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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 29.

FOR WEEK ENDING MARCH 24, 1866.

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A DEFENCE OF READING.

A CELEBRATED author has said, that of all the enjoyments of life that of reading is the one of which he would most regret the deprivation. It imparts knowledge, soothes pain, relieves grief, and affords a temporary forgetfulness, at least, of the untoward incidents that man is heir to. To him who has acquired it, especially in early life, it is a treasure beyond price, from which, if he is conscious of its true value, he would not part for perhaps any mere earthly gift that fortune could confer upon him. It is a new sense or faculty which enhances the uses of those he has received from nature, and brings him pleasures from sources beyond his personal sphere. We are convinced that few persons past middle age will deny that the hours they remember with most satisfaction are those passed with their books,—it being understood always that they belong to that class given to that mode of spending a portion of their time. We need scarcely explain that by reading we do not merely mean the capacity of comprehending written or printed language, but the higher power of extracting joint pleasure and benefit from the writings of others. Some will admit this, but they object to what they call light reading. What is it that they mean by light reading? Poems, novels, tales in rhyme or prose. Why, Homer's great works are tales or stories, so are the Greek tragedies; Virgil, Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Fenelon, Dryden, Swift, Scott, wrote tales, and the world is much indebted to them for having done so. Are the works of these spiritual giants of the human race to find no readers because of the form in which they have clothed their thoughts? Be sure of this, that if these men had discoursed of a broomstick, they would have uttered something worth hearing, and which most of us would have been the wiser and better of having heard. So it is of others, although in a less degree. We are convinced that scarcely a book has ever been printed from which we cannot acquire a new fact or idea, should it be the reverse of what it attempts to inculcate. More men have been cured of unbelief by the perusal of the atheistical works of the French writers of the last century than they ever converted to their own doctrines; and the mobs of Paris were or believed themselves to be atheists, chiefly because they could not or would not read. Not that we would recommend such literature,—far from it,—but we have little dread of it. Books do not make an unbelieving age; they only represent the opinions of that age. Who now cares for all that Voltaire and the Encyclopedists taught and wrote? Who professes to be guided by them? Exactly that class who entertained similar views before them, and

who would entertain them had these writers never lived.

But at present our subject is "light literature." Parents and friends complain that young people might be better employed than in poring over tales and novels. Undoubtedly they might. But when? A young man is surely not less well employed in reading even a novel than in wasting his time in a saloon or in a billiard-room; and they all in this country have much spare time. Is a young girl better employed in passing her idle hours in silly or perhaps mischievous gossip, with companions not wiser than herself, than in holding converse, though it may be of a light kind, with Dickens or Thackeray, or the many clever men and women who are the authors of novels and tales? From the former they can gather nothing, for they have nothing to impart; the latter, as we have stated, can talk wisely about broomsticks, or anything else. Another objection urged against novels and tales is, that they put foolish and romantic notions into young folks' heads. We imagine that, as a matter of fact, this complaint is unfounded; for, so far as our experience goes, there are no persons less romantic than the readers of romances. There may be a few exceptions, in the case of those whose natural silliness may take that direction in place of some other equally foolish, but probably more harmful. We would be inclined to assert, indeed, that one of the real dangers of novel reading is that it destroys romance, without some tinge of which youth is anything but attractive.

To the young we would then give the advice, in all seriousness, to cultivate the habit of reading in their youthful days; it can seldom or never be acquired at a later period. One need not necessarily always read novels; but let them read anything, not objectionable on the score of taste and morality, rather than not read at all. There is food for babes and food for men; and the lad and girl who delight in stories will take to more serious matter as their advance in years. There is no object more melancholy than a man or woman in old age, unable longer to join in the business or pleasures of those around them, and without mental resources to while away the leisure which they find so weary and oppressive. We have known several worthy men, so circumstanced, who having retired from business, closed a temperate and active career by seeking relief in drink, and becoming sots, from sheer mental lassitude and depression. What a blessing the capacity of enjoying books would be to such persons! Learn, therefore, a love of reading, young men and women; and "like bread cast upon the waters, it will return to you after many days," having made life's journey, the while, more light and pleasant to you.

FENIANISM.

THERE is one marked contrast between the Irish outbreaks in '98 and '48 and the Fenian movement of to-day. The former were indigenous to the soil—the outcroppings of disaffection and active treason from within—but the latter, so far as Ireland is concerned, is an imported evil. The Fenian plot was conceived, as we all know, on foreign soil. Under the shelter of the American Eagle it, without let or hindrance, quietly extended its ramifications, perfected its organization, and became numerically formidable. Hundreds of pestilent foreign-Irish emissaries have been despatched from New York to foment treason and active rebellion among the home population. American-Irish "Head-Centres," and the free use of funds contributed by Americanized Irishmen, may possibly be successful in organizing a revolt, which may

prove more serious than Smith O'Brien's celebrated escapade; but there is after all some satisfaction in knowing that the Fenian movement was forced upon Ireland—that it originated and was nourished from without.

The English Government is proverbially tolerant of the license of free speech, and little disposed to deal harshly with the mutterings of wordy treason. The history of the past few months sufficiently evidences this fact; but the suspension of the writ of *Habeas Corpus* in Ireland proves that the limit of its patience has been reached. We gather from late papers that this decisive action of the Government has been hailed with universal satisfaction by the great body of loyal Irishmen throughout Ireland. In fact the people were in advance of the Governments, and for the protection of their persons and property would have gladly welcomed repressive measures at an earlier stage of the movement.

Whatever may be the issue of the Fenian plot in Ireland, whether the conspiracy may be sufficiently deep-rooted and formidable to hazard a mad conflict with the Queen's troops or not, it is pleasant to know that there must from henceforth be less of "swagger" in the movements of the ex-Federal officers who have for months past infested Dublin and other Irish cities. The, for the most part, characterless emissaries of the great Irish Republic, whose seat of government is New York, can no longer flout in open day, and if their nefarious work is continued it must be by stealth and under the cover of darkness blacker than the enterprise in which they are engaged.

But, unfortunately, we have a nearer interest in Fenianism than the consideration of its progress in Ireland. We, too, are threatened by some of the redoubtable leaders of the organization. Sweeney the Unconquerable is burning for the possession of Canada. The air is filled with rumours of Sweeney, and the timid heir already the tramp of the vanguard of his army of attack. All this looks very terrible; but still we sleep calmly in our beds, and valiantly despatch our usual beefsteaks and toast. Have not the Government, to be prepared for all eventualities, summoned our gallant volunteers to the front; and have we not all felt proud of their prompt muster and noble bearing? And are we not a brave people, too conscious of our own strength, to tremble before even Sweeney the Invincible?

Whatever may be the result of the bribes and blandishments of ex-Federal officers upon the virus of discontent which, perhaps, still pervades a small minority of the people of Ireland, there is nothing here on which to feed the hopes of Sweeney. The great Fenian bubble will burst, and leave its miserable dupes poorer, if not wiser, men, but Sweeney will obtain no footing in Canada. At the same time, we confess we cannot look upon a "St. Alban's raid," on a large scale, as at all improbable, and for the following reasons. Money in considerable sums is being paid into the Fenian treasury, and desperate attempts are being made to float the bonds of the Irish Republic. Now, granting that the O'Mahoney's and the Roberts' of the movement are knaves, who know full well the rottenness of the enterprise upon which they are engaged; still the pressure brought upon them by their dupes, who may be in earnest, is more than likely to force them into some mad movement.

An attack upon some Canadian frontier town, if only temporarily successful, would give a great impetus to the sale of the worthless bonds of the Republic on paper, and enable all Fenianism to glorify to its heart's content! Such an enterprise would be by many degrees the easiest in which they could engage, and, therefore, we should not

feel surprised should the telegraph flash through the country the intelligence of a Fenian raid.

The calling out of our gallant volunteers has certainly lessened the chances of an attack; and we hardly need add, that we trust our anticipations, as expressed above, may not be verified.

HOMERIC TRANSLATIONS.

ON no author have the fangs of the translators been so ruthlessly employed as on Homer. If it be true that, on account of the physical infirmity of blindness, and because of his poverty, he suffered much humiliation during life, it is no less the fact that he has suffered much after death, at the hands of the translators, the commentators, and the critics. The German scholars, whose special avocation it would seem to be to analyze with equal gusto and assiduity the chemical properties of tobacco, meerschaum pipes, Greek roots, misty metaphysics and everything else which appals wise men by its difficulties, have long taken Homer under their patronage, and have succeeded in rendering that which was sufficiently perplexing before, still more hard to understand. And of these scholars, Wolfe was the first to start the theory that there were several Homers; and ever since this proposition was mooted, the arguments for and against it have been as numerous as the number of angels, which, in the middle ages, were supposed to be able to balance themselves on the point of a needle. For our own part we would be as ready to believe in a dozen Shakspeares or Walter Scotts, as to believe there were a dozen Homers; the question, however, does not come within the scope of this article, our object being to glance at the subject of Homeric translations.

Some weeks ago, the Saturday Reader announced that Mr. Matthew Arnold, was preparing a translation of the "Iliad" in hexameter verse, or the same measure in which Longfellow has written his *Evangeline*. This Mr. Arnold is or was a professor of poetry in the University of Oxford—has achieved somewhat of a reputation as a poet—has taken a prominent part in the battle of the hexameters, and has been very unjust in his criticisms on the Homeric translations of many an abler man who preceded him. Now, if Mr. Arnold has a right to differ from others, they have a right to differ from him—professor of poetry though he boast himself. Let any of our readers who has a copy of the book, take up Longfellow's "Evangeline," and then say whether in spite of a subject of deep pathos, treated with much skill and with much of the versifier's art in the collocation of words, the hexameter can ever be placed in consonance with the genius of our language. The English language, though almost as comprehensive as the wants of a Shakspeare or Milton might demand, has none of the inflections which chime in so naturally and mellifluously in the language of antiquity, or in the modern Italian; it has none of the music which the breezes make in the groves of Greece or in Vallambrosa; but it has a nobler and sterner music, such as that which the waves create when they lash and foam upon the rocky shore, or such as that which the tempests produce when they tear up by its roots the "gnarled and unwedgable oak" and thunder through the crashing pine forests of the North. It is the language of command, of strength, of prerogative, rather than the language of the lute or the lyre; and a man of thrice the genius of Mr. Arnold will never be able to attune it to the cadence required for rendering it able to represent, in a natural or popular manner, the easy flowing, melodious hexameters of the Iliad.

The "translation" which has been most widely read is that of Alexander Pope. The great scholar Bentley said the truth, and mortally offended Pope at the same, when he pronounced the "translation" to be a very good paraphrase, but not Homer. But the easy versification, unjustifiably diluted though it be, and the high reputation of Pope, secured it a place in the world of letters, which it has long, and will longer retain.

Since Pope's time there have been many "translations." That by the poet Cowper is very creditable to his industry, but not so creditable to his genius; his rendering of Homer reflects

too much the peculiar temperament of Cowper, and is too cold, too impassable for the warm, impetuous bard, who sang the downfall of magnificent Troy.

In later days, we have snatches of translations from the pens of Walter Savage Landor and the Hon. W. E. Gladstone. In both cases they reflect credit on these two gifted scholars, and it is a pity that the world has not received more from the hands of those who could do so well.

The last translation is that by Lord Derby. It has met with great success; for the translator is not only a lord, but a man of talent. The work has been well received by the organs which lead English literary opinion, and has been widely welcomed by the reading public themselves. There is no doubt it is a work of much merit, and the production of a scholar—but who except a poet can ever hope to succeed in making a perfect translation of the great original? If we dare hazard an opinion on anything that came from the pen of Lord Derby, we would say that his translation is too mechanical, too statuesque, too polished—it is the work of a man of talent, not that of a man of genius; there is too much of the head, and too little of the heart in it. It bears the same relation to the original as does a plaster-of-paris copy of the Apollo Belvedere to the eloquent, faultless, almost life-endowed marble in which the "bearer of the silver bow" remains to testify to the wonderful art of the ancient sculptor, long after shrines and temples have vanished for evermore.

Tennyson has rendered some pieces of Homer very beautifully. But has he the fire, the energy, the rapidity necessary to re-embody in English verse, the whole of the "Iliad"? Has he pinions strong enough to wing an equal and sustained flight, with the eagle world, who now soars to the summit of dread Olympus, and gazes unfrightened and unhurt, while Zeus flings his red thunderbolts on every side—who now descends to the courts of the hoary Neptune, and then mounts upwards to describe the flights of gods and men, as they met in the intoxicating rush and horrid turmoil of the battle—who now paints nature as she appeared in the flush and fervency of her youth, and then changes his note when Ilium has fallen, and tells us with poet's power and witching art, the wandering of Ulysses—has Tennyson the courage and the genius to maintain such a fight with Homer? If he has, he ought to exhibit the fact to the world.

In our opinion, some of the finest translations that have appeared, first saw the light in the columns of Frazer's Magazine, some twenty years ago. They were from the pen of a man of wonderful ability, a great scholar, and a man who loved Homer, and who knew him better than any man of the time—we allude to William Maginn, LL.D., the gifted witty and versatile Morgan O'Doherty, of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*. These productions were called by the translator, "Homeric Ballads," and caused a great deal of attention. They are in all styles of versification, and have the true Homeric ring, melody and rapidity. In our next issue we will revert to these ballads, and we are sure our readers will be thankful for the specimens we will be enabled to lay before them. We shall also endeavour in our next to treat the subject with more comprehensiveness.

MINING RIGHTS.

We understand that a work on Mining Rights and Privileges in Lower Canada has been prepared by Mr. Adolphus M. Hart, Advocate, Montreal, and will be published shortly if a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained. The work will comprise the following chapters:— I. Of Property in Mineral, and the rights of the Crown. II. Of the mode of conveying Mineral Lands. III. Of the alienation of Mining Rights by will or descent. IV. Of the rights belonging to the owners of Mines, the injuries they may sustain and their remedies. V. What the grant or lease of Mining Lands should contain, special covenants, &c. VI. Of Joint Stock Associations and Acts of Incorporation. We believe the MS. has been submitted to several of the Judges of the Superior Court, and that each has spoken in high terms of its usefulness and importance.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

The London *Morning Star* has secured the services of Mr. James Greenwood, the brother of the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the veritable "Lambeth Amateur Casual," who wrote such a spirited account of his workhouse experiences for the latter journal; and this gentleman has just commenced a series of "descriptive sketches, from the personal observations and experiences of the writer, of remarkable scenes, people, and places in London."

ANOTHER hitch has occurred in the progress of the second volume of the "Life of Cæsar," further cancels and alterations having been decided upon by the French Emperor. It will contain the War with the Gauls. Report further says that the Emperor is also examining Napoleon's Memoirs, to select those portions which are to be published in the edition which is to appear on the occasion of the Exhibition of 1867.

We understand that a five-act historical play has just been written by Mr. Martin F. Tupper, with a view to its representation in the spring; the subject is, "The Life and Death of Raleigh."

THE next number of *Temple Bar* will contain the experiences of a regular "casual" who happened to be in the Lambeth shed on the night Mr. Greenwood slept, or rather lay waking, there. Mr. Parkinson has found this clever vagabond, and he will supply to the article such notes and editing as it may require.

SOME time ago, it was stated that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had discontinued a translation of Homer, which he had been engaged upon for years, on account of the publication of Lord Derby's translation. Mr. Gladstone, it was said, declined publishing in rivalry to his political opponent, or rather of appearing to rival him. Whatever determination was then made, we believe the resolve of not continuing a translation has now been cast aside, and in due time another Homer in English will appear bearing on its title-page the name of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as the translator.

A LITTLE anecdote of Victor Hugo and his son is now appearing in certain Continental journals. The son, M. Charles Hugo, one day heard Mlle Le Hoene spoken of in the most flattering manner, and he begged to be introduced to her. Not at all displeased with the young lady, he a short time after asked her hand; but her grandmother (the young lady was an orphan) refused, on account of her poverty. To this the lover replied, "My father will think that a matter of no importance when he knows my wishes." He told M. Victor Hugo his desire to marry Mlle. Le Hoene. The father replied, "Very well, but don't mention the subject to me again until I get my book out." The proof-sheets of his "Songs of the Streets and the Woods" were then engaging his full attention, and when he is preparing a work for the press, or seeing it through the printer's hands, he will hear of nothing else. After the appearance of the volume, he arranged the marriage, gave his son a sum of money equal to £5,000, married them, and promised that they should live with him as soon as he completed the mansion he is now building.

IT is erroneously supposed that "Robinson Crusoe" first appeared piecemeal in the *Original London Post*; or *Heathcote's Intelligence*, a small folio journal, which was commenced on the 19th December, 1718. The first volume, "The Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," was published in octavo on the 25th of April, 1719; and the second, "The Further Adventures," on the 20th of the following August. It was not till the 7th of October, in the same year, that the *Original London Post* commenced giving two pages of "Robinson Crusoe," beyond its two pages of news, &c. "The Further Adventures" were not concluded in that paper till the 19th October, 1720. Mr. W. Lee, in *Notes and Queries*, calls attention to this fact, we presume because "Robinson Crusoe," as published in *Heathcote's Intelligence*, is a book sought after by book-collectors, under the impression that it is the purest text, and fetches almost its weight in gold when sold by public auction.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- A New Novel. Wives and Daughters.** By Mrs. Gaskell, author of *Mary Barton*, *Cousin Phillis*, &c. Paper covers \$1.00. Cloth \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- War of the Rebellion, or Scylla and Charybdis,** consisting of observations upon the causes, course and consequences of the Late Civil War in the United States. By Henry S. Foote, with portrait. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Across the Continent. A Summer's Journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States,** with speaker Colfax. By Samuel Bowles. Coloured maps. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mozart. The letters of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, (1769-1791.)** Translated by Lady Wallace, with portrait and fac-simile, 2 vols. 16 mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Chastelard, a Tragedy.** By Algernon Charles Swinburne, author of *Atalanta in Colydon*, &c. &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Pilgrim's Wallet, or Scraps of Travel gathered in England, France, and Germany.** By Gilbert Haven, 16 mo. New York: Hurd and Houghton. Montreal: R. Worthington.
- The Field and Garden Vegetables of America,** containing full descriptions of nearly eleven hundred species and varieties; with directions for propagation, culture, and use. Illustrated. By Fearing Burr, jr. A new edition on toned paper. Boston: Tilton & Co. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Art of Confectionary, with various methods of preserving fruits and juices, &c. &c.** A new edition beautifully printed on toned paper. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mr. Dunn Browne's Experiences in the Army, a series of Letters,** with portrait of author. 1 vol., 12 mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Guthrie. Man and the Gospel.** By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "The Gospel in Ezekiel," &c., &c. London; Strahan; Montreal: R. Worthington, 30 St. James Street.
- The Adventures of Baron Munchausen.** A new and revised edition, with an Introduction by T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A. Illustrated by Gustave Doré, One 4to vol. London: Cassells; Montreal: R. Worthington, Great St. James Street.
- Just published, this day, "The Biglow Papers.** By James Russell Lowell, complete in one vol. Paper covers, uniform with Artemus Ward." Illustrated. Printed on fine paper. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Simple Truths for Earnest Minds.** By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Parables of our Lord, read in the Light of the Present Day.** By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 1 vol., sq. 12mo. Gilt top. With illustrations by Millais. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Theology and Life. Sermons chiefly on special occasions.** By E. H. Plumtre, M.A., London. 16mo. \$1.50. Montreal: R. Worthington.
- Bushnell. The Vicarious Sacrifice, Grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation.** By Horace Bushnell, D.D. 12mo. A new English Edition. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Angels' Song.** By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "Gospel in Ezekiel," &c. 32mo. 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Magic Mirror. A round of Tales for Old and Young.** By William Gilbert, author of "De Profundis," &c., with eighty-four illustrations. By W. S. Gilbert. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Words for 1865.** In one handsome octavo volume, with numerous illustrations. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Sunday Magazine for 1865.** One large octavo volume with numerous illustrations. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hesperus and other Poems.** By Charles Sangster, Author of *New St. Lawrence and Saguenay*, &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Robertson. Sermons and Expositions.** By the late John Robertson, D.D., of Glasgow Cathedral. With Memoir of the Author. By the Rev. J. G. Young, Monieth. 12mo. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political,** from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, cloth binding, \$6.00; in half calf extra, \$9.00.
- Artemus Ward, "His Book."** Just published, this day, by R. Worthington, Artemus Ward, "His Book," with 19 Comic illustrations, by Mullen. Elegantly printed on best paper. Paper covers, uniform with his Travels. Price 25c.
- This day published, by R. Worthington, The Harp of Canaan,** by the Rev. J. Douglas Borthwick, in one vol. octavo. Printed on best paper, 300 pages, \$1.00, in extra binding, \$1.50.
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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 19, Vol. II.

CHAPTER XXXIII. WRECKERS.

"The hearth, the hearth is desolate,
The fire is quenched and gone,
That into happy childhood's eyes
Once brightly laughing shone."

MRS. HEWANS.

At that moment the home he had left, with all its considerate kindness, rose before Norman; and yet, such was the native obstinacy in his character, that to go back to them destitute, or to let them know his state, was worse than hunger or nakedness—worse, he even thought, than death itself.

The taunt about eating the bread of these people set him to work more diligently. He was amazed at the distress he constantly heard of and wrote about. Mrs. Fitzwalter told him that she employed her time, while she had means to bestow, in relieving the sick poor, and now had to state their case to others; and, though he felt that her manners were affected, yet he was content to do her bidding, and regretted that as she was so charitable, his instinctive dislike increased daily.

Meanwhile, though the furniture and arrangement of the house were as miserable and muddled as ever, the food, particularly at breakfast and supper, was abundant. Long after he had gone to rest in his garret, he heard voices down stairs carousing. The Major in particular seemed to enjoy himself; and the red nose and watery eyes were more conspicuous than ever.

It certainly did occur to Norman that they might release his clothes from pawn; but the remembrance of the rebuff he had once received kept him day after day from asking them; and he was fast becoming a mere writing-machine, and sinking into a deep melancholy. He noticed it was rare for Mrs. Fitzwalter and the Major to leave the house together. She went out during the day, as she said, on her benevolent errands, and other business; he made the evenings his time of departure. What he did during the day besides smoke, Norman could not discover. In a room under the youth's garret he lounged about, sending up the fumes of his unceasing pipe. If the parlour had become purified since Mrs. Fitzwalter's residence, Norman did not know it; for it was understood that the attic and a room on the stairs was his territory, and that in this disreputable costume he was not to be seen in other parts of the house.

It happened that at dusk one evening, Mrs. Fitzwalter not having returned, the Major sauntered out, saying, as he went, "Your mistress won't be long, Susan." And, sure enough, soon after, there came a loud knock at the door; and a voice, nearly as loud, made the house resound with the words—

"Is Widow Fitzwalter's sick son to be seen, eh?"

"Why," thought Norman, "who is Widow Fitzwalter's sick son?"

It was a coarse voice that asked for "Widow Fitzwalter's sick son;" and Norman, who could not help hearing the whole of the colloquy, thinking Susan spoke as if she felt frightened, stepped out, and looking over the banisters, he saw a servant in livery depositing a basket in the passage, and preparing in all haste, to leave, saying, as he did so—

"This young Fitzwalter's desperate bad, aint he?"

"Oh, disprate," replied Susan, catching at the word.

"And you aint much better, I should think. What a little bag o' bones! There, let me out," and the man was gone.

"Susan," cried Norman from the landing-place, "come here."

The girl bustled up-stairs, and he continued—

"Who is Mrs. Fitzwalter's sick son?"

The girl stared a moment, then began opening and shutting her eyelids very fast, and nodding her head with a cunning look.

"Who is he, I say?"

"Lauk, now! don't you know?"

"She has no sick son here—where is he? Have you been telling lies?"

The girl, with a grin, said, "I tells what they tells me: I just should catch it, else."

"You couldn't be told of any sick son."

"Couldn't I though! Why, don't you twig? you're the missus's sick son. What a sucking duck you must be not to a nosed that out afore. But don't split on me. Now, pray don't, till I gets another place. I've my hie on vun—I only hope I may get it, I'll soon give 'em the go-by."

What it was that Susan's eloquence fully implied, could not be elicited at that time, for there was the sound of a latch-key in the street door, and Mrs. Fitzwalter stepped into the passage just as the girl, swinging herself from the stairs over the banister into the little back passage, seemed to have come from the kitchen.

"What's this?" said Mrs. Fitzwalter, seeing the basket.

"A gent in liv'ry left it, 'm, for your sick s—"

She was stopped from finishing her sentence by a hand being laid on her mouth. The word "Stupid" burst from Mrs. Fitzwalter's lips.

Meanwhile Norman had retreated to his attic, to ponder over what he had heard. Had Mrs. Fitzwalter come to him that evening, he would have frankly asked her what it all meant, but she did not do so. She contented herself with calling out, at the foot of the stairs—"Mr. Norman, I'm so dreadfully fatigued, and so depressed with all the accumulated misfortune I have this day witnessed, that I wish you would send me down the writing you have done. Here, Susan, quick, fetch the letters."

The girl rushed up-stairs, took the letters, putting her finger on her lip to impose silence and caution, and was down again without a word. The youth felt certain that some deception was being practised in which he was mixed up, and he resolved that he would not, if he could help it, be the passive instrument in it. His spirits instantly rallied. He would himself go down and demand an explanation. Another flying excursion of Susan's brought her, with a jug of tea and a plate of bread and butter, to his room. He asked in an undertone in which room he should find her mistress; but the girl would not speak except by a dumb show of clasped hands, imploring him not to betray her, which he so far understood, that he looked at her with so open and honest a look, that a far less acute physiognomist than Susan would know that she was safe in confiding in him.

An hour afterwards, having arranged his particoloured rags as well as he could, Norman went softly down-stairs. The house was so still that he could hear Susan's wheezy breathing in the kitchen. He listened, expecting to hear also the scratch of Mrs. Fitzwalter's pen making those rough drafts of letters which he had daily to copy, but all was still. The door of the room off the passage was not quite closed, and as he drew near it he could see the interior through the chink. Mrs. Fitzwalter was sitting in a low easy chair with her back to him. The table was loaded with good things—a cold chicken, the remains of some boiled ham, jars of preserves, and plates of tea-cakes, all in that condition which plain-speaking housewives expressively call "higgledy piggledy;" while at the lady's right hand was that big book, laid open, which Norman so well remembered carrying on the night of the fire.

"Could she be intent on reading her Bible? Had he dared to think her some impostor, and she really was a philanthropist? Was not that smaller book, near the other, her Prayer-book?"

—these were the momentary misgivings of his mind, as he stepped lightly into the room, went half round the table, and presented himself to the absorbed reader. No, she was not now reading. She had fallen asleep over the open page and the plate of good things that flanked it. Her long, yellow face, wedge-shaped forehead, and thin lips, slightly awry, looked repulsive, as the slackened muscles gave their real expression of craft and subtlety.

Norman was so struck with the anomaly between the face and the occupation in which she had been engaged, that he could not forbear looking over the page. There was no other

reading there but columns of names. It was the "London Directory" that he had mistaken for a Bible; and the supposed Prayer-book by the side was the "Court Guide."

The boy did not know how near the truth he had been, as regarded many people, when he called these a Bible and a Prayer-book! On the table, half finished, was a column of directions in Mrs. Fitzwalter's most hasty scrawl, which he knew he should have to copy on the envelopes of letters. And on the floor at his feet he picked up an open note; it had 107A, Grosvenor Place, at the heading; he laid it down and read no farther, but he felt persuaded that it had been sent with the basket that evening. Something of the truth dawned on his mind. He did not know, as a certainty, that he was the scribe in a begging-letter writing establishment, simply because he was wholly ignorant of what a trade is often driven in that department of fraud—but he felt sure that Mrs. Fitzwalter practised deception and lying. Had she not allowed him to think that that big book was a Bible? As a straw thrown up shows how the wind blows, this slight deception told him the kind of people he was with. He hesitated to wake the sleeper, and was preparing to leave as quietly as he entered, when, with a sudden start, she opened her eyes, and gazed blankly at him, murmuring—

"What, back so soon, Major! She's shy, that old screw, Lady Pentreal: she's sent no money—only—"

Then her head drooped forward on the book, and she was asleep again; as so well might be, seeing that her tea that night had a very strong resemblance to what a seaman would call "a stiff glass of grog."

Norman left the room, and returned to his attic. Had he possessed the most tattered garb that could be called a suit of clothes, not another hour would he have stayed; but in the wretched masquerade he was compelled to wear, he was to all intents a prisoner.

On the Major's return there was a quarrel, that sounded like a coarse, tipsy riot, in which each one of the delectable couple vied in low acrimony and violence. Drink had destroyed caution, and Norman learned—what he had within the last few hours begun to suspect—that they were in reality husband and wife; that the man's Christian name was Major; but whether they were both Fitzwalter or Sutcliffe, or neither, was, of course, doubtful. One thing now was paramount in Norman's mind—how to escape.

The next day he had no opportunity of seeing either of his employers. A message that she was ill came from the mistress; and, as he expected, the rough draft of a circular, from a poor deaf and dumb woman whose goods had been seized for rent, was sent him to make twenty copies of. Whether or no these circulars were sent in the envelopes he directed he did not know, as it was the custom for him to address dozens of covers; and Mrs. Fitzwalter, he concluded, put the letters in.

That day Norman's meals were so coarse and scanty, that he was famishing when night came. This was part of Major Sutcliffe's plan for bringing down his spirit; and just as, cold and hungry, the youth was getting into bed, his door was opened, and the grisly ruffian, his eyes blinking, came in, saying—

"Now, Norman What's-your-name, we can't go on maintaining you. Mrs. Fitzwalter's loss at that fire has ruined her, that's what it has; and that's bad enough, without an encumbrance like you spunging upon her. You must write that letter about your mistress, or tell us who and what you are. It's my belief you've robbed your employers. How'd you like me to call the police? A pretty figure you'd look, don't you think, eh? Wouldn't your pride have a come down if you went before the beak (magistrate) in the things I've given you? Eh? no sulks! What do you say for yourself?"

"I thought, sir, that my writing was enough to pay for my food?"

"Your writing! Why, I can get whatever I want done—aye, and beautifully done, mind you—at three-halfpence a folio; that's the price, the best price, my fine don. Your writing, indeed!"

Now the word folio quite mystified poor Norman; he did not know that seventy words were a folio; he thought of pages rather than words, and was agast.

"If writing is so badly paid, I could do something else, if—if——" He looked at the tattered dressing-gown that lay on the chair beside him, and down helplessly at the rest of his garb.

"If!" taunted the man: "ah, there's a mighty deal in if. You'd be a fine gentleman, if you could, no doubt, or anything else, if——"

"I'd not be a sneaking liar!" shouted Norman, stung into violence, and starting up as he spoke. But at that instant a heavy blow was dealt him, that felled him to the ground.

"What, you rascal! You show fight, do you?" cried the ruffian.

In an instant the youth jumped up, and, without a moment's consideration, rushed at his assailant's throat, hanging on by his neckcloth, and twisting his lithe limbs round him; there was a moment or two when the man seemed suffocating, and reeled heavily against the door, which burst open, and the two fell out on to the landing-place. Then all the demon was roused in each; they rolled over and over, until the man, getting uppermost, and having disengaged his neck, with one effort, hurled his young antagonist down-stairs.

It was a murderous fling, and Norman lay stunned and bleeding at the foot of the stairs. Before he regained sufficient consciousness to call for help, Mrs. Fitzwalter had come, and the first sound he heard as his senses returned was her voice saying, "Whist! don't be a fool, Major; we don't want the police on us. Whist! you've given him a lesson."

"I'll have his life before I've done with him!" snarled the man, with a growl like a wild beast. "There, there, you're better now," she said, raising Norman. "You foolish fellow! whatever made you think of attacking the major? how could you think he'd stand it?"

"Turn me out, Mrs. Fitzwalter. Let me get out of that door. I'd rather die in a ditch than stay here. Let me out, I say!"

Norman rose as he spoke, but he was hurt, though no bones were broken, and, staggering with weakness, helped by Mrs. Fitzwalter, he crawled up to his lair, as wretched and desolate a creature as any that laid down in London that night.

It was days before the stiffness from his bruises ceased; and the misery of his mind must have driven him into a fever, but that Susan managed to give him a word of hope.

"I'm going," she whispered, "and when I get away, won't I tell; that's all, won't I?"

But better than any speaking to others was the service she rendered him about the sixth evening after the scene of violence recorded. He was sitting doggedly at his desk, playing with his pen rather than writing. He revolted from the tissue of lies that he now knew he was expected to copy. He was debating whether he had not better get out and go to the police-station—that hint of Mrs. Fitzwalter's about bringing the police on them, had not been lost on him. There was, just then, a creeping noise outside, and Susan, with her shoes in her hand, came, and said, nodding and blinking energetically—

"I've found 'em!"

"Found what?"

"Your clothes."

Had it been a gold mine that she told him of it could not at the moment have been so welcome.

"They hid 'em. They're stuffed into the sofy pillar."

"What, in the front room?"

She nodded and was gone; but a moment after she put in her head and said—

"Good-bye, I'm a gwyting to cut."

"Susan, I hope you'll get with honest people, and do well."

"Can't be no wurser nor——" She pointed with her finger down the stairs, and, with a knowing little nod, was gone.

Of course, the lad had no scruple about resuming the possession of his own clothes. How anxiously for hours he listened until all was still. He heard the street door close after Susan,

and he waited until that hour in the morning which, of all the twenty-four, was the stillest; and then he crept down into the parlour. He had no candle, but it was clear moonlight, and through two round holes in the window-shutter the pale light streamed in like a gleam from two great glowing eyes. All sorts of litter impeded him. As to being able to wait there to take off his present garb and put on his own, that was not to be thought of. He groped about until, under a pile of old papers, he got hold of the sofa pillow. To thrust his hand through a rent that had been pinned over, and feel the collar of his jacket, was the work of an instant. The reassurance which that touch gave him was so exciting that he forgot to be cautious. No sooner did he get hold of the pillow than he backed against the table and upset it. In a delirium of terror he rushed into the passage, just as he heard a call from above, of—"Major, get up; there's a noise below!" How fortunate it was that little Susan's flight had left the street-door on the latch. He was out before his pursuer could have left his room. He crossed the street, plunged down a narrow passage, and never ceased running among the neighbouring streets until he emerged on to a piece of waste ground, and was brought to a standstill by stumbling heavily against an empty cart that was reared there and padlocked to a post. Not a creature was in sight; he had put some space, as well as a labyrinth of houses, between himself and any pursuer, and, as he now paused and took breath, no better dressing-room, in his condition, could be found than in the shelter of the cart. It was curious, in his penitence and friendless condition, that he should feel a sensation of great gladness; yet so it was, that when he once more equipped himself in decent attire, all his other troubles seemed for a moment surmounted.

Triumphant feelings, however intense for the moment, are not likely to be lasting in the bleak dreariness of a wintry morning, with the accompaniment of empty pockets and a craving appetite. Norman's well-stored memory of the wonders that friendless youths had achieved, failed to comfort him. Indeed, he comprehended now what in his previous reading he had overlooked—that only results are told, and all the bitter details of the struggle passed over, or lightly noted. "Yet they did battle through," he said to himself; and feeling that it would not do to linger there, he left his particoloured rags, as a sort of cast skin, rolled in a bundle in the cart, and set off, whistling to keep his courage up. Foolish fellow to waste his breath in the chill morning air. He was quite ignorant of the locality, but half an hour's brisk walking brought him to a bridge. He was about to walk over when he was stopped by the demand for a toll—a demand, we know, he could not satisfy. He turned away, and still pursued his course westward. After going over a good stretch of ground, among small rows of houses and nursery gardens, and patches of waste land that skirted a large enclosure, he came out on a high road, and meeting a market cart, he asked his way to Pimlico.

"Go over the bridge half a mile down the road," said the driver, indicating the way with his whip. Away went Norman, and came to Battersea Bridge, where, to his intense chagrin, he was again stopped for the want of a halfpenny, and learned that he must retrace more than the way he had come before he could get across the river. Moreover, he called to mind that his ignorance of the locality in Lambeth was so great, that he might, on his return, come upon the place and people he had left. No, he dared not go back. The light of the little toll-house fell on his young anxious face, pale recent illness, and sharpened by hunger.

To be continued.

PARTING FRIENDS.—A clergyman travelling in California encountered a panther, of which he subsequently wrote as follows:—"I looked at him long enough to note his brown and glossy coat, his big, glaring eyes, his broad and well-developed muscle, and his capacious jaws, when both of us left the spot, and I am pleased to add, in opposite directions."

GHOSTS, WIZARDS, AND WITCHES.

UNDER this heading we gave in our last issue several interesting extracts from an article which appeared in a late number of the "Dublin University Magazine." We proceed to continue these extracts, premising that we have now to deal more with "Credulity" than with Wizards or Witches:

One of the most renowned of the wizards of the middle ages was Michael Scott, of Balwearie, commemorated in glowing verse by his namesake in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Amongst the numerous and well attested legends connected with Sir Michael Scott, we find it stated that when sent on an embassy to obtain from the King of France satisfaction for certain piracies committed by his subjects upon those of the King of Scotland, instead of preparing a suitable equipage and train of attendants, he retired to his study, opened his book, and called up a fiend in the shape of a huge black horse, mounted upon his back, and forced him to fly through the air towards France. As they crossed the sea, the demon courser insidiously asked him what it was that the old women of Scotland muttered at bed-time? A less experienced wizard might have answered that it was the Pater Noster, which would have licensed immediate precipitation from his back. But Michael, quite on his guard, sternly replied, "What is that to thee? Mount, Diabolus, and fly!" When they reached Paris, he tied his horse to the gate of the palace, entered without announcement, and boldly declared his errand. An ambassador, unattended by the pomp and circumstance befitting his position, was received with slight respect, and the King was about to return a contemptuous refusal to his demand, when Michael gently suggested that his majesty would do well to pause until he had seen his horse stamp three times. The first stamp shook every steeple in Paris, and set all the bells ringing; the second threw down three of the towers of the palace; and the imperial steed had raised his hoof for the third stamp, when the King dismissed the ambassador with the most ample concessions rather than risk the probable consequences.

Michael was once much embarrassed by a spirit or familiar, for whom he was under the necessity of finding constant employment. He commanded him to build a dam-head across the Tweed at Kelso; it was accomplished in one night, and, as Sir Walter Scott says, still does honour to the infernal architect. The seer next ordered that Eildon hill, then a uniform cone, should be divided into three. Another night was sufficient to part its summit into the three picturesque peaks which it now bears.

At length the enchanter conquered this indefatigable demon by employing him in the hopeless and endless task of making ropes out of sea-sand.

On another occasion, Michael, hearing of a famous sorceress called the witch of Falsehope, who lived on the opposite side of the Tweed, went to put her skill to the test; but she, feeling intuitively that she was in the presence of a superior, stoutly denied all knowledge of the necromantic art. In his discourse with her, he laid his wand inadvertently on the table, which the hag desecrating, suddenly snatched it up and struck him with it. Feeling the force of the charm, he rushed out of the house, but as it had given him the external semblance of a hare, his servant, who waited without, halloo'd upon the discomfited wizard his own grey-hounds, who pursued him so closely that in order to obtain a moment's breathing to reverse the charm, Michael, after a very fatiguing course, was fain to take refuge in his own jaw-hole—*Anglice*, common sewer.

To revenge himself on the witch of Falsehope, Michael, in harvest time, went to the hill above the house with his dogs, and sent his servant down to ask a bit of bread for them from the gudewife, with instructions what to do if he met with a denial. The witch refused the request contemptuously, whereupon the servant placed

over the door a paper which his master had given him, containing the since often quoted and applied rhyme—

"Master Michael Scott's man
Sought meat and got nane."

Immediately the old woman ceased baking bread for the reapers, her common occupation, and began to dance round the fire. Her husband sent his men to the house, one after the other, to enquire why their provision did not arrive. Each as he entered fell under the charm, and joined the fandango and chorus. 'At last the gudeman himself came, but remembering his wife's trick upon Sir Michael, peeped in first at the window, and saw the reapers dancing and shouting, and dragging his exhausted helpmate round and through the fire, which was, as usual, in the middle of the room. Upon this he took a horse and rode up to Michael's abode on the hill, in the spirit of submission, and implored a cessation of the spell. The warlock was too well gifted to be spiteful, and told him to go home, enter the house backwards, and take the spell down with his left hand. He did so, and this brought the bewildering dance to an end.

But the great wizard had, like Merlin and Samson, a weak point. He fell under female seduction. In an unguarded hour his wife, or paramour, filched from him his grand secret, that his life was secure from any danger except the poisonous qualities of broth, made of the flesh of a *breme* sow.* She gave him such a mess on some quarrel, and killed him. But he had still time to slay his treacherous companion.

In many ages and countries there have been noted impostors and enthusiasts, claiming supernatural power and connexion, apart from witchcraft or necromancy; religious fanaticism being the fertile source from whence they sprung and the ground in which they were fostered.

In England, in Henry the Third's reign, 1221, two men were crucified, both pretending to be the Messiah; and two women were put to death for assuming the characters of the Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalene. In the twenty-fourth year of the reign of Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth Barton, styled the Holy Maid of Kent, was spirited up to hinder the Reformation, by feigning inspirations from heaven, foretelling that the King would have an early and violent death if he divorced Catherine of Spain and married Anne Boleyn. She and her confederates were hanged at Tyburn in 1534. They were rank impostors, and deserved their fate as much as the noble-minded Joan of Arc ought to have been exempted from hers. We cannot degrade that bright heroine to a vulgar impostor; we believe, on the contrary, that she was a pure enthusiast, firmly convinced that she was inspired to say and do what she said and did—whether by dreams, visions, or revelation in any other specific form we do not pretend to decide. We mourn over the horror and national disgrace of her barbarous execution as a witch, and throw down the gauntlet in defence of her truth and patriotism.

In the first year of Queen Mary's reign, after her marriage with Philip of Spain, Elizabeth Croft, a girl of eighteen years of age, was secreted in a wall, and with a whistle, made for the purpose, uttered many seditious speeches against the Queen and her consort, and also against the mass and confession. Considering the state of the times, and the parties implicated, she escaped with wonderful lenity. Her sentence, on full detection, was to stand upon a scaffold at St. Paul's cross during the sermon, and make public confession of her imposture. She was called the Spirit of the Wall. In 1591, under Queen Elizabeth, William Hackett, a fanatic, personated our Saviour, and was executed for blasphemy. During the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell, James Naylor, a native of Yorkshire, who had served eight years in the parliamentary army, became converted to Quakerism by the preaching of George Fox, and obtained great credit with the leaders of that recently established sect. He soon, however, offended them by his extravagant notions, and they were compelled to disown him. Misled by imaginary inspiration, or influenced by

* Savage or raging. The term, long obsolete, may be found in this sense in Spenser's pastorals.

an innate love of deception, he gathered together a host of followers, and went on from one extravagance to another, until, in 1656, he made acquaintance with the interior of Exeter goal. After a term he was liberated; but excited rather than tamed by the practical check, he now took upon himself to personate Christ, and was attended into the city of Bristol by a crowd of his deluded proselytes of both sexes, singing Hosanna before him, strewing his way with herbs and flowers, using the same expressions, and paying him the same honour as the Jews did to our Saviour when he rode into Jerusalem. This was too much for Oliver to tolerate. He summoned him before the parliament then sitting at Westminster. There was no specific law to meet the case, but they made one in a twinkling, such as the Americans are doing now, in less glaring emergencies. Naylor was sentenced to be whipped at the cart's tail, to stand in the pillory before the Royal Exchange, there to be burnt through the tongue, and branded with a hot iron on the head, with the letter B, signifying blasphemer. All this was carried out to the letter. He proved to be a man of nerve, repenting neither of the sin nor groaning under the punishment. That being completed, one Rich, a shopkeeper, mounted on the pillory, embraced the impostor, and kissed his forehead. From thence, Naylor was sent to Bristol, where he underwent flogging through the streets, and was finally committed as a prisoner to the castle at Guernsey for life. There he found himself in company with General Lambert, under whom he had served as a soldier in the late rebellion. When the delirium of fanaticism was finally subdued by such sharp treatment, he humbly acknowledged and repented the delusion by which he had been seduced, and died in captivity.

Erasmus was of a nature which mingled the *seriu cum jocis* more liberally than grave philosophers are wont to practice. His "Colloquies" abound in humorous anecdotes. Here are two of ingenious swindlers on a small scale:—

1. Maccus, a famous cheat, came into the shop of a shoemaker at Leyden, and saluted him, at the same time casting his eye upon a pair of boots that were hanging up. The shoemaker asked if he would buy them; the other seemed willing, upon which they were taken down, drawn on, and proved as good a fit as if made to order. "I think," said Maccus, "a pair of double-soled shoes would do well over these boots!" They, too, were found and fitted. "Now," said the rogue, "tell me, friend, did it never so fall out that such as you have thus fitted for a race, ran away without paying?" "Never," replied the other. "But if it should be so, what would you do?" "I would follow him," said the shoemaker. "Well," added Maccus, "here goes for a trial," and immediately set off. The shoemaker quickly pursued, shouting, "Stop thief, stop thief!" At which the citizens ran to their doors to see what was going on. But Maccus, laughing, cried out, "Let no man hinder our race, we run for a cup of ale." Whereupon none interfered, and all quietly looked on at the sport, until Maccus ran clean out of sight, and the poor shoemaker returned, panting and perspiring, and explained the trick that had been played on him.

2. At Antwerp there was a priest who had collected a pretty round sum in silver, which he put in a great purse, suspended from his girdle. A certain cheat observed it, who came and accosted him civilly, saying he was appointed by the parish where he lived to buy a new surplice for their own priest, and humbly prayed his reverence to go with him to the place where they were sold, and allow the surplice to be tried on him, as he was the same height and size with his clerical brother for whom it was intended. The priest complied, and together they proceeded to the shop. A surplice was brought out and put on him. "It fits exactly," said the seller. The cheat, when he had surveyed the priest, now before, and then behind, observed, "It is too short in front." "That is not the fault of the surplice," said the shop-keeper; "it is occasioned by the distention of the purse." The accommodating priest took the purse from his girdle and laid it down, that they might take another

view. No sooner had he turned his back, than the rogue snatched up the purse and ran off at full speed. The priest followed, in the surplice as he was. The shopkeeper pursued the priest. The priest called, "Stop the thief!" The shopkeeper cried, "Stop the priest," The thief repeated, "Stop the priest, for he is mad!" The people believed no less when they saw him running in public and so habited. Then the shopkeeper grappled the priest, the priest struggled to release himself, until they rolled over each other, while the cheat showed them a fair pair of heels, and escaped with the purse and money.

Impostors often carry on their trade through life, unchecked by conscience or repentance, if not detected and punished by law. Rarely indeed have they the hardihood to face death and futurity with the same systematic fashood. The following remarkable instance of the latter, with which we conclude, occurs in a book seldom met with called "Memoires de Misson." The author was a French lawyer of eminence, distinguished for his pleadings before the parliament of Paris in behalf of the Protestants. On the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, he took refuge in England, in which country he resided long, and died in London in 1701. He travelled as tutor with an English nobleman, and published, amongst other works, a "Voyage to Italy," and a "Tour in England." The subjoined anecdote is too circumstantially and naturally told to be an invention of the writer.

A comely, respectable-looking man, who had been for many years footman to a Mr. Wickham, a gentleman of fortune at Banbury, in Oxfordshire, came to London, and took lodgings at a baker's, a man well to do in the world, opposite to Arundel-street, in the Strand. The baker being asked by his lodger what countryman he was, replied that he was of Banbury. The other, rejoiced at meeting a townsman, immediately expressed strong regard for the baker, adding, that since he was from Banbury, he must needs know Mr. Wickham, or have heard his name mentioned. The baker, who was very well acquainted with that gentleman's family, though he had been absent from Banbury fifteen or twenty years, was delighted to hear news of it. But he became perfectly overcome by joy when informed that the person he conversed with was Mr. Wickham himself. This inspired him with the most profound respect. The family must be called up for Mr. Wickham to see them, and that they might drink a glass together to their friends at Banbury. The baker did not for a moment doubt his having Mr. Wickham for his lodger; but yet he could not help wondering that neither footman nor portmanteau appeared. He therefore made bold to ask how a gentleman of his estate came to be unattended. The pretended Wickham, making a sign to him to speak softly, replied that his servants were in a place where he could readily find them when required; but that at present he must be very careful of being known, because he came up to town to arrest a merchant of London, who owed him a great sum of money and was going to break. That he desired to remain incognito, for fear he should miss his stroke, and requested the landlord not to mention his name.

The next day the pretended Mr. Wickham went out to arrange measures with another of his own stamp, as to playing their parts in concert. It was arranged between them that the other should pass for Mr. Wickham's servant, and come privately, from time to time, to see his master and attend on him. That same night the servant came, and Mr. Wickham, looking at his own dirty neckcloth in the glass, fell into a great rage at him for letting him be without money, linen, or other conveniences, by his negligence in not carrying his trunk to the waggon in due time, which would cause a delay of three days. This was acted in a loud voice that the baker, who was in the next room, might hear it. The poor deluded man thereupon ran immediately to his drawers, carried to Mr. Wickham the best linen he had in the house, begged the honour of his wearing it, and at the same time laid fifty guineas on the table, that he might oblige him by accepting them also. Wickham at first refused, but with urgent pressing was pre-

vailed upon. As soon as he had the money in possession, he had a livery made of the same colour and fashion as the true Mr. Wickham's, and gave it to another pretended footman, who brought a trunk and box full of goods, as coming from the Banbury waggon. The baker, more satisfied than ever that he had to do with Mr. Wickham, one of the richest and noblest gentlemen in the kingdom, made it more and more his business to give him fresh marks of respect and attachment. In short, Wickham got from him a hundred and fifty guineas, besides the first fifty, for all of which he gave him his note.

About three weeks after the opening of this adventure, the rogue, while enjoying himself at a tavern, was seized with a violent headache, accompanied by a burning fever, and great pains in all parts of his body. As soon as he found himself ill, he went home to his lodging, where he was waited upon by one of his pretended footmen, and assisted in everything by the good baker, who advanced all money that was wanted, and passed his word to the doctors, apothecaries, and everybody else. Meanwhile Wickham grew worse and worse, and about the fifth day was given over. The baker, grieved to the heart at the condition of his illustrious friend, felt bound to tell him, though with much reluctance, what the doctors thought of his condition. Wickham received the news as calmly as if he had been the best Christian in the world, and fully prepared for death. He desired a minister to be sent for, and received the Communion the same day. Never did there appear to be more resignation to the will of God, never more outward piety, zeal, or confidence in the merits of the Redeemer. Next day, the distemper and danger increasing to an alarming height, the impostor told the baker that it was not enough to have taken care of his soul, he ought also to set his worldly affairs in order, and desired that he might make his will, while yet sound in mind.

A scrivener, therefore, was immediately sent for, and the will made and signed in all proper form before several witnesses. Wickham, by this, disposed of all his estate, real and personal, jewels, coaches, teams, racehorses of such and such colours, packs of hounds, ready money, &c. a house with all appurtenances and dependencies, to the baker; almost all his linen to the wife; five hundred guineas to their eldest son; eight hundred to the four daughters; two hundred to the parson who had comforted him in his sickness; two hundred to each of the doctors, and one hundred to the apothecary; fifty guineas and mourning to each of his footmen; fifty to embalm him; fifty for his coffin; two hundred to hang the house with mourning, and to defray the rest of the charges of his interment. A hundred guineas for gloves, hatbands, scarves, and gold rings; such a diamond to such a friend; and such an emerald to another. Never was anything more noble or more generous. This done, Wickham called the baker to him, loaded him and his whole family with benedictions and told him, that immediately after his decease he had nothing to do but to go to the lawyer named in the will, who was acquainted with all his affairs, and would give him full instructions how to proceed. Soon after he fell into convulsions and died. Such was the utterly unaccountable climax of one of the most consummate impositions on record.

The baker first applied himself entirely to carrying out the provisions of the will, omitting nothing that was ordered by the deceased to be done. He was not to be interred until the fourth day after his death, and all was ready by the second. The baker had now time to look for the lawyer before he laid his benefactor in the ground. Having put the body into a rich coffin covered with velvet and plates of silver, and made all the other arrangements, he began to consider that it would not be improper to reimburse himself as soon as possible, and to claim possession of his new estate. He therefore went and communicated the whole affair to the lawyer. This gentleman was indeed acquainted with the true Mr. Wickham, had all his papers in his hands, and often received letters from him. He was strangely surprised to hear of the sickness and death of Mr. Wickham, who had written to him the day before. The film fell at once

from the poor baker's eyes, who saw that he had been bit. We may easily imagine the discourse that passed between these two. The baker, in conclusion, was thoroughly convinced by several circumstances, unnecessary to relate here, that the true Mr. Wickham was in perfect health, and that the man he took for him was the greatest villain and most complete hypocrite that ever existed. Upon this he immediately turned the rogue's body out of the rich coffin, which he sold for a third part of the original cost. The tradespeople that had been employed towards the funeral, had compassion on the baker, and took their things again, though not without some loss to him. They dug a hole in the corner of St. Clement's church-yard, where they threw in the body with as little ceremony as possible.

M. Misson ends this strange narrative by saying:—"I was an eyewitness of most of the things which I have here related, and shall leave the reader to make his own reflections upon them. I have been assured from several hands, that the baker has since had his loss pretty well made up to him by the generosity of the true Mr. Wickham, for whose sake the honest man had been so open-hearted."

CARRIE MORTON.

A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

BY *** MONTREAL.

"IT does seem to me this house is the worst managed in the town," said Harry Morton, as he sat at the breakfast table. "The cakes are heavy, the coffee weak, and the hall is cold enough to freeze one as you pass through. If you would let Mrs. Parsons show you how she cooks or even manages, we would have a little more comfort."

The name of Mrs. Parsons put the finishing touch to the grief of Harry Morton's young wife, to whom these words were addressed. She had heard that name so often for the last year, that she replied with far more spirit than usual, "It is a pity you did not marry her, if a housekeeper was all you desired; for I cannot see that the cakes are heavy, and as to the fire, I heard Kate working at it for more than an hour this morning; the coal must be too large."

"Always an excuse for everything; if two girls cannot do the work of the house properly, do let us keep three or four; any number, but do give me a little comfort at home."

"Why, Harry Morton, I never thought"—then seeing her little girl look up surprised, Mrs. Morton prudently remained quiet, her eyes filling with tears, a woman's privilege when prudence bids her be silent. Once those tears would have touched his heart; but now he only thought—"My home is getting to be a delightful spot surely," and the breakfast was finished in silence.

Mr. M. soon bade his wife good morning; took his little girl kindly by the hand,—it was her first quarter at school,—and in her merry company he forgot what an injured man he was, until kissing her good-bye, he began again to think of the scene at the breakfast table, when a business friend overtook him; and home, with its cares, were for the present quite forgotten.

Not so his wife. She passed through that unfortunate hall, and it did seem cold certainly; but entering her own room, and locking the door, she felt herself to be an unhappy woman. The house was cold—he was right there; but was she to blame, could she be everywhere? Then came the most important question—does he love me? If so, why is he so regardless of my feelings—I never heard my father speak so to his wife; but do I try as hard to please my husband as my mother did hers? I do try to make my home happy, but there is something wrong somewhere. Her thoughts went back to her early home, where love was the guiding star, and she the only child—the idol of the household. Then she thought of her father's death, when her cup of sorrow seemed full; one year later, she stood beside her mother's dying bed. How vividly she remembered that sad scene, and how her mother bade her, if troubles or sorrows darkened her young path, to trust in Him whose love is stronger even than a mother's. "God will

be with you; and, my child, may you some day make another home as happy as you have ever made ours; take every trouble to your Saviour, and He will give you peace."

Had she brought happiness to her new home, or, as her husband had that morning told her, had she rendered it the most cheerful in all the town? The future had, indeed, looked dark when her dear mother was buried; and when she heard those sad words, "ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," she thought life could never be happy again. But many claimed her, as they said, to brighten their homes, and she felt they were trying to make life as pleasant as it could now be. For their sakes she strove to be cheerful, and as years passed by, all rejoiced to hear once more Carrie Lawson's merry laugh. How plainly now she saw before her a little group at an evening party, where, as she finished singing her favourite song, and was leaving the piano, she heard some one say: "The owner of that voice could make any home a heaven upon earth." "Then why not try and claim her for your home, though I hear you are too late?" said a second. She listened breathlessly for the reply, for in the first speaker she recognized the voice of Harry Morton.

"It shall not be my fault if she does not sometime grace my table and make me the happiest of men."

How had she graced it that morning? Was he happy? Then she remembered all his little acts of kindness: how every wish of hers had been consulted—not only the first year, but every year, even till now. A cloud had gathered, at first no larger than a man's hand, but to-day it seemed to cover her whole sky. "Where is the fault? If he only would not be always quoting Mrs. Parsons, I would not care so much; but her home is always cheerful and everything so tidy, Harry says, but yet I know she does not love her husband one-half so well as I do mine. Still our house is sometimes cheerless, and I am all wrong; for if I do not make his home happy, who will? There must be a change somewhere; oh, if mother were only here to show me just where I am wrong." Opening her well-worn Bible, she read, "Let not your heart be troubled, &c.," and, falling upon her knees, poured forth into His ear, who hears the feeblest sigh, all her wants and woes, and implored grace and strength for every duty. As she arose, she was strong once more; and as she heard the baby's happy little voice, she came from her room and clasped him in her arms. The fire that *didn't* burn in the morning was all right now, and a more experienced house-keeper than young Mrs. Morton would have failed to find one thing to censure about the house. Life is indeed, to a great extent, as we make it, and as Carrie Morton sang that day with a light, merry heart, it was because she knew she was in the path of duty.

CHAPTER II.

Harry Morton had seated himself in his office waiting for his clerk, but for some reason he did not make his appearance. As he was to be unusually busy that day, Harry thought himself injured at home and not much better off at his office. Suddenly he heard a merry voice saying,

"Harry Morton! how dull you look; give me your hand and tell me your trouble as of yore." He turned, and every cloud vanished from his brow as he saw before him his old friend, Ben Hartley.

"When did you return, and what brought you here so unexpectedly?"

They went into his private office, and there, as in the days gone by, talked over all that interested them; for in this changing world they had remained unchanged.

"And now, Harry, for your wife—is she as pretty and happy as ever?"

"You must come and see her, and judge for yourself."

It may be the friend just fancied the tone was not as warm as it should be, for he replied, "you were a lucky fellow to bear off such a prize."

"Was she considered a great prize, Ben?"

"She was indeed," so thought Stanhope and scores of others. "They say ladies always boast of their conquests; so I suppose she has told you of that love affair and perhaps some others."

There was a slight tremor in the bachelor's tone, that made Harry Morton see things as he never had before; for he became conscious then, for the first time, that his friend had also loved the woman who had given him the preference.

He replied, "She simply said, when I once asked her laughingly to enumerate her former lovers, 'Mr Stanhope seemed to love me.'"

"Scemed, he was bound up in Carrie Harwood, and we all thought for a time she loved him. He was so kind, gentlemanly, rich and above all so thoroughly good, that the old gossips of the town all said (for Carrie was every one's pet) that she had found one who would love her as she deserved to be loved. When it was rumoured he was about to spend two years' travelling on the continent, we were sure Carrie could not refuse him, for it had been from childhood the desire of her heart, to visit the old world, and her father before his death had arranged to take her and her mother."

"Well, why did she not marry him, then, if she loved him?"

"Loved him! Harry Morton," laughingly replied his friend, "I will tell you why. One day I was sitting in my room while Carrie and my sister Laura were discussing their affairs. When Laura said, 'Will you marry Mr. Stanhope if he asks you, or is Harry Morton the fortunate one? What do you think she replied, Harry?'"

"Speak out, Ben, for I cannot tell," and every second seemed an hour to the poor fellow then, for he was just in the mood to doubt Carrie's love.

"She said, 'I did think I might love Charles Stanhope until I saw Mr. Morton,' and when I heard the Mr. so respectfully joined, I began to think there is love there. 'But I am sure now, if I am the object of his love, he will have to ask but once,' and then came that merry laugh—Does she laugh as sweetly now, Harry? Poor fellow, he was on the rack, but he only said, 'Yes, I hope she is very happy.' 'I'll tell you, Laura, what first made me love Mr. Morton. You remember the day we all arrived at Cacouna. I did not know his sister then, but admired him. I saw him so attentive and kind to the lady beside him, I was sure he loved her, and felt jealous perhaps; but when after dinner he introduced me to his sister, from that moment I loved him; for I knew one who was so kind and polite to his sister would never speak unkindly to me;' (poor fellow, conscience was at work) 'and now that I am sure, by every act of his, that he does love me, I feel, dear Laura, like a dove that has found a resting place.'"

"But what if Harry should not be kind to you, after all, Carrie?"

"I am sure one unkind word from him would break my heart."

"Just then the door blew to, and—left—I may tell you, after so many years, Harry Morton, one aching heart beneath that roof; for I had loved your wife from childhood, and fearing Stanhope might be successful, I had shown it more plainly lately, and I thought she took that way to let me know,—just like her, so delicate and though full,—that it would be unavailing for me to go farther."

"Do you think she knew, Ben, that you loved her?"

"I know she did, for I could not let it rest there; and once when I drew her out, with a true woman's tact she told me you were the only one she ever loved, and I knew from her acts she did not wish me to offer myself. So if she turned from me; gave up wealth and all her desires to visit the old world, etc., for you, I suppose she has never regretted it?"

"I hope not. Come up to dinner at six and see."

"So I will, old fellow, for time heals all wounds, and I can meet her to-day, though I never have since the day she told me her heart was yours. But I have talked too long, and said too much, although you always were my other self, and I have said to-day what I never thought would pass my lips. I will call round at six, and go up with you. Good morning."

Poor Harry! he had intended to go home early, and strive to bring the smile once more on Carrie's lips, and little relished the idea of their

going together, or that he of all others should see her sad through his unkindness. He knew now what he had never known before, why Ben Hartley refused to be his groomsman, and left town just before his wedding. And now, too, he remembered what he felt he should have noticed long before, that though his wife always met him with a smile it was long since he had heard her bright merry laugh. He recollected, too, what a loving mother she was to his children, and how careful she had ever been of their bodily and spiritual welfare. There was just this one trouble about the housekeeping and that he now felt he could be patient with, and would love her as fondly as ever, although in this respect she was not the equal of Mrs. Parsons. Had not her friend Laura Hartley married Stanhope after he had been rejected by Carrie for him, and they now were living in Europe in great style, while his Carrie was but the wife of a lawyer—rising in his profession it might be—but still not able to provide her a home at all equal in splendour to the one she had sacrificed for him. As these thoughts were rapidly running through his mind, he was interrupted by a professional call, and soon the business of the day occupied the whole of his attention.

The hours passed quickly with Mr. Morton, for, as we have said, he was unusually busy. About four o'clock, a gentleman entered his office in great excitement. Have you heard of the failure of Parsons & Co.

Morton was amazed. "Failure! Are you sure?"

"Too sure—he owed me twenty thousand dollars, and it is on this account I am here to engage your services; for just now I really need it. What enrages me more than all is that every one says it is that vixen of a wife of his that is to blame."

"His wife—what has she to do with it; I thought her very economical, and an excellent manager."

"Indeed! I gave you credit for more discernment. She kept a host of servants, and ruled them with a rod of iron. My wife called there one day, and Mrs. Parsons, supposing it was the baker at the door, was scolding the servant in an infamous way for something that was wrong; but when Mrs. Parsons came down to the parlour a moment after, one would have thought that nothing but smiles could ever grace her lips. My wife wondered if her ears had not deceived her; but when going out her dress caught in the doorway, and she could not reach the handle of the bell as she was held there a prisoner, and she heard the poor girl again mercilessly attacked: her offence this time being that she had not properly showed the caller out. Very wisely, as I think, my wife determined that so far as she was concerned she should not have occasion to censure a girl again for that crime. She had seen quite enough of Mrs. Parsons, and never entered the house again. The best of it was she called directly after at your house in the same block; and just as the servant opened your door she heard your wife say—'I am so sorry you forgot it, for Mr. Morton will feel disappointed to-night.' 'I am sorry, too,' said the girl; 'but I'll try now, if it is not too late to do it. I have since often heard my wife speak of the contrast between the two. She says Mrs. Morton makes everyone happy, and neglects nothing essential, while Mrs. Parsons seems to think woman's chief end is to keep a smart home, and scold her servants.'"

"But you have not told me yet," said Morton, "how she is to blame for her husband's failure."

"Why Mrs. Parsons had a little money, which he invested for her in an oil company, about twelve months since, and made some ten or twelve thousand dollars by the venture. It was only six thousand he needed to-day, but she said if he were so near failing as that his business would soon swallow up all she had too, and leave them without a cent, which she didn't fancy, and would not give up the papers which he had laughingly given her, when received, telling her there was her little fortune."

"But how did you hear all this?"

"Poor Parsons himself told me, much as he regretted to do so. I knew about the speculation, as my brother is one of the directors of the com-

pany, and so questioned him on the subject. He replied that as I was a creditor, to save his name from unmerited disgrace, he must tell me. He could bear misfortune, he said, but could never bear to have his honesty doubted. So, unpleasant as it was to have his wife blamed, it was the least of two evils. He requested me, for her sake, not to tell any one that did not know of the oil money. Tears filled his eyes as he said, 'ladies do not look upon these things as we do.' I would not have mentioned the oil money, out of regard to his feelings, only to you as my lawyer. I say, if we can get it, I shall feel no qualm of conscience—for poor man, he cannot be more wretched than he is, and as for her, she richly deserves to lose the whole. But, Morton, we are fortunate men; come what will, financially, we have happy homes and good wives. Good morning; the matter is in your hands, and I will see you again, as soon as any thing more definite is known."

We need not attempt to describe how Harry Morton's conscience smote him as he listened to the recital of his client. How often must he have annoyed his wife by quoting Mrs. Parsons as an example in every way worthy of her imitation, and yet all she would say in reply was "She is not my style. I think life was given for something higher and nobler than to waste all one's energies upon one's house, or the table, and the clothes of the household." He longed to clasp his Carrie in his arms, but it was not yet five o'clock, and he must wait until six. Why had not that clerk chosen some other time to be sick?

To be continued.

MUSINGS IN A RAILWAY CAR-RIAGE.

HERE we sit! a number of Adam and Eve's children, but like phantoms, appearing and disappearing at every station, and no one can tell where we came, nor whither we go! Here we have met, and looked at each other, and soon will disperse to wander to and fro upon the earth. I wonder what my *vis-à-vis*, the old gentleman with the gold spectacles, thinks of me? I have already judged him to be a benign individual of the old school, going to settle some important affairs before the "black camel" bears him away on his last journey. Those four young men, on the other side, playing cards—a reckless looking quartette—I immediately set down as phantoms who will vanish and leave no good behind them. And that young Jonathan, whose sallow complexion serves as an advertisement for pastry dealers, may perhaps be some great hero in common garb, but how disgustingly the "nasal twang" seems to grate upon the ear of the burly John Bull beside him!

The two girls with the jaunty hats—the lady in black and the one with the huge basket—the three Frenchmen with the little, black, gleaming eyes—the handsome man with the serene, sorrowful countenance—the two at the stove with enormous neck-ties—the pretty girl with the green veil, leaning over an apparently interesting novel—the mamma continually smiling—the papa indulging in the harmless and popular amusement of snoring—and the group of jolly oil-speculators at the further end;—there, I have them all with my eyes shut, and years hence, if I live to be fourscore and ten, with a pair of spectacles, (I hope they'll be as good as those of my *vis-à-vis*) I shall still remember every one of them, just as they are sitting, just as they are dressed, and just as they are occupied at the present moment. Yes, I shall certainly recollect those phantom figures around me, long after my grandmother's precepts are forgotten.

How is it, that the mind, without the least promptings from the will, retains so vividly, such unimportant items? While going about my daily duties, there often arises before me an array of insignificant doings and sayings, belonging to the childhood, and even babyhood era, while last night's sermon which I am trying to recollect, seems as far away as any evilly-disposed spirit could have banished it. And how provokingly distinct, before my scanning faculties, appears the

exact curl of the lip, and the precise expression of the eye, Mrs. Smith assumed as she looked at Mrs. Podgen's baby, while it is all in vain I struggle to recall that last important formula in Sangster's Algebra, which only yesterday I knew perfectly well.

It is just as probable that the gentleman of the old school at some future day, while in the very act of sitting down to write his last will and testament, will inopportunistically picture the little girl with the high cheek bones, as she is innocently sitting before him at present, with the four card-players in the back ground; and, as the measly-faced advertisement is contemplating the rich pastry of his evening repast, with serious intentions on behalf of the inner man, there may suddenly flash before him the image of the comfortably stout Englishman, as he looks now, writhing under the inflictions of the nasal twang; and, perhaps the lady in black next Sunday, while apparently listening to the minister reading his text, will be viewing, to the annoyance of her own conscience, the form of the gentleman with the serene, sorrowful countenance—the exact shape of his shoulders and set of his beaver—just as his coat tail was vanishing out of the car door; and the group of oil speculators, while entering the derrick, may—but no, no, I can suppose nothing of the sort relative to them. I dislike thinking of those oil men—they always remind me of Esquimaux and the lower regions.

All are strangers to me, and yet not strangers,—inasmuch as they belong to the civilized nations of the earth, and bear none of the characteristics of the barbarous tribes. Although the pretty girl with the green veil knows nothing about my quiet home in London, and I am unable to say whether she has brothers or sisters, yet she reads novels, and so do I. She may be acquainted with Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope and Collins, so am I; and consequently I cannot consider her a stranger with whom I can have no sympathy. Although the lady in black knows no interesting episode of my life, and I am not aware of the position she occupies in the world, yet she is dressed as a mourner, and so am I. The same dread visitor has been at her door and at mine, and I feel drawn towards her in a mysterious way. Although I can tell none of my fellow passengers any of my domestic concerns—how my chickens were destroyed last summer by the rats till there was only one banty left—how I went to the country and rode on horseback and got thrown into the mud—how I was surrounded by the descendants of Job's comforters, telling me I would break my neck some day, and I half believed they would have been glad had I done it then—although I can confidentially whisper none of my little trials, yet I know, that, were I to fall back in my seat, fainting, they would all feel a certain amount of sorrow for me, and try to restore me like warm friends—(all except those oil men) so I am not altogether as a stranger in a strange land.

How many "enters and exits" during one short ride!—like life. We come, and go, and the world never misses us. The old ones we have watched pass by—do we see them now? No. They have quietly detached themselves from the travelling army; they were weary of the knapsack and have laid it down; the sword was heavy and they have let it drop. The manly forms, full and erect—the flower of earth's mighty flock—even they are steadily following the path that leads to the same portal, where the old men laid aside their armour, and stooped to enter the narrow gateway of the tomb. The young are all their lifetime hastening towards it; and the little ones, the tender little ones, go there, too, alone—not with a faltering step, as if they missed a hand to guide them, but with a trusting, fairy tread they enter, and lay them down to sleep. If there were no hereafter—if, when they laid us in the grave, we were to sink into nothingness, what an utter blank this life would be! We have felt at times an earnest yearning after something—something to stand the test of time, and not fade away when we learn to love it; something to prove a bulwark against the arrows of the world, and not fall like an unequal prop when we learn to lean upon it. This craving void in the heart can only be filled

to satisfaction with love—the rich free love of God.

Ah! the old gentleman is looking at me through his gold spectacles. He does not think that a round face like mine can conceal such a long mental visage—sometimes harbouring as bitter thoughts, and as serious reflections, as that beneath his own wrinkled brow; but it is not good to let the mind wander without control. In my case, I don't know whether to call it a reverie, or abstraction,—the latter, being a listless forgetfulness of self—a sailing along the current of thoughts as they come—till soon the anchor is gone, and stopping or steering is difficult;—the other, being a real working of the brain, in obedience to efforts put forth—the anchor under the entire control of the will; the one tending to weaken the intellect and dull the wit—the other serving to strengthen the brain and exercise the mental powers. Yet resolve as we will, the thoughts still rush away at random in every direction. They cannot be stopped—dear me! have the cars stopped already? What have I been dreaming about? Where is my muff? And actually, my tippet is gone! Ah, no, the old gentleman is handing them to me. Will those oil-men never get out of one's way! I must get home before breakfast—there is the nine o'clock bell ringing, and the porridge will be getting cold!

SALLY SIMPLE.

London, March 6th, 1866.

From a catalogue of second-hand books, just issued by Mr. Thomas Kerlake, of Bristol, we extract the following emendation to an obscure text of Shakespeare, which occurs in *Julius*'s reply to *Proteus* about the ring, towards the close of *Act v. Sc. iv.* of the "Two Gentlemen of Verona":—

How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the roof.

In the West of England, and properly in other parts, says Mr. Kerlake, when a case either of strong conversational swearing or of hard perjury is being talked of, it is not uncommon to intensify the narrative by saying "I thought the ceiling would crack over us," or "I expected every minute that the roof would have come in upon us." Perhaps, then, the work which is always printed *roof* was originally written *roof*. In which case the entire speech would be in the language common to Shakespeare and the plainest English ploughboy. It may have first been printed with a damaged type. Or the *f* may have passed into the *t* by wear and tear under the press, so that there is no need even of imputing an error to the compositor, or suspecting, in this instance, the fairness of his copy.

Prof. Tischendorf has published a new volume of his *Monumenta Saera Inedita, Nova Collectio*. It contains, as an important addition to the "collection of Christian documents," a hitherto unknown palimpsest of all the Epistles of the New Testament, and the Apocalypse, which, however, has been reserved for the next volume. It was found by Prof. Tischendorf in the library of the Russian bishop Porphyrius. This learned prelate granted him permission to make the palimpsest more readable by the use of chemicals, and afterwards to decipher and publish it. The Scriptural text of the palimpsest is rendered in a very antiquated manner, and is only surpassed in this point by the five oldest manuscripts. Another work by the same *savant*, which has just left the press, augments the literature of Christian antiquity by five "inedita" of great interest. It forms a supplement to Tischendorf's "Evangelia" and "Acta Apocrypha," in which he gave fourteen inedita. It is called 'Apocalypses Apocryphae.' Among these Apocalypses we mention those of the Apostle Paul, which had been considered lost. It answers exactly to the indications which Augustine and Sozomenus have given of it. Tischendorf found the Greek original text in the libraries of Milan and Munich.

A daughter of Mrs. Howitt is preparing for the press 'A Year in Sweden with Frederika Bremer.'

"COME TO ME, MARY, COME!"

Come to me, maiden, divinely fair,
With the flashing eye, and the raven hair,
Look not with scorn on my earnest prayer.
Come to me, Mary, come!

The tempests of winter are yielding to spring,
The swallow hies hither on blithesome wing,
The sweet little birds are beginning to sing.
Come then, dear Mary, come!

I work my way through the crowded street,
'Mid the bustle and noise of a thousand feet,
But still in a whisper my lips repeat,
Come, oh sweet Mary, come!

I hurry away to the lonely dell,
Where the modest flowers in silence dwell,
But the longing oppresses me there as well,
Come then, my Mary, come!

Come if you like it, at early dawn,
Hand in hand with the blushing morn,
When the dews are thick on the "upland lawn,"
Come to me, darling, come!

Come if you choose it, at sultry noon,
When the brook is humming its endless tune,
And the smallest shade is a priceless boon,
Come to me, Mary, come!

Come if you wish it at silent eve,
When all from toil have a short reprieve,
Darling one, soon will I cease to grieve,
If you will only come!

Come if it please you at dead of night,
Like some spirit all beautiful, fair and bright,
Burst in this form on my wondering sight,
Choose your own time, but come!

Kingston, C.W.

F. B. D.

THE

TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

Translated for the Saturday Reader from the
French of Paul Féval.

Continued from page 27.

CHAPTER III.

Eric and his sister stood alone, in the middle of the street St. Honoré; Eve holding in her hand the purse which the unknown lord had generously given her.

The rue St. Honoré was one of the largest and most beautiful in the whole city; but we are constrained to acknowledge that that is not saying much. Every one knows that at that period, and for a long time after, the houses of Paris did not present their fronts to the public highway. Each house projected over the street the shadow of its narrow gable end, pierced with a small window and guarded with iron bars; for the first requirement of a house at that day was; that it might serve at need for a fortress to its dwellers. These gable-ends had no windows in the basement, and there were none of those brilliant shops which, in our day, light up our streets better than the public lamps. The ordinary buying and selling took place in shops grouped together as at a fair, and were kept open only till sunset.

The taverns, as much frequented than as today, had their dark entrances at the bottom of long and tortuous alleys. Public society as well as the family circle was concentrated far from the street, which was left exclusively for malefactors. In those dark nights of ancient Paris, the hungry thieves laid wait for the rare passengers whose necessities compelled them to be out late, but scarcely earned their bread at it. A prudent bourgeois would rather have leaped from the top to the bottom of the ramparts than be perambulating those dark haunts at night. The gentlemen of that day were always preceded by torch-bearers, and servants with drawn swords. It was a sorry trade that of the robber; but their ranks were always overcrowded.

In the midst of that silent obscurity, disturbed only by the roar of the orgies going on down the aforesaid alleys, Eric and Eve felt more lost

than in the open fields, or in the plantations of the Louvre. They knew not which way to move. The street lay before them dark and tortuous. In the distance they could perceive some trembling light smoking under some one of the votive offerings which, down to a very late day were to be found stuck up in our highways.

Eve, frightened, pressed against her brother, to whom the darkness seemed full of threatening phantoms. Indeed they were both so frightened that they thought not of the prophecy.

Ah! had some thief, up to his trade, appeared at that moment, how cheap he might have obtained that purse of gold, though Eric had his iron hammer over his shoulder, and a brave heart in his breast? The darkness oppressed and paralyzed him; the dark perspective of the rue St. Honoré appeared to him unfathomable, and he had no longer the courage to take a step forward or backward. At that moment a slow and grave melody fell upon the ears of our two travellers. It was a chorus of men singing in the German language. Eric listened, and the blood seemed to warm in his veins, as if he had suddenly in his distress heard the sound of some well-beloved voice. The chorus approached, and they could distinguish these words:

"It is a great distance from sea to sea.

"Where does that bird go to, which remains on the shores of the Rhine only three months in the summer?

"We build high towers that the swallows may nestle therein."

Eve fell into the arms of her brother, and her joyous emotion brought tears into her eyes.

The chorus continued.

"Lisa! Lisa! daughter of our master! Lisa, child of our old man.

"Where is the hammer? The husband of Lisa should be the strongest of us.

"Since she is the fairest of the fair.

"When the swallows return, the copper vane shall be turning on the finished tower."

A light now appeared at the end of the street, while the measured step of a troop of men kept time with their song.

The song continued:

"Master, master, thy daughter has borne a son, and thou art happy, and the sons of thy daughter shall be called after thee.

"The shining trowel is the sword of the Artisan—we will all attend at the baptism.

Are not the bells in our towers already rusty for want of ringing?"

The street was now full of men, who advanced, hand in hand, carrying lances without points, but ornamented with flowers. As they stopped before a paved doorway, Eric took his sister by the hand, and approached them, joining in the chant.

"The swallow is come. His nest is in the tower. Master, alas! the bells ring.

"Thee and thy daughter must die, we shall all die; but the tower shall live.

"And after a thousand years, it will still be the house of the swallows."

The man who walked in advance of the troop struck his lance against the pavement of the street.

"Who art thou, comrade?" exclaimed he, addressing Eric.

"I am of the hammer and trowel," replied the young man.

"Knowest thou any of us?"

"I am one of you."

"By what title?"

"By the title of free companion."

The chief of the troop was a little in advance of his comrades, who had stopped, and were listening.

"Approach," said he to Eric, "and let thy hand speak to my hand!"

Their hands touched and they exchanged that mysterious sign which has ever been the passport of the Brotherhood of Free-masonry.

"Oh, ho!" said the chief of the band, turning towards his troop, "our friend is a cousin of Solomon. I have recognized from his finger ends the accent of Cologne; open your ranks, my pretty fellows, and hail the arrival of a brother!"

"Brother!" cried the choristers,—"welcome, since thou bringest thy stone to the temple!"

"But he is not alone," said a voice in the crowd.

"Who is this?" said the chief, pointing to Eve.

Eric took his sister by the hand. "Woman," said he, "is an easy prey to the evil-disposed; but I am now at the end of my wanderings, and I do not distrust my brothers. This girl is my sister."

"The sister of our brother is our sister," said the chief gravely, "enter both of you with us."

The sticks rattled again upon the door, which was opened, and an instant after the street was silent and deserted. From the threshold of a neighbouring doorway a mis-shaped object, like a bundle of rags, began to move, and from a dirty cowl of coarse stuff, which denoted a vagabond monk, there proceeded a whistle. A similar whistle answered from the other end of the street, and another bundle of rags put itself in motion. I have already said that the trade of a robber had gone to the Evil One in those times, in consequence of the keen competition.

"Ezekiel!" said the first bundle of tatters.

"Trefouilloux!" replied the second heap of rags.

"They were both close to me," said Trefouilloux! in a bitter tone of regret. "I was about to plant my knife between the shoulders of the tallest one—the little one was but a woman."

"Ah!" said Ezekiel, in a melancholy tone, "we have no luck."

Trefouilloux took his forehead in both hands under the soiled debris of his cowl.

"And yet they say that king Phillip governs his kingdom well," groaned he, "to allow such idlers to run the streets after the *couvre-feu* has sounded!"

"That's a great scandal," sighed Ezekiel, "it is horrible!"

Trefouilloux thrust his cutlass into the twisted rag that served him for a girdle, and our two unfortunates resumed their way. Alas! all the rest of the night nobody passed; and they had to tighten their waists next morning for want of a breakfast. But in our days I can affirm that the night thieves breakfast on good beefsteak, and chickens' legs, *en papillotes*. Why? because we have now a well-ordered police, so they say; and because a good police gives confidence—and because speculators base their action on confidence. We pray that those speculators, who work by day—will be pleased to remark that we make a distinction between them and the night thieves.

Freemasonry was a beautiful institution in the days when it shed over our soil the marvels of those illustrious temples, left for our admiration in the three last centuries of the middle ages. Notre Dame was the commencement of that splendid and Christian art; then followed the Cathedral at Cologne; then Strasburg; and lastly, Westminster—that glorious jewel of London.

Other arts remained in their infancy. The masons alone—we desire not to encroach on the title of architects—the masons alone conveyed in their inspiration the simple mystery of the Christian idea; reaching at one bound the utmost limits of the grand and beautiful, and studding Europe all over with *chefs-d'œuvre*.

They went forth the disciplined instruments of a will, one and hidden; the labour of their life was but a cipher in the unheard of amount of labour that the age expended. Often they knitted but one mesh of that gigantic tissue. Very rarely, at least, those who saw the laying of the first stone of the edifice, lived to witness the celebration of its opening.

But what signifies that? Their task was fulfilled. They had lived to work and sing: they had fought in the army of peaceful soldiers. True, their name died with them; but were they not named collectively—Westminster, or Notre Dame of Paris?

These vast associations bore the stamp of a Northern origin. The Ghildes had for a long time overrun Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, and even Hungary. The St. Velme succeeded to the dispersed Ghildes, and had its free judges, from the Danube to the Loire. Freemasonry came only third in these old and illu-

trious institutions, though our modern adepts pretend to trace its origin up to the sons of King David. However that may be, we repeat that Freemasonry was a serious and strong institution. It protected the weak, and honoured the strong, and flourished because it was wise and just.

The place into which Eric and his sister were introduced was a broad and long hall, forming the whole basement of the house. All around the apartment might be read sentences framed in circles of oak leaves. Here and there hung masonic trophies. Upon a raised platform stood an iron tripod, surmounted by a level which balanced itself from the arch.

The fête which had gathered the Freemasons of Paris together was intended for the solemn reception of a new adept. When the candidate entered, Eric and Eve were both struck with the same thought; they had seen that man somewhere before. He was a young man of slender but nervous form; his long, pale face had a singular expression of intelligence—his black eyes shone like two carbuncles, under the deeply arched eyebrows. He walked with a light, quick step towards the tripod, where he seated himself. On being asked his name, he replied, "Jean Cudor."

The sound of his voice was sufficient at once to restore him to the memory of our two travellers. Eric pressed tightly the arm of Eve.

Either that man lied at that moment, or he had lied two hours before, under the walls of the Abbey St. Martin, for he had then said to Amaury Montruel, Lord of Anet, and friend of the King, "My name is Mahmoud el Reis."

CHAPTER IV.

The Chevalier Dieudonné, the "Destiny" of Mila's prophecy, on leaving our two travellers, whom he had so generously taken under his protection, ascended, as we have already said, one of the narrow and unpaved alleys which opened to the left of the rue St. Honoré and led towards St. Eustache. In that narrow alley there would certainly be found at least one Ezekiel, and one Trefouilloux, if not many more. But these good people seldom attacked well-armed and well-mounted knights. Hunger weakened them and made them timid; it was only one or two centuries later, that increased security made provisions more plentiful in the Court of Miracles. After a few minutes ride the Chevalier Dieudonné, and his handsome page, Albret, stopped before a massive sculptured door, which served as an entrance to a building as large as the Louvre, where the king lived.

This building, isolated and surrounded by high trees, occupied nearly the same spot as the present market *des Prouvaires*. It was called the Hotel de Nesle, and belonged to Jean II, Lord of Nesle, and Chatelaine of Bruges. Eudes III, Duke of Bourgogne, one of the most powerful vassals of the King of France, was also at this moment residing there, as the guest of its master. Eudes de Bourgogne was not what one could properly call a rebel; he fought for the king during war, but during peace he gave him that unceasing opposition, which renders the comparison of the great vassals of the middle age to the great bourgeois of our own times perfectly intelligible. The comparison is, perhaps, not very flattering to the great vassals of the Middle Ages; but we must say what we think. The Duc de Bourgogne kept up an intercourse with Pope Innocent III, pretended to rule Phillip Augustus, as if that prince had been the monarch only of a dozen people. Bourgogne had also an understanding with Beaudoin of Flanders, and John Sans Terre also counted a little upon Eudes de Bourgogne.

That the reader may be better enabled to follow our tale, it is indispensable that we relate in a few words the circumstances in which France and her king found themselves at this juncture.

Phillip Augustus was not a prince free from defects, nor can we pretend to conceal that he was the prime cause of all the embarrassments which marked his long and brilliant reign. Phillip Augustus was at the period we are speaking of about thirty-five or thirty-six years of age, and had occupied the throne since his fifteenth year. He was the sixth king in descent from Hugh Capet. The opening of his reign was stormy

but glorious. He subjugated Burgundy and Flanders, and annihilated the pretensions of King Henry of England, father of Richard Cœur de Lion and John.

History accuses Henry of having abused the confidence of the Young Alice of France, sister of Phillip Augustus, who had been confided to his care by king Louis, as the affianced wife of Henry's eldest son, Henry of the Short Cloak. If the accusation is true, Phillip must be reproached with never having punished that infamous outrage. Richard Cœur de Lion would not accept that part of the heritage of his brother, which enjoined his marriage with Alice. This, however, did not prevent Phillip Augustus, at that time quite young, from forming an intimate friendship with Richard, his vassal—a friendship attended with strange vicissitudes—but qualified by historians as chivalrous.

Phillip Augustus and Richard Cœur de Lion went together to the Crusades. In that land of adventures the king of England completely eclipsed the king of France. He was more handsome, more brilliant, and more dazzling—stronger if not braver; and they say that Phillip Augustus was therefore jealous of his friend and vassal, and to such a degree as to cause him a dangerous illness. It is certain that Richard, skilful in the use of arms and daring to folly, excited universal admiration. He was the hero of the Crusades. Romancers adopted him for their own, though the Crusades had no result.

Indeed that was the fate of all Richard's undertakings. Phillip returned to France. Richard, who wished also to recover his estates, was made prisoner on reaching Austria; and here happened an event which we would fain efface from the history of Phillip Augustus. Nothing could justify the king of France in becoming a traitor. He did do so, however; and his negotiations with John Sans Terre to share the spoils of his Royal prisoner, are well known.

It is said, also, that when the celebrated Troubadour, Blondel, replied with his guitar to the song which he heard Richard, his king, singing from his dark tower, and when "*Une fièvre brûlante*" had succeeded in sending to sleep his gaolers, and delivering his master, Phillip wrote to John, "Take care, the devil is unchained!"

But we should distrust all that is found in the dictionaries; the special mission of these dictionaries being to mystify those for whose use they are fabricated. But, in fact, John did take care. He betrayed Phillip as he had betrayed Richard, and opened up an interminable war between the two rivals.

Phillip, in his early youth, had married Isabella d'Artois, niece of the Count of Flanders, who descended in a direct line from Charlemagne. After a long widowhood, wishing to raise up enemies against England, he demanded, about the year 1187, the hand of the princess Ingeburge or Angelburge of Denmark. Ingeburge was adorably beautiful, and much in advance of her times, in the qualities of her mind. But her brother, Canute, was averse to arming against England, which so vexed Phillip, that he conceived an insurmountable aversion for Ingeburge; and during his marriage ceremony he was observed to tremble and pale, as if he had been under the influence of witchcraft.

Some time after he repudiated Ingeburge who adored him, to marry the famous Agnes de Meranie, daughter of an adventurer from the Tyrol, who had assumed the title of Duke. This divorce, followed by a second marriage, the legality of which was more than doubtful, was the source of all the fracas which embarrassed the grand reign of Phillip. Ingeburge protested—retired into a convent, and the Pope issued his thunders.

As to La belle Agnes, she conducted herself like a woman who desired to give future ages an idea that she had played the chief rôle in a tragedy. She performed the part of Queen Berenice, she intrigued, she flattered, and amazed the world with her tale of love.

Incomplete as are the details left us by contemporary writers, it is impossible to hesitate a moment in estimating the character of these two women, Ingeburge and Agnes. They were both

beautiful; but Ingeburge was as superior to her rival as the sun is superior to the stars. It is true, that poor Queen Ingeburge had her unlovable name against her. But Phillip Augustus had adorned the daughter of the Bohemian Berthoud—whose proper name was Marie—with the name of Agnes; could he not have done as much for Ingeburge? Besides the frightful name "Ingeburge" was due to French pronunciation. In the days when she was a happy young girl, the princess of Denmark was called Angelberge, and those who loved her called her Angel—nothing could be sweeter or more charming than that.

After the affair of the divorce, and the contested marriage, the reign of Phillip Augustus became lost in inextricable difficulties. Useless battles, seiges and entangled negotiations. Skillful diplomatist as he was, Phillip expended years in vain efforts to free himself from this state of things. Agnes de Meranie was, however, the veritable scourge of France.

One day, in the midst of one of those exhausting struggles that Phillip had to sustain against the seditions with which Europe constantly beset his throne, they brought him word that Richard Cœur de Lion was dead. The arrow of a soldier had passed through his breast at the siege of Chaluz. Phillip spoke not a word, but retired to his chamber, remaining there twelve hours with his head between his hands, and refusing all nourishment. During this long meditation was he thinking of the ardent friendship which had united his youth to that of Richard? Was he recalling the strange proofs of friendship and devotion that he had received from the son of Henry Plantagenet—fond caresses followed by mad attacks? Or was he thinking that the future was relieved from a terrible obstacle?

After the death of Richard, Phillip missed that spur which was constantly urging him on to audacious enterprises. We cannot say that he was lulled to sleep in the arms of Agnes—for their romance of love was at best but a rhyme in verses of six feet—but he plunged into his war with the Holy See as into an agreeable pastime, till the death of young Duke Arthur de Bretagne, assassinated by John Sans Terre, aroused him.

Arthur was the husband of Marie of France, daughter of Phillip Augustus and Isabel. Phillip was, however, now thoroughly roused; and see what his awakening revealed to him.

John Sans Terre was master of Anjou, Aquitaine, and Little Bretagne, while Beaudoin of Flanders had extended his domination over nearly the whole of the northern part of his kingdom. Othon IV., King of the Romans, and nephew of John Plantagenet, was pressing on the eastern frontier; while the Pope threatened the south. Canute, King of Denmark, was said to be arming a powerful fleet to avenge the gross outrage inflicted on his sister, Ingeburge.

It was certainly not Berthoud of Istria *soi-disant* Duc de Meranie, who could aid his royal son-in-law in this difficult crisis. The internal condition of Phillip's kingdom was not much more favourable. The finances—impaired by the continual wars—by the armaments destined for the Crusades—and by the great architectural undertakings that Phillip had begun—threatened ruin. Nor was Paris tranquil; the quarrels between the students and the bourgeois had just begun, and blood was flowing in the streets.

Lastly, a strange and mysterious rumour, full of terrible menace, began to spread itself; it was told with bated breath at Paris, and through the whole kingdom, that the princes leagued against Phillip would not only attack him in the field, but that within the military league, another league had been formed to assassinate him, and into this league they said that besides John Sans Terre, Beaudoin, Othon, and Canute VI., Saladin himself had entered.

They pronounced the name of the Old Man of the Mountain—a name as dreaded as that of Satan himself. Who had put the poignard of that terrible Ishmaelite, successor of Hassan-Ben-Sebbah? Who was it that had spread the hatred of Phillip's name into the gorges of the mountains of Liban? Was it Saladin? Was it Beaudoin, then master of Constantinople? Was it

Othon, the emperor? Or was it John Sans Terre? But since we have entered upon the gossip of the thirteenth century we must tell the whole.

Queen Ingeburge was despised, outraged, and a prisoner; and there were not wanting some who insinuated that Queen Ingeburge had sent an emissary to the "Old Man of the Mountain" with a promise of five hundred thousand golden crowns; and whether this is true or false, it is not less certain that Phillip was menaced on all sides. Still these menaces would have been vain, and these embarrassments would have counted for nothing, with that great mind, had it not been paralyzed by another very grave evil.

Innocent III. had launched the lightnings of the Church against Phillip, on the occasion of his marriage with the Bohemian; Phillip Augustus was anathematized! excommunicated! Now the plague was as nothing compared to this frightful punishment, which could bruise the life of a king as surely as that of the poorest vassal.

Reason stands aghast before the prodigious power of that moral arm, by means of which the sceptre of St. Peter humbled so many crowned heads. Under the weight of the anathema, there was no pride that could not be brought low. Resistance was impossible, and there was nothing for it but to acknowledge yourself conquered and to make the *amende honorable*, with naked feet and uncovered head, before the church doors. For if you were obstinate, and kept up a senseless struggle, an immediate void was produced around you. Subjects and servants flew from you in affright; the evil was contagious—the anathema preceded you, and for you there was no longer neither friendship, devotion or love. Cupidity itself, that liveliest of all human passions, ceded to the terror inspired by the anathema. Excommunicated, and you could not find a dealer who would weigh you out your bread or fill you a cup to drink. The leper could find a refuge in the compassion of his fellow-man; but compassion to one excommunicated was a crime!

We remember the history of King Robert, who, after having been struck with the lightning of the church, kept two servants; and the trait is worthy of being cited—for it proves that the two servants were faithful, and that the King had that in him which commanded love. But the two servants of King Robert served him with gauntlets of steel, which they purified afterwards by fire, and instead of eating the debris of the King's table, they threw it out to the passing dogs.

It would be idle to deny the utility of that omnipotent rein which set some bounds to the caprices and brutality of our semi-barbarous kings; without the thunder of the Church all the thrones of the middle ages would have toppled down—but like all violent remedies, it was a dangerous remedy. The first effect of the major excommunication was to relieve the people of the obedience they owed to their legitimate chief. The Popes were the fomenters of revolt—the Popes, therefore, were the fathers of the revolution.

We have in our time seen a Sovereign Pontiff driven from his States, and travelling sorrowfully on the road to exile. At this very day is not Pius IX. suffering from all the troubles excited formerly in Europe by his predecessors? At the period when the son of God said: "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's," Cæsar rendered not to God the things which were God's; consequently, the Vicar of Jesus Christ judged revolutionarily—went against the letter and against the spirit of the gospel. By crying aloud from the height of the Vatican, "To obey is a crime," the Popes unwisely dug the abyss on the edge of which their throne totters to-day. They committed the greatest of all social crimes. For the spontaneous revolt of a people has for itself a thousand arguments, which the heart often accepts, though reason may combat them. But an excitation to revolt can never have either pretext or excuse. The people weigh themselves against their king, and take precedence of him—the people have rights against a king who prevaricates—since the rights which a King possesses are bestowed upon him by the people. Then, in striking, the people strictly speaking invoke a right, if the most absolute of human rights can

be exaggerated to cover the crime of parricide. But beyond these two symmetrical rights, there exists, politically speaking, none other. Whoever lights the impious torch of civil war, betwixt a king and his people, is a malefactor.

To those who held the Papacy in profound respect and admiration, not only from a Christian point of view, but still from a social and civilizing point of view, it belongs above all to regret the spots on her history. Let others flatter, and gathering up the fagot of historical lies, call them the *Crimes of the Popes*—but for our part we feel that we have told them their true crime and their only crime. The absolute and divine authority which they exercised by their spiritual right they allowed to be filtered through their temporal interests—they usurped and invaded the rights of others—and, like all intelligence become blind and stumbling as soon as they entered upon the false road—they struck at the guilty kings over the shoulders of their innocent people.

Behold the direct and certain result of those excommunications, which applied political chastisement to private crimes, and that result was not reached by *ricochets*—No. The Pope, in excommunicating the king, simply put the whole kingdom under interdict, and in such a way that the consolations of religion were pitilessly refused to a whole people for life or death.

If excommunication had struck the king only as a man, one might safely affirm that the lightnings of the church would almost always have struck justly, and especially in the case which now occupies us. Phillip of France, as a Christian, deserved punishment for that double marriage which gave to Agnes the Bohemian, the place of the beautiful and pious Ingeburge. But Innocent III. had published a special Bull, which relieved all the subjects of King Phillip from their sworn allegiance. He had said to all the vassals of the crown, in so many words, Revolt!

It now required all Phillip's strength to conjure the tempest which pressed upon him from all quarters. He was paralyzed by the thunders of Rome!

To be continued.

HOW I MADE A FORTUNE IN WALL STREET, AND HOW I GOT MARRIED.

Continued from page 13.

CHAPTER VII.

The Worth family returned to town earlier than I anticipated. On entering church the following Sabbath—I well recollect it was the third Sunday in September—I felt by a species of magnetism, electric affinity, Odic force—call it what you will—that Mary Worth was in the house. This was before I had looked toward the pew. My heart beat loudly. I hardly dared raise my eyes. At length I did raise them and glanced in the direction of her seat. She was there. I could not see her face, only the side of the hat which concealed it. On the instant a delicious sense of repose stole over me—a feeling that whatever should come, or happen, it all was right. On my word, at that time, I had no wish or desire for any further acquaintance. I did not care even to speak to Mary Worth. To know that every week we should be seated near each other, under the same roof, was happiness enough.

Reader, this sounds desperately romantic and sentimental, does it not? Perhaps you think that my Wall Street delineations are to turn out mere lackadaisical vapors of the Pamela school. I can not help it. I can only say in reply that the person is, indeed, God-forsaken who has lost his romance; and I, John Brant, declare to you I have not lost mine, and do not intend to lose it either. Therefore, I repeat that what I say of my feelings for Mary Worth is true. I *did* feel just as I say I did, and I am not ashamed to own it.

The services were over. As the crowd swept into the centre aisle I was brought close upon Mr. Worth, who bowed to me as usual. I have

forgotten to state that after my interview with him in Wall Street, described in the last chapter, he never stopped me to shake hands, but was particular, however, always to bow after a peculiar manner—as one bows to an equal with whom one is well acquainted, but not on intimate terms. I enjoyed and felt flattered by this delicate mark of appreciation. "That man understands me, and wishes to let me know it," I said to myself.

So then, coming out of church Mr. Worth turned and bowed after the style I have mentioned. Mrs. Worth walked a little in advance; but she, too, took evident pains to salute me, and in a way that satisfied me her husband had given her an account of our late interview. Mary Worth was still further on. She did not turn her head, and I got no glimpse of her face. But on going out I saw her standing in the vestibule, as if waiting my approach.

She did not stop for me to put in practice my general plan of demeanor toward the Worth family, but extending her hand she exclaimed "I am glad to see you, Mr. Brant, and to see you looking well. You had not fully recovered when you left Long Branch, and I was very anxious about you, till papa met you, and told me you were really quite well again."

These words were spoken with such genuine earnestness that I was in danger of breaking over the rule I had laid down for myself. I stood looking straight into her eyes, and saying not a word. There was nothing in their expression which denoted anything beyond the natural and proper interest in one who had saved her life at the risk of his own—

"Only this, and nothing more."

Her manner was neither confused nor timid—perhaps, I should have been better satisfied had it been so—but frank and unhesitating.

All this flashed through my mind, in time for me to recover, and reply in the same out-spoken open manner; I said, I was certainly entirely well again, and I hoped she was well, and was pleased to hear so through her father, that was all.

During this scene, Mr. Worth and his wife stood near with complacent countenances, and exhibiting no signs of impatience or of distrust.

Our little chat at an end, Mary Worth joined her parents, and all walked away. I noticed two or three young men eyeing me with a jealous air, and one or two young ladies turned quite around to take a look at me. I cared little for either. I felt sad, I hardly knew why; from that day I was to avoid further acquaintance with Miss Worth; such was my determination, except the ordinary salutations of courtesy.

CHAPTER VIII.

The next morning on going to my office, I found on my table a small paper slip which read as follows:

BANKING-HOUSE OF ELI NICHOLS.

John Brant,—

Your note for \$550 is due 25th September,

The sight of this little printed reminder sent a cold shiver through me. I was perfectly aware that my note fell due on that day and was in Eli Nichols' hands: indeed as the reader knows I had already stirred Deams on the subject, and was doing everything possible to scrape some money together myself. Here, however, was something provokingly tangible. It might be paraphrased in this way: "Remember John Brant, that you have a note of five hundred and fifty dollars to pay to Eli Nichols on Saturday of this week!"

There was no mistaking it. It *must* be paid. After what had passed between me and old Eli, I think I would have submitted to anything rather than fail to pay that note.

Why had I not followed the hint in my memorandum book and been careful to keep my name "free and clear?" I could have borrowed easily the few dollars I required, and now, as I began to realize, I must provide for the two hundred and fifty dollars which Deams had undertaken to respond to.

In the midst of my cogitation, that estimable gentleman entered the office.

I handed him the little "notice."

"Well," said Deams in an indifferent tone, "No fresh information here, I imagine. As the man in the play says: 'We knew it before.'"

"Certainly, but are you quite sure you will be ready on your part? Had you not better see your friend Masterman to-day about the money?"

"And provide Monday for Saturday," retorted Deams. "Now I call that queer enough. I tell you Masterman has promised me the money; I have informed him I should want it this week, and he would think it very odd for me to speak about it again."

"On the contrary, I should consider it very natural for you to tell him to-day that you are obliged to use the money Saturday; and then you have settled on a definite time, and he will have no excuse for disappointing you."

"Don't you know, Brant," said Deams in an easy tone, "that every man has his own way in arranging these matters? You have your method; I have mine; and I don't think it of any advantage for either of us to lecture the other how to manage with our friends."

Here the conversation dropped. I confess I began to have but small hope that Deams would raise his share of the cash, notwithstanding the confidence he professed to place in the ability and good-will of Mr. Aaron Masterman. I felt instinctively the absolute necessity of raising the amount; for the note once protested, I was satisfied that Eli Nichols, whom I had greatly incensed, would do all in his power to harass me, and could at least greatly injure my credit in the street.

"It is paying pretty dear for my first lesson," I said to myself; "but after all the want of two hundred and fifty dollars shall never ruin John Brant; no, indeed!"

I had already made good my three hundred from some commissions on two or three notes which I had sold, I found I should very likely have to starve while waiting on the immense fortune to be realized from the Coal Company if I did not condescend to turn an honest penny in an honest though small way. Deams, it is true, manifested a good deal of disgust at seeing me "trotting about" as he termed it, "chasing eighteen pence around the corner." I am happy to say, his remonstrances had no effect on me; though the business of running from place to place, occupying a whole day, perhaps two days, in attempting to carve a trifling commission out of a piece of paper, while the seller insists on receiving so much, the buyer will only give so much; is a very disgusting one.

I am sorry to record the fact that many of the larger brokers, when they see a respectable piece of paper, have a habit of encouraging a belief that it can be disposed of at a much more favourable rate than the facts subsequently justify. I remember that very day, there was a note for seventeen hundred and odd dollars, about four months to run, placed in my hands, made by a commercial house in good standing. Indeed, I will tell you, reader, in confidence the name of the house. It was that of Malcolm, Edgerton & Co., in South street. The broker who gave it to me, said rather significantly, "the firm keeps their account in the Bank of Mutual Safety—you understand."

I did not at the moment understand, but shortly it occurred to me that the note was handed to me to negotiate from my supposed intimacy with Mr. Marmaduke Worth, the president.

"What are the terms?" I asked.

"Well," said my visitor, "no better note is made in New York, that you know. You know too, of course, as well as I, that at certain seasons this house puts out an immense quantity of paper, and then their notes stand a heavy shavè,—have known it as high as two per cent. a month. But without any chaffing I can say you may take this and return the amount to me, less one and half net, and make as much as you can out of it."

I had no opportunity to reply, and probably should have made none under any circumstances. I took the note, which was really all that the man had claimed for it, and preceded to the well known shop (I say "shop" for I consider that the proper name for it) of St. Peter T. Swain,

which was not far from my own office. The principal himself happened to be in. I showed him the note.

"Ah, yes, (in the blandest tones) about ten to twelve per cent. I suppose; yes ten to twelve—twelve, as outside that will probably be the rate—prime note, still, you know their paper rubs a little just at present. Step in, and let the book-keeper enter it."

Accordingly I walked in, deposited the note, and left my name and address.

"When shall I call?"

"Some time in the course of the afternoon; or say to-morrow morning; my best customer who is in the habit of buying this paper has already been here, but I expect he will return again to-day."

I left the place thinking, I should make a very good thing of the note of Malcolm, Edgerton & Co. I found my man waiting for me on going back to my office.

"Was he in? did you fix it?" he inquired eagerly.

I was a little nettled. I did not relish being followed up so closely.

"I can do nothing to-day" I said; "I hope to close it to-morrow."

"All right," was the response, "only my people want money badly. I will look in to-morrow."

I called pretty early the next day on Mr. Swain.

"Oh, I am very glad to see you,—was going to send in to your place. The gentleman who is in the habit of taking the Malcolm paper does not care to buy any more at present—thinks he has enough invested there. But understand me, there is no difficulty in selling the paper, none whatever, only we must submit to a little stiffer rate; that is what I wish to see you about. Shall we say twelve to fifteen, with fifteen as a limit?"

As "fifteen" was but one and a quarter per cent. a month, and I was to get "eighteen" or one and a half per cent. I said "yes" to Mr. Swain's suggestion, and begged him thereupon to expedite the affair.

"Certainly, certainly; call to-morrow, and I hope to have a check for you."

Here was "to-morrow" again, but I submitted, and put my constituent off the best way I could for another day. He was not quite content, but I gave him a strong assurance and he departed.

My own profits were melting away, but I was now ambitious to carry the business through, and so I rendered myself in very good season next morning at the "shop." Once more I was met by the bland and courteous Mr. Swain, and once more told that "fifteen" would not *quite do*, but he thought, indeed he believed he could say positively, that the offer of eighteen would bring the money.

"I will advise you confidentially," he continued, "to accept the offer, for I am told there will be another large amount offered by Saturday."

I was thoroughly indignant, but restrained my wrath. "Mr. Swain, if you can discount the note at one and a half to-day, I will take it. If you are not sure of doing this before three, let me have the note now."

"My dear sir," said Mr. Swain mildly, "I do say I feel confident of the offer, and for to-day—you know I never buy notes myself; all on commission—all on commission; but call at two and the money will be ready, I am entirely confident."

I quitted the place with the determination of not returning to my own office till I had visited Mr. Swain at two, for I had no disposition to enter on a further explanation with the anxious gentleman who I knew was waiting for the money.

In this was I threw away the entire morning. Never mind," I said; "True enough, I have lost a good deal of time and made nothing, but I shall have carried my point, and perhaps secured a good customer."

At two o'clock I called on Mr. Swain and received a check for the net proceeds of Messrs. Malcolm, Edgerton & Co.'s note. It was ready drawn, waiting my arrival. I expressed myself satisfied—was turning to leave, when the book-

keeper handed a small strip with a memorandum as follows:

"Dis. Malcolm, E & Co., \$1,734 20
Coms. 1-4 \$4 34."

"Excuse me," I said hurriedly. I handed out five dollars, received sixty-six cents in change, and came away "silently," like the Arabs.

The joke was too good; so I only laughed at myself for being minus four dollars and thirty-four cents, besides about two days' gratuitous labor.

I had the discretion to deposit the money in the bank where I kept my account, and draw my own check for it; this done, I stepped quickly to my office, handed the check to my customer, who had been waiting since twelve o'clock, and was getting very red in the face. I apologized briefly for the delay, but in the tone of a man who feels himself to be strong. The effect was evident.

"To-day is just as well, just as well exactly," said he, "though we could not have got along very well over to-day, I admit." It takes a little time, I know, to turn to advantage. You have made a good thing out of it, that is in a small way. There is some difference between seven per cent. and eighteen."

"I am content," said I, with a peculiar emphasis, which I will be bound my friend did not understand, but which I felt.

Thereupon he took his leave.

Perhaps you would like to know, reader, why I manifest so much indignation at the conduct of Mr. Peter T. Swain. Was he not very frank in all his explanations? Did he not account very satisfactorily for the delays, and finally did he not promptly give the money at the very moment promised,—indeed, when he had not quite absolutely promised?

A word in your ear. Do not let this be repeated; for Mr. Peter T. Swain's establishment is highly respectable, and he himself a very creditable member of the community. From very desperate insolvency he has risen to great wealth. He has a handsome house in town, and a beautiful country-seat in Westchester County, and all from this one-quarter of one per cent. commission on the notes which passed through his hands! So he would have you suppose. After this, will you believe me when I tell you that Peter T. Swain never offered the note of Malcolm, Edgerton & Co. for sale at all during the three days he was finessing with me; never offered it at all until after he had given me a check for the amount agreed on. Then he doubtless placed about ten per cent. per annum with some customer who relied on his judgment. It was nothing *very bad*, you know. Peter T. Swain was too respectable to cheat me much. Besides, he only dealt in first or second class paper, and never descended to vulgar shaves. Peter T. Swain is not a bad man—out of the street. He is a "good husband and a kind father," and "very liberal person." In his "shop" he is a knave, and nothing else. Why?

This was Thursday, and quite the close of the day. Deams had not spoken to me about the note since our Monday's conversation. He appeared very busy, however, with his "prospectus," and his "three friends"—Mr. Aaron Masterman, Mr. Elton Pope, and Mr. Philo Coldbrook—came in to see him on two several occasions.

On Friday I ventured to speak to Deams again. Had he asked Mr. Masterman for the money? and if not, I begged he would do so at once, that I might be relieved from apprehension.

Deams changed countenance slightly. "It's a deuced pity, Brant, that we can't manage to throw the thing over for another week."

"For what reason?"

"Why, I am just at a point with Masterman which makes it a little awkward, you see, to ask him to lend me. Don't you perceive?"

"I can't say I do. On the contrary, you told me you had actually engaged the money from him for this week. He has already promised you the amount, has he not?"

"Well, yes, indirectly."

"What makes you say 'indirectly,' Deams, when you told me very decidedly that he promised

to let you have the money," I exclaimed in an irritated tone.

"Now, if you insist on it, Brant, I will borrow it, but I beg you to hold off if possible for just one week more."

"I hold off! I should rather think Eli Nichols is the man to be consulted on that head."

"Just the thing," said Deams, "I can renew it with him for fifteen days easy enough, and then we shall be out of the woods."

"Not with my consent."

"Pshaw! don't talk nonsense! Just pay what you have on hand, and, by George, we can renew like a knife for two hundred and fifty."

"What has become of your tender regard for my credit?" I said with a sneer.

"Please don't talk in that way when you know I am bending every effort to securing a fortune for us both. You know, Brant, I have thought of nothing else all summer. For Heaven's sake, don't ask me to injure myself with our new friends."

"How much can you do towards your part?" I asked calmly.

"Well, you see, Brant, my expenses have been rather large lately. I have had to entertain these gentlemen on several occasions, for we must keep up appearances you know."

"Which means you do not intend to help me with a dollar."

"It means that literally I cannot," said Deams in a deprecatory tone.

I had recovered my temper. Really I was not much disappointed, and it was useless to exhibit any idle ebullition.

"Had you told me this, Deams," I said quietly, "at first, instead of"—

"Don't reproach me, I feel worse about it than you do, and will get the note renewed if you will let me, or do anything you tell me to. In fact," continued Deams, starting from his seat, "you need not pay it at all if you say so, it was a cursed cut-throat usurious transaction, and the old screw can't recover a dollar. Let him sue and be"—

"We will say no more about it, Deams," and I left the office, very much to his relief I fancy. I felt myself in a bad way, as I walked down the street. "What are my prospects?" Let me look them in the face. At five and twenty, with good health, a good education, an aptitude for business and an untiring energy, I bid fair to settle down into a pretty note broker, or what is worse, into a schemer in bubble companies.

I believe I did not mention that the name of the house I first engaged with and whose confidence I had won so completely was Winsten, Holman & Co. Mr. Holman was the one who had set me to work on my earnest application, and it was he who had advanced me so rapidly in the counting-room. I should have stated the concern ultimately compromised its debts, which left each member free, but it did not resume business. Mr. Holman had since been employed in some contract with the Government, in which being an incorruptibly honest man, it was quite impossible for him to make anything beyond a respectable living. His wife had a snug little sum in her own right, and so he was altogether, in very comfortable circumstances. I resolved to call and see him and ask him to lend me the two hundred and fifty dollars. He was still comparatively a young man, and I did not doubt his entire sympathy with me.

I found him at his place of business and alone. Without delay or circumlocution I explained how I had been caught, and asked him to help me to the required sum.

"I have not got the amount in hand," he said, "but I can borrow it. I perceive of how much importance it is to you, and I will see that you have the money," he said promptly.

"What different types of men we encounter! Look at Eli Nichols: Look at Deams: Look at Mr. Holman: Why can't all the world be honest and kind and good, and what are those other creatures made for?"

Such was my soliloquy as I left Mr. Holman's place after receiving a cordial invitation from him to call and talk over affairs, the state of the country, and so forth.

The next day, before twelve o'clock, Mr. Hol-

man sent me a check for two hundred and fifty dollars. I said nothing about it to Deams, nor he to me. Indeed I doubt very much if he gave the matter a thought after he had fairly saddled it on me. I at once had my own check certified for the amount of my note, five hundred and fifty dollars, and as Deams had made it payable at my office I sat and quietly waited for it to be sent in.

About half-past two who should enter but old Eli himself! It was quite out of the business course, as it was the duty of one of his clerks to present the note. Doubtless the old fellow wished to witness my mortification if not able to pay. [I afterwards learned that he had previously sent and ascertained I was in.]

The old fellow advanced stoutly to the desk where I was sitting and placed the note before my eyes. I took the certified check from the drawer and placed it quietly before his eyes. Eli looked chopfallen. He picked up the check, turned and left the room without a word being spoken on either side.

I counted the man my enemy after this; but I was mistaken. He had not the capacity to be a friend of anybody, but he rather admired the way I treated him—payment of the note included—and I frequently heard of his passing encomiums on me in his rough, vulgar way, such as that I "would do;" the man who would get ahead of me "must get up early," and the like. All this because I had refused to be made his tool, and had been prompt in meeting my obligation.

CHAPTER X.

I am about to give you another phase of my Wall Street experience. Thus far, reader, you must have felt dissatisfied, if not disgusted, with the petty scope of my proceedings. You have looked, doubtless, for some record which should amply sustain your notions of the magnitude of "street" operations and explain how, as if by magic, men and things change like resolving and dissolving views.

Behold me, then, an active inquirer into the famous coal scheme which Deams has introduced to me, and which is represented by the solid house of Masterman, Coldbrook & Pope.

Do you ask me why I consented even to examine the affair when I so thoroughly knew the character of Deams by actual observation, and felt that I knew equally well the status of Masterman, Coldbrook and Pope by intuition? I can only say in reply that I was allured insensibly by the dazzling idea of somehow or other "making a strike." Other enterprises which had turned out well had been started in weak and often doubtful hands, yet ultimately found their proper place on the market and settled into a solid and respectable basis.

Mind, I was only committed to "look into" the affair. But Deams knew and his "three friends" knew (which I did not) that this was tantamount to enlisting me in it. I had afterwards to learn that the apothegm "to hesitate and parley is to be lost" will hear many applications, none more true than with reference to such transactions.

One morning—time had carried us on to the middle of October, with little or no change in my own matters, only that I was living, more than ever, perhaps from hand to mouth—one morning, I say, Deams announced to me that he was ready to go "fully into details" on the subject of the Great Coal Company, and that for the purpose of being quite uninterrupted he thought we had better to go round to the establishment of Masterman, Coldbrook & Pope, where every document could be seen and all questions answered "by the book."

"I thought we were first to look over the papers together before admitting any one to the interview," I said tartly.

"So we are, Mr. Brant, but we shall have a private room quite to ourselves, and since all the books, papers, reports, specimens, and so forth, and so forth, are at Masterman's, I think we can't do better than go there."

It was impossible to say a word against so plain a proposition; accordingly we started together to visit the "establishment" (so Deams called it), of Masterman, Coldbrook & Pope.

Perhaps I should state that ever since the affair of the note, Deams had treated me with a good deal of deference. Whether his object was merely to flatter me, or whether he inferred from the circumstances of my paying the five hundred and fifty dollars so promptly that I had funds in reserve, it is of little purpose to inquire. He certainly was much more respectful in his manner than ever before, and now ordinarily said, "Mr. Brant" when addressing me, in place of plain, familiar, "Brant."

"What business are these people in," I asked, as we passed along.

"Well, they have now opened very fine offices for the purposes of the company, as well as for their own use, so that the company can commence at once, you perceive, with superior accommodations."

Deams has an odd habit of saying, "You perceive," whenever anything was a little obscure, or when he was not prepared to afford explanations.

Thinking I should be able to "perceive" very shortly for myself, I made no reply, but marched on in silence.

"Here we are," said Deams, stopping before one of the finest buildings in the street.

We mounted one flight of stairs only, when I saw over the door in front of me. In large letters,

HOPE AND ANCHOR MUTUAL COAL COMPANY.

HORATIO J. DEMPSEY, President.

On the door I read:

MASTERMAN, COLDBROOK & POPE, BANKERS.

There was no time for further queries—Deams entered, and I followed him into the main room, which was protected from intruders by a line of counters and iron railing, with two or three small spaces in the railing to admit conference if desired. Over a small arch way, in the centre, I read: *Cashier*; at another: *Transfer Clerk*, and so on.

At one of these interesting points, I observed the protruding nose of Mr. Elton Pope, and caught a glimpse of his carryot wig. He looked littler, and his nose larger than ever, as he bobbed his head in token of welcome. Deams, however, did not wait for any further demonstration, but walked to a side door which opened into a cosy room, where we found a pleasant fire (the day was cool), and sitting before it Mr. Aaron Masterman, who was busily occupied reading a long advertisement in one of the daily papers.

He arose as we entered, shook hands with Deams very cordially, and with me in a differential style, which was quite overcoming.

"That will do, I guess," he said, handing the paper to Deams, as he placed his thick forefinger on the notice.

The latter made a careless assent, scarcely looking at the article in question.

"Mr. Brant has consented to give us an hour or two this morning for examination and conference before investing in our enterprise or undertaking to interest his friends in it. May I trouble you for the title pages and the contract held by your firm, also the report of Professor Silex, and of Dr. Quartz, besides the various letters relating to the property?"

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Masterman. "I will speak to Mr. Pope, and you will have them before you without a moment's delay."

He left the apartment, and I took occasion thereupon to look about me. The room was elegantly carpeted, and furnished in the most handsome manner. On one side was a rosewood cabinet filled with various mineralogical specimens, many of which were very fine. A shelf was entirely devoted to "Specimens of coal from the lands of Grover P. Wilcox, Esq." These specimens were remarkably fine ones, and ought certainly to have satisfied the most critical and fastidious examiner.

"It looks all right don't it?" said Deams confidently.

I made no reply.

Splendid cabinet: it belongs to Professor Quartz. We have borrowed it for the season Good idea, don't you think so?"

I had no time to make any observation, for the door opened and Mr. Elton Pope came in with his arms filled even up to the end of his long proboscis, with several immense books, maps, newspapers, printed pamphlets, and divers rolls of manuscript.

The little man stood for a moment as if doubtful how to get rid of his load, each eye wandering restlessly from point to point, as if quite independent of the other.

"Let me relieve you, my dear sir," said Deams, and he proceeded gradually to unload the poor fellow, who, when the operation was concluded, bowed, in the most touching manner to me, and turned and left the room.

"Now for work," said Deams, taking up one of the large volumes, which I saw was marked "Geological Survey of the State of Pennsylvania."

"What is all this for?" I asked.

"I wish," continued Deams, with an innocent air, "to show you the immense value of the coal deposits of the State of Pennsylvania."

"Don't make an ass of yourself, Deams, or attempt to make a fool of me," I said, in an angry tone. "If you have any wish to talk business, why proceed; if not I am off."

"Now, then, don't flush up in this way when I am doing my best to please you; but the fact is, one never knows where you will break out next. I thought, of all things, you would like it if I began at the beginning, and now my sincere desire to suit you puts you in a passion."

Deams had a singular power of mollifying wrath, at least with me. The innocent simplicity he assumed was so ludicrous that I laughed in spite of myself.

"Shall we take up the titles to the Wilcox Estate?" he inquired in the same tone.

"I am no lawyer, Deams, and I should suppose your counsel has already passed on them."

"That is true; Joel P. Phillips, a distinguished lawyer, has examined the papers and pronounced all right. That opinion should satisfy anybody. What next?"

"Next, if you please, are very particular details of the properties, maps and descriptions of the different veins. Look here," Deams produced a pamphlet of about one hundred pages, containing several maps covered with sections of the different veins. The pamphlet also embraced the report of Professor Silex and Dr. Quartz, besides numerous letters from practical men who were more or less known to me.

"I am willing to call this 'all right,' as you term it, Deams; so let us come to the actual matter in hand. Let me see your scheme, then I will tell you how far I am willing to co-operate with you."

"Here is the Prospectus," said Deams.

I took it and read as follows:

Hope and Anchor Mutual Coal Company, established under the act of the State of New York, passed Feb. 17, 1848. Capital \$2,750,000, divided into 550,000 shares of \$5 each, organized on the plan of enabling each shareholder to become the producer of his own coal, and each share of stock entitles the holder to one ton of coal a year at cost.

President.

HORATIO J. DEMPSEY.

Vice-President,

ELIHU PRICE PETERS.

Treasurer,

AARON H. MASTERMAN.

Secretary.

ELTON POPE.

Trustees.

HORATIO J. DEMPSEY, Antarctic Iron Mills.
ELIHU PRICE PETERS (Peters & Osterhaus).
AARON H. MASTERMAN (Masterman & Pope).
JOHN R. STILLHOUSE (Stillhouse, Fleet & Co).
DAVID PROKAW, United Steam Wire Co.
ELTON POPE (Masterman, Coldbrook & Pope).
JOHN BRANT, Banker.

Bankers,

Bank of Mutual Safety,
MASTERMAN, COLDBROOK & POPE.

Counsel.

JOEL P. PHILLIPS & ERARTUS EAMS, ESQS.

Geologist—PRO. PAOLI SILEX.

Practical Do—DR. RUFUS QUARTZ.

I sat and looked at the names in perfect amazement, with the exception of Masterman, Pope, and myself; these were as well known and respectable as any names in New York. Indeed, so perfectly was I taken by surprise at the sight of them, that, at first, I never thought of the unwarrantable use made of my own name. After I recovered a little, it occurred to me that the others might have had theirs placed there, as mine had been, without consulting the parties concerned. Deams watched me in silence.

At length I looked up. "Tell me," I said, "are these names here with the consent of the persons indicated?"

"Every one of them, on my honour," said Deams, stoutly, "except your own."

"And why did you not consult me?" I asked.

"I will tell you why, Mr. Brant. It is because you are so very queer sometimes—so very queer—can never tell where you are going to break out, and I candidly confess to you, now we are all straight, that I was afraid to let you know about it—indeed I was."

"But why do you put me on at all?"

"Now don't I beg," said Deams, laughing, "don't try to look simple, as if you didn't know as much about some things as the next man. I say," he continued, "do you see my name there?"

"No."

"I should rather suppose not. Yet I ain't the life and soul of the enterprise, the originator developer, promoter, and so forth? Are you not my ally, associate and friend, and at the same time entirely competent to represent, care for, and protect our interests in the Hope & Anchor Mutual Coal Company?"

Deams evidently had gained considerable courage since the list of trustees was completed.

"Honestly then without prevarication, you declare these individuals have consented to act as trustees?" I said very seriously.

"I do," replied Deams.

"Well then, now for the scheme."

"Now for it," echoed Deams in a business tone. "Let us keep our wits about us, Mr. Brant, and we have made all the money we shall require for the rest of our lives—let me tell you that."

"Never mind that now, Deams, but give me the programme."

"Here you have it. First, you understand the principle on which we propose to run the machine—the mutual, principle, I mean?"

"Yes, I believe I do, and what is more, I think the principle a first rate one; in my opinion, if honestly conducted, it will take well."

"Aha! I thought you would come to it," said Deams triumphantly. "I invented the idea. I was brought to it, partly by seeing notices of the high price of coal, and but more particular, by reading lots of newspaper articles, abusing the retailers. If every newspaper had been under pay, they could not have served the Hope and Anchor better. No indeed, everybody is crying out against the coal dealers, and the public are ready to go in for anything which will bring them to terms. On this hint I spoke, as Othello says, and you see how I have got on. Besides, I came the benevolent dodge, which secured Mr. Dempsey for President. You know he is great on taking care of the city poor, and he is interested in a dozen different societies. We are going to supply the whole with coal at cost. Poor folks should be victimized no longer. With Dempsey once in it, you may judge it was not difficult to get Stillhouse, his son-in-law, and then the rest followed like sheep."

"Then you have all the funds you want?"

"Why, not exactly. You see all these good people are just as ready to make money as the other kind; why shouldn't they be? So I explained to Mr. Dempsey that we had reserved for him 2,000 shares of stock, as compensation for his services, and that we should not call on him for any money. So we say to all the trustees. Mr. D. was content. He consented to act, but said he would hold the stock in hand for the poor of the Five Points. Noble fellow, that!"

"How are you to get money then," I asked. "From the public, sir, on this prospectus! Let me explain," and thereupon Deams went into the figures, which I propose shall be the subject of the next chapter.

To be continued.

SAVE IN SOMETHING ELSE.

"MUTTON-chops again for dinner!" said the well-fed looking Mr. Finley. "Really, my dear, it's too bad, when you know that, if there's anything I detest, it is mutton-chops."

"I wasn't aware, James," answered the wife, a careworn woman, apologetically, "that you disliked mutton-chops so very much. I knew, indeed, that you preferred beef-steak; but then beef is not wholesome just now, unless one pays very dear for it."

"Well, well, never mind for to-day," replied Mr. Finley, crossly, helping himself to a chop. "But, don't, for mercy's sake, give me any more of this stuff—meat I will not call it. Steaks I must have. You can easily save it in something else."

"Save it in something else! But how," asked the wife of herself, "is this to be done?"

Her weekly allowance was already as small as it could well be, considering how many mouths she had to feed, and that she was compelled to disburse more or less of it continually for "sundries, that's nothing at all," as Mr. Finley said.

The next day there was a juicy rump-steak for dinner, but no pudding.

"Why, how is this? No sweets to-day, when I like, as you know, my dear, some sort of sweets?"

"I thought I would save the extra money for the steak in that way," timidly answered his wife.

"Good gracious, no! I'd rather do without anything else," tartly replied the husband.

The tears came into the wife's eyes. But she knew that her husband hated what he called "a scene," and so she choked down her emotion. There were few words spoken during the meal, for Mr. Finley was out of temper, and his wife did not dare trust herself to talk, lest she should break down.

The third day, the meat course was again excellent; and its joint was done "to a turn." Mr. Finley was in capital humour, as he always was over good eating, until the pudding came in, which consisted of a plain rice one. At sight of this, the gloom gathered on his brow.

"Poor man's pudding, I declare! Really, Anne, one would think, from the fare you provided, that I was a bankrupt!"

"Indeed, James, I do try to please you," said the wife, bursting into tears. "But I can't afford to give you everything—provisions are so high; and I thought you'd rather have a cheap pudding, than do without your nice joint."

"Pshaw! Don't cry," hastily replied Mr. Finley. "To be sure, I'd rather do without a good pudding than not have the other;," he continued, more placably. "But there's really no necessity for it, my dear; for, in so large a household as ours, there are plenty of things off which the price of a good pudding might be saved."

No more was said on the subject that day. But, a few mornings after, Mr. Finley, on tasting his coffee, said, suddenly putting down his cup, "What's the matter with your coffee, my dear? Really, that grocer has cheated you. Why? tasting it again, "this stuff is chicory, and not coffee at all."

"It is not the grocer's fault," Mrs. Finley mustered courage to say. "I knew it was chicory when I bought it. Our expenses are so high, my dear, that we must save in something; and I thought it would be felt least, perhaps, in the coffee."

"The very last thing to save in," angrily said Mr. Finley, pushing away his cup. "I'd rather drink cold water than this stuff!"

And cold water he did drink, though his wife, almost ready to cry, offered to have some tea made.

Mrs. Finley is still endeavouring to "save in something else," for her husband will not deny

himself in anything, and forgets to increase her allowance. Her last experiment was to forego a new winter bonnet. But her husband, on seeing her come down dressed for church, on a bright frosty morning, with her last year's faded bonnet on, grew very angry, declaring "that there was no need to make herself look like a fright—he wasn't a broken tradesman." But when one of the children told him why the old bonnet was worn, he made no offer to increase his wife's stipend; but only grumbled, sulkily, that "she might have saved it in something else."

When I see a well-fed, dogmatic husband, who has a careworn wife, I think of the steaks, the pudding, and the bonnet, and wonder if poor Mrs. Finley is the only woman who, to gratify a selfish husband, is made the victim of saving in something else.

PRUDHON.

The following curious story is told of a water-colours sketch by Prudhon, representing the painter himself, in ball costume of the time of the Consulate, and said to have been drawn by him as a model for his tailor. M. Luquet, a well-known connoisseur, saw it in the window of a barber's shop in the Rue Mouffetard, the *grande rue* of the Chiffonniers of Paris; the paper was soiled and yellow from age and ill-usage, but in the corner was the well-known signature of Prudhon, in vermilion. M. Luquet asked if the figure was for sale, and the old man, the father of the barber, to whom it belonged, being told that a gentleman wanted to buy it, came forward and said:—"You want to purchase my Prudhon, Monsieur? for it is a Prudhon, and I can answer for it. He gave it to me himself, one evening after I had dressed him *a la Titus* for a ball at the Tuilleries. I was his hair-dresser and the famous David's also." M. Luquet began to think that his chance of a bargain was vanishing, but he asked the old barber whether he would part with the drawing. The latter seemed to hesitate—he had given it as a plaything to his little grandson, and it was a wonder it was not destroyed; for himself he was nearly blind, and the sretch was no great use to him; besides, he would rather see his Prudhon in the hands of a connoisseur than in those of a child—and the gentleman would perhaps make Adolphe a little present into the bargain. By this time M. Luquet had begun to calculate in his own mind how much he should give for the Prudhon, and he asked, with ill-disguised concern, how much the old man wanted for it. "Dame!"—said the old man, in the slow accents of age, or what seemed to the eager M. Luquet like the cunning of the bargainer—"It is original, and what is more, signed. Do you think it would be dear at fifteen sous?" M. Luquet's face lighted up with surprise, the exchange was soon made, Adolphe was presented with a magnificent *zouave* who moved arms and legs with great agility when a certain cord was touched, and M. Prudhon, in his gala dress, was soon cleaned up, laid down upon Bristol board, surrounded with a handsome frame, and was eventually presented to the Empress on the day of *Sainte Eugénie*, and formed one of the most attractive objects during the late gatherings at Compiègne.

"THE WEDDING MARKET."—At a recent dinner of the friends of some "amalgamated benefit associations," a witty Bradford divine descanted on this subject, and gave the following, amidst much laughter, as the "report" of the present state of the wedding market:—Spinisters: *Lighter* articles not in demand; *richer* sorts much inquired after; terms generally prompt. This restricts the market. *Mediums*, well made and carefully got up, are steadily on the advance. Widows rule firm, and, if substantial, are occasionally inquired after. Bachelors: All sorts of goods find a ready market. In the finer class, swells have nearly disappeared, and a more serviceable article is now offered. Here, too, the mediums are most sought after; the texture is finer and more serviceable than heretofore. Flimsy and unwarranted goods are flat. Old maids and old bachelors: Quantities of previous years' goods encumber the warehouse, and are not quoted. If sought after by speculators for export, no doubt good articles may be found at easy prices.

PASTIMES.

DACAPITATIONS.

1. Behead a useful article of furniture and leave what thieves despise; behead again, remove the centre, and the remainder will be quite correct.
2. Behead a confused mixture and leave what Uriah Heap was.
3. Behead an adjective and leave a useful mechanical power; behead again, and leave a word which means "always."
4. Behead a species of game and leave a verb which signifies to disturb; behead again, and leave a river.
5. Behead what is generally attached to a portmanteau and leave what we should avoid; behead again, and leave something not pleasant to receive.

CHARADES.

1. My *first* is an animal; my *second* an article too often used in the wrong place; my *third* indispensable in daily life; my *whole* famous in ancient history.
2. My *first* means to throw, As soon as you will know, If rightly the answer you guess; An *article* next, Will add to the text, To unravel this mystical dress. Then close to them place, With right comely grace, What fishermen use when at sea; My *whole* has oft been Used when dancing, I ween, As must be well known unto thee.

ARITHMOREMS.

TOWNS.

1. 1050 no tear.
2. 500 raft born.
3. 1051 ah not.
4. 550 no no.
5. 50 Elb 5G e.

ANAGRAMS.

1. A great egg.
2. Is pity love?
3. I met Moses.
4. O a plain spice.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. MNOOTSIIP. What none of us like.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. Half the trees in an orchard are apple trees; a fourth pear trees; a sixth plum trees; and there are, beside, fifty cherry trees. How many trees are there altogether?
2. Required a number of two digits, such that if the square of the digit in the units place be subtracted from the square of the digit in the tens place, the remainder shall be equal to six times the latter digit.
3. One of the angles at the base of a triangle is four fifths of the other, and the quotient arising from dividing the difference of the cubes of the number of degrees in the angles at the base, by the cube of their difference, is eleven less than the number of degrees in the third angle. Find the size of the three angles.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., No. 27.

PUZZLE.—A I stand even with you, I give you to understand that no man shall be overbearing under me,

CHARADES.—1. Christ-mas. 2. Sham-rock. 3. Stri-king.

ACROSTIC.—North America. Niagara Falls. 1. Nankin. 2. Odazzi. 3. Riga. 4. Taganrong. 5. Hygeia. 6. Abner. 7. Magna Charta. 8. Ethelwol. 9. Roscrea. 10. Ingersoll. 11. Campbell. 12. Aristophanes.

RIDDLE.—Shadow. **DECAPITATIONS.**—1. L-arch. 2. K-night. 3. L-umber. 4. L-oaf.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.—1. The weights were 1, 3, 9 and 27 lbs. 2. St John's last year \$180, this year \$174. St. Georges last year \$70, this year \$154.

The following answers have been received. **Puzzle.**—Delve, Cloud, Festus. **Charades.**—Festus, Argus, Leonora, W. G. **Acrostic.**—Lawrence, R. J. B., H. H. V., Camp, Argus.

Decapitations.—R. J. B., R. J. N., Delve, Cloud, H. H. V., Argus.

Arithmetical Problems.—1. H. H. V., Argus, F. H. A., Camp, Leonora. 2. Double you, Argus, H. H. V.

The following were received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue. X. Y., Stratford, S. I. C., Robin.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM No. 14.—Mate cannot be given in two moves, as suggested by two of our correspondents, by playing 1. K. to B. 5th, followed by 2. Q. to Q. Kt. 4th, as Black would reply with 1. P. to Q. 4th, and escape.

PROBLEM No. 15.—Correct solutions received from St. Urbain St.; H. K. C., Tyro, and E. H. T., Quebec; Alma, Brantford; R. B., Toronto; and W. S.

TYRO, QUEBEC.—The position is filed for early insertion. Shall be glad to receive those promised games. Your solution of Problem No. 13 is correct.

H. K. C., QUEBEC.—In Problems, Casting is deemed inadmissible; this, therefore, proves an objectionable feature in the one you kindly forwarded.

ST. URBAIN ST.—Again accept our thanks for your valued labours.

TRUMPS.—The end-game (which admits of a solution in three moves) is too easy to insert as a Problem.

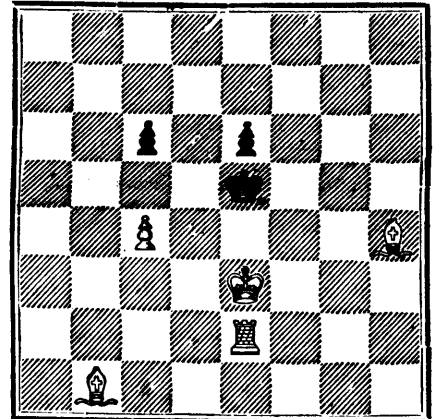
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 15.

WHITE. 1 K. to K. 3rd. 2 Kt. to Q. K. 5th. 3 P. takes P. Mate. **BLACK.** P. to Q. B. 4th. P. to Q. B. 5th.

PROBLEM No. 17.

By MR. W. ATKINSON, MONTREAL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in four moves.

A very instructive *partie* between Mr. L. Paulsen and a first-rate amateur.—*Era.*

COCHRANE GAMBIT.

WHITE (Amateur.) 1 P. to K. 4th. 2 P. to K. B. 4th. 3 K. Kt. to B. 3rd. 4 K. B. to B. 4th. 5 K. Kt. to K. 5th. 6 K. to B. sq. 7 P. to K. Kt. 3rd. 8 K. to B. 2nd. 9 Kt. takes B. P. (c) 10 K. B. to B. sq. 11 K. to K. sq. 12 K. to K. 2nd. 13 Kt. takes K. R. 14 P. to Q. 4th. 15 K. to Q. 3rd. 16 Q. to Q. 2nd. 17 K. takes K. Kt. 18 Q. Kt. takes B. 19 P. to Q. Kt. 3rd. 20 K. to Q. Kt. 2nd. 21 P. to Q. B. 3rd. 22 K. B. to Kt. 5th. 23 K. R. to B. sq. And Paulsen wins.

BLACK (Paulsen.) P. to K. 4th. K. P. takes P. P. to K. Kt. 4th. P. to K. Kt. 5th. Q. to K. R. 5th (ch.) P. to B. 6th (a) Q. to B. 5th (ch.) K. Kt. to B. 3rd. (b) P. to Q. 4th. Kt. takes P. (ch.) (d) P. to B. 7th (ch.) Q. to K. B. 4th. Q. to K. 4th. Kt. to B. 6th (ch.) (e) Q. to B. 5th. (f) K. B. to R. 3rd. B. takes Q. (ch.) Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. Q. to K. 6th (ch.) Q. takes K. P. (ch.) Q. takes K. Kt. B. to K. B. 4th. P. to Q. 5th.

(a) This constitutes the Cochrane Gambit; it is a variation ingenious as well as interesting, fertile of the most difficult and complicated positions. (b) Checking with Q. at Kt. 7th would be bad play, the Queen would be in danger. (c) This looks more promising than it is in reality. (d) Mr. Paulsen now takes up the offensive, and the manner in which the game is conducted by the distinguished American, exhibits in a most remarkable degree the high powers of this gifted player. (e) All this is first-rate playing. (f) Ingeniously conceived; threatens Mate on the move.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HATTIE.—Much obliged. Hope to receive further favours.

SCOTIA.—We are glad that sober, second thoughts led you to take a just view of our position. Duty is not always pleasant. We shall be pleased to read the M.S. if you decide to forward it.

R. T. B.—The "impromptu" does not do you justice. We feel sure you can do better if you will give more time and thought to another effort.

ALF. B.—Solutions should always be appended to problems forwarded for insertion.

V. Your contribution is received but not yet read. The numbers shall be forwarded. We suppose the *nom de plume* was selected in order to mislead; the writer is innocent of crinoline.

E. F., ANCASTER.—The correction has already been made; please refer to our last number. We would not willingly insert a single line in the Reader which would be calculated to pain any class of our subscribers.

S. S.—We feel almost tempted to repay you in *kind*, but cannot easily find time to do so. Don't you think "something like it" sufficiently near? We do. Of course we expect to be put in possession of the secret at an early date. Many thanks!

V. L. G.—Next week probably.

PASQUINE.—Respectfully declined, on the ground that the sketch does not possess more than a local interest.

KATE S. M. L.—We certainly owe you an apology. It was our intention to have published them last month, as we promised and we regret that we overlooked them. Will endeavour to be more careful in future.

H. L.—Declined with thanks.

ARTIST.—We have not found time to look through you last communication. Should the necessity appear we may be glad to publish a selection from the receipts you refer to, but at present do not think it desirable to do so.

SOLDIER.—There must be some mistake in your statement of the question, or the solution is incorrect. Will you favour us with another copy of the problem.

F. B. D.—We still retain the copy. Our only objection, as stated at the time, is that unless there are special reasons for doing so, we do not care to devote so much space to compositions of the kind.

S. J. C.—Simple, and not without merit; but scarcely up to the mark for publication.

E. E.—As above.

PHILO.—The M.S. is so blotted and illegible that we have given up all attempts to decipher it. If correspondents would send "clean copy," a great deal of trouble would be spared both Editor and printers.

Geo. H.—If you will repeat your questions and forward us a stamped envelope we will reply through the post.

LADDIE.—The population of China is estimated at four hundred million.

VOCAL.—A mixture of honey and eggs, well beaten together, or raw eggs alone, will be found excellent for strengthening the voice.

FLORA V.—"Wind" in poetry may be pronounced to rhyme with "mind" when the rhyme requires it. In other places it is usually pronounced so as to rhyme with "dinn'd," "sinn'd."

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

BREAD CAKE.—One cup of butter, three cups of sugar, one bowl of light sponge, three eggs, one teaspoonful of saleratus, spices and raisins. Flour enough to make stiff.

WHITE CAKE.—One cup of sugar, half cup of butter, three cups of sweet cream, whites of nine eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one of soda, one cup and a half of flour.

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of sugar and three of flour sifted together, one cup of milk and a piece of butter the size of an egg warmed together, three eggs well beaten, and one teaspoonful of

mace. Mix this all together; roll it out, and make them in any shape. Fry them in hot lard.

FRIED FRITTERS.—Take four eggs, one pint of milk, a little salt, the rind of one lemon grated, or a few drops of the essence of lemon, and flour enough to make a light batter. Have ready some hot lard, drop in a large teaspoonful of butter, and fry them to a light brown. Serve with sugar and wine.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Warm two and a half table-spoonfuls of butter, stir in a teacup of white sugar, one well-beaten egg; put two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar in one pint of flour; add a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a cup of milk; flavour with nutmeg or lemon; bake three-quarters of an hour in a slow oven, and serve with rich, hot sauce.

OX-TAIL SOUP.—Put three ox-tails into three quarts of water, with half-a-dozen cloves, a little salt and pepper; boil three hours; strain the soup into an earthen pot; let it stand until the next day, then take off all the fat. Cut two onions in small pieces, fry them in butter; cut the tails the same; put them in with the onions, and fry a nice brown; cut up two carrots, two turnips, and half a head of white cabbage; put them into the soup with the onions and tails; boil two hours.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

The *John o' Groats Journal* announces the invention of an indigo dye from peat.

Chlorate of potash is now extensively used in dyeing as an oxidizing agent, in brightening what are technically termed, "steam colours."

Common lucifer matches are tipped with a composition of chlorate of potash and phosphorus mixed with ground glass, colouring matters, and a little gum. The so-called noiseless matches consist of phosphorus, 4 parts; nitre, 16 parts; red lead, 3 parts; and strong glue, 6 parts.

With the last number of the *Photographic News* is published the first issued example of a process by which photographic half-tone can be secured by mechanical printing. The picture is produced by Mr. Woodbury's photo-relief printing process, and is highly successful.

IMPROVEMENTS IN SAWING MACHINERY.—In the cabinet works of Messrs. Taylor & Son, at Rosemont, Edinburgh, an ingenious machine for the cutting of logs into boards has just been erected. The patent is held by one of the largest saw-mill proprietors in Germany. This machine, unlike those most in use in this country, works horizontally; the log is placed on a travelling carriage, which is constructed of timber, and made to cut logs of 30 ft. in length by 3 ft. square. The carriage is mounted on wheels, which run on the top surface of rails securely fixed to the stone foundation, whilst horizontal wheels are placed to run against the inside flanges of the rails, and thereby keep the carriage steady on the rails. The log is held securely on the carriage by means of iron clamps fixed in blocks, which work between guide bars, and are adjusted by screw spindles.

IMPROVED SAFETY GUNPOWDER.—As an improvement upon his patent of October, 1864, Mr. L. H. G. Ehrhardt, of Bayswater, proposes the use of tannin, or such substances as contain this material in large proportions, such as cachecu gum, kino, coal, mineral, or vegetable carbon, &c., in combination with either chlorate of potash or other fusible chlorates, or nitrate of potash singly or in combination. The proportions of the above ingredients will vary according to the effect desired; thus, a good blasting powder may be made by using—1. Chlorate of potash, 1½ part; nitrate potash, 1½ part. 2. Cutch, one part; cannel coal, two parts, all by bulk. The whole of the materials are finely powdered; the two compounds are kept separate until required for use, and are then thoroughly incorporated. For military and sporting gunpowder he employs chlorate of potash, four parts; tannin or cutch, one part by weight; the whole finely powdered. For explosive shells and similar projectiles, chlorate of potash, six parts; tannin or cutch, one part. Whilst the compounds are separate they are inexplosive.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Why is a petroleum dealer like an epicure.—Because he lives on the fat of the land.

"It is a shame," said a starving corset-maker, "that I, who have stayed the stomachs of thousands, should be without bread myself!"

A WOMAN'S REASON.—A young widow, on being asked why she was going to get married so soon after the death of her first husband, replied: "I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of dear Tom."

MAKING HIS BREAD.—A gentleman having occasion to call on a solicitor, found him in his office, which was very hot. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said, "it was as hot as an oven."—"So it ought to be," replied the lawyer, "for 'tis here I make my bread."

SOFT SOAP FOR ALL.—For a lieutenant, call him captain; for a middle-aged lady, kiss her, and say that you mistook her for her daughter; for a young gentleman rising fifteen, ask his opinion respecting the comparative merits of a razor; for young ladies, if you know their colour to be natural, accuse them of painting.

"Did you take the note, and did you see Mr. Thompson, Jack?"—"Ees, sir."—"And how was he?"—"Why, he lookd pretty well, but he's very blind."—"Blind! what do you mean?"—"Why, while I wur in the room he axed me where my hat wur, and I'm blessed if it wur not on my head all the while."

Too LONG BY HALF.—On a recent occasion, a gentleman was coming up from York, by the Great Northern Railway, and it appeared—as ill luck would have it—that there sat opposite to him a gentleman with remarkably long legs, which he was not very particular about digging into our friend's knees. On the arrival of the train at Birmingham, the long-legged man observed to his neighbour, "I shall get out and stretch my legs here a bit, as we wait ten minutes."—"For goodness' sake, sir, don't do that!" said our friend, "for I am quite sure they are too long by half already."

KNOWLEDGE WANTED.—"We niver had naw ventilashun when I lived wit' auld squire: nowt' o't sort," said an old servant to his master. "You must have had some ventilation, Tom," said the master, as he looked at the well-stuffed-up stable; "your cattle could not have lived without it."—"Mebbe; but I niver seed it, nor saw sike thing; and I knawed iverything that coomed in and out a't place."

A WESTERN critic, in speaking of a new play, says: "The unities are admirably observed; the dulness, which commences with the first act, never flags for a moment until the curtain falls."

A FELLOW was told, at a tailor's shop, that three yards of cloth, by being made wet, would shrink one quarter of a yard. "Well, then," he inquired, "if you should wet a quarter of a yard, would there be any of it left?"

PIG'S HEAD AND TURNIPS.—"Mother, what's in the pot?" "A pig's head and turnips, dear." Little Mary being of an inquisitive turn, she got peeping in the pot, when she saw one of the turnips in the pig's mouth. "Mother—mother!" she cried. "What's the matter?" "Oh, mother, if you don't come quick, the pig will eat all the turnips!"

EQUITY.—A gentleman resident at Harrow made frequent complaints to the masters of the great school there, of his garden being stripped of its fruit, even before it became ripe, but to no purpose. Tired of applying to the masters for redress, he at length appealed to the boys, and sending for one to his house, he said, "Now, my good fellow, I'll make this agreement with you and your companions. Let the fruit remain on the trees till it becomes ripe, and I promise to give you half." The boy coolly replied, "I can say nothing to the proposition, sir, myself, but will make it known to the rest of the boys, and inform you of their decision to-morrow. To-morrow came, and brought with it this reply: "The gentlemen of Harrow cannot agree to receive so unequal a share, since Mr.—is an individual, and we are many."