

THE SATURDAY READER.

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FIVE CENTS.

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TRANSLATED FOR THE "SATURDAY READER" FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.

THE FENIAN INVASION.

WE believe we may congratulate our readers upon the crisis of the Fenian movement being passed. As we write—early in the week—our soil is free from lawless invaders, except indeed the few stragglers who may be hiding to escape capture by our gallant troops. Neither in the east nor the west has the movement assumed proportions which raise it above the character of a mere thieving raid; and we are at a loss to conceive how leaders and dupes could have been found mad and wicked enough to engage in so thoroughly atrocious an enterprise. However remiss the American authorities may have been before the actual invasion of our soil, we do not see that they have given us any good cause for complaint since. The arrest of the Fenian leaders deprived the movement of the little vitality it possessed, and rendered all thought of a serious invasion hopeless. As to the American press, we have but little for which to thank it. Half-hearted condemnation or undisguised sympathy with the movement has, with some few notable exceptions, marked its tone throughout. However little this may redound to its credit, we can afford to overlook it, for one good has sprung from this unwarrantable Fenian invasion. We have learned to know ourselves better. The alacrity with which our noble volunteers sprung to arms in all parts of the country; the cheerfulness with which they have borne privations, and the gallantry with which they met the foe, have taught us to feel something of our own strength, and to know that we are not degenerate sons of the brave men who fought at Lundy's Lane and Chateaugay. It is true that we have to deplore the loss of valuable lives, offered up freely upon the altar of their country—of men who died as heroes die—but they will not remain unavenged: and where is the Canadian who does not deeply sympathise with the bereaved friends? or the loyal hearted man who does not exclaim, "Peace to the ashes and all honour to the memory of the gallant dead." It is possible that the Government may retain our volunteers in the field for some time to come, and that we may still experience seasons of excitement, but we believe, as we have stated, that the crisis is passed and all real danger at an end. So mote it be.

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 VII.

Mrs. Captain Tremorne to Mrs. Barker.

MY DEAR MRS. BARKER,
Dismiss your alarm; I'm sure our poor Jennie will come to no harm! I nurse and amuse her with anxious affection, and Harry bestows unremitting attention; That she'll get safely through, all the Doctors agree, Though fev'rish still, from delirium she's free; Her cough's very bad, and her cold makes her wheezy, But there's no little reason for feeling uneasy.

The newspapers, crammed with misrepresentation, Must have made your heart throb with alarm and vexation,
If you trusted one moment their exaggeration— Tremorne loudly swore, though it proved a vain boast, That he'd silence the *Citizen*, *Times* and the *Post*;
For a blund'ring account in their columns was placed, With comments conceived in the very worst taste: And one horrid fellow declared your poor daughter, "Had gone, like *Ophelia*, to Heaven by water."
No! no! Mrs. Barker, I feel very glad To assure you the matter is not quite so bad! It is really high time the whole truth you should see, And I'll tell it; I'm sure you'll rely upon me.

Heavy rain and chill sleet had poured down over night,
But the morning was clear, and the sun shining bright, Crystallized over with ice blazed each bough, branch and spray,
With a diamond, ruby and emerald display, As each caught and reflected the sun's brilliant ray,
And gracefully waved to and fro in the breeze, Which lightly was stirring the tops of the trees—
You might fancy these beautiful jewels of ice Were the glorious fruit of that rich Paradise, Where Aladdin was sent by his uncle, old scamp, For the genii-compelling, "the Wonderful Lamp."

The river, well drenched, was now frozen and glare,
And this was the day for our Carnival there; So we all of us felt quite rejoiced and elate,
As the weather seemed made just on purpose to skate, The ice was so clear, and the air so serene,
That the image of every gay skater was seen— No clearer reflection the still stream could take Of "the swan floating double on St. Mary's lake."
And each skater awakes, as he circles around, From the musical river a low pensive sound, Which from shore back to shore grandly circulates round.
Sweet melody *Aëolus* often inspires When he whistles a tune on the Telegraph wires; But though single-stringed music's deliciously nice, It's no match for the full DIAPASON of ice!
Our pianos and lutes very charming may be, But the out-of-doors music's the music for me!

I didn't skate much; but looked on and enjoyed The various styles which the others employed. Tremorne's very graceful, he floated around So buoyant and light that he scarce touched the ground—
Lieutenant Mulrooney so twisted and twirled, Such spread-eagles, triangles and circles he whirled, That he seemed to employ a bold figure of speech, As if Trigonometry wishful to teach!
Major Martinet, heavy, punctilious and still, Treated skating much like a *manœuvre* at drill.

I saw Harry Tourniquet hovering near, With disconsolate look, and of desolate cheer,
And at once I perceived that his dear Jennie Barker Had annoyed the poor boy by her flirting with Sparker—

I really felt vexed; for his skating is fine— He could all on the ice without effort outshine—
And as Jennie admires an elegant skater, His skill in the art might perchance captivate her.

But truce to reflection; 'twas pleasant to view O'er the river the skaters each other pursue,
As hither and thither, like swallows, the flew. Of the ladies your Jennie was fleetest of all,
And fearless as one who'd ne'er met with a fall; And at Sparker she laughed, who is but a poor skater,
Though no man's attempt to excel can be greater— She jeeringly challenged the ensign to race,
Who gallantly struggled to shun a disgrace, But she quickly outstripped him, and laughing looked back,
And so saw not, poor girl, that direct in her track, Was a threatening chasm, a wide gaping crack,
The loose broken ice sank beneath with a crush, As into the water she plunged with a rush!

The Ensign desparingly uttered a yell,
For hurrying to save her, he stumbled and fell! We echoed his shriek, for we all felt afraid
That no one could reach her in time to give aid— When, swifter than eagles pounce down on their prey,
Darting rapidly, Harry swept onward his way— Ah! he too is down! and again the loud cry
Of phrenzied despair mounts aloft to the sky— But no! on the ice he is stretched at full length,
He would test too severely, by standing, its strength; Creeping cautiously forward, her dress he first touched,
Then, with strenuous effort, convulsively clutched, And, slowly retreating, exerting his might,
Our poor lifeless Jennie he brought to the light. For the swiftness, with which she had raced, in a trice
Had carried her body quite under the ice; And had not her saccue on a jagged edge caught,
Alas! we should vainly dear Jennie have sought! But now we all hastened to draw from the water,
The inanimate form of your beautiful daughter, And homeward, with sorrowing caution, we bore her,
And were able to consciousness soon restore her,

Her health took a shock from this dreadful disaster, Which asked unremitting attention to master;
For so prostrate she was through delirium and fever That for long we despaired of our pow'r to relieve her—
But Harry watched o'er her by day and by night, As a doctor proclaimed her his patient of right,
Which I had to regret, for 'twas really absurd When in her delirium she utter'd a word,
Which he, of all people, ought not to have heard.

"Dear Harry! forgive me! I've often ill-used you,
But dearly I loved, when I most have abused you— If you'd 'spoken the word' I should ne'er have refused you!
Then she muttered some low incoherent expressions, About heedlessly flitting, and such like confessions;
Till I heartily wished to have sent him away, While he more than ever determined to stay—
For few things my temper more certainly vex Than what lowers the pride so becoming our sex;
Since the men are so ready our worth to depreciate, If, in matters of love we e'er take the initiate.

Harry's looks between sorrow and joy were so queer— For his love he hoped all, for her life he felt fear;
He loudly expressed for past jealousy shame, That his true-hearted girl he could e'er doubt or blame,
And he vowed from suspicion henceforth to remain, And unbounded confidence place in dear Jane—
But on turning his eyes, he was filled with dismay As he saw her in weakness and agony lay,
For he dreaded no skill or attention could save, And the young and the beautiful keep from the grave.

But thank God! this condition of things did not last, For now she is steadily mending and fast;
Her delirious, wild talk has, however, quite shown That she loves him with passion, and loves him alone.
So, dear Mrs. Barker, I think, if you'll let her, She had best stay with me till decidedly better;
And when she comes home, do allow her to marry At once with my clever and dear cousin, Harry;
Until she improves, he will not "say the word," And she does not yet know the confession he's heard;
But I'm sure she's tormented the poor boy enough, And now to refuse him would be down right stuff.
He's getting a practice—there's no need to wait— Which I often times think is but tempting one's fate;
And our Regiment Surgeon says, Harry's so smart, And so thoroughly versed in the sanative art,
Knows so well how to physic, to blister and bleed, That he's morally certain at once to succeed;
And his business in town will be better than any— So I trust you'll consent to his marriage with Jennie:
A refusal would render him mad and forlorn, Then do not say nay—

To yours,

FANNIE TREMORNE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Editor pays his respects.

Some letters are missing. He shrewdly suspects Their contents "confidential and private" must be, Since not one of them is he permitted to see:
But that poor Jennie's senses are now quite restored, And that Harry no longer with JAUNDICE is bored,
A just received telegram clearly will show, Which, by Mister Trepan's leave is printed below.

TELEGRAM.

From Benedict Tourniquet to Bachelor Trepan.

DEAR BOB,

Jennie says I can spend my time better, Than in penning to you a dull, long-winded letter—
So, I send you a line of the Laureate's instead; "Merrily rang the bells, and WE ARE WED."