

prayer-book, and making her son kiss it after her, said:—

"Hector, kiss this book, which belonged to your poor aunt, who is dead, but who would have loved you well, had she known you. When you have learned to read, you will pray to heaven to make you wise and good as your father was, and happier than your unfortunate mother."

The eyes of those who were present were filled with tears, notwithstanding their efforts to preserve an appearance of indifference.

The child embraced the old book with boyish fervor, and opening it afterward:

"Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, "what pretty pictures!"

"Indeed," said the mother, happy in the gladness of her boy.

"Yes. The good virgin in a red dress, holding the Holy infant in her arms. But why, mamma, has silk paper been put upon the pictures?"

"So that they might not be injured, my dear," she replied.

"But, mamma, why are ten papers to each engraving?"

The mother looked, and, uttering a sudden shriek, she fell into the arms of M. Dubois, the notary, who addressing those present, said:

"Leave her alone, it won't be much! people don't die of these shocks. As for you, little one," addressing Hector, "give me that book; you will tear the engravings."

The inheritors withdrew, making various conjectures as to the cause of Anne's sudden illness, and the interest the notary took in her. A month afterward they met Anne and her son, exceedingly well, but not extravagantly dressed, taking an airing in a barouche. This led them to make inquiries, and they learned that Madame Anne had recently purchased a hotel for one hundred and eighty thousand francs, and that she was giving first rate education to her son. The news came like a thunderbolt upon them. Madame Villebois and M. Vetry hastened to call upon the notary for explanations. M. Dubois was working at his desk.

"Perhaps we are disturbing you," said the arrogant old lady.

"No matter; I was just in the act of settling a purchase in the state fund for Madame Anne."

"What exclaimed M. Vetry, "after purchasing house and equipage, has she still money to invest?"

"Undoubtedly."

"But where did it come from?"

"Where? Did you not see?"

"When?"

"When she shrieked out at seeing what the prayer-book contained."

"We observed nothing."

"Oh, I thought you saw it," said the sarcastic notary. "The prayer-book contained sixty engravings, and each engraving was covered by ten notes of a thousand francs each."

"Good Heavens! exclaimed M. Vetry, thunderstruck.

"If I had only known it," shouted Madame de Villebois.

"You had the choice," said the notary, "and I myself urged you to take the prayer-book, but you refused."

"But who could have expected to find a fortune in a breviary?"

The two passionate egotists withdrew, their hearts swollen with passionate envy.

Madame Anne is still in Paris. If you go by Rue Lafitte on a summer evening, you will see a charming picture on the first floor, illuminated by the pale reflection of wax lights.

A lady who has joined the two hands of her son, a fair child of six years of age, in prayer before an old book of "*Heures de la Vierge*," and for which a cross in gold has been made.

"Pray for me, child," said the mother.

"And for who else?" inquired the child.

"For your father, your dear father, who perished without knowing you, without being able to love you!"

"Must I pray to the saint, my patron?"

"Yes, my little friend; but do not forget a saint who watches us from heaven, and who smiles upon us from above the clouds."

"What is the name of the saint, mamma, dear?"

The mother, then watering the child's head with her tears, answered:

"His name is—sister Egrie."

CHARLES READE'S FIRST NOVEL.

In a private letter from London, which has just been shown us, and from which we are permitted to make this extract, the following amusing account is given of the circumstances and impelling motives under which he wrote one of his first and most successful novels. It recalls, with some additional circumstances, the story related of Oliver Goldsmith, after he had just finished the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

"Reade at this time, you must know, was very extravagant, very short of funds, and very deeply enamoured of a young lady—the daughter of a defunct Waterloo colonel—who had come to live with her widowed mother in the same boarding house. Reade loved her more than "a little," as became a youth on the manly side of twenty; and "loved her long"—or, at least, for some eighteen or twenty weeks, in which he did nothing but turn her music, escort her to Primrose Hill, and the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, (they lived close thereto, in Fitzroy Square,) and write "sonnets to her eye-brows."

This work, however, did not pay, and neither did Mr. Reade pay his landlady, who was also, I have heard, his aunt, and sincerely attached to him. One fine day, the old lady appeared in his room, which was an attic at the top of the house, and demanded for the fiftieth time either "immediate payment or that he would leave her house," with the alternative that he might, if he saw fit, sit down then and there, and "not leave his room until he had written a story of sufficient length for the *Family Herald*, which paper always heretofore received and paid fair prices for his contributions." The young author remonstrated, but the landlady, was not to be moved. She would lock him up with pleasure—it was the only means of correcting his natural indolence—supply him with pens, ink and paper, and tell the Colonel's widow and daughter that he was seriously indisposed.

Reade had nothing for it but to comply, or incur the disgrace of being turned out of the paradise in which his angel was enshrined,—and this, too, on the humiliating plea of his not being able to pay for what he ate and drank! Making the best terms he could with the unrelenting housekeeper, and stipulating only that his pretended disease should be one of a contagious nature in order to deter visitors,—he sat down manfully to his work, and at the end of ten or eleven days handed to his female turnkey the complete manuscript of the *The Beaufoots of Chumleigh*, the first story, it may be said, though never republished, which called any decided attention to Mr. Reade's ability. Charles Dickens was much struck by the force, oddity and graphic vivacity of its earlier chapters, and it was on his recommendation, founded wholly on a perusal of this mere novelette or newspaper *feuilleton*, that Mr. Reade first obtained introduction to the bookseller who is now making a fortune by his successive and successful works. The price given for *The Beaufoots* was fifty guineas, which just about cleared the landlady's bill, leaving the writer but a few shillings over the amount for the prosecution of his enamored suit.

It is supposed, however, that the real cause of Mr. Reade's detention must have become known in some manner to the Colonel's widow, for on his re-appearing in the drawing-room he was coldly and distantly received by both mother and daughter—the latter being several years older than himself, and prudent enough, it may be supposed, did not wish to be entangled with a youth doubtfully able to pay his board.

She rubbed him, and Reade, huffed, instantly and forever—doubtless a good thing for him, but costing this match-making mother and daughter one of the most eligible matches to be found, shortly after, in the matrimonial market. It was too late, how-

ever, when they discovered this, and Reade now laughs—or, at least, pretends to laugh—heartily at his boyish adoration.

But the story of "The Beaufoots" continues to have painful recollections connected with it, and he has steadfastly refused all offers to perpetuate its life in book-form, nor can it be republished in the English newspapers, as the author holds the copyright in his own name, having only sold one edition of it to the *Family Herald*, where it is now an object of literary curiosity."

A STUDY FOR THE PHILOSOPHER.

The celebrated author of "*Monte Christo*" has been mulcted in damages, in Paris, for cheating one of his business associates, a publisher. Dumas made a variety of excuses for his conduct; but the court held them all to be frivolous, and the novelist was forced to "pay up." The truth is, Dumas, through he makes so much money, is always short of cash. He is a literary charlatan; and employs a number of needy *litterateurs*, in translating and adapting works, to which he puts his name, and for which he receives a very great sum. But he is so improvident, that the income of a Prince (particularly of a German prince) would not support him; and that improvidence often exhibits itself in shapes the most absurd and fantastic.

It is not well for some men to make money too easily. They lose sight of themselves, and go insane in their folly. The fabled revenue of Monte Christo was nothing to what Dumas thought he could draw upon at one time. He had his castle—his women of all nations to wait on him—his gold and silver plate—his equipage, and so on. His steel pen was his Mariposa. His ink-stand was his gold mine, more inexhaustible than the best in California. His handwriting was the "open sesame" that exposed the "piled-up treasures of the Ind." He was the modern Aladdin; and the Genii of the Quill stood prepared to build *chateaux* for him in a night, to robe him in purple and fine linen, and cover him with jewels. But his lavish waste outran even all this capacity for production. He failed, time after time, for want of money to pay his debts. He went to prison. He availed himself of the insolvent laws, only to get rich again, and squander again those riches. He has now adopted a system of cancelling his debts, by repudiating them; but justice mulets him as usual, and he goes on, old as he has become, just as recklessly as ever! He is a study for the philosopher.

A French paper has the following:—"The Count de St. Croix, belonging to one of the noblest and wealthiest families in France, became engaged, after a long and assiduous courtship, to a lady, his equal in position and fortune and famous for her beauty. Shortly after the happy day was appointed which was to render two loving hearts one, the Count was ordered immediately to the siege of Sebastopol. So he girded on his sabre, and at the head of his regiment marched on to the battle field. During his absence it happened that his beautiful fiancée contracted the small pox, and after hovering between life and death for many days, recovered her health to find her beauty entirely lost. The disease assumed in her case the most virulent character, and left her seamed and scared to such a frightful extent that she became hideous to herself, and resolved to pass the remainder of her days in the strictest seclusion. A year passed away, when one day the Count, on his return to France, accompanied by his valet, presented himself at the residence of his betrothed and solicited an interview. This was refused. He, however, with the persistence of a lover, pressed his suit, and finally the lady made her appearance, closely muffled in a double veil. At the sound of her voice the Count rushed forward to embrace her, but stepping aside she tremblingly told the story of her sorrows and burst into tears. A heavenly smile broke over the Count's handsome features, as raising his hands above him he exclaimed: "It is God's will, I am blind!" It was even so. When gallantly leading his regiment to the attack, a cannon ball passed so closely to his eyes, that, while it left their expression unchanged and his countenance

unmarked, it robbed him forever of sight. It is unnecessary to add their marriage was shortly after solemnized. It is said that at this day may often be seen at the Emperor's reception, an officer leaning upon the arm of a lady closely veiled, who seem to be attracted to the spot by their love of music."

There are many different ways of getting on in the world: it does not mean making a great deal of money, or being a great man for people to look up to with wonder. Leaving off a bad habit for a good one, is getting on in the world; to be clean and tidy, instead of dirty and disorderly, is getting on; to be active and industrious, instead of idle and lazy, is getting on; to be kind and forbearing, instead of ill-natured and quarrelsome, is getting on; to work as diligently in the master's absence as in his presence, is getting on; in short, when we see any one properly attentive to his duties, persevering through such difficulties to gain such knowledge as shall be of use to himself and to others, offering a good example to his relatives and acquaintances, we may be sure that he is getting on in the world. Money is a very useful article in its way, but it is possible to get on with small means; for it is a mistake to suppose that we must wait for a good deal of money before we can do any thing. Perseverance is often better than a full purse. There are more helps towards getting on than is commonly supposed; many people lag behind or miss their way altogether, because they do not see the simple and abundant means which surround them on all sides; and so it happens that these means are aids which cannot be bought for money. Those who wish to get on in the world must have a stock of patience and perseverance, of hopeful confidence, a willingness to learn, and a disposition not easily cast down by difficulties and disappointments.

A fearful murder was committed in the township of McGillivray, County of Huron, on the evening of the 28th ult. An old lady seventy years of age, named Garbutt, and her grand-daughter, only six years old, were killed by William Mahon, out of spite to Mr. Garbutt, the husband of the murdered woman. It seems Mahon's farm joined Garbutt's, and having an altercation with him, the prisoner assaulted him, and was sent to jail for three months; emerging from which he wreaked his spite on the innocent wife and grand-child. The murder was accompanied by scenes of brutality that we have never heard equalled, and we would as soon think of giving our readers poison, as detailing the particulars, which no human imagination can conceive. He must be possessed by a fiend. Anything of like atrocity no record of civilized nations gives trace of; and that he was not lynched speaks well for the law-abiding spirit of our people.

The theory of M. Veuillot's pamphlet, entitled "*Waterloo*," is that Waterloo was a victory gained by the Protestant over the Catholic nations: that Louis Napoleon's expedition to Rome was the revenge of the Catholic nations, and that at the present moment the Protestants are meditating a second and more terrible Waterloo, which shall result in the suppression of the temporal power.

The Letter Box.

We have received during the past week many kind letters from all parts of the Province which will be answered in detail next week. This indulgence we ask from our friends, inasmuch as the numerous calls and communications incident to a new paper, have, for the past few days, engrossed much of the time of both Publisher and Editor.

TO PUBLISHERS.

Some editors have favored us with a notice without sending us a copy of the paper containing the same. If the publishers do not wish to exchange, we request they will be so good as to send the copy of their paper containing the notice of the *HOME JOURNAL*, as we desire to be possessed of them all.