

How Fanny's maid-servant, a type of her sex,  
Contrived a poor fellow to heart-break and vex,  
And I laughed when I heard it! Oh! I'm rightly  
served!

I've got just the treatment my conduct deserved."

If "curses, like chickens, to roost will come home;  
Has heartless derision a similar doom?

With ease might Miss Barker act Peggy's part well;  
She played from her heart, and of course could excel!

I had really forgotten that man Ensign Sparker,  
Who had once a flirtation with this same Jane Bar-  
ker;

And the last time we met, she was so sweetly kind,  
I was very near telling the whole of my mind.  
How I loved and adored her, and hoped she would  
dare

Plenecforth all my joys, hopes and sorrows to share.  
By good luck I didn't—and though I'm a fool,  
I escaped this committal—and so I keep cool.

I'd posted your letter, and wanting a chat,  
I ran into a friend's and had laid down my hat,  
When I saw this pert ensign come strutting along,  
With his hand on his whiskers, and humming a song,  
I gave him a blessing, and I wasn't wrong.  
For Miss Barker I saw coming straight down the  
street;

Of course I felt anxious to see how they'd meet;  
And at first, I confess that I felt much delight,  
For the notice she took of the fellow was slight.  
She bowed very coolly, and looked on one side;  
He'd have marched himself off, if he'd had proper  
pride;

But he turned round about, and along with her walk-  
ing,  
Began twitching his whiskers, and earnestly talking,  
Till she in strange mood, took to laughing and joking;  
I felt deuced savage, and very like choking.  
She looked into his face, and bewitchingly smiled,  
She has done so to me! I felt perfectly wild!  
And very soon after the fellow had met her  
He had the presumption to hand her a letter!

With nervous excitement his whiskers he twitched;  
I wish I could into the rascal have pitched!  
"Tug away! tug away! you fantastical brute!  
If my hand were there, I'd tear out ev'ry root!"

They moved off together; the corner they turned;  
My eyes grew quite dizzy, my heart fiercely burned;  
It was plain I was in for a bilious attack,  
And so to the office I made my way back;  
Slammed the door, turned the lock, and quicker than  
winking,

I began and kept up quite a deuce of a thinking!

My hopes were so fervent, I had not a doubt  
My Jennie would join me to carry them out;  
We have seldom talked love, but all through our con-  
nection,

There was all that betokened a mutual affection;  
And, though I confess, she delighted to tease me,  
She yesterday seemed quite determined to please me,  
So the prudence, on which I so much had relied,  
And my jealous resentment were quite laid aside—  
I'd weighed matters well, tested ev'ry device,  
As I showed when I wrote for your friendly advice,  
And a sweet little cottage, I'd happened to see,  
Would a Paradise make for me, Jennie and me!  
And now is my happiness knocked on the head  
For the sake of a shallow-brained coccomb in red!

I hate and detest him! I'm bursting with spite!  
I long to insult and provoke him to fight!  
But a duel is sneered at; in this refined age  
No allowance is made for an injured man's rage—  
And the newspapers fling their ridiculous dirt,  
If two men go out, and there's "nobody hurt!"  
Then, if a just Nereis favoured my shot,  
And a well-deserved death Mister Ensign had got,  
I confess it would give to my nerves a sad shock  
To stand as a felon arraigned in the dock!  
But why waste my anger on him; or why vex  
My mind with the thought of her false, cheating sex?  
I am young, I am hearty, I'll now live alone!  
I scorn her and loathe her! Her treachery's known!

Her figure is tiny, turned up is her nose,  
Her brows may be arched, and her eyes as black as  
sloes.

But few, I am sure, could see much beauty there;  
'Twas my flatter'ing fancy, that made them seem fair—  
And yet I have loved the girl! Aye! love her still—  
But crush the weak passion I must, and I will!  
Too long I have trusted her gay, smiling looks  
Employed to conceal the pernicious hooks,  
With which I, silly fish, have been heedlessly caught,  
Who am now tossed aside, while another is sought!

I'm o'erflowing with bile! and I feel a keen smart,  
Like a cross-cut saw, through my poor liver and heart—  
My temples are throbbing; brain heavy as lead;  
I shall lie down to rest! Oh! I wish I were dead!

It is vain to lie down—on my forehead alight  
Of imps, blue and yellow, a numerous flight,  
Who, with gibbering gestures, self-slaughter invite. }

There! see! They arrange themselves all on my shelf,  
And enter the forms of my Josses in self—  
One holds out a bottle and tempts me to drink;  
I detect "BELLADONNA," and backward I shrink!  
Another presents me a box full of pills,  
As a sure panacea to cure all my ills!  
And I feel greatly tempted to do as I'm bid,  
Though STRYCHNINE, I see, is inscribed on the lid!  
The hand of another is raised to his head  
With a deadly REVOLVER well loaded with LEAD!

While another exhibits a ROPPE, hanging loose  
Drooping down from the chimney; its end in a  
NOOSE!

I wipe from my forehead large drops of cold sweat,  
As these vile imps of Satan my reason beset—  
They then cluster together, ranged in a row,  
Like a court with its judges and barristers show;  
A case is called up, against one *Tournaquet*.  
Whose shameful malpractice a woman did slay!  
The lawyers, on both sides with eloquent flow,  
Of medical matters their ignorance show,  
And the jury, bamboozed, "a true verdict" find,  
That I'm GUILTY, and must be imprisoned and fined!  
I leap up, transported with anger and shame,  
And, vexed at such mummery, loudly exclaim:  
"Touch my life if you will, not my honour and fame—  
I've now nothing to live for—I'll live for a name!"

But stay! there is Betty's loud rap at the door—  
I'm heartily glad that I cannot write more;  
For I'm sure you must find my BLUE DEVILS a  
bore—

I'm sent for to consult with Van Courtly and Dill,  
In a difficult case, that quite baffles their skill—  
I must quiet my nerves with a sedative pill!  
HARRY.

### GILBERT RUGGE.\*

IN the work before us, we have a story of  
the days when the stage-coach held its  
own on the highways of England, and high-  
bred horses dashed along to the music of the  
guard's horn which reverberated over hill and  
dale. If in our improved mode of locomotion  
we have lost somewhat in poetry, we have  
gained much in comfort, for travelling by stage-  
coach was not always pleasant, as will be evi-  
dent to the reader of the opening chapter of  
"Gilbert Rugge." The stout old "Persever-  
ance" was in difficulties; it staggered along,  
straining every spring; the road was axle-deep  
in mire; the winds rushed and careered vicious-  
ly over the wide level of the Lincolnshire fens;  
the rain poured down in torrents, and it seemed  
uncertain whether the winds or the "Persever-  
ance" were to have the better of it. The stout  
old coach was freighted with three persons who  
occupy an important position in our story. Gil-  
bert Rugge, a young lady almost buried in a  
waterproof cape, and a bronzed-face soldier in a  
sergeant's uniform. They had met in the morn-  
ing as strangers; but the key to the story is the  
—at that time—unsuspected relationship which  
existed between the two males.

Gilbert Rugge was grandson to the Rev. Cyrus  
Hurst, rector of Skegsthorne, a Lincolnshire  
village. Happily the class to which the rector  
belonged is now almost extinct in merry Eng-  
land. Interest in the temporal and spiritual  
welfare of his parishioners he felt none. Proud,  
self-indulgent, and self-complacent, his wines  
were of the most expensive and his table of the  
daintiest. He had not been happy in his family.  
His son had run the old round of debt and dissi-  
pation, and then married his sister's governess.  
The father had cast him off, and never saw his  
face again until he came home with his mother-  
less child to die, forty-eight hours after he set  
his foot in the rectory. Of his daughters, his  
favourite, the younger, ran away from school,  
and married without her father's consent. He  
never forgave her, and never saw her again.  
The elder ruled his house with a rod of iron,  
until becoming jealous of the increasing hold  
of their grandfather's affections which Gilbert  
Rugge and Gabrielle Hurst, the orphan children  
of her dead brother and sister, were obtaining,  
she married, and remained estranged until the  
day of his death.

On Gilbert Rugge the old man's hopes and  
affections were centred. Gilbert had just at-  
tained his majority, and was in receipt of an  
ample allowance for his private expenditure, and  
besides this had been told to consider himself  
the heir to all his grandfather's wealth. It is at  
this point that the author takes up the story of  
his adventures. Frank and generous, although  
inheriting somewhat of his grandfather's pride,  
the world smiled upon him; his present was  
brilliant, the future promised to be more so; but  
in the very height of his prosperity—when on  
the eve of marriage with Lady Esther Harlix-  
stow, the star of the fashionable world, when

\*A novel, by the author of "A First Friendship."  
New York: Harper & Bros.; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

political honours seemed dawning upon him—  
the whole fabric was swept away, and Gilbert  
Rugge was left a wreck.

Adversity is a potent teacher, and eventually  
from the gates of death our hero emerged a  
nobler and a better man, having learned that  
moral worth is better than noble birth. We  
may add that he owed his regeneration and  
future prosperity to his two whilom companions  
upon the old "Perseverance." The plot of this  
novel is elaborate and interesting, and in spite  
of occasional prosinness, its general tone is ani-  
mated. The folly, as well as sin, of doing evil  
that an apparent good may come, appears to be  
the moral lesson the author has attempted to  
teach in the work before us.

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA. By Victor Hugo.  
Translated by W. Moy Thomas. London:  
Sampson Low, Son & Marston; Montreal:  
Dawson Brothers.

This is a special author's edition for the Colo-  
nies of Victor Hugo's last novel. We noticed  
the work itself at some length in a late issue; but  
as an indication of the author's motive in writing  
the "Toilers of the Sea," we append his short  
preface, which was wanting in the American  
edition:

"Religion, Society, and Nature! These are  
the three struggles of man. They are at the  
same time his three wants. He must believe,  
hence the Temple; he must create, hence the  
City; he must live, hence the Plough and the  
Ship. But these three problems contain three  
wars. The mysterious difficulty of life results  
from all three—Man has to meet with obstacles  
under the form of Superstition; under the form of  
Prejudice; and under the form of the Elements.  
A triple fatality weighs upon us. There is the  
fatality of dogmas, the oppression of human  
laws, the inexorability of nature. In *Notre Dame  
de Paris* the author denounced the first; in the  
*Miserables* he exemplified the second; in this  
book he indicates the third. With these three  
fatalities mingles that inward fatality—the chief  
of all—the human heart."

### BOOKS RECEIVED.

HIDDEN DEPTHS.—Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott  
& Co.; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

CERISE.—A tale of the last century, by G. J.  
Whyte; Melville, London: Chapman & Hall;  
Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.; Mon-  
treal: Dawson Bros.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S MAGAZINE.—Montreal:  
Dawson Bros.

ACCORDING to the accounts, estimates, &c., of  
the British Museum, the expenditure for the year  
which ended on the 31st ult. was 101,808*l.* 14*s.*  
4*d.*; and the sum required for the ensuing year  
is estimated at 102,744*l.* During the year 1865,  
369,967 persons visited the general collections,  
exclusive of readers; a less number than that in  
any previous year from 1860. It seems that in  
the reading-room about 4,158 books are used  
per day. The number of readers in the year  
1865 was 100,271, or a daily average of 349,  
each reader having, so to say, consulted 12 books  
daily. 29,686 volumes have been added to the  
library. The number of deliveries of manu-  
scripts to readers during the year is 2,311, and  
artists and others in the rooms of the department  
4,199. The collection of manuscripts has been  
increased by 1,177 documents, 180 original char-  
ters, and 231 casts of seals. To the Egerton  
collection 40 manuscripts have been added.  
Some valuable acquisitions are reported in the  
department of Oriental, British, and Mediaeval  
antiquities and ethnography. At the Pourtalés  
sale a number of antiquities were purchased for  
the Greek and Roman departments, and various  
other purchases, presents, &c., are recorded. The  
great collection of coins and medals, formerly in  
the Bank of England, and numbering, with the  
medals collected by Messrs. Hoggard and Cuff,  
about 7,700 specimens, has been deposited in the  
Museum by the bank authorities. Professor  
Owen reports 16,700 additions in the department  
of Zoology, 10,079 in that of Geology, and 3,623  
in that of Mineralogy.