. I have scarcely taken so much notice of you as to warrant you in saying that."

Grantley turned pale. "Forgive me," she said, sadly; "this has been again one of my unlucky blunders."

"I think," she said, with a gentler look than usual, "we might as well drop this conversation. I do not see to what good it can possibly lead and giving offence and then making apologies has always seemed to me a very childish way of passing the time; and we are not children now," she continued, with girlish pride. "It has not been your fault, Grantley, if you have been tiresome and disagreeable." Just as she looked up when she said this, and smiled off readily and sweetly, the words had no sting in them, and were indeed more coaxing than impertinent. "I dare say you have not meant to be unpleasant, and so I have forgiven you. But you had better go now and look after the partridge. I promise you, if you get one, to take it specially to myself; and I am sure that will be honour enough!" And she laughed one of her sweet, clear, precious laughs, as rare as precious, which most people—and Grantley among them—prized as much as they would have prized the loving favour of a queen.

"Ah, Miss Hope!" he said very tenderly, his handsome face, bronzed and flushed, looking down upon her with such infinite love and admiration, "you have too much power over your fellow-creatures. It is good neither for you nor for them."

"It is very good for both them and me," she said. "It keeps them in their proper places, and makes me able to——" She hesitated.

"To what?" said Grantley, coming a step nearer.

"To keep mine," she answered coldly, drawing herself away.

He sighed, and seemed to wake as from a dream. "Well, I must go," he then said. "Good-by, Miss Hope; I will get you a bird if I can; and remember that you have promised to accept it specially for yourself."

"You need not give yourself the trouble," she answered disdainfully; she, too, seeming to shake herself clear from a pleasant dream. "I have not the slightest wish that you should get me one, Mr. Watts, or indeed that you should think of me at all." Saying which she walked away, and left him without another word.

He looked after her as she slowly disappeared, and then he struck off into the fields for one of the last days of partridge shooting he was to have in the old country. But Hope, going deeper into the shrubbery, flung herself down on the moss at the roots of the trees, and burst into a passionate flood of tears, hating and despising herself the while.

When Grantley returned in the evening he had only one bird in his bag; though game was plentiful this year, and he was acknowledged to be a first-rate shot. His cousin, John Rashleigh, rallied him unmercifully, and Hope said in her most disdainful way: "I thought the coveys would be tolerably safe, Mr. Watts!" But he only laughed, and admitted that he was a muff and not worth his salt—that powder and shot were thrown away upon him—and that he would make but a sorry figure in India where men could shoot—with other jeerings playful or bitter as they might be; simply saying, "Well, Miss Hope, you must have it some morning for breakfast when I am gone; it is the last I shall shoot, and I should like you to have it."

To which answered Hope indifferently: "You are very good, Grantley, but I dare say Fido will be the only one to benefit by your last bag; I do not suppose I shall even see the creature."

Grantley coloured; and Mr. Rashleigh himself thought she might have been more gracious just on the eve of the poor lad's departure, when perhaps they might never see him again; and after all, though he was a poor relation, and had very properly never forgotten that, or gone beyond the strictest line of demarcation, yet he had been many years in the house now, and Hope was very young when he came, so that if she had even considered him almost as a brother, no great harm would have been done; and so on; his heart unconsciously pleading against his child's unworldly pride in favour of his dependant.

Perhaps it was some such half discomfort—it could not be said to be conscious displeasure—that made him refuse Hope's request that evening. As usual, she was out of funds; and she had a special need for money at this moment. She wished to help poor Anne Rogers

down in the fever, with her husband in the hospital, and her children destitute, and she knew that her father would not give them a penny; for the man had been convicted of poaching, and Anne herself did not bear the most unblemished character, and had seen the inside of the county jail more than once in her lifetime. But these counter-pleadings did not influence Hope; and she thought only of the suffering family, which she could help, and would, if she had the money. Then she wanted to make Grantley a present before he went away, and she did not want her father to know of it; though perhaps she would have been puzzled to explain why she wished to keep such a trivial matter secret. She had never given him anything, not even a flower, not even a book; and he was almost the only person within her sphere so passed over; but now, when he was going to leave for ever, she would give him something as a remembrance—something that would make him think of her when he was away. Poor, proud Hope, come then at last to this!

She knew that her father had money in the house, when she went into the library to speak to him; for she saw him put a twenty-pound note in his desk yesterday, which was just the sum she wanted, and indeed was on the point of asking for them. She would have got it had she done so; but to-day the vane had shifted, and for the first time in his life he refused her, and so sternly and positively, that, as much in surprise as anger, she gave up the point at once. But with a sudden flash of pride and determination on her face, which he did not see, sitting as he was towards the light while she stood in the shadow. And then she left the room in stately silence; too proud to coax even her father after a refusal so harshly made; though, had she coaxed him as Hope could when she chose, the whole thing would have been at an end, and John Rashleigh would have yielded. She was but a spoiled child, remember, whose faults had been fostered by the injudicious training of her life.

The distress of poor Anne Rogers pressed upon her. Unused to opposition and in a mood more than ordinarily excitable, everything became exaggerated, and she laid awake through the night in a state bordering upon mania, feeling herself to be a coward and a murderer in not executing the righteousness of will, and taking from her father what he would not but ought to freely give. Was not humanity before mere obedience? Was she to let a fellow-creature die rather than take what could be spared so well, and what she had the right to demand? Yes, by right; her father's money was hers as well, if not by law yet by moral justice, and if he made a cold and churlish steward, it was her duty to supply his defects, and to let the poor benefit by his superfluities. All the wild reasonings of a wilful mind aiding the impulses of a generous heart passed through her brain that night, and when she rose in the morning it was with the determination to do her own will, and defy her father's.

John Rashleigh was a magistrate, and to-day was market-day at Canstow, the town near which they lived, where the magistrates always assembled in the upper room of the town-hall, and dispensed law, if not justice, on the offenders. His absence gave Hope the opportunity she wanted. Very quietly and very deliberately she unlocked his desk, and took from it the twenty-pound note. But though the act was shameful, she had no perception that she was doing wrong, beyond the consciousness of self-will and disobedience, which did not trouble her much—which, on the contrary, she had reasoned herself into considering the meritorious exercise of a better judgment and a nobler motive.

"Grantley, change this for me," she said, giving him the note.

"I cannot change it myself, Miss Hope," he answered, "but I will get it done for you in Canstow; I am going over there directly."

"Change it where you like," she answered carelessly. "I want the money as soon as you can give it to me, that is all; and Grantley, do you hear? If papa asks you, do not tell him that I gave you the note to get changed."

"Very well, I will not," said Grantley, who, suspecting nothing wrong, saw nothing odd in her request; and who indeed felt not a little flattered that she should have made a secret with him on any matter. So, full of pleasant feeling, he rode over to Canstow, where he changed the note, and bought various things with the money, partly for Hope according to her orders, and partly for himself; not at Hope's charge it must be understood, the squaring of accounts having to come afterwards. And among other things,

he bought a certain camp apparatus for himself at Tell's the ironmonger's, for which he paid with the note in question—that being the largest shop and the largest purchase.

Now it so happened that Mr. Rashleigh went to pay his bill at this same ironmonger's to-day. He took a cheque which he had just received in the market-place from one of his tenants who owed him half a year's rent for his farm; and to save himself the trouble of going to the bank—banking hours indeed being over—he gave it to Tell, receiving the surplus change, among which change came his own twenty-pound note. Passing it through his fingers, and looking at the number to take down in his pocket-book, he recognised it as that lost in his desk at Newlands. He knew the number, and a certain private mark which he always made on his bank-notes, thereby rendering them doubly "branded;" and he knew that no one could have obtained possession of it lawfully.

"Where did you get this, Tell?" he asked.

"Mr. Grantley, sir," said Tell. "He changed it here not half an hour ago, and ordered this patent camp apparatus," showing the young man's purchase.

"Mr. Grantley Watts?" cried John Rashleigh flushing up; "he changed this note here?"

"Yes, sir; I hope no mistake, sir—nothing wrong?" asked the ironmonger, a little anxiously.

"No, no, nothing! I was surprised, that was all; no, Tell, nothing wrong."

But his face was more truthful than his lips; and Tell saw plainly that something was very far wrong in spite of his denial, and that young Mr. Grantley was in for it, whatever he had been doing. He did not suspect anything very bad. Canstow was by no means an immaculate place, and there were offences and offenders enough as times went; but it was not to be supposed that a young gentleman like Mr. Watts had stolen a bank note out of his cousin's drawer. Young gentlemen living in grand houses do not do such things; crime passes them by somehow; and the police exercise their functions very much in proportion to the yearly income. The utmost the man imagined was that Grantley had broken into a sum which Mr. Rashleigh had desired him to keep intact; and, as it was well known that the master of Newlands had a high temper of his own, and liked to be obeyed, that was quite enough to put him out, and make his face grow so white and thin lips so pale. At all events, wherever the fault lay, the lad was in for it, thought Tell; not without a kindly feeling of regret for the evil hour at hand. For Grantley was a general favourite in Canstow, and most people there wished him well.

Home came John Rashleigh in a frame of mind more easily imagined than described. Things had gone crossly with him for the last few hours; and John Rashleigh was not the man to bear with the crossness of circumstances, patiently. Hope's extravagance had annoyed him partly because some other of his money matters had gone wrong at the same time; and like most proud men, the merest suspicion of possible embarrassment galled him terribly; then he was sorry at Grantley's leaving, and vexed with himself for being sorry; for what better could a poor relation do? and if he had made himself useful, so that he, John Rashleigh of Newlands, felt that he should be "quite lost" without him, why, that was only the lad's duty and what ought to have been, and he was worse than absurd to feel the least pain at his going. Then the magistrate's business had been worrying him to-day; and he had been on one side of an opinion and his brothers had been on the other, and he had been forced to give in; which had annoyed him not a little; so that, when added to all this accumulation of disturbing influences was the sudden conviction that he had been robbed, and that too by the boy he had loved and cherished more than he had ever openly acknowledged, we can understand in what a whirlwind of fiery wrath he rode full speed through Canstow and up to Newlands, not ten minutes after Grantley had returned.

"Grantley!" he called out as soon as he entered, and still standing in the hall; "Grantley Watts, where are you?"

"Here, sir," said Grantley coming out of the drawing-room, where he had been giving Hope an account of his proceedings, and emptying his pockets of her commission.

"Where did you get the twenty-pound note you changed just now at Tell's?" shouted John Rashleigh.

Grantley was silent.

"Come, sir, I want an answer!" cried his cousin. "Looking down and keeping a demure silence will

not suit me; I want a simple answer to a straightforward question. Where did you get that twenty-pound note from? I left it in my desk when I went to Canstow to-day, and my desk was locked; whoever got it, forced the lock or opened it with a false key. It was either you or some one else. Who was it, Grantley?"

Grantley still made no answer; the truth was beginning to break upon him.

"I do not think any one in my household would do such a thing; two hours ago I should not have thought that you would have done it; and even yet, suspicious as the whole circumstance is, even yet I will accept any explanation that will clear you, else I must hold you responsible for the theft."

"I did not steal it. I have committed no theft," said Grantley, looking straight into his cousin's eyes.

"Oh! you may dislike the word, but that I do not care for," said Mr. Rashleigh, disdainfully. "I have always remarked that people shrink more from a word than a deed, and think themselves especially ill-used if called by the name of their crime. If you are not a thief, what are you then? If you did not steal it, how did you get it?"

"I did not steal it," was all that Grantley could say, repeating himself monotonously.

John Rashleigh was an impatient man as well as a proud and high-tempered one. At Grantley's second asseveration he raised his hand and struck the youth across the face.

"Coward!" he said, "have you not even the bad courage of crime? Dare you not confess, what by confession would have been only a fault? If you had told me frankly how and why you had come to do such a thing, I could have understood it as a boyish liberty, and have forgiven it, but now I have only one way of dealing with it—as a crime."

When he struck him Grantley, involuntarily raised his own hand; but a thought came across him, and he retreated a step or two, and dropped his guard.

"It takes the remembrance of all you have done for me, Mr. Rashleigh, and more than even this, to make me able to bear your insults?" he said excitedly, his boyish face convulsed with contending passions.

His voice, harsh and broken as it was, had somehow a different ring in it to that of guilt, and Mr. Rashleigh had not been a magistrate for so many years, and accustomed to all shades of criminals, not to know something of the human voice, and what it betokened under accusation. Grantley's startled him—so did the proud flushed face with the honest eyes looking so frankly, and the indignation rather than fear upon it—and made him half afraid that he had been too hasty. But men of his character do not long doubt themselves for good or evil; and while that one broad fact remained unexplained—how did Grantley get possession of money left locked up in his desk?—he was in his right to suppose he had stolen it, and common sense and the law were on his side.

"Tell me how you came by it," he then said in a somewhat gentler tone; "if I have done you wrong, boy, I am sorry for it, and we will not bear malice; but tell me how you got that note."

"I cannot, sir," said Grantley, his heart swelling.

"You will not, you mean, you young fool!" said Mr. Rashleigh, contemptuously.

"I cannot," he repeated.

"Then you will not be surprised if I send for the police? Here, Lewis! Lewis! come here! The thing must be thoroughly sifted, Grantley; and if you are guilty I am sorry for the exposure you have brought on yourself. It is your own folly to let things come to such a pass, when they can never be mended again!"

"To send for the police will not make matters much worse for me," replied Grantley; "the servants have heard all that have passed, and my character will be none the blacker now for a public charge."

"At last we shall get to the truth then," said Mr. Rashleigh; "which will be so much gained."

"No, sir," Grantley replied, firmly. "I shall not tell you even then where I got that money from, or how I came by it!"

All this while the drawing-room door had been standing half open, with Hope close to it, listening to what was passing. A whole world of feelings had possessed her by turns—fear of her father, fear for Grantley, and shame at the false position in which her self-will and cowardice together had placed her—something, too, that was more than admiration at the constancy with which he had borne such pain and indignity that he might keep faith with her, and a kind of dawning idea that what she had done had been after all a sin and dishonour, and that confession

would degrade her for ever—all these thoughts and feelings passed through her mind by turns, and held her motionless and silent; with over the bitter recollection that Grantley was but a poor relation at the best, and that the distance between them was immeasurable, running like a sorrowful refrain to each. But when her father spoke of giving him in charge, and called to the servant, then she hesitated no longer. Throwing the door wide open, she came out into the hall.

"I took the money papa," she said boldly; and as she spoke she laid her hand in Grantley's, the first thing that she had ever willingly done so.

"Hope!" exclaimed her father, "are you road? You took that money? You?"

"Yes, papa," she answered quite steadily; "you refused to give it to me when I asked you for it yesterday, and I took it this morning. I wanted it, and you ought to have given it to me."

"If I had thought that to refuse it would have made you capable of stealing it, Hope, I would not have hesitated a moment," said the father, sternly.

"I do not call it stealing," said Hope, defiantly. "It was only taking what I had a right to. I unlocked your desk with my own key, and gave the note to Grantley to get changed."

John Rashleigh turned fiercely against the youth. "How dare you, sir, abet my child in her folly?" he exclaimed, passionately. "What was folly in her, and excusable, considering how I have always humoured her and acceded to her wishes, and remembering that after all she is a mere child still, was downright wickedness and dishonour in you. And how do I know but that it was your doing in reality, and she but the innocent tool of your cunning schemes? You bought a precious gimcrack for yourself, and paid for it with my money. I tell you, Grantley, the whole thing looks too black yet for your whitewashing."

"Grantley accounted to me for that camp thing," said Hope. "Do I not tell you, papa, that it was my own doing from first to last. Grantley did not know where I got the note from. I only asked him to get it cashed for me. But I asked him not to tell you that I had done so, because I was afraid you would be angry with me, and I meant to tell you when you were kind again." This she said coaxingly.

"I could not break my word to Miss Hope," said Grantley in a low voice, but firmly. "Yet I should have thought, Mr. Rashleigh, that you would have known me too well to have suspected me of such a thing as this. What Miss Hope had the right to do was another matter, but it would have been a theft in me; and men"—(here Mr. Rashleigh smiled a little satirically) "do not become thieves all at once. Yet I do not think you have ever seen much want of honour in me!"

"I will not have that tone taken," said Mr. Rashleigh, harshly. "You have done ill, Grantley, and it is absurd to attempt to give yourself the airs of injured innocence, and as if you had the right to blame me because I suspected what was so entirely suspicious. And what do I know yet? I have no proof; only your own word and Hope's assertion, which, for aught I know, may be merely her generous desire to get you out of a perilous position by taking the blame on herself. I can scarcely believe her guilty. To have gone into my room in my absence—unlock my desk—take the money I had refused her only a few hours ago—to steal—I cannot believe it! I will not! You have been at the bottom of it, Grantley; you have had some hand in it."

"Now, papa, how can you go on so?" cried Hope, thoroughly frightened. "Do I not tell you that Grantley is innocent, and that I have been the only one to blame? What more can I say to convince you?"

To be continued.

THE FROLICS OF FASHION.—What could exhibit a more fantastical appearance than an English beau of the 14th century? He wore long-pointed shoes, fastened to his knee by gold or silver chains: hose of one colour on the one leg, and another colour on the other; short breeches, which did not reach to the middle of his thighs—a coat, the one half white, the other half black or blue; a long beard, a silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, dancing men, &c., and sometimes ornamented with gold and precious stones. This dress was the height of the mode in the reign of King Edward the Third.

Women are better observers than man, and carries induction farther than he; she is consequently more penetrating, and a much better judge of the moral and intellectual value of those about her.

THE RIVER AND THE LILY.

I awoke, one day, 'neath the other blue,
In a forest dark and olden,
And, fringed with towers, a lily grew
Near the rushes green and golden:
And a river ran by the lily's bed—
Ilan under the twilight chilly;
And these were the only words it said
"I love thee, fairest lily."

Then the wind came whistling on its way,
And the lily fell before it;
And lovely, though in ruin, it lay,
While the rushes whispered o'er it,
It had grown by the side of an old stone cross,
And now, at its foot, 'twas lying
In the arms of the evergreen, twinkling moon,
Solemnly, silently dying.

Then the river moaned in a sad, low tone,
Its voice was full of sorrow:
And this was its dirge—"Alone, alone,
From morrow unto morrow."
It apered the wind that sought to rest
From its wanderings in the stilly
Solitudes of the pathless West,
For the wind had slain the lily.

The morrow came, and again I stood
By the silver-bedded river;
And it rippled in as merry a mood,
And sang its song as ever.
Oh, it had forgotten the lily fair,
And the pledges it had taken.
And it longed for another to blossom there,
In its turn to be forsaken.

So now when I see the eye grow dark,
And the shades of sorrow clinging
To the tattered sails of a lonely barque,
A voice in my soul is singing—
"Oh, the heart is false, though the heart may fret,
When the waves of life run chilly;
But trust it not, it will soon forget,
As the river forgot the lily." B. W.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY,"
FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," EDITED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

PROLOGUE. A.D. 1760.

JACOB TREFALDEN, merchant and alderman of London, lay dying in an upper chamber of his house in Basinghall-street, towards evening on the third day of April, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and sixty.

It was growing rapidly dusk. The great house was full of gloom, and silence, and the shadow of death. Two physicians occupied two easy chairs before the fire in the sick man's chamber. They were both notabilities in their day. The one was Sir John Pringle, Physician Extraordinary to the King—a brave and shrewd man who had smelt powder at Dettingen, and won the soldiers' hearts by his indomitable coolness under fire. The other was Dr. Joshua Ward, commonly called "Spot Ward" from his rubicund thee; and immortalised by Hogarth in that bitter caricature called *The Company of Undertakers*.

These gentlemen did little in the way of conversation. When they spoke at all, it was in a whisper. Now and then, they compared their watches with the timepiece on the mantle-shelf. Now and then, they glanced towards the bed where, propped almost upright with pillows, an old man was sinking gradually out of life. There was something very ghastly in that old man's face, purple-hued, unconscious, and swathed in wet bandages. His eyes were closed. His lips were swollen. His breathing was slow and stertorous. He had been quite smitten down that day at noon by a stroke of apoplexy; was carried home from 'Change in a dying state; and had not spoken since. His housekeeper crouched by his bedside, silent and awe-struck. His three sons and his lawyer waited in the drawing room below. They all knew that he had not two more hours to live.

In the meantime the dusk thickened, and the evening stillness grew more and more oppressive. A chariot rumbled past from time to time, or a news vendor trudged by, hawking the London Gazette, and proclaiming the sentence just passed on Lord George

Sackville. Sometimes a neighbour's footboy came to the door with a civil inquiry; or a little knot of passengers loitered on the opposite pavement, and glanced up whisperingly at the curtained windows. By-and-by, even these ceased to come and go. A few oil-lamps were lighted at intervals along the dingy thoroughfare, and the stars and the watchmen came out together.

"In the name of Heaven," said Captain Trefalden, "let us have lights!"—and rang the drawing-room bell.

Candles were brought, and the heavy damask curtains were drawn. Captain Trefalden took up the Gazette; Frederick looked at himself in the glass, arranged the folds of his cravat, yawned, took snuff, and contemplated the symmetry of his legs; William Trefalden drew his chair to the table, and began abstractedly turning over the leaves of the last *Idler*. There were other papers and books on the table as well—among them a title volume called *Rasselas*, from the learned pen of Mr. Samuel Johnson (he was not yet *L.L.D.*), and the two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, written by that ingenious gentleman, the Reverend Laurence Sterne. Both works were already popular, though published only a few months before.

These three brothers were curiously alike, and curiously unlike. They all resembled their father; they were all fine men; and they were all good-looking. Old Jacob was a Cornish man, had been fair and stalwart in his youth, and stood five feet eleven without his shoes. Captain Trefalden was not so fair; Frederick Trefalden was not so tall; William Trefalden was neither so fair, nor so tall, nor so handsome; and yet they were all like him, and like each other.

Captain Jacob was the eldest. His father had intended him for his own business; but, somehow or another, the lad never took kindly to indigo. He preferred scarlet—especially scarlet turned up with buff—and he went into the army. Having led a raving, irregular youth; sown his wild oats in various congenial European soils; and thought gallantly at Dottedgen, Fontenoy, Laffeldt, and Minden, he had now, at forty years of age, committed the unspeakable folly of marrying for neither rank nor money, but only for love. His father had threatened to disinherit Captain Trefalden for his misdeed, and, for five months last, had forbidden him the house. His brother were even more indignant than their father—or had seemed to be so. In short, this was the first occasion on which the worthy officer had set foot in Basinghall-street for many a long day; and all three gentlemen were naturally somewhat constrained and silent.

Frederick, the son, was thirty-six, William thirty. Frederick hated indigo almost as cordially as his brother Jacob; William had scarcely a thought that was not dyed in it. Frederick was no airy, idle, chocolate-drinking, snuff-taking card-playing, riddotto-banqueting man of pleasure. William was a cool, methodical, ambitious man of business. Neither of the three had ever cared much for the other two. It was not in the nature of things that much affection should exist between them. Their temperaments and pursuits were radically unlike. They had lost their mother while they were yet boys. They had never had a sister. The sweet womanly home-links had all been wanting to bind their hearts together.

And now the brothers were met under their father's roof, this memorable third evening in April; and in the dark chamber overhead, already beyond all help from human skill, that father lay dying. They were all thinking the same thoughts in the silence of their hearts, and in those thoughts there was neither prayer nor sadness. Poor old man! He was immensely rich—he was pitifully destitute. No one loved him; and he was worth Half a Million of Money.

Mr. Frederick Trefalden took out his watch, swear a fashionable oath, and declared that he was famishing.

"Have somewhat to eat, brother Fred," suggested the Captain; and so rang the bell again, and ordered refreshments to be taken into the dining-room.

The two younger Trefaldens exchanged glances and a covert smile. Their elder brother was already assuming the master, it should seem! Well, well, Lawyer Deavington is there, and the will has yet to be read.

In the mean time, Mr. Fred and the captain go down together; for the latter has ridden up from Hounslow, and will not object to join his brother in "a snack of cold meat and a bumper of claret." Mr. Will, like a sober citizen, has dined at two o'clock, and only desires that a dish of tea may be sent to him in the drawing-room.

If anything could be more dismal than that gloomy drawing-room, it was the still gloomier dining-room below. The walls were panelled with dark oak, richly carved. The chimney-piece was a ponderous canopy in black and yellow marble. The hangings were of mulberry-coloured damask. A portrait of the master of the house, painted forty years before by Sir James Thornhill, hung over the fireplace. Seen by the feeble glimmer of a couple of wax lights, there was an air of sepulchral magnificence about the place which was infinitely depressing. The very viands might have reminded these gentlemen of funeral baked meats—above all, the great roast poultry which lay in state in the middle of the board. They were both hungry, however, and it did nothing of the kind.

The captain took his place at the head of the table, and plunged his knife gallantly into the heart of the party.

"If thou hast as good a stomach, Fred, as myself," said he, growing cordial under the influence of the good things before him, "I'll warrant thee we'll sack this fortress handsomely!"

The fine gentleman shrugged his shoulders somewhat contemptuously.

"I detest such coarse dishes," said he. "I dined with Sir Harry Fanshawe yesterday at the Hummums. We had a ragout of young chickens, not a week out of the shell, and some à la mode beef that would have taken thy breath away, brother Jacob."

"I'd as lieve eat of this pasty as of any ragout in Christendom," said the captain.

"Mr. Horace Walpole and Mrs. Clive were at dinner all the time in the next room," contended the brew; "and the drollest part of the story is that Sir Harry and I adjourned in the evening to Vauxhall, and there, by Jove! found ourselves supping in the very next box to Mr. Boreo and Mrs. Kitty again!"

"Help yourself to claret, Fred, and pass the bottle," said the captain, who, strange to say, saw no point in the story at all.

"Not bad wine," observed Mr. Fred, tasting his claret with the air of a connoisseur. "The old gentleman hath an excellent cellar."

"Ay, indeed," replied the captain, thoughtfully.

"But he never knew how to enjoy his money."

"Never."

"To live in a place like this, for instance," said the lean looking round the room. "Basinghall-street—laugh! And to keep such a cock; and never to have a bit up his chariot! 'Sdeath, sir, you and I will know better what to do with the guineas!"

"I should think so, brother Fred—I should think so," replied the captain, with a touch of sadness in his voice. "Twas a dull life—poor old gentleman! Methinks you and I might have helped to make it gay."

"Curse me, if I know how!" ejaculated Mr. Fred.

"By sticking to the business—by living at home—by doing like young Will, yonder," replied the elder brother. "That boy hath been a better son than you or I, brother Fred."

Mr. Fred looked very grave indeed. "Will hath an old head on young shoulders," said he. "Harkee, Jacob, hast any notion how the old man hath bestowed his money?"

"No more than this glass of claret," replied the captain.

They were both silent. A footstep went by the hall. They listened; they looked at each other; they filled their glasses again. The same thought was uppermost in the mind of each.

"The fairest thing, Fred," said the honest captain, "would be, if 'twere left to us, share and share alike."

"Share and share alike!" echoed Mr. Fred, with a sounding oath. "Nay; the old man was too proud of his fortune to do that, brother Jacob. My own notion of this matter is—Heeb! Any one listening?"

Captain Trefalden rose, glanced into the hall, closed the door, and resumed his seat.

"Not a soul. Well?"

"Well, my own notion is, that we younger sons shall have a matter of sixty or eighty thousand a piece; while you, as the head of the family, will take the bulk."

"It may be, Fred," mused the captain, complacently.

"And that bulk," continued Mr. Fred, "will become three hundred and forty thousand pounds."

"I shall have to ask thee, Fred, how to spend it," said the captain, smiling.

"Then thou shalt spend it like a prince. Thou shalt buy an estate in Kent, and a town-house in Soho; thou shalt have horses, chariots, lacquers, liveries,

wines, a pack of hounds, a box at the Italian Opera—"

"Of which I don't understand a word," interrupted the captain.

"A French cook, a private chaplain, a black footboy, a suite of diamonds for thy wife, and for thyself the prettiest mistress—"

"Hold, Fred," interposed the captain again. "None of the last, I beseech thee. My days of gallantry are over."

"But, my dear brother, no man of quality—"

"I'm not a man of quality," said the other. "I'm a simple soldier, and the son of a plain city merchant."

"Well, then, no man of parts and fortune—"

"The fortune's not mine yet, Fred," said the captain, dryly. "And as for my parts, why I think the less said of them the better. I'm no scholar, and that thou knowest as well as myself. Mark! some one tap—Come in."

The door opened, and a bronzed upright man, with something of a military bearing, came in. He held his hat and cane in his hand, and saluted the brothers courteously. It was Sir John Pringle.

"Gentlemen," he said, gravely, "I grieve to be the bearer of sad tidings."

The brothers rose in silence. Captain Trefalden changed colour.

"Is he—his my father dead?" he faltered.

The physician bent his head.

Captain Trefalden turned his face away. Frederick Trefalden took out his handkerchief, and ostentatiously wiped away a tear—which was not there.

"Dr. Ward is gone," said Sir John, after a brief pause. "He desired his respects and condolences. Gentlemen, I wish you a good evening."

"You will take a glass of claret, Sir John?" said Mr. Fred, pressing forward to the table. But almost before he could say the words, the physician had waved a civil negative, and was gone. Mr. Fred shrugged his shoulders, filled the glass all the same, and emptied it.

"Zeunds, brother," said he, "'tis of no use to be melancholy. Remember thou'rt now the head of the family. Let us go up-stairs, and read the will."

In the mean time, William Trefalden, like a methodical young man of business, had been up to his father's room to find his father's keys, and down to the counting-house to fetch his father's deed-box out from the iron safe. When Mr. Fred and the captain came into the room, they found Lawyer Beavington with his spectacles on, and the box before him.

"Gentlemen," he said, with calm importance, "be pleased to sit."

So the brothers drew their chairs to the table, and sat down, all silent, all somewhat agitated.

The man of law unlocked the box.

It was full of papers, leases, transfers, debentures, agreements, bills of exchange, and so forth. These had all to be taken out, opened, and laid aside before the will turned up. That important document lay at the very bottom, like hope at the bottom of Pandora's casket.

"'Tis not a long will," observed Mr. Beavington, with a preparatory cough.

As he unfolded it, a slip of paper fell out.

"A memorandum, apparently, in your excellent father's own hand," said he, glancing through it. "Hm—hm—refers to the amount of his fortune. Have you, gentlemen, framed any ideas of the extent of the property?"

"'Twas thought my father owned half a million of money," replied Mr. Fred, eagerly.

"More than that," said the youngest son, with a shake of the head.

"You are right, sir. The memorandum runs thus: 'Upon a rough calculation, I believe I may estimate my present estate at about five hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds. (Dated) January the first, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and sixty. Jacob Trefalden.' A goodly fortune, gentlemen—a goodly fortune!"

The three brothers drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

"Five hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds!" repeated the captain. "Prithee, Mr. Beavington, proceed to the will."

The lawyer folded up the memorandum very slowly, drew the candles nearer, wiped his spectacles, and began.

"In the name of God, AMEN. I JACOB TREFALDEN born in the town of Redruth in the County of Cornwall and now a Citizen of London, Merchant (a Widower) being at present in good health of Body, and of sound and disposing Mind and Memory, for

which I bless God, Do this eleventh day of January one thousand seven hundred and sixty make and ordain this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following (that is to say) IMPRIMIS I DESIRE to be interred in my Family Vault by the side of my lately deceased wife and with as little pomp and ceremony as maybe. ITEM I give to such or my Executors hereinafter named as shall act under this my Will Five Hundred pounds Sterling each to be paid to or retained by them within six Calendar Months after my decease. I GIVE to my three sons Jacob, Frederick and William Five Thousand pounds Sterling each. I GIVE—"

"Stay! five thou—please to read that again, Mr. Beavington," interrupted Captain Trefalden.

"Five Thousand pounds Sterling each," repeated the lawyer. "The amount is quite plain. But have patience, gentlemen. We are but at the preliminaries. This five thousand each hath, doubtless, some special purpose. The main business is to come."

"Very possibly—very possibly, Mr. Beavington," replied the Captain. "I am all attention."

"ITEM I GIVE to my Cashier Edward Prescott Five Hundred pounds Sterling. I GIVE to my other clerks One Hundred pounds Sterling each. AND I GIVE to my Household Servants Two Hundred pounds Sterling to be divided among them in equal shares. All which last mentioned legacies I direct shall be paid within three Calendar Months next after my decease. I GIVE to the Minister for the time being of Redruth aforesaid and to the Minister for the time being of the Parish in which I shall happen to reside immediately previous to my decease One Hundred pounds Sterling each to be paid to them within One Calendar Month after that event shall happen and be by them forthwith distributed in such manner and proportion as they shall think proper among the poor Widows belonging to their Parishes respectively. ITEM, I do hereby direct and appoint that my Executors shall as soon as possible after my decease set apart out of my Property which consists entirely of Personal Estate, and is chiefly invested in the Government Stocks and Funds of this Kingdom, so much of my Funded property as shall be equal in value to the sum of Five Hundred Thousand pounds Sterling—"

"Ha! now for it!" exclaimed Mr. Fred, breathlessly.

"—the sum of Five Hundred Thousand pounds Sterling," continued the lawyer, "which I give to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London for the time being and their successors for ever IN TRUST for the purposes hereinafter expressed and I desire that as to this Gift they shall be called 'TREFALDEN'S TRUSTEES' and that the amount of my Funded Property so to be set apart shall immediately afterwards be transferred to them accordingly."

The lawyer paused to clear his glasses. The brothers looked blankly in each other's faces.

"Good God! Mr. Beavington," gasped Captain Trefalden, "what does this mean?"

"On my word, sir, I have no more notion than yourself," replied the lawyer. "The will is none of my making."

"Who drew it up?" asked Mr. Will, peremptorily.

"Not I, sir. Your father hath gone to some stranger for this business. But perchance when we know more—"

"Enough, sir, go on," said Mr. Fred and Mr. Will together.

The lawyer continued:

"AND I hereby declare my Will to be that my said Trustees shall receive the annual Income of the said Trust Funds, and lay out and invest such Income in their names in the Purchase of Government Securities, and repeat such receipts and Investments from time to time in the nature of Compound Interest during the space of One Hundred years from the date of my decease, and that such accumulations shall continue and be increased until the same, with the original Trust Fund, shall amount to, and become in the aggregate, one entire clear principal sum of NINE MILLION POUNDS Sterling and upwards, AND I DESIRE that the same entire clear Principal Sum shall thenceforth be, or be considered as, divided into two equal parts, AND I GIVE One equal half part thereof unto the direct Heir Male of the Eldest Son of my Eldest Son, in total exclusion of the younger Branches of my family and their descendants. AND as to the other equal half part of the said entire Principal Sum, I DIRECT my said Trustees to apply and dispose of the same in manner following (that is to say) IN the first place, in purchasing within the liberties of the City

of London a plot of Froehold Ground of sufficient magnitude, and erecting thereon, under the superintendence of some eminent Architect, a Handsome and Substantial Building, with all suitable Offices, to be called "THE LONDON TREFALDEN BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION."

"AND in the next place, in affording pecuniary aid as well permanent as temporary to decayed Tradesmen, Mercantile Men, Ship Brokers, Stock Brokers, Poor Clergymen, and Members of the Legal and Medical Professions, and the Widows and Orphans of each of those Classes respectively, and, if thought fit, to advance Loans without Interest to honest but unfortunate Bankrupts. With full power to receive into the Institution a limited number of poor and deserving Persons being Widows and Orphans of Citizens of London, and to maintain, clothe, and educate them so long as the Trustees shall think proper.

"AND in order that such Institution may be properly established and may be managed and supported in a satisfactory manner, I request my said Trustees to prepare a scheme for the permanent Establishment and support thereof, and to submit the same to the Master of the Rolls for his approval. PROVIDED ALWAYS that in case there shall be no such Male Heir in the direct line from the Eldest Son of my Eldest Son, then I direct my said Trustees to apply the first mentioned half of the said entire principal sum in founding lesser Institutions of a similar kind to the above in Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol and Birmingham for the Benefit of the several classes of persons above enumerated and all which Institutions it is my Will shall be governed by the same Laws and Regulations as the original Institution or as near thereto as circumstances will permit. ITEM I GIVE all the rest and residue of my Funded Property Ready Money and Securities for Money Merchandise Debts Pictures Plate Furniture and all other my Property not otherwise disposed of by this my Will (but subject to the payment of My Debts Legacies Funerals and Testamentary expenses), UNTO my said said three Sons in equal shares and in case any dispute shall arise between them as to the division thereof the matter shall be referred to my Executors whose decision shall be final. LASTLY I APPOINT my friends Richard Morton, Erasmus Broke, Daniel Shuttleworth, and Arthur Mackenzie all of London, General Merchants, to be the Executors of this my Will. IN WITNESS whereof I the said Jacob Trefalden have hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year first above written.

"JACOB TREFALDEN.

"Signed sealed published and declared by the above named Jacob Trefalden as and for his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who at his request and in his presence have subscribed our Names as Witnesses thereunto.

"Signed, NATHANIEL MURRAY.
"ALEXANDER LLOYD."

Mr. Beavington laid down the will, and took off his glasses. The brothers sat staring at him, like men of stone. William Trefalden was the first to speak.

"I shall dispute this will," he said, looking very pale, but speaking in a firm, low tone. "It is illegal."

It is a d—d, unnatural, infamous swindle," stammered Mr. Fred, starting from his seat, and shaking his clenched fist at the open document. "If I had known what a cursed old fool—"

"Hush, sir, hush, I entreat," interposed the lawyer. "Let us respect the dead."

"Zounds! Mr. Beavington, we'll respect the dead," said Captain Trefalden, bringing his hand down heavily upon the table; "but I'll be hanged if we'll respect the dead! If it costs me every penny of the paltry five thousand, I'll light this matter out, and have justice."

"Patience, brother Jacob—patience, brother Fred," said the youngest Trefalden. "I tell you both, the will is illegal."

"How so, sir?" asked the lawyer, briskly. "How so?"

"By the Mortmain Act passed but a few years since—"

"In seventeen hundred and thirty-six, statute nine of his present Majesty King George the Second," interposed Mr. Beavington.

"—which permits no land, nor money for the purchase of land, to be given in trust for the benefit of any charitable use whatever."

The lawyer nodded approvingly.

"Very true, very true—very well remembered, Mr. Will," he said, rubbing his hands; "but you forget one thing."

"What do I forget?"

"That 'a citizen of London may, by the custom of London, devise Land situate in London in Mortmain; but he cannot devise Land out of the city in Mortmain,' and for that quotation I can give you chapter and verse, Mr. Will."

Mr. Will put his hand to his head with a smothered groan.

"Then, by Heavens!" said he, tremulously, "'tis all over."

It was all over, indeed. Mr. Fred had spoken truly of the pride which Jacob Trefalden took in his fortune. Great as it was, he resolved to build it yet higher, and sink its foundations yet more broadly and deeply. To leave a colossal inheritance to an unborn heir, and to found a charity which should perpetuate his name through all time, were the two projects nearest and dearest to that old man's heart. He had brooded over them, matured them, exulted in them secretly, for many a past year. The marriage of Captain Trefalden in November, 1760, only hastened matters, and legalised a foregone conclusion. Well was it for Jacob Trefalden's sons that his fortune amounted to that odd twenty-five thousand pounds. The Half Million had slipped through their fingers, and was lost to them for ever.

CHAPTER I. THE PASSING OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

When the princess in the fairy tale went to sleep for a hundred years, everything else in that enchanted palace went to sleep at the same time. The natural course of things was suspended. Not a hair whitened on any head within these walls. Not a spider spun its web over the pictures; not a worm found its way to the books. The very Burgundy in the cellar grew none the riper for the century that it had lain there. Nothing decayed, in short, and nothing improved. Very different was it with this progressive England of ours during the hundred years that went by between the spring-time of 1700 and that of 1800, one hundred years after. None went to sleep in it. Nothing stood still. All was life, ferment, endeavour. That endeavour, it is true, may not always have been best directed. Some cobwebs were spun; some worms were at work; some mistakes were committed; but, at all events, there was no stagnation. En revanche, if, when we remember some of those errors, we cannot help a blush, our hearts beat when we think of the works of love and charity, the triumphs of science, the heroes and victories which that century brought forth. We lost America, it is true; but we won Gibraltar, and we colonised Australia. We fought the French on almost every sea and shore upon the map, except, thank God! our own. We abolished slavery in our colonies. We established the liberty of the press. We lit our great city from end to end with a light only second to that of day. We originated a system of coaching at twelve miles the hour, which was unrivalled in Europe; and we superseded it by casting a network of iron roads all over the face of the country, along which the traveller has been known to fly at the rate of a mile a minute. Truly a marvellous century! perhaps the most marvellous which the world has ever known, since that from which all our years are dated!

And during the whole of this time, the Trefalden legacy was fattening at interest, assuming overgrown proportions, doubling, trebling, quadrupling itself over and over and over again.

Not so the Trefalden family. They had increased and multiplied but scantily, according to the average of human kind; and had had but little opportunity of fattening, in so far as that term may be applied to the riches of the earth. One branch of it had become extinct. Of the other two branches only three representatives remained. We must pause to consider how these things came to pass, but only for a few moments; for of all the trees that have ever been cultivated by man, the genealogical tree is the driest. It is one, we may be sure, that had no place in the garden of Eden. Its root is in the grave; its produce mere Dead Sea fruit—apples of dust and ashes.

The extinct branch of the Trefaldens was that which began and ended in Mr. Fred. That ornament to society met his death in a tavern row about eighteen months after the reading of the will. He had in the meanwhile spent the whole of his five thousand pounds, ruined his tailor, and brought an honest eating-house keeper to the verge of bankruptcy. He also died in debt to the amount of seven thousand pounds; so that, as Mr. Horace Walpole was heard to say, he went out of the world with credit.

William, the youngest of the brothers, after a cautious

examination of his prospects from every point of view, decided to carry on, at least, a part of the business. To this end, he tutored into partnership with his late father's managing clerk, an invaluable person, who had been in old Jacob's confidence for more than thirty years, and, now that his employer was dead, was thought to know more about ledigo than any other man in London. He had also a snug sum in the Funds, and an only daughter, who kept house for him at Islington. When Mr. Will had ascertained the precise value of this young lady's attractions, he proposed a second partnership, was accepted, and married her. The fruit of this marriage was a son named Charles, born in 1770, who became in time his father's partner and successor, and in whose hands the old Trefalden house flourished bravely. This Charles, marrying late in life, took to wife the second daughter of a rich East India Director, with twelve thousand pounds for her fortune. She brought him four sons, the eldest of whom, Edward, born in 1815, was destined to indigo from his cradle. The second and third died in childhood, and the youngest, named William, after his grandfather, was born in 1822, and educated for the law.

The father of these young men died suddenly in 1844, just as old Jacob Trefalden had died more than eighty years before. He was succeeded in Daelinghall-street by his eldest son. The new principal was, however, a stout, apathetic bachelor of self-indulgent habits, languid circulation, and indolent physique—a more Roi Fainéant, without a Martel to guide him. He reigned only six years, and died of a flow of turtle soup to the head, in 1850, leaving his affairs hopelessly involved, and his books a mere collection of Sybilline leaves which no accountant in London was Augur enough to decipher. With him expired the mercantile house of Trefalden; and his brother, the lawyer, now became the only remaining representative of the youngest branch of the family.

For the elder branch we must go back again into 1700. Honest Captain Jacob, upon whom had now devolved the responsibility of perpetuating the Trefalden name, took his five thousand pounds with a sigh; wisely relinquished all thought of disputing the will; sold his commission; emigrated to a remote corner of Switzerland; bought land, and herds, and a quaint little mediæval chateau surmounted by a whole forest of turrets, gable-ends, and fantastic weathercocks; and embraced the patriarchal life of his adopted country. Switzerland was, at that time the most peaceful, the best governed, and the least expensive spot in Europe. Captain Jacob, with his five thousand pounds, was a *millionaire* in the Canton Grisons. He was entitled to a seat in the Diet, if he chose to take it; and a vote, if he chose to utter it; and he interchanged solemn half-yearly civilities with the stiffest old republican aristocrats in Chur and Thusa. But it was not for these advantages that he valued his position in that primitive place. He loved ease, and liberty, and the open air. He loved the simple, pastoral, homely life of the people. He loved to be rich enough to help his poorer neighbours—to be able to give the pastor a new cassock, or the church a new font, or the young riflemen of the district a silver watch to shoot for, when the annual Schützen Fest came round. He could not have done all this in England, heavily taxed and burthened as England then was, upon two hundred and fifty pounds a year. So the good soldier framed his commission, hung up his sword to rust over the dining-room chimney-piece, and planted and drained, sowed and reaped, shot an occasional chamois, and settled down for life as a Swiss country gentleman. Living thus, with the wife of his choice, and enjoying the society of a few kindly neighbours, he became the happy father of a son and two daughters, between whom, at his death, he divided his little fortune, share and share alike, according to his own simple notions of justice and love. The daughters married and settled far away, the one in Italy, the other on the borders of Germany. The son, who was called Henry, and born in 1762, inherited his third of the patrimony, became a farmer, and married at twenty years of age. He was necessarily a much poorer man than his father. Two-thirds of the best land had been sold to pay off his sisters' shares in the property; but he kept the old chateau (though he dwelt in only a corner of it), and was none the less respected by his neighbours. Here he lived frugally and industriously, often driving his own plough, and branding his own sheep; and here he brought up his two sons, Saxon and Martin, the first of whom was born in 1783, and the second in 1784. They were all

the family be reared. Other children were born to him from time to time, and played about his hearth, and gladdened the half-deserted little chateau with their baby laughter; but they all died in earliest infancy, and the violets grew thickly over their little graves in the churchyard on the hill.

Now Henry Trefalden knew right well that one of these boys, or a descendant of one of these boys, must inherit the great legacy by-and-by. He knew, too, that it was his duty to fit them for that gigantic trust as well as his poor means would allow, and he devoted himself to the task with a love and courage that never wavered. To make them honest, moderate, charitable, and self-denying; to teach them (theoretically) the true uses of wealth; to instruct them thoroughly in the history and laws of England; to bring them up, if possible, with English sympathies; to keep their English accent pure; to train them in the fear of God, the love of knowledge, and the desire of excellence—this was Henry Trefalden's life-long task, and he fulfilled it nobly.

His boys thrived alike in body and in mind. They were both fine fellows; brave, simple, and true. Neither of them would have told a lie to save his life. Saxon was fair, as a Saxon should be. Martin was dark-eyed and olive-skinned, like his mother. Saxon was the more active and athletic; Martin the more studious. As they grew older, Saxon became an expert mountaineer, rifle-shot, and chamois-hunter; Martin declared his wish to enter the Lutheran church. So the elder brother stayed at home, ploughing and planting, sowing and reaping, shooting and fishing, like his father and grandfather before him; and the younger trudged away one morning with his Alpenstock in his hand, and his wallet on his back, bound for Geneva.

Time went on. Henry Trefalden died; young Saxon became the head of the family; and Martin returned from the University to accept a curacy distant about eight miles from home. By-and-by, the good old priest, who had been the boys' schoolmaster long years before, also passed away; and Martin became pastor in his native place. The brothers now lived with their mother in the dilapidated chateau, fulfilling each his little round of duties, and desiring nothing beyond them. They were very happy. That quiet valley was their world. Those Alps bounded all their desires. They knew there was a great legacy accumulating in England, which might fall to Saxon's share some day, if he lived long enough; but the time was so far distant, and the whole story seemed so dim and fabulous, that unless to laugh over it together in the evening, when they sat smoking their long pipes side by side under the trellised vines, the brothers never thought or spoke of the wealth which might yet be theirs. Thus more time went on, and old Madame Trefalden died, and the bachelor brothers were left alone in the little grey chateau. It was now 1830. In thirty more years the great legacy would fall due, and which of them might then be living to inherit it? Saxon was already a florid bald-headed mountaineer of forty-seven; Martin, a grey-haired priest of forty-four. What was to be done?

Sitting by their own warm hearth one bleak winter's evening, the two old bachelors took these questions into grave consideration. On the table between them lay a faded parchment copy of the alderman's last will and testament. It was once the property of worthy Captain Jacob, and had remained in the family ever since. They had brought this out to aid their deliberations, and had read it through carefully, from beginning to end—without, perhaps, being very much the wiser.

"It would surely go to thee, Martin if I died first," said the elder brother.

"Thou'lt not die first," replied the younger, confidently. "Thou'rt as young, Sax, as thou wert twenty years ago."

"But in the course of nature—"

"In the course of nature the stronger staff outlasts the weaker. See how much heartier you are than myself!"

Saxon Trefalden shook his head.

"That's not the question," said he. "The real point is, would the money fall to thee? I think it would. It says here, 'in total exclusion of the younger branches of my family and their descendants.' Mark that—the younger branches, Martin. Thou'rt not a younger branch. Thou'rt of the elder branch."

"Ay, brother, but what runs before? Go back a line, and thou'lt see it says to the direct heir male of the eldest son of my eldest son. Now, thou'rt the

eldest son of the eldest son, and I am not thy direct male heir. I am only thy younger brother."

"That's true," replied Saxon. "It seems to read both ways."

"All law matters seem to read both ways, Sax," said the priest; and are intended to read both ways, 'tis my belief, for the confusion of the world. But why puzzle ourselves about the will at all? We can only understand the plain fact that thou art the direct heir, and that the fortune must be thine, thirty years hence, if thou'rt alive to claim it."

Saxon shrugged his broad shoulders, and lit his pipe with a fragment of blazing pine-wood picked from the fire.

"Pish! at seventy-seven years of age, if I am alive!" he exclaimed. "Of what good would it be to me?"

Martin made no reply, and they were both silent for several minutes. Then the pastor stole a furtive glance at his brother, coughed, stared steadily at the fire, and said,

"There is but one course for it, Sax. Thou must marry."

"Marry!" echoed the stout farmer, all aghast.

"The pastor nodded.

"Marry? At my time of my life? At forty-sev— No, thank you, brother. Not if I know it."

"Our poor father always desired it," said Martin.

Saxon took no notice.

"And it is in some sense thy duty to provide an heir to this fortune which—"

"The fortune be—I beg thy pardon, Martin; but what can it matter to thee or me what becomes of the fortune after we are both dead and gone? It would go to found charities, and do good somehow and somewhere. 'Twould be in better hands than mine, I'll engage."

"I am not so sure of that," replied the pastor. "Public charities do not always do as much good as private ones. Besides, I should like to think that a portion of that great sum might be devoted hereafter to the benefit of our poor brethren in Switzerland. I should like to think that by-and-by there might be a good road made between Tamins and Films; and that the poor herdsmen at Altfalden might have a chapel of their own, instead of toiling hither eight long miles every Sabbath; and that a bridge might be built over the Hinter Rhine down by Ortenstein, where poor Rätli's children were drowned last winter when crossing by the ferry."

Saxon smoked on in silence.

"All this might be done, and more," added the pastor, "if thou wouldst marry, and bring up a son to inherit the fortune."

"Humph!" ejaculated the farmer, looking very grim.

"Besides," said Martin, timidly, "we want a woman in the house."

"What for?" growled Saxon.

"To keep us tidy and civilised," replied the pastor. "Things were very different, Sax, when our dear mother was with us. The house does not look like the same place."

"There's old Lötsch," muttered Saxon. "He does as well as any woman. He cooks, makes bread—"

"Cooks?" remonstrated the younger brother.

"Why, the kid to-day was nearly raw, and the mutton yesterday was baked to a cinder."

The honest farmer stroked his beard, and sighed. He could not contradict that stubborn statement. Martin saw his advantage, and followed it up.

"There is but one remedy," he said, "and that a plain one. As I told thee before, Sax, thou must marry. 'Tis thy duty."

"Whom can I marry?" faltered Saxon, dolefully.

"Well, I've thought of that, too," rejoined the pastor, in an encouraging tone. "There's the eldest daughter of our neighbour Claus. She is a good, prudent, housewifely maiden, and would suit thee exactly."

The older brother made a wry face.

"She's thirty-five, if she's an hour," said he, "and no beauty."

"Brother Saxon," replied the pastor, "I am ashamed of thee. What does a sensible man of seven-and-forty want of youth and beauty in a wife? Besides, Marie Claus is only thirty-two. I made particular inquiry about her age this morning."

"Why not marry her yourself, Martin?" said the farmer. "I'm sure that would do quite as well."

"My dear Saxon, only look again at the will, and observe that it is the direct heir male of the eldest son of the eldest son—"

Saxon Trefalden pitched his pipe into the fire, and

sprang to his feet with an exclamation that sounded very like an oath.

"Enough, brother, enough!" he interrupted. "Say no more—put the will away—I'll go down to the Bergthal to-morrow, and ask her."

And so Saxon Trefalden put on his Sunday coat the following morning, and went forth like a lamb to the sacrifice.

"Perhaps she'll refuse me," thought he, as he knocked at Farmer Claus's door, and caught a glimpse of the fair Marie at an upper casement.

But that inexorable virgin did nothing of the kind.

She married him.

There were no ill-cooked dinners after that happy event had taken place. The old house became a marvel of cleanliness, and the bride proved herself a very Phoenix of prudence and housewifery. She reformed everything including the hapless brothers themselves. She banished their pipes, condemned old Carlo to his kennel, made stringent by-laws on the subject of boots, changed the hour of every meal, and, in short, made them both miserable. Worst of all, she was childless. This was their bitterest disappointment. They had given up their pipes, their peace, and their liberty, for nothing. Poor Martin always looked very guilty if any allusion happened to be made to this subject.

Matters went on thus for seven years, and then, to the amazement of the village, and the delight of the brothers, Madame Marie made her husband the happy father of a fine boy. Such a glorious baby was never seen. He had fair hair and blue eyes, and his father's nose; and they christened him Saxon; and the bells were rung; and the heir to the great fortune was born at last! (To be continued.)

THE ZIG-ZAG PAPERS.

ON BEING LITERABLY IN ONE'S SLIPPERS.

DID you ever, gentle, fair, or kind reader, (for none but such should attempt to read me, had I my will,) come home after a remarkably busy day in the city to your household gods, your nineteenth century Lares and Penates, your rocking chair and slippers? Did you ever, on a cold winter's day, race helter skelter along icy streets—shiver in offices where there always is a draft everywhere—boat impatient tattoos on the toe of your left foot with the heel of your right, and finally at six p.m., got home numbed shivering and chillsy? Well was it not delicious (I say "delicious" in ordinary typo because no possible combination of italics and points of exclamation could ever sufficiently emphasize it) to get rid of your frozen boots and to settle down luxuriously into a soft chair and slippers? Happy you if you possessed the ecstatic accessories of a cozy supper table for two, and a nice little wife in attendance with the fire happy in her dark eyes, red cheeks and comfortable merino, and a little girl who trots down stairs from the nursery every minute with no other apparent object than to pull your whisker and assure you, that she (Sissy) has been a very good girl all day. But all these, though delightful, are but accessory. Home means slippers. You may add thereto a thousand minor appliances, you may give a thousand false definitions. "Home is where she is" says one enthusiastic lover. Just wait till he has been married a year and then he'll be down town on lodge nights, and that so frequently as to suggest a masonic crisis, and a ceaseless calling for advice of the W. G. M. You don't seal at home in your boots. This is a great social truth. The mind of man in its natural carnal state hates boots. If you will only notice how melancholy is the appearance of the true man at a ball. He longs for, his soul yearns after, slippers. He may disguise it in various ways. He may wait until he has the headache, he may fuddle himself drinking many and loyal bumpers, but this is in vain. His soul (I might pun here about 'sole, but I won't) is not satisfied. Appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, and his verdict will be in favour of slippers and fire-side ease, and let pumps and balls go on unnoticed.

I therefore propound calmly and modestly this great social theory,—THAT SLIPPERS AND CIVILIZATION ARE IN A DIRECT RATIO. I now proceed to elaborate it. The highest civilization is that of kindness and refinement. Very well. Now only "swells" are fond of boots. The working classes wear heavy boots continually, which is the main reason to which I ascribe their intellectual and social degradation. If they do not wear slippers, they dare not sit down in their

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"Hopkins, Hopkins!" I cried, "have you got your eyeglass fixed?"

"Yes; why?"

"This is Mrs. Tubbs."

I introduced my friend, and we hovered about the lady and her family, paying her a court which I imagine that few English women have received off the stage since the days of Elizabeth.

"Where is Emma?" said the lady, interrupting me, in the middle of a somewhat high-flown compliment.

"Emma! where has the child got to?"

"Here she is; come along, my little darling," cried Hopkins, who had heard the maternal voice, and remembered my infection; and as he spoke he came up to Mrs. Tubbs, leading by the hand—the monkey!

"How dare——" Mrs. Tubbs began, but her rage was such that she could not articulate. As for ever being returned for Busblew, I might just as well oppose Lord Palmerston for Tiverton.

Well, after a while I forgave Hopkins yet again only as his extreme shortsightedness and obstinacy in not wearing glasses renders him as easy to cut as a boiled fowl, I could not resist the temptation of passing by on the other side whenever I met him; not I protest, from any feeling of enmity, but merely out of precaution. I had tried the good Samaritan's system with him, it had failed, so now I pursued the Levite's, in vain. My first wife had been dead for some years: I took a second, but no one could now say that I married for money, oh, no; the Lady Augusta had a Roman nose, and protected pedigree, but no fortune, and I promised myself that I would not play second fiddle *this* time. It was in the month of May; I stood in the exhibition room of the Royal Academy, before an historical picture, and was expounding the story of it to my lady wife and certain of her noble relations, when I was suddenly startled by a slap on the back, and the voice of Hopkins cried,—Ah! my boy, I have not seen you for an age. Let me congratulate you, old fellow. How's the new missis?"

Lady——was so offended by this piece of vulgarity on the part of my friend, that it was months before I could restore her equanimity, and by the time had succeeded she had established a sort of indescribable supremacy in the household (my married readers well know what I mean) which has brought it about that I am playing second fiddle in this domestic concert also.

Hopkins perceived that he had put his foot in it at the time, and was so distressed, and called himself such dreadful names, that I once more forgave him.

But my patience was well-nigh spent, now it is thoroughly exhausted; Stephen Hopkins is no longer my friend, but my foe; he has caused the finger of scorn to be pointed at me throughout the country; it is his fault that at our public dinners they drink the health of honest John Bull, and couple my name with the toast! Let me explain. I am now middle-aged, I am very stout, and I reside upon an estate I have in Norfolk. Last year I sent some beasts I was very proud of to our agricultural show, where they attracted great attention, and I was engaged in pointing out their beauties to Lord Exmore and a select circle, when I received a violent poke in the ribs, and, looking round saw my *beau noir*, Hopkins, with his useless glass dangling as usual, and his unspectacular eyes glaring in my direction, acting *clerc* to a party of ladies.

"This," said he, "is the beast that has got the first prize," indicating me and not the animal which stood clean by me. "Observe the straightness of his back and look at the meat on the ribs. Firm, you see," here came another terrific poke, "quite—halloo!"

For when I saw all the people about me tittering, and Lord Exmore himself hardly able to refrain from bursting right out, I lost all patience, and snatching the aggressive umbrella from Hopkins' hand, I broke it across my knee, and tossed the mangled remains away, an action which, as he really thought that he was poking the ox which he had seen before him while his eyeglass stuck, must have surprised him not a little. When he found and applied that instrument, and so discovered what he had done, and to whom, he shouted "Kismet!" and fairly turned and fled.

But I have been the laughing-stock of Norfolk ever since, for jokes are rare in the country, and "once a butt always a butt" is the rule there; so whenever I appear at the cover side, I am asked some fifty times over how much meat I have on my ribs, whether I have been exhibiting myself lately, why I do not wear my prize medal. And at public dinners they propose the health of honest John Bull, as I said above, and shriek, and thump, and break wine-glasses, until I return thanks.

I will never forgive Stephen Hopkins, never; unless indeed he repent, and do penance, and wear spectacles.

MODERN FRENCH MARRIAGES.

THE strategy of the matrimonial campaign is this:—A young man, getting on for thirty, tired of a single life, without parents, or expecting soon to lose them, exercising a profession whose seriousness is more suited to a family than to a bachelor or possessing a handsome competency of which a wife alone can do the honours—this young man desires to marry. In his more or less extended circle of acquaintances, he does not know a single girl whose outward charms have made much impression on him, or whose fortune is large enough to tempt him; nevertheless, he wishes to get married. He confides his intentions to two or three friends. Oh! mon Dieu, he will not be over particular, provided the young lady belong to a well considered family, in a social position equal or superior to his own; provided that a similar concordance exist between their fortunes, and finally, if possible that the person herself be not altogether repulsive, he will require nothing more. Be she tall or short, fat or lean, fair or dark, well educated or ignorant, gentle or cross-grained, healthy or sickly, it is all one to him. Equality of fortune and position are the two grand items; all the rest are accessories.

The friends, then, are on the look-out; they soon discover a score of marriageable girls. The postulant has no other difficulty than that of making his selection. A fête, a ball, a call, a dinner, a simple meeting brought about a third party, bring the two enemies face to face. The word "enemies" is not employed by chance.

When two armies, or two diplomatists, have met, what is their first, their only care? Of course to obtain the best possible conditions at the expense of the adverse party. And what means do they employ to accomplish that end? They conceal their forces and their lowest terms, which they only allow to appear when all is over. In all the matrimonial negotiations whence marriages of reason result, matters are conducted exactly as they are by diplomatists. Both of them, suitor and maid, paint—not, perhaps, their faces, although the least said about that the better; but their looks, their words, their attitude, endeavouring to adorn themselves with moral and physical advantages, of which closer intimacy will show that they are utterly devoid.

What does it signify? A good opportunity offers itself; no time is to be lost in striking the bargain. Nobody can live on love and spring water. Money in the funds, farms in Normandy, vineyards in the Côte d'Or, a notary's office with plenty of clients, are precious things of the very first importance. If, by-the-by, the house becomes unbearable, the fortune with its little additions can be divided into two equal shares, and all will go on smoothly again.

The young couple, then, are brought together; the combat is about to begin; for an hour or two, the suitor, without coming forward or compromising himself, is able to scrutinise with his eyes the person proposed to him as his wife. If the eyes are satisfied—and little caution is to be expected in an eye ready to be pleased—it is possible, amidst the confusion of a crowd, by means of a polka, to obtain the favour of a few minutes' tête-à-tête.

All goes well. The young man, enamoured with his partner's charms, returns to the common friend, and says, "I have no objection to conclude the match. But I must have two hundred thousand francs; you know that sum is indispensable."

"Yes, my dear fellow; but no one is compelled to perform impossibilities. We can give only a hundred and fifty thousand."

"Show me, then, another pearl out of your stock of jewellery."

"Easy enough. Did you remark, sitting by the side of your rejoiced fair one, a very dark complexioned girl?"

"Yes; and the least in the world awry."

"She has two hundred and fifty thousand francs!"

"If she will accept me, the business is settled."

Fresh presentation, fresh dissimulation. During a month, three times a week, for two hours at a sitting, the lover pays his respects to his affianced bride. On the day when, hand in hand, they swear before God and man to take each other for husband and wife, they have been twenty-four hours in each other's company, and that in the presence of witnesses.

Unhappy creatures! They have not had the time even to think of what they are doing. For a month their thoughts have been occupied with everything excepting marriage. The young man has been meditating solely how he will employ his dowry; the young lady has been considering the items of her "corbeille" or wedding presents. But if a dowry and a corbeille are things not to be despised, it is difficult to believe that they alone constitute the whole of marriage. And yet, that is what is called a marriage of reason!

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

THE great importance of a knowledge of chemistry to persons of all classes of society, and the necessity of making it a fundamental branch of popular education in our schools, are becoming more and more apparent each day; and it seems certain that the time is not far distant when, along with grammars and geographies, elementary treatises on this delightful and eminently useful science will also be placed in the hands of children.

The chief aim of the articles, which, from time to time, will appear in this periodical, is to present the subject in such a manner as will engage the attention of beginners, as well as those who probably desire to know something of chemistry, but who are deterred from studying it under the too prevalent but false idea that it is a science peculiarly difficult, and one which belongs exclusively to professors and lecturers. The writer of this article, from a long experience, can completely controvert this idea, having practically proved that the fundamental laws of chemistry, which are clear and simple, can be as well understood, even by children, as any other science or branch of education.

In agriculture, a knowledge of chemistry is perhaps indispensably necessary; every farm is, so to speak, a laboratory, and every farmer a practical chemist. But it is not in agriculture alone that it is useful and of advantage; in physics, mineralogy, geology, &c., it is equally useful; indeed the applications of this science are so numerous that there are few circumstances in life in which the chemist does not see its principles accomplished.

Chemistry is the science which teaches us of what the different substances in nature are formed, of the changes they undergo, are constantly undergoing, of the laws by which their union and separation are governed, of the manner of analysing, and also of reuniting the constituent parts of matter.

Chemists divide all bodies into *simple* and *compound*. Simple bodies are those which cannot be resolved into any other substances, such as gold, iron, tin, zinc, oxygen, hydrogen, &c.

Now do what we will with any of these bodies, they still resist all agencies which can be brought to bear on them to decompose them; the gold still remains gold; the iron, iron, &c.

Compound bodies are those which can be resolved into other substances having totally different properties, such as water, limestone, brass, &c.

Now water can be resolved into the two gases which form it, oxygen and hydrogen; limestone into lime and carbonic acid gas; and brass into copper and zinc, the two metals of which it is composed, brass itself being never found as a natural production.

At first sight it may be supposed that the number of simple elements is infinite, judging from the great diversity of substances which are seen around us; but chemists have reduced the number down to sixty-five; and further researches may prove that many of these elements, which we at present regard as simple, may in reality be compound bodies.

Of the sixty-five simple bodies, thirteen are called non-metallic, the remaining forty-two, metallic.

Chemistry is usually divided into two branches, organic and inorganic, merely as a convenient mode of classification, for in reality the organic and inorganic so merge into each other, that many of the so-called organic substances are found capable of being prepared by inorganic methods.

Organic chemistry treats of those substances which are the products of the vital process in animals and vegetables; while inorganic chemistry treats of minerals, water, and air. We shall confine this article to the study of the latter.

The following is a list of the principal simple elements divided into metallic and non-metallic, with their symbols and equivalents:

METALLIC BODIES.

Aluminium...Al.. 13.7	Magnesium...Mg.. 12.2
Antimony.....Sb.. 120	Manganese....Mn.. 27.6
Arsenic.....As.. 75	Mercury.....Hg.. 100
Barium.....Ba.. 68.5	Nickel.....Ni.. 29.0
Bismuth.....Bi.. 213	Platinum....Pt.. 98.7
Cadmium.....Cd.. 60	Potassium...K... 89.2
Calcium.....Ca.. 20	Silver.....Ag.. 108.1
Chromium....Cr.. 20.7	Sodium.....Na.. 23
Cobalt.....Co.. 20.5	Strontium...Sr.. 43.8
Copper.....Cu.. 31.7	Tin.....Sn.. 59
Gold.....Au.. 197	Uranium.....U... 60
Iron.....Fe.. 28	Zinc.....Zn... 32.0
Lead.....Pb.. 103.7	

The remaining twenty-seven are of slight importance.

NON-METALLIC BODIES.

Boron.....B.. 10.9	Iodine.....I... 127.1
Bromine.....Br.. 80	Nitrogen.....N.. 14
Carbon.....C.. 6	Oxygen.....O... 8
Chlorine....Cl.. 35.5	Phosphorus...P... 32
Fluorine....F.. 18.9	Silicon.....Si.. 21.8
Hydrogen....H.. 1	Sulphur.....S.. 16

Selenium, of slight importance.

The elements of matters, when combining with one another to form new compounds, do not unite in any or every proportion, but follow certain fixed laws, and unite in certain fixed proportions, and no other. Perhaps it would be as well to remark here, that the young chemist must not confound a mechanical mixture with a chemical one; for instance, common salt and sugar, if dissolved in water, are only mixed mechanically; the properties of each still remain the same, as they may be separated from one another by a simple process which we shall give in our next paper; but if sulphuric acid be added to the salt, the properties of both the acid and salt become changed, resulting in a new compound called sulphate of soda; this power or force which bodies have of uniting with one another, is called *chemical attraction* or *affinity*. Water is composed of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. Eight parts by weight of oxygen, if united with one of hydrogen, produce water; eight parts of oxygen will not combine with two, three, or four parts of hydrogen, and if more than one part of hydrogen be added, the overplus will still remain unchanged.

NOTE.—Having regard only to the wants of young chemists in this paper, it seems desirable that the information imparted be conveyed in the most interesting and profitable form, and this object is most unquestionably attained by approaching chemistry in the way of analysis, as it is also the most natural way. The progress of the student in acquiring sound chemical information will be rapid and agreeable, unlike the fleeting stores of theoretical knowledge which mere lectures convey. These views are not peculiar; they are now both advocated and practiced by the College of Chemistry, and by all other public laboratories in the United Kingdom.

PASTIMES.

CRICKET.

IT is our intention to devote an occasional column to Parlour and Out-door pastimes, and we think we cannot do better than commence the series with a few hints, more especially intended for the benefit of young players of the noble game indicated above. We are delighted to observe that cricket is obtaining an ever-increasing popularity amongst us. It is the very best of our out-door games, and beyond the pleasurable excitement of playing to win, there is in it a real genuine amount of moral training. It teaches boys to be fair and straightforward in their dealings with each other; puts them in good temper with themselves and their fellows; encourages the timid, and represses the bold and incautious—teaches them, in fact to be gentlemen in their play as well as in their homes—teaches them self-reliance and self-control; quickness of eye and dexterity of hand; nimbleness of foot and activity of body; bravery, forbearance, and a spirit of honourable rivalry—without which neither the game of Cricket nor the game of life can be successfully played,

CRICKETING REQUISITES.

All that are absolutely necessary to play a game of cricket, are bats, stumps, and a ball, and we advise all who intend purchasing to pay a fair price and secure a really serviceable article. Bats, balls, &c., by the best makers can be readily obtained at numerous stores in most of our large towns and cities.

HINTS.

A good batsman must be wary, and, at the same time, bold. Timid players seldom make

good scores. Let your position be easy, upright and graceful. Keep your feet well together, hold your bat firmly, but not too tightly, watch the ball and be prepared to block, cut, or hit to leg, as it may be necessary. The great art of batting is to time the ball; that is, to meet it and strike it at the most favourable moment, and so play it with the best chance of success. Don't be afraid of hitting at straight balls, but beware of "shooters," that, instead of rising from the pitch, shoot close along the ground. The best thing you can do with them is to block them. Many a run is got from a sharp block, especially when the bat is inclined a little to the right or left. Play forward at balls that pitch short of the crease, and be careful of long-hops, or balls that bound twice or thrice on the ground "sneaks," or calls that roll heavily and rather slowly all the way; "lobbers," or full-pitched slows; and "breakbacks," or balls that are apparently wide of the wicket, and suddenly turn in and take down a stump. Hard hitting is not always the most successful style of play, and if you attempt a great cut without being perfectly firm on your legs, you will miss more than you hit, and very probably get a "dack's egg" (which is represented by the 0) instead of a good score.

Dowling is not easy to teach in books, for almost every player has his own peculiar style. The first great requisite for a good bowler is to bowl straight to the wicket. Now, whether you adopt the fast round-arm, or the slow under-hand plan, you must study the action of the batsman, and so accommodate your style to his as to produce the best result—that is, the fall of the wicket. Hold the ball slightly between your fingers, not in the palm, across the seam; and stand up right at the start. Take a short run of four or five paces, and pitch the ball as near as you can to the crease, and if you find that the batsman runs in to the ball, pitch shorter and shorter. Thus if he miss he will be bowled—if the ball is straight—or stumped before he can get back again to his ground. Always avoid long hops, for they are easy to hit. But a long hop or a slow is sometimes effective if you want the striker to put up a catch. The leg stump being the most difficult to defend, bowl rather towards it. Vary your style occasionally, and learn to give the ball a screw or twist as it leaves your hand. Of round-arm and under-hand bowling, the last is easier to learn, but the first is most effective, when straight. In all bowling, however, you must be active and sharp-sighted, never losing any opportunity that presents itself. Some bowlers swing the body a good deal; others only swing the arm. The latter plan is the best, as by it you can vary your pace without giving the batsman warning. Straight bowling is not difficult to hit, but if you can twist your ball, so that it turns in to the wicket after the pitch, that style is very effective. Always bowl with an object, and never simply at random. Make up your mind to take a wicket, and your hand will generally follow its leader, your head. Various dodges are adopted by professional bowlers, which cannot well be described in print; and here let me say that half-an-hour's instruction from a good cricketer will be more useful to a young bowler than a whole volume of written directions.

To watch for catches is among the first of the fielder's duties. Look well to the ball as it descends, and take it with both hands, drawing them down a little, so that you may break the sting of the ball, and at the same time hold it firmly. It is better to be before than behind a ball, for you can always run forward better than backward. As soon as the ball touches the palm, grasp it firmly, for neither the palm nor the fingers will of themselves hold it.

Stopping a ball should be done with the hands rather than the feet. As soon as you touch the ball, lift it up with a sort of throwing motion, and deliver it immediately. All young cricketers should practice long stopping; after which they may try their skill at wicket-keeping. A good wicket-keeper should be able to catch or stop a ball with either hand.

Throwing-in should be sure and sharp. Not at your greatest swiftness always, but with such celerity and certainty as will send the ball point-blank to the wicket-keeper or bowler. Lose no time between seeing the ball and throwing it in. When the ball is running along the grass, endeavour to get before rather than to run after it. Some players throw it with a long hop; but that plan is not nearly so effective as a good, but not too high, catch into the wicket. When the ball bounds out of your hands, it is better to "put it up," and catch it again, than to entirely drop it. Fielding, to be well done, should be done thorough-

ly. Every player should act as though the whole success of the game depended on him alone. Stand easily—not in the old-fashioned way, with your hands on your knees, but in a natural, wide-awake manner, with hands ready for a catch, and feet prepared for a run. Attend to the directions of your captain, and do the best for your side. The position of all the players in the field has already been given.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Mr. C. J. Richardson, in a letter in the *Times*, says his boiler at Woolwich Dockyard has shown that petroleum is 50 per cent, more powerful than the best coal as steam fuel, that it can be burnt with perfect ease, and without the slightest danger.

It is, perhaps, not generally known to our readers that a piece of blotting-paper, crumpled together to make it firm, and just written, will take ink out of me-bogany. Rub the spot hard with the waited paper, and it instantly disappears; and the white mark from the operation may be immediately removed by rubbing the table with a cloth.

CRIB-BITING.—A correspondent of the *Field* says, a mare was cured of cribbiting as follows—Her manger was taken away altogether, and her corn for every day in the week was placed on the ground. Next week her feed was placed one brick high from the ground, next week two bricks high, and so on, increasing a brick in height every week until her feed was placed as high as the manger; then the manger was replaced, and the mare has never cribbed since.

It is found that the quantity of heat which would raise one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit in temperature, is exactly equal to what would be generated if a pound weight, after having fallen through a height of seven hundred and seventy-two feet, had its moving force destroyed by collision with the earth. Conversely, the amount of heat necessary to raise a pound of water one degree in temperature, would, if all applied mechanically, be competent to raise a penny weight seven hundred and seventy-two feet high; or, it would raise seven hundred and seventy-two pounds, one foot high.

STEAM OMNIBUS.—An omnibus drawn by a steam engine is running regularly on the high road between Nantes and Niort. After long experiments and repeated improvements, the inventor has succeeded in making his engine run as well on common roads as others do on rails. It is perfectly under the driver's command, and can be stopped and started with the utmost ease. The road from Nantes to Niort presents several rather steep hills, which the engine with its omnibus ascends and descends with the utmost facility and safety. The engine weighs about 7 tons, with its provision of water and coals; it is 16 ft. 6 in. long, and 6 ft. 11 in wide.—*Galignani*.

WORTH KNOWING.—A correspondent of the *Builder* says about four years ago he took an old country house infested with rats, mice and flies. He stuffed every rat and mouse hole with chlorid of lime. He threw it on the quarry floors of the dairy and cellars. He kept saucers of it under the chests of drawers, or some other convenient piece of furniture; in every nursery, bed, or dressing-room. An ornamental glass vase held a quantity at the foot of each staircase. Stables, cow-sheds, pigsties, all had their dose; and the result was that he thoroughly routed his enemies; and if the rats, more impudent than all the rest, did make renewed attacks upon the dairy, in about twelve months (when probably from repeating cleaning and flushing all traces of the chloride had vanished), a handful of fresh chloride again routed them. Last year was a great one for wasps; but they wouldn't face the chloride. And all this comfort cost only eightpence. Housewives should take care not to place the chloride in their china pantries, or in too close proximity to bright steel ware, or the result will be that their gilded china will be reduced to plain, and their bright steel fenders to rusty iron in no time.

THE CAUSE OF DEW.—You may have noticed the deposition of moisture on a pitcher of ice-cold water on a summer's day; and in this familiar fact we have an illustration of the simple provision by which, during even the long droughts of summer, the plants receive a partial supply of water sufficient at least to sustain their life. The explanation of the dew upon the pitcher is very simple. The layer of air in contact with its cold mass is rapidly cooled, and when it can no longer hold all the moisture it contains, the excess is deposited in drops on the earthen. Kachango now the pitcher for the earth, and you have an explanation of the immediate cause of dew. After sunset the earth, like the pitcher, cools down the layer of atmosphere immediately in contact with it, to such a degree that the whole of the vapour can no longer retain its aeriform condition. As a necessary result, a portion is condensed and deposited on the surface, and this is what we call dew.

DETECTION OF FIRES IN SHIPS.—An exhibition of an interesting character was lately made at Blackwall, the object being to indicate and announce the presence of fire. An indicator, with an alarm bell, was placed in a part of the building supposed to represent the captain's cabin, connected with a battery, with wires leading to the calorimeters fixed in the hold and other parts of the vessel. Some of these wires also led to the water apparatus placed in the wall of the ship. The first experiment was made by increasing the water in the hold, and immediately upon its rising a few inches the alarm-bell was rung, and the indicator showed that the cause of the alarm was from "water;" the continual increase of water caused the indicator again to show "water two feet." The second experiment

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written by the author of "Barbara's History" for
All the Year Round, edited by CHARLES DICKENS.

THE PROVINCIAL BUDGET.

WHEN it was ascertained that there was no falling-off in the trade of the country for the last twelve months, as compared with former years, the interest in Mr. Galt's financial statement ceased to a great extent. We had been told that the existing tariff was to remain unchanged; and when we learnt that the excess of the annual expenditure over the annual revenue was only a few hundred thousand dollars, instead of several millions, as feared and predicted, we learnt all that was really of importance to us in connection with the matter. That the tax on Promissory notes was to be extended to sums below \$100, and that a bill was to be passed for the protection of the revenue against fraud,—these, though important facts were scarcely sufficient to constitute the staple of a three or four hours speech. However, Mr. Galt had to speak. Is he not our Chancellor of the Exchequer? And a Chancellor of the Exchequer who would dare to introduce his budget unheralded by a long speech would be an abomination in Opposition eyes and a mark for the invectives of Opposition eloquence. Had Mr. Galt neglected this standard task, Mr. Holton would have stormed against so flagrant a breach of British Parliamentary practice, and Mr. Dorion moaned over the ruins of Responsible Government and the Constitution. The Minister of Finance, then, we say, had to speak; and well he did it, considering the materials at his disposal. His remarks on the Reciprocity Treaty are chiefly interesting to the public as expressing the views of the Canadian Government on the question. He declares in the first place, that the portion of our trade depending on reciprocity does not exceed \$10,000,000, per annum; and in the second place, that if the Treaty were not continued or renewed, we could survive the misfortune, and find other channels for our products. We have always been of opinion that the benefits conferred on Canada by this Treaty have been exaggerated. The war with the South has added to the prevailing delusion in that respect, by the exceptional demand it created; but when affairs among our neighbours have settled down into their normal

condition, it will, we suspect, be found that there is little we have to send to them which they have not got themselves abundantly and to spare. Our lumber they must have, in the long run, tax it as they may; but it strikes us that the privilege of sending our agricultural produce into the American market bears some similarity to the proverbially unprofitable speculation of sending coals to Newcastle. The United States export largely almost every article with which we can supply them; and nature has been more bountiful to them, as regards both soil and climate, than she has been to these Provinces. The inference is evident; the advantage to be derived by us from reciprocity with the States is, under ordinary circumstances, far from being what many imagine it to be. The demand for our products during the late war offers no criterion by which we can judge of the future. The farmer, however, but especially the farmer's wife, is strong in the conviction that if deprived of the American market, their fowls, eggs and vegetables would lie rotting on their hands. Statistics tell a different tale; for from 1854 to the second year of the war, the exports to the States of the lighter products of our farms were comparatively of trifling value; and the loss of the traffic would be scarcely of consequence in a national point of view, nor do we believe that any class of our people would suffer from it to the extent they suppose. Of one thing we feel certain, namely, that a temporary treaty would be worse than none at all. If we cannot arrange one for all time, or at least, for a long period of years, we had better go on without it. If ten years hence we should be obliged to find new channels for our commerce we should have reason to curse the day that we entered into such close relations with our neighbours. This point will we trust, be kept in sight in any new treaty, for it is undoubtedly of vital importance. As regards the enlargement of our canals we cannot agree with the views expressed by Mr. Galt on that subject. He insists that the enlargement much depend on the action of the American Government in granting or withholding reciprocity. He remarked: "We have no trade ourselves which required such enlargement, no trade which of itself would justify us in enlarging these canals. We would only be repaid for such improvements by obtaining the North American trade, and making it pay toll or otherwise contribute to our revenue. If, then, the Americans do not want to have any trade with us it would clearly be the greatest mistake in the world to enlarge our canals, which should only be done in the event of the Americans being desirous to send their produce by our route." We cannot perceive how the course to be followed by the Americans in this matter ought to govern us in regard to the extension and improvement of our inland navigation. Reciprocity or no reciprocity, we may still secure the carrying trade of the West, if our channels of communication with the ocean be found cheaper, safer and better than other routes. It was with that object in view that our canals were constructed, and we should

not be deterred from consummating that policy by the selfishness, the ignorance or the necessities of others. It is not likely that the Americans will impose export duties on their products seeking a market by the way of the St. Lawrence, and we do not see how otherwise they can prevent us from having a portion, at all events, of "the North American trade and making it pay tolls and contribute to our revenue." When our canals were designed, we had no reciprocity treaty with the United States and Mr. Galt's definition of their intent and use are not warranted by the facts of the past or the present. We were much pleased with the Hon. gentleman's observations on the trade with the West Indies, which, like him, we trust to see increase at a more rapid rate than has been the case for a long time past. Formerly, Canada carried on a large trade with the West India Islands and British Guiana; in fact, was the largest consumer of their products, next to England. But that was some thirty or forty years ago. Several of our most respectable merchants, both in this city and Quebec, were engaged in the trade; but one by one they withdrew from it, either in consequence of heavy losses, or from finding a more profitable investment for their money. In 1827 the West India markets were partly opened to American enterprise; more facilities were granted to them afterwards, until gradually they drove our people out of the field. They were enabled to do so, chiefly because they were nearer by many hundreds of miles to the West Indies, and partly because our intercourse with the country was limited to one half the year, while they could make their trips to and fro at all seasons, circumstances of great importance in connection with a tropical climate, and its destructive effects on provisions and flour, of which our supplies in a great measure consisted. Still, we think that this trade could be revived, and that it might be made a profitable one. The Americans have a shorter voyage to make; but from the other advantages we command, especially in the cheapness and variety of all sorts of lumber, we ought to hold our ground against them and something more. Mr. Galt, in our opinion, has therefore done well in drawing attention to this old branch of Canadian commerce, and we hope he has not spoken in vain. We shall only further say that, take him all in all, Canada has reason to be anything but ashamed of her Minister of Finance.

"PRETTY FANNY'S WAY."

IT seems to be in the nature of things, at all events in the nature of things Canadian, that every public man who aspires to the position of a political leader must undergo the baptism of abuse. He must become the martyr of his party before he becomes its chief. The wounds he has received in battle, like those of the Roman candidate for office, constitute his claim to the popular suffrage. Mr. Baldwin, Sir L. H. LaFontaine, Mr. Dwyer, Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, Mr. Car-

tier, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. Brown, and others, have trodden the thorny path to greatness, bespattered with the vituperation of their opponents; and Mr. Holton is apparently wending his way to the same goal. Our readers are acquainted with Dr. Walcott's story of "The Pilgrims and the Pease." Before starting on his journey, one of the penitents had taken the precaution to boil the pease which he was condemned to carry in his shoes, and he performed his pilgrimage with great ease and comfort; the other, who had neglected the culinary process, crept painfully over the same road with weary limbs and bleeding feet. It is thus, too, in the race of politics. While some go lightly over the course, some sink on the route, or come in wounded and distressed. We imagine that Mr. Holton is one of those who have forgotten "to boil his pease," and that he suffers more from the omission than his pride and self-respect would willingly confess. But, if so, he ought to remember that he is only paying the penalty that others have paid before him, and which many will pay after him if matters are not greatly altered in this respect in the days to come. Perhaps, after all, these fierce onslaughts are merely "pretty Fanny's way." Certain African tribes, as a preliminary ceremony to electing a king, nearly stone him to death.

It is a pity, nevertheless, that this habit of showering personal abuse on the heads of political opponents should not be reformed. It is almost useless, often meaningless, and generally detrimental to the public welfare. That it does not improve either the manners or the morals of the community, we need scarcely say. Like the pillory in the olden time, it ceases to be a punishment even for crime, when it falls equally on the just and unjust; and political censure knows little distinction now-a-days. We have called it a habit; and, like similar habits and customs, it is destined to run its course with us as it has done with our elders, and perhaps our betters, since the days of Thersites downwards, leaving it a legacy to posterity, as a portion of our annals which our children will not be proud of. We need not go far for proof of our assertions. Within living memory every public man of any eminence among us has, at some period of his career, been the butt of slander and vituperation. Yet who believes now that Denis B. Viger was the enemy of his country? Who believes that Robert Baldwin was a hypocrite and a traitor? And both were called by these, and if possible, worse names, for several years before and after the union of the Canadas. The writers and orators of the United States have indulged in the vice of personal and political outrage in a degree seldom witnessed elsewhere in the present century. But, the instances are so numerous and so familiar to every one that we shall not attempt to recapitulate them. England has outgrown the era in the political life of a nation when opponents are covered with filth, as a substitute for argument; yet she has seen the day, when, both in Parliament and the Press, she was quite as guilty as her neighbours in that respect. The contests between Walpole and his assailants were of the most violent character; and Fox told Lord North that he would never rest contented until he saw his head rolling on the scaffold. The curious sequel to this ferocious threat, as all the world knows, was that shortly after, the accuser and the accused joined in forming

the celebrated coalition Ministry of 1783. We have at the present moment a parallel to the last case in the coalition between Mr. George Brown and his old enemies Messrs. Cartier and J. A. Macdonald, whom he had been combating for years, and denouncing as the most corrupt ministers who ever managed the government of this or any other country, but whom now he has discovered to be, not "corruptionists," but pure statesmen and patriotic citizens. We do not blame Mr. Brown for the course he has pursued to allay the dangerous spirit of anger and discontent which certainly prevailed in both sections of the Province at the period that he accepted office; but we mention the fact as a warning to others, and the remembrance of which ought not to be lost on himself. A good rule in newspaper controversy is to write nothing about any one which you would not say before his face, in open debate, dispassionately and deliberately. If this were always done, much injustice would be avoided. Of course, however, no rules can bind the tongues or the pens of those mere *condottieri* of party who unfortunately are too numerous in the political world. There is one excuse, such as it is, which the Canadian journalists can advance in extenuation of the violence which often disfigures their columns. Daily papers prevail in great numbers, and most of them can only afford to employ a single editor who has to rack his brains for matter to spin into one or more articles, some 313 days every year. Few are entitled to more commiseration than such a man—unless it be his readers. Now, of all sorts of writing—not even excepting the prosy—the easiest is the abusive. Such is one of the chief sources of the violence of the Canadian press.

We are aware that this our homily will avail little in amending the evil of which we complain, and which is so detrimental to the respectability and usefulness of a noble calling. But we have discharged our conscience in the premises, leaving our words to fall upon good or barren ground, as fate and circumstances may direct.

REVIEWS.

Books for review should be forwarded, as soon as published, to the Editor, SATURDAY READER, Montreal.

THE INFLUENCE OF CLIMATE.

THOSE who have read Dr. Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe" do not need to be told that its author stands in the front rank of those bold thinkers who have pressed the study of speculative philosophy on the world of letters. The publication of that great work in 1868 created a profound sensation among the learned of Europe. Those who agreed with the author in the peculiar theory he sought to establish were enraptured with his powerful, and, apparently conclusive arguments, no less than by the literary ability displayed in every page; while those who disagreed with his theory found in his book such an imperial store of treasured records of uncounted histories and biographies, portraying, in a manner at once graphic and accurate, all the grand turning points in European story, that it immediately became a valued accession to almost every library. In the preface to his present work* the author tells us that "The Intellectual Development of Europe" has already run through a great many editions, reprints, and translations, and that this appreciation was again exhibited in regard to the four lectures delivered last winter before the New York Historical Society, which supply the frame-

* "Thoughts on the Civil Policy of America;" by John William Draper, M. D., LL. D. New York: Harper Brothers; Montreal. Dawson Brothers.

work of his present book. The proposition that mankind, as well as all inferior creation, is completely under the control of fixed natural laws, and that the social advancement of the human race is entirely dependent upon external circumstances, is not new. Comte, Buckle, and other eminent men have propounded the same theory; but to Dr. Draper is due the credit of putting it into something like practical shape, by bringing the history of the European and Asiatic races, the teachings of every accredited science, and all new discoveries, to its demonstration.

Dr. Draper has studied history; that is very plain but whether the theory he deduces from it has been the result of the study, or the study the result of the theory, is another matter. The object of the present work is to show how this theory applies to America, with the view of giving direction to American politics and statesmanship. The book is divided into four parts, the first of which is devoted to an examination of the "Influences of Climate" on the social condition of man. We propose to confine our present remarks to this part of the work. It is difficult to compress into the limits of a review, even the outlines of a work of so wide a range, and of such unusual ambition; abstruse theories, are always made more intelligible by illustration; and it is not without regret that we are compelled to pass over the similitudes of unsurpassed beauty with which our author has adorned his pages. The doctrine sought to be established is the existence of "Controlling Law," to whose resistless influence man and all animal and vegetable creation are subject. This natural law, which exercises so important functions in the role of life, is made apparent to us by the influence of climate upon man. "The aspect of man," we are told, in colour and form, oscillates between two extremes. Submitted for a due time to a high temperature, he will become dark, or if to a low temperature, he will become fair. The form of the skull will also alter." No race, it would appear, is in a state of unchangeability, or able successfully to maintain its present physiognomy if the circumstances under which it lives undergo alteration. It holds itself ready with equal facility to sink to a baser or rise to a more elevated state.

"There are two typical forms of skull, popularly distinguished as the savage and the civilized. The former gives a detestable aspect to the countenance—a receding forehead, over which the hair encroaches on the eyebrows; the nostrils gaping, and seeming to enter directly backward into the head; the jaw projecting, the mouth open, the teeth uncovered. In the other the forehead is vertical; the brow expansive, and with an air of intellectuality; the face capable of expressing the most refined emotions; the eyes in an indescribable but significant manner manifest the exalted powers of the mind, and the lips are composed or compressed.

"Between these two typical extremes there are many intermediate forms. Extreme heat or extreme cold, a life of physical hardship, tend to the production of the baser; a life of ease in a genial climate, to the higher type. And since our pursuits, and therefore our modes of thought, and therefore our feelings, depend upon the climate we are living in, its influences will be indicated by the general construction of the brain, and therefore by the form of the skull.

"For perfection in the construction of the brain many conditions must be satisfied. It is not more mass alone that is required, but also symmetrical organization of the several parts. The most prominent characteristic of this organ is its symmetrical doubleness. It consists of two halves, a right and a left; halves they ought hardly to be called, for each is complete in itself, and resembles its fellow. Every person has thus two perfect brains, each of which can conduct most of the usual mental acts. And, indeed, this symmetrical doubleness occurs throughout all that portion of the nervous system which is devoted, as physiologists term it, to animal life: so much so, that it might be affirmed that every person is composed of two symmetrical individuals, a right one and a left, which to a certain extent lead independent lives; for instance, one may be struck by palsy, the other may escape.

"These double organs do not double the intensity of our perceptions, but only render them more precise. For current uses one side of the brain alone may be employed, but when we require greater exactness both are brought into play. They can give a separate, or a conjoint, or, as some singular facts show, an alternating action. How often, when one hemisphere is engaged in some ordinary pursuit requiring its

steady application, does the other disturb it with suggestions of a different kind, as by a strain of music or by a line of poetry. We may indulge simultaneously in two trains of thought, but never in three, for the simple reason that we have a double, but not a triple brain. So, in the pleasing operation of castle-building, one hemisphere listens to the romance suggestions of the other, accepting them with gravity as if they were true, though very well knowing that its comrade is only telling it a lie.

"Whatever interferes with the absolute equality of the right and left portions of the brain, effects the working of the mind. A skillful performer on the piano must use both hands with equal ease, and in like manner there is an ambidexterity of the brain. The metaphorical expression, a well-balanced mind, has really a profound scientific meaning. But, for securing in such a delicate organ as this absolute symmetry, how favourable all the external circumstances must be! An intolerable heat, a rigorous cold, misery, want, a depressed social state, render it almost impossible.

"Such are some of the singular results of the separate operation of the two portions of the brain.

"An artisan can never display his skill if his tools be imperfect; the mind can never demonstrate its innate excellence through a faulty apparatus. And hence we see that all that has been said about the influence of climate in controlling the development of man bears powerfully on this point. Our pursuits, our feelings, our modes of thought, depend on the theatre in which we live.

"When a nation emigrates to a new country, the climate of which differs from that of the country it has left, it slowly passes through modifications, attempting, as it were, to adapt itself to the changed circumstances under which it has now to live. Many generations may be consumed before a complete correspondence between its physiological condition and the climate to which it is exposed is attained.

"To bring these general principles to bear on the special case of the inhabitants of the United States, it is necessary to examine the topographical construction of the country, to examine its physical condition, its climate, its products, for such are the influences that model the character and determine the thoughts of man."

Our author here gives a very graphic description of the topographical construction of the United States. In the Northern States between the coast of New England and the West, there are four "well-marked strands of climate." On the sea-board the temperature is moderated by the ocean; a little distance inland there is an excessive contrast between the seasons. Still farther on, the temperature is again moderated by the great lakes; and still beyond that, we meet with another excessive one. Turning to the Southern States, the temperature is found more equable. The oceans and the Mexican gulf control the heat, and the seasons glide into one another without much change. In Iowa the difference in the mean temperature is 50°, while in Florida it is only 12°. Our author considers that excessive climates conduce to the welfare of man—if so, we Canadians must be very prosperous, for surely we have an excessive climate. "For the proper development of the character of man," says Dr. Draper "a succession of seasons is necessary. The absence of summer is the absence of taste and genius, and when there is no winter loyalty is unknown." This is a very convenient way of accounting for the late rebellion, and it is evidently Dr. Draper's way, for a little farther on (page 80), he says:

"And here I can not help making the remark, that whoever accepts these principles as true, and bears in mind how physical circumstances control the deeds of men, as it may be said, in spite of themselves, will have a disposition to look with generosity on the acts of political enemies. Even when in madness they have rushed to the dread arbitrament of civil war—a crime in the face of which all other crimes are as nothing—and brought upon their country immeasurable woes, he will distinguish the instrument from the cause, and, when he has overpowered, will forgive.

"Philosophy alone can raise man to that grand elevation which enables him to perform acts that centuries will admire. Philosophy alone can place him

"Above all pain, all passion, and all pride,
Above the reach of flattery's baleful breath,
The lust or lucre, and the dread of death."

Whatever influence this work may have upon the future policy of the United States, there can be no doubt, although the author does not appear to notice

it, that the policy lately pursued by the Republic is in direct contradiction to its teachings. He declares that the teaching of history from the earliest ages proves that an equableness of climate produces a sameness of ideas and interests; that the climate in the Southern States is more equable than in the North, that in the South "the pursuits of men have a greater sameness, their interests are more identical, they think and act alike," and significantly adds—

"In a restricted locality there may therefore be a sameness in the population; but in a vast continent, where there are all kinds of climate, there will inevitably be all kinds of modified men; their thoughts and their actions must necessarily be diverse. To unite them under one government becomes, then, proportionally more and more difficult.

Our author evidently considers the subjugation of the South a mistake, he looks upon nations as "groups of men" (page 13), whose pursuits have a sameness whose interests are somewhat identical, who think and act alike; and this he says can only be the case in a restricted country, as the South, and not "in a vast continent where there are all kinds of climate." Dr. Draper is too bold a thinker and too close an observer not to see the mistake his countrymen have made, but he very naively escapes the unpleasant task of telling them so by saying:

"But now, if there be a point on which America as a nation has come to an irrevocable resolve, it is that one government alone shall hold sway on this continent. Then let us look the physical difficulty plainly in the face. Though formidable, it is not insuperable."

The mistake made has placed the nation in difficulties which, though formidable, are not insuperable. The remedy pointed out by our author, when placed side by side with the evil, or, rather, with the cause of the evil, seems ridiculous. Formidable difficulties have been created by compelling two peoples, with essentially different pursuits and interests, and who cannot, under the natural controlling law, even think alike, to live under the same government, to form the same nation; and the remedy for these difficulties, the only remedy which makes them not insuperable, is to induce the people of both sections to live a sort of nomadic life, to keep constantly travelling from one place to another, so as to create a kind of artificial equalization in the climate; or, in other words, as the common government cannot produce the necessary atmospheric influences in all parts of the "vast continent," as it cannot produce a "succession of seasons" necessary to beget and foster loyalty, it is gravely recommended to cart the inhabitants from one district to another, for the purpose of submitting them to a "loyal" temperature. This is to be accomplished by increasing the facilities for locomotion, and will, no doubt, be instrumental in converting the inhabitants of "the vast continent" into a homogeneous family of happy Republicans.

(To be continued.)

CAN YOU FORGIVE HER?*

JILTING is one of those offences against society which, however common or fashionable, is not the less reprobated by all who are animated by the finer feelings of our nature, the more so that amongst the most sensitive classes those who offend in this way are not generally visited with any open or legal punishment. What wonder, then, that we should be asked, Can we forgive one who has discarded, without any offence on their part, two lovers whom she had accepted, and one of them on two different occasions? Still, on reading Mr. Trollope's book, we almost feel a sort of inclination to throw the question back upon him in an altered form, and ask, Can you not forgive her?

One great beauty in the writings of our author is the clearness with which he sets before us the emotions and feelings of his characters, which is peculiarly necessary in treating of this particular offence.

In his "Small house at Allington" he describes how Lilly Dale could endure to be deserted by her faithless lover Crosby; how poor Johnny Eames endured his silent love for Lilly before his promotion to her own rank, and what were his feelings under the disappointment of being refused by her when he rose to a good position, and her own friends and great relations so earnestly wished her to marry him: and now we have the private feelings of Alice Vavasor, worthy John Gray, wild George Vavasor, and the other characters who figure in this volume. He gives us a pic-

*"Can You Forgive Her?" By Anthony Trollope. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

ture of real life, without much sensation or romance, and admirable delineations and contrasts of character in the persons of George Vavasor, Fitzgerald, &c

All Alice Vavasor's troubles arise from her want of domestic affection, having no idea that the greatest of all earthly happiness is to be found within the family circle: that charity begins at home; and that they advance most the interests of society who attend first and most earnestly to their own household. She would marry all who proposed to her and still be troubled with solemn impressions that she was not making the best use of her life; but as she could not marry every one, she no sooner became engaged to one, than she thought she had done wrong, and wished the engagement broken off, as the best means of promoting the real happiness of herself and lover. In this way she nearly loses all chance of putting her life to any good use, or making any one happy.

The manner in which Mr. Trollope makes Alice free herself from one engagement and enter open another, and the dialogues and letters with which he has embellished his story, are admirable and life-like, if we may be allowed the expression. Yet when we have finished reading his works, we always feel disappointed at something.

In the "Small house at Allington," Lilly Dale and John Eames are both left alone with their own peculiar sorrows, whilst we had all along felt sure she would at last forget the faithless Crosby marry Johnny, and find in him one in every way worthy of her love. In a similar way George Vavasor, Burgo Fitzgerald and others in this story are disposed of in the most summary manner, without our having the least chance of ever knowing what became of them. In fact, we feel, when reading his books, as if we were spending the time pleasantly in company with friends; and when finished, that we are obliged to leave them at the very moment when our sympathy for, and interest in, them are deepest.

HAZ-BEN-ADN TO HIS PIPE.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

Mourchoun—the substance out of which pipes bearing the name are formed—is supposed to be produced from the foam of the Euxine; hence the German name Mourchoun, —see foam; in French écume de mer.

Coxe to my lips, thou foam-born flower
Or the dark-waved, deep Buxina;
Thou fountain of incense, sweeter far
Than the banquets of bees, I ween;
Thou well of delight, let me always drink
From thy fond and fragrant flow,—
Thou wizard that raisest before my sight
The ghosts of the Long Ago,
That come up on the wreaths you waft around,
With smiles on their brows of snow,
And bright as the dew-bathed lilies
That turn pale at the beauty they show,
When the melting moon of a mid-summer night
Walks the skies to see them blow.

Timo hath woven, through locks once black as
night,
Full many a silvery thread;
And clearer before me day after day
Is the Land of the Twilight spread.
Come hither, my pipe, and thou and I
In the Past will a while sojourn;
Where the fairest rose-tree grew we will find
The cypress overshadowing an urn.
Alas! that pleasure's torch should go out,
And the lamp of memory burn!
Alas! that the idols youth set on high
We should come to despise and spurn!
Oh to banish these fancies of remembrance
That they never might return!

Let me taste thee, thou bloom of the ocean's breath
Ah, how sweetly thy perfume amells!
As sweet as the flowers whose red lips met
Over Eden's rivers and dells.
From thy bowl, brown as Arab maiden's cheek,
What clouds of delight arise!
How they float and fall like a houri's robes,
In the airs of Paradise.
And the while thy fire burns lower still,
Like a warm heart wasting in sighs.
For some darling passion that fed its flame
Then fled as the Simoom flies—
I muse, till stars twinkle me greeting
From the threshold of the skies.

S. J. W.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

ON WHAT HAS BEEN DONE IN IT.

ARTEMAS WARD'S father declared literature to be low. We may be inclined to take exception to this. However, a popular and very similar belief generally and unjustly obtains in Canada. The consequence is, that poetry has been below par, and that each publication has been consigned to the trunkmakers and greengrocers of the metropolis.

Some persevering people, with a devotion worthy a better cause, continue to rhyme. We cannot pause to enumerate every one who has written in Canada. Neither have we read all Canadian poetry. Neither do we wish to. We merely wish to review the course of Canadian literature, so as to bring our readers up to the present time.

We may commence with Mr. SAROSTER,* a Canadian writer, whose poetry is less read than it should be. He is more truly national, and less rhythmically offensive, than the rest of our poets. We may, at a future date, review his poems in *extenso*.

MR. HEAVYSEGE has written *Seal*, and *Jephthah's Daughter*, which are epics. Not that we approve of selecting such subjects. The mind of the reader, instinctively compares these heroics with the simple Scriptural originals. One's heart does not beat in time with these venerable, but we dare say respectable persons. Their life and sentiment have nothing in common with ours of to-day. Consequently Mr. HEAVYSEGE is but little read. His language, too, at times, is inclined to be quaint, and crabbed—and yet some passages of his poems, more especially in his sonnets, are true Catholic poetry, lines with a man's heart beating in them. His blank verse has always seemed to us imperfect. Blank verse has other important requirements to fill besides that of containing ten syllables. The occurrence of such little words as "the" and "nor" at the end of a line, is, in a gentleman of his poetic taste, simply inexcusable.

MR. PROCTOR, author of *Voices of the Night*, has a more varied and studied versification than any other of our provincial poets. His poetry claims to teach, at least, some lesson to its readers, and to do so with a voice of melody. Especially do his poems on the Indian mutiny commend themselves to his readers. As to his poems of regretting and loving—there is an undue amount of scenery, and we may say rant, for the passion. *De plus*, we must charge Mr. PROCTOR with, at least a suspicion of being a copyist of Lord Macaulay, and Alfred Tennyson.

Finally comes Mr. ASCHER. We hardly know how to judge him. His poems are very unequal. His blank verse, witness *Pygmalion*, is utterly incorrect. Such lines as

"And sunned with light of joyous effort,"

or this

"Trembled with reverberating shocks of sound,"

cannot be accepted by any fair criticism. His rhymes are frequently loose, such as *Chippewas* with *stars*, and *harm* with *calm*. Some of his poems descend into namby-pambyism. Such are *Katie*, and *The Maple Tree*. His poems were written in haste, perhaps, and necessitated some inequalities in preparing such a large collection as he published. Injudicious praise induced many to rank him so high, that his faults when discovered, seemed doubly great. That unfortunate preface to his poems left an impression, that he could not write prose, on every one's mind. So much for his faults. Let us give him credit for being a lover of the ideals of home and the hearth. In this fast age it is not fashionable to our home influences and quiet tastes. Mr. ASCHER sings so reverently of his home and fireside, that we instinctively reverence him therefore. No tilly was his epigraph selected,

"Tree to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

And in such poems as *Only a Plank*, *Thanksgiving*, *Under the Trees*, and *Indian-summer*, he appeals to us in a quiet, scholarly, penative tone, which is for Canada peculiarly his own. We may be inclined to differ with his views of society,

* *The St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, and other Poems*; CHARLES SAROSTER.

and to doubt whether young ladies with flaxen hair always jilt their lovers for millionaires, but we must calmly pronounce him an amiable and an unassuming man if not a perfect poet.

These four writers may be called the Canadian poets. There are still half a dozen volumes upon our table of native poetry, through which we have glanced,—and waded sometimes. Indeed our minor poets are to our mind our best, and of these McCARROLL'S poems, more thoroughly accord with our idea of a minor poem, than do those of any other writer in Canada, THE FESKER BARD not excepted. Our lady authors and our other poets will claim our attention at a future period.

Thus briefly, have we candidly stated the progress of Provincial poetry. The graver departments of literature will soon claim our attention.

Canada is in an anomalous literary position. The taste of her public is so mature that her authors must be men of talent and wholly devoted to their work. At the same time the country is so poor that literature will not pay as a profession, unless it be commercial or political. Thus our authors can rarely find a position in life affording an easy competency, and yet that leisure for study which is indispensable to success. Again: our authors have never appealed directly to the hearts of their readers. They might be national in the true sense of the word.—Instead of this, they try to satisfy our mental cravings with a dish of beaver, stewed in maple leaves. No one has as yet given us the simple songs of his experience, his love, his longing after home, his enjoyment, and that life of the heart which we all live. Such a poet will be the first man to popularize poetry among us. So we think.

—Allid.

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

The return of Sieur de Monts left New France entirely abandoned by the French; nevertheless, the next year, 1608, he constituted Champlain his lieutenant, and authorised him to make a voyage of discovery in the river St. Lawrence. This task Champlain gallantly accomplished, and founded the residence of Quebec.

Now, the Sieur Jean de Biencourt, called de Potrincoirt, before de Monts left New France, asked the latter to make him a gift of Port Royal. The Sieur de Monts did so, on the understanding that, during the next two years, de Potrincoirt should immigrate thither, bringing along with him many other families, for the purpose of civilizing and peopling the new possessions. De Potrincoirt promised to perform what de Monts desired. In 1607, the French colony having returned home, as has been already stated, de Potrincoirt asked Henry the Fourth to confirm the gift of de Monts. The king consented, and at the same time, resolving to place the new French colony on a firm basis, told his confessor, Father Coton, that he desired to make use of the religious Order to which this ecclesiastic belonged, in the work of converting the savages. The king commanded Father Coton to write to the Superior of the Jesuits, in order that the latter might select those who should be disposed to undertake the voyage across the ocean. His Majesty also informed Father Colon that he would summon these Jesuit missionaries the first opportunity, and promised two thousand pounds for their maintenance. Father Coton obeyed the command of the king; and it was very soon understood throughout all the Jesuit colleges, in France, that from them were to be selected a number of men for missionary purposes. Many came forward, and among others Father Biard, at that time teaching theology in Lyons. He was chosen, and was sent to Bordeaux at the end of 1608, for it was thought at Lyons the project of so powerful a monarch as Henry the Fourth, after having been made known for so many months, could not but be near its accomplishment. But Father Biard was deceived both as to place and time; for at Bordeaux people were astonished when they heard of the object of his visit, for at that place there was no sign of any expedition setting sail for Canada.

Towards the end of the next year, 1609, the Sieur de Potrincoirt came to Paris. The king, who thought he had crossed the sea, soon after

having obtained confirmation of the gift of Port-Royal, having learnt that he had not stirred from France, was displeased with him.—The Sieur was much concerned, and made answer, that since his Majesty had this affair so much at heart, he would now take leave of him, and from that moment would set himself about making preparations for the voyage.—Now, Father Coton, who was disheartened on account of Father Biard, having heard of the leave-taking of de Potrincoirt, sought him out, and offered him the companionship of some of the Jesuits. The reply was, that it would be better to wait till the year following; de Potrincoirt stating as soon as he arrived at Port Royal he would send back his son to France; and that, everything being better arranged, those whom it pleased the king to send might cross the ocean along with him. Thereupon de Potrincoirt left Paris, and consumed all the winter in making preparation.

The next year, 1610, he embarked at the end of February, and arrived very late at Port-Royal, not reaching that place sooner than the beginning of June. And the 24th of the same month, St. John the Baptist's day, he brought together as many savages as he could, and had some twenty-four or five of them baptized by a priest called Messire Jossé Flesche, surnamed the Patriarch. A little while afterwards he sent his son, Sieur de Biencourt, a young man about nineteen years of age, to France, to carry thither the news of the baptism of these savages, and convey speedy succour to Port Royal, for the party were very badly provided with the means of keeping away hunger during the winter.

De Potrincoirt based the finding of supplies on a partnership he had formed with the Sieur Thomas Robin, dit Coloignes, a young man who was heir of a noble family; by the terms of this partnership it was agreed that de Coloignes should furnish the settlement of Port Royal, for a period of five years, with all things necessary, and provide abundant means to enable trade to be carried on with the savages. In return for the outlay he was to receive equivalent emoluments. De Coloignes and Biencourt arrived in Paris in the month of August, and it was by them that the Court became acquainted with the baptisms, and new conversions already mentioned.

Now "Madame the Marchioness of Guerchevillo, among her other rare and singular virtues, being ardently devoted to the glory of God and the conversion of souls," seeing that so fine an opportunity presented itself, asked Father Coton if, at this time, some of his Company were not going to new France? Father Coton replied he was very much astonished at the Sieur de Potrincoirt, who had promised him that on sending back his son, he would summon those of the Order who had been delegated by the king, and that notwithstanding this, de Potrincoirt had made no mention of them, neither in his letters nor in his commands. Madame the Marchioness wished to know how the business stood, and inquired of de Coloignes, who replied that all charge of the embarkation had been entrusted to him; that he had no particular commission, as far as the Jesuits were concerned; nevertheless, that he knew well enough de Potrincoirt would feel highly honoured to have them near him, that he, de Coloignes, would charge himself with their support, as he was also undertaking the rest of all the expense. "You will not be burthened with the expense," replied the Marchioness, "for the King defrays it." Thereupon de Coloignes communicated with the Provincial of the Order of the Jesuits, who, on these promises, directed Father Biard, then at Poitiers, to repair to Paris; and gave him for a companion, Father Eremond Masse, a native of Lyons. The two Jesuits, thus destined for the voyage to Canada, had a conference with the Sieurs Robin and Biencourt, and the place of departure was appointed at Dieppe the 24th October, the same year 1610; the two ecclesiastics were informed that at that time everything would be ready if the wind and tide were favourable. The Jesuits were very soon prepared. The Queen caused to be handed over to them five hundred crowns, promised by the late

* "France had become the arbiter of Europe. Owing to her powerful mediation, the Pope and Venice had been reconciled, 1607. Spain and the United Provinces had at last ended their long contest, 1609."

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proached, we spoke our minds out in such bursts of speech and mirth and sparkle, that it could not but have pleased the ghost of old Pan if haply he sometimes stalks thereabouts.

Here was the mountain at our noses; but somewhere in space there still prowled, floated, and shrunk between us and possible views, a guide, a boat, and a river. If we could not find guide, guide would not lend boat, boat would not bridge river, and we would never get up the mountain at all. It was all the fault of the river. Not but that if nature had niggardly refused a river to the landscape, we might have made shift, like a nation of old, to foot it on dry land. But the river was there—a dirty, miserable little fact enough, but still a fact; and a fact that could not, for instance, be jumped over, or swam across, or waded through, but that called garglingly for a boat and the owner thereof.

We have heard of an apocryphal man who would parvey as such boat, and further act as sumpter and cherrone up the flowery paths of pleasure, lost tumbling, unwary, into pitfalls, we should owe our burial to public charity of birds like the babes in the wood. I have read their history in crockery, upon mantle shelves, and know all about them.

To ferret out this lurking Charon and bit, this prancing Pegasus, became therefore now the business of life. *Bon père*, confident of achievement, entered into dialogue with a small girl in a garden; a whip-handle and a hoe being chosen weapons of cratory.

It seemed to be a question of residence.

"*La-bas?*" asked the whip-handle, vacillating indefinitely nowhere.

"*La-Bas*" answered the hoe, indicating indefinitely somewhere.

"*La maison blanche?*" resumed the whip-handle, with an opening sense of locality.

"*La maison blanche?*" concluded the hoe, salting bashfully to its vocation.

From the white house there rambled forth in a pair of droll blue trousers, made very high in the neck, our representative, boat owner, ferryman, and beast of burden. A little old smiling Frenchman was this negotiatory Charon, very much impressed with our grandeur, but particular as to his manners. And nothing would do but we must enter his house and repose ourselves some moments after our tour; and if we had thirt his woman would purvey us water from the source. His woman, in flannel raiment, came and wooed us from the doorway. So in we went. And such a neat house as it was! The floor scrubbed quite white with strips of gay rag-carpet over them—and a stiff sofa flanked by home-made chairs elm-bark bottomed, so narrow that one could only seat half of one's self at a time:—and coloured saints hanging up in halves on the walls; and a pleasant cat purring round in a piece of bias sunshine; and an open window, and through it a glimpse of a garden full of the brightest poppies.

Into the garden Mrs. Charon carried us timidly, and began running around the onion beds in the most distracting way, breaking off poppies with two-thirds of an inch of stem which our party held with embarrassment to their English noses. I, who am half sister to Joan-Baptiste, and can stand *parrots* and *coccinots*, stole a couple of red and white ones with such stem as satisfied my early conceptions of stems, and fastened them in my hair to the intense enjoyment of the old lady, who commenced a wild fandango in approval. Charon himself, somewhat jealous of his wife's superior dissipation, came out and begged us to re-enter the house to look at his best room.

The holiday air of the place rather staggered us as we entered. In one corner was a yellow-curtained blue valanced bed, swollen with feathers. There was no wall to be seen for saints: and a strip of gilt framed looking glass eighteen inches by seven, and strangled in pink tarlatane, stood over a bureau which swarmed with Virgins. The grand triumph of the room was a wax doll in crimson satin and tinsel, under a glass case, which he told us with pardonable pride was *L'Enfant*.

"That is a *scapulaire*," said he as I took one up and looked at it. "The *royseurs* wear that round their neck. *Et ils ne sont jamais noyés*. The *Sainte Vierge* takes care of them," he added with mild confidence.

The dear, simple, reverent old goose! I almost felt my eyes fill as I saw the tender and holy care with which he replaced the grossy rag.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE ZIG-ZAG PAPERS.

ON SABBATH BREAKING.

THIS morning I rose late. It was Sunday, consequently I took luxuriously, and thankfully, a double portion of the especial, and choicest gift of God, the sleep which He giveth His Beloved. Then I breakfasted. Future generations and all time will be glad to hear this, that on a certain Sunday one Alld breakfasted. Some people would not think this worthy the dignity of *frat*. I do. It's a fact. Then I rode away a dozen miles to spend the Sabbath. It was a glorious day—a real Sunday. The sun shined great blazes of yellow light over the yellow outfields. On both sides of the road were fields of stately corn, tasselled and golden as from imperial armouries, standing up like armies of prosperity. Anon oceans of clover, green and crimson, musical with bees, and whence the wind blew a faint rich odour up into your nostrils. In one of them stood a Platonic cow—a cow who had attained the *summum bonum* of earthly existence. Never till now did I appreciate the poetic truth, and beauty of the simple expression, "being in clover." Happy you, said I, wading amid the blossom and bloom measureless content expressed in the whisk of your tail, *bonhomie* and fragrant thanksgiving steaming from your nostrils—who could be a cow? Here I was (fortunately) interrupted by a large dog who could jump at my mare's throat, and then when I had passed, stand on ridiculously motionless forelegs and agitated haunches baying like a critic. There were still little flickering wreaths of mist curling indistinctly up the hills northward, and the beauty and calm blue rest and charm of August were in the air.

There was only one drawback to my calm enjoyment of the natural Sabbath, and that was the fact that I met a woman in a sulky driving a white horse. Women in sulkies driving white horses are anachronisms (I use the word in the Palmerstonian sense). The sulky is always very rigid and Sunday looking as to its springs, and very greaseless and creaky as to its axle. The white horse has the stringhalt in both hind legs and a raw on his shoulder. The woman drives with one rein in each hand, the hands very far apart, clucking cheerfully and hauling at the horse's head, or angling for imaginary trout with the whip about the small of the horse's back. From all such women who drive on both sides of the road when they meet you *libero nos*. But despite this annoyance and the flies, we bowled on merrily over twelve miles of road past hayfields tanned and brown into the village. "The village of——?" asks my enquiring reader.

Quite right, quite right. As I was saying we drove into the village. It's a piece of mud-puddle curiously disguised with dust in summer and snow drifts in winter. This delectable piece of road is bordered for a very little way by various houses and fences in various stages of tumble-downness. One house has to distinguish it from houses in the abstract a thick growth of maple and balm of Gilead trees around it, which keeps the verandah green and fresh in the hottest summer noon, pleasant as a thought of cool lips on one's brows in fever. I remember one afternoon when a gray pelting rain was in all the land, there were two swallows twittering outside. We heard them in the library you don't know how cosy and comfortable it made one to hear that low homelike cheep in the pause of the slanting rain against the Western wall. There is a blue river before it running seaward between most glorious trees. There is a white little rapid gust above. There is also a wharf with the invariable concomitants of cordwood and a flagstaff, and where an old woman, with a basket is exercising continual faith in an invisible steamboat which will ultimately convey her and the basket to an unknown destination. There is a big dog lying across the side-walk. He is very black generally, very shaggy as to his neck and the tip of his tail—very closely shaven as to the rest of his body. He looks like the British Lion in mourning over the result of the New Brunswick elections. That's all except a young man with emblems of hope upon his (paper) shirt collar. Also there is a periodical young man with very nice boots, who haunts the village for a short space of time, then disappears with a disgusted expression of countenance and is never seen again. There are finally young men in moderate number who are addicted to buff coloured felt hats, and a certain game called Quabtes. (Query, Quoits?) They play much better than they pronounce, like German chess magnets.

I arrived. The young man with the emblems of hope upon his paper shirt collar removes his pipe to say

"Hullo!" Having discharged this duty he smoked himself into a state of coma whence he emerges to ask, if all pugilists are troubled with fistula. He then disappears incontinently, and is not seen until dinner time when he appears, resplendent, most unselfish and hearty laughter at jokes other than his own, and good fellow generally.

"Well, and so," (orthodox conjunction) I went to church. The place was a little wooden school house. The walls were not over clean. The congregation was large, and the building small. The general effect produced was one of perspiration and drowsiness, coupled with an inclination to criticize. I cannot say that tears came into my eyes during the singing of the hymn. It was sung to a peculiar tune which admitted of a sneeze or cough liberally between bars, without in the least detracting from its melody. The prayers did not melt my heart. Perhaps I am a cynic. The sermon was held as regarded its grammar. The preacher told us we were "obnoxious" to the wrath of heaven. *Obnoxious* "is good," as Polonius remarked of "mobbed queen." It's a big word for a country audience who have much faith and little comprehension. In its most impassioned parts it was a frenzy of Wesley's Hymns, and the Canticles. I do not think I was much edified by this particular sermon.

And so then we had dinner, and after dinner we strolled away into the upland pastures. When I say *we*, I mean, not the additional *we*, but myself and another one with sweet eyes. We read a manuscript which some day, you, my kind reader, may criticize. I wish you could read it as we did on the green turf under the blue sky, when one's blood beats in unison with the author's thoughts, and the words flow musically in tune with the wind fluttering the leaves.

Now this was very wrong of me I dare say. I should have read a cheerful sermon on Original Sin, and heard the Reverend Melchisedec Bowler preach his audience into a state of religious hysteria. I should have spent my Sabbath bluely and "pokily." But I did not. I cannot cramp my soul into four narrow grimy walls. I have a keen appreciation of the ridiculous and want to laugh out when I hear the anore of a pious but sleepy deacon, or the eccentricities of a pious but ungrammatical clergyman.

The fact is, I was busted, hurried, and worried all week. And on the Sabbath my soul was an hungered and I went out walking as the disciples leug ago, through the cornfields, and I took and ate the sacred Sabbath corn of the beautiful. One could lie down on the earth of which he is, to which he tends, and it should preach him an eloquent homily, making him proud of his birth and unafraid of his death. There is a religion in nature on such a Sunday as to-day. I am looking at God face to face, through the veil of quiet country beauty. A truce is to all earthly care, in the blue August haze through which glimmer the occasional elms, in the ooze, brown silence and shadow of the farther woodland. The grass is green, and alive with insects—pied with yellow buttercups and blue wind flowers. Over me is a maple flinging gold and shadow on my face and breast. There is a Sabbath calm everywhere. In the untravelled roads yonder—and in the ripples of the yellow oats. In the smotherless chimney clear against the soft sky. In the blue sparkle of yonder river and the peaceful outlines of the distant hills—intense green at their base and at the summit delicate purple, tracery of slopes, fainting into the soft sky. The sky is not clear and sharp, it is mellow and like soft eyes deep with love and kindness. No voice of earth to break the calm, only the half heard twitter of a bird, and a lost wind in the trees.

And here I lie down and we are both silent, and our eyes are very large with thought. I think I could almost hear the musical footfall, and the silver chime from the Beautiful City. I know we shall inherit no pyrotechnic, nor no pastoral paradise, as some preach. One, however, is impelled to believe in Heaven, on such a Sunday. Am I, oh most straitest, so wholly to blame for taking the Sabbath of God to the mind through the body. I believe in the Christ of the corn field. So I muse oddly and try to picture the bliss beyond, the city of the pearly gate and the golden street, the ceaseless worship and the endless song—the home where there is no more sorrow and headache, and heartache—where all tears are wiped away and night cometh never—the country where God shall be eternally and unchanging as a cool stream and shade, and perfect beauty to our souls. Will not heaven be a summer and a Sabbath to us?

The sun is slowly westering, when we go homeward. We have talked on the verandah until it was cool and dim, and the bats wheeled noiseless in the fading gray. I think we talked in the sitting-room till the clock on the mantle, actuated by conscientiousness, and withheld by considerations of politeness, did not like to strike midnight, but went as close thereto as it truthfully could.

I have my social theories about everything. Especially am I decided about clocks. Clocks are a social evil. I don't deny their occasional expediency. If I had my way (I won't, so I may as well be generous), I'd abolish all clocks, with striking apparatus attached thereto. No I wouldn't. Most energetically should the time-piece rattle and whirr when the Reverend Bore Slowcoach has preached more than twenty minutes. They should strike joyfully in all offices where the clerks are hardworked, and where the humanising influences of office chairs and leather cushions are unknown. Also when little girls in white book muslin and bread blue sashes are waiting for the carriage to drive them to a children's party:—oh Mabel? They should tinkle gently and hopefully to the mother watching by the baby's cot till the long hours bring day dawn and the hopes which are born of light. But as to that clock on the mantle in the sitting room, I'd always leave it about 9.30 p.m. It always would say "It is time that people who must be up early in the morning were in bed." The same to little folks. As for us, we have only half an hour more, dear. And it would go on being "half hours more" eternally. Ah inexorable time-piece that chimes the silver from our voices and the silver to our hair, cannot you be merciful to us?

And for answer it tolls out One! I took my white-handed goodnight an hour ago. The house is trustful and quiet. Every one save myself is asleep. Peace and pleasant dreams to their pillows. I wonder will I ever be famous? If I am, and people in 2146 come to celebrate my tercentenary they may make a pilgrimage to this house and in my fame forget not my friends. They will reverently remember that every inch of floor and wall is poetry. It represents more than mere plank and mortar. It stands for hospitable thoughts, and kind words, and kinder deeds, which I would not have others who remember me forget. I shall remember them forever.

There is a book on my bedroom table. I like to see it there, it has a homelike look about it. I have just opened it at these words:

"The sun shall no more be thy light by day, neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee; but the Lord shall be unto thee as everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.

"Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw herself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." This will be our future and our abiding Sabbath, I trust.

ALLID.

WORKING MEN'S CLUBS.

LONDON REVIEW.

THERE can be no doubt that Clubs, in the commonest sense of the word, are wanted as much amongst labouring men as in any other class. Their homes contain one sitting-room at most, and where there are children the wives are often only too glad to get the men out of the way for an hour or two in the evenings, if only they will keep out of mischief. But, except in the long summer evenings, the men will not, we were going to say cannot, keep out of mischief, mischief being, for this argument, unluckily synonymous with the public-house. They have simply no other place to go to under cover, and cannot be expected to take such case as they get at the street corners.

Indeed, there are very few who do not in theory dislike the public-house, and desire something better—so that there is no idea which is more popular, at the first blush, amongst them than this of Clubs. But their notions of such an institution are very different, ranging from a public-house of their own up to an educational establishment like the Working Men's College. Hence arises the difficulty of establishing these Clubs successfully. The usual course of operations is something of this kind: One or two of the intelligent men in a district get hold of some of the publications of the Union, and communicate with the Secretary, who forthwith arranges to come down and hold a meeting. This meeting is generally crowded, and the deputations from the Union dwell upon the advantages of the pro-

posed institution. One gentleman dwells upon the social side—a comfortable smoking-room, good and cheap tea and coffee, possibly good and cheap beer also, dominoes, chess, bagatelle, and lots of newspapers and talk—in that, has in his own mind's eye, and puts before his audience, the counterpart of a West-end Club, arranged to suit subscribers of pence instead of subscribers of guineas. Another is full of the advantages to accrue from discussions, lectures, classes, and readings, which, he urges, are a necessary part of such institutions. Then the Secretary, probably, throws in a few more suggestions, in the shape of provident and co-operative societies, a pennybank, music classes, cricket and rowing clubs, and a great picnic organization for the summer months. The audience listen eagerly, put down their names by scores as members, and go away with the impression that millennium is close at hand in Peddington (New-town—each, however, carrying away with him just that part of the picture which jumps with his own fancy.

The experiment is a very interesting one, and is, as yet, in its infancy. The danger as it appears to us, (speaking with much diffidence on a subject so complicated) into which the Union is likely to fall, is that of going too fast, and trying to do too much. It has established 116 Clubs in two years and a half, or at the rate of nearly one a week; and, in addition to this its chief function, has started a Magazine, is endeavouring to obtain funds for a large central hall, and to form "district organizations" under the management of "local district secretaries," whereby to promote fellowship between neighbouring Clubs, and the formation of new ones in all places where they are now wanting. We doubt whether all this machinery will not hinder the work rather than help it. Labouring men of all classes can be brought out of the public-houses, and if they can be taught to appreciate Clubs sufficiently to subscribe to them, to bring their Friendly Societies, and Trade Societies, and Burial Societies there, to frequent them themselves both for social and educational purposes, no doubt our towns, great and small, would be far more decent and Christian places than they are now. We, too, look forward to the time when this great change will take place; we rejoice to recognize the signs that it is approaching; but we doubt whether its advent will be hastened by forcing. Every Club that is started without adequate means retards the movement. Every call you make on friends for central halls, district organizations, magazines, and the like ambitious projects, diverts funds and power from more humble and pressing work. It may be that all these things are necessary, that the time for them is fully come, that the Union is only judiciously guiding and not running away with the coach. If so, all is well; but we would in real friendliness beg the Council to remember that it is more true of the class they are striving to help than of any other, that what they do for themselves is worth more than all that can be done for them; and that if they want good butter they must let the cream rise.

SATURDAY REVIEW.

MOST readers of the daily papers, we suspect, incontinently skip all paragraphs which seem to relate to Working Men's Clubs, Working Men's Institutes, and the like. Such paragraphs and the stories they contain, are delightful to the professional philanthropist, but to the rest of the world they are as dust to the eyes and vinegar to the teeth. We know very well that the working-man neither has nor wants to have part or lot in them. He does not intend to abandon the bright comfortable room of his tavern, where he can have his pipe and glass and free converse, for a dingy chamber where he cannot get anything more exhilarating than a cup of tea or a glass of cold water, where smoking is strictly forbidden, and where his imagination is oppressed by spectral parsons and spectral capitalists morally patting him on the head and bidding him, like a virtuous artisan as he is, attend church regularly and avoid the Trade Union. This is the kind of thing which no artisan who is not a shameful prig can help detesting with all his heart and soul. He distinctly declines to be made a good and valuable citizen at the price. The spirit of Lord Brougham hovers crushingly over these so-called Clubs. The frowzy smell of Social Science haunts very room; and even the strictly objectionable newspaper, and the glass of cold water, and the copy of Paley's Evidences, edited by the noble President of the Club, seem to be tainted with something dreary and dusty and unwholesome. Then, of course, the virtuous citizen should never play cards. They are

too exciting, and are surrounded with all manner of evil associations. Chess and draughts are the only diversions which it is safe for the inflammable artisan to indulge in. True, the philanthropic gentleman who begins the evening by a speech to this effect at a committee meeting, probably winds up by a rubber at his own Club. And he would feel rather exasperated if, on reaching his favourite haunt, he found that his own committee had made a rule forbidding the sale of wines and spirits in the club-house, and peremptorily excluding cigars. But of course there is all the difference in the world between the two cases. The patron of the working-man has probably been occupied all day with nothing more exhausting than the invention of fussy philanthropic schemes. His nature demands a little filip. A sonorous speech exhorting the artisan to thrift and industry and self-denial is a capital form of refreshment for a man who is half-dead with idleness. A vigorous denunciation of the public-house makes a man enjoy a Club so much more keenly, which is simply a public-house on fashionable and exclusive principles. The sense of calm yet glowing comfort which springs up in a man after beseeching other people to be good, and to work hard, and to deny themselves, must be experienced before it can be understood. It is something altogether peculiar for the gratification which it gives. And exhortations to others to be virtuous make people of a certain turn of mind feel quite as happy, and esteem themselves quite as loftily, as if they had practised the given virtues in their own persons. Then, too, it is so much cheaper a means of securing this very desirable end. Your own virtue must cost something. The virtue of your neighbours, on the other hand, does not cost you a single taste or pleasure. The Secretary of a Club at Coventry writes to the *Times* to describe an institution which he seems to think is a model for a working-men's Club. Its accommodation is all that could be wished. The members may smoke, play cards, have wine, spirits, and beer, and carry on "free discussion of religion," any day of the week except Sunday, when the house is closed. Of course, it would be unspeakably infamous to smoke or discuss religion on Sundays. But it is rather startling to find that the principle on which the committee elect members is "to exclude no man who can, in the broadest sense of the term, be considered a gentleman." This is, indeed, the kind of talk which is peculiarly liable to allure working-men to a Club. The artisan hates nothing so bitterly as to hear people call him "one of God Almighty's gentlemen," or to hear a man of good income and wearing fine clothes say, "I, too, am a working man." It may be quite true that the man in fine clothes works a great deal harder than the man in fustian, and that the man in fustian has a kind heart and an upright disposition, which is all that is meant by the title of "God Almighty's gentlemen." But the artisan knows that his patron is not a working-man in his sense, and that he himself is not a gentleman in his patron's sense. It is mere philanthropic cajolery to talk to working-men about their being gentlemen in "a broad sense" of the term. The artisan sees through all this moonshine about "the broad sense of gentleman," and "social equality," and the rest of it, as clearly as anybody does. He likes to enjoy himself, but in his own way, and among his equals. Like a wise man, he positively won't be "raised" and "improved" and "elevated." The best class of artisans work hard, and enjoy their pipe and a glass at night, and talk politics and religion in a rough but rather sentimental way, and don't let a chance of getting on in the world go by. Any "raising" they know they must do for themselves, and they don't want to be gentlemen in a broad sense, or to associate with gentlemen in an uncommonly narrow sense. There is such a thing as public opinion among the working-classes, though it is very often of an extremely objectionable kind. The important point about the proposed Clubs, and every other scheme of a similar sort, is to give this public opinion free play, by forbearing to pester those who have to form it and work it by patronage and eloquent talk from those who cannot help looking on a working-man as a fallen gentleman who wants raising.

PLEASURE.—Whenever we drink too deep of pleasure, we are sure to find a sediment at the bottom of the cup, which embitters the draught we have quaffed with so much avidity.

GRATITUDE AND GENEROSITY.—Whenever you find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, take it for granted that there would be as much generosity if he were a rich one.

WAITING.

Waiting many a lonesome hour,
Waiting ever, eye for thee,
Till the sunbeams on the tower
Slant and fade from off the sea,
Till all light from maiden's bower
Slips into a hazy sea.

Waiting while the snowdrop springeth,
Flourishing thro' the ice-bound sod,
Waiting while the summer bringeth
Flowers, sweet offerings to her God;
While the sun of autumn singeth
Golden gems, and corn-fields nod.

Waiting while cold winter stealeth
O'er the sunshine-loving earth,
Waiting while the Yale bell pealeth
Sounds of blessed joy and mirth;
Waiting until Time revealeth
To my soul of bliss the birth.

Waiting while my spring is waning,
Melting into summer days;
Waiting, only patience gaining,
No reward, no need of praise;
Waiting, till of life remaining
There will be but faintest rays.

Waiting? What reck I of waiting
Days and months and years maybe?
If Time only is creating
In thy breast more love for me,
Then am I far over-rating
Life-long years of misery.

Youth and love shall not be hoarded,
I can scold, and war with strife,
If to me may be accorded
One brief hour thro' all my life,
When—(and oh! how well rewarded)
I may hear thee call me—"wife."

AGNES STONKHEWER.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S LOVE-AFFAIRS.

IT is interesting to follow the course of Louis Napoleon's amours. The first flame of the present emperor of the French was Eleonore Gordon, the daughter of a French captain who fell in Spain. Eleonore was the Prince's *confidante* in the Strasbourg attempt. She was a singer, and made advances to the pretender at Baden in the summer 1836. It is said that she had dreamed that she would become Empress of the French. In any case she behaved very courageously. While Louis Napoleon was unsuccessfully bargaining the troops in the Finkmatt barracks, the gendarmes were already knocking at the door of Miss Gordon, whom Persigny had just informed that the prince's enterprise was a failure. Miss Gordon burnt all the papers referring to the *émancipation*—the lists of conspirators, the correspondence with them; and when the gendarmes threatened to break the door in, she placed a chest of drawers against it, so as to complete her *auto-da-fé* at leisure. It was owing to her presence of mind, consequently, that so little came to light at the trial. Louis Napoleon held Miss Gordon in affectionate memory for a long time. When Louis Blanc visited him at Ham, in 1845, he spoke kindly about her. Almost simultaneously, Louis Napoleon had fixed his eyes on the Queen of Portugal, who was then fifteen years of age. The portrait of Maria da Gloria produced an impression on him, and he would not have been indisposed to become King of Portugal. But the matter did not go on quite right, in spite of all the exertions made by his relatives. On December 14th, 1835, Louis Napoleon in an official letter, declined the Portuguese candidateship in these words:—"Convinced that the great name I bear will not always be a cause of exclusion from my fellow-citizens, because it reminds them of fifteen glorious years, I calmly await, in a free and hospitable land, the time when the nation will take back to its bosom those persons who were banished by the foreigners in 1815. The hope of some day being able to serve France as a soldier and citizen strengthens my mind, and is more in my eyes than all the thrones in the world." At that time, however a third lady was

the rival of the singer and the queen. This was Mathilde, King Jérôme's seventeen-year-old daughter. She seemed to have loved Louis Napoleon sincerely. When he was transported to America, on board the *Andromeda*, he thought with sadness of his cousin, and wrote the following in his journal: "When I was taking Mathilde home a few months ago, we entered the park together, and saw there a tree which had just been destroyed by a tempest,—upon which I said to myself, that our marriage plans would be destroyed by destiny in a similar manner. What my mind then darkly foreboded has since become the truth. Have I during this year enjoyed the whole amount of felicity granted to me in this world?" Mathilde, who was born at Trieste on May 27th, 1820, was a great beauty, of short stature, but well formed; with a head of classic shape, large, flashing eyes, and expressive regular features. Her blooming complexion served as a relief to her light flaxen hair. Soon after her marriage with Prince Anatole Demidoff, her charms faded away, and her face assumed an expression of weariness. When Louis Napoleon became President, Mathilde did the honours in his house. In 1840, Louis Napoleon was enamoured of the lovely Lady S—. He wore her colours at the tournament which Lord Eglintoun got up in Ayrshire. From the tournament he proceeded to Boulogne. At the fortress of Ham, whither he was conveyed after the Boulogne failure, he fell in love with a girl of the name of Badinquet, the daughter of a wholesale baker in the town. By her he had two children, of whom Miss Howard afterwards took charge, of course for a large allowance. Miss Howard was a robust English beauty, who cost Louis a great deal. He made her Countess de Beaugard, and purchased her a splendid villa near Paris. In 1849 she had a *fausse-couché*; and the Parisians still remember, as if it were to-day, how straw was spread in front of the house of the President's mistress. It is notorious that it was the Howard who, in the winter of 1861, drove the Empress to Scotland by her audacity; she took a box in the opera exactly opposite Eugénie's, and stared at her through her glass in a most provocative way. The last of Napoleon's loves, the Countess Eugénie Montijo, was the happiest of all—she became Empress. In 1848, Louis Napoleon was for a while the admirer of Madame Kalgis, a charming *blondine*, to whom Cavaignac also paid court. Louis is said to have defeated the general with the lady, who lived apart from her husband.—"Napoleon III. and his Court." By a Retired Diplomatist.

RAILWAY ACROSS THE ALPS.

WHILE the Mont Cenis tunnel has only succeeded in forcing its way about one-third through the thickness of the mountain, and the period of its completion is still variously estimated at from four to ten years, a method has been proposed, and experimentally tried, for carrying a railway over the pass itself. And the experiment seems likely to prove that the work can thus be effectually done.

The present gap in the railway communication on the Mount Cenis route is of a length of forty-seven miles, between St. Michel on the French, and Susa on the Italian side. The service is performed by diligence, with all the discomfort incident to that mode of travelling, and in bad weather, or after heavy falls of snow, it is liable to be for some days interrupted altogether. Everything has been done, however, that can be done with such methods of transit. The road is excellent; it is of an average width of thirty feet, and as it zigzags up the mountain it is nowhere of a steeper gradient than one in twelve. But this incline, though not excessive on a road, is far beyond the power of any locomotive on a common railway. Yet no better course than the road takes could be laid out by any engineering skill, at any practicable cost, across the pass. The question then was, how to construct a line of railway following the curves of the road, so as to enable an engine to take up with speed and safety a train of carriages where nothing but horses and mules had before trodden.

It is solved in this way. An ordinary line of rails is laid down on the outside edge of the road, occupying so much of it as is necessary for the purpose. On these the engine and carriages run in the usual way. But between the rails there is further laid a central rail, lying on its side, and supported at a height of seven inches above the ground. This central rail bears no weight, and no wheel runs on it. But below the engine there are two horizontal wheels, which work against it, one on each side, being pressed to it by springs, capable of being regulated to any pressure. These wheels are driven by independent cylinders. Thus, when the inclination becomes so steep that the bite of the ordinary driving-wheels, obtained from the pressure of the weight of the engine against the rails they run on, is insufficient to propel the train: when they would, in fact, merely slip round without advancing: the horizontal wheels come into play, and, by their bite on the central rail, not caused by weight, but by the springs that force them against it, they furnish the requisite increase of resistance which enables the engine to advance. And, since the strength of their bite upon the central rail does not depend on the weight of the engine, but on the force of the springs and the regulating means which the engine-driver can bring into play, it is thus possible at once to employ a light engine, and to make the whole steam power it can exert available for propulsion, without losing any of it by "slip." So much as regards the mounting of a steep incline. But the centre rail plays an equally important part in descending.

It is then used as furnishing means for employing a break power. In an ordinary railway it is the weight alone of the engine, or break-van, which gives the power of resistance by which a train can be stopped. When the breaks are applied at their utmost force they can do nothing more than stop the wheels from revolving, just as a chain round the spoke of a waggon-wheel stops it, and converts it into a drag. The very most they can do, therefore, is to make the wheels they are applied to slide instead of turning round, and only by the friction thus caused can they retard the motion of the rest of the carriages. But if the horizontal wheels on the Mount Cools line have breaks applied to them, and at the same time are forced against the central rail, there is a means of retardation provided which is quite independent of weight. Moreover, they may for such a purpose be supplied not only to the engine, but to every carriage in the train, thus affording the means of stopping each independently, and of holding in reserve an enormous break-power over the whole train for use in case of emergency. But, finally, the centre rail possesses yet another advantage. The hold which the horizontal wheels take of it make it impossible that the carriage to which they are attached should leave the rails it runs on. Hence, with this precaution the trains may safely pass round the sharp curves of the road, and the passengers may, without alarm, look from the windows down the walls of rock along the edge of which they are borne at double the speed and with far more than the safety of diligences dragged by mules; for the engine cannot take fright, nor stumble at a critical point, and the carriages are actually locked to the road they travel on.

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.—By a gentleman, we mean not to draw a line that would be invidious between the high and low rank, and subordination, riches and poverty. The distinction is in the mind. Whoever is open, loyal, and true; whoever is of humane and affable demeanour; whoever is honourable to himself, and in judgment to others; and requires no law but his word to make him fulfil an engagement—such a man is a gentleman; and such a man may be found among the tillers of the earth.

MAN AND WOMAN.—Man is strong—Woman is beautiful. Man is daring and confident—Woman is diffident and unassuming. Man is great in action—woman in suffering. Man shines abroad—woman at home. Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please. Man has a rugged heart—woman a soft and tender one. Man prevents misery—woman relieves it. Man has science—woman taste. Man has judgment—woman sensibility. Man is a being of justice—woman of mercy.

JEANNIE'S BLUE E'E.

Oh, bright are the gems on a queen's snowy brow;
And sweet are the flow'rs that on mossy banks grow;
But brighter by far, and sweeter to me,
Is the kind counthle glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

As some beaming star in heaven's blue dome
Kindly lights up the pilgrim's way home,
So my heart's lighted up, and my steps bound with
glee,

When I see the kind glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

When I'm weary and worn, despairing and sad,
What is't lights my eye? makes my brow clear and
glad?

Makes my heart bound with joy, gay, gladsome and
free?

'Tis the sweet winning glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

She's fairer to me than the sweetest wee flow'r
That e'er bloom'd in beauty, on bank, or on bow'r;
Oh, to gain but her love, I could lay down and die
For one tender glance o' her bonnie blue e'e.

Give the miser his gold, and the warrior fame,
The friendless a friend, and the nameless a name,
The mean raise to greatness; but, oh! give to me
Only one loving glance o' my Jeannie's blue e'e.

May her brow aye be clear, and her glance ever bright,
Her bosom aye happy, her heart ever light;
May sorrow and care far, far from her flee:
May a tear never dim her bonnie blue e'e.

And when her sun sets on that glorious shore,
Where parting, and sorrow, and sin are no more—
With my whole soul I pray that the last glance may be
A glance full of peace in my Jeannie's blue e'e.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY,"
FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," EDITED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 9

CHAPTER II. ANNO DOMINI 1860.

Two persons sat together in a first floor room overlooking Chancery-lane. The afternoon sky was grey, and cold, and dull; and the room was greyer, colder, duller than the sky. Everything about the place looked sordid and neglected. The rain-channelled smoke of years had crusted on the windows. The dead-boxes on the shelves behind the door, the shabby books in the book-case opposite the fireplace, the yellow map that hung over the mantelpiece, the tape-tied papers on the table, were all thickly coated with white dust. There was nothing fresh or bright within those four walls, except a huge green safe with panelled iron doors and glittering scutebeams, fixed into a recess beside the fireplace. There were only two old-fashioned horse-hair covered chairs in the room. There was not even a carpet on the floor. A more comfortable place could scarcely be conceived beyond the walls of a prison; and yet, perhaps, it was not more comfortable than such places generally are.

It was the private room of William Trefalden, Esq., attorney at law, and it opened out from the still drearier office in which his clerks were at work. There was a clock in each room, and an almanac on each mantelshelf. The hands of both clocks pointed to half past four, and the almanacs both proclaimed that it was the second day of March, A.D. eighteen hundred and sixty.

The two persons sitting together in the inner chamber was the lawyer and one of his clients. Placed as he was with his back to the window and his face partly shaded by his hand, Mr. Trefalden's features were scarcely distinguishable in the gathering gloom of the afternoon. His client—a stout, pale man, with the forest of iron grey hair about his massive temples—sat opposite, with the light full upon his face, and his hands crossed on the knob of his umbrella.

"I have come to talk to you, Mr. Trefalden," said he, "about that Castletowers mortgage."

"The Castletowers mortgage?" repeated Mr. Trefalden.

"Yes—I think I could do better with my money. In short, I wish to foreclose."

The lawyer shifted round a little further from the light, and drew his hand a little lower over his eyes.

"What better do you think you could do with your money, Mr. Behrens?" he said after a moment's pause.

"It is an excellent investment. The Castletowers estate is burthened with no other encumbrance; and what can you desire better than five per cent secured on landed property?"

"I have nothing to say against it, as an investment," replied the client; "but—I prefer something else."

Mr. Trefalden looked up with a keen, inquiring glance.

"You are too wise a man, I am sure, Mr. Behrens," said he, "to let yourself be tempted by an unusual rate of interest."

The client smiled grimly.

"You are too wise a man, I should hope, Mr. Trefalden," rejoined he, "to suspect Oliver Behrens of any such folly? No, the fact is that five per cent is no longer of such importance to me as it was seven years ago, and I have a mind to lay out that twenty-five thousand upon land."

"Upon land?" echoed the lawyer, "My dear Sir, it would scarcely bring you three and a half per cent."

"I know that," replied the client. "I can afford it."

There was another brief silence.

"You will not give notice, I suppose," said Mr. Trefalden, quietly, "till you have seen something which you think likely to suit you?"

"I have seen something already," replied Mr. Behrens.

"Indeed?"

"Yes; in Worcestershire—one hundred and thirty miles from London."

"Is not that somewhat far for a man of business, Mr. Behrens?"

"No, I have my box in Surrey, you know, adjoining the Castletowers grounds."

"True. Have you taken any steps towards this purchase?"

"I have given your address to the lawyers in whose care the papers are left, and have desired them to communicate with you upon the subject. I trust to you to see that the title is all as it should be."

Mr. Trefalden slightly bent his head.

"I will give you my best advice upon it," he replied. "In the mean time, I presume, you would wish to give notice of your desire to foreclose the mortgage."

"Precisely what I came here to do."

Mr. Trefalden took up a pen, and an oblong slip of paper.

"You will allow twelve months, of course?" said he interrogatively.

"Certainly not. Why should I? Only six are stipulated for in the deed."

"True; but courtesy,—"

"Tush! this is a matter of law, not courtesy," interrupted the client.

"Still, I fear it would prove a serious inconvenience to Lord Castletowers," remonstrated the lawyer.

"Twenty-five thousand pounds is a large sum."

"Lord Castletowers' convenience is nothing to me," replied the other, abruptly. "I'm a man of the people, Mr. Trefalden. I have no respect for coronets."

"Very possible, Mr. Behrens," said Trefalden, in the same subdued tone; "but you may remember that your interest has been paid with scrupulous regularity, and that it is a very hard matter for a poor nobleman—Lord Castletowers is poor—to find so heavy a sum as twenty-five thousand pounds at only six months' notice."

"He did not think it too short when he gave me the bond," said Mr. Behrens.

"He wanted money," replied Mr. Trefalden, with a scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulders.

"Well, and now I want it. Come, come, Mr. Trefalden, Lord Castletowers is your client, and no doubt you would like to oblige him; but I am your client too—and a better one than he is, I'll be bound!"

"I trust, Mr. Behrens, that I should never seek to oblige one client at the expense of another," said the lawyer stiffly. "If you think that I would, you wrong me greatly."

"I think, sir, that, like most other folks, you have more respect for a lord than a woolstapler," answered the man of the people, with a hard smile. "But I don't blame you for it. You're a professional man, and all professional men have those prejudices."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Trefalden. "I have none. I am the son of a merchant, and my family have all been merchants for generations. But this is idle. Let us proceed with our business. I am to take your instructions, Mr. Behrens, to verve Lord Castletowers

with a notice of your desire to foreclose the mortgage in six months' time?"

Mr. Behrens nodded, and the lawyer made a note of the matter.

"I am also to understand that should Lord Castletowers request a further delay of six months, you would not be disposed to grant it?"

"Certainly not."

Mr. Trefalden laid his pen aside.

"If he can't find the money," said the woolstapler, "let him sell the old place. I'll buy it."

"Shall I tell his lordship so?" asked Mr. Trefalden with a slight touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"If you like. But it won't come to that, Mr. Trefalden. You're a rich man—aha! you needn't shake your head—you're a rich man, and you'll lend him the money."

"Indeed you are quite mistaken, Mr. Behrens," replied the lawyer, rising. "I am a very poor man."

"Ay, you may so, of course; but I know what the world thinks of your poverty, Mr. Trefalden. Well, good morning. You're looking pale, sir. You work too hard and think too much. That's the way with you clever saving men. You should take care of yourself."

"Pshaw! how can a bachelor take care of himself?" said Mr. Trefalden, with a faint smile.

"True; you should look out for an heiress."

The lawyer shook his head.

"No, no," said he, "prefer my liberty. Good morning."

"Good morning."

Mr. Trefalden ushered his client through the office, listened for a moment to his heavy footfall going down the stairs, hastened back to his private room, and shut the door.

"Good God!" exclaimed he, in a low agitated tone, "what's to be done now? This is rain—rain!"

He took three or four restless turns about the room, then flung himself into his chair, and buried his face in his hands.

"He might well say that I looked pale," muttered he. "I felt pale. It came upon me like a thunder-stroke. I a rich man, indeed? I with twenty-five thousand pounds at command! Merciful powers! what can I do? To whom can I turn for it? What security have I to give? Only six months' notice, too. I am lost! I am lost!"

He rose and went to the great safe beside the fireplace. His hand trembled so that he could scarcely get at the key to the lock. He threw back one of the heavy iron-panelled doors, and brought out a folded parchment, with the words "*Deed of Mortgage between Gervase Leopold Wynchiffe, Earl of Castletowers, and Oliver Behrens, Esq., of Broad-street, London.*" written upon the outer side. Opening this document upon the desk, he resumed his seat, and read it carefully through from beginning to end. As he did so, the trouble deepened and deepened on his face, and his cheek grew still more deathly. When he came to the signatures at the end, he grabbed it from him with a bitter sigh.

"Not a flaw in it!" he groaned. "No pretext for putting off the evil day for even a week beyond the time! What a fool I was to think I could ever replace it! And yet what could I do? I wanted it. If it were to do again to-morrow, I should do it. Yes, by heaven! I should, be the consequences what they might."

He paused, rose again, and replaced the mortgage deed in the safe.

"If I only dared to burn it!" said he, with a lingering glance at the fire. "Oh if—"

He took a letter from the table, and stood looking for some moments at that signature.

"Oliver Behrens!" he mused. "A bold hand, with something of the German character in that little twist at the top of the O, easy to imitate; but then the wit-ocess—No, no, impossible! Better expatriation than such a risk as that. If the worst comes to the worst, there's always America."

And with this he sank down into his chair again, rested his chin upon his own palms, and fell into a deep and silent train of thought.

CHAPTER III. RESOLVED.

As William Trefalden sat in his little dismal private room, wearily thinking, the clouds in the sky parted towards the west, and the last gleam of daylight fell upon his face. Such a pale eager face as it was, too, with a kind of strange beauty in it that no merely vulgar eye would have seen at all. To the majority of persons, William Trefalden was simply a gentlemanly

"clever-looking" man. Attracted by the upright wall of forehead, which literally overbalanced the proportions of his face, they scarcely observed the delicacy of his other features. The clear pallor of his complexion, the subtle moulding of his mouth and chin, were altogether disregarded by those superficial observers. Even his eyes, large, brown, luminous as they were, lost much of their splendour beneath that superincumbent weight of brow. His age was thirty-eight; but he looked older. His hair was thick and dark, and sprinkled lightly here and there with silver. Though slender he was particularly well made—so well made, that it seemed impossible to him to move ungracefully. His hands were white and supple; his voice low; his manner grave and polished. A very keen and practised eye might, perhaps, have detected a singular sub-current of nervous excitability beneath that gravity and polish—a nervous excitability which it had been the business of William Trefalden's whole life to conquer and conceal, and which none of those around him were Lavaters enough to discover. The loss of a studied reserve had effectually crusted over that fire. His own clerks, who saw him daily for three hundred and thirteen dreary days in every dreary year, had no more notion of their employer's inner life than the veriest strangers who brushed past him along the narrow footway of Chaucery-lane. They saw him only as others saw him. They thought of him only as others thought of him. They knew that he had a profound and extensive knowledge of his profession, an iron will, and an inexhaustible reserve of energy. They knew that he would sit chained to his desk for twelve and fourteen hours at a time, when there was urgent business to be done. They knew that he wore a shabby coat, lunched every day on a couple of dry biscuits, made no friends, accepted no invitations, and kept his private address a dead secret, even from his head clerk. To them he was a grave, plodding, careful, clever man, somewhat parsimonious as to his expenditure, provokingly reticent as to his private habits, and evidently bent on the accumulation of riches. They were about as correct in their conclusions as the conclave of cardinals which elected Pope Sixtus the Fifth for no other merits than his supposed age and infirmities.

Lost in anxious thought, William Trefalden sat at his desk, in the same attitude, till dusk came on, and the lamps were lighted in the thoroughfare below. Once or twice he sighed, or stirred uneasily; but his eyes never wandered from their fixed stare, and his head was never lifted from his hands. At length he seemed to come to a sudden resolution. He arose, rang the bell, crumpled up the memorandum which he had written according to Mr. Bohren's instructions, and flung it into the fire.

The door opened, and a red-headed clerk made his appearance.

"Let my office lamp be brought," said Mr. Trefalden, "and ask Mr. Keckwiteh to step this way."

The clerk vanished, and was succeeded by Mr. Keckwiteh, who came in with the light in his hand.

"Put the shade over it, Keckwiteh," exclaimed Mr. Trefalden, impatiently, as the glare fell full upon his face. "It's enough to blind one!"

The head clerk obeyed slowly, looking at his employer all the while from beneath his eyelashes.

"You sent for me, sir?" he asked, huskily.

He was a short fat, pallid man, with no more neck than a Schiedam bottle. His eyes were small and almost colourless. His ears had held so many generations of pens that they stood out from his head like the handles of a classic vase; and his voice was always husky.

"Yes. Do you know where to lay your hand upon that old copy of my great-grandfather's will?"

"Jacob Trefalden of Basinghall-street, seventeen hundred and sixty?"

Mr. Trefalden nodded.

The head clerk took the subject into placid consideration and drummed thoughtfully with his fat fingers, upon the most prominent portion of his waistcoat.

"Well, sir," he admitted, after a brief pause, "I won't say that I may not be able to find it."

"Do so, if you please. Who is in the office?"

"Only Mr. Gorkin."

"Desire Gorkin to run out and fetch me a Continental Bradshaw."

Mr. Keckwiteh retired; despatched the red-headed clerk: took down a dusty deed-box from a still dustier corner cupboard; brought forth the old yellow parchment for which his employer had just inquired, and slipped the same within the lid of his desk. Having done this, he took the armful of mouldy deeds from another shelf of the same cupboard, and littered them

all about the desk and floor. Just as he had completed these arrangements, Gorkin returned, breathless, with the volume in his hand, and Mr. Keckwiteh took it in.

"And the copy?" said Mr. Trefalden, without lifting his eyes from an old book of maps over which he was bending.

"I am looking for it, sir," replied the head clerk.

"Very good."

"Gorkin may go, I suppose, sir? It's more than half past five."

"Of course; and you too, when you have found the deed."

Mr. Keckwiteh retired again, released the grateful Gorkin, placed himself at his desk, and proceeded with much deliberations to read the will.

"What's at the bottom of it?" muttered he, presently, as he paused with one fat finger on the opening sentence. "What's wrong? Something. I heard it in his voice. I saw it in his face. And he knew I should see it, too, when he called out about the shade. What is it? What's he peering into those about? Why does he want this copy? He never asked for it before. There ain't a farthing coming to him, I know. I've read it before. But I'll read it again for all that. A man can never know too much of his employer's private affairs. Not much chance of learning a great deal of his either. Confounded private he keeps 'em."

He read on a little further, and then paused again.

"Why did he send for that Continental Bradshaw?" he questioned to himself. "Why can I go, too, when there's plenty to be done here, and he knows it? He wants me gone—why? Where's he got himself? What's he up to? Abel Keckwiteh, Abel Keckwiteh, my best of friends keep your right eye open!"

And with this apostrophe he returned to the deed, and proceeded with it sedulously.

"Well, Keckwiteh," cried Mr. Trefalden, from the inner room, "have you found the copy?"

"Not yet, sir," replied the trusty fellow, who was then rather more than half way through it. "But I've turned out a boxful of old parchments, and I think I shall be sure—"

"Enough. Look closely for it, and bring it as soon as it turns up."

"It will turn up," murmured Mr. Keckwiteh, "as soon as I have finished it."

And so it did, about five minutes after, when Mr. Keckwiteh made his appearance with it at his master's door.

"Found? That's right!" exclaimed the lawyer, putting out his hand eagerly.

"I won't be sure, sir, till you've looked at it," replied the head clerk, with becoming modesty.

Mr. Trefalden's fingers closed on the document, but his eyes flashed keenly into the lustreless orbs of Mr. Abel Keckwiteh, and rested there a moment before they reverted into the endorsement.

"Humph!" said he, in a slightly altered tone. "Yes—it's quite right, thank you. Good night."

"Good night, sir."

Mr. Trefalden looked after him suspiciously; and continued to do so, even when the door had been closed between them.

"The man's false," said he. "None but spies have so little curiosity. I shouldn't wonder if he's read every line."

Then he rose, locked the door, trimmed the lamp, dismissed the subject from his thoughts, and began to read the will. As he read, his brow darkened, and his lip grew stern. Presently he pushed the deed aside, and jotted down row after row of cyphers on a piece of blotting paper. Then he went back to the deed, and back again to the cyphers, and every moment the frown settled deeper and deeper on his brow. Such a complex train of hopes and doubts, speculations and calculations as were traversing the mazes of that busy brain! Sometimes he pondered in silence. Sometimes he muttered through his teeth; but so inaudibly, that had there even been a listener at the door (as perhaps there was), that listener would not have been a syllable the wiser.

He took up a little almanac printed on a card, and cast up the weeks between the fourth of March and the third of April. There were not quite five. Not quite five weeks to the expiration of this long, long century, during which Jacob Trefalden's half million had been accumulating, interest upon interest—during which whole generations had been born, and lived, and had passed away! Good Heavens! to what a sum it had grown. It had amounted now to nine million five hundred and fifty-two thousand four hundred and odd pounds! Words—mere words! His brain refused to

realise them. He might as well have tried to realise the distance between the sun and the earth. And this gigantic bequest was to be divided between a charity and an heir. Half! Even the half baffled him. Even the half seemed too vast to convey any tangible idea to his mind. Even the half amounted to four million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand two hundred and odd pounds. Pahaw! both were so inconceivable that the one produced no more effect upon his imagination than the other.

He took up his pen, and made rapid calculation. Supposing it were taken as an income at five per cent? Ha! one could grasp that, at all events. It would produce about two hundred and thirty-eight thousand pounds a year. Two hundred and thirty-eight thousand a year! A splendid revenue, truly; yet less than the income enjoyed by many an English nobleman; and not one penny more than might be very easily and pleasantly spent by even a poor devil of an attorney like himself!

It might have been his own that princely heritage—nay, would have been, but for the cursed accident of birth! It might have been his; and now to whom would it fall? To a stranger—an alien—probably to an uncultivated boor, ignorant of the very language of his forefathers! Oh, the bitter injustice of it! Had not he at least as fair a right to this wealth? Did not he stand precisely in the same degree of relationship to the giver of it? By what law of natural justice was the descendant of the eldest son to revel in superfluity, while he, the descendant of the youngest, stood on the brink of ruin? Had it even been left for division between the survivors, both might have been rich; but now—

He rose, pale and agitated, and paced restlessly about the room.

But now, was it not evident that this heir was his born foe and despoiler, and had he not the right to hate him? Was not the hand of the desperate man against all men, even from the very beginning? but was it not first raised against those who have wronged him the deepest? William Trefalden was a desperate man. Had he not appropriated that twenty-five thousand pounds paid over to him by Lord Castle-towers two years ago, for the liquidation of the mortgage, and did not ruin and discovery stare him in the face? Having hazarded name and safety on one terrible die known only to himself, should he now hesitate to declare war upon his enemy, who was the possessor of millions?

He smiled a strange smile of power and defiance, and ran his finger along the black lines on the map. From Dover to Calais—from Calais, by train to Basle—Basle to Zurich—Zurich to Chur. At Chur the railways terminate. It could not be far beyond Chur where these emigrant Trefaldens dwelt. It would take him three days to get there, perhaps three and a half—perhaps four. He would start to-morrow.

His decision once taken, William Trefalden became in a moment cool and methodical as ever. All trace of excitement vanished from his face, as a breath clears from the surface of a mirror. He thrust the Bradshaw in his pocket, scribbled a hasty note to his head clerk, carefully burned the cyphered blotting-paper in the flame of the lamp, and watched it expire among the dead ashes in the fireplace; locked his desk; tried the fastenings of the safe; glanced at the clock, and prepared to be gone.

"A quarter to seven already!" exclaimed he, as he unlocked the door. "I shall be too late to-night!"

He had spoken aloud, believing himself alone, but stopped at the sight of Mr. Keckwiteh, busily writing.

"You here, Keckwiteh!" he said, frowning. "I told you you might go."

"You did, sir," replied the scribe, placidly; "but there was Heywood and Bennett's deed of partnership to be drawn up, so I would not take advantage of your kindness."

Trefalden bit his lip.

"I had just written a line to you," he said, "to let you know that I am going out of town for a fortnight. Forward all letters marked private."

"Where to, sir?"

"You will find the address here."

And Mr. Trefalden tossed the note down upon the clerk's desk, and turned towards the door.

"Glad you're going to allow yourself a little pleasure for once, sir," observed Mr. Keckwiteh, without the faintest gleam of surprise or curiosity on his impassive countenance. "Begging pardon for the liberty."

His employer hesitated for an instant before replying.

"Thank you," he said, "but pleasure is not my object. I go to visit a relation whom I have neglected too long. Good night."

With this he passed from the room, and went slowly down the stairs. In the passage he paused to listen; and when in the street, stepped out into the middle of the thoroughfare to look up at the windows.

"Strange!" muttered he; "but I never suspected that fellow so strongly as I do to-night!"

He then glanced right and left, buttoned his coat across his chest, for the March wind blew keenly, and walked briskly up the lane, in the direction of Holborn. As he neared the top of the street, close to its junction with the great thoroughfare, a thought struck him, and he flung himself back, by a rapid movement, into the recess of an old-fashioned doorway. There was no kump within several yards. The doorway was dark and deep as a sentry-box. There, with eager ear and bated breath, he waited.

Presently, apart from the deep hum of traffic close by, he heard a footstep coming up—a footstep so light and swift that at first he thought he must be mistaken. Then his practised ear detected a labouring wheeze in the breath of the runner.

"The scoundrel!" ejaculated he, poised his right arm, set his teeth, and stood ready for a spring.

The signals of distress grew more distinct—the step slackened, ceased—drew near again—and Mr. Abel Keckwith, panting and bewildered, made his appearance just opposite the doorway, evidently baffled by the disappearance of its occupant.

He was not long left in doubt. Swift as a panther, William Trefalden swooped down upon his man, and dealt him a short powerful blow that sent him reeling, pale and giddy, against the wall. It was surprising what muscles of steel and knuckles of iron lay perdu beneath the white superfines of that supple hand.

"Dog!" said he, fiercely, "do you dare to spy at my heels? This is not the first time I've suspected you; but I advise you to let it be the last time I convict you. Ay, you may scowl, but, by the Heaven above me! if I catch you at this game again, you'll repent it to your dying day. There! be thankful that I let you off so cheaply."

And having said this, William Trefalden walked coolly away, without vouchsafing so much as a glance to a couple of delighted boys who stood watching the performance from the opposite side of the street.

As for Abel Keckwith, he recovered his breath and his equilibrium as well as he could, though the former was a matter of time, and caused him to sit down, ignominiously, on the nearest door-step. When, at length, he was in a condition to retrace his steps, he rose, shook his fat fist in a passion of impotent rage, and indulged in a volley of curses, not loud but deep.

"I'll be even with you," gasped he, more huskily than ever. "I'll be even with you, Mr. Trefalden, if I die for it! You've something to hide, but you shan't hide it from me. I'll know where you live, and what you do with your money. I'll find out the secret of your life before I've done with you, and then let us see which will be master!"

To be continued.

COTTLES, in his "Life of Coleridge," relates the following amusing incident:—"I led my horse to the stable, where a sad perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty; but after many strenuous attempts I could not remove the collar. In despair I called for assistance, when Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingenuity into exercise; but after several unsuccessful efforts he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more skill than his predecessors; for after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown since the collar was put on; 'for,' he said, 'it was downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow an aperture.' Just at this instant a servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, 'Ha, master,' said she, 'you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do like this!' when, turning the collar upside-down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment; each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained."

UGLY PEOPLE are as anxious as handsome once to perpetuate their features; probably having lived so long with their ugliness, they have become attached to it.

HOPE RASHLEIGH.

Continued from page 7—Conclusion.

"It is not an easy matter to convince me that my child has committed a theft," said John Rashleigh, gravely, and turning away his head.

"I did not think of it as a fault at the time, dear papa," she cried, flinging herself into his arms. "I wanted it for poor Anne Rogers, chiefly; I did not want it for myself. Forgive me, dear, dearest papa, for having been so disobedient and wilful, and do not blame or accuse Grantley any more! I am the only one to blame, and he has been far nobler than I deserved." Here she burst into tears, and buried her face in her father's breast. "Won't you forgive me, dear papa?" she sobbed again after a short pause, kissing his cheek which her tears made almost as wet as her own.

John Rashleigh could not resist this. Hope had never yet been unforgiven even when she had not shown contrition, and the unusual softness of her mood to-day could meet with nothing but the most fervent response.

"Do not cry, Hope! Dry your eyes, child!" he said, tenderly. "There, there! Let us have no more about it. I quite believe you, and I quite believe that you did not know you were doing anything wrong, and that you were only thoughtless and impulsive, as usual. And as for you, boy" (to Grantley), "I am sorry that I accused you so hastily; so, shake hands, and think no more about it. You cannot expect me to say more than that I am sorry," he added pleasantly, as Grantley still hesitated. The blow on his cheek yet stung, and it was rather early days to take the hand which had struck him. "No gentleman can want more than an apology, and a father can only express his regret to a son; so shake hands, boy, and let us all forget what has been a very painful misunderstanding."

That word did what the feeling had failed to do. Grantley grasped his cousin's hand warmly; he had conquered all his boyish pride and manly indignation by the simple name of father.

"I have made you suffer, Grantley," said Hope, as her father left them; and again she laid her hand in his.

"I would have borne more than this for your sake, Miss Hope," he answered, pressing her hand between both of his, and looking at her lovingly—she not haughty and disdainful as usual, but downcast, bashful, and repentant.

"I do not know what we shall do without you, Grantley," she then said very gently; and as she spoke she turned pale, and he felt her hand trembling in his.

"Oh! you will soon forget me. I have so often displeased you, you will be glad to get rid of me," Grantley answered.

"I do not think we shall," said Hope, in a low voice. And then there was a moment's silence.

All this time they were standing with their hands clasped in each other's in the hall which had just been so noisy and heated with the late storm passing through.

"You have not displeased me; it is I who have been ill-tempered," Hope continued, in a still lower voice, still softer and richer in its tones. "I ought to ask you for forgiveness, Grantley, before you go, for I have often behaved so badly to you."

"You must not do that," he exclaimed hastily, and his eyes filled up with tears. "I could not bear that, Miss Hope. I cannot bear to hear you even blame yourself for anything."

"Grantley!" she said; and then she stopped and said no more.

Still with her hand in his, still looking down on her as she stood with bent head and lowered eyelids before him, he drew just a shade nearer to her.

"You spoke?" he asked.

She laid her other hand on his arm.

"I am much obliged to you for all that you have done for me these many years," she said, almost in a whisper.

The words were formal but the voice and tone were not; the downcast eyes, the parted lips, the cheeks now crimsoning and now paling, the heaving breast, the pride swept away beneath the swell of this unusual tenderness and girlish gratitude,—all told of something deeper and warmer stirring in that impetuous heart than what those quaint, formal words expressed.

"Do not say that you are obliged to me for anything, dear Miss Hope," said Grantley, himself scarcely

able to speak; "it has been honour enough to me to be allowed to serve you."

"No one has ever done so much for me," she said.

"Because no one ever" He stopped in his turn, and said no more; then, after a pause, he went on; "I have done nothing for you unwillingly, Miss Hope. If you had asked me at any time to give you my life I would have done it as freely as I would have given you a flower. I have had but one object—that of serving and obeying you; and I have had but one desire—that of pleasing you. I have done the best the best way I could if I have failed in the last endly. But I want you to remember me when I am in India," he went on to say, "and to remember me with as little dislike as you can; and I am so glad of to-day, for the last thing you will have to remember of me will be my faith to you."

The tears were swelling in her eyes, as in his.

"I shall never forget to-day," she said gently, "nor how good you have always been to me, dear Grantley."

"I am glad you can say that, dear Miss Hope. I am glad I am going to India too, though I shall never see you again; for if I stayed in England I should only fall out of favour again, and then I should have the pain of seeing you hate me more than ever, perhaps."

By this time the tears were running down her face.

"I have never disliked you, Grantley," she said. "I have pretended to do so, but it was mere pretence; and I have tried, but I could not. I like you better than you like me, Grantley—a great deal."

"Hope!"

What was it? What happened? What madness took him? Neither of them ever knew, boy and girl as they were; but Hope found herself clasped to his heart, with her arm round his neck, and their flushed, wet, youthful faces laid against each other.

But they were not in smooth water yet, and had something more formidable before them than even their own misunderstanding and childish blindness had been. Though John Rashleigh might forgive a girlish freedom like that of which Hope had been guilty, it was by no means certain that he would forgive this far graver sin. The light of his eyes and the pride of his heart, she for whom lords and princes would not have been too good, to give herself away at sixteen to a poor relation! Hope knew all the trial to be passed through. It must be met, however, and that at once, unless she and Grantley would undertake a clandestine correspondence—for which the one was too proud and the other too honest; or unless they would give up each other—which neither would hear of. What she anticipated came to pass, in even exaggerated form. The father was furious; violent beyond anything she had dreamed possible; but, girl as she was, she was firm, and Grantley would not yield her so long as she would hold to him.

Then came that terrible collision of two wills equal in strength, and the battle of love and pride which tears a man's very soul. Look which way he would, there was no comfort for John Rashleigh; and refusal or consent was equally madness and despair. But he must decide. The proud man had to balance with the father; and eventually the father won the day. Yet he would not consent to the marriage for many years even after they had come to riper age than what is generally held ripe enough; and when he did—when Grantley came back from India with a character and repute of his own, and his cousin found that both poor relation and daughter had not swerved a hair's breadth from their young loves, and were minded to marry without his consent if it could not be with—even then, when forced to yield, Grantley found his roses decidedly not without thorns. His sweetness of temper, though conquered before the end came; and when John Rashleigh was dying, he confessed that Grantley had been the best son, and the dearest, father ever had; and that now, when the things of this world were slipping away from him and he was beginning to learn their emptiness, he was glad that Hope had married one who, by his better influence, had made her a nobler and a gentler woman.

"But you were a thief after all, my boy, and stole a greater treasure than a paltry banknote," he said lovingly, not an hour before he died.

QUEENS.—Of sixty-seven queens of France only thirteen have died without leaving their histories a record of misery and sin. Eleven were divorced, two executed, nine died young, seven were soon widowed, three cruelly treated, three exiled; the poisoned and broken-hearted make up the rest.

THE PORTRAIT.

It was only a head, and was perhaps the smallest picture in the gallery. At first I took it for a *Mudillo*, but learned afterwards that it was by his great master, Velasquez. It was the portrait of a lady between eighteen and twenty, surpassingly beautiful, but of a beauty essentially Spanish. The complexion, though dark, was so incomparably clear, that it charmed the eye far more than the pearl-like fairness of northern climes. The classical severity of a brow and forehead over which the hair was plainly braided, was tempered by the sweet expression hovering round the mouth. If it had not been for the deep, sad, subdued expression of the full eyes, the general expression would have been almost haughtily commanding. But those eyes so large, so lustrous, so finely formed, so expressive of the sorrow-stricken emanations of a lofty and sensitive soul, few could gaze upon them without tears dimming their own.

The magic touches of the master's pencil had been limited to the face and the upper part of the neck. It was left to the imagination to supply the graceful form of the fair original—the bust and arms moulded on some perfect Grecian statue, and fingers like those of the vestal who stirs up the ashes of the sacred fire with a golden bodkin.

Blonde northern beauties, fair girls, and stately matrons, blue-eyed and golden-haired, hung either side of the lovely Iberian, like lilies of the field around some rare exotic; and immediately above it, attached to it by a black silk scarf, was the portrait of a cavalier-looking fellow with a courtly air, and the love-locks of Charles the First's time. The interest inspired by those eloquent eyes was heightened by this strange companionship, and a wilder tale of human passion than that which explained it seldom falls within the sober limits of truth.

When that "bright occidental star," Queen Elisabeth, departed this life, and James of Scotland reigned in her stead, strange tidings of matrimonial negotiations with the most ultra-Roman Catholic Court in Europe disturbed the British house-holder. The Nonconformist preachers improved the occasion to adore their harangues with visions of Smithfield fires relighted, Jesuits guiding the helm of state, and an inquisition sitting *capere sententiam* at Whitehall. By-and-by it was whispered from mouth to mouth—and this time the rumour chimed in with the popular taste—that their young prince, disdainful Court etiquette, aspired to win his bride like some knight-errant of old. Poetry and romance still lingered on English ground. A great change was approaching, and already loomed in the distance, but as yet the puritan element was overawed by the gallant and chivalrous spirit that Spenser had clothed in flowing numbers, and Sidney and Raleigh in deeds of heroic daring. So when the Prince of Wales sailed from England with a flowing sheet, and it was bruited abroad that he had adventured a perilous journey for the love of a lady fair, the people applauded, and, despite the drum ecclesiastic sounding through the land, drank success to the Spanish alliance.

At the time this journey to Madrid was planned, one of the most devoted and favoured adherents of the Duke of Buckingham was Sir Edward Listowel. His father had been a favourite of King James, and one of that monarch's earliest customers when he took to speculating in baronetries. In due course of time he died, leaving vast possessions to his only son. Much to Buckingham's chagrin, the King refused to include Listowel in the personal suite of the Prince, and persisted in limiting the number to three: Sir Francis Cottington, Sir Richard Graham, and Endymion Porter. It was therefore finally arranged that Sir Edward should join them in Madrid with Lord Drury, Lord Kensington, Lord Cecil, Lord Howard, and the other young nobles who were to form the Prince's Court. These cavaliers were specially chosen for their gallant bearing and showy accomplishments; yet even among them the apt pupil of the courtly Buckingham, who had acquired both the winning manners and the views of his patron, was almost unrivalled.

In the month of July, 1623, a bull fight was

held in Madrid, for the purpose of displaying the national pastime to the Prince of Wales. These spectacles were always eagerly welcomed by the fair Iberians. The galleries of the bull-ring were the arena for the display of their charms and their toilettes—better adapted to the national character than the ball-room and opera of modern times. Like the fair dames in some tournament of old, they smiled approval upon the gallant feats of their preux chevaliers in the enclosure, and their full Cleopatra-like order of beauty, most effective when in repose, was suited to the position. The Spanish cavaliers were not sorry for an opportunity of eclipsing for the nonce their English rivals who had attracted far too much attention. The romantic errand of the Prince had turned the heads of the young ladies in Madrid, and his retinue fell in for no small share of his popularity. As foreigners, they were to some extent regarded as privileged persons, and held excused from many of the niceties of Spanish etiquette, so adroitly framed to throw impediments in the way of speedy acquaintance. It may easily be supposed that the Spanish *Hidalgos* by no means approved of these arrangements; indeed the chief enjoyment they promised to themselves in this bull-fight was that for once they would be the sole objects of attraction.

The eventful day arrived. The sun, fast sinking towards the west, shone upon the magnificent appointments of the cavaliers, superbly mounted on Andalusian steeds, as one by one they entered the arena. The galleries were filled with all the beauty of Madrid. Jewels flashed, plumes waved, and bright eyes sparkled. But, alas for the cavaliers! it soon became painfully evident that the attractions of a bull-fight could not compare with the novelty of a Prince-errant, and that glances which ought to have rewarded the prowess of the champions were monopolised by the gallery assigned to the Prince and his attendants.

As for the strangers, they were warmly interested in the spectacle, and enthusiastically applauded the superb horsemanship and cool daring of the combatants. No one was more engrossed by the scene than Sir Edward Listowel, until, leaning eagerly forward to get a better view of a close encounter between the infuriated bull and one of the cavaliers, he caught a glimpse of a face partly turned towards him, so beautiful even in that crowd of lovely women, that bull, cavaliers, matadores, and everything else, were at once forgotten. The English Court in King James the First's reign was remarkable for the degree of beauty that adorned it; but Listowel felt in an instant that anything so lovely as this he had never seen. It was a young lady between eighteen and twenty. She was speaking when he first caught sight of her. The sweet musical tone of her voice, the beauty of her lips as her words overflowed, to use Horner's metaphor, the pearl-like enclosure of her teeth, the graceful lines of her figure, resolving themselves with every moment into new and ever-charming combinations, exceeded his wildest ideal of female loveliness. She was the original of the portrait; but then there was health as well as beauty in the cheek, and brightness and animation in the eyes instead of that deep and desolate sadness which strikes the spectator so vividly in those of the picture.

For a few moments Listowel was completely bewildered. But he was not a man to lose his self-possession for long. Habitually cold and cautious, he looked again and again to make sure that his first glance had not deceived him. He scrutinised carefully and critically the peculiar points of her national beauty, mentally reviewing at the same time the ladies of the English and French Courts most celebrated for their charms, and the more he gazed the more he found to admire. "I will wait a little while," thought he, "for an opportunity of addressing her, and if none should occur I must make one." For he it known that Listowel was not one of those lovers who are satisfied with worshipping their divinities at a distance; nor had it ever been his habit to let his admiration remain long unknown to its object. An opportunity, however, did occur, and that shortly.

The combat was progressing vigorously; the bull made a succession of splendid rushes, and the interest of the spectators was excited in a

corresponding degree, when suddenly a thrill of horror appeared to seize the vast multitude, causing it to surge to and fro in wild and uncontrollable excitement. The sparkling countenance of the fair girl whose variations Sir Edward had been admiringly watching became blanched with terror, as she fell back in her seat, and covered her face with her hands. He looked up and sprang to the edge of the gallery to ascertain the cause of the sudden excitement. The bull had cleared with a bound the palisade between the arena and the humbler portion of the spectators, who fled in all directions. But promptly to the rescue came a matadore. One moment his long knife gleamed in the air, the next, the huge animal staggered and dropped at his feet. Loud "Vivas" rent the air; the crowd, more frightened than hurt, gathered round the foam-covered carcass, and Listowel, as he returned to his seat, addressed the young lady in a few appropriate words, begging her to calm her agitation, as the danger was over and no one injured. She withdrew her hands from her eyes, and raising them to the young Englishman, whom she had observed springing forward at the first alarm, answered, "Are you certain, sir? I thought I saw the terrible animal trampling down all before him."

"Fair lady, the sport is over as far as that bull is concerned, and before he could do any mischief he was despatched by one of the matadores.

The conversation once begun, Listowel took good care not to suffer it to languish. He spoke Spanish fluently. His accent, it is true, was unmistakably English, but that very circumstance, indicating that he was attached to the Prince's suite, was, as he knew full well, more likely to advance his suit with any lady in Madrid than if he had been a grandee of the first class. He did not yet know Olivia de la Pena, or he would have felt how little impression things of that sort made on her mind. Donna Olivia was most curious about England and the English, their manners, and modes of thought.

"And they are all heretics?" she asked, crossing herself.

"By far the greater part," answered Sir Edward; "but," he added, for he did not relish the tone in which she had spoken, "those distinctions are things of the past: religious animosities are forgotten; and our Prince is now come over, like some knight of old, to woo the King's sister, whilst the Pope himself is about to sanction their union."

"But still he is a heretic," persisted Donna Olivia, rather giving utterance to her own thoughts than addressing her companion.

"Sits the wind in that quarter," thought Listowel, "it is hard, but I can trim my sails to meet it. He has been educated in the reformed faith," he replied, "but one of the distinctive features of our doctrines is, that they sanction, and even encourage, inquiry. Our religion is instilled into us in youth, but if the judgement of maturer years rejects it, we never hesitate to recant our errors."

"Oh indeed!" exclaimed Olivia; and her cheek kindled, and her eyes flashed, as she turned them upon her companion with an eager, searching look.

Listowel avoided the glance, but he felt it, and thoroughly read its expression.

It was a little more than a month after the scene at the fight, that the light of the waning moon, as it streamed through the trellised entrance of a grotto in the palace-garden of Don Felix de la Pena, discovered a lady and a cavalier. The gentleman was speaking in low and earnest tones. The lady eagerly listened.

"Remember, Olivia," he said, "all that has happened since we met. Through you I have abandoned the faith of my ancestors, and now you would have me act in direct hostility to my Prince. Bitterly opposed as your father is known to be to this marriage, how can one of the Prince's suite demand your hand? No, my love," he continued, softening his voice as he spoke, "our union must be secret. A few months passed, and these negotiations terminated, I can call you mine in the face of the world, and carry you to England, where you will reign the queen of beauty in the Court, and the mistress of my home and happiness."

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On coming to herself, it was naturally supposed that she would be able to throw some light on the matter, but, to the surprise of all, she showed a nervous hesitation hardly to be reconciled with innocence. On further examination, it was found that the secretaire stood wide open, and that a quantity of papers and other articles were lying about in confusion, as if the contents of each drawer had been hastily turned inside out. By this time the police had arrived. With scarcely a moment's hesitation they pronounced that one of the inmates of the house must either have committed the crime, or at least been an accomplice in it. Evidently, also, there had been robbery added to murder; and, therefore, it was thought right to search the boxes of each member of the household. The servants were all willing; but when it came to Ernestine's turn to deliver up her keys, the young lady showed a strange unwillingness to do so. Of course the police persisted, and in a very little time discovered a large sum of money and several jewels belonging to the murdered lady carefully secreted at the bottom of her box.

"How does mademoiselle account for this money?" was the first question put to her.

"I do not know—I cannot tell—pray—do not ask me," was the hesitating reply.

The suspicions already attached to her were now considerably strengthened, and the police only discharged their duty in arresting her. The case was tried, and Ernestine Lamont found guilty.

A young lawyer named Bernard, whose knowledge of Ernestine's previous character made it very hard for him to believe her guilty, resolved to see her. After some little difficulty, permission was granted him to visit the condemned in prison. But if he went thither with any faith in her innocence, he left the prison without doubt of her guilt. Her answers to his questions were evasive and unsatisfactory.

On reaching home late that evening, he found a note lying on his table. It was from Ernestine, and ran as follows:

My dear friend,—I feel that I owe you at least some explanation for my strange conduct, and will therefore put you in possession of the facts of the case. It is only forestalling my intention. This letter would have been delivered to you after my death

You are aware of the circumstances which made me regard the baroness as a mother. You are aware, too, of her husband's fatal propensity to the gaming-table, a passion which in course of time led to an estrangement between them. The baroness was very beautiful, and still young, and failing to find that love and affection which she had hoped her husband would show her, formed an unfortunate intrigue. I was horror-struck when she informed me of this; but it was not for me to blame her. As might be expected, no good could possibly result from this attachment. Her lover proved unworthy of her confidence, and succeeded, whether by threats or by menaces, I know not, in obtaining from her large sums of money. It was but a few days before her death that she confided this to me, and at the same time begged me to take care of her jewels and money for her in my box, as she dreaded lest her sordid lover should obtain possession of them. The last time I saw her alive was on the night she went to the Opera. At what hour she returned I know not, for she always had a private key with her. The rest you know.

"Hence, dear friend, you will understand my reluctance to have my boxes searched; and my evasive answers as to the money and jewels found in them.

"Had I told the truth, should I have been believed? No! And how could I say anything that would dishonour the good name of one who has been more than a mother to me? Besides, I did not know even the name of her secret lover, and I had never seen him. No; it is better as it is. I am ready to die. My secret to all save you, shall die with me. That you believe in my innocence is the only comfort I have left me.

"Your unhappy friend,

ERNESTINE."

"Thank God!" murmured the young man, pressing the paper to his lips. "Henceforth, I

will devote my life to prove your innocence to the world. God grant it may not yet be too late!"

Late though it was, Bernard at once repaired to the prefect's house, and after some difficulty procured admission. The prefect fortunately happened to be an old friend of Bernard's father, and it was because of this that the young man was admitted at so late an hour.

"But, my good friend," said the old man, after patiently listening to all he had to say, "believe me, it is a useless task; there is no doubt that the young woman is guilty either as principal or as accomplice. Still, as you so earnestly wish it, you shall be permitted to search the apartments of the murdered lady. And now good night," he added with a smile, "and let me hear the result of your investigations."

Early the next morning, Bernard, accompanied by a gendarme, repaired to the baroness's house. Everything lay exactly as it had been left on the fatal morning; for the house had been and was still in the custody of the police. Not a drawer, nor a cupboard escaped Bernard's notice. There was no violence visible on the windows, as if forcible admission had been gained from the outside. Nothing, in fact, presented itself which gave the slightest clue to the mystery.

The search had now occupied several hours, and Bernard felt that it was useless to remain there any longer. With a sad and heavy heart, therefore, he proceeded to leave the apartment. But in passing out into the entree, which was quite dark, his foot struck against something, which, on taking up, he found to be a hat. Thinking it belonged to the baron, he was about to hang it up with the others on the peg from which he supposed it to have fallen.

"That hat, monsieur, if you please; I do not remember to have seen it before. It is strange," remarked the gendarme, as he compared the hat in question with the others that hung up in the entree; "it is larger, and of a different shape to them!"

"Let me have it, my good friend; I will show it to the prisoner. If it should chance to belong to this secret lover of the murdered lady!" thought Bernard to himself, as he hurriedly drove to the prison.

Ernestine was anxiously expecting to see her friend, for he had promised to visit her that day again; and she wished to learn from his own lips whether he still believed in her innocence.

"Do you know this hat, Ernestine?" said Bernard, on entering the cell.

"That hat—good Heavens!—it is the very hat which the baron had on the night he left Paris," said Ernestine, in an excited manner.

"Impossible!—we compared it with the other hats—and this is much larger. I believe it belonged to the baroness's lover—"

"No—no—a thousand times no—it is the baron's—he bought it the very day he left. It was too large for him, and he asked me to put some wadding under the lining for him—see—if it be not there!"

"But, Ernestine, it must be fancy on your part—this hat never belonged to the baron! But—stay—you are right," added Bernard, as, on turning up the lining, the wadding fell out, and with it a piece of paper which had been used to add a little to its thickness. It was a bill written by the landlord of an hotel at Strasburg, made out in the baron's name, for a week's board and lodging. It was dated April 7,—just fourteen days after his departure from Paris.

Ernestine and Bernard looked at each other for a few moments in silence, as strange thoughts passed through the minds of each.

That it was the baron's hat was now proved—but how did it come there? Had he returned to Paris secretly before the murder? Was he the murderer?

Ernestine turned deadly pale.

"Do you suppose that the baron—" she gasped.

"Is the murderer?" added Bernard, finishing the sentence. "Yes! I do. But I will go at once to the prefect."

For the first time since her condemnation a faint ray of hope was kindled in Ernestine's heart. The sight of Bernard, her old friend in happier days, had indeed excited a wish to live in her young breast.

"How thankful I am I did not say anything at the trial. The good God will protect me!"

Bernard now left the prison and hastened to the house of the prefect.

"Well! and what did you find?" asked the old man, smiling sadly at his young friend, who rushed into the room without waiting to be announced.

"Be good enough to examine this hat," said Bernard, as he handed it to him, and recounted to him the manner in which he had found it, and what Ernestine had subsequently told him.

"Her husband!—he the murderer! Yes, it is plain—and we have been accusing an innocent girl!" ejaculated the prefect, carefully examining the hat; "but leave me now; I must think it over. But let me urge secrecy on you, and depend on me."

To be continued.

DIAMOND AND ROSES.

A DAM Smith, in his "Wealth of Nations," shows, in a few simple words, the value of the diamond. Contrasting it with water, from the very purest of which the diamond receives its best name and recommendation, he remarks that, though nothing is so useful as water, it will purchase scarcely anything. It will purchase very little money: only a small amount of coin or any other commodity can be had in exchange for it. On the other hand, a diamond has scarcely any value in use; but a great quantity of coin or other goods may be had in exchange for it. The difference between value in use and value in exchange could not be more lucidly explained to the very meanest capacity.

But the diamond belongs as much to the poet as to the statistician or the political economist. Pope has chosen to draw his contrast, too—not between the diamond and water, but between the gem and a flower:—

Tho' the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the gem above the flow'r.

This judgment, however unquestioned it may have been in the saloons of the "great Anna" and "great Brunswick" periods, will hardly be accepted now. There is no stronger effort of the sun in giving brilliancy to the diamond than there is in giving colour to the rose. The "blush" of the one and the "blaze" of the other are equal as the result of effort, for each is of God's work and of God's will. Whatever may be the difference of their value in exchange, we know that a single rose in the hair of a fair young girl adds more to the adornment of her person than a string of diamonds. Is not the blush of an innocent, happy girl a more delicious thing to see than the blaze of the most profusely diamonded woman? And then, chemists now are said to be able to reduce the diamond to its primitive charcoal; but rose-leaves are still rose-leaves; though dead, their odour is a delicious memory of the bygone "time of roses."

Girls should be like the flowers that adorn them—pure to the sight and sweet in memory. Bright, but impenetrably hard, diamonds teem with peril to their wearers. There is a charm in them, St. Ambrose says, which is not known to those who bear their yoke. Women who wear diamonds, said the saint, may be as bright and dazzling as the gems, but their hearts, assuredly, will grow as hard.

Such are the opinions of political economist, poet, and saint, on diamonds, in various lights. The fact is, that they are very excellent and useful things at fitting seasons and on fitting persons. Even to most fitting persons every season is not fitting. They become the Queen on her throne in the Palace of Westminster; but her Majesty would herself laugh at the idea of wearing them when she is seated at her spinning-wheel. So with other ladies, high, but less high than this in the social scale; yet, to all these ladies, and to all others, during every hour of waking life, the rose is becoming and in season; and in respect of such suitableness, we justly set the gem below the flower.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

It follows, as a necessary consequence of the manner in which it was proposed to treat the subject of Chemistry in the last paper, viz., by analysis, that to be consistent the beginning must be with some process of such simplicity, that the principles on which its operation is effected shall be obvious to all persons. Let the student, then, be assured that, by doing exactly as he is told, and working out the various analyses which will be furnished him, he will lay the foundation of sound chemical knowledge.

Analysis means a loosening or separation of parts, and is the reverse of synthesis, which means the combination of parts into a compound. To accomplish analysis, chemists have recourse either to *solution* or *fusion*,—the former being more frequently employed; and water being invariably used whenever it is capable of dissolving the substance to be analysed. If water fail, recourse is had to alcohol, ether, acids, alkaline leys, &c.

LESSON I.

A MIXTURE OF SALT AND SUGAR BEING GIVEN—TO SEPARATE THEM.

Materials Required to Perform this Experiment.—Some teacups or tumblers; some glass rods; a few strips of window-glass, the thinner the better, 4 inches by $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch; a glass retort; a spirit lamp; a saucepan; a saucer; some alcohol.

Take of sugar finely powdered and salt, as much of each as will lie on a ten cent piece, and mix intimately; the foregoing quantity will be sufficient,—the great fault with young chemists being, their operating on too large a quantity, which not only embarrasses them, but is also too expensive.

It is evident that water cannot be used to separate the salt from the sugar, as both are equally soluble in it; therefore, some solvent must be procured that will *act only on one ingredient*: this solvent is alcohol (high wines), which dissolves sugar, but will not dissolve salt.

Put the alcohol into a retort, and apply heat from the spirit lamp until it boils. Take care to apply the flame of the lamp gradually; and also see that the wick of the spirit-lamp does not touch the glass retort. Pour the alcohol, whilst hot, on the mixture of salt and sugar in a cup or tumbler: stir well together: allow it to settle, and then pour off the clear part. Repeat this operation until a portion of the liquor dropped upon a glass slip evaporates without leaving any stain. It will be found that the alcohol has dissolved out the sugar, leaving the salt behind. Evaporate the alcoholic solution of the sugar by means of a steam-bath, in the following manner:—Take a saucepan; and having put some water into it, cause the water to boil. Put the solution into a saucer, and place the saucer on the mouth of the saucepan,—the escaping steam will cause the alcohol to evaporate, and the sugar will be found adhering to the saucer. A stronger heat would act injuriously on the sugar.

LESSON II.

A MIXTURE OF SALT AND STARCH BEING GIVEN—TO SEPARATE THEM.

Apparatus and Materials Required.—Some nitric acid (about $\frac{1}{2}$ an oz.) in a stoppered bottle; two test-tubes; some stop-basins; a tea-saucer; some distilled water; a solution of nitrate of silver, 10 grains to the fluid oz. of distilled water, in a glass stoppered bottle; some ammonia in a stoppered bottle.

Having made a mixture, as before, only that the student may take about as much of each as will lie on a quarter dollar, proceed thus:—

Add cold distilled water to the mixture in a tumbler, and agitate well; allow it to stand; then pour off the clear supernatant liquor, and repeat the washing. That it may be known when all the salt is dissolved out, take a slip of window-glass *absolutely clean*, drop on it some of the last washing. Take a glass rod, moisten its end with a little nitrate of silver solution, and plunge it into the bead of water on the slip. If all the salt has been dissolved out by the first washing, no change will appear in the drop on the slip; but if some salt still remains, a peculiar white cloudiness will be seen. Continue to add cold distilled water to the mixture as before, until a drop of fluid coming from the tumbler no longer produces a white cloudiness with nitrate of silver. Take the basin containing the solution of salt, put it in a hot oven, covering it loosely with paper to prevent the issues of dust. Allow all the

water to evaporate, when the salt will be found attached to the sides of the basin, crystallised. Hence, the starch remaining in the tumbler, *cold water* not acting on it, and the salt remaining in the basin, these two substances have been separated.

It was assumed that the cups, glasses, &c., in the preceding experiments were all perfectly clean. They are now no longer so, and must be made clean before using again. Absolute lustrous cleanliness cannot be impressed too strongly on the young chemist; and wanting this, persons never succeed as chemists. The test nitrate of silver is so delicate, that it is capable of indicating the presence of a grain of common salt diffused through a hoghead of water. The following experiment will suffice to make evident this assertion. Nitrate of silver produces no whiteness with pure distilled water. Add a drop to some distilled water, and observe that there is no change in the water. Now pour a tablespoonful of the distilled water over the arm several times, collecting it in a dish as it flows off. By this means the water will have dissolved off any soluble matter in the skin, of which matters common salt is one. Test the water so employed now, with a drop or two of the nitrate of silver, and the same white curdy appearance will be observed. After duly weighing this experiment, there will be no marvel at the importance chemists attach to perfect cleanliness in the vessels used. This white curdy appearance, the result of touching common salt with nitrate of silver, is a compound of silver with chlorine, and therefore termed *chloride of silver*. The chemical name for common salt is chloride of sodium—a compound of chlorine and the metal sodium, the rust or oxide of which metal is the caustic soda sold by druggists, not the carbonate of soda. Nitrate of silver is silver combined with nitric acid; and on adding the nitrate of silver to the common salt, the chlorine of the salt leaves it and combines with the silver, setting the nitric acid free, which combines with the soda; so that we have two new compounds, chloride of silver, the white curdy precipitate already met with, and nitrate of soda, which remains in solution. Take some of this white curdy precipitate, chloride of silver, put in into a test-tube and add water; agitate, and remark that the white mass is quite insoluble in water, hot or cold: pour off the water, allowing the chloride of silver to remain at the bottom. Add a little nitric acid,—the chloride still is insoluble. Twist a bit of paper around the test-tube so as to form a handle, and apply the heat of the spirit-lamp; still the chloride remains insoluble; in point of fact, no solid will dissolve it. Take another test-tube, place a little of the chloride in it, and half fill the tube with distilled water; pour in a few drops of ammonia, and immediately it will be found the chloride dissolves. A number of important tests will be impressed on the mind of the young chemist from the foregoing experiments.

- 1st. That alcohol dissolves sugar, but not salt.
- 2nd. That starch is insoluble in *cold* water.
- 3rd. That neither hot nor cold water will dissolve chloride of silver.
- 4th. That nitric acid will not dissolve chloride of silver.
- 5th. That ammonia dissolves chloride of silver.

And, lastly, That nitrate of silver is a test for chlorine, throwing down a white curdy precipitate. To cleanse the apparatus in the foregoing experiments, it is evident these vessels which contain the sugar or salt may be cleansed by water, the final rinsing being performed by distilled water; while the vessels which contained the chloride of silver must be cleaned by a solution of ammonia,—the final washing in every case being performed by distilled water. As for the starch, we have a few words for it in the next paper.

J. W. F.

NOTE.—The chemicals, &c., required for the above experiments may be procured at any druggist's establishment.

PASTIMES.

BACKGAMMON.

As a game of mingled chance and skill, Backgammon has always been a favourite. Its lineage is highly respectable; for the ancient game of "Tables," played by our Saxon ancestors, is almost identical with it. Antiquarians say that the name is derived from two Saxon words—*baic* or *bac*, and *gamme* the "back-game," because the whole theory of the game consists in the players bringing their men back from the antagonists' table into their own; or because the pieces are taken up and obliged to go back; that is re-enter at the table they come from.

Backgammon is played by two persons on a board divided in the centre, and marked in divisions, called

"tables." Each of these tables has six points alternatingly black and white, or blue and red. Thus there are in all twenty-four points, twelve on each side. These points are numbered on each side from one to twelve; and in place of the French equivalents for our numbers are usually employed.

Most folding draught-boards have their interiors arranged for Backgammon; but a sheet of card-board, with the points drawn, will serve equally well. The instruments with which the game is played are—first, the board, then fifteen draughtmen for each player, and lastly a dice-box and two dice. The motive and object of the game is to bear or carry off your own men from your adversary's tables into your own inner table—technically called "bringing them home"—and thence removing them from the table. He who first succeeds in "bearing" or moving his men off the board wins the game. This is done by the throwing of two dice alternately by each player, and according to the number of pips on the face of the dice so thrown, his men are moved from point to point.

In the first place you must set the board. The players have each fifteen men, which are thus placed: two on your adversary's ace point on his inner table; five upon the sixth point of his outer table; five upon the sixth point of your own inner table, and three upon the outer cinque point of your outer table. The pieces or men are placed in precisely corresponding positions on each side of the board.

TECHNICAL TERMS.

To properly play Backgammon, you must acquaint yourself with its various *technical terms*. As already stated, French words are used for most of the numbers—*ace* for one, *deux* for two, (*trois* or *trois*) for three, *quatre* for four, *cinq* for five, and *six* for six.

Backgammon. The entire game won.
Bearing your Men. Removing them from the table.
Bar. The division between the tables.
Bar-point. The point next the bar.
Blot. A single man on a point.
Doublets. Two diebros like value, as when two aces, fours, &c., are thrown face upward.
Getting home. The bringing your men from your adversary's tables into your own.
Gammon. The winning of two points out of the three which constitute the game.
Hit. The removing of all your men before your opponent has succeeded in doing so.
Home. The player's inner table.
Making Points. The winning of bits.
Men. The pieces or draughts used in the game.
To enter. The placing of a man again on the board after he has been excluded by the point being already occupied.

HOW TO PLAY.

The first move is determined by the throw of a single die, the highest thrower commencing. The points on the board are counted from one to six in each of the four compartments respectively, each player commencing from the point on the table opposite to him.

The game then goes on. The player may adopt and play the point and number of the preliminary throw; but if he do not then he throws out both dice, and according to the number of pips shown on the dice, he moves two of his men farther on; or he may move a single man to a point indicated by the pips on the second die. The move is always made in one direction—from your adversary's inner table, over the bar, through his outer table.

The first player's move completed, his opponent throws, and moves his men in a similar manner, and so on alternately till the game is won by the men of one or the other side being all removed from their board. If there is but one man on a point, the opposite party may play one or more of his men on that point, having previously taken his opponent's man; the latter must then be entered on some one of the points of the adversary's inner table, before its owner can continue his game. The more points the adversary has closed in this inner table, the fewer the throws of the dice which will enable the man that has been taken to enter.

Double aces count four, and enable the player (say white) to move two men from 8 white to 7 white, and two from 6 white to 5 white, which covers the bar-point (seven), and also covers the cinque point in your inner table. Suppose your next throw to be five and six, you would play the five from 12 black to 8 white, and so cover the blot before left, and you would likewise play the six from 12 black to your bar-point. Pairs always count double. Double sixes, therefore, enable you to move four men, each one six points forward. You may either move four together (say from 12 black to 7 white) or two together, as, say, 2 from 12 black to your adversary's bar-point (7), and two from 12 black to 7 white, your own bar point. Or you may move the men singly—a man from 12 black to 1 white in your own inner table, presuming that your opponent had left that point open.

We might go on with a number of illustrations of the method of playing Backgammon; but they would probably rather bewilder than assist the amateur. We therefore content ourselves with a few bits of necessary advice.

Do not crowd your game by placing too many men on the deux or trois points on your own table, as by that means you lose those men by not having them to play. Make a few blots occasionally, as the chances are they will not be hit. Two of your opponent's men in your table are better for a hit than any greater number. Always endeavour to prevent your adversary from bearing his men to advantage when you are trying to serve a gammon.

A DOCTOR OF DIVINITY.—"I am attending a lady who is a perfect goddess of beauty," remarked Dr. Snobbs to Dr. Hobbs. "Then," said Hobbs, who was clever at repartee, "you are no longer a medico, but a Doctor of Divinity."

THE SATURDAY READER.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,

"HALF A MILLION OF MONEY,"

written by the author of "Barbara's History" for *All the Year Round*, edited by CHARLES DICKENS.

PEACE OR WAR.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

WAR with England! war between England and the United States! Do those who so glibly utter these words picture to themselves their terrible import and the ruinous results that would flow from such an event? We think they do not, we hope they do not, and that these threats in which our neighbours so frequently indulge, proceed from the excitement of the recent contest with the South, and the excitement over its successful termination, rather than from any serious wish or intention on the part of any one fit to live out of a lunatic asylum, to attack Britain or her possessions, at home or abroad. England has abundantly proved her determination to avoid, if possible, a serious collision with her pugnacious offspring; and we will not do the latter the injustice to suspect that her desire for peace has had anything to do with the denunciations daily launched against her by the writers and orators of the Union. Surely our cousins have had plenty of fighting of late. A nation may get a surfeit of glory as of other good things. We have ourselves no extreme veneration for laurels that are steeped in blood, especially in kindred blood; but tastes differ, and we do not pretend to blame those who take a different view of the matter. These then, may enjoy the *certaminis gaudia*, "the rapture of the fight," to their heart's content; yet, as a familiar proverb says, enough is as good as a feast—even of war and battle. What could the people of the United States gain in the way of glory, by fighting England, that they do not possess already? They insist that they thrashed her to rags in the war of 1812. If it will relieve their bursting bosoms, no one will object to their declaring that they frightened her into fits in 1865. As Lord Derby would say, it will please them, and do her no harm; while fighting would certainly injure both.

But this is a grave subject, and ought to be seriously treated. War between the United States and England would, in the first place,

involve the destruction of the commercial marine of the nations, and the transfer of their shipping to other countries. The war-risks of insurance alone, independently of the risk of capture, would make this a certainty, if we are to judge from the mischief done to American commerce by one or two Southern cruisers, during the troubles with the South. With scores of Alabamas and Floridas scouring every sea, no merchantman of either of the belligerents could leave port without the most imminent danger of seizure before it had scarcely lost sight of land. No war on land could be so destructive of property as this would be, without taking into consideration the other consequence we have alluded to, that, namely, of placing the carrying trade of the ocean in the hands of those who would be but too ready to take advantage of a chance of enriching themselves at the expense of the two combatants madly bent on ruining each other. This circumstance of itself, without reference to many others, ought to make war between England and the United States all but impossible, and cannot fail to influence every reflecting man of the two nations in continuing peaceful relations between them as being equally the interest of both. In fact, it is not merely desirable that they should cultivate such relations; it is absolutely necessary that they should do so, if they would maintain their high position among the great powers of the world. The present age repudiates the old doctrine, that injury to the commerce of one people is beneficial to that of another people which chooses to consider itself its rival. England and the United States have nothing to gain by war, but everything by peace. So confident are we that this is the light in which the majority in both countries will eventually regard the matter, that we will venture to predict that intimate as the alliance is which now exists between England and France, there is greater danger of war between France and England, than between the United States and England.

We will not repeat the many fine things that have been said and sung in denunciation of quarrels among men of the same race, speaking the same language, once living under the same laws and institutions, with much moral commonplace of the like kind. We know that such quarrels have been frequent in all ages, and we also know that they are bitter beyond anything exhibited in the disputes of communities or individuals bearing no such affinity to each other. The blood of Cain still flows in the veins of mankind. We shall therefore be neither more nor sentimental on this occasion and subject. Let us be hard and practical instead. We shall suppose that England and the United States are at war. The Americans boast that they can conquer Canada and the sister Provinces in one campaign, and that a short one. They did not conquer them the last time they tried, in four years, but let that pass. Well, these Provinces are conquered,—what then? Is England a soldier or a ship the weaker by this subjugation of an unwilling people? Are the United States stronger by the acquisition? We suspect

that the very contrary would be the truth. The British Parliament and Government have declared, over and over again, that whenever the people of the North American Provinces express a wish to dissolve the existing connection with the mother country, no obstruction will be thrown in the way of the movement. They have only to say the word; and no voice shall be raised, save in kindness, to dissuade them from the course they have resolved to pursue; not a shot would be fired by a British soldier to hold them in forced subjection. They would be allowed the full benefit of State Rights, according to the Southern reading of that vexed doctrine; and secession, though it might be a folly, would not be a crime, punished by the sword, or confiscation or the scaffold. It is a country so situated that the fiery spirits in the United States would fain wrench from England at the cost of a war in which colonial hands would neither be weak nor idle. But to resume: What would be the next step in the war? There would be endless contests at sea; and, as we have already shown, the commerce of the two countries would be utterly ruined. This could not be allowed to last long, and the combatants must come to a death grapple on land. This it is not easy to effect, the vital parts of the respective countries being divided by some three thousand miles of water, the one from the other. The ocean can, indeed, be crossed; but not easily with a numerous army which would, if attacked in crowded ships, be slaughtered like sheep. But this is a point which we cannot discuss at length, and which cannot be explained except by widely digressing from the main subject of our remarks. These propositions in connection with it are, however, self-evident. First, That in the present day, no single one of the great maritime powers can secure the exclusive command of the ocean. 2nd, That England could not invade the United States, nor the United States invade England, with any effect, except with an immense army, which, in either case, would have to cross the Atlantic. 3rd, That if sent across in detachments, they would be cut off in detail, before the whole force could assemble; and if they crossed in a body, they would, if attacked by a naval force, even inferior to that which escorted them, suffer serious if not fatal loss, from a determined enemy pouring his shot into their ranks, cooped within the limited space of a ship's deck and bold. This is the great danger which invading expeditions by sea have had to encounter or dread, which led to the overthrow of Philip the Second's great Armada, and which deterred Napoleon from persisting in the invasion of England.

We shall conclude with a few hints offered in all friendliness to the fire-eaters among our neighbours, who tell us that they thirst for a war with England, as the hart thirsts for the water-brooks. They imagine that the Navy they extemporised in the course of the late civil war is so numerous and powerful that the English navy would be wholly unable to cope with it. They are mistaken. England is the workshop of the world;

and the shop that turns out the best articles of hardware, from a tea-kettle to a steam-engine, will turn out the best iron-clad ship of war. She has a long purse too, and it is well filled with the accumulated wealth of centuries, which every man throughout the land is prepared to expend in her defence, if need be. If she has not many soldiers of her own, considering the extent of her dominions and the space over which they are scattered, she has money, and can hire soldiers and sailors, as the United States did for the last four years. What the one has done the other can do, and will do, or we are greatly mistaken, when the necessity arises. We have no fears for England, whoever may force a quarrel on her. Her foes have always had reason to regret their enmity to her; and Americans, without being superstitious, might take warning from the lessons of the last three centuries in that respect. Spain, when the first nation in Europe, attempted to invade and conquer England; and historians admit that the downfall of Spain dates from the defeat of the great Armada. Louis the Fourteenth of France sought to make her his vassal, and the victories of Marlborough sent the once great king—all his glory departed from him—to a dishonoured grave. Louis the Sixteenth aided the American colonies in their war of independence, and he died by the guillotine; the French republic made war on her, and it fell. Napoleon the First pursued her with implacable hatred, and the crowning victory of Waterloo consigned him to exile and death on a barren rock in the Atlantic. The restored Bourbons sent an army to Spain in opposition to the wishes and policy of the English Government, and shortly after, the old Bourbons were chased for ever from the soil of France. Louis Philippe overreached England in the matter of the Spanish marriages, and we soon see him a fugitive like the elder branch of his family. Many of these may be mere coincidences, but they are not the less curious, and we could recount many more of the same sort. We trust we may not have to crown the list, some of these days, with a melancholy incident connected with the history of the United States of North America.

REVIEWS.

Books for review should be forwarded, as soon as published, to the Editor, SATURDAY READER, Montreal.

"ON THE EFFECTS OF EMIGRATION."

This is the heading which Dr. Draper has affixed to the second chapter, or part, of his "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America." The subject of Emigration is one on which a great deal has been written; it has occupied the attention of Rulers and Statesmen from the very earliest ages, of which we have any historic knowledge. Sacred history furnishes us with many interesting details of the undertakings—successes and failures—hopes and disappointments—of the emigrating Hebrew tribes. The history of the Roman Empire is full of information relating to emigration and colonization. Greece owed her greatness chiefly to the extent and importance of her colonial possessions. Spain in the meridian of her greatness pointed with pride to the vast colonies she had created. Emigration has made and unmade half the nations of the earth, has blotted out whole races of human beings, and re-peopled entire continents. Indeed, it is now generally admitted that the present European race owes its existence to the warlike emigrations of an Arabic tribe, who carried its invading columns through that continent in a northwesterly direction, pressing before it the aborigines, who receded un-

til they were stopped by the sea. It is not to be wondered at, then, that a subject of such prodigious importance should have engaged the attention of the most eminent men of all times.

Our author has attempted, and not without some degree of success, to do what few writers would be bold enough—should we say brave enough—to undertake or capable of accomplishing. None but an extraordinarily comprehensive mind could successfully grapple with a subject of such limitless extent. To write a history of the past emigration of the whole world; to examine the particular causes, which, in each instance, lead to it, to analyze the character of the emigrants, or rather of the particular grade from which each emigrating column was drawn; to describe accurately the form it assumed in each special case, whether it was individual or tribal, peaceful or warlike; to represent the peculiar result in each distinct instance and the general result of the whole, with adequate reasons for those results, is a task of such remarkable proportions that it might well excite the ambition of a great man; yet our author has attempted even more than this. He has not, it is true, travelled over the whole ground as an historian would, but he has passed over in a balloon, and if he has not produced an elaborate historical picture, he has at least furnished an interesting and beautiful bird's-eye view. But he has not stopped here, he is not content with an historic view of the past, but sets about sketching a prophetic view of the future: and it is this part of his work which, for us, possesses the most practical interest. We will try to "take a photograph in miniature" of our author's prophetic picture.

The United States will in future be subject to four classes of emigration. First, European emigration to the Atlantic States. Second, internal emigration from the Atlantic States to the West. Third, internal emigration from the Atlantic States to the South. Fourth, Asiatic emigration to the Pacific States. The influence of modern, that is, individual, emigration—both on the society from which it issues and that into which it emerges—depends chiefly on the particular grade from which the emigrants are drawn. Our author adopts the same view of the composition of society as that set forth by Machiavelli. He, too, divides it into three orders. A superior order, who understand things through their own unassisted mental powers; an intermediate order, who understand things when they are explained to them; a lower order, who do not understand at all. Now if the drain of emigration is on the lower class, who pass through life in a state of monotonous slumber, who think in monosyllables—the effect upon the society is imperceptible. This class being very numerous, its self-multiplying force will more than compensate for any loss which can possibly take place through emigration. The effect of this class of emigrants precipitating themselves upon a comparatively new society, like that of the New England States, is greatly to retard its intellectual, though it may advance its material progress. This, together with the fact that the internal emigration to the Western States is drawn about equally from all grades of New England society, accounts—so our author says—for the remark so often made that the intellectual progress of the Atlantic States is not in a ratio with their material advancement. If the drain of emigration is on the higher or intellectual order, it is very detrimental to the society. This is evidenced in the case of Spain, whose "best and bravest" were drawn out of the country by the discoveries of Columbus. Spain was at that time the most intellectual, as well as the most powerful nation in Europe. What is she now? The internal emigration from New England to the West seems to be most satisfactory. It is, as we have said before, derived in about equal proportions from each of the three grades of society: the intellectual—the intermediate—the lower—it is, in fact, a transferring of an already formed society to a new and remarkably rich country, with a favourable climate, and no inferior race with which to become intermingled and debased. The Western States must advance, both intellectually and materially, faster than any other part of the Union. The South, however, possesses the most interest at the present time. Leaving aside the bitterness of feeling which now exists between the white population of the South and the North,—a feeling which will probably soon pass away as it did between the various parties engaged in the last rebellion in England,—our author proceeds to speculate on the probable effects of Northern emigration to the South, and also of the possible admixture of African and American blood. The former is to have a most beneficial effect on the state of

Southern white society. It is to impart activity to a race whose sameness of ideas and interests—produced by an equableness of climate—had greatly retarded its intellectual and material progress, had created partial stagnation. As regards the latter, or intermingling of African blood, the numbers of blacks and whites being so disproportionate, and becoming more and more so every year, the result will be "purposeless," whatever meaning may be attached to that expression. Our author believes that, at the close of the present century, the white population of the Union will reach ninety millions, and the coloured only nine; this will save the Republic, otherwise it would be in imminent danger, as may be seen by the following paragraph:

"It is not consistent with the prosperity of a nation to permit heterogeneous mixtures of races that are physiologically far apart. Their inferior product becomes a dead weight on the body politic. If Italy was for a thousand years after the extinction of the true Roman race a scene of anarchy, its hybrid inhabitants being unable to raise it from its degradation, how indescribably deplorable must the condition be where there has been a mortal adulteration with African blood."

The fourth class of emigrants which is to find a home in the Republic will be more dangerous to its welfare than the coloured population. They will be drawn from the lower orders of China, Japan, and India. They will carry with them to the coast of the Pacific their native superstitions, their native ideas about religion; and they will endeavour to introduce polygamy. Dr. Draper's ideas on this point will be understood in his own words:

"With Eastern blood will necessarily come Eastern thoughts, and the attempt at Eastern social habits. I have already referred to the political power of polygamic institutions. It must not be forgotten that they are in accordance with the sentiments of Asiatics. Especially, also, should it be borne in mind that they have already obtained a firm root in Utah. There is imminent danger of the spread of those institutions in the West. As men approach the confines of Asia, they seem to be affected by its moral atmosphere."

"Whatever may at present be the strength of the sentiment of disapproval or even of detestation with which we regard polygamy, we can not conceal from ourselves the strong temptations that will arise for its adoption in the West. We should remember how easily and how often, in an evil hour, great and even religious communities may be led astray. Our present abhorrence of this vice is no greater than was the abhorrence of human slavery in England a few years ago. Yet, because of a contingent political advantage—the division and consequent neutralization of a maritime rival—that country forgot her noblest philanthropic traditions, and arrayed herself in moral support of the slave power in America."

"Warned by such a conspicuous example, we need not be surprised if hereafter there should be politicians—statesmen I will not call them—who may see in an extension of the practices of Utah a solution of the portentous problem of the admixture of the Pacific races. As the Saracens Arabized the north of Africa in the course of a very few years, they may believe that it is possible to Americanize those races."

"Fifty years ago it would have been thought incredible that a polygamic state should exist in the midst of Christian communities of European descent; and yet a community, whose foundation rests on a religious imposture, has carried before our eyes that institution into practical effect, and is at last becoming rich and powerful."

"There is always a probability of the public adoption of political ideas when they concur with the interests or passions of those to whom they are addressed, and conversely, it is from a want or such a concordance that attempts at reformation and elevation of the ideas of men so often prove failures."

To be Continued.

NEXT week we shall present our readers with a charming new song, translated from the German. It is by the well known and prolific song writer, Abt, composer of "When the Swallows Home-ward Fly." To those who have only indulged in what are called "popular songs of the day," the accompaniments may possibly, at first sight, appear a little difficult; but if a little care be only bestowed upon "getting it up," the beautiful tone colouring surrounding the melody will amply repay the trouble of practice.

* "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America," by John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers; Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

ARE there no lilies on Havering Pond,
Under the elm-tree boughs?
Many a coal
Are there no maidens fair and fond
Left in the manor-house?
Never a one.

Are there no tufts of London-pride
Under John Watson's wall?
Many a one!

Bath be no sons still by his side,
To answer the old man's call?
Never a one.

Are there no cattle on Fielden Farm,
No doves in the dove-cote still?
Many a one!

And how many friends sit snug and warm
Round the ingle of Father Will?
Never a one.

Are there no people in Havering Church
At matins and evening prayer?
Many a one!

And the parson who planted that silver birch,
Are he and his house still there?
Never a one.

Do the tall flags yet rustle and wave
In the water above the mill?
Many a one!

And the flowers that grew upon Laura's grave,
Doth any one tend them still?
Never a one.

ARTHUR J. MURBY.

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

The two Jesuits, Father Biard and Father Masse, sailed from Dieppe, on the 26th of Jan., 1611. The voyage lasted four months, and they came to land first, at Campeau, from which cause they were afterwards forced to sail near the coast, and to experience delay in many places. This coast, as far as Port Royal, was about 120 leagues in extent. In their route they met Champlain, who about the end of April, was battling his way among the ice-floes, making for Quebec. These floes were frightful, and to gain a passage for the ship, it was necessary to break them with bars and levers fixed in the bow of the vessel. In some places they saw ice-bergs from thirty to forty fathoms in height; "in bulk as large as if many castles were joined together, or; so to speak, as if the church of Notre Dame of Paris, with a part of its island, houses and palaces, were floating on the surface of the water." The Jesuits arrived at Port Royal* on the 22nd of June, 1611, the day of Pentecost. There was great joy on their arrival; the Sieur de Potrin-court was delighted. He had been in great uneasiness all winter, for having had with him twenty-three persons, without enough provisions to feed them, he had been forced to send some of them away to live among the savages. For six or seven weeks food had failed those who remained with him, and without the assistance of the savages there was every likelihood that all the company would have perished. But the succour that the new arrival brought, could barely be called succour at all, because the ship's company numbered thirty-six, which added to the twenty-three at Port Royal, made fifty-nine persons who found themselves every day at de Potrin-court's table, besides a savage chief named Membertou, his daughter and his son-in-law.—Added to this, the ship had been a long time on the sea, and the provisions were now very much diminished, besides the vessel was all; only fifty or sixty tons, and more fitted for fishing than for carrying passengers. On this occasion it was for de Potrin-court to think rather how he might send back to France this large family, lest it should consume everything, than to procure merchandize and fish, in which, nevertheless, lay all hope of supply for the second voyage. Still he could not wholly refrain from trading, because it was necessary to make money to pay the wages of his servants, and aid his purposes in France. With this view, then, he left in his own ship, some days after the arrival of the vessel that brought the Jesuits, and, talking with him almost all his people proceeded to a port of the Etchemins, the Pierre Blanche, about twenty-two leagues due west from Port Royal. They found four French ships there,

* Port Royal—Annapolis—Nova Scotia.

belonging one to the Sieur de Monts, one from Rochelle, and two from St. Malo. The Sieur de Potrin-court made each of these vessels acknowledge his son as vice admiral, and then asked assistance from them—showing the straits to which he had been reduced the past winter; he promised to repay them in France. Each of the four vessels contributed; the ship from Rochelle giving some barrels of bread, which turned out to be spoiled.

Necessity was now compelling the Sieur de Potrin-court to send back many of his people to France. But he wanted to reconduct them in person, in order the more efficiently to arrange everything, and chiefly to procure a further supply of provisions, for without such supply those whom he was leaving at Port Royal were without the means of passing the winter, and would be in manifest danger of being cut off by famine. For this reason, then, he departed from Port Royal about the middle of July 1611, and arrived in France at the end of the month of August following. He left his son, the Sieur de Biencourt in his place, with twenty-two persons including the two Jesuits. The Fathers, seeing that for the conversion of the Savages, the language of the country was absolutely necessary, resolved to pursue it with all diligence. But they had neither interpreter nor master. The Sieur de Biencourt, and some others, knew a little of it, enough for trade and ordinary affairs, but when it was a question of speaking of religious matters the difficulty arose. The consequence was, that the Fathers were forced to learn the language by themselves, inquiring of the Savages how every-thing was named in the native tongue. The toll was not very painful, so long as they asked the name of a thing it was possible to touch or to show—a stone, a river, a house; to strike, to leap, to laugh, to sit down. But as to actions interior and intellectual, which it was impossible to exhibit to the senses, and as to words termed abstract and universal, such as to believe, to doubt, to hope, to discover, to fear; an animal, a body, a substance, a spirit; virtue, vice, sin, reason, justice, —in words of this description, the Fathers experienced vast trouble, and had to labour hard and constantly. Their masters, the savages, in order to make pastime for themselves, ridiculed the Jesuits freely, and were always ready with some absurd Jest. When the pupils wished to turn this ridicule to good account, and had their pen and paper with them, it was necessary that the savages should have full plates before them. To till their stomachs was the best mode of gaining information from them, yet they became offended and went away if their pupils wished to retain them any length of time. They often laughed at the Fathers instead of teaching them, and sometimes supplied them with obscene phrases which they innocently used in their preaching, thinking them to be beautiful sentences from the Gospel.

In the month of October, 1611, the Sieur de Biencourt determined to make a voyage as far as the country of the Armouchiquois,* a people who dwelt towards the south-west, commencing from Chouacoct,† and who, as report had it, were very numerous. De Biencourt was compelled by scarcity to make this voyage, and as these people cultivated the soil and laid up a store of grain, he hoped, by means of barter or otherwise, to draw from them some supply, in order to make provision against the famine which awaited the settlers at the approach of winter. His barque was equipped too late in the season to undertake so long a voyage, for she was only ready on the 30th of October, and yet he wished to go to the River St. John before proceeding with the other design. The ship visited the River St. John, and then made sail for the country of the Armouchiquois, arriving at the Kinibequi River,‡ at the end of October,—the river in question was found to be near the land of the Armou-

* Armouchiquois or Armouchiquois. This name, according to M. J. Morault, was derived from the word *Armouchiquois*, which in the language of the Abenquais, meant, "country of the little dog;" and was called so because in this region there was at one time great numbers of diminutive members of the canine race. Later, the Abenquais called these people *Massadwosek*; from *mass* "great," *wadzo* "a mountain," and *sek*, "towards;" this name was applied because of the country lying in the direction of the Alleghany Mountains. The English converted the term into the word *Massachusetts*.—*Relations des Jesuits*.—W.

† Chouacoct—Portland Bay.

‡ Kinibequi River.—The Kennebec River, the remote source of which is the Dead River; the latter rises in the N. W. part of Franklin Co., Maine, within five miles of the Chaudiere, which flows into the St. Lawrence. Length of the Kennebec to the sea, about 200 miles.

chiquois. The savages were flattered the French with the hope of procuring some breadstuffs; but they changed their promise of wheat into trafficking for beaver-skins. These people did not seem to be evil-disposed, although they killed the English who desired to settle among them in 1608 and 1610. They excused themselves to the French with regard to this circumstance, and detailed the bad treatment they had received from the English. They flattered the French by telling them they loved them well, because they were certain their new visitors would not shut their doors against them as the English had done. They also said they knew the French would not chase them from their tables with sticks, nor make their dogs bite them. They were not such thieves as the *Artaouchiquois*, but were the greatest talkers in the world; they could do nothing without making a harangue.

The French remained at the Kinibequi, engaged in trade, till the fourth or fifth of November, a season too advanced to allow them to pass farther according to their first intention. For this reason, De Biencourt set about returning, inasmuch as he thought it less of an evil to suffer winter and want at Port Royal, being there well housed and treated, than to run the risk of the sea in a time of tempest, among barbarians and enemies; having still, moreover, business to fear, for the provisions were beginning to fail rapidly. Then, then, he turned toward Pentagoët,§ in order to go back to Port Royal. From Pentagoët they passed to the Isle St. Croix, where a French captain named Maestriev gave them two barrels of peas or beans, a present highly acceptable.

The snow began to fall on the 26th of November, and at the same time began the retrenchment of victuals. They only gave to each person, for the whole week about six ounces of bread, half a pound of bacon, three porringers full of peas or beans, and one of dried plums. The two Jesuits had to fare like the rest of the party. During all this time the Savages did not come to visit them, unless some from the house of Membertou, the principal chief, who made their appearance at rare intervals, bringing, however, some present in the shape of products of their hunting. When this happened, it was a grand holiday, and the French recovered a little courage. That which caused most vexation, was their apprehension about the weather, when they thought of the long extent of the sorrowful months through which they had to pass. The Jesuits tried both in private and in public to console every one. And it happened on the third Sunday after Christmas, on which they read the gospel *vinum non habent*, (they have no wine), Father Biard exhorted the company to hope for better things. The service finished, the Jesuit, addressing himself to De Biencourt, and pointing out to him the companions, said, smiling, "*vinum non habent*," requesting him to give them what little wine that remained, adding that his heart told him they would soon receive succour, and at the furthest, during the current month of January. The companions were delighted at the suggestion. And certainly, Father Biard turned out by good luck to be a prophet, for a ship arrived just eight days afterwards to the great delight of the settlers.

The Sieur De Biencourt, in the autumn of 1612, was expecting to receive succour from France, before the winter set in; people said, indeed, that there were three or four vessels on the sea, and were already seeking where they might accommodate the immense quantity of goods coming by the fleet. In this belief, De Biencourt had bartered nearly everything, and in consequence he found himself very much amazed, when, at All Saints, he discovered that he was without hope of succour for this year.

But the Jesuits, who had not built these castles in the air, had reserved in their store-house, five large puncheons of corn, four of wheat, and one of barley, which had been sent to them from France for their own use—the whole making fourteen barrels of good grain. The Jesuits, seeing the necessity to which De Biencourt was reduced, offered with hearty good will, their means of subsistence; they told him he might take all their grain excepting only two barrels of wheat and one of barley, which they wished to lay up against divers chances, of want and sickness; they stated, besides, that they would make no innovation, and would receive the distribution in the customary manner and daily. De Biencourt accepted the offer and the conditions.

§ The Pentagoët.—The Penobscot River, State of Me.; the main branch rises near the Canada boundary line, and its length to Penobscot Bay is some 75 miles.—W.

WERE I A STAR.

WERE I a bright and glittering star,
Set in the firmament above,
I'd pierce the densest clouds there are,
And watching o'er thee from afar,
I'd prove thy beacon-light of love.
A Star of Hope so dazzling bright
To lead thee through life's troublous sea;
Onwards I'd point thee to thy flight,
Upwards I'd lure thee by my light—
I'd prove a guiding-star to thee.

WERE I a bird, on fluttering wing,
For thee I'd tane my matin lay;
For thee my sweetest notes I'd sing;
For thee I'd make the echoes ring
Through all the gladsome summer day;
And in the dewy eventide,
When other birds had sought their nest,
Still nearer thee would I abide,
And warbling softly by thy side,
I'd gently lull thee to thy rest.

WERE I yon lovely fragile flower,
So delicate and fair to see,
Contented in my woody bower,
I'd linger out my little hour,
So thou didst cast one glance on me;
Or gathered from my lowly bed,
For thee I'd put fresh beauty on,
For thee I'd raise my drooping head,
For thee my richest fragrance shed,
Then fade and die when thou wert gone.

But golden stars, however bright,
Will pale and vanish in the day;
The skylark's song will cease at night;
And lilies wither in the light,
Whilst I would ever near thee stay.
So truer than the flickering star,
More lasting than the fragile flower,
More constant than the warblers are,
I'd ever watch thee, near or far,
And love and serve thee hour by hour.

ROMANCE OF THE ENGLISH
IRON TRADE.

IN the earlier days of the English iron-trade, the earth still retained its natural tint of green, trees flourished and flowers bloomed where are now mountains of slag and refuse; the coal-basin of South Wales, now a teeming hive of industry, was then an untrodden district of mountain bogs and morass, unvisited by any save the bold wanderers after grouse, or black cock. Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Ayrshire were free from iron-foundries, furnaces, pits, or any other appliances with which those countries now abound. The pleasant woodlands and wealds of Sussex, which now may be traversed without seeing the smoke of scarce one manufactory, in the days of Camden were the centre of the English iron-trade. The reason why is contained in the fact that Sussex was an eminently wooded county. And chance having commenced the trade of iron smelting there, it soon took root and threw apace.

It is not known how many iron works and foundries existed in the Sussex wealds, but the destruction of woods to provide charcoal for their use must have been on a large scale; so much so, as to cause great alarm lest England should be denuded of her forests, and there should be no timber left for her navy. To guard against this, an Act was passed in Elizabeth's time, that no timber should be felled for iron-making, growing within fourteen miles of the sea or the Thames, Severn, or, in fact, any river which was navigable. Sussex, however, the weald of Kent, and part of Surrey, were exempt from the operation of the Act; doubtless from the feeling that it was better to confine the rapacity of the iron-smelter to a locality which had already suffered so much from it, and partly, too, from an unwillingness to check too abruptly a trade which might become useful and important. Yet Sussex and Kent were not the only places in which the smelting of iron was carried on at this time, for Yorkshire, Staffordshire, and part of Worcestershire had also made a reputation for themselves for carrying on the manufacture; and when the Act passed for prohibiting the cutting down of wood, these latter counties made an effort, which proved unsuccessful, to smelt iron with pit-coal; so that, as a whole

the iron works throughout the country were stopped, and did not revive until the reign of Charles II., when the experiments by the celebrated Dud Dudley on smelting with coal proved to be the turning point in the trade.

Dud Dudley was the natural son of one of the Lord Dudleys, who had iron works at a place called Pensnett, near the present town of Dudley. Iron making seems to have been the particular occupation of this family, for ever since the sixteenth century to the present day it has always been remarkable for being represented by one of the largest iron-masters of its time; and it may be safely said that no family in England has been so long or so largely associated with the iron-trade as the noble house of Dudley.

Being sent for by his father from college to superintend the ironworks, Dud Dudley at once proceeded to experiment on his pit coal, in which he succeeded so far as to make three tons of iron a week. A patent was granted to him for thirty-one years by Charles I., which greatly excited the ire of the charcoal iron-masters: who, naturally indignant at his being able to sell iron cheaper than they could, left no stone unturned to throw difficulties in his way. In the end they triumphed, and poor Dudley first of all had his monopoly taken away from him, then suffered severely from a flood, and finally had his furnace destroyed by a riotous mob, who cut the bellows in pieces. Having by this time lost all his money, he was imprisoned for debt; however, he managed to get released, and to obtain a fresh patent, and armed with this he started again in partnership with two other persons in Bristol. But it was to no purpose, for he got taken in by them, and a long and disastrous Chancery suit was the end of Dud Dudley's troubles.

The next successful name in the iron-trade was that of Darby, whose descendants, like those of Dudley, are of renown in all things pertaining to iron. They were sturdy yeomen of Worcestershire in the seventeenth century, one of whom, Abraham Darby, left the pursuit of agriculture and went over to Holland, from whence he returned with Dutch workmen to set up some brass mills at Bristol. There the fortunes of the family began, and from this establishment rose the celebrated Coalbrook Dale Works, which have kept their reputation for now nearly two hundred years. During the first Abraham Darby's life charcoal was the fuel used at Coalbrook, and it was reserved for the second Abraham, his son, to smelt his iron with coal, or what came to the same thing, with coke. It is narrated of him that for six days he anxiously watched the result of his trial, without once leaving the furnace; and that as soon as it answered its purpose, he fell asleep on the top of the furnace so soundly, that his workmen took him up and carried him home without waking. The Coalbrook Dale experiments were the first really remunerative ones, and from that day the use of charcoal steadily died out, and the number of coal furnaces to increase. This is conclusively shown by the fact that the quantity of tons of charcoal iron made in England and Wales in 1740 was 17,000, which by 1788 had decreased to 13,000, while the same year saw a yield of 48,000 tons of coal, or coke, iron. It is true that this great increase in coke iron must not be put down exclusively to the use of that material, but in some degree to the invention of powerful steam engines, such as Watt and Boulton's, for the purpose of supplying a much greater and more continuous blast.

As regarding this latter desideratum, which, both chemically and physically, was one of the highest importance for the proper smelting of the ore, a very great improvement was made in 1832 by a Mr. Neilson, who substituted for the cold air hitherto used a blast of hot air, which was an immense saving to the iron master. He took out a patent for it, and granted a license to the Bairds the great iron-kings of Scotland, for a consideration or royalty of one shilling a ton upon all iron made by them by this process. But their notions of what was fair and honest were not what a king's should be (even though it be only an iron-king, for although they acknowledged that they made in one year 64,000*l.* net profit on their hot-blast iron, they actually refused to pay the license on some cock-and-a-bull story that the patent was old and wanted novelty. It will scarcely be believed that wealthy men in a land of honest trading could descend to such meanness, but so it was. They did not, however, get off scot free, for the patentee was not to be humbugged or bullied, but brought an action against them for 20,000*l.*, out of which he got about 12,000*l.*

But by far a worse case than Neilson's is that of Cort; which is a standing reproach to English fair-

play; and it would really seem, in perusing his case, that the fascination of trickery, shabbiness, and mendacity had enveloped everybody concerned in it, from the highest to the lowest.

Henry Cort, who was a man of moderate means, patented an invention known as "puddle rolls," in which the iron was drawn out into bars. Instead of under the hammer. Rolled iron was found so immeasurably superior to hammered iron that Cort's invention was at once seen to be of enormous importance, and some of the leading iron-masters consented to buy a license at the price of ten shillings per ton. Cort himself embarked his whole capital in starting machinery for supplying rolled iron to the Navy, in conjunction with the son of a Mr. Jellicoe, the deputy paymaster of that department. Cort and Jellicoe made some nice pickings, as no iron was allowed to be contracted for save that made by their patent. And so all went as merry as a marriage bell, until old Jellicoe died suddenly, and it was found that the capital which he had given his son, together with a few other large sums, had been taken from moneys of the Government lying in his hands as paymaster. The Government was not likely to be a lenient creditor, so that proceedings were at once taken, by which Cort and Jellicoe's works were seized, together with Cort's private patent; which, in defiance of the sums asked and paid for its use by iron-masters, was only estimated as an asset of 100*l.*

Cort was ruined, and in consideration of his services he was allowed a pension of 200*l.* a year until his death which happened about six years afterwards; perhaps, fortunately for him, for he was thereby spared a good deal. As soon as he was dead, Lord Melville, the Treasurer of the Navy, presented a petition to the House of Commons, showing the enormous good Cort had done to the trade of Great Britain, and praying on that account a release of all debts with which he (Lord Melville) was hampered, as being responsible for Jellicoe's defaulting, amounting to about 25,000*l.* This was immediately granted him, although he at the same time was indebted on his own account to the Government to the tune of 190,000*l.*

Yet, in the face of this monstrous piece of injustice, the same House of Commons could with difficulty be persuaded to allow 100*l.* a year to Cort's widow. Of course, when the rulers of the land set such an example, the iron-masters were not slow to take advantage of it, and accordingly they petitioned against the patent, alleging that they would have been ruined if they had followed it, although a correspondence was brought forward acknowledging the obligations under which they were lying for the use of it, and it was universally known that these iron-masters had made an enormous fortune out of it. And so it happened that the Cort died in starvation, while others flourished like a green bay tree,—an ugly story, which needs no comment. The story of the founding of the Crawshay family is a feather in their cap.

In the last century, the original Crawshay, then a farmer's son, rode to London on his pony (his sole property) to seek his fortune. He began by sweeping out the warehouse of an ironmonger, who was of a discriminating mind, and saw that young Crawshay had good stuff in him. The ironmonger had been speculating successfully in sending out iron pots to America, and his astute apprentice observed that if the Americans used so many pots, they must want hooks to hang them on. Whereupon his master not only took the hint, but kindly determined that Crawshay should send them out, and that he would lend him the money for the purpose. Upon this venture £100 was realised, and from that time the farmer's son moved rapidly upwards, being first taken into partnership by his master, and ultimately becoming an iron-king in South Wales. It is curious that from this stock have arisen (in so short a time) two baronetages and one peerage—that of Llanover.

A very pretty story is that of Foley, the fiddler, and founder of the Foley family, who introduced into Staffordshire the machinery for making split rods, which, previous to this, had been of the rudest description. The observant fiddler, having heard that Sweden contained appliances suited to this branch of the trade, played his way to Hull and across to Sweden, where he speedily became a favourite with the workmen in the iron districts. As soon as he had primed himself with the information he wanted, he suddenly disappeared, and turned up again in Staffordshire, where he persuaded a capitalist to put up the requisite machinery for split rods according to the Swedish pattern. But when the mill was put up it would not

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"I wouldn't allow any inferior workman to meddle with those boots—they were closed by my own hands. I spent a long time over them, too, putting in an artistic touch here and there, just as a painter does with a pet picture. But when I went over to Arlington Heights, intending to present the boots in person (my negro boy Pete was respectfully carrying them behind me), I found, to my grief and chagrin, that Lieutenant Van Rensselaer had gone—gone away at less than forty-and-twenty hours' notice! He had grown tired of the uneventful life of a Washington soldier, and had exchanged into the army of the Tennessee under General McPherson, just then about to start from Chattanooga on the great Georgian campaign. Well, Mr. Cranbrook, it was a disappointment; but as I'm a philosopher, and accustomed to disappointments, I simply put the boots away on a top shelf of that show-case in the shop, and troubled my head no more about them. A month or six weeks had passed away, and the spring-mud of our streets had become converted into summer dust. It was Friday the 27th May; the hour was seven o'clock in the evening, and I was sitting in this back-parlour meditating over my new machine. My young men had all left for the day; my wife (she is an American lady) was away on a visit to her friends at Trenton, N. J.; the two Irish girls were busy ironing in the kitchen; Pete had gone to deliver a pair of ladies' walking Balmorals at the White House. I mention all these little facts to shew you that I was perfectly tranquil and composed on that evening. Well, sir, I had closed my eyes during an especially severe train of thought, and when I opened them again, I saw, through the glass door, that somebody had come into the shop. It was an officer in full uniform, and he had mounted a chair, and was endeavouring to reach something from the top of the show-case.

"Allow me, sir," I said with the utmost blandness, not in the least surprised, for you know, Mr. Cranbrook, that military gentlemen do do eccentric things occasionally—"allow me, sir," I said.

"Thank you," he answered very politely; "I can reach them myself."

"I looked up, and saw it was Lieutenant Van Rensselaer! My face flushed with pleasure. 'Lieutenant,' I exclaimed, 'I'm delighted to see you. Permit me to have the honour of taking off—'

"My good friend," he replied rather coldly, 'a soldier should always perform these services for himself. I want no assistance; I merely want the boot-hooks and a little French chalk.' With these words he sat down, took the boot-hooks from my hands, which were tremulous with anxious delight, kicked off his ready-made shoes, and with the most extraordinary rapidity (thereby proving the softness of the leather and the excellence of the fit, put on the new boots.

"At the sight of those model feet, encased in what I may justly call those model boots, I was nearly overpowered. My delight was so exquisite as to be almost painful; but it did not last long, for, with the simple and indeed ungracious words: 'Yes, those will do pretty well,' the lieutenant walked out of the shop."

"I know how your story legoing to end, Mr. Pocock," I interposed: "this fellow was a common swindler, dressed up in a uniform, who thereby got an elegant pair of boots for nothing."

Mr. Pocock regarded me with quiet scorn. "What, sir!" he replied. "Do you fancy there is a swindler, or any other man in the United States, whom these boots would fit? Not one, sir. No—no, you are altogether wide of the mark, Mr. Cranbrook. Be kind enough to hear me patiently to the end.

"I took up the ready-made shoes, a pair of the sorriest products of that guilty town, Northampton (guilty, as being the cause of unnumbered bunions)—I took up the ready-made shoes, and placed them carefully, out of regard to their late owner, on the same shelf as that from which the lieutenant had taken his dress-boots. The next morning, I could not help confiding to Pete (for Pete, though a nigger, has a far more sympathising soul than most of the white workmen) that Lieutenant Van Rensselaer had called for his boots. I expected him to answer: 'Golly, mas'r, I've glad to hear dat;' instead of which, he rolled his eyes horribly, and nearly let a shutter fall.

"When did you call, mas'r?"

"Last evening."

"And took 'em away?"

"Ay, on his feet."

"Why, mas'r, dey's on de shelf now."

"I came into the shop. Pete was perfectly right. There, on the top shelf of the show-case, stood Lieu-

tenant Van Rensselaer's dress-boots, on the exact spot that they had occupied for days previous; while the shop-made Northampton were nowhere to be seen! What was to be done? Nothing. I was fairly skared, as people say in this country, and I told Pete to hold his tongue on pain of dismissal. When Mrs. Pocock returned, I confided the affair to her ear; but though she will swallow any nonsense about spirit-medicines, she was quite incredulous, laughed at me, and said she must take away the keys of the grog-chest next time she went out of town. Now, I didn't read the newspapers much, for I consider newspaper reading sheer idleness, and that the Americans would be a happier people if three-fourths of their printing-presses were burned; but I do look now and then, having a military connection to keep up, into the *Army and Navy Journal*. Mr. Cranbrook, what I saw there, in a number towards the end of June, made my blood run cold. There had been a desperate fight on the 27th May between Sherman's army and the rebels (I always call 'em 'rebels'—it's safer here), at a place named Dallas, and there was a nominal return of the killed, wounded, and missing. Mr. Cranbrook," said the bootmaker solemnly, "among the missing was the name of Lieutenant Van Rensselaer."

"I presume," said I, "that he had skedaddled quietly, and come up to Washington; which accounts for his visit to your shop."

"I should be sorry," answered Mr. Pocock, "to think a man with such an elegant foot could be such a coward; but that idea won't hold for a moment. I afterwards heard something further about him. I hinted to you, Mr. Cranbrook," he continued, lowering his voice, and looking cautiously around, "that I occasionally have dealings with Jeff. Davis's people. An agent, who does a brisk trade in smuggling medical stores across the border, called here lately. He had been in Georgia during the months of May and June, and recollected the name of Van Rensselaer, owing to its peculiarity. He told me that the lieutenant was mortally wounded on the 27th May, that he fell into Confederate hands, that he was removed to Atlanta, and died there a few days afterwards."

"Well," said I, "it's a very strange story, and I can only account for it on the supposition that your imagination, in all that relates to boots, is so powerful as to—Hollo! Pocock, here's a carriage drawn up at your door."

The active tradesman instantly rushed out like a spider from his den, while I strolled idly into the front shop. The carriage was an open barouche, and contained two persons. The one seated nearest to the side-walk was a lady, who might be some fifty years of age, with one of those peculiarly American faces in which the soft beauty of a European ancestry seems to be blended with the stern dignity of the aboriginal race. She gazed sadly and yet proudly at the young man who reclined by her side. He was evidently an invalid, or at least a person recovering from severe illness, for his face was thin and wan, and notwithstanding the sultriness of the weather, he was wrapped in a buffalo-robe.

"My son wished to speak to you, if you are Mr. Pocock?" said the lady in a soft voice, addressing that obsequious tradesman, who stood bareheaded, with his hand gracefully resting on the door of the carriage, as he had been wont to do in Boodle Street, St. James's.

"Mr. Pocock," said the young man, smiling pleasantly, though speaking with sobriety, "you were kind enough to make a pair of boots for me last spring."

"Lieutenant Van Rensselaer?" exclaimed the tradesman, turning pale.

"The same."

"Pardon me, lieutenant, I must ask one question," cried Mr. Pocock excited. "Did you call at my shop on the 27th May, at seven in the evening?"

"Most certainly not," replied the soldier, "for I was in the midst of the battle of Dallas. Just at seven in the evening, a cannon-shot took off both my legs, and curiously enough my first thought was this: 'How disappointed poor Pocock will be when he finds I can't wear his exquisite boots!'"

DOWRY.—The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is to have in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, and in her behaviour modesty.

TOLERANCE.—Never divide yourself from any man upon difference of opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with you in that from which, perhaps, within a few days you should dissent yourself.

PEACE BE WITH THEE.

PEACE be with thee, gentle maiden,
When the morning hours are bright;
When the light of eve is deep'ning,
To the shadows of the night;
When life thrills with silent gladness,
When that gladness seems to flee,
In the storm, the calm, the shadow,
Peace be over hid with thee.

GARDNER.

Montreal Sept. 13th.

A PARISIAN EXPERT.

WHEN the opera of the "Prophet" was first brought out in Paris, so great was the demand for seats that tickets were resold at a most extravagant premium. One night a young military officer, who had just made an unsuccessful application for a ticket at the box-office, and was about to fall back in despair, was dexterously lightened of his watch by a pickpocket. Detecting the thief before he had time to escape, he recovered the stolen time-piece without the interposition of a policeman. Then taking the culprit aside, he entered into conversation with him.

"You are an expert in your profession," said he, "and now I wish to avail myself of all your skill."

"Monsieur le capitaine may command me to the utmost of my abilities," replied the sharper.

"Then," whispered the officer, "go immediately and relieve some gentleman of his opera ticket, and I will pay you one hundred francs for it. No hesitation! be quick! the money is ready."

"It shall be done!" was the business-like answer.

In three minutes the adroit rascal returned with an elegant card-case containing four opera tickets, together with a number of cards having the name of Mademoiselle Solange Dudevant engraved upon them.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the captain, "you have been robbing a lady?"

"No indeed sir!" replied the sharper. "There is my unfortunate victim," he continued pointing to a rosy cheeked young gentleman in a black dress-coat, black tights, white vest with plain flat gilt buttons, and white kid gloves, who was engaged in an animated conversation with a couple of young ladies just within the vestibule.

"Dolt!" exclaimed the captain, "that is a lady dressed *en cavalier*; it is Mademoiselle Solange Dudevant herself! Return the articles immediately."

"Monsieur is right," said the pickpocket. "No one but a brute would knowingly rob a lady, especially when that lady is the daughter of George Sand. Excuse me, monsieur; I will yet procure you a ticket."

In an instant the sharper placed himself before Mademoiselle Solange, with a profound bow.

"Begging mademoiselle's pardon," he said, "she has had the misfortune to drop her card-case."

"Thank you kindly," replied Mademoiselle Solange, taking the card-case into her hand. "Allow me to reward you for returning it."

"As to that, mademoiselle," said the sharper, "permit me humbly to suggest that you have four tickets in your case, whereas your party consists of only three persons."

"You then would like to have the extra ticket?" said mademoiselle.

"Exactly so, mademoiselle," he replied.

"You are quite welcome to it," said the lady.

The sharper took the ticket to the young officer, who, having noticed the manner in which it was obtained, did not hesitate to receive it and pay him the promised hundred francs.

On taking his seat in the opera-house, the captain found himself elbow to elbow with Mademoiselle Dudevant, with whom he was well acquainted. He frankly explained to her the equivocal process by which he had procured his ticket. The lady laughed heartily at the trick of which she had been the unconscious victim.

THE SCOTTISH FARMER SAYS OF WEEDS: No doubt they were sent to make men industrious; and the more you stir the ground in getting rid of your weeds, the finer are your crops. Still, they are a sore trial to the farmer, as we may readily imagine when we are told that "the corn sow-thistle has 100 flowers, each with 100 seeds; the groundsel has 6,500 seeds in all; while the poppy bears a hundred flowers, each with 500 seeds."

A TRUE BILL.

Continued from page 29—Conclusion.

Early the next morning Bernard was again sent for to the prefect's house.

"I have carefully gone over the whole evidence since I saw you," he said, "and it certainly seems there is a very strong suspicion against the baron. I have caused inquiries to be made, and have ascertained that the baron was a confirmed gambler, and that his journey to Petersburg was probably only a ruse to avoid arrest. It is a terrible case, and we must proceed very cautiously. The baron stands very high in the public esteem, and it seems incredible that he could have committed this horrible crime. Still that hat and the bill of the landlord made out in his own name prove at least that he must have returned to Paris. Why should he return? What was the motive? However, I have despatched an agent of the secret police to Strasburg, to track his steps from that place. When I hear anything I will send for you."

On arriving at Strasburg, the police agent at once repaired to the Maison Rouge. The landlord perfectly remembered the baron's having stayed at his hotel for a week, and having then gone, whither he could not say. The porter, however, remembered where his luggage was taken. It was to a house outside the city, on the road to Saverne, where a hired carriage was in readiness. He got into the carriage and drove off. But as the driver was an acquaintance of the porter's, it was no difficult matter to find him. He remembered the job perfectly, but averred that the gentleman's name was Thionville. He should not perhaps have paid much attention to this fact, had he not had a sister living at Saverne as chambermaid in the same hotel to which he drove his fare. On inquiring at Saverne, the agent found that a Monsieur Thionville had arrived at the hotel as stated, and that he had remained there four days, during the greater part of which he had kept in-doors, from indisposition.

The description the landlord gave of his person and luggage left no doubt on the agent's mind that he was on the right track. But nothing further could be learnt. Still, one important circumstance had been proved—namely, that, instead of proceeding on his journey to Russia, he had turned back on the road to Paris, under an assumed name.

The only thing that now remained to be done was to put an advertisement in the French and German papers, inviting the husband of the murdered lady to repair to Paris, in order to claim the property of his deceased wife. For, it was argued, if he had murdered her for the sake of getting possession of her money, it was very probable that he would take the bait now held out. Neither did this surmise prove to be incorrect.

Two months, or thereabouts, had elapsed, and the police were beginning to despair of getting further tidings of the baron, when a gentleman, attired in deep mourning, and apparently bowed down with grief, presented himself at the bureau of the police. "He had," he said, "by chance seen the fearful tidings of his wife's murder in a paper at St. Petersburg, and had hastened back to Paris as quickly as he could. The shock, however, it had caused him had brought on a severe attack of illness, from which he had only just recovered, otherwise he should have returned to Paris some weeks sooner."

Acting in obedience to the orders of his chief, the agent referred the baron to a comptoir, where he would be furnished with the register of the death and burial of his wife.

On entering the room, the baron was politely invited to take a seat while the necessary papers were being found.

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour an official entered the room, and requested the baron to accompany him to another comptoir, where, to his dismay, he found himself submitted to a rigorous examination.

"But, Monsieur le Baron, when you left home, on March 25th, whither did you travel?" asked the chief officer.

"I travelled through Germany, en route for St. Petersburg."

"Good! But which was the first town at which you stayed?"

"Strasburg!"

"Quite true!" said his questioner, referring to some papers. "On what day did you arrive there?"

"On the 28th."

"Yes! and how long did you remain?"

"Let me see—yes! it was one night and half the next day," replied the baron, with a little hesitation in his manner.

"And where did you proceed to next?" resumed the officer.

After some reflection, the baron answered that he had gone to Frankfort.

"Indeed?" answered the officer, raising his eyes, and directing a steady glance towards the baron. "To Frankfort! I think you are mistaken. You say you arrived at Strasburg on the 28th, where you remained till the following day. But the landlord of the Maison Rouge says that you remained at his house till April 7. How do you account for that, Monsieur le Baron?"

"Was I there a week? Yes! now I think of it, you are quite right, monsieur; for I met several friends there, who persuaded me to lengthen my stay."

"You also state that you next went to Frankfort. But if Monsieur le Baron reflects, he will remember that he went to Saverne in a close carriage."

"Yes; but that was only a day's trip, and had nothing to do with my journey," was the ready answer. "But may I ask, monsieur, why all these questions?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Baron, you are here to answer questions not to ask them. Suffice it to say, it is usual under such circumstances. Now, please to attend. You said just now it was only a day's trip, I think; how was it you came to stay four days at Saverne?"

"I had only intended to remain one day at Saverne! but was taken ill during my stay at the hotel."

"Was that why Monsieur le Baron changed his name?" continued the officer.

"Changed my name? Monsieur must be in error."

"Not at all. You took the name of Thionville, for some reason best known to yourself. But as you seem to have forgotten this circumstance, will you have the goodness to tell us where you went on leaving Saverne?"

"I returned to Strasburg."

"Pardon me, Monsieur le Baron, and allow me to refresh your memory. You went, or pretended to go, to a private house in the neighbourhood. But was not Paris the goal of your journey, and did you not arrive here about April 15th?"

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the baron, "I have submitted to these impertinent questions quite long enough. By what right you presume to interrogate me in the manner you have done, I do not know. Rest assured I shall represent the matter to the Minister of police. I wish you a very good morning!" And the baron turned himself round to leave the room.

"Not so fast, monsieur. I have not yet done with you," continued the officer, without noticing the interruption. "I repeat—you arrived in Paris about the 15th, and you were in your wife's bedroom on the night of the 15th and 16th."

At this word the baron leaped to his feet, his face distorted with the pangs of fear and passion.

"Calm yourself, Monsieur le Baron, I have not finished with you yet. Will you then explain, if you were not in the bedroom of your wife on the night in question—which you will remember was the very night on which she was murdered—how it was your hat was found in the passage?" And with these words he handed a hat to the baron.

All eyes were bent upon him. The baron turned deadly pale, and remained speechless for a considerable time. At last he stammered forth incoherently:

"It is not my hat. I never saw this one before. . . . I had one like it . . . but not this."

"Not this?" exclaimed the relentless questioner. "Monsieur le Baron, you have been followed step by step from the day you quitted Paris, to the day you returned. If this hat be not yours, than have the goodness to tell me how your bill incurred at the Maison Rouge, Strasburg, found its way underneath the lining? Please to look for yourself."

"Hotel bill?" gasped the baron, as he struck his forehead with his clenched hand.

"Yes! wretched man. By that little piece of paper, Providence has disclosed your crime, and has prevented an innocent girl from dying a felon's death. Confess that you entered your wife's room and committed the diabolical deed for which you would have allowed another to suffer."

But such a confession was never made.

That night Baron de C. was safely shut up in prison till his trial should take place. All Paris rang with the news that the real murderer of the baroness had been discovered, and that he was no other than her own husband. But that night the prisoner escaped. On entering the cell on the following morning, he was found lying stretched out on his couch, cold and stiff. It was supposed that, living a lawless life, he had been in the habit of carrying poison about him.

Years have elapsed since the above events took place. Monsieur Bernard soon became one of the most celebrated ornaments of the French bar, and his wife, née Ernestine Lamont, noted not only for the brilliancy of her balls and dinners, but for the affability of her manner and the courteousness of her disposition. Of the story of the murder nobody knows more than is here told.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

THE following amusing description of the condition of things in the last generation is given by Sydney Smith:—"A young man, alive at this period, hardly knows to what improvements of human life he has been introduced; and I would bring before his notice the following eighteen changes which have taken place in England since I first began to breathe in it the breath of life—a period amounting now to nearly seventy-three years.

"Gas was unknown: I groped about the streets of London in all but the darkness of a twinkling oil lamp under the protection of watchmen in their grand climacteric, and exposed to every species of depredation and insult.

"I have been nine hours sailing from Dover to Calais before the invention of steam. It took me nine hours to go from Taunton to Bath before the invention of railroads, and I now go in six hours from Taunton to London. In going from Taunton to Bath I suffered between 10,000 and 12,000 severe contusions before stonebreaking Macadam was born.

"I can walk, by the assistance of the police, from one end of London to another without molestation; or, if tired, get into a cheap and active cab, instead of those cottages on wheels, which the hackney-coaches were at the beginning of my life. I had no umbrella: they were little used, and very dear. There were no waterproof hats, and my hat has often been reduced by rains into its primitive pulp.

"I could not keep my small-clothes in their proper place, for braces were unknown. If I had the gout, there was no colicium. If I was bilious, there was no calomel. If I was attacked by ague, there was no quinine. There were filthy coffee-houses instead of elegant clubs. Game could not be bought. There were no banks to receive the savings of the poor. The Poor Laws were gradually sapping the vitals of the country; and whatever miseries I suffered, I had no pres to whisk my complaints for a single penny to the remotest corners of the empire; and yet, in spite of all these privations, I lived on quietly, and am now ashamed that I was not more discontented, and utterly surprised that all these changes and inventions did not occur two centuries ago.

"I forgot to add, that as the baskets of stage-coaches in which luggage was then carried, had no springs, your clothes were rubbed all to pieces; and that even in the best society one-third of the gentlemen at least were always drunk."

ROSEY, DEAR.

Dr. Johnson was very severe on the quandum poets of his day. Our readers will not have forgotten these celebrated lines descriptive of the majority of the productions of that class of hopeful aspirants:

"With my hat upon my head I walked along the Strand,

And there I met another man with his hat in his band."

We wonder what the worthy doctor would have thought of the following brilliant production had he been favoured with it.

Rosey, dear, for you I am pining,
Sore, my poor heart is worn away;
All day, love, for you I am whining,
In sorrow all night I decay.

Ah! when you are gay, I am sighing,
Small wonder you ne'er think of me;
I'm weeping about slowly dying,
While you are so light and so free.

On my rivals you smile so winning,
It makes the blood rush to my head;
Then jealousy drives me a sinning,
To wish you and I were both dead.

Oh! what have you done with your feeling,
For my weeping you haven't an ear:
To-night at your feet I am kneeling,
To-morrow you won't see me here.

[Would it not be an improvement, Mr. William, to substitute this for the last line, "To-morrow I'll be on the bear (or bier)?"]

Oh! Rosey, dear, you love another,
There's no chance for me, I suppose;
Then why should I trouble, or bother
My brain with a changeable rose?

It's your sex, I fear, that is killing
The poor boys, instead of disease;
To gain their affections you're willing,
But gain them, dear, only to tease.

Sept. 9th, 1865.

WILLIAM.

TURNED TO ICE.

"SHE will freeze you to death," said Minnie Holmes, finishing an elaborate description of her friend, Miss Helen Ramsey; "anything so cold and still I never saw. It is so strange, Mordaunt!"

"So strange, that I can scarcely realize it," said her brother. "She was the gayest of the gay when I last saw her. To be sure, that is three years ago. What does it mean, Minnie? Some love story?"

"Nobody knows," replied Minnie. "Soon after you left home, she went to Madeira with her mother, who was in a consumption. In a short time she returned, bringing home only the remains of Mrs. Ramsey. Since then she has lived in a state of gloomy apathy. She was inclined to shut herself up entirely; but her aunt, after the year of mourning was over, insisted upon her resuming her place in society. Still, wearing heavy mourning, she looks strangely out of place among her old friends, for her dress is not more gloomy than her dark face. She has turned to ice."

"Was she so fondly attached to her mother?" inquired Mordaunt.

"She loved her very dearly," replied Minnie; "but her death was not sudden. For five years she had been sinking slowly."

"Strange!" said her brother. "Poor Helen! Do you think I had better call, Minnie?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "She receives visits—and you are such an old friend."

Three years before, when Helen Ramsey was a belle and heiress, winning hearts by her beauty and wit, and admiration by her wealth and taste, Mordaunt Holmes had learned to love her. He was the eldest of nine children, and his father, a physician in full practice, had given him every advantage of education and position; but when his college course was finished, he knew that his duty was to earn his own livelihood. No idler, he earnestly sought employment, and became an active member of a large commercial house. Still, at the time he first learned the secret of his own

love, his salary was small, his position uncertain, and he fell from the train of the heiress's followers, proud and honourable enough to shrink from the appearance of fortune-hunting. The way soon opened to amend his fortunes. A responsible position in the Parish branch of the house where he was employed was soon after offered him, and, at the end of three years passed abroad, he returned home a member of the firm. Not a day had passed without Minnie, his pet sister, being called upon for a full description of "everybody," and thus he learned the change in Helen.

His card was taken up, and he was shown into the large drawing-room of the fashionable house, where the orphan heiress resided with her aunt. Upon the table lay the inevitable album for photographs, which serves so well to fill up the tedious minutes a morning caller has to wait. Mordaunt opened it. Several well-known faces of old friends met his eye, but he turned leaf after leaf, till two pictures, facing each other, arrested his attention. So like, yet so different! The one, a tall, handsome brunette, standing in an evening dress of rich silk and lace. The heavy, black braids interwoven with pearls, encircled a face full of animation and life. The large, dark eyes, frank and fearless, shone with joyous light; the rosy lips were just parted in a smile. Well Mordaunt remembered the merry party who went to "sit for portraits" when this one was taken; but the companion, facing it, was new to him. Her heavy, black drapery shrouded her neck and arms. The glossy braids were gone, and plain bands swept the pale cheeks. The dark eyes looked forward as if the vacancy before them was filled with haunting shadows; and the perfect mouth was set with stern, resolute sadness. One year only had flung its shadow between the two pictures. He was still studying the faces, when the rustle of a dress beside him made him turn.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Holmes. We have missed you from our circle."

That was all: the cool yet kindly greeting of mere acquaintanceship. Yet her hand trembled, and was cold as ice, as he took it within his. If his life had paid the forfeit of his boldness, he could not have resisted the impulse to break the icy barrier she offered him.

Only a few words of sympathy for her loss, of pleasure in again meeting her, passed his lips; but his tone of earnest sincerity, his warm clasp of the little cold hand, and his look of sorrowful interest spoke volumes. Perhaps she understood him, for even more chilling was her tone in answering. In vain he tried, through the long call, to bring one smile to her lip, one word of cordiality to bid him hope he could move her. Each measured word, every inflexion of the hard, cold voice drove him despairing from the attempt. Minnie was right. She was turned to ice.

At last he rose to go. Yearning with painful interest over this broken life; longing to gather the sad heart into the warm clasp of his love, to comfort and love this mourner, he must bid her a conventional adieu, take up hat and gloves, and walk off as coolly as if his own heart was not aching with sympathy for her burdened one. There was no help for it, and, accepting her cold "Good morning," he left the room. As he stood with the hall door open he suddenly remembered a message of Minnie's about some fancy bazaar, in which she was interested, that he had promised to deliver. Shutting the door again hastily, he crossed the hall to arrest Miss Ramsey before she left the drawing-room. As he stood in the open doorway he saw her; not as he had left her, erect and cold, but half lying upon the sofa, her face buried in her outstretched arms, her frame shaking with sobs. Such utter prostration of grief he had never witnessed. Her whole figure was convulsed; the little hands were clenched, and she moaned audibly. He was a gentleman, although a lover, and restraining the impulse to throw himself before her, and, entreat her to tell him her sorrow, he softly retraced his steps through the hall and left the house.

Mordaunt Holmes loved Helen Ramsey too truly, too constantly, to let his one repulse discourage him. Day after day he sought her, devoting the whole treasure of his heart and brain to her service, trying, by every tender wile to win the laugh to her lips, the fire to her eyes, fully

repaid for an evening of striving, if but once the pale lips parted to smile on him. There were hours, though rare ones, when she threw off her mantle of sorrow, and gave him thought for thought, smile for smile; nay, sometimes, he almost fancied an answering look of love for love. But some memory would break the spell, and, like the Gorgon's eyes, turn her to stone again.

At last, weary of the unequal contest, he risked all. They had been trying some new music, in a half-lazy way when almost unconsciously his fingers dropped upon the opening notes of the ballad "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." A gasping cry arrested his hand. He looked up to see the still, cold face suddenly convulsed with a horror and misery that appalled him. Involuntarily he spoke.

"Helen," said he, "what is it? Let me share this burden of sorrow. I love you, and it kills me to see you suffer so."

"You love me?" she said, in a tone of passionate grief. "You would hate me if I let you see my heart. But I will, I will, for this life is killing me. I am breaking my own heart, to drive yours away. While you come, I linger in the light of your love, as a moth does round the fatal lamp, knowing it must blight my life at last; for I love you, Mordaunt—loved you more that you so proudly drew back from me when I was rich and coveted; and now, when you are my comforter, and can so delicately try to renew my life's sunshine, I still repeat, I love you. No, do not take my hand, for—for—it is the hand of a murderer!"

"Helen, you rave," said he.

"No; I am calm, rational," she replied. "I killed my mother—my mother, for whom I would have died. It was in Madeira, where the soft air and lovely climate were restoring her life. She suffered with severe pain at times round the heart, and the physician gave me a lotion for external use that he warned me was poison. Other medicine she took hourly; and one night, wearied with long nursing, I left the bottles on the table near her to reach them without rising from my place beside her. While I slept—slept with a mother's life in my charge—she took the wrong medicine; she died in convulsions before we could summon a doctor—the phial pouring its poisonous contents from her clenched hand to the floor."

"My poor darling!" said he. "Oh, Helen!" he continued, "I have no words to comfort such sorrow. Only Heaven can help you."

"I dare not ask forgiveness, she said; "my sin is too great."

"Hush, hush!" Mordaunt. "This is your sin, Helen, that, for an involuntary omission of duty, you dare to question your Maker's mercy and love. Oh, my darling! seek Him for comfort. He will lift this heavy burden from your heart for ever."

"Oh, Mordaunt, help me!" she sobbed. "I am all yours; help me to bear my sorrow as a Christian."

The ice was broken. Throughout the engagement, through the years of love that followed the quiet wedding, it never formed again. The careless girlhood was gone. The ringing laugh, the light jest, might never return to their olden place; but the happy, earnest, Christian woman lived to bless the love that first won her back to warmth and light when her heart was TURNED TO ICE.

M. E. C.

COMMON NOT VULGAR.—Sir Walter Scott once happening to hear his daughter Anne say of something that it was vulgar, gave the young lady the following temperate rebuke:—"My love, you speak like a very young lady. Do you know, after all, the meaning of this word vulgar? 'Tis only common. Nothing that is common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt; and when you have lived to my years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is uncommon."

DO NOT REPINE.—Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.

A WOMAN.

Her shape from air its lightness seemed to take;
With quiet robed, if in her serious mien;
But fell her steps in haste like flake on flake
With graceful speed alighting on the green.

Not a wild rose-cup's newly-opened curve
Could match the perfect outline of her cheek;
Nor the smooth blendings of its colour serve
That fair complexion's unstained bloom to speak.

The rich soft brows of her luxuriant hair
In orbs of light her eyes again expressed;
The smile of her sweet mouth outmildred compare,
Moving to speech, or closed in dimpled rest.

Words were her life that cooled with pleasant breath
The angriest cheek, and actions strewn around
Of delicate design, like bells of heath
Whose thousands give its colour to the ground.

Her fine perception pierced the roughest act,
When it encrusted gems of kindness,
Could rein her wild-wild spirits, and with tact
Approach the leaves of sensitive distress.

Guilt's pupil checked his words in their career,
With crimsoned awe, before her bended brow,
Which like a ruin's bright evening would appear,
When sorrow prayed her with a purer show.

Stern to herself, no primrose pressed so light
The ground beneath, as she an erring soul;
And, sin abhorring, from Compassion's height
Shone upon those who mourned in its control.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY,"
FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," EDITED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 27

CHAPTER IV. THE CHATEAU ROTZBERG

AMID the many hundred miles which it traverses from its source in the glacier-land to its dispersion among the border flats of the Zuyder Zee, the great Rhine river flows through no district so full of strange interest, so wild, so primitive, so untrodden, as that deep and lonely valley that lies between Chur and Thusis in the Canton Grisons. The passing traveller hastening on to the Splügen, the wandering artist eager for Italy, alike hurry past with scarce a glance or a thought for the grey peaks above, or the stony river-bed below, the beaten highway. They little guess what green delicious valleys, what winding ravines, what legend-haunted ruins, and fragrant uplands jewelled with Alp-roses and purple gentian-blossoms, lie all unsought among the slopes and passes of the mountains round about. Still less do they dream that to some of those crumbling towers from which the very ivy has long since withered away, there cling traditions many centuries older than Christ; or that in yonder scattered chalets, some of which cluster like swallows, nests on shelves of granite six or eight hundred feet above the level of the valley, there is yet spoken a language unknown to the rest of Europe. Only the historian and archæologist care to remember how there lie imbedded in that tongue the last fragments of a forgotten language; and how in the veins of the simple mountaineers who speak it, there yet linger some drops of the blood of a lost, a mighty, and a mysterious people.

Thus it happened that William Trefalden, who was neither an archæologist nor an historian, but only a brilliant, unscrupulous man of the world, every fibre of whose active brain was busy just then with a thousand projects, neither knew, nor cared to know, any of these things, but took his way up the valley of Domleschg without bestowing a thought upon its people or traditions.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of the fourth day from that on which he left London. He had been on the road two nights out of three; and yet his eye looked none the less bright, and his cheek none the paler. As he strode along in the deep shade, glancing up from time to time at the sunny heights above his head, his step grew freer, and his bearing more assured than usual. There was not a soil of travel on his garments. The shabby office coat so inseparably associated with its wearer in the minds of his clerks, was discarded for a suit of fashionable cut

and indefinite hue, such as the British tourist delight to honour. His gloves and lines were faultless. Even his boots, although he was on foot, were almost free from dust. He looked, in short, so well dressed, and so unlike his daily self, that it may be doubted whether even Mr. Abel Keokwitch would have recognized his employer at the first glance, if that astute head-clerk could by any possibility have met him on the way.

Absorbed in thought as he was, however, Mr. Trefalden paused every now and then to reconnoitre the principal features of the valley, and make certain of his landmarks. The village from which he had started was already left two miles behind; and, save a ruined watch-tower on a pedestal of rock some eighty feet above the level of the road, there was no accessible building in sight. The Minter Rhine, with its grey waters still dull from the glacier, ran brawling past him all the way. There were pine forests climbing up the spurs of the mountains; and flocks of brown goats, with little tinkling bells about their necks, browsing over the green slopes lower down. Far above the sound of these little bells, uplifted, as it were, upon gigantic precipices of bare granite, rose, terrace beyond terrace, a whole upper world of rich pasture lands, cultivated fields, mossy orchards, and tiny hamlets, which, soon from the valley, looked like carved toys scattered over the velvet sward. Higher still, came barren plateaus, groups of stunted firs, and rugged crags among which the unmelted snow lay in broad, irregular patches, while far away to the right, where another valley seemed to open westward, rose a mountain loftier than all the rest, from the summit of which a vast glacier hung over in icy folds that glittered to the sun, like sculptured drapery depending from the shoulder of some colossal statue.

But William Trefalden had no eyes for this grand scene. To him, at that moment, the mountains were but sign-posts, and the sun a lamp to light him on his way. He was seeking for a certain roadside shrine behind which, he had been told, he should find a path leading to the Chateau Rotzberg. He knew that he had not yet passed the shrine, and that by this time he must be near it. Presently a chapel-bell chimed from the heights, clear, and sweet, and very distant. He paused to glance at his watch, and then pressed forward more rapidly. It was already a quarter to five, and he was anxious to reach his destination before the afternoon should grow much later. There was an abrupt curve in the road a few yards further on. He had been looking forward to this point for some minutes, and felt so sure that it must bring him in sight of the path, that when it actually did so, he struck up at once through the scattered pines that fringed the waste ground to the left of the road, and trod the beaten track as confidently as if he were familiar with every foot of the way.

As he went on, the sound of the hurrying river died away, and the scattered pines became a thick plantation, fragrant and dusky. Then the ground grew hilly, and was broken up here and there by mossy boulders; and then came open daylight again, and a space of smooth sward, and a steep pathway leading up to another belt of pines. This second plantation was so precipitous that the path had in some places been laid down with blocks of rough stone and short lengths of pine trunks, so as to form a kind of primitive staircase up the mountain-side. The ascent, however, was short, though steep, and Mr. Trefalden had not been climbing it for many minutes before he saw a bright shaft of sunlight piercing the fringed boughs some few yards in advance. Then the moss became suddenly golden beneath his feet, and he found himself on the verge of an open plateau, with the valley lying in deep shade some four hundred feet below, and the warm sun glowing on his face. There ran the steel-grey river, eddying but inaudible; there opened the broad Rheinthal, leading away mile after mile into the dim distance, with glimpses of white Alps on the horizon; while close by, within fifty yards of the spot on which he was standing, rose the ivied walls of the Chateau Rotzberg.

This, then, was the home to which his great-grandfather's eldest son had emigrated one hundred years before—this, the birthplace of the heir-at-law! William Trefalden smiled somewhat bitterly as he paused and looked upon it.

It was a thorough Swiss mediæval dwelling, utterly irregular, and consisting apparently of a cluster of some five or six square turrets, no two of which were of the same size or height. They were surmounted alike by steep slated roofs and grotesque weathercocks;

and the largest, which had been suffered to fall to ruin, was green with ivy from top to bottom. The rest of the chateau gave signs of only partial habitation. Many of the narrow windows were boarded up, while others showed a scarp of shingles on the inner side, or a flower-pot on the sill. A low wall, enclosing a small court-yard, lay to the south of the building, and was approached by a quaint old gateway supporting a sculptured escutcheon, close above which a stork had built his nest.

None of these details escaped the practised eye of William Trefalden. He saw all in a moment—poverty, picturesque, and neglect. As he crossed the open sward, and came in sight of a steep road winding up from the valley on the other side, he remarked that there were no tracks of wheels upon it. Laming under the gateway, he observed how the heraldic bearings were effaced upon the shield, and how those fractures were such as could only have been dealt by the hand of man. Not even the grass that had sprung up amid the paving in the court-yard, nor the mossy penthouse over the well, nor the empty kennel in the corner, remained unnoticed as he went up to the door of the chateau.

It was standing partly open—a massy caken portal, studded with iron stanchions, and protected only by a heavy latch. William Trefalden looked round for a bell, but there was none. Then he knocked with his clenched hand, but no one came. He called aloud, but no one answered. At last he went in.

The door opened into a stone hall of irregular shape, with a cavernous fireplace at one end, and a large modern window at the other. The ceiling was low, and the rafters were black with smoke. An old carved press, a screen, some chairs and settees of antique form, a great oak table on which lay a newspaper and a pair of clumsy silver spectacles, a curious Swiss clock with a toy skeleton standing in a little sentry-box just over the dial, a spinning-wheel and a Hæm press, were all the furniture that it contained. A couple of heavy Tyrolean rifles, with curved stocks to fit to the shoulder, were standing behind the door, and an old sabre, a pair of antlers, and a yellow parchment in a black frame, hung over the mantelpiece. A second door, also partly open, stood nearly opposite the first, and led into a garden.

Having surveyed this modest interior from the threshold, and found himself alone there, Mr. Trefalden crossed over to the fireplace and examined the parchment at his leisure. It was Captain Jacob's commission, signed and sealed by His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Second, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and forty-eight. Turning from this to the newspaper on the table, he saw that it was printed in some language with which he was not acquainted—a language that was neither French, nor Italian, nor Spanish, but which seemed to bear a vague resemblance to all three. It was entitled "Amity del Pic-el." Having lingered over this journal with some curiosity, he laid it down again, and passed out through the second door into the garden.

Here, at least, he had expected to find some one belonging to the place; but it was a mere kitchen garden and contained nothing higher in the scale of creation than cabbages and potatoes, gooseberry-bushes, and beds of early salad. Mr. Trefalden began to ask himself whether his Swiss kindred had deserted the Chateau Rotzberg altogether.

Strolling slowly along a side-path sheltered by a high privet hedge, and glancing back every now and then at the queer little tarretted building with all its weathercocks glittering in the sun, he suddenly became aware of voices not far distant. He stopped—listened—went on a few steps further—and found that they proceeded from some lower level than that on which he stood. Having once ascertained the direction of the sounds, he followed them rapidly enough. His quick eye detected a gap in the hedge at the upper end of the garden. From this gap, a flight of rough steps led down to a little orchard some eighteen or twenty feet below—a mere shelf of verdure on the face of the precipice, commanding a glorious view all over the valley, and lying fall to the sunset. It was planted thickly with fruit-trees, and protected at the verge of the cliff by a fragile rail. At the further end, built up in an angle of the rock, stood a rustic summer-house newly thatched with Indian corn-straw. Towards this point William Trefalden made his way through the deep grass and the wild flowers.

As he drew nearer, he heard the sounds again. There was but one voice now—a man's—and he was reading. What was he reading? Not German. Not

that strange dialect printed in the "Analy del Fievel." Certainly not Latin. He advanced a little further. Was it, could it be—Greek?

Mr. Trefalden's Greek had grown somewhat rusty these last eighteen years or so; but there could be no mistake about those sonorous periods. He recognized the very lines as they fell from the lips of the speaker—lines sweet and strong as that god-like wine stored of old in the chamber of Ulysses. It was many a year since he had heard them, though at Eton they had been "familiar in his mouth as household words."

About our heads elms and tall poplars whispered; While from its rocky cave beside us trickled The sacred waters of a limpid fountain.

The cricket chirped 't the hedge, and the sweet thrush Sang loudly from the copse.

Who should this be but Theocritus of Sicily? William Trefalden could scarcely believe his ears. Theocritus in the valley of Domleschg! Theocritus in the mouths of such barbarians as the dwellers in the Chateau Rotsberg?

Having ended the famous description of the garden of Phrasidamas, the reader paused. William Trefalden hastened up to the front of the summer-house. An old man sucking a German pipe, and a youth bending over a book, were its only occupants. Both looked up; and both, by a simultaneous impulse of courtesy, rose to receive him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, lifting his hat. "This is, I fear, an unceremonious intrusion; but I am not quite a stranger, and—"

He checked himself. French was the language which he had found generally understood in the Grisons, and he had inadvertently used his native English.

But the old man bowed, laid his pipe aside, and replied in English as pure as his own:

"Whoever you may be, sir, you are welcome."

"I think I have the pleasure of addressing a relative," observed the lawyer. "My name is William Trefalden."

The old man stepped forward, took him by both hands, and, somewhat to his surprise, kissed him on each cheek.

"Cousin," he said, "thou art thrice welcome. Saxon, my son, embrace the kinman."

CHAPTER V. MR. TREFALDEN AND HIS COUSINS.

Mr. Trefalden took the rustic chair handed to him by his younger kinsman, and placed it just against the entrance of the summer-house. It was his habit, he said, to avoid a strong light, and the sunset dazzled him. The old man resumed his seat. The youth remained standing. Both looked at the new comer with a cordial, undissembled curiosity; and for a few seconds there was silence.

Mr. Trefalden's elder kinsman was fragile, pale white-haired, with brilliant dark eyes, and thin sensitive lips, that trembled when he spoke earnestly. The other was a tall, broad-shouldered, broad-browed, powerful young fellow, with a boyish down upon his upper lip, and a forest of thick golden-brown hair, crisp and curly as the locks of Chaucer's Squire. His eyebrows and eyelashes were some shades darker than his hair; and his eyes looked out from beneath them with an expression half shy, half fearless, such as we sometimes see in the eyes of children. In short he was as goodly a specimen of the race of Adam as one might hope to meet with between London and the valley of Domleschg, or even further; and this Mr. Trefalden could not but admit at the first glance.

The old man was the first to speak.

"You did not find your way without a guide, cousin?" said he.

"It was no very difficult achievement," replied the lawyer. "I enjoyed the walk."

"From Char?"

"No—from Reichenau. I have taken up my quarters at the 'Adler.' My landlord described the road to me. It was easy enough to find: not, perhaps quite so easy to follow."

"Ah, you come by the footpath. It is sadly out of repair, and would seem steep to a stranger. Saxon, go bid Kettli prepare supper; and open a bottle of d'Asti wine. Our cousin is weary."

Mr. Trefalden hastened to excuse himself; but it was of no avail. The old gentleman insisted that he should "at least break bread and drink wine" with them; and Mr. Trefalden, seeing that he attached some patriarchal import to this ceremony, yielded the point.

"You have a son, sir, of whom you may be proud,"

said he, looking after the youth as he strode away through the trees.

The old man smiled, and with the smile his whole face grew tender and gracious.

"He is my great hope and joy," he replied; "but he is not my son. He is the only child of my dear brother, who died twelve years ago."

Mr. Trefalden had already heard this down at Reichenau; but he said, "Indeed?" and looked interested.

"My brother was a farmer," continued the other; "I catered the Lutheran Church. He married late in life; I have been a bachelor all my days."

"And your brother's wife," said Mr. Trefalden, "is she still living?"

"No; she died two years after she became a mother. For twelve years, Saxon has had no parent but myself. He calls me 'father'—I call him 'son.' I could not love him more if he were really my own offspring. I have been his only tutor, also. I have taught him all that I know. Every thought of his heart is open to me. He is what God and my teaching have made him."

"He is a magnificent fellow, at all events," said Mr. Trefalden, dryly.

"My brother was almost as tall and handsome at his age," replied the pastor with a sigh.

"What is his age?" asked the lawyer.

"He was twenty-two on the thirteenth of last December."

"I should not take him more than twenty."

"Twenty-two—twenty-two years, and four months—e man in age, in stature, in strength, in learning; but a boy at heart, cousin—a boy at heart!"

"All the better for him," said Mr. Trefalden, with his quiet voice and pleasant smile. "Many of the greatest men that ever lived were boys to the last."

"I have no desire to see my Saxon become a great man," said Martin Trefalden, hastily. "God forbid it! I have tried to make him a good man. That is enough."

"And I have no doubt that you have succeeded."

The old man looked troubled.

"I have tried," said he; "but I know not whether I have tried in the right way. I have trained him according to my own belief and ideas; and what I have done has been done for the best. I may have acted wrongly. I may not have done my duty; but I have striven to do it. I prayed for light—I prayed for God's blessing on my work, I believe my prayers were heard; but I have had heavy misgivings of late—heavy, heavy misgivings!"

"I feel sure they must be groundless," said Mr. Trefalden.

The pastor shook his head. He was evidently anxious, and ill at ease.

"That is because you do not know," replied he. "I cannot tell you now—another time—when we can be longer alone. In the meanwhile, I thank Heaven for the chance that has brought you hither. Cousin, you are our only surviving kinsman—you are acquainted with the world—you will advise me—you will be good to him! I am sure you will. I see it in your face."

"I shall be very glad to receive your confidence, and to give you what counsel I can," replied Mr. Trefalden.

"God bless you!" said the pastor, and shook hands with him across the table.

At this moment there came a sound of voices from the further end of the terrace.

"One word more," cried Martin, eagerly. "You know our family history, and the date that is drawing near?"

"I do."

"Not a syllable before him, till we have again spoken together. Hush, he is here."

A giant shadow fell upon the grass, and young Saxon's six feet of substance stood between them and the sun. He held a dish in his hands and a bottle under his arm and was followed by a stalwart peasant woman, laden with plates and glasses.

"The evening is so warm," said he, "that I thought our cousin would prefer to stay here, so Kettli and I have brought the rupper with us."

"Nothing could please me better," replied Mr. Trefalden. "By the way, Saxon, I must compliment you on your Greek. Theocritus is an old friend of mine, and you read him remarkably well."

The young man who had just removed the book from the table, and was assisting to spread the cloth, blushed like a girl.

"He and Anacreon were my favourite poets," added the lawyer; "but that was a long time ago. I fear I now remember very little of either."

"I have not read Anacreon," said Saxon; "but of all those I know, I love Homer best."

"Ay, for the fighting," suggested his uncle, with a smile.

"Why not, when it's such grand fighting?"

"Then you prefer the Iliad to the Odyssey," said Mr. Trefalden. "New, for my part, I always took more pleasure in the adventures of Ulysses. The scenery is so various and romantic; the fiction is so delightful."

"I don't like Ulysses," said Saxon, bluntly. "He's so crafty."

"He is therefore all the truer to nature," replied Mr. Trefalden. "All Greeks are crafty; and Ulysses is the very type of his race."

"I cannot forgive him on that plea. A hero must be better than his race, or he is no hero."

"That is true, my son," said the pastor.

"I allow that the Homeric heroes are not Bayards; but they are great men," said Mr. Trefalden, defending his position less for the sake of argument than for the opportunity of studying his cousin's opinions.

"Ulysses is not a great man," replied Saxon warmly; "much less a hero."

Mr. Trefalden smiled, and shook his head.

"You have all the world against you," said he.

"The world lets itself be blinded by tradition," answered Saxon. "Can a man be a hero and steal a horse and tell lies? a hero, and afraid to give his name? Tell of Altdorf was not one of that stamp. When Gessler questioned him about the second arrow, he told the truth and was ready to die for it."

"You are an enthusiastic on the subject of heroes," said Mr. Trefalden, jestingly.

The young man blushed again, more deeply than before.

"I hate Ulysses," he said. "He was a contemptible fellow; and I don't believe that Homer wrote the Odyssey at all."

With this, he addressed some observation to Kettli, who answered him and departed.

"What a strange dialect!" said Mr. Trefalden, his attention diverted into another channel. "Did I not see a newspaper printed in it, as I passed just now through the house?"

"You did; but it is no dialect," replied the pastor, as they took their places round the table. "It is a language—a genuine language; copious, majestic, elegant, and more ancient by many centuries than the Latin."

"You surprise me."

"It's modern name," continued the old man, "is the Rhaeto-Romansch. If you desire to know its ancient name, I must refer you back to a period earlier, perhaps, than even the foundation of Alba Longa, and certainly long anterior to Rome. But, cousin, you do not eat."

"I have really no appetite," pleaded Mr. Trefalden, who found neither the goat's-milk cheese nor the salad particularly to his taste. "Besides, I am much interested in what you tell me."

The pastor's face lighted up.

"I am glad of it," he said, eagerly. "I am very glad of it. It is a subject to which I have devoted the leisure of a long life."

"But you have not yet told me the ancient name of this Romansch tongue?"

Saxon, who had been looking somewhat uneasy during the last few minutes, was about to speak; but his uncle interposed.

"No, no, my son," he said, eagerly, "these are matters with which I am more conversant than thou. Leave the explanation to me."

The young man bent forward, and whispered, "Briefly, than, dearest father."

Mr. Trefalden's quick ear caught the almost inaudible warning. It was his destiny to gain more than one insight into character this evening.

The pastor nodded, somewhat impatiently, and launched into what was evidently a favourite topic.

"Look round," he said, "at these mountains. They have their local names, as the Galanda, the Ringel, the Albul, and so forth; but they have also a general and classified name. They are the Eastern Alps. Among them lie numerous valleys, of which this, the Hinter-Rhein-Thal, is the chief. Yonder lie the passes of the Spulgen and the Stalvio, and beyond them the plains of Lombardy. You probably know this already; but it is important to my explanation that you should have a correct idea of our geography here in the Grisons."

Mr. Trefalden bowed, and begged him to proceed. Saxon ate his supper in silence.

"Well," continued the pastor, "about two thousand eight hundred years ago these Alps were peopled by a hardy aboriginal race, speaking the same language, or the germs of the same language, which is spoken here to this day by their descendants. These aborigines followed the instincts which God would seem to have implanted in the hearts of all mountain races. They wearied of their barren fastnesses. They poured down into the Southern plains. They expelled the native Umbrians, and settled as conquerors in that part of Italy which lies north of Ancona and the Tiber. There they built cities, cultivated literature and the arts, and reached a high degree of civilisation. When I tell you that they had attained to this eminence before the era of Romulus; that they gave religion, language, and arts to Rome herself; that, according to the decreed fate of nations, they fell through their own luxury, and were enslaved in their turn; that pursued by the Gaul or the Celt, they fled back at last to these same mountains from which they had emigrated long centuries before; that they erected some of those strongholds, the imperishable ruins of which yet stand above our passes; and that in this Rhaeto-Romanic tongue of the Grisons survive the last utterances of their lost poets and historians—when, cousin, I tell you all these things, you will, I think, have guessed already what the name of that ancient people most have been?"

Now it happened somewhat unasked, that Mr. Trefalden had lately read, somewhere or another, a review of somebody's book on this very subject; so, when the old man paused, quite warm and flushed with his own eloquence, he found himself prepared with a reply.

"If," said he, "I had not taken an impression—in short, I had not understood that the Etruscans were originally a Lydian tribe—"

"You took that impression from Herodotus!" interrupted the pastor.

"No; for the best of reasons. I never was Grecian enough to do battle with Herodotus."

"From Tacitus, then?"

"Possibly from Tacitus."

"Yes, Tacitus supports that theory, but he is wrong; so does Herodotus, and he is wrong; so do Strabo, Cicero, Seneca, Pliny, Plutarch, Velleius, Paterculus, Servius, and a host of others, and they are all wrong—utterly wrong, every one of them!"

"But where—"

"Livy supposes that the emigration was from the plains to the mountains—folly, mere folly! Does not every example in history point to the contrary? The dwellers in plains fly to the mountains for refuge; but emigration flows as naturally from the heights to the flats, as streams flow down from the glaciers to the valleys. Hellenicus of Lesbos would have us believe they were Pelasgians. Dionysius of Halicarnassus asserts that they were the aborigines of the soil. Gorins makes them Phœnician—Bonarota, Egyptian—Maffei, Canaanite—Guarnacci . . ."

"I beg pardon," interrupted Mr. Trefalden; "but when I said I had understood that the Etruscans were of Lydian origin . . ."

"They were nothing of the kind!" cried the pastor, trembling with excitement. "If they had been his countrymen, would not Xantus of Lydia have chronicled the event? He never even names them. Can you conceive an English historian omitting the colonisation of America; or a Spanish historian passing over the conquest of Mexico? No, cousin, you must forgive me for saying that he who embraces the empty theories of Herodotus and Tacitus commits a grievous error. I can show you such archaeological evidence . . ."

"I assure you, said Mr. Trefalden, laughingly, "that I have not the least disposition to do anything of the kind. It is a subject upon which I know absolutely nothing."

"And, father," began Saxon, laying his hand gently on the old man's arm, "I think you forget—"

"No, no, I forget nothing," interrupted his uncle too much possessed by his own argument to listen to any one. "I do not forget that Gibbon pronounced the Lydian theory a theme for only poets and romancers. I do not forget that Stouh, whatever the tenor of his other opinions, at least admitted the unity of the Etruscan and Rhaetian tongues. Then there was Niebuhr—although he fell under the mistake of supposing the Etruscans to be a mixed race, he believed the Rhaetians of these Alps to have been the true stock, and maintained that they reduced the Pelasgi to a state of vassalage. Niebuhr was a great man, a

fine historian, an enlightened scholar. I corresponded with him, cousin, for years, on this very subject; but I could never succeed in convincing him of the purely Rhaetian nationality of the Etruscan people. He always would have it that they were amalgamated with the Pelasgians. It was a great pity! I wish I could have sat him right before he died."

Mr. Trefalden looked at his watch.

"I wish you could," he said; "but it grows late, and I shall never find my way back before dark, if I do not at once bid you good evening."

The pastor put his hand to his brow in a bewildered way.

"I—I fear I have talked too much," he said shyly.

"I have wearied you. Pray forgive me. When I begin upon this subject, I do not know where to stop."

"This is because you know so much about it," replied the lawyer. "But I have listened with great pleasure, I assure you."

"Bare yont! Have you, indeed?"

"And have learned a great deal that I did not know before."

"I will show you all Niebuhr's letters another time, and copies of my replies," said the old man, "if you care to read them."

He was now quite radiant again, and wanted only a word of encouragement to resume the conversation; but Mr. Trefalden had had more than enough of the Etruscans already.

"Thank you," said he; "thank you—another time. And now, good-by."

"No no—stay a moment longer. I have so much to say to you—so many questions to ask. How long do you stay in Reichenau?"

Some days—perhaps a week."

"Are you on your way to Italy?"

"Not at all. I wanted change of air, and I have come abroad for a fortnight's holiday. My object in choosing Reichenau for a resting place is solely to be near you."

The old man's eyes filled with tears.

"How good of you!" he said, simply. "I should never have seen you if you had not found your way hither—and, after all, we three are the last of our name. Cousin, will you come here?"

Mr. Trefalden hesitated.

"What do you mean?" he said. "I shall come again of course, to-morrow."

"I mean will you come here for the time of your stay? I hardly like to ask you, for I know the Adler is far more comfortable than our little desolate eyrie. But still if you can put up with tarmor's fare and mountain habits, you shall have a loving welcome."

Mr. Trefalden smiled, and shook his head.

"I thank you," said he, "as much as if I accepted your hospitality; but it is impossible. We Londoners lead busy feverish lives, and become enslaved by all kinds of unhealthy customs. Your habits and mine differ as widely as the habits of an Esquimaux and a Friendly Islander. Shall I confess the truth? You have just supped—I am now going back to Reichenau to dinner."

"To dinner?"

"Yes, eight is my hour. I cannot depart from it, even when travelling; so you see I dare not become your guest. However, I shall see you daily, and my young cousin here must do the honours of the neighbourhood to me."

"That I will," said Saxon, heartily.

Mr. Trefalden then shook hands with the pastor, and, Saxon having declared his intention of seeing him down the mountain, they went away together.

CHAPTER VI. THE VALUE OF A NAPOLEON.

As the two cousins passed across the grass-grown court-yard, and under the gateway, with the stork's nest overhead, Mr. Trefalden pointed up to the broken scutcheon.

"Is that a record of some mediæval fray?" asked he.

"Oh dear no!" replied the young man, laughingly.

"My great-grandfather smashed that heraldry when he bought the place."

"Then he was a zealous Republican?"

"Not he. Quite the contrary, I believe. No—he defaced the shield because the château was his, and the arms were not."

"I see. He did not choose to live in a house with another man's name upon his door. That was sensible; but he might have substituted his own."

Saxon's lip curled sardoniously.

"Bah!" said he, "what do we want of arms? We are only farmers. We have no right to them."

"Neither has any one else, I should fancy, in a republic like this," observed Mr. Trefalden.

"Oh yes—some have. The Rotbergs, who lived here before us, the Piantas, the Ortensuigs, are all noble. They were counts and knights hundreds of years ago, when the feudal system prevailed."

"Nobles who subscribe to a democratic rule forget their nobility, my young cousin," said Mr. Trefalden.

"I have heard that before," replied Saxon; "but I don't agree with it."

This young man had a sturdy way of expressing his opinions that somewhat amused and somewhat dismayed Mr. Trefalden. He had also a frightful facility of foot that rendered him a difficult companion among such paths as led down from the Château Rotberg to the valley below.

"My good fellow," said the lawyer, coming to a sudden stop, "do you want me to break my neck? I am not a chamola!"

Saxon, who had been springing from ledge to ledge of the slippery descent with the light and fearless step of a mountaineer to the manor beam, turned back at once, and put out his hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said, apologetically. "I had forgotten. I suppose you have never been among mountains before?"

"Oh yes I have—and I can keep my feet here quite well, thank you, if you do not ask me to come down in a coranto. I have been up Snowdon, and Cadar Idra, and plenty of smaller heights—to say nothing of Holborn Hill."

Saxon laughed merrily.

"Why, what do you know of Holborn Hill?" said Mr. Trefalden, surprised to find that small jest appreciated.

"It is a hill rising westward, on the right bank of the Fleet river."

"But you have never visited London?"

"I have never been further than Zurich in my life; but I have read Stowe carefully, with a map."

Mr. Trefalden could not forbear a smile.

"You must not suppose that you therefore know anything about modern London," said he. "Stowe would not recognise his own descriptions now. The world has gone round once or twice since his time."

"So I suppose."

"I should like to take you back with me, Saxon. You'd find me a better guide than the mediæval surveyor."

"To London?"

"Ay, to London."

Saxon shook his head.

"You do not mean to tell me that you have no curiosity to visit the most wonderful city in the world?"

"Not at all; but there are others which I had rather see first."

"And which are they?"

"Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem."

"Then I have no hesitation in prophesying that you would be greatly disappointed in all three. One is always disappointed in places that depend for their interest on remote association."

Saxon made no reply, and for a few moments they were both silent. When they presently left the last belt of pines behind them and emerged upon the level road, Mr. Trefalden paused and said:

"I ought not to let you go any further. My way lies straight before me now, and I cannot miss it."

"I will go with you as far as the bridge," replied Saxon.

"But it is growing quite dusk, and you have those mountain paths to climb."

"I could climb them blindfolded. Besides, we have arranged nothing for to-morrow. Would you like to walk over the Galanda to Pfifers?"

"How far is it?" asked Mr. Trefalden, with a glance of misgiving towards the mountain in question, which looked loftier than ever in the gleaming.

"About twenty-three or four miles."

"Each way?"

"Of course."

"I am much obliged to you," said the lawyer, "but, as I said before, I am not a chamola. No, Saxon; you must come over to the Adler to-morrow morning to breakfast with me, and after breakfast, if you like, we will walk to Chur. I hear it is a curious old place, and I should like to see it."

"As you please, cousin. At what hour?"

"I fear if I say half-past eight, you will think it terribly late."

"Not at all, since you do not dine till eight at night."

"Then I may expect you!"

"Without fail."

They were now within sight of the covered bridge and the twinkling lights in the village beyond. Mr. Trefalden passed for the second time.

"I must insist upon saying good-bye now," said he. "And, by the way, before we part, will you be kind enough to explain to me the real value of these coins?"

He took out a handful of loose money, and Saxon examined the pieces by the waning light.

"My charretier to-day would not take French francs," continued Mr. Trefalden, "but asked for Mûnts money. When I offered him these Swiss francs he was satisfied. What is the difference in value between a French and a Swiss franc? What is Mûnts money? How many of these pieces should I get for a Napoleon, or an English sovereign?"

Saxon shook his head.

"I don't know," said he, "I have not the least idea."

Mr. Trefalden thought he had been misunderstood.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "Perhaps I have not explained myself clearly. This Mûnts money—"

"Mûnts money is Swiss money," interrupted Saxon. "That is to say, the new uniform coinage voted by the Diet of 1850."

"Well, what is this Swiss franc worth?"

"A hundred rappen."

"Then a rapp is equivalent to a French centime?"

Saxon looked puzzled.

"The rappen are issued instead of the old batzen," said he.

Mr. Trefalden smiled.

"We don't quite understand each other yet," he said, taking a Napoleon from the number. "What I want to know is simply how many Swiss francs I ought to receive for this?"

Saxon took the Napoleon between his finger and thumb, and examined it on both sides with some curiosity.

"I don't think it is worth anything at all here," he replied, as he gave it back. "What is it?"

"What is it? Why, a Napoleon! Do you mean to say that you never saw one before?"

"I don't think I ever did."

"But I know they are current here, for I changed one at Char."

Saxon looked as if he could not comprehend his cousin's evident surprise.

"You may be right," said he. "I cannot tell; but I will ask my father when I go home. I dare say he can explain it to you."

Mr. Trefalden's amazement was so great that he took no pains to conceal it.

"But, my dear fellow, he said, "you cannot be unacquainted with the standard value of money—with the relative value of gold and silver?"

"I assure you I know nothing at all about it."

"But—but it is incomprehensible."

"Why so? It is a subject that has never come under my observation, and in which I take no interest?"

"Yet in the ordinary transactions of life—of farming life, for instance, such as your own—in the common buying and selling of every day—"

"I have nothing to do with that. My father manages all matters connected with the land."

"Well, then, if it were only as a guide to the expenditure of your own money, some such knowledge is necessary and valuable."

"But I have no money," replied Saxon, with the simplicity of a savage.

"No money? None whatever?"

"None?"

"Do you never have any?"

"Never."

"Have you never had any?"

"Never in my life."

Mr. Trefalden drew a long breath, and said no more.

"That seems to surprise you very much," said Saxon, laughingly.

"Well—it does."

"But it need not. What do I want with money? Of what use would it be to me? What should I do with it? What is money? Nothing. Nothing but a sign, the interpretation of which is food, clothing, firing, and other comforts and necessities of life. I have all these, and, having them, need no money. It is sufficiently plain."

"Ah, yes, it is plain—quite plain," rejoined the lawyer, abstractedly. "I see it all now. You are

perfectly right, Saxon. You would not know what to do with it, if you had it. Good night."

"Good night."

"Don't forget half-past eight to-morrow."

"No, no. Good night."

And so they shook hands and parted.

Mr. Trefalden was somewhat late that evening for his dinner; but the cook at the Adler was an expert artist, and not to be disconcerted by so common-place an emergency. It was a very recherché little dinner, and Mr. Trefalden was unusually well disposed to enjoy it. Never, surely, was the trout more fresh; never was Mayonnaise better flavoured; never had Lafitte a more delicate aroma. Mr. Trefalden dined deliberately, praised the cook with the grace of a connoisseur, and lingered luxuriously over his dessert. His meditations were pleasant, and the claret was excellent.

"A simple old pastor with a mania for archæology," muttered he, as he sipped his curaçoa and watched the smoke of his cigar—"a simple old pastor with a mania for archæology, and a young barbarian who reads Theocritus and never saw a Napoleon! What a delicious combination of circumstances! What a glorious field for enterprise! Verily, the days of El Dorado have come back again!"

CHAPTER VII. PASTOR MARTIN'S THOUGHTS.

The pastor had spoken from his heart of hearts when he told Mr. Trefalden with what solicitude he had educated his brother's orphan; but he did not tell him all, or even half, of the zeal, humility, and devotion, with which he had fulfilled that heavy duty. Knowing the full extent of his responsibility, he had accepted it from the very hour of the boy's birth. He had lain awake night after night, while little Saxon was yet in his cradle, pondering, and praying, and asking himself how he should fortify this young soul against the temptations of the world. He had written out full a dozen elaborate schemes of education for him, before the child could babble an articulate word. He spent his leisure in studying the lives of great and virtuous men, that he might thence gather something of their tutelage; and, to this end, toiled patiently once again through all Plutarch's crabbed Greek, and Fuller's still more crabbed English. He compiled formidable lists of all kinds of instructive books for his pupil's future reading, long before his young ears had ever heard of the penances ending in "ology." He filled reams of sermon paper with unobjectionable extracts from the classic poets, and made easy abstracts of Euclid and Aristotle for his sole use and benefit. In short, he laid himself down before the wheels of this baby Juggernaut in a spirit of the uttermost self-devotion and love, giving up to him every moment upon which his pastoral duties held no claim, and sacrificing even the Etruscans for his dear sake.

The boy's education may almost be said to have dated from the day on which he first began to laugh and put out his little arms at the sight of those he loved. Uncle Martin, in spite of some maternal opposition, took care of that. He asserted his position at once; and quietly, but firmly, maintained it. He it was who taught the child his first utterance—who guided his first feeble steps upon the soft sward out of doors—who trained his tongue to stammer its first prayer. He taught him that God had made the sun, and the stars, and the green trees. He led him to see use and beauty in all created things—even in the most unlovely. He brought him up to fear the darkness no more than the light; to admire all that was beautiful; to reverence all that was noble; to love every thing that had life. He would not even let him have a toy that was not in some way suggestive of gracefulness or service.

When little Saxon was but two years old, his mother died; and the good pastor pursued his labour henceforth without even a semblance of opposition. Saxon the elder believed in his brother as of old, and deferred to him in everything. Martin did not, perhaps, believe quite so implicitly in himself; but, as he told his cousin, he prayed for light, and only strove to know his duty, that he might perform it.

As time went on, that duty became daily of more extensive operation. The boy grew portentously both in ideas and inches. He developed an alarming appetite for books, as well as bread-and-butter. His curiosity became insatiable, and his industry indefatigable. In short, he perplexed his tutor sorely, and unconsciously raised up a host of difficulties which had been left quite unprovided for in the good pastor's theories.

For Martin Trefalden had theories—very strange,

unworldly, eccentric theories, indeed, which looked wonderfully well upon paper, and had been proved by him to his brother ever and over again as they sat smoking together by their fire-side o' nights; but which had various disagreeable ways of tripping him up, and leaving him in the lurch, now that they came to be put into practice.

Chief and foremost among these was his grand theory about the Trefalden legacy.

Having persuaded his brother to marry, and having, as it were, compelled Saxon the younger to enter on this stage of mortal life, it obviously behoved him, above all other things, to arm that little Christian against the peculiar dangers and temptations to which his singular destiny exposed him. He must be trained in habits of innocence, frugality, charity, and self-denial. He must be taught to prize only the simplest pleasures. He must be doubly and trebly fortified against pride, avarice, prodigality, self-indulgence, and every other sin of which wealth is fruitful. Above all, argued the pastor, he must not love money. Nay more, he must be wholly indifferent to it. He must regard it as a mere sign—an expedient—a medium of exchange—a thing valueless in itself, and desirable only because it is convenient. His childish hand must never be sullied by it. His innocent thoughts must never entertain it. He shall be as pure from the taint of gold as the first dwellers in Paradise.

"But when he grows up, brother Martin," suggested the father one evening, while they sat talking it over, as usual, in the chimney-corner, "when he grows up, you know, and the money really falls due—what then?"

"What do you mean, Sax?"

"He won't know what to do with it."

"But you will," replied the pastor, sharply, "and, after all, 'tis you are the heir—not he. You never seem to remember that, brother Sax."

The farmer made no reply.

"And by that time, too," continued Martin, "the boy will be old enough to understand the right uses of wealth."

"You'll teach him those, brother Martin," said the farmer.

"You and I together."

Saxon the elder smoked on in silence for a moment or two; then, laying his hand gently on the pastor's sleeve, "Brother Martin," he said, "thou'rt younger than I, as I have reminded thee once or twice before. I don't believe that I have a very long life before me. I don't feel as if I should ever inherit that fortune, or see my boy with a beard upon his chin."

He was right. He died, as we know, twelve years before the century expired, and Martin Trefalden continued to bring up his nephew in his own way. He could ride his hobby now at any pace he pleased, without even the interruption of a meek question by the way; so he ambled on year after year with his eyes shut, and refused to recognise the fact that Saxon was no longer a boy. He made himself wilfully blind both to his moustache and his inches. He would not believe that the time was already come for discussing the forbidden subject. He could not endure to tell his young Spartan that he must one day be rich; and so, as it were, he the first to raise his hand against that fabric of unworldliness which it had been the labour of his life to erect.

Of late, however, he had "bad misgivings." He had begun to wonder whether perfect ignorance of life was really the best preparation for a career of usefulness, and whether the college at Geneva might not have proved a better school for his nephew than the solitude of Domleschg.

This matter stood when William Trefalden, Esquire, of Chancery-lane, London, made his appearance at the Château Rotsberg; and thus it happened that his cousin Saxon, the heir to four millions and a half of funded property, had no notion of the value of a Napoleon.

CHAPTER VIII. MR. TREFALDEN MEETS ACQUAINTANCES BY THE WAY.

Punctual as the minute-hand of the quaint little Swiss timepiece on the mantelshelf was Saxon to his appointment. The first metallic chime of the half-hour was just striking as he reached the inn door, and the rapid smiting of his iron heel on the paved corridor leading to the saloon drowned the vibrations of the second. He found the breakfast-table laid beside an open window looking upon the garden and the mountains, and his cousin turning over the leaves of a large book at the further end of the room.

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WISDOM OF THE ARABS.

A FRENCH gentleman feeling the interest which the French nation has in becoming acquainted with the intellect of its subjugated colony, is publishing in the *Annuaire Contemporain*, a series of gems of French Arab. The thoughts are given in the picturesque disorder in which they cropped up, and were collected for the most part in frequent conversations held with Abd-el-Kader, during his compulsory residence in France. Here are some of them.

Fortune has only a single eye, and that is on the top of her head. So long as she does not see you, she will call you by the tenderest names; she will treat you like her favourite child, and load you with benefits. But one fine day she will take you in her arms, raise you up on high, examine you attentively, and then repulse you with disgust, exclaiming, "Be off; be off with you! You are not my son."

Three things in this world try the rarest patience, and make the sagest lose his reason: the compulsion to quit one's native spot, the loss of friends, and separation from her we love.

Love begins with a look, exactly as a fire begins with a spark.

A sage beholding a hunter who had stopped to converse with a pretty woman, called to him, "O thou, who pursuest and killest will beasts, have a care lest that woman do not catch thee in her nets."

An Arab was asked, "Do you believe in the end of the world?"—"Yes," he answered. "Since I lost my wife, half the world has already disappeared; and when I die, in turn, the other half will vanish also."

She sent word to me, "You sleep, and we are separated." I replied, "Yes; but it is to rest my eyes after the tears they have shed."

He who greedily seeks honours and riches, may be compared to a man suffering from thirst which he tries to quench with the water of the sea. The more he drinks, the more he wants to drink, until at last he dies of drinking it.

When Allah has a mind to ruin the ant, he gives him wings. The insect, filled with joy and pride, takes his flight. A little bird passes, sees him, and snaps him up.

To kill, or to be killed, is the lot of men.

The lot of women is, to drag the lengthy folds of their garments along the ground.

An Arab woman was asked; What do you think of a young man of twenty?

He is, she said, a bouquet of jasmine.

And of a man of thirty?

That one is a ripe and well flavoured fruit.

And of a man of forty years?

He is a father of boys and girls.

And of a man of fifty?

He may pass into the category of preachers.

And of a man of sixty years?

He is good for nothing but to cough and groan.

He who has never hunted, nor loved, nor trembled at the sound of music, nor sought after the perfume of flowers—do not say that he is a man. Say that he is an ass.

The best of wives is she who bears a son yet unborn,

Who leads another by the hand,

And whose steps are followed by a third.

I am vanquished by love; but she is so beautiful that my defeat is no humiliation.

By Allah, I would not espouse a widow, were her eyes the eyes of a gazelle. All her affection is for her late husband; all her thoughts are with the dead.

Do not attach yourself to a cruel man; sooner or later you will find him as pitiless for you as he is for others.

Do not speak of anything which you would not like to have repeated to-morrow.

Never remain alone with a pretty woman, even if you are obliged to occupy your time in reading the Koran.

When a young man marries, the Demon utters a fearful cry. He follows immediately crowd round him, and inquire the subject of his grief. "Another son of Adam," he answers, "has just escaped out of my clutches."

To teach early, is to engrave on marble;

To teach late, is to write on sand.

Repentance for a day, is to start on a journey, without knowing where to find shelter for the night.

Repentance for a year, is to sow seed in your fields out of season.

Repentance for a whole lifetime, is to marry a

woman without being properly edited respecting her family, her temper, and her beauty.

Life is this: For a day of joy, you count a month of grief, and for a month of pleasure, you reckon a year of pain. There is no strength except in Allah.

Ordinarily, a man is better towards the close than at the commencement of his career. Why? Because then he has gained in knowledge, in experience, and in resignation. His temper is more even, he is less subject to be carried away by passion, and he has acquired a settled position in the world. But is the case the same with a woman? By no means. Her beauty passes; she bears no more children; she becomes morose, uncivil, and her temper gets sourer and sourer.

If, therefore, any one informs you that he has married a woman of a certain age, be assured that he has accepted two-thirds of the evil which the life of a woman contains.

Do not meddle with what does not concern you. Recollect that when the hounds are furiously fighting for a morsel of meat, if they see a jackal pass, they set off together in pursuit of him.

When a woman has adorned her eyes with kohl and dyed her fingers with henna, and has chewed mesteka (the gum of the lentisk), which perfumes the breath and whitens the teeth, she becomes more pleasing in the sight of Allah; for she is then more beloved of her husband.

Never marry a woman for her money—wealth may make her insolent: nor for her beauty—her beauty may fade. Marry her for her piety.

The goods of this world rarely bring happiness, and they almost always exclude us from the benefits of the next.

He who bears patiently the faults of his wife, will receive from the hands of Allah a recompense similar to that which he accorded to Job after his long sufferings.

This world and the next resemble the East and the West; you cannot draw near to the one without turning your back on the other.

The best way of getting rid of an enemy whose sentiments are elevated, is to pardon him: you so make him your slave.

Destiny has a hand furnished with five iron fingers. When she chooses to submit a man to her will, she clasps two fingers on his eyes, thrusts two fingers into his ears, and placing the fifth on his mouth, says, "Hold your tongue."

Have you done good?—it leads to paradise.

Have you done evil?—it conducts you to hell.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

LESSON III.

TEST REQUIRED TO PERFORM THE EXPERIMENT IN THIS LESSON, SOME TINCTURE OF IODINE (HALF AN OUNCE IN A STOPPERED BOTTLE).

It was seen, in Lesson II, that starch is insoluble in cold water, but if boiling water be poured on it, a jelly will be formed; take some of this jelly while hot, and add a drop of the tincture of iodine; no change will be perceptible; but, as soon as the mixture cools, the colour becomes blue; apply heat, and remark that this blue colour disappears. Hence tincture of iodine is a test for starch, with which it produces a blue colour; but the starch must be cold. The young chemist may now test various vegetable substances with the tincture of iodine for the presence of starch; first take some thin slices of potatoes, and touch them with the end of a glass rod dipped in the tincture of iodine, a deep blue spot will result. Oranges and lemons may be tested in the same manner, as well as the young buds of almost any growing plant, when the blue spot in every case will demonstrate the presence of starch. As starch is insoluble in cold water, perhaps it may be asked how it therefore enters into the circulation of vegetables, nor does it as starch, but it is converted by the organism of vegetables into other principles, of which sugar is the chief, and it is chiefly in the form of sugar that plants take it in. Here we cannot fail to admire the wisdom of the Creator, for had this nourishment not been deposited in an insoluble form it would have been washed away; but, existing in the form of starch, it is free from this contingency. The component parts of starch are, carbon, twelve parts; hydrogen, ten parts; and, oxygen, ten parts; or, as chemists write it in symbols, $C_{12}H_{10}O_{10}$.

Cane sugar is composed of, carbon, twelve parts; hydrogen, eleven parts; oxygen, eleven parts; or, by symbols, $C_{12}H_{11}O_{11}$; so that the only difference between starch and sugar, chemically, is the addition to the starch of one part more of hydrogen and oxygen. In fact chemists can very readily convert starch into sugar by boiling it with weak sulphuric acid; but the experiment would be too elaborate yet for a young chemist. If sugar be adulterated with starch, it can easily be detected by the application of the tincture of iodine test.

LESSON IV.

A MIXTURE OF SALT, SUGAR, STARCH, AND BUTTER BEING GIVEN—TO SEPARATE THEM.

Materials and Tests Required.—Some sulphuric ether, in a stoppered bottle, and the rest as in preceding lessons.

As the object of this analysis is qualitative, not quantitative; and as the manipulation of butter is none of the cleanest, moreover as ether is an expensive chemical, the quantity of butter to be experimented upon need not exceed what can be taken on the point of a pen-knife; indeed it would be as well to limit the total mixture operated on to the amount which can lie on a ten cent piece.

The mixture of salt, sugar, starch, and butter being made, it is best to separate the butter first. Put the whole into a test tube, and agitate with a little ether, which will dissolve out the butter, leaving the rest in solution, allow the mixture to settle, and pour off the liquid. Continue to wash with ether until a drop of the liquid evaporated leaves no stain on a slip of glass evaporate the ethereal solution of butter in a silver tablespoon over the spirit lamp, when the butter will remain.

The materials being thus freed from the butter should be exposed for a few minutes to a warm atmosphere, for the purpose of driving off any ether which may remain; and, this being done, add cold, distilled water to the mixture; agitate, and allow the liquid to clear; pour off the clear part, which will contain the sugar and salt in solution, and continue to add water until a drop gives no cloudiness with nitrate of silver, or, being evaporated, leaves no stain on a glass slip; the starch, of course, remains behind. Evaporate the solution of salt and sugar to dryness by means of a water bath as explained in Lesson I, and separate the sugar from the salt with alcohol, as also explained in that Lesson, when the four materials will have been separated which composed the mixture.

During the performance of evaporating the alcohol and ether away in the preceding experiments, it may occur to the student that some process ought to be devised to obviate such waste; and, to attain this object, chemists have recourse to distillation; but as this requires the use of a certain apparatus, which would embarrass a young chemist in his analysis, the alcoholic and ethereal vapours have been allowed to go to waste; but at some future period directions will be given so that this waste will be prevented.

From the foregoing analyses the following facts have been brought prominently forward, which the student, it is hoped, will keep in memory:

1st. That tincture of iodine is a test for starch, but the starch must be cold.

2nd. That butter is soluble in ether.

3rd. That salt, sugar, and starch are insoluble in ether.

And, lastly. By means of ether the purity of butter may be ascertained, especially in relation to common salt.

Suppose it is required to know what proportion of salt there is in a given quantity of butter, proceed thus: first weigh a portion of the whole lump, say an ounce, and add ether until all the butter is dissolved out as explained above; the salt remaining when dried and weighed, will give the proportion there is of that material in an ounce of the butter, from whence it can readily be determined the amount there is in the whole quantity.

BRINGING UP.—A person's character depends a good deal upon his bringing up. For instance, a man who has been brought up by the police, seldom turns out respectable.

HARDHEARTED ART.—"Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls."—"I would much rather steal theirs," says the unpromising young man.

FATHER IGNATIUS.

LONDON SNAOKER.

BROTHER (or Father as some call him) Ignatius the Norwich Monk has been deserted by some of his best men, because he insists on reserving the sacrament for worship and benediction, contrary to the express rubric; and also, because he offers, at any rate, *secondary worship* to the Virgin. One brother, Stanislaus, who had come over from Rome because he disapproved of these very things, felt it hard that they should be forced upon him there—He could not reconcile them with the primary duty of obedience to the Church; and so, sacrificing what he held to be the minor obligation, he left Norwich and went over to Mr. Archer Gurney, priest of a very High-Church place near the Madeline, and a believer in purgatory, prayers for the dead, and other abominations to the true Protestant. Mr. Gurney gave him advice and money; he did the same, after, to two other monks; and tells us pitiously that the whole affair cost him over 16*l.*, which he hopes some good Churchman may make up to him, "since it was spent in an endeavour to do good on definite Church-of-England principles." Father Ignatius gave them most affectionate letters; but made no concession, and demanded unreserved obedience. One of the three, Mr. Gurney thinks, is not a true man; another accuses to have applied his money in an unauthorized way. In fact, if Father Ignatius has any work to do, he is well rid of troublesome, if not suspicious, persons like Brothers Clement and Maurus. It is a little laughable that while "the revival of Brotherhoods" is a matter of which most of us are still discussing the possibility, the "brothers" should have already begun to complain of the evils of centralization, and the desirableness of different "orders," with different heads of different temperaments, so as to suit the different natures of those who join. A Mr. Walker, who was for ten days at Claydon, and then wrote a book, thinks it is not too great stringency, but *not keeping to rules*, which is ruining Norwich. It is really (says he) not a monastery at all but a mission. Mr. Lyne tries to combine the two; he makes the monks keep the rule of silence, while he is "constantly receiving visitors, and chatting with them in his own room;" he keeps the monks to the diet of the order, while he, constantly preaching, &c., lives what they call luxuriously. Above all, he never consults them, as the rule of St. Benedict bids all abbots do. "Brother Maurus's" book on "the scandals at Norwich" is advertised; but "Brother Stanislaus" disclaims indignantly all share in it, and says such things should be kept within their own walls. As for Mr. Lyne, we fancy it would puzzle even the Bishop of Oxford to get much useful work out of such stubborn stuff. None of his vagaries, however, can excuse the way in which he occasionally gets treated. It was bad enough just lately at Manchester; but infinitely worse not long before at refined and courtly Bath; where at the eleventh hour, after the bills stating prices of admission were printed, the Mayor refused to allow any charge to be made (the meeting was to have been held in the Guildhall), so that the room was invaded by the unwashed, and their leaders and abettors, the speaker's temper was sorely tried, the confusion became indescribable, and a savage mob waited for the Father outside, and cut the traces of a carriage which a chance visitor had driven over, thinking by so doing to hinder Mr. Lyne's escape. The worst of it was, the most outrageous among the crowd were people who, from their social position, certainly ought to have known better.

MISCELLANEA.

ANECDOTES OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.—During the time that the cholera raged so severely, a man had been carried to the deed-house who had only swooned, and on recovering himself was naturally very anxious to get away from the unpleasant companions with whom he had been lodged. There was a Sepoy sentry near the door, and on the supposed defunct beating against it with all his might in desperate anxiety to get out, the Sepoy, nowise disturbed at this unusual incident, challenged in due form, and demanded "Who comes there?" The clamour for liberation being renewed, the Sepoy, no doubt imagining that it was an unruly ghost who wanted his body buried before the regular time, replied: "There are no orders for opening the door, and besides, your box (coffin) has not yet come."

The following incident shows the reckless daring evinced at times by our soldiers. Two non-commis-

sioned officers found time to make a wager of a trifling nature, as to who would be the first to enter the battery; they accordingly strained every nerve to accomplish the object of their ambition; but sharp as they were, they were outrun by a private of their corps, who bore away the palm from all competitors. On entering the battery, the non-com. discovered their rival upon the ground, whilst close by him was lying a Grenadier Sepoy, both of whom were transfixed upon each other's bayonet; in this state they lay glaring at each other, whilst the crimson tide of life was that receding from them both. Upon the entry to the battery of Brigadier Showers, he exclaimed, when looking upon his brave countryman, who was just dying, "I never saw a British soldier die in a more honourable position."

WELLINGTON AND OBEDIENCE.—That Lord Wellington never forgave disobedience to orders, whatever might be the justification, is well known. The following anecdote is an illustration of the fact.

The day after Vittoria, Norman Ramsay (whose exploit at Fuentes d'Guer, when at the head of his troop he charged and broke through a large body of French cavalry who had surrounded him, forms the theme of one of Napier's most eloquent pages) was accompanying the army then in pursuit of the flying French; passing him on the road Lord Wellington ordered Ramsay to take his troop to a village then near, adding that if there were orders for the troop in the course of the night he would send them. Early the following morning Ramsay received orders from a staff officer to rejoin his brigade. He at once proceeded to do so, when he was met by Wellington, who angrily ordered him to be put under arrest, and his troop handed over to Captain Cator, for having disobeyed his orders in not remaining at the village until he received further directions from himself. This measure nearly broke the soldier's heart, to be thus separated from those he had led through so many a bloody field, and the parting was keenly felt by the officers and men. Lord Fitzroy Somerset and the whole of Wellington's staff, as well as Colonel Dickson and the officers of the artillery, made every effort to move his Lordship in Ramsay's favour, but to no purpose. Sir T. Graham addressed a letter to him on the subject which made him angry with that officer, and it was not till three weeks afterwards that Ramsay was restored to the command of his troop. His name was omitted, however, in the Brevet that came out after the battle of Vittoria, and he did not receive his majority until the conclusion of the war, though none had earned it so faithfully and so well. Obedience before everything, was the Duke's motto.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. H., TORONTO.—We are obliged to you for your suggestions, and may possibly avail ourselves of them in future numbers. Literature in Canada does not pay as a profession; hence, while we believe there is plenty of literary ability in our midst, circumstances have failed to develop it. It will all come in good time, doubtless, and then we shall be able to fill the READER with original matter. Meanwhile we must be dependent upon eminent British authors for our Serial Novels and Talca.

CLERICUS.—We shall carefully exclude all objectionable and sensational articles from the READER. Our object, announced in our first issue is to supply a living, healthy, Canadian Journal which shall supplant papers of the Ledger and Waverly stamp.

CLERICUS LONON.—Arrangements for a chess column are almost completed. We shall be glad to receive original problems from our friends.

T. S.—Our political position is one of entire independence; we know no parties in Canadian politics, and cannot lend our space to vituperative attacks upon Mr. Brown or any other public man.

ELLEN T.—The manuscript is received, but we fear it is not of sufficient general interest for publication. Try again.

T. S. B.—You are refreshingly cool, but we deem ourselves quite able to take care of our own interests, and must decline your proposition.

QUIZ Communication received—will have our attention.

CANADIAN LASSIE.—Writes to ask if we will give our opinion after the manner of English Periodicals, on things generally interesting to ladies, such as the style of handwriting, colour of the hair, &c. We answer yes. Our fair countrywomen will always find as devoted to their service.

PASTIMES.

We shall occasionally test the ingenuity of our readers by presenting them with a batch of Enigmas, Conundrums, Anagrams, Problems, &c., the elucidation of which may tend to brighten the long winter evenings which are now rapidly approaching. We desire to make the READER an ever welcome guest at the family fire-side, and shall spare no pains to do so. Will our friends oblige us by forwarding any original, or well selected matter, suitable for this department of our Journal?

RIDDLES.

1. I went into a wood and got it. I sat down to look for it, and brought it home because I could not find it. What was it?
2. Why is the letter W like a baby body?
3. Part of a foot with judgment transposed, and the answer you'll find just under your nose.
4. Why do pioneers go before an army?
5. What is the name of that city, a word of one syllable, which by taking away two letters becomes a word of two syllables?
6. What is the most pleasant meal in the ball room?
7. A word there is of plural number,
A foe to peace and human slumber;
Now any word you chance to take,
By adding *s* you plural make;
But if you add an *e* to this,
How strange the metamorphosis!
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet 's what bitter was before.

ENIGMA.

I've sometimes a tail,
I'm oft without one;
I've sometimes a head,
Then again wary one;
Head-less or tail-less
Quite perfect I am;
But yet at the best,
I'm only a sham.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. When is butter like Irish children?
2. A lady asked a gentleman how old he was? He replied, "What you do in everything." What was his answer, and what his age?
3. What relation is that child to its own father, who is not its father's own son?
4. Why may carpenters reasonably doubt the existence of stone?
5. Why is Westminster Abbey like a fender?
6. Why is a railway train like a flea?

ANAGRAMS.

The letters composing the following words are capable of being re-arranged so as to form other words or sentences having some intelligible reference to the original words:

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------|
| 1. Catalogues. | 7. Pariahlovers. |
| 2. Radical Reform. | 8. Penitentiary. |
| 3. Matrimony. | 9. Revolution. |
| 4. Sweet-heart. | 10. Telegraphs. |
| 5. Astronomers. | 11. Lawyers. |
| 6. Elegant. | 12. Masquerade. |

PROBLEMS.

1. Supposing Nelson's Monument to be 96 feet high, the statue itself 13 feet—and the eye of the observer 5 feet from the ground. It is required to ascertain the distance of the eye from the monument, so that the statue shall appear the largest, or mathematically speaking, subtend the greatest possible angle.—F.H.A.
2. A gardener draws a roller at the rate of two miles an hour; the roller is 2 feet 9 inches wide. In what time will he roll a quarter of an acre?
3. If 3 men or 4 women can do a piece of work in fifty-six days, in what time will one man and one woman perform it?
4. There is a fall upon a stream of 11 feet, down which 23,400 lbs of water descend per minute, and on which there was erected a water-wheel whose modulus is .6. What is its horse power?

Answers to the above riddles, &c. and solutions to the Problems will appear in No. 5 of the READER.

Correspondents favouring us with Problems for insertion will please append the solutions.

THE SATURDAY READER.

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FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 30, 1865.

FIVE CENTS.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY, "HALF A MILLION OF MONEY," written by the author of "Barbara's History" for *All the Year Round*, edited by CHARLES DICKENS.

CITY SUBSCRIBERS.—Several persons have written complaining of irregularity in the delivery of the READER. This has been occasioned by the great difficulty we have experienced in getting a proper staff of boys. We had no idea when the READER was started that the subscription list would run up to over five thousand copies in a couple of weeks: hence our *delivery arrangements* were altogether inadequate. We hope our subscribers will bear with any irregularity which may occur for a few weeks yet. We are doing all we can to have the evil remedied.

A COLONIAL GOVERNOR ON CONFEDERATION.

WE were told on high authority, that the country that has no history is blest. We doubt the general truth of the aphorism. The abundance or scarcity of food, in the shape of hyenas, entrails, and locusts, constitutes the annals of a Kraal of Hottentots; the *memorabilia* of a Turkish Province, consists of the daily pipes smoked, and the infliction of the bastinado on delinquent rayahs unable or unwilling to satisfy the exactions of their masters. Neither of these offers a fitting theme for the historic muse; yet few will regard the condition of the Hottentot Kraal, or the Turkish Province as one of happiness. As the solitude which the sword makes is not peace but desolation, so the calm of inaction is not enjoyment but apathy. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are now in the non-historic period, with no desire, apparently, to awake from the repose in which they indulge, and to find themselves famous. They have mines which they will not work; they have fish which they will not catch; they have harbours unvisited by commerce; they have riches which they will not gather; and they refuse the fellowship and alliance of those who would make these gifts of Providence available to them. And all this is the more deplorable, as nobody who really knows our friends of the sea-board will seriously

deny that physically and intellectually they are inferior to no people or race on this continent.

Lieutenant Governor Sir Richard Graves Macdonnell has recently attempted to arouse the Nova Scotians to a sense of the duty they owe to themselves and the empire. He was about to leave the Province, having been appointed Governor of Hong-Kong; and, in answering an address presented to him by the citizens of Truro, he embraced the opportunity to give them and their fellow-subjects of the Lower Provinces some out-spoken advice on the subject of the contemplated union of British North America. Sir Richard is a clever man, we believe an able man, although he has had but little room for the display of his talents during his brief rule in Nova Scotia. He has seldom given utterance to his opinions on public affairs; but when he did speak, he always said something that was worth remembering. He told the people of Truro that he was at first opposed to Confederation, and in favour of a Legislative union of the Provinces, until he found that the leading Provincial statesmen and the English Government and people were all but unanimous in advocating the adoption of the Confederate system. He remarks: "I was among the first to hope to see a new Britain of the West arise on this side of the Atlantic, formed not by a mere convention of different Provinces, but by the amalgamation of all in one nation, with one common legislature resembling the English parliament, and by the obliteration of all Provincial boundaries. I am aware now, how unpopular such opinions are in these Provinces, where the great majority are disposed, above all things, to cling to their own local legislatures." Individually, Sir Richard Macdonnell retains his old opinion on the question; but he bows to the inevitable; and because he cannot attain what is desirable, would consider it unwise to reject the next best thing that is possible. There are many persons exactly in the same position, even among the most prominent partisans of Confederation. Washington and Hamilton could not resist petty local interests in the introduction of dangerous elements into the Constitution of the United States; and in the present British Provinces, the same evil exists, and must bear the same bitter fruit that it did among our neighbours. We had an instance of it in Canada in the long struggle about the seat of Government.

There is another portion of Sir Richard Macdonnell's speech which we must not pass over without a few words, inasmuch as it is destined, we suspect, to be the cause of much discussion, both here and in the other Provinces. He declared that England had not only the right to advise, but to exert "her just authority" in the matter of Confederation. This will be a strong card in the hands of the anti-unionists—this interference, as they will call it, of the British Government with the local rights of the people. Now, we cannot see how the constitutional or other rights of any one whatever can be said to be involved in the affair. It is simply as it bears

on the future defence of the whole of our North American possessions, that England is interested in the scheme of Confederation. Her statesmen think that these possessions would be more effectually and easily defended, if they were united under one government than when broken up into a congeries of small States, with scarcely a bond of connection between them, but standing in the position of foreign countries to each other. Surely if we require England to protect us in the event of war, we cannot be surprised, if, while admitting her liability and willingness to do so, she should insist upon our doing, on our part, what she believes to be necessary for our own safety, and to save her from expense, defeat, and disgrace. This is the entire case. There is no attempt by the Metropolitan Government to enforce on the Provinces terms or conditions inconsistent with the constitutional rights of people or parliament. They only tell us that while the mother country agrees to do certain things, we also should agree to do certain things. There is nothing unfair in this, and we must avoid being misled into a contrary belief. The people of British North America will not, we trust, be deluded into the mistake of raising false issues on such a question.

DEATH OF "SAM SLICK."

THE latest British paper announce the death of Mr. Justice Haliburton, better known throughout Europe and America as "Sam Slick." He died at his residence, Gordon House, Deworth, on the 27th ult., aged 68. As most of our readers are aware, Mr. Haliburton resigned his position as Judge in Nova Scotia some eight years ago, and took up his residence in England. Taking sides with the Tory party there, the influence of the Carlton Club was used to get him elected to Parliament, and he sat for the borough of Launceston for six years. Mr. Haliburton was born in Nova Scotia the year before the Irish rebellion, when the United States had hardly attained the years that in England constitute a legal majority; and having studied at various places, he was called to the colonial bar, and practised for some years with considerable success. In 1836 he commenced the literary work on which his fame will rest, by the contribution to the columns of a Halifax weekly newspaper, of a series of amusing papers, depicting the acute angles and sharp knobs of the Yankee character. So successful were these papers that two years later they were revised, published, and brought under the notice of the general reading public, who gave "Sam Slick the Clock-maker" an enthusiastic reception. The success of this book naturally induced the publication of a second series in 1837, and a third in 1840. But "Sam Slick" was not exhausted, for "The Attaché," on account of Sam's experience in London as one of the members of the United States embassy, was equally popular with the preceding volumes, and went through several editions in a few months. These were succeeded at intervals by "Bubbles of Canada," "An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia," "The Old Judge," "Traits of American Bazaar," "Yankee Stories," "Nature and Human Nature," &c., all of which, however, it is no disparagement to them to say, are less effective than the author's first works. Mr. Haliburton's career in the House of Commons was not so brilliant as some of his friends had hoped. When he spoke his voice was so weak that many good things which amazed the members immediately around him were lost to the bulk of the House, and were totally inaudible in the reporters' gallery.

LITERATURE AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE pub there are all astir with the young promise of the new book season. Art in all her departments of book-making is tremulous with the effort to produce. The reader awaits to devour, the critic impatient to slay, while the author—no less exercised—is in suspense about the result of his labours, "waiting for the verdict," agitates upon success and failure, upon triumph and defeat. But to enter on our notes.

In *Poesy*, we are promised a new and superbly illustrated edition of the late Prof. Aytoun's 'Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.' There is no work more deserving the embellishment of art than these noble ballads. Scotland can ill afford the loss of so worthy and appreciative a son as Aytoun, though there are left to succeed him, in the department of Poesy, names of such note as Robert Buchanan, Alexander Smith, and George Macdonell. We would have tain added among these names of promise 'that beart-brother of Robert Burns,' Davis Gray, the protege of Lord Houghton, but his foreboding "In the Shadows" have been realized, where he says, "I must die."

"Poor meagre life is mine, meagre and poor!
Rather a piece of childhood thrown away;
An adumbration faint; the overture
To stilled music; year that ends in May;
The sweet beginning of a tale unknown;
A dream unspoken; promise unfulfilled;
A morning with no noon, a rose unblown,
All its deep rich vermilion crushed and killed
I th' bud by frost;"

In *Geography and Travel* we have an important and highly interesting work by Viscount Milton, entitled, "The Northwest Passage by Land," being the history of an expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific through British Territory by one of the northern passes in the Rocky mountains. Dr. Charles Livingstone's "narrative to the Zambesi and its tributaries" will claim considerable attention. This work is the result of the researches of the celebrated traveller, Dr. Livingstone, whose explorations in South Africa so interested readers of this class of books.

In *History and Biography*. The correspondence of His Majesty George III with Lord North during the American war, a work which will undoubtedly claim many readers on this side the Atlantic, is about to be printed by Royal permission from the papers in the Royal Library, Windsor. "The Pioneers of France in the New World" by Francis Parkman, author of the "History of the Conspiracy of the Pontiac" is the first of a series of historical narratives of the interesting struggle between France and England for Empire on this continent. The present work is divided into two sections, entitled, "Huguenots in Florida, with a sketch of Huguenot colonization in Brazil," and Samuel de Champlain and his associates, with a view of earlier French adventure in America and the legends of the northern coasts. The speeches of John Bright on the American Question we note also as being collected, edited and published. A most readable and gossipy biography of the late Richard Cobden, the apostle of free trade, has just appeared. The life and letters of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, whose thoughtful and elegant sermons have so delighted the religious world, is announced; also a brief biographical dictionary compiled by an English curate, and designed to be as useful, as a work of reference as a dictionary of the English language.

In *Literature, &c.*, an elegant edition of "Edmund Barke's Works" is promised us from the Riverside press in 12 vols., also, from the same press a reprint of the Globe edition of Shakespeare; a volume of "Essays in Art" by Mr. Francis T. Palgrave, whose collection of Lyrics in the Golden Treasury series is so favourably known. As an important companion to this last work we commend to readers "Essays on Criticism," by Mr. Matthew Arnold, Professor of Poetry, Muir of Oxford. The re-publication from "Temple Bar" of the papers of Mr. Geo. A. Sala on the "Streets of the World" is announced. The concluding volumes, the 5th and 6th, of Carlyle's Frederick the Great, and Prof. Draper's new Philosophical Work on "American Civil Policy," are noteworthy as recent issues of the press. We have from Mr. John Stuart Mill's pen an "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy" and of the principal philosophical questions discussed in his writings. It is published uniformly with Mr. Mill's "Dissertations and Discussions, Philosophical, Political and Historical."

In *Theology* we have the announcement of Dr. Wm. Smith's "Concise Dictionary of the Bible" which will be an abridgement of his large and scholarly work; a volume of "Montreal Sermons, Addresses and Statistics of the Diocese of Montreal," appears from the pen of Bishop Fulford, also, a new work from the Rev. Horace Bushnell, entitled "The Vicarious Sacrifice."

In *Fiction* we have the usual quantum of sensational and clever writing. There are two novels from Mr. Anthony Trollope, "Miss Mackenzie" and "Can you Forgive Her?" (the latter of which we have already noticed in the READER.) From Amelia B. Edwards "Miss Carew." "Erring yet Noble" is the striking title of another work in the department of Fiction. We have further, "Who is the Heir?" by Mortimer Collins, the brother of Wilkie Collins. "Running the Gauntlet" by Edmund Yates; "Sans Merel, or the last stoop of the Falcon," by the author of "Guy Livingstone."

Dr. W. H. Russell is preparing for press his "Diary of the late expedition to lay the Atlantic Cable," to be published shortly with illustrations from drawings of the incidents in the voyage.

A new poem of Longfellow is announced by Messrs. Routledge, who have just produced the neatest and cheapest editions of his complete poems.

Mr. Bayard Taylor is at work on a new novel to be published this Fall.

Mr. Samuel Smiles, author of "Self Help" and the "Lives of the Engineers," is preparing a life of Bolton and Watt.

Of interest to the archaeologist and the Scotch will be found Mr. Robertson's work, entitled "Concise Historical Proofs respecting the Gael of Alban;" or Highlanders of Scotland as descended of the Caledonian Picts, with the origin of the Irish Scots or the Dalriads in North Britain, and their supposed conquest over the Caledonian Picts; short notes regarding the Highland Clans; with explanatory notes, map, illustrations and descriptions of the country of the Gael.

L'AFRICAINNE.

AS a matter of interest to a large number of our readers, and especially in view of the expected visit of an Italian Opera troupe who may possibly reproduce Meyerbeer's great work, we give below the story upon which the gorgeous musical superstructure of "the Africain" is raised.

It breathes the old, old tale of woman's love, desertion, jealousy and self sacrifice; and although the incidents are far-fetched and improbable, still it will compare favourable with the clumsily put together stories to which some of our grandest operas are wedded.

The first Act opens in the council-chamber of the King of Portugal in Lisbon. Inez, daughter of Don Diego, a Portuguese grandee, appears first on the scene, and informs her attendant Anns of her love for the brave young sailor, who for her sake is striving to discover lands yet unknown, and of her resolve to bestow on him her hand as the prize of his valour when he returns; but the unevenness of "the course of true love" finds no exception here; and her father, Don Diego, joining her with Don Pedro, the president of the council, he informs her that the king has chosen the latter for her husband, and that he, her father, has given his consent to the marriage. On witnessing the burst of grief which this announcement calls forth, he desires her to quench a foolish passion for one unworthy of her station, and moreover, shows her a despatch in which the name of her adventurous lover, Vasco di Gama, is among the number of those who have been wrecked and left to perish on a desolate island.

At this juncture the members of the council enter and take their seats; and now comes the introduction of a topic seemingly so strange and unfitted for operative purposes—the difficulty of discovering a new passage to the Cape, in which attempt Don Dias and his brave followers have been engulfed with their vessel, all save one, who has escaped with his life, and now requests an audience. It is granted, and Vasco di Gama appears in the council-chamber, and presents a paper on which are written his plans, by which he assures the senators of placing within their grasp, by means of the so-coveted passage, which he pledges himself to discover, fertile lands and immense riches, if only they will equip him a vessel to enable him to prosecute his enterprise.

His statements are met with incredulity, and scouted as wild visions; but to support his assertions he desires that two slaves may be brought forward whom he

purchased in Africa, but whose men and faces prove that they are natives of some other country as yet unknown.

On being introduced before the council, however, the two slaves obstinately refuse to declare the land of their birth. Séliska, at the entreaty of her master, to whom, it need hardly be said, she is secretly but tenderly attached, shows symptoms of yielding; but Nélsko reminds her of the oath she has sworn never to betray her country, and she is silent.

Vasco, on finding his petition scornfully rejected, becomes indignant, accuses the council (who he declares would treat him as Columbus was treated by his ungrateful countrymen) of envy, jealousy, and mental blindness, and draws down upon himself the wrath of the Grand Inquisitor, who sentences him to death, a decree which, by the intercession of Don Alvar, a member of the council, is changed into imprisonment for life. As Vasco is being dragged away, his fierce invective against the fanatic bigots who only fear the increase of knowledge and light his discoveries would bring, and the terrific anathema hurled on his head by the Grand Inquisitor and his ecclesiastics, conclude an act which, notwithstanding the uncongeniality of the subject, is said to be highly dramatic, dignified, and impressive, and give occasion for some of the grandest music which ever Meyerbeer himself composed to.

At the opening of Act two we find Vasco asleep in one of the dungeons of the Inquisition, watched over by his slave Séliska, for neither is he deprived of her companionship nor of the implements of his profession, in the form of maps, compasses, and charts, with which he seems plentifully supplied. Séliska relieves her feelings and describes her love for the object of her contemplation, and her grief for her lost kingdom and subjects, for in her own strange land she reigns a queen.

Another has been watching her—her fellow-slave Nélsko, the sharer of her captivity and misfortunes, and by whom she is respectfully but passionately beloved. His hate for the Christian master who has purchased him is as intense as his love for his queen, and he is about to slay him as he sleeps when Séliska arrests the blow, and orders him to depart, which he does, but not till he has addressed to her a fervid declaration of his homage. As Vasco, aroused from his slumbers, and unconscious of the attempt upon his life, is tracing his projected course upon the map, she informs him that his conjectures are just, and that towards the East there exists an immense island, where she reigned sole queen, until one day, being becalmed at sea in her frail skiff, she was taken prisoner and made a slave.

Impelled by sudden gratitude at this crowning of his hopes, the enthusiastic navigator clasps her in his arms. This is said to be the weakest scene in the opera, and the most improbable situation in the story, but it is made available for dramatic purposes by Inez entering with Don Pedro at this critical moment. She places in Vasco's hand an order for his release from captivity, and tells him at the same time that they must meet no more. Vasco, thinking she is moved by jealousy, endeavours to remove her suspicions by informing her that Séliska is his slave, and that he will make a present of her to herself, which wounds Séliska, to whom he has just sworn eternal gratitude, to the quick. Deeper sorrow, too, awaits Vasco, who learns with grief and indignation that Inez has purchased his liberty with her hand, which she has bestowed on Don Pedro, whose wife she now is. The king also has conferred on Don Pedro the command of a ship, and the task, so coveted by Vasco, of striking out a path to the East, and with his triumph, joined in by Nélsko, who engages to steer his ship to unknown countries as pilot, and the grief and despair of Vasco, Séliska, and Inez, Act two, concludes.

The third Act represents the between-decks of a large vessel, of which Don Pedro is the commander, his wife Inez being a passenger with him as well as the slave Séliska, the gift of her former master, and Nélsko acting as pilot.

The mariners sing a chorus in prayer to their patron Saint Domenico, after which Nélsko is observed busily giving directions to guide the ship, which is approaching the dreaded rock where Don Dias and his brave crew met their fate.

Vasco, having by some means contrived to fit out a ship, overtakes them, and comes on board to warn them of their impending danger, for the sake of his still beloved Inez. A quarrel speedily ensues between him and the jealous admiral, and he is condemned to

be lashed to the mainmast and put to death, but Séluka rushes forward and threatens to plunge her dagger into Inez' bosom if Vasco be not instantly released. Don Pedro commands the audacious slave who has dared to raise her dagger against her mistress to be scourged on the spot; but before this order can be carried into effect, the storm, which had been gradually increasing, grows more and more violent, and threatens to split asunder the ship, which is at this moment, by the contrivance of Néusko, acting as steersman, boarded by a troop of Indians with their tomahawks, who crowd on board, and overpower the crew and passengers, and this terrific conflict of elements and men brings the third Act to a termination. The action of the fourth Act takes place in one of the islands of the Indian Ocean. Some critics have fixed on Madagascar as the locale of this "beautiful paradise rising from the sea," as it is described by Vasco, who lands on its enchanted and enchanting shores, and inhales its perfume laden breezes just as the priests and Brahmins, with warriors of every tribe and caste, Amazons, Bayadères, African slaves and dancing girls of all degrees, have met to renew before their deities the oaths of fealty to their queen, Belika, who has been restored to them.

He alone has been saved out of the general massacre on board the fated vessel. All eagerly demand the blood of this fresh victim, who was found in the ship's hold loaded with chains; but just as, at the instigation of his mortal foe, Néusko, their weapons are raised to strike, Séluka appears on the temple steps, and once more arrests the murderous blow. To save his life from their vengeance, however, she is forced to declare that he was her preserver when languishing in a foreign clime, and that, having bestowed herself on him in gratitude, he is her husband. She calls on Néusko to testify the truth of this, declaring that the stranger's death shall be hers, and he, to save her life, proclaims that she has spoken truly, though the doing so costs the bitterest agony, and they enter the temple to return thanks to their gods. Left alone, Séluka generously tells Vasco that by these forced ties he shall not be bound to her, but that by morning's dawn her galley shall convey him to his vessel and his friends, who now, in safety, anxiously await him.

The enchanting southern atmosphere of the fragrant Indian clime and Séluka's bewitching charms have, however, exercised their potent spells over Vasco, who refuses to quit her fascinating presence.

Becoming at length conscious of the passionate love of which he has so long been the object, he resolves to requite it with his own, and the pair, now for the first time really united, pour out their souls in a rapturous duet of joy and transport. The priests, warriors, and maidens returning, he is led captive through groves of enchanting hours to the feet of the high priest, where, kneeling beside his bride, he receives the nuptial benediction. At this moment the pathetic romance of Inez, who has as yet escaped death, is heard in the distance, and Vasco's fickle heart once more melts towards her whom he thought lost to him forever.

Fain would he escape from the flowery chains that enthrall him, but it is impossible. His queenly bride is there, gazing sadly upon him, and he cannot quit her side. The curtain descends upon his despair, in the midst of the bridal dance and festivities.

The fifth short Act is comprised in two scenes. In the first, an interview and a generous struggle between the two heroines results in Séluka nobly resolving to abandon to her more fortunate rival the man she so deeply loves, and to whom she has just been united. She orders Néusko, to his intense gratification, to see that both Inez and Vasco are safely embarked on board a vessel that is just leaving the harbour, confiding to him, moreover, some tablets on which she had just written, and which are to be placed in their hands when on board, and not before. She then repairs herself to a distant point of the rock overhanging the sea, whence she may strain her longing eyes on the restless ocean whose rolling waves bear from her her newly-wedded bridegroom, now by her own heroic act united to another. Over this promontory the deadly'upas-tree extends his poisonous branches, and beneath its fatal shade, and her soul filled by its treacherous perfume with dreamy and ecstatic visions, the unhappy African breathes her last sigh, which her faithful and devoted follower Néusko arrives just in time to receive.

The Scottish Farmer is the authority for the assertion that "a small quantity" of bi-carbonate of soda added to milk will prevent its turning sour.

THE ERI-KING.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GÖTTER. BY W. HORNELL.

Who rideth so late through the wind moaning wild
And the darkness of night?—'Tis the sire with his child;

With strong arm he claspeth the infantile form—
He holdeth him sorely—he keepeth him warm.

"My son, why so timidly hid'st ye thy face?"
"The Eri-King! O father, there can ye not trace—
With train and with sceptre the Eri-King behold!"
"Hast ye, my son! 'tis the fog o'er the wold."

"Thou infant of beauty, come, come, ye with me,
In the merriest pastimes I'll gambol with thee;
Midst flowers all bright shall ye play uncontrolled,
And my mother shall clothe thee in garments of gold!"

"O! Father dear father, and do ye not bear,
What the Eri-King is whispering now in mine ear?"
"Rest quiet, no harm shall come to thee, my love;—
The wind shaketh loudly the dead leaves above."

"Wilt thou not, pretty boy, come now with me?
Fondly my daughters shall wait upon thee,—
My daughters, who nightly a gay revel keep,
Shall fondle and rock thee, and sing thee to sleep!"

"My father! my father! and see ye not there
His daughters in yonder place lonely and bare?"
"Hush—quiet—my son, I but see o'er the way—
Ah! yes—'tis the old willow gloomy and gray."

"I love thee—thy pretty form pleaseth my sight—
And come ye not freely, so come ye with might."
"O Father! O father! his hand on me bore!—
The Eri-King, so evil, hath injured me sore."

Awe-stricken the father rode on like the wind,
And closer his arm round the little one twined.
Soon reached he his castle in trembling dread;—
But, alas! the loved child at his bosom was dead.

Montreal, August, 1865.

MUSICAL NOTES.

MUSIC AT HOME.

MUCH has been written in condemnation of what is termed "yellow covered literature"—much also might be written in condemnation of so-called "popular songs." Music is a literature of sound, and, when wedded to words, has the power of directing the affections into proper or improper channels with a force equal to that wielded for good or evil by the cleverest book ever written. A good song will leave remembrances behind it for years after it has passed into disuse, and will bring back many a sunny recollection when chance shall have brought it forth from some old folio or neglected volume. A bad song must exercise a like power, but of course with a vulgar and vicious tendency. Yet how comparatively few songs do we hear which are not in some degree objectionable.

Why is it so? Why is it that so much trash, bearing the name of songs is constantly to be found upon pianos, and in the portfolios of young ladies? Is there no remedy for this state of things? We fear not, unless the public raises its voice against them, and parents cease to encourage the practice of such productions among their children. We cannot believe our teachers are to blame for this corrupt taste. Possibly there may be a few who select such trash for their pupils; but the major portion of this class of musical literature, we fear, is purchased in opposition to their wishes. Too often in the drawing-room or social circle one's feelings are outraged by some musical vulgarity. There are exceptions—we know where a good musical education has developed a love for the pure and beautiful—but they are "few and far between." This state of things cannot be attributed to the want of really good songs. We have plenty of English song and ballad writers. Take for example—Bishop, Balfe, Hatton, Smart, Macfarren, and a host of others, whose names are sufficient upon a title page to promise something pure and good within. Then there are numerous translations of German and Italian songs appearing almost simultaneously with the original issues, all pure and chaste in words and sentiments, and beautiful in melodies and accompaniments. There is an abundance of the chaste and beautiful:—Songs capable of calling into play the most amiable and loveable instincts of our natures.

They are always to be had, and cost no more than the class we have reprobated, upon which money is worse than thrown away, for a vulgar sentiment may be grafted upon a pure heart, and exercise an influence, the durability of which is beyond our power of imagining.

We understand arrangements have been made whereby the services of Mr. Torrington will be retained in Montreal.

REVIVAL.—We hear it is the intention of Mr. George Carter to resume *The Danish Comets* this winter. All lovers of good music will rejoice at this intelligence.

A TREAT IN STORE.—There is some probability of Moritz Ralls, the band-master of the 21st Regt., giving a series of *Triumphal Concerts* shortly, with his Orchestral band. It is his intention, we hear, to strengthen the string portion of his band with city professionals, when we are to have some of Beethoven, Mozart, and Hayden's symphonies. We trust our information is not too good to be true.

MUSIC ABROAD.

The English opera season is fixed for the 10th October, and the management has determined to start "right away" with *L'Africaine*; Miss Louisa Pynes, Madame Lommers Sherrington, Madame Wells, and Messrs. Adams, Lawrence, and Wells, being the chief engagements.

Madame Meyerbeer and her two daughters have been staying at Wildbad, but will return to Berlin for the production of the "Africano" in December, in which Laeca and Wachtel will be the *Séluka* and *Vasco di Gama*.

Thayer's long expected chronological catalogue of Beethoven's works has appeared in Berlin, and is warmly praised by influential and severe writers.

The opera season will commence in New York on the 25th, under the direction of Maretak. Three new operas are to be produced, *Il Polletto di Grey*, *L'Africaine*, and *Crispina and his Godmother*. Signora Biamio will make her first appearance in the first named opera.

THE CONFEDERATE SURRENDER.

IMMEDIATELY that General Lee was seen riding to the rear dressed more gaily than usual, and begirt with his sword, the rumour of the imminent surrender flew like wildfire through the Confederates. It might be imagined that an army, which had drawn its last regular rations on the first of April, and harassed incessantly by night and day, had been marching and fighting until the morning of the 9th, would have welcomed anything like a termination of its sufferings, let it come in what form it might. Let those who idly imagine that the finer feelings are the prerogative of what are called the "upper classes," learn from this and similar scenes to appreciate "common men." As the great Confederate captain rode back from his interview with General Grant, the news of the surrender acquired shape and consistency, and could no longer be denied. The effort on the worn and battered troops, some of which had fought since April, 1861, and (sparse survivors of hecatombs of fallen comrades) had passed unscathed through such hurricanes of shot as within four years no other men had ever experienced—passed mortal description. Whole lines of battle rushed up to their beloved old chief, and, choking with emotion, broke ranks and struggled with each other to wring him once more by the hand. Men who had fought throughout the war, and knew what the agony and humiliation of that moment must be to him, strove with a refinement of unselfishness and tenderness which he alone could fully appreciate, to lighten his burden and mitigate his pain. With tears pouring down both cheeks, Gen. Lee at length commanded voice enough to say, "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you." Not an eye that looked on that scene was dry. Nor was this the emotion of sickly sentimentalists, but of rough and rugged men familiar with hardship, danger, and death in a thousand shapes, mastered by sympathy and feeling for another which they had never experienced on their own account. I know of no other passage of military history so touching, unless, in spite of the mole-dramatic colouring which French historians have loved to shed over the scene, it can be found in the *Adieu de Fontenoy*.—*Fortnightly Review*.

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

IN view of the hardships that were apparent in the distance, the Jesuits did not lose courage; but they thought themselves of providing for the future. So they set themselves about building a sloop, while the others were reposing by the fire at their ease, and doing nothing. They foreaw that without a boat they would be starved to death after the two months had expired during which their grain might last them. For without a boat they would be unable to go in search of acorns, or buds, or roots; neither could they fish, nor proceed to any place where there might be hope of procuring supplies; and all because the highways of these new lands were none else than the rivers and the sea.

At the beginning of this enterprise of building a sloop, they were laughed at, because the conductor of the work was their serving-boy, who knew no more about it than an apprentice. His assistants were two priests who had never worked at the business. "Nevertheless," said the companions, "Father Massé knows how to do everything, and in case of need he will be found a good sawyer of boards, a good caulker, and a good architect." "But Father Biard, of what use is he?" "As to that," another would say, "do you not know that when the sloop is built, he will give it his benediction?" Thus they chatted, and had plenty of leisure to do so before the fire. But the Jesuits lost no time in sawing planks, planing boards, searching for crooked timber to make ribs, fabricating oakum out of the bits of ropes they found, and running through the woods to gather rosin. Their industry had its reward, for in the middle of March their gallant sloop was in the water, equipped, and ready for sea, the admiration of those who had ridiculed it. While, on the other hand, the *Sieur de Biencourt*, who, at the beginning of the winter, had had three good sloops, could not now put his hand on one of them, and was driven to the necessity of patching up, from the wreck of the three, a wretched bateau, holding at the most but three persons, and not capable of sailing nine consecutive miles without upsetting, because she shipped so much water.

Now, the sloop being ready, Father Biard sailed up the river, accompanied by a servant, and a third person who had joined himself to the Jesuits. They went on a search for roots and acorns. The roots for which they sought were called by the savages *chiquets*, and were found near the oak-trees; they resembled truffles, but were bitter, and were found under the ground, interwoven the one with the other in the form of a chaplet. There was plenty of them in certain places, but on the other hand, there was hardly any place where the savages had not already made a search; thus but few were found, and those very small ones, and it was necessary to work hard to procure as many as would feed a person for a day. After having proceeded up the river seeking for these roots and for acorns, they went away to look for *epian*. This *epian* or *epelan* was a little fish, like the sardines of Rosen, which, coming from the sea, spawned in certain rivulets towards the beginning of April. The herring succeeded the *epian*, and spawned after the same manner. Father Massé undertook to fish for herring, and afterwards for cod. The month of May had come, finding the Fathers labouring in this fashion, and dragging on a miserable life, until the ship should arrive from France, more of which anon.

They were raising in France an expedition to take away the Jesuits from Port Royal, and to found a new French settlement in a place still more suitable. The head of this expedition was Captain La Saussaye, who had thirty persons under his charge, counting the two Jesuits and their servant, whom he was to take up at Port Royal. These persons were to winter in the country. He had with him, in addition, two other Jesuits, Father Quantin, and Gilbert du Thet, but they were to return to France in case the two at Port Royal were not dead, a fact which was not doubted. The whole expedition, including the sailors, amounted to forty-eight persons. The Queen of France had been kind enough to contribute to the extent of four tents or pavilions belonging to the king, also some munitions of war; the Jesuit Simon le Maître had given serious attention to all the freighting and victualling; and Gilbert du Thet, Jesuit coadjutor, a very industrious man, spared no exertions, so that the expedition was tolerably provided with all things for the wants of more than a year, besides the horses and she-goats which were set apart for the purpose of commencing housekeeping.

The expedition left *Hanfour* the 12th of March 1613, and the anchor touched bottom for the first time at Cape la Huc, in Acadia, on the 16th day of May. At Cape la Huc, Du Thet said mass, and erected a cross, affixing thereto as a sign, of taking possession in her name, the armorial bearings of Madame de Gnerchville, proprietor, by a previous arrangement with the *Sieur de Monts*, of the whole of Acadia. The company then re-embarked, and sailed for Port Royal. Here they found only five persons, namely, the two Jesuits, their servant, and Hebert, the apothecary, and another person. The *Sieur de Biencourt* and his people were at a great distance, some here and some there. But as Hebert represented de Biencourt, they presented him with the Queen's letters, by which permission was given to release the Jesuits and permit them to go whithersoever they pleased. Thus the two Jesuits withdrew their goods in peace, and on this day, as well as the day following, they feasted Hebert and his companion in order that the arrival of the ship, as far as these two men were concerned, might not be a sorrowful one. And at their departure, however, lest Hebert and the other might be in want, the Jesuits left them a barrel of bread and some flagons of wine, so that the leave-taking might be made as cheerful as possible.

Contrary winds detained the expedition five days at Port Royal, but a prosperous north-easter arising, they set sail, intending to proceed to the *River Pentagoët*, to a place called *Kadesquit*, a spot fixed upon for the new settlement, and possessing great advantages. But Providence ordered otherwise, for when they were south-east of the Isle of Menano, the weather changed, and such a dense fog came down upon the sea that they no longer saw the day, neither the night. They were very apprehensive concerning this danger, because in this place there were a great many breakers and rocks, amongst which they were afraid of drifting in the gloom. The wind not permitting them to extricate themselves, nor to reach the open sea, they remained in this state two days and two nights, beating about all the time. The next evening God delivered them, for they began to see the stars, and in the morning the fog cleared away, and they found themselves opposite the *Merts Deserts*, an island which the savages called *Pemitég*. The pilot headed for the eastern part of the island, and lodged the ship in a spacious port, where the company made their devotions. They gave the port the name of *St. Sauveur*. The place was situated on a pleasant elevation, rising gently from the sea, its sides washed by two springs. There were some twenty to twenty-five acres of ground, free of trees, in some places bearing grass almost as high as a man. The island faced towards the south and east, almost at the mouth of the *River Pentagoët*, where several pleasant, fish-abounding streams discharged themselves. The soil was black, fat and fertile; the port and harbour were more beautiful than could be seen anywhere; and situated to command all the coast. The harbour was as secure as a pond; there was no fleet which could not find anchorage within it, and no ship so large but could approach to a cable's length of the shore. The situation of the place was in the 44 degree of latitude, a position less northerly than that of Bourdeaux.

The company having landed upon this place, and having planted the cross, commenced to labour, and thereupon began their disputes. The cause of these bickerings was that their captain, La Saussaye, copied himself in cultivating land, whilst the principal persons entreated him not to waste the time of his men at this labour, but to attend unceasingly to the dwellings and fortifications, a course of policy he did not want to pursue. From this quarrel others arose, until the English restored concord, as will be seen further on in the narrative.

Virginia, called by the ancients *Morosa*, lay between Florida and New France. This country had first been discovered by Jean Verazan, who took possession of it in the name of Francis the First. But the English, having become acquainted with it in 1604 and 1606, had been inhabiting it seven or eight years previous to the event about to be described. Their principal settlement, which they called *Jamestown*, was distant by direct route about 250 leagues from *St. Sauveur*, the place where the French had taken up their abode. Now, these English from Virginia were in the habit of coming every year to the Isles of *Poncoet*, twenty-five leagues from *St. Sauveur*, in order to procure shell-fish for the winter. In making their usual voyage in the summer of 1613, it happened they were overtaken by fog and storms. This bad weather

lasted several days, and, in consequence, they were drifted, imperceptibly, much further to the north-east than they supposed, for they were good forty leagues advanced into New France, without knowing it, and near to *St. Sauveur*, though they were not aware of the place.

OUR AUNTS.

WHAT would become of half of us if we had no aunts! I don't know precisely what would have become of a score of persons upon whom my mind's eye now rests; but generally, I am sure that but for their aunts they would have been in the race of life, by this time, nowhere. They would have fallen out of the course long ago and gone to the donor, or died in ditches, as their other relatives metaphorically predicted of them.

It is a very old idea that aunts, and, I will add, uncles, are in some way designed by nature to be impartial third parties in life, to whom first and second parties may fly in time of distress and trouble. The French call their mutual friend the pawnbroker, *ma tante*. Englishmen call him their uncle. I think the French have adopted the true personification, and I cannot imagine how Englishmen originally made the mistake of calling their mutual friend in need their uncle. Compared to the true, kind-hearted, unselfish, unpretending aunt, our uncle is a blustering, ostentatious, purse-proud, vain old humbug. He is only kind to his nephews and nieces when it administers to his own vanity and his own importance. What trouble does he take for us? He only gives away his money because he has got more of it than he knows what to do with. It is the easiest thing in the world to give away money; but it is not an easy thing to give away love and sympathy, to give away ease and rest, to give away to others the love and care that you might keep for yourself. No; the uncle is a constituted sham and a humbug, and I shall seize an early opportunity to write an essay upon him, and take him down a peg.

Meanwhile, I will endeavour to discharge some part of my debt of gratitude—I can never discharge it all—to aunts.

I shall not be stating at all an exceptional case when I say that I had an aunt who was an "aunty dear" to three generations. This is one of the blessed things about our aunts. They are sent into the world to be good and also to live long. The good die early, sentimental folks say. Stuff! The good, thank Heaven! live to have false teeth and wear false hair, and they are the most delightful creatures to kiss in the world. I can only think of that dear old aunty of mine (though I never saw her until she was threescore: she was my grand-aunt) as a fair young creature of seventeen summers, with blue eyes, and flaxen hair streaming over her shoulders to her waist. I have this vision of her—though, when I know her, she was wrinkled, and wore a brown wig that was anything but invisible, and a cap that some folks would call a fright—because she once told me that she was like that when, as a girl she ran over the hill one morning early to bid good-bye to her lover, who was going away to sea. She held me on her knee, and patted me on the head, and strained me to her breast, when she told me that story; and I know that she had kept her great wealth of love for me and mine. For the sailor-boy never came back. She had a lock of his hair, which she used to take from a sacred drawer and show me. It was jet black, and when she handled it, it curled round her finger, as if the spirit of her sailor boy had come back from the depths of the sea to embrace her with all that was left of him on earth.

"And what did you do, aunty," I said, "when you heard the news?"

"What did I do, laddie? I cried and cried until my heart was dry and my eon were sair. I think I should ha' deot if your mother hadna' come; but when she came I took up wi' her. She had bonny black een just like my laddie's, and I loved her and nursed her for his sake. And when they had ower mony o' them at home, I took her to live with me, and she was my lassie until your father married her. And then I was lonely again until your father had ower mony o' them, when I took your sister, and now I've got you; and a pretty handsal I've had with the lot o' ye."

She did not mean those last sharp words a bit; for she took one of the succeeding generation to live with her, and it was always in danger of being smothered with kisses.

Ah, dear aunty in Heaven, what would have become of some of us but for you?

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PURIFIED.

WELL, farewell, Amy, we will not part in anger although I consider your reasons for breaking our engagement utterly inconsistent with your previous promises. You wish me to visit you as a friend, but I could not bear to be treated as such, where I have once been received as an accepted lover. I should always feel ill at ease in your company, and shall endeavour to avoid anything that would tend to remind me of the humiliation of this moment."

And with a cold clasp of the hand they parted—those two who had parted many times during the last few months with the fondest embraces, and the most fervent protestations of love. Amy, no doubt, imagined that she had sufficient reason for thus summarily casting from her a heart that would, she knew, have ceased to throb rather than give her pain. The echo of his half-sorrowful, half-scornful farewell had barely died away, however, ere she had retired to her room, weeping bitterly, and cursing the pride that had prompted her to speak the words which had severed them forever. Had her lips trembled, had she wavered while announcing to him her decision, he would have clasped her to his heart, and all would have been well; but her manner had been so distant, her words so devoid of feeling, that she knew he must have writhed under the infliction.

Mr. Redmond was in comfortable circumstances, and Amy was his only child. She had been indulged in more than her position seemed to warrant, and consequently had grown up with a high estimation of her own importance. She was not hard-hearted, however, as many who had been the recipients of her bounty could testify, but she felt keenly when thwarted in anything in which she felt interested. She had consented to become Harry Hagerton's affianced wife, because she discerned in him something superior to the many suitors that crowded about her, and she had grown to love him after their engagement, but it was not that kind of affection that grows brighter under adversity. Harry was rapidly attaining an eminent position in the commercial world, and her ambition taught her that in a short time her rank in society would be second to none.

The engagement had existed almost a year, and Harry was busy making preparations to claim his bride, when suddenly, by one of those strange revolutions of fortune which most business men are liable to, his savings were swept from him, leaving him almost penniless. He had friends who generously offered to loan him sufficient to enable him at once to resume his former position in the business world, but a certain amount of independence led him to reject their proffered assistance. He knew that it would be better for him to make his way up again by his own efforts than to be clogged at the start with a load of debt. His marriage must be delayed, and he felt keenly his loss on that account; but in Amy he had unbounded confidence. She told him many times that the privilege of corresponding was so sweet that she would willingly wait years while receiving from him such affectionate letters. It was, therefore, with no small amount of surprise that in answer to his letter informing her of his misfortune, she wrote begging to be released from her engagement. Two years was too long to wait, she wrote, and she would prefer to be free in the meantime.

Three days afterward he stood before her, not to beg her to reconsider her decision, but to demand an explanation of such strange conduct. She reiterated her objection to the length of time, and alluded so coolly to the probability of other attachments being formed in the meantime, and the incubus their present engagement would be, should such an event occur, that it needed all his self-possession to restrain his indignation. He left her, his faith in woman's love completely shattered, and determined to avoid in future the tempting smiles with which she entrapped her victims.

In the whirl of business Harry sought forgetfulness; and he laboured so assiduously that his friends rallied him on the mania he seemed to possess for obtaining wealth. He prospered beyond

his most sanguine hopes, and in six years could count his thousands with many in the city who ranked as its most substantial citizens. During this time he had studiously avoided the fluctuations of many an ambitious young lady. Wise mammas shook their heads and pronounced him invulnerable, and the marriageable daughters set him down as a confirmed bachelor. Some of his most intimate friends who were aware of his disappointed hopes in regard to Amy, sought to probe him, but he had shown himself so sensitive on that point that their efforts were soon abandoned.

Fortune had not been so propitious to Amy in the meantime. Her father had been persuaded to venture all he owned in a speculation which had resulted in his total ruin just five years after she had broken her troth with Harry; and the old gentleman felt his loss so deeply that he became utterly incapable of providing for himself or daughter. Amy obtained a situation in a rural school, but the salary was so small that it barely sufficed for their wants. She struggled bravely, for a few months, however, until her father became unable to rise from his bed, and then most of her time was occupied in attending to his wants. The situation had to be given up, and for two months she drained to the very dregs the bitterness of poverty. The assistance rendered her by the most charitable of the village in which she lived was so trifling and no ostentatiously given that it seemed to her but a hollow mockery. For her father's sake she bore meekly, but when the last clod of earth was thrown upon his grave, her whole heart went up in thankfulness to God, who in his wisdom had seen fit to take him from a world so full of suffering.

She soon left a place where she had experienced so much misery, and came to Montreal. The next day in looking over a paper the name of Harry Hagerton caught her eye. It was appended to an advertisement demanding a lady-teacher for a children's school. Her heart beat fast, for the salary was good and her wants pressing; but how could she go to him now to solicit a favour? She looked long in a glass that evening in order to see what changes time had wrought in a face that once glowed with beauty. The cheeks were sunken, the eyes large and unnaturally bright, the mouth contracted, and the whole expression so full of utter grief that she concluded that he would fail to recognize in the miserable looking applicant one who had formerly seemed to him the very type of health and happiness.

Her courage failed her as she stood the next morning on the steps leading up to his office, and she turned to go. It was too late, however, for coming up behind her was Harry himself. She leaned against the wall for support, for his sudden appearance almost deprived her of the little strength she possessed. He opened the door and politely banded her into his office. She sunk into a seat, and, unable longer to restrain her agitation, burst into tears. Surprised at this exhibition of feeling, he gently inquired the cause of her grief, and in what way he could relieve her. His words were kind, and the tones of his voice, his manner, reassured her, for they indicated no sign of recognition, and with many hesitations she stated her business. She had no recommendations, no friends in the city, and she was utterly destitute, she told him, but he engaged her on the spot. A twenty dollar note, to be deducted out of her salary of course, was placed in her hands to relieve her present wants, and although the crisp paper burned her fingers, she needed it too much to refuse.

When she left the office, Harry bowed his head upon his desk, and his memory grew busy with the past.

"She thinks I do not know her," he muttered, "just as though I could ever forget. She lives under an assumed name, too, to render her identity more difficult. My God! how full of misery she seems, how altered, and how she must have suffered! I have wealth, but of what avail is it to me? I would give the whole of it for the happiness of placing that head upon my bosom, of bringing light and love into those eyes; but she would fly from me if she thought I knew her. I can make her situation an easy one, however, and I will; and who knows but in time—"

The human heart with its many phases of love

and hate is a mystery still unsolved. Had Harry met Amy with all the comforts that surrounded her early home, beautiful and happy, he would have treated her in the coolest manner imaginable; but to see her so wan and miserable, to know that she was in want of the necessaries of life, awakened in him the deepest emotions of grief.

She was duly installed as teacher of the school; on stormy days a carriage conveyed her from and to her boarding-house. Her salary was raised, and her duties made lighter. The children loved her, and their quiet deportment, influenced by her gentle manner, pleased her. But was she happy? Far from it. Memory was busy with the past, and she was unhappy, because she could not kneel at her benefactor's feet and crave his forgiveness. She dreaded, too, that sooner or later he would find out her secret, and in such a case but one course of action seemed opened for her. Flight! The very thought chilled her.

Seven months elapsed, and Christmas, the day of happy reunions, dawned bright and beautiful. Happy reunions, did I say? Alas! not always. Many a grieving heart thinks there will be no happy reunions until Christmas has dawned for all in heaven. Amy might have thought so as she sat in her comfortable parlour after dinner, and allowed her thoughts to go back to those happy days when the world seemed so bright to her. Was she never to know happiness again? To live her lifetime under an assumed name? Was she to die unloved except by the little hearts that bounded to meet her when the school hour had come?

A knock at the door startled her. She had barely time to wipe away her tears, when Harry entered the room.

"You have been weeping," he said, noticing the inflamed eyes; "are you unhappy in this place? If there is anything I can do to make your lot easier than it is, you will oblige me greatly by informing me."

"Oh, no indeed—thank you. You have been kinder to me already than I deserve. I shall never be able to repay you."

"Time alone can tell," he gently rejoined. "But in the meantime shall I tell you a little episode of my past life in which a young lady, whom you greatly resemble, played an important part? It may explain my motive in calling to see you this afternoon."

She did not answer. The blood rushed up to her neck and face, and a moment after left her pale and trembling.

He told her of his love for the young lady, of her cruel decision, of the suffering it had caused him, of his struggles to forget, and his determination to shun ladies' society as much as possible.

"And," he continued, his voice sinking lower and lower. "I met her not many months ago. She was utterly friendless, and I befriended her. Revenge is sweet, and I surrounded her with comforts, the better to gratify it. Do you understand me?"

"Oh, Harry! let me go in peace. You have been amply revenged," sinking at his feet, and bursting into tears.

He raised her to his bosom, and kissed away the pearly drops.

"My darling Amy, this is my revenge—to love you, to protect you, while God leaves us to each other. I have suffered, but my troubles were light in comparison to yours. You thought I would not know in the wan looking girl, the Amy I had once loved. How you deceived yourself. I knew you in a moment, but I determined to wait a few months before unrecognizing you. I found you gentle, kind—in fact thoroughly purified, and now I come to ask you to be my wife. I can not live without you."

And Amy was happy at last, and so was Harry. Their former suffering was forgotten, or only remembered at least to intensify the love that bound them to each other.

G. H. H.

Montreal, 16th September, 1865.

One of England's most important national monuments has had a narrow escape. It was intended to hold a Congress of archaeologists at Stonehenge, under the direction of Sir Edmund Antrobus, and raise the fallen monument. Sir Edmund Antrobus, however, the owner, wisely set his face against the proposal.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

LESSON V.

CHLORIDE OF SILVER.

MATERIALS AND TESTS REQUIRED.—Some glass tumblers, glass rods, test tubes, distilled water, a solution of common salt, a solution of ammonia (hartshorn) in a stoppered bottle, a solution of hyposulphite of soda. Hydrochloric acid in a stoppered bottle, sulphuric acid in a stoppered bottle, some chloride of lime, (bleaching powder) in a corked bottle, a solution of chloride of potassium.

The young chemist should make his own solutions when the substance to be dissolved is a solid; for this purpose add as much of the solid to distilled water as the latter will dissolve. Chloride of silver—the white curdy precipitate generated by bringing nitrate of silver into contact with common salt, as explained in Lesson II—is never thrown away in laboratories, but is preserved and reduced, when the quantity accumulates, to metallic silver. It must not be regarded therefore as a mere casualty, but as a substance of very great importance, and the starting point of further lessons in analysis.

Prepare some chloride of silver, by adding a solution of common salt to a solution of nitrate of silver, in a glass tumbler; it may happen that the chloride will not settle at once, but assume a milky appearance; on agitating the tumbler the small particles of the chloride will adhere to each other, leaving the fluid quite clear. No other precipitate has this peculiar flocculent appearance to such an extent as chloride of silver.

Take some of the newly prepared chloride of silver, and expose it to the sun's rays, it will speedily become black; this is another evidence either of chloride of silver or of a few other silver salts which will be described hereafter. It has been seen in Lesson II, that ammonia (hartshorn) dissolves chloride of silver, but there is another solvent for it, the hyposulphite of soda, which is extensively used in photography.

Add a little of the solution of the hyposulphite of soda to a small quantity of the chloride of silver; before the chloride becomes black from exposure to the light it will speedily be dissolved. Now take some chloride of silver which has been blackened, and it will be found that the blackened portions are no longer soluble in the hyposulphite of soda. It will from this experiment be easy to understand the chemical fact on which photographic art is based; for when the paper, or the collodion film on glass, impregnated with the chloride of silver, is exposed to the action of the light, wherever most light falls there will result most darkening, and the reverse. Now if the paper or collodion plate in this stage be exposed to the dissolving agency of hyposulphite of soda, it follows that that portion of the chloride darkened would remain untouched while the non-darkened part would be dissolved out.

Chloride of silver has been hitherto generated by bringing a solution of chloride of sodium (common salt) into contact with nitrate of silver; but, generally speaking, any substance which contains chlorine will also afford a precipitate of chloride of silver when brought into contact with a silver solution, not containing ammonia.

In illustration take a solution of chloride of potassium (chlorine and potassium) and add it to a little of the nitrate of silver solution; observe that a precipitate occurs endowed with all the properties possessed by the precipitate generated when common salt (chloride of sodium) was used.

Again: dip the end of a glass rod in a solution of nitrate of silver, and hold it over the stoppered mouth of the hydrochloric acid bottle; the fumes arising from the acid will decompose the silver solution on the rod, and it will become covered with a deposit of chloride of silver which being washed off may be proved to be so, by the tests already described.

Again: pour a drop of hydrochloric acid into a test tube, add to it a little of the nitrate of silver solution, and remark again the deposition of chloride of silver. These last two experiments demonstrate that hydrochloric acid contains chlorine. Take now, of powdered chloride of lime (bleaching powder) as much as will lie on a silver cent piece, and having put it in a dry test tube without touching the sides of the tube, drop in again, without touching the sides; one drop of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol); take a glass rod moistened with the nitrate of silver solution, and hold it over the mouth of the test tube, it will be found that chloride of silver forms on the rod, caused by the

chlorine set free by the sulphuric acid from the bleaching powder (chloride of lime). It has now been demonstrated that a soluble silver salt is a test for chlorine in many states.

1st. It has been demonstrated a test for chlorine when the chlorine exists in solid combination with other elements, viz chloride of sodium and chloride of potassium.

2nd. It has been demonstrated to be a test for chlorine in a state of liquid acid combination and in a state of acid gaseous combination, namely, hydrochloric acid and the gaseous fumes or vapour of hydrochloric acid escaping from a bottle containing that acid; and lastly, it has been demonstrated to be a test for chloride when the chlorine is uncombined with any element, as proved by the experiment with the chloride of lime.

Hence it may be stated that soluble silver salts (that is, silver in combination with an acid) are tests for chlorine in every condition of vapour, gas, or solidity.

J. W. F.

STRANGE STORIES.

FROM a recently published work entitled "The Romance of London," a collection of scenes, adventures and vicissitudes associated with the great city, we extract the following strange stories:—

In the public life of the metropolis, the pugnacity of Lord Camelford most strangely displayed itself. On the night of April 2nd, 1709, at Drury Lane Theatre, he assaulted and wounded a gentleman, for which assault a jury of the Court of King's Bench returned a verdict against him of 500*l*. Soon after this affair he added an attack upon four watchmen in Cavendish Square, when, after an hour's conflict, his lordship and the other assailants were captured, and, guarded by twenty armed watchmen, were conveyed to the watch-house. In another freak of this kind, on the night of a general illumination for Peace in 1801, Lord Camelford would not suffer lights to be placed in the windows of his apartments at a grocer's in New Bond Street. The mob assailed the house with a shower of stones at the windows, when his lordship sallied out, and with a stout cudgel kept up a long conflict, until he was overpowered by numbers, and retreated in a deplorable condition. His name had now become a terror. Entering, one evening, the Prince of Wales's Coffee House in Conduit Street, he sat down to read the newspapers. Soon after came in a conceited fop, who seated himself opposite his lordship, and desired the waiter to bring a plate of Madeira, and a couple of wax candles, and put them into the next box. He then drew to himself Lord Camelford's candle, and began to read. His lordship glanced at him indignantly, and then continued reading. The waiter announced the fop's commands completed, when he lounged round into the box and began to read. Lord Camelford then, mimicking the tone of the coxcomb, called for a pair of snuffers, deliberately walked to his box, snuffed out both candles, and his lordship deliberately returned to his seat. The coxcomb, boiling with rage, roared out "Waiter! who is this fellow that dares to insult a gentleman? Who is he? What do they call him?" "Lord Camelford, Sir," replied the waiter. "Who?" "Lord Camelford!" returned the fop, in a tone of voice scarcely audible, terror-struck at his own impertinence. "Lord Camelford! What have I to pay?" On being told, he laid down the money, and stole away without daring to taste his Madeira.

The following humorous sketch describes the attempt made in the year 1788 to exclude the ladies from the gallery of the House of Lords, and the signal and most mortified failure in which so ungallant an attempt resulted.

"The ladies, headed by Lady Huntingdon, the Duchess of Queensbury, Lady Warrmoreland, Lady Cobham, Lady Archibald Hamilton, Lady Charlotte, Edwin, and others, presented themselves at the door at nine o'clock in the morning, and were informed by Sir William Bouverton that the Chancellor had made an order against their admittance. The Duchess of Queensbury, as head of the squadron, plied at the ill-breeding of a mere lawyer, and desired him to let them up stairs privately. "After some modest refusal he swore he would not let them in." Her Grace, with a noble warmth, answered that they would come in, in spite of the Chancellor and the whole House. The

* There are a few exceptions, but it is not well to mention them here.

stratagem by which their entrance was at length secured, reflects great credit on their sagacity.

"The Amazons showed themselves qualified for the duty even of foot soldiers! they stood there till five in the afternoon, without censure, every now and then playing volleys of thumps, kicks and raps against the door, with so much violence that the speakers in the House were scarce heard. When the Lords were not to be conquered by this, the two Duchesses (very well apprised of the use of stratagem in war) surrounded a dead silence of half an hour; and the Chancellor, who thought this a certain proof of their absence (the Commons also being very impatient to enter), gave order for the opening of the door; upon which they all rushed in, pushed aside their competitors, and placed themselves in the front row of the gallery. They stayed there till after eleven, when the House rose; and during the debate gave applause, and showed marks of dislike, not only by smiles and winks (which have always been allowed in such cases), but by noisy laughs and contempt,—thus completely triumphing over the tyrannical Chancellor, and illustrating the well known couplet.

When a woman wills, she will, you may depend on't.
When she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't.

REMARKABLE SWIMMING FEAT. — Dr. DUFF, who is forty-five years old, has carried his plan of crossing the Lake of Constance at its greatest width about with him for five years, and only this year succeeded in it. In July, 1890, he had gone more than half the distance, and been for three hours and a half in the water, when a thunderstorm arose, and the lake became so disturbed that Dr. Duff thought it wise to give up the attempt. In 1892 the very same thing happened again; after the bold swimmer had already spent three hours in the water, a violent wind agitated the waves of the lake in such a manner that he had to return. At length, in 1893, the feat was accomplished. A boat followed at the distance of twelve feet; the swimmer only stopped once, to swallow a little wine handed to him from the boat. Arrived on the other shore, and landing near the Castle of Friedrichshafen, Herr Duff enjoyed a good draught of beer, and afterwards felt no other inconvenience than that of his face and back having to wait for a new skin, the old one having been completely scorching off by six hours and a half exposure, under an almost tropical sun.

A SECRET FOR AMATEUR GARDENERS.

It spelt the bellows when the boy cut them open to see where the wind was, but it never hurts a cutting to take it out at any time that it may be done without injuring the incipient roots. Suppose you find the roots pushing like teeth or claws, your best course is at once to pot them all separately, and shut them up in a frame over a gentle bottom heat. It may be that the roots have not yet begun to push, but if you examine one you will certainly see that the edges of the shield are thickened by the process of granulation, which is designated the formation of a "callus." This is a necessary preliminary to the formation of roots, and you may always pot cuttings and eyes of all kinds as soon as the callus is formed, without waiting for roots; indeed, if the potting could always be done at this stage, it would be better than afterwards, for as there would be no roots to injure, there would be none of that double tax put upon the cuttings which happens when in the potting the tender roots get bruised or broken. Some people handle newly rooted cuttings as they would handle a birch broom; and no wonder if they are found among the correspondents who ask if we can tell them why their plants died a week after they were potted off. In case all this is Greek, or Timbuctoo, or unknown tongue to any body who has got a lot of eyes from rose trees in the progress of making plants, I can give you an infallible rule for the right time to pot them off—a rule which cannot be misunderstood, and which can be told in a word. Pot them as soon as the leaves begin to wither, and when you see the eyes pushing into growth. The withering of the leaf is, when the matter is properly managed, the best sign you can have that your labour has not been in vain. It is the same with cuttings—the shedding of the old leaves is a sign you may pot them, for they intend to grow; if they intend to die, probably the old leaves would hold on tight to the last.—*Abbott's Gardener's Magazine.*

SO SHALL MY DARLING BE.

ALLEGRETTO.

Music by ASB.—English Words by Chas. J. Sprague.

VOICE.

PIANO.

1. Graceful and slender; Hght as a fawn;
 2. For her com- plect- ion I should not care;
 3. Eyes that shall meet me, sparkling with love,

poco rit

Loving and ten- der; bright as the dawn; Fair- er than
 If her af- fect- ion I on- ly share; Thought- ful a -
 Where'er they greet me, like stars a - bove. Beam - ing a -

poco rit. *mf* *a tempo* *p*

cresc. *pp* *f* *poco rit*

all to me; } so shall my dar - ling, So shall my dar-ling be, So shall my
 lone of me, }
 lone on me, }

mf *poco rit*

pp legg.

dar - ling, my dar - ling be.

a tempo. *scherz*

SONG ON SUNSHINE.

Swave away, ye joyous birds,
While the sun is o'er us!
If I only knew your words,
I would swell the chorus.
Sing, ye warblers of the sky!
Sing, ye happy thrushes!
And ye little ones that lie
Down among the rushes!

Softly as an angel's wing
Comes an inspiration:
Oh that my poor soul could sing
Worthy of creation!
Like the solemn chaunting tree—
Nature in devotion:
Like the merry harping bee,—
Harmony in motion.

I would sound a note of joy
Through the vales of Devon,
Sweet as Love's, when he a boy
Newly came from heaven.
Till the busy world beguiled
With its echoes' ringing,
Shouted, "Hark! for Nature's child
Her own song is singing."

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY,"
FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," EDITED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 45.

CHAPTER IX. OLIMPIA COLONNA.

SAXON TREFALDEN did not fall in love at first sight, as Palamon fell in love with Emelie, walking in the garden "full of braunches grene." His heart beat none the faster, his cheek grew none the brighter, nor the paler, for that stolen contemplation. Nothing of the kind. He only admired her—admired her, and wondered at her, and delighted to look upon her; just as he would have admired, and wondered at, and looked upon a gorgeous sunrise among his own native Alps, or a splendid meteor in a summer sky. He did not attempt to analyse her features. He could not have described her to save his life. He had no idea whether her wondrous eyes were brown or black; or whether it was to them, or to the perfect mouth beneath, that her smile owed the magic of its sweetness. He had not the faintest suspicion that her hair was of the same hue and texture as the world-famed locks of Lucrezia Borgia; he only saw that it was tossed back from her brow like a cloud of burnt gold, crisp and wavy, and gathered into a coronet that a queen might have envied. He knew not how scornfully her lip could curl, and her delicate nostrils quiver; but he could not help seeing that there was something haughty in the very undulations of her tall and slender form, and something imperial in the character of her beauty. In short, Saxon was no connoisseur of female loveliness. The women of the Grisons are among the homeliest of their race, and till now he had seen no others. A really graceful, handsome, highly-bred woman was a phenomenon in his eyes, and he looked upon her with much the same kind of delightful awe that one experiences on first beholding the sea, or the southern stars. Indeed, had Mademoiselle Colonna been only a fine portrait by Titian, or a marble divinity by Phidias, he could hardly have admired her with a more dispassionate and simple wonder.

Presently Mr. Trefalden came back to his breakfast, leaving Signor Colonna and his daughter to theirs. He resumed his seat in silence. He looked grave. He pushed his plate aside with the air of one whose thoughts are too busy for hunger. Then he looked at Baach; but Saxon's eyes were wandering to the further end of the saloon, and he knew nothing of the close and serious scrutiny to which he was being subjected. The young man would, perhaps, have been somewhat startled had he surprised that expression upon his cousin's face; and even more puzzled than startled by the strange, fitting, cynical smile into which he gradually sided.

"Come, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, "we must finish this bottle of Château Margaux before we go."

Saxon shook his head.

"You have had only one glass," remonstrated his

"Thank you, I do not wish for more."
"Then you don't really like it, after all?"
"Yes I do; but I am no longer thirsty. See—I have almost emptied the water-bottle."

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"We are told," said he, "that primeval man passed through three preliminary stages before he reached the era of civilisation—namely, the stone period, the iron period, and the bronze. You, my dear Saxon, are still in the stone period; and Heaven only knows how long you might have stayed there, if I had not come to your aid. It is my mission to civilise you."

Saxon laughed aloud. It was his way to laugh on the smallest provocation, like a joyous child; which, in Mr. Trefalden's eyes, was another proof of barbarism.

"Civilise me as much as you please, cousin William," he said; "but don't ask me to drink without thirst, or eat without hunger."

Mr. Trefalden glanced uneasily towards the other table, where the father and daughter were breakfasting side by side, and conversing softly in Italian. Perhaps he did not wish them to hear Saxon call him "cousin." At all events, he rose abruptly, and said:

"Come—shall we smoke a cigar in the garden before starting?"

But just as they were leaving the room, Mademoiselle Colonna rose and followed them.

"Mr. Trefalden," she said, eagerly. "Mr. Trefalden—we found letters awaiting us at this place, one of which demands an immediate answer. This answer must be conveyed to a certain spot, by a trusty messenger. It may not, for various reasons, be sent through the post. Can you help me? Do you know of any person whom it would be safe to employ?"

"Indeed I do not," replied the lawyer. "I am as great a stranger in Reichenau as yourself. Perhaps, however, the landlord can tell you—"

"No, no," interrupted she. "It would not be prudent to consult him."

"Then I fear I am powerless."

"It—it is not very far," hesitated the lady. "He would only have to go about a mile beyond Thusis, on the Splügen road."

"If I were not a man of law, Mademoiselle Colonna," said Mr. Trefalden, with his blandest smile, "I would myself volunteer to be your envoy, but—"

"But you have given us your name, Mr. Trefalden, and can do no more. I understand that. I understood it from the first. I am only sorry to have troubled you."

"Indeed you have not troubled me. I only regret that I cannot be of more service."

Wherewith Mr. Trefalden bowed to Mademoiselle Colonna, made a sign to his cousin to follow him, and left the room. But Saxon lingered, blushing and irresolute, and turned to the lady instead.

"I can take the letter," he said, shyly.

Mademoiselle Colonna paused, looked straight into his eyes, and said:

"It is an important letter. Can I trust you?"

"Yes."

"Can I rely upon you to give it into no other hands than those of the person whom I shall describe to you?"

"Yes."

"If any one else should try to take it from you, what would you do?"

"If a man tried to take it from me by force," replied Saxon, laughingly, "I should knock him down."

"But if he were stronger than you; or if there were several?"

He stopped to consider.

"I—I think I should take it out as if I were going to give it up," said he, "and I would swallow it."

"Good."

Mademoiselle Colonna paused again, and again looked at him steadfastly.

"Did you hear all that I said about this letter just now to Mr. Trefalden?" she said.

"Every word of it."

"You know that you must not repeat it."

"I suppose so."

"And you know that to convey this letter may be—though it is very unlikely—a service of some little danger!"

"I did not know that; but I know it was a service of responsibility."

"Well, then, are you equally willing to go?"

"Of course. Why not?"

Mademoiselle Colonna smiled, but somewhat doubtfully.

"I do not doubt your courage," she said; "but how am I to know that you will not betray my confidence?"

Saxon coloured up to the roots of his hair, and drew back a step.

"You must not give me this letter," said he, "if you are afraid to trust me. I can only promise to deliver it, and be silent."

Signor Colonna rose suddenly, and joined them. He had his paras in his hand.

"Will you swear this, young man?" he asked.

"No," said Saxon, proudly, "I will not swear it. It is forbidden to take God's name for trifles. I will give you my word of honour, but I will not take an oath."

"Humph! what reward do you expect?"

"Reward? What do you mean?"

"Will twenty francs satisfy you?"

Saxon drew back another step. He looked from Signor Colonna to his daughter, and from the lady's face to the gentleman's.

"Money!" he faltered. "You offer me money?"

"Is it not enough?"

Barbarian as he was, Saxon was quite sufficiently civilised to writho under the sting of this affront. The tears started to his honest eyes. It was the first humiliation he had known in his life, and he felt it bitterly.

"I did not offer to carry your letter for hire," said he, in a hurried, quivering voice. "I would have gone twice the distance to—to please and serve the lady. Good morning."

And, turning abruptly on his heel, the young man strode out of the room.

"Oh, stay, monsieur, one moment—one moment only!" cried Mademoiselle Colonna.

But he was already gone.

"What is this? Who is he? What does it all mean?" asked Signor Colonna impatiently.

"It means that we have committed a grievous error," replied his daughter. "He is a gentleman—a gentleman, and I took him for a common guide! But see, there he goes, through the garden gate—go to him; pray go to him, and apologise in my name and your own."

"But, my child," said the Italian, nervously, "how can you be sure—"

"I am sure. I see it all now—I ought to have seen it from the first. But look yonder, and convince yourself! Mr. Trefalden has taken his arm—they go down through the trees! Pray go, go at once, or you will be too late."

Signor Colonna snatched up his hat and went at once; but he was too late for all that. The garden was a very perplexing place. It belonged, not to the hotel, but to the Château Planta close by, and was entered by a large wooden gate, some few yards down the road. It was laid out on a little picturesque peninsula just at the junction of the Hinter and Vorder Rhinos, and was traversed by all kinds of winding walks, some of which led down to the waterside, some up to shady nooks, or hidden summer-houses, or open lawns fragrant with violets, and musical with ever-playing fountains. Up and down, in and out of these paths, Signor Colonna wandered for nearly half an hour without meeting a living soul, or hearing any sound but the rushing of the rivers and the echoes of his own steps on the gravel. Saxon and his cousin had disappeared as utterly as if the green sward had opened and swallowed them, or the grey Rhine had swept them away in its eddying current.

CHAPTER X. MENTOR TAKES TELEMACHUS IN HAND.

Pastor Hartle never closed his eyes in sleep that night after William Trefalden paid his first visit at the Château Rotenberg. His anxieties had been increasing and multiplying of late, and this event brought them en masse to the surface. He scarcely knew whether to feel relieved or embarrassed by the arrival of his London kinsman. Harassed as his mind had been for some time past, he yet dreaded to lay the source of his troubles before an arbiter who might tell him that he had acted unwisely. Yet here was the arbiter, dropped, as it were, from the clouds; and, to his verdict what it might, the story of Saxon's education could not be withheld from him. The good priest shrunk from this confession. It was true that he had done all for the best. It was also true that he would have given his own life to make that boy a good and happy man. And yet—and yet there remained the fatal possibility which had so haunted him during those last few months. His own judgment might all this time have been at fault; and the fair edifice which

he had been building up with such love and devotion for the last twenty years or more, might, after all, have its foundations in the sand. This was a terrible thought, and so hard to bear that the pastor made up his mind to go down to Reichenau early in the morning, and talk the whole matter over with William Trefalden before he and Saxon should have started for Chur. When the morning came, however, a goat was missing from the flock. This mischance threw all the farm-work out of its daily course, so that the pastor started a good half-hour too late, quite expecting to find them both gone by the time he reached the Adler.

In the meanwhile, Saxon had overtaken his cousin in the garden of the Château Planta.

"Well," said Mr. Trefalden, "I began to think you were never coming. Take a cigar."

Saxon shook his head.

"I don't smoke, thank you," said he, hurriedly. "This way."

Mr. Trefalden noted the flash upon his cheek, and the agitation of his manner, and followed in silence.

The young man plunged down a labyrinth of narrow side-walks, till they came to one that sloped to the water-side. At the bottom of this slope, only a wire fence and a slip of gravelly bank lay between them and the river. A covered bridge spanned the stream a few yards higher up, and beyond the bridge lay the meadows and the mountains. Saxon, without deigning to touch the wire with his hand, sprang lightly over. Mr. Trefalden, less lightly, and more leisurely, followed his example. In a few minutes more, they had both passed through the gloom of the covered bridge, and emerged into the sunshine beyond. Saxon at once struck across the road, and took the field-path opposite.

"Is this the way to Chur?" asked Mr. Trefalden, somewhat abruptly.

Saxon started, and stopped.

"No, indeed," he replied. "I—I had forgotten. We must turn back."

"Not till I have finished my cigar. See—here is a shady nook, and an old pine-trunk, that looks as if it had been felled on purpose. Let us sit and chat quietly for half an hour."

"With all my heart," said Saxon. So they sat down side by side, far enough out of sight or hearing of the garden, in which Signor Colonna was searching for them on the opposite side of the river.

"By the way, Saxon, what kept you so long. Just now?" said Mr. Trefalden. "Were you flirting with the fair Olimpia?"

Saxon's face was scarlet in an instant.

"I—I offered to carry her letter," he replied, confusedly.

"The deuce you did! And she declined?"

"She misunderstood me."

"I am heartily glad of it. I would not have had you mixed up in any of the Colonna intrigues for a trifle. In what way did she misunderstand you?"

Saxon bit his lip, and the colour which had nearly faded from his face came back again.

"She thought I wanted to be paid for going," he said, reluctantly.

"Offered you money, in short?"

"Yes—that is, her father did so."

"And what did you say?"

"I hardly know. I was greatly vexed—more vexed, perhaps, than I ought to have been. I left them, at all events, and here I am."

"Without the letter, I trust?"

"Without the letter."

There was a brief silence. Mr. Trefalden looked down, thoughtfully, and a faint smile flitted over his face. Saxon did not see it. His thoughts were busy elsewhere, and his eyes were also bent upon the ground.

"I am sorry you don't join me in a cigar," said Mr. Trefalden. "Smoking is a social art, and you should acquire it."

"The art is easy enough," said Saxon. "It is the taste for it which is difficult of acquisition."

"Then you have tried?"

"Yes."

"And it made you giddy?"

"Not at all; but it gave me no pleasure."

"That was because you did not persevere long enough to experience the delicious dreaminess that—"

"I have no desire to feel dreamy," interrupted Saxon. "I should detest any sensation that left my mind less active than usual. I had as soon put on fetters."

Mr. Trefalden laughed that low, pleasant laugh of his, and stretched himself at full length on the grass.

"There are fetters, and fetters," said he, "fetters of gold, and fetters of flowers, as well as fetters of vulgar iron."

"Heaven forbid that I should ever know any of the three," observed Saxon, gravely.

"You have this very day been in danger of the two last," replied Mr. Trefalden.

"Cousin, you are jesting."

"Cousin, I am doing nothing of the kind."

Saxon's blue eyes opened in amazement.

"What can you mean?" said he.

"I will tell you. But you must promise to listen patiently, for my explanation involves some amount of detail."

Saxon bent his head, and the lawyer, pulling lazily at his cigar from time to time, continued.

"The Colonna family," said he, "is, as of course you know already, one of the oldest and noblest of the princely Roman houses. Giulio Colonna, whom you saw just now at the Adler, is a scion of the stock. He has been an enthusiast all his life. In his youth he married for love; and, for the last twenty or thirty years, has devoted himself, heart and soul, to Italian politics. He has written more pamphlets, and ripened more plots, than any man in Europe. He is at the bottom of every Italian conspiracy. He is at the head or every secret society that has Italian unity for its object. He is, in short, a born agitator; and his daughter is as fanatical as himself. As you saw them just now, so they are always. He with his head full of plots, and his pockets full of pamphlets—she exercising all her woman's wit and energy to enlist or utilise an ally."

"I understand now what she meant by the 'good cause,'" observed Saxon thoughtfully.

"Ay, that's the hackneyed phrase."

Saxon looked up.

"But it is a good cause," said he. "It is the liberty of her country."

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes, yes, of course it is," he replied; "but one gets weary of this pamphleteering and plotting. Fighting is one thing, Saxon, and intriguing, another. Besides, I hate a female politician."

"She is very beautiful," said Saxon.

"She is beautiful, and brilliant, and very fascinating; and she knows how to employ her power, too. Those eyes of Olimpia Colonna's have raised more volunteers for Italy than all her father's pamphlets. Confess now, would you have been so ready to carry that letter this morning, if the lady had worn blue spectacles and a front?"

"I cannot tell; but I fear not," replied the young man, laughingly. "But what has this to do with the fetters?"

"Everything. Granted, now, that the fair signora had known you were my cousin—"

"I suppose she took me for your servant," interposed Saxon, somewhat bitterly.

"—and that you had really taken charge of that paper grenade," continued Mr. Trefalden, "can you not guess what the results might have been? Well, I can. She would not have offered you money—not a sou—but she would have smiled upon you, and given you her hand at parting; and you would probably have kissed it as if she had been an empress, and worshipped her as if she were a divinity; and your head, my dear Saxon, would have been as irretrievably turned as the heads of the false prophets in Dante's seventh circle."

"No, that it would not," said Saxon, hastily, with his face all on fire again at the supposition. "And besides, the false prophets were in the eighth circle, cousin—the place, you know, called Malebolgo."

"True—the eighth. Thank you. Then you would have placed the grenade in whichever pocket lay nearest to the place where your heart used to be; and you would have gone to the world's end as readily as to Thuis; and have been abjectly happy to wear Mademoiselle Colonna's fetters of flowers for the rest of your natural life."

"Nay, but indeed—"

"So much for the flowers," interrupted Mr. Trefalden. "Now for the iron. Once embarked in this 'good cause,' there would have been no hope for you in the future. In less than a month you would have been affiliated to some secret society. Dwelling as you do on the high road to Italy, you would have been appointed to all kinds of dangerous services; and the result of the whole affair would have been an Austrian

dungeon, whence not even Santa Olimpia herself would have power to extricate you."

"A very pleasant picture, and very well painted," said Saxon, with an angry quiver of the lip, "but an error, cousin, from beginning to end. I should have devoted myself neither to the lady nor the cause; so your argument falls to the ground, and the fetters along with it."

Mr. Trefalden had too much tact to pursue the conversation further, so he changed the subject.

"Are you fond of music?" he asked.

"Passionately."

"Do you play any instrument?"

"I play a little on our chapel organ, but very badly."

"By ear, I suppose?"

"Not entirely. My father learned music at Geneva in his youth; and all that he knows he has taught me."

"Which, I suppose," said Mr. Trefalden, "is just enough to make you wish it were more?"

"Precisely."

"Have you a good organ at the chapel?"

"No, a wretched thing. It is very small, very old, and sadly out of repair. Two of the stops are quite useless, and there are but five altogether."

"A wretched thing, indeed! Can't you get a new one?"

"I fear not. Perhaps when Count Planta comes back from Italy he may give us one. My father means to mention it to him, at all events; but then the count is always either in Naples or Paris. He may not come to Reichenau for the next three or four years."

"And in the meanwhile," said Mr. Trefalden, "the organ may die of old age, and become altogether dumb."

"Quite true," replied Saxon, with a sigh.

Mr. Trefalden glanced at him sharply, and a silence of some moments ensued.

"Don't you think, Saxon," said he, at length, "that it must be very pleasant to be rich?"

Saxon looked up from his reverie, and smiled.

"To be rich?" he repeated.

"Ay—as Count Planta, for instance."

"Are you serious, cousin?"

"Quite serious."

"Then I think it cannot be pleasant at all."

"Why not?"

"Because wealth is power, and power is a frightful temptation."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Trefalden.

"And a frightful responsibility, too."

"Nonsense again!"

"All history proves it," said Saxon, earnestly.

"Look at Athens and Rome—see how luxury undermined the liberty of the one, and how the desire of aggrandisement—"

Mr. Trefalden laid his hand laughingly upon the young man's mouth.

"My dear fellow," said he, "you talk like a class-book, or an Exeter Hall lecturer! Who cares about Rome or Athens now? One would think you were a thousand years old, at the very least."

"But—"

"But your arguments are very true, and classical, and didactic—I grant all that. Nevertheless, our daily experience proves money to be a remarkably agreeable thing. You, I think, are rather proud of your poverty."

"I am not poor," replied Saxon. "I have all that I need. An emperor can have no more."

"Humph! Are there no poor in Reichenau?"

"None who are very poor. None so poor as the people of Embs."

"Where is Embs?"

"About half way on the road to Chur. It is a Roman Catholic parish, and the inhabitants are miserably squalid and idle."

"I remember the place. I passed it on my way here yesterday. It looked like a hotbed of fever."

"And well it might," replied Saxon, sadly. "They had it terribly last autumn."

Mr. Trefalden faced round suddenly, leaning on his elbow, and flung away the end of his cigar.

"And so you think, young man," said he, "that because you have all you need, money would be of no use to you! Pray, did it never occur to you that these fever-stricken wretches wanted food, medicine, and clothing?"

"We—we did what we could, cousin," replied Saxon, in a troubled voice. "God knows, it was very little, but—"

"But if you had been a rich man, you could have done ten times more. Is that not true?"

"Too true."

"Your religion enjoins you to give alms, but how are you to do this without money?"

"One may do good works without money," said Saxon.

"In a very limited degree. Not one-tenth part as many as if you had plenty of it. Did you never look at that side of the question, Saxon? Did you never wish to be rich for the sake of others?"

"I am not sure, but I do not think I ever did. I was so impressed with the belief that money was the root of all evil—"

"Pshaw! Things are good or evil, according to the use we make of them. A knife is but a knife, whether in the hand of a surgeon or an assassin; yet the result is considerably different. You must direct your mind from these fallacies, Saxon. They are unworthy of you."

Saxon put his hand to his brow uneasily.

"What you say sounds like the truth," said he; "and yet—and yet it is at variance with the precepts upon which I have relied all my life."

"Very possibly," replied Mr. Trefalden. "Precepts, however, are bad things to depend upon. They are made of India-rubber, and will stretch to cover any proposition. Let us suppose, now, that you were a rich man—"

"How absurd!" said Saxon, forcing a smile. "What is the use of it?"

"We will see what might have been the use of it. In the first place, you would have had good instruction, and have become an accomplished musician. You would have enriched yonder little church with a fine organ, and perhaps have rebuilt the church into the bargain. You would have furnished the poor sufferers of Embs with a staff of doctors and nurses, and have saved, perhaps, some scores of human lives. You would have been able to surround your uncle with comforts in his old age. You could have gratified your desire of visiting Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem. You could have lined the old chateau from top to bottom with Greek and Latin poets, and have founded a museum of Etruscan antiquities for your uncle's perpetual delight. Finally—"

He paused. Saxon looked up.

"Well, cousin," said he; "finally what?"

"Finally, rich men do not wear grey blouses and leather gaiters. If you had had a coat like mine on your back this morning, Saxon, Mademoiselle Colonna would not have taken you for a common peasant, and Signor Colonna would not have eluded you money."

Saxon sprang to his feet with an impatient gesture.

"Enough of would be, and might be!" exclaimed he. "Of what use are these speculations? I am not rich, and I never shall be rich; so it is idle to think of it."

"At all events," persisted Mr. Trefalden, "you admit the desirableness of wealth?"

"I—I am not sure. I cannot relinquish an old belief so hastily."

"Not even in favour of the truth?"

"I do not yet know that it is the truth. My mind needs further evidence."

"Of what, my son?" said a gentle voice close behind him.

It was the pastor. There was a field-path across those very meadows between Rotsberg and Reichenau, and the pine-trunk where the cousins had stayed to rest lay within a dozen yards of its course.

Saxon uttered a joyous exclamation.

"This is fortunate!" cried he. "You come at the right moment, father, to judge our argument."

"We were talking of riches," said Mr. Trefalden, rising, and grasping the old man's outstretched hand. "My young kinsman here preaches the language of an Arcadian, and declaims against the precious metals like a second Timon. I, on the other hand, have been trying to convince him that gold has a very bright side, indeed, and may be made to perform a good many wise offices. What say you?"

The pastor looked distressed.

"The question is a broad one," said he, "and there is much truth on both sides of it. But we cannot discuss it now. I want to talk to you, cousin William. I have hastened down from Rotsberg, fearing all the time lest I should miss you. Were you not going to church?"

"We were going, and are going, by-and-by," replied Mr. Trefalden.

"Can you spare me half an hour before you start?"

"The whole day, if you please."

"Nay, an hour will be more than enough. Saxon, what wish I have to say to our cousin is not for thy

ears. Go up, my son, to Tamine, and inquire about that Indian corn-seed that farmer Reitzschel promised us last week."

Saxon looked surprised; but prepared to be gone without a word.

"Shall I come back here afterwards?" he asked.

"No. It would be better to await thy cousin at the Adler."

Saxon coloured, and hesitated.

"Could I not wait at the chapel?" said he.

"Ay, at the chapel, if thou wilt."

So the young man waved a cheery farewell, and started at once upon his uncle's errand. Looking back presently, at the turn of the path, he saw them sitting on the pine-trunk, side by side, already in earnest conversation. He saw Mr. Trefalden shake his head. He fancied there was some kind of trouble in the old man's attitude. What could his uncle have to say to one whom, kinsman though he was, he had never seen till the previous evening? Why this mystery about their conversation? It was very strange. Saxon could not help feeling that he must be himself concerned, somehow or another, in the matter; and this surmise added vaguely to his uneasiness.

CHAPTER XI. UP AT THE CHURCH.

Three hours later, Saxon was sitting alone before the organ in the little chapel on the hill. One hand supported his head, the other rested listlessly upon the keys. A tattered mass of Palestrina's lay open upon the music-desk; but Saxon's eyes were turned towards the door, and his thoughts were far away. He had been playing, half an hour or an hour ago, and had fallen since then into a long and anxious train of thought. He had even forgotten the little fair-haired urchin who acted for him as blower, and who had fallen, on fast asleep in the sunshine that streamed through the south window at the back of the organ.

It was a plain, whitewashed brown-painted little church, with a row of deal benches on each side of the aisle, and a pulpit to match. On a long board suspended from the roof just above the altar was painted, in gaudy characters of gold and scarlet, a German couplet, signifying "Where God is, there is liberty." The organ was of old dark oak, with ebony keys; and on the top stood a battered angel with a broken trumpet. It was a place of primitive simplicity, and no kind of architectural beauty. The beauty lay all within, among the Alps and pine forests that showed here and there through open doors and windows.

It was more than an hour past mid-day when Saxon Trefalden sat thus before the organ, and his cousin had not yet come to claim his company. His thoughts were busy, and his soul was disquieted within him. The uneasiness that he had felt on leaving those two to their solitary conference had now increased tenfold. Why was he excluded from it? And why should his uncle, who had never, as he believed, hidden a thought from him before, keep a secret from him now?

Then, what of this unknown kinsman, William Trefalden of London? Did Saxon really like him? The question was a difficult one. He scarcely knew how to answer it, even to himself. He thought he liked his cousin. Nay, he felt sure—almost sure—that he liked him. Not, perhaps, quite so well to-day as yesterday. Was it that an indefinite sense of mistrust mingled with the liking? No, that was impossible. His generous nature revolted at the thought. Was it that William Trefalden's opinions were so new to him, and went so far to unsettle his own preconceived notions of good and evil? Or was it that he was himself somewhat out of humour with the world this morning—somewhat less contented than of old? The organ, to be sure, had sounded more wheezy and thin than ever to-day, and his own playing had seemed clumsier than usual. Besides, that matter of the twenty francs was hard to forget. Well, well, he certainly liked his cousin; and as for poverty, why he must put up with it, and make the best of it, as his father and uncle had done before him. Then with regard to Olimpia Colonna—Pshaw! were she thir as Helen, and patri-otie as Camilla, it would make no difference to him. Saxon flattered himself that he was invulnerable.

At this point of his meditations, a shadow fell upon the threshold, and was followed by the substance of William Trefalden.

"I am ashamed, Saxon," said he, "to have kept you waiting for me so long. Your uncle is gone home, and I suppose it is too late to think of church to-day. Is this the organ?"

Saxon bent his head affirmatively.

"So! a lumbering old box of pipes, only fit for Greenwood! What say you? will you present the parish with a new one?"

"I hope the parish will not have to wait till I do so," replied Saxon, with a faint smile.

"But I am serious. Will you order one from Geneva, or have it brought all the way from Paris?"

"Cousin William, what do you mean?" asked Saxon, his heart beginning to beat faster, he knew not why.

Mr. Trefalden laid his two hands on the young man's shoulders, and looking him steadily in the face, replied:

"This is what I mean, Saxon. In three or four weeks' time you will be a rich man—a very rich man—ten times richer than Count Planta, or any nobleman here."

"I—rich—richer than—I do not understand you!" said Saxon, brokenly.

"It is the absolute truth."

"But my uncle—"

"He knows it. He has known it since before you were born. He has desired me to tell you all the story of your inheritance."

Saxon put his hand to his forehead, and turned his face away.

"Not just yet—not here," he said, in an agitated voice. "I—I am so taken by surprise—almost terrified. Will you leave me for a few minutes? I will come out to you presently in the eberchyard."

"Oh, certainly," replied Mr. Trefalden, and turned towards the door. Saxon sprang after him, and grasped him by the arm.

"One moment," exclaimed he, pointing to a little stone tablet set into the church wall about half way between the organ and the porch. "Did he know, too?"

The tablet bore the name of Saxon Trefalden and date of his death.

"Your father and your uncle both knew it," replied Mr. Trefalden, gravely. "This fortune would have been his now, instead of yours, if he had lived to claim it."

Saxon turned away with a deep sob, and his cousin went out into the sunshine.

Left alone in the little silent church, the young man covered his face with his hands, and burst into tears.

"God help me!" murmured he. "What shall I do? I am so young, so ignorant, so unfit to bear this burden. God help me, and guide me to use these riches rightly!"

And then he knelt down beside the little organ, and prayed.

CHAPTER XII. ON THE TERRACE AT CASTLETOWERS.

A broad gravelled terrace lying due east and west, with vases of massive terra-cotta full of gloomy evergreens placed at regular intervals along the verge of the broad parapet. A mighty old Elizabethan mansion of warm red brick, standing back in a deep angle of shade, with all its topmost gables, carved niches, and gilded vanes glittering to the morning sun. A foreground of undulating park traversed by a noisy rivulet, and rich in old gnarled oaks planted at the time of the Restoration. A distance of blue hills, purple common, relieved here and there by stretches of fir plantation jutting out into the busy heath-land, like wooded promontories sloping to the sea. On the terrace, a peacock with all his gorgeous plumage displayed; a lady feeding him from her own white hand; and two gentlemen standing by. The time, the second day of April, balmy, sunny, redolent of the violet and the thorn. The county, Surrey. The place, Castletowers.

"How you flatter that bird, Mademoiselle Colonna!" said one of the gentlemen; a tall, soldierly man, with a deep sabre-scar across his left temple, and some few grey hairs silvering his thick moustache and beard. "His disposition was always a perfect balance between vanity and ill nature, but since your advent, the brute has become more insufferable than ever. Take care! I never see your hand so near his beak without a shudder."

"Fear nothing on my account, Major Vaughan," replied the lady; "and pray do not be unjust to Sardanapalus. He is quite an altered bird; and as gentle as a dove—with me."

"You do well to add that clause, my dear lady, for we all can bear witness to the way in which his majesty 'takes it out' in viciousness when you are not by. He flew at Gularo not an hour ago, down by the five oaks yonder; and I believe, if I had not chanced to be within hail, and if the mare were not the most self-

possessed breast in creation, there would have been battle, murder, and sudden death between them."

"Really? You make me prouder than ever of my conquest."

The soldier shrugged his shoulders.

"Pshaw!" said he, "what is one bar on the medal, more or less, to the hero of a hundred fields?"

"Major Vaughan, you are complimentary."

"Vaughan's pretty speeches always smell of powder," laughed the younger gentleman, who was leaning against the parapet close by.

"Bah! que veux-tu, mon cher? A man can no more shake off the associations of twenty years, than he can shake off the bronze from his skin."

You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will. The seat of the barrack will hang round it still!"

Mademoiselle Colonna looked up quickly, still feeding the peacock from her open palm.

"I like your compliment the better, Major Vaughan, for what Lord Castletowers calls its smell of powder," said she. "It is a familiar perfume to me, remember."

"I don't like to remember it," muttered the soldier, pulling thoughtfully at his moustache.

"Nor I," said Lord Castletowers, in a low voice.

"Why not, pray?" asked the lady, with a heightened colour. "Is it not the incense of Italian liberty?"

"Granted; but it is a lacense so powerful, that fair ladies do well to smell it from a distance."

"Not when they can be of service in the temple, Major Vaughan," replied Mademoiselle Colonna, with one of her proud smiles. "But, digressions apart, do you really tell me that Sardanapalus attacked Gulnare without any kind of provocation?"

"I do indeed."

"It is strange that he should be so savage!"

"It is still more strange that he should be so docile! I believe, Mademoiselle Colonna, that you are in possession of some taming secret known only to yourself."

"Perhaps I am. May I be allowed to cite you as a specimen of my success?"

Major Vaughan bowed almost to the ground.

"Oh! daughter of the sun and moon," said he, "the head of thy slave is at thy disposal!"

Startled either by the major's profound salaam or by the sudden pealing of the breakfast-bell, Sardanapalus threw up his head, and uttered an angry scream. Mademoiselle Colonna withdrew her hand quickly, and flung away the remainder of the cake with which she had been feeding him. Lord Castletowers saw the gesture, and sprang to her aid.

"The brute has not bitten you?" he said, anxiously.

She had already wrapped her handkerchief round her hand, and was moving slowly towards the house, as if nothing had happened; but there was a scarcely perceptible quiver in the smile with which she replied:

"Very slightly, thank you. Don't be angry with the poor bird. He meant no harm."

"Meant?" echoed the young man, fiercely. "I'll teach him to know what he means in future. Will you permit me to see the extent of the mischief?"

"Nay, it is nothing—a mere peck."

Lord Castletowers uttered an exclamation of dismay, as he stooped to take something from the ground. It was a little fragment of cake, all crimson dyed.

"It is no 'peck' that has done this!" he exclaimed. "For pity's sake, Olim—Mademoiselle, allow me to see your hand!"

"Indeed it is not serious; but, lest you should fancy it worse than it is—there!"

The blush with which she began faded quite away as she concluded, and left her somewhat paler than usual. She averted her eyes. She could bear the pain bravely enough, but not the sight.

"What is the matter?" said Major Vaughan, who had turned away on making his salaam, and seen nothing of the accident.

"That carrion-bird has bitten Mademoiselle Colonna!" replied Lord Castletowers, with unconcealed agitation. "Bitten her severely. See this!"

The pretty little delicate palm was half laid open, but the slender fingers did not even tremble. Major Vaughan examined the wound with the keen glance of one accustomed to such matters.

"Bump! an ugly gash!" said he, "but not so bad as a bayonet thrust, after all. If you will accompany me la-door, mademoiselle, I will dress it for you in first-rate style. You do not know what a capital surgeon I am. Here, Castletowers,—something to tie up the young lady's hand in the meanwhile!"

Lord Castletowers gave his own handkerchief, and, turning aside, pressed Mademoiselle Colonna's

into his breast-pocket. Her eyes were still averted; but a dark shadow came upon Major Vaughan's face.

"A thousand thanks," said she, smilingly, when the bandage was adjusted.

"You must not thank me till it is properly dressed, mademoiselle," replied he, offering her his arm. "And now, if you please, we will find our way to the house-keeper's room, and procure all that is necessary; while you, my dear follow, had better go and explain the cause of this delay to Lady Castletowers. I know she does not like to wait for breakfast."

"True, it is one of my mother's peculiarities. I will do the work of propitiation. As for Sardanapalus—"

"Sardanapalus must be pardoned," interposed Mademoiselle Colonna.

Lord Castletowers shook his head.

"Nay, I entreat."

But she entreated with the air of an empress.

The young man lifted his hat.

"The prisoner at the bar was condemned to death," said he, courteously; "but since the queen chooses to exercise her prerogative, the court commutes his sentence to solitary confinement for life in the great aviary at the end of the Italian garden."

At this moment the breakfast-bell sent forth a second clamorous peal; the imperial convict uttered another dissonant cry, and sailed across the terrace in all his panoply of plumage; and the trio went up to the house.

CHAPTER XIII. THE HOUSE OF CASTLETOWERS.

Gervais Leopold Wyncliffe, Earl of Castletowers, was the fifth peer of his house, and the last of his name. He was not rich; but he was very good natured. He had no great expectations; but he was tolerably clever, tolerably good looking, and only twenty-seven years of age. His principles were sound; his French accent was perfect; he had made one successful speech in the House, and he was unmarried. With all these qualifications, and his five feet eleven inches to boot, it is not surprising that Lord Castletowers, despite his very limited means, should have found himself, during several seasons, the object of a fair amount of maternal manoeuvring. That he was not yet given over to the spoilers was owing to no wisdom of his own, and to no absence of that susceptibility which flesh (especially flesh under thirty years of age) is heir to. On the contrary, he had been smitten, as the phrase goes, twice or thrice; but on each of these occasions his destiny, and, perhaps, his lady mother, had interposed to save him.

The young Earl adored his mother. She was still beautiful; slender, pale, stately, and somewhat above the average height of women. In complexion and features she resembled the latter portraits of Marie Antoinette; but it was a likeness of outline and colouring only. The expression was totally different—so different that it appeared sometimes to obliterate the resemblance altogether. The sorrow, the sweetness, the womanly tenderness of that royal face were all missing from the serene countenance of Aethra, Countess of Castletowers. She looked as if she had never known a strong emotion in her life; as if love and hate, anguish and terror, would have glanced off from her like arrows from a marble statue. Proud as they both were, the very pride of these two faces had nothing in common. That of the queen was passionate, upon the lip; that of the countess shone coldly from the eye. Pride was, indeed, the dominant principle of her being—the pivot upon which her every thought, word, and action turned. She had been a great heiress. She was the daughter, wife, and mother of an Earl. She was of the ancient line of Holme-Pierpoints, and the blood of the Holme-Pierpoints had mingled once with that of the Plantagenets, and twice with that of the Tudors. The Countess of Castletowers never forgot those things for a moment. It is doubtful if they were even absent from her dreams. Her dignity, her grace, her suavity of manner, were perfect; but they were all based upon her pride, like that royal tower of which the poet dreamed:

A sunny pleasure-dome, with caves of ice.

Lady Castletowers had not loved her husband; but she loved her son as much as it was in her nature to love anything. The husband had squandered her dower; insulted her by open neglect; and died abroad overwhelmed with debt and discredit, within the fifth year of their marriage. The son had revered, admired, idolised her from his cradle. He had never given her cause for one moment's anxiety since the day of his birth. As a little child, he thought her the most noble and gracious of God's creatures—as he

grew in years, his faith in her remained undiminished, and his love became that beautiful love which mingles the chivalrous respect of the man with the tender homage of the son. It was not, therefore, surprising that whatever waif of human weakness had fallen to her ladyship's portion should have been garnered up for this one object. While he was yet very young, her affection for him was invested at compound interest, and left to accumulate till he should become of an age to deserve it; but as he arrived at manhood, his life became identified with her own. All her pride and ambition centred in him. He must marry well—that is to say, richly and nobly. He must make a position in the Upper House. He must some day be a cabinet minister; and he must get that step in the peerage which the Duke of York had once solicited for his father, but which George the Fourth had refused to ratify. Lady Castletowers had set her heart on obtaining these things for her son, but above all else had she set her heart upon the last. She would have sold ten years of her own life to see the marquis's coronet upon his carriage panels. When the clergyman in church put up that prayer towards the end of the morning service which implores fulfilment for the desires and petitions of the congregation, "as may be most expedient for them," Lady Castletowers invariably reverted in the silence of her thoughts to the four pearls and the four strawberry-leaves; and never asked herself if there could be profanity in the prayer.

In the meanwhile, the young Earl accepted all this pride and ambition for the purest maternal affection. He did not care in the least about the marquisate; he was somewhat indifferent to the attractions of the Upper House; and he had almost made up his mind that he would not, if he could, be burdened with the toils and responsibility of office. But he would not have grieved his mother by a hint of these heresies for the universe. He even blamed himself for his own want of ambition, and soothed his troubled conscience every now and then by promising himself that he would very soon "read up" one of the popular financial topics, and make another speech in the House.

But that question of the wealthy marriage was to him the least agreeable of all his mother's projects. There was some romance in the young man's disposition, and he could not relish the thought of adding to his own scanty acres by means of his wife's dower. He would have preferred to marry a village maiden for love, like the Lord of Burleigh; or, at least, to have felt that he was free to love like the Lord of Burleigh, if he chose.

It was in this same spirit of romance that Lord Castletowers had associated himself with the Italian cause. He had, or fancied that he had, a democratic bias. He was fond of quoting the examples of the classic republics; he had read Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, and Godwin's *Political Justice*; and he had a genuine English hatred of oppression, whatever its form or aspect. Surrounded as he had been since the hour of his birth by a triple rampart of conservatism, it is possible that democracy possessed for this young nobleman the stimulative charm of a forbidden luxury. He certainly never considered the full extent of his republican sympathies to his lady mother, and he would have been far from grateful to any officious friend who had presented her with a verbatim report of certain of his most enthusiastic speeches. These speeches were delivered at meetings held in obscure lecture-halls, and instituted in unaristocratic parts of London, and were remarkably good speeches of their kind—vigorously thought, and often felicitously expressed; but their eloquence, nevertheless, was by no means calculated to gratify the Countess of Castletowers.

On all questions of English polity, Lord Castletowers was what is somewhat vaguely called a "liberal conservative;" on all Italian subjects, a thorough-going bonnet rouge. He would no more have advocated universal suffrage in his own country than he would have countenanced slavery in Venetia; but he firmly believed in the possible regeneration of the great Roman republic, and avowed that belief with unhesitating enthusiasm. Besides, his old college tastes and associations were yet fresh upon him, and he entertained all a young man's admiration for the Latin heroes, poets, and historians. Nor were his sympathies all so classical and remote. He was keenly susceptible to those influences which beset the travelled amateur of books and art. He had loitered, sketched, and dreamed away more than one winter among the palaces of Florence and Rome. He had read Petrarch, and Tasso, and the most amusing parts of Dante. He had been in love, though never, perhaps very deeply, with scores of dark-eyed Gijulettas and

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Mr. Dreinecourt was in despair. He had a very bad headache. Bristles informed Hannah Maria that poor "Drely" had been jilted. However, he recovered himself so far as to call at Miss Warrender's late residence. There he saw her aunt and chaperon, and learned that that good lady in her inexorable virtue had cast her forth—that she would never see her more, and so on in the same key. Then Mr. Dreinecourt, finding that the young couple were really very poor, and that the wolf was a more formidable animal than they had anticipated, took the liberty of writing to say might he be allowed to offer a ricarago in his gift to Mr. Younghusband? Might he—some time hence—if quite compatible with everybody's feelings, venture to look in? Might he, in plain prose, be recognised as a friend? Yes—they did not see any objection to it; neither do I.

And you have no idea what a change has come over Dreinecourt. He is an estimable man—quite a shrewd, clever fellow—ay, and one of the best in his county. As to the Rev. William Younghusband, he is getting very popular, and the vicar's wife is a pattern of propriety.

THE FASHIONS.

ENGLISHWOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

THE question of coiffures is now about settled. The Grecian style prevails, and therefore the fanciful-shaped bonnets are in small numbers among those that are now being prepared for the autumn. The *Ascergate* shape was too ungraceful to obtain any success, but the present Empire bonnet, small in front but with a round crown and narrow straight curtain at the back, is far less objectionable than the *fanchonnette*, which was really no bonnet at all, and had only a pointed brim, leaving all the back of the head uncovered. The long flowing tulle or gauze veils add much grace to the Empire bonnets, which otherwise are very simple, and, in fact, cannot bear voluminous trimmings. We give the following as specimens of the new autumn bonnets:—

A bonnet of dust-grey crape, pat on plain and embroidered with steel beads forming small stars. A scarf of dust-grey tulle is arranged over the brim, fastened on one side with a small bright crimson, grey, and black bird, and falls in two long tassels on one side. The strings are of grey ribbon, with a small crimson bird brocaded upon the ends. The birds used for trimming bonnets and hats are composed of a head and a long tail only, which no doubt is quite wrong in a scientific point of view, but looks well on small bonnets, and in such fanciful things as fashions this may be allowed.

A bonnet of black spotted tulle. The brim has a border of fuchsia-coloured velvet covered with black lace. The curtain is formed of a border of the same velvet, and a double strip of black tulle coming down beyond it. It is also covered with black lace; above it sprigs of fuchsia come up over the crown. The strings are of the colour of the trimming.

Among the novelties of the season we notice small casquettes made of coloured chenille, like nets, and ornamented with a bow in front. This is a coquettish style of headdress for young ladies. Small nets are still worn over the chignon; in front the hair is arranged under two or three circles of bandelettes of black or coloured velvet, which are often studded with gold or steel ornaments.

Ribbons with figures upon them are very fashionable for sashes and trimmings. Different ribbons are worn on different occasions. On some there are racehorses and jockeys, on others implements of fishing or gardening, on other dogs and hunters, on others, again, boats and oarmen. We do not know how far this strange fashion may go; perhaps on the occasion of a christening we shall see ladies wearing ribbons with babies and nurses printed upon them, and bridesmaids will be wearing a representation of the marriage ceremony, with bride, bridegroom, clergyman, and all upon the trimmings of their skirts.

A new sort of cravat is in great favour just now. It is made of blue, red, or any other coloured ribbon, with white field-daisies with yellow centres brocaded over it and fringed at the ends.

There is also a new sort of embroidery for cuffs and collars which is likely to supersede point Russe; it is a sort of button-hole stitch, but extremely fine, and with the stitches rather wide apart, and is worked with fine black silk prepared specially for the purpose. Figures of animals are often chosen for patterns in

this stitch; thus we have seen small dogs, hares, and rabbits on handkerchief-corners and collars, as well as birds and butterflies. The new stitch is called *point Mexico*; very handsome borders for white petticoats are made with it. The patterns, which often represent quite a picture, are framed round, and divided by scroll ornaments in black braiding. The stitch is easy to work, and has a very pretty effect.

Children's frocks are made for the autumn with small jackets. Thus for a little girl or boy under four years old, a frock with a square low body without sleeves looks well made of blue cashmere, trimmed round with thick white Chny gupure, and a small round jacket with sleeves trimmed to correspond. A pleated chemisette is worn inside; no other garment is considered needful to go out with in this season; and the costume is completed by a small toque or casquette of white straw, trimmed with blue velvet and a white feather.

For a little girl about ten years old, a dress and paletot of nankeen-coloured mohair, trimmed with a border of scalloped out black velvet studded with round steel beads; or, again, scalloped out round the bottom and bound with black velvet, and one velvet button placed within each scallop. A white straw hat of the Princess of Wales shape, trimmed with a wreath of white field-daisies and a bow or black velvet with long lapels at the back.

Autumn dresses will be mostly made with round waists, or, if jacket-bodies are preferred, a round waistband will be worn over the basques; skirts gored and full-pleated at the back, scant, and rather short in front. Also many dresses in the Princess shape; but this fashion can never become universal, as it only suits very good, tall figures.

The following are the newest autumn dresses we have seen:—

A dress of grey lincos with a double skirt. The first is embroidered all round with large pine patterns in the Oriental style. The second is ornamented in the same way, but with smaller patterns; it is looped up over the first by means of strips of the same material, richly embroidered, and fastened with round pearl buckles. The short out-of-door jacket is trimmed with similar strips upon the seams of the back, and upon the sleeves and epanettes.

A dress of fine blue cashmere; the petticoat is of the same material; it is trimmed round with a narrow quilling, above which there are two borders of black velvet, edged with narrow black gupure lace. A similar border is placed upon each seam of the dress, and in wide scallops round the bottom. A large rosette of black velvet, with a square button in the centre, is placed within each scallop. The paletot, also of the same material, is trimmed to correspond.

A dress of drab-coloured mohair, trimmed with three rows of cross-strips of blue silk; the last strip comes up into a tab upon each width of the dress. Within each tab there is a rosette of blue ribbon, with a loop and end fringed with jet. The paletot, of the same material, is trimmed all round with three rows of cross-strips of blue silk, narrower than those upon the skirt, with rosettes placed at equal distances. The epanettes are formed each of one rosette, with three long ends of ribbon fringed with jet. The paletot is fastened in front with large jet buttons.

Short paletots, either of black silk or the same material as the dress, will be worn all the autumn and as long as thick cloth or velvet mantles do not become *de rigueur*. Even then out-of-door garments will most likely remain short. Braid patterns are rather abandoned for ladies' dresses, and are now chiefly employed for trimming children's clothes. They are much superseded by the easy embroidery stitches known as point Russe, point Mexico, and Oriental work. A dress of blue violet, or Havannah cashmere, with the skirt and paletot embroidered all over with silk of the same shade, makes a particular nice and *distingued* toilet for the autumn.

THE *Church Review* wonders how Bishop Colenso will employ himself when he gets back; and concludes that his chief business will be "to set up the Royal arms in the churches of his diocese, with the motto to match. 'Fear God, honour the King;' and to deliver the prayer 'For the Queen's most excellent Majesty' with due unctuousness." Diocese (we are told) he has none, either by secular or ecclesiastical title; he is a wandering star, for whom, the *Review* very plainly hints, there is reserved the fate to which St. Jude condemns such eccentric luminaries. His flock have followed another shepherd; and the Zulus, all who are left to him, cannot take in 'advanced criticism.'

GOSSIP FOR LADIES ONLY.

ABOUT HAIR.

IN Paris, just now, the hair arranged with tufts of small curls in front, is worn in preference to any other style. With full evening dress, nothing is added except *bandelets d'antique*, which are sold to fit the head. If a dance is in question, then either one flower is only added at the side, or a bow to match the *bandelets*, with Very long ends, which fall below the shoulders. This is essentially an evening head-dress, for it could not be worn under a hat. For the daytime, young ladies turn back their hair *à la chinoise*, and place, at the top of the forehead, a thick plait, which forms a coronet. An invisible net is worn over the *chignon*, which no longer falls low on the nape of the neck, but is worn as high as the crown of the hat. This style of arranging the hair is also adopted under bonnets; for the evening, the plait is removed, and replaced by a *bandelet* of tiny curls. It should be mentioned that these curls are always false, for no lady would like to have her hair cut short enough to produce them. The Parisian hair-dressers vie with each other in the production of these tiny front curls. M. Seigneur, the court hair-dresser, who first brought them out, is now sending them by dozens in all directions. The greatest number, of course, are of a reddish-brown hue; for the fashion of red hair still continues, and the most beautiful women persevere in dyeing their tresses. It is quite possible to be very pretty with red hair, because the skin which accompanies it is so fine, and the complexion so delicate; but when a *brune*, despite of nature, insists on having red hair, she looks anything but charming. Yet this does not lessen the *surors* for that particular shade of reddish-brown hair which, by dyeing, or other means, almost every French lady now insists on having. It was estimated, at the last races, that the number of red-haired ladies had increased, during the past year, one-half! This mania for dyeing is even more absurd than the powder, which a good brush, or some soap and water, will remove in a few minutes.

THE FIRST WIG.—From a foreign letter, which has not yet appeared in print on this side of the Atlantic, we select the following paragraph as suitable for this department:—"My dear Nina,—at the present moment, the worship of St. Louis, the patron saint of hair-dressers, must be on the increase; for, what with the demand for false hair, and the elaborate arrangements necessary for our natural locks, the fraternity have just now a thriving trade. Do you remember the story of St. Louis being the first to wear false hair? It came about in this wise, if you recollect: He lost his hair in Palestine, and, when Queen Blanca saw him thus denuded, she was sorely vexed. However, she bethought herself of a remedy, which was to cut off a lock from the head of every courtier; these she sewed carefully together, and thus created the first wig! The effect is certainly very droll at this time, when one sees bonnets exhibited in the windows, with a big bunch of hair behind, as if there were an honest head within—which there is not. In fact, now, your hair is no longer an inevitable necessity, like your nose, which must be worn, whether it pleases you or not. The colour and length of your hair conveniently changes with the fashion; the time may come when science may work such wonders that even our noses may be *retroussés* or Grecian at pleasure."

WATERFALLS.—The disclosure has been made that the *chignon* deception may be thus detected:—If the back hair looks smooth, then it is a work of art bought at the shop, and not the product and growth of the wearer; if there are small pieces of loose hair sticking out, then it may be understood that the *coiffure* is the genuine property of those on whose head it figures. *Home Journal*.

DOMESTIC LIFE.—No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavours, or rewards his labour with an endearing smile, with what spirit and perseverance does he apply to his vocation; with what confidence will he resort either to his merchandise or farm; fly over land; sail upon the seas; meet difficulty, and encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labour will be rewarded by the sweets of home. Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathising partner is prepared.

PASTIMES

PUZZLES.

1. Divide one hundred and fifty by nothing, add two thirds of ten, and so ends the name of a celebrated bishop.

2. Mrs. Betsy Jones, trudging to market one morning with a basket of eggs, overtook her friend, Mrs. Smith, similarly laden, and with the same goal in view. "Good morning, Mrs. Smith," said Betsy; "how many eggs have you in your basket this morning?" Now Mrs. Smith was averse to giving straightforward answers, and, after inspecting her friend's basket, replied: "If I give you two eggs, you will have as many as I have; but if you give me two, I shall have double the number you have." How many eggs had each?

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a hot muffin like a caterpillar?
2. What is the most *sitting* question a person can be asked?
3. Why is the sun the strongest thing within our system?
4. Why is a church like a skull with an *imperfect* phrenological arrangement?

RIDDLES.

1. Why is a blind man like a water-pipe?
2. What is that which must stand before it can sit?
3. Why is a spendthrift's purse like a thunder cloud?
4. Why is playing chess a more exemplary occupation than playing cards?
5. Why is a fool like twenty hundred weight?
6. What is the longest and yet the shortest thing in the world?

A RHYME WANTED.

I'm a word of three letters—an . . .
 D makes me what truth should be D . . .
 N what lovers all like to be N . . .
 F what most people sometimes feel F . . .
 T what few like to see, called a T . . .
 I think now I've made it quite CL . . .
 And expect soon the answer to H . . .

ANAGRAMS.

- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1. A rare study, dear. | 7. Wealth. |
| 2. O rot not. | 8. Presbyterian. |
| 3. We drive the rate. | 9. Parliament. |
| 4. Potatoes. | 10. Sovereigns. |
| 5. Minister. | 11. A woodpecker. |
| 6. Gold mine. | 12. Caledonia. |

CHARADES.

1. The bed was soft, the room was neat,
The trav'ler sought repose;
Whilst faint and fainter from the street
My first in murmurs rose.

But scarcely had he closed his eyes,
When forth my second crept;
Who deem'd his blood a welcome prize
And drew it whilst he slept.

The trav'ler rose, the wound he tore,
With mingled rage and pain;
The landlord came amid the roar—
My second sought in vain.

Nought living had been near that bed,
The host, with fervour droll
Declared, but this the sufferer knew
Was nothing but my whole.
2. Your cat does my first in my ear,
Oh! that I were admitted as near!
In my second I've held you my fair,
So long that I almost despair,
But my prey if, at last, I o'er take,
What a glorious whole I shall make.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. What country beheaded, another will remain?
2. What country beheaded, will show you what nobody likes?
3. What musical instrument beheaded, another will remain?
4. What bird beheaded, another will remain?
5. What stone beheaded, a soft substance will remain?

PROBLEMS.

1. If A can do a piece of work in 10 days, and B in 13, in what time will both do it working at the same rate?

2. If a person have an annual profit rent of £75, which is payable yearly, and is to continue 32 years, how much ought he to get for it at present allowing the purchaser compound interest at 4 per cent. per annum on what he pays for it.

3. A hare starts 40 yards before a greyhound, and is not perceived by him till she has been up 40 seconds; she gets away at the rate of ten miles an hour; how long will the course last, and what distance will the hare have ran?

WHAT SMOKING A CIGAR LED TO. — On Sunday evening, Brickfields Congregational Chapel, Stratford, was the scene of great excitement in consequence of an alarm of fire being raised in the midst of the service. The chapel, which has lately undergone a thorough cleansing and repair, has only during the past several weeks been re-opened, and on the present occasion the Rev. Knox Stallybrass was officiating for his brother, the Rev. John Stallybrass, the pastor of the place. The first chant, prayer, and hymn had been proceeded with, and the reverend gentleman was reading the first lesson, when many of the congregation exhibited great uneasiness at the strong smell of fire, but from whence it proceeded, all for some moments seemed at a loss to imagine. As the smell became stronger the chapel keeper, Mrs. Brinstow, fancying she saw smoke issuing from the chapel, walked down the aisle for the purpose of ascertaining the truth of the case. On opening the vestry door a volume of smoke rushed into the chapel, and then a scene of indescribable fear and confusion ensued. The cry of "fire" now being openly raised, the fear of the congregation was increased by another cry "Take care that the gas does not explode." It required all the coolness and courage of the most prudent to guard against a panic and catastrophe. There was a general rush to reach the doors, and it being between the lights, and the chapel fast filling with smoke, the excitement was rendered still worse by the darkness of the place. As the outlet at the doors was blockaded, and people could not get out quickly enough, many jumped over the pews and endeavoured to reach the doors by scrambling over the heads and shoulders of others. Shrieks for help now came from the gallery, the staircase of which was literally crammed, and it was only by the greatest efforts that some in their uncontrollable fright were prevented from jumping into the body of the church. At length the chapel got cleared, and the deacons and others having gone into the vestry, the congregation, many of whom were waiting outside, were called together, and informed that, though the excitement had been great, there was really very little damage done. It appeared from the statement current that the rev. gentleman had been out for the afternoon, and, having been smoking a cigar, on coming into the vestry, put the remaining part of it into his over-coat pocket, which he hung up. It appears that, being entirely of cloth, it only smouldered and smoked, but communicated the fire to other woollen things in the vestry. Fortunately there was nothing highly inflammable, or, added to the excitement, the consequences would have been disastrous. We are glad to say we have not heard of any bodily injury. — *London Star*.

PRINTING.—An intelligent Montreal printer furnishes the following interesting table, showing the countries, and dates in which this important art was first introduced:—

1457. Mentz in Germany.	1551. Ireland.
1465. Italy.	1560. Helvetic Rep.
1467. France.	1563. Hindostan; Palestine.
1470. Switzerland; Poland.	1568. Madrid.
1472. Flanders; Belgium.	1577. East Indies.
1473. Netherlands; Hungary; Wirtemberg; Bavaria; Saxony; Sicily.	1579. Moravia.
1474. Spain; England.	1582. Japan; Walcheren.
1475. Hanover; Sardinia; Holland; Bohemia; Naples.	1583. Azores.
1476. Austria.	1585. Upper Pyrenees.
1478. Tuscany; Franconia.	1588. Pomerania.
1479. Piedmont.	1590. China; Philippine Is.
1481. Silesia; Burgundy.	1595. Syria.
1483. Sweden.	1612. Guelderland.
1484. D. Brabant; Savoy.	1615. Zealand.
1486. Denmark.	1618. Alsace.
1488. Friesland; Corinthia.	1632. Bombay.
1489. Portugal.	1637. Mexico.
1490. Turkey.	1639. N. America.
1492. Prussia.	1642. Thuringia.
1493. Baden; Russia.	1645. Holstein.
1507. Scotland.	1647. Malta.
1508. Jutland.	1655. Tyrol.
1517. Lithuania.	1658. Norway.
1520. Westphalia.	1658. Asia Minor.
1525. Suabia.	1703. Java.
1530. Iceland.	1730. Barbadoes.
1533. Transylvania.	1734. Wales.
1535. Brescia.	1737. Ceylon.
1540. Majorca.	1751. Nova Scotia.
1546. Polynesia.	1764. Lower Canada.
1549. South America.	1767. Paraguay; Martinique.
1550. Lunatia.	1776. Montreal, Canada.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

HOOKER counted seven thousand facets in the eye of the house-fly; Leuwenhoek more than twelve thousand in that of the dragon-fly; and Geoffroy cites a calculation, according to which there are thirty-four thousand six hundred and fifty of such facets in the eye of a butterfly.

METHOD FOR KEEPING A VESSEL AFOAT. — Among the most recent scientific discoveries in France, may be mentioned a method invented by M. Navaut for keeping afloat a vessel about to sink, and putting out any fires that may happen to break out on board. His plan is to attach a certain number of balloons made of India rubber, and inflated with air, to the sides of the sinking vessel. M. Chattenmann proposes to render vessels externally incombustible by whitewashing the wood with chloride of lime. This, he thinks, would prevent the rapid propagation of the flames, and allow sufficient time for extinguishing them.

A CERTAIN aerial machine, said to be under such perfect control that it may be made to soar against the wind, or to descend without opening the valve, has been created some six or eight miles out of Paris. The papers have hailed it as the solution of the old problem of making a balloon that will steer. The *Esperance*, for such is its name, is now in London, and has been exhibited several times at Cremorne Gardens by the inventor, M. Delamarne. Its success seems to have been very indifferent, and for the present a steering balloon must remain amongst what Beowulf calls the things "yet held impossible or not invented." The *Esperance* might perhaps take its place as one of the contrivances "extant which cometh the nearest in degree to that impossibility;" but more than this we do not think it is entitled to.

MUSHROOM CULTURE. — Mushrooms may be raised in plenty in old frames or at the back of a shed. Get together a good heap of short dung that has not been fermented, spread it out, and turn twice, at intervals of a week; then add turf-moss in the proportion of one-sixth, and make up the bed eighteen inches deep, beating it down well as the work proceeds. Let it remain till there is a brick heat, then insert the spaw in pieces of the size of an egg, about four inches apart, and cover the bed with two inches of fine loam or rotted turf. — *Gardeners' Magazine*.

A CURIOUS one, used by Palissy the potter, has recently been discovered in Paris. In a letter to the French Academy, M. Road gives some details of this interesting relic. It appears that whilst digging the foundation of the new *Salle des Etats*, on July 27, the workmen came across a brick construction, which appeared to be a furnace for tiles. This would have been passed by without much notice had it not been for an architect, M. Berty, who traced the furnace to the celebrated *Palissy*. A careful examination of the interior revealed a dozen models of figures, and other objects, such as plants, &c., all having a most *disagreeable* appearance. These strange moulds were at once recognized as belonging to *Palissy* by those who are best acquainted with his works.

AN interesting archaeological discovery has just been made in the island of Elba, the particulars of which have been communicated by M. Simonin to the Paris Academy of Sciences. A number of bronze and stone implements have been found, nine-tenths of the latter being made of a flint entirely unknown in Elba, and which must have been brought from Naples, if not further. The principal articles found, beginning with the most perfect, are *arrows-heads* of a long triangular shape, recalling those which have already been found in Greece and Italy; *knives*, similar to those found in the caves of Aurignac, &c.; *scrapers*, resembling those now used by the *Equimaux*; *adzes*, of the same shape as those found by M. Boucher de Perthes, but smaller, and also other objects of indeterminate form. The discovery of remnants of the Bronze Age in this island explains a passage of Aristotle hitherto obscure, in which he remarks that in Elba bronze was worked before iron.

PROCESS OF ENCAUSTIC. — The following process of encaustic is given by M. Brooklin:—Moist plaster of Paris is painted with water colours as usual. When the design is perfectly dry, it is painted over with a hot solution of wax and resin, and this coating is burnt in with a strong heat. The wax, sinking in, fixes the colour, and gives together with its compound with resin a solid transparent surface, which effectually protects the painting from injury by damp or dust, the colours at the same time being greatly brightened and improved.

ANTI-FRAUDULENT INK. — A French gentleman has recently patented an ink or writing fluid for preventing fraudulent alterations in written documents, to be used in combination with a peculiarly-prepared paper, the colour in which it discharged, and the texture changed, by the action of the ink. The writing fluid is composed of dilute sulphuric acid, coloured with indigo, and the paper is ordinary writing paper tinted with ultramarine or any other suitable colour which is capable of being discharged by the acid. By this means the texture of the paper in the parts affected by the acid will be so changed and weakened as to prevent the possibility of alteration or erasure, and the ink or writing fluid, by penetrating through the paper, will be seen on both its sides.

ECONOMY AND PROFUSENESS. — Economy is the parent of integrity, of liberty, and of ease; the sister of temperance, of cheerfulness, and health. Profuseness, on the contrary, is a cruel and crafty demon, that gradually involves her followers in dependence and debts; that is, fetters them with iron that enters into their souls.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY, "HALF A MILLION OF MONEY," written by the author of "Barbara's History" for *All the Year Round*, edited by CHARLES DICKENS.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

ANY person getting up a Club of five will be entitled to a free copy of the READER, during the existence of the Club; and if a yearly Club of ten, to a free copy of the paper, and a handsomely bound copy (two volumes) of Garneau's History of Canada, which is published at \$3.00 by R. Worthington, Publisher and Bookseller, next door to Post Office, Montreal.

BACK NUMBERS.

EACH number of THE SATURDAY READER has been stereotyped, and the plates preserved. All numbers, from the beginning, can, therefore, be had at any time; but as the expense and trouble of putting the plates on the press is considerable, the publisher, in order to save this expense, &c., at the same time, accommodate subscribers, has opened a register of the names of parties requiring back numbers; and, at the expiration of three months from the issue of the first number of the READER, he will reprint and supply all the back numbers ordered up to that date. In the meantime, a sixteen page sheet containing the story "Half a Million of Money," from the beginning up to date, will be supplied free of charge to each person subscribing for or buying the READER.

MEXICO—THE UNITED STATES—FRANCE.

WE attempted to show, in a recent article, the ruinous consequences that would result from a war between England and the United States. We are inclined to think that a war by the United States to drive the French out of Mexico would be still more fatal, if possible, to the future welfare of the Great Republic. The act, in our estimation, and, we believe, in the

estimation of the world, would amount to a crime of no ordinary magnitude, while it would, at the same time, be one of those errors in policy which are said to carry their own punishment with them. Regarding the question in its moral aspect, we should consider whether the United States would be acting justly to the people of Mexico in expelling Maximilian from the country, even if they had the power to do so. To arrive at a full appreciation of this point, we must glance at the condition of Mexico since the separation from Spain. Mexican independence, properly speaking, dates from the proclamation by Augustin Iturbide, in 1821, of the Constitution known as "the plan of Iguala," by which the crown was to be offered to the Spanish King Ferdinand the Seventh, and, in the event of his refusal, to other members of his house. Eight months afterwards, Iturbide, through the agency of the army and the mob, was declared Emperor under the title of Augustin the First. In less than a year a revolt, in which the famous Santa Anna was the principal actor, overturned the imperial throne and forced Iturbide into exile. Mexico was then proclaimed a Republic, with General Victoria as President. In 1828, a contest for the Presidency brought on a sanguinary civil war, which resulted in the elevation of Guera to that office, and in 1830 to that of Dictator, to repel a Spanish invasion. Refusing to resign his dictatorial power after the danger was over, a revolution was inaugurated against him by Bustamante and Santa Anna, which compelled him to retire from his position, and Bustamante took his place. Guera, on his part, got up a rebellion, but he was defeated and executed in 1831. Revolution followed on revolution until 1833, when Santa Anna was made President, who sent whole troops of his opponents out of the country, including Bustamante. Though nominally President, he was, in fact, a Dictator. Texas seceded from Mexico in 1835, and Santa Anna having been made prisoner by the Texans, he was succeeded in the Presidency by Bustamante; but, returning after two years, he resumed his place. He was succeeded in 1839 by Bravo, who was President for a week. A period of confusion ensued. From 1841 to 1844 there was a succession of Dictators—Santa Anna, Bravo, Canalo— who governed without law or check. A new constitution replaced Santa Anna as President in 1844. He was deposed by a revolution, almost immediately, and banished. His successor Canalo was deposed by another revolution of the same year, as was President Herrera in 1845. Under the next, Paredes, war broke out with the United States, in the course of which several revolutions took place. In fact the defeats of the Mexicans by General Taylor and General Scott were scarcely more injurious to the country than were its internal convulsions. The American contest came to a close in February, 1848, when California and New Mexico were ceded to the United States. Santa Anna, obliged to fly, was succeeded by Herrera; Herrera by Arista, whom a revolution forced to resign. Santa Anna was recall-

ed, and placed at the head of the Government as President, but exercising dictatorial power, an insurrection against him was successful, and he was driven from the country in 1855. Carrera succeeded, and was President for twenty-seven days. Anarchy reigned supreme, and Alvarez became President for about a week. After him came Comonfort, whose rule was interrupted by several insurrections. A new constitution was promulgated in 1857, which was set aside by a revolt of the army in 1858; and Comonfort being expelled from power, two Presidents were elevated to office, Juarez by the Liberals, and Zuloaga by the Conservatives. Each President assembled an army, and there was much fighting after the old ferocious fashion. Robles forcibly deposed Zuloaga, and Miramon displaced Robles—all in rapid succession. Other chiefs appeared on the scene, and the country was the victim of horrors seldom witnessed even in civil commotions. Robbery and bloodshed ruled throughout the land. Those whom the Liberals spared became a prey to the Conservatives, and those whom the Conservatives spared, to the Liberals, while bands of banditti abounded who spared no one. The native and the foreigner were visited with the same treatment; no treaties were respected; no representative of any country was safe from outrage, nor its flag from insult. No Christian or civilized country ever before presented to the world such an accumulation of evils. France, in the worst days of the great revolution, exhibited grandeur if she committed crimes; but the revolutions of Mexico are only farces, though the actors are steeped in blood, and indulge in unbounded robbery and theft.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the state of Mexico for nearly half a century, under what is called a Republican form of Government. We again ask if the United States "would be justified in expelling Maximilian from the country," and re-establishing the reign of anarchy, which has brought forth such bitter fruit in the past, and which certainly affords no hope of improvement in the future? The Republic has been a failure in Mexico, and any system of civilized Government would ameliorate the condition of its people. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the Monroe doctrine is wise and sound in principle, it cannot sanctify injustice and wrong; and to deliver Mexico back to the miseries, misfortunes, and crimes which have marked the last forty-five years of its wretched history, would be both wrong and unjust. We shall not enquire into the means by which Maximilian acquired the crown: that is a question for the Mexicans to decide. Enough that he is there, and professes to desire to do all the good he can for the country. The task he has undertaken is arduous and difficult. Monarchy, on this continent, resembles "a pyramid resting on its apex;" and in Mexico this is doubly true. With no traditional prestige appealing to the affections or prejudices of the people, opposed or viewed with distrust by the Church, surrounded by none of those classes and institutions from which royalty

derives its strength in the Old World, the empire can only hope for permanency from the benefits it confers on the nation. It should be left to that test, to stand or fall as the case may be.

This is but one phase of the Mexican question. If the Americans, instead of expelling Maximilian and restoring the Republic, should annex the country, as they have already annexed more than one half of what was once the Mexican territory, the social and political consequences to the Union of such a step offer a wide field for reflection. An attack, too, on the ally and protégé of Napoleon would involve a war with France—if not with England—and whoever might prove victor in the strife, so far as the retention or acquisition of Mexico is concerned, the contest would assuredly be most disastrous to all the belligerents in its effects on their commerce and otherwise. We must, however, defer the discussion of these and other points having relation to them for a future occasion.

HISTORY OF THE U. S. CAVALRY.*

TO write history is one of the most difficult tasks man can impose upon himself, and one which requires talent of a peculiar nature in order to make it attractive as well to future generations as that in which it is written.

As no good artist paints a house or castle without its surrounding scenery, its woods and streams, its lawn and the sky above it, while at the same time he brings forward as the most prominent the object of his picture; so no good historian can leave out matter which is intimately connected with, and must give effect to his subject. With a due amount of descriptive powers, he must be able to condense and at the same time clothe his relations in language such as will be interesting to a general public, not forgetting the maxim "let justice be done though the heavens should fall." We confess our inability to discern in Albert G. Brackett's History of the U. S. Cavalry, many of the talents requisite to a good historian, nor has he paid much attention to the maxim we have quoted, but seems to have written more what suited himself, and what he was able by a little twisting to make agreeable to his own notions, and left out many incidents which it was impossible to make agreeable to himself, turn or twist as he might.

The battle of Stony Creek, he tells us, "was a singular affair, and reflected no great credit either upon our troops or the enemy," and that the British were driven off, after losing about 250 men—whereas we know that General Vincent, fearing to reveal his small numbers, having only about half the number of the United States army engaged, retired after capturing their two generals, Chandler and Winder, with a number of officers and men and four pieces of artillery.

We are informed that at the battle of Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, &c., the cavalry did good service, but we should have been pleased to have heard wherein their good service consisted.

According to Brackett, at Chrysler's Farm the cavalry were prevented from holding some of their guns which they had rescued, "on account of superior numbers;" thus making it appear that the British had the greatest force on the field, the truth being that Col. Morrison with 800 men defeated 3,000 Americans, including the Dragoons, under General Wilkinson.

Not a word is mentioned about the battle of Chateaugay, where 2,000 cavalry and infantry under Hampton, and 1,500 under Purdy, were repulsed by 300 or 400 Canadian Militia under Col. DeSalaberry.

In the whole book we have not a good description of a cavalry charge, but we have repeated over and over again such sentences as the following: "The cavalry at So-and-so did good service," or "This was a most splendid affair," the effects of which were that so many were

breveted generals, colonels, majors, &c., &c.; and we have the startling announcement that a certain regiment of Dragoons "made many an enemy quail on many a field." Had the author even in this style continued to give us correct accounts, the book might have been of some use as a reference. But he has not done so. Yet while engagements of some importance are omitted, others of the most trivial nature are mentioned; so that in order to be consistent, we are surprised he did not relate how a troop of cavalry under Corporal, now General, Scott, dashed into the water on the shores of Virginia, and captured one of His Majesty's ship Leopard's boats filled with vegetables, manned by four sailors, and in charge of a midshipman, afterwards Captain Fox. This omission may, however, be accounted for by the fact that the capture was disapproved of by the Virginia Legislature, and the provisions and vegetables given up.

Too much space is occupied in attempts to describe individual character, Indian life, what the lands produce, corn, pumpkins, beans, or melons, the proper method of grooming, feeding, or shoeing horses; space which ought, we think, to have been employed in giving us more detailed accounts of battles in which cavalry have been engaged, showing us the parts they took, and what particular services they rendered in the different engagements.

In page 160 occurs the following sentence: "The cavalry got—God knows where—the cavalry hat familiar to theatre goers as that worn by Fra Diavola." Now to say the least of it, this is bad taste, if not a positive breach of the third commandment. Surely we have too much irreverence and profanity uttered by men in their moments of passion and in frivolous conversation without having it introduced by authors in their moments of calm reason into books which are to feed the mind.

A well written history of cavalry is a most interesting work, and there have been deeds performed by the United States cavalry well worthy of historical record; so that we think it almost a pity Mr. Brackett has published his book, as it may deter others who might have given us an interesting and instructive history of their cavalry, the United States having amongst her sons many able writers.

Altogether the book is more like extracts from an Army Gazette, and would have been better styled "Sketches of United States Cavalry," say, perhaps to be read by the 227 regiments mentioned at the end of the book; but, as we think, even they might be more profitably employed and more interested in reading other books, the author would do well to take Lord Dundreary's advice, "Take his book into the woom, and wead it to himself."

MONTREAL.

FEW cities on this continent present a greater number of objects interesting to the traveller and the stranger, than are contained within the limits of the commercial metropolis of Canada. Whether we have respect to the stateliness and solidity of its architectural ornaments, its great mechanical wonders, or the natural beauty and picturesqueness of its situation, Montreal is almost without a rival—at least in the New World.

A thorough and reliable Guide has long been felt as a desideratum by the visitor. To meet this want, Mr. John Langford has published a well arranged and compendious "Guide to the City of Montreal," now before us. This little work contains an interesting sketch of the history of Montreal from the advent of Jacques Cartier in 1535 to the present day; a description of every public building and object of interest in the city, together with numerous illustrations. We commend to our citizens generally the author's observations upon the dilapidated condition of Nelson's Monument, which he properly characterizes as a disgrace to every British resident. Our volunteers will probably thank him for the hint which he has thrown out under the heading "Exhibition Building."

Mr. Langford's style is, perhaps, too lofty for the matter of fact subject of which he treats.

The illustrations are, many of them, old and but poorly executed.

"POEMS."*

IN this little work we find about forty poems—a few good ones, but the harmony of the verses not always strictly adhered to, and the style occasionally descends below mediocrity. One little poem which opens well, is spoiled by the use of a vulgarism. The opening lines are:

"Thou art passing away! I have watched thy life
fade,
Like the hues of the sunlight just blending with
shade.

In the next verse these lines occur,

"And sometimes I've thought thou wert only sent
here
As a specimen sample (!) of what they have there."

The author is not very accurate in his use of the subjunctive mood.

Five verses commence with "I wish I was (!) a poet; I would tune my artless lay." A poem of some depth of feeling is given near the end of the book. It is entitled "A Dream in a Dream." The opening verse reads well:

"It was a tranquil summer eve, the soft stars smiled
in heaven,
O'er earth there slept a silence—a deep, unbroken
silence,
As if nature paused to listen to the minstrelsy of
even."

"The Martyr's Record," in blank verse, is an account of the persecutions of the early Christians in Rome. Nero had some hundreds of them confined in a dungeon to be stoned to death. Among the number was an old patriot, a great favourite at court, who had long held his opinions in silence, and passed unsuspected, until asked one day, at a convivial gathering of the courtiers, to drink to the god Bacchus, whereupon he stepped back from the board and stood in moody silence, while Nero, incensed at the conduct of his favourite, asked its meaning. An avowal of Christianity followed on the part of the old man, and a stubborn refusal to have anything to do with Bacchus. Nero had him straightway removed to the dungeon, where he and hundreds of others died of starvation—martyrs to their faith. The piece is instructive, as showing the fortitude with which the early Christians were gifted, and the tenacity with which they held their religious convictions—even unto death.

MYSTERIES OF EXCHANGE.

TO many who are daily operating in exchange, the principles which govern it are a sealed book. In fact the student has but few aids provided him by which to penetrate the mysteries which surround the subject, for neither our arithmetics nor exchange books throw any light upon it. We have before us a neatly printed sheet replete with information, very valuable to the mercantile man. It contains accurately calculated interest, currency, and exchange tables, together with rules for determining the gold value of, and discount upon, greenbacks; explanations respecting postage rates and the Canadian bill-stamp tariff, &c. There is also a column of letter-press, devoted to exchange and the operations which govern it, a careful study of which will divest "old" and "new par" of the mysteries which surround them. The sheet is compiled by Mr. Thomas Holt, published by Middleton & Dawson, Quebec, and may be obtained of Messrs. Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

CHANCE FOR CANADIANS.

THE Berlin Society for the Study of Modern Languages announces two prizes to be given next year for the best papers on the following theses:—First, the influence of Shakespeare on the Development of the English Language, giving an account of the state of poetic language in England during the literary period immediately preceding that of Shakespeare, proof of

* History of the U. S. Cavalry. By Albert G. Brackett. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

* "The Stranger's Illustrated Guide to the City of Montreal. By John Langford. Published by D. Ross.

* "Poems." By S. P. Leland. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.
† British American Commercial Sheet Tables, published by Middleton & Dawson, Quebec.

its development in the poetry of Shakespeare, a comparison between Shakespeare and his contemporaries as regards language, and proof of the influence of his writings on the politic language of the country. Second, History of the Criticism on Shakespeare's Dramas by the German and Romantic Nations. The theses may be treated in German, French or English, and must be sent to the President of the Society, Dr. Herrig, at Berlin, before the first of July, 1865, the names of the authors being enclosed in a letter bearing the same seal as the manuscript. The prize for the first thesis is 500 thalers in gold, and for the second 200. The decision to be announced on the occasion of the anniversary fête of the Society, on the 26th of October.

A CORRESPONDENT to a London morning paper announces the following literary discoveries which, we think, our readers will agree with us are "curious if true":—"Bibliophiles (in Paris) rejoice at the fact that in knocking down a modern villa erected on the site of an antique Roman dwelling, some precious fragments have been discovered which fill up certain passages wanting in the 'Annals of Tacitus.' Furthermore, a few unpublished pages of the 'Republic' of Cicero have been found in the library of the old convent of Fucino; as also fragments of the lost books of Titus Livy's History. Canon Biffi is the fortunate student who has stumbled upon these valuable relics of the past, and he has promised to publish them as soon as possible for the edification of the learned. Strange to say, a somewhat similar discovery has been made in Mexico. It appears that a nuncio of former days left at his death the whole of Pambco Littia's work, with valuable autograph notes. The work has been purchased by a French military surgeon."

THE great work upon which Mr. Thorpe, the distinguished Anglo-Saxon scholar, has been so long caged, has now been completed. It comprises copies of, or extracts from, all the most curious and valuable early Anglo-Saxon charters known to exist, with notes and historical deductions by the able editor. In selecting his materials it is understood that Mr. Thorpe especially strove to obtain copies of those charters which were peculiarly illustrative of the age in which they were issued. The work forms one large handsome volume.

AMONGST recent arrivals in Paris may be mentioned that of Mr. Abraham Lincoln, eldest son of the late President of the United States, who takes up his abode in the French capital for the purpose of completing his studies.

A MR. CHARLES BARWELL COLES has produced a book of verses which should find a very respectable support amongst grocers. The title is "Tea, a Poem." Messrs LONOMAN & Co. are the publishers. Although the subject seems an insufficient one for an entire volume, yet this is not by any means the first book of verses solely devoted to tea. Almost every nation in Europe has contributed, at one time or another, a long poem upon this subject; and, from first to last (1646 to the present time), there have appeared 160 printed works solely devoted to tea in all its respects.

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

AS evil fortune would have it, some savages met them, and believed them to be French who were seeking their countrymen. The English understood nothing of the language of the savages, but they learned well enough by signs and gestures that there was a vessel close at hand, and that she was French, for they understood the word Normandia, a name by which the savages designated the French. Now the English, who were in want of victuals and everything, who were ragged, half-naked, and seeking only for prey, inquired diligently the size of the French ship, how many cannons and men she had, and having received a satisfactory answer, they gave a shout of joy. The savages thought that the English were the good friends of the French, were in great need of the latter; and for the sake of friendship, wished above all to see them. On this account one of the natives remained in their ship to lead them to the French. The English, as soon as they discovered the French, began to prepare for battle, and it was then that the savages, who had been deceived, began to bewail his fault, and to curse those who had deceived him. The English did not know what to think, or whether the new-comers were friends

or enemies. The pilot, therefore, took a sloop and went off in advance to reconnoitre, whilst the others were arming themselves. La Saussaye remained on land, retaining the greater part of the men. La Motte the lieutenant, Rospère, the ensign, Junibert, the sergeant, and all the more resolute of the party, went aboard the ship.

The English ship, having the wind fair, came on swifter than an arrow, all decked in red, the flag of England streaming, and three trumpets and two drums making a terrific sound. The French pilot who had gone out to discover who the stranger was, did not return to his ship, because, as he afterwards said, the English had the wind by him; and consequently, to avoid falling into their hands, he steered off and made the circuit of the island. So that taking one thing with another, the result was that the French vessel found herself destitute of half her sailors, and had no more defenders than ten in all. Further, there were none of those who understood sea-fighting except one Captain Flory, who wanted neither skill nor courage. But he had not sufficient time either to prepare himself, nor had he men.

At the approach of the English ship the French hailed; the response came in the shape of roars of cannon and musketry. They had fourteen pieces of cannon and sixty muskets. The first volley of small shot on the part of the English was terrible; the French answered coldly, and their artillery was silent. Captain Flory called out loudly to unlash the ore cannon, but the gunner was not there. Now, a Jesuit who had come over in this French ship, and who was called Gilbert du Thet, a man not fearing for his life, nor a coward, hearing this cry, and seeing nobody obeying it, snatched up a match and discharged the piece of ordnance. "But," as an eye-witness of the combat remarks, "the misfortune was that we could not take aim; had we been able to do so, there would have been, perhaps, something worse than noise."

The English, after this first discharge of small arms, ranged their ships alongside the other, and held an anchor, prepared to hook the enemy's cable. But Captain Flory ran off his cable in good time, which foiled the Englishman, and made him leave his position alongside the French ship, fearing that in pursuing he might be drawn upon the shoals. He recommenced his approaches as before; and it was in this second discharge that Father du Thet received a musket ball through the body, and fell dead on the deck. Captain Flory was also wounded in the foot, and three others in different places, upon which there was a sign made of surrender. Two of the French crew were drowned in trying to escape to the shore.

The English captain came ashore, and searched everywhere for the French captain; saying that he wished to see his commission; that this land belonged to them, and that the reason why they had fallen upon the French, was, that they found the latter occupying it. The English captain also stated, that, if the French showed they were come there under the authority of their Prince, they the victors, would respect such credentials, not wishing to violate, in any way, the good understanding between the two kings. But the misfortune for the French was that their captain, La Saussaye, could be found nowhere. The English captain thereupon took possession of his trunks, picked the locks, and having found the commissions and letters Rcyul, seized upon them, then putting all the other things in their places, each article as he found it, he locked the trunks. The warrior La Saussaye, being come, the English captain received him kindly, and, with fine ceremonies, asked him the first questions, and then came to the point, demanding his commissions. La Saussaye answered that his letters were in his trunks. The trunks were brought to him, and before he opened them, they advised him to look at them carefully to see if anybody had touched them. La Saussaye found that everything was in very good order, but he could not find his letters; whereupon the English captain changed his countenance and tone, and said: "What does it mean that you thus intrude yourselves here?" He accused them all of being corsairs and pirates, saying they deserved death, when he divided the booty among his soldiers. He then lashed the two captured vessels to his own, namely, their

own ship and one they had constructed on the spot. The next day they came on shore, and continued the work of pillage. Two of the French were roughly treated. This frightened so greatly a part of the others, that they fled into the woods half naked. Gilbert du Thet had fallen wounded into the hands of the English. They placed them under the care of their surgeon, as well as the rest of the wounded. This surgeon was recognised as such, and was a very charitable person, and rendered a thousand good offices to the vanquished. Father Biard begged that the wounded should be carried ashore, which was granted. The wounded Jesuit died in the arms of his brethren, and was interred the same day at the foot of a large cross which he had erected at the beginning. Father Biard and Father Enemond Masse entreated the English captain to take compassion on those whom the fortune of war had thrown into his hands, and aid them in returning to France. He promised to treat of their return with the French captain; and from that time until their departure he made the two Jesuits eat of his table, and showed them a great deal of respect and courtesy. He was an excellent captain, very prudent and cunning, but nevertheless a gentleman, possessing magnificent courage. His people also were neither inhuman nor cruel against our persons.

The English captain, who was called Samuel Argal, and his lieutenant, William Turnel, began to treat of the return of the French with La Saussaye. A sloop, one of the two vessels that had belonged to the French, was placed at their disposal. The English captain wished to have a writing signed by the hand of La Saussaye, to the effect that it was by the choice of the latter that this resolve had been taken. This having been done, Father Biard sought the English captain, and represented to him that there remained thirty persons, and that the sloop was totally unfit for the purpose for which she was intended. The captain replied that La Saussaye was not of this opinion, but that if they wished to lighten the sloop, he would soon find an excellent way of doing it; for that he would bring to Virginia the artificers who wished to go, under promise that there should be no interference with their religion, and that after a year of service they would be sent to France. Three accepted this offer. The Sieur de la Motte, from the commencement had consented to go to Virginia with the English captain, who honoured him greatly; this Sieur was permitted to take with him many persons who would be safe under his protection. The captain Flory resolved to try the same fortune; Father Biard requested that the four persons, namely, two Jesuits and two others, should be conveyed to the Isles of Pencoet; and that there they should be recommended to the care of the English fishermen, who were already in that vicinity, in order that by this means they should be enabled to reach France. The English captain granted the request very willingly.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

LESSON VI.

METHOD OF GETTING METALLIC SILVER OUT OF ITS CHLORIDE.

MATERIALS, &c., REQUIRED.—A clean tobacco pipe, some acqui-carbonate of soda (i. e. the carbonate used for soda powders), an ivory paper knife, metallic zinc, quicksilver, hydrochloric acid (muriatic acid, or spirit of salts).

Put the chloride of silver to be operated on into a glass tumbler, and add to it a little water acidulated with about two drops of hydrochloric acid. Into this put a few shilps of zinc in contact with the chloride; the chloride will gradually change, and assume the appearance of a black powder; this black powder is metallic silver in a minute state of division. Most metals assume this black state when finely divided. If this black powder were collected, dried, and fused, a button of pure white silver would result; but the accurate collection of this powder is not easily accomplished, so recourse is had to the process of amalgamation, or the combination of silver with quicksilver.

Take out the slice of zinc, and wash well the remaining black powder; now pour upon it a little quicksilver, and agitate by means of a glass rod; the quicksilver will be found to have united with every portion of the silver powder, and form a soft party mass, which can easily be removed.

Take this mass, and, having dried it by means of blotting paper, put it into the tobacco pipe, which answers in this instance as a crucible; put the bowl of the pipe into a clear fire, and urge the heat to whiteness by means of the bellows. The mercury will escape in vapour, leaving the silver as a spongy mass, which, undergoing fusion, will melt into a bright button. Another method of obtaining silver out of the chloride is as follows:

Mix the chloride when dry, on a piece of paper, with about twice its bulk of sesqui-carbonate of soda, by means of an ivory paper knife, and, having put the whole into the tobacco pipe, apply heat as before, when the silver in the form of a button will result.

The operation of smelting may be very elegantly performed in most cases by means of a little instrument called a blowpipe, by which means the flame of a lamp or candle may be directed against any minute portion of substance to be operated upon; but its use requires some practice, involving as it does the necessity of maintaining a continuous jet of air without stopping to take breath. No description can teach the method of this art, but a little well-directed practice will generally confer the power.

If the young chemist can manage to use the blowpipe, results may be obtained similar to those already obtained by the tobacco pipe smelting operations, if a small quantity (not larger than a grain of wheat) of the mixture to be operated on were placed on a piece of charcoal, and a jet of flame from the spirit lamp were directed upon it by means of the blowpipe.

The process of amalgamation, which has been just described, is commonly had recourse to in practice on the large scale for separating gold and silver from the impurities with which they may be associated. Various are the mechanical means employed in different parts of the world for bringing the precious metals in contact with the quicksilver. In some places it is effected by the feet of mules and horses treading the mixture. In other places, mills of various construction are employed; or barrels revolving on their axes: in all cases however the result is the same. A large portion of the quicksilver is separated from the compound by straining the amalgam in porous leather bags and exposing to pressure.

Distillation however must in all cases be had recourse to for separating the last portion of quicksilver; the smelter on the large scale being unable to afford the process so wasteful as regards the quicksilver, as detailed in the tobacco-pipe and blowpipe operations.

In the Uralian mountains five tons of gold ore on the average merely contain half an ounce of gold; yet from this seemingly poor mixture, gold is profitably extracted by means of washing and amalgamation, such is the searching power of quicksilver. J. W. F.

A GRASS-FIRE ADVENTURE.

THREE different fires, from as many quarters, were reddening the evening sky, as I and my two brother-officers, and the detachment of soldiers under our command, looked forth from our solitary little outpost on the banks of the Great Fish River.

Within the last few days, the Caffres had burst in force upon the colony, marking their track by fire and assegai; the company of Cape Mounted Rifles, who completed our slender garrison, had been sent to the colonists' aid, while we, infantry, as being unfitted for such duty, were left to hold the post. But our hearts were with our suffering countrymen; and it was not until those war-lit flames had died away, and the patrol had returned from his midnight round, that we committed our little citadel to its sentinel's charge, and retired to our barracks, which, built in a hollow square, formed also the post's outer wall, its only additional defence being a row of palisades.

Yet no apprehension for our own safety troubled even the faintest-hearted woman within the gates;

and we could scarcely believe our senses when, shortly after, we were awakened by the harsh shriek of the Caffre war-cry, and rushing out, thund ourselves beset by a horde of skin-clad warriors, who, concealed by the darkness, had crept, snake-like, along the ground, until, when close at hand, they had bounded to their feet, and with quivering assegais, and discordant yells, thrown themselves against our defences, hoping to carry them by surprise.

Failing in this design, they fled, though only, as it proved, beyond rifle-range; for day-light revealed us girt round by a belt of foes outnumbering us by twenty to one. At once we divined the truth, that our assailant was some border-chief, who during friendly visits to the post, had detected its weak points, especially that worst and greatest, the want of water, all we used being brought from a neighbouring ravine, between which and us the Caffres clustered thickest. It was soon evident they had decided not again to attack the post, but resting on their arms, to await the time when we should either perish of thirst within our walls, or fall by their assegais without.

There was indeed but little hope it would be otherwise. There was none among those lonely hills to bear to Graham's Tower the tidings of the siege, and days would elapse ere our next mail was due. Our only chance, and that a faint one, was, that some inadvertence of the Caffres might enable one man to steal through their lines, and hasten in quest of aid. As senior subaltern, I claimed this duty; but so closely were we invested, that I almost despaired of ever executing it.

With unspeakable anxiety, we watched, while our small stock of water waxed hourly lower. Despite our utmost care, it was all but gone, when, on the third night, a brilliant meteor, darting across the sky, was overtaken by a second, which appeared to the eye to shatter it into atoms. A shout of triumph from the besiegers greeted this infallible omen of success; and in further demonstration of joy, dancing and music soon filled the Caffre camp, hundreds of feet heating time vehemently to their owner's guttural strains, while the winding of buffalo-horns and booming of colobash-drums swelled the whole into a deafening din.

Here was the long sought opportunity; and followed by the good wishes of my companions, I started on my hazardous enterprise; bending almost double as I crept cautiously on from the cover of one hillock to another, when some fire flashed brighter across my way, or group drew unusually near, sinking to the earth with bated breath, yet ever seeking for some unguarded spot by which I might pass out. But it was not until many a danger had been narrowly escaped that a break was found in the living cordon, and still gliding on between the ridges, I left the Caffre circle behind, and rejoiced to find myself free to seek for my comrades' help and rescue.

Our stables and horses were in the Caffres' possession; but a few miles distant was a spot where the spare cape corps horses pastured, and thither I hastened in quest of one. Catching the most powerful among them, I speedily equipped him with a bridle and rug-saddle, brought wrapped round me from the post on purpose; then mounting, I took the way to Graham's Town, as a measure of prudence, avoiding the path across the hills, and travelling through labyrinths of intersecting ravines and valleys.

This route considerably increased the distance, but well my new steed served me, threading devious breaks in the thorny jungle, fording rushing water-courses, and pushing through steep rocky defiles, where a single false step would have cost our lives, until, ere four hours were elapsed, nearly half our journey was accomplished. My hopes of success were assuming certainty, when some indistinct sound seemed to mingle with the echo of my horse's footfall, and in dread of lurking Caffres, I spurred on faster. But the sound soon swelled into a dreary howl, and then a loud burst of hysteric laughter, and looking round, I beheld through the darkness, two fiery orbs, and at once knew that a hyena, that dangerous and wily brigand of the woods, was on our track. There was no longer need of spur or rein,

for, conscious of his danger, my steed bounded fleetly on, but, fresh from his lair, the wild beast's pace was swifter, and each minute he seemed to gain upon us. I did my uttermost to scare him off by shouts and yells, and, at the risk of arousing the Caffres, I fired my pistols, but all in vain; unhurt, undismayed, and resolute, our pursuer still held his way.

Suddenly a second voice joined in chorus, and two more flaming eyes glared on the night. Another hyena had joined the chase, and to my consternation, I perceived that our peril was more than doubled, for the presence of each other seemed to animate the fierce creatures to yet stronger efforts. I knew that lonely travellers had often been similarly beset; and the remembrance of their adventures was far from cheering. Meanwhile, shrill neighs of terror burst from my horse's lips, as he still plunged madly on; momentarily more audible grew the headlong rush of the hyenas through the tangled grass, while their reiterated cries rang in our ears like peals of mocking laughter.

It was a race for life or death, and the odds were evidently against us. Nearer and nearer drew our fell followers, as they strove to outstrip each other; nearer and nearer, yelling, howling, laughing at our heels, as if we had been demon-chased.

At length, with a longer bound, and a higher leap, the foremost sprang to my horse's haunches, holding on by his enormous claws, and, quick as thought, his companion followed. A loud, wild shriek, quivering through the woods, told the poor creature's agony, as wayspent, wounded, and overpowered, he fell heavily to the ground, his inexorable foes still clinging to their prey, and rolling in fierce struggles over him, while, with a thrill of inexpressible horror, I found myself sharing the general downfall.

For a moment I lay stunned and half-insensible, helplessly awaiting my expected doom; but in another, to my infinite amazement, I discovered that I had been thrown to some distance by the shock; and rising, found myself not only unhurt, but in no immediate danger, the hyenas having neither eyes nor ears save for the victim whose blood they had tasted. It was a horrible scene, and I hastened to terminate it by a brace of bullets. My hapless steed's last breath ebbed as I released him; and with sincere regret for his fate, yet duly and truly thankful for my own unhopd-for escape, I turned away to hasten on my important journey.

But travelling on foot, I made dishearteningly little progress. The valleys, too, generally lay at angles with my route; and whenever I was compelled to cross the shoulder of a hill, or corner of a plateau, some blackened ruin or abandoned weapon was sure to meet my view, impressing the continued necessity of caution. Thus it was past midday, and I was still some miles from Graham's Town, when, rounding a rocky ledge, I came suddenly in sight of a large body of Caffres, encamped in the valley below. Some expedition was apparently at hand, for each man was sharpening his assegai, or looking to the flint-lock of his rifle; while in the midst, clad in a leopard-skin karsosse, and vehemently haranguing his countrymen, was the well-known chief Tyalie, whilom the frequenter of mess and ball-room, but now the colonists' most bitter enemy.

In all haste, I retreated, but unfortunately not unseen; for instantly the whole force rose in hot pursuit, while a huc-and-cry rolled up the hill, which awakened a hundred echoes. But it was nothing to the outburst of baffled rage with which, on reaching the summit, the Caffres found that, comparatively fleet of foot, I had escaped to the hill beyond. Rifles and assegais were freely discharged across the intervening ravine, but the bullet fell wide, the flying spears short; ponderous knobkerries whirled and whistled through the air, yet with a like ill-success; and then, as if exasperated by failure, rose a deep fiendish howl, heralding a second flight of assegais, and no words can express the extent of my dismay to perceive that each shaft was tipped with fire, an noerring indication that the most fearful device of Caffre warfare was about to be put into execution against me.

Fanned by their swift passage through the air, the spears came quivering down like fiery ser-

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"The man whom I had gone to see had become my patient in rather a curious way. One day while I was standing at the corner of Wellington Street, debating in my mind whether I should go and see a patient who lived towards the west-end, or walk on to the city, where I had some business, a wretched haggard-looking woman with pinched worn features came up to me, and said:

"You are Dr. Ramsay of Guildford Street, aren't you?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am. Do you want anything from me?"

"My husband is very ill, and he continually asks me to fetch you."

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"In Seneval Yard, near Waterloo Road, but I will show you the way, sir, if you will follow me."

"What is your name?"

"My husband's name is Jacob Kerrick. He used to live at Ouselton, and he says he knew you."

"Where did he live there?"

"He was Mr. Pendarvis' groom at the Grange."

"I remember now very well, and I will come with you."

The woman did not say any more, but having crossed the Strand, walked on rapidly in front of me. We went over the bridge, and having gone down the road some little way, she turned into a narrow lane, and then up a wretched court, over which was written Seneval Yard. I had noticed on our way that she was thinly and miserably clad, and I was not therefore surprised to find the room into which she ushered me almost destitute of furniture. It was about half-past five, and the evening was cold and raw, but there was no fire. I will not dwell on the wretchedness of the case more than is necessary.

"I found the man to be one whom I had known some years before. He had been a gentleman's groom, had been convicted of theft, and since that had gone irretrievably to the bad. He was very ill, and extremely excitable. After remaining about an hour, I went out to see some of the officials, for the purpose of getting him relieved or admitted into an hospital. I was delayed, and when I returned to his room, it was nearly eleven o'clock. Finding him delirious, and at times quite violent, I had not the heart to leave his wife alone with him while he was in this state. The little kindness I had shown them, such as getting them a fire, &c., appeared to have melted her, and instead of the unwomanly person, whose hard harsh tones had grated on my ear at the corner of Wellington Street, she seemed a different being. I heard her now softly asking her husband to be still, and turning aside, she would try to hide the tears that sympathy, to which she had so long been a stranger, called forth.

"About twelve he fell into a heavy sleep, and telling her that in the morning she would be relieved of the solitary watching, and that I would call on the morrow, I left the house. And now I come to the ghost."

"Oh! yes, now?" said Kate, who was listening with all her might.

"It was a showery night, and rather windy. The moon shone out at intervals, and then was obscured by the heavy masses of cloud which were driven rapidly across the sky. It was doubtless very unprofessional, but as I turned out of the yard into the narrow lane I felt weary and dispirited. The wretched condition of the two with whom I had spent the last few hours had affected me greatly. I must excuse myself on the plea that I was at the time young in my profession, and that I had not acquired the stoical indifference which experience has given, and which enables me to look with calm apathy on any condition however pitiable."

"Nonsense, doctor," said the squire, "you know you are as soft-hearted as a child now."

"I must beg leave to deny the soft impeachment, but we will not discuss that now. As I walked up Waterloo Road, and approached the toll-bar, I suddenly remembered how I had on the previous day received a strange anonymous communication, directing me to meet the writer on the bridge I was about to cross, at a quarter to one, midnight. I knew it was then twenty minutes to one, and it seemed strange to me that I was unintentionally going to keep an appointment to which I had not given a second thought, as I always pitch anonymous communications into the fire. It never struck me that it might be imprudent to cross the bridge, and if the idea of going round ever presented itself, such a proceeding, I am certain from what happened afterwards, would have been quite impossible. Cabs there were none near, so, had I wished it, I could not have ridden home.

"By this time I had reached the bar. I paid the toll, and got fairly on the bridge. The tide was very low, and, excepting where the feeble light from the lamps fell on the water, the river looked like a black and fathomless abyss.

"Before I had advanced a hundred yards from the gate I became conscious that some being, dark shadowy, mysterious, and indelible, was walking near me. I felt certain it was, and a creeping sensation of fear came over me. In vain I tried to hasten my steps, it was useless. I did not appear to advance faster, and the figure kept up with me. Instead of following me, as it did at first, it had now reached my right side, and I could perceive that its outline was becoming more and more distinct. I was on the river side, as I had started on the left hand pavement looking towards Lancaster Place.

"When we reached the middle of the bridge, a voice commanded me to stop. I was obliged to obey, as also I did the order to be seated, and I sank down accordingly on the stone ledge that runs round each recess. There was not sufficient light from the lamps to distinguish much, but the moon, which had passed under a cloud, now shone forth again, and I saw quite plainly the form of the unwelcome stranger who joined me. The figure was of a gigantic height, this being all the more apparent as it was bending over me while I was seated. The garb was that of a woman, and this tended to increase the effect of the size. The features, although I could trace them on paper, I will not attempt to describe, but their effect on me was to make me long again for the darkness, so that I might not be able to see them. There would have been something ridiculous in sitting thus on that solitary ledge at such an hour had my position been any other than it was; but I was speechless with terror, without any power to move or act, excepting just as I was bid. How long this lasted I know not; but on looking up again, (compelled to do so by a species of fascination,) I saw that this being carried something, what, I could not define. At length I heard a voice:—

"It is your task," it said, "to relieve me of this burden. My hand, though powerless to cast it off, is able to compel you to obey me. Take it."

"I stretched out my hand, resistance was impossible, and it met something cold and clammy. Despite the shudder that passed over me I grasped it, and what I held was heavy.

"Here," said my companion again, "take this cord, and drop the burden into the river." And while saying this, I saw it uncover its neck, and take from it a halter, which appeared to have been tightly bound round it. I did all I was commanded, and having with trembling fingers tied the cord, I lowered the burden over the bridge down towards the water. It stopped in its descent suddenly, and I felt the rope become loose.

"Stay," cried my companion, "it has alighted on the parapet; it cannot remain there." At the same instant I felt the grasp of this being at my throat.

"Oh! release me," I groaned, but it was useless to entreat or struggle. The rope was at my neck, a more than gigantic power raised me in the air, and the next moment I was hanging over the dark stream. I became unconscious, and I remember no more."

I paused, and waited. There was a momentary silence, and then Kate said:—

"But there is more, doctor? do tell us what followed."

"I cannot. I do not know myself."

"Oh! but how did you get home? There must be more, you know, only you don't like to tell us," she rejoined.

"All I know is, that when I recovered consciousness I found myself in bed on a fine frosty morning, and, as it happened, rather late. I had been at an oyster-supper the night before, and perhaps that will elucidate the mystery."

"Doctor, I declare you are worse than Harry! frightening us all, and then only to make fun of us afterwards. It has spoiled it all."

"And now," said the squire, "we will have our cigars."

THE smallest compliment we receive from another, confers more pleasure than the greatest compliment we pay ourselves.

PASSIONS, like horses, when properly trained and disciplined, are capable of being applied to the noblest purposes; but when allowed to have their own way, they become dangerous in the extreme.

PROPOSED NEW CAVALRY REGIMENT.

SIR Edward East, D. C. L., author of the "Annals of the Wars," and of a recent publication "Lives of the Warriors of the Thirty Years War," throws out the following suggestions for a new Cavalry Regiment:

"I propose a cavalry regiment that should consist of twice as many men as horses—say 1,000 men to 500 horses—the rider a lightsome, hardy, active little fellow, who should be as much at home with a horse as a Pampas-man. As he could not be calculated on for close contest, he should be armed only with the best and lightest rifle and revolver; but as he might have also to defend himself on foot from the lance or the bayonet, he might carry a small sword of no great weight, but sufficient to ward a thrust. He should bear his ammunition round a waist-belt or on a bandolier—should be dressed in the best form of sportsman-habilliments, with a skull-cap like that of a police. The men's packs should be carried two together on the crupper-pad, unless when the horse carried double, at which time they should be strapped on the men's backs.

"At the proper time the men thus mounted should be carried briskly to the front, and as near to the enemy's formations as possible, when the hindmost should dismount and open fire—the horsemen retiring out of fire, but near enough to take the men on their saddles or protect them from the approach of cavalry. It is probable that such an irruption, which would bring a deadly fire to bear upon the foe, would be so annoying and intolerable, that, as in the olden time, under the effect of round-shot and grape, they would be obliged to move off the field; and then imagine the effect of these voltigeurs upon the flanks and rear of a retiring column! They would be as moving rifle-pits, and would immensely disturb every operation.

"Such troops might also be usefully employed for other purposes, more especially if care was taken to select them from the more intelligent classes—such, for example, as could speak French, or sketch a plan, or make good observations. As special soldiers are appointed for the duties of the staff corps and for sappers and miners, so these horsemen might be rendered available for raids across the front of the armies—two or more together (ride and tie), obtaining information about forage and supplies, and learning the facilities of a district to nourish and quarter troops. They might also execute many of the duties that have frequently to be sought for and organized after a campaign has been inaugurated, such as the gain of intelligence," &c.

A SAVAGE LEGEND.

MR. Alexander Smith, in a recent publication, "A Summer in Skye," relates many swart legends which he collected during his tour through the remote and little visited Island. While on a visit to Dunvegan Castle, which stands on a rock, surrounded on three sides, by the sea, and which, though portions of it are said to be as old as the ninth century, still contains grim old suits of rooms, with dusky portraits, mouldering weapons and armour, spiral staircase and narrow dungeons, his guide related to him the following savage legend of the Macleods and the Macdonalds:—

"On a stormy winter evening, when the walls of Dunvegan were wet with the rain of the cloud and the spray of the sea, Macleod, before he sat down to dinner, went out to have a look at the weather. 'A giant's night is coming on, my men,' he said when he came in, 'and if Macdonald of Sleat were at the foot of my rock seeking a night's shelter, I don't think I could refuse it.' He then sat down in the torch-light at the top of the long table, with his gentlemen around him. When they were half through with their meal a man came in with the news that the barge of Macdonald of Sleat—which had been driven back by stress of weather on its way to Harris—was at the foot of the rock, and that Macdonald asked shelter for the night for himself and his men. 'They are welcome,' said Macleod; 'tell them to come in.' The man went away, and in a short time Macdonald, his piper, and his body guard of twelve, came in wet with the spray and rain, and weary with rowing. Now, on the table there was a boar's head—which is always an omen of

evil to a Macdonald—and, noticing the dish, Donald Gorm, with his men about him sat at the foot of the long table, beneath the salt, and away from Macleod and the gentlemen. Seeing this, Macleod made a place beside himself, and called out, 'Macdonald of Sleat, come and sit up here!' 'Thank you,' said Donald Gorm, 'I'll remain where I am; but remember that wherever Macdonald of Sleat sits, that's the head of the table.' So when dinner was over the gentlemen began to talk about their exploits in hunting, and their deeds in battle, and to show each other their dirks. Macleod showed his, which was very handsome, and it was passed down the long table from gentleman to gentleman, each one admiring it and handing it to the next, till at last it came to Macdonald, who passed it on, saying nothing. Macleod noticed this, and called out 'Why don't you show your dirk, Donald? I hear it's very fine.' Macdonald then drew his dirk, and holding it up in his right hand, called out, 'Here it is, Macleod of Dunvegan, and in the best hand for pushing it home in the four and twenty islands of the Hebrides.' Now Macleod was a strong man, but Macdonald was a stronger, and so Macleod could not call him a liar; but thinking he would be mentioned next, he said, 'And where is the next best hand for pushing a dirk home in the four and twenty islands?' 'Here,' cried Donald Gorm, holding up his dirk in his left hand, and brandishing it in Macdonald's face, who sat amongst his gentlemen, biting his lips with vexation. So when it came to bed-time, Macleod told Macdonald that he had prepared a chamber for him near his own, and that he had placed fresh heather in a barn for the piper and the body-guard of twelve. Macdonald thanked Macleod, but remembering the boar's head on the table, said he would go with his men, and that he preferred for his couch the fresh heather to the down of the swan. 'Please yourself, Macdonald of Sleat,' said Macleod, as he turned on his heel.

"Now, it so happened that one of the body-guard of twelve had a sweetheart in the castle, but he had no opportunity of speaking to her. But once when she was passing the table with a dish she put her mouth to the man's ear, and whispered, 'Bid your master beware of Macleod. The barn you sleep in will be red flame at midnight, and ashes before the morning.' The words of the sweetheart passed the man's ear like a little breeze, but he kept the colour of his face, and looked as if he had heard nothing. So when Macdonald and his men got into the barn where the fresh heather had been spread for them to sleep on, he told the words which had been whispered in his ear. Donald Gorm then saw the trick that was being played, and led his men quietly out by the back door of the barn, down to a hollow rock which stood up against the wind, and there they sheltered themselves.

"By midnight the sea was red with the reflection of the burning barn, and morning broke on gray ashes and smouldering embers. The Macleods thought they had killed their enemies; but fancy their astonishment when Donald Gorm, with his body-guard of twelve, marched past the castle down to the foot of the rock, where his barge was moored, with his piper playing in front—'Macleod, Macleod, Macleod of Dunvegan, I drove my dirk into your father's heart, and in payment of last night's hospitality, I'll drive it to the hilt in his son's yet!'"

CHINESE THOUGHTS.

WE present our readers with a number of extracts from the writings of Mencius, a Chinese sage, who stands next to Confucius in the estimation of his countrymen. Some of them will serve to illustrate his merits and at the same time the highest reach of wisdom in the thoughts of the Chinese.

As water subdues fire, the humane principle subdues the non-humane. But if a man throw without effect a cup of water to extinguish chariots filled with burning wood, can he say, "Water will not subdue fire?" The humane must not bring feebleness to the rescue of those who suffer. Humanity itself, therefore, not be weak, but energetic.

Gold is heavier than feathers. Is a cart-load

of feathers, therefore, weightier than a button of gold?

Seek and you will find; neglect anything, you will lose everything; but we must seek what is to be found within (our grasp), for we shall not find what we seek if we seek what is beyond (our reach).

If your lessons are listened to, preserve your serenity; if they are not listened to preserve your serenity, for if you know your truthfulness, why should you not be serene?

He who looks upon the ocean thinks little of streams and rivers. He who has passed the portal of the saints (who has been instructed by the sages), will not value highly the teachings of ordinary men.

The prime minister of the kingdom of Sung consulted Mencius, and told him that being convinced of the oppressive character of a tax that bore heavily upon the people, he thought he should diminish it, and at the end of the year abolish it altogether. Mencius answered, "There was a man who was accustomed to steal every day the poultry of his neighbours, and was reproached for his dishonesty. 'Well,' he answered, 'I will amend little by little. I will only steal one fowl a month for a year to come, and then I will abstain altogether.' No," said Mencius, "no, when you know that what you do is unjust, cease at once to do it. Why wait a year?"

Men talk idly about empire, nation, family. The foundation of the empire is in the nation, of the nation in the family, of the family in the individual; in fine, government is founded on the people, the people on the family, the family on its chief.

Win a people and the empire is won; win their hearts and their affections, and you win the people; you win their hearts by meeting their wishes, by providing for their wants, and imposing upon them nothing that they detest.

As the fish hurries away from the utter to the protection of the deep waters, as the little bird flies to the thick forest from the hawk, so do subjects fly from wicked kings.

You cannot reason with the passionate, you cannot act with the feeble or the capricious.

Sure and sincere truth is heaven's pathway; to meditate on truth in order to practice it is to discover the pathway and the duty of man.

No man who has been consistently true and sincere has failed to win the confidence and favour of other men. No man in whom truth and sincerity have been wanting has ever long possessed their confidence and favour.

The benevolent man loves mankind; the courteous man respects them. He who loves men will be loved by them; he who respects men will be respected by them.

If I am treated rudely, let me examine into the cause, and if I cannot discover any sort of impropriety in my own conduct, I may disregard the rudeness, and consider him who displays it as no better than a brute, and why should the conduct of a brute disturb me?

Mencius relates what follows, and it is characteristic of the manners and customs of his time.

There was a man of Tsi who had a legitimate wife and a concubine, who dwelt together in his house.

Whenever the husband went out he returned gorged with wine and food, and when his wife inquired where he had been eating and drinking, he answered, "With the rich and the noble."

The wife said to the concubine, "Whenever my husband goes out he returns satiated with wine and food. If I ask him with whom he eats and drinks, he answers, 'With the rich and the noble.' Now, never has one illustrious person visited our abode. I will secretly learn where he goes."

So she rose early, and followed her husband to the places he visited. He passed through the locality, but not a soul saluted or spoke to him. Reaching the western suburb among the tombs, was one who devoured the remains of the ancestral sacrifices, but without being satisfied. He went to other places and did the same, and thus he habitually gratified his appetite.

His lawful wife returned home, and said to the concubine, "We placed our future hopes in

our husband, and lo! what are we doing?" She told the concubine what she had seen, and they wept together in the women's apartment (over the profligacy of the man). He returned—~~not~~ knowing what had taken place—with a gay countenance, boasting of his good fortune to the wife and the concubine.

Such are the means, says the sage, by which many pursue wealth and honour, profits and advancement. How few those are who blush and mean for this misconduct!

He gave the following description of one of the ancient governments of China (K'hi):

The people were taxed to the amount of one-ninth of their earnings, the public functionaries were regularly paid, the frontiers were well guarded, but no (import) duties were levied. There was no interference with the fisheries in the lakes and ponds, criminals were not punished in the presence of their wives and children. Widowers, widows, and those who had lost their parents, were under the special charge of the state. And he quotes the verse from the book of Odes:

Riches and power and blessings but to those
Who soothe the widow's and the orphan's woe.

Upon which the king exclaimed, "What admirable words!" And the sage replied, "O king! If you find them admirable, why do you not practise them?"

Some labour with their intellect, some with their hands. Those who labour with their intellect govern men, those who labour with their hands are governed by men. Those who are governed by men produce the food of man, and those who govern men have their food produced by men.

Not by superiority of age or honour, not by the virtues and power of your brother, is friendship to be secured. Friendship must be allied with virtue. Virtue is its only bond.

When the king of Tsi consulted Mencius as to the mutual duties of princes and ministers, he replied:

If the prince commit great faults, the minister should remonstrate. If he repeat them, if he turn a deaf ear to these representations, the minister should replace him, and deprive him of his power.

The king changed colour when he heard these words, and Mencius added: "The king must not deem my words extraordinary. If the king interrogate his subject, his subject dares say nothing which is opposed to right and truth."

Once he said to the prince: "If a man were commanded to carry off a great mountain and fling it into the sea, he might well answer, 'I cannot do this;' but if he were told to tear away the branch of a young tree, and replied, 'I cannot,' he would exhibit indisposition, but not impotence. Now a monarch who governs amiss should not compare himself to the man who is expected to throw the big mountain into the ocean, but to one who refuses to pluck the branch from the tree."

If, says Mencius, in abundant years good actions predominate, if in sterile years evil actions, it is not that man's nature is different, but that passion has attacked and submerged the heart and led it away to evil.

When pulse and corn are as plentiful as fire and water, what should prevent the people from being virtuous?

While you listen to a man's word, watch the movement of his eyes, and you will penetrate his disguises.

Diffuse knowledge, interchange employments, so that the deficiencies of some may be filled up by the superfluities of others.

Sacrifice not in an unclean vessel.

A beggar will not value what is trampled on. The courage of the impetuous is far less virtuous than the courage of the thoughtful.

All men have in them the sentiments of compassion and sympathy. In a crowd that should see a child falling into a well, there would not be one who would not feel fear and pity.

Nothing is nobler than to afford to others the means of exercising their virtues.

Markets were established to enable men to exchange what they possessed for what they did not possess. He was a worthless man who first levied taxes upon this interchange.

MOTHERS.

SOME one has said, that a young mother is the most beautiful thing in nature. Why qualify it? Why young? Are not all mothers beautiful? The sentimental outside beholder may prefer youth in the pretty picture; but I am inclined to think that sons and daughters, who are most intimately concerned in the matter, love and admire their mothers most when they are old. How suggestive of something holy and venerable it is when a person talks of his "dear old mother." Away with your mincing "mamas," and mamma! suggestive only of a fine lady, who deputed her duties to a nurse, a drawing-room maternal parent, who is afraid to handle her offspring for fear of spoiling her fine new gown. Give me the homely mother, the arms of whose love are all embracing, who is beautiful always, whether old or young, whether arrayed in satin, or modestly habited in bombazine.

Maternal love is a mystery which human reason can never fathom. It is altogether above reason; it is a holy passion; in which all others are absorbed and lost. It is a sacred flame on the altar of the heart, which is never quenched. That it does not require reason to feed it and keep it alive is witnessed in the instinctive maternal love which pervades all animal nature. Every one must have instinctively felt the aptness of the scriptural illustration of maternal solicitude, which likens a great love to a hen which gathers her chickens under her wing. The hen's maternal care, so patient, so unselfish, is a miniature replica of Nature's greatest work. No doubt it is carried on and on ad infinitum, until we want a microscope to see it. There are myriads of anxious mothers in a leaf, whose destiny is to live for a single day, and then die for ever; as there are millions of anxious mothers in the human family whose span of life is three score years and ten, with a glorious eternity lying beyond. The mother is the mainspring of all nature, the fountain of all pure love—the first likeness on earth of God himself. Man did not deserve to have the first entry into the garden of Eden. Burns, with his great sympathetic soul, seems to have felt this when he sang of Dame Nature,

Her 'prentice han'
She tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O!

It is not altogether because our mothers are of the "gentler" sex that we fly to them for sympathy instead of to our fathers. It is because there is a more intimate relationship between us, because the strings of our nature are more in unison; because we are more nearly flesh of their flesh, and blood of their blood. Yet how little can we return to her for all her patience with us, all her care, all her love for us. When we are young unfledged birds in the nest, we cling close to her, taking her warm breast and her protecting wings as our birthright—as yet unconscious of our debt of gratitude. And when our feathers grow, we fly away and leave her—fly away to build nests of our own. We pass from one care to another, never sharing it, but always the objects of it.

When we reflect upon what mothers have to endure, we may allow that novelists are right in making the culminating point of happiness the marriage of their heroines. After that their trouble begins. Man, in his self-importance, has applied the proverb to himself; but it should be, "When a woman marries, her trouble begins." It is she who feels the needles and pins of life. Man it is, rather, who sharpens their points. Woman's is a subjective life from first to last. No man knows what a woman suffers in bearing and bringing up a family of children. Only Heaven knows—Heaven which has endowed her with that wondrous love which redeems her existence from being an intolerable slavery. And when the task is done, and the children have gone forth into the world, how hard it is to be left alone with a full heart—with love still warm and sympathy still unexhausted. Ah me! ah me! my heart bleeds when I think of the widowed mother waiving

her loving thoughts across the seas upon the wings of eiga, nursing us again in thought, fondling us once more in the arms of her imagination. This is the mother's fate often; the father's seldom. The father, when he becomes a widower is never too old to begin his life all over again. The mother, in most cases, holds the old love too sacred to pollute it with another. She is content to live upon the memories of the past—to wait patiently until God calls her to that land, where the love of the mother is known, though there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

LARGEST LEGACY ON RECORD.

PROBABLY the largest personality ever sworn for probate was that of the late Mr. Morrison of Basildon. Besides the business in Fore Street and vast landed estates, he bequeathed to his eldest son a direct legacy of a million, which is said to be the only legacy on record to that amount. Like most of those who amass enormous wealth, Mr. Morrison began the world with nothing—in fact, there seems to be no receipt for becoming a millionaire equal to that of walking up to London barefoot, under a firm conviction that its streets are paved with gold. In the dining-room of his house at Basildon in Berkshire, which the traveller to Bath passes on the left as he flies by the beautiful reach of the Thames just above Pangbourne, and which abounds with splendid works of art, the very chairs and tables being from the design of some great R.A., there are two pillars of a rare and beautiful marble, which originally stood in a church in Italy, where great store was set by them; but the church being out of repair and in need of funds, at length sought and obtained permission from Rome to sell the pillar to the wealthy Englishman who had set his heart on possessing them. The conveyance was enormously difficult and expensive, by reason of the extraordinary weight of the columns, which in several places broke into the roads over which they were carried. This story illustrates the energy of the man in getting what he had set his heart upon. Nearly the whole of the Island of Islay, Fonthill Abbey, and vast estates scattered through half the counties in England, are the result of the same energy. Mr. Morrison's wealth would have enabled him to live in the utmost splendor; but though a liberal patron of the arts, he shrank from display, and was utterly free from turf-hunting, and loved best the society of artists and men of letters.—*Faser's Magazine.*

PHILOSOPHY OF BREAD AND BUTTER.

HALL, in his "Journal of Health," gives us the following bit of wisdom:—"Bread and butter are the only articles of food of which we never tire, from early childhood to extreme old age. A pound of fine flour of Indian meal contains three times as much meat as one pound of butcher's roast beef; and if the whole product of the grain, bran and all, were made into bread, fifteen per cent more of nutriment would be added. Unfortunately the bran, the coarsest part, is thrown away; the very part which gives soundness to the teeth, and strength to the brain. Five hundred pounds of flour give to the body thirty pounds of the bony element, while the same quantity of bran gives more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds. This bone is lime and the phosphate of lime, the indispensable element of health to the whole human body, from the want of the natural supply of which multitudes of persons go into a general decline. But swallowing phosphates in the shape of powders or in syrups, to cure these declines, has little or no effect. The articles contained in these phosphates must pass through nature's laboratory; must be subject to her manipulations, in alembics specially prepared by Almighty power and skill, in order to impart their peculiar virtues to the human frame; in plainer phrase, the shortest, safest, and most infallible method of giving strength to the body, bone, and brain, thereby arresting disease, and building up the constitution, is to eat and digest more bread made out of the whole grain, whether of wheat, corn, rye or oat." H. J.

AN EXCEPTIONAL PROPERTY OF WATER.

WATER in some of its properties affords abundant evidence of design. The action of the cold atmosphere of winter upon the surface of rivers and lakes is evidence of this.—They are cooled from the surface, and a circulation is established by the constant sinking of the chilled water, until the temperature falls to forty degrees. But at this point, still night degrees above freezing point, the circulation stops. The surface water, as it cools below this temperature, remains at the top, and in the end freezes; but then a remarkable provision comes into play. Most substances are heavier in their solid than in their liquid state; but ice, on the contrary, is lighter than water, and therefore floats on its surface. Moreover, as ice is a very poor conductor of heat, it serves as a protection to the lake; so that at the depth of a few feet, at most, the temperature of the water during winter is never under forty degrees, although the atmosphere may continue for weeks below zero. But for this wise and merciful provision, the occurrence of a severe winter would behold the complete destruction of our fresh-water fish.

If water resembled other liquids, and continued to contract with cold to its freezing point—if the exceptions we have mentioned had not been made, the whole order of Nature would have been reversed. The circulation just described would continue until the whole mass of water in the lake had fallen to the freezing point. The ice would then first form at the bottom, and coagulation would continue until the whole lake had been changed into one mass of solid ice. Upon such a mass the hottest summer would produce but little effect, for the poor conducting power would then prevent its melting; and instead of ponds and lakes, we should have large masses of ice, which during the summer would melt on the surface to the depth of only a few feet. It is unnecessary to state that this condition or things would be utterly inconsistent with the existence of aquatic plants or animals, and it would be almost as fatal to organic life everywhere. The soil itself would, to a certain extent, share in the fate of the ponds remaining frozen to the depth of many feet, and the only effect of the summer's heat would be to melt a few inches at the surface. It would be, perhaps, possible to cultivate some hardy annuals in such a climate, but this would be all. Trees and shrubs could not brave the severity of the winter. Thus, then, it appears that the very existence of some forms of life depend on an apparent exception to a general law of Nature.

TURKISH BATH.—It is said that gout is a disease not known in Turkey, and that this exemption is owing to the use of what we call the "Turkish bath," a luxury which Greece gave to Arabia, and which Mohammed denounced as effeminate and impure. The "Turkish bath" is the natural curative process of most savage or semi-civilised nations. As a remedy for disease it was practised by the Irish Celts, and continues to be practised by their descendants. A "sweating-house" still exists in county Cavan, near the "Port of Shannon," as the head of the river which flows into Loch Allen is called. It is resorted to especially by those who seek health by obtaining copious perspiration. This primitive hot-air bath is easily provided. In a bell-shaped hut, like a wild Indian's, a fire of turf is kindled on the floor, and the hut is tightly closed up. The ashes are subsequently swept out, the patient enters, and he is pretty tightly closed up too. The consequent perspiration is extremely copious, and the patient, on issuing from this oven, plunges into cold water, or has it thrown over him, and he relies upon being swiftly relieved from fever, rheumatism, or whatever malady he may have that is to be cured by this sudorific process.

SPECTACLES FOR HORSES.—An old resident of Philadelphia has a family horse which has done good service for twenty years. For some time past the horse evinced a tendency to stumble and to strata his sight at objects close by. The kind-hearted owner judged the animal from his own case, and ordered of an optician a pair of equine spectacles. A pair of pebble-glasses, about the size of the object-glasses of a large sized lunette, were set in a frame over the horse's eyes. He appreciates the convenience wonderfully, and has never stumbled since he donned the spectacles.

"MAKE USE OF ME."

MAKE use of me, my God!

Let me be not forgot;
A broken vessel cast aside,
One whom Thou needest not.

I am Thy creature, Lord,
And made by hands Divine;
And I am part, however mean,
Of this great world of Thine.

Thou usest all Thy work,
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.

Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak and little hill;
My God, O use me, too!

Thou usest tree and flower,
The rivers, vast and small!
The eagle great, the little bird
That sings upon the wall.

Thou usest the wide sea,
The little hidden lake,
The pine upon the Alpine cliff,
The lily in the brake;

The huge rock in the vale,
The sand-grain by the sea,
The thunder of the rolling cloud,
The murmur of the bee.

All things do serve Thee here,
All creatures, great and small,
Make use of me, of me, my God,
The weakest of them all.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

WRITTEN BY THE ACTION OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY,"
FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," EDITED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 60.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Biancas. He had written canzonets in which *amore* rhymed to *core* in the orthodox fashion, and had sung them by moonlight under picturesque balconies, over and over again, in many a stately old Italian city. Above all, he had known Giulio Colonna from his earliest boyhood, and had been inoculated with Italian patriotism ere he knew what patriotism meant. Accustomed to regard Signor Colonna not only as some kind of distant cousin, but also as one of his mother's most frequent guests, he had accepted all his opinions with the unquestioning faith of childhood. He had, indeed, listened to the magic of his eloquence long before he was of an age to understand its force and purport, and had become insensibly educated in the love and reverence of those things which were to Giulio Colonna as the life of his life. It was, therefore, no wonder that the young Earl proved, as he grew to man's estate, a staunch friend to the Italian cause. It was no wonder that he made enthusiastic speeches at obscure meetings, transacted a vast amount of really hard work in his capacity of Honorary Secretary to the Central Committee, and believed in Giulio Colonna and the great Italian republic of the future, with all his heart and soul.

There was, in reality, no blood relationship whatever between the Castletowers family and this branch of the Colonnas. A Miss Holme-Pierpoint had married a Prince Colonna some twenty-five or thirty years before; but she was long since dead, and had left no children. A pleasant intercourse had subsisted, however, between the two families ever since. The Colonnas, down to the third and fourth generation, were royally welcomed at the grand old Surrey mansion; whenever any of them came to England; Lady Castletowers and her son had once spent six delightful weeks of villegiatura at Prince Colonna's Alban villa; and when the young Earl was in Rome, he had been the very life and soul of all the winter entertainments given at that stately palace which stands in the Corso at

the corner of the Piazza di Santissimi Apostoli. As for Giulio Colonna, he had been *l'intime du maison* ever since the Honorable Alethea Pierpoint had exchanged her name for that of Castletowers—just as he had been *l'intime du maison* at the house of her ladyship's father. He was one of the very few whom the countess really valued, and who she condescended to call by the sacred name of friend. Perhaps he was the only person upon earth who could be said to enjoy her ladyship's confidence. It was to him that she had turned for help in her matrimonial troubles; for advice respecting the education of her son; for sympathy when any of her ambitious projects failed of success. She had known him, indeed, from her girlhood. She admired his great and varied talents. She had perfect reliance on his probity and honour; and she respected his nobility of birth. To a certain extent she respected his patriotic devotion as well; though, it is almost needless to add, she was wholly at issue with him on the subject of republicanism.

"It is a point," she used to observe, "upon which my good friend Signor Colonna is deaf, I grieve to say, alike to reason and good taste. He has so imbued himself with the classical history of his country, that he can no longer discriminate between the necessities of a semi-barbarous race and those of a highly civilized people. He cannot see that the monarchical form of government is precisely that which the age demands. I am very sorry for him. I have represented the matter to him, over and over again, from every conceivable point of view; but with unvarying ill success. I am weary of trying to convince a man who shuts his ears to conviction."

And when she had said this, or words to this effect, Lady Castletowers would sigh, and drop the subject with the air of one who had exhausted it utterly.

CHAPTER XIV. MOTHER AND SON.

"Late, and alone, Gervase?" said Lady Castletowers, with cold displeasure. "The breakfast-bell rang ten minutes ago. Where are our guests?"

"I am sorry to have kept you waiting, mother," replied the Earl, "and you will be sorry for the cause. Sardanapalus had bitten Miss Colonna in the hand, and Vaughan has gone round with her to Mrs. Walker's room to get it dressed. I always said that confounded bird would do mischief some day. Where's Colonna?"

"In his room, I suppose, and deaf, as usual, to the bell. Is Olympia much hurt?"

"Painfully; but, of course, not dangerously."

"There is no necessity for my presence?"

"No absolute necessity," rejoined the young Earl, with some hesitation, and a little emphasis. The Countess seated herself at the breakfast-table, and dismissed the servant in attendance.

"I am glad," said she, "of a few moments alone with you, Gervase. How long does Major Vaughan propose to remain with us?"

"I really do not know. He has said nothing about it, and I fancy his time just now is at his own disposal."

"I think we ought to do something to make Castletowers pleasant to him while he is here."

"I was intending to make the same remark to you, my dear mother," replied the young man. "I have, indeed, asked some men from town, and I rather think Charley Burgoyne and Laurence Greatorex may be down next week, but that is not enough. Shall we give a ball?"

"Or a fete—but perhaps the summer is hardly sufficiently advanced for a fete at present."

"And then a fete is so confoundedly expensive!" groaned the Earl. "It won't be so bad after the half-yearly rents have come in; but I assure you, mother, I was shocked when I looked into my banker's book yesterday. We have barely a couple of hundreds to carry us through up to Midsummer!"

The Countess sighed, and tapped impatiently on the edge of the table with her delicate jewelled fingers.

"It's a miserable thing to be poor!" ejaculated the Earl.

"My poor boy, it is indeed!"

"If it hadn't been for paying off that mortgage of Oliver Behren's—"

"Which your father's extravagance entailed

upon us!" interrupted Lady Castletowers, bitterly.

"If it hadn't been for paying that off," he continued, "our means would now have been so comfortable! That two thousand five hundred a year, mother, would have made us rich."

"Comparatively rich," replied the Countess.

"Well, it's of no use to be always ruminating, like the harbour bar in Kingsley's poem," said the young man, with an air of forced gaiety. "We are poor, dearest mother, and we must make the best of it. In the meanwhile, let us, by all means, give some kind of entertainment. You can think the matter over, and whatever you decide upon, is sure to be best and wisest. I must find the money, somehow. Perhaps Trefalden could advance me a hundred or two."

"Has he not lately come into an enormous fortune?" asked the Countess, abstractedly.

"No, not our Trefalden; but some member, I believe, of his family. I don't know the story, but I have heard it is something very romantic. However, Trefalden himself is a rich man—he's too quiet and clever not to be rich. At all events, I can but ask him."

"I don't like you to borrow money, Gervase," said Lady Castletowers.

"I abhor it in the ordinary sense of the word," replied her son. "But a gentleman may draw upon his lawyer for a small sum without scruple. It is not all the same thing."

"If I could but see you well married!" sighed the Countess.

Lord Castletowers shrugged his shoulders.

"And occupying that position in the country to which your birth and talents entitle you! I was talking about you the other day to the Duke of Dorchester. He seems to think there must be a change in the ministry before long; and then, if he, and one or two others of our acquaintance, get into office—nona veronam!"

"There are always so many ifs," said Lord Castletowers, with a smile.

"By the way, Miss Hatherton—the rich Miss Hatherton—is staying at Aylsham Park. Of course, if we give a fete, the Walkingshaws will bring her with them. It is said, Gervase, that she has a hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

"Indeed?" said Lord Castletowers, indifferently.

"And she is handsome."

"Yes—she is handsome."

The Countess looked at her son. The Earl looked out of the window.

"I fancy," said the Countess, "that Major Vaughan is paying a good deal of attention to Olympia."

"To—Miss Colonna?" said the Earl with an involuntary catching of his breath. "Impossible?"

"Why impossible?"

"Because—Well, perhaps I scarcely know why; but it seems so unlikely."

"Why unlikely?" pursued the Countess, coldly and steadily.

"Well—Vaughan is not a marrying man—and he has no private means, or next to none, besides his pay—and—and then, they are so utterly unsuited—unsuited in every way—in tastes, ages, dispositions, everything!"

The young man spoke hastily, and with a perceptibly heightened colour. His mother, still coldly observing, went on.

"I do not agree with you, Gervase," said she, "in any one of your objections. I believe that Major Vaughan would quite willingly marry, if Olympia were the lady. He is not forty; and if he has only a few hundreds a year besides his pay, he is, at all events, richer than Olympia's father. Besides, he is a gallant officer; and if all that Colonna anticipates should come to pass, a gallant officer would be worth more than a mere fortune, just now, to the Italian cause."

The Earl still stood by the window, looking out at the park and the blue hills far away; but made no reply.

"He has said nothing to you upon the subject?" said Lady Castletowers.

"Nothing."

"Perhaps, however, it is hardly likely that he would do so."

"Most unlikely, I should say. But here's the letter-bag—and here comes surgeon and patient." Lady Castletowers became at once condolent

and sympathetic Mademoiselle Colonna laughed off the accident with impatient indifference; Major Vaughan bowed over his hostess's fair hand; and all took their places at table.

"A budget, as usual, for Colonna," said Lord Castletowers, sorting the pile of letters just tumbled out of the bag. "One, two three billets, redolent of what might be called the parfum du boudoir, for Vaughan—also, as usual! Two letters, my dearest mother, for you; and only one (a square-shouldered, round-fisted blue-complexioned, obstinate-looking, business document) for myself. A pretty thing to lie at the bottom of one's letter-bag, like hope at the bottom of Pandora's casket!"

"It hath a Bond-street aspect, Castletowers, that affects me unpleasantly," said Major Vaughan, from whose brow the angry flush with which he had received his three letters and swept them carelessly on one side, had not yet quite faded.

"Say, rather, a Chancery-lane aspect," replied the young Earl, breaking the seal as he spoke; "and that's as much worse than Bond-street as Newgate is worse than the Queen's Bench."

"Bond-street and Chancery lane, Newgate and the Queen's Bench!" repeated Mademoiselle Colonna. "The conversation sounds very awful. What does it all mean?"

"I presume," said Lady Castletowers, "that Major Vaughan supposed the letter to be written by a—a tailor, or some person of that description; while it really comes from my son's lawyer, Mr. Trefalden."

"I met Mr. Trefalden a few weeks ago," said Mademoiselle Colonna, "in Switzerland."

"In Switzerland?" echoed Lord Castletowers.

"And he authorized me to add his name to our general committee list."

"A miracle! a miracle!"

"And why a miracle?" asked Lady Castletowers. "Does Mr. Trefalden disapprove the Italian cause?"

"Mr. Trefalden, my dear mother, never approves or disapproves of any public movement whatever. Nature seems to have created him without opinions."

"Then he is either a very superficial, or a very ambitious man," said Lady Castletowers.

"The latter, depend on it. He's a remarkably clever fellow, and has good interest, no doubt. He will set his politics to the tune of his interest some day, and make his way to the woolstack 'in a galliard.'"

"I am glad this is but a conjecture, a estimate of Mr. Trefalden's character," said Olympia.

"You like him, then?" said Major Vaughan, hastily.

"I neither like him nor dislike him; but if these were proven facts, I would never speak to him again."

Signor Colonna came in and made his morning salutations, his eyes wandering eagerly towards his letters all the time.

"Good morning—good morning. Late, did you say? Peccavi! So I am. I lost myself in the library. Bell! I heard no bell. Pray forgive me, dear Lady Castletowers. Any news to-day? You were early this morning, Major Vaughan. Saw you in the saddle soon after six. Plenty of letters this morning, I see—plenty of letters!"

And with this he slipped into his seat, and became at once immersed in the contents of the documents before him.

"Trefalden writes from town, mother," said Lord Castletowers. "He excuses his delay on the plea of much business. He has been settling his cousin's affairs—the said cousin having come in for between four and five millions sterling."

"A man who comes in for four or five millions sterling has no right to live," said Major Vaughan. "His very being is an insult to his offended species."

"But if this cousin should prove to be a lady?" suggested Mademoiselle Colonna.

"I would condemn her, of course—to matrimony."

"I should think Trefalden would take care of that!" laughed the Earl.

"But is the cousin a lady?" asked Lady Castletowers, with seaming indifference.

"Alas! no, my dear mother, too surely he belongs to the genus homo. Trefalden's words are—I have been assisting my cousin in the ar-

rangement of his affairs, he having lately inherited a fortune of between four and five millions sterling."

"I have no doubt that he is fat, ugly, and disagreeable," said Major Vaughan.

"And plebeian," added Lady Castletowers, with a smile.

"And illiberal," said Olympia.

"And, in short, so rich," said the Earl, "that were he hideous and ignorant as Caliban, society would receive him with open arms, and the beauty of the season would gladly wear orange-blossoms for him at St. George's! What says this honourable company—shall I invite him down to Castletowers for a week or two, and shall we all fall to worshipping the golden calf?"

"Not for the world!" exclaimed Olympia, scornfully; but she was the only one who replied.

The breakfast-party then broke up. The Earl went to his stables, Olympia to her apartments, and Major Vaughan to the billiard-room. Signor Colonna and Lady Castletowers strolled to and fro in the sunshine, outside the breakfast-room windows.

"But who is this millionaire?" asked the Italian, eagerly.

"Caro amico, you know as much as I know," replied Lady Castletowers. "He is a cousin of our solicitor, Mr. Trefalden, who is a very well-bred gentlemanly person. As for this fortune, I think I have heard that it has been accumulating for one or two centuries—but that is probably a mere rumour."

"Between four and five millions!" ejaculated Colonna. "With such a fortune, what might not be done by a friend to the cause!"

Lady Castletowers smiled.

"Sempre Italia!" she said.

"Sempre Italia," replied he, lifting his hat reverently as he pronounced the words. "While I live, Lady Castletowers. While I live."

They had come now to the end of the path, and were about to return, when he laid his hand on hers, and said, very earnestly:

"I wish I could see this man. I wish I knew him. I have won over thousands of recruits in my time, Alethea—thousands, who had only their blood to give, and gave it. Money is as precious as blood in a cause like ours. If we had but one million, eighteen months ago, Italy would now have been free."

"Ah, you want me to help you—you want Gervase to bring him here? Is that so?"

"Precisely."

"Well, I suppose it can be done—somehow."

"I think it can," replied Colonna. "I am sure it can."

"And it might lead to great results?"

"It might—indeed it might."

"Your personal influence, I know, is almost magical," mused Lady Castletowers; "and if our millionaire should prove to be young and impressionable"—

She hesitated. He looked up, and their eyes met.

"Olimpia is very lovely," she said, smiling; "and very fascinating."

"I have thought of that," he replied. "I have thought of that; and Olimpia would never marry any man who did not devote himself to Italy, body and soul!"

"And purse," added Lady Castletowers, quietly.

"And purse—of course," said he, with a somewhat heightened colour.

"Then I will do what I can, dear old friend, for your sake," said Lady Castletowers, affectionately.

"And I," he replied "will do what I can, for the sake of the cause. God knows, Alethea, that I do it for the cause alone—God knows how pure my soul is of any other aim or end!"

"I am sure of it," she replied, abstractedly.

"Had I but the half of four or five millions at command, the stake upon which I have set my whole life, and my child's life, would be won. Do you hear me, Alethea? would be, must be won!"

"And shall be won, amico, if any help of mine can avail you," said Lady Castletowers: "I will speak to Gervase about it at once. He shall ask both the cousins down."

"Best friend," murmured the Italian, taking the

hand which she extended to him, and pressing it gratefully in both his own.

"But beware!—not a word to him of all this. He has his English notions of hospitality—you understand?"

"Yes—it is true."

"Adieu, then, till luncheon."

"Addio."

And the Countess, with a look of unusual pre-occupation on her fair brow, went slowly back to the house, thinking of many things:—chiefly of how her son should some day marry an heiress, and how Olimpia Colonna should be disposed of to Saxon Trefalden.

CHAPTER XV. SAXON DRAWS HIS FIRST CHECK.

A tall young man stood at the first floor window of a fashionable hotel in Piccadilly, drumming upon the plate-glass panes, and staring listlessly down upon the crowded street below. It was about two o'clock in the day, and the brilliant thoroughfare was all alive with colour and sunshine; but his face took no joyousness from the busy scene. It wore, on the contrary, as gloomy and discontented an expression as such a bright face could well put on. The ceaseless ebb and flow of gorgeous equipages; the fair pedestrians in their fashionable toilettes, even the little band of household troops riding by in helm and cuirass, failed apparently to interest that weary spectator. He yawned, looked at his watch, took an impatient turn or two about the room, and then went back to the window, and drummed again upon the panes. Some books, an opera-glass and one or two newspapers, lay on the table; but the leaves of the books were uncut, and only one of the newspapers had been unfolded. Too ennuyé to read, and too restless to sit still, this young man evidently found his time hang heavily upon his hands.

Presently a cab drove up to the hotel, and two gentlemen jumped out. The first of these was William Trefalden; the second Lord Castletowers. William Trefalden looked up and nodded, as he came up to the broad stone steps, and the watcher at the window ran joyously to meet him on the stairs.

"I'm so glad you're come!" was his eager exclamation. "I've been watching for you, and the time has seemed so long!"

"I am only twenty minutes late," replied Mr. Trefalden, smiling.

"But it's so dreary here!"

"And I bring you a visitor," continued the other. "Lord Castletowers, allow me to present my cousin, Mr. Saxon Trefalden. Saxon, Lord Castletowers is so kind as to desire your acquaintance."

Saxon put out his hand, and gave the Earl's a hearty shake. He would as soon have thought of greeting his guest with a bow as flinging him over the balcony into the street below.

"Thank you," said he. "I'm very much obliged to you."

"I am surprised that you find this situation 'dreary,' Mr. Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers, with a glance towards the window.

"I find all London dreary," replied Saxon, bluntly.

"May I ask how long you have been here?"

"Five days."

"Then you have really had no time to form an opinion."

"I have had time to be very miserable," said Saxon. "I never was so miserable in my life. The noise and hurry of London bewilder me. I can settle to nothing. I can think of nothing. I can do nothing. I find it impossible to read; and if I go out alone in the streets, I lose myself. Then there seems to be no air. I have inhaled smoke and dust; but I have not breathed since I came into the place."

"Your first impressions of our Babel are certainly not couleur de rose," said the Earl, laughingly.

"They are couleur de Lothbury, and couleur de Chancery-lane," interposed William Trefalden. "My cousin, Lord Castletowers, has for these last four days been the victim of the law. We have been putting him in possession of his property, and he has seen nothing of town save the gold regions east of Temple Bar."

"An excellent beginning," said the Earl,

"The finest pass into Belgravia is through Thread-needle-street."

"And the noblest prospect in London is the Bank of England," added the lawyer.

"I thought it very ugly and dirty," said Saxon, innocently.

"I hope this law business is all over now," said Lord Castletowers.

"Yes, for the present; and Saxon has nothing to do but to amuse himself."

"Amuse myself!" echoed Saxon. "I must go home to do that."

"Because Reichenau is so gay, or because you find London so uninviting?" asked the Earl, with a smile.

"Because I am a born mountaineer, and because to me this place is a prison. I must have air to breathe, hills to climb, and a gun on my shoulder. That is what I call amusement."

"That is what I call amusement also," said Lord Castletowers; "and if you will come down to Surre, I can give you plenty of it—a fishing-rod, and a hunter included. But in the meanwhile, you must let us prove to you that London is not so barren of entertainment as you seem to think."

"Let this help to prove it," said Mr. Trefalden, taking from his pocket a little oblong book in a green paper cover. "There's magic in these pages, my dear fellow. They contain all the wit, wisdom, and beauty of the world we live in. While you have this in your pocket, you will never want for amusement—or friends; and when you have come to the end of the present volume, the publishers will furnish you with another."

"What is it?" said Saxon, turning it over somewhat doubtfully.

"A choque-book."

"Pshaw! money again. Always money!" "Don't speak of it disrespectfully. You have more than you can count, and as yet you neither know what it is worth, nor what to do with it."

"Pray enlighten me, then," said Saxon, with a touch of impatience in his voice. "Tell me, in the first place, what it is worth?"

"That is a matter of individual opinion," replied Mr. Trefalden, with one of his quiet smiles. "If you ask Lord Castletowers, he will probably tell you that it is worth less than noble blood, bright eyes, or Italian liberty. If you ask a plodding fellow like myself, he will probably value it above all three?"

"Well then, in the second place, what am I to do with it?"

"Spend it."

Saxon shrugged his shoulders; and Lord Castletowers, who had coloured up somewhat angrily the minute before, laughed, and said that it was good advice.

"Spend it," repeated the lawyer. "You never will know how to employ your money till you acquire the art of getting rid of it. You have yet to learn that, instead of turning everything into gold, like Midas, you can turn gold into everything. It is the true secret of the transmutation of metal."

"Shall I be any the wiser or happier for this knowledge?" asked Saxon, with a sigh.

"You cannot help being wiser," laughed his cousin; "nor, I should think, the happier. You will cease to be 'dreary,' in the first place. He who has plenty of money and knows how to spend it, is never in want of entertainment."

"Ay, 'and knows how to spend it!' There is my difficulty."

"If you had read Molière," replied Mr. Trefalden, "you would be aware that a rich man has discernment in his purse."

"Cousin, you are laughing at me."

It was said with perfect good humour, but with such directness that even Mr. Trefalden's practiced self-possession was momentarily troubled.

"But I suppose you think a rich fellow can afford to be laughed at," added Saxon, "and I am quite of your opinion. It will help to civilise me; and that, you know, is your mission. And now for a lesson in alchemy. What shall I transmute my gold into first?"

"Nay, into whatever seems to you to be best worth the trouble," replied Mr. Trefalden. "First of all, I should say, into a certain amount of

superfine Saxony and other cloths; into a large stock of French kid and French cambric—and a valet. After that—well, after that, suppose you ask Lord Castletowers' opinion."

"I vote for a tall horse, a short tiger, and a cab," said the young Earl.

"And chambers in St. James-street," suggested the lawyer.

"And a stall at Gye's."

"And all the flowers, pictures, Baskerville editions, Delphin classics, organs, and Etruscan antiquities you take it into your head to desire! That's the way to transmute your metal, you happy fellow! Taken as a philosophical experiment, I know nothing more beautiful, simple, and satisfactory."

"You bewilder me," said poor Saxon. "You speak a language which is partly jest and partly earnest, and I know not where the earnestness ends, nor where the jest begins. What is it that you really mean? I am quite willing to do what you conceive a man in my position should do; but you must show me how to set about it."

"I am here to-day for no other purpose."

"And more than this, you must give me leave to reject your system, if I dislike, or grow weary of it."

"What! return to roots and wood after Kuhn and Stultz?"

"Certainly, if I find the roots more palatable, and the wood more becoming."

"Agreed. Then we begin at once. You shall put yourself under my guidance, and that of Lord Castletowers. You shall obey us implicitly for the next six or eight hours; and you shall begin by writing a cheque for five hundred, which we can cash at Drummond's as we go along."

"With all my heart," said Saxon; and so aided by his cousin's instructions, sat down and wrote his first cheque.

"He's a capital fellow," said Lord Castletowers to Mr. Trefalden, as they went down the hotel stairs; "a splendid fellow, and I like him thoroughly. Shall I propose him at the Erectheum? He ought to belong to a club; and I know some men there who would be delighted to do what they could for any member of my introduction."

"By all means. It is the very thing for him," replied Mr. Trefalden. "He must have acquaintances, you know; and it is out of the question that a busy man like myself should do the honours of town to him, or any one. Were he my own brother, I would not undertake it."

"And I am never here myself for many days at a time," said the Earl. "London is an expensive luxury, and I am obliged to make a little of it go a long way. However, while I am here, and whenever I am here, it will give me a great deal of pleasure to show Mr. Saxon Trefalden any attention in my power."

"You are very kind. Saxon, my dear fellow, Lord Castletowers is so good as to offer to get you into the Erectheum."

"The Erectheum of Athens?" exclaimed Saxon, opening his blue eyes in laughing astonishment.

"Nonsense—of Pall Mall. It is a fashionable club."

"I am much obliged to Lord Castletowers," replied Saxon, vaguely. But he had no more notion of the nature, objects, or aims of a fashionable club than a Bedouin Arab.

CHAPTER XVI. THE ERECTHEUM.

"No, by Jove, Brandon, not a bit of a such! As green as an Arcadian, but no more of a snob than——"

Sir Charles Burgoyne was going to say, "than you are;" but he changed his mind, and said, instead:

"—than Castletowers himself."

"I call any man a snob who quotes Bion and Moschus in his familiar talk," replied the other, all unconscious of his friend's hesitation. "How the deuce is one to remember anything about Bion and Moschus? and what right has he to make a fellow look like a fool?"

"Unfeeling, I admit," replied Sir Charles, languidly.

"I hate your learned people," said Brandon, irritably. "And I hate parvenus. Ignorant parvenus are bad enough; but learned parvenus are the worst of all. He's both—hang him!"

"Hang him, by all means!" said another young man, approaching the window at which the two were standing. "May I ask who he is, and what he has done?"

It was in one of the princely reading-rooms of the Erectheum Club, Pall-Mall. The two first speakers were the Honourable Edward Brandon, third and youngest son of Hardicanute, fourteenth Earl of Ipswich, and Sir Charles Burgoyne, Baronet of the Second Life Guards.

There are men whom nature seems to have run up by contract, and the Honourable Edward Brandon was one of them. He was just like one of those slight, unsubstantial, fashionable houses that spring up every day like mushrooms about Bayswater and South Kensington, and are hired under the express condition of never being danced in. He was very young, very tall, and as economically supplied with brain and muscle as a man could well be. The very smallest appreciable weight of knowledge would have broken down his understanding at any moment; and his little ornaments of manner were all in the flimsiest modern taste, and of the so-called stucco. He "dipped" occasionally into Bell's Life and the Court Circular. He had read half of the first volume of Mr. Soapjey Sponge's Sporting Tour. He played croquet pretty well, and billiards very badly, and was saturated through and through with smoke, like a Finnan haddock.

Sir Charles Burgoyne was a man of a very different stamp. He was essentially one of a class; but then, ethnologically speaking, his class was many degrees higher than that of Mr. Brandon. He was better built, and better furnished. He rode well; was a good shot; played a first rate game at billiards; was gifted with a certain lazy impertinence of speech and manner that passed for wit, and was so effeminately fair of complexion and regular of feature, that he was popularly known among his brother-officers as the Beauty.

The last comer—short, sallow, keen-eyed, somewhat flippant in his address, and showy in his attire—was Laurence Greatorex, Esquire, only son, heir, and partner of Sir Samuel Greatorex, Knight, the well known banker and alderman of Lombard-street, City.

"Hang him by all means!" said this gentleman, with charming impartiality. "Who is he? and what has he done?"

"We were speaking of the new member," replied Brandon.

"What, Cræsus Trefalden? Pahaw! the man's an outer barbarian. What social enormity has he been committing now?"

"He's been offending Brandon's delicate sense of propriety by quoting Greek," said the Beauty.

"Greek! Unpardonable offence. What shall we do to him? Muzzle him?"

"Condemn him to feed on Greek roots for the term of his natural life, like Timon of Athens," suggested the Beauty, lazily.

"He's little better than a savage, as it is," said Mr. Greatorex, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. "He knows nothing of life, and cares nothing for it either. Last Tuesday, when all the fellows were wild about the great fight down at Barney's Croft, he sat and read Homer, as if it were the news of the day. He's an animated anachronism—that's what he is, Sir Charles."

"Who the deuce is he?" ejaculated Brandon.

"Where does he come from?"

"Heaven knows. His father was a black-letter folio, I believe, and his mother a palimpsest."

"You're too witty to-day, Mr. Greatorex," sneered Burgoyne.

"Then he's so offensively rich! Why, he put down a thousand yesterday for Willis's subscription. There's his name at the head of the list. Makes us look rather small—eh?"

"Confound his assurance!" broke out Brandon. "He's not been here much more than a week. What's Willis to him, that he should give more than the oldest members of the club?"

"Well, it's a munificent donation," said the Guardsman, good naturedly.

"Munificent? Hang his munificence! I suppose the members of the Erectheum can pension off a secretary, who has served them for fifteen years, without the help of a thousand pounds from a puppy like that?"

"Your virtuous indignation, Brandon, is quite refreshing," said Burgoyne. "How long have you been here, for instance? Half a year?"

"It was in bad taste, anyhow," said Greatorex; "deuced bad taste. It's always the way with your nouveaux riches. A man who had been wealthy all his life would have known better."

"Yourself, par exemple," retorted the Guardsman, insolently.

"Just so, Sir Charles; but then I'm to the money-market born, so hardly a case in point."

"Where did this Trefalden get his fortune?" asked Brandon. "I've heard that some fellow left it to him a hundred years ago, and that it has been accumulating ever since; but that's nonsense, of course."

"Sounds like a pecuniary version of the Sleeping Beauty," observed the baronet, parenthetically.

"I know no more than you do, Mr. Brandon," replied Greatorex. "I have heard only the common story of how this money has been lying at compound interest for a century or more, and has devolved to our pre-Adamite friend at last, bringing him as many millions as he has fingers. Some say double that sum; but ten are enough for my credulity."

"Does he bank with Sir Samuel?" asked Brandon.

"No. Our shop lies too far east for him, I suspect. He has taken his millions to Drummond's. By the way, Sir Charles, what have you decided upon doing with that brown mare of yours? You seemed half inclined to part from her a few days ago."

"You mean the Lady of Lyons?"

"I do."

"Sold her, Mr. Greatorex?"

"Sold her, Sir Charles?"

"Yes—cab and all."

The banker turned very red, and bit his lip.

"Would it be a liberty to ask the name of the purchaser?" said he.

"Perhaps it would," replied the Guardsman.

"But I don't mind telling you. It's Mr. Trefalden."

"Trefalden! Then, upon my soul, Sir Charles, it's too bad! I'm sorry to hear it. I am indeed. I had hoped—in fact, I had expected—upon my soul, I had expected, Sir Charles, that you would have given me the opportunity. Money would have been no object. I would have given a fancy price for that mare with pleasure."

"Thank you, I did not want a fancy price," replied the Guardsman, haughtily.

"Besides, if you'll excuse me, Sir Charles, I must say I don't think it was quite fair either."

"Fair?" echoed Burgoyne. "Really, Mr. Greatorex, I do not apprehend your meaning."

"Well, you know, Sir Charles, I spoke first, and as for Ormsus Trefalden, who scarcely knows a horse from a buffalo—"

"Mr. Saxon Trefalden is the friend of Lord Castletowers," interrupted Burgoyne, still more haughtily, "and I was very happy to oblige him."

If Sir Charles Burgoyne had not been a baronet, a guardsman, and a member of the Erechtum Club, it is possible that Mr. Greatorex of Lombard-street would have given him the retort uncourteous; but as matters stood, he only grew a little redder; looked at his watch in some confusion; and prudently swallowed his annoyance.

"Oh, of course—in that case," stammered he—"Lord Castletowers being your friend, I have nothing more to say. Do you go down to his place in Surrey next week, by-the-by?"

"Do you?" said Burgoyne, smoothing his flaxen moustache, and looking down at the small city man with half-closed eyes.

"I hope so, since his lordship has been kind enough to invite me; but we are so deucedly busy in Lombard-street just now that—pshaw! twelve o'clock already, and I am due in the city at twenty minutes past. Not a moment to lose. 'I know a bank,' et cetera—but there's no wild time there for anybody between twelve and three! Good morning, Mr. Brandon. Good morning, Sir Charles."

The baronet bent his head about a quarter of an inch, and almost before the other was out of hearing, said:

"That man is bourgeois to the tips of his fingers, and insufferably familiar. Why do you tolerate him, Brandon?"

"Oh, he's not a bad fellow," replied Brandon.

"He's a snob, pur et simple—a snob, with the wardrobe of a tailor's assistant, and the manners of a valet. You called young Trefalden a snob just now, and I told you it was a mistake. Apply the title to this little money-jobber, and I won't contradict you. The fact is, Brandon, I abominate him. I wish it was possible to blackball him out of the club. If I'd been in town when he was proposed, I'll be hanged if he should have ever got in. I can't think what you fellows were about, to admit him!"

Charley Burgoyne was a lazy man; for him this was a very long and energetic speech. But the Honourable Edward Brandon only shook his head in a helpless, irritable way, and repeated his former assertion.

"I tell you, Burgoyne," he said, "Greatorex isn't a bad fellow."

Sir Charles Burgoyne shrugged his shoulders, and yawned.

"Oh, very well," he replied. "Have it your own way. I hate argument."

"Castletowers likes him," said the young man. "Castletowers asks him down to Surrey, you see."

"Castletowers is too good natured by half."

"And Vaughan—"

"Vaughan owes him money, and just endures him."

The Honourable Edward Brandon rubbed his head all over, looking more helpless and more irritable than before. It was a very small head, and there was very little in it.

"Confound him!" groaned he. "He has taken up a paper of mine, too. I must be civil to him."

Sir Charles Burgoyne gave utterance to a dismal whistle; thrust his hands deep down into his pockets; and said nothing.

"What else can I do?" said Brandon.

"Pay him."

"You might as well tell me to eat him!"

"Nonsense. Borrow the money from somebody else."

"I wish I could. I wish I knew whom to ask. I should be so very grateful, you know. It's only two hundred and fifty."

And the young fellow stared hard at the Guardsman, who stared just as hard at the Duke of York's column over the way.

"You can't suggest any one?" he continued after a moment.

"I, my dear fellow? Diab! I haven't an idea."

"You—couldn't manage for me, yourself, I suppose?"

Sir Charles Burgoyne took his hands from his pockets, and his hat from a neighbouring peg.

"Edward Brandon," he said impressively, "I'm as poor as Saint Simeon Stylites."

"Never heard of the fellow in my life," said Brandon, peevishly. "Who is he?"

"My dear boy, your religious education has been neglected. Look for him in your catechism, and, when found, make a note."

"I tell you what it is, Burgoyne," said Brandon, suspicious of "chaff," and, like all weak people when they are out of temper, slightly spiteful—"poor, or not poor, you're a clever fellow at a bargain. Talk of your not wanting a fancy price indeed! What's five hundred guineas, if it's not a fancy price, I should like to know?"

"Mon enfant, you know nothing about it?" said the Guardsman, placidly.

"I know it was an awful lot too much for that mare and cab."

"The mare and cab were dirt cheap at the money."

"Cheap! cheap—when to my certain knowledge you only gave a hundred and twenty for the Lady of Lyons, and have had the best part of two seasons out of her since!"

The Beauty listened with an imperturbable smile, drew on his gloves, buttoned them, adjusted his hat, and, having done all these things with studied deliberation, replied:

"My dear Brandon, I really envy your memory. Cultivate it, my good fellow, and it will be a credit to you. Au revoir."

With this he went over to the nearest glass, corrected the tie of his cravat, and sauntered towards the door. He had not reached it, however, when he paused, turned, and came back gain.

"By-the-by," said he, "if you're in any present difficulty, and actually want that two hundred and fifty—do you want it?"

"Oh, by Jove, don't! Never wanted it so much in my life."

"Well, then, there's Trefalden. He's as rich as the Bank of England, and flings his money about like water. Ask him, Brandon. He'll be sure to lend it to you. Vale."

And the baronet once more turned on his heel, leaving his irritable young friend to swear off his indignation as best he could. Whereupon the Honourable Edward Brandon, addressing himself apparently to the Duke of York upon his column, did swear with "bated breath" and remarkable fluency; rubbed his head frantically, till he looked like an electrical doll; and finally betook himself to the billiard-room.

When they were both gone, a gentleman who had been sitting in the adjoining window, entrenched behind, and apparently absorbed in the Times of the day, laid his paper aside; entered a couple of names in his pocket-book, smiling quietly the while; and then left the room. He paused on his way out, to speak to the hall porter.

"I have waited for Mr. Trefalden," he said, "till I can wait no longer. You are sure he has not gone up-stairs?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"So so good, then, as to give him this card, and say, if you please, that I will call upon him at his chambers to-morrow."

The porter laid the card aside with the new member's letters, of which there were several. It bore the name of William Trefalden.

CHAPTER XVII. SAXON AT HOME.

"Mr. Trefalden."

Thus announced by a stately valet, who received him with marked condescension in the ante-chamber, and even deigned to open the door of the reception-room beyond, Mr. Trefalden passed into his cousin's presence. He was not alone. Lord Castletowers and Sir Charles Burgoyne were there; Lord Castletowers leaning familiarly over the back of Saxon's chair, dictating the words of a letter which Saxon was writing; Sir Charles Burgoyne extended at full length on a sofa, smoking a cigarette with his eyes closed. Both visitors were obviously as much at home as if in their own chambers. They had been breakfasting with Saxon, and the table was yet loaded with pâtés, coffee, liqueurs, and all the luxurious et ceteras of a second déjeuner.

Saxon flung away his pen, sprang forward, seized his cousin by both hands, and poured forth a torrent of greetings.

"How good of you to come," he exclaimed, "after having taken the trouble to go yesterday to the club! I was so sorry to miss you! I meant to hunt you up this very afternoon in Chancery-lane. I have been an ungrateful fellow not to do so a week ago, and I'm sure I don't know how to excuse myself. I've thought of you, cousin William, every day."

"I should have been sorry to bring you into the dingy atmosphere of the city, said Mr. Trefalden, pleasantly. "I had far rather see you thus, enjoying the good things which the gods have provided for you."

And with this, Mr. Trefalden shook hands with Lord Castletowers, hoped Lady Castletowers was well, bowed to Sir Charles Burgoyne, and dropped into an easy-chair.

"You were writing," he said, "when I came in. Pray go on."

Saxon blushed scarlet.

"Oh no," he said, shyly, "the letters can wait."

"So can I—and smoke a cigar in the meanwhile."

"They—that is, Lord Castletowers—was helping me to write them—telling me what to say, in fact. He calls me the 'Impolite Letter Writer,' and says I must learn to turn fine phrases, and say the elegant things that nobody means."

"The things that nobody means are the things that everybody likes," said the Earl.

"I have often wished," said Burgoyne, from the sofa, "that some clever person would write a handbook of civil speeches—a sort of 'Ready Liar,' you know, or 'Perjurer's Companion.' It would save a fellow so much trouble!"

To be continued.

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turned out to a big festival, or to see a grand procession, and were waiting for the show to begin. King Oberon, the Fairy monarch, and Queen Mab, his wife, who governed Dreamland in her own right, still delayed, and there was much anxiety, because the festival could not go on without their presence, and the Fairies and their brethren were afraid that, unless their Majesties arrived soon, the Spirits of Darkness would get possession of the hill and break up the Fairies' festival.

By and by, after they had waited a long time, and were getting very uneasy, the heavy stroke of a bell could be heard ringing wonderfully loud through the air. It was impossible to tell where the sound came from, for there were no bells for miles and miles from the hill, and yet it sounded as if an immense bell was struck close by. Hugh knew it must be the first stroke of midnight. At its sound, the Fairies, and Piskies, and all the rest, ran in a great fright for shelter into the holes, and behind the rocks. At that moment a great black cloud dropped over the sky like a thick curtain, and the big round moon, and the twinkling stars, and the white fleecy clouds, were all shut out of sight together. The great Beel-fire leaped all the brighter, and made the top of the hill, and the old ruined castle, and the big rock behind which Hugh was hiding, as red as the fire itself; but all around the darkness closed in like a great black wall. The air was full of strange sounds, moanings, and wailings, and pitiful shrieks. Hugh was terribly frightened. He clutched the charm around his neck, and would have cried out, but that he was afraid something terrible would happen if he made a noise.

The bell struck a second time. The great flames leaped higher, and lit up the old castle with a very bright light, and out of the arched doorway came a procession of Druids, in long white robes, with garlands of oak-leaves around their heads, and their white beards reaching to their waists. They carried little branches of the sacred mistletoe in their hands, and they passed around the fire several times, singing a low and sad hymn. When the third stroke of the bell sounded, they disappeared in the darkness, and from the other side came up a crowd of savage-looking people, with a few skins wrapped around them, and the naked parts of their bodies stained blue. They passed silently through the fire, driving their oxen and horses before them through the flames, as the people used to do in that country, many ages ago, to preserve them from the evil spirits. At each stroke of the bell different figures came out from the old castle, and went around or through the fire before disappearing in the darkness. At last the eleventh blow was struck, and then was the most fearful time of all. The fire died down and burned ghastly blue. The air was full of shrieks and cries, and from out the thick darkness the terrible Black Huntsman and his demon hounds rushed furiously in and galloped around the fire, lightnings flashing from their eyes.

The twelfth stroke sounded. In an instant all was changed. The terrible noises ceased, the mount became still, the black cloud vanished, and the moon and stars shone brightly out. The Black Huntsman and his demon dogs flew down the hill at a tremendous pace. The Fairies, and Piskies, and Goblins and Brownies all came out of their biding-places and shouted for joy, for, riding down the path of a moonbeam, in a fairy chariot drawn by milk-white moths, came King Oberon and Queen Mab, to preside over the fairy festival. The Beel-fire was out by this time, and the strong Brownies gathered up the embers and threw them over the hill. Then they made brooms of the heath, and swept the ashes away, so that Queen Mab and the ladies of her train should not soil their white slippers. The Jack-a-Lanterns put out their lights, for now the moon was shining as bright as day, and they went dancing around as masters of the ceremonies, preparing everything for the grand ball.

At last all was ready, King Oberon and Queen Mab led off the dance, and all the other Fairies and Piskies danced in a circle around them, to the music of five hundred grasshoppers, specially engaged for the occasion. Whilst the dance was going on the Brownies were getting the tables ready for the banquet, and the Goblins

and Hobgoblins were cooking the supper. As soon as it was prepared, a Jack-a-Lantern announced the fact, and all the gay party sat down around the mushroom tables, and commenced eating and drinking from the daintiest little dishes and cups that ever were seen. Little Hugh was so interested and delighted at what was going on that he forgot to keep himself hid, and he was seen by the King, who sent a Pisky to find out who the daring intruder was. Now the Pisky that was sent on this errand was the same one who had guided Hugh into the bramble-pit, and he at once told King Oberon the story, who laughed so heartily that the little tears stood in his eyes. The king told Hugh to come forward, which he did, stepping very carefully for fear he should tread on some of the little folks. Queen Mab, taking a golden goblet from the table, filled it with fairy wine and handed it to Hugh, telling him to drink it. He obeyed, and such delicious drink he had never tasted in his life. It seemed to go all through his body, making him feel quite happy. King Oberon filled another goblet, and asked Hugh if he would drink with him. Hugh, who thought he could never have enough of such delicious drink, took the goblet in his hand, and said, "I will, your Majesty."

He HAD SPOKES!

In an instant he staggered back as if some one had struck him in the face, and then all was darkness. Hocking laughter rang in his ears as he became insensible and sank to the earth, still grasping the golden goblet.

When the sun rose in the morning, Hugh's grandmother rose too, and called Hugh to get up. He did not answer, and on looking into his bed she found he was not there. "What has taken little Sleepy-head out of bed so early this morning, I wonder," said she. "I generally have to call him half a dozen times before he will get up, and now he is up before me!"

She went to the door to see what sort of weather it was, and there was Hugh fast asleep on the step! She awoke him, when he stared around in great surprise, and asked where the Fairies had gone. His grandmother laughed at him when he told all the story of his night's adventures, and told him he had been dreaming, and had walked in his sleep. At this Hugh was indignant, saying he knew it was all true, and to prove it he still had the gold goblet that King Oberon had handed him. He held it out for his grandmother to see,—when, after all, it was only a golden-cup flower, filled with dew!

Now, what do you think,—did little Hugh dream his wonderful adventures or not?

FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY

MOLES.—To the eye of the naturalist who instinctively identifies himself with the nature of the animal he is observing, size is only of relative importance; and in point of fact, a battle between two moles is as tremendous as one between two lions, if not more so, because the mole is more courageous than the lion, and, relatively speaking, is far more powerful and armed with weapons more destructive.

Magnify the mole to the size of the lion, and you will have a beast more terrible than the world has yet seen. Though nearly blind, and therefore incapable of following prey by sight, it would be active beyond conception, springing this way and that way as it goes along, so as to cover a large amount of space, leaping with lightning quickness upon any animal which it met, rending it to pieces in a moment, thrusting its blood-thirsty snout into the body of its victim, eating the still warm and bleeding flesh, and instantly searching for fresh prey.

Such a creature would, with the least hesitation, devour a serpent twenty feet in length, and so terrible would be its voracity that it would eat twenty or thirty of such snakes in the course of a day. With one grasp of its teeth and one stroke of its claws it could tear an ox asunder; and if it should happen to enter a fold of sheep or an enclosure of cattle, it would kill them all for the mere lust of slaughter. Let, then, two such animals meet in combat, and how terrific would be the battle. Fear is a feeling of which the mole seems to be unconscious; and when fighting with one of his own

species, he gives his whole energies to the destruction of his opponent, without seeming to heed the injuries which are inflicted upon himself.

SCORPIONS.—The Rev. J. G. Wood in a recently published work entitled "Homes without Hands," attests, on the authority of Captain Pasley, B. N., the often debated statement of the scorpion destroying itself when surrounded by a circle of fire. "The fiery circle," he says, "was about fifteen inches in diameter, and composed of smouldering ashes. In every instance the scorpion ran about for some minutes trying to escape, and then deliberately bent its tail over its back, inserted the point of its sting between two of the segments of the body, and speedily died. This experiment was repeated seven or eight times, and always with the same results, so that a further repetition would have been a useless cruelty. The heat given out by the ashes was very trifling, and not equal to that which is caused by the noontide sun, a temperature which the scorpion certainly does not like, but which it can endure without suffering much inconvenience. Generally the scorpion was dead in a few minutes after the wound was inflicted."

ANTS.—What story of enchantment, of sylphide, giant, or gnome, equals in strangeness and picture-queeness the story of the ants? Romance presents no incidents half so wondrous as the facts observed by M. Huber and others. The strength of the giants is puny compared with that of the *Sarda* ant, which builds domes two feet in height and forty feet in diameter, and makes passages from his dwelling-place seventy yards long. What is the vitality of the stoutest paladin compared with that of the *Driver* ant, whose head has given signs of life thirty-six hours after being cut from its body, which lived for more than forty-eight hours; and what mystery can be more bewildering than the fact that this very ant dies in less than two minutes when exposed to the direct action of the sun's rays?

BATTLES OF THE SWORDFISH AND THE WHALE.—Among the extraordinary spectacles sometimes witnessed by those who "go down to the sea in ships," none are more impressive than a combat for a supremacy between the monsters of the deep. The battles of the swordfish and the whale are described as Homeric in grandeur. The swordfish go in shoals like whales, and the attacks are often regular sea-fights. When the two troops meet, as soon as the swordfish have betrayed their presence by a few bounds in the air, the whales draw together and close up their ranks. The swordfish always endeavours to take the whale in flank, either because its cruel instinct has revealed to it the defect in the cuirass—for there exists near the brachial fins of the whale a spot where wounds are mortal—or because the flank presents a wider surface to its blows. The swordfish recoils to secure a greater impetus. If the movement escape the keen eye of its adversary, the whale is lost, receives the blow of the enemy, and dies almost instantly. But if the whale perceives the swordfish at the instant of the rush, by a spontaneous bound it springs clear of the water its entire length, and falls on its flank with a crash that resounds many leagues, and whitens the sea with boiling foam. The gigantic animal has only its tail for defense; it tries to strike its enemy, and finish him with a single blow. But if the active swordfish avoid the fatal tail, the battle becomes more terrible. The aggressor springs from the water in his turn, falls upon the whale, and attempts, not to pierce, but to saw it with the teeth that garnish its weapon. The sea is stained with blood; the fury of the whale is boundless. The swordfish harasses him, strikes on every side, kills him, and flies to other victories. Often the swordfish has not time to avoid the fall of the whale, and contents itself with presenting its sharp saw to the flank of the gigantic animal which is about to crush it; it dies then like *Maccabæus*, smothered beneath the weight of the elephant of the ocean. Finally, the whale gives a few last bounds into the air, dragging its assassin in its flight, and perishes as it kills the monster of which it was the victim.

WAR.—"What are you thinking of, my man?" said Lord Hill, as he approached a soldier who was leaning in a gloomy mood upon his firelock, while around him lay mangled thousands of French and English—it was a few hours after the battle of Salamanca had been won by the English. The soldier started, and, after saluting his general, answered, "I was thinking, my lord, how many widows and orphans I have this day made for one shilling." He had fired 600 rounds of ball that day.

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES.

- 1. If your B m t put ;, if . putting :
- 2. E E x x marriage e e X X.

TRANSPPOSITION.

1. Seven little letters do my whole compose—
An order that in ancient times arose;
Transpose, you'll find I'm very obstinate,
Transpose once more—sore blows I'll indicate.
Take off my head, and lo! I turn to food—
Transpose, I'm next an elfin of the wood.
Now drop a vowel, and again transpose,
A water-jet my new condition shows;
From what is left a consonant leave out,
I then in cooking oft am twirled about;
Once more behold me, though you'll think it droll,
I now become a deep and dismal hole.
Now drop a letter, and I'm a pronoun,
And am applied to sundry things in town;
Lop off the half of what there still remains,
My last's a beverage that with most obtains.
London, O. W. W. W.

2. I'm a word of three letters, whose outer once joined,
Proclaim ease to the wearied and sore troubled
mind;
My mid one repeated, you plainly will see
What young men and maidens should labour to be.
My whole is an organ, whose keenness of power
May be treated each day—may be called on each
hour.
Montreal. A. H.

CHARADE.

I am a word of eight letters. My 4, 2, 3, is a weight;
my 6, 7, 4, is a small but destructive animal; my 7, 5,
6, is part of the verb "to be;" my 8, 7, 2, 6, is a narrow
way; my 6, 4, 8, is a number; my 1, 7, 5, 4, is a place
of business; my 3, 2, is a negative; my 8, 6, 7, 8, is ex-
pressive of condition; and my whole is a well known
city.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

I in a river lost a thing,
Which I from foreign lands did bring;
I lost it with much pleasure.
There was a man upon dry land,
Who, I've been given to understand,
Found it, while seeking treasure.

CONUNDRUM.

What mental change is effected upon a learned per-
son by sickness?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, &c. No. 3.

RIDDLES.

- No. 1. A thorn in the foot.
- 2. It makes ill-will.
- 3. Inch-obis.
- 4. To axe the way.
- 5. Prague ague.
- 6. That made by the belles.
- 7. Caree. Caree.

ENIGMA.

Wig.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. When it is made into little *Pats*.
- 2. X. L. Excel.
- 3. Daughter.
- 5. Because it contains the ashes of the *grate*.
- 6. Because it runs over sleepers.

ANAGRAMS.

- 1. Got as a dine. 7. I hire parsons.
- 2. Rare, mad, frolic. 8. May I repent.
- 3. Into my arm. 9. To love ruin.
- 4. There we sat. 10. Great helps.
- 5. No more stars. 11. Sly wars.
- 6. Neat leg. 12. Queer as mad.

PROBLEMS.

- 1. We delay the solution of this problem another week, as no attempt to solve it seems to have been made, by our readers, up to the present.
- 2. A quarter of an acre contains 1210 yards. If the roller had been 3 feet wide, it would have to be drawn only 1210 yards to finish the work; but it is only 2 1/2 feet wide, therefore the gardener must draw it

$$1210 \times \frac{3}{2.5} = 1452 \text{ yards.}$$

At the rate of 2 miles an hour, he will draw the roller
1452 yards in

$$\frac{1452}{2} = 726 \text{ minutes.}$$

3. One man will do one-third, and one woman one-fourth of the work in 60 days; consequently they will do $\frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{4} = \frac{7}{12}$ of the work.

Hence, as $\frac{7}{12} : 60 : : 1 : x$; days, the time required.

4. Here $23400 \times 11 =$ units of work done per minute by the descent of the water.

Therefore, $23400 \times 11 \times 6 =$ effective work done

$$\text{And } \frac{23400 \times 11 \times 6}{8300} = 4.48 = \text{H. P. required.}$$

The following answers have been received:—

Riddles.—All H. T.; John W.; 2nd and 6th W. C.; 1st John Ford.

Enigma.—H. T.; W. O.

Conundrums.—All H. T.; Alfred C.; 2nd and 6th W. W.

Anagrams.—W. W.; W. N. G.; W. O.

Problems.—2nd and 3rd Student; A. H. R.; 2nd Doubtful. R. N. and W. O. will see that their solutions do not agree.

A NICH LOKA.—A London lady, corresponding with her country cousins through the medium of the press, mentions a novel, beautiful, and withal inexpensive ornament for the dinner table. She says:—"Talking of dinners, let me tell you of a new idea. I was present at a very *recherché* entertainment the other day, where I saw the following arrangement for the centre of the table. There was a large square block of ice, weighing, I should say, at least twenty-five pounds, which was placed on glass castors, in a dish or trough of some kind; the dish was rendered quite invisible by being entirely filled with moss, into which soaked the water which melted from the ice. Delicate ferns fringed the edge, and bright-coloured flowers were imbedded in the moss, the foliage reaching above the lower edge of the ice. The object of raising the block on castors is to prevent the water from accelerating the melting of the mass. Over the iceberg there were two arches, prettily arranged, crossing each other; they were, apparently of cane, and were bound round by garlands of flowers. The effect was enchanting. The atmosphere was delightfully cooled; the flowers were kept fresh; and the sight of this translucent mass was far prettier than the most costly centre-pieces of gold or silver plate. I believe I am right in stating that this novel idea first made its appearance at Orleans House, Twickenham. It can be so readily adopted, that I felt you would be glad of the suggestion."

BLACKSMITHS VERSUS MASON.—The doctors of Alexandria may be the most capable men, but still they are curious in their style of exhibiting it. Recently, during the outburst of cholera, they were rather at a loss to know how to treat the disorder, which has sometimes baffled the ingenuity of the practitioners of other places. A young man brought up in Paris, and who had attended the course of the most celebrated Parisian doctors, had been taught by the great ones of that city that observation should guide the physician, and therefore followed the principle out thus:—He was called in to see a blacksmith, who had all the sufferings according to rule. He was prescribed for, consequently, according to the strict principles of art. The next day the physician called, and naturally expected to find his patient dead. Not a bit of it—he was working away at his forge, and the physician learnt that, instead of tasting the medicine, the blacksmith had had a good dish of haricot beans cooked with red wine, and two bottles to follow, to wash down the beans, which had completely cured him. The physician thought of the advice of his French professors, that observation should guide the physician, and thought he had discovered a perfect cure for the cholera; therefore, the next day, he ordered the beans and red wine to a mason who had been attacked. But the mason died, upon which the observer made the following memorandum in the journals of the place:—"Haricot beans and red wine are excellent for curing the cholera in blacksmiths, but kill masons."

MARS.—The first regular map on record was one of brass or copper, made for Cleomenes, King of Sparte, just before his setting out on his expedition to attack the Persian empire. There exists several evidences that the Athenians were well acquainted with the use of maps. Roman generals, after a victory, were in the habit of showing to the people on their return a painting or map of the country they had conquered. Maps and charts were introduced into England about 1489 by Bartholomew, the brother of Christopher Columbus, who was detained for some time in England by Henry VII., and procured a maintenance by making and selling them.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A SELF-EXTINGUISHING lamp is used at the Earl of Londale's cellaries at Whitehaven, an contrived so as to become extinguished by the act of opening, in order to prevent the miner from converting his lamp into a naked light, as is not unfrequently done with the common locked lamp by men who have obtained possession of private keys. Externally it represents a common Davy lamp, but the lower ring or cap of the cage is unusually deep.

DIARRHŒA.—A correspondent has sent us the following recipe for this complaint, and states that it has never been known to fail:—A quarter of an ounce each of powdered rhubarb, ginger, magnesia, and camomile flowers. A teaspoonful to be mixed in a wine-glass with a little spirit, any that may be preferred, and filled up with cold water. If one dose has not the desired effect, it should be repeated in two or three hours. This medicine does not immediately stop the complaint, but gradually carries it off.

COLOURED STARCH.—The latest and greatest novelty of the season is coloured starch. It is made in pink, buff, the new mauve, and a delicate green, and blue will soon be produced. Any articles of cloth with the new preparation is completely coloured—dyed we should have said, but as it washes out, and the garment that was pluk to-day may be green to-morrow, and buff afterwards, we can hardly say "dyed." It is intended especially for those bright but treacherously coloured muslins that are costly, wash out, and perplex their owners. If the pattern has been mauve, they only need the mauve starch; if green, green starch; and they can be rendered one even and pretty shade, thus becoming not only wearable again, but very stylish. White anti-Macassars or lace curtains may also be coloured in the same way, and infinite variety afforded.

LEAD IN WATER.—A ready test for lead in water consists in taking two tumblers and filling one with water which is known not to have been in contact with lead; the other being filled with the suspected water. Dissolve in each about as much bichromate of potash as will stand on a grain. By daylight the water in each tumbler will be of the colour of pale saffron and water. Cover the tumblers so as to keep out dust, and let them stand in a warm place in a room with a fire in it for twenty-four hours. If the suspected water be free from lead, it will still have the same colour as the other; but if there be lead in the water it will have a more or less opalescent tint, as if a drop or more of milk had been put into it. If there be a great quantity of lead in the water, a very light film of lead will be deposited on the glass.

A NEW form of dissecting microscope has been devised by Dr. Henry Lawson. The *stages* of Dr. Lawson's instrument consists of an oblong trough of gutta serena, in which small animals intended for dissection can be pinned under water. In the centre of this trough is inserted a small disk of glass, through which, from a mirror placed below the stage, a spot of light can be thrown upon transparent structures. Two arm-rests draw out on each side of the microscope, on which the wrists can be placed when the observer is at work; the upper and front portions of the case unfold upon the table, and display a series of scalpels, needles, scissors, &c., necessary for the dissection of animal tissues. Its magnifying power is low, but this is more than compensated for by the relief which is given to the object under view, and the large amount of penetration which the glasses possess. The *anaglyphs* are fitted to a sliding adjustment. Dr. Lawson finds that when both eyes are employed, and the object well-illuminated, very small parts can be dissected with a slight amplifying power. The instrument is excellently adapted to the average wants of students and amateur preparers of microscopic objects, and would also do well for botanical investigations.

FROM the pages of a contemporary we learn some interesting statistics concerning telegraph cables. It appears that in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia, there are fifty-two submarine cables, whose aggregate length is 5,625 miles, and whose insulated wires measure 9,783 miles. The longest of these is 1,520 fathoms, and the shortest 1 1/2 fathoms deep. There are 95 submarine cables in the United States and the British North American Colonies, which measure *from east to west* 96 miles, and their insulated wires 133 miles. The overland telegraph line between New York, Asia, and Russia, will measure 20,470 miles long, and of this length 12,740 miles are already completed. It has been determined that this line shall cross from America to Asia at the Southern part of Norton Sound, on the American side, to St. Lawrence Island, and thence to Cape Thaddeus, on the Asiatic Continent. Two submarine cables will be required for this, one 185 miles, and the other 250 miles long. Cape Thaddeus is 1,700 miles distant from the mouth of the Amoor river.

PRESERVATION OF TIMBER.—An orthopedic surgeon at Antwerp, named Howard, has invented a new method of injecting into timber preservative solutions or dyes. It is based on the well-known principle that all porous bodies dilated by heat, have the property of absorbing—as plants do during the night—liquids, according as they are contracted by cold. The timber is heated to a high degree by means of steam or boiling water, which deprives it of its vegetable juices and resins, and is then immediately plunged into a cold solution or dye, which it absorbs so completely as very soon to sink to the bottom of the vessel. The process is very rapid, two hours sufficing for the largest railway sleepers, and from five to fifteen minutes for palisades, planks, &c. When it is considered that the present method of timber injecting, imperfect as they are, require a great amount of patience and loss of time, besides the expensive apparatus for exhausting and condensing, M. Howard's method, indicated by a simple process in nature, seems worthy of being put in practice on a large scale.

THE SATURDAY READER.

Vol. I.—No. 6.

FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 14, 1865.

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Continued from week to week, the *NEW STORY*,
"HALF A MILLION OF HONEY,"
written by the author of "Barbara's History" for
All the Year Round, edited by CHARLES DICKENS.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

ANY person getting up a Club of five will be entitled to a free copy of the *READER*, during the existence of the Club; and if a yearly Club of ten, to a free copy of the paper, and a handsomely bound copy (two volumes) of Garneau's *History of Canada*, which is published at \$3.00 by R. Worthington, Publisher and Bookseller, next door to Post Office, Montreal.

MEXICO—FRANCE—THE UNITED STATES.

(SECOND ARTICLE.)

IT is difficult to arrive at anything like a correct estimate of the population of Mexico, but it is probably between eight and nine millions. Of these something over a million and a half are of unmixed European origin; while the remainder consist of pure Indians and half-breeds of almost countless varieties, from the descendant of the Conquistador and his aboriginal bride, with the smallest possible tincture of red blood in his veins, to the progeny of the Indian and the Negro. If Mexico were conquered by the United States, the restless population of the Union, from Maine to the Rio Grande, would pour into the country in greater or less numbers, according to circumstances, joined by detachments from endless reinforcements of immigrants from Europe. The superior race would assume and maintain an ascendancy over the mongrel breed, of which, as we have stated, the Mexican population chiefly consists; and among the results would be the gradual extinction of the latter, who, in the meantime, would be subjugated to a condition that would be one of slavery in all but the name, and worse than even slavery in many respects. The fate of these unhappy people would be the same as that of the Indians of the islands and the continent under the old Spanish rule;

the causes and the mode of their operations would be different, but the result would be alike in both instances. Nor would the natives suffer alone; the invading hosts would not escape unscathed from the ordeal. The deteriorating effects of the admixture of races, joined to the influence of climate, would, by a process of steady decline, lower them physically and intellectually in the scale of humanity, in accordance with the universal law of nature, of which we have had so many examples in the history of mankind. The men of the North and the West deteriorate as they advance, by conquest or otherwise, in a southern or eastern direction, as witness the Persians and the Greeks in Asia; the Moguls and the English in China and India; and the Spaniards in South America, although their Gothic blood was so largely mingled with that of the Arabs. We may mention, by the way, in connection with this part of the subject, that, as an able American writer points out in a recent work, the fact of the people of China and other Asiatic countries being destined to find their way to the Atlantic shores of this continent, as they have already to California, will prove another disturbing element in the admixture of races. Again, if Mexico be annexed by the United States, it will be with them as with the English in Hindustan. Annexation will follow annexation, until the Republic will absorb all that was once Spanish America, with the contamination of its abject races. With them, as with England too, this will become a necessity, if it should cease to be an object of desire, or a deliberate policy. These are some of the reasons which induce us to believe that the Americans would not act wisely in seeking to extend their territory in a southern direction. The deterioration of race, by admixture with inferior blood, and from the effects of climate, arises from natural causes over which human laws can exercise little or no control. In a contest between man and nature, the victory, in the end, always remains with nature.

There is another consideration which ought to have the utmost weight with the American Government and people in deterring them from interference in the affairs of Mexico, and from casting impediments in the way of letting the Empire have a fair trial. While Americans boast of the success of democratic institutions in their own country, the enemies of the system have always pointed the finger of scorn at its operation in Mexico and the other South American Republics. Ought they to wish that this standing reproach should continue? On the contrary, would it not be more for their interest, more in the interest of the institutions they so dearly love, that the ridiculous scarecrow should doff its Republican rags and assume some costume which might cover its nakedness and shame? One blot on American institutions has been erased by the extinction of slavery; the extinction of the spurious South American Republics, if not an equal benefit, would at least serve to

moderate the unbelief of the sceptic and the laughter of the scorner. In France, it is said that the Emperor Bonaparte, with his Marquis of Marmalade and his Count of Lemonade, or some such titles, tended in no small degree to bring monarchy into disrepute at an important crisis in Europe.

A war against Maximilian means war with France. We need not dwell on the calamities that would spring from such a contest to both countries, in the injuries to their commerce, were that the sole consideration. The United States would have a manifest advantage in being able to reach the battle ground of Mexico without having to cross the ocean; but, even on this side of the Atlantic, France is not an enemy to be despised. She is the greatest naval power in Europe, next to England; and her army, for numbers, bravery, discipline, and equipment combined, is unequalled in the world. Her officers are renowned for their talents, knowledge of their professions, and the fertility of their resources. The Gallic eagle is strong of wing and has sharp talons. But it would be unprofitable to speculate further on this branch of the subject. Would England be drawn into the quarrel? Not if she could help it. But she might not choose to accept the favour conceded by Polyphemus to Ulysses, that, namely, of being the last to be eaten.

We imagine that, for the present at least, the American Government would not willingly undertake a war for the conquest of Mexico, or to drive the French and Maximilian thence. But it may be forced on them. The people of the United States are thorough believers in the Monroe doctrine as part and parcel of the still more favourite dogma of Manifest Destiny. It was doubtless in obedience to the popular sentiment that General Sheridan was sent to the Mexican frontier at the head of a large force. The language attributed to General Grant, and which several other American Generals certainly did utter, must find a response in the bosoms of the immense masses of men whom they lately commanded in the field, or it had never been spoken. French and American armies are confronting each other across a narrow stream; and accident or intrigue may at any moment bring on a collision. The Mexican people and their chiefs have been reared and educated in revolution; insurrection is the business of their lives, and they cannot easily settle down to any fixed occupation. To hope, then, an early pacification of that country would be vain. There may be temporary truces between parties, but not, we fear, a lasting peace for years to come. For these and other reasons there is danger that the United States may drift or rush into a second Mexican war. But, aside from this, the position assumed by the American Government towards the Government of Maximilian is highly detrimental to the interests of Mexico. The refusal or delay to acknowledge the Empire; the army on the Rio Grande; the threats of generals fresh from the

conquest of the South, and of politicians known to be in the confidence of the Executive,—all these are calculated to perplex the councils of Mexico, to keep the country in a state of continual alarm, to encourage the factions which have so long distracted it, and to retard the progress and improvement which peace and repose could not fail to produce in a land so prodigally endowed with all the elements of material prosperity. The United States would play a nobler part, a part more worthy of a great nation, by acting frankly in this matter. The course now pursued towards Mexico is only less reprehensible than active hostility would be.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

ON Monday morning, 27th March, 1865, three weeks after leaving Canada, I managed to reach the chief city of the Confederacy, though not without much trouble, and after many vexatious delays. Nine long weary days, each bringing its fresh disappointments, sneaking and dodging about the Lower Potomac, suspicious of every new face, and anxiously watching the movements of the Federal cavalry picquets, were not very agreeable to an Englishman and a soldier, usually accustomed to fair questions and plain speaking. Most of my letters of introduction were to officers just then round Petersburg, but there were many kind civilian friends in Richmond who received me most cordially; and who alas, with myself, little dreamt of the tremendous change so soon to take place. Matters were then very far from promising for the South, but still the people were cheerful, and as determined and confident as ever of the ultimate triumph of their cause. As there was heavy fighting going on round Petersburg, I left Richmond on the 30th, by the afternoon train which was crowded with soldiers. Owing to the miserable state of the line, and condition of the rolling stock, we were more than two hours going twenty-two miles, or rather nineteen, as we were obliged to drive three miles into town; the enemy being able to shell any trains, either entering or leaving the city. Petersburg bore a marked contrast to Richmond, where, beyond the presence in the streets of an unusual number of officers and soldiers of all ranks and branches of the service, the absence of ordinary every day luxuries, together with the exorbitantly high prices, and general neglected appearance of the town, there was not much to remind you of the fact of your being in a besieged city.

But here it was very different. Many houses showed the marks of shot and shell, one street in particular near the river, where hardly a building had escaped. There were not either so many soldiers about, all being down at the front, where not a man could be spared. At the commencement of the siege, I am told, the enemy used to shell the city almost daily, but, becoming tired of that, confined their attention to that gallant little army which so long and so nobly confronted them. In the evening, as I strolled out towards the suburbs, smoking my pipe, after a very indifferent meal at the hotel, the continued dropping fire of the picket lines of both armies, was distinctly heard, whilst every now and then the hoarse scream of one of Grant's engines, together with the angry roar of a heavy gun, would remind you of the presence of an indefatigable and relentless foe.

Next morning, I walked out about three miles to General Lee's headquarters. Not a horse was to be obtained at any price, and being ignorant of the road, my destination was not reached till past 12 o'clock. The General was unfortunately away on the right, about six miles off, and I had not again an opportunity of meeting the illustrious soldier who had caused ministers at Washington, and the shoddies of New York to tremble, and whose name throughout this long and bitter strife has commanded the respect and admiration of the world. Nothing struck me so much as the extraordinary veneration I heard everywhere

in Virginia at the mere mention of General Lee's name; whilst no one was more alive to the chivalrous nature of his character, and his great professional talents than the Federal troops themselves. Probably no man in this practical matter of feet 19th century, ever won the hearts of the people more thoroughly than Robert E. Lee. Colonel Charles Marshall, his aid-de-camp, to whom I had a letter, talked for a long time, and very freely, kindly gave me an order to cross the river at pleasure, and a letter to General Gordon commanding the left defence.

Little did we imagine at the time, that in two days that pretty little wayside house would be in possession of the enemy, and burned to the ground.

About 10 o'clock next day, I rode down to the front in company with two of General Gordon's staff, and, leaving our horses in charge of an orderly near the first parallel, walked along the covered way to the trenches. It was a lovely spring day, and the men of both armies had, by mutual consent, knocked off the usual picket firing, the skirmishers being outside their rifle pits, basking in the sun, smoking, talking, and cracking jokes in many places not more than thirty or forty yards apart. At the crater, the scene of Grant's great explosion, in July, 1864, we did not like to show our heads above the parapet, but, everywhere else, walked about with the greatest confidence. The appearance of a stranger dressed in a plain English suit of clothes, and wide-awake hat, attracted a good deal of attention, and provoked many remarks as we passed along the lines. The reader may judge of the discipline, when, although with two officers, I was frequently told to "come out of that hat," or some garment, which suited either the fancy or want of the speaker.

Having very little knowledge of fortifications, I am not prepared to pass any opinion on the works, which, although of vast extent, did not appear very strong, and could not compare with the Federal works immediately opposite, which I afterwards visited; the Southern generals not having the same labour to expend on them which the North could always command. The men all lived under bomb proofs, and the corps, to whom were entrusted the left defence, was mainly composed of Stonewall Jackson's famous old division.* They were all fine, tall, able-bodied fellows, in physique resembling some of our best battalions of the guards; but all were badly clothed, many of them literally without shirts to their backs. Their daily rations had not for some time past, exceeded three-quarters of a pound of bacon, and a pound of flour or biscuit, and the poor fellows all bore a hungry, ill-fed, wasted appearance. The Southern soldier has a great objection to carry anything beyond his rifle, ammunition, blanket, and water-can, and would be much astonished at the elaborate kits in possession of our men. It was curious to observe, in spite of their general dirty and ragged appearance, that many of them kept tooth-brushes run through the button-hole of their jackets. The constant chewing of tobacco may perhaps necessitate this little piece of refinement, but the presence of a large number of gentlemen in the ranks must also be remembered. I was surprised not to see more than two bayonets the whole day, beyond a few which were used as tent-pegs! and heard that the men did not like them, always clubbing their muskets at close quarters.

The Yankees, they said, always had them, but never cared to use them; and a Federal officer of high rank, and great reputation, † afterwards told me that he only remembered two instances in which bayonets were crossed during the whole war. There were only three heavy guns that I remember in the whole left defence, a Columbiad, and two large rifled howitzers, which bore the mark U.S. on them; the remainder were Parrott and Napoleon 12-pounders, most of which were also captured from the enemy, very few having the mark of the Richmond arsenal. It acema difficult to account for the very large number of Enfield rifles now in possession of the Southern army, with the English government mark "Tower, 1863," on the lockplate. I was told

* This only applies to the left defence.

† Major General Warren late Commanding 6th Corps Army of the Potomac.

that they were brought over through the blockade, and afterwards I saw many more similarly marked in the hands of the Federal troops. The weakness of the Confederate army, in comparison to the enormous extent of their works, may be readily understood, when in many places along the lines, the men were as much as nine or ten yards apart.

Everything remained perfectly quiet on our leaving the trenches. Late that afternoon, perhaps at ten p.m. the usual picket firing was commenced, and at midnight sleep became impossible from the loud and continual roar of artillery. Never having board an angry shot before reaching Petersburg, as I laid in bed listening to the hideous roar of that last night's fighting, a most distressing state of nervous irritation seized me, which soon became intolerable. After watching the shells, from the roof of the hotel for some time, I contrived to find my way through the dark with some little trouble to the front. Shot, shell and bullets dropping all round made it particularly unpleasant for one who had never been under fire before, and I was glad enough to reach the first parallel about 3.30 a.m. The flickering light from the rapid discharge of musketry, the deep roar of heavy guns, with shells bursting in every direction, together with the yelling and cheering of both sides, made a magnificent spectacle not easily forgotten. At day-break on that eventful morning, the position of affairs on the left defence, stood thus: The enemy had succeeded in establishing themselves in Fort Mahone, a strong Confederate work fronting Fort Haskell on the right attack. They had also, issuing from Fort Steadman, penetrated the Southern lines, from which, however, they were speedily driven back. Away on the right some considerable distance off, they had broken completely through the works, carrying everything before them by sheer weight of numbers. Here it was that the heaviest fighting took place, and the loss of life on both sides was very great. On the left although the fighting was very severe, there were not so many killed or wounded, though most of the men were hit either in the head or shoulders, as is usually the case, when fighting behind breastworks. General Lee, seeing the critical state of affairs, and having lost possession of the south side railroad, on which he mainly depended for supplies, at once determined on evacuation, telegraphing to President Davis at Richmond that he could no longer hold his position, and ordering the tobacco, in Petersburg some 7000 or 8000 hogsheads, to be burned. Between nine and ten a.m., as you looked back toward the city, two huge columns of smoke might be seen going slowly upwards forming a thick black cloud, which hung like a pall over the doomed city. We, on the left, being ignorant of how matters were going on elsewhere, and holding our own well, in despite of the loss of Fort Mahone, never once thought of the real cause of the conflagration, or dreamed that the early grey of the following morn would show the stars and stripes floating from every tower and steeple in Petersburg. About an hour afterwards, some 200 men,—North Carolinians I think they were,—started up from the trench, and springing over the breastwork with a yell, charged into Fort Mahone, leaving me behind, watching them from the parapet, with some few killed and wounded lying about. Now a charge in battle, according to the usual orthodox way of thinking, is generally supposed to be a very terrible and magnificent sight; but this resembled nothing more than the hurried scramble of a crowd across a ploughed field, such as may be seen at any fair or steeple chase meeting in England. The ground, which was very broken, was thickly covered with stumps, and at least 400 yards of open space had to be crossed before the Fort could be reached, where, after a few minutes' suspense and much shouting, yelling, and cursing on both sides, a dark mass of Yankees were seen to run hurriedly to the rear, wheeling round suddenly like a flock of sheep till scattered by a few well directed volleys of grape and canister. This charge, however, only resulted in the capture of a portion of the out-works. Towards noon the fighting became desultory, both sides becoming weary with the last nine hours' slaughter. As I returned home,

sick at heart with all that ghastly scene beyond, yet full of admiration at the gallant way in which the exhausted garrison had held their own, I was thunderstruck on hearing from a commissariat officer, a noble fellow from Donegal, that both Petersburg and Richmond would be evacuated that night. Oh it was not true, it was only an idle rumour unworthy of a moment's consideration; it could not be, and yet, when a merchant of the town, walked quietly up to where the tobacco warehouses formerly stood, and calmly pointing to the smouldering ashes, told me, "Every cent, John, in the world is there," then and there only did the grim naked truth flash upon me in all its stern reality, and my heart bled for the unhappy people who had borne up so long and suffered so much, all to so little purpose. General Lee's own daughter had only left the city the evening before to spend Sunday with her father at headquarters, but returned home to Richmond early next morning, only to meet the gallant old soldier again, a paroled prisoner in the very stronghold he had so long and so skillfully defended.

At dusk, the men detailed to cook two days' rations in advance, began to pass quietly out of the city, to the opposite side of the river, and following them, slowly but surely, came the ambulances, waggons, and field guns, which the half starved horses seemed scarce able to drag after them. All through that fearful night, the gallant fellows passed silently and sorrowfully through the devoted city, nothing being audible, save the melancholy tramp of the departing hosts, which grated on your ear, with a peculiarly mournful sound. Many an earnest prayer was breathed for their speedy return, and for a merciful protection on the morrow. Who can describe the long drawn agony of that bitter, bitter night? Several homes both in Petersburg and Richmond were occupied solely by ladies and young children, who were entirely dependent on the faithfulness of their negro servants. Many have men left behind them, fair young girls, the very pride of Virginia, and more still aged parents, or, as I remember well in one case, a loving trusting wife, with a babe only three days old. It was with intense satisfaction that I shook hands with the gallant fellow, a fortnight afterwards, on his return, safe and sound, to his sick wife's side, a paroled prisoner, one of the bravest and best known men in the army of Northern Virginia. It was painful in the extreme, as you passed through the terror-stricken town that night, to be timidly yet half-confidingly asked, "Have you any news?" or "When may we expect the enemy?" and then hurriedly and fearfully, "Are you going too?"—"Thank God, there will be some one left with us yet," as with a few words of comfort, you would pass on, only to have the same dismal questions repeated, and to try and reassure some one more miserable and frightened than the last. Was it possible that after four years' fighting, with so much suffering and such awful loss of life, that those two cities with all their women and children should be calmly and quietly abandoned to the enemy? and some began to ask, "Is there a God upon earth?" In every house a dim light would be seen faintly burning in some lower room, where the frightened occupants might be found stricken almost dumb with grief and woe, silently huddled together for mutual comfort and protection, painfully remembering the past, fearfully and bitterly regarding the future. And yet, how bravely they bore that dreadful reverse, which all knew, though none cared to acknowledge, to be the death-blow to the Confederacy. There will be no brighter page in the history of the world, than that which records the extraordinary courage and devotion shewn by the Southern women throughout this desperate and protracted struggle. At 2.30 a.m., the rear guard passed the river, and the bridges were immediately burned, throwing a dull livid glare over a portion of the city, and attracting a few miserable negroes, who, though much frightened, were pleased with the novelty of the same, and who had vague ideas that the following morning would find them abundance of food and clothing, together with a life of ease and indolence for the remainder of their days. For the next two hours a ghastly stillness reigned over the city,

only relieved by the crackling and hissing of the burning bridges across the Appomattox; but at day-break the enemy's skirmishers reached the suburbs, and at 4.45 a.m., Petersburg was in possession of the Federal troops. They entered quietly enough, being fearful of being surprised, and expecting to have every inch of their way contested: but on reaching the centre of the city, and finding it everywhere abandoned, their pride and satisfaction could no longer be contained, as, with tremendous cheering and waving of flags, they galloped along the streets, bands playing, men shouting, cheering, and shaking each other by the hand, all talking, as if they had just marched through Europe, and whipped all creation. Every person found in the streets was immediately arrested, and as I gazed down upon all this, a prisoner from the roof of the Post Office, my mind involuntarily reverted to the suffering army, that had so lately passed away, and to the many thousand dead lying unburied in every direction round the city. Shortly afterwards, on being released by the Provost Marshal, I returned home to my friends, and found the house, over which we had been keeping watch and ward all night, one of the finest private residences in the city, in charge of a Corporal's guard, and decorated with a huge Union flag. Mr. Lincoln, General Grant, and Admiral Porter arrived in the city about twelve o'clock, but only remained a short time. The same evening, with true Yankee energy and enterprise, a well printed newspaper appeared under the title of "Grant's Petersburg Progress," containing the latest New York telegrams, with a few scanty particulars of the evacuation, and the names of the first men, of the first regiment, of the first brigade, division and corps that entered the city. Next morning, railway communication from City Point to the town was opened throughout, and a complete network of telegraph wires ran through the streets, as if they had been just dropped, posts and all, from the clouds. Five terrible days of cruel suffering, borne with a calm heroism, that rivalled the best days of antiquity, and the surrender of the army of Northern Virginia took place. Their pitiable condition is best told in the following touching appeal from General Lee to the country people, for food and supplies, written the day after the evacuation:

AMELIA CURR HONES,
4th April, 1865.

To the citizens of Amelia Co., etc.

The army of Northern Virginia has arrived here to-day, expecting to find plenty of provisions, which had been ordered to be placed here by railroad several days since. But to my great surprise and regret I find not a pound of subsistence for man or horse. I must therefore appeal to your generosity and charity, to supply as far as each one is able, the wants of the brave soldiers, who have battled for your liberties for four years.

We require meat, beef, cattle, sheep, hogs, flour, meal, corn, and provender in any quantities that can be spared. The quarter-masters and commissaries of the army will visit you, and make arrangements to pay for what they receive, or give the proper vouchers or certificates. I feel assured that all will give to the extent of their means.

Very respectfully,
R. E. LEE, General.

The Federal troops, contrary to their usual custom, behaved both in Richmond and Petersburg with extraordinary moderation, shewing themselves to be thoroughly under control; and if they did brag a good deal and indulge in some rather wild notions about the Monroe doctrine, it must be remembered that "they are an Almighty grent nation," and that they always acknowledged the skill and gallantry of their enemy. Our own army, with all its magnificent discipline, could not have behaved better than did the Federal troops in Richmond and Petersburg. In conclusion, the world will probably never know the terrible straits to which a brave and generous people were reduced by the cruel fortune of war. Shut out from the remainder of mankind, for four long years they maintained a desperate struggle, fighting it out to the bitter

end, with a gallantry, intrepidity, and chivalry, almost unparalleled in the history of the world.

As OFFICER OF THE LISA,
Toronto, O. W., 29th Sep., 1865.

CATCHING THE WILD HORSE.

THE following interesting account of an attempt to snare a wild horse on the prairie, is taken from the "Backwoodsman," a very excellent book of its class, which we will take occasion to review in detail in a future issue.

"While still some distance off, I noticed to the side of the wood on the knoll a dark patch, which I recognized through my glass as horses, but could not make certain whether it was our stallion's family. We approached slowly, and from every new height distinguished more clearly the shape of the animals. I had no doubt about it being the troop we were in search of, although I could not yet notice the stallion. A broad valley still lay between us when we halted; and I saw through my glass the snow-white creature rise from the grass and look across at us, while many horses of the troop still lay on the ground around him. We rode down into the valley; the stallion stood motionless and gazed at us, but when we reached the bottom, he suddenly trotted about among his troop. All the horses lying on the grass leapt up, looked at us, formed into a body, and dashed at a gallop over the heights.

"Antonio now sprang into Fancy's saddle, gave his mule to our companion, took the lasso in his right hand, and only waited for my signal to give his horse her head. The stallion came towards us at a swinging trot, while we moved forward at a fast pace, and bent low over our horses' necks. A finer picture could not be painted. He carried his small head high; long white locks floated over his broad forehead, and his long mane danced up and down at every step, while he raised his tail straight out, and its long curling milk-white hairs fluttered in the breeze. His broad back glistened as if carved out of Carrara marble; and his powerful shoulders and thighs were supported on graceful little feet.

"I rode behind Antonio. The stallion was not fifty yards from us when I shouted to the Mexican, "Forward!" and Fancy flew at such a pace towards the stallion that she came within five yards of him ere he recovered from his terror. The moment for his fate to be decided had arrived. He turned round, and made an enormous leap ahead, that showed me the fist of his hindhoofs, while he held his head aside, and looked back after his pursuer. The lasso flew through the air, the noose fell over the stallion's head, but it hung on one side of his muzzle; and the next instant the lasso was trailing on the ground behind Fancy. The stallion seemed to know that it was a fetter which had touched him, for he shot away from the man like lightning. Antonio coiled up the lasso again, and followed him over hill and vale, over grass and boulders, at full gallop, just as the tornado darts from the mountain into the plain. Czár was beside himself at the idea of being last; but I purposely held him back, partly not to excite the mare, partly to save his strength. There was still a hope that the stallion, living as he did on grass, would not keep his wind so long as our homes; and, though he was now several hundred yards ahead, we might be able to catch him up. Up to this point, however, we had not gained an inch upon him; and our horses were covered with foam, though both still in good wind.

"We had been following the stallion for about two hours when he turned off to the mountains, and flew up them with undiminished speed. The ground now became very stony and unsafe; but he seemed to be as much at home on it as on the soft grass-land he had just left. He reached the summit between two steep mountains, and disappeared from our sight behind them. We dashed past the spot where we had seen him last; but the noble creature had reached the steep wall

* The Backwoodsman, by Sir C. F. Lascelles Wrayall, Bart., with illustrations by Louis Gerard. Boston: J. O. H. P. Barnham. Montreal: R. Worthington.

on the other side of the valley when we dashed down into it.

"I saw plainly that he had a difficulty in keeping at a gallop on this steep incline. We gained a deal of ground down hill and through the grassy valley, and reached the wall before the stallion was at the top of it. Full of hope, I could no longer remain in the background. Digging both spurs into Czar, I flew on, past Fancy, and reached the summit to find the stallion trotting scarce fifty yards ahead of me. Fancy was close behind me; and I shouted to Antonio to follow me. But my cry seemed to have poured fresh strength through the brave fugitive's veins; for he dashed down into the valley, leaving behind the white foam with which he was covered, at every bound he made on the rocky ground. Once again I drew nearer, and was only forty yards from him when I saw ahead of us a yawning canon, out of which the gigantic dry arms of dead cypresses emerged. Here the stallion must turn back, and fall our prey while ascending the hill again.

"But he went straight towards the abyss: it was not possible,—he could not leap. I remained behind him, and, in my terror for the noble creature's life, held my breath. One more bound, and he reached the canon; and with the strength of a lion, and that desperation which only the threatened loss of liberty can arouse, he drew himself together and leapt high in the air across the gap, which was more than forty feet wide.

"I turned Czar round towards the hill, and kept my eyes away from the fearful sight, so that I might not see the end of the tragedy; but Antonio uttered a cry, and I heard the word "over." I looked round, and saw the stallion rising on his hind-legs upon the opposite deeper bank; and after a glance at us, he trotted off quite sound down the ravine, and disappeared behind the nearest rock.

"We stopped, leapt from our horses, and looked at each other for a long time in silence; then I solemnly vowed never to make another attempt to deprive this princely animal of liberty. Our horses were in a very excited condition; the water poured down them in streams, and the play of their lungs was so violent that they tottered on their legs. We let them draw breath a little, and then led them slowly back to the mountain-springs, where we intended to give them a rest ere we returned home. In the afternoon, we reached the spot, excessively fatigued, and found there our comrade, who greeted us with a regretful "That was a pity!" and had already spread our dinner on a horse-cloth.

We stopped here till the evening, and then started for the fort, which we reached late at night."

LITERATURE AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

USE all the society that will abet you," is the shrewd advice we meet with in the late published volume of "Letters to Various Persons," by H. D. Morean, the thoughtful and felicitous American prose writer. Taking advantage of this sage counsel, we continue our column of bibliographical notes, by pressing into service the noble guild of letters, the good society of authors and book-men. And in drawing from these desirable sources items of interest for our many readers, we shall the more truly be following the commendable precept we have quoted by, at the same time, using the society of "our gentle readers," who must advantageously abet us with their subscriptions, and for whom a summary of the important current issues of the press, we know, has special attraction.

We proceed, therefore, with our chronicle.

In *Literature* we have, from the pen of Mr. James Hannay, whose able contributions to the *Quarterlies* we so well know, a volume entitled "Characters and Criticisms," consisting of essays on literary and political subjects. Mr. Henry Bradshaw gives us a work of much interest to philological students in his attempt to ascertain the state of Chaucer's works as they were left at his death, with some notices of their subsequent history. "Recollections of Several Years," by Mrs.

Jon. Farrar, generally entertains us with sketches and anecdotes of a circle of the literary notables of last generation, of whom are, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Barbauld, Miss Edgeworth, Joanna Baillie, Crabbe and others. Two volumes of "Essays and Letters," treating of moral and political subjects, appear under the title of "Henry Holbeach, Student in Life and Philosophy." A new edition of Jean Ingelow, "Studies for Stories from Girls Lives," has just been issued. These delightful stories are gems in rare setting, and are distinguished by great purity of conception and by a charming grace and simplicity of presentation. "Seaside Stories" is the title of a new work by Professor Agassiz, which will be sought for eagerly. Of interest to commercial men will be found "Bubbles of Finance," by a city man, a series of clever papers on the many questionable mercantile speculations and enterprises of the day. They are reprinted from "All the Year Round."

A valuable addition to bibliographical literature is announced in "Bibliotheca Americana Vetusissima." This curious work will contain a list and critical account of all the works relating to America published on the European continent, from its discovery by Columbus to the year 1551, a period of some sixty years, rich in publications relating to the new found western world. In "Visible Speech, a New Fact Demonstrated," by A. M. Bell, the reader will find a curious attempt to construct a universal alphabet or means of writing all languages in character, which will be read with uniform pronunciation by natives of all countries.

The lovers of curious books will, we doubt not, be vastly entertained by the perusal of the following work which has just appeared from the press of Mr. Holton, of London, the antiquarian book-publisher. It is entitled "The History of Sign Boards, from the earliest time to the present day, by Jacob Larwood and another old hand." The book abounds with anecdotes of famous taverns, remarkable characters, notices of ancient marts of business, coffee and other old houses, and is illustrated by wood-cuts of old sign boards, the odd information of which will amuse all readers. We shouldn't be surprised if some of the ingenious advertisers of the present day took a leaf out of this book, and herald the commodities of his trade in the style of some of the quaint announcements of those ancient sign-boards. Another piece of humour meets us in the publication of "Vere Vereker's Vengeance, a sensation in several paroxysms, by Monias Hood, idiotically illustrated by William Brunton." Poor, and more questionable, however, is the humour of the following from the American press, "Artemas Ward, his Travels among the Mormons, and Miscellaneous Pieces."

The elder D'Israeli's work on the "Curiosities of Literature" might be largely supplemented in these days, when so much of the curious book-love is indulged in. Certainly the old adage "thinking nurseth thinking" is well exemplified in our time, whether to much profitable purpose, or no, we will not undertake to say. Here we have more of this species of writing, in the "Literature and Curiosities of Dreams," a commonplace book of speculations concerning the mystery of dreams and visions, records of curious and well-authenticated dreams, and notes on the various modes of interpretation adopted in ancient and modern times.

In *History and Travel* we have only to record the appearance of "The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," by J. P. Prendergast, and "a Summer in Bkve," by Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama," &c.

In *Fiction* we can do no more than chronicle the titles of the many claimants for favour in this prolific field. These are, "Sir Jasper's Tenant," by Miss Braddon, "Woman all the World Over," by some one who doubtless thinks it politic to withhold his name; "Royal Favourites," by Sutherland Menzie, "The Staff Surgeon, or Life in England and Canada," and "The Spanish March, or Charles Stuart at Madrid," by W. H. Ainsworth.

In *Poetry* appears a remarkable production, the subject of which is taken from the Greek Drama. It is entitled "Atalanta in Calydon," by Mr. Algernon C. Swinburne. The work abounds in passages of rare power—one of the choruses in

the tragedy we cannot refrain from presenting to our readers. It runs thus:—

"Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fall;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven,
And madness, risen from hell;
Strength, without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

"And the high gods took in hand,
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years:
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with longing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span,
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.
From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife:
They breathed upon his mouth,
They siled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the walls of the soul therein,
A time for labour and thought,
A time to serve and to sin:
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty, and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep."

In this department we have also to notice a two volume pocket edition of the Poems of W. Mackworth Proed, which will delight the admirer of this witty and tender-hearted poet.

G. M. A.

LITERATURE ON THE ATLANTIC.

WHILST millions were watching with intense interest the progress of the Great Eastern in her recent expedition, the little world on board the big ship had many and varied duties to perform.

Literature was not neglected, a lithographer being specially retained on board. His duty was to lithograph and print the previous day's diary of events, as written by Mr. Russell, and copied out by Mr. J. C. Dean. Envelopes addressed to the editors of twenty-five American journals, and to the editors of sixty-five published in England, Scotland, and Ireland, were kept in readiness, and, as each day's news was told off, it was added to the stock already folded for posting. By this means the letters were sent off simultaneously, and without a moment's unnecessary delay. The "Terrible" took the American bag, and would forward it from Newfoundland. A form, showing the number of miles paid out and the number run, was drawn out and signed by Mr. Canning, which was also lithographed and a number struck off, with blank spaces for the figures. This bulletin was issued every day, and posted up in a conspicuous part of the deck, informing all of the position of the ship and the quantity of cable run. Nor was this all; a publication of high literary and artistic pretensions was issued every week from the lithographic press—the Atlantic Telegraph, edited by Mr. Henry O'Neil, A.R.A., and illustrated by Mr. Dudley and the editor, and it is pronounced to be the most highly-finished production ever published at sea. The frontispiece is composed of well-executed portraits of the leading men engaged in the expedition; the Atlantic Telegraph flag, with its combination of Union Jack and stars, floats in the back-ground; the Great Eastern and her guard of honour are in the front, and the whole is enclosed in a neat framework of cable. The sketches are full of humour, especially one by Mr. Dudley, of Cyrus Field taking his turn of duty as watchman in the tank. Under

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Clive's beautiful whiskers and handsome moustaches, Mr. Doyle persists to the end in denying young Newcome's possession of those tokens of manhood.

It is not often that an author is satirical upon his own productions; but Charles Dickens has contrived to be so. Describing the old inns of the Borough, in his *Pickwick Papers*, he says they are queer places, with galleries, passages, and staircases wide enough and antiquated enough "to furnish materials for a hundred ghost-stories, supposing we should ever be reduced to the lamentable necessity of inventing any." How little could Box have anticipated certain charming Christmas books witching the world a few years later! So also, *American Notes*, Mr. Jefferson Brick, and the transatlantic Eden lay unsuspected in the future, when he made Old Weller suggest Mr. Pickwick's absconding to America till Dodson and Fogg were hung, and then returning to his native land and writing "a book about the 'Mc-rikens as 'ill pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enongb!'"

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

COMPILED FROM LES RELATIONS DES JESUITES.

In this way the sloop was completely lightened, and all the troop was divided into three equal bands; fifteen were away with the pilot, as many remained with the English, and the same number went aboard the little vessel; and those last, chose from among the Jesuits, him whom they liked the most, and this was Father Enemond Masse. The sloop was delivered into the hands of La Saussaye, and Père Masse, a Jesuit, whom the English captain highly honoured. The Englishman bestowed some small supply of provisions. But the passengers were in great perplexity as to who should take charge of the sloop; for out of the fifteen persons aboard, there were only two or three mariners, and these had neither chart nor knowledge of the places. But in this extremity, the pilot, who had secreted his people in a place of safety, desirous of knowing what had been the fate of the rest of the troop, disguised himself as a savage, and came to spy out the locality itself. He met with the sloop, which was going away, not knowing whither. The people of the sloop looked upon this meeting as a good omen, and to add to their cause for thankfulness, they succeeded in taking a very fine haul of large craw-fish, and the savages gave them liberally of birds, fishes, and of all they had, with great expression of condolence. The boat of the pilot joined the sloop; they reached the Isle of Menano in company. This island was at the mouth of French Bay, and in order to pass thence to Long Island, it was necessary that they should traverse ten leagues of the high sea—a very troublesome journey, on account of the great tides that rush and boil there; bad weather detained them here eight or nine days. At length they reached Isle Longue, where, in performance of a previous vow, they planted a cross, celebrated mass, and made a procession. On this island they found a good pile of malt which the Sieur de Biencourt had previously left there; and in order to turn it to advantage, they undertook a fishing enterprise, which turned out to be successful. Thus provisioned, they passed to Cape Fourche, in which place they found the Sagamo, Louis Membertou, who gave a grand welcome to Père Masse, and wished to retain him come what would. But Masse excused himself on the necessity of not leaving his company. The savages made for all a *tabagie* of an origin; which did them a great deal of benefit, and on account of it they doubled Cape Sable the more joyously. Being already near Port au Mouton, they saw before them four sloops of savages, who were returning from trading. This was one Roland another Sagamo, who as soon as they recognized Masse, gave half of a broad cake of bread to his companions, and a whole one to himself. This bread seemed like manna to the sufferers, because for three weeks they had eaten none. The savages told them that not far from that place there were two French vessels, the one at Sazambre and the other at Passeléc.

These two ships were from St. Malo; one was about fifty tons only; and the other was of a hundred tons, and was called the Saviour. Each of these two took its half of all the troop, but those of the smaller vessel suffered greatly, for everything failed them, space, provisions, water. They were horribly buffeted by tempests and contrary winds. The misfortune of the new comers was however lucky for this vessel, for she had lost a great many of her people, and she would hardly have succeeded in returning had it not been for meeting with the fugitives, and the reinforcement which they brought. On the larger vessel called the Saviour, things went better; even the sailors were so charitable that of their own free will they put themselves on short allowance of provisions, and quitted many good places in order to accommodate their hosts. Father Enemond Masse was on this vessel, and the pilot did him many acts of kindness. They were knocked about by storms, and witnessed what is called the fire of St. Elmo, or *frères consolants*, which, when they appeared two at a time, were accounted a good sign. Two of these fires appeared for a quarter of an hour on the yards, and very soon afterwards the sudden storms and raging of the sea subsided.

The two ships arrived at St. Malo about the same time, although the Saviour left twelve days later than the other. Father Masse and all the troop were received with kindness and warm welcome by the archbishop, governor, magistrates, merchants, and generally by all.

Let us now return to those whom we left at St. Sauveur. The English had three vessels; their own, which was of a hundred tons; and a sloop of twelve tons, which they also took as a prize, and did not wish to give up, in order to provide for the return of her former owners to their own country. They filled these three vessels with their own people, and divided the French among them. The Sieur de la Motte, Captain Flory, and others, making in all eight persons, were lodged in one vessel, and the remainder of the troop, seven in number, were placed in the captive ship, of which Lieutenant Turnel was made captain. They did not conduct the Jesuits to the Isles of Pencoet, according to promise, but brought them straight to Virginia with the rest of the troop, whom they were elating with high hopes. The French were told that the Marshal of Virginia, who had all authority and jurisdiction, was a great friend of their nation, having obtained all his principal honours through the recommendation of the late Henry the Great, and having been his soldier and pensionary.

The General, the Marshal, and all the principal chiefs of Virginia assembled in council; and it was decided that Captain Argal, with his three vessels should return to New France, pillage and raze all the fortresses and settlements of the French that he should find along the whole coast as far as Cape Breton, that is to say to the 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ degree, because they laid claim to so much of the country: that he should hang La Saussaye, and all those of his people whom he might find living within these limits; also pillage all the vessels he should meet; providing, however, means for individuals to enable them to return to France, in case they made no resistance; and that the prisoners now held should be placed in company with those to whom this kindness was granted.

According to this resolution, Argal, another time, sailed for New France. He was stronger than before, for he had three vessels; but he only took with him the half of the French prisoners. In his own ship were Captain Flory and four others; in that of Lieutenant Turnel, which had been taken from the French, two Jesuits and a boy.

Captain Argal, having destroyed St. Croix, did not know how to shape his course for Port Royal, according to the commission he had received; for he was doubtful of going to such a dangerous coast, without a guide well acquainted with the localities, and from a recent example of Père Biard, he did not dare to expect that any Frenchman would wish to conduct him thither, or honestly inform him as to the situation of the place. For this reason, he set himself about obtaining the services of some savages, and

by dint of exertion succeeded in surprising the Sagamo, a man who knew the country thoroughly. The expedition, guided by this man, reached Port Royal. The English entered the port in full view; and, coming to anchor in sight of the settlement, and more than two leagues distant, if the French had been watchful, they had a fine opportunity either to prepare for battle, or to retire with their effects inland. On account of the tide the English were not before the settlement previous to ten or eleven o'clock the following day. When the English came ashore they found nobody in the Fort, and saw shoes and clothing being scattered around.

The English met with no resistance, and secured a considerable amount of booty. But this booty almost cost Père Biard his life: and in this way,—the English having already wasted a great deal of time in searching for St. Croix, and in entrapping a savage whom they made their guide, Lieutenant Turnel was advised to give up the voyage to Port Royal, and to return as soon as possible to Virginia, because the coast was very dangerous, and the season too far advanced—it was then the end of October—and for all his troubles he would have no recompense, because he could nothing except poverty, at Port Royal. Lieutenant Turnel had heard these reasons from Father Biard, with whom he often took pleasure in conversing, and he considered them as very valid. Now, Captain Argal having had the luck of an easy entrance into Port Royal, and much booty, in the shape of provisions, clothes and utensils, reproached his Lieutenant for the confidence the latter had reposed in the Jesuit, and gave him, on this account, the smaller part of the plunder. The Lieutenant was in great wrath about it, and the more so as he had always had the reputation of a man of intelligence and of good judgment; but now he saw himself deceived, as he thought, by the Jesuit.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN DRESS.

PAST AND PRESENT.

IT seems to be almost the universal opinion that extravagance in dress is altogether a sin of modern times; and some persons will confidently refer to the days, not so very long ago, when all classes of the community dressed in accordance with their means and station in life. We find however that the same trouble has been experienced by our ancestors, and it is curious to refer to the steps they took to remedy it.

So long ago as the reign of Edward the Third (1327) a "Statute of Apparel" was passed, whose object is declared to be the restraint of the "outrageous and excessive apparel of divers people, against their estate and degree." The first clause of the enactment refers to mechanics, and servants of tradesmen. It is evident that previous to the passing of the Act, they were given to extravagances in dress, for they and their wives were here expressly forbidden to wear any silk or embroidery, or gold or silver ornaments; whilst the material of their dress was to be a certain low-priced cloth therein specified; and if they were not possessed of forty shillings in goods or chattels, they were to wear blanket and russet, tied with a linen girdle.

The dress of the yeoman was not to exceed in value forty shillings, and, like the class above mentioned, he was not permitted to use jewels or ornaments of any kind upon any part of his attire.

The tradesman who possessed five hundred pounds (no inconsiderable capital in those days) was allowed to wear silk, with a reasonable amount of silver trimming; and his wife and daughters might decorate themselves with fur; turned up with minever; the same as was allowed to gentlemen and esquires with a hundred pounds a year; so that individual wealth gave them privileges, which their social position, without wealth, could not obtain.

In the next rank we find the knights, who, if possessed of four hundred marks per year, might indulge in any kind of dress they pleased, except *ermine*; whilst their wives and daughters were permitted to decorate their hair with pearls and precious stones.

Such was the general meaning and extent of this "Act of Apparel," but it does not seem to

have been very strictly enforced. Little attention was paid to it, and in a year after its enactment it was repealed.

During the next century fortune smiled upon the humbler classes, and in many instances it was no longer possible to recognize the social position of a person from the style of his dress.

In the reign of Edward the Fourth two Acts of Apparel were passed, the first of them being in the year 1463, exactly one hundred years after the one above mentioned. It was granted in response to a prayer which stated that "the commons of the realm, as well men as women, have worn, and do daily wear excessive and inordinate array." This statute referred to the knight, under the estate of a lord (other than lord's children); the knight bachelor; the esquire and gentleman. In the present legislation, the wealth of the person was taken into account; the esquire and the gentlemen having forty pounds per year, being allowed to indulge in satin or damask, which was forbidden to the less wealthy of the same degree. Special exemptions were made in this Act for mayors, sheriffs and aldermen.

Below the class of esquires and gentlemen were those who had obtained a position by their wealth; and those who had forty pounds of yearly value might rejoice in furs, and their wives in gilt girdles. Furs, fustian and scarlet cloth were forbidden to those who had less than forty shillings yearly.

From the yeoman downwards, none were allowed to have stuffing in their doublets; and lastly, servants in husbandry and artificers were not to use any clothing of which the material cost more than two shillings the broad yard.

Twenty years after the above (1483) the second statute of this reign was passed, and this referred chiefly to the nobility. It prescribed the peculiar kind of cloth of gold which might not be used by any below royal rank; below a duke; below a lord, and so forth. Below the last mentioned degree, the knight only was allowed to wear velvet in his doublet, and cloth of foreign manufacture was expressly forbidden. The old price of cloth for laborers and artisans was again fixed. All other ordinances were repealed; but the impossibility of bringing woman into submission to the law is recognized by the following special clause: "Provided always that the act extend not, nor be prejudicial to or for any woman except the wives of servants and laborers."

The day when Acts of Parliament may interfere with the style or extent of a person's dress are passed away; and it is well that it is so. Still a candid consideration of the matter must shew the evil tendency of the present extravagant system. Of how much embarrassment it has been the cause in the higher circles of society, and of how much vice in the lower, it is impossible to form any adequate idea. Let us hope that the time is not far distant when the increasing good sense of the people, more powerful than Acts of Parliament, will lead to a better appreciation of the object of dress, and to greater moderation therein. Extravagance is perhaps the most prolific of all vices. Never did the great Christian virtue of temperance, in its most catholic sense, need a stronger advocacy than it does to-day.

COMMON SALT.

The use of common salt in healing wounds has some reasonable foundation, though the ancient and barbarous practice of rubbing the salt into a cut or core is, it appears, painful and unnecessary.

From *The Medical Times* we learn that M. Dewandre has proposed a solution of chloride of sodium as a disinfecting agent in the treatment of wounds. The solution he first uses is made with about twenty-five drachms of common salt, and three pints and a-half of water; but after the patient has been accustomed to the use of this for a few days, he easily bears a saturated solution, care being taken that, in applying this, none of the undissolved salt come in contact with the wound. With this solution the suppurating surfaces are kept constantly moist, using syringing or the douches in cases in which these means seem called for. It should not be applied at the early inflammatory stage, but only when the

suppuration has become thoroughly established. Then its effects are most remarkable in combating with great rapidity the sturdiness of bad sores and ulcerations, to the great relief of the patient himself and his neighbours. Another effect is at once produced—viz., the reddening of the black, vitiated, decomposed blood lying amidst the solution of continuity. The coagula which adhere so firmly to the tissues, and are so difficult of separation by mere irrigation without sponging, under the use of the salt water separate readily, leaving a clean reddened surface. The patient is sensible of a sensation of local cold with prickling or itching, and even slight pain, which is very supportable, so that he soon becomes accustomed to the application. The wound is, however, from time to time, syringed with simple water. M. Dewandre has not had a single case of tetanus or hospital gangrene while the salt water has been in use. Patients bear its application for various periods from twenty to forty days, and in exceptional cases even for seventy or eighty days, without any inconvenience manifesting itself.

HAME! HAME!

Hame! Hame! Hame! Oh hame saun would I be!
Oh hame, hame, hame to my ain countree!
For each earthly hope is falling as the leaves when
(Summer's o'er.
Or as gathered flowers that fade to bloom, alas! no
(more.
Cold, cold are many hands that mine have fondly
(pressed.
Mute, mute are many lips my own have oft caressed.
And I linger and I long their shining forms to see,
When they come to sing me hame to my ain countree.
Earth gives but gall for honey to him that deepest
(taste;
Her fairest joys when tasted are as ashes to our lips.
But the sweetness never cloying and the joys that
(never see,
Are where all is true and real in my ain countree.
For this life is not our being, nor is our end the grave,
Beyond I see the city of the King who came to save.
And I rest upon the promise that must ever faithful
(be,
That I soon shall be with Jesus in my ain countree.
Hame, hame, hame, from all sin and sorrow free,
How peaceful is the calm of my ain countree.
Toronto, September.

CHOLERA.

ALTHOUGH we are probably spared the attacks of this terrible disease for the present year, there is an almost universal dread that we shall have to bear the brunt of its ravages next spring and summer. In view of this fact the following extracts from a letter addressed by Mr. David Urquhart to Mr. Bright on the best means of dealing with Asiatic cholera is specially interesting. Mr. Urquhart has a large knowledge of the countries in which cholera is endemic. "Cholera," he says, "is a malady which yields to a certain treatment with great docility. That treatment consists in obtaining abundant transpiration, and in application of external force. By the first (heat), an escape is afforded for the poison (urea), which in this malady does escape, even when unaided by external heat, through the skin; by the second (shampooing so vehement as to extend to blows), the cramp is relieved, breaking the tension of the nerves, and restoring the equilibrium of the circulation. My conclusions as to the certainty of stopping cholera by the Turkish bath were formed on a prior ground. My own life has been saved in a relapse of cholera by the same means, when I had no bath, and to obtain the heat in a subsidiary manner. These few words contain, if you give to them effect, protection from death and relief from suffering for hundreds and thousands of our fellow-creatures. There is, however, a preliminary objection, which cannot fail to be urged, and to it I must supply the answer. If the Turkish bath cures the cholera, how is that it comes to us from Alexandria and Constantino-

ple? The Turks are not in the habit of going to the bath when attacked by cholera; and if they did, they would not be cured, because the heat of their bath, at present, has descended below the necessary point, and the amount of vapour has consequently increased, so as to neutralize, in a considerable degree the value of that heat which they still retain. What I speak of is the Turkish bath as I have presented it to Europe, which, in case of disease, must have the heat equal to or surpassing that of boiling water, and in which the air must be perfectly dry. I can recall an incident which will make the case clear. It bears not in the cholera, but the plague. But the value of it consists in showing that I could obtain perfect immunity from the latter disease whilst at Constantinople, and making use of one of their baths, by merely taking the precaution of using additional fuel. In 1837 I inhabited a yall (country house) on the Bosphorus, at Arnaotet Koni. A half-circle of hills on the west included the village. There not only did the plague rage, but an encampment had been formed, just above me, for the plague patients and thence proceeded, day and night, the wail of the relations of the dying and the dead. I did not fly, as others, the fatal spot. I did not take, as others, sanitary precautions. I had been on familiar terms with the plague, visiting it wherever it was to be feared. My confidence was based on two considerations. The one was the discovery I had just before made of the immediate cause of its propagation. I could rate the danger of positions, even to feet. The other was the protective, and curative power of heat. The discovery was this; that the plague extended, first, in places exposed to the heavy gases evolved from the burying-grounds, and that these escaped in consequence of a peculiar manner of burying practised by the Mussulmans. The plague has now disappeared from Turkey, and I attribute its disappearance to the change in respect to the manner of burying, even though that change has been, as yet, but partial. My first precaution, then, consisted in closing up all the windows looking landwards, or on the side of the cemeteries, and opening those on the side of the Bosphorus. My bath, in itself an attractive suit of apartments—for it was the most beautiful private bath I have ever seen—was kept constantly heated. It followed that the heat was high and the air dry. I occupied the bath as an apartment. Then commenced the restoration of the Roman habit of taking the bath daily. Every person in the houses went in daily. I explained the matter to them, and they submitted to this change in their national habits. Well, now, as to the results. I escaped with impunity. In the adjoining house to mine all died. I had no case of sickness. Not one my of my servants, about thirty in number, suffered whilst under this treatment. Two died, but they were away on leave, were smitten, and never returned."

When preachers do indulge in jokes, they generally let off good ones. Here is the last. Away down East, a clergyman was recently charged with having violently dragged his wife from a revival meeting, and compelled her to go home with him. The clergyman let the story travel along until he had a fair opportunity to give it a broadside. Upon being charged with the offence, he replied as follows:—"In the first place, I never attempted to influence my wife in her views, nor her choice of a meeting. Secondly, my wife has not attended any of the revival meetings in Lowell. In the third place, I have not myself attended any of the meetings for any purpose whatever. To conclude—neither my wife nor myself has any inclination to go to those meetings. Finally, I never had a wife."

A PRAXON priest, who had usually a small congregation, was one day preaching at the church in his village, when, the doors being open, a gander and several geese came stalking up the middle aisle. The preacher, availing himself of the circumstance, observed that he could no longer find fault with the people of this district for non-attendance; because, though they did not come themselves, they sent their representatives.

AN OGRE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

THERE are two kinds of leopards found in India. One is the cheetah, the common leopard of the plains of Hindostan. This creature confines his attacks chiefly to small antelopes, barking deer, and junglehip. He is frequently caught when young, tamed by the native shikarees, who teach him to assist them in hunting and driving game within shot of the guns of the sportsmen. The other kind of Indian leopard is the "lackabugga"; a much larger and fiercer animal, who, when he has once tasted human blood, becomes an ogre, with a frightful appetite for children. He is chiefly found in the lower ranges of the Himalayas and vast jungles of the Toral.

One summer's evening I was out with a couple of friends on a shooting excursion, from Almara into Nepal. Our tents were pitched on the banks of the Kala-nuddee, a river which parts the British possessions in the hills, from those of the Nepal rajah. We were getting our guns ready to go out after some black partridges for supper, when the head man of the neighbouring British village of Petoragurh came up to entreat our assistance in killing a leopard, which had haunted some neighbouring villages for many months, and had already carried off twelve children. Traps and pitfalls had been set for him in vain. He had evaded all. A poor Zemindar had just come into the village with a woful story about his six-year-old boy—his only boy—who, when playing before the door of his father's hut in the dusk of the evening, had been seized by the leopard and carried off before his father's eyes. The poor man followed the animal, and struck it repeatedly with an iron hoe, but it held on and vanished in the jungle. At daylight he had hunted on the track with some friends, but found only a few bones and some bloody hair, remains of his child, that a jackal was picking at, and a vulture watching. The man said he had watched the place every night, but had never again seen the leopard.

The recital of this tragedy excited us, and we pledged ourselves not to leave the district until this cruel ogre was destroyed. Ban Bux, our head shikaree, was called, and ordered to make every inquiry as to his present whereabouts, and to offer a reward of ten rupees to any native who should give such information as would give us a shot at him.

It would be endless to relate the many false alarms we had. We sat up all night in trees, with a goat tied below as a bait, near the place where the leopard had been last seen. One night, while sitting in a tree with a gun-coolis who held my weapons, I fell into a doze. A friend in a tree about twenty yards off with a goat below, roused me by the discharge of his rifle. My coolie seized me by the arm, and shrieked, "Sahib, sahib, luckabugga aya!" "Where, where?" I asked, seizing the double rifle he held out to me. "There," said he, pointing to a dark object moving through the trees about thirty yards off. Bang—bang—went both my barrels, followed immediately by unearthly yells. We descended from our trees, and found a large rough yellow pariah dog shot through both hind legs. He was yelling like a fiend, and snapping like a crocodile. I borrowed a large Ghoorkha kookrie from our shikaree, and, baring my right arm, brought it down with all my weight on the dog's neck, behind the head, in the way I had seen Ghoorkhas kill oxen. The dog was at once out of his pain.

One of my friends was very fat, and, as he found a branch of a tree rather inconvenient, had a common native sharpoy (sort of bedstead) fixed up in a fork of a tree. On this he reclined, with a gun-coolis, and a large double-barrelled gun loaded with slugs. We were tired of the goat bait, so he had got a monkey, thinking that a child-eater might be more readily tempted by its flesh. I was posted in a tree, from which I could watch the approaches to my friend's post. About midnight the moon went down, and it was almost dark. Half an hour later I heard the monkey begin to chatter, so I cocked both barrels and watched the foot of my friend's tree. The chattering increased. Then came a blaze of

light and a loud report, followed by breaking of branches, and a perfect Babel of noise. I had a pine-torch with me, and, clambering down from my tree, lit it and rushed to the spot. There, on his face, lay my friend, screaming out for me. He had upset his bed. On his back sat the monkey, tearing at his hair like a wild-cat. A few yards off lay his coolie, with the sharpoy on him smashed in half. He was roaring out, "The leopard is eating me." A little further on lay a jackal, writhing with a dozen slugs in him. I kicked up the coolie, and helped my friend by knocking the monkey over with the broken leg of the sharpoy. After this little upset we lit cheroots and walked back to our tents, which were pitched about two miles off.

Ram Bux, our shikaree, had given notice to all the natives round about that if the leopard appeared and carried off any thing, information was to be sent to our camp before any pursuit was made. One evening we were at our tent doors after dinner, smoking, when we observed, on the other (Nepal) side of the river, a Ghoorkha coming down the hills at great speed. At the river bank he inflated a sheepskin which he carried, and crossed the rapid stream on it—just as we see on their wall carvings that the old Assyrians did—being carried down about a quarter of a mile by the current. On landing he was met by Ram Bux, who had run out on seeing him approach. They walked towards us, the Ghoorkha gesticulating violently, and we heard the following story:

The Ghoorkha lived in a hut about a mile from our camp, higher up the river, and only a hundred yards from the water. He had been out for the day on his duty, which was that of a government runner, leaving at home his wife, a baby in arms, and a little girl about six years old. The wife had gone to the stream for water, leaving the two children at the hut door. As she returned she had heard a scream, and, throwing down her pitcher, ran forward, and found at the hut door only her baby. The little girl had disappeared, and, without doubt, had been carried off by the leopard. The Ghoorkha found its footmarks on a soft bit of ground, and hastened to us without attempting a pursuit in the dense jungle. Ram Bux decided that it was too late to start that night, but asked us to be ready one hour before daylight. In the meantime he sent to the next village for twenty coolies, who were engaged as beaters at fourpence a head.

On turning out in the starlight next morning, I saw that our followers and beaters had each got some instrument for making noise. There were tin-kettles, tom-toms, bells, and an old matchlock or two. I and my two friends crossed the river on a plank lashed across two inflated buffalo skins, which kept our guns and powder high out of water. The beaters came over in all sorts of ways, some swimming, some clinging to inflated sheepskins.

When we reached the Ghoorkha's hut, the whole of our beaters were extended in a line, islanding in the middle, at the spot where the Ghoorkha had found traces of the leopard. The poor Ghoorkha himself, and Ram Bux, leading a Brinjarry dog in a string, were with me: each of them carried a spade. At a given signal the whole line started. The beaters yelled, whistled, rang bells, and beat tom-toms, making noise enough to drive away every leopard within five miles. The dog kept steadily to the scent; but our progress at times was very slow through the dense bamboo jungle.

After proceeding about a mile, the dog became very eager, dashed forward, and was not easily held in. In fifty more yards we came to the place where the brute had been supping. The mangled remains of the little girl lay about, only half eaten, and the ogre must have been scared by our noise. Without losing a moment, the Ghoorkha and Ram Bux set to work and dug a trench under a tree to leeward of the child's remains, piling up some branches between them and the trench. Ram Bux and I jumped into this trench. The Ghoorkha departed with the dog in the direction taken by the rest of our party; who kept up the same discordant din as they moved away.

Ram Bux now told me that the leopard—doubtless listening a mile off—would think, from the

passing away of the noise, that the whole party had gone on, and would be sure to return in an hour or two to go on with his interrupted feast. We must be quiet, for the brute was very cunning, and the slightest sound or smell would send him off and destroy our chances of getting a shot at him. After waiting an hour I pulled out my cigar-case, but Ram Bux forbade smoking by energetic gestures; neither of us speaking. I had a large double-barrelled smooth bore No. 12, loaded with slugs, at full cock in my hand. Ram Bux had my breech-loading rifle, with a large conical shell in it. In addition to these, I and Ram Bux had each a Ghoorkha kookrie, and I a revolving pistol. It was now nine in the morning. The noise of our party had died away over the hills for an hour or more. I had my eyes fixed on the movements of a regiment of white ants, that were piling themselves over a bloody fragment of the poor child that lay about ten yards before me. Suddenly Ram Bux put one finger on my lips, both as a sign to look out and to keep perfectly still. My fingers sought the triggers, and my eyes were strained in every direction. I could see nothing, until, in about two minutes, I discerned that the grass waved, and the next instant, with a tread of velvet, the leopard glided in front of me. The suddenness of his appearance took my breath away for some seconds, but, recovering myself, I raised my gun to the shoulder, and in doing this snapped off a little twig from a branch of the brushwood we had piled in front of us.

The leopard turned his face full on me. Thinking that he would jump off, I pulled at his chest, letting off, in my nervousness, both barrels. He sprang into the air with a yell, and fell backward. Ram Bux was out and by his side before I had risen from my knees, and had discharged the rifle in the direction of his heart. When I got up with revolver in one hand and kookrie knife in the other, the brute was tearing up the grass and roots with all four paws, and dangerous to approach. My slugs had entered his chest and eyes, and he was blind. I discharged my revolver at his hind quarters; but he writhed and leaped about so violently, that it was impossible to take good aim. Ram Bux, with his kookrie drawn, was dodging about for an opportunity of coming close enough to cut at the dangerous hind legs and sever the tendons. I went back to the trench to load my gun. As I was capping, the grass opened, and the Ghoorkha with his dog rushed up. He had evidently been waiting near, and hearing the guns fire, had hurried to revenge his child. He gave a shout of joy when he saw the animal kicking and bleeding, let go his dog, who darted at the throat of the leopard, and then himself, disregarding claws and teeth, rushed in upon him. With two strokes of his kookrie he cut the hind tendons, and the formidable hind legs were harmless. At the same moment I stepped up and discharged one barrel into the monster's gaping and bleeding mouth. This shot killed it. Ram Bux and the Ghoorkha began skinning, while I lighted a cheroot. On taking the skin off the back we came upon two fresh-healed cuts which went right through the skin, and remembered what the poor Zemindar told us a week ago of his following and hacking with a hoe at the monster, who was carrying off his child.

After a hot march of an hour or more, we got into camp before noon, and had an ovation from the people of the adjacent villages. Every one who had lost a child by the leopard asked for one of its claws, which was hung round the neck of the mourner as an amulet.

The skin now lies on the floor of the billiard-room of a castle in the North of England.

In the reign of George II., one Crowle, a counsel of some eminence, made some observation before an election committee, which was considered to reflect on the House itself. The House accordingly summoned him to their bar, and he was forced to receive a reprimand from the Speaker, on his knees. As he rose from the ground, with the utmost nonchalance, he took out his handkerchief, and, wiping his knees, coolly observed, "that it was the dirtiest house he had ever been in in his life."

TIME'S CHANGES.

Flow, silver streamlet, to the shining sea,
By rock and ruin, glide by lawn and lea,
But murmur not so solemnly and sad.

Oft have I heard thee sing a jocund strain;
Oh! chant once more that jubilant refrain,
Whose merry music made my child-heart glad.

Sing, wood-bird, sing, deep in the forest shade;
Let thy wild wild music echo through the glade,
But pipe not such a mournful melody!

Blithe were thy warblings when this heart was young;
Oh! chant again that happy matin-song
Which broke my slumbers in the years gone by.

Chime, Sabbath-bells, your melodies of peace,
Which bid our earth-born cares and strivings cease,
And whisper tidings from the far-off shore;

But blend not with your notes that cruel knell
Which bids to youth and home a sad "Farewell!"
O chime again as in the days of yore!

Are these so sad and altered as they seem?
Or are they as they were in childhood's dream,
When life was fragrant as a rose in June?

They answer not. To me they seem estranged;
The treacherous years have all their music changed,
Or else my heart is beating out of tune!

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY,"
FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," EDITED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 76.

"I wish there were such a book, if only to teach you better manners," retorted Castletowers.

"I don't pretend to have the manners of a lord," said the Beauty, languidly.

"If you were the lord of my manors, you wouldn't have many to boast of," replied Castletowers, with a light-hearted laugh.

Burgoyne opened his eyes, and took the cigarette from his mouth.

"Listen to this fellow!" said he, "this bloated capitalist, who talks like a Diogenes turned out of his tub! Castletowers, I am ashamed of you."

"Compare me to Diogenes, if you like," replied the Earl; "but to a Diogenes who has a dear old Elizabethan tub still left, thank Heaven! and a few old oaks to shelter it. Few enough, and old enough, more's the pity!"

"And I," said Burgoyne, with a yawn, "haven't a stick of timber left, barring my genealogical tree. My last oaks vanished in the last Derby!"

The earl looked at his watch.

"If this note is to be delivered by two o'clock," said he, "it must be finished at once; and since Mr. Trefalden gives us leave—"

"I do not only give leave," said Mr. Trefalden, "I entreat."

Saxon took up his pen, and, pointing to a heap of notes on the mantelshelf, said:

"You will find one there for yourself, cousin William; and you must be sure to come."

"Invitations, young man?"

"Yes," to a dinner at Richmond, next Saturday.

Mr. Trefalden put the note in his pocket unopened; smoked away with a quiet, meditative smile; and took a leisurely survey of the rooms as the dictation proceeded. Not one of its multitudinous details escaped him—not one but told him some anecdote of the last ten days of Saxon's new life. There were several pictures standing about on chairs, or leaning against the walls. Some were painted in oils and some in water-colours, and nearly all were views in Switzerland. There were piles of new music; stacks of costly books in rich binding; boxes of cigars and gloves; a bust of Shakespeare in marble; a harmonium; a cabinet of Florentine mosaic-work; a marvellous Etruscan vase on a pedestal of verde antico; a couple of silver-mounted rifles; a side-board loaded with knick-knacks in carved ivory, crystal, silver filigree, and egg-shell china; and a sofa-table heaped with notes, visiting cards, loose silver, and

tradesman's bills. On the chimney-piece stood a pair of bronze tazzas, a silver inkstand with a little Cupid perched upon the lid, and a giallo model of the Parthenon. A gold-headed riding whip and a pair of foils lay on the top of the harmonium; and a faded bouquet in a tumbler occupied a bracket, from which a French pendule had been ignominiously displaced. William Trefalden was an observant man, and drew his inferences from these trifles. He found out that his young Arcadian was learning to ride, fence, make acquaintances, and spend his money royally. Above all, he took note of the bouquet on the bracket. There was nothing remarkable about it. It was just like the five hundred other bouquets that one sees in the course of a season; and yet Mr. Trefalden looked at it more than once, and smiled under cover of a cloud of smoke each time that he did so.

"—and that you will permit me to have the great pleasure of driving you down in the afternoon," said Lord Castletowers, dictating over Saxon's shoulder.

"Drive her down!" echoed the scribe, in dismay. "I drive her from London to Richmond?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"I can't. I don't drive well enough. I have never driven anything but an old blind mare in a rickety Swiss charette, in my life. I should break her neck, and my own too!"

"Oh, never mind. You can give the reins to Burgoyne or to me. It doesn't matter."

"Then how shall I put it? Shall I say, 'and that you will permit Lord Castletowers to have the pleasure of—'"

"Nonsense! Write what I told you at first, and leave me to arrange it, when it comes to the point."

Saxon shook his head.

"No, no," said he. "I must not ask to be allowed the pleasure of driving her down, when I know all the time I am not going to do anything of the sort. It wouldn't be true."

A faint blush mounted to the Earl's honest brow; but Sir Charles Burgoyne smiled compassionately.

"Suppose now," said Saxon, "that I tell her I've bought a new mail phaeton, and hope she will accept a seat in it on Saturday—will that do?"

"Famously. She'll of course conclude that you drive, and the rest is easily managed when the time comes. Let's see how it reads . . . hum . . . 'which I trust you will honour with your presence; also that you will permit me to offer you a seat in my mail phaeton, if the day be fine enough for my friends to drive down in open carriages.'"

"Open carriages," repeated Saxon, as his pen travelled to the end of the sentence. "Anything more?"

"No; I think that is enough."

"Then I only add—'yours very truly, Saxon Trefalden,' I suppose."

"Heaven forbid!"

"Isn't it polite enough?" asked Saxon, laughing.

"Polite enough? Didn't I tell you half an hour ago that to be commonly polite is nothing in a case like this? You must approach her on your knees, my dear fellow, and offer up your little Richmond dinner as if it were a burnt sacrifice to the immortal gods! Say—'Condescend, madam, to accept my respectful homage, and allow me to subscribe myself, with the profoundest admiration, your obedient and faithful servant, Saxon Trefalden.' That's the way to put it, Burgoyne?"

"Ob, unquestionably," yawned that gentleman. "You can't crowd too much sail."

"May I inquire to which Princess of the Blood Royal this letter is addressed?" asked Mr. Trefalden.

"To a far greater She than any princess," replied Castletowers. "To the prima donna of the season—to the Graziana herself!"

Mr. Trefalden slightly elevated his eyebrows on receiving this tremendous information, but said nothing.

"And she's the grandest creature!" ejaculated Saxon, now folding and sealing his note. "Burgoyne introduced me to her last night, behind

the scenes. You can't think what a gracious manner she has, cousin William!"

"Really?"

"She gave me that bouquet up there—it had just been thrown to her."

"How condescending!"

"Wasn't it?—and I such an utter stranger—a nobody, you know! I felt, I assure you, as if I were in the presence of Juno herself. There, the note's quite ready."

And Saxon, all unconscious of the faint touch of sarcasm in his cousin's voles, lifted up his bright young face with a smile of boyish exultation, and rang the bell.

"Gillingwater, send Curtis at once with this note, and tell him to wait for an answer. Anybody here?"

"Young man from Facet and Carat's, sir, with case of jewels. Young man from Cartridge and Trigger's, with harms. Passes from Coinpenny's; passie from Broidenback's; passie from Fortum and Mason's; passie from Crammer and Beale's," replied Saxon's magnificent valet.

"The parcels can wait. The messengers may come in."

Mr. Gillingwater retired, and two "young men" were immediately ushered in; one with a small mahogany box under his arm; the other carrying a still smaller morocco case. The first contained a brace of costly inlaid pistols; the second, three bracelets of different designs.

"By Jove, what pistols!" exclaimed Castletowers. "Look here, Burgoyne, did you ever see such finish?"

"Never. They might be worn by the Sultan."

"They are exact fac-similes of those made for his Highness the Maharajah of Jubblepore," observed the messenger.

Sir Charles examined the weapons with the interest of a connoisseur.

"What a Bashaw you are, Trefalden!" he said. "We shall have you cantering down Rotten-row on a white elephant before long. These are really the most gorgeous pistols I have seen. Who are the bangles for? The Graziana?"

"One of them, if——"

"If what?"

"If you think she would not be offended?"

"Offended, my dear fellow! Is pussy offended if you offer her a cup of milk? or Carlo, if you present him with a bone?"

"What do you mean?" said Saxon, quite shocked at the levity of these comparisons.

"I mean, that every woman would sell her soul for a handful of diamonds and an ounce of wrought gold, and that our fair friend is no exception to the rule. What put it into your head, Trefalden, to give her a bracelet?"

"It was Mr. Greaterax's idea."

"Humph! Just like him. Greaterax has such generous impulses—at other people's expense!"

"I was very much obliged to him for thinking of it," said Saxon, somewhat warmly, "as I am to any friend who is kind enough to tell me what the customs of society are," he added, more gently.

"They are very beautiful bracelets, all three of them," said Lord Castletowers.

"That's right. Which shall I take?"

"The garter set with rubies," said Sir Charles Burgoyne.

"The snake with the diamond head," said the Earl.

"The opals and diamonds," said William Trefalden.

Saxon laughed, and shook his head.

"If you each give me different advice," said he, "what am I to do?"

"Choose for yourself," replied his cousin.

And so Saxon, very diffidently and hesitatingly, chose for himself, and took the one his cousin had preferred.

"And pray what may be the cost of this magnificent trifle?" asked Mr. Trefalden, when the choice was made, and the messengers had made their bows, and vanished.

"I have no idea," replied Saxon.

"Do you mean that you have bought it without having made any inquiry as to its price?"

"Of course."

"Pray do you never inquire before you purchase?"

"Never. Why do you smile?"

"Because I fear your tradesmen will charge you at any fabulous rate they please."

"Why, so they could in any case! What do I know, for instance, of opals and diamonds, except that the opal is a hydrate of silica, and the diamond a compound of charcoal and oxygen? They might ask me what price they pleased for this bracelet, and I, in my ignorance of its value, should buy it, just the same."

"It is well for you, Trefalden, that you have the purse of Fortunatus to dip your hand into," said Sir Charles Burgoyne.

"But even Fortunatus must take care that his purse has no hole in the bottom of it," added Mr. Trefalden. "You are a bad financier, my dear Saxon; and you and I must have a little practical conversation some day on these matters. By the way, I have really some business points to discuss with you. When can you give up an hour or two to pure and unmixed boredom?"

"When you please, cousin William."

"Well—this evening?"

"This evening, unfortunately, I have promised to dine at the club with Greatorex, and two or three others, and we are going afterwards to the opera."

"To-morrow evening, then?"

"And to-morrow my new phaeton is coming home, and we are going in it to Blackwall—Lord Castletowers and Sir Charles Burgoyne, I mean."

"Then on Saturday——"

"On Saturday, I hope you will join us at Richmond. Don't forget it, cousin William. You have the note, you know, in your pocket."

Mr. Trefalden smiled somewhat gravely.

"Are you already such an epicurean that you went the traditional skeleton at your feast?" said he. "No, no, Saxon. I am a man of business, and have no leisure for such symposia. You must dispense with my grim presence—and I, apparently, must dispense with yours. I had no notion that you were such a man of fashion as to have all your evenings engaged in this manner."

"I can't think how it is," replied Saxon, in some confusion. "I certainly have made more appointments than I was aware of. My friends are so kind to me, and plan so many things to give me pleasure, that—will Sunday do, cousin William? You might come up here and dine with me; or we might——"

"I am always engaged on Sundays," said Mr. Trefalden, dryly.

"Then on Monday?"

"Yes, I can see you on Monday, if you will really be at leisure."

"Of course I will be at leisure."

"But you must come to me. I shall be very busy, and can only see you after office hours."

"I will come to you, cousin, at any time you please," said Saxon earnestly.

"At eight in the evening?"

"At eight."

Mr. Trefalden entered the hour and date in his pocket book, and rose to take his leave.

"I had hoped that you would spare me a day or two next week, Mr. Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers, as they shook hands at parting. "Your cousin has promised to come down, and we have a meet, and some evening parties coming off; and a breath of country air would do you good before the summer sets in."

But Mr. Trefalden shook his head.

"I thank you, Lord Castletowers," he replied; "but it is impossible. I am as firmly chained to Chancery-lane for the next five months as any galley-slave to his oar."

"But, my dear sir, is it worth any man's while to be a galley-slave, if he can help it?" asked the Earl.

"Perhaps. It depends on the motive; and self-imposed chains are never very heavy to the wearer."

And with this, Mr. Trefalden bowed to both gentlemen, and left the room, followed by his cousin.

"That's a quiet, deep fellow," said Burgoyne.

"He is a very gentlemanly, pleasant, clever

man," replied the Earl, "and has been our solicitor for years."

"I don't like him."

"You don't know him."

"True—do you?"

Lord Castletowers hesitated.

"Well, upon my soul," laughed he, "I cannot say that I do, personally. But, as I tell you, he is my solicitor, and I like him. I only speak from my impressions."

"And I from mine. He is not my solicitor, and I don't like him. He thinks too much, and says too little."

In the meanwhile, Saxon was warmly wringing his cousin's hand at the door of the ante-room, and saying, in a low, earnest tone,

"Indeed you must not suppose I have become a man of fashion, or an epicurean, cousin William; or that I would not rather—far rather—spend an evening with you than at any of these fine places. I am so very sorry I cannot come to you before Monday."

"Monday will be quite soon enough, my dear Saxon," replied Mr. Trefalden, kindly; "and I am glad to see you so well amused. At eight o'clock, then?"

"Yes, at eight. You will see how punctual I shall be—and you must give me some good advice, cousin William, and always tell me of my faults—won't you?"

"Humph! That will depend on circumstances, and yourself. In the mean while, don't buy any more diamond bracelets without first inquiring the price."

CHAPTER XVIII. TIMON.

"It is good to be merry and wise," saith an old song; but every man cannot be a laughing philosopher, and though it is comparatively easy to be either merry or wise "upon occasion," it is extremely difficult to be both at the same time. The two conditions mix almost as reluctantly as oil and water, and youth seldom makes even an effort to combine them. Happy youth, whose best wisdom it is, after all, to be merry while it may! Which of us would not gladly barter this bitter wisdom of later years for but a single season—nay, a single day—of that happy thoughtless time when the simplest jest provoked a laugh, and the commonest wayside flower had a beauty long since faded, and all life was a pleasant carnival? What would we not give to believe once more in the eternity of college friendships, and the immortality of prize poems?—to feel our hearts beat high over the pages of Plutarch and Livy?—to weep delicious tears for the woes of Mrs. Haller, and to devour the old romances with the old omnivorous relish?

Alas! the college friend and the prize poem are alike forgotten; Sir George Cornwall Lewis has laid his ruthless hand upon our favourite heroes; our souls abhor the very name of Kotzebue; and we could no more revive our interest in those two mounted cavaliers who might have been seen spurring by twilight across a lonely heath in the west of England some two hundred and odd years ago, than we could undertake to enjoy the thirteen thousand pages of Mademoiselle Scudéry's Grand Cyrus. Ay, that pleasant dream is indeed over; but its joys are "lodg'd beyond the reach of fate," and of the remembrance of them no man can disinherit us. Have we not all lived in Arcadia?

Wisdom apart, however, what more commendable merriment may there be than a dinner at Richmond when the year and the guests are young, and the broad landscape lies steeped in sunshine, and the afternoon air is sweet with new-mown hay, and the laugh follows the jest as quickly and gaily as the frothing champagne follows the popping of the corks? Now and then, a tiny skiff with one white sail skims down the molten gold of the broad river. The plummy islands and the wooded firs look hazy in the tender mist of sunset. A pleasant sound of gay voices and chinking glasses finds its way now and then from the open window below, or the adjoining balcony; and, perhaps, the music of a brass band comes to us from the lower town, harmonised by distance.

Thus bright and propitious was it on the eventful day of Saxon's "little dinner;" and

care had been taken by his friends that every detail of the entertainment should be as faultless as the weather itself. The guests had all been driven down in open carriages; the costliest dinner that money could ensure, or taste devise, was placed before them; and the best room in the famous hotel was pre-engaged for the occasion. It had seldom held a more joyous party.

Lord Castletowers and Major Vaughan were there of course, having run up from Surrey for the day; Sir Charles Burgoyne, serenely insolent; the Hon. Edward Brandon, with his hair standing up like the wig of an electrified doll, from inward excitement and outward rubbing; Mr. Laurence Greatorex, looking, perhaps, somewhat abstracted from time to time, but talking fluently; two other Eretheum men, both very young and prone to laughter, and both highly creditable to their tailors and bootmakers; and last, though not least, the Graziana and her party. For actresses, like misfortunes, never come alone. Like Scottish chieftains, they travel with a "tail," and have an embarrassing aptitude for bringing their uninvited "tail" on all kinds of inconvenient occasions. In the present instance, the heroine of the day had contented herself with only two sisters and a brother; and her young host not only welcomed them with all his honest heart, but thought it very kind and condescending on her part to bring them at all. The brother was a gloomy youth, who said little, ate a great deal, and watched the company in a furtive manner over the rim of his wine-glass. The sisters were fat, black-eyed little souls, who chattered, flirted, and drank champagne incessantly. As for the prima donna herself, she was a fine, buxom, laughter-loving creature of about twenty years of age, as little like a Juno, and as much like a grown-up child as it is only possible for a Neapolitan woman to be. She could be majestic enough upon the stage, or in the green-room; but she never carried her dignity beyond the precincts of the Opera House. She put it on with her rouge, and left it in the dressing-room with the rest of her theatrical wardrobe, when the evening's work was over. She laughed at everything that was said, whether she understood it or not; and she was delighted with everything—the drive, with the horses, with the mail phaeton, with the weather, with the dinner, with the guests, and with her host; and when the ice was brought to table—a magnificent, many-coloured triumph of art—she clapped her hands, like a child at sight of a twelfth-cake.

"Now's the time for the bracelet, Saxon," whispered Lord Castletowers, when the wrook of this triumph was removed, and the side-cloths were rolled away for dessert.

Saxon looked aghast.

"What shall I say?" said he.

"Oh, I don't know—something graceful, and not too long."

"But I can't. I haven't an idea."

"Never mind; she wouldn't understand it if you had. Say anything."

"Can't you say it for me?"

"Impossible, my dear fellow! You might as well ask me to kiss her for you."

Which was such a tremendous supposition, that Saxon blushed scarlet, and had not a word to say in reply.

"Ah, traitor! Why do you speak secrets?" said the prima donna, with a pout.

"Because he is a conspirator," replied the Earl.

"A conspirator? Cielo!"

"It is quite true," said Burgoyne, promptly.

"There's a deadly mine of cracker bonbons in the room below, and Trefalden's presently going to say something so sparkling that it will fire the train, and we shall all be blown into the middle of the next century."

The prima donna sang a roulade expressive of terror.

"The worst is yet to come. This plot, signora, is entirely against yourself," said Castletowers. Then, dropping his voice, "Out with it, man," he added. "You couldn't have a better opening."

Saxon pulled the morocco-case out of his pocket, and presented it with as much confusion and incoherence as if it had been a warrant.

The signora screamed with rapture, invoked her brother and sisters, flew to the window with

her treasure, flashed it to and fro in every possible light, and for the first five minutes could talk nothing but her native patois.

"But, signora, you must be a great prince!" she exclaimed, when, at length, she returned to her place at the dinner-table.

"Indeed I am nothing of the sort," replied Saxon, laughing.

"E bellissimo, questo braccioletto! But why do you give him to me?"

"From no other reason than my desire to please you, bella donna," replied Saxon. "The Greeks believed that the opal had power to confer popularity on its wearer; but I do not offer you these opals with any such motive. Your talisman is your voice."

"Bravo, Trefalden!" laughed the Earl. "That was well said. Comme l'esprit vient aux fils!"

"A neat thing spoilt," muttered Grotorex, to his next neighbour. "He should have praised her eyes. She knows all about her voice."

"And do you suppose she doesn't know all about her eyes, too?" asked his neighbour, who chanced to be Major Vaughan.

"No doubt; but then a woman is never tired of being admired for her beauty. The smallest pastillo of praise is acceptable to her, in its way, as a holocaust of incense. But as to her voice, c'est autre chose. What is one compliment more or less after the nightly applauses of the finest audience in Europe?"

In the meanwhile, the two young Erethoum men, oppressed, apparently, by the consciousness of how much they owed to their boots and waistcoats, took refuge in each other's society, and talked about a horse. Neither of them kept a horse, nor hoped to keep a horse; yet the subject seemed bound up, in some occult way, with the inner consciousness of both. They discussed this mysterious animal in solemn whispers all the way down from London to Richmond; alluded to him despondingly during dinner; and exchanged bets upon him in a moody and portentous manner at dessert. Apart from this overwhelming topic, they were light-hearted young fellows enough; but the horse was their Nemesis, and rode them down continually.

As for the "tail," it went to work as vigorously upon the dessert as upon the twelve preceding courses. The plump sisters evidently looked upon M^{ost} as pure Pierian, and had taken Pope's advice to heart; while the gloomy brother, inaccessible as Fort Gibraltar, seemed only intent on provisioning himself against a long blockade. But even the best of dinners must end, and coffee came at last. Then one of the Erethoum young men, emboldened by sparkling drinks, asked the prima donna for a song. She laughed, and shook her head; but the assembled company looked aghast.

"I cannot," said she. "My voice is a bird in one little cage, and my impressario guards the key."

Sir Charles Burgoyne darted a dreadful glance at the offender.

"My dear lady," he said, "pray do not say a word. We all ought to know that your operatic contract forbids anything of the kind; and even if it were not so, we should not presume to ask so great a favour. It is a great mistake on the part of this young gentleman."

"I—I am very sorry," stammered the unlucky neophyte.

"And I am sorry," said the songstress, good naturedly. "I should sing for you if I dared."

"Thou must not think of it, sorellina," interposed her brother, in his rapid Neapolitan. "Remember this penalty."

"The Signora Graziana must do nothing to offend the manager," said Lord Castletowers, who was familiar with every dialect of the Italian.

"Certainly not," exclaimed Saxon. "Not for the world."

Then, turning to Burgoyne, he whispered, "What is it all about? Why should he be offended because she sang for us?"

"He would have me pay him one hundred pounds," said the prima donna, whose ears were quick.

"A hundred pounds fine, you know," explained Burgoyne. "Tis in his bond, and the man's a very Shylock with his ducats."

Saxon laughed aloud.

"Is that all?" said he. "Oh, never mind, bella donna—I'll pay him his hundred pounds, and welcome."

And so a piano was brought in from another room, and the Graziana sang to them divinely, not one song but a dozen.

"Perhaps our friend the impressario may not hear of it, after all," said Mr. Grotorex, when the music was over, and they were preparing to return to town.

"Let us all take a solemn oath of secrecy," suggested Sir Charles Burgoyne.

But Saxon would not hear of it.

"No, no," said he. "The fine has been fairly forfeited, and shall be fairly paid. Let no man's soul be burthened with a secret on my account. I will send Shylock his cheque to-morrow morning. Ladies, the carriages are at the door."

"I had heard that our Amphitryon did not know the value of money," said Mr. Grotorex as they went down stairs, "and now I believe it."

"Why, this little affair, my lord, must have been set to the tune of at least five hundred pounds!"

"Well, I suppose it has," replied Castletowers, "including the bracelet."

"A modern Timon—eh?"

"Nay, I hope not. A modern Meccenas, if you like. It is a name of better augury."

"I fear he dispenses his gold more after the fashion of Timon than of Meccenas," replied the banker, dryly.

"He is a splendid fellow," said the Earl, with enthusiasm; "and his lavish generosity is by no means the noblest part of his character."

"But he behaved like a fool about that hundred pounds. Of course, we should all have kept the secret, and—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Grotorex," interrupted the Earl, stiffly. "In my opinion, Mr. Trefalden simply behaved like a man of honour."

CHAPTER XIX. MR. TREFALDEN ON THE DOMESTIC MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF LAWYERS.

"So, my young cousin, you have not yet lost all your primitive virtues," said Mr. Trefalden, as Saxon, heralded by Mr. Keckwith, made his appearance on the threshold of the lawyer's private room at eight o'clock precisely on Monday evening.

"I hope I have parted from none that I ever possessed," replied Saxon; "but to what particular virtue do you allude?"

"To your punctuality, young man. You are as true to time as on that memorable morning when we breakfasted together at Reichenau, and you tasted Lafitte for the first time. You have become tolerably familiar with the flavour since then."

"Indeed I have," replied Saxon, with a smile and a sigh.

"And with a good many other flavours as well, I imagine. Why, let me see, that was on the seventh of March, and here is the end of the third week in April—scarcely eight weeks ago, Saxon!"

"It seems like eight centuries."

"I dare say it does. You have crowded a vast number of impressions into a very short space of time. But then you are rich in the happy adaptability of youth, and can bear the shock of revolution."

"I try to bear it as well as I can," replied Saxon laughingly. "It isn't very difficult."

"No—the lessons of pleasure and power are soon learnt; and, by the way, the heart of dress also. You are quite a swell, Saxon."

The young fellow's face crimsoned. He could not get over that awkward habit of blushing.

"I hope not," he said. "I am what fate and my tailor have made me. Castletowers took me to his own man, and he has done as he liked with me."

"So that, to paraphrase the kingly state, your virtues are your own, and your short-comings are your tailor's? Nay, don't look uncomfortable. You are well dressed; but not too well dressed—which, to my thinking, is precisely as a gentleman should be."

"I don't wish to be a 'swell,'" said Saxon,

"Nor are you one. Now tell me something about yourself. How do you like this new life?"

"It bewilders me," said Saxon. "It dazzles

me. It takes my breath away. I feel as if London were a huge circus, all dust, and roar, and glitter, and I being carried round it, in a great chariot race. It frightens me sometimes—and yet I enjoy it. There is so much to enjoy!"

"But you thought it a 'dreary' place at first," said Mr. Trefalden, with his quiet smile.

"Because I was a stranger, and knew no one—because the very roar and flow of life along the streets only made my solitude the heavier. But that's all changed now, thanks to you."

"Thanks to me, Saxon?"

"Of course. Don't I owe that dear fellow Castletower's acquaintance to you? And if I hadn't known him, how should I have got into the Erethoum? How should I have known Burgoyne, and Grotorex, and Brandon, and Fitz-Hugh, and Dalton, and all the other fellows? And they are so kind to me—it's perfectly incredible how kind they are, and what trouble they take to oblige and please me!"

"Indeed?" said the lawyer, dryly.

"Yes, that they do; and I should be worse than ungrateful if I did not like a place where I have so many friends. Then, again, I have so much to do—so much to think of—so much to learn. Why, it should take half a lifetime only to see all the picture-galleries in London, and study the Etruscan vases in the British Museum!"

Mr. Trefalden could not help laughing.

"You droll boy!" said he. "Do you mean to tell me that you divide your attentions between pretty prima donnas and cinerary urns?"

"I mean that I was in the Etruscan room for three hours this morning, and that we have a tazza nt Rotsberg of a kind of which you have not a single specimen in the collection—red, with red basal relief. What do you say to that?"

"That I would not give five farthings for all the old pottery in Europe."

"Yes you would, if you once learned to look upon it as history. Now the pottery of Etruria—"

"My dear Saxon," interposed Mr. Trefalden, "as you are great, be merciful. Spare me the pottery of Etruria, and tell me a little more about yourself. You are learning to ride, are you not?"

"Yes, I can ride pretty well already; and I have a fencing lesson every other morning, and am learning to drive. But I don't get on quite so well with the whip as with the fella. I have an awkward habit of locking my wheels with other people's, and getting to the wrong side of the road."

"Awkward habits, indeed," said Mr. Trefalden.

"And—and I am learning to dance, also," said Saxon, with a shy laugh.

"In short, what with finishing your education, giving suburban dinners, and cultivating the fine arts, your time is tolerably well occupied."

"It is, indeed. I never seem to have a moment to spare."

"Humph! And pray may I ask how much money you have spent during these last three weeks?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"I suspected as much. Kept no accounts, I suppose?"

"None whatever."

Mr. Trefalden smiled significantly, but said nothing.

"I suppose it's very wrong?" said Saxon. "I suppose I ought to have put it all down in a book?"

"Undoubtedly."

"But then I know nothing of book-keeping; indeed, I scarcely yet know the real value of money. But if you will tell me what I ought to do, I will try. Gillingwater can help me, too. He knows."

"Gillingwater is your valet, is he not? Where did you hear of him?"

"Grotorex recommended him to me. He is a most invaluable fellow. I don't know what I should do without him."

"And you have a groom, I suppose?"

"I have two grooms."

"Two? My dear boy, what can you want with more than one?"

"I don't know. Burgoyne said I couldn't do

with less—but then, you know, I keep five horses."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; one for the cab, two for riding, and two for the mail phaeton."

"And you keep them at the livery, of course?"

"Yes; Burgoyne said it was the best way; and that the beasts were sure to be ill-fed if I hired stabling and left it to the men. He knows so much about horses."

"Evidently. It was he sold you that mare and cab, was it not?"

"To be sure it was; and then I have bought all the rest under his advice. I assure you, cousin William, I don't believe any fellow ever had such friends!"

Mr. Trefalden coughed and looked at his watch.

"Well," he said, "we must not forget that I have brought you down here to night, Saxon, for a serious conference. Shall we have some coffee first, to filter the dust from our brains?"

Whereupon, Saxon suspecting the lawyer rang the bell, and coffee was brought. In the meanwhile, the young man had made the tour of the room, inspected the law books on the shelves, examined the door of the safe, peeped out of the window, and ascertained the date of the map hanging over the fire place. This done, he resumed his chair, and said, with more frankness than politeness:

"I'd as soon live in a family vault as in this dismal place! Is it possible, cousin William, that you have no other home?"

"The greater part of my life is passed here," replied Mr. Trefalden, sipping his coffee. "I admit that the decorations are not in the highest style of art; but they answer the purpose well enough."

"And you actually live here, day and night, summer and winter?"

"Why no—not altogether. I have a den—a mere den a few miles from town, in which I bide myself at night, like a beast of prey."

"It is a relief to my mind to know that," said Saxon. "I should like to see your den. Why didn't you let me come to you there to-night?"

"Because you are not fat enough."

"Not fat enough?" repeated Saxon, laughing.

"I admit no man, unless to devour him. Lawyers are ogres, my dear young man—and that den of mine is paved with the bones of slaughtered clients."

Saying which, Mr. Trefalden put an end to the subject by ringing the bell, and sending for Mr. Keckwitch.

"You may close the office and go, Keckwitch," said he. "I do not want you any more this evening."

Mr. Keckwitch looked at his employer with eyes that had no more speculation in them than if they had been boiled.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he replied, with husky placidity, "but you forgot Rogers' case; I am bound to go through the papers to-night."

"Then you can take them home with you. I have private business with this gentleman, and wish to be alone—you understand? Alone."

A pale light flashed into Mr. Keckwitch's eyes—flashed and vanished. But it did not impart an agreeable expression to his countenance.

"And when you have put all straight, and turned off the gas, please to let me know, that I may lock the office door on the inside."

The head clerk retired without a word, followed by the keen eye of his employer.

"If I were to become a rich man to-morrow," said he, with a bitter smile, "the first elegant superfluity in which I should indulge, would be the kicking of that fellow all the way along Chancery Lane. It is a luxury that would be cheap at any price the court might award."

"If you have so bad an opinion of him, why do you keep him?" asked Saxon.

"For the reason that one often keeps an aching tooth. He is a useful grinder, and helps me to polish off the bones that I was telling you about just now."

Mr. Trefalden then saw his head clerk off the premises, locked the outer door, made up the fire, put the shade on the lamp (he always liked, he said, to spare his eyes), and drew his chair to the table.

CHAPTER XX. TWO AND A HALF PER CENT.

Mr. Keckwitch banished, and the coffee-cups pushed aside, William Trefalden uttered a little preliminary cough, and said,

"Now, Saxon, to business"

Saxon was all attention.

"In the first place," he began, "you have a large fortune in money; and it is highly important that so weighty a sum should be advantageously placed. By advantageously placed, I mean laid out in the purchase of land, lent on mortgage, or otherwise employed in such a manner as to bring you large returns. And I assure you I have not ceased, since your affairs have been in my hands, to make inquiry in every quarter where inquiry was likely to lead to anything useful."

"I'm sure it's very kind of you," murmured Saxon, vaguely.

"The great difficulty," continued Mr. Trefalden, "is the largeness of the sum. It is comparatively easy to dispose of fifty, or a hundred, or even of five hundred thousand pounds; but nobody either wants to borrow, or could give security, for such a sum as four millions. Not that I should wish to see your all placed upon a single venture. Far from it. I would not advise such a step, though the Russian government were the borrower. But neither do I wish to spread your property over too large a surface. It is a course attended with great inconvenience and great expense. Do you quite follow me?"

"Not in the least," said Saxon, to whom the language of the money-market was about as intelligible as a cuneiform inscription.

"Well, you understand that your money ought to be invested?"

"I thought it was invested. It's in Drummond's bank."

"Not so. The bulk of your fortune consists of government stock; but a very considerable sum which I had expected to invest for you before now, and which, if you remember, we sold out of the funds when you first came to London, is temporarily deposited at Drummond's, where at present it brings you no interest. My object, however, is to do with this what I hope to do in time with the whole of your money—namely, invest it safely at a high rate of interest. By these means you will enjoy an ample income, but leave your capital untouched."

"Shall I, indeed?" said Saxon, struggling to conceal a yawn. "That is very curious."

"Not curious at all, if one even understands the first principles of banking. Have you no idea of what interest is?"

"Oh dear, yes," replied Saxon, briskly, "I know all about that. Greatorex explained it to me. Interest means two and a half per cent."

Mr. Trefalden shifted the position of his chair, and turned the lamp in such a manner that the light fell more fully on Saxon's face, and left his own in shadow.

"Two and a half per cent!" he repeated.

"That was a very limited statement on the part of Mr. Greatorex. Interest may mean anything, from one per cent up to a hundred, or a hundred thousand. He cannot have offered that assertion as an explanation of general facts. Do you remember the conversation that led to it?"

"Not clearly; but he was talking very much as you have just been talking, and he said they would give me two and a half per cent at their bank, if I liked to put my money in it."

"Humph! and your reply?"

"I said you managed everything of that sort for me, and that I would ask you to see to it."

"Meaning, that you would ask me to transfer your money from Drummond's to Greatorex's?"

"If you please."

"Then I certainly do not please; and as long as you continue to attach the slightest value to my opinion, you will not place a penny in their hands."

Saxon looked aghast.

"Oh, but—but I promised," said he.

"Precisely what I expected to hear you say. I felt sure you had been trapped into a promise of some kind."

"I can't break my word," said Saxon, resolutely.

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't let you ruin yourself," he replied. "Greatorex and Greatorex are on the verge of bankruptcy; and I have private information which leads me to believe they must stop payment before the week is out."

The young man stared at him in silence. He neither knew what to say, nor what to think.

"And now," said his cousin, "tell me all that took place, as nearly as you can remember it. First of all, I suppose, Mr. Laurence Greatorex kindly volunteered to explain the interest system to you; and, having shown you how it was part of the business of a banker to pay interest on deposits, he proposed to take your money, and allow you two and a half per cent?"

Saxon nodded.

"You referred the proposition to me; and Mr. Greatorex was not best pleased to find that you relied so much upon my judgment."

"How do you know that?" exclaimed Saxon.

"He then enlarged on the dangers of high interest, and the troublesome nature of laid security; pointed out the advantages of the deposit system, and ended by extracting your promise for—how much?"

"Who can have told you all this?"

"Tell me first whether I am correct?"

"Word for word."

Mr. Trefalden leaned back in his chair and laughed—a little soft, satisfied laugh, like an audible smile:

"I have a familiar demon, Saxon," said he.

"His name is Experience; and he tells me a great many more things than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But you have not yet answered my first question—how much?"

"He said it was a very bad plan to lock up one's money—'lock up' was the phrase, I am sure—and that I should find it so convenient to be able to draw out whenever I chose. And then—"

"And then you agreed with him, of course. Go on."

"And then he said he supposed I would not mind going to the extent of five hundred thousand with their house, and—"

"Five hundred thousand! Had he the incredible impudence to ask you for five hundred thousand?"

"Indeed, cousin William, it seemed to me, from the way in which he put it, that Mr. Greatorex had only my interest in view."

"How probable?"

"He said that it could make no difference to them; and that one person's thousands were no more to them, in the way of business, than another's."

"And you believed him?"

"Of course I believed him."

"And promised him the five hundred thousand?"

"Yes."

"Then it is a promise that will have to be broken, young man, that is all. Nay, don't look so unhappy. I will take all the burden from your shoulders. A lawyer can do these things easily enough, and offend no one. Besides, no man is bound to fling his money away with his eyes open. If you were to pay in that five hundred thousand to-morrow morning, it would all be in the pockets of Sir Samuel's creditors before night. It would help the firm to stave off the evil day, and you would most likely get your two and a half per cent; but I know that you would never see one farthing of the principal again—and Laurence Greatorex knows that I know it."

"But—but I have not told you quite all yet," stammered Saxon, whose face had been getting graver and graver with every word that Mr. Trefalden uttered. "I have given him a cheque for half."

It was well for Mr. Trefalden that the shade fell on him where he sat, and concealed the storm that swept across his features at this announcement. It came and went like a swift shadow; but, practised master of himself as he was, he could no more have controlled the expression of his face at that moment than he could have controlled a thunder-cloud up in the heavens.

"You have given Mr. Greatorex a cheque for

To be continued.

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with it a letter for Bob. There it lay, a large square business-letter, in box 27.— With the friendly assistance of the obliging box-clerk, Bob was soon in possession of the square business-letter. He did not examine the post-mark to learn what town or city it came from. The writing on the cover was sufficient. It was from Liverpool. It was from his father. Bob read the letter, closed it, and quietly remarked, "It's from my father, Mag; I must leave for England on Friday."

"Leave for England on Friday; leave for England on Friday."

What a strange place the Post Office appeared to Maggie. How strange looked Great St. James Street. How strange looked the St. Lawrence Hall over the way; and there was La Banque Jacques Cartier turning right over on top of the Hall; and there were the horses and carriages running over La Banque Jacques Cartier. All was buzz, huza, buzz.

Poor Maggie, how could she have fallen in love with such a stupid, unfeeling fellow as Bob? There he stood, as unconcerned as a juryman on a case of manslaughter, while the true and loving heart of that sweet creature by his side was almost rent in twain.

They passed out of the Post Office, and turned towards McGill Street, but almost as soon as they reached the pavement, a crowd of persons, all going to the Post Office to enquire about letters, brought them to a stand-still. Maggie looked up, and there was Worthington's window and the pretty album. She turned her eyes upon Bob, and Bob looked into those eyes, and he read thus,—or, if he didn't, his stupidity was unpardonable,—"Dearest Bob, will you get me that album?" and Bob was on the point of saying yes, when, glancing at the window, his eye caught the words, "BARBARA OF PROMISE CASS," in neat gold letters on the back of a neat little book which stood side by side with the pretty album.

This decided prudent Bob. "A gilt is strong collateral evidence," mused he, "I shan't commit myself." And so Bob and Maggie went away from the tempting window a second time, without the album.

On the first day of May, 1865, Bob was in the great commercial city of Liverpool, and closeted with his father, Robert Wisacre, the head of the richest Liverpool firm in the Colonial trade, the firm of Wisacre, Spendall & Co., of which Bob himself was the junior partner.

"It can't be possible," exclaimed Bob.

"It is true, you are a beggar boy," replied his father.

It was true Mr. Spendall had "left;" the firm was bankrupt, Bob was a beggar.

On the first day of May, 1865, Maggie was seen in a lawyer's office in Little St. James Street, Montreal. The lawyer was Mr. Philio Goodfellow.

"Impossible!" cried Maggie.

"It is quite true" replied Mr. Goodfellow, "you are an heiress, Miss."

It was true; Maggie's rich, eccentric old uncle had died, and left his "beloved niece, Maggie Somebody, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, Halifax currency." Maggie was a great heiress.

Turn up the *Gazette* of July 16th, and among the list of passengers by the Nova Scotian you will find the name of Robert (Bob) Wisacre. He had come out to wind up the Canadian accounts of his insolvent firm.

That same evening a little bird—it was Cupid's messenger—was seen hopping on the sill of a window through which could be seen the interior of a cosy little parlour of a house in St. Catherine Street. The tea-things were still on the table; one branch only of the handsome gasolier was lighted, and it was half turned off, its feeble blaze giving a dreamy appearance to the apartment. At one end of the parlour, with his elbow resting on the mantelpiece,—for the cosy little parlour is furnished with a mantel-piece,—stood a young and rather gentlemanly looking man; his face bore a thoughtful and slightly careworn expression, and as he stood there, looking earnestly down at his neat foot with his well-fitting, well-polished boot,—he presented the appearance of a man ill at ease with all the world, save and except his bootmaker.

By his side stood a lovely maiden of nineteen or twenty, or, perhaps, twenty-one. Her handsome young face was radiant with smiles—smiles peeping through the joyous tears which bathed her pretty eyes as the kindly sunbeam peeps through the April shower.

Within her delicate little hands she clasped the stout arm of her companion; her eyes were fixed steadfastly upon his face, and she seemed to read his features as though it were a book in which was written down her fate. She gazed upon his unchanging countenance as the mariner gazes upon the sky when the forked lightning flashes through the air, and the lowering clouds thunder forth tales of shipwreck, destruction and death.

At length she exclaimed:

"Oh! Bob, how glad I am to see you again. I have quite forgiven you for not buying that album at Worthington's."

"You never asked me to buy it," Bob replied.

"Never asked you to buy it!" and she looked straight into his eyes as though she would see his heart through them, "never asked you to buy it, Bob?"

Bob's eye gave way before her steady gaze; he looked straight down on the carpet, and appeared intent upon counting the number of threads to the square foot, or perhaps he was speculating on the colours used in dyeing it; he felt ashamed.

"It's no matter Bob, you will buy it now."

Bob raised his head quickly, looked straight at the lovely girl before him, and, with that honourable frankness peculiar to English merchants, exclaimed, "I cannot afford it, I am a beggar."

"A beggar, a beggar, THANK HEAVEN!" and she clasped her pretty hands, and looked upwards.

It is a strange instinct that prompts us all to look upwards when we offer thanks to the Almighty. Good or bad, religious or irreligious, Christian or heathen, we are unconsciously impelled to regard that which is above as the good and great, and that which is below as the bad and wicked.

"Bob, I am an heiress now."

"You are an heiress," cried Bob.

"Yes, Bob, my dear old uncle Jack died about two months ago, and left me two hundred and fifty thousand pounds."

Bob was silent.

"Bob, will you—will you—dear Bob, will you not speak to me?" and she laid her dainty little hand upon his shoulder.

"I am a beggar now," grunted Bob.

"Oh, how can you say that, Bob, when I love you so dearly?"

"My father's a beggar."

"Oh! Bob, Bob, have pity on me, and ask me to—oh Bob," and she began to sob aloud.

Dear Miss Prude, gentle Miss Prude, kind Miss Prude, pretty Miss Prude, don't condemn poor Maggie overmuch. Please remember that when Bob was rich and herself poor she would not ask him to buy her an album of the value of a paltry pound; and if she all but asks him to marry her now, it is because their respective positions have undergone a very complete change. She is now heiress, and Bob is a beggar; so please, Miss Prude, don't be too severe on poor Maggie, or if you do, I'll never call you dear, gentle, kind and pretty any more.

And you, generous reader, you will not ask me to tell you the sequel of this little lovescene: to lay it open to your gentle gaze would be sinful and cruel; suffice it to say that Miss Somebody is now Miss Nobody, or no Miss at all, and that the last mail from England, so says *The Trade Review*, brings the gratifying intelligence that the embarrassments of the old and respectable house of Wisacre, Spendall and Co., were only temporary; that they were caused by the withdrawal of Mr. Spendall from the concern, whose place is now filled by Somebody else, and that the affairs of the new firm of R. Wisacre and Son are in a highly satisfactory state.

W. B. O.

MISTRUST the man who finds everything good, the man who finds everything evil, and still more, the man who is indifferent to everything.

GOSSIP FOR LADIES ONLY.

AMONG Parisian novelties may be mentioned a singular "hurling costume." It is composed of plain sailor-blue cashmere; the skirt and *casaque* are trimmed with large black velvet horseshoes, crossed with a branch of laurel. The horseshoes are nailed and edged with small steel beads, and still smaller beads are worked upon the laurel branches. The *casaque* is adjusted to the figure, at the back, and the *revers* in front appear as though they were fastened back with a steel horseshoe. A straw hat bound with black velvet, and a long blue veil, fastened at the side with a horseshoe, complete the costume. The *demi-saison* mantles are beginning to appear. They are very short, and they generally fit the figure, and are fastened with large balls of either jet, rock crystal, mother-of-pearl, or silver. These large balls are likewise used for decorating the *basques* at the back. A bow, composed of loops and ends of either black velvet or moire ribbon, is always fastened to the top of the centre of the back. Hats are worn taller than they were at the commencement of the season, and, when the crowns lengthen, the brims are always made round. The newest autumn hats are exactly like those worn during the Renaissance; they describe a Marie Antoinette point both at the front and back, and the sides are turned up. If made of straw, they are bound with velvet; but a great many felt hats have appeared lately in this form. Those require very little trimming; a tuft or a cockade of feathers, a bird, or simply a veil fastened at the side will suffice. When the veil is fastened at the side, a steel *agrafe*, a mother-of-pearl or jet butterfly, or a ribbon cockade, appears to hold the veil in its place. These *agrafes* are generally placed on the turned-up brim of the hat. A blue velvet cockade on a light gray felt with a *crêpe* veil of the same colour as the felt, forms a very lady-like travelling hat. Straw hats turned up with almond-coloured velvet, are also very fashionable for the same purpose. Although morning dresses are conspicuous for their simplicity, the same cannot be said of evening *toilettes* which are as rich and costly as it is possible to make them. This is the season of the year when French ladies wear light silk evening dresses. Light pink, blue, lilac, straw, and especially white silks are now in great request; they must be fresh and tastily trimmed, and the quality must be irreproachable, and then they are considered *the* thing for a ball. Slight silks appear to be going out of favour. The greatest novelties in silks are striped, with a shaded border, the same colour as the stripe, round the edge of the skirt. For young ladies the trimmings are very simple; a plain skirt, a narrow *berthe*, edged with silk fringe, tipped with either small jet or pearl beads, a long sash at the back cut from the same piece as the dress, and fringed to match the *berthe*, is the most appropriate make.

ANECDOTE OF GOETHE.—The celebrated poet was once sent to the Prussian headquarters as a commissary for Weimar,—a tall, handsome man, always dressed in court suit, powdered, with a hair-bag and dress-sword, who looked like a minister. Goethe was only a 'fellow' in the sight of the old Prussian Junkers. An old corpulent major, who marched with his battalion into Weimar, joined a party at a wine-house. A young officer asked him whether he had good quarters. "Well, well, decent. I am with one Goths or Gothe.—deuce take me if I know the fellow's name.—Ah it must be the celebrated Gothe.—It may be so: yes, it may be. I felt the fellow's teeth, and he seems to me to have flies in his head."

The story reminds us of the military man who passed through Weimar at the time of Goethe's funeral, and said afterwards, "A certain Herr von Goethe was being buried. They really made as much noise about it as if the man had been a major."

TO BE WELL BELOVED.—If we are loved by those around us, we can bear the hostility of all the rest of the world, just as, if we are before a warm fire, we need not care for all the ice in the polar regions.

SINGULAR WILLS.

A HUNDRED odd fancies and conceits, illustrative of the truth of the foreign dictum, that "England is the home of eccentricity," are constantly appearing in English wills.

"I also request that my executors have engraved on a plate on a tombstone, 'To the memory of Thomas B., gentleman, for several years an officer in the P. Volunteers, and steward to many gentlemen in the county. He was a man respected and beloved.'"

There is a will, duly attested and proved, scribbled on the back of a publican's card, in the following terms:—"Dear Polly, wan i have gon, hull i av belongs to you, my dear Polly."

Another, the testamentary disposition of a devoted stenographer, is written in short hand and contained in a little box. Whilst a third is contained in these three words, "All to wife."

Here is the will of Monia Swiney, widow, who was of so Ovidian a turn of mind that even her will ran into rhyme—

For this I never will repent, 'Tis my last will and testament, If much or little, nay, my all, I give my brother, Matthew Gall. And this will hinder any pother By sister Stritch or Mic our brother. Yet stop, should Matt die before Mic, And that may happen, for death's quick, I then bequeath my worldly store To brother Mic for evermore. And should I outlive my Brothers, It's fit that then I think of others. Matthew has sons and daughters two, 'Tis all their own, were it Peru. Pray, Mr. Forest, don't sit still. But witness this as my last will. (Signed) MONIA SWINEY.

John Hedges, whose will was proved July 13, 1847, also indulged in a poetical rein as follows:

This 5th day of May, Being airy and gay, To Lipp not inclined, But of vigorous mind, And my body in health, I'll dispose of my wealth, And of all I'm to leave, On this side of the grave, To some one or other, I think to my brother. But because I foresaw That my brethren-in-law, If I did not take care, Would come in for a share, Which I no ways intended, Till their manners are mended, (And of that God knows there's no sign), I do therefore enjoin, And do strictly command, Witness my hand, That nought I have got Be brought into hotchpot; But I give and devise, As much as in me lies, To the son of my mother, My own dear brother, To have and to hold, All my silver and gold, As the affectionate pledges Of his brother, John Hedges.

These extraordinary directions occur in the will of a surgeon, R.N., proved in 18—

"Dear Molly,—When I die you must keep my body eight or nine days, until it begins to get putrid. A plain coffin, without any ornaments or name upon it.

"Get some hay, put it into the coffin, one of my sheets over it—my night-cap put on my head. Enclose my body in one of my sheets, and then you must send my coffin and one of your carts at ten o'clock at night. Send four men to put the coffin upon the bier, and to be buried the day following, when it suits the clergyman,—no bell tolling,—no mourning whatever,—make merry,—do not be sad. I insist on your complying.

"Yours affectionately, R. W."

The head of a turtle, for some time after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensations. An Irishman decapitated one, and afterwards was amusing himself by putting sticks in its mouth, which it bit with violence. A lady who saw the proceeding exclaimed, "Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead?" "So he's ma'am, but the crather is not sensible of it."

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES.

1. I have one dollar to divide amongst a number of lads. Some receive 8d. each, the balance 7d. I manage to divide the dollar exactly between them. How many lads were there, and what number received 3d., and what number 7d.?

2. A farmer has \$100 which he wishes to lay out in turkeys at 50c. each; sheep at \$3 each, and cows at \$10 each, and to buy such a number of each kind as to get in all just one hundred for his hundred dollars. How many of each must he buy?

3. Put four fives in such a manner that they shall make 6.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. Apollo pushed Pan into the Egean sea, When he came out what was he?
2. Why is a drunken man like a medium?
3. If the roofless walls of a building could speak, what historical characters would they be likely to name?

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

- 1. OSSSPES. To hold.
2. UAATYRRRDDSEEA. A welcome guest.
3. AAHWOS. A town in Canada.
4. TLLAAFERW. May be either natural or artificial.

CHARADES.

'Twas night, and o'er the tented field A solemn silence fell, Save when the weary sentinel Proclaimed that all was well. The mighty first had long besieged A city that had stood Fierce war's assaults—'tis vanquished now, For lack of proper food.

'Tis early morn, and through the camp The trumpet loudly calls; When, lo! a flag of truce is raised Upon the city's walls. The chief comes forth—marks of my next Are on his noble brow; His face is seamed with many scars, His hair is white as snow.

He rides within the victors' lines— But bent with care and sorrow— And stipulates that he'll resign The vanquished place to-morrow. The conqueror then claims my whole; The chieftain gives his son To be the pledge the foe requires, Until the deed is done.

RIDDLE.

I much am prized by all mankind, With most a ready welcome find, Yet, strange to say—oft, when they meet me, My so-called friends quite coolly cut me; And though they must at times admire, The rogues would throw me in the fire Without compunction, much I fear, Should I within their homes appear. SOLO.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, &c. No. 4.

PUZZLES.

- 1. Colenso.
2. Mrs. Smith, 14 eggs; Betsy Jones, 10.

CONUNDRUMS.

- No. 1. Because it is the grub which makes the butter fly.
2. Riddle.
3. Because it supports everything by its beams,
4. Because it possesses only one organ.

RIDDLES.

- 1. Because he is generally lead.
2. A M.P.
3. Because it is always lightning.
4. Because you play at chess with two bishops, and at cards with four knaves.
5. Because he is a simple ton (simpleton).
6. Time.

RHYMS WANTED.

Ear.

ANAGRAMS.

- 1. Saturday Reader. 2. Toronto. 3. Trade Review. 4. O stop eat. 5. I stir men. 6. Lo men dig. 7. The law. 8. Best in prayer. 9. Partial men. 11. Keep a crow. 12. Can I lead on.

CHARADES.

- 1. Hum-bug. 2. Purchase.

DECAPITATIONS.

- 1. Prussia. 2. Spain. 3. Flute. 4. Fowl. 5. Flint.

PROBLEMS.

1. In one day A does 1/4 and B 1/5 of the work; therefore both together, in one day, would do 3/20 of it.

Hence, as 1/20 : 1 :: 1 : 5 1/3 days, the time required.

2. There a=104, the 32nd power of which is 3,508,059. Dividing 1 by this, we get 0.285-058; the difference between which and 1, is 0.714 249; and by dividing this 0.04, we obtain 17,87355, which is the present value of £1 of the annuity. Multiplying it by 75, we get £1340 10s. 4d, the required price.

3. Thus 60 1/2 seconds. Distance the hare ran, 490 yards.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Puzzles.—1st, H. H. V.; 2nd, Chas. H. H.; W. O.

Conundrums.—All, H. H. V.; W. G.; 1st and 2nd, Jane P.

Riddles.—1st and 4th, W. G.; 6th, H. H. V.; A. N.; W. P.

Anagrams.—1st, 2nd, 3rd, Alice B.; E. P.; D. H.; 2nd, 7th, 9th, W. G.; H. H. V.; 3rd, Martinus Scriblerus.

Rhyme Wanted.—W. O.; H. T.; Alfred C.

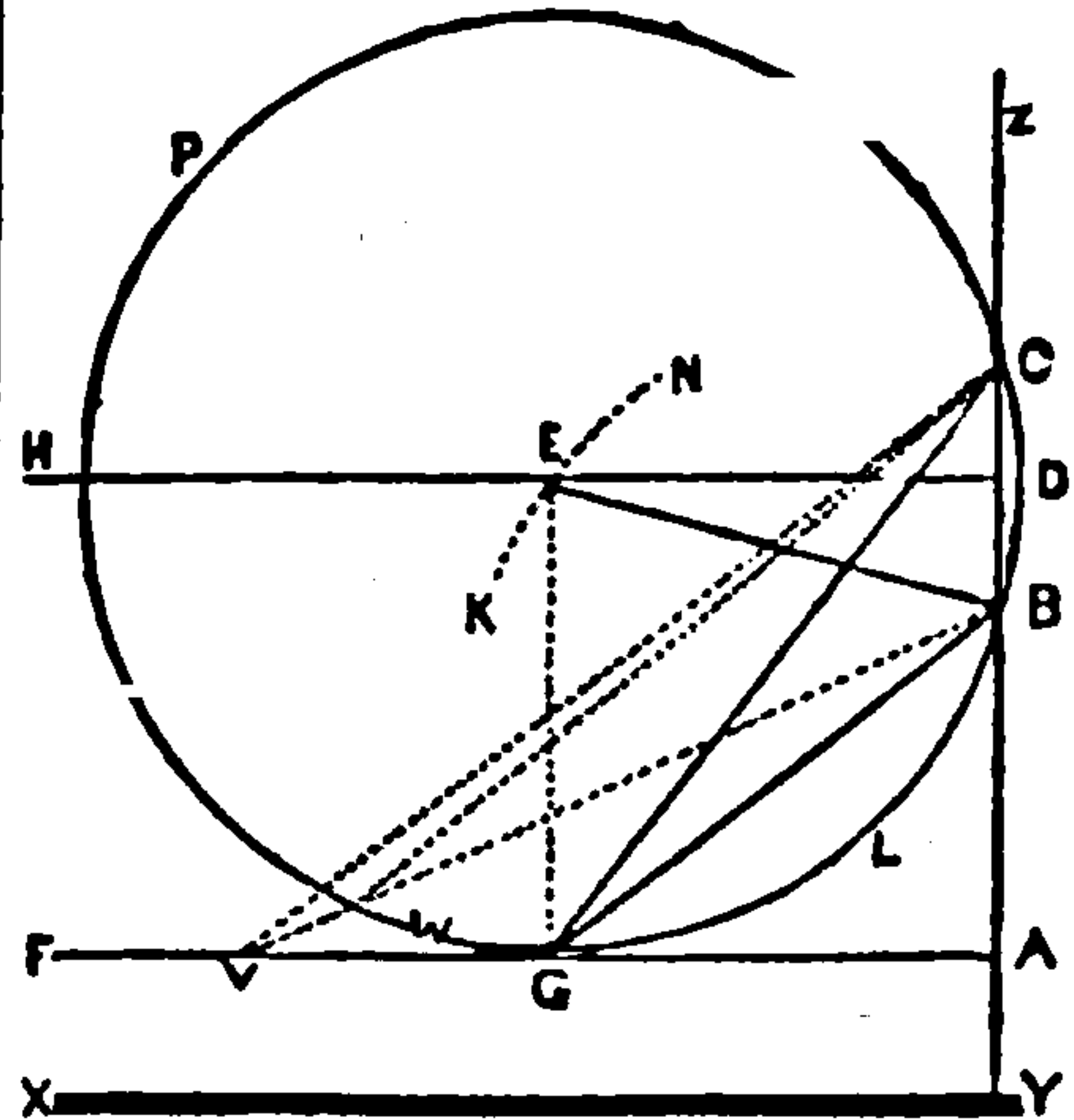
Charades.—1st, Martinus Scriblerus; W. O.; 2nd, Alice B.

Decapitations.—All, W. G.; E. P.; Allen B.

Problems.—1st, J. P.; Henry O.; 2nd, Student; A. H. R.; (J. P., you have mistaken the question); 3, Henry O.; Student.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM 1. No 3.

Solved and demonstrated by F. H. Andrews.



Let X Y represent the ground line. At the point Y raise the indefinite perpendicular Y Z. Mark off Y A = 5 feet; also Y B = 95, and B C = 12 feet. Next, through the point A draw A F indefinitely, and parallel to Y X. Bisect B C in D, and through D draw D H indefinitely, and parallel to Y X or A F.

At the point B, with the distance D A, describe the arc K N, cutting D H in I. Drop the perpendicular I G, and A G is the required distance. Join C G and B G, and the angle O G B is the maximum angle. For, if not, suppose a larger angle to be found at any other point, as V. Then at I, as a centre with the distance I B or I G, describe the circle G L B C P. Next join C V and B V, and from the point W, where B V cuts the circle, draw the line C W.

Now the angle O W B is equal to angle O G B, being in the same segment of the circle, but it is larger than the interior and opposite angle C V W. The angle O G B may in same way be proved to be the greatest possible, if the required point be supposed to be between the points G and A.

For arithmetical calculation of distance G A (or I D). Subtract square of (D B) half the statue, from the square of I B or (A B + B D) and extract the root of the remainder for the answer. From the above diagram, the measure of the maximum angle (O G B) may be readily found, being demonstrably equal to the angle D I B.

Problem 3, No. 3, J. P. Solution received too late to be inserted in last number.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WOLF.—We have read your manuscript, but cannot insert it in its present form. It is not without merit, but the story would read better if cut down to about half its present length, as too much prominence is given to details which are uninteresting to the reader. We throw out this hint for your guidance in the future contributions you promise us. Do you wish the MSS. returned?

BELLA.—It is not pleasant to write disagreeable things to a lady, but editors are sometimes compelled to do so. "O'er the Glad Waters" is not suitable for the Reader.

TELEGRAPH.—We believe that serious suspicions were entertained by several gentlemen on board the Great Eastern, that the injuries to the cable were not the result of accident, but design. It is stated that special care will be taken to guard against any malicious attempts to injure the cable about to be manufactured.

MARRIUS SCRIBLERUS.—Don't you think "you was" would exercise the schoolmaster? The other is good but too generally known. Thanks.

JOHN S.—If the statements in your paper are correct, perhaps some of our contemporaries across the lines, ready to do battle with the prevailing vices of the day, would publish it. We return the MSS. as we prefer to believe that none of our readers are amenable to the strictures it contains.

J. T. S.—Many thanks—shall be glad to hear from you again.

SELO.—As above.

D. P. D.—We are glad to find that our young friends are interested in the Reader. Keep on "trying a little," and please forward the "good one" you promise.

CON.—We do not care to publish articles of the style you forwarded. Our friends should emulate the healthy tone and vigorous style of the writers for the best English periodicals, rather than the insipid sentimentalism which is the stock in trade of so many journals published on this continent. You can if you choose forward the other article indicated, but we will not promise to insert it.

GEO. B.—The answers will be acknowledged in the proper place. We shall probably make use of "Sorel" shortly.

X. Much obliged; such pages are very acceptable.

G. H. I.—We will look over the article again, but fear it is not sufficiently interesting for publication.

R. S.—We admit at once the importance of any suggestions which may lead men to greater earnestness in the examination of their own faith, rather than that of their neighbours; we also think that an enlightened liberality should be exercised in discussing the views of others, but it does not seem to us that these lessons are clearly brought out in the allegory sent. We confess, however to some difficulty in deciphering the MSS.

H. W., GUELPH.—Probably in about six weeks.

STUDENT.—Perseverance is all that is necessary.

ELLEN T.—We must refer you to the notice respecting back numbers.

MASONIC.—Yes. Please forward us the circulars regularly. The Secretaries of the various Lodges can aid us materially.

GEORGE H.—Advertise in the daily papers.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A **Piece** of cold charcoal laid upon a burn is said to instantly subdue the pain.

ANOTHER NEW PLANET.—No. 84 has been discovered by Dr. Luther, director of the observatory at Bilk, near Düsseldorf. It was first seen at half-past nine on August 25th, on which day, at 10h. 46m. 28s. Bilk mean time its A. R. was 323° 27' 49.1", and its declination N.—14° 20' 47.1".

GRENADES.—Captain Schultze, of the Prussian Artillery, has patented a new kind of gunpowder, which possesses some remarkable peculiarities. It consists principally of wood reduced by a very ingenious process to very minute cylinders or grains, deprived of all their constituents other

than cellulose, and steeped in a solution of nitrate of potash and nitrate of barytes. The explosive effect of this new powder is stated to be as great as that of gun-cotton, while it does not possess the great disadvantages of the latter substance.

A DWARF ENGINE.—One of the most curious articles of an exhibition, now being held in England, is a steam-engine and boiler, in miniature, and described as the "smallest steam-engine in the world." It stands scarcely two inches in height, and is covered with a glass shade. The fly-wheel is made of gold, with steel arms, and makes seven thousand revolutions per minute. The engine and boiler are fastened together with thirty-eight miniature screws and bolts, the whole weighing fourteen grains, or under one quarter of an ounce. The manufacturer says that the evaporation of six drops of water will drive the engine eight minutes. This dwarf piece of mechanism is designed and made by a clock manufacturer in Horsforth, England.

BEETLE TAAP.—A correspondent has sent us the following:—"I have caught a thousand beetles by placing a common white ginger-beer bottle, with a small quantity of ginger-beer in it, against the wall, or in a corner of the kitchen, in a slanting direction."

TO IMPROVE THE QUALITY OF TEA.—A French chemist asserts that if tea be ground like coffee, before hot water is put upon it, it will yield double the amount of exhilarating qualities. Another writer says that "if a piece of lump sugar, the size of a walnut, is put into the teapot, you will make the tea infuse in one-half the time."

MAHMUD BEY, astronomer to the Viceroy of Egypt, has issued an interesting treatise as to the date of the building of the Pyramids, tracing their connexion with Sirius, the dogstar. The late Viceroy, said Pasha, ordered him to work out this problem. He found the measurement of the largest to be 231 metres at the base, and 146.40 from the ground to the apex. Hence it follows, that the sides are at an angle 51° 45'. Mahmud Bey found that the angles of the other three pyramids, near Memphis, were on an average inclination of 52°. The fact that the sides of these monuments are placed exactly true to the four points of the compass, seemed to point to some connexion with the stars, and Mahmud Bey found Sirius send his rays nearly vertically upon the south side, when passing the meridian of Ghizeh. He then found on calculating back the exact positions the stars occupied in past centuries, that the rays of Sirius were exactly vertical to the south side of the Great Pyramid, 3,300 B.C. Sirius was dedicated to the god Sothis or Toth, Anubis, and hence the astronomer deduces that the Pyramids were built about 3,300 B.C.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

WHY does a soldier wear a red coat?—To keep him warm.

The young lady who was fired with indignation, had her feelings damped by disappointment, and was afterwards put out about a trifle.

WANTED TO KNOW.—If the ministerial organs in this city resemble those built by Warren?

If the man who threw light on a dark subject was fatigued by the exercise?

Of what kind of food the German Diet consists?

If the Diet of Worms is often served up at Dolly's?

MODERN DICTIONARY.

Ad-age.—To grow old.

A-diew.—A Hebrew.

Ad-mire.—To get dirtier.

Al-lot.—A great deal.

Bagg-age.—The age of a bag.

Break-fast.—To break quickly.

Brig-ade.—Succor for a brig.

THE ADVANTAGE OF LONG HAIR.—"No one would take you for what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman to a dandy who had more hair than brains. "Why?" was immediately asked. "Because they cannot see your ears."

A **SIGHT SEEN**, on horseback meeting a lad not far from Edinburgh, asked him, "Am I half way to Edinburgh?" "Please sir," said the boy, "I dinna ken where ye cam' frae."

An old bachelor gives the following as a toast:—"The ladies, the only endurable aristocracy, who rule without laws, judge without jury, decide without appeal, and are never in the wrong."

At an evening party a very elderly lady was dancing with a young partner. A stranger approached Jerrold, who was looking on, and said, "Pray, sir, can you tell me who is the young gentleman dancing with that elderly lady?"—"One of the humane society, I should think," replied Jerrold.

On the door of the parish church, not a hundred miles from Montreal, was recently affixed the following notice:—"The churchwardens will hold their quarterly meeting every six weeks, instead of half-yearly, as formerly."

"I have lost my appetite," said a gigantic Irish gentleman, and an eminent performer on the trencher, to Mark Supple.—"I hope," said Supple, "no poor man has found it; for it would ruin him in a week."

A GUARDED ANSWER.—In the Registration Court, Cupar-Fife, a man was called on to appear as a witness, and could not be found. On the sheriff asking where he was, a grave, elderly gentleman rose up, and, with much emphasis, said, "My Lord, he's gone."—"Gone! gouo!" said the sheriff, "where is he gone?"—"That I cannot inform you," replied the communicative gentleman; "but he's dead."

THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.—An aged female darkey is said to have presented herself at a certain office, when the following dialogue took place:—

Old Woman.—"Is 'dis de Freedmen's Bureau place?"

Answer.—"It is. What will you have?"

Old Woman.—"I wants my bureau, too. Iso told that all the freed folks is 'titled to one. I don't want to be put off with a little washstand, but I wants a big bureau, and a looking-glass tu it."

Our informant left without learning the result.

ADMIRAL Lord Howe, when a captain was once hastily awakened in the middle of the night by the lieutenant of the watch, who informed him with great agitation that the ship was on fire near the magazine. "If that be the case," said he, rising leisurely to put on his clothes, "we shall soon know it." The lieutenant flew back to the scene of danger, and almost instantly returning, exclaimed, "You need not, sir, be afraid, the fire is extinguished."—"Afraid!" exclaimed Howe, "what do you mean by that, sir! I never was afraid in my life," and looking the lieutenant full in the face, he added, "Pray, how does a man feel, sir, when he is afraid? *I need not ask how he looks.*"

WOMAN'S VOICE.—"The voice of women, gentlemen," said a swaggering individual, in an argument, "the voice of woman, no matter how much some of you may be inclined to sneer at the sentiment, exercises a soothing, an inspiring, a bellowing influence upon the ear of man; comforts him in affliction, encourages him in dismay, and banishes from his mind all these troubles which, when she is absent, conspire to sink him into the depths of despondency."—"Tom! you rascal!" exclaimed his wife, at this instant bursting into the room, "come home, you loitering scamp, and leave these worthless fellows to themselves. Oh! when I get you at home, won't you catch it!"

MANY proverbs admit of contradiction, as witness the following:—"The more the merrier." Not so—one hand is enough in a purse. "It is a long way to the bottom of the sea." Not so—it is but a stone's cast. "Nothing but what has an end." Not so—a ring has none, for it is round.

A **Jaw** called on to justify bail in the Court of Common Pleas, the opening counsel thus examined him:—"What is your name?"—"Jacob."—"What are you?"—"General dealer."—"Do you keep a shop?"—"No."—"How, then, do you dispose of your goods?"—"To the best advantage, my good fellow."

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CANADIAN AND OTHER
NATIONAL SONGS.

DID any one ever hear sung, or see published, anything at all in the shape of a Canadian ballad? We do not refer to the sweet sounding chants with which our hardy raftsmen are wont to beguile their toilsome hours, as they urge their acres of floating logs down the Ottawa and St. Lawrence to Quebec. We mean those well remembered ballads, heard by many of us in the far off past, in the islands across the Atlantic,—ballads in whose every word there was a memory that had been as a soul to them, and had kept them alive for hundreds of years. And in the winter nights, when the doors were shut, and the big fire in the chimney corner made every face radiant, how pleasant it was to sit and listen with hushed breath and throbbing heart to the words of the old melodies as, warm with the fire of passion and of poesy, they came floating from red and tuneful lips. And in whatsoever part of the world a man may be, these old songs, when he hears them, sweep, on the instant, the blood to his heart, and pour a flood of tenderness over his memory,—for they are the golden chains that, in spite of everything he has encountered, and in spite of everything he has forgotten, bind him, as with the cords of an angel to the land where the stars shone upon his nativity.

How beautifully now as we think of it, does Holy Writ express the same thing: "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, sing us one of the songs of Zion."

And the well known fact of the Swiss bursting into tears, anywhere he hears the *Rons des Vaches* of his native mountains, bears out the same idea. It were needless to multiply other instances.

I do not wish to be understood to say that Canada can boast of no songs; on the contrary, the recent publication of Rev. Mr. Dewitt of collections from Canadian poets shows that we possess some excellent native productions. We need only mention, for instance, Mrs. Leprohon. This gifted gentlewoman has published many lyrics of great beauty,—songs that are widely known and just as widely appreciated. What Mrs. Browning did for the scenery of Italy, Mrs. Leprohon has done for Canada. Her exquisite poem on the Saguenay would be sufficient alone to send down her name to posterity.

A glance at the relative positions of Canada and the British Islands may afford us a clue to the reasons why the former possesses no ballad poetry. The age of feudalism, and what may be called the great epoch of the British, Scottish, and Irish civil wars, were the parents of nearly all our ballad poetry. True, there was feudalism in Canada, but the Seigneurs, instead of quarrelling with one another,—and these disputes furnished rich subjects for the fruitful imaginations of the Minstrels,—were compelled to unite, even up to the period of the conquest, to keep off, first the incessant attacks of the Indians, and second, to preserve themselves against the less frequent but more deadly onslaughts of the English. And, as far as respects the conflict between the two great races who struggled for the supremacy of the continent, it is a matter of congratulation that no ballads—if any were written—have been handed down. For nothing that could be devised by human means, would so perpetuate hatred, and poison the fountainhead of national prosperity.

Let us glance at the British Islands, and see what a magnificent mine of ballad wealth is possessed by each of them. We pass by the wars of the Roses and the field of Bosworth, that placed the Tudors on the throne. Then we come to the woful field of Flodden, where the king of Scotland and most of his nobles, fighting with the hereditary bravery, preferred to fall rather than to surrender or take to flight. What a magnificent use of this battle Sir Walter Scott makes in what may be called the modern ballad of Marmion, when, in Elizabeth's time, we have the civil wars in Scotland, between Mary and her

subjects, and the civil wars in Ireland, where Hugh O'Neil, the gifted and gallant Prince of Ulster, raised the standard of the famous "Red Hand," and for many long years, with only a handful of men, held out against the whole forces of Elizabeth. The theme is one that has awakened the eloquence and pathos of fifty Irish bards. Next we have the wars of Roundhead and Cavalier, the doings of Claverhouse; later on the insurrection of the Duke of Monmouth, and the Bloody Assizes that followed; then the siege of Limerick, and the self-expatriation of its gallant defenders; the rebellion of the Earl of Mar in 1711, and the murderous battle of Culloden, where the last hope of the princely house of Stuart was extinguished in blood. The siege of Limerick and this battle have been bewailed by the Irish and Scottish muse with the lamentation of Rachel weeping over her children, and refusing to be comforted because they were not.

In addition to all these subjects, each grand enough for an epic, there were thousands of other themes—feuds of clans, carrying away of the heirs of noble houses, and assaults of castles. It may be laid down as a general rule, that the ballad poetry of England is inferior to that of Scotland and Ireland. But then the magnificent song of *Chevy Chase*, makes up for a thousand faults. The author was Richard Shoale, and he lived in the time of Henry the Sixth. The bard leaps into this subject as a war-horse dashes upon a wall of bayonets. The ballad is composed of sixty-eight four line stanzas. The first is of six lines. We give it as a specimen, and by no means one of the best.

The Percy, out of Northumberland,
And a vow to God made he,
That he would hunt in the mountains
Of Cheviot within days three;
In the maugre of doughty Douglas,
And all that with him be.

The whole poem was put into Latin by the gifted Dr. Maginn, the "Morgan O'Doherty" of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, and was completed in the June number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, 1820. We subjoin his rendering of the first verse:

Forams ex Northumbria,
Vovebat, quia iratis,
Venare inter Dies tres,
In montibus Cheviotis,
Contentis forti Douglaso
Et omnibus cognatis.

Would a modern bard begin in this bold way? We think not. First of all he would commence by telling us why the Percy made the vow, and would go on through many a weary page to analyse the feelings that actuated him, such as aversion, hereditary feud, etc., until the reader would fling down the book in deep disgust. Truly, ballad writing would seem to be one of the lost arts.

In the early days of Canadian history,—in the times when the settler, as he cut down trees on the spot which is now the Upper Town of Quebec, looked round, every blow he gave, to see if any of the dreaded Iroquois were stealing upon him, as a panther steals upon its prey,—in the adventures of the bold men from Brittany and Normandy, who, to procure furs for "Messieurs de la Compagnie," risked life, day and night, explored vast rivers, and penetrated where even their guides confessed that Indians hardly ever set foot, there was ample material for ballad poetry. But a certain degree of civilization was requisite for such attempts, and then civilization there was none; Canada was, in the language of one of the Jesuit Fathers, "Nothing but an infinite wilderness." These indomitable men did, however, a noble work, and the poetic history they left behind them may be read to-day in a thousand smiling villages, and in untold acres of golden grain bowed to the earth with the glorious treasures that make men happy, make women smile, and children lift up their infant hands to heaven in prayer and thanksgiving.

In a work issued recently by that most patriotic of publishers, Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal, entitled, "1812; the War and its Moral: a Canadian Chronicle, by William F. Coffin," an eloquent and able book—one which should be in the hands of all our readers,—the struggles of that eventful period are so well told, that we could at most afford to dispense with ballads narrating these momentous events Mr. Coffin so graphically de-

scribes. Still we would rather have them, because they are the strongest link to bind us to the past, and are the very essence and epitome of a nation's infancy.

I think the time has now come when we should expect the national feeling that is afloat should find expression in national songs. I am well aware that such productions can not be extemporized. They must be the utterances of the heart, and not written to order. The Americans, during their late civil war, advertised for a National Hymn, and offered the sum of \$500 for a meritorious production. Hundreds of copies of verses poured in, were carefully examined, and the very best was found to be very poor indeed, so the reward was withdrawn.

I am sure there is talent enough in Canada to accomplish the task of which I have spoken. He who is successful will receive all that any poet may expect, all that any true heart desires, and that is immortality. The value of such songs is incalculable. They speak to the heart of the patriot as does the trumpet to the heart of the soldier; and as the Marseillaise Hymn spoke to the soul of France when she rose in arms to fight for national existence against embattled Europe. To the stormy majesty of this hymn, emperors and kings bowed down, and it fought for the beleaguered land with the force of a million of bayonets. The position of France at that time may be ours in time to come. Then, let us have national songs, and, if the day of peril should ever come, they will be found to be strong auxiliaries to strong hearts, and as inspiring as the country's banner seen streaming upon the breeze of battle.

G. J. W.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

NEW CANADIAN NOVEL.

A RUMOUR is afloat to the effect that the MSS. of a new work of fiction, entitled *The Advocate*, has been purchased by a Montreal publisher from Mr. Charles Heavyside, the author of *Saul*, *Jephtha's Daughter*, &c., and that it will appear in readable shape in a few weeks. We hope this is true. Mr. Heavyside, as a poet, has earned a highly creditable reputation, not only in Canada but in Great Britain and the United States. We are not a little curious, and we feel assured that a large portion of the reading community share our curiosity,—to see how he will "come out" as a writer of prose.

CHRISTIE'S LOWER CANADA.

CHRISTIE'S History of Lower Canada in six volumes, neatly got up and substantially bound in cloth, will form a very desirable addition to the literature of the province. We believe that Mr. Worthington has secured all the remaining copies of the edition of the first three volumes, of this work, and is engaged in reproducing the fourth, fifth and sixth volumes formerly published by Mr. Lovell, but now out of print, which, when completed, will form a most valuable history of the province. A copy of the first volume is before us, and we may remark that the style in which it is got up is creditable to the publisher. We will, on a future occasion, review the book in detail.

Mr. S. P. Day is preparing for the press a work called "Woman and Civilization."

The author of "Guy Livingston," "Sword and Gown," &c., has arranged to contribute to *Once a Week* a serial tale, which will appear forthwith. It is to be entitled "Sans Merci, or Kestrels and Falcons."

The continuation of M. Renan's "Life of Jesus" is in the press. It is to appear in two volumes, one of which will be entitled "Les Apôtres" and the other "St. Paul." It is said that this work is much less calculated to provoke criticism than its predecessor, the opinion expressed in it being more in conformity with the generally received views on the subject.

M. Berryer is said to be employed in revising his speeches for publication. From the same source, we also learn that he is likewise occupied in superintending the erection of his own tomb, which is next to those of his father, mother, wife

and brother. The monument consists merely of a roof of thatch, supported by four wooden columns, the inscription being, "Expecto donec veniat immutatio mea!"

A famous place of public resort in London is about to be destroyed. The blinds of the Old Hummums Hotel in Covent-garden Market are drawn down, and cabs are busy at the door taking away the luggage and lumber absent guests. The landlord has advertised his thanks to old customers, and informs them that, as the Duke of Bedford requires the ground to extend his root and flower market, his house must come down, and he will not resume business again. As most of our readers know, 'Hummums' is merely a corruption of, and took its rise from, "Hamnam," the Arabic word for "bagnio," or bath, which in the last century was conducted here by a Mr. Small. There were sweating-rooms, hot-baths, and cold-baths, and the prices ranged from 2s. to 5s., including the fees to rubbers-down. The Turkish baths, recently so popular with us, are nothing but the old London bagnios revived and improved. The Hummums, however, will be remembered more from its having been the favourite haunt of literary men than from its association with the old sweating-baths. It was in this house that Parson Ford, who makes so conspicuous a figure in Hogarth's "Modern Midnight Conversation," died. In Boswell's "Life of Johnson" we read:—"Boswell. Was there not a story of Parson Ford's ghost having appeared? Johnson. Sir, it was believed a waiter at the Hummums, in which house Ford died, had been absent for some time, and returned, not knowing that Ford was dead. Going down to the cellar, according to the story, he met him; going down again he met him a second time. When he came up he asked some people of the house what Ford could be doing there; they told him Ford was dead. The waiter took a fever, in which he lay for some time. When he recovered he said he had a message to deliver to some woman, from Ford, but he was not to tell what or to whom. He walked out; he was followed, but somewhere about St. Paul's they lost him. He came back, and said he had delivered it, and the woman exclaimed, 'Then we are all undone,' Dr. Pellet, who was not a credulous man, inquired into the truth of the story, and he said the evidence was irresistible. My wife went to the Hummums (it is a place where people get themselves cupped). I believe she went with the intention to hear about this story of Ford. At first they were unwilling to tell her; but after they had talked to her, she came away satisfied that it was true. To be sure, the man had a fever, and this vision may have been the beginning of it. But if the message to the woman, and her behaviour upon it, were true, as related, there was something supernatural. That rests upon his word,—and there it remains."

Mr. J Honcago Jesse, whose pleasant volumes relating to the Stuart and Hanoverian courts of England are the best specimens we have that answer to the popular French semi-historical and biographical memoirs, has in press a new book, "Memoirs of George the Third and his Times." It is said to be enriched with many curious anecdotes from unpublished documents of the noble families of the time, and, in connection with his former works, will bring down the thread of narrative from James 1st, to the days of our Fathers and the early remembrances of those yet flourishing amongst us.

The courage that deserves success, if not the merit that commands it, is unquestionably the attribute of Mr. M. F. Tupper. A serious five-act play, by the "Proverbial Philosopher," to be brought out at the Haymarket Theatre, was the "coming event" of the last week's dramatic annals in London, and, with singular absence of reticence, it was stated to have been originally produced in Manchester a few years since, without success. If, in spite of such a forewarning, Mr. Tupper gains a favourable verdict from the public, he will be a fortunate man; but the author whose books have been bought by some two hundred thousand purchasers, must enjoy a solid sense of satisfaction proof against many trifling annoyances. His play is entitled "Alfred." We notice by the book lists that he has changed

his publisher, and has joined in the "nest of singing birds" whose notes echo from Messrs. Moxon's establishment, instead of continuing with Messrs. Hatchard, of "serious" fame, by whom his books were first given to the world.

Dr. Pusey, whose "Lectures on the Prophet Daniel" have been received by all parties and denominations of Christians as a noble vindication of revealed truth, quits temporarily the paths of Scriptural exegesis for the more exciting theme of polemic warfare. He has now in press a "Reply" to the letter recently addressed to him by Archbishop Manning on behalf of Anglo-Romanism. It is expected to form a work as remarkable as Dr. Newman's "Apology" for his own life, and will vindicate and defend the catholicity of the English Church, while explaining the position and policy of the writer, whose influence on a numerous and devoted band of followers more resembles what we read of in the ages of faith than the ordinary relations of a modern Protestant clergyman to the community. To avoid the appearance of personal controversy with the Roman Catholic archbishop, Dr. Pusey's letter will be addressed formally to Rev. J. Keble.

It is proposed to purchase by subscription, and to preserve, as a memorial of Obancer, the Talbot Inn, in the Borough High Street. The testimony of admiration thus proposed would be so far imperfect that it would be hard to prove any portion of the structure in question to be so old as the time of Chaucer.

Mr. Gerald Massey has a new work just ready for the press, entitled 'Shakspeare's Sonnets never before Interpreted: with a Re-touched Portrait of the Man Shakspeare.' It contains a new theory of the Sonnets, the first brief hints of which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for April, 1864. According to Mr. Massey's reading, the greater portion of the Sonnets, personal or dramatic, was written for the Earl of Southampton; the rest for William Herbert; and the story of Shakspeare keeping a mistress, of whom he was robbed by his friend, vanishes into thin air.

The grave has now closed over the last of a poet's household. The widow of Moore rests by her husband's side. The voice of song had long been silenced in the little bower at Sloperton, where she who once listened lived on the memories of the old sweet echoes:

—In future hours, some bard will say
Of her who heard and him who sang the lay,
They are gone! They both are gone!

The papers which have announced the death of Mrs. Moore, have agreed in mistating her age, which they set down at sixty-eight. As she married Moore in 1811, this would imply that she was only fourteen when she married the bard, who was then in his thirty-third year! The difference between their ages was by no means so great. Another, and a graver mistake, is the repetition of the malignant assertion of "the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker," made by him almost before Moore was buried, that the poet was a husband who cared little for his wife! This assertion gave great pain to Mrs. Moore, and was resented by Lord John Russell. The "Right Hon. John Wilson Croker," however, only aggravated his unmanly offence by sneering at Moore's widow as "Lord John's interesting victim." All this malignity was the fruit of well-nursed wrath, which was excited by the fact that fifty years before Moore had omitted to name Mr. Croker in the Notes to Anacreon. Setting aside the terrible affliction of the loss of all their children, the home of Tom Moore and Bessy was a happy one. Because his journal only records his flittings abroad, and barely alludes to his home except in notice of some labour there, and thankfulness that he had leisure to perform it;—because he sang lightly of

Brilliant short pleasure that flashes and dies,—

men are apt to forget that the poet was a solid scholar, and that his knowledge of patristic literature was more real than his acquaintance with Fanny of Timmol. It has also been said that Moore seldom or never alludes to his wife in his poetry. He was not publicly uxorious, but all his allusions are in exquisite taste, and a hundred passages in his diary are testimonies to the worth

of his admirable wife, and to the high estimation in which he held her. "Then come," he says, in his metrical invitation to Lord Landedowne to dine at Sloperton,—

Then come—if a board so entreating bath power
To win thee from grandeur, its best shall be thine:
And there's one, long the light of the bard's happy
bower,
Who, smiling, will bleed her bright welcome with
mine.

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

COMPILED FROM LES RELATIONS DES JESUITES.

THERE WAS an English Puritan, master of the great ship, who was more malicious than all the others; a dissimulator, nevertheless, for he was making the finest professions in the world; but the other English warned the Jesuits not to trust him, forasmuch as he was bitterly envenomed against them. This man, then, seeing his opportunity, was persuading the Captain and Lieutenant, whom he saw excited, to abandon the Jesuit on shore, saying he was unworthy to receive food from the English, because he had wished to prevent them from having it.

But the Jesuit found that he had enemies among his own countrymen, for while he was supplicating Argal to have compassion on the fugitives from Port Royal, and to leave them some provisions, their sloop, and provide them with some other means of passing the winter, a Frenchman was crying out that the captain ought to put Père Biard to death.

Now Argal, who had a noble heart (page 51) seeing so much sincere affection on the part of the Jesuit, and so much savage vindictiveness on the side of this Frenchman, considered that it would be always a reproach to himself, if, without having heard all parties, he should abandon him to whom he had given his promise; and for this reason rejected both the suggestion of the Englishman and the violent entreaty of the Frenchman; and became the more appeased towards the Jesuit the more he was seeing him assailed.

Captain Argal having removed from Port Royal all that seemed useful to him, even planks, bolts, locks, and nails, set fire to the settlement. He placed on a large and massive stone the names of the Sieur de Monts and other captains, as well as the *fleur de lys*; after which he lifted anchor to sail away, but bad weather detained him at the entrance of the port for the space of three or four days.

While he was remaining at anchor, a Frenchman of Port Royal asked to speak with him; the request was granted. The man said to Argal that he was very much astonished that the latter had not already rid the world of the pernicious Jesuit who was on board his ship. If this had not been done it was perhaps because bad luck had preserved him, in order to destroy the French by some act of black treason, a thing the Jesuit would do when the opportunity should present itself. That he was a true and natural Spaniard, who, having committed many crimes in France, on account of which he was a fugitive from the country; yet had he given them much scandal at Port Royal, and that it ought not to be doubted but he would again work evil to the English. Captain Argal having heard that Father Biard was a natural Spaniard, was unable to believe the assertion, but gave him this accusation in writing, and signed by five or six persons. The captain was urged to put the Jesuit ashore and abandon him there; but the more they entreated the less he consented. But as to his nationality, the Jesuit was a Frenchman; had been known in Port Royal as such; had never been in Spain, neither had his father, his mother, or any of his relations.

On the nineteenth of November, 1613, the English left Port Royal, with the intention of returning to Virginia. Now from this time Lieutenant Turnel looked upon Father Biard as nothing but an abominable rogue; he detested him still more when he reflected on the past, for he had esteemed and admired him for his artlessness and candour. But having seen the written testimony of so many Frenchmen, who asserted

that Father Biard was a natural born Spaniard and an evil-disposed man, Turnel preferred to believe that the Jesuit was a liar, rather than that his accusers were guilty of falsehood.

The second day after the departure of the fleet, so great a storm arose that it scattered the three vessels in such a manner that they failed to join company again, and all steered in different directions. No news was heard of the barque, and it was believed she went to the bottom with the six Englishmen who sailed her. But the ship in which Argal commanded was fortunate enough to arrive in port in Virginia, in the space of about three weeks. The Marshal of Virginia heard very willingly from Captain Argal all that had transpired, and was anxiously awaiting the arrival of Father Biard, whose voyage he could soon have shortened by means of a rope.

The two Jesuits and a boy were on board the captive ship, which had been given in command to Lieutenant, now Captain Turnel. This vessel separated from that of Argal by the tempest, was so incessantly buffeted about by the storm for sixteen days, that the captain, losing all hope of being able to reach Virginia, called all his people and consulted with them as to what was best to be done in order to save their lives; for there was no appearance of being able to battle with the winds any longer, to save themselves from being driven away from Virginia, because they had on board some horses taken from Port Royal, and these were wasting the water, so much had they drank. The hurricanes destroyed so many of the sails and so much of the rigging that there remained no stores with which to repair the damage. The provisions also were very low, with the exception of codfish, of which there was enough. As for bread, the supply for the space of three months had only been two ounces per head each day, very rarely three, and there remained of it an exceedingly small quantity. The result of this consultation was that the seamen were of opinion it was necessary to hold out some days longer for the sake of sustaining their credit. Fair weather came the next day, and favoured them so much that they did not consider themselves to be more than five and twenty leagues from the port in Virginia. But to confess the full truth the Jesuits did not pray for this fair wind, for they well knew where it was leading them.

There arose, however, a furious South-west wind, which drove right in the face of the English, and forced them to furl all the sails, and to think of their conscience. The captain seeing how things stood, gave up the design of reaching Virginia, and concluded that it was necessary to make for the Azores, seven hundred leagues from where he was, in order to provide for their wants at these islands, and await good weather. He turned the ship's head to proceed to the Azores, and soon afterwards they killed the horses, which had not only consumed but spoiled the water in such a manner that it became stinking. Yet even in this state it was given in very small measure. But the horse-flesh was found by the Jesuits to taste very well.

Now, during these terrible tempests, Captain Turnel called Father Biard, and had a conversation with him. The captain spoke good French, and many other languages, besides Latin and Greek, which he understood thoroughly. He was a man of great intelligence, and one who had studied a great deal (page 57.) The captain, addressing Father Biard, said, "God is exasperated against us. I see it well; he is angry with us, but not with you; against us, because we went to make war upon you without having first declared it, which is contrary to the law of nations. But I protest that it has been against my opinion and against my will. I did not know what to do; I had to slay, for I was a servant. God is not angry with you, but on your account, because all the suffering was yours." The captain went on to observe: "But, Father Biard, why do your French companions of Port Royal thus accuse you?" The Jesuit responded: "But, sir, have you ever heard me speak evil of them?" "No, indeed," replied the other, "but I have remarked that when others were speaking evil of them, both before Captain Argal and myself, you always defended them." "Sir," responded Father Biard, "take an argument from that, and judge who has God and

truth on his side; whether the slanderers or the charitable." "I understand it well," said the captain; "but, Father Biard, has charity not made you lie when you told me that we should find nothing but poverty at Port Royal?" The Father answered: "Pardon me, sir, I pray you to remember that I only said to you when I was there, I had seen and found nothing but poverty." "That might be all very well," observed the captain, "if you were not a Spaniard, as they say you are, for being such, the good you so much desired for the French was not for the love you bore them, but because you hated the English." To this statement Father Biard made a long and forcible reply; but he could never make Turnel yield his opinion, for the latter said it was not to be believed that five or six Frenchmen, in affliction, should have desired to sign a false accusation against a priest, their fellow citizen, having no other profit by it than to get him banged, and by this means gratify their accursed passion.

TO MARY.

By THE HON. MR. FITZARDING.

Adieu, adieu, for we must part, alas! my dearest Mary;

But less, like time, you know has wings, and love, like time, must vary;

And I who lately glided on in pleasure's fairy carriage,

Am rous'd as by a thunderbolt—by that hobgoblin marriage.

No more we'll linger, side by side, along the moon-lit river,

No more I'll clasp you to my breast, O never more, O never!

The ship awaits, I sail at two, with many a bursting sigh

Wild anguish burning in my heart, the salt tear in my eye.

Marry! the thing is so absurd; just think that to the fall

I can trace back my ancestors, while you have none at all;

And bright tho' be your hazel eyes, your sweet smile so bewitching,

Yet we, we came from Normandy, while you come from the kitchen.

My mother, as I told you, was a patroness of Almac's,

And yours—she might perhaps be held the *ton* among the Kalmucs,

And how would horror freeze each hair in Lady Sarah's wig,

When first we introduced to her your fat aunt, Mrs. Flgge.

Then, there's your father—what a bore! I swear to you I rather,

Would cut my moustache or my throat than listen to your father;

As hour to hour he pines on, and spends the weary night

In talking of such things as ne'er are named to ears polite.

Then too your dowdy sister Jane—how she does, "young love," squall!

She'd be among the Hottentots the Venas of the Kraal.

Still these perhaps might all be borne, aunt, sister, father, mother,

But what on earth were we to do with that Yahoo, your brother!

Once more adieu! in far off lands, and whoso'er I roam,

My thoughts shall wing their flight to you, like birds that seek their home,

And fond prayers I will breathe for you, beloved, tho' unseen,

When I'm a wanderer forlorn, and you are Mrs. Green.

Ah! why should cruel fortune frown on such a love as ours,

Why should we ever find that thorns are lurking 'mid life's flowers!

Yet think of him whom fate and you, are ruthlessly discarding,

Your Harry Cecil Percy Nevil Flammey Fitzharding.

Montreal, Oct. 1865.

A GALLERY OF GREAT MEN.

WHEN we are edified, instructed, or even pleased by any man's work, most of us feel a desire to be acquainted with him. It is not mere vulgar curiosity, but having heard so much of his chivalry and goodness, it is only natural that we should wish to behold the man himself; to see in what he differs from our own preconceived idea of him, and how far his external features seem to express the qualities of his nature. I suppose there are few educated Englishmen who would not give a great deal to have beheld the face of William Shakspeare. It is, of course, only the Living who can afford us this sort of gratification to the full; but yet, if a picture can be relied upon as genuine; as having been the veritable likeness of the man who was once so great, or good, or famous—it having been accepted as such in his own lifetime—surely there is a great, although, doubtless, an inferior interest in the contemplation of it. Formerly, this pleasure could be enjoyed by only a very few; mostly rich and noble persons, who chanced to possess such authentic portraits, and their friends. For instance, in the case of Shakspeare, it was known that a certain picture had been taken in his own lifetime, by one of two persons, both his private friends; and it was certainly considered to be a likeness, since it was left by one of them in his will, as a valuable legacy, to Sir William Davenant. After his death, it was bought by Betterton the actor, upon whose decease, one Mr. Keck, of the Temple, purchased it for forty guineas, from whom it was inherited by Mr. Nicolls of Southgate, whose only daughter married the Duke of Chandos.

All this, and more, is written on a paper at the back of the canvas—now called the Chandos Picture—and the arms of the Duke of Buckingham are affixed. Its history is probably more certain than the genealogy of any living man; and its authenticity was acknowledged at all stages. Sir Godfrey Kneller copied it as a present for Dryden, who acknowledged the gift in the following lines:

Shakspeare, thy gift I place before my sight;
With awe I ask his blessing ere I write;
With reverence look on his majestic face,
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.

Even the incredulous Horace Walpole allowed its claims; and it has been engraved no less than four times within the last century and a half. But until recently, this picture was at Stowe, and out of general reach. Such was more or less the case with the likenesses of all our celebrated men, until the National-Portrait gallery was established, where any of us may now see this very Chandos Picture—the copy of which drew the above apostrophe from Dryden—as well as nearly two hundred other portraits of more or less famous Englishmen—kings, statesmen, poets, warriors, divines, and painters—but all to be relied upon as veritable pictures of the persons they profess to represent.

They are not all, by any means, first-rate specimens of art, but the majority give one, very strongly, that notion of being "like," which we now and then receive from a portrait, although we have never set eyes on the features which it represents. Nor is this to be wondered at; for most men of mark exhibit some evidence of their ability in their faces, and the faces that are thus distinguished—or in other words, are "characteristic"—are, it is well known, most easily and faithfully conveyed to canvas. The picture of Woodfall, for example, the first parliamentary reporter, which fronts you as you ascend the stairs, has a certain habitual air of *listening*, which no allegorical painter, wishing to embody that action, no mythological delineator of a supposed Echo, could ever compass. Again, close beside General Picton's dauntless face, severe almost to cruelty, hangs the complacent unctuous countenance of William Huntingdon, S.S., the meaning of which initials he thus himself explains: "As I cannot get at D.D., for want of cash, neither can I get at M.A. for want of learning, therefore I am compelled to fly for refuge to S.S., by which I mean Sinner Saved." This was the famous river-porter, whose theological works extended over twenty volumes, and whose epitaph, composed by himself, runs as follows:

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pal comfort lay in the society of her cousin, Mary Holden, a girl about her own age, who was also a ward of the formidable aunt, Miss Barbara Bousfield.

Both his girls had been placed at the respectable establishment of Mrs. and the Misses Monitor by their guardian while yet children. Here they remained for nearly ten years, happy, with the inalienable joy of youth, despite the frowns of Aunt Bousfield, the monotony of school life, and the absence of future prospects; especially for Mary Holden, whose little all did not afford more than enough to pay for her preparation for more mature years, when she had nothing but her own exertions to look to.

Yet so much more depends on character than circumstance, that Mary Holden, the poorer of the cousins, successfully held her own against the formidable aunt; while both Louisa and Tom Bousfield trembled even at the shadow of her coal-scuttle bonnet.

Mrs. Chutney had scarcely finished one of her notes when the door opened, and a young lady entered in bonnet and shawl—a graceful-looking girl, shorter and slighter than Mrs. Chutney, with large dark grey eyes, shaded by black lashes, and brown, wavy, glossy hair, a pert little nose, and a mouth so red-lipped, so arch, so changeable in expression, and parting to show such radiant teeth, that you readily forgave it for being larger than regulation beauty admits. She wore a delicately-tinted summer dress, and a barège shawl draped à la Parisienne. Miss Holden had, by much courage and dexterity, obtained leave to spend the last year in a Parisian "pension," for sundry educational reasons, and that she might, a few months hence, be justified in putting forth "French acquired on the Continent," as one of her recommendations when commencing the real battle of life. She had now settled as a parlour hearer at the old school; which had the advantage of being in the neighbourhood to her cousin Louisa.

Mrs. Chutney's face brightened as she rose to kiss her visitor.

"Oh, Mary dear! I am so glad to see you! How is it that you are so early?"

"Well, Aunt Barbara called for me this morning," replied Miss Holden, "and hurried me along in her usual rapid style; then she stopped suddenly near this, and exclaimed, 'There, I forgot, I took you out too soon! I don't want you—go see your cousin, and say I will call about luncheon-time.'"

"No matter what reason," said Mrs. Chutney, affectionately; "I think it good if it brings you here."

"What is the matter with you, Louisa?" was Mary's not very relevant reply; "you look as if you were in some kind of trouble."

"Oh! nothing particular, only I am always wrong about something or other, and I fear I shall never be right."

"No, you never will be right as long as you think so, Loo, dear. Just believe firmly you are never wrong, and the chances are that two-thirds of the world will agree with you. You are a good soul, worth a dozen of me; but you let every one put you aside. You are always fancying you have staked your last throw. Pooh, love, there is no such thing as a last throw! Life is Fortunatus's purse—while there is life, there is hope."

Mrs. Chutney's reply was interrupted by the colonel's loud voice outside: "No, sir, certainly not! you agreed to fit me, and you have not fitted me. A waistcoat! Nothing of the sort, sir. I say it's a bag—a bag, sir. No alterations for me, O no. A new one, or nothing."

"Oh, Mary!" exclaimed Mrs. Chutney, "I have not finished my notes. Speak to him, dear, when he comes in—keep him engaged."

She had hardly re-seated herself when the colonel entered. "Ah! Mary!" he said, blandly, "blooming and bright as ever! Come, Mary! a kiss—you know we are cousins."

"Ah, you wicked man!" returned Mary, offering her cheek, "when will you get rid of your wild soldier ways?"

"Pooh, my dear girl," said the colonel, smoothing his cravat, "I am tamed now—the old pleasant devil is exorcised, and the rover is turned into the slave of the ring—eh, Loo?"

Mrs. Chutney was too busy writing even to pretend to hear.

"There is a large slice of the—a—the gentleman you named—lost for all that, colonel," replied Mary. "I saw an old friend of yours, a few days ago—Captain Peake. He came to see a couple of little Indian orphans at Mrs. Monitor's. He had tea in the drawing-room, and," peeping through her fingers, "told such tales of you, colonel."

"What the deuce could he tell?" returned the colonel, feigning to be a little alarmed. "He knew very little of me, and—ah—oh! I remember Peake, he commanded the Hastings in the second China war."

"Did he? I should not have thought him old enough for that. But Mrs. Monitor will never let you inside the doors again. She thinks you such a dangerous character!"

"Oh, she does?" said the colonel, complaisantly. "Well, once it would not have been easy to keep me out where I wanted to get in. Loo, we must have Peaks to dine some day. Have you finished your invitations? for I must be off."

"I shall be ready directly," replied Mrs. Chutney, sealing her notes. "There!"

The colonel took out his glasses to examine the directions. "That's all right," he observed. "I shall send the boy with this one to Deal. Keep Mary to dinner, Loo." And, with a general wave of the hand, Colonel Chutney departed.

"Ah, Mary," exclaimed Mrs. Chutney, "I wish I could manage him as well as you do!"

"Loo dear," returned Mary, laying her hand impressively on Mrs. Chutney's arm, "I have one enormous advantage over you."

"Pray, what is that?"

"I am not his wife. But, Loo, dear, I have not seen you for three days, and have not been able to have a real talk since the morning you left me at Mrs. Bullion's palazzo in Regent's Park, and O, I had such an adventure!"

"An adventure?" repeated Mrs. Chutney.

"You shall hear." Her cousin's eyes sparkled with fun and mischief. "I had not sat five minutes before some one was announced by the palazzo valet, a name so utterly distorted that I haven't a notion what it is, and there entered a tall, aristocratic, well-dressed, good-looking man."

"A stranger?"

"I never saw him in my life before. After the first greetings, he scarcely spoke to the hostess, but addressed himself much too exclusively to me. That did not embarrass me so much; only while uttering common-places he would look tenderly at me!"

"Your fancy, Mary, depend upon it," remarked Mrs. Chutney, gravely.

"Fancy or not, he shortened my visit; and I had hardly walked to the end of Portland-place before I felt him coming after me."

"What nonsense!"

"The instinct was a true one," continued Miss Holden, "for presently he was at my side, lifting his hat gracefully, and turning all sorts of compliments. Of course I left a little frightened. Still I could not resist the fun of it, somehow."

"You surely did not encourage him?"

"To the extent of asking him to be so very kind as to call a cab for me, in order to get rid of him."

"And you did get rid of him?"

"Not altogether; for yesterday morning I was returning from Kensington with a book for Miss Monitor, and, when near to the Old Palace, my fashionable admirer suddenly presented himself and addressed me again."

"Mercy, Mary!" cried Mrs. Chutney aghast, "what did he say?"

"Well, nothing worthy of death or bonds; only that I had never been absent from his mind, and all that, you know—the usual formulary. I fear I laughed."

"Oh, Mary!" interrupted Mrs. Chutney, in a distressed tone, "how could you be so imprudent! What will that gentleman think of you?"

"Nonsense, love," returned Miss Mary with a saucy smile, "don't grudge me a little harmless diversion. Remember what a dull life I lead. And this man! Why, I shall never see him again;

if I do, trust me to take care of myself. Now put on your bonnet and let us take a stroll in the gardens while the morning is cool."

CHAPTER II.

The same bright morning which shone upon the gorgeously furnished house in Richmond-gardens, Bayswater, was lending more than ordinary effect to the various costly buhl and marqueterie tables, cabinets, and rich textures displayed in the renowned show rooms of Messrs. Deal, Board, and Co., upholsterers, Piccadilly.

It was yet too early for any of their distinguished customers to drop in. Mr. Adolphus Deal—who had become the head of the firm on the death of the honest old cabinet-maker his father—had not yet appeared above the visible horizon. He was an exaggerated specimen of the modern fashionable tradesmen who incongruously combines the fine gentleman with the eager shopkeeper. He had a profound belief in himself, was a man of taste, a man of business, and a man of pleasure.

A few shopmen were dotted about, and a grey-headed old clerk occasionally addressed a remark to them through a pigeon-hole in an enclosed desk where he was shut up like a parrot in a cage.

"Half-past twelve!" he ejaculated, "and no Mr. Deal. It would be better," coming out of his box, his pen behind his ear—"it would be better if he left the concern to Board altogether."

The shopman thus addressed, winked. "Don't you know where he's gone to? Why, to Richmond-gardens, to be sure, about Colonel Chutney's order."

"And a pretty hash he has made of them!" the clerk added. "What with false measures, and contradictory orders, the fitting up of Colonel Chutney's house has been more bother than profit."

"Ah!" remarked the shopman, lowering his voice, "that don't matter to Deal. He'd go there every day if he could. Why, when the colonel's wife knocked down the 'loven-guinea vauze here, didn't he pick up the pieces and say it warn't of no consequence? O, he's deadly sweet upon her, he is!" No form of impudence is so thoroughly intense as the assumptions of a certain class of young shopkeepers who see enough of their aristocratic customers to imitate their dress, manners, and external vices—except the insolence of their shopmen, who imitate *them*. The clerk's reflections on his master on the matter took this form: "Well them 'spectable, smooth, elegant, soft-spoken sort, never has no kind of morals to speak of."

At this moment enters Mr. Adolphus Deal in an exquisitely fresh summer morning costume of light grey with turned-down collar, a moss rose in his button-hole, a bunch of charms at his watch-chain, and a flaring red and mauve cravat drawn through a massive ring, luxuriant whiskers and moustache of auburn tinge, and unexceptionably small Balmoral boots.

Deal, on removing his hat, passed one hand meditatively through his hair.

"Briggs," he said, "where are those fragments? I mean the pieces of the jar Mrs. Chutney broke the other day?"

"O! I sent them to Pasticci, the china mender, sir, and he says he will make it a real antique now," answered the shopman.

"Ah!" returned Mr. Deal, pensively. "Someone must go to Richmond-gardens about that ottoman. Perhaps, though—"

He was interrupted by an errand-boy, who with much respect handed him a delicately addressed note bearing a crest and monogram. Mr. Deal gazed at it with affected indifference, and finished his sentence before opening it—"Perhaps, though, I had better go myself, Briggs."

His patience could carry him no further, and, hastily retiring to a dingy sanctum reserved for the head of the firm, he tore open the envelope, and scarcely could he believe his delighted eyes as they showed him what follows:

"My dear Sir. Knowing your time is much occupied, I venture to ask the pleasure of your company to a quiet dinner here on Thursday next, with some hesitation. If, however, the

day is inconvenient, pray name one most suitable to yourself. Excuse my fixing the early hour of six; but you know Colonel Chutney's peculiar habits, and I must study him.

"Yours truly,

"LOUISA CHUTNEY.

"23, Richmond-gardens, Monday."

The effect of this simple note upon the susceptible Adolphus was electric. There is no knowing what vagaries his ecstasy may not have prompted him to commit in the presence of his entire establishment, had not a summons suddenly arrived from the largest show-room. A lady had asked to see him and him alone, declining to transact any business save with the principal. Mr. Deal had to descend from the supreme altitude to which Mrs. Chutney's letter had raised him. In the centre of the apartment he beheld a tall thin elderly lady, destitute of crinoline, attired in a skimpy black silk dress, a bonnet more suited to a museum of defunct fashions than modern wear, a small white shawl, stout walking-shoes tied on the instep, white stockings, and black gloves with long empty finger-ends.

"Hum—ha!" said Miss Bousfield, poking a complicated arm-chair with the large and baggy umbrella, which, together with a steel-rimmed, steel-chained capacious bag, she invariably carried. "What's that?"

"This is a very curious mechanical contrivance," replied Mr. Deal, blandly [the enrapturing thought crossed him, "The angel's aunt!"], but with that assumption of scientific knowledge which high-art salesmen assume. "Only out yesterday, and not yet named. We intend to denominate the chair 'The Loungiensis Multifarium.' You touch this spring, it lowers the back to recline the head. You touch that, and (click) out comes a footstool. Press the other, and an elbow spontaneously projects itself. Here you observe is a—"

"That will do," interrupted Miss Bousfield. "I am neither a cripple nor a lunatic." Mr. Deal bowed. "I want something"—she paused—"something as a present for my niece, Mrs. Chutney."

Every fibre in Deal's frame quivered at the mention of that name. He said, fervently, that the entire resources of his establishment should be placed at Miss Bousfield's command for so delightful an object.

"Of course they will," said Miss Bousfield, tartly, "if I am ready to pay for them. But I don't want any costly rubbish. Show me something sensible for about six pound ten." And she made a short mental calculation of the probable cost of a circular dumb waiter lately presented to her by Colonel Chutney, beyond the value of which she was determined not to advance. Miss Bousfield considered presents as debts, and always paid them at the rate of twenty shillings in the pound.

"Something sensible for six, ten," repeated Mr. Adolphus Deal, thoughtfully.

Here Mr. Deal despatched his men for several inlaid cabinets, buhl work-tables, brouzes, and ormolu ornaments. Miss Bousfield touched each of them dangerously with her umbrella, and Deal did not even wince.

"Pooh! Mere finery! Have you nothing of a teapoy, or a writing thing?" Several such articles were produced. "What's this?" asked Miss Barbara, examining a teapoy.

"The new garde thé—registered," replied an attendant.

"The price!" demanded Miss Bousfield, fiercely.

"Oh, it's a cheap article, madam. Fifteen guineas."

"I don't know guineas. Fifteen pounds, fifteen for a toy that would come to pieces in a couple of months near a fire! Nonsense! What is this?" asked Miss Bousfield, nearly overturning a work-table with her umbrella.

"Twenty guineas. I mean twenty-one pounds," replied Deal, examining the ticket.

"Where do you all expect to go to?" exclaimed Miss Bousfield, with sudden energy. "I'd see see every stick of furniture in London burning before I would give way to such extortion. Let me out of this." And she made a sudden rush to the door.

"Stop, madam," cried Deal. "Stop, I entreat. We must find something for the adorable—I mean the most interesting—object you have in view."

"If you please, sir," said the old clerk, coming out of his desk at this critical moment, "there is a davenport up-stairs, returned by Sir Frederic Samperton after he had had it a week or two, as not solid enough. We might put it at eight guineas."

"Be seated for a moment, madam," entreated Deal. "Here it is," he said, "at your own price."

Miss Bousfield frowned upon the article severely. Her scrutiny was satisfactory. "You know my price; six, ten."

"Then six, ten be it, madam," returned Deal, bowing, and washing his hands in the air.

"Now call a cab, and I will take it away with me," said the customer, counting the money out of her massively-steeled bag.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Chutney and Mary Holden had returned from their morning walk, and, having thrown off their bonnets, sat down quietly in the drawing-room to await the colonel's return to luncheon. They had greatly enjoyed the morning's companionship. Mrs. Chutney, timid and confused when hurried by the colonel, always felt support and encouragement from her cousin's fearless spirit and her ready sympathising affection. She held a complicated whity-brown web to which occasionally she added a few stitches with the crotchet-needle while Miss Holden appeared to be reading the Times.

"These have been very happy hours, dear," said Mrs. Chutney, laying down her work, and resting her arm on the table beside her. "I wish you could come oftener."

"You see the day is hardly long enough for all I have to get through," replied Mary. "You know that, like yourself, I have no money; but, unlike you, I have not a rich husband. I suppose you would cut me if I followed my own inclinations?"

"How dear?" asked Mrs. Chutney.

"Well, I do not fancy the legitimate line for distressed gentlewomen—the meek, ill-treated governess, with some hard-hearted matron for a task-mistress, half a dozen unruly pupils, and a scampish young nobleman making love in the background. Though I should rather like that part of it."

(To be continued.)

A GOSSIP ABOUT TOADS.

THE study of natural history is oncoming more popular than heretofore, now that the old tomes, which, by reason of their pedantic style and display of technicalities, could only be appreciated by the learned few, have been supplemented by works more readily understood by the many. Our naturalists are beginning to perceive that their ranks may be much more extensively augmented by the publication of natural history guide-books, which impart information in an interesting and readable form. An instance of this improvement is displayed in a pleasant little volume entitled "Links in the Chain," being "Popular Chapters on the Curiosities of Animal Life," in which the tedium of study is broken by many curious anecdotes relating to each immediate subject—a very judicious as well as pleasing feature, for these anecdotes throw considerable light on the life, habit, or capability of plant or animal. The following anecdote of a toad, taken from this book, can scarcely fail to interest our readers:—

"But the toad is not one of our appointed servants; he is also willing to become an intimate and confiding friend.

Numerous instances have been recorded of toads that have been rendered tame and attached to those who have treated them kindly. Mr. Bell mentions that he possessed one which would sit on one of his hands and eat the food offered to it on the other. And Dr. Lankester speaks of having repeatedly seen them made domestic pets of the children of a naturalist. But perhaps the most interesting case of this kind is that of a toad

mentioned by Pennant. The animal first made its appearance on the steps before the hall door of a gentleman's residence in Deronshire.

The owner of the mansion and his family, seeing the creature, frequently gave it food, and by gentle treatment gradually rendered it so tame, that when they came out of an evening with a candle, would creep out of its hole and up, as if expecting to be taken into the house and fed. It was frequently gratified in this way, being carried into the parlour, placed upon the table, and there treated to a supper, in the presence of the assembled household. The favourite food of the pet was the common flesh maggot, a supply of which was regularly kept for it in bran. In taking its food, it would follow the maggots on the table, and, when within a proper distance, would fix its eyes, and remain motionless for a while, apparently preparing for the stroke; and then, quicker than the eye could follow, it darted out its tongue, and the maggot was swallowed. This sort of exhibition excited, as a matter of course, great curiosity in the neighbourhood, and often brought the toad a number of visitors. For the long period of thirty-six years the pet continued to occupy his hole under the door-step of his benefactor and friend; but one fatal day, another pet, in the shape of a tame raven, espied the poor toad at the mouth of his retreat, and pulling him out, wounded him so badly, that no great while after he died; and thus terminated a career, the record of which has probably done more than the most eloquent appeals to the humanity of mankind to redeem the race from the cruel persecution to which they are exposed."

It may be added that, in many rural districts, other equally remarkable instances of tameness in toads are to be found, showing that the real character of the reptile is very different from that so erroneously assigned it by the voice of popular prejudice.

TERRIBLE RECORDS.

IN England, so William of Malmesbury tells us, the plague was so great in 773, that in and about Chichester 34,000 people perished. In 1111, Holinshed tells us of a dreadful pestilence in London, in which thousands of people, cattle, fowls, and other domestic animals perished. In Ireland, in 1204, a prodigious number perished. In 1348 the "Black Death" raged in Italy, and in 1348 the plague, described by Boccaccio raged over Europe, causing a fearful mortality. In London alone, in the year 1348, when the plague at Florence, described by Boccaccio, took place, 200 people were buried daily at the Charter-house. Again England was visited by plague in 1367, Ireland in 1407, and again in 1478, when 30,000 people were slain by pestilence in London alone; and throughout England, more persons were slain by disease than by the fifteen preceding years of war. In 1485 the country was ravaged by the *Suder Anglicus*, the sweating sickness, and this again broke out in 1499-1500 so dreadfully in London, that Henry VII. and his Court removed to Calais. In 1611, 200,000 perished at Constantinople. In 1664-5 the great plague, called so probably because most remembered, carried off 68,596 persons; Defoe gives the number at 100,000. "Infants," wrote he, in a fiction unequalled for its terrible pictures save by the reality, "passed at once from the womb to the grave; the yet healthy child hung upon the putrid breast of the dead mother; and the nuptial bed was changed into a sepulchre. Some of the affected ran about staggering like drunken men, and fell and expired in the streets; while others calmly laid down, never to rise again, save at the last trumpet. At length, in the middle of September, more than 12,000 perished in one week; in one night 4,000 died, and in the whole, not 68,000 as has been stated, but 100,000 perished in this plague. The appalling cry 'bring out your dead!' thrilled through every soul."

THINGS should not be done by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

MUSICAL NOTES.

ITALIAN OPERA.—A long interval of fourteen years has elapsed since an Italian Opera troupe, in complete form, visited this city. Italian Concerts and Italian combinations have appeared from time to time during this interval, but nothing in the shape of legitimate Italian Opera has been heard since the year 1853, when a most excellent troupe of artists, under the direction of Signor Ardit (now famous!) paid Montreal a flying visit. Our music loving citizens are indebted to Max Strakosch, the impresario, of the troupe just departed, for the treat he has afforded them. It was a hazardous undertaking, to bring some forty to fifty artists here (some of whom were doubtless drawing heavy salaries) where success depends so much upon chance and circumstances. We are happy however to be able to state that the pecuniary results which have attended the management have been of a satisfactory character. We are told the receipts for the five nights performances and the Saturday's matinee amounted to over \$3,000. This appears a large sum at first sight, but when the expenses of keeping together so large a body of artists always on the wing, is considered, no very great amount of profit can be supposed to have accrued to the Manager.

Mr. Strakosch's agent managed things in a much quieter manner this time than on former occasions. The troupe came modestly enough; their performance was satisfactory, and their early departure much regretted. If we except Madame Patti Strakosch, Madame Ghionai, and Signors Susini and Tamaro, the company did not present any very great amount of artistic excellence. Madame Strakosch appeared to much greater advantage in Opera than she has hitherto done as a concert singer, in which capacity her greatest efforts have been "coming thro' the rye" or some other such threadbare ditty. Possessed of a pure, rich-toned and flexible voice, she sung and acted her various rôles during the week admirably, being always correct in her intonation and faultless in her phrasing. The conclusion of her arias was generally the signal for hearty applause. Madame Ghioni, the prima donna, is undoubtedly an admirable artist. Her voice has not all the power and freshness which it evidently at one time possessed; and there was a constant tendency to flatness in the upper register (perhaps the result of cold), but her wariness of interpretation and stage experience atoned to some extent for these defects. Her personation of Norma possessed some excellent points, and her rendering of "Casta Diva" and "Ah! hello a me ritorna" was exceedingly good. Of Susini, the great basso, it is scarcely necessary to speak, his merits as an artist being already so well understood here. Every tone of his rich and powerful voice was always skilfully and judiciously managed. His retention of the rôles of Ray Gomez in "Ernani," and Plunkett in "Martha," was one of the best features of the week's performances. Sig. Tamaro, the "tenore di grazia," was, perhaps, the most admired of the two tenors. His Lionelle, in "Martha," was his best effort, and on the whole a very satisfactory performance. His voice was at times sweet and sympathetic, but never capable of sustaining any lengthy aria without a very great deal of exertion. This was most apparent in the celebrated "air," "M'appari tutt'amor," the concluding phrase of which was sadly improvised upon to assist the voice to a successful issue. What a vast difference stood between the past and the present when we remembered Brignoli's rendering of this exquisite gem last year. The chorus, though small, was not the least of the company's attractions. Many of the choruses were admirably given, and the chorus concluding the 3rd Act of Ernani was re-demanded, a thing of very rare occurrence, even in cities where the opera is an established institution.

The works given were Ernani (Verdi's chef d'œuvre), Norma, Martha, Trovatore, Faust, and Don Giovanni; so we have feasted upon the genius of Verdi, Bellini, Flotow (so-so?) Goanod and the immortal Mozart. The operas were very well put upon the stage, the resources taken into consideration. Two properly attired and cleaner children in Norma would not have detracted

from the performance, and if Sig. Graff (by the way a very good Basso buffo) had sung the part of Tristan in Martha in Italian instead of German, it would certainly have been much better. These things perhaps are only trifles, but when we consider how small a thing may destroy the effect of an otherwise good performance, we feel in duty bound to raise our voice against them. The two children in Norma completely destroyed the effect of the whole scene and duet between Norma and Adalgisa.

We cannot conclude without a word of commendation to the admirable little orchestra and its talented leader. That it was always correct and faultless we will not presume to say, but there was always precision and energy displayed, and a constant leaning towards the singers to cover any defects, and to this fact alone much of the success of the week's performance must be attributed.

The Montreal Harmonic Society (this is the new synonym for the old oratorio society) is now established under the joint direction of Messrs. Fowler and Torrington. It is intended to produce in addition to oratorio, all the popular musical classics, sacred and secular. The Society held its first meeting for practice on Tuesday evening last.

ENGLISH OPERA.—It is quite probable that Campbell and Castle's opera troupe will pay us a visit before the year closes. The Company is about to take wing from N. Y. for a lengthy tour, and we have reason to believe that Montreal forms a part of the programme of migration. The company is said to possess a most excellent Prima Donna in the person of Miss Rosa Cooke, and the name of Edward Seguin, the popular baritone, appears upon the bills. We shall be happy to welcome them, should they visit us.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

LESSON VIII.

SULPHURETTED HYDROGEN GAS, AND HOW TO CONDENSE IT IN WATER.

Materials required.—Small glass flask with bent tube, as described in preceding lesson, or glass retort with long tube; sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) in stoppered bottle.

An earthenware jug, test tubes, or wine glasses, and test tube stand.

Spirit lamp; six-ounce phial; distilled water.

Solution of prussiate of potash (ferrocyanide of potassium).

Solution of nitrate of silver; solution of nitrate of copper.

All solutions to be saturated; sulphuret of iron.

When liquids are made to pass into vapour, and when vapour is made to pass into liquid again, this process is called *distillation*. But distillation is also applied to the generation of many gaseous compounds, and the object of our coming operation is to generate a gas of extreme importance to the analytical chemist, viz., sulphuretted hydrogen. This gas, as its name implies, is a compound of sulphur and hydrogen; it possesses acid properties also, and hence is termed hydro-sulphuric acid. As it has a most disgusting smell, and being, moreover, poisonous, it is best prepared in the open air. The great importance of sulphuretted hydrogen consists in its being a test for metals generally, and it would be as well for the young chemist to assume that it has the power of indicating the presence of, and separating from a solution, every metal without exception. Instances will occur hereafter of metals not capable of being indicated or separated by hydro-sulphuric acid, but these metals had best be considered exceptions to the rule.

Take a portion of sulphuret of iron (sulphur and iron) about the size of a hazel-nut; break it into small fragments, but not into powder, and put these fragments into the glass flask or retort.

Take about one teaspoonful of oil of vitriol (but do not use a spoon of any common metallic substance for measuring) and add to it in an earthenware jug about seven times as much water; remark what a great amount of heat is evolved.

Prepare a very dilute solution of nitrate of silver by adding just one drop of the concentrated solution to a wine-glassful of distilled water. Divide this solution into three wine-glasses.

Prepare a very dilute solution of nitrate of copper in the same way. Call the silver solutions A, B, and C, and copper solutions No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3.

Half fill the six-ounce phial with cold distilled water, and have it near for use. Now pour the dilute oil of vitriol upon the sulphuret of iron in the glass flask with the bent tube, or in the retort, probably the mixture may at once give off bubbles of gas of an unmistakable smell, if not, apply for an instant the heat of a spirit lamp; as soon as the gas begins to come over, plunge the end of the bent tube to the bottom of the distilled water in the six-ounce bottle, agitating the contents as much as possible, by which means the water can be made to absorb a large amount of gas; while the gas is still coming over, remove the tube, and cork the bottle.

Plunge the tube into the silver solution A; a black precipitate falls, which is termed the sulphuret or sulphide of silver, because it is a compound of sulphur and silver. Continue to pass the gas until no further blackness is occasioned, a period which may be determined by filtering a little of the solution and passing the gas through the filtered portion, when, if no blackness results, all the metal has been thrown down.

Repeat this experiment with copper solution No. 1.

Add respectively to silver solution B and copper solution No. 2, a little watery solution of the gas from the six-ounce phial, and remark how similar is the result to that produced by the gas itself. Hence, hydro-sulphuric acid has been seen to be a test of the presence of silver and copper, with both of which it strikes a black colour, and throws down a black precipitate. In like manner it throws down most other metals and generally in the form of a black powder.

To copper No. 3 add a drop of the solution of prussiate of potash, and observe the mahogany coloured precipitate which results.

Out of all the substances furnished by the vast range of chemistry, only four of these are metals which produce a precipitate of this colour with prussiate of potash. The names of the four metals are copper, uranium, titanium, and molybdenum.

To silver solution C, add a drop of the prussiate of potash solution, and observe the white precipitate which results.

There are few metals which do not furnish a precipitate of some kind with prussiate of potash; hence, prussiate of potash and sulphuretted hydrogen may be considered as the tests *par excellence* for metals. J. W. F.

(To be continued.)

FROM a scientific contemporary we learn that a very important discovery has just been made in connection with tanning of leather, by means of which the use of oak-bark may be entirely dispensed with. The process, which has been devised by M. Picard, chiefly depends upon the substitution of turpentine for tannin, and it only occupies twelve hours, in which time leather is produced more effectively than under the old process. The process, though called "tanning," is evidently not even a modification of the old method. Leather is a chemical compound of tannin and gelatine; but in M. Picard's process the fatty substances of the hides are merely dissolved out by the turpentine, and though a material having somewhat the appearance of leather results, it seems hard to believe that it possesses all the good qualities of true leather. The product may however answer well for other purposes, and is 50 per cent. cheaper than the material now generally employed.

DIFFICULTIES.—Wait not for your difficulties to cease: there is no soldier's glory to be won on peaceful fields, no sailor's daring to be shown on sunny seas, no trust or friendship to be proved when all goes well. Faith, patience, heroic love, devout courage, gentleness, are not to be formed when there are no doubts, no pains, no irritations, no difficulties.

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into my cab with me. I can take you as far as Chancery-lane, and you'll see me back in Lombard-street before one o'clock."

CHAPTER XXII. TELEMACHUS SHOWS THAT HE HAS A WILL OF HIS OWN.

Unlike the great ocean, which, however racked by hurricane and storm, sleeps in eternal calm but a little way beneath the tossing waves, Mr. Trefalden kept all his tempests down below, and presented to the world a surface of unvarying equanimity. No man ever knew what went on under that "glassy cool" exterior. Cyclones might rage in the far depths of his nature, and those who were looking in his face saw no ripple, heard no echo, of the strife within. It was just thus when Saxon burst in upon him at about eleven o'clock that Tuesday morning, brimful of compassion for the perplexities of the house of Greatorex, and burning to relieve them at the moderate cost of fifty-nine thousand pounds.

Mr. Trefalden was furious; but he smiled, nevertheless, and heard Saxon quite patiently from beginning to end of his story.

"But this is pure nonsense and quixotism," said he, when the young man came to a pause for want of breath. "What's Greatorex to you, or you to Greatorex? Why should you recklessly sacrifice a sum which is in itself a handsome fortune, to oblige a man who has no claim whatever on your sympathies, or your purse?"

"I can't let him be ruined!" cried Saxon, impetuously.

"Why not? He would not have hesitated to ruin you. He would have swept your whole property into his rotten bank, and have allowed you one per cent less than the current rate of interest."

"I can't tell how that may be," said Saxon; "but I gave him the cheque, and he acted on the faith of it. I must not let him suffer."

"But he would have enured, sooner or later. Did I not tell you last night that the Greatorex were on the verge of bankruptcy, and that I believed they must stop payment before the week was out? Don't you remember that?"

"Yes—I remember it."

"Then you must surely see that your cheque can be in no sense the cause of their ruin? At the worst, it but hastens the event by a few days."

"I see that I have no right, and, Heaven knows! no wish, to hasten it by a single hour."

"But, my dear Saxon—"

"But, my dear cousin William, Laurence Greatorex has an old father, and two sisters, and he and I have been on terms of good-fellowship together for weeks past, and I'm determined to stand by him."

"Oh, if you are determined, Saxon, that puts an end to the matter," said Mr. Trefalden, coldly.

"But in this case, why consult me at all?"

"I didn't come to consult you, cousin; but I had given you my word not to sign away any more money till after Thursday, and I felt bound to let you know what I was about to do."

Mr. Trefalden looked very grave.

"I confess that I am disappointed," he said, "I had hoped to find my opinion more valued by you, Saxon. I had also hoped that you would look upon me as something more than your lawyer—as your friend, adviser, guide."

"Why, so I do," cried the young man, eagerly.

"Pardon me; I do not think so."

"Then you do me injustice; for I put a priceless value on your opinion and your friendship."

"Your present wilfulness disproves your words, Saxon," said his cousin.

"I know it does; but then I also know that I am acting upon impulse, and not according to the laws of worldly wisdom. I have no doubt that you are perfectly right, and that I am utterly wrong—but still I cannot be happy if I do not, for once, indulge my folly."

Seeing that it was useless to push the argument further, Mr. Trefalden smiled in his pleasantest manner.

"I do think," said he, "that you are the most foolish fellow in the world. If I don't make haste to tie your money up, you will ruin yourself, rich as you are!"

"But what's the use of being rich if I may

not enjoy my wealth in my own way?" laughed Saxon, delighted to have carried his point.

"Your way is a very irrational way," replied the lawyer, taking a slip of paper from his desk, and writing upon it in a clear engrossing hand.

"Almost as irrational as that of the poor sailors who make sandwiches of their bank-notes and bread-and-butter. But I suppose I must forgive you for this once; and, after all, the loss of fifty-nine thousand is better than the loss of a quarter of a million. There, put that in your purse, and see that your devoted friend signs it down there at the bottom."

"What is it?"

"A promissory note for the money. He will, perhaps, offer you a receipt on the part of the firm; but this will answer the purpose much better. What—going already?"

Saxon explained that Greatorex wanted the cash before one o'clock.

"You have removed the 'stop' from Drummond's, I suppose?"

"Not yet. I will call there as I go home."

"And Mr. Greatorex has given you back your first cheque?"

"I don't know. I think we left it on the breakfast-table?"

Mr. Trefalden bit his lip.

"Upon my soul, Saxon," he said, "you deserve to be desecrated by every sharper who can get his hand within reach of a feather of you! Go home and find that cheque before you dream of removing your injunction; and if you can't find it, give them a note of the number and amount, in case of its being presented for payment."

Saxon laughed, and promised obedience; but declared there was no danger.

"You will still keep your promise of signing away no more money without consulting me?"

"Implicitly."

"Then good-bye till Thursday."

Saxon sprang down the stairs whistling a shrill Swiss air, and was gone in a moment. Mr. Trefalden's face, as he listened, grew dark, and hard, and cold, as if it were changed into granite.

"Pool!" he muttered fiercely. "As eager to ruin himself as are others to ruin him! I should be mad to hold back now. I have waited, and watched, and let him go his own way long enough; but my turn has come at last."

"If you please, sir," said Mr. Keckwiteh, putting his head suddenly in at the door, "Mr. Behrens called about ten minutes ago, and said he'd come again at two."

"Very well," replied the lawyer, wearily. "Bring me Mr. Behren's deed-box."

He sat for a long time with the box unopened before him, and his head resting on his hands.

CHAPTER XXIII. A THOROUGHLY RESPECTABLE MAN.

The man who has a purpose to achieve, or a secret to hide, should never make an enemy. It is his obvious policy to shun that disaster as sedulously as an expectant bridegroom shuns the conscription, a debutante the small-pox, or a railway director the possible horrors of an excursion train. But the wisest cannot always be wise; and the wariest are apt now and then to omit some little precaution whereby the dread catastrophe against which they have so long been building up their defences, might have been averted after all. Thetis, when she dipped Achilles in the sevenfold river, forgot the heel by which she held him, and left it vulnerable for the fatal arrow. Imperial Cæsar put aside for future reading the paper that would have saved him from assassination. Henri Quatre—he of the valiant heart, to whom nothing seemed impossible—neglected alike his own presentiments, and the prayers of those who loved him, when he went forth to his doom in the Rue de la Ferronnière. These things are common. We read of them in the records of almost every famous crime, or sudden catastrophe. The "complete steel" has some weak point of junction which the foeman's blade finds out; the conspirator drops a paper, and the plot which was to subvert a dynasty recoils on the heads of the plotters; the cleverest alibi breaks down in some minute particular, which no one had the wit to foresee. A little more prudence

was alone needed to ensure quite opposite results—a little better closing of the rivets of the gorget, or the seams of the pocket, or the incidents of the story; but the precaution that would have made all safe, was precisely that precaution which happened to be neglected.

William Trefalden had both a purpose to achieve, and a secret to hide, and he was not insensible to the inconveniences that might arise from the ill will of his fellow-men; but he had made two enemies, and those two enemies were the two greatest errors of his life. He had never attempted to be what is called "a popular man." He had none of that apparent frankness and buoyancy of manner necessary to the part; but he especially desired to be well spoken of. He was well spoken of, and had acquired that sort of reputation which is, above all others, the most valuable to a professional man—a reputation for sagacity, and prosperity; and prosperity, to it remembered, is the seal of merit. But, having achieved so much, and being on the high road to certain other achievements, the nature of which were as yet known only to himself, he ought to have abstained at any cost from awaking the enmity of two such men as Abel Keckwiteh and Laurence Greatorex. It would have been better for him if he had denied himself the satisfaction of punishing his head clerk that memorable evening in March, and been content only to dodge him in the shade of the doorway. It would have been better if, knowing himself to be the destined Jason, he had even suffered Laurence Greatorex to carry off that noble slice from the Golden Fleece, which was represented by Saxon's first cheque. But he had followed neither of these prudent courses. He despised the clerk; he was irritated against the banker; and he never even asked himself how they were disposed towards him in return. They both hated him; but had he known this, it is probable that he would have been equally indifferent to the fact. Not to know it—not even to have given it a thought, one way or the other—was a great oversight; and that oversight was the one hole in William Trefalden's armour.

Mr. Abel Keckwiteh was a very respectable man. He lodged in the house of a graunt widow, who lived in a small back street at Pentonville; and his windows commanded a thriving churchyard. He paid his rent with scrupulous regularity; he went to church every Sunday morning; he took in the Weekly Observer; he kept a cat; and he played the violoncello. He had done all these things for the last thirty years, and he did them advisedly; for Mr. Keckwiteh was of a methodical temperament, and loved to carry on the unprofessional half of his existence in a groove of the strictest routine. Having started in life with the determination of being eminently respectable, he had modelled himself after his own matter-of-fact ideal, and cut his tastes according to his judgment. His cat and his violoncello were cases in point. He would have preferred a dog; but he made choice of the cat, because puss looked more domestic, and reflected the quiet habits of her master. In like manner Mr. Keckwiteh entertained a secret leaning towards the concertina; but he yielded this point in favour of the superior respectability of the violoncello. And it cannot be denied that Mr. Keckwiteh was right. A more respectable possession than a violoncello for a single man, can hardly be conceived. It is the very antithesis to all that is light and frivolous. It leads to no conviviality. It neither inclines its owner to quadrille parties, like the cornet-à-piston, nor to cold gin-and-water, like the flute; and it lends itself to amateur psalmody after a manner unequalled in dreariness by any other instrument. It was Mr. Keckwiteh's custom to practice for an hour every evening after tea; and in the summer he did it with the windows open, which afflicted the neighbourhood with a universal melancholy. At these times his landlady would shed tears for her departed husband, and declare that "it was beautiful, and she felt all the better for it;" and the photographer next door, who was a low spirited young man, and read Byron, would shut himself up in his dark room, and indulge in thoughts of suicide.

Such was the placid and irreproachable tenor of Mr. Abel Keckwiteh's home life. It suited

his temperament, and it gratified his ambition. He knew that he inspired the lodging-house bosom with confidence, and the parochial authorities with esteem. The pew-opener curtsied to him, and the churchwardens nodded to him affably in the street. In short, Pentonville regarded him as a thoroughly respectable man.

Scarcely less methodical was the other—the professional—half of this respectable man's career. He was punctuality itself, and hung his hat up in William Trefalden's office every morning at nine, with as much exactitude as the clock announced the hour. At one, he repaired to an eating-house in High Holborn, where he had dined at the sumo cost, and from the same dishes for the last two-and-twenty years. Don Quixote's diet before he took to knight-errantry was not more monotonous; but instead of the "pigeon extraordinary on Sundays," Mr. Keckwitch dined on that day at his landlady's table, and stipulated for pudding. At two, he resumed his seat at the office desk; and, when there was no particular pressure of work, went home to his eat and his violoncello at half-past-six. At certain seasons, however, Mr. Keckwitch and his fellow-clerks were almost habitually detained for an hour or an hour and a half overtime, and thereby grew the richer; for William Trefalden was a prosperous man, and paid his labourers fairly.

So sober, so steady, so plodding was the head clerk's daily round of occupation. He fattened upon it, and grew asthmatic as the years went by. No one would have dreamed, to look into his dull eyes and stolid face, that he could be other than the veriest machine that ever drove a quill, but he was nothing of the kind. He was an invaluable clerk; and William Trefalden knew his worth precisely. His head was as clear as his voice was husky; his memory was prodigious; and for all merely technical purposes, he was as good a lawyer as Trefalden himself. He entertained certain views, however, with regard to his own field of action, which by no means accorded with those of his employer. He liked to know everything; and he conceived that it was his right, as Mr. Trefalden's head clerk, to establish a general supervision of the whole of that gentleman's professional and private affairs. He also deemed it to be in some sort his duty to find out that which was withheld from him, and regarded every reservation as a personal affront. That Mr. Trefalden should keep certain papers for his own reading; should answer certain letters with his own hand; and should sometimes remain in his private room for long hours after he and the others were dismissed, preparing unknown documents, and even holding conferences with strangers upon subjects that never filtered through to the outer office, were offences which it was not in Mr. Keckwitch's nature to forgive. Nor were these all the wrongs of which he had to complain. It was William Trefalden's pleasure to keep his private life and his private affairs strictly to himself. No man knew whether he was married or single. No man knew how or where he lived. His practice was large and increasing, and the proceeds thereof were highly lucrative. Mr. Keckwitch had calculated them many a time, and could give a shrewd guess at the amount of his master's annual income. But what did he do with this money? How did he invest it? Did he invest it at all? Was it lent out at usurious interest, in quarters not to be named indiscreetly? or launched in speculations that would not bear the light of day? or gambled away at the tables of some secret hell in the purlieus of the Haymarket or Leicester-square? Or was the lawyer a more vulgar miser, after all, hoarding his gold in the cracks and crevices of some ruinous old house, the address of which he guarded as jealously as if it were the key to his wealth?

Here was the mystery of mysteries; here was the heart of William Trefalden's secret; here was the one thing which Abel Keckwitch's whole soul was bent on discovering.

Possessed by that innate curiosity which acted as the leaven to his phlegmatic temperament, the head clerk had for years pondered over this mystery; lain in wait for it; scented round it from all sides; and, in a certain dogged way, resented it. But since that evening of the second of March, he had fixed upon it with a vindictive

tenacity as deadly as the coil of the boa. He saw, or believed he saw, in this thing, a weapon wherewith to chastise the man who had dared to find him out, and call him spy; and upon this one object he concentrated the whole force of his sluggish but powerful will. For Abel Keckwitch was a hater after Byron's own heart, and loved to nurse his wrath, and brood over it, and keep it warm. He never passed that doorway in Chancery-lane without rehearsing the whole scene in his mind. He remembered every insulting word that William Trefalden had hurled at him in those three or four moments. He still felt the iron blow, the breathless shock, the burning sense of rage and humiliation. These things rankled day by day in the respectable bosom of Abel Keckwitch, and were each day further and further from being forgiven and forgotten.

The secret, however, remained as dark as ever. He had fancied once or twice of late that he was on the verge of some discovery; but he had each time found himself misled by his suspicions, and as far off as ever from the goal.

Hope deferred, and wrath long cherished, begun at length to tell upon Mr. Keckwitch's health and spirits. He became morose and abstracted. He gave up practising the violoncello. He lost his appetite for the diurnal meats of High Holborn, and his relish for the leaders that he was wont to devour with his cheese; and he forgot to take notice of his cat. His landlady and his fellow-clerks saw and marvelled at the change; and the soul of the one-eyed waiter who received Mr. Keckwitch's daily obolus, was perplexed with him; but none dared to question him. They observed him from afar off, as the Greeks looked upon Achilles sitting sullenly beside his ships, and canvassed his mood "with bated breath and whispering humbleness."

This went on for weeks; and then, all at once, the tide turned, and Mr. Keckwitch became himself again. A bright idea had occurred to him, by the light of which he distinctly saw the path to success opening out before him. He only wondered that he had not thought of it sooner.

CHAPTER XXIV. AT THE WATERLOO-BRIDGE STATION.

Saxon Trefalden was in buoyant spirits that afternoon as he wandered to and fro among the intricate platforms of the Waterloo-bridge station, and watched the coming and going of the trains. He had plenty of time; for he was a very inexperienced traveller, and, in his anxiety to be punctual, had come half an hour too soon. But his mind was full of pleasant thoughts, and he enjoyed the life and bustle of the place with as much zest as if the whole scene were a comedy played for his amusement.

He was very happy. He thought, as he went strolling up and down, that he had scarcely ever felt so happy in his life.

In the first place, he had that day received a letter from Pastor Martin—a long, loving, pious letter, filled with sweet home news, and benevolent projects about good things to be done in the valley of Domleschg. The remittance which he had despatched the very day after he drew his first cheque, had been distributed among the poor of the neighbouring parishes; the organ that he had sent out a fortnight since had arrived, and the workmen were busy with it daily: the farm-buildings at Rotzberg were being repaired, and the three meadows down by the river-side, that had been so long for sale, were now bought in Saxon's name, and added to the little demesne. The pigeons, too, had a new-pigeon-house; and the spotted cow had calved; and the thrushes that built last year in the great laurel down at the end of the garden, had again made their nest in the branches of the same tree. These were trifles; but to Saxon, who loved his far-away home, his native valley, and all the surroundings of his boyhood with the passionate enthusiasm of a mountaineer, they were trifles infinitely precious and delightful. And besides all this, the letter ended with a tender blessing that had rested upon his heart ever since he read it, and seemed to hallow all the sunshine of the April day.

Then, in the second place, he had that morning enjoyed the supreme luxury of doing good.

William Trefalden had, it is true, affirmed that the hours of Greatorex and Greatorex were numbered, and that Saxon's fifty-nine thousand could only interpose a brief delay between the bankers and their ruin; but Laurence Greatorex, with the crisp bank-notes in his hand, had assured him that this sum, by renewing their credit and tiding them over the present emergency, was certain salvation to the firm. Taking it on the whole, this matter of the cheque had been sufficiently disagreeable. It had shown the banker's disposition from an unfavourable point of view, and to withdraw from even a part of his rash promise had been a source of humiliation to Saxon. Perhaps, too, the young man could not help liking his friend somewhat less than before; and this was at all times a painful feeling. Himself one of nature's own gentleman, he shrunk instinctively from all that was coarse and necessary; and he could not shut his eyes to the fact that Greatorex had shown himself to be both. However, it had ended pleasantly. Saxon had saved his friend, and the banker had not only overwhelmed him with professions of gratitude, but given him a proper acknowledgment for the money, so that William Trefalden's promissory note (which Saxon knew he should never have produced, though he had lost every penny by the omission) was happily not needed after all.

And in the third place, he was going into the country for a week or ten days. That was the last and best of all! After six weeks of feverish London life—six long, dazzling, breathless, wonderful weeks—he felt his heart leap at the thought of the free, fresh air, and open sky. He longed to be up and out again at grey dawn, with a gun on his shoulder and a dog at his heels. He longed to feel the turf under his feet; and, above all, to practice the art of horsemanship in some more favourable locality than the yard of the riding-school, or the crowded manege of Rotten Row. To this end, he had a couple of thorough-breds and a groom with him, and had just seen the animals safely disposed of in a horse-box, ready to join the train as soon as it was backed into the station.

So Saxon was in great spirits, and went round and about, looking at the book-stalls and the hurrying passengers, and thinking what a charming thing it was to have youth, riches, friends, and all the world of books and art before one! There were, in truth, a great many half-formed projects floating about his brain just now—vague pictures of a yachting tour in the Mediterranean; visions of Rome, and Naples, and the isles of Greece; glimpses of the Nile, and the Pyramids, and even of the white domes of Jerusalem. For some of these schemes Lord Castletowers was answerable; but let the foreground be what it might, the familiar snow-peaks of the Rhoetian Alps closed in the distance of every wondrous landscape that Saxon's vivid imagination bodied forth. He had no thought of wandering into Italy without first revisiting the valley of Domleschg; and still less did he ever dream of making his permanent home away from that still, primitive, untrodden place. But he had projects about that also, and meant some day to build a beautiful commodious chateau (not so large, but much more beautiful than Count Planta's), and to rebuild the church, and throw a new bridge over the Rhine, erect model cottages, and make every one happy around him.

"Well, what is it?" said an authoritative voice.

"Anything the matter?"

Saxon was looking at the red and gold backs of a long row of Traveller's Guides on a bookstand close by, and the voice broke in abruptly on the pleasant reverie which their titles had suggested. He turned, and saw a lady, a railway guard, and a burly-looking official with a pen behind his ear, standing at the door of an empty second-class carriage of the up-train which had discharged its freight of passengers three or four minutes ago.

The guard touched his cap.

"Lady's lost her ticket, sir," he replied, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.

"I know I had it when the train stopped at Weybridge," said the lady. "I took it out from my purse, because I thought the guard was going to ask to see it."

Her voice trembled a little as she said this, stooping forward into the carriage all the while, in search of the missing ticket.

The burly official drew his hand across his mouth, and coughed doubtfully. "Where did you take it from, miss?" he asked.

"From Sedgebrook station."

The name came familiarly to Saxon's ear; for it happened that Sedgebrook was precisely the point to which Lord Castletowers had directed him to take his own ticket.

"Humph! Well, Salter, I suppose you've searched the carriage thoroughly?"

"Quite thoroughly, sir," replied the guard.

The official went through the form of peering into it himself.

"Shall I have to pay the fare a second time?" asked the lady, nervously,

"You'll have to pay it from Exeter—the point where the train started from."

"From Exeter? But I only came from Sedgebrook!"

"Can't help that, miss. Those are our regulations. Any passenger, unable to produce his ticket on alighting, must pay his full fare from the point of departure. This train comes from Exeter, and from Exeter you must pay. There hangs our table of by-laws."

Her face was turned towards Saxon now, as she stood by the carriage door, looking from the one man to the other. It was a very young face, quite childlike in its appealing timidity, and as pale as a lily.

"Thank you," she said, hurriedly, "How much will it be?"

"One pound five."

The pale face became scarlet, and the childlike eyes filled with sudden tears.

"Oh dear!" she said, tremulously, "what shall I do? I have not so much money as that!"

Saxon had seen that she was poorly dressed, and knew, as well as if he had looked into it, that her slender purse could ill spare even the paltry three shillings and sixpence from Sedgebrook to London. His hand had been in his waistcoat-pocket half a dozen times already, and was only withdrawn empty because he felt that it would be a simple impertinence to interpose. But now he could bear it no longer.

"May I be permitted, madam," he said, bowing to the young girl as profoundly as if she were a princess of the blood royal, "to arrange this matter for you?"

And he slipped her fare into the guard's hand.

The blush deepened painfully upon her cheek.

"I—I thank you, sir," she faltered. "I thank you very much. Will you be good enough to give me your card, that I may know where to send the money?"

Saxon felt in his pockets, looked in his purse, and found that he had not the vestige of a card about him. At this moment a bell rang on the opposite platform, and a porter whom he had entrusted with his railway-rug and the task of securing him a seat, came running breathlessly up.

"Train's just a going, sir," said he. "You've not a minute to lose."

So Saxon bowed again, stammered something about being "very sorry," and vanished.

Just as he had taken his seat, however, and the train had begun to move, the guard appeared at the window, tossed in a card, said something which was lost in the shrill shriek of the driver's whistle, and dropped out of sight.

Saxon picked up the card, which was rather small for a lady's use, and read:

Miss Rivière,

Photographic Colourist,

6, Brudenell Terrace, Camberwell.

"Poor little thing!" he said to himself, with a pitying smile, "does she suppose that I will send to her for the trumpery money?"

He was about to throw the card out of the window; but checked himself, looked at it again, and put it in his waistcoat-pocket instead.

"She was very pretty," he thought; "and her voice was very sweet. How glad I am that I had no card about me!"

CHAPTER XIV. OLIMPIA COLONNA.

Saxon found the Earl waiting for him at the Sedgebrook station, with a plain phaeton, and a long-limbed, bony black mare, that looked somewhat viciously askance of the new comer, and would evidently not have consented to stand still for a moment, were it not for the groom at her head.

"That's right, Trefalden," said Castletowers, as Saxon emerged from the station with his gun-case in his hand, and his rug over his shoulder. "Your train's a quarter after time, and the mare has been giving herself as many airs as a spoiled beauty. Jump up, my dear fellow, and let me tell you how glad I am to see you. Brought any horses?"

"Yes two—since you insisted that I should do so. Here they come."

The Earl turned and glanced at the thoroughbreds, which were now being led down in travelling costume that left nothing of them visible save their boosh and their eyes.

"They're as welcome as yourself—if that's not a bad compliment," said he. "I've sent a light cart for your luggage, and my man shall follow with your groom, to show him the way. It's only a couple of miles to the park gates. Anything else?"

There was nothing else; so the groom stepped back, and the mare shook her ears, and went away down the road as if she had been shot from a catapult.

"I am delighted you've brought those horses, Trefalden," said the Earl, as they flew along between the green hedgerows of the pleasant country road, "for I have really nothing to mount you upon. I have given over the only beast in the stables fit to ride, for Miss Colonna's sole use and benefit, as long as she remains at Castletowers."

"Miss Colonna!" echoed Saxon.

"A lady who is visiting us," replied the Earl, explanatorily. "You have heard of her father, no doubt—Giulio Colonna, the great Italian patriot. He is staying with us also."

"Yes, I have heard of him," said Saxon, who had turned very red, and began to wish himself back again in London.

"He is my mother's oldest friend," continued Castletowers, "and mine too. I don't know what you may have heard of him—few public characters have ever had so many enemies, or so many friends—but you must be prepared to like him, Trefalden, for my sake. You may not take to him at first. He is eccentric, absent, somewhat cold; but a man of antique virtue—a man whose grand simplicity is as much out of place in the nineteenth century as Cincinnatus himself would be out of place in a modern drawing-room."

Saxon thought of the twenty francs that Signor Colonna had offered him at Reichenau, and did not kindle at this description, as his friend had anticipated.

"I have heard nothing to his disadvantage," he said, with some constraint. "Is Major Vaughan still with you?"

"Yes, and Burgoyne comes down to-morrow for a week's shooting. We intend to be quite gay while you are all here."

"What do you mean by 'quite gay'?"

"Well, my mother gives a dinner-party to-morrow, and an evening party on Saturday; and on Thursday the last meet of the season will be held in our grounds. Then, on Monday, the officers of the Forty-second, now quartered at Guildford, give a great ball, to which our guests are, of course invited—and so runs the programme with little variation. It is monotonous; but what can one do at a distance of thirty miles from London?"

"Lead the happiest life in the world, I should think," replied Saxon.

"It is a question of taste and means," said the Earl with a sigh. "A motif of field-sports, set to an everlasting ritornella of dining and dancing, dancing and dining—that is life in an English country-house. For myself, I prefer the harsher music of a military band."

"Do you mean that you wish to go into the army?"

"I mean that I should like to be a soldier, if

my sword and my sympathies could go together; but that they never can, so it's of no use to think about it. Do you see that belt of pines straight ahead, and the green slope beyond, sprinkled over with elms? That's Castletowers. The house will come into sight directly, at the turn of the road."

And then the conversation strayed to other topics, and Saxon told his friend how William Trefalden was coming down on Thursday; and by that time they had reached the park gates, and were trying to drive up to the beautiful old red house, which looked as if dyed in the sunsets of many centuries.

Then the Earl took his guest around to the stables, built on the princely scale of the old Elizabethan days, and now more than three parts empty. Here Saxon saw the stalls set apart for his two thorough-breeds; and presently Major Vaughan came into the yard, white with dust, leading his own beautiful Arabian, Gulnare, and followed by a docile bay carrying a lady's saddle; and Saxon found that he had been riding Mademoiselle Colonna.

After this they strolled about the gardens, and the Earl initiated Saxon into the topography of the smoking room, the billiard-room, and all that part of the house called the bachelors' quarters. Then the gong was sounded, and it was time to dress for dinner.

It was Saxon's first entry into the society of ladies; and this fact, coupled with his reluctance to meet the Colonnas, made him somewhat nervous on going into the drawing-room. The ladies, however, were not yet down; and he found only a group of four men standing round the fire. Two of these were Castletowers and Major Vaughan; the third he at once recognised for the dark-eyed Italian whom he had seen at Reichenau; and the fourth was a stranger.

"My friend, Mr. Saxon Trefalden—Signor Colonna—the Reverend Edwin Armstrong," said Lord Castletowers, getting through the introductions as quickly as he could.

The clergyman bowed somewhat stiffly; but Signor Colonna held out his hand.

"Gervase's friends are mine," he said, with a smile of singular sweetness. "I have heard much of you, Mr. Trefalden, and rejoice to know you. Is this your first visit to Castletowers?"

It was evident that he had no more remembrance of Saxon, than Saxon had of the world before the Flood.

At this moment the ladies came in. The Earl, with some ceremony, presented his young friend to his mother, and while Saxon was yet bonding over her fair hand, dinner was announced. The Earl immediately gave his arm to Mademoiselle Colonna, Signor Colonna took Lady Castletowers', and the rest followed. Thus it happened that the introduction which Saxon most dreaded was altogether omitted, and that he did not even see Mademoiselle Colonna's face till he had taken his seat at the dining-table. He then looked up, and to his intense discomposure, found her superb eyes turned full upon himself.

"My vis-à-vis is, I suppose, your young millionaire?" she said presently to Lord Castletowers. "I have met him before; but I cannot remember where."

The Earl laughed, and shook his head.

"Impossible," he replied. "He has only been six or eight weeks in England, and during the whole of that time you have not been up in town, I think, for a single day."

"But I may have met him abroad—perhaps at Milan?"

"He has never visited Italy in his life."

"Well, then in Paris?"

"And I know that he has never been in Paris. In fact, it is more than improbable that you can have seen him before this evening. I speak thus positively because I know all the story of his life up to this time; and a very curious story it is."

"You must tell it to me," said Mademoiselle Colonna.

"I will, by-and-by; and when you have heard it, you will grant that you are only misled by some accidental resemblance."

Mademoiselle Colonna looked at Saxon again.

To be continued.

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weather was most propitious; but Kitty did not desert her post. When the decorator made his appearance at one o'clock and saw her, a cheerful gleam lit up his whole face, and he called for his plate of roast mutton, bread and potatoes, in a tone eloquent of satisfaction and joy. Kitty looked a trifle dull, and as she passed the place usually occupied by the jeweller and saw it vacant, her countenance grew still darker. The next day Mr. Tinfoil was at the dining-room with the air of a man who had had a very bad night's rest. His face was haggard and his eyes rather bloodshot. He got on very badly with his dinner, and when he had finished sent the boy, who made himself generally useful, to fetch some brandy. The next day he was absent; but the day after that he again turned up with all his vanity and swagger.

And now another change began to work upon Kitty, quite as remarkable as that which has been described. One by one the little bits of finery, that had apparently given her so much satisfaction a short time ago, disappeared, until at last she got quite back to her olden and healthier style. Everybody observed the alteration, and everybody was pleased except the jeweller's shopman. His disapprobation was made manifest one day by his surveying her from head to foot through his quizzing-glass, and then remarking aloud that she was making a pretty image of herself. Kitty looked offended at this rudeness, and though he afterwards tried to smooth the affair down by some highly spiced compliments, it was evident that thereby he only made bad worse. Our fair attendant had no sooner fully reached her original stage of simple adornment, then she commenced increasing its severity, and presently her dresses began to deteriorate in a most remarkable manner. At length her apparel grew thoroughly seedy. Frocks whose fashion and conditions told that they had long since been considered as done with, were brought into wear; and cuffs, collars, and aprons were summoned from their slumbers in the rag-bag to fulfil again those active duties from which it was supposed they had for ever retired. John Gibson's eyes began to brighten at her appearance, but Mr. Tinfoil seemed to regard her with looks of mixed pity and contempt. The girl herself bore a much graver aspect than of old, and went about her duties with increased zeal, and seemed to have a greater desire to please than ever. One day appearing in a frock more washed out, darned, and antiquated than any we had yet seen, Mr. Tinfoil impudently asked how much she would take for her ball dress. In an instant her face was on fire, and her eyes filled with tears. She made no reply, but went to the room, and sat down on an empty box. John Gibson, who happened to be present, walked over to the jeweller, and said something in a whisper, which caused him to colour up too. A few minutes afterwards, when nobody was looking, he slid from the room, and ever more honoured some other house with his custom. One day, when John and I were dining at the same table, we got into conversation, and I soon found him to be a self-educated and self-made man of no small intelligence and understanding. Until now we had never more than exchanged a "good day" together. Among other things, Kitty's change of character came to be discussed. John said he could't make it out. Sometimes he thought she must really be a little wrong in her head. I suggested that perhaps she had turned miser; but my companion said, "Oh, no." Then I urged that her extreme meanness of attire of late might result from a desire on her part to save money, with a view to ultimately bettering her position in life. John again shook his head.

"There's one thing in particular," he went on to say, "which I have noticed several times lately. It is this: I've seen her steal out after dark, and hurry off as if she had been a thief, with the police in full cry." This, we agreed, only increased the difficulty, and after some further chat we parted. That evening,—it was a foggy November one,—as I passed the dining-room on my way home, who should come stealing out by the side door but the waitress. She carried a bundle, which she seemed anxious to conceal under her shawl. She did not observe

me, and went bounding away into the fog with the swiftness of a professed pedestrian. John had awakened my curiosity, and I resolved to follow. Taking the opposite side of the way, I kept her figure in view. The fog would just allow this. I could not have been recognised by her at that distance, so I felt myself secure, and resolved not to lose sight of her for a second. On we went, up one street, and down another, for about ten minutes, when the fog getting into my eyes and nose, brought on a fit of sneezing which fairly pulled me up. When I recovered, and looked for Kitty, she was gone. I felt vexed, crossed the road, and found myself at the corner of a narrow thoroughfare. Thinking that most likely the chase had taken this course, I hastily followed. On reaching the other end of the street my way was obstructed by a mob of men and boys, in the centre of which stood a policeman struggling with a man, and advising him to go along quietly. Attracted for the moment, I inquired what was the matter, when a respectably dressed youth replied:

"It's the jeweller's shopman down the street. He's been caught robbing his master."

I pressed more closely forward, and was startled to find the unhappy creature no other than Tinfoil. More police having arrived, he was dragged off, struggling violently, and crying for mercy, and saying that it would kill his poor old father. Powerless to aid him, I was on the point of turning my face towards my own home, when, most unexpectedly, the waitress again crossed my path. The bundle was gone. She had not observed me, and again I took up the pursuit. After a bit she made a pause, and dived into a little low-fronted shop. I waited five minutes, when out she came again, and made off with greater speed than ever. I followed, through more bye-streets and lanes, and at last up a narrow court. Pansing at a tall, dilapidated tenement, the door of which stood open to both night and fog, she rubbed her feet upon the flags for want of a mat, and disappeared in the pitch dark passage. I was instantly at the door, and, to my unbounded wonder, John Gibson stood beside me.

"I know all about it," he whispered. "You've been watching her, so have I. Hush!"

We listened, and heard her feet hurriedly ascend, one—two—three flights of stairs. Suddenly a heavy fall, followed by a wild cry, smote us both with fear.

"What's that?" we exclaimed, and together bounded up the stairs. Pausing at the apartment Kitty had just entered, such a sight was revealed as I had never looked on before. Stretched motionless upon the floor lay the form of a man. Kneeling beside him, and uttering the most heart-rending cries, was an emaciated woman, with four terrified little children clinging about her; the fifth, a baby, lay crying on a mattress in one corner. Hastily flung upon the table was a heap of meat, bread, and potatoes, which had evidently been brought in by Kitty, while she, poor girl, was bending over the fallen one, calling upon him by name, chafing his temples, rubbing his hands, and doing all she could to restore animation. Our appearance did not seem at all to astonish her. The only remark she made was—

"Oh, pray—pray run for the doctor. I'm afraid he is dying."

John Gibson was off in an instant. I put my hand upon the heart of the prostrate man, and found it beating regularly, though feebly, and I at once assured them that he was only in a fainting fit, and would soon come to. The poor woman and Kitty both joined in a thousand blessings upon me for the words of comfort. Having removed from the room a number of persons, lodgers, who had been alarmed by the noise, and had come to see what was amiss, I opened the window and commenced chafing the hands and temples of Kitty's brother-in-law, for such he proved to be, and in a little time he began to revive. At this juncture John Gibson returned with a doctor.

"You are very weak," said he, after feeling the patient's pulse and listening to his heart. "What's brought you so low?"

"I had a sort of fever nine months ago," was the feeble reply, "and I've never got rightly over it. I went to the hospital, and after a while they

cured me, but I've never got strong enough to be able to work."

"Then you've been earning nothing all that time? I suppose you belong to a club?"

"I did, sir," returned the poor fellow, "but it wasn't enrolled; and so, after I'd had three months' pay, it broke up, and I'd got no remedy."

"Oh, dear me! oh, dear!" exclaimed the doctor, who was a most fatherly-looking old gentleman, as he glanced round upon the children. They had gathered about him, and were looking up into his face, as though the life or death of their father was to be settled stonely, and by him. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! Why, you're half-starved."

"You may well say that, sir," cried the poor woman, bursting into a fresh flood of tears; "and if it had not been for that dear girl, my sister there, who's sold everything off her back, though much against our wish, to help us—God bless her!—we should all have quite starved before this."

Kitty cried "Hush!" and turned away.

"Yes," continued her sister, affectionately, taking hold of one of her husband's hands and one of Kitty's; "and he wouldn't eat when he might have done so, because of the dear children."

I looked at John—his eyes were filled with tears; I turned to the doctor—so were his; and I am not ashamed to confess mine were also. Presently the old gentleman arose, and delicately hinted that the parish authorities should be acquainted with the case, and made to furnish proper nourishment not only for the sick man, but for the immediate need of the family.

Here John stopped him at once, and said that there would be no occasion for such a step, as he intended to take the responsibility of their more direct requirements upon himself.

"Very good," replied the doctor. "Then all I shall have to do will be to send in some forty-nine horse power strengthening medicine. Good night to you. Keep up your heart and eat plenty of good meat, and you'll quickly get well again."

As soon as he had departed, John and I conferred together, and made arrangements for the instant help of the family in such a way as to appear as little like charity as possible, and when we took our departure left them all in tears, but not the tears of sorrow.

"There's a girl for you!" were the first words that passed John's lips when we got into the street. "Everything's accounted for now."

"Yes," I replied. "Her head was a little turned once, but she was always sound at heart."

Two months after that memorable night, Robert Young, Kitty's brother-in-law, was once again a hale man in full employ; and two months after that I saw John Gibson and the little waitress made husband and wife.

MR. BURLINGAME, says an American paper, brings an interesting gift from China to Mr. Longfellow. It seems that Mr. Wade, of the British Embassy at Peking, who is a great Chinese scholar, made a close translation of Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," which was inscribed, as is the manner of the country, upon the doorposts of his house. There the calm, pure wisdom and beauty of its sentences greatly impressed a learned dignitary poet of the empire, who thereupon put it into pure Chinese poetry form of the last polish, and so writing it out with his own hand on a beautiful fan, sent it as a present to his brother bard at Cambridge. It is pleasant for all of us admirers of that charming poem to know that thousands of Peking folk stop to read, and admire it too, as they pass Mr. Wade's door.

ONE'S OWN SHADOW.—The people of the East measure time by the length of their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect; then, looking where his shadow terminates, he measures the length with his feet, and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil says: "How long my shadow is in coming!" "Why did you not come sooner?" "Because I waited for my shadow." In the seventh chapter of Job, we find it written—"As a servant earnestly desireth his shadow."

A LESSON FOR LADIES.

WE listened, a week ago, says the Editor of the *Home Journal*, to a touching funeral sermon over the body of a young woman who had suddenly died in consequence of having fifteen teeth extracted. She was youthful, plump, active, full of vitality, and overflowing with vivacity, but her teeth, though good enough in quality, were not so comely in appearance as she thought desirable. To think was to decide with her; to decide was to act. Forthwith she proceeded to a dentist, and had ten defective masticators drawn. But this was not sufficient. She was resolved to have a complete set of artificial teeth in her mouth of solid make and handsome aspect. Five sound teeth should not stand in the way of the accomplishment of her desire. The dentist remonstrated. "Save at least your eye-teeth," said he. But no, she was confident she could endure the pain, and she would not be balked in her enterprise. Out came the teeth. She *did* endure the pain, and like a heroine. She went home rejoicing in her courage, and in the successful result of her adventure. But she little dreamed of the consequences. Being a woman of powerful will and vast self-control, she had nerved herself by an almost superhuman effort to the task set before her; but the reaction had yet to come. The over-strung nervous system, when it began to relax, gave way in a gush. Complete prostration followed. A long-concealed organic disease of the heart suddenly developed its mischievous character. Death quickly came upon her, two or three hours after her rejoicing, and, before the teeth could be completed that were to beautify her mouth, her friends followed her corpse to the grave.

SOMETHING IN A NAME.

FOR a number of years past a quiet, respectable-looking man had been in the habit of periodically calling upon a well-known west end tailor, with an order for "a suit of black." The mysterious customer would not leave his name, but as he paid cash down, and acted as his own porter, the discreet snip wisely refrained from bothering the "unknown" with needless questions. In the course of time the tailor was gathered to his fathers, and the business fell into the hands of a successor who could not, or would not, so readily bottle his curiosity. The "gentleman in black" made his appearance shortly afterwards, and the usual order was booked and paid for. "What name, sir?" inquired the bland proprietor. "Of no consequence," replied the "stranger." "I beg your pardon, sir, but I should like to know the name of one who has been such a good customer to the firm." "My name is not likely to benefit you," retorted the customer, somewhat angrily, "but as you are curious to know it, I'll tell you. "My name is Calcraft, and you may send the things to Newgate when ready." The tailor's curiosity cost him a good customer, as the "gentleman in black" has not been seen since. The best part of the story remains to be told. In despair at the loss of a ready-money customer the unlucky tailor by some means or other discovered the domestic retreat of "Mister" Calcraft, and on proceeding thereto made the pleasant discovery that the hangman was not his man. It is supposed that the "mysterious stranger" was an eccentric individual delighting in obscurity, and that he assumed the name of Calcraft as a mode of resenting impertinent curiosity.

OZONE.—Ozone is said to be Nature's grand atmospheric disinfectant. It is a peculiar modification of oxygen, and is supposed to be that gas in a permanently negative state. In its action as a deodoriser, it closely resembles chlorine, destroying bad odours as effectually and almost as rapidly, but it has advantages over that gas. It is not irrespirable, and is considerably more manageable. Two sticks of phosphorus, each two inches in length, made very clean by scraping, if covered with oxide, and half covered with water, will yield in an hour sufficient ozone, in a room of 3,000 cubic feet, to be detectable by Sconbein's test in every part.

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES.

1. A traveller had to pass through three toll-gates; upon reaching the first he was asked for the toll, which was sixpence. He answered,—"If you will give me as much as I have in my pocket, I will pay you." The amount was given, and the toll paid. The same answer was given to the demand for payment at the other two toll-gates, with the like result. He paid sixpence at each of the toll-gates, and had nothing left. How much had he in his pocket at the first toll-gate?

2. A boy requested a farmer to permit him to go into his orchard to pick some apples. The farmer gave him permission provided that, in coming out, he left at the first gate half the number he had gathered and half an apple more; the same at the second gate, and the same at the third. When he had passed through the third gate he had one whole apple remaining, and did not cut any. How many apples did he gather?

CHARADES.

L. My first an interjection is,
Expressing wonder and surprise;
My second a diminutive,
Familiar to the merchant's eyes;
My third our every action still
Is prompting, or for good or ill.

My whole! behold is rushing on
With wild resistless force;
No voice can stop, no power can turn
It from its destined course;
Yet greatly useful is its might,
By skillful hands directed right.

2. I am a word of eight letters. My 6, 7, is an interjection; my 5, 2, 8, is part of the body; my 4, 5, 8, 7, is a brave man; my 8, 7, 1, 5, is an important part of a lady's dress; my 3, 2, 1, is a useful vehicle; my 1, 5, 2, 8, is a wild animal; my 4, 7, 6, 5, is a cavity; my 2, 8, 3, 4, is what ladies often are, and my whole is, or ought to be, an unhappy individual.

ENIGMAS.

1.

What force or strength cannot get through,
I with a gentle touch can do;
And many in the street would stand
Were I not as a friend at hand.

2.

I'm not of the world, I've no substance at all;
Yet, out of my head, and you make me all;
How many soever their numbers may be,
Who with Pharaoh were drown'd in the depth of the sea;
Or all who have met on the battle-plain,
March'd from it in conquest, or slept with the slain:
All who live, all who die, if beheaded, I'm made,
And multitudes of them of me are afraid,
Though the most they can make of me is but a shade.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is a bee-hive like a spectator?

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. I am a word of five letters; cut off my tail, I am painful; transpose, I am a flower; drop a consonant and transpose, I am dug out of the earth. My whole is a Canadian town.
Montreal. GEO. B.

2. EHCCRRTPYO. Excites considerable attention.

3. KMWHITAAO. A weapon.

4. GAAMREIR. Desired by most.

5. QTUEETTI. What all should know something of.

ANAGRAMS.

A collection of plants.

1. A nut pie.

5. A nicer air.

2. Regina sum.

6. On a tin car.

3. Love it.

7. O a libel.

4. Here's a seat.

8. I call.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c. No. 5.

PUZZLES.

1. A your great (grate) be empty, put coal on (colon); if full, stop putting coal on (colon).

2. Great ease, little crosses before marriage; little ease, great crosses after.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Priests, Persist, Tripe, Sprits, Spirt, Spit, Pit, It, T.
2. Eye.

CHARADE.

Montreal.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

Naaman lost his leprosy in the Jordan; Gehazi, the servant of Elisha, found it. 2 Kings, chap. 5.

CONUNDRUM.

He becomes an ill literate (illiterate).

The following answers have been received:

Puzzles.—1, W. C.; C. M.; A. H.; Geo. B.; Nemo; 2, Geo. B.; Wm. G.; H. H. V.; Nemo.

Transpositions.—1, Johnnie; Geo. B.; H. H. V.; Nemo; 2, Johnnie; Wm. W.; Geo. B.; H. H. V.; A. H.; Nemo.

Charade.—H. I. M.; J. F.; A. A.; D. P. D.; Geo. B.; Johnnie; Wm. W.; Nemo.

Scriptural Enigma.—H. H. V.; A. H.; Ellen B. Nemo.

Conundrum.—H. H. V.; Martin F., Nemo.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

RAREBIT CAULIFLOWER.—Put into a frying-pan amidst boiling grease, a few small mushrooms or mushroom buttons, and the flower part of a cauliflower or broccoli, broken into sprigs. Sprinkle over them some grated cheese, and baste the whole well from time to time with the hot grease. This really is a delicious food, and very nutritious.

ITALIAN PUNBINO.—Make a thick pap, and add a little salt; when boiled enough, pour it into a basin to get cold. Turn it out (it will be quite solid), and cut it into slices. Now take a large pudding basin, and put at the bottom a little grease and grated cheese, over these a slice of pap cake, then more grease and grated cheese, then more pap-cake, till your basin is full, ending with grated cheese. Cover with a lid, cook gently in an oven till it looks yellow, and serve hot.

N.B.—"THICK PAP" is made of Indian corn well boiled in milk, and salted with a pinch of salt. Instead of Indian corn, any flour-food will do, such as oatmeal, arrowroot, sago, &c., but it must be made thick, so as to be solid when cold.

ANCHOVY CHEESE.—Put a piece of cheese into a stewpan, and, when soft, mash it with butter or any other grease. Now add half a pint of water (hot or cold), a little salt, and an anchovy cut small. Boil the whole together, adding as much flower from time to time as the liquid will absorb. When you have got a thick paste, pour over it some eggs beaten up, and mix the whole well together. Lastly, pull your paste into small lumps, and bake in an oven.

FRIED COW-HEEL.—Cut a stewed cow-heel into pieces about two inches long, and put the pieces into a frying pan with bread-crumbs, salt, pepper, and a little minced parsley. You will require to have grease in the pan, and it should be boiling before you put your cow-heel in. About a quarter of an hour will suffice for frying. It would be a great improvement if you were to beat up an egg and dip each piece into it before you put it into the hot frying-pan.

FRICASSEO TRIPE.—Cut your tripe into small pieces and scald them. Then boil them with sliced onion, and when nearly done, shake them up over the fire with a little butter or lard, a pinch of flour, and a spoonful or two of any stock.

N.B.—Tripe fried in batter, or simply boiled in milk and water, is very much liked by many.

MEAT OMBIUM.—Take all the pieces of cooked meat you have, no matter whether boiled or roast, butcher's meat, poultry, or game—in fact, all the dinner leavings you can get together, and mince very fine. Put the whole into a stewpan with a little parsley, a few green onions, and mushrooms, if you can get them, one or two eggs beaten up, and a little of any sort of stock. Simmer for a quarter of an hour. Then take a meat dish, pour upon it a layer of your stew, a layer of bread in slices, another layer of stew, and so on, and heat in an oven. When hot, pour over it the rest of the stew hot, and serve up.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. H. S.—You will readily understand that we cannot promise to print the letters you refer to, but if you choose to transcribe one of them and forward it to us, you may at least rely upon its being read. We repeat, however, what we wrote a few weeks since, that prose articles are more acceptable. Nine-tenths of the original poetry we receive is transferred to the waste basket with but scant hesitation.

P. A. B., London.—Please forward the solutions. Did our fair correspondent wish to test our editorial ingenuity?

J. F.—We have not much opinion of "Whitby." Try something better.

W. A.—We cannot, even to oblige a subscriber, celebrate the charms of "sweet *mignard* Bessie." The number of our readers would grow small by degrees and unpleasantly less, if we were to publish articles which are interesting only to the writer, and at best, a few of his friends.

JOHNNIE.—For a small "space of period" you have been a bad boy, Johnnie. We are glad to receive answers to the questions propounded, but don't send us any more as you did the last. It isn't honest. Wherever did you pick up "a considerable space of period?"

WM. W.—We did not optics the mistake you refer to in time to rectify it; fortunately, however, it was only cover deep. Your Taylor, in spite of the proverb, is a man by himself, and we are glad that you think so. The contribution will probably appear in due time.

MUSEETTE.—Are you quite sure that Nos. 2 and 4 are original? We fancy we have seen them before. Many thanks nevertheless.

E. H. A., O. R. R.—The solutions will be acknowledged next week.

FRENCHAC, U. E.—One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. We hope the touch of genuine Irish humour in Father Dominico's sermon will make a respectable portion of it—laugh.

T. P. T., St. C.—Your letter and the article sent are under consideration.

NAME.—We believe three Roman Catholics were elected to Parliament by English constituencies at the late general election there.

A. H.—We cannot believe that any serious results will attend the Fenian movements in Ireland. The Imperial government have apparently nipped that folly in the bud—and our correspondent need not fear for the safety of the loved ones at home.

UN ANGLAIS.—So far as our experience guides us, the Indian summer is a rather mythical season. It is popularly supposed to follow the first fall of snow. Our English correspondent will probably enjoy the bright, bracing Canadian winter, more than any other season of the year.

WALL WISHER.—We shall shortly commence a second serial tale, written by an eminent English author. It will be continued weekly with "Half a Million of Money."

ELLEN B.—We decline the article with thanks.

MUSICAL.—It is our intention to publish a page of music about once a month. Occasionally the pieces will be instrumental.

E. J. H.—Please forward the manuscript, and if accepted you will hear from us.

GAOZOL.—Perhaps some day the much needed reform in spelling will be effected. The *Phonetic Nuz*, so far as we know, was the only journal ever published in the common sense principle of spelling words as they are pronounced.

T. S.—Yes, if you wish it. Subscriptions can commence with any number.

J. H. W.—We think you are mistaken.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

NEW SMOOTHING IRON.—A self-heating iron for smoothing clothes has been recently patented in the United States. It is hollow, and has within it a gas-pipe, which is supplied with gas by a flexible tube connected with the handle. In the gas-pipes are a few small apertures that constitute jets, which furnish minute flames. The upper portions of the iron are most heated; but when the lower has become too cold for use, the

position of the upper and lower surfaces, both of which are perfectly smooth, can be easily reversed.

PURIFYING WATER.—It often happens that our experimenting readers require pure water when they can only obtain putrid. A good plan for overcoming this difficulty is the following:—Take a large tin or wooden funnel, and place a few pieces of broken glass at the bottom; fill up to two-thirds with charcoal, broken small; place a few pieces of broken glass at top, to keep down the charcoal; pour in water, and, even if it be putrid, it will pass rapidly through clear and sweet.

AN extraordinary electrical phenomenon lately occurred in the forest of Chantilly. A waterspout passed across the forest, and in less than five minutes it destroyed almost everything in its passage for a width of fifty yards and a length of nearly five miles. About 600 trees, many of them oaks of large size, were either broken off close to the ground, or torn up by the roots, and shivered to splinters.

A NEW mode of preparing formic acid and the formic ethers, was described by M. Lorin at a recent meeting of the Paris Academy of Sciences. Oxalic acid and alcohol, in equivalent proportions, are added to glycerine; a reaction takes place in which formic acid is produced; this then combines while in a nascent state with the alcohol, and formic ether results. After the decomposition of the oxalic acid is complete, the product is distilled, and ether purified in the ordinary manner. With 500 grammes of amylic alcohol M. Lorin has obtained the same weight of amylic-formic ether.

A VINEGAR-MAKING ANIMAL!—In Paris there are a couple of curious creatures from China. One is a tortoise, or small turtle, with green hair floating about from under his shell. The other creature is a hideous, revolting-looking polypus, endowed with the peculiar attribute of making vinegar. It is a monstrous assemblage of fleshy membranes and glutinous tubes, and a mass of mis-shapen appendages, which gives it a revolting and hideous aspect. You will suppose it to be lifeless, but, if you touch it, it writhes and assumes various forms, proving its vitality. The structure of this creature is but little known.

AN invention has been provisionally specified by Messrs. Standly & Prosser, of Cockspur Street, which consists in the employment of hydrogen or its compounds, alone or mixed with oxygen or atmospheric air projected from blow-pipes, for the purpose of welding plates or masses of iron, or other metals. They prefer to mix the gases in a reservoir at the base of the blow-pipe.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A TOAST.—"The Press: it expresses truth, re-presses error, im-presses knowledge, de-presses tyranny, and op-presses none."

"IDLENESS covers a man with rags," says the proverb; but a schoolmaster, thinking to improve on this, wrote a copy for one of his boys with the proverb thus altered, "Idleness covers a man with nakedness."

TOM MOORE said to Peel, on looking at the picture of an Irish orator, "You can see the very quiver of his lips."—"Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Moore was telling this to one of his countrymen, who said "He meant arrah coming out of it."

A WITTY counsellor being questioned by a judge to know "for whom he was concerned," replied as follows—"I am concerned, your honour, for the plaintiff, but I am employed by the defendant."

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—When Henry VIII. sent an offer of his hand to the Princess of Parma, she replied that she was greatly obliged to his Majesty for his compliment; and that if she had two heads, one of them should be at his service, but as she had only one, she could not spare that.

WHY is cutting off an elephant's head widely different from cutting off any other head?—Because when you separate the head from the body, you don't take it from the trunk.

THE RULING PASSION.—A Jersey physician, while playing cards, fell off his chair in a fit. After half an hour's steady application of remedies, he recovered, and immediately inquired, "What are trumps?"

WHEN Walter Scott was at school, a boy in the same class was asked by the teacher what part of speech "with" was.—"A noun, sir," said the boy.—"You young blockhead!" cried the teacher, "what example can you give of such a thing?"—"I can tell you, sir," interrupted Scott; "there's a verse in the Bible which says, 'they bound Samson with withs.'"

A YORKSHIREMAN who had attended a meeting of the Anthropological Society was asked by a friend what the learned gentleman had been saying. "Well I don't exactly know," he said; "there were many things I could not understand; but there was one thing I thowt I made out; they believe that we have come from monkeys, and I thowt as how they were fast getting back again to where they came from."

SAMBO, is your musca a good farmer?—"Oh yes, massa fus-rate farmer—he makes two crops in one year."—"How is that, Sambo?"—"Why you see, he sell all his hay in de fall, and make money once; den in de spring he sell de hides of all cattle that die for want of de hay, and make money twice—dat's two crops, massa."

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.—An apothecary at Boston, who in every thing connected with business was a perfect pattern of punctuality and exactitude, had lately the misfortune to lose his wife. At the hour of her interment he placed the following placard upon the door of his shop. "Gone to bury my wife; return in half an hour."

A VERY singular human phenomenon was observed the other night in Norfolk, which is thus mentioned by Professor Clark, of the *Norfolk Express*:—"A most singular sight was seen in the heavens last night by a friend of ours, who was out rather late. The moon, he avers, turned three complete somersets without stopping, bowed to him, winked knowingly, and then resumed her course as if nothing had happened."

TAKING HER AT HER WEAN.—The late Rev. Dr. Wightman, of Kirkmahoe, was a simple-minded clergyman of the old school. When a young man he paid his addresses to a lady in the parish, and his suit was accepted on the condition that it met the approval of the lady's mother. Accordingly, the doctor waited upon the matron, and, stating his case, the good woman, delighted at the proposal, passed the usual Scottish compliment. "Deed, doctor, you're far owre guid for our Janet. I'm sure she's no guid eno' for ye."—"Weel, weel," was the rejoinder, "ye ken best, so we'll say nae mair about it." No more was said, and the social intercourse of the parties continued on the same footing as before. About forty years after, Dr. Wightman died a bachelor, and the lady an old maid.

LITERAL CONSTRUCTION.—A chaplain was once preaching to a class of collegians about the formation of bad habits. "Gentlemen," said he, "close your ears against bad discourses." The scholars immediately clapped their hands to their ears.

A SUPERINTENDENT of a mission school, being annoyed by the noise, finally, in appealing to the boys, raising his hand, said—"Now let's see if we can't hear a pin drop." All was silence, when a little fellow in the back part of the room, cocking his ear and placing himself in an attitude of breathless attention, spoke out—"Let her drop!"

SPIRITUAL FACTS.

THAT whisky is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and almshouses.

That brandy brands the nose of all those who cannot govern their appetites.

That wine causes many to take a winding way home.

That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

That ale causes many ailings; while beer brings many to the bier.

That champagne is the cause of many real pains.

That gin-slings have "slewed" more than the slings of old.

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PIONEERS OF FRANCE IN THE NEW WORLD.*

IN this volume, by Mr. Parkman, we have the first instalment of a very important contribution to the history of the North American Continent. The tastes of the author have led him to devote himself during a long series of years to the study, not only of the native tribes of North America, but to the earliest European colonization of this western world. The terse, animated, picturesque style which marked his earlier productions is still to be found in this his latest book. The sources of historic information from which he has drawn are various and widely scattered, embracing, we believe, everything heretofore published in relation to his subject, as well as documents in the Archives of France, and in possession of private collections in Canada and elsewhere. The research involved in the study for this volume must have demanded such patience and toil as only an enthusiastic devotion to his theme can make possible to the student. While they are strictly historical, and constantly sustained by adequate authorities, the narratives have all the charm of romance. The writer's love for his subject has led him to visit historic localities, and there compose the picture which he presents to his reader in striking outline and living words.

The present volume, pp. 420, is the first of a proposed series of historical narratives designed to illustrate the earliest European colonization of North America, and the conflict of the leading European Powers for the possession of this continent. The book opens with the "Huguenots in Florida; with a sketch of Huguenot Colonization in Brazil." This portion occupies nearly a third of the volume, and is replete with information of marked interest, presented in a style which gives fresh attraction to the reader at every successive page. The next division, occupying two-thirds of the book, is entitled "Samuel DeChamplain and his Associates; with a view of earlier French Adventure in America, and the Legends of the Northern Coasts." Here we have the story of the first beginnings of our cities of Quebec and Montreal; the first ascent by Europeans of the River St. Lawrence and its chief tributaries.

We are strongly tempted to make extracts, but we must forbear, as we cannot but assume such immediate sale of the book as will at once bring it within the reach of our readers generally. We would fain forbear, indeed, and yet as our journal bears the imprint of Montreal, we are constrained to present our readers with Mr. Parkman's account of Jacques Cartier's arrival at Hochelaga on an October day, three hundred and thirty years ago. Causing his two larger vessels to be harboured within the mouth of the St. Charles River, Cartier took the smallest—a galleon of forty tons—and two open boats, and with sixty sailors and a few gentlemen, he set forth from Stadacona (Quebec) for Hochelaga (Montreal).

"Slowly gliding on their way, by walls of verdure, brightened in the autumnal sun, they saw forests festooned with grape-vines, and waters alive with wildfowl; they heard the song of the blackbird, the thrush, and, as they fondly thought, the nightingale. The galleon grounded; they left her, and, advancing with the boats alone, on the second of October neared the goal of their hopes, the mysterious Hochelaga.

"Where now are seen the quays and store-houses of Montreal, a thousand Indians thronged the shore, wild with delight, dancing, singing, crowding about the strangers, and showering into the boats their gifts of fish and maize; and, as it grew dark, fires lighted up the night, while, far and near, the French could see the excited savages leaping and rejoicing by the blaze.

"At dawn of day, marshalled and accoutred, they set forth for Hochelaga. An Indian path led through the forest which covered the site of

Montreal. The morning air was chill and sharp, the leaves were changing hue, and beneath the oaks the ground was thickly strewn with acorns. They soon met an Indian chief with a party of tribesmen, or, as the old narrative has it, "one of the principal lords of the said city," attended with a numerous retinue. Greeting them after the concise courtesy of the forest, he led them to a fire kindled by the side of the path for their comfort and refreshment, seated them on the earth, and made them a long harangue, receiving in requital of his eloquence two hatchets, two knives, and a crucifix, the last of which he was invited to kiss. This done, they resumed their march, and presently issued forth upon open fields, covered far and near with the ripened maize, its leaves rustling, its yellow grains gleaming between the parting husks. Before them, wrapped in forests painted by the early frosts, rose the ridgy back of the Mountain of Montreal, and below, encompassed with its corn-fields, lay the Indian town. Nothing was visible but its encircling palisades. They were of trunks of trees, set in a triple row. The outer and inner ranges inclined till they met and crossed near the summit, while the upright row between them, aided by transverse braces, gave to the whole an abundant strength. Within were galleries for the defenders, rude ladders to mount them, and magazines of stones to throw down on the heads of assailants. It was a mode of fortification practised by all the tribes speaking dialects of the Iroquois.

"The voyagers entered the narrow portal. Within, they saw some fifty of those large oblong dwellings so familiar in after-years to the eyes of the Jesuit apostles in Iroquois and Huron forests. They were fifty yards or more in length, and twelve or fifteen wide, framed of sapling poles closely covered with sheets of bark, and each containing many fires and many families. In the midst of the town was an open area, or public square, a stone's-throw in width. Here Cartier and his followers stopped, while the surrounding houses of bark disgorged their inmates,—swarms of children, and young women and old, their infants in their arms. They crowded about the visitors, crying for delight, touching their beards, feeling their faces, and holding up the screeching infants to be touched in turn. Strange in hue, strange in attire, with moustached lip and bearded chin, with arquebuse and glittering halberd, helmet, and cuirass,—were the marvellous strangers demigods or men?

"Due time allowed for this exuberance of feminine rapture, the warriors interposed, banished the women and children to a distance, and squatted on the ground around the French, row within row of swarthy forms and eager faces, "as if," says Cartier, "we were going to act a play." Then appeared a troop of women, each bringing a mat, with which they carpeted the bare earth for the behoof of their guests. The latter being seated, the chief of the nation was borne before them on a deer-skin by a number of his tribesmen, a bedridden old savage, paralyzed and helpless, squalid as the rest in his attire, and distinguished only by a red fillet, inwrought with dyed quills of the Canada porcupine, encircling his lank, black hair. They placed him on the ground at Cartier's feet and made signs of welcome for him, while he pointed feebly to his powerless limbs, and implored the healing touch from the hand of the French chief. Cartier complied, and received in acknowledgment the red fillet of his grateful patient. And now from surrounding dwellings appeared a woful throng, the sick, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the decrepit, brought or led forth and placed on the earth before the perplexed commander, "as if," he says, "a God had come down to cure them." His skill in medicine being far behind the emergency, he pronounced over his petitioners a portion of the Gospel of St. John, of infallible efficacy on such occasions, made the sign of the cross, and uttered a prayer, not for their bodies only, but for their miserable souls. Next he read the passion of the Saviour, to which, though comprehending not a word, his audience listened with grave attention. Then came a distribution of presents. The squaws and children were recalled, and, with the warriors, placed in separate groups.

Knives and hatchets were given to the men, beads to the women, and pewter rings and images of the *Agnus Dei* flung among the troop of children, whence ensued a vigorous scramble in the square of Hochelaga. Now the French trumpeters pressed their trumpets to their lips, and blew a blast that filled the air with warlike din, and the hearts of the hearers with amazement and delight. Bidding their hosts farewell, the visitors formed their ranks and defiled through the gate once more, despite the efforts of a crowd of women, who, with clamorous hospitality, beset them with gifts of fish, beans, corn, and other viands of strangely uninviting aspect, which the Frenchmen courteously declined.

"A troop of Indians followed, and guided them to the top of the neighbouring mountain. Cartier called it *Mount Royal*, Montreal; and hence the name of the busy city which now holds the site of the vanished Hochelaga. Stadaconé and Hochelaga, Quebec and Montreal, in the sixteenth century as in the nineteenth, were the centres of Canadian population.

"From the summit, that noble prospect met his eye which at this day is the delight of tourists, but strangely changed, since first of white men, the Breton voyager gazed upon it. Tower and dome and spire, congregated roofs, white sail and gliding steamer, animate its vast expanse with varied life. Cartier saw a different scene. East, west, and south, the mantling forest was over all, and the broad blue ribbon of the great river glistened amid a realm of verdure. Beyond, to the bounds of Mexico, stretched a leafy desert, and the vast hive of industry, the mighty battleground of later centuries, lay sunk in savage torpor, wrapped in illimitable woods."

MAGAZINES.—We have received the October number of "London Society," from Messrs Dawson Bros. The opening article discusses "The Medicinal Effects of Laziness" with an evident faith in its sovereign virtues when judiciously indulged in. "Matrimony Across the Water" points out several anomalies in French marriage laws, and is plentifully interspersed with anecdotes illustrative of the contrast between the marriage institution in France and Great Britain. "Witty Women and Pretty Women of the time of Horace Walpole," a very interesting paper, introduces the reader, to a number of the most distinguished ladies of the eighteenth century. Under the heading of "The Merchant Princes of England" we have a sketch of the history of the celebrated Couttses, Bankers of London and Edinburgh, ancestors of the wealthy and excellent Miss Burdett Coutts. There are also a number of light and well written tales and sketches. The illustrations, a special feature of this magazine, are as usual of a high order.

THE Wallace monument at Stirling, which has reached the height of 155 feet, in the shape of a tower, has been stopped for want of funds; the plant and materials on the ground are to be sold to pay debts.

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots o'er a' the wide world spread,
Bring your bowbies, every red,
Build the glorious fane.
Will ye gva'dge the boon ye gie?
Will ye, wi' unwillin' ee,
Your exalted duty see,
Here revealed in vain?"

The only alteration that will be made in the new Atlantic telegraph cable will be the substitution of strands in the place of solid iron wires for the external covering. These strands will each consist of three wires, and each strand will be covered with manilla. It is thought that by this means all chance of the gutta-percha being pierced by the external wire will be prevented, as each wire singly would be too weak to be thrust into the interior of the cable.

Mr. J. D. Morrison, a dentist of Edinburgh, has patented an ingenious modification of forceps, which admits artificially cooled air through its points to the gum, so as to deaden sensation previously to the extraction of the tooth, and thus render the operation painless.

* "Pioneers of France in the New World." By Francis Parkman, Author of "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," "Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life," &c. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

ENTRAPPING AN HEIRESS.

- Artemus Ward; his Travels. Part 1. Miscellaneous. Part 2. Among the Mormons. 12mo. pp. 231. Illustrations. N. Y.: Carleton. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Botta. Dante as Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet. With an Analysis of the Divina Commedia, its Plot and Episodes. By Vincenzo Botta. Cr. 8vo. pp. x., 413. N. Y.: Scribner & Co. Cl. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Carleton. Our Artist in Cuba. Fifty Drawings on Wood. Leaves from the Sketch-Book of a Traveller during the Winter of 1864-5. By Geo. W. Carleton. 16mo. pp. viii., 80. N. Y.: Carleton. Cl. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Epictetus. The Works of Epictetus. Consisting of his Discourses, in Four Books, the Enchiridion, and Fragments. A Translation from the Greek, based on that of Elizabeth Carter, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 12mo. pp. xvii., 437. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Cl. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Grimm. Life of Michael Angelo. By Herman Grimm. Translated, with the author's sanction, by Fanny Elizabeth Bennett. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. pp. viii., 558; vii., 519. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Cl. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Johnson. Speeches of Andrew Johnson. President of the United States. With a Biographical Introduction by Frank Moore. 12mo. pp. xviii., 495. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Cl. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mackenzie. The Use of the Laryngoscope in Diseases of the Throat; with an Appendix on Rhinoscopy. By Morell Mackenzie, M.D. 8vo. pp. 160. Illus. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston. Cl. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Physician's Visiting List, Diary, and Book of Engagements for 1868. 16mo. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- 25 Patients. Cl. 60 cts.; tucks \$1.00.
50 Patients. Cl. \$1; tucks \$1.00.
100 Patients. Tucks \$1.50.
- Schiller's Lay of the Bell. Translated by the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.; with Illustrations after Denfus by Moritz Retzsch. Folio pp. 30. Boston: Roberts Bros. Cl. \$5.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Wraxall. The Backwoodsman; or, Life on the Indian Frontier. Edited by Sir C. F. Lascelles Wraxall, Bart. 12mo. pp. 302. Illus. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. Cl. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Derby. The Iliad of Homer. By the Earl of Derby. In 2 vols. \$1.60. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Froude's History of England. Vols. 1, 2, 3, and 4. \$1.60. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Forsyth's Life of Cicero. In 2 vols. \$1.60. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Thomes. The Bushranger's Adventures during a Second Visit to Australia. Also, New Edition of its Companion Volume, the Gold Hunters' Adventures in Australia. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mills' Inquiry into the Philosophy of Sir W. Hamilton. By J. Stewart Mills. In 2 vols. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Dean Stanley's Eastern and Jewish Church. \$25.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Bishop's Criminal Law. New Edition. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Story's Conflict of Laws. New Edition. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Pioneers of France in the New World. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Wandering over Bible Land and Seas. Illustrated. By the Author of the Schonberg-Cotta Family. 90 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

FORTHCOMING NEW BOOKS.

- The Advocate. A Novel. By Mr. Heavyside. In 1 vol. In November.
- Christie's History of Canada. In 6 vols. 12mo. Uniform in November.
- The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.

R. WORTHINGTON,

30 Great Saint James Street, MONTREAL.

"ISN'T be fascinating?" suddenly exclaimed Lucy Grammerston to her cousin Emily, the morning after Miss Sinclair's grand ball.

Emily looked up at the bright young face enquiringly.

"Who?"

"Why, how stupid you are! Who should I mean but the handsome, gentlemanly Augustus Mornington. I'm going to clope with him to-night."

"For shame, Lucy! to mention such a thing when you know that Mr. Sinclair received reliable information last evening that he was nothing but an adventurer, who wishes to make his fortune by entrapping an heiress."

"All slander, my dear Cos. Fanny Sinclair cautioned me last night against receiving his attentions, but it was all through jealousy; she wanted the handsome Adonis all to herself. She told me her father would have ordered him out, but the proof of his being other than what he seemed was rather vague, and to avoid a scene he was allowed to remain. Won't they be surprised when they hear that, in spite of their reliable information, I have consented to be his wife. To-morrow morning, my dear cousin, you will have the pleasure of being called upon by Mrs. Augustus Mornington."

"Nonsense! Did he propose though?"

"Certainly. You remember the few minutes we left the ball-room together. Well, he led me to a lounge, sank upon his knees, and in the most approved style avowed his passion. Circumstances, he said, prevented him from making my father acquainted with his intentions just at present. He was aware that certain rumours were circulating detrimental to his character, but in a couple of days at the most he would bring forward such proof as would confound his accusers. In the meantime, I could rely upon his honour. He could not, however, live that length of time without calling me his own, and he prayed, therefore, that I would not prolong his agony by refusing an immediate marriage. A carriage would be provided at ten o'clock this evening, and a minister would be in waiting at Harden's hotel to unite us at once. He did not care for my fortune, as his own was immense; it was only my sweet self he wanted. I am not made of adamant, and I graciously nodded my consent. He kissed my hand gallantly, swore I had made him the happiest of men, and we returned to the ball-room a betrothed couple."

"Well, Lucy, if such is the case," said Emily gravely, "I must consider it my duty to inform your father of your conduct."

"No you won't. Listen!" and she whispered in her cousin's ear for a few minutes.

When she had concluded, Emily looked up smiling, and, putting her arm around Lucy's waist, they descended to the dining-room whither Molly, the coloured kitchen-maid, was summoned to meet her young mistress immediately.

The conference, which was strictly confidential, lasted for half an hour, when Molly emerged with a broad smile on her countenance, and holding tightly between her fat palms something very much like quarters.

The night set in dark and cold, and at precisely ten o'clock a close carriage drew up a few paces from the avenue which led up to the snug residence of Mr. Grammerston. Mr. Augustus Mornington jumped out, and advancing to the gate, listened eagerly for the sound of footsteps.

"By heavens! if she were to disappoint me," he muttered, after half-an-hour had elapsed without his hearing aught of the expected one, "I should be nicely fixed. She may have revealed her intention to fly with me, and been persuaded to give it up. But pshaw! she could not have been so foolish, and she seems too truthful to deceive me. I shall be a made man yet. The governor will, no doubt, come down handsomely when he finds that the irrevocable knot is tied. She's handsome as a picture, too, but that's only a secondary consideration. Money is the lever that moves the world, somebody said, and he spoke the truth. But hark! here she comes. Now for a little boldness, and all will be well."

And he gallantly advanced to meet the approaching fair one, who, deeply veiled, advanced cautiously.

"Dear Lucy, you have made me the happiest of men," he whispered, helping her into the carriage.

She was a little bulkier in person, he thought, than on the previous evening, but he easily accounted for the difference by remembering that then she was in the lightest of ball-room dresses. The evening was chilly, too, and she, without doubt, preferred not to take cold on her wedding night. She trembled perceptibly when he seated himself by her side, and gave utterance to a sound very like a smothered laugh; but, begging her to be calm, and have no fears, he gave the signal, and the horses dashed off.

In about ten minutes the carriage halted opposite the private door of Harden's hotel. Mr. Augustus helped out his future bride; the door was opened by some one inside, and they ascended the staircase, the elated bridegroom whispering words of comfort to his silent, trembling companion. An officious waiter met them on the landing, and ushered them into a small dimly-lighted parlour. The expectant bride sank into a seat, and Augustus, fancying she was faint, ran to a side table, and poured out a glass of water.

"Be quick, darling, the minister is waiting in the next room," he whispered, handing her the liquid.

The darling, however, seemed in no particular hurry, for, readjusting herself on her seat, she drew her veil closer, and allowed him to wonder at her apathy at such a moment with the utmost indifference.

"Come, dearest, do take off your things," he impatiently said, as the minister, who, for a liberal bribe, had consented to perform the ceremony, entered the room, followed by the witnesses.

"Golly! but yer in a drefful hurry to marry me," came in full rich tones from the lips of the laughing Molly.

Mr. Augustus Mornington started as though a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet. The next moment he sprang forward, and tore the covering from her face. The black, plump face met his gaze. With an execration I had better not repeat, he shoved her from him, dashed through the door, upsetting the worthy minister, and gained the street. The carriage was where he had left it, and, jumping in, he disappeared.

It is perhaps needless to add that he has not since attempted his laudable intention to entrap an heiress, nor that Molly was liberally rewarded for the part she had taken in the affair.

Montreal, October, 1865. G. H. H.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.—A great many essays have been written on the easiest mode of bringing to an end that animal life of ours. One is in favour of hanging, another of drowning, and a third thinks a bullet through the heart will produce the least suffering. But we have an easier road to death than either. Although the object may not be so soon accomplished, still it is as effectual, for thousands have tried it. We will give you the recipe. Take several strong cords—fasten them round the waist as tight as you can bear it, and let them remain a day or two. Gradually tighten the cords, and persevere, until your body has the appearance of an hour-glass. Your health will gradually decline; you will feel faint and languid; you cannot endure work, and will probably have the dyspepsia, liver complaint, and be exceedingly troubled with nervousness. No matter; the work of death will be gradually going on, and, before many months, consumption will be seated, and you will die so easy a death, that your parting breath will be hardly perceptible. If, however, you wish to commit suicide in a shorter time, wear thin shoes and mualin dresses in cold and damp weather. We have never known this recipe to fail.

THERE is no greater obstacle in the way of success in life than trusting for something to turn up, instead of going to work and turning up something.

It is not always the golden roof which keeps out care and sorrow, nor the humble cot which refuses to shelter peace and happiness.

LOPES.

Continued from No. 3.

"THE old boy seemed deuced strong in Lares and Penates," said Jack, at the door; when you're done fooling there, you can say so, and we'll tote the grub down to the dug-out, and make tracks."

"Let's," chimed in a chorus of young braves.

Construing this *lingua franca* to mean, that if we were ready they were, we all rushed, pell-mell, over and through a fence, flew precipitately down to the shore, and found a square pig-trough, half-full of dirty water.

This was a boat.

It was the old problem of the fox and the bag of corn. The boat would only hold so many. The fox must not be left alone with the goose, nor the goose with the bag of corn. Arithmetic was brought to bear, ending in a solution. Jack to cross, with *Bonus mère* and the baskets. Jack to return, and ferry *Bon père*, and the young braves. Young braves to return, and ferry Charon. Charon to return, and ferry young ladies. Thus age neutralized youth, and abstemiousness appetite.

The last cargo lauded, Charon ran on in front of us, up a little hill, to another fence.

A fence is a horrible thing. Not to a man, of course, who struts up to it, puts his hand on the top rail, and vaults over with no qualms of drapery. But a woman aces in that top rail the source of a thousand embarrassments. Possible rips are in it. Probable rents are in it. Likely scratches are in it; certain blushes are in it. It is hard work to climb up to it on one side, and abominable work to get down on the other.

Our toprail we achieved with as much grace as toprails admit of; and abandoned ourselves to Charon. That amiable old fellow, in his blue breeches, now metempsychosed into a sumpter horse, with powers of guidance, trotted on gaily, with a basket slung on either arm. Trotted on until, abruptly, without warning, he plunged into a thick wood on the left. A wood, trackless to the unaccustomed eye, but whose branches seemed to part, and make way for him, as his steps crackled upwards. A wood, umbrageous, dense, rocky, tricky and deceptive, whither we followed gingerly. The balsams, the fir-trees, and the maples, opened their arms in kindly hospitality, as we stumbled passed them, trying in vain to keep up with our forlorn hope, whose voice halloed us cheerily from indefinite heights above, and to whom we ever shouted, panting as we went, '*Arrête! Arrête! Arrête!*' He heard, halted, turned and launched into a harangue on the subject of *soutiers de bœuf*.

"Nothing like the Moccasin of Beef," he said, in effect; "one is not altogether shod, otherwise. A hoot of morocco, kid, or *gim robbets*, may be well on urban side walk, or macadamized highway. *Tel ben je n'dis pas non*. But when you go a pleasuring, through mountain bosage, it needs superb, commodious shoon, *comme cruz-z-lé*," indicating modestly his own. "If the ladies of Monsieur had informed themselves once of the convenience of moccasins, they would without doubt have shaped themselves a pair for example. *Quiens! Je vd-t-y eoue ramasser des belôts?*"

To whom I, in polished accents of old France, "Most simple vaunter of half dressed cowhide, I know well that thou seest little beyond thine honest nose, and can't scarce tell whether it is pulled for thee, or then followest at random its natural bent. But let me tell thee that these same beef moccasins are the certain Shibboleth* of thy unlettered caste, and that I conceive it a duty I owe my country, at them to turn up, most decidedly, my own independent nose. Although conscious of the charm which, for thee, the moccasin may have, I decline exchanging my Balmoral-boots with their fifty-two eyelet holes, for those ancient, unsavory, and significant *chaussures* of thine. *Oui ramasse nous-en s'il te-plait.*"

Thus by burst of oratory was the ascent interrupted. We were, indeed, for the most part, out of breath, and by no means loth for an episode of

repose. To sink, recumbent, therefore, on a soft bed of punk, anticipatory of blueberries in tins was the work of a moment. But blue berries do not grow in tins. No doubt, if nature had chosen, she might, according to such economy, have ordered the development of that fruit, with the addition while she was about it of a little white sugar, and a silver spoon, but no doubt she didn't do any thing of the kind. I got, for my share, one bush, roots and all, upon which were a great many leaves, two green berries and three ripe ones. But, upon the whole, it was scarcely remunerative to dally at the foot of the mountain, with the summit still unattained, and the day growing. And, as some one pointedly remarked, if we were going up at all, we had better go; so, accordingly we went.

The path was full of the most delightful uncertainties. You were liable, at any moment, to rasp all the skin off yourself; or to tumble backwards, off rocks and break your neck; or to get your eyes put out by branches, which those in front of you were forever letting go with a jerk; or to have an avalanche come tearing down and stone you to death. As for having all the plaits ripped out of your dress, and losing the heels of your boots, and getting your coat tails wrenched off, and leaving your waterfall on every tree you came to, and seeing your hat flying away into gullies beyond reach; these were circumstances which habit duly tempered into trifles to be laughed at. Sometimes the path was perpendicular, to be wriggled up; sometimes a cranway, to be wedged into; sometimes a network of roots and branches, to be tripped upon; sometimes a mere question of breadth; as given a fingerlength of space, and a hundred and forty pounds of compact flesh, to squeeze through it.

Through the wood, and through the wood, and again through the wood, yet we never seemed to gain on destiny. Rock, and wood, and caltross overcome, still ahead were rock, and wood, and caltross. We scrambled, leaped, and tore, one moment, but to scramble, leap, and tear the next. Here might be a rock, which, in the nature of human anatomy, seemed insurmountable; yet, being surmounted, yonder stood another, half as terrible. To break down, by force of muscle, one gummy tamarack from the impassible way, was to display muscular strength on a thousand more.

Our courage was fast being bruised and flayed out of recognition, when a shout of triumph reached us from an aspirant after fame, who had outcrawled the unambitious, and now, from highest height, proclaimed the victory his. A possibility of choras-shouting reanimated us. Hope renewed vigour. To conceive was at last to achieve. One by one we emerged into daylight, and the upper air, and sank, gasping, at the foot of the cross that marks the loftiest summit of the mountain.

Past flagellation was forgotten in present reward.

The coveted conjunction of island, river, streamlet, field, forest, valley, and mountain, was, at last, ours. Around and beneath us stretched the very pleasantest picture that one would wish to see. Many another, perhaps grander landscapes, made up of just such materials, but, as they there stood, they fell in with our mood, and suited us, that summer afternoon. If the sky had been bluer, the champaign smoother, the mountains higher, the rivers broader, we might not have been so happy as we were. Scenery may be too ravishing, and thus presuppose too much for full enjoyment. I cannot fancy myself altogether at my ease in the valley of Chamouni, or the roar of Niagara. Valley and cataract seem to levy no end of black mail, payable at daybreak, in rhymes, on every honest traveller who chances their way. Niagara would embarrass me. I cannot rhyme. But here where no eye of poet ever rolled, I was quite at home and enjoyed myself. I could have done the honours, if need be, like a serene and tranquil hostess. But there was no need. Each was his own host, and partook of the scenery as suited his nature.

One gazed dreamily across the wide sweep of intervening country, towards the farthest and dimmest mountain, that shadow and cloudlike,

blended with the sky, and seemed itself a dream. One looked downwards upon the little village in the valley, where in the midst of poplars stood a slender steeped church, and beside it, a graveyard, with black crosses. One looked longingly at a bright and beautiful green island, past which the strong river seemed to journey gently with love-whisperings. One turned to the west, where was neither mountain nor river, but a long stretch of square fields, barley, wheat, and corn, that smiled cheerfully in the sun like a picture of home.

Over hill, and stream, and ripening field, hung such a generous wealth of slime, such a lavish outpouring of sweet summer air, so fair a sky, so light a wind, such an utter glory everywhere, that we became as if hidden to a feast of the gods, to drink at will of their nectar divine.

The tap was excellent. It filled us with the very spirit of gaiety. We all seemed to bubble out simultaneously into jollity. We fairly ran over. We laughed, shouted, skipped, danced over the blueberries, leaped upon the rocks, and executed a thousand caprices, from a mere mad impulse of exuberance. If this was not Olympus, at least, hereabouts, was old Orcady; and Pan, after all, was haunting the mountain. There were weird whisperings in the air, which were, no doubt, the music of his reed. The woods and the streamlets began to rouse, and stretch and bestir themselves. Pan piped a merrier measure, and dropping from the trees, hurrying from the valleys, scampering through the groves, and trailing up from rivers, came trooping forth a whole bevy of nymphs, fairies, and satyrs, and joined our revelry. How merrily we tripped it in the full blaze of day! How the music sent our feet flying to all manner of wild rhythms! How those bright creatures dazzled us with the beauty of their motions.

My partner was a handsome young faun, who came bounding to me from a little cluster of vigorous elms. We floated together through an old fashioned dance, which the world has forgotten these thousands of years. A maddening dance, full of the most exquisite poetry, the subtlest harmonies, the most witching mazes that wrapped our senses in a dream of ecstasy, and floated us out upon ether. In return for teaching me this lost measure, I ventured some instructions in our own more modern *culte à deux temps*, as developed in Montreal drawing-rooms. He looked slightly bewildered as I took the positions, but when I showed him how the jerk was done, and how the twisting round was done, and requested him to jerk and twist alternately, as fast as he could, his embarrassment increased, and he began hastily to whisper poems of the long ago, when gods came down to woo the daughters of men, and to dance, to dance, to dance, was Life's gravest work, and the whole earth was gay.

As he spoke I saw a regular beauty of a dryad descend from a young maple tree, and go sweeping off to *Bon père*, while a big satyr of a fellow went chattering up to *Bonus mère*, and whirled her round in a *jig-d-deux*. Everywhere were oreads skipping, fawns leaping, satyrs springing, and, among them, our sober folk had gone mad. We were artless children of nature, who had mistaken our country and clime. Instead of a mere modern New World, we thought ourselves back in the golden age of old romance. It was the sun, that afternoon, who, in the full glory of his immortal youth, had pelted us so merrily with gold, that our senses were fairly dazed.

He began, slowly, to move down the western hills, and, as slowly, we came out of our enchantment. It was hard to think of the beautiful nymphs hiding back in tree and fountain. Hard to part with my pleasant young faun, who had no eye-glass, and wore no paper collar. Hard to make our mountain descent. But bustle was re-organized. We all looked at one another a little bashfully, as if each would like to know what his neighbour thought of him. We put a hardy face on matters, though, made a great ado about picking up the remains of our luncheon, and strapping the baskets on Charon's back. Dear old Charon! He swore by simple frogs, after all, and knew nothing of the Styx.

The trees nodded, like companions, as we raced, rolled, tumbled, tore, bumped, pitched,

* Query *Insignis!* Ed.,

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neighbourhood levelled with the ground. The cause was attributed to one of the residents having omitted to let the water run out of his tank. Ever since that time, one of the first things a man does after he has decided on abandoning his house, is to empty his reservoirs of water.

We observe from the newspapers that *Ætna* is still fearfully and dangerously awake.

FALSE HAIR: WHERE IT COMES FROM.

FROM THE LONDON REVIEW.

WE are told that when the gentleman on horseback the other day paraded up and down Rotten-row, with a lady's *chignon* on the top of his riding-stick, all the fair, as he passed them, involuntarily placed their hands at the back of their heads to see if theirs was missing. No circumstance could afford a better illustration of the universal use of false hair among womankind than this. Of old a woman must have arrived at a certain age before her pride would permit her to don the regulation "front" which at once placed her in the category of old women. Now Hebe herself is perfectly indifferent whether we know or not that she is indebted to other heads for her flowing locks. The consequence is, that the trade in human hair has of late assumed very large proportions, and its value has increased at a prodigious rate. Where does it all come from? a spectator naturally asks, as he surveys the harvest of locks hanging in the windows of the fashionable hairdressers, or disposed in every conceivable form on the heads of waxen dummies. And little does the spectator think of the Blue-beard's cupboard he is asking admittance to, in putting this query. As a matter of course, all products required for the artificial decoration of the person find their way principally to Paris, and we accordingly find that city is the emporium of the trade in human hair. One hundred tons weight of this precious ornament is, we are informed, annually taken there, whence it is distributed in a raw and manufactured state over the whole of Europe. If we could watch in secret the rape of each lock, we should be able to give a series of pictures of human agony such as life but rarely presents, for we may be sure that as a rule a young woman would almost as soon lose her life as that glorious appendage, on which so much of her beauty depends. The collectors of hair on the Continent are generally pedlars, or persons moving about the country on some other business to which they add the trade of hair-purchasing. It is a singular fact that heretofore, the agents employed in the collection of this precious material have generally been ostensibly employed in some other occupation. Arkwright, it will be remembered, did a little business in this line when travelling about the country collecting the spun yarn from the cottagers; and a few years since the most extensive purchasers of hair abroad were a company of Dutch farmers, who supplemented their own business in this manner. Perhaps the trade would be considered too infamous to be openly practised, hence this convenient mask. In one department of France, however, there appears to have been no false shame on the part of the women with respect to parting with their hair, and this for a very obvious reason. The peasant girls of Brittany cover the head with a picturesque white cap, which wholly hides the hair; hence from this quarter the sale of the article has been for a long time openly carried on. Mr. Francis Trollope, in his "Summer in Brittany," published a few years since, describes a most amusing scene at a fair in *Collenée*, where, he says, he saw several hair dealers shearing the peasant girls like so many sheep. A crowd of fair Brittonnese surrounded each operator, and, as fast as sheared, he threw the long hair, tied up in a wisp, in a basket beside him. Whilst he was operating on one, the other girls stood waiting for their turn with their caps in their hands. The fashion which enforces the wearing of those close caps of coarse rendered these damsels callous to the loss of their hair, for which they generally get but a few sous, or a bright-coloured cotton handkerchief. We have no doubt that even the simple Brittonnese have by

this time become awake to the increased value of the article they have to sell, and that silk has taken the place of cotton in the exchange. Spain and the north of Italy also furnish considerable contributions to the collectors of these jet-black locks. The main crops of the golden hair now so much prized come from Germany, and the yellow hair from Holland. The splendid tresses the devotee dedicates to God somehow get back into the world again, and are offered up at the shrine of vanity. This hair is known in the trade as church hair. In visiting a wholesale warehouse and manufactory lately we were shown some of these vestal tresses fresh from an English convent. Vanity of vanities—its next appearance in all probability will be on the head of some first maiden of *Belgravia*, deftly woven with her own in order to enslave some eligible elder son.

The *chiffonniers* who go about in Paris, morning and evening, picking out prizes from the gutter, have not overlooked human hair. By their agency the combings of the fair Parisienne are returned once more to the human head; no doubt there is a dust-heap odour the hair merchant knows well. But there is still another kind of hair about which there is a deep mystery. A grim smile passes over the features of the hair merchant as he tells you that the long "leech" of hair (for that is the trade name for the small parcels in which they are done up for sale, after being prepared and cleansed) is known as churchyard hair! As he draws attention, with a certain subdued manner, to the squared end of the "leech," you perceive that they have not been cut, but pulled out of the head with the bulb adherent; sometimes this class of hair comes to market with pieces of the scalp-skin at the end. How this hair is obtained is a mystery which the trade does not care to fathom. When we so often hear of the desecration of churchyards, and the shovelling away of the old bones and decayed coffins, we may perhaps make a shrewd guess at the source from which this hair comes. It must be remembered that hair is almost indestructible. The beautiful wig of auburn hair now in the British Museum, had lain in the tomb of a Theban mummy for upwards of two thousand years before it found its way to the national collection, yet that hair is as fresh as though it had just come from the hands of the hair-dresser, and the curl is so strong in it that it cannot be taken out even by the application of heat. Churchyard hair is brought into the market by home as well as foreign collectors, and we cannot help suspecting that the grave-digger is no mean member of that craft. The English woman very rarely sells her hair—she must be reduced to the last condition of poverty before she would consent to this sacrifice. But there is a class who are compelled to do so. There can be little doubt that the majority of the long English tresses come from the heads of criminals. It is a cruel and a brutal thing to do—the ostensible reason is cleanliness—but an enforced cleanliness, bought at the expense of the last remnant of self-respect left to the woman, and a cleanliness the more rigorously looked to because its results form the perquisite of the warders. If it is necessary that the charming locks of our fair should be supplemented from this source, they should at least be informed that they are never obtained without oaths, prayers and blasphemous imprecations upon the despoilers, which the drawing-room belles little dream of, as those purchased tresses dance pendulous upon their cheek in the heated saloon.

Fever, also, places his contributions in the hands of the hair merchant, and there is a sad suspicion that the mysterious woman that hovers about the house of the dead to perform its last offices does not, when an opportunity offers, allow it to escape. There are still other sources from which human hair is obtained, of a yet more repulsive nature; but we have said enough to show that when a lady buys false locks she little knows the curious and mysterious tale each individual hair possibly could tell her.

The orator who "carried away his audience" is earnestly and humanely requested to bring it back, by persons who had friends present.

TWILIGHT.

THE night-flowers open; days are short;
The red is paling in the west;
Even the wayward flickering bat
Is once again at rest.
Between the netted apple-boughs
Shine out once more the welcome-stars;
I dream in twilight of a slave
Glaring through prison bars.

No sound but when the beetles fall
Through darkening leafage of the elm;
The blackness gathers o'er my eyes,
And would my soul o'erwhelm,
But that a pallor in the east,
That still continuous spreads,
Tells me that mellow darks like those
Will blossom into morning reds.

HORRIBLE MISTAKE.

IT was in the autumn of 185— that an old priest finished his course in a lovely village nestled in the bosom of the Pyrenees. I had visited the place regularly for many summers, and had known him well, better, indeed, than almost any one in the place, for he shunned society, and dreaded making new acquaintances, which each year had to be broken off. Having come to C. originally for health, he had for many years taken up his abode there, and did duty as resident Curé—a good simple old man, not "passing rich, but living comfortably on forty pounds a year, with a little garden and meadow on a slope of a mountain so steep that the mowing of his hay was to me an annual miracle. An old deaf housekeeper and a couple of immense Pyrenean dogs were his sole companions. Many a cigar had I smoked at the good old man's fire-side; many a long talk had I had with him; and many a time had I been shamed out of my Protestant intolerance by the simplicity and charity of the old Curé. And now he was gone, and I was truly grieved. I followed the remains of my poor old friend to the grave, and then returned to try to console poor inconsolable old Julie, who met every attempt in that direction with the reply, "Je n'entends pas, en j'ouai pas besoin d'entendre puisque M. le Curé est mort." The young Abbé who had performed the funeral, at last persuaded Julie to give him her master's keys, and allow him to look over his papers and see if there were any of importance, and he invited me, as an older friend, to join him in the examination. There were not many to go through; one or two requests—a provision for Julie—a few letters, and several papers, bearing date many, many years before, relating to histories imparted to him in the confessional. The young priest glanced at these at first as if he feared to commit sacrilege by doing so; but they all began with the words, "Since every person connected with these events is dead, I consider that this history is no longer under the seal of the confessional."

I easily persuaded him to bestow them upon me, the more easily as they evidently savoured too much of the "shop" to be valuable possessions to himself. On returning to my hotel I examined these papers; they proved to be chiefly memoranda, uninteresting to one to whom the persons were unknown; but there was one story longer than the rest, which I thought worth preserving, and now offer to my readers. It was in a woman's hand, and was headed by a few words in the good Curé's writing, to the effect that the emotion of his penitent Madame de M. rendered her spoken narration so unintelligible, that he had been compelled before giving her absolution, to beg her to state her case in writing, pledging his priestly honour, at the same time, that all she might write should be considered equally "under the seal." That seal is now removed. Here is the record of a sad little tragedy, which took place years ago in this corner of the globe, unsuspected by all the world save the priest and the two or three persons immediately concerned. May they all have got happily through their al-

lowance of purgatory by this time, and be now sleeping in profoundest rest!

You have bidden me write my history, my Father, before I die, and I accept the penance, but it is the bitterest you could have inflicted. You have seen how my tongue failed, and my lips refused to speak, when I strove to tell you by word of mouth the history of the last few weeks of my life. The last, do I say? Ay indeed the last, for I know well that I shall never leave this bed till I seek rest in one narrower and darker. Oh, that my soul might sleep there with my body! Oh, that eternal forgetfulness might be mine, instead of eternal memory and wakefulness! But if even now I never close my eyes without the scene of my crime and my agony being present with me—if I never sleep but to dream of it—how far worse will it be when the faintness leaves me which is now my only relief? Oh! it is terrible to think of existing for years, perhaps for centuries, with my brain and heart on fire with pain as they are now, and that without the body which at length gives me rest by refusing to suffer more. Yet if I die without his forgiveness—my Father, I dare not face the future. I will strive to collect my thoughts, and relate all that you would know.

I was born in Switzerland, in a little village on the shores of the lake of Geneva. My father was a doctor, and as he possessed a little property of his own, we were rather better off than our neighbours, and I was sent for my education to one of the best convents in the neighbourhood. Here I passed my time peacefully for several years, and on leaving it at fifteen I learnt that my parents had promised me in marriage to a young lawyer, the son of an old friend of my father's. I saw him for the first time the next day. He was tall and handsome, and at fifteen a girl's heart is easily won. We loved each other almost from the first moment of our meeting, and it was agreed that our betrothal should take place as soon as the few months had expired that were wanting to complete the year of mourning for his mother. According to the rules of etiquette, we should not have been allowed to be alone together till after that ceremony; but my parents were not strict, and I used to wander for hours with André by the shores of the lake, listening to the songs of the birds, and to the sounds of the sweetest voice, save one, I have ever heard. One afternoon towards the end of May, we were strolling there as usual. The heat was unusually great for the time of the year, and we had been sitting close to the water's edge, listening to its soft cool murmur, and watching its tiny waves rippling in the sun. Ah, how happy we were! We wandered slowly on, saying a word now and then, until we came to a large old tree, at the foot of which a man was lying apparently asleep. We had passed him, when something in his attitude attracted André's attention, and he turned back and touched his shoulder. No movement answered. I stood a few paces off, trembling I knew not why. André bent down for a moment and looked at his face; then he turned to me. "Marie," he said, "I fear he has had a sun-stroke; he has fainted. He ought to have medical advice at once. I can easily carry him to your father's. Go on and prepare them—it may save his life." A cold chill seemed to come over me and my happiness, but I obeyed in silence. Of course, living where we did, I have seen persons suffering from sun-stroke before. I knew what a dangerous thing it was; and with a heart full of compassion I hastened home, and before André could arrive with his burden, my mother and I had made our only spare room ready to receive the sufferer. My Father, surely I may hurry over what followed. That was not my crime, and I do not think that to dwell upon it need be a part of my penance. The young stranger was a Frenchman; and for many and many a week I helped my mother to nurse him. His illness was long and dangerous, but he had youth on his side, and a strong constitution. My father at length pronounced him convalescent. Alas! I helped as well as I could to amuse his slow recovery; and before he was well, before—I must do him the justice to say—he had heard of my engagement to André—he had asked me

in marriage from my father! Poor old father, he was dazzled, and so was my mother, by the stranger's proposals. Perhaps so was I, too, for I did not make the strong resistance that might have turned them from their purpose; but it is not the custom in Switzerland for a girl to dispute her father's will in the question of marriage. Enough. Before the day came that was to have witnessed my betrothal to André, I was married to Monsieur de M., heir presumptive to one of the noblest titles and finest estates in France. He explained his prospects to my father with the utmost frankness. He was heir to his cousin, the Duc de B., who with his wife was already passed middle life and was childless. I believe the idea of what my son would succeed to was even then the prominent one in my mind, as it certainly was in my father's, who exulted in the thought that a grandson of his should be born to such greatness. We were married; and lived—well not unhappily—for about a year, when my husband, who had never quite recovered the effects of the sun-stroke, was attacked by a fever, which in a few hours was fatal, and, oh, I shame to say it! his loss was hardly enough to cloud my supreme joy and pride in the birth of my baby-boy. My treasure! my own darling! I think you would forgive your wretched mother even now if you could know the immense tenderness and devotion that filled my heart to overflowing every time that I looked at you, or held you to my breast in those first days of your life. I was so proud too—so proud of my baby, and so proud of his prospects, for they were very brilliant. His cousin was now upwards of fifty, and had the reputation of having amassed great wealth during his long possession of the B. estates, and though he considered my husband's marriage a mésalliance, and never took any notice of me, yet as my boy grew up he sent for him to Paris, and undertaking the charge of his education, publicly proclaimed him his heir. I let him go, my darling, and never once murmured at all those long years during which I scarcely saw him. Was it not for his good that he should be separated from me? The Duchesse de B. had died, and it was natural that the Duc should wish for the society of his heir. I had moved meanwhile to this neighbourhood. These springs had been recommended for my health, and the journey hither from Switzerland was too long to be undertaken every year. At length the time came when my boy was twenty; and his cousin placed him in the French army. He wrote to me that he was coming to pay me a visit—coming to show himself to me for the first time in his uniform. I shall never forget the day when he arrived. I had expected him all the afternoon; and at last when night began to fall, I fancied he would not come till the next day, and was sitting wondering what could have delayed him, when the ring came at the anteroom bell which announced my boy's arrival. I flew to the door, and stopped, trembling, when I saw the tall strong form standing on the threshold. Could that be my boy whom I had rocked on my knees as it seemed but yesterday? A second decided it.

"My mother!" he said, and almost lifted me in his arms.

"My son!" And in a moment the time since we parted was all nothing. How noble he looked in his blue uniform, with his bright brown eyes and black curly hair. And yet when I came to watch him quietly, there was something in his look which troubled me. He was much handsomer than he had been when he left me, but his expression then had been all sparkling gladness and merriment, while now there was a look of grief about the lines of his mouth when in repose that made me feel a vague uneasiness lest he should have some sorrow which I did not know.

After supper, we were sitting over the fire, chatting dreamily of one thing and another, when my boy roused himself suddenly, and said, "Of course, you have heard the news, mother?" "What news?" I asked. "You forget what an out-of-the-way place this is—the last that news, comes to."

He paused an instant and then said with an effort, "Only that the Duc de B. is going to be married."

Heavens! how the blood seemed to rush from my heart, leaving me pale and sick. The news I heard seemed ruin to my boy! Could it be true? Was it, indeed, for this that I had deprived myself of the very light of my eyes for so many years? I tried to speak calmly, but the words came slowly, and my voice was thick.

"To be married, and at his age—impossible!" "Too true, however, my mother," said Henri, "He will be a young bridegroom of just seventy-two. Monday week is fixed for the marriage. I shall go up in time to drink my fair cousin's health at the wedding."

The bitterness of my disappointment would no longer be repressed.

"Oh, my boy, my boy! how cruel! how terrible for you! Why did I ever send you away to that hateful Paris, to be separated from me for so long, and ruined at last?"

"Ay, why, indeed, mother?" he answered lightly, and yet with a sort of earnestness in his voice. "It was a grand mistake, but it is too late to think of that now. Don't you want to know something about the bride? How happy she must be to-night, eh, mother?" and there was something like a sneer upon his face.

"What do I care about her?" I answered, gloomily, "well; who is she?"

"Mademoiselle Caroline de D., aged seventeen, six weeks ago. Bah!" he added, rising and walking up and down the room, "it's a bad business. These marriages de convenance are hateful things—a blot upon France. Well, my news is told now, and we won't talk of it any more. Why, I came down here on purpose to forget it and enjoy myself."

Then he stooped and kissed me, and no more was said; but it was a heavy, heavy heart that I carried to my bed that night.

My boy stayed with me till Sunday week, and then returned to Paris, unaccountably, as it seemed to me, to attend his cousin's wedding, and I was left alone to cherish all the bitter feeling excited by the news he had brought. The marriage duly took place. I read the account of it in the paper—the description of the bride's beauty, and the list of her splendid presents; and about a year and a half later, I read in the same paper the birth of her son,—the boy was to snatch the inheritance from mine. My Father, I believe the devil entered into my heart that day, and instead of driving him out, I welcomed him, and nourished my impotent anger against the authors of my grief, until it became a consuming fire. Ah, how rapidly and how fatally it has consumed all my happiness.

In the morbid state of my mind at that time, I used to read greedily all news of the de B. family that I could find in the papers—the rejoicings at the birth of the heir—the feasting at the family place; and then I heard no more of them for some time, except that the old Duc had had a paralytic stroke, and was now a cripple, although still in perfect possession of his mental faculties. At length, about three years after the birth of the baby—oh, my Father, little more than a month ago—I received a letter which threw me into an indescribable turmoil of mind. It was from the Duc de B.; a few short and cold lines, saying that his infant son, having shown signs of delicate health, had been recommended mountain air by the physicians, and he therefore trespassed upon my well-known kindness so far as to request that I would receive the little boy at O. and take charge of him for—an indefinite period. The letter concluded by saying that as the Duc felt confident that I should not refuse to do him this favour, he should not think it necessary to await my reply, but should send the child by the first opportunity, and as would be no doubt most agreeable to me, he would entrust the selection of an attendant to my care, and the child would be left at my house quite alone. The next day he arrived—a fine, rosy, healthy boy. Bah! they could not deceive me by the shallow pretence of ill-health. I felt at once that the father must want to be rid of the child, or he would never have sent it to me—to me who hated it. Heaven help me! I believed, fool that I was! that it was his love for my son, the heir he had educated and cared for for so many years, that had poisoned his affection for his own

child!—I swear before God, and to you, my Father, that I had no thought of killing that innocent baby. It is true that the care of that child became to me daily a more hateful burden from the constant reminder it brought of what was, and what might have been. It is true that, as day passed on, and no letter or message came from Paris, I became more and more convinced that my feelings were shared by its father; but still, when the baby lips touched mine, and the baby arms clung around me, I relented and even felt a sort of compassionate tenderness for being so helpless and so tender thus consigned to the care of its bitterest enemy. One day I took the boy out upon the mountains, chiefly because I was myself so restless and uneasy that the confinement of the house was intolerable. A thunder cloud lowered in the distance, but the sky overhead was clear and blue, and the torrent sparkled brightly in the sunshine. The street was crowded with joyous groups, and many peals of gay laughter rang in my ear. Little Bernard was excited and happy, and his merry shouts oppressed and irritated me. We rambled on until we came to one of the waterfalls, of which, as you know, there are so many in this neighbourhood. It was a lonely spot, and very beautiful. A rock covered with grass and ferns stretched over the torrent, and below the water rushed, throwing up clouds of spray in which a rainbow shone. I sat down on this rock to rest, holding Bernard by the hand. Dark thoughts were brooding in my heart. My Father, at times I think that insanity was so near me then that I was hardly responsible for my actions. Presently the boy grew restless, and attracted by the rainbow, he tried to pull me to the edge of the rock. I resisted for some time, but at length I grew tired of holding him back, and rose. We walked to the very brink of the precipice. Some flowers grew just below the rock on which we stood: before I saw what he was going to do, Bernard stooped to gather them, throwing himself forward over the rock, with his little weight on my hand. Father, I think the pangs of death cannot be worse than those I feel in writing of that moment. The thought flashed like lightning into my mind, suppose Bernard were to fall? An accident to him at that moment would make my boy's prospects all brightness! The horrible suggestion came to me, I know not whence, to let the child go. An irresistible impulse swept o'er my soul, and seemed to hold me powerless in its grasp; a dimness came over my sight, and something seemed to relax and then stiffen the muscles of my hand. The boy was still leaning over the precipice; one moment more—a slip of the little feet—one little cry, and all was over! He was dashed on to the rocks below! For an instant I was scarcely sensible; the next all the guilt and horror of my crime rushed over me. As far as I can recall the sensations of that awful moment, what I felt was not so much regret as a wild longing to follow Bernard. I was in the act of throwing myself over where he had disappeared, when a strong arm grasped mine. I turned, and saw my son—his face livid, his mouth working with passion. I struggled to free myself. I tried to break from him, and rush back to the torrent; but his strength was too great; he held me fast until he had dragged me out of the reach of danger on the nearest foot-path. Then, when I had ceased to resist him, he threw me off with a movement of horror, and as I reeled from him, I heard his voice—his voice say,

"Unnatural woman; hear what you have done. You have murdered my child!"

Without knowing what I did, hardly understanding the words, I threw myself on the ground before him, and tried to cling to his knees, but he spurned me with his foot.

"Listen," he said, "for by heaven you shall never hear my voice again. I loved Caroline de D., loved her so that when she was forced to marry that fool de B., I could not lose her. I was constantly in my cousin's house—her child was mine. He discovered it a month ago, and threatened to divorce his wife, but had he done so, I, the seducer, was his heir. He consented to forgive her on condition that he should never

see the child again, and demanded where I would have it sent; and I thought, God forgive me, that my mother and its grandmother would treat it tenderly, and care for it as her own. I followed you here to-day to see my child. Wicked woman, I demand its life at your hands! I thought to see my mother, and I find a murderer! May heaven forgive you—I never will!"

I remember no more until I found myself here in bed, and oh, but for the future, would God that I had never come to myself again.

(What follows is in the Curé's handwriting.)

I had just finished reading the above melancholy history when a messenger summoned me to the death-bed of this unhappy lady. I hastened at once to her house, and meeting the doctor descending the stairs, I drew him aside, and asked after his patient.

"You are not too late," he replied, "but she will not last through the night; she is sinking fast, and the pulse has almost stopped at the wrist. It is a case of collapse, and I confess I hardly understand it for the symptoms have not warranted such an end. She is still young; only forty-one, she tells me. She must have gone through a great deal to have so exhausted nature. She must have suffered. Ah, well, I will not detain you, Father; there is no time to be lost."

I had just administered the last rites of the Church, and Madame de M. lay back in her bed fainting, when a knock came at the door of the room. I went to open it, for it was not fitting that she should be disturbed in her last moments. On the threshold stood a young officer in blue regimentals. I knew him instantly, of course, though I had never seen him before, and admitted him in silence. He entered without a word, and walked to the bed. Roused by the movement, Madame de M. turned her head and saw him. With a loud cry she lifted herself up, and with a great effort threw herself towards him. He received her in his arms, and bent his head down over her.

"Mother, I am come to forgive you," he whispered solemnly. "I have also sinned."

We never knew whether she heard those words. When her son laid her gently back on the pillow she was dead.

FATHER DOMENIC'S SERMON.

IT'S a long time yer honour since I were a waiter in the ould hotel on Domenick street, Dublin. Many a good story I heard there, but the best of all was when the bishops used to meet, every one used to tell his story in turn all round the table, and maybe I wasn't in and out of the room pretty often, what with the hot water, and the lemons, and the nutmegs, and the crathur itself, now and again; and if a good story was being tould I managed to stay till the end of it. Well then one of them I mind just now (it's yer honour's face puts me in mind of it), the story had come round to Bishop Browne,—they called him the dove of Elphin,—and his reverence just took the last taste of his tumbler in which most of them jined him, and began: "It was about the beginning of partridge shooting, for I was just taking a look at me new Bigby, when Father Domenic was announced; in he walked, a tall, stout man, but I didn't fancy his looks, for his head was as bald as the palm of me hand—but he had hair enough on his chin to furnish out a ridgimint of regular ecclesiastics. Well he wanted to preach for his orders, friar's grey, or bronze or blue, I can't remember (the dove of Elphin had no love for the friars, yer honour). Well I gave him lave at onst, for I'd rather see the partridges than him. So the next Sunday he preached, and it wasn't a bad sermon he gave us, but there was one woman in the church who was mightily affected. Every time she raised her eyes to the preacher's face she burst into tears and rocked herself to and fro, wringing her hands wildly. After the sermon Father Domenic sent for her round to the vestry; round she came, but the moment she set eyes on him out came the wirral wirral and the wringing of the hands and the rocking of the body. 'My good

woman,' said the Father, condescendingly, 'tell us now in the presence of your Bishop, what part of me sermon thus affects you.' 'Och wirra, wirral it wasn't the sarmint at all, at all, but when I looked at yer face I couldn't hold the crying, yer riverence minded me so much of me beautiful pookawn (that's a billy goat, yer honour), that the dogs kilt on me a year ago last Michaelmas.' An—that's the story the dove of Elphin tould, and I mind it when I see a face like yer honour's.

TORONTO.

FRONTENAC, U. E.

HOW MARRIAGES ARE MADE.

IT used to be believed that marriages were made in heaven, but, the delightful principle which too often impoted the results of our own folly, or the intrigue of match-making mammas, to Providence, is, in our practical age, the adopted creed of but a very limited number of disciples. The old theory has however, much in its favour. It is very convenient, and it is very romantic, and what more could be required of a theory which professes to deal with the hearts of young ladies?

Let us give, in a few words, an outline of one of the most ordinary cases of "falling in love"—charmingly expressive phrase! not "walking into love," nor yet "going into love," but simply "falling"—and see how far a union for life will be likely to prove productive of real happiness. Let us suppose the hero to rejoice in the euphonic and not very uncommon name of Brown; for Love, like Justice, is colour blind, and, in the eloquent words of Curran, "cares not what colour an Indian or African sun may have burnt on his face," or what name he may have inherited from the Author of his being. Let Brown be invited on a visit for a few weeks by his uncle, or his mother's cousin, or anybody at all, to the country residence of the aforesaid anybody. Let it so happen that a certain Miss Greene had been invited to the same house exactly one month previously; but that as her mamma was at the time suffering from neuralgia, the filial love of Miss Greene has compelled her to postpone her visit for a few weeks. It so chances, then, that on Brown's arrival at the country-house, in addition to the inevitable—"Mr. Brown, my daughter"—there is added the further introduction—"Mr. Brown, Miss Greene." Brown sees a pretty little hat bow to him and a pretty little skirt wrinkle in a curtsy before him, and Brown feels so pleasant! Now, it happens—as it often does at a country-house—that there are only two saddle-horses; and as it would not be polite on the part of "my daughter" to monopolize one of them, Miss Greene and Mr. Brown find themselves riding out together. We have supposed the lady to be good-looking, and Brown not in respect worse than the ordinary run of Browns in general. They soon attract each other, and finally fall in love. Brown and Greene both agree that their parents ought at once to give consent to the Brown-Greene alliance. And if you ask either why they fell in love with the other, they do not know. There is no accounting for these things, but they feel they never can love anybody else. Marriages are made in heaven! Now let us call to mind that in all this there has been no consideration whatever by either party of the circumstances or character of the other; and it does not at all follow that because Miss Greene looked well in a riding-habit, and chattered pleasantly when cantering down that shady lane, that, therefore, she will be the most suitable person in the world to give the Commissioners a little more trouble in calculating the number of Browns in the country at the next census. In other words, they have both fallen in love without in the least stopping to consider their fitness for marriage. And after all, the whole of this romantic affair results from old Mrs. Greene having neuralgia, and so preventing her daughter's visit preceding Brown's, and from the old gentleman not being able to afford more than two saddle-horses. An old woman's face-ache and an old gentleman's income have both combined most romantically to carry out the purposes of heaven!

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scription from Birmingham—not twenty-five pounds in all!”

Olimpia rose, and laid her hand lovingly upon her father's shoulder.

“Do not be discouraged, padre mio,” she said. “The movement is as yet scarcely begun, and our friends have not realised the importance of the crisis. The English, we must remember, are not roused to enthusiasm by a few words. When we have proved to them that our people are in earnest, they will help us with hearts and hands.”

“And in the meanwhile, our volunteers are to be slaughtered like sheep, for want of proper weapons!” replied Colonna, bitterly. “No, Olimpia, it is now that we need funds—now, when the struggle is scarcely begun, and the work lies all before us. There can be no real discipline without arms, food, and clothing; and without discipline, all the valour in the world is of no avail. What can weaponless men do to prove themselves in earnest?”

“Die,” said she, with kindling cheek and eye.

“Yes—we can all do that; but we prefer to do it with something better than a pike or a scythe in our hands.”

Saying this, he pushed back his chair, and began walking gloomily up and down the narrow space between the window and the door. He came presently to a sudden halt, looked full into his daughter's eyes, and said:

“We want twenty-six thousand pounds, at the very least, before ten more days have passed over our heads.”

“So much as that? Alas! it is impossible.”

“I am not sure that it is impossible,” said Colonna, still looking at her.

“No? what do you mean?”

“Sit down, my child—here, by my side—and I will tell you.”

She sat down, and he took her hand between both of his own. Perhaps her heart throbbed for a moment in some vague apprehension of what might next be said; but neither her face nor her hand betrayed emotion.

“There is a young man in this house,” said the Italian, “to whom such a sum as twenty-five thousand pounds would be of less importance than a handful of bajocchi to one of our volunteers.”

“Mr. Trefalden?”

“Mr. Trefalden. He is worth four or five millions.”

“Yes—I remember. We were talking of it at breakfast, a few weeks ago.”

“We were; and I promised myself at the time that I would move heaven and earth to gain him over to the cause.”

“It will not be difficult.”

“In the ordinary degree, not at all; but we must do more than that.”

“It is hopeless to dream that he will give us twenty-five thousand pounds,” said Miss Colonna, hastily.

“I mean him to give us a million.”

“A million! Are you mad?”

“I mean him to give us a million—two millions—three millions—all he possesses, if less than all will not suffice to set our Italy free! Listen, Olimpia mia—we have been told the strange story of this young man's life. We know how pure, and pastoral, and unworldly it has been. We find him simple and enthusiastic as a child—his heart open to every generous impression—his soul susceptible to every sense of beauty. To such a nature all high things are possible—with such a nature, all that we desire may be done. I look upon this youth as the destined liberator—as the destined sacrifice!”

Olimpia sighed, and shook her head,

“If he were Italian,” she said, “it would be easy—and justifiable.”

“Justifiable!” echoed her father, with an angry gesture. “In our holy cause, all means are justifiable. How often must I repeat that?”

“It is a point, padre mio, on which we can never think quite alike,” she replied, gently. “Let it pass.”

He dropped her hand; rose abruptly; and walked restlessly to and fro, muttering to himself. She also rose, and stood, waiting till he should speak again. Then he drew his hand across his brow, and said, harshly:

“The burden of this work must rest chiefly on you, Olimpia.”

“I will do what I can,” she replied.

“Do you know what you have to do?”

“I think so. I have done it often before.”

Colonna shook his head.

“No,” he said, “that is not enough. You must make him love you—you must make him marry you.”

“Father?”

“It is the only certain way to achieve our purpose. He is young and impressionable—you have beauty, fascination, eloquence, and that nameless sway over the will and sympathy of others which has already won hundreds of ardent spirits to the cause. In a week he will be at your feet.”

“You ask me to sell myself!” exclaimed Olimpia, with a magnificent scorn upon her lip that would have become an offended goddess.

“For Italy?”

She clasped her hands together, in a wild, passionate way; and went over to the window.

“For Italy,” repeated Colonna, solemnly. “For the cause to which I have consecrated you, my only child, since the moment when you were first laid, smiling, in my arms. For the cause in which my own youth and manhood have been spent. For the cause in which I should not hesitate to go to the stake to-morrow, or to shed your heart's blood with my own hand.”

“I had rather give my heart's blood than do this thing,” said Olimpia, with averted face.

“The martyr may not choose from what palm his branch shall be severed,” replied her father, sternly.

She made no answer. For some moments they were both silent. Then Colonna spoke again.

“With money now at our command,” he said, “success would be certain. Without it nothing but failure awaits us. Twenty-five thousand pounds, judiciously spent, would equip six thousand men; and with six thousand at his back, Garibaldi would enter Naples in the course of a few days. But what does he say himself?—that whatever is done, must be done in the name of Sardinia? In the name of Sardinia, that gives neither a soldier nor a scudo to the struggle. In the name of Sardinia, whose king dares not countenance our effort, but who is ready to reap the fruits of our victories! No, no, Olimpia mia—it is not twenty-five thousand pounds that we need. It is a million. With a million, we should free not only the Sicilies, but the Romagna, and reconstruct the great republic. With a million, we may reject the patronage of Victor Emmanuel, and the whole monarchical party!”

“With but one million?” said Miss Colonna, doubtfully.

“With but one—or two, if two be needed, and we have two at command. What is one man's wealth, or one woman's hand, in comparison with results such as these? What is any private interest, when valued against the honour and freedom of a great country?”

Again Olimpia was silent.

“And then,” he pursued, eagerly, “with a Roman senate at the Capitol, and a Dictator at the head of the Roman legions, we shall do that which France and Sardinia together failed to do. We shall expel the Austrian from the soil, and buy back Venetia with our blood!”

Olimpia turned at last. Her face was very pale, and the burnished gold of her hair crowned her in the sunlight, like a glory.

“Enough,” she said, calmly. “This young man's wealth shall be bought for Italy, if aught that I can give will purchase it.”

Colonna took her in his arms, kissing her brow. “There speaks the tree Colonna,” he said. “Had my daughter even given her heart to some other, I should have expected this concession—ay, though he had been the best and bravest of our Italian chivalry; but as it is, her duty and her love may yet go together.”

“Nay—we will put love out of the question,” she said, coldly.

“Heaven grant that I may live to see that day when, through thy deed, my Olimpia, our beloved country shall be free—free from the shores of the Adriatic to the waters of Tarento!”

“Amen,” replied Olimpia, and left the room.

CHAPTER XXVII. THE LAST MEET OF THE SEASON.

When Mr. Trefalden arrived at Castletowers at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, he was somewhat dismayed to find the court-yard crowded with carriages, the terrace full of ladies, and the open, lawn-like space in front of the house all alive with scarlet coats, heroes, grooms, and hounds. Having walked across from the station by the field-paths, he came upon the noisy scene all at once, and learned from half a dozen voices together, that it was the last meet of the season.

Fully expecting to find his appointment forgotten, and Saxon among the riders, he passed on to the house, where the first person he met was Miss Colonna, an amazon, with her riding-whip in her hand, and a drooping feather in her hat.

“Ah, Mr. Trefalden,” she said, “we have just been talking of you. You will find none but enemies here.”

“I trust that I am not to include Mademoiselle Colonna among that number.”

“Of course not,” she replied, with a smile that had some little mockery in it. “Is not Mr. Trefalden enrolled among the friends of Italy? By the way, you have not yet seen yourself in our printed report for March. I have placed your name at the head of a column.”

The lawyer bowed, and professed himself infinitely flattered.

“May I ask,” said he, “why I am so unfortunate as to have provoked all this enmity to which you refer?”

“Because your presence deprives us of the pleasure of your cousin's society, and prevents him from putting on a scarlet coat, and distinguishing himself as a mighty hunter before the ladies.”

“When he would infallibly have broken his neck,” said Mr. Trefalden, dryly.

“By-the-by, why did you not tell me he was your cousin, that day we met at Reichenau?” asked Miss Colonna, with provoking directness.

“I really cannot tell—unless I supposed the fact could have no kind of interest for you.”

“Or were you afraid I should want to enlist him also? But here is my steed.”

“May I assist you to mount, Mademoiselle Colonna?”

“Many thanks,” she said, as, having taken her tiny foot with the reverence of a devotee, Mr. Trefalden lifted her dexterously to the saddle, and arranged the folds of her habit. “I had really no idea, Mr. Trefalden, that you, a doctor learned in the law, were also an accomplished cavalier.”

“Why not, signora?”

“Indeed, I can hardly say; but I should as soon have thought of exacting escort-duty from the Archbishop of Canterbury. Do you hunt?”

“I have hunted; but not for several years. I have no time for cruelty, as a fine art.”

“A subtle distinction, I presume, between business and pleasure,” she said, laughingly. “I beg you to understand, however, Mr. Trefalden, that I do not hunt at all. I only ride to cover, and see the hounds throw off. I love to hear their ‘gallant abiding’—but I am always sorry for the fox.”

“I fear Lord Castletowers will not endorse that amiable sentiment,” replied the lawyer, as the Earl came running down the broad stone steps, followed by some five or six other gentlemen. Seeing Mademoiselle Colonna already in the saddle, he bit his lip, and said with unconcealed disappointment:

“Has Vaughan again anticipated me in my office?”

The proud blood rose to Olimpia's cheek.

“To assist a lady whose horse waits at the door, is, I believe, the office of whatever gentleman may be at hand, Lord Castletowers,” she replied, haughtily. “Mr. Trefalden was so obliging as to help me to mount this morning.”

The Earl turned in some confusion, and shook hands with his lawyer.

“I beg your pardon, Trefalden,” he said, hastily. “I had not observed you. Won't you take a run with us? Ah, no—I forgot. You are here to-day on business; but we shall meet

at dinner. You will find your cousin in the dining-room."

And with this he sprang upon his black mare, reined up beside Mademoiselle Colonna, and began speaking in a low earnest tone that was audible to her alone. But the lady answered him briefly, bade Mr. Trefalden a courteous good morning, and rode swiftly out of the courtyard, followed by the red-coats as by a guard of honour.

Mr. Trefalden looked after them, and smiled thoughtfully.

"Poor Castletowers!" said he to himself. "She has no heart for anything but Italy."

And then he went into the house, where he found the breakfast over, the dining-room deserted, and everybody out upon the terrace. It was a large assembly, consisting chiefly of ladies, and the general interest was at that moment centred in the hunting party, then gaily winding its way down the green slope, and through the chequered shade of the oaks.

When the last gleam of scarlet had disappeared, Mr. Trefalden went up to Saxon, who was standing somewhat dolefully apart from the rest, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said:

"Why so dull and mute, young sinner? Is it so hard a fate to stay in-doors and read through a bagful of musty parchments, when others are breaking their necks over five-barred gates?"

Saxon turned with his frank smile, and grasped his cousin's hand.

"It did seem hard a minute ago," replied he; "but now that you are come, I don't care any longer. Castletowers said we were to go into the library."

"Then we will go at once, and get our business over. I hope your brains are in good order for work this morning, Saxon."

But Saxon laughed, and shook his head doubtfully.

"You must be my brains in matters of this kind, cousin William," said he. "I understand nothing about money, except how to spend it."

"Then, my dear fellow, you know more than I gave you credit for," replied Mr. Trefalden. "Money is a very pleasant and desirable thing, but there are three great difficulties connected with it—how to get it, how to keep it, and how to spend it—and I am not at all sure that to do the last in the best way is not the hardest task of the three. My business with you to-day, however, concerns the second of those propositions. I want to show you how to keep your money; for I fear there are only too many who enjoy teaching you the way to spend it."

They had now reached the library, a long low room, panelled and furnished with dark oak, and looking out upon the same quiet garden that was commanded by the window of Signor Colonna's little study. The books, upon the shelves were mostly antique folios and quartos in heavy bindings of brown and mottled calf, and consisted of archaeological and theological works, county histories, chronologies, sermons, dictionaries, poeases, and parliamentary records. Here and there a little row of British essayists, or a few modern books in cover of bright cloth, broke the ponderous monotony; but the Castletowers collection, being chiefly made up of those works which it is said no gentleman's library should be without, was but a dull affair, and attracted few readers. A stag's skull and antlers presided spectrally above the door, and an elaborate genealogical tree of the Castletowers family, cumbrously framed in old black oak, hung, over the mantelpiece like a hatchment.

"Well, cousin William," said Saxon, with an anticipative yawn, "where is the bag of parchments?"

But Mr. Trefalden laid only his pocket-book and a small case-map on the table before him.

"The bag," he replied, "was but a figure of speech—a legal fiction. I have no parchments whatever to inflict upon you—nothing but a few columns of figures, a letter or two, and a map of Western Asia."

Saxon opened his eyes.

"What in the world have I to do with Western Asia?" said he.

"That is just what I am here to tell you."

CHAPTER XXVIII. THE NEW OVERLAND ROUTE.

"In the first place, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, "I have done for you what I suppose you would never have thought of doing for yourself; I have had your account made up at Drummonds'. I confess that the result has somewhat surprised me."

"Why so?"

"Well, not because you have spent a great deal of money in a very short time, for I anticipated that; but because so many of your cheques appear to have gone into the pockets of your friends. Here, for instance, is the name of Sir Charles Burgoyne—a name which recurs no fewer than fourteen times within the space of five weeks. The first entry is for five hundred and twenty-five pounds; date, the twenty-first of March."

"That was for the mare and cab," said Saxon, quickly. "It was his own favourite mare, and he let me have her. He had been offered five hundred and fifty, only a day or two before."

Mr. Trefalden smiled dubiously, and glanced back at a memorandum entered in his note book a few weeks before, when sitting behind that morning paper, in a window of the Eretheum club-house. He contented himself, however, with writing the words "mare and cab" against the sum, and then went on.

"Second cheque—six hundred and ten pounds; date, the twenty-ninth of March."

"My two riding-horses, and their equipments," explained Saxon.

"Humph! and were these also Sir Charles Burgoyne's favourites?"

"No not at all. He was kind enough to buy them for me, from a friend who was reducing his establishment."

Mr. Trefalden checked off the six hundred and ten pounds, as before.

"Third cheque—two thousand pounds; date the thirty-first of March."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Saxon. "That's not spent—it's only borrowed."

"By Sir Charles Burgoyne?"

"Yes."

"And the next, for two thousand five hundred, dated April the third?"

"I—I rather think that's borrowed also," replied Saxon.

"Then come various smaller cheques—four hundred, two hundred, and fifteen, fifty-seven, one hundred and five, and so forth; and by-and-by another heavy sum—one thousand and fifty pounds. Do you remember what that was for?"

"Yes, to be sure; that was the thousand guineas for the mail phaeton and pair; and even Castletowers said it was not dear."

Mr. Trefalden turned to another page of his note-book.

"It seems to me," observed he, "that Lord Castletowers is the only young man of your acquaintance whose friendship has not been testified in some kind of pecuniary transaction. Here, now, is the Honourable Edward Brandon. Has he also been generously depopulating his stables in your favour?"

Saxon laughed, and shook his head.

"I should think not, indeed!" said he. "Poor Brandon has nothing to sell. He hires a horse now and then, when he has a sovereign to spare—and that is seldom enough."

"Which, being translated, means, I presume, that the two thousand and odd pounds paid over at different times to Mr. Brandon are simply loans?"

"Just so."

"And Guy Greville, Esquire—who is he?"

"One of our Eretheum men; but that's a mere trifle."

"You call two hundred and fifty pounds a mere trifle? Howard Patrick Fitz Hugh, Esquire—four hundred pounds. Is he another member of your club?"

"Yes, a very pleasant fellow, an Irishman."

"Both loans, of course?"

Saxon nodded.

"Then come a number of miscellaneous cheques, evidently payments to tradesmen—one, I see, of nearly a thousand, to Hunt and Roskell. How much of that went for the prima donna's bracelet, you young rogue?"

"I haven't the least idea. GAWGwater takes care of the bills."

"There is another little item that must not be forgotten," said the lawyer; "namely, that trifle of fifty-nine thousand pounds to Mr. Lawrence Greatorex."

"Which is not spent but deposited," said Saxon, sagely.

"Exactly so, and which might have been deposited to equal advantage in the crater of Vesuvius. But enough of details. Have you any notion of what the sum total amounts to?"

"None whatever."

"What do you say to seventy-eight thousand six hundred and twelve pounds?"

"I am afraid I have no original remarks to offer upon the fact," replied Saxon, with unabated cheerfulness. "What is your opinion, cousin William?"

"My opinion is, that a young man who contrives to get through fourteen thousand pounds of universal capital per week, would find the air of Hanwell highly conducive to his general health."

"But, cousin, do you think I have done wrong in spending so much?"

"I think you have done foolishly, and obtained no kind of equivalent for your money. I also think you have been unscrupulously plundered by your acquaintances; but after all, you have gained some little experience of life, and you can afford to pay for it. To tell you the truth, I foresaw something of this kind for you; and, having introduced you to Lord Castletowers, I purposely kept myself and my advice in the background for a few weeks, and let you take your first plunge into the world in whatever way you pleased. I had no wish, Saxon, to play Mentor to your Telemachus."

"I should have been very grateful to you, though," said Saxon.

"Well, I am just going to begin, so you can be grateful by-and-by," replied Mr. Trefalden, with his pleasant smile. "I am here to-day for the purpose of inoculating you with financial wisdom, and pointing out to you how absolutely necessary it is that your fortune should be invested to advantage."

"You told me that before."

"Yes; but now I am about to prove it. Eight weeks ago, young man, you were worth four million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand pounds. Since that time, you have embarrassed yourself of a good deal of the odd money; but, putting that aside, we will, for the sake of convenience, reckon your fortune in round numbers at four millions and a half."

"Certainly. At four millions and a half," repeated Saxon, wearily.

"Well, have you ever asked yourself how long your four millions and a half are likely to last, if you simply go on as you have begun?"

"No—but they would last out my life, of course."

"They would last you just six years, nine weeks, and three days."

Saxon was speechless.

"You can now judge for yourself," said Mr. Trefalden, "whether your money ought, or ought not, to be placed at interest, and whether I am making myself needlessly obnoxious to you to-day, when you might have been galloping after the fox. What you require, Saxon, is a fixed income."

"Yes—I see that."

"And, as I told you long since, your property, if well invested, will bring you a princely revenue. At five per cent, it will produce two hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year; and at seven and a half per cent, three hundred and seventy-five thousand—more than a thousand pounds a day. I believe, Saxon, that I have found an investment for you at seven and a half per cent, for as much of your fortune as you may be inclined to put into it."

"A thousand pounds a day—seven and a half per cent," stammered Saxon; "but isn't that usury, consia William?"

"Usury?" repeated Mr. Trefalden, with an amused smile. "Why, my dear fellow, no man of business ever calculates on making less than seven or eight per cent of his capital!"

"But then he is a man of business, and his skill and experience make part of his capital; so he ought to gain more than a rich idler who only invests his wealth for an income," replied Saxon with a flash of practical good sense that showed how easily he could master even the science of money, if he choose to think about it.

Mr. Trefalden was positively startled. He had so accustomed himself of late to think of his young kinsman as a mere child in worldly affairs, that he had, perhaps, insensibly fallen into the error of under-estimating his abilities.

"There is some truth in what you observe, Saxon," said he; "but it is a truth that does not affect the present question. It would take too long, and lead us too far from the subject in hand, to go into it philosophically; but you may rely on my experience when I tell you that, as a private individual, you have every right to accept seven and a half per cent, if you can obtain it with safety. My aim is to ensure you a liberal income; and if I have been somewhat tardy about it, you must blame my over-anxiety, and not my want of zeal."

"Dear cousin William, I have never dreamed of blaming either!" exclaimed Saxon, warmly.

"I have throughout been keenly sensible of the responsibility that devolves upon me in this matter," continued Mr. Trefalden. "And I confess that, up to the present time, I have been cautious to timidity."

"I am sure of it—sure of it," said Saxon, with outstretched hand; "and am so heartily grateful, that I know not in what words to put all I should like to say."

"I am very glad you place such confidence in me," replied the lawyer, returning the young man's cordial grasp; but the voice and the hand were both cold and unimpulsive.

With this he turned to his papers, placed them ready for reference, and opened out the map upon the table. Then he paused, as if collecting his thoughts upon the subject on which he was next about to speak. Prompt man of business as he was, one might almost have thought that Mr. Trefalden was reluctant to approach the very topic which he had come all the way from London to discuss. At length he began.

"Like most cautious persons, Saxon, I am no friend to speculation; but I do not, like those who are over-cautious, confound speculation with enterprise. In England our great public works are almost invariably originated and conducted by private bodies; and herein lies the chief spring of our national prosperity. Enterprise has made us what we are—mere speculation would have ruined us. What I have to propose to you, Saxon, is an enterprise of extraordinary importance, a gigantic enterprise, as regards its result, and one of comparatively trifling magnitude, as regards its cost. But you must give me all your attention."

"Indeed, I am doing so."

"I need not ask if you know the ordinary line of route from England to India, by way of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea?"

"The Overland Route? Certainly—upon the map."

"And you know the track of our merchant vessels to India and China, round the Cape of Good Hope?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then oblige me by glancing at this map, and following the line which I have marked upon it in red ink. It begins, you see, at Dover, and proceeds by Calais and Marseilles to Alexandria, where—"

"But I see two red lines crossing the Mediterranean," interrupted Saxon.

"We will follow this one first. At Alexandria it joins the railway, is carried across the Isthmus to Suez, thence traverses the Red Sea to Aden, and proceeds by the Arabian Sea to Bombay. This route is the prescriptive property of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-packet Company. Following it one may travel from London to Bombay in twenty-four days; and we have hitherto been accustomed to regard the accomplishment of this fact as one of the triumphs of modern civilization."

"And so it is!" exclaimed Saxon.

"Ay, but it costs over a hundred pounds," replied Mr. Trefalden; "and the traveller who cannot afford so large a fare must go round by the Cape, and so lose either ninety-four days in a steamer, or four months in a sailing vessel. Now look at my other red line, and see where it departs from the first."

"It passes through the Straits of Messina, touches at Cyprus instead of at Malta, and goes direct to Sidon, instead of to Alexandria," said Saxon, now both surprised and interested.

"Precisely so; and from Sidon takes an almost direct course to Palmyra, whence it follows the valley of the Euphrates, and comes out upon the Persian Gulf at the point where the united waters of the Euphrates and Tigris empty themselves into the sea, one hundred and thirty miles below Korna."

"And then it goes straight down the Persian Gulf, and over to Bombay," said Saxon.

Mr. Trefalden looked up with his finger on the map.

"If," said he, "this line from Sidon to the sea represented a fine railway, in connexion with a first-class steam-packet service at either extremity, which route to India do you think you would prefer?"

"This, of course. No man in his senses could do otherwise. The distance, to begin with, must be much less."

"About twelve or fourteen hundred miles."

"And then there would be far more of the journey performed by land—and through what a land! Palmyra—the plains of Babylon—Bassora—by Jovel. One would make the journey to India for the mere sake of visiting places so famous in the history of the ancient world!"

"I confess that I regard this project from a less archaeological point of view," replied Mr. Trefalden. "Now hear the practical side of it; and understand that I am giving you only approximate facts—facts in the rough, before they have been squared and smoothed by surveyors and accountants. We calculate that this line of railway will extend over about seven hundred and fifty, or eight hundred miles; that is to say, it will exceed the line now laid down between Calais and Toulon, by not more than a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles. It will unquestionably draw to itself the whole merchant traffic of India, China, Persia, and Ceylon. It will be the nearest route to Australia, and it will bring Bombay within twelve or fourteen days of London."

"It takes one's breath away!" said Saxon.

Mr. Trefalden smiled a smile of quiet triumph.

"But this is not all," said he. "We have reason to believe that at Hit, where there are mineral springs, we shall find coal; and as Hit lies very nearly half way between Sidon and the Gulf, we shall be enabled to supply our steam-service at both shores, and our whole line of railway from one central source."

"Those must be the bituminous fountains mentioned by Herodotus," said Saxon, quickly; "the fountains of Is that supplied asphalt for cementing the walls of Babylon!"

"If possible, Saxon, oblige me by confining your attention to the nineteenth century," expostulated the lawyer. "Try to think of Babylon as a railway station, and of Palmyra as a place where the guard allows twenty minutes for refreshments. Yes—I knew that would appal you. Now, perhaps, you will give me your opinion of the New Overland Route."

"My opinion!" repeated Saxon. "You might as well ask my opinion of the geology of Uranus!"

"That is the very consideration which deters me from recommending it as an investment."

"Oh, you need not let it do that," laughed Saxon. "I am as ignorant of one business matter as another. I told you just now that you must be my brains, whenever money came in question."

"But what makes it still more difficult is, that in this case I may not let you benefit by any other person's brains," replied Mr. Trefalden. "There are many interests to be combated in the promotion of such a scheme as this; and it is of importance that we keep it, for the present, profoundly secret. Whether you interest yourself in

it or not, I must bind you over, Saxon, to breathe no word of this matter to any living ear."

Saxon gave the promise unhesitatingly; but did not understand why it should be necessary.

"Because we must not rouse opposition before our system is matured," explained Mr. Trefalden.

"But if the new route is so great an improvement," urged Saxon, "who would oppose it?"

"All those persons who are interested in the old one," replied his cousin, smiling. "The Peninsular and Oriental Steam-packet Company—the shareholders and directors of the Suez Railway—the forty thousand English who colonise Alexandria."

"And would all those persons be ruined?"

"Every reformation ruins somebody," observed Mr. Trefalden, philosophically.

"Yes, but the reformer is bound to balance present evil against future good. Would this future good outweigh the present evil?"

"Unquestionably."

"In what way?"

Mr. Trefalden was momentarily puzzled. He had contemplated this subject from all sides except the one now presented to him. The benevolent point of view had never occurred to him.

"Well," he suggested, "it will give employment to thousands—"

"But it will throw thousands out of employment."

"—it will promote commerce, extend the boundaries of civilisation, improve Arabia—"

"I wouldn't help to ruin forty thousand English for the sake of improving Arabia," interrupted Saxon, hastily.

"—and bring the shores of England and Hindostan so near, that, were another mutiny to break out, we could land our troops at Bombay within twelve days after receiving the intelligence. The value of that possibility alone is incalculable."

"That is true; but—"

"And of our absolute success," continued Mr. Trefalden, "there can be no kind of doubt. I have been almost unwilling, Saxon, to embark you in an enterprise the advantages of which, however obvious to practical men, are not open to immediate test; but it is my duty to tell you that I have never known so brilliant an opening for the employment of capital."

"But—"

"Seven and a half per cent is merely the rate of interest offered by the Company while the works are in progress; but when once the route is completed, the returns will be enormous. Your seven and a half per cent, my dear fellow, will become twenty-five—perhaps fifty."

"I don't want twenty-five, or fifty," replied Saxon. "I have more money now than I know what to do with."

"I am sure you will always make good use of whatever wealth you possess," said Mr. Trefalden.

"And it would break my heart to injure all those who live by the present system. Why, for instance, should I desire to ruin the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-packet Company?"

"We hope to do no such thing," said Mr. Trefalden. "We shall propose a coalition, and probably employ the very same vessels."

"And then the English colony at Alexandria!"

"Sidon will become what Alexandria is now—or rather, will become a far more important place than Alexandria has ever been since the days of her ancient prosperity. Just as we now require banks, warehouses, quays, and churches at Alexandria, we shall then require them at Sidon. The Alexandrian coloulate are wealthy and enterprising: they will simply remove to the new port, and in ten years' time will be richer than if they had remained where they were."

"Do you really think so?"

"I do not think it; I know it. And the Suez Railway Company will fare no worse than the rest. We shall in all probability take their whole body of officials into our service, and incorporate the shareholders' interests with our own. But the fact is, Saxon, you know too little of life to be able to judge a question of this kind; and I see you do not take kindly to the idea, so we will say no more about it."

(To be continued.)

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to a bill, fully intending, on my honour, to chalk up before it became due.'

"Ah!" groaned Mary half aloud, "he has forged Sir Frederic Samperton's name; what shall we do—what shall we do?"

"'Luck has, however, been inexorable,' continued the elegant letter, 'and I could as soon pay the national debt as the fifty pounds I drew for. I have reason to believe that Samperton has the bill. Now Leo must find me the money; I'll repay her, on my word! Let her tell Chutney she has a milliner's bill, or something, to pay. Then she must see Samperton and give him the money—women can do these things so well! Above all, do not let proceedings be undertaken against me, which would be utter ruin. I swear, if you both help me now, I'll reform; if not, I'll cut my throat, and you'll all be disgraced by a coroner's inquest. Your affectionate cousin,

"TOM BOUSFIELD.

"P.S.—Look sharp! No time to be lost! Write to Y. Z., Post-office, Radcliffe-highway.'

"No time to be lost," thought Mary, sinking down on the sofa in bewildered despair, and striving to think, "What shall I do? Torment my poor dear Leo? No! she shall not know a word of it. She has stood by me many a time—many a weary hour she has comforted me—and I am the strongest, too. Where, where shall I turn? Aunt Barbara is out of the question. Perhaps Sir Frederic Samperton would give him time. But who will ask him? I might go myself and entreat him. Why should I fear? Sir Frederic has some humanity about him. Fifty pounds! what a deal of money! Oh, what an odious, selfish, weak creature a 'gay young man is'—a good fellow,' as his companions call him."

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IV.

The day but one after the events last recorded, Sir Frederic Samperton, M.P., had prepared himself for his morning ride, and was seated at his new davenport, making one or two entries in his note-book, and issuing directions to a smooth valet who stood respectfully beside him.

Sir Frederic's chambers were not only luxuriously furnished, but in excellent taste. The pictures were few; busts and statuettes abounded, and if some of the latter would have appeared unsuitable in a lady's boudoir, their classical grace redeemed them from being too suggestive. There were books, and looking-glasses, and a few pieces of rare china. On the whole, a slightly feminine tone pervaded the apartment, which yet contrasted strongly with the owner's appearance.

Sir Frederic Samperton was a tall, large man, eminently English and aristocratic, with small hands and feet. No moustaches, but long tawny whiskers, and keen grey eyes. He was a healthy, well-tempered man, with large credit as a "good fellow." He never offended any one; never was known to have lost anything by feelings displayed in any particular direction. He was peculiarly alive to beauty in every form, and a little eager in the pursuit of a new whim. As a public man, he adopted a business aspect and common-sense tone; which, like most of his adaptations, answered very well.

"This is a much more convenient davenport than the first they sent me—there was no room in it for anything," he said. "This one looks better too. Don't you think so, Bowles?"

"Much better, Sir Frederic."

"Let me know if the horses are at the door." The valet left the room, and Samperton continued to open and examine various drawers with a thoughtful air. "It's very odd," he murmured at last. "I can't find that promissory note. Where the deuce can I have put it?" pulling his whiskers meditatively. "What an infernal young scamp to let me in for fifty pounds, and I haven't met him three times. Forgery too! Men ought not to ask these unknown fellows to meet gentlemen, because they sing a good song, or—"

The valet re-entered holding a salver on which lay a note. "Lady waiting for an answer, sir."

"Lady," said Sir Frederic, startled. "Young?"

"Well, sir, a youngish lady. Black dress, thick veil, speaks nervous-like."

"She may go," said Sir Frederic. "I will send an answer—or, stop! I may as well see what she says." And, opening the note, he read:

"'Though I have not the honour of knowing you, I venture to ask for a few minutes of your valuable time. I am a connexion of Colonel Chutney, and trust you will receive me for his sake.'

"What has old Chutney been up to?" asked the baronet of himself. "Show the lady in."

The servant left the room, and returned, ushering in Mary Holden. As she threw back her veil, and her eyes met those of the baronet, she started as if inclined to run away, and then exclaimed only half aloud: "Sir Frederic Samperton? I am so surprised. So sorry!"

"Sorry?" said Sir Frederic, insinuatingly, "for the fulfilment of my most ardent hopes."

"Because," returned Mary, strong in her purpose, and recovering herself, "I spoke to you heedlessly and giddily the other day; and, now that I come to you with an anxious heart, you will not perhaps treat me with"—she paused, blushed, and hesitated—"with the gravity which—"

"What the deuce is she at?" thought Samperton, while he interrupted her with much deference of manner. "Whatever you do me the honour of communicating, will receive my serious and respectful attention."

"Thank you, thank you!" said Mary, much relieved, her bright frank smile lighting up eye and brow; "you put me at my ease." The baronet, suppressing all signs of admiration, handed her a chair, and taking one himself, waited for her to speak.

"I hardly know how to begin," said Mary; "but Mrs. Chutney is my first cousin;" Sir Frederic bowed; "and more—a very dear friend." An embarrassed pause. "Mrs. Chutney's name was Bousfield. Observe, Bousfield."

"Ah!" said Sir Frederic.

"I see," continued Mary; "yes—the—the wretched boy who forged your name to that terrible bill is my cousin, Louisa's only brother."

"No, really! What an unpleasant relative! But I presume Chutney will pay up. I will direct my lawyer to communicate with the colonel before proceedings are commenced."

"Proceedings?" repeated Mary, half rising in an agony of eagerness. "Oh, Sir Frederic! Colonel Chutney must know nothing whatever about it. Promise me this, on your honour."

"Really," replied Samperton, smiling, "I should be sorry to disoblige you, but—"

"I do not ask you to lose the money," said Mary, eagerly. "I only ask for time, and it shall be repaid."

"I must say that seems extremely problematical. What security have I? You will excuse this business-like question. What security can your cousin offer?"

Mary anxiously exclaimed, "Mine! It may take a long time to pay it. I have been calculating. I could manage to pay you fifteen pounds a year, and," hanging her head rather sadly, "that would take more than three years."

"And your worthless cousin would get off scot free," said Sir Frederic, gazing at her with admiration.

"Oh! I think he would help me. At any rate, it would be better than to let his sister suffer. She has borne so much; and now, when she is just beginning to learn how to manage the colonel, it would be sad to have her thrown back; she does so want to make her husband love her."

"What a remarkable woman!" observed the baronet.

"Yes," returned Mary, with sincerity. "I tell her she is very foolish; for the more you want a man to do anything, the more he won't do it."

"I see you are a keen observer."

"Oh! Sir Frederic, this may be play to you, it will be death to me. Promise me a year's time, at any rate," putting forward her hand imploringly.

Samperton clasped it in both of his, exclaiming, "I can refuse you nothing. Let us trouble ourselves no more about this worthless young scamp. We'll have a little dinner at Richmond together, talk the matter over, and take a stroll in the

park afterwards! Richmond park looks lovely these May evenings. It does, I assure you!"

Mary disengaged her hand, and went on without deigning to notice Sir Frederic's invitation: "Surely you are chivalrous enough to yield time for paying this money, to save a timid woman from blushing before her husband for her next of kin!"

She had scarcely uttered the words, when Sir Frederic's servant entered hastily.

"Colonel Chutney and Captain Peake coming up, sir!" he said.

"By Jove, how awkward! My dear girl, you had better go into the inner room; they will not stay long, and you can escape after they are gone."

Mary turned very pale. "No, no," she said; "I had best be brave. Concealment looks like guilt." She involuntarily drew back as Chutney and his friend came in.

"Brought a friend of mine to ask your parliamentary interest," Sir Frederic, began the colonel. He suddenly stopped short as if choked, and exclaimed: "Bless my soul! Mary Holden? Why, what brings you here, Mary?"

"Urgent private affairs," returned Mary, trying to assume a tone of badinage, while she coloured to the roots of her hair. "And now I have to thank you, Sir Frederic, for your courtesy to a total stranger, and shall intrude no longer." She tried to pass Colonel Chutney as she spoke, but he stopped her.

"Come, come," he said, sternly, "I have a right to demand an explanation of your presence here. I am not going to allow my wife's nearest female relative to peril her fair fame without knowing the reason why."

"Sir!" returned Mary, indignant, frightened, yet striving gallantly for self-possession. "Has your friend, Sir Frederic Samperton, fallen so low in your estimation that a lady cannot seek a business interview with him without suspicion?"

"Don't talk nonsense to me," retorted the colonel, now in one of his passions. "I'll have the whole truth out. I'll lock you up. I'll hand you over to your aunt."

"Pray, Colonel Chutney, exercise a little self-control," said Samperton, mildly; "but, above all, as this young lady justly observes, do not asperse my character."

Peake also suggested that the affair was, he felt sure, perfectly explicable.

"I do not believe a word of it," shouted Chutney, now scarlet with rage. Turning to Mary, he added: "And you—I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I do not care what you think," returned Mary; "I know I have nothing to be ashamed of. I shall not break my heart if no one believes me." And she burst into tears.

"I believe you, Miss Holden," said Captain Peake, soothingly, coming to her aid; he would have said more if he had known what to say, but he didn't.

"Let me go away," wept Mary. "I will explain nothing."

"Yes, I'll take you away, and see you safe home," cried the colonel, seizing her. "Peaks, you must tell your story about your seamen and their prize money to Samperton yourself. As for you, Sir Frederic, I'll see you to-morrow."

Colonel Chutney then departed, vindictively leading out the culprit.

WHAT NEXT? The latest fashion which is reported to be gaining ground is the adoption by ladies of stockings of two different colours—the one leg of pink, for instance, and the other of blue. It is a Parisian freak, and apparently so senseless that it is not likely to find favour with our fair countrywomen.

A PROMISE.—A promise should be given with caution, and kept with care. A promise should be made with the heart, and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of the intention, and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performance should, like a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise delayed is justice deferred. A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt settled.

GHESS AMONGST THE CELTS.

THE ancient game of chess was a great favourite with the Celts in former times. The amusements, as indeed everything else connected with this ancient race, which once inhabited all those countries, have been almost completely hidden from modern notice. Mr. Tom Taylor's beautiful translation of the Breton Lays cannot fail to excite an interest in everything relating to the Celts. We purpose to collect some of the statements that we have met with at various times, and in different quarters, about Celtic chess.

There was a prince of Hy Many, a territory situated in the modern county of Galway, who was surnamed "the chess player," no doubt from his being skilled in the game. In the same principality the officer who kept the chess-boards was the same that had charge of the gold and silver—in fact the treasurer.

In an old will of one of the kings of Ireland, Oathair, he is reported as leaving to one of his sons, "a man intelligent in chess-playing," who seems, by the way, to have been good for nothing else, only his chess-board and chess-furniture; which, it may be presumed, was an antique and elegant way of telling him to live by his wits, and thank God that he had them.

There is an old historic tale which gives us the following passage, quoted in the Introduction to the Book of Rights, one of the Celtic Society's publications, in which *fithcheal*, or chess, is thus mentioned:—

"What is thy name?" said Eochaidh. "It is not illustrious," said the other, "Midir of Brigh Leith." "What brought thee hither?" said Eochaidh. "To play *fithcheal* (chess) with thee," replied he. "Art thou good at *fithcheal*?" said Eochaidh. "Let us have proof of it," said Midir. "The Queen," said Eochaidh, "is asleep, and the house in which the *fithcheal* is, belongs to her." "There is here," said Midir, "a no-worse *fithcheal*." This was true indeed: it was a board of silver and pure gold, and every angle was illuminated with precious stones, and there was a man-bag of woven brass wire. Midir then arranges the *fithcheal*. "Play," said Midir. "I will not, except for a wager," said Eochaidh. "What wager shall we stake?" said Midir. "I care not what," said Eochaidh. "I shall have for thee," said Midir, "fifty dark grey steeds, if thou winnest the gam."

In the Book of Rights itself the game is several times mentioned. Chess-boards were a common present from the kings of their chiefs, and if they were like Midir's, of gold and silver, they formed a valuable part of the stipend paid by the king to his chiefs. Many such entries as the following occur in the Book of Rights:—

Entitled is the king of Ul Britain of fame
To five steeds and five mantels,
Ten swords, ten crooked drinking horns
Ten bondmen, ten chessboards.

The same king, the king of Connaught, who gave the above present, gave also to another lord two, and to another ten, chess-boards.

Amongst the directions for a banquet at Tara, the following must be noted:—

Wine is to be dealt out to them at Tara
Until their spirits are increased; (sic)
Variegated drinking horns with their peaks,
Sets (of chessmen) with their chessboards.

A chessman made of horn, elegantly carved into the form of a king sitting in a chair of state, was found some time ago in a bog in the county of Meath. This is, we believe, the only known relic of the ancient game of chess in Ireland. C. S.

FILLING-UP.—England began the present century with four acres of land for every person within her borders. When the century was half through, there were but two acres per inhabitant; and now we are upon a descending scale of fractions between two acres and one acre to each person. The estimate of the population of England in the middle of the year 1865 gives 1.78 acre to each person. In Scotland the tide of life rises more slowly, and there are still six acres to every head of population.

PASTIMES.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. A certain number, consisting of two digits, is multiplied by four, and thus becomes greater by 3 than the number formed by transposing the digits. What is the number?

2. A boy having a bag of marbles, found that when he counted them by either 2, 4 or 5 at a time there remained 1. Required the least number he could have in the bag.

3. A boy having asked the age of his father, received from him the following reply—12 years ago I was 4 times your age, but if we live 6 years longer, I shall only be twice your age. What were their respective ages at the time the question was put?

RIDDLES.

1. Why is a stereoscope like matrimony?
2. How do young ladies like gentlemen to come to their doors?
3. Why is it supposed that there is more water in the Pacific than in the Atlantic?

PUZZLE.

A gentleman, dining out a few days since, on entering the dining-room saw a likeness, and on asking the host whose picture it was, received this reply:—

"Brothers and sisters have I none
But that man's father, was my father's son."

Whose likeness was it?

CHARADES.

1. I am a word of 7 letters—my 1, 7, 5, 6, 3, is a Court-house official; my 2, 7, 1, 4, 5, 1, is the name of an ocean; my 5, 1, 6, is distantly related to the last, and very agreeable in summer; my 4, 2, 7, is used in shipbuilding; my 1, 2, 7, 4, is a vehicle; my 7, 2, 4, is an animal; my 1, 3, 2, 4, 6, has frequent connection with earthenware; and my whole is the name of a prominent Lower Canadian.

I am a word of 9 letters—my 8, 2, 4, is what one half of us are, or, have been; my 8, 7, 6, 4 is generally a valuable possession; my 9, 5, 6, is a Spanish nobleman; my 3, 7, 8, 1, is expressive of repose; my 6, 5, 9, is a form of recognition; my 3, 2, 6, 7, 8, is a useful artificial work; my 1, 5, 7, 6, is expressive of pain, and my whole is an intimate friend of the preceding.

ANAGRAMS.

The following are four lines of poetry;—it will only require a little perseverance on the part of our readers to transpose the letters so as to form the proper words:

Urht si a lahvynee nippairel—a thlig
Ebows amseb lwli erve diewg het nilgiwl birgt.
A xfdjo asrt—a oletpss nercalt uns
In het dimsn veenah—genbualahnac nad eno.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c., No. 6

PUZZLES.

1. 16 lads, 15 received 3½d. each, and one 7½d.
2. 94 turkeys, 1 sheep, 3 cows.
3. 5½ + 5 = 6½.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. A dripping pan. 2. Because he is influenced by the spirits. 3. Wat Tyler, Will Rufus, (What tiler will roof us).

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. Possess. 2. Saturday Reader. 3. Oshawa.
4. Waterfall.

CHARADE.

Host-age (hostage).

RIDDLE.

Wood.

The following answers have been received.

Puzzles.—All, E. H. A., S. E. J., St. Johns; H. H. V., Student; Nos. 1 and 2, H. J. M., O. R. K.; No. 1, J. McD. P. Alto.

Conundrums.—All, H. H. V.; J. K.; Ellen G.; No. 1, E. H. A.; George, B. O. J.; (several have answered "wet.") No. 2, O. R. K., Student; Alice M. No. 3, D. S. H. L.; William P.

Transpositions.—All, E. H. A.; J. McD. P.; O. R. K.; W. M.; George F.; No. 1, H. J. M.; Fanny D.; Ellen G.; Nos. 3 and 4, Fanny D.; H. J. M., Lola; No. 3, S. E. J.

Charades.—H. H. V.; George T. Lola; Ellen G.

Riddles.—Fanny D.; Lola; H. H. V.; Alto.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

How SUGAR IS MADE WHITE.—The way in which sugar is made white, it is said, was found out in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay mud-puddle, went with her muddy feet into a sugar-house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was observed by some one that wherever the tracks were the sugar whitened. This led to some experiments. The result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar. It is used in this way:—The sugar is put into earthen jars, shaped as you see the sugar loaves are. The large ends are upwards. The smaller ends have a hole in them. The jar is filled with sugar, the clay put over the top and kept wet. The moisture goes down through the sugar and drops from the hole in the small end of the jar. This makes the sugar perfectly white.

PALIMPSESTS.—The scarcity of writing materials led, in the Middle Ages, to an attempt of economizing them, which was attended with very mischievous results to literature. Manuscripts containing the most valuable productions of antiquity were effaced, that the parchment on which they were written might be used for some worthless legend, or some fanciful disquisition equally valueless. Various efforts have been made to revive the more ancient writing, in the hope of recovering some lost work of classic antiquity. A very effective means of attaining this object has lately been discovered by accident. An old engraving having been photographed, a line which had been written with a pen was perceived in the copy, though nothing of the kind had been observed in the engraving. An examination, however, showed that it had been there, but was erased, under the supposition, very probably, that it lessened the value of the engraving. This discovery of another curious result of photography immediately suggested its use as a means of reviving the effaced writing of palimpsests, and it is even hoped that what is thus recovered may be transferred directly to steel or stone.

COCA LEAVES.—These, which are the leaves of different varieties of the *Erythroxylon Coca*, a South American shrub, have a very remarkable effect on the system, rendering the person who chews them capable, with the use of little or no food, of enduring great fatigue for a very considerable time. Von Tschudi employed an Indian for five days at some very fatiguing work: during the whole of that time he took no food, and rested only two hours in the night, but chewed an ounce of coca leaves every two or three hours. At the end of the five days he was able, without any inconvenience, to perform a considerable journey, taking no sustenance but what he derived from chewing coca. Dr. Soberzer mentions an Indian who travelled a distance of 243 miles and back, resting only one day between the journeys, and having to cross a mountain 13,000 feet high, using, during the whole time, only a little maize, but chewing abundance of coca. These leaves are consumed in large quantities in South America, but have not yet come into use in Europe. They afford another curious instance of the instinctive choice of substances containing theine, or some analogous nitrogenous compound; for it has been found that the coca contains a base which has been termed *cocaine*, and which resembles theine, caffeine, &c.—*Scientific Review*.

A manufacturer of photographic chemicals at Paris has invented a new kind of writing-ink, which is described as a mixture of the colouring-matter of dyo-woods with some of the products of his factory, possessing the advantage over other kinds of ink in not being liable to deposit a sediment, or to become thick or mouldy, while it flows freely, and dries rapidly.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NUMO.—Correct in each case. Your letter did not come to hand in time to acknowledge under the proper headings. Communications intended for insertion should reach us not later than the Saturday preceding the day of publication, as we go to press early in the week.

H. A. M.—We stated last week that it is our intention to commence shortly a second serial tale. H. A. M. must bear in mind that we have to please a great variety of tastes, and that probably the articles he refers to are to his next door neighbour, amongst the most interesting in the paper. It is our aim to make the contents of the *READER* as varied as possible.

S. E. F., Sr. JOHN.—We are always pleased to receive communications respecting our Pastime column.

FANNY D.—Thanks! we have met with the question before, but it will probably be new to many of our readers. You should have sent the solution.

WILLIAM.—You should have stated the rate of interest allowed by the Bank, and whether you wish the simple or compound interest calculated. If you have not drawn any interest for six years, you are entitled to interest upon the interest, or compound interest. To calculate the latter it will be necessary for you to state whether the Bank compounds the interest it allows half yearly or yearly. We shall be happy to submit the question when we are enabled to state it properly.

E. H. A., QUEBEC.—We do not understand your questions respecting the two proverbs. Please state to what the figures refer.

C. D., TORONTO.—First attempts are generally consigned to the waste-basket, but as yours is a perfect curiosity in its way, we have determined to give our readers the benefit of it; we cannot, however, promise as much for the second, nor the twenty-second for that matter, as poetry does not appear to be exactly your forte.

WILLIAM'S LAMENT.

"Oh William, my dear, you look so sad,
Cannot I help to make you glad?
Tell to your darling little wife,
What it is that makes this petty strife."

"Mary, my love, it is hard to tell,
Do you think I look at all unwell;
For if you knew what is in my heart,
Oh wife, I think, that it will part."

"Willie, you before confided to me,
Unless you tell me I will see."
(Such is woman's curiosity.)
"Think, oh think of my destiny!"

"Mary, my brain is going mad,
I feel as if I were something bad."

"Willie, tell it now to me, I say,
So that I may comfort you this day!"

"Well, Mary, keep very silent then,
And I will tell you in records ten;
All this day I shall feel in dirt,
I have not got a clean, clean shirt."

TORONTO, OCT. 9th, 1865. C. D.

Now C. D., your claim to immortality is unimpeachable, and we strongly advise you to rest upon your oars.

F. B.—We cannot insert the charades you sent, for obvious reasons. The gentleman referred to is far too modest to permit it. The other matter will probably appear.

GANNON B.—Either of our booksellers will be happy to order the work from England; you would receive it in about one month from the date the order was despatched.

W. J.—The reported discovery of coal near Quebec is not likely to upset the theory of geologists. The celebrated Bowmanville nine days' wonder should warn us against receiving statements which are made by interested parties too implicitly. We have more faith in the science of geology than in the would-be coal discovery, although in this instance we would willingly see Sir William Logan and others at fault.

ELLAS V.—We decline "Voices by the Wayside," as not exactly suited for our columns. Our fair correspondent evidently possesses literary talent which she should cultivate.

× Your contributions are welcome; we shall make use of some of the anagrams shortly.

JOSEPH L., HAMILTON.—The manuscript is received, but has not yet been perused. We will

report when we have decided upon its acceptance or rejection.

EROSTRATUS.—We decline to insert the "Lines to Mary," simply on account of the religious aspect you have given them. It is not our business to preach Roman Catholicism, nor is it our province to war against it. We do not wish to offend the religious sensibilities of any of our readers. The lines are well written, and we shall be glad to hear from you on other subjects upon the terms you suggest.

R. O., MISTEQUOI.—The manuscript is to hand, and will receive attention in its turn.

THE FORES OF CIRCUMSTANCES.—As above.

ALPOA.—The association is eminently deserving of support.

WILLIAM S.—The company is incorporated, but there is no appearance of its commencing active operations.

EDINA.—In English, the H is aspirated in Hotel, consequently "I was brought from a Hotel" is correct. In French, from which language the word is derived, the H is silent.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR CREAM.—Beat up the whole of a fresh egg in a basin, and then pour boiling tea over it gradually, to prevent its curdling; it is difficult from the taste to distinguish it from rich cream.

BROWN BASAO PUDDING.—Take half a pound of stale brown bread grated, the same quantity of currants and shred suet, and a little nutmeg and sugar; add four eggs, a spoonful of brandy, and two spoonfuls of cream; boil in a basin or cloth full three hours.

COUGH SYRUPS.—Take Iceland Moss two ounces, four poppy heads, four table-spoonfuls of barley, put in three pints of water; boil it down to two, and strain it. Add one pound of sugar. Dose, a table-spoonful whenever the cough is troublesome. Another:—boil down thoroughwort to a thick syrup, and sweeten with molasses. This cures when other remedies fail.

VOLATILE LINIMENT.—This is a valuable preparation, to be rubbed on the skin as an external stimulant in sore throats, rheumatism, spasms, and kindred pains. After rubbing it well in, which should be continued for twenty minutes to half an hour, flannel should be wrapped around the afflicted part. Volatile liniment is made by mixing equal quantities of spirits of hartshorn and sweet oil; by adding to this mixture a tea-spoon or two full of laudanum, the preparation will be much improved in its efficacy in relieving pain.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends?—Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

An old lady wants to know, if the compass has a needle of thirty-two points, how long it would take a woman with such a needle to make a shirt?

A Frenchman wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forget the word, and said "de butter of de poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

A barrister who was remarkable for coming into court with dirty hands, observed, "that he had been turning over Ooke."—"I should have thought you had been turning over coals," remarked a wag.

A Paris correspondent tells the following story:—A newly-made doctor practising in the environs of Paris was called in by a small shop-keeper to see her child suffering from a sudden illness. He gave a prescription, went away, and called again two days after. The woman met him on the threshold wringing her hands, and with her face bathed in tears. "How is the child?"—"Dead," was the agonised answer. "Dead? what with?"—"The measles," gasped the weeping mother. "Measles!" thundered the doctor; "wretched woman, you have killed your child."

If you had only told me that it was the measles, I could have prescribed for it directly."

DO IT AT TWICE.—Madme. Thiery, who, like Congreve's Doris, "does to fat incline," was playing one evening at the Palais Royal, with Gil Perez, in a piece in which the latter, who is small of stature, and by no means physically strong, had to carry her off the stage. His efforts were tremendous, the perspiration streamed down his face, his veins seemed bursting, but still the voluminous fair one "stood like a tower." It was a first night, the audience began to titter, the situation was most critical, and Perez had nerved himself to a fresh assault, when a shrill, boyish voice came from the gallery, "Don't give in! If you can't do it all at once, do it in two journeys."

"I wonder how they make lucifer matches!" said a young married lady to her husband, with whom she was always quarelling.—"The process is very simple," said the husband. "I once made one."—"How did you manage it?"—"By leading you to the altar."

"WHAT ought to be the cleanest of all trees?" asked Jones, as he was sauntering along the Margate pier with the choice of his own heart. "Why, the beech (beach), to be sure, dear, because it is washed by an ocean of water twice every day."

NAPOLION AND THE COUNTRY GIRL.—During the stay of the Emperor and Empress at Biarritz, the rustic population frequently had open-air dances, at which the Imperial couple were at times present. At one of these balls Eugenie saw a country girl standing sadly apart while the other girls were merrily dancing. "Why are you not dancing?" the Emprose asked her. "With whom should I dance?" said the girl, pitifully; "the men whom I love is in Mexico. Shall I venture to have a dance with others while Jean, perhaps, is lying wounded in the hospital?" This sincere language moved the Emprose. She told it to the Emperor, and the latter at once walked up to the girl, and said to her—"My child, you must dance; and as your Jean is fighting for me in Mexico, I will dance for him here with his Mariotto. One service demands the other."

GREEN, in our class in college, was a very cool man; he could play the most impudent tricks possible before the professor's eye, and never wince. One day the professor of mathematics had a theodolite brought into the room, and gave a long description of its machinery and use. When he had finished, each member of the class had an opportunity of examining it more minutely. When it came to Green's turn, he looked casually at it, and then commenced examining its three legs very minutely. This, of course, put the professor on the *qui vive*, who cleared his throat, and said—"Well, Mr. Green, any questions to ask?" Green took another look at its legs, and coolly remarked—"Why, they are not mahogany are they?" The effect was irresistible, acting in totally different ways on the professor and his pupils.

TEXAS'S MANY A CHANGE IN A WINTER DAY.—The late professor Duncan, of St. Andrew's, was, prior to his appointment to his chair, rector of an academy in Forfarshire. He was particularly reserved in his intercourse with the fair sex; but, in prospect of obtaining a professorship, he ventured to make proposals to a lady. They were walking together, and the important question was put without preliminary sentiment or note of warning. Of course the lady replied by a gentle "No!" The subject was immediately dropped; but the parties soon met again. "Do you remember," at length said the lady, "a question you put to me when we last met?" The professor said that he remembered. "And do you remember my answer, Mr. Duncan?"—"Oh, yes," said the professor. "Well, Mr. Duncan," proceeded the lady, "I have been led, on consideration, to change my mind." "And so have I," dryly responded the professor. He maintained his bachelorship to the close.—*Scottish Character*, by the Rev. O. ROOERS.

WHY LADIES WEAR WATER FALLS.

"A question 'tis why Women wear a fall;
"The truth it is to pride they're given all,
"And pride, the proverb says, must have a fall."

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A SLEIGH RIDE IN RUSSIA.*

ONE of my most vivid recollections of Russian adventure relates to a journey during which I endured some of the most painful, I may say dangerous hours of my life, owing to my driver being drunk, of which fact I was utterly ignorant when we started from the post-house. The night was clear, and the moon shone brightly from a cloudless sky; but the weather was intensely cold, in fact the centre of the road was as hard as a sheet of ice, and consequently I travelled rapidly, while on each side of me the snow was soft and many feet deep. I was alone, and had very recently enjoyed a cup of hot tea, to which I added a dash of cognac; and having lighted my pipe, I jumped into my sledge, warm and comfortable—so warm and cozy, in fact, that I soon fell into a sound and undisturbed slumber, to which the smooth and rapid progress of my sledge greatly contributed, when all at once I was aroused from my home dreams by a tremendous crash—to find myself, sledge and horses firmly fixed, indeed half buried, in the snow. To rub my eyes, jump from the carriage, heavily fur clad as I was, and to plunge up to my thighs in the snow (for there had been a recent thaw, and the snow was soft on the road-sides), and at the same time to recollect that I was unarmed and alone in the centre of an unfathomable Russian pine forest, at two A.M., with my despatches in the sledge, and no help at hand, was the work of a moment. In the next instant I was startled by a human howl, of such intensity, that I verily believe no hungry pack of wolves in the forest could have rivalled it; and at the same time I discovered that my postillion was in fierce combat with one of the tallest and most powerful men I ever beheld, while a dozen other wretches of the same type were howling and screeching, and rushing to the scene of action. By the bright light of the moon I was also enabled to observe in the road track before me about a score of sledges heavily laden, each drawn by one small horse, and carrying merchandise; while two lay floundering in the snow on the opposite side of the road, against which we had driven and got the worst of it. All these untoward events occurred in far less time than I have told them. Before I proceed, however, it may be as well to remark that while every word I write is fact, an order did exist, and probably still exists, in Russia, which commands that everything and every person—man and beast—shall make way for those who travel with a 'Peteragena,' or authority for courier horses, or, in other words, all official persons. But the wretched serf, my postillion, though he was not too drunk to keep his seat while his little horses kept the road at a gallop, was far too drunk to see the impossibility of passing anything but a flock of crows in the narrow lane between two high banks of snow. Therefore, as I subsequently discovered, although every human effort had been made on his blowing his horn to permit us to pass, it was all in vain. But he was in no state to reason; moreover, he probably saw double, which naturally widened the wayside. Thus driving furiously, he upset the hindermost sledge, at the same time, in Russian fashion, lashing the driver with his whip; but the second shock was too great even for my heavier sledge, and thus we became fixed, horses and carriage, fast in the deep snow. Happily, most happily, reason came to my aid, and a moment's thought sufficed to convince me of the dangerous position in which I found myself, and that discretion now was far better than valour. It was quite evident that my driver was in fault; and had I attempted to take his part, or made any effort to defend him, my own life, as well as the despatches, would have been perilled. Heavily therefore as I was clad—observing that blows had already passed between him and the athletic Russian I have named—I made a rush at the former, wrenched the uplifted whip from his hand, seized him firmly by the throat, and throwing him backwards on the snow, I broke the whip

* The Queen's Messenger; or, Travels on the Highways and Bye-ways of Europe. Herbert Byng Hall.

in two, and stood with outstretched arms calmly before him. Meanwhile the whole troop of sledge-drivers had gathered around us, evidently showering threats and imprecations on our heads, which unpleasant language I happily did not understand; at the same time uttering the most diabolical howls I ever heard before or since. Bitter cold as was the night, the perspiration poured down my forehead, and if I did not experience absolute fear—and it occurs to me that I certainly did—why, I most assuredly uttered an inward prayer for Heaven's protection, feeling that the odds were twenty to one that I should perish like a dog, or be murdered far away from all I loved on earth, in the dense pine solitude. It was by no means a pleasant position in which to find one's self, I do assure you, gentlemen who live at home at ease. Indeed, had I ventured, without the aid of a Tom Sayers or two, to strike a blow, or made the slightest effort to defend my drunken friend, then cooling himself in the snow, with the thermometer 28° below zero, the fate of both of us would have been vastly disagreeable, for I never beheld such brutal anger, nay, ferocity, as that which the moonlight permitted me to discover on the dirty faces of the leader and his followers, as by offers of money, attempted smiles, which must have looked like grins, and general affability of demeanour, I endeavoured to appease them. At this moment the postillion arose from his sprawling position on the snow; luckily, I had possessed myself of his whip, for making a rush at the leaders, he cut their slight cord traces, and, vaulting on one of the animal's back, tried to make off, whether to escape for assistance or leave me to my fate I know not; but thought, rapid as lightning, soon told me that if left alone I must perish in the snow, even if I escaped a worse fate. Once more, then (recollect he was intoxicated, and a lighter man than myself), I threw him on the snow. At this moment how great was my happiness when a travelling Pole, who spoke German, rode up in the midst of the fray, coming from the direction towards which I was travelling! No glimpse of a distant sail to the wrecked sailor on a raft, no alms to the half-starved beggar, was ever more welcome than the appearance of that bearded Jew. I never look on the race without thinking of him, and could scarcely refuse to accept a bill, even though it were to be discounted at sixty per cent., were I again to meet him. He immediately came to my aid, and it is to his help as much as the calm demeanour which Providence permitted me to assume in the hour of danger, that in all probability I am indebted for the privilege of being alive to tell this tale. Suffice is to say that, after considerable parley, great humiliation and politeness on my part, some forbearance and inconceivable vociferation on that of my enemies, peace was made, and the leader seemed at length to be convinced that I had had no share in the upsetting of his sledges or their contents, which lay scattered on the snow; and I must do him the justice to admit that, when thus convinced, he contented himself with liberal indulgence in savage threats and oaths, which he launched at the head of my driver, but which were to be put into practical execution on some future day. He then called his men together, and after herculean efforts, they extracted my half-buried sledge and horses from the snow, dragged it past the caravan, and sent me on my way rejoicing.

THE EARL of Surrey, afterwards eleventh Duke of Norfolk, who was a notorious gourmand and hard drinker, and a leading member of the Beef-steak Club, was so far from cleanly in his person, that his servants used to avail themselves of his fits of drunkenness—which were pretty frequent, by the way—for the purpose of washing him. On these occasions they stripped him as they would a corpse, and performed the needful ablutions. He was equally notorious for his horror of clean linen. One day, on his complaining to Dudley North at his club that he had become a perfect martyr to rheumatism, and had tried every possible remedy without success, the latter wittily replied, "Pray, my lord, did you ever try a clean shirt?"

CURIOUS FACTS, CONCERNING DAYS AND DATES.

TWO facts must be granted; first, that there are twenty-four hours in each day, and seven days in each week, each day having a distinguishing name; and secondly, that Monday begins, *all over the world*, one instant after Sunday ends; Tuesday after Monday, and so on.

Now, the fact that the names of our days change in every place on the face of the globe once in twenty-four hours, naturally gives rise to the question "Where does the change first take place?" or, more familiarly, "when does Sunday first begin?"

If a ship were to leave New Zealand for England, via the Cape of Good Hope, the day and date of her arrival would correspond with those of England; while, on the other hand, if the voyage were to be made via Cape Horn, day and date would differ.

Suppose, again, an American war vessel to leave San Francisco in search of the "Shenandoah" at say nine o'clock on Tuesday evening, and a British vessel to sail from Canton in China with the same object at the same time, which would be about five o'clock on Wednesday morning—should the vessels, after a three weeks' cruise, fall in with the "Shenandoah" at the same time, and together capture her, the American commander would in his report say she was captured at say five o'clock p.m. on Tuesday, while the British commander's report would say five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. The time of day would be similar, but day and date would not.

The names of days were carried over the globe east and west from Europe and the western part of Asia.

Owing to the difference in time, Monday morning commences in Quebec before Montreal. It begins also in Father Point before Quebec, in St. John, N. B., before Father Point, in London before St. John, N. B., in India before London, in China before India, but not in San Francisco before China, for Monday commences in Montreal before it does in San Francisco.

Consequently, each day gets a new name after leaving San Francisco and before reaching China.

When the telegraph across Russian Territory will be in operation—if it be possible to send a telegram from Montreal to Canton—at certain hours of the day the telegram would leave Montreal on our day, pass through San Francisco on the day previous (by name), and arrive in Canton on the day of the same name as that on which it left Montreal.

To obtain accuracy in day and date, it will become necessary in the course of time to have some degree of longitude on the passage of which the name of the day will change *first*, and that line should be Long. 170° W. of Greenwich, because that degree separates the continents of Asia and America, and is East of New Zealand.

When it is 12 o'clock noon at Long. 10° E. of Greenwich, say at Hamburg, the day is called by the same name, the world over, because it is then midnight at the degree of longitude above mentioned; and when noon at that degree of longitude it is midnight at Hamburg, and the names of two days equally divided over the world, say first day of January, 1866, from 170° W. of Greenwich to Hamburg, over Asia and Europe, and thirty-first day of December, 1865, from Hamburg to that degree of longitude over America.

The instant when it is midnight at 170° W. is the only one when there is universally the same day and date.

R. A. S.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.—The humble current of little kindnesses, which, though but a creeping streamlet, yet incessantly flows, although it glides in silent secrecy within the domestic walls and along the walks of private life, and makes neither appearance nor noise in the world, proves in the end a more copious tribute into the store of human comfort and bounty, however ample that may rush into it with a mighty sound.

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R. WORTHINGTON,
80 Great St. James Street, MONTREAL.

ALL FOR A RING.

[LAURA, Laura, child?]

A young girl, lovely as the morning, disengaged herself from the laughing group about her, to reply to the lady who called her.

"Well, auntie?" she said, with a backward toss of the softest, brightest curls, and a look of saucy defiance out of arch hazel-brown eyes.

"What was that I heard you say just now?"

Laura coloured, but looked saucy still, and laughed. "I don't care," she said, pouting very becomingly the next moment; "I do like Frank Thorley, although he is papa's clerk. I shouldn't have said so, only Ellen Richmond was making fun of what she calls his assurance in dancing with me so often to night."

"I wouldn't dance with him again, my dear."

"Why not, pray?" she exclaimed, elevating her graceful eyebrows.

"Because you are a very pretty girl, and he is a very handsome, impressionable young man. You may do him much harm."

"I?"

"Such flattering preference as you are evincing for young Thorley's society, is enough to turn any young man's head: and coming from a girl in your position, to a man in his, is calculated to do harm. Take my advice, he already sees no one in the room but you. Lavish your witcheries on some one less liable to lose his wits in consequence of them."

Laura turned away from her aunt a little pettishly, and stole from under her thick lashes a furtive glance in young Thorley's direction. He was indeed watching her, with his heart in his handsome eyes; and the vain little beauty flushed with pleasure.

It was not long before Frank Thorley asked her to dance with him again.

"He is so handsome and graceful, and so entertaining," Laura mused, during the instant's hesitation before she put her little white gloved hand in his, "I will dance with him—there."

And away she floated in airy circles.

"It can't do any harm," she continued, with some inward misgiving, as her eyes met auntie's mildly disapproving look, or fell beneath the impassioned and almost too frankly admiring glance of her companion; "of course he knows I am particularly kind to him, because he's papa's clerk; and he can't be so ridiculous as to fall in love with me really, and it isn't likely we shall ever be together this way again."

Miss Laura, however, was mistaken in her calculations. She had indulged a momentary whim, and had insisted upon his attending her party.

As a consequence, somebody else invited him, and then somebody else, and he was so handsome and entertaining—such a graceful addition to any circle—that before the winter was over he had become very popular, and received more invitations than he was able to accept. Laura was surprised, but secretly pleased at this, and at the continuance of his undisguised and almost romantic devotion to herself. Laura accepted this devotion with occasional reluctance, occasional misgiving as to where it was to end; but she liked it too well to lose, and was perhaps more interested at heart than she realized herself.

Imagine her consternation, when Frank Thorley asked her to marry him!

"I—I'm sorry, Frank," she murmured, almost incoherently, as she dropped into a seat.

Thorley's eyes flashed momentarily.

"You've done a wicked thing, Miss Laura Lyle," he said. "If over woman led man to believe she loved him, you did me."

Laura stopped him there with a haughty gesture, and an angry—"You forget yourself, Mr. Thorley," and she swept imperially past him, back to the drawing-room she had quitted a moment before on his arm.

Mr. Vincent Lyle was at the head of one of the oldest firms in the city. He was a man of sterling integrity and uprightness himself, and sternly severe upon any dereliction in another. His clerks were all liberally paid; and a young man who could obtain a situation, be it ever so subordinate, with Lyle and Co., was considered

to have secured an uncommonly good start in life. Dishonesty or unfaithfulness among the clerks of the firm was rare; partly because of the discrimination exercised in engaging them, partly because of the severe and summary reckoning exacted from the few offenders.

Mr. Vincent Lyle was not inclined therefore to deal leniently with the author of some small but daring speculation that had been going on of late. Woe to the guilty one, when he discovered him; and from the searching investigation he was making, he was likely to do that soon. The matter worried him so long as it baffled him; and he was sitting in his luxurious library at home, pondering it, when Frank Thorley sent in a note to him.

The merchant started, as he read, muttering.

"Sharp fellow, Thorley. I wasn't deceived in him! Show him up, John."

Mr. Lyle shook hands with him warmly when he came in; but Thorley seemed strangely reluctant, and not noticing the seat the merchant offered him, remained standing on the hearth opposite, his face pale and his eyes in an unwonted glitter.

"Glad to see you, Thorley, glad to see you. Shan't forget it if you can give me any clue to the author of this scandalous business," Lyle said.

"Behold him," Frank said, getting whiter yet.

Mr. Lyle stared.

"It was I who stole your money," Frank repeated, with a half desperate emphasis on the obnoxious word in the sentence.

Mr. Lyle stared incredulously a few moments still, before he could realize the stupendousness of the fact. He was terribly angry then. The very fact that he had been so ready to vouch for young Thorley, made his unfaithfulness doubly culpable. He remembered suddenly the gay life the young man had been leading of late, vague rumors of which had reached his ears, and said sternly, as soon as he could master his voice enough. "If you come here, thinking to more me to thoughts of clemency, you will find yourself mistaken."

"Not for myself, Mr. Lyle," he said, at last, speaking with difficulty; "but for my mother's sake, I do ask your clemency; not to retain me in your employment, but to give me a chance to begin again somewhere else."

"And serve some one else as you have me?" the merchant exclaimed, with ironical anger; it is rather late to think of your mother, young man."

"I know it, sir. If I had suffered no other love to enter my heart but love for her, I should not stand here the guilty wretch I am to-night. Yet for her sake, spare me. I am her only son—her only support. If you expose me, you strike her to the heart."

Mr. Lyle made an impatient movement. "I tell you, you should have thought of this before. It is too late now; you have had your chance, and abused it wickedly. You must take the consequences."

Thorley was trembling, and he could hardly stand.

"Mr. Lyle," he said, huskily, "do you know how old I am? I am nineteen, sir, and I never touched a farthing that was not my own before."

"It is time to end this," Mr. Lyle said, rising and approaching the bell.

"Wait one moment, sir," Frank Thorley said, passing between him and the bell-pull; and his desperate, anguishing look stayed Mr. Lyle an instant; "shall I tell you who tempted me to do this—whose beautiful face came between me and right, and lured me on to my ruin? As you hope for mercy, hereafter, sir, hear me! Hear how I came to fall, and then refuse to be merciful, if you can."

"I am listening," said the merchant.

"I never saw London till two years ago, and you yourself have commended me for withstanding its temptations. You know, sir, that I neither drink nor gamble. The smallness of the amount I have taken must prove that your money was not spent in that way. You have been pleased to be very kind to me, sir. Do you remember urging upon me the acceptance of an invitation to a party given by your daughter? I was reluctant, but I went, and from that hour

my fate was sealed. The most fascinating, as well as the most heartless of coquettes, did not scorn to set her snares for me, to dazzle me with her loveliness, and lure me with her smiles. There is no intoxication like the first love of youth, sir; don't you know that? There is no frenzy like that inspired by a woman who makes you love her. I lived in a delirium; I was mad on account of this woman whom I loved, and who seemed to love me, and I incurred a debt for her—a debt which, in a wild moment, a moment when I had just been scornfully cast off by her—I paid with your money."

"What was your debt?" Mr. Lyle asked, briefly.

"It was for a ring."

"A ring with a diamond set in a cluster of rubies?" the merchant asked, with a flash of remembrance.

"Yes, sir," Thorley said, reluctantly.

The merchant sat down, and motioning Thorley to a seat, remained some moments thoughtful and with his face averted. Then touching the bell, he waited, while Frank Thorley covered his face with his hands.

"Tell Miss Laura I wish to see her here," he said to the servant who answered his summons.

Laura was just going out; and she came dressed as she was for the party, fleecy white floatin about her like cloud wreaths, her lips red, her cheeks aglow, and her eyes sparkling.

She reddened somewhat at the sight of Frank Thorley's ghastly face.

"Did you send for me, papa?" she asked of her father, who sat with his face in shadow.

For reply he reached and took her ungloved hand in his. It was a dainty hand, slender, small, and white, and glittering with rings. He put his finger upon one, a small diamond surrounded by rubies, and lifted his glance to hers.

Laura shrank a little, and looked as though she were going to cry.

Turning toward Frank Thorley, Mr. Lyle said, "Upon one condition I will forgive you. Repeat what you have just said to me in the presence of this misguided girl."

Poor Frank Thorley! Perhaps he thought even exposure would be preferable to such humiliation before her whom he loved. Perhaps a second thought of his mother came and nerved him. He hesitated only a moment, and told the story with a half desperate, half sarcastic eloquence, that took the vivid colour out of Laura's brilliant face, and left it white and scared.

"Won't you forgive me, Frank?" she cried, and elung to her father with a burst of sobs.

"Will you forgive her, Frank Thorley, or not?" demanded Mr. Lyle.

"Heaven knows I forgive her, sir, as I hope to be forgiven."

"Thank you, sir. I think she has wronged you more than you wronged me, and I will show you, young man, how I can forgive to-morrow."

But when the morrow came, Frank Thorley had left London with his mother, and vain were all Mr. Lyle's efforts to discover him.

Years passed. There came a financial crash; and though every body supposed Lyle and Co. to be established on too firm a basis to be shaken, they were not able to outlive the storm.

Scrupulously honest now as ever, Mr. Lyle gave up everything; made no effort to save so much as Laura's piano from going under the hammer.

"Never mind, papa," she said softly to him that last night before the sale; "we have still each other, and I am young. Perhaps I may find some use now for those accomplishments you have lavished upon me so freely. You didn't think," she added with an attempt at gaiety, "that you were putting money by when you were spending it on me, did you?"

"Heaven knows what is to become of us!" moaned the unhappy merchant. "To-morrow at this time we shall have no right even to the roof that shelters our heads. But heaven bless you, my child, for this sweet courage. It is something to have so brave a child. You have been used to such freedom from care, though, Laura—I wish you had married, dear, and you would have had a home now."

"I have got you, papa, and there's nobody I like better——"

"Nobody, Laura?"

The soft cheek flushed a little, and the red lips trembled.

"Don't ask me, papa; there's nobody now," she said, hiding her face on his shoulder.

"Was it some one who went away?"

"Yes," faintly.

"I thought so, dear. It's like you women to love the man they have wronged most."

The two hid away in the remotest corner of the house while the auction was going on next day, and Laura exerted herself incredibly to sustain her father's heavy heart. He grew old fast in those few hours. This losing his home seemed to hurt him cruelly.

The sale was over, and they still sat there alone, waiting, perhaps, to see if some friend would not come to speak a word of counsel or comfort in this trying hour.

There was a hesitating knock at the door presently, and a gentleman came in.

Mr. Lyle, seeing that he was a stranger, said:

"You are, perhaps, the new proprietor?"

The stranger bowed, and said,— "I bought everything in trust for a friend of Mr. Lyle's, who requested me to say to him that his home was as much his now as it ever was."

Mr. Lyle lifted his head and looked at the man, and from him to Laura in a sort of bewilderment.

"What does he mean, Laura?"

Laura had come forward breathless, her face red and white in swift changes.

"Papa," she cried, running to him and sobbing upon his neck, "it's Frank Thorley."

"No, no, Laura," the merchant said, incredulously.

"It is Frank Thorley, sir," Frank said, now coming nearer; "and he wishes fervently that he had come sooner. I am a rich man, Mr. Lyle, thanks to you, for giving me another chance in life, and I have come ready to discharge my obligation to you with my all. I have nothing, sir, that is not yours also."

"Don't Frank! I was only just, scarcely that; it seems good to see you, though, like the face of an old friend. We haven't many friends now, you know."

Laura had not spoken. It seemed she could not lift her face from her father's arm. But when Frank asked gently:—"Have you no welcome for me, Laura?"

"Have you forgiven me yet?" she asked, looking up suddenly.

"I have never married," he said, in a low voice; "and you——"

"Nor I," flushing and trembling.

"Laura"—with sudden heat and eagerness,— "I have loved you all these years."

"And I you."

The new firm is Lyle and Thorley. Frank would have it so.

In a lecture on the chemistry of gas-lighting, delivered a short time since at Birmingham, Mr. Letheby explained a process for washing gas while on its way from the condensers to the purifiers, whereby its illuminating power is increased, and a considerable profit is made by the sale of ammoniacal liquor thus obtained. The gas passes through large chambers in which water falls in showers of spray, and is so thoroughly washed that, as the lecturer remarked, "it is absolutely free from ammonia, naphthalene, and carbonic acid, and the amount of sulphur in any form does not exceed sixteen grains in one hundred cubic feet." In this way the gas is improved, and the water becomes converted into ammoniacal liquor, an important article of commerce.

Cosmos states that a new method of destroying the insects which injure old trees has been employed with success by M. Robert, who it appears has thus saved the old elms of the Boulevard d'Eufer from decortication. M. Robert's first shave off a little of the bark, in order to facilitate the operation; he then impregnates the whole of the trunk of the tree with a concentrated solution of camphor in alcohol; this not only destroyed all the insects then in them, but since not a single insect has attempted to penetrate the bark.

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

COMPILED FROM LES RELATIONS DES JESUITES

The captain and his people were greatly perplexed when they saw themselves near the Azores; the cause was, that these islands were inhabited by Portuguese Roman Catholics; and the English were of opinion that, in coming to anchor, their vessel would be visited by the authorities, and, if the Jesuits were discovered, every thing was lost, for they would be hanged, or at least put in irons, as pirate stealers. The remedy for this apprehended evil was at hand—namely, to throw the Jesuits overboard; but the captain resolved to hide them in the hold of the ship, hoping this would suffice for security; and it did suffice, the good faith of the Jesuits aiding the design.

They arrived at the island of Tayal, one of the Azores, intending only to anchor beside the town, and send their boat for a load of water, and to purchase some little biscuits and other things, of which they stood in urgent need. But the captain found it necessary to enter the harbour, and remain in view of the town and the other ships. By an unfortunate mishap, the English vessel came into collision with a Spanish caravel, laden with sugar, and carried away the bowsprit of the latter. The Spaniard thought it was done on purpose, in order to surprise his ship, and run away with her, as a French vessel had done in the same port five weeks before. The captain of the Spanish craft at once raised the cry of "pirate!" There was a great uproar in the town, and great alarm among all the ships. The English captain had to go ashore, and remain there as a hostage; his ship was visited and revisited, and the Jesuits had to hide themselves in holes and corners, in order to avoid being seen. At length the English ship was released; and, in requital of their good faith, the two Jesuits were loaded with favours. The English remained three weeks at Tayal, during which time the two ecclesiastics never saw the sun.

The English being short of funds, determined to return home. A tempest overtook them in the channel, and forced them to take refuge in Milford, in Wales. Here once more all the provisions failed, and Captain Turnel was compelled to proceed to Pembroke, the seat of the vice-admiralty. At this town he was made prisoner, on suspicion of being a pirate. The suspicion arose from the fact that he and his people were English, while their ship was of French build. The captain justified himself as well as he was able, but was not believed, inasmuch as he had no commission, and could have none, because being only a lieutenant he followed his captain, and he was only separated from him by accident of bad weather.

He was forced to produce in evidence of his good faith the two Jesuits whom he had in his ship, and who were, as he said, persons of irreproachable character.

The Jesuits, by command of the magistrate, were soon called ashore, and questioned in a very respectful manner. They made known the true state of the case, and their testimony had its effect of causing the captain to be taken for a gentleman of honour and worth. It was necessary, nevertheless, to sojourn a very long time at Pembroke, waiting a reply from London, for they had to send thither, as well to procure a supply of money, as to notify, by this business, the Lord High Admiral, and the company of merchants, who had control over Virginia. This summoning of the Jesuits, for the purpose of giving evidence, turned out to be a fortunate thing for them, for as much as if they had remained in the ship, being then in want of everything, and this in the depth of winter, for it was now February, there was every likelihood that they would have died of cold and hunger. But on account of having been called upon to give testimony, they became known to the judge, who, very worthy and grave personage as he was, having learnt how wretched was their condition in the ship, caused them to be lodged with the mayor of the city, and paid their expenses. He said it would be a matter of great reproach if persons so deserving and learned as the Jesuits did not meet with

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at the house, you know. Here comes my friend. I'll introduce him."

Jane said "No," but her gallant insisted, and so a young man of nineteen or twenty, bearing the air of a commercial traveller, was forthwith presented.

"My friend, Mr. John Smith. Mr. John Smith, the young lady whom you've heard me so often speak of."

Jane inverted her broom, struck an attitude like a funeral male, and then curtsied. John Smith raised his hat, and said he was delighted to make her acquaintance.

"And now," said Jane's young man, addressing his friend, "you may go and make yourself agreeable next door, while I say something private and confidential here."

Without another word, John Smith struck up to Twenty-one, and soon both appeared to be engaged in a very pleasant conversation.

"When do your people go out of town?" asked Jane's beau.

"This very day," she replied, "and the people next door are going also."

"What, where that young woman lives?"

"Yea."

"Then, I suppose you will be able to take a little pleasure together?"

"Oh, yes! I bespo, I am sure."

"Right you are; and I'll take you. You shall see all the sights of London—plays, panoramas, the rope conjurers, the waxwork—whatever your like. But there," pulling out a watch—a gold watch it looked like, and quite dazzled Jane's eyes—"we must be off. I suppose, if I call to-night, you'll be able to let me in?"

"Yes, I expect they'll be gone; but you had better not come till dusk, and then, don't knock at the door. Run your heel along the railings; I shall hear you."

"All right. Good-bye. Come along, John." And with shakes of the hands they parted.

True to his promise, George White, for such was the name of Jane's admirer, came down at dusk, and struck with the heel of his boot so dexterously upon the iron railing of 22, Snowdon Terrace, N., that the street-door responsively fell back, and he was admitted almost on the instant. Both families having departed, Mary was presently apprised over the wall of the arrival of George, and invited to make a third at a hand of cards. Come, of course, she would. Ah, and a very pleasant evening they spent together. George had travelled through the greater part of England as buyer for a skinner and furrier, and told funny stories, and knew lots of comic songs, and could do sleight-of-hand tricks, and make any card you liked to mention walk out of the pack of itself in the most mysterious manner. So that, what with one thing and the other, it was eleven o'clock before they knew where they were. At the mention of the hour, George started up, and said that he should catch it for being so late out; that late hours were very bad for young men, and that his people would be wondering whatever had become of him. After he had gone, Jane and Mary were both of opinion that he was a very nice young man, indeed, and deserved encouragement. Mary, in the course of conversation, intimated that it would not be at all disagreeable if John Smith were one of the party the next time she should be invited. Two nights afterward all four were assembled at Twenty-two, enjoyed a round of merriment, and when the men had taken their departure, Mary was fain to confess to Jane that John Smith had very favourably impressed her. Two or three days afterwards, at a banquet of cold boiled beef and half-and-half, given by Mary, matrimony was made the theme of conversation, when both young men intimated that single blessedness was "all gammoa," and that they hoped to be husbands ere many months had gone over their heads. Before they left, it was proposed by George that they should all go to the play the next night, and see "Lord Dundreary." Jane at once accepted, but Mary for a long time stood out. However, the arguments of the three proved too much for her, and, in the end, she consented also. The next evening came, and with it a Clarence cab and the young gallants. Jane was soon ready, but, to the surprise and annoy-

ance of the others, Mary declared she had altered her mind, and could not think of going, and leaving the house to take care of itself.

"But you promised," said John; "you know, Mary, you promised, and we can't do without you. Why, we shall be like a pig upon three legs. Come, don't be foolish."

"I know I promised, but you made me promise," replied Mary, "and, therefore, it's as much your fault as mine."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" chimed in Jane; "we shall come away as soon as the first piece is over, and be home by—"

"Half after ten to a minute," said George.

"No; do what they could, Mary was not to be moved. She could not be brought to believe that there was no harm in deserting the house which had been left in her charge by a master and mistress who had unbounded faith in her integrity. The line must be drawn somewhere. They had already, she considered, gone far enough.

"Oh, very well," said Jane, "you can do as you like; and a good deal the better you'll be thought of, no doubt. I mean to go to the play and enjoy myself, now I've got the chance; and, perhaps, as you're determined to stay at home, you'll just cast an eye now and then at our house?"

Mary agreed; and so off they went. About three quarters of an hour afterwards John Smith returned.

"Why, whatever has happened?" asked Mary.

"Nothing particular," he replied. "I left the others at the door of the theatre. I couldn't enjoy myself as you hadn't come, and so I made up my mind to return and spend the evening with you."

"Oh, how foolish of you to deny yourself on my account," said Mary. "But there, I take it as very kind; come in."

Having the house to themselves, John proposed that they should adjourn to the drawing-room. Arriving thither, he pulled a couch up to the window, flung himself upon it at full length, lit up a cigar, and made himself quite at home. After telling some very entertaining anecdotes, he said, raising himself on one hand—

"I suppose, Mary dear, you haven't such a thing as a glass of wine you could give a fellow?"

Mary said she had not, but he could have a glass of ale, if he chose. He returned a "No, thank'ee," and continued—

"Now, if you wouldn't mind running out and getting a half-pint of port or sherry, whichever you like best, my dear, it would be very nice. I can't smoke a dry cigar, and ale doesn't agree with me."

He threw down a half-crown.

"I'm afraid of going myself, as I'm known about here, and shouldn't like to be seen coming out of a public-house. They might hear of it at the office, and that would do me no good."

Mary readily consented to fetch the wine—not that she cared for any herself.

"Let it be port, then, if you please, and the best," said John, puffing out a cloud of smoke like a sputtering coal.

Mary was soon round the corner, and into the bottle and jug department of the "Fleeco." She had not taken more than a dozen steps upon the return journey, when a young man stepped after her on tiptoe, and touched her lightly upon the left shoulder, and as she turned to look round, tripped the other side, and gave her a hearty kiss on the cheek. She started angrily back, and was about to say something very severe, when suddenly her manner became entirely changed, and all her dimples showed at their fullest and best.

"La, brother Tom! now, who'd have thought of seeing you?"

"Well," replied Tom, giving her a kiss upon the other cheek, "you see, being off duty, and not having heard anything of you for some little time, I thought that I'd slip on my private clothes and come and look you up. You know you told me in your last letter that you expected the family would be going out of town to-day, and so I thought most likely I should be able to come in, and have a good long gossip. What have you been to the public-house for?"

Mary turned very pale. In her pleasure at meeting with her brother, the sweetheart had for a moment been forgotten. Tom's question, however, had brought John Smith back to her memory; and, if the truth much be told, she was not quite so glad to meet her brother as she ought to have been.

"Well, Tom," returned Mary, hesitatingly, "the fact is—You know, Tom, I never was any hand at story telling. The fact is, a young man has lately been paying his addresses to me, and he's come to see me to-night, and I've been to get some wine for him, because he's afraid of being seen in a public-house. He's such a nice fellow, Tom—quite a gentleman: I'm sure you'll like him."

Tom muttered something to the effect that he thought he might as well run over his own errands; but in a minute turned off into a laugh, and said, jokingly, "I don't see what business a fellow who isn't a policeman has to make love to the pretty servants. It's a privilege of the Force, Polly; and if we do sometimes make free with the victuals, our business is to take good care nobody else does—so, you see, the governor gains in the long run; but let's go and have a look at my brother-in-law that is to be."

"Lor, Tom, how you go on!" said Mary, laughing, however, and blushing a little.

John Smith started up in astonishment, and did not look particularly well pleased when he saw one of the same gender as himself return in company of the object of his affections; but Mary calmed him at once by saying—

"It's all right: it isn't master; it's my brother."

The men shook hands, and wine-glasses having been procured, all three were soon on the best of terms and in the best of humours. Mary told her brother that the maid of all work next door had gone to the theatre with John's friend, but that she (Mary) wouldn't make one of the party, on account of a sense of duty. Thereupon the brother laughed heartily, and said, knowingly, perhaps she liked to stay at home best.

In about an hour Tom arose and intimated that he should go, as he knew, by his own experience, that in all cases of love-making two were company when three were none. Just as the clock struck ten a ring came at the bell, and on Mary going to the door, she was astonished to find her brother had returned, in company with two other men.

"Hush!" said Tom, and instantly hurried upstairs.

"Hillo!" exclaimed John Smith, "why, what's brought you back?"

"You, you scoundrel! I'm a police officer, and you are a thief!"

Without replying one word, the amiable John dashed to the door, leaped clean over the balusters, and was affectionately received into the arms of detective Crab on the door-mat. Mary was dumb with astonishment and alarm.

"Polly," said Tom, while slipping a pair of handcuffs on the wrists of her admirer, "you've had a narrow escape. Your young man is a convicted thief; that's just about it. He wanted you to go to the play, that his associates might rob this house. I knew him directly I saw him, and guessed what would soon be going on next door, and left here just in time, with the assistance of others, to arrest three gentlemen, who had got all the valuables packed up and ready to carry off. They are now safely lodged in the station-house, and we have a cab waiting, that this Mr. John Smith, alias Charley White, alias Richard Swills, also known as the Nobbler, may, as soon as possible, be taken there too."

And to the station-house John Smith was taken, and on being searched, it was discovered that he had not been wholly idle during Mary's temporary absence, as several articles of jewellery, &c., the property of Mary's master, were found in his possession. Poor misguided Jane did not return until the next day, and then only to be sent about her business by her employer, who had been telegraphed for by the police. Her story has a sad finish. Within a year of the date of her discharge, she was herself sent to prison for a theft committed in the company of her old admirer, George White, and he at the same

time was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude. John Smith and the three men arrested at number Twenty-two all received the punishment they merited—penal servitude for many years.

As to Mary, out of consideration to her youth and inexperience, and in remembrance of her partial faithfulness, and further, as a recognition of the readiness and activity of Police-constable brother Tom, she was retained in her situation; and thus was preserved to her that invaluable possession to anybody, but especially a young girl—A CHARACTER.

A STRANGE PHENOMENON.

"Gustav, on Wednesday we must order the sledge at 8 p.m., for the S.'s have sent us an invitation to their ball?"

The said Gustav looked up from the newspaper he had been perusing attentively, and removing his everlasting companion, his pipe, from his mouth, he answered his wife's query with a gaze followed by "all right dear: but I fear there will be a thaw to-morrow. See," said he, rising and looking at the weather-glass, which had risen several degrees, "see, it would by no means be a pleasant trip, if the snow were not perfectly crisp and hard, as you remember by experience, when Frits and Anna were with us last year."

Here the conversation ended. A few hours, however, soon materially altered the condition of the glass, and it promised to turn out fine.

It suffices to say the weather turned out agreeable to all parties, and so after an hour's brisk drive, they were set down at their friend's house in the heart of Moscow. They arrived in very good time for the ball, and anticipated an agreeable evening.

I hope, kind reader, you will pardon me for not having given the name of the Russian family, S——, to whose ball the Keims were invited: it is one of those unmentionable names ending in a sneeze, and as too often they try English mouths very severely, I will content myself with using the initial letter.

The occupation of the evening—dancing, soon commenced with great zest.

I shall not try the reader's patience by describing the ball in question, for as far as I know Russian balls do not differ materially from English ones. The evening passed pleasantly enough, but towards the close the heat began to get intolerable, and although the gentlemen did their duty well, it is only fair to say, in fanning the fair ones, and bringing them ices, it became more and more oppressive. At last a gentleman braver than the rest—(probably his arm ached)—threw open the top part of a window, and now happened the phenomenon.

A cold gust of wind blew suddenly in through the open window, and the heated air which was congregated in the upper part of the room became suddenly condensed, and descended upon the assembled party in the form of snow-flakes. Probably there was never seen so curious a sight in a ball-room. Ladies and gentleman in ball toilette, in the midst of a dance, snow-flakes descending; and were it not for the incongruity of the attire, more like a skating party. However, to return to our company. The snow storm was, as may be imagined, the conversation of the guests for the rest of the evening, and of the inhabitants of the town for the ensuing week. On his way home, Gustav was also busily engaged in explaining the phenomenon of the evening to his wife. His description ran as follows:—Of course you know that light bodies ascend and heavy ones fall by the law of gravitation. Well, a certain quantity of air being shut up in a room necessarily becomes heated, and when heated becomes lighter, and therefore ascends. Then any cold body coming in contact with the heated air will naturally freeze it, and if frozen, can descend in no other form than that of snow flakes. Ida, being satisfied of the truth of Gustav's explanation, and feeling tired, speedily consigned herself to sleep, and did not wake till she found herself at their own door.

A FEATHER FROM ABOU TOB.

SOMETIMES, at the poop of dawn in the desert, where you have been perhaps sleeping all night on your prayer carpets, if you glance along the surface of the sand-hills, you may discern millions of spikes diminutive as the finest needle, and green as an emerald, spreading forth a fairy mantle to the sky. It would be difficult to imagine anything softer or more lustrous than this evanescent robe of verdure, which fades as the dawn advances, and disappears altogether at the first touch of the sun. An Arab said it was as green as the wings of the angel Gabriel, or as a feather plucked from the breast of Abou Tob. Who and what is Abou Tob? we inquired, and to our surprise found it was the phoenix, which, after having been evicted from the natural history of Europe, has taken refuge in the warmer faith of the children of Ishmael.

A princess, the Arabs say, once dwelt in Persia, whose beauty was so great, that all the kings of the surrounding countries sought her in marriage; the sole condition, however, on which she would consent to bestow her hand was hard to be complied with: her lover, she insisted, should present her with a feather from one of the wings of Abou Tob. Construing this into an insult, all her suitors retired from the field, save one, an emir of the country of Oman, who owned groves of frankincense-trees, quarries of emerald, and tracts of desert strewn thickly with the beryl and moonstone. Before quitting the Persian court, he obtained the shah's permission to enjoy a short interview with his beloved, in presence of her mother. His object was to obtain a promise that, however long he might be absent, she would patiently wait his return. The promise was given. The emir set out; in what direction he wandered was known to no one. On the twentieth day he arrived at the brink of a rocky eminence overlooking a circular valley, in which there was a lake, surrounded by grassy banks, sloping down to the water's edge. Here, worn out by fatigue, and having consumed all his provisions, he alighted from his horse, and turning the animal loose to graze, lay down, resolved there to await the terminator of delights, and the separator of companions. His attention, however, was soon attracted by a spectacle which, in spite of weariness, violently excited his curiosity. Clouds of birds, issuing from trees which he had not previously noticed, alighted in such numbers on the lake, that they almost hid the water, and as the sun was then shining, threw forth at every motion coruscations and flashes so dazzling and bright, that he felt persuaded he saw before him the children of Abou Tob. Here, then, he thought his toils might end, if he could only obtain one feather from those countless wings. Language would be exhausted in the attempt to describe the colours spread out before the eye—purple, scarlet, rose colour, green, amethyst, saffron, gold, mingling, traversing each other in flocks, in clouds, in bars, glancing, shifting, quivering, now reflecting the light in one direction, now in another, like an accumulation of the most gorgeous gems, till, as he gazed, the emir's heart throbbed with delight. To descend into the valley, to find one feather, would surely not be difficult, where so many birds had stretched out their pinions. He descended accordingly, and found—not a feather, but an idea, with which he was so completely satisfied, that he resolved immediately to retrace his steps, and present himself with his discovery before the princess. How he lost his way, how he lived on roots and berries, how his clothes were torn, his sandals worn out, his face emaciated, need not be dwelt upon. He arrived at the capital of Persia, and declaring he had found what he went in search of, was conducted into the presence of his beloved. "And where is the feather?" she inquired. Placing his hand upon his heart, he replied, "It is here." "Emir," she said, "you have understood my meaning; you might have understood it sooner; but better late than never. I accept the feather of Abou Tob, and in return give you myself." Thus, according to the dwellers in the Nejed, the Emir of Oman won the Princess of Persia—apropos of a feather.

YADACE.

THIS strange word is the title of a game very popular in Algeria. It is very simple, and consists solely in abstaining from receiving anything whatsoever from the person with whom you play.

The following story will suffice to initiate anyone into the mysteries and peculiarities of the game; and also show the danger to a Moor of playing at "Yadacé" with his wife:—

Hassan-el-Djeninah was vizier, and chief favourite to the Pasha of the Oudjah of Constantine.

Clay young Mussulmans trembled as they saw Hassan-el-Djeninah waddle across the great square of Constantine or bane from the barber's shops. He walked slowly, for his breath was short; but his yataghan was long, and he could use it. Hassan had four wives—a very moderate and respectable number for a Moor. The name of the youngest was Leila Khanoum. Now, if Hassan-el-Djeninah was jealous of his wives, they, you may be sure, were jealous of each other; save poor little Leila, who was only sixteen, and not at all of a jealous disposition; but between the envy of her sister-wives, who hated her, and the unceasing watchfulness of her husband, who loved her with most inconvenient fondness, she led a terrible life of it. Leila Khanoum was Hassan's favourite wife. He would suffer her, but no one else, to fill his pipe, to adjust the jewelled mouthpiece to his lips, and to tickle the soles of his august feet, when he wished to be lulled to sleep. He would loiter for hours on the cushions of his divan, listening while she sung monotonous love-songs—rocking herself two and fro the while, and accompanying herself upon a guitar, in the manner of Moorish ladies. He gave her rich suites of brocade and cloth of gold; he gave her a white donkey from Spain to ride on; he gave her jewels, scented tobacco to smoke, henna for her eyelids and finger-nails—in short, he paid her every little delicate attention that he could think of; and finally, he condescended to play with her for a princely stake—nothing less than the repudiation of the other three wives and the settlement of all his treasures upon her—at Yadacé.

At the same time, as I said before, he was terribly jealous of her—watched her day and night. He kept spies about her, bribed her attendants, came home at day-break after a night of watching silent and unobserved. He studied the language of flowers (which in the East is rather more nervous and forcible than with us); finally he took a lodging on the opposite side of the street, that he might sit and watch who went in or out of his house, when he was supposed to be far away.

One day, while employed in this dignified pursuit, he saw his wife's female negro slave emerge from his house, look round cautiously and beckon with her hand. Then from a dark passage a figure habited as a Frank followed the slave into the house and shut the door. This was quite enough. Up jumped Hassan, rushed across the street, and into his wife's apartment, where the beautiful Leila was in the act of bending over a large chest that stood upon the ground. Hassan-el-Djeninah saw the state of affairs in an instant. The Glaour must be in the chest! He knocked over the wretched black slave like a ninepin, rushed to the chest, and tried to raise the lid.

"The key, woman! the key!" he cried.

"My lord, I have it not. It is lost; it is gone to be mended."

Hassan was not a man to be trifled with; the trembling Leila knew it, and soon handed him the key. He rushed to the chest, and tore open the lid. There was certainly some one inside, habited as a Glaour; but beneath the Frank habit were discovered the face and form of Salee, Leila Khanoum's favourite Georgian slave!

"What—what means this?" asked Hassan, looking very foolish.

"Yadacé! O my lord, for you took the key."

"Yadacé!" repeated the Georgian slave.

"Yadacé!" screamed the negroes with a horrible gria.

"Allah akbar!" exclaimed the vanquished Hassan; "Allah akbar! I've lost my wives!"

PRINCE IMPERIAL GALOP.

CHARLES COOTE.

PIANO. *p*



The first system of the piece begins with a treble clef and a bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The treble staff contains a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and eighth notes.



The second system continues the piece and includes first and second endings. The first ending is marked with a '1.' and a repeat sign, leading back to an earlier section. The second ending is marked with a '2.' and leads to a different section. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system.



The third system continues the piece and includes first and second endings. The first ending is marked with a '1.' and a repeat sign, leading back to an earlier section. The second ending is marked with a '2.' and leads to a different section. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the first system.

S. TRIO.

Fine. p

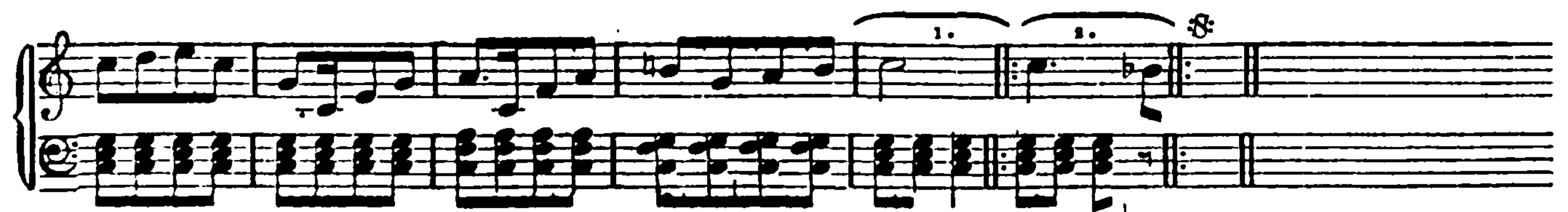


The fourth system marks the beginning of the Trio section, indicated by the 'S. TRIO.' marking. The key signature changes to one flat (Bb). The music concludes with a 'Fine.' marking and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a more active, rhythmic pattern.

Fine.



The fifth system concludes the piece with a 'Fine.' marking. The piano accompaniment features a more active, rhythmic pattern. The system ends with a double bar line and repeat signs.



The sixth system concludes the piece with a double bar line and repeat signs. The piano accompaniment features a more active, rhythmic pattern.

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"The noble savage!" repeated Lady Castletowers. "Whom can you mean, Miss Hatherton?"

"Whom should I mean, but this young man who has inherited the famous legacy?"

"Mr. Trefalden? Oh, he was here but a few minutes ago. There he stands, by the fireplace."

"The Antinous with the golden curls? But, my dear Lady Castletowers, he's absolutely beautiful! And he doesn't look savage at all. I had expected to see a second Orson—a creature clothed in raiment of camel's hair, or the skins of wild beasts. I declare, I am disappointed."

"Mr. Trefalden is a very pleasant person," said Lady Castletowers, with a faint smile. "And very unassuming."

"Is he indeed! Pleasant and unassuming—dear me, how very charming! And so rich, too! Worth millions upon millions, I am told. I used to think myself above the reach of want, at one time; but I feel like a pauper beside him. Who is that stout person now coming up the stairs, covered with as many stars as the celestial globe?"

But before Lady Castletowers could reply, the name of His Responsibility Prince Quarts Potz was thundered forth by the groom of the chambers, and the noble Prussian was bending profoundly over the fair hand of his hostess.

"What a funny little fat man it is!" said the heiress, in her loud way, looking after His Responsibility through her glass, as he passed on towards the adjoining room.

"Prince Quarts Potz, my dear Miss Hatherton, is a highly distinguished person," said Lady Castletowers, greatly shocked.

Oh yes—I know he is."

"He is distantly connected through his maternal great-grandmother, the Margravine of Saxe-Hohenhausen, with our own Royal Family; and the present Grand-Duchess of Zollenstrasse is his third cousin twice removed.

Miss Hatherton did not seem to be at all impressed by these facts.

"Ah, indeed," said she, indifferently. "And this fine man with a head like a lion—who is he?"

"Mr. Thompson, the member for Silvermere," replied Lady Castletowers, when the gentleman had made his bow and drifted on with the stream.

"What, the great Thompson?—the Thompson who instituted that famous inquiry into the abuses of the Perquisite Office?"

"I do not know what you imply by 'great,' my dear Miss Hatherton," said the Countess, coldly, "but I believe Mr. Thompson's politics are very objectionable."

Ah, I see you don't like him; but I shall implore you to introduce me, notwithstanding. I have no politics at all, and I admire talent wherever it may be found. But, in the meanwhile, I have lost my heart to Antinous, and am longing to dance with him. Do pray make us known, dear Lady Castletowers."

"Upon whom does Miss Hatherton desire to confer the honour of her acquaintance?" asked Lord Castletowers, who happened to come by at the moment. "Can I be of any service?"

"Of the utmost. I want to be introduced to this Mr. Trefalden, about whom all the world has been talking for the last five or six weeks."

"I will perform the office with great pleasure. Will you allow me to hand you a seat, while I go in search of him?"

"Thanks. And be sure you make him dance with me, Lord Castletowers—I want to dance with him shove all things. He can dance, I suppose?"

"Of course. How can you ask such a question?"

"Because I have been told that he was a perfect wild man of the woods before he inherited his fortune—couldn't write his name, in fact, six weeks ago, and had never seen a sovereign in his life."

"If you mean that he has not yet been presented at St. James's you are probably right," replied the Earl, laughing.

"What a pun, Lord Castletowers? How shocking! I did not believe you capable of such

an enormity. But do pray tell me a little truth about your friend; for I dare say I have heard plenty of fiction. Was he not really a barbarian, after all?"

"No more than I am."

"Is it possible?"

"Nor is this all. Saxon Trefalden has plenty of solid learning under those yellow locks of his, Miss Hatherton. He speaks French, Italian, and German with equal facility; he is a first-rate mathematician; as for his Greek and Latin scholarship, I have known nothing like it since I bade farewell to the dear old professors at Magdalen College.

"Well, you surprise me very much," said Miss Hatherton, "and I cannot deny that I'm disappointed. I had far rather he had been a barbarian, you know. It would have been so very delicious!"

"Perhaps, then, you will be consoled by finding him as unsophisticated as a child. But you shall judge for yourself."

And with this, the Earl installed Miss Hatherton in an easy-chair, and went in search of Saxon. The heiress immediately turned to her nearest neighbour, who happened to be the Bishop of Betchworth, and began a conversation. It was Miss Hatherton's way to be always talking—and somewhat loudly, too.

"What have I done, my lord, said she, "that you have scarcely spoken to me this evening? I have a thousand questions to ask you. I want to know how the renovations are going on; and if you are really to have a stained oriel, after all. And what are you going to do about that grand carved old screen? I have been told it is past repairing, and cannot possibly be put up again. I hope that's not true."

"I am happy to say that it is not," replied the bishop, who was a very handsome man, and much admired by the ladies of his diocese. "I believe we shall be able to restore the worst parts, and that it will keep its old place for the next two or three centuries. About the east window, I am less hopeful."

"Why so?" asked the heiress.

"I fear we cannot afford it."

"But how is that?" I thought there was a large surplus fund in hand."

"There was; but we have found since then that the spire is in a much worse state than we had at first supposed; and to put it into thorough repair will swallow up the whole of our available money."

"Dear, dear, I'm sorry!" said the heiress.

"You really want the stained window. One misses the poetry of colour in Betchworth Cathedral. How much would it cost?"

"More than we could hope to raise after the liberal subscriptions already granted. A thousand pounds."

"So large a sum? Ah, bishop, if I were one of your flock, I should ask leave to put that window in. However, if you like to open a fresh list you may put me down for two hundred and fifty."

"My dear lady," said the prelate, "what can I say in acknowledgment of such munificence?"

"Only, I beg, that you will try to get the rest of the thousand as quickly as you can. But here comes my partner."

And Miss Hatherton turned to Lord Castletowers, who had found and captured Saxon, and now stood with him beside her chair.

"Will you permit my friend Mr. Trefalden the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss Hatherton?" said he.

"I am delighted to make Mr. Trefalden's acquaintance, and shall be most happy to dance with him," replied the heiress, putting out her hand as cordially and unceremoniously as if Saxon were an old friend already. "What are they doing in the hall now, Lord Castletowers?"

"Finishing a waltz—which will be followed by a quadrille."

"Then we shall be just in time for the quadrille. Won't you find us a pleasant vis-à-vis?"

"Will you accept me, if I can find a partner?"

"Delightful! Bishop, we must have another moment's chat before the close of the evening."

Saying which, Miss Hatherton gathered her

ample skirts together, took Saxon's proffered arm, and swept through the room and down the wide old stairs in a very stately fashion.

CHAPTER XXX. THE HOSPITALLER'S CARE.

Mr. KECKWITCH sat alone in a little private parlour at the back of the bar of the Hospitaller's Gate Tavern, with a bottle of brown sherry and a couple of glasses before him, waiting patiently. It was the evening of the very day that his employer spent at Castletowers; but he had not, therefore, left Chancery-lane over five minutes the sooner, or neglected any detail of his regular work. He had, on the contrary, even his fellow-clerks off the premises, and locked up the office with even more than his usual caution; for Abel Keckwitch was such a highly respectable man, that he would not on any account have taken advantage of Mr. Trefalden's absence. He was waiting, as he had just told the "young lady" who presided at the bar in ringlets and pink ribbons, for a friend. It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and although the sky was as yet only grey with dusk, the gas was already lighted; for the Hospitaller's Gate was a queer, old-fashioned, shut-in place, and the daylight always seemed to make a point of getting away from it as early as possible. There was, however, a bright fire burning in the grate; and the bar beyond was all alive with customers. The tops of the great yellow puncheons and the lacquered gas burners were visible above the blind that veiled the half-glass door of the parlour; and now and then some privileged customer would peep over, and disappear. But the clerk sat, all unconscious, gazing placidly at the fire, and never once looked round.

But for the brisk trade going on within the precincts of the Gate itself, the place would have been singularly quiet. The passers-by, just at this hour, were few. Sometimes a cab drove up; sometimes a cart rumbled past, but not often. The great stream of traffic flowed close by, along a neighbouring thoroughfare, and was hoarsely audible, like the dull roar of a heavy sea; but the Hospitaller's Gate stood apart, grey, and hoary, and stored with strange memories, spanning the shabby by-street with its battlemented arch, and echoing, in a ghastly way, to the merriment below.

Standing in the very heart of the city, within a few yards of Smithfield market, in the midst of the over-crowded parish of Clerkenwell, this rare old mediæval fragment was scarcely known, even by name, to the majority of Londoners. To the Smithfield drover, the student of Bartholomew's, the compositor of Tallis's press, and the watchmaking population in general, it was a familiar spot. Archaeologists knew of its whereabouts, and held occasional meetings in the oak room over the gateway, where they talked learnedly of Jordan Briset, the patriarch Heraclius, Thomas Dowrey, Stow, and King Harry the Eighth; and oftentimes moistened their dry discussions with rare old port from cellars that had once held good store of malmsey and sack for the pious knight's own drinking. Literary men remembered it as the cradle of the Gentleman's Magazine, and as the place where Samuel Johnson, in his rags and his pride, ate his dinner behind a screen, like a dog fed from his master's table. But these were pretty nearly all who knew or cared about the Hospitaller's Gate. Hundreds of intelligent Londoners passed within fifty yards of it every day of their lives, ignorant of its very existence. Of the dwellers to the west of Temple-bar not one in a thousand knew that scarcely a stone's throw from the Charter-house walls there yet stood some portion of a far more venerable religious foundation, begun in the last year of the eleventh century, and linked with many strange and stirring episodes of English history. Even so true a lover of the antique and picturesque as Leigh Hunt, passed it by in his pleasant memories of the town, without a word.

But Mr. Keckwitch was thinking neither of the good Knights Hospitallers, nor of Dr. Johnson, nor of anything nor any one just then, saving and excepting a certain Mr. Nicodemus Kidd, who had promised to meet him there

about eight o'clock that Thursday evening. And Mr. Kidd was late.

The clock in the bar had struck eight long ago. The clock of St. John's Church, close by, had struck a quarter-past, and then half-past, and still Mr. Kidd was not forthcoming. The head clerk looked at his watch, sighed, shook his head, poured out a glass of the brown sherry and drank it contemplatively. Before he had quite got to the end of it, a jovial voice in the bar, and a noisy hand upon the latch of the glass door, announced his friend's arrival.

Mr. Kidd came in—a tall, florid, good-humoured looking fellow, with a frank laugh, a loud cheery voice, and a magnificent pair of red whiskers. The practised observer, however, noting his white hat, his showy watch guard, his free and easy bearing, would have pronounced him at first sight to be a commercial traveller; but the practised observer would for once have been wrong.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Keckwitch," said he, nodding familiarly to his entertainer, drawing a chair to the opposite side of the fire, and helping himself at once to a glass of wine. "Not my fault, I assure you. Sherry, eh? Capital sherry, too. Don't know a better cellar in London, and that's saying something."

"I'm very glad you have been able to look in, Mr. Kidd," said the head clerk, deferentially, "I was particularly anxious to see you."

Mr. Kidd laughed and helped himself to another glass.

"It's one of the peculiarities of my profession," said he, "that I find the world divided into two classes of people—those who are particularly anxious to see me, and those who are particularly anxious not to see me. Uncommon good sherry, and no mistake!"

Mr. Keckwitch glanced towards the glass-door, edged his chair a little nearer to that of his guest, and said huskily:

"Have you had time, Mr. Kidd, to think over that little matter we were speaking about the other day?"

"That little matter?" repeated Mr. Kidd, in the same loud, off-hand way as before. "Oh yes—I've not forgotten it."

He said this, filling his glass for the third time, and holding it in a knowing fashion between his eye and the lamp. The head clerk came an inch or two nearer, and, bending forward with his two fat hands upon his knees, ejaculated:

"Well?"

"Well, Mr. Keckwitch?"

"What is your opinion?"

Mr. Kidd tossed off the third glass, leaned back in his chair, and, with a smile of delightful candour said:

"Well sir, to be plain with you, I can give no opinion till you and I understand each other a little better."

Mr. Keckwitch breathed hard.

"What do you mean, Mr. Kidd?" said he, "Haven't I made myself understood?"

Mr. Kidd pushed his glass away, thrust his hands into his pockets, and became suddenly grave and business-like.

"Well, sir," replied he, dropping his noisy voice and jovial smile, as if they had been a domino and mask, "this, you see, is an unusual case. It's a sort of case we're not accustomed to. We don't go into things without a motive, and you've given us no motive to go upon."

The clerk's face darkened.

"Isn't it motive enough," said he, "that I want information, and am willing to pay for it?"

"Why, no, Mr. Keckwitch—not quite. We must be satisfied of the use you will make of that information."

"And supposin' I don't want to make use of it at all?"

"Then, sir, I'm afraid we can't help you. We are not spies; we are a legal force. Our business is to promote the ends of justice—not to serve private curiosity."

Mr. Keckwitch looked down, silent, baffled, perplexed.

"I should have thought," said he, "that the mere fact of any professional man keepin' his house and his ways so deadly secret, would be motive enough for inquiry. Where there's mys-

tery, there's safe to be something wrong. People ain't so close when they've nothin' to hide."

"Some folks are eccentric, you know, Mr. Keckwitch."

"It ain't eccentricity," replied the clerk promptly.

"What then?"

"I can't say. I may have my suspicions; and my suspicions may be right, or may be wrong. Anyhow, one can't see far in the dark."

"No, that's true," replied Mr. Kidd.

"If it was no more than his address, I'd be satisfied," added Keckwitch, staring hard at the fire.

"Now I tell you what it is, sir," said the other, "we must have your motive. Why do you want to know a certain person's address? What is it to you where he lives or how he lives?"

"It is a great deal to me," replied Mr. Keckwitch. "I'm a respectable man, and I don't choose to work under any but a respectable employer."

Mr. Kidd nodded, and caressed the red whiskers.

"If, as I suspect, there's somethin' wrong somewhere," the clerk went on to say, "I don't want to be mixed up in it, when the day of reck'ula' comes round."

"Of course not."

"And there's my motive."

"Have you always been on good terms, Mr. Keckwitch, with the party in question?"

This was said very sharply and suddenly, but the clerk's face remained stolid and inexpressive as ever.

"Well, Mr. Kidd," said he, "I can't say there's ever been much love lost between us. I've done my duty, and I don't deny that he's done his; but we've been neither friends nor enemies."

Mr. Kidd stared at Mr. Keckwitch, and Mr. Keckwitch stared at the fire; the one all scrutiny, the other all unconsciousness. For some minutes both were silent, and the loud mirth at the bar became more distinctly audible. Then Mr. Kidd drew a deep breath, pushed his chair back with the air of one who arrives at a sudden resolution, threw a slip of paper from his waistcoat-pocket, and said:

"Well, sir, if the address is all you require—here it is."

The steely light so rarely seen there flashed into Abel Keckwitch's eyes, and his hand closed on the paper as if it had been a living thing, trying to fly away. He did not even look at it, but imprisoned it at once in a plethoric pocket-book with a massive metal clasp that snapped like a handcuff.

"What's the fee?" said he, eagerly. "What's the fee for this little service, Mr. Kidd?"

"That's a question you must ask at headquarters, sir," replied Mr. Kidd, eyeing the clerk somewhat curiously, and already moving towards the door.

"But you'll take another glass of sherry before you go?"

"Not a drop, sir, thank you—not a drop. Wish you good evening, sir."

And in another moment, Mr. Kidd, with the white hat a trifle on one side, and the jovial smile seeming to irradiate his whole person, had presented himself at the bar, and was saying agreeable things to the young lady with the ringlets.

"Ah, sir," observed she playfully, "I don't care for compliments."

"Then, my dear, a man must be dumb to please you; for if he has eyes and a tongue, what can he do but tell you you're an angel?"

The barmaid giggled, and bade the gallant stranger "get along!"

"It's a remarkable fact," said Mr. Kidd, "that the prettiest women are always the most hard-hearted. And it's an equally remarkable fact, that the sight of beauty always makes me thirsty. I'll trouble you, Mary, my love, for a bottle of Schweppe."

"That's a good sort of fellow, I'll be bound!" ejaculated a stout woman, looking admiringly after Mr. Kidd, as he presently went out with an irresistible air of gentlemanly swagger.

"You think so, do you ma'am?" said a seedy bystander. "Hamph! That's Kidd, the detective."

CHAPTER XXXI. ABOUT SWITZERLAND.

Your English match-maker is, for the most part, a comfortable matron, plump, good natured, kindly, with a turn for sentiment and diplomacy. She has "The Etiquette of Courtship and Marriage" at her fingers' ends; and gives copies of that invaluable little manual to her young friends, as soon as they are engaged. When the sermon is dull, she amuses herself by reading the *Solemnization of Matrimony*. She delights in novels that have a great deal of love in them, and thinks Miss Bremer a finer writer than Mr. Thackeray. To patch up lovers' quarrels, to pave the way for a proposal, to propitiate reluctant guardians, are offices in which her very soul rejoices; and, like the death-bed hag in the *Istrule of Lammermoor*, who surveyed all her fellow-creatures from a professional point of view, seeing "a bonny corpse" in every fine young man about that country-side, she beholds only bridegrooms and brides elect in the very children of her friends, when they come home for the holidays.

Lady Arabella Walkingshaw was an enthusiastic match-maker. She had married off her own daughters with brilliant success, and, being a real lover of the art of matrimony, delighted "to keep her hand in" among the young people of her acquaintance. What whist was to Mrs. Battle, match-making was to Lady Arabella Walkingshaw. "It was her business, her duty, what she came into the world to do." She went about it scientifically. She had abstruse theories with respect to eyes, complexions, ages, and christian names; and even plunged into unknown physiological depths on the subject of races, genealogies, ties of consanguinity, and hereditary characteristics. In short, she constructed her model matches after a private ideal of her own. But hers was not altogether a sentimental, nor even a physiological, ideal. She was essentially a woman of the world; and took an interest quite as deep, if not deeper, in the pairing of fortunes as of faces. To introduce an income of ten thousand a year to a dowry of fifty thousand pounds, and unite the two stans in the bonds (and settlements) of wedlock, was to Lady Arabella an enterprise of surpassing interest. She would play for such a result as eagerly and passionately as if her own happiness depended on the cards, and the stakes were for her own winning.

With such a bobby kept perpetually saddled in the chambers of her imagination, it was not surprising that the sight of Saxon Trefalden leading Miss Hatherton down to dance, should have sufficed to send Lady Arabella off at a canter.

"What a charming match that would be," she said to Mrs. Bunyan. Mrs. Bunyan was the wife of the handsome Bishop, tall, aristocratic-looking, and many years his junior. Both ladies were standing near their hostess, and she was still welcoming the coming guests.

"Do you think so?" said Mrs. Bunyan, doubtfully. "I don't see why."

"My dear Mrs. Bunyan—two such splendid fortunes!"

"The less reason that either should marry for money," replied the Bishop's wife. "Besides, look at the difference of age!"

"Not more than five years," said Lady Arabella.

"But it would be five years on the wrong side. What do you say, Lady Castletowers—would they make a desirable couple?"

"I did not hear the names," replied Lady Castletowers, with one of her most gracious smiles.

"We were speaking," said the match-maker, "of Miss Hatherton and Mr. Trefalden."

The smile vanished from Lady Castletowers' lip.

"I should think it a most injudicious connexion," she said, coldly. "Mr. Trefalden is a mere boy, and has no prestige beyond that of wealth."

"But fortune is position," said Lady Arabella, defending her ground inch by inch, and thinking perhaps of her own marriage.

"Miss Hatherton has fortune, and may therefore aspire to more than fortune in her matri-

monial choice," replied the Countess, with a slightly heightened colour, and dropped the conversation.

Mrs. Bunyon and Lady Arabella exchanged glances, and a covert smile. Moving on presently with the stream, they passed out of Lady Castletowers' hearing, and returned to the subject.

"Their united fortunes," pursued Lady Arabella, "would amount to five millions, if not more. Only conceive it—*FIVE MILLIONS!*"

"You will meet with no sympathy from Lady Castletowers," said the Bishop's wife, significantly.

"Evidently not. Though, if there were really a coronet in prospect—"

"I think there is a coronet in prospect," said Mrs. Bunyon.

Lady Arabella shook her head.

"No more than there is a crown matrimonial," said she. "I am a close observer of young people, and I know quite well what direction the Earl's inclinations take."

"Indeed!"

"He is over head and ears in love with Mademoiselle Colonna," said Lady Arabella, confidentially. "And he has been for years."

"Does Lady Castletowers know it?"

"I think not."

"And do you suppose they are secretly engaged?"

"Oh dear no! Mademoiselle Colonna, I believe, discourages his attentions—greatly to her credit."

"It is a marriage that would be highly distasteful to Lady Castletowers," observed Mrs. Bunyon.

"It would break her heart," said Lady Arabella.

"She is ambitious."

"—and poor. Poor as a mouse."

If Lady Castletowers had not been a Countess, a Holme-Pierrepont, and the daughter of an Earl, Lady Arabella Walkingshaw could scarcely have forgiven her this fact. She was one of that large majority who regard poverty as a crime.

In the mean while, Miss Hatherton had found that Saxon could not only dance, but, when the first shyness of introduction had worn off, could actually talk. So she set herself to draw him out, and his naïveté amused her excessively.

"I don't mean to let you hand me to a seat, and get rid of me, Mr. Trefalden," she said, when the quadrille was over, and the dancers were promenading up and down the hall. "You must sit down in this quiet little nook, and talk to me. I want you to tell me ever so much more about Switzerland."

"I am glad to find any one who cares to hear about it," said Saxon. "It is a subject of which I am never weary."

"I dare say not. I only wonder how you can endure this life of tinsel and glitter after the liberty of the mountains. Are you not disgusted with the insincere smiles and polite falsehoods of society?"

Saxon looked at her with dismay.

"What do you mean?" he said. "The world has been very kind to me. I never dreamt that its smiles were false, or its kindness insincere."

Miss Hatherton laughed.

"You'll find it out," she said, "when you've lived in it a little longer."

"I hope not. I should be very unhappy if I thought so."

"Well, then, don't think so. Enjoy your illusions as long as you can. I have outlived mine long ago; and I'm sorry for it. But let us talk of something pleasanter—of Switzerland. Have you ever hunted the chamois?"

"Hundreds of times."

"How charming! High up, I suppose, among the snows?"

"Among the snows, along the edges of precipices, across the glaciers—wherever the chamois could spring, or the foot of the hunter follow," replied Saxon, with enthusiasm.

"That's really dangerous sport, is it not?" asked the heiress.

"It is less dangerous to the practiced mountaineer than to one who is new to the work."

But there can be no real sport without danger."

"Why so?"

"Because sport without danger is mere slaughter. The risks ought never to be all on the side of a helpless beast."

"That is just and generous," said Miss Hatherton, warmly.

Saxon blushed, and looked uncomfortable.

"I have not only been over a glacier, but down a crevasse, after a chamois, many a time," said he, hurriedly. "I shot one this very spring, as he stood upon an ice-ridge, between two chasms. I ought not to have done it. I ought to have waited till he got to a more open spot; but, having him well within range, I brought him down. When I reached the spot, however, there was my chamois wedged half way down a deep, blue, cruel-looking crevasse—and I had no alternative but to get him out, or leave him."

"So you cut steps in the ice, as one sees in the pictures in the Alpine-club books?"

"No—I simply tied the cord that every mountaineer carries, round the stock of my rifle—fixed the gun firmly across the mouth of the chasm—and let myself down. Then I tied another cord round my chamois, and when I had reached the top again, I drew him up after me. Nothing is easier. A child can do it, if he is used to the ice, and is not afraid. In all glacier work, it is only the rash and timid who are in danger."

"And what other sport do you get?" asked Miss Hatherton. "Are there any eagles about the mountains of the Grisons?"

"Not so many as there used to be. I have not shot more than five or six within these last three years: but I robbed many an eagle's nest when I was a boy. Then, you know, we have the steinbok, and in winter, the wolf; and sometimes we get the chance of a brown bear."

"Have you ever shot a bear, Mr. Trefalden?" said Miss Hatherton, intensely interested.

"I have shot two," replied Saxon, with a flush of boyish pride, "and made sledge rugs of their skins. You have never been in Switzerland?"

"Oh yes I have," replied Miss Hatherton, "but only in the beaten tracks, and under the custody of a courier, like a maniac with a keeper."

"Ah, you really know nothing of the country," said Saxon, "nor of the people. The Switzerland that the Swiss loves is that wild, free, upper region where there are neither roads nor hotels, tourists nor guides; but only dark pine forests and open plateaus, the haunt of the marmot, the patarmigan, and the chamois."

"I never saw but one chamois, said Miss Hatherton, "and that was a poor fat melancholy creature in a cage."

"Of course you never visited Switzerland in winter?"

"Oh dear no."

"And yet that is the most glorious time of all, when the plateaus are all sheeted with snow, and the great peaks rise above them like marble obelisks, and even the pines stand out white against the deep blue sky. It is like a world awaiting the creation of colour."

"What an enthusiast you are," laughed Miss Hatherton.

"I love my country," replied Saxon.

"You need not tell me that. But what can you do in winter, snowed up in those wild valleys?"

"We are not snowed up. We have sledges; and the deeper the snow lies on the roads and passes, the better our sledges fly along. You should see the Rheinthal between Chur and Thusis, on a bright day in the depth of winter, when the sledges flash along in the sunshine, and the air is full of the music of the bells."

"How delightful!"

"Indeed it is delightful. Then we also skate, practise with the rifle, carve wooden toys, and attend to the winter work of our farms; and sometimes, if there is a wolf or a wild boar about the neighbourhood, we have a great hunt by torchlight. Winter is the time for Switzerland! Ask any Swiss who is not a townsman, and he will tell you the same story."

"I suppose you mean to go back there some day?" said Miss Hatherton.

"Go back!" echoed Saxon. "Why, of course I do. It is my own country—my home!"

"Then if I were to come some Christmas to Chur, would you be very kind to me, and show me some of these winter sports?"

"That I would!" exclaimed Saxon. "And I would buy the loveliest Canadian sledge for you that money could purchase; and you should see a bear hunt by torchlight; and a Schützen Fest; and a wrestling-match; and I would find you a young marmot for a pet. Above all, you would know my dearest father, and if you loved Switzerland for no other reason, you would love it for his sake."

"Your father?" said Miss Hatherton. "I had no idea your father was living."

"He is really my uncle," replied the young man; "but my father by adoption. He is a Lutheran pastor—a miracle of erudition; but as simple as a child, and as pious as an apostle."

"I hear you are terribly learned yourself, Mr. Trefalden," said Miss Hatherton, rising abruptly. "But what is this they are going to do—a waltz? Do you waltz?"

"Try me," replied Saxon, merrily. "It is our national dance—the only dance I ever knew, till I learned these hideous quadrilles a few weeks ago."

In another moment he had encircled the heiress's waist with his arm, and was flying round the hall with her in those smooth, swift circles which no dancers, however good, can execute like the Germans and Swiss. Miss Hatherton was delighted, for she valued a good partner above all things, and Saxon was the best waltzer in the room.

She would willingly have danced and talked with him all the rest of the evening; for Miss Hatherton liked to be amused, and cared very little for the remarks of lookers-on; while Saxon, pleased with her blunt cordiality, would with equal readiness have gone on waltzing, and praising a Swiss life, till it was time to hand her to her carriage. But this was not to be. Lady Castletowers, who, in her quality of hostess, always knew what her guests were doing, was by no means disposed to permit any such proceeding; so she dispatched her son to dance with the heiress, and, having sent for Saxon, herself handed him over to Miss Colonna for the next quadrille.

By this time the arrivals were over, and the departures had begun; and after supper was served, the rooms cleared rapidly. By two o'clock, all were gone, save those guests who remained for the night, and of these there were about a dozen.

Then Viscount and Lady Esber, who had brought valet and maid in their suit, retired to the stately apartments prepared for their reception; and the young men all went down to the Earl's smoking-room; and the Colonnas, instead of going to bed like the rest of the guests, repaired to the little study in the turret. They had much to talk over. Mr. Thompson, the liberal member, had brought them information of Garibaldi, and a packet of letters from friends in London and Turin; Miss Hatherton and Mr. Walkingshaw had promised contributions to the fund; and Mrs. Bunyon had undertaken to distribute some addresses, and fill up a card, among her friends. With the Esbers and Lord Boxhill there was, of course, nothing to be done. Like Lady Castletowers, they looked upon liberty as a vulgar institution, and upon patriots in general as doubtful characters.

The letters read, and such entries made as were necessary, the father and daughter rose to say good night.

"You have done nothing yet, Olympia," said the Italian. "Here is the fourth day already gone."

"I know it."

"I have talked with him once or twice about our country's cause, and he listens willingly; but I have purposely abstained from doing more. The work is yours—why do you delay it?"

"I will not delay it longer," said Olympia, impatiently; "I will begin it to-day."

"He is so rich," said Colonna, "and Italy so poor; and every letter we receive is a prayer for help!"

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"Come, come, Chutney, you are in a passion, and will not hear reason. Let Mrs. Chutney explain."

"Two days ago," said Mrs. Chutney, quietly, "at the colonel's request I wrote to Sir Frederic Samperton, asking him to dine here to-day, or to some any other day on which he could dine with us, and I stupidly put his note into an envelope directed to Mr. Deal, at the same time enclosing a note intended for Mr. Deal about the exchange of an ottoman, to Sir Frederic. Mr. Deal consequently thought he was invited to dinner, and arrived at six o'clock. While I, knowing Colonel Chutney's irritability and impatience with my short-comings, foolishly strove to hide my mistake by sending Deal into the garden."

Further explanation was cut short by the abrupt entrance of Miss Bousfield, who drugged rather than led Mary Holden after her.

Poor Mary looked much less brilliant than usual. Her cheeks were pale, and a dark shade under the eyes bespoke fatigue or anxiety. Still the mouth looked resolute, and the large speaking eyes were even brighter than ever in their sadness.

Mrs. Chutney stepped forward hastily, and warmly embraced the culprit, who endeavoured to brush away a tear furtively.

"There," said Miss Bousfield, "is a reception for a modest woman to give one with—a cloud on her reputation, to say the least."

"Aunt Barbara!" cried Mary, stung to self-possession by this coarse attack. "I know you will try to degrade and insult me in every way; but, for all that, the motives which took me to Sir Frederic's chambers were pure and good."

"Nevertheless, you don't like to disclose them," said Miss Bousfield, sneeringly.

"Excuse me, Miss Bousfield," said Colonel Chutney, solemnly, "but I have some very queer suspicions—there's some ugly work going on somewhere. Now, Miss Mary! you decline positively to say what business took you to Sir Frederic Samperton's; will you assure me it was not in any way connected with Mrs. Chutney?"

"With me?" exclaimed his wife.

"Mrs. Chutney was perfectly unacquainted with my visit, or its object," replied Mary, steadily.

"Oh!" cried Miss Bousfield, exasperated to find how little her severity or condemnation was valued by her penniless niece. "You may say what you please, but it's my opinion that the truth isn't in you."

At this moment Colonel Chutney's eye was attracted by the corner of an envelope which peeped out of Mrs. Chutney's little work-basket. Without more ado he drew it forth, and while Peake was trying to soothe the aunt and to comfort the niece, read its contents. Then, with a withering look of indignation, repeated it aloud:

"My dear Mrs. Chutney.

"Hal! Dear Mrs. Chutney would have been enough for all purposes of civility."

"Your charming note"

"Oh, a charming note!"

"has just reached me; quite in time to prevent any mischief."

"Query, who was the bearer of that note, eh?" Here he glared at Mary with all his might.

"Forgive me if I express a wish to trace in what direction your gentle thoughts could have been floating when you made the mistake."

"What infernal nonsense! It isn't correct English, hang me if it is!"

"It will give me infinite pleasure to accept your hospitality on Tuesday next. I well know Colonel Chutney's peculiarities."

"Colonel Chutney's peculiarities! Hal! my peculiarities! What infernal impudence! Why, what peculiarities have I, I should like to know?"

"Your secret is perfectly safe."

"Is it? Egad! we'll worm it out somehow."

"Yours, as ever, most truly,

"F. SAMPERTON."

"Pray, Colonel Chutney," began his wife—

"Confound it, Mrs. Chutney! What are my peculiarities? Is this the way a man is to be dis-

counted by the wife of his bosom, to—a man—a man about town?"

"Ah!" put in Miss Bousfield, still triumphantly, "there is a pair of them! I wash my hands of them. I never did expect gratitude! But I was fool enough to believe that creatures without any stake in the game would at least play fair."

"What have we to be grateful for?" asked Mary, composedly. "What have you ever done but look on, and prophesy evil, while strangers held out the rope to pull us struggling orphans through the surf of life?" To Colonel Chutney "I had nothing to do with that note—my business was my own, and I do not choose to reveal it—let me go!" Bursting into tears, "I'll advertise to-morrow for a situation as governess to go abroad, to the Colonies, or Kamschatka, and never come back again!"

"Stop a bit, Miss Holden," said Captain Peake, who had been edging closer to her.

"How dare you speak to me in that manner, you penniless chit?" cried her enraged aunt. "Do you know I can cut you off with a shilling?"

"I may be penniless, Miss Bousfield," replied the niece, "but I am a capitalist for all that. I have my share of the great original capital—youth, health, industry, and patience. If I can provide for my own wants, I am as independent and as rich as Croesus."

Captain Peake here made a timid exclamation, and, asking Mary to listen to him, drew her aside, and proceeded to whisper insinuatingly into her ear.

"Where is all this to end?" asked Chutney, observing this, and ceasing to pace the room in his fury. "What devilish schemes may not now be plotting under my very nose! But I will be blind no longer. No, by Jove, no! Your keys, madam! I'll see the contents of that davenport!"

Mrs. Chutney, still keeping an air of indifference, handed over the keys.

Colonel Chutney opened the davenport, and pulled out account books, notes, papers, a ready reckoner, some half-finished embroidery, Johnson's dictionary, receipts for various curries. "Hal! butcher's book—one fortnight unpaid! Baker's—a week owing! Robbed and betrayed, both. Madame Friscelle's account unpaid!" He struck his hand vehemently on one side of the davenport, whereupon a secret drawer flew open.

"Another paper," cried the distracted husband. "A man's writing! What is this?"—and he read:

"London, May 18th, 186—

"Two months after date I promise to pay to the order of Thomas Bousfield, Esq., Fifty Pounds for value received.

"FREDERIC SAMPERTON."

What is this? How came it here?"

"I have done with explanations," said Mrs. Chutney; "but I will say that I was not aware that such a drawer as that existed."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mary, "how could the bill have got there? Has dear Loo paid and concealed it?"

"Let me see," said Miss Bousfield, putting on her glasses and compressing her lips. "This is a strange business! A promissory note to Tom Bousfield, signed by—"

"Sir Frederic Samperton," announced the page, throwing open the door.

The fresh and smiling baronet appeared, like the genius of order and good breeding, to the conflicting assemblage.

"I am particularly anxious to assure you," addressing himself first to Mrs. Chutney, "that Miss Holden's visit of yesterday was simply—"

"Sir," interrupted Colonel Chutney, solemnly, and holding Sir Frederic's letter towards him, "this is no time for trifling. A question or two, if you please," striking open the epistle. "Is that your handwriting?"

"It looks like it."

"And here, sir, did you or did you not address this note to my wife?"

"I did, Colonel Chutney."

"Is that your signature?" continued the colonel, showing him Tom Bousfield's promissory note.

"That is a question I decline to answer," cried the astonished baronet. "But where did you find it? I have been hunting for it incessantly for the last four days."

"Lost or found, I suspect it to be a forgery," said Chutney. "A drop or two more or less of disgrace is of small importance in such a bumper as this," said the Colonel, bitterly.

"Really, Chutney," began Samperton, in a tone of severe common sense, "you must excuse me, but I am a good deal surprised to see a man of your standing and knowledge of the world so knocked over by a simple contretemps. Mrs. Chutney very kindly invites me to dinner, and at the same time she writes to Deal, Board, and Co. about some furniture, and puts the notes in wrong envelopes. I got Deal's billet, and write immediately to know what assistance I am expected to render in the case of your ottoman. Mrs. Chutney writes to me again that it is all a mistake, but 'to say nothing about it, as you know how particular Colonel Chutney is.' I reply thus," pointing to the letter still held out by the Colonel, who seemed transfixed.

"Well," said Captain Peake, rubbing his hands with an air of relief, "I think that is cleared up."

"But how about this?" said Colonel Chutney, slowly, and taking up the promissory note.

"Oh!" replied Samperton, in a tone of easy generosity, "that is easily settled. I could never think of wounding the feelings of this young man's charming relatives. The bill I must have put into the secret drawer when I exchanged the davenport for another I liked better. I have told my solicitor to stop proceedings for the present, and you will pay me the fifty pounds when convenient. Don't be in a hurry. Next week will do."

"What!" roared Colonel Chutney, "am I to be betrayed by my wife" (by this time Deal's hat had been kicked away from the curtains, and prompted a new and dreadful suspicion), "and fleeced by a worthless brother in law?"

Here Captain Peake, who had been doing nothing but whispering very eagerly into Mary Holden's ear, exclaimed aloud: "Yes, you must, to oblige me!" Then addressing Sir Frederic: "Miss Holden desires me to say she will be most happy to place fifty pounds to your credit at your banker's to-morrow morning, and so this unpleasant matter may be closed."

"Miss Holden has suddenly become rich," said the colonel, sarcastically.

"You accept my offer?" observed Peake, earnestly addressing Mary. "It is a mere trifle! Don't think twice about it."

"I do accept it! and I accept you too, you dear, kind, generous man," cried Mary, warmly, passing her arm through his. Captain Peake's dark eyes blazed out one flash of delight, and then nodding triumphantly to Sir Frederick, contented himself with patting the little hand which lay on his arm.

A shade of disappointment passed over the baronet's face, but he soon banished it, being too philosophic not to bow before the inevitable. Then, a new light breaking in upon him, as he observed the tender expression of Peake's countenance, the generous side of his character broke out. "My dear Peake!" he exclaimed, "I cannot allow you to hear all the loss!"

"I do not intend to lose anything," replied Captain Peake. "The young lubber shall repay me. I'll put him in the way of doing it, and repayment shall be the salvation of him."

"I hope, now, all misunderstandings are cleared up?" said Samperton.

"Not at all," answered Mrs. Chutney. "From the total want of confidence and consideration Colonel Chutney has shown me, I feel that my society no longer gives him pleasure." Here the colonel, not wishing to compromise his wife before strangers, showed her the rim of Deal's hat, which he held partially concealed. But this had no terrors for the speaker, who continued: "I live in terror of his temper, and in unsuccessful endeavours to please him. Mary, I shall leave this house with you."

"Come Loo!" said the colonel, "these theatrical airs will not impose on me."

"Let me go in peace," returned Mrs. Chutney,

so resolutely that all were astonished, and the colonel dropped Deal's hat, and turned pale. "Keep Wilson," continued Mrs. Oh they, in the same tone of determination; "she understands a curry, and she is tolerably careful. I shall send to-morrow for my large black portmanteau and bonnet-box."

At this crisis, Wilson the page, and housemaid, who, by some mysterious means, seemed fully aware of every tittle of what was passing, entered tumultuously, the women weeping. "D'ye think, 'm, I'd stay behind with such a raging lion of a master, without you, 'm?" cried Wilson. "No! I hereby give notice I leave this day month."

"And I'd be were to an atomy in a fortnight if the mistress wasn't here to soften the 'speritles of the place," added the page.

"I leave with Mrs. Wilson," concluded the housemaid, emphatically.

"Leave? Leave the room this moment!" cried the colonel, broken down by this unanimous testimony against him. "But I say, Loo, this—this is absurd. I—I'm sorry I vexed you. I—oh I don't leave me—I love you—by Jove, I am more in love with you than ever I was."

"What?" asked Mrs. Chutney, "do you openly entreat me to stay, and promise to put up with my short-comings, and try to make the best of me?"

"Yes, stay on any terms. I do ask you. I won't find fault any more; and nothing that happens in this house shall put me in a passion again." Several tender adjurations to his "dear Loo!" followed, and the colonel finished by holding out his arms to her.

"You darling old tiger," said his wife, falling into them. "Have we filed your claws at last?"

CURIOUS EPITAPHS.

An epitaph in an Essex, (England,) churchyard, runs as follows—

'Here lies of Johnson, the venerable dust;
Forget him old England never must;
And here have come to rest their weary bones,
Their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jones.'

Another in Cheshire, on a person whose name was "Poorly."

"Poorly lived,
And poorly died,
Poorly buried,
And no one cried.'

Another in an Irish cemetery—

"Here lies John Davies,
Quite at his ease,
With the tips of his toes
And the end of his nose
Turned up to the roots of the daisies."

The internal evidence of the following is sufficient to show what they purport to be,—viz., the epitaph of an accomplished parish officer at Crayford in Kent. They run as follows:—

Here lieth the body of
Peter Iscoll.

(30 years Clerk of this Parish.)
He lived respected as a pious and mirthful man, and died on his way to Church to assist at a Wedding on the 31st day of March, 1811; aged 70 years.

The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone to his cheerful memory, and as a tribute to his long and faithful services.

The life of this Clerk was just threescore and ten, Nearly half of which time he had sung out Amen; In his Youth he was married, like other young men, But his Wife died one day, so he chanted Amen. A second he took, she departed, what then? He married and buried a third with Amen. Thus his joys and his sorrows were Trebled, but then His Voice was deep Bass as he sung out Amen. On the horn he could blow as well as most men, So his horn was exalted in blowing Amen; But he lost all his Wind after threescore and ten, And here with three Wives he waits till again The Trumpet shall rouse him to sing out Amen.

THE BODY AVENGED.—By too much sitting still the body becomes unhealthy, and soon the mind. This is Nature's law. She will never see her children wronged. If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite the oppressor. Thus has many a monarch's mind been detached

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES.

1. What is that English word of five syllables from which, if you remove two letters, no syllable will be left?

2. What is the third and half a third of eleven pence?

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why must an avaricious person have a bad memory?

2. Why are the French Church towers like a hall room?

3. When is a wounded man like a French document.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. SEEEEOFNFVCR. Produced by chemical operation.

2. PASTTEELR. A chemical compound.

3. ORCTULYS. What ladies are celebrated for.

4. OPEHYS. Famous two thousand years ago.

5. RSMPESE. No ordinary individual.

6. Must not I cover plans. A celebrated personage. E. R. A.

7. Make one word out of "New door," (obvious.)

CHARADES.

My first in locks and keys is found,
And sometimes too in Chancery;
At court my second sweeps the ground,
Respect to show to majesty.
Then in my whole, with special care,
'Tis safely housed for ladies fair.

2. My first is a material used in buildings; my second is a measure; my third is a man's name mentioned in scripture, and my whole is a bird

3. I think kind friend that you and I,
Do both my first possess,
Mankind must all, my second have,
I know you will confess,
A thrilling story is my whole
Its name I pray you guess.

ENIGMA.

I am a word of five letters; read me forward and I am an English name, and what you pass on a journey; backwards I prove a Turk; my first two letters read forward are an Italian pronoun, my last two read backwards are a French pronoun, and my last three read forward are a French article.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. A number of merchants have a common stock of £5000, and each contributes to it twenty times as many pounds as there are partners, with which they gain as much per cent as there are partners. On dividing the profit, it turns out that after each has received five times as many pounds as there are partners in the company, there is still remaining £200. Required the number of merchants.

2. A man, on returning from a long journey, was asked by a friend how many days he had been travelling. He replied, "I have travelled 1000 miles in 20 days; the first day I went 12 miles, increasing every day by an equal excess." What was that daily increase?

3. The sum of the squares of two numbers are 61, and if from the square of the first their product be taken, the remainder will be 6. What are the numbers?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c. No. 7.

Puzzles. 1. 5jd.

2. 15 Apples. This question was not clearly stated; it should have read "half of what remained and half an apple more at the second gate, and the same at the third." Most of our correspondents appear, however, to have understood it as we intended they should:

Charades. 1. Locomotive. 2. Bachelor.

Enigma. 1. Key. 2. Ghost.

Conundrum. Because it is a bee holder (beholder).

Transpositions. Sore, Bose, Oro, Sorel. 2.

Reciprocity. 3. Tomahawk. 4. Marriage. 5.

Etiquette.

Anagrams. 1. Petunia. 2. Geranium. 3.

Violet. 4. Heartsease. 5. Cineraria. 6. Carnation. 7. Lobelia. 8. Lilac.

The following answers have been received.

Puzzles. Both, Gloriana, X.Y.Z. J. McD P. H. H. V. Nemo, E. H. A., H. J. M.; 1st. Peter. Jim Crack Corn, S. E. F.

Charades. Both, H. H. L.; Gloriana X. Y. Z.; W. W. Nemo 2nd. J. McD P., S. E. F. Q. E. D. Peter, Jim Crack Corn, H. H. L.; J. S. D., E. H. A., H. J. M.

Enigma. Both, Gloriana, Peter S. E. F.; 2nd. Q. E. D., H. H. L., X. Y. Z., W. W., Jim Crack Corn. Nemo E. H. A.

Conundrum. Gloriana, J. McD P., + J. S. D., Jim Crack Corn, Q. E. D., E. H. A., H. J. M. Nemo.

Transposition. All, S. E. F., Peter, X. Y. Z., W. W., J. S. D. Gloriana, J. McD P., Jim Crack Corn. Nemo 1st + 3rd, 4th, and 5th., H.H.L. H. J. M., E. H. A.

Anagrams. All, H. H. L., + J. McD P., Gloriana, J. S. D., S. E. F., Peter, Q. E. D. 1st to 4th and 8th., J. S. D. 2nd to 8th, X. Y. Z. Nemo E. H. A., H. J. M.

The following did not reach us in time to be acknowledged in last week's number: Gloriana, Laura, A. A. Oxon, Ware H., Clio.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

We hear that an aeronautic society is in course of formation in London. Mr. Glaisher is to be one of the council. Its object will be to make aerial experiments.

Mr. H. J. Church, writing to *The Chemical News*, gives the following method for making skeleton leaves: "The leaves are boiled for two minutes, then transferred to a strong solution of permanganate of potash and gently heated. In an hour or two the laxter tissues may be easily removed by the means of a brush. Sulphurous acid or a solution of chloride of lime may be used for bleaching them. The stains of permanganate of potash upon the fingers are easily washed off by dilute sulphuric acid."

The following are among the results of the recent observations made by M. Coulvier Gravier upon shooting stars. The mean of every three observations being taken showed that from the 24th of July to the 7th of August the number of shooting stars increased from 6.1 to 26.8, while on the maximum of the 9th, 10th, and 11th of August the number was 58, but again decreased on the following days. M. Coulvier Gravier's yearly observations show not only a cessation of the increase, but a gradual decrease in the horary number of shooting stars; in 1864 there were seen 2.8 less than the year before, and this year there is again the diminution of 5 from the mean horary number of last year.

We referred a short time back to a system of concentrating syrups by the application of cold, the water being frozen, and the sugar left in solution. The *Moniteur*, in an article on the recent increase in the produce of Havannah, states that M. Reynoso, the inventor of the process above referred to, has already succeeded in obtaining, by means of improved methods of cultivation, fifteen thousand kilogrammes of sugar per hectare, instead of the usual yield of three thousand. By treating the syrups according to the freezing process, the per centage of sugar obtained is nearly doubled.—*The Reader*.

SEWERS.—The offlaria which escape from sewers, in the very attempt to ventilate them, are of a most pernicious character, and has been productive of mischievous effects. M. Robinet, a French chemist, has devised a very effective means of freeing the sewers from them. For this purpose, he proposes that the furnaces of factories shall derive their supply of air from the sewers; the latter will thus be emptied of their mephitic gases, which will be destroyed by composition, fresh air from the atmosphere supplying their place. He calculates that if the combustion of 70,000 tons of coal can be thus economised annually in Paris, or only a tenth part of what is about 140,000,000 cubic feet of fresh air—that is more than seven times their contents—daily. He would apply the same principle to the ventilation of cesspools, &c. It has been partially in use already on the small scale.—*Scientific Review*.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Soto.—The definitions are unique and many of them droll; we will select a number for insertion in an early issue. Thanks.

R. A. S., HUNTINGTON.—The present number contains a satisfactory comment upon your letter.

W. P. D., TORONTO.—"Atalanta in Calydon" has been reprinted by Ticknor & Fields. You can procure it through any of your booksellers.

Memo.—You are right. Typographical errors in both cases.

E. H. A.—The Con. noted by you was sent to us as original; please forward the information we asked for in last week's issue.

Clio.—In making up our Pastime column we purposely present many questions which are of easy solution, in order that our younger friends may be interested. We have not previously met with the proposition you forward, and shall be glad to insert it, but would like to be in possession of the solution before doing so. Please forward it.

E. R. A.—Yes, in the second line, fifth word, which should read "dieng."

JIM CRACK CORN.—We feel half inclined to doubt what you say when you describe yourself as "a poor boy—very poor." At any rate you you have had educational advantages, and have written us a very sensible letter, which would not disgrace any lad in Canada. Fortunately the road to advancement in our country is open to all, and we think and hope you are just the lad to press forward in it; with diligence, probity, and perseverance, you may yet be prime minister. The errors referred to have caused us considerable annoyance. One or both of your contributions will be inserted.

WM. W.—Welcome as an old friend.

GLEIANA.—We certainly would apologise with all befitting humility, could we charge ourselves with neglecting your first communication. It did not reach us in time to be acknowledged in our last number.

J. S. D.—"Because my neighbour does wrong, therefore I may" is bad logic and worse morality; and we are glad to see that you acknowledge it to be so. We owe you an apology respecting the second point—the phrase staggered us, not understanding it in the light you indicate. We endorse your suggestion, and shall be glad to hear from you whenever you can find leisure to write.

Woff.—The article is under consideration, but we fear we shall be compelled to reject it.

FRONTENAC, U. E.—Your communication is to hand, and will appear in our next issue. Thanks!

EMMA M., TORONTO.—The subject is hackneyed, and you present nothing original in its treatment.

MARY DASHWOOD.—It will never do to make your hero propose and your heroine softly whisper "yes, and thank you kindly," after sixty minutes acquaintance. Croquet must be a dangerous game, if such tremendous results habitually flow from it. The gentle Minnie and the impassible Mr. Leslie should have been allowed at least twenty-four hours to dream and sigh over their true, true love of marvellous sudden growth, ere they were discovered on the sofa clasped in each other's arms. You must try again, Mary. The game at croquet won't do.

PEREN.—The mistake is corrected in the present number.

C. H. S.—The M.S. is to hand. We have only found time to glance over it cursorily, but our impression is that the letter will be inserted.

MYRA O.—We have received the tale, but shall not be able to give you our opinion of it this week; will do so in our next issue.

BREISS.—The horse-power of an engine can be ascertained in the following manner:—Take the pressure per square inch in pounds, multiply it by the area of the piston, multiply the product by the number of strokes per minute, and this product by the length of the stroke (double); then divide the result by 33,000.

M. W.—A hospital under female medical practitioners has been opened in London, England, and we believe that quite a number of females are practicing medicine in the States.

A. H. Y.—We cannot of course promise before we have an opportunity of perusing the M.S.

WILLIAM O.—Probably not—we do not believe the threats will be carried into execution.

ALPNA.—Morey is twice blessed.

ELLEN B.—We refer you to the notice in the present issue respecting back numbers.

B. N.—The measure is not sufficiently correct to warrant insertion. The idea, however, is good.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

TO REMOVE WALNUT AND FRUIT STAINS FROM THE FINGERS.—Dip them in strong tea, rubbing the nails with it and using a nail-brush; afterwards wash in warm water. The stains come out instantly.—See also No. 809.

INEXPENSIVE PEGMATOM.—Lard two pounds; beef suet one pound; essence of lemon, one drachm.

INK STAINS ON BOOKS AND ENGRAVINGS.—They may be removed by applying a solution of oxalic acid, citric acid, or tartaric acid upon the paper, without fear of damage. These acids take out writing ink, but do not interfere with the printing.

OINTMENT FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—Goulard's extract, one fluid drachm; rose-water one fluid ounce; spermaceti-ointment, two ounces. Melt the ointment, and rub it up with the extract of Goulard, mixed with the rose-water.

PLAIN BISCUITS.—Into a pound of flour rub half a pound of butter; then mix thoroughly half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda with two ounces of powdered white sugar; blend these ingredients well with the flour, and make up the paste with a quarter of a pint of fresh milk. Roll it a quarter of an inch thick, after having kneaded it very smooth. Shape it out into rounds with the top of a wine-glass. Roll those out thin, prick them well, lay them on lightly-floured tins, and bake them in a gentle oven until they are crisp quite through. If you make a quantity of these biscuits, you should keep them in dry canisters.

CROQUETS.—The ingredients of croquets are various. They have this to recommend them, that they can be made to use up anything left at table the day before, whether fish, flesh, or fowl. But they cannot be made properly without plenty of fine crumbs of bread. With a good grater and a stale loaf, these are easily procured; but to provide against the chance of having no stale bread, it is well, from time to time, to put all waste cuttings of bread into the oven until brown, then to keep them in a bag in a dry place. They will thus be ready for croquets, veal cutlets, &c. Fish or meat intended for croquets must be minced, then mixed in a bowl, with an equal quantity of crumbs of bread, and seasoned to taste with pepper and salt; after which, according to the quantity of your ingredients, beat up an egg, or eggs, white and yolk together, and mix, with the meat and crumbs, so as to form a stiff paste. Roll into balls about the size of a potatoe, and fry in melted butter. The fire should not be a fierce one, as croquets, in order to be done thoroughly, should be done slowly. Turn them frequently, and serve up when of a light brown colour. Croquets are very suitable either for luncheon or supper.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

"Whose son are you, my little boy?"—"I ain't no-body's son; I'm Mr. Thompson's nephew, sir."

You may wish to get a wife without a failing; but what if the lady, after you find her, happens to be in want of a husband of the same character!

A LADY excused her extreme love for diamonds and other precious stones by saying, "They are the only bright things which never fade on earth."

While talking a few days ago about a lady of his acquaintance, a gentleman remarked that she was so graceful that she walked about the house "like a sylph." An Irish gentleman who was present, and who heard the observation, remarked, "An' would you have her then crape about like a crab or a cat? Share, what could she do but walk like herself?"

COUSIN'S TALK.—"No, Amy, you're quite wrong I never was refused in all my life."

"Oh, Tom, how can you say so? Why, there was Louie Simpson."

"I tell you again, you're wrong, completely wrong. It's true I was 'declined with thanks' once, but I never was refused."

A COMMON WANT.—In the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically over the excited disputants, he began—"Gentlemen, all I want is common sense."

"Exactly," Jerrold interrupted: "that is precisely what you do want!"

The discussion was lost in a burst of laughter.

SAYING AND DOING.—A candidate at an election, who lacked eloquence, when another had, in a long and brilliant speech, promised great things, got up and said "Electors of G—, all that he has said I will do."

The President of the English Royal Academy, Sir Martin Arthur Sbee, F.R.S., was an artist of some renown; and it was upon his name that Lamb made one of his best jokes. Two men at a club-house were discussing the paternity of a picture on the walls, when one of them remarked, "I'll wager a guinea that that picture was painted by Sbee."—"I beg your pardon," interrupted Lamb in his driest manner, "but would it not be more grammatical to say 'painted by her?'"

WHAT IT WAS.—A lady passing along the street one morning last winter, noticed a little boy scattering salt upon the sidewalk, for the purpose of clearing the ice. "Well, I'm sure," said the lady, "that's real benevolence."—"No, it ain't, ma'am," replied the boy, "it's salt."

A FUNSTER in human form declares that it is no wonder that American finances are in a state so far from satisfactory. He asserts that everything depends upon the "money of account"—the unit by which you reckon. England, he says, can always pay twenty shillings in the pound—"In fact" (this he whispered below his breath), "she is pound" (or "bound"—we did not quite catch the word) "to do so. France is always prepared with a 'franc' statement of her liabilities. Even Spain, who is proverbially considered insolvent, reckoning her liabilities in 'reals,' can at any time make out a clear account of her 'real' debt. It is only America," he says, "which, summing up her financial position, will find the arithmetical result truly and unmistakably *dollar-ous!*"

TOM CLARKE, of St. John's College, Cambridge, desired a fellow of the same college to lend him Bishop Burnet's "History of the Reformation;" the other told him he could not spare it out of his chamber, but if he pleased he might come there and read it all day long. Some time after the same gentleman sends to Tom to borrow his bellows. Tom sent him word that he could not possibly spare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and use them all day long if he wished.

LOAN ELDES AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEP.—Traveling the circuit with a companion, who, according to a custom not uncommon in those days, always carried pistols with him, and placed them under his pillow, they slept one night at an inn, and at dawn of day Mr. Scott discovered in his bedroom a man's figure, seemingly dressed in black. The intruder, being sharply challenged, said: "Please your honour, I am only a poor sweep, and I believe I've come down the wrong chimney." "My friend," was the reply, "you have come down the right; for I give you a sixpence to buy a pot of beer, while the gentleman in the next room sleeps with pistols under his pillow, and had you paid him a visit he would have blown your brains out."—*Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors.*

A Good story is told of an Irish ostler, who was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveller's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveller, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveller pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag."—"Certainly, yer honour, I know that very well; but I didn't know which was the other gentleman's."

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much reliance. That there would be difficulties to encounter in navigating the Gulf and River in winter, as well as in creating a shipping port that would be useful for commercial purposes, we are willing to admit. But money, science, and resolution can overcome obstacles which often at first are supposed to be unsurmountable. With respect to the effects of cold on the wheels and machinery of a steamer, that has been fully tested at Caughnawaga, and the temperature of salt water is known to be higher than that of fresh water. Nor do we believe that the floating ice in the river below Bic or Green Island could injure iron propellers; and generally the water there is open and clear as far as the sight can reach. As for the batteries and formations of ice along the shore, good engineers with plenty of money would think little of them, and would find or make a way to get rid of them or to wield them to their purpose. In view therefore of the vast benefits that a sea port within our own territory would confer on the country, we cannot but be of opinion, that the matter ought to be put to the test. One of the iron propellers at the disposal of the British Admiral on the North American Station might be despatched into the Gulf next February for the attempt. The admiral, we are certain, would not refuse to do so; and the officers and men who brave the icebergs of the Arctic seas, would find no terror in the dangers of the St. Lawrence.

LITERATURE AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE literature of our day is a great debtor to good book-making. To excellent typography, toned paper, and artistic binding, it owes much. We will not say that the acceptability, with readers, of all books, is due to their elegant mechanism and dress, rather than to the merit of their subject matter; but it is only just to the intellect and taste of our people to presume that much that now-a-days is written finds ready sale from the attractive and captivating exterior and interior it presents. And no doubt, this is the reason why so much is published which is mere book-making. So much in the way of "Selections," "Beauties," "Elegant Extracts," &c.

The truth is, there is so much of this collecting and editing in our time, and so much produced depending for a sale on mechanical effect merely, that we fear for the future estimate of the literature of the present century. Especially is this book-making indulged in, in the department of poetry, that we frequently ask ourselves the question, Where are our poets? Is there nothing original published? We have "Golden Leaves from the Poets," "Casquets of Gems," "Translations," and lyrics innumerable; but where are the great poems of our day—the productions that are to go down to ages with those of Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, and Byron of the last century? But we have our poets, it will be said; and those, too, whose names will be enshrined on the bright scroll of posthumous fame. We have Tennyson, Longfellow, Browning, and a host of lesser names, Massey, Alex. Smith, Jean Ingelow, and Robert Buchanan; but what have they written that may justly be termed "a great poem?" Our aerial literature is much to be blamed for the absence of these great efforts. Our literary possessions are indeed poor. The demands of the age are material, and only for the passing hour. The taste of the day requires nothing more laboured than short lyrics and Magazine idyls; and much that is written, even by our first poets, is but produced to accompany some clever pencil sketch, much in the way of the old annual contributions. We hope that the literary censors and critics will see that our writers make amends for this. We can have but desultory reading when we have but desultory writing. Leaving this matter at present, we proceed to our usual summary of the books of the day, which, from want of space, we must confine to one department.—*Illustrated Works.* The publishers, we are glad to find, are now entering the field with the literary commissariat for Christmas and the holidays. Choice and rare promises to

be the approaching art-vintage season. Abundant and excellent will be the literary harvest pen. Pencil and tool have this year shown more than their usual cunning and industry. We meet with, first "A Round of Days described in original poems, by some of our most celebrated poets, and in pictures by eminent artists." This superb guinea volume contains some forty original poems and seventy pictures, illustrating subjects of every day life of the most varied character. "Pictures of Society, Grave and Gay," is a collection of one hundred engravings on wood, many of which embellished the pages of "London Society," and are from the drawings of most skillful artists, and from the pens of popular authors. "The Sermon on the Mount" is a most elaborate volume, chromo-lithographed from illuminations by two architects. The designs are gorgeously executed, representing every period of art and every age of palæography. "The Poetry of the Year" is a volume of the finest pastorals in our language, illustrative of the seasons of the year. It is charmingly illustrated by drawings from Birket, Foster, Harrison, Weir, and others, beautifully executed in chromo-lithography. A small volume with photographic illustrations of the paintings of Rubens, Rembrandt, Leo da Vinci, and others, will find many admirers. The photographs illustrate a series of brief meditations on the Life of Christ, under the title of "Salvator Mundi." The announcement is made, as being nearly ready, of "La Saints Bible, d'après la Vulgate, avec des dessins par Gustave Doré." This sumptuous edition of the Scriptures will contain 230 illustrations, from the drawings of this wild and fanciful genius, at a cost of fifty dollars. It is to be reproduced, we understand, in English by the Messrs. Cassell, who have just produced the same illustrator's edition of "Dante's Inferno," a subject that was well suited to Doré's weird imagery. "Dalziell's Illustrated Arabian Nights Entertainments," we find has just been completed. The work is enriched with 200 pictures drawn by Millais, Tenniel, Watson, and Houghton. The fiction of art is idealized in a work entitled "The World before the Deluge," by Louis Figuier with 25 landscapes of the ancient world, designed by Rion, and 208 figures of animals, plants, and other fossil remains. No doubt, the cosmographers, ethnologists, and geologists will be curious to see this rather startling work. Illustrated editions of "Traill's Josephus," "The Recreations of a Country Parson," "The Royal Heraldic Album," and a host of annuals, almanacs, &c., complete the announcements of the press for the approaching holiday season, which have thus far been made.

We will supply our resumé of the new publications in the other departments of literature in our next number. G. M. A.

THE SONNETS OF SHAKSPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE is the great central sun of the modern intellectual firmament, round which, since his own time, the whole glittering system of English literature has revolved. Like that other sun of the celestial economy, there are spots upon his surface, but they detract nothing from his splendour; nor does the lapse of years diminish his brightness. He who built the great Pyramid is unknown; and, in a certain sense, the same remark might apply to him who has raised such a superstructure of thought that the monuments of genius erected in other lands, and upon other languages, seem, in comparison, as ant-hills beside the towering majesty of the Alps. A mystery overshadows him like that which broods over the existence of Homer.

It is the general impression that we know nothing definite about Shakspeare. This is partially true. His daily life, his haunts, his companions, are mere matters of surmise. But if we desire to glance at what may be called his inner life; if we wish to see the great magician within his cell; if we would behold him revealing himself to himself, and hear the musical moanings of his vexed spirit—then we must lay his dramas aside, and turn to his sonnets.

We must remember that the age in which he

lived was as prolific in vices as it was in great men. Nor did he escape unscathed; and the last twenty-five sonnets, with some others, tell us of his intimacy with a mistress who was "twice forsworn." But while his gifted compeers, Green, Peele, and Marlow sank beneath the defiled and turbid stream, this strong swimmer, born to a higher destiny, and to the inheritance of a wider fame, battled with the surge bravely and successfully, and at length reached the shore. As he himself says, "the best men are moulded out of faults," and he is an example of the truth of his own observation. He had been drawn into that terrible vortex, from whose wreck-strewn surface and sepulchral roar, memory flies affrighted. And well do these sonnets tell us of the pangs he endured; well do they picture that remorse which is sometimes worse than death. Hear how he bewails the past in the 110th sonnet:

"Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most
dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true is it, that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely."

Here is a great soul standing face to face with conscience and covering itself with sackcloth and ashes; it is only such spirits that can repent and have the boldness to acknowledge before the world that they have sinned and atoned. The little mind lets nothing agitate it. A passing regret will be sufficient atonement for most offences; but it is not to be expected that a tempest will stir from its depths a shallow pool as it would the waters of the ocean. In the 74th sonnet we see that so far had the clouds of remorse overshadowed his spirit, that even thoughts of suicide came up like dark and tempting spectres before his imagination. And then we have the 146th sonnet, where contrition, deep repentance, finds expression in the following exquisitely pathetic lines:

"Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then soul live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more.
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then."

We will at present say no more on this subject, but may revert to it at a future time. There are some who can see no blemishes in the life of a favourite author, but they who close their eyes to his faults show that they are unacquainted with life, and at the same time possess no rational appreciation of his character; for if he fell, is it not a matter of deep regret? and if he rose again, winging his way up through the storms and mists of temptation, as an eagle cleaves its course through the clouds, in order that it may gaze upon the sun, is it not a matter for admiration? A great soul emerges from temptation strengthened and purified. We have left ourselves little space to speak of the beauties of the sonnets, and they are as numerous as morning dew drops in a garden of roses. But here is a specimen:—it is sonnet 104:

"To me, fair friend, you never can grow old,
Forus you were, when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters' cold
Have from the forest shook three summers' pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned;
In process of the seasons have I seen
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd.
Since first I saw you fresh which yet art green;
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.
For fear of which, hear this, the age unbred,
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead."

Throughout the sonnets runs a silvery rivulet of thought and poesy, a shining tributary of that majestic river on which his dramas have floated down to immortality. And we have only space enough left to say that, while in his dramas William Shakspeare depicts humanity, in his sonnets he portrays himself. S. J. W.

Montreal

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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- Botta. Dante as a Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Carleton. Our Artist in Cuba. Fifty Drawings on Wood. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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A DREAM.

I HEARD the dogs bark in the moonlight night,
And I went to the window to see the sight;
All the dead that ever I knew
Going one by one and two by two.

On they pass'd, and on they pass'd;
Townsfellows all from first to last;
Born in the moonlight of the lease
And quench'd in the heavy shadow again.

Schoolfellows passing as when we play'd
At soldiers once—but now more staid;
Those were the strangest eight to me
Who were drown'd, I know, in the awful sea.

Straight and handsome folk; bent and weak too;
And some that I loved, and gasp'd to speak to;
Some just buried a day or two,
And some of whose death I never knew.

A long, long crowd—where each seem'd lonely,
And yet of them all there was one, one only,
That raised a head or look'd my way;
And she seem'd to linger, but might not stay.

How long since I saw that fair pale face;
Ah! mother dear, might I only place
My head on thy breast a moment to rest
While thy hand on my tearful cheek were prest;

On, on, a moving bridge they made
Across the moon-stream from shade to shade;
Young and old, and women and men;
Many long forgot but remember'd then.

And first there came a bitter laughter;
And a sound of tears the moment after;
And then a music so lofty and gay,
That every morning day by day
I strive to recall it if I may.

ALICE GRANTHAM.

"GUESS who is coming this evening to spend a fortnight with me, Frank?" exclaimed my sister-in-law, suddenly appearing before me as I sat leisurely smoking my cigar on a pleasant August afternoon.

"What would be the use of my guessing, Milly; you have so many visitors whom I do not know?"

"Oh! but this young lady was quite an old flame of yours before you went away to New Orleans, and although you never enquired after her when writing to Willie, I am sure you cannot have forgotten the little girl who monopolised your boyish attentions, and who was almost insupportable because you left her without even a parting farewell."

"Really, you astonish me! I imagined at the time that all my friends were very glad to get rid of me, but I feel quite fluttered to know at last that some tears were shed at my departure. Tell me her name so that I may ever hold it in grateful remembrance."

"What a wonderful memory you must have, Frank, to forget in a few years the object of your first love, Alice Grantham. I am ashamed of you."

"Alice Grantham?" I repeated, laughingly. "That little weazen-faced thing who haunted me like a shadow because I indulged occasionally in a little flirtation with her. Why, Milly, my wife must be beautiful, faultless in taste and disposition, and Alice was sadly deficient in all these virtues when I left Montreal. She may have improved since then, but I assure you that I have not the least desire to fall in love with any one at present."

"Why, Frank, you are the most self-conceited man I ever met with. However, to show you how much reliance I place in your modest assertion, I'll wager you a dressing-case against that set of jewellery you saw me admire at Savage and Lyman's, that before the week is over you will be deeply in love with the little "weazen-faced thing, and very grateful to me as well for being the means of bringing to pass such a happy result."

"Agreed, my dear sister, although the advantages are altogether in my favour."

"Very well. Now throw away that horrid cigar, and go and make yourself presentable. Alice is to bring a cousin with her, and between the two your Southern accomplishments will be

subjected to a severe criticism. The boat from Montreal will be here shortly."

"It will not be the first time I have gone through the ordeal," was my rejoinder. "And remember, Milly, that I shall expect the dressing-case to be a serviceable one," I shouted after her as she disappeared into the house.

My brother's pretty little wife was the gayest woman I ever met with. The smile never left her lips except to give place to the ringing laugh that reminded you of the tingling of distant silver bells. Happily wedded herself, she imagined that it was her duty to exert herself as much as possible in procuring for others a domestic bliss similar to that which she enjoyed. My presence therefore afforded her a capital pretext to bring into play her match-making propensities, and many a lecture was inflicted upon me because I remained at thirty still a bachelor.

Alice Grantham had been a schoolmate of ours, and the friendly intimacy engendered while mastering the rudiments was maintained long after we had ceased to stand in awe of "Old Grimes," as we irreverently called our bald-headed teacher. At twelve she was a puny, fretful creature; and at sixteen, although somewhat improved in looks, and considerably in liveliness of manner, was still very ordinary looking. I flirted with her, it is true; and many a wise tongue predicted a match as the inevitable result, while I was, to tell the truth, seriously debating in my own mind the best means of avoiding a companionship which was daily becoming more and more distasteful to me.

The opportunity soon arrived. She was on a visit to some friends in Quebec, when a situation in New Orleans was offered me; and ere she returned I was labouring assiduously at my post hundreds of miles away.

Seven years elapsed before I returned to Montreal. My brother and his charming little wife were spending the summer months at Berthier, a little village some forty-five miles down the St. Lawrence, and thither I immediately proceeded. Two weeks afterward the conversation with which this story opens transpired.

I was somewhat curious, I must admit, to see what changes time had wrought in the person of Allen. The picture I drew of her while putting the last touches to my toilet was not a flattering one, but I allowed a wide margin for improvements, nevertheless.

At seven precisely Milly and I were standing on the wharf waiting for the steamer which was to bring our expected visitors. To a stranger the scene was a most amusing one. The arrival of the boat seemed to be the signal for the turning out of the whole population of the place, from the little ragged urchin in eager expectation of earning a few cents from some encumbered passenger, to the dandified aristocrat chatting unconcernedly with his friends. A few farmer's horses were slowly munching hay near the freight shed, while five or six cartmen were cracking their whips, and hurling expletives in execrable French at their poor beasts, which, instead of quieting, made them still more restless. Merchants and traders were bustling about making preparations to receive their consignments, while across the street the sidewalk was thronged with scores of the fair sex.

But the Napoleon is rapidly approaching, her steam whistle has pierced our ears with its unearthly scream, and a few minutes afterwards her hawsers are made fast to wooden posts, the gangway is thrown out, and the passengers are hurriedly transferring themselves to dry land, evidently well pleased at the change.

Amongst the last to quit the boat were two ladies, one of whom I was not mistaken in supposing to be Alice Grantham. She greeted me very cordially, and introduced me as an old friend to her cousin Miss Rosa Grantham.

The two cousins were so much alike in a great many respects that a stranger would unhesitatingly have pronounced them sisters. They had the same brown eyes and hair, the same rosy lips, and both were very graceful in manner, but Rosa's eyes were brighter, her features more delicately moulded, and two little dimples lurked mischievously at the corners of her mouth when she smiled. Altogether she was as fascinating a

young lady as ever set wildly throbbing that little organ over which bachelors of thirty pretend to have such control. It is not surprising, therefore that I should exert myself to appear agreeable to her, disregarding, with the most provoking indifference, the meaning glances my sister-in-law resorted to, in order to draw my attention from the piquant beauty, and transfer it to the disguised but accomplished Alice. Milly thought of her wager, no doubt, and I chuckled in anticipation of the amusement I should have in demanding the fulfilment of it.

The next few days were spent in uninterrupted enjoyment. Alice never alluded to our youthful flirtations, and I inwardly thanked her for her silence on a topic that would but have proved disagreeable to us both. My partiality for Rosa soon became evident, and as though divining my wishes, Milly and Alice often disappeared, leaving us tête-à-tête, the result of which may easily be imagined. I did not of course object to the delicacy which prompted them to leave us alone, but I felt sometimes as though Milly had some other object besides the gratification of my wishes. She was not a woman to relinquish easily a project she had once formed. She had wagered that I should fall in love with Alice, and instead of trying to win her wager she was evidently doing her best to lose it. I interrupted her in many a whispered consultation with the latter, and detected often the glances they exchanged when I was more than usually attentive to Rosa. My enquiries as to their meaning ended in a peal of laughter, and a hint not to pry into ladies' secrets. Thus rebuffed I abandoned the subject, and devoted myself to the bewitching Rosa.

Ere the fortnight had elapsed I was deeply in love. Rosa pretended to be indifferent to the passion which had been of so sudden a growth, but with the penetration of a lover I sometimes detected a flush of pleasure or a glance soft and sparkling which gave me hope to proceed. The evening preceding their departure, therefore, I entered the drawing-room, fully resolved to try the test of an avowal. Rosa was softly playing one of those old ballads which I loved so well. I glanced round the room; we were alone. A pleasant smile greeted my appearance, giving place the next moment to a deep blush as my earnest gaze met hers. In a few words I told her how dear she was to me, how necessary to my happiness. She did not speak, but the beautiful head drooped until it touched my shoulder, her hand was quietly laid in mine, and I caught her to my breast.

A few minutes afterwards Milly was heard approaching, and disengaging herself from my embrace Rosa flew out of the room.

"Milly, you have lost your wager," I said, as she entered the room.

"Have I?" she rejoined with a malicious twinkle in her eyes. "Where's Rosa?"

"Just left the room after having promised to be my wife."

A ringing laugh echoed through the room.

"My poor brother, Frank, how nicely we have duped you. Rosa Grantham has been engaged these two months. Do not start, here she is to corroborate my statement," as she whom I had all along taken for Alice entered the room. "You have fallen in love with the Alice of your youth after all, and I believe I have won the wager."

"You provoking little witch!" I exclaimed, as the truth dawned upon my mind.

The cousins, at Milly's request, had changed names in order to carry out her little plot. Alice had developed into such a beautiful captivating young woman that I had failed to recognize her. I loved her too well, however, to feel resentment at the deception practised upon me.

A few weeks afterwards my brother broke up his summer establishment, and returned to Montreal. The set of jewellery was immediately purchased, and the next month Miss Alice Grantham was Miss Alice Grantham no longer.

Montreal, October, 1865

G. H. H.

ANON.—A noble anger at wrong makes all our softer feelings warmer, as a warm climate adds strength to poisons and spices.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

LESSON IX.

SILVER, LEAD, AND MERCURY, IN RELATION TO CHLORINE AND HYDROCHLORIC ACID.

Materials and tests required.—Nitric acid in stoppered bottle; hydrochloric acid in ditto, solution of common salt; quicksilver, lead, nitrate of lead, protonitrate of mercury, solution of nitrate of silver, solution of ammonia, a clean glass flask, chemical ring stand, spirit lamps, wine glasses, test tubes, &c.

Nitrate of lead may be procured of any chemist who deals in tests, or it may be made by adding some metallic lead to nitric acid, taking care to add more lead than the acid can dissolve, which will ensure a neutral solution.

Mercury or quicksilver also dissolves in nitric acid, forming one of two results, either the protonitrate or pernitrate of mercury, according to circumstances. It is as well not to puzzle the young chemist at present by explaining the differences between protonitrate and pernitrate, suffice it to say that the protonitrate of mercury is required for the coming experiment, and it can readily be made by adding an excess of mercury to weak nitric acid, that is, three parts of acid by measure to one of water. It is essential that more mercury should be added than the nitric acid can dissolve. Protonitrate of mercury and nitrate of lead have now been formed. It is presumed that some nitrate of silver has remained over from the preceding experiment.

In the first place call to mind two important characteristics of chloride of silver. It is very soluble in ammonia, but insoluble in both water and nitric acid.

Take now a solution of nitrate of lead, and throw into it a small portion of solution of common salt (chloride of sodium) or throw in a small quantity of hydrochloric acid (spirit of salt) in either case a white deposit, the chloride of lead, will result. Up to this point there would seem to be no difference between silver and lead, in relation to chlorine.

Divide the chloride of lead produced into two equal parts, and subdivide one of the parts into two others, call them A and B 1, B 2. To B 1, add ammonia, and remark that no solution takes place. To B 2, add nitric acid, when the chloride of lead will either dissolve at once, or will certainly dissolve on the application of heat. Each of these results would have been quite different if chloride of silver were concerned. But again chloride of lead is very far from being absolutely insoluble in water. In demonstration transfer the chloride of lead A to a glass flask and add about a wine glassful of distilled water, apply heat, and remark that the chloride entirely dissolves.

Hence our experiments have demonstrated three means of separating lead from silver, supposing both to be simultaneously in a solution combined with chlorine.

1st. By employing ammonia to dissolve out the chloride of silver from the chloride of lead.

2nd. By employing nitric acid to dissolve out the chloride of lead from the chloride of silver.

3rd. By employing water for the same purpose.

Take now a portion of the protonitrate of mercury solution; add to it common salt, or hydrochloric acid, in the same manner as nitrate of lead was treated, dividing the white precipitate resulting in the same way. Call the divisions A, and B 1 and B 2.

To B 1 add ammonia. Not only does the chloride remain undissolved, but it at once changes from white to black, a result sufficiently indicative of the presence of mercury.

To B 2 add nitric and hydrochloric acids, apply heat, and the chloride of mercury will be found to dissolve, though very slowly and with difficulty.

Put A into a flask, add a large amount of water, and apply heat. Not the slightest amount of solution will take place; in which characteristic chloride of mercury essentially differs from chloride of lead.

Hence supposing these three chlorides to exist in admixture, two methods of separating the chloride of mercury from the chlorides of silver and lead have been indicated.

First method, 1st. Boil the whole together in a large amount of water, which will remove the chloride of lead. 2nd. Treat the residue of chloride of silver and chloride of mercury with hot nitric and hydrochloric acids, to dissolve out the chloride of mercury.

Second method, 1st. Extract the chloride of lead as before by means of hot water.

2nd. Separate the chloride of silver from the chloride of mercury by means of ammonia.

(To be continued).

J. W. F.

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

THE SAVAGES—THEIR MODES OF LIFE, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND GOVERNMENT.

The inhabitants of the country in which the Jesuit fathers had laboured, were people of a generous and not a spiteful disposition. They were possessed of tolerably intelligent minds as to the judgment they formed of things they could see, and things that were common; and deduced their conclusions very gracefully, always setting them off with some pretty comparison. They had very good memories as to corporeal things, as of having seen a person, as to the peculiarities of any place where they had been, as to what had been done in their presence twenty or thirty years before. But they could learn nothing by heart: nor was there any way of fixing in their memories a series of words.

As to their physical peculiarities, none of them except some of the more robust, were beards, as they told Father Biard, over and over again, that at the commencement of their intercourse with the French they considered the latter to be very ugly. It was impossible to distinguish young boys from the young girls, except by the manner of wearing the girdle. Generally speaking, these people, as regarded thickness of body, were of less size than the French. There could not be found among them a big-bellied nor a hump-backed man, nor one deformed; and leprosy, gout, gravel, insanity, were things unknown. Those among the French who happened to have any blemishes, as a one-eyed, a squint-eyed, or a flat-nosed man, were very soon remarked, and behind backs were extensively ridiculed. They were merry rascals, and had the quip and the nickname at hand whenever they got a chance of making fun of the French. They held so great an opinion of themselves as to look down upon the French as inferior beings.

Their clothing was made of skins, which the women prepared and tanned on the rough side. They softened the skin of the elk on both sides, like the buff-skin coats of their visitors. They decorated these skins, thus prepared, in a very pretty manner, using ribbons to form devices. From these same skins they made shoes and gaiters. The males wore no breeches; they said they clogged them too much, impeded their movements, and made them look like vino-stakes.

In summer they were accustomed to use, to a considerable extent, the great cloaks of their visitors, and in winter the quilts which were sold to them by the French; they prepared these quilts by covering and lining them. The savages also very willingly made use of the hats, shoes, woollen caps, shirts, and linen which they procured from the French in exchange for furs.

When the Indians were on a journey, and when they wished to stop at any place, the first thing they did was to make a fire, and then erect their wigwams; this work was performed in an hour or two, often in half an hour. The females went into the woods and procured poles, and with those formed the frame-work of the tents. On the poles were thrown skins, mats, or pieces of bark; inside the hut, at the bottom of the poles, they placed their bags. The whole space round the fire was strewn with pine leaves, in order to neutralize the dampness of the ground; above the pine leaves they often threw mats, or seal-skins, the latter as soft as velvet. These preparations having been accomplished, the Indians would stretch themselves at full length round the fire, reposing their heads upon the bags; and so well was everything arranged that, even during the greatest inclemency of winter,

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ined a formidable pile of red-covered tradesmen's books; Julia practised choice *measures* from *Mirilla* on the pianoforte; and I composed a delightfully long letter (four sides of close writing and crossed) for dear George, in exchange for his shabby little epistle of ten lines, which was all occupied with the description of a gigantic pike which he had captured. About eleven o'clock, we all went up stairs; but I sat up till twelve brushing my hair, and reading over a choice packet of George's love-letters—models of manly devotion and—but I forbear.

My fire had begun to burn low, as a hint that I had better go to bed; and I had just folded up the last of these beloved letters, when suddenly I recollected that I had left my work-box down stairs. I did not like to leave it there till the morning, for it contained a bracelet which was George's first present, and I could not have slept quietly if it had not been in my own keeping. It was very provoking, for at the Peckover's house there is nothing but gas burned—gas in the kitchen, in the sitting-rooms, and in the bedrooms. If there had been a wax-taper in the room, I should have lighted it, of course; and if there had been a box of lucifers, I should have taken them with me; but there was no taper, and not a single match in the ornamental box placed on my dressing-table. I did not care to carry a lighted *allumette* in my hand, for fear of setting fire to Sir Peter's beautiful carpets; so I determined to go down in the dark. I remembered exactly where I had left the work-box: it was on the left-hand corner of the Louis-Quatorze table in the breakfast-parlour; I felt that I could lay my hand on it at once.

My heart beat a little quicker than usual as I descended the stairs, everything seemed so preternaturally quiet; but I reached the breakfast-parlour in safety, felt about for the Louis-Quatorze table, discovered it, and found my work-box. I was just about to quit the room, when I heard a slight noise outside, which startled me terribly: it was as if somebody had dropped two or three spoons and forks. I felt half inclined to faint, and opened the door as noiselessly as possible. My attention was immediately attracted by a light, which streamed out from under a closed door in the passage.

"Perhaps, after all," I said to myself, "I have alarmed myself needlessly. I remember now that that is the pantry-door; and no doubt Mr. Jeakes, the butler, has sat up late to-night gossiping, and is now counting his plate." The thought had scarcely passed through my mind, when the door opened slowly, and a figure appeared, bearing in one hand a kitchen-candlestick, in the other a plate-basket full of silver. Was it the figure of any person belonging to the house? If it had been, my knees would not have trembled under me, nor should I have sunk down upon the floor in a semi-conscious swoon. At length, by a strong mental effort, I recovered sufficient strength to raise myself up; and nervously clutching my work-box, I made my way slowly up stairs. As soon as I entered my room, I locked and bolted the door, and then sat down in a chair to reflect. The fire had gone out, but the gas, which I had turned up to its highest point, made the room look bright and cheerful. I looked at the clock—it was past one. I must have lain for upwards of an hour in the half-fainting state. It was too late now to alarm the house. The mischief was done and the perpetrator of the deed had doubtless long since departed with his spoil. Besides, to tell the truth, I did not dare venture out into those long dark passages again; so I crept into bed.

CHAPTER II.

"This is a most extraordinary story, my dear Isabella," said Lady Peckover to me, as she slowly and majestically descended the stairs on the following morning. "Neither Sir Peter nor I heard anything, and I am the very lightest of sleepers. Nor did Bunce [this was the lady's-maid] report anything wrong when she came in with the hot water. However, here is Jeakes; we will question him."

Mr. Jeakes was a portly person, with a bald head, a reddish nose, and a most formal style

of address; in fact, the very *beau-ideal* of a butler.

"Jeakes," said Lady Peckover, "were the doors all properly fastened this morning?"

"I've heard no complaint to the contrary, my lady?"

"None of the plate missing?"

"Dear me; no, my lady," answered Mr. Jeakes with almost an injured air. "I count it overnight, and again every morning regular at height o'clock."

"There, Isabella!" said Lady Peckover, turning to me; "you see, my dear, you must have been mistaken. It was most likely an attack of nightmare."

"I assure you," I began. But Lady Peckover gave me a meaning glance, as much as to say: "Speak no more about it in the presence of the servants."

When breakfast was over, and Sir Peter had gone to the city, and the servants had left the room, Julia said: "Mother, what is this mystery between you and Isabella? I heard you talking about it as I was coming down stairs."

"Merely, my dear, that your cousin dreamed she saw a thief last night stealing the plate."

"Dreamed! aunt?" I exclaimed.

"The proof that it was only a dream, my dear Isabella," answered Lady Peckover, "is, that the plate is in perfect order. As soon as I had heard your account, I felt it would be satisfactory to Jeakes that he should count over the spoons and forks in my presence. He did so, and none were missing."

"But what was your dream, Isabella?" asked Julia.

"It was no dream at all," I said, quite pettishly, "but a real occurrence. I went down stairs about twelve o'clock to fetch my work-box, and saw a man come out of the pantry with the plate-basket in his hand—"

"The curious thing, Julia," interrupted Lady Peckover, "is, that Isabella persists in saying he was a black man with a turban on his head."

"I can explain it all," exclaimed Julia, triumphantly. "He was like the crossing-sweeper in Gormandy Square, wasn't he?"

"Yes, very like," I replied.

"An excellent illustration of the theory of dreams!" cried Julia. "You were talking to me about the crossing-sweeper yesterday, and I heard that silly Mr. Bowman telling you a number of apocryphal anecdotes on the same subject. You possess a vivid imagination, my dear Isabella—I envy you the gift—and the result is, that your waking thoughts form the subject of your dreams."

"Really, cousin, you are very provoking," I said vehemently. "I suppose you won't believe that I came down stairs at all last night."

"Of course I don't," she answered. "I believe your dream visited you when you were snugly in bed."

At these words I rang the bell.

"Why are you ringing, my dear?" asked Lady Peckover.

"Because I want Mrs. Bunce's evidence to support mine."

"I am particularly anxious not to make a fuss about this," said Lady Peckover. "We shall end in making all the women-servants so nervous that they will be giving me warning."

"But, my dear aunt," I replied, "I want to clear my character. I cannot bear to be looked upon as a silly school-girl, magnifying a mere dream into a real occurrence. Now, Julia, you don't believe that I ever went down stairs at all last night—I say I did; and as a proof of it, I could only find one of my slippers when I got up this morning. I then remembered that when I swooned one of them came off, and as I was in too great a fright, on coming to my senses, to look for it, I hobbled up stairs without it. Oh! here is Mrs. Bunce."

"Bunce," said Lady Peckover, "where did you find one of Mrs. Miles's bedroom slippers this morning?"

"The housemaid found it, my lady, the first thing this morning, in the breakfast-parlour."

"Now, Julia," I exclaimed, "will you believe that I went down stairs?"

"I begin to think there is more in this than a

mere dream," said my cousin thoughtfully. "I am doubting whether it may not be a case of spiritual manifestation."

"Fiddlestick!" cried Lady Peckover.

"Isabella," pursued my cousin, "possesses just that susceptible sort of organisation to which the spirits love to render themselves visible."

"Nonsense, Julia!" said Lady Peckover, sternly. "You are frightening Bunce; she is growing quite pale. What's the matter, Bunce?"

"Nothing, my lady," answered Mrs. Bunce submissively; "only I hope Mrs. Miles haven't seen the ghost."

"The ghost!" exclaimed my aunt angrily. "What nonsense is this, Bunce?"

"The ghost of the Black Man, my lady," said Bunce, rather unwillingly.

The lady's-maid's words took us all aback. Nobody had disclosed to any of the servants the nature of the appearance which I had seen, yet Mrs. Bunce had at once guessed it correctly.

Even Lady Peckover looked rather uneasy, while Julia seemed pleased, as if she expected some confirmation of her spiritual theories.

"What is this story, Bunce?" she asked.

"Well, miss, I've never seen anything myself, and Mr. Jeakes and John Thomas the footman told us women-servants to say nothing about it, for fear of frightening the family; but as Mrs. Miles has seen something, I don't mind mentioning what Mr. Jeakes told me. He says: 'Mrs. Bunce,' he says, 'I should advise you as a friend, being a lady of delicate nerves, not to go down to the basement story, nor, indeed, on the ground-floor, after the family's abed.' 'Why not,' I says, 'Mr. Jankas?' 'Because,' he says, 'the Black Man is reputed to walk.' And then he told us this story. The first tenant that occupied this house was a Colonel Culpepper, a terrible passionate gentleman, as I've heard is the case with most Indian gentlemen, always excepting Major Miles, who is the sweetest-tempered of—"

"Never mind my husband, Mrs. Bunce," I said.

"Go on with your story."

"Well, miss—ma'am, I should say—the colonel had a black servant whom he treated very cruel indeed. Nothing came amiss to throw at him, when the colonel was vexed. Paper-weights, dish covers, books from the circulating library, anything. One day he threw the clothes-brush at him. The poor black man took to his bed, and died. An inquest was held, miss, as was only right and proper; but the colonel, who was rolling in money, bribed the parish beadle, and he summoned a packed jury, composed entirely of retired civilians, who returned a verdict of sun-stroke, caused by the peculiar effect of the British sun in January on the Hindu constitution. And now, as Mr. Jeakes says, his spirit goes perambulating about, demanding justice."

"What became of Colonel Culpepper?" asked Lady Peckover.

"Took ill directly after, my lady," replied Mrs. Bunce in an awful voice; "and died in a state of raving madness in the Charing Cross Hospital, with a strait-waistcoat on, and two medical students holding a feather-bed underneath the window perpetually, for fear he should leap out."

As soon as Mrs. Bunce had concluded her story, and retired to her own domain, Lady Peckover said: "It is extraordinary how superstitious uneducated people still are! Bunce evidently believes this absurd tale."

"I am inclined to believe it also, mother," observed Julia. "These phenomena, singular as they may seem, are in strict accordance with natural laws, if we could but ascertain what these laws are. I am only surprised that the colonel's spirit does not manifest itself as well as that of the Hindu."

"I should be very much surprised, Julia," I commenced quietly, "if it did, considering that Colonel Culpepper is still living."

"Still living!" exclaimed my cousin.

"Yes—at Cheltenham. He is an old friend of my mother's family, and though a little impatient in temper, one of the kindest of men. I believe Mrs. Bunce's story to be a cruel libel, and for the sake of Colonel Culpepper's reputation, I am determined to find out the truth of this affair. You cannot help allowing, my dear aunt," I said, "without agreeing in Julia's supernatural view,

that there is something more in it than a mere dream?"

"There is," answered Lady Peckover; "and I assure you, my dear, it makes me feel thoroughly uncomfortable."

"Then I shall insist," I said, "on George's coming back to town at once, and assisting me to ferret it out."

CHAPTER III.

George was a little unwilling to leave his pike-fishing and his clergyman (I confess I felt rather jealous of that clergyman), but he is such an excellent self-denying creature, that he was as amiable as possible when he returned. He had been away for nearly three weeks, and it was so pleasant to feel my hand once more resting on his arm when we went out sight-seeing, instead of being dependent on Julia, who really wears such preposterous skirts (although I try to impress upon her that the fashion is changing), that it is difficult to get within a yard of her. George listened most patiently to my account of the ghost-story, and I could perceive a clever sort of twinkle in his eyes when I had finished it, as much as to say: "Trust me for unravelling the matter." Then my dear husband spoke thus:

"Write a letter to Colonel Culpepper, detailing the lady's-maid's story, and ask him for an immediate reply. Don't let the servants see the letter, but drop it into the pillar-box at the street-corner."

I did as my husband bade me; and three days afterwards received the following reply, brought by a *commissionaire* from the *Oriental Club*:

MY DEAR ISABELLA—I certainly did not expect that the first letter written to me by you since your marriage would contain an accusation of "aggravated manslaughter," but so it is, and you will perhaps be surprised to learn that I think the charge sufficiently grave to require my presence in London for the purpose of rebutting it; so I have come up from Cheltenham; and if your husband (whose acquaintance I wish to make—I knew his father during the first Burmese war) will give me a call at the Club this evening, I think our two wise heads may devise a scheme which will effectually absolve me from having to sign myself "the conscience-smitten murderer,"
FERDINAND CULPEPPER.

When George came home that night, he whispered to me: "Don't say a word to uncle, aunt, or Julia, about Culpepper's arrival. And now, Bella, would you like to see the ghost again?"

I shuddered slightly, and answered: "Dear George, I think I would rather not."

"Because I have a notion," he continued, "that it may walk to-night. Culpepper is coming here to try and get a sight of it. I am to let him in quietly at the front-door about half-past eleven."

"Do you know, George," I said gravely, "Colonel Culpepper's conduct makes me feel very uneasy. I cannot bear to think it of such a nice old gentleman, and yet I can't help fancying there is some foundation for that dreadful story of Mrs. Bunce's."

George's reply to this was a burst of laughter, which he checked suddenly, and then said in a hollow voice: "In good truth, there is a very serious foundation for that story."

"O George," I exclaimed, "you make me feel as if you had put a cold key down my back! I am getting quite nervous."

"Then you had better not stop to see the ghost, dear Bella. Go up stairs, and get ready for bed. But don't make yourself thoroughly *deshabillée*—I may have occasion to summon you and the rest of the family between this and morning."

After imploring George to be careful, I crept unwillingly up stairs, waving my hand over the banisters at each successive landing, until the dear fellow was no longer visible. I then entered my bedroom, and sitting down in the easy-chair by the fire, pretended to read a book. It was of no use; I could not read, so, instead of reading, I set my door ajar, and listened intently.

The Peckovers are early people when they have no company, and by half-past eleven the

house was perfectly quiet. The French clock on my mantelpiece had just chimed the half hour, when I heard the front door opened in a very stealthy manner. My female curiosity could resist no longer, and I stole down stairs, hiding myself in an especially dark angle near the drawing-room. I heard Colonel Culpepper's well remembered voice; I also heard George whisper to him: "Better take off your boots, colonel. Here are a pair of his slippers."

From the smothered merriment which proceeded from the two gentlemen, I judged that the colonel had seated himself in one of the hall chairs, and that my husband was acting as boot-jack in ordinary.

There was a long pause after this, during which I had gradually descended still nearer to the unconscious ghost-watchers. Presently George whispered: "Colonel, d'ye see that light over the kitchen stairs? He's come!"

At these terrifying words, I fled upstairs, three steps at a time, with a horrible dread that some skeleton form was clutching at my skirts. I did not feel safe till I had put a double-locked door between myself and the supernatural world outside.

More than a quarter of an hour had elapsed, when a series of rapid footfalls were heard in the passage; and something began to twist the handle of my door; my heart died within me, and I had only strength to murmur: "Who's there?" when my husband's voice said: "Why, Bella, are you asleep? Open—quick."

I believe I said: "Why didn't you knock, ducky?" and almost fainted on his shoulder.

"We've managed matters capitally down below," said George; "and now I've roused up uncle and aunt, and Julia, and Jeakes, and Mrs. Bunce; in fact, the whole household. Put a shawl round your shoulders, and come down to the breakfast-parlour as soon as you see Sir Peter and my aunt march forth. I've told everybody that they needn't hurry—that it isn't fire, and that they can make themselves look as elegant as they please."

At length we were all assembled. "George," said Sir Peter, rather surlily, as he suppressed a yawn, "I hope this is not intended for a practical joke?"

"O no, sir—nothing of the sort," replied my husband. "I have invited you all down stairs in order to shew you the celebrated Black Man."

I glanced round the room at these words, and observed with some surprise that while the countenances of all the others expressed merely curiosity or astonishment, there was a look of guilty apprehension in the face of Mr. Jeakes, the butler, and of his subordinate, John Thomas, the footman.

"Before proceeding further," continued my husband, "you must allow me to call an important witness into court—Colonel Culpepper."

At these last two words, pronounced in a loud tone, the door was opened, and Colonel Culpepper entered, bowing gravely and ceremoniously to Sir Peter and Lady Puckerer.

"Sir Peter," said the colonel, "pardon my intrusion into your house at this unreasonable hour; but I wish to clear my character from a stigma that has been cast upon it. I have been accused by your butler yonder of having died in a state of insanity, after murdering my Bengalee man-servant, Ramchunder. The story of my death is manifestly untrue. If you, Sir Peter, will have the kindness to unlock the pantry-door, you will be able to decide on the remainder of the allegation."

At these words, we all crowded into the passage, where George had turned the gas on brilliantly. Sir Peter unlocked the door, and disclosed to view the trembling figure of the crossing-sweeper of Gormandy square!

"Now ladies and gentlemen," said Colonel Culpepper, "that is Ramchunder, whom I was forced to dismiss from my service for making too free with my spirit-chest, as well as for other irregularities. Speak English, Ramchunder, and say if that be not true."

"Iss, sahib," answered Ramchunder, joining his hands together, after the imploring fashion of Asiatics.

"And now, uncle," interposed my husband, "I

will tell you what we found this worthy coloured gentleman doing: we found him doing the Swi-man's work—cleaning the plate and brushing our clothes."

"Is this true?" demanded Sir Peter magisterially.

"Iss, sahib," said Ramchunder. "Mast'r Jeake, he say he very much tire; Mast'r Thomas, he say he very much tire too. He say; 'You aigwe, I give you two shillings a week do my work. What could poor Ramchunder do? He very bad off now, since leave good Colonel Salih; sweeper's trade bad now, plenty March wind. Gentlefolks say: 'No dirt now—no copper sworper give.'"

"Well Jeakes what have you to say to this?" asked the master of the house.

"I don't deny it, Sir Peter," said Mr. Jeakes with dignified suavity of manner; "but I cannot elp asserting, Sir Peter, that you brought it on yourself by the non-providing of a boy in button. Mo and John Thomas will not demean ourselves by vulgar work, such as plate-cleaning, knives, and clothes; and we thought we was doing a hact of charity by employing this pore benighted heathen for such inferior occupations."

It is not necessary for me to state who was dismissed and who was not; it is enough to say that the house was never afterwards haunted by the Black Man.

LONDON SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

NEWSPAPER GLEANINGS.

OUR grandfathers were puzzled to know whether, in the year 1800, they were living in the eighteenth or the nineteenth century. In England and France, there were tough debates on this question, some contending that when the seventeenth ended (1700), the century ended; but Lalande settled the matter thus: "When one hundred years are to be counted, we must pass beyond 99, and come to 100; we have changed into the 10 before we have finished the hundred. Whatever calculation is to be made, we commence by 1, and finish by 100—not commence by 0, and finish by 99." In other words, the year 1800 was the last one of the last century, not the first of the present. Then, again, there was a puzzlement about the difference between Old and New Style. A newspaper of that year said: "From the 1st of March, there has been a difference of twelve days instead of eleven, as formerly; owing to the regulations of the act of 1752, according to which the year 1800 was only to be accounted a common year, and not a leap-year, as it would otherwise have been." One result of which was, that if grandfather's birthday had been February 29, he would have been cheated out of the anniversary in 1800.

Although there are a million or two more in London now than in 1800, and although people are still robbed there, the robberies do not assume the following forms. "On Monday night, Mr. Bates, of Cecil Court, St. Martin's Lane, and another gentleman, were stopped in a post-chaise near the workhouse at Islington, by three footpads, who robbed them of a watch and some money."—"Some days ago, a French priest was attacked by a footpad in the Edgeware Road, who, not content with the few shillings he had about him, insisted on his coat, alleging it was superior to his own. The exchange was no sooner completed, than the priest ran; so did the thief, vociferating to him to stop; but in vain, the priest fearing he meant to ill-use him. On reaching a public street, the thief gave up the pursuit; and the priest, putting his hand in the pocket of the coat, found at once the cause of the renewed attack—L.50 in the thief's coat!"

The year 1800 was a terrible year for people in London, owing to the high price of corn. The quartern loaf was one shilling and fivepence halfpenny. The houses of the dealers in corn were sometimes broken into and gutted by the mob. One prosecution, recorded in the newspapers of the time, was of a corn-jobber who bought ninety quarters at so much, at the Corn Exchange, and sold thirty quarters of it on the

same day and in the same place at two shillings higher—no very flagrant sin, in our eyes; yet so differently was it regarded then, that Lord Kenyon, when the jury had found a verdict of guilty, said: "You have conferred a greater benefit on the country, I believe, than any jury almost ever did." On another occasion, two butchers bought cattle at Knightsbridge, on their way to Smithfield, to make profit by selling again at a higher price. Here, again, the terms of denunciation were almost as strong as if the men had committed murder.

Members of Parliament may now be courageous enough to decline duelling; but they did not dare in 1800, and they fought thus: "In consequence of what passed in the debate in the House of Commons early on Monday morning Major-general Cradock, on the part of Mr. Corry, waited on Mr. Grattan in the Speaker's chambers, and proposed a meeting immediately on the rising of the House, to which Mr. Grattan assented. At daybreak, the gentlemen proceeded to the field, and the ground being taken, the parties retired, according to agreement, by a word, when Mr. Corry was wounded in the left arm." After much formal waiting for another firing on both sides, the duel ended; Mr. Corry received 'satisfaction' and a wound, but no apology; but Mr. Grattan called on him after the duel, and they "exchanged mutual civilities." The year 1800 was that of the coarse personal encounter between Gifford of the *Quarterly* and Dr. Walcot (Peter Pindar), arising out of stinging satires by each against the other. Perhaps our genteel and literary people are better behaved now than then; but we must not boast.

As to matrimonial advertisements, they were more frequent in 1800 than they are now, and some of them were couched in very peculiar terms. One ran thus: "St. James's Church.—A gentleman who stood in the north-west gallery on Sunday last, near to a lady who was in a front seat at the back part of the gallery, dressed in black, with black earrings, and was seated between an elderly lady and a young lady; after the service was over, the gentleman saw them get into a carriage that was waiting for them near to Eagle Street, and they went on towards the Haymarket. If the lady alluded to is in that situation as to permit her for a moment to consider and think of the case of the advertiser, no doubt but she will remember the person who would think himself greatly honoured by her inclination to know the true motive of this address." The rambling about of the verbs in this bit of composition is almost as rich as the mode of making love. A paragraph by the London Correspondent of the *Journal des Debats* illustrates at once a rascally mode of getting up nefarious marriages, and a Frenchman's knowledge of English. A few words of the French must be given here: "Bier on a exposé au pilory à Cheapside, John William, évêque Anglais, convaincu d'avoir favorisé une fausse déclaration d'un individu qui s'étoit annoncé comme garçon pour épouser une jeune demoiselle d'une grande beauté et d'une fortune considérable, quoiqu'il fut marié." The young lady, finding out in good time that her admirer was a married man instead of a bachelor, fortunately escaped the snare; but the oddity is, that the confederate, who was pilloried, is called "an English bishop;" the probability being that his name was John William Bishop. How the French of those days must have chuckled at the idea of an English bishop being pelted with rotten eggs!

Let us hear what the year 1800 had to say about straw-paper: "Yesterday was presented to his Majesty, by the Marquis of Salisbury, a book printed on the first paper which has ever been made by straw alone; containing a succinct but general account of the substances which have been used to describe events and convey ideas, from the earliest date to the invention of paper. It is an elegant, transparent texture, which possesses all the qualities of the finest writing-paper fabricated from rags." There are two errors here; the straw-paper of 1800 was *not* the first made, and was *not* equal to the finest rag-paper. The speculation failed, and straw-paper has not been profitable till within the last few years.

There is one thing which our fathers thought

much about, but which is almost wholly forgotten now—*lotteries*. The state of excitement among the people for some weeks before the drawing of the lotteries at Cooper's Hall in London was amazing. Every lottery was in some sense a legalised cheat, a mode of getting money for state purposes by giving less in prizes than was realised by the sale of tickets; but as every one thought that *he* might be the lucky winner of one of the greater prizes, lotteries were immensely popular. The government let the contract to moneyed speculators at so much per ticket, and then the contractors charged a price according to the demand. The contractors knew just as well as modern advertisers how to give a peculiar twist to advertisements: "There should be an adequate addition to those useful vehicles the hackney-coaches; since it so frequently happens that the least temporary attraction to one end of the town subjects the other to considerable inconvenience. This has been the case during the last fortnight; as frequently not a coach could be hired on any of the stands west of Temple Bar, so many being occupied in driving to Pope's Lottery-office, facing the Bank of England. But what a rattling through the street will be heard towards that office, when the public come to reflect that Monday morning next entitles the first-drawn ticket to L.5000, that of the Thursday after to L.1000, that of the Monday following to L.20,000 and that of the Thursday after to L.10,000!" And look at this sly bit of temptation: The boarding-school ladies in and about London are determined not to be behindhand with the one at Greenwich; where Miss Wright and a young lady who resided with her were so fortunate in the last lottery as to gain the L.10,000 by purchasing their tickets and shares at No. 16 Cornhill." In one particular week, the price of undrawn tickets rose from L.16 to L.100, owing to the frantic demand arising out of this circumstance—that there was a L.20,000 prize still in the wheel, after nine-tenths of all the tickets had been drawn.

The sort of betting or gambling spirit which lotteries fostered, shewed itself in a multitude of different ways. We read: Policies have been undertaken at Lloyd's, at a premium of twelve guineas, to return one hundred guineas in case preliminaries of peace are signed between France and Austria within two months; and at a premium of twenty guineas in case preliminaries are signed between France and England." Again: "Policies were undertaken, for a premium of twenty-five guineas, to return one hundred in case there should *not* be a peace between England and France on or before a certain date." Men did the oddest possible things for wagers. "On Thursday last, a man belonging to the Victualling Office at Chatham, undertook, for a bet of twenty pounds, to roll a butt of water from Chatham to Gravesend in seven hours. He performed it in six hours twenty-three minutes; distance eight miles, in which are three long and steep hills." Another man "undertook to walk backwards with a weight of five pounds and a half hanging to his nose by three yards of string; he *did* it; but we have mislaid the note as to the distance. Again: "A few days since, a Frenchman gained a bet of ten guineas by eating, at a house in Piccadilly, twenty-two dozen, or two hundred and sixty-four, of the largest oysters, raw from the shell, which he swallowed within an hour; together with two bottles of sherry and three pounds of white bread."

That was the year when vaccination was introduced into the navy, by the government patronage of Dr. Jenner; and when four hundred seamen went to the opera, with most of the government clerks to do them honour; and when O'Brien the Irish giant was in his prime; and when a *Miaulic Concert* was held, in which twenty-six cats "mine'd" concerted music.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—Where will our sorrows receive the same solace as in the bosom of our family? Whose hand wipes the tear from our cheek, or the chill of death from our brow, with the same fondness as that of the wife? If the raging elements are contending without, here is a shelter. If war is desolating the country, here is peace and tranquillity.

MUSICAL NOTES.

THE members of the Montreal Harmonic Society met for practice last Friday evening, on which occasion a portion of the Creation was rehearsed. Mendelssohn's St. Paul was announced for the following Friday's practice. Nearly a hundred names—amongst which we are glad to see a number of those of our best amateurs—are now enrolled upon the society's list.

Mr. S. P. Warren, organist of St. George's Church in this City, has given up the key of his instrument and left for New York city, where it is his intention, we believe, to reside permanently.

The eighth and last volume of Fetis's "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens" has just been published by Brendus. This work should form part of the library of every educated musician.

In Busseto, the birth place of Verdi, they have opened a theatre which bears his name. Verdi, however, has not confined himself to acting godfather on the occasion, but contributed 10,000 lire.

In Prague, some enthusiastic singers serenaded Miss Gallmeyer, an actress. The lady appeared at the window, and made the following speech: "Gentlemen, I thank you. But may I ask another favour from you?" "Our lives," was the enthusiastic reply. "Well, then, go, and let me sleep."

Berlioz had a rich young neighbour in the Rue d'Aumale, who, despite little musical capacity, would persist in playing by the hour Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, and always struck a wrong note in the same place. Berlioz bore it for a time, but at last out of patience wrote, "It is quite right, mademoiselle, to practice masterworks with great assiduity. But, for the sake of humanity, of art, of melody and harmony in the name of the lovely Juliette Guiciardi, to whom Beethoven dedicated your sonata, and who had the honour of being loved by the great man—in the last note of the tenth bar of the finale strike A. Your A sharp sounds frightful, and will end by driving your hearers mad, who are at the same time compelled to be your hearers, as you play with the window open. Strike half a tone lower—the white key instead of the black one, I implore you: it will endlessly benefit me, and can't hurt you." Next day the window remained closed, and there was no sound of the piano; equally so the following day. Berlioz, fearful of having insulted the lady, went over to the concierge of the house, and asked, "Haven't you a young lady here who plays the piano?" "Yes, monsieur." "Has she gone into the country? I no longer hear her." "Ah! Monsieur, she is ill—so ill. Yesterday she was worse, but to-day she is still much lowered." "Oh," said the merciless composer, "if she is only half a tone lower that is all I want."

THE WIND AS A MUSICIAN.—The wind is a musician by birth. We extend a silken thread in the crevice of a window, and the wind finds it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and Paganini must go somewhere else for honor, for lo! the wind is performing upon a single string. It tries almost everything on earth to see if there is music in it—it persuades a tune out of the great bell in the tower, when the sexton is at home asleep; it makes a noiseful harp of the giant pines, and it does not disdain to try what sort of a whistle can be made out of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a tree until every leaf utters with a note on it, whilst a river runs at its base in a sort of murmuring accompaniment. And what a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea, who perform an anthem between the two worlds, that goes up, perhaps, to the stars which love music most and sing it first. Then, how fondly it haunts old houses mourning under the eaves, singing in the halls, opening doors without fingers, and singing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearths!

HABIT uniformly and constantly strengthens all our active exertions; whatever we do often we become more and more apt to do.

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"You may put me down, if you like," said Mr. Guy Greville. "I shall be sure to shoot somebody; but it don't signify."

"And me," added Pelham Hay.

"Thanks. Burgoyne, Torrington, Vaughan, Greville, Pelham Hay—five won't do. I want six at least. Come, gentlemen, who will stand for number six?"

"Why, Trefalden, of course!" said Vaughan. "The Swiss are born thailleurs. Put his name down."

"No, no," said Saxon, hastily. "Not this time."

"But, my dear fellow, you are *de la première force*, are you not?" asked Castletowers.

"I used to shoot well enough when I was in practice," said Saxon, with some embarrassment; "but I'd rather not compete now."

The Earl looked surprised; but was too well bred to insist.

"If you won't," said he, "I must find some one who will. Syd. Pultney, I shall enter you for my sixth shot, and that settles match number one. Gentlemen, the secretary waits to enter names for the second rifle match; the prize for which will consist of a magnificent pair of elaborately ornamented pistols, generously offered by an honourable competitor, who declines to compete. I do not mention the honourable competitor's name, because he is a modest young man, and given to blushing. Now, gentlemen, you will please to remember that this is a solemn occasion, and that the eyes of Europe are upon you?"

And so, rattling on in the gaiety of good spirits, the Earl enrolled the second party. Next in order came the long jump of eighteen feet, for Signor Colonna's *Elzevir Horace*; then the race of one hundred yards, for Lady Castletowers' prize; and, last of all, the one-mile race for the twenty-guinea purse, dignified by the name of "the Italian Cup," and entered for by the whole of the athletes.

When the programme was fairly made out, Castletowers called Saxon aside, and, taking him familiarly by the arm, led him into the billiard-room adjoining.

"Trefalden," said he, "may I ask you a question?"

"Twenty, if you like," replied Saxon.

"No—one will do, if you answer it honestly. Why don't you put in a shot at either of the rifle-matches?"

Saxon looked embarrassed.

"I'd rather not," he said, after a momentary pause.

"But why? You must be a good marksman."

Saxon made no reply.

"To tell you the truth," said the Earl, "I'm disappointed. I had looked to you for a display of skill, and expected something brilliant. I think you should have gone into the field, if only to maintain the honour of the Swiss rifles."

Saxon laughed good temperedly,

"Do you really want your question answered?" said he.

"Of course."

"Then wait a minute while I fetch my gun."

He ran out of the room, and presently reappeared outside the window, rifle in hand.

"Look there," he said, pointing to the roof of the stables. "Do you see that weathercock?"

It was a gilt cock, like that which Goethe used to admire, as a child, on the Ober Main Thor at Frankfurt; and was just then shifting with the breeze, and flashing in the sunshine like a yellow diamond. The Earl threw up the window and leaned out.

"I should think so," he replied. "I have seen it pretty nearly every day of my life, ever since I was born."

"How far off is it, do you think?"

"Well, I hardly know; perhaps six hundred yards. But you can't hit a thing that blazes like a comet, and is never still for two seconds together."

"It's an ugly bird," said Saxon, bringing his gun to his shoulder. "Don't you think he'd look more intelligent if he had an eye in his head?"

The words were no sooner out of his lips than he fired. Lord Castletowers snatched up his bat, and bounded down upon the sward.

"You haven't done it," he exclaimed.

"Let us go and see."

They had to go round by the front of the house, and across the yards, to reach those outbuildings over which the vane was placed. At about two-thirds of the distance the Earl stood still.

There was a small round hole drilled through precisely that part of the cock's head where his eye ought to have been.

At the sight of his friend's dumb amazement, Saxon roared with laughter, like a young giant.

"There," said he, "I told you it would be an improvement. And now you see why I wouldn't compete for the cup. We Swiss are always shooting, from the time we are old enough to carry a gun; and I didn't want to spoil the sport for others. It wouldn't have been fair."

CHAPTER XXXIII. THE RIFLE MATCH.

At half-past two, an open carriage drove up to the ground, and four ladies alighted. They were received by Lord Castletowers, handed to their seats, and presented with written programmes of the games. Miss Colonna was installed in the central arm-chair, which, being placed a little in advance of the other seats and dignified with a footstool, was styled, magniloquently, the Throne. Scarcely had they taken their places, when two more carriages appeared upon the scene, the first of which contained Lady Arabella Walkingshaw and Miss Hatherton, the second, Mrs. Cadogan, the wife of the Sedgebrook vicar, and her two daughters. The latter, hearing down in the village what was doing in the park, had come over to see the sports; but Lady Arabella's visit was made in exclusive pursuance of her own little game, and bore no kind of reference to any game that might be set on foot by other people. She was, therefore, rather put out than otherwise when, instead of finding Lady Castletowers at home, she was informed that "my lady was gone across the park to see the gentlemen race, and had left word, if any friends called at the house, that there would be seats for them, if they liked to follow." Miss Hatherton, however, was delighted.

"It's perfectly charming," said she, as they turned down the drive leading to that part of the park indicated by the servant. "You cannot think how pleased I am, Lady Arabella!"

"Well, my dear, then I am pleased too," replied Lady Arabella, benevolently.

"There's nothing I enjoy so much as contests of this kind," Miss Hatherton went on to say. "Boat-races, horse-races, reviews, anything so long as skill, strength, or speed is in question. Why, I haven't missed a Derby-day for the last five years; and as for the Roman Carnival, the only thing I care for in it is the horse-race. I'm always sorry the Jews don't run instead. It would be so much more amusing."

"You droll creature!" said Lady Arabella, with a faint smile. "I wonder if Mr. Trefalden will take part in these games?"

"Of course he will—and win all before him. He's as fleet as a chamois, depend on it."

"I hope they won't fire," said Lady Arabella, with a little lady-like shudder.

"And I hope, above all things, that they will. But then, you know, dear Lady Arabella, I have no nerves. Why, this is delightful—there's quite a crowd!"

And so there was. News is contagious, and propagates itself as mysteriously as the potato disease. The whole neighbourhood had already heard, somehow or other, of what was doing at the park; and every farmer, gamekeeper, and idle fellow about the place was on the ground long before the hour appointed. As for the women and children, nothing short of polygamy could account for their numbers.

"Lady Arabella Walkingshaw and Miss Hatherton!" said Lord Castletowers, hastening to the carriage door as they drove up. "This is indeed a happy accident. You have been to the house, I suppose, to call upon my mother."

"We have; but with no idea that we were coming to a—*a site* of this kind," replied Lady Arabella, somewhat at a loss for the most appropriate word, and exchanging bows and gracious smiles with the ladies on the platform.

"Why did you not tell us about it last evening, you sly man?" asked Miss Hatherton.

"Because I then knew no more about it than yourself," replied the Earl. "It is an improvisation."

"And what are you going to do?"

"A little of everything—rifle-shooting, leaping, running; but you shall have a programme presently, and if you will alight, I can give you seats beside my mother."

With this he gave his arm to Lady Arabella, and conducted both ladies to the place of honour.

"But where are the competitors?" said Miss Hatherton, when the due greetings had been exchanged, and they had taken their seats; "and above all, where's my friend, the noble savage?"

"Trefalden? Oh, he's in our tent, out yonder. This affair was his idea entirely."

"And an admirable idea too. But he'll beat you, you know."

"Ho would if he came forward," replied the Earl; "but he declines to compete."

"Declines to compete!" echoed the heiress.

"Yes—for everything except the last race—and that we all go in for."

"I never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Miss Hatherton, indignantly. "Why, it's as if the favourite was withdrawn at the last moment from the Derby—and I, too, who had intended to back him to any extent! I declare I was never more disappointed in my life. What's his motive?"

"He said he was out of practice," replied Castletowers, hesitatingly.

"Nonsense. That wasn't his real motive. He knew nobody else would have a chance, and he was too generous to carry off all the honours."

"Do you really think so?" said Miss Colonna, suddenly. She had listened to the conversation till now, without taking part in it.

"I do, indeed. What does Lord Castletowers say?"

"I say that Miss Hatherton is right; and I know her to be right. Trefalden could write his name in bullets on that target, if he choose—but he won't."

Miss Hatherton turned to Miss Colonna in a glow of enthusiasm.

"That's true nobleness!" she exclaimed.

"Indeed it is," said Castletowers. "He's the finest fellow I have ever known, savage or civilised."

But Miss Colonna said nothing.

"I wish you'd bring him this way, Lord Castletowers," said the heiress. "I like talking to him—he amuses me immensely."

"You shall have him by-and-by," laughed the Earl; "but he is our judge in the rifle-matches, and can't be spared at present. Excuse me—another carriage full of ladies. I am master of the ceremonies."

And with this he ran off to receive the Cadogans.

The appointed hour being overpast, the ladies expectant, and the audience considerable, it was decided that they should begin.

Lord Castletowers was seen to cross the course, and enter the cricketing tent, at the further end, whence he presently emerged with his cartridge-box belted on, and his rifle in his hand. He was followed by five others, similarly equipped. Saxon Trefalden, in his quality of judge, took up a safe position in the right of the target. Miss Hatherton surveyed them through her opera-glass as they came over the ground and placed themselves about a dozen yards off with their backs to the stand.

"Dear me! they are very near us," said Lady Arabella, with that pretty timidity that is less charming at eight-and-forty than at eighteen. "I hope it is not dangerous."

"Don't be alarmed, my dear friend," said Miss Hatherton. "Gentlemen don't generally fire behind their own banks. So Major Vaughan begins—and a very good shot, too—very near the bull's eye. Who is that remarkably handsome fair man to the right?"

The question was addressed to Miss Colonna; but it received no reply. Olympia heard the words, as she heard the report of the first rifle, without attaching any import to the sound, just

as her eyes were fixed upon the target, but saw nothing. She was absorbed in thought—very painful thought, as it would seem, by the strange hard way in which her lips were drawn together, and her fingers were mechanically twisting and touring the programme which they held.

Miss Hatherton turned to repeat the enquiry; but, seeing the expression on Olympia's face, remained silent. It was an expression that startled her, and puzzled her as much as it startled her. An expression such as one sees but seldom in the course of an ordinary life; neither wholly resolute, nor hopeless, nor defiant; but a blending, perhaps, of all three, with something else that might have been compunction—or despair.

Curiosity so far prevailed, that for some three or four seconds Miss Hatherton continued to stare at Olympia instead of watching the competitors, and thus, to her infinite mortification, lost the thread of the firing. Of course, none of the ladies on the platform could help her. They saw the riflemen, and they saw the marks on the target; but not one among them had the dimmest idea of the order in which those marks had been dealt, or of the hands that had bestowed them. The appointed number of rounds, however, having been fired out, the question was set at rest by the announcement that Sir Charles Burgoyne had carried off the first prize. Sir Charles Burgoyne sauntered up accordingly to the front of the platform, and received the cup from Miss Colonna's hand with the best-bred indifference in the world.

"You don't share my passion for these contests, Miss Colonna, said the heiress, in the pause that ensued between the first and second match. The strange look had vanished from Olympia's face long since; but Miss Hatherton could not forget it—would have given something to fathom it.

"Indeed you mistake. I think them very interesting," replied Olympia.

"But of course they cannot have so much interest for you as for me. Your sympathies are bound up in a great cause, and you must have fewer small emotions on hand."

"Perhaps," said Olympia, with a forced smile.

"No bad news from Italy, I hope?"

"The news at present," replied Olympia, "is neither bad nor good. It is a season of anxious suspense for all whose hearts are in the cause."

"You look anxious," said Miss Hatherton, kindly, but inquisitively. "I thought just now I never saw a face look so anxious as yours. You didn't seem to remark the firing at all."

A crimson tide rushed to Olympia's face, flooded it, and ebbed away, leaving her paler than before.

"I am quite strong enough," she replied, coldly, "to sustain such cares as fall to my lot."

The competitors for the second rifle-match were now on the ground, and the conversation dropped. There were but four this time—Lord Castletowers, Sir Charles Burgoyne, Major Vaughan, and Lieutenant Torrington. Having five shots each, they fired alternately, one shot at a time, in their order as they stood—Vaughan first, Torrington second, Castletowers third, and Burgoyne fourth. It became evident, after the first two rounds, that Vaughan, although a good marksman, was inferior to both Castletowers and Burgoyne, and that Torrington was nowhere. Miss Hatherton and Miss Colonna were the only two ladies who could follow the shots, or understand the scoring; and this they did with a degree of interest quite incomprehensible to the rest. As the end drew near, and it became evident that the victory lay between Burgoyne and the Earl, Miss Hatherton's excitement became intense.

"Ten to one on Lord Castletowers," she exclaimed. "See how cool he is! See how steadily he brings up his gun—ten to one, gloves or guineas. . . . Will nobody take me? In the white, I vow, and all but in the very centre? Beat that, Sir Charles, if you can!"

"He will not beat it," said Olympia, in a low, earnest voice.

Miss Hatherton glanced at her again; but scarcely for a second. She was too deeply interested in the shot to care much about anything else just then. But she saw Olympia's

parted lips, and the outlooking light in her eyes, and thought of both afterwards.

Up to this point, Lord Castletowers had scored four three times, and three twice, making a total of eighteen. Sir Charles had scored four twice, and three twice, making a total of fourteen. The next shot would be his fifth, and last. If he hit the bull's eye, it would be a drawn game between Castletowers and himself, and they would have to try again for the victory; but if he scored anything less than four, the Earl must win.

There was a moment of suspense. Sir Charles brought up his gun very slowly, took aim twice before he fired, and delivered an excellent shot just on the line dividing the bull's eye from the centre ring. He had lost by the sixteenth of an inch.

The spectators round the ropes set up a faint respectful shout in their squire's honour; the non-competitors rushed up to the target; and Saxon, too well pleased to care for the moment whether Burgoyne heard him or not, shook his friend by both hands, exclaiming:

"I am so glad, Castletowers—so heartily glad! I did wish you to win those pistols!"

Olympia's smile was cold and indifferent enough when the Earl presented himself to receive his prize; but Miss Hatherton's sharp eyes saw that her hand trembled.

CHAPTER XXXIV. A GUESSON.

The long jump was jumped, and the hundred yards race was run—Mr. Guy Greville winning the first by four inches, and Major Vaughan the second by four yards. Only the great race remained to be contested. In the meanwhile, half an hour was allowed for rest and refreshments. The gentlemen thronged to the platform in a mongrel costume compounded of flannel trousers, cricketing-shoes, parti-coloured Jerseys, and overcoats of various descriptions; so that they looked like cricketing men below and heating men above. Servants glided solemnly about with Madeira and biscuits. The ladies congratulated the victors, and the victors congratulated each other. The spectators outside the ropes strolled about respectfully, and did a little subdued betting among themselves; and the conversation on the platform was broken up into coterie. One of these consisted of Lady Arabella Walkingshaw, Lady Castletowers, and her son.

"Vaughan ran well, didn't he?" said the Earl. "I thought at one moment that Greville would have distanced him; but Vaughan had the most wind, and steady did it."

"You would do well, Gervase, to reserve your sporting phraseology for your male friends," said Lady Castletowers, coldly. "You forget that ladies do not appreciate its full point and vigour."

"I beg your pardon, my dear mother; but it comes so naturally when sport is the topic of conversation," replied her son. "I hope you are amused, Lady Arabella?"

"Oh yes, thank you—when you don't fire."

"There is, at all events, nothing undignified in firing," observed the Countess.

"I hope you do not think our athletic games undignified, mother?" said the Earl.

"For gentlemen, certainly. For boys, or peasants, not at all."

"But a gentleman has as many and as good muscles as a peasant. A gentleman values strength and speed as much, and sometimes more, than he values Greek and Latin; but, like Greek and Latin, strength and speed must be kept up by frequent exercise."

"I have no wish to argue the question," said Lady Castletowers. "It is enough that I set a higher value on skill than force, and that it gives me no gratification to see half a dozen gentlemen racing round a piece of sward for the entertainment of a mob of gamekeepers and ploughmen."

"Nay—for our own entertainment and yours, dearest mother," replied the young man, gently. "We have never yet shut our park gates on these good people; but their presence goes for nothing in what we do to-day."

He spoke very deferentially, but with a faint flush of annoyance on his face, and passed on to

where Miss Hatherton was chatting with Saxon Trefalden.

"It will be a long time," she said, "before I can forgive you for my disappointment of this morning. And I know I am right. You could have beaten everybody at everything, if you had pleased. It was an absurd piece of Quixotism, and I am very angry with you for it. There—don't attempt to deny it. Lord Castletowers has confessed, and it is of no use for you to plead not guilty."

"Lord Castletowers never saw me leap a foot or run a yard in his life," said Saxon, emphatically. "He knows nothing of what I can, or cannot do."

"I am here to answer for myself," said the Earl, laying his hand on his friend's shoulder. "And I do know that you can put a ballet through a shifting weathercock at five hundred yards."

"A more trick!"

"Not so. Skill is no more to be confounded with trickery than pocket-picking with legerdemain. I am of Miss Hatherton's opinion, and am certain you could have beaten us all round if you had chosen to take the trouble."

"You will find out your mistake presently, when you have all left me in the rear," said Saxon, a little impatiently; "I would recommend no one to bet upon me."

"I mean to bet upon you, Mr. Trefalden," said Miss Hatherton.

"Pray don't; you will be sure to lose your money."

"I don't believe it; or if I do, I shall call upon you to pay my debts, for I shall be certain you have lagged behind on purpose."

At this moment one or two of the others came up, and the conversation turned upon the preceding contests.

"Mr. Trefalden," said Miss Colonna, "will you be kind enough to tell me how many times you have to make the circuit of the ground, in this one-mile race?"

Miss Colonna's chair stood next to Miss Hatherton's, but was placed about half a foot in advance, by right of her prerogative. As she turned to address him, Saxon dropped out of the heiress's coterie, and, moving round by the back of her chair, replied;

"Exactly six times, mademoiselle."

"Will you come round to this side, Mr. Trefalden?" said Olympia, in a low tone; "I have something to say to you."

Not without some vague sense of surprise, the young man passed on behind the second chair, and presented himself at Miss Colonna's left hand.

"You are really going to contest this one-mile race, are you not?" she asked.

"I have entered my name with the rest," replied Saxon.

"Then you mean, of course, to win if you can?"

Saxon looked embarrassed.

"I have entered my name," he said, "but I am not sure that I shall run, for all that. Somebody must act as judge; and I prefer not to race if I can help it."

"But I particularly prefer that you should race, Mr. Trefalden," said Olympia, dropping her voice to a still lower key; "I want you to win me that purse of twenty guineas for my dear Italy."

"It will be yours, and Italy's, mademoiselle, whoever wins it."

"I know that, Mr. Trefalden."

"Then what difference can it make whether I, or another, carry off the prize?" said Saxon, wondering.

"It does make a difference," replied Olympia, lifting her eyes suddenly to his.

Saxon felt flattered, without knowing why.

"What difference?" faltered he.

"Must I tell you?"

"If—if you please."

"Will you promise to win for me, if I do tell you?"

"I don't know—I will try."

"I ask no more than that. If you really try, I am confident of victory. Well then, I want

you to win because—I suppose, because I am a woman; and all women are capricious.”

Saxon looked pazed.

“I don't think you are capricious,” he said.

“Do you not? Then I am afraid that is because you are a man; and all men are vain. There is a pair of maxims for you.”

“Maxims for which I can discover no application,” replied Saxon, languidly. “Why should I be accused of vanity because I refuse to believe that Mademoiselle Colonna is guilty of caprice?”

“I am afraid you are very dull to-day, Mr. Trefalden,—or very subtle.”

“I know I am not subtle,” said Saxon; “but I must be dreadfully dull.”

“If your feet do not outstrip your apprehension, you will scarcely win the cup. What bell is that?”

“It's the signal for assembling,” replied Saxon; “I must go now; and you have not told me, after all.”

“But you have promised me that you will try.”

“No, no—my promise was conditional on your explanation.”

“But have I not told you that women are capricious?”

“What of that?”

“We sometimes value a cowslip from one hand more than a rose from another; and—and perhaps I am so capricious as to prefer the Italian prize from yours. Hark! there is the second bell! Now, go; and bring me back the purse.”

The tone in which this was said—the gesture, half persuasive, half imperious—the dazzling smile by which it was accompanied, were more than enough to turn an older head than Saxon Trefalden's. He stammered something, he scarcely knew what, and his heart leaped, he scarcely knew why.

“If you do not go at once,” said Miss Colonna, “you will be too late. Shall I give you my glove for a favour? Be a true knight, and deserve it.”

Beardless, intoxicated, the young man pressed the glove furtively to his lips, thrust it into his bosom, leaped down upon the course, and flew to take his place among the runners. He felt as if his feet were clad in the winged sandals of Hermes; as if his head touched the clouds, and the very air were sunshine. It was delightful, this sense of exaltation and rapture—and quite new.

Not so, however, felt Olympia Colonna. Saxon had no sooner leaped from the platform, than the colour died out suddenly from her face, and the smile from her lips. She leaned back in her chair with a look of intense pain and weariness, and sighed heavily. There were three persons observing her; but her thoughts were very bitter at that moment, and she was quite unconscious of their scrutiny. Those persons were Lady Castletowers; Signor Colonna, who had but just arrived, and was leaning on the back of her chair; and Miss Hatherton—and neither the look of pain, nor the sigh, was lost on either of them.

CHAPTER XXXV. BRAVO, ANTINOUS!

The two Pulteneys stayed out, the one to act as judge, the other as timekeeper; and the timekeeper was to give the starting signal by firing a pistol.

In the meanwhile, the eight competitors were ranged side by side, close under the ladies' platform, with the sleeves of their Jerseys rolled up above the elbows, their arms drawn close to their bodies, and their clenched fists pressed against their chests—all lithe and eager-looking like a pack of greyhounds. Of these, the two tallest and fairest were Saxon Trefalden and Sir Charles Burgoyne. Sir Charles was the handsomer man; but Saxon was a shade the taller, and something more than a shade broader across the shoulders. Well might Miss Hatherton call him the golden-haired Antinous; only that he was Antinous on a grander scale than the famous Antinous of the Capitol—Antinous with herculean possibilities of strength and speed.

With the exception of Lord Castletowers, whose Jersey was of a creamy white, just the tint of his flannel trousers, the young men were each distinguished by the colours of their shirts. Saxon's was striped pink and white; Burgoyne's light blue and white; Vaughan's mauve and white; and so on.

All was ready. The course was clear; the spectators silent; the competitors drawn up, and waiting. Suddenly, the timekeeper threw up his hand, and fired in the air. At the same instant, as if shot from his pistol, the eight runners sprang forward, and the race began.

They had no sooner started than Saxon took the lead, running lightly and steadily, with his head well up, and his curls dancing in the sun. He was obviously putting but little labour into his running, and yet, at the first three or four bounds, he had gained a good ten feet on his companions. Next in order came Castletowers, Vaughan, and Burgoyne, almost level with each other; and close after them, Edward Brandon, whose slightness of make and length of limb enabled him to run tolerably well for a short distance; but whose want of real physique invariably knocked him up at the end of the first three hundred yards. Torrington, Greville, and Pelham Hay brought up the rear. In this order they ran the first round. At the second turn, however, just as they neared the ladies' platform, Castletowers made a rush to the front, and passed Saxon by some three or four feet. At the same instant, Vaughan and Burgoyne perceptibly increased their pace, widening the space between themselves and the four last at every stride.

And now Brandon, who had for some seconds begun to show symptoms of distress, came suddenly to a stand-still; and, being passed by those in the rear, fell, pale and panting, to the earth.

In the meanwhile, Saxon had in no wise quickened his pace, nor attempted to regain his lead; but kept on at precisely the same rate throughout the whole of the second round. Just as they were beginning the third, however, and at the very point where Castletowers had made his rush, Saxon, without any apparent effort, bounded ahead, and again left his friend some three yards behind.

Torrington, Greville, and Hay now dropped out of the ranks, one by one, and gave up the contest; leaving only Saxon and Castletowers, Vaughan and Burgoyne, in the race. Presently the two latter went down, but were on their feet again in the twinkling of an eye, and flying on as before.

At the fourth round, Castletowers brought himself up abreast with Saxon. At the fifth, Burgoyne gave in, and Vaughan flagged obviously; but Castletowers again dashed forward, and again secured the lead.

A subdued murmur, that broke now and then into a cheer, ran round the course. Every eye was riveted upon the runners. Every head turned, as they turned, and was outstretched to follow them. The ladies rose on the platform, and watched them through their glasses. There were only three now—a white shirt, a pink shirt, and a mauve; but white and pink divided the suffrages of the lockers-on, and nobody cared a straw for mauve.

Again the circuit was nearly completed, and they were approaching the stand. The next round would be the sixth and last. The interest of the moment became intense. The murmur swelled again, and became a shout—hats were waved, handkerchiefs fluttered—even Lady Castletowers leaned forward with a glow of real excitement on her face.

On they came—the Earl first, in his white Jersey, pale as marble, breathing in short heavy gasps, lips quivering, brows closely knitted, keeping up his head gallantly, but keeping it by dint of sheer pluck and nervous energy. Saxon next—a little flushed, but light of foot and self-possessed as ever, as fresh apparently as when he first started, and capable of running on at the same steady rate for any number of miles that might be set before him. Vaughan last—coming up very heavily, and full twenty yards in the rear.

“Good heavens!” cried Miss Hatherton, half

beside herself with impatience, “how can be let Lord Castletowers keep the lead?”

“Because he cannot help it,” said Olympia, scornfully triumphant. She had forgotten that Saxon was her chosen knight, and all her sympathies were with the Earl.

“Absurd! he has but to put out a little more speed and he must win. The Earl is nearly . . . There! there! did I not tell you so? Bravo Antinous!”

They passed the platform; and as they passed, Saxon looked up with an ardent smile, waved his hand to Olympia, threw up his head like a young war-horse, bounded forward as if the wings were really on his feet, and passed the Earl as easily as a man on horseback lasses a man on foot. Till this moment the race, earnest enough for the rest, had been mere play to him. Till this moment he had not attempted to put out his speed, or show what he could do. Now he flushed past the astonished spectators like a meteor. His feet seemed scarcely to touch the turf, his body seemed as if borne upon the air. A great roar of admiration burst from the crowd; and in the midst of the roar, before Lord Castletowers had got over a third distance, Saxon had made the sixth round, and passed the winning-post by several feet.

“Won by a hundred and eighty yards,” said Pulteney, timekeeper. “Last round thirty-one seconds and a half. By Jove, Sir, though I've seen it myself, I can scarcely believe it!”

Saxon laughed joyously.

“I could have done it almost as easily,” said he, “if it had been up-hill all the way.”

And what did Olympia Colonna say to her chosen knight, when he received the prize from her hands, only to lay it the next moment at her feet? Doubtless she remembered in good time that Saxon was her chosen knight, and forgot how disloyally her sympathies had strayed from him in the race. Doubtless her greeting had in it something poisonously sweet, subtle, intoxicating—to judge, at least, by the light of her face, as he bowed and turned away.

CHAPTER XXXVI. ELTON HOUSE, KENSINGTON.

Mr. Abel Keckwitch, with William Trefalden's private address in his pocket-book, felt much as Adrian the Fourth may have felt with haughty Barbarossa prostrate at his feet. He took it for granted that there was some dark secret at the bottom of his master's daily life. He knew quite well that a practical man like William Trefalden would never take the trouble to surround himself with mystery unless he had something to hide, and to that something, Abel Keckwitch believed he now possessed the key. It never occurred to him that William Trefalden might possibly object to let such loquacious stones as copying clerks prate of his whereabouts, for other than criminal reasons. If such an idea had been suggested to him, he would have laughed it to scorn. So, to do him justice, would Mr. Kidd. Both the detective and the lawyer's clerk were too familiar with the dark side of human nature to believe for a moment that systematic mystery meant anything less than undiscovered crime.

So Abel Keckwitch took his master's address home with him, fairly written out in Mr. Nicodemus Kidd's clear basinoes hand, and exulted therein. He was in no haste to act upon the information folded up in that little slip of paper. It was not in his nature to be in haste about anything, least of all about so sweet a dish as revenge. It must be prepared slowly, tasted a morsel at a time, and made to last as long as possible. Above all, it must be carefully considered beforehand from every point of view, and be spoiled by no blunder at starting. So he copied the address into his common-place book, committed it to memory, pondered over it, gloated over it, and fed his imagination on it for days before he proceeded to take any fresh steps in the matter.

“ELTON HOUSE, KENSINGTON.”

Such was the address given to him by Mr. Nicodemus Kidd. “Elton House, Kensington;” not a word more—not a word less. It was an

(To be continued.)

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his pipe up to the last moment, came out upon the drop more dead than alive, and in a few moments was a swinging whirling corpse.

Thus ended this dreadful vindication of the majesty of the law, and the sacredness of human life. Landlords, agents, and bailiffs breathed freer. Neal's aged mother went about the streets of Croasmaglen that day, wringing her hands, and crying out wildly like a mad-woman. His father had been already dead. His wife, who parted from him at nine o'clock with a dry eye, went home with her relations, and in a short time married again. But—the strangest fact of all—one of the clergymen who attended Neal at the drop had the audacity to affirm some years afterwards that the three men had been murdered by British law. There can be no doubt whatever that the scaffold taught an effective lesson to the Ribbon conspirators, for, from that hour, Croasmaglen has been one of the most peaceful and prosperous of neighbourhoods.

DREAMS.*

DREAMS and their interpretation have been favourite themes for speculation from time immemorial. Many curious books have been published containing the wisdom of fools and the follies of wise men; interpretations and counter interpretations: laws by which you may understand their secret meaning of dreams, and others by which you may breathe a secret meaning into dreams which you create yourself. Mr. Frank Seafield has recently published an addition to the *Literature of Dreams*; a "common-place book" he terms it, in which all the curious incidents that have ever occurred in the sleep of any sleeping being are chronicled as well as what everybody has written on a subject that interests everybody.

One of the chief difficulties in the interpretation of dreams is the play of fancy. Of this, there are many instances in Mr. Seafield's volumes. There is a curious story of a man sleeping at a cheesemonger's, in a room infested by rats, and dreaming that he was shut up in a large cheese, and attacked like Bishop Hatto, by an army of rats. There is another of a man kicking the bedclothes off his feet and dreaming that he went barefooted to the butcher's to return a joint that had been sent by mistake. In another case, a lady dreams that an epidemic has attacked noses, and finds that her hand was resting on her own nose so as to stop the circulation. In another, a lady asleep during the sermon, dreams that she plays with a stranger for all her money and jewels; that losing these, she stakes her three lovely children; and the stranger bears these off at last, discovering himself by a cloven foot and a strong smell of brimstone—the latter proving "only a bottle of spirits, which a good old lady applied to her nose to put her in a condition of hearing the preacher's third head, concerning time." The best instances of these self-created dreams are given in the experiments of M. Maury:—

1. His lips and nose were tickled by his coadjutor with a feather. He dreamed that he was subjected to horrible tortures; that a pitchplaster was applied to his face, which was then roughly withdrawn, denuding the lips and checks.

2. A pair of tweezers were struck close to his ears by scissors. He dreamed that he heard the ringing of bells, which speedily passed into the tocsin, and suggested June, 1848.

3. He was made to smell Eau de Cologne. He dreamed that he was in the shop of a perfumer, which led the fancy to the East, and to the shop of Jean Farina, in Cairo!

4. He was made to feel the heat and smell of a burning match, and the wind at the time whistled through the shutters. He dreamed that he was at sea, and that the powder-room of the vessel blew up.

5. His neck was slightly pinched. He dreamed that a blister was applied; and then there arose the recollection of a physician who had treated him in youth.

6. A piece of red-hot iron was held close to his

face for such a length of time as to communicate a slight heat. He dreamed of bandits who got into houses and applied hot irons to the feet of the inhabitants, in order to extract money from them. This idea suggested that of the Duchess d'Abrantes, who he conceived had chosen him as secretary, in whose memoirs he had read of chauffeurs, or bandits, who burned people.

7. The word "parafaramarus" was pronounced close to his ear. He heard nothing; but on a repetition of the attempt while in bed, the word "maman" was followed only by a dream of the hum of bees. When the experiment was repeated some days subsequently, and when he was falling asleep, he dreamed of two or three words, "Azor, Castor, Leonore," which were attributed to the interlocutors in his dream. The sound of "chanelle, haridelle," awoke him while pronouncing the words "c'est elle," but without any recollection of the idea attached to the expression.

8. A drop of water falling on the brow suggested a dream of Italy, great thirst, and a draught of orvietto.

9. A light, surrounded by a red paper, was repeatedly passed before his eyes. He dreamed of a storm of lightning, which reproduced a violent tempest which he had encountered between Morlaix and Havre.

But even when there are no such illusions, the difficulty of interpreting dreams remains. Mr. Seafield gives us several solutions from Greek, and Persian, and Mussulman sources. We give one extract from this curious chapter:—

"Resurrection-men should be careful to whom they relate their dreams. 'What answer,' said a stranger to the son of Sirin, 'shall I convey to a man who has dreamed that he broke some eggs, and took out the white, and left the yolk in the shells?'—'Tell him to come and consult me in person,' replied the oneirocritic. It was in vain that the same message was often repeated; the son of Sirin refused all answer, till the messenger avowed that himself was the dreamer, and confirmed the statement by an oath. 'Seize that man and bear him before the Cadi, for he disinters and robs the dead,' was the declaration which immediately overwhelmed him with terror and astonishment."

One of the most remarkable phenomena connected with dreams is the shortness of time needed for their consummation. Lord Brougham says that in dictating a man may frequently fall asleep after uttering a few words, and be awakened by the amanuensis repeating the last word to show he has written the whole; but, though five or six seconds only have elapsed between the delivery of the sentence and its transfer to paper, the sleeper may have passed through a dream extending through half a lifetime. Lord Holland and Mr. Babbage both confirm this theory. The one was listening to a friend reading aloud, and slept from the beginning of one sentence to the latter part of the sentence immediately succeeding; yet during this time he had a dream, the particulars of which would have taken more than a quarter of an hour to write. Mr. Babbage dreamt a succession of events, and woke in time to hear the concluding words of a friend's answer to a question he had just put him. One man was liable to feelings of suffocation, accompanied by a dream of a skeleton grasping his throat, whenever he slept in a lying posture, and had an attendant to wake him the moment he sank down. But though awakened, the moment he began to sink, that time sufficed for a long struggle with the skeleton. Another man dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, spent a fortnight in America, and fell overboard when embarking to return; yet his sleep had not lasted more than ten minutes.

STORIES ABOUT STRANGE FISHES.

STORIES about strange fishes of eccentric habits, and fishes of preternatural size, odd forms, and ugliness, in the common sense of the term, are very amusing. It is true that now and then a wonderful story is served like the fish itself—knocked on the head by the mallet of truth; while some public prosecutor of popular

error strips a marvellous story of its Munchausen quality. How often has the sea serpent wonder been demolished; yet every now and then some fresh specimen "lifts the head and lies," the belief takes fresh root, and the credence is safe for another term.

The Bohemians have a proverb—"every fish has another for prey:" that named the wels has them all. This is the largest fresh-water fish found in the rivers of Europe, except the sturgeon; it often reaches five or six feet in length. It destroys many aquatic birds, and we are assured that it does not spare the human species. On the 3rd of July, 1700, a peasant took one near Thorn, that had an infant entire in its stomach! They tell in Hungary of children and young girls being devoured on going to draw water; and they even relate that, on the frontiers of Turkey, a poor fisherman took one that had in its stomach the body of a woman, her purse, full of gold, and a ring! The fish is even reported to have been taken sixteen feet long.

However, there are several *fish and ring stories*. Some 2,300 years ago, Polycrates, the despot of Samos, threw into the sea a favourite ring of matchless price and beauty. In a few days the ring reappeared in the belly of a fine fish, which a fisherman had sent to the despot as a present.

Peter Damian relates that Arnulphus, king of Lotharingia, in a fit of repentance for his depravity, threw a costly ring into a stream, saying, "If you are brought back to me, then, but not till then, shall I be assured that all my sins have been pardoned and cancelled." Thereupon the king led a very penitent life, when a fish, served at dinner on a meagre day, was found by the cook to possess a fine gold ring—of course, that which Arnulphus had thrown into the stream—when the king became assured of the Divine acceptance of his contrition. St. Augustine relates that a needy cobbler of Hippo prayed to the shrine of the Thirty Martyrs for a certain article of clothing, when, in passing along the sea-shore, he took a large fish which had been thrown upon the beach, which he sold to a rich man's cook, and with the money purchased wool enough for his wife to spin into the necessary garment. Next the cook discovered inside the fish a gold ring; and knowing at whose shrine the cobbler had prayed, he gave him back the trinket, saying, "Thus do the Thirty Martyrs find thee clothing, according to thy suit."

There are other versions of this story in Eastern narratives. It is also the great event of the old popular ballad of "The Cruel Knight, or, the Fortunate Farmer's Daughter," in which the ring which had been thrown into the sea is restored by means of a cod-fish. The traditional heroine of this ballad is Dame Rebecca Berry, buried at Stepney, Middlesex, where, in her arms, sculptured upon her tomb, a fish and amulet are regarded as proofs of the veracity of the tale.

Still, the pike stories are most wonderful. In the "History of Staffordshire" it is stated that "at Lord Gower's estate at Trentham a pike seized the head of a swan as she was feeding under water, and gorged so much of it as killed them both. The servants, perceiving the swan remain in the same position for a considerable time, went in a boat, and found both swan and pike dead." Gesner says that a famished pike, in the Rhone, fixed on the lips of a mule that was drinking, and was drawn out by the breast before it could disengage itself.

A singular encounter, which took place at Waldstein between a pike and a fox, is commemorated in a German print. Some country people had taken a huge pike, but in conveying it home during the night it escaped. As it was a large fish, they returned with torches in search of their prize, and after some time found it on the grass, having fast hold of a fox by the nose. The fox, caught in this novel trap, endeavoured in vain to escape, and it was not until the pike was killed that it was possible to separate them.

In December, 1765, a pike was caught in the river Ouse, weighing upwards of twenty-eight pounds; when opened, the cook found a watch, with two seals attached to it by a black ribbon, in the body of the fish. These, it was afterwards ascertained, had belonged to a servant, who had been drowned about six weeks before.

* *The Literature and Curiosities of Dreams.* By Frank Seafield, M.A.

On June 28, 1826, a cod-fish was brought to Cambridge market, which, upon being opened, was found to contain a book in its stomach. The book, though wrapped in a piece of sail-cloth, was much soiled, and covered with slime. It contained several treatises on religious subjects, written by one John Frith. It was reprinted by the authorities of Cambridge University, and has a woodcut representing the stall in Cambridge market, with the fish, hook, and knife. How the book got into the fish is not told.

THE AMENOGRAPH.

AMONG the scientific novelties exhibited at the meeting of the British Association which has just concluded its session at Birmingham, there was an Instrument invented and patented by Mr. S. B. Howlett, of the War-office, by means of which winds, from the gentlest breeze up to the most furious storm, can be made to record their own direction and force in the form of a diagram on paper. In other words, the Instrument has only to be set up in an exposed position, and left to itself during the continuance of a breeze or storm, and it will present an observer with an accurate map, drawn to a scale, of what the winds have been doing. Their direction is shown to a degree, and their strength is measured to half an ounce, and this with unerring precision.

Our readers have first to picture to themselves a box of stout tin or zinc in the shape of a pyramid. Through an opening at the apex or point of the pyramid a long tube passes, which reaches within two inches of the bottom of the box; it is slung, however, by an apparatus called on board ship a *gymbal* to a collar in the opening, and the nature of this *gymbal* being something that of a universal joint the rod or tube hangs freely, and will swing like a pendulum, only with this difference, that it will swing in any direction. To the lower end of this tube, a weight of lead is fixed, so that it takes considerable force to move the pendulum from a perpendicular position, and we would have our readers bear in mind that very much more force is needed to move the pendulum, far from the perpendicular than to move it a little way. Thus Mr. Howlett thought that if he could in any way get the winds to move his pendulum, they would make it swing as their strength permitted; and he could record that, how far and in what direction the pendulum swung, he could find out how strong the wind was, and which way it blew. Accordingly a sphere was fixed to the top part of the tube, outside the box, for the winds to blow against, and so move the swinging weight; and a weighted pencil was dropped into the tube, which, moving with the tube, and sliding out by its own weight just as far as was necessary, marked on a piece of paper exactly how far and in what direction the pendulum moved. Here was a solution of the main part of the problem. Further, Mr. Howlett found that, in obedience to a law known to natural philosophers, a sphere intended to represent to the air-currents an effective resisting surface of one square foot must be made, so as to have what is called a *great circle* of two square feet; and he has accordingly provided for this. Thus supposing we want to ascertain the direction of the wind and its pressure on a square foot, we should have only to put on a globe with a great circle of two square feet; and having then set one side of the square base of the instrument on the meridian, and put a sheet of paper under the pencil, we should have to do no more than leave the instrument for a minute, an hour, or a day, just as we might choose; and on going to look at its doings it would present us with a series of looped lines, showing at once, by their direction, the quarter from which the wind had been blowing, and shewing also, on the application of a scale, its pressure in pounds and ounces.

The whole instrument is made of a convenient size for use, on a portable tripod stand, and is proposed by its inventor not merely as an observatory instrument (though well adapted, for such a purpose), but, as it were, as a field instrument, by means of a few of which at different stations, the actual course and the lines of greatest violence of a storm, or even of a light wind might be unerringly laid down.

PASTIMES.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a dye-stuff, and leave a poisonous reptile.
2. Behead a precious gem, and leave a title of nobility.
3. Behead a river in Europe, and leave one of the books of the Old Testament.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is Neptune like a man looking for the philosopher's stone?

REBUS.

1.

Five letters compose me; there's really no knowing
How much of your comfort to me you are owing.

Though under control, I'm so potent—(don't doubt
me).
That Science and Art would be crippled without me.

Behead me, and lo! the result of that course is
I'm now representing a waggon and horses.

New cut off my tail, and you'll find yourself able
To place me in this shape at eve on your table.

Whon, strange though it seem, it's perfectly true,
My original self may be present there, too.

2. I am a word of five letters; cut off my head, and I am a portion of the globe; again cut off my head, and I am a numeral; cut off my tail and transpose me, and I am a negative; my whole is an atmospheric disinfectant.

CHARADES.

I am composed of 13 letters; my 1, 9, 10, 7 is a portion of the earth; my 3, 2, 4, 5, 13 is a rich fabric; my 12, 11, 3, 5, 8 tends to elevation and refinement; my 1, 3, 2, 10, 6 is a sacred song; my 5, 4, 7, 6 is what a reporter delights in; my 7, 10, 9, 1, 7 is what young ladies sometimes do; and my whole is intended to combine instruction with amusement.

ANAGRAMS.

A line from Shakespeare.

1. Tinroa ebet thwci eth urpm edf yoonnr irco.
2. Grotfe hte ltsua fo htores adn eebmmrr vyo own.
3. A fsto sewnra huttne aawy lrtaw.
4. A water to thrive.
5. Not mo dear.
6. No stop it rains.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. MTARFARISERONG. Is attracting the attention of the civilized world.
2. OIBNOREAOTREHNDIF. Extends to both sides of the Atlantic.
3. TNLSENSMNOMUNEO. No credit to Montreal.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. Two persons, A and B, have both the same income; A saves one-fifth of his income yearly; but B, by spending £50 per annum more than A, at the end of four years finds himself £100 in debt. What is their income, and what do they spend per annum?
2. Find three numbers such that the first, with the cube of the second, may be 35; the third, with the cube of the second, 29; and the sum of the three cubes, 547.
3. "WILLIAM" desires us to place the following proposition before our readers; the question is a practical one to him, and he hopes that some of our friends will furnish him with a correct answer:

Suppose I deposit \$8.25 in a Savings Bank on the first day of every month for the term of six years, what will the principal and interest amount to at the expiration of that time; interest to be calculated at 4 per cent. per annum, and compounded yearly?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c., No. 8.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. 16.
2. 21.
3. The father's age was 48; the son's, 21.

RIDDLES.

1. Because it professes to make one of two, but it is only a pleasing delusion.
2. With a ring, but not without a rap.
3. Because there are two O's (seas) in Pacific, and only one in Atlantic.

PUZZLES.

The son of the host.

CHARADES.

1. Cartier.
2. McDonald.

ANAGRAM.

Truth is a heavenly principle—a light
Whose beams will ever guide the willing right:
A fixed star—a spotless central sun,
In the mind's heaven unchangeable and one.

The following answers have been received:

Arithmetical Questions—All, Geo. J. B., E. R. A., X. Y. Z., H. J. M., W. J. F., Peter, Nemo, S. E. F.; 1st and 2nd, W. H. F.; 2nd and 3rd, Thos. G. *Riddles*—1, Q. E. D., Nemo; 2, Q. E. D., S. E. F.; 3, Peter.

Charades—Peter, Themistocles, Nemo, Q. E. D., F. B., Artist, G. J. B., E. R. A., X. Y. Z., H. J. M., W. J. F., W. H. F., Thos. G., S. E. F.

Puzzles—Thos. G., W. H. F., X. Y. Z., E. R. A., Geo. J. B., Nemo, Peter. (Several incorrect answers have also been received.)

Anagram—Peter, Nemo, F. B., Geo. J. B., X. Y. Z., W. J. F., Thos. G., E. R. A., S. E. F. (Several write "eternal" in the third line, instead of "central.")

The following did not reach us in time to be acknowledged in our last number:—Thos. G., Themistocles, W. J. F., A. A., Oxon, J. Logan.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A new remedy for toothache has been announced, namely, carbolic acid, which is said to be an effectual cure; and dentists are recommended to apply it to decayed teeth before stopping them.

PROFITABLE INGENUITY.—A Mr. Perry, of Yeovil, Somerset, exhibits in the Bristol Industrial Exhibition a model of a church, with a peal of bells and miniature ringers, and several small cases containing mechanical figures, railway trains, &c., the whole of which, before they can be set in motion, severally require that a halfpenny shall be dropped into the till. These working models are very attractive, and it is estimated that several pounds are dropped into the tills in the course of the day. There are eleven of these mechanical figures all belonging to the one man, and it is thought that he is clearing from £10 to £15 per day.

PETROLEUM AS FUEL.—The petroleum boiler at Woolwich Dockyard, lately experimented with, is now undergoing considerable alteration, in order to assimilate it more to the simple form of the present marine boiler. The long course of experiments under Mr. Richardson's supervision at Woolwich has proved the system to be not only available, but utterly free from danger; the experiments are now to be carried on with greater vigour. When the alterations are completed the boiler will be able to burn the Rangoon, Barbadoes, or Trinidad petroleum, together with the English coal and whale oils alternately, as well as every other kind of hydro-carbon, to obtain any degree of speed that may be required, and without waste.

The *Moultier* publishes some statistics of the manufacture of beet-root sugar in France for the season of 1864-65, ending July 31 of the present year. At that date 398 manufactories were in operation, against 366 in July, 1864, and the quantity of sugar produced was upwards of 146,000,000 kilos, an increase of 39,000,000 kilos on last year's yield.

A USEFUL little instrument, called by the inventor a "Topograph," has recently been patented by Mr. Lendy, of Sunbury. It combines a plane table, prismatic compass, level, and clinometer, and seems to be well adapted for making rapid sketch-maps possessing a considerable amount of accuracy, for military or other purposes, where there is not sufficient time for a more extended survey.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. D. R.—A decimal point should have been placed before the last five; the answer would then read $5\frac{1}{2} = 6 + .5 = 6\frac{1}{2}$

PETER.—Thanks. Similar suggestions will be always welcome.

NAMO.—It would have been better to have written "A sou."

THEMISTOCLES.—You will see that we have availed ourselves of several of your contributions to our P. C. Will be glad to hear from you again.

G. C. G., Quebec.—Your proposal is under consideration; will write you respecting other translations in a few days.

B. H. A.—Much obliged to you for the information; should you recollect the date and source of the article referred to, please be good enough to write us, as we would willingly devote some attention to the subject.

A VOICE FROM THE CROWD.—We would rather "shake hands" than quarrel, at any time, especially with our friends, and will willingly consider the hatchet buried. Shall be glad to receive your proposed contribution, and doubt not it will prove of value to many of our readers.

P. A. B.—Please accept our thanks. Will reply to your last letter as requested, so soon as some pending arrangements are completed.

I. L., Hamilton.—The tale is fairly written, but we must decline it. The subject is hackneyed.

ENQUIRER.—Epping is a small village about twelve miles from London, situate on the borders of the celebrated Epping Forest. It acema strange that cholera should have broken out in this locality before visiting any of the large and overcrowded cities of England, but this dread visitant baffles all calculations, and sometimes strikes where least expected.

Q. E. D.—Thanks. Your contributions will appear in an early issue.

BASSIE.—Declined with thanks.

ARTIST.—We have quite a number of contributions on hand similar to those you forwarded. It would scarcely be in keeping with good taste for us to insert the second.

VIRGIL.—"Was I to go to town" is incorrect, the phrase should be "were I to go to town."

H. H. H.—Will hand your note respecting the copies per mail to the Publisher. Accept our thanks for the problems.

MYRA C.—The tale compares favourably with many we receive, but is not sufficiently well written to warrant its publication. If you intend to "try again," avoid such expressions as "gents," and pray be more careful in your orthography.

J. L.—We shall be happy to hear from you again.

SALVIA.—If accepted, will write you respecting future articles.

SOLO.—J. T. S.—To hand, thanks!

CHESS.—According to the strict law of the game, while you hold your piece you may move it anywhere allowed by the rules; but when you quit your hold the move is completed, and must be abided by. You are not compelled to cry check when you attack the Queen.

LESTER.—Lord Byron was the author of the celebrated cockney enigma commencing, The Vide World you may search and my fellow not find,

I dwells in a Vacuum, deficient in Vind;
In the Wisage Pm seen, in the Voice I am heard,
And yet I'm invisible, gives went to no Vord, &c.

W. J. P.—The Reader has no interest in party politics: and cares but little whether Mr. Brown's or Mr. Macdonald's nominee proves successful in a controverted election.

PHOTO.—We are unable to answer your question.

GRONCH.—Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.

A GOOD-NATURED fellow, who was nearly eaten out of house and home by the constant visits of his friends, was one day complaining bitterly of his numerous visitors. "Shurt, and I'll tell ye how to get rid of 'em," said an Irishman. "Pray, how?" "Lind money to the poor ones, and borrow money of the rich ones, and anther sort will ever trouble ye ngin."

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

PICKLE AND PRESERVE JARS.—Remember that pickle and preserve jars should always be washed in cold water, dried thoroughly, and kept in a dry place. If they are washed in hot water, it cracks their glazed surface, making them porous, and therefore unfit for use—since one of the great points in pickling and preserving is thoroughly to exclude the air.

SHREWSBURY CAKES.—Weigh one pound of flour, into which rub half a pound of butter and six ounces of sugar, make a hole in the centre, into which break a couple of eggs, and add sufficient milk to form a flexible paste, which roll out to the thickness of a penny-piece, and cut it into small cakes with a round cutter; bake them in a moderate oven. Ginger cakes are made precisely as the above, but adding half an ounce of ground ginger before mixing; and cinnamon cakes, by rubbing in an ounce and a half of ground cinnamon after the paste is mixed.

APPLES AND SAGO PUDDING.—Pare and core as many apples as will set into the dish in which the pudding is to be baked; fill the hole in the cored apple with ground cinnamon and sugar; take as many large spoonfuls of sago as you have apples; mix it with a little cold water; turn in as much boiling water as will fill the pudding-dish; stir it all the time till it begins to thicken; then cover it up, and let it stand about two hours, until the sago swells; then turn it into the dish, set it into a pretty hot oven, and bake it two hours. To be eaten with sugar and cream.

CRANBELLOR'S PUDDING.—Take a tin mould, or a small tin pan; butter it well. Split and stone some large raisins; place them on the sides of the buttered tin about two inches apart; slice a stale brick-loaf, and place it around the pan. Have ready twelve eggs well beaten, and seasoned with lemon or peach-water, and one cup of cream. Set the pan or mould into boiling-water; turn in the eggs and cover it up, and let it boil two hours. When it is done, turn the mould over into the dish, and let it stand about ten minutes before removing it, for fear the pudding should break. Serve it with a rich wine sauce.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A WOMAN said in a police-court the other day, that before marriage her husband pretended to be much struck with her, but now she was every day struck by him.

WHAT is the difference between a woodman and a toilet mug?—One is a *hewer* of wood and the other a *ever* of water.

DIFFICULT YET EASY.—If a police officer is after you, the best thing you can do is to lock the door, and then *bolt* yourself.

A MORNING PAPER tells us of the sad case of a man who was shipwrecked and cast upon an uninhabited island, *without a shilling in his pocket*.

GROSS-BREKED.—"Is that dog of yours a cross breed?" asked a gentleman of a canine vendor. "No, sur; his mother was a very gentle and affectionate creature."

POSSIBLY.—A lady, playfully condemning the wearing of whiskers and moustaches, declared:—"It is one of the fashions I invariably *set my face against*."

WANTED TO KNOW.

WHETHER the medium of the city papers is a spiritual one?

OF what kind of resin the pitch of the voice is composed?

BY whom the sign of the Times was painted.

BY whom the march of improvement now going on in Montreal was composed?

MUSEUM CONTRIBUTIONS.

ONE of the rockers from the cradle of the deep.

A KEY to a lock of hair.

PART of the horn of the vial of Cashmere.

A RASINO of the nail of the finger of scorn.

DEFINITIONS.

CAR-GO.—Motion of a car.

CANTICLE.—Able to tickle.

•CULO-HOOD.—A bonnet for a child.

•CHAP-LET.—A married man.

CUR-TAIL.—A dog's narrative.

DIXO-ALOGUE.—To dress a stick.

AN Irish lawyer addressed the court as "gentlemen" instead of "your honours." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose to apologise, thus:—"May it please the court—in the hate of debate I called your honours gentlemen. I made a mistake, your honours."

A MAN named John Bunyan was recently summoned before a magistrate because he would not "move on." The magistrate remarked that he was surprised a man bearing the name of Bunyan should be wanting in "progress."

TRIED AND ACQUITTED.—A person looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one who was of the bustling order, "Has been accused of possessing talents." Another seeing it, immediately wrote under, "Has been tried and acquitted."

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—"I don't so much care about the high price of meat now, as I am going to effect a tremendous saving in other respects; I am resolved that henceforth my children's washing shall not cost more than fourpence a week."—"Fourpence a week! Why, do you know that you have got two boys and two girls?"—"Precisely, but I have seen a very respectable place where they advertise, "Kids cleaned at twopence a pair," and I intend sending them there for the futuro."—*Punch*.

VICES AND NOSES.—Many persons are led by their vices as there are many who are led by their noses: but there are a far greater number who follow both without any leading at all.

PICKING AND CHOOSING, NOT PICKING AND STEALING.—A young thief, who was charged with picking pockets, demurred to the indictment, saying that he had never picked pockets, but had always taken them just as they came.

A CAUTIOUS BET.—An old and most respectable tradesman at Quebec, on being asked if he ever speculated at a race, replied—"I never bet more than a halfpenny bun in my life, and then I made a stipulation that if I lost I was to have the first bite."

A STUDENT declaiming vigorously and eloquently on "The Language of Man," burst forth with "The indispensable contributions of the inferior members of the animal kingdom to our noble language, and—" but here his tutor stopped him, and requested an explanation of the "indispensable contributions" referred to; whereupon the student, without being at all abashed, replied, "They may be found, sir, in such words as dog-matism, cat-cbbiam, cro-nology, pus-illanamous, duc-tility, hen-pecked, ox-ygen, cose-slip, pig-meat, ase-toroid, and rat-ification."

REMEDIAL.—"I claim, may it please the court, that there is *no* wrong, there can be no wrong, without a remedy!" grandiloquently exclaimed a young lawyer the other day, while arguing a case.—"Well, now, let us see about that," quietly replied his opponent. "Suppose that *distance lends* enchantment to the view, and *the vicio* refuse to return it, what *remedy* will *distance* have in that case?"

HOW TO CURB THEIVING.—"They have a singular way of punishing robbery in China," said a missionary, who had just returned from the Celestial Empire, to a number of friends who had called in to hear his account of things in that land of marvels.—"Does it cure the offender of his unfortunate propensities?" eagerly inquired a "philanthropist," whose interest in human beings was in exact ratio with their villainousness.—"Well," replied the missionary, "I never saw the punishment inflicted but once. I will tell you how it was done, and then you can judge for yourself as to its reclaiming and converting powers. They put the culprit in a large mortar, and *then fired him head foremost against a stone wall*."

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PHILOSOPHICAL PUZZLES.

THERE was a day when philosophy was a young science, and it in that far time had, to a slight extent, the playful habits of youth, when it would in rare moments forget its usual occupation of arranging and fathoming the universe, and with ponderous humour, by the mouth of a disciple, give forth some puzzle of a more amusing character than the great problems of existence and knowledge, the discovery of whose solution formed its principal business, and to which desirable end it is still busily engaged.

Thus, the celebrated and well-known puzzle of Achilles and the tortoise was invented by Zeno of Ela some centuries before Christ, and furnishes a good example of this philosophical play. This problem is as follows: If Achilles and a tortoise were to run a race, and Achilles were to run ten times as fast as the tortoise, if the latter had the start, Achilles would never overtake the tortoise, as can be thus shewn. Suppose them at the starting of Achilles to be separated by a space of a thousand feet, when Achilles has run this thousand, the tortoise would have run a hundred, and when Achilles had run this hundred, the tortoise would have run ten, and so on forever. This sophism has even been considered insoluble by many philosophers, and among others by Dr. Thomas Brown, since it actually leads to an absurd conclusion by a sound argument.

Amongst other famous ancient dialectic problems are the following dilemmas, which are framed with wonderful ingenuity, the acuteness displayed in their construction being probably unsurpassed. The first is called Syllogismus Crocodilus, and may be thus stated: An infant, while playing on the bank of a river, was seized by a crocodile. The mother, hearing its cries, rushed to its assistance, and by her tearful entreaties obtained a promise from the crocodile (who was obviously of the highest intelligence) that he would give it her back if she would tell him truly what would happen to it. On this, the mother, (perhaps rashly) asserted: "You will not give it back." The crocodile answers to this: "If you have spoken truly, I cannot give back, the child without destroying the truth of your assertion; if you have spoken falsely, I cannot give back the child, because you have not fulfilled the agreement; therefore, I cannot give it back whether you have spoken truly or falsely." The mother retorted: "If I have spoken truly, you must give back the child, by virtue of your agreement; if I have spoken falsely, that can only be when you have given back the child; so that whether I have spoken truly or falsely, the child must be given back." History is silent as to the issue of this remarkable dispute.

Of a similar nature is the other example above mentioned, which is even more acutely stated. A young man named Enathlus received lessons in rhetoric from Protagoras, it being agreed that a certain fee should be paid if the pupil was successful in the first cause he pleaded. Enathlus, however, neglected to undertake any cause, and Protagoras, in order to obtain his fee, was compelled to sue him. Enathlus defended himself in the court, and it was consequently the young man's first suit. The master argued thus: "If I be successful in this cause, O Enathlus, you will be compelled to pay by virtue of the sentence of these righteous judges; and should I even be unsuccessful, you will then have to pay me in fulfilment of your original contract." To this the apt pupil replied: "If I be successful, O master, I shall be free by the sentence of these righteous judges; and even if I be unsuccessful, I shall be free by virtue of the contract." The story states that such convincing arguments thus diametrically opposed completely staggered the judges, who being quite unable to decide, postponed the judgment *sine die*.

A celebrated instance of ingenious fallacy is that propounded as a just argument by Diodoros Chronos, who, by this fallacy, claimed to prove the impossibility of motion. He argues thus: All that a body does, must be done either in the place where it is, or else the place where it is not. Now, it can not move in the place where it is, and much less can it move in the place where it

is not. Consequently, it cannot move at all, and therefore motion is impossible. It is related that the inventor of this sophism on one occasion dislocated his shoulder, and was compelled to send for a surgeon to set it. The leech assured the philosopher that the shoulder could not possibly be put out at all, since it could not be out in the place in which it was, nor neither in the place in which it was not.

The inverting argument of the lying Cretans is well known; but the reader will excuse its quotation for the sake of illustration, and for the chance of its being new to some out of the many. St. Paul says (Titus i. 12, 13): "One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said: The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies. This witness is true." The Cretans being always liars; the prophet was a Cretan, therefore he was a liar, and lied when he said they were always liars. Consequently, the Cretans are not always liars. Again, since he was a Cretan, he was not always a liar. Therefore, the Cretans are always liars, and so on *ad infinitum*.

With regard to more trivial instances of logical profanity, I must quote one which is frequently employed in private life with much exasperating effect, and is also found by cross-examining counsel, a serviceable mode of confounding a witness, and simultaneously throwing dust in the eyes of a jury. It consists in desiring to have either a direct negative or affirmative answer to a question, which, being done, a question respecting any desired improbability can then be asked, as, for instance: "Have you cut off your tail yet?" If the answer be yes, it is of course an admission that the examinee once had a tail; while, if the reply be no, it is assumed to be an admission that he still possesses that unusual personal ornament. A somewhat similar process is involved in the inquiry of the man; "How long he has left off beating his father?" It will be seen what a wide field of vexation a skilful use of this process can command. As an example, in strong contrast to the foregoing, the following problem may be cited as an interesting but somewhat hopeless subject of inquiry—namely, What is the effect of an irresistible force striking an immovable sphere?

It may be observed with regard to the foregoing illustrations, that they start from the borders of serious argument, and descending by degrees, they travel first through ingenious, and then trivial quibbles. Continuing the descent, we should finally arrive in the extensive region of jokes, but, before arriving at that stage of debasement it is better to quit the subject

NINETY-EIGHT AND SIXTY-FIVE.

A GREAT amount of harm may be caused by speaking and writing of the Irish rebellion of ninety-eight and the present Fenian conspiracy, as if they were similar, when in truth they have little in common.

Until about the year 1600, Ireland was with the exception of about twenty miles around Dublin independent of England, the sept or clans followed their own customs and the Breton laws. During the next sixty years this newly conquered people were still further estranged by the confiscation of their lands, upwards of five hundred thousand acres were confiscated in the province of Ulster alone in the reign of James I, then followed the cruel wars and confiscations of Cromwell, and before many of those who thus suffered were in their graves the peace was again broken by the war of 1690, succeeded by the penal laws separating the Roman Catholic Irish from all interest in the well-being of the state, and making them a proscribed and outcast race. They could not sit in Parliament, all their priests were banished, they could not intermarry with Protestants, they could not become solicitors. If a son turned protestant, his father could not leave his property to his other children, but the renegade became heir to the exclusion of all the rest. No papists could possess a horse of greater value than five pounds, neither could they give or take long leases. In 1778, only twenty years before the outbreak the first relaxation of these laws took

place. Up to that date the whole course of the Legislature for Ireland had been to keep alive a spirit of Irish nationality and a deep hatred of the Saxon invader.

The volunteer movement of 1782 had shown the strength Ireland possessed if it could be brought out. And the French Revolution had called up a restless impatience not only of wrong but of all old established rule. In Ireland, five sixths of the population were debarred from the rights of freemen, and were ruled by the remaining sixth, and even of that sixth there were many men, young and foolish, no doubt, but full of love for abstract right and justice, and of sympathy for their countrymen. From this class, the leaders of the rebellion were taken, but it is doubtful whether they could have roused the peasantry to fight were it not that the government employed the yeomanry to search for arms. This employment of men under few restraints of discipline, and animated by a most ferocious hatred of those whose dwellings they were employed to search, aggravated if it did not cause the rebellion. The animosity occasioned by too frequently fatal party fights now manifested itself in the form of floggings, pitch cappings and picketings inflicted on the unfortunate papists, in order to wring from them confessions of having arms concealed. The bridge of Wexford and the barn of Scullabogue were the atrocious retaliation of an ignorant and savage peasantry for the outrages they had suffered; but the barbarity was not all on their side. Lord Cornwallis, the then Lord Lieutenant, mentions one or two cases of cruel murder committed by protestants, which in atrocity if possible excelled the other. Such being the condition of Ireland in 1798, was rebellion to be wondered at? It was a question with most Irishmen not so much of right as of expediency; and most thoughtful men, while lamenting the course pursued, will respect the motives of the men of '98 who rose in dark and evil days,

"To right their native land."

Very different indeed is the case in 1865; eighty-seven years have passed since the first relaxation of the penal laws, and very few of those who could take the field can recollect the passage of the measure that emancipated the Catholics from their civil disabilities. There are no real grievances now, and Fenian discontent lives upon tradition. The past glories of Ireland handed down from father to son have lost nothing by the transmission, until the idea of what they have lost is burlesqued by the song:

Oh we once were an elegant people,
Though we now live in cabins of mud;
And the land that ye see from the steeple
Belonged to us all from the flood.
Then my uncle was king of Tyrone
And my grand-aunt vice-roy of Tralee,
But the Sassenach name and signs on it,
The devil an acre have we.

This discontent may make them clamour for tenant right, shoot a hard landlord, and let off steam in seditious speeches. It may furnish material for claptrap speeches among the orators of "Blinsterland," but it never would rouse to any overt act of rebellion any one who had anything to lose.

FRONTENAC, U. E.

ARTEMUS WARD.

Mr. Ward, traveller, showman, philosopher, has won for himself an extended reputation, and many of our readers have doubtless thoroughly enjoyed the perusal of his varied adventures described with racy humour, couched in wonderful orthography. Mr. Worthington is about to issue a series of reprints of Standard Novels, and "Artemus Ward (His Travels)" is the first instalment. It is reprinted from the American copyright edition, and in paper and typography compares favourably with American books of its class.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

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R. WORTHINGTON,
20 Great St. James Street, MONTREAL.

HOW I LOST MY LEG.

[A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.]

SOME years since, at a time when Ireland was greatly disturbed by political agitation, it was my fortune to be called as a witness against two men who had been charged with an agrarian outrage, and whose conviction my evidence had helped to secure. As I left the court, I noticed that I was closely-watched by three or four savage-looking men, who, I was afterwards informed, were relatives and friends of the convict, and whom I might most certainly look upon as my future enemies.

A few months afterwards, I missed the last train from the same town, and as the distance to my home was not more than six or seven miles, I resolved to walk. Soon, to my extreme annoyance, I discovered that I was followed by the men I have referred to, and I had little doubt that some outrage was intended.

If I could conceal myself till they passed by, I felt that I might be saved. I feared to move onwards, lest they should hear my footfall, as I had heard theirs. I looked eagerly around. Through the dim light I saw a mass of brambles almost beside me. There was a gap in them. Without a moment's hesitation I plunged in. There was a terrible cracking of dry branches, a rending of clothes, and a tearing of flesh, and the next instant I lay sprawling in the dirt and slime of a half-dry ditch.

In two minutes my pursuers, for I could not help regarding them as such, were opposite the spot where I lay ensconced. They passed on. I began to breathe more freely. Suddenly they stopped, apparently to listen.

"I don't hear his footsteps now," I heard a voice say.

"I thought I heard a crackling among the branches this minute," said another. "Let us look about. Ah, those hedges!"

They examined them for a moment, but appeared to be ignorant of the ditch that lay behind.

"Oh, he's not there! There's a lane should be above—that's where he's gone," said a gruff voice.

Adopting this idea, they rapidly retraced their steps.

I emerged from my hiding-place. I knew they would soon discover their error, and be again on the right track. My safety now depended on my speed. Little more than a mile further on there was a road-side inn; if I could reach that I thought I should be in safety.

In an incredibly short space of time I was there, breathless and exhausted. The door was shut, but a light gleamed through the shutters.

With a prayer of thanksgiving in my heart, I knocked loudly for admission.

My summons was answered by a man's voice demanding to know who was there.

"A traveller," I replied, faintly.

"It is too late to open to-night; I am going to bed," was the reply.

"For heaven's sake open the door!" I implored; "there is life and death upon it. I will pay you handsomely for inconveniencing you."

The last argument took effect—I heard a bar withdrawn. The next moment I was within the house. I sunk on a chair, prostrated by fatigue and terror.

"Perhaps," I said, when I had explained that I was pursued, "you won't object to my lying down on the settle here till daylight?"

Before he could reply there was a loud knocking at the street-door.

"Don't open, for the love of Heaven!" I exclaimed; "it is those men. They have discovered me—they will murder me."

"All right—don't be afraid. They shan't come in if I can help it," was the reply.

The words had scarcely passed his lips when the men were in the house. After admitting me he had not replaced the bar, so the door was on the latch. One glance was sufficient—they were my pursuers.

"Come, come, my lads," said the landlord, "you must get out of this. It's long past shutting-up time, and I am going to bed."

"Bring us some whisky, and hold your jaw," said one, surlily.

The landlord was a big, strong man, but he quailed before the savage glances which were cast upon him. He evidently feared to provoke a contest, so thought it was better to endeavour to get rid of them quietly.

"Well, if I bring it, you must be off the instant you have drunk it."

"We shall use our own minds about that," was the insolent reply.

Here, then, I was sitting within a few feet of the men whom I felt, had vowed my death, utterly helpless, with no chance of escape. I met death face to face at that moment. I looked despairingly at my host. I could read no sign of hope in him.

To get them the whisky he passed through a door I had not noticed before. It was beside me. He closed it behind him. It opened outwards. He was absent several minutes, and I heard a rumbling noise. During this time a whispered conversation was going on between my pursuers, but, close as I was to them, I could not distinguish a word. What a horror it was to be left alone with them! I expected every instant that they would rush upon me, and murder me on the spot.

At length the landlord returned, with a measure of whisky in his hand. He left the door partly open. There was no fire on the hearth; the only light was a single tallow candle that burned on the table where the men sat. In putting the whisky on the table, he managed to extinguish it. The place was in total darkness. Instantly I felt a powerful grasp upon my arm, I knew not whether that of friend or foe. I was dragged a few steps, a door slammed, and I was in the open air, with the landlord beside me. He rolled some heavy-looking object against the door—it looked like a mill-stone—and then said, hurriedly—

"Off with you over the fields. You'll find a house a quarter of a mile off."

"But yourself?" I said.

"I can take care of myself. But get off—you have no time to lose."

I had not, for while he spoke a yell of rage burst from the house, and kicks and blows rained upon the door, until the planks cracked and splintered.

With my feet winged with terror, I sped on like a hunted deer. Crash! I knew the last frail barrier between my pursuers and myself had given way. I heard their fierce howl as they burst forth. I was several hundred yards ahead of them. Now began the race for life or death.

I was always a good runner, but I never ran as I ran that night, simply because I never ran for so great a stake—it seemed to me as though I were borne onwards by a whirlwind. The ground flew beneath my feet; ditches and gates were overleaped, walls clambered over—no barrier checked my speed. My preserver had spoken of a house. I looked round, but could discern nothing through the gloom. I must have passed over double the distance he had mentioned. I must have taken a wrong direction. I was distancing my pursuers a little, but this desperate pace could not be kept up much longer. My breath was fast failing me, my strength must soon give way, and then I should drop to the earth from exhaustion, and every second I ran the risk of being hurled to the ground by some obstacle in my path, which the darkness would prevent me seeing.

Suddenly I felt myself descending with frightful rapidity. I could not arrest my speed; I just had presence of mind enough left to throw myself backward—had I not done so I should inevitably have been dashed to pieces. A thousand lights danced before my eyes, but I was not stunned. I found myself at the bottom of a declivity, an enormous opening in the earth, like a huge cavern, before me. I knew not what it was—I had not sufficient sense left to think—it looked like a shelter. I dragged myself along into its depths, until I fell prostrate in a swoon.

I know not how long I remained insensible. I awoke with a sensation of the most parching thirst; my mouth and throat felt as though they had been soothed with hot iron. This feeling was

accompanied by violent pains in the chest and limbs. For a moment I could not remember where I was, or what had happened. All was dark around me, but on one side the grey light of morning stole in through a large opening. Gradually all the horrors of the past night revived in my memory. Where had I got to? The place was damp and cold; my teeth chattered in my head. I was still lying on the ground. In moving, my hand encountered a substance colder than the ground: it was hard; it rose from the level; it felt like an iron bar. I felt further on, and encountered a similar one. This subterranean place—that arched opening through which the light was creeping—I understood it all: *I was in a railway tunnel.* I was literally lying between the lines! What a frightful situation! If a train had passed I must inevitably have been crushed to death.

With a cold perspiration starting from every pore, and my hair bristling with terror at the fearful peril that had menaced me, I endeavoured to rise to my feet. What was my horror on finding that my limbs were powerless! The unnatural exertion I had used, and the cold damps of the tunnel, had rendered me as helpless as a new-born infant. I fell back with a groan, to await the awful doom that was impending over me. The thoughts, feelings, agonies that I endured, as I lay thus, no human tongue could describe. With the thought of my poor wife and children at home burning into my brain, I tried to offer up a prayer, and resign myself to my inevitable fate.

I could now see, through the opening of the tunnel, that it was broad daylight, and a certain brilliancy denoted that the sun had risen. All was deadly still. Presently I heard the twittering of the birds. Oh, it was horrible to die thus! I made another effort to rise and stand upright.

A low, subterranean rumbling sound, like the distant rolling of cannon-balls, broke upon my ear. Each second it increased in intensity, till it resembled the falling of an avalanche; then a shrill, piercing whistle; then a rushing sound. Suddenly the opening of the tunnel was darkened, and, in place of the soft daylight, a fierce, red spot shone like the eye of a demon. There was another horrible shriek of the whistle, and the monster was upon me. Then there was a crushing sense of pain, and I swooned again.

When I recovered I was in my own bed, with my wife beside me. It was long before I quitted my room. My leg had been completely smashed, and an operation had been necessary. My wooden leg is a constant reminder of my terrible adventure, and I confess to an involuntary shudder at the sight or sound of a rapid railway train.

CHESS-PLAYING.

THE first book printed in England in moveable types was a translation by William Caxton of a famous Italian work on chess. This seems to show that "the pleasant and wittie playe of the Cheests" was even more popular four hundred years ago than it is now. Considering how few persons could read, how much opposition was offered to the printing-press, and how great was the risk of publication, it is difficult on any other supposition to account for Caxton having, in 1474, made choice of this subject for his first experiment. But, however this may have been, the volume that issued from the abbot's house in Westminster could not but give a considerable stimulus to English chess-playing. The original from which it was taken had been acquiring increased celebrity during 270 years, and certainly contained much curious and valuable information. Of course it had its own theory of the origin of chess, which will ever remain matter of dispute; and it tells so pretty a story on that head, that every one who reads it wishes it may be the true account. A philosopher, it says, named Philometer, invented it in the time of Evilmerodach, King of Babylon, with the view of conveying to his Majesty in an inoffensive manner a lesson in the uses of mercy. Thus the game taught by showing that kings, queens, knights, and common pawns, had each their proper places and relative duties, and that the

pawns, far from being on the whole inferior pieces, constituted in fact, when well managed, the strength of the game. The lesson was much needed, for the king was "so tyrannous and felon, that he might suffer no correction, but elewe them, and put them to deth, that corrected him." Happily Philometer's good design was completely successful. He not only kept his head on his shoulders, but the king "thanked him greatly, and changed his lyf, his manners, and alle his evil condicions." Another account of the origin of chess is, that, during the siege of Troy, Palamedes invented it for the Grecian soldiers, to enable them to kill time, which hung rather heavily on their hands. Hence, when La-bourdonnais established the first Chess-Magazine, in 1836, he called it *Le Palamède*. But after Niebuhr has ridden rough-shod over all the fables of the she-wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus, the Goddess Egeria, and the like, one is apt to be very suspicious of any story that dates from Priam and the Trojan horse. There is an old English black-letter translation from the Italian on this ancient game, which assigns to it a curious origin. Lydie and Tyrrhene, it says, were two brothers, "who, being afflicted with great hunger and famine, did invent this playe, to the end that in playinge of it they myghte employe their spirites so vehementlye that they myghte more easily passe the faminall affliction." "Indeede," it adds, "they passed the tyme so well that they made but three meales in two days." In our present prospects of murrain and scarcity, it may perhaps be worth consideration, how far a passion for chess would serve us also as a *pièce de résistance* in the assaults of famine.

But Lydie and Tyrrhene are far from being the only witnesses to the absorbing influence of chess. The last of the Caliphs continued deep in the game while the enemy was at the gates of Bagdad, and cried out, when warned of his danger, "Let me alone, for I see a move to checkmate my opponent;" and a messenger, who came to the Danish Court on urgent business, found King Canute engaged in it at midnight. The fire-eating monarch, Charles XII, of Sweden, used very characteristically to push the king forward, and make more use of it than of any piece on the board. In this way he often exposed himself to checkmate, as by similar hazards in the field he frequently endangered his kingdom. When he was besieged in his house at Bender, with a few adherents, by a whole army of Turks, Voltaire tells us that he barricaded the doors, looked to the defences, and then was sufficiently composed to sit down to chess, and expose his king as before. In some parts of Europe, in the Middle Ages, the devotion to chess was so excessive, and withdrew persons to such an extent from their honest calling, that the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, thought it needful to interfere. Eudes de Sully, Bishop of Paris, forbade clergymen to play or keep a board; and St. Louis of France visited chess-playing with a fine. Such discouragements, however, have been very rare and partial, and chess, like the chase, has ever been esteemed a princely recreation. Charlemagne played at it while governing half Europe, and some ivory chessmen, said to have been used by him, are preserved at St. Denis. Tamerlane built an obelisk of 90,000 boards which he had cut off, yet, in his softer moods, diverted himself with chess. Philip II, of Spain, and Charles V, his father, found time for chess amid their wars and conquests; so did Catharine de Medicis and Henry IV, of France. Leo X, to his love of arts added that of chess; and Queen Elizabeth, Louis XIV, William III, and Frederick the Great, the most notable sovereigns of modern times, were all skilled in the Indian game. We call it Indian, for antiquaries are now unanimous in their opinion that it was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and was invented, as Gibbon says, in India, to admonish kings that they are strong only in the strength of their subjects, and was introduced into Persia in the reign of Nushivran, about the middle of the sixth century.

Some three hundred years ago, Leonardo, a Calabrian, accomplished a singular feat. Having set out for Madrid, where he intended to challenge the great chess-player, Ruy Lopes, he heard that his brother had been taken by some corsairs.

He determined to ransom him, and actually won his ransom by playing chess with the captain of the galley, in which his captive brother was sitting chained to the oar. He then proceeded to Madrid, and, in the presence of the Court, had the satisfaction of beating Father Ruy Lopes, who was esteemed the best player in Europe, and had composed a valuable treatise "on the liberal invention and art of chess." In its palmy days the game was sometimes played with real men and women on a chequered pavement of black and white marble. Don John of Austria had such a chess-board, on which living pieces moved under his direction. A Duke of Weimar also converted his soldiers into chessmen, and managed them in a similar way. Sometimes the field of action was a level turf, divided into sixty-four squares of alternate gravel and grass. There is a curious anecdote related of an Eastern sovereign in connection with the chess-board. Wishing to reward the services of his Prime Minister, he desired him to choose a present. The Minister replied that he would be satisfied with one grain of corn on the first square of the board, two on the second, four on the third, and so on, doubling each time till the last square was reached. The Sultan laughed in scorn at so paltry a demand; but, on his Minister's insisting that he desired nothing more, he summoned his secretaries, and was amazed at being informed that his dominions would not yield the quantity of grain required, nor his entire resources suffice to purchase it. In the year 1786, the game of chess was made the means of a famous hoax. A certain Kempelen exhibited what he called an automaton chess-player in London. It was a figure dressed as a Turk, and placed behind a chest. This Kempelen used to open, so as to display the machinery which seemed to impart motion to the Turk while playing intricate games with any of the spectators. But the marvellous nature of the machinery was at last exploded, and the inventor fared no better than the brothers Davenport have fared in Paris. It was discovered that the chest concealed a full-grown man, who could stretch his arms down the "automaton," and direct its movements in the game. The machinery was all a feint, and intended only to disarm suspicion. There was another and a more honourable "automaton chess-player" in London in 1820. The living player was M. Mouret; he was concealed with great skill, and many of his games are still on record. The celebrity which he obtained contributed to the formation of chess clubs, which have led to the establishment of the British Chess Association, and the reduction of the laws of chess into a fixed and recognised code.

A peculiar combination of mental faculties is necessary to attain great proficiency in the game; but a man may be a first-rate player without being in other respects remarkably clever. There is something quite magical in the strategy and forethought of a great adept. A Saracen named Busecca came to Florence in 1266, and played with three persons at one time, seeing only one of the boards. Sacchieri, the mathematical professor at Pavia, played four games at a time, without having any of them before his eyes, and he remembered, and could set down if required, every move that had been made from the commencement of the game. Philidor's feats in the last century are too well known to be repeated; but they yield in importance to the surprising instances of skill we have seen in our own day. Morphy has played eight games of chess at a time without seeing the boards, and Paulsen, another American, has played twelve under similar circumstances. Morphy's games, though fewer in number, were of a higher order than those of Paulsen. An old Spanish writer, Don Pietro Carrera, recommends players, in order to win, "to avoid filling their bellies with superfluous food, because fulness is contrary to speculation, and obscures the sight." "Those persons," he adds, "are praise-worthy who, previous to playing, clear their heads by medicines, which have the virtue of rendering the spirits pure and subtle;" but unless the medicine comes to them in some agreeable shape, few of our readers, we suspect, will feel inclined to follow the prescription.

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"Good night. And, Kate, remember, don't fall in love with Carton, especially now that there is a chance of your being an heiress."

CHAPTER IV.

I have hinted that Carton kept a yacht. The Sybil was a stout little craft of about forty tons, with which he used to stretch out to sea of the long summer evenings, unaccompanied, save by Jack Sterling, who tended the main sheet, while Carton himself took the helm. There was one passenger, a huge Newfoundland dog, called Dred, who was never absent from Carton's side.

Many a joke was passed by the loungers on shore about lawyer Carton's immunity from drowning, especially when they watched the Sybil ducking and staggering under the heavy seas, for her owner was no mill-pond sailor, and enjoyed the excitement of a bold tussle with the elements. So it came about that while the great cause of Delmar v. Prideaux was pending, Captain Delmar and his daughter frequently joined Carton in his evening voyages. Miss Delmar was an excellent sailor, and, I believe, thoroughly enjoyed these excursions.

They would weigh anchor from the town about five o'clock, and slip off in the first flutter of the land breeze, creeping quietly into the wide waters, and seeing the beauty of the sun-set, and the night, coming in with the tide, and the plangent ripple of the waves as they broke off the bows of the Sybil. It was Miss Delmar's habit to bring a book, which she never read. The captain had his cigar-case, and Carton had his place by the rudder.

"What book is that you have brought with you this evening, Miss Kate?"

Miss Kate opening the leaves carefully—

"Oh, the Newcomes?"

"The Newcomes! Do you like Ethel? Jack, look out there for a gibe."

"Well, yes, no, I—I really should be in her place to judge her."

"Don't you think, if she loved Clive, that she ought to have let him see it sooner?"

"I didn't believe gentlemen of your profession, Mr. Carton, put any faith in romance."

"I do," replied Carton gravely, "but not in that sort—the Miss Newcome sort of romance."

"Is not that a guillemot, or a strange kind of gull, Mr. Carton?" Kate would ask, as some curious sea-fowl would hover above the boat; and in this way would she put Carton off those dangerous points which he was now rather given to bringing the conversation upon.

Of course the reader understands the state he was in. She was so fond of Dred, his dog! Dred would yawn lazily at her feet, and put out his head to be stroked, closing his eyes with very pleasure while Miss Delmar's little hand slid over his woolly pate. Those water parties wound up with a tea at the captain's, where there was a quiet chat over the chances of Delmar v. Prideaux, then some music in the drawing-room, and then Carton went home. It was becoming a deucedly stupid home. Home, indeed! You see our hero was getting worse. He was feeling solitary. The catastrophe must come soon.

The captain was gone to sleep in the bow, and Jack Sterling is leaning over the bulwarks, whistling softly for the wind that won't come for an hour yet. There is one star, the very pilot of the gloaming purpling in the west. How thin the voices sound from the shore, and what an echoing dreamy song seems poured into the air at the rise and fall of the waves! The sea is dark blue, save for a broad path of darkening crimson. Kate Delmar is silent; the book has dropped into her lap, and she keeps unconsciously stroking Dred's fortunate noddle, while that intelligent brute thumps his tail in ecstatic acknowledgment against the deck.

"Kate!"

He came nearer—so near, she had to turn or move away ever so slightly, ever so gently, though still stroking the dog's head.

"Darling, one word; I—"

"Please, yer bonner, 'bout the 'elm!" suddenly roars the inopportune Mr. Sterling, as a gust of night wind switches over the bay, and fills out

the breast of the sail. And now pointing her bosom like a proud damsel, the Sybil lies to it, and cleaves her way to the dim shore line, and the helmsman is not in the best of humour, for that remains unsaid which he had longed to say. As he hesitates whether it would be well to try again, he feels a hand touch—placed in his. He takes it to his lips to kiss, and—

When the lights are brought into the room, when the tea things are laid, how queer these two feel! The gallant captain mixes his usual sherry and water. Kate is not able to sing that night; her heart is too full to trust her voice with the love words of a song. They linger over the "good-night;" Carton has a flower or something, I know not what, to bring away with him, but it makes his bachelor home less lonely.

CHAPTER V.

Delmar v. Prideaux went on with varying-success through the dilatory stages of equity law: and the summer passed, and the winter came, and it was closing spring before counsel on either side could see land in this important case. When the day for the final struggle was approaching, Carton was in a perfect fever of excitement, and was a source of constant joking and fun to Kate, who took a certain pleasure in teasing him, pretending an utter indifference to the proceedings, and making him talk about Dred, about her bonnet, about the Sybil and Jack Sterling: about anything, in fact, rather than the subject with which she knew his mind was fully occupied. But then, if she saw him getting really vexed, the rogue would put on the most contrite expression, twist her lips into such a pretty moue, half comical, half serious, steal her arm through his, and address a long speech of commiseration to Dred, the terms of which were so singularly applicable to Dred's master, as to make him acknowledge the speech in a manner which not unfrequently interrupted the peroration.

In reality, however, Miss Kate ardently wished the suit won.

"I would like to have a heap of money for Rick, and for papa," she thought.

The eventful day at length arrived. Carton recommended both the captain and Kate to remain at Waterton while he went up to London, promising to send them a telegram of the result. And so they remained in the telegraph-office from one o'clock, watching for the news. Five o'clock came, and they were about to leave, when whirr-r, ting-ting-ting.

"Oh, this is it now, papa, surely!" cries Kate.

And then was heard a curious droning sound, as the green paper revolved from a little brazen drum, and a keen eyed clerk read off the cabalistic strokes impressed on the paper:—

"Richard Carton to Captain V. Delmar, Case won—I shall be down to-morrow."

"And the Prideaux property is yours, Kate," cried the captain.

"And Richard will be home to-morrow," said Miss Delmar.

"Kate," spoke the captain, with a gravity which well became his fierce and respectable features; "Kate, remember, dear, that Mr. Carton should not any longer be so intimate with you as that you should dispense with the formal adjunct of his name."

Carton came back in high feather. He had begun to discover the captain, and was almost determined that the old warrior should not balk his happiness and that of his Kate, for he knew he was all in all to Kate. The captain often took a private scowl at the pair as they walked on the beach under his very moustache; he could not with any decency, however, give open expression to his sentiments.

Richard came up one evening to Kate with a vexed, disturbed countenance.

"I must go to Jersey for a few days," he said, "upon a matter I cannot afford to neglect."

"But you won't stay long, Rick?"

"Certainly not. Not more than a week, at furthest; and then I can write, you know, every post."

"Don't fall in love with a native of the beautiful Channel island, and give me Dred to take care of."

He was not two days gone, when Tom Green, the articled clerk, called upon Captain Delmar. He left a parcel, with Mr. Carton's compliments. It was only Mr. Carton's bill, which Captain Delmar could look over at his leisure. When the noble captain opened the package, and just glanced at the first few sheets, he rubbed his hands together gleefully.

"Admirable, admirable!" he muttered; "this is the very thing to settle him!"

Kate just then entered the room, followed by Dred.

"I thought you were done with law papers, papa?"

"Ahem—my dear, this is Mr. Carton's bill of costs."

Bill; the word jarred harshly in Kate's ears—it was like the butcher or the grocer sending in that little account.

"You see he left instructions with Mr. Green to leave it with us," went on the captain.

Kate felt her cheek on fire.

"I don't wonder he was half ashamed of it himself, though. What do you think he has done?"

"I am sure I can't imagine."

"Try. Make an effort."

"I have not the least idea."

"Here, then, take this, and read for yourself."

And so saying, he handed her the red-lined paper and went out.

Oh! how bitter, bitter, that moment was which showed her the utter paltriness of the man to whom she had given her heart.

She quivered—her whole frame quivered—with indignation and scorn, as she saw marked down in that mean record every hour Richard Carton had spent with them, and for every hour he had entered a charge! She read on, column after column, sickening with shame as she did so, until, at last, the paper dropped from her hands.

Dred put his big paw upon it, and looked up into her pale face, only waiting for a signal to tear it in pieces. She sat for an hour in a stupid, sorrow-stricken maze; she then crept up to her little room, and to Dred's great surprise and dismay, slammed the door in his nose. Dred didn't know what to make of it. It had been all "cakes and ale" with him up to this. He had the entrée to that *penetratia*, from which he was now so ignominiously excluded. He growled like a double-bass in the bronchitis for twenty minutes, and then betook himself to the kitchen, where lying before the hot cooking range, he meditated on what a poor dog has to suffer from feminine caprice.

Carton wrote every other day, but Kate never got his letters; the gallant captain had made an arrangement with the postman, highly creditable to him as a half-pay officer and a gentleman. Poor Carton, waiting at St. Hillers, and watching the mail, was nearly mad with suspense.

Meanwhile, Kate became very listless and very pale. She had taken Dred into favour again, and walked with him on the strand every day. One morning she said to her father—

"I should like to leave this place for a while."

"Very well, love," replied her affectionate parent, crumbling Carton's last letter in his pocket; "very well; so you shall. By the way, I have sent our clever attorney's bill to be examined by Mr. Percival."

Then there came one more letter from Carton, in an envelope addressed to Captain Delmar, explaining his delay in St. Hillers, and how he might have to delay there as yet another fortnight. But why did not Kate answer his letters?

Captain Delmar replied that Mr. Carton need not on his account, or that of his daughter, in the least accelerate his movements, &c.

When Carton received this, it was near driving him to suicide. She had thrown him over no doubt. An old story. What a fool he had been! Well, he would strive to forget her; and then he very consistently made a fool of himself over her likeness in a locket.

He returned to Waterton; but the Delmars had left.

"Any message from the Captain or Miss Kate for me?" he inquired of faithful Tom Green.

"No, sir. I never saw Miss Kate looking better, though. She left your dog here. She and some officer friends of the captain's had great goings on while you were away."

This information of Mr. Green's was given with an air of refreshing innocence, and though utterly false, by the sheer force of audacious villany imposed upon Carton.

Carton received a note from his London agent that the final order was made up in Delmar v. Prideaux, and that certain funds in court were lying to the credit of plaintiff. Would he come up to draw for his client? So Carton took train for the metropolis, from whence he despatched a business letter to Captain Delmar, requesting Miss Delmar's signature to the form of receipt which he begged to enclose. This he forwarded to the Bath, where, he ascertained the Delmars were now residing. No answer was returned; but on the morning he should have been provided with the receipt, he was waited upon by a Mr. Percival, a brother practitioner, who informed him that he had been sent as an authority for Miss Delmar, through her father, to get the money.

"So they would't trust me," thought Carton, sadly, and certainly this was the unkindest cut of all.

It would appear that, as soon as ever Richard left Waterton, the Delmars went back there, as Mr. Percival had directions to forward a bank-bill to their old quarters. He did so on the day he and Carton drew the funds.

Next morning the two solicitors met by appointment.

"I want to speak with you about this bill which you furnished rather prematurely to your client, Mr. Carton," said Mr. Percival.

Carton stopped him at once.

"I am completely at a loss to understand you, sir," was all he could reply.

"Did you not give directions to have this bill sent to the captain, or Miss Delmar?"

Carton looked so helplessly amazed and bewildered, that Mr. Percival repeated the question.

"I never furnished a bill to the Delmars. I never dreamt of doing so."

And Carton took from Mr. Percival the bill which the latter held in his hand.

As he read it, his face crimsoned even as Kate's did, but a quick fierce intelligence seemed to sparkle in his eyes. He ran for his hat.

"I must telegraph instantly to Waterton. Did you post that bank-order to Captain Delmar there?"

"Of course."

"I suspect the receipt you had was forged. That clerk of mine is capable of any villany after this. I see how everything occurred now."

And off he darted from Mr. Percival's office.

"No telegram can be sent to Waterton, sir. The wires were cut near it this morning."

This was the answer at the telegraph station to Carton's eager inquiry for the message form.

There was a shrewd, though quiet-looking personage with him.

"An old dodge, sir," remarked this individual; "an old dodge; but we'll hunt him up yet."

Sergeant Shady, of Scotland-yard, and Richard Carton travelled together that night. It was late when they arrived at Waterton. Carton made at once for the house where Green boarded. As he expected, the bird had flown.

"I think, sir, we had better get to Liverpool at once," suggested Shady. "Most likely he will make for there."

On to Liverpool, then, searching solemn, staid hotels, fast hotels, sly family ones, snug bachelor ones, flaunty caravanserais, and all the other varieties of hotels in which travellers are usually done better than the chops. Carton offered large rewards, the smart detectives of Liverpool were put on the alert, but for a week no trace of the defaulter could be got.

Sergeant Shady was beginning to feel gloomy. "I am afraid we are licked, Mr. Carton," the man said; "I am afraid he has got clear off."

It was to be their last day. Carton and Sergeant Shady and Dred took their places on the outside of an omnibus. The detective was habited in the garb of a country yokel, and looked

the part to perfection. Eagerly did the two men scan every face in the human stream flowing past and around them.

A foreign-looking man, in a large beard and moustache, sat behind them. One would imagine he must have been a Newfoundlander, from the manner in which Dred kept staring at him. He seemed not to like this attention on the dog's part, and whispered something to the conductor in a low voice.

"Hallo! What is the matter with Sergeant Shady? He has jumped up, seized the foreign gentleman by the throat, and has him handcuffed in about fifteen brace of shakeel. Look! the wig is gone now—and the moustache—and the whiskers!"

And, cursing in the best or the worst English he can command, Tom Green is fully recognizable.

"I knew him," said Sergeant Shady; "I knew him by the way in which the dog stared the fellow out of countenance."

When Carton saw the wretch safely lodged in gaol, pending his trial (and the miscreant openly excited in his crime, and said he did it all through revenge and spite against the man whom he conceived had robbed him of a legacy), he went off at once in search of Kate. He knew enough now to make the captain be compliant and agreeable.

Need I say he was welcome to her, and how she sobbed and laughed, and subbed again, and was happy at having him back?

The reader must fill in the picture.

The captain chose to live at Boulogne-sur-Mer when he became a father-in-law; and there you may yet see the noble warrior parading the Grande Rue, and otherwise improving his mind.

Carton and his wife are as happy as two may be in this wicked world, and prove in the manner of their lives how well love and law may go together—sometimes. W. B.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

LESSON IX—Continued.

As regards the solution of chloride of silver in ammonia the chloride may be got—first by evaporating away the ammonia, or by pouring into the ammonia an acid, when the chloride will be deposited. The chloride, having been isolated from its solution by any of these processes, may be treated for the purpose of extracting the silver, either by means of metallic zinc, as described in Lesson VI, or by the process of admixture with a carbonated alkali, and subsequent fusion, as described in the same Lesson.

Although chloride of lead is partially soluble in water, it is insoluble in a mixture of alcohol and water in certain proportions. Hence, by adding alcohol to a watery solution of the chloride of lead, the chloride will be thrown down, when it can be reduced to the condition of metallic lead by mixing it with a carbonated alkali, and exposing to heat as described for silver; or by treatment with metallic zinc, as for chloride of silver, but this process of reduction is rather slow.

Chloride of mercury may also be reduced to the metallic state by similar treatment, only quicksilver being an exceedingly volatile metal, the process of reduction should be conducted in a glass tube, and instead of an open fireplace, the mere flame of a spirit-lamp will be sufficient. The mercury will be found to sublime and to collect in minute particles on the inside of the glass tube. By touching these particles they can easily be made to cohere into one globule. This plan of reducing chloride of mercury to the metallic state, by means of a carbonated alkali (although not the best) is mentioned in order to demonstrate the existence of an analogy in this respect between it, and silver and lead.

LESSON X.

SPECIAL REMARKS CONCERNING MERCURIAL COMBINATIONS.

Materials required.—Some calomel (protochloride of mercury); aqueous solution of bichloride

of mercury in hot water (two grains to one oz of water); a specimen of mercury; some ether in stoppered bottle; alcohol; solution of albumen (white of egg) in water; some tin-foil; hydrochloric acid; nitric acid; a plate of gold (a sovereign); spirit lamp; and watch glasses.

In the previous remarks on these three metals, silver, lead and mercury, scarcely an allusion has been made to any points of distinction between them, except those bearing reference to the qualities of their three chlorides. But it must not be imagined, however, that there do not exist other qualities of distinction between them equally well marked, but it was important to expatiate on the distinction of the three chlorides, because it is most valuable as a qualitative indication, and because it effects the grouping together of silver, lead, and mercury in a way most useful to the analyst. The qualities of mercurial combinations will be specially investigated in this lesson. As a preliminary to this investigation, it will be necessary to inform the young chemist of two distinct series of salts of mercury. Thus 200 parts by weight of mercury unite with thirty-six of chlorine, forming a chloride, which is called the protochloride. 200 parts may also unite with seventy-two of chlorine forming a chloride, which is called the bichloride. In short, compounds of mercury, such as are ordinarily met with in the course of analysis, admit of generalization, as *proto* compounds and *bi* or *per* compounds, whereas, this remark does not apply to the usual compounds of lead and silver, and it is necessary to distinguish between these *proto* compounds and *per* compounds as their properties are very different. On referring to Lesson IX, it will be observed that an emphasis was laid on the necessity of employing an excess of mercury in order to form the protonitrate of mercury. Heat should not have been used in that case also and a violation of either of those precepts would have given a mixture of pernitrate with protonitrate of mercury. It is very easy to make a persalt of mercury unmixed with a persalt, but not quite so easy to effect the reverse, making a persalt unmixed with a protosalt. It is therefore recommended that specimens of persalts required by the young chemist for manipulation, be purchased at the druggists'—not made by himself. J. W. F.

(To be continued.)

HAIR.—A German, with the laborious and useless plodding characteristic of his countrymen, professes to have counted the hairs on the heads of four women of different complexions, and has just published the results. On the head of the blonde (light hair and blue eyes) there were 140,410 hairs; on that of the brown-haired woman, 109,440; on that of the black-haired woman, 102,962; and on that of the red haired 83,740. Although there was this disparity in the number of individual hairs, each crop was about the same weight. The average weight of a woman's hair is stated, by the same authority, to be 14 ounces.

A SOCIETY of French historical antiquaries meet once a month at Metz, with the avowed purpose of rehabilitating Joan of Arc, by proving that she was not burnt at all, but was married, had children, and died quietly at Metz. They have already published one extract from the *Mercurie Galant* of October, 1686, edited by Vizé, from which it appears that one father Vignier, of the Oratory, discovered at Metz, and had transcribed before a notary public, a manuscript which states that in 1436 Joan came to Metz, where her two brothers met her, and at once recognized her, though they thought she had been burnt long ago. Then, to test her, "lui donna le Sieur Ficole un cheval, le Sieur Aubert Rouille un chaperon, le Sieur Grognet une épée et la dite pucelle sauta sur le cheval très-lestement," at the same time -telling Nicole a thing or two, which proved her identity to his satisfaction at any rate. By-and-bye she marries Mons. des Armoises, chevalier; and Father Vignier is lucky enough to find the very marriage contract, dated 1436. These antiquaries meet to dine, no less than to trace out all about the *Pucelle*; and call themselves "La société du Banquet Jeanne d'Arc."

LIKE A WELL SPRING IN THE DESERT.

Words by GEORGE LINLEY.—Music by FRANZ ABT.

Andantino con espressione.

1. Oh! like a
2. When hope's glad
3. Oh! when my

p *molto legato.* *pp*

well spring in the de - sert, Thou can'st my droop - ing frame to cheer; Thou wast the star, that shone to
vi - spring in the de - sert, Thou can'st my droop - ing frame to cheer; Thou wast the star, that shone to
lump sun fleet - ly fa - ded, And left my spi - rit torn with care; Thy se - raph voice, in soft tone
of life's ex - pl - ring, When earthly joys no more do - light, May they sweet voice be near to

p

guide me. To gild life's path - way dark and drear. As the sweet Spring time to the Bird, As the fair
whis - per'd, "Yield not to sor - row, ne'er does pair." Oh! 'twas as mu - sic hov'ring near, As some lov'd
com - fort, Thy sun - ny smile to glad my sight. So that in calm - ness and in peace, My wea - ry

poco riten.

pp rose - flow'r to the Bee, Thy gentle smile is ev - er dear, Is ev - er wel - come un - to me.
strain re - member'd well, Those fond words that met mine ear, Still charm and haunt me like some
spir - it may de - cline, That my lone pil - gri-mage may cease, Blest with that An - gel smile of thine.

string. *rit*

pp *string:*

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would be sure to follow. Besides, he was not the man to be daunted by such obstacles as were likely to present themselves in an undertaking of this kind. They were obstacles of precisely that nature which his slow, dogged, cautious temperament was best fitted to deal with; and he knew this. Perhaps, on the whole, he rather liked that there should be some difficulties in the way, that he might have the satisfaction of overcoming them. At all events, they gave an additional scintilla to the pursuit that he had in hand; and though his hatred needed no stimulus, Mr. Keckwitch, like most phlegmatic men, was not displeased to be stimulated.

Sufficient, however, for the day was the triumph thereof. Here was the gate of Elton House; and only to have penetrated so far into William Trefalden's mystery was an achievement of no slight importance. But the head clerk was not contented only to see the gate. He wanted to have a glimpse of the house as well; and so walked on to the bottom of the lane, crossed over, and returned up the other side. The lane, however, was narrow, and the walls were high; so that, take it from what point he would, the house remained invisible. He could see the tops of two or three sombre-looking trees, and a faint column of smoke melting away as it rose against the background of blue sky; but that was all, and he was none the wiser for the sight. So, knowing that he risked observation every moment that he lingered in Slade's-lane, he turned quickly back again towards the market-gardens, and passed out through a little turnstile leading to a foot-way shut in by thick green hedges on either side.

He could not tell in the least where this path would lead him; but, seeing a network of similar walks intersecting the enclosures in various directions, he hoped to double back, somehow or another, into the main road. In the mean while, he hurried on till a bend in the path carried him well out of sight of the entrance to Slade's-lane, and there paused to rest in the shade of an apple-orchard.

It was now about half-past six o'clock. The sun was still shining; the evening was still warm; the apple-blossoms filled the air with a delicious perfume. All around and before him, occupying the whole space of ground between Kensington and Brompton, lay nothing but meadows, and fruit-gardens, and orchards heavy with blossoms white and pink. A pleasant, peaceful scene, not without some kind of vernal beauty for appreciative eyes.

But Mr. Keckwitch's dull orbs, however feebly appreciative they might be at other times, were blind just now to every impression of beauty. Waiting there in the shade, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, recovered his breath as he best could, and thought only of how he might turn his journey to some further account before going back to town. It was much to have discovered Elton House; but he had yet to learn what manner of life was led in it by William Trefalden. It would have been something only to have caught a glimpse through an open gate—to have seen whether the house was large or small, cheerful or dismal. He had expected to find it dull and dilapidated, with half the windows shuttered up, and the rest all black with the smoke of many years; and he did not feel inclined to go away in as much ignorance of these points as when he left Chanery-lane. Suddenly an idea occurred to him—a very bright, ingenious idea, which gave him so much satisfaction that he indulged in a little inaudible laugh, and started forward again quite briskly, to find his way out of this labyrinth of hedgerows, orchards, and cabbage-gardens.

He had not gone many yards before he came to a cross-road whence more paths branched off in every direction. Here, however, like a large blue spider in the midst of his web, stood a portly policeman, from whom Mr. Keckwitch at once learned his nearest way to Palace Gardens, and followed it. He asked for Palace Gardens this time, being anxious to emerge conveniently upon the High-street, without again venturing too close to Slade's-lane in broad daylight.

Having emerged at this point, Mr. Keckwitch went into the first stationer's shop that he could see, and bought a ledger. The stationer had considerable difficulty in supplying him, for the ledger he required was of a somewhat unusual shape and size. "It must be oblong," he said, "plain ruled, and bound in red leather." He would not have it ruled off in columns for accounts, and the stationer had none that were not ruled in that manner. At last he found one that was quite plain—a mere oblong book of Bath-post paper bound in purple cloth, with scarlet leather back and corners; and with this, although it was not exactly what he wanted, Mr. Trefalden's head clerk was forced to content himself. He also bought a parallel ruler, a small bottle of ink, and a couple of quill pens, saying that he would rule the book himself.

It was now striking seven by Kensington church clock; and Mr. Keckwitch, who was not used to going without his tea, inquired his way to the nearest coffee-house, which proved to be in Church-street, close by. It was a modest little place enough; but he made himself very comfortable there, establishing himself at a table at the further end of the room, calling for lights and a substantial tea, and setting to work at once upon the ruling of his ledger. When he had done about a dozen pages, he divided each into three parts by a couple of vertical lines, and desired the waiter to bring him the London Post-Office Directory. But he did not look in it for Elton House. He had searched for that some days back, and found no mention of it. He simply opened it at KENSINGTON HIGH-STREET, page four hundred and forty-nine, and proceeded patiently and methodically to copy out its contents under the several titles of Name, Address, and Occupation. By the time that he had thus filled in some four or five pages, and finished his tea, it was half-past eight o'clock, and quite dark.

That is to say, it was quite dark in the sky overhead, but quite brilliant in Kensington High-street. That picturesque thoroughfare was lighted up for the evening. The shops blazed with gas; the pavements were crowded; there was a brass band playing at the public-house at the corner; and the very fruit and oyster stalls in front of the church were bright with lanterns. The place, in fact, was as bright as at noonday, and Mr. Keckwitch, who wished to avoid observation, was naturally disturbed, and a good deal disappointed. He had, however, made up his mind to do a certain thing, and he was determined to go through with it; so he pulled his hat a little more over his eyes, put his ink-bottle and pens in the breast-pocket of his coat, tucked his ledger under his arm, and went boldly cut in the direction of Slade's-lane.

He had observed a baker's shop within a few doors of the corner where the omnibus had set him down, and this shop was his present destination. He went in with the assured step of a man who is about his regular work, touched his hat to a pleasant-looking woman behind the counter, and said:

"I am going round, ma'am, for the new Directory. There's been no change here, I suppose, since last year?"

"No, sir; no change whatever," she replied.

Mr. Keckwitch opened his ledger on the counter, pulled out one of his quill pens, and drew his fat forefinger down a certain column of names.

"Wilson, Emma, baker and confectioner," said he, reading one of the entries. "Is that quite right, ma'am?"

"Fancy bread and biscuit baker, if you please, sir," replied Mrs. Wilson, "not confectioner."

"Thank you, ma'am. Fancy bread and biscuit baker."

And Mr. Keckwitch drew his pen through "confectioner," and substituted Mrs. Wilson's emendation with a business-like gravity that did him credit.

"I thought the Post-office Directory for this year was out already, sir," observed Mrs. Wilson, as he blotted off the entry, and closed his ledger.

"This is not the Post-office Directory, ma'am," said Mr. Keckwitch, calmly. "This is a new

Directory of the Western and South-Western districts."

"Oh indeed! a sort of new Court Guide, I suppose?"

"Just so, ma'am. A sort of new Court Guide. Wish you good evenin'."

"Good evening, sir," replied Mrs. Wilson, as he again raised his finger half way to the brim of his hat, and left the shop; he had scarcely passed the threshold, however, when he paused, and turned back.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am for troubling you again," he said, "but perhaps you can tell me who lives in Elton House?"

"Elton House?"

"Yes; Elton House, in Slade's-lane. I've been knocking and ringing there till I'm tired, and can get no one to come to the gate. Is it uninhabited?"

Mr. Keckwitch said this so naturally, and with such an air of ill-used respectability, that detective Kidd himself would scarcely have doubted the truth of his statement. As for Mrs. Wilson, she accepted every word of it in perfect good faith.

"Oh no," she replied, "it is not uninhabited. The name is Duvernay."

"Duvernay," repeated Mr. Trefalden's head clerk, re-opening his ledger, and dipping his pen in Mrs. Wilson's ink. "With your leave, ma'am, a foreign family, I suppose?"

"I think she is French."

"And Mr. Duvernay—can you tell me what profession to enter?"

"There is no Mr. Duvernay," said Mrs. Wilson, with an odd little cough, and a slight elevation of the eyebrows. "At least, not that I am aware of."

Mr. Keckwitch looked up with that dull light in his eyes that only came to them under circumstances of strong excitement. Mrs. Wilson looked down, and coughed again.

"Is the lady a widow?" he asked, huskily.

"I believe she calls herself a widow," replied Mrs. Wilson; "but indeed, sir, I can't say what she is."

"And there's no gentleman?"

"I didn't say that, sir."

"I beg your pardon, I thought I understood so."

"I said there was no Mr. Duvernay; and no more there is. But I don't desire to speak ill of my neighbours, and Madame's a customer."

Mr. Keckwitch shook his head solemnly.

"Dear! dear!" said he. "Very sad, very sad, indeed. A wicked world, ma'am! So little real respectability in it."

"Very true, sir."

"Then I suppose I must simply put down *Madame Duvernay*, there being no master to the house?"

"I suppose so, sir. There is no master that I have ever known of; at least, no acknowledged master."

"Still, if there is a gentleman, and he lives in the house, as I think you implied just now—"

"Oh, sir, I imply nothing," said the mistress of the shop impatiently, as if she had had enough of the subject. "Madame Duvernay's doings are nothing to me; and the gentleman may be her husband for anything I know to the contrary."

"You cannot give me his name, ma'am?"

"No, sir."

"I am sorry for that. I ought to have his name if he really lives in the house."

"I cannot give it to you, because I don't know it," said Mrs. Wilson, rather more graciously. "I cannot even take it upon myself to say that he lives at Elton House. There is a gentleman there, I believe, very constantly; but he may be a visitor. I really can't tell; and it's no business of mine, you know, sir."

"Nor of mine, if he is only a visitor," replied Mr. Keckwitch, again closing his ledger, and preparing to be gone. "We take no note of visitors, but we're bound to take note of regular inhabitants. I'm very much obliged to you, ma'am—very much indeed."

"I'm sure, sir, you're very welcome."

"Thank you. A little help often goes a long

way in matters of this kind; and it isn't pleasant to stand at a gate knocking and ringing for half an hour together."

"No, indeed; far from it, sir. I can't think what all the servants were about, to let you do so."

"Good evenin' once more, ma'am."

"Good evening, sir."

And Mr. Keckwitch walked out of the shop, this time without turning back again.

CHAPTER XXVIII. DESPATCHES FROM ITALY.

"I love this terrace," said Miss Colonna, "it is so like the terrace of one of our Italian houses."

"I am always glad, for that reason, when the summer is sufficiently advanced to let us put out the orange-trees," replied Lord Castletowers.

It was shortly after breakfast, and they had all strolled out through the open windows. The tide of guests had ebbed away some days since, and the party was once more reduced to its former numbers.

"Yes," said Olimpia, "the dear old orange-trees and the terra cotta vases go far to heighten the illusion—so long as one avoids looking back at the house."

"Or round upon the landscape," suggested Saxon, smiling; "for these park trees are as English as the architecture of the house. What is the style, Castletowers?"

"Oh! I don't know. Elizabethan—Tudor—English-Gothic. I suppose they all mean the same thing. Shall I cut down my poor old oaks, Miss Colonna, and plant olives and poplars in their place?"

"Yes, if you will give me the Sabine for the Surrey hills, and an Italian sky overhead."

"I would if I could—I wish it were possible," said Castletowers, earnestly.

"Nay, I always see them," replied Olimpia, with a sigh. "I see them now—so plainly!"

"But you Italians never have thomal de pays," said Saxon.

"How can you tell that, Mr. Trefalden? I think we have."

"No, no. You love your Italy; but you do not suffer in absence as we suffer. The true thomal de pays runs in no blood but the blood of the Swiss."

"You will not persuade me that you love Switzerland better than we love Italy," said Olimpia.

"But I believe we do," replied Saxon. "Your amor patria is, perhaps, a more intellectual passion than ours. It is bound up with your wonderful history, your pride of blood and pride of place; but I cannot help believing that we Swiss do actually cherish a more intense feeling for our native soil."

"For the soil?" repeated Castletowers.

"Yes, for the clay beneath our feet, and the peaks above our heads. Our mountains are as dear to us as if they were living things, and could love us back again. They enter into our inner consciousness. They exercise a subtle influence upon our minds, and upon our bodies through our minds. They are a part of ourselves."

"Metaphorically speaking," said the Earl.

"Their effects are not metaphorical," replied Saxon.

"What are their effects?"

"What we were speaking of just now—the thomal de pays; home sickness."

"But that is a sickness of the mind," said Olimpia.

"Not at all. It is a physical malady."

"May one inquire how it attacks the patient?" asked the Earl, incredulously.

"Some are suddenly stricken down, as if by a coup de soleil. Some fade slowly away. In either case, it is the inexpressible longing, for which there is no possible cure save Switzerland."

"And supposing that your invalid cannot get away—what then?"

"I fear he would die."

The Earl laughed aloud.

"And I fear he would do nothing of the kind,"

said he. "Depend on it, Trefalden, this is one of those pretty fictions that everybody believes, and nobody can prove."

"My dear Gervase," said Lady Castletowers, passing the little group as she returned to the house, "Signor Colonna is waiting to speak to you."

Colonna was leaning over the balustrade at the further end of the terrace, reading a letter. He looked up as the Earl approached, and said, eagerly,

"A despatch from Baldiserotti Garibaldi has sailed from Genoa in the Piemonte, and Bixio in the Lombardo. The sword is drawn at last, and the scabbard thrown away!"

The Earl's face flushed with excitement.

"This is great news," said he. "When did it come?"

"With the other letters; but I waited to tell it to you when your mother was not present."

"Does Vaughan know?"

"Not yet. He went to his room when he left the breakfast-table, and I have not seen him since."

"What is the strength of the expedition?"

"One thousand and sixty-seven."

"No more?"

"Thousands more; but they have at present no means of transport. This is but an advanced guard of tried men; chiefly old Cacciatori. Genoa is full of volunteers, all eager to embark."

"I would give ten years from my life to be among them," said Castletowers, earnestly.

The Italian laid his hand caressingly upon the young man's arm.

"Pazienza, caro," he replied. "You do good service here. Come with me to my room. There is work for us this morning."

The Earl glanced towards Olimpia and Saxon; opened his lips, as if to speak; checked himself, and followed somewhat reluctantly.

CHAPTER XXIX. A SAUKEN PROMISE.

It must be conceded that Miss Colonna had not made the most of her opportunities. She had not actually withdrawn from the game; but she had failed to follow up her first great move so closely as a less reluctant player might have done. And yet she meant to act this part which she had undertaken. She knew that, if she did so, it must be at the sacrifice of her own peace, of her own womanly self-respect. She was quite aware, too, that it involved a cruel injustice to Saxon Trefalden. But with her, as with all enthusiasts, the greater duty included the less; and she believed that, although it would be morally wrong to do these things for any other end, it would be practically right to do them for Italy.

If she could not bring herself to lead this generous heart astray without a struggle—if she pitied the lad's fate, and loathed her own, and shrunk from the path that she was pledged to tread—she did so by reason of the finer part of her nature, but contrary to her convictions of duty. For, to her, Italy was duty; and when her instinctive sense of right stepped in, as it had stepped in now, she blamed herself bitterly.

But this morning's post had brought matters to a crisis. Her father's face, as he handed her the despatch across the breakfast-table, told her that; and she knew that if she was ever to act decisively, she must act so now. When, therefore, she found herself alone with Saxon on the terrace, she scarcely paused to think how she should begin, but plunged at once into her task.

"You *must* not think we love our country less passionately than the Swiss, Mr. Trefalden," she said, quickly. "It needs no thomal de pays to prove the heart of a people; and when you know us better, you will, I am sure, be one of the first to acknowledge it. In the meanwhile, I cannot be happy till I convince you."

"I am glad you think me worth the trouble of convincing," replied Saxon.

"How should I not? You are a patriot, and a republican."

"That I am, heart and soul!" said Saxon, with sparkling eyes.

"We ought to have many sympathies in common."

"Why so we have. The love of country and the love of liberty are sympathies in common."

"They should be," replied Olimpia; "but, alas! between prosperity and adversity there can be little real fellowship. Yours, Mr. Trefalden, is the happiest country in Europe, and mine is the most miserable."

"I wish yours were not so," said Saxon.

"Wish, instead, that it may not remain so! Wish that women's tears and brave men's blood may not be shed in vain; nor a whole people be trodden back into slavery for want of a little timely help in the moment of their utmost need!"

"What do you mean?" said Saxon, catching something of her excitement, without knowing why or wherefore.

"I mean that the work to which my father's whole life has been given is at last begun. You know—all the world knows—that Sicily is in arms; but you have not yet been told that an army of liberation is assembling in the north."

"In the north? Then the King of Sardinia—"

"Victor Emmanuel is willing enough to reap the harvest watered with our blood," replied Miss Colonna, impetuously, "but he will not offer us even a hearty 'God-speed' at present. No, Mr. Trefalden, ours is an army of volunteers and patriots only—an army of young, brave, and generous hearts that love Italy and liberty, and are ready to die for what they love!"

Beautiful as she was at all times, Saxon had never seen Olimpia Colonna look so beautiful as when she spoke these words. He almost lost the sense of what she said, in his admiration of how she looked while saying it. He stammered something unintelligible, and she went on.

"Garibaldi has sailed for Palermo with an advanced guard. Volunteers are pouring into Genoa from Venice and Milan. Subscriptions are being raised on all hands—in England, in France, in Belgium, in America. A month hence, and South Italy will be free, or doubly chained. In the meanwhile we need help; and for that help we look to every lover of liberty. You are a lover of liberty—you are a citizen of a model republic. What will you do for us?"

"Tell me what to do, and I will do it," said Saxon.

"Nay; I might ask too much."

"You cannot ask more than I will gladly grant."

Olimpia turned her dazzling smile upon him.

"Beware!" said she. "I may take you at your word. This cause, remember, is more to me than life; and the men who enlist in it are my brothers."

Alas! for Saxon's invulnerability, and his cousin's repeated cautions! Alas! for his promises, his good resolves, and his government stock! He was so far gone, that he would have shouldered a musket and stepped into the ranks at that moment, to please Miss Colonna.

"These men," she continued, "want everything that goes to make a soldier—save valour. They are content to accept privation; but they can neither live without food, nor fight without arms, nor cross from shore to shore without means of transport. So take heed, Mr. Trefalden, how you offer more than you are prepared to give. I might say—do you love liberty well enough to supply some thousands of brave men with bread, ships, and muskets; and then, what would be your answer?"

Saxon drew a blank cheque from his purse, and laid it on the parapet against which she was leaning. He would have knelt down and laid it at her feet in open day, but that he had sense enough left to feel how supremely ludicrous the performance would be.

"There is my answer," he said.

Miss Colonna's heart gave a great leap of triumph, and the colour flashed up into her face. She took a tiny-pencil-case from her watch-chain—a mere toy of gold and jewels—and hastily pencilled some figures in the corner of the cheque.

"Will you do this for Italy?" she said in a breathless whisper.

"I will double it for you!" replied Saxon, passionately.

"For me, Mr. Trefalden?"

Saxon was dumb. He feared he had offended her. He trembled at his temerity, and did not dare to lift his eyes to her face.

Finding he made no answer, she spoke again, in a soft, tremulous tone, that would have turned the head of St. Kevan himself.

"Why for me? What am I, that you should do more for me than you would do for my country?"

"I—I would do anything for you," faltered Saxon.

"Are you sure of that?"

"As sure as that I—"

The young man checked himself. He would have said, "as that I love you," but he lacked courage to pronounce the words. Miss Colonna knew it, however, as well as if he had said it.

"Would you jump into the sea for me, like Schiller's diver?" she asked, with a sudden change of mood, and a laugh like a peal of silver bells.

"That I would!"

"Or in among the fighting lions, like the Count de Lorge?"

"I know nothing about the Count de Lorge; but I would do for you all that a brave man dare do for a lady," replied Saxon, boldly.

"Thanks," she said, and her smile became graver as she spoke. "I think you mean what you say."

"I do. Indeed I do!"

"I believe it. Some day, perhaps, I shall put you to the proof."

With this, she gave him her hand, and he—scarcely knowing what he did, but feeling that he would cheerfully march up to a battery, or jump out of a balloon, or lie down in the path of an express train for her sake—kissed it.

And then he was so overwhelmed by the knowledge of what he had done, that he scarcely noticed how gently Miss Colonna withdrew her hand from his, and turned away.

He watched her across the terrace. She did not look back. She went thoughtfully forward, thoughtfully and slowly, with her hands clasped loosely together, and her head a little bent; but her bearing was not that of a person in anger. When she had passed into the house, Saxon drew a deep breath, and stood for a moment irresolute. Presently he swung himself lightly over the parapet, and plunged into the park.

His head was in a whirl; and he wandered about for the first half-hour or so, in a tumult of rapturous wonder and exultation—and then he suddenly remembered that he had broken his promise to William Trefalden.

In the meanwhile, Olympia went up to her father's study in the turret, and stood before him, pale and stern, like a marble statue of herself.

Colonna looked up, and pushed his papers aside.

"Well," he said eagerly, "what speed?"

"This."

Saying which, she took a pen, deliberately filled in double the sum pencilled on the margin, and laid Saxon's cheque before him on the table.

CHAPTER XL. THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY

Had Saxon been suddenly plunged into a cold bath, it could scarcely have brought him to his senses more rapidly than did the remembrance of his broken pledge, and the thought of what his lawyer cousin would say to him.

"It isn't as if he hadn't cautioned me, either," said he, half aloud, as he sat himself down, "quite chopfallen," at the foot of a great oak, in an unfrequented hollow of the park. And then one unpleasant recollection evoked another, and he remembered how William Trefalden had joked with him about fetters of flowers, and made him almost angry by so doing; and how he had boasted of himself as more invulnerable than Achilles. He also remembered that his cousin had especially inquired whether he had not yet been called upon to subscribe to the Italian fund, and had given him much good advice as to what his conduct should be when

that emergency might arise. To put his name down for a moderate sum, and commit himself to nothing further—those were William Trefalden's instructions to him; but how had he observed them? How had he observed that other promise of signing no more large cheques without consulting his cousin; and what reliance would his cousin place upon his promises in the future?

Saxon groaned in spirit as he thought of these things; and the more he thought of them, the more uncomfortable he became.

He did not care in the least about the money, although he had, in truth, been mulcted of an enormous sum; but he cared a great deal about breaking his word, and he saw that it must be broken on the one hand or the other. He also saw on which hand it was to be.

He had given the cheque to Miss Colonna, and Miss Colonna must have the money; there was clearly no help for that. But then he entertained misgivings as to the cheque itself, and began to doubt whether he had anything like balance enough at his banker's to meet it. In this case, what was to be done? The money, of course, must be got; but who was to get it, and how was the getting of it to be achieved? Would that mysterious process called "selling out" have to be gone through?

Saxon puzzled his brains over those abstruse financial questions till his head ached; but could make nothing of them. At last he came to the very disagreeable conclusion that William Trefalden was alone capable of solving the difficulty, and must be consulted without delay; but, at the same time, he did not feel at all sure that his cousin might not flatly refuse to help him in the matter. This was a fearful supposition, and almost drove the young fellow to despair. For Saxon loved the lawyer in his simple honest way—not so much, perhaps, for any lovable qualities that he might imagine him to possess, as for the mere fact that his cousin was his cousin, and he trusted him. He had also a vague idea that William Trefalden had done a great deal to serve him, and that he owed him a profound debt of gratitude. Anyhow, he would not offend him for the universe—and yet he was quite resolved that Miss Colonna should have the full benefit of her cheque.

Thinking thus, he remembered that he had authorised her to double the amount. What if she should take him at his word?

"By Jove, then," said he, addressing a plump rabbit that had been gravely watching him from a convenient distance for some minutes past, "I can't help it if she does. The money's my own, after all, and I have the right to give it away, if I choose. Besides, I've given it in the cause of liberty!"

But his heart told him that liberty had played a very unimportant part in the transaction.

CHAPTER XLI. A COUNCIL OF WAR.

In the meanwhile, a general council was being held in the octagon turret. The councillors were Signor Colonna, Lord Castletowers, and Major Vaughan, and the subjects under discussion were Baldiserotti's despatch and Saxon Trefalden's cheque.

The despatch was undoubtedly an important one, and contained more stirring news than any which had transpired from Italy since the Napoleonic campaign; but that other document, with its startling array of numerals, was certainly not less momentous. In Major Vaughan's opinion it was the more momentous of the two; and yet his brow darkened over it, and it seemed to the two others that he was not altogether so well pleased as he might have been.

Castletowers was genuinely delighted, and as much surprised as delighted.

"It is a noble gift," said he. "I had not dreamed that Trefalden was so staunch a friend to the cause."

"I was not aware that Mr. Trefalden had hitherto interested himself about Italy in any way," observed Major Vaughan, coldly.

"Well, he has interested himself now to some purpose. Besides, he has but just come into his fortune."

Signor Colonna smoothed the cheque as it lay

before him on the desk, filled in the date, crossed it, and inserted his own name as that of the person to whom it was payable.

"I wonder what I had better do with it," said he, thoughtfully.

"With what?" asked the Earl.

Colonna pointed to the cheque with the feather end of his pen.

"Why, cash it, of course, and send the money off without delay."

The Italian smiled and shook his head. He was a better man of business than his host, and he foresaw some of those very difficulties which were the cause of so much perplexity to Saxon himself.

"It is not always easy to cash large sums," said he. "I must speak to Mr. Trefalden before I do any anything with his cheque. Is he in the house?"

To which the Earl replied that he would see; and left the room.

After he was gone, Vaughan and Colonna went back to the despatch, and discussed the position of affairs in Sicily. Thence they passed on to the question of supplies, and consulted about the best means of bestowing Saxon's donation. At last they agreed that the larger share should be sent out in money, and the rest expended on munitions of war.

"It's a heavy sum," said the dragoon. "If you want a messenger to take it over, I am at your service."

"Thanks. Can you go the day after to-morrow?"

"To-night, if you like. My time is all my own just now. By the way, who is Mr. Trefalden's banker?"

He put out his hand for the cheque as he said this, and Colonna could not do otherwise than pass it to him. After examining it for some moments in silence, he gave it back, and said:

"Are those his figures, Signor Colonna? I see they are not yours."

To which the Italian replied very composedly, "No, they are Olympia's."

Major Vaughan rose, and walked over to the window.

"I shall ask Bertaldi to give me something to do, when I am out there," he said, after a brief pause. "I have had no fighting since I came back from India, and I'm tired to death of this do-nothing life."

"Bertaldi will be only too glad," replied Colonna. "One experienced officer is worth more to us now than a squadron of recruits."

The dragoon sighed impatiently, and pulled at the ends of his moustache. It was a habit he had when he was ill at ease.

"I'm sorry for Castletowers," he said, presently. "He'd give his right hand to go over with me, and have a shot at the Neapolitans."

"I know he would; but it cannot be—it must not be. I would not countenance his going for the world," replied the Italian, quickly. "It would break his mother's heart."

"It never entered into the sphere of my calculations that Lady Castletowers had a heart," said Major Vaughan. "But you have enjoyed the advantage of her acquaintance longer than I have, so I defer to your better judgment."

At this moment the door opened, and the Earl came in alone.

"I can't find Trefalden anywhere," said he. "I've looked for him all over the house, in the stables, and all through the gardens. He was last seen on the terrace, talking to Miss Colonna, and nobody knows what has become of him since."

"He's somewhere in the park, of course," said Colonna.

"I don't think so. I met my mother as I came in. She has been wandering about the park all the morning, and has not seen him."

"If I were you, Castletowers, I'd have the Slane dragged," said Major Vaughan, with a short, hard laugh. "He has repented of that cheque, and drowned himself in a paroxysm of despair."

"What nonsense!" said Colonna, almost angrily; but he thought it odd, for all that, and so did the Earl.

(To be continued.)

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"Because he ill-used her, and beat her and kicked her. I still remember the nights when he came home in a rage; she never said a word, and did everything that he wished; but he, he beat her till my heart was ready to break; I used to pull the bed-clothes over my head, and pretend to sleep, but in reality I cried the whole night. And when he saw her lying on the floor, then suddenly he would change, and drag her up, and kiss her till she screamed out that he would stifle her. Mother forbade me ever to say a word about it, but it wore her out, so that now all these long years since he died she has never got well, and if she should die soon, which God forbid, I know well who killed her."

The little priest shook his head, and seemed unwillingly to acknowledge his penitent in the right. At last he said, "Forgive him, as thy mother has; do not fix thy thoughts upon such sad pictures, Laurella; better times will come, and make thee forget it all."

"Never shall I forget that," said she shuddering, "and therefore I shall remain single, in order to be subject to no one who will first ill-treat me, and then fondle me; if any one wanted to beat me or kiss me now, I should know how to defend myself, but my mother could not defend herself from either blows or kisses because she loved him; and I will not be made ill or wretched by any one because I love him."

"Thou art a child, and talkest like one that knows nothing of what goes on in the world; are all men like thy poor father, that they give way to every temper and passion, and ill-treat their wives? Hast thou not seen plenty of good people in the neighbourhood, and wives who live in peace and unity with their husbands?"

"Nobody knew how my father treated my mother, for she would a thousand times rather have died than have complained of it to any one, and all because she loved him; if love seals one's lips when one ought to cry for help, and makes one defenceless against wrong such as one would not endure from one's worst enemies, then I will never give my heart to a man."

"I tell thee thou art a child, and knowest not what thou sayest; when the time is come, the question whether thou lovest or not will often arise in thy heart, and then all these resolutions will be forgotten."

Again a pause, after which the padre began again:

"And that artist, didst thou make up, thy mind that he would use thee ill?"

"He need to look as I have seen my father look when he asked pardon of my mother, and wanted to take her in his arms to make peace with her again; I know those eyes, it made me shudder to see them again."

After this she kept a persevering silence. The padre was silent also; perhaps he was thinking of many beautiful maxims which he might have held up before the girl, but the young boatman had grown uneasy towards the end of the confession, and this checked him. After rowing for two hours, they arrived in the little harbour of Capri. Antonino carried the padre out of the boat over the little rippling waves, and carefully set him down. Laurella, however, would not wait till he waded back for her; she gathered her little skirt together, and with her wooden slippers in her right hand, and the bundle in her left, she nimbly splashed through the water.

"I dare say I shall be at Capri a long time to-day," said the padre, "and thou needest not wait for me; perhaps I shall not return till to-morrow; and, Laurella, when thou reachest home, remember me to thy mother. I shall come and see you this week. Thou wilt go home before night?"

"If I have an opportunity," said the girl, and pretended to be busy with her dress.

"I must go back, too," said Antonino, trying to speak in an indifferent tone; "I shall wait for you till the Ave Maria; if you don't come then, I will go my own way."

"Thou must go, Laurella," broke in the little padre; "thou canst not leave thy mother alone at night; art thou going far?"

"To Anacapri—to a vineyard."

"And I must go towards Capri; God protect thee, child, and thou, too, my son."

Laurella kissed her hand, and a farewell capered her, which the padre and Antonino might both appropriate. Antonino, however, did not claim any of it; he pulled off his cap to the padre, without even looking at Laurella. When both, however, had turned their backs upon him, he let his eyes wander after the holy father for an instant as he wearily plodded through the deep shingle, and then fixed them upon the girl, who had turned to the right to go up the hill, holding her hand over her eyes to shield them from the burning sun. Before the path disappeared, she paused a moment as if for breath, and looked back. The shore lay at her feet, with the sea lovely in its intense blue; above her towered the lofty cliffs—it was indeed a view worth looking at. It so happened that in glancing towards Touiou's boat she met his eyes; each made a gesture of impatience, and the girl continued her way with a sullen expression on her face.

It was not long past noon, and already Antonino had been sitting for two hours on a bench before the osteria. He must have had something on his mind, for he was constantly getting up and walking into the sun, and looking hard at the paths which led right and left to the two little island towns.

He then said to the hostess that he was afraid of the weather; it might remain fine, but he well knew that colour of the sea and of the water; it had looked just like that before the great storm when he had had so much trouble to get the English family safe to shore.

"How have you fared at Sorrento," said the hostess; "better than we did here in Capri?"

"I could not have afforded macaroni if I had had only the boat to depend upon; now and then taking a letter to Naples, or taking out a signor to fish; that was all; but you know that my uncle has great orange-gardens, and is a rich man; 'Tonino,' said he, 'so long as I live you shall not want, and when I die, you'll find yourself provided for;' so with God's help, I have got through the winter."

"Has he children, your uncle?"

"No, he was never married, and was a long while away from home; during that time he made a great deal of mouey, and now he's going to set up a great fishery, and will put me at the head of it."

"Then you are a made man, Antonino!"

The young sailor shrugged his shoulders.

"Every one must bear his own burden," said he, and then he jumped up and looked again right and left after the weather, though he must have known that there is but one weather side.

"Let me bring you another bottle, your uncle can pay for it," said the hostess.

"Only one more glass," said he, "for you have a fiery kind of wine here—my head is quite hot already."

"It does not go into the blood," said the woman; "you can drink as much as you like; there, my husband is just coming, you must stay and talk with him a little."

And the stately padrone of the tavern appeared, coming down from the mountain, his net upon his shoulder, and his red cap on his bushy head. He had been taking some fish to the town, which the grand lady had ordered for the good priest from Sorrento. When he caught sight of the young man, he waved him a cordial welcome, sat down on the bench beside him, and began to talk. His wife had just brought a second bottle of pure unadulterated Capri wine, when footsteps were heard crunching on the hard sand to the left, and Laurella made her appearance on the road from Anacapri. She gave a slight nod, and then stood still. Antonino jumped up.

"I must go," said he, "it is a girl from Sorrento, who came across early to-day with the priest, and wants to get back to her sick mother before night."

"Well, well, there is plenty of time before night," said the fisherman; "she will have time to drink a glass of wine. Here, wife bring another glass."

"Thank you, I won't drink," said Laurella, without moving.

"Pour out, wife," said the man; "pour out, she must drink."

To be continued.

STRANGE FISHES.—No. II

A CERTAIN sporting fish has been seen to shoot with the precision of a prize rifleman. "We have," says Sir Charles Bell, "a curious instance of the precision of the eye and of the adaptability of muscular action in the beaked chetodon, a fish which inhabits the Iodine rivers, and lives on the smaller aquatic flies. When it observes one alighted on a twig, or flying over (for it can shoot them on the wing), it darts a drop of water with so steady an aim as to bring the fly down into the water, when it falls an easy prey. It will hit a fly at the distance of from three to six feet. Another fish of the same order, the *zeus*, has the power of forming its mouth into a tube, and squirting at flies, so as to encumber their wings, and bring them to the surface of the water. In these instances, a difficulty will readily occur to the reader. How does the fish judge of position, since the rays of light are refracted at the surface of the water? Does instinct enable it to do this, or is it by experience?" Now, Sir Charles Bell was one of the closest observers and the most trustworthy writers of his time, so that his authority is unquestionable.

There is another operation by fishes, which seems to require almost equal experience. Professor Agassiz, while collecting insects along the shores of Lake Sebago, in Maine, observed a couple of cat-fish, which, at his approach, left the shore suddenly, and returned to the deeper water. Examining the place which the fishes had left, he discovered a nest among the water-plants, with a number of little tadpoles. In a few moments the two fishes returned, looking anxiously towards the nest, and approached within six or eight feet of where Professor Agassiz stood. They were evidently not in search of food, and he became convinced that they were seeking the protection of their young. Large stones, thrown repeatedly into the middle of the nest after the fishes had returned to it, only frightened them away for a brief period, and they returned to the spot within ten or fifteen minutes. This was repeated four or five times with the same result. This negatives the assertion made by some naturalists—that no fishes are known to take any care of their offspring. Here are other instances of their natural affection.

Dr. Hancock relates that both species of *hossor* mentioned below make a regular nest, in which they lay their eggs in a flattened cluster, and cover them over most carefully. Their care does not end here: they remain by the side of the nest till the spawn is hatched with as much solicitude as a hen guards her eggs, both male and female hassar steadily watching the spawn, and courageously attacking the assailant. Hence the negroes frequently take them by putting their hands into the water close to the nest, on agitating which the male hassar springs furiously at them, and is thus captured. The *round-head* forms its nest of grass, the *flathead* of leaves. Both, at certain seasons, burrow in the bank. They lay their eggs only in wet weather. Numerous nests suddenly appear in a morning after rain occurs, the spot being indicated by a bunch of froth which appears on the surface of the water over the nest. Below this are the eggs, placed on a bunch of fallen leaves or grass, which the fishes cut, and collect together. By what means this is effected is rather mysterious, as the species are destitute of cutting-teeth. It may possibly be by use of their arms, which form the first ray of the pectoral fins.

Pennant, indeed, gives an additional instance of parental affection in this much-wronged class, for he says that the blue shark will permit its young brood, when in danger, to swim down its mouth and take shelter in its belly! The fact, he tells us, has been confirmed by the observation of several ichthyologists; and for his part he can see nothing more incredible in it than that the young of the opossum should seek an asylum in the ventral pouch of its parent. He does not tell us, however, that any of these observers who may have seen the young sharks swimming down the throat of their affectionate parent, ever saw one of them returning; and until that is seen, we must think the evidence rather incomplete, more particularly as the division and direction of

a shark's teeth seem to us to render such a feat next to impossible. The teeth of sharks are arranged in several series, one within the other, of which the outermost row is that in use, and the other rows are disjunct, and serve to replace the foremost when injured.

The reader may possibly have found on the seashore certain cases, which are fancifully called seepurses, mermaids' purses, &c. Now some sharks bring forth their young alive, whilst others are enclosed in oblong semi-transparent, horny cases, at each extremity of which are two long tendrils. These cases are the above purses, which the parent shark deposits near the shore in the winter months. The twisting tendrils hang to sea-weed, or other fixed bodies, to prevent the cases being washed away into deep water. Two fissures, one at each end, allow the admission of sea-water. The young fish ultimately escapes by an opening at the end, near which the head is situated; and here the young shark remains until it has acquired the power of taking food by the mouth, when it leaves what resembles its cradle.

EPITAPHS.

IN a churchyard in Somersetshire, England, may be seen the following:

Here lies Margaret Jouly, a beauty bright,
Who left Isaac Jouly to mourn her flight.

The "bull," is a species of witicism generally attributed to the Irishman, and in the following, to be seen at Monknewton, near Drogheda, he would seem to maintain his fame:—

Erected by Patrick Kelly,
Of the town of Drogheda, mariner,
In memory of his posterity.

Also the above Patrick Kelly,
Who departed this life the 12th August, 1844.
Aged 60 years.
Requiescat in pace.

But the "Irishman" cannot claim the sole possession of this sort of wit. The Welshman and the Englishman both dispute it with him. In Stenmynech churchyard we read:

Here lies John Thomas,
And his three children dear:
Two hurled at Oswestry,
And one buried here.

And at Nettlebed, Oxfordshire:

Here lies father, and mother, and sister, and I,
Who all died within the short space of one year,
They be all buried at Wimple, except I,
And I be buried here.

But the Scotchman outdoes them all, and carries off the prize for a double "bull":—

"Here lie the remains of Thomas Nicholls,
who died in Philadelphia, March, 1753. Had he lived, he would have been buried here."

If brevity be indeed "the soul of wit," it is to be found in the well known epitaph on Sir Christopher Wren, the architect in St. Paul's Cathedral:—

"Si monumentum queris, circumspice."
If you seek his monument, look around you.

Or, that most beautiful one in Gloucester Cathedral:—

"Miserrimus."

Which perhaps has never been surpassed, unless it be by the one suggested by Sir Walter Raleigh:—

"Hic jacet."

WIT AND HUMOUR.—There is a wide difference between wit and humour. Humour lies sparkling at the bottom of a deep well—while wit, clad in garish habiliments, with a bright feather in his hat, sits astride the highest weather-cock.

The following distinction may be made between the desire of ease and the wish for happiness; that the one induces is to regulate our actions by our feelings, and the other by our reason.

People who brood over their sorrows, are usually successful in hatching a numerous family; and those who "nurse their rags to keep it warm" are sure of a comfortable temperature of indignation.

In many a heart a sweet angel slumbers unseen till some happy moment awakes it.

PASTIMES.

RIDDLE.

Emblem of purity, Image of truth,
Double faced far from earliest youth.

CHARADES.

1. Earth rests upon, but heaven disowns my first
(Yet it existed before Earth was cursed);
Witness to many a gallant vessel lost,
Which in my next and last was tempest tossed;
Hid in my first my whole will charm you best,
But in my last they always seek a rest.
2. The letters which compose my whole
A number sacred is, in Hebrew scroll.
My first and sixth with loving lip
Old maids and babbling gossip sip;
My three, two, one, describes the common lot
Of all who live and breathe, and then are not;
My five, two, one, a negative proclaims,
And when reversed a heavy weight it names; (be
Without my three, two, four, and six there could not
A single plant, or flower, or shrub or tree;
My one, two, three, and six exemplifies
A kind of wrong well known to legal eyes;
My first two, and my last two are the same,
My whole is a Canadian city's name.

BELLEVILLE.

3. As Kate sat musing by the fire,
John came in and sat down by her.
"A penny for your thoughts," quoth he,
"My thoughts, good sir," at once said she,
Are of what we put our feet on, what the poor make
bread of, and what the rich possess."

4. I am a word of nine letters; my 5, 6, 2, 3,
4, is often heard in crowded assemblies; my 5, 6,
8, 1, is a companion; my 4, 3, 7, 9, is composed of
paper; my 6, 2, stands for another; my 7, 4, 5, 6,
adds dignity to a bishop; my 5, 6, 8, 4, 5, 6, is a
sacred edifice; my whole is loved by husbands,
but not by their wives.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is most like a hen stealing?
2. Why should the children of a thief be burned?
3. When Brutus asked Cæsar how many eggs he had eaten for breakfast, what was his answer?
4. When a Hebrew pays his debts, what character in Shakspeare does he name?
5. Why is a candle manufacturer the worst of characters and the most pitiable?

PUZZLES.

The following, though pretty well known, may be new to some of our readers.

1. If Dick's father is John's son,
What relation is Dick to John?
2. To a hundred and four,
Add one and fifty more,
And then I think you'll plautly see
What our behaviour ought to be.

ANAGRAM.

Iknht otu usacbec het eoy si grtbbh
Dna lismæ ræe higuualg ortho,
Hte areht htta sbate nihwti ai thlig
Nad erfe orfm apin adu roac.
A sblhu aym nielt eht ketadar odluc,
Ree sya'd satl seabm tapedr,
Adn ntehnured het steuinan lismæ,
Yma riuk eth dædæta tsahr.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., No. 9.

Pasclot.—1. Monosyllable.

2. 54d.

Conundrums.—1. Because he is always for getting (forgetting). 2. Because they contain bells (belles). 3. When he has a bullet in (bulletin).

Transpositions.—1. Effervescence. 2. Salt-petre. 3. Curiosity!! 4. Psyche. 5. Empress.

6. 7. One word.

Charades.—1. Wardrobe. 2. Woodpecker.

3. Legend.

Enigma.—Miles.

Arithmetical Problems.—1. 10 Merchants.

2. 4 miles. 3. 6 and 5.

The following answers have been received.

Puzzles.—Both, Gloriana A. A., Peter Oxon, H. H. V. 1. M. S., Camp, Q. E. D., 2. H.

Conundrums.—All, H. H. V., Geo. H. Lester, Arnold B., 2 and 3 Gloriana, 1 and 2 Q. E. D., J. A. K., 2. H.

Transpositions.—All, A. A., Oxon, Peter Lester, Geo. H. Cloud; 1, 5, 6 and 7, Jim Crack Corn; 1, 2, 4, 5, Gloriana; 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, J. A. K.; 1, M. S.; 7. W. J. M.; 1, 3, 5, H.; 3, 4, 5, Q. E. D. 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, Camp.

Charades.—All, H. H. V., Geo. H., Arnold B., Lester; 1 and 2, Gloriana, Peter, Camp, Jim Crack Corn; H. E. J., A. A., Oxon; 1, W. J. M.

Enigma.—Gloriana, A. A. Oxon, Jim Crack Corn, Geo. H., Q. E. D., Lester, Cloud. Camp, Peter.

Arithmetical Problems.—All, Gloriana, Geo. H., Arnold B., Student, H. H. V.; Peter, 2 and 3, A. A. Oxon; Camp.

The following were received too late to be acknowledged in last week's number. H., Gloriana, G. Massey, Presto Cloud.

'SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

CURE FOR DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, AND CHOLERA.—From authentic sources it is stated that in Germany, in 1842, camphorated spirits of wine cured thousands of cholera patients—frequently in less than a quarter of an hour. A simple mode of preparing the medicine is the following:—In an ounce phial of spirits of wine dissolve a quarter of an ounce of camphor. Three drops of this solution is a sufficient dose for an adult, and may be taken on a piece of sugar, or in a teaspoonful of hot liquid, and repeated until relief is obtained. In cholera it may be taken every ten minutes. For infants and children from one to three drops of a weaker solution will suffice. This remedy has been found successful in dysentery, where other means had failed. It has also been found valuable in recent colds, and as an external application on cuts, &c. When cholera broke out in Gibraltar, the wife of a military officer heated a quarter of a pound of soft soap, and added half an ounce of camphorated spirits of wine to it. With this mixture she rubbed her husband's legs, and in a short time cramps and other alarming symptoms were entirely removed.

STRONG GLUE.—Common glue, as used by cabinet-makers, is not always sufficiently strong to resist the strain to which the pieces joined together with it may happen to be exposed; sometimes even it is required to make metal, glass, or stone adhere strongly to wood, in which case a mixture of glue and ashes of wood will be found greatly preferable to glue in its ordinary state. The latter should first be reduced to the proper consistency required for wood, and a sufficient quantity of ashes added to give it the tenacity of a varnish. It must be applied hot.

A NEW and improved tunnelling machine, to be worked by compressed air, is now in course of construction at the engineering works of Messrs. Hawkes & Co., at Gateshead.

On Wednesday, the 13th inst., according to *The Sunderland Herald*, an extraordinary and remarkably interesting discovery was made at the Ryhope Colliery by some workmen engaged in quarrying in the limestone rock. This rock was blasted, and in removing the loosened fragments of rock the workmen came upon a large quantity of bones, including several human skulls, numerous skulls of animals, such as foxes, badgers, &c., and a great number of human and other bones. The place where the bones were found was about twenty feet below the surface, and about thirty feet within the bank. The appearances indicated that there had been a cavity in the rock, which had at one time been filled with water, but there appears no means for accounting for the presence of the skulls and bones, except that they were washed into the hollow of the rock many centuries ago.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Chemical News* states that an important experiment has been made by M. Duchemin during a holiday at the seaside. He made a small cork buoy, and fixed to it a disc of charcoal containing a small plate of zinc. He then threw the buoy into the sea, and connected it with copper wires to an electric alarm on the shore. The alarm instantly began to ring, and continued ringing while connected with the cork buoy, and it is added that sparks may be drawn between the two ends of the wires. Thus the ocean seems to be a powerful and inexhaustible source of electricity, and the small experiment of M. Duchemin may lead to most important results.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

QUERY.—Patience, good friend; it is a difficult matter to determine.

Q. E. D.—We are glad to welcome you under your old signature. Accept our thanks for the contributions, which we will make use of from time to time. Shall be pleased to hear from you frequently.

PATER.—Thanks! Will appear in next issue.

T. B. P.—You should have appended the solution; please forward it.

CAMR QUERRE.—Much obliged for your good wishes. You can aid us by extending the circulation of the *READER* as opportunity offers. Will refer your comment to the author—a committee of ladies should be appointed to award him fitting punishment.

YOUNG CANADA.—We have simply to say that the article was not obtained by us from the source indicated, and could not be, as we never see the paper you refer to. Our selections are made almost exclusively from English periodicals.

JIM CRACK CORN.—If not indispensable to the possession of the office, you must admit that it is a very desirable adjunct. Don't understand the query, why "high" and what does "slender means" refer to?

G. W. T.—If he simply acted as a broker, giving the names of his principals, he cannot be held in any way responsible.

SOSO.—Thanks! Will make further selections in an early issue.

GEORGE A.—Why not get up a club in your village? the Publisher offers special inducements to the getters up of clubs.

ALTON G.—Please forward the complete MS.; we cannot judge from one chapter.

LITERARY.—Our advice is, "stick to the ware-house." Literature is, at best, an uncertain profession, especially in young countries. As for fame, it is a perfect "Will-o'-the-wisp," that will lead you a sorry dance, probably to the tune of empty pockets, if there be any *tune* in them.

GLORIANA.—Much obliged; you will see that we have made some slight alterations.

ALTHEA.—The MS. is to hand; will give it our early attention.

A. B. McN.—The piece handed to Mr. T. has not reached us. We cannot insert the whole of the verses sent, but select one or two stanzas.

CANADA.

Bring me my harp!
My soul doth feel inspired
With true devotion fired,
To Canada my home.

Time-honoured battle plains!
Where Wolfe, the hero, fell,
(Ringing the foe's man's knell),
And victors stood alone.

Land of the brave and free,
May heaven's outstretched arm
Shield from all threatening harm
And guide thy destiny.

God will defend the right
Amid night's darkest hour,
And on our country pour
A flood of glorious day.

Bring me my harp!
That I may touch each string,
And welcome music bring
To thee! my cherished home.

H.—We shall be glad to receive any short articles you think may be of any service to us.

G. A. H.—We are not disposed to attach much importance to the rumours of impending Fenian invasion from the United States. The hope of increasing the difficulties which at present exist between Great Britain and the United States might induce an attack upon one of our border towns, something of the character of the St. Albans raid, but we think even this very unlikely. Government is in a position to obtain fuller and more reliable information than that circulated by sensation mongers; and should danger be imminent, will doubtless take prompt measures to meet and avert it.

VERITAS.—We are unable to give you the information desired.

NOTES DANE.—The back numbers are all in print, and may be obtained at the *READER* office.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

CREAM BISCUITS.—Rub one pound of fresh butter into one pound of flour, make a hole in the centre, into which put half a pound of powdered sugar upon which the rind of a lemon was rubbed previously to pounding, and three whole eggs; mix the eggs well with the sugar, and then mix all together, forming a flexible paste; cut it into round pieces each nearly as large as a walnut, stamp them flat with a butter stamp of the size of a crown-piece, and bake them in a slack oven.

APPLE SNOW.—Put twelve good tart apples in cold water, and set them over a slow fire; when soft, drain the water, strip the skins off the apples, core them, and lay them in a deep dish. Beat the whites of twelve eggs to a stiff froth; put half a pound of powdered white sugar to the apples; beat them to a stiff froth, and add the beaten eggs. Beat the whole to a stiff snow; then turn it into a dessert dish, and ornament it with myrtle or box.

ROUT BISCUITS.—Boll a pound and a quarter of lump sugar, upon which you have rubbed the rind of a lemon, in half a pint of milk; when cold, rub half a pound of butter with two pounds of flour, make a hole in the centre, pour in the milk with as much carbonate of soda as would lie upon a sixpence, and a couple of eggs, mix the whole into a smooth paste, lay it out upon your baking-sheet in whatever flat shapes you please, and bake them in a very warm oven. The proper way to shape these biscuits is by wooden blocks having pine-apples, leaves, and other devices carved on them.

MACAROONS.—Blanch and skin half a pound of sweet almonds, dry them well in your screen, then put them into a mortar with a pound and a half of lump sugar; pound well together, and pass the whole through a wire sieve; put it again into a mortar, with the whites of two eggs, mix well together with the pestle, then add the white of another egg, proceeding thus until you have used the whites of about eight eggs, and made a softish paste, then lay them out at equal distances apart upon wafer-paper, in pieces nearly the size of walnuts, place some strips of almonds upon the top, sift sugar over, and bake in a slow oven, of a yellowish brown colour; they are done when set quite firm through.

OATMEAL CAKE.—Melt half an ounce of salt butter or lard in a pint of boiling water, and having put a pound of oatmeal into a basin, pour the water, quite boiling, upon it. Stir it as quickly as possible into a dough. Turn this out on a baking-plate, and roll it out until it is as thin as it can be to hold together; then cut it out into the shape of small round cakes. Make these firm by placing them over the fire on a griddle (a gridiron of fine wire bars) for a short time, and afterwards toast them on each side alternately before the fire until they become quite crisp.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL:

It is reported that a patent has been obtained at Washington for a newly invented machine to make haste.

WHEN is a clock like a discontented workman?
—When it strikes.

BLACK stockings of all colours were advertised the other day by a country dealer.

WHEN is a good tune most relished?—When it is opportune.

WHEN may two people be said to be half-witted?—When they have an understanding between them.

Sydney Smith was once looking through the hot-house of a lady who was very proud of her flowers, and used not very accurately a profusion of botanical names. "Madam," said he, "have you the *Septennis psoriasis*?"—"No," said she, "I had it last winter, and I gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury; it came out beautifully in the Spring." [*Septennis psoriasis* is the medical name for a disease.]

A **LEATHER** medal having been offered for the worst possible conundrum, the prize was unhesitatingly awarded to the following, selected from several hundreds sent in—"Why is rascality like the breast of a fowl?"—"Because it is a piece of *chicane*."

WHEN can a ship be said to be sensibly, imprudently, ridiculously, ambitiously, and boldly in love?—1st. Sensibly—when she is attached to a man of war. 2nd. Imprudently—when borne along by a great swell. 3rd. Ridiculously—when in the company of a small boy (buoy). 4th. Ambitiously—when making up to a peer (pier). 5th. Boldly—when running after a smack.

SIR W. G.—, when Governor of Williamsburg, one day returned the salute of a negro who was passing. "Sir," said a gentleman present, "do you condescend to salute a slave?"—"Why, yes," replied the Governor, "I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners."

Mr. Serjeant Gardiner, being lame of one leg, pleading before the late Judge Fortescue, who had little or no nose, the judge told him he was afraid he had but a lame cause of it. "Oh, my lord," said the serjeant, "have but a little puticenco, and I'll prove everything as plain as the nose on your face."

A **PARRY** of "bon-vivants" who recently dined at a celebrated tavern, after having drunk an immense quantity of wine, rang for the bill. The bill was accordingly brought, but the amount appeared so enormous to one of the company (not quite so far gone as the rest), that he stammered out it was quite impossible so many bottles could have been drunk by seven persons. "True, sir," said Boniface, "but your honour forgets the three gentlemen 'under the table.'"

In King William's time a Mr. Tredenkam was taken before the Earl of Nottingham, on suspicion of having treasonable papers in his possession. "I am only a poet," said the captive, "and those papers are my roughly-sketched play." The Earl, however, examined the papers, and then returned them, saying, "I have heard your statement and read your play, and, as I can find no traces of a plot in either, you may go free."

HOW TO RAISE IT.—Tom Moore, the poet, used to tell a good story of the gentleman, who, when he was short of money, and his relatives were stingy and refractory, used to threaten his family with the publication of his poems. The lovable and immediate result was as much cash as he wanted.

JUST LIKE A WAITER.—The *Grand Journal* tells a little characteristic story, which may be thus Anglicised:—A gentleman going into a chop-house the other day found the room very close and hot. He called the waiter, and said, "Haven't you any ventilators?" The reply was, "No, sir; they are all gone. I have just served up the last."

CRACKING A JOKE ON A CRACKED SKULL.—A famous craniologist, strolling through a churchyard near town, perceived a gravedigger tossing up the earth, amongst which were two or three skulls. The craniologist took up one, and after considering it a little time, said, "Ah, this was the skull of a philosopher."—"Very like, your honour," said the grave-digger, "for I see it is cracked."

TUMPLING WON'T MAKE A GENTLEMAN.—Two eminent members of the New York bar, whom we will call Messrs. Doe and Roe, quarrelled not long ago, so violently, that from words they came to blows. Doe, the more powerful man (at fists, at least), knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which Roe, rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, sir, never; I defy you! I defy you! you can't do it."

"**JACK,**" said a gay young-fellow at a ball to his companion, "what can possibly induce those two old snuff-taking dowagers to be here to-night? I am sure they will not add in the least to the brilliancy of the scene?" "Pardon me," replied the other, gravely, "for not agreeing with you; but for my part, I really think that where there are so many lights of beauty, there may be some occasion for a pair of snuffers."

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treason, cannot be banished from the scene of their exploits and triumphs. Is there not danger in the retrospection, especially with a people so imaginative and enthusiastic as the Italians? Napoleon also wishes it to be understood that the French evacuation of Mexico will shortly come to a close. It is even asserted that the Emperor in his next speech to the Legislative Chambers will announce the fact. But this is not probable. Maximilian is not yet so firmly established in his place that he can dispense with French aid. With the exception of the trouble in Frankfort, the general aspect of Europe is unusually peaceful.

DANTE.*

SIX hundred years have passed since Dante Alighieri was born. Florence had the honour of his birth, which took place in May, 1265, but he died at Ravenna, the city of his asylum, in 1321—a few months after completing his fifty-sixth year. In 1274, when nine years old, Dante first saw Beatrice, daughter of Folco Portinari, and that sight was to him a vision for life. This vision inspired the *Vita Nuova*, his earliest work, and subsequently expanded into the grand proportions and transcendent idealism of the *Divina Commedia*.

Yet it would seem that the actual relations of Dante with Beatrice, were neither close nor frequent. They were rather of a distant and formal kind. Beatrice became the wife of Simone de' Barli, and died at the early age of twenty-four years. Dante married Gemma Donati, and a family of seven children was the issue of the marriage. As Beatrice moves in the pages of Dante, commentators have become perplexed, and some have affirmed that she was a character purely symbolic. This position, however, cannot be regarded as tenable. There can be no manner of doubt, we think, that Beatrice is not a mere allegorical representation, but the representation of an actual woman, known in Florence, during the early life of Dante. His love for her was mystical, very pure and very worshipful. He says that "her aspect caused death to every other thought, and that her presence preserved man from all wrong, destroyed all enmity and all sensuous impulses, kindled the flame of charity, and put to flight pride and worth." This actual woman, however, became so thoroughly idealized in the great poem, that there are but scant traces of human nature left in her. There she becomes symbol of all that is highest, truest, and most desirable to human aspiration—symbol, indeed, of Divine Wisdom. Thus Dante speaks of her in Paradise:

"Mine eyes I raised,
And saw her, where aloof she sat, her brow
A wreath reflecting of eternal beams.
Not from the centre of the sea so far
Unto the region of the highest thunder,
As was my ken from hers; and yet the form
Came through the medium down, unmix'd and pure.
'O Lady! thou in whom my hopes have rest;
Who, for my safety, hast not scorned, in hell
To leave the traces of thy footsteps mark'd;
For all my eyes have seen, I to thy power
And goodness, virtue, love and grace."
Parad., Cant. XXXI.

From the dawn of Christianity upon the world, until the thirteenth century, no great poet had appeared. Dante is the first great Christian poet. His ideal of womanhood differs entirely from that of the great poets of antiquity. The explanation of this is to be found in the more exalted morality and spirituality of the Christian religion. His great poem is based on medieval conceptions, of course, but in attitude and breadth of thought it soars far above and beyond anything peculiar to the middle ages. In the realms of scientific thought his marvellous insight led him to anticipate Newton by four hundred years in the matter of gravitation. In the lowest abyss he and his guide pass Lucifer wedged in ice, and they come to a point where they see the arch fiend "with legs held upward."—"Where is now the ice?" he asks his guide.

* Dante as Philosopher, Patriot and Poet. With an analysis of the *Divina Commedia*, its Plot and Episodes. By Vincenzo Botta. New York: Chas. Scribner & Co. Montreal: E. Wortington.

"How standeth he in posture thus reversed?
And how from eve to morn in space so brief
Hath the sun made his transit? He in frow
Thus answering spake: 'Thou deemest thou art still
On the other side of the centre, where I grasped
The abhorred worm that boreth through the world.
Thou wast on the other side, so long as I
Descended; when I turned, thou didst o'erpass
That point, to which from every other part is dragged
All heavy substance.'"
Infern., Cant. XXXIV.

Dante as a poet occupies a pedestal all his own. For Italy he created a national language, and laid the basis of a national literature. He was a poet not merely for Italy but for humanity. The *Divina Commedia* is made the subject of special courses of lectures in the German Universities. Dante was patriot as well as poet, and spent much thought and active life in the service of his country. He was a foe to the political pretensions of the papacy, and wrote and laboured with a view to Italian unity and liberty. His views of duty were too exalted for the city of his birth, and Florence, to her eternal shame, doomed him to an exile in which he died. The fate of the public peculators in his poem, ought to be a warning to public peculators in all lands and all times. This class is plunged into a lake of burning pitch, and freely tortured by attendant demons. In passing through the abyss, the poet sees a fiend of "nimblest tread" running with a sinner of this stamp firmly clutched; and, dropping him into the lake, he says to his fellow fiends,

"Him
Whelm ye beneath while I return for more;
That land hath store of such. All men are there,
Except Bontoro, barterers:—Of 'no'
For lure there an 'aye' is quickly made."
Infern., Cant. XXI.

Our copy of Dante by Carey has, in this Canto, an illustration by Flaxman, which we respectfully recommend to the notice of all decorators of modern legislative halls in Ottawa or elsewhere.

In May last, the sixth centenary of Dante's birth was celebrated with great enthusiasm in his native land. The book before us by Signor Botta appears to have been drawn out by that event. It is evidently a labour of love on the part of the author, opportune in its coming, and valuable as a popular help to the study and appreciation of the great poet. A glance at the table of contents will show its value as a contribution to this end, and we hope it may attain a wide circulation hereabouts and elsewhere.

LITERATURE AND LITERARY GOSSIP.

THERE is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other." This saying of Butler's, we doubt not, had some force in his day, when it was the fashion to compress the contents of a work into the title-page, and this, to an almost offensive degree. But, to-day, when the fashion is with authors to assume a *non de plume*, and to usher their productions in an incognito, he would be indeed a skilful analyst and conjuror who would rightly divine the subject or purport of a book from its title-page. Take, as an instance, Mr. Ruskin's new volume, "Sesame and Lilies," with the more mysterious adjunct to the title of "King's Garden and Queen's Treasuries"—who would infer the subject to be on books and women, how to read the first and how to educate the latter?

The reader, after considerable cogitation and shrewd guessing, might infer tolerably correctly the contents of such books as "Undertones," "Looking towards Sunset," "Soundings from the Atlantic," "Stones Crying Out," &c. "Horae Subsecivae" we know to be Leisure Hours, "De Profundis" we are told is a tale of the Social Deposits; but really of the titles of some works which have recently appeared, it would be a masterly mind that would arrive at a correct conclusion as to their contents. Thus it must be, that Reviews of works are so eagerly sought by book-readers, more as a glossary on the title-page of the books of the day than as a criticism on their merits.

We pass to our usual summary. In literature and art, we meet with first, an interesting volume to philologists, entitled "Chapters on Language," by F. W. Farrar, M.A., Trin. Col., Cambridge. A second series of "The Gentle Life," the first series of which contains perhaps the finest essays in the English language. The publication of Earl Derby's Translation of Homer's Iliad has set the classical scholars and versifiers vigorously to work. We notice, besides the works which appeared immediately after Lord Derby's—"The Iliad of Homer in English Hexameter Verse," by J. H. Dart, M.A., and "Homer and the Iliad," by Prof. Blackie, of the University of Edinburgh. This latter work, which from the reputation of the author, we are sure will be good, will be divided into three parts,—Homeric Dissertations; 2ndly, The Iliad in English verse; and 3rdly, Commentary, philological and archæological. Two recent Scottish works will appease, for the time the cravings of the curious in ethnology and archæology. They are respectively entitled "The Early Races of Scotland, and their Monuments," by Lieut. Col. Forbes Leslie, and "Ancient Pillar Stones of Scotland, their Significance and Bearing on Ethnology," by Geo. Moore, M.D. We note, as being reprinted from Geo. H. Lewis' Fortnightly Review, a new poem of Rob. Bulwer Lytton, "The Apple of Life," under the *nom de plume* of Ower Meredith. It is an oriental legend, a little indelicate to some tastes, but beautifully wrought out. Mr. Redgrave gives us an account of the progress of Art in England under the title of "A Century of Painters of the English School, with critical notices of their works." In advance of steel engraving and wood-cut engraving as embellishments to books, we have now photography at work; and of the three, the latter is, we doubt not, capable of as much art-manipulation, and will become more acceptable in the illustration of books as the two former. And to connoisseurs, who cannot possess themselves of the originals of rare pictures, no one will question which of the arts would be more acceptable as a copyist than photography. Such a work as the following, produced as it is in photography, will go far to reconcile one for the absence of an original Raphael,—the great works of Raphael Sanzio of Urbino, a series of twenty photographs from the best engravings of his most celebrated paintings, with Vasari's Life, Notes, &c.

In the department of Science we have "Frost and Fire, Natural Engines, Tool Marks and Chips, with sketches taken at home and abroad, by a traveller," a work of most pleasing originality of thought; and in Theology, a new work by the Rev. Dr. Guthrie, entitled "Man and the Gospel," and from the pen of Dean Alford, "Meditations, in Advent, on Creation, and on Providence." A volume of miscellanies from the collected writings of Edward Irving, and an excellent and welcome addition to the literature of the Holy Land scenery, from the pen of the author of the Chronicles of the Schouberg Cotta Family, entitled "Wanderings over Bible Lands and Seas." G. M. A.

"LONDON SOCIETY."

It was Byron, we believe, who expressed regret that one of Moore's most exquisite melodies should bear the lackadaisical name of "Love's Young Dream." We, too, are somewhat inclined to carp at the title of one of the best English Magazines of the day, "London Society," the November number of which has just reached us. The young will find in its pages tales and poetry written with much ability, and unexceptionable in tone and morals; while graver readers may indulge in subjects more to their satisfaction. The engravings, also, are excellent.

The price for which this serial is sold ought to insure it a large circulation in Canada and other British Provinces; for British subjects can learn from its perusal nothing inconsistent with the sentiments and principles which they inherited from their fathers, and is the best legacy which they can leave to their children.

* "London Society," an Illustrated Magazine. London: 9 St. Bride's Avenue, Fleet Street. Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Aesop. The Fables of Aesop, with a Life of the Author, illustrated with 111 engravings from Original Designs by Herrick. Cr. 8vo. \$3.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Atlantic Tales. A Collection of Stories from the "Atlantic Monthly." 12mo. \$3.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Browning. Lyrics of Life. By Robert Browning. With Illustrations by S. Eytzinger, Jr. 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Bulwer. The Apple of Life. By Owen Meredith (F. R. Bulwer), author of "Lucile." 32mo. 20c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Good Company for Every Day in the Year. 12mo. Plates. \$3.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Saadi. The Gulistan, or Rose Garden. By Musé Haddouh Saadik Saadi, of Shiraz. Translated from the Original, by Francis Galdwin. With an Essay on Saadi's Life and Genius, by James Ross, and a Preface by R. W. Emerson. 16mo. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Smith. The Banker's Secret; or, Sowing and Reaping. By J. F. Smith. 8vo. 60c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Swinburne. Atlanta in Calydon. A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 16mo. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Artemus Ward; his Travels. Part I. Miscellaneous. Part 2. Among the Mormons. Illustrations. 60 c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Botta. Dante as a Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet. 16mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Carleton. Our Artist in Cuba. Fifty Drawings on Wood. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Epictetus. The Works of Epictetus. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Life of Michael Angelo. By Herman Grimm. 2 vols. \$5.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Johnson. Speeches of Andrew Johnson. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Mackenzie. The use of the Laryngoscope in Diseases of the Throat. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Physician's Visiting List, Diary, and Book of Engagements for 1888. 25 Patients. Cl. 60 cts; tucks \$1.00. 50 Patients. Cl. \$1; tucks \$1.00. 100 Patients. Tucks \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Schiller's Lay of the Bell. Translated by the Rt. Hon. Sir E. B. Lyton. \$5.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Waxall. The Buckwoodsman. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Iliad of Homer. By the Earl of Derby. In 2 vols. \$3.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Froude's History of England. Vols. 1, 2, 3, and 4. \$1.60 per vol. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Forsyth's Life of Clarendon. In 2 vols. \$3.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Thomson. The Bushranger's Adventures during a Second Visit to Australia. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Inquiry into the Philosophy of Sir W. Hamilton. By J. Stuart Mill. In 2 vols. \$2.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Bishop's Criminal Law. New Edition. \$10.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Story's Conflict of Laws. New Edition. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Monarchs of France in the New World. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Wandering over Bible Land and Seas. By the Author of the Schouberg-Cetta Family. 90 c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Recollections of Seventy Years. By Mrs. John Farrar, author of "The Young Lady's Friend." R. Worthington, Montreal.

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THE SCARLET FEVER;

ITS CAUSES, PATHOLOGY AND CURE.

Ninon ne crode color! — VIRGIL.

LETTER I.

From Miss Funnle Forester at Brantford, to her Mother at London, Canada West.

June 14th, 1864.

My dear MAMMA,—I'm in doubt for a letter to you; Stop a bit—let me see I'm afraid it is two; And before I left home I assured you I'd write A letter a week on each Saturday night. But Brantford, Mamma, such a very sweet place is, The beaux are so nice, and the girls have such faces; And that rattle, Jane Parker, with whom I'm now stopping.

Besides a most lady-like penchant for shopping, So keeps the whole household blithe, happy and gay, With laughing and singing, and kitten-like play, That I scarcely get five minutes leisure a day; And then to a stranger all here are so gracious, 'Tis no wonder my promise to write proved fallacious— And I'm sorry to say, walking down by the river, I caught,—do not scold—a queer sort of a fever; 'Tis not typhoid, remittent, nor tertian I mean, Cousin Harry informs me it's called *Scarlatine*.

You remember you've oft tried to make me afraid Of an officer's sword, scarlet-coat and cockade, His gay, easy manners, his flattering tongue, As apt to mislead the unwary and young; But when told there would march through the town for the West, And encamp on the banks of the river to rest, Of Her Majesty's regiments, one of the best, I thought I might venture to see them march by, To hear the band play, and see England's flag fly, For, said I, I am certain that no danger lurks In one little peep at these terrible Turks, So I chose a becoming mantilla and hat, And as for my heart,—pooh! I'd no fear for that.

The evening was cool, and the dear birds were singing, In my ears their delightful, rich music was ringing; While clouds of gay insects were boxing around, Who seemed to chime in with their murmuring sound; The trees were fresh clad in their garments of green, Through their clustering branches the river was seen, Where the fishes were bobbing about in the stream, You would think they enjoyed the mild sun's settling beam.

I envy their life, oh! how often one wishes At this time of year for a swim with the fishes.— The apple-trees now in the height of their bloom, Fill the air all around with the richest perfume. The sheep and the cattle are grazing around, While the milk-laden cows to their homesteads are bound, The picture is framed by the forest's dark screen, Amidst which a few farms, as if peeping, are seen— Near the stream about which a few words I have said, Thirty tents since the morn their white canvass have spread.

And the dear Union-Jack flutters proudly o'erhead, I listen with joy to the bugle's shrill sound, To the drums, fifes and clarions echoing round, O'er the river the melody dulcetly floats, While the sun lights up brightly six hundred red coats. Now I own, dear mamma, that I did not delay To take to this scene of enchantment my way.

By the time we arrived at this "Vanity Fair," At least half of Brantford contrived to be there, And we'd passed as we hustled and jostled along, Of ladies and lawyers and doctors a throng, We found Sheriff, and Judge, the Town Council and Mayor.

Were paying respects to the "Chef Militaire." "Noble Colonel, your servants, just say if you please, How it is in our power to add to your ease,— I was not to the college sufficiently nigh To hear with distinctness the Colonel's reply, But I caught the words "ladies" and "greatly desire The acquaintance of those, whom we so much admire." So the Sheriff, the Judge, the Town Council and Mayor.

Introduced us in form to the officers there, And before I had either refused or consented, To Captain Tremorne I was duly presented.

You know, dear Mamma, that no girl e'er was braver To admire, to doat on—a beautiful whisker, And blacker or glossier or earlier will seldom Be seen on the cheeks of the choicest of swell-dom, Than the sweet pair so jetty and fierce that adorn The cheeks and the chin of dear Captain Tremorne.

My mind, you know well, as its choicest of treasures Has always esteemed conversational pleasures; I had only just read through the volume by Russell, So to talk of the Russian campaign was no puzzle, For I don't soon forget what I read like a dance, And we seemed to strike up quite a friendship at once; As we strove how the heroes we best could extol Who gloriously conquered at Sebastopol, At Inkerman, Alma, and famed Balaklava! (How delightful it is to converse with the brave,) I recited the poem, and never once blundered, That Tennyson wrote on the noble "Six Hundred;" While some girls near the tents were for jigging and dancing.

As if Captain Tremorne cared a pin for their prancing: For the band, marching round us, was playing quite gaily

A lively quick step, then sang a *Chorale*.

Alas! friends must part, and the gleaming was high Tremorne was "on duty," and said with a sigh, As he left to attend to his company's "rations," That certainly one of the prettiest "stations" Might at Brantford be placed, and if he had his way, At so charming a spot, he for ever could stay.

I was sleepless that night, so I thought 'twould be wise

To get up quite early, and see the sun rise; It was scarce four o'clock when the men had to start, I stroll'd to the river, and saw them depart.

'Twas a noble display, for the sun rose up bright, And illumed their red coats and their arms with its light; But 'twas pain and not pleasure I felt at the sight— For I could not help feeling it hard to be burnt, I'd no chance to say "farewell" to Captain Tremorne.

Now from that day to this my wild fancy is fed In the strangest of ways by a passion for red— I've now trimmed my bonnet to suit this new taste, My hair has red roses, red ribbons my waist, My Bertha has red bows, and red boucees my dress, Of shades nicely sorted, I trust you will guess.

And what's queer, when at breakfast I've taken my seat,

I've grown quite fantastic in what I can eat— It never is much, for my appetite's badish, But I always can fancy a bright scarlet radish, Red herrings, I love, you remember our cook Called them "soldiers," whenever of them we partook. At dinner time salmon with good lobster sauce, Or "Soupe à la tomate," may afford the first course. A red capicum always my plate is set nigh, And beets and red cabbage my pickle supply— You remember, mamma, in my juvenile days, How I followed some very particular ways; If my meat were half-cooked my aversion was great, And I left it with shuddering untouched on my plate, Nay so squeamish I was, that I scarcely could bear To hear schoolfellows singing Tom Moore's "Richard rare."

But now I should rise from the table unted If my beef were not gushing with gravy, and red, And I drink with some pleasure a glass of red wine, If there's old port or claret wherever I dine— At dessert I'm oft tempted quite long to remain For from cherries and currants I seldom refrain, And a rosy-cheeked apple I never disdain— At supper some tongue, or ham sandwich is good, And shrimps and anchovies not often withstood.

At night I rest badly, so 'tis not surprising If I do not care often to view the sun's rising; But to look at his setting's a glorious sight, A pleasure, in which I indulge o'er'y night— Some clouds tipped with red, like armed squadrons appear,

And some like huge castles their tall turrets rear, So I often can dream I'm beholding the van Of the army assaulting some fiery Redan— While the sky's a red plain, where I see the sea flounder A red-hot cannon ball, ten times bigger and rounder Than Armstrong or Whitworth's great *five hundred pounder!*

I have said my sleep's bad; but one horrible night I had such awful dreams, that I woke in a fright— At first they were charming; I thought I was walking With Captain Tremorne, gaily flirting and talking, About uniforms, epaulettes, gorget and cash, And at balls and at parties who cut the most dash— "The soldiers," I said, "were with me the top-side years."

And I cared not a pin about doctors or lawyers, When over the hue of my dream came a change. 'Tis strange as it's true, and 'tis true as it's strange! For I thought as I lay snugly cooched in my bed That my skin, teeth, hair, nails, and my eyes were turned red—

A red Indian squaw, with the poll of a parrot, Eyes like a white rabbit's, and nose like a carrot, Now more red on my cheeks I could easily bear, And red coral lips are the colour I'd wear; But coral don't suit with the tip of the nose, And a red breast like Robin's!—'t's tout autre chose!"

I leaped out of bed, and exclaimed in affright, Like Shakspeare's King Richard, that "shadows to night,"

Such terrors have struck, that with "ten thousand soldiers" I sooner would meet, than have, hang down my shoulders,

Long ringlets of red for the sport of beholders— I rushed to the mirror, and viewed with delight My hair glossy black, and my skin lily white My eyes, teeth and nails were all perfectly right.

But thus to see visions and dream ugly dreams, To your suffering daughter quite horrible seems: And I do not know where I can find consolation To render more easy this sad dispensation.

My brain seems quite addled, my pulse is too high, Sometimes I'm in tears, very often I sigh, I asked cousin Harry the best way to mend us And remove, what he calls my "*delirium tremendum*" He's now reading hard as a student of physic, Can cure cough or cold, fever, ague or phthisic; Has become quite a dandy, and dresses so finical, But I'm sorry to add he's grown saucy and cynical— He said syrup of hellebore I would find good, And hump-seed and cucumbers cool for the blood— For my diet, he told me, he greatly would fear If I fed much on goat's flesh or that of red deer, Water-lilies and purslane should be my potation: And from Galen he made a most learned quotation

Then he said, Dr. Seaman, whose patient had taken
A large dose of laudanum, saved the man's bacon,
(I use Harry's words) by a horse-whip applied
With a vigorous hand to the poor fellow's hide;
And declared the same regimen good to remove
The feverish distractions occasioned by love—
And he wrote a prescription had done good to many.
"Verberibus ut flagelletur est bene."
Then he prated of Mars and of Venus and Cupid,
I wonder why boys are so dreadfully stupid—
For I don't think relationship any apology
For tormenting me with his heathen Mythology.

I must see Doctor Dolus; nonsensical twaddle
Is not very likely to run in his noddle;
He's a grave sober man of sound practical sense,
And does not to quizzical wit make pretence—
With pill, draught or lotion I don't think he'll tease
me

But write a prescription more likely to please me—
I'm sure I shall die if I get no relief,
And that phrase will help me is not my belief,
So, if dear Doctor Dolus desires to cure,
He'll advise what I'll gladly consent to endure.
That Captain Tremorne some fine morning shall bring
(It will work like a charm, it will be the right thing.)
A Parson, a Clerk, and a plain golden RING.
He is stationed at London, I'll gladly come home,
And no more, dear Mamma, will your fond Fannie
roam.

TWO CHAPTERS OF L.F.F.

CHAPTER I. "WOOD AND WOX."

WHAT has come over you, Llew?" and the
speaker, a fair man, with a bright honest
face, pitched down his fishing tackle, and seized
the tiller of the boat. "You don't want to try
whether it is true that waters cannot quench
love?"

"I wish you'd not make such a confounded
donkey of yourself," replied the other sulkily,
getting red in the face, and showing temper in
the tremble of the upper lip. The fair man gave
him a quick glance, and then pulling his cap
over his eyes, lay down on his back, saying pre-
sently, "Example is better than precept;" at
least, the copy-book I used in my childhood had
it so. You are in love; I have never been; you
are evil tempered, bad company, and inclined to
be quarrelsome. Ergo, love is to be avoided by
those who desire to live at peace with their fel-
low-men." Then suddenly changing his voice
and lifting himself up, he said: "Let's have a
pull, Llew.; the tide is on the turn, and will
bring us in again; an hour's stretch will put
your digestion in better order."

His companion, although he made no verbal
answer, set about doing what was required of
him; he rolled up his line, lighted a fresh cigar,
and took to his oar keenly if not kindly. They
pulled straight out for the matter of a couple of
miles, neither breaking silence, then they paused,
and Llew., looking a little ruffled, said:—

"I say, Charley, I've an abominable temper,
and you shouldn't try to rile me, especially
about you know what. I have got myself into
a mess, and—and, the fact is, I mean to marry
Alice in spite of them all."

"The deuce you do! then it's worse than I
expected. What do you mean to keep a wife
upon?"

"I'll emigrate."

"No you won't. It costs money, you see."

"I'll take a private tutorship."

"But they won't take your wife too. I'll tell
you what you'll do: you'll drop the affair alto-
gether. Seriously, you cannot afford to marry.
Alice's father is a sensible old fellow; he won't
have anything to say to you; he's as proud in
his way as you are."

Llew. made use of an expression by no means
complimentary to his intended father-in-law, and
his adviser went on:

"Or put it in another way. Suppose you
could have Ler, and made her Mrs. Derwin to-
morrow—how about your new relations? her
people would be your people, you see."

"Stop that, Charley; I'm in earnest; I mean
to marry Alice, and I mean to cut all her rela-
tions. Who was the parson you introduced me
to at Tenby?"

"Cornish, an old Wadhams man; he's got a
curacy down in these parts somewhere, and is a
capital fellow across country, and not so bad at
brewing punch."

"Would he come over here for a day or
two?"

"I don't see why he should not; but, why
you don't want him to do the splicing, eh?"

"Yes, I do—"

"Whew!" and Charley Shifner drew a long
breath. "I hope you won't get angry, Derwin," he
went on speaking very gravely, "but I'd rather not
have anything to do with this; you are certain to
repent it sooner or later. Not that Alice is not a
good and pretty girl; I believe she's all that,
old fellow; but it's her friends. And then your
uncle, he'd put a spoke in your wheel at once. I
wish you'd be reasonable. Let's cut away to-
morrow; come, there's a good fellow; she's a dear
little body, and it will be a wrench, you know,
but better a scar than an open wound."

Charley spoke from his heart, and with a sin-
cere feeling of anxiety for his friend; but then
he had never been in love, and forgot that rea-
son has sometimes very little to do with the ten-
der passion. He paused, thinking his argument
too clear not to take effect, and then, as Llew.
did not answer, he held his peace, mentally
comforting himself with the reflection that his
words had told,—and—that his friend was think-
ing of them. They rowed leisurely on, dipping
their oars slowly and quietly, the tide doing
most of the work for them; just as the keel
grated against the beach, Derwin said:

"We'll start to-morrow, Charley."

"That's a good fellow," and all the clouds
passed away from Charley's face; "you'll never
regret it."

"I don't intend to," was the reply, uttered in
rather ambiguous tones; and then landing, the
two men shouldered their tackle, fish, and rugs,
and mounted the hill to the little inn, where
they had taken up their quarters a month before,
with the intention of reading hard, an intention
Shifner kept up as far as the Field and Bell's
Life were concerned, while Derwin might very
soon have made personal application of Byron's
lines,—

My only books were woman's looks;

the blue eyes, fair face, and light form of a
neighbouring farmer's daughter having effectually
banished all other power of study.

A few hours later, Derwin, pretending to go to
bed, bade good night to his friend, and took his
way out of the house, along the path leading to
the castle, which, rising grimly against the
moonbeams, was throwing mysterious shadows
upon the hill-side. Not a breath of air moved
the leaves or grass, or disturbed the surface of
the river, down which, it being full tide, the
stream was just keeping up a moving rain of sil-
very sparkles in the centre of the broad bosom
of the water. There were very few people stir-
ring at that hour; the villagers worked hard
and early, and went soon to bed in those days,
and the country folks, who, after the manner of
the Welch, came down to bathe, saw no beauty
in evening lights. So it was that Mr. Derwin
had the castle road to himself, and having passed
through the fir-wood and reached the open path
upon the south side of the hill, he walked more
slowly, pausing, and turning to look back now
and then, as if in expectation of seeing some one.
At last, reaching the steeper part of the hill, he
sat down upon the grass, and, whistling softly,
gazed over Carmarthen bay, lying quiet and
lake-like between him and the dark mountain-
outline of the Gower's land. The moon was full
that night, and hung low in the blue heaven,
casting a broad glistening path of light across
the water, along which one solitary fishing-boat
was gliding, the oars throwing showers of fiery
sparks as they dipped in the water. It was very
lovely, very peaceful and holy, but Derwin was
only looking at, not thinking of it; he scarcely
knew whether it was land or water, moonlight
or daylight. Presently a quick light step came
along the turf, and Alice Morgan stood by his
side.

"You are shaking, darling," her lover whis-
pered, as he held her hand, and gazed into the
sweet eyes, growing unnaturally large and
bright in contrast to her pale frightened face.

"Yes, surely; Mr. Shifner was talking to
father, and they were saying you are to go to-

morrow;" she looked around at him fixedly for a
second or two, then lifting away his arm from
her waist, she rose, saying in a loud hard voice,
—"And it's true indeed then, and I might have
known it all along. God forgive you for deceiv-
ing my heart, but it's me that's been foolish and
blind. Yes, indeed, I knew you were a gentle-
man like the rest of them, but I thought I could
read love and truth in your eyes."

Derwin had let her talk on, partly because he
was tempted just for the moment to take Shif-
ner's advice, partly because in her vehemence
and despair there was a new spell and power in
her beauty, and partly because it was pleasant
to hear how the very passion she gave way to
told of her love; but when she paused, with a
long sobbing gasp for breath, he held out his
arms, whispering:

"Alice, my beloved, you are coming with
me."

She clasped her hands together, and bent for-
ward as if to read his face, whispering in a low
basky voice:

"God forgive you. Why are you tempting
me?"

"It's no temptation, Alice, I swear," and as
he spoke, he sprang to his feet, and took her hands
in his. "You shall be my wife, I never meant
anything else. I have no one to stop me marry-
ing whom I please; and you, darling,—they'll
never keep you from me."

Alice began to sob hysterically now; and
shaking and crying, she clung to him, as he told
her his plans, hopes, and promises, which, as he
was excited, Derwin poured forth vehemently,
and, as far as the feeling of the moment went,
truthfully.

He told her his future could present no diffi-
culty, which, with her by his side, would prove
unconquerable; life must be all love and happi-
ness, its very happiness tinged with the rosy hue,
would look like blessings.

The moon rose higher and higher in the quiet
sky, the silvery path was gone; inch by inch, the
tide left the glistening sands, and Derwin still
drew pictures of the time to come, of the world
he was to show his wife, and Alice listened, nest-
ling to his arms, and now and then asking some
question, which from the very insight it gave him
into her simplicity and innocence, stirred still
more deeply the better feelings of his heart, and
gave just enough light of pure love to blind him
to the passion that was hurrying him on.

When they parted that night Alice had pro-
mised to meet him at the nearest railway station
upon the morning following his departure from
Llandstephen, and they were to be married in
London.

Derwin did not take his friend into his confi-
dence. Probably a railway carriage is not con-
ducive to secrets. Perhaps he was beginning to
doubt the prudence of his scheme. Shifner's
noisy college chaff and talk was bringing back
other feelings, and he grew more and more
absent and nervous.

They reached Tenby in time for dinner, and
Shifner, misinterpreting his friend's cloudy spi-
rits, concluded that after all, if love could take
such a hold upon a man like Derwin, it must be
a still more desperate thing than he, Charles
Shifner, had even imagined. There was only one
cure he knew of, and that was to drown dull
care; therefore he ordered a capital dinner, and
persuaded Llew. to try a peculiar combination
of liquors, brewed in a special manner, concocted
by a famous grand-uncle of Shifner's. But his
experiment failed; Derwin pronounced it atro-
cious, and drank mildly of whisky-punch; so
that Shifner out of veneration for his uncle's
memory, did more than his duty to his own
manufacture, and found it expedient to retire
about midnight, assuring the waiter that he was
going to be married next day to the maid of
Llangothlen.

As soon as Shifner was safely out of the way,
a dog-cart was ordered, and Mr. Derwin, leaving
an explanatory note in the coffee-room, was
driven off to the station, whence he proceeded
to the appointed rendezvous, where, veiled and
frightened, Alice stood almost alone upon the
platform, waiting for the train.

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So absorbed had he been for a few minutes that he forgot the boy; when he did think of him, he stared long and inquisitively at the child's face, his own features gradually softening and growing strangely like his former self as he gazed.

"What is your name?" he asked hoarsely, and making an effort to speak calmly.

"Llewelling Derwin," replied the child.

A shock passed over the man's face; all strength, self-possession and control were swept away, and as the words, "My God forgive me!" burst almost unconsciously from his lips, big tears welled up, and blotted out the wondering face of the little boy.

Some of us may remember how, after a season of intense anxiety, sleep has fallen upon us, sleep—or rather a trance—during which the drama of illness, death, or danger, we have just escaped, or suffered, is reacted, and realized in its most dreaded shape; we may remember how we awakened from that sleep, our heart quivering with agony, and our eyes too wild to weep;—awakened to find the whole a dream, to look up at the newly risen sun, and to recognise the very fruition of hope.

Something like this was that awakening of Alice. Her first conscious glance fell upon her husband's face, not as she had seen it in that terrible moment when she fainted, but as she had prayed to see it. There was no talk of pardon, or reproach; Alice silenced both. Both had suffered; and although the loving gaze of the wife missed much from the care-worn face resting upon her hands, yet she saw deep in the eyes the love that was to brighten her future life, and enable her to forget the sorrow of the past.

I. D. FENTON.

LINKS WITH THE PAST.

ATTENTION has recently been recalled—by the revival of a statement which has gone the round of the papers—to the extraordinary fact that a person is now living who has seen another who saw another who was present at the battle of Flodden Field, fought in 1513, in the reign of Henry VIII. The statement is to this effect:—

Henry Jenkins, a boy twelve years old, was employed to carry a horse-load of arrows, which were used by the English in resisting James IV., at Flodden. Jenkins lived to be the oldest man ever known in England, attaining the extraordinary age of 169, seventeen years more of life than were given to Old Parr. About the year 1660, Jenkins, when nearly 160 years old, was seen by Peter Garden, a youth sixteen years old. Garden lived to be 131 years old, dying at Auchterless, in Aberdeenshire, in 1775. There is a gentleman now alive who remembers seeing and conversing with this old man. We take occasion to note down a few more remarkable instances linking the present with the past.

It is very probable that the late Lord Palmerston saw and talked to a person who had seen another born in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. He was thirteen years old when Macklin the actor died at the age of 105, and Macklin, one of the best known men in London, was born in 1690, so that he might very easily have known, and very probably did, aged persons who were born several years before Elizabeth died, and while Shakespeare was at the height of his career.

A gentleman eighty years of age, writing in 1851, stated that he saw in 1781 Mrs. Arthur, of Limerick, a venerable lady, who was present at the siege of Limerick in 1691, and described to him the horrors of the siege. Here the one link connected two dates 160 years apart.

Sir Walter Scott's mother had spoken with a person who recollected Oliver Cromwell's entry into Edinburgh in 1650. The lady survived till the year 1820.

William IV. used to relate that he had spoken to a butcher at Windsor, who had conversed with Charles II. The interval, therefore, touched the reigns of nine English sovereigns.

Lady Hardwicke, who died in 1858, at the age of ninety-three, had seen her grandfather at a

period when she was young, and he very old. Charles II. gave away the bride when their grandfather was married to his first wife.

Dr. John Mackenzie, living as a retired physician at Edinburgh, in 1841, has attended professionally a lady who was born so far back as 1667, in the time of Charles II. This was the Countess of London, who lived to complete her 100th year. She and her physician, therefore, had, between them, seen the reign of Charles II., James II., William and Mary, Anne, all the four Georges. William IV., and Victoria.

There is no reason to doubt that Old Parr saw, or was seen by, his grandson. The one was born in 1483; the other died in 1756. The one was contemporary with events in the time of Richard III.; the other with events nearly to the time of George III.

The late Lord Chancellor Campbell used to boast pleasantly that he had conversed with old Sir Isaac Heard, the herald, who had conversed with a person who had witnessed the execution of Charles I.

A gentleman named Murray, who died only a few years ago, remembered having been told by the Earl of Mansfield, in 1787, that his lordship had conversed with a man who was present at the same execution.

The late Lord Lyndhurst was born in Massachusetts when that State was a British Colony, and before the United States Republic existed; yet he lived to see the year 1863. When the Prince of Wales was in America in 1860, he conversed with Ralph Farnham, who served as a soldier at the battle of Banker's Hill in 1775.

If a man be very advanced in life when his son is born, the experience of the two may cover a wide stretch of time, without either of them living to a really very old age. There was a man living at Headley, in Hants, in 1852, who was the son of a man born so far back as 1697. The son, born when the father was seventy-two years old, lived to be eighty-three years old by 1852, and may, perchance, be still alive. Charles IX. of France had a son whose wife, if French history is to be trusted, did not die till 139 years after her father-in-law's death—the one event occurring in 1574, the other in 1713. Cardan, the physician, was born 150 years after the birth of his grandfather. Benjamin Franklin's grandfather was born before the end of Elizabeth's reign, although Benjamin himself lived to see thirty years of George III.'s reign. Charles Fox's uncle, Sir Stephen Fox, was Paymaster of the Forces so far back as 1679.

Sometimes the range of events which come within the experience of one family, depends on several generations being alive at the same time, owing chiefly to early marriages. Mention is made of one Mary Cooper, who, on an interesting occasion, said—"Rise up, daughter, and go to thy daughter, for her daughter's daughter hath a daughter." How many generations here claimed the venerable Mary Cooper as a progenitress, the reader will perhaps be able to count. Horace Walpole, when sixty-seven years old, was able to say that he had seen seven generations in one family.

Dr. Oppart, who has been recently in London, made a discovery, while there, and which is of considerable interest to Biblical archaeologists. In a new inscription of the king whose annals are on the Numrud Obelisk, and whom he calls Salmaneser III., he found the name Achabhu Ciri'lay, "Ahab the Israelite," as that of a king reigning in his sixth year. The names of both the king and his country are new; and the spelling of the latter is remarkable. This Salmaneser, who reigned at least thirty years, received presents from Jehu, whom he improperly calls the son of Omri, before the close of his reign; and he waged war with Hazael, King of Syria, in his eighteenth year. The last three royal names were discovered by Dr. Hincks in 1851. According to the Book of King there were thirteen years between the death of Ahab and the accession of Jehu; and it was during this interval that Hazael began to reign in Syria. The contemporary Assyrian records are here in perfect harmony with the statements in the Bible.

GREEN MANTLE.

A TALE OF OLD MANCHESTER.

THERE were a good man of us at home; no lack of mouths to feed, and not too much to put into them; so when I had finished my schooldays—an event which occurred tolerably early—I was packed off to Manchester to serve an apprenticeship in a Manchester warehouse.

I had plenty of work there, and some little pay, and when my father had found me cheap lodgings in the house of an elderly couple, and had arranged the payment with them so as to leave me a small sum for pocket-money, he bade me be a good lad and attentive to business, and left me to my fate.

My home was too far distant to admit of my visiting it oftener than once a year, when I obtained a brief holiday for the purpose, and I was terribly lonely in the busy populous town. I knew nobody, and was shy of making acquaintances: my companions in the warehouse were off-band, rattling fellows, little suited to my taste; so I subsided into my quiet lodgings, read, or rather devoured, all the books I could lay my hands on, and grew up a solitary in the midst of thousands. One passion I had, and that was to hunt up every relic of antiquity I could possibly manage to travel to; and there was not an old hall nor an old church within a circuit of twelve or fourteen miles that I did not make a pilgrimage to.

The vestiges of old Manchester claimed particular attention, and I haunted the neighbourhood of the "college" and the "old church," looking at the outsides of the old houses (I was too shy to think of asking permission to enter any of them) until I knew every chink and cranny in their weatherbeaten faces, and came to look upon them as my most intimate friends. Some of them were public-houses, and I ventured timidly, and at intervals, into these, calling modestly for a glass of ale, and peering into the odd nooks and corners, ducking, under the heavy beams, and trying often vainly, to look through the old green glass which obscured the long low windows.

Well do I remember my first visit to the "Old Sun," "The Poets' Corner," as it was then, and is sometimes yet called—the reverence with which I entered its time-honoured walls—and the disappointment I felt at not finding within it any one in the least like what I thought a poet ought to be. I went afterwards at various times with the like ill-success; and at last I contented myself with the outside and most picturesque view of it, and left the pools to keep up their revels by themselves.

Thus it was that I grew up, working hard during working hours, and enjoying the books and the pipe which formed the occupation of my leisure, taking long rambles on foot upon the Sundays, and an occasional walk through the oldest, narrowest, and most tortuous streets I could find during the evenings of the week.

Long before my apprenticeship had concluded, I found myself permanently installed in the office, or counting-house as it was more grandiloquently called, and that, no doubt, was the fittest place for me; as years passed on, I became, by translation from stool to stool, packing clerk, invoice clerk, and book-keeper, obtaining an advance of wages with each change of position, until, as book-keeper, I was munificently paid at the rate of one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and had reached the summit of my ambition.

As I got more money to spend, I purchased more books and made longer excursions, and at length, from my retiring habits and scrupulous punctuality, I was complimented in the office by the title of "The Old Bachelor," which sat very lightly upon me. I made and attempted to make no friendships. During my brief visits to the library at the old college, indeed, I picked up a sort of acquaintance with one of its constant frequenters, the mustiest old bookworm in the lot, whom I found there when I went in and left there when I came out, and should have believed to live there but that I knew no candles were admitted, and that at night the books would be useless to him without them. He was a strange figure, dressed in a suit of rusty black, with a

neckerchief twisted round his throat in a corthof wisp, a pair of great goggle spectacles upon his nose, and with two, three, or four folios usually ranged round him, one for reading, the others for comparison and reference. I had the good fortune once to hand him a ponderous tome which had slipped from his knees whilst he was latent upon another placed upon the stand before him; and after that time, if by chance he glanced up, which might happen once in a month perhaps, whilst I was in the reading-room, I was sure of a kindly nod at least before he glanced down again.

Once, in a difficulty, I ventured to refer to him, and I was no little astonished by the flood of erudition poured in consequence upon me. He knew everything that had been written upon the subject, and gave me the key to my puzzle immediately, together with half a hundred references wherewith still further to elucidate it. Afterwards our relationship became almost that of master and pupil; and I may say that we became in some sort friends, though our only place of meeting was the library.

The rule in our offices was, that every one employed should be there and at work at nine o'clock in the morning; and accordingly at twenty minutes before nine, precisely, I passed the clock in the old church tower on my way to it. I believe that every clock in the back street in Strangeways in which I lived was timed by my movements, much in the same way in which my watch was timed by the church clock as I passed. From long habit this comparison had become a necessity, and the only temptation I ever had to omit it was occasioned by the passing the same spot, at my precise moment, of a young lady dressed in a green mantle, whom I met morning after morning, and whose fresh, pleasant face I got to look for until I fancied that missing it would almost cast a gloom upon the day. It was long before I did miss it: month after month, through the long winter, wet or dry, hail, rain, or snow, at twenty minutes to nine I met Greenmantle, as I called her in my own thought, opposite the old church tower. Very soon I knew her as well as any old house in the city, or out of it, and could have described every fold in her dress and every feature in her sweet face, but I had no one to describe them to at that time, and I am not going to begin now.

I was a young man of five and-twenty-then, but as shamefaced as a girl: if I fancied that Greenmantle looked in my direction, I coloured to the top of my head, I believe, and hastened onward; if she passed without appearing to notice me, I was miserable for the day.

Gradually, I put together a little history for her, but as it was incorrect except in two of its more insignificant particulars, it need not be detailed here. She had usually a roll of music with her, so I knew she was a governess somewhere, and that was all I could make out with certainty. I wanted to know all about her, who she was, where she lived, what relatives she had, and, above all, I wanted to know *her*. I had got to love her before I had exchanged a word, or even a nod, with her. Her face was the index to all goodness, and I felt that I must win her, or die. If I was as shy as a girl, I was every bit as romantic; and I actually upset all the neighbours' equanimity by starting from my lodgings ten minutes before my accustomed time, and so persuading them that every clock in the street was ten minutes behind time. But I missed seeing Greenmantle. I ran back, indeed, just in time to see her skirt disappear in the distant crowd; but that did not content me, and for weeks I became a true timekeeper again. Then I tried being late: I left my lodgings at the accustomed hour, indeed; but I loitered upon the road, and Greenmantle passed me almost at my own street end. I lingered and watched, but she went on and on until I could distinguish her no longer. Then I turned and ran,—ran at the top of my speed to the office, which I reached five minutes after nine, in time to find every one, from the master, downward, speculating upon my being seriously unwell, or possibly defunct. These things went till midsummer; I met Greenmantle, without appearing to recognize her, every morning, and I spent hours every evening in visiting places in which I thought it pos-

sible to meet with her; but, except at that precise spot, at twenty minutes before nine, I never had the luck to find her.

I had even begun to speculate the possibility of obtaining a day's holiday in order to discover where she went to, and, possibly even, where she lived. I dwelt upon the idea, delighted, but the obstacles appeared insuperable. Could I say that I had urgent private business? Of course. But of what nature? I could not summon courage to tell a lie, and perhaps still less could I have told the truth.

One morning, Greenmantle did not appear. It was at midsummer, and we were busy with our annual balance-sheet; it was all but complete, and I had to sign it: instead of Richard Naylor, I signed, "Greenmantle." I tore off the corner surreptitiously, spilled some ink upon the mutilated remnant, and toiled far into the night to produce a clean copy, which I had very nearly signed "Greenmantle" again.

For the next week or two I was miserable: that Greenmantle must be enjoying her holiday, I knew well enough; but it was no slight deprivation to find myself alone, morning after morning, at the accustomed hour.

I determined I know not what; I would speak to her: I composed numberless pretty speeches; one or two fresh ones for every day: I committed them resolutely to memory: I conned them over as I walked, in the office even; and I made mistakes in the books: my ledger, which no pen-knife had ever touched, was disgraced for ever: and still Greenmantle came not.

It was the middle of August, and I ought to have started upon my annual journey home. I stirred not, and made no sign.

At length I was ordered off. I was getting thin and ill, and my master saw it, and told me to go into the country for ten days. I obeyed in part; but instead of going into the country, I commenced a systematic search for Greenmantle. I questioned everybody: cabmen, policemen, porters: many had seen her, but none lately, and none knew where she lived. I was pursuing my search still, and a week of my leave had nearly expired, when, coming suddenly into the marketplace, I saw Greenmantle; I was sure it was she, but some carts intervened, and before I could reach the spot, she was gone.

Here was new life, new hope for me! I spent long hours in the market next day, with Bowen's spectacles always looking at me and seeming to ask what I did there; but I was rewarded at last. I saw Greenmantle coming, and pushed towards her through the crowd. I reached her, and should have spoken: it was her mantle, but the bonnet was different, so was the face!

Here was disappointment doubly deep! I was reckless; my timidity had flown, and I spoke to the girl who wore the mantle I had been seeking so long. She was Greenmantle's sister. Greenmantle was ill; had been very ill; but she was better. Oh! yes, she was getting strong again; they did not live far from there. I was mad, I believe, and I fancy the girl thought so. I bought grapes, oranges, apples, flowers, and I wanted to buy wine for her. I poured my purchases into the skirt of the green mantle, and insisted upon seeing it home.

I sent messages of love, sorrow, happiness: I was grieved for this and happy, at that, miserable for the other; I was eloquent and beside myself. I talked more in the ten minutes which it took us to go through the market and to the top of Smithy-door than I had done for months before; and when I was dismissed at the door, I stood gazing absently at the old picturesque building which held nearly all I cared for, until I turned sick and faint from excess of joy.

I went there in the evening, and knocked timidly (after many efforts) at the door. The woman of the house told me Greenmantle's name. "Yes, Miss Walton and her sister lived there: Miss Walton had been ill; but she was mending nicely; she would give my card, would say that I had called; would I wait then?" I felt very nervous, but I would wait, and in a few moments the sister came to me: Greenmantle had recognized me; Greenmantle would see me: would I walk upstairs?

It was an old-fashioned house, and I had never

before seen one so charming; the stairs were of old oak, wide and spacious; I sprang up them with alacrity; three flights were passed, and then, in a large wainscoted, poorly-furnished room, I found Greenmantle, pale and propped with pillows, but with a pleasant smile of welcome on her worn, dear face. I could do no more than I had done, she said: they were well off, they were rich: at least they had sufficient to last them for some time: but she was glad to see me; it was like seeing an old friend. Then Greenmantle spoke of books, pictures, flowers; led me to my own subjects, and appeared to listen with interest. I was eloquent; I was inspired; I astonished myself in particular; but I had no time to think of it then. Her sister told me to go: Greenmantle was tired; but I might come again: the next day if I chose. I did choose, and I chose to go for many a day after. I haunted the neighbourhood of their lodgings; and I have a particular affection yet for the large old window near the top of the most picturesque old house in Manchester, that at the higher end of old Smithy door. From that window Greenmantle has often looked kindly down to me.

She recovered rapidly; her sister said that I was her best doctor; and after I had spoken my love, which I did soon, and without any very extraordinary bungling in doing so, she told me her plain, simple story. Their father was a tradesman in a distant town; they had been carefully educated, partly with the idea that they might have to fight their own way: father and mother had both died suddenly, and almost at the same hour, and there was nothing left for them but their piano and some trifling articles of furniture which their father's creditors had presented to them. They had an uncle in Manchester (he was in the next room, and I must get his consent); so they had come here, and Greenmantle had maintained both her sister and herself by her exertions as a governess. She had continued her sister's education, too, and she hoped now that she could supply her place.

And so Greenmantle went, with a radiant face, to call her uncle; and I awaited, in fear and trembling, his much-dreaded approach. First I heard a great clatter of falling books, then a merry laugh and a shuffling of slippered feet, and then the door opened and Greenmantle entered leading by the hand—my old friend of the college library!

I sprang to him; I think I should have liked to kiss him, for he shook me warmly by both hands, muttered something about being happy,—good boy, good girl, very good girl; and then he joined our hands together, and shuffled away to his books again.

And then Greenmantle made her confession. She had known me quite as long as I had known her: indeed she thought longer, for several times she had passed me whilst I was looking at my watch: she saw that I was punctual; she saw that I was fond of books; she guessed that I liked pictures; she knew that I liked flowers; she had known my name long since; she knew that her uncle had met me; and crowning confession of all—but that was not made till after we were married—she produced my portrait, which she had painted for herself in secret, after, as she said, she knew that I loved her, and hoped that I would some day tell her so.

So Greenmantle's sister began to pass the old church at twenty minutes to nine every morning, and for a little while I used to meet and bid her "good morning" there: but as soon as I had got my cage ready I took home my bird; and now we have turned Greenmantle into a ring-dove, leaving the owl and linnet to keep house together, till the linnet settles in her own nest (which, judging from appearances, will not be long first), and then the owl is to come to us, and I am to rummage both his books and his brains at my pleasure.

J. P.

None of us really wishes to exchange our identity for that of another, yet we are rarely satisfied with ourselves.

A riddle may be a diamond to the possessor, but nine persons out of ten will put very little value upon it unless it is polished and set.

WILD-BOAR HUNTING IN INDIA.

THIS sport is far superior to fox-hunting in England. Perhaps in fox-hunting more skill is required to "pick" the fences and choose a good line of country, but an old and experienced bear-hunter will tell you that it is not an easy task to give a good account of a "long lean tusker" with the condition of a Derby favourite, and the cunning of a Derby favourite's owner. You must in most cases follow his line of country, which is invariably the worst he can choose;—over rocky ground intersected with deep nullahs and ravines, and not unfrequently, if he can find it, through short thorny jungle, or over black rotten soil, riven and cracked in all directions. A gallop at racing pace over such ground, with long spear in the rider's hand, and the prospect of a charge from the fox in the rider's mind's eye, require nerve and skill.

The low price of grain, and the moderate rate of servants' wages, enable most officers in India to keep two or three horses, and a "tattoo": a most useful and enduring little animal, that fully supplies the place of a cover hack. In most "pig-sticking" countries the horses are reserved solely for that purpose, and are kept in race-horse condition, for the pace they have to maintain, although rarely extending beyond four miles of a stretch, is such that good condition is abso- lutely indispensable. The tattoo carries his owner to the meet (not unfrequently thirty miles distant); to parade in the morning; and to the mess-room at night.

In most stations where the neighbouring country affords "pig-sticking," a tent club is constituted; each member subscribing a few rupees monthly, and so forming a fund, out of which the "shikaree" and beaters are paid. In general the villagers are very ready and willing to give every information in their power concerning the haunts of the boar, for the damage he does in the sugar-cane, kates, and cholam-fields is very great indeed. A "sounder" of hog will very frequently travel ten or fifteen miles in a night in search of food, and will canter the same distance back in the morning; but occasionally, in quiet parts, they will lie down in fields that have grain high enough to afford them shelter, and will remain there.

The best hunting-grounds are the large sandy plains, with here and there a narrow long belt of toddy jungle. In these jungles the wild-boar delights. The club "shikaree" is constantly away on the look-out for marks or news of hog, and, as soon as he has obtained authentic intelligence of a sounder, he returns immediately to give information to the "sahib log." The next day is fixed upon for the hunt, and away goes the "shikaree" again to the villages near the appointed rendezvous to collect beaters. Tents, servants, provisions, and beer (the last a most indispensable adjunct), are sent on by each sportsman, and in the evening all start on their "tattoos" for the meet. These meetings are by no means the least agreeable part of the business, when all are seated outside the tents after dinner, imbibing brandy-pawny and smoking cheroots. But many cheroots and much brandy-pawny are not beneficial to the nerves, so the wisest and best sportsmen retire early.

Betimes in the morning the camp is all alive. Horses neigh, horsekeepers shout to one another, and cries for coffee and boots resound on all sides. Daylight in India bursts suddenly with a flash upon the sight, and, though a man has begun to dress in the dark and with the aid of candles, before he has finished it is broad bright day.

On coming forth under such circumstances, the sight is pretty and exhilarating. The snowy tents pitched here and there among the green and shady mangoe-trees; the picketed horses in the act of being "marlshed" and prepared for the hunt; "boys" boiling coffee at a fire made under an old mangoe, and at which three or four followers are toasting their hands and squatting; a small bonfire, around which are seated some two hundred individuals of all ages and descriptions, but nearly all alike as to squalor and dirt, the sweat caused by former days of toil being

apparent on their bodies in the form of a dry white scurf, so that they remind one of a cab-borso that has dried in the wind. It is not cold; there is a nice cool soft and refreshing breeze; but natives, even in the heat of the summer, invariably crouch round a fire in the mornings.

A cup of coffee and cheroot, and we are ready to start for the cover, but before doing so we may glance at one or two of the most prominent men in the hunt, most of whom are out now, looking to their horses and gear: a precaution never to be forgotten by a careful huntsman. The first to attract attention, is a tall good-looking young fellow talking to his horsekeeper in a jargon he fondly supposes to be Hindostanee, but which sorely puzzles his man, who has the strongest possible idea what it is not, and the weakest possible idea what it is. The rosy colour of his cheeks, and the incipient down upon his lip (which he is constantly stroking as he speaks), denote the youngster coming under the denomination of "griffin." This is his first essay at pig-sticking, and all last night he disturbed the other occupants of the tent he slept in, by jumping up, over and over again, to see if it were nearly morning. Yesterday, too, his unfortunate tattoo, with exceedingly nobby-looking legs, was made to go nearly double distance by reason of his rider's constantly rushing off after some jackal or antelope, with a wild hope of spearing the creature—and at other times he carried his spear always poised and unpleasantly near to the small of his next neighbour's back. But time and practice will correct that, for his heart is in the right place. He is looking with admiring eyes upon a wild bull-necked Persian horse, which no amount of argument will persuade him is not an Arab of the purest breed. It looks sulky just now, probably foreseeing a hard day's work. At a little distance from this ardent young sportsman is a small spare wiry man of about fifty years of age, as straight as an arrow, dressed in an old-fashioned but neat brown coat and trousers to match, and a flat low-crowned hat nearly the colour of his coat. His features are sharp, and tanned with exposure to the climate, but he has a bright piercing eye. He has been some thirty years in the service, only three of which have been passed in England. But he is as hard as he looks, and would outlive any younger man in a hard day's work. He is as good a sportsman as he is an officer, and he is considered to be one of the best in the service. The grey muscular Arab that he is mounted on, is the very counterpart of its rider, and in condition to gallop for a man's life. All its equipments are in first-rate order—so is his horsekeeper, who is just now shouldering a serviceable Joe Mantou, and a spear with a head so bright that it glistens again in the sun. The next person, with a face like Don Quixote's, barring the beard, and with a complexion perhaps a little more ruddy than the famous knight, has an immensely long body and very short legs, and is clothed in a large-patterned check cotton cloth jacket, of a cut peculiarly its owner's. He is smoking a huge Trichinopoly cheroot, and is a mighty collector of cheroots. Also, of boots: rows upon rows of which, in immense numbers, decorate all his rooms.

But the coolies, headed by the "shikaree," are moving slowly forward in the direction of a long narrow belt of toddy jungle: a most likely looking spot. The "shikaree" has an old single-barrel gun, his badge of office, and a large broad-bladed knife stuck in his girdle. Each coolie is armed with a thick long bamboo, and very many of them have tom-toms, cholera horns, and rattles. The toddy bund, which extends nearly due east and west, is about a mile long, and a quarter of a mile broad. On the north side there is a sandy plain stretching away some three or four miles, and bounded by a low range of rocky hills covered with cactus and thorn-bushes. This is the direction the boar will most probably take, and as there are boaters enough to extend along the whole line of the bund, it is decided to beat it from south to north. A short council is held as to where the different horsemen shall place themselves, and soon the signal for the commencement of the beat is given. Then arises most unearthly noises; noises calculated, one would

say, to frighten the most courageous of beasts, and noises that no human beings but natives could make. But to the "pig-sticker" it is a charming noise, and as melodious to him as the whimper of the fox-hound is to the English sportsman. Unearthly as the uproar is, the boar but sulkily responds to it, and jogs slowly and stubbornly but silently along the undergrowth. Just previous to breaking cover he stops, as it were, to consider his line of country, then suddenly leaps forth with a long lopping canter that does not seem to be fast, but which will try the speed of the fleetest horse in the hunt. A shriek of "Gone away!" and some twenty horsemen burst forth from the cover like so many devils. The boar slightly increases his pace, and the race fairly sets in. A little to the right it is rather rocky, and there are some ugly dry water-courses which he thinks will puzzle his enemies, so he makes for them. But all his tactics are of no avail. A grim-bearded old singer, mounted on a flea-bitten grey Arab, that bounds over the rocks and nullahs like an antelope, has been slowly but surely creeping up; and before the boar has completed two-thirds of his journey, he finds this cool and determined-looking customer riding alongside of him. Such presumption makes him whet his tusks again with rage, and turning short round with a couple of savage grunts, he charges ferociously, but it won't do. The spear is down in an instant, and by his own impetuosity he has stabbed himself deeply just above the shoulder-blade; and the gallant flea-bitten grey, with a light bound forward, has kept clear of his tusks. His fate is now sealed, for the delay occasioned by the charge has let up some of the other huntsmen. He charges first on one and then on the other, receiving deadly wounds each time. At last, exhausted by loss of blood, without a groan or a grunt, he sighs his last breath away. It is useless to attempt to beat the same piece of jungle over, for those logs that remained in when the first broke cover have long ago sought refuge in flight in another direction; but the "shikaree" knows of another likely spot some three miles distant, and it is immediately decided to proceed thither. This time a whole sounder break forth at once, and the hunting-party is broken up into two or three different lots. Two huge tuskers and one sow are the result.

HOW TO KEEP MIND AND BODY IN HEALTH.—"I am always obliged to breakfast before I rise—my constitution requires it," draws out some fair votary of fashion. "Unless I take a bottle of port after dinner," cries the pampered merchant, "I am never well." "Without my brandy-and-water before I go to bed, I cannot sleep a wink," says the comfortable shopkeeper; and all suppose they are following Nature; but sooner or later the offended goddess sends her avenging ministers in the shape of vapours, gout, or dropsy. Having long gone wrong, you must get right by degrees; there is no summary process. Medicine may assist, or give temporary relief; but you have a habit to alter—a tendency to change—from a tendency to being ill to a tendency to being well. First study to acquire a composure of mind and body. A void agitation or hurry of one or the other, especially before or after meals, and whilst the process of digestion is going on. To this end, govern your temper—endeavour to look at the bright side of things—keep down as much as possible the unruly passions—discard envy, hatred, and malice, and lay your head upon your pillow in charity with all mankind. Let not your wants outrun your means. Whatever difficulties you have to encounter, be not perplexed, but think only what is right to do in the sight of Him who seeth all things, and bear without repining the result. When your meals are solitary let your thoughts be cheerful: when they are social, which is better, avoid disputes, or serious argument, or unpleasant topics. "Unquiet meals," says Shakspeare, "make ill digestions;" and the contrary is produced by easy conversation, a pleasant project, welcome news, or a lively companion.—Walker's Original.

No man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt.—Lord Clarendon.

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pounds for this purpose—in fact, I will promise you twenty pounds; but I cannot do more."

Miss Rivière was about to speak; but the Countess slightly raised her hand, and checked the words upon her lips.

"The annuity," she said, "shall be paid, as usual, into the hands of whatever foreign banker you may indicate; but I beg you both to understand that I must be troubled with no more applications of this kind."

The girl's cheek glowed with sudden indignation.

"You will be troubled with none, madam," she said. "Had there been any other person in the world to whom I could have applied for aid, I should not have claimed your assistance now."

Her eye dilated, and her lip trembled, and she said it firmly and proudly—as proudly as Lady Castletowers herself might have done. But the Countess passed her as if she had not spoken, and swept down the little avenue of cypresses, without taking any further notice of her presence.

Miss Rivière continued to stand in the same proud attitude till the last gleam of her ladyship's silken skirts had disappeared among the trees. And then her strength suddenly gave way, and she sat down again upon the gloomy threshold, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking.

CHAPTER XLIV. THE ART OF SPELLING OUT.

It was no wonder that Saxon could not be found when he was wanted, or that it was late before he returned to the house. His imprisonment lasted altogether more than an hour; and when Miss Rivière at length rose and went away, he took a long walk round in another direction, in order that he might be able to account for his absence.

He had no sooner made his appearance, however, in the drawing-room, than the Earl carried him off to Signor Colonna's study, and there left him. The Italian met him with outstretched hands; and Olympia, who was writing busily, looked up and smiled as he came in.

"What am I to say to you, Mr. Trefalden?" exclaimed Colonna. "How shall I thank you?"

"Pray don't mention it," said Saxon, shyly.

"How can I help mentioning it? An act of such munificence—"

"I should be so much obliged to you," interrupted Saxon, "if you would say nothing about it."

"You may compel me to silence, Mr. Trefalden; but every true heart in Italy will thank you."

"I hope not, because I don't deserve it. I did it to—prouse Miss Colonna."

"Then I hope that you at least permitted her to thank you as you deserve to be thanked, Mr. Trefalden," said the Italian, as he glanced smilingly from the one to the other. "And now will you pardon me if I ask you a question?"

"I shall be happy to answer a thousand."

"You have given us your cheque for a very large sum," said Colonna, taking the paper from his desk, and glancing at it as he spoke. "For so large a sum that I have almost doubted whether your banker will cash it on presentation. It is unusual, at all events, for even millionaires like yourself, Mr. Trefalden, to keep so many loose thousands at their banker's. May I ask if you have given this a thought?"

Saxon stared hard at the cheque across the table, and wondered whether Olympia had really doubled it or not; but the slope of the desk prevented him from seeing the figures distinctly.

"I have thought of it," he replied, with a troubled look, "and—and I am really afraid—"

"That your balance will be found insufficient to cover it," added Colonna, entering a brief memorandum on the margin of the cheque. "It is fortunate that I asked the question."

"I am very sorry," stammered Saxon.

"Why so? It is matter of no importance."

"I was afraid—"

"I do not know, of course, how your money is placed," said Signor Colonna, "but I should suppose you will have no difficulty in transferring to Drummond's whatever amount may be necessary."

"It's in government stock—that is, a great part of it," replied Saxon, mindful of the New Overland Route Railway and Steam-Packet Company, Limited.

"Oh, then you will only have to sell out. Nothing easier."

Nothing easier, indeed! Poor Saxon!

"You may have to go up to town, however," added Colonna. "By the way, who is your stockbroker?"

But Saxon did not even know what a stockbroker was.

"My cousin manages my money for me," said he; "I must go to him about it."

"Mr. Trefalden of Chancery-lane?"

"Yes."

Signor Colonna and his daughter exchanged glances.

"I do not see that you need trouble your cousin this time," said the Italian, after a moment's hesitation.

"Why not?"

"Because a lawyer has nothing to do with the transfer of stock. He can only employ a stockbroker for you; and why should you not employ a stockbroker for yourself? It is more simple."

"I don't think my cousin William would like it," said Saxon, hesitatingly.

"Pray pardon me, but is it well that you should defer so much to his opinion? Might it not lead him to think himself privileged to establish some sort of censorship over your actions?"

Saxon was silent. He knew that his cousin had already established that censorship, and that he had submitted to it. But he did not feel inclined to acknowledge it.

"The present," said Signor Colonna, "is a case in point. Your cousin is no hearty friend to our cause. He never gave sixpence to Italy in his life, and he will surely regard this noble gift of yours from an adverse point of view. Why then place the matter before him? If he disapproved you would not withdraw your donation—"

"Of course not!" exclaimed Saxon, hastily.

"And you would offend him if you persisted. Be advised by me, my dear Mr. Trefalden, and act for yourself."

"But I don't know how to act for myself," said Saxon.

"I will put you in the way of all that. I will introduce you to my friend, Signor Nazzari, of Austin Friars. He is an Italian Jew—a stockbroker by profession—and worthy of whatever confidence you may be disposed to place in him."

Saxon thanked him, but his mind was ill at ease, and his face betrayed it. He was sorely tempted by Signor Colonna's proposition. He shrunk from telling his cousin what he had done, and he knew that William Trefalden would be ten times more annoyed than he was by the Greaterex transaction; but, on the other hand, he abhorred deceit and double-dealing.

"But won't it seem sly to William?" he said, presently. "I won't do what's sly, you know. I'd put up with anything sooner."

Signor Colonna, who had been writing his countryman's address on a slip of paper, looked up at this and laid his pen aside.

"My dear sir," he said, "I but advise you to do as other gentlemen do in your position. No lawyer does stockbroker's work."

"That may be, and yet—"

"You might as reasonably send for your lawyer if you were ill. He could but call in a physician to cure you, as he would now call in a stockbroker to sell your stock."

"I wish I knew what I ought to do!" ejaculated Saxon.

The Italian glanced impatiently towards his daughter; but Olympia went on writing, and would not look up. She knew quite well that her father wanted her to throw in the weight of her influence, but she had resolved to say nothing. The great work was hers to do, and she had done it; but she would not stoop to the less. So Colonna went back, unaided, to the charge, and argued till Saxon was, if not convinced, at least persuaded.

And then it was arranged that Saxon and Vaughan should go up to town together on the

following day—the millionaire to draw out his money, and the dragoon to dispose of it as Signor Colonna might direct.

CHAPTER XLV. WHAT HAPPENED THE EVENING BEFORE.

The morning was cold and grey, quite unlike the glowing golden mornings by which it had been preceded for the last fortnight, as Saxon Trefalden and Major Vaughan sped up to London by the fast train that left Sedgebrook station at 9.45.

They were alone in the compartment, sitting silently, face to face, each busy with his own thoughts. The landscape was dull outside. A low mist shrouded the pleasant Surrey hills, the steam hung in the damp air for a quarter of a mile behind the flying train, and the plummy elms that came in places almost to the verge of the line, looked ghost-like and shadowy. It was such a day as French authors love to describe when they write of England and English—a day when the air is heavy and the sky is grey, and Sir Smith (young, rich, handsome, but devoured with the spleen) goes out and cuts his throat on Primrose Hill.

Dreary as the day was, however, these two travellers were no less dreary. Saxon's thoughts were troubled enough, and Vaughan's were all gloom and bitterness. As he sat there, knitting his brows, gnawing the ends of his long moustache, and staring down at the mat between his feet, he was going over something that happened the evening before in Lady Castletowers' drawing-room—going over it, word for word, look for look, just as it happened—going over it for the hundredth time, and biting it into his memory deeper and sharper with every repetition.

This was what it was, and how it happened.

Dinner was over, coffee had been handed round, and Major Vaughan had made his way to a quiet corner under a lamp, where Olympia sat reading. He remembered quite well how the light fell on her face from above, and how she looked up with a pleasant smile as he sat down beside her.

They fell into conversation. He asked first if he might be forgiven for disturbing her, and then if she had any commands for Italy. To which she replied that her only commands concerned himself; that he should fight bravely, as, indeed, she had no need to tell so daring a soldier, and come back safe when the cause was won. Whereupon the thing that he had resolved never to say rose all at once to his lips, and he asked if there would be any hope for him when this had come to pass.

"Hope?" she repeated. "Hope of what, Major Vaughan?"

And then, in a few strong, earnest words, he told her how he loved her, and how, to win her, he would endure and dare all things; but she, looking at him with a sort of sad surprise, replied that it could never be.

He had never dreamed that it could be. He had told himself a thousand times that he was mad to love her; that he should be ten times more mad to declare his love; and yet, now that the words were spoken, he could not bring himself to believe that they had been spoken in vain.

So, with an eager trembling of the voice that he could not control, though he strove hard to do so, he asked if time would make no difference; and she answered, very gently and sadly, but very firmly—"None."

None! He remembered the very tone in which she said it—the dropping of her voice at the close of the word—the sigh that followed it. He remembered, also, how he sat looking at her hands as they rested, lightly clasped together, on the volume in her lap—how white and slender they showed against the purple binding—and how, when all was said, he longed to take them in his own, and kiss them once at parting. Well; it was said, and done, and over now—all over!

And then he looked out into the grey mists, and thought of Italy and the stirring life before him. He had never cared much for the "cause," and he now cared for it less than ever. Olympia's eyes had been the "cause" to him; and, like many another, he had attached himself to it for her sake alone. But that mattered little

now. He needed excitement; and any cause for which there was work to be done and danger to be encountered, would have been welcome to him.

In the meanwhile, Saxon, sitting in the opposite corner, had his own troubles to think about. He was not at all satisfied with himself, in the first place, for the part he was playing towards his cousin. He could not divest himself of the idea that he was doing something "sly;" and that idea was intolerable to him. In the second place, he was not quite comfortable with regard to Miss Colonna. He had not begun exactly to question himself about the nature of his admiration for her, or even to speculate upon the probable results of that admiration; but he had become suddenly aware of the extent of her power, and was startled at finding to what lengths he might be carried by his desire to please her. William Trefalden had said that she was capable of asking him to take the command of a troop; but a vague consciousness of how Olimpia was capable of asking him to do a great deal more than that, had dawned by this time upon Saxon's apprehension.

And then, besides all this, he could not help thinking of his adventure in the mausoleum, and of the strange interview that he had involuntarily witnessed between Lady Castletowers and Miss Rivière. The girl's sorrowful young face haunted him. He wanted to help her; and he wanted advice as to the best way of helping her. Above all, he wanted to penetrate the mystery of her claim on Lady Castletowers. He would have given anything to have been able to talk these things over with the Earl; but that, after what he had heard, was, of course, impossible. So he pondered and puzzled, and at last made up his mind that he could consult his cousin on the subject while he was up in town.

Thus, absorbed each in his own thoughts, the two men sped on, face to face, without exchanging a syllable. They might probably have continued their journey in silence to the end, if, somewhere about half way between Sedgebrook station and Waterloo Bridge, Saxon had not chanced to look up, and find his companion's eyes fixed gloomily upon him.

"Well," said he, with a surprised laugh, "why do you look at me in that portentous way? What have I done?"

"Nothing particularly useful that I am aware of, my dear fellow," replied the dragoon. "The question is, not what you have done, but what you may do. I was wondering whether you mean to follow my example?"

"In what respect?"

"In respect of Italy, of course. Are you intending to join Garibaldi's army?"

"No—that is, I have not thought about it," replied Saxon. "Is Castletowers going?"

"I should think not. His mother would never consent to it."

"If he went, I would go," said Saxon, after a moment's pause. "There's camp-life to see, I suppose; and fighting to be done?"

"Fighting, yes; but as to the camp life, I can tell you nothing about that. I fancy the work out there will be rough enough for some time to come."

"I shouldn't mind how rough it was," said Saxon, his imagination warming rapidly to this new idea.

"How would you like to march a whole day without food, sleep on the bare ground in a soaking rain, with only a knapsack under your head, and get up at dawn to fight a battle before breakfast?" asked Vaughan.

"I should like it no better than others, I dare say," laughed the young man; "but I shouldn't mind trying it. I wish Castletowers could go. We've been planning to make a tour together by-and-by; but a Sicilian campaign would be a hundred times better."

"If he were as true as yourself, Castletowers would be off with me to-morrow morning," said Vaughan; and then his brow darkened again as he remembered how not only Saxon, whom he suspected of admiring Olimpia Colonna, but the Earl, of whose admiration he had no doubt whatever, would both remain behind, free to woo or win her, if they could, when he was far away.

It was not a pleasant reflection, and at that moment the rejected lover felt that he hated them both, cordially.

"Which route do you take?" asked Saxon, all unconscious of what was passing in his companion's mind.

"The most direct, of course,—Dover, Calais, and Marseilles. I shall be in Genoa by eight or nine o'clock on Sunday evening."

"And I at Castletowers."

"How is that?" said Vaughan, sharply; "I thought you said your time was up yesterday?"

"So it was; but Castletowers has insisted that I shall prolong my visit by another week, and so I go back this evening. How we shall miss you at dinner!"

But to this civility the Major responded only by a growl.

CHAPTER XLVI. WILLIAM TREFALDEN EXPLAINS THE THEORY OF LEGAL FICTIONS.

Signor Nazzari was a tall, spare, spider-like Italian, who exercised the calling of a stock and share broker, and rented a tiny office under a dark arch in the midst of that curious web of passages known as Austin Friars. He had been prepared for Saxon's visit, by a note from Colonna, and met him in a tremor of voluble servility, punctuating his conversation with bows, and all but prostrating himself in the dust of his office. Flies were not plentiful in Signor Nazzari's web, and such a golden fly as Saxon was not meshed every day.

It was surprising what a short time the transaction took. Colonna might well say nothing was easier. First of all they went to the Bank of England, where Saxon signed his name in a great book, after which they returned to Austin Friars, and waited while Signor Nazzari went somewhere to fetch the money; and then he came back with a pocket-book full of bank-notes secured around the neck by a steel chain—and the thing was done.

Thereupon Major Vaughan solemnly tore up Saxon's cheque in the stockbroker's presence, and received the value thereof in crisp new Bank of England paper.

"And now, Trefalden," said he, "fare you well till we meet in Italy."

"I've not made up my mind yet, remember," replied Saxon, smiling.

"Make it up at once, and go with me in the morning."

"No, no; that is out of the question."

"Well, at all events, don't put it off till the fun is all over. If you come, come while there's something to be done."

"Trust me for that," replied Saxon, with a somewhat heightened colour. "I won't share the feasting if I haven't shared the fighting. Good bye."

"Good-bye."

And with this, having traversed together the mazes of Austin Friars and emerged upon the great space in front of the Exchange, they shook hands, and parted.

Saxon turned his face westward, and went down Chancery-lane on foot—he was going to Chancery-lane, but he was in no hurry to reach his destination. He walked slowly, paused every now and then to look in a shop window, and took a turn round St. Paul's. He pretended to himself that he went in to glance at Nelson's monument; but he had seen Nelson's monument twice before, and he knew in his heart that he cared very little about it. At length inexorable fate brought him to his cousin's door; so he went up the dingy stairs, feeling very guilty, and hoping not to find the lawyer at home. On the first landing he met Mr. Keckwith with his hat on. It was just one o'clock, and that respectable man was going to his dinner.

"Mr. Trefalden is engaged, sir, with a client," said the bead clerk, to Saxon's immense relief.

"Oh, then you can say that I called, if you please," replied he, turning about with great alacrity.

"But I think the gentleman will be going directly, sir, if you wouldn't mind taking a seat in the office," added Mr. Keckwith.

"I—perhaps I had better try to come by-and-by," said Saxon, reluctantly.

"As you please, sir, but I'm confident you wouldn't have to wait five minutes."

So Saxon resigned himself to circumstances, and waited.

The clerks were all gone to dinner, with the exception of Gorkin the red-headed, whom Saxon surprised in the act of balancing a tobacco-pipe upon his chin.

"Pray don't disturb yourself," laughed he, as Gorkin, overwhelmed with confusion, lifted the lid of the desk and disappeared behind it as if he had been shot. "I should like to see you do that again."

The boy emerged cautiously, till his eyes just cleared the lid, but he made no reply.

"It must be difficult," added Saxon, good naturedly, trying to put him at his ease.

"It ain't so difficult as standing on your head to drink a pint of porter," said the boy, mysteriously.

"Why no—I should suppose not. Can you do that also?"

The boy nodded.

"I can put half-a-crown in my mouth, and bring it out of my ears in small change," said he. "If I'd half-a-crown handy, I'd show you the trick."

Saxon's fingers were instantly in his waistcoat-pocket, and the half-crown would have changed owners on the spot, but for the sudden opening of William Trefalden's private door.

"Then you will write to me, if you please," said a deep voice; but the owner of the voice, who seemed to be holding the door on the other side, remained out of sight.

"You may expect to hear from me, Mr. Behrens, the day after to-morrow," replied the lawyer.

"And Lord Castletowers quite understands that the mortgage must be foreclosed on the tenth of next month?"

"I have informed him so."

"Must, Mr. Trefalden. Remember that. I can allow no grace. Twenty thousand of the money will have to go direct to the Worcestershire agent, as you know; and the odd five will be wanted for repairs, building, and so forth. It's imperative—quite imperative."

"I am fully aware of your necessity for the money, Mr. Behrens," was the reply, uttered in William Trefalden's quietest tones; and I have duly impressed that fact upon his lordship. I have no doubt that you will be promptly paid."

"Well, I hope so, for his sake. Good morning, Mr. Trefalden."

"Good morning."

And with this Mr. Behrens came out into the office, followed by the lawyer, who almost started at the sight of his cousin.

"You here, Saxon!" he said, having seen his client to the top of the stairs. "I thought you were at Castletowers."

It would have taken a keener observer than Saxon to discover that the wish was father to Mr. Trefalden's thought; but there could be no doubt of the relationship.

"Well, so I am, in one sense," replied the young man. "I'm only in town for the day."

"And what brings you to town only for the day? Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Oh, no—nothing at all. I—that is you—"

And Saxon, unpractised in the art of equivocation, floundered helplessly about in search of a reason that should be true, and yet not the truth.

"You want to consult me about something, I suppose," said the lawyer, observant of his perplexity. "Come into my room, and tell me all about it."

So they went into the private room, and William Trefalden closed the double doors.

"First of all, Saxon," said he, laying his hand impressively on the young man's shoulder, "I must ask you a question. You saw that client of mine just now, and you heard him allude to certain matters of business as he went out?"

"I did," replied Saxon; "and I was sorry—"

"One moment, if you please. You heard him mention the name of Lord Castletowers?"

"Yes."

"Then I must request you, on no account, to mention that circumstance to the Earl. It is a

matter in which he is not concerned, and of which there is no need to inform him."

"But it seemed to me that he owed twenty-five thousand—"

William Trefalden smiled, and shook his head.

"No, no," said he. "Nothing of the kind. It is a simple transfer of capital—a private transaction in which the Earl's name has been incidentally used; but only his name. He has nothing to do with it, personally—nothing whatever."

"But—"

"But you heard only the end of a conversation, my dear fellow, and you misunderstood the little you did hear. You understand that this is not to be repeated?"

"Yes—I understand," replied Saxon, doubtfully.

"And I have your promise to observe my request?"

Saxon hesitated.

"I don't doubt you, cousin William," he said bluntly; "though, of course, you know that without my telling you. But I don't know how to doubt my own ears, either. I heard that big, cross-looking old fellow distinctly say that Castletowers must pay him twenty-five thousand pounds by the tenth of next month. What can that mean, if not—"

"Listen to me for three minutes, Saxon," interrupted Mr. Trefalden, good-humouredly. "You have heard of such things as legal fictions?"

"Yes; but I don't understand what they are."

"Well—legal fictions are legally defined as 'things that have no real essence in their own body, but are acknowledged and accepted in law for some especial purpose.'"

"I don't understand that either."

"I should be surprised if you did," replied his cousin, with a pleasant smile; "but I will try to explain it to you. In law, as in other things, my dear fellow, we are occasionally glad to adopt some sort of harmless hypothesis in order to arrive at conclusions which would otherwise cost more time and trouble than they are worth. Thus, when a legal contract is made at sea, the deed is dated from London, or Birmingham, or any inland place, in order to draw what is called the recognisance of the suit from the Courts of Admiralty to the Courts of Westminster. Again, a plaintiff who brings an action into the Court of Exchequer fictitiously alleges himself to be the Queen's debtor. He is not the Queen's debtor. He owes the Queen no more than you owe her; but he must make use of that expedient to bring himself under the jurisdiction of that particular court."

"What intolerable nonsense!" exclaimed Saxon.

"One more instance. Till within the last eight years, or so, the law of ejectment was founded on a tissue of legal fictions, in which an imaginary man called John Doe lodged a complaint against another imaginary man called Richard Roe, neither of whom ever existed in any mortal form whatever. What do you say to that?"

"I say, cousin, that if I were a lawyer, I should be ashamed of a system made up of lies like that!" replied Saxon.

Mr. Trefalden flung himself into his arm-chair, and laughed.

"I won't have you abuse our legal fictions in that way," he said. "These little things are the romance of law, and keep our imaginations from drying up."

"They ought not to be necessary," said Saxon, who could not see the amusing side of John Doe and Richard Roe.

"I grant you that. They have their origin, no doubt, in some defect of the law. But then we are not blessed with a Code Napoleon; and perhaps we should not like it, if we were. Such as our laws are, we must take them, and be thankful. They might be a great deal worse, depend on it."

"Then is it a legal fiction that Castletowers owes Mr. Behrens twenty-five thousand pounds?" asked Saxon.

William Trefalden winced. He had hoped that the woolstapler's name would have escaped

Saxon's observation; but it had done nothing of the kind. Saxon remembered every word clearly enough; names, dates, amount of money, and all.

"Precisely," replied the lawyer. "Lord Castletowers no more owes Mr. Behrens twenty-five thousand pounds than you do. He would be a ruined man at this moment, Saxon, if he did."

"He does not behave like a ruined man," said Saxon.

"Of course not. He would not be filling his house with guests and giving balls, if he were. So now all's explained, and I have your promise."

Saxon looked earnestly in his cousin's face. He fancied that no man could look another in the face and tell a lie. Many persons entertain that belief; but a more mistaken notion does not exist. Your practised liar makes a point of staring into his hearer's eyes, and trusts to that very point for half the effect of his lie. But Saxon would not have believed this had an angel told him so. Therefore, he looked in his cousin's face for evidence—and therefore, when William Trefalden gave him back his look with fearless candour, his doubts were at once dispelled, and he promised unhesitatingly.

"That's well," said the lawyer. "And now, Saxon, sit down and tell me what you have come to say."

"It's a long story," replied Saxon.

"I am used to hearing long stories."

"But I am not used to telling them; and I hardly know where to begin. It's about a lady."

"About a lady?" repeated William Trefalden; and Saxon could not but observe that his cousin's voice was by no means indicative of satisfaction.

"In fact," added the young man, hastily, "it's about two or three ladies."

Mr. Trefalden held up his hands.

"Two or three ladies!" said he. "How shocking! Is Miss Colonna one of them?"

"Oh, dear no!" replied Saxon, emphatically—perhaps a little too emphatically. And then he plunged into his story, beginning at his first meeting with Miss Rivière at the Waterloo Bridge station, and ending with the adventure in the mausoleum.

Mr. Trefalden heard him to the end very patiently, putting in a question now and then, and piecing the facts together in his mind as they were brought before him. At length Saxon came to a pause, and said:

"That's all, cousin; and now I want you to tell me what I can do."

"What do you want to do?" asked the lawyer.

"I want to help them, of course."

"Well, you have the young lady's address. Send her a cheque for fifty pounds."

"She wouldn't take it, if I did. No, no, cousin William, that's not the way. It must be done much more cleverly. I want them to have money regularly—twice a year, you know—enough to keep her poor mother in Italy, and pay the doctor's bills, and all that."

"But this annuity from Lady Castletowers—"

"Lady Castletowers is as hard and cold as marble," interrupted Saxon, indignantly. "I had rather starve than take a penny from her. If you had heard how grudgingly she promised that miserable twenty pounds!"

"I never supposed that her ladyship had a hand open as day, for melting charity," said Mr. Trefalden.

"Charity!" echoed Saxon.

"Besides, I doubt that it is charity. There must be some claim.—Surely I have heard the name of Rivière in connexion with the Wynncliffs or the Pierreponts—and yet—Pshaw! if Keckwitch were here he could tell me in a moment!"

And Mr. Trefalden leaned back thoughtfully in his chair.

"I wish you could suggest a way by which I might do something for them," said Saxon. "I want them to get it, you see, without knowing where it comes from."

"That makes it difficult," said Mr. Trefalden.

"And yet it must not seem like almsgiving."

"More difficult still."

"I thought, if it were possible to give her some sort of commission," said Saxon doubtfully, "a commission for coloured photographs of the Italian coast, you know—would that do?"

"It is not a bad idea," replied the lawyer. "It might do, if skilfully carried out; but I think I hear Keckwitch in the office."

And then Mr. Trefalden went in search of his head clerk, leaving Saxon to amuse himself as well as he could with the dingy map and the still more dingy law books.

At the end of a long half hour, he came back with a paper of memoranda in his hand.

"Well?" said Saxon, who was tired to death of his solitary imprisonment.

"Well, I believe I know all that is to be learned up to a certain point; and I have, at all events, found out who your railway heroine is. It's a somewhat romantic story, but you must sit down and listen patiently while I relate it."

CHAPTER XLVII. A PAGE OF FAMILY HISTORY.

Every student of English history is familiar with the noble and ancient name of Holme-Pierrepont. A more stately race of men and women than the bearers of that name never traversed the pages of mediæval chronicle. Their famous ancestor, Thierry de Pierrepont, "came over," as the phrase is, with William the Bastard; but he was only the younger son of a younger son, and the houses which look back to him as their founder are, after all, but offshoots from that still more ancient line that held lands and titles in Franche Comté, three centuries before the great conquest.

How Thierry de Pierrepont came to be lord of many a fair and fertile English manor; how his descendants multiplied and prospered, held high offices of state under more than thirty sovereigns, raised up for themselves great names in camp and council, and intermarried with the bravest and fairest of almost every noble family in the land, needs no recapitulation here. Enough that the Holme-Pierreponts were an elder branch of the original Pierrepont stock; and that Lady Castletowers, whose father was a Holme-Pierrepont, and whose mother was a Talbot, had really some excuse for that inordinate pride of birth which underlaid every thought and act of her life as the ground-colour underlies all the tints of a painting.

The circumstances of her ladyship's parentage were these.

George Condé Holme-Pierrepont, third Lord Holmes, of Holme Castle, Lancashire, being no longer young, and having moreover encumbered a slender estate with many mortgages, married at fifty years of age, to the infinite annoyance of his cousin and heir-presumptive, Captain-Holme Pierrepont of Sowerby. The lady of Lord Holmes' choice was just half his age. She was known in Portsmouth and its neighbourhood as "the beautiful Miss Talbot;" she was the fifth of nine daughters in a family of fourteen children; and her father, the Honourable Charles Talbot, held the rank of Rear-Admiral in the Royal Navy. It is, perhaps, almost unnecessary to add, that Miss Talbot had no fortune.

This marriage was celebrated some time in the summer of 1810; and in the month of October, 1811, after little more than one year of marriage, Lady Holmes died, leaving an infant daughter named Alethea Claude. Well-nigh broken hearted, the widower shut himself up in Holme Castle, and led a life of profound seclusion. He received no visitors; he absented himself from his parliamentary duties, and he was rarely seen beyond his own park gates. Then fantastic stories began to be told of his temper and habits. It was said that he gave way to sudden and unprovoked paroxysms of rage; that he had equally strange fits of silence; that he abhorred the light of day, and sat habitually with closed shutters and lighted candles; that he occasionally did not go to bed for eight and forty hours at a time; and a hundred other tales, equally bizarre and improbable. At length, when the world had almost forgotten him, and his little girl was between four and five years of age, Lord Holmes astounded his neighbours, and more than astounded his heir, by marrying his daughter's governess. (To be continued.)

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word. The sun was still pretty high over Procida when they reached the port.

Laurella shook her skirt, which had dried again, and sprang on shore.

The old spinning-woman who had seen them start in the morning, again stood on the roof.

"What's the matter with your hand, Tonino?" she called down; "blessed Jesus! the boat is covered with blood."

"It's nothing, commare," answered the other. "I tore myself on a nail; to-morrow it will be all right; the confounded blood is always so ready to run, it looks more dangerous than it is."

"I will come and put on herbs for you," said the old woman; "stop, I am coming now."

"Don't trouble yourself, commare; it's done, and to-morrow it will be all right and forgotten; my skin is sound and heals quickly enough."

"Addio," said Laurella, and turned towards the path which led up the mountain.

"Good night," called the lad after her, without looking at her.

Then he carried the things out of the boat, and climbed up the little stone stairs to his house.

There was nobody in the two rooms in which Antonino now paced backwards and forwards. Through the wooden shutters of the little windows came a fresh breeze which he had not felt on the sea, and the coolness and the solitude did him good. He stood for a long time before the picture of the Madonna, and looked devotedly at the little silver paper glory which was stuck over it; but to pray did not occur to him. For what should he ask, when he had no longer anything to hope for? The day seemed to him to stand still; he longed for the night, for he was weary and exhausted with the loss of blood. His hand began to pain him violently; he seated himself on a stool, and undid the bandage. The blood now burst forth again, and he found that his hand was much swelled round the wound. He washed it carefully, and cooled it for a long time. When he looked at it again, he distinctly saw the mark of Laurella's teeth. "She was right," said he, "I was a brute, and deserved nothing better. I will send her back her handkerchief to-morrow by Giuseppe, for she shall not see me again." Then he carefully washed the handkerchief, and spread it out to dry, after he had again bound up his hand as well as he could. Then he threw himself on the bed and closed his eyes. The moon was shining in the room, and the pain in his hand, awoke him out of a half-slumber. He was just getting up to bathe it again, when he heard a rustling at the door.

"Who's there?" he cried. He opened the door, and Laurella stood before him.

Without a word she entered. She threw off the handkerchief from her head, and placed a little basket on the table. Then she drew a long breath.

"You came to fetch your handkerchief," said he; "you might have spared yourself the trouble, for I meant to ask Giuseppe to take it to you in the morning."

"It's not the handkerchief," she answered quickly; "I have been on the mountain to get herbs for you, to stop the bleeding; there," said she, taking the lid of the basket.

"You give yourself too much trouble," said he; "it's already much better, and if it were worse, it would only be what I deserve. But you should not be here at this time; if some one were to meet you, you know how they gossip, though they don't know what they talk about."

"I don't care about anybody," said she passionately; "I must see your hand, and put the herbs on it; you can't manage it yourself."

"I tell you it is unnecessary," said he.

"At least let me see for myself;" and without another word she seized the hand, and untied it. "Jesu Maria!" cried she, with a shudder, when she saw the great swelling.

"It has swelled a little," said he, "but the swelling will soon go down."

She shook her head.

"In that state you won't be able to go in the boat for a week."

"The day after to-morrow, I think," said he quietly; "besides, what does it matter?"

Meanwhile she had fetched a basin, and again washed the wound, he standing and bearing it

like a child. Then she put herbs on it, which at once relieved the burning, and bound up the hand with stripes of linen from her basket.

When it was done, he said, "Thank you; and listen, if you would do me another favour, forgive me for the madness which got the better of me, and forgot all that I ever said or did. I don't know how it was; you never gave me any occasion for it, that I am sure of, and you shall never again hear anything from me to wound you."

"It is I who must ask your pardon," she broke in; "I ought to have put everything differently, and more pleasantly to you, instead of irritating you by my stubbornness; and then besides—the wound!"

"It was self-defence," he exclaimed; "it was high time that I should be brought to my senses; besides, as I said before, you did me good, and for that I thank you. And now go away to bed, and there—there is your handkerchief, which you can take with you."

He handed it to her, but she remained standing, as if struggling with herself; at last she said, "I made you lose your jacket too, and all the money for the oranges. It all came upon me afterwards; I cannot give you another, because I have no money, and if I had it would belong to my mother. But here is the silver cross which the painter gave me the last time he came. Since then I have not looked at it, and I don't like keeping it any longer in the box; it is worth a few piastres, my mother said, and if you sold it, your loss would be partly recompensed, and the rest I will try to earn by spinning at night."

"I won't take anything," said he, brusquely, pushing away the bright little cross which she had taken out of her pocket.

"You must take it," said she; "it may be an immense time before you can earn anything with that hand. There it lies, and I will never set eyes on it again."

"Then throw it into the sea," said he.

"It is not a present that I make to you, it is no more than your right."

"Right? I have no right to anything of yours," said he. "If you should ever meet me again, do me the favour not to look at me, so as not to remind me of what I owe you. And now good night, let this be all;" he put the cloth and the cross into the basket, and shut down the lid.

When he looked up and saw her face, he was terrified; great tears were streaming down her cheeks, without her making an effort to stop them.

"Maria Santissima!" cried he, "are you ill? why, you are trembling all over."

"It's nothing," said she, "I am going home;" and she staggered to the door.

Here she could no longer control her tears, and leaning her head against the side of the door, she burst into loud and passionate sobs; but before he could reach her to detain her, she had suddenly turned and thrown herself on his neck.

"I cannot bear it," she screamed, clinging to him; "I cannot listen when you say kind words to me, and let me go away from you, with all the blame on my conscience. Beat me, kick me, curse me,—or if you still love me after all, there, take me and keep me, and do what you like with me—only do not send me away from you."

He held her for a moment sobbing in his arms.

"Do I still love you?" he cried at last. "Holy Mother of God! do you believe that all the blood in my heart has been drawn out by that little wound? Do you not feel it beating as if it must burst my breast to get to you? If you only say so to tempt me, or because you pity me, go, and I will forget it all; you are not to think that you owe it to me, because you know I am suffering through you."

"No," said she firmly, looking up from his shoulder, and fixing her streaming eyes passionately upon his face, "I love you, and—nay, why should I bide it from you—I have long feared and struggled against it; and now I will be different, for I cannot bear not to look at you when I meet you. Now I will kiss you," said she, "so that if you were ever again to feel doubtful, you might say to yourself, she has kissed me, and Laurella would not kiss any one but the man she has chosen for her husband." She kissed him three

times, and then she tore herself away, and said, "Good night, dearest! go to rest, and cure your hand, and don't come with me, for I am not afraid, not of anybody, but of you."

With that she glided through the door, and disappeared in the dark shadow of the wall.

Long after he remained at the window gazing out on to the dark sea, above which the stars seemed to float!

The next time the little padre curato emerged from the confessional, where Laurella had been kneeling a long while, he laughed gently to himself. "Who would have thought," said he to himself, "that God would so soon take pity on that wayward girl? and I blame myself that I had not attacked that demon of obstinacy more strongly! But our eyes are shortsighted for the ways of heaven. Well, the Lord be praised, and grant that I may live to be rowed over the sea by Laurella's boy! Heigh-ho, la Rabbiate!"

I. VON G.

CHOLERA.

WHEN cholera is almost at our doors it behoves us to make ourselves acquainted with its nature, symptoms, and, if possible, origin, in order to be prepared to meet the disease should it extend its work of destruction to this country. At a very recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences a paper was read upon the subject of cholera, by Dr. Jules Guérin. As the writer gives the result of his experience of the epidemic in the year 1832 and at subsequent periods, and as he concludes that it is a malady characterized by premonitory symptoms, and curable, we translate his memoir:—

"Before," says M. Guérin, "the epidemic of cholera which ravaged Europe in 1832, it was generally admitted that this terrible scourge attacked its victims in the most sudden manner, and struck them down with a degree of violence that was only comparable to the effects of a lightning stroke. All the writings of this period take up this view of the disease. Meanwhile, at the commencement of the epidemic of 1832 I perceived that it was quite otherwise. About a week after the appearance of the disease I wrote in the following terms to the *Gazette Médicale*:—Most of the patients attacked with cholera have been for several days, or even weeks, labouring under a disturbed condition of the digestive organs, which did not appear sufficiently serious to them to deserve careful attention; such even has been their carelessness on this point, that we have often been obliged to question them very closely in order to elicit information from them. It is only after having been asked three or four times whether they have had diarrhoea that they give a satisfactory reply. From this we conclude, (1) That in many cases where this diarrhoea has not been noted there is reason to suspect carelessness in observation on the part of the patient. (2) That this diarrhoea, the precursor of cholera, should receive the careful attention of medical men, parents, and of even the authorities, who should recommend to the poorer classes—and publish the recommendations by all the means at their disposal—to pay proper attention to this state of the digestive system, and should make known to them the fatal consequences of neglecting to treat the diarrhoeal attack.' This opinion, which had its origin in facts, was developed and confirmed by them. In proportion as the patients crowded into the wards of the Hotel Dieu, where I especially carried on my observations, my conviction became more and more strengthened. Out of 600 patients questioned in the most careful manner, 540 had shown symptoms of cholera (premonitory diarrhoea) before their entry into the hospital. From this I concluded, on the 12th of April:—

(1) "That cholera is always preceded and announced by a series of symptoms, to which—with a desire to caution the public—I have given the name of cholerae."

(2) "That cholerae is the first stage of cholera."

(3) "That cholera, properly so called, is only an advanced stage of a disease which has hitherto been unknown in its first or premonitory period."

(4) "That it is always possible to arrest the development of the mortal stage of cholera by attacking the disease in its curable one."

"The existence of a prodromic or premonitory period in cholera is certain. This truth was accepted and admitted at the period of its announcement, by the majority of physicians. The exceptions have hardly an existence, and are more apparent than real, being due to the absence of powers of careful observation on the parts of the patients."

"Since 1833 there have been at short intervals three new epidemics of cholera. Moreover, this dreadful malady has spread during the same period, or successively over the various countries of Europe and Asia. Has it in every instance conformed to the laws of its first evolution? Has the prodromic or premonitory period always preceded the mortal stage of this disease? It is of the highest importance that the reply to these questions should be in the affirmative. For if this view—regarded in its origin as one of the conquests of science and a benefit to humanity—receives from all recorded observation the character of an unimpeachable truth, it is essential that it be published in all populations and countries, as affording a sheet anchor (*une ancre de salut*) in the perils which menace human beings. Now, having been requested by the Academy of Medicine to superintend the general report upon the epidemics of cholera, I have been placed in possession of all the scientific documents, home and foreign, relating to the subject. The result of an examination of these I have the honour to communicate to the Academy. Commencing with England, we find the following remarks in the report of the 'General Board of Health,' published in 1850:—'Whatever doubts there may have been during the epidemic of 1833 as to the existence of prodromic symptoms (diarrhœa), the experience of the last epidemic solves the question completely. In one case, where the first symptoms were minutely inquired into, it was found that of 500 patients, almost all, without exception, had been previously attacked by choleric diarrhœa of ten or twelve days' duration. Dr. Burrows states that the replies of the patients showed that the "rice-water" discharge of cholera was always preceded by others of a different, though unhealthy character. Dr. McLoughlin states—"I believe I am correct in concluding, that of 3,902 cases of cholera, I have not found one without prodromic diarrhœa."

"In France they are the same confirmations as in England, M. M. Lévy found that of 142 patients (at the Hospital of Val-de-Grâce) there were only six without prodromic symptoms. In 95 cases the diarrhœa had lasted for two, three, four, and even a greater number of days. A general inquiry, instituted by the 'Comité Consultatif d'Hygiène,' during the epidemic of 1853, gives the following as part of its report:—"From the 1st of November, 1853, to the 22nd of January, 1854, of 974 choleric patients admitted to the hospitals of the capital, 740 had been attacked with premonitory diarrhœa, the others appeared exempt or were unable to give exact evidence." To these authentic statements I may add those which have been made by the different departments of France in reply to the questions of the authorities. Almost all the local physicians answer that cholera commences in the great majority of cases by diarrhœa and other premonitory symptoms. The cases of sudden cholera, if they really exist, do not exceed 5 or 6 per cent."

M. Guérin's report is important as being the one presented to the Academy, and is especially valuable for the extracts from the various official reports which he has appended to it.

A CURIOUS EPITAPH.—The following affecting epitaph may be found upon a tombstone in Connecticut:

Here lies, cut down like unripe fruit,
The wife of Deacon Amos Shute;
She died of drinking too much coffee,
Anny Dorniny eighteen forty.

The weak may be joked out of anything but their weakness.—*Madame de Staël.*

The more any one speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.—*Lavafer.*

PASTIMES.

ACROSTIC.

1. An early English king.
2. A constellation.
3. A great reformer.
4. A vicious Roman emperor.
5. A celebrated astronomer.

The initials form the name of one of the seven wise men of Greece.

PUZZLES.

1. Two men having an eight gallon cask of ale to divide equally between them, found some difficulty in making the division, as they had only a three gallon and a five gallon measure. With some scheming, however, they overcame the difficulty. Query—how?

2. From six take nine,
From nine take ten,
From forty take fifty,
And what remains there?

3. Arrange the nine digits (1, 2, 3, &c.) in such a way that their sum when added shall be exactly 100. The cypher is not to be employed, nor either of the figures used twice.

ENIGMA.

A word I am of letters six,
A good familiar name;
If forward I am read, or back,
The word is still the same;
Cut off me by my head and tail,
And, wondrous to relate,
I'm still a name, and, stranger still,
Forward or backward, which you will,
I alter not my state;
Again remove my tail, you'll see
Another name possessed by me.

2. I am composed of only 4 letters, and express: 1. What all wish to do. 2. Transpose, and I am what all should avoid. 3. Transpose, and I am an article of lady's dress. 4. Transpose, and I am a noted Scripture character. 5. Transpose, and I am despicable or mean.

CHARADES.

1. In my first I sometimes ride,
To my second I am tied,
My whole is never satisfied.
2. My first is ever taking flight,
Yet always boarding treasure;
My second is in many lands,
Of various lengths the measure;
My first and second speak in tones
Of misery and mirth;
And in my whole they tell a tale
Before it reaches earth.
They bloom a fair creation
In our gardens and our groves,
And give a timely warning
When my last is on our stoves.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Hard case.
2. Nine thumps.
3. Inner coil.
4. Guess a fearful ruin.
5. Tim in a pet.
6. I mean to rend it.
7. Daniel R.
8. Ah! would ye loose strife

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. LICSSNIHTAE. An art much sought after.
2. APCSOSM. Invaluable.
3. HILLYALERATEWINRATCONIO. Is thought by many to be of considerable importance to the public interest.
4. WONBOLORCHBSRNOHSATIRE. A patent medicine.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

1. There are two numbers such that if ten times the difference of their fourth powers be divided by the difference of their squares, the quotient will be equal to twenty-nine times their product; and the sixteenth part of the sum of their fifth powers is equal to 6314. Find them.
2. What number is that, which being multiplied by 3, the product increased by 4, and that sum divided by 8, shall give a quotient 32?

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., &c., No. 10.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. M-adder. 2. P-earl. 3. P-ruth.

CONUNDRUM.—Because he is a *Sea-king*, what never was.

RABUS.—1. Steam. 2. Ozono.

CRASOR.—Pastime column.

ANAGRAM.—1. Aroint thee witch, the rump fed ronyon cries. 2. Forget the faults of others and remember your own. 3. A soft answer turneth away wrath. 4. The Ottawa River. 5. Notre Dame. 6. Transposition.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Sanatory Reform. 2. Female Brotherhood. 3. Nelson's monument. (The last letter of the first transposition was printed G instead of Y.)

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.—1. Their income was £125; A. spent £100, B. £150. 2. The numbers are 8, 3, 2. 3. The principal and interest at the end of the sixth year would amount to \$609.25.

The following answers have been received:

Transpositions.—All, F. B. D.; Themistocles; Artist; E. H. A.; Q. E. D.; Peter; Argus; 2 and 3, E. R. A.; H.; A. A. H., Quebec; 1 and 2, W. J. F.; W. H. F., Osbawa; Gloriana.

Conundrum.—Peter; Argus; E. H. A.

Rebus.—1 and 2, W. J. F.; Q. E. D.; F. B. D.; W. H. F.; (to the first W. H. F. sends us a poetical answer, for which we have not room). Gloriana; Peter; E. R. A.; P. Malloy; E. H. A.; A. A. H.; Argus; Themistocles; 1st Artist; H.

Charade.—H.; Themistocles; A. A. H.; E. H. A.; E. R. A.; Gloriana; W. H. F.; F. B. D.; Q. E. D.; Peter; W. J. F.; P. Malloy.

Anagrams.—No complete answer has been received; the following answer part: Gloriana; Argus; Themistocles; H.; E. H. A.; E. R. A.; W. H. F.; W. J. F.; Peter; A. A. H.; Artist.

Transpositions.—"Peter" makes the first "A strong fire arm," which is correct as the letters were printed. 2nd and 3rd H.; Peter; Urso; E. R. A.; 3rd Artist; A. A. H.; E. H. A.; W. J. F.; Gloriana; George Massey; Themistocles; Q. E. D.

Arithmetical Problems.—1st and 2nd, A. Greenhill; P. Malloy; E. R. A.; F. B. D.; W. H. F.; Geo. Massey; Gloriana; Peter; W. J. F.; 1st, E. H. A.; "William's" query has elicited a number of answers; we give that forwarded by F. H. A. with which W. H. F., H. H. V. Student and Sussex agree nearly. F. B. D. has evidently mistaken the question.

COMMON SALT AS A MANURE.—Common salt, applied in the Spring at the rate of twenty bushels per acre, has been found very beneficial to asparagus, broad beans, lettuces, onions, carrots, parsnips, potatoes, and beets. Indeed its properties are so generally useful, not only as promoting fertility, but as destroying slugs, &c., that it is a good plan to sow the whole garden every March with this manure, at the rate above specified. The flower garden is included in this recommendation; for some of the best practical gardeners recommend it for the stock, hyacinth, amaryllis, lilia, anemone, colchicum, narcissus, ranunculus, &c.; and in the fruit garden it has been found beneficial to almost every one of its tenants, especially the cherry and apple. On lawns and walks it helps to drive away worms, and to destroy moss.

SUN SPOT.—Mr. Frederick Brodie, of Uckfield, Sussex, in a letter to the *Times* on the 10th ult., describes the shape of the spot on the sun, or "solar crater," as he calls it. On the morning of that day it was tolerably circular; the upper edge of the crater (or of the penumbra) had a mean diameter of about 38,000 miles, and the lower edge (or the umbra) about 15,000. Two long promontories of luminous matter projected from opposite sides of the penumbra across the umbra; one was about 4,200 miles in length, the other about 3,000 miles; in about three hours' time the whole of this latter promontory was separated, and moved away from the penumbra, breaking up into detached portions. Clouds prevented further observation of the wonderful forces in active operation in this solar crater.

The chameleon, which is said to feed upon nothing but air, has of all animals the nimblest tongue.—*Swift.*

If a man makes me keep my distance, the comfort is, that he keeps his at the same time.—*Swift.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. O., MINNEAPOLIS.—*A propos* to the times; will insert.

ALBIS.—Too long; some of the shorter pieces might suit us better.

CLIO.—We have already noticed and corrected the error you point out. Thanks for the solution; we did not doubt that your proposition admitted a legitimate answer.

NEMO.—You are correct.

THYMISTOCLES.—Much obliged; your contributions are very acceptable.

A. G., HAMILTON.—Shall be glad to hear from you frequently.

FURNY.—We did not notice the mistake until after the charade was in print. Of course Meerschmann is correct. Will avail ourselves of your contributions in our next issue.

ARTIST.—We cannot promise that we will insert the biographical sketch until we have an opportunity of perusing the manuscript. Perhaps you had better forward it, but first condense your matter as much as possible.

PETER.—The problem is amusing, and we will place it before our readers in an early issue.

W. H. F., OSKAWA.—Did not Lord Byron write one on the same letter?

EROSTRATUS.—Will insert one or both of your communications as space offers. Please forward the S. at your convenience; if accepted, will attend to your request; if not, the MS. shall be returned.

E. H. A.—We are exceedingly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken, and will avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity of referring to the work you mention.

F. B. D.—One or two of the stanzas are defective, the others read pleasantly and smoothly. We insert the three last.

FAREWELL.

Look at me, look at me, sweetly and trustfully,
Out of the depths of those wonderful eyes
Let me read "Love" in their azure transparency.
Love that braves all things and still never dies.

Speak to me, speak to me, softly and soothingly,
In the sweet tones that have charmed me so long,
Blest in my ears those same tones will ring mournfully
Like the wild strains of some half-forgotten song.

Kiss me, love, kiss me, love, fondly, if tearfully,
Each kiss must bring us still nearer the last.
But soon like gems in the caverns of memory [past,
They will brighten the present with thoughts of the

J. L.—All in good time. Much obliged.

LIMA.—We hope to be able to announce our new serial tale within a fortnight. Our readers will benefit, we hope, by the unexpected delay which has followed our first reference to this subject.

T. M.—We have repeatedly stated that all the back numbers are now in print, and can be obtained at the Reader Office.

HAMILTON.—Your article will appear in an early issue. The moral it conveys is a sad one.

LEOTOR.—Will write you in the course of a few days.

FELIX.—You cannot claim the cost of the goods, but only their actual value at the time they were destroyed. No Insurance Company would, or ought to, pay you more.

S. W.—We intend in future to devote more space to reviews of new books. Much obliged for your suggestion; you can best aid us by extending our circulation in your neighbourhood.

CHESS.—We have by no means forgotten our promise. The chess column will be commenced at once, and we trust our chess-loving friends will aid us in making it generally interesting to the fraternity.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

HEERSCHEM-MAKING IN NEW YORK.—Meerschmann is made on a large scale in New York, by saturating carbonate of magnesia in silicate of soda, or soluble glass—care in selecting a good quality of magnesia being the only requisite for success. The profits are immense.

PERPETUAL MOTION.—The Comte Cavour, a Turin journal, confidently announces that the

problem of perpetual motion has been solved by M. Louis Caucre Rizzo, a mechanic of Strasburg, who, the same journal asserts, has invented a machine which finds its motive force within itself without any external aid. Nay, more; it is to be seen at work at Naples, where it has been applied to raising water, but M. Caucre hopes to render its application universal. Meanwhile, it seems, he has obtained a patent for fifteen years from the Italian Government. The machine will, most probably, "run out" before the patent.

NEW GALL INSECT.—Mr. W. Couper has recently described a parasite on the common creeping ryegrass. It belongs to the *Hymenoptera* or bee order of insects. As soon as the larva issues from the egg it places its head downwards in the gall, remaining in that position till it eats its way through. About the end of September it ceases to feed, and prepares to meet a Canadian winter. By this time the gall is hardened, and the larva remains in a torpid state, becoming active again in the spring, and changing to perfect insects in time to attack the young grass of the season. Baron Sacken regards it as belonging to the genus *Enrofomo*.

Mr. Frank Buckland suggests, on the strength of some experiments which were made some years since, when an epidemic prevailed in the Zoological Gardens, that chlorate of potash should be used as a remedy for the cattle plague.

A PEAS-SHELLING MACHINE.—To facilitate the tedious operation of shelling beans and peas, the *Scientific American* tell us that a Mr. Price has invented a machine. The details are simple enough, being merely a pair of rollers covered with india-rubber, similar to those used in wringing machines, and mounted in a wooden frame, in the same general way. These rollers are connected by gearing with a shaft and crank, so that when the same is turned the rollers will revolve also. In the bottom of the compartment, in which the rollers work, there are holes. These holes let the peas and beans fall into the drawer below. By turning the rollers, the pods are drawn in, and the compression causes them to burst open and deliver the peas on the other side in good order.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

MUSEUM CONTRIBUTIONS.

A SKIN of street yarn.

A ROOTH from the mouth of a river.

A LEAF from a branch of the Mississippi.

A TWAIR from the forelock of time.

A PHOTOGRAPH of the night-mare.

A PETAL from the "flower of the family."

"WHAT is the difference between an organist and the influenza?"

The one knows the stops—the other stops the nose."

MODERN DICTIONARY.

FIR-ISH.—Having fins.

GRIMACE.—A dirty card.

WARD-SHIP.—An iron clad.

HEIR-SHIP.—A balloon.

BO-MAN.—A carpenter.

IN-OITE.—Visible.

IN-FIRM.—Well inserted.

JAR-OOS.—A broken vessel.

KIDNAP.—The hair of a young goat.

LI-ABLE.—Ability to tell a falsehood.

Tus man who had his feelings hurt, revenged himself by cutting an acquaintance.

SOMETHING NEW! Old maids are at a discount no longer but may be mated off at once. Apply at the Feller Institute.

DEAN SWIFT, when dining at a corporation dinner at Leicester, was rather severe upon a poor, sleek, quiet alderman. In the course of the dinner he was helped to the wing of a duck, and immediately called for mustard. "Doctor," said the alderman, in perfect innocence of heart, "you eat duck like a goose."

A PLACARD in the window of a patent medicine vendor, in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, reads as follows:—"The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of another quack just opposite."

WHAT is it we all frequently say we will do, and no one has ever yet done?—Stop a minute.

WHY is a child who gets stout as he gets taller, like a newspaper reporter?—Because he picks up information.

HOW CHILDISH!—The mismanagement of the Atlantic cable is distinctly proved by the admission of those on board the Great Eastern, that they have left it in charge of buoys!

A GENTLEMAN recently received an unpaid letter (for which the postman charged him twopence) commencing—"Sir, your letter of yesterday bears upon its face the stamp of falsehood." His answer was brief and to the purpose—"Sir, I only wish your letter of yesterday bore upon its face a stamp of any kind."

Texas was a certain "Daft Will," who was a privileged haunter of Eglinton Castle and grounds. He was discovered by the noble owner one day taking a near cut, and crossing a fence in the demesne. The earl called out, "Come back, sir, that's not the road, "Do ye ken," said Will, "whaur I'm gaun?"—"No," replied his lordship.—"Weel, hoo do ye ken whether this be the road or no?" said Will.

WOMEN FROM OPPOSITE POINTS OF VIEW.—"I would not be a woman, for then I could not love her," says Montaigne. Lady M. W. Montague says, "The only objection I have to be a man is that I should then have to marry a woman."

A CURIOUS COMBINATION OF NAMES.—Sir Thomas Winnington, in *Notes and Queries*, states that formerly the three names "Wise," "Parsons," and "Hunt" were to be seen at St. Clement's, Oxford, and that the undergraduates very naturally read them consecutively and without stops.

LAW.

As upper mill and lower mill

Fell out about their water;

To war they went—that is, to law,

Resolved to give no quarter.

A lawyer was by each engaged,

And hotly they contended,

When fees grew slack, the war they waged

They judged were better ended.

The heavy costs remaining still,

Were settled without bother;

One lawyer took the upper mill,

The lower mill the other.

THE father of Mrs. Siddons had always forbidden her to marry an actor, and of course she chose a member of the old gentleman's company, whom she secretly wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it he was furious.—"Have I not," he exclaimed, "dared you to marry a player?" The lady replied, with downcast eyes, that she had not disobeyed.—"What, madam, have you not allied yourself to about the worst performer in my company?"—"Exactly so," murmured the timid bride; "nobody can call him an actor."

You may call me irritable if you like, but it would take a good deal to make me cross just now," remarked an old lady who wanted to get from one side of the street to the other, when two railway vans, a fire-engine, five omnibuses, a dozen Hansom cabs, and a drove of bullocks were coming along at full speed.

ACCORDING to an ancient proverb, we had always understood that "a cat may look at a king." In Wurtemberg, however, it seems nothing under the rank of nobility can hope for that delightful privilege. Orders have been given that all renters of boxes in the royal theatre of Stuttgart, who do not belong to the titled classes, should be removed from the right side of the theatre, where they could look at the royal box, to the left side, where they can't! If His Majesty is so averse to the sight of common folks, we can't help thinking he had better stay away from the theatre altogether. There are, we should say, some people on the stage itself who don't hold absolutely princely rank. Perhaps, however, the king thinks that though the actor may be a commoner in private life, his profession, at any rate, makes him "appear" upon the stage.—The worst yet!

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sides his coarseness and his wit. Dickens prefers no claim to the grave irony of the author of *Don Quixote*; but he has painted *Garagantua* and *Pantagruel* in profusion, though of a lilliputian type, and with morals the reverse of those of his antetype. The creations of the one are Titans, those of the other may be dwarfs; yet the species to which both creatures belong is the same. An English author was recommended by the chief minister of the day to learn the Spanish language, which he did, expecting to be sent to Spain on some mission or employment; but his adviser, when informed of the fact, merely said that he envied him the pleasure he would derive from reading *Don Quixote* in the original. So, those who have yet to read this new work of Dickens have a pleasure in reserve of which we recommend them to avail themselves without unnecessary delay. In "Our Mutual Friend," Dickens exhibits many of the faults and the beauties of his style and genius.

A HISTORY OF THE PROVINCE OF LOWER CANADA, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province. By Robert Christie. In Six Volumes. Montreal: Richard Worthington. Volumes 1 and 2.

The republication of Christie's *History of Canada* is a praiseworthy undertaking, and deserves encouragement, for the work is a valuable one, were it only from the large number of official and other documents which it contains. The second volume, just issued, commences with the year 1811, and closes with the year 1822, including, of course, an account of the war of 1812, between England and the United States. No library of any pretensions ought to be without this work. Many of the documents are not only of Provincial, but of North American importance.

PRISON LIFE IN THE SOUTH, at Richmond, Andersonville, &c., during the years 1864 and 1865. By A. O. Abbott, late Lieutenant First New York Dragoons. New York: Harper Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

Now that the war is over, and President Johnson and his cabinet are zealously engaged in the patriotic task of reorganizing the South, with the view of restoring it to its rightful place in the Union, it would be wise in every citizen of the United States to avoid irritating controversies about the recent contest, as far as possible. Mr. Abbott's "Prison Life in the South" is, we consider, objectionable in that respect; but, apart from this, the book comprises much information concerning the condition of the people of the ex-Confederation, which will throw much light on the struggle between the North and South, its origin, and the causes of its failure.

SIR JASPER TENANT; a Novel. By Miss M. E. Braddon. From the Author's advance sheets. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. C. Hill, Montreal.

Miss Braddon's latest novel, "Sir Jasper Tenant," is, of course, of the sensational class of tales; and, as she is one of the cleverest writers of that school, she is certain to find abundance of readers among the numerous admirers of these popular productions.

"CANADA'S THANKSGIVING," "CHRISTIAN PANTHEISM," and "O WAZEL," are the titles of three sermons preached on the 18th October last, the day appointed by the Governor General's proclamation for offering thanks to Almighty God, by the people of Canada, for the late abundant harvest bestowed by him on the Province. The first of these was delivered by the Rev. John Jenkins, D.D., of Montreal; the second by the Rev. Andrew Paton, Assistant Minister St. Andrew's Church, Montreal; and both are published by Messrs. Dawson Brothers, Great St. James Street. The third was preached by the Rev. Dr. Scadding. Publishers, Messrs. Rolfe & Adam, Toronto. They are all able and eloquent discourses.

It is said to think that the meed of fame, of power, and of success is more frequently assigned to the action of strong passions than to the operations of great intellect.

THE MAGAZINES.

FRAZERS' for November opens with an article of great ability on Leckie's "History of Rationalism." The opening chapters of a new novel entitled, "The Beauclercs, Father and Son," follow. "Cuneiform Inscriptions" is an important article, embodying the views of Count Gobineau, the French minister in Persia, who asserts that he has discovered the true key to the cuneiform characters, and that Rawlinson and others have been totally mistaken in their interpretations. Several lighter articles follow, and the number concludes with a short paper on Lord Palmerston, consisting chiefly of anecdotes, illustrative of his personal character. For sale by Messrs. Dawson & Bros.

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.—The first article is a curious and pleasant one, on "Glastonbury Abbey, Past and Present." In "A Second Visit to London" several recent works on the great metropolis are reviewed. The essay on "Garriek" is replete with charming anecdotes of the actors and actresses of the last century. "Scenes on the Transition Age from Cæsar to Christ," presents us, amongst other incidents, with a vivid picture of Roman revellers, drinking in a wine shop. A very eulogistic article on Lord Palmerston concludes the number. For sale by Dawson Bros.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE is chiefly devoted to matters useful and interesting to ladies, although its literary contents are generally of a varied character. The November number contains several complete tales; an interesting article on "Lord Macaulay," another on "Stays," chapters on Music, the Drama, the Fashions, &c. &c. The coloured Fashion Plates are, we judge, all that ladies can desire. For sale by Dawson Bros.

PALMERSTON

The King is dead—God save the King
Aye, King of England—was he less?
Nay, he was more; for Kings confess
He was their lord in everything.

Gone, with his eighty years and more
The idol of his country's heart;
No man that ever played his part,
Was such a junior at fourscore.

A living evergreen he seemed;
Devoted to eternal youth;
As changeless as some mighty Truth;
True as the Dream that Bunyan dreamed.

In vain he sleeps with England's peers:
He lives as Shakespeare lives, deep down
In a great nation's heart, his crown
That nation's love, and pride, and tears.

Each wears some jewel for the man;
In every breast for him there beats
Some mighty pulse; from learning's seats
Down to the humblest artisan.

From Britain's throne, where royal men,
Royal in manhood as in state,
Have sat, whose fiat was as fate,
Who held broad Europe in their ken:

Stretching through every grade of life,
Of rank, of station; all degrees,
Clinging like children to the knees
Of this great calmer of our strife.

Not that he boasted Temple's blood,
Not that he matched great Talleyrand;
But everywhere through all the land
They love him—for his heart was good.

Gene, and yet with us—Heaven guide
The ship he piloted so well!
And let succeeding ages tell
The story of his life with pride.

CHAR. SANFORD.

Kingston, C. W., 1st Nov., 1865.

He who, without call or office, industriously recalls the remembrance of past errors, to confront him who has sincerely repented of them, is heedless and unfeeling.

MISCELLANEA.

THE *Gazette de France* states that the Pope has resolved to establish in England a second archbishopric, of which the seat will be either at Liverpool or Birmingham.

THE Russian archimandrite, Michail, has published in the Russian language, at Moscow, a refutation of Rénan's "Life of Jesus."

It is said that Professor Nohl, of Munich, has recently discovered a hitherto unknown piano-forte composition by Beethoven. It is a piece in A minor, written in the composer's own hand, and is inscribed, "Pour Elise, April 28."

MR. GEORGE GROVE has collected about 3,000*l* towards the expenses of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and the expedition will shortly start to the scene of its interesting labours.

THE most popular new book at the present moment in Paris and Brussels is Victor Hugo's "Chansons des rues et des Bois." In many parts of London large placards of the work may be seen. It has already been calculated that, at the price paid by Mr. Lacroix to Victor Hugo, each line of the work brings in to its author exactly 7½ francs.

A certain firm of publishers in Geneva has projected a Collection of Contemporary Biography on a grand scale; to include the illustrious of the earth, yourself included, if you please. This literary firm is generous; offering you the selection of your own facts, the extent of notice you would like, and the kind of appreciation you prefer. It is all a matter of subscriptions. For eight pounds you may have a page of laudation, for forty pounds ten pages. You have only to pay and you will receive.

THE GERMAN SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY met at the Weimar last Sunday week. The president, Dr. Ulrich, read a report, from which it appears that the efforts of the society to promote the cultivation of the English language and literature in German Universities and colleges have been very successful. A Shakspeare library is being formed, and the first part of a Shakspeare annual has been issued. The second part, which is in preparation, contains articles on "Shakspeare in Germany," "Shakspeare's Sonnets," "Hamlet in France," "Shakspeare and Sophocles," and "Shakspeare, a Catholic Poet."

M. Paris, of Paris, has made one more effort to supersede the ordinary playing cards with a new set, having some artistic beauty and some little sense. His pack is called an historical series, and the designs are certainly fanciful and poetical. Whether they will be attractive to whist-players may be doubted; but they are certainly an ornament to a drawing-room table, and we can imagine ladies and children liking them very much better than the conventional cards.

THE anthropological controversy as to the real relation of man to the gorilla has been raging at the Antipodes. Professor Halford takes the side of Owen, and Huxley is defended by an anonymous "Q." In the columns of the *Melbourne Spectator*, the Royal Society of Victoria supports the former. As may be supposed, the language employed by the Australian combatants is much more violent than what would be admitted in our scientific societies. The elaborate paper of Dr. Halford, printed in the *Australasian* of August 4, is, however, a valuable one.

A son of the late Mr. John Leech has been nominated by Earl Russell to the foundation of the Charter-house, and the youth, it is said, will enter as "a new boy" in the course of the present month.

The new periodical, the *Argosy*, has been projected, it is said, "in the belief that it is now possible to publish a monthly Magazine of the highest class at a lower price than has ever yet been attempted." Issued at the price of sixpence monthly, the new miscellany will contain contributions by the chief writers of fiction and Magazine contributors of the day, and each number will extend to about 100 pages, and will contain two full-page illustrations by eminent artists. Such a publication can, of course, only become remunerative by a very large circulation.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- A Concise Dictionary of the Bible, comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Thick octavo, cloth, with 270 plans and wood-cuts. Half coll. \$0.50.
- Now Christmas Books; The Children's Picture Book Series. Written expressly for Young People. Cloth. Gilt Edges. Bible Picture Book. Eighty Illustrations. \$1.25.
- Scripture Parables and Bible Miracles. Thirty-two Illustrations. \$1.25.
- English History. Sixty Illustrations. \$1.25.
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- Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Sixteen Illustrations. 60cts.
- Elaborately Illustrated Copy of Arabian Nights. London Edition. \$2.
- Dalziel's Illustrated Goldsmith. Large Quarto. \$3.
- McGee's History of Ireland. New Edition in 2 vols. Illustrated. 87½ per vol.
- Sunday Magazine, large vol. Illustrated. Full Gilt. \$2.12½.
- Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. With 250 Illustrations. Tinted Paper. \$1.25.
- Farrington Editions of Tennyson's Works. \$3.50.
- Farrington Edition Complete in 1 vol. Full Gilt. \$2.75.
- Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, in 8 vols. London. \$3.75.
- Journal of Eugène de Guérin. London. \$1.50.
- The Gold Thread. By Norman McLeod, D.D. 63 cts.
- Shop. The Fabrics of Shop, with a Life of the Author. Illustrated with 111 Engravings from Original Designs by Horriek. Cr. 8vo. \$2.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Atlantic Tales. A Collection of Stories from the "Atlantic Monthly." 12mo. \$2.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Browning. Lyrics of Life. By Robert Browning. With Illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. 40cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Bulwer. The Apple of Life. By Owen Meredith (E. R. Bulwer), author of "Lucile." 32mo. 20cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Company for Every Day in the Year. 12mo. Plates. \$2.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Saadi. The Gulistan, or Rose Garden. By Mustafá Huddoon Saadi, of Shiraz. Translated from the Original, by Francis Galdwin. With an Essay on Saadi's Life and Genius, by James Ross, and a Preface by R. W. Emerson. 16mo. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Smith. The Banker's Secret; or, Sowing and Reaping. By J. F. Smith. 8vo. 60cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Swinburne. Atalanta in Calydon. A Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. 16mo. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Artemus Ward; his Travels. Part 1. Miscellaneous. Part 2. Among the Mormons. Illustrations. 50 cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Botta. Dante as a Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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- Schiller's Lay of the Bell. Translated by the Rt. Hon. Sir R. B. Lytton. \$5.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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- The Iliad of Homer. By the Earl of Derby. In 2 vols. \$3.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Spence's History of England. Vols. 1, 2, 3, and 4. \$1.00 per vol. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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R. WORTHINGTON,
30 Great St. James Street, MONTREAL.

A DANGEROUS CURE.

"HALLOA, Harry, old boy!" exclaimed Tom Allan to his old college chum Harry Thornton, "you look as if you had the care of the world on your shoulders. Had a skirmish with madame, eh? Not been married six months, and begin to show the unmistakable signs of repentance: doesn't speak well for matrimony, 'pon my word it doesn't: depend upon it, there's nothing like steering clear of the ladies altogether."

"Tom, my dear Tom, you are mistaken,—indeed you are," said Harry, with a forced laugh. "I—"

"Mistaken?" interrupted Tom, "not I, indeed; when did you ever find me mistaken? No, no! I'm a great deal too clear-sighted for that. I never in my life beheld such a change as I see in you since,—since, well, it's no good mincing the matter,—since you were insane enough to marry: there, that's the truth. Why, my good fellow, you are no longer the jolly, merry, good-tempered, easy-going fellow you were, but a miserable, wretched, dejected, surly—"

"Tom, for goodness sake stop!" exclaimed Harry, excitedly. "I shall go distracted, mad, if you continue in this jocose strain. I've been annoyed and worried lately. I'm not in a fit state to stand chaff. But as regards my marriage, I believe I'm as happy as most married men; in fact, my happiness would be complete, but—"

"But—ah! that's it, Harry, we are coming to the point now. That little word 'but' tells a long tale. Chaffing aside, Harry, old friend, there is a change in you, a lamentable change. Come, now, you had better unburden your mind; whatever you tell me, rest assured, will be kept strictly private, and it is said 'two heads are better than one,' so between us let us see if we cannot change the dark threatening face of affairs into smiles and sunshine."

Harry remained thoughtful some time. He certainly was in a very awkward position. To confess that his wife was getting very self-willed, and almost unmanageable, was not at all pleasant; and yet it was evident Tom guessed something was wrong; he was such a sharp, shrewd fellow; it would be perfectly ridiculous attempting to disguise the truth any longer. So in a hurried manner he related his domestic grievances, how he almost wearied out with continual eruptions, which disturbed his domestic happiness. The slightest opposition on the most trivial subject, would send his wife into violent hysterics; till at last he was obliged to give in for the sake of peace and quiet; in fact he might say his life was becoming a burden to him.

"Yes, and so it will be," said Tom, "unless something desperate is done."

"Desperate!" reiterated Harry, in an alarmed voice.

"Yes, desperate," answered Tom; but don't alarm yourself unnecessarily. What I mean is this: yours is a desperate case, and therefore requires desperate means to effect a cure. Hysterical young ladies require very peculiar treatment. There are a few, but a very few, who understand how to treat them properly; and those poor unfortunates who don't, and are obliged to live with them, may consider themselves doomed to a life-long state of wretchedness. Now, if you don't wish to be placed among those wretched martyrs, you must follow my injunctions implicitly. I have made hysteria a study for some time, and have at last hit upon an excellent remedy; and though not in a position to practise it myself, have had numerous proofs of its beneficial effects on the wives of several of my friends. Now, you say your wife on the slightest opposition, on matters however trivial, goes into shrieking hysterics, and you, for the sake of peace and quiet, give in; it is that absurd 'giving in' that does all the mischief. Now, take my advice, the next time your wife creates any disturbance, or you see any signs of a coming storm, instead of 'giving in,' and bathing her head with Eau-de-Cologne, and calling her by every endearing epithet under the sun, and turning yourself a brute of a husband for causing your own darling little wife such unhappiness, and kissing away her tears, promising that in future she shall reign supreme, and

all kinds of absurdities,—speak in a loud voice, say your patience is worn out with such nonsense; you'll stand it no longer, something must be done; it will be impossible to go on living in that wretched state. You might, in an undertone, but audible enough for her to hear, suggest such a thing as a separation; then wind up by putting on your hat to go out, but take care before you go to dash a jug of cold water over her face; it has a marvellous effect of bringing hysterical people to their senses, particularly if nature has not beneficently bestowed a becoming wave to the hair, and art supplies its place. Ring the bell in a decided manner, and place her under the maid's care, with strict orders not to spare cold water. But be sure, my dear fellow, to bang the street-door loudly after you, so as to leave the impression that your temper is seriously aroused, and that it would take some time, and great alterations in her conduct, to bring you round again. The great object to be achieved is to make her fear the consequence of exciting you into a passion: once do that, and you'll have very little trouble with her afterwards."

"Impossible Tom! I could never do it. Indeed I could not. Lillian is so fragile, such harsh treatment would kill her."

"Kill her, nonsense! Women are not so easily killed as that. But I'll tell you what, Harry; if you don't take my advice, you'll repent. Now listen, while I give you a few cases of married unhappiness, and then see if you don't alter your tone. I knew a fellow who had a wife who used to indulge in hysterical fits to such a frightful degree that his home was made perfectly wretched, and the only peace he had was when he was out of it. By Jove! I shall never forget one night returning home from the Club together; my cigar went out, so I walked home with him to his domicile to get a light. Oh! what a sight presented itself to our astonished eyes! Although past midnight, there stood Madam in the hall, with a lighted taper in her hand, which illuminated her beautiful angry face; her hair was tossed back from her white forehead, and her splendid eyes almost flashing fire; she certainly did look marvellously beautiful as she stepped forward with the air of a tragedy queen, and almost shrieked through her pale quivering lips,—'Where have you been? I demand an explanation. Don't tell me you have been to the Club, it's a paltry excuse, and I wonder you can stoop to such a mean subterfuge; but I will not be silenced in this manner, I am determined to know where you pass your evenings.' And on she went at such a rate, that it almost took away my breath to listen. Then he retaliated, and accused her of being the cause of his frequent absence from home. It was getting so awfully hot that I thought a third person was not very desirable. So off I bolted. The last thing I heard of this unhappy pair was that he had got a separation on the plea of incompatibility of temper. It was an unfortunate thing that such a magnificent creature should fall into wrong hands, who didn't understand the art of breaking in. And I know another fellow who leads a cat and dog life with his wife from the same cause; and he hasn't the pluck to try my remedy."

"Horrible! horrible!" exclaimed Harry.

"Ah! horrible indeed. Well, my dear Harry, if you don't look out, you'll find yourself in the same predicament; so pray be warned in time. My cousin's wife reminds me very much of yours; a pretty charming little thing as long as she has her own way, but couldn't stand contradiction. Ho, like a sensible fellow, adopted my plan; and now they are one of the happiest pairs in Christendom. I could tell you of numerous other successes, but as I have an appointment at one, and it wants but five minutes to that hour, I must say adieu."

"Lillian, dear?"

Lillian was buried in the luxurious cushions of the sofa, reading, and did not, or would not, hear her husband.

"Lillian!" he repeated, in a louder tone.

"Good gracious, Harry, how you startled me! What?"

"I was thinking, dear, we ought to go and see my mother; it is so long since we were there, I

am afraid she will think something in the matter." Harry spoke nervously, having a vague idea that his suggestion would not be received kindly.

"My dear Harry, what is the matter with you to-day? Why can't you read the paper, and be quiet, and let me have a little peace? I shall never finish this book, if you keep interrupting me. Oh, dear! what unsettled mortals men are! they never seem contented. The idea of going out this cold day to see your mother! No, I can't go."

"But, my dear Lil, it is really a duty we owe her: I should not like her to think she is neglected."

"Oh! well, then, Harry, if you consider it such an imperative duty, pray don't let me prevent your discharging it; but I do not consider it my duty to spend a long tedious evening with an old lady who always torments me by asking if I know the last new stitch in knitting, and giving me receipts for some extraordinary puddings."

Harry was astounded. Was it possible that was Lillian—his wife—speaking in that disrespectful light manner of his saint-like mother! It was more than he could put up with.

"Madam," he exclaimed passionately, "you strangely forget of whom you are speaking; for the future, if you cannot speak in a different strain, I beg you will be silent," and he looked defiantly towards the sofa. What a change he beheld in his wife's fair young face! The closed eyes, and spasmodic workings of the mouth and throat, he knew too well foretold a coming storm, and it was not long before it burst forth in all its violence. Lillian was in hysterics, stronger than he had ever witnessed before. What was to be done? Suddenly flashed across his mind Tom's remedy; it had succeeded; Tom had assured him positively it had, why not now? anyhow he would hazard it. No time was to be lost in hesitation; he must act at once. So he commenced by walking hurriedly up and down the room, with his arms folded in a determined manner. He told her it was useless carrying on those ridiculous scenes any longer, that they had ceased to alarm him; and if they continued he had made up his mind what course to pursue, and hinted in an undertone, as Tom suggested, the probability of a separation. So, after dashing a glass of cold water over her, and placing her under the maid's care, made his timely exit, with a tremendous bang of the street-door, and congratulating himself that he had performed his part admirably.

The banging of the street-door seemed thoroughly to arouse Lillian. What! he had gone out, left her in that state! Oh! how cruel! how cruel! What could have changed him so terribly? Harry, who was usually so kind and gentle, to dash cold water over her so mercilessly; surely he could not be responsible for his unfeeling actions. A demon must have possessed him, and he was acting under its evil influence. And the word separation she was positive she heard; what could it mean? Perhaps—perhaps he had gone to consult a lawyer. What could she do? what should she do? The thought was maddening.

"Oh, Jane," she cried, in a despairing voice to the maid, who was busily employed in bathing her temples with cold water, "I feel so—so ill—so wretched."

"Yes, ma'am, I deesny yer does. My last young mistress used to feel just in the same kind o' way, so low, and sinking like after one of her—let me see—attacks; I think she called 'em."

"Did—did she suffer like me?" asked Lillian, plaintively.

"Lor bless yer soul! she was afflicted awful bad with 'sterics. I never see the like of 'em. Poor master had a hard time of it with her."

"But I suppose he was very kind and gentle, Jane."

"Well, ma'am, he was for a time; but gentlemen ain't got much patience: they don't seem to understand them kind o' things. O, lor! I shall never forget one day, if I live to be a hundred years old. Mistress was in awful 'sterics, I bathed her head, and gave her sal volatile, and sich like, but nothing seemed to do her no good,

she went on a screeching louder than ever. When all of a sudden, up jumped master, like a madman, and gave her, oh, lor! sich a shaking; it was a mercy he didn't shake the very life out of her."

"Oh, how dreadful! did she die?" asked Lillian, in a frightened voice.

"Die! bless yer soul, no. 'Sterics don't kill."

"No, no. But the shaking, didn't that kill her, Jane?"

"Lor, no, ma'am; it seemed to do her a world o' good: she never had 'em after the shaking."

"But, Jane, he must have been a very passionate man."

"Well, no, ma'am, he was generally looked upon as a very kind, peaceable gentleman; but yer see he had a great deal to worrit him, and it was more than he could a-bear."

"It was a very sad case indeed," sighed Lillian. "Poor thing, how I pity her; it would have killed me, I'm sure. Oh! yes, I never, never could have survived that. But, Jane, you don't think that—that your master would ever—shake me, do you?"

"Well, really, ma'am, I shouldn't like to say; but when gentlemen gets into passions, there's no knowing what they won't do. Passion is a awful thing. Bless me! I remember my grandmother telling me of a man in a fit of passion, who—"

Lillian was in despair. Good gracious! was Jane going to relate any more atrocities? She should go frantic, she felt convinced, if she had to listen. She had better put an end to the conversation at once by pleading fatigue.

"Jane," she said wearily, closing her eyes, "I feel very tired; I think if I were alone, I might try and sleep a little."

"Well I never!" thought Jane. "If gentle-folks ain't the oddest kind o' folks that ever I see; one moment they are a-screaming enough to have the house down, and the next, oh, lor! talking about going to sleep." And Jane left the room, feeling aggrieved at being dismissed so suddenly.

When Lillian was alone, instead of sleeping, as she had led Jane to believe she should do, she began seriously to reflect on the past. The more she thought of Harry's conduct, the more extraordinary it seemed; the unfeeling things he had said and done, she could never forget, no never. Oh! if he should ever in a fit of passion shake her,—but surely he would never do anything so barbarous as that. And yet Jane, evidently by her conversation, didn't seem to think it improbable. Well, if he did, she was quite certain that she should die of a broken heart. Then what a life of remorse he would lead, to think that he had been the cause of her death. Then Lillian's thoughts wandered off into another strain. Harry she felt sure would return home penitent; he would see that he had acted wrongly and rashly, and would beg and implore her forgiveness in such touching heart-rending language, that it would be impossible not to forgive him. But of course she should impress upon him the heinousness of his doings, and that if such things ever happened again, he must not look to her for mercy. But listen,—yes! that was his step; the culprit was in the hall. Lillian's heart beat wildly. What a long time he was hanging up his hat! How different to what she had expected: she thought he would have rushed in frantically, thrown himself on his knees, and vehemently besought her pardon. What could it mean? But there was no time for further meditation. Harry was now coming into the room; she raised her eyes to his face; that one look was enough; it told her plainer than words could have expressed that penitence was not there. Then it was not momentary passion that had caused him to act in the way he had. No, no! he must have meant all he said and did; or why would he not speak now? Why look so cold and stern? Oh, that she could die! yes, that very minute. What had she now to live for? what would the future be to her?—all dark and drear.

Dinner passed over in gloomy silence, and the evening commenced in the same way. Harry sat in the easy-chair, reading the paper, as if unconscious of his wife's presence. Lillian

watched him anxiously, expecting every minute that he would show some symptoms of contrition; but no, hour after hour passed by, and still Barry's heart remained hardened; at last she began to doubt if it ever would soften. But she would wait no longer; it was hopeless to think he would be the first to speak, and to go on living in that wretched state, she couldn't do it. She would appeal to his feelings. She felt sure, if she told him how much she had suffered, the wretched suspense she had endured, he would relent. And she would beseech him never to treat her so again.

"Harry," she said, in a low, quivering voice.

No answer.

"Oh! Harry, dear Harry! Do speak to me; I'm so very, very miserable."

Harry rose slowly from his chair, and sat down by her side on the sofa.

"Well, Lillian," he said gravely.

"Oh, Harry! if you only knew all I have suffered, how wretched I have been, I'm sure you would feel for me. Promise me you will never behave to me again as you did to-day."

"Lillian, I shall only promise on one condition, that is—remember—that you never give me cause to do so."

"I will try, indeed I will," answered Lillian, earnestly.

"Well, my darling, if you really try, I'm sure you will succeed."

And Lillian did succeed in overcoming her little weakness. Whether it was her determination to conquer, or the fear of a good sound shaking, still remains a mystery. But suffice to say, Harry is never troubled with any more "scenes," and his home now is a perfect elysium.

W. A.

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

THE canoes of the savages were made of the bark of the birch tree, and were some eight or ten feet long, but so capacious withal, that one of them could accommodate all the baggage of five or six persons, including their dogs, sacks, skins, kettles, and other weighty articles. The canoes, owing to their light draught of water, could land anywhere, for, when loaded to the utmost, they did not displace half a foot of water, and, when unloaded, were so light that they might be easily lifted and carried in the left hand. These canoes obeyed the paddle so readily, that, in good weather, there was no difficulty in urging them forward at the rate of thirty or forty leagues a day. But the savages never put them to this speed, for the journeys of these people were nothing else than pastime; and they did everything in the most leisurely manner.

With regard to the mode of government in use among the savages, a few explanations may be necessary. First of all, there was the Sagamo, who was the eldest of some powerful family, and, in consequence, was the chieftain and leader. All the young men sat at his table, and followed him. It was also his duty to maintain dogs for the chase, and canoes for the carriers, and provisions and reserves for times of scarcity and voyages. The young men fondled upon him, hunted and served their apprenticeship under him. These young men were capable of having nothing before they were married; then only could they have dog and bag, that is to say, to have property and to do for themselves. Nevertheless, they still lived under the authority of the Sagamo, and were often in his company, as also many others who wanted relatives, or who, of their own free will, ranged themselves under his protection and guidance, being weak of themselves, and without a following. All that the boys procured belonged to the Sagamo; but the married ones only gave him a share. But if the latter set out with him, as was often necessary, for the sake of the chase and of food, returning afterwards, they paid their fealty and homage in skins, and similar presents. From this cause, there were some quarrels and jealousies among them, but not so cruel as among the French.

These Sagamos made a partition of the coun-

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your eyes where they make you long to wander."

"Too true; but my eyes reach and bring me beautiful things which, without them, would be an unknown world; my ears—"

"You need not argue, sir. I don't care what you keep or give away; will you give away what many people do quite well without—your keen enjoyment of sight and sound? You will still have a wonderful deal of pleasure in going free among men and things."

"Oh, that will never do. Enjoyable things are always at hand if you possess the gift of enjoying. It is better to feel the want of much, than not to be open to it whenever it comes."

"Give up your wealth—all of it?"

"I might do that; but then I could not have books and pictures, nor be above the cares of the body; No; not all my wealth."

"Yet that boy, running barefoot in the street, would not give his legs for your money."

"Nor will I give my money for his legs."

"On the whole, then, you had better keep the ill you are accustomed to, than take up with a new one."

"Yet I should like to walk."

"Ay, but you don't seem willing to alter your condition in any way, except that of getting rid of something extremely disagreeable. Now, that is not the question. The only offer made you is to get a good thing you have not by renouncing a good you have. Sorry, sir, I can't be of any use."

"Thank you, sir. Well, I won't detain you; good-morning." And the lame man took up his crutch and his stick, and hobbled out of the room.

There came next a woman, eagerly pushing through the crowd, and with scarcely-suppressed sobs, begging for the life of her son, a youth of sixteen, who was dying of fever.

"It is a great thing you come for," said Mr. Destiny; "you must give a great thing for it. Will you give your own life?"

"Ay, twenty times!" said the mother, passionately.

"You have not twenty lives to give. You have one, will you give that?"

"Yes, I will give my life," answered the mother, sobered suddenly from her passion by the matter-of-fact reception of it.

"You will really—without metaphor?"

"I will; I will."

"Very well; be it so. Go home, and your wish will be bought at that price."

I saw the mother rise and go away with a face of such calm joy, that it seemed like the light of the moon suddenly poured over heaven and earth, when the cloud sails off. I could hardly distinguish between her and the glorious planet. My ideas were confused; they seemed as in a dream. I was brought back, however, to the scene around me, by a man of important presence, who made his way like one accustomed to respect, and who began to speak, and made himself heard, in the place of humbler applicants.

"What I wish for," said he, "is a blessing very naturally to be desired in my position of life. For my possessions and my rank, I want an heir."

"A child," answered Mr. Destiny, "is so immense a blessing that any one to whom it is not given in his portion of good must be ready to part with something very great if he wants such an exchange. Will you give your wealth?"

"No; for I told you it was to inherit my wealth that I wanted an heir. That's a foolish proposal!"

"Perhaps it is; at least, then, give your title."

"No, that's just as impossible. I want an heir to carry on the title which would become extinct in me, and which has been transmitted to me for you have no idea how many years—from Saxon times, sir."

"Ay, indeed!"

"Many people have sons, and nothing to leave them," said the rich man.

"Very true."

"Yes, and many have wealth and title and sons also."

"They have certainly, but you have not; it is in their destiny, but it is not in yours. You are not one of those lucky people who have both. But come, let us see what composition there may

be; you are very rich, suppose you give up half your wealth."

"How is that possible in my situation? Can I consent to let my family fall from the position of first down to second? Is there any use in perpetuating what would no longer be the great, the powerful, the first, but simply the considerable, the respectable, the one lot among ten thousand? My family may just as well stop in me; stop in its supremacy."

"You have something which does not belong to your place or fortune. You have considerable talent; you occupy a post in the guidance of the country. Give that."

"Humph! It seems to me that is the one thing which gives its remarkable value to my rank and fortune. I should not like to go into the House with the crowd of legislators whose only claim to be there is the accident of their birth in the purple. It is a worthy feeling of pride to take a place there, due to what I do, not to what I am."

"Quite worthy; it is a circumstance in your condition as valuable as the blessing of children: will you change?"

"No, I will not. It would be well if I had both, and could transmit my honours to my successor."

"Perhaps it would. The sole objection is that thus it is not. Have you any further offer?"

"I cannot at this time remember any."

"Ah! well, you also then must stay as you are, I believe."

"That's not a little hard," said the rich man.

"Upon that point I've nothing to say," answered Mr. Destiny. "I believe I must wish you good-morning."

At this moment a very poor man, in the coarse dress of a pauper, who had been struggling to get up to the table, succeeded in making himself seen before all the other competitors, and in securing the attention of Mr. Destiny.

"Sir, said he, in a broken, panting voice, "I wish I could get rid of my asthma."

"A very fair wish, my man; and what good things have you got to give up for it?"

"I am not so very old, and if I was once free of the asthma, I could earn my bread very comfortable."

"Ay, that's what would be, if; but tell me what is. What are your advantages?"

"Well, sir, I am taken into the workhouse, and have my clothes and victuals; and the Squire do give us tobacco pretty often, and we've a capital dinner on Christmas Day, by order of the parish; I'd give all, if I could work."

"Alas! friend, the value is all on one side; you are one of those who have nothing to give, but no doubt you would like to have everything; you must be content with the asthma, and don't forget to be glad that you are in a workhouse where the Squire and the parish seem to look upon you as something better than beasts to be tied up on straw and turnips."

To be continued.

EYE WATER.—The following colloquy actually took place a few evenings since between a visitor at one of the British hotels and a waiter connected with the establishment. Visitor: "Can you tell me, waiter, what time it is high water to Bristol?" Waiter (musingly): "Yes, sir—beg pardon, sir, what was it you pleased to say, sir?" Visitor (speaking slowly and distinctly): "I wanted to know if you could tell me about high water here, what time?" Waiter (brightening up and speaking with authority): "Oh, yes, sir; you can get it at any chemist's shop, sir!" (Visitor is dumb with amazement; waiter removes dishes, evidently satisfied that he has done and said the correct thing).

A very curious toy, with which grown up children amuse themselves, has been lately introduced into England, and is now sold under the name of "Pharaoh's Serpents." It consists of a little cone of tinfoil, containing sulphocyanide of mercury, and reacquainting a pastille. No sooner is the apex lighted, than there issues from it a thick serpent-like and solid coil, which continues twisting and increasing to a truly marvelous extent.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

Lesson X—Continued.

As regards the proto-series of mercury—the protochloride has already been made,—and it is presumed that some of it has remained. Of the protochloride (hitherto it has been called simply the chloride) it is assumed also that some of it remains; if not, it can readily be procured under the name of calomel. But there is a bichloride or perchloride of mercury:—called bichloride, because it contains twice the amount of chlorine (for an equal amount of mercury) contained in the protochloride.

The common name of this bichloride or perchloride of mercury is corrosive sublimate—it is a most violent poison, and therefore when procured should be guarded with extreme care.

Procure about two grains of this bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), and, having put it into a flask, pour in about a wineglassful of distilled water and apply heat. The bichloride will dissolve totally though slowly. In alcohol or ether the bichloride is much more soluble. Here we perceive a marked difference between the bichloride and protochloride of mercury; the protochloride having been demonstrated in lesson IX, to be quite insoluble in water. It is also insoluble in either alcohol or ether, whereas this is not the case with the bichloride. Take the white of an egg, and beat it up evenly with water,—then allow the turbid flaky portion to deposit, and decant the rest. Pour a little of the white of egg solution into a portion of the solution of bichloride of mercury, and remark the dense white precipitate which falls; transfer this white precipitate to a flask, add water, apply heat, and remark how insoluble is this precipitate. This is a most important fact—for dependent on the insolubility of the precipitate in question is the employment of white of egg as an antidote to poisoning by corrosive sublimate. It is a well established principle, that no substance insoluble in the stomach, can act chemically as a poison. Hence if a poison be taken, the proper antidote to it is that substance which shall combine with it to form an insoluble compound. But the substance thus given must not itself be a poison, or the intended benefit will be contravened; hence an antidote must, in addition to its capacity of forming an insoluble compound, be innocuous. White of egg fulfils these conditions, therefore it is of the greatest value as an antidote for bichloride of mercury. Albumen, or white of egg, then, is not only a test of, but an antidote for, bichloride of mercury. The next test, which will be presently mentioned, cannot be employed as an antidote, being a poisonous body: it affords an elegant means, however, of not only indicating, but separating mercury from both protosalts and persalts of that metal. This test is the protochloride of tin. Having put some tinfoil into a flask, pour on it a portion of hydrochloric acid, insufficient to dissolve all the tin, and apply heat; solution will take place, and the result will be protochloride of tin.

This protochloride of tin is a substance very greedy of chlorine and indirectly of oxygen; both of which it takes away from combinations of mercury with these elements, leaving the mercury in a metallic state.

Pour some protochloride of tin upon a little solution of the bichloride of mercury in a test tube. At first a white powder falls; this white powder is the protochloride or calomel. But if sufficient protochloride of tin be added, the white powder changes to a dark colour, a change facilitated by boiling. This black powder is metallic quicksilver in a finely divided state, as may be proved by decanting the supernatant liquid and drying by cautious application of a spirit lamp vapour being blown out as it collects by means of a tube. Presently the black powder will change to metallic globules, which will be recognised as the metal quicksilver.

Protochloride of tin will separate mercury from both proto and per-combinations of that metal; hence its great utility as an analytical agent.

J. W. F.

(To be continued.)

OUR DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

NO doubt many persons are frequently perplexed when they meet with quotations and phrases in languages which they do not understand, and especially when the whole meaning of the sentence is contained in the said aphorism, motto, or quotation. The use of these foreign phrases is quite excusable, and even useful, as it not unfrequently happens that their introduction "points the moral" more explicitly and pertinently than any expression in our own language. There are hundreds of such words and phrases, and we purpose to give (arranged in alphabetical order) a list of some of those most frequently in use, with their English translations.

N.B.—*Lat.* will stand for Latin; *Fr.* for French; *It.* for Italian; and *Sp.* for Spanish.

Ab initio, (*Lat.*), from the beginning.

Abnormis sapiens, (*Lat.*), "a genius," wise without any regular instruction.

Ab ovo, (*Lat.*), from the very commencement; (literally, from the egg).

Abundat dulcibus vitis, (*Lat.*), he abounds with pleasant faults.

Ab urbe condita (A. U. C.), (*Lat.*), from the founding of the city.

Ac etiam, (*Lat.*), and besides.

Action proce, (*Fr.*), action at law.

A celui qui a son pâté au four, on peut donner de son gâteau, (*Fr.*), to one who has a pie in the oven, you may give a bit of your cake.

Absque hoc, (*Lat.*), without this or that; *law term* used in traversing what has been alleged and is repeated.

Ad captandum vulgus, (*Lat.*), to attract the rabble.

Ad arbitrium, (*Lat.*), at will or pleasure.

Adieu, (*Fr.*), farewell; *lit.* I commend you to God.

Ad extremum, (*Lat.*), at the worst.

Ad infinitum, (*Lat.*), to endless extent.

Ad libitum, (*Lat.*), at pleasure; without restriction.

Ad misericordiam, (*Lat.*), a plea of mercy.

Ad quod damnum, (*Lat.*), to what amount of damage.

Ad referendum, (*Lat.*), to be further considered.

Ad valorem, (*Lat.*), according to the value.

Ad indefinitum, (*Lat.*), to an indefinite extent.

Ad interim, (*Lat.*), in the meantime.

Ad inquirendum, (*Lat.*), a writ for enquiry, (*law term*).

Adsciatur malo, (*Lat.*), he shall suffer for it.

Adscriptus glebæ, (*Lat.*), attached to the soil.

Ægrescit medendo, (*Lat.*), the remedy is worse than the disease.

Affaire d'honneur, (*Fr.*), an affair of honour.

Allaire du cœur, (*Fr.*), a love affair, an amour.

Afranchir une lettre, (*Fr.*), to frank a letter.

Alfettuoso, (*It.*), in music; instruction to render the notes soft and affecting.

A fortiori, (*Lat.*), with stronger reason.

Agenda, (*Lat.*), things to be done.

Agere gratias, (*Lat.*), to give thanks.

Agnus Dei, (*Lat.*), the Lamb of God.

Aid-de-camp, (*Fr.*), an officer who receives and communicates the orders of a general officer.

Aide-toi, le ciel t'aidera, (*Fr.*), help yourself, and Heaven will help you.

Aimé, (*Fr.*), loved, beloved.

Ajustez vos flutes, (*Fr.*), settle your differences.

A la bonne heure, (*Fr.*), well timed, at an early hour.

A la guerre comme à la guerre, (*Fr.*), one must suit oneself to circumstances, (when you are at Rome, do as Rome does.)

A la hâte, (*Fr.*), speedily, hastily.

A la mort, (*Fr.*) depressed, melancholy.

A la mode, (*Fr.*), according to the fashion.

Alfresco, (*It.*), in the open air.

Alegre, (*Fr.*), cheerful, merrily, merry.

Alias, (*Lat.*), otherwise.

Aliibi, (*Lat.*), elsewhere, in *law*, a plea of absence from the place where the offence was committed.

Alieni appetens sui profusus, (*Lat.*), covetous of other men's property, prodigal of his own.

Aliquis, (*Lat.*), somebody (of distinction).

Aliud mihi est agendum, (*Lat.*), I have something else to do, (*vulgo*) I have other fish to fry.

NOMENCLATURE.

THE history of the English language, on account of the far-extending sources whence it has been derived, and the vicissitudes it has undergone, is one of the most interesting subjects to which a student can apply his mind. The language used by the original inhabitants of that island was the ancient Celtic, which still exists in the three kindred dialects of Gaelic, Welsh, and Erse. It is remarkable how stubbornly this language has refused to amalgamate with those subsequently introduced into the island. It is believed that there are fewer words in ordinary use in common English derived from this than from any other written language in the world, and yet, like the old Celtic breed, it retains its hold, and is supposed to be still spoken and sung, with little variation, since the days when Ossian 'struck his harp in praise of Bragela among the dark-brown hills of Morven and Mora.' The genius of this language seems peculiarly indigenous to the hills, where it was driven and confined by the invading Saxon, and to which it clings with all the tenacity of their native heather.

Being utterly ignorant of this language, I am quite incapable of giving an opinion as to its merits. The people whose mother-tongue it is, are loud in its praises, both with regard to its poetic grandeur of expression and its antiquity. They even claim, in the latter respect, that it was the language spoken by Adam and Eve in Paradise, and assert in earnest what the following lines hint in joke:

When lovely Eva, in beauty's bloom,
First met loud Adam's view,
The first words that he spoke to her
Were: 'Gu ge mar tha u?'

which Gaelic words, being interpreted, mean: 'How are you to-day?' The Saxon dialect of Teutonic language seems specially adapted to the plains, where, having supplanted the ancient Celtic, it took firm root, and now forms the basis of our modern English.

Nearly all terms expressing close relationship are Saxon; such as father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, wife, husband, neighbour, friend, home. As a rule, the closer a writer adheres to the Saxon model, the purer is his style; hence, whenever a choice lies between two words nearly synonymous, the Saxon will be preferred to another from a foreign source. That class of words which are said to sound an echo to the sense, are almost all Saxon; thus, a stone falling into water makes a *plunge*; the violent breaking of a tree, a *crash*; the waves strike the rocks with a *dash*; the wind *rattles* among the leaves, *whistles* through the trees, and *howls* in the hollows between the hills.

A fine example of the sublime simplicity of this language is given in that prayer which teaches how to pray, in which there are only two words not of Saxon origin.

It is extremely interesting to trace the history of words, and observe the changes which time has brought about in their use. Take, for instance, the two words 'woman' and 'lady.' The almost universal acceptance is that lady is a term of higher honour than women, but the very reverse ought to be the case. Both are pure Saxon words. The precise meaning of the first has been disputed. I believe, however, that it is a contraction of *with-man*, signifying bound to, or the companion of man—which is more clearly seen in the pronunciation of the plural form, women. Lady means a giver of bread, being closely allied to the word *loaf* in its more ancient form *laef*, and is explanatory of one of the duties of our Saxon mothers—that of dividing bread among the household. Let those whom it more immediately concerns decide which term is the more honourable or desirable. The word spinster, applied to young women of whatever rank, points to the rigid rule, that before they became wives, they must, with their own hands, spin such a quantity of wool as would be sufficient to manufacture that amount of woollen stuffs of various texture which the holy state of matrimony is held to require. In those days, bachelors were not—there being no Saxon equivalent to the term, which is of Latin origin.

One would hardly imagine that there could be

any connection between the words *gold* and *gull*; they are, however, nearly allied. All crimes among the Saxons were punished by the infliction of a fine payable in gold; and according to the degree of crime committed, so was the amount of fine imposed, hence the sum of *gold* exacted indicated the *gull* incurred. The civic institution of Guld Court has a similar origin.

The days of the week were each sacred to a certain deity; Sunday and Monday to the sun and moon respectively; Tuesday has its name from Tuwca, whom the Saxons supposed to be supreme ruler; Wednesday, named after Woden, the god of war. Here is an explanation of one of Falstaff's questions concerning 'honour.' 'Who hath it? He that died on Wednesday'—that is, killed in battle, in the service of Woden. Thursday is from Thor, the god of thunder; Friday from Friga, the deity supposed to preside over trade; and Saturday from Buxter, the God of liberty. From which last I suppose has descended the custom of observing that day as a holiday, and which, I am thankful to say, is pretty duly kept by all who can afford the needful relaxation, with one remarkable exception, namely, those who follow the useful craft of shoemaking. It is well known that they favour Monday as their day of recreation, which custom is said to have had its origin in the time of Oliver Cromwell. The story is that one of his generals, named Monday, committed suicide. The Protector offered a reward for the most suitable epitaph commemorating the death of his friend. The successful competitor was a worthy son of Crispin, who carried off the palm by the following epigram:

God bless the Lord Protector!
And cursed be worldly prett;
Tuesday shall begin the week,
Since Monday's hanged himself.

After the lapse of several centuries, the Saxon language, as well as the Saxons themselves, underwent a severe shock by the invasion of Duke William and his Norman warriors, in the latter part of the eleventh century. He, as a means of retaining his conquest, took every plan to suppress both the Saxons and their language—ordered that no other language than Norman-French should be used at court, and that all laws should be issued in that tongue. From one of these laws, devised for that purpose, is derived the word *curfew* or evening bell. This law was to the effect that no light should be seen in any Saxon dwelling after eight o'clock in the evening, which time was announced by proclamation of the French words, 'Couvrez feu, couvrez feu!' signifying cover, or extinguish the fire; afterwards changed into ringing the church bells at the same hour; and betag intended to prevent secret intercourse among the Saxons for the purpose of regaining their independence.

The Crusades, which some centuries afterwards drew so many of these warriors to the East, were the cause of transmitting to the West many terms before unknown—such as Almanac, Algebra, Alchemy, and what was of more importance, the science of numbers, for up to that time arithmetic was little understood in European nations.

Before leaving this branch of the subject, I wish to shew the history of a few words of rather curious derivation. Take the very fertile Latin root *port*. From this, among many others, we have port, meaning a gate, a harbour for ships, and a kind of wine. It came to signify a gate, from the circumstance that when Romulus caused a plough furrow to be drawn to shew the position of the walls of future Rome, the plough was carried over the places meant for gates. The transition from that to Port-wine is not so apparent, but that species of wine was brought from what was then considered the furthest west harbour in the world—hence called Portugal or West Port, and hence Port-wine. I may mention here that brandy is a contraction of brand (or burned) wine.

When a person sought election to any office in the Roman republic, he had to appear in the Forum wearing a white tunic, in order that the citizens might recognise their candidate, which term is still applied to a person seeking any office, though the word simply means appearing white.

Those dreaded devotees, trained unhesitatingly to execute the fatal fiat of the Old Man of the Mountain, either upon themselves or on others, were called *Hesch-besobins*, from which is derived the word *assassin*.

In our own language there are some words very curiously formed—for instance, the plant foxglove, apparently the fox's glove. The plant was termed the fairies or good-folk's glove, shortened into folk's glove, and again contracted into foxglove. By a similar process, the daisy has been contracted from day's eye, or eye of the day—a most appropriate name for this favourite little flower. It is well known that bread and highly-flavoured toasted cheese form one of the most esteemed viands among the Welsh. Being imported thence by English tourists, the pabulum and its condiments were together called a Welsh rarebit. By pronouncing the two syllables rapidly, and, in English fashion, eliding the middle 'r,' you will get a Welsh rabbit, with little trouble and no expense.

Names of men who have rendered themselves famous or infamous by their deeds, or misdeeds, are formed into words expressive of similar conduct in others. The story of Tantalus furnishes a good instance of this sort. He, for divulging the secrets of the gods, was placed up to the chin in water, yet so fixed as in that position to die of thirst; hence, when one is almost within reach of something he desires much, yet cannot attain, he is said to be *tantalised*.

The German general, Merode, who rendered himself universally feared and detested by subsisting his troops on supplies forced from the people among whom they were quartered, suggested the word *marauder*. For a word of similar formation we are indebted to the genius of Mr. William Burke, who, in the former part of this century, favoured the West Port of Edinburgh with his residence and exploits, and, by his ingenious method of putting troublesome subjects to silence, first suggested the idea—greatly expanded since—of *Burking* a question.

The names of many articles in common use are derived from the places where they were first known, or whence imported; thus, we have Calico from Calicut, Damask from Damascus, Muslin from Mosul, Tobacco from Tabac, Coffee from Caffa, the Bayonet from Bayonne, Sherry from Xores, Cordovan leather from Cordova, Delft-ware and Gouda cheese from towns of the same name in Holland, &c.

The feminine occupations of mantua-maker and milliner are recent imports from Mantua and Milan. It is not very long since the mysteries of these arts were understood and practised by men; one of Flatstaff's ragged recruits, and the most valiant of the corps, having been a woman-tailor.

In Glasgow and London are two streets, which, though pronounced differently, are identical in derivation—the former, a wretched pile of rickety buildings, called the *Rattonraw*; the latter, *Rotten Row*. These are derived from *route au roi*, 'the route or road of the king.'

Anthony Trollope mentions a curious instance of word-degeneracy. One of Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides, after the civil wars, settled down as landlord of a village inn. True to his training, he selected a scriptural motto for his signboard, on which he inscribed the words, 'God encompasseth us.' The words became obliterated through time, but something of their sound remained; and when, long after, the signboard was renewed by a new landlord, the motto reappeared, with a suitable device in the centre, as 'The Goat end Compasses.'

I had intended to give the history of some other phrases, as *hocus-pocus* from *hoc est corpus*, *hogmanay* from *hoc maer*, 'You're a brick,' &c.; but the rigid hand of the editor, conservative of space, restraineth me, and I must conclude this branch of my subject with the classic history of the expression, 'All my eye and Betty Martin O.' A ship returning from the East Indies with some rich Dutch planters aboard, encountered a dreadful storm in the Indian Ocean. The terrified passengers fearing a wreck, and trembling for their lives and property, were on their knees imploring the aid of their patron, St. Martin. One was overheard by a sailor most abjectly crying: 'Ah mihi, Beate Martine!' (Ah me, blessed

Martin!) The hardy tar called out to his mate: 'I say, Jack, just hark to that shivering land-lubber singing out, "It's all my eye and Betty Martin O!"'

THE GREATNESS OF LITTLE THINGS.

IN the course of nature there is nothing more remarkable than the stupendous results which spring from apparently insignificant causes. Straws have turned the current of our lives; a word, a thought vivid as lightning, has often decided our destiny. Mark Antony sees Cleopatra on the Cydnus, sitting in her barge as on a burnished throne, and if her nose had only been shorter he might have kept the world. The prophet Mahomet conceals himself in Mount Shur, and his pursuers, according to a Moslem tradition, are thrown off the scent, and baffled by a spider's web over the mouth of the cave. Thus the Koran, the Crescent, the Crusades, with their boundless consequences, depended at that moment on the filmy meshes of a spider's web. A young Athenian, named Xenophon, at sixteen years of age, is met in a narrow gateway by a man of extraordinary appearance and manners, who attends his stick across the path, and asks, "How can one attain to virtue and honour?" Xenophon cannot answer, and Socrates, for the strange being is none other, bidding him follow, becomes thenceforward his master in philosophy. But for that stick, that narrow gateway, Xenophon, perhaps, would never have enriched the world of letters as he has done to this day. Look again at Demosthenes. He rushed from the Athenian assembly burning with shame, for he has been hooted for his pronunciation and defective style. In the moment of his degradation he meets an actor named Satyrus. Was it chance or his good genius that threw him in this way? Satyrus teaches him the art of elocution, and, amid the wild roar of waves, with pebbles in his mouth, he corrects the vices of his utterance, and acquires pungency and force which none have equalled. No grit of the pebble roughened his lip when next he mounted the rostrum, and poured on the astonished audience a flood of eloquence, impetuous and flashing as a mountain torrent.

In science, as in literature, slight causes occasion great results; nor need we go back to the ancients in order to find remarkable instances. When Galileo was studying medicine in the University of Pisa, his attention was attracted to the regular oscillation of a lamp suspended from the roof of the cathedral, and the swinging lamp led to his study of the vibrations of pendulums. Brunelleschi by accident broke an egg, which remained standing on its broken base; and the shape of the shell inspired him immediately with the idea of the Duomo at Florence. Giotto, while tending his flock, sketched a sheep on a stone; and Cimabue, passing by, detected his latent genius, and led him on to fame—to the friendship of Dante, and to having his name immortalized in the *Divina Commedia*. Newton—but why tell of that falling apple in his orchard, which is better known than the laws of gravitation, to the discovery of which it led? Ouyier dissected a cattle-fish; and the comparative anatomy of the entire animal kingdom unfolded itself before him. A single remain of an extinct animal or vegetable became a standpoint from which he could infer and describe the form and properties of the creature or plant to which it belonged; and the subsequent discovery of further remains of the same species often proved the accuracy of his deductions. The use of fossil fragments is another illustration of the importance of little things and isolated inductions. Kepler resolved to fill his cellars from the Austrian vintage, but, doubting the accuracy of the wine-merchant's measure, he worked out one of the earliest samples of what is now called the modern analysis. What suggested the embossed alphabet for the blind? A sheet of paper sent from the press with the letters accidentally raised. What called forth the most learned book on diseases of the heart?

A physician's lying awake and listening to the beating of his own. Giotto is not the only genius whom a chance visit has rescued from obscurity. Evalyn was sauntering one day along a meadow near Says Court, when he looked in at the window of a thatched cottage, and saw a young man carving one of Tintoretto's cartoons. He entered, admired the work, and soon recommended the artist to Charles II. Thus the name of Gibbins became known. Milton sees a wretched "mystery" in Italy, and conceives the plan of "Paradise Lost." The plague breaks out in London; he retires to Chalfont, and the simple question of a Quaker friend calls forth "Paradise Regained." Gibbon muses among the ruins of Roman grandeur; and the Decline and Fall of the mighty Empire breaks in long perspective on his view. A Welsh harper thrills the card at Cambridge, and Gray, fired with sudden emotion, writes the conclusion of the "Bard." Lady Austen points to a sofa, and Cowper creates the "Task." Opie bends over his companion's shoulder when he is drawing a butterfly, and rises up a painter himself.

The history of nations, as of individuals, hangs on threads. Robert Bruce was about to join a crusade when a spider, struggling to fix his web to the ceiling, gave him a lesson in perseverance, and, remaining in his own land, he routed the army of Edward II. at Bannockburn, and achieved the independence of the Scottish crown. Cromwell was about to set sail for America, and clear forests with his axe, when a royal edict forbade emigration in unlicensed ships. Had he embarked the day before, he would never have been Lord Protector, nor Charles Stuart have laid his head on the block. The fleet of William of Orange had been driven westward of Torbay. To return in the teeth of the wind was impossible, and Plymouth, the next port, was garrisoned by Lord Bath. The Royal fleet was out of the Thames, and hastening down the channel. "You may go to prayers, doctor," said Russell to Burnet; "all is over." But it was not so. A soft breeze sprung up from the South, and the sun shone forth. The fleet turned back, William landed, and the Stuart dynasty ceased to reign.

Slight circumstances, which have occurred in childhood, often take deep hold of the memory, and recur to us through life, we know not why, when things of far greater moment are forgotten. Warren Hastings, amid the cares and splendour of Indian government, had always before his eyes a little wood at Daylesford, in Worcestershire, where he was born. Insignificant sayings in praise or blame have often had immense effect on men in pursuit of knowledge and fame, and have disconcerted or encouraged them, as the case may be, in a marvellous manner. Burke rose to address the House with a roll in his hand. A member deprecated the infliction of a MS. on his hearers, and in shame and disgust the orator quitted his seat. He who could have faced a lion was discomfited by a bray. Little things are often our great vexations. The prick of a pin will make an empire insipid. During 140 years the retainers of a Norman monastery fought and hated each other for the right of hunting rabbits. On the other hand, trifling events are frequently great consolations. The packet-ship, *Lady Hobart*, was driving before the hurricane, and hope seemed vain, when a white bird suddenly lighted on the mast. The hearts of the crew revived, and the bird was accepted as an omen of safety. Mungo Park, stripped and plundered, sat down in despair. It was a wilderness in Africa, 500 miles from any European settlement. A little moss was at his feet in flower, and it inspired him with the thought that He who planted, watered, and perfected in the desert that tiny blossom, could not be insensible to the sufferings of one formed after His own image. So he went on his way rejoicing, and soon came to a village.

Yes, little things are of wondrous importance. They are the last links in a long chain of effects, or the first in a long chain of causes, or they are both. They make the sum of human things. They test a man's character every hour in the day, and, as the jutting and curving of the bank regulates a river's flow, so do they, directly or indirectly, determine the entire course of our existence for good or evil, brilliant or obscure.

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fever of indignation, "this lady is her own sister, cousin William! her own sister!"

"Her half-sister; but even so, it is too bad."

"Too bad? Why, it's monstrous! If I were Castletowers——"

"I do not suppose that Lord Castletowers has ever heard of the existence of these people," interrupted the lawyer.

"Then he ought to hear of it!"

"Not from your lips, young man. You have stumbled on a family secret, and, right or wrong, you are bound in honour to respect it. If Lady Castletowers keeps a skeleton in her private closet, it is not your place to produce that skeleton at the feast to which she invites you."

"I am afraid that's true," replied Saxon, "but I wish I might tell Castletowers, all the same."

"You must do nothing of the kind," said Mr. Trefalden, emphatically. "It is in your power to give great assistance to two unfortunate ladies, and with that privilege be content."

"I cannot be content to stand by and see injustice done," exclaimed Saxon. "They have been cruelly wronged."

"Even so, my dear fellow, you are not Don Quixote."

The young man bit his lip.

"Don Quixote's name," said he, "is too often taken in vain. Heaven forbid that we nineteenth-century people should come to apply it to the simple love of right! It seems to me that the world over here thinks a vast deal more of politeness than justice. It's not so in Switzerland. And now, cousin William, how am I to help them?"

"You must allow me time to consider," replied Mr. Trefalden. "It will require delicate management."

"I know it will."

"But I can think the matter over, and write to you about it to-morrow."

"The sooner the better," said Saxon.

"Of course—and with regard to money?"

"With regard to money, do the best you can for them. I don't care how much it is."

"Suppose I were to draw upon you for a hundred thousand pounds!" said the lawyer, with a smile.

"I'm not afraid of that; but I do fear that you may not use my purse freely enough."

"I will try, at all events," replied Mr. Trefalden; whereupon Saxon thanked him cordially, and put out his hand to say good-bye.

"You don't inquire how the company is going on," said the lawyer, detaining him.

"I am afraid I had forgotten all about the company," laughed Saxon. "But I suppose it's all right."

"Yes, we are making way," replied his cousin.

"Capital pours in, and the shareholders have every confidence in the direction. Our surveyors are still going over the ground; and we are this week despatching a man of business to Sidon. Sidon, you may remember, will be our great Mediterranean depôt; and we mean to open offices, and establish an agent there, without delay."

"Indeed!" said Saxon. "Is it still so great a secret?"

"It is a greater secret than ever."

"Oh—good-bye."

"You are always in haste when business is the topic," said Mr. Trefalden. "Where are you going now?"

"To the club; and then back to Castletowers."

"You are making a long stay. What about the Colonuss?"

But Saxon was already half way down the stairs, and seemed not to bear the question.

He then went direct to the Eretheum, where he no sooner made his appearance than he found himself a centre of attraction. The younger men were eager for news of Italy, and, knowing whence he came, overwhelmed him with questions. What was Colonna doing? Was he likely to go out to Garibaldi? What were Garibaldi's intentions? Was Victor Emmanuel favourable to the Sicilian cause? Would the war be carried into Naples and Rome? And, if so, did Colonna think that the Emperor of the French would take arms for the Pope? Was it true that Vaughan was about to join the army

of liberation? Was it true that Lord Castletowers would command the English contingent? Was it true that Saxon had himself accepted a commission? And so on, till Saxon stopped his ears, and refused to hear another question.

"I am not in Signor Colonna's confidence," said he, "and I know nothing of his projects. But I do know that I have accepted no such commission, and I believe I may say the same for Castletowers."

"And Vaughan?" said Sir Charles Burgoyne. "Vaughan is going. He starts for Genoa to-night."

"I felt sure that was true," observed Greatorex, with a significant laugh. "Perhaps the fair Olimpia has promised to take pity on him."

Saxon turned upon him as if he had been stung.

"What do you mean?" he said, haughtily. "What should Miss Colonna have to do with the matter?"

"Perhaps a great deal," replied the banker.

"The gentleman gives his arm to the cause, and the lady rewards him with her hand. 'Tis a fair exchange."

"And Vaughan has worshipped for years at the Olympian shrine," added Sir Charles.

"Besides," said another, "what else does he go for? We all know that he doesn't care a straw for Italy. It may be a forlorn hope, you know."

"More likely than not, I should say," replied Burgoyne. "Olimpia Colonna is a clever woman, and knows her own market value. She'll fly at higher game than a major of dragoons."

Saxon's face was burning all this time with anger and mortification. At last he could keep silence no longer.

"All this may be true," he said. "I don't believe it's true; but at all events it is not in my power to contradict it. However, of one thing I am certain—that a crowded club-room is not the place in which a lady's name should be passed from mouth to mouth in this fashion."

"Your proposition is quite unexceptionable in a general way, my dear fellow," replied Burgoyne; "but in the present instance it does not apply. When a lady's name has figured for years in despatches, petitions, committee-lists, and reports of all kinds, civil and military, it can surely bear the atmosphere of a crowded club-room."

"I don't think that has anything to do with it," said Saxon, sturdily. "Despatches and petitions are public matters, and open to general discussion."

"But the probable marriage of a charming woman is a private matter, and therefore open to particular discussion," laughed the Guardsman. "For my part, I can only say that I mean to hang myself on Miss Colonna's wedding-day."

Then the conversation turned again to Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel; and presently Saxon made his escape, and was on his way to the station.

He felt very moody and uncomfortable, as he leaned back in his Hansom and sped along the Strand. He had heard much that was infinitely disagreeable to him during the brief hour spent at his club; much that he could not refute, but which he had been obliged to endure with comparative patience. That Olimpia's name should be thus familiar to every idle lip seemed like a profanation; but that it should be coupled up with that of Vaughan and Castletowers, and perhaps—who could tell?—with the names of a hundred other men whose political sympathies necessarily brought them into communication with her, was sacrilege pur et simple.

What man on earth was worthy of her, to begin with? Certainly not Major Vaughan, with his surface morality, his half-concealed cynicism, and his iron-grey beard. Not even Castletowers, brave and honourable gentleman as he was. No—the only fit and appropriate husband for Olimpia Colonna would be some modern Du Guesclin or Bayard; some man of the old heroic type, whose soul would burn with a fire kindred to her own, who should do great deeds in the cause she loved, and lay his splendid laurels at her feet. But then lived there such a hero, young, handsome daring, ardent, successful in love and

mighty in battle, a man of men, sans peur et sans reproche?

Perhaps Saxon was secretly comforted by the conviction that only a preux chevalier would be worthy of Miss Colonna, and that the preux chevalier was certainly not forthcoming.

In the midst of these reflections, however, he found himself once more at the station, with the express on the point of starting, and not a second to lose. To tling down his shillings, dash along the platform, and spring into a first-class carriage, just as the guard was running along the line and the driver beginning his preliminary whistle, was the work of a moment. As the door closed behind him, and he dropped into the nearest corner, a friendly voice called him by name, and he found himself face to face with Miss Hatherton.

CHAPTER XLIX. ON THE PLATFORM.

"Well met by—well, not exactly by moonlight, Mr. Trefalden," said she, with that hearty, almost gentlemanly way of proffering her hand that always put Saxon so delightfully at his ease in her society. "Have you been shooting any more weathercocks, or winning any more races, since I saw you last?"

"No," replied Saxon, laughingly; "I have been more usefully employed."

"I rejoice to hear it. May I ask in what manner?"

"Oh, Miss Hatherton, if you want particulars, I'm lost! I'm only pleasantly conscious that I have been behaving well, and improving myself. I fear it's rather a vague statement to put forward, though."

"Terribly vague. At all events, you have not yet donned the red shirt?"

"The red shirt!" echoed Saxon, with an involuntary glance at the little blue horseshoes besprinkling the bosom of that garment in which his person happened to be adorned. "What do you mean?"

"I mean, that you have not gone over to Garibaldi."

Garibaldi again! It seemed as if the air was full of the names of Garibaldi and Italy to-day!

"What you, too, Miss Hatherton!" he said. "I have heard more about Italian affairs since I have been in the town this morning, than I ever heard at Castletowers. The men at the Eretheum would talk of nothing else."

"I daresay not," replied the heiress. "The lookers-on have always more to say than the workers. But has not Miss Colonna enlisted you?"

"Indeed, no."

"You amaze me. I could not have believed that she would show such incredible forbearance towards a man of your inches. But perhaps you are intending to join in any case?"

"I have no intention, one way or the other," said Saxon; "but if any of our fellows were going, I should like to join them."

"There is nothing I should enjoy so much, if I were a man," said Miss Hatherton. "Do you know how the fund is getting on? I heard they were sorely in want of money the other day, and I sent them something—not much, but as much as I could spare."

"Oh, I believe the fund is getting on pretty well," replied Saxon, with some embarrassment.

"You are a subscriber, of course?"

"Yes—I have given something."

Miss Hatherton looked at him keenly.

"I should like to know what that something was," said she. "I heard a strange rumour to-day—but I suppose you would not tell me if I were to ask you?"

Saxon laughed, and shook his head.

"A rumour is generally nothing but a polite name for a lie," replied he; "you should never believe in one."

"Perhaps not," said Miss Hatherton, gravely.

"I should be sorry to believe all——"

She checked herself, and added:

"If you do go to Italy, Mr. Trefalden, you must be sure to let me know. I only marvel that Miss Colonna's eloquence has not been brought to bear upon you long since."

"Well, I'm not an Italian."

Miss Hatherton smiled compassionately.

"My dear sir," said she, "if you were a Thug, and willing to make your *roomal* useful to the cause, the Colonnas would enlist you. Nation is nothing to them. All they want is a volunteer or a subscriber. Beside, plenty of your countrymen have gone over the Alps already."

"Are you sure?" asked Saxon, eagerly.

"As sure as that you never read the papers."

"You are quite right there," laughed he, "I never do."

"An English volunteer company is already formed," continued Miss Hatherton, "at Genoa."

"Yes—I know that."

"There will also, I hear, be a German corps; and both Swiss and Hungarian corps are talked about."

Saxon nearly bounded off his seat.

"A Swiss corps!" he shouted. "A Swiss corps, and nobody ever breathed this to me!"

"Its very odd," said Miss Hatherton.

"And Miss Colonna was talking to me so much about Italy yesterday morning!"

"Perhaps they do not care to make a soldier of you, Mr. Trefalden," said the heiress.

"But they want soldiers!"

"True; but—"

"But what?"

"Perhaps they stand more in need of the sinews of war just now, than of your individual muscles."

"The sinews of war!" stammered Saxon.

"You might get killed, you see."

"Of course I might get killed; but every volunteer risks that. Vaughan may get killed."

"He may; but then Major Vaughan has not ever so many millions of money."

Saxon looked blankly in Miss Hatherton's face.

"I—I really don't understand," said he.

"Do you wish me to explain my meaning?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then excuse the illustration—it might not be politic to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs."

Saxon's face flamed with rage and mortification.

"Oh, Miss Hatherton!" he exclaimed, "how can you be so unjust and so uncharitable?"

Miss Hatherton smiled good temperedly.

"I am a plain speaker, Mr. Trefalden," said she, "and plain speakers must expect to be called uncharitable sometimes. You need not be angry with me because I speak the truth."

"But, indeed, you're mistaken. It's not the truth, nor anything like the truth."

"Nay," she replied, "I know the Colonnas better than you know them. Giulio Colonna is insatiable where Italy is concerned. I do not deny that he is personally disinterested. He would give the coat off his back to buy powder and shot for the cause; but he would strip the coat from his neighbour's back for the same purpose without scruple."

"But indeed—"

"But, indeed, Mr. Trefalden, you may believe me when I tell you that he would regard it as a sacred duty to fling every farthing of your fortune into this coming war, if he could get the handlin' of it. You will do well to beware of him." G

"Then I am sure that Miss Colonna is not—"

"Miss Colonna is utterly dominated by her own enthusiasm and her father's influence. You must beware of her, too."

"You will tell me to beware of yourself next, Miss Hatherton," said Saxon, petulantly.

"No, my dear sir, I shall do nothing of the kind. I like you very much; but I neither want your money, nor—Do you know what people are saying about you and Miss Colonna? By the way, is not this your station?"

"About me and Miss Colonna!" said Saxon, breathlessly.

Yes—but this is certainly Sedgebrook. You must be quick, for they don't stop one moment."

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Hatherton, tell me first!"

"No, no—jump out, or you will be carried on. I'll tell you when you are safe outside."

Saxon jumped out, but clung to the window with both hands.

"Now!" said he. "Now!"

"Well," replied Miss Hatherton, speaking somewhat slowly, and looking him full in the face, "they say, Mr. Trefalden—they say you are going to squander your fortune in Italy; marry Olimpia Colonna; and break Lord Castletowers' heart."

But Saxon never heard the last five words at all. Before Miss Hatherton could bring her sentence to an end the shrill whistle drowned her voice, and the train began to move. The young man stood looking after it for some moments in blank bewilderment.

"Squander your fortune on Italy, and marry Olimpia Colonna!" he repeated to himself.

"Fly to Castletowers, sir?" said the solitary fly-driver of the place, recognising the Earl's visitor.

But Saxon preferred to walk; so he took the short cut through the fields, and strode on with Miss Hatherton's words still ringing in his ears.

"Marry Olimpia Colonna!" he said, for the twentieth time, as he sat down presently upon a stile, and proceeded unconsciously to cut off the heads of the nearest dandelions with his cane.

"Marry Olimpia Colonna! Good God! there isn't a prince of this earth half good enough for her! As for me, I'm only just worthy to be one of her slaves. What a mad notion! What a mad, preposterous notion!"

Mad and preposterous as it was, however, he could think of nothing else; and every now and then, as he loitered on his way through the pleasant meadows, he repeated, half aloud, those wondrous words:

"Marry Olimpia Colonna!"

CHAPTER L. HIGH ART.

As Saxon's cab turned in at the gates of the South-Western Railway station, Mr. William Trefalden, who chanced to be in the occupation of a very similar Hansom, was driving rapidly down the Waterloo-road. The two vehicles with their unsuspecting occupants had been almost side by side on Waterloo Bridge, and, by one of those curious coincidences which happen still oftener in real life than in fiction, the one cousin was going down into Surrey as the honoured guest of Lady Castletowers, while the other was rattling over to Camberwell in search of her ladyship's disinherited half-sister.

"Six, Brudenell Terrace."

Mr. Trefalden took the card from his pocket-book, and read the address over once or twice. It was the same card that Miss Rivière had given to Saxon, and which Saxon had entrusted to the lawyer's keeping a couple of hours before. Mr. Trefalden was a prompt man of business, and was showing himself to be, in the present instance, better than his word. He had promised to act for his young kinsman in this matter; but he had not promised to set about the task that same afternoon. Yet here he was with his face already turned southwards, and Miss Rivière's address in his hand.

The fact was, that Mr. Trefalden took more interest in this piece of family history than he had chosen to express, and was bent on learning all that might be learnt about the Rivières without an hour's unnecessary delay. No man better appreciated the value of a family secret. There might, it is true, be nothing very precious in this particular specimen; but then one could never tell what might, or might not, be useful hereafter. At all events, Mr. Trefalden was not slow to see his way to possible advantages; and though he had asked time for consideration of what it might be best to do, he had half a dozen schemes outlined in his mind before Saxon left the office. Mr. Trefalden's plans seldom needed much elaboration. They sprang from his fertile brain like Minerva from the head of Zeus, armed at all points, and ready for the field.

Leaning back thoughtfully, then, with folded arms, and a cigar in his mouth, Mr. Trefalden drove up the Obelisk and the Elephant and Castle, and plunged into the very heart of that dreary suburban district which might with much propriety be called by the general name of Transpontin. Then, dismissing his cab at a convenient point, he proceeded in search of Brudenell Terrace on foot.

Transpontin is a district beset with difficulties to the inexperienced explorer. There dust, dirt, and dullness reign supreme. The air is pervaded by a faint odour of universal brick-field. The early moffin-bell is audible at incredible hours of the day. Files of shabby-gestuel tenements, and dismal slips of parched front-garden, follow and do resemble each other with a bewildering monotony that extends for long miles in every direction, and is only interrupted here and there by a gorgeous gin-palace, or a depressing patch of open ground, facetiously called a "green," or a "common." Of enormous extent, and dreary sameness, the topography of Transpontin is necessarily of the vaguest character.

Mr. Trefalden was, however, too good a Londoner to be greatly baffled by the intricacies of any metropolitan neighbourhood. He pursued his way with a Londoner's instinct, and, after traversing a few small squares and by-streets, found himself presently in face of Brudenell Terrace.

It was a very melancholy terrace, built according to the strictest lodging-house order of architecture, elevated some four feet above the level of the street, and approached by a dilapidated flight of stone steps at each extremity. It consisted of four and twenty dingy, eight-roomed houses, in one or other of which, take them at what season of the year one might, there was certain to be either a sale or a removal going forward. In conjunction with the inevitable van, or piece of stair-carpeting, might also be found the equally inevitable street organ—that "most miraculous organ," which can no more be silenced than the voice of murder itself; and which in Transpontin hath its chosen home. The oldest inhabitant of Brudenell Terrace confessed to never having known the hour of any day (except Sunday) when some interesting native of Parma or Lucca was not to be heard grinding his slow length along from number one to number twenty-eight. On the present occasion, however, when Mr. Trefalden knocked at the door of the house for which he was bound, both van and Italian boy were at the further end of the row.

A slatternly servant of hostile bearing opened six inches of the door, and asked Mr. Trefalden what he wanted. That gentleman intimated that he wished to see Mrs. Rivière.

"Is it business?" said the girl, planting her foot sturdily against the inner side of the door.

Mr. Trefalden at once admitted that it was business.

"Then it's Miss Rivers you want," said she, sharply. "Why didn't you say so at first?"

Mr. Trefalden attempted to explain that he should prefer to see Mrs. Rivière, if she would receive him; but the telligerent damsel refused to entertain that proposition for one moment.

"It's nothing to me what you prefer," said she, with prompt indignation. "You can't see Mrs. Rivers. If Miss Rivers won't do, you may as well go away at once."

So the lawyer was fain to enter the citadel on such terms as he could get.

He was shown into a front parlour, very poorly furnished. The window was partially darkened by a black blind, and close beneath it stood a table strewn with small photographs and drawing materials. A bonnet and shawl lay on the sofa behind the door. Three or four slight sketches in water-colours were pinned against the walls. An old-fashioned watch in a bronze stand of delicate foreign workmanship, occupied the centre of the mantelshelf; and in the further corner of the room, between the fireplace and window, were piled a number of old canvases with their faces to the wall. Mr. Trefalden divined the history of these little accessories at a glance. He knew, as well as if their owners had told him so, that the watch and the canvases were relics of poor Edgar Rivière, and that the little water-colour sketches were by the artist's daughter. These latter were very slight—mere outlines, with a dash of colour here and there, but singularly free and decisive. One represented a fragment of Cyclopean wall, tapestried with creeping plants; another, a lonely mediæval tower, with ragged storm-clouds drifting overhead; another, a group of stone pines at sunset, standing up, bronzed and bristling, against a blood-red sky. All were instinct with that open-

air look which defies imitation; and in the background of almost every subject were seen the purple Tuscan hills. William Trefalden was no indifferent judge of art, and he saw at once that these scrawls had genius in them.

While he was yet examining them, the door opened noiselessly behind him, and a rustling of soft garments near at hand warned him that he was no longer alone. He turned. A young girl, meanly dressed in some black material, with only a slip of white collar around her throat, stood about half way between the window and the door—a girl so fair, so slight, so transparent of complexion, so inexpressibly fragile-looking, that the lawyer, for the first moment, could only look at her as if she were some delicate marvel of art, neither to be touched or spoken to.

"You asked to see me, sir?" she said, with a transient flush of colour; for Mr. Trefalden still looked at her in silence.

"I asked to see Mrs. Rivière," he replied.

The young lady pointed to a chair.

"My mother is an invalid," said she, "and can only be addressed through me. Will you take a seat?"

But Mr. Trefalden, instead of taking a seat, went over to the corner where the dusty canvases were piled against the wall, and said:

"Are these some of your father's pictures?"

Her whole face became radiant at the mention of that name.

"Yes," she replied, eagerly. "Do you know his works?"

Mr. Trefalden paused a moment before answering this question. Then, looking at her with a grave, almost a tender courtesy, he said:

"I knew his works, my dear young lady—and I knew him."

"You knew him? Oh, you knew a good man, sir, if you knew my dear, dear father!"

"A good man," said Mr. Trefalden, "and a fine painter."

Her eyes filled with sudden tears.

"If the world had but done him justice!" she murmured.

Mr. Trefalden thought he had never seen eyes so beautiful or so pathetic.

"The world never does justice to its finer spirits," said he, "till they have passed beyond reach of its envy or hearing of its praise. But his day of justice will come."

"Do you think so," she said, drawing a little nearer, and looking up at him with the half-timid, half-trusting candour of a child. "Alas! I have almost given up hoping."

"Never give up hoping. There is nothing in this world so unstable as its injustice—nothing so inevitable as its law of reward and retribution. Unhappily, its laurels are too often showered upon tombs."

"Did you know him in Italy?"

"No—in England."

"Perhaps you were one of his fellow-students?"

Mr. Trefalden shook his head.

"No; I am a true lover of the arts," he replied, "but no artist. I had a sincere admiration for your father's genius, Miss Rivière, and it is that admiration which brings me here to-day. I am anxious to know what pictures of his may still be in the possession of his family, and I should be glad to purchase some, if I might be allowed to do so."

A look of immense gladness, followed by one of still more intense pain, flashed over the girl's pale face at these words.

"I trust I said nothing to annoy you," said Mr. Trefalden, as deferentially as if this fragile young creature were a stately princess, clad in cloth of gold and silver.

"Oh no, thank you," she replied, tremulously. "We shall be very glad to—to sell them."

"Then I have your permission to look at these?"

"I will show them to you."

But Mr. Trefalden would not suffer Miss Rivière to show him the pictures. They were too heavy, and too dusty; and he was so glad to have the opportunity of seeing them, that he considered nothing a trouble. Then he begged to be allowed to remove the black blind from the window; and when that was done, he dragged out the first picture, dusted it carefully with

his own white handkerchief, and placed it in the best light the room afforded.

"That was one of his last," said the daughter, with a sigh.

It represented Apollo and Daphne—Apollo in an attitude expressive of despair, looking very like a fine gentleman in an amateur play, elegantly got up in the Greek style, and rather proud of his legs; with Daphne peeping at him coquettishly from the leaves of a laurel-bush. It was not a vulgar picture, nor even a glaringly bad picture; but it had all the worst faults of the French school with none of its vigour, and was academic and superficial to the last degree.

Mr. Trefalden, who saw all this distinctly, retreated, nevertheless, to the further side of the room, shaded his eyes with his hands, and declared that it was an exquisite thing, full of poetry and classical feeling.

Then came a Cupid and Psyche on the point of leading off a pas de deux; a Danse in a cata-ract of yellow ochre; an Endymion sleeping, evidently, on a stage-bank, by the light of a practicable moon; a Holy Family; a Cephalus and Procris; a Carnæacus before Claudius; a Diana and Calisto, and about a score of others—enough to fill a gallery of moderate size; all after the same pattern; all repeating the same dreary round of hackneyed subjects, all equally correct mediocre.

Mr. Trefalden looked patiently through the whole collection, opening out those canvases which were rolled up, and going through the business of his part with a naturalness that was beyond all praise. He dwelt on imaginary beauties, hesitated over trifling blemishes, reverted every now and then to his favourites, and, in short, played the enlightened connoisseur to such perfection, that the poor child by his side was almost ready to fall down and worship him before the exhibition was over.

"How happy it would have made him to hear you, sir," she said, more than once. "No one ever appreciated his genius as you do!"

To which Mr. Trefalden only replied with sympathetic courtesy, that he was "sorry to hear it."

Finally, he selected four of the least objectionable of the lot, and begged to know on what terms he might be permitted to possess them.

This question was referred by Miss Rivière to her mother, and Mr. Trefalden was finally entreated to name his own price.

"Nay, but you place me in a very difficult position," said he. "What if I offer too small a sum?"

"We do not fear that," replied the young girl, with a timid smile.

"You are very good; but—the fact is that I may wish to purchase several more of these paintings—perhaps the whole of them, if Mrs. Rivière should be willing to part from them."

"The whole of them!" she echoed, breathlessly.

"I cannot tell at present; but it is not improbable."

Miss Rivière looked at Mr. Trefalden with awe and wonder. She began to think he must be some great collector—perhaps Rothschild himself!

"In the meanwhile," said he, "these being only my first acquisitions, I must keep my expenditure within a moderate limit. I should not like to offer more than two hundred pounds for these four paintings."

Two hundred pounds! It was as if a tributary of Pactolus had suddenly flowed in upon that humble front parlour, and flooded it with gold. Miss Rivière could hardly believe in the actual existence of so fabulous a sum.

"I hope I do not seem to under-estimate their value," said the lawyer.

"Oh no—indeed!"

"You will, perhaps, submit my proposition to Mrs. Rivière?"

"No, thank you—I—am quite sure—your great liberality—"

"I beg you will call it by no such name," said Mr. Trefalden, with that little deprecatory gesture that showed his fine hand to so much advantage. "Say, if you please, my sense of jus-

tice, or, better still, my appreciation of excellence."

Here he took a little roll of bank-notes from his pocket-book, folded, and laid them on the table.

"I trust I may be permitted to pay my respects to Mrs. Rivière when I next call," he said. "She will not, perhaps, refuse the favour of an interview to one who knew her husband in his youth."

"I am sure mamma will be most happy," faltered Miss Rivière. "She is very delicate; but I know she will make the effort, if possible. We—we are going back soon to Italy."

And her eyes, as she said this, wandered involuntarily towards the packet of notes.

"Not very soon, I hope? Not immediately?"

"Certainly not immediately," she replied, with a sigh. "Mamma must be much better before she can travel."

Then Mr. Trefalden made a few politely sympathetic inquiries; recommended a famous West-end physician; suggested a temporary sojourn at Sydenham or Norwood; and ended by requesting that the hostile maid-servant might fetch a cab for the conveyance of his treasures. He then took his leave, with the intimation that he would come again in the course of a few days, and go over the pictures a second time.

The door had no sooner closed behind him, than Miss Rivière flew up to her mother's bedroom, with the bank-notes fluttering in her hand.

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" she cried, flinging herself on her knees beside the invalid's easy-chair, and bursting into sobs of joy, "he has taken four of papa's paintings, and given—oh! what do you suppose?—given two hundred pounds for them! Two hundred pounds, all in beautiful, real bank-notes—and here they are! Touch them—look at them! Two hundred pounds—enough to take you to Italy, my darling, six times over!"

CHAPTER LI. BRADSHAW'S GUIDE FOR MARCH.

William Trefalden sat alone in his private room, in a somewhat moody attitude, with his elbows on his desk, and his face buried in his hands. A folded deed lay unread before him. To his right stood a compact pile of letters with their seals yet unbroken. Absorbed in profound thought, he had not yet begun the business of the day, although more than an hour had elapsed since his arrival in Chancery-lane.

His meditations were interrupted by a tap at the door; and the tap was instantaneously followed by Mr. Keckwith. The lawyer started angrily from his reverie.

"Why the deuce do you come in like that?" he exclaimed. "What do you want?"

"Beg your pardon, sir," replied the head clerk, with a rapid glance at the pile of unopened letters, and the unread deed. "Messenger's waitin' for Willis and Barlow's bond; and you said I was to read it over to you before it went out."

Mr. Trefalden sighed impatiently, leaned back in his chair, and bade his clerk "go on;" whereat the respectable man drew the back of his hand across his mouth, and began:

"Know all men by these presents that we, Thomas Willis of number fourteen Charlcoote-square in the parish of Hoxton in the County of Middlesex and John Barlow of Oakley villa in the parish of Brompton in the county of Middlesex Esquire, are jointly and severally holden and firmly bounden unto Ebenezer Foster, and Robert Crompton of Cornhill in the parish of St. Peters upon Cornhill in the County of Middlesex Bankers and copartners in the sum of five thousand pounds of lawful British money to be paid to the said Ebenezer Foster and Robert Crompton their executors administrators and assigns or their lawful attorney and attorneys for which payment to be well and faithfully made we bind ourselves jointly and severally and our and any two or one of our heirs executors and administrators firmly by these presents sealed with our respective seals. Dated—which I have left blank, sir, not knowing when the signatures will be made."

"Quite right," said Mr. Trefalden, dreamily. "Go on."

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ever been hers. Her mother was her one playmate, instructor, and friend. The flat housetop, with its open loggia, its tubs of orangetrees and myrtles, and its boxes of nasturtiums and mignonettes, was her only playground. From thence she saw the burning sunsets and the violet hills; from thence looked down on dome and campanile, crowded street and mediæval palace. This bird's eye view of the rare old city, with such echoes of its life as found their way to her upper world, was almost all that Helen knew of Florence. Now and then, at very distant intervals, she had been led down into that busy lower world, to wander for a few hours through streets and piazzas stately with fountains and statues, or galleries so radiant with Madonnas and angels that they seemed like the vestibules of heaven; but this was very seldom.

Yet the child had, as it were, breathed all her life in an atmosphere of art. She could not remember the time when its phraseology and appliances were other than familiar to her. Her father's dimly-lighted studio, redolent of oil and varnish, and littered with canvases and casts; her father himself, in his smeared blouse and velvet cap, painting his unsaleable Nymphs and Dryads year after year with unabated enthusiasm; the lay figure in its folds of dusty drapery; the shabby students with their long hair and professional jargon, who used to drop in at twilight to smoke their cheap cigars upon the terraced roof, and declaim about art and liberty; the habit of observation insensibly acquired, and her own natural delight in form and colour, all combined to mould her inclinations and train her taste from earliest infancy. As a little child, she used to scrawl in pencil till her father taught her the rudiments of drawing. By-and-by, as she grew older and more skilful, she learned to colour prints and photographs for sale, and, some few months before her father died, had begun to study the art of enamel-painting.

Isolated thus in the heart of an ancient city; looking down upon the alien throng in street and market-place; watching the golden sunlight fade and change on Giotto's bell-tower and Brunellesco's rusty dome; listening to the clang of bells at matins and even-song, and catching now and then faint echoes of chanted hymn or military march; growing daily more and more familiar with the glories of Italian skies; reading few books, seeing few faces, and ignorant of life and the world as a cloistered nun, this young girl spent the first years of her solitary youth. And they were very happy years, although—nay, perhaps *because*—they were so solitary. Having few ties, few tastes, few occupations, her character became more intense, her aims more concentrated than those of most very young women. She loved her mother with a passionate devotion that knew no limit to obedience and tenderness. She revered and admired her father with so blind a faith in his genius, that, despite her better knowledge, she believed even in the Nymphs and Dryads with all her tender heart. If her reading had been circumscribed, it had at least been thorough. Shakespeare and Milton, Dante and the Bible, made the best part of her library; but she had read and re-read these books, thought about them for herself, treasured up long passages from them in her memory, and gathered from their pages more poetry, wisdom, and knowledge than ever came off the shelves of a modern circulating library. Nor were these the only advantages of her secluded life. Never having known wealth, she was poor without being conscious of poverty—just as she was innocent, because she had seen no evil—just as she was happy, because she coveted no blessings which were not already hers.

But at length there came a time when this simple home was to be made desolate. The unsuccessful painter fell ill and died, leaving his wife to the cold charity of Lady Castletowers. In an evil hour she travelled home to England, thinking so to conciliate her haughty sister and serve her child. But Lady Castletowers declined to see her; and the bitter English winter smote upon her delicate lungs, and brought her to the verge of the grave; and for this it was that Helen Rivière went down to Castletowers, and prayed her haughty aunt for such trifling succour as

should take them back in time to the sweet south.

Just at this crisis, like a prince in a fairy tale, Mr. Trefalden made his appearance in their dreary London lodging, bringing with him hope and liberty, and his cousin Saxon's gold. If his story were not true, if he had never known Edgar Rivière in his life, if he despised the pictures he affected to praise, how were they to detect it? Enlightened connoisseur, munificent patron, disinterested friend that he was, how should the widow and orphan suspect that he purchased his claim to those titles with another man's money?

CHAPTER LIII. SAXON CONQUEROR.

Saxon Trefalden, writing letters as he sat by the open window in his pleasant bedroom at Castletowers, laid his pen aside, and looked out wistfully at the sky and the trees. The view over the park from this point was not extensive; but it was green and sunny; and as the soft air came and went, bringing with it a faint perfume of distant hay, the young man thought of his pastoral home in the old Etruscan canton far away.

He knew, as well as if he were gazing upon them from that tiny shelf of orchard-ground at Relzberg, how the grey, battlemented ridge of the Ringel was standing out against the deep blue sky; how tenderly the shadows lay in the unmelted snowdrifts in the hollows of the Gallanda; and how the white slopes of the far-off Julian Alp were glittering in the sun. He knew, as well as if he were listening to them, how the goat-bells were making pleasant music to the brawling of the Hinter Rhine below; and how the pines were falling every now and then with a sullen crash beneath the measured blows of the woodman's axe. And then he sighed, and went back to his task.

A pile of hastily scribbled notes to London acquaintances and tradesmen lay on one side, ready for the post-bag; and he was now writing a long letter to his uncle Martin—a long, long letter, full of news, and bright projects, and written in Saxon's clearest and closest hand. Long as it was, however, it was not finished, and would not be finished till the morrow. He had something yet to add to it; and that something, although it could not be added now, was perplexing him not a little as he sat, pen in hand, looking out absently at the shadows that swept over the landscape.

He had made up his mind to propose to Olimpia Colonna.

He had told himself over and over again that the man who aspired to her hand should be a prince, a hero, a soldier, an ardent patriot, at the least; and yet, modest as he was of his own merit, he could no longer doubt that his proposal would be accepted whenever he should have the courage to make it. Lady Castletowers, who had shown a great deal of condescending interest in him of late, had dropped more than one flattering hint with the view of urging him forward in his suit. Colonna's bearing towards him, ever since the day when he had given in his subscription, had been almost significantly cordial; and Olimpia's smiles were lavish of encouragement. Already he had been more than once on the brink of an avowal; and now, as the last week of his visit was drawing to a close, and his letter to Switzerland awaited despatch, he had fairly reviewed his position, and come to the conclusion that he would make Miss Colonna a formal offer of his hand in the course of that same day.

"If she really doesn't love me," said he, half-aloud, as he sat biting the end of his pen and staring down at the unfinished page, "she'll say so, and there will be an end of it. If she *does* love me—and somehow, I cannot believe it!—why, although she is a million times too good, and too beautiful, and too high-born for an uncivilised mountaineer such as I, I will do my best, with God's help, to be worthy of her choice."

And then he thought of all the intoxicating looks and smiles with which Olimpia had received his awkward homage; and the more he considered these things, the more clearly he saw, and marvelled at, the distinction that had befallen him.

And yet he was by no means beside himself

with happiness—perhaps, because, if the truth must be confessed, he was not very deeply in love. He admired Olimpia Colonna intensely. He thought her the most beautiful and high-minded woman under heaven; but, after all, he did not feel for her that profound, and tender, and passionate sympathy which had been the dream of his boyhood. Even now, when most completely under the spell of her influence, he was vaguely conscious of this want. Even now, in the very moment of anticipated triumph, when his heart beat high at the thought of winning her, he found himself wondering whether he should be able to make her happy—whether she would love his uncle Martin—whether she would always be quite as much absorbed in Italian politics and Italian liberty?

When he had arrived at this point, he was interrupted by a tap at the door, and a voice outside asking if there was "any admission?"

"Always, for you," replied Saxon; whereupon the Earl opened the door and came in.

"There!" said he, "you're writing letters; and don't want me."

"On the contrary, I have written all that are to be posted to day, and am glad to be interrupted. There's the rocking-chair at your service."

"Thanks. May I take a cigar?"

"Tweety, if you will. And now, what news since breakfast?"

"A good deal, I suspect," replied the Earl, moodily. "Montecuculi's here."

"Who is Montecuculi?"

"One of our Central Committee men—an excellent fellow; descended from the Montecuculis of Ferrara. One of his ancestors poisoned a Dauphin of France, and was torn to pieces for it by four horses, ever so many centuries ago."

"He did no such thing," said Saxon. "The Dauphin died of inflammation brought on by his own imprudence; and Montecuculi was barbarously murdered. It was always so in those hateful middle ages. When a prince died, his physicians invariably proclaimed that he was poisoned; and then some wretched victim was sure to be broken on the wheel, or torn to pieces."

"The physicians did it to excuse their want of skill, I suppose," remarked the Earl.

"Or else because princes were too august to catch colds and fevers, like other men."

"There spoke the republican."

"But where is this Montecuculi?"

"Shut up with Signor Colonna, in his den. He brings important news from the seat of war; but at present I only know that Garibaldi has achieved some brilliant success, and that our guests are leaving us in all haste."

(To be continued.)

THE FASHIONS.

FROM ENGLISHWOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

CHEMISES russes or garibaldiis, as they are still called in England, in spite of all the modifications they have undergone, will be much worn this winter in white for evening or dinner toilettes, in foulard, cashmere, or fine flannel for the day time.

Small neckties or cravats are quite the rage just now; they have, in fact, become almost indispensable with the small collars straight at the back, with small turned-down corners in front, which are now worn. Here are some of the newest patterns. A black gros-grains silk ribbon; the ends are worked with a pattern in gold beads and finished off with a fringe of small gold sequins hanging on by tiny gold chains.

A Turkish green ribbon, edged on each side with a narrow border of soft brown silk plush, imitation fur; the ends are finished off with long fringes of waved silk.

Another favourite style is a row of large white moon daisies brocaded in silver, with gold centres, over blue, crimson, or violet ribbons.

Small round violettos are quite superseded by large veils; these are twenty-seven inches long; they are square, only rounded a little at the top to fit on to the shape of the bonnet better, and are made either of lace or of black grenadine tulle, worked round with patterns in appliqué of blank blonde or fine guipure; some are merely

hemmed round; the hem at the bottom is very wide.

Bonnets remain small, and are not very much trimmed. The following are the newest we have seen:—

A bonnet with a white tulle crown, arranged in bouillons, divided by narrow rouleaux of green velvet; ornament with flowers formed of jet beads. Inside a pleating of velvet rouleaux, and strings of jet beads. Green velvet strings, finished off at the ends with a fringe of jet beads.

A bonnet with a black tulle crown, formed of bouillons divided by branches of small flowrets of blue velvet and jet beads; the brim and curtain of plain blue velvet. Black velvet flowers inside. Strings partly blue velvet, partly black moire, brocaded with blue flowers.

Large flowers are fashionable for trimming bonnets; they are made of velvet, chenille, or plush. Among rather eccentric novelties we have noticed beautifully imitated chestnuts bursting from their green shells; thistle-flowers of spun gold, with prickly envelopes and stems; and, lastly, large snails, with shells of red velvet, and a body of some plushy white material; the shape is perfectly copied from nature, eyes and horns included, but the colours are rather strange.

The present mode of arranging the hair is very fanciful; curls, both frised and long, bandeaux, and plaits, are mixed in pretty confusion. The coiffures suited to this chaotic style of hair-dressing are mostly soft, supple strips of ribbon of gold or silver braid, upon which are placed tufts of flowers, and which can be passed in and out between curls, plaits, and bandeaux, according to taste. Imitations of long, soft green reeds are also used instead of ribbon or braid. Bunches of clear green grapes, sprinkled with a sort of silver dew, form very lovely coiffures; China asters, with petals of silver bouillon and gold centres, look well upon coloured ribbon.

For winter mantles, the tight-fitting casaque seems that most generally adopted. They are scalloped or vandyked round the edge, trimmed round with thick gimp cord. Velvet and plush casaques require ornaments of gimp, jet, or steel, and guipure lace; many fancy stamped braids are also used for demi-toilettes; they are either all of one colour or the plush only black, upon a coloured wool; others are speckled or dotted, of two colours, black and red, or violet, blue, or brown. These paletots are half fitting, and have small hoods at the back, lined with coloured silk, and trimmed with twisted gimp cord of two colours. Fewer paletots or casaques with belts over them are worn than was expected at the beginning of the autumn. The materials for winter over-garments are much too thick to admit of these belts. Some, however, are seen even over velvet or cloth casaques; but they are not very becoming, and make the waist look thick.

Most of the new dresses we have seen are made in the Princess shape, with large double pleats at the back of the skirt. The bottom is cut out in scallops, vandykes, or square notches, and trimmed with velvet, braid, or gimp cord. Gimp buttons or tassels are placed upon the pleats at the back. The sleeves are tight, and fastened from top to bottom on the outside with a row of buttons.

Walking dresses are looped up over petticoats, which are often more elaborately trimmed than the dress itself. They are sufficiently short to show the high kid boot, made with double cork soles, to preserve the feet from the wet. This, with a paletot and bonnet or hat, completes the walking dress for the winter season. Speaking of hats, they are made of many fanciful shapes, the two favourite ones being the tricorne and the toque. The former has a low crown and a turned-up brim with three points; they are made of velvet, and lined with coloured satin; a small bird is placed in front. The toque is quite round; it is trimmed with velvet and a curled feather. Black velvet hats are ornamented with the tails of bright coloured birds streaming on one side. Hats are more seen in Paris this autumn than they have ever been at such a season of the year. Most elegant toilettes are completed by velvet tricorne or toques. We do not know whether this fashion will continue through the winter.

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES.

1. The name of a famous English town.
To nothing add ten
Through films of two score;
Join these together
With five hundred more.

2. From five take five, and in the vacant place put five hundred twice, and fifty once, and you will obtain that which will move five hundred as easily as five.

3. What is the length of a fish whose head is nine inches long, his tail as long as his head and half his back, and his back as long as his head and tail together?

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What single letter of a foreign alphabet expresses an English title of nobility?

2. Why is a sewing machine like the letter S?

3. Why was the Nacchina deluge like the French revolution?

4. What bridge in Italy is like the Victoria bridge at Montreal?

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

Publications of the day.

- To friar Umuendu.
- Thus marvels art war side.
- The aim win won.
- Don Yaclol.
- Kind heart.

CHARADES.

1. What Adam never was, if fame tell true,
But all his race have been, ay even you,
Though not in learning or in wisdom versed
Look but on this and you'll perceive my *first*.

And if my *second* you would fain espy
You've but to rob the lion of his "eye,"
And for my *whole* behold a mighty town
Of by-gone ages and of great renown.

2. If my *first* live much longer a man he will be
In my *second* reversed a bright colour you'll see,
The steps of my *whole*, I shall not stop to count
them,
Will lead you to eminence if you will mount them.

3. My *first* is where much cash is often spent,
And where when caught a thief is always sent,
My *second*'s that for which all men do strive,
When they to market go my *whole* to drive.

4. My *first* asserts your power to do,
My *second* that you've done it;
Pray be my *whole*, and tell us now
All you know about it.

PROBLEM.

To point out the fallacy in the following—"If it rains it doesn't rain."

Granted—It must either rain or not rain—therefore if it does one it can't do the other—therefore if it rains it doesn't rain.

ANAGRAM.

Het enavims eteag fo tricsamuecon
Era drunet no roedsevelt nighe;
Nad tawh ew emdo eth steerm heocan,
Sialh vige ot ilfo sit fater gniot.
Eth aydl frit-el fo uro visle,
Teh moenom nigath ew ro'en lecarl;
Feorhow eth ery'mm racoes ruvaives,
Seeth ear het sinag-rinnipe fotra lai.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, &c., &c., No. 11.

BIRDIE.—Lily (lie-lie.)
CHARADE.—1 Night-in-gales. 2. Toronto. 3. Mat-ri-mony. 4. Meerchaum (the answer as the charade was proposed—the omission of the "s" was not noticed when copy was handed to printer.)

CONUNDRUMS.—1 A Cock Robin. 2. Because their Pa steals (Pastilles.) 3. Et tu Brute. 4. Desdemona (Deres de monic.) 5. Because all their works are wick-ed and all their wick-ed works are brought to light.

PUZZLES.—1 Grandson. 2 CIVIL.

ANAGRAM.—Think not because the eye is bright
And smiles are laughing there,
The heart that beats within is light
And free from pain and care.
A blush may tinge the darkest cloud
Ere day's last beams depart,
And underneath the summer's smile,
May lurk the saddest heart.

The following answers have been received:

Riddle.—Peter H. H. V. Cloud.

Charades.—All, Nemo; 2nd, 3rd, 4th, A. A. Oxon; 2nd and 4th, Peregrine P.; Themistocles; Peter; H.; Ellen Amelia; Gloriana; 2nd Artist; 4th, Fintry.

Conundrums.—1st, 3rd, and 4th, A. A. Oxon; 3rd and 4th, Peter; 4th Nemo, Ellen Amelia; 5th, Fintry.

Puzzles.—Both, Themistocles, A. A. Oxon; Peter; H.; Gloriana; Ellen Amelia, Nemo; Peregrine P.; 1st Artist.

Anagram.—Ellen Amelia, Fintry, Artist; Nemo; Gloriana; H.; Themistocles; A. A. Oxon; Peter, Peregrine P.

The following were received too late to acknowledge last week:

Elizabeth F. Jessie F. A. R. P.

CHESS

WE this week commence our long promised Chess Column. Delay in procuring the type and other causes have led us to trespass upon the patience of our readers; but we trust now the column is fairly inaugurated that it will lead to much pleasant intercourse between our Friends and the Editor, as well as awaken an increased interest in the noble game amongst our subscribers generally.

Arrangements for p i a match by telegraph were completed long time since between the Quebec and Montreal Clubs. By the courtesy of the Montreal Telegraph Company, the telegraph was placed at the disposal of the players. We give below one of the best games—the match is still proceeding.

QUEBEC.

WHITE.

MR. ———

MONTREAL.

BLACK.

JACOB G. ASCHER.

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

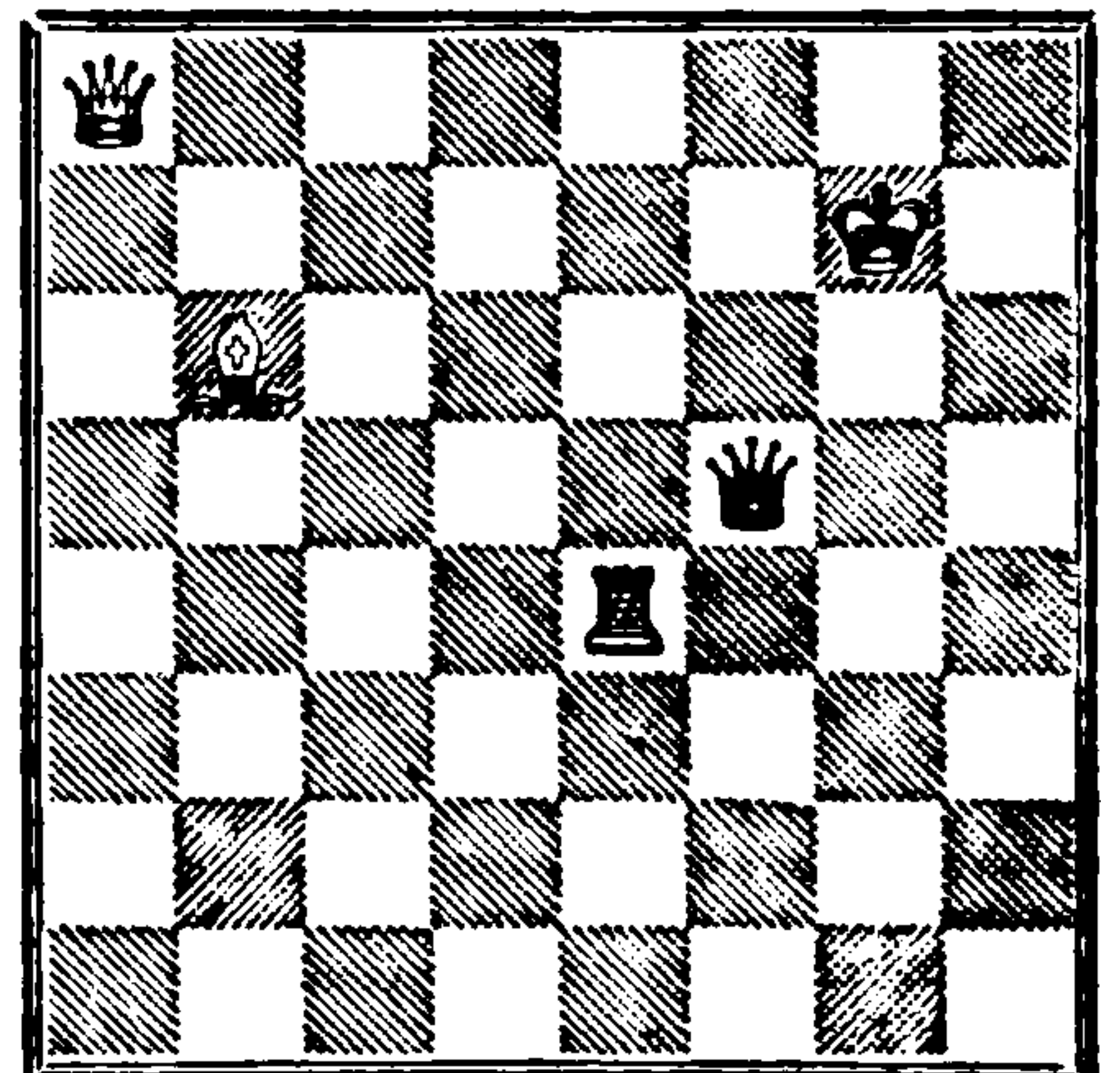
- | | |
|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 P. to 4th. | P. to K. 4th. |
| 2 K. Kt. to B. 3rd. | K. Kt. to B. 3rd. |
| 3 B. to Q. B. 4th. | P. to Q. 4th. |
| 4 P. takes P. | P. to K. 5th. |
| 5 K. Kt. to K. 5th. | K. B. to Q. 3rd. |
| 6 P. to Q. 4th. | Castles. |
| 7 Q. B. to K. Kt. 5th. | P. to K. R. 3rd. |
| 8 B. to K. R. 4th. | Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd. |
| 9 P. to Q. B. 3rd. | B. takes Kt. |
| 10 P. takes B. | Kt. takes P. |
| 11 Q. to Q. 4th. | Kt. takes B. |
| 12 B. takes Kt. | Q. takes B. |
| 13 K. takes Kt. | B. to K. Kt. 5th. |
| 14 ——— | Q. R. to K. sq. |
| 15 K. to R. sq. | B. to K. B. 6th. |
| 16 P. takes B. | Q. takes P. (ch.) |
| 17 K. to Kt. sq. | R. to K. 4th. |
| 18 Q. takes B. P. | R. takes Q. (ch.) |
| 19 Q. to Kt. 3rd. | P. to K. 6th. |
| 20 R. P. takes R. | P. to K. 7th. |
| 21 Kt. to R. 3rd. | R. to K. sq. |
| 22 K. R. to K. sq. | Q. takes Q. P. |
| 23 Kt. to Q. B. 2nd. | Q. to K. B. 6th. |
| 24 Kt. to K. 3rd. | R. to Q. sq. |
| 25 Q. R. to B. sq. | R. to Q. 8th. |
| 26 Q. R. to Q. B. 2nd. | Q. to Q. 6th. |
| 27 Kt. to K. Kt. 2nd. | |

Resigns.

PROBLEMS.

BY M. D'ORVILLE OF ANTWERP.

WHITE.



BLACK.

White to play and mate in two moves.

GREAT AND LITTLE.—There would be no great ones, if there were no little ones.

SPURIOUS GENTILITY.—Uneasy and ambitious gentility is always spurious gentility. The garment which one has long worn, never sits uncomfortable.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BLANK.—Blank enough—glad to see that your leisure moments are so well employed.

G. H. H.—The MS. is to hand—may be compelled to hold it over for a week or two. Much obliged.

PERGAMUS P.—If short and practical, the article would be acceptable.

W. P. LUCAS.—"My Diary, or America in the Midst of War," has not been republished on this side of the Atlantic. The work is expensive, and is not kept in stock by booksellers here, but it can be procured from England in about six weeks; probable price, nine dollars. Will be happy to order it for you.

A. A. OXEN.—Much obliged.

H. S. L., HAMILTON.—We cannot altogether discard politics from the READER, nor do we think our paper is less welcome in the family circle because some space is devoted to the discussion of the topics of the day. To meet the wishes of many of our friends—yourself included—we have determined to give, for a few weeks, two extra pages of our leading story, "Half a Million of Money."

AGAMEMNON.—We fear your second experiment will be attended with results no less brilliant than the first.

W. H. B.—Aliquid.—Our arrangements are completed for the present.

EROSTRATUS.—You will probably need to exercise that golden virtue—"Patience." What would you suggest to render the exterior more attractive?

PETER.—We are always happy to receive your "suggestions."

H. S., AYLMER.—Forward your subscription in a registered letter, and we will mail the READER to your address. Can send the back numbers.

ERNA L.—Miss Amelia Edwards is the authoress of "Half a Million of Money."

R. C.—We give the lines below:

GALEN AND THE CITY FATHERS.

'Twas in the infancy of great New York,
When all the northern suburb of the city
Was foul with filth, bog, and dirty work;
There Galen killed, or cured, less wise than witty,
He threw apace, for folks were sure to be sick,
But, sick or well,
'Twas hard to tell
Which was the worst to take—his joke or physic.

Near by the Doctor's house, to his distress,
Reposed a slough of reeking rottenness,
A miasmatic generator,
A fathom deep, or thereabouts, I guess,
Tho' fame, which often makes the great the greater,
Reported that the mud was bottomless.
Sir Galen often warned the City Fathers
To drain the bog, and take the stench away,
But nothing came of all their long palavers,
Until, at last, upon a chilly day
A vicious horse caught 'twixt his teeth, the bit,
And, rushing onward at a rattling canter,
The bog ahead—made one great leap in it,
And dumped a brace of "Fathers" in the centre.

No help was rank or Aldermanic suavity,
Each desperate wriggle only sank them lower,
Outranked by that 'en bog pervading power,
Th' impartial law of gravity.
Out ran the Doctor, when he heard the clatter,
With twinkling eyes and mouth of wide extension;
"The bog," quoth he,
"At last I see,
Is having your attention,
I'm glad to see you stirring in this matter."

If some such catastrophe should befall a brace or two of our City Fathers, it might cause them to stir in matters which need their serious attention. A lively roll in the rivers of mud which sometimes disgrace our streets, might prove as efficacious as the leap in the New York bog, celebrated above by our correspondent.

W. R. J., ST. URBAIN ST.—Thanks! have you more equally good?

JAS. R.—Unless otherwise stipulated, where an opponent gives the odds of a pawn it must be the king's bishop's pawn.

H. F. B.—The pieces, especially the longer, are smoothly written, but are scarcely up to the mark for publication.

GEORGE L.—We are compelled to decline your proposition.

SCIENTIFIO AND USEFUL.

A new material for paper-making has just been discovered in France. With the root of lucerne M. Caminado has succeeded in making a pulp which can be employed jointly with rags in the manufacturing of paper, and even separately.

MANUFACTORIES OF INDIARUBBER ARTICLES.—There are now in America and Europe more than 150 manufactories of indiarubber articles, employing from 400 to 500 operatives each, and consuming more than 10,000,000 of pounds of gum per annum. The business, too, is considered to be still in its infancy. Certainly it is increasing. Nevertheless there is no possibility of the demand exceeding the supply. The belt of land around the globe, 500 miles north and 500 south of the equator, abounds in trees producing the gum, and they can be tapped, it is said, for twenty successive seasons. Forty-three thousand of these trees were counted in a tract of country thirty miles long and three wide. Each tree yields an average of three table-spoonsful of sap daily, but the trees are so close together that one man can gather the sap of eighty in a day.

The Madeira bone-cave, which Dr. Adams discovered in 1863, on the south-west coast of Malta, and which he named after the Phœnician mines close by, is to be further explored, the Geological Section having voted 30*l.* for the purpose. In 1864, Dr. Adams worked at it divers times, until the British Association sent a grant enabling him to clear out fifty-four feet of the cave, which was filled with red earth and stalactite. Here he found sixty to eighty teeth, and numerous fragments of bones, of at least two species of elephant, one a perfect pigmy, the other of larger size, but scarcely equal to the smallest Asiatic elephant; besides vast quantities of a gigantic rat, laud tortoise, and swan—the last of colossal dimensions. It has been named *Signus falconerii*, after the distinguished palæontologist, the late Dr. Falconer. Dr. Adams will continue his researches during the winter months.

ANOTHER NEW GUNPOWDER.—Near Potsdam, in Prussia, gunpowder is being manufactured from wood on something like the gun-cotton principle. It is now some years since we first heard of the conversion of sawdust into an explosive by means of acids on the gun-cotton principle; but Captain Schulze, of Potsdam, appears to have carried out the invention into a practical manufacture. By machinery he cross-cuts beech and other timber into very thin veneers, which are easily crumbled into a coarse-grained powder or sawdust, which is then exposed to the action of acids, probably in much the same way that cotton is to form gun-cotton. The grains are thus reduced in size, and rendered explosive when dried, without yielding either smoke or smell in the combustion, but giving a brilliant light suitable for pyrotechnic displays.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

"No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician. "Can't be, though!" exclaimed Jones. "Don't I get up at seven o'clock six mornings every week against my will?"

A oooh deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as aclaelsing as the assurance of the man to his wife when she fell into the river: "You'll find ground at the bottom, my dear."

As innkeeper observed a postilion with only one spur, and inquired the reason. "Why, what would be the use of another?" said the postilion, "if one side of the horse goes, the other can't stand still."

"ALL morning bitters have a beating tendency or effect," said a doctor to a young lady.—"You will except a bitter cold morning, won't you, doctor?" inquired the lady.

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.—Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

The story of the endeavour to tamper with the loyalty of the Irish soldier during Smith O'Brien's rebellion is very characteristic of the British soldier in general. "Surely, if you saw Shane, or any of your friends in our ranks, you wouldn't fire on them?"—"Be dad," was the answer, "if the next man was my own mother, I'd shoot him if I got the order."

CON. FROM THE MELBOURNE "PUNCH."—Why is a man at work in the north-western portion of Hindustan like our youngest contributor when manufacturing a joke?—He is engaged on the Punjaub (pun job).

BY A MARRIED WOMAN.—"My opinion is, that if men were always straightforward in their ways and actions, there would be fewer 'tottering limbs' borne to our doors—especially at night—and no getting up shaky in the morning."

THE HOUSE OF THE ALTAR.—We hear that his Holiness the Pope has given positive orders that all his bulls shall be kept within the precincts of the Vatican while the cattle disease is rife.

QUITE OBVIOUS.—It would never answer for two ill-tempered men to go up together in a balloon, because they would be so likely to fall out on the way.

ONE very cold night a doctor was aroused from his slumber by a very loud knocking at his door. After some hesitation he went to the window, and asked, "Who's there?"—"A friend," was the answer.—"What do you want?"—"Want to stay here all night."—"Stay there, then," was the benevolent reply.

A CURIOUS law case has been tried in France, to discover who was the rightful owner of a well. Swearing and complication were going on about the matter, to a lengthy extent, when the judge, astonished, exclaimed, "But this is all about a little water. What can it matter so very much, that you should both put yourselves to so much trouble and expense about it?" "Monsieur," replied one of the advocates, dryly, "the pleaders are, both of them, wine merchants." The value and significance were seen at once, and created a roar of laughter.

A HUMORIST PIQUED.—Theodore Hook was relating to his friend, Charles Mathews, how on one occasion, when supping in company with Peake, the latter surreptitiously removed from his plate several slices of tongue; and, affecting to be very much annoyed by such practical joking, Hook concluded with the question, "Now, Charles, what would you do to anybody who treated you in such a manner?" "Do?" exclaimed Mathews, "if any man meddled with my tongue, I'd lick him."

A MILKMAN the other day, in speaking of the dulness of the market, said, "I can't make anything now-a-days, there is so much composition in the business." He probably told the truth unwittingly.

A South Carolina editor says that money is now so scarce in that State, that when two dollars meet, they are such strangers to each other that their respective owners have to introduce them.

An old lady, when told of her husband's death, exclaimed, "Well, I do declare, our troubles never come alone. It ain't a week since I lost my best hen, and now Mr. Thompson has gone too, poor man!"

A man having a very stingy wife, she, on one occasion, received his friends in the drawing-room with a single candle. "Be pleased, my dear," said he, "to let us have a second candle, that we may see where the other stands."

A SMALL manufacturer in Fife was lately taking his usual morning walk in his garden, previous to his beginning the labours of the day, when he heard a blackbird pouring forth his sweet melodious strains. Our worthy friend, looking up, thus addressed the feathered songster: "It's gay an easy for you, frien', tae whustle there, when ye hinna a bill tae meet the day." That he did the bird injustice we are sure he will readily acknowledge, when he learns that the blackbird had actually a *bill* to *meet* that day.

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tice here—there are no patches. She has again preferred to ply her tongue to her needle, and her husband suffers accordingly. But squalid and miserable as many of these localities are, they possess "one touch of nature," which tends, to a certain extent to enliven them. The air resounds with singing birds, for these feathered poets are great favourites with the lower orders, and there is scarcely a window you pass, from whence you do not catch

"The jabbate of the cooed lark,
The thrush or the gregarious linnet."

On my way one Sunday to St. Patrick's Cathedral I counted outside one dismal-looking building about a dozen cages, and, turning a corner, came upon a crowd assembled to witness a bird show. There were about fifty cages, hung up against the railings of the Four Courts, and the spectators were critically discussing the respective merits of the imprisoned songsters.

I have mentioned the Cathedral of St. Patrick. It has, as all the world knows by this time, been rebuilt by the munificence and at sole cost of Mr. Guinness, the celebrated porter brewer, who expended upon it no less a sum than £200,000 sterling. The late Thomas Molson, a brewer of Montreal, also built a church and an university or college at his sole expense, and a brother of the same firm built the new wing of McGill College; and has agreed to build the spire of Trinity Church.

The Cathedral of St. Patrick stands on the site of the old building, which is said to very near the well in which St. Patrick first baptized his converts. In carrying out his munificent work, it was Mr. Guinness's wish to produce a *fac simile* of the old building without curtailment or addition. This, I am told, has been accurately accomplished. The Cathedral, which is cruciform, consists of a nave, transepts, choir and Lady's chapel, for which piece of architectural information I am indebted to my guide book. It is a handsome and imposing edifice, but it is situated in one of the poorest quarters of the city, and the approach to it is equally unfortunate. In fact, it may be pronounced a splendid jewel in a miserable setting.

Returning from the Cathedral I had the opportunity of witnessing an Irish funeral, or rather, a funeral procession. A hearse and four, decorated with some dirty white plumes, was going along full trot, followed by upwards of fifty jaunting cars, six people in each, all dressed in the height of fashion, the ladies, especially coming out strong in all the colours of the rainbow, and both men and women gaily talking as if the melancholy business they were about was a decidedly pleasant affair. "Ah, Lord rest ye," was an Irish beggar's retort to a well known miser, who had refused him assistance, "Lord rest ye, sir, sure there'll be many a *dry eye* when ye love as." There were plenty of "dry eyes" upon the present occasion, but I was informed that I should not regard the fact as evincing any want of respect for the deceased. On the contrary, the long procession of cars that followed told that he or she was held in high esteem, as no invitations are issued to these funerals; but those who choose, come of their own free will and at their own expense—a very sensible arrangement.

I mentioned just now that some of the streets of Dublin reminded me of the west end of London, and I think this is an idea that will strike most strangers as they walk up Sackville street, or through St. Stephen's green, or Merrion square—the latter, by the way, famous as containing the former residence of the Liberator Daniel O'Connell. But there is one particular element lacking in Dublin which is observable in the "Great Metropolis"—an evidence of wealth.

You may fancy yourself in Bond st., St. James' street, or Grosvenor square; but where are the gay equipages, the showy, highly trained horses, the smart, trim coachman, nicely balanced on his hammer cloth, his wig neatly curled, his ribbons well in hand; and where, oh! where is the inimitable "Jeames" with his hair well plastered and powdered, and his gorgeous calves, of which he is so proud, set off by resplendent plush and silk? All are lacking. In truth it appeared to me that well appointed equipages in Dublin

were the exception not the rule. Indeed I saw but few really fine horses during my week's sojourn in Ireland. Those that came under my notice were small in size, seldom reaching above fifteen hands, but full of fire as a match, and not altogether free from vice, owing, I expect, a good deal to inefficient training; they were exceedingly restless. Perhaps they were four-legged Fenians.

The visitor to Dublin, if he has, as I had, but a short time to stay there, should hail a jaunting-car—the fares are cheap, the drivers are civil, and he can ride a good distance for a "quarter,"—let him drive round Phoenix-Park through the leading streets and squares—so as to obtain a general idea of the place—and then run through the principal buildings, which mostly lie pretty close together. By all means let him see that beautiful Ionic structure the Bank of Ireland, formerly the Irish Parliament House, where the fiery eloquence of Grattan, Plunkett, Curran, and other famous men once reverberated.—Let him visit, too, the Trinity College, with its fine quadrangle and noble spacious pleasure grounds;—not there, as in our McGill acres, sold to pay Professors' salaries—the Four Courts, still the focus of Irish oratory, wisdom and wit; the castle where so many state plots have been hatched, and plots against the state frustrated;—let him see all this, and a good deal more if he have time, and having, satiated himself with sights, let him return to his hotel, as I did (my quarters being the Hibernian), and dine sumptuously off a fresh delicate Dublin Bay herring, exquisitely cooked, with a cutlet and tomato sauce to follow;—then, having sipped his modicum of port, sherry, or claret, and smoked just one well flavoured old Havannah, he may retire to bed, in the full assurance that he has cause to be grateful to the gods that, unlike Titus, he has not lost a day.

This paper, I might if I were a member of the Montreal Literary Club, have given there, not in rivalry to our great Irish orator's paper on Oxford; but if your readers think it possesses any merit and should any of them be a member, and will propose me (I enclose my card), I shall not consider the compliment a slender one. R.E.X.

VOICES OF NATURE.*

WHEN the glorious sun sends forth his brilliant rays on a fair May morning, and all the earth and heavens are clad in magnificent grandeur, we are furnished with ample, satisfactory and conclusive proof of one thing at least. It is then a self-evident truth that the sun is not obscured by great black hazy clouds, and that the earth is not being saturated with rain. Is not this a ridiculous thing to write—ridiculous because of its simplicity, because everybody knows it? And yet we meet with little sayings and big sayings put forth in big print and in little print, trumpeted forth by little orators and big orators every week day, and sometimes on a Sunday, equally ridiculous because equally simple, self-evident and well known. If this is true,—we mean the sentiment,—and it would be bordering on the ridiculous to cover a page in demonstrating it, then we surely are not without precedent—a most excellent thing—for writing down another simple, self-evident truth. Critics have said that Shakespere was a great poet. We say, quite right. Other critics have said that Dryden, Pope, Byron, Moore, Scott, &c., were all great poets in their respective ways. Again we say, quite right. Critics now say that Tennyson is a great sweet singer, and there can be little doubt of it. These are all self-evident truths which everybody should know. Let us make another statement of a similar kind. We say William Cullen Bryant is a sweet poet; and who will dispute it? Who can read over the following verses on a scene on the banks of the Hudson, and not be convinced that their author is a Poet?

Cool shades and dews are rounding way,
And silence of the early day;
'Mid the dark rocks that watch his bed,
Glitters the mighty Hudson spread,
Unrippled save by drops that fall
From shrubs that fringe his mountain wall;
And o'er the clear still water swells
The music of the Sabbath bells.

* Voices of Nature. By William Cullen Bryant. Montreal: Richard Worthington.

All, save this little nook of land,
Circled with trees, on which I stand;
All, save that line of hills which lie
Suspended in the mimic sky—
Seems a blue void, above, below,
Through which the white clouds come and go;
And from the green world's farthest steep
I gaze into the airy deep.

It does not require any extraordinary stretch of imagination to form a pretty accurate conception of the scene here described. Then, can anything be more exquisite than this beautifully poetic idea?

Loveliest of lovely things are they,
On earth that soonest pass away,
The rose that lives its little hour
Is prized beyond the sculptured flower.
Even love, long tried and cherished long,
Becomes more tender and more strong,
At thought of that insatiate grave
From which its yearnings cannot save.

River! in this still hour thou hast
Too much of heaven on earth to last;
Nor long may thy still waters lie,
An image of the glorious sky.
Thy fate and mine are not repose;
And ere another evening close,
Thou to thy tides shall turn again,
And I to seek the crowd of men.

We will make one more extract of four little stanzas from the little book before us, which, by the way, is one of a series of cheap poetic works (fifty cents each) now publishing by Appleton & Co., of New York, under the title "Companion Poets for the People." These little books are printed in the very best style on ruled paper, and beautifully illustrated. It is surprising that they can be sold at such a low price.

These four verses are from a short poem entitled "A Summer Rumble." The poet is speaking of the month of August.

Oh, how unlike those merry hours,
In early June when earth laughs out,
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout;
When in the grass sweet voices talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell;
But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground,
The blessing of supreme repose.
Away! I will not be, to day,
The only slave of toil and care.
Away from desk and dust! away!
I'll be as idle as the air.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE.*

By the courtesy of the publisher we have been furnished with the advance proof sheets of Heavysege's new book—*The Advocate of Montreal*—now in press. We scarcely know in what terms to speak of this work. It is a novel, but a novel, both in design and execution, of a wholly original order. The author has called forth an entirely new set of characters, and has succeeded admirably in making each act his part with perfect ease and readiness.

The advocate himself is the character of the book; in him we have a man of extraordinary abilities, "the credit of a noble English house," but in whom early acquired habits of dissipation had uprooted the great principles of morality, and prostituted talents of the rarest order from the great purposes of life,—talents which if rightly applied, would have elevated the man to the very foremost position amongst his fellows. In this successful, clever, dissipated lawyer—a man of most generous impulses, a man of most enlarged ideas, but a man of woefully loose principles, Mr. Heavysege finds full scope for those fine dramatic powers of which he is possessed in no ordinary degree.

The other characters of the book are all more or less interesting, and, contrary to our experience of the majority of modern novels, are well sustained throughout the work, never being placed in unnatural situations, or made to speak or act differently to what we would expect. The plot itself is one of sterling interest, and most skillfully and artistically worked out. *The Advocate* ought to become, and we doubt not will become, a very popular work of fiction, not only in Montreal, where its local interest will undoubtedly secure it a very large sale, but with novel readers all over the continent.

* *The Advocate*. By Charles Heavysege. In press. R. Worthington, Montreal.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Worthington's New Priced Catalogue of his Stock of Standard, Medical, Law, Scientific, &c., Books which will be sent free on application, is now ready.
- Home Heroes, Saints, and Martyrs. By T. S. Arthur. Cl. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- What Came Afterwards. A Novel. By T. S. Arthur. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Bezzum. The Humburg of the World. Cl. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Bourne. Handbook of the Steam-Engine, containing all the Rules required for the right Construction and Management of Engines of every Class, with the easy Arithmetical Solution of those Rules. Constituting a Key to the "Catechism of the Steam-Engine." By John Bourne, C. E. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sir Jasper's Tenant. A Novel. By Miss M. E. Bradon. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. 5. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Charles (Mrs.) Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family. Diary of Kitty Freylyan. The Early Dawn. 3 vols. 16 mo. 75c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Fairy Book. By Sophie May. Illus. 60 cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Idyls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Foot-Laureate. Sm. 4to. \$3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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- Farrington Editions of Tennyson's Works. \$3.50.
- Farrington Edition Complete in 1 vol. Full Gilt. \$2.75.
- Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, in 3 vols. London. \$3.75.
- Journal of Bugaio de Guérin. London. \$1.50.
- The Gold Thread. By Norman McLeod, D.D. 62 cts.
- Æop. The Fables of Æop, with a Life of the Author. Illustrated with 111 Engravings from Original Designs by Herrick. Cr. 8vo. \$2.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Atlantic Tales. A Collection of Stories from the "Atlantic Monthly." 12mo. \$2.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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THE DIAMOND BROOCH.

"HUGH'S come home! Uncle Hugh's come home!" should the merry children of Carleton Grange.

"Master Hugh's come back safe and sound, God bless him!" repeated the old servants one to another.

Yes, Hugh the hero, the brave, consistent, Christian soldier, whose name had been trumpeted from end to end of our Queen's domains, had at last availed himself of a time of peace to resign the honourable duties he had so faithfully fulfilled, and enjoy a season of well-earned repose in the old home of his childhood.

A hearty welcome was his, from the fraternal greeting of his elder brother—now, alas! the sole representative of the fond father, whose dying blessings had been wasted to him on an Indian battle-field—to the relatives and dependants who thronged the Grange to pay due honour to his coming. There was a banquet to preside at, a ball to open, speeches to make, hands to shake, old friendships to renew, fresh acquaintances to be introduced to, and such a whirl of pleasurable business to be got through, that it was long after midnight when the weary Hugh found himself quietly seated on one side of the fire place in Mrs. Carlton's dressing-room, with his brother on the other, and his brother's wife, a pretty, piquante, little woman, nestling on a low stool at her husband's knee, enjoying the reunion with a loving woman's sympathy in their fraternal affection.

"And, now," said Fred Carlton, when a multiplicity of questions had been asked and answered, "you must tell us if you find us all as much changed as you expected."

"Changed, certainly," Hugh replied, with an amused glance at his sister-in-law, "but not for the worse."

"Merci, monsieur," laughed Eda; "but don't think too well of me because you have seen me on my best behaviour to-day. If I have thrown aside the teasing tricks upon which you used to lecture me so gravely, and in a foolish fit of repentance married Master Fred, don't imagine me grown quite a reformed character like the *belles dames* in novels. I am still lady paramount, and like my own way best."

The hand that was thrown caressingly over her shoulder administered to her a little playful shake. "Don't believe it, Hugh; that one dreadful fright I gave her, when I threatened to join you at Scinde, worked a lasting reformation. She's inclined to rebel sometimes, but I always keep the reins in my own hands."

Hugh laughed at both, and enjoyed the warfare of merry words between them, until Eda again repeated the inquiry, "Do you find us much changed?"

"My time has been short as yet, and my senses almost bewildered by the succession of faces and reminiscences presented to my eyes and ears. Aunt Sandford has aged much. She is still the dignified, resolute-looking, quick-tempered lady of whom we used to stand in some awe as boys; but now she seems querulous and shaken to a degree which her age and excellent health scarcely warrant."

"You are right," said his brother, "she has altered lately."

"She has never been herself," murmured Eda, "since——" and a meaning glance was exchanged by the husband and wife.

"I wonder you did not mention it in your letters," mused Hugh. "And Laura, too—what ails Laura? she has grown wondrously lovely, but I fancied that her manner is haughty and reserved. It is true that I have seen but little of her this evening, but she would neither dance nor sing; and Aunt Sandford, when I appealed to her, said with a frown, 'That it was as well she should not! What does this mean? has her pretty favourite offended her?'"

"Laura is no longer Aunt Sandford's adopted daughter and heiress," Eda replied reluctantly. "She has given her protectress some cause of offence, with which none of us are acquainted; and Mrs. Sandford has openly proclaimed her resolution to leave her nothing more than a small annuity."

"What a scandalous piece of injustice!" exclaimed Hugh indignantly, "is it not?" for his hearers remained silent and looked doubtful.

"Pon my word," was Fred's reply, "I do not know what to say about it. When I attempted to intercede with Mrs. Sandford, she appeared seriously troubled, and solemnly answered me that it was in Laura's power to make her reverse her decision at any moment. The fault which has so deeply angered her, she would not reveal; but declared that on the first expression of penitence, she would again take her adopted child to her bosom, and love her as before."

"That was two years ago," interjected Eda.

"And Laura," asked Hugh, eagerly, "what does she say? how does she bear this?"

Fred looked perplexed, and left his wife to reply; but even she hesitated.

"I scarcely know what to say, dear Hugh. Mrs. Sandford's decision, and the mystery which surrounds the whole affair, has raised a barrier between Laura and all of us. Many, believing her guilty of some crime, avoid her altogether; and others, while they pity, know not what to say or do in such a peculiar case. To this, perhaps, the change in Laura herself is in a degree owing. From a vivacious, frank, affectionate girl, she has become a reserved and silent woman, seeking no sympathy, and making no confidants."

"But why does she remain with her aunt? Such a life is a martyrdom to both."

"Mrs. Sandford's infirmities are the reason of this," Eda hastened to explain. "No irritability or unkindness on her part can induce Laura to delegate to other hands the duties of nursing and waiting upon her; while aunt, beneath her anger—whether just or unjust—retains too much affection for the young girl whom she has so long regarded as her own child to be willing to deprive her of her protection."

"But you have not told me why you never mentioned this when you wrote," repeated Hugh thoughtfully.

"I always leave such gossiping details to Eda," said Fred; and to her they both looked for an explanation.

"I will tell you. Some short time after these unpleasant circumstances occurred, aunt was staying here, and one day when I was scribbling you a volume, dear Hugh, Laura came into the room. Without a thought of distressing her, I mentioned to whom I was writing, and asked what I should say to you for her. She burst into such a passion of tears, and seemed so disturbed, that I determined not to be the first to tell her old friend that she was in dis—in trouble, I mean."

"Don't you think we have kept Hugh out of bed long enough?" asked Fred, as a shadow stole over the party. "Come, my boy, leave the world to fight its own battles; you have done your share of the turmoil. Go to rest and forget it all."

But still Hugh lingered. "And you, Eda," he asked, holding the hand his sister-in-law put into his with her parting salutation, "have you, too, forsaken this poor Laura?"

"Do you not know me better?" and a reproachful tear glistened on Mrs. Carlton's eyelid. "I would be her faithful friend if she would let me. Fred thinks her reserve a spice of womanly obstinacy; but for my part, I believe it to be dictated by a dread of embroiling any of us with Aunt Sandford."

"Good night, and God bless you, dear Eda! It is quite refreshing to meet with a woman who is not afraid to espouse the cause of one who is in trouble." And then, colouring at his own vehemence, Hugh went away.

Despite fatigue and late hours, his soldierly habits made him an early riser, and he was in the garden visiting old nooks and commenting upon recent improvements, when Mrs. Sandford, leaning upon Laura Vivian's arm, came slowly down a sunny walk near the house.

The young man hastened to her. She was pleased by the respectful attention he showed her, and, seated on a garden chair, chatted cheerfully, until a gust of cold wind made her shiver and draw closely around her the shawl Laura hastened to put on her shoulders.

"I must go in," she said, "the morning air is almost too keen for me now. I am sinking into the decrepid old woman, Hugh."

"I do not find you as strong as I expected," he replied; "but there are so few symptoms of the decrepitude of old age, that I should think you might avert its terrors a few years longer. But take my arm; I am of stouter stuff than my cousin Laura."

Mrs. Sandford sighed. "Thank you, I will. Laura is no support to me now."

Hugh could not resist stealing a glance at Miss Vivian as these words—pointed by a tone of sorrowful meaning—were slowly uttered. Her eyes were apparently fixed on some distant object, and her lips closely compressed; but the colour that came and went on her cheek, and the impatient tapping of her foot on the gravel, revealed that the shaft went home.

Mrs. Sandford breakfasted alone, so at the door of her own apartments Hugh left her.

"And you, Laura," he said, "are you also an exclusive, or do you wait for these idle people?"

Laura coldly replied in the negative. She had taken a cup of coffee in her own room an hour ago. And with a bow she was quietly gliding away, when Major Carlton gently detained her.

"Are you very much engaged? Does Mrs. Sandford exact your attendance at her own breakfast table? No? Then take my arm and let us be children once more, and have a stroll across the Park to nurse Grayby's. Nay, Laura, you will not refuse my first request, will you?"

Taken by surprise, she hesitated, blushed, and finally suffering her hand to be slipped through Hugh's arm, forgot for a brief and delightful interval everything but the enjoyment of the present. Half-running to keep pace with the quick strides of her military companion, and laughing, in spite of herself, at his gay speeches, she was ere long in the midst of a scene of the heartiest mirth and hospitality; for nurse Grayby, her stalwart husband, and her five strong sons, all trooped out into the farm-yard to welcome "Maister Hugh," who was taken in triumph into the great farm kitchen, where, in their joy and pride at his visit, "the vary day after he coomed wheam too," they feasted him and his fair cousin so royally, that it was not an easy matter to get away from them at all.

"We will go home by the brook," said Hugh, "and look at the wild roses and honeysuckles. Here they are, as sweet and fresh as if eight years had not passed since I clambered after them! Do you remember how Fred and I tried to weave wreaths for your hat? and how you laughed at our clumsiness?" and as he spoke, he broke off spray after spray of the sweetest and fairest, and put them into her bands.

Laura sighed.

"Those were very happy days, but they will never return."

"Of course not; any more than the tall young lady beside me will dwindle back into the saucy elf who used to plague me with her impish tricks. Do not wish them back, Laura."

"I cannot help it;" and her voice became lower and sadder.

"Try," said Hugh earnestly. "I can see in those eyes, my cousin, that some great sorrow has visited you since we parted. I wish that our kinship gave me the privilege to ask what it is."

She was silent, a look of indescribable pain stealing over her features, and so he went on.

"But whatever the hidden grief may be, dear Laura, rise above it; let it not master you!"

"Can I do this? Have I the strength that should sustain an aching heart in such a long and wearying contest?" she asked this of herself more than of him. "Do you know, Major Carlton—and now she looked steadily at him—"that the trouble you bid me shake off has blighted my life?—that one word from Aunt Sandford's lips would make you—yes, even you—shun and despise me?"

He returned the gaze with an earnest scrutiny, which she met fearlessly: her full blue orbs never shrinking, nor a feature stirring, until his mouth expanded into a smile, irresistibly sweet and tender, and he uttered an emphatic—

"Never, Laura—never!"

Then her eyelashes swept her crimsoning cheeks, and her averted face drooped upon her bosom.

Mutely they went through the flower-garden. From the open windows of the breakfast room came the sound of voices, and the clatter of cups and plates, so at the first door they parted.

In the evening, when the party were united, Laura sat with her embroidery at a distant window, as wholly unnoticed as if she were some beautiful but despised statue; and when Hugh, who saw that her eyes were heavy with weeping, made his way to her side, the old repulsive manner had returned, and left no trace of the gentle companion of his walk; and so it was every day during the remainder of Mrs. Sandford's stay at the Grange. It was only when on rare occasions he won her to a solitary stroll, or no one was by but the gay and kindhearted Eda, that Laura Vivian yielded to the charm of his delicate and brotherly attentions, and was herself again.

Mrs. Sandford returned home to her pretty cottage at Hastings, and thither Hugh followed her. At his first visit she looked gratified, at his second uneasy, and on the third morning, when she saw him sauntering up from the beach by the side of Laura, in whose car he was whispering something which made her smile in spite of herself, she was annoyed, and on his entrance curtly and half-angrily asked him what he had come for?

With manly straightforwardness Major Carlton replied:

"For Laura. My dear, dear cousin, I did not mean to be so abrupt"—for Miss Vivian sank upon a chair in pitiable confusion—"but why should I hesitate, or heat about the bush? If you cannot love me, one word will rid you of my presence; but if you can"—and he took her unresisting hand and bent his knee beside her—"O Laura, what will I not endeavour to repay you for the precious trust!"

"My poor, poor Hugh," said Mrs. Sandford remorsefully, "why have I been so blind? Come away from her! she cannot be yours; she is not worthy."

Hugh laughed fearlessly, and looked into the sweet face, whose shy and conscious blushes were half-hidden by one of the bands which had struggled from his grasp. But Laura, aroused from her trance of bliss, grew deathly pale; and with a piteous, half-frightened air of entreaty extended her arms to her aunt, then dropped listlessly by her sides.

"I would fain spare you," Mrs. Sandford replied to that beseeching gesture, "but I dare not. Stand away from her, Hugh Carlton; stand away, I say, she is a thief!"

Still Hugh knelt there, and his arm stole round the waist of the slight figure beside him.

"Say on, madam."

"I loved and trusted her as my own child!" Mrs. Sandford passionately exclaimed. "God knows that I did until that day. You remember sending me a pair of Indian bracelets? I was ill when the packet arrived, and they were laid in the drawer where I kept all such things until I was able to sit up and find room for them in my jewel-case. It was then that, in replacing its contents, I discovered that a valuable diamond brooch which Laura had always coveted—she averred because it had been her dead mother's—was missing. I knew that the last time the box was in my hands the brooch was safe; and I also knew that no one had access to that drawer but Laura. You look incredulous. You think I have accused her on slight grounds, but it is not so. I had no maid, and my keys were never from under my pillow except when intrusted to Laura, whom I had seen surreptitiously opening this drawer when she thought me asleep. Why, she evaded telling me at the time, and has since refused to confess. I believe that she yielded to a momentary temptation, and painful as it has been to discover that my confidence is misplaced, I have repeatedly promised to bury the past in oblivion if she will but whisper one word of regret for her fault. Oh, Laura, Laura, it is not yet too late—speak! speak!"

"I am innocent, Hugh! Aunt, I am innocent! But why do I repeat this!" wailed Laura; "who

will believe me?" and she strove to rise, but was imprisoned in Hugh's embrace.

"And you persist in marrying her?" said Mrs. Sandford, half-angrily, half-sorrowfully; "you know that she will have nothing from me."

"I only want Laura," was the quiet reply.

"This is madness, Hugh Carlton. When you have looked at the affair in all its bearings you will repent it."

Laura shuddered and tried to withdraw herself, but in vain.

"I have looked in Laura's eyes, madam, and I believe in what I saw there."

"Bless you, dear Hugh," sobbed Laura, "bless you for your faith in me! Aunt Sandford, he does rightly in refusing to hear your predictions, for he will never repent it! Your betrothed promises you this, Hugh Carlton"—and she drew herself up with dignity, her eyes sparkling with happiness—"she, Laura Vivian, who would not put her hand in yours if it were sullied by a theft!"

And so Hugh Carlton and Laura Vivian were married, although somehow the story of Mrs. Sandford's brooch oozed out, and many a one shook their heads, and pitied the infatuated young man who had made so rash a venture. But as the happy pair were affectionate and domesticated enough to find their own society and that of a very few chosen friends sufficient, what the world said never reached their ears, and what it thought they did not trouble themselves to inquire.

Within a year of their marriage a beautiful boy blessed their union, and at his birth Mrs. Sandford, who had hitherto kept aloof, wrote a letter of congratulation. And when she heard that Laura's health continued so delicate that the physician recommended a change to a milder air, affection predominated, and she sent such a pressing invitation to Major and Mrs. Carlton to come to Hastings, that her adopted child persuaded Hugh to accept it.

At first Mrs. Sandford was so cool and constrained that Major Carlton—who was touched on any point which concerned his lovely young wife—regretted that he had been coaxed into coming; but when the baby was brought in and exhibited with all the pride and fondness of a young mother, the good lady thawed, and in the course of twenty-four hours became positively genial, and as deeply interested in nursery topics as Laura herself.

Like all elderly matrons, she was horrified at the departure from the muffings and robings inflicted on babies in olden times; and when baby's mamma proceeded to carry the young gentleman into the garden without any covering but a light hood, her alarm broke out into words.

"That dear child will catch its death!—it will, I am sure. Don't tell me, Mrs. Carlton; it is madness, positive madness! Ring for Brett! Brett!"—when that damsel made her appearance, "here are the keys of my wardrobe; on the top shelf you will find a small Indian shawl. Bring it here to wrap round Master Carlton."

The shawl accordingly was brought, but not used without some faint resistance on Laura's part.

"Indeed, dear aunt, it is too good. I remember it used to be a favourite wrap of your own when you were unwell."

"I have not worn it for some time—the bright colours seem to fatigue my eyes; and if I do not begrudge it to Master Fred, you need not."

So Mrs. Sandford herself carefully folded the soft light fabric, and was enveloping the young gentleman in its folds, when an exclamation from Laura made her pause.

"What is the matter?"

"I do not know," said Mrs. Carlton, exhibiting her white arm with a small stream of blood trickling down it. "There must be a pin somewhere here."

Mrs. Sandford carefully examined the shawl, and ere long drew a glittering article of jewelry from the long, heavy fringe. With a look it would be difficult to describe, she held it up, and Laura screamed loudly to her husband, who was discussing a cigar in the conservatory—

"Hugh! Hugh, my own dear love, it is found! The brooch—the diamond brooch! See, see! it is here!"

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bring something for him. Could I bear that what I brought him was death? And the other, among so many clever and healthy children, is the only one sick, and less intelligent than they; he depends upon us altogether; he is always holding by his mother's finger or carried in my arms. Besides, perhaps he will grow stronger; and then how happy we shall be!"

"In short, sir, of all the things you possess you will give up nothing in exchange for riches."

"But I wish to be rich; other people are rich. My neighbour, Mr. Hemp, has twelve children; yet he is very rich."

"Would you change with him altogether?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"That's no matter; but, for instance, his children are very inferior to mine. I should like to be in his situation, but not to be himself."

"Well, I see you are like other people. You want to keep what you have got and to add something more. But that's not the bargain. You may have something else, but not something more."

"Then I must bear my cross as I can. There's no help. Farewell, sir."

And now there appeared at the entrance a presence more splendid and more imposing than any of the former. Her carriage, for it was a lady, was seen at the door; her footmen officiously put aside the crowd at the entrance, and she came forward, richly dressed, beautiful and graceful, and with the conscious ease of one who attracted all eyes and disappointed none. Everybody made way; a chair was set for her by the officious attendants, and she placed herself, with a slight pleasant movement of acknowledgment, beside the counter. What could that adorned and favoured being wish for more? With health, wealth, beauty, liberty, and a kindly nature such as she showed, was it possible that she could covet anything further? Mr. Destiny seemed to have these ideas in his head, for he inquired,

"Is there anything, madam, for which you can form a wish?"

"I wish to be happy," said the lady.

"Alas!" said Destiny, "if you are not happy, who can be so?"

"I don't come to argue on the fact," said the lady, "I only state what I wish."

"True, madam, I beg your pardon," answered Mr. Destiny. "I have only to ascertain which among your many advantages you will resign for the attainment of it. Now, you must allow me to observe that if a person who has every external means which creates happiness is not happy, the sacrifice of all those means is worth while to become so."

"Most true," said the lady.

"The sacrifice of all advantages may be required in exchange for happiness."

"It is worth them all," answered the lady.

"At the same time," continued Destiny, "there is a sort of happiness derived from external things which has its attractions. It is pleasant to have a habitation upon which everybody congratulates you, to have unbounded means of meriting whithersoever you will, to carry such a figure into society as shall make 'many a sudden friend,' to be able to give largely, spend without control, and so on."

"Yes," said the lady, "they are things to be enjoyed when one is happy. They add to happiness, but they don't give it."

"Well said," answered Mr. Destiny. "Then let us proceed to business—"

"But, first, I must observe," said the lady, "that the possession of external advantage, such as you have enumerated, does not by any means exclude happiness. What numbers possess them in a greater or less degree who are happy into the bargain!"

"Yes; there are numbers not desirous of coming to me at all," answered Mr. Destiny. "They may have certain wishes, but on the whole they are content; or their wishes may be such as they themselves are in the way to gratify. Those wishes belong to their profession or their natural state in life, and they are using their own means to obtain them. On the other hand, it is too true that some people who would seem to be

best off are not endowed with happiness; and, as I said, they may well part with everything to obtain it."

"And would, with everything," said the lady, wiping her eyes (which had moistened while he spoke) with a handkerchief trimmed with lace at a guinea a yard.

"If that is your conviction, madam, I will lay an exchange before you, I don't mean an exchange with any one else, but with yourself. I will describe an existence which is very happy, and for a similar one you may change yours. To exchange with another, both parties must agree, and I don't think the person I propose to describe would consent to want happiness even if she could gain your advantages. The position is this:—A little plain woman, who is devoutly loved by her husband."

"Ha!" murmured the lady.

"She has a dutiful son, but he's dull enough; on the other hand, she does not perceive it, for her time is occupied with the care of her family, visiting the cottagers, and what is called doing plain work. But she has a book which she reads on Sundays, and makes a dog's-ear to find the place where she left off. She and her husband and son sometimes pay a visit to a neighbour in their little shaustradau. She has some pleasure in putting on her silk gown, and a great deal in the friendly gossip: she is busy all day, sleeps all night; murmurs an old song for lightness of heart."

"It's all very well," said the lady, interrupting him; "but it is not possible I could be happy under those circumstances."

"Only she is happy. That you should be happy is the bargain; and that you are not happy is the complaint."

"Better be miserable than so ignorantly happy," said the lady, suddenly rising.

"You are quite wrong, madam."

"May be so, but I can't help it." And with a graceful and gracious bend of her head she rustled through the shop, and mounting her well-appointed carriage, drove off amid the delight of a certain number of boys assembled at the door.

There were many more applicants who came with their wishes. Few accomplished a bargain, but some did; and of the latter I thought the most part made but disadvantageous terms.

One good-looking young fellow's wish was to marry an heiress; he had no other clear idea on the subject, the mere fact of an heiress was his desire. Mr. Destiny was rather hard upon him.

"It is all fair you should marry," said he; "and so that your wife has money, what will you consent she shall be without? Money you are to have, that's settled. Will you give up beauty?"

"Yes."

"Sense?"

"Yes."

"Good temper?"

"Yes."

"Your own way?"

"Oh! I'll manage to get that."

"No; it is in the bargain that you shall not have it; will you give it up?"

"Well, yes; but I'll try."

"You are to fail. What do you say?"

"I'll give all up for money."

"Well, you deserve a very rich bride. Have your wish then."

Another applicant desired that her daughter should marry; and Mr. Destiny thought the wish deserved accomplishment at the price of the daughter's society, her utility at home, the pleasure and grace she had given to her native place, the seven-eighths of her heart bestowed on her husband, while the parents kept only one-eighth.

Again one came, and said a legacy had been left him, and he wished it was more. Mr. Destiny laughed, and said he regretted he could do nothing for him. Another, who was an old man, certainly midway between seventy and eighty, wished he had a knowledge of entomology; and Mr. Destiny, praising his energy, proposed to him to give away one of his remaining years in exchange for the knowledge. In like manner a young man who wished he understood

German, was told to give for it three hours out of the four-and-twenty for half a year. "You will still have twenty-one hours," said Mr. Destiny.

And now, as the interest in others began to slacken, I bethought me that it would be as well if I went up and expressed my own wishes; and accordingly I approached the counter and told Mr. Destiny that I wished for health.

"Indeed," said he; "you look as if you needed that possession. What ails a young fellow like you to be so sick?"

"Hard work, I think," said I. "I am obliged to be in my chambers at the call of my clients, the attorneys, ten hours a day, and to work five hours more to get through the business they give me."

"In short, you are a successful lawyer?"

"Very much so; but a miserable invalid."

"Had you ever health and spirits?"

"Yes, I had. In my university days I was so very happy and so very glad, that my companions named me Festive."

"Then, my dear sir, let me observe that you have already made one of those exchanges for that for which men come to me. You have exchanged health for success; and now you want both health and success; but it seems you can't have both. Give up at least a portion of the last. Work half your time, and get back half your health and lightness of heart."

"How is that possible? If I refuse any business I shall probably lose it all."

"Nay; there is a limit to business somewhere. Nobody can work more than three hundred and sixty-five days, of twenty-four hours each, during the year; therefore you can, if you will, cut off even the half."

"Not so easily; I must work in proportion to other people; some of whom can bear employment for eighteen hours a day."

"If so, they are able to do it, by being originally endowed with health, such as does not come into your destiny."

"But it would be hard to fall behind those whom I have surpassed. Nobody can work more hours than there are in the year; but for success they must work in proportion to other people."

"Harder, I should think, to bear the restless anguish which is in your face."

"That's bad enough, indeed."

"Besides the probability of being unable to do no work whatever."

"That's much worse."

"Take my advice: give half your success for half your time; and give that time for your wish—Health."

"Sir, I must think about it."

"Don't think too long, for fear the opportunity should pass."

"Well, I dare say you're right; and to-morrow I will let you know."

I returned home, and next morning when I woke in my bed I found I was in the shivers of a nervous fever. Ideas raced through my brain with a rapidity which defied my efforts to catch them; I talked, but I knew not what I said; sometimes I cried, sometimes I laughed, and I remember but little till complete exhaustion seemed to sink me into a profound sleep, from which I woke, and heard some one say, "He will live."

And live I did. I was frightened at what had happened, and I took measures to exchange my wealth for health. I steadily refused to plead for Jennings versus The Plausible Insurance Office; and I bought a horse, which I kept last winter at Dunchurch, and hunted from London twice a week. I soon got better; and what is remarkable, though I went several times in search of Newstreet, beyond the Tower, and Mr. Destiny's Wishes Shop, I never could find either.

SPEAKING ENGLISH.—Two Dutchmen once got into a dispute about the English language, each one contending that he could command the best. They made a bet at length, and appointed a judge to decide between them, and accordingly they began:—"Vell, Chou," said the first, "did it rain to-morrow?"—"I shall tink it veah," said John.—Wasn't that judge in a quandary?

OUR DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

Allez vous coucher, (*Fr.*), go to bed.
 Allegro, (*It.*), merry, cheerful. *In music*, denoting a brisk movement.
 Allegretto, (*It.*), diminutive of *allegro*. *In music* not so quick as *allegro*.
 Allocatur, (*Lat.*), (*law term*), a certificate of allowance of costs.
 À l'improviste, (*Fr.*), suddenly, unawares.
 Alma mater, (*Lat.*), (*Lit.*) a benign mother; (commonly), the University at which one has studied.
 Alteris horis, (*Lat.*), every other hour.
 Altissima flumina minimo sono labuntur, (*Lat.*), the deepest rivers flow with the least sound; (commonly) smooth waters run deep.
 A merveille, (*Fr.*), admirably well, marvellously.
 Amende honorable, (*Fr.*), an honourable recompense, an apology.
 Amicus humani generis, (*Lat.*), a friend of the human race.
 Amicus certus in re incerta, (*Lat.*), a friend in need is a friend indeed.
 Amicus curiæ, (*Lat.*), (*law term*), a friend of the court.
 Amor patriæ, (*Lat.*), love of country.
 Amoto quarumvis seria ludo, (*Lat.*), setting jesting aside, let us now attend to serious matters.
 Anglice, (*Lat.*), in English.
 Anguis in herbâ, (*Lat.*), a snake in the grass.
 Animo furandi, (*Lat.*), (*law term*), with the intention of stealing.
 Animes novitate tenebo, (*Lat.*), I will enchain their minds with novelty.
 Anno Domini, (*A.D.*), (*Lat.*), in the year of our Lord.
 Anno Mundi, (*A.M.*), (*Lat.*), in the year of the world.
 Annus mirabilis, (*Lat.*), a year of wonders.
 Ante Christum, (*A.C.*), (*Lat.*), before Christ; (used in chronology.)
 Ante hos sex menses, (*Lat.*), six months ago.
 A priori, (*Lat.*), from the cause to the effect. (*law term*).
 A posteriori, (*Lat.*), from the effect to the cause. (*law term*).
 Après demain, (*Fr.*), the day after to-morrow.
 A propos, (*Fr.*), to the purpose, opportunely.
 A quelque chose malheur est bon, (*Fr.*), misfortune is good for something, (commonly) it is an ill wind that blows nobody good.
 Arcades ambo, (*Lat.*), Greeks both; (*vulgo*) two rogues together.
 Arcana imperii, (*Lat.*), State secrets.
 Arcanum, (*Lat.*), a secret.
 Ardentia verba, (*Lat.*), glowing words.
 Argent comptant, (*Fr.*), ready money.
 Argumentum ad hominem, (*Lat.*), an argument strong from personal application, hence a fist argument.
 Arma verumque cano, (*Virgil*) (*Lat.*), arms and the man I sing!
 Ars est celare artem, (*Lat.*), it is art to conceal art.
 Assumpsit, (*Lat.*), (*law term*), an action on a verbal process.
 Au commencement, (*Fr.*), in the beginning.
 Audentes fortuna juvat, (*Lat.*), fortune favours the brave.
 Audi alterum partem, (*Lat.*), hear the other party; that is, hear both sides of a question.
 Audita querela, (*Lat.*), the complaint being heard.
 Au fond, (*Fr.*), to the bottom.
 Aune, (*Fr.*), a measure in Switzerland equal to 1½ yard English.
 Au pis aller, (*Fr.*), at the worst.
 Aura popularis, (*Lat.*), the gale of popular favour.
 Aurea mediocritas, (*Lat.*), the golden mean.
 Aura sacra fames, (*Lat.*), the accursed thirst for gold.
 Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait, (*Fr.*), no sooner said than done.
 Autant de têtes, autant d'opinions, (*Fr.*), so many men, so many opinions.
 Aut Cæsar aut nullus, (*Lat.*), he will either be Cæsar or nobody.
 Auto da fé, (*Sp.*), an act of faith; the burning of a heretic.

GESTURE-LANGUAGE.

It is only the deaf-mute to whom pantomime comes us fluently as a mother-tongue. Many persons have a notion that gesture-language and the finger-alphabet are almost synonymous terms, but this is far from being the case; the latter is an art learned from a teacher; the former is an independent process, originating in the mind of the deaf-mute, and developing itself as his knowledge and power of reasoning expand under instruction. There is an admirable chapter upon this matter in Mr. Tylor's *Researches into the Early History of Mankind*, introduced therein in connection with the origin of language, but which has great interest in itself, independent of the larger subject. "It is not enough to say," writes he, "that the two things [natural gesture-language and the finger-alphabet] are distinct; they have nothing whatever to do with one another, and have no more resemblance than a picture has to a written description of it." The mother-tongue of the deaf and dumb is the faculty of drawing in the air the shape of objects suggested to their mind, or of indicating its character, use, or origin, by movements of the body. "It is not I," says the Abbé Sicard, one of the first who gave his attention to ameliorating the condition of the deaf and dumb, "who am to invent these signs. I have only to set forth the theory of them under the dictation of their true inventors, those whose language consists of these signs." And speaking of his deaf and dumb pupil, Massieu, he says: "Thus, by a happy exchange, as I taught him the written signs of our language, Massieu taught me the mimic signs of his."

Mr. Tylor himself made a list of about five hundred of these natural signs current in the Berlin Deaf and Dumb Institution, taking them down from a teacher, himself deaf and dumb. But no less than five thousand are said to be in use at that establishment. "To express the pronouns 'I, thou, he,' I push my forefinger against the pit of my stomach for 'I,' push it towards the person addressed for 'thou,' and point with my thumb over my right shoulder for 'he.' Holding the right hand flat, with the palm down at the level of the waist, and raising it towards the level of the shoulder, signifies 'great,' depressing it signifies 'little.' The sign 'man' is indicated by the motion of taking off the hat; 'woman' by laying the closed hand upon the heart; 'child,' by dandling the right elbow upon the left hand. The first two fingers held apart like the letter V, and darted from the eyes, signifies to 'see.' To touch the ear with the forefinger is to hear; the tongue, to taste. The outline of the shape of roof and walls done in the air with both hands is 'house;' with a flat roof it is 'room.' To smell as at a flower, and then to make a horizontal circle before one, is 'garden.' To pull up a piece of flesh from the back of the hand is 'meat; and when steam is made curling up from it with the forefinger, it is 'roast meat.'"

"None of my teachers here, who can speak," said the director of the Berlin Institution, "are very strong in the gesture-language. It is difficult for an educated speaking man to get the proficiency in it which a deaf and dumb child attains to almost without effort. It is true that I can use it perfectly, but I have been here forty years. To be able to speak, is an impediment. The habit of thinking in words, and translating those words into signs, is most difficult to shake off; but until this is done, it is almost impossible to place the signs in the logical sequence in which they arrange themselves in the mind of the deaf-mute." That which the deaf and dumb considers most important in what he is about to state, is always placed first in his sentence; and that which seems to him superfluous, he leaves out. For instance, to say: "My father gave me an apple," he makes the sign for "apple," then that for "father," and that for "I," without adding that for "gave." Going upon one occasion into a deaf and dumb school, and setting a boy to write words upon the black-board, our author drew in the air the outline of a tent, and touched the inner part of

his under-lip to indicate red, and the boy wrote accordingly "a red tent;" whereupon the teacher justly remarked, that Mr. Tylor could not be a beginner in the gesture-language, or he would have translated his thought *verbalim*, and put the "red" first. A pupil to whom Abbé Sicard one day put the question: "Who made God?" replied: "God made nothing;" and the abbé was left in no doubt as to this kind of inversion when he went on to ask: "Who made the shoe?" and received for answer: "The shoe made the shoemaker."

A look of inquiry converts an assertion into a question, and fully serves to make the difference between "The master is come" and "Is the master come?" but it is difficult for a deaf-mute to render abstract remarks in symbol. Thus, such a common question as, "What is the matter with you?" would be put: "You crying? You been beaten?" He does not ask: "What did you have for dinner?" but, "Did you have soup? Did you have porridge?" It is only the certainty, says Professor Steinthal, "which speech gives to a man's mind in holding fast ideas in all their relations, which brings him to the shorter course of expressing only the positive side of the idea, and dropping the negative."

At all deaf and dumb institutions, there are a number of signs in use, which, although quite natural, would not be understood beyond the limits of the circle in which they are used. Thus at Berlin, the royal residence at Charlottenburg was named by taking up the left knee and nursing it, in allusion to the late king having been laid up with gout there. England and Englishmen were aptly alluded to by the action of rowing a boat; while the signs of chopping off a head and strangling were used to describe France and Russia in allusion to the deaths of Louis XVI. and the Emperor Paul. A great deal of the gesture-language, however, is universal, and common to all who have a difficulty in expressing themselves in words, whether they be mutes or savages, and it is this portion of the subject which is doubtless the most interesting. Thus, the Indians use the self-same sign for expressing "to see" which is in vogue with the deaf and dumb at Berlin: thrusting the hand under the clothing of the left breast is "to hide" or "keep secret;" "fear" is typified by putting the hands to the lower ribs, and shewing how the heart flutters; and "book" by holding the palms together close to the face, and opening and reading. "Fire," too, is represented by North American savages exactly as by German mutes—namely, by imitating flames with the fingers: and "rain" by bringing the tip of the fingers of the partly-closed hand downwards. The sign for "a stag," too, is common to both—the thumbs to the temples, and the fingers spread widely out—but to indicate "the dog," the Indians have a very remarkable symbol: they trail the two first fingers of the right hand as if they were poles dragged on the ground; the reason being, that before they had horses, the dogs were trained to drag the lodge-poles on the march in that way; and even where this trailing is done now by horses, the old sign for "the dog" is still retained.

The true meaning of the few gesture-signs which still remain in use among ourselves is well worthy of examination. For example, "the sign of snapping one's fingers," says Mr. Tylor, "is not very intelligible, as we generally see it; but when we notice that the same sign, made quite gently, as if rolling some tiny object away with the thumb-nail and forefinger, are usual and well-understood deaf-and-dumb gestures, denoting anything tiny, insignificant, and contemptible, it seems as though we had exaggerated and conventionalised a perfectly natural action so as to lose sight of its original meaning. There is a curious mention of this gesture by Strabo. At Anchiale, he writes, 'Aristobulus says there is a monument to Sardanapalus, and a stone statue of him as if snapping his fingers, and this inscription, in Assyrian letters: 'Sardanapalus the son of Anacyndaraxes, built in one day Anchiale and Tarsus. Eat, drink, play: the rest is not worth that!'" Shaking hands is not a universal sign of good-will. The Fijians, for example, smell and sniff at one another by way of salutation. The North American Indians rub each

other's arms and breasts, as well as their own. In Polynesia one strokes his face with the other's hand or foot. In New Zealand and Lapland they press noses—which perhaps in some measure accounts for those organs being so flat. The Andaman Islanders salute by blowing into one another's hands; Charlevoix speaks of an Indian tribe on the Gulf of Mexico who blow into one another's ears; and M. Du Chaila was "blown upon"—literally, and without any allusion to what his enemies tried to do to him—by his friends in Africa. In East Africa, some tribes shake hands, but, Malesm-fashien, pressing the thumb against one another as well. With regard to the position of our hands in prayer, Mr. Taylor remarks that there is in it a confusion of two gestures, quite distinct in their origin. The upturned hands seem to expect some desired object to be thrown down, while, when clasped, they seem to ward off an impending blow; but the conventionalising process is carried to extremity when the hands clasped, or with the finger-tips set together, can be used not only to avert an injury—as seems their natural office—but also to ask for a benefit, which they cannot even catch hold of when it comes. There are a number of well-known gestures difficult to explain, such as lolling out the tongue for contempt; and the sign known as "taking a sight," which was us common in the days of Rubens, as now. These are intelligible enough to all, although we know not why. Not the least evidence of the gesture-language is the case and certainly with which any savage from any country can understand and make himself understood in a deaf and dumb school. "A native of Hawaii is taken to an American institution, and begins at once to talk in signs with the children, and to tell about his voyage and the country he came from. A Chinese, who had fallen into a state of melancholy from long want of society is quite revived by being taken to the same place, where he can talk in gestures to his heart's content." A deaf and dumb lad, named Collins, is taken to see some Laplanders, who were carried about to be exhibited, and though frowning and unemonstrative to others, they immediately begin to speak "about reindeers and elks, and smile on him very much." A curious instance of the direct advantage of deaf and dumb establishments, is narrated by Kruse (himself a deaf-mute), as having occurred in the beginning of this century. An *untought* deaf and dumb boy was found by the police wandering about Prague; they could make nothing of him, and so sent him to the Institution devoted to persons suffering under his misfortune, to be taught to tell his story. After a little education there, he managed to make it understood that his father had a mill; and of this mill, the furniture of the house, and the country round it, he gave a precise description. He gave a circumstantial account of his life there; how his mother and sister died, his father married again, his step-mother ill-treated him, and he ran away. He did not know his own name, nor what the mill was called, but he knew it lay away from Prague towards the morning. On inquiry being made, the boy's statement was confirmed. The police found his home, gave him his name, and secured his inheritance for him. Everybody who reads novels is acquainted with that wonderful scene in *Monte Christo* where the paralytic makes his will, without having the power of speech, or even of motion, with the exception of being able to wink his eyes. So late as 1864, it seems, a still more strange proceeding might have been witnessed at Yateley, England, in the case of John Geale, yeoman, deaf and dumb, and unable to read or write. This man executed a will by putting his mark to it; but probate was at first refused by Sir J. P. Wilde, on the ground that there was no evidence of the testator's understanding and assenting to its provisions. At a later, however, the motion was renewed upon the following joint-affidavit of the widow and the attesting witnesses:

"The signs by which the deceased informed us that the will was the instrument which was to deal with his property upon his death, and that his wife was to have all his property after his death, in case she survived him, were in substance, so far as we are able to describe the same in writing, as follow; The said John Geale first

pointed to the will itself, then he pointed to himself, and then he laid the side of his head upon the palm of his right hand with his eyes closed, and then lowered his right hand towards the ground, the palm of the same hand being upwards. These latter signs were the usual signs by which he referred to his own death or the decease of some one else. He then touched his trousers-pocket (which was the usual sign by which he referred to his money), then he looked all around, and simultaneously raised his arms with a sweeping motion all round him (which were the usual signs by which he referred to all his property or all things). He then pointed to his wife, and afterwards touched the ring-finger of his left hand, and then placed his right arm across his left at the elbow; which latter signs were the usual signs by which he referred to his wife.

"The signs by which the said testator informed us that his property was to go to his wife's daughter, in case his wife died in his lifetime, were as follow: He first referred to his property as before; then touched himself, and pointed to the ring-finger of his left hand, crossed his arm as before (which indicated his wife); he then laid the side of his head on the palm of his right hand (with his eyes closed), which indicated her death; he then again, after pointing to his wife's daughter, who was present when the said will was executed, pointed to the right-finger of his left hand, and then placed his right hand across his left arm at the elbow, as before. He then put his forefinger to his mouth, and immediately touched his breast, and moved his arms in such a manner as to indicate a child, which were his usual signs for indicating his wife's daughter, &c." Eventually, he made it appear that if his wife's daughter's husband survived her, the property was to revert to him. The contents of the will were then explained by motions and signs understood by all present, to the testator, and the said John Geale expressed his satisfaction. Upon this representation, Sir J. P. Wilde granted probate. Upon the whole, this will-making was certainly a more extraordinary proceeding than that described by Dumas, inasmuch as, though not paralysed, the testator was deaf, and therefore the dumb-show had to be carried on on both sides. It is evident, however, that if John Geale had been educated at a deaf and dumb asylum, the matter would have been greatly simplified and shortened.

THE SCARLET FEVER.

ITS CAUSES, PATHOLOGY AND COURSE.

LETTER II.

"Rouge gaine."—*Rouge et Noir.*

From *Mr. Harry Touringuet*, medical student, at London, Canada West, to *Mr. Robert Trepan*, his fellow-student at Montreal.

July 13, 1864.

DEAR BOB,—Private business is like to compel My residence here for a pretty long spell— Did I tell you at Brantford, that pretty coy Fannie Was deeply in love, the poor dear little Nannie, And that I had prescrib'd, just to keep the joke jogging, For her case, pills and draughts, watching, fasting and flogging? But the saucy young monkey contriv'd to cajole us, To London came home to call in Dr. Bolus! The villain has taken the case! I am sure Such irregular practice I cannot endure, Though, after a fashion, he's work'd out a cure. This may be humane, but it is n't professional; We punctilious should be, like the priests at confessional. And the times now are ticklish; for we Allopaths } Are like to be driven to shelter in attics, By Quacks, Water-curers and Homœopathics— } In practice, you know, I'm a strict *Martinet*, } And rigid in all that concerns etiquette— } He, who'd steal a man's patient, would steal a man's purse! Of the two I consider the first crime the worse.

If you read all your books through, you won't find a trace Of the way that old Bolus *mattreated* this case— Old Bolus I say, but it should be his wife, For we're sure to discover when mischief is ripe, When there's "seam on the pot," that the meddling some women Have always a great deal to do with the skimming.

Mrs. Bolus one ev'ning invited a party, And gave us a welcome right courteous and hearty—

Of her Majesty's officers many were there, The elite of the town, the gay, wealthy and fair— And of all the assembly, you could'n't find any More gallant than Tremorne, or more lovely than Fannie.

Do you wish for her portrait? I'll call on the Muse— Invocations are rare—I don't think she'll refuse— If I win her good graces and those of Apollo, Some elegant verses are likely to follow.

"Ye ulne! stately warblers on Parnassus' top, Whose musical eloquence never should stop, Be pleas'd in my room for a minute to drop— And Phebus Apollo! lend me your winged horse, I want him to convey me over the course. You have painted the beauties of Spencer's Bolphobe— And those of Jove's juvenile waiting-maid Hebe; Of Belluda, resplendent in bow'rs of state, With duteous sylvia on her toilet to wait; Of the shepherdess Perdita, veil'd in the shades; Of the courtly young Emilie, sweetest of maids, Than the lily more fair in her delicate hue, And as rosy as May, when the blossoms are new— Now kindly assist me in sketching the many Fine points in the form and the features of Fannie."

There! Look at her seated by brave Tremorne's side, All radiant with pleasure, with love and with pride— She is speaking quite low of the last time they met, On his shoulder are drooping her ringlets of jet; Watch her lips, as they open, her corals disclose Of the purest of pearls two symmetrical rows, And catch, if you can, her rich musical laugh, Of Hayden's sweet strains, just two bars and a half; See where deep in a dimple Don Cupid reposes On her cheek, that bright mixture of lilies and roses; Her dark falcon eye all her delicate displays, While long curling lashes make slender its rays; Note the nicely arch'd eyebrows; the fair swan-like neck; The shoulders her dark curls contrast with, and deck; And her white rounded chin, and her mouth's dainty pout; And her ears, through her ringlets, like birds peeping out— Then her dear taper waist and her elegant bust— I declare I could gaze on all day with great gusto.

Now they're dancing. What charms in each motion we trace, She scarce touches the floor, she's so buoyant with grace— Round her neck and her shoulders her loose tresses play, Like the vine's wind-toss'd tendrils on some breezy day: And daintily wreath'd on that raven-black hair Is of fuschias and roses a coronet fair— While her dress seems to veil her fine figure with pride, And her dear little feet now glance out and now hide— Though free as an antelope nimbly she bounds, Ev'ry step keeps true time to the band's merry sounds.

They are seated again. "My dear sir, if you're wise, You'll not gaze too long on those beautiful eyes; They change with each feeling; now radiant with joy, Or sparkling with fun at the wit they enjoy, Then smiling in kindness, then flashing with pride; You may look till your heart strings forever are tied; From the soft fascination you no more can break, Than the Dickey bird fly when 'tis charm'd by the snake." But the Captain sat draining the dangerous cup, As if he would drink all the radiance up: Until as the party drew nigh to a close, I'll be hang'd if the poor fellow didn't propose!

Now we in the secret, all very well know She'd have been a great goose, if she'd answer'd him "No." So when he implor'd her his passion to bless, She blush'd, dropp'd her cyclids, and softly sigh'd, "Yes!" Some guests still remain'd, and the Captain before'em Show'd such rapture, it really quite outraged decorum: While she sat demure, and so quietly blest, That I had not the courage to proffer a jest— So chaster'd by modesty's delicate grace Were the Love and the Happiness throu'd in her face.

Why Bob, I have written an awful long letter, And grown sentimental; perhaps I had better Just rein up my Pegasus. You'll not be vex'd. "For further particulars wait 'till my next—" For, as by this patient I once was consulted, Although I must own I feel greatly insulted, And professional etiquette's brown in confusion; Of the case I shall certainly watch the conclusion.

Some years hence, my dear Bob, I am certain to marry: So I'll "get up my part—" I'm most truly yours, BARRY.

Public Speaking.—The safety valve which lets off the surplus steam of society.
War.—Murder to music.
Melancholy.—Ingratitude to heaven.
Misanthropy.—One who is uncharitable enough to judge of others by himself.
Egotism.—Suffering the private I to be too much in the public eye.
Courage.—The fear of being thought a coward.

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"But how can I advise you?"

"Simply by telling me what you think I ought to do. Should I, for instance, talk it over with my mother, or speak to Colonna first? He is her oldest friend, and his opinion has great weight with her. There lies my chief hope. If he were with me, I do not think she would persist in any lengthened opposition. Besides, I would do anything to make up for Olimpia's want of fortune. I know I could work my way in parliament, if I chose to read up facts, and study home-questions. Or I would cultivate my influential friends, and try to get some foreign diplomatic appointment. In short, give me but the motive, and I will do anything!"

"But these are matters of which I know nothing," said Saxon.

"I am not asking you how I shall push my way in the future, my dear fellow," replied the Earl, eagerly; "but how you think I ought to act in the present. What would you do yourself, if you were in my position?"

Saxon, sitting a little away from the light, with his elbow resting on the table and his head supported by his hand, looked down thoughtfully, and hesitated before replying. His friend had given him a hard problem to solve—a bitter task to perform.

"Are you sure that you love her?" he said, presently, speaking somewhat slowly.

"As sure as that yonder sun is now shining in the heavens! Why, Trefalden, she was the ideal of my boyhood: and for the last four years, since she has been staying with us so often, and for so many months at a time, I have loved her with the deepest love that man can give to woman."

"And do you think that—that she loves you?"

Do what he would, Saxon could not quite keep down the tremor in his voice as he asked this question; but the Earl was too intensely preoccupied to observe it.

"A year ago—nay, three months ago," said he, "I was certain of it. Latterly, I cannot tell why, there has been a constraint—a coldness—as if showers trying to crush out the feeling from her own heart, and the hope from mine. And yet, somehow, I feel as if the change went no deeper than the surface."

"You believe, in short, that Miss Colonna loves you still?"

"By Heaven, Trefalden, I do!" replied the Earl, passionately.

"You have not asked her?"

"Certainly not. She was my guest."

Saxon covered his eyes for a moment with his hand, as if in profound thought. It was an eventful moment—a cruel moment—the first moment of acute suffering that he had ever known. No one but himself ever knew how sharp a fight he fought while it lasted—a fight from which he came out wounded and bleeding, but a conqueror. When he lifted up his face, it was pale to the very lips, but steady and resolved.

"Then, Castletowers," he said—and his voice had no faltering in it—"I will tell you what I would do if—I were in your place. I would learn the truth from her own lips, first of all."

"But my mother—"

"Lady Castletowers will acquiesce when she knows that your happiness is involved. It is but a question of fortune, after all."

The Earl sprang to his feet, and began pacing to and fro.

"It is welcomed counsel," said he. "If I only dared—if I were but sure—and yet, is it not better to know the worst at once?"

"Far better," replied Saxon drearily.

Lord Castletowers went over to the window, and leaned out into the sunshine.

"Why should I not?" he mused, half aloud. "If I fail, I shall be no longer poorer than I am now—except in hope. Except in hope! But if I succeed—Ah! if I succeed!"

His face grew radiant at the thought.

"Yes, Trefalden," he exclaimed, "you are right. Why set myself to overcome so many obstacles if, when all is done, I am to find that I have had my toiling for nothing? I will ask her, I will ask her this very day—this very hour, if I can find her alone. It will be no breach of hospitality

to do so now. Thanks, my dear fellow—thanks a thousand times!"

Saxon shook his head.

"You have nothing to thank me for, Castle-towers," he replied.

"For your counsel," said the Earl.

"Which may bring you sorrow, remember."

"Then for your friendship!"

"Well, yes—for my friendship. You have that, if it is worth your thanks."

"Time will show what value I place upon it," replied the Earl. "And now, for the present, adieu. I know you wish me success."

With this, he grasped Saxon warmly by the hand, and hurried from the room. When the last echo of his foot had died away on stair and corridor, the young man went over to the door, locked it, and sat quietly down, alone with his trouble.

And it was, in truth, no light or imaginary trouble. He saw, clearly enough, that he must accept one of two things—both equally bitter. Either Olimpia Colonna had never loved him, or he had supplanted his friend in her affections. Which was it? His heart told him.

CHAPTER LIV. HOW THE EARL SPED IN HIS WOOLAN.

It was a hurried, uncomfortable afternoon at Castletowers, and Signor Colonna's visitor had brought nothing but confusion to the house. The news was really important news to those whom it concerned; but there was nothing which Lady Castletowers disliked so much as excitement, nothing in her eyes so undignified as haste, and she was therefore not a little displeased by this sudden breaking up of her party. It was nothing to her that Garibaldi was in occupation of Palermo. It was nothing to her that an armistice had been concluded with the Neapolitan government, or that the army would be likely to march next in the direction of Messina. She only knew that the Walkingshaws and Miss Hatherton were coming to dine with her that very day; that Signor Montecuculi would make one too many at the table; and that the departure of the Colonnas immediately after dinner would spoil the evening.

In the meanwhile Signor Colonna was deep in consultation with the new comer; Olimpia, assisted by one of the maids, was busy packing her father's books and papers; the Earl was wandering disconsolately to and fro, seeking his opportunity; and Saxon Trefalden, mounted on his swiftest thorough-bred, was galloping towards the hills, determined to leave a clear field for his friend, and not to come back till the first dinner-bell should be ringing.

At length, as the afternoon wore on, the Earl grew tired of waiting about the drawing-rooms and staircase, and sought Olimpia in her father's quarters. There he found her, not in Colonna's own den, but in the room immediately beneath it, kneeling before a huge army trunk more than half filled with pamphlets, letters, despatches, maps, and documentary lumber of every description. More books and papers littered the floor and table, and these the servant was dusting previous to their being sorted and tied up by Miss Colonna.

"Can I be of any service?" asked the Earl, as he peeped in through the half-opened door.

Olimpia looked up with a pleasant smile.

"Are you really in want of something to do?" said she.

"Greatly."

"Then you may help to sort these papers. Among them are some dozens of last year's reports. You can arrange those according to date, and tie them up in parcels of about eighteen or twenty."

The Earl set about his task with much seeming alacrity.

"We owe Montecuculi a grudge for this," he said presently. "Who would have thought this morning at breakfast that you would strike your tents and flee away into the great London desert before night?"

"Who would have thought that we should have such glorious cause for breaking up our camp?" retorted Olimpia, with enthusiasm.

"No one, indeed. And yet I wish the news had not travelled quite so quickly."

"Good news cannot fly too fast," replied Olimpia. "I scarcely dare trust myself to think what the next may be."

"At least, do not hope too much."

"Nay, I have desponded long enough. Hope has been for so many years a forbidden luxury, that I feel as if I could not now drink of it too deeply. I hope all things. I expect all things. I believe that the hour is come at last, and that miracles will be accomplished within the next few months."

The Earl, thinking more of his own hopes and fears at that moment than of Italy or the Italians, wished with all his heart that a miracle could be accomplished then and there for the translation of the housemaid to any convenient planet.

"I should not be surprised," continued Olimpia, "if I heard to-morrow that Garibaldi was in Messina—or that he had crossed the straits, and carried Naples by a coup de main!"

"Nor I," replied Castletowers, abstractedly.

And then for a few moments they were both silent. In the midst of their silence, a bell rang long and loudly in some part of the offices below.

"What bell is that?" asked the Earl, who had heard it thousands of times in the course of his home-life, and knew its import perfectly.

"It's the servants' hall bell, my lord," replied the housemaid.

And what does it mean, then—the servants' tea?"

"Yes, my lord."

Olimpia took the Earl's little bait immediately. "You need not mind the rest of those papers now, Jane," she said, good naturedly. "Go down at once, and come back when you have had tea."

Whereupon the housemaid, duly grateful, left the room.

And now Lord Castletowers had only to speak. The coveted opportunity was his at last; but it was no sooner his than he lost his presence of mind, and found himself without a word to say.

Presently Olimpia looked up, and spoke again.

"How hard a thing it is," said she, "to be a woman—a mere woman! How hard to sit down tamely, day after day, listening to the echoes of the battle-field—listening and waiting!"

"I am very glad you are listening from so safe a distance."

"And I pray that that distance may soon be lessened," she retorted, quickly. "We shall undoubtedly go to Genoa in the course of the next fortnight; and if my father crosses to Sicily, I do not mean to be left behind."

"But the Mediterranean swarms with Neapolitan war-steamers!" exclaimed the Earl.

Olimpia smiled.

"Besides, of what service could you be when there? You will perhaps say that you can do hospital work; but the hospitals do not want you. Ten per cent of our volunteers are medical men, and I will venture to say that every woman in Sicily is a willing nurse."

"I would do any work that my head or hands could be trusted to perform," said she; whether it were at the desk or the bedside. Oh, that I could give my blood for the cause!"

"Men give their blood," replied the Earl; but women the tears that make death sweet, and the smiles that make victory worth achieving."

Olimpia's lip curled scornfully.

"Our soldiers have nobler ends at stake than woman's smiles!" said she.

The Earl was in despair. Nothing that he had said seemed to find favour with Miss Colonna, and all this time the minutes were slipping away—the precious minutes for which there would be no recall.

"True friend to the cause as I am, Olimpia," said he, desperately, "if I were to go out, it would be as much for your sake as for the sake of your country; but I hope you would not scorn my sword for that reason."

Miss Colonna was taken by surprise. She had never been blind to the young man's admira-

ration; but, having tacitly discouraged it for so long, she had taken it for granted that he would not venture on a declaration. Even now, though he had spoken words which could bear no other interpretation, she determined to put the thing aside, and prevent him, if possible, from speaking more plainly. And yet her heart stirred strangely when he called her by her name!

"Yours is almost the only sword we should decline to enlist on any terms, Lord Castletowers," she replied, gravely. "You are an only son, and the last inheritor of a noble name. Your duties lie here."

"You would not think thus if I were an Italian?"

"Certainly not. I should then say that your first duty was to your country."

The Earl came and stood before her, pale and earnest, and not to be turned from his purpose.

"Hear me, Olimpia," he said, passionately. "I love you, and you know that I love you. I have loved you for more than four years. I will not say that I have dared to hope. If I had hoped, I should not, perhaps, have kept silence so long; but I may have thought that you read my secret, and that silence might plead for me more eloquently than words. I know how heavy the chances are against me—I have weighed them all, long since. I know that he who would aspire to your hand must love your Italy as if he were a son of the soil, must throw in his fortunes with her fortunes, and deserve you through his devotion to her cause. I also know that the man who had done all this would only have fulfilled those primary conditions without which the humblest red-shirt in Garibaldi's wake would stand a better chance than himself. Am I not right?"

"Perfectly; but—"

"Do not reply yet, I implore you! You say that I have duties here. It is true; and I am prepared to fulfil them to the uttermost. I will settle this house and half my income on my mother for her life. All else that is mine, land, revenue, strength of body and will, personal influence, life itself, shall be Italy's. Your country shall be my country—your people, my people—your God, my God. Can I say more, except that I love you? That, deeply and dearly as I love you now, I believe from my soul I shall love you better still in years to come. In my eyes you will never be less young or less beautiful. Should sorrow or sickness come upon you, I will do all that man may do to cherish and comfort you. If you are in peril, I will die defending you. The love of my youth will be the love of my age; and what you are to me now, Olimpia, whether you reject or accept me, that you will be till my last hour!"

He paused. His manner, even more than his words, had been intense and eager, and now that his passionate appeal was all poured out, he waited for his sentence.

And Olimpia? Did she listen unmoved? She strove hard to do so; but she could not quite control the colour that came and went, or the tears that would not be stayed. One by one, as his pleading grew more earnest, they had slipped slowly over the dark lashes and down the oval cheek; and the Earl, who had never seen her shed a tear before, believed for one wild moment that his cause was won.

Her first words undecieved him.

"I am very sorry for this, Lord Castletowers," she said; and her voice, which was a little tremulous at first, became steady as she went on. "I would have given much that these words had never been spoken; for they are spoken in vain. I believe that you love me sincerely. I believe that I have never been so well loved—that I shall never be so well loved again; but—I cannot marry you."

"You will, at least, give me a reason!"

"To what end? That you might combat it? Do not ask it, my lord. Nothing that I could tell, nothing that you could say, would alter my decision."

The Earl turned his face aside.

"This is cruel," he said. "I have not deserved it."

"Heaven knows that I do not mean it so," replied Olimpia, quickly. "I should be more or

less than woman if I did not regret the loss of such a heart as yours."

"You have not lost it, Olimpia," he replied, brokenly. "You will never lose it. With me, once is always."

She clasped her hands together, like one in pain.

"Oh, that it were not so!" she exclaimed.

"Are you, then, sorry for me?"

"Bitterly—bitterly!"

"And yet you cannot love me?"

Olimpia was silent.

Again the hope flashed upon him—again he broke into passionate pleading.

"I used to think once—madly, presumptuously, if you will—that you were not quite so indifferent to me as you have been of late. Was I mistaken in so thinking? Or is it possible that I have done anything to lessen your regard? Have I ever offended you? Or pained you? Or manifested my admiration too openly?"

"Never—never."

"Then, did you never care for me? For heaven's sake, tell me this before we part."

Olimpia became ashy pale and leaned upon the table, as if her strength were failing her.

"Lord Castletowers," she said, slowly, "you have no right to press me thus."

"Not when the happiness of my whole life is at stake? Give me but the shadow of a hope, and I will be silent!"

"I cannot."

The Earl put his hand to his forehead in a bewildered way.

"I don't seem as if I could believe it," he said.

"But—if I only knew why, perhaps it would not be so hard to bear."

Miss Colonna looked down, and for some moments neither spoke nor stirred. At length she said:

"I will tell you why, Lord Castletowers, if you must know. It is possible that I may never marry; but if I do, it must be to one who can do more for Italy than yourself. Are you satisfied?"

The young man could not trust himself to speak. He only looked at her; and a dark expression came into his face—such an expression as Olimpia had never seen it wear till that moment.

"Farewell," she said, almost imploringly, and put out her hand.

"Farewell," he replied, and, having held it for a moment in his own, disengaged it gently, and said no more.

She remembered afterwards how cold her own hand was, and how dry and hot was the palm in which it rested.

But a few moments later, and she was kneeling by her bedside in her own far-away chamber, silent and self-reliant no longer, but wringing her hands with a woman's passionate sorrow, and crying aloud:

"Oh, that he could have looked into my heart—that he could only have known how I love him!"

CHAPTER LV. AT ARM'S LENGTH.

There was no superfluous guest at Lady Castletowers' table, after all; for Miss Colonna excused herself on the plea of severe headache, and Signor Montecuculi opportunely filled her place. But the dinner proved an *effete manqué* notwithstanding. The Earl, though as host he strove to do his best, played the part languidly, and was bitterly sad at heart. Saxon, who had come in covered with dust and foam about five minutes before the dinner was served, looked weary and thoughtful, and all unlike his own joyous self. Giulio Colonna, full of Italian politics, was indisposed for conversation. And so, what with Olimpia's absence, and what with that vague sense of discomfort inseparable from any kind of parting or removal, a general dreariness pervaded the table.

Miss Hatherton, however, was lively and talkative, as usual. Finding Saxon unwontedly silent, she consoled herself with the stranger, and questioned Signor Montecuculi about Sicily and Naples, Calatafimi, Palermo, Garibaldi, and Victor Emmanuel, to her heart's content.

In the meanwhile, Colonna, sitting at Lady

Castletowers' left hand, had been lamenting the non-fulfilment of certain of his plans.

"I had hoped," he said, in a low tone, "that something would have come of it ere this."

"And I had hoped it too, dear friend—for your saks," replied Lady Castletowers, benevolently.

"I had made certain that, knowing how unexpectedly we are called away, he would have spoken to-day; but, on the contrary, he ordered out his horse quite early, and has been in the saddle all day."

"That looks strange."

"Very strange. I wish to heaven we could have remained with you one week longer."

"But it is not too late to reverse your plans."

Colonna shook his head.

"I can no more reverse them," he said, "than I can reverse the order of the planets."

"Then leave Olimpia with me. She is not fit to go up to town this evening."

"Thanks—I had already thought of that; but she is determined to accompany me."

To which the Countess, who was much more deeply interested in procuring Miss Hatherton's fortune for her son than in securing a wealthy bridegroom for the daughter of her friend, replied, "I am sorry, amico," and transferred her conversation to Mr. Walkingshaw.

But Colonna had not yet played his last card. When the ladies retired, he took the vacant seat at Saxon's right hand, and said:

"Our's is an abrupt departure, Mr. Trefalden; but I trust we shall see you in London."

Saxon bowed, and murmured something about obligation and kindness.

"You are yourself returning to town, I understand, the day after to-morrow."

Saxon believed he was.

"Then you must promise to come and see us. You will find us, for at least the next fortnight, at the Portland Hotel; but after that time we shall probably be bending our steps towards Italy."

Saxon bowed again, and passed the decanters.

Colonna began to see that there was something wrong.

"When friends wish to ensure a meeting," said he,—"and we are friends, I trust, Mr. Trefalden—their best plan is to make some definite appointment. Will you dine with us on Thursday at our hotel?"

"I am afraid—" began Saxon.

"Nay, that is an ominous beginning."

"I have been so long away from town," continued the young man, somewhat confusedly, "and shall have so many claims upon my time for the next few weeks, that I fear I must make no engagements."

Giulio Colonna was utterly confounded. But yesterday, and this young millionaire would have grasped at any straw of an invitation that might have brought him nearer to Olimpia; and now—Was he drawing off? Was he offended? He laid his hand on Saxon's arm, and, bending his most gracious smile upon him, said:

"I will not part from you thus, my dear sir. Those who serve my country serve me; and you have been so munificent a benefactor to our cause, that you have made me your debtor for life. I will not, therefore, suffer you to drop away into the outer ranks of mere acquaintanceship. I look upon you as a friend, and as a friend you must promise to break bread with me before I leave England."

Saxon would have given the best thoroughbred in his stables—nay, every horse that he possessed, and the mail phaeton into the bargain!—only to know at that moment how the Earl had prospered in his wooing. Being ignorant, however, on this point, he made the best reply he could, under the circumstances.

"I will dine with you, if I can, Signor Colonna," he said, bluntly. "At all events, I will call upon you at your hotel; but, until I know how I am situated with—with regard to other friends—I can say nothing more positive."

"Then I suppose I must try to be content," replied the Italian, pleasantly; but he felt that Saxon Trefalden was on his guard, and holding him at arm's length, and, in his heart, he cursed

the adverse power that instinct told him was at work against him.

Later in the evening, when they were all gone, and Lady Castletowers had retired, and Saxon remained the only guest in the house, the two young men went down to the smoking-salon—a large, comfortable room adjoining the library, and opening upon the same quiet garden.

"Well?" exclaimed Saxon, eagerly. "What speed?"

The Earl closed the door before replying; and then his answer was significant enough.

"None."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, Trefalden, that the sooner that yacht is found and we are on the high seas, the better pleased I shall be. She has refused me."

Despite the claims of friendship and his own generous resolves, Saxon's heart gave a joyous bound.

"Refused you?" he said. "On what grounds?"

The Earl flung himself into a chair.

"On patriotic grounds," he replied, gloomily.

"Do you mean because you are English?"

"No—nor yet because she does not love me; but because if she ever gives her hand in marriage, it must be to a man who can 'do more for Italy' than Gervase Wynnecliffe."

"Do more for Italy?" repeated Saxon, slowly.

"Ay—do you know what that means? Why, man, it means that Olimpia Colonna, with all her beauty, purity, and pride of birth, will some day sell herself—sell herself, wrong her husband, and sacrifice me—for her country's sake! If I were as rich as you are, she would marry me. If you were to propose to her to-morrow, she would marry you. If you were old, ugly, ignorant—anything, in short, save a Bourbon or a Hapsburg—she would probably marry you all the same. And yet she loves me?"

"Are you sure of that?"

"I am as certain of it as that she lives and breathes."

"Did—did she admit it?"

"No—but she could not deny it. Besides, I saw it—I felt it. There are times when all men are clairvoyant; and I was clairvoyant then."

Saxon was silent.

"And this is patriotism!" ejaculated Castletowers, bitterly. "I have heard it said that virtues carried to excess, become vices; but till now I never believed it. As for the Italian cause—I have been a true friend to it, Trefalden—a true and earnest friend, as you well know; but now—I hate it."

And he ground the words out slowly between his teeth, as if he meant them.

After this, they sat together with books and maps before them, planning many things, and talking far into the night.

CHAPTER LVI. GOING TO NORWAY.

"We are going to Norway—Castletowers and I!"

The words were in Saxon's mouth all day long, and Saxon himself was living in a fever of preparation. The men at the Eretheum took a good deal of languid interest in his plans, and were lavish of advice in the matter of Norwegian travel—especially those who had never crossed the Skager Rack in their lives. And Saxon was grateful for it all, buying everything that everybody recommended, and stocking himself in the wildest way with meat-essences, hermetically preserved game and fish, solid soups, ship's biscuit, wines, spirits and liqueurs, fishing-tackle, wading boots, patent tents, polyglot washing-books, Swedish and Norwegian grammars, dictionaries and vocabularies, pocket telescopes, pocket microscopes, pocket revolvers, waterproof clothing, and a thousand other snares of the like nature. Then, besides all these, he ordered a couple of nautical suits, and a gorgeous log-book bound in scarlet morocco, and secured by a Chubb's lock; for Saxon had scorned to hire his yacht—he had bought it, paid for it, christened it, and now meant to play the part of captain and owner thereof, under the due jurisdiction of a competent master.

In all this, Mr. Laurence Greatorex had made himself particularly useful and obliging, having

taken the trouble to go down with Saxon to Portsmouth for the purpose of introducing him to a ship-building acquaintance who happened, luckily, to be able to help them to the very thing of which they were in search. It was an American yacht, slight and graceful as an American beauty; and as her owner was anxious to sell, and Saxon was eager to buy, the bargain was soon concluded.

Then came the hiring of a competent master and crew; the shipping of Saxon's multitudinous stores; the trial trip round the Isle of Wight; and all the rest of those delightfully business-like preliminaries which make the game of yachting seem so much like earnest. And throughout the whole of this time, Mr. Greatorex—who, to do him justice, was really grateful to his benefactor, and anxious to serve him in any way not involving the repayment of a certain modest loan—posted backwards and forwards between London and Portsmouth, helped Saxon through innumerable commercial difficulties, and proved himself an invaluable adviser.

It was a busy time for Saxon. He had no leisure for regrets, and perhaps no overwhelming inclination to indulge in them either. What was his disappointment, after all, compared with the Earl's? A mere scratch beside a deep and deadly wound. Castletowers had loved Olimpia Colonna for four long years—Saxon had been her slave for about as many weeks. Castletowers had confessed to him, in a manly, quiet way, and without the slightest semblance of affectation, that he believed he should never love any other woman—Saxon had no such conviction; but felt, on the contrary, that the best love of his life was yet to come. All these things considered, he was so grieved for his friend that he came to be almost ashamed of his own trouble—nay, was somewhat ashamed to regard his disappointment in the light of a trouble. Olimpia had never cared for him. She had cared for nothing but his wealth; and only for that on account of Italy. Miss Hatherton was right. She had spoken only the literal truth that day, when she compared him to the goose that laid the golden eggs. It was a humiliating truth; but, after all, was it not well for the goose to have escaped with only the loss of an egg or two? So Saxon tried to be philosophic; kept his secret to himself; hurried on the yachting preparations with a will; and set himself to efface Olimpia's bountiful image from his heart as rapidly as possible.

At last all was ready. The yacht rode lightly at anchor in Portsmouth harbour, only waiting for her lord and master to embark; and Saxon, having made his last round of inspection and seen that everything was in order, from the glittering swivel-gun on the foredeck to the no less brilliant pots and pans in the caboose, was speeding up to London, to spend his last evening with William Trefalden.

"Isn't she a little beauty, Greatorex?" said he.

It was the first word that had been spoken since they left Portsmouth.

"I'll tell you what it is, my dear boy," replied the banker, with that engaging familiarity to which so many of his West-end acquaintances had the bad taste to object, "the Albula is just the tautest and trimmest little craft that ever scudded under canvas. If she had been built for you, you could not have had a better fit."

"I wonder what Castletowers will say when he sees her?"

"If he has but half the taste I give him credit for, he will endorse my verdict. Do you meet in London or Portsmouth?"

"In London; and go down together. We hope to weigh anchor about three o'clock in the afternoon."

"And you will be away—how long?"

"From two to three months."

Mr. Greatorex looked thoughtful, and lit a cigar.

"If I can be useful to you while you are out there, Trefalden, you know you may command me," said he. "I mean, if you have any stocks or shares that you want looked after, or any interest got in."

"Thank you very much," replied Saxon; but my cousin manages all those things for me."

"Humph! And you have no other lawyer?"

"Of course not."

"Would you think it impertinent if I ask how he has disposed of your property? Understand, my dear boy, that I don't want you to tell me if you had rather not; but I should like to know that Mr. Trefalden of Chancery-lane has done the best he can for you."

"Oh, you may take that for granted," said Saxon, warmly.

"We take nothing for granted, east of Temple Bar," replied Greatorex, dryly.

But of this observation his companion took no notice.

"More than half my money was left in the Bank of England," said he, "in government stock."

"Safe; but only three per cent," remarked the banker.

"And the rest is invested in—in a company."

"In what company?" asked Greatorex, quickly.

"Ah, that I may not tell you. It's a secret at present."

The banker looked very grave.

"I am sorry for that," he said.

"Don't be sorry. It's a magnificent enterprise—the grandest thing of the present half century, and a certain success. You'll hear all about it before long."

"Not the South Australian diamond mines, I hope?"

"No, no."

"Did Mr. Trefalden advise the investment?"

"Yes; and has put all his own money into it as well."

"That looks as if he had some faith in it."

"He has perfect faith in it. He is the company's lawyer, you see, and knows all about it."

"And who are the directors?"

"Well, I believe I am one of them," laughed Saxon.

"And the rest?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"But you have met them on board-days?"

"Never. I don't think there have been any board-days at present."

The banker shook his head.

"I don't like it," said he. "I tell you frankly, my dear boy, I don't like it."

"I really see no reason why you should dislike it," replied Saxon.

Mr. Greatorex smoked for some time in silence, and made no reply. After that, the conversation went back to the yacht; and then they talked about Norway, and salmon-fishing, and a thousand other topics connected with the voyage, till they shook hands at parting, on the platform of the London terminus.

"I wish, upon my soul, Trefalden, that you would entrust me with the name of that company," said the banker, earnestly.

"I cannot."

"It would enable me to keep an eye on your interests while you are away."

"You are most kind," replied Saxon; but I have promised to keep the secret faithfully, and I mean to do so. Besides, I have absolute confidence in my cousin's discretion."

The city man shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"To tell you the blunt truth, my dear fellow," said he, "I would not trust William Trefalden one inch farther than I could see him. There—don't look at me as if I were proposing to blow up the Houses of Parliament. It is a rude thing to say, no doubt; but I am not the only man living who is of that opinion. I don't like William Trefalden. Perhaps you will say that I have good reason to dislike him—and so I have; but that is not it. I am not speaking now from my prejudice, but through my regard for you. You did a very friendly thing by us, in spite of your cousin; and I should rejoice to do something for you in return."

"Also in spite of my cousin, I suppose," replied Saxon, half in jest, and more than half in anger. "No, I thank you, Mr. Greatorex. You mean well, I am sure; but you cannot serve me in this matter—unless by dismissing an unjust prejudice from your mind."

"Wilful man—et cetera? Well, then, Trefalden, good-bye, and bon voyage."

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The Earl replied that Mr. Trefalden would probably put in at Marsala for fresh water.

"Milord carries no arms, no gunpowder, no munitions of war?"

"Only the brass swivel which the signor capitano perceives on deck, and its appurtenances."

The Neapolitan explained that he was under the necessity of requesting permission to glance into the hold, which was accordingly opened for his inspection. He then asked leave to see the cabin, and went down, accompanied by Trefalden and Castletowers, leaving his lieutenant on deck.

"Our friend Sir Thomas Wylde," said the Earl, with an introductory wave of the hand.

Colonna, who was still lying on the sofa, with his pipe in his mouth, and an old Times supplement in his hand, lifted up his head at these words, rose lazily, made a very stiff bow, and said nothing. The Neapolitan commander returned the bow, made some pleasant remark on the gentleness of the pretty little cabin, and again apologised for the trouble he had given.

The present insurrection, he explained, compelled his Majesty's government to keep strict watch upon all vessels sailing towards Sicily. It was not an agreeable service for the officers of his Majesty's navy; but it was a very necessary one. He believed that he had now but one duty left to perform. He must trouble milords to hear him read a little proclamation containing the description of one Giulio Colonna, a noted political offender, for whose apprehension his Majesty the King of the Two Sicilies offered a reward of two thousand piastres. The said Giulio Colonna, he might add, was supposed to be even now on his way to Palermo.

He then drew a paper from his pocket-book, and, removing his hat, read aloud in the name of his sovereign a very minute and accurate inventory of Signor Colonna's outward man, describing his eyes, nose, mouth, teeth, hair, beard, moustache, height, and complexion; to all of which Signor Colonna listened with a placid composure that might have deceived Mephistopheles himself.

"What is all that about?" said he in English, when the officer had finished reading. "I do not understand Italian, you know."

Saxon could hardly forbear laughing outright, while Castletowers gravely translated the proclamation for the benefit of the supposed Sir Thomas.

Colonna smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Pahaw!" said he. "A hopeless quest. They might as well try to catch a swallow on the wing!"

Whereupon the Signor capitano, understanding the tone and gesture, though not the words, drew himself up, and replied, with some little assumption of dignity, that the man in question was a notorious traitor, and certain to fall into the hands of justice before long.

He then left the cabin somewhat less graciously than he had entered it, and Lord Castletowers, following him upon deck, took occasion to apologise for his friend.

"Sir Thomas is brusque," he said; "but then the English are brusque."

To which the Neapolitan replied by a well-turned compliment to himself, and took his leave. He then returned to his ship, followed by his lieutenant; the ladder was drawn up; final salutations were exchanged; the steam frigate hove off with a fiery panting at her heart; and in a few minutes the strip of blue sea between the two vessels had widened to the space of half a mile.

"Hurra!" shouted the Earl. "Come up, Sir Thomas Wylde, and join me in three cheers for Francesco Secondo! You are safely past Scylla this time."

"And Charybdis," replied Colonna, divesting himself of Saxon's blue coat, and answering from below. "Do you know why I did not come on deck?"

"No."

"Because I caught a glimpse of that lieutenant's face as he jumped on board."

"Do you know him?"

"Perfectly. His name is Galeotti. He used

to profess liberalism a dozen years ago; and he was my secretary in Rome in forty-eight."

CHAPTER LIX. CALSRME.

A gigantic curve of rippling blue sea—an irregular crescent of amber sand, like a golden scimitar laid down beside the waves—a vast area of cultivated slopes, rising terrace above terrace, plateau beyond plateau, all thick with vineyards, villas, and corn-slopes—here and there a solitary convent with its slender bell-tower pooping over the tree-tops—great belts of dusky olives, and, higher still, dense coverts of chestnut and ilex—around and above all, circling in the scene from point to point, an immense amphitheatre of mountains, all verdure below, all barrenness above, whose spurs strike their roots into the voluptuous sea, and whose purple peaks stand in serrated outline against the soft blue sky.

"The bay of Palermo!"

Such was the exclamation that burst from the lips of the two younger men as the Albulà rounded the headland of St. Gallo about four o'clock in the afternoon of the day following their encounter with the Neapolitan frigate. Colonna, who had been waiting on deck for the last hour, silent and expectant, held out his arms, as if he would fain have embraced the glorious panorama, and murmured something which might have been a salutation or a prayer.

"Yes, the bay of Palermo!" repeated Lord Castletowers, with enthusiasm. "The loveliest bay in Europe, let the Neapolitan say what he will! That furthest point is Catala—here is the Monte Pellegrino, crowned with the shrine of Santo Rosalia—yonder, in that mountain gorge, lies Monreale; and this part which we are now passing is called the Colca d'Oro. See, there are the domes of Palermo already coming into sight!"

"And there," said Colonna, pointing to a flag flapping languidly from the battlements of a little tower close down upon the strand, "there, Heaven be praised, is the tricolor of Italy!"

To be continued.

ADDRESSES NOT REJECTED.

Odd addresses of letters passing through the Post Office have occasionally found publicity. We present our readers with a few that have not heretofore been in print; we should add that a district office in London, England, had the honour of sending them to their destination:—

"Guys hospital Charity
Ward day nurse from
No 6 with a bad ankle."

"Missis Carr to be left
at Mister Lesh mar
sent telrs gersey."

We venture to assert that Mr. Leshmar Saint Hilters, Jersey, may congratulate himself upon this missive reaching him:

"To Mrs. Dinis Mahony Grayhound
Fullum fields Vollum Green or There Abouts."

If any person amongst our readers knows anything of the extreme western portion of London, they may perhaps identify an old friend in *Fulham fields* or *Walham green*.

We hope the following did not go astray:

"For Henry Mercer
Queen Victoria Steem Ship
No 1 Transport Malt or
on Ealus ware."

We trust the "good ship" was at *Malta*, for we certainly despair of the letter having reached the "elsewhere."

It will be remembered that Sam Weller ended his valentine with a verse, and so we'll conclude with one poetical specimen; the writer, (it will be observed from the italics,) has taken great care to blend the useful with the ornamental:—

"To Miss Bayman at Romford this letter's consigned,
Mr. Postman make haste and convey it;
A confectioner's shop in the market you'll find,
So pray do no longer delay it;
But hasten with speed,
And bear it away;
The postage is settled,
There's nothing to pay."

STEEL PENS.

STEEL pens for writing were first made in England by Mr. Wise in 1803. For a considerable time they were manufactured with flat cheeks, and a patent was taken out for them in this form in 1812. Dr. Wollaston's rhodium pen, and the iridium pen of others, were both tint. About the year 1824, Mr. Perry began to make steel pens on an improved plan, and, six years after, they were manufactured in Birmingham, where some of the largest and finest steel pen establishments are now flourishing. At first they were neither good nor cheap. Pens very inferior to those we now buy at a shilling a gross, were displayed ostentatiously on cardboard squares, and sold at half a crown a dozen. Many large fortunes were made, and numberless patents were taken out. Every possible shape and quality became the subject of a patent, and not half of those proposed were ever manufactured. A pen-maker, who was fast becoming a millionaire, once showed a friend a collection of patented pens, which he had never made nor intended to make. "I buy the designs and models," he said, "of the designers. Then I patent them, and put them to bed. They are well worth manufacturing; indeed, many of them are better than anything in the market. But if I were to bring them out, they would only damage the sale of those I am producing by the million, while I should be at the cost of new machinery. So I let them sleep on; and if I do not wake them, no one else, you see, can." This was a trait of commercial policy well deserving consideration in connection with the subject of patents.

Swedish iron is said to be the best material for pens. It is converted into steel on the old plan in a furnace, or by the new process of Mr. Bessemer, and subsequently hardened by tilling, casting into ingots, and rolling it into thin sheets. The consumption of steel in this way is enormous. As much as four and twenty years ago, it amounted to 120 tons annually, and was equivalent to about two hundred millions of pens. This quantity is now greatly increased in consequence of the penny postage, and the improvements in steel pen manufacture. Some idea of it may be gathered from the fact, that pens may now be bought by the trade at fourpence a gross, the box included, and that there are houses which produce twenty, thirty, and even fifty thousand pens daily throughout the year. The art of pen-making has never been brought to greater perfection than in the manufacture of lithographic "crowquill" steel pens. They are very small, as the term indicates, and are adapted to the finest shading. Their chief use is in lithographic ink on "transfer paper," which has the remarkable property of discharging all its inked lines on the stone, so as to make a complete transfer of the writing or drawing.

The process by which steel pens are made is too long and complicated to be described in this place; but there is one step in it which particularly strikes every visitor of a Birmingham or Sheffield factory. After a great deal of hard treatment they have undergone in the rolling-mill and the cutting-press, in the punching, slitting, and curving, in the oven and the cylinder, the pens have acquired a disagreeable roughness, which must be removed. For this purpose they are put into huge tin cans with a quantity of sawdust. The cans are made to revolve rapidly by steam, and the pens cleanse and smooth each other by friction, while the sawdust takes up all the impurities disengaged. Thus Hallam used to say that the form and gloss, the picturesque of man and man, are merged and ground in the social mill of great cities, where we are all unconsciously employed in rubbing down each other's angles.

He that gets out of debt, grows rich.
When all sins grow old, covetousness is young.
A cool month and warm feet live long.
Not a long day, but a good heart, rids work.
He loseth nothing, that loseth not God.
Quick believers need broad shoulders

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

APPLE JELLY.—Out in quarters six dozen fall pippins, take out all the cores, put them in a pan, just cover them with cold water and place them on the fire. Let them boil until the apples become quite soft, when drain them upon a sieve, catching the liquor in a basin, which passes through a clean jelly bag. Then weigh out one pound of sugar to every pint of liquor. Boil the sugar separately until it is almost a candy; then mix the liquor with it and boil, keeping it skimmed until the jelly falls from the skimmer in thin sheets; then take it away from the fire, put it in small jars, and let it stand a day until quite cold, when tie paper over and put it by till wanted.

GRAPE JELLY.—Pluck the grapes from the bunches, choosing only such as are perfectly sound and ripe. Scald them slightly by heating in a porcelain or brass kettle, and place them in a jelly-bag to drain, first crushing the skin so as to allow the juice to exude. To make the best jelly the bag should not be pressed, but the juice allowed to drain slowly without pressure. To one pint of juice add a pint of white sugar, beat till dissolved, and the mixture comes to boil. Pour into tumblers, sealing them over with white paper smeared with the white of egg (which will make the paper stick to the glass,) and place in the sun till made.

USE OF BONES FOR SOUP.—If the stock meat happen to be devoid of bone, it is necessary to supply the deficiency; but, with the exercise of common forethought there ought to be plenty of bone liquor in every kitchen. It is not simply for its gelatinous quality that bone liquor is desirable, for neither is it merely economical, although in the latter view the saving is not inconsiderable. But bones contain mineral substances that are as essential to the strength of the frame as any other description of nourishment. In order to extract the full amount of value from bones, they should be broken into as many pieces as practicable, and boiled in a digester for nine hours.

Again, with regard to vegetables. Something beyond an agreeable flavour is given to soup by their addition. Carrots, turnips, &c., contain a large quantity of potash, by the exclusion of which from our food it would be easy to create unsightly skin complaints. On this account the water in which such vegetables are boiled should not be thrown down the sink.

STUFFED CABBAGE.—Take a large fresh cabbage and cut out the heart. Fill the place with a stuffing made of cooked chicken or veal, chopped very fine and highly seasoned, rolled into balls with the yolk of an egg. Then tie the cabbage firmly together, and boil in a covered kettle for two hours. It makes a very delicious dish, and is often useful for using small pieces of cold meat.

OATMEAL CUSTARD.—Take two table-spoonsful of the finest Scotch oatmeal; beat it up into a sufficiency of cold water in a basin to allow it to run freely. Add to it the yolk of a fresh egg, well worked up, have a pint of scalding new milk on the fire, and pour the oatmeal mixture into it, stirring it round with a spoon, so as to incorporate the whole. Add sugar to your taste, and throw in a glass of sherry to the mixture with a little grated nutmeg. Pour it into a basin, and take it warm in bed. It will be found very grateful and soothing in cases of cold or chills. Some persons scald a little cinnamon in the milk they use for the occasion.

DELICIOUS DRESSING FOR ROAST FOWLS.—Spread pieces of stale but tender wheaten bread liberally with butter, and season rather high with salt and pepper, working them into the butter; then dip the bread in wine, and use it in as large pieces as is convenient to stuff the bird. The delicious flavour which the wine gives is very penetrating, and it gives the fowl a rich gamey character, which is very pleasant.

Hot Soup.—Make a rich custard; instead of sweetening, season with salt, pepper and savory herbs. Melt a lump of butter—a piece as large as a walnut, to every quart.

PASTIMES.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a valuable product of our fields, and leave something necessary to make it grow, which again beheaded leaves the action necessary to make use of it; hosed again, and a proposition is left.
2. Behead a spicy production, and leave a young lady's day dream.
3. Behead a tropical grain, and learn what navigators avoid.
4. Behead a clear substance, and leave one not easily understood, which again beheaded, indicates one with little understanding.

REBUS.

I Five letters compose me, a wonderful demo,
Read backwards or forwards, I still am the same.
Behold me, and let you behold in one view,
A man we've all heard of, but none of us know.
Then cut off my tail and again will remain,
A name which reads backwards and forwards the same.
Replacing my head and removing a tail,
Shows a state we would none of us choose, I'll go bail.
Remove my two heads, and replace my two ends,
And over my body the cataract tends.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

- BGTAURRPAOLEH, a person of some conceit.
GILLLEEB, a check upon curiosity.
UQUEERRATSO, composed of solid and liquid.
DUNEARANAILVIT, not celebrated for strength.

CHARADES.

- 1 My first will a type of stupidity name,
My second is only two-thirds of the same,
My third scorn and shun it,
For some who've begun it,
Ne'er stopped till my whole they became.
2. I am a word of ten letters. My 6, 7, 3, 9, 5, represents a town in any country; my 8, 2, 6, 7, is one of the twelve patriarchs; my 1, 10, 2, is an insect; my 2, 6, 5, is a portion of the day; my 7, 4, 3, is what no one desires to be; my 6, 10, 7, 3, is an article of dress worn by ladies; and my whole is the name of a town in British America.

ENIGMA.

With monks and with hermits I chiefly reside,
From courts and from camps at a distance;
The ladies, who ne'er could my presence abide,
To banish me join their assistance.
I sometimes offend, yet oft show respect
To the patriot, preacher, or peer;
Yet sometimes, alas! a sad mark of neglect,
And a proof of contempt I appear.
I once, as an eminent poet records,
Was pleased with the nightingale's song;
Yet often am known to leave ladies and lords,
And wander with thieves all night long.
At the bed of the sick I'm frequently seen,
And I always attend on the dead;
With patient submission I sit on the ground,
And when talked of, am instantly dead.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., No. 12.

- ACROSTIC.—Solon. 1. Stephen. 2. Orion. 3. Luther. 4. Otho. 5. Newton.
- PUZZLE.—1. Fill the 3 gallon measure and empty it in the 5 gal.—fill again the 3 gal., and fill up the 5 gal.—1 gallon will then remain in the 3 gal.—pour the 5 gal. back again into the cask, then empty the gallon in the 3 gal. into the 5 gal., and fill again the 3 gal.—it is then divided—4 gallons out and 4 in the cask.
2. From six take ix leaves s
" ix take x leaves i
" xl take z leaves x
Six remains
 3. This proposition admits of several solutions; we give one of those forwarded by the propounder.
 $75 + 24 + \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{3} = 100.$
- ENIGMA.—1. Hannah. 2. Live, Evil, Veil, Levi, Vile.
- CHARADES.—1. Cab-man. 2. Bel-fry.
- ANAGRAMS.—1. Charades. 2. Punishment.
3. Crinoline. 4. Universal suffrage. 5. Impatient. 6. Determination. 7. Ireland. 8. Do haste sell your wife.
- TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1. Calisthenics. 2. Compass. 3. The Intercolonial Railway. 4. Brown's Bronchial Troches.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.—1st 10 & 4. 2nd 64.

The following answers have been received:
Acrostic.—Ellen Amelia; Q. E. D.; H.; Nemo; Cloud; H. H. V.; Query; Fanny D.
Puzzles.—1st. Nemo; Grocer; H.; Ellen Amelia; W. H. B.; Booss. 2nd. D-v-s; Nemo; H. H. V.; Query; Fanny D. 3rd. H.; Clio; W. H. B.; D-v-s.
Enigma.—1st. Nemo; H.; Ellen Amelia; Q. E. D. 2nd. Q. H. D.; J. H. D.; Ellen Amelia; Artist; H.; Nemo; W. H. B.
Anagrams.—The whole or part; Q. E. D.; Ellen Amelia; H. H. V.; H.; Query; Fanny D.
Transpositions.—Nemo; Ellen Amelia; Q. E. D.; J. H. D.; H. H. V.; Cloud; Query.
Arithmetical Questions.—Both; W. H. B.; C. H. W.; Nemo; H. H. V. 2nd. Ellen Amelia; Artist; Q. E. D.; J. H. D.; Cloud.
The following were received too late to be acknowledged in our last week's issue. Camp; Geo. Massey.

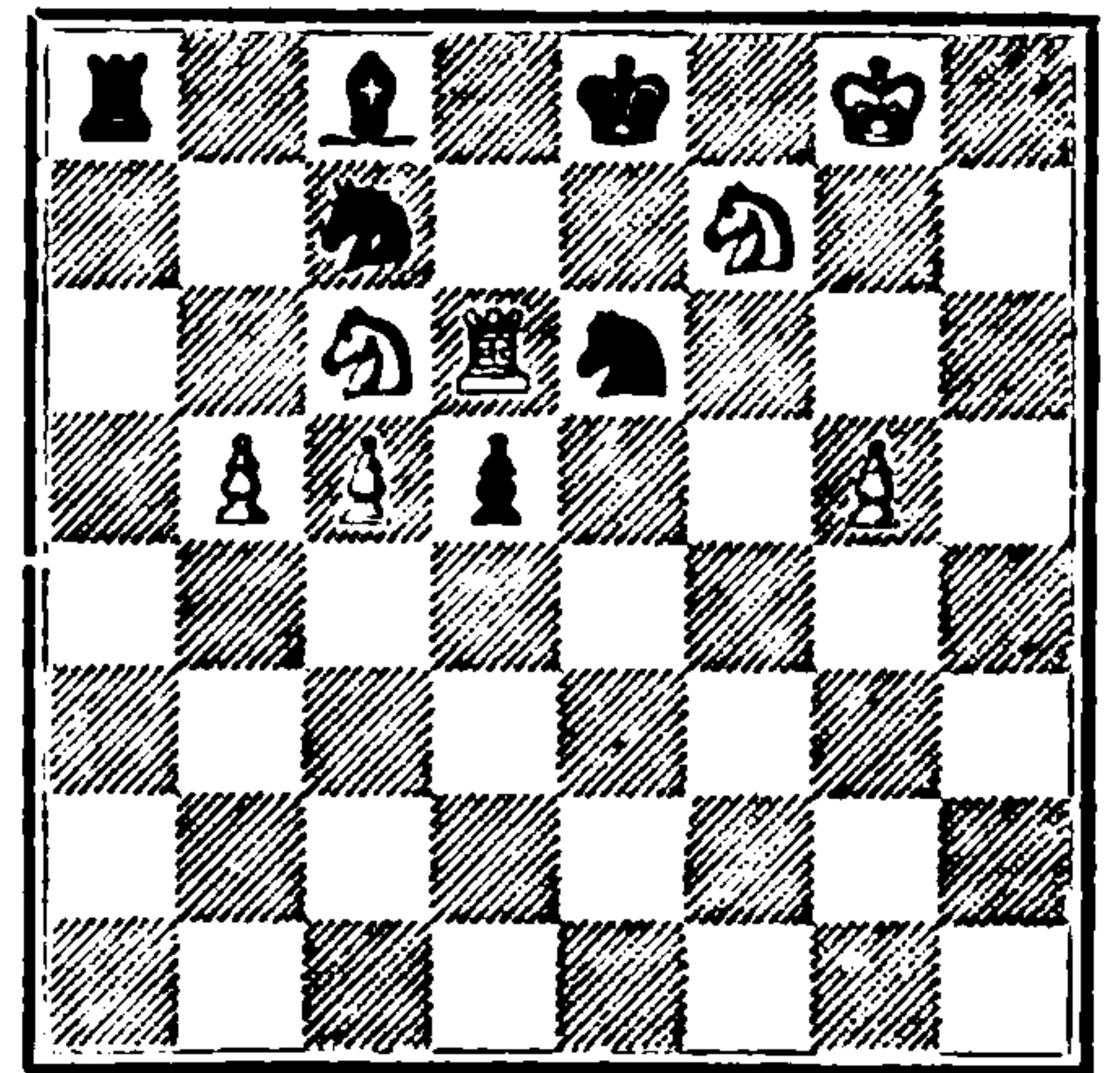
CHESS.

THE match between the Quebec and Montreal Chess Clubs, referred to in our last issue, has terminated largely in favour of the former Club. The score showing Quebec 11; Montreal 6, and one game drawn.

We presume our readers will have observed that a misplacement of the type occurred in our last week's Problem. Kings should be substituted for Queens, and vice versa.

PROBLEM No. 2.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in 4 moves.

We give below a game played by two Montreal amateurs. White giving the odds of Queens Rook.

KING'S GAMBIT.

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 P. to K. 4th. | P. to K. 4th. |
| 2 P. to K. B. 4th. | Q. Kt. to B. 3rd. |
| 3 K. Kt. to B. 3rd. | P. to Q. 3rd. |
| 4 K. B. to Q. B. 4th. | Q. B. to K. Kt. 5th. |
| 5 Castles. | B. takes Kt. |
| 6 Q. takes B. | Q. Kt. to Q. 5th. |
| 7 Q. to K. 3rd. | Q. Kt. takes Q. B. P. |
| 8 Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd. | K. Kt. to K. R. 3rd. |
| 9 Q. takes Kt. | Q. to K. R. 5th. |
| 10 B. to Kt. 5th. (ch). | P. to Q. B. 3rd. |
| 11 B. takes P. (ch). | K. to Q. sq. |
| 12 B. to Q. 4th. | R. to Q. B. sq. |
| 13 Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. | Kt. m Kt. 6th. |
| 14 P. to K. R. 3rd. | Kt. m B. 3rd. |
| 15 P. to Q. 3rd. | Kt. takes B. |
| 16 P. takes Kt. | P. takes P. |
| 17 B. takes P. | B. to K. 2nd. |
| 18 Q. to Q. 2nd. | K. R. to K. sq. |
| 19 Kt. to K. 4th. * | P. to K. R. 3rd. |
| 20 Q. to Q. R. 5th. (ch). | R. to Q. B. 2nd. |
| 21 B. to K. Kt. 3rd. | P. to Q. Kt. 3rd. |
| 22 Q. to Q. Kt. 5th. | Q. to K. K. 4th. |
| 23 B. takes P. | B. takes B. |
| 24 Kt. takes B. | K. Kt. to K. 3rd. |
| 25 Kt. to K. B. 5th. | K. R. to K. 4th. |
| 26 Kt. to Q. 6th. | Q. R. to K. 2nd. |
| 27 Q. to Q. B. 6th. | Q. R. to Q. B. 2nd. |
| 28 Q. to Q. R. 8th. (ch). | K. to K. 2nd. |
| 29 K. takes P. (ch). | K. takes Kt. |
| 30 Q. to Q. 8th. (ch). | K. to Q. B. 4th. |
| 31 Q. takes R. (ch). | K. to Q. 5th. |
| 32 R. to K. B. 4th. (ch). | K. takes P. at W. Q. 5th. |
| 33 Q. to Q. 7th. (ch). | K. to Q. B. 4th. |
| 34 P. to Q. Kt. 4th. | |

* Threatening to win, exchange by Kt. takes P. then ch. with B., which would win Queen.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTIST.—The article will appear in an early issue.

NERO.—We refer you to the present number.

CHAS. H. S.—Did you receive our letter? Your communications are to hand. Please forward No. 3 at once.

S. J.—It is a matter of taste, but we much prefer the good old Saxon word "mother."

BLANK.—Is "Blank" a candidate for Beauport? Had we supposed that the refusal to print his brilliant effusions in the READER would have been attended with such serious results, we might have hesitated ere committing his unmitigated doggerel to the flames. As it is, will Blank understand that any future communications of a similar character will be consigned unread to the waste basket? If he has anything to say, let him say it sensibly—if he can—for we have no taste for madness without a spice of "method" in it.

F. B. D.—We cannot decipher your first problem; the second appeared in one of our earliest issues. Will you be good enough to rewrite the first, and forward it with the solution appended.

The verses are not carefully written, many of the lines being faulty in metre. We append two of the best stanzas.

A strange light illumines her sparkling blue eye,
Death, and its terrors are sadly doying;
I've mark'd it of old when she gazed at the sky,
As though she saw further—she does now she's dying.

The day is fast waning—the winds are at rest,
The happy birds homeward are lazily flying;
The sun will soon sink in the gold tinted west,
And like the day—calmly—our darling is dying.

J. R. CLEAR.—Please accept our thanks—will be glad to hear from you at your convenience.

H. J., QUEBEC.—Your communication is to hand—we trust an additional "s" will not be needed.

W. H.—To obtain the value in gold of, say \$500 in greenbacks, multiply by the gold value of \$1, which, supposing the current discount to be 32 per cent, will be .68. \$500 multiplied by .68 give \$340, the value in gold. To obtain the equivalent in greenbacks for any given sum in gold divide by the gold value of \$1.00, and the quotient will give the equivalent. Reversing the example above—\$340 gold, divided by .68 give \$500, value in greenbacks.

SEAVIUS.—You can obtain the information you require from any good Encyclopedia.

VERITAS.—Declined with thanks.

CANADIA.—The Canadian National Song has yet to be written. Many, probably, will write patriotic verses worthy of a place in the literature of the country; but some day the happy inspiration will come, and the hearts of the people will thrill with a soul stirring song which they will instinctively claim as their own. Who would not be writer? We have only space for one stanza of the song you forward.

Ring forth the blessing of peace through our border,
May demagogues cease to create false alarms;
The star of our ancestors frowns on disorder,
"God and right" is our watchword, our shield is his arm.

While the banner of freedom waves o'er our fathers,
May their mantle encircle us, over the sea,
And their valereous sons when the war cloud foregathers,

Be ready, eye ready to claim victory,
Ready, eye ready! devoted and steady,
Canadians will guard their honour with pride,
We have wrestled many laurels around us already
"God and right" is our watchword—in it we confide.

R. S.—If you have any doubt on the subject, you had better obtain legal advice.

ONE of Theodore Hook's friends was an enthusiast on the subject of grammar; a badly-constructed sentence, or a false quantity, inflicted as much pain on his sense of hearing as a false note in music does on the ear of a musician. Theodore Hook said of his grammatical, "If anything could cause his ghost to return after death, it would be a grammatical error in the inscription on his tombstone."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

FROM a report on the subject we learn that the signals on an English railway forty miles long costs as much as £3,000, and that the complicated ones at the chief stations of a great railway cost about £2,000.

A CURIOUS invention has been provisionally patented by Mr. E. S. Jones, of Liverpool, according to which he proposes to compress air into suitable chambers, conveniently stored in various parts of ships. The compression may be effected when the ship is in port, in order that it may be available when required in cases of emergency.

It is stated in the *Lancet* that Mr. Bitot has proposed perchloride of iron as a cure for cancer. The French *Academy* considers that this salt is a specific remedy, and that its action is somewhat similar to that of iodine in cases of scrofula.

LARGE discoveries of plumbago are stated to have been made in the inland districts of the Cape of Good Hope. A sample of eight bags has already been shipped to England, in order to test its value in the home market.

AT the Birmingham Industrial Exhibition the first prize was awarded to Mr. Peter Gaskell, the inventor and patentee of the cab indicator, which shows the distance the cab goes, and the amount the passengers have to pay.

TO DESTROY RATS.—The appended method is said to be an excellent means of destroying rats in a house:—"Oil of amber and oxgall mixed in equal parts, added to thin oatmeal and flour sufficient to form a paste; divide into little balls, and lay in the middle of the apartment infested. These balls will form an irresistibly attractive bait for the rats: they will eat them ravenously, but will immediately be seized with intense thirst. Several vessels of water must be laid close by, at which the rats will drink till they die on the spot."

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

WHY should a doctor never carry a new time-piece?—Because it is impossible to count a patient's pulse with any watch but a second-hand one.

WHEN is a steamboat like a witness in a trial?—When it is bound to a pier.

QUITE ANOTHER THING.—*Luxurious Party*: I say Bob, did you ever try a guinea razor?—*Less Pecunious Friend*: No; but to tell you the truth, old fellow, I came here to try to raise a guinea.

TIT FOR TAT.—Once upon a time an Irishman and a negro were fighting, and while grappling with each other the Irishman exclaimed, "You black rascal, cry enough! I'll fight till I die."—"So'll I," said the negro; "I always does."

HOLDING HIS OWN.—Colonel Bodens, who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with "how dye?" answered, "pretty well, I thank you; you find I hold my own."—"Yes, sir," rejoined the man, "and mine, too, to my sorrow."

GRASS-WIDOWS.—A writer says that he has come to the conclusion that the term grass-widows arises from the fact that their husbands are always roving blades.

A LATE heavy fall of rain showed one ludicrous sight—an attempt to crowd two fashionably-dressed women under one umbrella.

A PARADOX.—When is a sailor not a sailor?—A sailor is not a sailor when he's a-board, nor when he's a-shore; and as he's always either aboard or ashore, of course he cannot be a sailor at all.

THE ONE.—When a man and woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is the one. Sometimes there's a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

NOT SO TALL.—Lord Chesterfield's physicians baring informed him that he was "dying by inches," he thanked heaven that he was not so tall by a foot as Sir Thomas Robinson.

NEVER MISSED.—A fop asked a friend what apology he should make for not being one of the

party the day before, to which he had a card of invitation. "Oh, my dear sir," replied the wit, "say nothing about it; you were never missed."

WISER IN HIS FOLLY.—In the North the "daft Jamie" of a parish got into the pulpit of the church one Sunday before the minister, who happened to be rather behind time that day. "Come down, Jamie," said the minister, "that is my place."—"Come ye up, sir," replied Jamie; "they are a stiff-necked and rebellious generation, the people o' this place, and it will tak' us baith to manage them."

HOW TO SWEAT A PATIENT.—A young gentleman was undergoing an examination at the College of Surgeons, when the questions put were of a very searching character. After answering a number of queries, he was asked what he would prescribe to throw a patient into a profuse perspiration. "Why," exclaimed the youthful Galen, "I would send him here to be examined, and if that did not give him a sweat, I do not know what would."

SHERIDAN was once talking to a friend about the Prince Regent, who took great credit to himself for various public measures, as if they had been directed by his political skill, or foreseen by his political sagacity. "But," said Sheridan, "what His Royal Highness more particularly prides himself in is the late excellent harvest."

IN an election for the borough of Tallagh Councillor Egan, or "Bully Egan," as he was familiarly called, being an unsuccessful candidate, appealed to a Committee of the House of Commons. It was in the heat of a very warm summer; and Egan, who was an exceedingly stout man, was struggling through the crowd, his handkerchief in one hand, his bag in the other, and his countenance full of excitement, when he met Curran. "I'm sorry for you, my dear fellow," said Curran. "Sorry! why sorry, Jack—why so? I'm perfectly at my ease."—"Alas," said Curran, "it is but too visible that you're losing tallow (Tallagh) fast!"

A PARENT LAD.—"Ben," said a father to his delinquent son, "I am busy now, but as soon as I can get time, I mean to give you a flogging." "Don't hurry, pa," replied the patient lad, "I can wait."

NO ADVANCING WITHOUT A GUARANTEE.—That miser, old Moneybags, who has lately joined the volunteers, has got into great disgrace, when commanded by the officer to "Advance," by positively refusing to do so, unless he was guaranteed his own rate of interest.

SMOKING.—A Boston paper says that a hasty pudding which had been set out to cool one morning in that city, was taken to the station-house, by a policeman, on a charge of smoking in the street—a practice which is not permitted in that tidy little city.

GOON COMPANY.—Sir George Saville was remarkably fond of sailing, and, pursuing his favourite amusement on the Humber, with an old fisherman, the vessel admitted a great quantity of water. At last Sir George turned to the old man, and, with great composure, asked him how much more water the boat would hold before she would sink.—"Half a bucket-full, and please you, Sir George." On which the sails were unfurled, and they came safe on shore. The old man being asked why he did not sooner apprise Sir George of his danger, replied, "Why, marry, I've an auld man, and thought I could not die in better company."

PROBABLE POETRY.—I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and I asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, the insensible thing, and said she'd no notion of men. I told her I'd oceans of money and goods—tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods, to be scared by the screech of an owl. I called her a coquette and everything bad, I slighted her features and form; till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like the sea in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angel and dear; she fell in my arms like a wearisome child, and exclaimed, "We will marry this year."

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with his "toady" Boswell and "snivelled his compliments" to the noble Flora Macdonald who aided the Pretender thus far in his flight. "It is pleasant" writes Mr. Smith, "to know that Johnson and Flora McDonald met. It was like the meeting of two widely separated eras and orders of things. Fleet street and the Cuchullins with Ossianic mists on their crests came face to face. It is pleasant also to know that the eagle liked the lady and the lady the eagle."

Mr. Smith's pages revel in quaint stories, grim legends and vivid pictures of the living, breathing characters he encountered during his tour. We would willingly place many lengthy extracts from the book, before our readers, but we content ourselves with the following from a description of Dunvegan castle, not that it is by any means the best we could select, but simply because our space will not permit us to make a more lengthy one.

"By a narrow spiral stair we reached the most interesting apartment in Dunvegan,—the Fairy Room, in which Sir Walter Scott slept once. This apartment is situated in the ancient portion of the building, it overlooks the sea, and its walls are of enormous thickness. From its condition I should almost fancy that no one has slept there since Sir Walter's time. In it, at the period of my visit, there was neither bedstead nor chair, and it seemed a general lumber-room. The walls were hung with rusty broadswords, dirks, targets, pistols, Indian helmets; and tunics of knitted steel were suspended on frames, but so rotten with age and neglect that a touch frayed them as if they had been woven of worsted. There were also curved scymitars, and curiously-hafted daggers, and two tattered regimental flags,—that no doubt plunged through battle smoke in the front of charging lines,—and these last I fancied had been brought home by the soldier whose portrait I had seen in one of the modern rooms. Moth-eaten volumes were scattered about amid a chaos of dusty weapons, cruces, and lamps. In one corner lay a huge oaken chest with a chain wound round it, but the lid was barely closed, and through the narrow aperture a roll of paper protruded docketed in clerkly hand and with faded ink,—accounts of—from 1715 till some time at the close of the century,—in which doubtless some curious items were imbedded. Oneverything lay the dust and neglect of years. The room itself was steeped in a half twilight. The merriest sunbeam became grave as it slanted across the corroded weapons in which there was no answering gleam. Cobwebs floated from the corners of the walls,—the spiders which wove them having died long ago of abeer age. To my feeling it would be almost impossible to laugh in the haunted chamber, and if you did so you would be startled by a strange echo as if something mocked you. There was a grave-like odour in the apartment. You breathed dust and decay.

"Seated on the wooden trunk round which the chain was wound, while Malcolm, with his hand thrust in the hilt of a broadsword, was examining the notches on its blade, I inquired,—

"Is there not a magic flag kept at Dunvegan? The flag was the gift of a fairy, if I remember the story rightly."

"Yes," said Malcolm, making a cut at an imaginary foeman, and then banging the weapon up on the wall; "but it is kept in a glass case, and never shown to strangers, at least when the family is from home."

"How did Macleod come into possession of the flag, Malcolm?"

"Well, the old people say that one of the Macleods fell in love with a fairy, and used to meet her on the green bill out there. Macleod promised to marry her; and one night the fairy gave him a green flag, telling him that, when either he or one of his race was in distress, the flag was to be waved; but after the third time it might be thrown into the fire, for the power would have gone all out of it. I don't know, indeed, how it was, but Macleod deserted the fairy and married a woman."

"Is there anything astonishing in that? Would you not rather marry a woman than a fairy yourself?"

"May be, if she was a rich one like the woman Macleod married," said Malcolm, with a grin. "But when the fairy heard of the marriage she was in a great rage whatever. She cast a spell over Macleod's country, and all the women brought forth dead sons, and all the cows brought forth dead calves. Macleod was in great tribulation. He would soon have no young men to fight his battles, and his tenants would soon have no milk or cheese wherewith to pay their rents. The cry of his people came to him as he sat in his castle, and he waved the flag, and next day over the country there were living sons and living calves. Another time, in the front of a battle, he was sorely pressed, and nigh being beaten, but he waved the flag again, and got the victory, and a great slaying of his enemies."

"Then the flag has not been waved for the third and last time?"

"No. At the time of the potato failure, when the people were starving in their cabins, it was thought that he should have waved it and stopped the rot. But the flag stayed in its case. Macleod can only wave it once now; and I'm sure he's like a man with his last guinea in his pocket,—he does not like to spend it. But may be, sir, you would like to climb up to the flag-staff and see the view."

"A Summer in Skye" will be found a very pleasant companion for a leisure hour.

A VERY OLD STORY.

I.

A nuxem crept into a young man's breast,
And said, "Oh, here is a pleasant nest
For a weary demon like me to rest,—
But woe to him that shall wake me!"

II.

Be the demon slept, and the young man grew
Older and stronger, and never knew
That a demon within him was growing too,
Though he slept in his nest so soundly.

III.

This man had a brother that tended sheep;
He, too, knew nought of this demon's sleep,—
Or his mother might not have had cause to weep,
When his socks were bloating lonely.

IV.

But words were loud, that should have been low,
And the demon awoke,—and a brutal blow
Made that brother feel, if he did not know
What a demon he had awakened.

V.

Since then, that demon has never slept,
But, raging and foaming, has madly swept
Over the earth, but God has kept
A record of all his doings.

VI.

O man or woman! guard well thy heart!
For this demon's a demon of matchless art,
And strong is the voice that can say, "depart,"
When he enters and chooses to linger.

VII.

O gentle maiden of sweet, fair face!
O boy in the heyday of boyish grace!
You think not this demon can find a place
To lurk in your tender bosoms!

VIII.

But beware! for this demon has many forms;
Like a snake amid flowers amid your charms,
He may carry a sting when he least alarms,
To foster, and rankle, and poison!

IX.

He enters softly, and for a while
He cheats his victim with hellish gulle,—
But God sees murder in every smile
Of him who hates his brother!

J. R. CLERK.

MISCELLANEA.

THE election of a new Lord Provost of Edinburgh has just taken place, when Mr. William Chambers, head of the well-known publishing firm, was elected.

Mr. F. C. Burnand is about to publish his new opera burlesque, "L'Africaine, or the Queen of the Cannibal Islands."

Continental journals announce the decease of the fattest man in the world. Herr Helm was a German, and followed the profession of translator for booksellers and merchants. He was forty-two years of age, and weighed 500 lbs. He had but little faith in the Banting treatment, and his obesity increased to such an extent that latterly he was unable to enter doorways of ordinary size.

Botanists may be glad to know that the second part of Bentham and Hooker's "Genera Plantarum" has just been published. Lindley and Moore's "Treasury of Botany," which has also been announced for some time, is at length nearly ready for publication.

The new work, by the Emperor of the French, "On the Policy of France in Algiers," after having been privately circulated for some time was published about a fortnight since in Paris. The book is a small quarto, printed at the Imperial press, and, in the form of a letter, is addressed to Marshal Mac Mahon, Duke of Magenta.

Dr. Lankester is about to commence a *Journal of Social Science*. It will be published once a month, and will be devoted to the publication of papers, reviews of books, and information on the various subjects embraced in the departments of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science. Dr. Lankester has had a good deal of experience in writing and teaching, and is promised the help of many students of social science.

The Roman Catholic Bishop Dorrian, a member of the Literary Society and Reading Room, in Belfast, has been foiled, by a vote of the shareholders, in an attempt to regulate the Society according to a law of his own. The Bishop modestly insists that no rule shall exist, or book be introduced, or member be admitted, that has not his approval; and he adds, that he will "debar from sacraments all and every one" who do not agree to his conditional

A commencement has been made of the works for the Pneumatic Railway, which is to connect Waterloo Terminus with Whitehall by means of a tunnel under the Thames.

The tomb of Horace Vernet is just completed. The place is marked by a single block of granite, on which rests a white marble slab, the upper part of which, although placed in an horizontal position, is in the form of a Latin cross. A palette and brushes sculptured on the front of the monument symbolize the profession of the deceased.

Very characteristic of the man is one of the latest official acts performed by Lord Palmerston, the placing the name of Mr. Capern, the Bideford poet, on the Civil List for an additional 20*l.* per annum, making a total of 60*l.* which the postman poet now enjoys.

Mr. Samuel Baker, the discoverer of the new lake near the sources of the Nile, has arrived in London. We may expect, therefore, soon to have further details of his exploit.

There has recently been discovered under the ruins of the ancient Amathusia, in the Island of Cyprus, a magnificent vase. It is of a hemispheric form, and measures six feet in height; its diameter at the top is about fourteen feet, and its weight not far short of 30,000 lbs. The vase is enriched by sculptured bulls, and ornamented by handles of peculiar and elegant form. It was buried at the summit of a hill eight hundred yards from the shore, and the crews of two French vessels commissioned by the Government have recently been engaged disinterring and removing the vase down to the beach. A moveable tramway, however, had to be constructed before this object of antiquity could be got on board the vessel.

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In next week's issue will be found a list of new Illustrated Books for 'Xmas Gifts, &c.

R. WORTHINGTON,
20 Great St. James Street, MONTREAL.

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER I. THE MESSAGE.

"For duty is but deeds of loveliness,
And truth a power to make the spirit free;
And they whose self-forged bonds their souls repose,
No effort shall arouse from slavery."
FROM THE CANONS.

THE last Sunday in September, some dozen years ago, was one of the very loveliest of autumn days, when the parting smile of summer lingered tenderly on the peaceful fields, and flushed the woodlands with a golden gleam, that promised to kindle rapidly into yet richer splendour; while there was a pure, fresh breath of coolness in the quiet air, most grateful after the heat of the harvest days. For Austwicke Chase was in the south of England, about sixty miles from London, towards the Hampshire coast, and the harvest for that year was over, well over, in that district. The afternoon sunbeams fell softly on the stubble fields, and along the slope of some rich meadows that skirted a narrow winding river, on whose opposite bank there was an extensive flat common, or chase as it was called, that was bounded in the distance by a stretch of noble woodland. The whole scene, in its quiet rural and sylvan beauty, being improved by a little village green and groups of nestling cottages at one end of the chase, and in the foreground of the other extremity were some scattered farmhouses and homesteads.

The church—Wicks Church, as, by the abbreviations of time, it was called—was close to the village green, and also close to the old house of the time-honoured lords of the manor—the Austwicks, an untitled, but very ancient English family, whose boast, indeed, it was, that, once in olden times, and once again in more modern days, the honour of knighthood and of baronetage had been offered to, and declined by, their family.

It is just possible that pride, rather than humility, in both cases dictated that refusal of title and distinction; for, without going into records of the past history of the owners of Austwicke Chase, it is certain that Honoria Austwicke, a maiden lady of mature age, who now, for the time being, was the only occupant of the old mansion, had no lack of what she called "true dignity," and what others might consider overweening family pride, for personal and relative estimate is often very opposite in such matters. Certain it was that, among the congregation of the village church now streaming forth from its shadowy aisles and ivy-mantled porch into the sweet calm sunshine that bathed the fields in Sabbath quiet, none were more troubled by the sermon that had been preached to them that afternoon than the before-named lady.

The preacher was a young man, a curate only recently appointed; the incumbent of the living being an invalid, whose infirmities, of late years, had necessitated his residing at Harrogate. Mr. Nugent, the curate, was a mild, reserved young man, rather liked by the farmers and people of Austwicke Chase, and by no means disliked by Miss Honor, as the lady of the Austwicke family was generally called, for she had ascertained from inquiries that Mr. Nugent, though poor, was "well connected," and she had concluded his principles were all that could be desired in a gentleman of good family and refined feelings. But the sermon of this afternoon was on humility, and instead of being soothing and suitable to her notions of the claims of station and the authority of rank, was against pride—especially family pride.

She marched through the private wicket gate out of the churchyard into the grounds of Chase Hall with a step so firm, and a mien so erect, that it might be called defiant. Turning for a moment to look back towards the church, she saw Mr. Nugent coming towards her, and answered his bow by a curtsy at once so stately and so distant that it forbade any further approach; indeed, she at the same time locked the wicket gate with her own pass-key, and went on by a path through the shrubbery, feeling, it must be owned, no pleasure in the tranquillity of Nature, no soothing in its beauty.

Just then the soft blue sky, the slanting beams of the westering sun, that sent broad shafts of gold through the interlacing boughs of the shrubbery, was all unnoticed by her. A sense of offended dignity shut out all other sensations but that of haughty anger. As she came to the wide lawn that spread before the old hall, she stood still an instant and looked at it intently. It was a heterogeneous mass of building, with no pretensions to architectural merit: a long, irregular-gabled front, with incongruous but convenient modern windows to the lower rooms; an ivy-covered turret at the far or west end, under which was the principal entrance, long unused, and now completely overgrown by a luxuriant Virginia creeper that, in its autumnal garb of brilliant crimson, hung flaunting over the dark green ivy like trailing blood-red banners. At the end of the building next to Miss Honor was the east porch, an old taken doorway that led into the east wing, the only part of the house at present occupied. A belt of thick plantation shrubs completely encircled the wide lawn—or, as Miss Honor called it, "the croft;" but through some spaces skilfully left in the woodland there were peeps of the Chase beyond, the shining little river that girdled it, and the upland fields and farms stretching away in the distance.

"It is a place to love, ay, and to be proud of," said the lady, as she scanned the house rather than the surroundings; adding, after a moment's pause, as she heaved a troubled sigh, "and yet they do not value it—not as they should, not as I, in their place, would. Why did not my brother Edmund stay here, and improve the property and keep up the family influence? He might have been alive now, and have prevented—ay, prevented—as became his name, the growth of such opinions as I have heard this afternoon. 'Blessed are the meek!' Of course, that is Holy Scripture, and true; but it surely means teach the poor to be humble; but as to talking about pride so pointedly, as if to me, it's sheer nonsense, or worse."

She untied the strings of her bonnet as she talked to herself, and in an absent way took it off and hung it on her arm, pacing to and fro on the thick mossy turf before the house. In her way she was quite as remarkable looking as the old hall itself. Her features were well cut and fine, but must have been always rather too strongly marked for female beauty. Now that she was something past her fortieth year, her high nose, lofty but narrow forehead, arched brows that nearly met, tremulous, irresolute mouth, and perfectly pale complexion, gave her a distinguished and anxious, yet somewhat forbidding, or perhaps unapproachable look. And yet there was kindness enough in her clear, dark-grey, restless eyes to compensate for the frigid hauteur of the face. But she had a languid way of drooping her eyelids that prevented most observers from noticing their usual benevolent expression. If, indeed, such an observer had chanced to see her angry, then the flash and gleam that made her eyes glow like two wells of quivering light, would not soon be forgotten. For the rest, her person was spare and of middle height, though the erect way in which she carried her head made her appear much taller than she really was. Her dress of steel-grey silk, trimmed with black lace, suited her face and form, and in particular harmonised with her partially faded hair, which, yet thick and abundant, was pinned up on each side of her head in the stiff curls that had been in fashion in her early womanhood.

She was still musing, when the Sabbath silence of the day was broken by the sound of a horse's hoofs galloping along the hard chalk road at the rear of the hall. There was such unmistakable speed in the sound, that Miss Honor Austwicke, with a startled pause, turned her head to listen if the horseman were merely passing or coming to the hall. The loud clangour of the bell at the stable entrance announced some messenger, whose tidings were of sufficient import to warrant his making the whole household hear. With her steps a little quickened, the lady walked at once towards the house, and without waiting to go into the east porch, turned the fastening of a side window that led into a little drawingroom overlooking a small flower garden. It was her own

special part of the house, where, if she were wanted, the servants would immediately seek her. Whether it was part of Miss Honor's creed not to allow herself to manifest curiosity or surprise, the fact is certain that she sat herself quietly down in her usual chair, and, taking up a book from the table, began reading just as an old man servant, with a head as white as the silver salver he held in his hand, approached her with a letter; and, presenting it to her, lingered a moment after she took it, with an anxious look on his face.

The letter, though addressed to Miss Austwicke, was evidently in a handwriting unknown to that lady, for she turned it about in her hands a moment or two inquiringly before opening it, then, leisurely unfastening the envelope, the printed words, "Royal Sturgeon Hotel, Southampton," met her gaze, and the light began to leap out of her eyes as she read the words—

MADAM,—A gentleman, whose card is enclosed, lies dangerously ill at this house. In answer to enquiries made of him about his friends, he requested that you might be written to, to come to him without delay.—I am, madam, your obedient servant,

RALPH HOBBS,
Landlord.

P. S.—Dr. Bissle considers the case very serious.

In opening the letter the card enclosed had dropped to the ground. The old servant, more alertly than might have been expected, stooped to pick it up, eyeing it all the more eagerly that his eyes, unaided by glasses, could not read it. His mistress took it from him, and laying her disengaged hand on her side, as if to still a throbb that shook her, read aloud, with forced calmness, the name, "Captain Wilfred Austwicke;" adding, as if unconsciously, "My brother—my brother Wilfred in England! ill, at Southampton!"

"Master Wilfred come home from India, and no word sent!" hurst involuntarily from the old serving man, who immediately apologised—"I ask your pardon, Miss Honor—madam—I humbly ask your pardon. I'm getting a bit old, and I didn't expect to see Master Wilfred no more."

Miss Honor bent her head condescendingly to the aged butler. Her pale face was a shade paler for the tidings that had come thus suddenly, and there was a tremor in her voice as she said—

"Yes, Gubbins, you are old enough to know that 'Master Wilfred' is now a foolish expression as applied to my brother, Captain Austwicke, and also you must remember that he is very sudden in his decisions. However, his illness is the chief thing. Who brought this letter!"

"A man o' horseback, Miss Honor. He hev rid post haste from the 'Royal Sturgeon,' Southampton—a full twenty mile. I make bold, I know, a speaking on 'em, but it seems but yesterday all three on 'em was boys here. And now one on 'em has gone, and the two that's left is getting to be middle-aged men—gentlemen, I mean."

"Send Martin to me, and order the carriage; I shall go at once to Southampton, Gubbins," interposed Miss Honor, waving her hand in dismissal of the old man, who, bowing as he left, yet kept muttering to himself along the passage to the offices, "All boys, like as 'twere yesterday, the three, and now on'y two left, and one it—like to die, maybe—at Southampton. Come home all of a heat, jest like his old ways. Oh, he jest was a bright 'un; and for quickness, such a highflyer he was! Here, Martin, go to your mistress; she wants you to pack up quick. Do you hear, all of you? Jem and Bob, where are you?" Calling and coughing at intervals, the old man hustled away towards the stables, giving orders, and recalling, meanwhile, recollections which evidently showed that "Master Wilfred," as he called him, was the favourite of the three sons of the household in the old servant's estimation.

The bustle of the domestics that soon filled the usually orderly dwelling, contrasted with the enforced calmness that was maintained by the lady up-stairs in making her preparations.

Her waiting-woman, Martin, brought up a cup of strong tea, and implored her mistress to take it, alleging, with truth, that as Miss Honor had not dined, she would be faint for want before reaching her destination. The lady yielded to her servant's entreaties, feeling in reality, notwithstanding her apparent calmness, too anxious and surprised by this sudden summons to the bed-side of a brother who, half an hour ago, she had thought was in India, to take any precautions for her own comfort. As, however, she concluded that the removal of the invalid from his present quarters would be possible, perhaps, without further delay, she did not fail to remind Martin, who was to accompany her mistress, to take plenty of such cloaks and wraps for the use of the sick man as Indian luggage would not be likely to contain; and in less than an hour from the time of the arrival of the message, Miss Honoria Austwicke and her maid were seated in the large, old-fashioned travelling carriage, and journeying on, behind two heavy grey coach-horses, at a pace that, however respectable on that cross country route, was certainly far more dignified than swift. It is true that, by a seven miles' drive to a railway station, the lady could have gone the remaining fifteen or sixteen miles in half an hour; but she preferred going as her family had done, before the fiery horse was harnessed to the iron car; and therefore it was quite ten o'clock at night when the Austwicke carriage and its smoking steeds rattled under the bar of the High Street, and reached the portico of the "Royal Sturgeon Hotel," Southampton.

A knot of people were waiting about the hall, and at a little corner eyelet window on the staircase, used, no doubt, for observation, there was a white square face, fixed in a stony stare at Miss Austwicke, as, assisted by her servants, she alighted.

CHAPTER II. A PROMISE.

"The very tones in which we spake
Had something strange, I could but mark:
The leaves of memory seemed to make
A mournful rustling in the dark."
LONGFELLOW.

As Miss Austwicke was shown up-stairs to a drawing-room on the first-floor of the hotel, and her maid was assisting her to take off her shawl and bonnet, there was a tap at the door, and a little bald-headed, glossy gentleman came into the room with a brisk but very quiet step, and making a low bow, in a formal, serious manner, somewhat at variance with his bright quick eyes and shining face, said, "I have the honour, I believe, of speaking to Miss Austwicke, of the Chase?"

The lady bowed in assent.

"Ah, yes—just so; and I regret to say our invalid—Captain Austwicke, I think, is it not?—is in a very unsatisfactory state—very unsatisfactory."

"Can I see him, sir—Dr. Bissle, I believe?"

"Yes, madam; Bissle—yes, assuredly, my dear madam—assuredly, you can see him. The fact is, Captain Austwicke is not, I regret to say, as amenable to medical authority as I could wish. Cerebral excitement—nervous irritation. But better, far better, than when I was called in on his arrival here yesterday."

"Indeed! then he came yesterday?"

"Landed—or, I should say, brought on shore, from Sir Gwithen Pentreal's yacht—a wonderful fast sailer—in which, it seems, he made the voyage from Falmouth, where an accident of some kind to her gear has detained for a few days, the—dear me! I forget her name—the East Indiaman that he came home in. Sir Gwithen it was who sent for me to attend Captain Austwicke, but could not himself stay, for he was bound to Cherbourg or the Channel Islands, to fetch Lady Pentreal."

"And my brother, then, is ill?" said Miss Austwicke, in order to bring the rather pompous and prosy doctor to the subject that was more important to her than the mere narrative of how her brother had come home.

"Unhappily—yes. A fit, it seems, had prostrated him before he was landed. He was making an attempt, a most injudicious attempt, to travel farther—to Austwicke Obese—or, I rather

think, some much more distant place than that, by what he said—and notwithstanding my dissuasions, when another and worse attack prostrated him. He was unconscious during the night and part of this morning. I was not absolutely certain that he was of our Hampshire Austwicks, or I might, on my own responsibility, have sent to you, madam. But this afternoon he attempted to write—a very undesirable thing in his state—and, as it proved, beyond his strength; but I understand he ordered you to be sent for, and, I must add, declined—but that is, no doubt, part of the malady he suffers from—declined to consult me further, or to take his medicines: a very common symptom in such cases."

"I make no doubt, sir, your attention to my brother lays his family under great obligation," said Miss Austwicke, in her loftiest manner; "but I feel every moment an age until I see him."

The landlady, Mrs. Hobbs, at this juncture entered the room, saying, "If you please, ma'am, the gentleman is calling for you."

Miss Austwicke, who had been standing while the doctor spoke, immediately followed Mrs. Hobbs, Martin preparing to accompany her; but the lady said decidedly, "I will see my brother alone." And after crossing a lobby, pausing for a moment in the doorway of a large chamber, dimly lighted by a single candle, she looked within searchingly, and then entered, shutting the door with all womanly tact, so as to make no noise, and, with quiet footsteps, walked across the chamber to the bed-side. The gloom was so great she could only see the dim outline of the dark face that rested on the pillow. A laboured, ominous breathing fell distinctly on her ear, and told her more than her eye could of the invalid's desperate state. She stood motionless for some minutes at his bed-side, unable to speak a word; and as her eyes became accustomed to the subdued light, could discern that restless hands, wasted to the bone, were twitching at the coverlet on which they lay; and that the sunk, yet regular features, whose form she recognised with amazement that so much could change, and yet identity remain, were working nervously in what seemed mental as well as bodily agony. The invalid was the first to speak:—

"Will she never come? They said she was here."

"I am here, Wilfred; I am here, brother—dear brother."

She bent over the bed, and took one of his hands as she faltered out, hesitatingly, the last part of the sentence.

"Dear brother!" said the sick man, repeating her words in a moaning tone, and turning on his pillow in the direction of her voice—"dear brother! I don't know, Honor, that I have been dear to you; or that any one of us but Edmond ever was dear to you; and he was the heir of Austwicke. There never was much love among us—never enough, I now think, Honor."

He paused, and reaching out his wasted and burning hands, and gripping hers, which had tightly clasped his fingers, he added, "Yet I am glad you have come, if a miserable and dying man can be glad at anything."

"No, no, Wilfred, neither miserable nor dying," she interposed. As she spoke, his hold on her hand tightened until it was so painful that the tears sprang to her eyes.

"Dying, I say—and miserable. No need of many words. There"—releasing her hand suddenly, as if just conscious that he might be hurting her—"there, sit down; give me that drink," pointing to a glass on a little marble table near the bed.

Miss Austwicke looked a moment at the goblet containing a liquid, whose pungent odour revealed the presence of some strong stimulant; and said as she gave it—"Did Dr. Bissle prescribe this?"

"I want none of Dr. Bissle's prescriptions. Doctors, indeed! I'm past their tinkering."

"Brother, do be —"

"There, Honor—don't worry me or yourself—drinking, and drawing a gasping breath after it. "There that'll give me a filip. I—I—want to tell you—something—something of importance, that must be told Honor."

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"Those words! that air! methought they were known but to myself and to my father."

"The minstrel is without doubt a spy," said the suspicious baron, "whose object it is to discover our abode, and give information thereof to some enemies; but he shall not return to give intelligence to those who have sent him."

"Oh! slay him not," said the baroness; "add not the murder of this innocent youth to a list of crimes already too long."

"Well, well," answered the baron, "I shall not deprive him of life, but it were dangerous to give him his liberty; I will confine him in one of the chambers of the castle." So saying, he went forth to execute his design, but the Minnesinger had disappeared, and could not be found. A few days elapsed, and the minstrel again appeared at the castle. Bywings taken by the baron to a secret chamber known only to himself, in a remote tower, far from the inhabited portion of the château.

"Now," asked the baron, "tell me wherefore thou hast come to this castle? I know well that thou art here on some secret errand, and if it be not revealed, thy days are numbered."

But the minstrel gave no other answer than that which he had given before.

"Thou art obstinate, then? 'tis well that thou shouldst know the punishment that awaits thee: neither food nor drink shall pass thy lips until thou shalt tell me all I desire to know. The place whence thou comest, the ballad thou hast sung, are tokens that some hidden design brings thee here; 'tis my will that thou disclose it. I will return to-morrow, and give thee one more chance for thy life; if thou art still obstinate, I will leave thee here to perish."

The baron then departed, carefully fastening the door as he left the chamber.

The next day found the brave minstrel as determined as before to make no farther revelations, and so the cruel baron left him to his dreadful fate, informing his wife that he was merely keeping him in custody, as he was more than ever convinced that the minstrel plotted mischief.

Three days had elapsed since he was imprisoned, when an aged man arrived at the château, wearied and footsore, and having craved and obtained an audience of the baron, demanded if he knew aught of a youthful minstrel, who, he had heard, was last seen at the castle.

"Thou dost not remember me," continued the stranger: "I am thy wife's father. Thou didst carry off, at the head of thy robber band, my daughter from her home at Trèves, and ever since I have made fruitless efforts to discover thine abode. At length I bethought me of a means which has proved successful: I knew a sweet ballad which my daughter had composed in her youth; this I taught to a boy, who, neglected from his infancy by his own relatives, lived under my care. Him I bade go forth, and sing this lay in every town and castle until he should find my daughter, and then send me intelligence where she lived, that I might see her ere I die. This youth came here; thou didst not recognize him, doubtless: he is thy brother."

The baron stayed to bear no more; he hastened in an agony of terror to the secret chamber, flung open the door, and beheld extended on the ground the lifeless body of his brother. He caught up the motionless form in his arms, intending to convey it where remedies might be applied; but—horror!—in his confusion he had closed the door from within, and it could not be opened but from without. His cries were unavailing: none knew of the chamber but himself.

For some time the disappearance of the baron caused the greatest excitement; but at length, while some repairs were being executed in the masonry of the castle, the workmen discovered the secret chamber, the halfwormeaten, yet still recognisable, corpses of the two brothers, and a written document containing the confession of the baron.

The lady of Monjardin, struck with horror, caused the château to be pulled down, and the present church of Dieupart to be built with its stones.

The cascade de Coe is well known to visitors at Spa, not so much because of the waterfall, which is not striking, as for the beautiful scenery

which all along follows the course of the river Amblève, and which at the above-mentioned locality is perhaps seen at its best. Half-an-hour's walk from this well-known spot brings one to the hamlet of Trois-pouts, on a hill rising above which stands the solitary Church of St. Jacques. A strange belief, which he who is anxious to dispel the misty wreaths of fancy might easily verify or destroy, but which the artist and poet will leave untouched in its awful beauty, is attached to this lonely edifice. Here, it is believed amongst the peasants, every Good Friday at midnight is celebrated what in their dialect is called "la peincuse messe," that is, the sad mass. No earthly congregation assist thereat; no mortal priest performs the doubly mystic function. As midnight strikes,—as that day passes away, on which alone, according to the Roman ritual, the sacrifice of the mass cannot be offered,—the windows of St. Jacques suddenly flash with light, the doors are opened by unseen hands, and misty forms—the souls of those who sleep in the adjoining churchyard, and who have not yet passed through the purifying flames—flit into the church. The last parish priest officiates, and he must be served by a mortal acolyte, the only being of flesh and blood amidst that ghostly throng. Due warning is given beforehand to the person chosen to fill this office, and woo betide him, if he shrinks from it!—his affairs will never prosper, no enterprise of his will be blessed; if, on the contrary, he have sufficient courage to be present at that awful mass, he will evermore be remembered by those whom he has assisted, when they pass from the gloom of purgatory to the golden halls of Paradise.

III. There is, or was, a curious belief in the Ardennes, respecting a strange being, invested with mysterious powers, named Le Toucheur, which the following narrative well illustrates.

Marie Henrard, the wife of a substantial bourgeois in the village of Basse-Bodeux, not far distant from the hamlet of Trois-pouts, mentioned above, on entering her room one morning in the year 184—, was beyond measure surprised to find it occupied by an individual, anything like whose dress she had never yet seen. When she first saw the figure, its back was turned towards her, and it seemed to be examining minutely the various objects that hung on the wall. It was clothed in a long tunic of sheep-skin, resembling in shape the chasuble worn by Roman Catholic priests; yellow hose, and shoes of rough leather were seen below, and on its head was placed a hat with widely-extended brim; its hair was long and tangled, and its apparel was worn with age, and bespattered with mud. On seeing this strange intruder, Marie Henrard uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise, which immediately caused the figure to turn round, thereby revealing the bearded visage of a man seemingly of five or six and twenty years of age. His surprise at seeing the mistress of the house was apparently no less than hers at seeing him.

"Pray, madam," he said, "what may you want here?"

"Want here! a strange question to ask me in my own house."

"Your house! it is my mother's, madam, and this is my chamber; though, parbleu! it is changed wonderfully since yesterday evening."

Thinking that she had to do with a fool or a knave, Madame Henrard bade him quit the house, otherwise she would be under the necessity of calling for assistance.

"Pardon me, madam," answered the stranger, "you seem to labour under some delusion. This house belongs to my mother, Annette Grisart, widow of Henri Grisart, the late censier of the Baron of Rahier."

Madame Henrard vouchsafed no answer to what seemed to her the words of a real or pretended madman, but going without called lustily for help. Her husband and two or three other men responded to the appeal, and the so-called son of Henri Grisart, shouting for his mother, and denouncing his captors as brigands and assassins, was carried off to the awful presence of M. le Bourgmestre. Here, in presence of a crowd of villagers, he was closely interrogated, and all that could be gathered from his statements, confused and bewildering in the extreme, may be summed up in a few

words. The evening before, he said, he had gone a short distance to pay a visit to Clotilde Lemaire, whom he was about to marry. While returning home he was met by a sturdy mendicant who begged for an alms, and who, on being refused, raised his staff, and struck him on the back. He felt himself suddenly overpowered by a feeling of faintness, and was sensible of rolling down a ravine which was bordered by the path along which he had been walking. He had remained, he supposed, all night in a state of insensibility, for when he awoke he found himself lying at the bottom of the ravine, deeply imbedded in the long herbage, and the morning sun shining upon him; if any doubted the truth of what he said, let them go to a spot which he described, and they would see the form of a man distinctly visible on the soft spongy ground where he had lain. A deputation immediately set off for this purpose, and those who remained behind laid their heads together—the conseil communal officially, the rest officiously—to determine whether the scared prisoner before them were rogue or fool. What puzzled these wise-heads, and would have puzzled the wisest, was that he spoke of persons and of a state of things long since passed away, as if they were present realities. He demanded to be brought before the Baron of Rahier, he threatened to appeal to the Abbot of Stavelot, and even to the Prince-Bishop of Liège,—dignitaries unknown for the last sixty years. He was unacquainted, too, with any one familiar to those around him. While their perplexity was at its utmost height, one of the oldest villagers present asserted that during his youth he had heard of the sudden disappearance of the intended husband of a girl named Lemaire, who, after making another marriage, had lately died a widow at an advanced age. He had scarcely made this statement, when the assembled villagers were startled by hearing the prisoner exclaim, "Le voilà, le voilà! there is the man who struck me!" Having uttered these words, he fell down in violent convulsions, his face suddenly assumed the aspect of an old man's, and he expired. The person to whom he directed their attention was apparently a sturdy beggar, who, on being interrogated, denied having ever seen the unfortunate man who now lay a corpse on the floor. He had just entered the village, he said, on his way to Stavelot; he was a licensed medicant, as his papers testified, and he was therefore allowed to proceed on his way without molestation. To complete the mystery, the party which had set out to discover the place where the dead man had spent the night,—or about seventy years,—returned fully confirming what he had related: at the exact spot described by him they had found the form of a man distinctly traced out on the ground.

The aged villager before mentioned now gave out as his decided opinion that Grisart had been struck by Le Toucheur, who, according to the local tradition, was a deathless wanderer on the earth,—an instrument in the hand of Providence for recompensing the charitable, and for taking vengeance on the cold-hearted, and that, under the influence of a spell, he had lain in a lethargy for more than seventy years. B.

OUR DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

Autre affaire, (*Fr.*), another affair.

Autre chose, (*Fr.*), another thing.

Aut viam inveniam aut faciam, (*Lat.*), I will either find a way, or make it.

Autrefois acquit, (*Fr.*), previously acquitted.

Autrefois atteint, (*Fr.*), previously suspected (*law term*).

Autrefois convict, (*Fr.*), previously convicted (*law term*).

Aut vincere, aut mori, (*Lat.*), victory or death.

Avancer l'argent, (*Fr.*), to advance money.

Avant courier, (*Fr.*), a forerunner, a harbinger.

Avec le temps, (*Fr.*), in process of time.

A vinculo matrimonii, (*Lat.*), (a divorce) from the tie of marriage.

Banquette, (*Fr.*), (in fortification) a raised foot-way, inside a parapet, on which the soldiers stand to fire upon the enemy.

Badinage, (*Fr.*), light or playful discourse, jesting.

Basso relievo, (*It.*), (in sculpture) figures that do not stand out from the ground on which they are formed.

Bacchi planus, (*Lat.*), full of wine, drunk.

Bagatelle, (*Fr.*), a trifle, a thing of no importance.

Belles lettres, (*Fr.*), polite literature.

Beau monde, (*Fr.*), the gay (fashionable) world.

Beaux esprits, (*Fr.*), men of wit. (*Wits.*)

Bellum internecidum, (*Lat.*), a war of mutual extermination.

Bene, (*Lat.*), well.

Bene placito (*It.*), (in music) at pleasure.

Beau ideal, (*Fr.*), ideal excellence.

Bien dit, (*Fr.*), well spoken.

Bijou, (*Fr.*), a jewel.

Bijouterie, (*Fr.*), jewellery.

Billet-doux, (*Fr.*), a love letter.

Bis dat, qui cito dat, (*Lat.*), he gives twice, who gives quickly.

Blasé, (*Fr.*), faded (played out).

Bona fides, (*Lat.*), good faith.

Bonâ fide, (*Lat.*), in good faith, in reality.

Bon avocat, mauvais voisin, (*Fr.*), a good lawyer, a bad neighbour.

Bongré malgré, (*Fr.*), whether a person will or not.

Bon jour, (*Fr.*), good day.

Bon jour, bon œuvre, (*Fr.*), the better the day, the better the deed.

Boni pastoris est tyndero pocus non deglubere, (*Lat.*), it is the part of a good shepherd to shear his flock, not to flay them.

Bonne bouche, (*Fr.*), a delicate morsel.

Bonne et belle assez, (*Fr.*), good and handsome enough.

Bon mot, (*Fr.*), a jest, a repartee.

Bon ton, (*Fr.*), high fashion.

Bonus, (*Lat.*), good, happy, also (subst.) a premium.

Bourreau d'argent, (*Fr.*), a spendthrift.

Bonvivant, (*Fr.*), a high liver, a jovial companion.

Boulevard, (*Fr.*), (originally) the rampart of a fortified city; now, a public walk or street.

Bourse, (*Fr.*), the exchange.

Bouts rimes, (*Fr.*), words which rhyme, given out to be formed into verses.

Bric-a-brac, (*Fr.*), second hand goods.

Brochure, (*Fr.*), a pamphlet, a stitched book.

Brunette, (*Fr.*), a woman with a dark complexion.

Brutum fulmen, (*Lat.*), a harmless thunderbolt; a threatening.

Buffo, (*It.*), the comic actor in an opera.

Bulletin, (*Fr.*), a report issued by authority, any public notice or announcement, especially of recent news.

Bureau, (*Fr.*), an office or counting house.

Burlesque, (*Fr.*), jocular; satire, irony, humour.

Burletta, (*It.*), a comic opera, a musical farce.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

PHYSIOLOGISTS have discussed the question whether there are any causes in operation likely to produce a race of dwarfs, such as the pigmies believed in by the Greeks, and such as those little people whom travellers once asserted to be living in Abyssinia. Physiologists have arrived at a few general conclusions as to persons a little above or a little below the middle height; but they disbelieve in any race exceedingly short. All the examples well authenticated are individual only.

We find plentiful notices of people less than four feet high. Even at and below forty inches, the list is formidable. There was a little man exhibited in London, in the time of George the Fourth, whose thirty-six inches of height were clad in military attire, with top-boots; "he strutted his tiny legs, and held his head aloft with not less importance than the proudest general officer could assume upon his promotion to the rank of field-marshal." Long before this, there was exhibited, "opposite the Mews-gate at Charing-cross, a little black man, being but three feet high, and thirty-three years of age, straight and proportionate every way, who is distinguished by the name of the Black Prince; and with him his wife, the little woman, not

three feet high, and thirty years of age, straight and proportionate as any woman in the land, which is commonly called the Fairy Queen."

Below three feet in height, a dwarf likes to descend, if he can. This makes him more famous. Eighty years ago, there died Mrs. Kelly, known as the Irish Fairy; she was thirty-four inches high, and died in giving birth to a child. But the boat specimen of humanity of this altitude was, perhaps, Madame Teresa, known as the Corsican Fairy, who was exhibited in London some years before the Irish Fairy. She was an elegant little creature, pretty, womanly and yet fairy-like; less than a yard in height, she was still a lady, if her portraits are to be trusted. In the time of Sir Hans Sloane there was exhibited, at a coffee-house in Charing-cross, "a little man, fifty years old, two feet nine inches high, and the father of eight children; when he sleeps he puts his head between his feet, to rest on by way of a pillow, and his great toes in each ear, which posture he shows to the general satisfaction of all the spectators." The Liège people boast of an old woman, who died about a century ago, at the age of a hundred, and with the altitude of thirty-two inches. The Journal de Médecine notices a man twenty-eight inches high. Mr. Simon Paap, a Dutch dwarf, who attracted a good deal of attention in London fifty years ago, was about as many inches in height as he was pounds in weight and years in age—twenty-eight. In Queen Anne's time there was "a little fairy woman, come from Italy, being but two feet two inches high." There is a record of one Hannah Bounce, who, although only twenty-five inches high, gave birth to a child.

Of course, if the attraction of a dwarf varies inversely as his length, he will try to be less than two feet long if he can; and, equally of course, the narratives to that effect are all the more open to suspicion. Demaillet, the French consul at Cairo, says he saw a dwarf only eighteen inches high. Birch, in his collections, speaks of one, only sixteen inches high, and thirty-seven years old. M. Virey, in the Dictionnaire des Sciences, notices a German dwarf girl eighteen inches high, but then she was only nine years old. A girl was exhibited at Bartholomew Fair "not much above eighteen inches long, having never a perfect bone in any part of her, only the head; yet she hath all her senses to admiration, and discourses, reads well, sings, whistles, and all very pleasant to hear." At the Charing-cross Coffee-house, corner of Spring-gardens, early in the last century, was to be seen "a man, six-and-forty years old one foot nine inches high, yet fathoms six foot five inches with his arms." He must have been an oddity, seeing that "he walks naturally upon his hands, raising his body one foot four inches off the ground; jumps upon a table near three foot high with one hand."

Many dwarfs have had some degree of historic celebrity attached to their names, owing to the circumstances of their career.

Jeffery Hudson, a Rutland man, was one of this small band of little people who have gained name and fame. At eight years old he was only eighteen inches high, and was taken into the suite of the Duke of Buckingham. When Charles the First and Queen Henrietta Maria were, on one occasion (which has become tiresome from being perpetually cited), entertained by the duke, Jeffery Hudson was served up in a cold pie, fully armed and accoutred. The queen was so delighted with the tiny creature that she begged him of the duke, and Jeffery forthwith entered the royal suite. As he grew up he displayed much tact, and was employed in many delicate missions abroad and at home. During a masque at court the palace porter, a gigantic fellow, took Jeffery out of his pocket. He could bear jokes of this kind prepared for set occasions, but he was much irritated by the mocking raillery of the courtiers. While on a foreign mission, Hudson was so maddened by an insult of this kind that he challenged the offender; the courtier appeared, armed with a squirt; Hudson insisted that the affair should not end with this additional insult; they met with pistols, and Hudson shot him dead on the spot. The little

man (who was eighteen inches high at thirty years old, and then grew till he was forty-five) lived to be involved in suspicion concerning a Popish plot, and died in prison a little while before the death of Charles the Second. Some years ago his slashed and bedizened satin doublet and hose were in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. Are they there still?

Another political dwarf, if we may so designate him, died only a few years ago. Galignani noticed the event in eighteen hundred and fifty-eight. The dwarf's name was Richebourg. He was only twenty-four inches high. When young he was in the service of the Duchess of Orleans, wife of the duke in the days of the French Revolution, and mother of the duke who was afterwards King Louis Philippe. In the desperate troubles of those days Richebourg was, on one occasion, dressed up as a baby, and carried in a nurse's arms, with important despatches concealed in his baby-cap. One would like to know more of this little fellow. That the Orleans family pensioned him off with three thousand francs per annum, and that he died in the Rue du Four St. Germain, at the venerable age of ninety, are the only additional facts mentioned; but it would be pleasant to know how the manoeuvre succeeded, and whether the tiny diplomatist poked his small person into any other of the momentous events of those times.

There was a little couple in the time of Charles the Second, who compensated for shortness of stature by length of days. They were Richard and Anne Gibson. Richard had been miniature-painter to Charles the First, and was also installed into the office and dignity of court dwarf. Anne was, at the same time, court dwarf to Queen Henrietta Maria. The king determined that the little people should be man and wife. It was done, and he gave away the bride. Waller, the court poet, celebrated the nuptials in the following lines:

Design or chance make others wive,
But Nature did this match contrive;
Eve might as well have Adam sed,
As she douled her little bed
To him, for Heaven seemed to frame
And measure out this little dame!

To him the fairest nymphs do show,
Like moving mountains topp'd with snow;
And ev'ry man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatæa seem!

The little people had a remarkably happy life of it—if not absolutely "healthy and wealthy and wise," at least, something like it. They had nine children, five of whom lived to be men and women, the ordinary height. Richard, born during the reign of James the First, saw the glories and the troubles of Charles the First, Cromwell, Charles the Second, and James the Second, and died early in the reign of William and Mary. Rather late in life he became drawing-master to the Princesses Mary and Anne, afterwards queens. He died at the age of seventy-five, while his pocket-edition of a wife survived to eighty-nine. They were each under four feet in height; it is even said that they could only muster seven feet of stature between them.

Poland and Russia have been rather celebrated for dwarfs. Porter noticed the fact in the last century.

One of the most notable of Polish dwarfs, in the last century, was Joseph Borulawski, generally known as Count Borulawski. He was born in seventeen hundred and thirty-nine. He was one of six brothers and sisters. Three of the brothers were all about the middle height. The eldest, born eleven years before Joseph, was a strong and vigorous little fellow, only forty-two inches in height; he became page and then confidential steward to Countess Inalawski. The sister was a much smaller specimen of humanity; perhaps the smallest woman who ever fell in love—for she *did* love, and secretly befriended the young officer to whom she never told her love, lest he should ridicule her. Amiable and pretty, the tiny creature, who is credited with only twenty-six inches of stature, died in her twenty-second year. As to Joseph, he became an European celebrity. He was only eight inches long when born; and so determined did

Nature seem to keep him small, that she only allowed him fourteen inches at one year old, and seventeen inches at six years. Having been neglected by his parents, the Countess de Tar-sow educated him. Another Polish lady, the Countess Hunieski, begged him of her, and he became quite a pet. He went to Podolia, and lived in a castle, where he attained a stature of twenty-one inches at ten years old, and twenty-five inches at fifteen. His protectress took him for a tour to the European courts. They went to Vienna, where the Empress Maria Theresa wished to present him with a diamond ring from her finger; but this being far too large she gave him a ring from the finger of Marie Antoinette, afterwards the unfortunate Queen of France, then about six years old. The little man was by that time twenty-eight inches in his stockings. Count Kaunitz, the minister, very much petted him; but there was a feeling growing up in the mind of Borulawski that, after all, he was only treated as a toy—an amusing curiosity—and he had his moments of mortification. Then they went to Munich, and then to Paris, where the court chroniclers told of his symmetrical proportions, his fine eyes, his lively aspect, his healthy constitution, his temperate habits (rather a novelty in those days), his sound sleep, his graceful dancing, his polished manners, his smart repartees, his intelligent conversation, his good memory, his sound judgment, his susceptible feelings, his self-respect, his kindly disposition. One evening, Count Oginski served up Borulawski in a tureen, at a banquet, much to the surprise and amusement of the guests. At the age of twenty-five, Borulawski, then thirty-five inches high, settled at Warsaw with his patroness. He fell in love with a French actress; she pretended to favour his suit, but made merry at his expense behind his back—this was deeply wounding to the little man. At thirty years old he was thirty-nine inches high, and then he stopped growing. At the age of forty he again fell into the toils of love—this time with an amiable and beautiful woman, who, after some hesitation, married him. This proceeding so offended the Countess Hunieski, that she dismissed him from her suite. He had to begin the world again, with his wife and a baby; and hard work he found it, for the great (as they are called) did not look so smilingly upon him as before. He travelled about Europe, first as a concert-giver, then as a superior kind of showman, exhibiting himself for money. It was a sore wound to his feelings; but there was no help for it. He fought on bravely and honourably. He was introduced to the English royal family at about the time when the elder sons of George the Third were growing up to manhood.

Borulawski was contemporary with another Polish dwarf, far inferior to him in all bodily and mental characteristics. This was Nicholas Feny; who assumed the name of Bébé. When born he was only eight inches long, and weighed twelve ounces; he was carried on a plate to church to be christened, and his first cradle was his father's wooden shoe. At eighteen months he was able to walk, and at two years old he had a pair of shoes made for him, an inch and a half long. At six years old, when fifteen inches high, he was introduced to Stanislaus, King of Poland, who gave him the name of Bébé. The Princess of Talmond was appointed to teach him; but he was as small in intellect as in stature, and could learn very little. Moreover, he was passionate. When Borulawski went to visit the king, the two dwarfs gazed at each other, and the king made a remark as to the mental superiority of Borulawski; this put Bébé into such a passion that he tried to push the other into the fire—a proceeding that brought a flogging upon Bébé. He became prematurely old and withered, and died at the age of twenty-three; all accounts giving him a height of thirty-three inches at the time of his death. The king planned a marriage between Bébé and Anne Therese Souvray, a native of the Vosges; but Bébé died before the union was effected. There were two sisters, Anne Therese and Barbe, one thirty-three inches high, and the other forty-one; they lived to be old women, and danced and sung national songs in public.

Wybrand Lolkes, the Dutch dwarf, acquired in his day some renown. He was one of eight children of a poor fisherman. He learned watch-making at Amsterdam, and then carried on the trade at Rotterdam. Failing in business, he resolved to get a living out of his smallness. He went to London in the time of Old Astley, and was engaged at the Amphitheatre. His wife (for he had a wife and three children) used to lead him on the stage, and had to stoop, that her hand might touch his. He was clumsy and awkward, but agile and strong. When sixty years of age, he was only twenty-seven inches high. There is a portrait extant of him, with his well-looking, good-sized wife beside him.

THE SCARLET FEVER.

ITS CAUSES, PATHOLOGY AND CURS.

LETTER III.

"Finis coronat opus."

From Mr. Harry Tourniquet, Braaford,—to Mr. Robert Trepan, Montreal.

DEAR BOB,—I've been striving the reason to guess Why old Mrs. Bolus has had such success Cousin Fan's "Scarlet Fever" so soon to suppress. The sly fox knew well, that few men can withstand The bright glance of an eye, the soft touch of a hand; That a pretty girl's blushes and sighs are contagious, And the way fellows "catch the complaint" quite outrageous; And that when once Love's passion o'er two folks hold sway, As the Homœopaths have taught us to say, "Curantur similibus similia."

As I'm fond of research, I consider it rational To ask, "is this fever exclusively national? Are the damsels of other climes equally skittish, Or is the distemper engross'd by the British?" I think that, without deep research in pathology, I'm able to point out a striking analogy.

When at New York, dear Bob, I was knocking about, Not long ere this horrible war had broke out, A sickness, like Fannie's by young girls were shown, Which familiarly as "West-Point Fever" was known; (At which place on the Hudson's located a college, Where suking Napoleons imbibe martial knowledge), No *fantigues* about colour ran in these girls' heads, For the sober "blue coats" do not flaunt it in reds, But the fever impell'd those who had it, like gluttons, To grab the Cadets' and young Lieutenants' buttons, Which they loved to exhibit in long heavy strings, With their amulets, charms, gay *bijoux*, and such things;

By these trophies their numerous conquests to show, As those of a Choctaw or Pawnee we know By the number of scalps he has stripp'd from the foe. 'Tis fine fun, for the boys, but their tutors attack it When surprised at the buttonless state of a jacket.

What various fates have since that time befall The lads, whose gay buttons were cherish'd so well! Alas! blood-shot eyes have throughout these four years, Oft shed o'er such relics their heart-broken tears!

One fever-strick'n maid—Georgiana—I'm told, Has a cabinet made all such treasures to hold, And has carefully labelled each bright button there, As geologists label gneiss, borablende, or spar "Captain Peagram," who bravely at Antietam fell; "Major Stokes," near Atlanta, unwounded and well;

And "poor Harry Jones," who's presumed to rebel, On a rich velvet cushion, young "Webster's" is laid, Whom luck, or good service a General has made; While "Gubbins'" button has, since his retreat In *uo dastardly* style, been swept into the street! Flee Georgie! I thought you'd "a soul above buttons,"— But 'tis high time, dear Bob, to "return to our muttons."

As I know at long stories your patience oft fails, I shall only just mention, without the details, How the Captal next morning to "dear papa" went, And in a brief interview gained his consent; How mamma liked him vastly, and could but rejoice That "Fannie had made such an excellent choice, So precious a treasure 'twas killing to spare, But," she knew "near his heart the bright jewel he'd wear."

Then what trouble he had about fixing the day, For *uoily* reluctant she begged for delay; How the ladies were busied about the *trousseau*; (It's little, or course, of such matters I know.) But talk of *java*-driver, of Jew, or of Turk, 'There's nought like a wedding to make the girls work; From the stateliest prude to the giddiest flirt, They go at it, "Stitch! Stitch!" see the "Song of the Shirt."

If I gave the minutia my page would be full Of the silk and the satin, the lace and the tulle, That came pouring from all sides, by all the expresses, To furnish veils, alppers, gloves, bonnets and dresses, Besides "sweet" Brussels lace, most *recherché* and pure, All highest *beau ton* and most charming *tournure*; But to give such descriptions I am not *au fait*, Though the "Book of the Fashions" might teach me the way.

What a fuss is got up, when two young people court; I'm heartily glad their engagement was short! For Sages in Parliament felt greatly scared, Lost our laurels should be by disaster impair'd, If the Yankees should bag British soldiers, while scatter'd,

(What became of Canadians, of course never matter'd,) So of Government asked in Quebec to immure 'em, Which, during a war, would in safety secure 'em— I feel mad! but rejoice that the Gov'nor was quick, With a protest addressed to "our dear little Vic"; I always have thought that Lord Monok was a brick."

But before the removal, it wem con was carried That Tremorne and his Fannie should snugly be married,

And as Hymen so shortly their fates would unite, .. Each scarce let the other remove out of sight,

How often, dear Bob, you and I've "run our rigs" On the awkwardly solemn and over-dress'd rigs, Who attend on the bridesmaids, the bridegroom and bride, When in church by his Rev'ronce the happy knot's tied—

I suspect it will prove a great puzzle to you Why I should request to make one of this crew— We have both met, at Brantford, a rattling flirt, Yolept Jennie Barker, gay, *piquante* and pert; Now, as Fannie has chosen her one of "the six," I thought I'd "stand up," and partake in her tricks— But of men, as of mice, the best schemes oft miscarry, And so it has fared with your unlucky Harry. Though my moustache is fierce, my imperial taffy, Fan would not consent to a groomsmen in *my* 'tis; But, from some feverish notions blaz in her poor head, Would have no one but officers blaz in red— As 'tis vain to resist when a bride is dictator, I had to attend as private spectator, And, when the day came, look on quietly while The procession marched solemnly up the church aisle.

The bridegroom and bride were all charms and decorum,

And papa and mamma duly pacing before 'em; And Captain Vansickle and Ensign Molloy Led bright Charlotte Paget and gay Ann Fitzroy; Lieutenant Mulrooney's eyes sparkled with pride As lovely Kate Ponsouby marched by his side; And pretty Jane Nugent display'd no regret To be paired with the good-looking Captain Bassett; Then 'twas great fun to watch Major Willoughby's pranks, As he strove to disorder the fair bridesmaids' ranks, And his strategy show, just "by turning their flanks,"

To accomplish by tactics, as daring as fine, Lord Nelson's manoeuvres of "breaking the line—" Though few than Miss Auldjo are wiser and wittier, The Major would gladly have *scopped* for a prettier! Next, "to cover the rear," full of glee came Jane Barker

With at pompous young simpleton, still Ensign Sparker; And, while I stood near, an indifferent beholder, She threw me a glance o'er her pretty white shoulder, Which said "To be here, Harry, how you must wish!" My look in reply, said indignantly, "Fish!" I do not approve of these Parthian tactics, When bright eyes seek to kill us by such looking-back tricks;

And the Ensign appeared such a terrible spooney, She ought to have blushed to stand up with the loony.

Meanwhile at the altar, the buppy pair stand, Tremorne has now taken blabushing bride's hand, And in heart-spoken accents sincerely they both Have solemnly pledged reciprocal troth "To honour, to cherish, to love, to obey, In affliction's dark night, as in Joy's sun-bright day" } What holier words can lead mortals e'er say?

The breakfast, dear Bob, was a *tip-top* affair. I wish you'd been here to come in for a share— You were not. And the carts of the dishes I spare. } I also forbear from reporting the speeches, None like, but for which ev'ry body *beeeches*— To no eloquence Captain Tremorne made pretence, But his "thanks" were brim-full of deep feeling and sense;

My uncle spoke briefly of hopes bright and sunny; For the Bridesmaids, young Sparker tried hard to be funny.

He pretended to personate one of the set, And hoped before long "a good husband to get!" While Jennie sat smug at his *grand oration*, As if it had really deserved approbation— Except that the rascal in scarlet was dress'd, There was nothing to give Sparker's eloquence zest— A bit of red rag will drive wild a poor bull— Is it so with the sex, whether witty or dull? But 'tis high time to close my account of the marriage—

We saw "the young couple" safe into their carriage, Which with coachman in favours would quickly convey Tremorne and his bride to the railroad away.

At the heels of excitement oft follows *ennui*, And so, my dear boy it has happen'd with me; I've been so "snuffed out" by these fellows in scarlet, That I feel doused cheap—a mere black-coated varlet! I've all day been shouting "Hurrah!" for each elf, So, by way of a finish, "one cheer" for myself— "Vive! vive! Doctor Harry, a bas Ensign Sparker! And confound! yes Confound that coquette Jennie Barker!

That cures my mind. But I never will marry; A bachelor's name to my grave I shall carry, But till then

I'm your friend and your old stony, HARRY.

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liberty, their careless courage, and their faith in a common cause, embraced and parted, literally, as brothers.

The friends then went straight to the Trinacria Hotel, and, learning that Colonna had not yet arrived, turned at once towards the quay. Here they found a dense crowd assembled, and the City of Aberdeen with her steam up, and all the troops on board.

The people were frothing over with excitement, and so densely packed that the young men might as reasonably have tried to elbow their way through a stone wall as through the solid human mass interposed between themselves and the landing-place. They gathered from the exclamations of those around them that the troops were drawn up on deck, and that Garibaldi was known to be in the saloon. Now and then a shout was raised for some officer who appeared for a moment on deck; and sometimes, when nothing else was doing, a voice from the crowd would give the signal for a storm of vivas.

Presently an officer of Cacciatori, with the well-known plume of cock's feathers in his hat, came hurrying down the quay. The crowd parted right and left, as if by magic, and he passed through amid a shower of benedictions and addios.

"Do you know who that is?" asked Saxon of those around.

"No—God bless him!" said one.

"We only know that he is going to fight for us," said another.

"The Holy Virgin and all the saints have him in their keeping!" added a third.

At this moment the crowd surged suddenly back again—a great roar burst from the thousand-throated throng—a gun was fired—and the City of Aberdeen was under weigh!

In another second the mass had wavered, parted, turned like a mighty tide, and begun flowing out through the Porta Felice, and following the course of the steamer along the Marina Promenade. The soldiers on board stood motionless, with their hands to the sides of their hats, saluting the crowd. The crowd raced tumultuously along the shore, weeping, raving, clapping its hands for the soldiers, and shouting "Viva Garibaldi! Viva la liberty!" One woman fell on her knees upon the quay, with her little infant in her arms, and prayed aloud for the liberators.

Saxon and the Earl stood still, side by side, looking after the lessening steamer, and listening to the shouts, which grew momentarily fainter and more distant.

"Good Heavens!" said Castletowers, "what a terrific thing human emotion is, when one beholds it on such a scale as this! I should have liked to see this people demolishing the Castello."

Saxon drew a deep breath before replying, and when he spoke, his words were no answer to the Earl's remark.

"I tell you what it is, Castletowers," he said; "I feel as if we had no business to remain here another hour. For God's sake, let us buy a couple of red shirts, and be after the rest as fast as the little Albula can get us through the water!"

CHAPTER LX. UPON THE SEA.

Olimpia had said truly when she averred that Lord Castletowers was the only volunteer whom her father would refuse to enlist on any terms. When the young man met him presently at the door of the Trinacria, and he learned that they were about to follow the troops to Melazzo, he used every argument to turn them from the project.

"Think of Lady Castletowers," he said. "Remember how she disapproves of the cause."

"It is a cause which for the last seven years I have pledged myself to serve," replied the Earl.

"But you never pledged yourself to serve it in the field."

"Because I never intended (through respect for my mother's prejudices) to place myself in a position that should leave me no alternative. I had not the remotest intention of coming here three weeks ago. If Montanuculi, or Vaughan, or yourself had urged me to take up arms for Sicily, I should have refused. But circumstances have brought me here; and having set my foot upon the soil, I mean to do my duty."

"It is a false view of duty," said Colonna.

"You are peculiarly situated, and you have no right to act thus."

"You must blame fate—not me," replied the Earl.

"And you, Mr. Trefalden, have you asked yourself whether your adopted father would approve of this expedition?"

"My adopted father is a man of peace," replied Saxon, "and he loves me as he loves nothing else on earth; but he would sooner send me to my death than urge me to behave like a coward."

"God forbid that I should urge any man to do that," said Colonna, earnestly. "If the enemies' guns were drawn up before these windows, I would not counsel you to turn away from them; but I do counsel you not to go fifty miles hence in search of them."

"It is just as disgraceful to turn one's back upon them at fifty miles' distance as at fifty yards," said Saxon, who happened just then to be thinking of Miss Hatherton's hint about the goose and the golden eggs.

"But you were going to Norway," persisted Signor Colonna. "You only came out of your way to set me down in this place, and, having set me down, why not follow out your former plans?"

"Shall I tell you why, caro amico?" said the Earl, gaily. "Because we are young—because we love adventure and danger—and, above all, because we smell gunpowder! There—it is of no use to try discussion. We are a couple of obstinate fellows, and our minds are made up."

And Colonna seeing that they were made up, wisely said no more.

General Sirtori had been made Pro-Dictator during the absence of Garibaldi; and Colonna, though he declined any recognized ministerial office, remained at Palermo to lead the revolutionary cabinet, and supply, as he had been supplying them for the last five-and-twenty years, the brains of his party. So the young men bade him farewell, and set sail that evening at about eleven o'clock, taking with them a Palermitan pilot who knew the coast.

It was a glorious night, warm and cloudless, and lighted by a moon as golden and gorgeous as that beneath which the Grecian host sat by their watch-fires, "on the pass of war." A light but steady breeze filled the sails of the Albula, and crested every wave with silver foam. To the left lay the open sea—to the right, mountainous coast-line, dark and indefinite, with here and there a sparkling cluster of distant lights marking the site of some town beside the sea. By-and-by, as they left Palermo further and further behind, a vast, mysterious, majestic mass rose gradually above the seaward peaks, absorbing, as it were, all the lesser heights, and lifting the pale profile of a snowy summit against the dark blue of the sky. This was Etna.

The young men passed the night on deck. Unconscious of fatigue, they paced to and fro in the moonlight and talked of things which they had that day seen, and of the stirring times to come. Then, as the profound beauty and stillness of the scene brought closer confidence and graver thoughts, their conversation flowed into deeper channels, and they spoke of life, and love, and death, and that hope that takes away the victory of the grave.

"And yet," said Saxon, in reply to some observation of his friend's, "life is worth having, if only for life's sake. Merely to look upon the sun, and feel its warmth—to breathe the morning air, to see the stars at night—to listen to the falling of the avalanches, or the sighing of the wind in the pine forests, are enjoyments and privileges beyond all price. When I hear a man say that he does not care how soon he walks out of the sunshine into his grave, I look at him to see whether he has eyes that see and ears that hear like my own."

"And supposing that he is neither blind nor deaf, yet still persists—what then?"

"Then I conclude he is deceiving himself, or me—perhaps both."

"Why not put a more charitable construction upon it, and say that he is mad?" laughed the Earl. "Ah, Saxon, my dear fellow, you talk as one who has never known sorrow. The love of

nature is a fine taste—especially when one has youth, friends, and hope, to help one in the cultivation of it; but when youth is past and the friends of youth are gone, I am afraid the love of nature is not alone sufficient to make the fug-cud of life particularly well worth having. The sunshine is a pleasant thing enough, and the wind makes a grand sort of natural music among the pines! but you may depend that a time will come when the long lost light of a certain pair of eyes, and 'the sound of a voice that is still,' will be more to you than either."

"I have never denied that," replied Saxon. "I only maintain that life is such a glorious gift, and its privileges are so abundant, that it ought never to seem wholly valueless to any reasoning being."

"That depends on what the reasoning being has left to live for," said the Earl.

"He has life to live for—life, thought, science, the glories of the material world, the good of his fellow-men."

"The man who lives for his fellow-men, and the man who lives for science, must both begin early," replied the Earl. "You cannot take up either philanthropy or science as a pis aller. And as for the glories of the material world, my friend, they make a splendid mise en scène; but what is the mise en scène without the drama?"

"By the drama, you mean, I suppose, the human interests of life?"

"Precisely. I mean that without love, and effort, and hope, and, it may be, a spice of hatred, all the avalanches and pine woods upon earth would fail to make the burden of life tolerable to any man with a human heart in his body. Your first sorrow will teach you this lesson—or your first illness. For myself, I frankly confess that I enjoy, and therefore prize, life less than I did when—when I believed that I had more to hope from the future."

"I am sorry for it," said Saxon. "For my own part, I should not like to believe that any Neapolitan bullet had its appointed billet in my heart to-morrow."

"And yet you risk it."

"That's just the excitement of the thing. Fighting is like gambling. No man gambles in the hope of losing, and no man fights in the hope of being killed; but where would be the pleasure of either gambling or fighting, if one placed no kind of value on the stakes?"

The Earl smiled, and made no reply. Presently Saxon spoke again.

"But I say Castletowers, a fellow might get killed, you know: mightn't he?"

"If the castle of Melazzo is half so strong a place as I have heard it is, I think a good many fellows will get killed," was the reply.

"Then—then it's my opinion—"

"That the stakes are too precious to be risked?"

"By Jove, no! but that I ought to have made my will."

"You have never made one?"

"Never; and, you see, I have so much money, that I ought to do something useful with it, in case of anything going wrong. Don't you think so?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Can you help me to write it?"

"I, my dear boy? Not for the world. We should be only sowing the seeds of a fine Chancery suit between us, if I did. Wait till we reach Melazzo—there are plenty of lawyers in Garibaldi's army."

"I shall leave some of it to you, Castletowers," said Saxon.

"Oh king, live for ever! I want neither thy money nor thy life."

Saxon looked at his friend, and his thoughts again reverted to the words that he had heard in his cousin's office on the day when he first made acquaintance with Signor Nazzari, of Austin Friars.

"Can you give me any idea of what a mortgage is?" he asked, presently.

"No one better," replied the Earl, bitterly.

"A mortgage is the poison which a dying man leaves in the cup of his successor. A mortgage is an iron collar which, while he wears it, makes a slave of a free-born man, and, when he earns the right to take it off, leaves him a beggar."

"You speak strongly."

"I speak from hard experience. A mortgage has left me poor for life; and you know what my poverty has cost me."

"But if means could be taken to pay that mortgage off—"

"It is paid off," interrupted Lord Castletowers. "Every penny of it."

"Would you mind telling me how much it was?" asked Saxon, hesitatingly.

"Not at all. It was a very large sum for me, though it may not sound like a very large sum to you. Twenty-five thousand pounds."

Saxon uttered a half-suppressed exclamation.

"Will you let me ask one more question?" he said. "Did you owe this money to a man named Behrens?"

"How do you know that?"

"Never mind—only tell me."

"Yes. To Oliver Behrens—a London man—the same who bought that outlying corner of our dear old park, and—confound him!—had the insolence to build a modern villa on it."

"And you have really paid him?"

"Of course I have paid him."

"How long ago?"

"Two years ago, at the least. Perhaps longer."

Saxon put his hand to his forehead in a bewildered way. A doubt—a dark and terrible doubt that had never been wholly banished—started up again in his mind, and assumed for the first time distinct and definite proportions.

"And now having answered all your questions by the book, I shall expect you to answer mine," said Lord Castletowers.

"Pray do not ask me any," said Saxon, hurriedly.

"But I must do so. I must know where you heard of Oliver Behrens, and how you came to know that he was my father's mortgagee. Did Mr. Trefalden tell you?"

Saxon shook his head.

"And this is not the first time that you have asked me whether I am in debt," urged the Earl. "I remember once before—that day, you know, at home, when Montecuculi came—you seemed to think I had some money trouble on my mind. Surely it cannot be Mr. Trefalden who has given you this impression?"

"No—indeed, no."

"Because he knows my affairs as well, or better than I know them myself."

"He has never spoken to me of your affairs, Castletowers—never," said Saxon earnestly.

"Then who else has been doing so? Not Vaughan? Not Colonna?"

But Saxon entreated his friend not to urge any more questions upon him, and with this request, after one or two ineffectual remonstrances, the Earl complied.

And now it was already dawning day. The moon had paled and sunk long since, and a faint mist, above which the great mountain towered, ghost-like, with its crown of snow and smoke, had spread itself along the coast. Presently the light in the east grew brighter and wider, and a strange, glorious colour—a colour compounded, as it were, of rose and gold—flushed suddenly over the snow-fields of Etna. For a moment the grand summit seemed to hang as if suspended in the air, glowing and transfigured, like the face of the lawgiver to whom the Lord had spoken as a man speaketh unto his friend. Then, almost as suddenly as it had come there, the glory faded off, and left only the pure sunshine in its place. At the same moment, the mists along the coast began to rise in long vaporous lines about the sides of the mountain; and, by-and-by, as they drifted slowly away to the leeward, a long rocky promontory that looked like an island, but was, in fact, connected with the mainland by a sandy flat, became dimly visible far away at sea.

"Ecco, signore—ecco la rocca di Melazzo!" said the Palermitan pilot.

But this announcement, which would have raised Saxon's pulse to fever heat half an hour before, now scarcely quickened the beating of his heart by a single throb. He was thinking of William Trefalden; vainly regretting the promise by which he had bound himself to repeat no word of Mr. Behrens' conversation; and en-

during in silence the first shock of that vague and terrible mistrust which had now struck root in his mind, hereafter to flourish and bear bitter fruit.

CHAPTER LXI. HEAD-QUARTERS.

The promontory of Melazzo reaches out about four miles into the sea, curving round to the westward at its furthest point, so as to form a little bay, and terminating in a light-house. Consisting as it does of a chain of rocks varying from a mile to a quarter of a mile in breadth, and rising in places to a height of seven hundred feet, it looks almost like some sleeping sea monster heaving its huge bulk half above the waters. Towards the mainland, these rocks end abruptly over against the little isthmus on which the town is built; and upon their lower terraces, frowning over the streets below, and protected by the higher cliffs beyond, the castle stands, commanding land and sea. It is a composite structure enough, consisting of an ancient Norman tower and a whole world of outlying fortifications. French, English, and Neapolitans have strengthened and extended the walls from time to time, till much of the old town, and even the cathedral, has come to be enclosed within their rambling precincts. In the year eighteen hundred and sixty, this castle of Melazzo mounted forty guns of heavy calibre; so that the fanciful spectator, if he had begun by comparing the promontory to a sea monster, might well have pursued his comparison a step further, by likening the castle to its head, and the bristling bastions to its dangerous jaws.

On the flat below, looking westward towards Termini, and eastward towards Messina, with its pier, its promenade, and those indispensable gates, without which no Italian town could possibly be deemed complete, stands modern Melazzo—a substantial, well-built place, washed on both sides by the sea. Immediately beyond the town gates, reaching up to the spurs of the inland mountains which here approach the shore, opens out a broad angle of level country, some six miles in width by three in depth. It is traversed by a few roads, and dotted over with three or four tiny hamlets. Here and there, a detached farm-house, or neglected villa, lifts its flat roof above the vineyards and olive groves which cover every foot of available ground between the mountains and the sea. Divided by broad belts of cane-brake, and intersected by ditches and water-courses, these plantations alone form a wide outlying series of natural defences.

Such is the topography of Melazzo, where Garibaldi fought the hardest and best-contested battle of his famous Neapolitan campaign.

Having anchored the little Albulia in a narrow creek well out of sight and reach of the Neapolitan guns, Saxon and Castletowers shouldered their rifles, and made their way to Meri, a village about a couple of miles inland, built up against the slopes of the mountains, and cut off from the plain by a broad water-course with a high stone wall on either side. It was in this village that General Medici had taken up his position while awaiting reinforcements from Palermo; and here the new comers found assembled the main body of the Garibaldian army.

The City of Aberdeen had arrived some hours before the Albulia, and flooded the place with red-shirts. There were horses and mules feeding on trusses of hay thrown down in the middle of the narrow street; groups of volunteers cleaning their rifles, eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping; others hastily piling up a barricade at the further end of the village; and some hard at work with mattresses and sand-bags strengthening the upper rooms of those houses that looked towards Melazzo. A strange medley of languages met the ear in every direction. Here stood a knot of Hungarians, there a group of French, a little further on a company of raw German recruits undergoing a very necessary course of drill. All was life, movement, expectation. The little hamlet rang with the tramp of men and the rattle of arms, and the very air seemed astir with the promise of war.

Arrived in the midst of this busy scene, the friends came to a halt, and consulted as to what they should do next. At the same moment a

couple of officers in the English military undress came by, laden with provisions. They carried between them a huge stone bottle in a wicker coat with handles—one of those ill-formed plethoric, modern amphoræ, holding about six gallons, in which the Italian wine-seller delights to store his thin vintages of Trani and Scylla—and besides this divided burden, one was laden with black bread, and the other with a couple of live hens tied up in a pocket-handkerchief.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the owner of the hens, "Castletowers and Trefalden!"

It was Major Vaughan.

"They shook hands cordially, and he invited them to accompany him to his quarters.

"I am capitally lodged," he said, "at the top of a house down yonder. We have been foraging, you see, and can give you a splendid supper. You can pluck a fowl, I suppose, upon occasion?"

"I will do my best," laughed the Earl; "but I fear your poultry is no longer in the bloom of youth."

"If for ten days you had eaten nothing but green figs, with an occasional scrap of black bread or sea biscuit, you would be superior to all such prejudices," replied the dragoon. "Now it is my opinion that age cannot wither the oldest hen that ever laid an egg. Do you see that man on the roof of yonder high house behind the vineyard? That is Garibaldi. He has been up there all day, surveying the ground. We shall have some real work to do to-morrow."

"Then you think there will be a battle to-morrow!" said Saxon eagerly.

"No doubt of it—and Bosco is about the only good general the Neapolitans have. He is a thorough soldier, and his troops are all picked men, well up for fighting."

"If you command a corps, I hope you will take us in," said the Earl.

"I do not command a corps—I am on the staff; that is to say, I do anything that is useful, and am not particular. This morning I was a drill-sergeant—yesterday, when Bosco tried to dialodge our outposts at Corriola, I took a turn at the guns. To-morrow, perhaps, if we get in among that confounded cane-brake down yonder, I may take an axe, and do a little pioneering. We are soldiers-of-all-work here, as you will soon find out for yourselves."

"At all events you must give us something to do."

The dragoon shrugged his shoulders. "You will find plenty to do," said he, "when the time comes. It is too late now to enrol you in any special regiment for to-morrow's work. But we will talk of this after supper. In the meanwhile, here are my quarters."

So they followed him, and helped not pluck, but to cook the hens, and eat them; though the last was, most difficult task of the three; and after per, having seen General Cosens inspect the sand of the troops, they went round with the outposts and visited the outposts. When at length they got back to Meri, it was past ten o'clock, and the same glorious moon that had lighted them on their way the night before, shone down alike upon castle and sea, vineyard and village, friend and foe, wakeful patrol and sleeping soldier.

CHAPTER LXII. HOW THE BATTLE BEGAN AT MELAZZO.

The bugle sounded before dawn, and in the first grey of the morning, Meri was alive with soldiers. There had been no absolute stillness, as of universal rest, all the night through; but now there was a great wakefulness about the place—a strange kind of subdued tumult, that had in it something very solemn and exciting.

By five, the whole Garibaldian body was under arms. The village street, the space about the fountain, the open slopes between the houses and the torrent of Santa Lucia, and part of the main road beyond, were literally packed with men. Of these the Cacciatori, bronzed with old campaigns and wearing each his glossy plume of cock's feathers, looked the most soldierly. For the rest of the troops, the scarlet shirt was their only bond of uniformity, and but for the

resolute way in which they handled their arms, and the steady composure of their faces, many a well-trained soldier might have been disposed to smile at their incongruous appearance. There was that about the men, however, at which neither friend nor foe could afford to make merry.

"How many do you number altogether?" asked Saxon, as they passed along the lines to the little piazza, Major Vaughan leading his horse, and the two others following.

"Taken en massa, Oacciatori, Tuscan, Piedmontese, and foreign volunteers, about four thousand four hundred fighting men."

"No more?"

"Oh yes, about two thousand more," replied the dragoon, "if you count the Sicilian squadri—but they are only shouting men. Look—here comes Garibaldi!"

A prolonged murmur that swelled into a cheer ran from line to line as the Dictator rode slowly into the piazza with his staff. He was smoking a little paper cigarette, and looking exactly like his portraits, placid, good humoured, and weather-beaten, with his gold chain festooned across the breast of his red shirt, and a black silk handkerchief knotted loosely round his neck.

"That is Medici at his right hand," said Vaughan, springing into the saddle, "and the one now speaking to him is Colonel Dunn. Now the best thing you two fellows can do will be to keep with the main body, and as near the staff as you can. You will then see whatever is best worth seeing, and have the chance of using your rifles as well. By Jove! Malenchini has his orders, and is moving off already."

As he spoke the words, the Tuscan general marched by at the head of his battalion, taking the westward road towards Santa Marina, where the Neapolitans had an outpost by the sea.

"One word more," said the dragoon, hurriedly. "If I fall, I should wish Miss Colonna to have Gulaare. She always liked the little Arab, and would be kind to her. Will either of you remember that for me?"

"Both—both!" replied Saxon and the Earl, in one breath.

"Thanks—and now fare you well. I don't suppose we shall find ourselves within speaking distance again for the next five hours."

With this, he waved his hand, dashed across the piazza, and fell in with the rest of the staff. At the same moment General Cosenz, having orders to conduct the attack upon the Neapolitan left at Archi, rode off to take the command of his veterans; while Fabrizi and his Sicilians—a mere boyish impulsive rabble, of whom no leader could predict half an hour beforehand whether they would fight like demons, or run away like children—bore off to the extreme right, to intercept any Neapolitan reinforcements that might be advancing from Messina. Finally, when right and left were both en route, the main columns under Medici were set in motion, and began defiling in excellent order along the St. Pietro road, leaving Colonel Dunn's regiment to form the reserve.

Following Vaughan's advice, the two young men shouldered their rifles, and marched with the centre. It was now about six o'clock. The sun was already gaining power; but a fresh wind was blowing from the sea, and the vines on either side of the road were bright with dew. As they passed over the little bridge beyond the village, and looked down upon the flats below, they could see Malenchini's division winding along to the left, and Cosenz's men rapidly disappearing to the right. Then their own road sloped suddenly downward, and they saw only a continuous stream of scarlet shirts and gleaming rifles. On it rolled, to the measured, heavy, hundred-fold tramp of resolute feet, never ceasing, never pausing, with only the waving cane-brake on either side, and the blue sky overhead.

In the meanwhile, the enemy's forces were known to be drawn up in a great semicircle about half way between Meri and Melazzo, reaching as far as Archi to the right, and down to the sea shore beyond Marina to the left. But not a man was visible. Completely hidden by the cane-brake and the vines, favoured by the flatness of the ground, prepared to fall back upon the

town if necessary, and, if driven from the town, to take refuge in the castle, they occupied a position little short of impregnable.

Presently, as the Garibaldians descended further and further into the plain, a distant volley was heard in the direction of Santa Marina, and they knew that Malenchini's men had come up with the extreme right of the Neapolitan semicircle. An eager murmur ran along the ranks, and a mounted officer came riding down the line.

"Silenzio!" said he. "Silenzio!"

It was young Beni. Seeing Saxon and Castletowers marching as outsiders, he smiled and nodded, then rose in his stirrups, and reconnoitred ahead.

In the same instant the sharp report of a rifle rang through the canes, and a ball whizzed by. Beni laughed, and held up his hat, which was pierced in two places.

"Well aimed, first shot!" said he, and rode back again.

And now the plantations on either side of the road seemed all at once to swarm with invisible foes. Ball after ball whistled through the canes, gap after gap opened suddenly in the forward ranks. Those in the rear flung themselves by hundreds into the vineyards, tiring almost at random, and guided only by the smoke of their enemies' rifles; but the front poured steadily on.

Every moment the balls flew thicker and the men fell faster. A German to whom Saxon had been speaking but the instant before, went down, stone dead, close against his feet, and Saxon heard the cruel "thud" of the ball as it crashed into his brain. Medici's horse dropped under him; Beni came dashing past again, with a bloody handkerchief bound round his arm; Garibaldi and his officers pressed closer to the front—and still not a single Neapolitan had yet been seen.

Suddenly the whole mass of the centre, quickening its pace in obedience to the word of command, advanced at a run, firing right and left into the cane-brake, and making straight for a point whence the balls had seemed to come thickest. Then came a terrific flash about twenty paces ahead—a rush of smoke—a roar that shook the very earth. The men fell back in confusion. They had been running in the very teeth of a masked battery!

As the smoke cleared, the ground was seen to be literally ploughed up with grape-shot, and strewn with dead and dying.

Castletowers flung down his rifle, rushed in among the wounded, and dragged first one, then another, into the shelter of the cane-brake.

Saxon clambered into an olive-tree beside the road, and, heedless of the balls that came peppering round him, began coolly picking off the Neapolitan gunners.

In the meanwhile Medici's columns had recoiled upon those behind, and the whole mass was thrown into disorder. To add to the confusion, a cry went up that Garibaldi was wounded.

At this critical moment, while the road was yet blocked with men, Major Vaughan came galloping round by the front. Despatched with orders to the rear, and unable to force his way through, he had chosen this perilous alternative. Dashing across the open space between the battery and the Garibaldians, he at once became the target of a dozen invisible rifles, was seen to reel in his saddle, sway over, and fall within a foot or two of Saxon's olive-tree.

In less than a second the young fellow had leaped down, lifted the dragoon in his strong arms, carried him out of the road, and placed him with his back against the tree.

"Are you much hurt?" he asked, eagerly.

Vaughan bent his head feebly.

"Take my horse," he said, speaking in broken gasps, and keeping his hand pressed close against his side. "Ride round to the rear—bid Dunn bring up the reserve—and charge the battery—in flank."

"I will; but can you bear to be carried a few yards further?"

"Tell him there's a wall—to the left of the

guns—under cover of which—he can bring up—his men."

"Yes, yes; but, first of all——"

"Confound you!—go at once—or the day—is lost!"

Saying which, he leaned forward, pointed impatiently to the horse, and fell over on his face.

Saxon just lifted him—looked at the white face—laid the head gently back, sprung into Gulaare's empty saddle, and rode off at full speed. As he did so, he saw that Medici's men had formed again, that Garibaldi was himself cheering them on to the attack, and that Castletowers had fallen in with the advancing columns.

To rush to the rear, deliver his orders, dismount, and tie up the Arab in a place of safety, was the work of only a few moments. He then returned with Dunn's regiment, threading his way through the vines like the rest, and approaching the battery under cover of a wall and ditch away to the left, as Vaughan had directed.

Coming up to the battery, they found a sharp struggle already begun—the Neapolitans defending their guns at the point of the bayonet—Medici's men swarming gallantly over the earth-works, and Garibaldi, sword in hand, in the midst of the fray.

The word was given; the reserve charged at a run; and Saxon found himself the next moment inside the battery, driven up against a gun-carriage, and engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with two Neapolitan gunners, both of whom he shot dead with his revolver.

"Drag off the guns!" shouted Colonel Dunn.

The men flung themselves upon the pieces, surrounded, seized, and put them instantly in motion—the Neapolitans fell back, opened out to right and left, and made way for their cavalry.

Then Saxon heard a coming thunder of hoofs; saw a sudden vision of men, and horses, and uplifted sabres; was conscious of firing his last cartridge in the face of a dragoon who seemed to be bending over him in the act to strike—and after that remembered nothing more.

CHAPTER LXIII. MR. FORSYTH.

Mr. Trefalden was, undeniably, a very gentlemanly man. His manners were courteous; his exterior was prepossessing; and there was an air of self-possessed quiet about all that he said and did which made his society very agreeable. He talked well about what he had read and seen; and if even his knowledge of things lying beyond the radius of his own profession was somewhat superficial, he knew, at all events, how to turn it to the best account. At the same time there was nothing of the brilliant raconteur about him. He never talked in epigrams, nor indulged in flashes of sarcasm, nor condescended to make puns, like many men whose abilities were inferior to his own; but there was, nevertheless, a vein of subdued pleasantry running through his conversation, which, although it was not wit, resembled wit very closely.

Most people liked him; and it was a noticeable fact that, amid the wide circle of his business acquaintances, the best-bred people were those whose disposition towards him was the most friendly. Lord Castletowers thought very highly of him. Viscount Esher, whose legal affairs he had transacted for the last ten years, was accustomed to speak of him in terms which were particularly flattering upon the lips of that stately gentleman of the old school. The Duke of Doncaster, the Earl of Ipswich, and other noblemen of equal standing, looked upon him as quite a model attorney. Even Lady Castletowers approved of William Trefalden to a degree that was almost cordial, and made a point of receiving him very graciously whenever he went down into Surrey.

By mere men of business—such men, for instance, as Laurence Greatorex—he was less favourably regarded. They could not appreciate his manner. So far, indeed, from appreciating it, his manner was precisely the one thing they most of all disliked and mistrusted. They could never read his thoughts nor guess at his cards, nor gain the smallest insight into his opinions and character. They acknowledged that he was clever; but qualified the admission by adding that he was

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"What can you do? What do you mean?" faltered Mrs. Rivière.

"I scarcely know yet. I thought at one time that it would be well to exhibit them in some good room; but that plan might have its disadvantages. The most direct course would be, I suppose, to present them to the nation."

The mother and daughter looked at each other in speechless emotion. Their eyes were full of tears, and their hearts of gratitude and wonder.

"But, in any case," continued Mr. Trefalden, "the pictures need cleaning and framing. Nothing could be done with them before next year, and they must be mine before even that amount of progress can be made."

"They are yours from this moment, most generous friend and benefactor," sobbed the widow. "Oh that he could have lived to see this day!"

But Mr. Trefalden would not suffer the ladies to express their thanks. He was proud to be regarded by them as a friend, and still more proud to be the humble instrument by means of which a great name might be rescued from undeserved obscurity; but he protested against being styled their benefactor. He then adverted, with much delicacy, to the question of price, stated that he should at once pay in a certain sum at a certain bank to Mrs. Rivière's credit; touched again upon the subject of Madeira; and, having of course carried his point, rose, by-and-by, to take his leave.

"Then, my dear madam, I am to have the honor of escorting you to Funchal in the course of some three or four weeks from the present time?" he said at parting.

"If Mr. Forsyth will consent to be so burdened."

"I think myself very happy in being permitted to accompany you," replied Mr. Trefalden; "and if I have named too early a date—"

"Nay, a day hence would scarcely be too soon for me," said Mrs. Rivière. "My heart aches for the sunny south."

To which the lawyer replied by a courteous assurance that his own arrangements should be hastened as much as possible, and took his departure.

"Mr. Forsyth has quite what our aunt, old Lady Glastonbury, used to call the 'grand air,'" said Mrs. Rivière, as Mr. Trefalden took off his hat to them at the gate. "And he is handsome."

"I do not think him handsome," replied her daughter; "but he is the most liberal of men."

"Magnificently liberal. He must be very rich, too; and I am sure he is very good. Let me see, there was a Forsyth, I think, who married a daughter of Lord Ingleborough in the same year that Alethea became Lady Castletowers. I should like to ask whether he belongs to that family."

"Nay, darling, why put the question? Our Mr. Forsyth may come of some humbler stock, and then—"

"You are right, Helen; and he can afford to dispense with more nobility. Do you know, my child, I have sometimes thought of late—"

"What have you thought, my own dear mother?"

"That he—that Mr. Forsyth is inclined to admire my little Helen very much."

The young girl drew back suddenly, and the smile vanished from her lips.

"Oh, mamma," she said, "I hope not."

"Why so, my child? Mr. Forsyth is rich, kind, good, and a gentleman. His wife would be a very happy woman."

"But I do not love him."

"Of course you do not love him. We do not even know whether he loves you; but the time may come—"

"Heaven forbid it!" said Miss Rivière, in a low voice.

"And I say, Heaven grant it," rejoined her mother earnestly. "I would die to-morrow, thankfully, if I but knew that my child would not be left alone in the wide world when I was gone."

The girl flung her arms passionately round her mother's neck, and burst into tears.

"Hush, hush!" she cried, "not a word of death, my darling. You must live for me. Oh, how glad—how glad I am that you are going to Madeira!"

The invalid shook her head, and leaned back wearily.

"Ah," she sighed again, "I had rather have gone to Italy."

To be continued.

IN THE SHALLOWS.

FAUST.

THE first night I ever heard Faust, something horrid happened.

I cannot tell about it, but I was to have gone there with Fitz-Frizzle, and I didn't. Not that I supposed, for a moment, he would care. Oh! no. He is altogether too well bred to manifest any emotion about anything whatsoever, that might happen to him, or any body else.

But I cared. You see, I had meant to be particularly killing, and had laid out my blue silk, that takes such an age to lace, and had made it a point to rush down to Tilman's, that very afternoon, and get some lovely scarlet flowers. And I would have preferred white ones, too, but Fitz-Frizzle had said to me, many a time, "*Ma brune!* always wear scarlet in your hair." And then to hear, by the most accident, as I came through the Square, that he had gone off, in the morning, to some grand pic-nic, or other, and, of course, those tiresome Dallas girls had gone too, and it was a notorious fact that he was forever rushing after them, when I was out of town, and how was I to know that he would get back in time for the opera, at eight? One naturally supposed, when he hadn't been near one all day, that he was in his rooms, cossetting for the evening. It was too provoking! And Faust too! that all the world had heard, and gone crazy over, except me, and the nicest woman in the whole town teasing me to go with her party. Well! anyway, no one could say, but that I had waited up to the very last minute, and beyond, even, and what was one to do?

But, what on earth would Fitz Frizzle think? Bring it home to myself. What on earth would I think, if I were a man, and I saw the "little girl," who had promised to let me take her to Faust, go whisking off, with a carriage full of other people, just as I reached her door? I knew I would never find out what he did think about it. He might be ready to burst with rage, but no one would see any symptoms of his precarious state, except, perhaps, in a little extra politeness, if it is possible to gild refined gold.

I am a little afraid of Fitz. As perfect an exponent of society as one can often meet with, I regard him as a sort of oracle. I mean good society, where the veins run blue blood, where everything is smooth, and satiny, and elegant, and worked up to within an inch of its life, by the most polished machinery, where the people are all thoroughbred, and prance in the latest style of harness, and one even smothers one's yawns by rule. Fitz has in him something of the late Admirable Crichton. He is, indeed, almost too perfect. You sigh for a little flaw, as a relief. You would gladly let down your own feeling of strain, and high-pressure, by seeing him commit a *lâcheté*. Only that would be as startling and impossible as an axiom's getting out of order—for instance, two and two ceasing to make four.

I wonder why he didn't marry Mrs. General. But! no. Marriage is not the correct thing for us young fellows. Marriage is slow, old-fashioned, quite an exploded idea in fact. Not that he ever told me so. Of course not. The subject is taboo, and not to be hinted at between polite people. For the present Fitz-Frizzle to make an afternoon call on a young lady, and introduce matrimony as a topic of conversation, would be a crime against good taste as hideous as "talking shop."

I don't know what his theories are about the final disposing of young ladies, but, certainly, it is not his business to marry any of us, for, at least, ten years to come. He will flirt with me,

though, he will make love to me, he will tell lies to me. I may get as fond of him as I choose, but I will not break my heart for him, when, to a popular air, he has waltzed away from me, and is off with the old love, and on with the new. The hearts of well-bred people never break.

I don't want to pretend to stick up for this sort of thing, and call it right. I only tell what my oracle shows me. I am quite sure that society is all hollow and artificial. I suppose the Queen of the Cannibal Islands lives much more as nature intended than I do. I am quite as eager to cry down whited sepulchres as any one. But if custom ordains that a fillet be bound round the horns of the sacrifice, what possible good will it do for me to shake off my garland, and go to butting the altar? I would probably be cast aside as unacceptable to the gods; and if I confess that I would rather go comfortably with the tide, I hope I have, at least, equal honesty with her cannibal majesty. Once, indeed, I thought I had great eyes that could see through a millstone better than my neighbour's; and, growing conceited through imagined superiority of vision, I struck out boldly, poking my horns at error. I remember well who called me a little fool for my pains, and taught me that one voice piping wrong is wrong—does not make wrong right. But,

*"Hélas! et l'on sentoit, de moment en moment,
Sous cette voûte sombre,
Quelque chose de grand, de saint et de charmant,
S'évanouir dans l'ombre."*

Pshaw! that was said in a church, and here we are unshawling in the foyer of the theatre, with the last chords of the overture crashing through the baize doors.

Do tell me, dear, is my hair all right? and I wonder who's there; and, oh! how do you do, Mr. de Jones? and, good gracious, does the usher intend to keep us shivering here all night?

No, he doesn't; he comes jerking and snarling up to us, in a minute or so, snatches away our numbers, scowls us down, bullies us into our seats, and is very disagreeable indeed.

Do all theatres have bears for ushers?

And, then, just as we were nicely seated and had our cloaks at the right droop, and were ready to look about, and see where everybody was sitting, de Jones must needs come and plant himself right in front of us. And he fussed so, about librettos, and programmes, and tenors, and lorgnettes, and condoled with one's not having heard Faust, (as if it was any of his business) and kept twisting his head round at one like one's parrot, and jabbering all the time, Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll! just as one has been jabbered, at, over and over, and over again, until one wished he had a muzzle on.

Though, I suppose parrots don't wear muzzles. You see, it was all very well, at first, to play at being pleased with de Jones, and vow that none regretted any one, and that there was plenty of fish in the sea yet. Plenty of fish, I know, but who gets Fitz-Frizzles into her landing-net every day?

Ah! I wonder if I am getting fond of Fitz? How absurdly every little thing recalls him! Some one behind me addressed some one else as "Mr. Anderson," and instantly my silly brain established a connection between invisible Anderson and absent Fitz., as, Anderson, wizard, juggling, China, pig-tails, monkeys, palm-trees, India. Fitz. has been in India. He doesn't say much about it, except to rail occasionally, with a charming little moue, against the weakness and unprofitableness of Canadian coffee. But I am convinced that he could, if he only chose, tell hair-on-end stories of tigers, jungles, begums, and lacs of rupees.

Then, again, he frequently mentions one of Our Men, who wants to be introduced to me. He is a big man, with everything on a large scale, even to his ears, and "no end of a splendid fello," Fitz. insinuates. I know him by sight. Yonder he is, now, with a girl whose frizzettes are twice the size of mine. How do some girls manage to get their hair so high up in front? I can't do it, and am miserable about it. Is their hair thicker, are their rats larger, their crimpers hotter, or is there a man in town who does hair? And, if so, where does he live?

Oh! will some one gag de Jones? What a snob! Yes, de Jones is a snob. This is the popular thing to say of him. To be a snob, is a deadly offence, a mortal crime, a sin unpardonable. Fitz-Frizzle once expounded to me, in all its ramifications, this important subject,

"Give me another word for Snob," said he.

I thought of all the names I had ever heard applied in what I conceived might be a parallel case, and suggested each one in turn.

A donkey? an ass? a spoon? a muffle? an owl? an idiot?

No, a man might be all these, yet if he had escaped being a snob, he (Fitz-Frizzle) might, to an extent, rub noses with him, and society extend to him a finger or two of fraternization, pityingly but humanly. A man, is, we will say, born a baboon. This is unfortunate, deplorable, calamitous, even, perhaps, painful, but it is only, after all, an accident of birth, and no more to be helped than, for instance, Fitz-Frizzle's own moustache growing in scraggy. Fitz-Frizzle (I should think not) is not proscribed because of his scragginess, nor the baboon because of inherent baboonism. But a snob, ah! Here Fitz-Frizzle's exposition became involved and a little obscure. Snobbism, you know, why! why in fact, a snob is a wretched snob, and you can't say any more for him.

Poor de Jonsa! Yet, if he would only bite out his tongue for the present, and let one collect one's little wits in peace, one might think him a goodnatured snob, and, perhaps, be gracious to him when one met him next. Why can't he listen to the music? Here comes Mephistophiles swaggering in! He is the basso, and terribly fat, and absolutely roars! How well Margharita looks in that blue dress! And how beautifully she trilled away up there on that high note! Why does it make me think of wood violets? Or is their sweet, wild, familiar, odor really in the air? Who uses extract of wood-violets? And who is this leaning over me?

Surely Fitz, himself. No one else does his neck-tie so exquisitely. He is here, after all, then, and are those volcanoes behind his eyes? I must not apologize; he does that. He is not angry. Of course not. How absurd! Oh! really, not a word, you know, please. He is charmed beyond everything. Nothing could exceed his delight. Mancusi is in good voice to night, is he not? Is that Blondette across the way? So désolé that he can't remain beside me, stopping up the passage. Shall he have the pleasure of calling to-morrow? Shall he get a programme? Shall he leave his lorgnette? Shall he do nothing for nobody? Then, *au plaisir!*

Now, if I had been getting fond of Fitz-Frizzle, I know exactly what my proper demeanour would have been, when that wretch went off to the opposite side of the house, and began making *beaux yeux* at Blondette (a girl, as every one knows with a mere doll-face, and no brains to speak of). Everything would have been very strange and horrid, for a minute. The singers would all have sung false. The gas-jets would have danced. The boxes beside me would have seemed miles and miles away. Little Vann, making his way to me through the crowded house, tripping over some one at every step, and getting frowned at, more times than he can count, would have been irremediably snubbed.

But, under existing circumstances, who cares for anything? What is one man more than another, in a world, that is all prunes and prism? I merely imagined volcanoes. There goes that air that every one waltzed to, last winter. It set's one's feet moving and one's brain whirling. How gay it all is, and how we all smile, and smile, and smile.

Until finally, the painted curtain drops. Everyone gets up and bustles. The men in the pit stamp. The angels drop Margharita out of the clouds, that she may come back and sweep curtains to the audience, hand in hand with the fat devil and little Faust. The seats are emptied. The gas is turned off. People elbow and shoulder each other in the lobby. Fitz, bows the blonde-headed lady to her carriage.

I, too, go home, like everybody else, and would whistle all the way, if I knew how.

ESPIGLA.

PASTIMES.

ACROSTIC.

1. An Athenian general.
2. A celebrated philosopher.
3. The surname of an early English king.
4. A renowned conqueror.
5. A Roman general who besieged Jerusalem.
6. A Prince among poets.
7. A mountain famous in history.
8. A celebrated admiral.

The initials of the above will reveal the name of a celebrated battle.

CHARADES.

1. My first will name a noble tree,
My second's used for "formerly,"
My third inverted, negatives,
My whole alas! no longer lives:
Yet when he lived he bore my first,
And made my third life's battle cry;
I cannot call him "best" or worst,
Yet long will live his memory.
2. My first conveys the Irish lass
To Ballyshannon fair;
My second oft contains a mass
Of gold or jewels rare.
My whole is used by those, I wot,
Wh gold or jewels wear;
The Irish lass, she needs it not
At Ballyshannon fair.
3. When giving or taking, my first we must use;
A part of our dress is my second;
My whole when applied in connection with man,
A mark of dishonour is reckoned.

ANAGRAMMATIC COURTSHIP.

Tom Jones, in "popping the question" to Lucy Robinson, received the following singular and apparently unmeaning reply, "Oh! we two aint mad." Having pressed in vain for something more definite, Tom was about leaving when the fair Lucy told him that if he transposed the letters of her reply, changing one of the vowels into a consonant, he might obtain a clue to her real feelings. Tom at once set about the task, and when it was completed, felt "better." What sentence did he form?

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

TDSSIRIEEATCVE, in very general request.
DCHHHRRRRCOCTEAAITSUL, one of the public buildings in Montreal.
YESPLATEHARTCALC, another public building in Montreal.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

- 1 A hare is seventy of its own leaps before a greyhound. The hare takes three leaps to every two of the greyhound's, but each of the greyhound's leaps is equal to two of the hare's. In how many of its own leaps will the hare be caught?
- 2 A farmer has two flocks of sheep, each containing the same number. From one of these he sells 39, and from the other 93; and find just twice as many remaining in one flock as in the other. How many sheep did each flock originally contain?
- 3 Two travellers, A and B, start from the same place to travel around an island, in opposite directions, the circumference of which is 140 miles. A travels one mile the first day, two the second day, &c., increasing in arithmetical progression. B travels regularly sixteen miles a day. From these data I desire to know how many days they will have to travel before meeting?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c., &c., No. 13.
PUZZLES.—1st. Oxford. 2nd. FI(V)E FIDDLE. 3rd. 72 inches (Head 9 inch. tail 27 inch. back 36 inch.)

CONUNDRUMS.—1st A Dutch S, (Duchess). 2. Because it makes needles, (needleless.) 3. Because it was a rain (reign) of terror. 4. The Bridge of Sighs (size.)

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—Our mutual friend (the letter L was omitted). 2. Artemus Ward, his Travels. 3. The Woman in White. 4. Only a Clod. 5. In the Dark.

CHARADES.—1. Babylon. 2. Ladder. 3. Bargain. 4. Candid.

PROBLEM.—The fallacy consists in omitting the double negative. The last clause should be therefore, If it rains, it doesn't not rain,—that is—it does rain.

ANAGRAM.

The massive gates of circumstance
Are turned on slenderest hinges,
And what we deem the merest chance
Shall give to life its after tinge.
The daily tribes of our lives,
The common things we ne'er recall,
Whereof the memory scarce survives,—
These are the mainsprings after all.

The following answers have been received:

- Puzzles.—All, Nemo, Peter, Rusticus, A. A. Oxon, L. R. V., St. Johns; 1st and 3rd, L. P. C., W. A.; 1st. Fr. J., Themistocles; 3rd. W. J.
- Conundrums.—All or part, Nemo, Peter, H. H. V., Cloud, Geo. L., Rusticus.
- Transpositions.—All, Nemo, Peter, Rusticus, A. A. Oxon, 1st 2nd and 4th. Themistocles; 1st and 2nd. W. Q.
- Charades.—All, Nemo, Peter, L. P. C., L. R. V., St. John, W. Q., A. A. Oxon, Rusticus; 1st and 2nd. Themistocles; 1st. A. C. B.; 3rd. Artist.
- Problem.—Nemo, Peter, Rusticus, H. H. V., Cloud.
- Anagram.—Nemo, Peter, A. C. B., A. A. Oxon, Rusticus, H. H. V., Cloud.
- The following did not reach us in time to be acknowledged in our last issue. Peter; Geo. Massey, Corbeen John.

CHESS.

Any Problems and Games by amateurs, which may be found of sufficient merit to warrant publication, will be gladly received.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

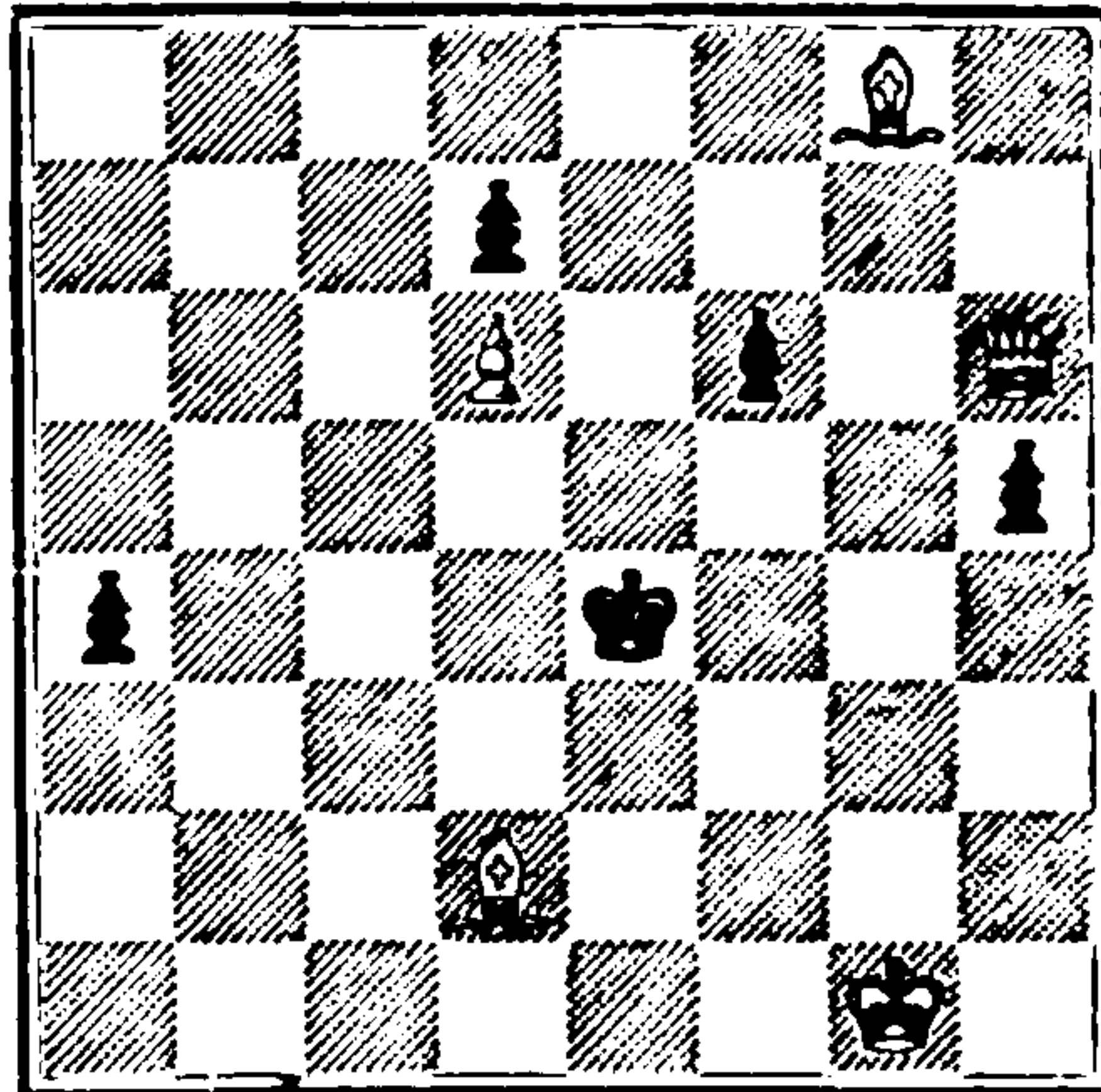
J. W. S., MONTREAL.—Thanks for the Problems and Games, which we shall make early use of. Further contributions will be very acceptable.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 1.

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. Q. to K. R. 7th (ch). | K. moves. |
| 2. B. to Q. 8th. Mate. | |

PROBLEM No. 2.

By GEO. GROVES, Esq., ST. CATHARINES, C. W.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

The following spirited game was played between two members of the Egmondville, C. W., Chess Club: BOOTH'S GAMBIT.

- | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| G. JACKSON, Esq. | DR. SMITH. |
| 1 P. to K. 4th. | P. to K. 4th. |
| 2 Kt. to K. B. 3rd. | Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. |
| 3 P. to Q. 4th. | P. takes P. |
| 4 B. to Q. B. 4th. | B. to Q. B. 4th. |
| 5 Castles. | P. to Q. 3rd. |
| 6 P. to Q. B. 3rd. | P. takes P. |
| 7 Kt. takes P. | K. Kt. to K. 2nd. |
| 8 B. to K. Kt. 5th. | P. to K. R. 3rd. |
| 9 B. to K. R. 4th. | P. to K. Kt. 4th. |
| 10 B. to K. Kt. 3rd. | B. to K. 3rd. |
| 11 B. takes B. | P. takes B. |
| 12 Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd. | Q. to B. sq. |
| 13 Kt. to Q. Kt. 5th. | B. to Q. Kt. 3rd. |
| 14 B. takes P. | P. to Q. R. 3rd. |
| 15 B. takes Kt. | Kt. takes B. |
| 16 Q. Kt. to Q. 4th. | K. to B. 2nd. |
| 17 Kt. to K. 5th (ch.) | K. to B. 3rd. |
| 18 Kt. to Kt. 4th (ch.) | K. to B. 2nd. |
| 19 Q. to K. B. 3rd (ch.) | K. to K. sq. |
| 20 Kt. to B. 6th (ch.) | K. to Q. sq. |
| 21 Q. R. to Q. sq. | Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd. |
| 22 K. to Q. B. 6th. Mate.* | |

*The attack is well sustained throughout, and "ye prancing cavaliers" do good service in the terminating moves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MUNDO.—Will appear in an early issue.

ARTIER.—Use the Roman numerals, and the answer will be plainly CIVIL.

W. Q.—We will hand your problem to the chess Editor.

R. E., MISSISSQUET.—We really cannot say where Mrs. Capt. Tremorne is to be found now, not having a recent "Army List" near us, but the present number will inform your young friends that the "Scarlet Fever," came to a crisis which terminated favourably. We trust Miss, or rather Mrs. Fannie sees no reason to regret the "attack." Probably she thinks the "Scarlet Fever" is n't so terrible a disease after all: although you say—

" 'Tis a wonder that Fannie could ever be bro't
To fancy an epaulette even in thought.
What!—follow a soldier from pillar to post,—
No woman should try it except as a ghost.
For the best constitutions would soon be a wreck,
To broil in Barbadoes and freeze at Quebec."

J. H., TORONTO.—Are we to understand that no solution has been found? We will keep the question till we hear from you again.

W., QUEBEC.—Your communication must have been overlooked, which we regret. We are always happy to receive replies to the questions propounded in our Pastime Column.

W. P. D., TORONTO.—C. Roberts, 70 St. Francis Xavier St., is a good practical Electrotyper. See his advertisement on Reader cover.

H.—Thanks for your good wishes. We strive to merit the approbation of our readers, and evidences of their good will are very pleasant to us.

JOSIAH B.—Your communication is to hand, but we have not yet found time to read the MS.

GEORGE MASSEY.—You mistake the question. The £2000 is to be added to the original common stock, £5000, making the capital £7000; 10 per cent on which will, of course, be £700. The profit divided is £500, leaving £200 as stated.

PETER.—Many thanks!

EROSTRATUS.—The MS. is received. As for the subject upon which you ask our advice, we would say as Mr. Punch did when advising upon a more delicate matter—"don't." So little is to be gained except by those who are brilliantly successful, and so very few attain to more than a respectable mediocrity, that we fancy the man is wise who is content to leave to others the task of scaling the slippery heights of Parnassus.

R. W.—Will insert shortly. Thanks.

SAMUEL GEAY.—You will see by referring to one of the early numbers of the READER that it has already appeared.

C. L. N.—CORNER.—Received—thanks!

ELLEN V.—We have read the MS. but have not yet decided upon its acceptance or rejection. Most of the tales we receive are of much too sentimental a tone to suit our taste. It is only fair that the brighter and cheerier aspects of life should engage a due share of the attention of those who, under the guise of fiction, are supposed to seek to portray life as it is.

BEN NEVIS.—Yes—forward at your convenience.

LEVI L.—We are unable to afford you the information you seek. Consult an army list for that year.

S. M.—Declined with thanks.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

ELECTRO-TELEGRAPHIC MESSAGE TO THE STARS.—The electric fluid travels at the mean rate of 20,000 miles in a second under ordinary circumstances; therefore, if it were possible to establish a telegraphic communication with the star 61 Cygni, it would require ninety years to send a message there.

INCORUSTIBLE.—Paper that will not burn may be made by mixing with the pulp a fluid obtained by adding to an aqueous solution containing one and three-quarter ounces of pure tallow soap, just enough alum to decompose the soap completely. The paper made with this requires no size.

BLEACHING PAPER.—It has been found that paper which has been very imperfectly bleached, may be rendered thoroughly white by pouring upon it in succession, as dilute solutions, three and a half parts alum, one part chloride of barium, a little free hydrochloric acid, and one-eighth of a part calcined chalk—stirring well during the operation. The fibres of the paper become firmly coated with the brilliant white sulphate of barytes which is formed.

NEUTRAL SOAP.—A perfectly neutral soap—that is, one containing no free alkali—possesses hardly any detergent power: on the other hand, the presence of free alkali in soap causes it to corrode the skin. It has, however, been discovered recently that a neutral soap may be rendered as effective for detergent purposes as a highly alkaline one, by the mere addition of alumina, which is itself a neutral substance. The alumina may be combined with the soap, during its manufacture, by the use of aluminate of potash or soda, or of some other alkaline salt of alumina, or by mixing free alumina, in the form of a dry power, with melted common soap.

CUTTING METAL.—An improved implement for cutting pipes and bars of metal has been invented by Mr. Wolstenholme, of Radclyffe, Lancashire. It consists of a revolving circular cutter, upon a suitable slide. The pipe or bar to be cut is securely held in a vice or otherwise, and the circumference of the cutter is brought against the pipe or bar by means of a screw passing through the lower end of the slide; the implement is then turned round by the handle forming the continuation of the screw, and the cutter is set up by the turning of the screw. By this means the cutter gradually penetrates into the metal until the pipe is cut asunder, or the metal bar is sufficiently indented to enable it to be broken.

SAFE-DOORS.—Mr. J. Chubb has just invented a method of securing safe-doors from the application of the professional burglar's wedge. The frame, in place of being made flush, as hitherto, projects beyond the door, so that the door will be recessed, and further, to protect the door and the keyhole, or holes through the door of a strong room or iron safe, a hardened steel bar is applied externally to the door, and from side to side thereof, the bar being fitted within a groove across the door. This bar is of a curved convex form externally, and flat on the side where it comes next the door. At each side of the framing of the door a projecting socket is formed, into which the bar slides after the door has been shut and fastened, or locked. In order better to insure that no thin steel wedges shall be introduced, the sides of the groove across the door in which the bar is fitted are under cut.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

THE ADVERTISER'S PARADISE.—Puffia Island.
—Punch.

EXERCISE FOR CITY CLERKS.—A run on a bank.
—Punch.

PROFOUNDITY.—Some one said to Talleyrand that the Abbé Sieyès was a very profound man. "Profound!" was the reply, "yes, he is a perfect cavity."

AN IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL.—A young widow, who married an old man, was for ever speaking of my "first husband." The second husband, at last, gently remonstrated. "I expect," said the young wife, pouting, "you'll want me to remember you when you are dead and gone!"

A COOL CUSTOMER.—The fellow who wrote the following note to his tailor, not considering it any disappointment to postpone his wedding, must be a philosopher:—"Dear sir, I do not care for the velvet collar, so you may do as you please about putting it on. It was no serious disappointment, only I should have been married if I had received the goods."

A BULL.—The Irish statute-book opens characteristically with "An Act that the king's officers may travel by sea from one place to another within the land of Ireland."

"THE TWO SISTERS."—Paris gossip gets off a rich joke on the distinguished Fronchman, M. Emile de Girardin, who recently gave a dinner in Paris to Abd-el-Kader, and during conversation said, "I shall be happy to present you with my 'Two Sisters,' meaning his new play. In translating, the explanation that it was M. Girardin's play was left out, and the Emir politely replied, "he would be very happy to accept the ladies, although his harem was quite full."

LORD ERSKINE was giving an account of the people at the North Pole, when one of his listeners exclaimed, "What! is it possible they can live upon the seals?"—"Yes," replied the chancellor, "and deuced good living, too, if you can keep them."

A LADY, very fond of her husband, notwithstanding his ugliness of person, once said to Rogers, the poet, "What do you think? My husband has laid out fifty guineas for a baboon on purpose to please me."—"The dear little man," replied Rogers, "it's just like him."

PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.—Mrs. Partington says that hydrophobia is a fearful thing, as she knows from personal experience, having once heard her uncle say that he knew a baker whose little boy was acquainted with a man that kept a big dog in a town where a mad terrier had been killed some years previously.

A REASON who was told that bone-dust was used by some unscrupulous bakers, remarked, "What's bred in the bone can't be helped, but bone in the bread's quite another matter."

A MUSICAL author, being asked if he had composed anything lately, replied, "My last work was a composition with my creditors."

BACK AND MIND.—Mr. Adam Smith, hearing his servant complain of a pain in his back, said to him, "The pain, John, is not in your back; it is in your mind."—"Deed, sir," replied John, "gif ye'll tak' it out o' my back, and pit it in my mind, I'ae be singularly obleeged to ye."

"YOUR FARE, MISS?"—A young lady from the rural districts lately visited London with her beau. Getting into an omnibus for the first time, she took her seat, while her lover planted himself on the box with the driver. Very soon the conductor began to collect the fares, and approaching the rustic maiden, he said: "Your fare, miss?" The rural rose-bud allowed a delicate pink to manifest itself upon her cheeks, and looked down in soft confusion. The conductor was rather astonished at this, but ventured to remark once more—"Your fare, miss?" This time the pink deepened to carnation as the rustic beauty replied, "Deed, and if I am good lookin', you hadn't ought to say it out loud afore folks!"

A MANLY little fellow of five years fell and cut his upper lip so badly, that a surgeon had to be summoned to sew up the wound. He sat in his mother's lap during the painful operation, pale, but very quiet, resolutely keeping back his tears and moans. In her distress, the young mother could not refrain from saying, "Oh, doctor, I fear it will leave a disfiguring scar!" Charley looked up into her tearful face, and said, in a comforting tone,—"Never mind, mamma, my moustache will cover it!"

COUNT D'ORSAY, who was a remarkably fine man, once put down an impertinent little coxcomb in the following way. The little bean, seeing D'Orsay with a waistcoat on of the newest fashion, said, "D'Orsay, give me that waistcoat when you've done with it;" to which impudent request the Count replied, "What you want my waistcoat for?—to make you a tressing-gown?"

"THERE THEY ARE."—Perhaps the shortest sermon on record was one preached by the late Irish Dean Kirwan. He was pressed, while suffering from a severe cold, to preach a charity sermon in St. Peter's Church, Dublin, for the benefit of the orphan children of the parish school. The church was crowded to suffocation, and the good dean, on mounting the pulpit and announcing his text, pointed with his hand to the children in the aisle, and simply said, "There they are." The collection on the occasion exceeded all belief.

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(Brasenose) at Oxford a memorial window has been raised, to the erection of which seven bishops subscribed, and several deans and numerous clergy, and learned laity, and many ladies titled and untitled. And at Brighton, where he laboured and died, the working men of the town to whom he had endeared himself by faithful service in their cause, placed a medallion on their benefactor's tomb.

Of Scottish and military ancestry, and English birth and training, we notice the results of these on his character and life. His life was consecrated to the cause of God and man. He was fearless in faithful service—a true "soldier of Jesus Christ." Born in 1816, he died in 1863, at the early age of thirty-seven years. These volumes—the record of his brief, but memorable life—cannot fail to command the attention of thoughtful, candid and devout minds of all classes.

HISTORY OF THE LATE PROVINCE OF LOWER CANADA. By Robert Christie. Montreal: It. Worthington. Vols. 3 and 4.

These volumes carry the Parliamentary and political annals of Lower Canada to the autumn of 1837, embracing, of course, an account of the outbreak of that year. In a former notice of this work, we spoke of the many valuable documents embodied by Mr. Christie in his text, or added by way of appendix; and in the present numbers we find them increase in value and interest. To ourselves, we admit that the portion of the history which we perused with most profit and satisfaction is that beginning with 1823, and reaching up to the "Rebellion." Others may take greater pleasure in the story of that event, which is well told by the author, and contains much curious information to folk of the present generation. We do not know if Mr. Christie can be said to be quite impartial in all he relates,—a task of difficult achievement;—but he undoubtedly aimed at being so, and in that respect, his work will be unless useful to writers in the same field as an example, than it will be for the materials with which it abounds. In proof of the fairness with which he treats all parties who took part in the public affairs of Lower Canada—and in which he was himself not altogether a mean actor—we would refer to his description of the Hon. L. J. Papineau, whom, as a public man, Mr. Christie had anything but reason to regard with friendly eyes. At the close of the fourth volume is a somewhat elaborate sketch of the famous ex-speaker's career. He says—

"In fine, they who have only known Mr. Papineau through his politics and the asperities of public life, in which, perhaps, he has been more inflexible than was consistent with skilful statesmanship, can have no just idea of the many excellent, moral, social and domestic qualities for which in private life he is distinguished. Uniting the erudition of the man of letters with the urbanity of a gentleman: possessing also the highest of conversational powers, and in an eminent degree frank, communicative and convivial, he is, out of politics, all that can be and, in the domestic circle, unrivalled amenity and kindness of his manners disposition. Like most men of strong mind decided character, his resentments are desired, deep and lasting, but, as a set-off to ~~such~~ such also are his friendships. No more sincere friend can be than Mr. Papineau. In every domestic and social relation, whether as husband, father, citizen, neighbour, companion or friend, all who intimately know, must acknowledge him to be not merely unexceptionable, but exemplary. Of his power and prowess in debate nothing need here be said. Few have ventured to enter the lists and cope with him who have not been floored in the contest. Expressing himself with equal ease, elegance and energy, in the English as in the French language, his eloquence is at once felt to be of a superior order, grave, dignified and senatorial. He has been, as eminent men ever are, variously represented, according to the prejudices or prepossessions of those who have written of him,—by some as fruitless, and little better than a Demon; by others as a political redeemer; and, indeed, by the same

individuals very differently at different periods, and under different circumstances. But whatever be his merit or demerit as a politician and statesman, a matter which those who follow us will more correctly decide than we, his contemporaries can, I have endeavoured—as one of them, unbiassed by any other motive of which I am conscious, than a desire to do common justice to a master-mind and independent man, to say the least of him, who, in his own country certainly has been the most eminent of his time—to delineate with an impartial hand his many private virtues and character, as I have known them to be, that posterity, after the cloud of prejudice which, from the untoward course of his political career, still overshadows his name, shall have disappeared with himself, may understand and appreciate his worth as a man, if it cannot applaud him as a successful politician."

THE BIBLE HAND-BOOK: An Introduction to the Study of Sacred Scripture. By Joseph Angus, D.D. Revised Edition, with Illustrations. Philadelphia: Jas. S. Claxton. Montreal: R. Worthington.

Whatever may be the degree of reverence one is disposed to yield to the claims of the Bible, it must be admitted that an intelligent examination of those claims is incumbent upon all. Many valuable aids to the student of the Sacred Books have been published, but few appear to us more complete in their character and arrangement than the work noted above. In Part I, the Evidences of the Genuineness and Authenticity of the Bible as a whole are concisely and forcibly stated. A critical examination of Ancient Versions and Various Readings follows. Other chapters are devoted to the Peculiarities—the Interpretation—the Study—and the Difficulties of Scripture. Part II contains an analysis of the individual Books of the Old and New Testament together with a chapter on the Civil and Moral History of the Jews from Malachi to John the Baptist. The aim of the author, as stated in the Preface, "is to lead men to understand and appreciate the Bible;" but in the course of his labours he has given much information on ancient literature and history which is calculated to aid the work of general education amongst all classes.

NOTES FROM PLYMOUTH PULPIT. By Augusta Moore. New York: Harper Brothers. 1865. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

These notes are selections from the sermons of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. They were, we are told, originally published by the authoress without the revision or inspection of the rev. preacher, but they now appear with that advantage, for this is a new edition, revised and enlarged. The work, it seems, has had a wider circulation in Great Britain than even in the United States; the cause of which may be that, in sending it for the press, the reporter has omitted some of those exuberances which make Mr. Beecher's style of oratory more pleasant to American than British taste.

MISS CAREW. A Novel. By Amelia B. Edwards, Author of "Barbara's History," &c. New York: Harper Brothers. 1865. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

"Of this tale we need only say that it is from the pen of the author of "Half a Million of Money," which regularly appears in our columns, and which has delighted so many of our readers.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

We have received a copy of Henderson's Photographic Views and Studies. The views are varied, comprising the rivers Mississquoi, St. Maurice, Ottawa, Rouge; Lakes Beauport, Memphremagog; Falls of the Chaudière and Shawenegan, &c., &c. Mr. Henderson unites in his pictures vigour and brilliancy, with a gradation of aerial perspective so perfect, that when we look at them through a tube, or the hollow of the hand, they exhibit almost a stereoscopic effect. We have rarely seen any photography which could compare with them in all the qualities which constitute good landscape photography.

We understand that Mr. Worthington is about to issue a cheap edition of "Artemus Ward; His Book," uniform with "Artemus Ward; His Travels," lately published. The illustrations, which are numerous, were specially prepared for the forthcoming edition. Mr. W. is also preparing an edition of the celebrated "Biglow Papers," which will be got up in handsome style, and issued shortly.

MISCELLANEA.

A first part of Napoleon's second volume of the "Histoire de Jules César" is in type, and copies are in the hands of translators. The opening chapters relate to the Gallic campaign of A. U. C. 696.

Miss Agnes Strickland has a new novel in the press, entitled "How Will it End?"

Mr. Shirley Brooks is to edit "Follies of the year," by John Leech, a series of colored etchings from "Punch's Pocket Books," 1844 to 1864.

Messrs. Longmans are about to publish Mr. Gerald Massey's work on "Shakspeare, his sonnets, and his Private Friends."

Mr. Wornum, Keeper of the National Gallery, London, is at present occupied upon a life and a history of the works of Holbein, towards which, during the past two or three years, many important facts have sprung up; but which, in their isolated form, are not sufficiently appreciated, and which, if properly collected and blended together, will acquire a very considerable value. The historical knowledge and literary attainments of Mr. Wornum qualify him for the task.

Experiments of the transfusion of blood, which were frequently made two centuries ago, are again engaging the attention of physiologists. M. Euleburg and Landois, who have been lately making numerous investigations of this nature, have ascertained that animals poisoned by opium may be kept alive by what is called combined transfusion, drawing away the poisoned blood, and substituting healthy blood taken from an animal of the same species. It has also been ascertained that animals may be kept alive when deprived of food by periodical transfusion.

As an instance of large effects from comparatively small causes, the following is worth notice. Four ounces of silk-worm's eggs will yield from eighty-eight thousand to one hundred and seventeen thousand cocoons; the number of cocoons to a pound of silk is commonly two hundred and seventy; consequently, the produce in silk from the four ounces of eggs will be four hundred and twenty-two pounds.

Ben Jonson's skull is said to be in the possession of a private individual, and efforts are being made to get it by Dr. King, president of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society.

Capt. Wilson and a party of explorers have left England for Palestine. Their object is to make a preliminary survey of the country. Capt. Wilson is to land at Beyrout, and to go by way of Damascus, Baniyas, Kedes, to Tell Hum on the Lake of Galilee. Thence he will proceed, by way of Cana, to Beisan, and by Zerim to Nabulus and Sebastiyeh. He will then visit Scilum, the ancient tombs at Tibneh, Beitin, and Jerusalem. At each of the above spots he will make such explorations as he may find feasible and desirable, and will use his own judgment as to the length of time at which he will remain at each. He has power to engage the necessary labourers, and generally to incur such expenses as may be requisite for the due and efficient performance of the work. On his passage through the country, he is to make all possible observations on the topography and geology of the district.

The ranks of our English novelists have sustained a heavy loss by the death of Mrs. Gaskell. The death was a very sudden and unexpected one. Within the last few months Mrs. Gaskell had bought a small house in the little Hampshire market-town of Alton, and was stopping there for the purpose of furnishing it. On Sunday she was dining with her daughters, when she suddenly fell off her chair. She died within a few hours, and was never conscious after her seizure.

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CHAPTER III. CAPTAIN AUSTWICKE'S REVELATION.

Continued from page 229.

"Love is not to be reasoned down, or lost
 In high ambition." ADDISON.

"It's a long story. I've no breath to tell it, Honor," said Captain Austwicke; "but I want you to know that—that long years ago—I—I married."

Miss Austwicke rose to her feet in surprise, and echoed the word—

"Married?"

"Yes, Honor. Don't—don't make a scene, it's no use—any words."

"When, Wilfred, when?"

"In Scotland, sixteen years ago, when I spent the autumn in Dumbartonshire with Gertrude's brother."

"Married! when you stayed at Lord Dunoon's. Whom?" repeated Miss Austwicke, still bewildered, and half suspecting her brother was delirious.

"Isabel—but you'll learn her name, there," pointing to the sealed envelope.

"Brother, brother! of what family is the lady?"

Something like the wandering ghost of an impatient smile flitted over the sight of the dying eyes as he answered—

"Of the oldest family—the workers: a gardener's daughter—the gardener at Glower O'er."

"A gardener's daughter?" gasped Miss Austwicke—"and you married her? And you tell me this?"

"Would to God I had told it long before—told it like a man to all the world! I should not lie here with pangs of the spirit, that rack me more than the pangs of the flesh. I should not lie here telling my miserable, shameful, cowardly sin to one who, I fear, has no heart to understand my woe—no conscience to help me to set right the wrong I did."

"Brother, what do you, what can you mean?"

"I mean what I say." He rose on his elbow with a strange access of strength, stretched out his hand towards the glass on the table, and, as Miss Austwicke involuntarily handed it, drank again eagerly, and resumed—

"Yes, it's my misery—my curse that you will not see my sin as I now see it. Pride like yours made me shrink from avowing my marriage—made me cowardly and base."

"Wilfred Austwicke, even on that bed you have no right to say such words to me. When, pray, was I cowardly or base?"

"Fear of the world and love of the world both work to sin. Bear with a dying man—a dying brother, Honor. After a brief delirium of passion—a young man's madness, that you cannot comprehend—in which I had made poor Isabel my wife, I stooped to the real degradation of deceiving her. I cannot tell you all the plan, but I led her to believe that I had been married before, and had a wife living, and that therefore she was not legally my wife."

"You, Wilfred—you an Austwicke, did this?"

"Yes, pride made me stoop to this deadly meanness—extremes meet, Honor. I shrank from owning my marriage, in the face of the aristocratic and wealthy marriages my brothers had made. My humble bride would have shamed me with them and with you. Deference to man often means defiance to God. Yes, Honor, it does. I sent money by a sure hand, for Isabel wrote to me no more. I sent money for her and her children—"

"Children?"

"Yes, my children! Oh, that I could see them! Oh, that my strength would hold out to crawl to them on my hands and knees. Surely, if they prayed for their father, the poor innocents—if they prayed, I might have some sense of forgiveness—something to cool the burning of heart and brain that maddens me."

Miss Austwicke looked at her brother steadily, as his eyes rolled and his head moved restlessly from side to side. A conviction that greatly relieved her appeared to have entered her mind. "He is delirious," she whispered. "Poor fellow! it's all mere delirium."

With the intense acuteness to which all his faculties were strung, he heard the purport of her whisper, and said, in a voice of piercing anguish, "I am not delirious, Honor; it's all true."

"Hush, dear Wilfred. Don't excite yourself over a bad dream. How can it be true? Children?"

"Twin children—a son and daughter, I tell you. I never saw them, except in dreams. How I hunger for them—mine—mine! Oh, for life, a little longer life, to do something for them! Oh, for a friend, who would help me in this bitter hour—bitter—bitter! forsaken of God and man!"

He sunk back and groaned deeply.

Miss Austwicke visibly shuddered. "No, no, not forsaken," she said, sinking on her knees. "I do not, I confess, clearly comprehend what you tell me; but if it will comfort you, I promise, if—if anything happens to you, to fulfil your wishes and intentions towards your children, certainly towards them, and—and your wife."

The big drops started on his brow; he looked at her gratefully. "Sister, I can give no blessing—from my lips it might be but a curse; but I thank you—with all the power left me I thank you—for that promise. And don't be angry, Nora dear, if I also warn you."

His voice had softened and sunk low to a tender whisper, as he called her by the name familiar in childish years, and his mouth worked convulsively.

His sister was deeply moved, and for the first time her eyes were wet. "Yes, Wilfred, speak on; let me hear your warning."

"Beware of the pride that props itself with falsehood! When a poor wretch lies stranded on the brink of the cold river, and traces the road he has passed, how false and mean looks many a deed that has been called expedient! There's a light, Honor—the light of truth—that reveals to us all that we have hidden in the depths of our hearts. It's dreadful—intolerable!" He paused for breath, then gaspingly resumed—"Isn't there—a hymn, Honor—that we used to sing—in childhood—What does it say? something about—"

'Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.'

Oh, sister—sister, for that covering now?"

Just then there was a creeping sound or a rustling behind the bed-curtains, on the other side of the room. Miss Austwicke, alarmed, rose from her knees. The dying gaze of her brother followed her as she, fearing she knew not what, went round to the side of the room that had been so completely screened off by the drapery of the great old-fashioned four-post bed. A faint noise, like the flapping of paper, yet sounded in her ears, but she saw nothing. There was a chest of drawers, flanked by chairs, two on each side, that rested against the papered wall. All was undisturbed by the arrangements on the other side of the sick bed. Miss Austwicke very naturally accused her nerves. She was not by any means the only watcher in a sick room that is tormented by evil sounds. She returned, and brought the candle, holding it high above her head, so as to see into the whole space. Her foot became entangled in something; she stooped, and picked up from the ground nothing more mysterious than a rough garment, a housemaid's apron, that had been carelessly dropped by the side of the drawers—perhaps, as Miss Austwicke, with the quick disgust at untidy habits which was part of her nature, divined, had been used as a duster and so left. This matter-of-fact, lowly incident breaking in on the intensity of her feelings, restored her to a measure of composure, and enabled her, as there came a faint, panting whisper of "Sister Nora," to go to the bed, and bathe the temples of the fast sinking invalid with refreshing perfume. He did not speak—only held her hand for a moment, then feeling along the bed-clothes with his other hand, found the letter, and laid it in her palm; and so folding her fingers over it, held her closed hand tightly in both his, tried in vain to speak, and sighed wearily. Miss Austwicke was thankful for the tranquil dreamy look, that seemed to

weigh down his eyelids, and spread over his features. "If he can sleep a little while, he may, perhaps—who knows?—yet rally—he may get home."

So she stood hushed at the bedside, and presently, as the hands slowly relaxed their clasp, leaving the letter in her palm, she gently withdrew herself from a posture that was becoming painful, and sat down holding the letter, and looking vaguely at it with mournful eyes.

Her anxiety that her brother should not be disturbed made her unwilling either to summon Martin or to leave the chamber. So she sat, leaning back in the chair, for some little time motionless. Suddenly she drew herself up erect and listened. Everything was strangely, awfully still. How was it that she no longer noticed her brother's laboured breathing?—How was it? He had reached home—he was dead!

CHAPTER IV. RECORDS, PAST AND PRESENT.

"Thou notest from thy safe recess
Old friends burn dim, like lamps in noisome air."
WORDSWORTH.

If Miss Austwicke had been familiar with the sick room and the symptoms that precede death, she would not have been surprised at what seemed to her the awfully sudden termination of the interview with her brother. He had been dying all the day, and his faculties, gathering up for a last effort, had just sustained him through it, and then yielded. Her terror was quite equal to her grief when, on calling loudly for help, Martin and the landlady rushed in to her assistance, and going direct to the bed, proclaimed the fatal fact she at first refused to believe.

Never had Miss Austwicke actually witnessed the departure of a spirit, and the mental sufferings that had preceded her brother's death were so terribly present to her mind, that they added to the horror. She was borne fainting from the room, and during the night that followed, Martin thought it incumbent to call in Dr. Bisale, who prescribed complete quiet for at least two days—a decision that it fretted the lady to obey, for her spirit was defiant; and her previously calm, uninterrupted life had ill prepared her to sustain the shock she had received. After a few hours, when she had partially rallied, her mind, in that unaccustomed place, had one resource, and that was, to ruminate on the strange history revealed in her brother's last words; and before any legal adviser reached her, or any of the rest of the family were apprised, she had to decide for herself what had best be done. It was not in Miss Austwicke's nature to distrust her own judgment, still less to doubt that any course she took would not be morally right.

Captain Austwicke's words, so recently uttered, "There never was much love among us, Honor—never enough, I now think," contained a truth which, however, did not reflect so much as might be supposed on the hearts of the Austwicke family. Miss Austwicke and her three brothers had suffered from the loss of their mother in their childhood. The golden links of maternal love had not bound the young people together, and they therefore grew up a separated household. Honoria, the second-born in the family, had been reared by a very aged lady, her father's mother, who occupied a jointure house on the banks of the Thames, which, for twenty years before her death, she seldom left. The education of her grand-daughter, carried on under her supervision, had been the amusement of her old age; and the aim of the stately old lady had been to imbue the child with all the opinions and feelings that she herself had entertained in a long life passed in a circle as narrow as it was high, in the days when whalebone and Queen Charlotte ruled in the upper region of feminine fashion. To teach rigid etiquette, rather than Christian principle, was the aim of the instructors, and the scope of the education bestowed. Not that there need be, in reality, anything antagonistic in the two—nay, they may, and do often, admirably blend; but then the Christian life, like an odorous balsam, filters through and is distinctly recognised as combining in one whole all the elements of the

gentle life—religion refining manners, and not manners elevating religion. The pupil was apt to learn what her instructors taught, and caught the spirit of the teaching; so the antiquity of the Austwicke name and lineage, the fact that it was a family of influence generations before many of the highest titles in the realm had been conferred, was the one thought of her mind.

Meanwhile Squire Austwicke, the father of the family, was amusing himself according to the fashion of his ancestors, living the life of a country magnate. Hunting, racing, field sports, keeping up his pack of beagles, and a rough bachelor sort of hospitality, after his wife's death, among men like-minded—these were his pursuits, diversified by a few magisterial duties and a good deal of hard drinking. His sons had their education at Winchester. Edmund, the eldest, grew up a fine gentleman, whose breakfasts at college were the admiration of his friends, as afterwards was the cut of his coat and the tie of his cravat when he mingled with those who would now be called "fast men" in London, and were then described as "young bloods," or "dandies." Wilfred, the second son, had a commission in the Honourable East India Company's service; and Basil, the younger, and the most industrious, on leaving college, was entered at Gray's Inn, and, in due time, was called to the bar. Fortunately he married Gertrude Dunoon, a lady of ancient family, and, what was even more to the point, whose kinsmen were all high in the law, and able to advance the interests of Basil Austwicke, who, without any very great talent, maintained a respectable position, which it was sometimes whispered he owed much to family influence.

Of these three brothers, the one whom Honoria had known the best was Edmund; Wilfred and Basil, respectively three and five years younger than their sister, she saw very seldom, and the few letters that at intervals passed were mere formal interchanges of inquiries. At the death of her grandmother, Miss Austwicke returned home, to find herself rather in her father's way. She could not nurse him in his gout so well as Mrs. Comfit, the old housekeeper; she did not read his paper to him so well as his man Ripp—or, at least, he could not ask her to read racing, and spotting news, and those it was that alone interested him. Her presence was a sort of check on the carousals he indulged in, and, in short, they did not suit each other. The old squire was truly glad when his youngest son made a very early marriage; and gladder still when an invitation to Honoria to spend the spring in London with the newly-married pair followed. He did, indeed, hope that another marriage might perhaps occur: for Honoria was then a stately, attractive woman; and though eight-and-twenty, a calm life had kept the bloom of seventeen upon her cheek. But Honoria did not marry. Edmund, the eldest son, did—a lady, a ward in Chancery, with a good fortune, who had been introduced to him by his brother's wife; and on this union with Miss de Lacy, her husband's spirits were so elated at being able to pay off most of his debts—far heavier than his father suspected—that he launched out into yet greater splendour. In this his wife assisted him, believing, like a giddy girl, in the Austwicke acres as being able ultimately to yield a compensating harvest, or perhaps, believing in nothing but pleasure. She had what she wanted—a gay, butterfly life. Poor thing! it was very short. She died a year after her marriage, leaving her husband with a son three weeks old, and the wreck of a squandered fortune, which it was found the Austwicke property could not repair; for at the old squire's decease, which happened soon after that of his daughter-in-law, it was made manifest that he had long lived beyond his means, and the estate was terribly encumbered.

Hitherto the Austwicke family had presented this peculiarity—that one generation had been miserly, and the next spendthrift; but in this case the son of Squire Wilfred the profuse had from boyhood imitated his father rather than his grandfather, and the equilibrium was destroyed which had kept matters pretty well hitherto, so the estate had suffered both by the squandering of the occupant and the post-obits of his heir.

Sorrowful, for he had loved his wife, and bit-

ter, for he was angry with the world, with his father, with every one but himself, Edmund Austwicke went on the Continent. His little son, on whom the residue of his mother's fortune was settled, became the charge of Miss Austwicke until he was nine years of age.

When, at her brother's request, the boy De Lacy Austwicke was to be sent to his father at Bonn, she bitterly resented an heir of Austwicke being educated on the Continent, instead of at Winchester. She, indeed, half suspected that the true reason was not her brother Edmund's fatherly affection, but that De Lacy's allowance of £200 a year out of the small fortune he inherited from his mother would go further abroad, and might be an object with his father in his exile.

Miss Austwicke was not wrong in this supposition. Her brother Edmund indulged on a small scale abroad the same tastes that he had manifested in his hot youth at home. His crop of wild oats had yielded him the usual harvest of shattered health, nerves, reputation, circumstances; and when, at the age of forty-six, just a year before our narrative commences, and when his son was about fifteen years of age, he died suddenly by the breaking of a blood vessel, while engaged at the *rouge-et-noir* table at Homburg, there was no one to shed a tear for him: no, not his sister in her lonely life, that he had made more lonely by his neglect; not his son, whom he had placed with a German professor's family at Bonn, and rarely either inquired after or saw. He died as he had lived, unesteemed and unregretted. The crackling of thorns under a pot is the Divine symbol of such a life—a little unsatisfactory blaze, and then the blackness of darkness.

Miss Austwicke had hoped that De Lacy Austwicke would come to England, and pass the rest of his minority near what was now his estate; but the youth preferred to stay abroad—a determination that so offended his aunt she never wrote to him afterwards.

She shut herself up in the wing of the ball that her father had long ago assigned her, and which the small property left her by her grandmother enabled her to live in with something of the state and consideration that became her birth and breeding. At all events, the degradation of letting the old dwelling to a stranger—a terror that more than once had menaced Miss Austwicke during her brother Edmund's life—had now passed away. She remained here in peace to ponder on the past, and to soothe her disappointments of the present by hoping for the future distinction of her family by the young heir De Lacy.

CHAPTER V. THE LETTERS.

"Dare to be true:
Nothing can need a lie;
A fault which needs it most,
Grows two thereby."
GEORGE HERBERT.

We left Miss Austwicke lying on the sofa in the darkened drawing-room at the "Royal Sturgeon," as she revolved these circumstances of household history which we have sketched, while naturally reverting to the intelligence so recently and painfully received—of there being some most objectionable Austwicks, not merely born in humble life, but actually reared in the station of their mother's birth—altogether beyond the range of her knowledge, and, it must be owned, of her sympathies.

Not that Miss Austwicke was hard to the poor. No; she simply regarded them as a race apart. Yet her brother, an Austwicke, whose race stretched back to the dim old Saxon times, had married—actually married into this low class. Her code of social morals would assuredly have been less outraged by crime than by weakness, for a low marriage was altogether intolerable. Still, there was her promise, made, as she muttered to herself, "as an Austwicke" "she must keep her word to her dying brother," and seek out those low children and their mother. Where were they to be found? what would the papers in the envelope, that she had in her hand as she lay on the sofa, tell her? She had never let the packet a moment from her possession, through all the night of faintness or the day of dreary re-

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gland with the recruits were gentlemanly lads, and a very agreeable man, a surgeon of the Company's service who was in medical charge of the party, made up a pleasant dinner-party of four every evening. There was no lack of game—antelope, wild-duck, teal, and partridges—either along the road, or so near that we could get some shooting every day.

It must have been four or five days after leaving Cawnpore, and somewhere about a third of the road between that station and Meerut, that the following extraordinary incident occurred. We made the usual halt at the end of the first hour, and whilst the cook-boys were mixing the grog for the men, some of the latter asked leave to go to a rising ground about twelve hundred yards off, to look at an European monument which was erected there, probably the spot where some unfortunate officer on his road up the country, had died and been buried. I gave the required leave, and some half dozen recruits started, laughing and joking with each other as they went along. When the ten minutes' halt was ended, I told the bugler to sound, so as to warn them we were about to start, and, as they did not come back, I desired him to repeat the call. He did so, but still the men did not come back. I took out my glass to see whether they were there, and saw them all sitting, or rather lying, down near the monument. The bugler sounded again, but they took no notice whatever of the call. One of them seemed to stagger to his feet, move a step or two, and then sit down again. Their conduct appeared so extraordinary, that I at once came to the conclusion that they had somehow or other got hold of liquor, and had drunk themselves stupid. Yet there was not a village, or even a house, anywhere within sight. I at once despatched a sergeant with men to see what was the matter, and a couple of litters or doolies to bring those who were too much intoxicated to walk. To my great astonishment, no sooner did the second party arrive near the monument, than they too sat down—sergeant, recruits, native dooley-bearers and all—and appeared incapable of moving, or at least of standing. I sounded the bugle again, but they made no sign whatever of coming. At last I could see with my glass one of the doolie-bearers making towards us. When he got near enough to speak, he bellowed out that every man that had gone up to the monument was lying sick, vomiting, and being purged. By this time we were all seriously alarmed for the poor fellows. The doctor wanted to go at once and see what was really the matter, but how to bring them back when the doolie-bearers appeared to be all sick, was the question. Fortunately, a party of palkee-bearers who had been carrying some travellers along the road, and were now returning to their own village, passed at this time. I stopped them, and an offer of four annas (sixpence sterling) to each of them to bring the men now round the monument as far as the road, was at once accepted. They started off with me, the doctor remaining with the troops to make such arrangements as were possible for the men when we brought them back. On arriving at the monument we found every man there more or less ill, all vomiting and all showing unmistakable signs of Asiatic cholera. I had hardly dismounted from my horse, when I felt a strong desire to retch, with violent pains about my stomach, and the peculiar sinking feeling which is a sure sign of cholera. Luckily I had with me a flask of brandy; I took a pull at it and felt better, although still unwell. The palkee-bearers at once, by my directions, seized each one a soldier, and carried them down to the rising ground, and then partly dragging, partly carrying them, got the men two or three hundred yards or so towards the road.

The whole affair did not occupy five minutes, from the time I arrived at the monument until the men were well on their way to join the detachment upon the road, and yet even in that short time several of the palkee-bearers complained of feeling ill, and showed unmistakable signs that they were so. To make a long story short, every one of the Europeans that visited the monument—about twelve in number, including myself—were seized with signs of Asiatic cholera, and of these five died before next morning. Of

the men that remained on the road, not one was seized. Those who recovered, did so very slowly, I for one remaining exceedingly ill and weak for some days. The eight native doolie-bearers were taken ill, but only two died. Of the palkee-bearers not one was seriously unwell, although all were slightly indisposed.

One more instance of the extraordinary freaks of cholera which I have witnessed in India, and I have done. A brother of mine, then belonging to the Bengal Civil Service, but since dead, was taken very ill with jungle fever in the north-west, and was recommended to proceed down the Indus, and so, via Kurrachie and Bombay, to England. I obtained leave to accompany him to the western presidency, and see him safe on board the steamer for Suez. But by the time we arrived in Bombay he felt so much better, that he resolved not to lose his Indian allowances by going home, but to try whether he could not restore himself to health by a sea voyage to China. I wrote to my regiment, and obtained leave again to go on with him to Singapore, where, if better, he would proceed on to Hong-Kong, and I would return to Calcutta. If not recovered, he was to go round with me to the City of Palaces, and there take a passage round the Cape to Europe, as the medical men in Bombay appeared all of opinion that nothing would do him so much good as a long sea voyage. We left Bombay in a sailing vessel, an opium clipper belonging to one of the great Parsee firms. There were four or five other passengers on board, and among them a young officer who had lately exchanged from one of Her Majesty's regiments in Bombay to another corps in Australia, and was on his way to China, where he hoped to find some vessel bound to Melbourne. Our ship was a very comfortable vessel, well found in everything, but all the way down the coast we had the most extraordinary light winds, and often calms, which made the voyage extremely tedious. We had been just a fortnight at sea, were out of sight of land, had not touched anywhere, nor had we communicated with any other ship, when the young officer of whom I have spoken was one night taken extremely ill, and the two medical men we had on board—one being the surgeon of the ship, the other a doctor belonging to the Madras army—at once declared him to be suffering from a very bad attack of Asiatic cholera. He lived about twenty-four hours, and then died from exhaustion. The doctors did all they could for him, but almost from the very first his case was declared by them both to be hopeless. It may be easily imagined that even the most courageous amongst us were not a little frightened at what had happened, and fully expected that others would fall victims to the same complaint. The crew of the vessel consisted of native Lascars, the captain and chief officer only being Englishmen, as is usual in ships employed on what is called "the country trade." The day after the young Englishman died, three Lascars were taken ill; of these, one died and two recovered. After that, we had not a single case in the ship, and everybody on board enjoyed the most perfect health until we arrived at our destination some three weeks later.

Whilst relating these incidents, I have purposely omitted putting forward any theory of my own as to whether the cholera is infectious, or contagious, or both, or neither. In fact, I have no theory to put forth. What I have told in this paper are simply facts that happened in my presence, so to speak, during a prolonged service in the East, and which would almost lead to the conclusion that even of what we call Asiatic cholera there is more than one kind, and that the complaint may be brought on sometimes quite irrespective of bad drainage, dirty dwellings, or unhealthy food. But I am not a medical man, and I leave others to draw their inferences from the instances I have related.

Fishery.—The agriculture of the sea.

Argument.—With fools, passion, vociferation, violence; with ministers, a majority; with kings, the sword; with men of sense, a sound reason.

OUR DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

- Cacoethes, (*Lat.*), an evil custom.
 Cacoethes carpendi, (*Lat.*), a rage for collecting.
 Cacoethes loquendi, (*Lat.*), a rage for speaking.
 Cacoethes scribendi, (*Lat.*), a rage for writing, &c.
 Cedit quæstio, (*Lat.*), the question falls to the ground.
 Cadenza, (*It.*), the modulation of the voice in singing.
 Ceteris paribus, (*Lat.*), the rest being alike, or other things being equal.
 Café, (*Fr.*), a coffee house, also, coffee.
 Ça ira, (*Fr.*), (*Lit.*), it shall go on. The chorus of a song sung during the French Revolution.
 Canaille, (*Fr.*), the rabble, the dregs of the people.
 Capias ad satisfaciendum, (*ca. sa.*) (*Lat.*), (*law term.*) a writ after judgment.
 Caput mortuum, (*Lat.*), the worthless remains, literally, a death's head.
 Canard, (*Fr.*), an unfounded report. *Lit.*, a duck.
 Cancan, (*Fr.*), Busule.
 Carte blanche, (*Fr.*), free license, an unconditional submission. A blank sheet of paper.
 Casus belli, (*Lat.*), a case for war, sufficient reason for a declaration of war.
 Cavendo tutus, (*Lat.*), safe through caution. The motto of the *Cavendish* family.
 Cede Deo, (*Lat.*), submit to Providence.
 Cedant arma togæ, (*Lat.*), let arms yield to eloquence.
 Ce monde est plein de fous, (*Fr.*), the world is full of fools.
 Certiorari, (*Lat.*), (*law term.*) to be made more certain: to order the record from an inferior to a superior court.
 Certum pete finem, (*Lat.*), aim at a sure end.
 C'est fait de lui, (*Fr.*), it is all over with him.
 C'est une autre chose, (*Fr.*), that is another thing.
 Chacun à son goût, (*Fr.*), every one to his taste.
 Champ de Mars, (*Fr.*), an extensive open space in Paris, used for military reviews, &c., literally, the field of Mars.
 Chapeau, (*Fr.*), a hat.
 Chapeau bras, (*Fr.*), a hat which can be flattened, and placed under the arm.
 Chaperon, (*Fr.*), one who attends a lady as a protector or guide.
 Chargé d'affaires, (*Fr.*), one who acts in the place of an ambassador.
 Charivari, (*Fr.*), a serenade of discordant music, designed to insult and annoy.
 Chef-de-cuisine, (*Fr.*), head-cook.
 Chef d'œuvre, (*Fr.*), a masterpiece.
 Chevalier d'industrie, (*Fr.*), a swindler, a sharper.
 Chevaux de frise, (*Fr.*), timbers traversed with spikes, to defend a passage, or stop a breach.
 Ci-devant, (*Fr.*), Heretofore.
 Claqueur, (*Fr.*), one hired to applaud at a theatre.
 Clique, (*Fr.*), a gang, or clan.
 Cælum non animum mutant, qui trans mare current; (*Lat.*), Those who cross the ocean, change the sky, but not their hearts.
 Colporteur, (*Fr.*), *Lit.*, a pedlar; but recently applied to persons who travel, selling or distributing religious books.
 Comme dit l'autre, (*Fr.*), as another says.
 Comme il faut, (*Fr.*), as it should be.
 Comme le temps passe, (*Fr.*), how fast time flies.
 Comment vous portez-vous? (*Fr.*), How are you?
 Commune bonum, (*Lat.*), a common good.
 Communibus annis, (*Lat.*), one year with another.
 Communibus locis, (*Lat.*), one place with another.
 Compos mentis, (*Lat.*), of a sound (composed) mind.
 Concordia discors, (*Lat.*), a jarring concord.
 Con amore, (*Lat.*), with love or pleasure.
 Congé, (*Fr.*), leave, or farewell.
 Pour prendre congé, (*p. p. c.*), to take leave.
 Congé d'élire, (*Fr.*), permission to elect.
 Contra bonos mores, (*Lat.*), (an offence) against good manners.
 Consummatum est, (*Lat.*), it is finished.
 Contralto, (*It.*), in music. The part immediately below the treble, called also the counter tenor.

MARY

It was a summer evening, and she stood
Upon a balcony, her wistful gaze
Directed towards a lone and distant wood,
Dimly illumined with the sun's last rays—
A canopy of crimson and of gold
Floated above the ancient forest trees,
And on in silent majesty it rolled.
Like sunlit billows over Eastern seas.
And she was lovely as the evening star,
And aptly harmonised with that fair scene;
Her maiden thoughts were sadly wandering far,
From what she gazed on, to what once had been!

She was robed simply in the purest white,
And 'mid the dark luxuriance of her hair,
Like snow flakes thrown upon the lap of night,
Glistened some snowdrops delicately fair—
The light within her sleep-destroying eye
Seemed borrowed from the ever changing hues
That grace the bosom of the evening sky,
And still in simple earnestness she mused—
Her little hands, as white as driven snow,
Were plunged amid the midnight of her hair,
Her brow was laughing in a rosy glow,
Her lips moved slightly, as she were at Prayer!
Praying, mayhap for one who years gone by
Was banished all unwilling from her side,
Was Mary, as she watched the sunlight die,
And pondered in the quiet eventide!

AZREEL AND THE THREE BROTHERS.

By I. Y. Z., Montreal.

To be completed in four numbers.

THREE brothers went out to seek their fortunes. They were the sons of a wise and pious man, and well taught in all their duties to God and man. They came to the desert; when they stopped to rest under the palm-trees, at a well, they found lying in the shade an ancient man in sad coloured garments. He neither spoke to them nor looked upon them, but turned away his eyes as if to avoid seeing them. His camel grazed near by. Meaning to respect his evident desire to be alone, the young men busied themselves in making ready their simple mid-day meal, without troubling the elder traveller. When all was complete, moved to pity by the sorrowful countenance of the old man, they advised together as to whether it would not be best to show him that their feelings were kind towards him, and that they would gladly give him any aid in their power to comfort his sorrow. Finally, Mahmoud, the eldest of the three, drew near to him and with great respect solicited his attention.

"Venerable stranger," said Mahmoud, "pardon what may to you seem intrusion and presumption, but in your face we read that you have met some sad disaster, and we have been brought up to think it our duty never to pass by suffering without lending such help or solace, as our poor means might afford; such has been the teachings of our father: but even were such not the case, it were churlish in us to pass in the desert, in such a way, a respectable old man, without inviting him to partake with us of our humble repast. May we beg of you to do us this honour?"

All the time he spoke, the old man regarded him with a melancholy countenance, and when he became silent, replied in a touching voice, "Unhappy young man, little do you know whom you have invited to partake of your kindness."

"That would matter little, venerable father," interposed Ali, the second brother. The measure of bounty should be the wants and not the importance of the sufferer. It is not given to the poor and humble like us to help the great and powerful, but we may aid those who need."

"My son," answered the old man, "I am the most abhorred by the human race, and the author of their worst woes, if report say true."

At this Mahmoud took one step backward, and spoke not. Ali cast down his eyes in silence. After a moment's delay, Solyman, the youngest

brother, his heart opening with generous emotion, came forward, and said, "Old man whatever were your crimes—were you great and rich—you would still have friends and followers. If you are poor, old, and hated, you have the more need of sympathy and support, though it may be of forgiveness. It is not the part of man to judge, therefore if you need assistance, speak and we will do by you even as we would pray that others might do by us, were we in like case. Not merit, but want is the mother of charity."

At these words, Mahmoud and Ali recovered their speech, and added, "Our brother speaks wisely, his words are ours."

The old man paused. A somewhat grim smile stole over his face, and, regarding the young man steadily, he said:

"Know thou who I am! I am Azrael, the Angel of Death, upon whose face no man looketh and liveth."

At these words, the three brothers fell back a space, looking in each other's faces with dismay, for though of stout hearts, the meeting the inevitable Azrael in the first flush of youth and just starting on the journey of life, filled them with an undefined dread.

"Alas!" cried Mahmoud, "Is it for this that we have left our father's house, to meet on the first stage of our journey, with that Death who might have forgotten us, otherwise, until decay and weariness made him welcome."

"Nay" added Ali, "my heart asks not for so much. It only bids me not to perish utterly without leaving sign or memorial, son or daughter, nor the memory of good deeds wrought and fame achieved."

Solyman for a moment held his peace, then with a gentle sigh, he said: "The will of the Lord be done. With the giver of life be the issues of life and death. Resignation and mercy are all I ask."

"Even so be it" exclaimed the dread Azrael, raising himself from his recumbent posture, and revealing a form at once awful and majestic. "He who holds the Book of Life permits unto me a dispensation for a certain number of men. Unto two of you this may be given; over the third my icy breath must pass. Mahmoud! unto you it shall be granted by prayer to avert my impending stroke so long as you may wish."

"Unto you, Ali, this prayer now for the first time accorded, will thrice again be granted."

"Gentle, happy Solyman! falling in the first flower of thy youth and innocence, at thine appointed time, unaware of the rugged road from which thy weary feet are betimes withdrawn, blessed of angels, receive in peace and purity, the predestined stroke."

As he uttered these words, a mist seemed to pass before the eyes of the three brothers; objects faded from their sight, and a dreamless sleep fell upon them. When Mahmoud awoke, the sun was sinking red behind the horizon. He rose, and as he did so, the sand fell from about him, even as the snow from the belated traveller of the wintry north. He turned, and at his side lay Ali nearly buried under a heap of the sand of the desert. He shook Ali, and raising him from his earthen mantle poured into his lips a few drops of crystal water and applied to his nose a small phial of pungent, aromatic herbs which soon brought him back to consciousness and life. They then united their efforts to withdraw the body of Solyman from a huge mound which reposed over the spot where that well-beloved youth had stood. It was in vain, the treacherous sand of the desert fell back upon the opening they made in the hillock and defied all their efforts. "It is useless," cried Mahmoud. "It was fated that here we should fall, and that this should be the burying-place of Solyman."

"He has perished beneath a pillar of sand driven by the hot wind of the desert," said Ali. "Could that scoffing infidel Mustapha the daker, see us, he would deride our story as a mirage and a dream, and insist that the Angel of Death was merely the sandstorm of the desert."

"Be it so" replied Mahmoud, "but we will soon have to use the privilege of redemption given us by the mighty Azrael, unless we speedily leave this spot." They hastily sought their camels which, led by a natural instinct, had es-

caped to a protected spot where they quietly grazed, and, mounting, pursued their journey. After some days they reached Bagdad, and taking lodgings at a caravanserai, went out to look for work. They walked that day, and asked many people for employment, but found no one who needed their services. It was the same the next day, and still the next. Finally, their slender store of money being gone, they sold their camels to pay for the necessaries of life, and after a while, this sum also being expended, the brothers took counsel together as to what must be done. On that day they agreed to take different directions in search of work. Mahmoud took the street towards the Great Bazaar. He was young, tall, strong and of a handsome visage, but want and care had begun to show in his haggard face. He stood for a long time in the midst of the square, where were sold so many rich and costly stuffs, and where gold seemed flowing in a thousand channels all around him, but not one drop of all these streams fell upon him to lighten his burden of misery. To every passer-by he made humble suit. "Have you no burden to carry,—I am strong, I am faithful." But all shook their heads. At last, as the sun was declining, an old man, on a mule passed by. "Stay, Honourable Councillor!" cried Mahmoud. "I have no burden for a miserable man? I am dying of hunger." The old man stopped. "I have no burden," replied he, "but I have relief." "I pray you, then give it to me," said Mahmoud. "If you will it so, handsome youth; but you know me not, it seems, though we are old acquaintances. I am Azrael, Lord of the Desert."

"Nay, dread Master," exclaimed Mahmoud. "leave me, as thou didst promise me at the will. It is better to suffer than to die." "As you wish," answered Azrael. "I chanced to be passing, having to do with your wealthy merchant. I wish you better luck with your burdens. Fortune follow thee. Good day."

As he passed on unnoticed through the crowd, Mahmoud stood aghast. He had scarcely proceeded a hundred paces, when he stopped, and touching a splendidly dressed person on the shoulder, whispered in his ear. The man uttered a loud cry, and fell on his face. Those nearest ran to him and lifted him up, but they found that he was dead. A Cadi happened to be present. "It is the visitation of God," said he; "Man dies at the appointed time. Carry him to his house."

Among those who stood nearest the dead man was Mahmoud. He lifted the corpse in his arms, while another took the feet, and so they bore it as they were instructed by the Cadi, to whom the dead man was known. Reaching the door of a lofty and splendid mansion, they were speedily admitted and the body laid on a couch of mourning. After all had looked upon the deceased, and were departing amid the lamentations of the household, a grave old man, with a flowing beard, in the dress of a Sheikh, bade Mahmoud and the man who had assisted him in carrying the corpse to stay; having paid with ten pieces of gold and dismissed the other, turned to Mahmoud and offered him a like sum. Mahmoud had forgotten his hunger, but had not forgotten his early lessons of charity, so he put aside the purse of the old man, courteously thanking him for his generous intentions. "Who art thou," sternly inquired the Sheikh, "who refuseth pay for labour?"

"I am one too rich to take money for a work of charity. Give me thy blessing, father," replied Mahmoud.

"Art thou not he who to-day asked me in the Bazaar for work?" asked the Sheikh with surprise. "Even so," responded Mahmoud. "Thou art my guest, young man!" exclaimed the Sheikh, and without waiting for a reply, he called to the chief of his domestics. "O Yusuf! show my friend his apartments, and render him all the consideration due his rank." The Sheikh then departed, and Hassan led the bewildered youth towards the interior of the house. "These are thy apartments, honourable son of a Sheikh, and these, thine attendants," said Yusuf, ushering him into a magnificent suite of rooms, where six black slaves in gorgeous dresses stood waiting;

and then bowing low, he retired. Mahmoud's eye rested on splendid hangings, laden with the richest *lucres*, and furniture crusted with gold and sparkling ornaments. After reclining for a few moments to gather his scattered thoughts, he signified that he desired a bath. The slaves whom he found motes, speedily prepared in a marble reservoir, a delicious bath, redolent with aromatic herbs and perfumes. When he prepared to dress, they placed before him robes of the richest materials, blazing with jewels. Arrayed in this he stood before a lofty mirror and saw himself reflected graceful, engaging and magnificent. He had hardly ceased to admire his own attractions, when a slave entered, and bowing low said, "Honourable son of a Sheikh!" my noble master waits his evening meal, in the hope of being honoured with your presence." Mahmoud instantly followed him to a lofty room, still more magnificent than any he had seen, where the Sheikh awaited him at a table spread with every luxury.

The Sheikh welcomed him with great cordiality, and pressed upon him the most delicate vianda. Mahmoud ate with the relish of youth and hunger, replying respectfully to the remarks of his generous host. At last, his appetite being fully satisfied, and pipes and coffee being placed before them, the attendants withdrew. They sat sometime in silence, when the Sheikh began, "Think me not prompted by a vain and ignoble curiosity, my young friend, if I ask thee to tell me the story of thy life, for I am convinced that behind the curtain of a plain exterior, something remarkable lingers."

"Honourable father, thou sayest truly," replied Mahmoud. "Thy wisdom and experience have discerned what is happily not apparent to all; but my story, though short, so far transcends all probability, that were I to tell thee the whole truth, thou wouldst not believe it, but wouldst distrust me as a liar, so that I should lose thy esteem."

"Fear not, my son," responded the Sheikh, "I have on my finger a mysterious talisman, a ring, the jewel of which sparkles with a playful light when the truth is told, but when a lie is spoken lowers into a dull and sullen red. Speak on therefore, confident that while you tell only that which has happened, my affection and esteem will increase for you."

"With such a guarantee I will speak," answered Mahmoud, and he told the Sheikh his whole story, as we have narrated it. When he had concluded, the Sheikh embraced him. "My son," cried he, "while you have spoken, behold my talisman has blazed with an unwonted lustre. Every word of your mouth has been true. Allah has sent you to me. You have told me your whole story, and merit a like confidence on my part, if I do not tire you."

"Generous and wise Sheikh!" answered Mahmoud, "I burn to hear the story of one so experienced and noble—Only discretion and respect hindered me from requesting it. I pray you to begin."

Selim's Story.

Know then, began the Sheikh, that I am Selim, the son of Hussein. I was born in this house, when my father, a wealthy merchant, lived in great splendour. He determined to bring me up to his own pursuits, and employed masters, who taught me all the polite literature and religious knowledge thought proper for one of the first rank. When I had just attained my twentieth year, an incident occurred that moulded my whole future life. One night as I reposed by the fountain in my garden I heard from out the plash of its falling waters, issuing a melody, far off but of exquisite beauty, and through it ran the words, "Come to me, come to me," with an energy and tenderness that thrilled my heart. After this, I knew no rest, until finally at my request, my father gave me a stock of goods and a purse of gold and bade me travel to acquire knowledge and wealth. By a long journey, I reached Aleppo, and thence coming to the sea, embarked for Spain. Arrived at Malaga, I sold my cargo, for good profit, and went to Granada, the luxurious seat of the Western Caliphate. I reached the suburbs of Granada on a summer evening, just as the moon rose above the orange groves. As

I rode along, breathing the sweet fragrance of jasmine, and a thousand other delicious flowers, I heard within the garden-walls that I was passing, the skillful touch of a musician, accompanied by a voice, which poured forth such floods of melody as Paris might envy. I drew up my steed, and paused to listen. It was the song I had heard by the fountain,—the melody—the voice. I know not how long I stopped, bewildered, enchanted. Some impulse, impossible to resist, seemed to seize me, and, dismounting, I looked for some part of the wall that I could scale. Finding none such, I led my horse close to the wall, and placing my foot on the high pommel of the saddle, gave a great spring which enabled me to grasp the parapet, and clamber up astride of the wall, where, availing myself of the pendulous branches of a hanging tree, I lightly swung to the ground. Standing in the shade of the tree, I looked eagerly about and discovered that I stood in a garden full of all rare delights. But these little occupied my soul at that moment. Hither and thither I turned my eyes to find whence came the ravishing music which had so entranced me. At last I discerned a noble thimtain, and at its side a beautiful summer house of the rarest workmanship, in which sat an old man, clad in the costume of a Jew of the highest class. At his feet, reclined the singer, whose voice had lured me thither. I would have repented the rashness of my intrusion, but for the vision of beauty, which burst upon my sight. I beheld a face, whose perfect loveliness at once informed my soul, that it was the song and the music set to the human form. Volumes of soul-melody poured over its perfect features, and thought traversed it with a rhythm, which caused me to exclaim to my own heart: "This is not a woman. This is music made human." I drew near under the shadow of the trees, until I could almost have touched them, but so cautious were my movements and so dense the shrubbery that my approach was not noticed. At last the song ceased, and the old Jew drew a deep sigh. "My beloved daughter!" he began, "last and only relic of my lost Leah! Some mighty danger hangs over our house. In the stars, I read its steady advance and near crisis, but how or whence I cannot tell. To-night, at the culmination of Venus, I will realize, apprehend and endeavour to avert it. To this end, I must leave you, to seek in my tower to unfold this mystery of the stars. Seems it not strange that this refuge, which seemed secure, after our flight from Cordova, should prove treacherous also. Good-night, my dearest Hannah. Tempt not the night dows too late." So saying, he rose, and untwining his daughter's arm from his neck which now enclosed it, he kissed her and retired. Again the lady took up her guitar and breathed a murmurous and melancholy love song. My heart stood still, and when she ceased, I was kneeling before her, with downcast eyes. She gave a little scream, which she checked before it was uttered. At this, I lifted my eyes, and said in confusion, "Fear not, lady! it is thy slave who kneels." "Alas! how came you here," cried she. "Lured from Bagdad on the Tigris by your song, I came to die at your feet or win your love." "My dream, my fears, my hopes were then true," exclaimed she. "Oh! noble sir, know you where you stand?"

To be continued.

OLD MASTER GRUNSEY AND GOODMAN DODD.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, A.D. 1697.

[The following poem, by William Allingham, is a rare study of "Merrie England" in the olden time.]

G. God save you, Goodman Dodd—a sight to see you!
 D. Save you, good Master Grunsey! Sir, how be you?
 G. Middlish, thank Heaven. Rare weather for the wheat.
 D. Farms will be thrifty, after all this heat.
 G. And so is we. Sit down on this here bench: We'll drink a pot o' yale, man. Hither, wench! My service—ha! I'm well enough, I' fers. But for this plaguay rheam I both my legs. Whilst I can't hardly get about: Oh dear!
 D. Thou see'st, we don't get y or every year
 G. Thou'rt a young fellow yet young

D. Well-nigh three-score.
 G. I be thy elder fifteen year and more.
 Hast any news?
 D. Not much. New-Place is sold,
 And Willy Shakespeare's bought it, so I'm told.
 G. What! little Willy Shakespeare bought the Place?
 Lord bless us, how young folks get on apace!
 Sir Hugh's great house beside the grammar-school!
 This Shakespeare's (take my word upon't) no fool.
 I minds him sin' he were so high's my knee;
 A stirrin' little mischief chap was he;
 One day I coteched him peltin' o' my geese
 Below the church: "You let 'em swim in peace,
 "Young dog!" I says, "or I shall sing thee in."
 Will was on t'other bank and did but grin,
 And call out, "Sir, you come across to here!"
 D. I knows old John these five and thir'ty year.
 In old times many a cup he made me drink;
 But Willy werou't aborn then, I don't think,
 Or might a' been a babe on's mother's arm.
 When I did cart 'em fleeces from our farm.
 I want a coortin' then, in Avon-Lane,
 And tho' bit further, I was always fain
 To bring my cart thereby, upon a chance
 To catch some foolish little nod or glance,
 Or "meet me, Mary, won't 'ee, Charlote way,
 "Or down at Clopton Bridge, next holiday!"—
 Health, Master Grunsey.
 G. Thank'ee friend. 'Tis hot.
 We might do worse than call another pot.
 Good Mistress Nan! Will Shakespeare, troth, I know;
 A nimble curly-pate, and pretty too,
 About the street; he growed an idle lad,
 And like enough, 'twas thought, to turn out bad:
 I don't just fairly know, but folk did say
 He vexed the Luoye, and so fled away.
 D. He's wath as much as Tanner Twigg to-day;
 And all by plays in Lennon.
 G. Folk talks big:
 Will Shakespeare wath as much as Tanner Twigg—
 Tut, tut! Is Will a player man by trade?
 D. O' course he is, o' course he is; and made
 A woundy heap o' money too, and bought
 A playhouse for himself like, out and out;
 And makes up plays, bowde, for 'em to act;
 Tho' I can't tell thee rightly, for a fact,
 If out o' books or his own head it be.
 We've other work to think on, thee and me.
 They say Will is doing finely, bowsoomever.
 G. Why, Dodd, the little chap was always clever.
 I don't know nothing now o' such-like-toye;
 New fashions plenty, man, sin' we were boys;
 We used to ha' rare mummings, puppet-shows,
 And Moralities,—they can't much better those.
 The Death of Judae was a pretty thing,
 "So-la! so-la!" the Devil had to sing.
 But time goes on, for sure, and fashion alters.
 D. Up at the Crown, last night, says young Jack
 Walters,
 "Willy's a great man now!"
 G. A jolterhead!
 What does it count for, when all'e done and said?
 Ah! who'll obey, let Will say "Come" or "Go!"
 Such-like as him don't reckon much, I trow.
 Sir, they shall travel first, like thee and me;
 See Lennon, to find out what great men be.
 Ay, marry, must they. Saints! to see the Court
 Take water down to Greenwich; there's fine sport!
 Her Highness in her frille and puffs, and pearls,
 Barons, and lords, and chamberlains, and earls,
 So thick as midges round her,—look at eneh
 An' thou wouldst talk of greatness! why, the touch
 Is on their stewards and laukes, Goodman Dodd,
 Who'll hardly answer Shakespeare wi' a nod,
 And let him come doffed cap and bonded knee.
 We knows a trife, neighbour, thee and me,
 D. We may, sir. This here's grand old Stratford
 brew
 No better yale in Lennon, search it through.
 New-Place beu't no such bargalu, when all's don'
 'Twas dear, I knows it.
 G. Thou bough'st better mun,
 At Hoggin' Fields: all ain't alike in shill.
 D. Thanks to the Lord above! I've not done ill.
 No more has thee, friend Grunsey, in thy trade.
 G. So-so. But here's young Will wi' money made.
 And money saved; whereon I sets him down,
 Say else who likes, a credit to the town;
 Though come do shake their heads at player-folk.
 D. A very civil man to chat and joke;
 I've oftimes had a bit o' talk wi' Will.
 G. How doth old Master Shakespeare?
 D. Bravely still.
 And so doth madam, too, the comely dame.
 G. And Willy's wife—what used to be her name?
 D. Wby, Hathaway, fro' down by Shottery gate.
 I don't think she's so much about o' late.
 Their son, thou see'st, the only son they had,
 Died last year, and she took on dreadful bad;
 And so the fayther did awhile, I'm told.
 This boy o' theirs was nine or ten years old.
 —Willy himself may hide here now, mayhap.
 G. He always was a clever little chap.
 I'm glad o' his luck an' 'twere for old John's sake.
 Your arm, sweet Sir. Oh, how my legs do ache!

Fanlt's.—No one sees the wallet on his own back, though every one carries two packs; one before, stuffed with the faults of his neighbours, the other behind filled with his own.—(Old Proverb.)

Benefits please like flowers while they are fresh.
 Let not him that fears feathers come among wild fowls.

God oft hath a great share in a little house.

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when Saxon seized another by the collar, dragged him back to the front, drew his revolver from his belt with one hand, and with the other carried the man boldly up against the barricade.

It was a single act of strength and daring, but it turned the tide as nothing else could have done. Impulsive as savages, and transported in a moment from one extreme of feeling to another, the Sicilians burst into a storm of vivas, and flung themselves at the barricade like tigers.

The Neapolitans might pour in their deadly fire now from house-top and window, might intrench themselves behind a hedge of bayonets, might thrust the dead back upon the living, and defend every inch of their position as desperately as they pleased, but nothing could daunt the courage of their assailants. The men who were running away but a moment before, were now rushing recklessly upon death. Shot down by scores, they yet pressed on, clambering over the bodies of their comrades, shouting "Viva Garibaldi!" the muzzles of the Neapolitan rifles, the very bayonets that were pointed them.

The was short and bloody. It had lasted fallen three minutes when the Palermians passed by in one irresistible wave, and the Neapolitans fled precipitately into the piazza beyond.

The victors at once planted a tricolor on the summit of the barricade, manned it with some thirty of their own best riflemen, and proceeded to dislodge such of the enemy as yet retained possession of the houses on either side.

In the meanwhile, the Garibaldian officer ran up to Saxon with open arms, and thanked him enthusiastically.

"Gallant inglese!" he said, "but for you, our flag would not be flying here at this moment."

To whom Saxon, pale as death, and pointing down to the pile of fallen men at the foot of the barricade, replied:

"Signor capitano, I miss my friend. For God's sake grant me the assistance of a couple of your soldiers to search for his body!"

It was a ghastly task.

The Neapolitans had escaped as soon as they found their position untenable; but the loss of the attacking party was very great. Most of the men immediately under the barricade had been cruelly bayoneted. The dead wore a terrible expression of agony on their colourless faces; but many yet breathed, and those who were conscious pleaded piteously to be put out of their sufferings. One by one, the dead were, flung aside, and the wounded carried down to the shade of the houses. One by one, Saxon Trefalden looked in each man's face, helping tenderly to carry the wounded, and reverently to dispose the limbs of the dead, and watching every moment for the finding of his friend.

At length the last poor corpse was lifted—the search completed—the frightful bead-roll told over. Thirty-two were dead, five dying, eleven wounded; but amongst all these, the Earl of Castletowers had no place. Saxon could scarcely believe it. Again and again he went the round of dead and dying; and at last, with bloodstained hands and clothes, and anxious heart, sat down at the foot of the barricade, and asked himself what he should do next.

CHAPTER LXV. THE LAST OF THE BATTLE.

It was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. Throughout the search at the barricade, Saxon had seen the shells flying at a great height overhead, and heard the battle going on unceasingly in the streets of the town. Sometimes the sounds advanced, and sometimes retreated; but never ceased for one minute together. Finding at length that neither friends nor foes came round in their direction, the men posted at the barricade became impatient, and dropped away one by one; and presently, Saxon being to all appearance no more likely to find his friend in one place than another, followed their example.

He traversed one whole street without seeing a living creature; then, coming to a cross-road, paused and listened. The musketry now seemed to be very distant, but he could not tell precisely from what quarter the sound proceeded. While he was yet hesitating, a couple of Neapolitan soldiers came

running towards him. Seeing an armed Garibaldian, they stopped short, as if doubting which way to turn; and Saxon called to them to surrender.

At that moment, some six or eight red-shirts made their appearance at the top of the street, in full chase. The Neapolitans immediately fired upon Saxon, flung away their rifles, and fled down a by street to the left.

But the balls glanced harmlessly by, and Saxon, anxious to know how the great interests of the day were faring elsewhere, went on his way, and left the fugitives to their pursuers.

A few steps further on, he fell in with a detachment of Tuscans led by young Beni, now on foot.

"*Uolà! amico!*" cried the Palermitan, "where do you come from?"

"From the barricade in the Via Lombardi. And you?"

"From the beach, where those cursed Regi have been pouring down shot and shell as thick as fire-stones from Etna."

"How goes the day?"

"Triumphantly. We are driving them up towards the castle from all sides. Come and see."

So Saxon fell in with the Tuscan company; and as they pressed up against the hill, winding round by a steep lane on the eastern side of the town, the young men, in a few hurried sentences, exchanged such news as each had to tell.

"The whole of the lower part of the town is ours," said Beni. "Medici's men have done wonders—the Genoese carabineers but lost half their number—Peard's company has possession of an old windmill on the heights above the castle, whence they have lifted the enemy clear out of the northern works."

"This is great news!"

"It is great news. Before another hour is past, we shall have them all shut up in the castle, like mice in a trap."

"Where is your horse?"

"Shot under me, half an hour ago. Where is your friend?"

"Safe I hope. He vanished in the *môlée* down at the barricade. I have not seen him since."

"Silence! I hear a tramp of feet. Halt!"

The column halted, and in the sudden silence that ensued, the approaching footsteps of a considerable body of men were distinctly audible.

It was an exciting moment. The lane was winding, steep, and narrow. On one side rose a stupendous cliff of solid rock; on the other ran a low wall, overhanging the poorest quarter of the town. A worse place for a hostile encounter could scarcely have been selected; but the young Palermitan, unused to command as he was, at once saw the difficulty of his position, and prepared to meet it.

Silently and promptly, he drew up his little troop across the road—the front row lying down, the second kneeling, the third standing—all ready to greet the enemy with a deadly fire as soon as they should come in sight. In the meanwhile, Saxon had flung his rifle over his shoulder, and begun climbing the face of the cliff. Where there was footing for a goat there was always footing for him; and almost before Beni knew what had become of him, he was posted behind an overhanging hush some twenty feet above. About a dozen others immediately followed his example, till every shrub and projecting angle of a rock concealed a rifle.

The Garibaldians had but just completed their preparations, when the white cross-belts of the Neapolitans appeared at the turn of the road some sixty yards ahead.

Evidently unprepared to find their passage resisted, they recoiled at the sight of the Garibaldians, who instantly poured in their first volley. They then fired a few shots and fell back out of sight, as if hesitating whether to advance or retreat. The nature of the ground was such that neither party could see the extent of the other's strength; and Beni had been careful to turn this circumstance to the best advantage. In the mean while his men had re-loaded, and were waiting in the same order as before.

They had not to wait long. In another second there arose a shout of "*Viva il Rè!*" and the royalists, cheered on by their officers, came back

with fixed bayonets, at the *pas de charge*—a narrow, compact resolute torrent, which looked as if it must carry all before it.

Again the Tuscans delivered their deliberate and deadly fire—again, again, and again; and at each discharge the foremost Neapolitans went down like grass before the scythe. There seemed to be a charmed line drawn across the road beyond which they could not pass. As fast as they reached it, they fell; as fast as they fell those behind rushed up, and were shot down in their turn.

And all this time the *tirailleurs* on the cliff-side dropped their unerring bullets into the advancing column, bringing down the hindmost men, and picking off each officer as he came into sight.

Mowed down by an irresistible fire, little guessing by what a mere handful of men they were being held in check, and left almost without an officer to command them, the Neapolitans all at once desisted from the attack, and retreated as rapidly as they had charged, dragging off some six or eight of the wounded, and leaving a rampart of their dead piled up half way between themselves and their opponents.

"*Viva Garibaldi!*" cried Saxon, swinging himself lightly from bush to bush, and leaping down into the road.

"*Viva Garibaldi!*" shouted Beni's troops, eager to pursue, but held back by their young leader, who knew that they would have no chance if once they betrayed the insignificance of their numbers. Throwing himself before them, he forbade a man to stir. At the same time the tramp of the enemy, broken, hurried and disordered, died rapidly away, and the Garibaldians, only two of whom were slightly wounded, remained in undisputed possession of their little *Thermopylæ*.

In high spirits, they presently resumed their march; but they saw no more Neapolitans. When the lane opened presently upon a broad platform overlooking the town, they halted. Above them rose the castle ramparts, apparently deserted. Below them lay the streets and squares of Melazzo, with the open country beyond. A strange silence seemed suddenly to have fallen upon the day. There was no echo of musketry to be heard upon the air—no smoke wreath visible even in places where the combat had been hottest half an hour before. Save a distant shouting here and there, and an occasional shell thrown from some part of the fortifications far away to the westward side of the castle, the tumult of battle seemed to have passed magically away.

"What does it all mean?" said Saxon, breathlessly.

"Well," replied Beni, "I suppose it means that the battle is over."

At that moment a detachment of Malenchini's brigade made its appearance at the further side of the platform, shouting, "*Viva l'Italia!*" and planted the tricolor on the highest point of the parapet overlooking the town.

The battle was indeed over; the long day's fight, fought gallantly out, was crowned with victory. The whole of the town, up to the very gates of the castle, was in the hands of the liberators.

CHAPTER LXVI. SAXON RESUMES HIS SEARCH.

The battle over, orders were issued for the construction of barricades in all the approaches to the castle. Weary as they were after their long day's fighting, the Garibaldians then stacked their muskets and went to work with a will. Pavements were hastily torn up, carts dragged from the sheds in which their owners had left them, and doors taken from their hinges. Before sundown, a chain of extempore defences was thrown up at every point of danger, and the royalists were effectually imprisoned in their own stronghold.

Then, guarded only by a few sentinels posted upon the barricades, the army dispersed itself about the streets and piazzas, and lay down to rest by hundreds in the churches, the deserted houses, and even the open doorways along the streets.

In the mean while, Saxon went about from barricade to barricade, seeking his friend and questioning every one he met, but seeking and questioning in vain. One Garibaldian remembered to have seen him with the Pavia company

during a sharp skirmish up in some gardens near the castle. Another thought he had observed him down on the Marina. A third was certain that he had been killed by the bursting of a shell; while a fourth no less positively asserted that he was with Peard's company in the windmill above the castle. Confused by these contradictory statements, Saxon wandered hither and thither till the twilight came on; and then, utterly exhausted, stretched himself upon a bench in the market-place, and fell profoundly asleep.

His sleep lasted only a couple of hours. He had had down full of anxiety and apprehension, and no sooner had the first torpor of excessive fatigue passed off than he woke, oppressed by a vague uneasiness, and, for the first few moments, unable to remember where he was.

He looked round upon a spacious piazza deep in shadow, and scattered over with groups of sleeping soldiers, and stands of arms.

Melazzo taken; Castletowers missing; perhaps wounded—perhaps dead! He sprang to his feet as these recollections flashed upon him, and half stupified with sleep, prepared to resume his quest. At the first step, he stumbled over the corpse of a Neapolitan grenadier, lying as if asleep, with his white face turned up to the sky. A few paces further on, he met a couple of Garibaldians, preceded by a torch-bearer, bearing away a wounded man upon a shutter.

Learning from these that there were several temporary hospitals in the town, as well as others beyond the gates, he resolved to visit all before pursuing his search in other directions. He then followed them to the church close by, the stone floor of which had been laid down with straw for the reception of the wounded. The torches planted here and there against the walls and pillars of the building served only to make visible the intense gloom of the vaulted roof above. All round, more or less dangerously wounded, lay some sixty soldiers; while, gliding noiselessly to and fro, were seen the surgeons and nurses, busy on their work of mercy.

Panning at the door, he asked the sentry if he knew anything of an English nobleman—Lord Castletowers by name—whom he had reason to fear must be among the wounded.

"An Englishman?" said the sentry. "Si, amico, there was an Englishman brought in about two hours ago."

So Saxon went up to the nave of the church, and preferred his inquiry to one of the nurses.

She shook her head.

"Alas!" she replied, "his case was hopeless." He died ten minutes after he was brought in."

"Died?"

"His poor body has not yet been removed. It lies yonder, close under the pulpit."

Half in hope, half in dread, the young man snatched a torch from the nearest sconce, and flew to the spot indicated. The scattered corpse lay placidly enough, with a smile upon its dead lips, and the eyes half closed, as if in sleep; but it was not the corpse of Lord Castletowers.

With a deep-drawn breath of relief, Saxon then turned away, and passing gently along the line of patients, looked at each pale face in turn.

Having done this, he inquired his way to the next ambulance, which was established in the ground floor of the Pollain. In order to reach this place, he had to re-cross the piazza. Here he met three or four more torch parties; for the Garibaldians were still anxiously searching for their wounded in all parts of the town.

At the door of the Polizia he accosted the sentry with the same question that he had been asking at every barricade and outpost in the place. Could he give him any information of an English gentleman, Lord Castletowers?

The sentry, who happened to be a Frenchman, lifted his cap with the best-bred air imaginable, and asked, in return, if he had the honour of addressing Monsieur Trefalden.

Saxon replied in the affirmative; but—

"Alors, que monsieur se donne la peine d'entrer. Il trouvera son ami, milord Castletowers dans la première salle à gauche."

Scarcely waiting to thank the friendly Gaul for his intelligence, Saxon rushed in, and almost the first face on which his eyes rested was the face of his friend.

He was sitting on the side of a bench that had been serving him for a bed. He had a large cloak thrown over his shoulders, and looked rather pale; but was, nevertheless, tranquilly smoking a cigar, and chatting with his nearest neighbour.

"So, Trefalden," said he as Saxon burst into the room, "you have found me at last! I knew you would be looking for me all over the place, if you were alive to do it; so I left word at the door that you were to apply within. Excuse my left hand."

"I am so glad, Castletowers!" exclaimed Saxon. "I was never so glad in my life!"

"Gently, my dear fellow—gently! You need not shake one's hand quite so vehemently."

"What is the matter? Where are you hurt?"

"In the right arm—confound it!"

"Very badly?"

"No. That is to say, I am not doomed to amputation; but there's an end, so far as I am concerned, to glory and gunpowder—and that is quite bad enough."

CHAPTER LXVII. IN DURANCE VILE.

The mystery of the Earl's disappearance was sufficiently simple when it came to be explained. He had been carried over the barricade in the last great rush, and, instead of remaining on the spot like Saxon, to fight it out to the last blow, had dashed on with some twenty others, in pursuit of the first fugitives. Having chased the Neapolitans into a blind alley, taken them prisoners, and deprived them of their arms, the Garibaldians then fell in with the Pavia company, and shared with them some of the hottest work that was done in Melazzo that day.

It was while with this gallant company, and at the moment when he was assisting to plant the tricolor on the top of the summer-house in a long-contested garden, that Lord Castletowers received two shots in the right arm, and was forced to go back to the ambulances in the rear.

His wounds, though severe, were not in the least dangerous; one bullet having lodged in the biceps muscle of the upper arm, and another having fractured the ulna bone of the forearm. Both, however, had been already extracted before Saxon found his way to the Polizia, and the surgeon in attendance assured them that Lord Castletowers would, in time, regain the use of his arm as completely as if no mischance had ever befallen it. In the meanwhile, to be sure, the results were sufficiently inconvenient. The Earl's military career was brought to an abrupt conclusion, and his hope of doing something brilliant—something that even Miss Colonna should be forced to admire—was nipped in the bud. These things were hard to bear, and demanded all the patience that he could summon to his aid.

Their campaign thus unexpectedly ended, the young men would have gladly gone back at once to their little yacht, and set sail in search of "fresh fields and pastures new;" but to that proposition the medico would not listen. So they lingered on in Melazzo day after day, keeping for the most part beyond the walls, and passing the hot and weary hours as best they might.

It was a dull time, though enlivened by the surrender of the garrison. They saw the Neapolitan transports stream into the bay, and witnessed the embarkation of Bosco and his troops.

When this interlude was played out, the Garibaldians began to look towards Messina and speculate eagerly on what next could be done. Then came rumours of a general evacuation of the royalist strongholds; and by-and-by they learned beyond doubt that the tedium of success was not likely to be relieved by any more fighting in the island of Sicily.

Somewhat comforted by this intelligence, and still more comforted by a note which the Earl received from Signor Colonna the fourth day after the battle, the young men submitted to the semi-imprisonment of Melazzo, and saw Garibaldi depart with the main body of his army somewhat less regretfully than they might otherwise have done.

Brief as a military dispatch, the Italian's note ran thus:

"Caro Gervase. The victory which has just been won terminates the war in Sicily. Disen-

sion and terror reign in the cabinet at Naples. Months will probably elapse before another blow is struck; and it is possible that even that blow may not be needed. In the meanwhile give ear to earnest counsel. Sheath thy sword, and pursue thy journey in peace. This in confidence from the friend of thy childhood. O. O."

It was something to receive this assurance from a man like Colonna—a man who knew better than even Garibaldi himself the probabilities and prospects of the war. So the friends made the best of their position, and amused themselves by planning what they would do when they received the medico's order of release.

Norway was now out of the question. By the time they could reach Bergen the season would be nearly past; besides which, the Earl was forbidden to expose his wounded arm to so severe a change of temperature. They therefore proposed to confine their voyage to the basin of the Mediterranean, seeking whatever was practicable, and touching, if possible, at Malta, Alexandria, Smyrna, Athens, Naples, Cadix, and Lisbon, by the way. To this list, for reasons known only to himself, Saxon added the name of Sidon.

At length Lord Castletowers was pronounced fit for removal, though not yet well enough to dispense with medical care. So Saxon cut the knot of that difficulty by engaging the services of a young Sicilian surgeon; and, thus attended, they once more went on board the *Albula*, and weighed anchor.

CHAPTER LXVIII. LIFE IN THE EAST.

A little yacht rides at anchor in the harbour of Alexandria, and two young Franks, one of whom carries his right arm in a sling, are wandering to and fro, drinking deeply of that cup of enchantment—a first day in the East.

These two young Franks roam hither and thither in a state of semi-beatitude, conscious neither of hunger, nor thirst, nor fatigue, nor hardly of the heat, which, though it is but nine o'clock in the morning, is already tremendous.

First of all, having but just stepped ashore, they plunge into the Arab quarter of the town, passing through a labyrinth of feel lanes fenced in on either side by blank, windowless dwellings, that look as if they had all turned their backs to the street; and coming presently to thoroughfares of a better class, where the tall houses seem almost toppling together, and the latticed balconies all but touch; and the sky is narrowed to a mere ribbon of vivid ultra-marine high overhead. Here are beggars at every corner, calling loudly upon Allah and the *prophète*, by, donkey-boys, vagrant dogs, now and then a mounted Arab riding like mad, and scattering the foot passengers before him right and left. Here, too, are shops with open fronts and shadowy back-grounds; some gorgeous with silks and shawls; some rich with carpets; some fragrant with precious gums and spices; some glittering with sabres and daggers of Damascus. In each shop, sitting cross-legged on floor or counter, presides the turbaned salesman, smoking his silver-lidded pipe, and indifferent alike to custom and fate. Now comes a Moorish arch of delicate creamy stone, revealing glimpses of a shady court-yard set round with latticed windows, and enclosing a palm-tree and a fountain. One slender, quivering shaft of sunshine falls direct on the green leaves and sparkling water-drops, and on an earthen water-jar standing by—just such a jar as Morgiana may have filled up with boiling oil in the days of the good Caliph Haroun al Raschid. And now comes a string of splay-footed camels, noiseless and dogged-looking, laden with bundles of brushwood as wide as the street, and led by shiny Nubian slaves, with white loin-cloths and turbans. Avoiding this procession, our two Franks plunge into a dark arcade of shops, lighted from above. This is a bazaar. Here are alleys where they sell nothing but slippers; alleys of jewels; alleys of furs, of tobacco, of silks, of sweetmeats and drugs, of books, of glass and ivory wares, of harness, of sponges, and even of printed Manchester goods, Sheffield cutlery, and French ribbons. Here crowds a motley throng of Europeans and Asiatics; impatient Arabs, with

the camel's-hair thread bound upon their brows; sately Moslems, turbaned and slippers; Greeks, in crimson jackets and dingy white kilts; der-vises, in high felt caps; magnificent dragomen, in huge maulin trousers; Armenians, Copts, Syrians, negroes, Jews of all climates, and travellers from every quarter of the globe. The water-carrier, with his jar of sherbet on his head, tinkles his brass drinking-cups in the ears of the passers-by; the tart-seller offers his melon-puffs; and here, just leaving the fruit-shop, where she has doubtless been buying "Syrian apples and Othomanes quinces, peaches of Oman, and Egyptian limes," comes the fair Amine herself, followed by that identical porter who was "a man of sense, and had perused histories."

Wandering on thus in a dream of Arabian Nights, the young men, having fortified themselves with sherbet, presently mount a couple of very thorough-bred, high-spirited donkeys, and set off for the ruins of ancient Alexandria. These ruins lie out beyond the town walls, amid a sandy, dreary, hillocky waste that stretches far away for miles and miles beside the sparkling sea. Here they see Pompey's pillar, and Cleopatra's obelisk, and a wilderness of crumbling masonry clothed in a green and golden mantle of wild marigolds all in flower. Here, where once stood the temple of Serapis with its platform of a hundred steps, the wild sea-bird sits unmolested, the jackals have their lair, and the travellers talk of the glories of the Ptolemys.

At last, fairly tired out, our Franks are fain to strike their colours and go back to the town. Here they put up at an English hotel, where they bathe, dine, and rest till evening; when they again sally forth—this time to call upon the English consul.

CHAPTER LXXIX. IN SEARCH OF A COMPANY.

The consul was not at his office when the travellers presented themselves; but his representative, a very magnificent young clerk, resplendent in rings, chains, and a fez, was there instead. They found this official in the act of writing a letter, humming a tune, and smoking a cigar—all of which occupations he continued to pursue with unabated ardour, notwithstanding that Saxon presented himself before his desk.

"I shall be glad to speak to you, if you please," said Saxon, "when you are at leisure."

"No passport business transacted after two o'clock in the day," replied the clerk, without lifting his eyes.

"Mine is not passport business," replied Saxon.

The clerk hummed another bar, and went on writing.

Saxon began to lose patience.

"I wish to make a simple inquiry," said he; "and I will thank you to lay your pen aside for a moment, while I do so."

The peremptory tone produced its effect. The clerk paused, looked up, lifted his eyebrows with an air of nonchalant insolence, and said:

"Why the docce, then, don't you ask it?"

"I wish to know in what part of this city I shall find the offices of the New Overland Route Railway and Steam-Packet Company."

"What do you mean by the *New Overland Route*?" said the clerk.

"I mean a company so-called—a company which has lately established an office here in Alexandria."

"Never heard of any such company," said the clerk, "nor of any such office."

"Where, then, do you suppose I can obtain this information?"

"Well, I should say—nowhere."

"I think it is my turn to ask what you mean?" said Saxon, haughtily.

"My meaning is simple enough," replied the clerk, taking up his pen. "There is no *New Overland Company* in Alexandria."

"But I know that there is a company of that name," exclaimed Saxon.

The clerk shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, very well," said he. "If you know it, that's enough."

And with this he resumed his triple occupation.

At that moment a little glass door opened at

the back of the office, and a bald-headed gentleman came out. He bowed.

"You are inquiring," he said, "for some commercial office, I believe? If you will permit me to offer a suggestion, I would advise your calling upon Mr. Melchisedek. Mr. Melchisedek is our great commercial authority in Alexandria. He knows everything, and he knows everybody. A man of universal information, and very courteous to strangers. You cannot do better than call on Mr. Melchisedek."

"I am sure," said Saxon, "I am very much obliged to you."

"Not at all—not in the least. Mr. Melchisedek—any one will direct you. The viceroy is not better known. Good evening."

So saying, the bald-headed gentleman bowed the travellers to the door, and closed it behind them.

"Why, Trefalden," said the Earl, when they were once more in the street, "what interest can you possibly take in an Overland Company? It is some obscure undertaking, depend on it."

"It won't be obscure for long," replied Saxon, complacently. "It is a magnificent affair; and if the agents out here are keeping it quiet, they have their own reasons for doing so."

"You seem to know all about it," said Castle-towers, with some surprise.

"I know a good deal about it."

"And mean to take shares?"

"I have taken shares already," replied Saxon, "to a large amount."

Whereupon the Earl only looked grave, and said nothing.

CHAPTER LXX. MR. GREATOREX IN SEARCH OF AN INVESTMENT.

While Saxon and his friend were yachting and fighting, and London was yet full to overflowing, and Francesco Secondo was still, to all appearance, firmly seated on his throne, Mr. Laurence Greatorex bent his steps one brilliant July morning in the direction of Chancery-lane, and paid a visit to William Trefalden.

He had experienced some little difficulty in making up his mind to this step; for it was an exceedingly disagreeable one, and required no small amount of effort in its accomplishment. He had seen and avoided the lawyer often enough during the last two or three months; but he had never spoken to him since that affair of the stopped cheque. His intention had been never to exchange civil speech or salutation with William Trefalden again; but to hate him heartily, and manifest his hatred openly, all the days of his life. And he would have done this uncompromisingly, if his regard for Saxon had not come in the way. But he liked that young fellow with a genuine liking (just as he hated the lawyer with a genuine hatred), and, cost what it might, he was determined to serve him. So, having thought over their last conversation—that conversation which took place in the train, between Portsmouth and London; having looked in vain for the registration of any company which seemed likely to be the one referred to; having examined no end of reports, prospectuses, lists of directors, and the like, he resolved, despite his animosity and his reluctance, to see William Trefalden face to face, and try what could be learned in an interview.

Perhaps, even in the very suspicion which prompted him to look after Saxon's interests, despite Saxon's own unwillingness to have them looked after, there may have been a lurking hope, a half-formed anticipation of something like vengeance. If William Trefalden was not acting quite fairly on Saxon Trefalden's behalf, if there should prove to be knavery or laxity in some particular of these unknown transactions, would it not be quite as sweet to expose the defrauder as to assist the defrauded?

Laurence Greatorex did not plainly tell himself that he was actuated by a double motive in what he was about to do. Men of his stamp are not given to analysing their own thoughts and feelings. Keen sighted enough to detect the hidden motives of others, they prefer to make the best of themselves, and habitually look at their own acts from the most favourable point of view. So the banker, having made up his mind to

accept the disagreeable side of his present undertaking, complacently ignored that which might possibly turn out to be quite the reverse, and persuaded himself, as he walked up Fleet-street, that he was doing something almost heroic in the cause of friendship.

He sent in his card, and was shown at once to William Trefalden's private room.

"Good morning, Mr. Trefalden," said he, with that noisy affectation of ease that Sir Charles Burgoyne so especially disliked; "you are surprised to see me here, I don't doubt."

But William Trefalden, who would have manifested no surprise had Laurence Greatorex walked into his room in lawn sleeves and a mitre, only bowed, pointed to a seat, and replied:

"Not at all. I am happy to see you, Mr. Greatorex."

"Thanks." And the banker sat down, and placed his hat on the table. "Any news from Norway?"

"From my cousin Saxon! No. At present not any."

"Really?"

"I do not expect him to write to me."

"Not at all?"

"Why, no—or, at all events, not more than once during his absence. We have exchanged no promises on the score of correspondence; and I am no friend to letter-writing, unless on business."

"You are quite right, Mr. Trefalden. Mere letter-writing is well enough for school-girls and sweethearts; but it is a delusion and a snare to those who have real work on their hands. One only needs to look at a shelf of Horace Walpole's Correspondence to know that the man was an idler and a trifler all his life."

Mr. Trefalden smiled a polite assent.

"But I am not here this morning to discourse on the evils of pen and ink," said Greatorex. "I have come, Mr. Trefalden, to ask your advice."

"You shall be welcome to the best that my experience can offer," replied the lawyer.

"Much obliged. Before going any further, however, I must take you a little way into my confidence."

Mr. Trefalden bowed.

"You must know that I have a little private property. Not much—only a few thousands; but, little as it is, it is my own; and is not invested in the business."

Mr. Trefalden was all attention.

"It is not invested in the business," repeated the banker; "and I do not choose that it should be. I want to keep it apart—snug—safe—handy—wholly and solely at my own disposal. You understand?"

Mr. Trefalden, with a furtive smile, replied that he understood perfectly.

"Nor is this all. I have expensive tastes, expensive habits, expensive friends, and therefore I want all I can get for my money. Till lately I have been lending it at—well, no matter at how much per cent; but now it's just been thrown upon my hands again, and I am looking out for a fresh investment."

Mr. Trefalden, leaning back in his chair, was, in truth, not a little perplexed by the frankness with which Laurence Greatorex was placing these facts before him. However, he listened and smiled, kept his wonder to himself, and waited for what should come next.

"After this preface," added Greatorex, "I suppose I need scarcely tell you the object of my visit."

"I have not yet divined it," replied the lawyer.

"I want to know if you can help me to an investment."

Mr. Trefalden made no secret of the surprise with which he heard this request.

"I help you to an investment?" he repeated.

"My dear sir, you amaze me. In matters of that kind, you must surely be far better able to help yourself than I am to help you."

"Upon my soul, now, I don't see that, Mr. Trefalden."

"Nay, the very nature of your own business—"

"This is a matter which I am anxious to keep apart from our business—altogether apart," interrupted Mr. Greatorex.

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communicated by the softened lights of the numerous wax candles that clustered above the board. Ten servants in superb liveries assisted during the dinner, and behind the King's chair stood a gentleman in black, who gave His Majesty wine. To desecrate on the varied succession of appetising viands would be superfluous. Even princes are restricted to the enjoyment of the same objects of food participated by their subjects as ordinary delicacies. Thus, cod-fish, soles, white soup, turtle soup, roast beef, fowls, cutlets, patties, game of all kinds, and sweet dishes of every conceivable variety, were handed about to the guests with that prompt and skilful attention peculiar to highly-trained servants in our best houses. Soon after the fish was distributed, the King said to Dr. Sleath—"Remember you preach to us on Sunday; and will you do me the honour to take wine? What do you do with yourself these holidays?" "Sire! I go into Warwickshire, where I was born, to see all my friends." "Ah, well: Amherst, fill your glass—you are a Warwickshire boy. Here's to the health of the Warwickshire lads and lasses!" at which they all laughed, and drank the toast. (We are not, *en passant*, sufficiently well acquainted with the noble lord's antecedents, to say how he verified the King's assertion of this connection with the county referred to.) After the dinner, a magnificent dessert was put upon the table, the *coup d'œil* of which was a spectacular treat to be ever afterwards recalled with a feeling of unabated admiration. The men stayed to change the ice-plates, and then left. After a rather brief interval the Queen nodded to the King, who immediately said aloud—"Door!" which was opened by the man in black; all the gentlemen stood up; and then the Queen arose, and her two ladies, and left the room. The gentlemen sat till eleven o'clock, the King "very pleasant;" he left the table alone, and the rest a quarter of an hour after.

They were shown to another part of the palace—the Queen's Private Drawing-room. In the gallery were two servants preparing tea and coffee. No eatables were introduced. The tea-equipage was of the utmost possible splendour. Prince George was in high spirits, very attentive, repeatedly asking them to take more. They found Her Majesty seated at the table, doing "rough stitch," Lord Hill talking to her; the King half asleep, leaning on the table; the two ladies talking together. They were all very chatty and agreeable. At halfpast eleven, the Queen walked off with her ladies, and the rest at twelve, the King wishing them a hearty "Good night."

The doctor preached the ordered sermon on the following Sunday, and alluded therein very happily to the Duke of Gloucester, then lately deceased; and he was afterwards assured that his discourse had afforded their Majesties the highest satisfaction.

A CROCODILE STORY.

AMONG the houses recently pulled down in Paris, to make way for the new Boulevard St. Michel, was a well-known wine-shop, more celebrated, however, for a large crocodile which was suspended from the ceiling of the shop than for the wine that was retailed. This animal was stuffed, and was remarkable for its large proportions, formidable rows of glistening teeth, and for seven arrows which pierced its scaly sides. Such a beast could not be without a history. Here it is.

The wine-house was occupied formerly by medical students. The landlord was an amiable, easy-going man, and though not precisely willing to allow the students to live rent-free, was never very exacting, and always ready to give his lodgers time to pay their dues. It happened, however, that one of the students was not only far behind in his payments for rent, but also owed the landlord a considerable sum for board. For a long time the latter did not press for payment; but when the sum owing amounted to 800 francs, he began to get impatient for his money. Under these circumstances the student outdug his brain to devise means to satisfy his landlord; but all his attempts to earn money honestly were

fruitless, and he began to despair, when a fortunate chance relieved him of his difficulty.

Being so far reduced as to sell his clothes, he saw in the shop where he had parted with his garments a large crocodile wretchedly stuffed. "How much do you want for that beast?" he inquired from the old clothesman. "Ten francs," replied the latter.—"Oh, you are joking," rejoined the student; "ten francs for such a villainous beast as that! Come, now, I will give you three."—"Done," exclaimed the old-clothes merchant, and away went the student with his purchase, taking care to bring it into his lodgings at night-fall in order that his landlord should not see it.

He now set to work to re-stuff the crocodile, and by dint of hot water and paint, varnish, false teeth, and glass eyes, succeeded in restoring the animal to life-like similitude, and making it a very formidable looking crocodile. When he had completed his task, he purchased seven arrows, attached feathers to them of the most brilliant and showy plumage, and then thrust the point into the sides of the crocodile. This done, he placed the beast in a closet in his room, disposing it in such a manner that by leaving the door open it might easily be seen.

Many days had not elapsed before the landlord paid his lodger an early visit. The student, who had not yet risen, hearing his landlord's voice outside his door, and conscious of the object of being waited on, opened the closet door, requested the landlord to enter, and then jumped into bed again.

The student's apprehensions were true; the landlord had come for a portion, at least, of his rent. He was at first disposed to deal leniently with his lodger, until the latter declared that he was *sol-less*, and, moreover, did not think it at all probable that he should be able to discharge his lodging debt. On hearing this the landlord became furious, and was proceeding to threaten the student with legal proceedings, when, turning round, his eyes fell on the magnificent crocodile within the closet. His curiosity being aroused, he requested to know how his lodger became possessed of the animal, and whether any history attached to it. On this, the student, who desired nothing better, and who had laid his plans to entrap his landlord, proceeded to inform him that the crocodile in question was on the point of devouring one of his uncles in South America when it was pierced by the arrows still in its sides discharged by savages, who appeared on the scene at the critical time.

During the recital of the story, the landlord regarded the animal with great admiration, and when the student had finished, he exclaimed, "Do you know that the crocodile would make an excellent shop-sigu?—come, what will you sell it to me for?" The student declared that to part with so interesting a family relic was out of the question; but when his landlord's offers ran high he at length gave way, and the crocodile finally became his property for the sum of 1,200 francs and the further understanding that the student's debt was to be cancelled.

The price was certainly extravagant, bearing in mind that for which the student had obtained the animal; but the landlord had no reason to repent his bargain, for it made not only his fortune, but that of his two successors, and is, moreover, likely to make that of a third.

Suspended from the ceiling of the wine-shop hundreds came to see the great crocodile which was killed when about to devour a man, and now the proprietor of the wine-shop, lately demolished, has carried it off with the rest of his stock in trade for the purpose of setting it up in his new premises.

Health.—Another word for temperance and exercise.

Epicure.—One who lives to eat, instead of eating to live.

Coffin.—The cradle in which our second childhood is laid to sleep.

Dreams.—Invisible visions to which we are awake in our sleep.

Ancestry.—The boast of those who have nothing else to boast of.

Book.—A thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In an article on "Nomenclature" in the "Reader" of the 2nd instant, it is stated that Portugal is so called from its having been the furthest western harbour in ancient times, and that on account of the wine, famous in that country, being brought or carried (porto) to England, it has been consequently called port wine. Allow me, with due respect, to enter a protest against that definition of the origin of the word Portugal, which, if incorrect, as I deem it to be, annihilates the idea of carrying as entering into the origin of the word port-wine. To those readers who are familiar with ancient geography, the *Portus Calle*, at the mouth of the river *Durius* which divided *Tarraconensis* from *Lusitania* (the ancient name of Portugal), will be remembered; and I believe in this instance that the name of a country has been derived from a small town that formerly existed on the coast of the Atlantic. Portugal is merely a corruption of *Portus Calle*, and we do not call the wines by the name of port from the fact of its being brought or carried, but call it by that name from the fact of its being made in a country called Portugal.

Similar examples of whole countries being called by the name of a town or of a people that inhabited but a small portion thereof and giving their names to principal cities, may not prove uninteresting. The Franks were a powerful German tribe, which, at the breaking up of the Roman Empire, possessed themselves of Gaul, and gave it their own name.

In ancient Gallia, the *Parisii*, who lived on and about the banks of the river *Sequans* or modern *Seine*, and who had for their capital *Lutetia*, have transmitted to us the name of Paris.

The *Senones* in the same district with their capital *Agedincum*, have given their names to the present city of *Sens*. The *Remi*, with their capital of *Durocororum*, have handed down to us the fact of their existence in giving the name of *Rheims* to a large city.

Many other instances too numerous to mention might be adduced; but whilst on this topic I will refer to the derivation of the word "daughter," which, as it may not be generally known, may prove interesting to some who like to dive into the origin of words. The Sanscrit for daughter is "dhitri" and the Greek "θυγατηρ;" and from the latter we get our word daughter, which means "milker of cows," for pastoral nations were in the habit of leaving the milking of their herds to the daughters of their owners.

The derivation of the word "candidate" reminds of the word "ambition," which comes from the latin "ambo" to walk about, inasmuch as it was the custom of candidates for office to walk about the cities and solicit votes.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c.,

W. O. R.

Montreal, December 3rd, 1865.

A Paris correspondent says:—"The *Europe* tells us that the Emperor has the identical mahogany book-case in his study at the *Tuileries* which he possessed at Ham. Lately it was suggested that glass doors would preserve his books from dust, but he would not allow his *souvenir* of his adverse fortunes to be altered. He had a magnificent collection of meerschaum pipes, which, as Dr. *Conneau* strictly forbids his making use of them, the Emperor gives away to his visitors. His Majesty's costume in his study consists of an old *paletôt*, well-worn and remarkably shabby. He does not possess a *robe de chambre*, that favourite and most effeminate garment in which Frenchmen delight to pass their mornings. His constant reference to prints and pictures of various parts of the empire causes an immense number to accumulate in his study, some lying against the walls, and even on the floor. His first valet has an eye to the fine arts, and resorts to a singular ruse when he specially covets any of these; he allows a heap to be in his Majesty's way, 'Mais enfin,' complains the Emperor, 'ces tableaux augmentent toujours. Ne pourrait on pas ôter quelques uns?' 'Parfaitement sire,' replies the amateur *Jeames*; 'je vais enlever les plus gênants.' By which means he has acquired a very fine collection."

WHERE IS THY HOME?

SITTING by my window, a few evenings since, in the dim Autumn twilight, two visions appeared unto me. First came a brilliant creature, dressed with all the elegance which wealth could devise. Her apparel was a combination of the richest colours, and was of the finest texture. On her arms, neck and brow gleamed precious jewels, and around her queenly form was thrown a mantle of costliest material. She gazed at me with a fixed look, and, as I sat spell-bound, enraptured with her magnificent beauty, she smiled winningly and beckoned me to her, but an unseen power withheld me. I asked, "What is thy name?"—"My name," she replied, "is Fashion. I dwell in marble halls; all bow before me—come!" As she uttered these words, I heard a gentle rustling near me, and, turning, I beheld a second vision fairer and more lovely than the first, and from whose presence Fashion shrank with evident dismay. This second vision was a gentle, beautiful creature, dressed in spotless white, without ornament of any kind. Around her there appeared to be a halo of light. Her eyes had a clear, steady radiance emanating from their blue depths, but there was an indescribable air of sadness in the expression of her countenance. She looked grieved at the presence of Fashion, who gradually disappeared, still beckoning to me. I moved not, but asked the beautiful being beside me, "What is thy name, and where is thy home?"—"My name," she answered, with a deep drawn sigh, "is Truth; but alas! I have no home!"

YELVA.

THE MAGNESIUM LIGHT.

QUI Bono?—A very curious and beautiful light: but what is the good of it? asks the practical man. As Franklin met a similar question in the case of electricity: "What is the good of a baby?" Magnesium is a baby; yet, though a baby, it has already given some pledge of its manhood. One of its early feats was taking a number of portraits by photography at night with a precision and effect equal to sunlight. This done, it was at once suggested, why may we not have photographs of caves, catacombs, crypts, mines, and of every dark and wonderful cavity?

One of the first to put this to a practical test was the Scottish Astronomer Royal. It was his great desire to bring the granite coffer—the Sanctum sanctorum of the great Pyramid—to light, and to dissipate all uncertainty about it. This, with the aid of the magnesium light, he has accomplished. According to the theory of the late Mr. Taylor, this granite coffer was a primeval measure of capacity, from whence is derived the hereditary Anglo-Saxon wheat measure called the quarter, of which coffer it is the fourth part. Whilst, however, we know by Act of Parliament how many cubic inches are contained in four quarters English, there has been much doubt about the cubical contents of the granite chest or coffer of the Pyramid. The measures of the French Academy in 1799 made it nearly 6,300 cubic inches greater than several English travellers had declared it to be, though they again by no means agreed with each other in subsidiary details. Now, however by means of the magnesium light, we have a series of photographs of this coffer with a system of measuring rods fastened about it shewing the size inside and the size outside; and finally, the cubical contents being summed up, prove that the remarkable granite vessel is a measure of capacity equal with almost mathematical accuracy to four quarters English.

EVEN as now, Oxford was in the fifteenth century noted for its preference of theology to natural science; for when the scoter asked the Master of Oxenford "Wherefore is the son rede at even?" the orthodox answer was, "For he gothe toward hell. The most delicious non sequitur in the same treatise is, Why bereth not stonys froyt as trees? M. For Cayne alough his brother Abell with the bone of an asse cheke.

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES.

The following may be new to many of our readers:

I. You O a O
But I O thec
O O no O
But O O me
And O let my O
Thy O be;
And give O O
I O thec.

2. General BBBB's took his COOO's into the
D D D D

3. Take 45 from 45 in such a manner that you may have 46 left.

4. 50 set down it matters much which way,
And add a nought to it without delay;
Then 6 must follow at the bought's right hand
Ere you the puzzle, sirs, can undervand.
Then each into four equal parts divide,
And place the first fourth by the other's side;
The sum, if worked correctly, will disclose
The source of half our joys and half our woes.

CHARADES.

1. Seven names I have which all belong to me,
Without them what I am I should not be;
The first part of them vary, the ends are all the same,
And when they are united, four letters make my name.

2. I am a word of 11 letters. My 6, 5, 10, 7 is frequently connected with a bottle. My 2, 10, 7 was an extraordinary specimen of naval architecture. My 1, 2, 11, 7 is found by the river side. My 9, 10, 4 graces many a tea table. My 8, 9, 3 is three-sixths of the name of a celebrated dreamer, and is sometimes sold for a penny. My 1, 2, 10, 7 is common to dogs and trees; and my whole is a celebrated battlefield.

3. My first is a plant very easily found,
If you take but the trouble to search.
My next doth in old and new houses abound,
And often besides in a Church.
My whole has of late caused a deal of dissension
Since churchmen have made it a bone of contention.

ENIGMA.

From men of ancient days I claim my birth,
Confessed by all when known, of highest worth.
Amongst the rich and great I now am found,
And sooth to say, where rank nor wealth abound.
In distant climes, if you should chance to roam,
Few would without me deem complete their home.
Although I'm hard, I'm easily destroyed,
In deep recesses I am oft employed.
To young and old my services I lend,
Sages with me their midnight hours oft spend.
On me the painter oft has shewn his skill;
On me the blame is laid of much that's ill.
At times I have been seen to grace the fair;
By savages I'm ranked with jewels rare.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

- 1. KLEODOW, one of the United States.
2. A mamtsunonio tdvyleu ot eb hwdesi.
3. Eescnuoice kmseo deswrao fo su lai.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., No. 17.

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Wheat-heat-eat. 2. Clove-love. 3. Rice-ice. 4. Glass-lass-ass.

REBUS.—Madam.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1. Autobiographer. 2. Illegible. 3. Terraqueous. 4. Valetudinarian.

CHARADES.—Assassin. 2. Belleville.

ENIGMA.—Silence.

The following answers have been received:—

Decapitations.—All, Ellen Amelia, Peter; L. P. C.; H. S. V. St. John's, E. R. A., W. F., Nemo; 1st, and 2nd, Artist; 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, Cobweb.
Rebus.—Artist, Nemo, W. F., E. R. A., H. S. V. St. John's; L. P. C., Ellen Amelia; Peter.
Transpositions.—All, Ellen Amelia, Peter; 2nd and 4th, H. S. V. St. John's, E. R. A., 2nd, Nemo.

Charades.—Both, Nemo; H. S. V., E. R. A., Peter; Ellen Amelia, L. P. C.; 2nd, Rufus.

Enigma.—E. R. A., H. S. V., Nemo, Peter; Ellen Amelia.

The following were received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue: Datty, H.

Notes.—We acknowledge, or endeavour to do so, all correct answers received, but occasionally a note may be overlooked. We beg to apologise to any of our friends who may not find their solutions acknowledged.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. F. B. SEAFORTH, C. W.—The Problem you lately sent is under examination. Hope to hear from you again soon.

G. O., ST. CATHARINES, C. W.—Will forward the games as soon as possible. Problem No. 53 admits of an easy solution in two moves by playing 1. Kt. to Q. B. 5th (ch.) followed by 2. Q. to K. B. 6th, Mate.

Correct solutions of Problem No. 1 were received too late for acknowledgment last week from "St. Urbain St.," Montreal, "W.," Quebec, and J. F. H., Cobourg.

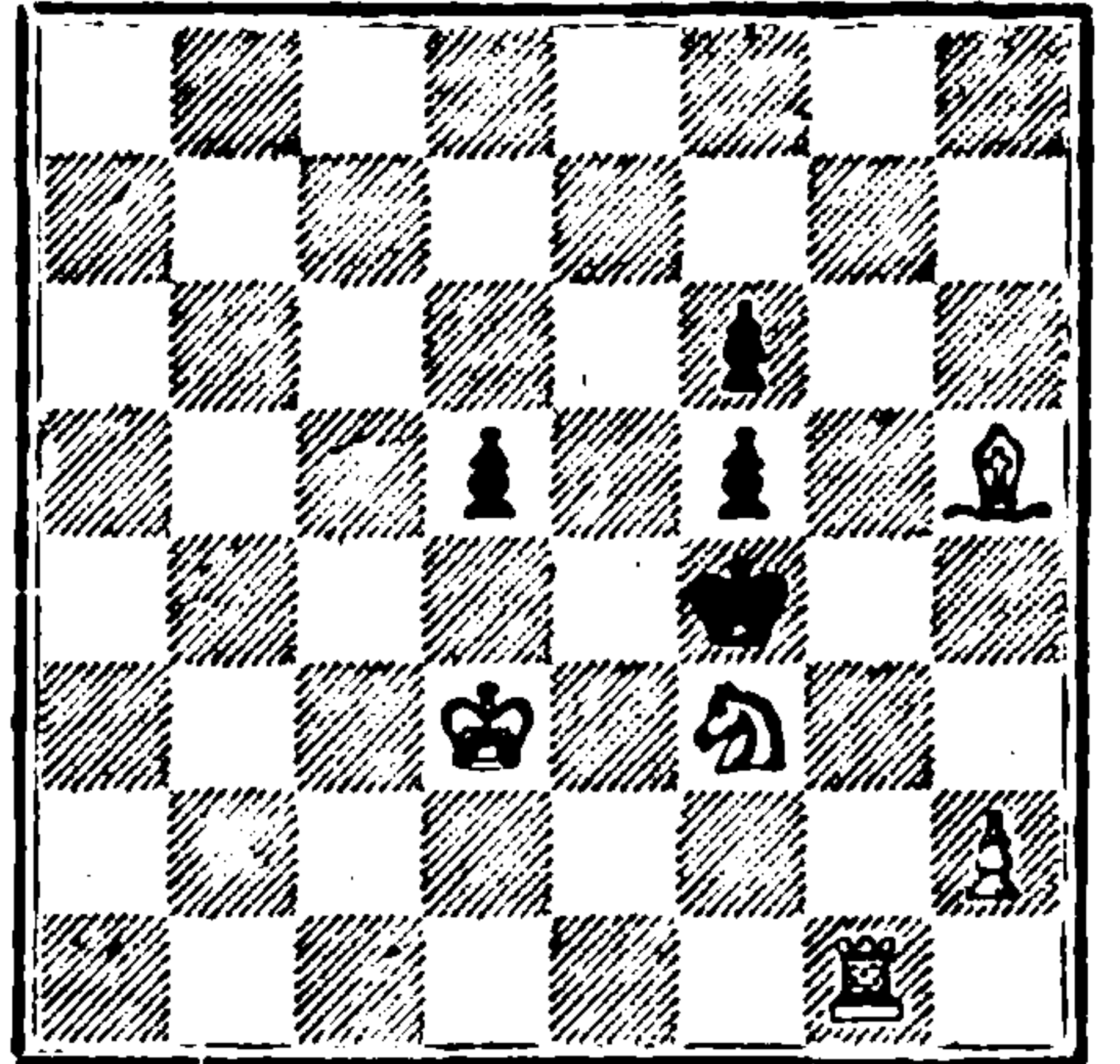
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. R. to Q. 7th. K. takes E. (best.)
2. Kt. to K. 5th (ch.) K. to K. sq.
3. Kt. to K. Kt. 4th. Anything.
4. Kt. to K. B. 6th. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 4.

BY MR. J. G. CAMPBELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

A sparkling partie between Messrs. Andersen and Kiecoritzky.

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

WHITE. (Mr. A.)

- 1 P. to K. 4th.
2 P. to K. B. 4th.
3 B. to Q. B. 4th.
4 B. takes P.
5 K. to B. sq.
6 Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
7 P. to Q. 3rd.
8 Kt. to K. R. 4th.
9 Kt. to K. B. 5th.
10 P. to K. Kt. 4th.
11 R. to K. Kt. sq. †
12 P. to K. R. 4th.
13 P. to K. R. 5th.
14 Q. to K. B. 3rd. ‡
15 B. takes P.
16 Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
17 Kt. to Q. 5th.
18 B. to Q. 6th. §
19 P. to K. 5th. ¶
20 K. to K. 2nd.
21 Kt. takes K. Kt. P. (ch.)
22 Q. to K. B. 5th (ch.)
23 B. to K. 7th. Mate. ¶

BLACK. (Mr. K.)

- P. to K. 4th.
P. takes P.
Q. to K. R. 5th (ch.)
Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
Q. to K. R. 3rd.
Kt. to K. R. 4th.
P. to Q. B. 3rd.
Q. to K. Kt. 4th.
Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
P. takes B.
Q. to K. Kt. 3rd.
Q. to K. Kt. 4th.
Kt. to K. Kt. sq.
Q. to K. B. 3rd.
B. to Q. B. 4th.
Q. takes Q. Kt. P.
B. takes E.
Q. takes R. (ch.)
Kt. to Q. R. 3rd.
K. to Q. sq.
Kt. takes Q.

* Q. to K. R. 5th (ch.) followed by P. to K. Kt. 4th is generally played here.

† A very good move.

‡ Threatening to win the Queen.

§ Daring, but perfectly sound. If B. takes B. it is mate in four moves.

¶ Shutting out the Queen.

¶ Position versus force. A fitting termination to one of the most brilliant games ever played.

Ship.—An extempore island by which earth defeats ocean's attempts to separate men.

Rain.—An indispensable helpmate to the farmer, who demands nothing for his labour.

NEW SOURCE OF ILLUMINATING GAS.—The waste of apples and pears, after the manufacture of cider or perry, has hitherto been, if not a cause of positive inconvenience, a material of little or no use; but it has recently been employed in France in the production of gases for illumination.—Scientific Review.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. A. C., TORONTO.—If the "inclosed peace" for which we are requested to remit "by return of mail, what you think it is worth" were either a little better or a little worse, we would forward you a spelling book per express.

F. B. D.—Remit by registered letter to the publisher, and the *Reader* will be mailed to your address regularly. We do not know how you can better forward the interests of our paper than by using your influence to extend its circulation in your neighbourhood. We have attended to your request in the present number.

PERRA.—It cannot be except by changing one of the "u's" into "v." The propounder must have overlooked this—we certainly did.

MARY S.—We regret to say that we cannot publish the stanzas. They are not written with sufficient care.

SOLO.—We are glad to welcome you again, and trust the obnoxious tooth has abandoned its efforts. "Who is Espiegle?" We are not permitted to answer that question; but to your other queries we reply that she is a young lady and a Canadian. We will take an early opportunity of forwarding to her an extract from your letter.

ARTIST.—Perhaps you had better wait until the first is published, which, by the bye, we have been compelled to hold over longer than we intended. We will consider your suggestion, and may possibly act upon it.

J. W. H., MONTREAL.—Whilst on the one hand a number of our correspondents are saying "Give us tales and light reading," others like yourself write "We want solid articles—something to think about," what can we do? Simply use our own judgment.

GRAMMATICUS wishes to know, whether that class of physicians, whose motto is "Similibus similia curantur," should be styled "Homœopaths," or "Homœopathics?" We refer him to the subjoined note of Mr. Tourniquet's.

"Harry Tourniquet is aware that in the jargon of the day, certain medical practitioners are styled 'Homœopaths,' but he rejects the nomenclature, together with the other *malpractices* of the school; he altogether declines to walk in their paths. He has no bigoted attachment to the term 'Homœopathic,' though he has employed it, and it is not contrary to analogy to use the adjective as a substantive in words derived from the Greek; but what grammarian or man of sense would not *trample with scorn* at the idea of calling a pathetic writer a 'path' or what is more to the purpose, a sympathiser a 'sympath?' This suggests the true title, which is 'HOMŒOPATHISER,' a good *ore rotundo sesquipedalian* word; and though 'not at all adapted for my rhymes,' nor exactly an *infinitesimal dose*, it would unquestionably look well on the brazen door-plates of 'the Disciples of Hahnemann.'

ELLEN G.—We think "Half a Million of Money" will extend through about six or seven more numbers of the *Reader*. "The Family Honour" will increase in interest as the tale progresses.

JAS. H.—The Civil Service Bill is a dead letter, and has been so from the first.

THE MILK SEA.—M. Trebuchet, captain of the French corvette *Capricieuse*, lately witnessed the curious phenomenon so named, about twenty miles south-east of the island Amboyna. The Dutch call it the "winter sea," probably because it resembles fields covered with snow. The observers thought first that it was an optical illusion, caused by the moon's light reflected from the water; but this proved a mistake, as it continued after the moon had set. Captain Trebuchet found the whiteness arose from rings of numerous animalcules, of which he discovered about 300 in four or five litres (about seven English pints) of the sea-water. They were as slender as a hair of a child's head, and adhered to one another endways to the number of twenty, forming little chaplets.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

SUGAR GINGERBREAD.—Three quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, four eggs, a little rosewater, half a cup of yellow ginger, and one pound of flour. Bake it thin.

SEED CAKE.—One cup of butter, two of white sugar, three eggs, half a cup of seeds, and flour enough to make a stiff paste. Roll it very thin, with sugar instead of flour on the board, and cut it in rounds. Bake it about fifteen minutes.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, two teaspoonful of cream tartar, one of soda, flour enough to make it as stiff as pound cake, and the rind and juice of one lemon. Bake in shallow pans one hour and a quarter.

FOR MAKING WASHING EASY.—To sixteen quarts of rain water add three pounds of sal soda and three-fourths of a pound of unslacked lime. Set it over the fire until it is just warm, then stir it well, and set it away for use. Take one pint of the fluid to two pails of water, and boil the clothes in it. The dirtiest of them will come out white and clean with very little rubbing. There is no danger of rotting the clothes, as it has been thoroughly tested. It is within the reach of all, and costs only two or three pence or so for a common washing.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—Half an ounce of turpentine, one quarter of vinegar, three quarters of an ounce of spirits of wine, half an egg, a quarter of an ounce of camphor, and a dessert-spoonful of mustard. Beat all well together, and apply, night and morning, to any pain, swelling, stiffness, or contraction.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Boys are a good deal like Farina jelly. Just as you mould them, they are likely to turn out.

In the beginning woman consisted of a single rib. Now she is all ribs, from her belt to the rim of her petticoats.

"The happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Moore is very great," said one lady to another; to which reply was made, "When they have a little Moore it will be greater."

CORNELIUS O'DOWD relates that when a great legal authority once at a Bar dinner responded to the toast of "The Navy," on the plea that he had begun life as a midshipman, Lord Brougham attributed his zeal to a mistake, and said he must have thought he was returning thanks for the Bar, and that Navy was spelt with a "K"—knavy.

SOERK: A Railway Station. Railway official (very kindly): "Nice child that ma'am! What age may it be?"—Delighted Mamma: "Only three years and two months."—Railway official (sternly): "Two months over three. Then I shall require half price for it, please."

If any person were to say that Anak is only Anaktor, or Anakrobat, who has Anak of making himself look bigger than other people, or that, being like the giants who, we are told, lived long ago, he is a perfect Anakronism in these days, would such a statement afford matter for Anak-tion at law?

TAKE ADVICE.—An old gentleman who, many years ago, used to frequent one of the coffee-houses where physicians most did congregate, being unwell, thought he might make so free as to steal an opinion concerning his case: accordingly, he one day took an opportunity of asking Dr. Mott, who sat in the same box with him, what he should take for such a complaint. "I'll tell you," said the doctor, sarcastically; "you should *take advice*."

IT DOESN'T SUIT HIS "PALETTE."—A hard-up portrait-painter complains that there is no chance for his craft, now that the sun is made to take likenesses. He says, however much others may praise the invention of sun-pictures, he considers it as decidedly hostile to the painter's calling. It is, in fact, he declares, the *foe-to-graphic-art!*

KILLING comes natural; half the places in Ireland begin with kill. There is Killboy (for all Irishmen are called boys); and what is still more ungallant, there is Killbride; Killbaron, after the landlords; Killbarrack, after the English soldiers; Killcrew for the navy; Killbritain, for the English proprietors; Killcool, for deliberate murder; Killmore, if that's not enough; and last, though not least, Killpatrick.

THAT Johnny is listening again! He says he supposes dwarfs couldn't get enough to eat when they were young, so they went short; but giants must have been better fed, because he cannot think how they could be kept long without food. He wouldn't be.

ONE English playwright is said to have written to another as follows:—"Dear Bob,—You really must show more caution in constructing your plots, or the governor will be sure to discover the body of Geraldine in the cellar, and then your secret will be out. You consulted me about the strychnine. I certainly think you are giving it to him in rather large doses. Let Emily put her mother in a mad-house. It will answer your purpose well to have the old girl out of the way. I think your forgery is for too small a sum. Make it three thousand. Leave the rest of your particularly nice family circle to me. I will finish them off, and send you back the 'fatal dagger' afterwards by book-post. Yours, &c."

DEFINITION OF A BLUSH.—A writer in the *Medical Gazette* gives the following lucid explanation of the phenomenon of a lady's blush:—"The mind communicates with the central ganglion; the latter, by inflex action through the brain and facial nerve, with the organic nerves in the face, with which its branches inosculate." The explanation beats Dr. Johnson's celebrated definition of network; "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections."

SOMETHING LIKE A TORNADO.—The late tornado in Minnesota, according to a local paper, kicked up some queer pranks. It blew eight oxen over a river eight hundred yards wide. It took all the water out of a pond, carried it a mile, and then set it down on Mayor Doran's farm in the shape of a small lake. It blew a man's boots off. Another man's coat was not only blown short, but actually buttoned from top to bottom. One old lady went up like a balloon, was carried two and a half miles, and finally landed astride a telegraph wire, where she was found by her grandson, and relieved by a ladder.

A "BARBAR"-ONE CONUNDRUM (*by our own hair-dresser*).—Why is Macassar oil like a chief in the Fenian conspiracy?—Because it's a *head centre* (scenter)?

A Mr. N. was about completing the sale of a horse which he was very anxious to dispose of, when a little urchin appeared, who innocently inquired, "Grandpa, which horse you goin' to sell: dat one you build a fire under to make him d-r-a-w?" The bargain was at an end.

WHERE'S THE ADVANTAGE?—"Ah? here you are, my good fellow; how d'ye do? Upon my honour, it does my heart good to see you once more! How's your family and your wife? we haven't seen her for a long time—when is she coming down to see my wife?"—"I am quite well I thank you; but, indeed sir, you have the advantage."—"Advantage! my good fellow—what advantage?"—"Why, really, sir, I do not know you!"—"Know me! well, I don't know you; where in the world is the advantage?"

A CHALLENGE.—A little fop, conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman, who ventured to give him some wholesome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance, and said, "Sir, you are no gentleman! Here is my card—consider yourself challenged. Should I be from home when you honour me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend to settle all the preliminaries to your satisfaction." To which the other replied, "Sir, you are a donkey! Here is my card—consider your nose *pulled*. And should I not be at home when you call on me, you will find I have left orders with my servant to show or kick you into the street for your impudence."

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claymore; " *Sarcos* permit, route total:—and Quebec and Canada as good as finished. The thing is yet well known to every Englishman; and how Wolfe himself died in it, his beautiful death.

"Truly a bit of right soldierhood, this Wolfe. Manages his small resources in a consummate manner; invents, contrives, attempts and re-attempts, irrepressible by difficulty or discouragement. How could a Friedrich himself have managed this Quebec in a more artistic way? The small Battle itself, 5,000 to a side, and such odds of Savagery and Canadians, reminds you of one of Friedrich's: wise arrangements; exact foresight, preparation corresponding; caution with audacity; inflexible discipline, silent till its time come, and then blazing out as we see. The prettiest soldiering I have heard of among the English for several generations. Amherst, Commander-in-chief, is diligently noosing, and tying up, the French military settlements, Niagara, Ticonderago; Canada all round: but this is the heart or windpipe of it; keep this firm, and, in the circumstances, Canada is yours."

This is written in the author's more sober style, and is intended to be an effective episode from his main narrative. But it is full of misstatements. In the first place, the English troops did not descend on rafts, but in boats. In the second place, the cliffs were not "all beset," but the contrary is the truth. Thirdly, the language attributed to General Wolfe, in reference to Gray's Elegy, is pure rubbish, wholly inconsistent with the simple character of the man. What he did say, as recorded by Professor Robinson, was that he would rather be the author of the Elegy than beat the French and take Quebec on the morrow, or words to that effect. By the way, if we remember right, Mr. Carlyle mistakes Mr. Robinson's rank in the navy, when the incident occurred. Fourthly, the British troops stood ranked at daylight, long before 10 o'clock. Mr. Garneau asserts that Montcalm attacked them about 8 A.M. Fifthly, the numbers of the respective armies are incorrectly given. The French force, for instance, was originally about 13,000; and allowing for the militiamen who went home to house their crops, the detachment under Bougainville at Cap Sauté, and some on other services, Montcalm must have had over, 7000 men of all sorts with him. Sixthly, although there is doubt as to the exact point at which the heights were scaled, Mr. Carlyle's "Neck" is only one of his neck-or-nothing guesses. It appears to us, too, that he is under the impression that General Amherst was in immediate command both at Ticonderago and Niagara, while the forces operating against the latter position were commanded by Prideaux and Johnstone. The extract given above is followed by a flippant criticism of Col. Beatson's pamphlet, "the Plains of Abraham," of which we shall only remark that the Colonel was well acquainted with his subject, which his censor evidently was not. But enough on this head.

As regards the moral teaching of Mr. Carlyle in this work, we believe it to be decidedly bad. His great object is to prove that two of the vilest men that ever sat on a throne, were of the true heroic mould. Now, from the facts related by his panegyrist himself—and he conceals much—Frederick William was, in plain English, a drunken brute, a child-beater, and a woman-beater, a tyrant, a man-slayer, who escaped the murder of his own son, more by chance than design. He was, besides, grasping and avaricious in the extreme; qualities which his son inherited from him. The execution of Katte by this crowned miscreant is almost without a parallel in the worst acts of the worst of the Roman Emperors. As for Frederick, he was certainly a man of a higher order of intellect than his father. But how much higher? Napoleon places him among the great generals of the world, and no one can doubt his capacity for judging in such a matter. But, then, Napoleon was so thorough an egotist that his praise and blame of others must be received with caution. In praising Turenne, Marlborough, and Frederick, he always had an eye to himself. He wished to persuade the world that these commanders were great men; but, if they were great, the

necessary inference, how was much greater was he, Napoleon. At all events, it must be admitted that Frederick was lucky in the opponents he had to contend with. In no instance did their talents amount even to mediocrity. Dunn, the best of them, was an accomplished tactician, learned in the military art of his day, but his caution degenerated into timidity. Frederick regarded war as he would a game of chess; in fact, after his great defeat by Dunn, at Horkirk, he declared it to be such; and knowing himself to be a better chess-player than those opposed to him, he felt certain he would win in the end, even against heavy odds. Yet chess-playing is a faculty or an instinct and not a talent, much less is it genius. But be that as it may, Frederick played his game well, and we must accept Napoleon's dictum to that effect. In other respects there is little to admire in him. He attempted authorship both in prose and verse; and his prose is common-place, and his verse mere doggerel. Yet Mr. Carlyle admires both, especially the poetry which he calls psalms. So much so that the profane and obscene trash written by the royal rhymers after the battle of Roesbach is pronounced by the historian to possess epic grandeur, though too filthy to be quoted. Then, as a statesman, Frederick is almost contemptible; his ideas of government being those of an Eastern despot. Of political economy, he had not even a twilight conception; and the consequence has been that most of his works have perished with him; his only permanent legacies to Prussia, being his code of laws—which is not his—and his own and his predecessor's military organization which has been a curse to the country. Nor can sophistry gloss over this man's crimes. His unjust seizure of Silesia, his cruelty to Saxony, his participation in the robbery of Poland, are stains on his character which never can be effaced. Mr. Carlyle is, therefore, preaching a false doctrine when he holds up him and his father to the admiration of mankind.

A HISTORY OF THE LATE PROVINCE OF LOWER CANADA; Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province. By Robert Christie. Vols. 5 and 6. Montreal: Richard Worthington, Publisher.

We have so often noticed this work, that we would seem to take a special interest in it. Well, so we do; for we consider it a valuable addition to the history of Canada, and North America, during the period of which it treats. It has been called "a scrap-book of Canadian history." But if so, what a valuable scrap-book. Who would not prefer such a record to most of the laboured nothings we receive as histories of past times? We have only to repeat our opinion that no Provincial or North American library can be complete without this work, which will be a valuable legacy to leave to a man's children. The sixth volume is the last of the series; and we trust that Mr. Worthington will have no cause to regret his spirited undertaking.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The death of Lieutenant-Colonel James Glencairn Burns, the youngest son of the poet, is announced. He died at Cheltenham, from the effects of an accident.

BUNYAN'S "Pilgrim's Progress" has found an able German translator in Dr. Friedrich Alfeld, of Leipzig, where the work has recently been published.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S "Narrative of his Expedition to the Zambesi" has just appeared at Leipzig, in a German translation, in two octavo volumes.

Mr. Hood is at present engaged upon a life of his father, to be published in a cheap form. It will contain some interesting matter, an unpublished farce by the late Thomas Hood, and large selections from his correspondence, including letters, hitherto unpublished, from Scott, Lamb, and other contemporaries of the subject of the memoir.

The editor of the *Boys' Own Magazine* is busy compiling a life of Tom Sayers.

The heads of the Freemasons' lodges in Paris have proposed to give to the widow of Proudhon the sum of 25,000*fr.* It is thought, however, that this amount will be trebled, as the members of the fraternity are sending in from every direction. The Librairie la Croix has given Madame Proudhon 130,000*fr.* for the right of publishing and selling her late husband's works during the next eight years.

Mr. GROSSE HONN, who recently discovered, amongst the papers of the family of Miedel of Baireuth, a MS. on the cover of which was docketed, "Lettres de Voltaire," in the handwriting of the Markgräfin of Baireuth, the sister of Frederick the Great, has published them, under the title of "Voltaire und die Markgräfin von Baireuth." The whole are in the handwriting of Voltaire, from 1742 to 1758, and present a curious and interesting picture of German court life of the time. There are twenty-six letters in all, twenty-five of which are addressed to the Markgräfin, and one to the Marquis of Adhemar.

We hear that M. Thiers has completed a "History of Florence," in ten volumes, and, further, that he has disposed of the work for 100,000*fr.* A Paris correspondent surmises that he has, perhaps, completed the first volume of the history, and sold the whole work for the amount named.

Of the new Sixpenny Magazine, the *Argosy*, Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. sold upwards of 20,000 copies on the day of publication. It has been whispered that some of the longer articles, which, from press of matter, cannot find a place in *Good Words*, will make their appearance before the reading world in the pages of the new Magazine.

On the opening night of the Royal Irish Academy, the executors of the late W. Smith O'Brien offered to the Society, in accordance with his will, a gold cup, value 800*l.*, with a large collection of manuscripts and some printed books. The Academy unanimously declined to accept the cup, for the sole reason "that they had not a place of sufficient safety to put it into!" The manuscripts were accepted, with thanks.

Macmillan's Magazine starts the new year with a novel from the pen of the Hon. Mrs. Norton. It will be entitled "Old Sir Douglas."

The *Cornhill Magazine* will also inaugurate 1866, by giving its readers a new novel, to appear from month to month. The title has not yet been disclosed, but the author is Mr. Anthony Trollope.

Good Words has issued its programme for the coming year. It promises a new story by Mrs. Oliphant, entitled "Madonna Mary, a Story of Modern English Life;" a new series of Travel Papers by Norman Macleod, D.D.; a series of Papers on our Common Faith, by Dean Alford, Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Hamilton, and others; and a series of Character Sketches, by Anthony Trollope, William Gilbert, Sarah Tytler, Mrs. Henry Wood, Alexander Smith, and others.

A new English Monthly is announced, to be entitled *The Household*, a Magazine of Domestic Economy and Home Enjoyment.

The "Handbook" mania has spread to France; and, amongst other odd subjects treated of in this convenient manner, may be mentioned one by the Count de Montigny, bearing the singular title of "The Handbook for Outriders, Coachmen, Grooms, and Stable Boys."

There is a well-known perversity in the human disposition, from which it arises that the more inaccessible any object becomes to us, the more do we exaggerate its desirable features.

The art of a great writer is seen in the perfect fitness of his expressions. He knows how to blend vividness with vagueness, knows where images are, needed, and where by their vivacity they would be obstacles to the rapid apprehension of his thought.

FAIR.—What a strange thing is the fear of death. Death is a necessary end, and will come when it will come, and yet are men ever afraid of it, because perhaps they never prepare for it.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Just published, this day, by R. Worthington:

History of the late Province of Lower Canada. Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, cloth binding, \$6.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.

Artemus Ward, "His Book." Just published, this day, by R. Worthington, Artemus Ward, "His Book," with 19 Comic Illustrations, by Mullon. Elegantly printed on best paper. Paper Covers uniform with his Travels, Price 25c.

This Edition of Artemus is complete and unabridged, and has the comic illustrations of the \$1.50 copyright edition. The cheap English edition is not complete, and has no illustrations.

This day published, by R. Worthington, The Harp of Causan, by the Revd. J. Douglas Northwick, in one vol. octavo, printed on best paper, 300 pages, \$1.00 in extra binding, \$1.50.

Will be published this week by R. Worthington the Biglow Papers, complete in one vol. Paper Covers, uniform with Artemus Ward, Illustrated and printed on fine paper, price 25c.

Will be published this week, by R. Worthington, the Advocate, a Novel by Chas. H. Bayly, author of Saul, a Drama; Jephthah's Daughter, &c. \$1.00; fine edition \$2.00.

List of New Books suitable for Christmas and New Year's Gifts!

Life of Man Symbolized by the Months of the year—Twenty-five illustrations.

Christian Ballads, by the Right Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe. Illustrated.

Christian Armour, or Illustrations of Christian Warfare. Illustrated, one vol. 4to.

The Illustrated Songs of Seven. By Joan Biglow. Schiller's Lay of the Bell, translated by Sir E. Dulwer Lytton, Bart.

The Tour of Dr. Syntax. In search of the Plotinæque, 8vo. Illustrated.

A Round of Days. Described in Poems by some of our most celebrated Poets. Illustrated 4to.

Birket Foster's Pictures of English Landscape, large 4to. R. Worthington, Great St. James St.

Home Thoughts and Home Scenes. R. Worthington, 20 Grant St. James St., Montreal.

Routledge's Every Boy's Annual for 1888. 1 vol. 8vo. Illustrated, \$1.50.

Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare. 8 vols. Royal 8vo. Tennyson. The Illustrated Farrington Edition of Tennyson's Complete Works. \$5.50.

Longfellow's Poetical Works, London Edition, beautifully illustrated with over 200 illustrations on wood and steel.

Book of Rubies, a collection of the most noted Love-poems in the English Language, bound in full morocco. \$7.00.

Pen and Pencil Pictures from the Poets. Elaborately illustrated. 4to. \$3.00.

The British Female Poets, by Geo. W. Bethune. \$2.50. Gems of Literature, Elegant, Rare and Suggestive, upwards of 100 Engravings. 4to. \$3.00.

Wordsworth's Poems for the Young. 4to. \$1.50

Bartlett's Forty Days in the Desert, Illustrated.

Bartlett's Footsteps of our Lord, Illustrated.

Bartlett's Nile Boat, Illustrated.

Maxwell's Irish Rebellion, Illustrated.

Byron's Works. New Riverside Edition. In Half Calf. Extra. \$1.50 per vol. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Bible Hand Book. By the Rev. Jos. Angus, D.D. In 1 vol. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Worthington's New Priced Catalogue of his Stock of Standard, Medical, Law, Scientific, &c., Books which will be sent free on application, is now ready.

Baruum. The Humpugs of the World. Cl. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Bourne. Handbook of the Steam-Engine, containing all the Rules required for the right Construction and Management of Engines of every Class, with the easy Arithmetical Solution of those Rules. Constituting a Key to the "Catechism of the Steam-Engine." By John Bourne, C. E. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.

History of the Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. 5. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Charles (Mrs.) Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family. Diary of Kitty Trevelyan. The Early Dawn. 3 vols. 16 mo. 75c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Idyls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. Sm. 4to. \$3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Gems from Tennyson. Sm. 4to. 100 Illustrations. \$3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.

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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

CHAPTER VI. LOST OR STOLEN?

Continued from page 245.

"The flame of passion has burnt out,
And lo! the ashes." ABON.

The letter which most touched Miss Austwicke's heart, and to which we have referred in the last chapter, read as follows:—

"MY DEAR LOVE,—I am in grate greif; my een run down wi' tears, for my puir auld father is dead. He went awa thinkin' his lsa pure an' true as a wee bit wean. His blessing is a sair burden to me. Ye canna now tell him about it; but, oh! if ye do in vera deed love me, come an' tell my sister—she's a hard womman; I would not for anything have her find it out. Oh, come, love! or I will doe wi' greif. Ever your ain,
"ISABEL."

Then followed a sneaking sort of letter:—

"HONOURED SIR,—I am to tell you that Isabel Grant was turned out of doors by her sister, Mrs. M'Naughton, when she learned what I told her of your honour being a married man. I got the young woman Isabel a lodging, and my wimmin bodies attended her. She has twin children, a lass and a lad bairn, both strong and likely. And I make no doubt, as a gentleman, you'll provide for them. The wimmen is rearing them so far, and shall continue to do so for a proper consideration, which, doubtless, an honourable gentleman like you shall not be slow to give, the more that Isabel Grant has had to be put away, being off her head—that is, lunatic. The money already sent is well nigh done, for the expenses have been great—vera great, an' the trouble, and nothing on our part spared of charges. Your humble servant to command,
"SAXER BURKE."

"P. S.—My sister Jane and her husband had gone to Canada when I got your instructions, and I telled Mrs. M'Naughton I saw your lawful lady with my own eyes, as I did at St. James's Church, London."

To this letter there was appended, on a slip of paper, in Wilfred Austwicke's handwriting,

"Miserable subterfuge! This man, by Isabel's request, had come to seek me in London. I saw him, and gave him money, the week before I embarked for India. He said, 'Maybe your honour married before?' I caught at his words, and answered, 'Yes.' Basil's wife accompanied me to St. James's Church, and was the innocent means of helping my deception. I was by this time ashamed of the connection I had formed in the previous autumn."

What had become of this unhappy victim of a subtle fraud? Did she live a maniac, as the letter seemed to indicate, or was she long since dead? If so, according to Miss Austwicke's prejudices, the course she had to pursue would not be so difficult. Two children of fifteen might be assisted as to education, and, if presentable, patronised—the boy placed in some way not unworthy of the Austwicke. The girl was a greater difficulty. One thing was certain: her brother Wilfred had inherited the preface tastes that had distinguished his father and elder brother. Money always seemed to melt in his hands. His personal property would not be much.

Miss Austwicke, as she revolved these perplexities, bethought her of the shrewd, sarcastic tongue of her sister-in-law Gertrude, or rather Mrs. Basil Austwicke, who was continually ridiculing those family prejudices which Miss Honor hugged the most closely, more from a spirit of contradiction than from any want of similar pride; therefore, she shrunk in thought, as if from the rough handling of a festering wound, from Mrs. Basil Austwicke knowing this bombastic secret—at all events, precipitately. She (Miss Austwicke) would make a journey and investigate for herself.

It was a relief to her, in her perplexity, to recollect that her brother Basil could not be at the funeral; he was spending the long vacation with

his wife and the boys of his family in Switzerland, and thence on to Italy. By the last letters received it would certainly be a month before their return. She must, then, order the funeral of her brother, and arrange without him.

Whether thinking over these matters, or the weariness of a sleepless night exhausted her, Miss Austwicke sank into an overpowering sleep, and the room, meanwhile, became quite dark. The papers still in her hand, fell from it on to the table. There was a tap at the door, just as the clock on the mantelpiece was striking six. Had Miss Austwicke been awake, she could not have heard that tap for the measured sound of the clock. It was not, therefore, to be wondered at that she did not wake. The door slowly opened, and a woman servant entered, and stood a moment looking into the room, a ray from the fire falling on the face of the sleeper. The woman crept noiselessly to the table, and, drawing off the cloth, took it and its contents into the passage; and, in a minute after, returned and spread the cover over the table, with the letters and papers all on it, except one. Though this operation was conducted as quietly as the first, and the woman left the room, Miss Austwicke started from her brief sleep, and rising from the sofa, looked round on the darkness, shivered, and rang for lights.

Her ring was answered by the same woman, whose face owed its stolid expression to two wide-open, blank-staring, light blue eyes, so full that they had no shade from the brow—and broad, rather than high, cheek-bones. Her gaunt form seemed so awkward, as she reached up to light the gas, that her dragging the table-cover sufficiently off to scatter the papers which Miss Austwicke now, for the first time, was conscious she had dropped from her hand, was a result to be expected. She was, however, civil and diligent in picking them up and replacing them; the lady crushing them together eagerly in her hands as they were laid on the table, and inwardly thankful that it was not Martin's keen eyes that were ever so casually scrutinising them. Impatiently Miss Austwicke watched the awkward creature make up the fire, which a chilly evening, as much as her illness, rendered very grateful. Suddenly she started forward a moment as a blaze passed up from the bars.

"What is that?"

"Only a bit of paper, ma'am, in the fender."

As the attendant thus answered, she was obeying the dismissing wave of Miss Austwicke's hand, and, without lingering, left the lady to her contemplations. These consisted in reading over again and again the few letters, and picking out the suameful, yet alas! not uncommon story: a girl induced to consent to a secret marriage, which involved the sin of deceiving her own friends, and the danger of being herself deceived—the speedy reaction of feeling on the part of the man—his plot, favoured by circumstances, to appear abroad with his brother's wife—his lie—the torn lines and broken ring, sent off in feminine rage—the coarse anger of relatives—the shame and madness closing the scene—the helpless survivors.

As the hour drew nigh at which she knew Martin would be sure to come to urge her mistress to take some refreshment, Miss Austwicke gathered together the papers to replace them safely under her own seal. She missed one in counting them over, the most important one—the marriage record or certificate. She sat up instantly, shook the ends of her shawl, then rose to her feet, smoothed out the folds of her dress, looked carefully under the table and the sofa, searched and opened out the doubled-up memoranda over again. It was gone! At length, in a panic, she rang the bell. The same gaunt, impressive woman answered it.

"You have upset my papers from the table; there is one lost. Look for it instantly. No, don't call my maid: you look for it."

The woman stared a moment, then knelt down on the floor, and went creeping carefully over the room, peering under the chairs; and in every corner in vain; the paper was not there.

"What can have come of it?"

At that moment, clear as the light that had startled her a little while ago, a thought flashed on Miss Austwicke's mind.

"Why, what was that burning that I asked you about?"

"Nothing but a dirty bit of paper, ma'am. Yes, that was certainly just nothing but a bit of rubbish, left when the fire was kindled."

"A dirty bit of paper!" repented Miss Austwicke, in dismay; for the very description was so just, it assured her that her fears were right. "Woman! what have you done?"

Even as she spoke, she was vexed at having shown she was so moved, and uttered her words in such a tone.

"Indeed it was nothing, ma'am—nothing in the world but a dirty bit of paper."

"Bank-notes are nothing but dirty bits of paper."

"Dear me! is it a bank-note you have lost?" said the woman, gazing out of her round eyes in blank astonishment, almost ludicrous.

"No—no. There, go away. How very awkward! how very—"

The woman left the room, glad to escape; and Miss Austwicke finished her sentence—

"Terribly perplexing—the most important paper of all—lost—burnt! Was ever anything so strange? If I was very superstitious—and certainly, in this little matter-of-fact age, a little superstition is a sort of duty we owe to the past—I should say that it was never meant that Wilfred's bad marriage, and worse conduct—poor fellow! that I should say so, and he lying dead a few paces off—I should say it was a proof that Providence never meant it should be known."

How readily we interpret Providence by our own wishes!

CHAPTER VII. WHO INTERRUPTED THE JOURNEY?

"Then into her being stole
Sweetness, and imbued the whole,
And illumined face and soul."

ALEXANDER SMITH.

On the Friday that followed that Sabbath summons to Southampton, Miss Austwicke sat in her own small drawing-room at the old Hall, after the funeral of her brother, which had been very private, merely attended by his lawyer from London, Mr. Webley, and Dr. Biasle, of Southampton, Mr. Griffiths, the land steward, the two oldest tenants of the Austwicke farms, and the servants, headed by Gubbins, who shed the most sincere tears that fell on the coffin. There were no gentry very near the Chase, and Miss Honor had kept at a due distance all the upstart newcomers of the neighbourhood. Indeed, as her father's old friends, in the course of nature, had followed him to the grave, her brothers, being non-resident, had made no intimacies. The clergyman, as we have seen, did not preach Miss Austwicke's ethics, so that the seclusion of the Hall was not likely to be much broken by visitors. Its lady, for the time being, was left alone in her dignity to bemoan the dead, and to prepare for the fulfilment of the promise that she began to consider had been extorted from her by surprise. Miss Austwicke, nevertheless, required to stand well with herself; she could not face the thought of the long, lonely winter nights, and her dying brother's moaning voice in her ears, "My children," and thanking her in death gasps for her promise to succour them, and see them righted. "Cowardly and base!" yes, those were the condemnatory words he had uttered. She shut them up as resolutely in the unvisited depths of her mind as possible, but they vibrated at times, and pained her. The only way to silence them completely would be to make a journey in search of these orphans; learn all that was to be known of them and their surroundings, and of their mother—that terrible rock of offence; and then to see what was to be done as to acquainting the rest of the family with the facts.

Captain Austwicke had left no will. It was evident that he had not thought his illness so dangerous, and that he had purposed going on without delay to Scotland, for his principal luggage, as Miss Austwicke learned, was directed to the care of Mr. Webley, of Lincoln's Inn Square, the family lawyer, and one portmanteau alone was packed and directed to Glasgow.

Before Mr. Webley left the Chase the evening

of the funeral, he had an interview with Miss Austwicke.

"I fear, madam," said the lawyer, "if the family—that is, Mr. De Lacy Austwicke, who is the heir-at-law, or your brother, Mr. Basil—should have had any expectations as to the captain's property, they will not be realized. His life was insured for two thousand pounds, but money has been raised on the policy, and I think the other liabilities will scarcely be covered by the effects. However, my dear madam, I need not trouble you with these details. I merely thought it right to name the matter before leaving. I shall write to Zurich to Mr. Basil Austwicke to-morrow; letters until the 11th October will reach him there."

"He returns about the 28th," said Miss Austwicke, in a faint voice. She was thinking for the moment whether it would not be better to take the old lawyer into her confidence. A single sentence would have opened the matter: she need only have said, "De Lacy Austwicke is not my brother's heir;" but she shrunk from the avowal, and the opportunity passed. The thought that there was nothing to inherit, that De Lacy would be no gainer, soothed her. After the interchange of a few courteous generalities, the lawyer departed on his way to town.

The next morning Martin was not a little amazed at hearing the unlocked-for intelligence that her mistress intended travelling into the North.

In her loftiest manner, in the hope of checking the torrent of inquiries on Martin's part, she gave her directions; and that functionary, having served Miss Honor from her childhood—mistress and maid growing old together—had a very great affection for her; so that, when the lady said, "I am doubtful, Martin, whether I had not better leave you here, and take Betsy Comfit, who has travelled, she told me, in her last place, and who certainly knows also how to be quiet and unobtrusive," Martin understood an implied censure in those last words, and knuckling those resistive eyes—that certainly were like Cornish wrestlers in standing their ground—she sobbed out, "Try me, Miss Honor. Me not know and not able! Why, if you please to remember, you was good enough to spare me, and I was sent once by Mrs. Basil to fetch Miss True home from Lord Dunoon's, at Glower O'er, and I brought the dear child—the young lady leastways—and myself as cosy as kittens in a rug flying through the hair, home to London. If Betsy Comfit, as knows nothing that ever I could see, but doing 'air, had been fit to go, and worth trusting, would Mrs. Brasil have asked you, Miss Honor, to spare me? Betsy! Why her aunt have said times and again—that's Mrs. Comfit, I mean—'Martin,' she says, 'she's just now full of nothing but getting married; and all the wits she ever had is at that Eastup Mill, a grinding with Nat Nixon's corn.'"

"Well, well, Martin; too many words—too many words, that's your fault, your great fault," said Miss Austwicke, not unimpressed by the fact, which she had overlooked, that Martin had made the journey.

"I humbly ask pardon, Miss Honor; it's my feelings can't stand more than flesh and blood. And when I thinks of your going to bed, and getting up, and travelling in outlandish parts, where the woods and ways is dreadful, naked feet and oatmeal flying about everywhere, and no one that ever saw the like of it with you, it so flustered me, I couldn't but up and speak. But if it's silence you want, see if I won't be as mum as—"

Now it happened that on Miss Austwicke's mantleshelf there was a vase, with a device more quaint than elegant, common enough at Winchester: an odd figure in livery, with a swain's face, ass's ears, and deer's feet, called "The Faithful Servant." This piece of ancient honour had formed the text of many homilies which Miss Austwicke had given to her household, how servants should be swift of foot and slow of speech; and Martin, to show that the lesson had not been lost, put her finger on her lip, and stretching her other hand out like an ear at one side of her head, nodded to the symbol, and made a low curtsy.

There was something at once ludicrous and appealing in the gesture, and Miss Austwicke, who was pretty certain that no one but Martin would care so for her comfort, was content, after a few more cautions, to give consent for her faithful waiting-woman to share her journey.

If any curiosity as to the purpose of this unwonted and great undertaking did enter into Martin's mind, she was careful to conceal it; and whatever might be her own infirmities of that kind, she was faithful enough not to encourage or satisfy the inquiries of others. She morely supplemented Miss Austwicke's announcement of a journey to Gubbins and the rest of the household with the brief explanation, "Mistress wants a change; I hope she'll go on a tower. When any one's spirits is low—leastways, any one of the quality—it's the best way to raise 'em."

However, Miss Austwicke was not destined to try the process her woman recommended, for even while she was speaking, the sound of wheels on the drive that led to the east porch were audible; and the loud clangour of the door-bell, at that late hour, caused a commotion in the quiet household. As quickly as his age permitted, Gubbins answered the summons, and Martin ensconced herself in a recess of the Hall, behind a statue of some memorable Austwicke, from whence she could see the arrival.

"Don't be scared, Gubbins, and don't let my aunt be frightened," said a sweet, winning voice; and a little sprite, about the height of a child of ten years, came tripping into the Hall, followed by a female companion or attendant.

"Why, Miss Gertrude, can it be you?" said Martin, rushing forward in eager surprise.

"Bless my eyes alive, it's missy!" said old Gubbins.

"Ah, Miss Morris, it is as I thought: the letter has not arrived," said the bright little creature—for she was indeed an elfin-looking visitor—addressing her companion in a tone of vexation. She took off her crapo-trimmed hat as if it had wearied her, and a quantity of shining fair hair fell in soft waves, like a veil, round her lithe little form. Was she a child? Not nearly so young as her stature indicated, that could be seen at a glance; for the little face had an air of intelligence and command, and the delicate features were, in their fine tracery, past the first dimples of childhood. Indeed, as she shook back her rippling hair, and, speaking to Martin, asked, "How is my aunt? I hear she has had great trouble lately," she glanced down at her black dress with an air and manner that were womanly, adding, "You must announce me carefully, Martin; I should be sorry to alarm her."

"Our coming," said Miss Morris, speaking to Martin in an explanatory tone, as the servants ushered them into the nearest parlour—"our coming was a case of necessity."

"We will explain all that to my aunt," interposed the young lady.

In a very few minutes they were both conducted to that lady's dressing-room, where her portmanteau was lying open and half packed.

"Why, whatever, Gertrude, has brought you? How do you do, Miss Morris?" said Miss Austwicke.

"Well, aunt, evil has brought us—though, I think, it's agood to me to come to Austwicke in the autumn, and see the dear old woods in their splendour."

"It's soon explained, Miss Austwicke," replied Miss Morris. "Gertrude has been visiting her friends at Kensington, during the Michaelmas holidays, and the younger children at Pentreal Lodge fell ill with scarlet fever. Dr. Griesbach said that it would not be right for Miss Gertrude to return to school from Pentreal Lodge, and that she should not continue to stay there, so I wrote last night to you, and Miss Webb sent me with her."

"And here we are, aunt, and the letter is still on the way. Don't be afraid of me—I have never been near the nursery at Pentreal Lodge." She came close as she spoke, and rising on tiptoe, put up her mouth, with a pretty girlish gesture, to be kissed.

Miss Austwicke kissed her forehead lovingly. "My little True, you do not grow; you are, I

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HOW I KISSED THE BLARNEY STONE.

"There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent.
Tis he may clamour
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a Member
Of Parliament."

FARUKH KHOUR'S RELIQUA.

"NOW mind," said a friend, as I stood on the railway platform at Dublin, and was about to start for the pleasant city of Cork, "mind when you get to Cork you drive straight to the Imperial Hotel and secure a bed; you will be sure to get a good one, and there's an excellent *table d'hôte*."

I took my friend's advice and my ticket, and on arriving at the Cork railway station, jumped into an omnibus and was soon set down at the Imperial Hotel. I was not a solitary visitor.

The good reputation of the hostelry had evidently been imparted to others, and the arrivals that day were numerous. I alighted from the 'bus, preceded by a fine port-winey looking Ecclesiastic—who seemed Bishop, Dean and Chapter rolled into one—and followed by an unmistakably strong-minded female, who wore a broad Leghorn hat with green veil, no crinoline, gold spectacles, badly fitting black gloves, and carried an umbrella and a toy terrier.

My other fellow-passengers were less remarkable, but there were plenty of them; and, as they all brought a fair share of luggage, the vestibule of the hotel was soon choked up with a perfect barricade of boxes, portmanteaus, carpet-bags, &c., &c.

Why it is that some English travellers always will encumber themselves with such heaps of luggage is a problem I need not now stop to consider. I am content to record it as a fact, apropos to which I may relate an incident that occurred to a friend of mine who journeyed this last summer with his family, and an abundance of other luggage, to a certain watering-place.

"Coachman," he said, "that box is mine, and so is that portmanteau; that large trunk, too, belongs to the same lot, and so does the hip bath, and"—"Oh, yes, sir," interrupted the driver, "I see, I see, you seem to have brought everything with you, *but the kitchen-range*." I was reminded of Jehu's sarcasm as I watched the quantity that was shot from the roof of the omnibus upon the steps of the hotel; but my reflections were soon interrupted by a smart squeal, and turning round, I observed the concentrated Ecclesiastic profuse in his apologies to the strong-minded lady, on whose toy terrier he had inadvertently trodden. But the S. M. L. and her pet alike refused to be comforted. The unhappy cur shivered and whined in a paroxysm of fright, whilst its indignant mistress, looking not "daggers," but a full charge of bayonets, excitedly observed, "Very clumsy and very unfortunate, indeed"—which brief utterances she appeared to hurl vocally at the head of the reverend aggressor.

Leaving the Ecclesiastic, "Dusky" and his mistress to settle the contretemps between them, I walked to the bar, where a modest, pretty-looking young lady allotted me my bed-room, and then, it being mid-day, and plenty of time to spare, I sallied out to take a look at the "Lions" of Cork and the neighbourhood.

Lionising by yourself is dull work. Solitude, as a rule, should be avoided; but the worst solitude of all is *solitude in a crowd*. I was forcibly struck with this as I strolled through the streets of Cork. So, as the best way "to drive dull care away," I hailed the driver of a car, and bade him to take me to any place in the neighbourhood that was worth seeing.

"Share, thin, yer honour, 'tis Blarney y'ud like to see," said he.

"And what's the fare to Blarney?" I asked.

"Faith, 'tis a cheap ride, yer honour; only five shillings there and back, and maybe ye'll give the boy a thrille" (the "boy" being himself a promising young dare-devil, aged fifty).

"Well, then, Blarney be it," said I, as I took my seat in the car. "Hep, hep!" shouted my

Jehu, giving the reins a friendly jerk. But the horse refused to budge, so the promising youth jumped off his seat, turned the animal round, sprang on the car again, shouted "hep, hep!" once more; brought the whip heavily down on the animal's flanks, and away we went, for at least five minutes, at the rate of about ten miles an hour. We then moderated our pace, and I began to chat with my charioteer, our conversation being carried on somewhat in the following fashion:

"Blarney is the place where the celebrated stone is, is it not?"

"Yes, yer honour—Come up, you baste" (the latter remark being addressed to the horse.)

"And do many people kiss the Blarney stone?"

"Well they kiss one stone, but faith it's not the Blarney stone at all."

"How do you mean?"

"How do I mean? You baste (this last observation again to the horse.) Shure, sir, there are two stones, one inside the tower—but the real Blarney stone is on the top, and ye'll have to go out and kiss it, but most people kiss the other, and come away desaved entirely."

"Then won't they let you kiss the stone on the top?"

"No, I don't think she will, yer honour."

"Who's she?"

"The old lady that shows the Castle, shure."

"Ah, well, I shall try it on."

"And good luck to yer honour, thin, for here ye are—there's the Castle, see; you'll just walk across that field to it, and I'll be waiting for ye when ye come back—and, yer honour (speaking slowly and with marked distinctness,) perhaps, —the—poor—baste—may—be—wanting—a—drop of—beer—to—drink—meanwhile."

"Beer! your horse don't drink beer, I'm sure."

"Well, yer honour, shure what he laves I'll drink myself, it shan't be wasted."

The appeal thus made was irresistible. I don't envy the man who would have refused to respond to it.

As I walked across the field leading to Blarney Castle, I was accosted by a rugged looking youth of about eighteen years of age, who suggested that "His honour would want a guide." In reply, his honour expressed the opinion that he had no occasion for a guide; the Castle was but a short distance off, straight before him, and he could not well miss it. But "His honour would like to see the groves." His honour thought he should only have time to kiss the Blarney Stone. "Ah, his honour would not be able to do that." His honour inquired the "reason why."

"You have no companion with ye, sir, and they won't let gentlemen go up singly."

"But I can take you, can't I?"

"Shure guides are not allowed up at all."

By this time I had arrived at the front of the Castle, and my guide stopped and spoke to a comely-looking old woman, who, sitting on a stool placed on the lawn, was busily engaged like the poet Hood's sempstress, "plying her needle and thread." She did not, however, recall any of the painful associations connected with the *song of the shirt*. Her fingers were not weary and worn, her eyelids not "heavy and red," nor was she attired in "unwomanly rags." On the contrary, she was a fresh coloured, trim, sturdy, little dame, dressed with perfect neatness, and at the sight of whom one was irresistibly reminded of the fairy tales of childhood. As you looked at her, clad in a neat print gown, spotless white handkerchief, and neat little cap, fitting close to her braided silvery hair, you might have imagined her "the Little Old Woman cut shorter," the "Old Woman who lived in a Shoe," "Goody Two Shoes," or even that eccentric lady whose scrupulous love of cleanliness led her to "sweep the cobwebs from the sky."

Whilst, as I lay upon the grass, these thoughts were passing through my mind, my guide was busily engaged with the object of them. I could not, however, well hear what was said, as they spoke in a low tone, and the conversation appeared to be carried on in Irish. But from the glances that the old lady occasionally cast askance at me, I had every reason to believe that I was the subject of the palaver; so, making towards her,

I raised my hat, and expressed the wish to be permitted to kiss the Blarney stone.

"Oh no, indeed, sir, it can't be done: we don't open the Castle doors again to-day."

"Indeed! why not?"

"'Tis past the time, sir."

"But it is not so very late," I urged. "It's not five o'clock yet."

"Indeed it's too late, sir."

"Come, madam," I said, endeavouring to coax a bit, "don't be hard-hearted. I'm sure you don't look so. I've come all the way from Canada to kiss the Blarney stone, and I hope you won't refuse me."

"But I can't help it, sir; sure it's against the rules."

"Oh, never mind the rules, ma'am; let me kiss the stone, and when I get back to Montreal, I shall say I kissed it by the permission of the nicest little woman in all Ireland."

The old lady looked at me steadily and scrutinizingly for a second, and there was an intelligent twinkle in her eyes as she replied, "And indeed, sir, I don't think you need to kiss it at all."

Unabashed, however, by this rejoinder, I continued to plead my suit, and whilst doing so, two other tourists appeared upon the scene, who were anxious to kiss the far-famed stone. The old lady evidently did not like to turn away these visitors; all of whom would, no doubt, remember the doorkeeper. But what was to be done? She had already refused me admission, on the ground that it was after time, and could not, with a good grace, grant to the fresh arrivals the favour she had denied to another. Her woman's wit soon came to her aid. "Well, gentlemen," said she, "if I let ye go up, will ye take care of this gentlemen, who has no companion, d'ye see?"

The new arrivals looked at me, pulled their beards, looked at each other, and then muttered soothing about my being "old enough to take care of myself." I assured them I was perfectly able to do so whenever occasion required, and begged that they would not trouble themselves on my account, as I had no doubt the good lady would for once break through her rule, and allow the guide to attend me. There was no response to this "last appeal," but addressing a few words to the guide, the stately little dame laid down her work, produced the keys, undid the door, and we stood within Blarney Castle.

Here the old lady soon showed me the stone inside the tower, of which I had been previously warned by my Jehu.

"And that's the Blarney stone?" said I.

"Yes (without the slightest hesitation), that's the Blarney stone, sir,—kiss it, sir."

I did as I was bid, and observing, "and now, ma'am I'll go and kiss the genuine article. I followed the other strangers to the top of the tower, my guide coming after.

"Many writers assert," says my Guide Book, that the "real stone" is not to be reached unless the curious traveller will have himself lowered a distance of twenty feet from the top; and we are further informed, that "in order to sip inspiration from the stone it is required that the tourist be suspended by the heels in the mid-air."

Speaking from experience, I can say that in this, as in other instances, the writers are at fault. It is not at all necessary that the tourist should be subjected to any such inconvenience. Two strong iron bars are let into the wall of the tower. Between the bars and the Blarney stone there is a chasm you have to stretch before you can kiss the stone. To do this, you lay hold of the bars, lie down flat, like a sprawling turtle, stretch out your neck, and with a little care the feat is accomplished. Of course, were you to slip through the chasm, you would fall a distance of about 120 feet, be balked of kissing the stone, and kiss mother earth for the last time instead. But to avoid this danger, you are held tightly by the heels, and this is the reason why no one is allowed to perform the ceremony singly, and why, as I now understood, the old lady was so anxious that some one should take care of me. It took but a very short time to perform the wonderful feat. Having emptied my pockets of watch and purse, I laid down flat, whilst the guide grasped me tightly round the ankles: ther

sliding gently forward, I reached the stone, pressed my lips to it, and the deed was done—
I HAD KISSED THE "BLARNEY STONE."

"And did ye kiss it, sir?" said the old lady, as I met her again at the gateway, where she stood, evidently expecting a gratuity. "Did ye kiss the stone, sir?" "I did, ma'am," I replied, dropping a *douceur* into her hand, "and I don't mind telling you there are many things in this world I'd much rather kiss than the Blarney stone." There was a bevy of beauties close by as I spoke, and they audibly tittered as I expressed this opinion. The old lady, too, seemed tickled with the idea, for she smiled somewhat wickedly and said, "And that's very true, I dare say, sir."

It was "very true," and looking back upon the event I have recorded, I am still of opinion that the so-called difficulty in kissing the Blarney stone is about the greatest piece of blarney going—in fact, that, as *Sir Charles Coldstream* observes, in the well known comedy, "There's nothing in it." And although I should be sorry to damp the ardour of any enthusiastic tourist who, believing in Father Prout, thinks that having kissed the stone he may obtain Parliamentary or other distinction, truth compels me to express the belief that its virtues and difficulties are alike exaggerated.

Upon returning to my car, I found the driver had fulfilled his promise about not wasting the beer; but there was not much the matter; he only "Hep'd, hep'd a little louder to his horse, and I got back to the "Imperial" in time to find that the *table d'hôte* was, as my friend had said, excellent; and that the other arrangements of the hotel were well worthy the commendation he had bestowed upon them.

RICHARD WILSON, R.A.

THE story of the life of a man of genius is always interesting; but it too often happens that it is of a melancholy character: the subject of it struggling hard to gain a scanty living. The life of Richard Wilson presents us with a melancholy example.

He was the son of a clergyman in Montgomeryshire, and was born in the year 1713. The family from which he was descended was of good standing, his mother being one of the Wynns of Luswold.

It is said that his first rude essays were made with a burnt stick, upon the walls of his father's house; and in common with many others, who afterwards became eminent artists, in quite early life he evinced many proofs of genius.

It is not known in what manner Wilson gained the notice of his relative, Sir George Wynn, but under his patronage he set out for London. Having arrived in the great Metropolis, he was placed as a pupil with an artist named Wright. His progress under this master was not marked, and we soon find him settled down as a commonplace portrait painter, struggling, like a host of others, for his daily bread. In 1749, he managed to go to Italy, where he continued his practice of portrait painting. It is said that his portraits were not above the common run. One critic, however, asserts that he was not surpassed by any of his contemporaries in the drawing of a head—that his style was bold and masterly, and his colouring like that of Rembrandt; but this critic, Mr. Edwards, stands alone as to this matter. In Italy he had every prospect before him of gaining riches and fame; but an apparently trifling incident turned the whole course of his life.

Having waited till he grew weary, one day, for the coming of Zucarelli, the Italian artist, he amused himself by painting the landscape upon which the window of his friend looked. This being done with considerable skill, attracted the notice of Zucarelli, who, strongly recommended Wilson to follow that branch of Painting only. This encomium from his friend, and a subsequent one from Vernet, the French artist, when at Rome, had their effect, and he accordingly commenced landscape painting.

After having remained in Italy six years, he returned to England, and hired a house in Covent

Garden. He assisted in founding the Royal Academy of Arts, was elected a Royal Academician, (one of the highest honors that can be conferred on an artist, in England), and on the death of Francis Hayman, R.A., succeeded to the post of librarian. The emoluments resulting from his office were but small, but his poverty rendered them acceptable, as the taste for landscape painting was by no means general. English art had received a heavy blow and great discouragement from the Reformation. This great revolution, so full of blessings and advantages in other respects, was the cause of one great evil, the utter repudiation of all ornament and decoration in places devoted to public worship. The love of the Roman Catholic Church for gorgeous decoration had been, during the middle ages, the nurse of art. Under its fostering hand the greatest painters and sculptors the world has ever seen rose into fame. They drew their inspiration from its doctrines and festivities, and were rewarded by its munificence. The Holy Family, the Adoration of the Magi, the Flight into Egypt, the Transfiguration, and the Crucifixion, are all subjects upon which the great masters have lavished all the resources of their art.

But the very fact that the Roman Catholic Church delighted in these representations of great events in the history of a faith, on the great principles of which all were agreed, was sufficient to make good Protestants look upon painting itself with suspicion and dislike. Under the Stuarts the arts began to flourish again in England, but when the Puritans triumphed in 1640 painting was set down as a device of the devil, and all love for luxury, ornament, or forms of beauty considered as so many evidences of an unregenerate state. Paintings, whether on canvas or glass, were destroyed, not only without scruple, but with as hearty a good will as if they had been unclean idols, whose presence polluted the sanctuary. The restoration again proffered protection for the arts, but it could not wholly revive them. The degenerate nobility, who wrangled about party cries, intrigued, gambled, and talked scandal during the reigns of Anne and the two first Georges, had little taste for anything that did not gratify their personal vanity. Hence, portrait painting, stiff and lifeless though it was, brought many a man fame and fortune for a long series of years. About the year 1780, it was the only way in which an artist could make a livelihood. Reynolds brought it to perfection, but to Wilson's lot it fell to create and foster a taste for the faithful delineations of the great scenes of nature—the shifting panorama of the clouds, the gorgeous hues of the sky at the rising and setting of the sun, the thousand tints that clothe the fields, and vary in their beauty with every change of the seasons, the rugged grandeur of the mountain, and the solemn peace of the valley.

But the love for that particular branch in which Wilson shone so brightly, spread very slowly—so slowly, that after he had sold a few of his pictures to the most distinguished connoisseurs, he could find no market for his works. While his beautiful paintings remained unsold and were totally unappreciated, the inferior productions of his contemporaries, Barrett and Smith, were quickly purchased. This, however, may in some degree be owing to the fact, that he had to contend against the jealousy and intrigue of some of the most distinguished artists of the day, among whom was Sir J. Reynolds, who, on no occasion, lost an opportunity of indulging in a sneer at his works. The whole world seemed leagued against him. A kind friend who had purchased many of his productions, when asked to buy another, took the poor artist up to his garret, and pointing to a lot of landscapes, said, "Look, Dick, there are all the pictures you have been selling me these three years."

Disappointed and cast down, he became exceedingly coarse and repulsive in his manners; he could now no longer strut about in the usual gay attire in which he used to visit the Academy in St. Martin's Lane. It is even said, that he painted two of his best pictures for the remains of a stilton cheese and a mug of porter.

His favorite drinks were porter and ale. Zoffani, in his picture of the Royal Academicians, painted Wilson with his favorite pot beside him. The latter made sure of a stout stunk, and swore he would give the caricaturist a sound beating; but Zoffani prudently painted out the offensive part.

As he grew older he became still more depressed in circumstances, his fine house being exchanged for a miserable hovel in Tottenham-court-yard, "where an easel and a brush—a chair and a table—a hard bed, with a few clothes—a scanty meal, and the favourite pot of porter, were all that he could call his own."

He would doubtless, have come to a pauper's death, had it not been that a small estate was left him by his deceased brother. This piece of good fortune relieved London from witnessing the melancholy close of his life. He took an affectionate farewell of Sir William Beechey, who was always a particular friend, and set out for his native place. He arrived in safety in Denbighshire, where he took up his abode with a relative. One day he was missed from home, his favorite dog which had accompanied him returned alone showing every sign of uneasiness. Seeing the movements of the dog, his friend ordered a search to be made. They found Wilson sunk upon the ground in a very exhausted state. He was taken home, and after lingering for some time, he ended his life of turmoil, trouble and disappointment, in the merry month of May, 1782, in the 69th year of his age.

The following are the names of a few of Wilson's best pictures: Phœton; View of Rome; The Death of Niobe; Morning; Celadon and Amelia; Temple of Bacchus; Bridge of Rimini; The Tiber, near Rome; View on the River Po; Apollo and the Seasons; Meleager and Atalanta; Tomb of Horatius and Curatius. The last named picture was sold a short time since for 300 guineas. We will close our notice of Wilson, with what has been said of him by a few celebrated men.

Allan Cunningham says: "To paint the varied aspect of inanimate nature, to clothe the pastoral hills with flocks, to give wild fowl to the lakes, ring-doves to the woods, blossoms to the trees, verdure to the earth, and sunshine to the sky, is to paint landscape, it is true; but it is to paint it like a district surveyor, instead of grouping its picturesque beauties, and inspiring them with what the skilful in art call the sentiment of the scene. Wilson had a poet's feeling and a poet's eye,—selected his scenes with judgment, and spread them out in beauty, and in all the fresh luxury of nature. He did for landscape what Reynolds did for faces—with equal genius, but far different fortune. A fine scene, rendered still more lovely by the pencil of the artist, did not reward its flatterer with any of its prodigions, either of corn, or oil, or cattle; as Kneller found dead men indifferent paymasters,—so inanimate nature proved but a cold patroness to Wilson."

John Opie says: "Of Wilson, who, though second to no name of any school or country in classical or heroic landscape, succeeded with difficulty, by pawning some of his works, at the age of sixty-nine, in procuring ten guineas, to carry him to die in unhonored and unnoticed obscurity in Wales."

And Fuseli says: "Wilson's taste was so exquisite, and his eye so chaotic, that whatever came from his easel bore the stamp of elegance and truth. The subjects he chose were such as did credit to his judgment; they were the selections of taste and whether the simple, the elegant, or the sublime, they were treated with an equal felicity. Indeed, he possessed that versatility of power, as to be one minute as an eagle sweeping the heavens, and the next a wren twittering a simple note on the humble thorn." ARTIST.

Montreal, December, 1865.

It is perilous to disappoint friends in their just demands, it is ten times more dangerous to encourage enemies by endeavouring to conciliate them by any sacrifice of principle.

The small things of life are often of more importance than the great; the slow than the quick; the still than the noisy.

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH.

A CANADIAN CHRISTMAS TALE.

It had snowed incessantly for three days. The fall had at last ceased, but had, as is so commonly the case in Canada, been succeeded by a stormy wind, as bitterly cold as it was violent. The drift had completely covered everything, and the line of fence around Barry Whittaker's farm could only be distinguished by its slight elevation above the common level of the clearance. Every vestige of a path had been obliterated and the snow was piled high against the sides of his house. The stars, however, were now shining brightly, but the wind howled fearfully as it drove the clouds, which the storm left behind, past the moon.

It was Christmas Eve, and Harry sat alone before the log fire, which was blazing upon the hearth. He had but lately returned from a weary drive through the drifted snow to the residence of his nearest neighbour, Mrs. Armstrong. The journey had been attended with much difficulty, but the need was urgent, and braving the biting blast and the dangers of the almost impassable road, he had safely reached his destination, and returned accompanied by his neighbour. Mrs. Armstrong had at once assumed complete control of his establishment, and just as the captain of a ship entering a foreign port obeys the pilot whose foot has barely touched the deck, so was Harry compelled to yield implicit obedience to this good woman.

But what was the occasion which rendered it compulsory upon Harry to yield for the time his authority, and consent to assume a secondary position in his own house? Come nearer, gentle reader, and I will whisper it in your ears. Harry and his pretty wife, Mary, had been married somewhat more than a year; they had left the old country and their old friends; they had settled in the back woods, and now—a little stranger from baby-land was hourly expected.

Harry had been banished to the outer room of the but (it boasted two apartments) and Mrs. Armstrong had aroused his indignation by telling him that the best thing he could do would be to "go to sleep," as if in his deep anxiety, sleep were possible. He had, however, resigned himself to fate, and settling himself in dogged obedience on his seat, watched the crackling logs and playful tongues of flame leap upwards to the chimney. At length, in spite of his anxiety, he gradually fell into pleasant meditations on his early life, and on those happy days when he first wooed and won his Mary.

He thought upon their early childhood, when Mary's merry face, as innocent as gay, greeted him at their sports; of their walks to school, and of the afternoons spent in nutting; when, as in duty bound, being the eldest and the biggest, he would climb and press down the branches of the hazels for Mary to gather the ripe clusters. He thought of a period less remote, when Mary was his companion across the pleasant fields to the humble village church, where they worshipped and sang from the same prayer and hymn book. He thought of the young lord of the manor, and his undisguised admiration of Mary's pretty face—those young squires are so audacious and so wicked—and of his determination to remove her from his impertinence and from all similar temptations to which her unusual beauty and free and cheerful manners exposed her. Then he thought how the death of an aged uncle, who had bequeathed him a few hundred pounds, enabled him to fulfil his determination, to win his gentle Mary, and to overcome the reluctance of her parents to their scheme of emigration, and finally, how he had become a sort of lord of the manor himself—a proprietor of the free soil of Canada.

His thoughts, then, by a species of reaction, dwelt upon the toils he had endured since his arrival in the country; the tedious journeys he had made in search of a suitable place for settlement; the solitude of the backwoods, and the almost entire absence of congenial associates; the tedious nature of the work of clearing land;—the felling of the trees—the severing and

heaping together of the branches and the brush-wood—the piling and burning of the logs, all which had to be effected before the humblest crop could be planted, and another lengthened interval had to elapse before the crop could be harvested and made use of. Harry had performed this labour at the time cheerfully and guily; but his mind had, unawares, fallen into a moody and discontented state, which led him at this moment to look upon the gloomy side of everything; the real cause being the reflection that he had brought his Mary into the lonely wilderness, away from all her friends and relatives, and that now, "in this, her time of trouble," she had none to aid her but a comparative stranger.

While these and similar reflections occupied his mind, the comfortable warmth of the fire and that tendency to slumber, which its seductive heat is so certain to induce in those who, like Harry, are fresh from the cold outer air, nearly betrayed him more than once into a doze; but he angrily roused himself from an influence, to have yielded to which, he would, under the circumstances, have considered a disgrace.

His reveries were interrupted by a murmuring sound, as if of whispering voices, and looking up, he beheld with exceeding astonishment, seated on the large logs, which he had rolled to the hearth in readiness for the fire, a group of about a dozen baby boys and girls, in size mere minims, but sturdy or graceful in appearance. When they saw that they had attracted his attention, they rose up, bowed, and shouted in concert,

"Father! father! father!"

"You are pretty creatures," said Harry to them, "and if you came one by one, I should be delighted to own you; but little ones, this is a hard country to gain a living in, and this is my first year in it. I am hale and hearty, and I love my wholesome labour, but as yet I have cleared only a few acres of land, and my barn and corn-bins have but little in them. If I were to call you mine, I should like to keep you sleek and warm, but by what possible exertion can my poor Mary and I provide food and clothing for so many of you?"

The sturdiest boy stepped forward. He was infantile in form and features, but his face bore on it the stamp of thought, which gave it a strange weird look, as if he were quite aware that he was born into a world where he would have to encounter toil, and face responsibility; and his little body was clothed with flesh so muscular, as to promise to carry him successfully through any troubles which it might be his lot to encounter. He carried a woodman's axe, which he waved over his head, as in low, sweet tones, he sang cheerily—

"I'll wield my good well-temper'd axe,
I'll fell the forest tree;
There's room enough in Canada
For dozens like to me."

A trim and tidy little maiden, with a broom in her hand, followed him, and carolled saucily—

"I'll sweep the room, the dinner cook,
I'll do up all the chores;
There's room enough in Canada
For the like of me in scores."

A ruddy-faced urchin hurried forward after her, clad in a smock-frock and holding a plough, who sang in a somewhat louder tone—

"I'll drive the oxen to the field,
I'll firmly hold the plough;
'Twill be long before old Canada
Gets of such as me enow."

Then came as comely a little lass as ever tripped in fairy ring; she had a milk-pail on her arm, and a churn stood near her, as she gaily sang—

"I'll churn the cream, the butter make,
I'll tend the patient kye;
There's room enough in Canada
For hundreds such as I."

A bare-armed brawny urchin, from whose brow the perspiration freely flowed, as he leaned upon an anvil, chaunted the next ditty at the top of his shrill and somewhat cracked voice—

"I'll shoe the horse, the iron weld,
And swing the hammer free;
There's room enough in Canada
For hundreds like to me."

He was succeeded by a laughing spinster, with a distaff and a handle of wool, whose song was—

"I'll spin the wool, I'll weave the cloth,
Right merry will I be;
There's room enough in Canada
For thousands like to me."

A fellow, with a paper-cap upon his head, with a saw and plane, was next, and this was the burden of his song—

"I'll drive the nails, and plane the board,
And saw the tough pine tree;
There's room enough in Canada
For myriads like to me."

Then came the last of the little maidens, with those truly indispensable female implements, the needle, the scissors and the thread, and like the rest, she came singing—

"I'll stitch the shirt, the coat I'll make,
I'll chatter cheerily;
There's room enough in Canada
For myriads like to me."

They all now lifted up their voices together, and sang in full chorus—

"We'll milk, we'll sow, we'll reap, we'll mow,
We'll fell the forest tree;
There room enough in Canada
For millions such as we."

As they thus chirruped mirthfully, they struck up a sportive dance to the music of their voices, and leaped, and capered, reeled, whirled and twisted in the most fantastic fashion; while Harry, in mingled wonderment and delight, threw himself back in his chair, laughing merrily. As soon, however, as he could sober himself sufficiently for intelligible speech, he thought an explanation of what all this meant was most desirable, and thus addressed the singing, laughing, dancing urchins:

"You are a funny crew of boys and girls, my fairy children, and I feel quite sure that when you have grown a little bigger, your services will be of priceless value; but, meanwhile, it will be hard work to house you warmly, to feed and clothe you comfortably. Still, by Heaven!" he exclaimed aloud, as he sprung upon his feet, and stretched his powerful arms and thighs, "by Heaven! if these four bones can do it, it shall be done."

Wonder upon wonder! While Harry gazed upon the urchins in astonishment, they seem half to vanish in a mist, and then one by one creep closer to the hearth, hover for a moment over the blaze, and then sweep swiftly up the chimney, each as he disappeared doffing his cap to Harry. As Harry rubbed his eyes again and again, as if to rub out the *glamour* that bewitched them, he heard a shrill though feeble cry behind him, and turning round saw Mrs. Armstrong, with a baby in her arms; she smilingly addressed him, "Why, Harry, have you been asleep? Come, air, and kiss your wife, and her pretty Christmas gift—A NEW-BOAN DAUGHTER.

O. H. S.

VELOCITY OF ELECTRICITY.—Of the velocity of the spark discharge some notion may be formed from the brief duration of its light, which cannot illuminate any moving object in two successive positions, however rapid its motion. If a wheel be thrown into rapid rotation on its axis, none of its spokes will be visible in daylight, but if the revolving wheel be illuminated in a darkened room by the discharge of a Leyden jar every part of it will be rendered as distinctly visible as though it were at rest. In a similar manner, the trees, even when agitated by the wind in a violent storm, if illuminated at night by a flash of lightning, appear to be absolutely motionless. By a very ingenious application of this principle, Wheatstone has shown that the duration of the spark is less than the one-millionth part of a second. The apparatus is the same in principle as the revolving wheel. By a modification of the apparatus, Wheatstone was also enabled to measure the velocity with which the discharge of a Leyden jar was transmitted through an insulated copper wire. It was at the rate of 288,000 miles in a second.

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Sidon, which is to this scheme what Alexandria is to the gulf route, is one of the most dangerous points of the Syrian coast."

"Is that possible?" exclaimed Saxon. "I have read of the harbour of Sidon in Herodotus—in the Bible—in ancient and medieval history. Surely it is the seaport of Damascus?"

"It was," replied Mr. Melchisedek; "But it has not been a seaport for more than two hundred years. When the Emir Fakreddin defended his territory against the encroachments of Amurath the Fourth, he filled the harbour in order to prevent the Turkish fleet from approaching the town. Since that time no vessel of size has dared to attempt an entrance."

Saxon stood bewildered with his eyes fixed upon the map.

"I fear you have been defrauded to a considerable extent," said Mr. Melchisedek, politely.

"To be defrauded is, I suppose, the lot of the ignorant," replied Saxon; but it is not so much for the money that I care. It is for the—"

"Precisely," said Mr. Melchisedek. "The swindle."

Saxon shrank from the word as it stung him.

"I am very much obliged to you," he said hastily.

"Pray do not name it, Mr. Trefalden. I am happy to have been useful to you."

And with this Mr. Melchisedek again touched the silver band-bell, saluted his visitors in stately fashion, and remained standing till the Armenian had ushered them from his presence.

Back they went again, through the five magnificent rooms, down the marble staircase, now all ablaze with lamps of quaint and beautiful designs, and out across the spacious court-yard.

It was now dusk. A delicious breeze was blowing off the sea; the Frankish quarter was full of promenaders; and a band was playing in the great square, before the French Consulate.

But Saxon strode on towards the Hotel de l'Europe, observing nothing; and Castletowers followed him silently. Not till they were again alone in their own sitting-room did he venture to break upon his friend's meditations.

"I am afraid this is a bad business, Trefalden," he said.

"A terrible business!" replied Saxon, leaning moodily out of the window.

The Earl laid his hand on the young fellow's shoulder.

"Is your loss very heavy?" he asked, gently.

"Nearly half my fortune."

"Good Heavens, Trefalden!"

Saxon smiled bitterly.

"Yes," he replied; "it is a loss not to be counted by thousands or tens of thousands, or hundreds of thousands—but millions. I have been robbed of two millions."

"But not irrecoverably robbed! You have the law to appeal to!"

"The law can do nothing for me," replied Saxon.

"The law can do everything, if one has prompt recourse to it. Supposing that these swindlers have fled, you can set a hundred detectives at their heels; you can hunt them down like vermin—you can—"

"I tell you, Castletowers, I can do nothing," interrupted Saxon, impatiently.

"Why not?"

Saxon was silent.

"Who laid the scheme before you? Who sold you the forged shares?"

Still Saxon made no reply.

A foreboding of the truth flashed suddenly across Lord Castletowers' mind.

"Gracious powers!" he faltered. "Surely—it is not possible—can it be that Mr. Trefalden—"

"Don't ask me!" said Saxon passionately; "don't ask me!"

Then breaking down all at once, he exclaimed:

"But oh, it's not the money, Castletowers! it's not the money that I grieve about!"

"I understand that," replied the Earl, scarcely less agitated than himself. "Who would have conceived that Mr. Trefalden could be so base?"

"My own kinsman—my friend whom I loved and trusted!"

"The friend whom we all trusted," said the Earl.

Saxon looked at him with an alarmed, almost, an imploring, expression—opened his lips as if to speak—checked himself, and turned away with a heavy sigh.

He had now no doubt that his cousin had wronged Lord Castletowers of that twenty-five thousand pounds; but he could not bring himself to say what he suspected. Besides, there was still a hope—

At all events, he would wait—wait and think.

CHAPTER LXXII. WHAT TO DO NEXT.

There are some emergencies in which men must and can only turn to their own thoughts for guidance—emergencies in which the least experienced are better able to help themselves than others are to help them; in which the wisest counsel from without is of less value than that counsel which comes from within. Such was Saxon's position when he made the cruel discovery of his cousin's baseness. He was stunned—crushed—bewildered. He neither knew how to act, nor what to think. A change and a shadow seemed all at once to have come over the face of the heavens. That simple faith in his fellow-man which had made wealth so pleasant, life so sweet, the present so sunny, and the future so fair, was shaken suddenly to its foundations. He felt like one who is overtaken by an earthquake. Where his home stood but a moment before, there is now a heap of fallen masonry. Where his garden lay, all bright with trees and flowers, there is now but a yawning chasm. He dreads to move, to stand still, to go backward or forward, lest the ground should open and swallow him. There is nothing before him, nothing behind him, but ruin.

As he told Castletowers in the first outbreak of his trouble, it was not, indeed, "the money" that he lamented. He would have given more than he had lost to believe again in William Trefalden, and know him for "a good man and true." It was not the money. He scarcely thought of it. He was rich without it. Perhaps—for he was beginning to loathe the wealth which had wrought all this evil—he should have been richer still if he had never possessed it. No—it was that he had, in his simple, manly, hearty way, truly loved his cousin—loved him, looked up to him, trusted him implicitly. It was that he had been, all along, the mere blind victim of a gigantic fraud, deliberately planned, mercilessly carried forward, callously consummated. This was the blow. This was the wrong. This was "the pity of it!"

He had to bear it, to fight through it, to think it out for himself. He had, above all, to consider what he should do next. That was the great problem—what to do next.

For he was determined not to have recourse to the law. He had made up his mind to that from the first. The money might go—was gone, probably. At all events, he would never foul the Trefalden name in a public court, or drag the man whom he had called by the sacred name of "friend" before a public tribunal. At the same time, however, might it not yet be possible to recover some portion of the money? William Trefalden believed him to be in Norway, and, doubtless calculated on the three months which Saxon had laid out for his northern trip. Was it not, at all events, possible that the lawyer had not yet taken flight?

The more Saxon thought about it, the more he became convinced that his wisest course would be to hasten back to London, confront his cousin, and wrest from him whatever might yet be recoverable of the stolen millions. There were great improbabilities in the way; but even in the face of these improbabilities, the effort was worth making.

And then there was the Castletowers mortgage—but Saxon had already considered how that difficulty might be met.

Poor young fellow! He lay awake all night turning these things over in his mind; and in the morning, as soon as Alexandria was awake and stirring, he went down without even knocking at Lord Castletowers' door as he passed by, and out into the streets.

When he came back to breakfast, his face wore a bright look of decision and purpose.

"I have been down to the landing-place, Castletowers," he said, "looking after the *Albula*, and making some inquiries of the people about the quays. I think I ought to give up this Mediterranean tour, and go back to England."

"I am sure of it," replied the Earl. "I was about to suggest it to you myself, if you had not proposed it."

"And 'if 'twere well 'twere done,' said Saxon, "'twere well 'twere done quickly.'"

"You will go by steamer, of course?"

"I would if I could; but the French mail left yesterday, and the Overland packet will not be due till next week; so the best and only thing to be done is to stick to the yacht for the present. The wind is direct in our favour; the *Albula* will skim along like a gull; and by pushing forward at once to Malta, we may catch one of the Italian boats. At all events, we shall not be standing still: and even to be moving is something, when one is so intolerably restless."

"I am ready to start with you this very moment," said the Earl.

"Thank you," replied Saxon, with a sigh.

"You must come back here, you know, when you have got rid of me, and go on to Cairo and the Pyramids, as we had intended before this happened."

"Without you?"

"Why not? I shall, of course, leave the yacht in your charge."

The Earl shook his head.

"No, no, Trefalden," he said. "The yacht can be sent home in the care of the master; but you and I must certainly not part company, unless you feel you had rather be without me."

"That's impossible; but—"

"But me no buts. Solitary travelling has no charm for me. If you reject my society, I shall simply go home to Castletowers as fast as I can."

So it was agreed that the friends should embark without an hour's delay, making direct for the nearest port in which a Marseilles steamer was likely to be found.

CHAPTER LXXIII. HOMEWARD BOUND.

That fate is always adverse to a man in haste, that nothing important in this world is ever to be had at the precise moment when it is most needed, that the train is certain to be half an hour late or the watch ten minutes slow, when every moment is more precious than gold and one's whole being seems to be concentrated on the one act of pushing forward—are facts which call for no evidence beyond that which comes within the circle of each man's experience.

In obedience, then, to what may be called the Law of Hindrances, the *Albula* just missed the steamer at Valetta by an hour and three-quarters. Being told, however, that by running before the wind to Messina without delay, they would be certain to catch the French mail steam-packet for Marseilles direct, the travellers crowded all sail, and went on. Arrived at Messina, they learned that their boat had started at noon, and would not be due again till that day week. There was now nothing for it but to go on to Naples.

They then landed their Sicilian surgeon, whose services were no longer needed, and again put to sea.

But the wind was no longer directly in their favour, and their progress was consequently so much the slower. Taking laboriously along the Calabrian coast, they beheld all that wondrous panorama unfold itself before them as they passed. Paestum, Amalfi, Salerno, Vesuvius, and, at last, the glorious bay, with its sentinel islets lying out to sea.

They landed at the Molo Grande. The white flag of the Bourbon was flying from the twin castles down beside the quays, from the arsenal, and from the masts of the steam-frigates in the harbour. There, pacing to and fro upon the pier, were the Neapolitan sentries, with their white-cross bolts—those same cross-bolts at which Saxon and Castletowers fired so many shots at Melazzo.

They soon found that the boat which they had missed at Messina was, above all others, the one which they should have taken. No other west

to Marseilles direct, and no other would go at all for at least forty-eight hours, from the time of their arrival in the harbour. It was now Thursday morning, and the order of departure was as follows: there was the boat of the *Messageries Impériales*, which left Naples every Tuesday at five p.m.; there was the boat of the Two Sicilies Mail Steam Navigation Company, which went every Wednesday at the same hour; and there were two boats every Saturday, besides the chance of a merchant-steamer, which had no fixed dates for departure, but was expected to be ready about that time. But every one of these packets, without exception, touched at Civita Vecchia, and some touched not only at Civita Vecchia, but also at Genoa and Leghorn.

In short, they could not possibly get off before Saturday at noon, and even then must suffer loss of time by putting in at the Papal port by the way.

However, there was no help for it. Wait one whole day and part of two others, they must; so they determined to make the delay as pleasant as possible, and the Earl undertook to show Saxon all that could be seen of Naples in the time.

How they rattled down to Pompelli by rail; dined on the Chinju; heard the "Barbière" at the San Carlo; supped in the open air on the terrace of the Albergo della Villa di Roma; ate mattoni ices and macaroni to their hearts' content; and wandered on the Molo, watching the red glow above Vesuvius long after those hours at which more reasonable travellers are in their beds—needs no recapitulation here.

To a stranger, the fair city seemed all careless security, all mirth, all holiday. Who that knew not every inflection of the popular voice, every flash of the popular humour, could have guessed that there was revolt at the heart of that shouting, laughing, noisy crowd? Who would have dreamed that the preacher holding forth in the Largo del Mercato was only kept from preaching the "movimento" by the sight of those cross-belts scattered, as if by chance, among the crowd? Or that the *Canta Storia* on the Molo, chanting his monotonous stanzas to an eager circle of boatmen and lazzaroni, was ready to substitute the name of Garibaldi for that of Rinaldo whenever the sentry was out of hearing? Who would have supposed that in every coffee-shop and trattoria, round every lemonade and macaroni stall, in front of every mountebank's platform, and in the porch of every church, the one prevailing, absorbing topic upon every lip was the advance of the national army?

Yet so it was. Garibaldi had crossed from Sicily, and landed in Calabria only a few days before, and all Naples was boiling over with hope and exultation. The wildest tales, the most extravagant anticipations were afloat. Every man whispered "Viva Garibaldi!" in his neighbour's ear; but none had yet dared to give voice to the popular watchword. In the meanwhile, an irrepressible under-current of revolutionary propagandism was beginning to agitate the surface of Neapolitan life. Though not yet apparent to the casual observer, this disposition was perfectly understood by the Neapolitan authorities who were doing all in their power to keep it down by means of the strong hand. The guns of St. Elmo, the Castel Nuovo, and the Castell dell' Ovo were pointed ominously upon the town. Small bodies of military were constantly perambulating the principal thoroughfares, mingling in every crowd, and loitering about the places of popular resort. Above all, the little theatre San Carline, in the Largo del Castello, was shut up. Saxon and Castletowers had gone down there, on their way to the opera, intending to pay a visit to Pulichinello; but they found the doors closed, and a sentry pacing before them. That witty and patriotic puppet had fallen a victim to his political opinions, and was now a state prisoner in his own little theatre.

Such was the condition of Naples when Saxon made his first acquaintance with the beautiful city. The king was still at the Palazzo Reale: the people were in a ferment; and Garibaldi was on the march.

CHAPTER LXXXIV. COLONNA'S HAND.

They were going up Vesuvius! Happy youth, which can forget its cares so easily, and float with every tide! Here were two young men snatching a hasty breakfast on the terrace in front of their hotel, while the carriage which was to convey them to Resina waited at the door. They had risen with the sun; they were in high spirits; they talked more than they ate, and laughed more than either. Who would have supposed that the one had been robbed of half his fortune, and the other rejected by the lady of his love? Who would have supposed that each had a real sorrow at heart? And, above all, who would not covet that healthy elasticity of temper which enabled them to put their troubles aside, and make the best of the sunshiny present?

"Confound the arm!" said the Earl, "I don't know how I am to get up the cone without the help of it!"

"You must be carried," replied Saxon, vigorously attacking a fragrant "bifteck," surrounded by a golden fence of "pommes de terre frites." "It's expensive and ignominious; but I can suggest nothing better."

"Consent to become a parcel?" exclaimed the Earl. "Never. Am I not a man and a biped?"

"Men and bipeds must occasionally do what they don't like to do, I presume, as well as women and quadrupeds," replied Saxon.

"There is one consolatory fact of which I am quite certain," replied the Earl; "and that is, that men and bipeds have the best of the bargain—at all events, in this world."

"Not a doubt of it. What splendid stuff this *Lachryma* is!"

"There's a poor wretch down there, however, who looks as if his worldly bargain had been bad enough!" said the Earl, tossing a handful of carlini to a beggar who had been mumbling and bowing in the road below, ever since the young men had sat down to breakfast.

The waiter in attendance shrugged his shoulders, and smiled.

"Son' tutti ladroni, signore," said he. "Tutti—tutti!"

The beggar picked up the coins with a great show of gratitude, and called upon a variety of saints to shower down blessings on the giver.

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Saxon, setting down the glass which he had just raised to his lips.

The Earl looked up in surprise.

"Why, my good fellow," said he, "what is the matter with you? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

But, instead of replying, Saxon turned to the waiter.

"Bring me a cup of strong coffee," he said. "Bring it immediately."

The waiter withdrew. Saxon at once laid his hand on his friend's arm, leaned closer to him, and said in a hurried whisper:

"It's Signor Montecuculi—that Montecuculi whom I saw once at Castletowers!"

"Montecuculi! Where? What do you mean?"

"There—the beggar yonder—don't you see? He has something to say to us!"

"But are you certain?"

"Certain. I saw his face quite plainly. Ha! What's this?"

The beggar had withdrawn a little into the shade of the roadside trees; but a stone came whirring through the air, and crashed down, as Saxon spoke, into the midst of the breakfast-table. There was a paper twisted about it, which the Earl had barely time to secure before the waiter came back. As soon as that functionary could be again dismissed, the young men hastened to examine it.

"Colonna's hand!" exclaimed the Earl, as his eyes fell on the writing.

There were but three or four lines, and they ran thus:

"In great peril. Concealed near the coast. Enemies on the alert. Bring a sailing boat. Anchor off shore, in a line with the ruins of Cama. Be prepared with a row-boat, and look out for signals about dusk."

"How lucky that we were detained here!" was Saxon's first exclamation.

"We must not think of Vesuvius now," said the Earl.

"Of course not!"

"We can say that we have changed our minds, and prefer a day on the water. It will be easy to cruise about the coast in that direction, fishing, or sketching."

"Nothing easier."

"And we'll get him off, somehow!"

"That we will, in spite of Francesco Secondo!"

CHAPTER LXXXV. ORTHODOX SAXON TOURIST.

The *Albula* coasted ostentatiously about the bay all the forenoon, but shortly after mid-day rounded Monte Procida, and cast anchor at the point indicated in Colonna's note.

Her crew was now strengthened by the addition of a small, active, swarthy Italian sailor, with gold rings in his ears, and a scarlet cap upon his head. He was an "old hand," whom Saxon had, apparently, picked up upon the quay, and he had not been on board five minutes before he betrayed his utter incapacity to handle a rope. This sailor was Montecuculi.

Himself proscribed and in hourly peril of recognition, he had been for three days vainly trying to get Colonna off from his hiding-place at Oumæ. Finding it impossible, in consequence of the vigilance of the harbour police, to make the attempt by sea, he was in the act of organizing an armed expedition by land when he heard an English yacht had just come into port. Going down himself after dark, he found, to his great joy, that the *Albula* was Saxon Trefalden's property, and that Lord Castletowers was with him at the Hotel Gran' Bretagne.

"I tried to see you last evening," said he, as they leaned chatting, over the side of the vessel; "but though I heard of you at many places, I could find you at none. This morning, however, I was determined not to be baffled; so I have been hanging about the Chiaja ever since day-break."

"It was an act of great imprudence on Colonna's part, to venture over to the mainland before Garibaldi was in Naples," said the Earl.

"Imprudence! It was madness. Nothing less. I have been in Naples myself for the last three weeks, attending the meetings of our secret societies, and distributing the Dictator's proclamations; but then I am known only to our own people, and there is no price upon my head. I heard some days ago that Colonna had been seen at Gaeta; but I did not believe it."

"At Gaeta!" repeated the Earl. "Nay, what could he expect, save danger, in a royalist stronghold like Gaeta?"

"What, indeed! Ma che volete? He has been running his head into the lion's mouth all his life."

"Heaven grant that he may not have done so once too often!"

"Were it not that no hand on earth could imitate his writing," said Montecuculi, "I should have suspected a trap; but of the genuineness of his note, there can be no doubt."

"How did it reach you?" asked the Earl.

"It was left for me, somewhat mysteriously, at the little trattoria where I dine. The messenger was a boy whom nobody knew, and he merely gave it in without a word, and ran away."

"But what was Signor Colonna doing at Gaeta?" asked Saxon.

The Italian shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"Garibaldi has only to enter Naples by one gate from Francesco to walk out by the other," replied he; "and Gaeta gave shelter to the Pope ten years ago. It is a difficult place to deal with, and, of course, if it could be gained over beforehand, our position would be materially strengthened. But Colonna was not the man for such an expedition. A less precious life should have been hazarded."

"I wonder where he is now!" said the Earl taking an anxious survey of the coast through his glass.

"I think I can guess," replied Montecuculi.

"You see that volcanic hill lying back yonder from the shore? That is the Acropolis of Cumæ; and a regiment might find hiding-rooms in the mysterious caves and passages with which it is perforated in every direction."

"I think I can see them," exclaimed Saxon. "They look like rabbit-burrows."

"There are hundreds of them—all hewn in the solid tufa. They were ancient beyond all record in the time of Virgil; and no one knows whether they lead, or by what hands they were excavated."

It was now proposed that Saxon and Castle-towers should land on pretext of sketching, leaving the Albula at anchor about half a mile from shore. They put off accordingly in the small boat, taking Saxon's English sailor with them, and leaving Montecuculi on board the yacht.

The shore was flat and marshy, fringed with tall reeds, and scattered over with fragments of very ancient masonry. Among these reeds they moored their boat, and, landing, found themselves face to face with a Neapolitan sentry.

Up till this moment, no human creature had been visible along the lonely coast. Scanning it carefully from the deck of the Albula and detecting no sign of life for miles on either side they had said to each other that nothing would be easier than to bring off the fugitive in open day; yet no sooner had they set foot upon the sand than their friend's danger stood boldly before them in the shape of an armed sentinel.

The man neither challenged them nor opposed their landing; but stood by, leaning on his musket, quiet and observant. Saxon and Castle-towers, on the other hand, with an air of the utmost unconcern, lit their cigars, and began looking about for a favourable point of view.

Presently the Earl went up to the sentry, and addressed him.

"Scusate, amico," said he, "but what hill is that yonder?"

"E la rocca di Cumæ, signore," replied the soldier.

"Cumæ?" repeated the Earl.

"Sì, signore. Cumæ antico."

"Grazie molte," said Castle-towers, and immediately pulled a book from his pocket, and began reading. The book was Childe Harold; but the last edition of Murray could not have answered his purpose better. The sentry concluded it was a guide-book, set down the new comers as inoffensive tourists, and took no further notice of them.

They then wandered a little way up the shore till they came to a clump of pines, in the shade of which they sat down. Here Saxon, who was, in truth, no artist, proceeded to make a sketch.

Presently another sentry made his appearance. Like the first, he seemed to rise out of the very earth, and yet made no show of watchfulness. Having paced slowly past the pine clump twice or thrice, he withdrew to a point of rising ground about a quarter of a mile distant, and there took up his position.

"Trefalden," said the Earl, "we are watched."

"Evidently."

"What is to be done?"

"Heaven knows!"

"It is my belief that the place swarms with soldiers."

"And I feel as if the very air were full of eyes and ears."

"Poor Colonna!"

Then for a few moments, they were both silent.

"I'll tell you what I think we must do, Castle-towers," said Saxon. "Seem to sail away, and then come back again at dusk."

Despite his anxiety, the Earl could not forbear a smile.

"Decidedly, my friend," said he, "you have no genius for intrigue."

"Isn't my plan a good one?"

"It is the most artless artifice that ever oozed from an honest brain. No, no. We must do something much more cunning than that."

"Then I fear you will have to invent it."

"I think I have done so already. You must go on sketching for a few hours longer. We must then pretend to be hungry——"

"No need for pretence on my part," said Saxon. "I am frightfully hungry now."

"You will have to fast for some time, then, because it is my object to prolong our stay here till dusk; and, in order to do that, we must drive off the dinner question to the last moment. Having done this, we will go up boldly to one of the sentries, inquire our way to the nearest inn, and get something to eat. By the time we have dined it will be dusk. Colonna will then only have to steal down to the shore and hide himself in our boat; and the object for which we are here will be triumphantly accomplished."

"It seems to me," said Saxon, "that we should have done better had we followed Colonna's own instructions more closely, and not come till after sunset."

The Earl shook his head.

"Our baly course," he replied, "was to land openly—to sketch, and idle, and play the orthodox British tourist. By doing this, we disarm suspicion; by stealing along the coast after sunset, we should infallibly have aroused the suspicions of every royalist within half a dozen miles of the place."

"I dare say you are right," said Saxon; "but in the mean while, I am starving."

"I fear you must contione to starve for the present."

"Then, I beg you to understand that I decline to sit still under the treatment. Suppose we go over the ruins."

"Will you not finish your sketch first?"

"My sketch!" ejaculated Saxon, contemptuously. "Pshaw! my sketches are the most unsatisfactory daubs in the world. The more I finish them, the worse they get. If I had put this down half an hour ago, it would have been ever so much better than it is now."

The Earl still hesitated. Not knowing where Colonna might be hidden, he doubted whether they ought to go up to the ruins or not. At last they decided that orthodox British tourists would be certain to see all that could be seen; and so went across the broiling plains and up to the foot of the Cumæan Mount. Arrived, however, at the Arco Felice, they were met by a third sentry, who interposed his bayonet somewhat unceremoniously between them and the gate. The ruins, he said, were closed to the public, and could only be seen by order of the Royal Chamberlain.

They tried expostulation, they tried bribery; but in vain. The man was immovable. So Saxon had to make another sketch, and then another, to pass the time away.

At length the day began to decline, and the Earl judged that they might proceed to the second step in their plan. So they went back to the sentinel at the Arco Felice, and inquired if he knew where they might purchase something to eat.

The soldier shrugged his shoulders, and believed there was no albergo nearer than Patria.

"How far are we from Patria?" asked the Earl.

"About eight miles."

"Eight miles! But, amico, we have not eaten since breakfast—we are starving. Is there no farm house near at hand?"

"Oh, sicuro. There is a podere about a quarter of an hour hence."

"In which direction?"

"Following the coast-road towards Litternum."

"A thousand thanks. Good evening, amico."

"Buona sera, signore."

With this the young men turned away, and hastened in the direction indicated.

To be continued

A REMARKABLY thin man observed one evening a gentleman much inebriated approaching him in so irregular a direction, that it might have been concluded he had business on both sides of the way. After they had come near, they eyed each other for a moment, when the lean man said to the other, "My dear friend you seem to have drunk too much."—"Yes," was the reply, "and you, fellow, have eaten too little."

IRISH GAVELKIND.

GAVELKIND or equal division between all the sons was the earlier law of inheritance in many Celtic and Teutonic nations. It existed in England prior to the Norman conquest, and indeed to a much later period in Kent. But the Gavelkind which existed in Ireland had a feature peculiar to itself. In England and elsewhere when a man died, his land was assigned to his children by this custom in equal shares. But in Ireland such a death enforced a new division of all the lands held by the sept or clan to which the deceased belonged. His sons became heads of families, and entitled to equal shares with the other members of the sept. For example if in a sept numbering one hundred heads of families, a death occurred, the deceased's family, consisting of (say) six sons, became each entitled, not as they would have been under the English custom, to the one sixth of the part held by their father, but to one one hundred and fifth part of the whole lands of the clan. The chief had no larger share in the land than any other member of the sept, but he received a tribute from them and a larger share of the spoil.

The tendency, of course, of this custom was to prevent any improvement of the soil, and to make cattle the chief wealth and support of the Irish kerne.

The importance of this little bit of Irish antiquity is that it has been in some degree the cause of the agrarian character of Irish crime, and in a great degree the root of Irish discontent. To understand how the custom of Gavelkind gave an agrarian character to Irish crime, we must consider an important part of Irish history—the first plantation of Ulster.

On the 19th of May, 1607, a letter was dropped in Council room of Dublin Castle; it had no signature attached to it, but it professed to disclose a plot to seize the castle, and murder the Lord Deputy. The earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell were accused of being originators of the plot. Whether this plot had any reality, or whether the letter was forged in order to make the forfeitures, is very doubtful. The result was that the whole of Ulster was confiscated to the crown. This measure, according to all Irish notions, was atrociously unjust. The clansmen had not risen in arms; they, even if we admit that the earls were guilty, had not been involved in their guilt. The lands of the sept did not belong to the chieftain, and yet they were confiscated, the Irish kerne were driven out from their homes, and their broad lands. But with the strong yearning for the scenes of childhood, common to all Celts, they crept back again to their old haunts, as tenants to the stranger who held their lands. Thirty-four years passed, during which every Irish hut was the scene where men and women told their listening children, that the O'Neils were the rightful owners of the fertile pastures, of the heath-crowned hills, of the fuel-bearing bogs that stretched for many a mile. Each son of the sept grew up with the feeling that the land of the whole clan was his inheritance, and he stood upon it a serf. This was the feeling embittered no doubt by religious hate which caused the massacre of 1641. And at the present time the Irish peasant has the same ideas. His landlord is a thief and a usurper, and he pays rent for a miserable scrap of the lands of his ancestors, which are rightfully his own. Such are the notions which, floating through the mind of the peasant, keep him in a state of chronic discontent, ready if hardly treated, to result in crime. No doubt the sober truth is that he is as well off or even better than in the days of Irish nationality. But distance lends enchantment to the view, and the imaginative Celt after a generation or two had passed, had transferred to himself as sole heir the inheritance held in common by his sept, had transformed his savage chieftain into a bountiful monarch, and the saffron robed kerns and gallaglass into brave knights and gallant gentlemen. Education might remove this prejudice, but that the programme of national education in Ireland does not include History in any shape or form.

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The Caliph addressed me: "Stranger! it seems clear that you know where Selim, the son of the venerable Hussein, is concealed. Release him and all will be well with thee."

I knew not what to reply, and for a long time I kept silence, until finally Hussein cried out, "Powerful Eucharist, give back my son to my old age."

I could not resist these words of my father and his sorrowful countenance, but cried aloud, "Hussein! I am thy son, Selim!"

Hussein ran to me, and looking me steadily in the face, exclaimed, "Allah is great! It is even so. This is Selim, my son."

Now there was great joy and wonder, and I was called on by the Caliph to narrate how it had been with me. Mindful of my promise to Daniel, I tried to evade his curiosity, and told him, after much pressing, that I had slept through the intervals.

The Caliph now spoke to Hussein: "It is plain, that thy son is the victim of Daniel Ben Eli, a great wizard, and once my treasurer, who disappeared on the same day that he did. It is requisite to secure thy son, until to-morrow, to dissolve this enchantment." These words filled me with sorrow, but I had no resource, for I was bound and guarded by the Caliph, Hussein, Othman, and a number of wise dervises, who formed a magic circle round me to ward off hostile enchantments. A violent storm fell upon the city, amid which were heard the howls of genii, trying to reach me. Although anxious to be released and return to Hannah, I was able to do nothing, so powerful were the counter-spells of the dervises. The storm lasted till midnight, when it suddenly ceased, and I heard through the subsiding blasts, a melancholy strain of music, and Hannah's voice bidding me farewell. All this time I implored for leave to go, but when I heard her voice, I fainted. I awoke not until noon next day. When I came to my senses, my father told me that at daylight, the gardens of Daniel, which had been invisible for twenty-one years, were discovered as they had existed before that time. The guards of the Caliph, on entering, found the house consumed by fire, and Daniel dead on the threshold. In the summer-house, beside the fountain, lay the corpse of a beautiful lady, on whose bosom played an innocent babe. I took my child, and yielding to the wishes of my father, returned with him and Othman to Bagdad. Here after some years I buried my father. Othman lived with us, but I took little part or pleasure in anything, except in the care and education of my daughter. Seventeen years have passed thus, which seem like so many centuries to me. To-day the Angel of Death called Othman, and I, possessing the Elixir of Life, carefully guard, lost one drop of it, mingling with my food, should prolong a life, which, since the loss of Hannah, is weariness itself. Heaven seems to have sent you to me. By the gift of Azrael, you do not need the Elixir, which shall perish with me; for to my daughter Zuleima, I desire no moment of life beyond the time allotted to her above. The Benevolence which presides over life and death ordains more wisely than the lust of the flesh of man. Thou, Mahmoud! shall, if thy heart assents, have Zuleima for thy wife, and I will depart to the fountain where Azrael met thee, for perchance he will kindly visit me there also."

Mahmoud could only throw himself at his benefactor's feet, and thank him for his confidence and wonderful goodness. Selim then clapped his hands, and ordered a slave to bring to him Zuleima. When Mahmoud beheld her, so great was her beauty, that his love knew no bounds, but when he heard her voice, which she inherited from her mother, he was transfixed and mute. Zuleima was delighted with her father's choice, and being mutually acceptable, the wedding was fixed for the next day, when it was celebrated with great magnificence. On their return from the Oudi's, Selim kindly took Mahmoud by the hand, and placing on his finger the amulet, which informed him whether the truth was spoken, said, "My children, I depart on a long journey; all that I have of wealth, I leave to you. I burden you not with the painful knowledge, which I might in time transmit to you, but which is a

load to the happy and a weariness to the flesh of him who sorrows. Be virtuous. Be patient. Be resigned." He took an affectionate farewell of them and departed.

And now for a while we will leave Mahmoud, who in so short a time as twenty-four hours, from a homeless and hungry beggar, became one of the richest men in Bagdad, the possessor of a magic ring, and the husband of one of the loveliest women in the world.

ALI'S STORY.

When Ali parted from his brother at the caravan-serai, he took a path by the river side. With no defined purpose he strolled along, drinking in the songs of birds, and forming vague dreams of a possible greatness. At length, when the sun had passed the zenith, his youthful appetite reminded him that he had eaten no dinner. He lay down under the dense shade of a sycamore to reflect on the best means of obtaining a dinner, when, overcome by heat and fatigue, he fell asleep. When he awoke, the moon was up. He had hardly opened his eyes, when he heard a step coming towards him, and looking in that direction saw a gigantic black slave approaching and bearing in his arms a female form. Before he could utter a word, the slave halted on the river's brink and cast his burden into the stream. Filled with horror, Ali could only spring to his feet and rush violently upon the gigantic black, whom, striking unawares, he pushed into the river; the slave seemed unable to swim, for he went down and did not rise again to the surface. Ali plunged in and with great difficulty rescued the lady, whom, however, the cold water had restored to consciousness. She immediately begged of him to fly with her, and leading him to a spot near by, pointed out a hidden boat, in which they embarked. After rowing some time in silence, the lady spoke, "Generous deliverer! to whom I owe my life, tell me how it happened that you were so wonderfully at hand?" "A merciful Providence led me to the spot," replied Ali, who then narrated to her how it had occurred.

"I owe it to my preserver, to tell him all," said the lady, "I am Selina, the favourite of the Caliph. A Greek by birth, my father, who was a merchant, travelled into these parts, and when I was but a girl, three years since, came with me to Bagdad. A young Greek, named Dionysius, applied for my hand, and my father resolved that I should be his, but without any reason that I could give, I conceived a violent dislike to him. My father, although usually indulgent, determined that I should marry Dionysius, and after in vain using all the arts of persuasion, finally fixed the next day as that of my wedding. I, equally obstinate, looked around for some mode of escape. That afternoon, my father made sale of some valuables to a merchant of Bassora, whom he then invited to dinner. The repast had almost ended, when a message came to my father, to attend instantly at the Cadi's, in regard to some of the formalities of the marriage. My father, excusing himself to his guest, promised to return in an hour and left him. Looking through the lattice and seeing the merchant, who was a man of noble aspect, alone, an impulse seized me to ask his advice and assistance. Entering the room, I respectfully approached him, and saluting him gracefully, made known my purpose. He bade me be seated and said, "Lady! obedience is a filial virtue."

"You speak wisely, noble sir! but so great is my aversion to this Dionysius, that I should die if I married him."

"Is he hideous," asked the merchant.

"On the contrary, he is called handsome," said I. "This is a strange case," replied the merchant, who all this time had been examining my countenance with looks of approval and delight. "Answer me fairly, lady! Should your father consent would you wed me?"

"I will be candid to your heart's desire," said I.

"I would gladly marry one of so noble a man as yourself, but my father's word being out he will not break it."

"We will easily settle that," said he, "know, lady, that I am sometimes a merchant of Bassora, and sometimes Haroun Al Raschid, Caliph of Bagdad," and putting to his lips, a silver

whistle, he speedily summoned a train of followers, and before I knew it almost, I was conveyed to the palace. It is needless to say that my father was dismissed to his own country, satisfied with the magnificent presents of the Caliph.

Since then I have led a very happy life, in spite of the jealousy of Zobeide, chief wife of the Caliph, until about six months ago, I discovered that Dionysius, for whom I had entertained so strange and seemingly groundless an aversion, had been installed in the outer apartments of the palace as Deputy master of Accounts, under a false name. Since then every sort of ill-luck has seemed to hunt me down. The jealous rage of Zobeide has increased, and many enemies, unknown before, have sprung up. Still, as I had, without good ground, originally ill-treated Dionysius, I never mentioned his name, and pretended not to be aware of his existence. Yesterday, I was, by means of a drugged potion, thrown into a deep sleep, and the black, whom you put to death, and who was the slave of Dionysius, was employed to murder me. Your courage and goodness have saved me from death; but now whither am I to fly from the wrath of Zobeide, and the suspicious jealousy of the Caliph?"

"Alas, noble and beautiful lady!" said Ali, on whom her loveliness and distress had made a great impression, "how can I advise you. I have neither home, nor means to buy bread, and even now am faint from hunger." Hardly had he spoken these words when, exhausted, the oars fell from his hands, and he sunk senseless in the boat. Selina, overcome by grief, placed his head in her lap and called upon him to return to life. So absorbed was she in this new distress, that she did not observe a gay boating party which had overtaken her, and was now watching her frantic attempts to recall animation in Ali. Presently, they cautiously pulled alongside and before she was aware, she was grasped in a pair of strong arms and transferred to the other boat. A moment of mute surprise was followed by another of tempest, for it was the Caliph's pleasure-boat, which had joined her. The first words that Haroun uttered were addressed to Mesroul, chief of the slaves. He said slowly, and in a tone of sombre and burning indignation, "Mesroul! methinks you are slow to do your duty. An unfaithful favorite of the Caliph, by the law, should be drowned in the Tigris, and this one seems to have sought her doom."

As Mesroul was about to proceed to his painful office, Selina, awakened to her danger, calmly remarked, "Commander of the faithful! it has been the boast of thy people, that thou did'st not condemn unheard. Hasty judgment, in the month of a prince, is a two-edged sword."

"Speak," said Haroun coldly, and with effort.

Immediately Selina began, and with a rapid and flowing eloquence recounted to the Caliph the whole of her adventure. When she concluded he directed them to proceed to the spot where the black was drowned. Arrived there, he bade his attendants drag the river for the body, which was speedily found, but Mesroul said, "Dread master, this is, indeed the body of Kobo, but his master's name is not Dionysius, but Kaliphernes."

"Nevertheless," said Selina, "I maintain that these two are one, and my story true."

"Let us proceed to the Judgment Hall," said the Caliph.

Scarcely was the Caliph seated, before the mother of the Harem sent word that Selina, the favorite, had fled with one Dionysius, a Greek, who had murdered Kobo, the slave of Kaliphernes, Master of Accounts, who could testify to the facts.

Kaliphernes, being summoned before the Caliph, after due obeisance, began to speak. "Commander of the Faithful," said he, "it is my misfortune to be a Greek, though of the true faith. Appointed to the post of Master of Accounts in your household, by reason of my great skill, I have been happy until I met one Dionysius, a companion of my youth. To-day he came to me under the pretext of borrowing money. I gave him what he wished. Kaliphernes," said he, "a noble lady wishes to row with me on the river this evening. Give me thy slave, Kobo, at dusk."

I assented. He then told me, that his bride had been honored by the Caliph three years before, but that now he was to have recompense. Yonder, in wet and humble attire, is Dionysus," said the false Kaliphernus, pointing to Ali, "he has evidently murdered Kobo, after employing him on some fatal mission."
To be continued.

OUR DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

- Consul, (*Lat.*), the chief magistrate of ancient Rome, invested with authority for one year. Now, a person appointed by a state to reside in a foreign country, to protect the interests of its merchants, &c.
- Contretemps, (*Fr.*), an unexpected accident which causes confusion.
- Conversazione, (*It.*), a meeting for conversation, generally on literary topics.
- Coquette, (*Fr.*), a vain girl, a jilt.
- Gorani justice, (*Lat.*), before the judge.
- Cordon, (*Fr.*), band, girdle, boundary.
- Corps diplomatique, (*Fr.*), the diplomatic body.
- Corps de ballet, (*Fr.*), a body of ballet dancers.
- Cor unum via una, (*Lat.*), one heart one way.
- Cortège, (*Fr.*), a train of attendants, also a procession.
- Corvée, (*Fr.*), forced labour (in feudal law.)
- Corpus Christi, (*Lat.*), a festival of the Church of Rome, the body of Christ.
- Coterie, (*Fr.*), a circle of familiar friends.
- Couleur de rose, (*Fr.*), under an aspect of attractiveness, of a rose colour.
- Coup d'état, (*Fr.*), a stroke of policy, a political stratagem.
- Coup de grâce, (*Fr.*), the finishing stroke.
- Coup de main, (*Fr.*), a bold effort, a sudden attack.
- Coup d'œil, (*Fr.*), a glance.
- Coup de soleil, (*Fr.*), a sun stroke.
- Courage sans peur, (*Fr.*), courage without fear.
- Coûte qui coûte, (*Fr.*), cost what it may.
- Cui bono, (*Lat.*), for whose benefit is it? to what good will it tend?
- Cui malo, (*Lat.*), to what evil will it tend?
- Cul de sac, (*Fr.*), blind alley, no thoroughfare, literally, the bottom of the bag.
- Cum multis aliis, (*Lat.*), with many others.
- Cum privilegio, (*Lat.*), with privilege.
- Cura facit canos, (*Lat.*), care will kill a cat.
- Currents calamo, (*Lat.*), with great expedition, with a running pen.
- Custos rotulorum, (*Lat.*), the keeper of the rolls (records.)
- Cruz, (*Lat.*), anything vexatious or difficult, literally a cross.
- D. as a numeral represents 500.
- D.D., (*Divinitatis doctor*), doctor of divinity.
- Da capo, (*It.*), (in music), repeat from the beginning.
- D'accord, (*Fr.*), agreed, in tune.
- Damnum absque injuria, (*Lat.*), loss without injury that the law can take cognizance of.
- Daouseuse, (*Fr.*), a female dancer.
- Data, (*Lat.*), things granted.
- Da locum melioribus, (*Lat.*), give place to your betters.
- Damnans quod non intelligunt, (*Lat.*), they condemn what they do not understand.
- De bene esse, (*Lat.*), (*law term*), to allow a thing for the present, subject to be suppressed on further examination.
- Débris, (*Fr.*), ruins or fragments.
- Débouchure, (*Fr.*), the mouth of a river.
- Début, (*Fr.*), the first appearance of an actor or speaker.
- Débutant, *mas.*, *débutante, fem.* (*Fr.*), a person making a first appearance.
- Deceptio visus, (*Lat.*), an optical illusion.
- Decies repetita placebit, (*Lat.*), though ten times repeated it will still please.
- Decus et tutamen, (*Lat.*), honour and safeguard.
- Dedimus, (*Lat.*), literally, we give; (*law term*) a writ authorising private persons to do some act; as, to examine witnesses.
- De facto, (*Lat.*), from the fact; in reality.
- De galoté de cosur, (*Fr.*), sportively.
- De haute lutte, (*Fr.*), by a violent struggle.
- Dei gratia, (*d. g.*) (*Lat.*), by the grace of God.

PASTIMES.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead an article of furniture, and leave one of the integuments of the body; behead again, and leave a necessity to the life of man.
2. Behead a common name, and leave something fabulous.
3. Behead a total, and leave a cavity.
4. Behead a building, and yet leave the whole of it.

A CURIOUS LETTER.

Friends, Sir, Friends
stand your disposition
I bearing
a man the world
is whilst the
contempt
ridicule
are
ambitious

CHARADES.

1. My first by insect race is stored,
My next by love-sick maids adored;
My whole is paradise restored;
Yet often ends in being bored.
2. Change the head of a foreign coin—
Its worth will be double;
While merely to add one
Would give you some trouble.
3. My first's a little busy thing,
My second ladies do;
Impelled by that which rules the world,
My whole—I tell you true—
An animal of swiftest pace,
Is famed for beauty and for grace.

CONUNDRUM.

What battle in the American war is suggestive of a child urging a relative to partake freely of berries?

ANAGRAMS.

1. Y ask ye wit in an utterer of comic dates.
2. Know yer.
3. The fame we ticketed is in atrocious ty-ranny.
Two o tyranny sick fams it cauterised a.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. If you were sent to a house whose number was represented by 3 figures; and, knowing that the digit representing the hundreds was triple that of the tens, and that the sum of the 3 digits was but $\frac{1}{7}$ of the number, at what door would you rap.
2. Place the nine digits 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., in a square, so as to count 15 each way.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c., No. 15.

ACROSTIC.—Marathon. 1. Miltiades. 2. Aristotle. 3. Rufus. 4. Alexander. 5. Titus. 6. Homer. 7. Olympus. 8. Nelson.

CHARADES.—1. Palm-erst-on. 2. Car-mine. 3. Hand-cuff.

ANAGRAMMATIC COURTSHIP.—Wait and hope, Tom.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.—1. Cartes de visite. 2. Obrist Church Cathedral. 3. The Crystal Palace.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.—1st. 210 leaps. 2nd. 147 sheep. 3rd. 7 days.

The following answers have been received:

Acrostic.—Nemo, Peter, A. A. Oxon, H. H. V., Cloud.

Charades.—All, Ellen G., Camp, Peter, A. A. Oxon, Nemo; 1st and 3rd, L. P. C.; 1st, Old Tom.

Anagrammatic Courtship.—The only answer received is that forwarded by "Peter," who, by changing "a" into "n," forms, "I do want Tom—when?" The solution given above is formed by changing the "w" in "two" into "p."

Arithmetical Problems.—All, A. A. Oxon, Nemo, Peter, H. H. V., Cloud; 2nd, F. G. P., Old Tom.

The following did not reach us in time to be acknowledged in our last issue: Rusticus, Cadet, Florence, George L.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correct solutions to Problem No. 3 were received from "St. Urbain St.," and J. McL.
Solutions to Problem No. 2, from J. R. and Phidder, were received too late, to acknowledge last week.

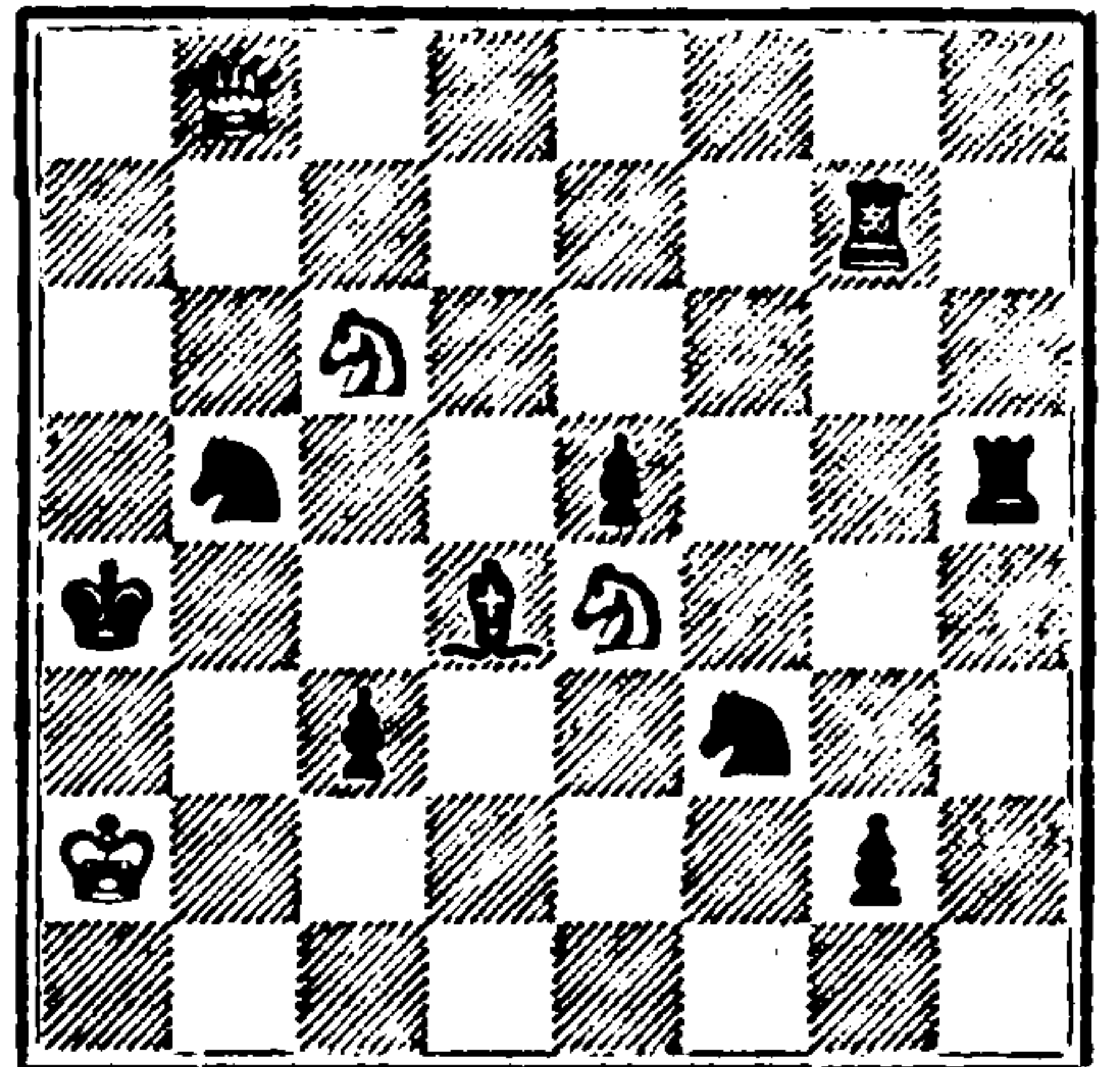
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>WHITE.</p> <p>1 B. to Q. B. sq.
 2 Q. takes R. P. (ch.)
 3 Q. to Q. 5th. Mate.</p> <p>• 1 —————
 2 Q. to K. B. 4th (ch.)
 3 Q. to B. sq. Mate.</p> <p>† 1 —————
 2 Q. to Q. 2nd (ch.)
 3 Q. to Q. 5th. Mate.</p> <p>‡ 1 —————
 2 Q. to K. B. 4th (ch.)
 3 Q. to Q. B. 4th. Mate.</p> | <p>BLACK.</p> <p>K. to be 4th or ♠ 1
 K. to K. 5th.</p> <p>K. to K. B. 6th.
 K. to K. 7th.</p> <p>K. to Q. 6th.
 K. to K. 5th.</p> <p>If P's move.
 K. to Q. 6th</p> |
|---|--|

PROBLEM No. 5.

By MR. F. HEALTY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

Mr. J. H. Blackburne astonished the members of the Kidderminster Chess Club, a few years ago, by playing ten blindfold games at once. The following interesting partie is renowned for its beautiful termination:

IRREGULAR OPENING.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>WHITE.
(Blackburne.)</p> <p>1 P. to K. 4th.
 2 P. to Q. 4th.
 3 B. Q. B. 4th.
 4 Kt. to K. B.
 5 P. to Q. B. 3rd.
 6 Q. Kt. takes B.
 7 Kt. takes Kt.
 8 B. takes B. P. (ch.)
 9 B. to K. Kt. 5th (ch.)
 10 Q. to K. R. 5th.
 11 K. to Q. sq.
 12 P. to K. B. 4th.
 13 P. takes P.
 14 Castles.
 15 B. to K. 8th.
 16 K. takes Kt.
 17 K. to Q. 7th (ch.)
 18 Q. to B. 7th (ch.)
 19 Q. takes Q. B. (ch.)
 20 B. to K. 3rd (ch.)
 21 Q. takes Q. Kt. P. (ch.)</p> | <p>BLACK.
(Mr. A.)</p> <p>P. to K. 4th.
 P. takes P.
 P. to Q. 3rd.
 Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
 P. takes P.
 Kt. to K. 4th.
 P. takes Kt.
 K. to K. 2nd.
 Kt. to B. 3rd.
 P. to Q. B. 3rd.
 Q. to K. 4th.
 Q. to Q. B. 4th.
 Q. takes K. P.
 P. to K. R. 3rd.
 B. to K. 3rd.
 P. takes B.
 B. takes K.
 K. to Q. 3rd.
 K. to B. 4th.
 K. to Kt. 5th.
 K. to R. 4th.</p> |
|--|---|
- And Mr. Blackburne announced Mate in three moves.

The Mate is as intricate as it is beautiful, and shows that Mr. B. possessed great powers as a player. We venture to say that very few players over the board would have perceived a Mate in three moves at this point; and then it must be recollected that Blackburne was playing nine other blindfold games.—*Kingston (N. Y.) Journal.*

We revenge in haste and passion; we repent at leisure and from reflexion.

Once give your mind to suspicion, and there will be sure to be food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with sounds for the wakeful ear that is resolved to hear them.

GREAT talent renders a man famous, great merit procures respect, great learning gains esteem—but kind feeling alone ensures love and affection.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. P. C.—Much obliged.

YELVA.—Received.

GEO. O. G., QUINCY.—Please forward one of the translations complete. We will write you on receipt. Will return the MS. if not required.

C. S., KINROSS.—We think we have succeeded in making an arrangement that will be satisfactory to you. Will write you with particulars.

EXOSTRATUS.—We had intended to publish the article this week, as requested, but on referring to it again find we really cannot do so.

FRANCIS P.—We will insert in an early issue. We answer both queries in the affirmative, and spare you the anticipated retort.

J. R., CHAZ.—We shall be happy to receive the article you mention. The other subjects are good, and we hope you will complete the sketches at your convenience.

SPARE HOUR.—We do not know what may be the practice of our city contemporaries, but we never insert poetry as we do advertisements, at so much per line. Respect for our readers, however, compels us to reject more than two-thirds of the so-called poetry we are favoured with. The stanzas forwarded contain some good ideas, poetically expressed, but "rare" does not rhyme with "tear," nor "form" with "morn," nor "hope" with "up."

LXX.—We do not care to offer an opinion of our own respecting the renewal of the Reciprocity Treaty. We believe the general view is that the treaty will be allowed to lapse, but that a new one will be negotiated within a year or two.

CADRE, GOELPH.—You can probably obtain "A Summer in Skye," from the Toronto Booksellers—if not, Messrs. Dawson & Bros. will be happy to forward it to your address, per Book post.

G. B. H.—Received. No. 15 will appear in our next issue. Many thanks.

IMogene.—A problem very similar to the first has already appeared. We insert the second. Please accept our thanks.

CANADA.—Your contribution will appear in our next issue.

M. D.—Good, but we fear too generally known.

M. J. L., MONTREAL.—You have rung the changes pretty well upon that theme. P. R. & P. H. are late.

G. W.—Although we cannot insert your communication we are pleased to have received it, because we deem it a strong evidence of wide-spread good feeling towards the READER.

E. C.—Much obliged for the problem, which we insert. Shall be glad to hear from you again.

J. D., MADOC.—In reply to your query respecting Clubs, we repeat a notice which has already appeared in the READER. "Any person getting up a club of five will be entitled to a free copy of the READER, during the existence of the Club; and if a yearly Club of ten, to a free copy of the paper, and a handsomely bound copy (two volumes) of Garneau's History of Canada, published at three dollars."

J. H., TORONTO.—We will, as you suggest, submit the question to our readers, with the view of eliciting a solution.

L. M.—Declined with thanks.

VISTA.—We cannot penetrate the mystery. Have you any solution to offer?

Old Tom.—Thanks.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Considerable interest has been excited in Birmingham by the exhibition of articles manufactured from the titaniferous iron sand of New Zealand, where the supply is boundless.

A mixture of clay and glycerine, which keeps its plasticity for any length of time at all temperatures, has been found very useful by modellers. The clay must be well dried before it is mixed with the glycerine. It is said that the mixture can be used in place of wax for the most delicate work.

A Captain Hagstrom, a Swede, has invented a new sort of needle-gun, which is to cut out the Prussian needle altogether. It fires ten shots in a minute, and does not get foul after a hundred shots. It has been accepted by the Swedish Government, and is to be introduced into the army.

At Kew a magnificent spectroscope is enabling the Director of the Observatory to map the remarkable variety of lines seen in the spectrum of the sun and that of other bodies. To keep the light of the sun in the field of view of the instrument, which is placed upon a large table facing a window, a clock is made to move a reflector so as to keep the light of the sun thrown upon the object glass.

An excellent cement for attaching metal to glass or porcelain consists in a mixture of a solution of eight ounces of strong glue, and one ounce of varnish of linseed oil, or three quarters of an ounce of Venice turpentine, which should be boiled together and stirred till the mixture is thoroughly mixed.

PROPERTIES OF CHARCOAL.—Among the many properties of charcoal, may be mentioned its power of destroying smell, taste, and colour; and, as a proof of its possessing the first quality, if it be rubbed over putrid meat the smell will be destroyed. If a piece of charcoal be thrown into putrid water, the putrid taste or flavour will be destroyed, and the water be rendered completely fresh. Sailors are aware of this; for when water is bad at sea, they are in the habit of throwing pieces of burnt biscuit into it to purify it. Colour is materially influenced by charcoal, and in a number of instances, in a very irregular way. If you take a dirty black syrup, and filter it through burnt charcoal, the colour will be removed. The charcoal of animal matter appears to be the best for this purpose. You may learn the influence of charcoal in destroying colours, by filtering a bottle of port wine through it; in the filtration it will lose a great portion of its colouring, and become tawny; repeat the process two or three times, and you have destroyed it altogether.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

MODERN DICTIONARY.

Nose-gay. A red nose.
No-tary. Great haste.
Nu-dity. A song just published.
Night-in-gale. A stormy evening.
Od-dity. A queer song.
Pass-port. To hand round wine.
Pat-riot. An Irish shindy.
Pen-dent. Mark of a pen.
Pit-y. Full of holes.
Plain-tiff. A bluff easily noticed.
Quarter-staff. A twenty five cent cane.
Rain-bow. A young man who offers a young lady an umbrella in a storm.
Rein-deer. The young lady to whom he offers it.

THE "END" OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The attempt to lay the Atlantic cable has for a time terminated in disaster. We have witnessed the termination; but until they succeed in fishing the cable up again from the depths of ocean we cannot hope to see the "end of it."

NEAR AND CAADIO.—When somebody once taunted a very sly man with his silence, the bashful one replied, "Talking is all very well when you have anything to say, but I have nothing."

TUTS FOR ONCE.—A traveller announces as a fact (and though he is a "traveller" we believe him) that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business." This remarkable occurrence happened at sea—the passengers being "too sick to attend to each other's concerns."

A LOVING WIFE.—A farmer, going to get his grist ground at a mill, borrowed a bag of one of his neighbours; the poor man was knocked under the waterwheel, and the bag with him; he was drowned. When the melancholy news was brought to his wife, she exclaimed, "My gracious, what a fuss there'll be about that bag!"

FORCE AND PERSUASION.—When Themistocles went to Andros, to demand a loan of money, he said, "I bring two gods with me, Force and Persuasion."—He was answered, "We have two stronger, Want and Impossibility."

BALAM'S ASS.—A princess of Hungary once asked a monk, who was a scholar and a wit, to explain to her the story of Balaam and the ass, adding, "good father, I can hardly believe that an ass could be so talkative."—"Madame, replied the father, "your scruples may cease when you are informed it was a female."

A GENTLEMAN once called upon one of our celebrated painters, and told him he wished a large picture painted for his dining room, giving him at the same time the dimensions, and offering him the paltry sum of ten pounds. The subject fixed upon for the picture was, "The Israelites crossing the Red Sea." When finished the gentleman called, and was surprised to see only a serene blue sky, and a calm, unuffled sea. "But where," said he, "are the Israelites?"—"Oh, they have passed over," replied the painter. "Well, then, the Egyptians?" continued the gentleman. "Oh, they are all drowned," replied the painter.

INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.—To dream of a millstone around your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you get an extravagant wife. When a young lady dreams of a coffin it betokens that she should instantly discontinue lacing her stays tightly, and always go warmly and thickly shod in wet weather. To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that the lights in your house are out before you go to bed. To dream that your nose is red at the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave off brandy and water.

LAOCONIC.—A lady having occasion to call upon Abernethy, and knowing his repugnance to anything like verbosity, forebore speaking except simply in reply to his laconic inquiries. The consultation, during three visits, was conducted in the following manner:—First day (Lady enters, and holds out her finger).—Abernethy: "Cut?" Lady: "Bite." A.: "Dog?" L.: "Parrot." A.: "Go home and poultice it." Second day (Finger held out again).—A.: "Better?" L.: "Worse." A.: "Go home and poultice it again." Third day (Finger held out as before).—A.: "Better?" L.: "Well." A.: "You're the most sensible woman I ever met with. Good-by."

JOHNNY is just beginning to learn geography. He says the Poles live partly at one end of the globe and partly at the other. He knows it is so, because they are marked on the map.

He has found out something else, too. Somebody told him that pigeons eat their own weight every day. He knows a little bird, not so big as a pigeon, that takes a peck at every mouthful.

WHY are the detective policemen in plain clothes, who look after coining cases, like Christmas delicacies? Because—(yes, that's quite right: nearly all answers begin with "because")—they are Mint spies! We decline an explanation.

We are henceforth the 'cutest Shakespearean critic out. We have discovered that Othello held a legal as well as military office in Venice. He was "a tawny general."

A UEST FORGIVEN.—An impertinent fellow was met by a gentleman whom he had insulted, who observed, that he owed him a good drubbing.—"Never mind, sir," said the fellow, "I'll forgive you the debt."

MISTAKES.—Mistakes! who does not make them sometimes? This reminds me of my curate days. After one Sunday morning's service—I had been reading prayers—my rector, one of the best and most gentlemanly of men, but fidgety when the gout was coming on, said in the vestry, "Why, you made six mistakes in reading!"—"Sorry," said I, "but I am not feeling well." In the afternoon it was my rector's turn to read. He began the morning Psalms, and read away to the end, the clerk reading his verses from the evening Psalms; the congregation was tittering. It was now my turn. I said in the vestry, "Rector, you read the wrong Psalms."—"Ah! well," said he, "tis a wonder we do not make more mistakes."

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was not a great man, but in his day he had been of immense service to his native country. He had in him that spirit of conservatism which is opposed to wild, rash and often disruptive innovation, and was heart and soul a supporter of the Queen's Government. A good soldier, he had drawn his sword for his king in the second American war,—was present before Plattsburg with Sir George Prevost. A sagacious legislator, he had early been entrusted with the seals of office, and successively filled nearly every station in the administration, and had been twice Prime Minister. His funeral was one of the largest and most interesting that has ever taken place in Canada. The presence of the leading men of the Province, with the representatives of the learned professions, Colleges and Societies, combined with the attendance of the Regular and Volunteer forces, which marched in the procession to the mournful strains of the military band, the scene in the church with the coffin, (on which were placed the sword and hat of the deceased—a colonel in the British army) surrounded with innumerable lighted candles, the chaunting of the funeral songs, and the parting volleys over the grave in the village church-yard, had a sad impressiveness on the assembled throng not soon to be forgot.

Proceeding with our melancholy history we find the names of Hon. G. S. DEBRAUVE, M.L.C., among the dead for this month; also of GENERAL ADAMSON, of Norval, O. W., an old and well-tried soldier, as well as member of the Legislature before the Union; Mr. E. F. RYANSON, County Crown Attorney for Perth; Mr. GUSTAVE JOLY, a Huguenot gentleman, and father of the member for Lotbinière; Mr. W. V. BACON, solicitor, Toronto; and in September, those of Mr. S. W. MOSE, Joint Prothonotary of Montreal, and Hon. JAMES MOUNTS, M.L.C., an old member of the Reform party, who, as Postmaster General in the Hincks' Government, introduced the present uniform rate of 5 cents letter postage.

But, perhaps, the greatest loss Canada suffered during the year is that of the Ex-Chief Justice of Upper Canada, the Hon. ARCHIBALD McLEAN, who died at Toronto, on the 24th October, after a long, active, memorable and useful life. He, too, participated in the stirring events of the years 1812, '13, and '14; was wounded at Queenston, taken prisoner at Lundy's Lane, and only released at the expiration of the war. The year 1837 saw the martial and loyal spirit of his nature as fully alive to the dangers which threatened the Province, as they had been in his more youthful days, and he commanded a division to repel the rebels at Montgomery's tavern. Mr. McLean had been a member of the Assembly of Upper Canada for many years, and was twice elected speaker of that body. He had been raised to the Bench as early as the year of the rebellion. His integrity as a Judge was never questioned. Truly was it said of him that he shed honour on the various positions which he so ably filled.

In this same month we recall a plentiful crop garnered to the chilly granary of death. Dr. SEWELL, of Ottawa, one of the most learned of the medical profession; Mr. DESRIVIERE, of Malmaison; COLONEL DUBBERG, of Murray Bay; Rev. R. A. FLANDERS, of Stanstead; Dr. BUCKLEY, of St. Hyacinthe, who had seen service in the British army during the Crimean campaign; Mr. JOSEPH CARY, late Deputy Inspector General; Mr. ROWLAND BASS, who took so deep an interest in the Georgian Bay Canal project; Rev. JAMES SKINNER, of London; and Mr. E. AMBROSE, of the Gore Bank, Woodstock. Finally, to close the list, ere we roll up the fatal scroll, we find in the two last months of the year, the following recorded as having gone to that bourne whence no traveller returns: Rev. FATHER LEESAAC, of Montreal; Mr. D. CARTIER, brother of the Attorney General; Major RYCKMAN, of Hamilton; Mr. P. LETOURNEAU, of Montreal; Mr. T. EVANS of the same place; Mr. M. TRASSI, for a long period an Officer in the Commissariat Service; Colonel MCKAY of Toronto, and Mr. J. MILNE, of Montreal.

Ere many days, another year will dawn upon us. How many of those who will extend a welcome to the new comer will survive to tell his history? Who will write the Canadian

Obituary of 1866? Should we not ask with the anonymous poet:

"But, watchman, what of the night,
When the arrow of death is sped,
And the grave, which no glimmering star can light
Shall be my sleeping bed?"

That night is near, and the cheerless tomb,
Shall keep thy body in store,
Till the morn of eternity rise on the gloom,
And night shall be no more."

OUR COMING LITERATURE.

THE close of the seventeenth and that of the nineteenth century were marked by the decline of English literature. At the former period the great writers of the Elizabethan age and their immediate successors gave place to the wits and wivings of the time of Charles the Second, whose productions are a disgrace to our language. Frivolity, indecency, immorality, and profanity, ran riot. There were exceptions, it is true; but even Dryden and Butler, for instance, with all their genius present in their writings many of the worst faults of their wholly worthless contemporaries. It was the fashion to be filthy; and they must needs defile themselves, by "mingling with the puppies in the mud." They had to gratify the public taste of their day, and that taste was vitiated to an extent which we trust will never again be witnessed in any nation or community speaking the English tongue. It is as painful as wonderful to reflect that he who painted Zinri and Achitophel, who wrote "Alexander's Feast" and the Ode to St. Cecilia, should also have written some of the plays which bear his name, though now happily all but forgotten. The light that led him astray in these last works was certainly not light from heaven, whencesoever it may have proceeded. The literature of the close of the eighteenth century was chiefly characterized by feebleness, with again a few eminent exceptions. It strikes us that we are once more sinking into some similar slough of despond. The men who have cast a halo of glory on our literature for the last fifty or sixty years have passed or are fast passing away, and we cannot see those of the present generation who are fit to succeed them. We fear the age of giants is to be followed by the age of dwarfs. Nor do we say this as *laudatores temporis acti*, admirers of by-gone days. Who among our more youthful writers are to be regarded as worthy successors of Scott, of Byron, of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens, Tennyson, Irving, Prescott, and many more, some living and some dead, whom we might name? If they are to be found, they are Josephs whom we know not. Our old men prophesied, but our young men only dream dreams, and their visions are of lean kine, foretelling a famine in the republic of letters. We have small literary men and women in abundance, of the new race; but this is not a case in which quantity makes up for quality. In fact, whenever great writers are scarce, the mediocrities take possession of the stage, and we accept them in the absence of their betters. Of our crowd of popular writers whose books now find delighted readers, how few will be remembered or read a score of years hence? Their elders and their equals or, perhaps, their superiors, have been forgotten, and so will they. Who now reads Monk Lewis, Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Porter, and a long array of such writers whom our fathers and mothers, our grandfathers and grandmothers used to hold in such huge admiration? The jaws of darkness have devoured them up.

The authors are dust,
Their books are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

Well, they did the work allotted to them in their day and generation; and they and their tomes repose, side by side, sleeping the sleep that knows not waking. Yet no writer of the present time, 1865-6, is so great a favourite as Mrs. Radcliffe once was. The sensation her tales created seems absolutely incredible to us, and would be quite so, were not the fact so well attested. Monk Lewis was read everywhere—"upstairs, downstairs, and my lady's chamber,"—while the Misses Porter's "Scottish Chiefs," and "Thaddeus

of Warsaw" were pronounced miracles of human talent. Does not the knowledge of what these once famous personages were and are teach a lesson that ought not to be lost on us?

Let it not be supposed, however, that we object to the perusal of works of fiction. Far from it; there are novels that are worth their weight in gold. There is Don Quixote. What modern history, in as many volumes as the reader pleases, is it that the world would not rather see perish than this immortal production? There are many others, both in our own and other languages, which are scarcely less valuable. No, we do not object to novel-reading, and we are not ashamed to say it. Nay, for that matter, numberless famous men,—authors, statesmen, and warriors,—have been of the same opinion. We could name them by the dozen; but it will be sufficient if we mention Dr. Johnson, Charles James Fox, the poet Gray, George Canning, and Lord Jeffrey. But we confess that we dislike bad novels as much or more than we dislike bad writings of any sort. We think we can safely refer to our own pages in proof of our views on that point. We have avoided the publication of any tale or article in the least liable to reproach on the score of morality, sentiment or even style, for a vicious style is one of the many evils the reading public has to complain of. What, for example, can be more absurd than that species of composition which the wisdom and wit chiefly consist of stale aphorisms and staler conceits embodied in bad spelling and bad grammar, and with which the literary market is inundated of late? If any one doubts the influence of the teachings of the press in this respect, let him look to the history of France, past and present. The encyclopedists had their day, and we all know the result; and we verily believe that the existing condition of that nation, social and political, is in a great measure attributable to the evil influence of the French writers of fiction. The United States is also suffering from the same cause. Not to speak of political journals, a species of literature has sprung up in the country almost as prejudicial to public morals as that which prevailed in England in the reign of Charles the Second. The difference between them is, that the one assumes a false sentimentality, the other prided itself in its undisguised profligacy and wickedness. Which of the two methods is the worst and most dangerous we will not pretend to assert, but both are decidedly bad. We, at least, have pursued and will follow a different course, and, we trust, not altogether in vain.

But it is not the mere lack of first rate talent in our come or coming writers that we have most to dread. The tone assumed, and the taste evinced by many of them is still more to be feared. We have the spasmodic school, the eccentric school, the false sentimental school, the sensational school, the ungrammatical school, and a school combining all those faults. We repeat our conviction therefore, that we are in imminent danger of a disastrous revolution in our literature.

As a frontispiece to Mr. Gerald Massey's edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets, there will be given a new portrait, or, as the editor styles it, a "recovered likeness of the man Shakespeare." The circular says:—"It is claimed for this new reading of 'Shakespeare's Sonnets' that it satums and unfolds a secret history which has been sealed for two centuries and a half, and solves one of the most piquant and important of literary problems. It shows how the things here written were once lived by Shakespeare and his friends; how the poet was still the player, and wore the dramatic mask in his 'idle hours'; how the 'sweet Swan of Avon,' like Wordsworth's swan, upon St. Mary's Lake.

'Floats double, swan and shadow.'

It corrects the grave errors made by superficial research, and clears up the mystery of Thorpe's (the printer's) inscription." We must not forget, however, that similar promises of clearing up the mystery hanging around these poems have before now been made by other editors.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Just published, this day, by R. Worthington:

History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. F., with illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable history on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, cloth binding, \$6.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.

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Will be published this week, by R. Worthington, the Biglow Papers, complete in one vol. Paper covers, uniform with Artemus Ward. Illustrated and printed on 160 paper. Price, 25c.

Will be published this week, by R. Worthington, the Advocate, a Novel by Chas. Heavyside, author of Saul, Drama; Jephthah's Daughter, &c. \$1.00; fine edition \$2.00.

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Continued from page 261.

CHAPTER VIII. THE WRITING MASTER.

"The world is cruel, the world is not true,
Our foes are many our friends are few;
No work, no break however we see:
What is there left me for to do?"

BANAR CONWALL.

While these events had been transpiring at Austwicke Chase, there was an humble abode in the neighbourhood of London that was by no means uninteresting in them. In that populous district, now called South Kensington, there were, at the time we speak of, still some old houses standing in the lanes that intersected the nursery grounds between Brompton and Kensington, to the north of the Fulham Road. In a dilapidated cottage—so old that it probably had been standing when Oliver Cromwell occupied a dwelling near—there lived an elderly man, who might, from his looks, be described as an invalid, but that he never complained, and never lost his work—that of writing master, to certain schools in the vicinity unperformed. Pale, thin, and lame, a stranger meeting him as he walked to and fro on his daily avocations, would have thought a tenant of a sick room had just struggled out for a breath of fresh air; though a second glance would have shown him clear grey eyes, in which pain had by no means quenched the light, and a well-cut, firm mouth, that showed a character more ready with endurance than complaint. We have said that the house occupied by this man was dilapidated yet, like himself, it had a certain air of respectability. There was nothing low nor sordid in the infirmities of either. The old, time-stained walls of the house, with the little, quaint bow-window of its parlour abutting about into the road, and which, like its door and door-step, bulged a little out of the straight line by reason of age, was not without evidences of care and attention, to remedy the defects that could not be concealed. A drapery of ivy adorned the crumbling wall, and clung to the scattered eaves and overhanging gable; while the neatest little muslin blinds, in folds upon the casement, made it look something like a cheerful old face decorated with a cosy muslin cap. The paint on the door might certainly have been fresher, but it was impossible that the little oval brass plate, which announced "Mr. Hope" dwelt within, could have been more bright. Indeed, the constant burnishing had done by the letters of the name what some people did by its pronunciation nearly obliterated the H. The door-step, too, was a little alarming in its spotless whiteness—that is, if the mud of the lane had much encumbered the visitor's feet. Somehow the abode, as well as its master, seemed struggling to put a good face on its affairs, and to hold its own perseveringly on the narrow, debatable land that separates vulgar wealth and genteel poverty. It is upon the agonizing ridge of that same debatable land that the most desperate effort often has to be made to retain a place, and "Mr. Hope, Writing Master," had for some years clung with such a straining grip thereunto, that it was no wonder he was something worn and wasted in the effort.

But if the outside of the house bore such evidences of a struggle, the inside was still more demonstrative. The passage-oil-cloth was so worn that its original pattern was gone, yet, nevertheless, there was the polish of incessant dry rubbings on its sere surface; and the thin strip of carpet that covered the gaps and patches in the woodwork of the stairs boasted quite an arabesque of darns. In the best parlour, whose window we noted from without, there was a similar triumph of female ingenuity in the way of carpet darning. The old-fashioned chairs that surrounded the centre table were so bright that, like many a venerable lady, they might be complimented on the admirable way in which they carried their age. A wonderful piano, made even before pedals were in use, and looking, in its oblong shape, mounted in a stand, not very much unlike a coffin on tressels, occupied one side of

the room, and responded asthmatically to any touch that might be laid on its yellow keys; while an old sofa, with its lame leg carefully bandaged up, was made, by a schintz cover, to look quite an interesting invalid. Indeed, there was nothing plethoric, gaudy, or upstart in the room. Even the ancient brass fender and long spidary fire-irons had a refined look, suggestive of purity and good breeding.

It was evening when Mr. Hope's knock at the door announced his return, and his daughter Marian Hope who been at needlework by the low window, was rising to open the door when she was prevented by the swift step of a girl some years her junior, who, jumping off from that gasping piano we have named, ran to the front door; and her laugh of welcome, and the kiss that accompanied it, could be heard all over the little house.

"Don't be so boisterous child," said a quiet, not displeased voice; and Mr. Hope, entering the parlour, was received by Marian more calmly, though a certain earnest anxious look showed she was not less interested than the younger and more demonstrative girl, whose salutations had elicited the slight reproof of their object.

"Father, you are not well?"

"Yes, Marian; oh, yes, I'm well enough. Don't worry either yourself or me about looks."

As he spoke the younger girl had taken his hat and brought his slippers, and the elder had placed his house-coat, while both were busied in putting carefully away the garments he took off; Marian stealing anxious glances as she did so, and resuming her inquiries with, "I don't want to be worrying, father, but I'm sure something has vexed you; and you're home earlier than usual."

"So much the better, my girl; then I'm not so tired. But get tea! When one door shuts another will open."

The last part of the sentence was said absordedly, as if to himself, but Marian heard it, and leaning over the old arm-chair in which her father was seated, she bent down her head and whispered affectionately, "What door is shut?"

"Only Miss Webb's, Marian. They told me very politely to-day that they had long feared the walk was too much for me, and that, in short, a distant connection of theirs was coming to teach elementary drawing to the pupils, and he would undertake the writing."

"Oh, dear, father, and you have toiled so hard, and felt such an interest in the pupils at Miss Webb's! It's a shame of Miss Webb."

"My dear she professes it is out of kindness to me. My lameness, Marian—though it's nothing, just nothing—I think is more apparent."

"I am afraid it is really worse, father."

"Not a bit child. I'm equal to anything—that is, of course, in my way. And I certainly think that I have toiled to do justice to the young folks. And some have repaid me; some I shall be sorry to see no more. That sweet wee thing, Gertrude Austwicke, she'll miss her old master; yes, she will, I know."

He rocked himself back and forward in his chair as he spoke, as if to lull some inward pain, and his words fell, not only on Marian's ear, but on those of her companion, who was just entering the room, and said—

"Is that the dear little clever young lady, father, that you so often tell me of?"

"Ay, Mysie, 'tis. I would that you, child, learned like her. But there, she and I have parted, and whether the bonny blossom grows into fruition, or is blown off life's tree, as such a fragile thing most likely will be, is nothing to me. I'm a soft fool to care see muckle about the woans. It's a weakness I must e'en shake off."

Mr. Hope did not generally betray his northern origin in his speech, but when he was deeply moved the old Doric came to his tongue.

Meanwhile the tea-table was soon laid, and a little wurm cake was brought with a gleesome look by Mysie as the crowning triumph of the simple board, just as Marian seated herself and began to pour out tea. Mr. Hope, who had for a few moments, while these preparations were going on, sunk into a reverie, looked up and noticed the simple dainty that was handed to

him. He put it aside gravely, saying, "No luxuries Mysie; no, child, they always disagree with me. Brown bread, little one; that's my fare, and the best—*fan the best for me.*"

Tears came into Mysie's eyes as she said, "Tian't such a luxury, father; and I toasted it myself—just as I used to toast it for—"

A look and gesture from Marian kept the speaker from finishing the sentence. She stopped rather awkwardly, and made no further attempt to press her handiwork; a very welcome interruption to the rather marked pause being made by the opening of the door, and the entrance of a youth with a portfolio in his hand.

"What! home so soon, Norry?" said Marian. "There's no class this afternoon, and I thought I might do something for the master." He bent his head as he spoke to Mr. Hope.

The setting sun, whose slanting beams fell athwart the little room, kindled up the face of the young speaker, and made it look its best. This Norry was a tall, rather loose-limbed boy, with a dark, strongly marked, and sallow complexion. Plain, most people would have called him—that is, if they had not chanced to look into his eyes and see him smile. It was very certain the dark well-defined brows could frown, and even in repose looked heavy. His hair clustered over and half concealed the height of his forehead, and as yet the carelessness of boyhood had not been superseded by the coxcombrity of youth. He did not care to smooth off his hair from his brow, or to let his dark face often break into a smile, whether people called him ugly for his carelessness or no.

He was certainly a contrast to Mysie, who, tall like himself, was a brunette, with the hazel eyes, white teeth, red lips, and the damask blush on the cheek that is so sparkling and attractive in a dark beauty.

Marian, whose age might be twenty-one or two, without anything that could be called beauty, had a face that won upon you by its look of goodness. No one noticed whether the features were regular, or complained that the complexion was nearly colourless, when they saw the mild intelligence of the clear grey eyes, or the tranquil sweetness of the mouth. Are there not some faces so full of spiritual grace that every one feels the presence of a lovely soul, and in meeting them is reminded of a better world? And yet these are rarely called beauties.

"How are you getting on, Norry, my boy?" said Mr. Hope, adding, "Mysie will not be satisfied unless her brother has the makings of a clever man in him—will she?"

There was evidently an effort on the part of the house to enlighten the gloom that seemed to be gathering over the little party, and so he spoke cheerily.

"I have regretted as a great misfortune your looking so much older than you are. Let's see, was it eighteen that neighbour Godfrey took you for last week? Why, that must be more than three years older than you are."

"I wish I knew my birthday like other people; then I should be more willing to believe that I am not fifteen yet," said the youth.

"We do have a birthday, Norry, and a very happy birthday, I'm sure, every year. The day we came to our dear mamma and papa Hope is surely the best birthday we could have," said Mysie.

"Ah, that's because you're a girl, that you say so; and girls never think—not they—about the rights of a thing—whether it's true like a line, or like a sum. It'll do for them if it just hits their fancy. I should like to know the true day."

"Now, Norry—for shame!"

"Hush, dear," interposed Marian. "I'm sure Norry does not undervalue the birthday we have always kept."

"Norry," said Mr. Hope, "ever be rigid for the right—true and exact as a sum in all things. But you will learn—ay, both of you will learn, as you advance in life—that it is not in mere human strength either to attain or keep that moral exactitude without higher aid and a loftier motive than human reason will supply. Be content, my boy. There are doubtless many orphans who do not know or have forgotten, their exact birthday; and I think there are few or none that

have been more tenderly cared for than you both have been by me and mine."

A flush mounted to the brow of the boy, turning his sallow face to a dark crimson, as he said—

"Mr. Hope—father—I know it. Forgive me!" And Mysie, running towards the old man's side, threw her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

Poor children! theirs had been a chequered history, more so than they knew; and yet Mr. Hope had not, as he thought, kept anything from them. For he was a Christian in word and deed, and strove to keep a conscience void of offence towards God and towards man. But the mystery was not the less.

CHAPTER IX.—THE ORPHANS.

"Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Then wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live."
MRS. WINSLOW.

When Mysie and Norry retired at their usual early hour, and left Mr. Hope and his daughter alone, the conversation, as they sat together for an hour or so before bed-time, turned very naturally on their circumstances, and led unintentionally to the mention of the brother and sister. The teaching that Mr. Hope had now left him would certainly not suffice to maintain the humble home in which he dwelt. His daughter was the most careful and industrious of household managers; but there must obviously be an income to manage, and if that fails, the talent of thrift, however great it may be, must fail also.

Poor Marian Hope had, for a long time past, lived in some dread of what seemed now actually to have occurred. She had nursed her mother through an illness of two years; and, when death ended the long agony, there was left as a bitter addition to the sorrow a heavy debt necessarily incurred, which the honest pride of both father and daughter could not endure should remain. So Mr. Hope had walked, despite his lameness, many miles to his round of daily teaching, and had in the evenings done law copying when he could obtain it from the law stationers; and his daughter, besides dismissing their only servant and undertaking the work of the house, with occasional assistance from a charwoman, had toiled early on summer mornings, and late on winter nights, before or after the rest of the family were in bed, at embroidery; by which all that she had gained had been the means to keep her slender wardrobe in such a condition that it should neither shame her sense of propriety nor make demands on her father's failing income. And fail, indeed, it did most rapidly, particularly in this last year. Just as the payment of the doctor's bill for Mrs. Hope had given some respite to the cares of the survivors, the sources on which they depended seemed to be shut up against them; Marian believing, though she did not utter the painful thought, that her father's wan looks, infirmities, and threadbare dress over-weighed, in the consideration of those who employed him, their knowledge of his talents and respect for his character.

It was a hard lesson for her to have to learn in her early womanhood, that a jaunty air and good broadcloth were by some—nay, by most—more valued than worth or talent. It brought with it a bitter sense of wrong and injustice that she had never before experienced.

As for Mr. Hope, despite his cheerful name, he was one of those who seemed born both to bear and to dignify adversity. He had been in his youth in a Government office, that by some changes was reduced, he being one of the clerks thrown out. He had saved from the grave which had taken many of his children one child, this daughter Marian, when the alteration in his position and prospects occurred. By the advice of a few friends, he employed the small sum of money that he possessed in emigrating to, and buying some land in, Canada. If diligence would have done, in their new life, in the place of bone and muscle, Mr. and Mrs. Hope might have succeeded; as it was, he met with the injury that ended in permanent lameness, and his wife contracted in that rigorous climate the

pulmonary complaint that made her life one long disease; and it was in the hope of benefiting her health, or rather resetting her from impending death, that, eight years previously, they had returned to England poorer than they left it, bringing with them the two children, Norry and Mysie. Then Mr. Hope, by the recommendation of a friend who had known him in his earlier days, obtained employment as a teacher, for which his fine penmanship and mathematical skill fitted him. The education of the two children had been carried on by himself and his daughter. Therefore, when, after a long pause, as they sat alone in their parlour that night, his daughter said to him, "Was ever anything settled, father, about Norry and Mysie—as to any pursuit in life, I mean?" Mr. Hope sighed heavily, and replied—

"If I had known, my dear, all the anxiety that the charge would involve, I think I should have opposed your dear mother. But she was bent on it, and the poor things were certainly wretchedly neglected when they came to us."

"Indeed they were! Young as I then was—not eleven, I think, father—I well recollect the little rough, unkempt things. Those must have been hard people—those Johnstons, father."

"They were rough people, child. I do not know that they were harder to the orphans than they would have been to children of their own. Johnston had been a schoolmaster in Scotland before he emigrated, and used to rule by force of hand more than brain; and his wife was just a maudlin slattern."

"He ill-used her as well as the children, I've heard mamma say."

"There were faults on both sides, doubtless; but the woman suffers most in such cases; I'm certain Johnston's wife did. What with hardships, and quarrels, and—"

"And whisky, father."

"Yes, and whisky, doubtless, she, like many more, did not live out half her days. I shall never forget going into their log hut and finding poor little Mysie lying fast asleep across the feet of the poor dead woman."

"Ah, yes, how that impressed poor dear mamma! She used often to say, 'We liberally took her from death—though Norry was in a worse condition.'"

"Norry had been taken on tramp by Johnston, and a tavern-keeper had so pitied the little foot-sore wean of four years old, that he set the police on Johnston's track, just as the neighbours came to me to write to him that his wife was dead."

"Did the neighbours think that the children were their own?"

"Yes, if they troubled themselves to think at all about them. Johnston was disliked as a quarrelsome fellow, and his wife as a drunkard. People avoided them; but your mother, Marian, was always drawn towards children."

"It was she that found out the children were not the Johnstons'."

"Yes, she discovered it one day when she was giving Mrs. Johnston some little wraps she had made for the bairns. To her surprise the woman said, in a maudering way, 'Ah, we would get proper things for them if we were paid properly. But the money comes so irregularly.' And then, having said so much, she told the truth—not that, as far as I know, they had previously wanted to conceal it; but they had never contradicted people who took it for granted they were their own children. Acquiescing in a falsehood is much the same as telling one, to my mind. However, we had the truth at last. The children's name was Grant, the parents were dead, but some kinsman—uncle, I think—paid for them, when the Johnstons offered to take them; a trifle, certainly, but enough to secure the Johnstons from any loss. Indeed, the money, well employed, might have been a help to Johnston; and it roused our indignation to think that the little ones were not better cared for than if they had been beggars. I was resolved to appeal to the magistrate of the district, and went to the cottage to see the state of the children for myself, when I found the end had come, as far as the miserable woman was concerned."

"Johnston was, I think, sincerely horrified when he was recalled to the scene his cottage

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*Fair usage policy applies



finest rubies are found in the kingdom of Ava, and in Siam; they are also found in Ceylon and in many parts of Europe.

The King of Burmah takes one of his titles from it, that of "Lord of the Rubies." In Burmah they are a royal monopoly, and none of any value are allowed by law to leave the kingdom. The finding of a fine ruby is made a state event, and a procession of grandees, with soldiers and elephants, are sent out to meet it. The colour varies from pale rose to deep red, but the tint that is most highly-valued is that of the "pigeon's blood."

Of old, many magical properties were assigned to the ruby. It was considered an amulet against poison, plague, evil thoughts, and wicked spirits, and its possession, as a consequence, kept the wearer in health. When he was in danger it was supposed to darken, and to become bright again only on the passing away of peril. One of the largest rubies in Europe is a French crown jewel, once adorning the order of the Golden Fleece. The King of Burmah is said to have one in his possession of the size of a pigeon's egg. A true "pigeon's-blood" tinted ruby of one carat is worth from \$70 to \$100; of two carats, from \$340 to \$400; and of four carats, from \$1,900 to \$2,200, which latter value is more than double that of a diamond of the same weight.

The sapphire, although composed of identically the same elements, with the exception of the colouring matter, is of far less value than the ruby. The colour often varies much in the same stone, some portions of the gem being very nearly black, whilst the other is of a light blue. The sapphire is invested by earlier writers with rare virtues, of course. It was said to be such an enemy to poison that if put into a glass with a spider or other venomous reptile, it would kill it; and a great many other virtues were attributed to it we need scarcely mention. The value of this gem does not, like that of the diamond or the ruby, increase with its size, although in smaller sizes it is even dearer than those brilliants, one of 1 carat of pure colour being worth \$100. These gems are liable to be imitated so closely as to deceive the best jewellers. Mr. Emanuel tells us, for instance, that "a noble lady in England formerly possessed one which is, perhaps, the finest known. The lady, however, sold it during her lifetime, and replaced it by an imitation so skilfully made as to deceive even the jeweller who valued it for probate duty, and it was estimated at the sum of \$50,000, and the legacy duty was paid on it by the legatee, who was doubtless chagrined when he discovered the deception." We have no doubt whatever that many other noble ladies have from "impecuniosity" substituted sham for real jewels with the like impunity: such is the faith we put in station, that even glass—seen through the sublime medium which surrounds a Duchess—shines like an emerald of the purest water.

The emerald and the beryl have the same chemical composition, and differ only in colour. The finest coloured emeralds are found in New Granada, in limestone rock. It is also found in Salzburg, and in Siberia. The Spaniards, it is asserted, came into possession of many hundred weight of emeralds when they conquered Peru: hence their value fell in the Middle Ages. Orientals, especially the Mahomedans, we should say, set great store upon the emerald, believing that it imparts courage to the owner, that it is an infallible preservative of chastity, and that the safety of women in childbirth is ensured by it. Like many other gems, the ancients ascribed many medicinal properties to it when ground down. The emerald is but rarely found perfect, it ranks next in value to the ruby. Perfect gems are worth from \$100 to \$150 the carat; but they do not, like the diamond or ruby, advance in price with the size. There are many large emeralds in Europe. There is one in the Austrian treasury weighing 2000 carats, and the Duke of Devonshire possesses one weighing nearly nine ounces.

The iridescent wondrous-tinted opal, we are told, is nothing but quartz and water. There are several kinds of opals, the chief of which are the precious or "noble" opal used by jewellers, the fire or reddish opal, the common opal, and

the Mexican opal. The flashes of colour in this precious stone are always most marked in a warm day, the knowledge that best enhances the brilliancy of the stone always leads the dealer to hold it in his hand for some time before showing it to his customer. Fine opals are very valuable; as much as \$5000 has been given for a large stone for a ring or brooch. The ancients prized them very highly; and Pliny relates that Nonnius a Roman Senator, was sent into exile by Marcus Antonius, because he would not part with an opal of the size of a libert, and valued at \$825,000 which the latter coveted. The finest known opal is in the Museum at Vienna, said to be worth \$145,000. There is also a very fine one among the French Crown Jewels.

The opal reminds us somewhat of the pearl a gem—if we may term a simple excrescence by that name—which has always been held in high estimation by mankind. The finest pearls come from the pearl fisheries at Ceylon. They are found in the shell of a large species of oyster; and it is believed, with much show of reason, that they are nothing more than some foreign body which finds its way into the shell, and which the fish covers with a secretion similar to that with which it lines its shell. A pearl, when sawn through, shows that this secretion has been deposited in layers, one upon another, round some control body, just in the same manner in which layers of phosphates are deposited in the human kidney round some foreign body, and resulting in the calculus or stone.

The pearl was anciently considered a preservative of virtue, although Cleopatra certainly did not dissolve hers with that intent. Although the pearl will dissolve in a strong acid, it is needless to say that vinegar is far too weak to produce such an effect. It is a pity to be obliged to demolish such a pretty story, but the truth must be told. The oriental pearl is just as much prized now as in ancient times. The charming harmony it has with a delicate skin has always made the necklace of this material so much valued. It used to be one of the boasts of the famous Lady Hester Stanhope, that water could run beneath her instep without wetting the sole of her foot, and that her pearl necklace could not at a little distance be detected upon her neck. Among the famous pearls existing at the present day is one belonging to the Shah of Persia, valued at \$290,000. Her Majesty was presented with a fine necklace by the East India Company, and the one possessed by the Empress of the French is famous. Those who possess fine pearls should remember that they are liable to be discoloured by contact with acids and gas, and noxious vapours of all kinds.

Mr. Emanuel gives some very valuable hints touching the means of ascertaining the identity of gems. As a rule, he says, stones, either cut or rough, which can be touched by the file are not precious stones. Again, he says, it is a very common practice to deceive persons by cementing a genuine stone on the top of a piece of glass, or a valuable gem, as the sapphire for instance, with a piece of garnet. These are so artistically formed that it is difficult to detect them. False pearls, as a rule, are always larger than real ones; the holes which in real pearls are drilled very small and sharp in mock pearls are larger, and have a black edge. Sham pearls are also much lighter than real ones, and much more brittle. There is a trick, too, in the setting of gems which is worth knowing. When jewels are set "open," the interior of the setting is enamelled or painted, to throw a tinge of colour into the gem; and where the diamond is in question, and it has a yellow colour, the inside of the setting is often of polished silver to correct this objectionable colour. In the matter of pearls again, it often happens that these are somewhat different in colour, which is easily perceptible when viewed separately. But when strung together they so reflect the light one upon the other, that these differences of tint are lost.

Angling.—One animal impaled upon a hook in order to torture a second for the amusement of a third.

OUR DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

- Déjeuner, (Fr.), breakfast.
 De jure, (Lat.), from the law, by law, legally.
 Delenda est Carthago, (Lat.), Carthage must be destroyed.
 De mortuis nil nisi bonum, (Lat.), let nothing be said of the dead, but what is favourable.
 De mal en pis, (Fr.), worse and worse.
 De medietate, (Lat.), In law, a jury half natives, and half foreigners.
 De novo, (Lat.), anew, again.
 Dénouement, (Fr.), conclusion, a development of the plot of a novel or play.
 Deo favente—juvante—volente, (Lat.), with God's favour—help—will (God willing.)
 De omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis, (Lat.), of everything in general, and a few other things in particular. Applied to a discursive speech or letter.
 De-plus, (Fr.), plus, more, besides.
 Dépôt, (Fr.), a store, a magazine, also a railway station.
 Déshabillé, (Fr.), an undress, a loose morning dress.
 Desideratum, (Lat.), a thing to be desired.
 Dernier resort, (Fr.), a last resource.
 Desunt cætern, (Lat.), the remainder is wanting.
 Détour, (Fr.), a circuitous route.
 De trop, (Fr.), too much, too many.
 De tout mon cœur, (Fr.), with all my heart.
 Detur digniori, (Lat.), let it be given to the more worthy.
 Dévoir, (Fr.), duty.
 Dicto tempore, (Lat.), at the appointed time.
 Dies non, (Lat.), a day on which courts are not held, as the Sabbath, &c.
 Dieu aidant, (Fr.), with God's help.
 Dieu defend le droit, (Fr.), God defend the right.
 Dieu et mon droit, (Fr.), God and my right.
 Dieu vous benisse, (Fr.), God bless you.
 Dii Penates, (Lat.), household gods.
 Dilettante, (It.), an admirer of the fine arts.
 Diminuendo, (It.), In music, a decreasing loudness of sound.
 Diseur de bon mots, (Fr.), a wit.
 Disjecta membra, (Lat.), fragments, the scattered remains.
 Divide et impera, (Lat.), divide and govern.
 Dolce, (It.), In music, softly.
 Doloroso, (It.), In music, pathetic.
 Domus, (Lat.), home.
 Domus amica, domus optima, (Lat.), home is home, be it ever so homely.
 Domine dirige nos, (Lat.), Lord direct us.
 Dos-à-dos, (Fr.), back to back.
 Dos d'âne, (Fr.), shelving on both sides; lit., a donkey's back.
 Double entendre, (Fr.), a double meaning.
 Doux yeux, (Fr.), soft glances.
 Dramatis personæ, (Lat.), characters represented.
 Droit des gens, (Fr.), the law of nations.
 Droit et avant, (Fr.), right and forward.
 Duceit amor patriæ, (Lat.), the love of my country leads me.
 Du fort au foible, (Fr.), from the strong to the weak, one with another.
 Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori, (Lat.), it is sweet and glorious to die for one's country.
 Dum spiro spero, (Lat.), whilst I breathe, I hope.
 Dum tacent clamant, (Lat.), their silence speaks aloud.
 Dum vivimus, vivamus, (Lat.), while we live, let us live (well).
 Durante bene placito, (Lat.), during pleasure.
 Durante vita, (Lat.), during life.
 Durum telum necessitas, (Lat.), necessity is a hard weapon.
 Durum sed levius fit patientia quicquid corrigere est nefas, (Lat.), it is hard but patience renders unavoidable evils tolerable. Vulgo. What cannot be cured, must be endured.
 Dux femina facti, (Lat.), a woman was the leader of the deed.

"MARRIED couples resemble a pair of shears," says Sydney Smith, "so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions, yet always punishing any one who comes between them."

EVER DRIFTING.

Drifting, drifting, ever drifting!
On the rolling sea of life,
Seldom we, our hearts uplifting
From earth's shifting scenes of strife.

Every moment nearer, nearer!
Eternity's great unknown shore,
Oh, for faith! and vision clearer
In the future, evermore.

Drifting, drifting, ever drifting!
Down the swift broad stream of time;
Here we toil, with ceaseless shifting,
Longing for a fairer clime.

Drifting, drifting, morn keeps breaking!
On our tiny bark so frail;
We oft dreaming, then awaking,
Without rudder, compass, sail.

Even drifting! earth still binds us,
And a lingering look we cast
On some charming spot behind us,
Pleasures buried with the past.

Ever drifting! onward driven
At the world's capricious will;
Gracious Father! guide to Heaven
Whisper to us, Peace be still.

Drifting, drifting! Lord, we perish!
Was the Galileans cry;
Years are passing! Hope we cherish
Save, Oh save us! ere we die.

Durham, 12th Dec., 1865.

CANADA.

NUMBER 15.

SHE was exceedingly lovely as she stood with her gloved hand resting lightly on Tom Hosten's arm. Her oval face with its rose-tinted cheeks and coral lips, was a study for an artist, and the sparkling brown eyes, one moment veiled beneath the long lashes, the next flitting round the room—gazing at everything except at those two large blue eyes opposite, which followed her every movement, with so much of admiration in their pertinacious stare that the rich blood would have mantled her face had she observed it. Poor Dick Bolson, who invariably boasted that his heart would ever prove invulnerable against the brightest glance or the most bewitching smile, stood gazing at her utterly blind to the fact that he was seriously compromising his good manners, when Tom, disengaging himself from his fair companion, approached him.

"What's the matter, Dick?" with a vigorous shake of the arm. "Are you bewitched?"

"Who is she?" came, with a deep sigh, from Dick's lips.

"Which one do you mean?" rejoined Tom, innocently. "That stout, old lady yonder, with the flushed face and discoloured nose?"

"Don't bother, Tom; I mean the lovely girl you were conversing with not a minute ago. She is whispering now into the stout old lady's ear."

"Why, that's my cousin, Lizzie Hannah. Shall I introduce you?"

"You would confer a great favour on me by doing so," said Dick, eagerly.

A moment afterwards the introduction took place. Miss Hannah was as accomplished as she was beautiful. She conversed familiarly on most topics, and as Dick listened to her sweet voice, and watched her bright smiles and the bewitching play of the clear brown eyes, he thought her, indeed, a prize well worth the winning; he was not hopelessly in love, of course, but he deemed himself a good physiognomist, and in the charming face before him he saw no guile. The evening was therefore a pleasant one to him, and when the party broke up he thought himself very fortunate, indeed, in having the honour of escorting her home. The little hand lay in his a moment before parting at her father's door, and perhaps he held it a little tighter than was consistent with their recent acquaintanceship, for she drew it back suddenly. She was not angry, however, for the next moment she said:

"Such an intimate friend of Tom's will always be welcome whenever he chooses to call."

"Thank you," I shall certainly avail myself of the privilege; answered Dick, and she disappeared.

The house was a two-story brick one on—street, St. Lawrence Suburbs, and the number 15. Dick was particular, for he did not intend to let many days elapse ere he called on one who had so favourably impressed him.

Brown eyes and the graceful figure of Lizzie Hannah formed an important feature in his dreams that night, and he awoke in the morning anxious for the day to pass, so that he might have the happiness of seeing her in a more tangible shape. It was not to be, however. A telegram summoned him to Toronto on urgent business and that evening, instead of enjoying delightful converse with Miss Hannah, he was being whirled away at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. He swallowed his disappointment and resolved to bend sturdily to the business in hand, in order to forget the bright face that so persistently haunted him. He was partially successful, for he had but little time to think on the wound the little god had made while discussing commercial matters with hard, practical business men. But the reaction came, when eight days afterwards we find him returning to Montreal. Was he caught at last, this stoic, who had resisted successfully the most captivating smiles, the tenderest glances? Had a week's absence done more towards leading him captive to those brown eyes, than a daily draught from their lucid depths? He did not believe in love at first sight, but he felt an earnest longing to stand again in the presence of Miss Hannah, to press again the little hand that had been so suddenly drawn from his at their first parting.

He reached Montreal early in the afternoon, and at seven in the evening was on his way to—street, number 15. His ring brought the maid of all work to the door.

"Is Miss Hannah in?"

"Yes, sir; but she is unable to see any one at present," was the answer. "She is confined to her room with one of her old attacks."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Dick, "has she been long ill, and is her case considered dangerous?"

"She's been sick but a few days, and the doctor says she will be well in a week. Shall I tell her who called?"

"Certainly" said Dick, fumbling in his pockets for a card. He searched in vain; his card case had been exhausted in Toronto.

"Tell her, with my compliments, Dick—Mr. Bolson—Bolson," was the confused answer; and he turned homewards, feeling grievously disappointed.

His anticipations were rudely blasted, but her illness increased his interest in her tenfold; and as he could not see her personally, he determined in some way to evince the sympathy he felt for her. A lovely bouquet, containing a slip of paper, on which D. B.'s compliments and a speedy recovery were written was sent to her every morning. He refrained, however, from making inquiries, because he did not wish others to see how interested he was in her convalescence. In Tom Hosten he saw a possible rival, and therefore he avoided the subject in his presence.

It was a gloomy week for Dick, and only those who have been similarly situated can tell how glad he was when the messenger he employed to carry his tokens of sympathy to number 15 brought him back word that Miss Hannah would be happy to see him that evening.

He made an elaborate toilet, and with a heart throbbing with delicious anticipations, he rung the door bell just as the clock struck the half hour after seven. The same maid of all work answered his summons, and bidding him follow her, led him into the parlour. A bright fire burned in the grate, and seated close to it, in an invalid chair, was a lady, whose wrinkled brow, and silver streaked hair bore witness to more birthdays than single ladies like to acknowledge. Temper, and none of the gentlest, was plainly visible in the close set round eyes, prominent nose and thin lips. A stereotyped smile

somewhat relieved her features from the effects of her recent illness. As Mr. Richard Bolson entered the room she held out her hand for him to press. A chill ran through his frame as the cold, bony fingers tightened around his own.

"How can I ever repay you?" she murmured, with a tender glance at his troubled face.

"For what, madam?" was Dick's response; "I am not aware that you are in any way indebted to me."

"How generous you are, but must I tell you that your delicate attentions did more towards hastening my convalescence than all the doctor's skill. Oh! it is sweet to have a sympathizing friend when one is ill. I have wished for this so long, and now that I am beloved, (clasping her hands) I can scarcely realize my happiness."

Dick stared at the pathetic lady in blank astonishment. A dim presentiment that something was wrong crept over him.

"Shall I soon have the pleasure of seeing Miss Hannah?" he managed to articulate.

"Miss Hannah is what they call me to distinguish me from my eldest sister. Our surname is Merton. I suppose sickness has altered me much, but I shall soon be quite well. How very considerate of you to send me those lovely flowers."

"There must be some dreadful mistake here," said Dick, the perspiration starting to his face, "is this number 15?"

"Why, yes. It used to be twenty-five, but the houses were all renumbered by the corporation the week before last. What is the matter my dear Mr. Bolson?"

Dick prayed for the earth to open and swallow him up. Here was a dilemma for a fastidious man.

"I most sincerely beg your pardon," said he, rising, I was not aware that the houses had been renumbered; in fact, I was out of town at the time. A particular friend of mine, Miss Lizzie Hannah used to live at number 15; and on my return, hearing she was ill, I sent the flowers, through ignorance, to the same number."

"Miss Lizzie Hannah!" shrieked the invalid. Oh, my poor heart! Mary, Mary! quick, I shall faint!"

"I am very much grieved," commenced Dick, edging towards the door, "that I should have been the innocent cause of—"

"Will you leave the house, you vile, deceitful creature!" she broke in, stooping for the poker to throw at him.

Dick made a dash for the door, almost knocking the breath out of Mary, who was hastening to obey the call, and gained the street.

"What a precious mess I've got into?" mentally ejaculated Dick, sneaking home as quickly as possible. "Catch me sending bouquets to an invalid again, unless I'm allowed to present them in person."

He tried to keep it secret, but somehow it leaked out; and no one laughed more heartily over it than Lizzie Hannah. It is supposed, however, that she has taken compassion on him, for no lover can be more attentive to his lady love than Dick is to the charming Lizzie.

G. H. H.

Montreal, Dec., 1865.

How many calves tyles, asks *Demundes Joyous*, behoueth to reche frome the erthe to the akyo? *R.* No more but one, an it be longuo ynough.—*D.* Why dothe an oxe or a cowe lye? *R.* Bycause she cannot sytte.—*D.* What people be they that love not in no wyse to be prayed for? *R.* They be beggars and poore people, whan men say "God helpe them," when theyo aske almes.—*D.* What space is from ye hycst space of the see to the depest? *R.* But a stone's cast.—*D.* Whiche been the most profytable sayntes in the chyrche? *R.* They that stande in ye glasse windowes; for they kepe out the wynde from wastynge of the light.—*D.* What is it that freseth never? *R.* That is hote water.—*D.* Why dooth a dogge tourne hym thryes aboute or that he lyeth him downe? *R.* Bycause he knoweth not his beddes head from the fete.— So much for the jokes of Merry England in the yere of our Lorde a mocco. and xi.

LAPSUS LINGUÆ.

ARE you, reader, one of those thrice-happy mortals whose mental machinery neither loses nor gains, but works on with uniform regularity? Can you rise to address an assembly, or sit down to your desk for more guarded utterance, with the consciousness that what you speak or write is sure to come up to a certain average, not disgracefully below your former performances? Do your thoughts never come crowding on your brain in such turbulent confusion, that before you have finished moulding one, another pushes it out, and the perplexed listener has to interpret your meaning from the heads and tails of incomplete sentences? Is your memory clear and ready, always providing you with, at all events, familiar names and words in common use? If so, it is much to be feared that you are harsh and uncharitable towards those whose minds are less happily constituted than your own; that you characterise their forgetfulness as carelessness, their abstraction as affectation, their incoherence as a sure symptom of despicable folly; for it is exceedingly difficult for an orderly mind to contemplate anything approaching to confusion or want of method with common patience; it cannot comprehend that what comes so instinctively to itself, is unattainable by a different organisation. Of course, a confused, a hesitating, or inconsequent style of speaking is a great defect; but it is one which so often arises from a redundancy rather than a lack of sentiments and illustrations, that it should be treated with leniency. Indeed, it is singular to observe how often an empty-headed man, without one original idea in his possession, can pour out well-turned sentences without hesitation, and upon every subject, by the hour together; while his intellectual superior, who has thought deeply and earnestly upon the same topics, sits by in silence, or stammers, becomes involved in his sentences, puts one word for another, and makes an exhibition of himself rather than of his opinions.

When a man combines power of thought with fluency of speech and the faculty of arranging his ideas, he is a delightful conversationalist; if, in addition, he has good lungs, an uvula which does not tickle, and sturdy tonsils, he is a born orator; let him add industry and a capacity for business, and there is your statesman.

All men who are deficient in the three first qualities—namely, thought, fluency, and order—are liable to the *lapsus linguæ*, and if they declaim much in public, will sometimes excite unintentional merriment by their blunders. How we laugh, even at the present day, at the elaborate mistakes of Sir Boyle Roche. The famous "There he stands, Mr. Speaker, like a crocodile, with his hands in his pockets, shedding false tears," may surely be considered a slip of the tongue: he would not have written such a sentence. He possessed a creative imagination and fluency of speech, but was entirely deficient in the power of arranging his ideas: comparisons, illustrations, invectives overflowed his brain, and came pouring out of his mouth in a heterogeneous torrent. Take, for instance: "Mr. Speaker, sir, I smell a rat; I see him floating in the air; but I will nip him in the bud!" Here are three distinct images jumbled up into a ridiculous sentence. A man with an equally fluent tongue and a brain of inferior reproductive energy, would have stuck, say, to the flower, some poisonous plant probably, would have sown it, watered it, pampered it for a quarter of an hour before the nipping process, and probably impressed his audience with the idea that he had made a very respectable speech.

The more ordinary slips of the tongue are caused either by nervousness or by the mind wandering away while the unruly member is left to trip unguided over some oft-repeated words, and the effect produced by such mistakes is sometimes very ludicrous. It is astonishing how seldom actors stumble in this way: one would fancy that men repeating the words of another, night after night, and obliged all the time to think of their actions, the expression of their faces, and, above all, their cues, would be pecu-

liarily liable to blunder; but though they often forget their parts, and are driven to "gag," it is almost always the author, not the actor, who suffers. I remember one very ridiculous *lapsus* made by an actor, however, which may not be familiar to the reader. The play was *Lear*, and the performer who represented the king got on well enough till he came to his lament over the unfilial conduct of his daughter Goneril:

Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child.

Which the unhappy man rendered:

How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is
To have a toothless child.

A reading not quite so tragic as the original.

A still more terrible thing must it be for a clergyman to make a ludicrous blunder of this description while conducting the service; the more solemn the cast of our thoughts at any particular moment, the more comic does any absurdity seem, and he must have been a very serious person indeed who refrained from smiling when the officiating minister read: "He spake the word, and cathoppers came, and grasshoppers innumerable." The best thing which could happen to one who made such a slip, would be not to perceive it; that is, if he were a man who found a difficulty in keeping his countenance upon trying occasions, a task, however, which the majority of clergymen seem to find simple enough.

It is a singular phenomenon of the human mind, that if a man makes a slip of the tongue without noticing it himself, or being corrected by others, in the course of a repetition or recital, the chances are that the same *lapsus* recurs on the next occasion. A friend of ours, who is one of the best gentlemen light-weight riders in England, an ardent fox-hunter, and a most melodious vocalist, has a first-rate hunting-song in his repertoire, which is always called for on convivial occasions, but in the course of singing which he as invariably as unwittingly trolls out the most fearful heresy that a sportsman could utter:

"When hounds are in cover, your place is inside"

—instead of *outride*, as, of course, it stands in the text, and as my friend fancies he sings it.

These last instances are pure slips of the tongue, as those first treated of are perhaps of the brain; but there is a description of *lapsus* in which the powers of thinking and the organs of speech seem to stumble at the same time.

The Count de Roncy, who was rather famous for these ingenious blunders, went to call upon Madame de Thianges when she was very ill. "And how are you to-day, madame?"

"No, better, count. I cannot get a wink of sleep."

"Dear, dear; how is that?"

"It is those church-bells, that keep up one ceaseless din day and night. I do wish something could be done about it."

"Why don't you have straw laid down before the door?" cried De Roncy, his face lighting up as he thought of this ingenious expedient.

A better illustration of the compound *lapsus* I allude to, is perhaps afforded by the following anecdote of a Gascon soldier at Rome who was being lionised by some Italians, and whose patriotic soul refused to admit any superiority in St. Peter's over the churches of his own country. "That a cathedral!" he said, shrugging his shoulders: "why, in the country I come from, there is one the nave of which is a thousand yards long."

"Oh, oh, oh!" chorused the Italians.

"Fact, I assure you," insisted the Gascon; "and it is twice as broad!"

"Well, well," he said afterward to the comrades who bantered him on the slip he had made; "perhaps I did overdo it. I was going to make it square, only they took me up so sharply that I had not time to think."

This is something like the famous addition of "and a hare" of the man who did not excite sufficient surprise by dropping a leash of birds to one barrel, and exemplifies the blunder I allude to. The mind was quite clear about what it meant to say, and the tongue perfectly

ready to obey it up to the last moment; then came a confusion or obscuration of the intellect for one second, during which the tongue seemed to out a caper.

The results of a *lapsus linguæ* are not, however, always comic; the tongue, especially of a nervous person, will sometimes blurt out what the heart most desires to conceal, though life may be forfeited by the stumble. How fearful it must be to have committed a murder or some other great crime, and to go about the world in a state of constant dread lest some chance word, some unguarded expression, should give our fellow-men the clue which they are seeking! For when the will is constantly and earnestly set to keep watch over the tongue, the little demon seems to take a malicious pleasure in thwarting such excessive pains: let persons of a certain temperament only go about long enough with the fixed thought, "Whatever happens, I must never say so and so," it is ton to one they do say it eventually.

Indeed, secrets of any kind are odious things, and the picturesque costume of the period would hardly have compensated one for living in the days of the Civil Wars and the later Stuarts, when one always had a letter or a token in one's pocket fraught with danger to hundreds, or a dear relation hiding amongst the coals or the jam-pots, or emulating the cats in gymnastic performances upon the gutter, while the emissaries of the dominant party sought for him with blazing torches, sharp swords, and shocking observations.

And then the torture! If the reader be a lady, the question applied to her in youth was probably mental; but the masculine student may, when a boy, have had his arm twisted round, and smart blows of cruel knuckles applied to the upper part until such time as he apologised for an offence or disclosed a secret. If so, he can form some slight idea of the struggle between a firm will, devotion to a friend or a cause, and a weak and slipping tongue, in the furnace of intense bodily suffering. Thank God, we of the present day are spared all this, save by our own fault, or in very exceptional cases; but there is a very common form of the *lapsus linguæ* which may cause us great mental pain and distress. Happy is he who has never tossed about through a sleepless night, devouring his remorse and shame, and regretting, oh! how bitterly, that he cannot at any cost or sacrifice recall words which have slipped out of his mouth in a moment of passion, of epigrammatic inspiration, or of pure inadvertence. I remember to this day with a hot feeling of shame setting that riddle about a squinting man being born in the middle of the week, looking both ways for Sunday, to a lady who had a cast in her eye, fully twenty years ago. The worst was, I saw my blunder with confusion and hesitation in the middle. Ugh! I cannot bear to think of it. I know a most amiable lady who is constantly making slips of this sort. I have heard her ask a man who had married three times, whether he thought that a widower who loved his first wife could ever bear to see a second in her place! To an officer of artillery, she put the question, whether it was true that his branch of the service was entirely composed of men rejected by the engineers? she inquired of a patriotic member of one university, why the other was so much more gentlemanly? she confided her opinion to a strange Roman Catholic in a railway carriage, that no member of his communion could possibly be truthful. I myself, who am convinced that she would not for the world intentionally hurt the feelings of the meanest creature in it, have often been staggered, and thought for the moment that she must have aimed her random shots.

The most serious *lapsus linguæ* on record is that of the sailor on the look-out who saw a rock, and called out "Larboard!" instead of "Starboard!" drowning dozens by the slip; and it was in consequence of that lamentable affair, I believe, that the word "Port" was substituted for "Larboard" in naval nomenclature.

Tyranny.—Knocking people on the head or the crime of standing upright.

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two others bent and rose upon their oars with the precision of automata.

Presently they shot alongside the yacht, and were hailed by the familiar voice of Saxon's honest master. Then a light flashed overhead, a rope was thrown and caught, a ladder lowered, and in a few seconds they were all on board.

"Thank Heaven, you're safe!" exclaimed Lord Castletowers, turning to Colonna, as soon as his foot touched the deck.

But the Italian leaned heavily upon his shoulder, and whispered:

"Hush! Take me below. I am wounded."

"Wounded?"

"Not so loud, I implore you—not a word here?"

"But not badly?"

"I don't know—I fear so."

"Good God, Colonna!"

The crew were busy hauling in the boat, and unfurling the sails. Even the boy and Montecuculi were doing what they could to help; for life and liberty depended now upon the speed with which they could put the yacht before what little breeze was blowing. They must get away, no matter in which direction. It was the one vital, imperative, overruling necessity.

Under cover of the haste and confusion on deck, Lord Castletowers helped his friend down the cabin stairs, assisted him to the sofa, struck a light, and hastened to examine his wound.

"Where are you hurt?" he asked, eagerly.

"Lock the door first."

Wondering somewhat at the request, the Earl obeyed. Then Colonna, with his own hands, opened the bosom of his shirt, and Castletowers saw that he was wounded just above the left breast, about an inch below the collar-bone. The spot where the ball had penetrated was surrounded by a broad purple margin; but there was very little blood, and scarcely any laceration of the flesh.

"It does not look so bad," said the Earl, "and seems scarcely to have bled at all."

"It is bleeding inwardly," replied Colonna, feebly. "Give me a little brandy."

The Earl hesitated.

"I am not sure that you ought to have it," he said.

"I must have it—I—I——"

His voice faltered, and a ghastly look came upon his pallid face.

"I will call Montecuculi," said the Earl, with a throb of sudden, undefined terror. "He understands these things better than I do."

Colonna half raised himself upon the couch.

"No, no," he gasped; "wait—do not alarm——"

Then, making a desperate effort to articulate, he pointed to his throat, and fell back insensible.

At this moment some one tried the cabin door on the outside, and finding it bolted, tapped loudly on the panels.

The Earl rushed to open it.

"Run," he cried, seeing the boy whom they had just brought off from shore; "fetch some cold water—call Signor Montecuculi! Quick—the Colonna is badly wounded, and has fainted away!"

But the lad, instead of obeying, thrust the Earl aside, uttered a piercing cry, and flung himself upon his knees beside the sofa.

"My father!" sobbed he, passionately. "Oh, my father!"

Lord Castletowers drew back, full of amazement and pity.

"Alas!" he said, in a low tremulous tone. "Miss Colonna!"

In the meanwhile, those on deck were moving heaven and earth to put as many miles of sea as might be possible between the yacht and the coast. The breeze was languid and fitful; but, such as it was, they spread their sails to it, and, tacking about, made some little progress.

By degrees, the shadowy outline of the hills faded away in the darkness, and shortly after midnight a brisk south-west wind sprung up, as if on purpose for their service.

All that night they ran before the breeze, making close upon fifteen knots an hour, and bearing right away for Corsica. All that night

Giulio Colonna lay in the little cabin below the deck of the *Albula*, sometimes conscious, sometimes unconscious, passing from fainting fit to fainting fit, and growing hourly weaker.

COOPER LXVIII. "THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL."

Pale, silent, unwearied, Olimpia sat beside her father's couch through all the hours of that dreary night, wiping the cold dews from his brow, bathing his wound, and watching over him with a steady composure that never faltered. Sometimes when he moaned, she shuddered; but that was all.

Towards dawn, the Earl beckoned Saxon quietly away, and they went up on deck. The morning was now grey above their heads, and there was no land in sight. The breeze had dropped with the dawn, and the *Albula* was again making but little way. Both sea and sky looked inexpressibly dreary.

"How does he seem now?" asked Montecuculi, hastening towards them.

The Earl shook his head.

"Sinking slowly, I fear," he replied. "The fainting fits are longer each time, and each time leaves him weaker. The last endured for twenty-seven minutes, and he has not spoken since."

The Ferrareso threw up his hands despairingly.

"Dio!" he exclaimed, "that it should end thus!"

"And that it should end now," added Castletowers. "Now, when the great work is so nearly accomplished, and the hour of his reward was close at hand!"

"How does the signora bear it?"

"Like a Colonna—nobly."

"I will go down and share her watch while you remain on deck. It is something to look upon him while he is yet alive."

With this the young Italian stole gently down the cabin stairs, leaving Saxon and Castletowers alone.

"Alas! Trefalden," said the Earl, after a long silence, "this is a calamitous dawn for Italy."

"Do you not think he will live the day out?"

"I think that he is going fast. I do not expect to hear him speak again in this world—I scarcely expect to see him alive at noon."

"If we had only kept that surgeon with us one week longer!"

"Ay—if we had!"

"Poor Olimpia!"

"Poor Olimpia, indeed! I dread to think of all she has yet to suffer."

And they were silent again.

"I cannot conceive what we are to do, Trefalden, when—when it is all over," said Lord Castletowers, presently.

"Nor I."

"He ought to rest with his own people; and it must be my task to convey his poor remains to Rome; but, in the meanwhile, what is to become of her?"

"I can escort her to England."

"Impossible, my dear fellow! You have not the time to travel slowly. You ought, even now, to be night and day upon the road; and, do what you will, may still be in London too late!"

"Stay," replied Saxon, quickly; "I can suggest a plan. I know of two ladies—English ladies—who are now residing at Nice. My cousin knows them well; and if Miss Colonna would consent to accept their protection till such time as you had returned from Rome, and could take her to Castletowers——"

"An excellent idea, Trefalden—nothing could be better!"

At this moment Montecuculi came back, anxious and agitated.

"You had better come down," he said, in a low, awe-struck tone. "I think he is dying."

"So soon!"

"Indeed, I fear it."

They went. Colonna still lay as when they saw him last, with his head supported against a pile of pillows, and a blanket thrown across his feet and knees; but it needed no second glance to see that a great change had taken place within the last half hour. A ghastly, grey hue

had spread itself over his face; his eyes seemed to have sunk away into two cavernous hollows; and his very hands were livid. For two hours he had not moved hand or foot. For more than two hours he had not spoken. His heart still beat; but, so feebly, that its action could with difficulty be detected by the ear, and not at all by the hand. He still breathed; but the lungs did their work so languidly, and at such long intervals, that a stranger would have taken him for one quite dead. Now and then, not oftener than once in every fifteen or twenty minutes, a slight spasmodic shudder, like the momentary ruffling of still waters, passed over him as he lay; but of this, as of all else, he was profoundly unconscious.

"Has he moaned of late?" asked Lord Castletowers.

Olimpia, with one of her father's cold hands pressed between her own, and her eyes intently fixed upon his face, shook her head silently.

"Nor moved?"

She shook her head again.

After this, the Earl stood for a long while looking down upon the face of his early friend. As he did so, his eyes filled with tears, and his heart with sorrowful memories—memories of days long gone by, and incidents till now forgotten. He saw himself again a boy at Colonna's knee. He remembered boyish pleasures promoted, and vacation rambles shared. He thought of classic readings under summer trees; of noble things said, and done, and hoped for; of high and heroic counsel solemnly given; of privations uncomplainingly endured; of aspirations crushed; of arduous labour unrecompensed; of a patriotism which, however mistaken in many of its aims, was as gallant and ardent as that of the noblest Roman of them all. Remembering these things—remembering, too, the open hand, the fearless heart, the unstained honour which had characterised the dying man in every relation and act of his unselfish life, the Earl felt as if he had never done justice to his virtues till this moment.

"Alas, poor Italy!" he said aloud; and the tears that had been slowly gathering in his eyes began to fall.

But at that word—that omnipotent word which for so many years had ruled the beatings of his heart, coloured his every thought, and shaped his every purpose—a kind of strange and sudden thrill swept over Colonna's face. A livid mask but the instant before, it now seemed as if lighted from within. His eyelids quivered, his lips moved, and a faint sound was audible in his throat.

"Oh God!" cried Olimpia, flinging herself upon her knees beside him, "he is about to speak!"

The Earl held up his hand, in token of silence.

At that moment the dying man opened his eyes, and a rapt, radiant, wonderful smile came upon all his face, like a glory.

"Italia!" he whispered; "Italia!"

The smile remained; but only the smile. Not the breath—not the spirit—not Giulio Colonna.

CHAPTER LXXIX. O DELLA ETA DELL'ORO!

Careworn and intent, his lips pressed nervously together, his brow contracted, his eyes, hand, and pen, all travelling swiftly in concert, William Trefalden bent over his desk, working against time, against danger, against fate. All that day long, and half the night before, he had been sitting in the same place, labouring at the same task, and his work was now drawing to a close. Piles of letters, papers, memoranda, deeds, and account-books crowded the table. A waste-paper basket, full to overflowing, was placed to the left of Mr. Trefalden's chair, and a large cash-box to the right of his desk. Although it was only the fifteenth of September, and the warm evening sunlight was pouring in through the open window, a fire burned in the grate. The fragments clinging to the bars and the charred tinder-heap below, indicated plainly enough for what purpose that fire had been kindled.

The sun sank lower and lower. The sullen roar of the great thoroughfare rose and fell, and never ceased. The drowsy City clocks, roused up

for a few moments and grown suddenly garrulous, chimed the quarters every now and then, and, having discharged that duty, dozed off again directly. Then the last glow faded from the house-top, and the pleasant twilight—pleasant even in City streets and stifling offices—came gently over all.

Still Mr. Trefalden worked on; his eager pen now flying over the page, now arrested at the base of a column of figures, now laid aside for several minutes at a time. Methodically, resolutely, rapidly, the lawyer pursued his task; and it was a task both multifarious and complicated, demanding all the patience of which he was master, and taxing his memory to the uttermost. He had told his clerks that he was going out of town for six weeks, and was putting his papers in order before starting; but it was not so. He was going away, far away, never to set foot in that office again. He was turning his back upon his cousin Saxon, for ever and ever.

He had intended to do this weeks before. His plans had been all matured long enough in advance. He was to have been in Madeira, perhaps many an ocean-league further still, by this time; but fate had gone against him, and here, on the fifteenth of September, he was yet in London.

Mrs. Rivière was dead. They had believed her to be gaining strength at Sydenham, and she had seemed to be so much better, that the very day was fixed for their journey to Liverpool, when, having committed some trifling imprudence, she caught a severe cold, fell dangerously ill, and, after lingering some three or four weeks, died passively in her sleep, like a sick child. This event it was that delayed William Trefalden in his flight. He chafed, he wearied, he burned to be gone—but in vain; for he loved Helen Rivière—loved her with all the depth and passion that were in him, and, so loving her, could no more have left her in her extremity of grief and apprehension than he could have saved her mother from the grave. So he waited on, week after week, till Mrs. Rivière was one day laid to rest in a sheltered corner of Norwood Cemetery. By this time September had come, and he well knew that there was danger for him in every rising of the sun. He knew that Saxon might come back, that the storm might burst and overwhelm him, at any moment. So he hurried on his final preparations with feverish haste, and thus, on the evening of the fifteenth, was winding up his accounts, ready to take flight on the morrow.

Now he untied a bundle of documents, and, having glanced rapidly at their endorsements, consigned them, unread, to the waste-paper basket. Now he opened a packet of letters, which he immediately tore up into countless fragments, thrust into the heart of the dull fire, and watched as they burned away. Deeds, copies of deeds, accounts, letters, returned cheques, and miscellaneous papers of every description, were thus disposed of in quick succession, some being given to the flames, and some to the basket. At length, when table and safe were both thoroughly cleared, and the twilight had deepened into dusk, Mr. Trefalden lit his office-lamp, refreshed himself with a draught of cold water, and sat down once more to his desk.

This time he had other and pleasanter work on hand.

He drew the cash-box towards him, plunged his hands into it with a sort of eager triumph, and ranged its contents before him on the table. Those contents were of various kinds—paper, gold, and precious stones. Paper of various colour and various qualities, thick, thin, semi-transparent, bluish, yellowish, and white; gold in rouleaux; and precious stones in tiny canvas bags, tied at the mouth with red tape. Money—all money; or that which was equivalent to money!

For a moment, William Trefalden leaned back in his chair and surveyed his treasure. It was a great fortune, a splendid fortune, a fortune carried off, as it were, at the sword's point. He had his own audacity, his own matchless skill to thank for every farthing of it. There it lay, two millions of money!

He smiled. Was his satisfaction troubled by no shadow of remorse? Not in the least. If

some fresh lines had shown themselves of late about his mouth and brow, it may be safely assumed that they were summoned there by no "compunctious visitings." If William Trefalden looked anxious, it was because he felt the trembling of the mine beneath his feet, and knew that his danger grew more imminent with the delay of every hour. If William Trefalden cherished a regret, it was not because he had robbed his cousin of so much, but rather that he had not taken more.

Two millions of money! Pshaw! Why not three? Why not four? Two millions were barely his own rightful share of the Trefalden legacy. Had not Saxon inherited four million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand pounds, and in simple fairness should not he, William Trefalden, have secured at least another three hundred and eighty-eight thousand for himself?

There was one moment when he might have had it—one moment when, by the utterance of a word, he might have swept all, *all*, into his own hands! That moment was when Saxon gave him the power of attorney in the library of Castletowers. He remembered that his cousin had even proposed with his own lips to double the amount of the investment. Fool! over-cautious, apprehensive fool that he had been to refuse it. He had absolutely not *dared* at the moment to grasp at the whole of the golden prize. He had dreaded lest the young man should not keep the secret faithfully; lest suspicion might be awakened among those through whose hands the money must pass; lest something should happen, something be said, something be done to bring about discovery. So, fearing to risk too much, he had let the glorious chance slip through his fingers, and now, when he might have realised all, he had to be content with less than half!

"Well, even so, had he not achieved the possession of two millions? As he thought thus, as he contemplated the wealth before his eyes, he saw before him, not mere gold and paper, but a dazzling vision of freedom, luxury, and love. His thoughts traversed the Atlantic, and there—in a new world, among a new people—he saw himself dwelling in a gorgeous home; rich in lands, equipages, hooks, pictures, slaves; adored by the woman whom he loved, and surrounded by all that makes life beautiful. Nor did he omit from this picture the respect of his fellow-citizens, or the affection of his dependents. The man meant to live honestly in that magnificent future; nay, would have preferred to win his two millions honestly, if he could. He had too fine a taste, too keen a sense of what was agreeable, not to appreciate to its fullest extent the luxury of respectability. William Trefalden liked a clean conscience as he liked a clean shirt, because it was both comfortable and gentlemanly, and suited his notions of refinement. So he fully intended to sin no more, but to cultivate all manner of public and private virtues, and die at last in the odour of popularity.

This delicious dream flashed through his mind in less time than it occupies in the recital. Hopes, regrets, anticipations, followed each other so swiftly, that the smile with which his reverie began had scarcely faded from his lips, when he again took up his pen and proceeded to note down in their order the particulars of his wealth.

For months past he had been quietly and cautiously disposing of this money, not selling out the whole two millions at once, but taking it a little at a time, placing some here, some there, and transferring the greater portion of it, under his assumed name of Forsyth, to foreign securities.

One by one he now examined each packet of notes and shares, each rouleau of gold, each bag of precious stones; returned each to the cash-box; and entered a memorandum of its nature and value in the pages of his private account-book. This account-book was a tiny little volume, fitted with a patent lock, and small enough to go into the waistcoat-pocket. Had he lost it, the finder thereof would have profited little by its contents, for the whole was written in a cunning cypher of William Trefalden's own invention.

English bank-notes to the value of thousands and tens of thousands of pounds; notes of the Banque de France for tens of thousands and

hundreds of thousands of francs; American notes for tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars; Austrian notes, Russian notes, Belgian and Dutch notes, notes issued by many governments and of the highest denominations; certificates of government stock in all the chief capitals of Europe; shares in great Indian and European railways; in steam navigation companies, insurance companies, gas companies, docks, mines, and banks in all parts of the civilised world—in India, in Egypt, in Rio Janeiro, in Ceylon, in Canada, in New Zealand, in the Mauritius, in Jamaica, in Van Diemen's Land; rouleaux of English sovereigns, of Napoleons, of Friedrichs d'or: tiny bags of diamonds and rubies, each a dowry for a princess—money, money, money, in a thousand channels, in a thousand forms—there it lay, palpable to the eye and the touch; there it lay, and he entered it in his book, packed it way in his cash-box, and told it over to the uttermost farthing.

He alone knew the care, the anxious thought, the wearisome precautions that those investments had cost him. He alone knew how difficult it had been to choose the safe and avoid the doubtful; to be perpetually buying, first in this quarter, then in that, without attracting undue attention in the money market; to transact with his own unaided hand all the work connected with those purchases, and yet so to transact it that not even his own clerks should suspect how he was employed.

However, it was all over now—literally all over, when, at half-past nine o'clock in the evening, he at length turned the key upon the last sun in his account-book.

Then he took a deed-box from the shelf above the door, locked the cash-box inside, and put the key in his pocket. This deed-box was inscribed in white letters with the name of a former client—a client long since dead, called "Mr. Forsyth."

Having done this, he placed both in a large carpet-bag lined throughout with strong leather, and fitted with a curious and complicated padlock—a bag which he had had made for this express purpose weeks and weeks back. Last of all, having strapped and locked the bag; locked the empty safe; stirred the ashes beneath the grate, to see if any unburned fragments yet remained; cast a farewell glance round the room in which so many hours of his life had been spent; put out his lamp, and put on his hat, William Trefalden took up the precious carpet bag, and left the place, as he believed, for ever.

But it was not for ever. It was not even for ten minutes; for behold, when he had gone down the gloomy staircase and unlatched the house door at the end of the passage opening upon the street, he found himself face to face with a tall young man whose hand was at that very moment uplifted to ring the housekeeper's bell—a tall young man, who stood between him and the lamplight and barred the way, exclaiming:

"Not so fast, if you please, cousin William. I must trouble you to turn back again, if you please. I have something to say to you."

CHAPTER LXXX. FACE TO FACE.

Olimpia's fortune broke down utterly when all was over. She neither sobbed, nor raved, nor gave expression to her woe as women are wont to do; but she seemed suddenly to lose her hold upon life and become lost in measureless despair. She neither spoke nor slept, hungered nor thirsted; but remained, hour after hour, pale, motionless, speechless as the one for whom she mourned. From this apathy she was by-and-by roused to the sharp agony of a last, inevitable parting. This was when her father's corpse was removed at Civita Vecchia, and Lord Castletowers left them in order to attend the poor remains to their last resting-place in Rome; but this trial over, and her disguise exchanged for mourning robes befitting her sorrow and her sex, Miss Colonna relapsed into her former lethargy, and passively accepted such advice as those about her had to offer. The yacht then went on to Nice, where, in accordance with Saxon's suggestion, Olimpia was to await the Earl's return.

It is unnecessary to say that Saxon cast an

chor in vain in the picturesque port of that pleasant town. In vain he called upon the English consul. In vain applied to the chief of police, to the postal authorities, to every official personage from whom he conceived it possible to procure the information of which he was in search. The name of Rivière had not been heard in the place.

He examined the visitors' list for the last three months, but found no record of their arrival. He inquired at the bank with the same unsatisfactory result. It was the slack season, too, at Nice—the season when visitors are few, and every stranger is known by name and sight—and yet no ladies answering in any way to his description had been seen there that summer.

Having spent the best part of a day in the prosecution of this hopeless quest, Saxon was forced at last to conclude that Mrs. and Miss Rivière were not merely undiscoverable in Nice, but that they had never been to Nice at all.

And now, he asked himself, what was to be done? To leave Miss Colonna among strangers was impossible. To remain with her at Nice was, for himself, equally impossible. However, Olympia cut the knot of this difficulty by announcing her desire to be taken at once to England. She had friends in London, dear and tried friends, who had laboured with her in the Italian cause for many years, among whom she would now find tender sympathy. She expressed no wish to go to Castletowers, as she would surely have done a few months before; and Saxon, knowing the cause of her silence, dared not propose it to her.

So, having written a hasty line to Lord Castletowers, informing him of their change of plans, Saxon despatched his yacht to Portsmouth, bade farewell to Montecuculi, who was now hastening back to south Italy, and conducted Miss Colonna back through France as fast as the fastest trains could take them. On the fifteenth of September, at four o'clock in the afternoon, they landed at Dover. By eight o'clock that same evening, the young man had conducted the lady to the house of a friend at Chiswick, and, having despatched a hasty dinner at his club, posted down to the City—not so much with any expectation of finding his cousin at the office, as in the hope of learning something of his whereabouts. What he actually anticipated was to hear that the lawyer had disappeared long since, and was gone no one knew whither.

He was therefore almost as much startled as the lawyer himself, when the door opened, as it were, under his hand, and he found himself standing face to face with William Trefalden.

"This is indeed a surprise, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, as they withdrew into the passage.

"I fear, not an agreeable one, cousin William," replied the young man, sternly.

But the lawyer had already surveyed his position, and chosen his line of defence. If, for a moment, his heart failed within him, he betrayed no sign of confusion. Quick to think, prompt to act, keenly sensible that his one hope lay in his own desperate wits, he became at once master of the situation.

"Nay," he replied, quite easily and pleasantly, "how should it be other than agreeable to welcome you back after three months' absence? I scarcely expected, however, to see you quite so soon. Why did you not write to tell me you were coming?"

But to this question, Saxon, following his cousin up the staircase, made no reply.

Mr. Trefalden unlocked his office door, lit his office lamp, and led the way into his private room.

"And now, Saxon," said he, "sit down, and tell me all about Norway."

But Saxon folded his arms, and remained standing.

"I have nothing to tell you about Norway," he replied. "I have not been to Norway."

"Not been to Norway? Where then have you been, my dear fellow?"

"To Italy—to the East."

He looked hard at his cousin's face as he said this; but Mr. Trefalden only elevated his eyebrows the very least in the world, seated himself carelessly in his accustomed chair, and replied:

"A change of programme, indeed! What caused you to give up the North?"

"Chance. Perhaps fate."

The lawyer smiled.

"My dear Saxon," he said, "you have grown quite oracular in your style of conversation. But why do you not sit down?"

"Because you and I are friends no longer," replied the young man; "because you have betrayed the trust I placed in you, and the friendship I gave you; because you have wronged me, lied to me, robbed me; because you are a felon, and I am an honest man!"

Mr. Trefalden turned livid with rage, and grasped the arm of his chair so fiercely that the veins swelled upon his hand, and the knuckles stood out white beneath the skin.

"Have you reflected, Saxon Trefalden," he said, in a deep, suppressed voice, "that this is such language as no one man can forgive from another?"

"Forgive!" echoed Saxon, indignantly. "Do you talk to me of forgiveness? Do you understand that I know all—ah? All your treachery, all your baseness! I know that your Overland Company is a lie. I know there are neither directors nor shares, engineers nor works. I know that the whole scheme was simply a gigantic fraud devised by yourself for your own iniquitous ends!"

The lawyer bit his lips, and his eye glittered dangerously; but he kept his passion down, and replied, with forced calmness:

"You know, I presume, that the New Overland Route scheme was a bubble. I could have told you that. I could also have told you that I have not the honour to be the contriver of that bubble. On the contrary, I am one of its victims."

Saxon looked at him with bitter incredulity; but he went on:

"As for your money, it is all safe—or nearly all. You have lost about sixteen thousand pounds by the transaction—I, as many hundreds."

"If it were not that I can scarcely conceive of so much infamy as would be implied in the doubt," said Saxon, "I should say that I do not believe one word of what you tell me!"

"You will repent this," said Mr. Trefalden, grinding the words out slowly between his teeth. "You will repent this from your very soul!"

Saxon put his hand to his brow, and pushed back his hair in an impatient, bewildered way.

"If I only knew what to believe!" he exclaimed, passionately.

Mr. Trefalden looked at his watch.

"If you will have the goodness to come here to-morrow at twelve," he said, "I will send one of my clerks with you to the Bank of England, to satisfy you of the safety of your money. In the mean while, I do not see that anything is gained by a conversation which, on one side, at least, consists of mere vituperation. Have you anything more to say to me?"

"Yes. Where are Mrs. and Miss Rivière?"

"Mrs. Rivière is dead. Miss Rivière has returned to Florence."

"You told me they were at Nice."

"I believed it when I told you so, but I was mistaken."

"One more question, if you please. What have you done with the twenty-five thousand pounds due to Mr. Behrens?"

The lawyer rose haughtily from his seat.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"Simply this—what have you done with the twenty-five thousand pounds placed in your hands by Lord Castletowers two years ago, for the payment of Mr. Behrens' claim?"

"This, I presume, is meant for another insult?" said Mr. Trefalden. "I decline to reply to it."

"You had better reply to it," cried the young man, earnestly. "For your own sake, I counsel you to reply to it. To-morrow will be too late."

The lawyer took a card from the mantel shelf, and flung it disdainfully upon the table.

"There is Mr. Behrens' card," he said. "Go yourself to him to-morrow, and ask whether his mortgage has been paid off or not."

Saxon snatched up the card, and read—"OLIVER BEHRENS, Woolstapler, 70, Bread-Street E.C."

"God forgive you, if you are again deceiving me, William!" he said.

But Mr. Trefalden only pointed to the open door.

"Whatever more you may have to say to me," he replied, "I will hear to-morrow."

Saxon lingered for a moment on the threshold, still looking earnestly, almost imploringly, in the lawyer's face. Then, once more saying "God forgive you, if you are deceiving me!" he turned away, and went slowly down the stairs.

To be continued.

PHARAOH'S SERPENTS.—At a recent meeting at Edinburgh of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain, the following communication was read from Dr. Stevenson Macadam on the poisonous ingredients in Pharaoh's Serpents:—

"The chemical toy which is now sold largely in many shops in this city, at prices ranging from 3d. to 1s. each, is composed of a highly dangerous and poisonous substance, called the sulphocyanide of mercury. The material is a double-headed poisoned arrow, for it contains two poisonous ingredients, viz., mercury and sulphocyanic acid, either of which will kill. Experiments have been made by me upon the lower animals, and I have found that one-half of a sixpenny Pharaoh's Serpent is sufficient to poison a large-sized rabbit in an hour and three-quarters. A less dose also destroys life, but takes longer to do so. The toy, therefore, is much too deadly to be regarded as merely amusing; and seeing that it can be purchased by every schoolboy, and be brought home to the nursery, it is rather alarming to think that there is enough of poison in one of the serpents to destroy the life of several children. And the more so that the so-called Pharaoh's Serpent is covered with bright tinfoil, and much resembles in outward appearance a piece of chocolate or a comfit. I hope that the rage for the Pharaoh's Serpents will die out in Edinburgh without any disastrous consequences, though such have occurred in other places; but it is certainly an anomaly in the law of the kingdom that a grain of arsenic cannot be purchased except under proper restrictions, and that such articles as Pharaoh's Serpents, containing as deadly a poison, may be sold in any quantity, and be purchased by any schoolboy or child."

AN IMPROVED PROCESS OF TANNING.—Letters patent have been granted to M. François Pfander, of Winsley Street, London, for the invention of an improved process of tanning. The preliminary preparation of the hides, whether fresh, dry, or salted, to render them suitable for immersion in the tanpit, is precisely the same as hitherto practised. When the calf skins or ox hides are freed from hair, well cleaned and washed, they are placed in the tanpit or vat, the best manner of doing so being to suspend them. The substance which in the improved process replaces oak bark or other tanning, is obtained by transforming sulphate of iron by means of a chemical operation, furnishing a solution possessing the property of tanning the stoutest hides in a few days. The transformation of the nature of the sulphate of iron is very simple, and is effected by burning it in an oven on a cast iron plate heated from beneath until red-hot, and the substance being constantly moved about becomes transformed into a powder of a reddish colour, when it is removed, and the operation repeated for a fresh supply. The liquid is obtained by pouring water into an earthenware vase or other suitable receptacle, then adding a part of the substance obtained as above described, which rapidly dissolves if continually stirred with a stick or ladle; the liquid is then allowed to rest and deposit until perfectly limpid, when it is run off. This liquid being very strong, serves to prepare the liquid in the tanpits or vats, according to the degree of strength which it is desired to give it, using for this purpose Beaumé's hydrometer, or any hydrometer which the tanner may prefer.—*Mechanics' Magazine.*

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forewarned, Mahmoud received him with great distinction, and not the less, that the messenger of the governor of Damascus told him that he had lost an eye in a contest with a genii, who guarded the treasures of the earth, and was vanquished by him. Mahmoud soon had occasion to believe this story, for he offered the pretended Ben-Ahmed ten purses of gold, which that sage courteously declined, asserting that "gold was but dross to the wise." Mahmoud had never seen the like of this since he became rich, and mentioned it to the Caliph. In the meantime, the "so-called" Ben-Ahmed wrought great wonders in Bagdad.

One day Mahmoud summoned his guest and politely informed him that Selina, a favourite lady of the Caliph had long been sick, beyond the skill of the physicians, and that he had persuaded the Caliph to ask the advice of Ben-Ahmed. When the Hakim was brought into the presence of the Caliph, he was asked what reward he would consider an equivalent of his services. He replied at once, "Commander of the Faithful, I need but one thing to complete my power over disease. It is the ring of truth, which you are said to possess, once the ring of Selim."

"Truly, you value highly your services," said the Caliph,

"Verily, you value lightly your favourite's life," replied the Hakim.

"Audacious slave, do you mock me?" burst forth the Caliph. "Thou shalt die."

"And so shalt thou, and all," said the Hakim.

"But soonest Selina. Time carries not; before sunset thy favourite perishes, unless I aid her. I can do nothing without the ring. A monarch who knows the truth may be just, but not happy. A physician, who knows it not may be lucky, but not wise."

Haroun looked upon the ring. It sparkled almost with the glow of animated intelligence.

"Thou speakest the truth now," said he.

"Alas, to part with this treasure, but it has not added to my happiness." He drew it from his finger and placed it on that of the Hakim.

"Hakim, thou art royally paid. Do thy duty well."

"That consciousness is a richer guerdon than thy ring," said the Hakim.

Mesroul led the Hakim through the apartments of the palace to where Selina lay on a gilded couch, in splendid state, and transcendently beautiful, but bent with an intense sorrow and with her hand pressed on her heart. All withdrew a sufficient space, and the Hakim bent down beside the favourite. "Lady," said he, "I have come to heal thy woes. I bear the power of cure, but thou must tell me the truth."

"Go, kind Hakim," answered Selina, "I am past cure."

"Not so," said the Hakim. "Thou alone knowest the cause of thy disease, which is of the mind and not the body, I fear. Tell me the whole truth and I will cure thee, if I have to call Ali from the dead."

"Thou art Ali," said the lady looking up quietly, "but oh! how sadly changed. That dwarf said he had killed you, and Haroun let me believe it. I will tell thee the whole truth. My ingratitude and wicked betrayal of thy great love, wrought on me so, that when I thought on thy misery and death, remorse brought me to this pass. Forgive me."

Ali looked on the ring. It sparkled with truth. "I forgave thee long ago."

"We have both suffered," continued the lady, "I was not your willing betrayer, for I loved you then, but the victim of an inexorable master."

The ring still sparkled.

"I believe you," said Ali.

What he then compelled me to propose, let us now effect," beseechingly said Selina.

"Is there then, aught left in the maimed and disfigured Ali to attract woman's love?"

"Yes," replied Selina.

"What?"

"Your soul."

"Alas!" cried Ali, "let us abandon these thoughts. We sinned against each other, and we have again met and forgiven. Let us learn to suffer—but it may be to die,—let us keep our faith unshaken and fulfil our duty."

"Thou sayest well, Ali," cried Selina. "I ask thy forgiveness; I cannot live without thee. I must die, great heart, but I love thee in death." With these words she rose from her couch, and throwing her arms around Ali, instantly breathed her last.

A great cry went up from the domestics, who rushing upon them with difficulty disengaged the arms of Selina, and pinioned Ali.

"Who art thou, accursed sorcerer," shrieked Mesroul, fearful of his own life, when the Caliph should learn the termination of this scene.

"Lead me apart and I will tell thee," said Ali.

The slave, who had lifted Selina from his bosom, led him apart, and as Mesroul was drawing forth and examining the edge of his scimeter, thus addressed Ali.

(To be continued.)

COLUMNS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

GAMES.

IT is the season of family reunions, of bright smiles, happy faces and merry laughter. The young folks are "Home for the Holidays," and both old and young are anxious to provide amusement for the long evenings. We propose, in the interest of our young friends, to devote a column or two to sketches of Parlour Games. Some of them may be old to many of our readers, but we trust enough may be culled from them to afford amusement to many bright and happy gatherings of young folks both during and beyond the Holiday Season.

FORFEITS.

MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.

The leader of this game addresses the party with the remark, "My mistress is dainty, and she does not like peas—what shall we get her for dinner to-day?"

One may suggest, "Roast beef, potatoes, and plumpudding."

The leader gives a shake of the head, demands a forfeit, and turning to the next, repeats, "My mistress is dainty, she does not like peas—what shall we give her for dinner?"

"Roast pork and parsnips!" cries another.

"She does not like them, pay a forfeit;" and the same question is repeated.

The third, perhaps, suggests "Boiled mutton and cauliflower, and dry bread."

"These will please her," replies the leader, and he pays a forfeit.

If only two or three are in the secret, the game may proceed for some time, to the intense mystification of the remainder, who have no idea what they have said to incur or escape the penalty. It depends merely on a play of words. The mistress not liking "P's," the players must avoid giving an answer in which that letter occurs. As the same proposition must not be repeated twice, those even in the plot are sometimes caught; as the reply they had prepared for themselves is occasionally forestalled by another player, and they have no time for consideration.

THE CROTCHETY CONCERT; OR, DUMB BAND.

Each of the party selects an instrument, on which they are expected to pretend they are performing—one chooses the violin, and proceeds to play it. Another sets herself in a graceful attitude; draws a chair before her, and sweeps the strings of an invisible harp. Another runs her fingers up and down a supposed piano-forte, for which a table forms a substitute. A fourth places his hands on an angle with his mouth, turns the head a little on one side, and moves the fingers quickly, in imitation of a flute-player's position, features, and action, &c., &c. The "leader" having been selected, takes his place in front of the band, and having determined what piece of music shall be performed (which ought to be some well-known air, chorus, march, &c), holds up his baton, or roll of music, and spreads out the other hand as a signal for "the whole band" to commence playing on their instruments, and making music which imitates their respective sounds. The leader then claps his baton on his left hand, which is a signal for the band to stop; then he instantly imitates the violin, and the

violinist must pretend to play; from which he passes to the drum, and so on to various other instruments, and all at once holds up both hands as a signal for a grand crash; and he thus alternates as quickly as possible the different orders for silence, *solos* and *concertos*: the failure of any player to imitate his leader, or obey his orders, of course entails a forfeit. The sound of the various voices, the sudden pauses, the timid *solos*, the incessant changes, are all productive of great amusement. For quietness, this game may be played dumb.

THE ELEMENTS.

In this game the party sit in a circle. One throws a handkerchief at another, and calls out AIR! The person whom the handkerchief hits must call out the name of some bird, or some creatures that belong to the air, before the caller can count ten; which he does in a loud voice. If a creature that does not live in the air is named, or if a person fails to speak quick enough, a forfeit must be paid.

The person who catches the handkerchief throws it to another in turn, and cries out EARTH! The person who is hit must call out some animal, or any creature which lives upon the earth, in the same space of time allowed the other.

Then throw the handkerchief to another, and call out WATER! The one who catches the handkerchief observes the same rules as the preceding, and is liable to the same forfeits, unless he calls out immediately, some creature that lives in the water. Any one who mentions a bird, beast, or fish twice, is likewise liable to a forfeit.

If any player calls FIRE! every one must keep silence, because no creature lives in that element.

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.

All the company join hand in hand in a circle, except one who is placed inside, called the mouse, and another outside, called the cat. They begin by running round, raising the arms; the cat springs in at one side, and the mouse jumps out at the other; they then suddenly lower the arms so that the cat cannot escape. The cat goes round mewing, trying to get out; and as the circle must keep dancing round all the time, she must try and find a weak place to break through. Soon as she gets out she chases the mouse, who tries to save herself by getting within the circle again. For this purpose they raise their arms. If she gets in without being followed by the cat, the cat must pay a forfeit and try again; but if the mouse is caught she must pay a forfeit. Then they name who shall succeed them: they fall into the circle, and the game goes on as before.

THE FEATHER.

Procure a feather of the lightest possible kind, then cause the company to sit round in a circle. Launch the feather in the air and it will be everybody's duty to take care that it does not fall upon him or her under pain of a forfeit. Although this may seem very simple it will be sure to cause a great deal of hearty laughter.

JACK'S ALIVE.

Take a thin strip of wood and light it well at one end, then blow out the flame and allow it to smoulder. The game consists in passing this from hand to hand, each as he receives it calling out "Jack's alive." A forfeit is claimed from the person in whose hand the spark expires. The eagerness to get rid of the dying fire: the deliberation with which the two words are pronounced while the fire burns tolerably brightly, make the interest of the pastime.

CRYING THE FORFEITS.

Much difficulty is generally felt in selecting good sentences for those who have forfeits to redeem. We append a few, in order to assist our young friends.

They may be then sentenced as follows:—

Repeat the alphabet backwards.

Rub one hand on your forehead, and at the same time strike the other on the chest without changing the motion of either for an instant.

To keep silence and preserve a serious face for five minutes, whatever your companion may do to cause you to laugh.

Pay a compliment and undo it afterwards to every one present.

Sing a verse from four different songs without stopping, or else repeat four lines of poetry from different places.

To be blindfolded, and fed with cold water till you guess who is feeding you.

Compose a verse of poetry or a conundrum.

Take a Journey to Rome. The person must go round to all the company, and tell them that he is going on a journey to Rome, and that he will feel great pleasure in taking anything for his Holiness the Pope. Every one must give something to the traveller. (The more cumbersome or awkward to carry, the more fun it occasions). When he has gathered all, he is to carry the things to one corner of the room, and deposit them, and thus end his penance.

Take Hobson's Choice. Burn a cork one end, and keep it clean the other. You are then to be blindfolded, and the cork to be held horizontally to you. You are then to be asked three times which end you will have? If you say "Right," then that end of the cork must be passed along your forehead; the cork must then be turned several times, and whichever end you say must next be passed down your nose; and the third time across your cheeks or chin. You are then to be allowed to see the success of your choice in a looking-glass.

Repeat a passage of poetry, counting the words aloud as you proceed, thus:—The (one) king (two) doth (three) keep (four) his (five) revels (six) here (seven) to-night (eight). Take (nine) heed (ten) the (eleven) queen (twelve) come (thirteen) not (fourteen) within (fifteen) his (sixteen) sight (seventeen)! This will prove a great puzzle, and afford considerable amusement.

Yawn until you make several others in the room yawn. This should be allotted to one of the male sex.

Propose your own health in a complimentary speech, and sing the musical honours.

Put two chairs back to back take off your shoes, and jump over them. (The fun consists in a mistaken idea that the chairs are to be jumped over, whereas it is only the shoes!)

Take the Blind Man's Choice. The one who is to pay a forfeit stands with the face to the wall; one behind makes signs suitable to a kiss, a pinch, and a box on the ear, and then demands whether the first, second, or third, be preferred; whichever it chances to be, is given.

Crawl around the room on all four forwards. Your forfeit shall then be laid upon the floor, and you must crawl backwards to it, without seeing where it is placed.

Ask the penitent what county he would like to represent in Parliament; when the selection is made, he is to spell its name backwards, without a mistake; if he fail, he knows not the requirements of his constituents, and must lose his election.

To be at the Mercy of the Company. This consists in executing whatever task each member of the company may like to impose upon you.

Kiss your own Shadow. Place yourself between the light and the person you intend kissing, on whose face your shadow will be thrown.

Go into Exile. The penitent sent into exile takes up his position in the part of the room the most distant from the rest of the company—with whom he is forbidden to communicate. From there he is compelled to fix the penance to be performed by the owner of the next forfeit, till the accomplishment of which he may on no account leave his place.

Dance the Blind Quadrille. This is performed when a great number of forfeits are to be disposed of. A quadrille is danced by eight of the company with their eyes blindfolded, and as they are certain to become completely bewildered during the figures, it always affords infinite amusement to the spectators.

GAMES.

THE LAWYER.

The company form into two rows, opposite to and facing each other, leaving room for the "Lawyer" to pass up and down between them. When all are seated, the one who personates the lawyer will ask a question or address a remark to one of the persons present, either standing

before the person addressed or calling his name. The one spoken to is not to answer, but the one sitting opposite to him must reply to the question. The object of the lawyer is to make either the one he speaks to answer him, or the one that should answer to keep silent. No one must be allowed to remind another of his turn to speak, under the penalty of a forfeit. When the lawyer has succeeded in either making one speak that should not, or finding any that did not answer when they should, they must exchange places with each other, and the one caught becomes lawyer.

BUFF WITH THE WAND.

Having blindfolded one of the party, the rest take hold of each other's hands in a circle around him, he holding a long stick. The players then skip round him once and stop. Buffy then stretches forth his wand and directs it by chance; and the person whom it touches must grasp the end presented, and call out three times in a feigned voice. If Buffy recognises him, they change places; but if not, he must continue blind, till he makes a right guess.

COPENHAGEN.

First procure a long piece of tape or twine sufficient to go round the whole company, who must stand in a circle, holding in each of their hands a part of the string—the last takes hold of the two ends of the tape. One remains standing in the centre of the circle who is called "the Dane," and who must endeavour to slap the hands of one of those who are holding the string before they can be withdrawn. Whoever is not sufficiently alert, and allows the hands to be slapped must take the place of the Dane, and in their turn try to slap the hands of some one else.

SHADOW BUFF.

This game is played as follows:—If there is a white curtain at the window it may be fastened at the bottom, so as to make a smooth surface; or in the absence of a white curtain, a tablecloth may be fastened upon the wall. The one chosen to act the part of Shadow-haff sits before the curtain, with the back to the light and before the company. When all is arranged they pass by on the opposite side of the room, so as to cast their shadows on the white surface. Hats, caps, shawls or any other article of dress may be put on and other means used to disguise themselves, such as walking lame, &c. Buffy is to guess the name; and when correct, the person named is to change places.

CONSEQUENCES.

Some slips of paper or pasteboard being provided, the same number are appropriated for the different words which are to be written on them; say, for example, a dozen of each. Then write on one dozen the names of twelve ladies; on another parcel the names of twelve gentlemen; on the third dozen the name of a place, as "a church," "at the Crystal Palace," &c. Then write on the fourth packet some circumstance in which the supposed parties were placed, or what they were doing, as "buying an album," "eating buns," "rowing in a boat," or anything likely to form strange contrasts. Lastly, on the fifth dozen of slips write the "consequences," or what happened to the parties. You may say, for instance, that "they kissed and made it up;" that "they quarrelled and parted;" that "they got their feet wet;" that "they lived very happily ever afterwards."

When the slips are all ready, they are shuffled, each part separately, and then delivered to five persons to read aloud in order thus:—

- A reads "Mr. Bird."
- B reads "Miss Hawk."
- C reads "Were together at the Crystal Palace."
- D reads "Eating buns."
- E reads "The consequence was, they kissed and made it up."

The papers must be folded, or, if cards, laid with the blank side upwards before the players, that they may not know beforehand what they have to read. They will last a long while, when once made, and if shuffled every game will afford an infinite variety of "consequences."

THE SECRETARY.

A secretary is appointed who distributes to every player a blank piece of paper. Each one writes his name and returns it. The papers are mixed and again distributed, when everybody writes something under the name concerning the character, &c., of the owner of it. Once again they are collected and read by the secretary. Nobody knows who it is who has satirised or complimented him, as the case may be; and if the players are clever, the result is amusing.

HUNT THE RING.

All the company are seated, or stand in a circle, each one holding a ribbon which passes all round. A large brass, or other ring is slipped along the ribbon, and while all hands are in motion, the hunter in the centre must try to find out where it is. The person with whom it is caught becomes the hunter.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c., No. 16.

We omit this week our usual Pastime column, and simply give the answers to No. 16.

Puzzles.

1. You sigh for a cipher,
But I sigh for thee;
O sigh for no cipher,
But O sigh for me.
And O let my sigh, for
Thy sigh for be,
And give sigh for sigh, for
I sigh for thee.
2. General Forbes took his forces into the East Indies.
3. 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1=45.
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9=45.

- 8, 6, 4, 1, 9, 7, 5, 3, 2=45.
4. 50=L. add O, then 5=V, add the first fourth of "Each" =E. Answer LOVE.

Charades.—1. Week. 2. Bannockburn. 3. Rubrick.

Enigma.—Glass.
Transpositions.—1. Wedlock. 2. A consummation devoutly to be wished. 3. Conscience makes cowards of us all;
Want of space compels us to omit the answers received.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"St. Ursain St."—The Problem by W. A. admits of a second solution, by playing 1. R. to K. 5th. With a slight alteration this difficulty might be obviated.

Correct solutions to Problem No. 4 received from "St. Urbain St.," J. McL., and F. H. A., Jun., Quebec.

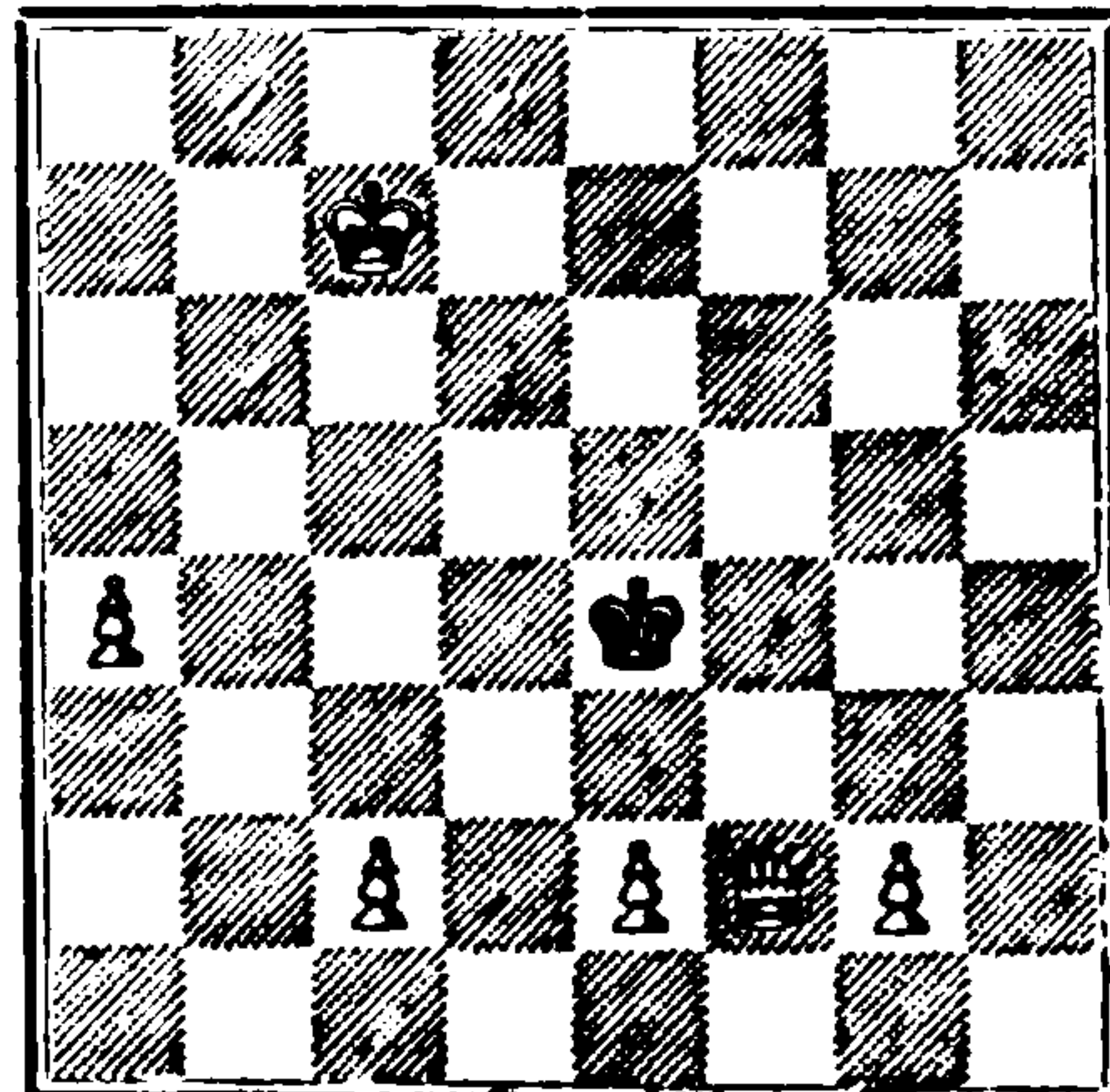
SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 4.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1 B. to Kt. 5th. | P. moves. |
| 2 B. to Kt. 4th. | P. takes B. |
| 3 R. takes P. Mate. | |

PROBLEM No. 6.

By T. P. BULL, SEAFOORTH.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. O., LYNDEN.—The postage on the *READER* is twenty-six cents for the year, if paid in advance; when not paid in advance, it is one cent per number. Messrs. Oowler & Stevenson published the "Montreal Bank Note Reporter" for some time, but it is now discontinued, owing, we presume, to the fact that the American national currency is rapidly replacing the circulation of the old States banks.

HATTIE.—Received, and will have our early attention.

HAMILTON.—The changes are remarkable. Will insert in an early issue.

H.—Received. Thanks!

A. LeC.—The question referred to the use of the word "Homœopathics" in one of the "Scarlet Fever" letters. We never intended to recommend "Homœopathiser" in place of "Homœopathist," the term generally applied to the disciples of Hahnemann. The exigency of rhyme, we suspect, induced Mr. T. to use "Homœopathics." We shall be happy to hear frequently from A. LeC., but must express our belief that he would not have written the last paragraph of his letter were he in possession of the facts respecting the points to which he refers.

ARTIST.—It is well enough to "try," but we scarcely think we can recommend you to "Try, try again." You would find it difficult to emulate the marvellous inconsistencies of the person referred to. Please forward the MS.

L. P. O.—The answers are all correct.

Y. K. E.—Respectfully declined.

F. B. D.—We receive subscriptions for the half year, and should you leave the country at the expiration of six months, as you anticipate, will return one-half of the amount sent. We must have overlooked that part of your letter containing the answers. Will insert your communication in an early issue.

ELLEN P.—Declined. You have probably copied the article correctly.

R. W. S., TORONTO.—The anecdote is new to us, and will probably be inserted.

JAS. T.—We do not, as a rule undertake to return rejected MSS., but will make an exception in your case, should we not publish the article.

VICTOR.—We found the idea impracticable; and, further, the circulars requesting information, which we addressed to secretaries of the various Lodges, were replied to in but very few instances.

PULLIP.—We have handed your note to the *Cheese Editor*, who will reply to your query in a short time.

AUGUST.—Previous to the reign of Cæsar Augustus, the month was called "Sextilis."

B. S.—We make it a rule to avoid all comment on questions of the character you refer to us.

W. G.—Yes, to your first question; No, to the second.

J. H.—If you do not obtain the *READER* regularly through the agent, you had better have it mailed to your address from the office direct.

PARLOUR MAGIC.

TO SUSPEND A RING BY A BURNT THREAD.—The thread having been previously soaked two or three times in common salt and water, tie it to a ring not larger than a wedding-ring. When you apply the flame of a candle to it, though the thread burn to ashes, it will yet sustain the ring.

TO PRODUCE A COLOUR WHICH SHALL APPEAR AND DISAPPEAR.—Put into a decanter some volatile spirit, in which copper filings have been dissolved, and it will produce a fine blue tincture; if the bottle be stopped, the colour will immediately disappear, but when it is unstopped the colour soon returns. This experiment may be repeated frequently.

TO MAKE WATER FROZEN BY THE FIRESIDE.—This curious feat can only be performed in winter. Set a quart pot upon a stool before the

fire, throwing a little water upon the stool first. Then put a handful of snow into the pot, having privately conveyed into it a handful of salt. Stir it about for eight or nine minutes with a short stick, and the coagulation will be effected.

TO PRODUCE AN ELECTRIC SPARK FROM A PIECE OF BROWN PAPER.—Thoroughly dry before the fire a quarter of a sheet of rather strong brown paper, place it on your thigh, holding it at the edge with one hand, while with the cuff of the sleeve of the other you rub it smartly back and forwards for ten or fifteen minutes; if the knuckle be then placed near the paper it will emit a brilliant spark accompanied with a snapping noise; the prongs of a fork similarly placed will produce three distinct streams of light. The experiment must, of course, be performed in the dark, and the trouser, and coat be of woollen cloth.

TO MAKE A CONE OR PYRAMID MOVE UPON A TABLE.—Roll up a piece of paper, or any other light substance, and put a lady beetle, or some such small insect, privately under it: then, as the insect will naturally endeavour to free itself from its captivity, it will move the cone towards the edge of the table, and as soon as it comes there will immediately return, for fear of falling; and by thus moving to and fro, will occasion much sport to those who are unacquainted with the cause.

THE MYSTERIOUS BOTTLE.—Pierce a few holes, with a glazier's diamond, in a common black bottle; place it in a vase or jug of water, so that the neck is only above the surface, then with a funnel fill the bottle: and cork it well while it is in the jug or vase. Take it out, and, notwithstanding the holes in the bottom, it will not leak; wipe it dry, and give it to some person to uncork. The moment the cork is drawn, to the party's astonishment, the water will begin to run out of the bottom of the bottle.

A SIMPLE DECEPTION.—Stick a little wax upon your thumb, take a by-stander by the fingers, show him a sixpence, and tell him you will put the same into his hand; then ring it down hard with your waxed thumb, and, using many words, look him in the face; suddenly take away your thumb, and the coin will adhere to it; then close his hand, and it will seem to him that the sixpence remains; now tell him to open his hand, and if you perform the feat cleverly, to his great astonishment he will find nothing in it.

TO MAKE ARTIFICIAL FIRE-BALLS.—Put thirty grains of phosphorus into a Florence flask, with three or four ounces of water. Place the vessel over a lamp, and give it a boiling heat. Balls of fire will soon be seen to issue from the water, after the manner of an artificial firework, attended with the most beautiful coruscations.

TO MAKE FIRE FLASH FROM WATER.—Pour a small quantity of clear water into a glass, and put a piece or two of phosphoret of lime into it. In a few seconds flashes of fire will dart from the surface of the water, and end in curls of smoke rising in regular succession.

TO MAKE WRITING LUMINOUS IN THE DARK.—Fix a small piece of solid phosphorus in a quill, and write with it upon paper; if the paper be then placed in a dark room, the writing will be beautifully luminous.

FIRTS PRODUCED BY WATER.—Fill a saucer with water, and let fall into it a piece of potassium, of the size of a pepper corn, which is about two grains. The potassium will instantly burst into a flame, with a slight explosion, and burn vividly on the surface of the water, darting at the same time from one side of the vessel to the other, with great violence, in the form of a beautiful red-hot fire-ball.

TO MAKE AN EGG STAND ON ONE END.—To accomplish this trick, let the performer take an egg in his hand, and while he keeps talking and staring in the faces of his audience, give it two or three hearty shakes, this will break the yoke, which will sink to one end, and consequently make it more heavy, by which, when it is settled, you may make it, with a steady hand, stand upon the glass. This would be impossible while it continued in its proper state.

HOW TO LIFT UP A FLINT GLASS BOTTLE WITH A STRAW.—Take a straw which is not broken or bruised, and having bent one end of it into a sharp angle, put this curved end into the bottle, so that the bent part may rest against its side; you may then take the other end, and lift up the bottle by it without breaking the straw, and this will be the more readily accomplished as the angular part of the straw approaches nearer to that which comes out of the bottle.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

"**PARA,**" said a little boy to his father the other day, "are not sailors very, very small men?"—"No, my dear," answered his father. "Pray what leads you to suppose that they are so small?" "Because," replied the young idea, smartly, "I read the other day of a sailor going to sleep in his watch."

Mrs. PARTINGTON, having heard her son say that there were a great many anecdotes in the new Almanac, begged him to cut them all out, as she had heard that when anybody was poisoned, nothing was necessary but to give him an anecdote, and it would cure him. Did the old lady mean an antidote?

AN experienced old singer says, if you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

AN advocate having lately gained a suit for a poor young lady, who was very ugly, she remarked, "I have nothing to pay you with, sir, but my heart." "Hand it over to the clerk, if you please. I wish no fee for myself," he replied.

IN Louisville, a few nights ago, an escaped convict was found hidden in a hogshead of peas, and remanded to jail. He thought it hard that he couldn't be allowed to rest in peas.

TWO dandies were, some time ago, taken before a Dublin magistrate charged with "intending to fight a duel." The justice, who was a shrewd and waggish man, had strong doubts as to the really pugnacious inclination of either of the professed belligerents, so he dismissed them upon a promise "not to carry the matter further;" but added, "Gentlemen, I let you off this time; but upon my conscience, if you are brought again before me, I'll positively bind you both down to fight." They did not offend a second time.

A GALWAY bailiff, having been questioned as to whether he had spoken to any of the locked-up jury during the night, gravely answered, "No, my lord; they kept calling out for me to bring them whiskey, but I always said, 'Gentlemen of the jury, it's my duty to tell you that I'm sworn not to speak to you.'"

HORACE Walpole on one occasion observed that there had existed the same indecision, irresolution, and want of system in the politics of Queen Anne, as at the time he spoke, under the reign of George the Third. "But," added he "there is nothing new under the sun!"—"No," said George Selwyn, "nor under the grand-son!"

SHERIDAN being asked what wine he liked best, replied, "The wine of other people."

SHARP REPAATES.—A countryman was sowing his ground, when two smart fellows riding that way, one of them called to him, with an insolent air, "Well, honest fellow, 'tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour." To which the countryman replied, "Tis very like you may, for I am sowing hemp."

SOME men were in a tavern, and, when at the height of their jollity, in came a friend whose name was Sampson. "Ah," said one, "we may now be securely merry, fearing neither serjeant nor bailiff; for, though a thousand such Philistines should come, here is Sampson, who is able to brain them all." "Sir," replied Sampson, "I may boldly venture on as many as you speak of, provided you lend me one of your jaw-bones."

A lady asked a minister whether a person might not be fond of dress and ornaments without being proud. "Madam," said the minister, "when you see a fox's tail peeping out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is within."

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said the *Standard*, "will ever be remembered with gratitude by his countrymen." "Mr. Cobden is now gone," wrote the *Scotsman*, "and what history will say of him is, that he worked a good work by right means, under high motives and at great sacrifices." Said Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, "I am sure there is not a man in this House who does not feel the deepest regret that we have lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the country one of its most useful servants." And from Eliza Cook come such verses as these:

"Cobden! proud, English, yeoman name!
I offer unto thee
The earnest meed that all should claim
Who toll 'mid slander, doubt, and blame,
To make the free more free.
.....
"A home-bred Caesar thou hast been,
Whose bold and bright career
Leaves on thy brow the wreath of green,
On which no crimson drop is seen,
No widow's bitter tear,"

HUMOROUS POEMS. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. With Illustrations by Sol Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1865. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

This little work will help to pass a few hours, not unpleasantly, if the reader should happen to be a lover of facetious poetry, although, for our own part, 100 pages of shany verse is rather too much for us. The following ode is, so far as we know, original in its conception, and is, too, a favourable specimen of Mr. Holmes's Peter-Pindaric genius:

ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING.

WITH SLIGHT ALTERATIONS BY A TEEETOTALER.

COME! fill a fresh bumper,—for why should we go
While the nectar still reddens our cups as they flow;
Pour out the rich juices still bright with the sun,
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the rubies shall run.
The purple-globed clusters their life-dews have bled;
How sweet is the breath of the fragrance they shed!
For summer's last roses lie hid in the wines
That were garnered by maidens who laughed thro' the vines.
Then a smile, and a glass, and a toast, and a cheer,
For all the good wine, and we've some of it here!
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!

ROUGH AND SMOOTH: OR, HO! FOR AN AUSTRALIAN GOLD FIELD. By Mrs. A. Campbell. Quebec: Hunter, Rose & Co. 1865. Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

This is a very readable book, though a little care or supervision might have made it more so. It is written with much feminine grace, but the marks of haste, at least, are here and there observable. Mrs. Campbell is the wife of an advocate of Quebec, who accompanied her husband to Australia in 1852; and the volume now before us is a narrative of their voyage to that colony, and their adventures there, as well as of their return to Canada. Mrs. Campbell is a shrewd observer, and her account of the condition of such portions of the land of gold she visited—the city of Melbourne, the oven diggings, and the diggers—are very graphic and interesting. The work is addressed to her children, but those of an older growth may derive information and amusement from it. Australia, from our authoress's testimony, is anything but the paradise it has been described by certain travellers, who have described it in print and in speech, and who seem to have viewed the scariferous Goshen through golden spectacles.

THE MAGAZINES.

We have received from Messrs. Dawson, Great St. James street, the British Magazines for December; and, as usual, the Christmas numbers of these periodicals are teeming with the most varied reading matter, calculated to please and

instruct folk of every age, and taste. The sexagenarian, dozing in his easy-chair, may awake from his pleasant dreams of his yearly "profit and loss," and find in their pages mental food to his satisfaction, in the shape of dissertations on history, science, travels, biography, and kindred themes. Mamma, if she happen to have a tinge of the "Blue," may gratify herself to her heart's content; if she belong to the utilitarian sect, she will also discover, in some, at least, of these works, lessons on household craft and thrift which may convince even her that she has yet a few things to learn anent the mysteries of her calling. The young ladies, of course, delight in the magazines; for are there not tales of love, and war, distress to break one's heart, and sentiment to elevate them to the seventh heaven of admiration? Master Tom, too, may roam in them from Indus to the Pole, shooting tigers in Bengal or walruses at Spitzbergen. In short, the magazines offer a truly Catholic banquet to their readers, universal as light and the stars. Among them, we first welcome our old friend "Fraser's," in its russet drass, but on which the radiance of Father Prout's wit and genius still shines. This is an exceedingly good number. It contains, for instance, an article on the politics of Spain, well worth perusal; one on "The Military Situation in India," evidently written by a person conversant with his subject; an extremely ingenious article on "Fiction and its Uses," from which we should have made quotations in our last number, as confirming our own views on the question, had the magazine then reached us; Carlyle and his works receive a large share of praise and blame, both of which, we have no doubt, they richly merit. "The Gains of the Church of England" is an article of which we would say a few words, were we not pledged to eschew theology. Its spirit, however, may be discerned from those lines with which it closes:

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down: . . .
Her open eyes discern the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry their light from tears.
That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes.

Fraser's has, besides, tales and other lighter reading. Next comes "Temple Bar," a very able number, G. A. Sala, and several other well-known writers, figuring among its contributors. "London Society" comes to us this time in the form of twins, the December number, and the Christmas number, *par excellence*. They are absolutely dazzling with wood-cuts and engravings, several of which are fine specimens of art, and worth many times the price of the entire work. The Christmas number alone has twenty-seven illustrations. How the publisher can afford to supply them in such profusion and excellence, we cannot conceive, and, it not being our business, we shall not enquire. We have also to acknowledge receipt of the "Dublin University Magazine," which continues to sustain its long-established character for great literary talent in its contributions. We publish to-day one of the tales in the December number, under the title of "Early Celtic Stories."

CURIOS PHENOMENON.—While pursuing a voyage to the East Indies, and being in Lat. 34° 10' S. Long. 84° E, my attention, was arrested by observing a very curious formation of clouds, and one that I had never seen before, or ever remember to have read about. The sky was completely overcast with dark lead colour clouds, but towards the southward some still darker ones were formed into a perfect ring, which appeared to move in different directions and at the same time the whole body travelled away to the south-west, increasing in size as it receded from us, until it was lost in the distance. The weather at the time, and afterwards was very unsettled, so that I was led to think is not this the commencement of one of those revolving storms, which sometimes commit such fearful ravages and are so destructive to shipping?

Montreal, Dec.

J. P. J.

MISCELLANEA.

An interesting relic, a large vessel, supposed to be of the second century, found during the late war, buried in the sand at Sundewitt, near Westerstrap, has been lodged in the Town Hall of Flensburg, in Schleswig. Though decayed, with the aid of a few iron clamps, its original form and aspect have been well preserved. It is 80ft. in length, 12ft. broad amidships, with 4ft. 2in. depth of hold at same part. Its height from the keel at the prow is 9ft. 9in., and at the poop 10ft. 10in. When discovered it contained a quantity of arms, such as spears, arrows, axes, &c., some household utensils, objects of art, and a number of well-preserved Roman coins of the second century. The latter have been sent to Copenhagen.

A piece of gossip is afloat in Paris to the effect that Madame de Boissy, formerly the Countess Guiccioli, has placed in the hands of M. de Lamartine the letters that passed between her and Byron, with notes of her reminiscences of the author of "Childe Harold." M. D. Lamartine is writing a Life of Byron, which is published in the *Paris Constitutionnel*. It is said that he receives 40,000 francs for the life of Byron, and that the proprietors of the same journal agreed to give the writer 30,000 francs for another work entitled "Ma Mère," which has been in their hands for two years, but with the understanding that it should not appear till that period, at least, had elapsed.

As a proof of the suspicion with which the French Government regards every publication relating to the Emperor and his family, it may be mentioned that the writer of a series of articles in the *Revue Nationale*, with the title of the "History of Napoleon I., from his Correspondence and the new Documents," has just received, through his publisher, Charpentier, a gentle hint that care must be had in the opinions expressed, and in the grouping of facts, and that, instead of the title, "History of Napoleon," which the articles, in a collected form, were to bear, the designation must be the "History of Napoleon I."

At a late meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, previous to the reading of the papers, the president announced, with great regret, that since the last meeting news had been received of the disastrous termination of two African expeditions in which the Society had taken great interest. The first was the East African expedition, fitted out at great cost by the Baron C. Von der Decken, a Hanoverian nobleman (the verifier of the existence of snowy mountains in Equatorial Africa), whose party had been in collision with the natives, and whose two steamers had come to grief on the bar of the river Jub. This unwelcome news had been received by Colonel Playfair, English consul at Zanzibar, now in England. The other was M. du Chaillu's expedition into the interior from Fernand Vaz, in Western Equatorial Africa. It appears after having reached a point about 400 miles from the coast, an unhappy brawl arose between the black servants of M. du Chaillu's party and the surrounding natives, during which one of the native black women was accidentally shot by one of du Chaillu's servants. In spite of the offer on du Chaillu's part of compensation, an encounter took place, during which the traveller was severely wounded by poisoned arrows, and his servants threw away all the scientific instruments, with which a series of most valuable astronomical observations had been taken. These observations, as well as the journals of the expedition, were fortunately preserved, and we hear that it is in contemplation to publish them as early as possible. We believe that an account of his travels will be laid before the Royal Geographical Society at an early meeting; whilst a description of the physical and cranial characters of the natives will be read before the Anthropological Society of London. The return of M. du Chaillu to the coast was accompanied by great privation, and the loss of most of the collections which he had made will be very disastrous to science. M. du Chaillu has arrived in England.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Just published by R. Worthington:

History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P., with illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six vol. us, cloth binding, \$6.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00. um

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This Edition of Artemus is complete and unabridged, and has the comic illustrations of the \$1.50 copyright edition. The cheap English edition is not complete, and has no illustrations.

This day published, by R. Worthington, The Harp of Canaan, by the Rev. J. Douglas Northwick, in one vol. octavo. Printed on best paper, 300 pages, \$1.00, in extra binding, \$1.50.

Will be published this week, by R. Worthington, the *Wiglow Papers*, complete in one vol. Paper Covers, uniform with Artemus Ward. Illustrated and printed on fine paper, price 25¢.

Will be published this week, by R. Worthington, the *Advocate's Novel* by Chas. Heavyside, author of *Saul*, a Drama; *Jephthah's Daughter*, &c. \$1.00; fine edition \$2.00.

List of New Books suitable for Christmas and New Year's Gifts:

Life of Man Symbolized by the Months of the year—Twenty-five Illustrations.

Christian Ballads, by the Right Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe. Illustrated.

Christian Armour, or Illustrations of Christian Warfare. Illustrated one vol. 4to.

The Illustrated Songs of Seven. By Jesu Biglow. Schiller's *Lay of the Bell*, translated by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.

The Tour of Dr. Syntax. In search of the Picturesque, 8vo. Illustrated.

A Round of Days. Described in Poems by some of our most celebrated Poets. Illustrated 4to.

Birket Foster's Pictures of English Landscape, large 4to. R. Worthington, Great St. James St.

Home Thoughts and Home Scenes. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James St., Montreal.

Houghton's Every Boy's Annual for 1866. 1 vol. 8vo. Illustrated, \$1.50.

Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare. 8 vols. Royal 8vo. Tennyson. *The Illustrated Farrington Edition of Tennyson's Complete Works*. \$6.50.

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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. G. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 277.

CHAPTER X. THE BASKET OF GAME.

"This world is full of beauty,
As are other worlds above;
And if we did our duty,
It might be full of love."

GERALD MASSAR.

It is certain that the nervous organization of us poor mortals so far resembles a harp, that it is very easily put out of tune, and requires its strings to be constantly kept at the right tension in order to give out the proper sound. It must be owned that the serenity which had been reached on the night before by Mr. Hope and Marian, yielded to depression when they rose the next morning to encounter the troubles of the day—which, sooth to say, were lying in wait for them in the shape of sundry bills in the letter-box, Norry having duly emptied it, and brought the contents to the breakfast-table. The feminine tact of Mysie, to say nothing of Marian, would have kept either of them from shewing these until Mr. Hope had taken his frugal morning meal; but Norry, boy-like, was more direct, and he laid the bills down by the side of his master's bread and milk, as if there were no latent unpleasantness in their appearance.

"Bills!" sighed Mr. Hope, opening them one by one.

"They are only the Michaelmas bills, dear father. They are not, I think, very heavy this quarter; that is, I've tried to—"

"No doubt, child, you have been careful."

"Put them away now, dear papa Hope—put them away," said the fresh voice of Mysie, coaxingly. They'll keep you from enjoying your breakfast."

"Bitters are good for the appetite, Mysie. There, child, get your own meal."

"Bitter! why bitter?" said Norry, in a tone of inquiry—for it had never been the habit of the family to talk, or, it may be, even to think, of themselves as poor people. They were in the habit of giving their mite to others, and this, at all events to young inconsiderate minds, established a sense of competence. It is related in the biography of Ebenezer Elliot, the "Corn-law Rhymer," that his parents had seven children, and an income less than a hundred a year, and yet that they never considered themselves poor people. However, in these last days at that old Kensington cottage, conviction had been gradually deepening on the minds of the brother and sister—suggested, it may be, from Marian's pensive looks—that there was trouble coming to the house of another kind than that which they had both witnessed—sickness and death—so that the inquiry as to the word "bitter" was silenced by a touch of Mysie's foot under the table, and remained unanswered, which threw a gloom over them all.

A loud ring at the bell came as a relief to the monotony of the breakfast table. Mysie, on whom devolved the answering of the door, ran off, and quickly returned, bringing the book of the delivery van to be signed for a bumper.

In all the eight years that Mr. Hope had lived in Bingley Cottage no such arrival had been announced before, and it was no wonder that, when the book was signed and the door closed, the whole family grouped around and peered curiously into the basket. A hare and four birds! who could have sent them?

"Pretty birds!" said Mysie, looking at the fine plumage of one of the pheasants. "Are they so very nice to eat, that people take such a delight in killing them?"

"Oh, it's famous sport, shooting—capital!" said Norry, rather contemptuous of her pity.

Her father did not notice the words of the young people; a curious smile curved his lips as he muttered the lines—

"It's like sending me ruffles,
When wanting a shirt."

And so he turned away, adding, "I'm afraid, Marian, our unknown friends over-rate our cooking talents. What will you do with them?"

"I should like to— But no, that wouldn't do."

"What, Marian? Nay, no hesitating." "To invite some one?" interposed Mysie, quickly.

"No, no, dear. Invite indeed!—whom have we to invite? I should like to sell them."

"Sell them—sell a present!" said Norry, drawing up his head, and his great eyes flashing. "Why, Marian, that's not like you—that huckstering way of talking."

"A present! well, that makes them ours, and if they're ours, I suppose it's meant that we should do as we like with them. What does it matter whether we eat or sell them?"

"And pray, Norry, what do you mean by huckstering?" cried Mysie, indignantly.

"Don't be flying at me with that way you've got, Miss Mysie," replied Norry, turning, as he spoke, away from the hamper. "I thought it was rather a low kind of a notion, that's all."

"Not low, my boy," said Mr. Hope, gravely, laying his hand, while he spoke, on the lad's shoulder; "it was an honest thought of Marian's, and that can never be low or mean. If the sale of these luxuries will pay a bill that otherwise would have to wait, it will be better than our fashing Marian with unaccustomed cookery, or feasting on uncoveted dainties."

"Yes, father, that's what I meant. Our but-terman and grocer is also a poulterer; I know he will take these of me."

Norry hung his head in confusion a moment, and then said, "Let me run, Marian, for you, and ask him. Do let me! I'm always bolting out something I don't exactly mean! I know I'm a stupid fellow, though I don't like Mysie being so ready to tell me so."

The boy's cap was on and he was away in a few minutes, carrying in his young mind some troubled thoughts, that, as he went along, began to shape themselves into distinctness. His errand, and Marian's anxiety, which, if it had existed before, he had never been so struck with, now revealed to him, with something of the force of a sudden discovery, that if Mr. Hope did not complain, and Marian smiled amid her ceaseless industry, it was not for lack of hidden causes of distress. It was a bitter moment, yet a turning-point in his whole history. He had been, hitherto, a fitful, careless boy, fond of, and clever in, many pursuits, but without method or much diligence. Now, in less time than we have taken to write it, a conviction darted like an arrow through him that he must begin to work. Poverty often annihilates childhood. What the little toiling mortals who passed Norry in the road—the ragged and feeble recruits in the great army of labour—did from necessity or from fear he must do from gratitude. And to do it effectually he must work his mind harder, it might be, than any toiling urchin who was dragging at a truck, or groaning under a basket.

And so the hamper of game did far more than gratify the palate in Mr. Hope's house. Small as the sum was that its sale paid, it lightened Marian's cares awhile, and, if she had known it, transformed careless, erratic Norry into a thinker.

Nor were they without a shrewd guess as to whom the basket of game was sent by, for during the same week there came a letter from Miss Gertrude Austwick to Miss Hope, inquiring whether some very beautiful fire-screens that had been worked for Miss Webb were not executed by her, and if so, asking as a favour if she would oblige the writer by working a similar pair. Some most kind as well as courteous inquiries for her father concluded the note, and gave great pleasure to Marian—the more so, that she was both able and willing to comply with the request. But if the basket and the letter from Mr. Hope's favourite pupil gave the little household pleasant matter for conjecture and conversation, another and far less welcome topic was forced on them by a letter from Canada, in Johnston's handwriting. It announced some changes, and indicated more. Like all that Mr. Hope had received, it was short and formal:—

"SIR,—This is to inform you that I have married again, and with my wife intend leaving this location for the U. S. I shall not for the future

take any responsibility as to the children, whose interests I and my late wife attended to far better than could be demanded of us. You will, no doubt, receive a communication from Scotland from parties who, as I understand, mean to claim the children; but I know no particulars, and you must not any further look to me. Mrs. Johnston considers that I have been very ill paid for the trouble I have taken, and which my former wife's family led me to incur. The address that you had better write to in Scotland is, Mr. A. Burke, Deacon Macclacklan's Land, near Coat Bridge, Glasgow.—Yours,

J. JOHNSTON.

The remittance which generally came about a fortnight or three weeks after the usual quarter day was not sent; and, small and inadequate as it was, its being withheld, even for a time, increased the pressure on the fast falling resources of Mr. Hope. It was incumbent on him to tell Norry, at all events, the purport of the letter. Hitherto a delicacy as to dwelling on details that might be felt as humiliating to the children, or laudatory of the kindness of those who had of late years protected them, had kept both Mr. Hope and Marian from referring to the past. Both had also repressed any romantic thoughts, such as isolated children sometimes encourage. This latter had not been difficult. The orphans were so kindly cared for, that they craved for no other home relations. A haunting memory of a dwelling where strife and blows, dirt and drink had been their portion, still troubled their dreams, and made the name of Canada hateful to them—ay, even to see it on the map gave them a cold chill, and revived recollections of neglect and suffering. Little Mysie bore on her feet the scars and seams of frost as indelibly as if they had been burns; and she knew that before she was brought over to England by Mrs. Hope, she was for months a helpless cripple. So all that past was allowed to be shut away in the distance. An ocean rolled between it and the present—an ocean that in no sense did the children wish to cross.

When, therefore, Mr. Hope called Norry into the little room or book closet that opened out of his bedroom, and was dignified with the name of study, and put the letter he had received into the boy's hand, there was rather a sense of indignant alarm than curiosity as he read it.

"Trouble!" cried the boy, laying down the letter—"responsibility! We have not him to thank that we are alive. If the man in Scotland is like Johnston, I shall not care to know him."

"But if he has a claim—the right of a blood relation?"

"He surely gave up any such claim when he let us go to Canada with these Johnstons."

"I don't think you did go with them. I rather believe, though I am not clear about it, you were brought out by people called Burke, and left with the Johnstons."

"Yes sir; but if so, we were left uncared for. I can recollect how it was with me and poor Mysie, who was crippled, when Mamma Hope rescued us. Why, father, I remember hearing you say once that you could have got us protected by the law, and that Johnston's fear of the indignation of his neighbours enabled you to get and keep possession of us."

"True, my boy; but you are aware that the sum allowed must have come from some one interested in you; and small as it is, its payments at regular intervals shows that it is sent from people not unaccustomed to arrange money transactions. I am rather glad of the address of these Scottish people. It removes a fear that has harassed me of late, as to whether Johnston has told his correspondents where you are."

"What did it matter to them?" said the youth gloomily.

"It mattered to me. I could be in no sense an accomplice in keeping any one, who had a right to know, in ignorance of your whereabouts. Besides, those who have given the little help hitherto, might afford you more aid."

"I would rather work, sir, for myself."

"Yes; but there's Mysie."

"I may be able to take care of my sister."

"Yes, if you are put in away to do so."

"Does no one work out a way?"

"Doubtless some do. By God's help, all things are possible. But it's not the way to succeed in life to begin by wilfully casting off aid that one may have a right to. Your parents would not be entirely without kindred."

"If they were honest folk, that's enough. Haven't I heard you quote Robert Nichols' lines?—

"I ask not of his lineage,
I ask not of his name;
If manlines be in his heart
He noble birth may claim."

"Ah, Norry! that's more poetic than heraldic."

"But it's true, sir."

"Nevertheless, my boy, I shall write to Scotland."

CHAPTER XL. THE PACKMAN.

"Something weird, not good to see,
Has to my threshold come;
A raven on a blighted tree,
Is croaking near my home." AXON.

While these matters were occupying the attention of the Kensington household, the Austwicke woods were putting on their full autumnal splendour, and the little fairy, whose coming had drawn into a tangle the frail thread of her Aunt Honor's intentions, was enjoying their sylvan beauty like a wood nymph. Thus day by day passed, and found the lady of the Chace undecided as to her course, and therefore at times uncomfortable.

A state of doubt, with a restless conscience, is trying, yet the days sped fast enough; for what lonely life could resist the charm of having a companion who combined all that was winning in the grace of childhood with all that was fascinating in the intelligence of riper years? Whether the stately Miss Honoria was won to the woods by the little creature whom she loved, and gratified by allowing her to send presents of superabundant game, and who in her turn tripped daily at her aunt's side, uttering in the sweetest voice the prettiest fancies about the country sights and sounds, which she enjoyed with the keenest zest—so that it was her errand to see the tints one day, or to watch the sunset another, or to gather ferns on a third—always the staid lady of forty-five found herself allured forth by the little dryad. And at evening, when the logs were put on the old-fashioned hearths that no modern fire-grate in any room in the old Hall had been permitted to displace, and "True," as her aunt called her, was making the lengthening nights pleasant with her bird-like warblings, or even more musical poetic readings, time sped on; and the northern journey, for which the portmanteau had been packed, was more distant than ever from becoming a reality.

Perhaps, when people are undecided exactly as to what course to take, they are glad of an interruption that postpones the necessity for action.

To resort to writing, as a substitute for more active effort, had more than once occurred to Miss Austwicke; for when she retired to her chamber, then her unfulfilled promise troubled her, and every night saw a resolution formed that every morning dissipated.

Several times had Gertrude asked her aunt about the uncle whom she had never seen, and whose death seemed, to her young imagination, so sad.

"To land only to die! To some home only to find a grave!" was her comment, that would no doubt have been enlarged on, but her fine tact told her it was distasteful to her aunt. However, as Gertrude was a great letter-writer, she sent pages of feelings and fancies on the subject to her parents, who, if they read her epistles—which is doubtful—were more likely to be amused than affected; certainly Mrs. Basil made no pretence to great kindred sympathies. She regulated the degree of her emotion as a well-bred person should, and resented, as a culpable eccentricity, Captain Austwicke coming unexpectedly from India. Still, neither parent checked "the child," as they called her, for writing as she did. "True was a clever creature, and, with pen or tongue, would have her say." Moreover, they quite approved her having gone to the Chace. Some idea that Miss Austwicke might be induced to ask for Gertrude in permanence had occurred to the young lady's mamma, who

was far more interested about her three great comely boys than her tiny daughter, pretty and clever as she was. All the love that Mrs. Basil had ever felt for her feminine offspring had been concentrated on a sister, three years the junior of Gertrude, who inherited so completely the features of the maternal ancestry—was a Dunoon in complexion, growth, high cheek-bones included—that, while she lived, little True had been quite cast into the shade. But the mother's idol was broken, while as yet unblemished by the influence of favouritism. A baby boy, the third son, came soon after to soothe the mother; and as this, the youngest, was now seven years old, Gertrude had a certain consideration, as the only daughter of the family, none but her mother retaining any unpleasant recollections in connection with the child. It was not likely Mrs. Basil Austwicke could entirely forget that the autumn which first gave little Gertrude to her arms had been a time of such danger to her own health that she had been obliged, by her physician's advice, to resort to a milder climate, and had wintered in Madeira, taking her eldest boy with her, and leaving her baby, Gertrude, in the charge of an old and valued Scottish nurse—a circumstance to which some observers, and it may be the child herself, attributed a certain kind of indefinite coldness felt, rather than outwardly shown, between daughter and mother. Nothing would have shocked Gertrude more than any comment on this coldness—she shut out the thought from her mind; but the very effort that she made, when at home for the holidays, to win her mother's approval, and the long, enthusiastic letters she wrote when away from them, differed from the sweet, unconscious trust of undoubting filial love.

On the same October evening that Mr. Hope was pondering the future with apprehension for others more than himself, the echoes of Austwicke Chace were resounding to the measured tread of a man carrying a pack. He was a thin, bronzed, elderly man, with what is commonly called a "wizened face." His scanty, ash-coloured hair, flecked with grey, that blew about freely, was the only thing that looked free about that countenance, for his features were all pinched together, as if to economise space; and the puckered skin round his mouth and eyes, which drew them up to the smallest compass, seemed meant to impose caution in the one case, and to increase keenness in the other; though, as the small, peering eyes were as restless as they were furtive, and the man had a habit of passing the back of his hand across his lips when he was speaking, it was not easy to get a view of these features. The voice, like the man's skin, was dry and hard; and from his brown leggings and rusty fustian garb to the summit of his wrinkled forehead, the words that best indicated his look were those by which he was often called, "Old Leathery."

As this personage came down the wooded glade that led to the open Chace, he saw before him two ladies—the elder sauntering leisurely, the younger flitting about among the heathery knolls, and, making little runs and circuits, tripping back again, with head aside like a bird. The man stepped behind a large tree, put down his pack, and laying the back of one hand across his screwed-up mouth, arched the other over his sharp eyes, and scanned them unobserved. He lingered a while as the ladies, whom our readers recognise for Miss Austwicke and little True, quickened their pace homeward. They walked so completely along the setting sunbeams' track, that he could trace their figures darkly flocking the brightness until they entered the grounds of the Hall; and then, shouldering his pack, he started off at a quick pace by a short cut, and went to the back entrance round by the stables, and thence across a yard to the door of the servants' hall.

A believer in the Eastern superstition of the Evil Eye, might have been pardoned for a feeling of fear, if he had seen this man's stealthy approach, his wily glance all around, and then the gathering up of his puckered visage into an obsequious leer, as he softly lifted the latch. What but evil could such a visitor bring?

To be continued.

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ed or adopted by the banished Cain and his descendants, should be in use here in this remote island continent in the nineteenth century of the Christian era.

Nest door to this ancient specimen of humanity, I once heard sounds of music. On looking in, a young Chinaman was seen fingering the great-grandfather of all the violins. The instrument was a straight stick about three-quarters of an inch across, with a flat piece at the end, on which it rested. To the top of the stick were fastened two strings of calgul, which were again attached to the outer edge of the wood on which it rested, and a bridge served to keep the strings in proper tension. A bow of the simplest construction served to produce the most uniform monotonous melancholy sounds the ear ever heard. The fingering was precisely that necessary in our violin playing; but it only seemed to produce a greater or less volume of sound of the same note. The instrument rested on the knee of the player, and was about a foot high, the bow being of the same length. The performer appeared to be thoroughly absorbed in his employment, and his solitary listener's face had, for a Chinaman, as delighted and animated an expression as might be produced on the face of an European by a first-rate performance of a sonata of Beethoven's.

The Chinese features are not usually mobile and expressive. There is an intolerable sameness in face, colouring, dress, and general appearance among the Victorian Chinese, as compared with Europeans. The race is so pure, that one sees nothing but black eyes, black hair, and brown skins. Though at first it is next to impossible to distinguish one individual from another, yet after a time it becomes easy to separate the gentleman (there are a few) from the peasant or boor, and the good from the bad, with nearly as much accuracy as in the case of Europeans.

EARLY CELTIC STORIES.

[These tales are given, not so much for their intrinsic merit as for their value as literary curiosities—relics of the social usages of a people whose circumstances, aspirations, and tastes were as different as they well could be from those of their living descendants.]

I.

THE STORY OF THE SCULLOGE'S SON FROM MUSKERRY.*

A LONG time ago, before the Danes came into Ireland or made beer of the heath flowers, a rich man, though he was but a sculloge, lived in Muskerry in the south, and he died there too rolling in riches, for he was a saving man. It is not often that a very thrifty and hard-working man has a son of the same character to step into his shoes, and the Muskerry sculloge was no worse off than many of his neighbours. When the young sculloge came to own the chests and the stockings full of gold, said he to himself, "How shall I ever be able to spend all this money?" Little he thought of adding anything to it. So he began to go to fairs and markets, not to make anything by buying and selling, but to meet young buckeens like himself, and drink with them, and gamble, and talk about hunters and hounds.

So he drank, and he gambled, and he rode races, and he followed the hounds, till there were very few of the guineas left in the chests or the stockings, and then he began to grope among the thatch, and in corners and old cupboards, and he found some more, and with this he went on a little farther. Then he borrowed some money on his farm, and when that was gone, he bethought him of a mill that used to earn a great deal of money, and that stood by the river at the very bounds of his land. He was never minded to keep it at work while the money lasted. When he came near it he found the dam broken, and scarcely a thimbleful of water in the mill-race, and the wheel rotten, and the thatch of the house, and the wood-work all gone, and the upper millstone lying flat on the lower one, and a coat of dust and mould over everything.

* Scullog means either a small farmer or a generous, hospitable person.

Well, he went about in a very disconsolate way, and at last sat down for grief and weariness on a seat fastened to the wall, where he often saw his father sitting when he was alive. While he was ready to cry in his desolation, he recollected seeing his father once working at a stone that was in the wall just over the seat, and wondering what he wanted with it. He put his fingers at each side, and by stirring it backwards and forwards, he got it out, and there behind in a nook he found a bag holding fifty guineas. "Oh, oh!" said he, "may be these will win back all I lost." So instead of repairing his mill, and beginning the world in a right way, he gambled, and lost, and then drank to get rid of his sorrow. "Well," said he, "I'll reform. I'll borrow a horse, and follow the hunt to-morrow, and the day after will be a new day."

Well, he rode after the hounds, and the slag led him a fine piece away; and late in the evening, as he was returning home through a lonely glen, what should he see there but a foolish-looking old man, sitting at a table, with a backgammon board, and dice, and box, and the *taplaigh* (bag for holding all) lying by him on the grass. There he was, shouting, and crying, and cursing, just as if it was a drinking-house, and a dozen of men gambling. Sculloge stopped his horse when he was near the table, and found out by the talk of the man that his right hand was playing against his left, and he was favouring one of them. One game was over, and then he began to lay out the terms of the next. "Now, my darling little left," said he, "if you lose you must build a large mill there below for the right, and you, you bosthoon!" said he to the right, "if you lose, but I know you won't, you thief, you must make a castle, and a beautiful garden, and pleasure-grounds spring up on that hill for the entertainment of your brother. I know I'll lose, but still I'll bet for the left: what will you venture?" said he to the young Sculloge. "Faith," said the other, "I have only a tethser (6d.) in the world, so, if you choose, I'll lay that on the right." "Done!" said he, "and if you win I'll give you a hundred pounds. I have no luck, to be sure, but I'll stick to my dear little left hand for all that. Here goes!"

Then he went throwing right and left, cheering whenever the left hand gave a good throw, and roaring and cursing at the other when two sixes or two fives turned up. All his fury was useless; the right won; and after the old fool had uttered a groan that was strong enough to move a rock, he put his left hand in on his naked breast under his coat, muttered some words that the Sculloge did not understand, and at the moment a great crash was heard down the river, as if some rocks were bursting. They looked down, and there was plain in sight a mill, with the water tumbling over the wheels, and the usual sounds coming from within. "There is your wager," said he to the right hand; "much good to you with it. Here, honest man, is your hundred guineas. D—— run to Lusk with you and them."

Strange to say, Sculloge did not find himself so eager for the bottle, nor the cards and dice next day. The hundred pounds did not turn out to be withered leaves, and he began to pay the poor people about him the debts he owed, and to make his house and place look snug as it used to do. However he did not lose his love of hunting; and on that very day week he was coming home through the same valley in the evening, and there, sure enough, was the foolish old man again, sitting at his table, but saying nothing.

"If I knew your name," said Sculloge, "I would wish you the compliments of the evening, for I think it is lucky to meet you." "I don't care for your compliments," said the other, "but I am not ashamed of my name. I am the *Sighe-Drooi* (Fairy Druid), *Lassa Buaicht*, and my stars decreed at my birth that I should be cursed from my boyhood with a rage for gambling, though I should never win a single game. I am killed all out, betting on my poor left hand all day, and losing. So if you wish to show your gratitude get down and join me. If I win, which I won't, you are to do whatever I tell you.

You may say now what is to be yours if you win, and that you are sure to do."

So Sculloge said that all he required was to have his old mill restored, and they began the game. The Sheego Druid lost as usual, and after rapping out some outlandish oaths, he bade the other take a look at his mill at an early hour next morning.

It was the first thing that Sculloge did when he went early in the morning, and surprised and delighted he was to find as complete a meal and flour mill in ready order for work as could be found in all Muskerry. It was not long till the wheel was turning, and the stones grinding, and Sculloge was as happy as the day was long, attending to his mill and his farm, only he felt lonely in the long evenings. The cards, and the dice, and the whiskey-bottle were gone, and their place was not yet filled up by the comely face and the loving heart of the Bhan a teugh.

So one evening about sunset he strolled up into the lonely valley, and was not disappointed in meeting the Sheego Druid. They did not lose much time till they were hard and fast at the dice, the Druid to supply a beautiful and good wife if he lost the game, if not, Sculloge to obey whatever command he gave him. As it happened the other evenings it happened now. Sculloge won, and went to bed, wishing for the morning,

He slept little till near break of day, and then he dozed. He was awaked by his old house-keeper, who came running into the room in a fright, crying "Master, master, get up! There's a stranger in the parlour, and the peer of her I never saw. She is dressed like a king's daughter, and as beautiful as, as I don't know what, and no one saw her coming in." Sculloge was not long dressing himself, and it wasn't his work-day clothes he put on.

He almost went on his knees to the lovely lady, whom he found in the parlour. Well he was not a bad-looking young fellow; and since he was cured of gambling and drinking his appearance was improved, as well as his character. He was a gentleman in feeling, and he only wanted gentle society to be a gentleman in manner. The lady was a little frightened at first, but when she saw how much in awe he was of her she took courage. "I was obliged to come here," said she, "whether I would or no; but I would die rather than marry a man of bad character. You will not, I am sure force me to anything against my will." "Dear lady," said he, "I would cut off my right hand sooner than advent you in any way."

So they spent the day together, liking one another better every moment; and to make a long story short, the priest soon made them man and wife. Poor Sculloge thought the hours he spent at his farm and his mill uncommonly long, and in the evenings he would watch the sun, fearing it would never think of setting. She learned how to be a farmer's wife just as if she had forgot she was a king's daughter; but her husband did not forget. He could not bear to see her wet the tip of her fingers; and the only disputes they had arose from his wishing to keep her in state doing nothing, and from her wishing to be useful.

He soon began to fret for fear that he could not buy fine clothes for her, when those she brought on her were worn. She told him over and over, she preferred plain ones; but that did not satisfy him. "I'll tell you what, my darling Saav," said he one evening. "I will go to the lonely glen, and have another game of backgammon with the *Sighe Draol*, *Lassa Buaicht*. I can mention a thousand guineas if I like, and I am sure to win them. Won't I build a nice house for you then, and have you dressed like a King's daughter, as you are?" "No, dear husband," said she; "if you do not wish to lose me or perhaps your own life, never play a game with that treacherous, evil old man. I am under 'geasa' to reveal nothing of his former doings, but trust in me, and follow my advice."

Of course he could only yield, but still the plan did not quit his mind. Every day he felt more and more the change in his wife's mode of living, and at last he stole off one evening to the lonely glen.

There, as sure as the sun, was the foolish-looking old Druid, sitting silent and grim with his hands on the table. He looked pleased when he saw his visitor draw near, and cried out, "How much shall it be? What is it for this evening? two more mills on your river, a thousand guineas, or another wife? It's all the same, I'm sure to lose. You may make it ten thousand if you like. I don't value a thousand more or less, the worth of a thrauccu. Sit down and name the stake. If I win, which confound the Sighe Aithne (knowledge) I won't, you will have to execute any order I give you."

Down they sat to the strife. Sculloge named 10,000 guineas to have done with gambling, and went on rather careless about his throwing. Ah! didn't his heart beat, and blood rush to his face, and a flash dart across his eyes when he found himself defeated! He nearly fell from his seat, but made a strong effort to keep his courage together, and looked up in the old man's face to see what he might expect. Instead of the puzzled, foolish features, a dark threatening face frowned on him, and these words came from the thin harsh lips:—"I lay gensa on you, O Sculloge of folly, never to eat two meals off one table, and never to sleep two nights in one rath, or bruighean, or caisiol, or shealiug, and never to lie in the same bed with your wife till you bring me the *Fios Fath an aon Scell* (perfect narrative of the unique story) and the *Cloidheamh Solais* (Sword of Light) kept by the *Finch O Duda* (Raven, Grandson of Steel) in the *Doun Teagh* (Brown House).

He returned home more dead than alive, and Saav, the moment she caught sight of him, knew what had happened. So without speaking a word she ran and threw her arms round his neck, and comforted him. "Have courage, dear husband! Lassa Buacht is strong and crafty, but we will match him." So she explained what he was to do, made him lie down, sung him asleep with a Druidic charm, and at dawn she had him ready for his journey.

The first happy morning of her arrival, the Sculloge found a bright bay horse in his stable, and whenever his wife went abroad, she rode on this steed. Indeed he would let no one else get on his back. Now he stood quiet enough while husband and wife were enfolded in each others' arms and weeping. She was the first to take courage. She made him put foot in stirrup, smiled, cheered him and promised him success, so that he remembered her charges, and carefully followed them.

At last he started, and away at a gentle pace went the noble steed. Looking back after three or four seconds he saw his house a full mile away, and though he scarcely felt the motion, he knew they were going like the wind by the flight of hedges and trees behind them.

And so they came to the strand, and still there was no stoppage. The horse took the waves as he would the undulations of a meadow. The waters went backwards in their course like arrows shot from strong bows. In shorter time than you could count ten, the land behind was below the waters, and the waves farthest seen in front, came to them, and swept behind them like thought or a shooting star.

At last when the sun was low, land rose up under the strong blaze, and was soon under the feet of the steed, and in a few seconds more they were before the drawbridge of a strong stone ford. Loud neighed the horse, and swift the drawbridge was let down upon the moat, and they were within the great fortress.

There the Sculloge alighted, and the horse was patted and caressed by attendants, who seemed to know him right well, and he repaid their welcome by gentle whinnings. Other attendants surrounded the Sculloge, and brought him into the hall. The noble-looking man and woman that sat at the upper end, he knew to be the father and mother of his Saav. They bade him welcome, and ordered a goblet of sweet mead to be handed to him. He drank, and then dropped into the empty vessel a ring which his wife had put on his finger before he left home. The attendant carried the goblet to the king and queen, and as soon as their eyes fell on the ring they came down from their high seats and wel-

comed and embraced the visitor. They eagerly inquired about the health of their child, and when they were satisfied on that point, the queen said, "We need not ask if she lived happily with you. If she had any reason to complain, you would not have got the ring to show us. Now after you take rest and refreshment, we will tell you how to obtain the *Fios Fath an aon Scell* and the *Cloidheamh Solais*."

The poor Sculloge did not feel what it was to pass over some thousand miles of water while he was on the steed's back, but now he felt as tired as if he had travelled twenty days without stop or stay. But a sleeping posset and a long night's rest made him a new man, and next morning after a good lunch on venison steaks, a hearth-cake, and a goblet of choice mead, he was ready to listen to his father-in-law's directions.

"My dear son," said the king, "the *Finch O Duda*, *Lassa Buacht* and I are brothers. *Lassa*, though the youngest, and very powerful in many ways, has always envied his eldest brother *Fiach the Sword of Light*. I only have the means of coming at it, but he knew I would not willingly interfere to annoy the poor man, who, after all, is my eldest brother, and has been sadly tormented during his past life, and has never done me the slightest harm. So he laid out this plan of stealing my daughter from me. I can't explain to you who know nothing of *Droideachta*, how he enjoys this and other powers. He got you into his meshes, blessed you with *Shaw's society*, and then put this *Geasa* on you, judging that I would help him to do this injury to my brother, rather than make my daughter's life miserable. *Fiach* lives in a castle surrounded by three high walls. It is on a wide heath to the south. Everything inside and outside is as brown as a berry. The black steed which I am going to lend you will easily clear the gate of the outer wall, and then you make your demand. As soon as the *Fiach* comes into this enclosure you have no time to lose; and if you get outside again without leaving a part of yourself or of your horse behind, you may consider yourself fortunate."

He mounted his black steed, rode southwards, came in sight of the Brown Castle, cleared the gate of the outer wall, and shouted, "I summon you great *Finch O'Duda* on the part of your brother, the *Sighe Draoi*, *Lassa Buacht*, to reveal to me the *Fios Fath an aon Scell*, and also surrender into my keeping the matchless *Cloidheamh Solais*." He had hardly done speaking when the two inner gates flew open, and out stalked a tall man with a dark skin, and beard, hair, birredh, mantle, and hose as black as the blackest raven's wing. When he got inside the enclosure he shouted, "Here is my answer," at the same time making a sweep of his long sword at the Sculloge. But he had given the spur to his steed at the earliest moment, and now safely cleared the wall, leaving the rear half of the noble steed behind.

He returned to the castle dismally enough, but the king and queen gave him praise for his activity and presence of mind. "That my dear son" said the king "is all we can do to-day; to-morrow will bring its own labours." So the sun went to rest, and the Sculloge and his relations made three parts of the night. In the first they ate and drank. Their food was the cooked flesh of the deer and the wild-boar, and hearth-cakes, and water-cross, and their drink—Spanish wine, Greek honey, and Danish beer. The second part of the dark time was given to conversation, and the bard, and the story-teller. The third part was spent in sleep.

Next day, Sculloge rode forth on a white steed, and when he approached the fort, he saw the outer wall lying in rubbish. He cleared the second gate, summoned the *Fiach*, saw him enter the enclosure, and if his face was terrible yesterday it was five times more terrible to-day. This time he escaped with the loss of the hind legs of his steed only, and he was joyfully welcomed back by the king and the queen.

* A circumstance frequently repeated in Celtic tales. Snob repetitions were never omitted by the story-tellers. They were used as resting places, and aids to arrangement or recollection of what was to follow.

They divided the next night into three parts* as they did the last, and the next day he approached the *Doun Teagh* on the brown horse that brought him the *Eich Doun*.

The second wall was now in *briske* as well as the first, and at one bound of the brown steed he was within the court yard. He had no need to call on *Fiach*, for he was standing before his door, sword in hand, and the moment the horse's hoofs touched the ground he sprang forward to destroy steed and rider. But the druidic beast was in the twinkling of an eye again on the other side, and a roar escaped the throat of *Fiach* that made the very marrow in Sculloge's bones shiver. However the horse paced on at his ease without a hair on his body being turned, and Sculloge recovered his natural courage before you could count three.

Great joy again at the castle, and the day was spent, and the night divided into three parts as the day before, and the day before that again. Next morning the king sent out no horse, but put a *Clercech* (small harp) into his son-in-law's hand, and a satchel by his side filled with withered leaves and heath flowers, tufts of hair, pebbles, and thin slates, passed his hands down Sculloge's arms from shoulder to wrist, and gave him directions what to do.

When he came within sight of the castle, he began to touch the harp-strings, and such sounds came from them that he thought he was walking on a cloud, and enjoying the delights of *Tir na-n-Oge*. The trees waved their branches, the grass bent to him, and the wild game followed him with heads raised and feet scarce touching the ground. All the walls were in confused heaps, and as he approached them, servants and followers were collected from wherever they were employed, and standing in a circular sweep facing him. No noise arose from the crowd, their delight was too great. As he came close he ceased for a moment, and flung the contents of his satchel among them. All eagerly seized on scraps of leaves, or hair, or heath-flowers, or slates, or pebbles, for in their eyes they were gold, and diamond ornaments, and pearls, and rich silks. He struck the strings again, and entered the castle, accompanied by the enchanted sounds from the harp strings. He passed from the hall through a passage, then up some steps, and he was in the small bed-chamber of *Finch O'Duda*. He had heard the sounds, but the effect they had was to throw him into a deep sleep in which the music was still present to his brain, and kept him in a sleepy rapture.

This room was as light as the day though window it had none. By the wall hung a sword in a dark sheath. Bright light flashed round the room from the diamond-crested hilt and about three inches of the blade not let down into the scabbard. Taking it down, he approached the sleeping druid chief and struck him on the side with the flat of the blade. "Arise," said he, "great *Fiach O'Duda*, reveal to the *Sighe Draoi*, *Lassa Buacht* through me, the *Fios Fath an aon Scell*. I will not ask for the *Cloidheamh Solais*, I have it in my keeping." The druid's looks were full of surprise at first, and then of fright, but in a short time he became calm, and proceeded to relate the

FIOS FATH AN AON SCÉIL.

I am, said he, the eldest of three brothers, the *Sighe Draoi*, *Lassa Buacht* being the youngest. By birth-right I inherited the great family treasure of the *Cloidheamh Solais*, and my younger brother envied me from the beginning, and made many an attempt to take it from me. But I was a *Draoi* as well as he, and always was able to disappoint him. At last wishing to get out of the reach of his villainous tricks, and get the world, I went on a voyage to Greece, and when I returned I was a married man. The King of Greece had grown to like me so much, that he gave me his daughter. The king and his daughter were deep in *Droideachta*, and he had in his possession a *slat* (enchanted rod) which could change any living being into whatever form he wished. I never dreamed, as my wife and I talked so lovingly, and were so happy, sitting on the deck of our vessel as we returned over the calm central sea, that she had stolen

that rod from her father's chamber before we set out on our return.

About a week after I came home, as I was hunting, the hounds gave chase to a wild-looking, but very handsome man, all covered with long hair, and when I got up to them they had seized him, and were on the point of tearing him asunder. He stretched out his hands to me, while the tears run down his cheeks, and I drove off the dogs and brought him home to my castle. I got his hair cut off, and had him clothed, and I amused myself in teaching him to speak. Little did I think he was a disguised follower of my brother, who had sent him into my family by this stratagem, to corrupt my wife, and to get possession of the sword of light for him.

One day as I was returning from hunting through a grove near this castle, I heard voices in a thicket. They were familiar to me, and when I had arrived at a convenient place, what did I spy but my wife seated under a tree, and the villainous wild man, with not a trace of wildness about him or in his speech, stretched on the grass, his head upon her knees, and looking up lovingly into her face, and entreating her to secure the Cloidheamh Solais for him. I had no further patience, but rushed on ready to strike him through with my hunting spear, but the moment my wife caught sight of me, she flung the magic rod at me, and I found myself, in the twinkling of an eye, changed to a horse. I did not lose my memory, but rushed on the villain to trample out his life. However he had got up into the tree before I could reach him. I had neither the power nor the will to trample or strike my wife. So the guilty pair escaped for the time.

She managed to have me caught very soon, and hard worked, but that was going too far with the joke. I kicked and bit every one she sent to yoke or bridle me, and no one would venture to come near me. This did not meet her views. So she came where I was one day, struck me with the *slat* once more, and I was a wolf on the moment. Great as her power was, she could not kill me, but she contrived to let her father, who was just then with her on a visit, to hunt me with a great pack of wolf-dogs. I led them a good chase, but was taken at last.

Just as they were on the point of devouring me, the King of Greece himself came up, and so I howled out dismally to him, imitating the human voice as well as I could. I held up my fore-paws, and he saw the big tears rolling down from my eyes. He knew there was something mysterious about me, and rescued me from the dogs at once. I walked home by his side, and he kept me about him, and grew quite attached to me. All this terribly annoyed my wife, but she was prevented by a higher power from killing me with her own hands, and I kept too close to her father, to be in danger from any one else. All this time she and the false wild man searched for the sword of light, but could not find it. It was kept in a thin recess in a wall, under a spell, and no one but I could discover the method of coming at it. She did all she could to persuade the king to send me away, but he would not gratify her. At last one day she brought a druidic sleep on our child in the cradle, so that he seemed without life, and she sprinkled him with blood, and threw some also on me. For I used to stay in the room with the infant whenever I could. She then began to shriek and cry till her father and the servants ran in to see what the matter was. "Oh, father, father!" said she, pointing to the cradle, and then to me, "See what your favourite has done!" All were rushing to kill me at once, but he ordered them to stop. He took the *slat* in his hand, and drew it down the child's body from its breast to its finger ends, muttering some words, and it set up, and began to stretch out its arms to him. He examined the places where the blood spots were, and found no wound. Then he called me to him, and said to those around him, "Here is some treachery and mystery which I must clear up. *Mac Tire*," he continued, addressing me, and striking me with the rod, "I command you by my druidic power to take on your natural form, if you be not a true *madra-lama*." In a moment I was restored to my own

face and figure before them, and saw my wife and her favourite hastening from the room as fast as their legs could carry them. The king saw this as well as I, and ordered both to remain, and the doors to be closed. I directed one of the servants to fetch cords, and have the two bound hand and foot, "No need," said the king, "as far as my daughter is concerned." He waved his hand towards her, and muttered a charm, and she sunk on a chair without power to move. I then explained all that had happened from the day when I detected them in the wood, and declared my belief that the pretended wild man was not present in his natural appearance. "We shall soon know the truth," said the king. He struck the villain across the face, and instead of the handsome *Gaisceach* we knew, he stood before all an ugly featured hump-back, who was known to every one as the confidential follower of my brother *Lassa Buaicht*. The wretched woman on the chair, though not able to move, uttered a piercing cry, and her face was covered with a stream of tears. The servants did not wait for further orders. They tied the hump-back hand and foot, made a roaring fire in the bawn, and pitched him into the middle of it. The King of Greece asked me what punishment I wished to inflict on my false wife, but I said he might do as he pleased, but that I wished her life to be spared. When he left me to return to his own country, he took her with him, and since I have heard no news of either. And now you know why I have kept myself so well guarded from the designs of my wicked brother, and you have heard the *Fios Fath an aon Sceil*, and got the *Cloidheamh Solais*. In return, tell me why a stout, noble-looking young *Gaisceach* (brave fellow) like you, should come and throw down my walls, and take my bright treasure, and why my good brother should aid you. You could not have done it without his help."

So Sculloge related his history, and assured him that he should not be long deprived of the *chloive solais*, and would have no occasion for any more walls to fence himself from his evil-minded brother. He was soon back to the king and queen, and soon over the wide ocean on his bay steed, and on the evening of the same day was sitting in the *Glean Raineach* (lonely glen) at the table with the *Sighe Draoi*, *Lassa Buaicht*, and the sword of light in its dark sheath, and its hilt covered by his sleeve, grasped tightly in his strong right hand. The druid gave him a hearty welcome, and mentioned how rejoiced he was to see him safe back, never removing his eyes from the weapon.

"My brave *Gaisceach*," said he, "I need not trouble you about the *Fios faith*. I know it already. Hand me the *chloive solais*, and my hand will not be slack in showering guineas on you." "Oh, just as you like. You don't care how I give you the sword?" "Ah, what matter how you give it?" "Thus then it shall be, treacherous wretch," said Sculloge. The valley was lighted up in a moment as if in noon-day, and the head of the druid was in the next moment lying at this feet.

Very soon his beautiful, gentle, and loving wife was laughing and crying in his arms, for she was not far off awaiting the issue, and the sudden blaze brought the happy news to her, and the bright bay steed was soon bearing them over the waves again to her native land. *Fiac O'Duda* was once more happy in the possession of his *chloive solais*, and there was no more happy palace than that in which the Sculloge and his princess, and her father and mother, spent their days. The lords of Muskerry trace their genealogy from the son of the *Gaisceach* of our story.

ENGRAVING WITH A SUNBEAM.

THE title of this article is by no means figurative. We can now dispense with the engraver, and employ the sunbeam in his stead. The new process by which this revolution is to be effected is that of Mr. Walter Woodbury, and has been recently described in the English scientific journals. As it is not a complex one, we shall try and convey an idea of its

general features. In taking an ordinary photograph, a solution of silver is placed upon glass, and has projected on it, through the medium of a camera obscura, an image of some object which it is desired to represent. This image consists of several combinations of light and shade, and, as the effect of light is to darken the silver solution by decomposing it, the lightest shades (those most illuminated) are represented on the glass plate by dark portions, and the dark shades being less decomposed, are fainter. In this case, the object photographed has been represented by lights and shades. There are, however, certain combinations other than those of silver, which are differently affected by light. Now, a compound of gelatine and bichromate of ammonia is one of these. When this is exposed to the action of light it becomes perfectly insoluble; so that when a photograph taken with it is placed in hot water, the parts which were least exposed are dissolved away, and those submitted to the light remain, thus leaving a representation in relief. Upon this quality of bichromatized gelatine depends the principal feature in the new process. In the first instance, a negative (that is, a photograph of a special kind on glass) is taken of the picture or object of which it is wished to obtain an engraving, and this is placed over a plate of talc, bearing a stratum of the prepared gelatine, and in this position exposed to the light. The sun's rays, in passing through the negative, fall upon the gelatine, with various intensity, hardening the parts least covered, and leaving those parts unaltered which are completely protected by the shadows of the negative. After sufficient exposure, the gelatine plate is removed, and placed in hot water, which dissolves away all those parts unacted on by the sun, leaves those completely exposed intact, and partially removes the portions of the plate which were slightly protected. When, therefore, the gelatine plate, with its support of talc, is removed from the water, it presents a series of elevations and depressions which exactly correspond in extent and height to the lights and shades of the picture. It is in fact an intaglio plate in gelatine, but one which, as its depressions correspond to the light portions of the picture, cannot be used for engraving. A cast must be taken; and this is effected either by metallic deposition, as in electrotyping, or by pressing the hardest gelatine plate into one of soft lead. The latter method is the one which Mr. Woodbury employs, and although it seems hard to believe, it is unquestionably the fact that by pressure alone a perfect impression of the gelatine is produced on type-metal.

The next stage in the process is that of printing. An intaglio block, i.e., one in which the depressions are to be filled with ink and the surface to be left clean, has been produced, but it remains to be shown how it is used. If it were simply coated with ordinary printing ink the "proof" would be as devoid of half-tones as the worst photo-lithograph, and therefore a peculiar ink, suggested many years ago by M. Gaudin, is employed. This ink consists of gelatine holding colouring matter, of whatever hue is desired, in solution; it is a translucent preparation and is not densely coloured. This compound is poured into the intaglio mould—for a mould it really is—and the latter is pressed down upon the paper which is to receive the print. The ink, which has become semi-solid, falls from the depressions in the block somewhat in the manner of jelly from a jelly-mould, and soaks into the paper. In this way the deepest depressions, corresponding to the darkest shades, throw down the greatest number of layers of ink, and the shallowest ones the least; so that a picture is produced in which even the most delicate half-tints are exquisitely brought out. Indeed, the result is somewhat similar to that of "washing" in water-colour painting, the greatest quantity of colour producing the greatest shade, and conversely—every tint in the gradation being preserved.

The inventor of the exceedingly ingenious method we have described considers that one man at work with four "presses" could produce as many as one hundred and twenty prints per hour, and at a cost which would be very trifling.

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dabbed his forehead with his blue cotton pocket-handkerchief. Respectable as he was, Saxon regarded the man with inexpressible aversion. To him, Mr. Abel Keckwitch was simply a spy and an informer; and spies and informers, according to Saxon's creed, scarcely came within the pale of humanity.

"Of course, gentlemen, you've seen nothin' as yet," pursued the head clerk, when he had recovered breath. "Not likely. About eight o'clock, or from eight to half-past, will be about the time to look out. Most of the expresses start towards nine, you see, and he's safe to be off by one of 'em. Now, I've got a cab waitin' round the corner, and all we shall have to do will be to watch him out of the house, jump in, and follow."

"Keckwitch thinks of everything," said Greatorex, approvingly.

"The main question is, where's he a-goin' to? I say America."

"America, of course."

"Well, then, you see he might start from the London Docks, or Southampton, or Glasgow, or Liverpool; but most likely Liverpool. Now, there ain't no boat either to-day or to-morrow from either of those ports—that I've ascertained; but then he's safe to get away somehow, and keep quiet till the chance turns up. He might catch up the Liverpool boat, you know, at Kingstown, or the Southampton boat at Havre. In short, we must be prepared for him everywhere, and keep our eyes open all round."

"Yours seem all right, Keckwitch, at any rate," said the banker.

"Well, sir, I ain't closed 'em for one half minute since you were at Pentonville," replied Mr. Keckwitch, complacently. "One needs to be special watchful, having no professionals to help us forward."

At this moment the church clock began striking eight, and the postman made his appearance at the upper end of Slade's-lane. The head clerk at once disengaged himself from the group, and, desiring his fellow-watchers to keep aloof, began sauntering up and down, within a few yards of the gates of Elton House. Presently the postman crossed over, letters in hand, and rang the gate bell. Mr. Keckwitch was at his elbow in a moment.

"Can you tell me, postman," said he, blandly, "if there's any party of the name of Henley residin' in this street?"

"Henley?" repeated the letter-carrier. "No, not that I know of. There's a Henry in Silver-street, if that's what you mean."

But that was not at all what Mr. Keckwitch meant. Mr. Keckwitch only meant to read the address upon the letter in the postman's hand, and having done so hastened back to Saxon and Greatorex at the bottom of the street.

"By the Lord, gentlemen," he exclaimed, striking his clenched fist against his open palm, "he's off!"

"Off!" repeated Saxon and Greatorex, in one breath.

"Ay. I saw his writin' on the envelope. It's one of our office envelopes, and has been posted in a pillar-box overnight. He's off, and we might dodge about here till doomsday for all the good we could do by it."

"He has secured two hours' start, too, curse him," said Greatorex, fiercely.

"Curse him, with all my heart," echoed the head clerk, fervently.

CHAPTER LXXXIII. A TENDER EPISODE.

Mr. Keckwitch rang boldly at the gate of Elton House, and requested to see Mrs. Filmer. Mrs. Filmer was Madame Duvernay's serious housekeeper. The head clerk, for prudential reasons, had never ventured to call upon her before; but the time for prudence was now gone by, and the time for boldness was come.

There was an air of flurry and confusion about the place, which Mr. Keckwitch detected as soon as he set foot across madame's threshold. The servant who admitted him had a scared look upon her face, and, having shown him to the door of the housekeeper's room, scampered away again as fast as her legs could carry her. Presently a bell was rung violently up-stairs, and was fol-

lowed by a sound of running feet and rustling skirts along the passage. Then came an interval of dead silence, and by-and-by Mrs. Filmer made her appearance with her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Jennings," she said, "you come at a sad moment, sir. We are in terrible trouble here this morning."

The head clerk, who had introduced himself to Mrs. Filmer in one of those church-going conversations by the unassuming name of Jennings, here pressed the housekeeper's hand in both of his own, and replied that he was sorry for anything which made her unhappy.

Mrs. Filmer then went on to say that madam had just received the cruellest letter from master. Master had actually gone away, nobody knew where, without even bidding madam good-bye, and as good as told her, in plain black and white, that he should never come back again. Madam had been in hysterics ever since. Poor madam! Such a kind, dear, sweet-natured lady, to—but there, what could one expect? Men were such brutes.

"Not all men, my dear Mrs. Filmer," wheezed the head clerk, tenderly reproachful.

Whereupon Mrs. Filmer tossed her head, and believed that there wasn't so much difference between the best and the worst, as some folks imagined.

"There's myself, for instance," said Mr. Keckwitch. "I abhor perfidy; I do, indeed, ma'am."

"Ah, so you say, Mr. Jennings," sighed the housekeeper.

"I'll prove it to you, Mrs. Filmer. If you'll get me a sight of that letter, so that I could examine the writin' and postmark, I'll go down at once to the City, and push inquiry in certain quarters that I know of; and if I don't succeed in findin' out which way your scamp of a master's gone, I give you leave never to speak to me again."

"Oh, Mr. Jennings, do you really mean that?"

"Moan it, ma'am? Bless you! this sort of thing is all in my way. Many and many's the runaway bankrupt we've caught just as he was steppin' aboard of the steamer that was to carry him to Boulogne or New York. Do you think you can put your hand on the letter?"

"I think so. It was lying on the floor just now, down by madam's bedside, and a bank-note for five hundred pounds as well, which I picked up and put in her purse. She didn't regard the money, poor soul."

"Women never do," said the head clerk. "Their little hearts are so tender."

Mrs. Filmer looked down, and sighed again. "I'm sure yours is. I hope it is, my dear," added he; and, sidling a step nearer, that respectable man actually kissed her.

About ten minutes later, Mr. Keckwitch came out from the gates of Elton House, radiant with triumph. He had William Trefalden's letter in his pocket-book. It contained only these words:

"Adieu, Thérèse. Circumstances over which I have no control compel me to leave England—perhaps, for ever. I bid you farewell with tender regret. Try to think of me kindly, and believe that, if you knew all, you would not blame me for the step which I now find myself compelled to take. I enclose a Bank of England note for five hundred pounds. The house, and all that it contains, is yours. Once more, farewell. May you be happier in the future than I have made you in the past.

"W. TREFALDEN."

CHAPTER LXXXIV. IS IT A TRAP?

They went first of all to the offices in Chancery-lane, where they found the clerks just settling to their work, and the housemaid blacking the grate in William Trefalden's private room. To put a summary stop to this damsel's proceedings, dismiss her, lock the door, and institute a strict but rapid investigation of all that the place contained, was their next course. They examined the contents of the waste-paper basket, turned out the table-drawers, broke open the safe; but found nothing of any value or importance.

"Look here," said Saxon, presently. "What is this?"

It was only a crumpled envelope, the inside of which was covered with pencilled memoranda.

Greatorex uttered a cry of triumph.

"A sketch of his route, by Heaven!" he exclaimed. "Where did you find this?"

"On the mantelshelf here, beside the almanack."

"Listen: 'London to Boulogne by steamer—three A.M. Eight hours. Boulogne to Paris—eleven A.M. Paris to Marseilles—8.40, through. Marseilles to Algiers, nine P.M. Or Constantinople, five P.M.'"

"Is that all?" asked Mr. Keckwitch.

"All—and he was off of course, by the early Boulogne boat by three this morning. Eight hours' passage—confound him! he will be landing in half an hour; and by six or seven this evening will be in Paris, whence he will go straight through to Marseilles by that eight-forty express."

"The eight-forty express reaches Marseilles at three forty-five the following afternoon," said Mr. Keckwitch, who had wisely provided himself with a continental time-table.

"And the next through train from London?" asked Greatorex.

"Half-past eight this evening."

The banker uttered an angry oath; but Mr. Keckwitch only took up the envelope, and examined it thoughtfully.

"I shall not attempt to overtake him," said Saxon. "He has seventeen hours' start. It would be sheer folly."

"If you would but consent to telegraph to the police at Paris," began the banker—but Saxon silenced him with a gesture.

"No," he said, resolutely. "Nothing shall induce me to do that. Once for all, I will not deal with him as with a felon."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Keckwitch, still examining the envelope. "I'm not sure that this paper ain't just a trap."

"A trap?"

The head clerk nodded.

"He's such a clever chap," said he. "Too clever by half to commit a blunder of this sort. I no more believe he's gone by the Boulogne boat than I believe he's gone to Paradise."

"Where, then, do you suppose he is gone?" said the banker, impatiently.

"Likely enough that he ain't left London at all. And, somehow or another I have my doubts—"

"Doubts of what?"

Mr. Keckwitch rubbed his fat hands over and over, and wagged his head knowingly before replying.

"That, maybe, there's a woman in the case."

The banker laughed outright at the absurdity of this notion; but over Saxon's mind there flashed a sudden, strange suspicion—a suspicion so vivid, that it stood to him for a conviction; a conviction so startling, that it came to him like a revelation.

Helen Rivière!

The name almost escaped his lips, with the shock of discovery. He saw the whole plot now—saw it as plainly as if his cousin's secret soul had been laid bare before him. His course was taken on the instant. With conviction came decision; with quick sight, prompt action.

"I have changed my mind," he said. "I will pursue the search. I am willing to employ any means, short of bringing my cousin before a court of justice. Tell me what is best to be done, and I will do it."

His resolute tone took them by surprise.

"Come," said Greatorex, "this is common sense."

But Saxon, who had been all irresolution up to this moment, was now all impatience.

"For Heaven's sake," he exclaimed, "let us lose no more time in talking! Moments are precious. What is to be done?"

"Well, sir, in the first place," replied Mr. Keckwitch, "you must give private employment to three or four sharp fellows. My friend, Mr. Kidd, will know where to find 'em for you."

"Good. Go on."

"One must search in and about London; one must go upon this foreign track, just for safety; and one must run down to Liverpool, with in-

instructions to cross to Kingston, if he sees cause to do so."

"Yes, yes. Go on."

"And you must offer a fair reward."

"How much?"

"Well, sir, would you think a couple of hundred to much?"

"I will make it a couple of thousand."

"Bravo!" cried Grestorex. "For two thousand pounds these detective fellows would flud you the bones of Adam and Eve."

"Say you so? Then it shall be five thousand. Mr. Keckwitch, I authorise you to offer a reward of five thousand pounds in my name."

The head clerk bowed down before Saxon as if he had been a demi-god, and said that it should be done forthwith.

"I'll go myself with the fellow who takes the Paris job," said Mr. Grestorex. "I shall enjoy the excitement of the thing; and you, Trefalden, had better go to Liverpool."

Saxon shook his head.

"No," he said, "my field shall be London."

CHAPTER LXXXV. SAXON TAKES HIS OWN COURSE.

"Maybe there's a woman in the case."

Those words caused Saxon to fling himself heart and soul into the pursuit. They roused all the will and energy that were in him. It was but a random guess of Mr. Keckwitch's, after all; but it did what the loss of two millions of money had failed to do.

The more he thought of it, the more probable—the more terribly probable—it seemed. So young, so lovely, so fresh to the world as Helen Rivière was, what more likely than that William Trefalden should desire to have her for his own? What more likely than that she, being so poor and so friendless, should accept him? She would be certain to do so, if only for her mother's sake. For Saxon did not now believe that Mrs. Rivière was dead. As he had once trusted his cousin with an infinite trust, he now regarded his every word and deed with unbounded suspicion. He neither believed that Mrs. Rivière was dead, nor that Helen was gone to Florence, nor that any statement that William Trefalden had ever made to him at any time was other than deliberately and blackly false.

Granting, however, that Mrs. Rivière might be no more—and it was, after all, sufficiently likely to be true—would not the lonely girl cling to whoever was nearest and kindest to her at the time? And then Saxon remembered how gentlemanly, how gracious, how persuasive his cousin could be; how sweet his smile was, how pleasant and low his voice!

Poor Helen! Poor, pretty, trustful, gentle Helen! What a fate for her! It made his heart ache and his blood boil, and brought to the surface all that was tenderest and manliest in his nature only to think of it.

Within five minutes after he had announced his decision, the three men parted at the door of William Trefalden's office. Each went his separate way—Keckwitch to engage the detectives, Grestorex to make arrangements for his temporary absence, and Saxon to pursue his own quest according to his own plan.

He went straight to Brudenell-terrace, Camberwell, and inquired for Miss Rivière.

The belligerent maid-servant reconnoitred through a couple of inches of open doorway before replying.

"Miss Rivers don't live here now," she said, sharply.

This, however, was only what Saxon had expected to hear.

"Can you oblige me, then," he said, "with her present address?"

"No, I can't."

"But surely Miss Rivière must have left an address when she removed from here?"

"There was an address left," replied the girl; "but it ain't right, so it's of no use to any one."

"How do you know that it is not right?"

"Because it's been tried, of course. But I can't stand here all day."

And the girl made as if she was about to shut the door in Saxon's face; but, seeing his fingers on their way to his waistcoat-pocket, relented. He placed a sovereign in her hand.

"I want to know all that you can tell me on this subject," he said.

She looked at the coin and at him, and shook her head sadly.

"What's this for?" she said.

"For your information. I would not mind what I gave to any one who could put me in the way of finding where those Indras are gone."

"But I can't tell you what I don't know."

"That's true; but you may as well tell me all you do."

The girl, still looking at him somewhat doubtfully, invited him to step inside the passage.

"I can show you the card," she said; "but I know it's of no use. There was a gentleman here the other day—he came from a great London shop, and would have put pounds and pounds of painting in Miss Rivera's way—and though he wrote it all down exact, he couldn't find the place."

And with this she plunged into the little empty front parlour, and brought out a card on which were pencilled, in William Trefalden's own hand, the following words:

*Mrs. Rivière,
Deaufort Villa, St. John's Wood.*

Saxon almost started on seeing his cousin's well-known hand.

"Who wrote this?" he asked, quickly.

"It was Mr. Forsyth that wrote it, after the ladies were in the cab."

"Mr. Forsyth?" he repeated.

And then the girl, grown suddenly communicative, went on to say that Mr. Forsyth was a rich gentleman who, being known "Mr. Rivers" a great many years ago, had sought the ladies out, paid enormous prices for Mr. Rivera's pictures, and induced Mrs. and Miss Rivers to remove to a pleasanter part of London. Even in this matter he took all the trouble off their hands, and they never so much as saw their new lodgings before he came to take them there. There never was such a kind, thoughtful, pleasant gentleman, to be sure! As for the address, Mrs. Rivers never thought of it till just at the last moment, and then Mr. Forsyth wrote it out as he stood in the passage—the ladies being already in the fly, and ready to drive off.

"And that is all you know about it?" asked Saxon, still turning the card over and over.

"Every word."

"I suppose I may keep the card?"

"Oh yes, if you like; but you'll find there's no such place."

"Did Mrs. Rivière seem to be much worse before she left here?"

"No. We thought she was better, and so did Miss Rivers."

Saxon turned reluctantly towards the door.

"Thank you," he said. "I wish you could have told me more."

"I suppose you are a friend of the family?" said the girl, inquisitively.

Saxon nodded.

"You—you can't tell me, I suppose, whether Mr. —"

"Forsyth?"

"Ay—whether Mr. Forsyth was engaged to Miss Rivière?" said he, with some hesitation.

She screwed her mouth up, and jerked her head expressively.

"They weren't when they left here," she replied; "but anybody could see how it would be before long."

Then, seeing the trouble in the young man's face, she added quickly:

"On his side, you know. He worshipped the ground Miss Rivers walked upon; but I don't believe she cared a brass farthing for him."

To which Saxon only replied by thanking her again, and then turned despondingly away.

He would go to St. John's Wood; but he felt beforehand that it would be useless. It was to be expected that William Trefalden would give a false address. It was, of course, a part of his plan to do so.

In the midst of these reflections, just as he had reached the further end of the terrace, the girl came running after him.

"Sir, sir," she said, breathlessly, "I've just thought of Doctor Fisher. He was Mrs. Rivers's

doctor, and he'll be sure to know where they went."

"God bless you for that thought, my girl!" said Saxon. "Where does he live?"

"I don't know; but it's somewhere about Camberwell. You'll be sure to find him."

"Yes, yes—cassily." And again Saxon dipped his fingers into his waistcoat-pocket. But the girl shook her head.

"Lord love you!" said she, "I don't want any more of your money—you've given me too much already!"

And with this she laughed, and ran away.

Saxon jumped back into his cab, and desired to be driven to the first chemist's shop on the road.

"For the chemists," muttered he to himself as he rattled along, "are sure to know all about the doctors."

CHAPTER LXXXVI. DOCTOR FISHER.

Doctor Fisher dwelt in a big, stucco-fronted, many-windowed house, with gates and a portico—a strictly professional-looking house that stood back from the road, as if with a sulky sense of its own superiority to the humbler dwellings round about—a house before whose grim portals no organ-boy would presume to linger, and no Punch to set up his temporary stage. A solemn-looking servant in a sad-coloured livery opened the door, and ushered Saxon to the physician's presence.

Dr. Fisher was a massive man, with an important manner, and a deep rolling voice like the pedal pipes of an organ. He received his visitor courteously, begged him to be seated, and replied clearly and readily to all Saxon's inquiries. Mrs. Rivière was indeed dead. She died about a fortnight before, and was buried in Norwood cemetery. The Rivières had removed from Camberwell about two, or it might be nearly three, months previous to this catastrophe. During the first six or eight weeks of her sojourn at Sydenham, Mrs. Rivière had gained strength, and was so far improved as to be on the point of undertaking a voyage to Madeira, when she unfortunately took that cold which resulted in her death. Dr. Fisher did not attend Mrs. Rivière's funeral. He believed that Miss Rivière and Mr. Forsyth were the only mourners. He had never had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Forsyth, but he had heard both Mrs. and Miss Rivière make frequent reference to him, as a friend to whom they were bound by many ties of gratitude and regard. Miss Rivière, he believed, was well. He had called upon her in the morning of the day following that on which her mother was buried; but not since. Her present address was Beulah Villa, Sydenham. He regretted that he had no further information to offer; protested that he was entirely at his visitor's service; and wished him a gracious "good morning."

Ushered out again by the solemn lacquey, Saxon pushed on at once to Sydenham.

Beulah Villa proved to be one of a series of semi-detached houses in a quiet side-road overlooking some fields, about half a mile from the Crystal Palace. His cab had no sooner pulled up, however, before the gate, than an ominous card in the dining-room window prepared him for a fresh disappointment.

Miss Rivière had left nearly a week ago.

"She went away, sir, the second day after her poor ma's funeral," explained the good woman of the house, a cheery, kindly, good-humoured-looking body, with floury bands and a white apron. "She couldn't abide the place, pretty dear, after what had happened."

"If you will be so kind as to oblige me with Miss Rivière's present address —"

"Well, sir, I'm sorry to say that is just what I can not do," interrupted the landlady. "Miss Rivière didn't know it herself—not to be certain about it."

"But surely something must have been said—something by which one could form some idea," said Saxon. "Do you think she was going abroad?"

"Oh dear no, sir. She was going to the seaside."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes, sir—positive."

"And yet is it possible that no one place was mentioned as being more likely than another?"

"Two of the places were mentioned, sir, but I took no account of the names of 'em."

"You can at least remember one?"

"No, sir—I can't, indeed."

"Try—pray try. Do you think you could remember them if I were to repeat the names of several sea-side places to you?"

His intense earnestness seemed to strike the woman.

"I am very sorry, sir," she said, "but I have no more idea of them than the babe unborn. I don't believe I should know them if I was to bear them—I don't indeed."

"Did Miss Rivière leave your house—alone?"

"No, sir. Mr. Forsyth went with her."

Saxon almost ground his teeth at that name.

"Mr. Forsyth was very often here, I suppose?" he said.

"Very often, sir."

"Almost every day?"

The woman looked at him with a mixture of curiosity and compassion that showed plainly what she thought of this cross-examination.

"Why, yes, sir," she replied, reluctantly. "I suppose it was about every day, lately."

The young man thanked her, and turned sadly away. At the bottom of the steps he paused.

"You do not even know to which railway terminus they went?" he asked, as a last chance. She shook her head.

(To be continued.)

TRIUMPHANT.

(On the recent announcement that a sufficient number of States have voted for amending the Constitution, so as to abolish Slavery, and prohibit it forever in the United States.)

FLASH the glad news, ye tongues of fire,
Along the world-encircling wire,
That man, to-day, stands one step higher,
Than e'er he stood before.

The agony of years is done,
The battle for the right is won,
The contest by the few begun
Has triumphed evermore.

Rejoice, ye men of noble mind,
Friends of the least of humankind,
Their manacles are cast behind;
Give thanks, and God adore!

With no sad blush upon her brow,
Columbia greets the nations now,
And utters the eternal vow,
No slave shall tread my soil!

O may she, with a foresight sage,
So shape the precious heritage,
That it may pass from age to age,
Rewarding honest toil;

For as a serpent cut in twain,
A double life but seems to gain,
And slowly dies, prolonging pain,
So slavery brooks its foil.

But justice lives, strong truth swakes,
The temple of gray error shakes,
The tyrant in his palace quakes,
Freemen are forged from slaves.

Two nations sea-divided stand,
A voice from heaven gives command,
And each extends a kindred hand
Across the solemn wares;—

They clasp; and thus till time shall end
May each still stand the other's friend,
And calm and wisely comprehend
Their duty to the world.

So shall the golden age begin,
So cease grim war's tumultuous din,
So perish many a hoary sin,
Idols to earth be hurled.

And on the land and rolling sea,
The two fraternal flags shall be
Symbols of all that's great and free,
Admired where'er unfurled.

Montreal, Dec., 1865.

G. MARTIN.

AZREEL AND THE THREE BROTHERS.

By X. Y. Z. Montreal.

To be completed in four numbers.

Continued from page 286.—Conclusion.

"Ali! behold again Azreel; in a few moments thou must meet thine end, by the unjust sword of the executioner. Yet it is given to thee to turn aside the decree against thee and this day to mount the throne of the Caliph. I offer thee thy choice: Death or the Caliphate."

At this moment Mesrou came up, his features distorted with fear and rage.

"Who art thou?" cried he.

"Ali."

"Hold, Mesrou," said Azreel. "You and I have stood together a long time; I have done many a stroke of work for you. Now, how will the Caliph take this. Just as likely you as Ali or both may die. Isn't it time to stop this? Bonds are playthings, it seems. If you will walk straight up to the Caliph and strike him one below, when he condemns Ali, I will finish him. Proclaim Ali; be Grand Vizier yourself—the body guard were devoted to Ali and will stand by you."

Mesrou reflected a moment.

"There is no time to be lost; we will do it," cried he.

"Stop," said Ali, "You are a fool; I would rather be killed than the Caliph. Finish this woful drama."

"As you will, Hakim," said Mesrou calmly, and then added in a loud, stern voice, "Slaves, lead this traitor and sorcerer to the Audience-Chamber."

The story was soon told by Mesrou that no sooner did Selina behold the sorcerer than she cried out and died.

Haroun was overwhelmed with grief and rage.

"Lead him to death," commanded he.

"Hast thou no favour to ask," whispered Azreel.

"Yes, to speak to my brother."

Azreel whispered to Mahmoud, who, as Governor of the City, was present. Instantly Mahmoud said aloud, "I, as Governor, will see him executed." Going to him, he pretended to see to his bonds. "Mahmoud," said the condemned, "I am Ali, take the ring from my finger and keep it. It is thine own. It had been better had I perished with Solyman."

Mahmoud drew the ring from his finger and murmured, "Farewell," and withdrew.

Ali knelt in prayer, and laid his head on the block. Azreel knelt down by him and whispered, "It is not yet too late. Shall I withhold the stroke of fate?"

"Heaven forbid," said Ali, "do your duty."

Azreel raised up and let fall his Scimiter, and the head of Ali rolled in the dust.

Taking his head by the hair, he held it aloft and cried with a loud voice and a doubtful smile, "This is the head of a traitor!"

Up to the time of the execution of Ali, Mahmoud had lived a life of great success. The Caliph seemed to contend with fortune, in aggrandizing Mahmoud, who became known as "the Fortunate." He sent caravans across the desert and they returned with incredible profits; he bought and the articles rose in value; the Caliph seemed delighted to overflow the full cup of his prosperity. But above all, in the society of Zuleima, whose wisdom equalled her beauty, Mahmoud found the fullness of bliss.

The death of Ali, and his rejection of the favour of Azreel, which the quick perception of Mahmoud instantly comprehended, sent a cold thrill to his heart. He felt that death could not be the worst of human ills, though he had in himself realized only the bright side of life. He mourned his brother, more for his unhappiness, than his death. "How wretched must he have been to have rejected life," said Mahmoud.

As he conferred with himself in sorrow, he was aware that Azreel stood before him. "Mahmoud," said the Angel, "thou hast received a lesson. Art thou willing to rejoin thy brothers? I have come to show thee the road."

"Azreel," replied Mahmoud, "I have learned that thou art the minister of mercy, as well as of vengeance, but I pray thee, seek some one who

needs thine aid; I do not wish to leave a world to me so full of happiness."

"Thy wish is granted," said Azreel, "nevertheless, this day, thou wilt repent it. Adieu." So speaking, he vanished.

Mahmoud reflected on the uncertain tenure of life. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "how partial are the gifts of fortune. When the sage Selim left me so many blessings, why did he not leave to me also that elixir of life, which, by perpetuating the days of Zuleima, would have rendered me secure against the assaults of fortune."

With these thoughts he sought Zuleima, and repeating them to her, bemoaned the fatality of Selim, who, wretched himself, could not believe that the happiness of others could be abiding.

"My father was a wise man," gently said Zuleima, "but could he have witnessed the happiness of Mahmoud and Zuleima, he would have bequeathed to them the elixir of life."

With tender endearments Zuleima soothed his sorrow, but when Mahmoud had gone to his post as Governor of the City, she reflected on his words. She had often assisted her father in the preparation of the elixir, and it struck her, that in his laboratory she might find that phial of rock-crystal, in which if a few drops remained, her object might be gained, and life greatly prolonged, if not perpetuated. With hasty steps and eager hands she applied to the door of the laboratory, the key of which had been guarded by her with jealous care. There among the disused implements of science, on a dusty shelf, stood a crystal phial, filled with a liquor glowing with lambent light. She quickly poured out a draught of the fluid and drank it. "Mahmoud, thy wish is granted," she exclaimed.

Zuleima at first felt flying through her veins throbs of intense delight, which were succeeded by a sensation of delicious languor. Throwing herself upon a cushion, she cast around her eyes, which fell upon a scroll, until then unobserved. Taking it up she read as follows:

"To Mahmoud and Zuleima.

"Beloved children,

"I have destroyed the elixir of life, fatal to happiness; but I have left in the crystal vial the wonderful elixir of gold, which transmutes all things into that precious metal, which will ward off want. Health and peace.

"SELIM."

Zuleima pressed the scroll to her forehead for a moment, to realize the full extent and scope of this wonderful revelation. Already she felt her hands and feet growing icy cold. She rose, and closing the door of the laboratory, sent at once for Mahmoud. When he arrived, she had barely time to explain to him her fatal mistake. "Mahmoud, do not mourn for me. It was thy love that made me desire life beyond the decree of fate. Seeking for more than was ordained, I have lost what might have fallen to my lot. Be patient, Mahmoud. Be resigned, and in brighter realms we may be reunited."

With these words she expired, and left her husband in distraction. In vain he implored a word, a look; in vain, invoked Azreel to restore his wife and take all his other blessings. When the women came to remove the body, it was found converted into solid gold.

Mahmoud still had all the choicest gifts of fortune, but after the loss of Zuleima, he seemed able to enjoy none of them.

Haroun Al Raschid, who had a great regard for Mahmoud, at last sent for him, and thus spoke to him:

"My friend! It is useless to struggle against the Past. It is beyond our reach. Look forward. What will lighten your grief?"

"My Lord," said Mahmoud sadly, "my wound is past medicine, but I do not struggle—I submit."

"Mahmoud!" said Haroun, "there is no cure for sorrow like action. The ungrateful Afghans, not satisfied with the 'best government the world ever saw,' have revolted. Take an army, reduce them, return with hope in thy heart, and happiness will await thee."

"To hear is to obey," sighed Mahmoud, and the next day he was "at the head of the finest army on the planet." Having two hundred thousand men and the Afghans having fifty thousand,

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"He rose by his energy, ruled with justice and applause, was rewarded by the love of a princess, and the unwavering confidence of a Caliph, and died on account of his loyalty."

DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

Au bénite de cour (*Fr*) holy water of the court; court promises.

Ecce-Homol (*Lat*) behold the Man!

Ecce signum! (*Lat*) behold the proof!

Ecume de mer (*Fr*) froth of the sea, (meerschäum)

Eclaircissement (*Fr*) clearing up; explanation.

Eclat (*Fr*) splendour, applause.

Ego spero pretio non emo (*Lat*) I do not buy hope with money.

Ego de aliis loquor, tu de ceped respondes (*Lat*) I talk of chalk, and you talk of cheese.

Ego Hannibal, peto pacem (*Lat*) I, Hannibal, seek peace. Hannibal having sworn a vow of eternal enmity against the Romans

Klan (*Fr*) a jerk, sudden step; the dashing advance of soldiers.

Elite (*Fr*) a select body, the best part.

Eloge (*Fr*) a funeral oration, a panegyric on the dead.

El Dorado (*Sp*) the gold region.

Emeritus (*Lat*) one who has been honourably discharged from public service.

Emeute (*Fr*) an uproar, a riot.

Embonpoint (*Fr*) plumpness of body.

Embouchure (*Fr*) the mouth of a river, also the mouth-piece of a musical instrument.

En abrégé (*Fr*) briefly, in few words.

En avant (*Fr*) forward, onward.

En barbette (*Fr*) (in fortification) when the cannon of a battery are higher than the breast wall.

En bas (*Fr*) below, down stairs.

En belle humeur (*Fr*) in good humour.

En conscience (*Fr*) conscientiously.

Encore (*Fr*) again, once more.

En détail (*Fr*) in detail, retail.

En Dieu est ma fiancée (*Fr*) in God is my trust.

Enfant perdu (*Fr*) a lost child, (military term, the forlorn hope.)

Enfant gâté (*Fr*) a spoiled child.

Enfant trouvé (*Fr*) a foundling.

En feûte (*Fr*) said of a ship when she carries only her upper tier of guns.

En gros (*Fr*) wholesale.

Et tu, Brute! (*Lat*) and even thou, Brutus! (The exclamation of Julius Cæsar when stabbed by Brutus.)

Ex cathedra (*Lat*) from the chair, (hence, with authority or dogmatism.)

Excerpta (*Lat*) extracts.

Ex concessio (*Lat*) from that which is conceded.

Ex curia (*Lat*) out of court, (*law term*).

Exeat (*Lat*) leave of absence, (lit. let him depart.)

Exempli gratia (ex. gr.; e. g.) (*Lat*) for the sake of example.

Exequatur (*Lat*) a recognition of a person in the capacity of Consul.

Exeunt omnes (*Lat*) all go out, (stage phrase).

Ex intervallo (*Lat*) at some distance.

Exit (*Lat*) the departure of a player from the stage; also any departure.

Ex mero motu (*Lat*) of mere good pleasure.

Ex necessitate rei (*Lat*) from the necessity of the case.

Ex nihilo nihil fit (*Lat*) nothing can come of nothing; (lit. out of nothing, nothing can be made.)

Ex officio (officiis) (*Lat*) by virtue of his office (their offices).

Ex parte (*Lat*) on one side only.

Ex pede Herculem (*Lat*) from a partial exhibition, learn the full extent of a man's power; (lit. from measuring the foot, learn the size of the entire body.)

Experientia docet (*Lat*) experience teaches.

Experimentum crucis (*Lat*) a decisive trial.

Exposé (*Fr*) a laying open, an exposure.

Ex post facto (*Lat*) after the deed; in law, consists in declaring an act penal or criminal, which was innocent when done.

Expressivo (*It*) (*In music*), with expression.

Ex professo (*Lat*) professedly, by profession.

Extempore (*Lat*) off hand; to speak without notes, without previous study or preparation.

THE FASHIONS.

FROM THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S MAGAZINE.

THERE are but few striking changes to notice between this and last year's winter fashions—only a few modifications.

It is really difficult to say which is the most fashionable way of making up dresses, as there are many ways equally approved by fashion. The only general rule is that skirts are put on in flat double pleats, scant and short in front, and form a long and ample train at the back. The question of greatly shortening the skirt has been agitated, but has not met with success; trains are decidedly more graceful than short round petticoats, and have been voted for a continuance of at least one year longer. Paletots follow suit, and are also more or less train-shaped at the back.

Many dresses are made with round waistbands, and some with short basques or lapels all round the waist. Bodies are short-waisted, but still not as much so as was dreaded by those who prophesied a return to the fashions of the First Empire. Lappets and curiously-shaped pieces of the same material as the dress, and braided or embroidered, are a favourite style of trimming; but the ornament now most in favour of all is the thick lace called Cluny guipure. It is literally placed on every possible article of clothing, including caps, bonnets, dresses, petticoats, collars and cuffs, jackets, and even slippers.

Jackets are very much worn, and of every description, from the loose morning jacket to the elegant white or black lace jacket without sleeves. Some are made of white muslin, arranged in very narrow pleats, and lined with pink, blue, or mauve silk, for evening and dinner parties.

The following descriptions will give our readers clearer notions of the modes of the present day:—

For a walking toilette, an under-petticoat of red cashmere, trimmed with a very narrow pleated flounce, above which are placed three rows of Turkish braid. A dress of grey poplin, looped up over the petticoat with four strips of the same material, edged all round with a narrow ruche of red silk, of the same shade as the petticoat; each strip is fastened on with a large red silk button. The body is high and plain; it has narrow lappets all round, edged, like the strips on the skirt, with a narrow ruche of red silk. A band of red gros-grains is worn round the waist, and fastened at the side with a large rosette. The body is fastened down the front with red silk buttons. The sleeves are narrow, trimmed round the top and bottom with a ruche of red silk, and fastened at the wrists with red buttons. The same trimming would look well in blue or violet. The toilet may be completed by a grey plush paletot and a black velvet bonnet, trimmed with the same colour as the dress. The under-petticoat should in any case be also of the same colour as the trimming.

The antique style is more than ever in vogue for headdresses. The front hair is arranged in rows of frizzed curls upon the forehead, which it partially conceals, and is divided by bandelettes as we have already described. Large, heavy chignons are not, however, discarded, and the space between the chignon and the front curls is filled up with plaits, loops, and drooping curls, forming altogether a very elaborate superstructure. As no fashion is very long lived, and it would be awkward to cut one's front hair quite short for the sake of wearing short frizzed curls, most ladies consent to buy rows of these, ready prepared and mounted upon velvet or brocaded ribbon, forming bandelettes. The ribbon may be covered with rows of pearls or coral beads. Delicate garlands of artificial flowers are worn, instead of ribbon or velvet, for ball coiffures.

A beautiful ball toilette consisted of a dress of ruby-coloured satin. It was trimmed round the bottom with two rows of rich brocaded ribbon, white, placed close together, with a vankyko edging of guipure lace on either side. The same trimming is repeated about ten inches higher, and between the two, rosettes of guipure lace are placed at regular distances. The skirt forms a

sweeping train at the back. The body is low, cut square at the top, and trimmed round with guipure lace, as well as the waistband. This body is made very low, and a small chemisette of white tulle, disposed in bouillons, divided by narrow red velvet ribbons, is worn inside; it does not come up beyond the shoulders, and is edged round the top with lace.

For young ladies, ball-dresses are made of white tulle or tartaletau; they are entirely covered with narrow bouillons, disposed the long way from the waist downwards; three bouillons round the top of the low body, sleeves of tulle, and a wide scarf of the same tied as a sash round the waist.

Gauze or tulle dresses, spangled with gold, are also very much the fashion. Flowers are less worn in the hair than formerly, and are often replaced by jewels, in the antique style, for married ladies. The latter chiefly wear bandelettes of coloured velvet studded with pearls.

A pretty evening toilette for a young lady is a dress of plain white muslin, worn with a waistband, necklace, bracelets, and coronet of white ribbon, studded with large pink coral knobs.

Necklaces are quite indispensable now with low dresses; they may be replaced, however, by velvet ribbons studded with pearls or coral beads tied round the neck, and falling in two long lapels at the back. The coiffure is then generally made to match with the necklace.

For evening parties, small silk or velvet bodices of coloured silk are very much the fashion, trimmed with guipure lace and beads, and also small lace jackets of white or black lace over coloured silk dresses with low bodies.

Bonnets are made smaller than ever; they have crowns, but very small brims, and extremely narrow straight borders at the back instead of curtains. They are often of two colours, the crown of satin or tulle, arranged in bouillons; the brim and curtain of plain velvet.

For instance, a bonnet with a small crown of blue satin, disposed in bouillons, divided by rouleaux of black velvet; a plain black velvet brim and curtain; a blue gauze veil, fastened on one side with a small bird. Blue satin strings.

A bonnet with a crown formed of bouillons of spotted black tulle, with a string of jet beads arranged over it; the brim of black velvet, with a tuft of green feathers at the side, fastened with a clasp of cut jet. Inside, a bouillon of black tulle, studded with jet and divided by strips of green velvet. A veil of spotted black tulle. Strings of green ribbon, brocaded with a pattern in black.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.

The following anecdote of the Scottish bard seems to have escaped the hands of diligent biographers of the poet, and of many of the zealous members of St. Andrew's Societies; but the humour is so thoroughly characteristic of the wayward Burns that it deserves publication.

He and a few kindred spirits having met for a bout, there happened to enter the room a Mr. Andrew Horner, who had begun to imagine himself the rival of Burns in the art of making rhymes. Fortwith Horner challenged Burns to a trial of their powers of versification, which Burns of course accepted, for the sake of a little fun at the expense of his earnest competitor. Horner obtained pen and paper and gravely repeating syllable after syllable began:

"In seventeen hunder an' fifty nine."
That's the year I was born in.
"In seventeen hunder an' fifty nine,"
I was born.

Burns slyly drew the paper from him and continued Horner's first verse:

"In seventeen hunder an' fifty nine
The deil gat stuff to mak' a swine,
And pat it in a corner;
But shortly after changed his plan
And made it something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Horner."

Poor Horner was undone, and the meeting grew uproarious with his discomfiture.

R. W. S.

Toronto, Dec. 18th.

IT IS A "SELL."

MOST of our readers have, we doubt not, read and re-read some of the numerous glaring advertisements of New York "establishments, associations, companies," &c., which appear from week to week in the public prints, and which offer most tempting bargains and "chances" to any person who will send twenty-five cents for a "certificate." It may be necessary to explain what is meant by a "certificate." Thus we will do by copying an extract from one of the advertisements. It reads thus:—"Distributions are made in the following manner: Certificates naming each article and its value are placed in sealed envelopes which are well mixed. One of these envelopes containing the certificate or order for some article, will be sent by mail to any address, without regard to choice and without our (meaning the establishment) opening it or knowing what it contains, for the small sum of twenty-five cents. On receiving the certificate, the purchaser will see what it draws, and its value, and can then send *one dollar* and receive the article named, or can choose instead any other article on our list of the same value. Purchasers of our sealed envelopes may, in this manner, obtain an article worth from *one to five hundred dollars* for *one dollar*." This, with the additional important sentence, "Entire satisfaction guaranteed in all cases," is the pith of the advertisements, and explains pretty clearly the *profane* mode of doing business. Well, are we to believe all these fine promises of three hundred dollars for one dollar, &c.? We say most decidedly no. It is a pretty safe rule for those who are not in a position to make personal enquiry to lay down that they are all "sells," or to speak more plainly, *swindlers*. In most cases the members of the firms, associations, companies, &c., are what is called "sharps"—men who never do anything but *live well*, and who manage to do that without any apparent means. A few of this class of individuals club together, form an association, secure a "six feet square" office on the fifth or sixth story of a house in Broadway, or some of the other well known and respectable streets, get a wood cut of the *whole building*, with their present names or the name of their "association" on the front, by which means they magnify their six-by-six office, or rather nook, on the fifth or sixth floor into the size and appearance of the entire building. This imposing picture is placed at the head of a still more imposing circular, offering all sorts of inducements in the shape of "chances," and forwarded to the country "greenhorn," as they call their victims, with the "certificate" of a "handsome gold watch" enclosed. The unsuspecting recipient actually crows over the idea of securing a "handsome gold watch" for *five dollars*, which amount he places in an envelope and without taking the precaution of registering it, forwards it to the "Honourable Association of Watchmakers, Company's Buildings, Broadway, N. Y. City." It is scarcely necessary to add that this is the last he hears of the "handsome gold watch."

There are only a few respectable firms who do business in the manner we have explained, and they do it as a means of advertising their other business and not to make money. From such firms, it is true, handsome and valuable articles are often procured for a very small sum, and what is more important, no one is ever cheated. Every person gets good value for his dollar, because, as we have stated, it is intended to act as an advertisement to lead to ordinary business. We have seen numbers of prizes sent out in this way by Sherman, Watson & Co., of Nassau st., N. Y., and there is no doubt that some of the articles are worth eight or ten times the money paid for them, while we have not seen or heard of a single article which was not fully worth the dollar which it cost. But this is only one of the exceptions to this rule; for as a general thing the parties engaged in the business are nothing but clever swindlers.

When is a sail not a sail?
When it is a loft, (aloft).

PASTIMES.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a chicken pie like a gunsmith's shop?
2. When is a lady's arm not a lady's arm?
3. Why is love like a canal boat?
4. Why is a *alide-sadile* like a four-quart measure?

RIDDLES.

What is that which Adam never saw—never possessed, and yet he gave two to each of his children?

2. What word of five letters is there that by taking away two, leaves but one?

DECAPITATIONS.

1. My whole is a pronoun; behold me and I am still a pronoun, behold me again and I am a verb.
2. My whole is a small vessel; behold me and I am a kind of grain, behold me again and I am a proposition.
3. My whole is a weight; behold me and I am a sound, behold me again and I am only one, again behold me, and I am a French conjunction.

ACROSTIC.

1. A celebrated archbishop and author.
2. A Scriptural outcast.
3. A celebrated detective.
4. An additional title of one of the apostles.
5. One who troubled before another apostle.
6. A great lake.
7. A celebrated sculptor and painter.
8. An English title.
9. One who knew and feared God from his youth.

The initials will give the name of one of the great battles of the American rebellion.

CHARADES.

The following charade attracted a good deal of attention in England some time ago, and no solution could at the time be found. Subsequently, we believe, the correct answer appeared in a Halifax N. S. paper. We republish the charade at the request of a subscriber, who has forgotten the solution, and hopes that some of our friends may be able to furnish it:

1. Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt. South! 'twas an awful day: And though in those good times of old The rufflers of the Camp and Court found little time to pray, 'Tis said Sir Hilary uttered there Two syllables by way of prayer: My first to those who find their dewy shroud before the day be done, My next to those who live to see to-morrow's sun, My whole to those whose bright blue eyes Shed tears when the warrior nobly dies.
2. My first is three-fourths of the name of a great pugilist, my second two-fifths of a tool used in ship-building, my third is a song, and my whole a great historian.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- NETOGSNFOEHTRSTIH. A celebrated song.
WURDYANKIALRUGHTANTER. Of great importance to Canada.
EETANCIP. What few possess.

ANSWERS TO DECAPITATIONS, &c., NO. 17.

DECAPITATION.—1 chair-hair-air. 2 Smyth-myth. 3 whole-hole. 4 stall-all.

A CURIOUS LETTER.—Sir, between friends, I understand your over-bearing disposition. A man even with the world is above contempt, whilst the ambitions are beneath ridicule.

CHARADES, 1.—Honey-moon.—2 Rouble.—3 Antelope.

CONUNDRUM.—Antietam—(aunty eat 'em.)
ANAGRAMS.—1 New York city, United States of America; 2 New York; 3 New York city, in the United States of America; 4 New York city, United States of America.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS, 1. No. 620.

2. 294
- 753
- 618

The following answers have been received:
Decapitation.—All, Cloriana, L. P. O., V. R.; Old Tom; A. A. Oxon; Cloud; H. H. V.; 1st and 3rd, Non N; 3rd, Y. 1st, 2nd and 3rd, Peregrine P.

Curious Letter.—A. A. Oxon, Cloud; S. P. *Charades*.—All, V. R., L. P. O., A. A. Oxon; 1st and 3rd V., Cloriana, Cloud; H. H. V.; 3rd, Peregrine E.; 1st, Old Tom.

Conundrum.—V. Non N: L. P. O., V. R. Cloud.

Anagrams.—2nd, H. H. V., Presto, Cloud; S. P., Cloriana.

Arithmetical Problems.—Both, Cloriana, Non N; A. A. Oxon; Old Tom, W. H., Nargravine; 2nd, L. P. O., V. R., Peregrine P.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. QUAKER.—Problems in one move do not sufficiently tax the ingenuity to solve. Can you not favour us with a two or a three pounder?

T. P. D., SALVOARN.—Is not the Problem, lately enclosed, rather too palpable? The Black King is in a very "tight place," which, of itself, gives a cue to the solution.

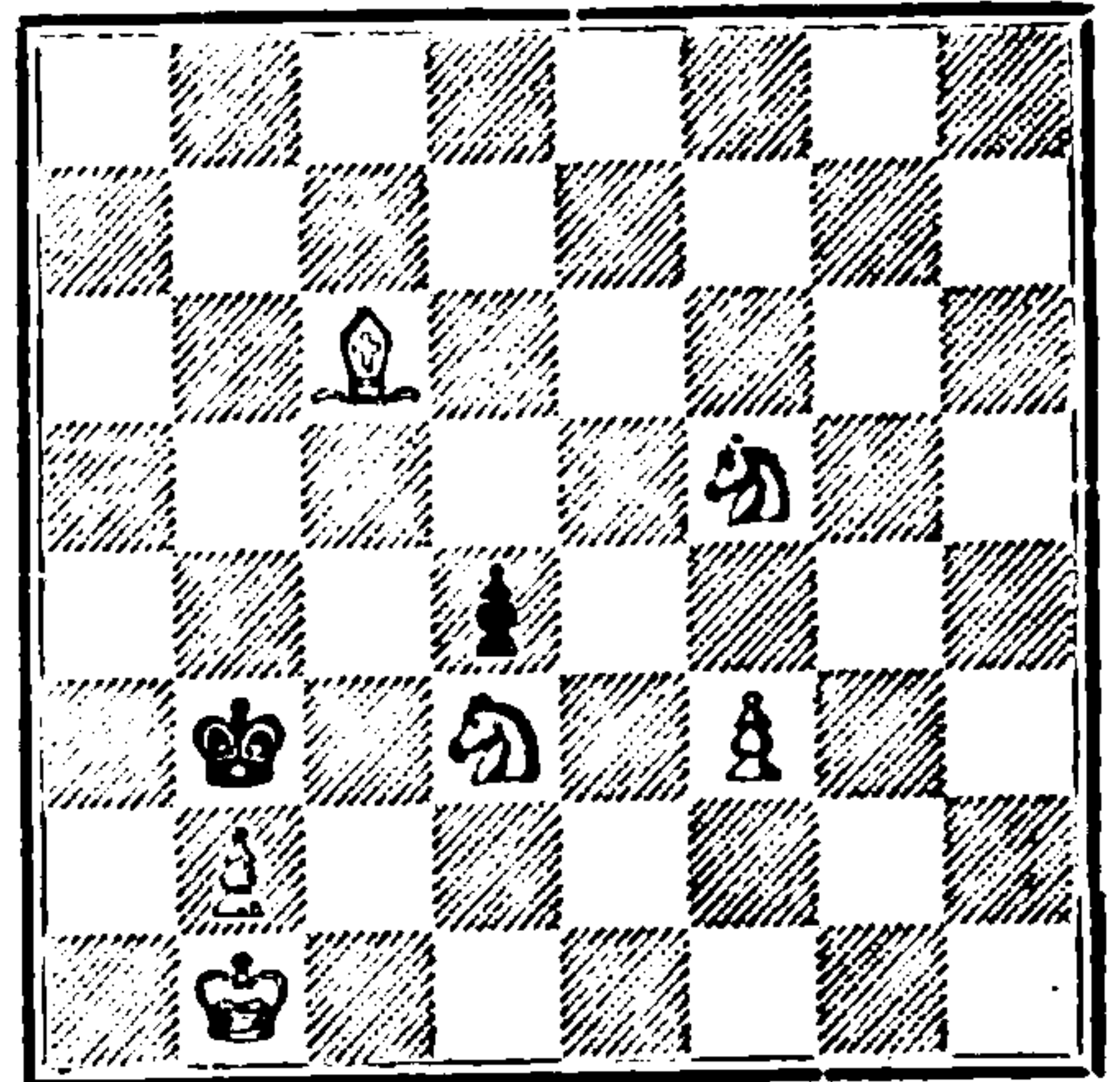
R. B., TORONTO.—Stanton's Praxis will decide the question

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 6.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1 Q. to Q. B. 8th. R. to Q. R. 2nd (best).
2 Q. to K. Kt. 4th. Anything.
3 Kt. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 7.
BY LOQUIA.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

Game played in match last spring, between Huddersfield and Bradford (England) Chess Clubs:

KING'S BISHOP'S OPENING.

WHITE. BLACK.
(Mr. J. Watkinson, Huddersfield.) (Mr. Topley, Bradford.)

- | | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 P. to K. 4th. | P. to K. 4th. |
| 2 B. to Q. B. 4th. | Kt. to K. B. 3rd. |
| 3 Kt. to K. B. 3rd. | Kt. takes K. P. |
| 4 Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.* | P. to Q. 4th.† |
| 5 B. takes P. | Kt. to K. B. 3rd. |
| 6 B. takes K. B. P. (ch)‡ | K. takes B. |
| 7 Kt. takes K. P. (ch.) | K. to K. sq.§ |
| 8 Castles. | Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd. |
| 9 P. to Q. 4th. | B. to K. 2nd.§ |
| 10 K. to K. sq. | R. to K. B. sq. |
| 11 B. to K. B. 4th. | Kt. to Q. Kt. 3rd. |
| 12 Q. Kt. to K. 4th. | Q. Kt. to Q. 4th. |
| 13 B. to K. Kt. 3rd. | B. to K. B. 4th. |
| 14 Q. Kt. to Q. B. 6th. | Q. to Q. B. sq. |
| 15 P. to Q. B. 4th. | Q. Kt. to Q. Kt. 3rd. |
| 16 Q. to K. 2nd. | K. Kt. to Kt. sq.¶ |
| 17 Q. to K. R. 6th (ch.) | P. to Kt. 3rd. |
| 18 Q. takes K. R. P. | Kt. to K. B. 3rd. |

And Mr. Watkinson announced Mate in three moves.

* This move was first recommended by Mr. Boden, in his "Popular Introduction to Chess."

† Kt. takes Kt., or Kt. to K. B. 3rd, is the best play at this point.

‡ This sacrifice secures a very attacking game. § K. to Kt. sq. would have been better play.

¶ If Black had captured Kt., White would have replied with (10) R. to K. sq. ¶ We see no better move. Black's game is quite indefensible.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FRANK HORN.—We are sorry to be again obliged to decline your verses.

J. R. OLNEY.—Received; many thanks. The article will appear in our next issue.

H. R. C.—Many of the lines are incorrect in quantity, or we would willingly insert your contribution. Re-write it and forward us corrected MS.

LETTERS.—Your question has frequently occasioned tough debates, but we think the following sentences, extracted from an article which appeared in No. 10 of the *READER*, are conclusive—"When one hundred years are to be counted we must pass beyond 99 and come to 100; we have changed into the 10 before we have finished the one hundred. Whatever calculation is to be made we commence with 1 and finish with 100, not commence with 0, and finish with 99. In other words the year 1800 was the last one of the last century, not the first of the present," consequently the 19th century commenced on 1st January, 1801.

ARTIST.—The sketch appears to us to be too brief (a very unusual fault). There must have been incidents in the life of such a man which would prove interesting additions to your article.

XENO.—Respectfully declined.

F. B. D.—"Pleasant Hours" and "Twilight Musings" are much superior to your earlier contributions. Of the two, we prefer "Pleasant Hours."

T. Mc. F., ACTOR VALE.—We have only been able to give the MS. a very hasty perusal. Will intimate our decision in our next issue.

V.—Will insert your valuable paper, and shall be glad to receive an occasional article on the same, or kindred subjects.

W. O. G., QUEBEC.—The MS. is to hand, but we have not yet found time to read it carefully. Will communicate with you by letter.

TORONTONIAN.—Your letter should have been addressed to the Editor of the *Globe*, for that gentleman must be better able to reply to your queries than we are.

G. E. S.—Should we publish your letter it would probably lead to rejoinders, and we must respectfully decline to reopen the question. The general opinion undoubtedly is that Port wine is so called from Oporto the city whence it is shipped.

W. B.—Yes, at your convenience.

GLORIANA.—Please accept our thanks.

H. J. M.—Letter just received. Will attend to your request in our next issue.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

SILKS should have every spot of grease extracted before washing. This may be done by repeated application of French chalk or magnesia in powder to the wrong side. They may then be washed in a luke warm water, and hung up without wringing. Make the rinsing water slightly sour with sulphuric acid if you have yellow or red in wash. Always try a scrap of any silk before you venture to wash it. Raw and foulard silks will often wash—few others will bear cleaning by washing. Black silks are cleaned by sponging with cold coffee and pressing on the wrong side.

LACES.—Cotton and lisle thread are done up like fine muslin—namely, washed clean with great tenderness—dried, dipped in nicest starch and clapped and stretched with the hands, until only retaining dampness enough to iron well.

Fine thread lace should be wrapped round a bottle filled with water. Saturate the lace with the best sweet oil, then stand it in a vessel of clean, cold lather, heat it gradually. When it has boiled a half hour, drain off the suds, stretch the lace with your hands and pin it on a clean pillow to dry. Or it may be washed like common lace and dipped in weak coffee, to give it the peculiar color desired.

Blonde lace is fastened round a bottle and laid in a vessel of cold lather for several successive days, the water to be changed every morning. Rub your hand round the lace very tenderly

every morning, before changing the water. The vessel should be kept in the sun.

Black lace is washed in warm water with ox gall, and rinsed in fair water. Laces, crapes, gauze and any silk goods should be stiffened with a solution of gum arabic.

SILK GLOVES AND STOCKINGS should be washed in clean water slightly coloured with blue if a pearl colour is wanted, or carmine if the pink tint is preferred; then stretched on frames to dry. If there are none of these frames for drying on, they will have to be ironed on the wrong side, or stretched and rubbed with a roll of linen which is better.

TO MAKE A SOILED COAT LOOK AS GOOD AS NEW.—First, clean the coat of grease or dirt, then take one gallon of a strong decoction of logwood, made by boiling logwood chips in water. Strain this liquid, and when cool, add two ounces of gum arabic powder which should be kept in well stopped bottles for use. Then go gently over the coat with a sponge wet in the above liquid, diluted to suit the color, and hang it in the shade to dry. After which brush the nap smooth, and it will look as good as new. The liquid will suit all brown or dark colors if properly diluted, of which it is easy to judge.

TO WASH COLOURED KID OR HOSKIA GLOVES.—Have on a table a clean towel, folded three or four times, a saucer of new milk, and a piece of brown soap. Spread a glove smoothly on the folded towel, dip into the milk a piece of clean flannel, rub it with the soap until you get enough, and then commence rubbing the glove, beginning at the wrist and rubbing lengthwise to the ends of the fingers, the glove being held firmly in the left hand. When done spread them out to dry gradually. When nearly dry, pull them out the cross way of the leather, and when quite dry, stretch them on your hand.

DELICIOUS DRESSING FOR ROAST FOWLS.—Spread pieces of stale but tender wheaten bread liberally with butter, and season rather high with salt and pepper, working them into the butter; then dip the bread in wine, and use it in as large pieces as is convenient to stuff the bird. The delicious flavor which the wine gives is very penetrating, and it gives the fowl a rich gamey character, which is very pleasant.

EXCELLENT SOUP.—Take a pound of salt beef or pork, and cut it in very small pieces into the iron saucepan. Pour six quarts of water over it, and let it boil on a very slow fire three-quarters of an hour. When this is done, then put in some carrots, turnips, potatoes well cleaned, and a cabbage; all cut into slices. Let this boil slowly another hour, and then thicken it with a pint of oatmeal, stirring it after the oatmeal is put in, to keep it smooth and nice. Season it with pepper and salt, and there is a noble dinner for a large family. If any soup remains when all have done dinner, keep it in a clean earthenware dish or pan till the next day, when it can be warmed up again.

APPLE JELLY.—Cut in quarters six dozen fall pippins, take out all the cores, put them into a pan, just cover them with cold water and place them on the fire. Let them boil until the apples become quite soft, when drain them upon a sieve, catching the liquor in a basin, which passes through a clean jelly bag. Then weigh out one pound of sugar to every pint of liquor. Boil the sugar separately until it is almost a candy; then mix the liquor with it, and boil, keeping it skimmed until the jelly falls from the skimmer in thin sheets; then take it from the fire, put it into small jars, and let it stand a day until quite cold, when tie paper over and put by till wanted.

APPLE MARMALADE.—Peel and cut thirty apples in slices, taking out the cores, then to every pound of fruit put three-quarters of a pound of sugar; put the whole in a large preserving pan with a half a spoonful of powdered cinnamon and the rind of a lemon chopped very fine. Set the pan over a sharp fire, stirring occasionally until it begins to boil, then keep stirring until it becomes rather thick. It is then done, and can be poured into a basin until cold, when it is ready for use. If it is to be kept any length of time, it should be put in wide-mouthed jars and covered over with paper.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A correspondent of a contemporary says:—"Curiously enough I find that the letters of the honoured and lamented name, 'Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston,' when transposed from the words, 'Only the Tiverton M., P. can help in our mess.'"

To a lady who once complained of the insolence of some English coal beavers, their employer replied by a humble apology on his own account, adding: "But, madam, to tell you the truth, we have failed in our efforts to get gentlemen to undertake the business."

It is said that the late Chief Baron Thompson was a very facetious companion over the bottle, which he much enjoyed. At the judges' dinners during the assizes, there was present a certain dignitary of the Church. When the cloth was removed, the very reverend guest said, "I always think, my lord, that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after a good dinner." "Oh, no, by no means," replied the Chief Baron; "it's the uncertain quantity that does all the mischief!"

DR. STUCKLEY once waited upon Sir Isaac Newton a little before dinner time; but he had given orders not to be called down to anybody till his dinner was upon the table. At length a boiled chicken was brought in, and Stuckley waited till it was nearly cold, when, being very hungry, he ate it, and ordered another to be prepared for Sir Isaac, who came down before the second was ready, and seeing the dish and cover of the first which had been left, lifted up the latter, and turning to the doctor, said, "What strange folks we studious people are? I really forgot I had dined."

A gentleman, having one night put out a candle by accident, ordered his man servant (who was a simple fellow) to light it again in the hall. "But take care, John," added he, "that you do not hit yourself against anything in the dark." Mindful of the caution, John stretched out both his arms at full length before him; but unluckily a door, which stood half open, passed between his hands, and struck him a woeful blow upon the nose. "The deuce!" muttered he, when he recovered his senses a little, "I always heard that I had a plaguy long nose, but I declare I never should have thought before that it was longer than my arm!"

A gentleman, riding down a steep hill, and fearing the foot was unsound, called out to a clown who was ditching, and asked him if it was hard at the bottom. "Ay," answered the countryman, "it's hard enough at the bottom, I warrant you." But in a half dozen steps the horse sunk up to the saddle-girths, which made the gentleman whip, spur, and swear. "Why, you rascal," said he, "did you not tell me it was hard at the bottom?" "Ay, replied the fellow, "but you are not half way to the bottom yet."

LED BY A BEAR.—Mrs. Boswell, wife of the biographer of Dr. Johnson, was annoyed that the doctor should possess so much influence over her husband. "I have often known bears led by men," she said, "but this is the first time I ever heard of a man led by a bear."

"My brethren," said Swift in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride; of birth, of riches, of talents. I shall not speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

A PERSON having an ass to go by train from North Shields, sent it to the goods station for Newcastle. The porters were placing it in a van, when a fop asked what they charged for taking the animal. "Ninepence, sir," was the reply. "And pray, my good fellow, what do you charge for a donkey?" inquired the fop. "Sir," rejoined the porter, "you know what you paid for your ticket."

POPPING THE QUESTION.—A girl, forced by her parents in to a disagreeable match with an old man whom she detested, when the clergyman came to that part of the service where the bride is asked if she consents to take the bridegroom for her husband, said, with great simplicity—"Oh dear, no, sir; but you are the first person who has asked my opinion about the matter."

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HOLY BIBLE

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THE SOLDIERS OF THE PLOUGH.

No maiden dream, nor fancy theme,
Brown Labour's muse would sing;
Her stately men and russet sheen
Demand a stronger wing.
Long ages since, the sage, the prince,
The man of lordly brow,
All honour gave that army brave,
The Soldiers of the Plough.
Kind heaven speed the Plough!
And bless the hands that guide it;
God gives the seed—
The bread we need,
Man's labour must provide it.

In every land, the tolling hand
Is blest as it deserves;
Not so the race who, in disgrace,
From honest labour swerves.
From fairest bowers bring rarest flowers
To deck the swarthy brow
Of those whose toil improves the soil,
The Soldiers of the Plough.
Kind heaven speed the Plough!
And bless the hands that guide it;
God gives the seed—
The bread we need,
Man's labour must provide it.

Blest is his lot, in hall or cot,
Who lives as nature wills,
Who pours his corn from Ceres' horn,
And quaffs his native rills!
No breeze that sweeps trade's stormy deeps,
Can touch his golden prow;
Their foes are few, their lives are true,
The Soldiers of the Plough.
Kind heaven speed the Plough!
And bless the hands that guide it;
God gives the seed—
The bread we need,
Man's labour must provide it.

"Like all our brethren in that western colony
of ours—that colony of which we are so justly
proud—Mr. Sangster is stout and loyal of heart.
Here is a patriotic outburst worth a thousand
swords of defence:

SONG FOR CANADA.

Sons of the race whose sires
Aroused the martial flame
That filled with smiles
The triune Isles,
Through all their heights of fame!
With hearts as brave as theirs,
With hopes as strong and high,
We'll ne'er disgrace
The honoured race
Whose deeds can never die.
Let but the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would flame throughout the land.

Our lakes are deep and wide
Our fields and forests broad;
With cheerful air
We'll speed the share,
And break the fruitful sod;
Till blest with rural peace,
Proud of our rustic toil,
On hill and plain
True kings we'll reign,
The victors of the soil.
But let the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would light him from the land.

Health smiles with rosy face!
Amid our sunny dales,
And torrents strong
Fling hymn and song
Through all the mossy vales;
Our sons are living men,
Our daughters foud and fair;
A thousand isles
Where Plenty smiles,
Make glad the brow of Care.
But let the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would flame throughout the land.

And if in future years
One wretch should turn and fly,
Let weeping Fame
Blot out his name
From Freedom's hallowed sky;
Or should our sons e'er prove
A coward, traitor race,—
Just Heaven! frown
In thunder down,
T' avenge the foul disgrace!
But let the rash intruder dare
To touch our darling strand,
The martial fires
That thrilled our sires
Would light him from the land.

"Mr. Sangster has done well already; but he
is still 'clad in the beauty of promise,' and will

do better yet in the maturity of his fine powers.

"The eminent literary friend in Quebec, who
favoured us with Mr. Sangster's book, has also
sent us a voluminous copy of the 'Debates in
the Parliament of Canada on the Confederation
of British North America.' We are aware of the
difficulties in the way of carrying out this great
scheme; but the statesmanlike wisdom and im-
pressive eloquence which we find on the side of
'Confederation' in these 'Debates' make us
hopeful to see it consummated. We cannot re-
frain from adding, for the special gratification of
all who take an interest in the advancement of
our Western Provinces, that Mr. Henry J. Morgan,
of Quebec, who has already done so much for
the illustration of Canada, is preparing to issue
a work on the 'Past and Present Condition of
Literature, Science, and Art in British America.'
Most cordially do we wish it all success."

ON A DEAD FIELD-FLOWER.

By J. R. CLERK.

Torn by some careless hand
From thy mother's breast,
Where gentle breezes fann'd
Thy little leaves to rest,
Here dost thou lie, forsaken,
No more shalt thou awaken,
To gladden with thy beauty the wanderer opprest!

No more at early morn,
When the lark's gay song,
Through grove and meadow borne,
Calls his blithe mates along,
Shall thy tiny arms, outspreading,
Their grateful odour shedding.

Give a silent, speaking welcome to Nature's joyous
through!

Peaceful and calm thy sleep!
Thy life's race run,
Thou hadst no cause to weep,
No duty left undone!
Sweet little withered blossom,
How many a blighted bosom

Would fain repose as softly beneath a summer's sun!

How many a child of care,
Won by thy power,
Might raise his voice in prayer,
Taught by thee, little flower!
Ah! surely thou wast given,
A gracious boon from heaven,

To throw its charm on sinful earth for one short
blissful hour!

Farewell! I may not stay;
Thy frail, drooping form
Hoods not the sun's fierce ray,
Nor winter's frowning storm!
Like thee, kind hearts have perish'd
By those that should have cherish'd,

And hold the shield of friendship to shelter them
from harm.

Like thee, I soon must fade,
And 'neath the sky
Lifeless and cold be laid!
But though I claim no sigh,
Though no fond heart may miss me
When 'death's pale lips shall kiss me,

If my short life be pure as thine, I need not fear to
die.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

We have received from Mr. Thos. Riddell, the
Christmas number of the Illustrated. As usual
it is accompanied with a large double supple-
ment. Mark Lemon, Mary Howitt and other
eminent writers have contributed the Christmas
Tales and Sketches. The engravings are numerous
and excellent, but the crowning glory of the num-
ber is the coloured illustration. The subject is
the old pathetic story of "the Babes in the
Wood," a story over which many of us have
probably wept in bygone years. The chromotype
is after Mr. Lucy's picture, which when exhibited
last spring in the British Institution is said to have
secured the unanimous eulogiums of the critics.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

HARRIET MARTINEAU, the authoress, is a con-
firmed invalid. She has been confined to her bed
for many months, and it is not expected that she
will recover.

Mr. SPURKON has gone into literature, having
produced an Illustrated Almanac, price one
penny.

Mrs. CHARLES, author of the "Schonberg-
Cotta Family," "Early Dawn," "Kitty Trevel-
yan," has nearly ready for press "Winfred Ber-
tram."

Miss JEAN INGELW's small volume of Poems
has, in two years, run through sixteen editions
in the United States, and ten editions in Great
Britain. This success is almost unequalled.

Mr. FREDERICK COSINA, the Spanish merchant,
Mr. Collier, Mr. J. O. Halliwell, and other Shake-
spearians, are turning their attention to Spain
as untried ground for the early plays of the great
dramatist. It is well known that Germany, be-
tween which and this country intercourse in
Elizabeth's time was not nearly so general as be-
tween this country and Spain, has contributed
many valuable relics of Shakespeare. Scholars
and travellers generally are now called upon to
assist in the search.

The "accuracy of the authorised version of
the New Testament" is to form a subject of dis-
cussion in the coming Parliament. It is said that
Mr. Grant Duff, M.P., intends moving for an ad-
dress to the Crown for a Royal commission to go
thoroughly into the inquiry "with a view to
obtaining a more correct version." It may be
remembered that about ten years ago a similar
motion was made by Mr. James Heywood, M.P.,
but on that occasion the suggestion was opposed
by the Ministry and many members of the Op-
position.

"Gutch's Literary and Scientific Register for
1866," gives the following particulars of the
ages of living writers:—"James Hannay, 39;
Matthew Arnold, 41; Wilkie Collins, 42; John
Ruskin, 47; the Rev. C. Kingsley, 47; Captain
Mayne Reid, 48; G. H. Lewes, 49; Tom Taylor,
49; Shirley Brooks, 50; William Howard Rus-
sell, 50; Anthony Trollope, 51; Charles Reade,
52; R. Browning, 54; C. Mackay, 54; Charles
Dickens, 54; A. Tennyson, 57; Sir Archibald
Alison, 56; Mark Lemon, 57; Edward Miall, 57;
E. M. Milnes (Lord Houghton), 54; W. E. Glad-
stone, 56; Charles Lever, 59; Professor Maurice,
61; Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, 61; Benjamin Disraeli,
61; S. O. Hall, 63; Barry Cornwall, 67 [we be-
lieve he is really 75]; Samuel Lover, 68; Albany
Fonblanque, 69; the Rev. G. R. Gleig, 70;
Thomas Carlyle, 70; William Howitt, 71; Sir
John Bowring, 74; the Rev. H. H. Milman, 75;
Charles Knight, 75; J. Payne Collier, 77; and
Lord Brougham, 86." It will be observed that
the editor is discreetly silent about literary ladies;
but there is no foretelling to what point this
custom of calling attention to people's ages may
extend, if not checked by a vigorous protest.
Perhaps, indeed, this bold monitor of the progress
of time is only now restrained from going further
by the difficulties of obtaining correct data about
the other sex.

Two new monthly magazines are announced
to be published in London. The most important
is the *Contemporary Review*, which the conduc-
tors intend to be a first-class Magazine of criti-
cism— theological, literary, and social. Its lead-
ing idea is shadowed forth in the announcement
that "it will number amongst its contributors
those who, holding loyally to belief in the articles
of the Christian faith, are not afraid of collision
with modern thought in its varied aspects and
demands, and scorn to defend their faith by mere
reticence, or by artifices too commonly acquies-
ced in."

The *Pulpit Analyst* is designed for preachers,
students, and teachers, and is to be edited by
Joseph Parker, D.D. It will contain discourses
on Divine Revelation, as related to human con-
sciousness and experience; a homiletic analysis
of the New Testament; an interlinear translation
of the Gospels and Epistles; outlines of sermons;
hints to youthful preachers; and other matters
relating to ministerial study, service, and success.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Just published this day, by R. Worthington, the Advocate, a Novel by Chas. Heavyside, author of Saul, a Drama; Japheth's Daughter, &c. \$1.00; fine edition \$2.00. History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, cloth binding, \$6.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00. Artemus Ward, "His Book." Just published, this day, by R. Worthington, Artemus Ward, "His Book," with 19 Comic Illustrations, by Mullen. Elegantly printed on best paper. Paper covers, uniform with his Travels. Price 25c. This Edition of Artemus is complete and unabridged, and has the comic illustrations of the \$1.50 copyright edition. The cheap English edition is not complete, and has no illustrations. This day published, by R. Worthington, The Harp of Canaan, by the Revd. J. Douglas Borthwick, in one vol. octavo. Printed on best paper, 300 pages, \$1.00, in extra binding, \$1.50. Will be published this week, by R. Worthington, the Biglow Papers, complete in one vol. Paper covers, uniform with Artemus Ward. Illustrated and printed on fine paper, price 25c.

List of New Books suitable for Christmas and New Year's Gifts!

Life of Man Symbolized by the Months of the year. Twenty-five Illustrations. Christian Ballads, by the Right Rev. Arthur Claud Coxe. Illustrated. Christian Armour, or Illustrations of Christian Warfare. Illustrated, one vol. 4to. The Illustrated Songs of Seven. By Jean Ingelow. Schiller's Lay of the Ball, translated by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. The Tour of Dr. Syntax in search of the Picturesque. 8vo. Illustrated. A Round of Days. Described in Poems by some of our most celebrated Poets. Illustrated 4to. Birkot Foster's Pictures of English Landscape, large 4to. R. Worthington, Great St. James St. Home Thoughts and Home Scenes. R. Worthington, 80 Great St. James St., Montreal. Routledge's Every Boy's Annual for 1886. 1 vol 8vo. Illustrated, \$1.50. Knight's Pictorial Shakespeare. 8 vols. Royal 8vo. Tennyson. The Illustrated Farringford Edition of Tennyson's Complete Works. \$5.50. Longfellow's Poetical Works, London Edition, beautifully illustrated with over 200 Illustrations on wood and steel. Book of Rubles, a collection of the most noted Love-poems in the English Language, bound in full morocco. \$7.00. Pen and Pencil Pictures from the Poets. Elaborately Illustrated. 4to. \$3.00. The British Female Poets, by Geo. W. Bethune. \$2.50. Gems of Literature, elegant, Rare and Suggestive, upwards of 100 Engravings. 4to. \$2.00. Wordsworth's Poems for the Young. 4to. \$1.50. Bartlett's Forty Days in the Desert, Illustrated. Bartlett's Footstaps of our Lord, Illustrated. Bartlett's Nile Boat, Illustrated. Maxwell's Irish Rebellion, Illustrated. Byron's Works. New Riverside Edition. In Half Calf. Extra. \$1.50 per vol. R. Worthington, Montreal. Bible Hand Book. By the Rev. Jos. Angus, D.D. In 1 vol. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal. Worthington's New Priced Catalogue of his Stock of Standard, Medical, Law, Scientific, &c., Books which will be sent free on application, is now ready. Barnum. The Humbug of the World. Cl. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal. Bourne. Handbook of the Steam-Engine, containing all the Rules required for the right Construction and Management of Engines of every Class, with the easy Arithmetical Solution of those Rules. Constituting a Key to the "Catechism of the Steam-Engine." By John Bourne, C. E. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal. History of the Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. 5. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal. Charles (Mrs.) Chronicles of the Schouberg-Cotta Family. Diary of Kitty Trevelyau. The Early Dawn. 5 vols. 16 mo. 76cts. R. Worthington, Montreal. Idyle of the Klug. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. 5m. 4to. \$3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal. Gems from Tennyson. 5m. 4to. 100 Illustrations. \$3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal. A Concise Dictionary of the Bible; comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by William Smith, F.R.S.E. Thick octavo, with 270 plans and wood-cuts. \$5.00. New Christmas Books; The Children's Picture Book Series. Written expressly for Young People. Cloth, Gilt Edges. Bible Picture Book. Eighty Illustrations. \$1.00. Scripture Parables and Bible Miracles. Thirty-two Illustrations. \$1.00. English History. Sixty Illustrations. \$1.00. Good and Great Men. Fifty Illustrations. \$1.00. Useful Knowledge. One Hundred and Thirty Figures. \$1.00. The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.

R. WORTHINGTON,
80 Great St. James Street, MONTREAL

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. G. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 277.

CHAPTER XII. GOSSIP.

"The hawk poised himself for a sudden spring. While the strutting sparrows kept twittering."
Arrow.

Gubbins was seated in the servants' hall, scanning a little over the old newspaper that he was drowsily spelling out. The entrance of the stranger startled him; but, seeing the pack, in a half slumberous voice the old butler growled out, "No, no, you're too late wi' your pack; I lets no one inner doors arter—"

"Late! 'tis no fault o' mine. Blame the rail, and not me, my good sir. My good friend—I've reason to call you so—I'd have stayed at the station hotel, or gone on direct to Winchester; but I thow! Mistress Martin, or may be yourself' wad be glad to see the very best goods I've had this one while."

"Martin's in mourning; but you can come in. I didn't at first just chance on who you was; you've been a precious long while away from these parts. Why you looks much the same—Old Leathery by name, and Old Leathery by natur'; a'nd no offence—no offence!"

The ancient butler chuckled out a hearty plorative laugh as he invited the packman in, who, sidling along and letting his pack down, said, insinuatingly, "You don't look much the same; you look wonderfully better."

"Ay, ay! you and I, maybe, 'll last out a good fewish of the young uns, thof they're that up in the stirrups, a many on 'em there's no keeping 'om in their pences. But they h'ant done yet with the likes o' you and I."

"No, no; not they, sir," said the packman, giving his mouth a hock-handed wipe, and peering all round the hall. "And so good Mistress Martin is in mourning—no near friend?"

"Wus nor that—that is, I don't know as she've any own friends: it's one o' the family—the best on 'em's gone. Leastways, between you and I and the post, and to go no furdur, I may say so. Muster Edmund was always outlandish, and I doubt Muster De Lacy, his son, be the same, and Muster Basil's nought of a country gentleman; but the captain was a Hanstwicke every bone on him. He'd a been the one to kep' up the old place, if so be as he'd been born at the right time. He oughter a been the hare. But there tomes Martin. I say, yer's o' pretty go, Mistress M.: a strange gentleman's a wanting of you."

The old man turned a fine purple as he laughed, and Martin, whose eyes were getting dim, did not see in the shadowy hall who it was that Gubbins was announcing, so he stared questioningly when the packman, in his dry tones, remonstrated—

"Mum, Mr. Gubbins will have his joke. I've come, Mistress Martin, a long way out o' my round, to show you a shawl for winter wear, that's not to be had in any shop in the south of England; I brought it from Paisley myself."

"Why, deary me, it's Old Leathery!" exclaimed Martin, recognizing him. "I thought you'd give up—made your fortin', and left off tow'ring about. Goodness! to think on the miles and miles as you've gone ever since I fust set my eyes on you in Lish—mago."

"Lismahago?" said the man.

"Ahl that was it. I can't well get my tongue round them names o' the North, they're like oatmeal—a bit sticky in the mouth, and cloggy in the throat—that is, of them as is used to wheaten flour and shoe-leather."

"Ou, now, spare my country."

"Bless and save us! I meant no harm to your country. Spare! it's all spare as I see. I'm as glad as a bird our dear little Missy came—that is to say, Miss Gertrude—or I and my lady might have been by now at that Glower O'er, with a great 'ill a-hanging over our heads, and another under our feet; and if climbing o' 'ills is good to raise some people's spirits they always puts mine down."

"Hem! if there's hills, there's plains, too, in Scotland."

"I s'pose so, I 'pase so," said Gubbins good naturedly, thinking Martin was over sharp. "There's never so high an 'ill but there's as low a dale."

"And so yo're not going to Scotland this season, Mistress Martin?"

"Not if I can have any say in it; no, thankye. But whatever you have been a-doin' wi' yourself? It's a year or more, for sure, since you was here-away. Do you a-gottin' idle along o' gettin' rich?"

"I'm a poor man still, or it isn't hereabouts I'd come; it's like ploughing the mountains."

"Well that's what your country folks is used to; and as to poor, why, all the talk as ever I could make out away yonder was ov packmen as grow to be merchants and baillies and what not. The little uns eats in that belief with their porridge—it saves sugar."

"You're too clever for me, Mistress Martin. You're like your country folk—a sweet voice and plenty o' words."

"More words nor wit by fur," chuckled Gubbins.

"I don't say so when Mistress Martin's by. but I've a bit of other business on hand as well a bit message to the lady hereel'."

"A message to Miss Austwicke?" cried Martin, surprised.

"Is it to ask her consent to your coming a coortin' o' Martin?" said Gubbins, thinking it was a joke.

Old Leathery drew his knuckles across his mouth, puckered his eyelids nearly close, and with a little cough said,—"Ou, it's just a trife a message from Glower O'er, in case I came nigh here, to be sent, if the lady ploases, to Mr. Basil Austwicke; but, little or much, as I was asked to bring it and to give it myself, so I must e'en do it. I said to myself as I came, 'Maybe I can help Mistress Martin to an elegant shawl and carry the message all under one; and as it's already o'er late to see the lady, ye'll let me have speech of her, and then I can open my pack after.'"

Martin was not, as we have seen, without a due spice of curiosity. She fell very readily into the plan, assured that, if she could not get the purport of his message out of Old Leathery before she bought the shawl, that over the bargain she would do so.

Accordingly she went, taking a card, with a pencil-mark on it, into the parlour, where the lamp had just been lighted, and Miss Austwicke was sitting with her knitting, and her tiece at the piano, both cosily settled for the evening. Whether it was part of Old Leathery's shrewdness not to increase Martin's curiosity by asking for a private interview, or that he had a good guess that the lady would grant him one when she read the card, certain it was she no sooner heard Martin's words than she gave all attention.

"There's a Scotch dealer, Miss Honor—a packman—below, that says he brings a message to you from Glower O'er. He's late, through the bojona railway. He isn't a stranger-like, for I've dealt with him for years—ever since I fetched Miss Gertrude home, that time. But maybe, Miss Honor, as he's strange to you, you'd like me to stay."

"Do Martin, learn to give a message without so many words," said Miss Austwicke, taking the card from her servant's hand and reading—

"The bearer comes from A. Burke, in 1850 of Dumbarton."

She paused a moment, turning her back towards Martin, so that the light from the lamp fell over her shoulder on the card. Then, after reading the words two or three times, as being, Martin concluded, unable to make them out clearly—which indeed, aye, even with her glasses, had failed to do—in her usual voice, only a little quieter, Miss Austwicke said—

"Light the lamp in the breakfast-room, Martin. You can go on playing, my dear Gertrude—I will not have any stranger in here. I shall be back soon."

With that sense of injury with which a check is received by a favourite servant, Martin led the way into the room indicated, lighted the lamp in silence, and compressing her lips as she looked at her mistress, as much as to say—"I'll not

throw my words away on you"—the waiting-woman went into the servants' hall, and beckoned the packman, saying, with a toss of her head, "There's some people always a-putting other people out o' the way, or a-showing their tempers for nothing as I knows on, but contrariness. There, that's the door, the baise one—there's another inside."

Following her directions, the man entered, and stood before Miss Austwicke.

CHAPTER XIII. THE INTERVIEW.

"Take your beak from out my heart,
Take your shadow from my door.
Quoth the raven, 'Never more.'"

EDGAR A. POE.

For about a minute the two very different persons were silent who confronted each other in the room, but dimly lighted by a single lamp. Miss Austwicke's erect head, and haughty yet anxious glance, were in great contrast to the awkward curve meant for a low bow, and the pinched-up face, whose sidelong glances, out of two gimlet-holes of eyes, seemed to the lady to belong to a withered, purblind visage, almost a blank.

"What is your business with me?" she said, mastering an instinctive feeling of disgust rather than fear.

"I have made bold to come, my lady, on the business ye wot of."

"My name is Miss Austwicke, and you must speak more plainly—what business?"

The man thoroughly misunderstood Miss Austwicke's pride if he thought a title propitiated her. The fiercest republican in all America did not look down on titles more contemptuously than she did.

"That concerning"—he peered round cautiously, came nearer, and, in a husky whisper, added—"concerning what Captain Austwicke tolled ye."

The lady started back some paces, reached, as if involuntarily, a chair, and planting it before her, like a barrier against intrusion, rested her hands on the back.

"Captain Austwicke told me?" she repeated, instantly recalling the fact that as no one was present at the interview, the purport of what he said could not be known. "I do not understand you, sir."

"I humbly ask your pardon, madam, if I startled ye. I should have premised that I knew of the Captain's intention."

"Did he write you, then? Did my brother tell you that he meant to acquaint me with his—"

"His entanglement, and the results."

Mortification for a moment kept Miss Austwicke silent. The hot blood mounted to her temples in a painful flush, and then receded, leaving her pale as ashes, and as cold.

"Well, go on—what then?" she forced herself to say.

"His death—the Captain's lamented death—"

The lady waved her hand, as if deprecating any intrusion on her grief.

"Has most unfortunately thrown everything into confusion—everything. I wanted him to help me to bring to justice a man—a most unprincipled cheat of a man—who has been for years receiving seventy pounds annually for the education of—madam, I crave pardon for naming them—the twins—the lad and lass whom the captain was interested in—and only, as I recently discovered, this fellow has been only paying twenty-five; and now I fear me—I greatly fear me—I'll not be able to execute the law on him: it would invite an exposure."

"By no means. We can—I can have no law matters forced on me."

"And besides, madam, this man is in Canada."

"Canada! Are the children—is their mother in Canada?"

"Until lately, madam, I thought so. I was in a manner betrayed into the belief that the children were there."

"Canada! I had thought Scotland was the place where—"

"I myself, to keep all safe, on Captain Austwicke's account, who had a dislike—a gentlemanly dislike—to his family knowing the sort of connection he had formed—"

"Never mind all that about him, penny—that's all over. The—"

"The consequences, you would say, madam, very truly; ah! they fall hard, very hard. But I was telling you, I took these children, on Captain Austwicke's account, when they were but a year old, to Canada, to a man that was a relation of mine, and whom I then trusted."

"Was a relation? I do not understand you."

"He married my sister, madam; and, as she is dead, I reckon naught of him—naught. He's cheated and deceived Captain Austwicke and me; nay, he's made me the instrument of deceiving my late friend, the good Captain."

Miss Austwicke beat with her foot impatiently on the ground, and wrung her hands together, chafing at the word "friend," and longing to ring the bell and order the intruder to be shown out.

"For he not only has, as it were, farmed the children out at twenty-five pounds a year, but he let the people that he farmed them to, bring them back eight or nine years ago, as I only lately learned, to England."

"To England? these unfortunate children and their mother?"

"Craving your pardon, madam, I said nothing of their mother."

"Indeed! I understood you to say—"

"Oh, it's not to the likes of you, madam, that I'd speak of that poor creature!"

He squeezed up his face into the look of something as dry and cleft as a fir cone, when the rasping words came from his bloodless lips; and Miss Austwicke—whose fault it was, where her prejudices were concerned, to believe the very worst—shuddered obviously, and compelled herself to say—

"Then she is not with the children?"

"Never has been, madam."

"Oh, that is well!" said the lady, with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, I saw to that from the first. I stood by the Captain—my friend—and helped him out of the scrape he got into."

"It's a pity you did not help him before he got into it," the lady interposed,

"May be I tried, madam; but they say in Scotland, 'A wilfu' man mun ha' his way.' Though I see ye knew to whom ye're granting the favour o' this interview, ye have na asked me, seeing that doubtless ye divined I owned the name on the card."

Miss Austwicke inclined her head stiffly, and a little unpuckering his eyes, her strange visitor continued—

"I've travelled by land and sea on this business. I went to London and saw Captain Austwicke wi' his lawful lady—and I went back and tauld the misguided lassie so, who had set herself up. I put her in charge of my wife, then living; and when she went into such a distrustion with her pride and tempers that we'd to put her away—ah, we had awhile—and then she got well and just took herself off out o' the country, which was well rid of her, and went her ain gate down the road to ruin. Then my wife and I took the children out to Montreal, and meant to settle; but, my wife dying, what could I do but place the bairns with Johnston—the about that he's proved—and get back to my own affairs, which had snffered greatly? but I make no mention o' that. I had to take to a humbler line of life than I ever thought to have given myself to. But there, an honest penny is better than a cheating pound; and I mak' no doubt that a lady like you will do by me, for my losses in serving him, according to what the Captain promised."

"I can fulfil no promise to you, Mr. Burke. Captain Austwicke has left no property—I think, none whatever. He had no claims on the estate, which is, as you may have heard, his nephew's, Mr. De Lacy Austwicke; so that these poor children are likely to have, as *their right*, even less than the dishonourable man you mention spared out of the sum my brother paid for their maintenance."

"Dishonourable indeed, madam! Ah! it's wretched the dishonourable things some misguided people will stoop to. And, may I make bold to ask, your brother's widow?"

"My brother's widow! he had no wi—that is

—What do you mean? Pardon me, I'm confused with your narrative. What did you say?"

"The lady I saw with him—his wife, madam—is now, of course, his wid' w."

"Oh, dear, I didn't comprehend! No, you are wrong. Ho—that is—he survived her. I mean, he left no widow."

Oh! what a coil was winding round her?

"Yes, I understand you, madam."

There was a thin flash darted, like a gleam of steel, out of the hungry, peering eyes, and for an instant lighted up the depths.

"Then my—I don't want to press it, but I've had great losses already—my claim, and the poor children's? For Captain Austwicke always said, 'My sister alone shall be told. She'll guard the family honour.'"

Miss Austwicke, turning the chair round, against which she had been standing, sunk into it, as if she feared that otherwise she should fall, and all but groaned aloud. For clear and distinct there rose the dying words to her memory, and smote her, "Beware of the pride that props itself with falsehood."

"It's an honourable name," pursued the man, relentlessly; "and I'm sure I've proved for years that I'd do anything in reason that a man who's had great losses could to save it from a stain—a public stain; and certainly, I'm bound to say the lassie *was* deceived in the first place; she was led to think herself married. I was one of the witnesses who signed my name; and it was bitter to me to find I'd been led to put 'Burke' to any such transaction, and my sister, Mrs. Johnston, and her husband."

"You have yourself called him a cheat," interposed Miss Austwicke, with a desire to inculcate some one.

"Yes: who knows but it was helping to hide this piece of business first taught him? Any way, unless all comes out, something must be done."

"I'm willing to help the—the innocent." Her white lips quivered as she spoke the last words, for now was not she guilty? Yet how could she own the truth, the horrible truth, that her brother was really married to such a woman as this man described? Surely her brother could not have known, when he told her to do justice, what had become of the mother of these children. She strained her memory for any recollection of what he had told her about this miserable wife. But he had so little time, death was so near, that she was left merely with a promise on her conscience which she wanted to temporise in keeping so as to make pride and principle combine. Truth is an unyielding metal: we cannot safely bend it to serve our purposes. We may break it, and so wound ourselves and others; and that was what Miss Austwicke was doing.

Yes, indeed; rather than all should come out—rather than her brother Basil and his caustic wife should know, in any way, of this tarnish on the family honour—she would draw on her own slender resources. Perhaps to Burke the most interesting and pertinent question Miss Austwicke had put in all the interview she uttered now:

"Pray, of what amount are the claims you have on my late brother, and where, do you say, are these children?"

"Oh, madam, as to my whole claims, that I have vouchers for. I'll not press them entire. A hundred pounds will be a composition for my losses in that Canada voyage and residence, which, beyond all question, ruined me and killed my poor wife, and—"

"But how came my brother not to settle that at once?"

"Why, he left it till his return."

"But he had no estate to look forward to."

"Oh, he had his income. He always said he'd do justice."

Miss Austwicke winced at the words. It was in the power of this low man, with his grating voice and wizened face, to scathe her like a keen east wind. It was a relief to interrupt him by repeating the inquiry—

"And these children?"

"I'm not just sure of the address. I doubt they'll take a deal of seeking, though a friend of mine thinks he knows where Johnston sent most of his London letters to."

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to Diana; what courage and presence of mind he shows in an accident or a row.

O deep-mad in Homer! that unclassical friend of yours is just the man that your Homer, if he lived, would feast his eyes upon! (We know they say he was blind, but was he?)

Follow him still, you may hear his bold, tamerless voice among the first at some Alma or Balklava; you may even see him still and soldier-like aboard some sinking *Birkaneed*; or you may find him, easy and hearty among the naked courtiers of some African king, near the source of the Nile! Who would have thought it? Poor, stupid, big, burly Brown has turned out a hero!

And is it not often our stupid, school-boy Browns, that become our Wolfes, our Clives and our Spekes? When the dull boy has risen to be a great man, pedagogic spectacles are wisely rubbed, and the "unacknowledged gifts" are dimly remembered. All the other practical gifts, large and small, industry, perseverance, prudence, all, in fact, which the subject may suggest, we can only commend to the quiet consideration of the reader.

We feel just at present like the student, who in his eagerness for knowledge, would not wait till his fellow-student had found the saffors, (somebody had not the household "gift" of leaving those ancient indispensables in the right place) but snuffed the candle, more *Libernico*, with his finger and thumb;—but alas! aimed too low. On his friend's darkly remonstrating, he solaced himself by quoting from Horace "*Brevis esse labore, obscurus fio.*" We are afraid that the fate of that hasty bookworm awaits us, and can only hope that our indulgent reader, will as merrily, excuse our obscurity, as he (above quoted) excused his sudden temerity. The "Saturday Reader" (all success to it!) is not our only care, and we feel that unless we be brief, even at the risk of but half educating our *idea*, other things to which we are "in duty bound" would be left undone.

In conclusion we recall the words of the hero-saint, "Covet earnestly the best gifts, and yet show I you a *more excellent way*;" and that way,—call it what we will,—charity, love, Christian goodness,—is the only true key to unlock the casket that contains what is divinest in the head and heart and hand of humanity. Perhaps Charles Kingsley thought of it, when he penned those lines:

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long,
And so make life, death and that vast for ever,
Oue grand, sweet song."

J. R. CLERK.

SAVED BY 'DOCTOR'.

THE episode I am going to relate occurred at a place not two hundred miles from the township of Horsham, Victoria, Australia. Where the exact locality is, I have no intention of divulging; but if any of my readers are acquainted with the part of the world I refer to, they will remember that there exists one or two large streams within the wide radius I have named. Beside one of these rivers there was standing, about twenty years ago, a hut, which was known at the Homestead as the Deep Water Station; and it was here that my lot placed me as but-keeper. I lived at the Deep Water Station for two years.

I purpose to alter the names of all concerned in the tragedy I am going to relate. One of the actors is still living, and at this present Christmas is occupying a prominent position among the colonists of Victoria. My reasons for concealing locality and names will be obvious as my tale proceeds.

If readers of the following story wish to know who I am, I will gratify their curiosity so far as to state that I was born in the north of England. My father was a retired tradesman. He gave me a fair education, but I never fulfilled the expectations formed of me. This night, while I write, I can shew nothing to prove that I ever succeeded in the world. I am a poor clerk, struggling for a bare existence, and sometimes struggling with a wild strong impulse to wander

and work through the country, as I often did before, near the scenes of my former experience. I like the red sunset and the wide plains as much as ever; I like the glow of the sunlight among the gnarled queer trees; I like the rippling rays on the water—the waving shadowy grass of the silent hills—the bright still moon—the wilderness, away from towns; I like Australian life, but not among the dusty streets, or near to white sweltering roads. For twelve years I followed these impulses faithfully, and enjoyed my bush-life; with little profit, it is true, but with much of pleasure. All that I have to shew for all my wanderings and hardships, as I write, is a long ugly scar across my breast, and I am going to tell you how I got it.

I remember I was sitting at the hut (the Deep Water Hut) one summer afternoon, looking for the coming of "Long Mat." The sun was passing away blood-red behind a range of dim blue hills; long shadows were fast spreading; the deep water-hole had lost the light; the hills behind the river were just tipped with a crimson glory, and the stars seemed dropping like silver specs on the puling sky. Long Mat, the shepherd, was later than usual.

The darkness had not quite fallen before I recognized the bleating of the flock in the distance, and soon afterwards, the white-floeces of the sheep appeared from out of the sombre shadows of the trees. I had just walked inside the hut to prepare supper, when the quick muffled fall of a horse's feet became audible. I knew the canter well, and came to the door to wait the arrival of Mr. S—, the owner of the station. He galloped up to the hut, with a cheerful "Good-evening, Bill;" and, as usual, came inside to ask me if I wanted anything, and to light his pipe.

"I can't stay long with you this time, Bill," he said pleasantly, but with a little anxiety; "the black-fellows are about again. I hope your gun is in good order. Do you want any powder or lead?"

"We have quite enough," I replied, "both Mat and myself; but there's no bullets; I'll run them to-morrow. Hat's rather late this evening; but the flock's not far off; they'll be home in a quarter of an hour; I saw them past the belt before you came."

At this instant the shadow of a man darkened the door, and Mat entered.

"Good-evening," he said quietly to Mr S— and myself. "The sheep's feedin' home all right, sir, but there's a few missin." One of my marked ewes is gone, and I can't see two of the crawlers."

"You'll pick them up to-morrow, Mat," replied the strong pleasant voice of the squatter. "Bill says you've enough powder and lead. The blacks are about, do you know that?"

Without waiting for an answer, Mr. S— proceeded to undo his horse, and was about to mount, when Mat (who was an American) said: "I guess you had better stop to-night, sir."

"Why?"

"Injuns is close up. One of the sheep I spoke of was speared."

"I heard there were black-fellows about," said Mr S—, delaying to mount; "but the ride is safe enough; I've got my rifle with me."

"They're too close," responded the shepherd, after filling a pannikin of tea, and, contrary to his custom, standing his gun against the table.

We looked at him enquiringly. He kept his eyes wandering over and around the flocks while he explained: "Wall, you see, sir, after seein' the spear-wound in the crawler, I looked about me purty sharp, but couldn't see nothin' till I was leavin' the belt there, when I sighted one of the varmint wrigglin' through the grass like a snake. I was goin' to give him a pull, but I saw another wriggle in his wake, and then another; and," continued the narrator, with something like a glow of pleased anticipation, "they ain't far off now, I reckon."

He had scarcely uttered the words when he lifted both hands and struck Mr S— full on the chest with enough force to drive him to the extreme end of the hut. At the same instant a spear whizzed through the open doorway, and quivered in the slabs behind.

"By gum!"

More remarks were drowned by a loud quivering snort from the poor horse; a moment after, and he rolled heavily across the hut-door, completely blocking up the entrance.

Mat muttered away: "First rate for us coons! Ye'd better bar the door, Bill. Doctor! Doctor! Doctor! Pst! Pst! Here, lad." The dog leaped on the Shepherd. "By gum," he said "I thought he was outside."

By this time Mr S— was coolly reconnoitring through the loopholes. He had let down the window, and was preparing for action as unconcernedly as the shepherd.

Those quiet brave men inspired me with confidence, and I remember thinking, as I threw water on the fire so as to extinguish all light, that the black-fellows had met with their match. By this time the moon was up, and its light was gradually growing on the landscape. At first, we could discern the outline of the trees, and then, as the night gathered, the white seared grass between the shadows. There was a long time of silence. Mat, Mr. S—, and myself had our barrels through the loopholes, and were closely watching for any movement outside. The convulsive shudderings of the horse had ceased, and there was a painful silence. The squatter and Mat were like two statues, and notwithstanding the quiet breathing of the dog and the croaking of frogs along the river, there seemed to me to be a frightful significance in the silence that was brooding above these sounds. Every instant I was expecting a rush from the outside, but there was not a sign or sound to betray the presence of any enemy. The sheep were camping quietly round the hurdles. Silence—the bright moon—the white fleeces mingling with the colour of the grass—the still shadows of the trees—the fur black forest—the spectral tracery of the branches in the moonlight. The silence was terrible. One of the outside wethers rose and walked forward a few yards, then commenced stamping quickly on the ground.

"Darn my eyes!" said Mat, for the first time breaking the silence, "if the 'Ole Parson ain't sighted one of the tiggers."

The Ole Parson was a patriarch wether that was afflicted with the foot-rot, and usually fed on his knees.

"So he has, and, by gum, there's a crowd: the whole tribe hev come to visit.—Not enough in shade, boss," concluded Mat, after another interval, and in a hard, whispering tone.

The next moment, the first report rang out into myriad echoes. A shrill death-shout followed, as the dark figure of a man leaped with a sudden force from his ambush and fell prone, gurgling out blood and broken words.

"Now, boss," said Mat, looking out, but still charging; "fifty yards to the right of the hurdle."

Boss (Mr. S—) changed the direction of his gun, and fired. The human figure seemed to sink down so quickly, so calmly, so helplessly, that I felt a strange thrill of pity.

"He's fixed, safe as houses: let's physic nuther or two, and maybe they'll make tracks," again muttered the shepherd, in a tone of repressed glee. "Cook, why the devil don't you shoot? Squint round that first block to the right of the wattle."

Looking in the direction indicated by Mat, whose eyes seemed everywhere, I saw the figure of a man partially visible against the ground. He was evidently sheltering himself from the other two guns; but owing to my silence hitherto, he must have been of opinion that the portion of the hut where I stood was unoccupied. I took steady aim at the black-fellow, and fired. For an instant, I could see nothing through the smoke, but it cleared almost immediately. Just as the shepherd said: "Don't shoot again—he's fixed," I saw the poor wretch staggering wildly towards the hut, and then falling with a dull sound. God forgive me, it was very like murder. This was the first life I had ever taken. The next thing I remember was Mr. S— asking me if I had run any bullets.

"Not one."

"Have you any in the hut?"

"Not one."

Mat informed us that we were "tree'd," much

in the same way as he would tell the overseer that the rations were short. He quietly pulled his gun from the loophole, saying: "I've only one more pill to keep our skins whole. We'll have to trust to Doctor."

Mat's dog Doctor was partly a Smithfield and partly a Newfoundland. He had been trained by him to all kind of tricks. Amongst others, he repeatedly took written messages to the station when attached to his collar, and I presumed this was the object Mat had in view when referring to him as capable of procuring relief.

"Mister, d'ye think you kin rite a message in the dark, or by the moonlight, askin' the hands at the Homestead to come this way? No time to lose; I see the darkies dodging round the hut. Bill, knock away the low part of that rotten slab behind your bunk. Here, Doctor!"

The message was scrawled, and fastened to Doctor's collar in little less than a minute, and the noble brute, who seemed to know the danger, stood anxiously trembling till the preparations were completed.

As I before stated, the hut stood close to the stream, and from the rear the bank sloped abruptly towards the water. The American for the first time seemed affected. When the men fell under our shots, there was not the slightest change perceptible in his voice; but the few words he spoke to his dog were broken and singularly soft. I'll be sworn there were tears in the man's eyes. Everything being at last prepared, he spat on the dog's muzzle, held his head close to his check for a moment, and then pressed him quickly out of the hole and away down the shelving bank.

We listened anxiously for a time, and then there arose a wild jabbering for a minute; the next instant we detected a yelp of pain.

"My God," said I involuntarily, "the Doctor's speared."

"No, he arn't, darn ye!" snapped Mat. "He's jist touched, an' no more. He'll do it."

"He must be quick, then," said Mr. S—; "the black devils have struck a light somehow, and they're going to burn us out, Look!"

Our eyes were now intently scanning the movements of the savages through the little loopholes, and we saw a flaming brand whizzing through the air, and scattering sparks in all directions. It fell on the stringy bark-roof above our heads. Another and another came, but it did not appear to us that any of them had taken effect.

By this time the black-fellows had gathered courage. Believing that our ammunition was expended, many of them had left cover, and might be seen flitting about like spectres. They had kindled a fire some distance off, and across its glare shadows were constantly falling.

The firebrands were thrown no longer; some fresh mode of attack was preparing. Our suspense continued for a long period (nearly half an hour), during which time not a word was spoken by any of us; our sole dependence was the Doctor; and if help did not soon arrive, it was certain we could find no escape from the demons who were trying to compass our destruction.

"Now, look slick," whispered Mat. "I see their game; they're goin' to give us fits. How's the moon? well aback of the hut, I guess. Bill, stick your cabbage-tree on a pillow, and hold it at the open window when I tell you. I'll jist go out, and bid them good-evening. Don't bar the door after me, mister, but when I shew them my heels, open it. You see we can't spare ammunition."

While speaking, Mat unbarred the door; he slipped out noiselessly as he concluded the sentence.

Through the slabs he said to me: "D'ye see that divel with the blazin' log? When he gets close to the wattle, open the window, and prop up the pillow. Take care of their spears yourself."

As soon as the black-fellow came to the point indicated, I opened the long little shutter with some noise, and held up the dummy. In a moment a dozen spears passed through the aperture, and I let the window fall, as though one of us was mortally wounded.

There was a wild shout without. At this time

the black-fellow who carried the log was within a few yards of the hut, and I heard Mat preparing for his move outside. Looking out as quickly as I could, I had just time to see his tall figure emerge beyond the shade, as the butt-end of his gun fell crashing on the unprotected head of the fire-bearer. The door was opened as Mat turned; it required but one or two bounds to take him to the door, but the savages were too quick for him with their spears. He staggered through the entrance, and fell just as he cleared the threshold.

"Caught in the thigh, I guess," he exclaimed, as he slowly recovered himself, and painfully struggled to the window. "Don't mind the spear," he remarked to me as I approached him: "it's better as it is, till help comes."

"If it ever does," thought I.

The American's sortie, I believe, had rather a disastrous effect, for the black-fellows seemed to conclude at once that our ammunition was all expended, and they thronged round the hut without caring to shelter themselves.

In a short time the crackling of flames on the roof put an end to all our doubts. The hut was on fire, and there was nothing left for us but an attempt to dash out and clear the aborigines. I proposed this, but Mr. S— would not try it without Mat, and underneath the blazing roof, with clubbed guns, we grimly awaited the final attack. The American's rifle rested in the loophole where he had first taken up his position.

"There's the worst of them," Mat said, looking along his weapon; "he's coming up with a log to stave the door. He'll never do it," and our last bullet brought down the ringleader.

There was consternation and a hurried consultation. After a lapse of about five minutes, the whole force of the besiegers rushed shrieking on our little garrison. A moment's surge outside, and the door fell back as Mr. S—'s gun swung on the crowding savages with terrific force, felling two of the foremost like oxen. I remember a wild struggle with our guns and fists. Mat and the squatter towered above their opponents like giants, fighting with terrible energy. Two black-fellows had forced me to the ground; one was shortening his grasp of the spear to drive it through my body, when I felt a gush of blood spouting over my face and chest, just as the savage fell on me mortally wounded. Then I remember a hurrah outside, and the crackling of rifles.

"That was a good back-handed blow, boss," said Mat faintly; "I guess the cook's got another squeak. D'ye bear that? Hooray! Knowed the Doctor I'd do it. Darn ye for a cuss!" said he with renewed energy; "take that," and I heard the dull sound of another blow, and a low moan of pain as the station-hands rushed in.

Mat was terribly gashed, but not mortally wounded. Not so Mr. S—; he fainted as Mat spoke his few words of praise.

We were all conveyed to the home station. Mr. S— was buried before the week was out. Mat soon recovered; he is now one of the wealthiest men in the colony. I—well, I have a large scar across my breast.

THE MISTLETOE.

ITS HISTORY AND MEETERY.

THE mistletoe—an emblem of friendship and social happiness—is employed at Christmas time to announce to all whom it may concern that animosities are at an end, and that peace and goodwill with all the world are to usher in the new year. The custom of "kissing under the mistletoe" is very ancient, and is founded on the legend of Balder, and Phœbus Apollo of Scandinavian mythology.

The tale says that Balder once dreamt a dream, a dreadful dream. He dreamt that he was going to die, and was so frightened, that he started from his bed, mounted the swiftest cloud-steed, and rode full gallop to his mother. His mother's name was Friga, the Venus of Valhalla, very beautiful, and brimfull of the milk of love.

When Friga heard the dream, she was no less

alarmed than her son, and instantly told her husband, the great god Odin, the Jove of northern deities. What was to be done? Odin evidently thought that the dream of gods did not rise from indigestion, but were sent by the Fates, as hints and warnings of what were going to weave in the web of destiny. So Odin issued his royal ukase, or proclamation, commanding "everything that springs from fire, air, earth, and water," to appear without delay before His Serene Majesty of Valhalla.

Every tree and river, every stone and star, every beast and bird, the air that stirs up the gales, the clouds that launch forth lightning, the fire that burns, the sea that wrecks, and all the host of heaven obeyed the summons. The mighty Odin sat on his cloud-throne, under the shade of the mighty ash, the branches of which, as every one knows, cover the whole universe. The River of Wisdom and the River of Foreknowledge flowed at his feet, and on his shoulders sat the raven and the dove to whisper in his ear, whenever his godship halted in knowledge. It was an awful moment, and no doubt every living thing trembled as the king of gods commanded the assembly, on pain of his immortal vengeance, to do no harm to a single hair of his well-beloved son Balder. Loke was there, the spirit of wickedness, whose was the empire of the earth; and old blind Höder the God of Death and Darkness. They heard the injunction, and dared not disobey; but Loke, who hated Balder, cast upon him a most malignant eye, and resolved to evade the injunction if it could possibly be done.

It seems that a cart and horses can be driven through a divine Act of Parliament as well as through a human one, for Loke soon found a flaw in Odin's prohibition. The mistletoe springs not "from fire, nor yet from air, nor yet from earth, nor yet from water;" it is a parasite, and grows on the oak or apple-tree, but its roots never touched the earth; so the mistletoe was not called to the "storthing," and knew nothing of the injunction.

The envious Loke, having ripped from an old oak a branch of the epiphyte, carried it to his cave, and cut into an arrow. He dried it hard in the fire of Hate, and dipped it with the poison of his own spittle; then going to the blind god, asked him to make a trial of his new weapon.

Höder, all unsuspecting as he was, felt the new "quarrel," and Loke, placing him so as to face his enemy, told him to set it to his bow-string. He drew the bow as only gods can draw, and shot. Twang! went the string, and whiz! went the arrow, swifter than thought; it struck the Peace God, who instantly fell dead on the pavement of Valhalla. The blackness of darkness now covered the whole world. Peace was killed by the God of War and Death. Peace was killed through the instigation of Wickedness. Peace in heaven was no more. Peace would be seen on earth no more. Balder was dead, and Loke had outwitted Odin.

Friga was inconsolable; the gods and goddesses moved about Valhalla like Niobe, all tears; the trees wept gall, the stars in their courses wept; heaven and earth would have been drowned in tears, if Balder could not have been restored to life. But with the gods nothing is impossible, and the spirit of vitality was breathed once more into his nostrils.

The mistletoe was now given in charge to Friga, and was never to pass from her power "till it touched the earth—the empire of Loke." No wonder, then, the Druids gathered it so carefully; and you will readily see why it is suspended on our ceilings, to place it beyond the region of Loke—the enemy of love and goodwill.

Odin now made a decree that a bunch of mistletoe should be hung in Valhalla, and that whenever any of the gods or goddesses passed under it, a deity of the opposite sex should give the kiss of peace, and this is how the custom of kissing under the mistletoe had its origin.

This pretty fable is an allegory. At the fall of the year Balder dies—that is, the beauty of vegetation dies—and the sun goes downward to the lower regions of the world. Loke, the Spirit of Wickedness, induced Höder, the God of Death, to kill the year. All Nature mourns the loss; but the gods revive the dead year, the sun is

brought back in his strength, and heaven and earth clap their hands for joy.

The mistletoe was the arrow that killed Balder, for the mistletoe is alive when all other plants are dead with their winter sleep; but the mistletoe being taken from the hands of the God of Mischief, and placed under the care of the Goddess of Love, is hung on high, to remind us not to look down, or back, or on the earth, if we would live in love and friendship—for Loki has dominion there—but forward and upward, where the gods reside, and where a hopeful future is placed before us in the commencement of a new year.

A DISH OF POULTRY.

AS I had a wish to be fashionable, I decided to set up a poultry-yard.

There is one disadvantage in being married: if single, you can say you will do a thing, and do it; if married, you may assert what you please, but you will find that you cannot do it, without reservation.

In this particular instance of keeping poultry, my husband, who is a practical man, made a reservation. "I have no objection, provided you make it pay, and promise me a fresh egg every morning of the year." I set to work to find out how to make it pay, and I came to the conclusion that, to do so, I must be poultry-woman myself.

It was a little irksome at first to get up at six o'clock in the morning; but I comforted myself by remembering, that in the pursuit of fashion people did many more disagreeable things than that. Indeed, I soon began to like it; and if I choose to try and describe the beauty of a dewy morning, I am pretty sure I should not know where to end, for every morning there was something fresh to admire.

Making my poultry pay, involved another regulation. I could not pretend to make my name famous by some wonderful breed of new fowls, and provide my husband with a fresh egg every morning of his life. I must have breeds of all sorts and kinds to do that. So I found myself, at the end of a year, surrounded by plenty of poultry, of every sort, size, and description. Moreover, they interested me extremely. I used to take a chair, sit down among them, and study their characters.

Setting aside their little peculiarities as birds, how wonderfully they reminded me of the society in which we lived! Each hen had her little peculiarities, just as each of my female friends had their whimsies. The feathered cocks were not more absurd than many a gentleman of my acquaintance; and so many likenesses did I find in my cackling and crowing company to my visiting and bowing acquaintances, that I christened my cocks and hens after their human prototypes. I could write pages on the dispositions and idiosyncrasies of fowls; but I intend to confine myself to two.

Among my various sorts and kinds, I had one little golden-faced Hamburg hen, of so elegant a form, so beautifully complexioned, and of such sweet, engaging manners, that I called her Lady Mary, after a certain lovely and beloved young friend.

Lady Mary made herself the favourite, whether I would or not. She was always the first to see men coming; she did not fuss herself, or gobble eagerly after food, but flew on to a rail; as I passed that rail, she flew into my hand. From it she daintily helped herself out of the tin of food. During the whole process of feeding, she remained on my hand or shoulder, looking down on the greedy crowd below with lofty disdain.

Had she any grievance to communicate to me, she flew upon my hat, and made onslaughts on it. I thus understood the water was not fit for her to drink, or that some one had been daring to use her nest, or that she had serious thoughts of laying an egg. She was immensely fussy about her nest, going in and out of it, peering at me, as if I was perfectly aware of all her wants. In her nest I had put a little gullene egg, by way of a nest-egg, thinking the size of it would be about the size of her own egg. Not

a bit of it. In her various trials of all the nests about, she had come upon one with an addled turkey-egg in it, by way of nest-egg. I understood as well as possible, that though Lady Mary's nest was made of chopped straw, unlike all the others, and though I had put a grating so that few but herself could get into it, she never would be satisfied, or lay an egg comfortably, until she had the saddled turkey-egg substituted for the gullene's egg. Readers, have you not often met a friend similarly whimsical, with everything in the world but one little trifle, the possession of a neighbour? Lady Mary was immensely delighted when she had the turkey's egg given her. In her language, she chuckled over it for hours, and diligently laid a little tiny egg by it, almost every other day.

My other "historical" fowl was also a hen. A heavy short-legged stupid-looking creature, with a little Polish blood in her veins; for she had a shabby-looking topknot of feathers on her head, that never would arrange itself straight. Like an old dowager, who thinks the family diamonds will make amends for the dyed satin gown, this old hen fancied her topknot was a patent of nobility, and she strutted about as if queen of the yard. She reminded me very much of an old great-aunt of mine, whose head-gear was the one worry of her own life, and the life of those near her. She thought of what she should put on her head the moment she got up in the morning; and the wonder, if it had kept straight all day (which it never did), occupied her the last thing at night. I had a mind to call my old hen, Aunt Deb, but the likeness was too striking, so I christened her Juno. She was a stupid creature; and plumped her first egg down in the yard; but I must do her the justice to say, that when once shown a nest, she pertinaciously kept to it ever after, no matter what state it might be in. Between Lady Mary and Juno there was no love lost; the former always "shied" her, as it were, just as if some old fat farmer's wife was being too familiar with a young princess. Not that there was much fooling of any kind in poor old Juno's breast. She appeared to me, solely occupied in the thought of her topknot. She seemed always trying to gaze up at this wonderful structure, so that she was always the last to get any food, to be on her perch, to do anything.

She laid eggs with praiseworthy industry, and she sat upon them like a model mother. In fact, it appeared to me that she was always sitting.

Though I was the poultry-woman, I was allowed a person not only to clean out the fowl-houses every other day, but also to take care of them during any absence of mine, Judith Morgan was the name of my coadjutor.

"Judith," said I, "I am going from home for three weeks. Now, mind you take care of the fowls."

"Deed and I will, mem."

"Save all the eggs, and put them in bran. Any hens wanting to sit, set them, and make a note of the day. Don't forget to set duck eggs as well."

"Deed and I won't, mem."

"And mind you call cheerily out to them, and speak to them all, especially Lady Mary."

"Deed and I will, mem."

When I returned home after three weeks' absence (I usually indulged myself by not getting up the first morning or so), I went down after breakfast to inspect my poultry, and hear of their welfare. I was not surprised that no Lady Mary met me. Three weeks of disappointment in a henish mind would naturally tend to forgetfulness.

"Well, Judith, how many eggs?"

"Three undered and eighty-two, mem."

"Any hens sitting?"

"Deed, mem, there's old Juno at it agin, and deed o' goodness, mem, if Lady Mary bean't a sitting too."

"Is she indeed? That is the first time I ever knew her do so."

"True for you, mem. It were all along a missing you. She took to sitting immediate."

"Than her time is nearly up?"

"Deed, mem, as she wore that fond o' big egg, I did give her duck-eggs."

"Then you were very silly. And I suppose Juno has hen-eggs?"

"Deed how she, mem."

"Well, couldn't you see that a little thing like Lady Mary could only cover a few eggs, and ought to have had small oass; while old Juno can keep warm almost as many as a turkey, and could have taken fifteen duck-eggs? Besides, Lady Mary never sat before, and a month of it will sicken her."

"Deed, mem, it's amazia', I didn't see that."

I spoke to Lady Mary, who condescended to come out and inform me, after her fashion, that she thought it high time she should bring up a family. But evidently she was heartily sick of sitting, and I was obliged to keep the grating over her nest until the eggs chipped.

Madame Juno was sitting awkwardly on her eggs, gazing up at her topknot, evidently equally indifferent to my attentions or Judith's; either was the same to her.

In due time, both hatched out, and were put out in the orchard under two coops not far from each other, with wired grass runs for the young ones. Lady Mary was intensely delighted with her downy little lumps of fluff at first. But when nature asserted her rights, and they began to paddle about, into the water and out, over the food and in it, sprinkling it about, and eating it in an extraordinary fashion, I shall never forget her dismay.

Had not the mother instinct been irrepressible, I doubt if she would have permitted the little damp dirty things to go and dry themselves warm under her. As it was, all her mother pride was gone. She would not eat, she would not cluck, she seemed almost broken-hearted; and, as if to put the climax to her woes, she had a full view of Madam Juno clucking sonorously to eleven of the prettiest, brightest, sweetest little daily chickens ever seen—which, by-the-by, in her perpetual gazing up at her beloved topknot, she was always treading upon.

"Oh, Judith," said I, "how sorry I am that Lady Mary has not those pretty chickens, and Juno the ducks! Ducks can always take care of themselves, and old Juno is so stupid, she will tread those chickens to death."

"Deed, mem, 'tis a pity. Lady Mary don't seem to stomach the ducklings at all."

"She will never sit again, you will see," said I. I coaxed her, and potted her, and did all I could to soothe her feelings, even going so far as to let her out the next day for a little run. She did not go far, but kept close to Juno's coop. Juno was let out in a day or two after, fortunately by myself, so that I witnessed what followed. The moment old Juno stalked forth, blundering over her brood as she did it, Lady Mary flew upon her. She buffeted her, and, as if aware of her weakness, peeked at her topknot; she hustled her, drove her, and at last sent her flying, half blind, and wholly stupid, into her (Lady Mary's) coop, whither the little ducks had fled, in dire terror at their foster-mother's behaviour. She watched for a few moments. I gently closed the coop, making Juno and the ducks prisoners. When, on hearing the little plaintive chirp of the startled chickens, Lady Mary gave a loud and joyous chirrup, to which they quickly responded, and collecting them all round her, clucking and chirruping until she lost her balance, little Lady Mary carried the whole brood to the other end of the orchard. Then it was impossible to say which was the happier, the proud little mother, or the eager busy chirping little chicks.

As for Madam Juno, she remained stunned and mystified for some time. At last, feeling little timid soft things creeping under her, she cheyed her instincts, and squatted over them. Then she and her newly-acquired children all had a good doze; and to this minute it is mine and it is Judith's belief that she does not know her children were ever unhangd.

FOOTE, the actor, had occasion one day to cross over London Bridge in a cab, and as usual there was a "block up." Foote being in a hurry, anxiously inquired of a passer-by the cause, and the only answer he got was "That it was only a man who swallowed a ton of coal." To which the ever-ready wit replied, "Dear me! and what did he take to wash it down?"

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The way to this place lay through a tangled maze of narrow by-roads, over lighted bridges, along silent quays, and beside the floating harbour thick with masts, till they came to an office close beside a pair of huge gates, beyond which more masts were dimly visible. There were lights in the windows of this office, the door of which was presently opened by a sleepy porter, who, being questioned about the boats which had left Cumberland Basin that day, said he would call Mr. Lillcrap, and vanished. After a delay of several minutes, Mr. Lillcrap came out from an inner room—a small, pallid young man, redolent of tobacco and rum, and disposed to be snappish.

Boats? he said. Boats? Very extraordinary hear to come there asking about boats. Did people suppose that boats went out from the Basin at midnight? Had any boats gone out that day? Absurd question! Of course boats had gone out. Boats went out every day. There had been a boat to Ilfracombe—that went at five; a boat to Hayle—at half-past three; one to Swansea, at half-past four; and the daily boat to Portishead at two. Any others? Oh yes, to be sure—one other. The Daughter of Ocean for Bordeaux—not a fixed boat. Went about twice a month, and started to-day about four.

For Bordeaux! Saxon's pulse leaped at the name.

"The Daughter of Ocean carries passengers, of course?" he asked quickly.

"Oh yes—of course."

"And there is a regular steam service, is there not, between Bordeaux and America?"

Mr. Lillcrap stared and laughed.

"To be sure there is," he replied. "The French service. But what traveller in his senses would go from Bristol to Bordeaux to get to New York, when he can embark at Liverpool or Southampton? Out of the question."

But Saxon, instead of arguing this point with Mr. Lillcrap, begged to know where he should apply for information about those passengers who had gone with the steamer that afternoon; whereupon Mr. Lillcrap, who was really disposed to be obliging, despite his irascibility, offered to send the porter with him to a certain booking-office where these particulars might perhaps be ascertained. So Saxon followed the man over a little drawbridge, and across a dreary yard full of casks and packing-cases to another office, where, although it was so long past business hours, a pleasant kind of foreman came down to speak to him. The books, he said, were locked up, and the clerks gone hours ago; but he himself remembered the lady and gentleman perfectly well. The lady wore deep black, and the gentleman carried a large carpet-bag in his hand. He recollected having seen the gentleman several days before. He came down to the office, and took the double passage, and paid the double fare in advance. They came on board a little after three o'clock—it might be half-past three—and the Daughter of Ocean steamed out about a quarter-past four. If, however, the gentleman would come there any time after eight to-morrow morning, he could see the books and welcome.

But Saxon had no need to see the books now. They could tell him no more than he knew already.

CHAPTER LXXXIX. THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Although he left Bristol by the first morning express, Saxon yet found that he must perforce wait in town till evening, before he could pursue his journey further. The early continental mail train was, of course, long gone ere he reached Paddington, and the next would not leave London Bridge till eight P.M. As for the tidal route via Boulogne, it fell so late in the afternoon, that he would be no wiser be a gainer by following it. So he had no resource but to wait patiently, and bear the delay with as much philosophy as he could muster to his aid.

In the meanwhile, he was quite resolved to keep clear of his allies, and accept no aid from without. The clue which he now held was of his own finding, and the failure or success with which he should follow it up must be his own likewise. So he went neither to Lombard-street to learn if there were news of Laurence Greatorex, nor to Chancery-lane to consult with Mr.

Keckwitch, nor even to his club; but, having looked in at his chambers and desired the imperturbable Gilligwater to prepare his travelling kit and have his dinner ready by a certain hour, the young man thought he could not spend his "enforced leisure" better than by taking William Trefalden at his word, and learning from Mr. Behrens' own lips the true story of the Castletowers mortgage.

The woolstapler's offices were easily found, and consisted of a very dreary, dusty, comfortless first floor in a dismal house at the further end of Bread-street. On entering the outer room, Saxon found himself in the presence of three very busy clerks, a tall porter sitting humbly on the extreme edge of a huge packing-case, a small boy shrilly telling over a long list of names and addresses, and a bulky, beetle-browed man in a white hat, who was standing in a masterful attitude before the empty fireplace, his feet very wide apart, and his hands clasped behind his back. Saxon recognised him at once—keen grey eyes, iron-grey hair, white hat, and all.

"Mr. Behrens, I believe?" he said.

The woolstapler nodded with surly civility.

"My name is Behrens," he replied.

"And mine, Trefalden. Will you oblige me with five minutes' private conversation?"

Mr. Behrens looked at the young man with undissembled curiosity.

"Oh, then you are Mr. Saxon Trefalden, I suppose," he said. "I know your name very well. Step in."

And he led the way into his private room—a mere den some ten feet square, as cheerful and luxurious as a condemned cell.

"I must beg your pardon, Mr. Behrens, for introducing myself to you in this abrupt way," said Saxon, when they were both seated.

"Not at all, sir," replied the other, bluntly.

"I am glad to have the opportunity of seeing you. You were a nine days' wonder here in the City, some months ago."

"Not for any good deeds of my own, I fear!" laughed Saxon.

"Why, no; but for what the world values above good deeds now-a-days—the gifts of fortune. We don't all get our money so easily as yourself, sir."

"And a fortunate thing too. Those who work for their money are happier than those who only inherit it. I had far rather have worked for mine, if I could have chosen."

Mr. Behrens' rugged face lighted up with approbation.

"I am glad to hear you say so," said he. "It is a very proper feeling, and, as a statement, quite true to fact. I know what work is—no man better. I began life as a factory-boy, and I have made my way up from the bottom of the ladder. I had no help, no education, no capital—nothing in the world to trust to but my head and my hands. I have known what it is to sleep under a haystack, and dine upon a raw turnip; and yet I say I had rather have suffered what I did suffer, than have dawdled through life with my hands in my pockets and an empty title tacked to my name."

"I hope you do not think that I have dawdled through life, or ever mean to dawdle through it," said Saxon. "I am nothing but a Swiss farmer. I have driven the plough and hunted the chamois ever since I was old enough to do either."

"Ay; but now you're a fine gentleman!"

"Not a bit of it! I am just what I have always been, and I am going home before long to my own work, and my own people. I intend to live and die a citizen-farmer of the Swiss Republic."

"Then, upon my soul, Mr. Saxon Trefalden, you are the most sensible young man I ever met in my life," exclaimed the woolstapler, admiringly. "I could not have believed that any young man would be so unspoiled by the sudden acquisition of wealth. Shake hands, sir. I am proud to know you."

And the self-made man put out his great brown hand, and fraternised with Saxon across the table.

"I know your cousin very well," he added.

"In fact, I have just been round to Chancery-lane to call on him; but they tell me he is gone

abroad for six weeks. Rather unusual for him to take so long a holiday, isn't it?"

"Very unusual, I think," stammered Saxon, turning suddenly red and hot.

"It is especially inconvenient to me, too, just at this time," continued Mr. Behrens, "for I have important business on hand, and Keckwitch, though a clever fellow, is not Mr. Trefalden. Your cousin is a remarkably clear-headed, intelligent man of business, sir."

"Yes. He has great abilities."

"He has acted as my solicitor for several years," said Mr. Behrens.

And then he leaned back in his chair, and looked as if he wondered what Saxon's visit was about.

"I—I wanted to ask you a question, Mr. Behrens, if I may take the liberty," said Saxon, observing the look.

"Surely, sir. Surely."

"It is about the Castletowers estate."

Mr. Behrens' brow clouded over at this announcement.

"About the Castletowers estate?" he repeated.

"Lord Castletowers," said Saxon, beating somewhat about the bush in his reluctance to approach the main question, "is—is my intimate friend."

"Humph!"

"And—and his means, I fear, are very inadequate to his position."

"If you mean that he is a drone in the hive, and wants more honey than his fair share, Mr. Trefalden, let him do what you and I were talking of just now—work for it."

"I believe he would gladly do so, Mr. Behrens, if he had the opportunity," replied Saxon; "but that is not it."

"Of course not. That never is it," said the man of the people.

"What I mean is, that he has been cruelly hampered by the debts with which his father encumbered the estates, and—"

"And he has persuaded you to come here and intercede for more time! It is the story of every poor gentleman who cannot pay up his mortgage-money when it falls due. I can't listen to it any longer. I can do no more for Lord Castletowers than I have done already. The money was due on the second of this month, and to-day is the seventeenth. I consented to wait one week overtime, and on the ninth your cousin came to me imploring one week more. Lord Castletowers, he said, was abroad, but expected home daily. Money was promised, but had not yet come in. In short, one additional week was to put everything straight. I am no friend to coronets, as your cousin knows; but I would not desire to be harsh to any man, whether he were a lord or a crossing-sweeper—so I let your friend have the one week more. It expired yesterday. I expected Mr. Trefalden all the afternoon, and he never made his appearance. I have called at his office this morning, and I hear that he has left town for six weeks. I am sorry for it, because I must now employ a stranger, which makes it, of course more unpleasant for Lord Castletowers. But I can't help myself; I must have the money, and I must foreclose. That is my last word on the matter."

And having said this, Mr. Behrens thrust his hands doggedly into his pockets, and stared defiantly at his visitor.

Saxon could scarcely repress a smile of triumph. He had learned more than he came to ask, and was in a better position than if he had actually put the questions he was preparing in his mind.

"I think we slightly misunderstand each other, Mr. Behrens," he said. "I am here today to pay you the twenty-five thousand pounds due to you from Lord Castletowers. Do you wish to receive it in cash, or shall I pay it into any bank on your account?"

"You—you can pay it over to me, if you please, sir," stammered the woolstapler, utterly confounded by the turn which affairs were taking.

"I am not sure that I have quite so large a sum at my banker's at this present moment," said Saxon; "but I will go at once to Signor Nazari of Austin-Friars, who is my stock broker,

and arrange the matter. In the mean while, if I give you a cheque for the amount, Mr. Behrens, you will not present it, I suppose, before to-morrow?"

"No, not before to-morrow. Certainly not before to-morrow."

Saxon drew his cheque-book from his pocket, and laid it before him on the table.

"By the way, Mr. Behrens," he said, "I hear that you have built yourself a pretty house down at Castletowers."

"Confoundedly damp," replied the woolstapler.

"Indeed! The situation is very pleasant. Your grounds once formed a part of the Castletowers park, did they not?"

"Yes; I gave his lordship two thousand pounds for that little bit of land. It was too much—more than it was worth."

Saxon opened the cheque-book, drew the inkstand towards him, and selected a pen.

"You would not care to sell the place, I suppose, Mr. Behrens?" he said, carelessly.

"Humph! I don't know."

"If you would, I should be happy to buy it."

"The house and stables cost me two thousand five hundred pounds to build."

"And yet are damp!"

"Well, the damp is really nothing to speak of," replied Mr. Behrens, quickly.

"Let me see; I believe Lord Castletowers sold a couple of farms at the same time. Did you buy those also, Mr. Behrens?"

"No, sir. They were bought by a neighbour of mine—a Mr. Sloper. I rather think they are again in the market."

"I should be very glad to buy them, if they are."

"You wish, I see, to have a little landed property over in England, Mr. Trefalden. You are quite right, sir; and after all, you are more than half an Englishman."

"My name is English; my descent is English; and my fortune is English," replied Saxon, smiling. "I should be ungrateful if I were not proud to acknowledge it."

The woolstapler nodded approval.

"Well," he said, "I have lately bought an estate down in Worcestershire, and I have no objection to sell the Surrey place if you have a fancy to buy it. It has cost me, first and last, nearly five thousand pounds."

"I will give you that price for it with pleasure, Mr. Behrens," replied Saxon. "Shall I make out the cheque for thirty thousand pounds, and settle it at once?"

The seller laughed grimly.

"I think you had better wait till your cousin comes back, before you pay me for it, Mr. Trefalden. The bargain is made, and that's enough; but you ought not to part from your money without receiving your title-deeds in exchange."

Saxon hesitated and looked embarrassed.

"If you are afraid that I shall change my mind, you can give me fifty pounds on the bargain—will that do? People don't buy freehold estates in quite that off-hand way, you see, even though they may be as rich as the Bank of England—but one can see you are not much used to business."

"I told you I was only a farmer, you know," laughed Saxon, making out his cheque for the twenty-five thousand and fifty pounds.

"Ay—but take care you don't fling your money away, Mr. Trefalden. You're a very young man, and begging your pardon for the observation, you don't know much of the world. Money is a hard thing to manage; and you have more, I fancy, than you know what to do with."

"Perhaps I have."

"At all events, you can't do better than buy land—always remember that. I do it myself, and I advise others to do it."

"I mean to buy all I can get in my native canton."

"That's right, sir; and if you like, I will inquire about those two farms for you."

"I should be more obliged to you than I can express."

"Not in the least. I like you; and when I like people, I am glad to serve them. You wouldn't be particular to a few hundreds, I suppose?"

"I don't care what price I pay for them."

"Whew! I must not tell Sloper that. In fact, I shall not mention you at all. Your name alone would add fifty per cent to the price."

"I shall be satisfied with whatever bargain you can make for me, Mr. Behrens," said Saxon, and handed him the cheque.

The woolstapler shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"I must give you receipts for these two sums," he said; "but your cousin ought to have been present on behalf of Lord Castletowers. The whole thing is irregular. Hain't you better wait while I send round to Chancery-lane for Mr. Keckwitch?"

But Saxon, anxious above all things to avoid a meeting with that worthy man, would not hear of this arrangement; so Mr. Behrens gave him a formal receipt in the presence of one of his clerks, pocketed the cheque, and entered Saxon's address in his note-book.

"As soon as I have any news about the farms, Mr. Trefalden, I will let you know."

With this they shook hands cordially and parted.

"I'll be bound that open-handed young fellow has lent the Earl this money," he muttered, as he locked the cheque away in his cash-box. "Confound the aristocrats! They are all either droucs or hornets."

In the mean while, Saxon was tearing along Cheapside on his way to Austin-Friars, eager to secure Signor Nazzari's services while the Stock Exchange was yet open, and full of joy in the knowledge that he had saved his friend from ruin.

About two hours later, as he was walking slowly across the open space in front of the Exchange, having just left the Bank of England, where he had found all his worst fears confirmed in regard to the stock sold out by his cousin in virtue of the power of attorney granted by himself five months before, the young man was suddenly brought to a pause by a hand upon his sleeve, and a panting voice calling upon his name.

"Mr. Saxon Trefalden—beg pardon, sir—one half minute, if you please!"

It was Mr. Keckwitch, breathless, pallid, streaming with perspiration.

"One of our clerks, sir," he gasped, "appened to catch sight of you—gettin' out of a cab—top of Broad-street. I've been followin' you—ever since he came back. M. Behrens directed me to Austin-Friars—from Austin-Friars sent on—to Bank. And here I am!"

Saxon frowned; for his cousin's head clerk was precisely the one person whom he had least wished to meet.

"I am sorry, Mr. Keckwitch," he said, "that you have put yourself to so much inconvenience."

"Bless you, sir, I don't regard the inconvenience. The point is, have you learned anything of the missing man?"

Saxon was so unused to dissemble, that after a moment's hesitation he could think of no better expedient than to ask a question in return.

"Have none of your emissaries learned anything, Mr. Keckwitch?"

"No, sir, not at present. I've had three telegrams this mornin'; one from Liverpool, one from Southampton, and one from Glasgow, all telling the same tale—no success. As for Mr. Kidd, he has taken the London Docks for his line; but he's done no better than other folks, up to this time. If, however, you have made any way, sir, why then we can't do better than follow your lead."

They were close under the equestrian statue of the Duke, when Saxon stopped short, and, looking the head clerk full in the face, replied:

"Yes, Mr. Keckwitch, I do know something of my cousin's movements, but it is my intention to keep that knowledge to myself. You can put a stop to all these useless inquiries. I shall now retain this matter in my own hands."

"Not excludin' me from assistin' you, sir, I hope?" exclaimed Keckwitch, anxiously. "Of course, if you have found a clue and it's your pleasure to follow it yourself, that's only what you've a right to do; but I'm a man of experience, and I've done so much already to—"

"I am obliged, Mr. Keckwitch, by what you have done," said Saxon, "and shall make a point of recompensing you for your trouble; but I have no further need of your services."

"But, sir—but, Mr. Saxon Trefalden, you can't mean to give me the go-by in this way? It ain't fair, sir."

"Not fair, Mr. Keckwitch?"

"After my toilin' all the summer through as I have toiled—after all the trouble I've taken, and all the money I've spent, workin' out the secrets of your cousin's ways—you'd never have known even so much as where he lived, but for me?"

"Mr. Keckwitch," said the young man, sternly, "whatever you may have done, was done to please yourself, I presume—to satisfy your own curiosity, or to serve your own ends. It was certainly not done for me. I do not consider that you have any claim upon my confidence, nor even upon my purse. However, as I said before, I shall recompense you by-and-by as I see fit."

And with this, he hailed a cab, desired to be driven to his chambers, and speedily vanished in the throng of westward-bound vehicles, leaving the head clerk boiling with rage and disappointment.

"Well, I'm cursed if that isn't a specimen of ingratitude," muttered he. "Here's a purse-proud upstart for you, to step in and rob an honest man of his fair vengeance. Recompense, indeed! Curse his recompense, and himself too. I hate him. I wish he was dead. I hate the whole tribe of Trefaldens. I wish they were all dead, and that I had the buryin' of 'em."

Mr. Keckwitch repeated this agreeable valediction to himself over and over again as he went along.

CHAPTER IX. AT FAULT.

Up and down, up and down, till his eyes wearied of the shipping and his feet of the pavé, Saxon wandered along the quays of the grand old city of Bordeaux, seeking vainly for any definite news of the Daughter of Ocean. He had lost much precious time by the way—a night in Bristol, a day in London, another night in Bordeaux; but for this there had been absolutely no help. The early train that took him from Bristol to London arrived too late for the morning mail to Paris, and the express from Paris to Bordeaux brought him into the antique capital of Gironde between ten and eleven at night. Armed, however, with the same strong will that had carried him along thus far, Saxon set to work to pursue his search as vigorously in Bordeaux as in London and Bristol, and, if possible, to make up for lost time by even greater perseverance and patience.

Up to this point he had held no further communication with Greatorex. He was determined to act for himself and by himself, without help or counsel. He would, perhaps, have found it difficult to explain why he shrunk from sharing the responsibility of this task—why, from that moment when he had first divined the share which Helen Rivière might bear in his cousin's flight, he had jealously kept the supposition to himself, and determined to follow up this accidental clue unaided and alone. But so it was. He felt that the girl's name was sacred; that his lips were sealed; that he, and he only, must seek and save her.

He thought of her perpetually. He could think, indeed, of nothing else. Throughout the weary, weary miles of travel, by night, by day, sleeping or waking, the remembrance of her peril was ever before him. He had beheld her face but twice in his life; yet it was as vividly present to him as if he had been familiar with its pale and tender beauty from his boyhood. It wrung his very heart to think of her eyes—those pathetic eyes, with that look of the caged chamois in them that he remembered so well. Then he would wonder vaguely whether they had always worn that expression? Whether he should ever see them lighted up with smiles? Whether she had ever known the joyous, thoughtless, sunshiny happiness of childhood, and had made her father's home musical with laughter?

Musing thus, while the unvaried flats of central France were gliding monotonously past the car-

riage windows, he would wander on into other and quite irrelevant speculations, wondering whether she remembered him? Whether she would know him again, if she met him? Whether she had ever thought of him since that day when they met at the Waterloo Bridge station, and he paid her fare from Sedgebrook? And then, at the end of all these tangled skeins of reverie would always come the one terrible question—did she love William Trefalden?

He told himself that it was impossible. He told himself over and over again that heaven was just and merciful, and would never condemn that pure young soul to so fatal an error; but while he reasoned he trembled.

Supposing that this thing had really come to pass—what then? What if they were already married? The supposition was not to be endured, and yet it flashed upon him every now and then, like a sharp pang of physical pain. He might put it aside as resolutely as he would, but it came back and back again.

Whence this pain? Whence this anguish, this restless energy, this indomitable will that knew neither fatigue nor discouragement, nor shadow of turning? These were questions that he never asked himself. Had they been put to him, he would probably have replied that he compassionated Helen Rivière from the bottom of his heart, and that he would have felt the same, and done as much, for any other innocent and helpless girl in a similar position. It was a pity. Pity, of course. What else should it be?

In this frame of mind, devoured by anxiety, and impelled by an stlessness, that increased with every hour, the young man traversed the hundreds upon hundreds of miles between Bristol and Bordeaux, and now wandered eagerly about the far-spreading city and the endless quays, pursuing his search.

Of the Daughter of Ocean, he ascertained that she had arrived in port and was unloading somewhere below the bridge. Sent hither and thither, referred from one shipping agent to another, and confused by all sorts of contradictory directions, he had the greatest difficulty to find the steamer, and, when found, to gain a moment's hearing from those about her. Deserted, apparently, by her captain and crew, and given over to a swarm of blue-bloused porters, the Daughter of Ocean lay beside a wharf on the further side of the Garonne, undergoing a rapid clearance. The wharf was obstructed with crates, bales, and packing-cases; the porters came and went like bees about a hive; a French commis in a shaggy white hat, with a book under his arm and a pen behind his ear, stood by and took note of the goods as they were landed; and all was chatter, straw, hustle, and confusion. No one seemed able to give Saxon the least intelligence. The commis would scarcely listen to him, and the only person from whom he could extract a civil word was a fat Englishman in a semi-nautical costume, whom he found in the saloon of the steamer, immersed in accounts. This person informed him that the captain was gone to Périgueux, and that the passengers had all been landed yesterday at the Quai Louis Philippe. As to where they might have gone after being once set ashore, that was nobody's business but their own. Perhaps it might be worth while to make inquiry at the passport-office, or the English consulate. He should do so himself if he were looking after any friends of his own.

So Saxon thanked the fat Englishman for his advice, and went to the consulate. The consul advised him to go to the préfet, and the préfet, after keeping him for more than an hour in a dismal waiting room, referred him to the superintendent of the city police. This functionary, a fussy, inquisitive, self-important personage, entered Saxon's name in a big book, promised that he would communicate with the authorities of the passport-office, and desired monsieur to call again to-morrow between two and four.

The day dragged slowly by; and when at night he laid his weary head upon the pillow, Saxon felt as if he were further off than ever from success.

The next day, Saturday, was spent in the same unsatisfactory way. He wasted all the forenoon in hunting out one Philip Edmonds, first mate

of the Daughter of Ocean, who was lodging at a little marine boarding house on the opposite side of the river. This Edmonds at once remembered to have seen William Trefalden and Helen Rivière among the passengers. The lady was in deep mourning. They landed with the others at the Quai Louis Philippe. He had never spoken to either, and knew nothing of their ultimate destination. This was all that he had to tell.

Then Saxon went back to the quays, and inquired about the steamers that would sail next week for New York. He found that none had left Bordeaux since the Daughter of Ocean had come into port, and that the first departure would take place on the following Tuesday. By the time that these facts were ascertained, it was late enough to go to the superintendent's office. Here, however, he was requested to call again to-morrow, the police having as yet been unable to come at any satisfactory results. The vagueness of this statement, and the air of polite indifference with which it was conveyed to him by a bland official in the office, convinced Saxon that he had little to expect from aught but his own unaided efforts. That night, having since early morning paced untiringly about the quays and streets and public offices of Bordeaux, he lay down to rest, almost in despair.

CHAPTER XXI. SAXON STRIKES THE TRAIL IN A FRESH PLACE.

"WILL monsieur have the goodness to write his name in the visitors' book?"

Saxon had finished his solitary breakfast and was looking dreamily out of the window of the *salle-à-manger*, when the head waiter laid the volume before him, and preferred the stereotyped request. Scarcely glancing at the motley signatures with which the page was nearly filled, the young man scrawled his own.

"Tiens," said the waiter, as Saxon completed the entry under its various headings. "Monsieur is Swiss?"

"I am. What of it?"

"Nothing—except that monsieur speaks with the purity of a Frenchman. There is a Swiss Protestant chapel in Bordeaux, if monsieur would wish to attend the service."

A new possibility suggested itself to Saxon.

"Is there any English Protestant chapel?" he asked, quickly.

"Mais, certainement, monsieur. On the Pavé des Chantrons. One may see it from this window."

And the waiter pointed out a modest white building about a quarter of a mile away.

Saxon's heart bounded with hope renewed.

The English Protestant chapel! What more likely than that Helen should find her way thither, this Sunday morning? What more probable than that the English chaplain should be able to help him? How dull he had been, not to think of this before! Finding that it yet wanted nearly two hours to the time when service would begin, and that the chaplain lived near by, Saxon went at once to wait upon him. An old woman, however, opened the door to him, and informed him, with many curtsies, that her master was absent for six weeks' vacances, and that a strange gentleman had undertaken his duty in the mean while. As for the strange gentleman's name, she had not the remotest idea of it. It was "un nom Anglaise—un nom excessivement difficile."

"If you will direct me where to find him," said Saxon, "I can dispense with his name."

"Mon Dieu, m'sieur, he is staying at Drouay!"

"Where, then, is Drouay?"

"Ah, c'est loin, m'sieur."

"What do you mean by far? How far?"

"More than three leagues, m'sieur. But he will be here to perform the service at half-past ten, and m'sieur can see him after it is over."

Forced to content himself with this prospect, Saxon then chatted a while with the garrulous old *femme de charge*, and learned that Drouay was a little village in the heart of the wine-country north of Bordeaux; that the strange clergyman, being in delicate health, was staying there till the vintage-time should come round and enable him to take the benefit of the grape-cure; that her own master was the best man in

the world, that the chapel was très laide; that the attendance at this time was very scanty; that the voluntary contributions were very much less than they should be; and so forth, till he succeeded in effecting his escape.

At length half-past ten o'clock came round. His thoughts were busy with the things of the world, and he felt that he had no power to abstract them. He felt that he could no more lay down his burden upon that sacred threshold as he ought to lay it down, than he could lay down his personality; so he remained outside the door and watched the congregation passing in. But he watched in vain. Among the women came no Helen Rivière—among the men no William Trefalden. By-and-by, he heard the psalm-singing through the half-opened windows, and now and then a faint echo of the voice of the preacher.

To be concluded in our next.

GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.

ABOUT two hundred years ago, England began to take a lead in the mercantile commerce of the world; her ships were daily passing across the Atlantic, and India also was beginning to attract our attention. It was therefore of the utmost importance that navigators should be enabled to find their longitude when at sea, independently of watches or clocks; and a reward was offered to any one who should discover a method by which this result might be obtained.

The plan proposed was, that the angular distance of the moon from certain stars should be calculated beforehand, and published, so that, for example, it might be stated, that at ten minutes and five seconds past nine on each day, the moon should be distant from Mars 40 degrees. If from a ship in the middle of the Atlantic, Mars and the moon were found to be 40 degrees apart, then it would be known that the time in England was ten minutes and five seconds past nine.

Here, then, was one item ascertained, and the method was a good one; but in consequence of the want of accuracy as regarded the moon's motions, and the exact positions of the stars, it could not be practically carried out.

Under these circumstances, Charles H. decided that a national observatory should be built, and an astronomer appointed; and a site was at once selected for the building. Wren, the architect, selected Greenwich Park as the most suitable locality, because from thence vessels passing up and down the Thames might see the time-signals, and also because there was a commanding view north and south from the hill selected for the site. The observatory was completed in 1676, and Flamsteed, the chief astronomer, immediately commenced his observations, but with very imperfect instruments of his own. During thirty years, Flamsteed laboured indefatigably, and formed a valuable catalogue of stars, and made a vast collection of lunar observations. He was succeeded by Halley, who carried on similar observations; and from that time to the present, Greenwich Observatory has been our headquarters for astronomical observations.

The work carried on at Greenwich is entirely practical, and consists in forming a catalogue of stars and planets, and so watching them that every change in their movements is at once discovered. Now that this work has been performed for several years, the movements of the principal celestial bodies have been so accurately determined, that the *Nautical Almanac*—the official guide on these subjects—is published four years in advance, and thus we find that on a particular night in 1868, the moon will be at a certain angular distance from a star, and the second satellite of Jupiter will disappear at a particular instant. On the exterior wall of the observatory there is a large electric clock, which, being placed in "contact" with the various other clocks in the observatory, indicates exact Greenwich time. The face of this clock shows twenty-four hours, so that it requires that a novice should look at it twice before comparing his watch. On the left of this clock, are metal bars

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of such fleet limbs. At last the Big Amadhán thought it better to bring the chase to an end. So he poised his spear, and making an accurate and very strong cast, it entered at the beast's haunch, and came out at his breast. Up came the dog, and leaped with joy round the gaisca, and licked his hands.

It was not long till the master of the hunt came up. He had a gold-hafted sword by his side, and two long sharp spears in his hand; a gold brooch held his cloak, and a gold band went round his birtedh. "I thank you, good fellow," said he, "for killing that deer for me. Will you help my men to cut it up?" "I killed him for myself and my wife," said the Big Amadhán; "you shall taste a morsel of it." "Well at least allow my dog to come to me." "First tell me your name and title." "I am the Enchanter of the Black Valley and the owner of the White Dog, the fleetest hound within the four seas." "You are so no more; the dog is mine." "You are unjust; you should be content with the deer."

Maev had hastened after her husband and was now come up. She took his left arm within her two, and lovingly looked up in his face. "Though you have done me wrong," said the enchanter, "I wish you joy of your beautiful wife. Where is your lios or caisid, and what is the name of your tribe?" "I have neither land nor fort. I live by the might of my arm. A druid I met this morning deprived me of my legs, and till I recover them I will despoil and discomfort every brother druid of his that I meet." "Well, well; give me my dog, and come yourself and wife, and live with me in my dun, where you can express no wish which shall not be satisfied." "But how shall I recover my legs?" "If you please me, even your legs shall be restored. I will get the Druid of the Gold Cup into my power, and force him to give them up." The big hero looked at his wife, she looked at him, and he agreed to the offer.

So he stooped, and taking the legs of the deer in his hands, he set it round his neck; Maev sat on its side, and so the two men, the woman, and the dog went on, and nothing is said of their journey till they came to the end of the valley.

There, on a near hill, was a fort, and every stone, and defence, and gate of it was of yellow gold.

"What is the name of that dun?" said the Gaisca, "and who is its chief?"

"That," said the enchanter, "is *Dun an Oir* (fort of gold), and I am its chief, and there you shall be entertained till you displease me."

So they entered the gates, and the Amadhán laid down his load at the door, and the druid brought him and his wife where his own wife was lying on her soft couch. Said the lady to Maev of the silken robe,—

"What is your name, beauteous woman, and the name of him you obey?"

"The Big Amadhán is he called, and he has never met his equal in battle and conflict. I am Maev, and his love for me is only equalled by mine for him."

"But why, O fair Maev of the silken robe, does he want all below the knees?"

"The druidic cup of mead it was, O lady of Dun an Oir, my sorrow be on it! But the longest road has an end, and the master of the cup will be one day under the foot of the Big Amadhán. By your hand, lady, he has subdued all the kings and chiefs of broad Bríne."

So they made three divisions of the night; the first they spent at the table, the second in conversation, and the third was given to rest. Next morning the druid and the Gaisca were walking on the ramparts, and thus spoke the master of Dun an Oir.

"I go to chase the deer from Dundéalgan (Dundalk) to Glenn a Smoll (Glen of Thrushes), and your duty will be to let neither king nor chief within my gates; and if by your neglect they should get in, allow them not to quit till I return. My wife is very beautiful, and in my absence, when hunting, many a young prince and Tiernach would be well pleased to pay her their false compliments. This is the only kind of service I shall ever require at your hands. Ask of me in return anything you will."

Away went the master of Dun an Oir, and away with him went his white dog. The lady reclined on her couch, and the Big Fool lay on the floor. After a while, he felt such a weight of sleep on his eyes that he could not keep them open.

"By the hand of your husband, O lady," said he, "I fear I shall be found wanting in my duty. I could not continue awake even to be made Ard-Rígh at Tara. All in my power I will perform. Here I lie along at your feet, and no intruder can approach you without disturbing me. O, hard fortune, why did I undertake such duty!"

After some time he was aroused by something passing over his body, and opening his eyes he saw a stranger in a cloak attempting to kiss the lady. Springing up, and taking him by the arm, he swung him to the opposite wall.

"Stay there, man of evil design, till the return of the druidic master. Here I lie at the door to bar your passage."

"It 'ill besecms a big Amadhán like you to lay hands on a chief. Come from your post, I command."

"Yes, at the return of the master."

"I took one of your legs from the druid of the gold cup. I will give it you if you leave the pass free."

Maev, who was listening outside, came in and said,

"Agree to what the chief asks."

"Bring my leg, and let me see how it fits."

He produced it, and it was found full of life.

"Now I am free; leave the door."

"No, by your hand, I am worse now with one short and one long leg than I was."

The magic chief fastened on the other.

"Now I demand my reward. Otherwise you shall be sung by every bard in wide Erin, as the ungrateful Amadhán."

"I value not their lying songs a dry rush. You shall not quit this grianán* of the golden castle till the return of its chief. I could not prevent your entrance, I will certainly prevent your departure."

The lady of the fort and the wife of the Amadhán raised their voices against this resolution, but the huge Gaisca was deaf to their words. At last the man in the cloak flung it off, and there stood the Druid of the White Dog and of Dun an Oir. He seized the Amadhán in his arms, and kissed him on both cheeks, and tears began to fall from the eyes of Maev.

"Thou faithful man," said the Druid, "it was I who gave thee the enchanted drink, and did all the rest to have thee for a dweller in my fort. Now when I choose I can go to chase the wolves and deer from Loch Lene to the Sea of Moyle. When I am fatigued and remain at home to rest, you may go in search of adventures. I will be as faithful a guardian to thy wife as you were of mine. While all are in the dun together, we shall be as happy as friendship, and love, and the wine and mead cup, and the songs of the travelling bards can make us."

Intermixed with tales of the wild and wonderful, we sometimes meet in the old Gaelic collections with a few of a more commonplace character illustrative of the advantage of observing certain moral maxims or time-honoured proverbs. The MS. from which we have obtained the following story does not explain what the colour of the soles of the dying king had to do in the narrative.

THE THREE ADVICES WHICH THE KING WITH THE RED SOLES GAVE TO HIS SON.‡

When the chief of the *Bonna Dearrígá* was on his death-bed he gave his son three counsels, and said misfortune would attend him if he did not follow them. The first was never to bring home a boast from a fair after having been offered a fair price for it; the second never to call in

* Summer chamber: the Celtic predecessor of the modern boudoir.

† *Sruath na Málle Ruadh* (Stream of Red Billows), the sea between Ireland and Scotland.

‡ This is the corrupt wording of our MS. is "Boal Re Bonna Dearrígá na trí chourla do hóg she dha ma."

§ Now Telltown in Meath. Centuries before the Christian Era meetings were held there for the purpose of negotiating marriages, and hiring of servants, and transacting other matters of business.

ragged clothes on a friend when he wanted a favour from him; the third not to marry a wife with whose family he was not well acquainted.

The name of the young chief was Illan, called Dou from his brown hair, and the first thing he set about doing after the funeral was to test the wisdom of his father's counsels. So he went to the fair of Tailtean§ with a fine mare of his, and rode up and down. He asked twenty gold rings for his beast, but the highest bid he got was only nineteen. To work out his design he would not abate a scrapel, but rode home on her back in the evening. He could have readily crossed a ford that lay in his way near home; for sheer devilment he leaped the river higher up, where the banks on both sides were steep. The poor beast stumbled as she came near the edge, and was flung head foremost into the rocky bed, and killed. He was pitched forward, but his fall was broken by some shrubs that were growing in the face of the opposite bank. He was as sorry for the poor mare as any young fellow, fond of horses and dogs, could be. When he got home he sent a giolla to take off the animal's two fore-legs at the knee, and these he hung up in the great hall of his dun, having first had them properly dried and prepared.

Next day he repaired again to the fair, and got into conversation with a rich chief of Oriel, whose handsome daughter had come to the meeting to purchase some cows. Illan offered his services as he knew most of the bodachs and the bodachs' wives who were there for the object of selling. A word to them from the handsome and popular young chief,—and good bargains were given to the lady. So pleased was her father, ay and she too, with this civility that he forthwith received an invitation to hunt and fish at the northern rath, and very willingly he accepted it. So he returned home in a very pleasant state of mind, and was anxious that this second experiment should succeed better than the first.

The visit was paid, and in the mornings there were pleasant walks in the woods with the young lady, while her little brother and sister were chasing one another through the trees, and the hunting and fishing went on afterwards, and there were feasts of venison, and wild boar, and drinking of wine and mead in the evenings, and stories in verse recited by bards, and sometimes moonlight walks on the ramparts of the fort, and at last marriage was proposed and accepted.

One morning as Illan was musing on the happiness that was before him, an attendant on his promised bride walked into his room. "Great must be your surprise, O Illan Don," said she, "at this my visit, but my respect for you will not allow me to see you fall into the pit that is gaping for you. Your affianced bride is an unchaste woman. You have remarked the deformed Fergus Rua who plays on the small clarsech, and is the possessor of thrice fifty stories. He often attends in her room late in the evening to play soft music to her and to put her to sleep with this soft music and his stories of the Danaan druids. Who would suspect the weak deformed creature or the young lady of noble birth? By your hand, O Illan of the brown hair, if you marry her, you will bring disgrace on yourself and your clan. You do not trust my words! Then trust to your own senses. She would most willingly break off all connection with the lame wretch since she first laid eyes on you, but he has sworn to expose her before you and her father. When the household is at rest this night, wait at the entrance of the passage that leads to the women's apartments. I will meet you there. To-morrow morning you will require no one's advice for your direction."

Before the sun tinged the purple clouds, next morning, Illan was crossing the outer moat of the lios, and lying behind him on the back of his trusty steed, was some long object carefully folded in skins. "Tell your honoured chief," said he to the attendant who was conducting him, that I am obliged on a sudden to depart, and that I request him by his regard for me to return my visit a fortnight hence, and to bring his fair daughter with him. On he rode and muttered from time to time, "Oh had I slain the guilty pair, it would be a well merited death! the de-

formed wretch! the weak lost woman! Now for the third trial!"

Illan had a married sister whose rath was about twelve of our miles distant from his. To her home he repaired next day, changing clothes with a beggar whom he met on the way. When he arrived, he found that they were at dinner, and several neighbouring families with them in the great hall. "Tell my sister," said he to a giolla who was lounging at the door, "that I wish to speak with her." "Who is your sister?" said the other in an insolent tone, for he did not recognise the young chief in his beggar's dress. "Who should she be but the *Bhan a Trogh*, you rascal!" The fellow began to laugh, but the open palm of the irritated young man coming like a sledge stroke on his cheek, dashed him on the ground, and set him a-roaring. "Oh what has caused this confusion?" said the lady of the house coming out from the hall. "I," said her brother, "punishing your giolla's disrespect." "Oh, brother, what has reduced you to such a condition?" "An attack on my house, and a creagh made on my lands in my absence. I have neither gold nor silver vessels in my dun, nor rich cloaks, nor ornaments, nor arms for my followers. My cattle have been driven from my lands, and all as I was on a visit at the house of my intended bride. You must come to my relief; you will have to send cattle to my ravaged fields, gold and silver vessels, and ornaments and furs, and rich clothes to my house, to enable me to receive my bride, and her father in a few days." "Poor dear Illan!" she answered, "my heart bleeds for you. I fear I cannot aid you, nor can I ask you to join our company within in these rags. But you must be hungry; stay here till I send you some refrabment."

She quitted him, and did not return again, but an attendant came out with a griddle-cake in one hand, and a porringer with some Danish beer in it in the other. Illan carried them away to the spot where he had quitted the beggar, and gave him the bread and made him drink the beer. Then changing clothes with him, he rewarded him, and returned home, bearing the porringer as a trophy.

On the day appointed with the father of his affianced, there were assembled in Illan's hall, his sister, his sister's husband, his affianced, her father, and some others. When an opportunity offered after meat and bread, and wine had gone the way of all food, Illan addressed his guests. "Friends and relations, I am about confessing some of my faults before you, and hope you will be bettered by the hearing. My dying father charged me never to refuse a fair offer for a horse, cow, or sheep at a fair. For refusing a trifle less than I asked for my noble mare, there was nothing left to me but those hits of her fore-legs you see hanging by the wall. He advised me never to put on an air of want when soliciting a favour. I begged help from my sister for a pretended need, and because I had nothing better than a beggar's cloak on me I got nothing for my suit but the porringer that you see dangling by the poor remains of my mare. I wooed a strange lady to be my wife, contrary to my dying father's injunction, and after seeming to listen favourably to my suit, she at last said I should be satisfied with the crutches of her lame and deformed harper: there they are!" The sister blushed, and was ready to sink through the floor for shame. The bride was in a much more wretched state, and would have fainted but it was not the fashion of the day. Her father stormed, and said this was but a subterfuge on the part of Illan. He deferred to her pleasure, but though torn with anguish for the loss of the young chief's love and respect, she took the blame on herself.

The next morning saw the rath without a visitor; but within a quarter of a year, the kind faced though not beautiful daughter of a neighbouring *Duinné Uasal* made the fort cheerful by her presence. Illan had known her since they were children. He was long aware of her excellent qualities, but had never thought of her as a wife till the morning after his speech. He was fonder of her a month after his marriage than he was on the marriage morning, and much fonder when a year had gone by, and presented his house with an heir.

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES:

Place four, five hundred, five and one in such a manner that together they will look like a flash of lightning

ANAGRAMS.

Names of M. P. Ps. for Upper Canada.

- 1. Grow no beer G.
2. Du go I will call mapra.
3. A mad clad John—no.
4. Fill John A. and do send O. mad.

Members for Lower Canada.

- 5. Go cage terrier E.
6. Oh, tell H.—no Ruth.
7. Sby card came—got em.

ENIGMA.

Sometimes I'm on water, sometimes I'm on land; Sometimes I am lying, but sometimes I stand; Sometimes I am moving, sometimes I am still; Sometimes I defy you, sometimes at your will. Sometimes I am short, sometimes I am long; Sometimes with the old, sometimes with the young; Sometimes in the day, sometimes in the night; Sometimes I amuse, sometimes I fright. Though you touch me, yet feel me you can't, if you try; Then answer, good reader, and say what am I.

CHARADES.

1. Abbreviate the maiden who ruined old Troy; For my second, good Sir, you may take your own boy. In these two when combined at once will be found The hero who died when by victory crowned.

2. I am composed of 14 letters. My 10, 13, 7, 11 is what we all need. My 14, 2, 11 is a small animal. My 8, 9, 11 is its inveterate enemy. My 10, 12, 3, 6 is a kind of grain. My 4, 5, 13, 7, 11 is to search. My 1, 6, 7, 11 is what most people are merry over. My 2, 14, 8, 11, 12, 3 is the name of an ocean. My 9, 14, 10, 13, 7, 11 is to step, but it has sometimes a more unpleasant signification; and my whole is the name of a Canadian county.

3. Of letters six, I am composed, A word of cheering tone. At Christmas time, I gather round The old and young at home. The letters of my name embrace Words one and thirty, English all, So let us probe into its case, And point them out however small. Pronouns, of either sex, are there, And articles, why just a pair, A preposition, and a word Of pity, which is sometimes heard. The deer tribe also has a place, And pussy, noted for her pace. The cover too, where it doth run, And give the sportsman ample fun; A vermin, which with great disgust We dwell with only when we must; What often leads to bloody strife. What all possess, in human life. There science also takes its ground, And solar influence, there is found. What sorrows, now and then create, Two words which imply—masticate; And that whereon, through life we toll, Seeking nurture from the soil. A beverage, too, not used by some; A verb, which never means just one. What bodies often have to wake; And that for which they sometimes quake— What listens to the maiden's song, What ningles oft, in speeches long. A word which means, that men possess A useful article of dress. He who no'er loves, is also there, And a coat of what, would make him swear. A weed may also there be seen. A Scotchman, too, of note I ween, And what is uttered, in surprise Or laughter, to which all give rise. Now then the whole I have announced, Pray let me hear the word pronounced.

TRANSPPOSITION.

On'd't everig rof addo rosso—a esseclu plentyemom Ttah rucer saw wonnk ot od nay noe ogdo; Het uretuf ar ruse ot veah odfo orl jenneystom, Tub giogervi dwlou ipiao ti G gaythiant waida

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

- 1. Given the sum of three numbers, in continued geometrical progression, equal to 39, and the sum of their squares equal to 819; to find the numbers.
2. Find a number which when multiplied by 4, becomes as much above 30 as it is now below it.

3. A market woman being asked how many eggs she had, replied, "If I had as many more, half as many more, and one egg and a half, I should have 104 eggs. How many had she?"

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM No. 4.—In reply to several correspondents, we may state that the Rook on K, Kt 7th is a *Macs* one. Being rather indistinct, in several instances it has been mistaken for a *Wade* one.

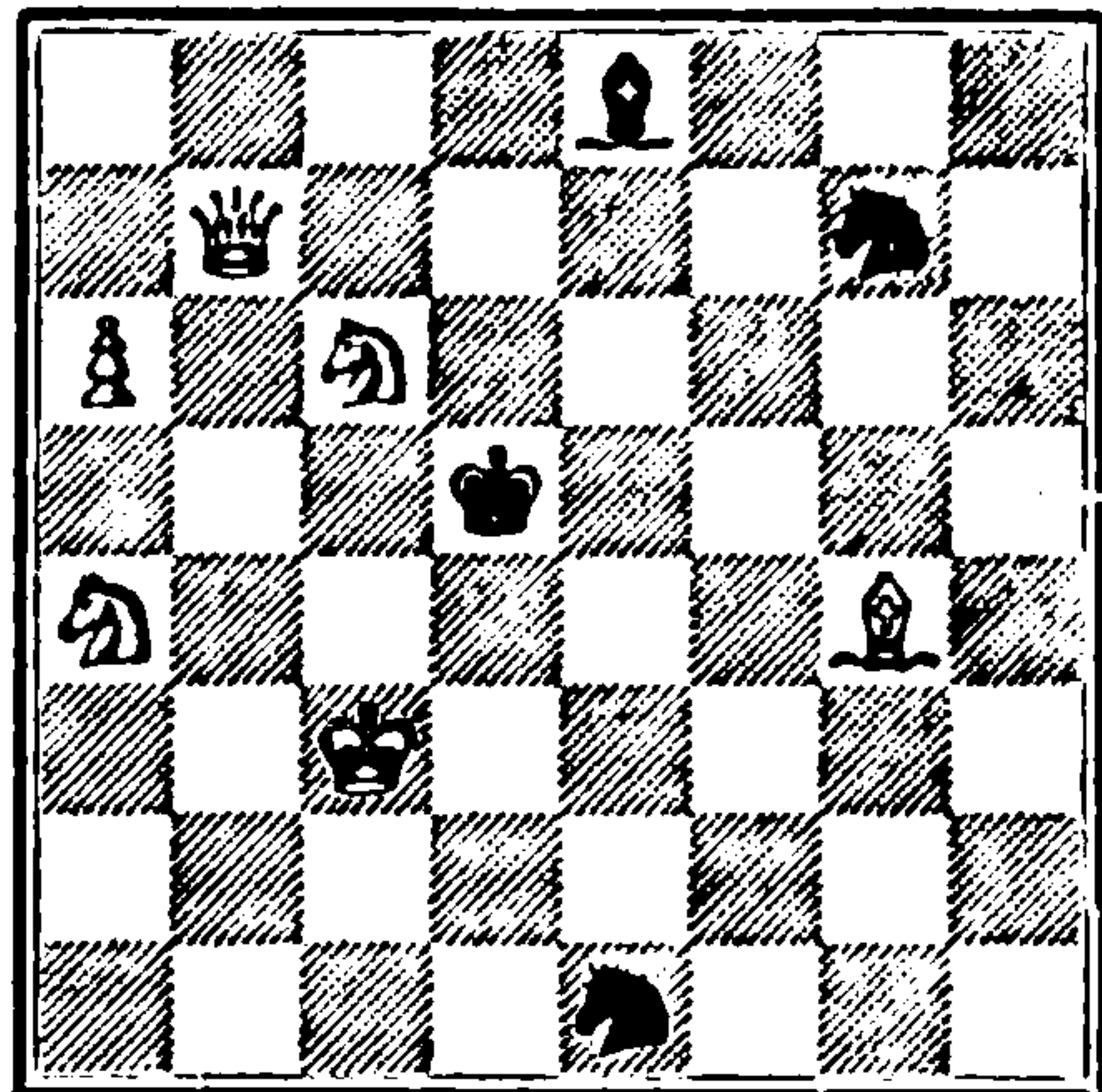
PROBLEM No. 6.—Correct solutions received from "St. Urbain St.," J. Med. F. H. A., Jun., Quebec; H. B., Toronto; and W. L., Hamilton.

W. A.—Will reply next week. F. H. A. JUN.—Thanks for the game; it shall have our early attention.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 6.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1 P. to K. 3rd. K. to K. 4th or 6
2 Q. to K. B 7th. K. moves.
3 Q. Mate. K. to Q. 4th.
1 2 Q. to K. B. 6th. K. moves.
2 Q. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 8. BY GEORGE GROVER. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and Mate in two moves.

A bit of *diablerie* between Louis Paulsen, Esq., and Mr. C—, one of the best players of Dubuque (Iowa): EVANS' GAMBIT.

- WHITE. (Paulsen.) BLACK. (Mr. C—)
1 P. to K. 4th. P. to K. 4th.
2 K. Kt. to B. 3rd. Q. Kt. to B. 3rd.
3 B. to Q. B. 4th. B. to Q. B. 4th.
4 P. to Q. Kt. 4th. B. takes Kt. P.
5 P. to Q. B. 3rd. B. to Q. B. 4th.
6 Castles. K. Kt. to B. 3rd.*
7 P. to Q. 4th. K. P. takes P.
8 B. P. takes P. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd.
9 P. to K. 6th. P. to Q. 4th.
10 K. P. takes Kt. Q. P. takes B.
11 P. to Q. 5th. Q. takes B. 2nd P.
12 P. takes Kt. Q. takes R.

And Mr. Paulsen announced *Mate* in eleven moves.

* P. to Q. 3rd is the accepted move here.

In Siam, a white elephant is valued above all creatures and things, and worshipped as a deity. Recently, the king sent a collection of valuable gifts to the Queen of England; but the one which he considered worth most of all was a small bunch of the hairs of a white elephant's tail, tied together with a golden string.

The Emperor of Russia has just carried out an important reform by the re-constitution of the courts of justice and the appointment of trial by jury. This is considered one of the most satisfactory of Alexander's many reforms, and it is thought, by the most hopeful, that, before long, a constitution will be granted conferring representative institutions.

It is stated that Italy is about to be favoured with Government Blue-books, after the English fashion. The Roman and Venetian questions, the Treaty of Commerce with the Zollverein, and the Recognition of Italy by various German States, will form the subjects of the first volume.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. M., MONTREAL.—Your contribution will appear in an early issue.

JONS S.—The Duke of Wellington was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral on the 18th November, 1852.

W. H. O.—Will forward per mail at your request.

ACRYT EUNICE.—Many thanks for your good opinion and kind wishes. We intend to devote a corner, occasionally, to the little ones, in order that each member of a household may feel that he or she has a special interest in the *Reader*. Much obliged for your contributions, which we will publish in an early number.

ASRON.—We respectfully decline your article, not deeming it suitable for our columns.

OLD TOM.—The first is too well known; problems very similar to the second and third have already appeared. Many thanks nevertheless.

C. J., QUEBEC.—Shall be happy to hear from you at your earliest convenience.

JAS. B.—We have already stated that the postage on the *BRADYS* is twenty-six cents for the year, when paid in advance; when not so paid, it is one cent per number.

CLNOD.—Copernicus was born at Thorn in Prussia in 1473. His principal work is entitled "The Revolutions of the Celestial Orbs."

IMPARIENT.—Half a Million of Money will be completed in our next issue.

FREYENAO.—We are sorry to be obliged to decline your last contribution.

T. McF., ACRES VALE.—We will publish the translation, but as it is somewhat lengthy, it may be some little time before we can find room for it.

C. H. S.—We wrote you nearly three weeks since, but find through some neglect, that the letter was never forwarded. Do not send the article you refer to unless the previous one is published.

ONE INTERESTED.—The Reciprocity Treaty will terminate on the seventeenth March, unless previously renewed.

H. H. V.—Very welcome; please accept our thanks.

JENS R.—You are evidently mistaken—we certainly never made the statement to which you refer.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

POTATO AND FLOUR STARCH.—Wash and pare as many potatoes as needed; wash again and grate them in clean cold water. The starch is immediately precipitated to the bottom. Separate the grated potato, and wash again, turning the water off before anything that may soil the starch shall have time to settle.

For wheat starch, tie up a lump of flour dough in a clean coarse cloth, knead this in cold water so long as the water coming from it is clouded or discolored; then wash as for potato starch.

POUK CAKE.—On 1 pound fat chopped pork, turn 1 cup boiling coffee. Add 3 cups sugar, 1 cup molasses, in which dissolve 2 teaspoonfuls soda. Stir in 8 cups flour. Seed and chop 1 pound of raisins, and flour them well before stirring in. Bake in a slow oven at least one hour. The above rule will make four loaves of cake, which will improve with age. The raisins are not indispensable.

FRUIT CAKE.—Take 2 teacups sour dried apples; alien them fine; cover with cold water, and let them soak all night. In the morning add 1 cup molasses, and steep slowly away till it is thick. Then add 1 cup sugar, 1 cup butter, 1 cup sour milk, 2 teaspoons soda, 2 eggs, salt and spice to taste; and 5 cups flour.

To STRENGTHEN THE HAIR.—Sweet olive oil, three ounces; oil of lavender, one drachm. Apply morning and evening to those parts where the hair is thin, in consequence of a deficiency of moisture in the skin.

SCOURING OF MUTTON.—A shoulder of mutton, weighing six pounds, requires one hour to roast; if stuffed, half an hour longer. Before cooking it,

take out the bone, and fill the space with a dressing of bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, sweet marjoram, one egg, and a small piece of butter.

MUTTON CHOPS, if broiled on a gridiron, should be wrapped in paper. They require about ten minutes to cook. When they are taken out of the papers to be dished, season them with pepper, salt, and a little butter.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Iron improved with titanium has been tested for tensile strength, and has stood a strain equal to 47 tons per square inch; and, in puddling furnaces fettled with the ore, the setting has in some instances lasted a month without renewal, the iron produced being of uniform good quality. These are extreme cases, but indicate the value of the use of the ore.

FOSSIL SPIDER.—Professor Roemer has announced the discovery of a fossil spider, which resembles the recent genus *Lycose*, in the coal measures of Upper Silesia. The interest of this discovery lies in the fact that hitherto spiders have not been known from any rocks older than the jurassic, and that now the existence of them in the palaeozoic period is proved.

A VERY simple and perfect form of filter has been devised by the *Apparateur* of the College of France, and deserves attention. It is made by placing in a tank of impure water a vessel so arranged that a sponge which it contains shall lap over its edge and dip into the water of the tank. The sponge gradually sucks up and purifies the water in the reservoir, and allows it to drop into the smaller vessel or receiver, from which it may be drawn off by a tube. By placing a few lumps of charcoal in the bottom of the receiver, filtration of the most perfect kind is effected.

CON-LIVER oil has become such a universal remedy for all species of scrofulous disease, and is such a disgustingly unpalatable compound, that the public is glad to find that new preparations have removed much of its nauseousness. But what if these new preparations not only remove the flavour, but also remove the valuable properties of the drug? This is a question which is just now forced upon our attention by a paper published in the *Pharmaceutical Journal* by Dr. Attfield. In this article the writer details the results of his analysis of a production sold as "saccharide of cod-liver," and makes some startling discoveries. He has found that this preparation contains not the faintest trace of the elements of cod-liver oil. This is what Dr. Attfield writes of it:—"It is nothing but powdered milk-sugar. A considerable quantity of this sugar is now extracted from milk, chiefly for use in the manufacture of homoeopathic globules, and certain varieties of infants' food. It can therefore be had readily and cheaply. A quantity, costing a few pence, is placed in a box labelled, so as to induce the public to believe that it is cod-liver oil in a concentrated, convenient, and palatable form, and forthwith sold for five shillings."

SEA-SOUNDINGS.—The Baltic Sea, between Germany and Sweden, is only 120 feet deep, and the Adriatic, between Venice and Trieste, 130. The greatest depth of the channel between France and England does not exceed 300, whilst to the southwest of Ireland, where the sea is open, the depth is more than 3,000 feet. The seas to the south of Europe are much deeper than those in the interior. In the narrowest part of the Strait of Gibraltar, the depth is only 1,000 feet, while a little more to the east it is 3,000. On the coast of Spain the depth is nearly 6,000 feet. At 250 miles south of Nantucket (south of Cape Cod) no bottom was found at 7,800 feet. The greatest depths of all are to be met with in the Southern ocean. To the west of the Cape of Good Hope 16,000 feet have been measured and to the west of St. Helena 28,000. Dr. Young estimates the average depth of the Atlantic at 26,000 feet, and that of the Pacific at 20,000.

WITTY AND WHINSICAL.

The countess — once put forth a pun that would have done honour to Fox himself. Being asked by Mori, the violinist, to accept the dedication of a new song, she replied, "Willingly, Mr. Hori, and it will be the prettiest and most agreeable memento Mori I ever received."

HIGH FAMILY.—A person was boasting that he was sprung from a high family in Ireland.—"Yes," said a bystander, "I have seen some of the same family so high that their feet could not touch the ground."

"Walt George," asked a friend of a young lawyer "how do you like your profession?"—"Alas, sir, my profession is better than my practice."

WANTED.—A pair of scissors to cut a caper; the pot in which a patriot's blood boiled; the address of the confectioner who makes "trifles light as air;" and a short club broken off the square root.

A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.—Washington visiting a lady in his neighbourhood, on leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. He turned to the child and said, "I am sorry, my little dear, to put you to so much trouble."—"I wish, sir," she replied, "it was to let you in."

GIVE AND TAKE.—Jerrold met a personal enemy in the street one day, who refused to give him half the pavement, saying that he never turned out for a rascal. "I do!" said Jerrold, stopping aside, and politely raising his hat; "pass on, sir—pass on, sir!"

PRONUNCIATION OF "OUGH."—The following lines in *Notes and Queries* illustrate the five different modes of pronouncing the syllable uplet "ough" in different words:—

"By dint of plough in sweat of brow,
His fallows through with much ado,
Hodge learns enough of this world's stuff,
To make good dough for high and low,
While from his trough feed swine well off."

REASON FOR FENCING IN A PLCT.—One of the readiest replies that we ever heard was made by an Irishman. A gentleman travelling on horseback came upon an Irishman who was fencing in a most barren and desolate piece of land. "What are you fencing in that lot of land for, Pat?" said he. "A herd of cows would starve to death on the land!"—"And sure, your honour, wasn't I fencing it in to keep the poor bastes out iv it?"

NEW MOOES OF DIVORCE.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says:—"In a case tried before the Judge Ordinary, in London, a wife gives evidence that her husband put her into an omnibus on the 15th of October, 1863, saying that he "should be home to dinner," and that he had not returned. This reminds us of a bit of dialogue in a new novel now in course of publication in *Le Sidle*. "Where is your husband?" says a gentleman. "He went out to buy a cigar," replies the lady. "Has he been gone long?" asks the gentleman. "Eighteen years," replies the lady. "He is quite right," remarks the gentleman, philosophically; "he wants to choose a good one."

The late Bishop of London had a good story of an old woman, who, having adopted a little girl from the workhouse, and brought her up till she was midway in her teens, was then forsaken by her charge, whom a neighbour enticed away to "better herself." On being consoled with on this ungrateful abandonment by sympathising friends, the poor old woman meekly answered that Scripture warned us that such things must happen. "You know it is said there, "Train up a child, and away, he do go."

A sonnet in Massachusetts was under examination, when one of the examiners said:—"If I had a mince-pie, and should give three-twelfths to John, three-twelfths to Isaac, and should keep half the pie myself, what would there be left?" There was a profound study among the scholars; but finally one lad held up his hand as a signal that he was ready to answer. "Well, sir, what would there be left? Speak up loud, so that all can hear," said the examiner.—"The plate," shouted the hopeful fellow.

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gayest colours, adorned with silver and gold and ornamented with ever-varying splendour have naught to do but seek their own pleasure, and charm away their brief existence, fluttering from flower to flower,—dancing and flirting with their pretty female cousins, and satiating themselves with the sweet nectar, that the goddess Flora serves up in cups and goblets of every shape and every colour.

The members of this order although not, as a rule, so learned or so industrious as those of the order Hymenoptera (especially Madame Apsis Mellifera and the Messieurs Formicæ) yet have some families among them, the junior members of which spend the greater part of their time in scientific pursuits, especially in making trigonometrical surveys of this mundane sphere; and as these poor creatures cannot obtain theodolites, and levels, and artificial horizons, they have to measure the whole distances with their bodies, as do the devotees of some Hindoo god, the space which separates their homes from the idol's temple; they are rightly entitled to the honourable title of Geometricians which they have gained.

These "swells" as well as the "common herd" of the insect world, are strong supporters and examples of the doctrine of Metempsychosis: they all undergo various transmigrations and transformations before they arrive at perfection,—each beautiful butterfly, each lovely moth, each handsome beetle, was

"Once a worm, a thing that crept,
On the bare earth—then wrought a tomb and slept:
But soon from its lowly cell of clay
It burst a seraph in the blaze of day."

It almost makes a Pythagorean of a man to see one of these dazzling beauties first in the form of a soft worm-like creeping thing, next like some pious nun or monk whose sands of life have well nigh run—wearing its own shroud or making its own coffin—then lying for a time in its tomb; and at last, suddenly spurning its tiny sepulchre and coming forth in resurrection attire, beauteous as a bride adorned for her husband.

This order of the Lepidoptera may be divided into three great classes; Butterflies, Sphinxes, and Moths. The Butterflies enjoy themselves during the sunny hours of the day, quietly retiring to their homes when night throws her sable mantle over the world. The Sphinxes, (so called from the strong likeness between which some of the juniors bear to the far-famed Sphinx of antiquity,)—make their appearance in the evening and morning during the pleasant hours of twilight. But alas, for morality! the moths like veritable rakes, only come forth in the darkness, and engage in their coquettish amours and illicit enjoyments when there is no eye to see them, and as soon as the sun arises they get them home to their caves and their dens, to sleep off the effects of their debaucheries.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to mention here a few of these "Fashionables," who are domiciled among us. Many of them have been named after ancient gods and demi-gods, kings and heroes. In the first place, among the Butterflies, we have *Papilio Asterius*, who is dressed in a black suit, adorned with two rows of yellow coloured spots, in imitation of buttons. *Papilio Turnus* is robed in yellow, with a black trimming spotted with yellow. *Troilus* and *Philenor* (likewise members of this ancient family of *Papilio*) also clothe themselves in sombre black. Another very common butterfly is *Cobas Philodice*: this creature's colour is yellow, with a dark border to its wings, in the centre of each of which is a silvery eye.

The chiefs of the Moths in Canada are the *Saturnians*. The *Luna* Moth, "fair empress of the night," is a splendid creature, with a dress of a delicate pea-green; along the front, there is a broad purple-brownish stripe, while behind are two tails of the same lovely green, after the most approved Parisian fashion. In the centre of each wing is a transparent eye, which rivals the finest diamond, surrounded with rings of white, red, yellow and black. *Attacus Cecropia* and *Polypheus*, of the same family, are rather larger than the *Luna*, and although both very fine, want the magic tails. The *Catocalidæ*, although their upper wings are of sombre hues,

yet below they have gorgeous colours: red, yellow, rose colour and magenta abound.

The Sphinxes, as they neither dance in the merry sunshine, nor flit about among the gas-lights, array themselves in very quiet colours. Our chief ones are, the Blind-eyed *Smerinthus*, which is faun-coloured, clouded with brown, except the hind wings, which are rose-coloured in the middle, and ornamented with an eye-like black spot having a pale blue centre. The *Carolina* Sphinx measures four inches across the wings, is of a grey colour, variegated with blackish lines and bands; on the body there are ten orange coloured spots encircled with black. The clear winged Sphinxes have transparent wings and fan-shaped tails.

But I must not stay too long with these beautiful "children of the sun," as they have been poetically called, but pass on to the professions; and,

Secondly, of the highest of professional persons—the Preachers. The Preachers, or *Mantises*, belong to the same races as the musicians, mentioned below: these two families are, in fact, first cousins. A Preacher has a long, thin neck, with short green or greyish brown wings, and very long fore-legs, which they continually hold up heavenwards, in the attitude of prayer. In many countries these insects are considered very saucy; they are said to be so divine, that if a child, who has lost its way, asks one the proper road, it will immediately, with a benign expression of countenance, point with one of its legs in the right direction. In the life of the Jesuit missionary, *Saint François Xavier*, we read that this celebrated man, on finding a *Mantis*, "and seeing it holding up its arms in deep devotion, asked it to sing the praises of God, whereupon the insect chanted a very fine canticle!" The *Hottentots*, also, hold the *Mantis* in high veneration. According to the traveller *Sparmann*, "it is worshipped by them as a tutelary divinity; and if it happens to alight on a man, he is at once looked upon as a saint, and considered the peculiar favourite of Heaven."

But, alas! "all is not gold that glitters"—all are not good who appear to be so; and there are deceivers in the insect world, as well as in the world in which we live and move. And the *Mantis*—this creature with such a saintly appearance, celebrated for its piety by the Christian *Xavier*, and revered as a god by the heathen *Bushman*—is an hypocrite, a wolf in sheep's clothing. "It borrows the livery of heaven to serve the devil in," and assumes this devotional position with its arms raised towards heaven, that it may the more easily seize any poor, unlucky fellow insect that may chance to come within its reach. The Preacher is not only a deceiver of the deepest dye, but is, moreover, of a cruel and blood-thirsty disposition. The Chinese know this characteristic, and exhibit them to the gaze of the celestial inhabitants as prize fighters. In these pugilistic encounters, the conqueror, to make his victory doubly sure, seizes the vanquished, and—*væ victis!*—gobbles him up "without salt or bread." Whenever a male preacher and his wife (there are female preachers with them as with us, and theirs, like ours, make more noise in the world than the males) happen to have a domestic dispute, the wife, being by no means the weaker vessel, is not content, like good Mrs. Caudle, with giving her spouse "a curtain lecture," but, exhibiting an amount of muscular Christianity quite superfluous, attacks him with "malice aforethought," cuts off his head with a stroke of her scimitar-shaped foot, and devours him. *De gustibus mulierum non est disputandum*. The nature of females is the same everywhere!

Thirdly—I now proceed to mention a few facts about those who follow the profession of which *Calliope*, the daughter of the mighty *Jove*, was the patron and muse, and on which the tuneful *Orpheus*, *Jenny Lind*, the *Black Swan*, and a host of other men and women, have bestowed such fame, glory, and renown.

The chief musicians of the insect world are the Crickets. Of all performers, from the days of *Tubal-Cain* till now, these are the most persevering and enthusiastic. Some fiddle from

morn till eve, others from eve till morn. The great poet *Cowper*, addressing one of them, says:

"Neither night nor dawn of day
Puts a period to thy play."

Among the crickets (as among the other insect tribes) the males alone are provided with musical instruments, the females have none. (What a comfort it would be to the world at large if all creatures had such quiet wives!) The instrument in use among the crickets is composed of a part of the wing-covers, the horizontal and overlapping part of which, near the thorax, is convex, and marked with large, strong, and irregularly curved veins. When the cricket wishes to begin his tune, he raises his wing-covers a little, and shuffles them together lengthways, so that the projecting veins of the one wing are made to grate against those of the other. Many people greatly admire the harsh, grating sound (called, by courtesy, music) thus produced. *Mr. White*, in his extremely fascinating work on the natural history of *Selborne*, says, that "the shrilling of the field-cricket, though sharp and stridulous, yet marvellously delights some hearers, filling their minds with a train of summer ideas of everything that is rural, verdurous and joyous." *Cowper* expressed his ideas on the subject as follows:

"Little inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth;
Where'er he thine abode,
Always harbinger of good,
Pay me for thy warm retreat
With a song both soft and sweet."

Further on he says, its song

"Endures the winter long,
Unimpaired and shrill and clear
Melody throughout the year."

Notwithstanding the opinion of these great men, "many consider the continued and monotonous sound which is kept up the whole night, all through summer and autumn (and by house-crickets during winter as well) both wearisome and sad, and think 'tis irksome at the dead of night to hear the crickets' unwearied chirp." However, it is a wise arrangement of Providence that all men do not admire the same thing.

The *Cicadæ*, belonging to the order *Hemiptera*, also are great musicians. They are lovely creatures, and have been celebrated for their music from the most ancient times. The ancient Greeks considered no sound more agreeable than the song (as they called it) of the *cicada*. They kept them in cages, the better to enjoy their music, and called them "the Nightingales of the Nymphs," "the Sweet Prophets of the Summer," and "the Loves of the Muses." The *cicadæ* were considered the happiest as well as the most innocent of creatures. *Anacreon*, in one of his odes, compares them to the gods; and *Anaxagoras*, the philosopher, said that they were most happy, as they had voiceless wives! As among the crickets, so among the *cicadæ*—the males are the only performers. They, however, play the kettle-drum, not the violin. The instrument on which they perform so well is thus described by *Harris*:—"Each male has a pair of kettle-drums, one on either side of the body, and these, in the seventeen-year *cicada* or locust, are plainly to be seen just behind the wings. These drums are formed of convex pieces of parchment, gathered into numerous fine plaits, and, in the species above-named, are lodged in cavities in the sides of the body, behind the thorax. They are not played upon by sticks, but by muscles and cords fastened to the inside of the drums. When these muscles contract and relax (which they do with great rapidity) the drum-heads are alternately tightened and loosened, recovering their natural convexity by their own elasticity. The effect of this rapid alternate tension and relaxation is the production of a rattling sound, like that caused by a succession of quick taps upon a slightly convex and elastic piece of tin plate. Certain cavities within the body of the insect tend to increase the vibrations of the sounds, and add greatly to their intensity." In some species the noise is so great that that it may be heard at the distance of a mile.

These are not the only insects which are blessed with musical powers; but space forbids me noticing any others on this occasion. V.
Kingston, O. W.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS

- Just published, by R. Worthington, the Advocate, a Novel by Chas. Henryroge, author of Saul, a Drama; Jephthah's Daughter, &c. \$1.25; full gilt, \$1.60.
- Book of Rubies (The). A collection of the most notable Love-Poems in the English Language. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Bushnell. The Vicarious Sacrifice, grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Charles. The Song without Words. Leaves from a very old Book. Dedicated to Children. By the Author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family." R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Charles. Winifred Hertram and the World she lived in. By the Author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family" (Mrs. Charles). 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Dr. Marigold's Prescription. By Charles Dickens. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Dickens. Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Grant. Report of Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, of the Armies of the United States, 1864-65. 8vo. pp. 77. Portrait. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Kingsley. Hereward, the last of the English. By Charles Kingsley, author of "Two Years Ago," &c. 12mo. pp. iv., 897. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cl. \$2. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Lander. Spectacles for Young Eyes. Rome. By Sarah W. Lander. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Quintilian. The Tenth and Twelfth Books of the Institutes of Quintilian. With Explanatory Notes. By Henry S. Frieze, Professor of Latin in the University of Michigan. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Ruskin. Precious Thoughts, Moral and Religious. Gathered from the Works of John Ruskin. By Mrs. L. C. Tutthill. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sorens. The Centenary of American Methodism: a Sketch of its History, Theology, Practical System, and Success. Prepared by Order of the Centenary Committee of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. By Abel Stevens, LL.D. With a Statement of the Plan of the Centenary Celebration of 1866, by John McClintock, D. D. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the present existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, Cloth binding, \$6.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.
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- Will be published this week, by R. Worthington, the Biglow Papers, complete in one vol. Paper covers, uniform with Artemus Ward. Illustrated and printed on fine paper, price 25c.
- Christian Armour, or Illustrations of Christian Warfare. Illustrated, one vol. 4to.
- The Illustrated Songs of Seven. By Jean Ingelow.
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- History of the Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. 5. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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- Idyle of the King. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. Sm. 4to. \$3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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In our next issue we shall commence the publication of an original tale, of very considerable merit, written for the Reader, by Mrs. J. V. Noel, of Kingston, a lady of distinguished talents, and well known as the author of "The Abbey of Bathmore," "Madeline Beresford," and other works, published in the Province. The scene of the tale will be partly in Canada and partly in England. We bespeak for our Canadian author-ess a warm and generous welcome.

GOOD WORDS.

We have received from Messrs. Strahan & Co. the bound Volume of "Good Words" for 1865. This excellent magazine is so well known that it is scarcely necessary for us to enlarge upon its merits. The pages of the volume before us are enriched with the contributions of many of the most eminent British writers of the day, amongst whom are Sir John F. W. Herschel, Dr. C. J. Vaughan, Chas. Kingsley, Alexander Smith, Jenn Ingelow, Lyon Playfair, and Dr. Norman McLeod, the Editor. Two serial tales, "Alfred Hagart's Household," by Alexander Smith, and "Hereward, the Last of the English," are continued in each monthly part through the volume.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE ARGOSY.—The first number of this new magazine opens with Chas. Reade's new novel, "Griffith Gaunt." The scene is England "full a hundred years ago," and in the opening chapters we are brought face to face with the heroine, a strong-minded yet womanly woman, and her two lovers, one of whom is Griffith Gaunt, the hero. A hunting scene, two declarations of love, a quarrel and a sudden determination to rush into exile are incidents sufficient to commence with. The articles which follow are well written and readable. We notice among the writers several of the old contributors to "Good Words."

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE.—It would be difficult to name a Magazine which, in so short a period, attained to the circulation at present enjoyed by the Sunday Magazine. The name of its Editor, Dr. Thomas Guthrie, is a tower of strength, and in its peculiar field it has distanced all its rivals. The articles, as its name would indicate, here all a religious bearing.

GOOD WORDS.—For January contains the opening chapters of "Madonna Mary," Mrs. Oliphant's new work. The scene is laid in India, where Mrs. Ochterlony, the "Madonna Mary" of the story, a loving, pure-minded English woman, sensitive as to the good opinion of those who surround her, is introduced to us. Her trials have already commenced, and the nature of those which are to beset her in the future is foreshadowed. A Gretna Green marriage appears to be the foundation of the plot. Among the other papers we notice a sketch of the life of "Dean Swift," "Distinguished Settlers from abroad," an interesting account of recent additions to the Zoological Garden, London. "The Story of John Hiss," and "A Question of Minutes," a remarkable paper, bearing on capital punishment, by hanging, and illustrative of the vast range of thoughts which may rush through the mind of criminals during their last struggles. Messrs. Strahan & Co., and Dawson Bros.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A NEW work by Sir Bulwer Lytton will shortly be published. It is to be called "The Lost Tales of Miletus."

THE "Correspondence de S. M. Napoleon I." does not pay its expenses. To prevent the publication being discontinued, the Emperor has guaranteed the expenses, by placing the necessary funds at the disposal of Prince Napoleon, under whose direction the work is brought out.

We stated in a recent issue that M. de Lamartine is writing a life of Byron for the Paris *Constitutionnel*. It is hard to believe that he is responsible for the following sentence which the *London Review* extracts from a recent instalment

of the biography as it appeared in the French journals. "The tombs of great poets inspire great passions. It was at Tasso's tomb that Petrarch during his first absence cherished his regretful remembrances of Laura." Petrarch died in 1374, and Tasso published the first edition of the "Gerusalemme Liberata," in 1591.

A COMPLETE verbal and glossarial index to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" is in preparation by a Mr. Hiram Corson, and will soon be published in London.

DR. CHARLES MACKAY, the *Times* correspondent at New York, now on a visit to England for the Christmas holidays, will return to his post early in the new year. The doctor's duties will be lighter than they were during the rebellion, and we suppose his future letters will be less obnoxious to the American people than his correspondence was during the heat of the great struggle.

STRANGE errors are sometimes made in English journals when they treat of American books and authors. The *Athenaeum* reviews the letters of "Major Jack Downing," originally published in America about thirty years ago, and treats it as a new book, though it was published a quarter of a century ago by Mr. Murray of London.

THACKERAY'S celebrated "Yellow Plush Papers" and "James's Diary," have been lately published in Paris in a cheap form—under the title of "Mémoires d'un Valet de Pied." There is a little story connected with this translation which very vividly sets before us the difference between publishing in Paris and publishing in London. The industrious translator, Mr. William L. Hughes, well known in the French capital for his knowledge of both English and French literature, was anxious to secure the copyright of his labour, and obtain the usual stamp from the Government officials. For that purpose, he sent his written request with a copy of the book to the Paris Board of Index for their authorization and protection. After a considerable time—occupied, it may be presumed, in carefully examining Thackeray's humour—the officials determined to refuse the license for the following sublime reason:—"Because the book contains strictures on the British aristocracy of such intense acerbity that remonstrance from Her Majesty's Government might be the consequence of its authorised circulation."

A NEW volunteer company, known as the "Authors' Corps of Artillery," has been formed in London. They are about to purchase two six-pounder Armstrong breech-loading guns, the money for which is to be raised out of a volume of miscellanies to be contributed by the different members. Amongst them, we believe, is the Post Laureate.

A "Loyalist History of the American Revolution," particularly in the Province of New York, is about to be published in the United States after having been secluded for nearly a century. It was written by Judge Thomas Jones, who occupied the highest station in the Supreme Court of the Province previous to the Revolution, and who presided at the famous trial of the Trinity Church case. The manuscript fills five folio volumes, neatly written in the autograph of the author, and will probably, with the necessary editorial matter, make the same number of octaves. The MS. was for many years carefully kept out of sight, and not allowed to be consulted, as being a work that would create mischief and ill-feeling, from the facts recorded by the author bearing on the reputation of many popular favourites.

MR. WILLIAM MOENS, the English gentleman who was taken captive a short time since by Italian Brigands, and whose fate was so long in suspense, has written an account of his adventures. The work is announced under the title of "English Travellers and Italian Brigands." A narrative of Capture and Captivity. If Mr. Owens is able to reproduce on paper the experiences he must have endured, his book cannot be wanting in interest of the most thrilling kind. It will be remembered how long the negotiations for his ransom were in progress, and were conducted with almost diplomatic formality. Mr. Moens's book will be in two volumes post octavo, with illustrations.

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. RALFOUR.

Continued from page 309.

CHAPTER XIV. CONSCIENCE VERSUS HONOUR.

"What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And be but naked, though blocked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."
SHAKESPEARE.

Great as the contrasts in human condition are every day, they present themselves most prominently on that day which good George Herbert calls

"The couch of time—care's balm and bay:
The week were dark but for thy light."

How differently rises the sun of that day to the thoughtful, pious sons and daughters of toil, and to the rich worldling!—to the spirits who are glad to go as loving children to a Father's house, and those who weary of the services, or never enter the portals consecrated to praise and prayer! How different, too, the measure of enjoyment both in the assemblies of worshippers, and from the calm face of Nature, on that sweet returning day! to some there is all fulness, to others mere vacuity.

As Miss Austwicke and her niece sat side by side in the carved and curtained old pew under the painted window, which had in its arabesque border a blazonry of the Austwicke crest—great as the outward contrast was between the tall, rigid form, and face becoming daily more severe in outline and expression, and the little soft dimpled creature, whose silky ringlets fell caressingly round her white throat, and shaded her delicate cheek, and who, kneeling in the colored light that streamed through the window, might be taken for a pictured angel draped in prismatic radiance—great as this contrast was, yet, if we use our clairvoyant privilege, and look into the hearts of each, still greater was the difference. Gertrude was all gentle peace and humble gratitude. To her the sacred service was full of comfort and instruction. She did not think, poor child! of criticising the sermon. To her it was a message of truth, to be received reverently. Her young heart was open to the sweet influences of holy light, and the refreshing dews of the heavenly blessing. Little did she know of the uneasy throbbing, the absent bewildered spirit near her, anxious and troubled about many things, commanding an outward rigidity that passed for calm, yet entering upon that fatal task of endeavouring to reconcile what is opposite—to make right bend to expediency; still with a lofty scorn of what, in worldly phrase, she called "dishonourable," a proud abstract estimate of truth—not so much from religious obligation as from a belief that it was like ancestry and blood, something that belonged to race. Why did Mr. Nugent invariably select such texts as were displeasing to Miss Austwicke? What did he mean by annoying her with what she called his prosing on "All things are naked and open with Him with whom we have to do?" How tranquilly little True's dark eyes were raised to the preacher, while Miss Austwicke felt glad that her veil fell down over her face, for she was half-conscious of knitting her brow and setting her lips as if to numb some inward pang. How long and tedious! Would he never have done? Why did he not apply the lesson to the common people?—to her servants, who were present, sitting respectably in a row at the back? They, of course, should be warned of falsehood, and gossiping, and dishonesty. Such faults low people were all prone to. But all this talk of secret sins, of self-deception, of pride that wraps itself in a mantle of isolation before man, only to appear in filthy rags before God—what could Mr. Nugent mean?

She was so perturbed that on returning home she took refuge in her room, on the plea, by no means pretended, of indisposition; and so it fell out that Gertrude had an afternoon to herself in the library, and sought out among some treasures of old divinity for further elucidations of Mr. Nugent's subject, and came to an exactly different conclusion from her aunt as to his merits

as a preacher. What the elder lady called Puritanical and pragmatic, Gertrude considered faithful and earnest.

Some consciousness that there was this difference of estimate kept each lady, when they met, from naming the curate, and had, indeed, prevented Gertrude having the pleasure she coveted of something more than a mere bowing acquaintance with Miss Nugent, the pleasant-looking sister who presided over the clergyman's home.

While the Sabbath hours passed thus at Austwicke, our acquaintance the packman was ruminating in a little lodging he had hired at a beer-shop at Milbrook, near Southampton. He was busy seemingly with pencil and paper, making calculations, sighing often as he did so, as if his reckoning would not come right; and repeating, in a muttering voice, one sentence over and over, "A dead loss, I doubt—a matter of thirty or forty pound a year—gone—clean gone."

His meal was as frugal as ever tavern furnished—bread and cheese and a draught of milk. The people of the house seemed to know him, for they let him have his refreshments in a little gable bed-room, out of the way of all intruders. He looked at his watch—a large tortoise-shell antiquity, in careful preservation—anxiously, and then out of the window, to mark the day's decline. The company of his own thoughts seemed pleasant rather than otherwise, for he refused a light, saying to the servant girl, with a grin that relaxed the tight puckers of his mouth, "One of the richest men in London, my lassie, said there was no need o' candle to talk by; and if he an' his freend could do their talking in the dark I'm weel able to do my thinking likewise."

They stared at him in profound awe—for, poorly as he was clad, and fared, the people of the house entertained a belief that Old Leathery was very rich; and to that there was added a hope that, as he was eccentric, he might befriend them ultimately. The wily old man's talk, when he came to take up his abode, had led them to some such conclusion. He had told them several tales that they were fond of retailing to their customers, to give zest to their ale:—How once a benevolent London lady had given a dinner on Sundays to a crossing-sweeper; and how, when the sweeper died, he left all his savings, some hundreds, to the lady. How Peter Blundell, the famous Tiverton carrier of olden times, made a great fortune; and in his will remembered every innkeeper that had ever, in his frequent journeys, been kind to him; so that, constructing their own theory about the real circumstances of their annual guest, notwithstanding his constant plea of poverty, and having plenty of that selfishness which so often blinds its possessor, they allowed Old Leathery to take his ease in the inn, much to his own satisfaction, and, as they hoped, to their future benefit.

CHAPTER XV. THE ACCOMPLICES.

"Still to guilt occasion sends
Slaves, tools, accomplices—no friends. BYRON.

When the church bell had done summoning the people to evening worship, Old Leathery went out, and took his way along the somewhat lonely road toward Southampton. Crossing the railway, he came upon the shingly ridge at the muddy head of the Southampton Water, and, looking towards the glowing lights of the town in the distance, and those on the pier to his right, he seemed to be expecting some one. Heavy clouds swept over the sky in masses, that were only fitfully pierced by watery moonbeams. He had not walked long when he saw a tall woman advancing, who strode along at a quick pace, her shawl and skirts blown about by the wind, and her long arms swinging in unison with her steps, so that she looked like an advancing windmill. Her quick breathing, from the haste of her movements, could be heard even amid the frequent blasts of a squally wind.

As soon as she came near, Old Leathery said in his hard, dry voice, that cut the air like a razor, "Save your breath, Janet; don't be spending it at that rate. Save it, not to cool your parritch, woman, but to talk to me."

"Seve!" panted the woman coming up to him; "I must save time, if I'm to stay yonder. I must na be running off this rate."

"Ou, it's church-time, Janet: don't fash yourself or me. But say, noo, are ye sure ye were right when you repeated to me that he deceived the lassie, Isabel, and that it was na true about his being married afore?"

"I'm as sure as I live he said it."

"And he not wandering?"

"Wandering! He gave the papers all right. I touched the curtains to get a peep, but they were all done up close in the envelope; and I was as near being found out—for the sister got up quickly, fur all as stiff and stately as she is, and was coming round to the side where I stood—but I had left the door in the papered wall ajar, and in I popped, as I have telled ye once—you know, when I gave you the only paper I could get. But I say, Sandy, hear me. I'm tired of this. I don't know what you're meaning to do, or whar you're guiding me. These crooked ways are wearifu'."

"Wearifu'! Nonsense woman! What but crooked ways could have saved you or yours, I'd like to know!"

"So you tell me; but I'd like to get away. You promised me money for the voyage long since. I'm sure I've earned it; first and last I've worked well for you."

"Worked for me, Janet! Ye worked for yourself! If the way is crooked, ye know how it was that it ceased to be straight. Ye're surety forgettin'. My wife was never so mighty good to me, that I should put myself out of the way to save you her sister, from the consequence of both sin and folly."

"Sin! you, Sandy, to talk o' sin!" said the woman, lifting a white face and angry eyes to heaven.

"No one has mair right," he answered, huskily. "You forget, seemingly, that it was you betrayed the trust, and, by your carelessness, going after your sweetheart, caused the baby's death."

"Hush! there's some one coming," said the woman, in a panic of terror.

He looked round quickly, and assured himself it was only her terror that suggested an eaves-dropper.

"I'll not hush, I say that, if they charged you wi' murder, they'd ha' proved it. Nae one wad have believed it was an accident—I, even, don't surely know. It was my weakness for you, as belonging to my wife's people made me trust your story; but I'm, maybe, wrong."

"Sandy you never said that to me before—never. You do know better."

"Well, we helped you in the only way we could. It was painful, but we could do no other, unless, indeed, we had let the law come in, and then——" He spread out his hands and threw them up, as if all would have been lost, adding, in a low voice—"And now I own I'm terrified when I think if it should ever be known; the last sin would be thought as bad as the first—the substitution!" He churned out the word slowly between his teeth.

"There, don't—don't speak of it!" she said; adding a moment after, desperately, "But I could but be ruined, body and soul, if all was known."

"It might be worse for Archie. Serve me, and I serve you. I have done so, most carefully; but any meagrim and stuff, and I cease to serve you. I saw a deserter branded at Winchester, only three weeks ago. I'd business wi' the doctor, in the prison; he's known me for years. I saw the branding-iron, Janet, go fizzing into the man's flesh."

"Sandy don't!" cried Janet crouching down and covering her face, her gaunt form seeming to writhe; while the dry voice, unheeding the interruption, went rasping on—

"And I thought, 'If that was Archie, now; and he'd be sure to get ten years beside.' Isn't he better off, though only a stable-helper—eh?"

"Weel, weel, what is't you want? I took this place, as you bade me, to be near the family; and I listened, when you hadn't told me, to what the dying man said, and found out, I fancy, something worth knowing."

"Ou, a trifle—a mere trifle. There's no fortune hanging to the name for the bairns. It's a name, and nothing more, if all's true that they have a right to it. It's of far more consequence to you to hide the past, whatever comes in the future."

"I have some money saved, Sandy. Be my

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OLD PRIMROSE'S CRIB.

OUT of office hours my father was—and I am thankful to say, is—the hindmost of men, but be by no means lets the grass grow under his feet in the way of business, nor under those of his son. At the time I write of, sovereigns were far from being plentiful as blackberries, and now and then he had hard work to keep his head above water. Consequently he passed for a hard task-master, and certainly office hours were long, and intervals of relaxation few. But how valuable those few were! Christmas was the great holiday of the year with us, of course. Did any swell ever look forward to anything in his life, as I did to that particular Christmas holiday? I doubt it very much. And now, at last, here it was. I walked forth from my father's counting-house a free man: free, that is, for the long space of three days. There was no more thought of business in my head, than if the West Indies had never been heard of. I wondered whether the people I passed in the street had such a holiday before them; I pitied those who looked too poor to take more than the festival day itself; I smiled in the faces of strangers from pure happiness. And they looked smilingly at me too, even some of the poorest, for was it not Christmas-eve? "Gentlemen, the office will be closed from this afternoon till Friday next." I had just heard my father speak the words, and they were still sounding in my ears. Three days' holiday! Three boundless, beautiful, merry, glorious days! And I knew so well what to do with them. Ah, did I not?

There never was, or could have been, in this world such a delightful little woman as Mary Primrose—such a bewitching, coaxing, artful, artless little maiden. She had big brown eyes, with such a saucy loving look in them; her hair was as soft and as glossy as seal-skin, and her lips as red and fresh as roses. Then she had a laugh that I defy you to help joining in—there was such a joyous ring in it—and the neatest, trimmest, roundest little figure. Old Mr. Primrose was a wealthy soap-boiler, and dearly loved his little daughter, who was his only child, and his heiress. But he domineered over her a little too, and when Mary and I first fell into that uncomfortable habit of blushing whenever we spoke to each other, we took very good care to turn our faces away from the old gentleman; who, however, was generally conning the current prices too deeply to notice our guilty looks. I used sometimes to dine at Mr. Primrose's, and sometimes to call in a formal way, and it is astonishing how often Mary and I used to meet, entirely by accident, in the Temple Gardens, near which her father lived. I fell in love with her, of course. Who could have helped it? And if she did not care for me, pray what was the meaning of that tiny dimple that used to spring up in each corner of her demure little mouth, whenever she saw me coming round the corner? But when I thought of Mr. Primrose, I trembled. He would never consent to his daughter's marriage with the son of a struggling merchant, and would banish me with scorn, telling me that I had deceived him—which, for that matter, was entirely true. So, after going through—in imagination—all the agonies of emigrating to Australia without letting Mary suspect my love, and returning in twenty years or so to find her wedded to another—of course I told her all about it. This was on one blessed 25th of December, just a twelvemonth before my story begins. Mary confessed that she loved me, and we wandered up and down the Temple Gardens, as happy and as thoughtless as two young kids. Mary had never looked so pretty as on that day, and what a delight it was to call her by her Christian name for the first time! My own name, by-the-by, is Joseph. I think she must have known it before, but I told it to her then, at any rate, and we both thought it quite a singular coincidence, considering my feelings for Mary, and that I had become engaged to her on Christmas-day.

After we were engaged, I used to visit my love: stealthily, I am ashamed to say, while Mr. Primrose was boiling his soap, or otherwise em-

ploying himself, in his counting-house. It was wrong, I am afraid, but Mary had no mother, and we did not dare to tell our story to her father, but trusted much in a vague future, when all things were to come right.

The reader knows now in whose company I meant to spend my Christmas holiday. Old Mr. Primrose, by a special dispensation of Providence, as I considered, was detained in the country by a slight illness, and his daughter remained in London, under the care of a great-aunt—a charming old lady, who never saw, heard, or understood anything. So Mary and I felt quite safe, and free to make our plans for meeting at church on Christmas morning, and she had even persuaded her aunt to ask me to dinner in the evening. On leaving my father's office on Christmas-eve, I turned towards the West End. I had a business errand to do for him in that direction, and as the counting-house had closed at three P.M., I had an hour's daylight still before me. It was a mild, grey winter's afternoon, pleasant enough to one who was generally at work till after dark. I went out of my way to cross the Green Park. It was a change from my daily walk in the city, and everything seemed beautiful on that day. I started at a brisk pace, enjoying the soft air, and had got half across the park, when I observed a young man walking a few paces in front of me. He was very smartly dressed in colours, somewhat light for the season, and his hat was stuck a little on one side of his head. He rather attracted my attention by the jauntiness of his walk and general appearance, and I found myself speculating as to what rank in society he might hold. He did not look quite like a gentleman, nor like a clerk, nor like a professional man. I settled at last that he must be a rich tailor's son and heir, and that his close-fitting coat, and broadly-striped full trousers were intended to act as an advertisement for his father. Just as I smiled at this notion, a slight gust of wind caught his coat pocket, and a small piece of paper, which had before been peeping from it, disengaged itself and floated to my feet. It was a mere scrap, but I picked it up and glanced at it, thinking that if it was of any consequence, I would hasten after its owner and return it. But when I had once looked at it, I continued to gaze and gaze, holding it mechanically in my hand, as if I had been turned to stone. Written on the paper were these words:—

"Dearest,—Meet me by St. Anne's Church this evening at seven,

"Your own M——."

But the handwriting! Could my eyes deceive me, or was it indeed Mary's, my Mary's—the girl I had sworn should be my wife, my heart's darling that I had loved so long? It could not—could not be, and yet I knew every letter of that writing so cruelly, so fatally well.

"I expect he's ill: he do look awful."

These words, spoken by a compassionate passer-by, awoke me from my trance. One single idea filled my mind, that I must not allow the man who had possessed the paper to escape me. I looked up; he was already nearly out of sight. The idea of losing him aroused my dormant faculties. I darted after him at full speed, and, breathless and panting, I overtook him just on the edge of the park. I touched him on the shoulder, he turned round, and showed me a handsome dark face, with small black moustaches and long eyelashes. He was astonished, I suppose, by my wild look, for after a moment he made a slight movement, as if to release himself from my hand. Only then I recollected that I must speak. I held out the paper in a trembling hand, and as I did so I saw, hanging to his fine gold watch-chain, a locket which I recognised as Mary's. Heavens! what a feeling it gave me, this confirmation of my worst suspicions. Nevertheless I spoke.

"I think you dropped this," I stammered, confusedly.

"Oh, thanks, yes, it is mine," and taking it carelessly, he was about to pass on with a slight bow, but I was not to be so shaken off.

"I beg your pardon," I said, casting about in my distress for Heaven knows what falsehood to

tell him, "I am a stranger in London, and I feel rather unwell; perhaps you would not object to my walking with you until I can find some hotel?"

A very auspicious look glanced across his handsome face, but I suppose he saw that my agitation was genuine; and my dress respectable, for after an instant's hesitation he replied,

"Certainly: I am going to the B—— Hotel myself to dine, and if you please we can walk there together."

I joined him, and we proceeded in silence. The hotel he had mentioned was one of some what questionable reputation, and stood in rather a lonely street. It had grown almost dark, and a few drops of rain were beginning to fall by the time we reached it. I had collected my thoughts a little, and they resolved themselves into this—to persuade him to drink, if possible, on the chance of his becoming communicative in his cups, and to dog his footsteps to the thysting place, and there I would sting Mary's heart—if she had a heart—by my burning reproaches, and renounce her for evermore. As soon as we arrived at the hotel, I ordered brandy, on the plea of being faint, as indeed I was, and begged my companion to join me. He did so most affably, and I who had never done more in my life than drink a couple of glasses of light sherry after dinner, now poured down my throat a quantity of raw spirits. It did me good, though, I thought; my pulse bounded, and the blood in my veins seemed to circulate like fire. I began to talk to the stranger, to chaff him, to laugh—and listening all the time to my own voice as if it belonged to some one else. He responded cordially. I asked him to dinner; I begged him to tell me what wine he preferred, I pressed champagne, brandy, liquor of all kinds, upon him, and partook of them freely myself. The quantity of alcohol that man must have imbibed during the meal is a perfect marvel to me now, and it seemed to affect him no more than so much water, as far as steadiness of manner was concerned. But at last he did grow talkative, and upon the very subject I longed for, yet dreaded so much.

"That scrap of paper you picked up—" he began. "Didn't you envy me? It was from a sweet little creature, I can tell you."

"Who is she?" I asked, feverishly.

"Nay, that's not fair; but I'll tell you her name. Mary. Pretty little Molly!"

The brandy I had drunk had begun to stupify me, or I must have knocked those white teeth of his into his head.

"Did she give you that locket?" I asked, feebly pointing to it.

"Yes, that she did, the darling. Come," he added, rising, "you seem a good fellow; some day I'll introduce you to her, if you don't object. Many thanks for your dinner. Here's the bill."

The bill came to something fabulous, but I had my quarter's allowance in my pocket, and paid it without a word. The stranger looked at his watch. It was nearly seven.

"I must go now," he said, "to keep that little appointment, you know."

The little fiend! Had she not, I remembered now, dissuaded me from coming to see her on Christmas-eve, lest her aunt should suspect something? and I had allowed myself to be deceived!

"I mean to be there, too," I said fiercely, rising from the table, and pressing my hat firmly on the top of my head. "I rather think not," replied the stranger composedly; "good evening, young man; I hope we shall meet again."

He walked to the door, and I followed. A handsome cab was waiting, evidently by order. He stepped into it, and before I had mustered courage enough to stop him forcibly, the cab had driven off, and I was left standing, half excited, half stupefied, and almost drunk, upon the pavement, in a cold, drizzling rain. For a moment I felt stunned. I rushed back into the hotel, and called for another glass of brandy. Yes, that revived me. Into the street again, almost shouting for a cab, but not one was in sight. At any rate I knew the way to St. Anne's Church; it was not far off. I started at a furious pace and rushed through the rain, which penetrated to my skin, for I had left my great coat at the hotel.

But I felt nothing, heard nothing, thought of nothing, until I arrived under the shadow of St. Anne's Church, in time to see, by the gas-light, with my own eyes, the border of Mary's best shawl just disappearing into the recesses of that accursed hansom.

Then I stumbled, and fell.

How long and dreary the first three months of the New Year were! All that time a threatening of rheumatic fever hung about me, and made it impossible to fight against the depression of spirits that overwhelmed me. Boyish and foolish as I had been, I had loved Mary with my whole heart, and I suffered keenly from her loss. But as my health improved I buckled to again to my work. I may say now without vanity that there was something to be respected in the determination I then made, to do my duty at any cost, and to let no shadow of my grief fall upon my father or mother. I felt that I was a boy no longer, and I resolved to play a man's part in the world. Now and then I heard the Primroses mentioned, but not often, for their set was not the same as mine. So it went on all through that long summer and autumn, until the leaves had changed and fallen again, and the dreary November days came round. One densely foggy night I went to dine with some bachelor friends in the city; just before the party broke up, one of them said, turning to me, "You used to know the Primroses, I think, did you not?"

"Yes," I replied briefly, "a little."

"Can you tell me by chance who the old fellow's money goes to if his daughter happens to die?"

"Dies! Mary dying! I could scarcely find voice to ask, "Is she ill?"

"Not particularly that I know of, but she always looks like a ghost now-a-days, and Charley Jones and I had a dispute as to whether old Primrose had any nephews. Pass the bottle, old fellow."

Not till I got into the street had I time to realize what I had heard, and then how miserable and heart-sick I felt. Those few chance words had shown me how little I had really overcome my feelings for Mary. She was as dear to me as ever. Oh, that she had been true! But I would not yield. I tried to crush down the pain, and walked resolutely toward home. My shortest way led through a by-street in a somewhat low neighbourhood, and here I turned into a dark archway with the intention of lighting a cigar. It was now twelve at night; the fog was somewhat less thick, but still dense enough to prevent the rays of light from a gas lamp just opposite the entrance from penetrating far into the archway. I tried two or three times to strike a match, but it would not ignite. I had given it up, and was about to emerge when I distinctly heard a voice close to me say in a low tone, "Old Primrose's crib." What was it that made me fancy I had heard the voice before? Sheltered by the darkness I turned my head, and there, standing under the gas lamp, dressed this time in shabbier clothing, but still with an air of flash gentility about him, I saw my rival again, dark and handsome as ever. I listened with breathless interest for the next words. He was with a man who bore the stamp of blackguardism in every feature: some denizen of the lowest slums of London. They had stopped, and I heard this man say, in a low cautious whisper, "You are certain the shiners are there?"

"Confound you, yes. I've told you so a hundred times. I got it all out of the little girl; but if you're afraid, leave it to me."

The man replied with an oath, and some whispering followed which I could not catch, but the last words were, "In an hour, then," and the men separated, each going a different way. I remained motionless till their footsteps had died away, and for some seconds after that. Those words had come to me like a revelation. I understood it all now. This man, who had supplanted me in Mary's affection was a thief: doubtless in the higher walk of the profession. I knew how easily, with his face and manners, he could counterfeit the gentleman, and he had won Mary's heart in order to discover from her what she, in her confidence, would easily reveal, where her father kept his money, and when he

received it. No doubt the villain knew the house well. No doubt he had paid stealthy visits there, as, alas! I had done. But "in an hour," he had said; there was no time for thought, only for action. I might yet save Mary from the consequences of her own folly. Recalling my energies, I hurried to the nearest police-station, and roused the sleepy officials. They were lively enough, however, when I had told my errand; nevertheless the hour had expired before we—I and four stalwart police men—reached Mr. Primrose's door.

"If they are already inside, we must hide ourselves at the foot of the staircase," said one of these functionaries on the way.

"Why not watch the house outside?"

"The chances are they would escape the back way, and there is no time to find that, even if we could in this fog. But they must come down the stairs; you say the strong-room is on the first floor?"

The front door, as we expected, was unfashioned, and yielded to a gentle pressure. Leaving one policeman to guard it outside, and one to watch the area, I and the other two entered noiselessly. The policeman's lantern showed the hall to be empty, and we concealed ourselves under the staircase. Presently a faint, very faint, noise was heard as of a muffled footfall. We held our breath, and listened. It drew nearer, it was coming down the stairs, and could that be—yes, it was—the rustle of a petticoat. Just at the right moment, as the foot of the second robber touched the mat on the floor of the hall, the policemen emerged.

"My friend, I've been looking for you a long time," said the one who secured my old acquaintance. A woman's shriek replied—a woman rushed forward, and threw her arms round the neck of the captive. He threw her off, with an impatient "Confound you, Mary, be quiet."

I knew her in a moment. She was—good Heavens! what a fool I had been!—not Mary Primrose, but her maid, a girl I had often seen during my visits of the previous year. Hardly knowing what I felt, I stood by doing nothing while the policemen handcuffed their prisoners, the girl sobbing by their side. Neither of the men had resisted, yet there had been a good deal of noise of one kind and another in the hall. A light appeared on the floor above. A voice I knew said, "Oh, what is the matter?" and looking up I saw my Mary—my own little darling—standing in the daintiest pink dressing-gown at the top of the staircase, peering timidly into the hall. Ladies, do not blush. She might have gone to a ball in that attire, for all I could tell, and been the beauty of the room; only she was without crinoline, and her pretty brown hair was all hanging about her shoulders. I could not help it. I sprang up the stairs, I took her in my arms and kissed her. I felt her breath warm upon my cheek: I poured out, I know not what follies and incoherencies. I believe we both cried like babies, till, looking up again, we beheld—in a magnificent dressing-gown, and a cotton nightcap—old Mr. Primrose glaring down upon us.

The next day he sent for me. In spite of my three-and-twenty years, I felt, when ushered into his presence, very much as I used to do when summoned before Mr. Smith, at Blackheath, to undergo corporal chastisement. But to my great surprise, and infinite relief, the old gentleman looked benignant.

"Sit down, Mr. Barlow," he said; "my daughter has been making a clean breast to me of her misdeeds. Pretty goings on there seem to have been in my house!"

"I know I was very wrong to come here without your permission, sir, but—"

"Well, well, boys will be boys. I'm not sure that I have not done the same in my time," he interrupted me, with a benevolent twinkle in his merry blue eyes for which I could have embraced him. "But what I want to know is this," he continued, "what have you been about for this last year? That child tells me she has not seen you since Christmas, and I can tell you she has been crying her pretty eyes out all summer."

Mary crying for me! I blushed like a girl, of course, and then I opened my heart, and told him

every particular. He smiled when I came to the note and the locket.

"Well, I declare, Mary has been such a little fool that she deserves to suffer for it. I have heard all about it this morning. She would engage that wretched girl who has been taken to prison, just because she had a pleasant face and a clever manner. The girl had no character, and had been miserably brought up. So Miss Mary thought she would take her in hand, and educate her. The poor creature couldn't even write, and Mary actually let herself be persuaded into writing a note for her, to appoint her lover to meet her, because she thinks, I know, that I am a hard-hearted old brute to allow no followers. More than that, I know she suspected the girl of wearing some of her clothes at these meetings, and winked at it rather than get her into trouble. Anyone might have foreseen the result. The girl stole by wholesale. Mary tells me she finds now that many of her little trinkets are gone—and then at last, as might have been expected—a gang of thieves are let into the house. But there"—continued the old gentleman, subsiding from his excitement, "Mary has been punished enough. Bless her innocent heart, I suppose she couldn't be expected to see what would have been as plain as daylight to anyone else, and she hasn't been well lately, so I mustn't vex her any more."

"Oh, sir! then you do not forbid—"

"Why," said Mr. Primrose, interrupting me again, and speaking this time in a kind, fatherly way, "I don't deny that if I had found this out a year ago, I should have been justly angry, and probably forbidden you my house. But things are different now. I have made inquiries about you, and I find you bear the highest character, which I care for more than money in a son-in-law, though I am such an avaricious old tyrant. Besides that, you have saved me £3000, for if that beggar had succeeded in forcing my sale, and with so many hours before him, he would have got clear off with the booty. And so—shake hands, sir"—concluded the old gentleman, blowing his nose, and rising hastily; "I'll settle business matters by-and-by with your father. Now go and talk to Mary."

What a Christmas eve we had! Mr. Primrose gave a party, and my father and mother were there, and Mr. Primrose actually led my dear old mother under the mistletoe, and then and there saluted her. And we played at forfeits, and we had snap-dragon, and I stood with my arm round Mary's waist in the dark, and we were gloriously happy, and oh! how lovely Mary did look with that bunch of scarlet holly shining in her dark hair.

But how much more lovely she looked the next morning, with the winter sunshine falling on her pure, white bridal dress. It was our wedding day. Mary had wished it to be so, for she said all our anniversaries were Christmases.

"Except that foggy night last month," I remind her, as we are whirled away in a coupé on the Great Western line. "If it had not been for that robbery we should never have come together. I shall scold you by-and-by, my pet, for being such a little goose as to write such a note for that poor girl."

Mary hangs her head, and looks prettier than ever as she blushes.

"She told me it was only that she might appoint him to go to church with her next day; and ah! Joe," says the little rogue, creeping closer still into my arms, and hiding her rosy cheeks upon my shoulder, "when we were so happy ourselves, how could I refuse to do anything that I thought would make other people happy too on Christmas-day?" W. R.

Napoleon—A naughty boy who was put in a corner because he wanted the world to play with.

Ink—The Black Sea on which thought rides at anchor.

Sleep—The vehicle in which we visit our distant friends.

Pen—The plough with which the field of truth is cultivated.

Echo—The shadow of a sound.

Truth—The world's hair-apparent.

A NOVEL BULL FIGHT.

ON one occasion during my residence in California, in 1853, I had occasion to proceed upon business from Stockton to the mission of San José, a distance of between eighty and ninety miles. I was in the saddle betimes, as my business was of importance, and had made three or four miles before the first faint streaks of the coming day became visible in the east. The air was cool and balmy, and laden with the perfume of the flowers and herbage; whilst, as the sun arose, the dewdrops glittered everywhere upon the twigs and grass blades like diamonds. The deer, as they left their roverts to feed, gazed fearlessly on either side of the trail as I passed; every now and then I disturbed a bevy of quail, who, after a short flight, dropped in the edge of the chapparrel, or into the wild oats. The country was rolling and park-like, dotted here and there with live oaks of immense size, standing singly, or with smaller trees in clumps.

After an hour or two's ride, Mount Diablo became visible in the distance, looming up cloud-like in the thin air; whilst, upon my left, the coast-range ran along almost parallel to my route. Gradually, the breeze ceased, and the air became close and oppressive, and continued so until I stopped for my mid-day halt, to allow my horse to feed. Unusually sultry as the day had been, it became still more so, and so silent, that not even the buzzing of an insect could be heard, and the air felt as though it had been heated in a furnace. Stretched on my blankets, I had tried to smoke my pipe, but even that lacked its usual soothing effect. Presently a low muttering sound was audible, which gradually increased; it was the moaning of the storm-wind, which came sweeping gustily along. Then came a flash of the most vivid lightning I ever saw, instantly followed by a tremendous peal of thunder, the signal-gun of the advancing storm, which rent the air, and made the earth tremble. A deep silence, for a brief interval, followed, which seemed more terrible than the previous uproar; then came the lurid flashes and crashing thunder, not in low, grumbling tones, but in deafening peals; whilst the wind roared, and the rain descended in sheets of driving water. For two mortal hours did the tempest rage, and the wild winds swept by, whilst I cowered under my blankets, with bent head, and back to the blast.

At first, the thirsty and parched prairie drank greedily up the flood of water poured upon it, but soon it became completely saturated, and could contain no more, and the overflowing waters collected in great pools.

My horse, who had at first been terrified by the thunder-peals and lightning flashes, had strained upon his picket-peg, as he plunged, snorting with terror, but had failed to either break the tough raw-hide lariat, or draw the peg; and satisfied that he could not get loose, I devoted my attention solely to sheltering myself as much as possible from the downpour.

Upon looking around when the storm had somewhat abated, what was my consternation to find that my horse, as soon as the ground had become thoroughly saturated, had pulled out the peg, and had left me on foot in the prairie. It was no use of thinking of pursuing my journey thus, and I sorrowfully prepared to retrace the long miles over which, I had ridden in the morning. Rolling up my saddle, bridle, and tin cup, in which I had made my coffee, in my saturated blankets, and hiding them as well as I could in some stunted shrubs, I followed in the direction my horse had started, hoping to be able to trail him by his hoof-marks in the softened ground, and by the drag of his long lariat and picket-peg, which I hoped might entangle themselves around some bush or sapling, and thus bring up my runaway to a stand-still.

It was not, however, without great difficulty that I could discern the trail, for the driving rain had washed it out, save here and there occasionally; but still by keeping *the line*, I managed now and then to come upon the traces of the fugitive. More intent upon the trail than on surrounding objects, I had proceeded four or five miles when I discovered that I had become an

object of curiosity to a large herd of cattle, who were closing in upon me with no very friendly intention.

I had lived in Texas long enough to know how hostile prairie-cattle always are to footmen, though a horseman might ride close to them unregarded; I also knew how helpless I was when opposed to such a tremendous aggregation of brute-force as the three or four hundred wild cattle possessed who were now rushing bellowing towards me. The herd of cows, and steers, and yearlings was led by a fierce old bull, who occasionally stopped to tear up the earth and shake his horns; then again he would advance, the mass crowding together, switching their tails high in the air, uttering fearful bellowings, whilst they tossed their horns, staring wildly in mingled rage and wonder.

There was no time to hesitate; I had only just perceived my enemies in time. A herd of wild cattle rushing furiously at a man upon an open plain soon assist him in coming to a decision. Four or five hundred yards behind me was a tree which I had lately passed, and just behind that again some bushes along the margin of a little creek. I determined to make for the tree, and climb that if possible; if not, if I was too closely pressed by the thundering herd, I would try and gain the bushes, amongst which, or in some hole or cranny in the creek's banks, I might hope to conceal myself. Most pedestrian matches are timed, my race was not, but I have reason to believe that the same distance was never covered quicker by any mortal man. As I gained the tree, I looked back and saw the foremost of the herd about a hundred yards from me. I never was considered an extraordinary climber when a boy at school, nor perhaps are a pair of heavy Mexican spurs an advantage in climbing, but I went up that tree like a squirrel, and had just gained a safe position, when my pursuers rushed underneath. Although I had gained safety for the moment, still there was something very fearful in my position, for I could form no idea how long the fierce beasts, who were tearing up the earth, and glaring at me with their wild fierce eyes, would keep me 'treed.'

A most unlooked-for adventure relieved me. For some time, most of the herd remained gazing at me; but at length, as though feeling satisfied that I could not escape, they became less stationary, and moved about snatching pettishly at the grass, less from a desire of grazing, than from restlessness at their disappointment in failing to catch me before I could 'tree.'

Whilst thus sauntering aimlessly about, my especial enemy, the bull, strayed into the bushes that fringed the ravine, and suddenly there arose a fearful uproar, and it was evident that the tawny lord of the herd got into trouble.

A hoarse bellowing and confused growling, intermixed with a crashing of the bushes, whilst the taller saplings swayed to and fro, shewed that some desperate struggle was taking place on the edge of the ravine in which the bull was engaged, but what with I could not discover. Presently, the bull emerged with bloody head and huge furrows ploughed upon his shoulders, from which hung long strips of bloody skin-like ribbons. His eyes were red with rage, and it was evident he had no idea of giving up the contest, but had only retreated to gain an open space where he could fight to better advantage. Hitherto I had only noticed the bull as a ferocious beast, who had from pure ill-nature put me in serious danger; but now, as he stood glowing with rage, I could not help noticing his admirable proportions. Long, lithe, and wiry, he stood a perfect model of strength and activity, whilst his massive shoulders proved what force he could bring to aid the thrusts of his straight, long, sharp-pointed horns. I had not more than a second or two to take in these points, when his antagonist appeared upon the scene in the shape of a huge grizzly bear. No sooner was the bear fairly in the open, than the bull lowered his head, and charged straight and true at him, with the seeming force of a steam-engine. The bear rose up upon his hind-legs to receive the attack, and catching the bull by the horns, bore down his head upon the ground by his great strength and weight, clinging to the head with his fore-legs,

while he worked his hind ones, clawing with his cruel talons the sides and shoulders of the bull. The match was an equal one, as far as weight was concerned, and nearly balanced in other respects; for whilst the bear worked 'tooth and toenails,' the sharp horns and greater activity of the bull served to equalize them as to weapons; and as both antagonists possessed equal courage and determination, it was clear the duel was to be *à la mort*, and the victory, I could see, between such well-matched foes depended upon accident. Locked together thus in deadly strife, they remained some minutes, the bull each moment striving, as it were, to contract himself for his repeated thrusts, and the bear endeavouring to hold the bull's head to prevent their force, never intermitting for an instant raking with his claws the ribs and shoulders of the foe. For a moment or two they seemed to pause for breath by mutual consent, a lull which the bull artfully took advantage of, by a sudden backward spring, to get clear of the bear.

During the whole of the combat, the other cattle had stood around in awe-struck wonder, not attempting in any way to aid their champion. The bull, covered with gore from the gashes cut by the claws, and the head gnawed by the teeth of the bear, was a horrible sight to see, though the bear appeared as yet but little injured. As soon as the bull had gained space sufficient to give impetus to his charge, he again rushed furiously at the Grizzly, and this time succeeded in plunging one horn into the bear's belly, and jerking his head up, brought away upon his horns some of the entrails of his foe; but the next moment he was borne back by the Grizzly, and both rolled over in another deadly struggle; and now so furious and rapidly did they fight, whirling over and over, that only an undistinguishable mass could be seen. Again the bull fought clear of his antagonist, but he presented a far more deplorable appearance than before, for one eye had been torn from the socket, and his ears hung in shreds, whilst all the forward part of his hips was a mass of blood and mud, and his tongue, which protruded beyond his swollen lips, had been bitten through, and hung by only a piece of skin.

But the bear had evidently had the worst of this second encounter, for he lay almost motionless, his entrails wound round and round him like gory belts; and whilst in this state, the bull gored him repeatedly, till finally a long shiver passed through the bear, and he lay dead. Convinced at last that his enemy was dead, the bull raised his head in triumph, and as well as his mutilated tongue permitted, gave a roar of victory. It was dearly purchased, however, for he tottered as he bellowed, and though he set his legs wide apart, he swayed from side to side; presently his head drooped lower and lower, till at last he sunk down groaning to the ground. Then came two or three vain efforts to recover his legs, and after a few convulsive shudders, he too lay dead beside his foe. The herd sniffed round the dead bodies for a few moments, and then, wild with terror, started panic-stricken across the prairie.

Finding the coast clear, I descended from my perch, and with a due appreciation of the dangers of foot-travelling, set off in search of my horse, expecting a grizzly bear to make his appearance from every clump of bushes that I passed. After a tramp of several miles, I was fortunate enough to find my horse, whose lariat had become entangled around some shrubs under which he had stopped to feed; and mounting him bare-backed, I turned his head towards where I had left my saddle and other *impedimenta*; nor was I sorry, soon after sunrise the following morning, to see the long avenue of stately live oaks which line the road as you approach the mission of San José.

King George the Fifth of Hanover has lately composed an Italian opera, "The Hermit of the Peloponnesus," which is in preparation for performance. To this end he has engaged an Italian troupe, at a cost of twenty thousand *thalers*. King George, born in 1819, is not only a composer, but also an intelligent writer upon music.

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young clergyman looked up at him like a man who is suddenly enlightened.

"In any case, Mr. Trefalden," he replied, "you could only do what you are now doing. Mercy under these circumstances would be cruel injustice. Shall we alight here? Perhaps it would be better than driving up to the château."

The postillions had pulled up before the door of the village auberge; so the travellers got out, and went up the private road on foot.

"You don't think it would come better from yourself, being a clergyman?" said Saxon, as Mr. Guthrie rang for admission.

The clergyman shook his head.

"Certainly not. I could only repeat what I have been told; you can tell what you know."

"True."

"But, if you prefer it, I will see Miss Rivière first, and prepare her for your visit."

"Thanks—thanks a thousand times."

An elderly woman opened the door, smiling and curtsying. *Mam'selle*, she said, was in the *grande salon* "au premier;" so Mr. Guthrie went up, while Saxon waited in a little anteroom on the ground floor.

He was cruelly nervous. He tried to think what he ought to say, and how he ought to begin; but he could not put the words together in his mind, and when the clergyman came back at the end of ten minutes, it seemed to him as if he had not been absent as many seconds.

"I have given her your card," said Mr. Guthrie, "and told her that you are Mr. Forsyth's cousin. Go up to the first landing, and through the door that faces you as you ascend the stairs. I will wait here for you."

He went up, his heart beating painfully against his side; and then he paused a moment outside the door.

CHAPTER XLV. WHAT PITY IS AKIN TO.

He found himself in a small outer salon opening through wide sliding-doors into a large room beyond. A dark figure sitting beside an open window rose slowly at his approach, and a very low soft voice, in reply to his muttered salutation, bade him be seated.

"I trust," he said, "that Miss Rivière will pardon an intrusion which must seem unpardonable till it is explained."

"You are welcome, sir," she replied. "If only as Mr. Forsyth's relative—"

She raised her eyes to his face for the first time, faltered, coloured crimson, and, after a moment's hesitation, added:

"I think we have met before."

Saxon bowed profoundly.

"I believe," he said, "that I once had the honour of being useful to you for a few moments."

"You never gave me any opportunity of—of thanking you, Mr. Trefalden," she said, pressing her hands tightly together in her extremity of embarrassment.

"You gave me more thanks at the time, madam, than were merited by so trifling a service," replied Saxon; his self-possession all coming back to him at the sight of her timidity. "It seems strange that we should next meet in so very different a place."

"Very strange."

"But I had so much difficulty to trace you here, that I began to fear we should not meet at all."

"Do you come from Angoulême?"

"No; I have followed you from England."

"Indeed? I—I thought you had perhaps met Mr. Forsyth in Angoulême, and—"

"My cousin does not know that I am in France," replied Saxon, gravely.

"How happy he will be to see you!"

Saxon looked down in silence.

"And—and he will be here in about an hour and a half," added Miss Rivière, with a glance at the pendule on the mantelshelf.

"This evening?"

"Yes. He returns to Bordeaux to-day, and will lodge to-night at the auberge in the village."

As she said this, Miss Rivière, surprised by the undemonstrative way in which Saxon received her information, again lifted her eyes.

"I—I hope there is nothing the matter," she said anxiously.

Saxon hesitated.

"I cannot say that I am the bearer of good news," he replied,

"Oh dear, I am so sorry!"

"I am sorry too," said he; "more sorry than I can tell you."

The compassionate reluctance of his manner seemed to startle her.

"What do you mean?" she said, with evident apprehension.

"I mean, that it grieves me to the soul to inflict the pain which my intelligence must give you."

"Must give me?" she faltered, looking for an instant quite white and scared. Then, smiling sadly, she shook her head, and turned her face away. "Ah no," she said; "that is all over."

"If I could indeed believe, Miss Rivière, that you would be indifferent to the tale I have to tell, my anxiety would be at an end," said Saxon, eagerly. "Will you forgive me if I ask you a very strange question?"

"I—I think so."

"Do you love my cousin?"

Miss Rivière turned a shade paler, and said with some dignity:

"Mr. Forsyth is my best friend in the world—my only friend—and I honour him as he deserves to be honoured."

"But if he were not your best friend, Miss Rivière? If instead of doing you service, he had done you wrong? If that honour which you pay to him were utterly unmerited—what then? Nay, forgive me—I do not wish to alarm you; but I am here to-day to tell you terrible truths, and I now only implore you to listen to them patiently."

"I am quite willing to hear what you have to say, Mr. Trefalden," Miss Rivière replied; "but my faith in your cousin will not be easily shaken."

"My own faith in him was not easily shaken," said Saxon. "Like yourself, I believed him to be my friend."

"Of what offence do you accuse him?"

"He has robbed me."

"Robbed you?"

"Yes—of two millions of money."

Miss Rivière looked at him with a sort of incredulous bewilderment.

"Of money?" she faltered. "You say that he has robbed you of money?"

"I trusted him with two millions, and he has robbed me of every farthing," replied the young man, pitilessly direct. "Nor is this all. He has robbed your cousin, Lord Castletowers, of twenty-five thousand pounds more."

"Mr. Forsyth does not know Lord Castletowers?"

"Mr. Forsyth may not know Lord Castletowers, but William Trefalden, the attorney-at-law—knows him perfectly well."

"William Trefalden—who is he?"

"William Trefalden is Mr. Forsyth—William Trefalden is my cousin—William Trefalden is the man to whom Miss Rivière was about to give her hand to-morrow."

The young girl half rose from her chair, and Saxon could see that she was trembling from head to foot.

"I do not believe it!" she exclaimed. "It is monstrous—incredible!"

"It is true."

"What proof have you?"

"Not much; yet, I think, enough to convince you. Do you know my cousin's handwriting?"

"Yes."

Saxon took a card from his purse, and laid it before her.

"Do you recognise it?"

"Yes—this is his hand."

"Read it."

The young lady read aloud: "*Mrs. Rivière, Beauport Villa, St. John's Wood.* What does this mean? We never lived at St. John's Wood."

"Yet that is the address which William Trefalden left at Brudenell-terrace, when you removed to Sydenham."

"That is very strange."

Saxon produced a crumpled letter, and laid that also before her.

"Do you recognise his handwriting here as well?"

"Undoubtedly. Am I to read it?"

Saxon hesitated.

"It—it is his farewell letter to a poor woman he once loved," he said. "There is nothing in it that you may not read if you wish it."

Miss Rivière read, and returned it in silence.

"You observe the signature?"

"I do."

"You see that you have been imposed upon by a false name, and that others have been imposed upon by a false address?"

"Yes—I see it; but I do not understand—"

"Will you tell me how it was that you could not leave word with your landlady to what seaport you were going when you left Sydenham?"

"Mr. Forsyth did not decide upon Clevedon till we reached Paddington."

"Can you tell me why you have been taken from London to Clevedon, from Clevedon to Bristol, from Bristol to Bordeaux, instead of embarking direct for the States from either Southampton or Liverpool?"

"I do not know—I was not aware that we were pursuing an unusual route."

"But you see it now?"

"I see that we have made an unnecessary détour; but I do not know why—"

"Permit me to tell you why. Because this journey is not the journey of an honest man, but the flight of a felon—a flight planned for months beforehand, and planned with no other end in view than to baffle inquiry and defeat pursuit. You leave Brudenell-terrace, and, thanks to the false address given, all trace of you is lost. You leave Sydenham, uncertain of your destination. You spend a few days at an obscure watering-place in the West of England, and then embark on board a merchant steamer plying at uncertain dates between Bristol and Bordeaux. With what object?—simply that you may take your passage out to America from a French port, instead of sailing direct from London, Southampton, or Liverpool. In order to do this, you perform a tedious journey and lose many days by the way; while had you started from Liverpool, you would by this time have been within a few hours of New York. But then William Trefalden had committed a gigantic fraud, and he well knew that none of our great English ports were safe for him. He knew that my agents might be waiting for him at every point from which he would be likely to escape; but who would suspect him at Bristol? Who would confront him at Bordeaux? Who would arrest him as he landed, and say, 'Give up the two millions you have stolen, and resign the lady you have wronged?'"

Miss Rivière listened, her eyes fixed, her lips parted, her face becoming gradually paler, as Saxon, in the intensity of his earnestness, laid his facts and inferences one by one before her.

Then the young man paused, seeing that she was convinced, but grieved also at the cost of how rude a shock that conviction was purchased.

"These are cruel truths," he said; "but what can I do? I must undeceive. I have tracked you from house to house, from city to city, for no other purpose than to save you from the fate to which you are devoting yourself; and now the minutes are going fast, and I am forced to speak plainly, or it will soon be too late to speak at all!"

Miss Rivière wrung her hands despairingly.

"Oh, mother! mother!" she cried, pitifully, "why are you not here to tell me what I ought to do?"

"You believe? You are convinced?"

"Yes—alas! I am convinced; but shall I forget that this man was my father's early friend—my mother's benefactor?"

"If William Trefalden told you that he was your father's early friend, Miss Rivière, it was as false as the name under which he made himself known to you!"

"Ah, you do not know all that he did to serve us! You do not know how he sought us out when we were in poverty, how he—"

"Pardon me—I do know it. He sought you out, because I gave him your card, and requested him to do so. He bought your father's paintings on my account solely; and he never saw Mr. Rivière in his life. I never meant to tell you; but this leaves me no option."

The young girl covered her face with her hands and wept silently. Her tears went straight to Saxon's heart. He felt an inexpressible desire to take her in his arms, and tell her that he would give his life to comfort and protect her. But not daring to do this, he only said, in his boyish way: "Pray don't cry. It makes me feel that I have been very cruel to you!"

But she made no reply.

"I cannot tell you," he went on, "what I have suffered in the thought of inflicting this suffering upon you. I would have borne the double share gladly if I could. Do forgive me."

Still she wept on. He ventured a little nearer.

"I know how hard it is," he said tenderly. "I have had to go through it all. He was my friend, and I thought he was the very soul of honour. I would hardly have believed it if an angel from heaven had told me that he would be false to his trust."

"But he was my only friend!" sobbed the girl. "My only friend in all the world!"

"No, no," cried Saxon, "not your only friend! Don't say that! Don't think it! Look up—look in my face, and see if it is not the face of a truer man than William Trefalden!"

And so kneeling down before her to bring his face upon a nearer level, the young man touched her hands timidly, as if he would fain draw them away, yet dared not take them in his own.

"Do look at me!" he pleaded. "Only once—only for one moment!"

She lifted her face, all pale with tears, and glancing at him shyly, tremblingly, like a frightened child, saw something in his eyes which brought the colour back to her cheek in a flood of sudden scarlet.

"Oh, if I only dared to tell you!" he said, passionately. "May I?—may I?"

He took her hands in his—she did not withdraw them. He kissed them; first one and then the other. He leaned closer—closer.

"I love you, Helen," he whispered. "Can you forget all this misery, and be my little wife? My home is in Switzerland where I have a dear father who is a pastor. We are a simple people, and we lead a simple life among our flocks and pastures; but we are no traitors. We neither betray our friend, nor deceive those we love. Tell me, darling, will you love me a little? Will you come and live with me among my own beautiful Alps, far, far away?"

She smiled. He took that smile for his answer, and kissed the lips that gave it; and then, for a few minutes, they laughed and cried and rejoiced together, like children who have found a treasure.

"You must wear this till I can get you a smaller one," said Saxon, taking a ring from his finger and putting it upon hers.

"It is very beautiful," said Helen. "What is it?—a crystal?"

"No a diamond."

"A diamond! I did not think there were any real diamonds in the world so large as that!"

"I will give you a necklace of them, every one bigger than this."

"What are you then? A prince?"

"A citizen-farmer of the Swiss Republic."

"Then the Swiss are very rich?"

"Not they, indeed; but I am the richest man in the Canton Grisons, and my wife will be a great lady—as great a lady as her aunt, Lady Castletowers."

"Do you know Lady Castletowers?"

"Yes; her son is my most intimate friend. He is the dearest fellow in the world. You will be so fond of him?"

"I do not know any of my relations," said Helen, sadly, "except my aunt Alethea—and she does not love me."

"She will find out that she loves you dearly when you wear your diamonds," laughed Saxon, his arm round her waist, and his curls brushing her cheek.

Helen sighed, and laid her head wearily against his shoulder.

"I do not want Lady Castletowers to love me," she said; "and I do not care for diamonds. I wish we were going to be poor, Saxon."

"Why so, Helen?"

"Because—because I fancy poor people are happier; and love each other better than rich

people. My father and mother were very, very poor, and——"

"They never loved each other half so much as we shall love each other!" interrupted Saxon, impetuously. "I could not love you one jot more if I were as poor as Adam."

"Are you sure of that?"

"As sure as that I am the happiest fellow in all the world! But tell me, Helen, did you never care for William Trefalden? Never at all?"

Helen shook her head.

"I respected him," she said. "I was grateful."

"But did you not love him a little?"

"No."

"Not in the least?"

"Not in the very least."

"And yet you would have married him!"

"Think how lonely I was."

"That is true—poor little Helen!"

"And he loved me. He was the only person in all the world who loved me."

"Except myself."

"Ah, but I could not know that! When did you first begin to love me, Saxon?"

"I hardly know. I think ever since I found you were in danger of marrying William Trefalden. And you?"

"I shall not tell you."

"Nay, that is not fair."

"Indeed I will not."

"Then I shall conclude that you do not love me at all."

"No, no!"

"Positively yes."

She turned her face away, half crying, half laughing.

"You have been my hero," she whispered, "ever since the day of our first meeting."

CHAPTER XXV. BROUGHT TO BAY.

With closed windows, lighted lamp, and curtains jealously drawn, Saxon Trefalden and Mr. Guthrie sat together, ominously silent, in the larger salon of the Château de Peyrolles. On the table were placed pens, paper, and ink. The ante-room was left in darkness, and the folding-doors between stood a little apart. All was very still—in the house no voice, no footfall, no sound of life; out of doors, nothing but the weary moaning of the wind, and the creaking of the weathercocks upon the turrets overhead.

They were waiting for William Trefalden.

Miss Rivière had withdrawn to her chamber, partly to escape all sight or hearing of the coming interview, and partly to make such slight preparation as might be necessary before leaving the chateau; the clergyman having promptly volunteered to find her a temporary asylum with the family of an English merchant settled at Bordeaux. It was therefore arranged that the carriage should be in readiness at the back entrance shortly after seven o'clock; and then, as soon as was practicable, they were all three to hasten back to Bordeaux as fast as Saxon's post-horses could carry them. In the mean while the appointed hour came and went, the two men waited, and still no William Trefalden made his appearance.

Presently the pendule on the mantelshelf chimed the quarter.

Mr. Guthrie looked at his watch. Saxon rose, went over to the nearest window, pushed aside the curtain, and looked out. It was now dusk; but there was still a pale, lurid gleam upon the horizon, by the light of which the young man could see the great clouds rolling together overhead, like the mustering of many armies.

"It will be a wild night," he said as he resumed his chair.

"Hush!" replied the clergyman "I hear wheels."

They listened; but the vehicle came along at a foot-pace, and went slowly round by the yard at the back of the chateau.

"It is only our own post-chaise," said Saxon.

And then they were again silent.

Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, and the pendule chimed again. It was now half-past seven.

All at once, Saxon held up his hand, and bent his head attentively.

"I hear nothing," said the clergyman.

"I hear a carriage and pair—coming very quickly—from the direction of Bordeaux!"

Mr. Guthrie smiled doubtfully; but Saxon's trained ear could not be deceived. In another moment the sound became faintly audible, then grew gradually louder, and ceased at last before the gates of the chateau.

Saxon looked out again.

"I see the carriage outside the gates," he said. "They are opened by a boy carrying a lantern. He alights—he pays the driver—he crosses the court-yard—the carriage drives away. He is here!"

With this he dropped the curtain and turned down the lamp, so as to leave the room in half shadow; while Mr. Guthrie, in accordance with their preconcerted plan, went out into the dark ante-room, and took up his station close against the door.

Presently they heard William Trefalden's voice chatting pleasantly with the housekeeper in the hall, and then his footsteps on the stairs. Outside the door he seemed to pause for an instant, then turned the handle and came in. Finding himself in the dark, he deposited something heavy on the floor, and, guided by the narrow line of light between the folding-doors, moved towards the second salon. As he did this, Mr. Guthrie softly locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Slight as the sound was, the lawyer heard it.

"What's that?" he said quickly, and stopped half way.

He listened holding his breath the while; then sprang forward, threw the doors open, and passed into the adjoining room.

As he did so, Saxon turned on the full light of the table lamp, and the two men stood suddenly revealed to each other face to face.

"At last—traitor!"

A frightful pallor—that deadly pallor which is born not of fear but of hatred—spread itself slowly over William Trefalden's countenance and there remained. No other sign betrayed the tumult within. Haughty as an Indian at the stake, he folded his arms, and met his cousin's eye unflinchingly.

Thus they stood for a second or two, both silent. Then Mr. Guthrie came in from the ante-room, shut the folding-doors, and took his seat at the table; while Saxon resumed his former place, and, pointing to a chair standing apart from the rest, said:

"Please to sit there, William Trefalden."

The lawyer, with a sharp glance of recognition at the clergyman, flung himself into the chair.

"May I ask what this means?" he said, contemptuously. "An amateur Star Chamber?"

"It means justice and retribution," replied Saxon, sternly.

Mr. Trefalden smiled, leaned back in his chair, and waited for what should come next. He knew that all was over. He knew that this fairy gold had turned to withered leaves, and that the paradise of his dreams had suddenly vanished away, leaving in its place only the endless desert and the burning sands. He knew that the edifice which he had been rearing month after month with such consummate skill, was shattered to dust—that the die on which he had staked reputation, country, personal safety, and his worldly future, had turned up a blank at the very moment when he believed the prize his own. He knew that Helen Rivière would never, never now be wife of his; would never grace his home and gladden his heart with her smiles; never learn to give him love for love, in all the weary years that were to come! He knew that from this time forth he was a marked man, a branded felon, dependent on the mercy of the kinsman whom he had betrayed; and yet, knowing all this, his self-command never wavered, his eyes never quailed, his voice never faltered for an instant. He was desperate; but his pride and his courage were at least equal to his despair.

Saxon, sitting at the head of the table with his head leaning on his hand, looked down for some moments in silence.

"I have not much to say to you, William Trefalden," he began presently; "and what little I have to say must be said briefly. To reproach one who could act as you have acted would be

idle. If you had any heart to be touched, any sense of honour to be awakened, neither you nor I would be sitting here to-night."

Still smiling scornfully, the lawyer listened, apparently with the greatest indifference.

"To keep, then, to plain facts," continued the young man, "you have defrauded me of two millions of money: you have that money in your possession; you are at this moment my prisoner; and I have but to call in the aid of the village police, and convey you to Bordeaux in the carriage which now waits below for that purpose. Such is your position, and such is mine. But I am unwilling to push matters to extremity. I am unwilling to attach public scandal to the name which you are the first of our family to disgrace. For my uncle's sake and my own, and for respect to the memory of many generations of honest men, I have decided to offer you a fair alternative."

He paused and referred to a slip of paper lying beside him on the table.

"In the first place," he continued, "I require you to restore the money of which you have robbed me. In the second place, you must sign a full confession of your guilt, both as regards the two millions stolen from myself, and the twenty-five thousand pounds of which you have defrauded the Earl of Castletowers. In the third place, you must betake yourself to America, and never again be seen on this side the Atlantic. If you agree to these conditions, I consent to screen you from the law, and will give you the sum of one thousand pounds to help you forward honestly in the new life before you."

"And supposing that I decline the conditions," said Mr. Trefalden, calmly. "What then?"

"Then I simply ring this bell, and the boy who just now opened the gates to you will at once summon a couple of sergents de ville from the village."

The lawyer only elevated his eyebrows in the least perceptible degree.

"Your decision, if you please."

"My decision?" replied Mr. Trefalden, with as much apparent indifference as if the subject under consideration were the binding of a book or the framing of a picture. "Well—it appears to me that I am allowed no freedom of choice."

"Am I to understand that you accept my conditions?"

"I suppose so."

"Where then is the money?"

"In the adjoining room. You have out to take possession of it."

Mr. Guthrie rose, fetched the carpet bag, and placed it on the table.

"Your keys, if you please."

William Trefalden produced three small keys on a ring and handed them to the clergyman.

"You will find the money excellently invested," he said, looking on with unruffled composure while the bag, the deed-box, and the cash-box were successively opened. The contents of the last were then turned out upon the table, and Mr. Guthrie, with a view to ascertaining whether the whole sum was actually there represented, proceeded to examine each item separately. But he found, after a few minutes, that the attempt was fruitless. The notes and specie offered no difficulties, but of notes and specie there was, comparatively, but a small proportion, while the bulk of the booty consisted of securities of the value of which he could form no opinion, and precious stones which it would have needed a lapidary's knowledge to appraise.

"I confess," he said, "that I am wholly unequal to the task of verifying this money. It needs a better man of business than myself."

"Then it must go unverified," said Saxon, taking up rouleaux and papers as they came, and thrusting them back again, pell-mell into the box. "I am no man of business myself, and I cannot prolong this painful investigation beyond to-night. We will go on to the declaration."

"If you will tell me what you wish said, I will draw it up for you," said Mr. Guthrie.

Saxon then whispered his instructions, and the clergyman's pen ran swiftly over the paper. When it was all written he read the declaration aloud.

"I, William Trefalden, of Chancery-lane, London, attorney-at-law, do acknowledge and confess to having obtained the sum of two millions sterling from my cousin, Saxon Trefalden, of Switzerland, with intent to defraud him of the same; and I confess to having deceived him with the belief that I had invested it for his use and advantage in the shares of a certain supposititious Company, which Company had no actual existence, but was wholly invented and imagined by myself to serve my own fraudulent ends. I also confess to having invested those two millions in such foreign and other securities as I conceived would turn to my own future profit, and to having fled to England with the whole of the property thus abstracted, intending to escape therewith to the United States of America, and appropriate the same to my own purposes.

I likewise confess of having, two years since, received the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds from my client, Gervase Leopold Wynnecliff, Earl of Castletowers, which sum it was my duty to have straightway paid over into the hands of Oliver Behrens, Esq., of Bread-street, London, for the liquidation of a mortgage debt contracted by Lord Castletowers some four years previously; but which sum I did, nevertheless, appropriate to my own uses, continuing to pay only the interest thereof, as heretofore, in the name of my client.

"And I allege that this confession, both as regards the offence committed by me against my cousin, Saxon Trefalden, of Switzerland, and as regards the offence committed by me against my client, the Earl of Castletowers, is in all respects substantially and absolutely true, as witness my signature, given in presence of the under-mentioned witnesses, this twenty-second day of September, Anno Domini eighteen hundred and sixty."

Mr. Guthrie, having read the statement through, passed it across the table. William Trefalden, still leaning back carelessly in his chair, affected to smile at the lawyer-like way in which the clergyman had rounded his sentences, but, as the reading proceeded, frowned, and beat his heel impatiently upon the polished floor.

Saxon pushed the inkstand towards him.

"Your signature," he said.

The lawyer rose—took up a pen—dipped it in the ink—hesitated—and then, with a sudden movement of disdain, flung it back upon the table.

"You have your money," he said impatiently.

"What more can you want?"

"I require the evidence of your guilt."

"I cannot—will not sign it. Take your money, in God's name, and let me go!"

Saxon rose, pale and implacable; his hand upon the bell.

"The alternative lies before you," he said.

"Sign or I give the signal."

William Trefalden cast a hasty glance about the room, as looking for some weapon wherewith to slake the hatred that glittered in his eye; then muttering a fierce oath between his teeth, snatched up the pen, and, as it were dug his name into the paper.

"There, curse you!" he said, savagely. "Are you satisfied?"

Mr. Guthrie affixed his own signature as witness to the confession, and Saxon did the same.

"Yes," the young man replied. "I am satisfied. It only remains to me to fulfil my share of the compact."

And he selected Bank of England notes to the value of one thousand pounds.

The lawyer deliberately tore them into many fragments.

"I would die a dozen deaths," he said, "sooner than owe a crust to your bounty."

"As you please. At all events, you are now free."

Hereupon Mr. Guthrie rose, took the key from his pocket, and unlocked the door. The lawyer followed him. On the threshold he turned.

"Saxon Trefalden," he said, in a low, deep, concentrated tone, "if ever man hated man, I hate you. I hated you before I ever beheld you, and I have hated you with a tenfold hatred from the hour when we first met face to face. Remember that. Remember that my deadly curse will be upon you and about you all the days of your life—upon your children and upon your

children's children—upon your marriage-bed, and your death-bed, and your grave. There is no sorrow, no disease, no shame, that I do not pray may embitter your life, and blast your name in this world—no extremity of despair and anguish which I do not hope may fall to your portion in the next. Take this for my farewell."

There was something frightful in the absence of all passion and fury, in the cold, calm, deliberate emphasis with which William Trefalden uttered this parting malediction; but Saxon heard it with a face of solemn pity and wonder, and looked at him steadily from the first word to the last.

"May God forgive you as I do," he then said devoutly. "May God in his infinite mercy forgive you and pity you, and soften your heart, and not visit those curses upon your own unhappy head."

But William Trefalden was already gone, and heard no word of his cousin's pardon.

CHAPTER XXVI. GONN!

Steadily sternly, William Trefalden went down the broad stone stairs and into the hall. Here the housekeeper, coming from the empty dining-room and wondering what great trouble was in the house, started at the sight of him, as if he were a ghost. He passed her as he would have passed a tree by the roadside, took his hat mechanically, and went out. At the gates he paused. The key was on the inside; but he fumbled with it confusedly, and could not turn the lock. The housekeeper, looking after him with a sort of vague terror, called to Jacques to open the gates for monsieur; whereupon Jacques, clattering across the yard in his sabots, came running, lantern in hand, and turned the key in an instant.

Monsieur passed out into the lane like a man in a dream, and having gone a few steps, stood still and leaned against the wall. The wind blew fiercely, bringing heavy drops of rain with it every now and again; but of this he seemed unconscious. Then he went slowly down the lane and out upon the high road. To the right lay Bordeaux, a good ten miles away; to the left, bordering the road for some little distance on either side, but lying for the most part somewhat back among the vineyards, came the village. He stopped, walked a few yards in this direction, a few yards in that, and then stopped again, feeling faint and stunned, and all unlike himself.

It was a case of reaction, mental and physical.

He had gone through a terrific ordeal, and it had now begun to tell upon him, body and brain. Dimly conscious of this, he tried to collect his thoughts—tried to consider what it was that he wanted to do, and which way he should go next. Then he suddenly remembered that he had been travelling since noon, and had not dined that day. He would go to the auberge in the village, and there get some food and some brandy—above all, some brandy. It would put life into him; steady him; lift this weight from his brain, and restore him to himself.

Acting upon this instinct, he made his way to the Lion d'Or. Two old peasants, chatting over their half bottle of thin red wine in a corner of the public room, looked up as he came in; and the master of the house, recognizing the English monsieur, who was to occupy his best bed-chamber that night, left his game of dominoes and rose respectfully. Did monsieur desire to see his room? The room was quite ready, and he thought monsieur would be content with it. Could monsieur have refreshment? Without doubt. Monsieur could have whatever refreshment he pleased—a cutlet, an omelette, a dish of ham, a fowl even, if monsieur did not object to wait while it was cooked. Good; a cutlet—a cutlet and some cognac. He had excellent cognac; vieux cognac, if Monsieur indeed preferred it to wine. Monsieur should be served immediately. The outlet would not take five minutes to prepare. In the mean while, would monsieur be pleased to occupy this small table by the window?

William Trefalden dropped into the chair placed for him by the landlord, and there sat in a kind of stupor—his hat on, his elbows resting on the table, his chin supported on his hands.

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But Mr. Trefalden broke in with a fierce oath, and bade the man hold his peace and bring the brandy instantly.

Then he poured out a half a tumblerful, drank it recklessly, flung a napoleon on the table, and rushed out again into the storm.

He was now utterly beside himself—his brain reeling, his blood on fire, his whole frame throbbing with fever and fury. The landlord of the Lion d'Or, thankful to be rid of him, shut and barred the door and went straightway up to bed, resolved not to admit him again under any circumstances. In the mean while he seemed to have lost sight of his determination to walk to Bordeaux, and went raving and gesticulating up and down the village, where all, except himself, were sleeping quietly.

Thus pacing to and fro like a caged beast, he suddenly became aware of the approach of a travelling-carriage. On it came, thundering through the one straggling street of Drouay, with flaring lamps, steaming horses, splash and clatter of wheels, and the loud cracking of the postilion's whip. He ran to meet it—he shouted—he implored to be taken up—he would pay any price only to stand upon the step, if they would let him! But the postilion took him for a beggar, and shook his whip at him; and the travellers inside, cut off from him by windows opaque with damp, and deafened by the rattle of their own wheels and the pelting of the rain upon the carriage roof, neither saw nor heard him. Still he ran beside it, panting and shouting—tried to clutch at the traces, but, receiving a savage lash across the hands, fell back and made a desperate effort to spring up behind. But all in vain. He missed his hold; and the carriage swept on, and left him there despairing.

Still, still he ran, fated, irresponsible, headlong—now stumbling among the sharp flints in the road—now getting up with hands all cut and bleeding—now pausing to take breath—now fancying he could still hear the retreating wheels; and so, drenched, giddy, breathless, his hat gone, his face and clothes disfigured with mud and ruin, rushing blindly on again!

Each moment the storm increased and the wind rose higher, till at last it culminated in a terrific hurricane. Then the thunder came up in heavy peals, the lightning burst over the plain in rapid flashes, and the wind tore up the vines by the roots and whirled them wildly away, with all their vintage promise, towards the sea. Yet still, urged forward by that fierce thirst which blood alone could slake, with murder in his heart and madness in his brain, William Trefalden ran—fell—struggled to his feet—staggered on again—fell again—and so for miles and miles!

Next morning early, when the storm-clouds were drifting off raggedly towards the west with now and then a gleam of uncertain sunshine between, a party of peasant folk coming up from the way of Medoc found the body of a man lying face downwards in a pool by the roadside. His clothes, face, and hands were torn and blood-stained. He had a watch upon his person, and in his waistcoat-pocket a porte-monnaie full of bank-notes and napoleons. No letter, no card, no token by which it might be possible to identify him, could be discovered upon the body. His very linen was unmarked.

The honest country-folk laid this nameless corpse across one of their mules, and brought it charitably into the dead-house at Bordeaux. Lying lain there unclaimed for forty-eight hours, it was buried in the new cemetery beyond the walls, with a small black cross at the head of the grave, on which the only inscription was a row of numerals. His watch, his money, and his clothes were awarded by the préfet to the poor of the parish in which the body was found.

EPILOGUE.

The world knows the Italian story by heart. How Garibaldi entered Naples; how, at Della Catena, he saluted Victor-Emmanuel as King of Italy; how he sheathed his sword when the great work was so far done, and went back to his solitude at Caprera, are facts which need no recapitulation. Had one man lived but a few months—nay, a few weeks—longer, the tale might perchance have ended differently. Where

we now read Florence we might have read Rome; for "Regan d'Italia" on prioted stamp and minted coin, a word of broader significance and more antique glory. But the ideal Republic died with Giulio Colonna, and was buried in his grave.

In the mean while, Olimpia's life became a blank. Her father had been the very light of her inner world. Bred in his political faith, trained in his employ, accustomed to look up to him, to work with him, to share his most secret councils, his wildest hopes, his fears, his errors, and even his personal dangers, she seemed to lose the half of her own soul when he was snatched from her. Then came the sudden change of programme—a change to her so bewildering, so unworthy, so fatal! Mistrusting Sardinia, and scorning the very name of a monarchical Italy, Olimpia conceived that her father's memory was insulted in this compromise, and so, in the bitterness of her resentment and grief, withdrew herself altogether from the work in which her life had been spent. Avoiding all with whom she had laboured and acted in time past, and keeping up no more than the merest thread of intercourse with even those whom she used to call her friends, she then made her home at Chiswick, in the quiet house to which Saxon had conducted her on the evening of their arrival in London. Here she lived solitary and apart, cherishing her sorrow, mourning the great scheme unachieved, and learning that hard lesson of patience which all enthusiasts have to learn in this world sooner or later.

Not thus Lord Castletowers. Too English, too unprejudiced, and it may be added too sensible, to attach paramount importance to the mere shibboleth of a party, he welcomed the settlement of Italian affairs with a heartiness that he would perhaps scarcely have ventured to express very loudly in the presence of Colonna's daughter. Where she refused to recognise any vital difference between a monarchical government and a pure despotism, he was far-sighted enough to look forward to that free and prosperous future which most thinking men now prophesy for the kingdom of Italy, nor was he slow to perceive that there might be hope for himself in the turn that matters had taken. The Italian question thus far solved, Italy would no longer need so much support from her well-wishers. With a liberal monarch at the head of the nation, a parliament to vote supplies, and an army to defend the national territory, the whole system of patriotic black-mail levying must necessarily collapse. Olimpia would therefore no longer feel herself bound to sacrifice her hand to "one who could do more for Italy" than himself. So the Earl loved and hoped on, and wisely bided his time.

Wisely, too, he applied himself in the mean while to the improvement of his own worldly position. Occupying his friend Saxon's vacant chambers in St. James's-street, he devoted himself to his parliamentary duties with a zeal that drew upon him the attention of one or two very noble and influential personages. Having made a couple of really brilliant speeches during the spring session of 1861, and happened to be upon the spot when a man of ability and tact was needed at a moment's notice, he had the good fortune to be entrusted with a somewhat delicate and difficult mission to one of those petty German potentates who make up for very small territories by gigantic pretensions, and balance a vast amount of pride against a scanty revenue.

The Earl, as a matter of course, acquitted himself perfectly, and began thenceforth to be talked of among his elders as "a rising man." Then the Duke of Doncaster smiled graciously upon him, and several of the cabinet ministers fell into the way of asking him to their political dinners; and the end of it all was, that just before the setting in of the long vacation, Gervase Leopold Wynnecliff, Earl of Castletowers, found himself inducted one morning into a very neat little vacancy in the Perquisite Office, where the work was light and the salary heavy, and the chance of promotion considerable. Then, and not till then, he ventured to renew his suit to Olimpia Colonna.

The moment was favourable. A year of mourn-

ing had passed over her head, and the intense solitude of heart which had been at first her only solace now began to weigh painfully upon her. She had had time to think of many things—time to live down some errors and outlive some hopes—time also to remember how long and well the Earl had loved her; how worthy he was of all the love that she could give him in return; how he had shed his blood for her Italy; and with what devotion he had performed the last sad duties of a son towards her father's wishes. Besides all this, her occupation was gone. She could no longer immolate herself for Italy, for the simple reason that Italy was satisfied to rest awhile upon her present gains, and preferred being left to settle her own affairs in a quiet constitutional way. The disaster at Aspromonte convinced Miss Colonna of this truth, and of the stability of the new régime. And over and above all these considerations, Olimpia loved the Earl. She had loved him all along—even when she refused him; and now, after a whole year of sorrow, she loved him better than before. So she accepted him—accepted him very frankly and simply, as a true woman should, and promised to be his wife before the ending of the year.

Secure in the consciousness of her splendid birth, Olimpia never dreamed for one moment that Lady Castletowers could be other than content and happy in this new alliance of their houses. That the proud Alethea Holme-Pierrepont would in this solitary instance have been prepared to sacrifice blood for gold—nay, would have actually welcomed a Miss Hatherton with her two hundred and fifty thousand pounds more gladly than a portionless Colonna, was a possibility that could by no chance enter within the sphere of her calculations. So when Lady Castletowers came over to see her the next day in her humble suburban home, and kissed her on both cheeks, and said all the pretty and gracious things that the mother of her betrothed husband was bound, under the circumstances, to say, Olimpia accepted it all in perfect faith, nor guessed what a bitter disappointment lay hidden beneath that varnish of smiles and embraces. The Earl, having himself borne the brunt of her ladyship's displeasure, was, it need scarcely be said, careful to keep the secret very close indeed.

In the mean while, Saxon Trefalden had gone back to Switzerland; and there, despite the urgent remonstrances of those dear friends who missed his little dinners and his inexhaustible cheque-books, persistently remained. In vain did the Erectheum lift up its voice in despair; in vain did Blackwall lament and Richmond refuse to be comforted, and Italian prima donnas sigh for banquets and bracelets gone by. The boyish, laughing, lavish millionaire was fairly gone, and declined to come back again. The Syrens might sing; but Odysseus only stopped his ears, and sailed by unheeding.

The Earl alone knew that he was married; but even the Earl knew no more. He felt it to be somewhat hard that his friend should neither have invited him to his wedding, nor have taken him in any way into his confidence upon so important a matter. He could not but be conscious, too, that there was something strange and secret about the whole proceeding. Who had he married? Was the bride pretty or plain? Rich or poor? Dark or fair? Gentle or simple? What was her age? Her name? her rank? her nation?

In reply to the first announcement of his friend's marriage, the Earl had ventured delicately to hint at two or three of these inquiries; but as Saxon limited his rejoinder to the fact that his wife was "an angel," Lord Castletowers naturally felt that the statement was hardly so explicit as it might have been.

On all other points Saxon was frank and communicative as ever. He laid his every project before his friend as unreservedly in his letters as if they two had been sitting face to face over the fire in the smoking-room at Castletowers, or leaning side by side in the moonlight over the taffrail of the *Albula*. They were delightful letters, filled to overflowing with all kinds of general detail: now telling of the new chateau which was already in progress; now of the bridge just built at Ortenstein, or the road to be

made between Tamins and Flims; now describing a national site at Ohur, or an entertainment at the Château Planta, now relating all about the cotton-mills which Saxon was erecting in the valley, or the enormous pasture tracts lately purchased, and the herds of Scotch cattle imported to stock them; now giving a sketch of the design just received from the architect at Geneva for that church at Altselden on which Pastor Martin's heart had been set for the last thirty years—keeping the Earl constantly au courant, in fact, of every particular of his friend's busy and benevolent life among the simple people of his native canton.

At length it was the Earl's turn to announce the happiness so shortly to be his; and then Saxon wrote to entreat that the newly-married pair would extend their wedding-journey as far as the valley of Domleschg, and be his guests awhile. "My wife," he said, "desires to know you, and my uncle loves you already for my sake. On your wedding-day you will receive a parcel of papers, which you must accept as a souvenir of your friend."

The "parcel of papers" proved to be the title-deeds of the two farms sold to Mr. Sloper, and the title-deeds of Mr. Behrens' "box" and grounds at Castletowers. The farms were worth from ten to twelve thousand pounds apiece, to say nothing of the "fancy price" which Saxon had paid for the woolstapler's property. It was not a bad present, as presents go, and it made a rich man of the Earl of Castletowers; but he little thought, as he wrung Saxon's hand when they next met at Reichenau, that to the man who had presented him with that princely wedding gift he owed not those farms alone, but Castletowers itself—Castletowers itself, with the ancestral oaks of which he was so proud, and the rare old house in which his forefathers had lived and died for centuries before him. That was the one secret that Saxon never confided to him—not even when, walking together under the apple-trees at the foot of the church-hill, he related the story of his own marriage, of his cousin's perfidy, and of the fate from which he had interposed to save Helen Rivière.

"And that," he said, "was how I came first to know her—how I came to love her—how I won her. I brought her home at once to the little château yonder. My uncle adored her from the first moment, and she adored him. I was almost jealous—that is, I should have been jealous, if it hadn't made me so happy. When she had been living here for about a month or five weeks, we came up one morning, all three together, to this little chapel upon the hill, and my uncle married us. There was no one present but Ketti and the organ-blower. After my uncle had blessed us and the ceremony was all over, we embraced and bade him adieu, and walked along the Thusis road till the cabriolet overtook us; and so we were married and went away, and no soul in Reichenau knew it till we were gone. We were so happy!"

"It is a strange story," said the Earl, "and a pretty story; and the best part of it is that you and I are cousins, Saxon, after all."

"Nay," replied Saxon, grasping his friend's hand in both his own, "it is not much to be only cousins when we have been brothers so long!"

A word remains to be added respecting the other moiety of the great Trefalden Legacy; that moiety which, according to the will of the testator, was to be bestowed in the edowment of a great charity, chiefly for the benefit of "De-onyod Tradesmen, Mercantile Men, Ship-Brokers, Stock-Brokers, poor Clergymen, and Members of the Legal and Medical Professions, and the Widows and Orphans of each of these classes respectively." For the accommodation of these widows and orphans, the will went on to direct that a plot of freehold ground should be purchased, and that "a Suitable and Substantial Building" should be erected thereon under the superintendence of "some Eminent Architect;" and this building was to be called "The Lennox BENEVOLENT TREFALDEN INSTITUTION."

It is delightful to know that all this will certainly be done—some day. The money fell due on the third of April, 1860, and the sum then transferred to the credit of the trustees amounted

to just four million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand two hundred and odd pounds. Since that time the exertions of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor and Corporation have been beyond all praise. To say that they have either thought much, or done much, up to the present date, would perhaps be premature; but they have eaten an incalculable number of dinners on the subject, which, to the civic mind, means precisely the same thing. At these dinners they generally entertain a certain "Eminent Architect," which "Eminent Architect," being retained at a splendid salary for just so long as the works shall remain in progress, is naturally and laudably anxious to devote his life to the task. He therefore submits a plan now and then, or the modification of a plan to the intelligent after-dinner criticisms of his honourable employers; and in that position the building-question now stands.

What site that "Suitable and Substantial Building" is destined to occupy, how much it will cost, what it will be like, and at what remote period in the future history of the world it may probably be completed, are questions which the present generation is advised not to consider too curiously. No intelligent and unprejudiced person can doubt, of course, that when the ground is bought, and the building is built, and the bills are all paid, and the dinners are all eaten, and the resident manager, clergyman, physician, secretary, housekeeper, and servants of the establishment are salaried on a scale befitting the splendour of the foundation, there will yet remain something for the "DECAVED TRADESMEN, Mercantile Men, Ship-Brokers, Stock-Brokers, poor Clergymen, and Members of the Legal and Medical professions, as well as for the Widows and Orphans of each of those classes respectively." In any case, however, the claims of these insignificant persons will not have to be considered in our time; how, then, can we do better than eat, drink, and be merry, after the enlightened fashion of our honourable friends, the Trefalden Trustees, and so leave the future to take care of itself?

THE END OF "HALF A MILLION OF MONEY."

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES.

1. I am husband making a quarrels a family wife.
3. Place the first 25 numbers (1 to 25) in five rows, of five each, in such a manner that the sum of any five, taken horizontally or perpendicularly, shall be 65.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. I am a word of five letters; behead me, and I become a celebrated English singer; again behead me, and I name an ancient vessel.
2. I am a word of five letters frequently used during the late war; behead me, and I am what is often seen on the St. Lawrence; again behead me, and I am a nautical term.

TRANSPOSITION.

1. LAREY JOEY, who saith nad dingleot Hangvleln tinwhi het orhu; Nivoué, kurmy stew dinaw, gatrabe. Moce dna herwit yerva wrolef. Nac l ni bet deovrur dandgle, Slogtac won sti rauldag dashe, Chlwh eth taumun sortem stum daudes, Nad sawho stalfs moraf sumt deaf.
2. WOORMTR. What many look for, but few find.

ACROSTIC.

1. A river in Asia.
2. A manufacturing tower in France.
3. A Lake nearer home.
4. A City in Scotland.
5. One of the United States.
6. A Volcano.

The initials of the above will give you the name of a European kingdom, and the finals its capital.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. Divide the number 50 into two such parts that if the greater be divided by 7 and the lesser

multiplied by 3, the sum of the quotient and the product will make 50.

2. A farmer goes to a cattle fair intending to invest \$800 in cattle; he does so, and buys 100 head. He pays for sheep \$1.50 per head, cows \$52 per head and oxen \$68.50 per head, to the extent of the \$800. How many of each does he buy? The next day the farmer remits his purchase at a profit of \$100. The sheep at an advance of about 20 p. c., the cows at an advance of about 15 p. c., and the oxen at an advance of about 10 per cent. What prices does he get for each?

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS, &c., No. 19.

Conundrums—1. Because it contains fowl in pieces. 2. When it is a little bare (bear). 3. Because it is an internal transport. 4. Because it holds a gall-on.

Riddles—1. Parents. 2. Several words will answer such as st-one, dr-one, cr-one.

Decapitations—1. This-is-is. 2. Boat-out-at. 3. Stone-tone-one-ne.

Acrostic—1. Penelon. 2. Ishmael. 3. Vidocq. 4. Evangelist. 5. Felix. 6. Ontario. 7. Raphael. 8. Knight. 9. Samuel.

The Initials form Five Forks.

Charades—1. The only suggested answer we have received to this Charade is "Wo-man," but this does not appear to us to answer the requirements of the verse. 2. Macanlay.

Transpositions—1. The Song of the Shirt. 2. The Grand Trunk Railway. 3. Patience.

The following answers have been received:

We have given up so much of our space to the conclusion of "Half a Million of Money" that we can, this week, only give the names, or initials, of those who have forwarded answers without indicating the questions which they have respectively solved.

Non Muto, Peregrine P., T. McC., H. H. V., F. B., Cloud, Angus, William P., John H., Silvia, Ambrose, N. M., Augusta H., McD., Violet, Chas. S.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"ST. URBAIN ST."—We have again to thank you for your kindness. The Games and Problem will, no doubt, be very acceptable to our readers.

W. A.—Your Problem will appear shortly. A more thorough examination now satisfies us of its soundness. Shall be pleased to receive further favours.

PHILIP.—It is difficult to decide; in our opinion, however, you are entitled to claim the match.

PROBLEM No. 7.—Solutions received from "St. Urbain St.;" J. McL.; W. P.; Theo., Quebec; and E. B., Toronto.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 7.

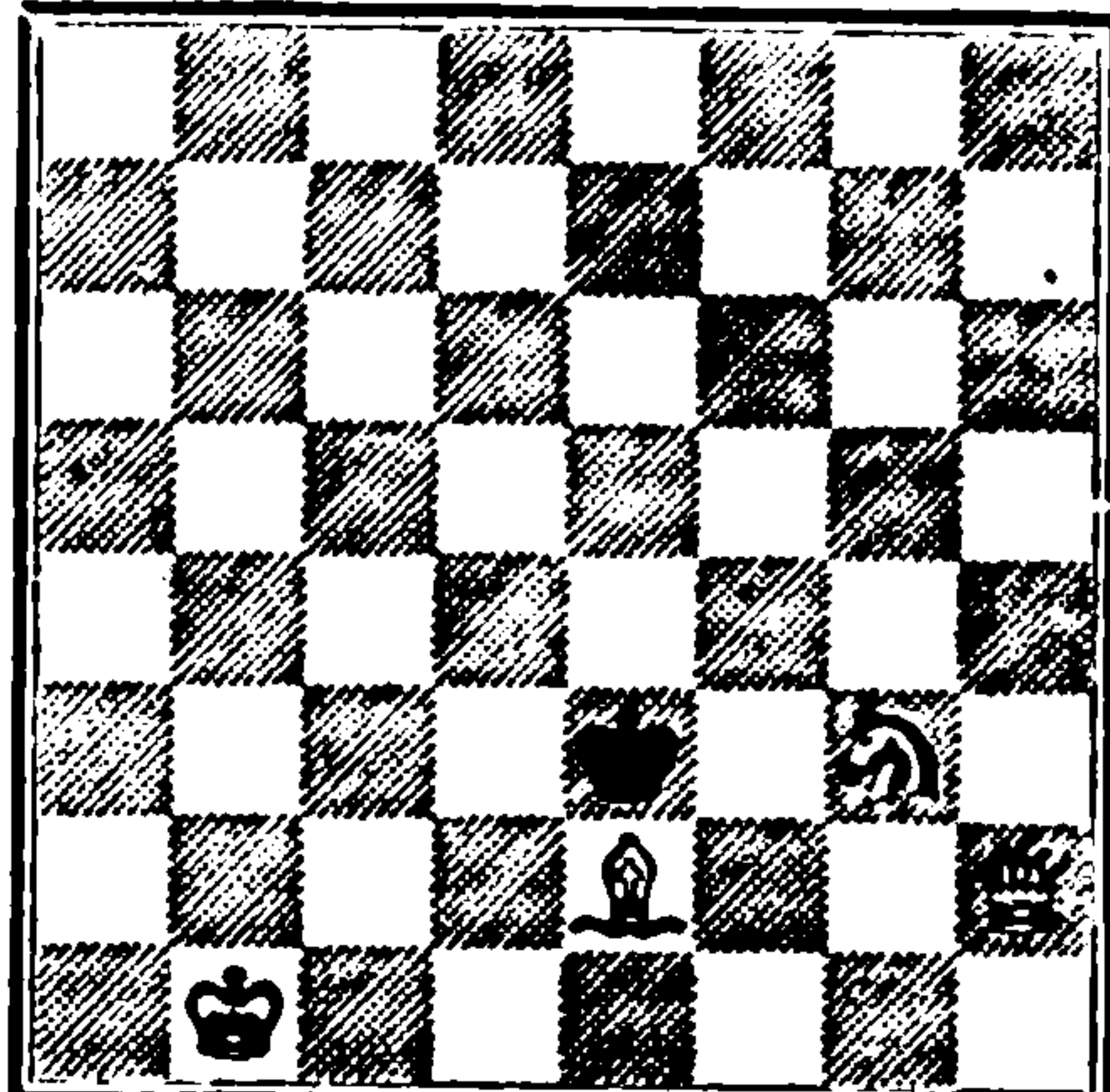
WHITT.	BLACK.
1 Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd.	K. moves.
2 Kt. to K. B. sq.	Anything.
3 Kt. or B. Mates.	

PROBLEM No. 9.

BY A. ROTHMAKER, OF PRUSSIA.

(From the Era Tournament, by Lissachal.)

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. K. O., QUANO.—One objection was that in almost every case where the additional syllable was used, the rhythm of the line was marred. We like the second copy better, and will publish it in an early issue. Shall be pleased to hear from you again.

KARA SYMONS, MCL.—Received—will appear shortly.

F. B.—We should be glad to meet your views, and those of your friends, but cannot possibly do so in the matter referred to—at least not for several months to come. The information is valuable to many of our readers, and we simply follow in the lead of many English Literary Journals.

WYMBLEDON.—Many thanks.

ARRIST.—Glad to see that you have acted upon our suggestion. The article will appear in the course of a week or two.

K. L. J.—We have not found time to read the M.S.; will return it, if not required.

HARRIE.—Contributions to our Pastime Column are very welcome, and we are much obliged to you for the assistance you render us; but don't you think, it would be impossible to make out "the toast" from the slight clue given?

DELLA.—It was impossible to insert the article in our present issue. If accepted, it will appear next week.

PSAURINA P.—We do not feel alarmed. Perhaps you think we have forgotten our promise; but if so, you are mistaken, and we intend to convince you that we don't deserve the threatened "scolding." Our opinion is that it would render the solution more easy. Much obliged.

S. S.—We hope to hear from you frequently. A little pleasant gossip is refreshing, and we are sure that you can gossip pleasantly.

GEORGE.—Your note and the M.S. are to hand. We will reply, by mail, in the course of a few days.

PHILLIP R.—We believe Mr. McLaughlin received some appointment from Government, in connection with the Emigration Office, and left Canada, for Scotland. He published several small volumes of poems a few years since.

ELLEN W.—It is the intention of the Publisher to prepare cases for binding the READER. Number 26 will complete the first volume which will contain 416 pages.

F. R. S.—Respectfully declined.

GEORGE S.—The questions appear to us too easy of solution.

JOSE.—The "Peep O'Day Boys" were a band of Irish Insurgents, who first appeared in 1784, and were for a long time the terror of the country. They visited the houses of their antagonists at break of day.

J. T.—We are unable to give you the information you require.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS

MACCARONI OR VERMICELLI PUDDING.—Take two ounces of macaroni; simmer it in a pint of milk until it is quite tender. Add a pint of cold milk, beat up five eggs, and a teacupful of white sugar, and flavour it with lemon or peach-water; butter a pudding dish, and stir the pudding all together, and bake it one hour.

ARROWROOT PUDDING.—Mix a tablespoonful of arrowroot in two of cold milk; pour it into a pint of boiling milk, in which dissolve a teacupful of white sugar; stir it constantly, and add a little mace, or any other kind of spice, and four eggs. Bake it half an hour in a dish lined with paste. If it is preferred to look clear, substitute water instead of milk, and add one more egg.

BOILED CUSTARD PUDDING.—Beat five eggs, whites, and yolks separately; add a little salt, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, and one pint of milk or cream. Butter a tin mould that will hold the mixture; set it into a saucepan of boiling water; cover the mould with a piece of muslin, and be careful that the water does not boil into the mould. Boil the pudding twenty minutes; take it from the water about ten minutes before

serving; then take it out carefully. Serve with wine sauce.

VEAL POT-PIE.—Take a scrag or breast-neck of veal; cut it into slices about an inch thick; fry some slices of salt pork in an iron pot; flour the veal; lay them into the hot fat, and let it brown a little; add water enough to just cover the meat; let it simmer about half an hour; season it with pepper and salt; dredge in a little flour. Have ready a common paste; roll it about half an inch thick, just large enough to cover the meat; cover the pot with a hot iron cover. Let it cook gently about three-quarters of an hour.

A NICE WHITE SOUP.—Break up a shin of veal; let it soak in cold water about two hours; then put it to boil in four quarts of water, with an onion, a little mace, pepper, and salt; let it boil about five hours. Strain it through a sieve, and set it away to cool until the next day. Then take off all the fat, wiping it with a cloth, to be sure; put it to boil. When quite hot, if not well seasoned, add whatever may be required; mix two spoonfuls of ground rice with water; stir it in till it boils, then add a pint of good sweet cream, and give it one boil.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL

VESSELS made of zinc should never be used for holding milk, as when milk is allowed to repose in contact with this metal a lactate of zinc is formed, as well as a compound of casein and oxide of zinc both of which are extremely injurious if taken into the system. A solution of sugar, which stood a few hours in a zinc vessel, was found to contain a considerable quantity of salts of that metal.

ARTIFICIAL IVORY.—The process by which the most successful imitation of natural ivory is obtained appears to consist in dissolving either india-rubber or gutta-percha in chloroform, passing chlorine through the solution until it has acquired a light yellow tint, next washing well with alcohol, then adding, in fine powder, either sulphate of baryta, sulphate of lime, sulphate of lead, alumina, or chalk, in quantity proportioned to the desired density and tint, kneading well, and finally subjecting to heavy pressure. A very tough product, capable of taking a very high polish, is obtainable in this way.

THE COLOURING OF GOLD.—Different shades of colour are given to ornaments of gold, by exposing them to chemical agents, which dissolve out a portion of the copper and silver alloy, while they have scarcely any action on the gold. The French jewellers possess a number of recipes for giving colour to gold, the most common of which is a mixture of two parts nitre, one part sea salt, and one of Roman alum. The jewels are kept in a solution of these chemicals, at a boiling point, from fifteen to twenty-five minutes, when they are then taken out, and washed in water, and the operation is finished. The surface of the gold is dull, but perfectly uniform, but can be made lustrous by burnishing. They lose about one sixteenth of their weight by this operation.

VENTILATION.—Some interesting experiments have been made at Cherbourg, in the presence of a government commission, on a new system of facilitating respiration in the noxious atmosphere of wells and mines. The inventor's name is Galibert. One form of this apparatus is a reservoir containing 110 litres of atmospheric air, to which two tubes are adapted. These tubes are fixed in a piece of horn, which is placed between the teeth. The operator straps the reservoir on his back, stops his nostrils with an instrument provided for the purpose, protects his eyes with closely-fitting spectacles, and breathes as slowly and quietly as possible through two tubes. There is another variety of the apparatus, in which the reservoir is dispensed with, and the ends of the tubes are left in the open air, but with this no exploration deeper than 15 or 20 metres can be made. With the other, the operator may remain with impunity, even in the most deadly vapours, for twenty or twenty-five minutes. The experiments were pronounced entirely successful.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A HUSBAND can readily foot the bills of a wife who is not ashamed to be seen footing her stockings.

A DENTIST advertises that he will "spare no pains" to render his operations complete and satisfactory.

WHY is a stock gambler like a railroad train?—Because he may be expected to smash up at any moment.

A NEW NAME FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.—Grinder-pest.

AN ADDRESS ON THE DEPARTING YEAR. BY A POLICEMAN.—Now then, now then! what's all this year about?"

THE earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman; and yet, at one season, he always harrows her bosom, and at another, plucks her ears.

A CELEBRATED Oxford scholar, who professed indifference to music, was once asked what he had thought of an orchestra which had been performing a grand overture, he replied that he only was impressed "by the wonderful coincidences of the fiddlers' elbows."

OUR fair Cousin Fanny says she is really surprised at the ridiculous complaints which men keep making about crinoline; for, of course, they must admit that the widest of petticoats cover but two feet!

A TALL fellow persisted in standing during a performance, much to the annoyance of an audience, and was repeatedly requested to sit down, but would not, when a voice from the upper gallery called out, "Let him alone, honey; he's a tailor, and he's resting himself." He immediately squatted.

SOLOMON'S RICHES.—"Ma," said an intelligent, thoughtful boy of nine, "I don't think Solomon was so rich as they say he was."—"Why, my dear, what could have put that into your head?" asked the astonished mother.—"Because the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and I think if he had been so rich he would have had a bed of his own."

ONANUS Fox used to brag that he could go lightly shod in wet weather without getting cold, and with much good humour told the following incident. Walking in Oxford Street he found a tug at his pocket-handkerchief, and seized the culprit in the very act of abstraction. On getting to the police station he asked the fellow whether anything in his face had procured him the honour of being selected for the attempt. "Why, sir," was the reply, "your face is well enough; but, noticing you wear thin shoes on the slushy pavement, I at once set you down for a Tom Noddy."

AVRRA quoting from John Locke, that a blind man took his idea of scarlet from the sound of a trumpet, a witty fellow says that a hoopskirt hanging out of a shop door reminds him of a peel of a belle.

THE household furniture of a deceased barrister was being sold in a country town, when one neighbour remarked to another, that the stock of goods and chattels appeared to be extremely scanty, considering the rank of the late owner. "It is so," was the reply; "but the fact is, he had very few causes, and therefore could not have many effects."

DURING dessert, a bottle of Constantia was produced, which for age and flavour was supposed to be matchless. It was liquid gold in a crystal flagon, a ray of the sun descending into a goblet, it was nectar which was worthy of Jove, and in which Bacchus would have revelled. The noble head of the House of Russell himself helped his guest to a glass of this choice wine, and De Grammont on tasting it declared it to be excellent. The Duke of Bedford, anxious to judge of its quality, poured out a glass, which no sooner approached his lips than, with a horrible contortion he exclaimed, "Why, what on earth is this?" The butler approached, took the bottle, applied it to his nostrils, and to the dismay of his master pronounced it to be castor-oil!—*Drafts on my Memory, by Lord W. P. Lenox.*

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HESPERUS.*

IN a late issue, we republished a very favourable notice which appeared in a British Journal, of Mr. Sangster's last volume. A Prophet is not without honour, save in his own country; and in illustration of this truth we could point to more than one of our Canadian Poets, whose productions have been more highly appreciated both in Great Britain and the United States than here. It is not creditable to us, as a people, that we should allow works to remain unread, which are winning for Canadian Literature a name and place in the world.

Take, for instance, Mr. Heavysege's "Saul." When it first appeared it attracted but little attention from the public, and if noticed by the press, the reviewers exhausted their stock of ridicule in dealing with it. Every defect was magnified—passages of originality and genius were pooh-poohed—and it was not until a copy of the work came into the possession of an English reviewer, whose eyes were not blinded by local prejudices, that it secured the appreciation it merited. We are not aware that Mr. Sangster has to complain of adverse criticisms from the Canadian press, but notwithstanding the undoubted excellence of the volume, as a whole, we believe the publication of "Hesperus" has not been so financially successful as it deserved. We trust this notice may direct the attention of our readers to the work, and that the first edition may be speedily exhausted and a second one called for.

STORIES TOLD TO A CHILD. By the author of "Studies for Stories." Strahan & Co., London and Montreal.

These delightful stories, we believe, are from the pen of Miss Jean Ingelow, and it is unnecessary to add that they are told with a great deal of ability. The delineations of character are life-like, and in the descriptive portions the author displays a great command over the picturesque. Although the tone of some of them is rather sad they will not, probably, on that account be less popular with thoughtful children.

The wood cuts are good, and one or two of them very quaint and fanciful. We shall probably publish one of the stories in our next issue, for the benefit of our young readers.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

GUSTAVUS Doré's magnificently illustrated Bible is out of print—all the copies of the first edition having been sold by the publisher. It will take four or five months to complete another edition, as the bringing-up of the wood engravings, the hot-pressing of the paper, and the arranging of the borders, will occupy some time.

A "fresh amusement," in the shape of "Jamaica—a New Entertainment," is announced in London. Among three millions of people, there is plenty of room, we suppose, for tastes to differ.

A new work, by the author of "John Halifax," is announced, entitled "A Noble Life." Falkner Lyle is the title of a new novel by Mark Lemon.

Authors and artists frequently smart under the severities of adverse criticism. An artist has recently adopted a new method of retaliation. Mr. Ernest Griset, a clever draughtsman of animals and droll figures, was somewhat slightly spoken of in a notice in the *Athenæum* a short time since. The artist conceived himself aggrieved, and forthwith produced a sketch of his supposed reviewer engaged in a very dyspeptic mood upon a criticism of his dew book. A cat, in attempting an affectionate purr, is savagely kicked, and the picture is further heightened with other pleasantries. This sketch has been placed in the shop-window near Leicester-square, where the artist first made his *début*, with the objectionable criticism beneath, and the notices from the *Times*, the *Saturday Review*, and other journals, arranged around in triumph. Crowds of people, block up the pavement to behold this new style of appeal against an art criticism.

* *Hesperus* and other Poems, and Lyrics by Chas. Sangster Kingston. Montreal: H. Worthington.

The English reviewers are severe upon Barnum's new book. The *Court Journal* says: "The Humbugs of the World," has disappointed us. It is a dull affair altogether, with an immense deal of bookmaking about it, and second-hand, threadbare information respecting Eve; the tempting serpent; the Delphic oracle; mediæval pretenders to illumination; Count Cagliostro; and various other persons and matters about which we care nothing, and know quite as much, if not a great deal more, than Barnum himself. We doubt if he had any hand in the composition at all, and suspect his latest humbug is putting his name to a compilation vamped up by some mercenary hack.

Messrs. Cassell & Co., London, are about to start a new weekly paper, "The Working Man: A Weekly Record of Social and Industrial Progress."

The Emperor of the French, has taken two shares in a new paper, which is to be started with a capital of one hundred thousand francs, in ten shares.

A reprint was issued in a short time since London of a rare little tract entitled the "Souldier's Pocket Bible, containing the most (if not all) those places contained in Holy Scripture which do shew the qualifications of his inner man—that is, a fit souldier to fight the Lord's Battels, both before the fight, in the fight, and after the fight." It has often been said that the soldiers in Cromwell's army were each supplied with a pocket Bible, though no evidence existed to show what edition it could be. A short time since the tract in question was discovered, and is no doubt what every Commonwealth soldier was furnished with by the Government, though only two copies are now known to be in existence.

The French papers abound in gossip respecting Victor Hugo. He is said to have received from his Brussels publishers a sum equal to 150,000 francs for his forthcoming book "Les Travailleurs de la Mer," and for a series of volumes of poems, "Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois," the first of which was lately published, 40,000 francs per volume for twelve years' right of publication. As his gains by "Les Misérables" are said to amount to nearly half a million of francs, the sum total of his receipts reaches a very respectable "figure." His literary activity keeps pace with the public eagerness, and a new book by Victor Hugo, the incidents of which are laid in England, to appear simultaneously in French and English editions, has already been secured by an eminent London publishing firm.

If the relics of saints are at a discount, the current prices of relics of literature show no symptoms of a falling market as the following specimens will prove. Mr. Ellis of King street, Covent Garden, London, offers a copy of an edition of the Greek poet, Lycophron (Geneva, 1601), "rendered famous by having been once the property of the immortal Milton, who has inscribed on the fly leaf, Sum ex Libris Jo. Miltoni, 1634, and has also added a considerable number of notes on the margin," it is valued at £52 10s. its possessor. The same enterprising dealer has a copy of the much-coveted "First Folio Shakespeare" (1623), apparently above all price, as none is mentioned. It is described as "one of the finest copies extant, not excepting that of Miss Burdett Coutts, which cost her £787, and in one respect the most desirable copy known, being the only one existing in old morocco binding of the commencement of the last century. It is preserved in a case made from the wood of Herne's oak, in Windsor Park, carved with the poet's arms and monogram." Another dealer offers a volume "Gesneris Mithridates" (1555), "with two lines autograph and signature on the title, su. Ben Jonson, and remarkable passages underlined by the dramatist," for £3 13s. 6d., and a presentation copy of Burke's "Reflections on the revolution in France" (1790), with the autograph inscription, "From the author, with great respect to Miss Goring, E. B.," for £1 5s. Coming down to later times, a volume of original manuscripts of the late Thomas Hood, "a most interesting collection, entirely in the handwriting of the eminent poet and humorist,

containing a variety of his published and unpublished writings, all in the finest preservation, mounted and inscribed with care and nicety in a royal folio volume," is valued at £26 5s. and a French work, "Costumes Françaises—Civil Militaire, et Religieux," formerly in the possession of W. M. Thackeray, and containing original designs by him, presenting all the vivid life and character so peculiar to his pencil," is estimated at £12 12s.

Mr. Frank Buckland, the son of the eminent Dean Buckland, the great geologist, has in press a third series of his "Curiosities of Natural History," in two volumes post octavo, with illustrations, to be published by Mr. Bently. Mr. Buckland will shortly appear as editor of a new magazine to be called "Land and Water," dealing with the various sports of field and foam.

A new work by Henry Fawcett, the blind professor of political economy at the University of Cambridge, and M. P., for Brighton in the new Parliament, has just been published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.—"The Economic Position of the British Laborer." His "Manual of Political Economy" has lately reached a second edition. Professor Fawcett was born in 1833, the son of a Wiltshire gentleman. He adopted the law as his profession, but ten years later his legal studies were interrupted by the peculiarly distressing accident whose consequences influenced his future life. In the autumn of 1858, Mr. Fawcett was spending the vacation at home, and, while engaged in partridge-shooting with other members of his family, he received two stray shots from his father's gun, each shot piercing the centre of either eye-ball and rendering him hopelessly blind. This lamentable occurrence made a change of pursuit necessary, and he consequently devoted himself to political economy.

PROFESSOR OWEN'S great and long promised work on the "Comparative Anatomy and Physiology of the Vertebrate Animals" is at last ready for publication. It will consist of three volumes, the first one to appear on December 14, the second on the first of March next, and the third during the spring. It will be illustrated with upwards of twelve hundred engravings on wood, which have required a long period of time for their execution. The work will be issued by Messrs. Longmans.

MR. S. O. HALL was the lecturer at the last free lecture of the season at the Crystal Palace Sydenham. He chose for his subject "Memories of the Authors of the Age," in which he recounted his personal reminiscences of some of our most distinguished writers who have passed from us. Very characteristic was an anecdote of Ettrick Shepherd. He had been invited to dine at Mr. Hall's. Amongst the company was Miss Landon, then in the full zenith of her popularity. Hogg, whose criticisms upon the poetical effusions of L. E. L. had been somewhat severe, greeted the lady with "I did not know ye were so bonny; I've said many hard things about ye, but I did not know ye were so bonny." It is clear that the "Shepherd" would not have said these "hard things" about the lady's poetry had he known the pretty woman who wrote it. But what would he have done with "Our Village," if personal beauty was so essentially a part of his canon of criticism? Miss Mary Russell Mitford, whom L. E. L. declared to be the ideal of Sancho Panza in petticoats, was one of the kindest of women, but her dumpy figure often raised a laugh against her. On one occasion she had come to dine with the Halls, when her host found she was, in some way or other, the subject of some suppressed merriment. Her dress, never very well assorted, was set off on the occasion by a yellow turban, more striking than becoming. Her host considerably tried to discover the cause of this merriment, nor was he long in doing so. On the back of the head-dress was a shop-ticket, "Very Chaste, 5s. 6d." The turban had been purchased on her way, ere she joined the party invited to meet her. Mr. Hall quietly removed the ticket without Miss Mitford being aware of its existence.

"LETTERS D'UN MOÛT" will be the title of M. Emile de Girardin's series of letters on the French Government and political parties, which is about to appear in the *Presse*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Van Der Palm. The Life and Character of Vander Palm, D.D. Sketched. By Nicholas Beets, D.D. Translated from the Dutch. By J. P. Westervelt. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Knightly Soldier. A Biography of Major Henry Ward Camp. By Chaplain H. Clay Turnbull. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- War Lyrics and other Poems. By Henry Howard Brownell. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Child. The Freedmen's Book. By L. Maria Child. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Just published, by R. Worthington, the Advocate, a Novel by Chas. Heavynose, author of Saul, a Drama; Jephthah's Daughter, &c. \$1.25; full gilt, \$1.50.
- Book of Rubies (The). A collection of the most notable Love-Poems in the English Language. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Dante's Inferno. Illustrated. By Gustave Doré. (One large folio volume. English text. By Cary. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hesperus and other Poems. By Charles Sangster. Author of New St. Lawrence and Saguenay, &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Robertson. Sermons and Expositions. By the late John Robertson, D.D., of Glasgow Cathedral. With Memoir of the Author. By the Rev. J. G. Young, Monroeth. 12mo. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Bushnell. The Vicarious Sacrifice, grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. O. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 325.

CHAPTER XVI. FAMILY MEETING.

"But oh! mankind are unsex'd weak,
And little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted." BURNA.

Any event that saved Miss Austwicke the trouble of decision in the perplexity into which she had fallen was welcome; and therefore, when there came a letter announcing the speedy return of Mr. Basil Austwicke and family to London for the winter, and containing a cordial invitation to her to accompany her niece home, she felt as if released for a time from the performance of her promise to her dead brother, and, shielded by intercourse with the younger branch of her family, from the possible annoyance of many more interviews just now with Burke. Annoyance not danger, was what she dreaded. As to the consequences of swerving from the beaten track, she had no fear, because, habituated to think that what she did was right, she could not clearly realize that she had diverged. It is only the humble and vigilant, who watch themselves with jealous care, who can plainly detect where the path gently curves, and leads them out of the straight road.

For some days all was bustle at the Chaos, arranging for the departure of Miss Austwicke and her niece; the former now added considerably to the wardrobe, which had been packed in a single portmanteau, and never since disturbed, in the hastily planned and abandoned journey for Scotland. At length—when the weather had completely broken, and the woods at Austwicke, after three days' battling with stormy winds, were laying down their leafy banners in wet and faded heaps before the breath of the approaching conqueror, Winter—the old travelling-carriage was again on the road, and the ladies, with Martin inside, and the roof and rumble heavy with luggage, set off for town, leaving Mr. Gubbins in the undivided dignity of major-domo at the Hall, a position that sometimes brought him into such wrangling collision with Martin, that he did not greatly lament her departure—indeed, was so far propitiated, that when, as her parting injunction to her fellow-servant, the waiting-woman said, as she walked by his side through the passages to the hall, "Don't you let Mrs. Comfit interfere, she's quite superannuated—wif sending any more of her hangers-on, or her nieces, or their cousins into the family. Gracious no! they're as thick, them Comfits, as limpets on a rock. When Betsy's married—and, goodness knows, she's talked long enough about it—you take and get somebody as is exairyanced; no more of your marrying minxes, a-bupsettin' everybody; mind that, Gubbins."

"Ay, ay; trust me. I'll have a staid 'un; I've heard of one."

"Not out of the village, Gubbins, surely?"

"Village, indeed! no, from Southampton; a north-country 'oman."

"Well, well; I'm sorry I didn't see her, so as to have spoke to missus—about it. But yun can do all right."

"I should think I could by this time o' day. You mind as you docs likewise."

That same evening saw the party arrive, not a little tired, from a journey that they might have performed in a third of the time, if Miss Austwicke had not yielded to her prejudices. However, she had the dignity, as a compensation for a headache, of driving up to her brother's house in Wilton Place with all the stateliness of smoking posters, soaking wet postillion, and mud bespattered carriage.

The family had arrived a day previously; and as it was within half an hour of dinner-time, and Mrs. Basil Austwicke had expected her sister-in-law and daughter by train earlier in the day, she had given them up, and was comfortably making her toilet, which even when they dined *en famille* was elaborate, when the commotion in the house announced the arrival. Her vexed comment as she ascertained the fact—

"Posted to London, Absurd. In that lumbering Noah's Ark, with the Austwicke arms duly blazoned—Idiotic!"

After which pithy verdict she resigned herself quietly to her maid, who was braiding her hair and now and then measuring her mistress's features in the glass so as to keep herself *en couron* with her mood, as a skilful waiting-woman should.

Miss Austwicke, on being shown to her chamber, did not omit to make her comment on the degeneracy of modern manners.

"No one to receive as!" said she, as she walked up-stairs.

"We have come, aunt, no doubt, at a different hour from that at which we were expected," apologised Gertrude, taking her aunt's hand as she entered her room, and lifting up her face to give her a welcoming kiss. "I am mamma's representative, you know."

"It was different, Gertrude, in my time," replied Miss Austwicke, gravely; and yet returning the welcome of her niece, and dismissing her to her own room.

Martin dressed her mistress in what she afterwards described as "hasty pudding fashion—all boil and stir."

It must be owned, if that was the effect on the maid, a very different result seemed to be attained by the mistress. She was more cold and rigid than ever when she entered the drawing-room, clad in the stiffest of mourning alike, and manacled with the largest of jet chains, craps lappets, like bat's wings, falling from her head.

A tall lady attired in a silver-grey slip, with a black net dress over it, and a pearl comb in her hair, came forward to meet her. There was a twinkle of derisive laughter latent in the eyes. These eyes and very fine teeth gave a distinguishing charm to a face not otherwise beautiful. But no one noticed whether the mouth was too wide or the cheek-bones too high, when the undoubted brilliancy of the face flashed forth; and even if the defects of decidedly coarse features were noted, a commanding figure compensated for all minor faults. Mrs. Basil Austwicke was always spoken of as a "very fine woman." It must be owned Miss Austwicke did not by any means thaw as her sister-in-law said—

"You must be dreadfully tired; I quite feel for you, so long upon the road. We landed yesterday, and came from Dover in three hours—full twice the distance that it is from the Chace. I'm quite sorry for your fatigue—and poor little True, I have not yet seen her—has she been obliged to go to bed?"

"I am here, mamma, not a wink of sleep in my eyes, I assure you," said Gertrude, who had followed her aunt into the room, and been for a minute obscured from notice by that sable cloud.

"Ah, I did not see you, *petite*—that's no wonder; one must search, rather than merely look for you."

Gertrude made no other answer than taking her mother's hand—a white, jewelled hand—fondly in hers, and stooping over to kiss it; for the lady stood so elaborately upright, that any other embrace was not easy. However, she looked down pityingly, rather than proudly on the little creature whose fair curls, as she beat her head, were falling over the hand she was caressing. Mrs. Basil Austwicke, raising her other hand, laid it a moment on the curls and then turning up the face, and holding it by the chin as one does a child's, perused it for a moment, and, bending lower than was needful, touched her forehead lightly with her lips, saying—

"You keep your likeness, True, to the little old dame, Grace Austwicke: you do not grow out of it."

"Grow! no, True does not out of anything," said rather a plethoric voice. A stout comely gentleman stepped up to Miss Austwicke as he spoke, and greeted her very cordially, his eyes glancing over her very deep mourning, and as he looked, after a moment, saying rather to her dress than to herself—

"Couldn't get home to the funeral. Should have liked to show the last respect to him poor fellow. Fortunate he saw you."

"True is waiting for papa's welcome," said

Mrs. Basil, breaking in upon a trifling, and as she thought disagreeable topic.

"I have seen papa," said Gertrude walking to his side.

"Yes, she invaded my sanctum before she had been five minutes in the house. I shall certainly, in future lock myself up from her," said Mr. Basil, patting his daughter's head fondly.

A tall ruddy youth came in just then, and almost lifted Gertrude off her feet as he shook hands with her. This was her eldest brother Allen. Dinner was announced, and Miss Austwicke, looking approvingly at her nephew, whose frank face pleased her, marched erectly at her brother's side, and entered the dining-room in solemn silence, which Mr. Basil was the first to break, when they were all seated, by saying—

"Honour, you have not asked me about De Lacy."

"As long as my nephew De Lacy Austwicke resolves on neglecting his native land, I am really not so interested in him as I should be, considering who—"

She paused, and looked rather shyly towards Mrs. Basil, who completed the sentence—

"Considering who and what he is—the heir of Austwicke, of Austwicke Chace."

"Exactly so," rejoined Miss Honour, a little defiantly, the slowness of her neck becoming rigid with the erectness of her head.

"Well, he's coming to England, and so you may renew your interest in him, Honour."

Gertrude interposed with a question—

"What is cousin De Lacy like?"

"Don't True: pray don't say that word," said Mrs. Basil, putting up her hand deprecatingly.

"What word, mamma?"

"Mamma does not approve of your 'cousining' him," whispered Allan.

"Like? my dear True," said Mr. Basil: "a big, raw-boned fellow, with dark brows and a resolute face. Not—much I may say it among ourselves—of the Austwicke comeliness."

He drew himself up as he spoke, and his lady wife sitting opposite to him, looked with as much surprise as she could throw into her expressive eyes; but Miss Austwicke ignored her look, and said—

"As to his appearance, he is not unlike his great-grandfather, Bennett Austwicke, generally called black Austwicke. What I want to know is, about his manners."

"Bough as a bear—a Westphalian bear. Takes long pedestrian journeys, as if he were a wandering German journeyman; talks of going on the next African exploring expedition. I did not dissuade him. Herr Rath, his tutor, has been formerly a great traveller, and pines again, I fancy, for change. He comes to see some scientific men here, and De Lacy comes with him. He—the tutor I mean—is not at all in my way, so I did not ask him here. Of course, I eaked De Lacy, and frankly told him he was welcome to come home with us. But he evidently prefers his Germans."

"*Tant mieux*," said Mrs. Basil, giving a look, at which the ladies rose from the table, and went with her to the drawing-room.

Gertrude, anxious to prevent any of these topics which, as they were known to be unpleasant, were, like a lame foot, always very prominently in the way, began rather abruptly to say—

"Mamma, as you said in your last letter that you thought of my having lessons at home, I do wish you would let me study with my old master, Mr. Hope; I really felt he improved me."

"Study!" said Miss Austwicke; "what in the world does a lady want with study?"

That deprecatory remark of Miss Austwicke's determined the fate of Gertrude's request.

"Oh, I'm favourable to sound studies for ladies. The age of Ignorance, my dear Honour, is now as obsolete as—as—what shall I say?—pardon me, as the Austwicke travelling-carriage. True must study. True may never marry; and I remember Lady Mary Wortley Montague—and she's an old authoress—writing about her grand-daughters, laid it down as a rule that they should have a learned education."

"Oh, that is far above poor little me," said Gertrude. "I only want to peck, like a bird,

some few little seeds of such knowledge as I love; and dear old Mr. Hope—he is too old, Miss Morris wrote me, to be retained at Miss Webb's—would give me twice the time and four times the instruction of a more fashionable master."

"Did I not say you should have him? Why do you appeal to your aunt?"

How little did either of the three suspect that the future would be influenced by that carelessly given promise.

CHAPTER XVII. A MORNING CALL.

Smitten with a wild surprise.
She gazed on those unconscious eyes."

Although it was a season in which the most fashionable districts of London were empty, yet there was always a large number of professional families, lawyers, and doctors, whose duties compel residence, through the winter in the great city. Mrs. Basil Austwicke's acquaintance lay chiefly amongst these, and she was likely to be, for some days, busy, making and receiving calls. Gertrude was not yet her mother's companion—in conventional phrase, "not out;" and Miss Austwicke declined accompanying her sister-in-law, preferring rather to renew her intimacy with one or two ancient dames resident in apartments at Hampton Court Palace, and also enjoying, as a country lady should do, the pleasure of shopping; so that Gertrude was left pretty much to her own desires, and these led her to study, the ladies were not much together during the day.

Gertrude did not allow the permission to have Mr. Hope's lesson to be long unused. She wrote the day after, and a letter from Marian Hope, in reply told her the disappointing tidings that he was too ill, at present, to leave home.

Though Gertrude knew nothing of poverty of that bitterest kind which visits the home of education and refinement, she had the prescience of sympathising nature; and with tears in her eyes she flew to her aunt, saying—

"I should like to call on Miss Hope, Aunt Honour, I am sure she is in trouble; and she is such a sweet girl. You know how beautifully she works; and she is clever, too, in many ways very clever."

"Why should not your mamma call upon the young lady?" inquired Miss Austwicke.

"Oh, mamma has so much to do just now—so many people to see. She is never at leisure to do good—to be kind—that is—Dear me, I don't at all mean that, aunt."

"I hope not, child," said Miss Austwicke, secretly enjoying Gertrude's words.

"It's the very greatest censure that could be uttered, and therefore very stupid of me. But if you would go and take me—"

"I am at leisure for duty, Gertrude," Miss Austwicke looked very stately in her self-satisfaction as she spoke, continuing, "and as I wish to express my great satisfaction with the embroidery Miss Hope did, and she might help me with her opinion about a shade I want to introduce into my David in the Cave of Adullum—Miss Linwood, in my time, was the best delineator of a cave—but, as I was saying, I will call on Miss Hope. Hope was, I think, originally a Dutch name."

"Dutch! Hope, aunt, I thought was universal," laughed Gertrude, delighted at her success. "But when will you go? To-morrow?"

"Why not to-day, it is not yet twelve? and for a wonder in this London, there is a wintry sun."

"But mamma has the carriage."

"I hope, child, that I have not lost my walking powers; the young ladies of my family used to be good walkers."

"And it really is not far. Thank you, aunt," and she tripped off to get ready. Miss Austwicke, summoning Martin, was soon equipped; and avoiding the more crowded streets by going part of the way along the south side of Hyde Park, in less than three quarters of an hour they had found their way to Mr. Hope's door.

Though she was very poorly clad, no one could possibly mistake the tall girl, whose rich dark hair was braided back from her face, showing its pure oval, and the delicate regularity of the features—no one could mistake her for a servant as she opened the door; and both ladies

slightly bowed as they inquired for Miss Hope.

Mysie—for it was she—blushing deeply (the quiet of their abode being so seldom broken by a visitor, that some confusion was natural), showed them into the little bow-windowed parlour, saddening to thoughtful eyes in its painful cleanliness. On the table some papers were lying, in an engrossing hand, on which the ink of the copyist was yet wet. It was manifest their coming had sent away the occupant; but almost before they could look round, Marian Hope, paler and thinner than when Gertrude saw her last at Miss Webb's, entered the room, and seemed—by the delicate neatness of her simple black dress, and white collar and cuffs, and the brightness of the hair that in smooth hands added to the calm softness of her face—to shed a refining influence on all the sordid details of the place, just as moonlight spiritualises a scene. The quiet, self-possessed grace of her unobtrusive manners Miss Austwicke, was of all persons, most competent to appreciate; and involuntarily that lady was surprised as well as charmed.

Instead of apologies for intrusion, which she had patronisingly designed to utter, she began at once to speak of Mr. Hope's illness, and to tell Marian how often Gertrude had spoken of her; how glad she was to make her acquaintance, and how much she admired the screens that Gertrude had shown her, and that she should value her opinion on a large picture she was working. When Miss Austwicke pleased, she could be winning. Her hauteur was not mere vulgar, outward assumption; perhaps her pride was all the more a vital failing for being deep seated.

Marian's pale cheek faintly glowed as she said, "I do not merit all the praise for my work. I have help, very efficient help, from Mysie here." The young girl had obeyed a signal of Marian's hand, and stayed in the room.

"Your sister?" said Miss Austwicke.

"No, my pupil. My parents—my dear father has brought up Mysie and her brother."

"Oh, I remember," said Gertrude; "the twin brother and sister I have heard you speak of at Miss Webb's."

"Twin brother and sister!" it was a simple sentence, but it struck like a dart through Miss Austwicke, who chilled to the heart by the shock, could not for a moment speak or move, or do anything but fix her eyes in a wide open gaze on Mysie.

Gertrude saw the start and look, and, glancing at the bright, but nearly fireless grate, feared her aunt was cold; and yet from delicacy could not inquire if it were so.

She diverted Miss Hope's attention from what she took to be a chilly shudder, by asking after Miss Morris, who was known to Marian, and some of the school-girl intimates she had had at Miss Webb's; communicating the fact that she was henceforth to study at home, and trusting that Mr. Hope would soon be able to give her the benefit of his instructions.

While she spoke, Mr. Hope, who it was reasonable to infer had been changing his dressing-gown for a more presentable, but yet most certainly thread-bare coat, came in, leaning on the arm of the youth Norry, whose dark, strong-featured face looked stern, almost sullen, as he supported the feeble steps and panting form of his master.

Miss Austwicke did not rise; she could not. Her eyes, which had been fixed on Mysie, now turned to the youth, who at first did not look at either lady, being entirely occupied in leading Mr. Hope, and placing him in his chair. As soon as he did so, Gertrude, both from the promptings of her own feelings, and to cover, what she thought a painful absence of mind, or an uncomfortableness in her aunt, was taking her old master's hand, and expressing her sympathy. Then the youth, having for a moment given a passing glance at her, lifted his eyes to Miss Austwicke, and saw the scrutinising and, as he thought, severe and insolent look she fixed on him. Their glances met. Neither seemed to have power to drop their eyelids and turn away. Involuntarily the boy's eyes kindled, and flashed out a tawney gleam that lighted up his whole face. He threw back his head proudly, and drew down his brows into a frown. Miss Austwicke was conscious of a certain, surprise that

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his sister—had told him, about the gentleman-nerve, intelligent Marian Hope, was graciously received.

"I have heard of her," said the mamma. "I wonder, when the father's illness was mentioned, that I did not think of her. She has been occasionally a teacher at Miss Webb's—but for some home affairs, I believe, would have been there entirely; for when I first recommended Miss Morrie to the Webb's, I found they would if they could, far rather have had the writing-master's daughter."

"If she could not go to them, then, how can she come to us?" said Mr. Basil Austwicke, blankly.

"We could have her merely in the morning. They wanted her entirely."

So it was arranged, to True's great satisfaction, that she should write and ask Miss Hope whether she would give a few hours every morning to assisting her in her studies.

As little True, full of delight, wrote the proposal, something of her eagerness seemed to cling to the ordinary words she was instructed to use. Indeed, she ventured to add a postscript of three words, "Do say 'Yes.'"

And thus, while Miss Austwicke was restlessly pacing her room, thinking of the interview of the coming morning, Gertrude was writing the note, which at the very same hour of that next day, would be in Marian's hands, and prove the means of drawing closer the links of intimacy between the household in Wilton Place and the cottage in Cromwell Lane, Kensington.

(To be continued.)

THE SULTAN AND THE SAGE.

A scene from the Third Act of "Nathan the Wise," a Dramatic Poem, by Gotthold Ephraim Lessing, who lived from 1729 to 1781.

Translated from the German by Thos. M., Acton, C. E.
["Nathan the Wise" ranks as a German classic, and we print this scene as a specimen of German Dramatic Poetry in the eighteenth century. As to the moral of the piece, our readers will not readily accept the sophistries of the Jew, or admit that any analogy exists between the three equal rings and the three unequal creeds.—ED. S. R.]

SALADIN.
Tread hither, Jew! come nearer; come quite near!
Come without fear!

NATHAN.
That be unto thy foes!

SALADIN.
Thy name is Nathan?

NATHAN.
Yes.

SALADIN.
Nathan the wise?

NATHAN.
No, no.

SALADIN.
Well, then, the people name thee so.

NATHAN.
'Tis possible, the people!

SALADIN.
Thou dost not believe that I would treat contemptuously the people's voice?—Loug have I wish'd to know the man whom it call'd wise.

NATHAN.
But if it were merely in scorn the people nam'd me thus? If to the people, wisdom were no more than prudence? and the prudent man no more than one who was alive to his own gain?

SALADIN.
To his true gain thou meanest?

NATHAN.
Then, indeed, the most unselfish were the prudentest.

SALADIN.
I hear thee prove what thou would'st fain gainsay: The people know man's true advantage not; But thou dost know; at least to know hast sought—Hast well considered; that alone makes wise.

NATHAN.
Which each one thinks he is.

SALADIN.
Well, well! enough of modesty! To hear it constantly, Where one expects dry reason, but disgusts (he rises) Let us to business! to the point! But, Jew, Thou must be upright—upright and sincere!

NATHAN.
Sultan! I'll surely serve thee, so that I Of further favours may be worthy found.

SALADIN.
Serve me! and how?

NATHAN.
Thou may'st select the best Of all I have and for the lowest price.

SALADIN.
What dost thou mean? Thou speak'st not of thy ware; For with the trader I have nought to do.

NATHAN.
Then, thou perhaps, would'st know if I perceived ought, on my way, of movements of the foe, Who certainly again does rouse himself.

SALADIN.
Nor yet of that, wish I thy speech. Of that I know as much already, as does suit My purposes. In short—

NATHAN.
Command me, Sultan

SALADIN.
I seek thy teaching in another thing, In quite another matter. Since thou art So wise; then tell me, once for all, what faith Or what religion, comes to thee the best?

NATHAN.
I am a Jew!

SALADIN.
And I a Musselman!

The Christian stands between us. Of these three Religions, one alone is real and true. A man like thee remains not where the chance Of birth has cast him; or if he does, It is because of grounds born of long thought, And ripe consideration, of wise choice. Well then! Impart thy wise experience. Let me perceive the reasons, which to seek I've lack'd the time, and let me understand The choice determined by these reasons, so That I may make it mine. Thou startest! How? Thou weigh'st me with thine eye; perchance I am The first of Sultans who has such a whim, Which ne'ertheless seems not to me beneath A Sultan's thoughts. Is it not so? Then speak! Or wishest thou a moment's time to think? I give it thee. Do thou think quickly This matter, I'll return right soon.

[Exit.]

NATHAN.
'Tis strange!

'Tis wonderful! What does the Sultan wish? With money I come well prepared, and he Deth wish for truth; so solid, and so bright,— As if the truth were coin! Ah! if 'twere but Ancient coin which custom was to weigh? Yes! That still were possible! But such new coin, Which but the impression makes, which on the board May just be counted out! Such it is not! As money from the board into the bag, So would he gather truth into the brain! Who is just now the Jew, then? Heor I? But how? if he should not demand the truth In truth? 'Tis true, indeed, that to suspect Him of his using truth but as a trap Were far too low! Too low! what is it then Which is too low for an exalted one? 'Tis sure! 'Tis certain! He did rudely plunge Into the house! A friend knocks, listens first, I must tread carefully. But how? But how? To be a stubborn Jew will not avail; And not at all a Jew, still less; because If not a Jew, he only has to ask Why not a Musselman? I have it now! That sure shall save me! Others than children May be fed with tales. He comes! well, let him!

(Enter Saladin.) SALADIN.
Am I too quick returned? Thou'st at an end With thy consideration? Well, then, speak! There's not a soul to hear us.

NATHAN.
Why should not The whole world hear us.

SALADIN.
Ha! Is Nathan, then, So certain of his case. That call I wise! Ne'er to conceal the truth! To hazard all Upon it! Life and body! Blood and fortune!

NATHAN.
Yes! When its of use and necessary.

SALADIN.
From now, then, may I hope to hear the name Improver of the world and of the law, With justice.

NATHAN.
'Tis a name most beautiful! But, Sultan! Ere I quite confide in thee Permit that I relate a story first.

SALADIN.
Why not? I've always been a friend of tales Well told.

NATHAN.
Yes. But to tell them well, I fear, Is scarce a trade of mine.

SALADIN.
Again thou art So proudly modest! Quick! go on; relate!

NATHAN.
Grey year's ago a man lived in the East, Who did possess a ring of worth immense, From a beloved hand. 'Opl the stone, Which played a hundred bright and beauteous lines And had the secret pow'r to make belov'd And pleasing, both to God and man, the man

Who wore it in this faith and confidence. No wonder, then, that this man in the East Would ne'er allow the ring to leave his hand, And did arrange for ever to retain It in his family, and in this way:— He left the ring unto his best loved son, And did ordain that he should it bequeath Unto his dearest son, and that, thenceforth, This dearest son, without respect of birth, Should be, in virtue of the ring alone, The head, the prince of all his family. Thou understandest, Sultan?

SALADIN.
Yes; go on!

NATHAN.
The ring, transmitted thus from son to son, Came to a father of three sons at last, Who all to him alike obedient were, And all of whom he therefore equally Could not but love. From time to time, indeed, The one, sometimes the other, then the third, (As each did separately converse with him, And the two other brothers could not share His outpour'd heart) did each successively Appear to him more worthy of the ring, Which also he the pious weakness had To promise each of them successively. As long as this went on, it did succeed; But, finally, the father's time of death Arrives, and with it great perplexity. It pains him to deceive two of his sons, Who on his word depend. What then to do? He sends in secret to an artisan, And gives instructions for two other rings, According to the pattern of his own, And bids him spare no cost or workmanship To make them perfectly resemble it. In this the artisan succeeds, and when He brings the rings, the father can himself No more distinguish the original. Content and happy now, he calls his sons, And gives them each, in secret, one by one, His benediction, and a ring, and dies. Sultan! Thou hearest still?

SALADIN.
I hear! I hear!

NATHAN.
Come with thy tale now quickly to an end

'Tis ended for what follows may be well Supposed. Scarcely was the father dead, when each Comes with his ring, and each demands to be The ruler of the house. They then enquire, Complain, dispute; In vain, the genuine ring Could not be proved;— [After a pause in which he awaits the Sultan's reply.] As little proved as ever The true religion can be proved to us.

SALADIN.
And that's the answer to my enquiry?

NATHAN.
'Tis merely my excuse; if I believe Myself incompetent to tell the rings, The which the father purposely contrived, That they should never be distinguished.

SALADIN.
The rings! Jest not with me! I should have thought That the religions which I named to thee Were quick distinguish'd: even to the clothes, Aye! to their meat and drink.

NATHAN.
But surely not, If their foundation be remembered. Are they not founded all in history, Traditional or written? And all such Must surely be received with faith? Well, then, Whose faith or truth does one love least to doubt? Surely the truth of those whose blood runs in Our veins—who from our childhood up Have given us proofs of love and tenderness, Who ne'er deceiv'd us, otherwise than when 'Twas better far for us to be deceiv'd. How can I less believe mine ancestors Than then dost thou? Or, in the other case, Can I demand from thee, that thou should'st give The lie unto thy fathers, and their faith, In order not to contradict mine own? The same applie'th to the Christian. Not?

SALADIN.
(By the great Living One! the man says true; I must be dumb.)

NATHAN.
Let's to the rings return.

The sons accused each other; came before The judge, to whom each swore that he receiv'd His ring direct from out his father's hand; (Which was quite true) that he had long possess'd His father's promise that he should enjoy, The rights and privileges of the ring; (Also quite true). The father, each affirmed, Could not have been deceitful toward him, And rather than allow a thing so foul To be suspected of his father dear, He would, although always inclined to think The best of his brethren, be obliged To think them guilty of the basest play; And that he soon would know how to unmask The traitors, and how to revenge himself!

SALADIN.
And, now, the judge? I do demand to know What thou dost make the judge decide—Speak on!

NATHAN.
The judge spoke thus.—If ye do not present The father quick before this tribunal, I shall discharge you all. Do ye then think

That I sit here to guess at selmas?
Or do ye wait until the real ring
Does open its mouth? But, hold! Ye all have said
That this same ring contains the magic pow'r
To make its owner loved by God and man;
That shall decide! The false rings cannot have
This virtue! Now, who is the most belov'd
Of his two brethren? Tell me quick! Ye're mute?
The rings work only backward? Not without?
Each one most fondly loves himself the most!
Then are ye all deceivers, and deceived;
Your rings, all three, are false. The real ring
Most probably was lost. The father, then,
In order to repair and hide the loss,
For one ring substituted three.

SALADIN.

Glorious!

NATHAN.

And so, the Judge continued, if ye wish,
Not my advice but my decision—go!
But my advice is this. Accept this thing
Exactly as it lies. If each of you
In truth a ring received from your sire;
Let each believe his ring the authentic one.
Perhaps the father would not tolerate
The one ring's tyranny within his house!
And certain 'tis that he did love you all
And equally: for he did not decide
To punish two of you, and favour one. 'Tis well!
Let each of you now foster zealously
A love unbrided and free from prejudice.
Let each of you, as for a wager, strive
To shew, before the light of day, the pow'r
Which each avers resides within his ring.
Assist this pow'r with gentleness and truth;
With meekness, candour, and benevolence;
With most sincere devotion unto God.
And when the virtues of the ring, at last,
Do clearly manifest themselves among
Your children's children and their progeny,
After a thousand, thousand years have past,
I do invite you here before this cat:
When that time comes a wiser man than I
Shall here preside and judge. Now, go in peace!
So said the modest Judge. If, Sultan, thou
Dost feel thyself to be this promised man,
This wiser man,—

SALADIN.

I, dust and ashes! God!

NATHAN.

What ails thee, Sultan?

SALADIN.

Nathan! Nathan dear!

The thousand thousand years, thy Judge pronounced,
Are not yet past; nor is his judgment scat
For Saladin. T. M.

CATS AND MICE.

THE Egyptians adored the cat as a divinity, and the Swiss have chosen it as the symbol of liberty. History rarely condescends to mention it, and poets in general ignore it, for, however valuable its qualities, the cat is not poetical. Yet Goldsmith has given it a place in his exquisite "Hermit":—

"Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrup in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies."

It is a common thing enough to call men "dogs," but Volunna in "Coriolanus" calls them "cats." In speaking of her son, she says:—

"'Twas you incensed the rabble:
Cats! that can Judge as truly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heaven
Will not have earth to know."

As to "the brindled cat" that mewed thrice before the three witches in "Macbeth" entered the cave, we can only applaud Shakespeare's good taste in giving her the precedence in that grand scene.

Many persons take pleasure in calumniating this excellent member of society, and we shall have something presently to say in its defence. For nearly a thousand years Western Christendom scarcely knew the blessing of cats; and how the rats and mice were kept down when no four-footed policeman patrolled the kitchen, is more than we can guess. In the tenth and eleventh centuries very high prices were given for good mousers. They were of Nubian origin, and descended from those domestic cats which the Egyptians certainly possessed, which exist to our own day in the form of mummies, and are represented on many of the monuments of Thebes. No one knows how they found their way into Europe, but there is reason to believe that the Romans imported them from the banks of the Nile in small numbers and at rare intervals. Our ancestors had so high a sense of the usefulness of this animal, that Howel Dda, or Howel the Good, inserted among his laws one expressly concerning it. The price of a kitting

before it could see was to be a penny, and when it had killed a mouse, twopence. If its hearing or seeing was imperfect, if it had not whole claws, did not go on killing mice, or proved a bad mother, the seller was to forfeit to the buyer the third part of its value. If any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, the fine he had to pay was a mitch ewe, with her lamb and fleece, or as much wheat as would cover the cat when held up by the tail with its head touching the floor. No reduction was to be made. The very tip of pussy's tail must be covered with the culprit's wheat. Thus, the price given for cats was high, considering the value of specie at that period, and the fact of laws being made to protect the breed of an animal which multiplies so fast, shows that in the middle ages it must have been scarce in Wales.

There is no creature which relapses more easily from the domestic to the wild state than the cat. Neglect at home and the taste of wild and living food abroad often tempt it to forsake the inhospitable hearth and, like a brigand, take to the woods. It prowls about, crouching under cover, and carefully concealing itself from public view. It breeds among thickets, makes raids upon young rabbits, sleeps in the holes of warrens, and banquets upon birds. Thus by degrees it loses its domestic habits, and becomes one of that race of wild cats which are still to be found in the North of Scotland and Ireland, and even in Cumberland and Westmoreland. If the population of England decreased as fast as it increases, the wild cat would be as plentiful as in the days of Richard II., who granted a charter to the Abbot of Peterborough, permitting him "to hunt the hare, fox, and wild cat." And what do you suppose the Abbot did with this produce of the chase? Why, he sold the skins to be sure, and struck many a good bargain with those who prepared them for the use of neighbouring convents; for it was ordained in Archbishop Corboyl's canons, in 1127, that no abbot or nun should use more costly apparel than such as is made from lambs' and cats' skins. There is as much difference between the animal in its wild and in its domestic state as between a cannibal in his native haunts and a civilized European surrounded with luxury and refinement. The red-furred wild cats, which are hunted through the marshes and forests on the banks of the Mississippi, are ferocious as tigers, and of a huge size, with a head resembling that of a rattlesnake. The Indians will tell you that they live on the breath of slanderers; and when a quarrel arises in a tribe, they say, "So-and-so is breeding wild cats in his wigwam."

The cat is often charged with taking cruel delight in the sufferings of its prey. But before this charge can be established, it is needful to prove that it is conscious of its victim's pain. If not, there is no cruelty in the case. The faculty of speech was never given to an animal but once, and then it rebuked the hand that smote it thrice with a staff. Addison speaks of the roasting of a cat as a common spectacle in his time. The sport consisted in seeing troops of the same species assemble, attracted by their comrade's piteous wailing. But which was the more cruel—the cat that was burned alive, or the men and boys that kindled the bonfire? It is difficult, no doubt, to say what end is answered by the prolonged agonies and terror of the mouse before it receives the coup de grace, but the cat meanwhile is only following its instinct, which is at once playful and destructive. If she had a bird between her claws instead of a small quadruped, she would bite off its head or wound it mortally at once, as if sensible of its chances of escape. Whatever detractors may say, she is capable of forming a strong attachment to those who treat her kindly. "Le chat s'attache à la maison, et le chien à son maître," is simply a libel; nor will we accept the compliment to the dog when it is offered at the expense of the cat. All who observe this animal's habits closely will discover in it proofs of affection. You may often see a kitten which will run to the call of one person, and one only. See how it leaps over the cabbages in the garden, makes its way among the peas, climbs up the favourite's dress, and fixes itself on the back of her neck! Here is another of the same tribe. Years ago its mistress left it with a friend, but when she returns, after

ever so long an interval, she is recognised and welcomed. As soon as she is seated, it creeps round and round her, and jumps into her lap—a familiarity with which it honours no one else in the world. Did you never see a cat among the mourners when the master is dead? It is always searching about for him. The dead man's brother takes it with him on one of his circuits, and does everything he can to console it. But all in vain—the cat pines away, and literally frets itself to death. We have seen it ourselves, and this instance is only one amongst many.

As puss is not poetical, so also is she anything but musical. Mewing and caterwawling are as unlike harmony as a bagpipe, a sampogna, or that vilest of all the inventions of Jubal, the catcall, which the *Spectator* so humorously criticised in the days of Queen Anne. Yet we ought not to forget that to the cat we owe in part the most perfect of all instruments and the most exquisite music. Without her aid the violin-maker would be at a loss to find his strings, and Paganini would never have elicited such sweet and elaborate variations from a single chord. But have we no debt of gratitude to the mouse also? Is it simply to be hunted down and doomed to extermination? Seeing that the female produces from six to eight young seven or eight times a year, and that there is little chance of extirpating the race, might it not be as well to turn them to account if possible? The French taught them, years ago, to turn wheels, like squirrels, and if all that is said be true, they are likely soon to take an active part among us in the field of industry. A gentleman in Scotland has trained some mice, and invented machinery for enabling them to spin cotton-yarn. The work is done on the treadmill principle. The machine is so constructed that the common house mouse can atone for its past offences by twisting and reeling from 100 to 120 threads a day. To effect this the little laboreur must run ten miles and a half—a journey which it can perform every day with ease. Now, an ordinary mouse weighs but a half ounce, and a half-peony's worth of oatmeal, at 1s. 3d. a peck, will feed it for the long period of five weeks. In that time it makes 110 threads a day, being an average of 3,850 threads of 25 inches each, which is nearly nine lengths of the reel. In the ordinary way 1d. is paid to women for every cut. At this rate, then, a mouse earns 9d. every five weeks, which is 3d. a day, or 7s. 6d. a year. If you deduct 6d. for board, and 1s. for machinery, there will be left 6s. clear profit from every mouse yearly.

The mouse employer is about to make application for the lease of an old empty house, the dimensions of which are 100 feet by 50, and 50 feet in height. This, at a moderate calculation, will hold 10,000 mouse-mills, leaving sufficient room for keepers, and visitors also, of whom there will, no doubt, be plenty. The mouse exhales an unpleasant odour, but it is thought that, with cleanliness and proper ventilation in the establishment, this disagreeable will be easily borne. Allowing £200 for rent and taskmasters, £10,000 to erect machinery, and £500 for the interest, there will be left a balance of £2,300 per annum. A few years hence, therefore, we shall be told, perhaps, of a millionaire, who has made a fortune by spinning-mice, and has taken a mouse for his crest. Thus mutual support and destruction is the wise and benevolent order of nature in the animal world; and science is teaching us more and more how to turn what was noxious to advantage, and to use what seemed created only to be destroyed.

Bee—A self-taught botanist, whose works command a ready sale.

Wages—Oil for human machinery.

Debt—A slice out of another man's loaf.

Cynic—A man who can't enjoy the puppet-show because he will look for the wires.

Money—A composition for taking stains out of character.

Revenge—Quenching your thirst with brandy.

Superstition—The swaddling-clothes worn by society in its cradle.

Wine—Spurs to make the brain gallop.

Malice—After-thought without fore-thought.

Cromwell—A chess-player who struck the king from the board, instead of checking him.

BUT AH! IT WAS A DREAM!!

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY READER.

WORDS BY EDGAR JUDGE.

MUSIC BY H. F. STANDHAFT, Bandmaster 30th Regt.

Andante &

PIANO.

p

I stood be-neath the a - ged oak, That crowned the vil - lage green, And troops of joy - ous
I saw her there, my wee, sweet love, My dain - ty sil - ry queen; So sweet, so fair, so
I stood be - side her yet a - gain, A white wreath deck'd her brows; Hand join'd in hand, heart

chil - dren deck'd The well re-mem - bered scene.... I heard their mer - ry
beau - ti - ful, The pride of Ul - ham green.... I watch'd, as years a -
bound to heart, We breathed re-spon - sive vows.... But she, she sleeps a

cres

laugh-ter ring, I mingled in the stream, And thought my - self a - gain a - boy; But ah! it was a
go I watch'd, Her soft eyes' ten - der gleam, And kis - sed a - gain her ro - sy lips; But ah! it was a
cold, cold sleep, And pink-eyed dai - sies gleam, O'er sods that mark her youth - ful grave; For ah! it was a

dream! I thought my - self a - gain a boy; But *pp* ah! it was a dream!
dream! And kissed a - gain her ro - sy lips; But ah! it was a dream!
dream! O'er sods that mark her youth - ful grave; For ah! it was a dream!

cres *pp*

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fluence over the human heart, and that much is forgiven and forgotten as we gaze upon the inanimate form of those once loved and gone for ever.

It was now two hours after midnight, and, retiring to her own apartment, Gertrude threw herself on her bed and tried to sleep, but her feelings were too much excited for repose. The strange disclosure made by Mrs. Elwood, when dying, filled her thoughts, and with the great surprise she experienced was mingled a feeling of intense relief at finding that the persons she had hitherto regarded as her parents were not such in reality; for to one of a refined nature, like Gertrude's, it was painfully humiliating to know that she was bound by the strong ties of consanguinity to those whose mode of life debased them in her eyes. Memory, too, was busy with the past, and from its secret chambers she sought to gather some childish reminiscence which might furnish some clue to the discovery of her parents. Her earliest recollections carried her back a period of twelve years, when she—a child of six summers—was living with Elwood and his wife, in the city of Quebec. Prior to that period memory was a blank.

The life of Gertrude had been lonely; she would not mix with the rude children of those low persons with whom the Elwoods associated. There was a natural delicacy and refinement about her, which was strangely at variance with the habits of Elwood and his wife. For some years her education had been wholly neglected, as well as her moral culture, and part of her childhood was spent in a state scarcely removed from the darkness of heathenism. About the age of ten she was sent to a respectable school, where religious instruction was mixed with the education of the pupils. A new light now dawned upon her as she learned some of the sublime truths of revelation. As she grew up she became gradually awakened to a sense of her duty to God, and painfully sensible of the total want of religion—nay, even of principle—displayed by those she then considered her parents. To endeavour, in a quiet, unpretending way, to effect some reform among those with whom her lot was cast, was the constant but warm effort of the young girl. For the last year, filial duty alone detained her an unwilling inmate of that home where nothing was congenial to her tastes and feelings; her mother's health was very delicate, and she devoted herself to the task of nurse, hoping to be able to awaken in her some interest about her eternal welfare, and induce her to prepare for that death, which was so surely approaching. The closing scene of Mrs. Elwood's life showed how vain had been this hope. Thus passed the early part of Gertrude's life, and notwithstanding the corrupt atmosphere in which she lived, she grew up a pure-minded being; like some beautiful flower, blooming in a stagnant marsh, she was uninjured by the evil influences around her.

When Gertrude again entered the chamber of death she found two women occupied in performing the last duties for the deceased. Silently and sadly she stood gazing on the rigid form they were shrouding for the burial. The agony of the spirit of departing was depicted on the marble features. Despair had stamped its impress there, and that expression in the dead is very painful to look at.

Keeping a lonely watch in the chamber of death, Gertrude spent the weary hours of the day preceding the funeral, casting a retrospective glance over the miserable past, and looking forward to the future with the bright hopes of girlhood.

The desire to visit England had taken possession of her mind; and now, when she knew that no tie of relationship existed between her and Elwood, she shrank with abhorrence from any further intercourse with him, and determined to leave the house she had, until now, considered her home, when all that was mortal of her supposed mother was consigned to the tomb. Looking over a daily paper, she perceived that a steamer was to leave New York, in a few days, for Liverpool. Mrs. Elwood's funeral would take place in the morning, and Gertrude made her preparations to bid adieu to her present home as soon as it was over.

Elwood's consent to this plan was easily obtained, and he supplied Gertrude with more than sufficient money to defray the expenses of the voyage. His wife's death left him in possession of a considerable sum, and as he thought the girl might have a better right to it than he had, he reasoned it was better to get rid of her quietly by giving her a small portion, for he would then be left in undisturbed possession of the remainder.

The following day the remains of Mrs. Elwood were deposited in Mount Royal Cemetery, with some little display of funeral pomp, obtained at no inconsiderable expense; but Elwood declared that as the money was hers, it was the least he could do, to give her a respectable burial. As soon as this last duty to the dead was over, a cab containing Elwood, with Gertrude and her luggage, might be seen driving rapidly through the streets of Montreal, to the Point St. Charles Station, where they took the cars for New York: Elwood kindly offering to see her on board the English steamship.

CHAPTER II. THE CURATE.

The last bell was ringing to warn those who were not passengers to leave the steamer, which was already preparing to move from the wharf, when Elwood and his young charge reached it. Amid the hustle and confusion on board, Elwood found it impossible to see the Captain, in order to place Gertrude under his care, as he had intended to do. A gentleman of prepossessing appearance, in the dress of a clergyman, stepped on board just at the moment of Gertrude's arrival. In his emergency, unwilling to leave the young girl without some protector, Elwood thought that a person of his profession ought to be a suitable one. He had only time to state, in a few words, the peculiarity of Gertrude's situation and to beg the stranger to afford her that protection which her youth and loneliness demanded, and which, his being a clergyman, warranted her to expect. The gentleman willingly consented to take charge of the fair young stranger thus singularly thrown upon his protection, and assured Elwood she should receive from him every attention. There was not time for another word; the machinery of the steamer began to work, the gang-way had been removed, and with a hurried farewell to Gertrude, Elwood sprang on shore, just as the steamship with its crowd of passengers put out from the wharf.

Confused and half frightened at the noise and bustle around her, Gertrude for a moment regretted the step she had taken, and sorrowfully watched the retreating figure of Elwood, feeling that even his presence would be preferable to the loneliness she experienced amid that crowd of strange faces. Had she done well in rushing into the world so young and unprotected, visiting a foreign land to seek subsistence and a home? In the eager but faint hope of discovering her parents, she had, she feared, acted imprudently—and yet was she not a stranger in the land she had just left? During her retired life she had made but few acquaintances and no friends. The vulgarity and evil habits of the class of people among whom her lot had been cast precluded her forming such ties. She would not be a greater stranger in England than in Canada. In either land she would have to go out into the world to encounter the stern realities of life as she laboured for her daily bread.

A pleasing voice abruptly broke the train of these reflections.

"The afternoon is pleasant, and the scenery along the Bay very fine; would you not like to go on deck?"

Gertrude bent her head in silent assent, and taking the offered arm of the Rev. Philip Trevyllian, ascended to the promenade-deck. I have already said the appearance of this young man was prepossessing. His figure was tall, with that distinguished air which is seldom seen except among the higher ranks of life; but the reverend gentleman was of ancient family, although the aristocratic contour of face and form was all the inheritance that had descended to him. The pale face was handsome—the features finely cut, the brow intellectual, shaded with rich masses of dark hair—the eyes were hazel, and from their luminous depths looked forth the inner man,

revealing, in every glance, the noble nature, and attracting all hearts as if with magnetic influence. His age might be thirty, the disparity between it and Gertrude's was considerable; and when he looked on the girlish appearance of his protégée his feelings partook somewhat of the paternal. It might be that a pre-occupied heart precluded the entrance of softer feelings; for enshrined in that young man's heart was the image of one of England's aristocratic daughters, and that face of imperial beauty, ever present to his mental eye, enabled him to regard with indifference the less beautiful girl who had so unexpectedly become his *compagnon de voyage*.

"You are very young to undertake a voyage across the Atlantic alone," he observed, as if wishing to lend Gertrude to some explanation of the circumstances in which she was placed. His frank, courteous manner, and the pleasing expression of his face, had impressed Gertrude favorably, and she soon found herself conversing freely with him; nay, before an hour had elapsed, she had made him acquainted with all she knew of her own history. Its singularity struck him forcibly, and to her eager question, put with childish simplicity—"Did he think she would have much trouble in finding her parents?" he answered very gravely, he saw "but little hope of her doing so, unless she had some clue to unravel the mystery connected with them;" then observing the disappointed expression of the young face, and the tears that filled the soft grey eyes, he said more hopefully, "but we cannot tell what may occur. Put your trust in God; He can bring to light, the hidden things of darkness, and if it be His will that you should find your parents, He will direct events to that end. And now," he added with a bright smile—a smile which flashed a radiant sweetness over his usually grave face—"I must, in return, for your confidence, tell you something of myself. I am the only son of a widowed mother, residing in one of the maritime counties of England. My home is a picturesque parsonage; for I am curate of the Episcopal Church in the town of C——"

"Have you any sisters?"

There was no immediate answer to this simple question of Gertrude's.

Instantly the smile vanished from Trevyllian's face, and a sad expression stole into it.

"I had a sister, but she is gone; beautiful she was, and fondly loved." There was a mingling of sorrow and anger in his voice, as he uttered these words.

"Did she die young?" was Gertrude's next inquiry. She felt a growing interest in the affairs of her new acquaintance.

"She is not dead; it was sin, not death, which took her from us." There was sternness now in Trevyllian's tones, and a hard expression about the mouth, which was firmly shut, as if he would keep down the sorrow which the remembrance of this erring sister caused him. But nature was too strong for him, and, turning suddenly away to conceal the emotion that would not be subdued, he leaned over the bulwark of the steamer, and remained for a short time buried in painful thought. When he again joined Gertrude he was calm, his countenance grave as usual.

"Have you been long absent from England?" Gertrude asked, as he once more seated himself beside her.

"Only a few weeks. I crossed the ocean to take possession of some property lately left me by a maternal uncle, who spent the greatest part of his life in the United States. I disposed of it to advantage, and am now returning home some hundreds richer than when I left it, at which I greatly rejoice for my dear mother's sake, as it will secure to her an independence in the event of my death; and an independence, be it ever so small, is a very desirable thing, Miss Carlyle."

Elwood had introduced Gertrude by this name, as she intended to retain it until she discovered her real one. She felt the truth of the young clergymen's remark, and now the recollection of her own almost destitute condition forced itself upon her mind, and she anxiously asked Trevyllian if it was difficult to procure a situation as governess in England.

"I think not particularly, if you have friends to interest themselves for you."

"But I have no friends," was the touching remark of the young girl, and tears filled the bright eyes which were turned, with an anxious inquiring expression, on the curate.

"You must look upon my mother and me as friends," he said with pitying kindness. "Our home shall be your home, until some suitable situation offers. Do not trouble yourself on this account. There will be no difficulty in finding you one; although I think I cannot promise that it will be in every way desirable, — the office of teacher in England is not so pleasant or honourable as in America — for in that country society is less trammelled by social distinctions. The line of demarcation between the different classes is not so strongly marked."

"But will your mother be willing to receive a stranger into her family?" Gertrude asked, after a short silence.

"Yes, when she learns the peculiar circumstances in which you are placed. She is one of the kindest of human beings, and will gladly afford the shelter of her home to a young and friendless stranger. You will be to her a daughter, to supply, in some degree, the place of her she has lost. Maud was about your age, and somewhat like you; that alone will procure you a kind reception from the fond mother who daily mourns her loss. But we have left the city behind, and now the romantic shores on either side demand our admiration. Allow me to point out to you the many places of beauty and interest which present themselves to our view."

Thus changing the conversation, the curate tried to amuse his fair companion, and prevent her mind from dwelling on the painful realities of her situation.

Soon, however, their *tête-à-tête* was interrupted, for the breeze, freshening as the steamer moved rapidly over the deep blue waters of New York Bay, Gertrude complained of sickness, and retired to her state-room. She did not again make her appearance on deck until the rock-bound coast of Ireland was in view; for the passage, though quick, was stormy, and it was with a feeling of infinite relief that Gertrude and the other passengers found themselves, at the end of twelve days, safely landed at Liverpool. There Mr. Trevyllian and his young companion only remained an hour, for, catching the train for O—, they proceeded eastward, through the middle countries of England, at a rapid rate.

CHAPTER III. THE CURATE'S HOME.

It was late in the evening when they arrived at C—; yet as they drove from the station to the Parsonage, the streets seemed alive with people; the shops were still open, filled with busy purchasers, coming and going, while the shrill voices of boys and girls, singing some lively carols, mingled with the various noises that rang through the clear frosty air. It was Christmas eve, with just enough snow to cover, with a white mantle, both town and country, and to render that happy season yet more joyous; for who does not like to see nature glittering in snowy robes and gemmed with icicles on a merry Christmas morning? The Church of the Ascension, which claimed Mr. Trevyllian for its pastor, was situated in a retired part of the town, in a handsome street. Behind the sacred edifice stood the Parsonage, picturesquely placed on the brow of a wooded cliff, which overhung the deep but narrow river that ran through the town of O—, and divided it into two parts, connected by massive stone bridges. The house was a low, old-fashioned building, surrounded by trees, which flung their now leafless branches over its roof, as if vainly trying to protect it from the rude blasts of winter. A crescent-moon, "hung like a coronet on the brow of night," shed its pale light on the narrow gravelled road, which led from the street to the Parsonage; as the cab, which conveyed our travellers from the station turned into it, two rival bands of Christmas Waits were besieging the house, and pouring forth strains that had more of strength than of melody, but which, nevertheless sounded harmoniously to the ears of the travellers, as it came to them through the calm rarefied air. Through the windows of the kitchen streamed a ruddy light from the glowing yule logs burning on the hearth, and in the drawing-

room, lights also gleamed, revealing its only occupant, Trevyllian's widowed mother, who was standing at the window listening to the gay carols without.

As the cab drew up before the door, and Phillip and Miss Carlyle alighted, the figure at the window suddenly disappeared. A moment afterwards, and the hall-door was hastily opened, and Mrs. Trevyllian met them on the steps.

"Oh, Phillip, have you found her? has she come at last?" she cried in a voice full of joyful excitement.

"No, dearest mother," he replied sadly, "it is not Maud, but a young Canadian lady who comes to claim your hospitality for a time."

Mrs. Trevyllian waited not to hear his explanation: with a cry of bitter disappointment, she retreated into the house, while her son with Gertrude slowly followed her. She had thrown herself upon a couch, and was sobbing piteously. Suddenly she mastered her emotion, and, raising her head, held out her hand to Gertrude—a wan smile of welcome struggling with the anguish that convulsed the faded face.

"Forgive my want of courtesy," she said; "and you too, my dearest Phillip, pardon the coldness of your reception after your long absence; but it was such a cruel disappointment after the sudden hope that filled my heart with joy," she wailed forth, as she threw herself into the arms of her son, and again wept piteously.

"I know it, dearest mother," he said soothingly. "I feared it would be so, but there was no time to inform you of anything before our arrival. I would not delay a day after landing in England, so anxious was I to be with you at Christmas."

"And I am so glad you have come," she said more cheerfully. "I should have spent a dull Christmas without you, Phillip;" and, again subduing her grief, she exerted herself to perform the duties of hospitality, conducting Gertrude to her apartment, where she helped her to take off her travelling dress, and then left her to make her toilet, while she descended to the kitchen to give orders for supper.

A pleasing bustle now prevailed in the Parsonage; the servants, after welcoming their young master, busied themselves in preparing a plentiful repast for the travellers; and Mrs. Trevyllian, in the glad excitement of the hour, gradually recovered her usual composure, crushing back the grief that would have marred the happiness of others, and cast a gloom over this happy festive time.

It was a pleasant home-scene at the Parsonage, and an interesting trio that gathered round the bright fire after supper on this Christmas eve. The comfortably furnished room, with its brilliant gas light, its handsome sideboard, on which glittered some pieces of plate—a present from the congregation to their young pastor—its ample curtains draping the windows, and shutting out the cold and darkness without,—everything spoke of comfort such as is not always met with in the curate's home in Merry England. But Phillip Trevyllian was fortunate in having a generous rector, who, himself obliged from ill health to reside on the continent, allowed him a handsome salary for doing his duty at home. On a low ottoman, on one side of the fire, sat Gertrude Carlyle, her face expressing the happiness she felt at finding herself so comfortably domiciled, while that very happiness gave its own beauty to her countenance.

And now, *en passant*, I may as well say a few words descriptive of my heroine. She was not beautiful, as most heroines are supposed to be, yet she had one of those lovely faces which are found to be so attractive more from beauty of expression, than regularity of features. Her eyes were really very fine, deep grey shaded by long lashes. Her figure was about the medium height, slightly formed, and now shown to advantage by a well-fitting dark merino dress, the small linen collar and white cuffs relieving its sombre hue. Her luxuriant brown hair was rolled off from her white forehead, and gathered in soft masses of curls in a net behind. Forming a not unpleasant contrast to this lovely girl, was the matronly figure of Mrs. Trevyllian, reclining in a fauteuil on the opposite side of the fire-place, her handsome son seated beside her, his hand fondly clasped in hers.

There was little resemblance between him and his mother; he was more like the aristocratic Trevyllian—yet there were traces of beauty in her faded face, which the stern hand of sorrow could not efface; and in the gentle blue eye was an expression of goodness, which showed she was worthy to be the mother of Phillip Trevyllian.

To be continued.

THE WHITE HART INN.

I HAD "walked" the hospitals, deriving every possible advantage from that pedestrian effort; I had passed successfully through the ordeals of hall and college; I had completed my apprenticeship; I had become fully competent and entitled to cure or kill, as the case might be, according to act of parliament; I was no longer a student, a bud upon the tree of medical science; I was at last a full blown practitioner, if it be correct to apply that term to one altogether without a practice.

My old colleagues at the Middlesex treated me handsomely. They invited me to a farewell supper. Although they remained in a grubstate, as it were, whereas I had become a butterfly, and was about to take wing away from them, they were immensely cordial; and I was, I trust, not proud. They made speeches, toasting me, wishing me prosperity and long life, and musically averting that I was a jolly good-fellow, and that nobody could deny it. I returned thanks, impressively. Tears were shed, hands were shaken, glasses were broken. Then came parting—forgetfulness. I found myself next morning with a bad headache, my own master, and master of very little besides—my student days behind me—the world before me—the stock in trade with which I was to commence business on my own account being represented by my right to add the magic letters M.R.C.S. after my name. That was something of course. Yet I know when I tried to convert M.R.C.S. into L. S. D., by no process of arithmetic could I make much of the sum.

I was pondering over my situation when the post brought a letter. It informed me of the demise of an elderly maiden aunt; and by way of balm to the natural grief that occurrence occasioned me; I was instructed that, under the terms of her will, I was her legatee to the extent of five hundred pounds free of duty.

At certain periods of life, one is prone to somewhat exaggerated views; inclined, for instance, to account five hundred pounds a perfect fortune. I own I thought my legacy an endless sum—a sort of blank cheque signed by Cæsus. The five hundredth sovereign seemed to be years and years, miles and miles, away from me. Towards the close of a long life, I might perhaps be with-in hail of it, but not before.

I put it to my friends. Here is this sum—now, what would you recommend me to do with it? Some said: Invest it. Well, of course, any fool could say that. But it is of no good having a legacy if you're to lock it up again in the funds as soon as you've got it. You might almost as well have never had it at all. Others said: Buy a practice with it. A practice! A swindle very likely, advertised in the newspapers, and supported by sham-books and imaginary patients, a vacant surgery, empty bottles, a mahogany counter, and numberless brass knobs to imitation drawers. No; whatever I did with my money, I was not going to play ducks and drakes with it by buying a practice.

I spent about a hundred pounds of my legacy in thinking what I should do with it, and in looking about me generally. I had no notion before that looking about one and thinking were such expensive operations. Finally, I decided that I would settle down somewhere, and try and make a practice. But where should I settle down?

Now it happened that I decided upon journeying down to Noddington, a small town in a midland county, with the view of establishing myself there, I now hardly know. But excessive discretion is apt sometimes to drive a man to desperation. I had been so long hesitating as to what I should do, that it became indispensably

necessary that I should do something, anything, at last. Otherwise, if I had not already determined that I would certainly settle down in Noddington, and make a practice there at all costs, perhaps my first acquaintance with the place would have somewhat damped the fire of my resolution; for Noddington was not busy, or vivacious, or promising-looking, considered from a medical practitioner's point of view. There seemed little danger of the inhabitants endangering their constitutions by excess of bodily labour or mental anxiety. If noise, or worry or incessant activity have a prejudicial effect upon human nature, why, then, the Noddingtonians were in no danger of their chance of longevity being interfered with in those respects. If on the other hand, inertness, torpidity, and want of occupation were matters requiring medical attention, why, then, thought I, my chances of making a practice and earning a living were decidedly improved. Noddington was fast asleep, pillowed amongst its hills. I was there to wake it up, feel its pulse, prescribe for it, and in due courses furnish it with a little account of my charges for those services.

Noddington was in truth little more than a large village, though it chose to call itself a town, and was so described in gazetteers, and road-books, and county histories. Traditions survived to the effect, that in remote coaching-times Noddington had been a place of importance, as being on the direct road to a large manufacturing town. But a railway had diverted the channel of traffic, and left Noddington high and dry, as it were. Its posting-houses and post-horses were things of the past. It had dwindled into the position of a village in an agricultural district. Still, I meditated, people must come into the world there, and must go out of the world there. On such occasions, the presence of a medical man is indispensable. Even Noddington cannot be so far removed from civilisation, so regardless of decency, as to do altogether without a doctor. Wherever there is ever so small a congregation of poor human nature, the medical practitioner may pick up crumbs of profit from the midst. Just as I had arrived at that satisfactory reflection, a puff of wind came towards me. "Delicious" I cried. "There is an open drain somewhere about Noddington. Well, well; things are not so very unpromising after all!"

Noddington was composed of two straggling streets only, High Street and Cross Street, intersecting each other at right angles, with a small rude old market-cross at the crossing point. Close by was the Red Lion Commercial Inn. I entered the Red Lion Commercial Inn.

I rapped on the bar with my walking-stick, I shouted, kicked against a door, I stamped on the floor. The Lion was evidently asleep, and required a good deal of waking. The idea of a chance customer had never entered into the Lion's head. I called "Hi!" then "Shop!" then, lest that might have given offence, I cried out in a dignified bass voice, as they do at the theatre: "What ho! within there!" I was just likening myself to Iago calling up Brabantio in the first scene of *Othello*, and thinking I was getting on well with the part, and altogether displaying a genius for the stage I had not previously been aware that I possessed, when a stout, florid man appeared, with rather an affronted expression of face. He was evidently not well pleased that I had taken the Lion at his word, and believed his statement literally as to his providing good entertainment for man and beast. However, he was ultimately induced to provide me with refreshment in the shape of some strong cheese—strangely rasping to the palate—some stale bread, and some ale, which would have been a pleasanter beverage if it had possessed more head, and rather less hardness.

A stout, florid, heavy man, with a dull eye, a low forehead, and a triplet of chins instead of a neck. Yes, I thought, I'll soon have you on my books, my fine fellow. I know your symptoms: determination of old ale to the head; singular tightness in the region of the waist after eating; drowsiness, not unaccompanied by dizziness, after your fifth rummer of hot brandy and water in the evening; stertorous breathing, and general stupidity. I know all about you. And, men-

tally, I made up for him a nice little prescription—to be taken the last thing before going to bed—which would have done him a world of good.

It's no use beating about the bush with a dull man; tell him plump what you got to say, and let it soak thoroughly into his mind. Of course, if your news is of a very astounding nature, and results in his having an apoplectic fit, it's unfortunate; but, after all, it's far more his affair than yours. The best thing to be done then is to send for the nearest medical man. In the present case, in the event of the Red Lion's having a fit, I was the nearest medical man. So I told him plainly "that I had come down to Noddington to set up as a general practitioner," and waited to see what effect upon him the information would have, meanwhile just putting my hand in my pocket to make sure that I had got my case of instruments handy about me.

He turned upon me a dreary glare from his beery eyes; he silently rocked himself to and fro for some few minutes; he at length produced, from cavernous ventral depths—as though it were a choice bottle of wine from a secret place in his cellar—the expression: "Lor' bless 'ee!" and then spat on the floor. The benediction he intended to convey would have seemed to me more valuable if it had been less decidedly tinged with contempt.

"Is there a doctor in Noddington?" I asked.

"Surely. Dr. Blossop."

"Are there any houses to let in Noddington?"

"Ne'er a one," he answered.

"I was somewhat disappointed. If I could not find a house to live in, there seemed an end to my plan of settling in Noddington as a general practitioner. The Red Lion, perhaps exhausted by unwonted conversational efforts, turned away. A shabby little old man then entered. His eye was watery, and there was a purplish-blue hue about his nose. A likely patient by and by, I thought to myself; and I began to draw up in my own mind a neat little diagnosis of the possible complaint about which he would at some future day come to me for advice and treatment. I set him down as the sexton and parish clerk of Noddington; and such he subsequently proved to be. He and the Red Lion said "Mornin'" to each other, and then a mug of ale was set before him, although he had given no order concerning the refreshment he required. He was a regular customer, evidently. I soon found him not unwilling to talk. The sight of a face new to Noddington had upon him almost an exciting influence. He became quite communicative. He informed me that his name was Huxham, and that, man and boy, he had lived in Noddington some fifty years; albeit, he came originally from a distant country.

"Any houses building in Noddington?" I inquired.

He told me that there had not been a house built in Noddington within his recollection. Clearly, it was not a rising, or an improving, or an increasing place. Yet he repeated the Red Lion's information as to there being no houses to let in Noddington.

"Leastways," he said, "there's not a house as any one would take."

This statement provoked further inquiry; and at last I arrived at the fact, that there was an empty house in Noddington; but it was not a desirable place of abode; it possessed an evil reputation; it was, in fact, stated to be haunted. "Come, come," I said to myself; "things are beginning to be promising. A haunted house will be just the thing for a young medical practitioner. A famous advertisement; for, of course, I shall effect a cure; I shall get rid of the ghost, and in such way thoroughly establish and distinguish myself in the eyes of Noddington."

I was not nervous about ghosts. We had often talked over the subject at the Middlesex, and had finally settled "that ghosts proceeded from the stomach," and demanded a course of gentle tonics, and strict attention to diet and general health.

Mr. Huxham became interested in my plans. I gathered from him that, in the palmy days of Noddington, the White Hart Inn had been the chief posting-house in the place and altogether a very lively and thriving concern. It was a large,

long, irregular building, of most old-fashioned look, with high, red-tiled roof, and casement windows, erected upon the vaguest architectural plan, partly of brick whitewashed over, partly lath and plaster, and partly of timber. A tall sign-post stood before the door; but the sign itself had long since vanished, and the post presented an unpleasantly bare, gaunt, and gibbet-like aspect. Close by were long, wooden horse-troughs, all but dismantled, and wholly rotten and useless, covered with rust and moss, and filled with refuse and rubbish. At the back, were large, dilapidated, tumble-down stables and out-buildings. Doubtless, years ago, the White Hart Inn was regarded as quite a temple of human comfort and pleasure; ease in an inn being then synonymous with frouzy misery, unwholesome food, maddening potations, your pulse at fever-heat, and *delirium tremens* handing you your candle as you staggered up to your bedroom. But times had changed; evil days had come for the White Hart. The proprietor had struggled manfully, but vainly. One by one, the coaches began to disappear from Noddington, and the customers dropped off from the White Hart. He made sacrifices. He decreased his establishment; he shut up the stables; dismissed the crowd of hangers-on who had of old given life and bustle to the scene; he even left off part of the old inn, converting the two wings into private houses, retaining only the centre portion of the building, and trusting that, with these efforts at adapting himself to the times, he might be permitted to carry on his business with decent success to the end of the chapter. But the fates were against the White Hart; and on the evening of the day on which the last coach passed through Noddington for the last time, the landlord of the White Hart hanged himself.

It was a desperate and elaborate suicide, with much forethought about it. The poor soul had tightly fastened his hands and feet, to give himself no chance of change in his design, if repentance should come to him after he had kicked away the chair from under him. He was found, hours after, stone cold, suspended from the hook in the ceiling of the great upper room of the White Hart. All was over now. The doors were closed; the house—that is, the centre portion of it—was falling into ruins, and it had the reputation of being haunted. The perturbed spirit of the suicide landlord visited ever and anon the rooms, and staircases, and passages of the White Hart, acting inconsequentially and unreasonably, after the manner of perturbed spirits—giving runaway rings at the bells, groaning fitfully and fearfully, and clanking a chain. Some described the noise rather as of the clashing together of pewter flagons, and walking up and down on the creaking floors with feet invisible, though the footfalls sounded so loudly. More than this: certain Noddingtonians had been heard to say, in awful tones, with blanched faces, that occasionally was to be seen, when the moon-light streamed into the windows of the great room, hanging from the hook in the ceiling, a vague shadowy *something*, that positively wasn't a chandelier, or anything like a chandelier, but an object much more harrowing, and altogether very different indeed.

The old White Hart Inn was, it seemed, at my service. But, then, it was no use talking about it, said Mr. Huxham. It wouldn't suit me. I couldn't live in it. Gentlemen before me had tried it on—lots of them—all sorts of gentlemen—but the thing couldn't be done. Another doctor in the place might answer well enough; there was room enough for two, very likely. Mr. Huxham wouldn't take it upon himself to say there was not. People did fall ill now and then at Noddington—more people than might be expected, perhaps. They suffered from what he might call all-overishness. Mr. Huxham owned to having felt it himself more than once. But as for taking the White Hart, or trying to take it, living in it, and attempting to set up there as a doctor—the results of such proceedings were so obviously preposterous, that Mr. Huxham did not think it necessary to state them, or to complete his sentence; he preferred to hide his face in his mug, and finish his ale.

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Noddington stirred itself a little concerning me on the following morning. But I had pre-arranged my line of conduct; I was calm, discreet, reserved. Huxham, I found, had been setting afloat a preposterous account of his adventures; but I ignored Huxham. I averred that he had gone home much inebriated at an early hour; and Noddington, notwithstanding its desire to credit the fact that something marvellous had in truth occurred, had yet unquestioning belief in the inebriety of its sexton. The statement that I had slept as sound as a top, it was much less disposed to accept. Mr. Mumford was congratulatory. He was glad to find that a sensible tenant had at last been secured for the White Hart. Dr. Blossop was kind enough to express his pleasure at the fact that a hardheaded London medical man had come down to Noddington to send to the right-about all the absurd fables that had been rife about the place a great deal too long.

The excitement through Noddington during the day brought a little business to the surgery: I dispensed a blue pill and black draught, I strapped up a cut finger, and I applied some liniment to a contused wound on a child's leg. I began to think that, ghost or no ghost, I was beginning to make a practice.

When night came, I locked up the house carefully, and lighted my candles in the surgery, late the bar-parlour; but I did not remain there. Leaving the candles burning, I went up, without a light, to the great room, the window of which was closed. I took up my station in a corner of the room. I had the poker with me, with very vague notions as to what I intended to do with it; but it seemed to me that the possession of some sort of weapon, of offence or defence, was decidedly desirable.

It had struck eleven o'clock. The time passed very slowly. It was rather miserable work waiting in that great, cold, dark room for the advent of the perturbed spirit. I was sorely tempted to steal back to my surgery, and refresh myself with another dose of the Red Lion brandy. I began to wish that I had not taken upon myself to prescribe for the White Hart ghost. After all, strictly speaking, a general practitioner had no right to be regarding a ghost as a patient. It was no part of my duty to be curing Noddington of its haunted house. I was just deciding in my own mind that it was a pity I had ever heard of Noddington, or ever dreamed of settling there with the view of making a practice, when distinctly there was the sound of some one crossing the stable-yard without, then a curious rustling of the ivy; a shadow darkened the window; then came a rush of cold night-air into the room; the window opened slowly, noiselessly; a leg appeared, then another, then a whole body. A man stepped into the room.

He was close to me. Stretching out my arm, I could have hit him with the poker; certainly, I could have touched him. I could hear him breathing. He paused for a moment, as though to recover himself after his exertion of climbing into the room; then he began to walk with a firm, heavy, solemn footfall up and down, up and down the middle of the deserted room; and it seemed to me that he trod with especial weight when he came to that part of the floor which was over my surgery, where, possibly, he presumed me to be sitting.

Was I frightened? Never mind whether I was or not. For some minutes, I was certainly irresolute as to what course I should adopt. One thing I was pretty clear about—it was not a ghost I had to deal with—it was a living man. At last, I made up my mind what to do. As he paced down the room, I followed him stealthily, so that when arriving at the opposite wall, he turned to pace again, he met me face to face in the dark.

He stopped, started, gave a scream, threw up his hands, and staggered back, falling heavily on the floor. I went up to him. The man had fainted. I ran down stairs, to return immediately, with a candle and a tumbler of water. I threw away the poker; I had no further need for that. In a minute, I was untying a stiff white cravat, and sprinkling water in the pale face of—Dr. Blossop. Presently, he revived a little.

"The ghost! the ghost!" he moaned feebly, shivering. It was clear—a spurious ghost himself—he had taken me for the genuine article, and the misconception had considerably disturbed his nervous system.

"*Similia similibus curantur*," I said.

"An infernal homœopathist," he muttered. Even at such a moment, professional prejudices strongly possessed him.

"Nothing of the kind. As respectable an allopathist as you are; more respectable, if you come to that. This is very pretty conduct, Dr. Blossop."

"Don't expose me," he whined piteously; "don't expose me. There's a dear, good, kind young man. For Heaven's sake—for my poor dear child."

He was well enough presently to come down into the surgery. He was very humble and contrite; he confessed everything: he had been the ghost of the White Hart; he had climbed his garden-wall, and made his way into the great room by the help of the broken pump and the ivy; he had been in the habit of walking up and down, heavily, after the manner of *Jugby* the suicide—sometimes he had even brought his dog-chain, and rattled it, by way of being additionally terrible; he had rung the bell from the stable-yard. And his motive? Well, it had arisen years back. It had then been a matter of vast importance to him to prevent any other medical man from settling in Noddington; and he had commenced to haunt the White Hart—the only empty house in the place. His plan had succeeded. He had kept away his rivals; he had ruled supreme for many years—Noddington's only medical man—until I had come, and detected him, compelling him to give up the ghost indeed!

But why, I asked, had he not permitted the auctioneer, the lawyer, the retired linen-draper, to occupy the White Hart peaceably? Why had he haunted them, who could prejudice or interfere with him in no way? Well, he was afraid suspicion would be excited, and would attach to him, if it were found that the ghost only disturbed rival medical men. He therefore had been compelled to treat all tenants alike. And then he admitted that he had felt a sort of pleasant excitement in haunting the White Hart and alarming its inmates. If I only knew how dreadfully dull Noddington was, he declared, I should appreciate the importance of obtaining entertainment in any shape. But he was prepared to confess that his conduct had been very shameful; that he had treated me very ill—the more so, that no real reason existed now for his desire to keep other practitioners out of Noddington. And he intimated that he had feathered his nest very satisfactorily—that he had no need to fear opposition—that he was advancing in life—and soon thought of retiring altogether from practice. He ended by again imploring me not to expose him.

I did not expose him; indeed, I forgave him. I am, I fear, absurdly good-natured; and then he promised to advance my interests, and to make all possible amends. We had a glass of brandy and water together, and became very good friends.

I remained in Noddington; and the talk about the White Hart being haunted began gradually to die away. I had effected a cure. By and by, Dr. Blossop made me an offer of a partnership, and I accepted it. Since then, I have been doing very well indeed.

The Noddington people say there's only one thing against me—I am not married, and they hold that a medical man ought to be a married man. I am trying to get rid of this objection. Miss Julia Blossop looks more and more kindly upon me every day. I have had to struggle against her ridiculous predilection for the curate of Noddington, whom I have always held to be a singularly inane young man. But as the rumour gains ground that the curate and the rector's daughter are to be seen playing suspiciously protracted games of croquet together, I fancy that Julia is disposed to think she might do worse than accept my suit. In regard to which matter, I venture to say there can hardly be two opinions.

THE FAIR UNKNOWN.

YOU know, my dear fellow, that love sometimes makes fools of the wisest. You want my advice in a delicate matter; well, I believe, I cannot do better than relate to you what a ludicrous predicament I once got into, while under the influence of the little god.

"Out with it, Hall! I may perhaps learn wisdom from your folly."

"Well, it happened about three years ago. I was walking along Notre Dame Street, one January afternoon when I saw, a few yards ahead of me a lady, whose figure struck me as remarkably graceful. She was of middle height, very tastefully dressed, and as she glided along many a head was turned in order to obtain a second look at her. I was susceptible at the time, and could not but ascribe to such a graceful figure a face correspondingly beautiful. I quickened my step, therefore, in order to gratify my curiosity, when she started to cross the street. At the same moment a carter came driving past at a furious rate, making her position one of real danger. I bounded forward, and had the happiness to grasp her just in time to prevent what would, probably, have been a sad accident. She was in a half fainting condition from fright, however, and I supported her into the nearest store. A glass of water, and in a few minutes rest restored her.

I was not mistaken in ascribing to her a beautiful face; but its beauty did not consist in a striking regularity of features. It was the indescribable gentleness that revealed itself in the clear eyes and well shaped mouth, that formed its chief attraction. I had seen a similar expression on canvas, in Dawson's picture gallery, and had been so strongly impressed with its beauty that it haunted me for a long time afterwards. I gazed in silent admiration, therefore, on the living model, until, rising from her seat, she laid her hand in mine, and in well chosen words expressed her gratitude for my timely succour. A sigh unconsciously escaped me as she passed out of the door and entered the sleigh which one of the salesman had procured for her. I would have given a year's salary to have been on terms of friendship with her. She did not even mention her name, however, but I heard her direct the driver to No. — Dorchester street, and upon this slight foundation I built many an airy castle.

The next day the papers duly chronicled the "gallant feat." My activity and presence of mind were lauded; but the name of the rescued lady, I was vexed to find, was as far from my knowledge as ever.

For a week I failed to obtain the slightest clue. I haunted Dorchester street with a persistency that greatly troubled the somnolent guardian of the night. I destroyed many quires of scented note paper in the vain attempt to pour out my troubled thoughts in verse; I grew abstracted, lost my appetite, and my friends predicted a speedy decline. In this state of mind I was prevailed upon to attend the Concert of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society. The band was in the middle of the overture, when, amongst the crowd that was entering the Hall, I discovered the Fair Unknown, as I had dubbed her, leaning on the arm of a tall, middle-aged gentleman. I stood almost spell-bound at her appearance. More beautiful, more graceful than ever she seemed; and a jealous pang shot through me as I saw how affectionately she leaned on her escort, how proudly she looked up into his face. The pang was but a transient one, however, for I concluded from the tall gentleman's age and appearance, that he was her father.

The movement of the crowd brought them in a few moments close to where I stood, and her glance, in roving round the room, encountered mine. A bright smile immediately lit up her features, and a graceful bow acknowledged my presence. For a few minutes I stood conscious that I was forming the subject of their conversation. The tall gentleman's eyes, from time to time, beamed kindly upon me, and I imagined they seemed to say that were the place not quite so public how happy he should be to thank me for having rescued his daughter. Another move-

ment of the audience took them out of my sight; and I left the room shortly afterwards, determined to become acquainted with the bewitching beauty.

The father and daughter were apparently strangers in Montreal; for although I enquired diligently I obtained no information whatever in regard to them, except that they had but recently come to reside in Dorchester Street. I grew more and more in love with the Fair Unknown; and the mystery that seemed to enshroud her increased rather than diminished my foolish attachment. I haunted the neighbourhood in which she resided, in the hope of meeting either father or daughter, and receiving an invitation to visit them. This, however, proved as fruitless as my other schemes; and it is hard to tell what would have been the result had not a vigilant policeman hastened the denouement.

I had taken up my position opposite the house, and had become so abstracted whilst gazing upon the lighted windows that I had failed to notice that the gentleman in blue evidently regarded me as a suspicious character, and passed and repassed me several times in the course of half-an-hour. He finally became impatient, and stopping before me, ordered me to move on.

"Mind your own business," was my indignant reply.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, youngster, or you'll get into trouble. It looks suspicious you're banging about here this cold night. You're after no good, that's plain, so you'd better be moving before I take you to warmer quarters."

"I wouldn't advise you to lay a finger upon me," I retorted, "if you do you'll remember it the longest day you live!"

"Oh, you mean to threaten me, do you, youngster!" he exclaimed, raising his baton as if to strike me. You know, old fellow, that I am a pretty tough customer and perhaps I was reckless, for when the man attempted to grapple with me, I avoided his clutch by springing to one side, and the next moment his baton was wrenched from his hand, and himself laid sprawling in the street.

"Murder! help!" he shouted and in a moment the door opposite was flung open, and the unknown's father sprang towards me. With his assistance my arms were secured, although I struggled desperately, and anathmetized their conduct in no gentle terms. At this juncture the Fair Unknown appeared at the door with a light, and as its rays fell upon me, the tall gentleman cast his eyes upon my face.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," said he, releasing my arm. "If I had known that you were the gentleman who so gallantly rescued my wife from a great danger a short time since I certainly would not have attempted to deprive you of liberty."

His wife! I could scarcely credit my senses. This sudden blow stunned me, and I did not recover from its effects until I stood in the station house, and heard the happy husband offering ball to any amount for my due appearance to answer the charge of assaulting the law's representative. The next morning I was fined ten dollars, and duly warned that on a repetition of the offence the amount would be trebled.

There is a moral to my tale, my dear fellow. Never fall in love with a lady who is entirely unknown to you.

G. H. H.

Montreal, January, 1866.

PASTIMES.

ANAGRAMS.

Members of the Legislative Assembly, L. C.:

- 1. Dont push richer kin.
2. Jos Horne.
3. O a road in.

Members for U. C.:

- 4. I can hold no ham Jerry.
5. Lash all crime G.
6. Bark rat run in.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. How may oil be made hot without water?
2. If you were pressing a relation for the pay-

ment of a debt, what Canadian legislator's name would your conduct resemble?

DECAPITATIONS.

- 1. Behead one animal, and leave another.
2. Behead a farming implement, and leave a habitation.
3. Behead a girl's name, and leave a musical composition.
4. Behead a condition, and leave a political division.
5. Behead a favourite amusement, and it will make you sick.
6. Behead a favourite amusement, and leave a pretty girl; again behead, and leave what we all have done.

CHARADES.

- 1. My first is a word we speak and oft indite, To mark each man's distinct possessive right, My next is dissyllabic in its form, Its very sound oft kindles passions warm; Viewed in another sense it only gives The dangling tail of many adjectives; My whole denotes a lofty glorious theme, Outshining age's lore and poet's dream. 'Versant with every country, age, and clime, It speaks the dictates of the voice of time.
3. I am a word of nine letters; my 9, 3, 8, 4, is what all young ladies should be taught to do; my 1, 7, 3, 8, 9, is sometimes composed of wood and sometimes of more sensitive material; my 6, 3, 4, is carried by ladies, sometimes for ornament, and sometimes for use; my 2, 7, 3, 4, is a colour; my 3, 4, 9, is a conjunction; my 6, 8, 7, 4, 5, is the position all brave soldiers desire to occupy; my 2, 7, 3, 9, is to be found in all civilized countries; my 5, 3, 2, is an unpleasant coating for either man or woman; and my whole is a Canadian town.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- 1. YIIHITLBSVDN. Incapability of separation.
2. BERUSE. A deep and gloomy place.
3. ESEENEST. Name of a river.
4. AEIOWFRENCSLP. Has been seen in Canada.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

- 1. It is required to find three numbers in geometrical progression, such that the product of the first two shall be equal to the third; and if three times the first be added to three times the second, together with the third, the sum will be 26.
2. If the Russian werst be one-half the Scotch mile, and four Scotch miles are equal to five English miles, how many wersts are there in 560 English miles.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c., No. 20.

PUZZLE.—VIVID.

ANAGRAMS.—1. George Brown. 2. William McDougall. 3. John A. MacDonald. 4. John Sandfield MacDonald. 5. George E. Cartier. 6. Luther H. Holton. 7. Thomas D'Arcy McGee.

ENIGMA.—Shadow.

CHARADES.—1. Nelson. 2. Jacques Cartier. 3. Hearth.

TRANSPOSITION.

Don't grieve for dead roses, a useless employment, That never was known to do any one good; The future is sure to have food for enjoyment, But grieving would spoil it if anything would.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.—1st. 3, 9, 27. 2nd. 12. 3rd. 41.

The following answers have been received: Puzzle.—X. Y., Stratford, Wymbledon.

Anagrams.—Nemo, Gloriana, Wymbledon, H. H. V., Cloud, A. A. Oxon, H., X. Y., Stratford.

Enigma.—H., Nemo, X. Y., Cloud, H. H. V.

Charades.—All, Gloriana, A. A. Oxon, Cloud; 1st and 2nd, T. Graham, H., Geordie, Wymbledon, X. Y.; to the 3rd, Nemo replies "Wreath."

Transposition.—A. A. Oxon, Gloriana, Geordie, H., T. Graham, X. Y., Nemo, Wyvant.

Arithmetical Problems.—All, Nemo, Gloriana, Cloud, A. A. Oxon; 2nd and 3rd, T. Graham; 2nd, Wymbledon; 3rd, X. Y., Stratford.

Received to late to be acknowledged in our last: X. Y., Stratford, Presto, Union, W. R. O.

CHESS.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 8.

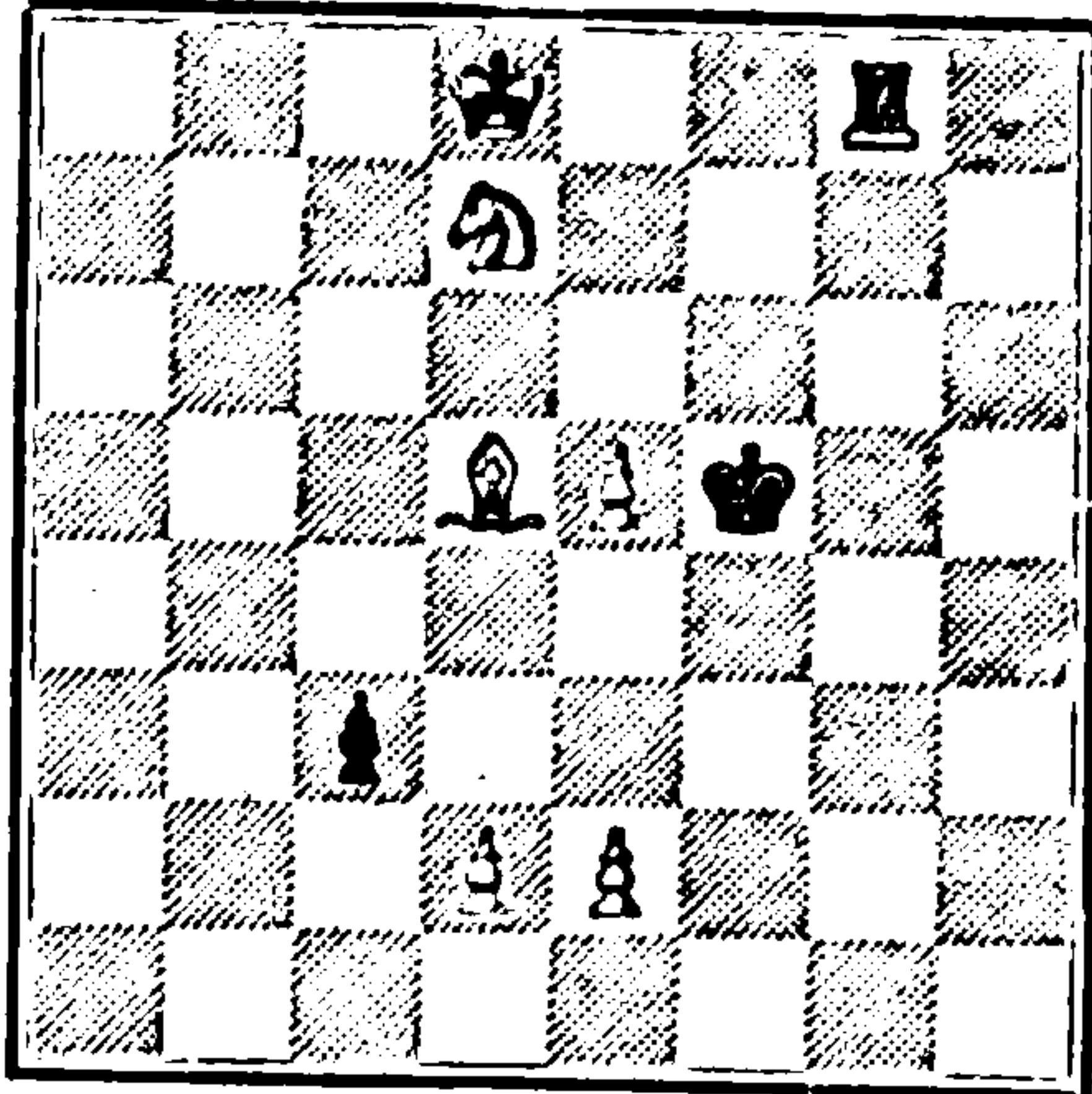
WHITE. BLACK. 1 Q. to K. 7th. K. takes Kt. or 2 Q. to Q. B. 6th. Mate. * If Black plays B. takes Kt., White replies with 2. Kt. to Q. Kt. 6th, Mate. If Kt. to K. B. 4th, then follows 2. Kt. to Q. Kt. 4th, Mate. If Kt. to K. 3rd, then ensues 2. Q. takes Kt., Mate. And, lastly, if Kt. to Q. 6th, or B. 6th, Mate is given by 2. B. to K. B. 3rd.

PROBLEM No. 10.

AN ELEGANT STRATAGEM BY THE LATE I. B., OF BRIOUFORT.

(From Kling and Lorenz's "Chess-Player.")

BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and Mate in three moves.

Game in a match by correspondence, concluded two years ago, between a Quebec Amateur and a Committee of the Civil Service Chess Club;

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED.

WHITE. (Civil Service.) BLACK. (Amateur.)

- 1 P. to Q. 4th. P. to Q. 4th.
2 P. to Q. B. 4th. P. to B. 3rd.
3 Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
4 B. to B. 4th. Kt. to E. 4th.*
5 B. to K. 5th. P. takes P.
6 P. to K. 3rd. K. Kt. to B. 3rd.
7 K. B. takes P. B. to Kt. 6th.
8 K. Kt. to B. 3rd. Castles.
9 Castles. B. takes Kt.
10 P. takes B. B. to Q. 2nd.
11 B. to Q. 3rd. P. to K. B. 3rd.
12 B. takes Kt. Q. takes B.
13 Kt. to K. 6th. Q. to K. 2nd.
14 B. to R. 7th (ch.†) K. to B. sq.
15 B. to H. 2nd. B. to K. sq.
16 Q. to B. 3rd. Kt. to B. 3rd.
17 Kt. to Q. 3rd. Q. to H. 6th.
18 Kt. to B. 4th. Q. takes H. P.
19 Kt. takes P. Q. takes B.
20 Kt. takes H. K. to Kt. sq.
21 P. to Q. 5th. Kt. to Q. sq.‡
22 K. B. to Q. B. sq.§ Q. to Kt. 7th.
23 Q. to K. H. 5th. K. takes Kt.
24 Q. to K. R. 7th. P. to Q. B. 3rd.
25 P. to Q. 6th. P. to K. B. 3rd.¶
26 Q. to H. 4th. P. to K. 4th.
27 Q. takes Q. P. takes P.
28 H. R. to Q. B. 5th. Kt. to B. 2nd.
29 Q. K. to Q. sq. B. to Q. 2nd.
30 P. to K. H. 4th. B. to K. 3rd.
31 P. to Q. B. 3rd. P. to K. 5th.
32 P. to K. B. 3rd. P. takes P.
33 P. takes P. H. to Q. sq.
34 P. to K. 4th. K. takes P.
35 B. takes H. Kt. takes R.
36 R. to H. 3rd. P. to K. Kt. 4th.¶
37 P. takes P. P. takes P.
38 K. to B. 2nd. P. to Kt. 5th.
39 H. to Q. 3rd. K. to K. 2nd.
40 B. to Q. sq. P. takes P.
41 K. takes P. B. to B. 2nd.
42 K. to B. 4th. B. to Kt. 3rd.
43 P. to K. 5th. Kt. to B. 5th.
44 B. to K. Kt. sq. B. to B. 2nd.
45 K. to Kt. 3rd. K. to K. 3rd.
46 K. to R. 3rd. P. to Q. Kt. 4th.**
47 K. to Q. 3rd. K. to K. 2nd.
48 H. to Q. B. 3rd. P. to Q. 4th.
49 R. to Q. 3rd (ch.) K. to B. 4th.
60 R. to K. Kt. 3rd. K. to Q. 5th.
61 R. to K. Kt. 5th. Kt. takes R. P.
And White resigns.

* If not found, at all events a novel move. † If K. takes B., Q. checks at Kt. sq., then takes Q. Kt. P. recovering piece and gaining a Pawn. ‡ A particularly strong retrograde move. § Q. K. to Q. B. square would have been very harassing. ¶ No time to spare. ¶ Effective in breaking up White's Pawns. ** If Kt. takes P., White would win Kt. by R. to K. 3rd.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. LEM., QUERO.—We shall be happy to give the article a place in the READER, as also any others, upon kindred subjects, you may think fit to forward.

C. E. C.—We think your attempt a very successful one. Will refer to the solution in a future number.

A. O. M., IN THE CORNER.—We have known the Journal you refer to from our boyhood, but must confess that we do not share your admiration for it; we shall nevertheless be always happy, to the best of our ability, to reply to any queries that may be addressed to us by our readers.

T. L. MCL., HAMILTON.—Much obliged. We printed the lines as we received them, but on comparing them with the original, discovered that they were incorrectly quoted. Will give the correct version in our next issue.

W. G. A., LONDON.—Pretty well for a first attempt, but scarcely up to the mark for publication. Persevere.

GRADIE.—Much obliged.

W. B. S.—We received the pamphlet, but as we could not notice it favourably, did not acknowledge its receipt.

PERGIBIN P.—Your "Hints" are in type, but were unavoidably crowded out this week. Have not found time to read the MS. just received.

SOLC.—We are always glad to hear from you, and should be pleased to do so more frequently.

WYMLEDON.—Many thanks! The puzzle appeared in an early number. In what form would you put the last?

F. B.—Respectfully declined, but certainly not "beneath our notice."

SPARE HOURS.—The missing numbers were mailed, but we will forward others. It is an assumed one, and of course we cannot give the writer's real name without his authority.

ORAC.—The ideas are good, but several of the rhymes are altogether inadmissible.

WYVANT.—Please accept our thanks for your note; we will publish your solution, together with Mr. Williams', in our next issue.

X. Y. STRATFORD.—The solution you offer to No. 2, is incorrect. Much obliged for your contributions, which we hope you will continue.

A. D. C.—Respectfully declined.

EDILBURGA.—We do not know which to thank you for most—the lines, or the note which accompanied them.

HESTER L.—"Fanny Forrester" was the *nom de plume* of Miss Emily Chubbuck an American authoress, who subsequently became the wife of Judson, the Missionary.

YOUNG CANADA.—The seven champions of Christendom were St. George of Merry England, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. Patrick of Ireland, St. David of Wales, St. Anthony of Italy, St. Denis of France, and St. James of Spain.

A. T.—You must decide the first point yourself. If you send them we will decide the second.

JAS. T.—Respectfully declined.

Gao. W.—Probably at the commencement of the second volume.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

SOUP.—The season for soups has come round again. It is surprising how few families make use of this most palatable and economical article of diet. A bone of beef or mutton, a part of a fowl, or a pound of any fresh meat, properly prepared with vegetables and seasoned, will, if nicely gotten up, serve more satisfactorily for a dinner than many a one that is served at a greater cost. Of whatever meat soup is to be prepared, it should be carefully washed, not soaked, and then placed in water quite cold, bringing this, very slowly, to a scald. If boiled at all, it should only be after a long simmering. This will bring out all the natural juice of the meat, so that when ready for the seasoning, and such vegetables as you choose to add, the scraps of meat may all be skimmed out without loss.

EGG SAUCE.—Set a saucepan over the fire, with a pint of fresh milk in it, seasoned with a little pepper and salt. When it boils stir in a lump of

butter and four half beaten eggs. Allow the eggs to clot if you like, by only occasionally stirring, scraping the eggs from the sides and bottom of the saucepan in the operation—or you may make the sauce smooth like custard, and cut up hard boiled egg around the fowl after the sauce is poured over it. Egg sauce is oftener made by stirring hard boiled eggs finely minced, into drawn butter or cream, seasoning with pepper, salt and savory herbs.

AN EXCELLENT JOHNNY CAKE.—Take 5 rounded cups of meal, 2 level cups of flour, 1 of sour cream, 5 of sour milk, 3 eggs, half a cup of sugar, enough salt, 2 tablespoonfuls cooking soda; stir all together and bake immediately. It requires about forty minutes to bake; and the above quantity affords breakfast for a family of ten.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

MR. GERARD KRIST, of the Australian Museum, Sydney, records the discovery of a number of interesting bone-cave fossils from the caverns of Tasmania. The portions of the breccia examined by him contained the following fossils:—The second molar tooth of the right half of the upper jaw of a species of *Thylacine*, and also the third molar of the same portion of the jaw, and four fragments of canine teeth, probably of the same genus; twelve molar and premolar teeth of a species of *Sarcophilus*, and portions of the upper and lower jaws and skull of the same; the right half of the lower jaw of a species of *Dasyurus*; portions of lower jaw of a species of *Perameles*.

PROFESSOR AGASSIZ has been exploring the natural history of the Amazon, and reports some extraordinary discoveries. In a letter written on the 8th of September, he states that he has found over 100 new species of fish in the Amazon, although he has examined scarcely one-third of that river.

At a late meeting of the Association of Medical Officers of Health, Dr. Richardson read a very interesting paper on the propagation of epidemic poisons. Several carefully-conducted experiments have convinced him that these poisons, when deprived of their vitality, are capable—by some unexplained power—of converting substances—such as the blood—with which they come into contact into materials identical with themselves. This was very clearly shown in the case of the poison of pus—the matter of abscesses, &c. Dr. Richardson, having procured some of the pus from an animal suffering from pyæmia, extracted from this its organic principle, combined the latter with an acid, re-precipitated it, and, with the substance thus produced, he was enabled to produce pyæmia in healthy animals.

ACCORDING to Dr. Joule's experiments, which have been recently published, the aurora borealis exerts a very powerful action upon the magnetic needle. The needle becomes violently agitated, and undergoes thirty-six changes of deviation in the course of a minute. The cause of the movement seems to be instantaneous in its action. When the aurora appears to the west of the magnetic north, the needle is deflected towards the east, and conversely.

MR. J. Garth Marshall, in a letter to the *Leeds Mercury*, upon the subject of hydrophobia, suggests a cure not for the disease itself, but for the bite which may lead to it. He writes:—"The late Mr. Youatt, the veterinary surgeon, who has himself been eight times bitten by mad dogs, uses as a remedy the common nitrate of silver, easily procurable, to filter into the wound. It decomposes the saliva, in doing this destroys the virus. Whenever I am bitten I have a remedy sure and at hand, and no fear of the disease supervening. The best mode of application of the nitrate of silver is by introducing it solidly into the wound. It melts in an equal quantity of water. If already healed, the cicatrice should be rubbed and cauterized away entirely. Between the time of the bite and the activity of the wound, previous to dissemination, the caustic of nitrate of silver is a sure preventive; after that, it is as useless as all other means. The poison of hydrophobia remains latent, on an average, six weeks; the parts heal over, but there is a pimple or wound,

more or less irritable. It then becomes painful, and the germ, whatever it is, is ripe for dissemination into the system, and then all hope is gone."

SARANAL extremely curious experiments have been made in Paris on the effects of santonic acid (an extract of the flowers of santolina). When a dose of about ten centigrammes is taken, a kind of intoxication is produced, which causes all objects to appear yellow to the patient, and when about fifteen centigrammes are taken the same objects appear violet-coloured.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

In a large party one evening, the conversation turned upon young men's allowance at college. Tom Sheridan lamented the ill-judging parsimony of many parents in that respect. "I am sure, Tom," said his father, "you need not complain; I always allowed you eight hundred a year."—"Yes, father, I must confess you allowed it, but then it was never paid."

A TRAVELLER coming up to an inn, and seeing the host standing at the door, said, "Pray, are you the master of this house?" "Yes, sir," answered the landlord, "my wife has been dead these three weeks."

A DOCTOR up town has recently given the following prescription for a lady:—A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, and a new pair of gaiter boots." The lady, it is needless to say, has entirely recovered.

IT is not an unusual thing to hear sentimental young ladies singing in the parlour, "Who Will Care for Mother Now?" while the old lady is down in the kitchen polishing up the rusty old stove, or splitting wood to cook breakfast.

HAIR that ought to flow in natural waves.—The locks of a canal.

A COUNTRY lady, who was in London recently—astonished a female pickpocket, who in an omnibus had thrust her hand into the lady's pocket, by turning and coolly inquiring, "Why do you put your hand in my yocket, when I have my purse here in my hand?"

WEATHER OR NOT.—Lady of House (whose daughter is playing a solo on the pianoforte) "Very nice air is it not? So extremely clear?" Old Gent (who thinks she refers, like everybody else, to the weather): "Well some people like it, I think it's frightful: and if there is not a change soon, I don't know what I shall do!"

CAPTAIN BRENTON, in his *Naval History of Great Britain*, tells the annexed anecdote of Admiral Cornwallis:—"The admiral was a man of few words, but they were weighty and forcible when they fell. When he commanded the *Lion* in the West Indies, the seamen were dissatisfied with him for some cause or other, and when the ship was going before the wind they threw a letter over the stern which they contrived should be blown into the stern gallery. In this document they expressed a determination not to fight should they come in the presence of the enemy. Cornwallis read the letter, went on deck, turned his hands up, and thus addressed them: "So, my lads, you don't intend to fight if we meet the French? Well, never mind, I'll take good care you shall be well shot at, for I will lay you near enough." They gave him three hearty cheers, and in the subsequent battle no ship could have behaved better."

LONGEVITY OR SMOKERS.—The Paris correspondent of the *Star* writes—"I must give you the last *bon mot* of the youthful daughter of one of our most gifted actresses, named like her mother whom you have probably seen at the Francais applauded for her marvellous rendering of 'Moliere,' Augustine Brohan. The young artist, chatting to a friend on the pernicious results of smoking, remarked, 'People must be mad, for it exhausts life; great smokers die sooner than other men.' 'Bahl bahl' replied Emilie A—, "Look at my father, who has smoked from his childhood to this hour, and he is seventy." 'Ahl' said Augustine, 'but if he had not smoked, by this time he might have been eighty!'"

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how many yards of sausage your rubicund Teuton can swallow in a day, how much tobacco he can convert into smoke, and how many gallons of lager beer he can manage to put under his waistcoat. But are there no rivers on this continent equal to the Rhine in beauty? And if a traveller is in search of romantic ruins, can he not find them on this continent? Can he not find in Mexico and Central America the remains of a civilisation that was coeval with that of Etruria?—dismantled temples and prostrate columns as grand as those of Karnak, as beautiful as those of Persepolis? And in these wrecks of ages long gone by, cannot the antiquarian and ethnologist find memorials of an architecture that was old and perfect a thousand years before the stones were hewn to build those dens of feudal robbers, the castles that frown down upon the well-praised Rhine?

Why should the people of this continent visit Europe if only for the purpose of that which is fair or sublime in nature? What can they see in the shape of rivers to equal those of this continent, from the vast Mississippi, Father of Waters, and the mighty St. Lawrence, into which four inland oceans roll their contents, to the picturesque and placid Hudson, and the majestic Saguenay, sweeping along with that sullen grandeur that begets awe, and that deep tranquillity that betokens mysterious and incalculable power? Can Lakes Leman or Windermere surpass in wild and witching beauty Lake Memphremagog, gleaming like a gem in its mountain setting, and sentinelled by forests which, in the early days of autumn, glow with as many colours as ever shone on the emblazoned canvas of the great Italian painters? Within a day's journey of many of our railway stations there are spots of sufficient loveliness to vie with any of the valleys of Switzerland or Andalusia; rivulets, beautiful as any that ever ran flashing down the Alps; cascades whose names have perished with the race of the red man, and which, unknown or uncared for by those who have supplanted the children of the forest, send their silvery music through the woods, on summer noons and summer nights, as if beseeching the wanderer to come and gaze upon them, or as if bewailing to the breeze the fate of those who once were wont to watch them and to love them well.

We must now draw to a close;—and have only to remark, in conclusion, that we who inhabit this continent have always within our reach everything that can make life enjoyable, as well as instructive; and if we reject that which is natural, and adapt ourselves, in our amusements and pastimes to that which is artificial and fashionable—Nature will eventually have her revenge; for mental and physical deterioration will surely overtake us—just as surely as punishment, sooner or later, is the inevitable consequence of crime.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. BAKER'S interesting narrative of his recent African explorations in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyanza will shortly be published in London.

The translation of Homer is a feature of our times. Sir John Herschel—who published one book of an hexameter translation in the *Cornhill Magazine*—has completed the Iliad. The public are likely to have an opportunity of forming their opinion of it.

A PORTRAIT, said to be that of Shakespeare by a contemporary painter, is now in the possession of a Dr. Clay, of Manchester. The painting, which is twenty-four inches by twenty, has, it appears, been in the possession of one family for upwards of one hundred years. The face is thoughtful and slightly touched with melancholy, the eyes being remarkably expressive and pleasing.

It is understood that the Home Government are contemplating certain changes in the British Museum. Mr. Panizzi, the present Chief Librarian, will retire, and it is probable that the post will be offered to Sir Edmund Head. The

London Athenæum says: "Sir Edmund is a distinguished scholar, a Privy Councillor, and a man of wide experience. If the prize must go away from the Museum, it would not be easy to find a better chief."

Number 1 of the *Masonic Press*, a new journal devoted to Freemasonry, has just been published in London.—It is a "Monthly Journal, Review, and Chronicle" of the ancient Order and its kindred subjects. The editor is Bro. Matthew Cooke, M.P., and the publication "is said to appear" with the sanction and approval of "the Most Puissant Sovereign Grand Commander of the Ancient and Accepted Rite XXXIII., and the most Eminent and Supreme Grand Master of Masonic Knights Templar of England and Wales," &c. The object of issuing the *Masonic Press* is declared to be "the numerous abuses—accumulated more especially during the last half-century—which loudly call for redress, and these evils will be unflinchingly and persistently opposed until they or it cease to exist." We wish the new monthly every success.

A genuine Yarmouth author promises to teach the world, "How to Cook a Yarmouth Bloater One Hundred Different Ways," to which is added a "History of the Herring, also a few approved methods to cook sprats, scallop oysters, 'schottch' eels, pick shrimps, and manage mussels." Were Yarmouth bloaters more easily obtainable in Canada, we should feel a greater interest in the author's promises.

Another old English library has been destroyed by fire. About a month since, Crews Hall, in Cheshire, built by Sir Randle Crew, who had purchased the estates of the Falshursts, in the reign of James I., was burnt to the ground. The library was founded by Sir Randle, when Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. After he was displaced in 1626, for his disapprobation of the imprisonment of those gentlemen who refused the arbitrary loan proposed by the Court, Fuller said of him, "He discovered no more discontent at his discharge than a weary traveller is offended at being told that he is arrived at his journey's end." It was also said of him, after he had built Crews Hall, that he was the first to bring "the model of good building" into Cheshire. Most of the fine old paintings have been saved; but the books, comprising many rare works of the times of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., have all been destroyed. This makes the third or fourth old library that has been destroyed within the past few months.

A writer in the Athenæum suggests the following explanation of a difficulty in "Hamlet":—"The passage in 'Hamlet,' 'I know a hawk,' or, as corrected, 'I know a hawk from a heronshaw,' has greatly puzzled commentators. Is this not the true explanation? Among the ancient Egyptians the hawk signified the Etesian, or northerly wind (which in the beginning of summer, drives the vapour towards the south, and which, covering Ethiopia with dense clouds, there resolves them into rains, causing the Nile to swell), because that bird follows the direction of that wind (Job xxxix. 26). The heron, or heron, or hornshaw, signified the southerly wind, because it takes its flight from Ethiopia into Higher Egypt, following the course of the Nile as it retires within its banks, and living on the small worms hatched in the mud of the river. Hence the heads of these two birds may be seen surmounting the conus used by the ancient Egyptians to indicate the rising and falling of the Nile respectively. Now Hamlet, though feigning madness, yet claims sufficient insanity to distinguish a hawk from a heronshaw when the wind is southerly, that is in the time of the migration of the latter to the north, and when the former is not to be seen. Shakespeare may have become acquainted with the habits of these migrating birds of Egypt through a translation of Plutarch, who gives a particular account of them, published in the middle of the sixteenth century, by Thomas North."

We have collections of many curious things—why not a collection of "Curious Advertisements?" Apropos to this question we see it stated that for some time past a diligent reader in the British Museum library has been busy upon

a "History of Advertising." The following announcement, cut from a late Liverpool paper, although without the charm of age, has at least absurdity enough in it to recommend its insertion in the forthcoming work:—

DOWLING.—Duo. 23, at his mundane abode, 25 Fore-street, off Exmouth-street, Birkenhead, the wife of Abraham John Dowling, preacher of the Gospel, late an UN-SENTENCED prisoner in Chester Castle for preaching the Gospel, of a son and heir, by the mother's side (who is Elisabeth, third and youngest daughter) of the late Captain William Williams, of Liverpool and Dublin. Thanks be ascribed to the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, man's only Saviour! blessed be His most holy name, the suffering mother and son have been brought through the furnace and both doing well—bless the Lord; this child making the third arduous though at length happy delivery! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Amen and Amen." Who would believe in the sanity of the writer?

Among the forthcoming English publications we notice "Cast Away on the Auckland Isles," a narrative of the wreck of the *Grafton*, and of the escape of the crew, after twenty months' suffering, from the private journals of Capt. Thomas Musgrave, together with some account of the Auckland Islands; also an account of the Sea Lion and its habits (originally written in seals' blood, as were most of Capt. Musgrave's journals), edited by John J. Shillinglaw. Capt. Musgrave's singular adventures were recently noticed in an article in the *Times*, contributed by the Melbourne correspondent of that journal. They fairly entitled him to the name of "the Robinson Crusoe of the nineteenth century."

GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE. *

LANDWARDS rolled the tidal waters
With a hoarse and angry roar,
'Neath their fury seemed to tremble
The steep and granite shore,
Landwards—seawards—round them flinging
Phosphorescent foam wreaths high,
Whilst above them sullen brooded
A black and starless sky.

In a dimly lighted chamber,
Wrapped in silence hushed and deep,
Lay a sick man slowly sinking
In death's last dreamless sleep;
And though now he was so quiet,
His had been a stirring life,
Battling—as the sailor's lot is—
With wind and water's strife.

Gently stole a friendly watcher
To the shrouded tranquil bed,
Where the sick man lay as silent
As if life itself were fled—
Gazing on the rigid features
That already death's hue wore,
Whispered soft he, "In a moment
Will the last sad scene be o'er."

Quickly spoke the dying sea-man,
With impatient angry sigh,
"Think you with the Tide incoming
That a sailor o'er can die?
Stand aside, and cease your watching,
For, I tell you, mesmate, true,
When the tide is outwards going,
Why, I will go with it too."

Not another word was spoken
In that sad and dreary room,
Both untroubled and unbroken
Was its darkened solemn gloom:
But when sunbeams bright were gliding
Grey old ocean in its pride,
And the waves were outward rolling,
His soul went out with the tide.

Montreal, January, 1866.

Mrs. LEPROW.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- The Magic Mirror.** A round of Tales for Old and Young. By William Gilbert, author of "The Profoundia," &c., with eighty-four illustrations. By W. S. Gilbert. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- Wordsworth's Poems for the Young,** with fifty illustrations. By John MacWhirter and John Pottle. A new edition. London: Alex. Strahan & Co. 86c. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- Downing on Landscaps Gardening and Rural Architecture.** A new edition. Edited by Henry Winthrop Sargent. 8vo. Beautifully illustrated. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- The North-west Passage by Land.** Being the narrative of an Expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By Vice-Admiral Milne, M.P., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c., and W. B. Chichester, M.A., M.D., Cantab., F.R.G.S. London. Cassell, Pether and Galpin. 8vo. Beautifully illustrated. \$5.50. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Words for 1866.** In one handsome octavo volume, with numerous illustrations. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Sunday Magazine for 1866.** One large octavo volume with numerous illustrations. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- Jamieson.** The Complete Works of Mrs. Jamieson in ten neat 16mo. vols. A new edition, just published. The only uniform one published. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- Undertones.** By Robert Buchanan. Second edition, enlarged and revised. One vol. 16mo. \$1.00. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Life of Lord Palmerston.** With an account of his Death and Funeral. London. Routledge. 1865. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Student's English Dictionary.** One vol. 814 pages. Illustrated. London. Blackwell & Son. 1865. \$2.00.
- Van Der Palm.** The Life and Character of Vander Palm, D.D. Sketched. By Nicholas Beets, D.D. Translated from the Dutch. By J. P. Westervelt. 12mo. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- War Lyrics and other Poems.** By Henry Howard Brownell. 12mo. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- Child.** The Freeman's Book. By L. Maria Child. 12mo. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- Just published, by R. Worthington, the Advocate, a Novel by Chas. Henryson, author of Saul, a Drama; Sophthal's Daughter, &c. \$1.25; full gilt, \$1.50.
- Dante's Inferno.** Illustrated. By Gustave Deré. One large folio volume. English text. By Cary. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hesperus and other Poems.** By Charles Sangster. Author of New St. Lawrence and Saguenay, &c. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- Robertson.** Sermons and Expositions. By the late John Robertson, D.D., of Glasgow Cathedral. With Memoir of the Author. By the Rev. J. G. Young, Monisth. 12mo. \$1.50. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- Bushnell.** The Vicarious Sacrifice, grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- Dr. Marigold's Prescription.** By Charles Dickens. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- Kingsley.** Hereward, the last of the English. By Charles Kingsley, author of "Two Years Ago," &c. 12mo. pp. iv., 897. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cl. \$2. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- Ruskin.** Precious Thoughts, Moral and Religious. Gathered from the Works of John Ruskin. By Mrs. L. C. Tuthill. 12mo. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the late Province of Lower Canada.** Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, cloth binding, \$6.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.
- Artemus Ward.** "His Book." Just published, this day, by E. Worthington, Artemus Ward, "His Book," with 19 Comic illustrations, by Mullen. Elegantly printed on best paper. Paper covers, uniform with his Travels. Price 25c.
- This day published, by R. Worthington, The Harp of Canaan, by the Revd. J. Douglas Borthwick, in one vol. octavo. Printed on best paper, 800 pages, \$1.00, in extra binding, \$1.50.
- Will be published this week, by R. Worthington, the Biglow Papers, complete in one vol. Paper covers, uniform with Artemus Ward. Illustrated and printed on fine paper, price 25c.
- Christian Armour,** or Illustrations of Christian Warfare. Illustrated, one vol. 4to.
- The Illustrated Songs of Seven.** By Jean Ingelow. Schubler's Lay of the Bell, translated by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart.
- The Tour of Dr. Syntax** in search of the Picturesque, 8vo. Illustrated.
- Byron's Works.** New Riverside Edition. In Half Calf, Extra. \$1.50 per vol. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the Friedrich the Second,** called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. 5. \$1.25. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- Idyls of the King.** By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. Sm. 4to. \$3.25. E. Worthington, Montreal.
- A Concise Dictionary of the Bible;** comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Thick octavo, with 270 plans and wood-cuts. \$5.00.
- The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.
- E. WORTHINGTON,
30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. MALFOUR.

Continued from page 343.

CHAPTER XIX. COMMITTED.

"To how foul a blot, on the fair page of a long life will a little drop of dirty ink spread itself!"

RICHARDSON.

If in her dreams, three months back, Miss Austwick had pictured herself walking slowly down an avenue of Kensington Gardens to keep an appointment with a man of Burke's rank in life or any man of any rank, she would have certainly concluded so humiliating a fantasy was the result of a severe attack of indigestion. Yet now she was actually walking slowly in the yellow mist of a gloomy morning, and fretting at the weather, which she feared prevented her being seen. No eyes are keener than those that avarice sharpens; and it was a real luxury to "Old Leathery" to dodge behind the trees and shrubs to watch her as she walked. He could not bring himself to shorten his enjoyment by crossing her path and presenting himself until the very last moment. Indeed, once he resolved to let her return home disappointed of her errand. To make her come the next morning would have been so good a test of his power over this proud and proper lady, that he was tempted to try it. But the fear that something might arise to release her from the coils he was slowly, but, with her own assistance, surely, winding round her warned him not to trifle. She proved herself, by coming, sufficiently in earnest to conceal an important family secret, even by conniving at injustice; but women, he argued, were weak: her mind might change, and she had not as yet fully committed herself; so when the hour's desolate walk had come to a close, and Miss Austwick, angry with herself and all the world, was about leaving by a side path that wound round a bank of shrubs, a man came bending his grizzled head, and puckering up his eyes and mouth, mopping and mowing like a gibbering fiend—

"I ask yer pardon madam; I've been long waiting, but the fog's thickening, I fear."

Now that he was perceptibly near, Miss Austwick felt glad the fog was thickening. Not another creature was in the walk as the yellow mist blackened; the only sound in the torpid air was the rustle of some last lingering leaf as it fell, or the monotonous drip, like slowly gathered tears, that pattered among the evergreens.

"Never mind apologies," said Miss Austwick haughtily. "What have you to tell me?"

"At no small trouble and expense I've found Captain Austwick's—"

"Found the children," interposed Miss Austwick; "you have found them at the house of a Mr. Hope, in Kensington." She paused a moment for his answer; then, convinced she was right as to the identity, she continued—"I found them without any trouble."

"I'm aware that you have visited them, but you have not discovered yourself to them. Am I to go to Mr. Hope and tell him?"

Miss Austwick did not answer, and he continued—

"It will be a sore scandal if all comes out. I know there's been some trickery—sharp practice rather about the money that has been paid for their maintenance. Seventy good pounds a year has that Johnston, of Canada, had."

"Mr. Hope, I feel sure, had never had half that sum. There has been trickery and speculation," said Miss Austwick, indignantly.

"Oh, madam, I feel sure that not half has been paid. I've been so deceived that, as an honest man, I feel inclined to wash my hands of the affair; but respect for my friend, the captain's memory, makes me willing—"

"To help me in providing for the children!" interposed Miss Austwick, impatiently.

"Yes, madam—yes. Consideration for my friend and the poor orphans—defrauded, poor things!"

"I think they have been very well brought up hitherto. I don't see that children of—such a mother—what I wish to say is—I am willing to

continue the sum that has hitherto been paid for them, but I should like them removed."

"Certainly they are too near, madam. You would not choose to come in contact with them? Money for their support, much or little, has hitherto been sent from Canada; of course, I could make it a matter of business, and should say nothing of my friendship for them—"

"You would, of course, restrict yourself to a business arrangement, conducted by letter, I should think, with Mr. Hope?"

"I would do my best, madam, as humbly in duty bound, to protect you from any annoyance."

His low bow and leering eyes were at this juncture so offensive that Miss Austwick said hastily—

"Of course, sir, I should remunerate you for all trouble. It is a business transaction, sir—"

"purely," she would have added, but the word died on her lips. She had sufficient preception of character to believe that this man was to be bound to fidelity by his interests, but she did not know how rapacious he might be, or by any means fully realize what was involved in this co-partnership of concealment. One question lingered in her mind, and after a few moments' silence she uttered it—

"Do you know what became of Isabel Grant?"

"Died years ago, madam."

"You are sure of that?" said Miss Austwick, with a sigh of relief.

"She never held up her head after she heard the captain was a married man—never. She was demented and, well—"

"Yes, yes; that's all I wanted to know. When can I hear the result of your arrangement with Mr. Hope?"

"I'll lose no time, madam; but money will be wanted to pay arrears, and there's my own claims, though I say nothing of them. I only regret that I am poor—poor. It's not the honest men, madam, that—"

"I have not brought money with me, but I will send you; tell me what is needful."

"Twenty or thirty pounds—arrears, madam, arrears."

"It shall be sent in half-notes. Send a newspaper, to let me know the first halves have come to hand, and the others shall follow. I would rather you wrote as seldom as possible."

"Assuredly, madam; and permit me to say that I feel for you. It was very unlike my friend, the captain, to go through a ceremony of marriage, which I witnessed, madam, with that lassie Isabel."

"I have no doubt my brother fell into bad hands. Good morning," said Miss Austwick, walking hastily away. Meanwhile, her companion was not so easily distanced; making long, stealthy strides, he kept up with her, saying—

"There's the marriage lines to prove it, ma'am."

"I've have nothing to do with that," haughtily replied Miss Austwick.

"Yes, but you're aware that when the youth comes of age, he might require to see the certificate of his father's former marriage—that marriage which invalidated Isabel's claim."

Miss Austwick turned round in alarm.

"He must never know. Our name, my name, is that of a stranger to him. It must continue so, or I do nothing—absolutely nothing—for these children. Captain Austwick left no property. If they were legally his children they would be beggars. They have nothing to gain, but much to lose, in attempting to make any claim. My brother, Mr. Basil Austwick, is a lawyer: they would have no chance."

"Only what truth and right would give them, madam; that is, I'm supposing, of course, that they were—what you say you consider them."

"I'm supposing nothing but this: under the name they bear, and the station they have been reared in, they have hitherto done very well, as they may in the future. Under that name I privately help them, and pay you for your assistance not otherwise."

"I understand, madam. Rely on me. I'm true as steel." And as sharp as a two-edged weapon, he might have added.

Miss Austwick, having reached the gate, made a stiff inclination of her head in dismissal; and he

paused, watching her as she walked into the deepening mist; then, as if throwing off a constraint that had been difficult, he snapped his fingers, and said—

"My proud madam! you think yourself a match for me. I'll both bring down your spirit and empty your boards before I've done with you."

CHAPTER XX. COLLISION.

"Is it a serpent coils about my path?"

On the evening that followed the interview we have recorded, a youth was plashing through the mud of London, westward. His face, though grave and stern for one so young, was not exactly melancholy. The thin jaw and broad chin, even more than the firm mouth, gave a wonderful look of resolution to the countenance, which harmonised with his quick decided walk, and the erect carriage of his head.

As he drew near a narrow turning at right angles to the high road, a head peered out from under the shelter of an umbrella, and a voice said—

"Ye did not come, my young friend though I telled ye I'd something to say to you; and maybe could help you to situation, as ye telled me ye were in want of one."

"I want to have nothing to do with you," replied the lad, abruptly, without stopping.

"If that's the way ye mean to treat your friends, it's not many ye'll find, I'm thinking."

"Perhaps not. Some people I should rather like for foes."

"Ye're an uncommon civil, nice-spoken youth, ye are, for certain."

He contrived, while speaking, to keep up with the lad, who did not, for a few moments, appear to bestow on him any further notice.

At length, irritated at the perseverance of the man, the youth turned suddenly upon him, and said—

"I don't like the look of you. You've been dodging me about these three days. If I'm young, I'm not a fool; and a man who meant well, need not be lying in wait, and then come crawling round corners. I tell you once for all, I don't like you, and I want none of your help!"

"Maybe, young air, I've a right to be on the look out after you; maybe I know more about you than you think for; maybe I only wanted to see, as I have a perfect right, how I liked you."

"Right! what do you mean?"

"Just what I say—a perfect right."

"Then come openly and honestly, and explain yourself," cried the lad, raising his voice impetuously.

"I mean to do so. I am now going to Mr. Hope's, to converse with him about the future prospects of you and yer sister."

For a moment the boy stood still with surprise at hearing Mr. Hope's name mentioned. He took off his cap, as if to cool his flushed and angry brow, regardless of the small, thick-falling, blinding-rain.

"You! going to Mr. Hope?"

"Yes; that's plain English, isn't it?"

"Why didn't you say so before?"

"That's my business. Maybe I tested your politeness."

There was a sneer both in the words and the manner they were uttered.

It was pretty evident that one of those mental antipathies which some opposite natures immediately conceive against each other, was at work with both, and the younger was at no trouble to conceal it.

This incongruous pair in due time arrived at the door of the cottage, and the lad, pulling twice, gave a well-known ring, which was instantly answered by Mysie, who began to say, "How late you are Norry! Mr. Hope is quite uneasy—"

She stopped on seeing the face of the man, who could hardly be called the companion of her brother. The latter said—

"Give me the light, and go in, Mysie. This person says he wants to see Mr. Hope."

"My father can see no one," said a gentle voice, and Marian came into the passage; "certainly no stranger."

"Unless he's very ill indeed he must see me;

I sent a letter to that effect," was the reply, as the speaker entered the passage, uncovering his head at the same time, and blinking through the puckered pads of skin that surrounded his keen eyes.

CHAPTER XXI. REBELLION.

"An instinct fine of holy truth
Dwelt in the bosom of the youth.
Though passion dimmed its clearness."

Marian Hope, standing in the passage, looked at her strange visitor, and said involuntarily—

"My father is just now reading a letter that has been delivered only a few minutes back. I must trouble you to wait until I find whether" (she hesitated)—"whether Mr. Hope decides that he is willing and able to see any one."

"He may determine to write," interposed Norry, planting himself in the middle of the passage, as if to prevent the man, whom he continued to regard as an intruder, from proceeding a step further into the dwelling. But just as Marian was about to interpose with some gentle word of apology, a bell from an upstairs room rang, and Mysie, not unwilling to leave the passage, ran up, and found Mr. Hope with an open letter in his hand, who inquired, rather tremulously—

"What is the matter? why do you all stay in the passage, child? Is Norry there? Tell Marian I want her."

"A man—a rather queer-looking man, sir, wants you. He has come with Norry, and I think they have been quarrelling."

"Ask if his name is Burke. If so I'll see him."

"Not alone, papa Hope, not alone!"

"Why not, child?"

"Because—because he looks shabby—and bad, sir."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Hope with a faint smile. "Don't allow yourself to speak so at a glance of any one. Shabby! that's my case, Mysie. Looks bad! who would not on such a night as this?"

His mild remonstrance sent Mysie back reassured, and she descended the stairs to find that Marian had ushered their strange guest into the parlour. Norry, like a jealous watch-dog, following and glaring at him.

She made the inquiry—

"Pray is your name Burke?" and, being answered in the affirmative, said to Marian, "Your papa, dear, says he is to go up, he will see the gentleman."

"To be sure he will; and ye're a bonny lassie."

"The young lady is my sister," growled Norry.

"Indeed, now, is she? I'd never have thought it; though maybe, if ye're twins, as I'm pretty certain, why one's, perhaps, got all the sweet, and t'other all the bitter in the way of temper, eh?"

"I'll just speak to my father a moment," interposed Marian, "and then I'll return, sir, and conduct you to him. And Norry, dear, I want a word with you."

She looked deprecatingly at the boy, and beckoning him just outside the door, which he held ajar, she whispered—

"Don't be so hasty. He does not mean to be uncivil."

"He shall not be uncivil. It's no matter what he means. You're too gentle, Marian. A low sneaking fellow—"

"Hush!"

She hastened up-stairs, and the boy, who had so held the door that he could see within the room, returned to the parlour, and gave his sister a dismissal with the words "Marian will want you."

A curious spectacle the two presented as they stood, by the dim light of a single candle, opposite each other in the little parlour. The youth, with flashing eyes and defiant looks; the old man bent forward, his grizzled hair hiding his low forehead, his eyes nearly closed, his dry lips twisted on one side of his face. A settled conviction entered the boy's mind, that this man's coming boded no good; that whatever he knew or purposed, in reference to himself and his sister, would be in fraud not friendliness. Youth rashly leaps at conclusions, and they are often both wrong and dangerous. Norry had his full share

of the rashness of his age; but in this instance no faculty of observation could conduct to a more rational and just conclusion than the boy's instinctive dislike did.

A very short interval elapsed before Marian returned to conduct the stranger to Mr. Hope. Norry followed him up-stairs, and on entering the room where, lying on an old sofa beside a little fire, was Mr. Hope before Burke had finished the series of cringes which were meant for ingratiating bows, the youth stepped forward to the foot of the couch, and said, eagerly yet respectfully—

"One moment, dear sir; allow me to speak to you an instant first. This man will tell you that I have been rude and abrupt to him."

"On naething is farther from my thoughts, my dear young friend," interrupted Burke.

"But it's true, sir; I have. Let me speak. I've been inquiring for employment, and for these three days this Mr.—is it Mr. Burke?—has been dogging and watching me, and wanted me to meet him for some situation he knew of. Why did he not say to me that he wanted to see you about something that concerns my sister and me? I thought his ways underhanded—and you've always, sir, taught me to hate any double-dealing—so I've been rough—I own it; and yet I do hope you'll allow me to stay here. I apologise to you, sir, for my haste."

"Haste, Norry,—ill-temper, an ungovernable temper," sighed Mr. Hope.

"And I crave to see you alone," said the dry voice of Burke, subdued till it was a great contrast to the impetuous pleading of the youth.

"Go, my boy! Go, I bid!" said Mr. Hope.

The lad, with a swelling heart that nearly choked him, withdrew.

"You have a troublesome customer, I see, in that younker," said Burke, as the door closed behind the lad.

"An honest, brave, truthful fellow as ever lived. His faults are on the surface."

"And they show pretty plainly."

"Pardon me," continued Mr. Hope, not noticing the interruption; "I understand from this," touching the note in his hand, "you came to speak about a continuance of the sum Mr. Johnston, of Montreal, has hitherto transmitted to me?"

Burk assented.

"I should like to be made acquainted more fully with the sources from whence this sum is derived; and as I have, so far, trained these young people as well, I may say, far better, than the trifling stipend compensated, I wish to know what plans for the future can be entered on. They now both require to be placed so that they may learn to provide for themselves."

"Earn their own living? Exactly, Mr. Hope. The funds remaining are very low, very low indeed. I'm not in possession of particulars. I've no interest in the matter—none, only friendship; and I'm instructed to offer to apprentice the lad in the merchant service."

"The sea? That's not I think in Norry's way," said Mr. Hope, shaking his head.

"On, on board a good ship he'd do well. He might find his fiery temper of use there; or, maybe, the smell of salt water would quench it."

"Sir, if you have nothing better to propose for the youth than what you name, poor as I am, on his behalf I decline it."

"Better? Oh, it is good enough for his betters, I fancy!"

"I've not a word to say against it, if his training, studies, and inclinations lay in that way. I honour the brave men—"

"Inclinations!" interrupted Burke. "Have ye learned him to follow his inclinations?"

Mr. Hope raised himself on his elbow, and, looking intently in his visitor's face, said—

"I've trained him to follow duty rather than inclination. When I used the latter word, I meant it in the sense of qualifications; there are some things he is fit for, and would do well at."

"I'm not instructed to help him, except to a seafaring life; but let that rest awhile. Now, the lassie, Mr. Hope?"

"Well, sir, what is proposed for Mysie?"

"I see ye've made her useful. I noticed that she answered the door; she's a bit serving-lassie like to you."

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all; for when was there anger that did not produce misunderstanding?

He would go. He would save them the trouble of telling him, in plainer words, that they must get rid of him. They were kind—yes, yes—kind, but they'd planned even with a stranger, a low, sneaking spy, to send him to sea. Wasn't the fellow saying so? He'd go, and perhaps show them yet that he was not ungrateful. If he lived he would. He might die. Well, he wasn't wanted; no one would miss him; even Myale aided against him. They all wanted him gone. Be it so, he would go.

This, through every phase of his passion, this was the rash conclusion he arrived at; and as by the simple plan of repeating an error we can bring ourselves to believe it, he never for one moment doubted that when Marian had uttered the words, "Get rid," as to his temper, they meant "get rid of him." This, with the very tone of voice, and the indignant flash of the eye that accompanied it, he recalled again and again, until it remained stereotyped on his memory.

It was long past midnight before he was sufficiently composed to feel how benumbed he was with cold. He had partly knelt and partly lain by his bed-side, his face buried in the clothes, or momentarily raised in the friendly darkness. But now a pale light streamed into his room; the moon was visible. The wind had risen, and was chasing away the low-lying clouds; they were piled like a vast mountain on the horizon, drifting masses, with ragged edges, sweeping towards them, and from a clear space near the zenith the moon shed her beams, for a moment, silvering the edges of the clouds.

Norry drew near the window and looked out. He then returned to a little writing-table; but as he had neither a candle nor the means to get a light, his purpose of writing at any length was frustrated. Taking a pencil from his pocket and a loose slip of paper from the table, he went to the window, and managed by the fitful moon-light to write—

Do not think me ungrateful; I hope to live to prove I am not. I've been a burden too long. I go to work—work honestly for my living. Thank you all—all, for what you've done for me. Don't trouble about me. I'm sorry I made Marian and Myale angry, but I couldn't help it. I'll try to deserve a better name than *ungrateful*. God bless you all. N. G.

To twist this up and leave it on his table, to rummage in his box among his scanty wardrobe for his best suit and put it on, to make up a little bundle, and put his case of drawing instruments in his pocket, giving one look round the room, which, now he was leaving it, seemed a more homely abode than ever; then to creep downstairs, pause one hesitating moment at the threshold of Mr. Hope's chamber, resist the promptings of his better nature, and with noiseless, yet rash, footsteps to get into the passage, undo the well-known fastenings of the door, and in a moment to find himself outside, beaten by the wind, now freshening to a gale, which, strangely enough, roused the antagonism of his nature, took almost as little time as the writing of this sentence. He closed the door between himself and his only friend, and crossing the road, looked up a moment at the house, then, with pale face and set lips, rushed away he knew not where.

To be continued.

CURIOUS KINGS.

HISTORY is a sort of curiosity-shop, in which kings are the objects, that fetch the highest price. Many, no doubt, are models of wisdom and goodness, but unfortunately they are often distinguished from their subjects in being of all men the most unfit to govern, and in setting the worst possible example. It has long been matter of dispute whether their right comes from above or from below, from the people or from the skies; but however this point may be settled, they have always a certain anointing on their brows, and must be revered accordingly. They wear a crown and wield a sceptre: that is enough. They used to touch for the leprosy and king's evil, but

their virtue in this respect has fallen into disrepute. There is scarcely one amongst them that has not something remarkable about him. Let us look round the curiosity-shop just alluded to, and see of what stuff some of the queerest of them are made.

At a period when they were regarded as little less than divine, Hormous, the King of Persia, died, leaving his widow pregnant. To counteract the ambitious designs of some princes of the House of Suzzao, the Maji declared with one voice that the child would prove a male, and the courtiers, obedient to the dictates of superstition, immediately proclaimed Sapor II. king, and prepared to celebrate his coronation. In the midst of the royal palace a couch was spread, on which the queen lay in state. A crown of dazzling splendour, placed upon her breast, indicated the unseen presence of the heir of Artaxerxes, and prostrate satraps adored the majesty of a sovereign yet unborn! But Sapor II. is not the only prince who reigned longer than he lived. Look at another shelf. Do you see the Emperor Constantine? Well; as Sapor reigned before his birth, so did Constantine after his death. The flatterers of his greatness persisted in doing homage to their idol, though defunct. His body, adorned with the symbols of monarchy, the diadem and the purple, was laid on a golden bed magnificently furnished and illuminated for the occasion. The usages of courtly ceremony were strictly observed. The chief officers of state, the army, and the household, every day at the appointed hour, approached the person of their sovereign on bended knees and with composed countenances, as if he were living still. This theatrical performance was continued some time for political reasons, and many pointed to the fact of Constantine's reigning after his death as a mark of the special favour of Providence. But such glory was inert compared with the posthumous might of the Cid. He had led the armies of Sancho II. to victory, and had been acknowledged by five Moorish kings as their Cid or Cid, their conqueror and lord. At last he was besieged in his capital, and his end arrived; but before expiring, he gave orders that his body should be fastened to his horse's saddle, with his trusty blade in the cold stiff hand, and that thus, accoutred as a living chief, he should be borne by his vassals to the tomb. The command was obeyed, but before conducting him to the place of burial his people led him against the enemy, who fled in terror before the lifeless hero. In this manner the Cid, after his death, gained his seventy-second victory!

Sultan Machamuth, who dwelt in the city of Combeia, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, ate poison every day. Ludovico di Varthema describes him as having mustachios so long that he tied them over his head, and a white beard reaching to his girdle. Fifty elephants passed their lives in doing him homage, making obeisances when he rose from bed and when he sat at meat. In eating his poison, he took care not to swallow too much; and when he wished to put a courtier or other great man to death, he caused him to be stripped bare, and then, masticating the poison with leaves, fruits, and the lime of oyster-shells, he spurted it on his victim for about half an hour, by which time the unhappy man usually fell dead. This exemplary sultan had three or four thousand wives, who died off one by one with fearful rapidity; for, according to Barbosa, another Italian traveller, his person and even his clothes were so impregnated with poison, that "if a fly lighted on his hand, it swelled and died incontinently." Such are the accounts given of this second Mithridates in a work lately reprinted by the Hakluyt Society.

In the same century with Machamuth, the greatest potentate of Europe voluntarily vacated a throne which thousands would have risked their lives to obtain. This was the Emperor Charles V. Germany, Spain, Naples, the Netherlands, and the newly-discovered tracts of the Far West, had submitted to his sway during forty years: but he was world-weary, and sighed for the quiet of some sylvan shade. Dividing his empire, therefore, between his brother and his son, he retired to St. Yuste, in Estremadura, and there, amid groves and lemon and myrtle, and waters gushing from the rocky hill-sides, passed

the remainder of his days more peacefully and pleasantly than when he commanded the finest army in the world, and galleys and merchant-ships, richly freighted, hoisted his colours on every sea, from the coast of Flanders to the Indian Ocean, and from the palmy shores of Tunis and Oran to the golden heavens of Mexico and Peru. But Charles V.'s abdication was less curious than that of Charles Emmanuel IV., King of Sardinia, who resigned all the French Republic had left him to his brother, Victor Emmanuel I., in 1802, and became literally a door-keeper in the Gesù at Rome, where the cell which he occupied is still shown to visitors.

Our own century, indeed, has been as plentiful as any other in curious kings. The elder Disraeli has given a list of monarchs, dethroned at different periods, who wandered, poor and afflicted, over the face of the earth; but how would this catalogue have been lengthened if the author had lived at the present time! King-making and unmaking has been the order of the day, and Fortune's wild wheel has caused many a ludicrous rise and fall. We have seen one who was a poor usher in a school at Reichenu, afterwards sit eighteen years on the throne of France; and another who for some time worked as a tallow-chandler at New York, became conqueror and dictator of the Two Sicilies. Look at Mr. Gregor MacGregor. This canny Scotchman, who had travelled a good deal in Central America, thought it would be a fine thing to found an empire. He therefore proclaimed himself Cacique of the Poyais, on the Mosquito coast, raised a band of two or three hundred volunteers in England, and sent them as his subjects and soldiers to the Black River. He appointed Baron Tinto, *alias*, Mr. Hector Hall, lieutenant-governor of his capital, "brigadier-general, and commander of the 4th regiment of the line." He created sundry "Counts of Rio-Negro," together with ministers, admirals, and officers of every grade. Just as this nucleus of a gigantic power is brought to perfection, in strides a pestilential fever, and carries off all his Highness's European subjects. In August, 1823, a hundred fresh recruits arrive from England, but the Sovereign keeps prudently out of the way, and from the other side of the Atlantic contemplates in perfect security the failure of his schemes and the misery of those he has duped. Here was an adventurer who became a king by his own scheming; let us now make a note of the scheming of others. In 1786, our Government was obliged to abandon several colonies in Central America, and was anxious, a few years ago, to regain its hold on that territory. Colonel Fancourt, the British governor of Belize, in the Gulf of Honduras, laid hands on a barbarous Cacique, and hailed him to Government House. While fully expecting to be bastinadoed, the chief was told that he was forthwith to be proclaimed king! A proclamation was jabbered to the natives, and a throne prepared in the governor's drawing-room with the help of a sugar hogshead. There sat the king of the Mosquitos, arrayed in a new pair of trousers and a clean shirt. An act of investiture was read, and a crown of gilt paper was placed on his swarthy brows. The merchants of Belize were present at the coronation, and the new king, having received the largess of a few reals, caroused with his subjects till past midnight, and was found the next morning dead drunk on the floor. His name, however, was enrolled among the lords of mankind, and "the kingdom of the Mosquitos" was duly established under the protectorate of Great Britain!

There is something very curious in a King of the Sandwich Islands writing a preface to the Book of Common Prayer. Yet the late King of Hawaii actually did this, and it is now published and sold as a tract by the Christian Knowledge Society. There is nothing more uncommon than a throne divided by mutual consent. The Emperors of the East and West had distinct spheres of government, and their thrones were separated by wide continents and seas. But Siam is, at this moment, under a divided monarchy, two-thirds of the royal power being wielded by the first, and one-third by the second king. Each of these is a man of cultivated mind. Even the second speaks pure English, has a library filled with European books, and workshops for making

scientific and mechanical instruments. But he is somewhat eclipsed by his brother, who, while a usurper, held the throne, assumed the character of a Buddhist priest, and devoted his time to study. He has mastered Sanscrit and Pali, writes his autobiography in Latin, and speaks English with the precision of a scholar. Faithful to the traditions of the East, he has 300 wives, and considers this a moderate allowance, seeing that his father had 700. He laughed heartily when our envoy, Sir John Bowring, told him that in England we are contented with one. It is curious to see him seated on his throne, with "all the wealth of Orazus and of Ind" sparkling in his crown and on his vestments, while the nobles of the land, in garments of gold, lie on all-fours, with their faces nearly touching the ground, prostrate before his raised sceptre. But it is more curious still to follow him into one of his private apartments, and there see him, as Sir John Bowring did, divested of every ornament, with no other garment than a shirt, sitting with his youngest child, a girl of five years old, on his knee,—her bare body painted the colour of gold, and a chaplet of fragrant white flowers round her head.

The fact is, that in one particular, kings differ from the rest of mankind. Being more loosened than others from restraint, and less exposed to the influence of public opinion, their individuality develops fast. The sharp outlines of their character, moral and intellectual, are less worn down than those of their subjects. Their will is generally their law; and hence, no less than from their exalted position, they become, for good or ill, the most picturesque, or, as the case may be, grotesque curiosities which history offers to our view.

THE BROKEN RING.

One eve, while the stars were on duty above,
And the moon, newly born, showed her delicate crest,
I sat by my girl, when a bright little Love
Came and lit, like a humming bird, pat on her breast.
Just then, while it fluttered and pecked at her heart,
She drew to me closer, and said with a sigh,
"I feel that we never, no never, can part,"
And a heavenly lustre dilated her eye.
She took from her delicate finger a ring,
And bade me to wear it and think of my dear;
So I caught little Love from her breast, by the wing,
And carefully placed him within the ring's sphere.
His butterfly pinions, so gaudy and bright,
Lay folded within his own palace of gold,
And still as she gazed on his plumage that night,
I thought that her bosom could never grow cold.
But ere the moon rounded, Love shifted about,
And seemed to be longing for freedom anew;
So, tired of his palace, he forced his way out,
And spite of all efforts away from me flew.
His violent struggle to break from the band,
Or a shock from some gnome sitting round in the air,
Had severed the circle, which fell from my hand,
And I stood in my darkness, a ghost of despair.
A Jeweller mended the breach that was made,
And I wandered about over river and plain,
In hopes to discover, in sunlight or shade,
My false little truant, and seize him again.
But at that fatal moment, from Venus' gay court,
A dove was sent down with a plain billet-doux,
Which told me that Little Love ended my sport,
For that I no had changed when he broke the ring through.
So now when I call on this delicate token,
And think of the hour when it promised such bliss,
Let my counsel, deduced from an emblem thus broken,
Be written for hearts that are fragile as this:
Whenever, fond lovers, your nymphs you embrace,
And hear them declare with a sigh and a tear
That naught from their bosoms can ever efface
The rapture which renders your meetings so dear—
Let Doubt catch your eye, where he sits on his cloud,
And do not despise the wise shake of his head,
For words like those fond ones which I no once vowed,
Will pale you when Little Love from you has fled.
Montreal. G. MARTIN.

THE SOLDIER'S CONFESSION.

BY J. C. T., QUELPS, O. W.

"Trust me, no tortures which the poets sing
Can match the fierce, unsufferable pain
He feels, who night and day devoid of rest,
Carries his own accuser in his breast."

EARLY in May, 1864, Gen. Grant—who had in December previous been appointed Lieut. Gen., and given the chief command of the Federal forces—personally took command of the Army of the Potomac, reviewed his men, and the following day crossed the Rapidan, with a force of upwards of 300,000 men, and took up his line of march on Richmond, "the back-bone of rebellion." Taking an almost direct course, he, on the morning of the 8th, encountered the veteran forces of Lee, in the Wilderness, and there fought one of the most stubborn battles of the war. Just at dawn of the following morning I was passing across from one portion of the Union lines to another, my nearest course being across a portion of the ground where the hottest fighting of the day previous had taken place. I was riding along, guiding my horse first right, then left, wending my way among the vast number of dead and wounded Union and Confederate soldiers, who were lying so thickly around me. In the midst of this awful scene of carnage and blood, my mind naturally wandered off to the contemplation of the soul-harrowing havoc of war. I was thinking of the thousands who would be left fatherless, of the many homes which would be left desolate—of the faithful hearts that would be crushed, and the tearful anxiety of many a loving mother—when the news of that dreadful day was heralded throughout the country. Visions of my own happy home in Canada,—the solicitude which I knew my mother would feel for me, and the fears which, I was well aware, would barrow her lest my bones had been left to bleach among the brave dead on that eventful field, were flitting through my mind, when I was attracted from my reverie by a voice, low and hoarse, calling:

"Captain! Captain!"

Involuntarily I halted, and raising my eyes, espied a few yards to my right, a Union Sergeant lying on his side with his knapsack for a pillow. Noticing that he had attracted my attention he beckoned me towards him. Sitting on a huge rock beside him was a little drummer boy, apparently not over twelve years of age, with a slender form, light golden tresses and bright blue eyes—far too delicate a flower, for such an awful, barren, lonely, desolate place. Riding up to the sergeant, and dismounting, I enquired if he was badly hurt, although the ghastly paleness of his countenance, the livid colour of his lips, and his glass eyes, told, but too surely, that his last battle was fought, and his sands of life nearly run out.

He replied that he was wounded severely, in fact mortally. He was aware that his end was drawing near, and before he died he had a confession to make, and the performance of certain acts to request, and begged me to bear his tale, and if in my power to carry out his dying wishes. I signified my willingness, and he commenced:

"You belong to a Michigan regiment?"

I replied that I did.

"You are probably acquainted in Lansing?"

"Somewhat," I replied.

"You see that tiny drummer boy there on that rock?"

I answered that I had noticed him.

"Well," he resumed, "about fourteen years ago, I was a smart, active young fellow, residing with my parents in Lansing, Mich. At that time there also resided in that city a family by the name of Francisco, composed of the father, mother and an only daughter, a blooming young girl of seventeen, with a skin as fair as a lily, long golden locks which hung in wavy tresses over her faultless neck and shoulders, cheeks which looked as though they had been kissed by the first roses of May, and her step was light and graceful as a fairy's. And her disposition was so mild, so sweet, her mind so pure, her conduct so artless, that she was, in fact, the very perfection of womanly loveliness. Beautiful in the fullest sense of the word, and unassuming in

her manner, she won the love and admiration of all with whom she came in contact. I met her, and admired—but alas! mine was not love—not that pure, exalted feeling which God has implanted in the breast of man to give him a foretaste of heaven. I paid my addresses to her, was constant in my attentions, and at length with my fair exterior and honeyed words succeeded in winning her undivided affection. But my end was not yet gained. I invented a plausible story, about the objection my parents (who were wealthy) would urge to my marrying a girl in her position in life, and as I was not yet quite of age, proposed a runaway marriage, and by dint of misrepresentations and coaxing succeeded in gaining her consent. Accordingly I made the necessary arrangements, and one evening just as the shades of night were gathering round, we left the picturesque little city of Lansing for Detroit. Arrived in that city of iniquity, I was not long in finding a man, who, in consideration of a ten dollar gold piece, consented to perform a mock marriage, and forge a certificate. When I looked at the lovely innocent unsuspecting being at my side, my conscience smote me, but drowning the promptings of my better nature, I resolved to carry out my scheme. The ceremony was performed, and after spending a few days in the city, showing Fanny the wonders, we returned to Lansing; I, of course, impressing my companion with the necessity of keeping the occurrence a profound secret.

"Matters progressed quietly, and I managed to spend a great portion of my spare time in Fanny's company. At length I deemed it advisable to leave the town, and move westward, of course promising Fanny to send for her shortly. Soon after I left, foul-mouthed slander-mongers began to breathe stories harsh and strange about the lovely girl. Bravely she born the contempt and derision of her old associates and friends, confident in her innocent simplicity that time would unveil the gloom, and show all things right. But as the days flew by and the clouds of the future looked blacker every hour, her pallid cheek, sunken eyes, and deathlike paleness told too plainly how the anxiety and suspense was undermining her delicate constitution. I learnt the position of affairs from a letter from an acquaintance, and immediately sat down and wrote her a letter, making a full confession of my deception, and offering her a considerable sum of money if she would never disclose the treachery I had practiced.

"A few weeks after I received a brief note from my father, informing me that he knew all; that Fanny had had a young son; that she was dead! yes, DEAD! had died of a broken heart; that I had been the cause of her death."

Here the sergeant gave a slight shudder, and closing his eyes rolled on to his back. I thought he too was dead, but after a few moments I perceived that he still breathed; so taking the stopper from my flask of "Apple-Jack," I applied it to his lips, and in a few moments, he revived. The little drummer now came forward, and kneeling down beside the wounded man, bathed his feverish brow with water from his canteen. Languidly opening his eyes, the sergeant continued:

"Oh, now, I recollect. Fanny was dead! dead! and I was an outcast. Stung by remorse, an outcast from the home of my youth, disowned and cast off by my father, I spent my time wandering up and down, earning a living as best I could and ill at ease anywhere. I was tolerably successful in my undertakings, and acquired considerable property, but still was far from happy or even contented. On the breaking out of the war I enlisted, thinking to drown the gnawings of conscience, amid the adventure and excitement of campaigning; but all was to no purpose, and I still lived under the curse of Cain. But I am growing weak, and will soon know the fearful secret of the dread hereafter, and must draw my tale to an end! You see this boy, this little drummer. He resembles my poor, dead Fanny so much, so much. The request I have to make of you, Captain, is this. I, as a dying man, wish you to take this (taking from around his waist, a buckskin money belt). It contains my will bequeathing all my property to Fanny's child, if still alive, stipulating that a sufficient sum shall

be applied to the erection of a suitable monument over her grave. It contains clear deeds to several valuable lots of land, and about \$2,000 in money. I want you to ascertain if my child still lives, and if he does, give him this; and if he, too, is dead, give it to the "Orphan's Home," Detroit. This is my dying request, will you fulfil it, Captain?"

I replied that if in my power I would do so.

"Here," he continued, taking from his bosom a small gold locket, "here's a present Fanny gave to me. It contains her daguerreotype and a lock of her hair. Open it, and let me behold her countenance once more before I die."

I took the locket, and, touching the spring, beheld as beautiful a face as it is possible to conceive. I handed it to him, and he took one long, earnest look, then raised his eyes to the face of the youthful drummer at his side. He repeated this two or three times, and then let the locket fall from his hand on to his breast. The boy picked it up, and giving one glance at it, jumped to his feet, with a scream. Looking at it again, he drew from the inside pocket of his waistcoat, another locket, which he opened, and comparing the two, ejaculated.

"The same,—My mother!"

The sergeant raised himself up; and grasping the boy in his arms muttered, "my son!" and fell back again on to the ground still holding the lad in his arms. I again applied the flask to his lips, but to no purpose; and in a few moments his hands dropped to the ground, the muscles of his face gave a slight twitch, his whole frame quivered for an instant, and sergeant James Scott was among the dead.

The drummer-boy now commenced to sob violently, but the sharp, rattling fire of the rebel skirmishers, the occasional "whizz" of a bullet in close proximity to my ears, the uneasiness of my horse, the roll of drums and the blast of trumpets, and the heavy boom of an occasional piece of artillery, reminded me that the carage of the day previous was to be repeated. So raising the weeping drummer-boy, I placed him on my horse behind the saddle, and mounting myself, was soon with my own command, eager for the fray.

The fight ended, and still we had gained no material advantage over the battle-scarred beets of the veteran southern chief. Then came the countermarch, and strategic flank movement of the northern commander, and after another contest and countermarch at Spottsylvania Court House, we found ourselves a few days after encamped before Petersburg, the Key to the rebel stronghold. A couple of reconnoissances convinced Gen. Grant that the attainment of his end would be no easy matter; so siege operations were at once commenced. Extensive mining operations were begun; and at length on the night of the 29th of July, the trains were all laid, and everything in readiness for a grand assault on the morrow. Just at day-break the following morning the mine was sprung, and in a few seconds the rebel fortress looked like a heap of smouldering ruins. An attack was at once ordered, but through some misconception of instructions only one brigade of the whole corps was in readiness for action. After a delay of about twenty minutes the commanding general ordered the brigade forward, and with the gallant 27th Michigan Sharpshooters, Col. Fox commanding in advance, the assault was made. The regiment marched steadily up to the very mouth of the breach caused in the works by the explosion of the mine. Up to this time they had not lost a man, but in an instant a terrible enfilading fire was opened from the rebel works, which threw the regiment into confusion, and but very few of the men got back into the trenches. Among those who were so fortunate as to get back, was my brave little ward, the drummer-boy, but he had received a bad wound in the arm. He was at once sent to City Point Hospital, and every attention paid him. Mortification, however, set in, and amputation was considered necessary. The gallant lad bore the pain bravely, and although for some weeks lying in a very precarious condition, he at length recovered. When convalescent he received his discharge, and a pension was settled on him. I also got a leave of absence and came North, and confided to a

responsible person the valuables placed in my care by the dying sergeant on the bloody field of the Wilderness. The ex-drummer-boy is now attending the University at Ann Arbor, Michigan, intending to qualify for the profession of the law; and if he is spared, I doubt not but the one-armed lawyer will yet record his name among the notables of his native State.

SNOW FLOWERS.

WHAT! flowers! flowers at Christmas-tide; when every aspect of nature repels the idea of their existence; when the earth dons its white vesture that seems a shroud but that is a warm raiment shielding the ground with its embryo fruits from the biting frost; when plants and trees have laid aside their verdant garments, and their nourishing saps—the blood of their lives—have descended to their earth-bound hearts; and when no vestige of floral blossom is to be seen. Flowers, too, whose forms rival in beauty those of the pampered ornaments of the garden; whose hue is pure and spotless as that of the lily.

And yet the botanist knows them not; they do not fall within his category, and he would doubtless disown them as objects of his study. For they are not the offspring of the earth but of the air; their seeds are tiny rain-drops, their nursery is the cold wintry sky. For our flowers—the flowers of our story—are the beautiful blossoms of the falling snow. In scientific language they are known as snow crystals, but we have preferred a name that more accords with the floral forms they assume. Ever since men's eyes learnt to look for nature's finest handiwork in her smallest creations, these beautiful formations have been the subject of wonder and admiration; they were food for the speculations of Aristotle, Kepler, and Descartes; the Arctic voyagers, seeking for ought to wile away the tedious hours of their protracted winters, found in the observation and delineation of them a charming pastime; and meteorologists have attentively studied their varied forms as a branch of their complicated science.

And yet they are but little known beyond the sphere of "the enlightened few." Although they gently tap at our windows or light on our shoulders, as if to court the admiration they deserve; they nevertheless pass unnoticed, and uncared for; as the desert flowers that are "born to blush unseen." Possibly their modest dimensions may account for this, for many of the prettiest of them are no larger than that popular standard of magnitude—a pin's head. But this need not be a bar to our acquaintance with them: a magnifying glass, magnifying some half a dozen times, such as well-nigh every household contains, or such as any optician will supply for a shilling or two, is all that is required to familiarise us with these feats of fairy handicraft, and the kaleidoscopic yet ever lovely forms and features they exhibit.

Furnished with this small instrument, the observation of these snow flowers is simple and easy enough. We have only to walk out when the snow is falling in a cold calm atmosphere—for wind breaks up and destroys the blossoms—and catch the flakes on the coat sleeve, or any other dark substance; and, provided the air and the sleeve be not so warm as to melt them too suddenly, we shall find them composed of aggregations of delicate flowery forms; while single flowers, isolated from the flakes, will ever and anon come pattering down, to charm us for a few moments with their short-lived beauty, and then to melt and vanish; returning to the element from which they sprang, and leaving no other trace of their existence than a little pond of water. These single efflorescences will best repay our careful scrutiny; to the naked eye they will appear but as little hexagonal or star-shaped particles, from a quarter of an inch downwards in diameter; but under the greater eye of the magnifier, a multitude of structural details of infinite variety and of most delicate tracery will be revealed.

But, varied as are the details of these ice-jewels, there is a striking characteristic uniformity, a sort of prevailing family likeness pervading the whole of them. The flowers are all

six-petalled, and the petals invariably incline to each other at an angle of sixty degrees; further, the spiculae, shooting from the petals, and the still smaller shoots from these, all diverge at the same angle; in fact, that every form of detail is hexangular. For a long time the cause of this regularity of form remained an enigma, even to scientific minds; it was not till the curious laws of crystallisation came to be studied and known that the key to the mystery was found. The science of crystallography teaches us that when the integrate particles, of which we must suppose every substance is composed, are left free to arrange themselves in their own way, they take up certain definite positions with regard to each other, and build up a mass of the substance according to an order of architecture peculiar to itself; and it is one of nature's sublime schemes of order that the stones or bricks, so to define these particles, of any one substance shall have a shape exclusively their own, and differing from that of the particles of any other material; and that when they combine or aggregate, they shall produce a pile or heap whose form is similar to or derivable from that of the individual atoms themselves. The resulting piles of particles are crystals, and it is pretty well known that the crystals of any crystallisable material have a form peculiar to it and to it only. The crystal's form is determined by the shape of its sides or facets, and the angles at which they incline to each other. Water, in solidifying by cold, i. e. in freezing, forms itself into crystals whose facets are hexagons and incline to each other at a constant angle of sixty degrees. The little globule of water, then, that would ordinarily constitute a rain-drop, in falling through an atmosphere of a lower temperature than the freezing point, passes to the solid state, and its particles, piling themselves into their appointed hexangular forms with geometrical precision, produce these exquisite crystalline flowers; thus obeying that supreme order of the universe which ordains that even ice shall put forth its blossoms. But why these blossoms should assume the complicated and varied forms in which we find them; whether these variations are due to electrical conditions of the atmosphere, or to the chemical constitution of the water from which they are formed,—are questions yet to be solved.

The graceful ice-ferns that ornament our windows in frosty weather are produced, from moisture condensed on the cold glass, by this same regular crystallising process; their sprays and leaves form the same constant angle with each other as the parts of the snow flowers. At the edges of ponds and lakes similar filagree work is to be seen at the commencement of a frost, and before the whole mass of water is consolidated. Hoar frost—frozen dew—presents the same fantastic, though symmetrical arrangement of its spiculae; but nowhere are the phenomena of water crystallisation so attractively manifested as in the pretty objects that have formed the subject of this paper.

We have no desire to invade the territory of a lady's newspaper, by recommending "patterns for ornamental needlework;" but we think we may venture to suggest the objects we have been describing for the consideration of our fair friends, as affording excellent designs for their embroidery work. Any amount of variety, with the necessary foundation of uniformity, can be obtained by copying these snow crystals; they may be magnified to any extent without sacrificing an iota of their beauty. A rather quick eye and hand will be required, at first, to catch the details before they thaw away by the radiating warmth of the body; but a little practice will soon make perfect, and their geometrical formation will be found to greatly facilitate their delineation: besides, it is only necessary to draw one petal of the flower from nature, for as they are all the same in any one flower, they can be repeated the remaining five times at leisure. We would suggest as the materials to be used in working them, pure white and transparent glass beads upon a black or dark ground of velvet or cloth. The effect cannot fail to be successful, because so close an imitation of nature can be secured.

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loss of Rosalie should not again render him unmindful of the duties and interests of life. Thus was Phillip Trevyllian fitted for the ministry—thus did sorrow lift him nearer to Heaven, filling his soul with holy resolutions and aspiring hopes. He recovered slowly, but at length with renewed health he again went forth into the world, strengthened for the battle of life, though carrying about with him the remembrance of his sorrow, his weak human heart still bleeding, and yearning—alas how vainly!—for the one coveted earthly blessing. Being appointed to the curacy of C—, he removed there with his mother, devoting himself to soothe her grief, and hoping that time would heal the wound her erring daughter's desertion had made. But time, in such a case, brings no healing balm to the fond heart of a mother, for she mourns not only a daughter's loss, but her dereliction from the path of virtue.

The Trevyllians had resided at C— more than three years, when an event occurred, which lit up with sudden sunshine the pathway of Philip. Lady Redclyff was dead, and her daughter, Lady Rosalie Gascoigne, came to reside with her aunt, Lady Templemore, whose princely home was situated a few miles from C—. Philip was not aware of this, until one Sunday she made her appearance unexpectedly at church. He was entering the sacred building, robed in his surplice, when at the vestry door he happened to glance up at the gallery, and there, in the Templemore pew, he saw a young lady of distinguished appearance. One look at that fondly remembered face—so peerless in its beauty—caused a thrill of glad surprise, and sent the crimson of sudden emotion mantling over his usually pale face. How gladly did he hide that agitated face in the folds of his surplice, as he knelt in prayer on entering the reading desk. That prayer was of unusual length this Sunday morning, but the curate was mastering his emotion, and when he rose from his kneeling attitude, his countenance was calm, although the pulsations of his weak human heart still throbbed wildly. A few of the congregation had noticed the curate's change of countenance, but only one had guessed the cause. The Lady Rosalie Gascoigne, suspecting that Mr. Trevyllian, the popular preacher of C—, was her *ci-davant* tutor, so well remembered and yet fondly loved, had seated herself in Lady Templemore's pew, so as to command a view of the vestry-door. She was watching very intently the egress of the white-robed clergyman, when he suddenly appeared and glanced up at the gallery, attracted probably by the magnetism of Lady Rosalie's violet eyes. The sudden joy that flashed over his face, colouring it to the very temples, caused a bright hope to spring up in her heart, which thrilled it with delight; for hidden away in its innermost chamber was the image of the handsome tutor: and Philip Trevyllian possessed an unextinguishable interest in the affections of the Lady Rosalie Gascoigne. How earnestly did she gaze at him, from that curtained pew! noticing the changes which sorrow had made in his intellectual face, and eagerly listening for the well-known voice. At length the organ ceased, and as the full melody died away, there sounded distinctly through the silent building the clear, rich tones of the clergyman. Philip had recovered his self-possession, and as his soul became absorbed in the solemn service in which he was engaged, even the presence of Lady Rosalie seemed forgotten, in the worship of Him, who thus claimed every thought, and required an undivided homage.

From that day, the attendance of Lady Rosalie at church was so regular as to call forth praise from the humbler members of the congregation. Her devout deportment during the prayers, and the absorbing interest with which she listened to the sermon, devouring the preacher with her radiant eyes, as if fascinated by his eloquence, were worthy of commendation in one so fashionable as the Lady Rosalie. The happiness which the beautiful girl enjoyed in seeing, Sunday after Sunday, the object of her secret attachment, was, after a few weeks, interrupted by his being obliged to visit the United States. His return was anxiously looked for by his congregation, and the news of his arrival on Christmas eve soon spread, and, through the servants, even

reached Templemore; so that on Christmas morning, Lady Rosalie drove to church in buoyant spirits; for—I regret to say—mingling with the devout happiness suitable to this joyous season, was the earthly joy, arising from the expectation of seeing again the handsome curate of C—.

CHAPTER V. THE OUBATS AT TEMPLEMORE.

Joyously the church bells rung out for Divine Service on Christmas Day. It was early when Mrs. Trevyllian and Miss Carlyle wended their way along the private path, leading from the parsonage to the Church, for the curate's mother wished to set a good example by arriving in time. The sacred edifice was built in the Gothic style; there were two small galleries on either side of the altar—one occupied by the organ and choir—in the other, were the pews belonging to the aristocracy of the neighbourhood. The Reuter's pew, which the curate's family at present occupied, commanded a view of this gallery, and Gertrude, as she sat, silently watching the entrance of the congregation, felt no little curiosity to see the Lady Rosalie Gascoigne, of whom Mrs. Trevyllian spoke in raptures, and who seemed to possess an enthralling influence over the curate himself.

It was late when the family from Templemore arrived; but though the service had begun, Gertrude's eyes, I am sorry to say, followed the aristocratic party, as they traversed the aisle, leading to their pew. Lady Templemore was still a fine looking woman, though past the meridian of life; but the cold, haughty expression of her countenance, repelled rather than attracted the gaze of Gertrude. With her were three young ladies, one of whom, from her imperial beauty, Gertrude thought, must be the Lady Rosalie. Two gentlemen were of the party, one with a dark handsome face, and that air of high breeding peculiar to the aristocracy. He was probably the Viscount Waldegrave, the devoted admirer of the Lady Rosalie. It was a bright, frosty day, the glittering sunshine streamed through the the windows of stained glass, glistening on the dark green leaves of the laurel and holly which, interspersed with scarlet berries, were used to decorate the church for this Christmas festival. It was just such weather as adds by its brightness to the joyousness of spirit, which every one seems to feel at this happy season. During the prayers, Gertrude's attention wandered considerably, for the new scene brought its temptations to the young girl; but when Trevyllian ascended the pulpit and the sermon began, her every thought was engrossed by the preacher, whose sweet, persuasive eloquence chained the attention of the congregation, and moved many among them to the depths of their being. The morning service was over, and the curate had retired to the vestry, when, to his surprise, the sexton brought him a message from Lady Templemore. She begged Mr. Trevyllian to drive home with her, in order to be present at the distribution of Christmas presents to the poor of the neighbourhood. She wished him to do so, to prevent her giving to the unworthy, and to assist her in portioning out to the deserving, according to their wants. What a tumult of pleasing emotion did this unexpected invitation cause Philip Trevyllian! but concealing it under a dignified demeanor, he joined Lady Templemore at the church door. Some of her party had already driven off; Lady Rosalie was waiting with her aunt. Lady Templemore courteously accosted the curate, thanking him for his compliance, then introduced her niece. And thus Philip Trevyllian met Lady Rosalie, after an interval of nearly four years. They met as strangers, but in the shy glance she raised to him, as she held out her small gloved hand, he saw recognition. She had not forgotten him.

A pleasant drive of twenty minutes, and the grey old towers of Templemore appeared in view, surrounded by a noble park of many acres. Around the lofty portico of the stately mansion, and lining the wide avenue, a number of indigent creatures were congregated—their care-worn faces beaming, for the time, with the pleasure of expectation. What a contrast did they present, in their poverty, to the high-born and wealthy

inmates of that palace home! Surely, faith in a world of compensation is needed to sustain the soul amid the trials of life, and teach us that He has done all things well, who has allotted so unequally the portions of earth.

In the large, antique hall—with its tessellated pavement, its wide oak staircase, its huge hearth, on which crackled and blazed immense yule logs—a large supply of Christmas presents had been prepared, consisting chiefly of blankets and warm clothing for the winter. The applicants for these necessaries, provided by the charity of the mistress of the mansion and her beautiful niece, were brought into the hall in groups, and all received according to their necessity. Afterwards they were supplied with a plentiful dinner to take to their humble homes, and in this manner was the joyous season of Christmas made to shower blessings on the suffering poor in the vicinity of C—. When this work of beneficence was ended, Mr. Trevyllian was invited to partake of lunch with Lady Templemore and her guests, and half an hour passed quickly in pleasant conversation, while enjoying the delicacies of the rich repast. The short day of an English winter was fast closing in, before the curate, intoxicated with the happiness of enjoying the society of Lady Rosalie, thought of leaving Templemore. When he was making his adieu, she asked him in a low voice to wait a few moments until she gathered a bouquet for Mrs. Trevyllian, who she knew was passionately fond of flowers. The spacious dining-room opened at one end by glass-doors into a large conservatory, filled with rare exotics, the rich fragrance of which floated into the apartment and made the wintry air redolent of summer perfume.

Without waiting for a reply, Lady Rosalie moved with quick grace towards the conservatory, and disappeared among its orange trees and magnificent plants. Trevyllian hesitated, but the desire to follow her was irresistible; the next moment he had passed through the glass doors, and was standing beside her Ladyship as she stooped to cull a splendid camellia japonica. The crimson light of the coloured lamps with which the conservatory was lit up—for the shades of night had fallen upon Templemore—streamed upon her graceful figure bending among the beautiful exotics, and gleamed on the jewelled bandeau that confined her soft, glossy braids of pale auburn hair. How very lovely she looked as on the approach of Trevyllian she raised her sweet violet eyes, and said, with a playfully brilliant smile,

"Do you remember when you were trying to make me learn botany, Mr. Trevyllian, how very stupid I was? and how impossible I found it to recollect the difficult Latin names of the plants? But you were very patient with me, so unlike Mademoiselle D'Aubrey, who used to scold so unmercifully, in French, when I did not know my lessons; I was very thoughtless then, and gave you a vast deal of trouble. Do you ever think of that time, Mr. Trevyllian?"

"Do I ever think of it!" burst from him in tones quivering from intense feeling, "the remembrance of it is often present with me, Lady Rosalie. But you, in the excitement of fashionable life, I thought had entirely forgotten it."

"Ah, no! it was a happy time those by-gone school days. I have never enjoyed such unmixed happiness since," and the white lids drooped over the bright eyes to hide the sudden moisture that filled them. "The halcyon dreams and delicious hopes of early youth leave us too soon," Lady Rosalie resumed sadly, "and as we hasten on in the pathway of life, we find the flowers of enjoyment more sparsely strewn, their hues less vivid. Has this been your experience, Mr. Trevyllian?" There was no answer. The sad tones of the sweet voice, the gleam of tenderness in the quickly averted glance, had flashed a suspicion as reproachful as it was startling across the mind of the poor curate, and he was silent from very bewilderment. Could it be possible that the remembrance of those days brought keen regret to the mind of Lady Rosalie, as well as to his own; dare he hope that he possessed an interest in her affections? And now, for a moment forgetting the restraint he had imposed upon himself, the difference of rank, forgetting everything but his love

and misery, he was about to pour into her ear the tale of his devotion and of his suffering. A declaration trembled on his lips, but it was only for a moment. Bitterly name the recollection of his poverty,—of his humble station in life. In what an absurd position would he place himself by the declaration of his passion! How would it be received?—Perhaps with scorn—his presumption ridiculed. A few moments of bewildering happiness, and again the barrier between him and Lady Rosalie, erected by their difference of fortune and rank, rose up as impassable as ever.

While this tumult was going on in the mind of Philip, Lady Rosalie had culled a choice bouquet. Gracefully presenting it to him for his mother, she said she must gather a few of his favorite flowers for himself, and again she stooped amid the fragrant plants.

"How interesting is the language of flowers, Mr. Trevyllian. I have not forgotten that part of my botanical studies—it was the easiest to remember."

Philip was standing beside a monthly rose-bush as the remark fell on his ear. A delicate rose-bud caught his eye, and the temptation to offer it in tacit acknowledgment of his love was strong within him. Hastily he broke it from the stem, but when he was going to present it to the object of his secret homage, he was prevented by the appearance of Lady Templemore's stately figure at the door of the conservatory.

"Having missed you from the dining-room, Mr. Trevyllian, I thought you were gone," she said, slightly elevating her eyebrows, as if in surprise. "Whenever you feel disposed to return to the parsonage the carriage will be in waiting."

Had Lady Templemore's penetrating eye detected the curate's love for her niece, and indignant at his presumption, did she intend this for a polite dismissal? It might be so. Philip must no longer linger in this garden of Eden, his *tête-à-tête* with Lady Rosalie must end. Brief happiness it had been, but so sweet, so unlooked for, that the very remembrance of it would be like that of a delightful dream from which he had too soon awakened. Crushing the rose-bud in his hand, in his bitter humiliation, he bowed coldly to Lady Templemore, then turned to thank Lady Rosalie for her kindness. For a moment he held the jewelled hand which she courteously offered him, then with a sigh relinquished it. The next minute he had passed from the conservatory out into the darkness of the night, with as deep a gloom gathering round his heart as had fallen on the face of nature.

(To be continued.)

A RIDE ON A SNOW PLOUGH.

THUNDER and lightning in January! Thermometer 20 below zero and up to temperate. Snow storms in rapid succession for five days; and as a wind-up, a furious gale and rain storm! Such is the bill of fare for the third week of this opening year, 1866. No English mail—nothing Canadian even, except a Christmas dun, with the gentle intimation that unless the bill be settled by "return mail," costs of collection will be incurred—and a notice from the Grand Trunk Station, that a lot of "Tommy-Cods and Oysters" are waiting on the platform, subject to charges for demurrage for delay. When the mail will return, who can tell? Never, unless somebody turns out to clear the roads, and we had better not set the example. It is clearly against our interest with "costs of collection" ahead of us to interfere with any arrangement for further time that old Boreas with his son-in-law, Jack Frost, and his virgin daughter, may, for all we know, be making for us. But then the "Tommy-Cods and Oysters"—we wanted them for the New Year; and if we wait for any arrangements Old Winter may make, we may as well rest contented, until we again hear the "sweet music"—in plain language, the shrill screech of the dirty little "Dixie," or gaze with delight on the loyal streamers of the "Prince," as she scuds through the Blue Waters of the Ottawa; and assures us, as she glides along, rounded here and there by the leaves of

the budding boughs of the maple and lilac, that spring has again really returned. But "Tommy-Cods and Oysters" or "Odds Bobs and Butter-kins," [whichever exclamation the gentle readers of the "Saturday" may think most to the purpose] what has all this to do with a "ride upon a snow plough?" Well! we will try and tell you. We resolved upon getting rid of "ennui," and ordered out the team—"Jominia" "très frêt," "Monsieur." "Out, mon ami, ce rrai," in John Bull French we replied. And we set to work with nuger, hammer, and nails, to "fix up" a plough, which is simply a machine constructed of two of the shortest and broadest slabs culled from the "waifs and strays" of the river, stoutly pinned together in the shape of the letter V, with a box on the cross bar for a seat. The road, through which we had to plough, was every where blocked as high as the fencing, and oftentimes higher. "The team will never face it, much less get through," is the first thought, but "all desperandum" the second. At, in, and through, was the result of the first effort of the brave little team, as they floundered out of the drift, with their heads only visible, and stopped to take breath for another charge—and so on, till the post and village were reached. Shooting the rapids of the St. Lawrence may be, and is exciting—but let no one say, there is nothing to be done in a snow storm, so long as a snow drift is to be found. The fountains of snow pouring from the sides of your plough, are the purest the eye can ever behold, and the sensation makes you exclaim, "well a snow plough is the pleasantest motion I know," while the work done is positively marvellous. A steam engine would be powerless, exhausted, and buried alive in no time; while a team of lively active horses will force their own way, and clear, by the plough, a track behind them, through which they will trot on their return, as merrily as if no obstacle had ever impeded them. Our box, on which we sat, was singularly enough, stamped, "Malaga"—certain it is, we were not in a Mediterranean climate—and yet, for all we know to the contrary, this very box was but "a chip of the old block," hewn from some noble denizen of the forest, in the shape of a base wood tree, felled on the shores of the Ottawa; rafted to Quebec—shipped to the Mediterranean—packed with raisins at Malaga, and re-shipped to Montreal—its contents having formed a principal ingredient at some Canadian Christmas fireside, and itself doing duty on the shores of its native river, an inglorious part of a once glorious whole.

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

BLASÉ.

L. B. C.

AH me, the years that have fled! And yet how vividly I can recall the sixth dance of the first ball of the season of 18—! When Weipart's band played the opening bars of the *Volse d'Amour*, I had no need to look at my card; the name of Cousin Ellen was engraved too deeply on my heart for that. I found her sitting behind the door, in the ice-room, talking to Carroll, the barrister. She jumped up with alacrity. "Here you are at last!" she cried, taking my arm; "now I shall enjoy my first dance to-night."

"Why," said I, "you have had three, for you came in time for the second, and have not sat out once."

"Oh, that polka with Captain Moore was a perfect penance—he cannot keep step at all; and as for walking through the last quadrille with Mr. Carroll, I do not call that dancing. But I never enjoy waltzing with any one so much as with you, Bob; it is the one thing you can do to perfection. Every one has his or her specialty, you know, and dancing is yours."

"Ah," said I, as the *fades* of the music enveloped me, "do you remember when we were children, and used to dance at Christmas-parties?"

"Yes, and what a bore you used to think it!"

"True, I was blind and idiotic enough for that; I never liked dancing till I was about seventeen. But I always liked you, Ellen."

Here I gave her hand a gentle squeeze, and it is my firm impression that— But no, not on the rack would I divulge it. Let me suffer, and be strong. "Do you remember that you promised to be my little wife?"

"Did I? How foolish children are!"

"How delightful it would be" (I denounce the composer of the *Volse d'Amour* as the person who forced me to say all this) "if such a childish daydream were to prove some day a waking reality!"

Ellen was out of breath, and uttered no reply with her tongue, but the gipsy made a most nefarious use of her eyes. Ah, if young ladies know the effect they produce by glancing softly up at their partners in a languishing waltz, and then looking down immediately on the ground, they would not do it; or perhaps they would do it all the more; there is no trusting them. The waltz came to an end, but its effects did not cease all at once, and Bob was by no means himself again in consequence.

"I must make the most of this ball, for we are not to remain in London long, and I shall not have many this summer," said Ellen as we promenaded.

"What?" I exclaimed in a tone of disappointment, for the words were like lumps of ice dropped down the back.

"Papa has taken a house on the banks of the Thames, at Longreach. It is delightful; there is a lawn sloping down to the river, and a boat-house. You used to row when you were up at the university, did you not?"

"A little."

"That is delightful. You must come and stay whenever you can, and take an oar. Papa has gone wild on aquatics."

I went down to Longreach, when the Martins were settled in their new house, on a Saturday to Monday visit, and found everything unexpectedly delightful. Uncle William, who was accustomed to dwell upon the insignificance of my patrimony, and the improbability of my ever making an income out of my inkpot, whenever I met him, never alluded to those chilling topics; Aunt Maria substituted her pleasant cordial face for the ordinary cold-shoulder with which she treated me; Dick, the hope of the family, was less mischievous, now that he had left Eton, and commenced cramming for the army; and as for the girls, their behaviour was cousinly and comfortable as always.

Eden had one snake, and that wore the likeness of Carroll, who came to dinner on the Sunday in a very free-and-easy sort of way; that is, upon a general, not a special invitation.

After due reflection upon the state of things, I formed the following conclusions: That the Martin family saw that my early friendship for Cousin Nelly had become transmogrified into love; that my uncle and aunt had at length perceived my many merits, and were no longer inclined to discountenance my attentions to their daughter; that the sentiments of Ellen herself coincided with those of her parents upon this interesting subject; but that Carroll was a rival, and must be watched. I made a master-more. Carroll was called by business to London, and had but slight excuse for constant visits to the Martins, while my movements were free, and my presence welcome. So I found that the heat of my chambers disagreed with me, and I took bachelor lodgings in Longreach.

"Have you come into the country for a spell, Bob?" said my uncle, when he first learned the fact. "That is right; your new novel will be all the fresher for it. You must join the L. B. C. I will put you up to-night, and Thwarts shall second you. Thwarts is our Hon. Sec."

"Proud and happy, I am sure," I lied. "What is the L. B. C., though?"

"Why, the Longreach Boating Club, to be sure."

"Well, I will pay my subscription, of course; but I do not know enough about rowing to be a very active member."

"O come!" said my uncle; "that will not do. I know better than that."

That evening, I was unanimously elected into the L. B. C., and introduced to the members at a cold supper, which my uncle gave at his own

house; for his meals had got all queer and straggling since he had appeared in the character of a jolly middle-aged waterman; and lunch was a kind of dinner, taken at irregular hours, and tea seemed to be going on all the afternoon and evening; while the only real and comfortable repast was taken when it was dark, and no more boating could be done till the morrow.

"You will be a great accession to our club," said Mr Thwarts to me: "you used to pull at Cambridge, I believe."

"Not much," I replied. "Of course I subscribed to the college-boat, but I never rowed in it. My boating has been entirely confined to pottering about with a cigar in my mouth. I never got hot over it in my life."

"O Bob!" cried Nelly, "when you won that handsome cup!" The handsome cup was a pewter pot with a glass bottom, and the college arms engraved upon it, underneath which were inscribed the names of four victorious oarsmen and their cockswain, and I was handed down to posterity as a successful No. 3.

The pot was a swindle: we only got two boats to enter for the college scratch fours that year, and as the day fixed for the race was a wet one, we tossed who should be supposed to have won.

Alas! I had yielded to the promptings of vanity, and displayed the mendacious trophy to my aunt and cousins when they came to lunch at my chambers one day, in the course of a shopping carnival; and as I had suppressed the details of the race, they had gone away firmly impressed with the idea that I was fit to row for the championship of the Thames. I now told the real story, which was received with shouts of incredulous laughter.

"The invention of similar anecdotes is his professional pursuit," said my uncle in explanation.

"But this is a fact, I assure you," I cried.

"Oh, of course," said my uncle. "But the next time you tell it, Bob, take my advice, and season it with a little fiction, to make it sound more probable."

"I am sorry to press you to row, if you do not like it," said Thwarts; "but we have accepted a challenge from the Dedwater Rowing Club, and can only get seven oars together. Mr Martin must row, if you will not."

"Yes," cried my uncle; "and I can hardly pull my weight; besides which, the training would kill me; so, if you persist in your refusal, Bob, you will be guilty of avuncicide."

"Dear papa!" said Ellen pathetically. "Oh! cousin Bob! What could a poor fellow do but yield? I yielded. When I called on the following morning, I found that Ellen was out shopping with her mother, so I took two of the younger girls out on the water; for I enjoyed aquatic exercise when taken in a rational manner—I lolling on the cushions in the stern of the boat, and they rowing me about.

"Who is this Mr Thwarts?" I asked, thinking to extract information from Jenny, an observant puss of fifteen.

"Mr. Thwarts is a very great man," said Jenny; "he owns everything and everybody nearly about here, and is ever so rich. And he is a magistrate, and could be a member of parliament if he wished, only he prefers boating; and he likes Nelly, and papa and mamma are glad of it."

"And does Nelly like him?"

"I don't think she does, much," said Jenny, resting on her oar, and looking mysterious—"at least, not in the way you mean. But you must not tell I said so!"

I vowed secrecy, and meditated. Carroll, then, was not the man I had to fear, but Thwarts, and I made up my mind to thwart him. Only I could not do it; on the contrary, he thwarted me—that is, he made me row No. 5 in an eight-oar against my will. I had always pitied galley-slaves with a theoretical pity, but now I sympathised with them from my soul.

Never shall I forget my first "spin" up the river. It was all very well at first, while we paddled easily along with a slow and lingering stroke, though even then the cockswain's remarks were unpleasant, who addressed me as "No. 5," as if I had really been a prisoner at Brest.

"Time, No. 5!" "More forward, No. 5!" "Don't pull so much with your arms, No. 5!"

As if any one could pull with the legs! But after a while Thwarts began to quicken his stroke, and the effects were most unpleasant; I broke out in a violent perspiration, I got out of breath, my hands felt as though they had received the punishment of the cane, and the remembrance was invadly enforced upon me that that scholastic instrument of torture is sometimes otherwise applied; for those nice-looking white rugs which are tied on the seats of boats are delusions and snares, especially when they wriggle round in such a manner that the knots come uppermost.

At the expiration of five minutes, which seemed like fifty, I cried out "Stop!"

"Easy all!" said the cockswain.

"What is the matter?" asked Thwarts.

"The matter is, that I am composed of flesh and blood, not iron and brass," I gasped; "that I am a man, and not a steam-engine of forty horse-power."

"Ah, you are out of condition," said Thwarts.

"A week's training will bring you up to the mark. However, we will take it easy to-day. Paddle on all!"

So I paddled on in silence, but I formed an inward resolution, which I broached to Nelly that very evening.

"Well," said she, as I put a gentle on the line with which she was angling at the bottom of the garden, "how does the boat go?"

"Bother the boat!" cried I. "Look there!" And I exhibited my hands, which were covered with large white blisters.

"Oh, that is nothing" said she. "I despise a man who has no blisters."

"Indeed? Then I shall be sorry to incur your scorn, but I mean to fit myself for it as soon as possible. I will not row any more."

"O Bob, when papa has set his heart on our beating the Dedwaters, and we cannot make up the eight without you; how unkind!"

"You are very warm about this boat-race," said I sarcastically.

"I am," she replied; "I shall be so disappointed if you do not row."

"Yes, because you wish to please this Thwarts. But I have no reason for currying favour with the fellow. Hang Thwarts!"

"With all my heart; after the match."

"You little bumbug!" cried I. "I know all about it!"

"What! are you too against me?" she said, pouting. "I thought I had one friend in dear old Bob!"

"What! you do not wish to have him then?"

She shook her head.

"Honour bright?"

She nodded.

"Why do you wish me to make a water-martyr of myself, then?"

"Because I want to beat that horrid L. R. O. Besides, I have a reason. Do not ask me what; I will tell you some day."

After much solitary self-communing, I now came to the conclusion that my former speculations as to the state of affairs were all wrong; that uncle and aunt Martin had settled the match between Ellen and Thwarts in their own minds, and were cordial to me because I was no longer, in their estimation, dangerous as a lover, though as a familiar cousin I might act as a spur to the hesitating lover's intent; that Ellen, though not liking to run counter to her parents' wishes, much preferred myself, and that she urged me to remain in the Longreach eight to keep me near her.

I longed to put an end to my doubts and anxieties by a formal offer of marriage, and had often tried to do so. But I had been making love to her in a jocular manner ever since I was twelve and she ten years of age, and she persisted in taking everything I said in fun. Still I thought my chances looked so well, that I obeyed her wishes and remained one of the crew of the L. B. O.

"Have you begun training yet?" asked Thwarts, when we met at the boat-house next day.

"No," said I. "Is it really necessary?"

"Of course it is. No man can last over a mile-course unless he is in training. And after all

what is it? A healthy life of moderation, temperance and exercise in the open air for six weeks, which will be of the greatest possible advantage to your constitution, besides clearing your brain after the hard work you must have been giving it lately. By the by, what a capital story your last novel is."

In an evil hour, and totally ignorant of what was before me, I allowed myself to be cajoled, and promised to enter on a course of training the very next day. My uncle was delighted; Ellen smiled approbation and gratitude; and my seven fellow-sufferers declared that I was a thorough good-fellow; and as that time I was still foolish enough to care for the praise or blame of my fellow-creatures, I rejoiced in their applause, and went to an early couch, soothed by the consciousness of virtue.

I always sleep in summer with my bedroom window open, a practice which was peculiarly pleasant in my Longreach lodgings, because of the honeysuckle and jessamine which grew luxuriantly over the verandah immediately beneath, allowing fragrant sprays to struggle through the casement. There was a nightingale, too, who made a practice of serenading me from an opposite tree, and whose song on this particular night was particularly soothing and brilliant, though it must have been after I had dropped off to sleep that he adapted human words to his melody, and treated me to—

Oh! had you ever a cousin Tom?

Did that cousin happen to sing?

Of sisters you've got a round dozen, Tom,

But a cousin's a different thing.

Doubtless I dreamed that, for my sleep was profusely illustrated, and dissolving views chased each other across my retina with the rapidity of the "Scenes from the Holy Land" upon the white sheet at the Polytechnic; and all my visions that night were of a pleasing nature, especially the last, which represented an eight-oar skimming over a smooth sea, with a bride crowned with orange blossoms, and bridegroom attired in white ducks and a straw hat, reposing luxuriously in the stern. I was that comfortable bridegroom, and cousin Nelly was—

"Bulloo! not up yet!" roared a voice of thunder, which brought me from a horizontal to a sitting posture with an electric start; and on looking in the direction from which the sounds proceeded, I saw with horror a man's head and shoulders protruded through the window."

"Go away!" I cried. "I will call the police! I will shoot you! I have a revolver under the pillow."

"Have you, though? That cannot be permitted till after the race, for you might meet with an accident."

"Thwarts!" I cried, recognizing him. "How did you ever get there?"

"Climbed up the verandah, of course," he replied. "I could not wake you by shouting and throwing stones from below. But come, are you going to lie in bed all day? It is nearly seven o'clock."

"What! in the evening?" I cried, springing out.

"No, no, of course not; seven A. M. to be sure."

"Then in another three hours I will talk to you; but my constitution will not stand night-work," said I.

"Nonsense," replied Thwarts, introducing the whole of himself into my desecrated bower. "You have promised to train like the rest of us, and our rule is to meet at the Angler's Joy at a quarter past seven; bathe, just a header, and out again; run from the Willows to the Rushes, which is a measured mile; cool down, and dress, and then breakfast together at the inn. Disperse till twelve, then take a short row, returning to dinner at two. Dine together, and separate till five, when we take a good spell up the river, returning to supper at eight, and turning in at ten sharp."

"We take all our meals together at the Angler's Joy, then?" I remarked.

"Yes," said Thwarts, "or some of us would be tempted to eat unlawful food. But come,

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down here on the pretence of coaching you, and seeing how the boat was getting on. The three hundred pounds, too, will be most useful for preliminary expenses. But we must be off. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, dear Bob," said Nelly, holding out her hand.

I made a violent effort to put a good face on the matter; and after having been so egregiously duped all along, I had to put the final touch by helping them into the boat and shoving them off, and in doing this I nearly fell into the water, and had to grasp a handful of twigs to recover my balance.

The boat vanished into the night, and when I turned from the spot with a heavy heart, I found a bough of willow in my hand.

"Pahaw!" cried I, throwing it away.

There was a terrible disturbance when the elopement was known, but the Martins forgave the couple in a few weeks; and when all turned out well, and Carroll's position at the bar became more and more established, my uncle was even jocular on the subject.

"Ah!" said he, at a certain christening dinner, "those barristers are such imposing fellows; give them an inch and they will take a Nell!"

It is all very well for him to joke; but I shall marry for money.

THE MINNOWS WITH SILVER TAILS.

(From Stories for Children.)

THERE was a cuckoo-clock hanging in Tom Turner's cottage. When it struck One, Tom's wife laid the baby in the cradle, and took a saucepan off the fire, from which came a very savoury smell.

Her two little children, who had been playing in the open doorway, ran to the table, and began softly to drum upon it with their pewter spoons, looking eagerly at their mother as she turned a nice little piece of pork into a dish, and set greens and potatoes round it. They fetched the salt; then they set a chair for their father; brought their own stools; and pulled their mother's rocking-chair close to the table.

"Run to the door, Billy," said the mother, "and see if father's coming." Billy ran to the door; and, after the fashion of little children, looked first the right way, and then the wrong way, but no father was to be seen.

Presently the mother followed him, and shaded her eyes with her hand, for the sun was hot. "If father doesn't come soon," she observed, "the apple-dumpling will be too much done, by a deal."

"There he is!" cried the little boy, "he is coming round by the wood; and now he's going over the bridge. O father! make haste, and have some apple-dumpling."

"Tom," said his wife, as he came near, "art tired to-day?"

"Uncommon tired," said Tom, and he threw himself on the bench, in the shadow of the thatch.

"Has anything gone wrong?" asked his wife; "what's the matter?"

"Matter?" repeated Tom, "is anything the matter? The matter is this, mother, that I'm a miserable hard-worked slave;" and he clapped his hands upon his knees, and muttered in a deep voice, which frightened the children—"a miserable slave!"

"Bless us!" said the wife, and could not make out what he meant.

"A miserable, ill-used slave," continued Tom, "and always have been."

"Always have been?" said his wife, "why, father, I thought thou used to say, at the election time, that thou wast a freeborn Briton?"

"Women have no business with politics," said Tom, getting up rather sulkily. And whether it was the force of habit, or the smell of the dinner, that made him do it, has not been ascertained, but it is certain that he walked into the house, ate plenty of pork and greens, and then took a tolerable share in demolishing the apple-dumpling.

When the little children were gone out to

play, his wife said to him, "Tom, I hope thou and master haven't had words to-day?"

"Master," said Tom, "yes, a pretty master he has been; and a pretty slave I've been. Don't talk to me of masters."

"O Tom, Tom," cried his wife, "but he's been a good master to you; fourteen shillings a week, regular wagos,—that's not a thing to make a sneer at; and think how warm the children are lapped up o'winter nights, and you with as good shoes to your feet as ever keep him out of the mud."

"What of that?" said Tom, "isn't my labour worth the money? I'm not beholden to my employer. He gets as good from me as he gives."

"Very like, Tom. There's not a man for miles round that can match you at a graft; and as to early peas—but if master can't do without you, I'm sure you can't do without him. Oh, dear, to think that you and he should have had words!"

"We've had no words," said Tom impatiently; "but I'm sick of being at another man's beck and call. It's Tom do this, and Tom do that, and nothing but work, work, work, from Monday morning till Saturday night; and I was thinking, as I walked over to Squire Morton's to ask for the turnip seed for master—I was thinking, Sally, that I am nothing but a poor working man after all. In short, I'm a slave, and my spirit won't stand it."

So saying, Tom flung himself out, at the cottage door, and his wife thought he was going back to his work as usual. But she was mistaken; he walked to the wood, and there, when he came to the border of a little tinkling stream, he sat down, and began to brood over his grievances. It was a very hot day.

"Now, I'll tell you what," said Tom to himself, "it's a great deal pleasanter sitting here in the shade than broiling over celery trenches; and then thinning of wall fruit, with a baking sun at one's back, and a hot wall before one's eyes. But I'm a miserable slave. I must either work or see 'em starve; a very hard lot it is to be a working man. But it's not only the work that I complain of, but being obliged to do just as he pleases. It's enough to spoil any man's temper to be told to dig up those asparagus beds just when they were getting to be the very pride of the parish. And what for? Why, to make room for Madam's new gravel walk, that she mayn't wet her feet going over the grass. Now, I ask you," continued Tom, still talking to himself, "whether that isn't enough to spoil any man's temper?"

"Ahem!" said a voice close to him.

Tom started, and to his great surprise, saw a small man, about the size of his own baby, sitting composedly at his elbow. He was dressed in green—green hat, green coat, and green shoes. He had very bright black eyes, and they twinkled very much as he looked at Tom and smiled.

"Servant, sir!" said Tom, edging himself a little further off.

"Miserable slave," said the small man, "art thou so far lost to the noble sense of freedom that thy very salutation acknowledges a mere stranger as thy master?"

"Who are you," said Tom, "and how dare you call me a slave?"

"Tom," said the small man, with a knowing look, "don't speak roughly. Keep your rough words for your wife, my man, she is bound to bear them—what else is she for, in fact?"

"I'll thank you to let my affairs alone," interrupted Tom, shortly.

"Tom, I'm your friend; I think I can help you out of your difficulty. I admire your spirit. Would I demean myself to work for a master, and attend to all his whims?" As he said this, the small man stooped and looked very earnestly into the stream. Drip, drip, drip, went the water over a little fall in the stones, and wetted the watercresses till they shone in the light, while the leaves fluttered overhead and chequered the moss with glittering spots of sunshine. Tom watched the small man with earnest attention as he turned over the leaves of the cresses. At last he saw him snatch something, which looked like a little fish, out of the water, and put it in his pocket.

"It's my belief, Tom," he said, resuming the

conversation, "that you have been puzzling your head with what people call Political Economy."

"Never heard of such a thing," said Tom. "But I've been thinking that I don't see why I'm to work any more than those that employ me."

"Why you see, Tom, you must have money. Now it seems to me that there are but four ways of getting money: there's Stealing"—

"Which won't suit me," interrupted Tom.

"Very good. Then there's Borrowing"—

"Which I don't want to do."

"And there's Begging"—

"No, thank you," said Tom, stontly.

"And there's giving money's worth for the money; that is to say, Work, Labour."

"Your words are as fine as a sermon," said Tom.

"But look here, Tom," proceeded the man in green, drawing his hand out of his pocket, and showing a little dripping fish in his palm, "what do you call this?"

"I call it a very small minnow," said Tom.

"And do you see anything particular about its tail?"

"It looks uncommon bright," answered Tom, stooping to look at it.

"It does," said the man in green, "and now I'll tell you a secret, for I'm resolved to be your friend. Every minnow in this stream—they are very scarce, mind you—but every one of them has a silver tail."

"You don't say so," exclaimed Tom, opening his eyes very wide; "fishing for minnows, and being one's own master, would be a great deal pleasanter than the sort of life I've been leading this many a day."

"Well, keep the secret as to where you get them; and much good may it do you," said the man in green. "Farewell, I wish you joy of your freedom." So saying he walked away, leaving Tom on the brink of the stream, full of joy and pride.

He went to his master, and told him that he had an opportunity for bettering himself, and should not work for him any longer. The next day he rose with the dawn, and went to work to search for minnows. But of all the minnows in the world, never were any so nimble as those with silver tails. They were very shy too, and had as many turns and doubles as a hare; what a life they led him! They made him troll up the stream for miles: then, just as he thought his chase was at an end, and he was sure of them, they would leap quite out of the water, and dart down the stream again like little silver arrows. Miles and miles he went, tired, and wet, and hungry. He came home late in the evening, completely wearied and footsore, with only three minnows in his pocket, each with a silver tail.

"But at any rate," he said to himself, as he lay down in his bed, "though they lead me a pretty life, and I have to work harder than ever, yet I certainly am free; no man can order me about now."

This went on for a whole week; he worked very hard; but on Saturday afternoon he had only caught fourteen minnows.

"If it wasn't for the pride of the thing," he said to himself, "I'd have no more to do with fishing for minnows. This is the hardest work I ever did. I am quite a slave to them. I rush up and down, I dodge in and out, I splash myself, and fret myself, and broil myself in the sun, and all for the sake of a dumb thing, that gets the better of me with a wag of its tins. But it's no use standing here talking; I must set off to the town and sell them, or Sally will wonder why I don't bring her the week's money." So he walked to the town, and offered his fish for sale as great curiosities.

"Very pretty," said the first people he showed them to; but "they never bought anything that was not useful."

"Were they good to eat?" asked the woman at the next house. "No! Then they would not have them."

"Much too dear," said a third.

"And not so very curious," said a fourth; but they hoped he had come by them honestly.

At the fifth house they said, "O! pooh!" when he exhibited them. "no, no, they were not

quite so silly as to believe there were fish in the world with silver tails; if there had been, they should often have heard of them before."

At the sixth house they were such a very long time turning over his fish, pinching their tails, bargaining and discussing them, that he ventured to remonstrate, and request that they would make more haste. Thereupon they said if he did not choose to wait their pleasure, they would not purchase at all. So they shut the door upon him, and as this soured his temper, he spoke rather roughly at the next two houses, and was dismissed at once as a very rude, uncivil person.

But after all, his fish were really great curiosities; and when he had exhibited them all over the town, set them out in all lights, praised their perfections, and taken immense pains to conceal his impatience and ill temper, he at length contrived to sell them all, and got exactly fourteen shillings for them, and no more.

"Now, I'll tell you what, Tom Turner," he said to himself; "in my opinion you've been making a great fool of yourself, and I only hope Sally will not find it out. You was tired of being a working man, and that man in green has cheated you into doing the hardest week's work you ever did in your life by making you believe it was more free-like and easier. Well, you say you didn't mind it, because you had no master; but I've found out this afternoon, Tom, and, I don't mind your knowing it, that every one of those customers of yours was your master just the same. Why! you were at the beck of every man, woman, and child, that came near you—obliged to be in a good temper, too, which was very aggravating."

"True, Tom," said the man in green, starting up in his path, "I knew you were a man of sense; look you, you're all working men, and you must all please your customers. Your master was your customer; what he bought of you was your work. Well, you must let the work be such as will please the customer."

"All working men; how do you make that out?" said Tom, thinking the fourteen shillings in his hand. "Is my master a working man; and has he got a master of his own? Nonsense!"

"No nonsense at all;—he works with his head, keeps his books, and manages his great works. He has many masters, else why was he nearly ruined last year?"

"He was nearly ruined because he made some new-fangled kind of patterns at his works, and people would not buy them," said Tom. "Well, in a way of speaking, then, he works to please his masters, poor fellow! He is, as one may say, a fellow-servant, and plagued with very awkward masters! So I should not mind his being my master, and I think I'll go and tell him so."

"I would, Tom," said the man in green. "Tell him you have not been able to better yourself, and you have no objection now to dig up the asparagus bed."

So Tom trudged home to his wife, gave her the money he had earned, got his old master to take him back, and kept a profound secret his adventures with the man in green, and the fish with the silver tails.

PASTIMES.

ANAGRAMS.

Well known books :

- 1. Made a bed.
2. Spend nine.
3. Every law.
4. Hit while hot, Wat wild.
5. You tasted hare, Ann.
6. Tax patience, go rest.

CHARADES.

1. My first is good although 'tis bad, My last is where we get when sad; My whole the weary long to find, To ease the head and calm the mind.

2. I am composed of 7 letters; my 3, 1, 5, 6, 2, 4, 5, 2, 3, is a drink that some people are too fond of; my 3, 4, 1, 7, is sometimes necessary to a lady's dress; my 6, 3, 4, 5, is employed in all modern battles; my 6, 5, 4, 2, 7, used formerly

to be worn by gentlemen; my 6, 1, 4, 5, has a fondness for chimneys; and my whole is the name of a sea.

3. A weary traveller, to promote his comfort, struggled to pull off my first; not succeeding, he called in my second, in a rage, to bring my whole.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. A toast proposed by the Lord Mayor of London to the Ladies.

Amy reith celra eb as lmlas as herti bentano. Nad herit sultvre as ceedntxl as rhite oclirunle.

2. Neecrs denlcomichsp rueliech utb ton aldo. Glantsinlu hutlowt nationusini.

3. OTEGNIQTUO. A fashionable amusement.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Complete, I signify to draw to; behead me twice, and I do a great deal of good; once more, and I am an exploit.

2. Complete, I am what people wish to be in winter; behead me, I am what I trust my readers may never lose; transposed, I signify to spoil.

3. Complete, I signify violent action; behead me and I am often seen at court; again behead me, and I am, though sometimes unwelcome, of more value than gold.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. There are three numbers, such, that the sum of the third with six times, the first is equal to six times the second, and the sum of the squares of the first and third is equal to 45. Find the numbers.

2. A person bought a certain number of apples for 12s., but if he had bought 8 dozen less for the same sum, each apple would have cost him one farthing more. Find the number of apples, and the price of each dozen.

3. A gentleman called in the other evening, and on looking at the clock, I observed it was between 7 and 8; and that the minute hand pointed between 10 and 11. When he left, the hands had changed places—how long did my friend remain, and what was the exact time he left?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &c., No. 21.

PUZZLES.—1st. I am above making quarrels in the midst of a family between husband and wife.

Table with 2 columns and 5 rows of numbers: 3 1 21 23 17, 16 13 9 12 15, 2 18 7 14 24, 19 11 20 10 5, 25 22 8 6 4

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Clark-lark-ark. 2 Draft-raft-af.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Early joys, how false and fleeting Vanishing within the hour; Envious murky west winds beating, Come and wither every flower. Can I in the verdure gladden, Castleg now its gradual shade, Which the autumn storms must sadden, And whose fairest forms must fade?

2nd. To-morrow.

ACROSTIC.—Greece—Athens.

- 1. Ganges. 2 Rouen.
3. Eric. 4 Edinburgh.
5. Connecticut. 6 Etna.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.—1st. 35 and 15.

2nd. He bought 89 sheep at 1 50=133 50, 4 cows "53 00=208 00, 7 oxen "65 50=458 50

800 00

He sold 89 sheep at 1 80=160 20

4 cows "60 70=242 80

7 oxen "71 00=497 00

900 00

The following answers have been received: Puzzles.—1st, A. A. Oxon, J. B., H. H. V. Cloud, Argus; 2nd, J. L., Nestor.

Decapitations.—Both, G. F. T., A. A. Oxon, Cloud, H. H. V.; 2nd, J. B., Argus, Ellen W.

Transpositions.—J. L., A. A. Oxon, Argus, Nestor, W. W., Cloud, J. B., McFadden.

Acrostic.—G. F. T., Cloud, J. B., A. A. Oxon, McFadden, Argus, Ellen W.

Arithmetical Problems.—Both, A. A. Oxon, H. H. V., J. B., Nestor, Cloud, W. W., Ellen W. Received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue, J. L., Ambrose, John H., Violet.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answers to Correspondents were crowded out last week.

MARATHON.—We shall be glad to receive that position.

J. McL.—By all means do so.

G. GEORGE, ST. CATHARINE.—Have not had leisure to examine that last "posish."

PROBLEM No. 8.—Solutions received from "St. Urbain St.," J. McL.; Victor; Theo., Quebec; and H. M., Toronto.

PROBLEM No. 9.—Solutions received from St. Urbain St.; Marathon; J. Mal.; Theo., Quebec; W. L., Hamilton; J. G. M., Toronto; and Alma, Bradford.

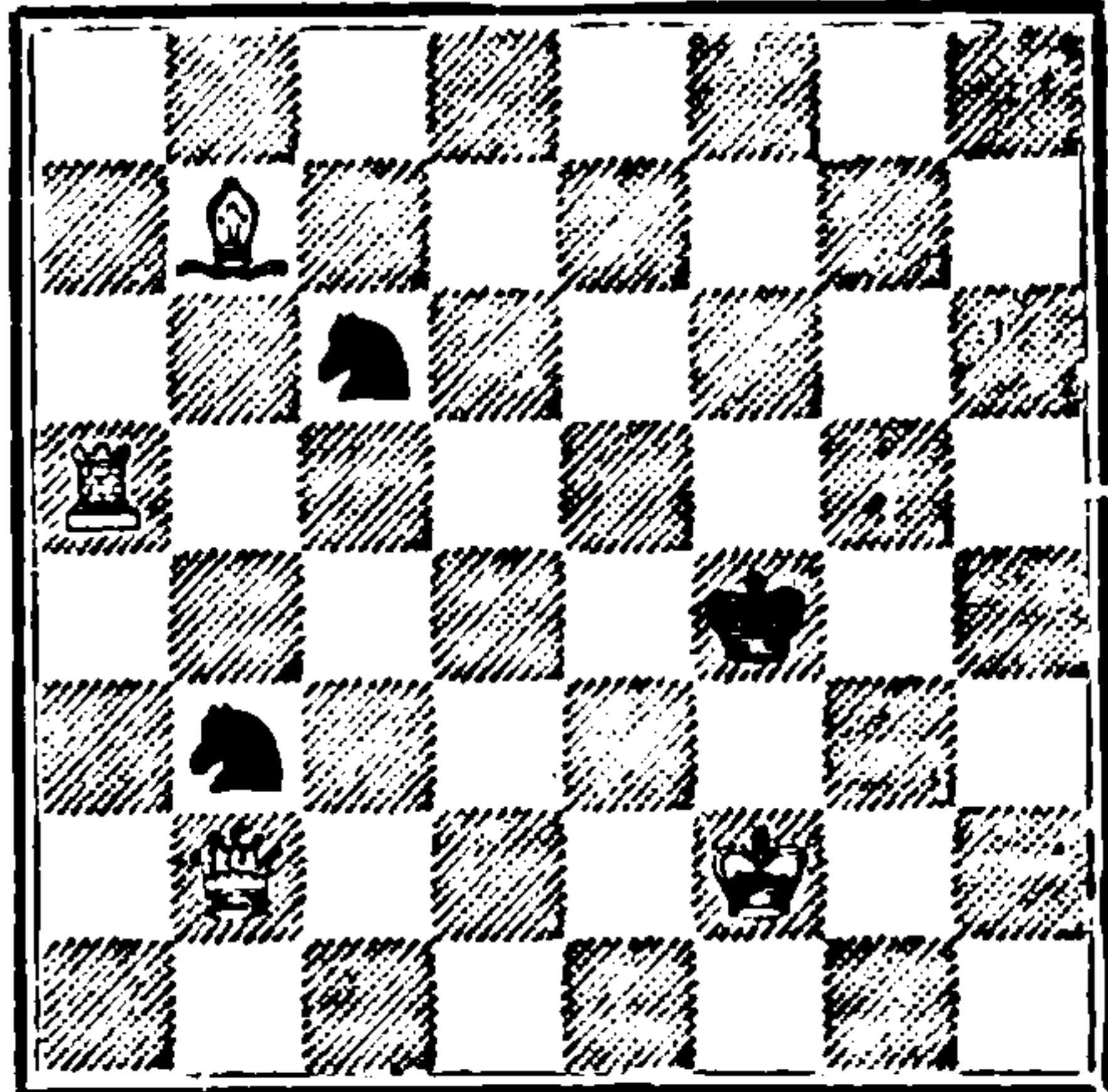
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 9.

Table showing chess moves for White and Black. White: 1 Kt. to K. B. 5th (ch.), 2 B. to Q. 3rd (ch.), 3 Q. Mates. Black: K. to K. 5th or (a), Anything. (a) 1 B. to B. sq. (dis. ch.), 2 Q. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 11.

BY WM. ATKINSON, Esq., MONTREAL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in four moves.

The following rattling skirmish was played last year at the Dundee Chess Club, Mr. G. B. Fraser (the coding Dundee player) giving the odds of Q. Kt. to Mr. C. M. Baxter.

FRASER'S GAMBIT.

(Remove White's Q. Kt.)

Table showing chess moves for Fraser's Gambit. White (Mr. Fraser): 1 P. to K. 4th, 2 Kt. to K. B. 3rd, 3 B. to Q. B. 4th, 4 P. to Q. Kt. 4th, 5 P. to Q. B. 3rd, 6 P. to Q. 4th, 7 Castles, 8 P. takes P., 9 B. Q. K. 3rd, 10 P. K. 5th, 11 P. to Q. 5th, 12 B. to Q. 3rd, 13 Q. to Q. B. 2nd, 14 B. takes R. P. (ch.), 15 B. to Q. Kt. 2nd, 16 Q. B. to Q. sq., 17 Q. to Q. Kt. sq., 18 B. takes P., 19 R. to Q. 8th (ch), 20 Kt. to K. Kt. 5th, 21 P. to K. Kt. 3rd, 22 K. B. to K. sq. (b), 23 K. takes B., 24 B. to Q. 4th, 25 Q. takes Q., 26 Kt. takes K. B. P. (ch.), 27 R. takes R. Black (Mr. Baxter): P. to K. 4th, Kt. B. 3rd, B. to Q. B. 4th, B. takes P., B. to Q. B. 4th, P. takes P., P. to Q. 3rd, B. to Q. Kt. 3rd, Kt. to K. K. 3rd, Castles, Kt. to Q. R. 4th, R. to K. sq., P. takes P., K. to K. sq., Q. takes Q. P., Q. to Q. B. 5th, P. to K. 5th, R. takes B., Kt. to K. Kt. sq., K. to K. B. 5th, K. to K. K. 4th, B. takes K. B. P. (ch.), Q. to Q. B. 4th (ch.), Q. to K. B. 4th (ch.), B. takes Q., K. to R. 2nd.

And White ultimately won the game.

- (a) If P. takes P., White replies with (8) B. takes K. B. P., checking.
(b) Threatening Mate in two more. R. to Q. B. sq. would also have been a very strong move at this point.
(c) The only move.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. E. M.—We will publish one, or both, of the pieces, as opportunity offers.

J. O. F.—Much obliged. Shall be happy to hear from you again.

J. G***.—Your contribution will appear in an early number. Please accept our thanks.

Miss Isaac.—If accepted, we will publish the tale under any *nom de plume* you may select. Of course we cannot say more until we have an opportunity of reading the manuscript. Please forward it.

ROUNDHEAD.—The appellation was probably given to the Puritans from the fact that they wore their hair about, whilst the cavaliers rejoiced in long ringlets. Haydn says the Puritans were in the habit of putting a round bowl or wooden dish upon their heads, and cutting their hair by the brim.

R. B. W.—The stanzas are not suitable for publication separately. We are equally desirous with yourself to render our people independent of American light literature. We believe our paper to be more healthy in its tone, and superior in every way to nine-tenths of the American journals which find their way into the Province; and we hope the day is not far distant when Canadians, generally, will transfer their literary allegiance from New York to Montreal, or at least to Canada.

S. B.—Respectfully declined.

J. L.—Much obliged. We could not make room for more in the present number. Will be glad to hear from you frequently.

HARTIE.—A much better arrangement. Thanks!

H. H. M.—Please forward the solution to the first problem.

V.—Your article will appear in our next issue. Will attend to your request with much pleasure.

WYMBLEDON.—We believe the error was in the "copy," but are sorry we did not observe it. Please forward the contributions you refer to. The "long string" will prove very useful, we have no doubt.

H. E. C.—Your contribution is in type, but we are unable to find room for it in the present issue.

St. GEORGE.—"Alsatia" was the name popularly given to a district in London situated near the Temple. It was a place of refuge for thieves and vagabonds, who, once within its precincts, were enabled to bid defiance to the ministers of the law. The Mint, in Southwark, was a refuge of similar character, and to the present day is one of the very worst districts in London. Sir Walter Scott has fully described "Alsatia" in his "Fortunes of Nigel."

H. B.—Declined with thanks.

XENO.—We cannot inform you at present. As soon as the covers are complete we will state the price.

DAISY.—Your note has afforded us much pleasure. It is always a source of gratification to us to know that the Reader is appreciated by our friends.

SIR HILARY.

At the request of a correspondent we published a few weeks since one of Mackworth Præd's celebrated Charades. Our correspondent probably quoted it from memory, and we find that some of the lines were incorrectly given. As we have been asked by several of our readers to print the charade, as written by Præd, we give it below, together with one or two answers we have received.

CHARADE.

"Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,
South 'twas an awful day!
And though in that old age of sport
The Ruffians of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.

"My First to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My Next with her cold and quiet cloud
To those who find their dewy shroud
Before to-day's be done;
And both together to all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies."

WYVANT writes:—"In answer to your subscriber's query in regard to Mackworth Præd's celebrated charade "Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt &c.," I may state that in 1845 several answers appeared to it in an English Miscellany, that I happen to have lately turned up in looking over some old books. Among them I see "Heart's-case," "Gramercy," and "Good-night,"—the last of which was offset by Mr. S. Williams, in the following lines, and was accepted by Miss Mitford, the talented authoress of the "Memoirs of Præd."

"The conflict was over, the victory won,
And Agincourt saw the last rays of the sun
'Ere Sir Hilary dared to alight;
His steed and his armour were covered with gore
And, oppressed by his toll, he could utter no more
Than the one feeble prayer, "Good-Night."
He thought with joy of the proud and brave,
Who had fought by his side and escaped the grave,
And he prayed for all "good" for those;
But he mourned for his friends who lay dead on
the field,
Unburied, exposed, without corslet or shield
The victims of battle's woes,
And he prayed that the "Night" with its quiet
cloud
Might over them cast a peaceful shroud,
And give them safe repose.
Then he bade "Good-night to those bright blue eyes
That weep when a warrior bravely dies.

But none of these are satisfactory. I submit another solution of my own:

When Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,
His heart was stern and his spirit dour;
But, amid the tumult raging there,
He breathed one word of heartfelt prayer—
Find "Good," oh Lord! the deeds of those
Who fall before the battle's close:
May "Luck," for their future lives be won
By those who see to-morrow's sun;—
"Good-luck" to the dame with beautiful eyes,
That weeps when a warrior nobly dies.
Frontenac gives "Good-night" as the solution.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Fine clay diffused through the water in boilers has been found to put a stop to hard incrustations. The clay particles prevent the consolidation of the deposit, and it accordingly assumes a soft, muddy form, which it is easy to remove.

A simple invention was exhibited at the late Birmingham Cattle Show for making butter by atmospheric action, the air being forced by a plunger into the midst of the milk or cream, which is contained in a cylinder, the result being the making of butter in a few minutes, leaving the milk perfectly sweet for family use.

GUNPOWDER MARKS.—A Correspondent of the *Lancet* says he has found the following treatment successful in several cases from the explosion of large quantities of gunpowder:—To smear the scorched surface with glycerine by means of a feather; then apply cotton-wadding; lastly, cover over with oil-silk. The discoloration in one of the cases was very great—in fact, the sufferer looked more like a mummy than a living being. It entirely subsided in a month by the above treatment. It is a pleasant and soothing application.

ATLANTIC MUD.—At a late meeting of the Manchester Philosophical and Literary Association, Mr. Sidebotham read an interesting paper on the microscopic examination of the mud of the Atlantic. In the unsuccessful attempts made to raise the Atlantic cable, the grapnels and ropes brought up with them a quantity of ooze or mud, some of which was scraped off and preserved. He obtained specimens of the deposit from Mr. Fairbairn, and submitted them to microscopic examination. In appearance the deposit resembles dirty clay, and reminds one of the chalk of Dover; indeed, it presents such appearances as would lead to the inference that a bed of chalk is now being formed at the bottom of the Atlantic. It was composed entirely of minute organisms, which exhibited a very fragmentary condition.

THE GLACIER THEORY OF AUSSAIZ.—Professor Agassiz has found in Brazil confirmation of his glacier theory—namely, that in "some remote period, the glaciers, the great ice rivers and moving plains, had flowed over the present home of the most tropical nations in the world." But, what is of far greater importance, he has dis-

covered that Brazil has coal of the true carboniferous era. This is a confirmation of the views of Mr. Plant, an English geologist, rather than a discovery. Brazil now brings its coal all the way from England.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

THE BILL-STICKER'S PARADISE.—The Great Wall of China.—Punch.

On the departure of Bishop Selwyn for his diocese in New Zealand, Sydney Smith took leave of him as follows:—"Good-by, my dear Selwyn; I hope you will not disagree with the man who eats you."

A RATIONAL OBJECTION.—Sir Edwin Landseer, the celebrated animal painter, and Sidney Smith, met at a dinner party. The Canon was in one of his best humours, and so delighted was the painter that he asked him to sit for his picture; to which proposition Sydney replied—"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

PUNCH says that a Yankee baby will crawl out of his cradle, take a survey of it, invent an improvement, and apply for a patent before he is six months old.

HIS FIRST AUR.—A young candidate for the legal profession was asked what he should do first when employed to bring an action. "Ask for money on account," was the prompt reply. He passed.

PHILOSOPHERS have widely differed as to the seat of the soul: but there can be no doubt that the seat of perfect contentment is in the head; for every individual is thoroughly satisfied with his own brains.

A GOOD REASON FOR LAUGHTER.—A spendthrift was once lying awake in bed, when he saw a man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing desk. The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the thief.

"I am laughing, my good fellow," said the spendthrift, "to think what pains you are taking, and what risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day?"

The thief vanished at once.

After the election of Mr. Wilberforce for Hull, his sister promised a new dress for the wife of every freeman who had voted for her brother. At this she was saluted with the cry, "Miss Wilberforce for ever!" but she smilingly observed, "Thank you, gentlemen, but I really cannot agree with you; I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce for ever."

Queen Elizabeth one day seeing a disappointed courtier with a melancholy face walking in one of her gardens, asked him, "What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?"—"Of a woman's promises," was the reply. "I must not confute you, Sir Edward," returned the queen, and so left him.

MAGISTERIAL CLASSICS.—Rather a good story is told about one of the Leith Bailies in the "good old days." A case was before him in which a gentleman sued a captain of a vessel for loss sustained by the death of a parrot, which he alleged was owing entirely to want of proper attention during the voyage home. The Bailie found the captain in error, and in passing sentence in favour of the pursuer, said, "Ye maun pay the beast" (meaning the value of the parrot). The captain's counsel deferentially hinted that the parrot was not a quadruped, but a bird. Our learned Bailie (who had evidently not been well up in the classics, and who supposed quadruped meant a Latin word implying a plea of non-culpability) thereupon immediately exclaimed, "Qua druppit here, qua druppit there, ye maun pay the beast!"

RECOVERY.—A man in London, by suit at law, recovered one hundred pounds from a druggist who prescribed and gave him mercury pills, whereas he should have administered rhubarb. The man fell sick, sued, and recovered as above.

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HOLY BIBLE

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Caldwell's Letter, it will appear that, 1st, Richard Montgomery was not a captain in 1759; 2nd, That he was not at Quebec in Wolfe's time; serving during all that summer under Amherst, at the reduction of the forts on Lake Champlain.

Now for Richard Montgomery's career. Major General Richard Montgomery was the youngest son of Thomas Montgomery, M.P. for Lifford, and brother-in-law of Charles 4th Viscount Ranelagh. He was born on the 2nd December, 1736, at Convooy House, his father's seat, near Raphoe, County of Donegal, Ireland; received his education at Trinity College, Dublin; entered the army as ensign in the 17th Regiment of Foot on the 21st August, 1756, and landed at Halifax, with that regiment, on the 3rd June, 1757. In the following year, he served under Wolfe at the siege of Louisburg, and with such distinction that he was immediately promoted to a Lieutenancy on the 10th July, 1755. After the fall of that place, the 17th Regiment formed part of the forces sent in 1759, with Amherst, to reduce the French Forts on Lake Champlain, and Montgomery became adjutant of his regiment on the 15th May, 1760, in which year it formed part of the army that advanced from Lake Champlain against Montreal, under the command of Colonel Haviland. He served in the West Indies in 1763, on the 5th of May of which year he was promoted to be Captain. After returning to New York, he went back to Ireland in 1767. Capt. Montgomery retired from the service in 1772, and returned to America in January, 1773; in July following he married Janet, the daughter of Justice Livingstone, and settled at Rhinebush, Dutchess Co., N. Y., where he devoted himself to agricultural pursuits. In April, 1775, he was elected one of the delegates from his county to the first Provincial Congress at New York, and set out at the head of an expedition against Canada. After reducing St. John, Chambly and Montreal, he effected a junction with Arnold before the walls of Quebec, where he fell, at the head of his men, in the 40th year of his age, having been shot through both his thighs and through the head. On receiving intelligence of his death, Congress voted a monument to his memory, and in 1818 his remains were taken up and conveyed to New York, where they were deposited with the highest honors in St. Paul's Church."

Col. Caldwell's letter would seem to indicate that the Brigadier had a brother at Quebec, in 1759—but does not say that Richard Montgomery was there. If any one should possess documents throwing additional light on the controversy, it would be rendering a service to the cause of history to make them known. I think from the above there can be no doubt that Richard Montgomery is guiltless of the Ste. Anne and Chateau-Richer atrocities, and that Canadian Historians have been unwittingly libelling his memory for half a century.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Literary and Historical Society,
Quebec, January, 1866.

MOUNT HERMON CEMETERY, QUEBEC.

Is this sequestered, lovely place,—with nought
To break the stillness, save the gentle wind
Murmuring through leafy branches overhead,
Or trill of woodland songster, or the sound
Of distant labour borne upon the breeze,—
I love on summer days to walk and muse.
No lack of food for profitable thought
I see around me. 'Neath each sodded mound
There lies the casket that once held a jewel
Passing all else in value. 'Tis the house
Once tenanted by an immortal soul;
But slowly now dissolving into dust.

Here the rich man's grave
Is covered by his costly monument,
There, 'neath the shadow of yon noble pine,
Lies one whose nameless grave would seem to be
Forgotten by all those he left behind,
Save that it bears a wreath of *immortelles*
But lately placed there by some faithful hand.

Here the white marble bears upon its face
Only the name of him who rests below,
While on the neighbouring plot no stone is raised,
Though scamed with wounds. 'Tis overspread with
flowers,

Carefully tended by the love of friends.
Amid those sheltering trees, rests one, a youth
Fresh from his college studies. He had come
Home to his father's house, its pride and hope,
In health and strength to meet a sudden death.
Here rests the soldier, by his comrade's hand
Shot down unwarned, while there another sleeps,
Who in his youth fought in his country's cause;
But spared to sheath his sword, he dwelt with us
Till old age met him, and he died in peace.
This winding path that leads me through the grove,
Brings me at last to long, straight rows of mounds
Where victims of a sad disaster lie.
More than two hundred of her children left
Old Scotland's shore, to seek a distant home,
Passed the wide ocean, reached the wished-for port
And reached it but to till a stranger's grave.
Longings to see the husband or the friend;
Anticipations of the future, bright
With hope, and strong resolves to win their way;
The loves of father, husband, wife, and child;—
All were out short, and crushed in one short hour.
In this secluded spot, with trees surround,
Almost in hearing of the mighty stream,
Which rolls below—but far from home and friends
Is laid the captain of some foreign ship.
His tomb is sculptured with strange mystic signs,
The square and compasses, the clasping hands,
And butterflies, old emblem of the soul,
Denote a Brother of the Ancient Craft.

There is much to sadden,
While I walk and muse among the dead;
But higher, nobler thoughts are swift to rise,
And lift the mind to higher, nobler themes.
As the revivifying spring succeeds
The cold bleak reign of winter, so shall these
Now resting here, awake. Ah! yes, this is
The City of the Sleeping, not the Dead;
For Christian Faith marks well the Premises,
And Hope looks forward to the better day.
When those who die in Christ shall rise again,
To live forever with their risen Lord.
This is God's acre, where he sows his seed
To spring up into immortality.
Amid the charms of Nature, trees and flowers,
The waving grass, the song of birds, the hum
Of insects, busy in the sunshine, here
They sleep meanwhile. A lovely scene like this
Bids death of half its gloom, and gilds the grave.

Quebec, Dec., 1865.

H. K. C.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE whole of Lord Brougham's works are to be issued in London in monthly shilling parts.

MR. ANTHONY TROLLOPE's new novel of "The Claverings" will be commenced in the next number of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

THE London Reader states that there is no foundation for the report that Mr. Delano has resigned the editorship of the *Times*, in consequence of a misunderstanding with Mr. Walter.

THE anniversary dinner of the "Société de Géographie de Paris," of which the Emperor is the patron, took place about a month since. There was an unusually large attendance of members present, and the Japanese Ambassadors were there as guests. M. le Marquis de Chasseloup-Laubat was in the chair. The curiosity of the hour was a toast proposed by one of the Japanese in his own language, and interpreted by the Count de Montblanc, "Au prompt établissement des relations scientifiques et commerciales entre la France et le Japon."

AN edition of M. Proudhon's "Commentaries on the Gospel," which had been prepared for publication in Paris, in the belief that a market would result from the numerous notices in the public prints after his recent decease, has just been seized by the police there.

* Mr. John Head, son of Sir Edmund W. Head, drowned in the St. Maurice River.

† The burning of the steamer "Montreal."

MRS. EMMA HARDINGE, better known as "Belle Boyd," who recently published two volumes of adventures in the Confederate and Federal States, in the prisons and in the camps of both sections, now announces herself as "the celebrated extemporaneous lecturer" at St. James's Hall, London. The style introduced by Mr. John B. Gough, of terming his lectures "orations," has been adopted by Mrs. Hardinge. A London contemporary wants to know if this lady is not "identical with a pretty actress of the same name who played at the Adelphi some dozen years ago, and was said to possess considerable powers of authorship?"

AN English literary Journal points out that with strange inconsistency our American contemporary, the *Round Table*, denounces a book of the vilest character, published with the second title of "A Tale of and for Women," as "a vile, infamous book," a "series of illustrations of the violation of the Seventh Commandment, strung together by some moral leper," &c., and finds fault with the *New York Commercial Advertiser* for "admitting a lying puff" on the book into its columns, and yet inserts an advertisement of this book of "inconceivable filth," in the most conspicuous column of its last page.

THE decease of Miss Frederica Bremer, the accomplished Swedish novelist, is mentioned in the Stockholm papers. Miss Bremer was born in Abo, in Finland, in 1802. After spending several years in Norway and Stockholm, as a teacher, she devoted herself entirely to literary pursuits. Her first novels, "The President's Daughters" and "The Neighbours," had a great success, and were translated into most of the European languages. Miss Bremer travelled a good deal, and visited Germany, France, England, America, Italy, and the East. No less than twenty-eight different works from the pen of this lady have been translated into English, and, of these, *fifteen* have been translated and edited by Mary Howitt.

THE ravages of the Cattle Plague is causing considerable alarm in England and much attention is being devoted to the sources of food supplies. A new work is announced entitled "The Food Supplies of Western Europe," being letters written in reply to the question, "Where is England to get Meat?" during a brief tour in France, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland, in the autumn of 1865, by Joseph Fisher; to which will be appended a paper (by the same author) on the "Production of Food," read in the Department of Political Economy, at the International Social Science Congress, at Berne, 1865.

THE celebrated Gustavus Doré, to whose illustrated Bible we referred in our last issue, has undertaken to illustrate Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." M. Doré is not sufficiently acquainted with our language to read this poem in the original; and possibly the translation which is being prepared for him may fail to impress the artist with all the beauties and subtle meanings of that fine work; but if the translator executes his task well, there can be no doubt that the clever French illustrator will find abundant matter to inspire his prolific and wonderful pencil.

MR. GEORGE CATLIN, the well-known traveller, has prepared a new and, we believe, final work upon the living tribes of North-American Indians. The title is to be—"Souvenir of the North-American Indians in the middle of the nineteenth century—a numerous and noble race of human beings, fast passing to oblivion, and leaving no monument of their own behind them. The results of eight years' travel and residence amongst sixty-two of the wildest and most interesting tribes in North America. By George Catlin, of Wilkesbarre, Valley of Wyoming, State of Pennsylvania, United States." We believe no part of the printing of this work has yet been commenced, but it is proposed to place the material in a printer's hands directly a sufficient number of subscribers shall have been obtained. It is intended to issue the work in three large folio volumes, with many hundred illustrations. The author is, we believe, at present residing in Europe, in circumstances not very favourable for the production of so large and expensive a work.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Milais's Illustrations.** A collection of eighty beautiful engravings on wood. By John Everett Millais, R.A. 1 vol., large 4to. London: Strahan & Co. \$6.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Shepherd and His Flock; or, The Keeper of Israel and the Sheep of his Pasture.** By J. R. McDuff, D.D. 12mo. \$1.00. Montreal: R. Worthington, 80 St. James Street.
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- The Angels' Song.** By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "Gospel in Eschial," &c. 32mo. 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Words for January.** R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sunday Magazine for January.** R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Magic Mirror. A round of Tales for Old and Young.** By William Gilbert, author of "De Profundis," &c., with eighty-four illustrations. By W. S. Gilbert. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Wordsworth's Poems for the Young, with fifty Illustrations.** By John MacWhirter and John Pettie. A new edition. London: Alex. Strahan & Co. 86c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Downing on Landscape Gardening and Rural Architecture.** A new edition. Edited by Henry Winthrop Sargent. 8vo. Beautifully illustrated. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The North-west Passage by Land. Being the narrative of an Expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific.** By Viscount Milton, M.P., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., &c., and W. B. Cheadle, M.A., M.D., Cantab, F.R.G.S. London. Cassell, Pether and Galpin. 8vo. Beautifully illustrated. \$5.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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- The Life of Lord Palmerston.** With an account of his Death and Funeral. London. Routledges. 1865. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Student's English Dictionary.** One vol. 814 pages. Illustrated. London: Blackie & Son. 1865. \$3.63.
- War Lyrics and other Poems.** By Henry Howard Brownell. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Child. The Freedman's Book.** By L. Maria Child. 12mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Just published, by R. Worthington, the Advocate, a Novel by Chas. Healy, author of Saul, a Drama; Jephthah's Daughter, &c. \$1.25; full gilt, \$1.50.
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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 358.

CHAPTER XXIII. LIGHT AND SHADE.

"The very ease that shines from far,
blazes trembling on the floor."
E. B. BROWNING.

It is the experience of many, perhaps of most in this perplexing world, to find that every joy comes with some bitter qualification. In the Hope household this had been so constantly the case that they were subdued to humble expectations. The hour of rising was not early on the tempestuous morning that followed the night we have described. Troublesome dreams had visited Myale's innocent slumbers, and twice during the night she had awoke herself crying. Marian had written a letter of expostulation to Norry, over night, and her sleep was late in consequence. While Mr. Hope, accustomed to wakefulness, as a consequence of nervous depression, had lain listening to the rising wind as it first moaned, then surged, and at last raved over the open gardens and vegetable grounds that surrounded the house. Towards morning the shaking windows, rumbling chimneys, and creaking doors of the old cottage, had made a continuous clamour that had the effect sometimes attained by a shouting, overpowering lullaby which drives a child to sleep by wearying it, and he dozed so that the bell, which usually summoned the young folks to rise, did not call them at the usual time, and the reveille was sounded by the postman's knock, to the alarm and confusion of both girls. Marian, indeed, hastened to her father's room, fearing he might be worse, and then descended to secure the letters.

Noticing that the bolts were undone, she came to the conclusion that Norry, who was generally the first up, had gone out. Busy housewives, if any such read this narrative, know that morning time is precious; so precious that, until Marian and Myale had prepared the breakfast, and the little tray with Mr. Hope's cup of coffee was ready, a note by post, directed to "Miss Hope," was not opened. It served as a breakfast dainty—one they were by no means accustomed to, for as Maria's eye ran it over, she at first gave a little quivering cry of astonishment, and then said—

"Oh, dear! if I could but undertake it—if I only could! Oh! it would be too delightful!"

"What is it, Marian, dear?" said Myale, her cheek flushing, and her brown eyes opening wide and glittering with expectation—"whatever it is so delightful?"

"Miss Gertrude Austwick, my father's favourite pupil, wants me to go to her, as papa is unable. I was wishing all day yesterday, even more than ever, that I could get some teaching. It would be such a help to us."

"It would, indeed; and papa Hope so ill. It would, indeed, be delightful!"

Not that teaching exactly was delightful, but both these poor things felt enough of the darkness in the dismal shadow of poverty, to rejoice in the ray of light that penetrated the gloom.

"I'll go and tell my father," said Marian.

"And I'll call Norry: he's lazy this morning," cried Myale, rising as she spoke, for Marian had not thought Norry's going out before breakfast of enough consequence to name it; but now she said—

"Finish your breakfast, dear. Norry's not up-stairs. Oh, you shall put this letter for him in his room; though I've hardly the heart to give it to him, now this good news has come; but—" She drew the letter from her pocket as she spoke, and gave it to Myale, who took up her words as she hesitated.

"But it will do him good, you mean. You don't scold without a cause; and he'll take more from you than from any one."

"I've not scolded him, poor boy—only reasoned with him. It's natural, perhaps—at least it is for him—to feel restless and impatient. But I must go to my father." And she mounted to his room, Myale following more leisurely, to put the

note in her brother's chamber, carrying it pretty much as she would a dose of wholesome but bitter medicine, that must be taken; for Myale had been pretty much of a reader, and biography had been to her what novels are to some girls: her love for her brother made her ambitious for him, and she had a sort of theory, young as she was, that tonics in the way of reproof, or the milder form of advice, were especially needed by—boys. Girls might be excused: they might have sweets without harm; but it would do Norry good to have Marian talking like a mamma to him; and though there was but some six years between them, she was the only maternal friend they either of them had since Mrs. Hope's death, and Myale, at all events, would uphold her authority. So she entered her brother's room and crossed it, before she noticed that his bed had not been slept in. This, when she saw it, arrested her steps. Wonderingly she looked round. There was his box-lid lying open, his ordinary clothes scattered about, and his best suit gone. While her startled survey told her these particulars, and she was instantly racking her brain to supply a reason for what she saw, her eyes fell on the slip of pencilled paper on the table. In a moment she had read its contents, her mind refusing to comprehend what was presented to her eyes. Two or three times she scanned it over, then she understood that her brother was gone, and, turning very pale and still—for Myale, under great excitement, differed from most girls by her quietude—went down-stairs, holding her breath. Mr. Hope's door was open, and Marian was seen standing within, having just finished reading her welcome letter. Myale, entering, stared at them wildly, and with stifling sob held out the scrap of paper. The smile died on Maria's face like a light suddenly blown out, and Mr. Hope raised himself up on his elbow and hastily inquired—

"What has terrified you, child? Give me that," reaching towards the paper which had dropped from Myale's hand on the coverlet of the bed. "What is it?" he kept saying, as he searched among his pillows for his glasses.

His daughter interposing, and taking the paper from his hand, read it in a perturbed voice that sounded a great way off; and then, after the pause of silence that followed, she continued, in a questioning tone—

"Norry never can have gone?"

"Gone!" echoed Mr. Hope, "where should he go to?"

"Gone!—right away. No, no!" gasped Myale. But though each of them spoke thus, a conviction full of dismal certainty not the less rested on them all that it was indeed true.

The girls mounted to his room to make further investigation, Mr. Hope tossing on his pillow in bodily pain and mental vexation. He loved the wayward boy, and had got to associate the idea of him with all his own prospects of the future—such as those prospects were—even to the desire that Norry might be with him when death came, to close his eyes, and be a comforting, sustaining brother to Marian, as well as to Myale. Something of belief and trust in the boy's loving nature and active spirit had fostered these thoughts—had involuntarily made the struggling man, whose barque was so shattered in many storms, cling to the lad as likely to prove a sheet anchor yet, while drifting along life's rugged coast. The way, too, in which he had left was most distressing; and to think, that only last night Mr. Hope had decisively rejected the boy's being sent to sea. His own unwillingness to part with the lad being at least as strong as any disinclination on Norry's part.

"Rash boy! Wilful! Knowing nothing of the world—absolutely nothing. No money—none. Oh, he'll come back, the obstinate rascal! What does he mean? dear foolish fellow?" In this way he talked as he dragged his pain-wrung limbs from the bed, and awaited the arrival of a humble barber in the neighbourhood, who since his illness had come every morning to help him to rise. During the hour that it took before he was laid in his dressing-gown on the sofa for the day, Marian and Myale had made their search, and also some out-of-door inquiries.

He was surely gone. By the time they could

again go to Mr. Hope's room, that fact was clear, and blended with a dread that this departure was no mere ebullition of temper, but settled purpose: for the youth had, as they all knew, plenty of that quality which is judged, by the way it is exercised, as obstinacy or perseverance. And as the morning passed, and conviction became more settled, Mysie, with that singular want of logic, which is as much a peculiarity as a feminine defect, began to utter a word or two that Marian construed into blame—

"He could not bear your calling him ungrateful, Marian."

"I spoke for his good, my dear. Is he never to be reproved? It is cruel of you, Mysie, to blame me."

The momentary heat was quenched in tears. But yet, from that small seed, there sprang a root of bitterness. Marian was sensitive, and the thought that if anything dreadful happened to Norry, or he came back to them no more, Mysie, and perhaps, too, even her father, would always consider her the occasion, if not the cause, of his being lost to them, was so painful, that she strove by resolutely shutting out such a possibility to reassure herself and the others.

Meanwhile, Mr. Hope, having written a note to the police station enclosing a description of the runaway, it became necessary for Marian to reply to Gertrude, who had asked her to appoint a time for calling.

How differently both father and daughter now looked at the letter, which had given them such brief pleasure in the morning. How clouded now was the future that then seemed to open so brightly before them. Mr. Hope especially was depressed, saying—

"I begin to think the responsibility was too great. I ought never to have undertaken it. I should have thought, my Mariae, of you as my only companion."

"And there's truth, father, in the proverb, 'Blood is thicker than water' I could never—never have so pained you."

Mysie was not present, and perhaps for the first time the daughter spoke to her father with a greater freedom, because of her absence. In this mood Mr. Hope entered into a consultation about the proposal that had been made by his visitor of the previous evening. And whether the conduct of Norry had weakened his faith in his own plans of education, or in the natures he had to deal with, or that he shrank from the responsibility, certain it was, that he considered the plan of Mysie, leaving for education very favourably; and arranged with Marian as to what had better be their future course, if Miss Gertrude Austwicke's parents (who they both hoped would give liberal terms for the few hours she would have to spend daily in Wilton Place) decided on engaging her.

Mysie, at a boarding-school, where she was being fitted for an honourable vocation, Marian exercising her talents and relieved from household drudgery, were considerations yielding something of balm to the sore heart. Yet, nevertheless, that heart continued to ache, and many a thought and silent prayer followed the wanderer.

CHAPTER XXIV. AMID THE WAVES.

"The young and the beautiful, why do they die,
With the bloom on their cheek, and the light in their
 [eyes!]"

Poverty admits no indulgences, or surely Miss Hope would not have fought her way to Wilton Place in such a gale as continued to blow. Once, however, arrived there, she was ushered into a room where a cheerful fire, and the warm glow of crimson draperies, and sofas and easy chairs, luxuriously inviting in their softness and warmth, presented each a contrast to the storm-swept streets, in all the dreariness of howling wind and drifting elect and rain, that it seemed like the difference between her destiny—poor weary, fluttering bird!—and that of those who were thus cosily sheltered in a well-lined nest.

After waiting a sufficient time to recover her breath, and to shake her dress into something like order, Marian heard the door open, and Gertrude with a genial smile entered, and came to her side, uttering gentle greetings, and ready to

conduct her to Mrs. Basil Austwicke's boudoir. What a glittering confusion of pretty trifles in china and gilding lay upon the tables, and adorned the delicately-carved cabinets of this charming little retreat, where rose-coloured silk, softened with filmy lace, seemed fitting drapery for a lady wrapped in a white cashmere dressing-gown, richly braided, and with the most delicate of little lace caps on her head—a morning costume that softened the angles of her shape and the hardness of her features. A dainty writing-table, all a-glitter with silver and cut glass, and spread with satiny note-paper exhaling a delicate perfume of violets, was drawn before the couch on which she sat, or rather sank, amid billows of down cushions. Balancing an ornamental pen in her fingers as she spoke, Mrs. Basil Austwicke made a few ordinary inquiries, and was evidently by no means displeased at the deference of Marian's manners. It certainly is pleasant to see a face full of intelligence and feeling, look with a pleading grace, and a little flush of heightened colour on the cheek, when uttering a reply to inquiries.

Mrs. Austwicke's own manners were decidedly imperious. She had that sort of pride in her intellect which is more likely to make a woman give herself airs of command, than the mere possession of beauty. Not that the lady by any means under-valued her claims to admiration on the latter score, but she set up for the possession of mind as her crowning merit. The question whether her talents were ever used for any purpose that benefitted any human creature, or whether her heart was the kinder for her brain being, as she thought, better than others, never troubled her.

She received Miss Hope with dignified politeness, and took note of the references Marian gave: but, knowing Miss Webb; and having heard Gertrude speak of Mr. Hope, she made but few inquiries. Unquestionably, she did not fail to observe, with a woman's keen glance, the carefully-mended gloves, and shabby cloak and bonnet, in which poor Marian fought her hard battle of gentility. The satirical curve of her mouth was not subdued even while she was, on the whole, greatly pleased with the gentle mannered and soft-voiced applicant. Here was a person who would, for some hours daily, occupy Gertrude; and a great saving, meanwhile, would be effected by withdrawing her daughter from an expensive finishing school—a saving that was by no means a matter of indifference, as every year made the expenses of the boy's education greater, and minute savings were not to be neglected; though as to pinching herself in either dress, company, or pleasure, that did not enter into her plan of economy.

A governess entirely in the house, particularly a fashionable governess, would have been, as she said to herself, "a nuisance not to be thought of;" but a quiet, unobtrusive, intelligent young person—poor, also, which would make her humble, and, no doubt, educationally competent (for those quiet people often knew far more than any one gave them credit for) was quite another thing; besides, she had been trained to teaching; it was a sort of professional inheritance, and there would be no sensitive nonsense about lady-like feelings in the case of a writing-master's daughter—so matters were soon arranged.

Marian, at the conclusion of the interview, thankful for employment, most certainly felt that a very wide social gulf separated her from her employer; but Gertrude's little hand, as she laid it on Miss Hope's arm while they descended the stairs together, seemed to bridge over the chasm, as a narrow plank bridges a misty abyss, and Marian, like a tired Alpine traveller, was grateful for it. Entering the drawing-room into which she had first been ushered, to speak a few words with Gertrude, Miss Austwicke was seated there, dreary in her sable garments; she lifted her anxious grey eyes with a very fixed look, and followed her morning salutation with the inquiry—

"Is my niece to have the benefit of your assistance in her studies, Miss Hope? But I need not ask, I see it in her smiles. She is a wilful child, and does what she likes with her papa; but, pray, may I inquire if you will be able to leave home—will Mr. Hope's health permit?"

"For some hours daily I can be spared, madam."

"But surely not to trust to your—lo the young —" A little nervous cough stopped Miss Austwicke, and Marian frankly said—

"We are thinking of placing Mysie at school."
"Quite right, quite. I do not think, Miss Hope, that it would be right otherwise for you to leave so young—a person, and at a difficult age—without your superintendance. You will place the two—brother and sister, I believe?—you will place them both at school?"

Marian's lips quivered, and she grew a shade paler, as, without speaking, she bowed an affirmative. What use was it to allow the sorrow, and what Marian felt was the impropriety, of Norry's flight being made known to strangers? perhaps it might even create a prejudice against her father or herself—against the whole household. It never occurred to her that there was anything at all strange in Miss Austwicke's remarks. She knew how sometimes a managing or curious lady elevated her officiousness into kindly interest by such inquiries; or they might really be dictated, she considered, by a conscientious desire to prevent injury to the young.

"You cannot possibly return home just now, Miss Hope," interposed Gertrude, looking gaily out of the window as a tide of sleet swept down so black and rapid in its rush that it hid the opposite side of the street. "You are weather bound, and I'm much obliged to the rain," she continued, laughing, for to her it was a pleasure that Miss Hope was detained. But the remarks that had just been made by Miss Austwicke about Mysie and Norry had so far unnerved Marian, that, as her eyes followed Gertrude's, she heaved a sigh so deep as she said—

"What stormy weather!" that it startled Gertrude into the inquiry—

"Have you any one at sea in whom you are interested, Miss Hope?"

"No, not at sea; but—but some are cut adrift from all social ties. I think of all wanderers in such weather, driven away like stray waifs. They are at sea in a sense the most sad."

"I live not far from the coast," said Miss Austwicke; "and we notice storms more there, I think, than you dwellers in or near the great metropolis."

"My father did expect a German friend with whom he had often corresponded; but I should not think he will come while the weather is so unsettled." She all at once remembered the purport of a foreign letter received a week ago, intimating the speedy coming of Herr Rath, a German professor. For the first time since the morning's trouble she looked up with a sudden access of anxiety at the cloudy sky. She had scarcely done speaking, when a brougham was driven up to the house in great haste, and there was loud knocking at the door, and a moment after, the sound of hurried footsteps ascending the stairs. Before either Gertrude or her aunt could utter the inquiry that rose to their lips, as to what had happened, Mr. Basil Austwicke, looking very pale, not with illness, but excitement, and not perceiving, in his haste, that a stranger was present, entered, and said—

"Gertrude, where is your mamma? Go to her."

Gertrude left instantly, and her father continued—

"Honour, I'm the bearer of astonishing—of, indeed, most sad tidings."

Miss Austwicke rose and came towards him, saying, hastily—"Nothing very dreadful, brother—"

"Yes, I fear, very dreadful. There was a collision in the channel, in a great fog, yesterday, and the *Batavian Ida* was lost—went down—and none, not one, saved, neither passengers nor crew."

"Well?" said Miss Austwicke, inquiringly, in a tone that expressed, "That is very dreadful; but what, in any special sense, is it to us?"

"Well!" repeated her brother. "It is anything but 'well.' Why, I fear—I'm sure—our nephew, De Lucy, was on board."

Miss Austwicke retreated a few steps, and sunk bewildered into a chair.

"Do Lacy Austwicke, Basil?"

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elephant and hippopotamus of Africa and Asia. The isle of bones has served as a quarry of this valuable material for export to China for five hundred years, and it has been exported to Europe for upwards of a hundred. But the supply from these strange mines remains undiminished. What a number of accumulated generations does not this profusion of bones and tusks imply!

It was in Russia that the fossil elephant received the name of mammoth, and its tusks mammoth horns. Falla asserts that the name originates in the word "mamma," which in the Tartar idiom signifies earth. The Russians of the north believe that these bones proceed from an enormous animal which lived, like the mole, in holes which it dug in the earth. It could not support the light, says the legend, but died when exposed to it. According to other authors, the name proceeds from the Arabic word behemoth, which, in the Book of Job, designates an unknown animal; or from the epithet mehemot, which the Arabs have been accustomed to add to the name of the elephant when of unusual size.

Of all parts of Europe, that in which they are found in greatest numbers is the valley of the Upper Arno. We find there, a perfect cemetery of elephants. Their bones were at one time so common in the valley, that the peasantry employed them indiscriminately with stones in constructing walls and houses. Since they have learned their value, however, they reserve them for sale to travellers. It is very strange that the East Indies, one of the two regions which is now the home of the elephant, should be the only country in which its fossil bones have not been discovered. But from the circumstance that the gigantic mammoth inhabited nearly every region of the globe, we are drawn to the conclusion (to which many other inferences lead) that, during the geological period in which these animals lived, the general temperature of the earth was much higher than it is at present.

A noteworthy circumstance is that, in still earlier times, an elevated temperature and a constant humidity do not seem to have been limited to any one part of the globe. The heat seems to have been the same in all latitudes. From the equatorial regions up to Melville Island, in the Arctic Ocean, where, in our days, the frosts are eternal from Spitzbergen to the centre of Africa, the carboniferous flora presents an identity. When we find almost the same fossils at Greenland and in Guinea, when the same species, now extinct, are met with under the same degree of development at the equator and the pole, we cannot but admit that, at this epoch, the temperature of the globe was alike everywhere. What we now call *climate* was, therefore, unknown in geological times. There seems to have been but one climate over the whole globe. It was only at a later period, that is in the tertiary epoch, that, by the progressive cooling of the globe, the cold began to make itself felt at the polar extremities. What, then, was the cause of that uniformity of temperature which we now regard with so much surprise? It proceeded from the excessive heat of the terrestrial sphere. The earth was still so hot in itself, that its innate temperature rendered superfluous and inappreciable the heat which reached it from the sun. M. Figuier makes a comparison between this state of things and the climate of equatorial Africa; but no human being, not the toughest negro, could support such a course of stewing, steaming, and broiling.

Let us now, as a cooling contrast, glance at what geologists called the glacial period, the winter of the ancient world, and which we must consider as the most curious episode however certain, in the history of the earth. For, although the cold might be explained by plausible hypotheses, the grand puzzle is to know how the earth got warm again. M. Figuier has the courage to admit that no explanation presents itself which can be considered conclusive; adding, that "in science its professors should never be afraid to say, *I do not know.*"

At this visitation, the vast countries which extend from Scandinavia to the Mediterranean and the Danube, were overtaken by a severe and sudden loss of their usual genial warmth. The temperature of the glacial regions seized them. If

this cooling still remain an unsolved problem, its effects are perfectly appreciable. The result was the souillation of organic life in the northern and central parts of Europe. All the water-courses, the rivers and rivulets, the seas and lakes, were frozen. As Agassiz says in his first work on Glaciers, "A vast mantle of ice and snow covered the plains, the plateaus, and the seas. All the sources were dried up: the rivers ceased to flow. To the motions of a numerous and animated creation the silence of death must have succeeded. Great numbers of animals perished from cold. The elephant and rhinoceros were killed by thousands in the bosom of their grazing grounds, and were thus effaced from the list of living creatures. Other animals also were overwhelmed, but their race did not entirely perish."

To attain a full and clear belief that such things really did occur, it is necessary to visit, at least in idea, a country where glaciers still exist. We shall then discover that the glaciers of Switzerland and Savoy have not always been confined to their presents limits, and that they are only miniature resemblances of the gigantic glaciers of other times. And (Professor Tyndall informs us) not in Switzerland alone—not alone in proximity with existing glaciers—are the well-known vestiges of ancient ice discernible; on the hills of Cumberland they are almost as clear as among the Alps. Round about Scawfell, the traces of ancient ice appear, both in rounded hog-backed rocks and in blocks perched on eminences; and there are ample facts to show that Borrowdale was once occupied by glacier ice. In North Wales, also, the ancient glaciers have placed their stamp so firmly on the rocks, that the ages which have since elapsed have failed to obliterate even their superficial marks. All round Snowdon these evidences abound. The ground occupied by the Upper Lake of Killarney was entirely covered by the ancient ice, and every island that now emerges from its surface is a glacier-dome. North America is also thus glaciated. But the most notable observation, in connection with this subject, is one recently made by Dr. Hooker during a visit to Syria. He has found that the celebrated cedars of Lebanon grow upon ancient glacier moraines or trains of broken rock that had fallen on the ice and been carried by it to a lower level.

While stating these facts, the professor suggests the most probable clue to their explanation. To determine the conditions which permitted the formation of those vast masses of ice, the aim of all writers who have treated the subject has been the attainment of cold. Some eminent men have thought that the reduction of temperature during the glacier epoch was due to a temporary diminution of solar radiation; others, that, in its motion through space, our system may have traversed regions of low temperature, and that, during its passage through those regions, the ancient glaciers were produced. Others have sought to lower the temperature by a redistribution of land and water. But the fact seems to have been overlooked, that the enormous extension of glaciers in by-gone ages demonstrates, just as rigidly, the operation of heat as the action of cold.

Cold alone will not produce glaciers, it must have the fitting object to operate upon; and this object—the aqueous vapour of the air—is the direct product of heat. But by directing our speculations to account for the high temperature of the glacial epoch, a complete reversal of some of the above-quoted hypotheses would in all probability ensue. It is perfectly manifest that, by weakening the sun's action, either through a defect of emission or by the steeping of the entire solar system in space of a low temperature, we should be cutting off the glaciers at their source. In a distilling apparatus, if you required to augment the quantity distilled, you would not surely attempt to obtain the low temperature necessary to condensation, by taking the fire from under your boiler; but this is what is done by those philosophers who produce the ancient glaciers by diminishing the sun's heat. It is clear that the thing most needed to produce the glaciers is an improved condenser. We cannot afford to

lose an iota of solar action; we need, if anything, more vapour; but we need a condenser so powerful, that this vapour, instead of falling to the earth in liquid showers, shall be so far reduced in temperature as to descend in snow.

It was only after the glacial period, when the earth had resumed its normal temperature, that man was created. Whence came he?

He came—M. Figuier answers—whence the first blade of grass which grew upon the burning rocks of the Silurian seas came; whence came the different races of animals which have from time to time replaced each other upon the globe, gradually rising in the scale of perfection. He emanated from the will of the Author of the worlds which constitute the universe.

We conclude with a few concluding sentences of M. Figuier's Epilogue relative to a problem for which neither induction nor analogy furnishes us with any clue—namely, the perpetuity of our species. Is a man doomed to disappear from the earth one day, as all the races of animals which preceded him, and prepared the way for his coming, have done? Or, may we believe that man, gifted with the attribute of reason, stamped with the divine seal, is to be the last supreme end of creation?

As he has dared to say "I do not know," so here he reverently states "I will not presume to guess." Science cannot pronounce upon these grave questions, which exceed the competence and go beyond the circle of human reasoning.

During the primitive epoch, the mineral kingdom existed alone, the rocks, silent and solitary, were all that was yet formed of the burning earth. During the transition epoch, the vegetable kingdom, newly created, extended itself over the whole globe, which it soon covered from one pole to the other with an uninterrupted mass of verdure. During the secondary and tertiary epochs, the vegetable kingdom and the animal kingdom divided the earth between them. In the quaternary epoch, the human kingdom appeared. Is it in the future destinies of our planet to receive yet another lord? And after the four kingdoms which now occupy it, is there to be a new kingdom created, which will ever be a mystery to us, but which will differ from man in as great a degree as a man differs from animals, and plants from rocks?

We must be contented with suggesting, without hoping to resolve this formidable problem. This great mystery, according to Pliny's fine expression, "is hidden in the majesty of nature," or, to speak more in the spirit of Christian philosophy, it is hidden in the knowledge of the Almighty Creator of the world, who formed the universe.

THE AQUAMARINES.

BY J. G. MONTREAL.

CHAPTER I.

"They met but once, in youth's sweet hour,
And never since that day
Hath absence, time, or grief had power
To chase that dream away." MOORA.

IT was a pleasant afternoon in June, and countless throngs were passing through the busy streets of one of our largest English cities. Men of business, looking hurried and anxious, were posting towards the banks before the hour of closing should arrive. Idle young men were lounging about with canes and eye-glasses, who complimented the pretty nursery-maids with an admiring stare as they passed onwards to the parks with their prattling charges. It was the favorite time of day for shopping, when the ladies appear simultaneously, as if by some preconcerted signal, to wile away the hour which else might hang heavily on their hands, in an occupation which possesses a charm to the female mind, quite incomprehensible to the more obtuse intellects of the lords of creation. Doubtless, many among that moving mass possessed histories replete with interest, were they only made known—from the little pale-faced urchin, with premature care and sagacity painfully legible in his countenance, who was peering with longing eyes at the unattainable luxuries within the confectioner's window, to the wealthy occupant of

the dark brown chariot which rolled swiftly past, drawn by its well-matched bays.

Among the passers-by were two ladies, who walked leisurely down the shady side of the street. Both were young, for neither could have seen more than twenty summers, and both were attractive in appearance, and dressed with an unpretending elegance which contrasted favourably with the costumes of many gaudily attired females who mingled in the throng. One was dark-haired and bright-eyed, with brunette tint and rosy mouth; while her companion, smaller in stature, and slighter in form, possessed a complexion of dazzling purity, sunny, fair hair, which fell in heavy ringlets around her face, and a pair of laughing blue eyes.

"Lucy, I wish to have your opinion regarding those pearl ornaments of which I have spoken to you. I told the jeweller that I would probably cull again to-day. So, as we are at the door, it is as well to decide at once about purchasing them."

"Certainly," replied her fairer companion, "I shall be most happy to assist you in your decision;" and the ladies entered the shop of a jeweller famed for the magnificence and good taste which distinguished the commodities in which he dealt.

The shop was crowded with purchasers, and the ladies had to wait some time before they were attended to. Meanwhile, they amused themselves with looking into the glass-cases which contained bijouterie of every description. The pearl ornaments were also there, exposed to view.

"O, Margaret, they are very beautiful indeed," exclaimed Lucy Ayton, and added in a lower tone of voice: "And so appropriate for a bride. Orange blossoms and pearls are inseparable."

"I trust I shall ere long have the pleasure of assisting you to select some of these pretty things to be worn on a similar occasion," replied her companion.

Lucy was about to make a laughing reply, when the rich, deep tones of a manly voice fell upon her ear, and she turned quickly round to get a glimpse of the speaker who was standing in their immediate vicinity. How is it that there is such thrilling magic in a voice we may have heard but once, which we may never hear again, but whose tones will linger in the memory for years to come? or such witchery in the expression of an eye whose glance we may have met but once in our lives, but which will haunt us at times henceforth, to be recalled again and again, when memory brings back her half-forgotten reminiscences of the past. This was such a voice, thus fraught with interest, at least to Lucy. The words were nothing in themselves. They merely referred to an article the speaker was purchasing; but the musical and impressive tones attracted Lucy's attention, and, startled, she looked hastily around. Her quick movement caught the stranger's notice, and, raising his head, his looks were rivetted upon the fair young face before him. No wonder the colour rose to Lucy's brow, and her soft blue eyes sank beneath their lids as she turned away, embarrassed, from the startled gaze of involuntary but respectful admiration which a pair of lustrous dark eyes sent back. If the stranger's voice had arrested Lucy's attention, his personal appearance only tended to deepen that interest. There was that in his air and dress, difficult to describe but perceptible to the eye, which indicated that the individual was a stranger in the land, and the dark, bronzed hue of his complexion told of a home beneath sunnier skies than those of England. His age might be about twenty-five. He was tall in figure, and his features, though not faultlessly regular, were pleasing, and a pair of eyes, large, dark, and penetrating, yet with a shade of sadness in their expression, were comprehended in the hasty survey which Lucy made of the interesting stranger.

"Lucy, are you dreaming? I have addressed you twice without receiving a reply," exclaimed her companion, touching her lightly on the shoulder; for, intent upon the pearls, Lucy's embarrassment had passed unnoticed.

"I am sorry, Margaret, for my absence of mind," replied Lucy; "but now that you have

awakened me, I am all attention to your wishes."

The jeweller produced the pearls from the case, and, after being duly examined and admired, they were purchased, and ordered to be sent home.

"I have another set of ornaments here," remarked the jeweller, "which this young lady may wish to see. The style is unique, and distinguished for beauty of design and richness of workmanship."

"Do not tempt me by the display of any costly trinkets," replied Lucy, who, by this time, had completely regained her self-possession. "I cannot afford to purchase them, and the sight of them may only make me dissatisfied with those I possess," and the jeweller displayed to her view the ornaments, which well merited his praise, for they were uncommonly beautiful. They were of aquamarine, and the pale green gems looked like pellucid drops of ocean water congealed within the rich chased work which enclosed them. "They were ordered by a young countess, as capricious as she is fair, who afterwards changed her mind, and desired others instead."

"What is their value?" inquired Lucy, as she gazed upon the ornaments with the admiration so natural to a young and lovely girl.

"One hundred guineas."

"Then you may keep them till I am rich enough to be their purchaser," replied Lucy smiling, "though I fear they will become old-fashioned long before that time arrives. Till then, I shall endeavour to remain satisfied with the ornaments I already possess, simple as they are."

The ladies moved onwards to leave the shop, and Lucy, with a side-long glance, observed the stranger who had attracted her notice still standing in the same place. They were obliged to pass him on their way out, and, as he moved aside to give them more room, another look from those fascinating eyes caused Lucy's heart to beat quickly, and the colour to deepen momentarily on her face.

"Did you observe that foreign-looking individual who so politely stood aside to let us pass?" enquired Margaret, as they regained the street. "I have never seen a face more calculated to awaken interest in a passing stranger. He cannot, surely, belong to this town."

"Yes, he attracted my notice while you were looking at the jewels," replied Lucy; "and I fear he thought me very rude for the abrupt manner in which I turned round and looked at him. But, after all, it does not much signify what he may think of me, for we shall not likely meet again."

"It is not at all probable," said her friend, "for he evidently belongs to a warmer clime than ours. The sun of England has not lent that brown tint to his complexion, which, after all, is rather becoming to a manly face. And, now, Lucy, we must go and select the wreath of orange blossoms. I fear you will find the office of bridesmaid no sinecure, for I intend to take advantage of your superior taste in choosing my trousseau, so we must hurry our steps so as to be at home in time for dinner, and papa dislikes so much to sit down to a solitary meal. My dear, kind father, I fear he will greatly miss me when I leave him. This is the only regret which clouds my present happiness," and a tear dimmed the bright eyes of the young bride.

CHAPTER II.

When Lucy Ayton descended to breakfast next morning, her mother was already seated at the table, and held in her hand a small parcel.

"So you have been making purchases, my dear," said Mrs. Ayton; "I was just about to open this parcel."

"No, mamma, I did not buy anything yesterday," replied her daughter. "Are you certain that packet is intended for us? It may have been mis-sent."

"Read the address, Lucy, and you will find it quite correct," and Mrs. Ayton handed the parcel to Lucy, who read her name, inscribed in legible characters.

"This must be some of Margaret's bridal gear, which has been wrongly directed," said Lucy, untying the parcel; "but we shall soon set all

doubts at rest, by getting a sight of the mysterious contents."

The paper envelopes were laid aside, and a crimson morocco case met their view.

"Margaret's bridal pearls! how stupid!" exclaimed Lucy, and, touching the spring, the lid flew open and exposed to her astonished eyes, not the pearl ornaments, intended to adorn her friend, but the aquamarines which she had so much admired, and which the jeweller had wished her to purchase.

"How very beautiful," exclaimed Mrs. Ayton, and Lucy also uttered an ejaculation of admiration as well as surprise, when she beheld the glittering gems, to which the rays of the morning sun lent additional lustre. "But surely, Lucy, you cannot have been so thoughtless as to make such a costly purchase."

"Mamma, you do not think that I would do anything so extravagant," replied her daughter. "To purchase ornaments so expensive as those would ill become our reduced fortunes," and Lucy related to her mother the circumstance of Mr. Ware having recommended the ornaments to her notice, and how she had declined to purchase them. Mrs. Ayton and Lucy looked within the case and shook the paper in which it had been wrapped, to discover whether any explanatory note or bill accompanied it. But the simple address "Miss Ayton," was all the explanation afforded.

"Never mind Lucy, do not give yourself any further uneasiness about this affair, but take your coffee—it is almost cold by this time—and immediately after breakfast you can carry the parcel back to Mr. Ware; for the contents are too valuable to be entrusted to the servant, and doubtless the mistake will soon be explained. He must have supposed that you wished to have a sight of them at home."

"I shall be more careful in future how I express my admiration," replied Lucy, "when it is thus misunderstood;" and closing the case, Lucy seated herself at the breakfast table.

Mrs. Ayton was the widow of a merchant, who had formerly been among the wealthiest and most respected in the large mercantile city in which she now dwelt, and she had been accustomed to live in a style of elegance suited to their different circumstances. Upon his death, however, which had happened about two years previous to the time at which we introduce them to the reader, his affairs had been found to be in a less prosperous condition than had been supposed. Owing to disasters by sea and other losses incident to mercantile pursuits, much had been lost, which a few years of successful industry might have regained. But life is uncertain, and Mr. Ayton, a man still in the prime of life, died suddenly. To his wife and daughter the loss was irreparable, and even the change of fortune which speedily followed was comparatively unfelt when compared to the greater grief already sustained. Disposing of her most valuable furniture and plate, Mrs. Ayton purchased a small suburban villa to which she retired with her only daughter, and denouncing the gay society in which she had always been accustomed to mingle, continued to receive only a few special friends, from whom no change of fortune could estrange her. Lucy had not felt the altered circumstances of her lot so severely as might have been anticipated, though at an age to enjoy the gaieties of life, and beautiful enough to attract admiration wherever she appeared. Educated with great care by a fond and sensible mother, she possessed many resources with which to replace those amusements which she now had to relinquish.

Breakfast over, Lucy hastily put on her bonnet and shawl, and tying up the morocco case proceeded to the jeweller's shop:

"Can I see Mr. Ware?" inquired Lucy of one of the assistants who came forward to ascertain her wishes.

"Certainly, Miss," please be seated, and I shall summon him," replied the young man. Mr. Ware presently appeared, to whom Lucy was well known, for Mrs. Ayton had dealt with him in more prosperous days.

"Good morning, Miss Ayton," he said; a peculiar smile appeared upon his face as he saluted her.

"Good morning, Mr. Ware; I have called in order to restore this case of jewellery, concerning which there has been a mistake. Did you think from what I said yesterday that I wished to purchase them?"

"Not at all, I am perfectly aware that you entertained no such intentions."

"Then, how did it happen that they were sent to our house this morning?" enquired Lucy, and she handed them to the jeweller; but Mr. Ware still smiling returned them to her, continuing: "Miss Ayton, they belong to you, and I cannot possibly receive them again. They were purchased for you, and, I may add, paid for also."

"By whom?" enquired Lucy, opening her blue eyes to their largest possible extent.

"Your question is not easily answered," replied Mr. Ware, "as I am ignorant of the name of the individual who purchased them; but you may have observed him standing near you when you were examining the pearl ornaments."

"A tall gentleman, with bronzed complexion and dark eyes," exclaimed Lucy, now really agitated, while the colour mounted high to her forehead and receded as rapidly, leaving it paler than before, for a strange and undefined feeling of mingled embarrassment and pleasure possessed her, as she became instantaneously convinced that the prepossession so suddenly entertained towards the handsome stranger had been mutual.

"Yes, Miss Ayton, you have described him very well," replied Mr. Ware.

"This is very strange indeed, and also very wrong," said Lucy; "those jewels must be immediately returned. I cannot possibly accept a gift of such value from an utter stranger. Do you know his address, Mr. Ware?"

"That I fear will be impossible to reach," replied Mr. Ware, "for the gentlemen, whosoever he may be, sailed last evening for the East Indies; and I may add, Miss Ayton, that he has left a souvenir with you, which conveys a wish that he may not soon be forgotten."

"Has he any friends in this city to whom I could consign these jewels?" said Lucy; "I cannot think of retaining them."

"I am ignorant of any," replied Mr. Ware, interested in Lucy's distress, which was now so apparent. "The gentleman purchased a valuable watch and some other articles, which I proposed to send home for him; but as he stated that he was about to embark in a few hours for the East, he preferred taking them with him. He added that he resided abroad, had been but only a short time in England, and had been but a few days in this city. He overheard you express your admiration of those ornaments, and excuse me, Miss Ayton, I could not fail to observe his evident admiration of yourself. When you left the shop, he inquired your name, and requested to see this case of jewellery. He immediately handed me the amount demanded for them, and desired me to send them next morning to your place of residence. I inquired the name that was to accompany the gift, and hinted the possibility of its being declined; to which he replied that he should be many miles on his outward voyage before he received it; and he added, that, if you sought me for an explanation, I was to say, "that your acceptance of a trifling gift would give much pleasure to one whose loose lonely life had known few joys and many sorrows." Poor fellow, he looked like one who had known greater trouble than his youth warranted. Besides he is probably accustomed to have his slightest caprices obeyed by the submissive people among whom he lives, and certainly he has placed it beyond your power to thwart him in the present instance. That he is wealthy is certain to judge by the value of the articles which he purchased for himself, and I may also add, of that which he has so unexpectedly left with you. But, my dear young lady, I beg you will not distress yourself further regarding this unusual proceeding on the part of a stranger, which to many young ladies would be more flattering than disagreeable. I trust your fastidiousness will not prevent you availing yourself of the gift as the giver will soon be many thousands of miles away, and from the unhealthy nature of the climate to which he has gone in all probability he may not live to revisit this country. As the worthy jeweller concluded with what he intended to be a comforting

reflection to Lucy, a feeling strong and prophetic contradicted his words and Lucy might have exclaimed

"There is a voice within my heart
Which says again we'll meet;"

but merely rising from her seat, she concluded the conversation by saying, "I shall bid you good morning, Mr. Ware, and as there is no possibility of tracing this bird of passage in his flight I suppose I shall have to keep the ornaments in the meanwhile, trusting to chance to give me an opportunity of returning them at some future day." And Lucy took her departure, her mind filled with conjectures regarding the eccentric stranger.

On her way homewards, Lucy had to pass the residence of her friend, Miss Selden, and called to inform her of the of the strange circumstance which had occurred. Lucy Ayton and Margaret Selden had been companions from childhood, and their friendship had continued unabated in more mature years.

"Margaret, you have often told me that I possess a tinge of romance in my nature, and am but a silly dreamer. There is an occurrence sufficiently removed from the commonplace events of every day life to gratify my predilection in this respect. But seriously, Margaret, what think you of this occurrence?"

"I do not think seriously at all about it," replied her more matter of fact friend. "The handsome stranger has evidently been captivated by your *beaux yeux*, and has gallantly left this tribute of his gratitude in return for a bright glance which you have unconsciously bestowed upon him. So keep the jewels, my dear, and wear them; but I counsel you not to allow your sensitive little heart to follow the giver on his trackless path across the ocean. Do not let the image of the unknown so fill your imagination as to supplant a certain friend of mine who loves you well and whose wife I trust you will soon become. Think of this gallant knight errant only as an *ignus fatuus* which has cast a ray of light across your path, but do not let the wandering meteor bewilder you."

"If I possibly can I shall follow your sensible advice," thought Lucy as she walked silently homewards, while the deep melodious tones of the stranger's voice seemed to linger in her ear, and in fancy she still met the earnest gaze of those admiring eyes still bent upon her.

To be continued.

A RHYMING EPISTLE.

FROM MISS FANNY McQUEEN, OF BOWMANVILLE, (ON A VISIT TO HER AUNT BLANK, AT MONTREAL,) TO MISS KITTY THORP, ALSO OF BOWMANVILLE.

DEAREST KITTY,

I promised to write to you soon,
So like *une chère amie*, this fine afternoon
I resisted temptation—you know we should strive
At all times to do this—and refused a sleigh-drive.
The sun shone out brightly—the streets were aglow
With bright bappy faces whirled over the snow;
And handsome Ralph Dean, with the charming
moustache,
And eyes that pierce through you with each rapid
flash,
Was the tempter who begged me to join in a dash
Round the mountain—but no! I was adamant, steel,
And refused Mr. Ralph, till he turned on his heel
In a bit of a pet—but, *n'importe*, I am here
For a nice cosy chat with yourself, Kitty dear.
But how to begin!—shall I tell of each ball
We have graced with our presence in gay Montreal?
Of the sleigh-drives,—the parties,—the *beaux* who
have been
Most polite to your dear little Fanny McQueen?
How Hector McIvor—(some folks think him wise)
Vowed the goddess of mischief was caged in my eyes;
And then how the poor fellow grew almost simple,
O'er what he was pleased to term "each pretty
dimple."
Then passed to my hair—oh! I wonder what next,
These perverse city-*beaux* will seize on for a text—
You know, little Kitty, some folks call it *red*,
But Hector declared that the sun never shed
Such bright, golden glory as gleams on my head.
Of course it's all nonsense, *ma mignonne*—heigho!
I wonder they will flatter simple girls so.
I vow I'd be angry—demure—cold as ice—
Were this King of McIvor's a little less nice.
But then he's so noble, so handsome, so kind—
That dear me, little Kit, perhaps I need'nt much mind;
But enough of McIvor—Oh! who do you think
I met t'other night at Victoria rink?
Ah! demure Mam'selle Kitty, do'nt flush rosy red,
Like a dear little goose—only big cousin Ned.
He really looked splendid, so handsome and stately,
I could'nt help flirting—you know, *ma belle*, lately

I've grown an adept in this lady-like art;
And besides young McIvor was waiting to start
For a race on the ice—Mr. Dean, too, was there—
And it is so nice teasing this city-bred pair.
Cousin Ned was all ears, for with lady-like skill,
I flow off at a tangent to dear Bowmanville:
Talked of Clara,—mamma,—and grew really quite
witty

'Bout absence, and fondness, and you, little Kitty.
Just hinted at boating by moonlight—ahem!
When the "Saucy Sophia" ran into the "Gem:"
Because two silly people—oh! dear what a bother—
Had eyes for naught else in the world but each other.
Well! well! if Jane Sparker did poke spiteful fun,
Of the *too* in that boat she would fain have been one,
And if at the picnic the same pair were found
With a masculine arm most caressingly wound
Round a feminine waist—why should Jane be so
witty—
Ned can choose for himself, I suppose—can't he Kitty?
But still when he goes up again, if he really
Persists in such singular freaks, you should clearly
Take care that these pranks be played under the rose—
Young folks who are silly should dread a long nose.

Heigho! I am preaching and teasing, perhaps, too;
But Ned laughed when I twitted him—so, dear, must
you.

The saucy big fellow just glanced at Ralph Dean
And "Glass houses, Miss Fanny—you know what I
mean."

"Indeed, Ned, I'd never such freedom permit,
At least were there even the least little bit
Of a chance to be caught, as were you and Miss Kit.
Take that, Sir." He did with a funny grimace
And "beware, Miss, the very first chance I'll em-
brace
For returning that mischievous slap in the face."

Of course, as was proper, I curtsied, *ma belle*,
Very low at this throat—when, oh, how shall I tell?
My skates slipped—I staggered—and grace-fully
fell.

It was so provoking! there was such a rush!
Young Dean and McIvor came up with the crush;
Oh! I did feel so cross—I could almost have cried,
But Ned lifted me lightly, and then just to hide
My confusion, dashed off with me over the ice—
Held my hand—chatted gally—was ever so nice,
Till soon, we again were as merry as mice.
This was good of Sir Ned, so with charmingest grace,
I told the big fellow so right to his face.

"Dear Cox, I can almost forgive you the fall—"
"Dear Fan, I don't need your forgiveness at all,"
Was the saucy reply—"I'm your servant most humble,
But I won't bear the blame of that elegant tumble."
"Indeed, Sir, 'twas caused by your horrible threat."
"Indeed, Miss, I fear, you're a saucy coquette—
If ladies will curtsy with skates on, *sans* care,
They must pay all the penalties, Fanny, *ma chère*."
This was shocking, dear Kitty—how would you be
able,

To bear with so stubborn a "Bead of the Table."
Pray punish him, pet, when—as soon, perhaps, he will,
He rises on love's wings to our dear Bowmanville.
Exact a most ample apology—do!
Your Fanny would fight quite as bravely for you.

Well, darling, I meant to have written much more,
But Aunt Blank has, this moment, been up to the
door,

To say that Miss Balfour is waiting below
For a chat—so perforce, little Kit, I must go.
Had I time, I would fill up my paper this eve,
But I have an engagement, at eight, I believe,
For something or other—what is't? let me think—
Oh! McIvor expects me to go to the rink.
So sweet! darling Kit—with as much love as can be
Believe me your own most affectionate

FANNY.
P.S.—Do write to me soon—I am longing to hear
All the news—who is flirting—who married—or near
And what you are doing yourself, Kitty dear!

A FRUITFUL VINE.—A remarkable instance of fecundity, which deserves to be recorded elsewhere than in the official journal of St. Petersburg, has been published within the last few months. Twenty-two years ago a woman was married to a man named Moltehanow, and from this marriage there sprang six infants one after the other, six times twins, once there were three, and on the last occasion four, which entered the world in the following order: on the 8th April, a boy (living), at midnight of the 9th and some time after, a boy (since dead) and a girl (living), and on the night of the 14th, a girl, also living. The strength of the poor woman was, however, exhausted, and she died, at the somewhat early age of forty. It will be seen, therefore, that she had bestowed on her husband in all twenty-six children, sixteen boys and ten girls. Of this number nineteen have died. The place where this remarkable event or series of events, occurred, was at the village named Tzvetow, in the government of Koursk.

* Miss Kitty considers this phrase very obscure—she does not understand it. We suggested that it might refer to current rumours which assert it to be extremely probable that, ere long, Mr. Edward and Miss Kitty will daily dine *tête-à-tête*.

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complied with his request, that she should relieve her of the task of reading to him daily; therefore, when Gertrude's duties in the school-room were ended, she was accustomed to take her seat beside Sir Alfred's couch, and amuse him, by reading or conversation. In this manner was Gertrude daily admitted to the family circle, and permitted to spend the greatest part of each day in the picture gallery, in which part of the house the invalid was confined, his apartments opening into it. This mode of spending her time was not disagreeable to Gertrude. It relieved her of the constant companionship of children, and the loneliness of the school-room, and gave her an opportunity of enjoying the society of Guy Stanley, whose evident admiration of herself was naturally very pleasing to the young governess, and whose impassioned glances were gradually awakening, in the girl's heart, that passion which sooner or later all feel, and which until now had been quietly slumbering.

Towards her boyish admirer, Gertrude felt merely pity such as his severe trial called forth. He was quite too young to be looked upon in the light of a lover. He was only a boy, younger than herself; and girls seldom fall in love with such juvenile adorers. She treated him like a brother, doing everything in her power to amuse him, and divert his mind from dwelling on his misfortune, pleased when she saw his pale cheek flush with pleasure, or his eyes sparkle with his new-found happiness. Week after week, passed pleasantly. Gertrude's experience of the life of a governess was quite different from what she had expected. Leaving her to enjoy the new life she had entered upon, and to indulge in the delightful, but it might be chimerical hopes which sprung up with the new strange feeling within her, we shall give a retrospective sketch of Lady Stanley's life, carrying our readers back some twenty years, in order to relate a few events connected with the story.

CHAPTER VII. THE ITALIAN ACTRESS.

At one of the provincial theatres, in England, in the winter of 18— a young Italian actress made her debut with unusual éclat. It was not the histrionic talent of the young débutante, but her extraordinary beauty which excited this fervor of admiration. Her tall form was majesty itself, and her face was a perfect specimen of Italian beauty. She had been brought up in England, and could speak the language well, though with a foreign accent. The fascinating Olivia had many adorers, but none more devoted than Colonel Stanley, a gentleman of ancient family, and next heir to a baronetcy, with an unencumbered estate. For some time he struggled with his penchant for the fair foreigner, but his love was one of those passions which seize upon a man against his will, bewildering his mind and subduing even reason itself. The result of the contest between love and pride was what it generally is in such cases. The enamoured Colonel yielded to the fascinations of beauty and forgetting the prejudices of rank and birth, married the actress. Five years passed away—years clouded by disappointment and regret, for Colonel Stanley had become painfully aware that his idol was clay, utterly unworthy the homage he had rendered it. In the intercourse of domestic life the insight he gained into the character of Olivia made him deeply regret that he had given such a mother to his children; for with the rare beauty of her countrywomen, she inherited their deeply-passionate nature. Fierce passions swayed her soul, unrestrained by any governing principle; for religion, which alone could enable her to control these wild emotions, was a thing unknown to the beautiful Italian. Her education had been attended to, but it was all for display, fitted to make her shine in the sphere of life for which she was intended—her moral culture had been totally neglected. The beautiful casket had been carefully polished, but the jewel within had been entirely disregarded.

The married life of Colonel Stanley was not happy, but it was not long. He was killed during the Chinese war. Before leaving England, feeling a presentiment that he should not return to its shores, he made his will, appointing his

cousin, Sir Roland Stanley, guardian to his children, and recommending his family to his care. On hearing of the death of his relative, to whom he was strongly attached, Sir Roland wrote to the bereaved wife inviting her to make Stanley Hall her home. "You know," he wrote, that "your infant son is now my heir, and I wish to bring him up under my own eye. The health of Lady Stanley is very delicate; she is quite an invalid, and she will be happy to barge your society to relieve the ennui of her monotonous life. This invitation was immediately accepted by Olivia—a pathway of life suddenly opened upon her which she gladly entered. Hitherto ambition, and the love of admiration—of conquest—had been her dominant feelings; but she had not lived long at Stanley Hall before another passion awoke within her heart, and made itself felt with an intensity which is only experienced by such passionate natures. This new passion was love, and the object of it was Sir Rowland Stanley. For her husband, Olivia never felt affection. She had married him to gain a position in society, which, as an actress, she could not hope to attain. But the deep waters of an absorbing affection gushed forth for the first time in this impassioned woman's heart.

What recked she that this love for the baronet was sinful! Principle did not teach her to oppose any barrier to its impetuous course. On the contrary, her determined will made her resolve to surmount every obstacle to the attainment of her wishes. Sir Rowland Stanley was now in his thirty-fifth year and very captivating. His figure united elegance with manly proportion, and his face would have made a bean ideal for a painter wishing to portray the Anglo-Saxon style of beauty. Having lived much in the fashionable world, he possessed that high-bred ease of manner and distinguished air which are so imposing. Altogether he was a man fitted to make an impression on most women, and the heart of the impassioned Italian yielded at once to his many attractions. The fragile and amiable Lady Stanley seemed the only obstacle to the happiness which Olivia craved. Confident of her own powers of pleasing, and relying on the marvellous beauty which had brought many adorers to her feet, she thought that the Baronet would be unable to resist her witcheries, if his wife were no more; therefore to get rid of her, she formed a plan which no feelings of compassion for her kind and generous hostess prevented her carrying into execution.

I have said that the health of Lady Stanley was delicate; she had disease of the heart, and her physician had said that any sudden shock or violent emotion would prove fatal. It was the knowledge of this which suggested her plan to Olivia. Sir Rowland and Lady Stanley had one little daughter, who was about three years old—lovely as a cherub, she was the idol of both parents. One night, Stanley Hall was a scene of indescribable confusion; this darling child was missing. She had mysteriously disappeared, during the temporary absence of her nurse in the servants' hall. She had left the little one sleeping quietly in her crib, and when she returned to the nursery she was gone. This startling announcement was brought to the drawing-room by the terrified nurse. Sir Rowland and Mrs. Stanley were playing chess, and Lady Stanley was reclining on a couch, watching with interest the moves of the game, little dreaming of the crushing weight of misery which was about to fall upon her heart.

Sir Rowland, like one frantic, was rushing out of the room calling upon the servants to aid in the search for the child, when his steps were suddenly arrested by a cry of horror from Mrs. Stanley. He turned to look upon the face of his dying wife, who lay back on the couch rigid and ghastly. The terrible shock had stilled for over the pulsations of her heart, and her spirit passed away almost instantly.

Horror at this event for a time deprived the servants of all presence of mind, and the loss of the child seemed forgotten in the excitement caused by Lady Stanley's sudden death. Sir Rowland sank beneath this double affliction—the strong man struck down by the hand of sorrow—and

for a time Olivia feared that his life too would be sacrificed to her selfish passion. But grief seldom kills when the constitution is vigorous. The Baronet recovered slowly, turning for sympathy in his overwhelming sorrow to the artful Italian, who did everything in her power to wean his mind from the contemplation of his two-fold loss. Time passed on; no tidings were obtained of the lost child. The only information on the subject gathered by the servants—who were despatched from the Hall on a fruitless search by Sir Rowland as soon as the shock of his wife's death permitted him to think or act in the matter—was that a young woman with a child in her arms had been observed to take a night-passage in the cars from the O—station to London. If the telegraph wires could have been immediately put into operation, this woman might have been arrested on reaching the metropolis; but the lateness of the hour prevented the Baronet's making use of this powerful aid, for the telegraph office was closed for the night; and before the next morning the cars had rapidly conveyed the person suspected of stealing the child to London, where in its vast depths all traces of her were lost. Although the detective police were employed in the search—even they failed to discover the daring offender. What her motive could be in stealing the child no one could even surmise, and the whole affair remained wrapt in mystery, and gradually ceased to be talked of.

It was more than a year before Sir Rowland, rousing himself from his absorbing grief, began again to mix with the world and show any interest in its pursuits. During this time of mourning and seclusion, Olivia used all her wiles to win his affections, yet the heart of the Baronet remained untouched—all her witcheries and blandishments failed to captivate him. It might be that he penetrated her heart's secret. She might have been too demonstrative of her affection, and this would repel instead of attract him, for such is the contradiction of man's nature that he seldom prizes the love which unsought is won. It may flatter his vanity, but it does not gain his heart. Or perhaps Sir Rowland had discovered that the beautiful Italian was deficient in those qualities of the heart which can alone ensure happiness in domestic life. During their daily intercourse this truth might have dawned upon him. Whatever was the cause of his insensibility, she was unable to bind him with love's adamant chain; and, maddened with disappointment, Olivia thought now of revenge, for in such natures as hers it often happens that passionate love when unrequited turns to hatred the most intense.

It was night at Stanley Hall: the march winds howled round its massive walls, mingling their mournful sounds with the thundering dash of the waves along the shore below. In the spacious library, buried in the cushioned depths of a fauteuil, before a bright fire crackling in the grate, Mrs. Stanley sat alone lost in moody reflections, while she listened listlessly to the wild sounds without. Sir Rowland was absent: he had gone to a dinner party at Templemore. Mrs. Stanley had not been invited; the aristocratic Lady Templemore did not admit within her élite circle the *ci-devant* actress. It was now late, and Mrs. Stanley was momentarily expecting the Baronet's return. The silver tones of an ivory time-piece had struck the hour of midnight, when suddenly was heard the clattering sound of a horse's hoofs galloping madly up the rocky approach to the Hall. Sir Rowland had returned, Olivia supposed, and she listened for his well-known step ascending the stairs. But some minutes passed away, and no step was heard, only a confused noise of voices in the hall below. What could it mean? An ominous apprehension that something had occurred startled Mrs. Stanley. She rang the bell violently. A footman immediately appeared at the library door, his face wearing an alarmed expression.

"What is the matter, Richard? Has your master returned?"

"No, ma'm; the horse has come back, but without a rider; and we fear some accident has happened."

An expression of deep interest grew into the

face of Mrs. Stanley and there was a strange glitter in her dark eyes. "Why do you think so?" she asked.

"Because the horse is dripping with spray. Sir Rowland must have come by the road along the beach; and, if so, he could scarcely escape drowning on a night like this so dark and stormy, with the tide so high."

"But Sir Rowland would not be so mad as to attempt to reach home by that road," observed Mrs. Stanley.

"No, ma'am; to be sure not, if——" Richard hesitated.

"What were you going to say?"

"That Sir Rowland might have taken more wine than he is used to; in that case he would hardly see his way safely." These words were spoken unwillingly, as if the man feared to give offence.

"And the groom—what has become of him?"

"He was taken suddenly ill when he rode over with Sir Rowland to Templemore, and master said he need not come for him, nor send any of the other servants, for he would ride home alone. Sir Rowland was always so considerate like. We will lose a kind master if anything has happened to him," added Richard sadly.

"Let a strict search be made along the road? He may only have been thrown from his horse—not drowned," observed Mrs. Stanley after a short pause.

The face of Richard brightened. There was comfort in that suggestion. "To be sure he may. I never thought of that," he said more hopefully, as he left the room.

Shortly afterwards nearly all the servants in Stanley Hall might be seen wending their way along the avenue, carrying lanterns and searching for the missing Baronet, but he was not found, and it was feared he would never again be seen within his stately home.

It was two hours after midnight, and Olivia was still keeping a lonely vigil in the library when the door opened, and Burton, the grey haired-butler, made his appearance. Mrs. Stanley looked eagerly round.

"Have you found him?" she asked anxiously.

The old man's face was pallid from some secret emotion; it might be grief for the Baronet's loss.

"No. Sir Rowland will never again be seen in life within these walls. The waves must have overwhelmed him as he tried to cross the beach from Templemore.

As the butler spoke, he looked earnestly at Mrs. Stanley, and as he saw the gleam of joy which flashed in her dark eyes, a smile of peculiar meaning passed over his pale stern face.

"You have searched, carefully, I suppose."

"Yes; every step of the way to the beach has been examined; the road along the shore is deeply flooded, no one dare venture there; the waves are dashing madly over it, and up against the rocks that skirt it on the land side."

"It was madness for the Baronet to think of reaching the Hall by that road."

"So it was, but gentlemen sit long over their wine at Templemore. Sir Rowland could not have known very well what he was doing."

"Perhaps the morning light may render the search effectual. In the darkness of the night he might be overlooked; we cannot yet be sure of his death." Olivia's tones betrayed more of apprehension than of hope.

Again that peculiar smile parted the lips of Burton.

"Do not be afraid. Sir Rowland will never return to interfere with your rights. Your son is now Sir Alfred Stanley."

As Burton spoke, he fixed his keen eyes on Mrs. Stanley, and from their grey depths there flashed a revelation which sent a thrill of mingled feelings through her frame. The old man watched the changing expression of her face with an anxious eye; his look seemed to penetrate her soul, and read her every thought. Gradually the varying expression of Olivia's face settled into one of intense satisfaction, while in the brilliant Italian eyes glittered the exultation of revenge.

"Does your ladyship wish that anything more should be done in this matter to-night?" Burton asked, with a deference in his manner which he

had never before shown to Mrs. Stanley, and yet a keen observer would have noticed somewhat of mockery in that very deference, but it passed unseen by her, as she stood leaning against the mantelpiece, and looking down, dreamily, into the fire, which was almost dying out in the ample grate.

Your Ladyship! how harmoniously these words fell upon the ear of the ambitious Olivia.

"No," she answered carelessly; "nothing more can be done until the morning, then the search must be renewed."

"And with the same success!" muttered Burton, with a short dry laugh, as he closed the library door, and left the new mistress of Stanley Hall to her own reflections; and whatever might be the nature of these reflections, they banished sleep from her eyelids, and she passed the remainder of that eventful night watching the coming dawn.

With the first light of morning, the servants were again dispatched to look for the missing Baronet, but Sir Rowland was not seen again, either in life or death, and the country rang with the startling news of his disappearance. That he was drowned on his way home from Templemore was the general belief, and the coast was searched for miles in the hope of recovering the body, but the relentless waves did not give up their prey. Sir Rowland's place in the family vault remained unoccupied, and Stanley Hall passed to the next heir the young son of the late Colonel Stanley, the baronet's cousin, his wife Olivia assuming, in right of her deceased husband, the title Lady Stanley. Years passed on, and the mistress of the Hall lived in lonely grandeur, having but little intercourse with the families in the neighbourhood, who seemed prejudiced against her, not only because she was a foreigner and a parvenu, but chiefly because there were some who did not hesitate to assert that an evil influence had come with her presence to Stanley Hall, for within the last two years, death had been busy within its ancient halls, and the Baronet, his gentle wife and lovely child, had suddenly passed away from their happy home, leaving it in the possession of the ambitious Italian and her children.

To be continued.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

HER Majesty's ship Spitfire (six-and-thirty guns) had been now four months on the scrub west coast of Africa, looking out for slavers as keenly as any terrier watching a rabbit-hole when the ferret had been put in.

This smart vessel's favourite anchorage was in Elephant Bay, Benguela, an inlet of the Atlantic, lat. 13 deg. S., long. 13 deg. 55 min. E., the highest land in all the Benguela coast, being a hill commanding the bay on the south side, which Captain Willoughby had found very useful for the purpose of a look-out.

Captain Willoughby was a little fragile man, with a long thin face and only one eye. He had seen a great deal of service, and lost an arm at Acre; he was as brave as a lion, totally insensible to any such mean sensation as fear, and a stern disciplinarian, heeding no more the heat and danger of Africa than he would have done the shot and shell of the enemy, and hating all grumblers at climate or any other hardship.

The dull monotony of African service, the mere daily routine of plunk-scrubbing, rope-splicing, and sail-mending, was broken into on a warm September morning of 1860, by the arrival of H.M.'s brig *Racoon*, with despatches from Sierra Leone. The captain of the *Racoon* had been invited to lunch by Captain Willoughby, and H. M. S. *Spitfire* was in an unusual state of bustle with the preparations for that meal.

Abernethy, the grave old Scotch steward, was arranging some silver-topped bottles of champagne in a fan shape, round a small tank attached to a refrigerator, and even that was all but tepid with the heat of Africa. At the foot of the cabin-stairs three young midshipmen, one of whom, named Powis, was the "Pickle" of the vessel, stood watching him from above with eyes sparkling with fun and mischief. The

under-steward and his boys were every moment descending the steps with piles of plates tucked under their chins. A distant savour of soup spread from the distant galley, where red-faced beings in white stirred and sipped at simmering stew-pans.

"Dobson," said the head-steward, under breath, "just watch this wine while I go and get up some more coffee-biscuits. The captain's boat will be here directly. Keep your weather eye open, Dobson; there's that Mr. Fowls there, as full of mischief as an egg full of meat."

"Ay, ay, Mr. Abernethy," said the under-steward, sitting down on the lower steps, a very Cerberus, with one foot planted on the great metal-lined chest of the refrigerator; and as Abernethy plunged into the store-room, Powis and his companions ran up on deck.

Five minutes after there came a violent shout of "Dobson!" from the direction of the store-room, and Dobson, forgetting for the moment his charge, ran to see who it was called him.

Three minutes afterwards there was a running together of sailors amid ships to the gangways, a sound below, a sound of voices, and the next moment Captain Willoughby and his guest, Captain Hurtlock, a stiff, precise, old officer, followed by several officers of both vessels, followed each other, one after the other, over the ship's side. A guard of marines, drawn up in military order, received them with presented arms. The midshipmen, headed by Powis, the eldest of the lot, were there in full uniform to do honour to so unusual an occasion.

"Hung it!" cried Powis, as the procession passed down into the state cabin; "old Cyclops" (the midshipmen's nickname for their excellent captain) "might have asked us to meet these Boocoen fellows. One does deserve a better dinner sometimes than salt junk and bolster-pudding for serving one's country in this infernal climate. What have they come about, Gasket?" turning to an old quartermaster, a rough old sailor, with enormous bushes of grey whiskers.

"Come, Mr. Powis, 'bout captain going up country to make presents, and hold a palaver with the niggers, to induce 'em not to sell 'emselves to those cursed Portuguese."

"Wish I'd a nigger, Gasket, to keep watch, and soak my junk for me."

"And go to the mast-head for you, Master Powis?"

"Well," said the curly-headed youngster, "shouldn't mind that either, and he should do my work too, on the look-out hill."

"Seen the Phantom Ship last night, Gasket?" said Powis's companion, with a wink at Powis; for Gasket, though one of the best sailors on board, was very superstitious, and had lately spread among the men a report of a white ghostly sort of vessel that he had seen three nights running at two bells, steal out of the bay, but which was generally believed to be a creation of his own brain, and a mere drift of that thick smouldering fog that after nightfall hid the shore of the bay. This Phantom Ship, seen in a bay guarded by one of the smartest of her Majesty's cruisers, had become a stock joke against the quartermaster, and he was rather sore on the subject, so all the reply he gave was to roll his quid, make a sour grimace, mutter something about "a young shaver as didn't know a Blackwall hitch from a Garrick bend," and turn on his heels as he helped to haul in the captain's boat up to the davits.

"Half-a-dozen lads such as that ain't worth their weight in dunnage," he muttered, as the midshipmen went off laughing. "What use are school boys on board ship, except to sauce the captain behind his back, and play monkey tricks on the stewards? Ugh!" and he hit one of the ship's boys a clout for not being quick enough with a marlinspike that the sail-maker was calling for.

In the meantime lunch (an early dinner in reality) had commenced in the cabin. The *Racoon* and *Spitfire* officers having finished their soup were taking wine together, and exchanging grumbles on the climate, and discussions on the chance of preferment. Captain Martlock was a worthy man, but rather stiff-starched, precise, taciturn, soured, and with a somewhat overween-

ing sense of his own importance. His host, one of those frank, generous natures, slow to take offence, did not however regard the punctilios of his guest.

"I hope the despatches of which I am the bearer," said Murtlock to his host, bowing stiffly (as if it hurt him) as he spoke, "contained no unpleasant news?"

"Well," said the officer he addressed, "neither pleasant nor unpleasant. I never stop to think whether duty is agreeable or otherwise. Perhaps if I had my choice, I should not have selected this."

"And may I ask in what it consists?" (another stiff bow.)

"It is no secret, Captain Martlock. I have to start the first thing to-morrow for a two days' journey from this Elephant Bay we are now in up into the Goribah country, with beads and looking-glasses as presents for the king of the Loluna tribes, to induce him to withhold his supply of slaves to the Portuguese cruisers that visit this inlet."

"Have you seen any slavers, sir?" inquired Captain Murtlock, warming over his wine.

"Not a ghost of one, Captain Murtlock."

"Yes, we have seen the ghost of one," said the first lieutenant, who was a wit.

"True," said Captain Willoughby, "our quartermaster, a good sailor, but as full of old women's fancies as ever came through the dock gates, did tell us, a week ago, that he saw a sort of a phantom vessel; but no one believed him."

"Take my word for it, captain," said a little, stout, jovial man, the Spitfire's doctor, "Gasket will be down with typhus before three days are over: this sort of delusion is one of the first symptoms of this infernal African fever."

"I hope not, doctor, I hope not; Gasket is a useful man to us."

"There is something about this slaver service," said Captain Martlock, as if he were preaching, "that tends, I think, to excite the imagination of the lower order of our seamen; the monotony, the anxiety, the danger of disease, all, perhaps, contribute to this undesirable result."

"Oh, sailors are always full of that sort of nonsense," said Captain Willoughby, steering away from a discussion evidently meditated by his visitor. "Captain Martlock, may I have the pleasure of taking wine with you?"

Martlock bowed stiffly, and muttered, "Pleasure!"

"Steward, the still champagne to Captain Martlock."

Off went the wire; up went the large headed cork, but not noisily, and up rose the wine in the two glasses. The two captains raised their glasses simultaneously to their lips, bowed, and tossed off the contents. At the same moment their faces reddened, their cheeks dilated, as they spluttered, swore, and rose upon their feet.

"Why, what the —, Abernethy, do you give us salt water when we ask for champagne? Who the dickens has played us this scurvy trick? By George, sir, I'll keel-haul him. Yes, I'll break him, sir."

"I should flog him," said Martlock swelling with rage till he got as red as a turkey-cock. "I sh—sh—should put him in irons."

"I'll stake my life, captain," said the surprised and horrified Scotch steward, "that it's that Mr. Jekyll" (one of the midshipmen); "for one of the ship's boys saw him with a bottle in his hand near my pantry."

A strong disposition to laugh was visible on every face. The doctor coughed, the two first lieutenants blew their noses. The two captains fumed. Willoughby buttoned his coat angrily together. Martlock looked fiercely at everybody.

"Boy," said Willoughby, to one of the steward's assistants, "go on deck, and send Mr. Jekyll to me directly. By George, sir I'll break him." This was the captain's most tremendous threat. "Why the deuce does not Mr. Jekyll come?" he cried, a few minutes after, long before the unfortunate lad had time to come even down the stairs.

"If it was in my ship," said Martlock, scowling at his own officers, by whom he was regarded

with no very special affection, "I'd have had a court-martial on him before an hour was over."

Captain Willoughby was about to fire up, and remark that he needed no advice with regard to the government of H.M.S. Spitfire, when the steward boy returned, preceded by Jekyll, and followed at a distance by that incurable Pickle, Powis, who gave him such a tremendous pinch as he entered the state-cabin, that it drew from him a sharp and irrelevant scream.

The little midshipman looked very tumbled and dirty, and his blue jacket and cap were covered with dust and fluff. A more disreputable, disordered midshipman never presented himself to a punctilious irate captain.

"Mr. Jekyll," said his superior officer, turning round in his chair so as to face him "is this a state for a midshipman of Her Majesty's navy? What have you been doing, sir?"

"If you please, sir, I've been down in the hold, catching cockroaches."

There was a roar of laughter at the simplicity of the answer.

"A pretty occupation for a young gentleman."

"If you please, sir, we make pets of them."

There was another roar at this.

"Mr. Jekyll, I'm in no humour for fooling. I want a plain answer to a plain question. Was it you who emptied the wine out of this champagne bottle and put in salt water? Was it you, sir?"

The lad coloured, looked down, twirled his cap, stammered, and was silent.

At that instant Powis burst forward.

"And who sent for you," roared the Captain.

"How dare you, sir, enter this cabin without being sent for? Sir, if I break every midshipman in this ship, I will preserve proper discipline."

Powis was a fine manly lad of seventeen, and as he stood there, with firm, unflinching eye, and check flushed, he looked a very model of English youth.

"If you please, sir, I only came to say it was I who put the salt water in the bottle, and not Jekyll. I did not do it for the wine, sir, I throw that away; it was only for a joke."

"Only a joke! And how dare you, sir, play jokes on your superior officers? Go up to the masthead this moment, sir."

"Yes, sir." And up went the lad, as nimble as a cat and as full of mischief as a kitten.

Captain Martlock had left the vessel, with his own private opinions about the discipline of the Spitfire; and Captain Willoughby, the first lieutenant, and the doctor, were closeted in the Captain's private cabin over their coffee.

"Only to think of having to leave a ship of thirty-six guns in the care of such a born Pickle as that lad, Powis!" groaned the Captain, as he meditatively poured some brandy into his coffee-cup. "By George, sir, I shan't have a moment's sleep till I get my foot once more on my own quarter-deck. That boy is the greatest monkey ever I shipped. By George, sir, if he hadn't come forward in such a manly way to-day to save Jekyll, I'd have broken him."

"He certainly is a Pilgarlic," said the first lieutenant; "but I think when there was duty to do he'd do it. Duty soon makes a man of a boy, if anything will. I was just such another lad, till I was made captain of a French prize, and had to take her back into St. Helena. I was a man from that day."

"O, but there's good in the boy," said the doctor. "He's brave and generous; there's no vice in him, it's only mischief."

"Only mischief! He's the greatest scapegrace I ever had on board."

"Then let me stop on board," said the lieutenant. "Allow me to look at the wording of the despatch; there must surely be some loophole."

The captain took up the despatch, and read it under breath.

"No," he said, "here is this devil of a clause. 'You are requested to take all your officers with you, so as to preserve a dignity that may aid your negotiation.' No, we must all go. Well, I never did grumble at orders yet, but if I had ever done so, I might do so now. Doctor, mind you bring some quinine. There's safe to be a fever for one or two of us. By George, sir,

on an African station one ought to live on quinine if one wishes to live at all!"

The lieutenant and doctor took their leave of the captain, who wished to study his maps and prepare for the journey.

As the doctor was pacing the deck, and had arrived just under the mainmast, he gave a look upward to see if the offender was there. Yes, there he was, swinging his legs, fifty feet up, happy as a bird. As the doctor was still straining his head to observe him, there fell upon his face a shower of little white paper pellets, dropped with excellent aim by "Pickle Powis," as he was generally called, and with them came down in a shrill voice the mocking words, "To be taken night and morning."

The doctor was very angry; he tossed his head.

"That boy will come to a bad end. If I were the captain I'd keep him on the mast all night—a good dose of fever would tame him a bit; and egad! I would not bring him round a day too soon."

But the doctor was angry. If Powis had really been ill he would have nursed him as tenderly as a woman.

Half an hour after the doctor had retired to his cabin for a nap, there was a gabbling of voices and a splash of oars round the bows.

"There come those spics of niggers," said Gasket, as he looked over the ship's side. "Hang their yams, and cocoa-nuts, and bananas! All they want I know, is news of us to signal to the slavers. If I was the captain I'd never let a nigger set foot on the deck."

Up scrambled two stalwart negroes with nets on their backs, full of fruit. In a moment a fair was established at the feet of the mast. The negroes, eager for news and money, jabbering in broken English; the sailors, eager for fruit and vegetables, trying to learn the best way to the Gorubah country.

In the middle of this discussion, down came a half-crown, wrapped in paper, at the feet of one of the negroes. It was marked "Four bananas and a yam, twopence; give the change to Jekyll."

It was a message from Powis. A tall negro, thinking himself unobserved, slipped the bit of silver into his waistband. In a moment however, Jekyll had him by the wrist.

"Avast there!" he said; "fair play's a jewel. Let me read what Powis says."

The negro refused to give up the money, and assumed a vociferously injured air.

A scuffle commenced; in the middle of the scuffle appeared the first lieutenant.

"Here, no trouble with these niggers," he said. "If they choose to steal, over with them, lads; bundle them out, fruit and all."

The thing was soon done. Jekyll and a sailor wrenched the half-crown from the negro, the other sailors pushed the blacks down the ship's side, and tossed the unsold fruit into the canoe after them. Jekyll secured the four bananas and yam for his friend, Powis, and threw the twopence into the canoe of the enraged blacks, who, shouting and threatening, paddled off to the shore.

"Here's a pretty rig," said one of the men when Powis descended from the masthead, to become in a few hours after deputy-captain; "it used to be the high who were brought low, but now it's the low who rise high."

An hour after, the look-out man came back from Elephant Hill and reported a piratical-looking schooner as passing the next headland at noon. She had then stood out for sea, and was hull down at sunset.

"Piratical schooner be hung!" was the captain's reply. "They take every little coaster for a slaver. Slavers don't run into the lion's den. Bonny River's the place to trap slavers."

Powis received his command as coolly as if he had been expecting a vessel for years past. He promised little—the captain thought that a good sign, and so it was; but still he did not conceal from the boy his alarm and distrust.

"Powis," said he, "be a good lad and take care of the ship, or by George, sir I'll break you! When you want advice, ask the quarter-master;

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unaccustomed to act on his own responsibility, and he dreaded the rashness of a midshipman. He coughed, looked hard at a special rowlock, rabbed it with his great horny fist, and muttered something about,—

"S'pose it's a hambuscade. What can we do agin forty or fifty Portuguese? and as for blacks, they can fire muskets as well as white men."

"Oha!" said Powis, speaking between his half-closed teeth. "Do you think my brains are all leather, like yours? Don't I see that the rascals are gone ashore to bring slaves from the barracoon? There can be no one on board but a nigger and a sick man or two. I tell you, man, I'll go alone, and swim to it, if you are all cowards."

This fired the damp powder of the old seadog's spirit. There is a drop of Cain's cruel blood at the bottom of most men's hearts.

"Avast with your cowards!" he cried, pulling out his cutlass, and running his big thumb along the edge in a most business-like way. It was a bad omen for the slaver's men.

Powis's eyes glistened as he seized old Gasket's hand, and took off his own cap, and waved it. Then he and the men took out their pistols and looked to the locks, or tightened their belts, and slung round their cutlasses snugger for their hands.

The boy-captain's speech was spoken in a low but firm voice. "Men," he said, "we may be doing a safe thing, or we may be going to our death, for, even if we do get the slaver safe, our captain and comrades may not return in time to help us if the dogs dare to try and get her back. If we die, let us die like Englishmen, true to our God and our Queen; we must hold together back to back, and no flinchers. If we fail, they will at least say in England that we deserved to have succeeded. God be with us, and guide us to victory, for our cause is a good cause. Now then, men, give way with a will, and board her!"

"Pull straight for her, Spitfires!" cried Gasket, and out the boat flew from between the branches as if it was driven by steam.

The water was scarcely splashed by the oars. It seemed only an instant after that the boat lay alongside the phantom ship, and, headed by Powis, the boarders dashed like wild cats at the main chains, and sprang on deck with an English hurrah that was full of cheerful courage.

Three or four frightened negroes and an old Portuguese sprang to arms, but they were cut down or beaten down in a moment. One Spitfire was shot in the arm, but with the exception of that casualty, and a knife-cut on Powis's sword-wrist, the daring assailants suffered no hurt. The phantom ship was their own.

"Well done!" cried Powis, wrapping a handkerchief round his wrist. "The dog tried hard to get at my throat, but I gave him No. 3, Gasket, and that'll last him for some time. See to him; he mustn't bleed to death. The ship's our own. Now get up the anchor, for we must move her off."

He fired his pistol, and the Spitfire answered with a gun, as agreed on.

"We haven't too much time," he said, "for directly the blackguards hear the row they'll be after us. Now, with a will, lads, and I'll take a captain's bar myself, for I've got my left hand all right still."

And they did work with a will. They found some slaves in the hold, and made them, too, help. In an incredibly short time the vessel's head was turned, and she and the Spitfire were working down the lagoon, towards the old mooring-place.

And now, in the full excitement, the boy's nature began to crop up again. Once more on board the Spitfire, and down in the cabin, he danced hornpipes and hugged Jekyll. Nor was Jekyll one whit less delighted.

"Only think, Jekyll, how pleased the governor and master will be to hear how we took the slaver."

"The dodgy old fellow," shouted Jekyll. "Allow me, gentlemen, to propose the health of Captain Powis of the Phantom Ship; that's about the style."

But the boy's talk was broken by the entrance

of Gasket. He looked flurried, and rather pale with excitement.

"Mr. Powis," he said, "it's all up; here's the dirty blackguards of Portuguese on us as thick as thunder—boats full of 'em, sir, rampaging away like so many sore bears. You can see them poking their noses out of the bight there, as thick as bees at a swarming."

Powis was awake in a moment, and ready for the emergency. If there was not a Nelson, there was at least the making of a Collingwood in that "Pickle" of the vessel.

"We'll warm the dogs, Gasket," he said, leaping up, and calmly loading a revolver that lay on the table before him. "What we've contrived to get we'll contrive to keep. It can't be long before Captain Willoughby and our messmates return. Be quick, man, then, and give them a shell before the canoes spread out into the bay; we shall have them more in a lump now."

There was no time to lose. When Powis got on deck, five or six canoes, crammed with shouting negroes, mulattoes, and piratical-looking Portuguese sailors in Panama hats, were rowing fiercely out of the tree-shadowed mouth of the lagoon, and pulling straight for the Spitfire.

"Give it them hot, don't throw away a shot!" cried Powis to the men at the guns.

"Well thrown, but a little over them."

The next moment the second gun thundered out.

"Famous, by Jove!" cried the boy-captain.

This time the shot ploughed into the second canoe, and shattered it into fragments. The leading canoes halted to assist the wounded and pick up the survivors.

The Spitfires gave a shout of triumph. The next moment the storm burst full upon them. The slavers rallied and bore down upon them in full force. From the first canoe a dozen rough, black-muzzled fellows dashed at the Spitfire's side and attempted to board her. Powis met them with pike and cutlass, and drove them back over the ship's gunwale after ten minutes hand-to-hand fighting. Twice Gasket's outlass saved the boy-captain's life. Three of the oldest hands, urged on by Jekyll, kept at work all the time with a central gun, to keep off the other miscreants.

It was hard work, and the men were all but spent, when a discharge of musketry arose into the air from the foot of the Elephant Bill.

"God be thanked!" cried Powis, as he leant, faint and wounded, against a gun-carriage. "We are saved, boys. Give it them again? Blow the dogs out of the water! Now, all at once."

The pirates had fled, leaving one-third of their number dead in Elephant Bay. But Captain Willoughby had not arrived a moment too soon. Great was his astonishment and delight to discover that his "Pickle" of a midshipman had captured the famous phantom ship.

Powis is now, we rejoice to say, first lieutenant of H.M.S. A——, one of the finest vessels in the Channel Fleet. WALTER THORNBURY.

MIRACULOUS VOYAGE UPON A WHALE'S BACK.

IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

THE following extraordinary narrative of a voyage upon the back of a whale is translated from "Le Canadien" newspaper of 24th January, 1866. Although the statements appear to be incredible, they are vouched for on good authority.

Ma. Editor,—Will you reserve a space in your columns for the publicity of a terrible and miraculous occurrence which took place at Fox River, district of Gaspé; a truly astonishing fact, but one which can nevertheless be supported by the most incontestable evidence.

Last summer, while visiting the different posts in this district, I met at Fox River with a Mr. Narcisse Bernier, merchant of St. Thomas, Montmagny, who was there on matters connected with his business.

One fine day we decided upon making a trip upon the water with the view of enjoying our-

selves fishing for cod. A favourable wind carried us quickly to a distance of about five miles from the coast, where we threw in our lines, and set ourselves to fish. To our great satisfaction we took a large quantity; but this satisfaction and our position of tranquil security, from which we gazed upon the sea, smooth as a sheet of ice, was soon changed to one of terrible anxiety as far as we were concerned. The fish, hitherto so plentiful, seemed to have deserted us quite suddenly; and I, profiting by the occasion, sought repose from fatigue, in the bottom of the barge, leaving my friend Mr. Bernier to continue his occupation. I was soon in the arms of Morpheus; but you cannot conceive, Mr. Editor, my consternation on hearing the doleful cry of help, help ring through my ears in accents of the most fearful energy. The moment I heard this voice of terror I found myself raised upon my feet as if by some invisible hand; I looked in the barge, and on the surrounding water,—my friend had disappeared. A fresh cry aroused me from my stupor, and I beheld Mr. Bernier, boat hook in hand, on the back of an enormous fish, which I recognised to be a whale.

Seeing that the distance was too great to make myself heard, I hastened to raise the grappling in order to approach him—but, the whale uttered a frightful snort, started off with terrific speed, and in a moment was out of sight. "O! Eternal Heaven," I cried, "thou who preserved Jonah, would it be more impossible to protect my friend upon the back of a similar monster!"

Coming to myself, I thought of returning, and set sail for the land. Mr. Bernier was greatly esteemed in these parts, and sorrow soon spread itself through the village and neighbouring posts. In an agony of mind, and exhausted with fatigue, I retired early to bed, in order to deliver myself the more completely to the thoughts of the sad fate of my friend.

You will be equally astonished with me, Mr. Editor, in reading the following—Early next morning I was aroused by a knocking at the door of my room. I made the person come in. What did I behold—a phantom, or a human being? No, not a phantom, well then, a man. It was Mr. Bernier, himself, who came smilingly to shake hands with me. I believed myself dreaming, yet there he was in flesh and blood. You can easily understand the feelings I experienced in beholding my, resuscitated friend, for I thought him dead at the time. He recounted to me as follows the details of his terrible adventure:

"A short time after you had fallen asleep," said he, "I saw nearing us a black object, apparently drifting with the tide. I allowed it to approach, and to my great surprise, perceived it to be a whale, which I thought to be dead. Unfortunately it was only asleep or in a state of inexplicable lethargy; it stopped of its own accord in close proximity to the barge, and I resolved to possess myself of it. 'Ha ha!' said I, 'with this big fish, if I can only succeed in tying it to the boat, I will surprise Mr. Richard; I shall tell him I caught it with my line.' I got upon its back, with a boat-hook and a piece of cord, intending to make it fast to the boat. My back was turned towards you during this operation, and when I turned my head, I perceived myself at some distance. It was at this moment I shouted for help, and I think my voice, given with all my force, must have aroused the whale from her sloop, for off she shot like an arrow. Notwithstanding my fear I had presence of mind enough to plunge the boat hook into her back in order to furnish me with a sufficient hold. The wound made her double her speed, the water became like powdered snow driven before a violent gale of wind; I could see nothing, nor knew the course we were taking, though I felt certain we were making for the north, tacking sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left. I was quite in despair, and feeling my strength giving way was often on the point of slipping into the water.

"For the last time I offered my soul to God, when I perceived land towards which we were directing our course—a few minutes afterwards I recognized it to be the island of Anticosti, eighteen leagues distant from the south shore.

"The hope, that the whale would run herself ashore renewed my strength, and gave me fresh

courage, but at that instant she tried to plunge. I struck her several times with the boat hook, which had the effect of keeping her upon the surface, and I also wounded her with my knife repeatedly—her velocity doubled, and in a few minutes more we had nearly reached the land. You cannot conceive, my dear friend, my utter despair, on beholding her return with frightful speed to regain the south shore. I believed my last moment come; strength deserted, terror took possession of me, and I felt myself slipping into the water. In about an hour passed in the most mortal agony, seeing only the sky and the monster that carried me, I at last descried the south shore, already Fox River was in view—when—the accursed brute again changed her course to the East—I was in full view of the shore, all the time,—Griffin Cove, Cap des Rosiers and la Vieille, the last point of land on the south coast. The whale seemed inclined in leaving la Vieille to make for the ocean, but God in his mercy desired to spare my life, and suggested to my mind to direct her course by beating her violently on the left side of her head with the boat hook. Feeling herself thus ill-treated, she re-took her first course, lousing with all her might and running swifter than the wind. I passed two or three fishing boats, but at too great a distance for them to come to my aid.

"On perceiving me, however, they hurriedly made sail for the land, believing that it was the devil himself who was passing. I was now opposite Cap des Rosiers, and on nearing the shore prepared to commit myself to the water on the first indication of the whale to change her course. But, thanks to God, I had not this trouble—my monster was too frightened to see the shore, and rushed at her full speed upon les Galois du Cap where she stranded.

"Several fishermen came to my assistance, and brought me ashore."

Such, Mr. Editor, is the terrible adventure that befell Mr. Bernier, just as he related it to me, and which may undoubtedly be ranked with the first of miracles of the nineteenth century.

I remain, Mr. Editor, your humble and obdt. servant, DAVID RICHARD. St. Thomas, 17th January, '66.—Journal de Levis.

HINTS IN RABBIT KEEPING.

ONE essential is a comfortable house, substantial and warm, in order that the occupants may be well protected from damp, as dampness is conducive to the rot. But in your eagerness to provide a good house be careful not to make it air tight, as fresh air is as essential as warmth. In building hutches, care should be taken to leave plenty of room for exercise and breeding. Rabbits should be provided with two apartments—a bedroom and dining room. The hutches should always be kept clean, and to facilitate this it would be well, where there are two divisions in the hutch, to confine the rabbit in one room whilst cleansing the other.

As the profitableness of rabbits depends a great deal upon their food, rabbit fanciers should give great attention to this point.

Vegetables, if supplied judiciously and in great variety, are very good food, but they should never be given in a wet state. I have generally found lettuce; dandelions, dock-leaves, raspberry and enrrant leaves, also potato, celery, parsnip, and carrot agree very well with rabbits. In autumn when green food begins to get scarce, the waste stalks of beans and peas and the leaves of apple-trees should be resorted to. In winter turnips, and brewers' grains are generally safe food. The twigs of green trees are sometimes given to rabbits; stripping the bark affords them amusement, and the bark itself is nutritious food.

Rabbits should be fed three or four times during the day. Many persons adopt a feeding trough. An improved trough has come into vogue during the past ten years. In the improved trough a board is suspended by hinges from the top, and when the rabbits remove their heads from the trough, this board falls, and they are prevented from getting into the trough and spoiling the food.

Rabbits commence to breed after the sixth month. If the litter is large, it is wiser to select four or five of the best, and remove the rest. Young rabbits may be taken from their mother when they are six weeks old.

Fattening rabbits is a very simple process; allow them plenty of green food for a month, and they will become as juicy and tender as could be desired. The two principal diseases that rabbits are subject to are "the rot" and the "Liver complaint;" both of these are said to be incurable. A dry hutch is the best remedy for the first, and preparation for the table, for the second.

Somebody has made some curious calculations in regard to rabbits. He says, "three females and a male will give you a rabbit to eat every third day in the year. Also that from a single pair of rabbits one million two hundred and seventy-four thousand eight hundred and fifty were produced in four years."

PASTIMES.

PUZZLE.

Six of the following ciphers are to be struck out, leaving each row, each way, to count an even number, say two, four, or six.

0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0
0 0 0 0 0 0

ANAGRAMS.

Members of Legislative Assembly for Upper Canada:

- 1. As our mornings.
2. Match red cats so H.
3. L let Bob err.
4. Wi a miller and cheap owl.

CHARADE.

1. I am composed of ten letters; my 6, 3, 10, 9 is rather emphatic; my 9, 3, 8, 7 is kept by all good musicians; my 2, 5, 8 are very numerous; my 1, 6, 5, 8 signifies "the faithful and true;" my 4, 5, 7, 6 is to appear; my 10, 9, 7, 1, 2 is a mighty and useful power; and my whole are acceptable to Canadians.

ACROSTIC.

- 1. An ancient Roman famed for his integrity.
2. A Canadian lake.
3. A Bishop of London, who suffered martyrdom.
4. An Italian pointer.
5. A kingdom in Europe.
6. A Chinese city.
7. A celebrated dreamer.
8. A remarkable European city.
9. An early English king.
10. An eminent Grecian philosopher.

The initials will give the name of one of the characters in Hamlet.

TRANSPOSITION.

About fifty years ago, a young gentleman desirous of writing to his lady-love privately, and not being able to accomplish this through the ordinary channel, and not having an opportunity of seeing her personally to make an arrangement, sent her the following, which she, after much trouble, was able to decipher, and the correspondence which ensued was of the most satisfactory character, and of long duration. Will any of our readers try to make it out?

P mbes ofhs J xjti up ufmm
Nx tfdsu ulpohiut up uif
Cou li lopx—gbs upp xfmn
Ns mfauidt, spo, mbs ofwh sfbdi,
Vomstt tprf mfbot J dbo efwtj
Cs xijdi uipf mfauidt J mbs tfoe
Xjuipou dafbnjob b toanjt—
J xpome opu, fwo, usotu b gajfoe
Boe opx ns tdfaf J xjmm sfwfm.
Ulephl uif Qptu Pggidf J'mm xajuf up spo,
Uif beasftt spo xjmm qmfbtf dpoedbur
J tibmm ejaidu up—J. M. V.
Xifo J up spo b mfauidt tfoe
J xjmm tfoe b ofxtqbsf upp
J'mm beasftt uif qbbs up spos obnf.
Boe nbal po ja—J. M. V.
Jg uif tdfaf spo voestuboe
Qmfbtf xajuf, ofhs mbes, hoo tbr tp,
Jg spos boqepubm ja spal dpaaboe
J tibmm of hamo—Jg opu tbr op.

ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS, &c., No. 22.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Christopher Dunkin. 2. John Rose. 3. A. A. Dorion. 4. John Hillyard Cameron. 5. Charles McGill. 6. Arthur Rankin.

CONCORDS.—1. By adding B to it. 2. Dun Kin (Dunkin).

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Fox ox. 2. Shovel hovel. 3. Marin aria. 4. Estate state. 5. Muck u sic. 6. Skate kate ate.

CHARADES.—1. History. 2. Brantford.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Indivisibility. 2. Erebus. 3. Tennessee. 4. Prince of Wales.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.—No. 1—2, 4, 8. No. 2—996 wersts.

The following answers have been received:

Anagrams.—All, George, Wymbledon, Gd. E. H. II., 2nd and 3rd Bonum.

Concordus.—Wymbledon, George, T. Graham, H. H. V. Cloud.

Decapitations.—Wymbledon, Margravine, Cloud, H. H. V., Festus, Jas. H. Violet, Ellen B. 1st, and 2nd. R. T. B. Kingston.

Charades.—Both, Margravine, T. Graham, George, Cloud, H. H. V., Violet. 1st. R. Hamilton. 2nd. R. T. B. Kingston, Gd. E. H. Bonum.

Transpositions.—Wymbledon, George, H. H. V., Cloud, Festus, 1st, 2nd, 4th. T. Graham, Bonum, 1st and 3rd R. T. B. Kingston, 2nd and 3rd Margravine.

Arithmetical Problems.—Both, Margravine, T. Graham, Cloud, Violet. 2nd. Wymbledon, Gd. E. H.

CHESS.

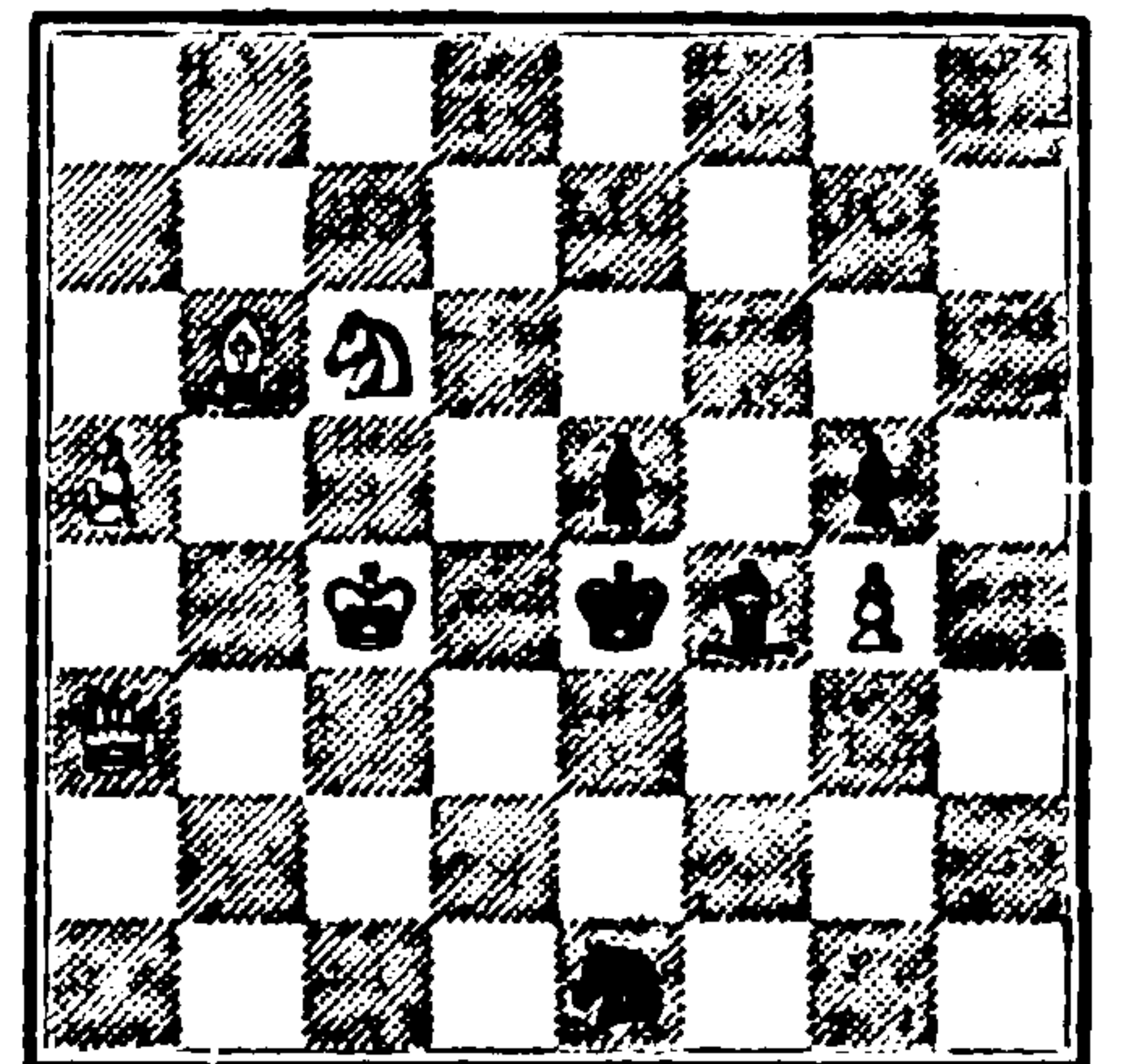
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 10.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1 Kt. to Q. B. 5th. K. takes P. or ta) (b)
2 R. to Kt. 5th (ch.) K. moves.
3 Kt. Mate.
(a) 1 P to Q B 7th, or P takes P.
2 Kt. to Q. 3rd. P. Queen.
3 P. to K. 4th. Mate.
(b) 1 K. to B. 5th.
2 Kt. to Q. 3rd (ch.) K. to B. 4th.
3 P. to K. 4th. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 12.

BY MR. F. HEALRY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

We clip the following smart little game, between Mr. Bode's of England, and an amateur, (the former giving the odds of the K. Kt.) from "Wilkes' Spirit of the Times."

IRREGULAR OPENING.

(Remove White's K. Kt.)

- WHITE (Bode.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
1 P. to K. 4th. P. to K. 4th.
2 B. to Q. B. 4th. B. to Q. B. 4th.
3 Castles. P. to Q. 3rd.
4 P. to Q. Kt. 4th. B. takes Kt. P.
5 P. to Q. B. 3rd. B. to Q. B. 4th.
6 P. to Q. 4th. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
7 Q. to Q. E. 4th. B. to Q. 2nd.
8 P. to Q. 5th. Kt. to Q. 4th.
9 Q. takes K. B. Kt. to B. 7th.
10 P. to K. B. 4th. Kt. takes K.
11 P. takes K. P. P. takes P.
12 P. to Q. 6th. Q. B. P. takes P.
13 B. takes B. P. (ch.) K. to K. 2nd.
White Mate in two moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BOSTON.—We are glad to hear that your English friends are so well pleased with the *Kaanaa*.

WILLIE.—X. X.—Gooans.—Much obliged.

R. O.—Respectfully declined. Some of the verses are good.

PARRY.—We fear the arrangement is too difficult. Many thanks nevertheless.

J. W.—Several reasons induce us to decline publishing the article forwarded. Will you try some other phase, as sketches of the character indicated would be acceptable?

R. HAMILTON.—Please accept our thanks—will probably make use of your contributions.

MISS INCOE.—You have but claimed a lady's privilege, and we bow to your decision, although we should prefer to have had an opportunity of reading the MS. We shall be happy to avail ourselves from time to time of the contributions received.

CANADIAN ROSE.—"A Dream" contains promising indications of future excellence, but is not quite up to the mark for Publication. We suppose "Canadian Rose" to be quite a young lady.

HEADCORN.—We are not prepared to dogmatize on the question, but in the case of a portrait we think there can be no difficulty—it at least would have an independent "right."

J. L., HAMILTON.—Specimens with price will be forwarded to you in the course of a few days.

L. M. E. T.—R. S. B.—Scorns.—Many thanks.

SCOTIA.—Received but not read—will report in our next issue.

C. H. S.—Have forwarded your letter to the Publisher who is absent. Will write as soon as his reply is received. Our impression is that a letter addressed to you must have miscarried.

E. A. P.—An edition of the Bible published at Oxford in 1717, was called *Vinegar Bible* on account of a misprint in the title of the twentieth chapter of Luke, which was made to read "Parable of the Vinegar," instead of "Parable of the Vineyard."

J. M., TORONTO.—Shall be happy to attend to your request.

V., KINGSTON.—In type, but unavoidably crowded out of the present issue.

P. H. D.—Not suitable for our columns.

JAMES W.—Either the *New York Times* or *Tribune* would be an excellent medium.

FRIEND.—The literal signification of Philadelphia is "City of Brotherly Love."

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

DEVILLED TURKEY'S LEGS.—Score the legs of a roasted turkey, sprinkle them thickly with cayenne, black pepper, and salt; broil them well, and pour over them the following sauce, quite hot: Three spoonfuls of gravy, one of butter rubbed in a little flour, one of lemon juice, a glass of port wine, a spoonful of mustard, some chilli vinegar, two or three chopped green chillies, a spoonful of mushroom catchup and Harvey sauce.

CIDER VINEGAR.—The poorest cider will answer for vinegar, in the making of which proceed thus: First draw off the cider into a cask that has had vinegar in it before, if you have such a one; then put into it some of the apples that have been pressed, or pumice; if placed in the sun, in two weeks it may be drawn away and put into another cask, fit for use.

LEMON CAKE.—To the whites of ten eggs, add three spoonfuls of rose or orange-flower water; whisk them for an hour; then put in a pound of sifted sugar, and grate in the rind of a lemon; mix them well, and add the yolks of ten eggs, beaten smooth; and the juice of half a lemon; then stir in three-quarters of a pound of flour, put the mixture in a buttered pan, and bake it in a moderate oven for an hour.

YEAST FOR HOME-MAN'S BREAD.—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and half an ounce of salt, in two gallons of water, for an hour. When nearly cold, bottle and cork it closely. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours, and one pint will make eighteen pounds of bread.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE CENTRE OF GRAVITY.—To find the centre of gravity of any body by experiment, suspend the body by two different points, find the lines of direction in each case, and the point where these lines intersect is called the centre of gravity.

USEFUL TO PAINTERS.—The effect of light on the aniline colours, and their decomposition, which takes place with ordinary varnishes, may be avoided by first dissolving them in alcohol, saturating the solution with gum dammar, filtering, pouring the filtrate into a solution of common salt, and drying, then incorporating with an oil varnish that is free from lead.

HAYES AND CO.'S PATENT SEWING NEEDLE.—This simple improvement, the tapering of the needle from the middle to the eye, diminishes the strain on the fingers in drawing the needle from the work, and prevents the thread from cutting. Greater expedition in sewing is another advantage insured by the use of this needle, as well as a saving of thread.

In a memoir read before the French Academy, M. Phillippeaux has shown that the spleen of animals is capable of regeneration. In case the spleen be so imperfectly removed from the body that a small portion of the organ is left behind, this remnant will grow till a new spleen, longer than the original, but having the true structure, is produced.

RELATIVE STRENGTH OF LIQUORS.—Dr. Jones, physician of St. George's Hospital, stated some time since, in a lecture, that the different fermented liquids which he had examined might, with reference to their strength or stimulating power, be arranged as follows:—Cider, 100; porter, 109; stout, 133; ale, 141; Moselle, 158; claret, 166; Burgundy, 191; hock, 191; Champagne, 241; Madeira, 325; Marsala, 341; port, 358; sherry, 358; Geneva, 811; brandy, 986; rum, 1243. Thus, ten glasses of cider or porter, six glasses of claret, five of Burgundy, four of Champagne, three of Sherry, &c., are equivalent to one glass of brandy, or three-quarters of a glass of rum. It must be borne in mind, however, that very little of the so-called brandy is pure.—*Scientific Review*.

PHOTOGRAPHY.—Mr. Warren De la Rue's lunar photographs are not only interesting as pictures of our satellite, but are found to be of great importance in a scientific point of view, for an eminent astronomer has declared that, in rectifying our knowledge of the moon, more has been accomplished by these photographs in one hour than by forty years' observation of occultations. This is a promising corroboration of what has been already remarked concerning photography, that it will become of essential importance to astronomical science. For example, the moon's libration is a phenomenon of which the observation has long overtaxed the patience and ingenuity of observers; but with photography it will be at once comparatively easy and exceedingly accurate. Henceforth, a photographic department will have to form part of every good observatory.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

DON'T PAY.—Never associate with a person that does not pay his debts. If a fellow won't pay, his company won't.

QUESTION IN ZOOLOGY.—What amount of cats does it require to make a large cat-amount?

THE BINDERPEST.—Somebody announces, as the latest telegram from Rome, that the Pope's bull has got the rinderpest.

HOW TO COMMIT MURDER.—Take a pretty young lady—tell her she has a pretty foot—she will wear a small shoe—go out in wet spring weather—catch a cold—then a fever—and die in a month. This receipt never fails.

A MAN was committed for contempt of court in New York, for repeatedly replying to the judge that his name was Nott Smith. The judge didn't see where the laugh came in till Mr. Smith had been in gaol twenty-four hours.

EPITAPH ON A PORTRAIT PAINTER.—Taken from life.

ONE very cold night, a jolly old fellow, who had been drinking too freely at a tavern, started for home in a gig and on the way was upset and left by the side of the road. Some persons passing a short time after discovered him holding his feet up to the moon, and ejaculating to some invisible person, "Pile on the wood—it's a miserably cold fire!"

A MERCHANT knowing little of geography, on hearing that one of his vessels was in jeopardy, exclaimed, "Jeopardy, Jeopardy, where's that?"

A MUSICAL critic, speaking of the vocal performance of a singer, said, "We hang upon every note!" a remarkable proof of the singer's power of execution.

A LITTLE boy being told by his mother to take a powder she had prepared for him, "Powder, powder!" said he, putting on a roguish smile, "mother, I ain't a gun!"

LORD WILLIAM LENNOX relates the following incident as having occurred at Lord Shaftesbury's examination of a girls' school:—Just as the noble lord was about to take his leave, he addressed a girl somewhat older than the rest, and, among other things, inquired, "Who made your body?"—"Please, my lord," responded the unsophisticated girl, "Betsy Jones made my body; but I made the skirt myself."—Another charity scholar, under examination in the Psalms, was asked, "What is the pestilence that walketh by darkness?"—"Please, sir, fleas."

A DASHING young bachelor lately appeared in New York with two handsome ponies, whose tails were done up to look like a lady's *chignon*, and cooped up in small fish-nets. The resemblance was striking, and the team created a great sensation.

"How rapidly they build houses now," said Cornelius to an old acquaintance, as he pointed to a neat two-storey house. "They commenced that house only last week, and they are already putting in the lights." "Yes," rejoined his friend; "and next week they will be putting in the livers."

"MILD REQUEST."—The *Boston Bee* has the following polite rebuke of snoring in church:—"Deacon—is requested not to commence snoring in church to-morrow morning until after the commencement of the sermon, as several of the congregation are anxious to hear the text."

APOLOGETIC.—A miller had his neighbour arrested upon the charge of stealing wheat from his mill, but being unable to substantiate the charge by proof, the court adjudged that the miller should make an apology to the accused. "Well," says he, "I have had you arrested for stealing my wheat—I can't prove it—and am sorry for it."

AT a camp-meeting a number of females continued standing on the benches notwithstanding frequent hints from the ministers to sit down. A reverend old gentleman, noted for his good humour, arose and said, "I think if those ladies standing on the benches knew that they had holes in their stockings, they would sit down." This address had the desired effect—there was an immediate sinking into seats. A young minister standing behind him, and blushing to the temples, said, "Oh, brother, how could you say that?"—"Say that!" replied the old gentleman; "it is a fact—if they hadn't holes in their stockings, I'd like to know how they could get them on?"

FRIENDSHIP.—"That's a very stupid brute of yours, John," said a Scotch minister to his parishioner, the peat-dealer, who drove his merchandise from door to door in a small cart drawn by a donkey; "I never see you but the creature is braying!"—"Ah, sir," said the peat-dealer, "ye ken the heart's warm when frien's meet."

NO EXPECTATION.—"John," said a traveller to a farmer's boy, who was hoeing in the field, "your corn is very small."—"Yes, we planted a small kind."—"But it looks dwarfish and yellow."—"Yes, we planted the yellow sort."—"I mean, you will not have half a crop—do you understand me?"—"Oh, yes, I understand; we don't expect to, for we planted on the shares."

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the Jew shall have the pound of flesh: but the Jew is told that the bond does not give him one drop of blood and—

"In the cutting off it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws, of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice."

The Jew is utterly foiled; he has a right to a pound of flesh, but he is afraid to take it, as he cannot get it without shedding Christian blood, and thus forfeiting his property to the state; and to make the matter worse for poor Shylock, he is accused of having broken the law in seeking the life of a citizen. Now if there was such a law, making it illegal to seek the life of a citizen, then the bond given by Antonio was void *ab initio* and the question as to whether the penalty could be enforced would never have been entertained for one moment by the Court; and if there was no such statute, and

"Lawfully the Jew might claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
"Nearest the Merchant's heart,"

then he would have been entitled to shed blood in getting it; for where anything is granted, everything requisite for the proper enjoyment of it is also granted; so that the right to shed blood being a necessary appurtenance to the right to take the flesh, would have been necessarily included in it.

From this and other instances, we conclude, that although the Bard of Avon did in his youth spend some time in the office of an attorney, and did acquire some knowledge of law there, still that he was very like the majority of "the young limbs of the law" of the present day, and paid more attention to, and thought more of, the fairer portion of the children of men than of the productions of Glanvil, Bracton or Fleta; and delighted more in the chase than in the dry and ponderous volumes of statutes and text-books.

KINGSLEY, C.W.

V.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND MONTHLY.

The Prospectus of a Church of England monthly, to be published in this city, under the title of "The Church of Old England," has been issued by Mr. John P. McMillin, a Southern gentleman now residing in Montreal. The proposed monthly will contain thirty-two pages royal 8vo. Subscription one dollar per annum. We believe the first number will be issued in March, if in the meantime subscribers can be procured to cover expenses.

We have received two useful little works from Mr. C. Hill: "Day's American Ready Reckoner," which contains many useful tables, adapted to the country merchant, the mechanic, the lumberman, and, in fact, to all who are called upon to deal with figures and are not specially expert; also, "Martines' Letter Writer," which is replete with models—and, as far as we can see, judicious ones—for correspondence on every possible aspect of social and mercantile life.

THE MAGAZINES.

GOOD WORDS. Strahan & Co., Montreal.

SUNDAY AT HOME. Strahan & Co., Montreal.

The magazines for February are beginning to arrive. In "Good Words" the "Madonna Mary" is continued, and the scene of the story transferred to England. "The Old Yeomanry Weeks" is a pleasant sketch of the days which preceded volunteer reviews. "A Frenchman's Impression of England a Century ago," by Dean Alford, will be specially interesting to those who know something of London as it is. There are several articles of a more thoughtful character, and an amusing poetical sketch concludes the number. "The Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood," which are told with great ability, constitute, to us, the chief attraction of "The Sunday at Home." "Militia of Prague" is an interesting sketch of the days when religious persecution was rife in Old England. Among the other articles we notice an interesting sketch of Frederick W. Robertson, whose "Life" was reviewed in the READER a few weeks since.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

We recently announced the forthcoming publication, from the Canadian press, of a new work from the pen of Mr. Morgan, and the probable issuing of a second edition of Mr. Sangster's "St. Lawrence and the Saguenay;" and we now have much pleasure in giving our readers some further intelligence with regard to literary movements in the Province. Messrs. Chewett & Co., of Toronto, have in press a work on Trigonometry, by Professor Cherriman, of University College; and the same enterprising publishers will soon commence the publication of a second edition of the Common Law Procedure Act, by Mr. Harrison, the able Western law writer. Messrs. Rollo & Adam, of the same city, will shortly produce a work on the Canadian Oil Fields, by Mr. Edgar, a Barrister of the "Queen City." We also hear of a Life of the late estimable Chief Justice Robinson as being nearly ready for the printer's hands; and of a well-known Canadian journalist and author as being engaged on a Life of the late Honourable Robert Baldwin, with Memoirs of his time. We learn, too, that Mrs. Somerville, of Dundas, has in contemplation the issuing of a collected edition of her poems; that Mr. Isidore G. Ascher, one of the best of our Canadian poets, who is now residing in London, and contributes to Coburn and Bentley, is to bring out a new volume in verse during the summer season; that a young gentleman in Upper Canada, who lately graduated with high distinction at one of our universities, is also preparing a series of tales and sketches for the London market; and that a former well-known contributor to the Reader is busily engaged on a work which will see print in a short time. We bespeak for all those efforts the highest success. By the way, what has become of the novel which it was said the late Mr. Cyrille Boucher had nearly got ready at the time of his death?

LITERATURE IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.*

Two works have lately come to us from our cousins in the Maritime Provinces, which claim more than a mere passing notice. The first, a valuable addition to the historical literature of British America, and one which must have cost more than the ordinary labour and research which such a literary undertaking requires, is from the pen of Mr. Beamish Murdock, Q. C., a name well known in Nova Scotia, not only for his services in the cause of our youthful literature, which we are all so desirous of fostering and serving, but from his having held various offices of importance under the crown, and being now one of the oldest living members at the Halifax bar. The other—a volume of poems—the production of a young lady, Miss Lockerby, who is now first introduced to the literary public.

Mr. Murdock's work (so far as published) commences with the history of French discovery, colonization and adventures in Acadie in 1604, and the 1st vol. brings the narrative down to 1739. Of the 2nd vol. four numbers have appeared, bringing it down to a later date—1756. The theme is a most romantic and inviting one, well worthy of engaging the pen of a Prescott or an Irving. Mr. Murdock has brought one good quality to his task necessary in a historian, a determination to write from history and documentary evidence, and not from vague, uncertain and often false tradition. The array of authorities which he quotes quite appals us. His style is clear and comprehensive, and free from any laboured effort. The "Wild Brier" is a model of excellence, coming as it does from our "tight little island," on the seaboard. The printing and binding is neatly if not elegantly done, and the work has been stereotyped too, and all on the island! The contents of the volume compare favourably with many of the same class which emanate from the American or Colonial press. The descriptive powers of Miss L. are considerable, and,

* "History of Nova Scotia or Acadia." By Beamish Murdock, Esquire, Q. C. Halifax, N. S.: A. & W. Mackinlay, vol. 1, 1865, pp. 643.

"The Wild Brier; or Lays by an untaught Minstrel." By E. N. L., Charlottetown, P. E. I. G. Brenner, 1860, pp. 190.

if properly cultivated, will bear good fruit. Her versification is pleasant and smooth. The book breathes a spirit of religious quiet and contentment throughout. We cannot do more in the present instance than announce the appearance of these two meritorious productions, which are really entitled to more extended notice, apart from the fact that anything written in the Lower Provinces, at the present time, when we are probably on the point of being united with them, ought to receive superior consideration and welcome.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The second volume of the "Life of Cæsar," by the Emperor Napoleon, will not be issued yet. Several cancells and alterations in the text have, we hear, been made by the Imperial author during its progress through the press.

The Paris *Patric*, in its survey of the events of 1865—the year of the conclusion of the American war, of the death of Lincoln and Palmerston, and of sundry other events—finds nothing in it worth remembering hereafter save the Emperor's "Vio de Jules Cæsar."

The friends of William Carleton, the Irish novelist, who is now seventy years old and in failing health, are exerting themselves to procure for him an increase of 50*l.* to his literary pension.

M. du Chaillu announces that he is about to give another volume of Travels and African experiences to the world. In it will be contained a full account of the small and peculiar tribes of natives met with by him in the mountains of Western Equatorial Africa between 1° and 2° north latitude, and 12° east longitude. This tribe of pigmies, termed "Obongo," may, M. Chaillu thinks, be considered the gipsies of the region. They are of migratory habits, and find a temporary shelter under trees or in caverns, and steal and then decamp. In the proposed work, besides other details concerning these little people, a short vocabulary of the language will be given.

The recent extraordinary articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, entitled "A night in a Workhouse," are said to be from the pen of Mr. Anthony Trollope. They have been reprinted in pamphlet form.

A new feature has been introduced into Shakespearean criticisms. We have heard much about the various subjects mentioned by him, but we are now threatened with notices of the things which he did not mention. In the current number of *Notes and Queries*, Mr. Walter Thornbury has an article on "Shakespeare's Silence concerning Smoking," and he promises others on "Shakespeare's Silence about Scotchmen and Silver Forks."

Literature and science are gradually becoming recognized as entitled to honours, as yet but sparingly apportioned to them. Professor Simpson, of Edinburgh, has had a baronetcy conferred upon him by the Queen.

The corporation of London have voted the use of the Guildhall for the purposes of an Industrial Exhibition to be inaugurated on the 1st of March next. In return the committee of the Industrial Exhibition have determined to devote the ample funds, if any, to the establishment of a Free Public Library for the City of London. Why should we not have a Free Public Library in Montreal and other Canadian cities?

M. Sayers has recently discovered a substitute for the magnesium light, which promises to be of much service to photographers. Twenty-four parts by weight of nitrate of potash, seven parts of flowers of sulphur, and six parts of red sulphide of arsenic, are thoroughly mixed. This composition, when set on fire, affords a most brilliant light, and the negatives produced with it give excellent positives. The contrast between the lights and shades, which, with artificial light, is apt to be very great, may be easily softened down by igniting at once two portions of the mixture; one, the more powerful, to light up the subject, and the other to modify the tones. It has been found that about half a pound of the mixture will afford light for half a minute.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Just published, this day, "The *Digress Papers*. By James Russell Lowell, complete in one vol. Paper covers, uniform with *Artemus Ward*." Illustrated. Printed on thin paper. Price 26 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Just published, *Second Edition* of "The Advocate" a novel. By Charles Heavyside, author of "Saul," "Jepthah's Daughter," &c. Cheap Paper Cover edition, 60 cents; Cloth, \$1.25; Qilt, \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid. By Professor O. Plaaz Smyth F.R.S.S.L. & E. &c. With Photograph, Map, and Plates. London edition, \$2.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Simple Truths for Earnest Minds. By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Words for February, Price 12½ cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sunday Magazine for February. Price 16 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Milish's Illustrations. A collection of eighty beautiful engravings on wood. By John Everett Milish, R.A. 1 vol., large 4to. London: Brahan & Co. \$6.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Shepherd and His Flock; or, The Keeper of Israel and the Sheep of his Pasture. By J. R. McDuff, D.D. 12mo. \$1.00. Montreal: R. Worthington, 30 St. James Street.
- The Parables of our Lord, read in the Light of the Present Day. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 1 vol., sq. 12mo. (ilt top. With Illustrations by Milish. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Theology and Life. Sermons chiefly on special occasions. By E. H. Plumtre, M.A. London. 12mo. \$1.50. Montreal: R. Worthington.
- Bushnell. The Vicarious Sacrifice, Grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell, D.D. 12mo. A new English Edition. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Angels' Song. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "Gospel in Faerie," &c. 22mo. 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Words for February. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sunday Magazine for February. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Magic Mirror. A round of Tales for Old and Young. By William Gilbert, author of "De Profundis," &c., with eighty-four Illustrations. By W. B. Gilbert. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Wordsworth's Poems for the Young, with fifty Illustrations. By John MacWhirter and John Lettie. A new edition. London: Alex. Strahan & Co. 86c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Downing on Landscape Gardening and Rural Architecture. A new edition. Edited by Henry Winthrop Sargent. 8vo. Beautifully Illustrated. B. Worthington, Montreal.
- The North-west Passage by Land. Being the narrative of an Expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By Viscount Milton, M.P., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., &c., and W. B. Chandle, M.A., M.D., Cantab., F.R.G.S. London. Cassell, Petter and Galpin. 8vo. Beautifully Illustrated. \$6.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Words for 1866. In one handsome octavo volume, with numerous Illustrations. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Sunday Magazine for 1866. One large octavo volume with numerous Illustrations. B. Worthington, Montreal.
- Jamieson. The Complete Works of Mrs. Jamieson in ten neat 16mo. vols. A new edition, just published. The only uniform one published. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Life of Lord Palmerston. With an account of his Death and Funeral. London. Routledge. 1866. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Student's English Dictionary. One vol. 814 pages. Illustrated. London: Blackie & Son. 1866. \$2.63.
- Hesperus and other Poems. By Charles Sangster, Author of New St. Lawrence and Saguenay, &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Robertson. Sermons and Expositions. By the late John Robertson, D.D., of Glasgow Cathedral. With Memoir of the Author. By the Rev. J. G. Young, Monisth. 12mo. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Dr. Marigold's Prescription. By Charles Dickens. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Kingsley. Hereward, the last of the English. By Charles Kingsley, author of "Two Years Ago," &c. 12mo. pp. iv., 397. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cl. \$2. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the late Province of Lower Canada. Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, Cloth binding, \$6.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.
- Artemus Ward, "His Book." Just published, this day, by R. Worthington. Artemus Ward, "His Book," with 19 Comic Illustrations, by Muller. Elegantly printed on best paper. Paper covers, uniform with his Travels. Price 26c.
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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. SALFOUR.

Continued from page 358.

CHAPTER XXV. PITFALLS.

"Vice is a monster of rash hideous mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen!
But seen too oft—(similar with her face—)
We first endure, then pity, than embrace."

A sudden shock acts by intimacies, like fire on some materials—it either divides, or more firmly welds them together. The tidings that had stricken Miss Austwicke, and which had so immediately called Marian Hope's qualities as comforter into exercise, did more towards breaking down the barriers of reserve than months of mere conventional attendance on the one side, and patronage on the other. The touch of Marian's gentle hand, the soft utterances of her quiet voice, the unobtrusive manners that anticipated Miss Austwicke's wants, and met them without fuss or demonstration, the light footstep falling so mutely that she might have been the embodiment of silence—were all qualities that contrasted with the flutter and officiousness of Martin and the natural grief of Gertrude, and made their possessor the most efficient person at Miss Austwicke's couch; so that when she offered to withdraw, there was a plea both from aunt and niece that she should remain a few hours with them. And so it happened that this first visit of Marian's established her on a friendly footing in a dwelling that she had entered as a stranger that morning.

It was evening when she was sent home in a cab to her father's, with the understanding that she was to come the next day, and, indeed, to consider herself from that time regularly installed in her office not only with Gertrude, but, as it seemed likely, also as companion and household friend in the family generally. Even Martin, who was jealous of any new faces that came about her mistress, was so far propitiated by Miss Hope, that she condescended to say to her intimates below stairs, "If that pale young creature have agreed to make herself generally useful, as many teachers does, all I can say is, she'll be able to boot up to them terms; and that's more than a many can say—for it's generally useless, as all they are, which professes so much in advertisements; and if this here Miss Hope helps to keep Miss Honor in a good cue, and, gracious knows, that's not cosy—specially since she've lost her brother, the capting—why all I say is, good luck to her, says I."

The few following days confirmed the worst tidings in all particulars. Mr. Basil Austwicke went down to Deal, hoping for at least the recovery of the body, and was summoned thence, in about a fortnight, to the coast of France, between Calais and Dunkirk, to help to identify among some bodies washed on shore, that of his nephew, De Lacy Austwicke. The brother of Professor Rath met him there, and gave his assistance in the mournful task of recognition—which, as the accident happened in the night, when the passengers were undressed and sleeping in their berths, was very difficult in all cases except that of the professor, who it seemed went to rest in a dressing-gown with a deep pocket filled with papers and memoranda in his handwriting, and full of notes on subjects connected with physical geography—a topic that was a speciality with him. Nor was there any doubt as to a tall, slender frame, much disfigured, but on one of the hands of which was a diamond ring, known to belong to the unfortunate De Lacy; and tied with a thin string round the neck was a picture of the mother he had lost in infancy. Professor Rath's brother identified both these bodies; and Mr. Basil Austwicke took possession of the body of his nephew, and brought it to England for interment in the family vault, that had only a few months before received the remains of Captain Austwicke.

But though the young De Lacy was even less known in the neighbourhood than his late uncle, it behoved the family, at least so the successor to the estates thought, to have a splendid funeral; and therefore, though the ladies remained

in town in strict retirement, Mr. Basil and his son Allan issued invitations to all the neighbourhood and tenantry; and the poor youth who had come to so sad a death was carried in great pomp to the vault in Winks church, his uncle and successor remarking to his son Allan, "It is all we can do to show our respect for the poor fellow, and to honour his memory; and therefore no expense shall be spared."

Certain it was, also, that from old Gubbins, the butler, to the most prosperous and influential of the tenant farmers on the estate, there was, amid the natural regret at such a fate befalling the heir, some feeling of latent satisfaction that the property no longer belonged to a minor; that improvements needed need not be postponed, and that a gentleman of presumable ability—for was he not a lawyer? and would doubtless see to his own interests—inherited the estate. The difference between active administration and a tedious minority, was an obvious good. Neither had it escaped all parties concerned in the estate, and many village and local gossips besides, that a foreign-bred young gentleman might never be very acceptable to them as landlord or neighbour. He would know and care little about the old place and people, they had long argued, and therefore some rustic minds, used to interpret providence in their own interests, were known to say, "It woz all along ov feather and zou a forakin' the old ways of the Austwicke, and living beyond seas, whereby a judgment had overtook 'em."

While these funeral matters and certain levellations detained Mr. (or as the people at the Chauce now called him Squire,—Austwicke in Hampshire, and his son Allan stayed with him, well content to gallop about over the grounds, and among the noble woods, and homesteads of the tenantry, making himself popular with them by his frank manners, fearless riding, pleasant words, and handsome person—while father and son were thus employed, Miss Honoria Austwicke had been passing through a sharp attack of illness. Anxiety of mind and neglected cold, quite as much as the shock to which, of course, her indisposition was attributed, had protracted her. Mrs. Austwicke was busy receiving and replying to numerous letters of mingled condolence and congratulation, in which the difficult feat of laughing and crying in one sentence was most ingeniously performed. She did not believe in Miss Austwicke's illness, but took it for granted it was a display of grief made expressly to annoy her. However, as there was no question that the death of young De Lacy had been a benefit to his uncle and cousins, Mrs. Basil could afford to be forbearing and sympathetic; and she therefore paid far more personal attention to her sister-in-law than at any previous time. Gertrude, of course, was always affectionate to her; there was something so very mournful in the fate of her cousin, that her grief was the genuine utterance of a young, fresh heart, as yet un sullied by a worldly thought. Allan, too, though a gay, thoughtless fellow, had sent some letters to his sister so full of expressions of generous sorrow, that Gertrude picked out many passages to read to her aunt, and they lost nothing either by her voice in reading or her comments. Allan had always been a favourite with Miss Honor. He had been a scholar at Winchester, and she had loved to predict his future eminence in the profession of his father. So that this English-reared Austwicke had to some extent comforted the proud woman for the disappointment she had suffered in the absence and foreign breeding of the heir. Now, when De Lacy had miserably perished, for some little time after the tidings had reached her, she was too much occupied with physical discomforts to think very clearly of anything but the one terrible fact of the youth's death. She was not accustomed to illness, and she thought herself drifting away on the waves of the dark river. Her depression and languor, the re-action from the tense state to which her nerves had been recently strung, was so complete, that she lay merely conscious of breathing, and being attended to, during the day by her niece and Marian Hope, and during the night by her maid. Gradually, as she regained the power of con-

secutive thought, there came the remembrance of all that had preceded the incident of De Lacy's death—all that she was so personally involved in. The face of the man Burke haunted her dreams. She woke often trembling till the bed shook under her, and asking with a hurried gasp, "Who is that?" scarcely satisfied with the assurances, repeated again and again, in loving or soothing tones as Gertrude or Marian were the speakers, that no stranger was near.

Her letters she had placed under her pillow, and never was seen by either of her attendants to open them, though they both thought she looked at them when, for a few minutes, they left her chamber. It excited no comment of Gertrude's, that she kept her letters so rigorously, for she knew her aunt's reserve, and with the delicate tact of her fine nature, would not have liked by a word, however kind, to have increased Miss Austwicke's sense of her own weakness by offering to read them for her. Of course, Marian had no remark to make on Miss Austwicke's habits in this particular; though as she noticed them, she thought of her dear invalid father, and of the confidence so fully reciprocated in their dwelling, and rejoiced more than ever at the perfect love which united their spirits, and had done so much to lighten the burden of life. Indeed, she came to the conclusion that Miss Austwicke would be a much happier woman if she were not so locked up in her reserve.

"She must have very deep feelings under that cold, proud exterior," Marian argued, "or why should she have thus sunk under the tidings of her nephew's death?" Little did she guess what was hidden in that aching heart—what inward sources of trouble kept up the fever that wasted her frame and retarded her recovery.

Miss Austwicke's daily dread was that some letter requiring instant attention would come from Burke. It was this fear that made her clutch the letters that were brought her, and scrutinise the handwriting on each address with her eager, feverish eyes; then thrust them under her pillow, and read them hastily and fearfully during the brief absences of her young companions. It was this fear that made her keep writing materials in a little upright desk that could be wheeled to her bedside, and the flap of which, like a bedside table, turned across, so as to be level with her hands. It was this fear that induced her, in spite of all prohibition, and all weakness, to answer some of the notes that came, so that if one arrived on the topic that she dreaded, and yet anticipated, she might, unquestioned, reply to it. Indeed, now that De Lacy was dead, she shrunk more than ever from the outcast children of her brother Wilfred. To own their claims—to put them in a position so much better filled by her brother Basil and his children—and such children? Allan, a youth to be proud of; Gertrude, a creature so formed for love, that even her isolated heart yielded to the charm, and set up in its solitude the one only darling of a whole lifetime; would be unendurable. To this proud spirit and warped judgment, the claims of these children of a low mother seemed a treason against Allan and Gertrude; to aid them, a conspiracy. And yet in the depths of her soul there was an audible voice that said plainly—try to stifle it as she might—"If these, the rightful heir and his sister, are kept out of their position and inheritance, it is a crime." Yes, Miss Austwicke's pride and irresolution had caused her to drift into crime.

In vain she uttered specious sophisms to silence the monitor within, such as, "They never can miss what they never had. I can help them, and I will do so; and they will gain—that is, they may if they choose—a better station than their most ambitious hopes now point to. Surely that is enough. If De Lacy, poor fellow, had lived, I meant to have done for them as much, or more, than Wilfred could have expected of me. Why should I provide for his penniless, unacknowledged children? I should not and need not have soiled the Austwicke name by giving it to them; but as this death—this awful accident—has come, I'll do more. I'll impoverish myself, if need be, and that's what could never have been expected of me, so as to give a compensation to them. What would they know about an

ancient name and station? No, no; what I shall do will be enough—will be right, in fact."

In this way she tried to temperise and compound with conscience. Strangely enough, she still complimented herself as an honourable woman. Yet still the voice said, "They are defrauded: it is crime."

Notwithstanding all this tumult of feeling, a good constitution and good nursing triumphed over the illness. Miss Austwicke rose from her bed more thin, pale, rigid, and stately than ever. She seemed to herself to have fought her battle on the bed of pain, and conquered. No more indecision now. Her course was taken; she was ready to meet Burke's demands about the children liberally.

"Of course," she said to herself, "he knows nothing of my family. He cannot know that my brother Wilfred was older than Basil. To him these family changes will mean just nothing." She was the more assured of this by hearing incidentally from Marian that a school had just been selected for Mysis Grant, where she was to be placed as an articled pupil.

Ah! Miss Austwicke, while you trod a straight path you were safe: in crooked ways you are utterly helpless.

CHAPTER XXIV. UNEXPECTEDLY BAFFLED.

"The hawk darted down with sudden swoop,
But his prey had hid in the caves of the roof."

Mr. Burke had not been so tranquil, and was by no means so ill-informed of the particulars that we have recorded, as Miss Austwicke supposed. His vigilance in observing Binfield Cottage soon made him acquainted with the hours of Marian's absence, and the place where those hours were passed. Moreover, at this time, his ally, or subordinate, Janet—or, as the family called her, Ruth—was at Austwicke Chase, and he had from her due notice of the great change that the death of the heir had created in the family; moreover, he did not neglect his privilege of entrée into Mr. Hope's dwelling, in his character of delegate from some relative of the children. He suffered a week to elapse between his first and second visit, being somewhat surprised that on his various tours of inspection, though he saw Mysis walk out occasionally, and Marian go and return regularly, he saw nothing of the boy Norry—now, as no one knew better than he—become an important person. Indeed, the reason that Old Leathery laid quietly for a while on his oars was, that he wanted to observe the current of events, and see what tide would be most likely to carry him on to fortune. A young heir would, probably, as he reached manhood, pay more for any help that reinstated him in his position, than an old woman would to keep him out of his rights. Moreover, there was also the interest of the present possessors to be thought of; whether they, when they had become confirmed in possession, might not be willing to pay handsomely to suppress such evidence as Burke could give. No idea that rectitude of principle in the parties concerned would thwart any of his plans for a moment entered into Burke's calculations. It is the peculiarity of guilt that it is incredulous of goodness. This man, whose master-sin was not so much duplicity as avarice, who for years had pocketed an income—small indeed, but as large as he could make it—by filtering the stipend paid for the two children through his own purse, and keeping a residue which, to one of his habits, was precious, saw first through Miss Austwicke's pride, and now, by the changes death had wrought, the means of augmenting his gains, and it took him some time to balance probabilities and calculate chances as to his own interests. The slight defect was that, while he was thus employed, and had, as he thought, the whole fairly before him, the principal personage in his little drama had, unknown to him, escaped. By the time that he had come to the conviction that, for the present, he would make as much as he could out of Miss Austwicke, and then, in the event of anything happening to her, would, as he saw best ultimately, gain by helping the real heir to obtain his rights, or the false one to keep his position. Meanwhile it was necessary that he

should call again on Mr. Hope. On this occasion he chose noon, the time when Marian, he knew, would be absent. Already his keen eye detected signs of change in the dwelling: a young servant answered the door. He was shown into the little parlour, where the asthmatic piano was wheezing out an exercise, in obedience to Mysis's persevering fingers, and in outrage to her ear. She did not, amid the husky jingle, hear the stealthy tread of the old man as he approached her, and stood behind the music-stool, leering at her. When she was conscious of some one behind her, and rose up in great confusion, certain that her practice, which was to her a duty, must be a torment to any hearer that she would not think of inflicting, she was by no means propitiated by the cringing bow, and the face, squeezed up into something meant for a smile, and the subdued sort of whisper into which the rasping voice fell, as he said—

"Don't, my dear young leddy—pray don't let me interrupt ye. Pray go on with them nimble fingers; I doat on music—perfectly doat on it."

"Our instrument is so out of time—that is, so old, sir, it's not fit to play on to any one. No, pray excuse me. I never play, except my lessons." The latter words she said shrinking from his hand, which he was reaching out to prevent her leaving her seat.

If Mysis had been accustomed to admiration, and fond of it, so as to have become what many girls of fifteen are, conscious of personal advantages, and full of tricks of vanity, it is not likely she would have looked one-half so well as she now did, standing upright, with the radiant blush rising on her cheek, and the light of something vastly like incipient anger gleaming in her eyes. This cringing old man, with his fulsome compliments and fawning whisper, was instinctively offensive to her, and roused the reserve which was a part of her nature, so that, with perfect self-possession, she said—

"You wish to see Mr. Hope? I do not know whether he can see any one. Have the goodness to take a seat while I inquire." And so speaking, she bowed herself out of the room.

Mysis returned, looking pale and grave, her eyelids cast down to hide the gathering tears. She had not at first recognised in the stranger the person who had called before, at night time—that very night when Norry fled;—the man who had to do with the future destiny of her brother and herself. She did not speak, but curtseying, showed him up-stairs to Mr. Hope's study.

The week that had intervened since Burke had seen Mr. Hope had, notwithstanding his anxieties, been one of progress to the invalid: he could move more freely about his little room with the help of his crutch. He was inspired, both by his fears and his hopes, with a strong desire to gain some mastery over his physical weakness, and had, therefore, paid more attention to his diet.

Notwithstanding his weakness, Mr. Hope had neglected no means of making inquiry for Norry. He had sent his description to the police-station, and employed a man to go to all the hospitals and infirmaries, in case of accident, and to such lodging-houses as were under the police surveillance; but, as yet, not a trace had been found. Nay, some inquests had been attended of drowned persons, lest, by misadventure or—he dared not think—suicide, the boy he had reared as a son had thus perished. The only result of all these inquiries was to fill him with astonishment and awe at the number of stray waifs being sought for amid the social drift and débris that underlie the surface of mighty London. Still, he was not inclined to doubt of ultimate success. His own theory, and that adopted also by the family, was that the boy had gone to the Docks, and taken service on board ship. For, though by no means a lad mad after maritime adventure, he had been noted for the passionate zest with which he devoured books of travel; and in no other way than as a ship-boy, they concluded, could he remain away. Still, every knock at the door, every caller, was nervously expected by Mr. Hope to be the bearer of tidings; so that when Burke entered the room, there was no feigning in the surprise the former manifested. Forgetting that his visitor knew nothing of

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The cravat was the mark of a less republican and teveling age than cars; it was for exclusives who dreaded the march of intellect, reforms, and the removal of rotten boroughs. The cravat that took one hour to tie served to distinguish the man of fashion, the man of the "Row," of the Pour-in-hand Club, and of Boodles, the patron of the ring, the indulger in rouge-et-noir, chicken hazard, and cock-fighting, from the Pretender of Bloomsbury, who used plated forks, and hired green-grocers to wait at dianor-parties.

Many pages of this great work are devoted to preliminary instructions.

When the laundress brought home the cravats, they had to be carefully examined by the valet, to see whether they had been properly washed, ironed, and folded, and to study the exact style in which each might be worn to the best advantage. If badly got up, the cravat became faded and yellow. The quality of starch was also of infinite value, remarks the profound author, as it gave substance, elasticity, and suppleness to the muslin, and in summer possesses this incalculable advantage, that it prevents the cravat from adhering too closely and warmly to the neck. When arranged, it was necessary to pass the fingers lightly along the top, to smooth and trim it, and make it coincide with the shirt-collar.

It was requisite to have, and carry everywhere with one, a small iron, made for the purpose, to smooth the tie, and to produce a thin and equal edge. To prevent a bunch at the back of the neck, it was necessary to fold the cravat of the requisite height, and to remember to fold the one end down and the other up. "No gentleman, with the least respect for his appearance," says the author of this volume, "could travel without a box, eighteen inches long, and divided into compartments;" and this box was to contain a dozen plain, a dozen spotted and striped, and a dozen coloured cravats, three dozen collars, two whalebone stiffeners, two black silk cravats, and a small flat iron.

Our talented author insists especially on the following great laws. In whatever style the cravat is put on, the knot once formed, good or bad, is irrevocable, and must on no pretence whatsoever be changed. As in the sauces *blanches* in cooking, so in the cravat, the smallest error is fatal to the whole. A new tie must be produced by a fresh cravat, as a new sauce must be prepared with fresh ingredients.

There were also medical rules to be observed with respect to the cravat, which was a high-pressure sort of decoration, and required to be handled with scientific prudence. It required to be loosened in cases of fainting and apoplexy, before study or business, and during a heavy dinner. Apoplectic, short-necked men were adjured to wear it loose, and to remove it during sleep.

Coloured cravats could only be used for undress. The white cravat, with spots or squares, was received as half-dress; but the plain white, as at present, was indispensable at balls or soirées. The black stock was restricted to military men, when in plain clothes, and not on service.

There were eighteen methods of putting on the cravat, and it required sixteen lessons to obtain any mastery over them. The *chef-d'œuvre* of cravat ties was the *Nœud Gordien*. This was so intricate that it was usual with impatient dandies to remove the *Nœud Gordien* by cutting the cravat off their necks. This tie, the key to all the others, could only be worn once. The slightest error in its first fold vitiated its whole construction. The author explains its form, in five diagrams, which are more difficult to comprehend than the most puzzling problem of Euclid's. You passed the point *a* inside the point *b*, and so on, till the mind became a labyrinth of confusion. It was usual with the dandies to practice first on a block.

We shall now sum up some of the names and characteristics of the more celebrated cravat-ties, for the amusement of those who are fond of old prints and caricatures, to which such fashions serve as notes and comments.

The *Cravate à la Torque* was shaped like a turban; the starched ends formed a crescent under

the chin. This cravat was made of the purest white muslin or cashmere. The *Cravate à la Washington* was sea-green, striped blue, or red and white, and the ends fell in front *en cascade*, and were pinned to the shirt. This tie, the author observes, when correctly formed, presented the appearance of a column, such was its smoothness and height. The *Cravate Collier de Cheval*, greatly admired by the fair sex, required no starch, and was generally striped or spotted, or of a Russian-leather colour: the ends were fastened at the back of the neck. The *Cravate Sentimentale* was not to be worn by the most agreeable after the age of twenty-seven. It required a face with 'a sympathetic charm,' and a physiognomy 'that inspired sensations of love and passion.' It was especially hideous, and was fastened by a single rosette or small bow immediately under the chin.

The *Cravate à la Byron* was adopted by the poet from whom it derived its name, because a tight stock cramped his imagination, and sullorated his thoughts. The *Byron cravat* was really a sailor's tie, fastened in a large careless bow, six inches in length, and four in circumference. It only turned once round the neck, and was thought comfortable for summer or during a journey. In the *Cravate à la Bergami* the ends were not tied, but crossed on the breast, and tied to the braces. The *Cravate de Bal* was a spotless bandage of unwrinkled muslin, with the ends pinned to the shirt. The *Cravate Mathématique* was black, the ends crossing each other athwart the throat with the most geometrical exactitude.

The *Cravate à la Gastronomer* was a cravat planned by the wise and philanthropic. It was seldom worn by men under forty. It was only three fingers broad, and fastened with a very elastic knot, that slackened with the slightest movement of the neck, the faintest vacillation of the jaws, the most imperceptible swelling of the throat. It possessed this great and inestimable advantage, that it loosened itself in cases of indigestion, apoplexy, or fainting. The *Cravate de Chasse* was of a deep-green or deal-leaf colour, while the *Cravate à la Duno* was white. The *Cravate à l'Anglaise* was never starched, the *Cravate à l'Indépendance* was always striped with red, blue, and white.

This book must have been invaluable to the dandies. 'Persons,' as the phrase went, 'who were ambitious of mixing in polite society' could not surely have done without it.

In his final chapter, 'On the Importance of the Cravat in Society,' our author rises almost into inspiration. He says that when a man of rank makes his *entrée* into a circle of taste and elegance, he will see, after the usual compliments, that his coat attracts small attention compared to the critical and scrutinising examination that will be made 'on the set of his cravat.' If this be not correctly and elegantly put on thought, his coat be of the reigning fashion, and Stultze's most exquisite performance, all eyes will be coldly turned on the folds of the fatal cravat; his reception will be icy; his name goes down for ever branded as that of a bad dresser; he will be considered an ignorant pretender; he will be compelled to suffer the impertinence of every contemptuous fop; he will have to bear in silence the perpetual jeering whisper: 'He cannot even put on a cravat properly.'

But, on the other hand, the fortunate wearer of a scientific cravat, a cravat *savamment* and elegantly formed, even although his coat may not be of the last cut, will meet with a very different reception. Every one will rise and receive him with marks of distinguished respect. They will cheerfully resign their seats to him; their delighted eyes will be fixed upon his well-covered throat; even though he talks downright nonsense, he will be applauded to the skies, and the remark will be certain to be made by the best qualified person present: 'That man has critically studied the thirty-two lessons on the art of tying the cravat.'

The author concludes his volume with a hint for persons entering polite society for the first time, and it is worthy their treasuring up: 'The greatest insult that can be offered to a man *comme il faut* is to seize him by the cravat. In this case, blood only can wash out the stain upon the honour of either party.'

Without pulling ourselves about the advanced

civilization of our age, we can at least, even from such a small landmark as this book, see that in some things we have at least grown wiser than our ancestors. Fashion is still frivolous, fickle, and irrational; but its aberrations are certainly fewer and less absurd; while we have ceased to try and make mere dress a mark of exclusiveness and social distinction.

THE AQUAMARINES.

BY J. G^o, MONTREAL.

Continued from page 376.

Mrs. Ayton was greatly surprised, when Lucy, upon her return, gave her a recital of the circumstances connected with the handsome gift which she had so unexpectedly received, and of course could not object to her retaining the ornaments, as it was impossible to return them to the giver. She soon dismissed the affair from her mind, merely thinking of it as the caprice of a young man who possessed more money than discretion in disposing of it. On Lucy's sensitive and more youthful heart, the occurrence left a much deeper impression; one indeed which was destined to change the current of her future life. The jewel seemed to possess a talismanic influence, for henceforth Lucy was no longer the careless, merry girl of yore. A shade of deeper thought now rested on her fair brow, and at times a pensive expression lent a softened beauty to her dark blue eyes. When alone, her work would frequently drop from her hands, and, musing, she would recall the stranger's looks, and wonder if they should ever behold each other again. Often, at night, when she sought her silent chamber, Lucy would draw forth the morocco case, and, opening it, would sit gazing upon its contents. She heeded not their value, but they came from one who had paid involuntary homage to her beauty, and, womanlike, she could not avoid feeling an interest in one who so evidently had admired her. Who was he? What his name? Had his life been gilded by the sunshine of domestic happiness, or had the storms and clouds of a wayward fate swept over the horizon of his existence? Too much she feared the latter had been his lot! Would he never revisit these shores again? Were they fated to meet again? Such were the questions Lucy asked in vain, and many were the conjectures which arose in her mind regarding the quiet foreigner, whom she had seen for a short moment, and whose brief message seemed to crave her sympathy for some early grief which had left its shadow in those expressive dark eyes. The only answer to them all was contained in the bright jewels which she held in her hand; and as she continued to look at them, the pale sea-green gems whispered to her of the dangers of the stormy deep, and in fancy she beheld the huge billows, and heard the loud winds roaring as they tossed about the vessel which bore him away, further and further, and fervent prayers for his safety rose in her heart. Nor was this all. There was one who had for many years been devoutly attached to Lucy. Frank Selden, the cousin of her friend Margaret, a young lawyer, fast rising to eminence, only waited till it was in his power to provide a home suitable to his wishes, and then he intended to declare his love and ask Lucy to share it with him. At the approaching marriage, Lucy was to be bridesmaid, and Margaret had arranged it so that Frank should be groomsman. "You know, dear Lucy, one wedding brings another," she archly remarked when apprising her of this arrangement. That they were intended for each other was the general remark; and Lucy, perhaps unconsciously to herself, had acquiesced in the opinion of her friends. Selden had been a visitor at their house for many years, and Lucy could not but acknowledge that her lover possessed all those qualities calculated to ensure domestic happiness to her who consented to share his lot. Frank Selden could not fail to observe the alteration which had taken place in Lucy's manner; and with a lover's watchful eye, he noticed with pain that his society no longer afforded her the same pleasure as formerly, and he tried in vain to ascertain the cause of that thoughtful expression which so suddenly replaced

the air of girlish gaiety which her youthful face had hitherto worn.

CHAPTER III.

It was a lovely moonlight summer evening, and Frank Selden and Lucy walked together in the garden. They were about to re-enter the house when Frank, in an earnest tone of voice, exclaimed, "Lucy stay one moment longer. I came hither to-night to learn my fate. Will you be my wife, dear Lucy, and it will be the endeavour of my future life to make you happy?" Though Lucy's mind might have been prepared for the avowal which Frank now made, she felt startled and surprised, and conflicting emotions filled her heart, among which, esteem for the sterling qualities of her lover, and admiration of his talents, were conspicuous. But did she love him with that depth of affection which alone could insure happiness in wedded life? Alas for Lucy! A pair of earnest dark eyes met hers, but they were not those of Frank Selden. The deep tones of a well remembered voice rang in her ears, and a form only once seen, but unforgettable, rose phantomlike between her and the lover who pleaded his cause with such manly sincerity. Overcome by contending emotions, Lucy, pale and trembling, leant against the pillar of the portico for support.

"Frank," she at length exclaimed, "I esteem, I admire you, but I fear I do not love you as you deserve."

"I shall be perfectly content with that degree of affection you can bestow upon me, dear Lucy, provided no other shares your love. That I could not endure. But I shall not hurry you; at another time I shall hear your decision, and oh! remember that the future weal or woe of one who loves you dearly depends upon your answer."

Lucy bowed her head in silence, and Frank, after bidding her an affectionate good night, took his departure. Lucy sought her quiet chamber, and in its solitude tried to regain her composure. A few short weeks ago, had Frank asked her to become his wife it is probable that her answer would have been unhesitatingly given. She had esteemed and admired, perhaps she also thought that she had loved him; but there were depths in fair Lucy's heart which had till lately been unknown, and which a romantic—and Lucy to herself confessed a foolish—attachment for an utter stranger with whom she had never exchanged a single word had awakened, and whom in all probability she might never again behold. What a strange riddle is a woman's heart! She remains cold and insensible to the faithful tried affection of years, which has endured through sunshine and storm, through joy and sorrow, and yields her undying love to one who comes suddenly across her path and to whose keeping she entrusts her future happiness without a doubt or fear. Long sat Lucy, silent and absorbed, and the tears dropped fast and unheeded upon the pale gems which she held in her hand and dimmed their lustre.

"No, it is impossible," she at length exclaimed, "I cannot, must not wed Frank Selden. A short time ago, I know not what my answer might have been. But ah! how foolish, how vain am I to dream for a single moment that we shall ever behold each other again! That he will ever return from his distant home to make me his bride. Strange delusion! But I can never become the wife of one man while my heart is filled with the image of another."

CHAPTER IV.

Fifteen years have sped away and with their joys and sorrows have passed over fair Lucy's head, and she is still unwedded. Many besides Frank Selden have wooed, but no one as yet has won her. She is no longer the fair young girl we last beheld her, but she is still a lovely woman, for she belongs to a land where the rose blooms on the cheek at an age when it has fled forever the more fragile beauties of less temperate climes. She is now a dignified woman, though her manner yet retains much of its girlish simplicity united to the quiet self-possession of mature years. Her blue eyes beam as kindly as ever, and her sunny ringlets are as luxuriant as when we last saw her. Many wonder why Lucy is still un-

married, but she laughingly evades the badinage of her intimate friends who rally her on this subject. Her society is sought as eagerly as ever, and a legacy unexpectedly bequeathed by a distant relative has placed the mother and daughter in affluent circumstances, and reinstated them in their former position in the world. Margaret is now as sincere a friend as of old. Some half dozen urchins cluster round her table, and her husband, Mr. Seymour has secured by industry a handsome competence. Their mansion is stately and furnished in costly style, and Mrs. Seymour's tastes are distinguished for their elegance and the agreeable society to be met there. Mr. Seymour is now seated at the breakfast-table and holds a letter in his hand which bears a foreign post-mark, and from which, as he leisurely reads and sips his coffee, we shall take the liberty of making an extract.

"Many thanks, dear Seymour, for your friendly epistle which reached me lately, and which has had the effect of hastening me to take a step which I have long had in contemplation. I am weary of this life of exile from my native country and long to inhale its fresh breezes as ardently as ever Swiss sighed to behold his mountain home again. This eastern land, gorgeous though its scenery may be, has become distasteful, and I desire to mingle among my own countrymen, for here I lead the life of a solitary, and often for weeks at a time, do not even hear the accents of my native tongue. I possess wealth sufficient to gratify my moderate wishes; and I would return to my own country before this enervating climate has rendered me incapable of enjoying the fruits of my industry and self-denial. For, Seymour, you must recollect that I am no longer a young man, though at forty I can hardly consent to be termed old. Blessed as you are with the society of a wife and children, you can hardly sympathise in the loneliness of my lot, or understand how ardently I desire to possess a home, a domestic hearth,—and a vision comes across my sight of one who, I fondly fancy, might have rendered that abode an earthly paradise. My dear friend, we have each had our dream of happiness, and yours, fortunately for yourself, has been realised. Do not smile, and I shall tell you mine, dim and shadowy though it may be. Do you remember the last time I visited England for a short time, now fifteen years ago? The very day upon which I sailed for India, by the merest chance I met a fair girl, whose memory still haunts me, and whose lovely face, blooming and youthful as it then was, beams upon my mental vision like that of an angel, estranged as I have lived from the charms of female society and surrounded only by the dusky natives of this eastern country. I learnt her name, but that was all; and had not my word been pledged that I should sail that very day, I would have learnt more of one who so deeply interested me, and, if I can read aright the expression of woman's eye the prepossession was mutual. Never shall I forget the embarrassed air, the bright blush which suffused her modest face as she encountered my too admiring gaze, for I could not conceal the sudden feeling with which I was inspired. Her name was—But no! I shall not even write. When I see you I shall tell you more, and you will assist me to realise this dream which I have cherished for so many years; though faint and shadowy is the hope that I shall find her unwedded, for she was not one to remain unsought; and the unknown stranger who passed from her sight like the shifting form of a kaleidoscope must quickly have faded from her memory. Five years after my return to India, I endeavoured again to obtain leave of absence, but death had been busy among my superiors in office and I was compelled to remain. Besides I feared to encounter the almost certain disappointment, which would await my enquiries, and I almost preferred to linger on in uncertainty to braving the alternative of having my hopes annihilated. Had I seen other faces, many perhaps as fair but none so attractive to me, perhaps the impression then made might have gradually been effaced, or another might have taken its place; but solitary and unloved as I have lived, that chance meeting is the brightest incident of my past life, and

one which memory never tires of recalling. I think I see you smile, Seymour, at your friend thus rearing a superstructure of happiness upon such an aerial foundation, but nevertheless I cling to hope. At all events I shall purchase an estate in your immediate neighbourhood, and settle down, at least as a solitary old bachelor, if not as a bachelor, and we shall talk over those days we spent together in boyhood. Before this reaches you, I shall have sailed for England, so adieu till we meet there."

"My dear," said Mr. Seymour, as he concluded the epistle and his coffee at the same time, "Desborough, whom you have so frequently heard me mention is on his way to England. He is a splendid fellow, if fifteen years have not greatly altered him. I am delighted to think that we shall have him for neighbour. He is wealthy, and hints at the possibility of marrying and settling down beside us. He cherishes some romantic recollections concerning a lady whom he met many years ago, but of whom he has not since heard. Pity that his affections are engaged. Desborough is precisely the man that I would have chosen for our fastidious friend Lucy Ayton, both in respect to years and excellence of disposition. But I am no matchmaker. I leave such affairs to you ladies. When he arrives, I trust you will invite some of our friends to meet him, and we must give him a cordial welcome home again. Poor Desborough, the history of his earlier years is very sad. A rebellion suddenly broke out in the remote province of which his father held the military command, and the whole family were barbarously murdered with the exception of Charlie who was in England at the time, receiving his education at the same college I attended. The sudden and awful bereavement which left him alone in the world wrought a great change in the hitherto bright and cheerful boy; and I well remember how clumsily I tried every stratagem, but in vain, to steal him away from brooding over his deep seated grief. Since then, a shade of melancholy has rested on his fine, expressive countenance. Since his early loss he has never had the happiness of possessing a cheerful home, for he received an appointment as soon as his studies were completed, and by his own account since then must have led a sadly isolated life. I hope he may at length meet some one worthy of his affections, and that we may resume the friendly intercourse which has been interrupted for so many years."

CHAPTER V.

Lucy Ayton stood before the large mirror in her dressing room, attired for a *soirée* which was to take place that evening at the residence of Mrs. Seymour. She looked very lovely. Her robe of mauve brocaded silk, whose rich folds swept the floor, harmonised well with her fair complexion and displayed to advantage the faultless symmetry of her arms and shoulders. Her light brown hair fell in luxuriant ringlets, and was unadorned by flower or gem. A casket of jewels lay upon the table beside her, and she opened it to select some ornament with which to complete her toilet. One trinket after another was looked at, then carelessly cast aside, till her hand came in contact with a crimson morocco case, and opening it, Lucy remained standing, silently gazing upon the contents, while an absent, dreamy expression stole into her dark blue eyes. Some event of the past appeared to be suddenly conjured up by a sight of the jewels. The recollection, whatever it might be, was sad yet pleasing, for she sighed softly and then a smile flitted over her face.

"'Tis a long, long time," she exclaimed, "since I have worn these ornaments; but I shall wear them once more to-night. Oh! much would I give to know what has been the fate of the donor. 'Tis now certain that we shall never meet again. So many years have fled away since that day, and yet the personal appearance of the stranger is as vivid in my recollection, as if I had seen him but yesterday. Alas! those pale gems are all that remain to me of that sweet dream of my youth, and Lucy clasped the bracelet on her arm and placed the jewelled drops in her small ears. The carriage was announced, and entering it

Lucy soon arrived at her destination. Mrs. Seymour's handsome suite of apartments were brilliantly illuminated, and Lucy was among the first arrivals. For a time she conversed with her friend till the numerous guests who poured in demanded the attention of the hostess. The children, with whom Lucy was an especial favourite, were waiting an opportunity to steal her away in order to display to her some new toys they had lately received; and surrounded by the merry troupe, she passed onward to Mrs. Seymour's boudoir, which was as yet uninvaded. Lucy seated herself on a couch, while the children gathered around her, and her little namesake climbed up beside her, and laid her curly head upon Lucy's shoulder.

Engaged with the children, the time passed unheeded, till Mrs. Seymour's voice at the door enquiring for Miss Ayton aroused her.

"Yes, Margaret," I am here, "and those children must plead my excuse for running away, and deserting you." Lucy now observed that a gentleman followed Mrs. Seymour into the room.

"Miss Ayton, allow me to present a particular friend of my husband's, Mr. Desborough, who has lately returned from India," said Mrs. Seymour. As Lucy, disengaging herself from the children, rose from the sofa, for the first time she raised her eyes to the stranger's face, and a bewildered, startled look of recognition instantly followed, while as she silently bent her head in return to his salutation, the eloquent colour mounted to her fair brow, and then receding as quickly, left her face as pale as marble. If Lucy was thus strangely agitated at the introduction, Mr. Desborough was not less so. The sunburnt hue of his complexion became of a deeper tint, while his quick eye, with a lightning glance recognised and rested for a moment, upon the bracelet which encircled her arm, and a proud and joyous smile lit up his countenance.

"I was not aware that you and Miss Ayton had been previously acquainted," said Mrs. Seymour, greatly astonished at the very evident though dumb signs of recognition which had followed the introduction.

"Miss Ayton and I have seen each other only once before this evening," replied Mr. Desborough, for Lucy had lost the power of speech. "'Tis many years ago," he added, in a voice of emotion, "but I trust that sufficient time has elapsed, to enable Miss Ayton to forgive the presumption of which I was then guilty."

"Miss Ayton is of a very forgiving disposition," replied Mrs. Seymour, for Lucy continued silent, "and your offence must have been very grave indeed if it has not long ere now been pardoned. So, as this little affair is now amicably settled, we shall return to the company, and Miss Ayton in token of entire forgiveness will honour you with her hand for the next dance."

No matter how gently time deals with us, fifteen years will have made some changes upon the handsomest form and the most attractive face, and to other eyes than those of Lucy, the recognition might not have been so instantaneous. Charles Desborough was still a fine looking man, in the prime of life with his raven locks unmingled with grey and his dark eyes as expressive as ever. But to Lucy, as she ventured a second glance, the figure had grown more commanding, and the mouth had acquired a firmer, more decided expression than belonged to the hero of her youthful dreams.

As, in obedience to Mrs. Seymour's request, they proceeded down stairs, Desborough felt the hand tremble which rested so lightly on his arm, and when he addressed Miss Ayton her timid eyes drooped beneath the long lashes, and her voice when she answered was low and tremulous. They did not seek to join the dancers, for neither were in a mood to participate in the gay scene within. Feelings that had lain buried in their hearts for years were suddenly re-awakened, and both felt that this meeting would decide their future destinies. A door stood open which conducted to the lawn. It was a mild summer evening, and Desborough and Lucy passed out into the silent night.

The fête was over, the guests had departed, and Mrs. Seymour and Lucy remained the sole occupants of the deserted ball room.

They were seated together on a couch, and Lucy looked very happy though her face was pale, and bore evident traces of recent emotion.

"How wonderfully events come about in this changeable world," said Mrs. Seymour. "Dear Lucy, you deserve all your present happiness as the reward of your unparalleled constancy. I little imagined that the unknown stranger who took your heart off with him to foreign lands, and Charles Desborough, my husband's friend from boyhood, and whom he never tires praising, were the same. So, after all you are the heroine of quite a romance of your own, and I sincerely congratulate you upon its happy conclusion. Strange, that under your calm exterior and placid manner feelings so strong and unchangeable should be concealed. Strange that the silent chance meeting of a few moments should influence the current of a whole life, and stranger still that I never suspected the cause of poor Selden's refusal, when my mind was so set upon the match. You will be a handsome couple, and as Mr. Desborough has decided to remain in this neighborhood we shall still continue near each other."

Lucy Ayton is now Mrs. Desborough, happy and beloved as one so good and fair deserves to be. Her husband adores her, and all the luxuries that wealth can procure are hers; but though Desborough has lavished upon his wife gems of Oriental splendour, she possesses jewels linked with dear memories of the past which she prizes above them all; and when she wishes to look loveliest in her husband's eyes and desires to recall the day upon which they first met, she casts all others aside and decks herself with the long treasured and much prized Aquamarines.

"A SCRIMMAGE WITH A TIGER."

EARLY one morning during February last, as I sat in my verandah at early tea, I received a hasty note from my friend Captain, H., intimating that a "kill" having taken place at Telowlic, some four miles off, he proposed looking up the tiger, and gave me due notice, in case I wished to share the fun.

Of course I was soon ready to be off, and dispatched my servants, with a small battery of breech and barrel loaders, to H.'s bungalow, waiting his arrival with what patience I might. At ten o'clock he rode up, bringing a camel for my use; and the elephants and boaters having gone on ahead, we cantered on leisurely.

An hour's easy riding brought us to the rendezvous, where a pretty and exciting scene greeted us.

Under the mango-trees were grouped about eighty-six beaters, elephants, Sowars, belonging to H.'s regiment, and volunteers from the village, all eager for the work, and breathing out death and destruction to the tiger, which they affirmed to be one I had followed and lost two years before. After some talk and difference of opinion as to the best way of working the jungle, H. and I started on foot for the "mool," where we arranged to post ourselves as the likeliest place for the tiger breaking cover; I clambered up one tree and another, and when conveniently seated, sent back word for the boaters to commence proceedings; which they speedily did in their usual fashion, kicking up noise enough to rouse the manes of every defunct cow in the district. Shouting, beating tom-toms, blowing horns, and, in short, making such hullabaloo as only natives can make, and which was calculated to drive even a tiger from its lair, is strangely exciting.

In a short time the noise begins to take effect: deer of various sorts break and gallop past, now one of the pretty Shelul, or spotted deer, now a lordly Sawba, now a Nilgan, now a couple of peafowl, the last runs close to the ground. Sometimes, if a jungle is a little open, the tiger can be seen for a considerable time before coming within shot; and then, as with straining eyes you watch him stealthily cat-like creep, how the nerves tingle, and what speculation as to whether the first chance will be yours crowd on the brain! Man is a selfish animal at all times, but never more

so than when hunting. "Every man for himself" is surely the hunter's motto; and the best temper in the world would show a rough side when the chances of a good shot are balked.

Our first "draw" was a blank, so we held counsel with our ally, the Village kadoor, as to the next move, and finally elected to try another patch of jungle.

H. and I scrambled to our new trees, and I was busily employed lighting my pipe when I heard a whisper below me, and looking down descried H., gesticulating violently. Slipping down, I heard,—

"Look sharp, the tiger's a foot; we must get back."

Back we went, scrambling into the best trees we could find; mine was a miserable sapling, the effort to perch on which gave me cramp, and nearly upset me in more ways than one.

Bang, jingle, roar, shriek, went the beaters; and then I forgot my misery. Suddenly I heard the firing of a rifle-shot near, followed by a low whistle, the signal that the tiger was hit. Down H. and I jumped, making for the elephant, to follow up the wounded animal. But the first shot, fired by one of the Sowars, had been mortal; and so, having put a couple of barrels into her to make certain, we logged a fine full-grown tigress out of the scrub. This was not bad. But we knew the male was near somewhere, so another beat was arranged; and the coolies had scarcely cleared their throats, when out hounded a splendid tiger. H. had the first chance but could not get a shot; and before the brute was within my range, a Sowar fired a snap shot that hit him hard, though too far back to be fatal. He was then just under my tree, and the challenge he roared back actually seemed to shake me; on he crashed through the bushes, disappearing from our sight.

Stealthily descending, we gave him time to lie down, and then, mounting the elephants, followed him. My luck was in the ascendant now, as before we had gone a couple hundred yards, I caught sight of the tiger crouching under the thick foliage of a corrunchur bush. Pointing him out to H., I fired right and left, and as he made no sign, I concluded I had finished him off, but H., thinking not, and that he was only sulking, gave an ounce ball with one of Jacob's shells; the effect was startling, to say the least of it: with a roar like thunder, he made at us. There was no use firing; he was desperate,—mad with rage and pain. Before we knew well what we might expect, he was on the elephant, and, though too badly wounded to make a spring, was clinging round the animal's off fore-leg with no loving embrace. Then began a struggle I can never forget: the elephant trying to kneel upon his antagonist, both roaring, bellowing, and writhing together, while H. and I, holding on like grim death, were making frantic efforts to get a shot at him under the elephant's belly.

At last, gathering strength for a death-spring, the tiger pulled the elephant over, and down we all came. I was stunned, but have a faint remembrance of the horrible heap rolling in the dust together, and H. pulling me up after he had fired a finishing shot. Then we rolled behind some bushes, while the elephant dashed off straight for home, trumpeting furiously.

Not caring to risk a closer acquaintance with our gallant friend until sure that he was not only stunned or stupefied, which is sometimes the case, we made a long circuit, and, coming up with the beaters, brought back a party to secure the tiger.

Our precaution was unnecessary; he was quite dead, and a finer fellow I never saw,—measuring ten feet eleven inches, and with a hide like a thoroughbred's.

We returned to our bungalows to discuss pale ale and sandwich, of course, and to smoke a pipe in honour of our safe return, congratulating ourselves on our good fortune, and thanking God for having spared our lives in so dangerous an encounter.

Our elephant was most frightfully mauled in the scrimmage: it was after six months of most careful nursing that we got her well; and I dare say she is ready now to meet another tiger.

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Butbria, the late Baronet's solicitor. He will advise what is best to be done."

"How very kind of you to take so much trouble!" said Gertrude, gratefully.

"Don't thank me; did I not say I was acting from selfish motives. A steamer leaves for Quebec to-morrow. If Ruthvin thinks it best, I will go myself across the Atlantic in search of this Elwood. In an interview I could learn more than by letter."

Gertrude did not again thank Captain Stanley, but her bright eyes expressed gratitude, and, it might be, something more tender, for the young man took her hand, and kissed it passionately.

At this moment, Bel and Cora came running back quite out of breath, the sea-breeze blowing their golden curls about their pretty faces, which wore a disappointed and vexed look.

"There were no shells where you sent us, Uncle Guy, not one—not even a single shell!" exclaimed Cora, the youngest little one, shaking her curly head positively.

"Oh, you didn't look well—you didn't take time to find them, Cora. Better luck next time. Run away, and try again."

"What do you want the shells for Uncle Guy?" gravely inquired Bel.

"Oh, I don't know; perhaps to take away with me when I join my ship next month. They would help to ornament my cabin like the Ariadne," he replied laughing.

"I don't believe you want the shells, Uncle Guy, and I know why you sent us to look for them," continued Bel, looking very wise; "you just wanted to get us away so that you might speak to Miss Carlyle, and kiss her hand! ah! we saw you, Uncle Guy! didn't we Bel?" broke in little Cora, with a merry laugh.

"Yes," responded Bel, "and when Grandmamma again asks if Uncle Guy joined us in our walks, I know what I shall tell her. I cannot say no again, can I Miss Carlyle?" and the little lady looked archly at her governess.

"You can tell her what you like, Miss Bel," said Captain Stanley, angrily, for he felt annoyed at finding that his sister-in-law kept a surveillance over his actions.

"Well, if it vexes you, I shall not say a word about it, dear Uncle Guy; but, then, what shall I do if Grandma asks me," remarked Bel, with a puzzled look. "It wouldn't be right to tell a lie I am sure, would it, Miss Carlyle," and the child looked appealingly at her governess.

"Certainly not, Bel; you can tell your Grandmamma that Captain Stanley joined us in our walk this evening."

"And only this evening," joined in Cora, very gravely; "and it was not much harm, I think. Did it make you angry, Miss Carlyle," she asked innocently.

"No," replied Gertrude, smiling, as she met the laughing glance of Captain Stanley.

"You like Uncle Guy, don't you, Miss Carlyle," asked Bel, who thought it was now her turn to join in the conversation.

There was no answer to this question, but Guy Stanley saw the answer he desired in the conscious look and downcast eyes of the governess.

"What a beautiful sunset!" she exclaimed, wishing to change the conversation. "In what bold relief the Hall stands out against that gorgeous sky, the dazzling rays glancing on its pointed pinnacles and high ivy-covered chimneys, and glittering with crimson light on its numerous windows."

"Oh, there is Rover barking at those poor boys gathering shell-fish!"

"Come, Cora, let us run and call him off! See how frightened they look!" and away ran both children, relieving their uncle and governess once more of their presence.

For a few minutes, Gertrude and her companion stood silently admiring the picturesque appearance of Stanley Hall, flooded by the glorious sunset.

"What a fine old building it is! Now that I begin to look upon it as the home of my infancy, it possesses a new interest for me! Has it been long in the Stanley family?"

"Oh, since the time of the Tudors, I believe. It is a very ancient edifice."

"Is there no legend—no tale of superstition—connected with it," inquired Gertrude, smiling. "It seems to me that such a very old place should have some legendary tale clinging to it, like the ivy clustering about its massive walls."

"I never heard of any except a foolish story about one Sir Outhbert Stanley, who committed suicide in the east tower, and whose ghost is said to haunt the eastern wing of the building."

"The very part where my apartment is situated!" said Gertrude, with affected terror. "And, now I remember that, in the silent hours of the night, I have heard ghostly footsteps treading along the corridors."

"And have you never had the curiosity to open your door, and try to find out who the nocturnal perambulator was," asked Guy, smiling. "You might have seen Sir Outhbert himself, in his antique cavalier costume—he lived in the time of the first Charles."

"No, for I supposed the stealthy footsteps I heard were those of some servant."

"And very probably they were. I have no belief in those ghost stories, although sailors are said to be very superstitious. However, old Burton assured me the other day, when the subject was laughingly mentioned by Alfred, that he had himself seen Sir Outhbert, in his old-fashioned dress, entering the east tower, which has been shut up for years. I do not sleep in the haunted part of the Hall. If I did, I think I should be tempted to watch for a sight of my ghostly ancestor," added Captain Stanley, laughing.

"Do you remember Sir Rowland and Lady Stanley," asked Gertrude, after a short pause, anxious to lead the conversation back to the subject which now possessed such engrossing interest for her.

"Yes, imperfectly. I was then only a boy of ten years old, and was not very often at the Hall. I resided with my widowed mother at our family estate in Cumberland. Sir Rowland—always kind and generous—I loved with the affection of a son, and the gentle Lady Stanley—so frail, so fair, so lovely—seemed to my boyish fancy more like an angel than an inhabitant of earth. What a contrast between her and the present mistress of the Hall! My poor brother made a fatal mistake in choosing her for a companion for life."

"She was singularly beautiful, I have heard."

"Yes, it was this dazzling beauty which blinded him to the glaring faults in her character. Love is often an infatuation—a bewilderment of the senses—a kind of dream, in which reason and judgment are quiescent, and fancy alone is active. I regretted my brother's death when it occurred, but I have learned to regard it as a merciful providence, inasmuch as it spared him years of wedded misery. My affection for Bertha and Alfred have alone induced me visit the Hall—hitherto," he hastily added. "Another and more powerful attraction has, for several weeks, detained me a willing inmate within its walls."

These words, so full of deep meaning, again thrilled with joy the heart of Gertrude. The hopes she had for some time indulged seemed about to be realized. The deep interest Guy Stanley took in her affairs, the tenderness of his manner, his impassioned looks, all spoke of that devotion, which, seen in the object beloved, is capable of imparting inexpressible happiness. For a few minutes they walked on in silence, each occupied in pleasant thought.

"How strangely things do happen?" Captain Stanley at length resumed. "Singular, was it not, that you should come to the very place where you are likely to unravel the mystery about your parents. But how was it you became acquainted with that handsome clergyman, Trevyllian? I think Lady Stanley said you accompanied him from New York. Is he related to the Elwood's?"

"Oh, no! I first met him on board the steamer, and Mr. Elwood placed me under his care. On landing in England, as I was a stranger and friendless, he took me to his mother's protection. Very kind, was it not?"

"Yes, I shall ever feel grateful to him for this kindness to you. But do you know I have been very jealous of this handsome curate, because of

of the affection you evidently feel for him. How your eye has brightened, and your face flushed with pleasure whenever he made his appearance at the Hall. I was dreadfully jealous, I assure you. Was there any just cause?" and Guy Stanley turned an anxious, enquiring look at the governess.

"I feel for Philip Trevyllian only a sister's affection, heightened by gratitude."

There was no coquetry in Gertrude's nature or she would not have given a reply so well calculated to allay the jealous fears of her lover.

"And how did you escape falling in love with him; he is so remarkably handsome?"

"He is better than that—he is one of the noblest of human beings—his whole life is governed by the pure principles of Christianity."

"Ah! have I not reason to be jealous! Fortunate fellow to possess so high a place in your esteem!"

There was some irritation in Guy's voice, and a shadow of envy clouded his usually pleasant face. There was enough of woman's weakness in Gertrude's character to make her feel pleasure at seeing the effect her praise of Philip Trevyllian produced. She regarded it as a proof of Guy's devotion; for the green-eyed monster is ever seen closely following the steps of love.

"May we not admire and esteem a person highly without loving him," she observed, and, as her eye met Guy's, its calm expression and her unembarrassed manner convinced him his jealousy was groundless. "Yes, you are right," he replied, in altered tones. "Beauty does not always create love. Now, there is Lady Rosalie Gascoigne; she is, I think, the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, and yet she has never captivated me. Love is not only an arbitrary, but a capricious deity. What strange attachments people often form; how many wiles the blind god employs to lead us captive in his chains? When beauty, or wit, or intellect fails, then some nameless fascination—some indiscribable, or it may be imaginary charm, is potent to ensnare. It seems to me that we have no power over our own affections; and this powerful passion, like an insidious foe, stealthily invades the sanctuary of our heart, and retains possession of it, alas! too often in spite of ourselves—aye, in spite of the dictates of reason and conscience."

The young man spoke with grave earnestness. Was it painful experience of their truth which prompted these remarks. Had he himself been the victim of such a passion as he had described? How the thought pained Gertrude! How her woman's heart grieved to think she was not the first object of Guy Stanley's love? How much she wished to question him on the subject, but she could not do so now; at some future time she might win his confidence—and perhaps, after all, there was nothing to reveal. He might have spoken from observation, not experience.

"Is the report correct that Lady Rosalie Gascoigne will marry the handsome Viscount, who was at Templemore last Christmas?" she asked, to change the conversation.

"I believe so; her aunt wishes for the alliance. Viscount Waldgrave is very rich."

"Poor Philip!" murmured Gertrude, almost unconsciously.

"Ah! is the curate an admirer of Lady Rosalie—deeply smitten, perhaps?"

"I am afraid so."

"Then, I pity him, his case is hopeless; and what deep anguish an unrequited affection must cause!"

"You speak from experience, perhaps," and again a feeling akin to jealousy oppressed the heart of Gertrude.

"No, thank heaven, I do not! I merely imagine what it must be to love without return. I picture to myself how I should suffer if—if—" he paused for a few moments, then suddenly stopped, he turned with impassioned earnestness in his manner towards his fair companion, and speaking in the husky voice of powerful emotion, added, "Oh, Gertrude! let me hear from your own lips the assurance that I am not deceiving myself in thinking I possess an interest in your heart—that you do, indeed, regard me with affection—that you will be my wife—my own."

The suddenness of this passionate appeal startled Gertrude, although a formal declaration of his love after what had occurred was not entirely unexpected. But Gertrude was young, and quite unaccustomed to listen to protestations of love—this being her first experience in such matters. It was, therefore, with trembling confusion, and in faltering accents, that she gave Guy Stanley the assurance he required; but the meaning of the low, murmured words was caught by him; for the language of love even though it may be voiceless is easily understood.

The return of Bel and Cora interrupted this interesting tête-à-tête between their uncle and the governess, and shortly afterwards the deepening twilight warned Gertrude it was time to return with her pupils to the Hall. Captain Stanley, lost in a delightful reverie, prolonged his walk along the beach.

CHAPTER IX. SIR OUTHBERT'S GHOST.

That night, on returning to her apartment, Gertrude felt no inclination to sleep. She was glad to be alone, to indulge, undisturbed, the delightful train of thought the events of the day had awakened. The prospect of being acknowledged the daughter of Sir Rowland Stanley—of being restored to all the advantages which rank and fortune could bestow, was in itself an amount of happiness sufficient to banish sleep from her pillow; but there was still more—a thrilling consciousness of a new-found joy, which had lit up her sombre path of life with sudden light—Guy Stanley loved her! No longer could doubt on this subject torture her mind; the delicious hope secretly cherished was realized. How his impassioned words recurred again and again—how the low tender tones of his voice lingered on her ear! Loving and being loved, Gertrude was experiencing, for the first time, the greatest earthly happiness, and unreservedly she gave herself up to its enjoyment.

One, two, three hours passed away in these delicious waking dreams. The large old clock in the hall struck two hours after midnight. All sounds had for sometime ceased within the mansion; its inmates were buried in repose, when suddenly, in the stillness of the night, steps were heard distinctly in the corridor, outside Gertrude's room. Instantly there flashed upon her the recollection of what Guy had told her in the evening, and a superstitious terror crept over her, stilling for a minute the throbbings of her heart. But this feeling passed away, for Gertrude was naturally courageous; she smiled at her fears, and feeling a strong curiosity to discover who this nightly wanderer was, she quietly opened her door, and looked out. The corridor was lighted by a lamp suspended from the lofty ceiling. It was now burning dimly, nearly dying out. By its flickering light, a tall figure was seen about to descend the stairs leading to the hall below. It was dressed in the costume of the time of Charles the First—the same in which the Ghost of Sir Outhbert Stanley was said to appear. Gertrude was now really frightened, and her white face showed that the fear of the supernatural was again at her heart, chilling the life-blood in her veins. But she soon felt reassured, for the light of the lamp, gleaming on the features of the supposed spectre as he was descending the stairs, discovered the face of Burton, the butler at Stanley Hall. Astonishment gave place to fear, and an unaccountable impulse impelled her to follow this man, thus singularly disguised. It was something more than mere curiosity, although this feeling was strong in the young girl's heart. It seemed as if some unseen irresistible influence was actuating her at the moment, and yielding to it, after a slight hesitation, she cautiously followed Burton, her frame still trembling from the fright she had sustained.

He was crossing the hall below as she descended the stairs. At the farthest end of the hall, which was spacious, a door opened into a narrow winding passage. This the light from the corridor did not reach, and Gertrude was unwilling to proceed any farther in the darkness. But this objection was removed; for Burton turned the shade of a dark lantern, which he carried, giving sufficient light to follow his steps. The passage

after some turnings ended in a ponderous arched door, opening into the East tower. This Burton unlocked, and passed through. Gertrude noiselessly approached and peered through the half open door. Burton was ascending the spiral oak stairs leading to the apartments above. The lower room of the tower was unfurnished—the walls massive and time-stained, the floor flagged, and damp—the stair-case partly dilapidated, so that it crooked harshly as the butler carefully ascended its narrow steps. At the first landing another door was seen. With noiseless tread Gertrude entered the tower and approached the foot of the stairs. Hidden by the thick gloom which the faint light from above failed to penetrate, she watched Burton as he unlocked the door and entered this upper room. What could be the butler's object in this midnight visit to the East tower, which Captain Stanley told her had been shut up for several years. There was some mystery here which Gertrude Carlyle desired earnestly to unravel. Curiosity prompted her to ascend the stairs, and look through the door which had been left ajar; but prudence suggested the fear that the creaking of the old steps would betray her.

Fearing she might be discovered if she remained any longer in the lower she was about to retire when the voice of Burton arrested her steps. He was speaking in loud, angry tones and—could she have heard aright? But in the stillness of the night she could not be mistaken—another voice was heard in reply. The mystery deepened. Who was the person confined in the East tower, evidently unknown to the family; for Captain Stanley seemed entirely ignorant of it. But Lady Stanley—might she not be aware of it? It hardly was possible that any person could be a prisoner in Stanley Hall, without her knowledge. Judging of her character from her countenance, which is said to be the index of the mind, Gertrude believed her capable of countenancing any act of oppression or cruelty. She thought it, therefore, best not to mention what she had seen or heard that night to her ladyship; she would communicate her discovery to Guy, and leave him to act as he thought best in the matter. For a few minutes longer she lingered trying to catch the meaning of the words she heard indistinctly, but soon the conversation between Burton and his prisoner ceased; and hearing the butler move towards the door of the room above she hastily left the tower. Slowly, in the darkness Gertrude retraced her way through the winding passage—her heart throbbing with fear lest she should be overtaken by Burton, whose heavy tread already echoed behind her. At length she regained the hall which was still dimly lighted from the lamp above, and the next minute running lightly up the stairs, she stood, breathless and panting in the corridor, thankful for having escaped detection. Leaning over the balustrades she watched Burton enter the hall. He had taken off his disguise, having probably left it in the tower. He did not ascend to the corridor; crossing the hall he disappeared through a door leading to the servants' apartments. Gertrude now re-entered her own room—her thoughts filled with this strange adventure.

The grey dawn was stealing through the closed shutters, mingling with the yellow glare of the candle, now dying out, which she had left burning on the dressing-table. Gertrude extinguished it, and opening the shutters watched for the coming sunrise. Quickly the shadows of twilight gathered themselves up from the wide-spread landscape of hill and dale which her window commanded, and the silvery mists of a summer morning rolled away over the distant hills skirting the horizon. Gradually the resplendent rays of the ascending luminary lit up the eastern sky, streaking it with gorgeous and varied tints. At length, the sun's disk was seen peering above a soney cloud of crimson radiance, as if watching for a moment the quiet earth before he burst upon its sleeping population in all the glory of a summer sunrise. From the window of Gertrude's room could be seen the east tower. What peculiar interest it now possessed, since the event of the night had thrown the veil of mystery around it! As the golden sunlight glittered upon its

high narrow windows, deep set in the massive walls, she thought of the captive within, upon whose miserable prison life another day had dawned. Ere long, however, she trusted that this imprisonment, whatever might be its cause, would be ended; for she knew Captain Stanley would investigate this singular affair and have justice done to the unknown sufferer. Through the day she watched anxiously for Guy's return; for during the night, he went as he had intended, to London. But several days had to elapse, before she had an opportunity of communicating her discovery to him. On consulting with Ruthvin, the lawyer advised him to go himself to Montreal, and see Kilwood, hoping that some intelligence might be gained, or some letters found which might help to establish Miss Carlyle's claims to be the missing child of Sir Rowland Stanley. Therefore Guy sailed for Canada, without returning to Stanley Hall.

(To be continued.)

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

CHAPTER I.

IF we were only to noise our opportunities as they occur, from what mistakes should we not be saved! Alas! our mistakes prove our ruin: and I have been no exception to the rule. An opportunity of grasping what I now believe, to be happiness, was once presented to me, and I lost it,—lost it through my own hand and act.

I loved—alas! who has not?—but I did not realise my situation till too late. Many others have, I fancy, done the same, and spent their after-life in vain repentance. It is perhaps humiliating to have to reflect upon the fact that, often during our lives, an over-estimation of ourselves gives us a lower appreciation of others. Men are more apt to make this mistake than women; not that women are wanting in natural vanity, but their local position, as statistically viewed, must create a broader level.

I possessed a fortune, not too much, but enough to make me independent of a profession, had I chosen, but after leaving college I made up my mind to read for the bar, and selected a retired village in Devonshire, where I intended to work hard and enjoy an out-door life. I took lodgings, I surrounded myself with books, fishing-rods, and sketching materials; I ordered a luxurious arm-chair, which I had placed in my sitting-room window, which overlooked a delightful prospect; I arranged my mantelpiece with meerschaums, cigar cases, and all the paraphernalia belonging to the bacchanalian world; I established a perfect understanding with my landlady as to the impropriety of my solitude ever being disturbed unless I especially desired it; I gave her some of my mother's most appetising receipts, a general order that I dined at seven, and I flattered myself that no hermit's life could ever be more free from cares than mine. Alas! I deluded mortals that we are, I only fluttered straight into the very jaws of my own destruction.

I was not exactly religious, but I prided myself on being decorous in my outward conduct, consequently I always, when I had the opportunity, attended service once every Sunday. I did this from the force of habit and early associations, and as I considered my mind had been well trained, I determined to keep it up. Besides, Sunday is a dull day in a country village, where all that goes on during the week is suddenly brought to a standstill; no plough, no sturdy horses' feet, no whirring of the mills, no sparks at the blacksmith's forge. St. Laurence Vale was particularly quiet; a few cottages, one or two small farms, a round tower, and a little ivy-covered church, nestling close to which was a tiny vicarage house, where the curate lived, completed the *mise-en-scène*. The vicar had a fat living in some other county, but he received his three hundred a-year for this, out of which he paid his curate, Mr. Moorsom, eighty pounds a year, allowing him the advantage of residing rent free at the vicarage.

The beginning of my acquaintance with Mr. Moorsom took place in this way. I was walking leisurely down the narrow gravel path that led through the churchyard, when he came up, and offered me his hand with all the simplicity of the

Vicar of Wakefield. I took it, and thanked him for his kind, but I then considered, rather officious, inquiries, as to my reason for becoming one of his parishioners; however, he was an old man, and of the old school, so I could not take offence, and besides that, I had been attracted in church by a pretty bent head that was sitting close by the pulpit stairs, in an old-fashioned high pew. I saw it, for I was in the gallery; the owner of it was standing by the curate's side at that moment. I turned to look at her, and Mr. Moorsom introduced his daughter.

She had kept her veil down in church, but it was thrown back then, and a face that poets dream of was raised to mine, whilst a bright colour rushed to her cheeks, on my account—yes, on my account. I forgot how unused she was to strangers, and I only saw her self-consciousness. By the side of those rustic villagers she was like a pearl among rough sea stones; her clothes were certainly not fashionable, nor was the material handsome, but there was in herself a certain native dignity that made her, in my eyes, as far apart from them, in her muslin dress and plain straw bonnet, as though she had been the greatest lady in the land.

Mr. Moorsom asked me if I would go back with them and dine; they dined at half-past one, and went to service again at three. I hesitated, for I considered anything earlier than seven an unauthorised encroachment on civilised habits; but I fancied the soft grey eyes, in a mute kind of way, echoed the invitation; so I accepted it, with a mental reservation in my own mind to consider it luncheon. I need not have demurred. There were no *calfées* to give a vicious stimulant to my pampered appetite. Some cold meat and a fresh salad were laid out in a little homely dining-room, that overlooked a whole range of distant hills. Some home-made wine and home-brewed beer completed the repast.

As soon as Carine—I had better call her so at once—had taken off her bonnet and cloak, we sat down. She did what honours there were to be done in a sweet, graceful, unaffected manner, and was, I remarked, particularly attentive to her father. She talked very little, but the pretty brown head was bent down in the attitude of listening, whilst every now and then our eyes met. Dinner took only a short time, and there was very little sitting afterwards. Mr. Moorsom asked me if I meant to attend the afternoon service, and, on my instantly acquiescing, as if the possibility of remaining away had never suggested itself to my mind, he invited me to stay at his house during the short interval that was to elapse. We went into the garden together, he, Carine, and I; then he went back to overlook his sermon, and Carine and I were left alone.

It only seemed five minutes after that the church bells began ringing again. I thought they sounded almost discordant, for Carine left me at once to put on her bonnet. However, I sat in the pew with her, and watched her during all the service. We went home together afterwards, and had tea under a cedar tree in the garden. We sat there far into the summer evening, listening alternately to some excellent conversation from the good old curate, and a bubbling brook that ran at our feet.

When I returned home that night I felt an absolute loathing for my books, my scientific researches, and my prospects of triumphant legal quibbles. Carine's voice, singing a hymn as she had sung it under the cedar tree, was the only thing that I cared to remember, and it haunted me all the night long.

That Sunday was only the beginning of my friendship with the curate of St. Laurence Vale, or rather with Carine. I went to the vicarage every day; I became a convert to alms-giving and sacred music, and, above all, early dinners, for the sake, I must say, of sitting during the long afternoons with Carine in the garden, reading aloud whilst she worked, or superintending her drawing. How long this kind of thing might have lasted I don't know. With no defined feelings about the future, I had given myself up to the enjoyment of the present, but no great length of time in any human life elapses without some change taking place, which either we make

ourselves, or are affected by, at least to some extent.

A friend came to stay with me, on his way, as he said, to more exciting scenes. He was one of my old gay college friends, and I decided at once to let him see as little of Carine as possible. He was only to remain two days; so the difficulty would not, I expected, be great; but it turned out unfortunately that the good old curate met us out walking, and insisted on my bringing my friend with me to spend the evening; so we went.

Carine always looked lovely, but she looked I thought particularly lovely that evening, and the presence of a stranger had given her a brighter colour than usual. Fred Armstrong professed to be a connoisseur of female beauty, and I saw at once that he admired Carine; but I determined not to give him an opportunity of extending his acquaintance. I decoyed Carine into the garden under some pretence, and courtesy prevented his quitting the host. I asked Carine her opinion of Mr. Armstrong, and she gave it in an artless way, just as I fancied she thought would please me best, speaking highly of him because he was my friend.

I took her hand; we were standing by the brook side on which the moon was shining.

"Carine," I whispered, "how dreary my life was before I knew you!"

I felt the flutter of her dress as she drew, I fancied, a little nearer; her hand certainly trembled in mine, but the face was turned away.

"Carine," I continued, bending down till one of her wavy curls rested on my shoulder, "Carine, living alone as I do is very dreary; when—"

"I did not finish; for at that very moment, Fred Armstrong sprang up the bank and made some ill-timed remark about our absence. Ill-timed! I thought the remark bearish; and I fancied that I saw something very like tears come into Carine's eyes as she turned hastily away and joined her father.

The next day my friend left me. I think he would have remained longer, only I did not ask him to do so; he said nothing about Carine, except that he admired her; but I felt annoyed with him, though I did not exactly know why. After he left I went to the Vicarage as usual, but I did not renew my interrupted conversation with Carine. Perhaps an opportune moment did not present itself; perhaps I had cooled, not in my liking for her, but in my desire to express it: I had no longer a rival.

A few days after I received a letter from another of my old college friends, the contents of which annoyed me excessively. Fred Armstrong had carried all sorts of reports back with him about my village belle, and I was not only unmercifully bantered respecting my pretended reading seclusion, but hints were thrown out, that if I did not look out I should certainly be caught.

Caught!—how the word grated on my ear. Could it be possible that Carine and her father were scheming to secure me? I banished the notion, but even the suspicion had taken the bloom off my paradise. I thought I would not go to the Vicarage so often. I bought a horse, and rode into the country every day, but I generally found, that going or returning, my way led past the ivied church, and there I was sure to see either Carine or her father, and Carine would ask me to come and help her gather flowers, or read her some passage from the *Idylls of the King*; and I always acquiesced, regardless of the consequences.

In one of these rides I discovered that an old friend of our family had taken a house in the neighbourhood, and I went to call on him. He had heard that I was near them, and assured me I had only anticipated a visit from him. I was invited to remain and dine. During dinner the conversation turned upon St. Laurence Vale and Mr. Moorsom. I felt that Carine would be the next attack. It came at last; he heard of me from Fred Armstrong. My health was drunk, and I received congratulations—I and my rustic bride. I felt inclined to leave the room, but I believe I sat on and smiled—smiled as much as a man could do who is supposed to be on the very verge of a matrimonial sacrifice.

Good gracious! I had perhaps been on the eve

of throwing myself away on a girl who had no fortune, no position. I had done well not to be rash; my caution had doubtless saved me from a whole world of after consequences. What would be the best line to pursue? I reflected that night on my return home. I went less frequently to the vicarage. When I did go, I was sometimes, from force of habit, my old self, but more often absent and capricious; and any little solecism committed by Carine came upon me as a personal injury. She bore my conduct as a woman only could, and I felt convinced that she loved me. Sometimes I was inclined to sacrifice everything, and confess my love. Then the whole purpose of my mind would undergo a change—in consequence, perhaps, of fancying that the old curate was trying to throw us together.

I received another letter, and this time it was from my mother, telling me that rumours had reached her of my intimacy with some old curate and his daughter, and entreating me to beware, as doubtless the old man would consider me a very charming catch for his daughter, which necessitated discretion on my part. She hinted at the horror of our respectable ancestral tree being impaired by the grafting on of a vulgar branch, when, with my looks, etc. an Egerton Cavendish might aspire to anything.

Almost simultaneously with this letter I received an invitation to stay at a country house with some friends, about thirty miles away from St. Laurence Vale, and I accepted it. I was glad of anything that would give me time—time to make up my mind. There was to be a school fête at St. Laurence Vale, an annual celebration for which Carine and I had made most of the arrangement together. I was sure she would be very much disappointed at my absence, but this did not alter my determination. I parted from Carine at the garden gate, and as I saw the tears that came into her eyes as she watched me ride away, I felt inclined, out of pity to her, to turn again; but I did not; I rode away.

The party staying at Amscote Hall was tolerably large. The house was full of visitors, who were always disposed for enjoyment; consequently, amusement became the order of the day. We rode, and boated on the lake, and had impromptu dances and pic-nics. I sang duets, got up charades, and was, every one assured me, the life and soul of the party.

I did not forget Carine, but I tried to mentally drown her. Every now and then she would rise, and, like a mermaid, her fair white arms would seem to twine round me, and then I would tear them off, and try to drown her again.

CHAPTER II.

One day a pic-nic was arranged to a beautiful place called Riversleigh, the property of a young baronet of that name. He begged us to make what use of his grounds we liked, and promised to join us himself later in the day. Riversleigh was a fine old country seat, with large trees scattered over a wide extent of park.

Sir Arthur Riversleigh was unmarried, and life was all before him. He joined us, as he had promised, in the evening, and he looked worthy of his high position; tall, dark, and distinguished, with the courtly manners of a prince. There was a very pretty girl belonging to the Amscote party, to whom the baronet was slightly related, and when he began rambling about, he selected her as his companion. She was an earl's daughter, Lady Gwendoline Droyder, and I thought how well matched they would be. Perhaps he might marry her; for, as they sat together on a low green bank, I saw him take out a jockey and show it to her, and she smiled up into his face. Alas! had I only guessed—divined whose portrait it was!

Later in the evening, some one told me that reports were circulating that I was likely soon to be married. My mind's eye immediately ran over the fair patrician girls who were staying at Amscote, but I was instantly assured that I was only bent on leading them astray. Then Carine flashed back upon me, and I almost hated her. I felt as if all the world were combining to marry me against my will, and every power of resistance in my nature was stirred up.

The remembrance of Carine came back—not

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I only know that I felt in a dream—a dream of strangely mingled sensations, connecting, yet dividing, the past and present. Carine, with her jewels on her arms, was not the same Carine whose love I had rejected; but the soft, well-remembered voice stole over my senses, and swept away all recent barriers.

We talked about the "old days," of her father, of myself; yes, she spoke of my past, and inquired about my future, with the tones of her voice, I fancied, slightly lowered. I don't know what rash words I might have uttered, when we were interrupted by her husband. She introduced him; and Sir Arthur Riversleigh, my successful rival, and I, exchanged bows. He evidently did not remember that we had ever met before.

"Mr. Cavendish is a very old friend, Sir Arthur," said Carine, sweetly, as she rose and held out her hand to me. "I am going away now; but I hope we shall meet again."

"You might persuade him, Carine, to come to Riversleigh for a few days," said Sir Arthur, looking down on his fair young wife, who was now leaning on his arm.

She looked up to him with a grateful smile; then, turning to me, asked if I had any particular engagements, or if I would come.

I excused myself: that was an ordeal I could not bear,—to see Carine constantly happy, gay, brilliant—another man's wife,—and to think that she might have been mine.

"You have some attraction which keeps you in London?" she said, with an arch smile.—"I have no attraction," I replied hastily.

Lady Riversleigh turned to her husband, and asked him to see if the carriage had come, and I gave her my arm to take her up to say her adieus to the lady of the house. On our way down the stairs I said, "You wronged me, Lady Riversleigh, just now."

She looked up, and a surprised, puzzled expression swept across her face.

"I have no intention of marrying," I said.

"A confirmed old bachelor?" she smilingly remarked.

"Perhaps," said I, "years hence—when—when—"

At this moment, the crowd pressed on us so thickly that I could not finish my speech, even if I would. "Lady Riversleigh's carriage" came sounding up the stairs from servant to servant. She drew her opera cloak around her; we went out together, and I handed her in. For a moment ere she drove away, a little white-gloved hand rested in mine.

"Don't put anything off for too long, Mr. Cavendish," she said, "and remember there are such things in the world as lost opportunities."

I slipped back. I saw her smile, and the diamonds scintillating in her hair, as she bent forward, and the carriage drove away down the line of lights.

For a few moments I stood, bare-headed as I was, and all indifferent to what was going on around me; but I was at last recalled by another carriage and more people crowding up the way. I could not go back again to the gay scene I had just left, so I seized my hat and went out into the night, walking home by a circuitous route.

At breakfast the next morning my mother asked me what was the name of the lady I had danced with the night before.

"What lady?" I asked.

"Fis!" she exclaimed. "You know you only danced with one."

"Did you admire her?" I said, with pretended indifference.

"Exceedingly," she replied; "she was by far the handsomest woman in the room; so distinguished-looking too. I was glad to see you knew her, for it is always well to know the best people."

My mother's letter flashed across my memory, and a storm of bitterness came with it.

"Mother," I exclaimed, "the lady whose notice you thought would raise me last night was only a curate's daughter—the little girl against whom you once warned me—Carine Mooroom."

I did not wait to see how she took the information, but I think she guessed my feelings, for the subject was never again alluded to. I am still unmarried; for I think it less difficult to part

with a reality than an idea; and my idea is, that I could never be happy with any other woman but Carine.

O. M. L.

AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION.

I SHALL never forget it. If my wisdom teeth should make their appearance to-morrow, I would not be in the least surprised, but should feel indebted for their early use to my learned travelling companion, kindly provided for me by that dear, busy old lady Mrs. Podd!

Yes, it was a memorable ride; but I must tell you how it all came about. Uncle Jackson, of a neighbouring city, was seized one day with a fit of hospitality, and sent invitations to all his nephews and nieces of the rising generation, and I was included among the promising number.

The family council was hereupon called, where papa presided as judge, I as plaintiff, against whoever would take a position opposing me in the shape of defendant; mamma as my lawyer, and Mrs. Podd, who "dropped in to borrow the least little pinch of baking soda," as faithful reporter of the proceedings.

After a somewhat lengthy deliberation, in the course of which all the "whys" (and "wherefores" of the case were ably analyzed and disposed of, the verdict was given in favour of plaintiff—she might go.

"Now," said Mrs. Podd, drawing a long breath, and raising the forefinger of her left hand (the soda was in the other, or I am confident she would have raised both), "Sally, my dear child, you are young," (I simply smiled in acknowledgment of the fact), "and it is wrong for you to think of going alone. When my Sarah Ann went to Kingston, it was at the time of the Prince's visit, and very warm weather indeed: she was older than you are now by six months, and a very sensible girl of her age. *Very prudent and sensible indeed,*" repeated Mrs. Podd with emphasis, "but for all that, her satchel was stolen, and the poor creature got so confused that she left her parasol and gloves in the cars." Not very prudent, I thought, but of course I would not hurt good Mrs. Podd's feelings by saying anything disparaging of her Sarah Ann. "And, Sally, my dear, it is the luckiest thing in the world that I am able to insure your safety by putting you under the charge of Mr. Prim. You've heard me speak of Mr. Prim, my dear. He is the only brother of my daughter's husband's cousin, so he is an intimate friend of the family, and the most learned gentlemen of my acquaintance. His conversation is so deep and interesting, that you will not feel the ride to Hamilton at all tedious; I'll arrange it all, my dear, before to-morrow," and Mrs. Podd gave me a beaming smile of satisfaction, and withdrew. That night I dreamed that the benevolent old lady was tying me up in a soda bag with the kindest intentions, and telling Mr. Prim to watch my satchel and keep my gloves in his own pocket: and to make me an intimate friend of his cousin's only brother when we arrived in Hamilton.

The next morning I was early at the railway station, congratulating myself upon my clever escape from Mrs. Podd and the intimate friend of the family, when, to my utter chagrin, I suddenly beheld that lady's good-natured visage quickly approaching me, closely followed by—"Miss Simple, this is Mr. Prim; Mr. Prim, Miss Simple, the lady you are to take care of."

Vexation must be concealed now, for rudeness is unpardonable! We are forced into little hypocrisies occasionally are we not? The faces of half our acquaintances are enamelled with this deceit, and who will say that it is blameable? When Mr. Theodore Adolphus Somebody says to you, "how sweetly pretty my Angelina looks in that delicate blue silk!" you do not exclaim as your genuine feelings would prompt you to "Oh! dear me it is so tight I can scarcely breathe!" but you modestly hang your head, and look like "Patience on a monument." It is sometimes just as impossible for you to speak your thoughts, as it is for the poor child who gets credit for being the most troublesome of his kind, when Sis, who is obliged to nurse him instead of playing "Hide and Seek" with Polly and Jack, gives the

screamer a pinch, and no one can account for the dear little pet's crossness, and the dear little pet cannot tell that all Sis's soothing words are nonsense!

It is on the strength of arguments such as these, that I quiet my conscience, when I recall how pleasantly I smiled in answer to the pompous bow of Mr. Prim. Mrs. Podd immediately hurried away, doubtless intent upon bringing another intimate friend of the family into a useful position, while I stood there, under the guardianship of that black coat and stiff collar, surmounted by a head with eyes that looked daggers and blazes all in a wink! And a nose, a Roman nose; a nose that was decidedly Roman, even to its extreme point, which extreme point the eyes could see without the least difficulty, and which extreme point often proved an obstacle to the eyes beholding something of much greater importance; whereupon the daggers flew, and the blazes blew! Mr. Prim's fine figure gave me an indistinct idea, that tailors by the nines had wasted their midnight oil to clothe that fine figure; that jewellers had ransacked Christendom to procure gold, and silver, and precious stones, to deck that fine figure; that some unfortunate boot-black had disjointed his right arm in bringing such a startling polish to the boots that held that fine figure so majestically perpendicular! The bell rang, the whistle sounded;—and, distinct from all the noise of the rushing passengers, I remember that the lips below the extreme point parted, and the following remarkable words issued from the abyss, "Miss Simple—this way." I followed in awe, while the Roman bridge maintained unspeakable grandeur, and anon the daggers flew and the blazes blew!

Under such able pilotage it is no wonder that I obtained a seat immediately, with this notable personage beside me.

A warning movement of the ridges in the vicinity of the abyss preceded the question,

"Do you study Astronomy?" to which I meekly answered, "No, Sir."

We had gone a few miles farther, when I was again greeted with a question of no less importance than the former.

"Do you believe in Physiognomy?" This time I demurely answered, "Yes, Sir."

I drew a long sigh of relief for so much of the deep and interesting conversation was over, and what was better still, we were going over the ground at a tremendous rate. We had proceeded some miles farther, when my learned companion sagely remarked.

"This method of steam locomotion is wonderful."

I humbly acquiesced, and ventured to suggest the possibility of "still more wonderful things astonishing the world in the future."

Receiving no answer, I came to the conclusion that my remark was too trifling to effect any response in his gigantic mind, and resigned myself to silence; but Mr. Prim was merely collecting his forces of knowledge, and the result was another startling observation.

"I prefer Homer to Spenser; which is your choice, Miss Temple?"

I told him I preferred the *Fairie Queen* to the *Iliad* for opposition, in the vain endeavour to make Mr. Prim really talk, but he gave me a look that horrified me—the daggers at once implying superiority, and the blazes indicating *unquenchable knowledge*, so I moved uneasily for a moment, and nervously drew down the shutter.

No other words passed between us, interesting or otherwise; and no sooner did I leave him, than I experienced such a rush of indescribable sensations, which, according to the attraction of cohesion, formed a suspicious lump in my throat, that I could not imagine what the ticklish feeling portended, till, all at once I thought it must be what people call the "*visibilitas*;" so I let them rise, peal after peal, till uncle Jackson wanted to know if I had ever travelled with the "Swiss Bell-Ringers." I told him "no," but I had just had a deep and interesting conversation with the only brother of Mrs. Podd's daughter's husband's cousin, who was also an intimate friend of the family!

SALLY BOMPLS.

London, February 6th, 1860.

MILTON.

The following statements made by Professor Masson in a lecture on Milton delivered a few weeks since in Free St. George's Church, Edinburgh, to the Young Men's Association connected with that congregation, are interesting and in some particulars contradict generally received opinions concerning our great poet. At the period Milton began to write he found the authors and poets of his time a feeble, corrupt, and degenerate race, who could not realise the nobleness of literature; and he resolved that any work that occupied his genius should be totally different from the great run of poems and writings then produced. In those days, and for centuries before, it was difficult for a poet in any nation to decide whether he should write in Latin, which was the medium of communication among the learned all over Europe, or whether he should write in his native tongue; Milton, however, fortunately resolved to write in his own language. There is evidence to show that Milton read the Old Testament, at least the historical parts, and also portions of the New Testament, with a view to see what subjects out of these histories might afford the greatest capabilities for a poem; and it also is evident that he read British history for the same purpose. He had collected no fewer than 100 subjects from which to select one for the foundation of his great poem; and amongst those taken from Scottish history was Macbeth, which he thought a possible subject to be treated even after Shakespeare. Of all these hundred subjects, however, the one that struck Milton most was that of "Paradise Lost." His intention of writing a great poem was interrupted by the troubles of the period; and he became a pamphleteer on all the questions which were occupying the Long Parliament, wrote pamphlets against the bishops, against prelacy, and against this and against that, which the Long Parliament had determined to uproot. These pamphlets are among the most extraordinary things in our literature. There are passages in them that he could not dare to read now in a public audience. They are so powerful, so unsparing in language, so tremendously scurrilous; if he might say so, such words were used, that if he were to read them to an audience in which there were a few bishops, he would do so at the outside of the door, with a hold of the handle, bawling the passage in, and then running off. Some of the pamphlets were afterwards burned by the hangman. With regard to "Paradise Lost," it was dictated bit by bit, a few lines a day, to any person who might call on Milton. In some pictures of Milton he was represented as dictating the poem to his daughters, who seemed rapt and reverential; but these were pure fantasies, for the fact was that his daughters were undutiful. Instead of being rapt and reverential, they pawned his boots, and wished him dead, so that these pictures were imaginary.

In an article in the *Popular Science Review* Baron Liebig gives his opinion as to the best method of preparing coffee. He recommends boiling as the most efficacious mode of obtaining the valuable materials of the berry. "With three-fourths of the coffee to be employed, after being ground, the water is made to boil for ten or fifteen minutes. The one-quarter of coffee which has been kept back is then flung in and the vessel immediately withdrawn from the fire, covered over and allowed to stand for five or six minutes. In order that the powder on the surface may fall to the bottom it is stirred round; the deposit then takes place, and the coffee poured off is ready for use.

Printing Press—The great general of the people, who has driven the enemy from the fortified heights of power, and compelled him to give battle in the open field of thought.
Clock—A dog we keep to bark at us.
Pawnbroker—A man who holds your coat while you fight.
Marriage—Harness for a pair.
Experience—The scars of our wounds.
Luxury—The hectic flush of a consumptive nation.

PASTIMES.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a princess, and leave a species of vermin; again behead, and leave something much prized in summer time.
2. Behead a pair, and leave an amusement; behead again, and leave a unit.
3. Complete, I am frequently used in interrogations; behead me, and I am an article of wearing apparel; behead me again, and I am a preposition; transposed, I am an enemy to ice and snow.

CHARADES.

1. I am composed of 6 letters. My whole is a great crime. Transpose my last half, and I am what my whole is; transpose my first half, and I am frequently the cause of my whole.
2. Forwarded by a young lady:—I am composed of 23 letters; my 1, 10, b, 23, 3 is a lake in Canada; my 6, 22, 23, 20, 4 was an ancient heathen goddess; my 19, 9, 7, 21, 23 is a street in Montreal; my 11, 16, 3, 15, 6, 15, 13 is the title of a little poem by my favourite author; my 15, 10, 2, 19, 20, 8, 15, 8 is the name of an Indian tribe that once inhabited Lower Canada; my 6, 15, 1, 7, 10, 18, 19, 17, 5, 10, 22 is where I sometimes walk with my little sister on a summer morning; my 15, 14, 23 is what we lassies of Montreal enjoy in winter; my 1, 7, 2, 12, 11, 21 is a name borne by several kings of England; and my whole is the prayer of every true-hearted Canadian.
3. My 12, 11, 5, 10 is a verb; my 6, 14, 2, 8 is a vehicle; my 3, 9, 11, 12, 13, 5 is one who buys and sells; my 5, 7, 3 is an animal; my 3, 11, 5 is a resinous substance; and with my whole the reader is more or less familiar.

ENIGMA.

Although I have no leg nor arm,
 I travel the end near;
 I tell of love, I tell of woe,
 And sometimes cause a tear.
 To many I have fortunes given,
 I fortunes have destroyed—
 A cause of merriment to some,
 But many I've annoyed.
 Invisible I sometimes am,
 But then can re-appear
 Gentle and docile as a lamb,
 Yet oft cause anxious fear.
 From humble peasant to the king
 I quite familiar am,
 And tractable to all who wish
 To use me if they can.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Na tinsinet nife fo loby tthur
 Elwdt ni lto sobmo fo het lnoyrt
 Hught sinsoup deimdm its realsencs.
2. AAAACTM. Name of a desert.
3. MALARAENDS. A reptile.
4. OLETTINCAPNSON. A city in Europe.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. Two persons, A and B, lay out equal some of money in trade. A gains £126, and B loses £87, and A's money is now double that of B's. What did each lay out?
2. What number is that from which if you sixty take, one sixth of the whole remains?

ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS, &c., No. 23.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Adam Bede. 2. Pendennis.
 3. Waverley. 4. 5. Ten thousand a year. 6. Great Expectations.

CHARADES.—1. Pillow. 2. Ochotok. 3. Boot-jack.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. May their vices be as small as their bonnets, and their virtues as extended as their crinoline. 2. Serene, accomplished, cheerful but not loud; insinuating without insinuation. 3. Coquetting.

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Attract-tract-ect. 2. Warm-arm-mar. 3. Strain-train-rain.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.—1st. The numbers are 3, 4, 6. 2nd. 24 doz. at 6d. per doz. 3rd. He remained 2 h. 45 min. Time he left 10 h. 38 m. 10 sec.

The following answers have been received.
Anagrams.—H. H. V., Cloud, Camp, Head-corn, X. Y. Stratford, Festus.
Charades.—All, Cloud, Festus, H. H. V., Camp, W. L. Hunter, X. Y. Stratford, Robin; 2nd and 3rd, Headcorn; 2nd, Bonum.

Transpositions.—All, X. Y. Stratford, H. H. V. Camp, Cloud, Festus; 1st, Headcorn, Bonum, Argus, H. L. V.
Decapitations.—X. Y. Stratford, Robin, W. Lewis Hunter, Headcorn, Festus, Cloud, H. H. V. Argus.

Arithmetical Problems.—All, Cloud, Argus, Festus, H. H. V.; 1st and 2nd, Headcorn; 1st, Robin; 3rd, W. Lewis Hunter; 1st and 3rd, X. Y. Stratford.

Received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue. S. J. O., Ellen B., W. M. Ardour.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answers to Correspondents were unavoidably crowded out last week.

"ST. URBAN ST."—Thanks for your continued favours.

T. P. BULL.—Have you nothing to contribute in either Problems or Games? Surely the interest in the game is not flagging among your players!

PROBLEM No. 10.—Correct solutions received from St. Urban St.; J. McL.; R. Hamilton; and M. N., Brighton.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 11.

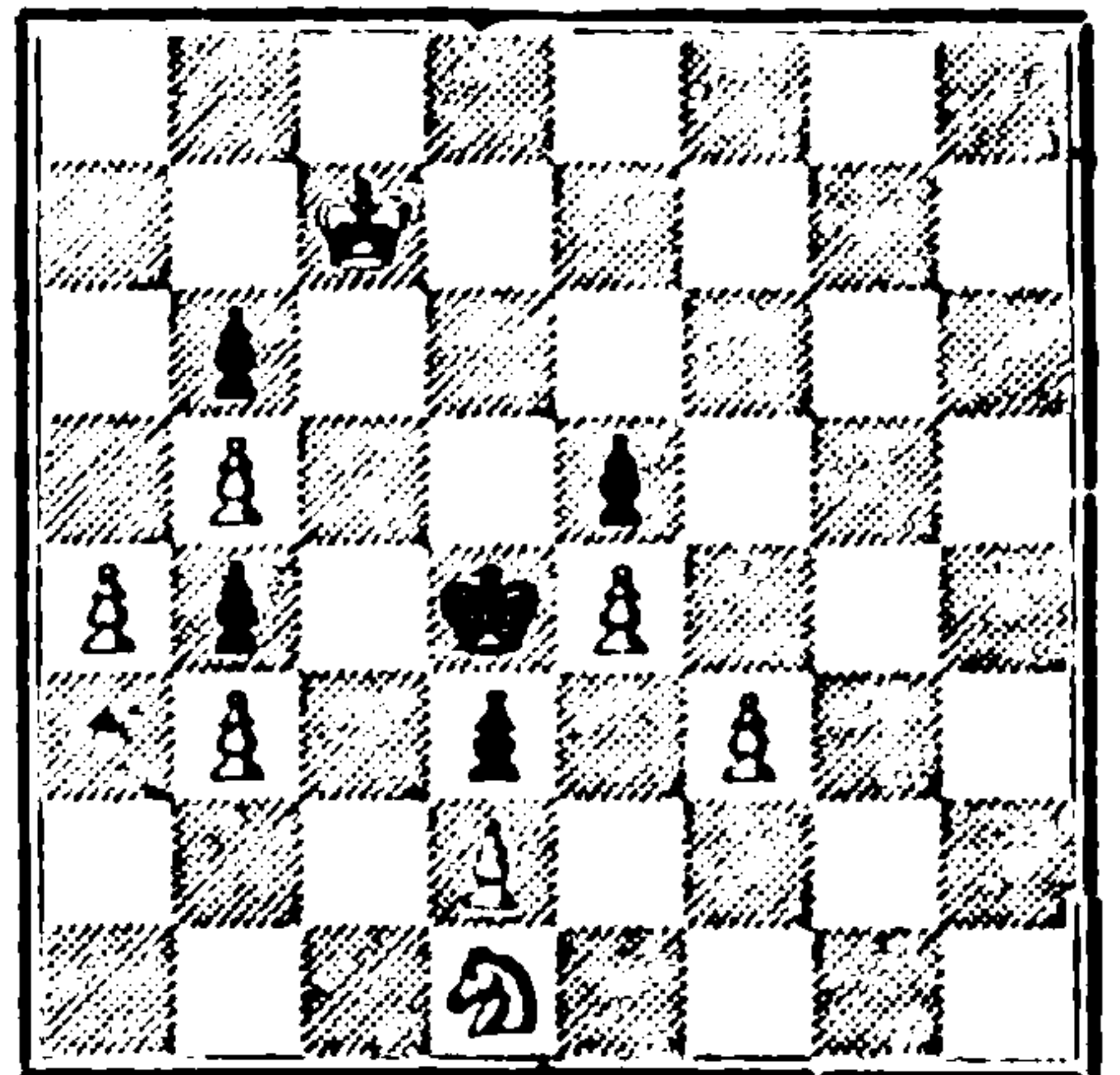
WHITE.	BLACK.
1 R. to K. 4th	Kt. from Q. B. 3rd to Q. 4th (best) (a).
2 Q. to Q. B. 3rd.	Kt. to K. 4th.
3 Q. to K. 4th.	Kt. from Kt. 6th to Q. 6th.
4 R. to K. 4th. Mate.	

(a) If Black plays 1. K. to Kt. 6th. White replies with 2. Q. to K. 2nd (ch.) and Mate next move. If 1. K. to K. 6th. White plays 2. Q. to Q. B. 3rd, Mate next move.

PROBLEM No. 13.

By T. P. BULL, BRADFORD, C. W.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in four moves.

Came played last year to match between the Dundee and Glasgow Clubs.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

WHITE. (Mr. Baxter.)	BLACK. (Pres. of Glasgow Club.)
1 P. to K. 4th.	P. to K. 4th.
2 Kt. to K. B. 3rd.	Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
3 B. to Q. B. 4th.	B. to Q. B. 4th.
4 P. to Q. Kt. 4th.	B. takes P.
5 P. to Q. B. 3rd.	B. to Q. B. 4th.
6 Castles.	B. to Q. Kt. 3rd.
7 P. to Q. 4th.	P. takes P.
8 P. takes P.	P. to Q. 3rd.
9 Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. (a)	Kt. to K. B. 3rd. (b)
10 P. to K. 5th.	P. takes P.
11 B. to Q. K. 3rd.	B. takes Q. P.
12 Q. to Q. Kt. 3rd.	Q. to Q. 2nd.
13 Kt. to K. Kt. 6th.	Kt. to Q. sq.
14 Q. R. to Q. sq.	Q. Kt. to K. 3rd.
15 Kt. to K. B. 3rd (c)	P. to Q. B. 3rd. (d)
16 Kt. takes K. P.	Q. to Q. B. 2nd.
17 Kt. takes K. B. P.	Kt. to Q. B. 4th. (e)
18 B. takes Kt.	B. takes B.
19 R. to Q. 8th (ch.)	

And White wins the game.
 (a) The Dundee players ought to be conversant with this phase of the Evans' Gambit, from the fact of Mr. Fraser (their champion player) having devoted much time and labour to the examination of the many beautiful variations springing from the branch of the attack.
 (b) B. to K. Kt. 5th is generally played here, but we incline rather to Kt. to Q. B. 3rd.
 (c) If 15. Kt. takes Kt., 16. P. takes Kt., 16. Kt. to Q. Kt. 6th, and Black replies with 16. K. to B. 2nd, with a tolerably safe game.
 (d) Bad as this is, we really see nothing better.
 (e) K. takes Kt. is a much stronger move, the one made being immediately fatal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

OTAC.—Yes, if really good. We like the ring of the first stanza, and were the rest equally good, we should be glad to publish your communication.

DONOR WALLAR.—The MS. is laid aside for publication as soon as we can make room for it.

IONA, BELLEVILLE.—We do not make the slightest distinction, and shall be glad to receive any papers you may think proper to forward.

JANA.—Respectfully declined.

H. E. C.—We have not yet found time to read your article; if accepted, it will appear in our next issue.

ARDA DARNY.—Certainly, whenever you feel disposed to do so. Much oblige

ROBIN.—Quits acceptable.

X. Y., STRATFORD.—Your letter is laden with good things, and we shall not be slow to place these before the lovers of our Pastime Column.

S. J. C., OTTAWA.—Will you please explain your propositions respecting the parliamentary gentlemen.

CANADIA.—Will give your communication our careful attention.

S. B. R., HAMILTON.—We are exceedingly obliged to you, both for your good wishes and the trouble you have taken, but do not think we could consistently publish your contribution.

S. G., QUAKO.—Much obliged—Will you be good enough to forward an explanation of the "letter P"

DUNCE.—It was held in Coventry, Warwickshire, in the reign of Henry IV, and called the "Parliament of Dunces" because lawyers were excluded from it. Judging from the complexion of our Legislative Assembly, one would think that the lawyers had determined that we shall not be blessed with a "Parliament of Dunces" in Canada.

T. H., OTTAWA.—Your contribution will appear in an early issue.

SCOTIA.—Respectfully declined.

W. O., CONCORD.—Messrs. Robert Hendery & Co., 590 Craig Street, are manufacturing silversmiths of long standing, and would, we have no doubt, execute any orders you may give them to your satisfaction.

F. B. D.—The piece is longer than we care to publish, unless there are special inducements as to style or subject; but we will keep it near us, and if we find, upon further examination that we can insert it, we shall be happy to do so.

JAMES PROCTOR.—Please accept our thanks. The O. D's. were specially acceptable, and we shall be very glad to receive more. We answer your question in the affirmative—there is sometimes a sublimity in impertinence, is there not?

H. H. V.—Welcome as an old friend.

JAS. H.—Yes, if you wish us to do so.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

GLUE IMPERVIOUS TO WATER.—If a coating of glue or also be brushed over with a decoction of one part powdered nutgalls in twelve of water, reduced to eight parts, and strained, it becomes hard and solid. It makes a good coat for ceilings to whitewash on, and for lining walls for paper hangings.

HOW TO CURE SCALDS FROM STEAM.—Apply ordinary white lead, mixed to a thick cream with linseed oil. No danger exists from lead-poisoning, and if it did, sulphuric acid lemonade, which we take to mean water slightly acidulated with oil of vitriol, would be the only prophylactic needed.

CLARIFYING LIQUORS WITH BOART CLAY.—Burnt clay is a very effective means of clarifying wine, liquors, beer, vinegar, and cider. You may use broken flower-pots, or any unglazed pottery-ware free from lime. These materials must be finely powdered in a mortar, and washed with water; let them rest for one hour, and decant the water containing the finely distributed dust-like particles of clay. Repeat the same operation with another portion of pure water, and afterwards dry the burnt clay. Two or three pounds of this material should be used for one

barrel; shake the fluid thoroughly with the clay, and allow it to rest. If necessary, the fluid should be finely filtered.

GLAZING RIBBONS.—Wet the ribbon in alcohol, and fasten one end of it to something that will hold it firm; hold the other in your hand, keeping the ribbon out straight and smooth; rub it with a piece of Castile soap until it looks decidedly soapy; then rub hard with a sponge, or, if much soiled, with the back of a knife, keeping the ribbon dripping wet with alcohol. When you have exhausted your patience, and think it clean, rinse thoroughly in alcohol, fold between cloths, and iron with a hot iron. Don't wring the ribbon; if you do, it will get creases in it that you cannot get out.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL

Dr. Murchison believes, and the London *Lancet* endorses the belief, that rinderpest is virulent small-pox, shows that all the symptoms are identical, suspects that herds which have had the cow-pox are exempt and suggests the vaccination of all cattle.

RELATIVE WEIGHT. A weight which could only be three ounces on the moon would be one pound on the earth, and the same force would throw a body six and a half times further or higher on the former body.

M. Gaudin, the eminent French chemist, has recently made a valuable discovery in the manufacture of iron. He finds that by adding to it, when in a state of fusion, peroxide of manganese and phosphate of iron, a degree of excessive hardness is acquired, which makes the metal especially valuable when used in machinery.

ELECTRICITY AS A MEANS OF TAKING CORRECT SOUNDINGS IN DEEP WATERS.—In taking deep-sea soundings, the great difficulty is to determine the exact moment at which the lead touches the bottom. It is now proposed that the sounding-line should be a kind of light telegraph cable, which, by means of the electric current, could be made either simply to give warning, by ringing a bell or otherwise, of the lead having touched the bottom, or to put in action an automatic brake, and so prevent any more line passing into the water.

Electro-telegraphy owes much to Prof. Wheatstone; but his latest achievement excels all we have yet heard of. With his improved automatic instrument, properly manipulated, he can transmit six hundred distinctly legible signs or letters in a minute.

At a recent meeting of the Astronomical Society, Mr. De La Rue, the President, stated that his hopes with regard to the use of photography in astronomical observations had been confirmed, and that the Lunar Committee of the British Association had resolved to make use of photographs to prepare an accurate outline map of the moon. Sections of these photographs are to be distributed among observers, who will occupy themselves with filling in the details of the several parts of the lunar surface. A series of zones being agreed on, each observer will have a zone assigned him, at which he will be expected to work whenever it may be visible. Amateur astronomers, willing to take part in this good work, should make known their willingness to the Secretary of the Astronomical Society.

In one of the French scientific journals a new method has been given for the preparation of modelling clay for sculptors. The clay at present employed dries very quickly, and is on that account objectionable. It is suggested to employ glycerine in moistening it. The product thus obtained will possess all the good qualities of wax, but will be considerably less expensive, and will be superior to it in retaining the same consistency whatever the temperature to which it is exposed. Before the glycerine is added to the clay, the latter must be well dried and pulverized. Any water left in it would subsequently destroy the plasticity, as it would pass off by evaporation, and thus leave the day without the necessary amount of liquid for the preservation of its plasticity.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Why is electricity like the police when they are wanted?—Because it is an invisible force.

Mrs Partington is horrified to hear that French dancing girls execute their *grand pas* on the stage, with the people all looking at 'em, and applauding of 'em too.

A blind man, having walked the streets with a lighted lantern, an acquaintance met him, and exclaimed, in some surprise, "what is the use of that light to you? You know every street and turning—it does you no good. You can't see a bit the better." "No," replied the old man, "I don't carry the light to make me see, but to prevent fools from running against me."

Dr. Kitchener, who prided himself on his orderly dinner parties, had the following words written over his mantelpiece:—"Come at seven, go at eleven." The young Coleman, being one day the doctor's guest, inserted the word "it" in the last line, and made it read "go it at eleven."

When Henry Erskine was appointed to succeed Dundas as Lord Advocate, the latter offered him the loan of his silk gown, saying, "For the short time you'll want it, you had better borrow mine." "I have no doubt," replied Erskine, "that your gown is made 'to fit any party,' but however short my time may be in office, it shall never be said that Henry Erskine put on the 'abandoned habits' of his predecessor."

RESPECTABLE HUSBANDS WANTED.—An attorney who wished to show his smartness by quizzing an old farmer, began by asking him if there were many girls in his neighbourhood. "Yes," replied the old man, "there's a dreadful sight of 'em—so many that there ain't half enough respectable husbands for 'em all, and so some of 'em are beginning to take up with lawyers!"

An Irish gentleman entered a bookseller's shop in Dublin the other day, with a valuable work, which, he said, was to be bound in a superior style. "And how will you have it done?" said the bookbinder; "in Russia?"—"in Russia? certainly not!" was the reply.—"in Morocco, then?" continued the shopkeeper.—"No! neither in Russia nor Morocco," rejoined the patriot; "if you can't do it here, I'll take it to the bookbinder over the way."

A MAN advertises for competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine, and adds "that it will be profitable to the undertaker!" No doubt of it.

There is a lady who has so entirely renounced the male sex that she will not wear a mantle, have a *boylor* in the kitchen grate; calls herself a good *womanager*, and scarcely thinks it right to use a *ladle*.

A CHINESE SPOUR. There were two short-sighted men who were always quarrelling as to which of them could see best; and, as they heard there was to be a tablet erected at the gate of a neighbouring temple, they determined they would visit it together on a given day, and put the visual powers to the test. But, each desiring to take advantage of the other, Ching went immediately to the temple, and, looking quite close to the tablet, saw an inscription with the words, "To the great man of the past and the future." Chang also went prying yet closer, and in addition to the inscription "To the great man of the past and the future," he read from smaller characters, "This tablet was raised by the family of Ling, in honour of the great man."

On the day appointed, standing at a distance from which neither could read, Ching exclaimed, "The inscription is, 'To the great man of the past and the future.'"

"True," said Chang: "but you have left out a part of the inscription; which I can read, but you cannot, and which is written in small characters—'Erected by the family of Ling, in honour of the great man.'"

"There is no such inscription," said Ching.

"There is," said Chang.

So they waxed wroth, and, after abusing one another, agreed to refer the matter to the high priest of the temple.

After he heard their story, he quietly said, "Gentlemen, there is no tablet to read: it was taken into the interior of the temple yesterday."

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finds out that "Ampton" means Wolverhampton, that "Caster" means Doncaster or Lancaster, and at his journey's end, that "Lunnun" means London. Now there is nothing so slovenly as this on the Grand Trunk; the names of all the stations are intelligibly sounded from Sarnis to Toronto, and Toronto to Montreal, if we except "Vaudeuil," and certainly that is a puzzler. No slight acquaintance with French caught at school, and renewed by an occasional trip to Paris would ever help you, and you would never dream of "Fendroy," meaning "Vaudeuil" any more than the *Habitant* in Bonsecour's market would believe you wanted to buy his potatoes if you asked for "Pommes de terre" instead of "Patates."

An English cockney, too, just set down in Canada does not get on well, until he mends his elocution. We recollect a conceited individual who had just landed as he said from the "Hanglo Saxon," who thought no small beer of himself, and therefore asked for a "glass of hail." The puzzled look of the sprightly hostess of a country inn was a good subject for Wilkie. We had half a mind to tell her to fetch some iced water, as the nearest approach to "hail" that could be suggested; when her husband, formerly a Whitechapel butcher, came to the rescue, and quickly brought a foaming glass of beer, remarking that Lachine beer was equal to "Lunnun hail." He had not quite forgotten all his own cockneyism, but our new acquaintance soon floored him, with "Do you know where I could find a 'Collage Horny,' with a nice little farm attached?" After a considerable ransacking of our brains we guessed he meant *collage ornée*, and we guessed right. Alas! a plain shanty was the real want, and the cockney and his *cottage horny* came to grief for lack of funds to keep up his notion of cheap colonial life.

It would be easy to deal with words coined in America, but the subject is rather trite, nor do such words as "Goaheadativeness" and the like take deep root in Canada; most of them are already weeded out of our vocabulary, and, now the reciprocity treaty is at an end, we would tax every newspaper heavily that used them. Word-making is nevertheless a trade, and if we may judge by the advertisers, the demand exceeds the supply. The poets who write for Warren's blacking, or for Moses in the Minorities, have in the long run been remunerated as well as was the poet laureate by the publishers of "Cornhill." The renowned George Robins, the immortal knight of the hammer, it was stated, employed a double first class man to compose his advertisements—many of which are worthy of preservation as "curiosities of literature;" they were unique and inimitable—take for instance the description of Foothill Abbey printed as an introduction to the particulars of the sale of that magnificent property. It was the best specimen of advertising ever issued before or since, and proved so successful that it was used as a precedent for similar sales ever after. These poets were also entrusted with the manufacture of new words for quack medicines; and Bowland paid handsomely for his famous word "Kalydor," which has proved an inimitable trademark for upwards of fifty years. The ingredients may have been imitated, but the name could not be, and that was just what was wanted. Almost all other trade words are mongrels half Greek, half Latin, with some French and English compounds, but a classic can find no fault with "Kalydor." What would be say to "Hydropult," manufactured to mean "an engine to throw water"? The word-coiner had "catapult" probably in his head, which is "an engine anciently used to throw stones." But as *catapulta* is a Latin word, he did not help himself by affixing a bit of Greek. Probably he thought a catapult was "an engine to throw cats," and he might just as well have said "waterpelt" at once. Then we have *Eccaleobions*, "I call out life," *Antigropelos* "skin against wet," the North American *Penetanguishene* "shifting sand," "Tyendinaga," "Orillia," &c., being just as intelligible and far more euphonious. Then we have compounds of French and Latin to please your fair readers, "satisfectum crinolines," and "pompador japons, and a host of others, clo-

ing with "opponax," which used to mean "a stinking gum with an acrid taste," now advertised as a modern perfume.

If we are to have new words, let us make them of dry well-seasoned material from the dead languages, as "viaduct," a word admissible anywhere; and yet only co-eval with railroad engineering, at any rate unknown to Johnson. But when we go to living language, we make a mongrel, take "reliable" for instance. How the press, the legislature, and the clergy came to countenance this word (and in Canada they all have), we know not—it was not wanted. Of course by "reliable" is meant "worthy of reliance," just as by "pitiable" is meant "worthy of pity," but there is no substantive rely but *reliance*, and it should be "relianceable." Admit "reliable," and a litter of mongrels would soon follow, as "defiable," "repliable," &c., &c.

The Saturday Readers will begin to say:

"What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;"

just as if Shakespere had a contempt for words and names. At all events, this hackneyed quotation is often used for that end. The reverse is the fact. Upon the force of names (and names are but words), upon "Montague and Capulet" hangs the whole drama of Romeo and Juliet.

SLASH.

BRITISH AMERICAN LITERATURE.

We understand that the Rev. J. D. B— has been for some time engaged in an extensive and useful work, the idea of which was originated some years ago by the highest of our Lower Canadian educationists—viz., "The Battles of the World in Ancient and Modern Times," arranged in alphabetical order, and forming a dictionary of reliable information, drawn in extenso from the best of histories and despatches. It is also intended to give a chronological appendix of the battles and principal events connected with the different countries of the ancient and modern world. The book will consist of at least 500 pages, and be clearly printed and neatly bound.

PROFESSOR BELL, F.G.S., the able young Canadian geologist, of Queen's College, Kingston, is preparing for the press a scientific treatise on petroleum, having special reference to Canada.

MR. FENBERTY, of Sackville, Nova Scotia, has in contemplation the publication of a collection of his miscellaneous pieces in verse; and L'ABBE CASGRAIN, of Quebec, who has already made important contributions to our rising and growing literature, is engaged in writing a life of the late MR. F. X. GARNEAU, the historian of Canada.

QUEBEC LITERARY AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Society, the following gentlemen were elected to conduct the business of the Society for 1866:—

President—E. D. Ashe, Esq., Capt. R.N.
Vice-Presidents—Rev. J. Douglas, Wm. Jas. Anderson, Esq., M.D., James M. Lemoine, Esq., and Hector Fabre, Esq.

Treasurer—Henry Fry, Esq.
Corresponding Secretary—W. D. Campbell, Esq.

Council Secretary—C. L. J. Fitzgerald, Esq.
Librarian—J. W. Cook, Esq.
Curator of Museum—S. Sturton, Esq.
Curator of Apparatus—Theophile Bedard, Esq.
Additional Members of Council—O. G. Holt, Esq., Jas. Stevenson, Esq., Thelesphore Fournier, Esq., and Dr. Marsden.

Assistant Secretary—Wm. Couper.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Temple Bar has, we understand, been sold to Mr. Bentley for the sum of £2,500 sterling.

Yet another translation of Homer. It is said that King Otho is employing his leisure in translating the Iliad.

A New Weekly Journal, similar in character to the *Field*, has just made its appearance in London. It is entitled "Land and Water: a Journal of Field Sports," and the department of Fisheries and practical Natural History will be conducted by Mr. Frank Buckland.

We see it stated that a vast collection of letters, notes, and memoranda, said to fill 10 chests, illustrative of the literary life and labours of Walter Savage Landor, has been handed over to Mr. John Forster as the materials from which to write the poet's life.

A London publishing firm has been recently trying to prevail on the Poet Laureate to permit the introduction into England of the American editions of his works, alleging as a reason that they are quite as well if not better printed, and that they are so very much cheaper, than the English editions. Another reason adduced for their introduction there, we believe, was the desirability of circulating Mr. Tennyson's writings amongst the working classes. Notwithstanding these representations, the Laureate has declined to permit American reprints of his poems to circulate in England.

Mr. Charles Knight is about to re-issue, in cheap weekly numbers, his excellent "English Cyclopædia." It is to commence with the division of "Arts and Sciences," and will be followed immediately by "Biography," "Geography," and "Natural History;" all increased in value by means of supplements now being prepared. We read in the prospectus:—"To the members of mechanics' and literary and scientific institutions, working men's clubs, and other associations for the purchase and common use of otherwise inaccessible works of research and reference, this mode of re-issue seems particularly well adapted; whilst there are, doubtless many individuals who, unable to pay large sums at once, would gladly avail themselves of the opportunity, by easy payments at short intervals, of possessing so useful and extensive a work as "The English Cyclopædia."

An enterprising dealer in London announces a volume elegantly "got up," with beautiful vignette monograms, colored engravings, etc., entitled "Essay and Essence," containing a poem, "Odor of Hybla; or, Floral Sprites," and says that "the volume, besides its literary and artistic attractions, contains within it a casket of new and choice perfumes appropriately called "Floral Sprites." This is an unusual combination of the intellectual with the material, but not altogether an unpleasant one.

An "Annotated Book of Common Prayer" is announced for speedy publication in London. It is to be produced on an enlarged scale of critical research and comment, more thorough than any previous work of the kind, and worthy of the present state of liturgical knowledge, useful alike to the clergy and the laity. It is edited by the Rev. John Blunt, assisted by various writers of eminence. It will be carefully printed from the "Sealed Book." The original texts of all parts that have been derived from ancient sources, both Latin and old English, will be set side by side with the English of the Prayer Book. It will also contain historical ritual and expository foot-notes, separate essays on important subjects, historical introductions to each division of the Prayer Book, and illustrations of the last revision from the MSS. of Bishop Cosin and Archbishop Sancroft.

The Irish "Literary Man" has come with other things to the surface, during the Fenian trials in Dublin. The chief of these, named O'Keefe, put in a plea for mitigation of punishment, on the ground that he only wrote what he could get paid for, and he was especially paid for asserting that the country was oppressed and discontented. Further, this projector of a republic complained that the Government did not interfere with the Fenian press, and prevent the writers getting into trouble, by a process of warnings, such as are employed by the Imperial Government of France. To an advocate of the liberty of the press, this complaint assumes a comic aspect. We must add, that the *Dublin Evening Mail* properly protests against O'Keefe being considered as a type of the "Literary Man" in Ireland.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Just published, this day, "The Biglow Papers. By James Russell Lowell, complete in one vol. Paper covers, uniform with Artemus Ward." Illustrated. Printed on fine paper. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Just published, Second edition of "The Advocate" a novel. By Charles Healy, author of "Hail," "Jephthah's Daughter," &c. Cheap Paper Cover edition, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1.25; Gilt, \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid. By Professor C. Piazzi Smyth F.R.S.E. & L. & Co. With Photograph, Map, and Plates. London edition, \$2.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Simple Truths for Earnest Minds. By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Words, for February. Price 12½ cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sunday Magazine, for February. Price 15 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Millais's Illustrations. A collection of eighty beautiful engravings on wood. By John Everett Millais, R.A. 1 vol., large 4to. London: Strahan & Co. \$6.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Shepherd and His Flock; or, The Keeper of Israel and the Sheep of his Pasture. By J. M. McDuff, D.D. 12mo. \$1.00. Montreal: R. Worthington, 80 St. James Street.
- The Parables of our Lord, read in the Light of the Present Day. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 1 vol., sq. 12mo. Gilt top. With Illustrations by Millais. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Theology and Life. Sermons chiefly on special occasions. By E. H. Plumtre, M.A., London. 16mo. \$1.50. Montreal: R. Worthington.
- Bushnell. The Vicarious Sacrifice, Grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell, D.D. 12mo. A new English Edition. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Angels' Song. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "Gospel in Ezekiel," &c. 8mo. 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Words for February. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sunday Magazine for February. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Magic Mirror. A round of Tales for Old and Young. By William Gilbert, author of "De Profundis," &c., with eighty-four illustrations. By W. S. Gilbert. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The North-west Passage by Land. Being the narrative of an Expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By Viscount Milton, M.P., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., &c., and W. B. Oheadle, M.A., M.D., Cantab, F.R.G.S. London. Cassell, Petter and Galpin. 8vo. Beautifully Illustrated. \$5.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Words for 1865. In one handsome octavo volume, with numerous illustrations. B. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Sunday Magazine for 1865. One large octavo volume with numerous illustrations. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Jamieson. The Complete Works of Mrs. Jamieson in ten neat 16mo. vols. A new edition, just published. The only uniform one published. B. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Life of Lord Palmerston. With an account of his Death and Funeral. London. Routledge. 1865. B. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Student's English Dictionary. One vol. 814 pages. Illustrated. London: Blackie & Son. 1865. \$2.63.
- Hesperus and other Poems. By Charles Sangster, Author of New St. Lawrence and Saguenay, &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Robertson. Sermons and Expositions. By the late John Robertson, D.D., of Glasgow Cathedral. With Memoir of the Author. By the Rev. J. G. Young, Monisth. 12mo. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Dr. Marigold's Prescription. By Charles Dickens. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Kingley. Hereward, the last of the English. By Charles Kingley, author of "Two Years Ago," &c. 12mo. pp. iv., 397. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cl. \$2. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, Cloth binding, \$4.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.
- Artemus Ward, "His Book." Just published, this day, by R. Worthington, Artemus Ward, "His Book," with 19 Comic illustrations, by Mullen. Elegantly printed on best paper. Paper covers, uniform with his travels. Price 25c.
- This day published, by R. Worthington, The Harp of Canaan, by the Revd. J. Douglas Borthwick, in one vol. octavo. Printed on best paper, 300 pages, \$1.50, in extra binding, \$1.80.
- The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.

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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. G. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 389.

CHAPTER XXVII. MYNIE'S DESTINATION.

"Yes, yes, we know his weapon
Plays about that low-roofed house
Free and familiar as the light of day."
AMERICAN.

We left Burke craftily eying Mr. Hope, who, while he was no match for his visitor in cunning, was depressed in spirit by prolonged anxiety on Norry's eccentric, and felt, as the conscientious often do, inclined to blame himself for all that had happened unfortunately. Neither was the good man entirely free from suspicious as to Burke. He listened to the specious words repeated often—

"All I want is the children's good."
"It may be so; but I don't know, Mr. Burke, that I do right in allowing your interference until I know more."

"Are ye then prepared, my gude sir, to take the responsibility of the lassie—the sister, and also of the brother, when he turns up? and that'll be soon enough, I warrant, when I'm on his track. I'm not, like you, in a sick room thinking; I'm about everywhere. I am acting, sir, and that's worth all the thinking. I'll soon drop upon my young sprig, and no mistake. But I was saying, Mr. Hope, are ye prepared to reject all assistance, and take the responsibilities on yourself, eh? or would you like to give them both up entirely?"

"I certainly should not do that without the fullest knowledge of the right of the parties who claimed them."

"Well, ye'll not be asked, I'll venture to say." Mr. Hope, as the man spoke, revolved again the whole matter. He could not undertake the charge involved in the future education and care of the children; not even of one. However he might rally, it would not be to health. He should be, he feared, a sore tax on the energies of his daughter. Never had he felt the bitterness of poverty more than now that this man sat before him, relentlessly pressing his alternative, saying, with an implied taunt—

"Oo, do as you like; but remember, you prevent the girl getting education, and the boy a profession—that's all."

"I would prevent neither, but further both," said Mr. Hope, wearily.

"Then may I ask what you have done as to inquiries about a school for the young leddy?"

Mr. Hope pointed to a little pile of slips of paper, advertisements copied out of the papers, and several open letters on the table, adding—

"These would have been decided on, but for the distress and confusion we have been in about Norman."

"Well, now I know all the particulars, I'll take upon myself all further search; and suppose that now, my gude sir, ye just went over the letters and chose."

"My daughter prefers this," said Mr. Hope, handing the circular of a lady near Winchester, "because the school is kept by a relation of Miss Webb's, and also because it is just possible that Marian may go into the neighbourhood sometimes—that is, if she accompanies her new pupil into Hampshire. The family have an estate there."

"Hampshire!" muttered Burke; "as well there as anywhere. Then decide, Mr. Hope; the schules are gathering suns. I say, Decide: Elmscroft, near Winchester, is—I'll answer for it—healthy. Decide at once, or may be you'll have another runaway."

A tap at the door told of Mynie's approach. She entered, with her face all aglow with excitement, and a letter in her hand, directed in the well-known hand-writing of a friend of Norry's.

Every incident was eagerly caught at in the hope of supplying some clue to the whereabouts of the fugitive.

Mr. Hope tore it open with trembling fingers. It contained only a few lines of invitation to some juvenile gathering, and was, in its careless ease and manifest ignorance of all that had happened, so jarring to Mr. Hope's feeling, that he threw it down with a hopeless sigh, and Mynie proved her disappointment by bursting into tears.

Burke looked at them with a sneer, and soon after left, with the understanding that Mynie, on the 18th of January, would be sent to Elmscroft. One little incident occurred just before his departure.

Mynie, who attended him to the door, passed a moment in the passage, and said, looking fell at him—

"Pray, sir, did you know my parents?"

The directness of the question, and the earnest gaze of her innocent eyes, disconcerted the man. He hesitated a moment, and then said—

"No—o, miss! Why?"

"Oh, nothing; only I'm glad of it."

With a relieved look, as if she could not bear to recognize him as their friend, she opened the door, and he departed.

CHAPTER XXVIII. ALLAN AND GERTRUDE.

"Young is she, scarcely passed from childhood's years,
With grave, soft face, where thoughts and smiles
may play,
And, unalarmed by guilty aims or fears,
Serenes as meadow flowers may meet the day."
JOHN STIRLING.

"How is it, little True, that you are so altered?" said Allan Austwick, leaning over the back of his sister's chair, as they found themselves alone one morning in the drawing-room of Wilton Place, shortly after the funeral of their cousin, De Lacy.

"Tell me, how is it?" To this question the young lady, who was seated at an embroidery frame, and apparently closely occupied with matching wools, replied by another question—

"Am I altered, Allan? How?"

"Why, you're melancholy. You used to be a jolly little thing, always laughing, and saying or doing something to make others laugh; but either Aunt Honor's illness, or Aunt Honor in a normal state, which may well be, for, I'm sure, she bothers me—"

"Allan, Allan!"

"Or," he continued, not heeding the interruption, "our being now at the top of the Austwick tree—which is no such grand elevation, after all—has changed you into the gravest little mumblechoo thing."

"Well, I've not being able to help thinking how sad and strange was the death of poor De Lacy. It seems to me every day sadder that we should in a manner seem to rejoice, or—"

"As to rejoicing, we were all shocked at his death, and never, I'm sure, during his or his father's life time grudged them their rights. But we young ones did not know them, neither did mamma; and as to Paterfamilias, you would not have him to mourn over a nephew he was estranged from, as to be unmindful of the interests of his own children. You are romantic, little True."

"I am thoughtful."

"And it does not become you. A little insect like you should be bright and fluttering; then you are delightful. And do you know, I think that Miss Hope, who went out just as I came in, is just a little too grave."

"Poor Marian! she has a sick father; and tomorrow she parts from one who has been as a sister—an only sister—to her. Is there so much love in the world, Allan, that we should be angry with her sadness? I like her the better for it."

"What do you know of the world, little wise-acre? It's a very good world, as far as I see. Books and tutors, short holidays and aborter cash, have been my greatest troubles, so far; and they're not likely to be over these three years."

"You think, then, when you're of age, all your troubles will end."

"I'm not such a noodle; but it's something to be reckoned a man, particularly when one feels oneself to be one for so many years beforehand."

A merry laugh rang out from Gertrude in answer to her brother, who joined heartily in it, saying—

"That's right; I wanted to hear your laugh again; and now I've something to tell you. I'm to read with Mr. Nugent for a year, and then hurrah for Oxford!"

"What, the clergyman of Wicke Church?"

Allan nodded.

Gertrude continued—

"Aunt Honor does not like him."

"What's that got to do with it if the Pater and I like him? We saw a great deal of him at the Obace these last few days. He dined with us frequently."

"And, pray, is he a mere jovial—"

"No, True; I should not like him if he were. I am, I know, as you sometimes superciliously call me, a rattlepate, a lazy-bones, and all sorts of disparaging names, but I know what a clergyman should be; and it's because this one is a good man, and a ripe scholar—one whom I can respect—that I like him. There's a grave speech for you, True."

"You're my dear, good brother; and you're not the less to be a wise man, and a great lawyer in the good times coming, because, as Aunt Honor would say, you're now the heir of Austwicke."

"The old girl will be disappointed if she thinks I'm going to be like her fox-hunting father, and the heavy old graziers and Nimrods before him. No, no. Austwicke acres are all very well to plant one's foot on; but I most stretch my head into another region, True. Only I wish—I do wish—I could stick at work alone, but I can't; though, fortunately, young Griesbach is to come to Austwicke, and read at the Parsonage. He's a decent fellow. I've had a long confab with our Pater this morning, and that's the upshot; and when our lady mother has done all her junketing and shopping, and is tired with London, than, True, we shall all assemble in the old Hall and be merry."

"Mamma said she disliked the Hall."

"Ah! it's very different when a place is your own; besides, there's to be no end of improvements. There's a strong detachment of workmen there transmogrifying already."

"And Aunt Honor's rooms?"

"They're still to be hers, of course. I heard my father give orders that, unless she desired it, no change was to be made; but he means to alter the wing next to the east porch, so as to detach her rooms, and make them like a separate house. Two queens would be as maddening as two moons, little True; so it's all arranged."

"And will papa be very rich? I thought Aunt Honor always sighed over the estate, and said it was—what do you call it?—encumbered."

"Not very rich, True; and the big legal word you have uttered signifies the truth as to the Austwicke lands, estates, hereditaments, &c., &c.; but it so happens there's a railway to be made through those particularly fertile heaths and glans in Scotland that were mamma's dower; and that which hitherto never produced anything but a crop of stones, will yield a harvest of guineas; and so, child, the bleak, hard, cold north will be made to fertilise the sunny south. There's many such miracles now-a-days. It's a romantic age."

"Now, Allan, that's absurd. Romance died out with chivalry; now, it's all matter of fact."

"No such thing, True. No flying griffia or pushing unicorn, of the old times, was anything like such an animal as the fire-eating, steam-snorting horse of our days; and as to seven-league boots and enchanters, why they're awfully slow, compared with our flights over the iron road, and our words along the wire. Why, St. George himself, and his dragon to boot, was nothing to George Stephenson! No, no, girl. The wonderful—that is the romantic—never ceases."

"Really, Allan, this is too bad," said an angry voice. "I've been sending after you everywhere. I thought you would call at the Pentreal's, and I've been waiting as long as I decently could there for you; and here you are idling away your time with Gertrude."

Mrs. Basil Austwicke it was who spoke. She had come in, tired and a little cross, from a round of morning calls. Her son, Allan, whose handsome person and merry humour made him a general favourite, was more than ever an object of importance in his mother's eyes now that the sun of prosperity had risen on the family. She liked, whenever he was at home, to have him as her escort; for though scarcely eighteen, he looked some two or three years older, and she had quite the full amount of maternal pride in him. "My son Allan" was in quite a different tone from the

contemptuous pity of the words, "That poor, little, tiny True."

Indeed, if Allan's charge had been really true—that his sister was becoming melancholy, it could scarcely be wondered at; for the tone of disparagement was daily becoming more marked since the changes in the family prospects. Mrs. Austwicke would have liked to have had growing up a stately daughter, who embodied her own ideas of beauty. She was just the mere worldling that would have angled in the matrimonial market for a good match. Her theory was, that daughters well managed and catered for, far more than sons, strengthened the family interest, and gave a mother great personal influence. And here she was disappointed. Gertrude was so petite, she looked a mere child, and the other children were sons, whose education would cost, to use her own vague phraseology, "no one knew what." To be sure, they were all well-grown, comely boys, the heir especially. Allan was certainly a prize, though a little crotchety and wayward, and with rather dangerous ideas of generosity, and so forth; but she had nothing really to object to him. He satisfied her pride, though not enough to compensate for her annoyance in Gertrude. Whether Mrs. Austwicke had taken more pains to hide her chagrin, not to call it dislike, when her daughter was younger, or that Gertrude, as she grew out of childhood, being singularly sensitive and observant, had penetrated her mother's shallow heart and found herself depreciated, certain it was that this winter the poor girl's spirits had been greatly weighed down. A mother's love is such a priceless blessing, that it must be a cold heart which can easily dispense with it; and Gertrude was formed to love and be loved. In her childhood her parents were to her an ideal to be cherished with all tender reverence; it was a slow and most painful process that had removed the illusion as to her mother, and given her a blank instead. Her father was an active man, of necessity devoted to his professional pursuits. His time for relaxation was very brief; and though Gertrude clung tenaciously to the belief that he at all events loved her, she had seen but little of him. In their vacation rambles and continental trips they had rarely taken her. She had been transferred from Miss Morris, the nursery governess's care, to a school; and this winter was the first for many years that she had been at home, and had realised, to her bitter grief, that she was unloved by her mother, and that the tenderness of her father and aunt for her was shadowed by some disappointment. Her brother Allan alone—yes, one other, a recent friend, Marian Hope—gave her, she felt, an appreciative, and not a pitying love. "Why, oh! why, does not my mother love me so?" was the secret plaint of the little, tender heart.

How hard had she toiled to make herself worthy of parental love; and she had the consciousness that she had gained mental—yes, and, in all humility she might say, spiritual growth in thus striving. But she had failed in her filial hope. Her talents were faintly commended as a kind of inadequate compensation, or smiled at as an eccentricity, while her religious feelings, so far as they were known to Mrs. Austwicke, were disapproved.

"Gertrude is likely to be peculiar enough with her dwarfish stature. She needn't be making herself out as a saint," was the sarcastic sentence uttered in her hearing—thrown at her rather than spoken to her. If it had not been for the secret sustaining power of a spirit soothed by reliance on a never-failing love, Gertrude knew she must have become peevish and petulant, or utterly cast down under her trials. As it was, she was able to struggle against angry or jealous feelings, to pray for a patient, truthful, gentle spirit. And if something of the gay carelessness of childhood had departed, and the tears she shed in secret had a little dimmed the laughing ray in her lambent eyes, yet she was cheerful, active, sympathetic, and her influence in the house was felt by all, none the less that it was unseen and unacknowledged.

Marian Hope came, as we have seen, prepared to love Gertrude; but she had no idea how thoroughly she would esteem and admire her: how

completely their natures would blend and make them friends. Marian, trained in the school of positive adversity, had not known the sorrows that had tried Gertrude in the midst of apparent prosperity. For Marian had been beloved in her lowly home; yet for that very reason she was quick to discern and to feel Gertrude's hidden trouble. Not that a word had been spoken between them on the subject. Both were unlike the ordinary class of suddenly-confiding, demonstrative young girls. To no mortal ear would Gertrude have breathed a complaint of her mother. Even in her prayers she asked to be taught how worthily to win the love she coveted. And Marian, silent about her own home troubles, in obedience to her father, understood that reserve did not cause interruption of sympathy. It is only shallow natures that reveal all.

Marian, though she did not actually blame herself, never ceased to regret the part that she had in Norry's flight. As day followed day, and there were no tidings, her anxiety settled into a deep sorrow. When she bade farewell to Mysic, who was duly sent to Elmscroft, there was a sting in their parting, for neither ventured to name the youth who was scarcely less a brother to Marian than to his sister—but they both thought of him: both felt that the old home had been broken up and scattered.

Indeed, this feeling, as the spring advanced, was so present to Mr. Hope, that he wished to leave a place which constantly reminded him of the boy whom he had loved so tenderly, and been deserted by, as he thought so ungratefully.

But we will reserve for the present our notice of Mr. Hope's change of abode.

CHAPTER XXIX. GOING AWAY.

"Say, shall my troubles cease,
In this little home of peace?
Shall I, like the brooding dove
Nestle in a home of love?"

We left Miss Austwicke the inmate of a sick chamber, to which it was supposed the shock of her nephew De Lacy's sudden death had consigned her. She, however, knew that it was the perplexity and harass of mind into which she had been plunged by the deathbed confession of her brother Wilfred, and the temptations that she had yielded to. In the obliquities into which she had strayed, the thought never presented itself to her mind that nothing would have been easier than to have told the truth; that a few words to the lawyer, at Captain Austwicke's funeral, would have prevented all that had followed, and done the tardy justice that the dead father contemplated on behalf of his children. All tampering with truth, whether by suppression or addition, has this effect: it tends to confuse the moral perceptions. On her sick bed Miss Austwicke kept saying to herself—

"How could I possibly know that this would happen: that De Lacy would be drowned, and Basil come into the estate? I never meant to defraud these wretched orphans of Wilfred's—certainly not; I meant to do them a service. Am I not, as it is, actually impoverishing myself for them?"

Of course, also, it seemed to her the most fitting that her brother Basil and his son, "that dear, handsome Allan, whom every one admired," should inherit. In the confused chancery of her mind, whatever the law might say, the present succession seemed equitable, and she half excused her sister-in-law's sarcastic saying:—

"I did not think, Honoria, that you were so very fond of De Lacy, or that his father had been so particularly grateful for your attention to him in years gone by, that you should exactly have fretted yourself ill about him. I should have supposed that one brother and one nephew were as much to you as another."

To which Miss Austwicke answered, with unwonted gentleness—

"It was the shock, nothing else, made me ill. I congratulate Basil and you; and wish that the estate was less encumbered."

"Oh, as to that, my property in the North will pay off the most pressing mortgages, and help Mr. Austwicke in his improvements," said the lady, with intense satisfaction; and then, of course,

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Thames crowded with goods, floating all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as on the other side the carts carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with movables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor can be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof! All the sky was of fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles thereabout. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame! The noise and cracking, and thunder of impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm, and the air all about so hot and inflamed that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached, upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day." Such was the fire which swept away everything that covered 430 acres of ground, including 89 churches and 13,200 houses.

There was a fire in Southwark in 1676, that brought down sixty houses; and another in 1725, commencing near St. Olave's Church, which also swept away sixty houses, and reduced to a tottering state the "Traitors' Gate," which in those days spanned the south end of London Bridge. It was, however, towards the end of the last century that the great warehouses began to be built, which have fed the flames so profusely. The year 1780 witnessed a fire at Homley-down that speedily lapped in its embrace granaries, provision-warehouses, ships' stores, boat-houses, cordage and sails, lighters and barges, and a ship under repair. Eleven years afterwards, in 1791, Rotherhithe lost several vessels and sixty houses by a great conflagration. In 1814, a fire broke out at some mustard-mills near St. Saviour's Church, on a Sunday evening. London Bridge was thronged with spectators, in carriages and on foot; and as night came on, they saw all the buildings on the north bank of the river magnificently lighted up by the reflection of flames from an extensive range of warehouses; and boats so thickly studded the river that "the water could hardly be seen." Corn, flour, and hops were destroyed to a vast amount. In 1820, nearly sixty houses, besides warehouses and vessels, were consumed during a great fire at Rotherhithe. The year 1836 was marked by that vast conflagration at Fenning's Wharf, not far from London Bridge, which consumed warehouses and merchandize to the value of L.250,000. Then came, in 1851, a fire that swept away L.50,000 worth of property in Tooley Street; and afterwards, in the same year, another that figured for L.150,000. In these fires, hops (Southwark is the head-quarters of the hop-trade) were consumed in enormous quantity; and in one of them, at Humphrey's Wharf, it was only by flooding whole acres of premises for several days that the flames could be kept away from enormous stores of butter, cheese, and bacon. In 1852, a fire took place at Rotherhithe, the flames from which, fed by corn, casks, boats, and timber, sent up a glare into the sky to such a height as to be visible all the way from Gravesend in the east to Windsor in the west. A rope-factory at Bermondsey in 1854; four large warehouses at Bermondsey wall in 1855; a provision dépôt at Rotherhithe in 1856, containing millions of bottles of ale, wine, and beer, intended for the Crimea; a flour-mill at Shad Thames, containing L.100,000 of stock, in the same year; cooperages and paper-warehouses, in 1860—all went. At the Bermondsey Wall fire, in 1854, after thousands of quarters of corn had been burnt, five thousands barrels of tar, tallow, and oil burst, smoke flamed, and flowed out into the street in a liquid blaze. At Hartley's Wharf, in 1860, a two-days' fire burned two great blocks of warehouses, crammed with grain, hops, bacon, cheese, butter, oil, lard, seeds, feathers, jute, and wool, to the value of L.200,000.

The great fire of 1861 was far the most disastrous, in regard to the value of the property destroyed, ever known in Southwark, and had few parallels in any part of the metropolis since the great event of Charles II.'s reign. How it burst out at four in the afternoon on the longest day; how it spread to eight large warehouses in in two hours; how the firemen in vain attempted to stop it; how it leaped across an opening, and caught another stack of warehouses—this was known half over London before bedtime. And then Mr. Braidwood, the able and courageous man who had formed the Fire Brigade thirty years before, and had managed it ever since: how deep was the regret when the news spread abroad that a tottering wall had fallen upon him and killed him! And what a night followed! London Bridge was choked with spectators all night; the avenues by the side of the steam-packet piers, Billingsgate, and the Custom-house, on the other side of the river, were equally thronged; and a heat and smoke, accompanied by that strange mixture of odours which we have already noticed, almost insufferable, were wafted across the river. The Dépôt Wharf caught, then Chamberlain's Wharf, and then Messrs. Irons' granary. Then, several schooners laden with oil, tar, and tallow were seized hold of by the flames; and in a few minutes the Thames was literally on fire along a space a quarter of a mile long by a hundred yards broad, hemming in and greatly imperiling some boatmen who ventured thither to see what they could pick up. The wind saved old St. Olave's Church from ignition; but the same wind carried destruction successively to several wharfs. By three o'clock on Sunday morning, the firemen, who fought on bravely, though deprived of their chief, were able to mark out the probable limit beyond which the flames would not extend; and they were right. But, oh, the time that it took to consume all that those valuable warehouses contained! There were thousands of casks of tallow; and the inflammable substance, melting out from the casks, flowed into cellars, lanes, and open quadrangles, where some of it was speedily licked up by flames, while the rest was deluged with water from the powerful steam fire-engines. After seven days of burning, a new explosion and a new burst of flame shewed how far the conflagration was from being ended. There was a depth of two feet of melted palm-oil and tallow, covering the whole floor of nine vaults, each a hundred feet long by twenty wide; and this immense quantity all went to feed the flames. Before the last heap of ruin was cold, there had been consumed, 23,000 bales of cotton, 800 tons of olive-oil, 30,000 packages of tea, 2000 packages of bacon, 900 tons of sugar, 400 cases of castor-oil, 9000 casks of tallow (this was the terrible item), and stores of other merchandise almost incredible in quantity. The total loss did not fall far short of L.2,000,000. And yet all has been rebuilt—larger, higher, stronger, handsomer, and fuller than ever.

One of the most noticeable features in connection with these great fires is the power which the insurance companies manifest of bearing up against the consequences. A loss varying from one hundred thousand to two millions of pounds suddenly occurs, and those on whom the blow mainly falls scarcely stagger under it. They make what they can of the salvage or damaged wreck of buildings and merchandize, and give cheques on their bankers for the remainder. The truth is, that the companies rather like these things once now and then. A rush of new insurers always comes immediately after a great fire, largely increasing the receipt of steady annual premiums, and more than compensating for the sudden outlay in reference to the fire that produced the rush.

Tobacco—The only wood which people go through the trouble of burning for no useful purpose.

Emigration—One country's draft upon another.

Coal—A letter of credit written with a needle upon broadcloth.

Theatre—A homœopathic hospital, where small doses of society are given to cure society.

Joke—A few drops on the leaves of imagination.

THREE EPOCHS.

Alone at night! Alone at night!
With candle dimly burning,
In brooding thought I sit depressed,
O'er many a lost hope mourning.
Of sunny mornings long ago,
When radiant was the sky,
And glad I met the morning's smile
With cloudless brow and eye.
I felt the world a paradise—
The flowers were wondrous fair;
The mountain's blue beyond the town
Seemed painted on the air.
Along the path the hawthorn bloom'd
By Bennett's glancing river;
Ah me! ah me! who walked with me
Is lost to me for ever!

Old ocean! how I loved your wave,
Its wild tumultuous roar—
When western gales blew high the spray
On Barna's rocky shore.
To see the hills of distant Clare,
Or Arran's guardian isles,
Half hid in stormy mist and cloud
Or lit in summer's smiles.
And all the scenes that memory wakes
Of that old storied city,*
Where Walter Lynch grim justice did,
Unmoved by human pity!

The Chaudière's leap before me gleamed
That glorious noon in May,
As shrouded in umbragous nook
Upon the banks we lay;
And converse of the land we left,
And dear friends far away,
Made halcyon in my heart of hearts
That joyous meeting day.
O joys since then have stirred my heart!
Sweet joys may come again;
But I would give—what would I not?
To feel as I felt then!

OTTAWA.

February 6, 1866.

EMILIE VERNON.

BY ELLEN VAVABOUR.

CHAPTER I.

THIS story I have extracted from some old letters, which I received, when a girl, from a young friend, who was spending the winter in St. Louis, with a widowed cousin; and it was there the incidents related occurred. In the letter in which she first mentioned Emilie Vernon, she wrote:

I have told you, my dear Ethel, how good and charitable my sweet cousin Alice is. I went with her, the other day, to visit a poor woman, who has interested me so much that I must tell you about her. On driving to the street to which we had been directed, we found that she lived in a large gloomy-looking old brick building. The door was open, and a little boy carrying a tin of water was going in. We learned from him that Mrs. Vernon, for that is her name, occupied a room up-stairs, next to theirs, he said it was, and that he would show us the way. We had to go up three flights of a narrow dark staircase. Here and there, through an open door, we caught a glimpse of the poverty and wretchedness which exists in that house. To judge from the looks, and exclamations of wonder from those we encountered, our appearance in that miserable place created no small surprise. The boy stopped before one of the doors in the third story, and, opening it, ushered us in. It was a large room, and the sun was shining brightly through the curtainless windows. A table, a few chairs, an old cupboard, and two miserable beds composed the furniture. It was a bitter cold day, yet in the large fireplace scarcely a spark of fire burned, and over those few coals a woman was trying to warm herself. Bare and cheerless as the apartment was, still it was clean, and as the boy's mother, Mrs. Watson, I believe, is her

* Galway, Ireland.

name, arose and came forward, I was prepossessed at once in her favour. On making inquiries, Alice found that Mrs. Vernon had, a few weeks before rented the room adjoining their's, from Mrs. Watson.

"I do not know where she came from, or why she is so poor," remarked Mrs. Watson; "but she is a real lady, any one to look at her could tell that. She has never told me anything about herself, except that she is a widow, and both herself and baby are in black."

"Her baby—has she one?" said Alice.

"Yes, ma'am—a fine little boy, about a year and a half old. See, there he is."

We looked towards the part of the room to which she directed our attention, and there, from one of the beds, two or three little ones were peeping curiously at us.

"We have no wood; the last stick was burned this morning, so, to try and keep them warm, I put him and the children in bed. His mother," she continued, "has, until the last week, been sewing for some great store in the city; but now she is so sick that she can't work. Poor young creature, there she lies, more like death than anything else. She has not a cent in the world. I do what I can for her, but this cold, bare room," and she glanced sadly around, "tells you, ma'am, that it is not much. Would you believe it," she continued, in an earnest, sorrowful tone, "that some of the neighbours told me I ought to turn her out, as she could not pay her rent—that we were too poor to keep her; but could I ever look my innocent children in the face, or teach them again to pray to the merciful God, after such an act! No, ma'am, little as we have, she has less. Oh, that it were only more that I could do for her!"

On asking if we might see her, Mrs. Watson led us into the adjoining apartment. On a low cot, in one corner of the small chamber, lay a girl of about nineteen or twenty. She was asleep, and in silence we gazed upon her wan, young face. She was, indeed, no common person; and how lovely she must have been once! That pure white brow, from which the soft brown hair was pushed back, exposing the small exquisitely-formed ear! even now sorrow and suffering has not robbed her of all her beauty. The little white hand, also, which lay on the coarse dark coverlet, showed that she had never been used to any menial service.

"I don't like to see her sleeping so much," said Mrs. Watson, anxiously; "it is a bad sign, I am afraid."

"What is the matter with her?" asked Alice.

"I do not know," she replied. "Since she came here, she has not been well; she has a bad cough, and two or three times she has gone off in a dead faint. My heart has ached for her many a time, when I awoke in the night and saw, by the faint glimmer of light through the crack in the door, that she was still sewing—ill and weary as I knew she was—and then that dreadful cough of her's grew worse, and it is no wonder that it did, sitting up at night in the cold—for she could not always keep a fire burning—till it was long past midnight, and then, with aching eyes, and limbs numb with cold, she would go to bed, and lie, perhaps, nearly the rest of the night awake, coughing."

Just think, Ethel, what that poor young creature must have endured. Alice has, as far as she can, relieved her sufferings, and Dr. Marsden her physician, is attending Mrs. Vernon; but he says there is no hope for her; that she is in a rapid decline, and cannot live many weeks.

CHAPTER II.

Three weeks have passed since I wrote to you, Ethel. Three weeks to me of happiness and gaiety, while to the young and lovely one, from whose dying couch I have just returned they have been full of suffering and lonely sorrow. Emilie Vernon knows that her days are numbered—that she is quickly passing from this earth; but is she not afraid to die, for she is at peace with God, and the weary are at rest in the home to which she is going. Oh! if she could only take her child with her—her year old little darling. With what passionate tenderness she clasped him to her breast to-day when she spoke

of leaving him, and that wailing cry of anguish, "My baby, Oh! my baby." When she was aware there was no hope for her, she wrote a letter, and gave it to Alice to post. It was directed to a Mrs. Beaumont, New Orleans. She did not say to whom she had written; not a word of her past life has ever escaped her lips, but no answer has yet been received to her letter. Day after day has passed in anxious, weary suspense, and still there is no reply. It is grieving her very much, troubling even her dreams, for Mrs. Watson has heard her murmuring in her sleep the words, "Is there no answer? I will die without knowing. O pity me, and come!" To whom has she written, and who is it she wants to come to her? There seems to be some mystery about her fate, or why would she be so silent on the subject? Alice has obtained employment for Mrs. Watson's husband. Poor woman, how grateful and happy it has made her! It takes very little sometimes to cheer the heart of others—to bring back the glad light to grieving eyes, or the cheerful smile to pale lips, to which it has long been a stranger; and yet out of our abundance we too often withhold that little, and look with indifference on the sorrows or trials of others. They are nothing to us. We do not feel them, and self is all we care for.

In her next letter to me, not very long afterwards, she wrote:—No answer has come to Mrs. Vernon's letter. She said to us to-day, "I can no longer hope for one. I shall go to my grave unforgiven—unmourned—and my baby will be left alone in this cold, wide world." Alice took the little fellow in her arms, and bringing him to the bedside asked her, as she told me she intended to do, to give him to her care. "I am rich," said Alice, in a sorrowful tone, "but am lonely. I have no children, and will soon learn to love him dearly; and shall endeavour, as far as I can, to supply your place to him, if you will trust him to me."

It was a scene for a painter! That lowly chamber, with its rude couch, on which the young dying mother lay, with her hands clasped and her wan, lovely face turned with an earnest enquiring gaze on the bountiful, richly clad lady, against whose velvet cloak her little one had nestled his curly head! Mrs. Vernon looked at him and then into Alice's face.

"Take him, he already clings to you," she murmured in low touching accents. "Gladly do I commit him to your care, for there is goodness in your sweet face, and you know what sorrow is; for it has left its impress on your pale brow, and those who have suffered are seldom indifferent to the sufferings of others. I give my darling to you; and God grant that in that blessed home to which I am fast hastening, I may again meet both him and you."

A week later, she said:—I have just returned from Mrs. Watson's, but the sick room there is silent and deserted; and another grave bearing the simple record, "Emilie Vernon, aged twenty," has been added to the many in the crowded grave-yard. All is now over, and she is at peace; for God has wiped away the sad tears from her eyes in that home where there is no more sorrow or pain. Alice was with her when she died, and has taken the baby home, and is quite delighted with her charge. A handsomely bound bible, with his mother's name beautifully written in it, and her wedding ring, is all the poor child has to tell him of his young, unhappy mother, whose beauty, misfortunes and early death have impressed us so deeply.

CHAPTER III.

It is a warm starlight night, dear Ethel,—she wrote to me in the spring—and as it is yet early, the city is still alive, and the noisy rolling of carriages, the sound of hurrying footsteps, and the hum of voices comes to me in my lonely room, and from the clear far-off heavens the quiet stars, in all their brilliant beauty are looking down on the crowded streets, with their bright lights and busy throng. Old and young, rich and poor are there. Gay ones seeking pleasure—starving ones bread—the wicked their haunts of vice—the wealthy their princely homes; but all are not so full of the cares of this earth that they cannot look up to those beautiful heavens.

Many a glance of wonder and praise is raised to them, eye, of longing too from weary eyes; for there is rest there, but, alas! too many pass on without one thought of what is beyond—without realising that this life, which engrosses all their attention, must end some day. Others have trodden those same streets, whose places are now vacant and their familiar faces no more seen. Where have they gone? Have they sought new homes in strange cities? Many have silent homes in the quiet cities of the dead, where the hurrying of footsteps, and the bustle of life is hushed. Mournful silence reigns there, and all that tells us they have lived and passed away, is a slab of sculptured marble, or a wooden cross, marking their last resting place, while above the same calm, stars on which they so often gazed, are keeping watch over their lonely graves. A card, with the name Mrs. Beaumont, was handed to me this afternoon. I remembered that that was the name of the person in New Orleans, to whom Mrs. Vernon had written. Alice was not at home, so I descended to the drawing room to see her. A stately, elegantly dressed lady threw back her veil, and rose to meet me. I started, for the handsome features I beheld were so like Emilie Vernon's.

"Are you Miss Lawton?" she asked in an agitated voice.

As I replied to her question, my heart sank within me, for I dreaded what would follow.

"Oh! where is my child?" she said, "my Emilie; is she yet alive?"

Her child! I could not answer. How could I look into her eager, anxious face, and tell her? From my silence, she learned the sad truth; and with a low, thrilling cry of bitter anguish she sank back upon the couch beside her.

"Oh God!" she cried, "am I, then, too late; my child, my darling Emilie, shall I never more see you?"

Her grief was terrible to witness. She could not weep; but, in wild tearless agony, paced the apartment—calling on her daughter, and saying her punishment was just. She enquired where she had been buried, and if I would go there with her. I could not tell her where her daughter had been interred, but I thought if we went to Mr. Howard, the clergyman who performed the burial service, he would inform us, or perhaps accompany us to the burying ground. In a few moments I was ready. Mrs. Beaumont drew her veil closely over her face, and passed down the steps. General Trumbull's carriage stood at the door, and wonderingly I followed her into it. It was so strange that that proud lady, clothed in velvet and ermine, sitting opposite to me was Emilie Vernon's mother, and we going to seek her grave in some humble burying ground. Mrs. Beaumont leant back in a corner of the carriage in silent grief. The only questions she asked me during our drive to Mr. Howard's were, how long her daughter had been dead, and where her child was. Mr. Howard was fortunately at home, and immediately went with us to the graveyard. In a remote corner of one of the crowded cemeteries of the poor we found Mrs. Vernon's grave. In wild anguish Mrs. Beaumont bent over—but in vain were those agonizing cries for her child. In her dark narrow bed she slept—slept on—only the chill breath of spring echoed back the wailing cry.

When we parted from Mr. Howard, on leaving the cemetery, Mrs. Beaumont asked him if he would visit her on the following day. I then took her to see her little grandson. At the sight of the lovely child, asleep in his pretty crib, in Alice's room, she wept long and bitterly. They were the first tears she had shed since she heard of her daughter's death.

CHAPTER IV.

In the next letter, she said, "Mrs. Beaumont has returned to her proud home in New Orleans, bringing with her a rich gilded coffin, enclosing the remains of her beautiful, unhappy daughter—who, in her pride and anger, she had about three years before sent from those stately halls, because she had dared to love and marry one whose only fault was poverty; but, this in the proud mother's eyes was looked upon as a disgrace—nay a crime; and so she shut her heart

and home against her only child. Mrs. Vernon, despairing of ever receiving her mother's forgiveness, had a short time before I saw her, gone with her husband to St. Louis. He became a clerk in some office, where his salary, though small, was enough to support them comfortably; but sad to relate, he was taken sick, and after a few days' illness died—leaving his poor wife and child alone, and almost penniless in a strange city. Mrs. Vernon, as Mrs. Watson told us, had tried to support herself and baby by sewing, but her delicate frame was not able to bear up against the hardships she had to endure. Grief and suffering did their work, and not very long after her husband's death she followed him to the grave. On the death of her husband, she wrote to her mother, but received the letter again unopened. As I have already stated, when she knew she could not live long she wrote pain to her proud unforgiving parent, imploring her to come to her before she died. Mrs. Beaumont was from home when that letter arrived, and the servant who received it forgot to give it to her on her return the next day. It was not until weeks afterwards that Mrs. Beaumont found the letter, and full of remorse and sorrow for her harshness, yet hoping to find her daughter still alive, she sought her—but alas! too late—and now she has returned, a changed sorrow-stricken woman, to that home where everything must remind her of the sad, irrecoverable past. It will be long before even the innocent prattle of her lovely little grandson, in whom her heart seems bound up, will be able to bring the smiles back to her pale, mournful countenance.

A few days before Mrs. Beaumont left, I took her, at her request, to Mrs. Watson's, as she wished to see the room in which her daughter had died. I shall never forget the expression of her face as she gazed around the miserable apartment, and at the small window through which her luxuriously-reared daughter's weary eyes had looked out in her loneliness and sorrow at the bright blue sky above—thinking no doubt of her beautiful childhood's home, and of that mother's love for which she pined so sadly in her last hours. The room had not been occupied since Mrs. Vernon's death. The wretched mother sat down on the humble bed where her child had died, and leaning against the pillow which her head had pressed, remained for some time with closed eyes in silent anguish, as if she longed to die there also. Then, and in that hour, when she knelt beside her child's unknown grave, her pride was punished.

In a letter, written some years later, she said: "While in New Orleans, last summer, wishing to see Mrs. Beaumont and poor Emilie Vernon's child, I drove out to Mrs. Beaumont's beautiful residence, which is a few miles from the city. Mrs. Beaumont received me very kindly. She was still in mourning, and a grave sad expression rested on her face. Her grandson I also saw. He would have grown quite out of my recollection were it not for the striking likeness to his lovely young mother. Before I left, Mrs. Beaumont conducted me to a room near the top of the mansion. With deep concern I gazed around at its contents. The bed with its coarse dark coverlet, in which Mrs. Vernon had died, the small cracked stove, the old table, a brass candlestick and every article which had furnished her daughter's room at Mrs. Watson's, was there, while on the wall there hung a splendid portrait of Emilie Vernon, clad in costly robes, and adorned with jewels, her lovely countenance lighted up with a bright smile. It had been taken when she was Emilie Beaumont, before grief and poverty had claimed her as their own. A handsome altar stood at one end of the apartment, and daily at that shrine the repentant mourning mother prayed, as she told me, for forgiveness.

Kingston, C. W.

Child—The ever renewed hope of the world.

Duel—A game of chance for two persons, in which it is possible for both to be losers.

Coquette—A woman without heart, who dupes men without head.

Loer—The only religion which realises its heaven upon earth.

BULL-FIGHTING IN VENEZUELA.

I HAD been staying sometime in Caracas but I had never seen a bull-fight; my friend O. one day reminded me of this, and suggested that we should stroll down to the Corrida.

Before we could reach the eastern outskirts of the town, where the building stands in which the bull-fights are held, a mass of clouds came drifting from the Avila, and a light rain began, in earnest of a more pelting shower. Looking about for shelter, and seeing at a window some ladies whom we knew slightly, we went in to talk to them. I said to one of them, a slim girl with immense dark eyes, and singularly long eyelashes, "We are going to the Corrida; does the *señorita* ever go?"

"No, *senor*, I never go. The ladies of Venezuela think bull-fights very barbarous. As for me, I cannot understand how any one can take pleasure in such odious cruelty."

"Indeed?" said I, rather astonished. "But surely in Spain ladies think differently. At Madrid it is quite the fashion for them to attend."

"That may be; we do not follow the fashions of Spain. Perhaps we are more tender-hearted here."

After this dialogue, I was not surprised, on entering the *Cirque* in which the bull-fight was to be held, to find that the spectators were nearly all men, and that the few women who were present were of the lower orders. The building was of wood, open to the sky in the centre, and anything but substantial. Several tiers of seats, each a foot or so higher than the other, had been erected round a circular area about a hundred and twenty feet in diameter. These seats accommodated perhaps fifteen hundred people, and there seemed but little room to spare. In front of the lowest seat, which was not much raised from the ground, were strong palisades, between which a man could slip with ease, and thus they afforded the toreros a secure retreat from the fury of the bulls. Close to where I took my place there was a large gate, which was thrown open to admit the bulls one by one. First of all, however, a squeaking band struck up, and eight toreros, or pedestrian bull-fighters, entered, and saluted some person of note who sat opposite the large gate. Just at that moment, the thunder-shower which had been gathering, descended in torrents, and the people shouted to the toreros, "No moja se"—"Don't get wet!" on which they slipped in between the palisades, and so put themselves under cover. They were very well-made active fellows, with extremely good legs, which were seen to advantage, as they wore white silk stockings and knee-breeches embroidered with gold.

As soon as the rain stopped there was a loud shout, and presently the large gate opened and in rushed a bull. He was a dark animal, almost black, and had evidently been goaded to madness, for he came charging in, tossing his head, and with his tail erect. I could see, however, that the sharp points of his horns had been sewn off. One of the toreros now ran nimbly up to the bull and threw his red cloak on the ground before him, on which the animal made a furious charge, attempting to gore—not the man, of whom he at first took no notice, but the cloak. The torero dragged this along rapidly, and adroitly whisking it from side to side, fatigued the bull by causing him to make fruitless rushes, now in this direction, now in that. This was repeated again and again, until the animal seemed quite tired. The most active of the toreros then advanced with a *banderilla*, or javelin entwined with fireworks in one hand, and his cloak in the other. He came so close to the bull that the animal charged him headlong. In a moment the torero glided to one side, and drove the dart into the bull, pinning the wretched animal's ear to his neck. Immediately the fireworks around the dart began to explode, and the terrified bull turned and rushed madly across the arena. In half a minute or so the fire had reached the flesh, and began to burn into it. The bull then reared straight up, bellowing piteously, while its poor flanks heaved with the torture. At once it dashed its head against the ground,

driving the dart further into its flesh, and so continued to gallop round the ring in a succession of rearings and plungings. This seemed to be a moment of exquisite delight to the spectators, who yelled out applause, and some in their excitement stood up clapping and shouting. I was heartily disgusted, and would have gone out at once had it been possible, but I was too tightly wedged in. Meantime, the large gate opened again, and the poor bull fled through it, to be slaughtered and sold with all despatch. After ten minutes' pause another bull was admitted, and was similarly tortured. And so it fared with four more bulls.

The sixth bull was a very tall gaunt animal, whose tactics were quite different from those of the others. He came in without a rush, looked warily about, and could hardly be induced to follow the torero. In short, he was so sluggish, that the people, enraged at his showing so little sport, shouted for a matador to kill him in the arena. Hereupon, one of the toreros darted up to stick a *banderilla* into the sluggard. But the bull, being quite fresh, not only defeated this attempt by a tremendous sweep of his horns, but almost struck down his assailant, who was taken by surprise at this unlocked-for vigour on the part of an animal which seemed spiritless. However, by a desperate effort the torero escaped for a moment, but the bull followed him like lightning, and, as ill luck would have it, before the man could reach the shelter of the palisades his foot slipped in a puddle and he fell back. Expecting that the charge would end as all previous ones had ended, I had got up with the intention of leaving, and I was thus able to see more clearly what followed. As the man fell backward, the bull struck him on the lower part of the spine with such force that the blow sounded all over the building. The unfortunate torero was hurled into the air, and came down with his head against the palisades, and there lay, apparently dead, in a pool of blood. A sickening feeling of horror crept over me; the bull was rushing upon the poor fellow again, and would no doubt have crushed him as he lay motionless, but, just in the nick of time, one of the toreros threw his cloak so cleverly that it fell exactly over the bull's head and blinded him. While the brute was trampling and tossing to free himself, the matador came up and drove a short sword into the vertebrae of his neck, and down he went headlong. At one moment full of mad fury, the next he was a quivering mass of lifeless flesh. A few minutes more, and the dead bull, and seemingly lifeless man, were removed from the arena, and another bull was called for. I, however, had witnessed enough, and gladly made my exit.

TO A FRIEND ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

By J. R. CLERK.

TWELVE months ago, this summer-morn,
I prayed a blessing on thy head;
Another year for thee was born—
Another year for thee was dead.
The year we greeted fondly then
Has joined her sisters of the Past;
I count her days from first to last—
Not one can ever come again.

Still all they had of bright and good
Is ours in memory to keep;
And all of chill and dark and rude,
Be hushed in death's profoundest sleep.
And if sad, gloomy days arise
In this young year we hail to-day,
Past suns may shed a joyous ray
Through the thick clouds of future skies.

My earnest prayer from day to day,
Through this, through all the coming years,
Till thee or I am called away
From Earth's joys, sorrows, hopes and fears,
Shall be around thy path, my friend,
That God may take thee by the hand,
And lead thee to the Better Land;
There may I meet thee in the End.

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four years previously; the Major's valet, who was now in the church, being the only witness. The noble Viscount had been plain Major Hastings, until the last year, when, by the death of a relative, he came into the possession of his present title and estate.

This announcement, which filled the heart of Viscount Waldegrave with rage, and overwhelmed him with disappointment and shame, thrilled with delight the frame of Philip Trevyllian. Maud Trevyllian—his sister Maud—was publicly declared to be the wife of this nobleman; and from her reputation was removed, at once and forever, the cloud of dishonour which had rested upon it so long. The recollection that the Viscount's want of principle, in deceiving Maud by a false marriage, as was evidently the case, proved him to be one not calculated to make a wife happy, was for the moment lost sight of in the gratification Philip experienced at finding that his sister had not erred from the path of virtue, and that she was restored to the possession of an unblemished name.

What peace and joy would this news restore to the heart of his mother? And Rosalie too! she was restored to him; he might still love her—the agony of giving her up had passed from him. How different was the expression of her face now? the soft flush of happiness colouring her cheek—its light beaming from her violet eyes; as if attracted by the gaze of Philip, they met his for a moment; and in that rapid look he saw an expression which convinced him that the heart of the woman he loved was all his own—a possession of which no one could ever deprive him; the varied emotions of that hour had revealed what years had before concealed.

As this train of thought passed rapidly through the mind of Philip, a commotion in the crowd, near the altar, attracted his attention. A lady had fainted, and was being carried into the vestry insensible. Some one had officiously thrown aside her veil and the curate recognised, with a start of joyful surprise, his sister Maud. Hastily he followed, forgetting at the moment everything, even Lady Rosalie, in his joy at seeing her again. There were other loving eyes, also, in that assembly which caught sight of that lovely inanimate face. Trevyllian's mother, with a cry of joy, recognised her daughter, and when the veiled stranger recovered from her swoon in the vestry, she saw two well-known faces bending over her, beaming with happiness; and it was thus so unexpectedly that their lost and loved one was restored to the curate and his mother.

CHAPTER X. MAUD TREVYLLIAN.

When Philip Trevyllian re-entered the church he found the crowd dispersing, and the bridal party gone.

Lady Templemore, overwhelmed with mortification at the very unpleasant notoriety of this affair—for it found its way into all the papers, and was the subject of conversation in all classes—left England immediately for the continent, and spent the rest of the summer wandering, with her niece, through Switzerland. From the church, Maud accompanied Mrs Trevyllian to the Parsonage, while her brother, at her request, went to the hotel where she had left her infant son with his nurse, and brought him again to the arms of his now happy mother. That was a happy family party, which gathered around the dinner table at the Parsonage, on this eventful day. Mrs. Trevyllian's face, bright with happiness, as her eyes wandered incessantly from her daughter to her little grandson, as if she could never weary of looking at them. During the day, Maud gave her mother a short detail of her acquaintance with Major Hastings, and what had occurred since her elopement with him; and the fond mother, in her joy, forgot to chide her erring daughter who had caused her so much anxiety and grief.

While Philip Trevyllian was living as tutor in Lord Redclyff's family, his mother and sister resided in Bath, Maud being employed as visiting governess by a few families in the city. One night she was invited to a small party, by one of the ladies, whose children she taught, the lady's object, in this apparent kindness to Miss Trevyllian, being to secure her services at the piano, to

contribute to her guests' amusement. It was on this night Maud first saw Major Hastings. The extreme beauty of the governess attracted the fashionable lancer; he hovered about the piano, and contrived to get an introduction to her. The elegant appearance of the Major—his silent homage of respectful admiration—his polite attentions made a deep impression on the heart of the youthful Maud; and she went home, her thoughts filled with the image of the handsome officer. The next day he met her designedly as she was returning home, and walked part of the way with her. Very frequently these meetings occurred—Maud trying to persuade herself there could be no harm in keeping up an acquaintance with one whose manner was so respectful. However, she concealed this acquaintance from her mother—afraid that she might not quite approve of her daily meetings with this stranger. This frequent intercourse went on for some weeks; at length Major Hastings was reluctantly obliged to give up his delightful flirtation with the governess. His regiment left Bath, and for a time Maud lost sight of her captivating admirer. The young girl's spirits drooped, and she secretly mourned over her disappointed hopes. Her health was beginning to suffer, and on this account her mother gladly accepted for her the offer of a situation as governess in a gentleman's family residing near Brighton—hoping that change of air and the sea breezes would restore her former health and spirits. After she had been in this new abode a few months, one day as she was walking on the beach she again met Major Hastings; he was paying a short visit to a friend in Brighton. Maud's agitation and evident pleasure at seeing him again, revealed to the Major the interest he possessed in her affections; and taking advantage of this attachment, he persuaded the unexperienced girl to elope with him and consent to a private marriage. Immediately after the ceremony, which was performed in Bristol, at an hotel, the Major's servant being the only witness, Maud accompanied her husband to Ireland, where his regiment then was. She fully believed him to be her husband, never for a moment doubting his honour, although his strict injunctions to conceal her marriage, even her place of residence, from her family, ought to have awakened suspicion in her mind; but she was so young, so guileless, and trusted so implicitly in her confiding affection to the unprincipled man in whose power she had placed her happiness. Major Hastings' excuse for this concealment was, that he could not acknowledge the marriage until after the death of an invalid aunt, from whom he had great expectations, least she should disinherit him, for marrying without her consent.

Three years passed away—Maud living with Major Hastings, but not acknowledged as his wife. This caused her much mortification and secret unhappiness. Her separation from her family was also keenly felt; for Maud was not wanting in affection for her mother and brother; although sadly deficient in prudence and worldly wisdom. Frequently she implored permission to write to her mother, and relieve her mind of the anxiety she knew Mrs. Trevyllian was suffering on her account; but this the Major sternly denied, knowing that the cruel deception he was practising on her would then be discovered, and that an indignant brother would snatch from him the innocent victim of his wiles. At length an event occurred which rendered it impossible for Major Hastings to carry on any longer his wicked deception towards the young creature who considered herself his wife. The sudden death of a relative put him unexpectedly in possession of a title, and large fortune. He went immediately to England, to enter upon the inviting walk open to him in life—leaving Maud, with their infant son, in Ireland. Some weeks passed—weeks of intolerable anxiety and suspense for Maud, who could not account for his sudden departure, and subsequent long silence. If she had mixed with the world she would soon have heard of the Major's good fortune, but she lived in the strictest seclusion. At length the explanation came in a cruel letter from her husband, now the Viscount Waldegrave. He informed her that their marriage was a false one, only intended to remove

her moral scruples to an elopement; that if she were unwilling that their *liaison* should continue she might choose a future place of residence—return to her family if she wished, and that a handsome allowance would be granted for the support of herself and child. What a crushing blow was this heartless letter to the young mother? We will gladly draw a veil over the anguish which the knowledge of her betrayal, and the villainy of one she had loved and trusted, caused. A low nervous fever, brought on by intense grief, confined her for some time to a bed of suffering. With returning health came the earnest wish to return to her mother, to tell her all her sorrows, and confess her deeply-repentant error in forsaking her, who ought to have been the guide of her youth. Now came home to the unhappy girl's heart the conviction that her first step towards her present degraded position was concealing from her kind parent her acquaintance with Major Hastings. That Mrs. Trevyllian would receive and pardon her Maud did not doubt; for though erring she was guiltless—more stoned against than sinning. As soon, therefore, as she was strong enough to undertake the journey she returned to England.

On arriving at C—, leaving her child and nurse at an hotel, she was proceeding alone to the Parsonage, when, perceiving the crowd around the church, she enquired the cause of the excitement, and was informed that a marriage was about to take place—the Viscount Waldegrave was going to be united to the Lady Rosalie Gascoigne. An irrepensible desire to witness the ceremony, and see the lady who was about to become the wife of him she had so long considered her husband. She entered the church, and took her place among the crowd, little dreaming what a singular interruption to the Viscount's marriage would take place—publishing the fact, that in trying to deceive her he had himself been deceived. The valet, who had been his confidant in this intrigue, having been induced to practice this deception in order to procure money from his master, whenever he chose to demand it. When Major Hastings became Lord Waldegrave, this valet was dismissed to make room for a more fashionable one; and it was partly in revenge for this insult—for such he thought it—and partly for conscience sake, that the valet summoned the clergyman who had united Major Hastings and Miss Trevyllian, to C—, in order to remind the Viscount of his former marriage, and interrupt so opportunely the bridal of Lady Rosalie Gascoigne.

The proof of Lord Waldegrave's marriage with Maud Trevyllian was incontrovertible; therefore he did not dispute it, but sullenly yielded to her the fortune which the law allowed to his wife and child, at the same time declaring his wish that they should live separate the rest of their lives—to which Maud willingly assented, for love for him was dead within her heart, crushed suddenly and for ever by his cruel and unprincipled conduct. One of the Viscount's estates was given up for Lady Waldegrave's residence; there she lived in retirement, with her son, cheered by the society of her mother and occasional visits from her brother Philip.

CHAPTER XI. THE PRISONER OF THE EAST TOWER.

Four weeks passed away, and Captain Stanley had not yet returned to Stanley Hall. Gertrude saw his name among the arrivals by the last steamer from New York, and she was looking hourly for his appearance. Her impatience for his return was increased by her anxiety for the prisoner in the East tower. Burton was very ill, confined to his bed, his life despaired of; and who was now to visit the tower and attend to the captive's wants? He might die for want of food, unless Burton deputed some one else to supply his place as jailer. If Lady Stanley were acquainted with the butler's secret, then the prisoner would not be neglected; but in Gertrude's ignorance of this fact she suffered considerable anxiety on his account, and waited impatiently for Guy's return. It was the third night of Burton's illness, Captain Stanley had not yet made his appearance, and Gertrude's anxiety impelled her to watch through the midnight hours to discover, if possible, whether any

one would visit the East tower. Having extinguished the light in her room, she sat with her door partly open, the better to hear any sounds in the corridor or hall below. It was about two o'clock; Gertrude, wearied and sleepy, was thinking of retiring to repose, when the faint sound of distant footsteps fell on her ear. In a moment eager curiosity banished sleep and standing inside her door she listened as the steps approached. They were light and stealthy; soon they had passed the door, and now Gertrude cautiously peered forth. The tall figure of a woman was passing swiftly along the corridor. A moment afterwards she was descending the stairs, and now the light from the lamp falling on her showed the face of Lady Stanley. Gliding from her apartment, Gertrude silently followed at some distance. Crossing the hall below, Lady Stanley entered the winding passage, never stopping or looking back, until she reached the door opening into the East tower. Then she put down her light and took from a small basket, which she carried, a large key. Before applying it to the lock she looked nervously around; Gertrude's heart stood still with sudden fear, but she was fortunately at some distance. She drew herself up close to the wall, hoping that the heavy shadows which hung about it and the dark dress she wore would prevent her being seen. After a rapid glance through the gloom Lady Stanley unlocked the heavy door with some difficulty, and entering the tower, ascended to the apartment above. Again Gertrude moved forward and ventured to follow to the foot of the stairs. The night was stormy; a heavy gale was sweeping over the ocean and coming up in wild gusts from the shore below; it howled mournfully round the tower. In the wild noise without, might not the sound of Gertrude's footsteps on the stairs pass unnoticed? Impelled by curiosity to discover who the inmate of the tower was, she ventured cautiously to ascend, and reached the door open to the first landing, a few minutes after Lady Stanley had passed through it. It was slightly ajar, and Gertrude looked eagerly into the prison chamber. What a sight presented itself! one which excited in the young girl's mind the deepest commiseration. The apartment was similar to the one below, and unfurnished, save an old chair and a miserable pallet in one corner, on which the prisoner was reclining, chained to a huge iron ring, fastened in the massive wall. He was apparently about sixty, judging from the white hair which fell in matted locks about his haggard face. Suffering and confinement had done the work of time, and stamped on his countenance lines and furrows which years had not made.

Placing herself in the chair at a little distance from the bed, where the captive was slumbering quietly, Lady Stanley put down the lamp and the basket, filled with provisions, and silently regarded him. The light gleaming on his eyes, he awoke with a start. His wan face expressed considerable surprise at seeing Lady Stanley; she perceived it, and hastened to explain the reason of her visit.

"Burton is dying, and I have taken his place as jailer, being unwilling that Sir Rowland Stanley should suffer from lack of food or from any want of attention in his ancestral home." There was mockery in her tones, and a derisive smile playing over her stern features.

"You are very considerate" remarked the captive, with bitter irony, "but would it not be acting a more merciful part if you allowed me to die of starvation, and put an end to sufferings which time renders more intolerable."

"And then I should be cheated of my revenge!"

"Is it not yet satisfied? have not twelve years of my miserable captivity served to satiate the fiendish passion which has influenced you to deprive me of all life's blessings, even of the fresh air of heaven—almost of its light?"

Lady Stanley only answered by a look of such malice that the captive turned from her with a shudder. A short silence ensued; it was broken by the lady.

"I received to-day a letter from Ruthvin, formerly your solicitor, containing the information that the lost daughter of Sir Rowland Stanley was found, and would make good her claim to

the large fortune belonging to her by inheritance."

The prisoner's haggard face flushed, and a momentary gleam of happiness lit up his hollow eyes.

"Pound!" he repeated, "my child come back at last! Oh, my God! and must I never see her? Will she not even know that her father still lives? Why did you tell me this?" he asked harshly, "it will only render my confinement more bitter."

"I knew it, and that is precisely the reason I told you," and Lady Stanley laughed maliciously.

Sir Rowland—for it was he—bowed his head upon his hands, and groaned in anguish of spirit. Fond memories came back, with deep power to grieve; and the remembrance that his daughter, though living, would still be a stranger to his love—separated by the walls of his prison—poured a wave of intense hopeless sorrow over his soul. How little did he think that at that very moment this beloved daughter was near, watching him with the deepest sympathy, though cheered by the confidence that the return of Guy Stanley would soon put an end to his confinement, and rescue him from his cruel enemy.

"This daughter, this Gertrude Stanley, is now in the Hall—has been living here some months governess to my grand-children," Lady Stanley carelessly resumed. "I knew her at once by the strong likeness she bears your wife."

The Baronet looked up and listened with interest.

"Like her mother—like my dead Caroline! Oh, if I only could behold her it would be like seeing again the idol of my youth whose image haunts my dreams, and whose spirit is often with me here in my lonely prison, cheering my crushed heart, and beckoning me onward to that eternal home, where we shall be for ever united. Oh, Olivia!" he continued in sad appealing accents, "by the love you feel for your own children, allow me to see this long lost child; restore me to her and to happiness."

"And what would be my reward for this magnanimous act?" inquired Olivia, with a sneer, "to be deprived of rank and wealth—to be held up to the world as an object of scorn; nay, to be imprisoned, punished for the part I have taken in the incarceration of an English Baronet. Oh, no, Sir Rowland! I have no idea of giving up all the splendor of life, in order to conduce to your happiness."

"But the world need never know of the part you have taken in my captivity," pleaded the Baronet, with touching earnestness; "when Burton is dead, all the blame can rest on him; the truth, as far as you are concerned, need never be published."

"Still I would have to resign the title and fortune I now possess; my children would again be beggars. Your conduct to me in days gone by does not merit such a sacrifice."

"Olivia, I never treated you ill; all the kindness in my power I showed to you and your children," remonstrated Sir Rowland.

"I loved or rather worshipped you, and you scorned that passionate devotion. Even when in a moment of weakness my fond heart, forgetting its resentment, turned to you again, and I offered you liberty if you would make me your wife you refused. Call you that nothing? Can the remembrance of that scornful rejection of me ever die out of my heart? Never, years of suffering on your part would be insufficient to atone for the fierce agony—the maddening humiliation which I then felt. In that hour love was turned to hatred so intensified—fiendish, you may call it—that no anguish you endure can satisfy the wild desire for revenge which then took possession of my soul." Like a torrent these words burst from the excited Italian, whose fierce glittering eyes and face, white with passion, were fearful to look upon. Sir Rowland felt that all hope of moving her to pity was indeed in vain.

"Your daughter is in my power," she continued after a short silence, "how easy it would be to get rid of her—and then her fortune need not be refunded. I have a mind to try it! But no, it might awaken suspicion; her disappearance could not be so well accounted for as yours

—and in this country they have an ugly way of dealing with criminals—rank or wealth would avail nothing in such a case. Besides, it must be confessed," she resumed after a moment's pause, "I have done her sufficient ill already in snatching her from the arms of her parents and sending her from her ancestral home, to be brought up among the children of poverty and vice?"

Sir Rowland started; and an expression of astonishment and rage grew into his face.

"What do you mean?" he demanded angrily, "can it be possible that it was you who committed that act so fatal in its consequences to my beloved Caroline?"

"Yes, mine was the heart that contrived the plan for robbing you of your child; and the woman who carried it into execution was an humble friend of my theatrical life. She was hidden in my apartment, watching an opportunity to enter the nursery unobserved. One night this opportunity presented itself, and seizing your sleeping child, she made her escape by a private stairs, favoured by the darkness. Oh, it was well contrived and successfully executed!" and the Italian's eyes flushed with malicious triumph.

"And what was your motive for committing this evil act?"

"Can you be so dull of comprehension as not to see it was to get rid of Caroline? I knew the loss of the child would kill her."

"Good heavens! how desperately wicked is the human heart!" exclaimed the Baronet, raising his eyes in horror, "are you a woman or a hood?" he added, with fierce indignation.

"I am what that love which you despised made me," she answered savagely.

Sir Rowland bowed his head upon his hand, to shut out that dark evil face, and the wild gleam of those passionate eyes.

"And now, I suppose, you think our interview has lasted long enough. I will, therefore, leave you to your repose. For the future I shall be your jailer; and I must occasionally repeat these nightly visits. Burton will never see another sunrise. Death will soon release you of one enemy; his last hour has come."

"And yours will come, too; has the thought no terrors for you Olivia?" observed Sir Rowland solemnly.

"Pshaw! you need not try to terrify me by such remarks. Death is certainly not desirable; but, then, when it comes, there is an end of us. Judgment and eternity are only bugbears used by a crafty priesthood to terrify the superstitions."

"Does Burton look upon them in such a light? has eternity no terrors for him now, when his soul is about to wing its flight to the unseen world?"

"He is afraid of death—a very coward at its approach—even counselling me to amend my life," and Olivia laughed scornfully. "He is desirous to release you from confinement, as some atonement for his sins; and implored me to do it. I was afraid that in his weakness he might make a discovery which would not be at all creditable, therefore I took the precaution to deny the servants access to him, leaving him a deaf old drone for an attendant. I shall be glad when he is gone; then my secret will be my own—shared by no one."

"Has Burton no physician? Are you allowing him to die without medical aid?"

"Not exactly; the doctor from the village was called in, but he gave him up at once; medical aid can do nothing. It was only when Burton found there was no hope for him that this fit of repentance seized him."

Gertrude waited to hear no more of this conversation, which had so much interest for her. Stealthily descending the stairs she hurried from the tower and regained her own room. The prisoner of the East tower was then her father. How much did the knowledge of this fact add to the compassion she felt for him and to her impatience for the return of Guy Stanley, who would at once liberate him from confinement.

To be continued.

Sword—A preparation of steel—for weak people.

KATTIE AND THE "DEIL."

IN a certain village of Bohemia, lived a peasant woman called Kattie. She possessed a little bit of her own, a garden, and a small income; but had she rolled in wealth, not a lad would have ventured to say,—“Kattie, will be mine?” for she was snappish as a cat of the woods, and owned a tongue which worked like a flail. She had an old mother, providentially as deaf as a log, and her she scolded from morning till night, so that her voice was audible half a mile off. If any neighbour entered her cottage, she spat, and set up her back, and hissed, so that the intruder was only too glad to escape without a scratched face. When any one passed her door, Kattie flung him a spiteful word; and was only too glad if the passer stopped to retaliate, for if he had an ugly expression to cast at her, she had a dozen to pelt him with in return.

By the time that she had reached the age of forty, without having found a lover, all the—milk of human kindness she never had, which might acidulate—but all the vinegar of her nature had become Concentrated Sulphuric Acid, ready to blanch and burn anything with which it came in contact.

It is the custom in Bohemia for young people to resort to the tavern on Sunday afternoon, for a dance. As soon as the fiddle or bagpipe is heard, the lads run into the streets, the girls appear at the cottage doors, and the children peep out of the windows. Young men and women then follow the musicians to the inn, and the dance begins.

Kattie was always the first to follow the fiddler, and to appear in the public-house; there she saw the lads whirling about with the lasses, but never in all her life had she been invited by any one to dance; Sunday after Sunday she tried her luck, and hoped against hope: no man solicited her hand as a partner. “Well!” said she impetuously one Sunday; “here am I getting an old woman, and I have never danced yet! never saw anything like the lads here! Such a set of clowns! This is provoking. I’d dance with any one, with the old Deil himself, if he were to ask me!” and she snapped her fingers, and stamped on the ground.

She hustled into the inn, sat down, and looked about her at the whirling, merry figures. Suddenly a gentleman in huntsman’s suit came into the room, seated himself at the table, called for beer, and had a tumbler filled. Running his eye over the assembly, it rested on Kattie. He sprang to his feet, walked across the room, and with the most graceful bow, and with the most courteous air, offered her the glass.

Kattie, delighted at the attention, drank the beer with avidity, and made room for the gentleman to seat himself at her side. After a few words had passed between them, the stranger flung some silver to the fiddler, and asked for a ‘solo.’ The dancers deserted the centre of the room, cleared the area, and the gentleman led Kattie forth to dance.

“Bless us all! it will rain to-morrow!” exclaimed the old people, opening their eyes wide with astonishment.

The lads bit their fingers, and the girls hid their faces, to conceal their laughter. But Kattie saw no one; she was radiant with joy, now that she had a chance of dancing; and danced she would have, in spite of the whole world laughing.

All that afternoon, and all that evening, the strange gentleman danced with Kattie, and with her alone. He bought her gingerbread, almond-rock, and lemon-drops, and she ate and sucked to her heart’s content.

As soon as the dancing came to an end, the stranger escorted her home.

“Oh dear!” exclaimed Kattie; “would that I might dance with you for ever!”

“That is quite within the range of possibility,” replied the stranger.

“Where do you live, sir?”

“Put your arms round my neck, and I will whisper to you.” Kattie did so, and presto! the stranger had become a devil, and was flying with her to his home, a place which need not be specified. In he came at the door, bathed in a pro-

fuse perspiration; for his necklace was a heavy one.

“Now then, Kattie, let go,” said he.

“Oh never! never!”

“Come, there’s a dear soul, take your arms off.”

“Dearest, never!”

“Why whom have you got here?” asked the Master of the spirit, in a voice of thunder which had in it a faint thrill of dismay.

“K-K-K-attie,” panted the unfortunate devil, struggling to shake his fair load off.

“Kattie!” echoed his Majesty, leaping off his throne, casting aside his bifurcated sceptre, and turning,—not exactly pale, but Oxford mixture; “Kattie! here’s an end to our quiet life, if that woman becomes an inmate of Pandemonium. She’ll bring the place down about our ears. Away with you, Moloch, and do not show your face in here till you have shaken off your dreadful encumbrance.”

So there was nothing for it, but that the quendam Jäger, should return to earth, and free himself from the embrace of Kattie, as best he might.

He flew back wearily and despondingly, with a decided crick in his neck. On reaching earth, he seated himself on a flowery bank, and putting on a solemn expression, said in a hollow voice,—

“Kattie, if you do not let go, I shall plunge you in molten brimstone!”

“Oh! replied she, with *empressement*, “I fear no pain so long as I am with you!” and she laid her head on his breast.

“Ahem!” Moloch looked vacantly at the landscape. “Kattie!” he resumed, as a brilliant idea entered his head, and illumined his countenance with a momentary gleam of ghastly joy: “Kattie, I am so rich; I will give you a mountain of solid gold, if you will only let go.”

“What! leave you for filthy lucre? Never, never, never!” and she buried her head in his breast.

“Here’s a pretty kettle of fish,” said the spirit; “what is to be done now?”

He rose, and wandered despairingly over a desolate moor, which lay stretched before him.

Presently, staggering under his load, he came upon a young shepherd, in a sheepskin with all its wool upon it. The evil spirit resumed his former human form, and the shepherd was consequently quite ignorant of who he was.

“Why, my good sir, whom are you carrying?” asked the shepherd in perplexity.

“Ah, good friend, I scarcely know! why look you: I was walking peacefully along my way, without thinking of anything in particular, when, with a hop, skip and jump, this woman fastened herself to my neck, and will on no account let me go. I want to carry her to the next village, and there obtain my liberation; but I am scarcely in a fit condition to do so, my knees are shivering under me.”

“Come now,” said the compassionate peasant, “I will help you; but I cannot carry her for long, as I have my sheep to attend to: half the way—will that suit you?”

“Ah! I shall be thankful!”

“Now then you’ll hang yourself to me!” cried the shepherd, addressing Kattie.

The woman looked round, observed that the shepherd was infinitely preferable to Moloch; he was good-looking and young. She let go her hold on the Deil, and click,—she was fast as a spring collar round the shepherd’s neck.

The man had now quite enough to carry, what with Kattie, and what with his immense sheepskin dress; and in a very short while he was tired, and strove to disengage himself from his encumbrance. In vain! Kattie would not listen to his remonstrances, and the more he struggled, the tighter she clung.

Presently he came near a pool. Oh! if he could but cast her in! But how? Could he manage to slip out of his sheepskin? No harm trying—but it must be done *v-c-r-y* cautiously—*v-c-r-y* gently. Hist! he has slipped one arm out, and Kattie is none the wiser. Hist! he has slipped the other arm out, and Kattie has not observed it. Now then! he slides his hand stealthily up his breast, and unbuttons the collar. He has undone one button, two, three—a bob of the head, a splash, and Kattie and the sheepskin are in the pond.

She sinks—she rises;—and her expiring eyes rest upon the shepherd and the evil spirit dancing in an ecstasy of delight on the bank.

“My best of friends!” exclaimed Moloch, enthusiastically, “you have laid me under a lasting obligation; you have imposed upon me a debt of gratitude which I never can adequately discharge. But for you, I might have had Kattie hanging round my neck through eternity; I might never have been able to shake that woman off; and never,” continued the spirit musingly, “never is a very long word! Now look you here, shepherd. I am”—in fewer words than I could express it, the spirit had described his nature to the young man;—“Well, and being what I am, it lies in my power to repay you, in my poor way, for what you have done. I will forthwith proceed to the next town, and will enter into, and possess the Chancellor. As soon as all doctors and exorcists have failed to free the Chancellor from me, do you go to the town and offer, for the recompense of two bags of dollars, to liberate the Chancellor from the evil spirit which torments him. Then come up to the bedside, say “Hocus poene!” and I will fly away out of the window, and enter into, and possess, the Prime Minister. When all other means of cure have failed, do you volunteer, at the price of two sacks of gold pieces, to free the Prime Minister. Come to him, say as before, “Hocus pocus!” and I will fly from him through the window, and possess the King. And now, I warn you, beware how you venture to attempt to expel me from the body of the King. Should you, notwithstanding this caution, risk the attempt, I shall infallibly tear you in pieces, limb from limb.”

The shepherd expressed his acknowledgment in the best and most appropriate terms of which he was master. “Ta, ta!” said the spirit, as he spread his wings and flew away.

“Ta, ta!” replied the shepherd, gravely, looking after him. Shortly after this, a rumour spread through the country, that the Chancellor was not quite—to put it mildly—what he should be. It was whispered aside that the Chancellor had been playing pretty pranks, and that it was asserted by professors of medicine and of theology, that he was possessed by a bad spirit. All medicines, allopathic and homœopathic, having failed to cure the Chancellor, the clergy took him in hand and tried the last approved forms of exorcism, but the Chancellor, or rather the Chancellor’s tenant, was proof against all ecclesiastical demonstrations.

The young shepherd now came to the town, and loudly proclaimed his power to cure any one of diabolical possession. All other resources having failed, the King determined to give the shepherd a try, and so ordered him to visit, and prescribe for, the Chancellor. As soon as the peasant entered the room, he saw that the condition of the highest law officer of the crown was critical. He was kicking his attendants, abusing them in language hardly consistent with the dignity of his position, and foaming at the mouth.

The shepherd demanded as his fee for curing him, two sacks of dollars, and they were readily promised. He now approached the unhappy man, whose convulsions became more terrible as he drew near.

“Hocus pocus!” said the shepherd *ore rotundo*, and with a solemn face, at the same time making various fanciful signs in the air with his hand. Away flew the spirit, shivering the panes of glass in the window into countless fragments on his way. The shepherd received his fee, and returned to his cottage.

But it was soon noised abroad that something had gone wrong with the Prime Minister, and it was surmised that the demon which had been expelled from the Chancellor, had entered into the keeper of the King’s conscience,—awkward, decidedly. What was to be done? Regular practitioners were applied to first, as a matter of course, the allopaths snapped the Minister’s constitution with violent medicines, without expelling the evil spirit. The homœopaths did nothing at all, and the divines sent the spirit to sleep. When all had failed, recourse was had to the quack, and at the price of two sacks of gold

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to keep me going, one for bricks, and another for mortar; whits one fellow makes hisself precious unpleasant, by keeping on going "puff puff" like a steam-ingin', because I worked so fast. But I let them chaff as long as they liked; and bime-by I comes to be working alongside of my steam-ingin' friend, and jest as he'd been going it a little extra, I says to him quietly:

"Ever been out o' work, matey?"

"Not to signify," he says.

"Cause if ever you are, and come down werry close to ground, you'll be as glad to handle the trowel again as I am." He didn't puff any more that day, not as I heerd.

London work was something fresh to me. I used to think that I'd been about some tidy buildings down our way, but what was the tidiest on 'em to the London jobs I was put on! Jobs where the scaffolding must have cost hundreds upon hundreds of pounds more than the house, land, and everything else put together, of the biggest place I had ever worked upon. I used, too, to think I was pretty strong in the head; but I soon began to sing small here—specially when I had been up about a week and was put on at a big hotel, right up so high, that one turned quite creepy, and used to get thinking of what would be the consequences if a sharp puff of wind come and upset one's balance. I could never have believed, neither, that such a Jacob's Ladder of scaffold-poles could have been built up to stand without crashing and snapping those at the bottom like so many reeds or tobacco-pipes; but I suppose them as builds them knows best what should be done, and what they'll bear. But though I did not like it much, I took good care not to mention it to my lass, for I knew she'd have been on the fidget all day if I had told her.

By degrees I got to stand it all pretty well; and we began to feel a bit settled in our one room. Not that we much liked it, but then it was werry pleasant to go in the crowd on pay day, and draw your week's wage, good wage too, jest as I had seen it when settin' in my own place at home. We still called it home, for we couldn't get to feel that we were at home in London, and Polly she said she never should, after having a little house of her own; but as there was only our two selves, we made things pretty comfortable.

The big hotel was getting on at a tremendous rate, for there was a strong body on us at work, and it used to make me think and think of the loads upon loads of stuff the hotel swallowed up, and how much more it would take before it was finished. One day when I was bricklaying up at the top—I don't know how many feet from the ground, and I never used to care to look to see, for fear of turning giddy—one day it came on to blow a regular gale, and blew at last so hard, that the scaffold shook and quivered, while, wherever there was a loose rope, it rattled and beat against the poles, as if it was impatient of being tied there, and wanted to break loose and be off.

It blew at last so werry hard, that I should have been precious glad of an excuse to get down, but I couldn't well leave my work, and the old hands didn't seem to mind it much: so I kep' at it. Whenever the wind blows now, and I shut my eyes, I can call it all back again; the creaking and quivering of the poles, the rattling of the boards, the howling and whistling of the gale as it swept savagely by, in a rage because it could not sweep us away.

A high wind is pretty hard to deal with, sometimes, on the ground; and I have seen folks pretty hard driven to turn a corner. So it may be guessed what sort of fun it is right up on a spidery scaffold, where a man is expected to work with both hands, and hold on by nothing, and that, too, where a single step backwards would be—there, it's a thing as allus makes me nervous to talk about.

It was getting to be somewhere about half-past three, and I was working hard, so as to keep from thinking about the storm, when all at once I happened to turn my head, and see that the men was a-scuffling down the ladders as hard as they could go. And then, before I had time to think, there was a loud crash, and a large piece

of the scaffolding gave way, and swept with it poles, boards, and bricks, right into the open space below.

I leaped up at a pole which projected from the roof above me, just above my head, caught it, and hung suspended, just as the boards upon which I stood but an instant before gave way, and fell on to the next stage, some twenty feet below. Tightly clasping the rough fir pole, I clung for life.

Think? I did think. I thought hundreds of things in a few seconds, as I shut my eyes and began to pray, for I felt as I could not hold on long, and I knew as I should fall first on the stage below, when the boards would either give way, or shoot me off again with a spring, and then I knew there would be a crowd round something upon the ground, and the police coming with a stretcher.

"Creep out, mate, and come down the rope," cried a voice from below. I turned my head, so that I could just see that the pole I was hanging to had a block at the hand, through which ran a rope for drawing light things up and down to the scaffold. For an instant I dared not move; then, raising myself, I went hand over hand towards the pulley, and in another instant I should have grasped it, when I heard a rushing sound, and the creaking of a wheel, as the rope went spinning through, and was gone: the weight of the longer side having dragged the other through. As I hung, I distinctly heard it fall, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet.

As the rope fell, and I hung there, I could hear a regular shriek from those below; but nobody stirred to my assistance, for I was beyond help then; but I seemed to grow stronger with the danger, though my arms felt as if they were being wrenched out of their sockets, and my nerves as if they were torn with hot irons. Sobbing for breath, I crept in again till I was over the stage first; then close into the face of the building; and there I hung. Once I tried to get some hold with my feet, but the smooth bricks let my toes slip over them directly. Then I tried to get a leg over the pole, so as to climb up and sit there; but the time was gone by for that. I had hung too long, and was now growing weaker every moment.

I can't describe what I felt. All I know is, that it was horrible, and that long afterwards I used to jump up in bed with a scream; for so sure as I was a little out o' sorts, came a dream of hanging to that scaffold-pole, expecting every moment to be one's last.

I can't say, either, how long I hung; but feeling at length that I was going, I made one last try for it. I thought of my poor lass, and seemed to see her a-looking at me in a widder's cap; and then I clenched my teeth hard, and tried to get on to where the end of the pole was fastened. I got one hand over the hard bricks, and booked my fingers, and held on: then I got the other hand over, and tried to climb up, as a cheer from below encouraged me; but my feet and knees slipped over the smooth bricks, and in spite of every effort they hung down straight at last, and I felt a sharp quiver run through me as slowly, slowly, my hands opened, my fingers straightened, and, with eyes blinded and blood-shot, I fell.

—Fell what seemed to be an enormous distance, though it was only to the next stage, where boards, bricks, and tools, skaken by the concussion, went with a crash below. The deal planks upon which I lay, still kep' in their places, but with their ends jolted so near the edge that it seemed to me that the least motion on my part would make them slip, and send me off again. I was too exhausted and frightened to move, and lay there for some time, not knowing whether I was much hurt or not. The first thing as recalled me to myself was the voice of a man who came up a ladder close at hand; and I could see that he had a rope and pulley with him, which he soon had hooked on to the ladder.

"Hold on, mate," he says. "If I throw you the end of the rope, can you tie it round you?"

"I'll try," I says. So he makes a noose, and pulling enough rope through the block, he shies it to me, but it wasn't far enough. So he tries

again and again, and at last I manages to ketch hold on it. But now, as soon as I tried to move, it seemed as if something stabbed me in the side, and, what was more, the least thing, would, I found, send the boards down, and of course me with them.

"Tell them to hold tight by the rope," says I; and he passed the word, while I got both arms through the noose, and told him to tighten it, which he did by pulling, for I could not have got it over my head without making the boards slip.

"Now then," he says, "are you ready?"

"All right," I says, faintly, for I felt as if everything was a-swimming round me; but I heard him give a signal, and felt the snatch of the rope as it cut into my arms above the elbows, and then I swang backwards and forwards in the air; while, with a crash, away went the boards upon which I had been u-lying.

I couldn't see any more, nor hear any more, for I seemed to be sent to sleep; but I suppose I was lowered down and took to the hospital, where they put my broken ribs to rights in no time, and it wasn't so werry long before I was at work once more; though it took a precious while before I could get on to a high scaffold again without feeling creepy and shivery; but, you know, "use is second nature."

Polly showed me the stocking t'other day, and I must say it has improved wonderful, for wages keep good, and work's plenty; and as for those chaps who organise the strikes, it strikes me they don't know what being out of work is like. But, along o' that stocking, one feels tempted very much to go down in the country again, but, don't like to, for fear o' things not turning out well; and Polly says, "Let well alone, Bill." So I keeps on, werry well satisfied, and werry comfortable.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

THE cattle plague is not a pleasant subject for an article in a pleasant magazine; and the Editor is very wise in keeping it excluded from his columns, says an English writer.

Still I wish to say what happened to me lately through the plague, and it really was no joke, as, I think, it will be granted.

For the benefit of his health, the other day I went to see a country friend of mine, whose brains required enlivening by my sprightly London small-talk. His reason for my visit was that I looked seedy, and required fresh air and quiet, which latter in his neighbour-hood is certainly abundant.

"Come and stay a week with us, and we'll soon set you up, and make quite a new man of you."

This was how he phrased his friendly invitation: and I mentally replied that, as an act of purest charity, I would tear myself away from London for a week, and devote my wits to keeping him from snoring after dinner.

The artful fellow did not tell me, when he wrote, that the district where he lived had been especially infected, and that in consequence he drank his tea and coffee without cream, and let neither milk, nor beef, nor butter be seen upon his table. Now, like our Yankee cousin, I am vastly fond of "cowjuice," and I never have been able to acquire the Russian taste for tea with lemon sprinkled in it. Milk or cream of some sort is essential to my comfort, and in London I have never any trouble in procuring it. All throughout last summer, when the cows were at their worst, I had abundant cream for breakfast, and I never dreamed of asking if it were deleterious. One learns in London not to be too nice about one's food; and I should about as soon have analysed a sausage at a chop-house, as have thought of ascertaining if the sediment I noticed at the bottom of my creamjug were cow-born or calcareous.

I discovered these privations the first evening of my visit, for, as I had forgotten to say when I was coming, I found upon arrival that my friend, his wife, and daughters had all gone out to dinner. "The childring," said the servant, "were agoing to hev their tea," which I took as a broad hint that it was no use asking cook to serve a

solitary banquet for me. So I meekly replied that I should like to have some tea; "and a little dry toast, please," I added, with more boldness, resolving that I would not eat a meal without some cookery.

Ten minutes were allowed here for refreshment with a hair-brush and a bit of soap and towel, and I then in stately solitude proceeded to the Banquet Hall, with an appetite which even an Eton boy might envy. There I found a tea-tray—(how I do hate tea-trays! they remind me so of gruel, sago, broth, and being ill!)—and on this tea-tray was a teapot, with the tea all ready made—(how I hate tea kitchen-madal they might have known I always like to make my tea myself!),—and beside it wore a slop-basin, a plate, a cup, a saucer, a spoon, and some dry toast. Humph! I thought, a rather literal translation of my order. But, being in a friend's house, I restrained my indignation, and gently rang the bell, and mildly said that I felt rather hungry after my long journey, and should like a little something in the meat way,—“a slice of cold roast beef or so,” I suggested at a venture, thinking it the likeliest of dainties to demand. Said “the neat-handed Phillis” (her real name, I hear, is Victoria Matilda, but her employers call her Ann,) “Please, sir, cook don't buy no beef now, master says it's bad; but there's a nice cold line o' pork, sir; leastways, the scrag end there is, for we had it for our dinners, and I'm feared it's most all eat.”

Cold pork I hgh; she might as well have given me “cold pig!” Fancy a man fasting for nine hours and a quarter, and sitting down in cold blood to cold pork with his tea! From that scrag end of pork what dreams might come, did give me pause. I shuddered and declined; and endeavoured to console myself by pouring out some tea. “But, stop!” I cried, as Phillis was about to leave the presence; “you've forgotten to bring the milk.”

“Master won't allow no milk to be took in now, sir, cos the cows is all so bad.”

“Oh, very well,” I sighed despairingly, and Phillis mutely fled. But the next moment almost I had to summon her again; for I discovered that there was not any butter on the table, and I hate eating dry toast unless there's lots of butter on it.

“Master's giv strict borders not to buy no butter, sir, cos he says at it's deceased!”

This was the servant's last reply. A voice replied, “It's all my eye!” But this the voice said inwardly; for base indeed is he who casteth ridicule upon a friend before a handmaid of the same. Still, when Phillis had departed, I could not help reflecting, as I sipped my creamless tea and crunched my too dry toast, that to keep oneself, and wife, and friends, and family, and servants, sans cream, sans milk, sans veal, sans butter, and sans beef, must certainly be somewhat of a saving to a man; and I did not so much wonder at Brown's friendly invitation “to come and stay a week” with him, seeing that he knew quite well to what a stunted larder my fine appetite would come.

Next morning he of course was profuse in his apologies for being out when I arrived: “But you know, you should have written, my dear fellow, and then we would have had all ready for your royal highness, and have killed our fatted calf.”

“But isn't it deceased?” I could not help inquiring, casting a sly glance at Phillis as I spoke.

This little joke of mine restored me to good humour, for I own that my fine temper had been a little ruffled by my scant repast. So, instead of leaving by first train, as I had hungrily resolved in the still watches of the night, I heroically determined to stay the whole week through, and starve on creamless tea and butterless dry toast.

Newton—An ant that climbed Olympus.

Throe—Periodical bleeding, as prescribed by governments.

Miser—One who makes bricks that his heirs may build houses.

War—Murder to music.

Sloth—Crawling by the side of a railroad.

Pedantry—Intellectual tight-lacing.

PASTIMES.

ANAGRAMS.

Members of the Legislative Assembly

1. Next ragged at all.
2. Oh M was girl.
3. Joy hampers I.
4. U salt a mule.

CONUNDRUM.

Why ought a greedy man to wear a plaid waistcoat?

CHARADES.

1. A lady entering a friend's house was addressed thus: my *first* I hope you are, my *last* I see you are; my *whole* I am sure you are.
2. I am a word of 6 letters; my 5 is a thousand; my 4, 3, 2 and 4, 6, 5, 3, 2, 4, are the rule of thousands; my 5, 1, 2, may signify thousands; my 4, 1, 5 is often worth thousands, and my whole has often puzzled thousands.
3. I am a word of eight letters. My 1, 2, 7, 4 is a vegetable; my 3, 6, 4, 7 is a ceremony; my 5, 2, 8 is a possessive pronoun; my 3, 6, 1 is a bone; my 6 is a pronoun; my 2, 3, 8 is what we all do at times; 1, 2, 7, 8 is a beverage, and my whole is a village in Lower Canada.
4. I am composed of 4 letters, my 3 is myself, my 2 although nearly connected with my 3 is often abused, my 1, 4, are the same; I form three syllables and am a river.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead one animal and leave ten.
2. Behead one person twice and leave another person.
3. Behead a pronoun and leave a first born son.
4. Behead an adjective and leave a prominent character in Shakespeare, behead again and leave a part of the body.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Tease Arthur A Reddy. A candidate for public favour.
2. A anm wonderen ofr reaterpe.
Liwl dolsem lurspec to keam reef.
Whit hinder'sipf ifsent ginflce.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

How many shingles will it take to cover the roof of a building which is 60 feet long and 56 feet wide, allowing each shingle to be 4 inches wide and 18 inches long and to lie one third to the weather?

Answers to Anagrams, &c., No. 23.
Puzzle.

0	0	0	0	0	0
0		0	0	0	
0	0		0	0	
0	0		0	0	
0	0	0	0	0	0
0	0	0	0	0	0

ANAGRAMS.—1. Angus Morrison. 2. Thomas Scatcherd. 3. Robert Bell. 4. William Pearce Howland.

CHARADE.—Amusements.

ACROSTIC.—Fontinbras.—Fabricius, Ontario, Ridley, Titian, Italy, Nankin, Bunyan, Rome, Alfred, Socrates.

TRANSPOSITION.—The key to the transposition is—use throughout the letter which precedes each letter given in the puzzle—we give one line as an example,

“Oh, lady dear I wish to tell.”

The following unawere have been received:
Puzzle.—X. Y., X. Y. Z., Armprior, H. H. V., Cloud, Festus, Ellen.

Anagrams.—Festus, H. H. V., Cloud. X. Y. Nemo, X. Y. Z., Clara H., Beeston.

Charade.—X. Y. Z., H. H. V., Cloud, Ellen. Nemo, X. Y., Clara H., Festus, Beeston, Dot.

Acrostic.—X. Y., Nestor, H. H. V., Camp., Clara H., Luna, Violet, Festus, Cloud.

Transposition.—Dick Ellis, F. J. S., X. Y. Z., J. L., W., X. Y., Cloud, H. H. V., Festus, Clara H., Violet, Luna, Camp, David N.

The following were received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue:

Double You, R. T. B., Querist, Alpha.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM No. 11.—Correct solutions received from “St. Urbain Ht.,” J. McL.; K. B., Toronto; “Alma,” Brantford; and K., Hamilton.
Mate cannot be given, as proposed by a Quebec correspondent, by 1. K. to Q. 5th, if Black replies with 1. Kt. from Q. Kt.'s 6th to Q. 6th, followed by 2. K. to K. 5th.

PROBLEM No. 12.—Correct solutions received from J. McL.; W. S.; and R. U., Toronto.

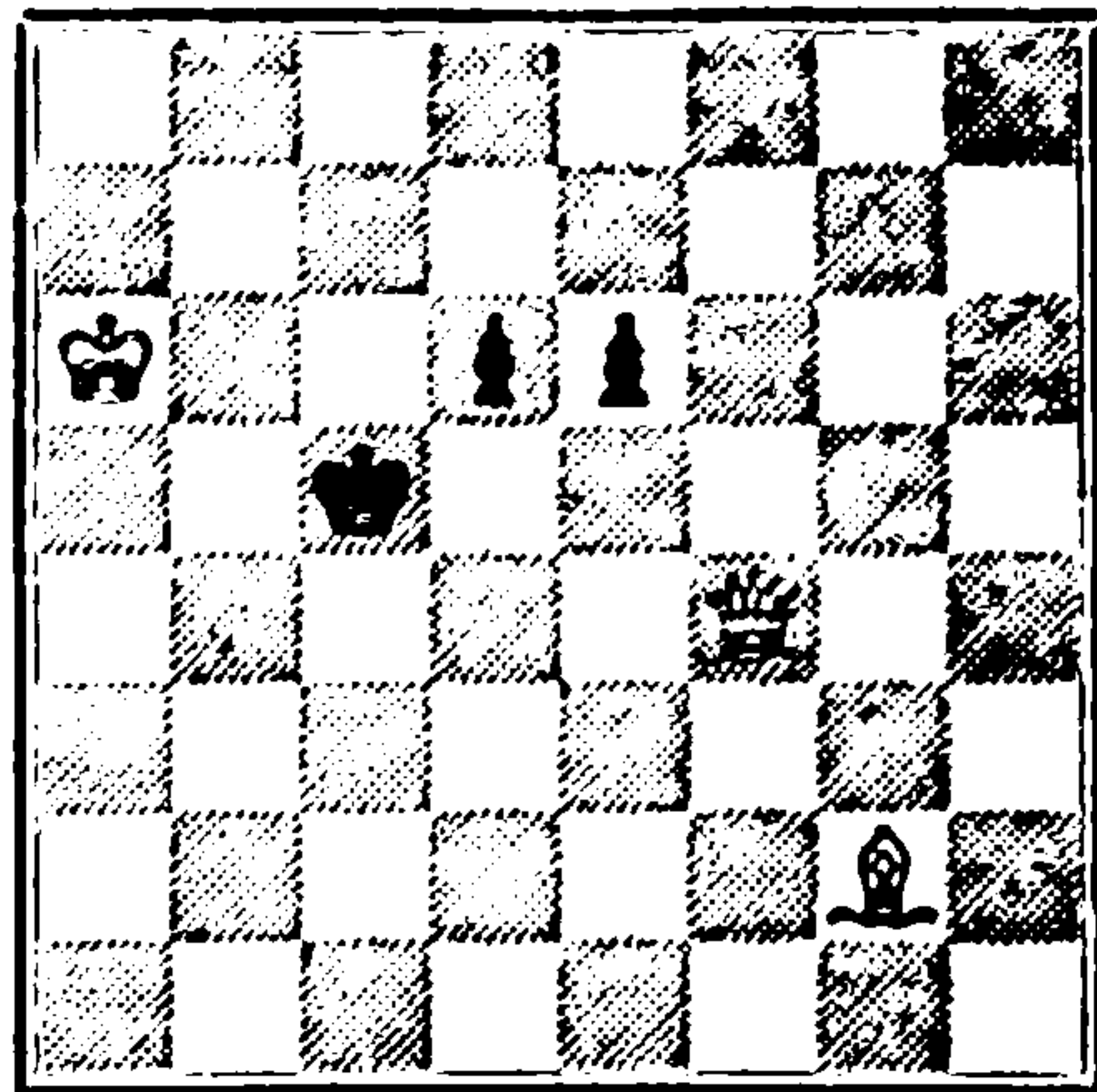
We omitted last week to acknowledge receipt of solution to Problem No. 10, from H. K. C., Quebec.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 13.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1 Kt. to Q. R. 7th. | B. to Q. 7th (best). |
| 2 Q. to K. B. 6th. | B. to K. B. 6th. |
| 3 Q. to K. 8th. Mate. | |

PROBLEM No. 14.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

The following sprightly game was played some years since, by telegraph, between Dr. Raphael, at that time a resident of Louisville, Ky., and the Frankfort, Ky., Chess Club. The time occupied in playing the game was under three hours. Dr. R. won the move.

K. KT.'s GAMBIT.

- | | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| WHITE. (Dr. R.) | BLACK. (F. C. C.) |
| 1 P. to K. 4th. | P. to K. 4th. |
| 2 P. to K. B. 4th. | P. takes P. |
| 3 K. Kt. to B. 3rd. | P. to Q. 4th. |
| 4 P. takes P. | Q. takes P. |
| 5 Kt. to Q. B. 8rd. | Q. to Q. sq. |
| 6 B. to K. B. 4th. | B. to K. 2nd. |
| 7 P. to Q. 3rd. | B. to K. R. 5th. (ch.) (a) |
| 8 P. to K. Kt. 3rd. | P. takes P. |
| 9 Castles. | P. takes P. (ch.) |
| 10 K. to R. sq. | B. to K. B. 3rd. |
| 11 Kt. to K. 5th. (b) | B. to K. 3rd. (c) |
| 12 H. takes B. | P. takes B. |
| 13 Q. to K. B. 3rd. | P. to Q. B. 3rd. |
| 14 B. to K. Kt. 5th. | Q. to K. 2nd. (d) |
| 15 Kt. to K. 4th. | Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd. |
| 16 Q. to K. R. 5th. (ch.) | P. to K. Kt. 3rd. |
| 17 Kt. takes K. Kt. P. | P. takes Kt. |
| 18 Q. takes P. (ch.) | K. to Q. sq. |
| 19 Kt. takes B. | K. Kt. takes Kt. |
| 20 R. takes Kt. (e) | K. to Q. B. 2nd. |
| 21 R. takes P. | Q. to K. B. sq. |
| 22 Q. to K. 4th. | H. to K. sq. |
| 23 B. to K. B. 4th. (ch.) | K. to B. sq. |
| 24 R. takes P. (ch.) (f) | P. takes H. |
| 25 Q. takes P. (ch.) | K. to Q. sq. |
| 26 Q. to Q. B. 7th. (ch.) | K. to K. 2nd. |
| 27 B. to Q. 6th. (ch.) | |
- Frankfort surrenders.

- (a) This move resolves the game into what is called the Cunningham defense of the Gambit.
- (b) A very strong and attacking move.
- (c) Much better than taking Kt. with B., as in that event White would have played Q. to K. R. 5th, and have had an overwhelming attack.
- (d) Probably as good as anything else.
- (e) Much better than taking with B.
- (f) Very beautifully played.

Prison—An oven where society puts newly-made crime to harden.

Slave—One of God's children, kept out of his property by a brother.

Charity—Sunshine in Iceland.

History—The tombstone of the past.

Gun—An invention for arguing by chemistry.

Bank—A hospital for congested wealth.

Opinion—The focus of thought.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTIST.—We are glad to hear from you again, and beg to refer you to our next issue.

X. Y.—The letter was forwarded to us by a valued contributor with a request to publish it. He omitted to enclose the key, consequently we were unable to test the correctness of the "copy."

DOY.—Thanks! We have placed it aside for publication in an early issue.

J. M. L&M.—We are happy to accede to your request. Our columns will be always open to yourself or the "Society."

DOUBTS YOU.—We shall be glad to avail ourselves of your contributions as opportunity offers. Many thanks.

H. C. C.—We have placed your name upon our mail list, and will forward you the READER regularly.

JAS. R. L., TORONTO.—We have no recollection of the articles you refer to, and fear, if we received them, that they have been destroyed. We regret this since you wish them remained, but you must be aware that, as a rule, we cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

AIM WELL.—We are unwillingly compelled to decline your contribution, but we think if you continue to "aim well" that you will be more successful next time.

ESTER.—Please accept our thanks for your good wishes. We will publish your contribution, if you can furnish us with the word or words which constitutes the "whole." The answers you have given appear to us to be only parts or transpositions of the actual solution.

S. S., LOSDOS.—We hope to have the pleasure of hearing from you frequently, as we value your contributions.

JAS. H.—Respectfully declined.

V.—We owe you an apology for our omission to forward the numbers last week. We have now mailed them and placed your name upon our list. The READER will be forwarded to you regularly.

W. L.—Your letter is the reverse of respectful. We cannot recede from the position we have taken.

CLOUD.—Much obliged.

FRANUS.—We still believe the solution we have given to be correct.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS

TO CLEAN TARNISHED SILVER.—Wash the silver over with a strong solution of cyanide of potassium. Simultaneously with the development of a very disagreeable smelling gas, the metal becomes bright, and must be immediately washed with water, and dried.

HAM TOAST.—This is very convenient to hand round with chicken or with roast veal, and also makes a tasty breakfast or luncheon dish. Mince very finely the lean of a slice or two of boiled ham, beat the yolks of two eggs, and mix them with the ham, adding as much cream or stock as will make it soft: keep it long enough on the fire to warm it through—it may be allowed almost to boil, but should be stirred all the time. Have ready some buttered toast, cut it in round pieces about the size of a crown-piece, and lay the ham neatly on each piece.

COAS PUDDING.—Take eighteen ears of sweet corn, cut down lengthwise and scraped from the cobs; about a pint of milk, and three eggs; but in sugar and salt to the taste. Bake it three hours slowly.

TRAY PUDDING.—One cup each of raisins, suet, treacle, milk; three cups and a half of flour; one teaspoonful of saleratus; stir it altogether; put it into a pudding cloth, and boil it three hours. Serve it with sweet sauce.

WATER-PROOF PAPER.—Dissolve eight ounces of alum and three ounces and three-quarters of Castile soap in four pints of water, and two ounces of gum arabic and four ounces of glue in another half gallon of water. Mix both, heat, dip in the paper, then suspend until dry.

COLD IN THE HEAD.—Dr. Pailton, of St. Foy, publishes the following method of curing coryza,

or cold in the head. It consists of inhaling through the nose the emanations of ammonia contained in a smelling-bottle. If the sense of smell is completely obliterated, the bottle should be kept under the nose until the pungency of the volatile alkali is felt. The bottle is then removed, but only to be re-applied after a minute; the second application, however, should not be long, that the patient may hear it. This easy operation being repeated seven or eight times in the course of five minutes, but always very rapidly, except the first time, the nostrils become free, the sense of smell is restored, and the secretion of the irritating mucus is stopped. The remedy is peculiarly advantageous to singers.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL

THE CAVOUR CANAL, one of the greatest public works in Italy, is now completed. The waters of the Po have been admitted into the channel, and now fill its whole extent of fifty-three miles.

A PARIS ARCHITECT, borrowing the idea from the Romans, has invented a brick which hardens with time, completely resists humidity, and is said to realise an economy of forty per cent. in building. He has demonstrated these advantages in important works, and proposes giving further ample proofs at the approaching Paris Exhibition. This system is applicable to every kind of construction, but must be peculiarly interesting to those who occupy themselves with improved dwellings for the poor.

SPONGES are adulterated by being well kneaded in weak gum-water, with which very fine sand is mixed. They are then dried in the sun, and the excess of sand falls out of the pores, but sufficient is left largely to increase the original weight of sponge.

JAPANESE MATCHES.—Dr. Hofmann has exhibited to the London Chemical Society some small paper matches, which were lately given to him, and said to have been brought home from Japan. He lighted several of these matches, which burned with a small, scarcely-luminous flame, a red-hot ball of glowing saline matter accumulating as the combustion proceeded. When about one-half of the match had been consumed, the glowing head began to send forth a succession of splendid sparks. The phenomenon gradually assumed the character of a brilliant scintillation very similar to that observed in burning a steel spring in oxygen, only much more delicate, the individual sparks branching out in beautiful dendritic ramifications. His first idea, Dr. Hofmann continued, had been to look for a finely-divided metal in the mixture. But when examined in his laboratory, it had been found quite free from metallic constituents, and to contain carbon, sulphur, and nitre only. These constituents were present in the following proportions:—Carbon, 17.32; sulphur, 20.14; nitre, 53.64. Each match contained about forty milligrammes of the mixture, which was folded up in fine paper. There had been no difficulty in imitating these matches.

WATER AS A LUBRICATOR.—For some four months past an improved water lubricator, the invention of Messrs. Aerts Brothers, has been in use on the North-Eastern Railway, and in the *Mining Journal* of December 16 it was mentioned that the results obtained were highly satisfactory. The experiment in question has been under the superintendence of Mr. de Pelsenair, of Gateshead, by whom a carriage for that company was fitted with two of Aerts's boxes on September 4 last; since which date, with the exception of a few days, that carriage has been and is still running daily with excellent results. Up to the beginning of October it was in use between Newcastle and York, and since that date between Newcastle and Normanton. The boxes and bearings remain perfectly cold even when running express. The mileage run by the carriage with the water-box up to this date is about 23,500, and this without any grease having been added to the thinnest possible coating which was put on the bearings when the boxes were fixed.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

PEOPLE talk about making a clean sweep. Can they make a sweep clean?—*Punch*.

WHY are gentleman's love-letters liable to go astray?—Because they are generally mis-directed.

THE use of the comma is sometimes important. At a banquet this toast was given: "Woman—without her, man is a brute." It was printed: "Woman, without her man, is a brute."

MRS. PARTINGTON, in illustration of the proverb, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," says that "it is better to speak paragonically of a person than to be all the time flinging epitaphs at him."

A HANDSOME OFFER.—"I once had a very handsome offer made to me," said Lord Eldon. "I was pleading for the rights of the inhabitants of the Isle of Man. Now I had been reading in Coke, and found there that the people of the Isle of Man were no beggars. Lord Coke's words are:—The inhabitants of this isle are religious, industrious, and true people, without begging or stealing"—so in my speech, I said, 'The people of the Isle of Man are no beggars; I therefore do not beg their rights, I demand them!' This so pleased an old smuggler who was present, that when the trial was over, he called me aside, and said, 'Young gentleman, I tell you what; you shall have my daughter, if you will marry her, and £100,000 for her fortune.' That was a very handsome offer; but I told him that I happened to have a wife, who had nothing for her fortune; therefore I must stick to bar."—*Men who have Risen.*

SIR RICHARD JEBB being called to a patient who fancied himself very ill, told him ingenuously what he thought, and declined prescribing, thinking it unnecessary. "Now you are here," said the patient, "I shall be obliged to you, Sir Richard, if you will tell me how I must live—what I may eat, and what not?"—"My directions as to that point," said Sir Richard, who abominated this sort of question, "will be few and simple: you must not eat the poker, shovel, or tongs, for they are hard of digestion; nor the bellows, because they are windy; but anything else you please."

PARADOXICAL AND ANTE-PRANDIAL.—"No, sir!" said Alderman Gobble; "I never took to fox 'unting."—"Perhaps not," we replied, as we took our place at the well-spread table, where the waiters were in readiness to remove the covers from the various dishes. "Perhaps not; and yet you have always been fond of the meet at the coverside." The alderman said nothing: perhaps, like the monkeys, he thought the more.

A FRIEND once visiting an unworldly philosopher whose mind was his kingdom, expressed some surprise at the smallness of his apartment, "Why you have not room to swing a cat!" "My friend," was the serene, unappreciative answer, "I do not want to swing a cat."

KINDNESS OF A CARPENTER.—A carpenter, having neglected to make a gibbet (which was ordered by the executioner), on the ground that he had not been paid for the last that he had erected, gave so much offence, that the next time the judge came the circuit, he was sent for. "Fellow," said the judge, in a stern voice, "how came you to neglect making the gibbet that was ordered on my account?"—"I humbly beg your pardon," said the carpenter; "had I known it had been for your lordship, it should have been done immediately."

"THE GENTLEMAN IN THE COFFIN."—As a gentleman from somewhere deep down among the fields and trees, who was wholly unaccustomed to London crowds and processions, was passing along the Strand the other day, where the erection of a new building and piles of brick obstructed locomotion, he met a long drawn-out funeral, and supposing that the deceased must be no less personage than the Lord Mayor of London, he asked a hod-carrier who was standing near whose funeral it was. After gazing at him vacantly for a time, the hod-carrier replied, "I can't just exactly give you his name, but I think it's the gentleman in the coffin."