

shake off my trepidation. Whether I made a long speech or a short one, I cannot tell, for I had no power of measuring time. All I know is, that I should have made a much longer one if I had not felt my ideas, like Bob Acres's courage oozing out of my fingers' ends. The court decided against us, erroneously as I of course thought, for the young advocate is always on the right side.

The next morning I got up early to look at the newspapers which I expected to see full of our case. In an obscure corner and in a small type, I found a few words given as the speeches of my leaders,—and I also read, that "Mr. —" followed on the same side."

THE JAUNDICE.

A SEQUEL TO THE SCARLET FEVER.

In a series of letters, edited by Chas. H. Stokoe.

Harry Tourniquet, Esq., M.D., at Ottawa, to Mr. Robert Trepan, medical student, at Montreal.

LETTER VI.

Miss Jennie Barker to her sister Kate

DEAR KATE,

I've to tell you with sorrow and pain,
That Harry's got into his tantrums again—
He's grown angry and jealous, ferocious and grim,
And all from a foolish and unfounded whim.

My last letter mentioned a "Woman in Black,"
Whom Sparker marched off with, and *didn't come back*—

The next day, while walking, I happened to meet
The recreant Ensign in Wellington Street;
By a very cool bow my resentment I showed,
And without further notice, I passed on my road:
But the Ensign declared he was dying with pain,
Until he could hope my good will to regain—
So I listened; and learned that the lady he met
Was a very dear *cousin*—a family pet;
He'd not seen her since Ponsonby's *bride* she became—
To have passed her in silence had been a great shame!
So he'd walked with her onward a very short way,
And when scarce round the corner, was ordered
away

Upon Government duty, that brooked no delay—
He was on his way now, just "to make his amends,"
And he heartily trusted we still should be friends.

Well! what could I do, but just joke him and chaff,
And accept his apology with a loud laugh!
And this gave him courage to proffer a note,
To read which, he hoped, I'd one minute devote—
He blushed and grew nervous, and long ere we parted
I'm sure his poor whiskers most sadly have smarted,
In a *nonchalant* way, I his letter received;
When, near hand at a window, I Harry perceived!
His brow, as he viewed us, grew darker and darker—
He *hates*, and has always been *jealous* of Sparker!

I was greatly annoyed, and felt sorry for Harry—
Though, as long years must pass ere he'll venture to
marry;

In spite of his being a gay, lively rattle,
An *engagement* with him would be like a long *battle*.
I have given no cause for his anger and scorn,
And really, dear Kate, he is not to be borne;
If I'm not to chatter and laugh when I meet
With a friend, my poor life would turn out a fine
treat—

I wish the poor Doctor great joy of his passion:
I'm not the girl to be used in that fashion.

I found I had still got some shopping to do,
And so with the Ensign away I withdrew—
For Harry's black looks had excited me so,
It relieved me to chatter and flirt with a beau—
Major Martinet passed us; his bow was so stiff,
That I saw very clearly he'd taken "a tiff";
I found out my crime! Do not laugh, little sister,
I'd affronted "the Major" by calling him "Mister!"
Dear me! On what trifles and toys it depends
These "*Lords of Creation*" to keep as our friends!

Safely seated at home, I almost felt choking,
The whole *contretemps* was so very provoking!
I'd half made my mind up to fancy poor Harry,
And at some *distant day* to accept him and marry,
But the way he takes huffs, just at nothing at all,
Is more than sufficient my heart to appal.

But a truce to this nonsense. I'll read Sparker's note—
Perhaps it may set my poor spirits afloat—
Come, Katie, and listen to this charming bit—
I declare our brave Ensign has grown quite a wit.

Ensign Sparker to Miss Jennie Barker.

"It would be, sweetest Jennie, a terrible shame
If you ever were greatly to change your sweet name;
But if from your 'Barker' you'd banish the B,
And if from my 'Sparker' you'd borrow S.P.
Then my name made your name would gloriously
shine,
When the dear little owner for ever was mine."

So, darling, it only depends upon me
Whenever I please "Mrs. Sparker" to be—

"What! follow a soldier from pillar to post,
No woman should try it except as a ghost—
For the best constitution would soon be a wreck,
To broil at Barbadoes and freeze at Quebec;"
Now, that is my *sentiment*, just to a dot,
Though I freely confess that the *verses* are not.

A proposal so very facetiously made
I can treat as in earnest, or joking, evade—
I need not accept it, nor need I decide
To banish the Ensign away from my side—
But Harry! if you'd ever gain my consent,
You had better be prompt to amend and repent,
To plead for forgiveness—for mercy implore,
And faithfully vow to be jealous no more;
'Till then, my flirtations let nobody blame,
For I find "*Rouge et Noir*" such a very nice game!
You will say it *must be*—since my obstinate pen
Has written of nothing except these two men.

Well! dearest, forgive me for such idle prating;
While I've not said one word of the rink or of skating!
As its greatly the fashion, I often attend,
Though to cut out fine figures I cannot pretend;
But I boast that in straightforward skating not many
Are more graceful or faster than your sister Jennie:
I can dance a quadrille, and the fellows extol
The elegant way I perform "the Dutch roll."

But whenever a thaw has removed the deep snow,
And a frost has ensued, to the river we go;
For its there the best pleasures of skating are seen,
When the wind's not too high and the air not too keen—
For the width of the stream affords plenty of space,
For a good lengthened dash, or for running a race.
The exercise makes one delightfully warm,
Lends a glow to the cheek, and augments ev'ry charm;
It brightens the eye and inclines one to chatter—
I don't wonder men are *then* tempted to flatter—
But when, before skating, they are so presuming
As to talk of the *flames* which their hearts are *consuming*,

When Fahrenheit shows *ten degrees below zero*,
I've to laugh, though they call me more cruel than
Nero,
For their cheeks look as pale and as stiff, I oft tell 'em.
As the books on pa's shelves, bound in old-fashioned
vellum.

The river just now's in a capital state,
But for further description I mean you to wait;
As Friday is fixed for a grand gala day;
When I hope our *wise Doctor* will not stop away—
Love to pa and to ma; and don't let ma complain
That so rarely you write to your fond sister,
JANE.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

GUSTAVE DORN has finished his illustrations,
thirty in number, for Tennyson's "Idyls of the
King." They will be engraved in London.

"THE Natural History of the Devil" is the
title of a discourse preached last month, in Lon-
don, by a dissenting minister.

A COMPLETE uniform edition of the novels,
tales, and miscellaneous writings of Thackeray,
including all his scattered pieces in journals and
magazines, is in preparation by an American
publishing firm, who were the first to collect and
publish his humorous poems in a volume.

A CATALOGUE of some 3000 Armenian MSS.
contained in the library of Edecmiadzin, near
Mount Ararat, the seat of the Patriarch, has just
been printed. Amongst the MSS. are some un-
published works of the Fathers, and also some
unpublished fragments of Aristotle and Diodorus
Siculus. Copyists are employed in the library,
and these treasures, hitherto inaccessible, are
now thrown open to scholars. Notice has been
given that extracts will be sent to the learned in
all parts of the world who will pay the expense
of copying them out.

A NEW YORK publisher announces "The Life
of James Stephens," with a history of the origin
and progress of Fenianism, authorized and re-
vised by the great "Head Centre" himself, who
furnishes, among other curious material, a de-
scription of his miraculous escape from the iron
bars of "John Bull's" stoniest hold.

"THE Fortnightly and Contemporary Review"
are among the new periodicals which are most
talked about in English society.

THE MSS. and autograph letters of Sir John
Fenn, Knt., the celebrated editor of "The Paston
Letters," are about to be sold. As so much curi-
osity has been felt of late concerning the genu-
ineness of the "Letters" said to have been edited
by him, this undisturbed collection of his MSS.
and papers will excite considerable curiosity
amongst antiquaries and others.

THERE has recently been privately printed in
Liverpool a very interesting volume, in quarto,
"On the Origin of certain Christian and other
Names: an attempt to draw deductions as to
the Spread of Nations, of Trade, or of Missionary
Enterprise, by a Comparison of Names," by Dr.
Thomas Inman, late President of the Liverpool
Literary and Philosophical Society. The writer
says, "The germ from which the essay sprang
was the question—'How is it that Jack is used
as the short or pet word for John?'"

MESSRS. Rivingtons have published the first
part of "The Annotated Book of Common
Prayer," edited by the Rev. John Henry Blunt,
which is described as an historical, ritual, and
theological commentary on the devotional sys-
tem of the Church of England; a ritual intro-
duction on the principles and practice of Church
ceremonial; notes on and illustrations of the
prefaces and tables of the Prayer Book; the
calendar, with notes on the minor holidays; and
a comparative view of the ancient and modern
English, the Roman, and the Eastern calendars.
The second part will complete the work, and will
contain a commentary on the communion service,
the occasional offices, and the ordination services,
with the English and Latin Psalter in parallel
columns, and a short liturgical exposition of
each psalm, a full index, and a glossary. It
will be published in a few months.

THE authorship of "Ecce Homo" is still a
vexed question with the English public, and
there can be no doubt that the well-kept secret
has had a great deal to do with the large sale of
the work. In nine cases out of ten, the second
question asked by an intending purchaser is,
"Do you know who is the author?" Various
tradesmen have selected several distinguished
individuals as the author whom they believe, in
their own minds, to have written the book.
Vice-Chancellor Page Wood was early chosen
for the post; then came Mr. George Waring, of
Magdalen Hall. A later favourite was Professor
Goldwin Smith, and his recent visit to America
and sojourn with Emerson has been dwelt upon
with considerable gusto, as throwing some light
upon the authorship. The last favourite will
strike many persons with surprise. It is no
other than the Emperor Napoleon III, whom
many persons in Paternoster-row roundly assert
wrote the book in French, and then sanctioned
its translation into English!

We are unable to give the "Minuetto" from
Mozart's opera "Il Don Giovanni," in the present
issue, as promised, in consequence of being short-
handed in the printing office. A number of the
employees have nobly responded to the call of
their country, and are doing duty at the frontier.

WHAT EMMA SAID.

GENTLY floating down the stream,
Softly flowing;
It is sweet, as in a dream
To be going
On the bosom of the waters,
To the light—
Far beyond the dread and darkness
Of the night.

Hear you not the songs of angels
From afar,
Like the fire that oftentimes flashes
From a star?
They are coming, dearest mother!
Unto me—
Spirits hear what eyes can never,
Never see!

Beatific forms still nearer,
Nearer come;
And the burden of their welcome's
"Hither, home!"
Would you could but hear them, mother!—
One last kiss,
Ere my soul is borne, in music,
Into bliss!

J. P. H