

The coldness of the world—the weakness of human nature! How often these expressions form the topic of conversation among people who literally know nothing about either! To half the people who are daily using these hackneyed phrases, both human nature and the world are as sealed books. What does the pampered nursling of wealth and fashion know about the coldness of the world? And what does the fair being who has passed from babyhood to womanhood under the stately roof and careful guardianship of her watchful parents, know of the weakness of human nature?

Ah, my reader, the world is a great deal colder than you imagine—if you could only shiver a little while in its poverty to feel it; and human nature is not half so weak as you may think.

But we must return to Eola.

She was still wavering between her conflicting ideas, when, on turning the corner of a lane leading past a dense and extensive wood, she came upon one of those old familiar encampments, belonging to a gipsy tribe. The sight startled her at first, and she was not a little agitated by the strange associations and reminiscences called up by it. She was driving slowly past, wishing to avoid as much as possible the notice of the tribe, when a young dark-eyed girl sprang forward from the thicket, laid her hand boldly on the reins, and then, approaching the astonished driver,—

‘Let me tell your fortune, young sir,’ she exclaimed laughingly, and with a coquettish glance at the supposed page. ‘Ah, now, don’t frown in that surly manner. A face so fair as yours ought not to know how.’

Poor Eola, who had, at immense labor, managed to manufacture a frown in order to shake off her pretty interrupter, now made matters worse by suffering it to degenerate into a blush.

‘Ha! ha!’ laughed the wild girl. ‘Actually blushing! What a fortune yours must be! Let me tell it.’

‘No, no, no!’ cried the disguised one, with an earnestness that almost startled the madcap before her. Poor Eola was simple enough to believe in fortune-telling, and dreaded to know her own above everything.

‘My fortune? Oh, no!’ she added. ‘I will give you what coin I can spare, but I do not wish you to earn it. I know my fortune.’

‘Well, good-bye, then,’ said the gipsy, pouting and drawing back. ‘I did not want your money, boy.’

Again the girl approached and accosted her.

‘I didn’t want to offend you either,’ she exclaimed, penitently. ‘Let us part friends.’

‘With all my heart,’ returned the other.

What strange inspiration caused the beautiful page to stoop down and kiss that sun-burnt cheek we do not know; perhaps it was policy, perhaps mischief; at any rate she did it; and the recipient of the hasty salute seemed anything but annoyed by it.

With a light laugh she retreated into the thicket, and the supposed page pursued her journey.

This little incident, though trifling in itself, furnished Eola with an immense fund of meditation, and tended greatly to distract her thoughts from the topic which had begun to be so painful. The presence of gipsies in that familiar spot (so often the scene of her own vagabond life) was to the young outcast a source of inconceivable interest and curiosity.

What if there should chance to be any of the old friends of her childhood among them? It was not unlikely, as it had been their favorite place of resort at certain seasons of the year. She felt a strange desire to ascertain if such were the case.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Notes and Queries.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC & ANTIQUARIAN.

‘*Hic est aut nusquam quod quaerimus.*’  
‘*The enquiring spirit will not be contrived;*  
*We would make certain all, and all behold.*’

The Editor wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is not responsible for anything that may appear in this department. While every latitude is given for freedom of thought and expression, a discretionary power is reserved as to what ‘Notes and Queries’ are suitable for insertion.

Correspondents, in their replies, will please bear in mind that ‘Brevity is the soul of wit.’

NOTES.

**AN ARITHMETICAL PARADOX.**—In an Arabic manuscript was found this remarkable decision of a dispute. Two Arabians sat down to dinner: one had five loaves, the other had three; a stranger passing by desired permission to eat with them, which they agreed to. The stranger dined, laid down eight pieces of money, and departed. The owner of the five loaves took up five pieces, and left three for the other, who objected and insisted on half. The cause came before Ali, the chief magistrate, who gave the following judgment:

Let the owner of the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and the owner of the three loaves one. Now, strange as the sentence may at first appear, the decision was just: for, suppose the loaves to be divided each into three equal parts, making twenty-four parts of all the eight loaves, and each person to have eaten a third share; therefore the stranger had seven parts of the person who contributed five loaves (or fifteen parts,) and only one to him who contributed only three loaves, which make nine parts.

HUTTON.

**REMARKABLE TENURE.**—At Broughton, Lincolnshire, England, some lands are held by the following tenure. Every year on Palm Sunday a person from Broughton comes into the church porch at Caistor, having a green silk purse, containing two shillings and a penny, tied at the end of a cart whip, which he cracks three times in the porch, and continues there till the second lesson begins, when he goes into the church, and cracks it three times over the clergyman’s head, and kneeling before him during the reading of the lesson, he presents the minister with the purse, and then goes into the choir, and continues there during the rest of the service.

J. S.

**WHITTINGDON AND HIS CAT.**—It is not, perhaps, generally known that the story of Whittingdon’s cat is borrowed from the east. Sir William Gore Ouseley, in his travels, speaking of the origin of the name of an island in the Persian Gulf, relates on the authority of a Persian M. S., that in the tenth century, one Keis, the son of a poor widow, in Siraf, embarked for India with his sole property, a cat. There he fortunately arrived at a time when the palace was so infested by mice or rats, that they invaded the king’s food, and persons were employed to drive them from the royal banquet. Keis produced his cat, the noxious animals soon disappeared, and magnificent rewards were bestowed on the adventurer of Siraf, who returned to that city, and afterwards, with his mother and brother, settled in the island, which from him has been denominated Keis, or according to the Persians, Keish.

COCKNEY.

QUERIES.

**DRESSED TO FITS.**—May I request insertion of the following query. Will any of the readers of the ‘Canadian Illustrated News,’ favor me with an explanation, of the origin of the Common expression, ‘she is dressed to fits.’

Milton, March, 1863.

CURIOUS.

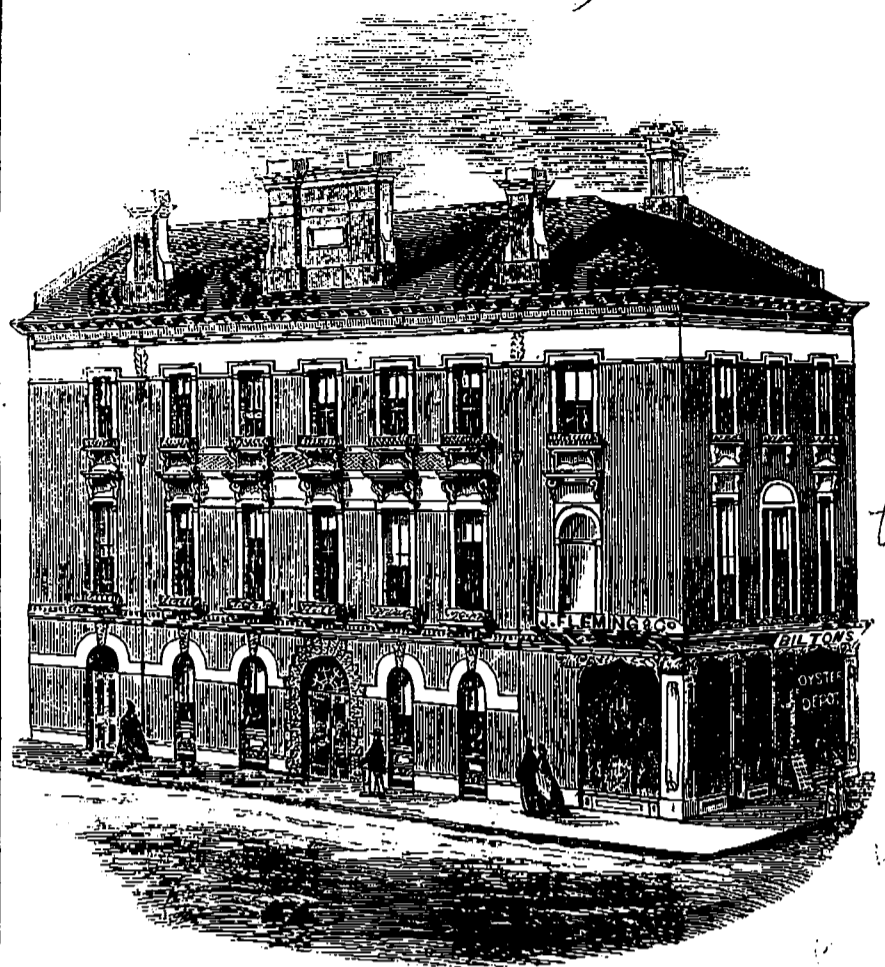
**A BATCH OF QUERIES.**—I have a rare old punch bowl in my possession, which through the carelessness of a servant has unfortunately got broken in some five or six pieces. I would feel very grateful to any of your readers who would inform me through your paper, (or if it is a secret, please furnish the party with my address, and let him communicate with me by post) how it can best be put together, so that it will last, and show but little trace of the damage.

While I am at it. Will you allow me space enough for the undermentioned queries:

1. What are the Kingdoms on account of which the Pope is said to wear a triple crown?
2. Why is a tailor said to be the ninth part of a man?
3. Where can I purchase a copy of the Chaldee manuscript?

ANNANDALE.

Dumfries, 3rd March, 1863.



AGRICULTURAL HALL, CORNER OF QUEEN AND YONGE STS., TORONTO.

**CREDIT FONCIER.**—I see a great deal in your and other papers, regarding this institution. What is it all about. I cannot exactly make out whether it is a bank, or a building society, on a large scale. Will you or any of your readers, favour us farmers, with a short explanation.

West Flamborough, March 9th. W.R.

ANSWERS.

**FORFEITS IN A BARBER-SHOP.**—In reply to the query of your correspondent ‘Avon,’ I would state, that the forfeits referred to, were penalties to be paid by persons offending against the rules of the shop, in a conspicuous part of which, a list, was hung up, for the information of the customers. A copy of one of these lists is now before me. It contains, amongst others, the following offences, the perpetrators of which were liable to forfeits:—

- For handling the razor.
- For talking of cutting throats.
- For cutting hair powder, flour.
- For meddling with anything on the shop board.

The number of idlers waiting their turn in a barber’s shop, with nothing to do but gossip, quiz the operator, &c., probably caused some humorist to propound these penalties, but as they could not be enforced, they ‘stood as much in mock as mark.’

Toronto, 6th March, 1863. D.W.

Your correspondent, P.T.B., will find the couplet he refers to in ‘Young’s Love of Fame.’

Hamilton, March 9th, 1863. J.J.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**AVON, TORONTO.**—We thank you for your communication. We regret that we cannot make use of it at present, as our publisher has none of the peculiar type which it would require. We shall, with your permission, retain the manuscript for a short time.

**A. B. Y., ST. CATHARINES.**—To guard against such errors, our correspondents should write legibly. More than one-half of the communications sent us are thrown aside, because they are altogether, or in part, unreadable.

**R. N., GUELPH.**—We cannot insert your communication.

A NEW LIGHT has lately been discovered for locomotive engines, which is said to combine brilliancy with cheapness. It is produced by throwing a jet of gas and air upon a cylinder of lime, and costs only fifteen mills an hour, while the ordinary railway burner costs six cents an hour.

For Leisure Moments.

**OUR ARTIST’S PRINCIPAL CONUNDRUM.**—Why will it be impossible for the Prince of Wales to keep his wife as long as he pleases?

ANSWER—Because she is only a *Lent* wife.

People generally think their evils less by being common, but their enjoyments greater by being exclusive.

The flowers that breathe the sweetest perfume into our hearts, bloom upon the rod with which Providence chastises us.

Can any one define the exact width of a narrow escape?

Speaking of cheap things—it costs but a trifle to get a wife, but she sometimes turns out a little dear?

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

They err widely who propose to turn men to the thoughts of a better world by making them think very meanly of this.

A country school-master thus describes a money-lender:—‘He serves you in the present tense; he lends you in the conditional mood; keeps you in the subjunctive; and ruins you in the future!’

A Yankee boy had a whole Dutch cheese set before him by a waggish friend, who, however, gave him no knife. ‘This is a funny cheese, Uncle Joe, but where shall I cut it?’ ‘Oh,’ said the grinning friend, ‘cut it where you like.’ ‘Very well,’ said the Yankee, coolly putting it under his arm, ‘I’ll cut it at home.’

**CHILDHOOD.**—There is a magic charm in its winning ways—honesty and truthfulness in its expression of affection; there is something grand and lofty in that young untainted soul, which should pass through life uncorrupted by the deception and sensuality of the world.

**MR. GEORGE PARR,** the captain of the All England Eleven cricketers who are to go out to Australia, has just made up his number, which consists of the following: From the Notts Club, Parr, Jackson and Tinley; from Cambridge, Hayward, Carpenter and Tarrant; from Surrey, Julius Caesar, Caffyn and L. Lockyer; from Yorkshire, G. Anderson. Mr. Grace has also consented to go out to the Eleven. This is a most formidable team; in fact the best Eleven in the world. Another player is yet to be selected.