

suburban paradise. But she was no longer a willing or contented prisoner.

Not that her wild love for the unworthy man whom she still believed to be her husband, had abated one iota; it still raged with unquenchable ardour; but other feelings, of a different and opposing nature, had begun to force themselves upon her mind—to cloud its first fresh warmth.

Her vanity soon rose up in rebellion against the captivity, however luxurious, that separated her from the world of pomp and fashion, so long the topic of her day-dreams.

For the first month she was outwardly patient under the gnawings of this discontented feeling, but when another and another passed, without bringing any signs of a release from the confinement engendering it, her proud spirit began to chafe under the infliction with all the impetuosity that it dared display.

She had drawing-masters, singing-masters, and music-masters, and studied during every spare minute she could command, making, indeed, an amazing progress in the different accomplishments; yet still Percy made no mention of taking her into society, or of allowing her to leave the villa.

In vain she exhibited to him her acquisitions; in vain she hinted, and argued, and coaxed, using every art, every wile, a woman's ingenuity could suggest, to overcome the imaginary bugbear that prompted her seclusion; he listened to her with a palpable weariness and disgust, a gradual overclouding of ill-temper, that terrified and silenced her for the time.

The only relief she found for her irritation was in the worthless and insidious consolation of Mrs. Fitzmaurice, who sometimes visited her, and who was, in fact, her only acquaintance. But even this solace, flattering and artfully worded as it was, failed to permanently allay her discontented repinings, which would only burst forth afresh with redoubled force when the transient effect of the artful woman's subtle reasoning had passed away.

Nor were these murmurings and forbidden longings without their inevitable result. The nobleman became moody and irritable, his love less passionate, his caresses less tender; and often whole days and nights passed without his making his appearance at the villa at all.

But the blow which was to awaken her to a sense of her true position, and plunge her young soul into an abyss of misery, was not far off.

One Sunday morning, Percy astonished her with the intelligence that he intended to give a dinner-party on the following Tuesday, that he thought she had been secluded long enough, and that it was his intention to introduce her to a little society. Eager expectation and delight, mingled with gratified pride, immediately filled her heart. The melancholy face lighted up with joyous smiles; the mooping, spiritless woman seemed changed as if by magic, into the careless, light-hearted girl, all sunshine and playful coquetry; and even Ewald felt his waning passion renewed, in nearly its pristine enthusiasm, as, with love-lit eyes and laughing eagerness, she questioned him respecting the momentous event.

'How kind of you, Percy! I am so delighted!' she cried—woman-like, forgetting the unkindness of weeks in the transient tenderness of an hour. 'How many are coming? Who are they? Are there many ladies?' she questioned, with breathless and childish impatience.

'One at a time, returned the nobleman, affectionately stroking her jetty curls. 'Howard, Lashmer Sackville, and Morphat are among the favored ones—you've heard me speak of them? To the ladies you will be introduced in due form, my love, no doubt. And now, has my little impatient one any more inquiries to make?'

'Only whether she may go to town to-morrow, to make a few purchases.'

'Certainly, my darling; go by all means.'

'Will you accompany me? Do, dear Percy.'

'That I fear will be impossible, my love. I must join a few friends at Neville's to-morrow, so, you see, I must leave here early.'

A disappointed expression stole over the radiant face. 'You always have an engagement when I want to go out with you, Percy,' was the half-audible accusation that fell from the fair, pouting lips of the gipsy girl.

'Grumbling again,' Zerneen! and at the very moment when I am devising a scheme for your enjoyment! Really, you are hard to please.' And Ewald cast a withering look of anger at the shrinking girl.

In an instant she was at his feet. It was not the first passionate storm that had jarred on her soul; yet still, she was the first to

yield. He raised her up, and kissing her forehead, drew her arm through his, and led her into the conservatory.

About two o'clock on the next day, Zerneen started in her elegant brougham for town. On arriving there, she proceeded at once to Regent street, in order to make her purchases. With that insatiate love of dress which characterises her sex, she wandered up and down the handsome thoroughfare, buying a flower here, a feather there, and a bracelet somewhere else, completely absorbed in the delicious pleasure of 'shopping,' and lost in the charming novelty of being able to purchase all she admired, until her watch warned her that it was time to return to S—. With a slight sigh, and a parting glance at a lovely bonnet that had just caught her eye, she turned to re-enter her miniature equipage, when a hand arrested her steps, and a low, mocking voice exclaimed—

'So, so, my cherub, you have changed your hemisphere since I saw you last!

And looking up, the terrified and indignant girl perceived a tall, effeminate young man of about twenty, with light hair, and blue eyes, the very personification of precocious Don Juanism, who stood imprudently in her path.

'Stand aside, sir!' she said, with a dignified air, 'and allow me to pass unmolested to my carriage!'

(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 abroad.'

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.

ERRORS THERE ARE NO 'RECTIFYING.'

Men are tenacious of error. There is an obstinate vitality in all clear definite mistakes; they grow with rapidity, propagate with profusion, like all noxious things, and are destroyed in one place, only to spring up in another. To the philosopher there is something exasperating in this; to the satirist there is an object for his shafts. Once fling forth a bold and definite absurdity, it will make the hollows ring with echoes, and these echoes will reverberate for centuries. Say that a scientific hypothesis 'leads to atheism,' and atheistic, it will be, beyond the power of rectification. Say that Locke admits no other source of knowledge than the senses, and all over Europe and America men with Locke in their hands will echo the absurdity. How incessantly do we hear attributed to Bacon the aphorism 'knowledge is power.' No such phrase ever escaped him; but Bulwer, who first called attention to the fact, has written in vain to rectify the general error. In like manner, we hear attributed to Coleridge, sayings which that arch-plagiarist appropriated from the German; and attributed too by men who have read them in the original. As long as history is written, men will believe that Wellington exclaimed at Waterloo: 'up guards and at them!' and that the Imperial Guard declared, *la garde meurt et ne se rend pas*. Among the current quotations there is one both in England and in France, which is constantly attributed to Buffon—namely *le style c'est l'homme*—the style is the man. Buffon said nothing of the kind; it would have been an absurdity had he said it. What he really said was this: *le style est de l'homme*—a very different thing, indicating that style is all which can be considered as personal property in literature. This has been rectified over and over again, but is it of any use? No. Multiply it a thousand fold, destroy the weed in every spot you meet with it, and before you have gone three yards it will reappear again.

BOOK WITH STRANGE TITLE.

According to one of Coles M.S. notes, a pamphlet published in 1703 has the following odd title, 'The deformity of sin cured.' A sermon preached at St. Michael's crooked lane, before the Prince of Orange, by the Rev. J. Crookedshanks. Sold by Matthew Denton, at the Crooked Billet, near Cripple-gate, and by all other book-sellers. The words of the text are 'Every crooked path shall be made straight.' And the Prince, before whom it was delivered, was *deformed* in his person.

QUERIES.

BARBER'S FORFEITS.

Can you or any of your readers, inform me what were the forfeits in a barber's shop, to which allusion is made in the following passage—

The strong statues
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.
Measure for Measure (Act V, Sc 1.)
AVON.

Toronto, Feb., 1863.

HEAVEN SAVE THE MARK.

I shall be obliged to any of your readers, who shall explain the origin of the expression in Shakspeare, and other writers, 'Heaven save the mark.' What mark is alluded to? CURIOSITY.

Hamilton, 24th Feb., 1863.

The undersigned will feel grateful to any of the readers of the Illustrated News, who will inform him, through 'Notes and Queries,' who the author is of the following couplet—

The man who builds and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a house from which to run away.
P. T. B.

London, Feb., 1863.

ANSWERS.

THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY TO BRITAIN.

In answer to the query of your correspondent 'Cluny,' in reference to the introduction of christianity into Britain, I would refer him to 'Calmet's Dictionary of the Bible' for all the information he requires. It appears that Aristobulus, one of the seventy disciples, and mentioned by St. Paul, (Rom. xvi. 10.) was the first missionary sent to Britain. He was consecrated by St. Paul for this purpose, about the year 60. He was instrumental in accomplishing a great work, but was afterwards cruelly treated, and at length suffered martyrdom.

T. W. H.

Toronto, 23rd Feb., 1863.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS AT WEDDINGS.

Orange blossoms have evidently been adopted for the adornment of a bride, because they are emblematical of fruitfulness and prosperity; being not only an evergreen, but the only plant, it is said, which produces fruit and flowers at the same time. I hope this explanation will be satisfactory to your fair correspondent from Woodstock, who, if she has not already done so, will soon, I hope, be privileged to wear them.

HOWARD.

Dundas, 19th February.

Two answers, 'wide as the poles assunder,' have been received, in reply to the query of our correspondent 'Inquirer.' We insert them both.

Your correspondent 'Inquirer' asks for a comment on these lines—

For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

Bearing in mind the gentle hint in your heading 'that brevity is the soul of wit,' I beg to submit the following:

The falsehood and asperity of these well-known lines by Pope, have done much mischief to the cause of religion; and what adds to the misfortune, they are fabricated with such dexterous art, that it is not easy to make the deception clear and impressive. For a life to be strictly right, it evidently should possess every existing ingredient of rectitude; and the scriptures tell us that—among a christian people at least—faith in Christ, as well as due moral conduct, is necessary to merit the approbation of Heaven. This, we see the poet boldly denies, by representing faith as an indifferent thing, provided that our morals be but good. And yet, observe, he wishes the word right, that closes the couplet, and which he places in opposition to wrong, to be taken in a strict and full sense; for no other sense will render the observation pertinent. Such is the equivocal meaning he has given to the word right, and I am afraid with no good intent.

But perhaps the folly and falsehood of the aphorism, may be as well shown by the following parody, as by any other means, which in sentiment is every whit as just and proper as the original—

For what is truth let squerish bigots fight,
He can't judge wrong who thinks he's in the right.

Or this other, which I lately tell in with in some periodical—

For modes of healing let envious doctors fight,
His can't be wrong whose health is in the right.

MAURICE.

Hamilton, 18th Feb., 1863.

For modes of faith let graceless bigots fight,
His can't be wrong, whose life is in the right.

The query of 'Inquirer' may be very easily answered, as the truth of Pope's lines seems apparent. In all ages there have existed men whose zeal for their own creed led them

to persecute others, in order to make converts. Thus, their religious madness made them bigots; and the pages of history teem with accounts of sanguinary massacres, testifying the rancorous hate of persecutors, and the intolerable sufferings of martyrs—so that we may safely affirm, that more blood has been poured forth for the sake, and in the name of religion, than for any other known cause. Now, coercing men to believe does not inspire faith; nor is the truth or falsehood of any particular creed, proved by persecutions in its behalf. Mistaken zeal changes the enthusiast to a bigot. Men are so often wrapt up in what they consider the truth of their own faith, as to prevent them from recognizing truth in that of another. They often not only denounce a creed but persecute its votary. Thus the poet, Shelley, was deprived of a father's rights, and his children of a father's love, in consequence of his peculiar tenets. No wonder then, the hunchbacked bard of Twickenham termed such men 'graceless.'

Religion, in its wide comprehensive meaning, is 'Virtue founded upon reverence of God,' and is not a system of worship as opposed to other systems. He therefore, who shuns the leprous ways of vice, and walks in the beautiful paths of virtue, based upon a reverential awe and love for a superior being, is religious. It matters not then, what his especial creed consists in, his life being 'in the right,' his belief cannot be wrong. This is my idea of Pope's lines, which, all must acknowledge, are in accordance with that spirit of tolerance, which judges man according to the goodness of the life he leads, without attaching importance to his faith.

ISIDORE.

Montreal, Feb., 1863.

For Leisure Moments.

An Irish paper advertises, 'Wanted, an able-bodied man as a washer-woman.'

The knot that is tied in treachery, will be loosed by jealousy.

A poor man's wisdom is like a palace in a wilderness.

DUELIST—A moral coward, seeking to hide the pusillanimity of his mind by affecting a corporeal courage.

It is as easy to write a gaudy style without ideas, as it is to spread a pallet of showy colors, or to smear in a flaunting transparency.

A young lady being asked by a feminine acquaintance whether she had any original poetry in her album replied, 'No,' but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling.'

Of a person who was a sordid miser, it was told Mr. Curran that he had set out from Cork to Dublin, with one shirt and a guinea. 'Yes,' said Curran, 'and I will answer for it that he will change neither of them until he returns.'

LAWYERS AND BUSINESS MEN.—A contemporary says: 'We feel bound to deny that one of our lawyers put on his door, "Gone to bury my wife; be back in half an hour." But candor compels us to say that one of our lumbering merchants, the last sickness of his wife occurring in the busiest season, was only able to get in in time for the second prayer at her funeral.'

WAR AND MASONRY.—After the battle of Waterloo was decided in favor of the English, about fifty Frenchmen, nearly all of them wounded, the heroic wreck of a square of two regiments of infantry which had been almost exterminated by the discharge of a park of artillery—found themselves at the close of that terrible day surrounded by a considerable force of the enemy. After having performed prodigies of valor, perceiving that it was impossible to effect a retreat, they reluctantly determined to lay down their arms. But the allies, irritated at the great loss they had sustained from this handful of brave men, continued to fire on them. The Frenchmen now perceived that their destruction was inevitable, unless some miracle should save them. The Lieutenant in command was suddenly inspired with the thought that this miracle might be achieved by Masonry. Advancing from the ranks, in the midst of a galling fire, he made the mystic appeal. Two Hanoverian officers perceived him, and by a spontaneous impulse they ordered the firing to cease, without the customary etiquette of consulting their commanding officer. Having provided for the safety of their prisoners, they reported themselves to their General for this breach of military discipline.—He, however, being also a Free-mason, commended them for their generous conduct.