

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

L'Institut a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- |                                     |   |                                     |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured covers /<br>Couverture de couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured pages / Pages de couleur   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers damaged /<br>Couverture endommagée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages damaged / Pages endommagées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Covers restored and/or laminated /<br>Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée   | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages restored and/or laminated /<br>Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Cover title missing /<br>Le titre de couverture manque  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/<br>Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured maps /<br>Cartes géographiques en couleur  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Pages detached / Pages détachées  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /<br>Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)  | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Showthrough / Transparence  |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Coloured plates and/or illustrations /<br>Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur   | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Quality of print varies /<br>Qualité inégale de l'impression  |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Bound with other material /<br>Relié avec d'autres documents  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Includes supplementary materials /<br>Comprend du matériel supplémentaire   |
| <input type="checkbox"/>            | Only edition available /<br>Seule édition disponible  | <input type="checkbox"/>            | Blank leaves added during restorations may<br>appear within the text. Whenever possible, these<br>have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que<br>certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une<br>restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,<br>lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas<br>été numérisées. |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion<br>along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut<br>causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la<br>marge intérieure. |                                     |   |
| <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> | Additional comments /<br>Commentaires supplémentaires:  |                                     | Continuous pagination.  |

# THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 44.

FOR WEEK ENDING JULY 7, 1866.

FIVE CENTS.

## CONTENTS.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.	DARLING LILY. (Poetry.)
MUSICAL.	THE BED-MAKER'S
THE DRAMA.	STORY.
THE MAGAZINES.	A TALE OF THE CATA-
LITERARY GOSSIP.	COMBS.
LIST OF NEW BOOKS.	HAUNTED HILDBERTON.
DORA MARSTON AND I.	PASTIMES.
THE UGAR SHIP.	CHESS.
WHAT IS THE QUADRILA-	TO CORRESPONDENTS.
TERAL?	MISCELLANEA.
THE RILEYS.	SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
REVIEW OF THE PARIS-	WITTY AND WHELMICAL.
IAN FASHIONS.	

Continued from week to week, the **NEW STORY**,  
"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."  
TRANSLATED FOR THE "SATURDAY READER" FROM  
THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.

## NATIONAL DEFENCE.

THAT exuberant and effective display of patriotism, so recently manifested by the citizen-soldiery of Canada, a display whose stern and practical purport our invaders learnt in the bitter lessons of Lime Ridge in the western, and Eccles' Corners in the eastern section of the Province—induces us to lay before our readers a few observations on a question which now holds an important place among the public topics of the day, viz: National Defence.

It is not necessary, in treating of such a subject, that we should enter into, even were we capable of doing so, the discussion of the abstruse questions which are involved in great military defensive combinations—such as Napoleon carried out in his campaign of the hundred days—such as were illustrated by General Lee, in his long and glorious defence of the Confederate capital. Those of our readers who desire to study war and the dry details of strategy, will find ample sources of gratification in the pages of Baron Jomini and Marmont, worthy pupils of the school wherein the principal teacher was the great Napoleon.

That the Fenian invasion would terminate in ignominious defeat, was a result which even a child might have foreseen; but although such a finale was to be expected, there can be no reasonable room to doubt, that had our preparations been delayed, our volunteers unorganised, our authorities less on the alert, these men from the other side of the frontier would have been able to effect much damage of property, and, perhaps, destruction of life, before being effectually hurled across our borders. We have suffered enough already; valuable lives have been sacrificed; business has felt a severe shock; property has been destroyed, and the country been put to great expense. Yet what would those misfortunes be, in comparison to the overwhelming calamity of having had these freebooters for even a fortnight in the country—men who would have carried out the lessons of Sherman in Georgia, and Sheridan in Virginia, and have left our fertile and populous frontiers howling and depopulated wildernesses. Let us thank Heaven that matters are no worse, and let the past serve as a warning for the future. The idea of a number of men, without the prestige of an executive government, without the flimsy advantage of having been accorded belligerent rights, possessing no commissariat, and very few of the minor agencies of war, attempting to conquer, and then hold, a Province so vast in extent and so united in sentiment as Canada, is sheer madness. There are very few instances in the modern history of the world where, even in the case of nations, one country has been able to subdue and permanent-

ly retain possession of another. Of course we have the example of Poland, as an exception to this statement; but it ought to be remembered that Poland, rent asunder and weakened by centuries of internal dissension, could be expected to offer no effective resistance to her partition by the three despotisms of Russia, Austria and Prussia. Nevertheless, the tremendous struggles which the Poles have frequently made to regain their independence, unseconded as they have been by the powers of western Europe, show plainly and conclusively that it is no easy task even for three of the greatest European military powers to keep her in unquestioning subjection. It may be said, "What about the Confederate States?" The answer is very easy. These states were not overcome by superior valour on the part of the North, but by the persistent and lavish employment of the unlimited resources which the latter possessed, in men, money and the machinery of war. A country that possesses no sea-board like Poland, or a sea-board heremetically blockaded like that of the Southern States, can scarcely hope to prosper in a protracted conflict with a stronger power; still he would be a reckless political prophet who would dare to say that the spirit of nationality in either of these nations is so completely crushed, that it will never again arise to try the issue of another conflict.

But as a set-off against the case of Poland and the Southern States, we have that of Mexico, a country hardly civilized, split into factions, and inapt at war, maintaining a desperate, and not unsuccessful resistance against the trained troops of the man of *coup d'état*, the Fenian of the Tuilleries.

It is generally supposed that, strategically speaking, Canada would prove a country very difficult of defence. But such is not in reality the case. No doubt our frontier is an extended one—and the confederation of the colonies will make it more lengthy still; at the same time it should be borne in mind that it is not necessary to provide for the defence of every part of our boundary line; an army as large as that of Xerxes could not do it, nor could a host even more numerous than that of the Persian king attack us simultaneously on every portion of the frontier. Our readers know that in every battle-field, as well as on every national boundary line, there are certain strategic points or "keys," on the possession of which the victory depends. Those points on our frontier have only to be carefully protected by well constructed fortifications, and to be defended by bodies of troops armed in the best manner, and proportionate in number to those which an enemy might reasonably be expected to bring to bear upon any particular point, and then we might await the result with confidence. We think that after the late experience we have had, the Government of Canada should stimulate to the utmost the organisation of volunteer companies in all of our frontier towns; for the inhabitants on the Lines possess this advantage over those in the interior, that they are thoroughly familiar with the country, and with all the entrances through which an enemy could penetrate across our border. And there is this other consideration, that the frontier men, liable to be the first to be attacked, and having much to lose, would always be on the alert, and, in case of invasion, would make a desperate resistance, and so hold an enemy at bay until our railways poured in reinforcements. We think, therefore, that our authorities would do well if they at once took the most effective measures possible to create a chain of volunteer companies along the entire Frontier.

We would also suggest, as an important element in national defence, the organization, both

in town and country, of our young men, for the purpose of perfecting themselves in drill, and particularly in the use of the rifle. In a wooded country like ours, where there are so many natural defences, a comparatively small body of men, each of whom was an adept at the rifle, could give a good account of themselves, even if opposed to a body ten times their number. Look at the influence of rifled small arms at Alma and Inkermann and Solferino, and it will be seen that they are destined to exert a vast influence in the great battles of the future.

An able journal, the *Montreal Gazette*, has lately made a suggestion to the effect that our Government should consider the importance of protecting the peace of the Frontier by a body of mounted police, composed of men who know the localities. The idea is a good one. In the American war, both parties made use of mounted infantry—men who could fight on horseback as well as on foot. By means of such a force, composed of 9000 men, suddenly thrown by Sheridan on the extreme right of the Petersburg defences, he won the battle of Five Forks, and finished the siege at a blow. Here is what Marshal Marmont says of such men as the troops in question:

"There is a fourth kind of mounted troops, whose institution is of very ancient date, and which has, in some unaccountable manner, undergone a complete perversion: I refer to dragoons. Originally they were nothing but mounted infantry; they ought always to have retained that character. As such, dragoons might render immense service in thousands of circumstances; in detachments, for surprises; in retrograde movements, and especially in pursuits. But in accordance with the object of their institution they should be mounted on horses too small for a formation in line, otherwise the intrigues and pretensions of their colonels will soon convert them into cavalry, and they will become bad infantry and bad cavalry."

"There is, I repeat, no more useful institution than that of dragoons, but then they must not be diverted from their right use. Their horses should be small, as I have already stated; their harness and the equipment of both men and horses should be solely calculated for the easy and rapid service of real infantry, armed with good muskets and bayonets, and well provided with ammunition. Dragoons, in fact, should be clothed and shod so as to be able to march with facility."

We must now finish, by saying that, with a properly trained volunteer force, with our strategic points properly fortified and manned, with the empire at our back, her fleets to keep open the highway by the St. Lawrence in summer, and the frosts and snows by our arctic winter to oppose an impassable barrier to the advance by a foe at that season—with strong hearts, and with right and justice on our side, the people of Canada need never fear the triumph of an enemy, no matter from what quarter or in what guise he make his appearance.

## MUSICAL.

**A MATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETIES.**—Too much importance cannot be attached to the benefits to be derived both artistically and socially from the existence of these Societies, not only in our cities and larger towns, but also in our villages, and indeed wherever it is possible to get material together for the performance of either concerted vocal or instrumental music. It is a fact, probably but little felt in proportion to its importance, that the gift of music is pos-

essed with but few exceptions by the whole of the civilized race, forming, where it has been nurtured, not only a never-ending interest to its votaries, but an increasing one in proportion to the care bestowed on its development. That the gift of music is general, and possessed by those even of not very great educational attainments will be apparent if we refer one moment to the old country. Not only do we have in London the oratorio performed by the 3,000 educated musicians, or a performance by the 5,000 children's voices at the Crystal Palace, but the dockyardmen, the police force, the miners, and the ragged schools and even the shoeblacks—people, who we know have but little time to devote to anything else than their daily bread—enjoy the recreations of their brass-bands and drums and fifes;—and what more social or endless source of amusement and interest can be imagined. Among ourselves music is just as important; and those persons who neither play nor sing are little sensible of the pleasures of which they debar themselves or of the vast amount of good social feeling which is stifled by neglect of one of God's greatest and most widely spread gifts. Many may be too much occupied with the cares of life to warrant an attempt, but let it not be neglected among the young people. Let all the children learn to play upon some instrument, the piano, or violin, or flute, boys as much as girls, and induce them to sing from the moment they can speak. Then, when they become of a reasonable age, they will find interest and amusement in the family circle, instead of seeking for it elsewhere. What finer sight can be imagined than, after the day's work is over, to behold a family, with its three or four instrumentalists or vocalists, using their combined forces in the production of a musical gem, where mind, feeling, and physical force, are all called into action. If there is a finer sight, it must be when the members of different families unite together for the production of greater or more intricate works, where all feel their dependence on one another, and all are pleased and gratified by their individual exertions, and by the beauty and variety of the combinations. Every professor should use his influence in the promotion and perfecting of these "unions" to the best of his ability. Do not fear a confliction of interests; never was there a greater mistake than to suppose musical amateur societies were antagonistic to one another. Let the development of the art be the ruling passion, and it will soon be found that the greater the number of these societies, the greater will be the zeal and energy displayed by each, both corporally and individually. One word more before closing this subject; it is this: Why is the musical education of boys so neglected? All our young ladies are taught the piano and to sing; but how few of our young men know even a note of music!! And under this state of circumstances, how can it be expected they can display a true appreciation for the art, or will even shew or feel the slightest pleasure in listening to a classical pianoforte piece, or any song above a negro melody or "Jolly dogs." To obtain the true social interest from music, both classes of society must be educated for it, for what the one cannot understand, the other will not feel much wish to cultivate; or, in other words, if the gentleman cannot enjoy the artistic preparation, the lady will soon lose pleasure in preparing it.

### THE DRAMA.

ONE night last week we happened to witness a great fire, or, as we were told, "a grand conflagration," in Coté Street—at which, strange as it may appear, though hundreds of people were looking on, no one ventured, either to give the slightest assistance, or to run to the corner of the street and sound the telegraphic alarm. Certainly a "great sensation" prevailed, but no one stirred; we should have been astonished ourselves, had anybody done so—for it was in the theatre, and we were seeing the last scene of the first act of "The House on the Bridge of Notre Dame." The sensational character of the play may be judged from the fact, that there

were two murders, numerous hair-breadth escapes, and one attempted drowning, during its course; but it is satisfactory to know that all ended happily, and "Virtue was triumphant in the end." Madame Celeste played her part, we need hardly say, to the satisfaction of all beholders—looked the young officer "Ernest de la Garde" to the life in the first act—and took the audience by surprise, when she reappeared, after a seemingly fatal duel, as another person, a young scamp of a gipsy—well meaning, but too quickly induced to yield to temptation. Her changes of costume were done in a marvellously quick manner, and made some simple friends of ours almost quarrel as to whether there were not two Madames Celeste! Of the other performers, little need be said—they had not much to do, but did it moderately well. Mr. Bowers was, as the lawyer's clerk, as comical and effective as ever. In the love-making scene, "where he loves but fears to woo," as ardently as his fair innamorata would desire, he made the house ring with laughter. Mr. Gossin, whom we must say, in justice, had not had much time to devote to a part, originally intended for another actor, rather overacted his character of the Chevalier Forquerolles—a quieter style would have been more natural, and just as impressive; and the same may be said of Mr. Guion's Rigobert. Mrs. Hill looked and spoke well as the aged Countess de Forquerolles. Miss Lizzie Madden, as Colette, acted with a merry archness that was very pleasing; and Miss Emma Madden did as much justice to the small part of Melanie as, perhaps, it was capable of. The "Woman in Red," however, is, in our opinion, a play much better suited to display Madame Celeste's talents than the "House on the Bridge." In it we are presented with a vivid picture of the humiliating condition of that singular and noble race of people, the Jews, during the middle ages. As Miriam, Madame Celeste illustrated finely the workings of that purest of earthly passions, maternal love. Her mingled grief and despair on discovering the loss of her infant, was touching in the extreme. Her attitudes, while perfectly graceful, had also the advantage, uncommon on the stage, of being natural. Her discovery of her child, who knew her not, having been brought up as a Christian, the daughter of noble Genoese parents, in the second act, was beautifully done. Her unceasing attempts to obtain possession of her daughter, with the many repulses she met with, drew tears from the eyes of many, "albeit unused to the melting mood." The sleep-walking scene, in the last act, where she goes over, in imagination, all her trials since she lost her infant—and bitterly regrets that she won her treasure, only to find her best affections given to the false mother—was also very fine; and the sudden start which she awoke, to look bewildered around her, and to fall into the daughter's arms, over whose heart the melancholy recital had given to her real mother the natural power, was one of those touches of nature, that all instinctively recognize as true. Upon the merits of the other artists we have not space to dilate. One thing, however, we cannot overlook. Mr. Davey, who played the part of a well-meaning, but weak, good-humored scamp, very well, introduced a cigar into the last scene, which seemed slightly incongruous, when we recollect that cigars were not in use at the time the play was supposed to take place—still less the modern cigar case from whence it was drawn. If it was the fault of the author, it was unpardonable. Of Mr. Chas. Dillon, whom we are glad to see once more in Montreal, we shall have something to say next week.

"JOHN QUILL."

### THE MAGAZINES.

Messrs. Dawson Bros. have furnished us with our usual copies of the English Magazines. *Fraser's* opens with an essay on "Parliamentary Reform and the Government," in which the Tory speakers during the late debates on the Suffrage and Franchise bills are handled without gloves. An amusing Lecture on Superstition by the Rev. Mr. Kingsley follows. Certain Anomalies of the American Constitution are next pointed out by

an American. There is also a severe criticism on "The Tilters of the Sea," and the first part of a review of "Eccle Homo," of which work the writer says, "The book is a novel—and not a good novel—under a critical disguise. It gives the impression of being written by a sheep in wolf's clothing." "The Beauclercs, Father and Son," is continued, and the other articles are "Belgium" and "Church Politics in Scotland."

THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY has a pleasant gossiping paper on Balzac, also an interesting bit of Irish History, entitled "Some Episodes of the Irish Jacobite Wars." The remainder of the space is occupied with the continued stories and serial articles which have been going on for some months.

TEMPLE BAR. Under the head of "Finance, Frauds and Failures," we have the history of one of the most successful of the London joint-stock companies, told—it is said—by one of the founders who "floated it." "French women under the Empire," gives a dismal account of the separation of the sexes now observable in France, and of the extreme profrigacy of the young men. "Lady Adelaide's Oath," and "Archie Lovell," are continued; the former promises to be a very powerful novel.

GOOD WORDS.—"Madonna Mary" drags along rather slowly, but there are indications of more life at the close. A lieutenant of the navy contributes an interesting sketch of "An overland journey from San Francisco to New York by way of Salt Lake City." "Some effects of Intemperance on the Brain," "London Street Traffic," and "Evasions of the Law," are each articles that will well repay perusal.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE. comes as usual with a wealth of exquisite designs, brilliantly coloured patterns and charming letter press. A musical supplement is also given with the present number. We can scarcely conceive of anything that ladies could desire in the shape of a Magazine which the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC does not furnish.

### LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE first volume of a Hindostanee translation of Shakespeare has been issued at Bombay.

*The Will-o-the-Wisp* is the name of a new London monthly. Price sixpence.

A NEW story, by the Author of "The Story of Elizabeth," will be commenced in the July number of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

AN offer of four thousand pounds, and all expenses paid has been made to ARTEMUS WARD to lecture in England for six months.

ALEXANDER DUMAS'S son is at work on a novel which is to be a pendant of the "*Famille Benoiton*."

MESSRS. HALL & Co., of London, have in preparation a new weekly periodical, to be entitled the *Sunday Reader*. It will be embellished with engravings from drawings by the best artists.

THE fertility of English novelists has often been animadverted upon in the German press; but what is to be said of an authoress (Mrs. or Miss Kathinka Litz) who, under the name of K. Th. Lianitzka, is about to publish twenty eight volumes all at once?

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHS of a manuscript of Ptolemy, the celebrated geographer, are now being prepared in Paris by Mr. Sevastianoff, who took tracings from the original preserved by the monks of Mount Athos, who ask £3,500 for it. Some very curious maps are contained in the manuscript.

MUCH has recently been said concerning M. Victor Hugo's knowledge of English. A friend recently spoke to him upon the subject. "I can not only speak English," the author of "*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*" replied, "but I can write English poetry. Here," said he, laughing, "look at this!"—

"Four chasser le spleen,  
J'entral dans une inn,  
Où je bus du gin;  
God save the Queen!"

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Chambers's Encyclopædia: vol. viii. From "Puerto Bello," to "Sound." R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Chandos: A Novel. By "Ouida," author of "Strathmore," "Held in Bondage," &c., &c. Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Eccentric Personages: By W. Russell, L.L.D. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street.
- Logical Sketches. By Louis Agassiz. Just Published. Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Poems of Home and Abroad. By Wm. F. Tomlinson. Price \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Roebuck. A Novel. Price \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Gilbert Ruggie. A Novel. By the author of "A First Friendship." Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 80c.
- Miss Majorbanks. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Perpetual Curate," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- A New Novel by Charles Dickens! Joseph Gremaldi: His Life and Adventures. By Charles Dickens. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- The Naval Lieutenant. A Novel, by F. C. Armstrong, author of "The Two Midshipman," &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 40c.
- The Toller of the Sea. A Novel by Victor Hugo, author of "Les Misérables," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- In Trust; or, Dr. Bertrand's Household. By Amanda M. Douglas. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Bevminstre: A Novel. By the author of "The Silent Woman," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Brave Old Salt; or, Life on the Quarter Deck. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Oliver Optic. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.
- The Game-Birds of the Coasts and Lakes of the Northern States of America, &c. By Robert B. Roosevelt. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.40.
- Every-Day Cookery; for Every Family: containing nearly 1000 Receipts, adapted to moderate incomes, with Illustrations. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.
- Broken to Harness. A Story of English Domestic Life. By Edmund Yates. Second edition. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Only a Woman's Heart. By Ada Clare. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Essays, Philosophical and Theological. By James Martineau. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- The Book of Roses. A Treatise on the Culture of the Rose. By Francois Pookman. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Garden Vegetables and How to Cultivate Them. By Fearing Burr, Jr. Beautifully Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Garden Flowers. How to Cultivate Them. A Treatise on the Culture of Hardy Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Annuals, Herbaceous, and Bedding Plants. By Edward Sprague Rand, Jr. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Culture of the Grape. By N. C. Strong. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America. By the Rev. Xavier Donald Macleod, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in St. Mary's College, Cincinnati, with a Memoir of the Author. By the Most Rev. John B. Purcell, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. New York; Virtue & Yorstan. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$3.
- Ecce Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. R. Worthington, Montreal. Price \$1.
- Betsy Jane Ward, Her Book of Goaks, just published. Price \$1. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mrs. L. H. Sigourney's Letters of Life. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hidden Depths: a new novel. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Jargal: a novel. By Victor Hugo. Illustrated. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The True History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the author of "Reuben Davidge." R. Worthington, Montreal. Price 40c.
- Epidemic Cholera: Its Mission and Mystery, Haunts and Harces, Pathology and Treatment, with remarks on the question of Contagion, the Influence of Fear, and Hurrised and Delayed Interments. By a former Surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company. Pp. 120. Price 80c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- On Cholera. A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrell, M.D. 16mo. Price \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Diarrhoea and Cholera: Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure. By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1866. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.

R. WORTHINGTON,  
Wholesale and Retail Album Depot,  
30 Great St. James Street, MONTREAL.

## DORA MARSTON AND I.

BY FRED BENGOUGH.

I WAS twenty-five years of age, tolerably good-looking, moderately wealthy, and a bachelor. Twenty-five years of age, because of the natural progress of time,—tolerably good-looking, because my parents were so before me, I suppose,—moderately wealthy, because the property I owned was inherited,—and a bachelor, because I was a Cynic, and believed that any young lady I chose to ask would have me, if not for myself, at least for my possessions; and that should I ask any one of them, I should never be able to tell which was the object she had in view. Besides, sister Alice was an excellent house-keeper, and taking a wife while she was with me, would be somewhat supererogatory. Alice, however, had signified her intention of leaving me. I knew at once the full import of her signification, although she had imparted it by a gentle hint. Tom Marston, it was evident, had not travelled a hundred miles by steamboat and railway every five or six weeks to see me, notwithstanding his allegations to that effect. My acquaintance with Tom had not been of long duration, neither had it ripened into a very deep friendship,—not at least, on my part. Those more intimately acquainted with him than I then was, pronounced him an excellent fellow, but I had seen nothing in him to warrant the appellation. He had always treated me well, it was true; yet there was a something in his manner that rendered him nothing more than tolerable to me. Alice and I had met him at Niagara Falls, and invited him, with many other newly-made friends, to our house—an invitation he was not long in accepting or availing himself of. When he had been with us a week, I made up my mind that I should soon lose my sister, for that she had taken a fancy to his handsome face and pleasing address, I could plainly see. I knew my sister's worth, also, and believed that no man could live under the same roof with her for one whole week without losing his heart, if it hadn't been lost before, and I had many reasons for thinking that Tom's hadn't. I was jealous of him from the first, and each subsequent visit of his only served to increase that jealousy, although I kept it to myself, resolving to bear my misfortune in silence, rather than let Alice know of my dislike for one whom I foresaw I would soon have to acknowledge as brother. After a time, this aversion wore off; and I am not sure but after six months, I began to look upon their marriage as a very desirable one on many accounts. I had reached this frame of mind, when Alice blushingly hinted at her intended departure. All my past jealousy and dislike for her intended momentarily arose again, and I could not reply. But, on the day following, I asked her to confide in me and rest assured that her wishes, no matter how much they might vary from mine, would receive my earnest support. She told me all, and all was as I had supposed. They only required my consent, as her natural guardian and protector, in order that they might become one. I gave it, unhesitatingly, unconditionally.

"And what will you do then, my dear brother?" Alice asked, trying to suppress the little pearl-like tears, which would not be suppressed.

"Oh, never mind me, Alice," I replied, "I will shut up the house, and take a couple of rooms at Mrs. Whitney's boarding house, and make myself comfortable there. I would rather remain here, it is true; yet you will see, I am not going to let self mar your happiness, although I shall always envy Tom Marston his wife."

She laughingly and tearfully thanked me for my self-abnegation, and half seriously, half playfully advised me to follow Tom's example, and take to myself one who could more than fill her place in my heart and at my hearth. I scouted the idea. Did Alice suppose that there was a girl in the country who would not jump at the chance of becoming Mrs. Bengough, with one of the finest houses in the country, and an income of three or four thousand a year, at her command! There was not one, I declared. Alice was

not so cynically disposed towards the sex; she did not believe they were all sordid or ambitious, and ventured to affirm that she knew of one at least, who would not become the wife of even Frederick Bengough, Esq., had he millions instead of thousands, if she did not love him.

"Show me that disinterested creature, Alice," I said, "but convince me that there is such an one living, and I am ready to lay my heart and wealth at her feet."

"Oh! only convince you, Fred! that's the trouble, I can show you her, but convince you! I give up the task as hopeless."

"Name her then," I said, "and when I am convinced that she is free from sordid or ambitious desires, I give you my word that she shall have the refusal of my hand."

"I will name her," Alice replied; "but you will say that I am prejudiced, not really knowing her, but thinking I do, and all that,—though I tell you Fred, that you will find her just as I say. She will be here soon to spend a few weeks with me, and then you can judge for yourself. Don't prejudice her now, brother, but wait the result of your own observations. I refer to Dora Marston, Tom's sister."

The very one I believed she would name. I had never seen Dora, but she having been a school-mate of my sister's, while in the city, and quoted by her as a model of perfection on all occasions ever since, I thought myself quite as well acquainted with her as if I had personally known her for years. I did not prejudice Dora Marston, but made great allowances for my sister's enthusiasm in regard to her, believing it to be nothing more than a romantic school-girl's attachment, which, now that they had become women, would wear off and be forgotten. I could not bring myself to believe that I should ever come to love Dora—first, because she knew of my wealth and could easily dissimulate; secondly, because I believe that Alice had for some time been planning that her fair friend and I should meet, fall in love, and marry. Now, if there was one thing I detested more than another, it was these matches, cut and dried for one, by one's friends. Were a Princess of the Royal blood, picked out, trained for and taught to look upon me as her future husband, she should never become my wife, I averred; simply because she had been so picked out, trained and taught. I would not stand it even from the best of sisters, and I fear that I cordially disliked the name of Dora Marston, even before my eyes ever beheld her.

Time slipped by, and Dora Marston came to visit us. I should have met her at the station, so Alice said, but I pled a previous engagement, went down town and had tea with Charley Sparks, at Mrs. Whitney's. I made it convenient to stay out pretty late that night, my sister and companion having retired when I came in. I didn't intend to let Dora think that I was at all anxious to see her, not I. Alice might tell what stories she pleased, but I was not going to show myself the least interested in her visitor. I would show these little conjurors that it took three to settle this matter to their satisfaction. I heard them talking and laughing down stairs next morning before I arose. Dora's was a very pleasant voice, full of life and animation, but rather too effeminate, I thought, for a lady's. Wishing to see her before she could possibly see me, I arose cautiously, stole out upon the landing and peeped over the balusters, hoping to catch a glimpse of her, while passing from one room to the other below. My wish was gratified, for presently she emerged from the sitting room, came skipping down the hall and disappeared through the dining room door. Brown hair, blue eyes—I should say they were, though I couldn't exactly see for the distance that intervened between us—a trim little body, neatly dressed, with rather a plain face, so I thought. I was not at all particular about my toilet that morning, coming down stairs in the costume I usually wore when Alice and I were alone. There is no denying that I used dissimulation on this occasion, as on many that followed it, for I had already taken an interest in our visitor, which I scarcely dared acknowledge, even to myself. I must dissimulate, I argued. *Quo jure?* To meet

dissimulation. It is *ruse contre ruse* thought I, and the end will justify the means. I kept this scheming pair waiting breakfast for me, for nearly an hour; then entering the breakfast parlour, majestically hoped I had not detained them. Alice replied by introducing me to Dora. I stared, bowed and looked stern.

"Very sorry that a previous engagement prevented my meeting you at the depot last evening, Miss Marston," I said.

"Thank you; I got along very well, I had no difficulty whatever," was the reply.

Conversation turned upon the weather, the fatigues of railway travelling, &c. It was extraordinary how easy and lady-like this young girl of nineteen was in her manners and conversation, how captivating the roguish expression in her childish face. It was moody and taciturn when I entered that room, with a strong determination of leaving it in the same spirit; but I had scarce been there a half hour when I found myself in the midst of an animated discussion concerning the writings of one of the standard poets, and when we had neither of us convinced the other of having "erroneous views, but both had modified our notions" somewhat, two hours had slipped away. I arose, not a little in dread of one of Alice's salient speeches when we should be alone, but I left the house and thus escaped. Once more in communion with my own thoughts, I wondered at and condemned the exuberance of feeling that had taken possession of me and found vent in words, during the morning's repast; and I vowed that I would not again be thrown off my guard, even by one so voluble (and I added) volatile as Miss Dora Marston. Here was I, stern, uncompromising Fred Bengough, arrogant and self-willed, determined upon feeling the position I had assigned myself, and upon making others feel and respect it too—thrown off my guard, and whirled away on a directly opposite track by—well by a namby pamby little school-girl—good looking, I grant you, (she was by no means so plain as I at first thought her,) simply because she was glib with her tongue and possessed a fresh-from-school-girl's knowledge of the matter under discussion.

Bah! Fred Bengough! where is your stoicism now! What a simpleton you have been! Now, sir, when you go home to dinner, sit down quietly, answer your guest's and sister's questions with civility; propound none of your own; when you can retire, do so. By this means you will atone for your conduct of the morning, and raise yourself in your own estimation.

It is very easy giving oneself advice; following it is quite another matter, and I did not follow it on this occasion. I had been through dinner fully an hour before I was exactly aware of having dined at all. This Dora Marston, with her simple ways, her captivating speech and pretty face, was too much for me, I admitted, and I must put myself without her influence at once, or I could not answer to myself for the consequence.

Charley Sparks had a companion out fishing that afternoon—it was I. We were old "chums" and had no secrets from each other, so I told him the whole story. He was indignant, but consented to holding a consultation with me about the matter, which resulted in confirming my previous suspicions that I was a fool, or something approaching one.

"Was I really going to fall in love with and marry that little chit, when it was so evident that her whole energies were called into play and directed at me, for the sole purpose of making me fall in love and marry?"

"Could I, self-reliant, sensible Fred Bengough, that I was, could I stand calmly by and see the yoke prepared and fashioned to suit my bending neck, and stoop while the sly little artificers were taking my measure and ensuring a good fit?" I could not, and told Charley so. Fred Bengough, you are a fool sir. Now go and have tea with Charley—then home, and if those good-for-nothing little witches attack you again, listen as quietly as you can for to-night, then to-morrow morning shoulder your gun and start on a hunting excursion with your best friend, and mind you don't return until Dora Marston goes home, no matter if she does think you rude, and

Alice *does* say so; do it and save yourself future trouble.

I did it—that is part of it. I had tea with Charley, passed four hours (from eight till twelve p.m.) as quietly as I could, in the parlor with the girls, went to bed, slept a little towards morning, ate a two hour's breakfast, took my gun, excused myself to the girls, who thought me rude, and said so—Alice being spokeswoman—and was on the point of leaving, when Alice slipped out to the stable, where I was harnessing Dick—for her usual farewell kiss, and in receiving it naively remarked in a whisper—that I needn't go on Dora's account as that young lady was engaged, and expected to be married at Christmas.

By the time I had got around to Mrs. Whitney's, Charley had given up the notion of hunting. I gave him my sister's bit of news *verbatim*, and I gave up the notion of hunting also. We went for a drive instead. I was congratulated, and we renewed our old promise of not marrying without being fully assured of getting wives who loved us, not our property.

When six weeks had passed away and Dora had left us, there was a blank in my heart, which I dared not acknowledge, even to myself, although I afterwards became convinced of it. Alice hinted at it, jested about it, but I strenuously denied it. Time sped onward, and the first of September arrived—Alice's wedding-day. Tom Marston came, bringing his sister and her affianced, who was to be groomsman with Dora as bridesmaid. I also was to officiate as groomsman; Jessie Baldwin was told off to go through the ceremony with me. I can't say that I liked the arrangements, but nevertheless submitted to them. After the ceremony, during which Alice gave vent to an unusual quantity of tears; and we were all back to our cosy little dining-room, I remembered a letter I had carried in my pocket all day; a letter from Aunt Bancroft, of Toronto—"the Duchess," we used to call her on account of her aristocratic manners. When Alice had made known her engagement to me, I had written our Aunt concerning it; this was the reply—numerous polysyllabic words of congratulation for her, a lecture and advice for me. I had better marry at once, and if I had not as yet made a selection among the beauties of my neighbourhood (and she thought I was wise if I had not done so, country girls being her abhorrence,) I had better visit her. She would introduce me to a young lady who would make a man of my position an excellent wife—none of your silly school girls, but a genuine lady, full of accomplishments—nevertheless, one who could make herself "useful as well as ornamental." One who wouldn't care a rupee for my wealth, having enough of her own; but if I chose to be represented as a "poor relative," it should be done accordingly. (In my letter to the Duchess, I had revealed something of my scheme for choosing a wife.) I never had a particular regard for my aristocratic relative, and thought I should not fancy any young lady whom she might select for the honour of becoming Mrs. B—; in fact I should not like any one's advice but my own, yet I resolved on visiting her. Here was Alice going away to-morrow to be gone for weeks—to be gone almost forever as far as I was concerned. Charley Sparks had already left for the country on a visit to some friends, and I should be literally alone. Yes, I should go and see the Duchess and her charmer, forthwith, for a little diversion—and perhaps to keep from—thinking. Alice read her aunt's letter and cried over it.

"Fred, my dear brother," she exclaimed, "go, and if you can find one who can make you as happy as I am this day, marry her by all means."

"Now Alice, don't be a child," I said "you know I shall never marry, and that this heightened effusion of our aunt's is simply in reply to a jest of mine, when I wrote her. She is so highly aristocratic that she can't stoop to a joke, and has taken my letter thoroughly in earnest, answering accordingly. I'll show her that I'm a confirmed old bachelor—see if I don't."

The next morning, Alice and her companions left me. In her whispered and tearful farewell, she bade me, "not think of Dora, for it couldn't be."

What 'couldn't be,' I did not ask, but I knew full well, and replied that she might make herself perfectly easy on that score; I was not troubled in the least about it. All of which my heart condemned my tongue for uttering.

Aunt Bancroft lived a few minutes walk from the city, out on Yonge street. A very pleasant house was her's, with a beautiful garden attached, and a pretty wire fence dividing it from her neighbour, Mr. Jackson's premises. Mr. Jackson was a widower with an only child, Flora. She was aunt Bancroft's *beau ideal* of beauty, grace, virtue. From the moment of my arrival the name of Flora Jackson was continuously sounded in my ears—her beauty praised—her virtues extolled—until I plainly stated to my aunt that if she had any desire of bringing the fair object of her praise to my particular notice, she had taken the least effectual way of accomplishing that object. She was piqued at this, I thought, far from that moment till my departure she scarcely mentioned Flora's name in my hearing. It was two days after my arrival before I saw Miss Jackson, and then only to catch a glimpse of her, in her father's garden. To all appearances she was equal to the representations I had had of her—a beautiful girl. Mr. Jackson often ran in of an evening to chat with the Duchess. I was introduced to him and invited to his house, an invitation I soon accepted. The next afternoon I called there, was introduced to Flora and passed a happy hour in her society. I was particularly well pleased with her, although the form of Dora Marston would thrust itself before my mental vision, to the detriment of her who stood before me in the flesh.

Still aunt Bancroft's assertions in regard to the beauty before me, could not be doubted—she had rather under than over-praised her, I thought.

I called on the Jacksons very often after that; indeed I am not sure but I passed more time under their roof than under that of the Duchess. Hints were thrown out on several occasions, which led me to believe that my good aunt had acted her part well, and that the true state of my pecuniary affairs was not known to my newly acquired friends. Six weeks passed rapidly away, and I thought myself deeply in love with Flora.

Alice had written me that she was at home, —at her new house in the west, and wished me to spend a few weeks there. Toronto had become endeared to me. I thought it hard to leave it,—harder to leave the Duchess (who had been kind as a mother during my stay,) hardest of all to leave Flora, but I resolved to do it. I was encroaching upon my aunt's good nature, by so prolonging my stay, I argued; and if ever I intended proposing to Flora, I could do so as well now as a year hence. I was to leave the city by the Wednesday evening train—it was Wednesday morning. Mr. Jackson was in the city, whither he went every morning, returning at sundown. I called upon his daughter, after an early dinner. I announced my intention of leaving. She regretted it, as our few weeks acquaintance had been very pleasant weeks for her, she said. They had been very happy weeks for me, I said. I have not much recollection of what followed, I only know that I proposed, was referred to "papa" whom I probably would not again see before my departure. I might write him, Flora said. I objected to writing, but would try and see him that evening. In the meantime, I had an explanation to make, one that was due both to my future wife and myself. I was poor, almost penniless, dependent upon my own exertion for a livelihood. If she became Mrs. Bengough, she would be deprived of many luxuries now usual to her, nevertheless, it would be the sole object and aim of my life to make her comfortable and happy. She bowed her beautiful head, gave me her hand, which I eagerly kissed, but made no reply. Emboldened by the favour shown me, I pressed for a reply. She would see papa immediately upon his return, and write me by one of the servants, who would deliver it before I left the city, she said. Fervently kissing her blushing cheeks, I left her.

I was to leave the Union Station, at eight o'clock, p.m. Six o'clock found me looking over the daily papers in the reading-room of the "Queen's." I had been there but a short time,



when one of Mr. Jackson's servants placed a letter in my hand. Tremblingly I took it, and retired to a private room, where, without looking at the superscription, I tore off the envelope, and read with great amazement the following:

"Beech Grove, Wednesday afternoon.

"My Dear Papa,—Mr. Bengough proposed to me this afternoon, and I have just written him a note of refusal, although I did so with great reluctance, *thinking more of him than any man I ever knew*. But papa, he told me with his own lips that he was poor and dependent upon his own exertions for a livelihood, so that what you and Mrs. Bancroft said about his wealth, cannot have been true. I have, therefore, refused him; believing that in so doing, I was acting according to your wishes in the matter.

"Your affectionate, F. J."

Before I had time to recover from the astonishment and anger caused by reading this note, another had been placed in my hand, bearing my address, and running as follows:

"Wednesday, p.m. 6.15.

"F. Bengough, Esq.,

"Dear Sir,—I enclose you a note from my daughter to you, placed in my hands through the carelessness of a servant, who is unable to read. Not looking at the address, I opened it, and shall not deny that I read it, for which indecorum I beg to apologize. It would be foolish in me to pretend not to understand the nature of the refusal, whereof she speaks. I regret that she has seen fit to refuse your kind offer, and *not* seen fit to consult me before doing so, as my feelings in the matter are quite at variance with her expressions to you.

"Your ob'dt. serv't., JAMES JACKSON."

This covered a note from Flora to myself, couched in the following terms:

"Beech Grove, Wednesday afternoon.

"F. Bengough, Esq.,

"Sir,—In rejecting your kind offer of this afternoon, I wish to say, by way of an explanation, that I am quite *sure* that papa would not approve of any other answer, had I given it; and I feel quite unwilling to place myself in a position of so much importance to my future welfare, without his unqualified approbation and consent. Allow me to wish you a happy future, with some partner more worthy your regard, than can ever be, Yours truly,

FLORA JACKSON."

We sometimes write as well as say things when angry that we afterwards regret. I wrote the following to Mr. Jackson, sent it, and regretted having done so ever since:

"Queen's Hotel, Wednesday, p.m.

"Jas. Jackson, Esq.:

"Sir,—I enclose you a note from your daughter to you, placed in my hands through the carelessness of your servant, who is (I suppose) unable to read. Not looking at the address, I opened it, and shall not deny that I read it, for which indecorum I have *no* apologies to make. It would be foolish in me to pretend, that I do not see the whole situation at a glance. I do not regret the carelessness of your servant, nor is the result at all at variance with my present wishes or desires. Please convey to your daughter my best thanks for her kind note of this afternoon.

"Your obedient servant, FRED BENGOUGH."

"All aboard for the train going west," shouted the Queen's porter, and I got on board accordingly. While stepping into the cars that evening, a servant handed me still another note which I perused at my leisure. If I were at all egotistical now, I might suppress its contents, but I got over that, hence it is at the reader's command:

"Wednesday, p.m. 7.15.

"F. Bengough, Esq.:

"Sir,—Notwithstanding your sarcastic and insulting note of this p.m., I feel constrained to offer some explanation in regard to the motives of my daughter in refusing your offer of to-day,—more in justice to her, than from any desire on my part to prolong the disagreeable correspondence. When you were first introduced to me,

Mrs. Bancroft was good enough to inform me, *confidentially*, that you were seeking a wife, and that your means were quite adequate for the support of one comfortably. She also confided to me her plans in regard to yourself and my daughter, at the same time telling me that you had a very silly notion of keeping the state of your finances a secret from your intended wife,—wishing to be known as a poor relative of hers, &c. This, I told my daughter, at the same time informing her, that I, through unfortunate speculations, was upon the verge of bankruptcy, and that I would gladly see her well settled in life. Believing that you could afford her these comforts and luxuries to which she had always been accustomed, I further advised her to accept your offer, (in case one was made), and reiterated my hopes that she would soon become the wife of one who could command for her that position in society, to which her past means entitled her. If she believed your statement, in regard to your means, to have been correct, she did right in refusing you, as she was but acting up to my wishes, and if she believed it to have been false, as I believe she did, she was equally right in refusing one who could stoop to falsehood for the sake of a little sickly sentimentality, which is not worth a straw in real life. In either case, her conduct is perfectly justifiable, and merits my fullest approbation.

"Your ob'dt. serv't.,

JAMES JACKSON."

I was somewhat inclined to have the last word in this controversy, and drop Mr. Jackson a line through the Post Office, but afterward, better thoughts prevailed, and I refrained from doing so, not at all convinced that I was that badly used individual, whom I at first thought myself to be.

How I got over Alice's tantalising questions about my Toronto lady-love, when I had been settled at Marston Vale a day or two, I hardly remember now. I expect that I framed various little deceptive answers to many of her home-thrust questions, and I suppose that she gave credence to them all, no matter how far-fetched some of them may have been. At all events, all allusions to my Toronto visit were discarded after a week or two, and I became more happy than I had been for months past. Dora called in frequently, and I was thrown much in her society,—too much for my heart's ease, as I discovered full soon. I had hardly made the discovery, however, before I had also made a firm resolution to quit my native Canada, if not for ever, at least for a number of years. I would visit the Old World—its farthest limits—and strive, 'midst its turmoils, its beauties, its novelties, to forget that I had ever seen Dora Marston, or seeing, loved her. To resolve was but to perform, and at the close of October—that October which so closely preceded the Christmas that was to deprive me of all hope—I was *en route* for New York, whence I took passage on a Cunard steamer for Liverpool. Let me hurry over the year that followed, as having but little relation to the thread of my story. Suffice it, that after a hasty tour through England, France, and Italy, sojourning a while in the principal cities of continental Europe, and crossing the Mediterranean, I found myself at the end of the year under the shadow of the Mosque of Omar, in the Holy City, Jerusalem, and without having heard one word from my beloved friends at home. Expecting to have passed some weeks in England, I had ordered my letters to the care of a friend in London; I had passed through London without seeing him, and had written him only after arriving in Naples, then only to advise him not to forward my mail matter until I had again written him, as I was quite at a loss to know whither next my wayward feet might lead me. Weary of the turmoils, beauties, and novelties of that far-off land, I at length began my homeward way. An undefined, unaccountable longing for home had seized me, and increased at each subsequent stage of my journey. A flying visit to the Crimea, a day or two at the Turkish capital, and I had left the Orient for ever. From Vienna, through the lesser German States, the end of

January found me at Berlin, just fifteen months from Canada, and no word from home. I wrote Alice from the Prussian capital, directing her to reply to London, whither I speedily went. Finding my friend, I eagerly enquired for letters. He had only one for me, and that had arrived but a few days before, with a note requesting him to forward it to my address, if he knew where I was. He had received several during the first nine months of my absence, but not being able to ascertain my address, he had returned them to my sister but a few days before her last letter to me had reached him. Like a waif upon the waters this one had come bearing tidings of those I loved. There was but one item of interest to the reader in it, comparatively but one of interest to me.

"Dora comes in to see us often, and looks charmingly, now that she has lain aside her mourning and her pale face at the same time. She desires to be remembered to you kindly.

What mourning! what poor pale face! who was dead! what friend or relation! Could it be her *husband*! She had no other relation except it were Tom or Alice. Oh, the agony of that suspense! Was it a wonder that the first westward train took me to Liverpool? the first steamer to New York? the first New York Central train to Suspension Bridge? the first Great Western train to—Alice and Dora? My suspicions were confirmed; her affianced had been accidentally killed a few days before the Christmas that was to have seen them married.

I was a week at Marston Vale before I had seen Dora. I had seen Dora but a week before she had promised to become my bride,—on one condition.

"But name the condition, darling," I said.

"With something of the old roguish looks that had so captivated my heart in days gone by, she replied:

"You used to tell Alice, Fred, dear, that you would never marry one that knew of your wealth. Now, you know that I know of it, and to convince you that I have neither sordid nor ambitious motives in accepting your offer, I have resolved to become your wife only on one condition. I have an income of five hundred dollars a year; yours, I suppose is very much more. Now, you must promise to *give away*, within a period of six months or thereabouts, to some one or several of your friends or relatives, as much of your property as will actually reduce your annual income to the same amount as my own. How does that suit you? That will be a test of your affection, sir. What do you say to it?"

A very severe test of affection, thought I. Was I equal to the emergency? I took time to reflect before answering.

"I agree to the proposition, Dora, dear. It will not be hard for me to do even that, for the sake of gaining you," I said; "but I expect to have the greater part of the six months in which to consider who shall be the recipient of so large a share of my goods and chattels; and I suppose I shall not be interfered with in making the selection of the fortunate donee?"

"Certainly not. I only expect that within a period of six months you will deliberately, and of your own free will, deed away the portion of your property I have designated. If you agree to that, I am yours, dear Fred."

"I agree, and you are mine, dearest."

In less than three months, Miss Dora Marston became Mrs. Fred Bengough, and I am authorized to say that neither of them have regretted the step unto the present day.

I had been a happy husband but a short time, when, according to promise, I visited my lawyer, and had him make out the necessary papers for the purpose of transferring a large share of my wealth to the person of my choice. Returning home with a formidable roll of them under my arm, I was met at the door by Mrs. Dora, with—

"Why, Fred, dear, what are all these papers about?"

"About giving up the greater portion of my property, my love, according to that very exacting condition of yours. I have the deeds here ready to be signed. You know the time is fast drawing to a close."

"Oh, yes. Well, you must tell me now, darling, who is the lucky one of your choice. Sister Alice and I are dying to know?"

"Well, then, madame, know that the fortunate individual is no less a personage than one Dora Bengough *né* Marston!"

"Oh, Fred, how could you?"

### THE CIGAR SHIP

IMAGINE a cigar much larger than Anak or Chan would care about smoking—indeed, longer than any of our river-steamers; not exactly the shape of an ordinary cigar, having no blunt end, but a point at each end. Now, take a small steamer, and cut off all the part below water, and place the remaining upper part on the middle of the cigar, and you have a tolerable approximation to the form of the cigar-ship.

Before we go on board, we notice at a small distance from each end what appear to be, and are really, the *fnns* of the ship. Three metal blades are visible near each end, and three more, we are told, are out of sight under water. Each set of blades, or fans, forms a screw-propeller, it being intended that the vessel shall go ahead or astern with equal facility. The propellers differ in many respects from the screw of an ordinary vessel—in there being one at each end of the ship, in half of each being out the water, whereas usually the whole is immersed, and also in the particular way in which they are connected with the ship. The engineers say that their six blades, of which, as they revolve, three will be always immersed, will do the same work as the three blades of an ordinary screw. Those pointed pieces beyond the screws are to divide the water as the ship goes ahead or astern; they turn round with the fans, the whole revolving with an axis or 'shaft,' which extends the whole length of the ship, and turning about a straight line drawn from point to point of the cigar. The ship really ends inside of the screws, and divested of the screws and points, would look like a cigar with two blunt ends; but the form of the vessel appears perfect to the point, and the blades seem to have been thrust in to the surface. Like the fins of a fish, they are so evidently not parts of the surface as not to take off the effects of its curvature.

On board the ship, we are first shewn the engine-room. We go down a staircase so constructed as to put our hats in imminent danger of being knocked in or off, and find ourselves on one side of the engines, which are in the centre of the ship. What an intricate maze of pipes and rods and cranks, all polished to a marvellous degree of perfection! Every cubic inch appears to have been made some use of; and when the engineer, who has volunteered to shew us the engines, lifts up a piece of iron in the flooring, we see that the small place beneath is full of pipes and taps also. 'Our great difficulty,' says he, 'has been to find room for everything; we never fitted engines of such great power in so small a space.—You can see here,' he resumes, 'the way in which the ship is put together. This, which you can touch, is the half-inch outside plating. What would they have said a few years ago to having ships half an inch thick!'

He informs us that these half-inch flat iron plates form the skin of the ship, and are kept out to their curved form by iron ribs, which, in the ends of the vessel, are complete circles; but here, where we are roofed in by a deck, they form three parts of a circle, and the ends turn up, and make the upper boat-shaped portion of the ship. The ribs are formed of what are technically called *anglo-irons*, a section being an angle, each of whose two bounding lines is about half an inch thick. An idea of the form of one of these ribs may be obtained by half opening a book first dividing the leaves in the middle of the book. One of the covers with its leaves may be taken to represent the leaf of the rib which is next the skin, the other the leaf which is at right angles to it, and imparts the strength required to keep the skin in its proper form. The advantage of this form of rib

appears to be that it can be easily fastened to the skin by rivets. The ribs in the engine-room are placed about a yard and a half apart, that being the largest compartment of the ship, and also being subjected to great strains by the motion of the engines.

As the engine is only interesting through being fitted in so small a space, we do not spend much time over it, but ask our guide to shew us the next compartment. He says the next is the stoke-hole; so we mount the staircase, and go down a still more difficult descent into a box about three or four yards square. We notice four furnaces, two on the fore and two on the after side. 'You see,' says our guide, 'there is not much room for stoking, and I can assure you it is very hot here when steam is up, although we have got thick doors to our furnaces.'

'Where do the coals come from?' I inquire. 'The coal-bunkers at the side seem very small.'

'Oh, they are stowed under the saloons and cabins; but we can get at them from here. Perhaps you have seen an absurd drawing of the ship in some shop-windows in the city. The artist appears to have seen your difficulty, and has shewn the coals in the points beyond the screw. It is true we might have filled the points with coals, but we should never have been able to get them out.'

I remark that they seem to have a very small space for water in the boiler.

'Yes, only three inches all round the furnace; and so our pumping arrangements have to be very carefully contrived, so that the boilers shall be filled as rapidly as the water is turned into steam.—I must introduce you to the donkey, this small engine in the corner; his duty is to pump water into the boilers, and to work the ventilating apparatus.'

'The ventilating apparatus—where is that?' I ask.

'The part of it which you can see here is that tube overhead, and the barrel through which it appears to pass. The tube extends nearly the whole length of the ship, and small pipes convey the hot air into it from the cabins. It empties itself into the barrel, in which are revolving fans. The donkey turns the fans, and thus the air is drawn out of the tube, and expelled through the opening which you see in the barrel. When we have steam up, we are so hot here that the heated air from the cabins is cooling, and as we only get the draught on our heads, it is something like having one's feet in a warm bath, and head in a snow-storm.'

'And I suppose the donkey works that ballast-machine which I have heard of as one of the curiosities of the cigar-ship?'

'O no; there is another small engine on purpose,' answers the engineer. 'You know, then, that we have something new in the way of ballast. It is under the engine-room, just in the middle of the ship, and consists of a pendulum of lead weighing about seventeen tons. When the ship is too much over on one side, we move the pendulum to the other, and she is righted at once; so you see we shall not roll over and over in the first heavy sea we meet, as people are fond of saying about us.—You have now seen all I can shew you of the engines; I suppose you will not care about the saloons, which are only painted and gilded as they might be in any other yacht, but would prefer, seeing the novelties of the ship. If so, I am at your service.'

Cheerfully accepting this offer, we ascend to the deck, and go forward. Here is a ladder-way to the smoking-saloon, but just above it we are told to look for the steering apparatus, or rather the part of it which is to be seen above the deck. The compass is in close proximity to it, and is so suspended as to be unaffected by the pitching of the ship, and to uninterruptedly tell its tale in storm and calm. The representative on deck of the steering apparatus is a brass handle and axle, the handle something like that we see used to set a railway locomotive in motion. The handle turns horizontally, the axle being vertical, and, as we are informed, extending the whole depth of the ship. It is of course impossible to put the rudder in its usual position at the stern of the ship, the stern in this

case being one of the cones which revolve with the fans: so where could it be placed, and how moved? This was one of the many problems the solution of which the peculiar form of the vessel involved. The rudders (for there is one aft, and one forward) are square thin pieces of metal, and if we could see under water, they would appear to project from the keel. One edge touches it, and the other three edges are made sharp like a knife, so as to offer no resistance to the water. The axle, of which we can see the upper end, runs out through a tube to form a connection with the middle of the rudder, and about it the rudder turns. And having thus settled to our satisfaction the steering question, we ask what next.

'The next interesting thing,' says our guide, 'will be the anchor, or rather that part of its gear which can be seen on board. To see it, we must pay a visit to Jack's quarters: here is the boatswain, we will ask him if we can go there.'

The boatswain, on being asked, says that Jack has just finished his dinner, and if we don't mind the odour of pea-soup, we are at liberty to go; and he'll go with us, as Mr. Jones is wanted ashore. As we walk along the deck, he informs me that 'We berth the blue jackets right aft, abaft the cabins, and the stokers forward; but what you want to see you'll best see in Jack's quarters.'

We accordingly descend another ladder, and first we notice a table in the middle extending the whole length of the compartment. 'That,' the boatswain informs us, 'is the casing of the shaft. You know how it is just in the middle all the length of her, in the way everywhere, and the shipwrights have had to make tables, and steps to ladders out of its casing, anything to hide it, just as the ladies like you to think a sofa bedstead's only a sofa. The men use that table to mess on, and sleep in the berths along the side.'

'What! in those places that look like shelves in a linen-drawer's shop?'

'Yes; there is just height enough between two shelves for a man to get in and drop down inside the boarding in front, which keeps him from rolling out. Talk about over-cramming the people that the railways turn out of their houses; none of 'em are crammed like this, I know; but sailors are used to it.—But you want to see about our anchors. I don't believe in 'em myself. Our gov'nor thinks they'll hold her by their weight; but I don't think as the skipper trusts to 'em much, for he's got a pair of other's as a stand-by.'

We cannot see anything like an anchor, and are decidedly of opinion that a cabin is not the most likely place to find one; but our guide does not leave us to wonder long. He shews us an upright iron tube, something like a small funnel, up which, he tells us, the chain comes from the anchor. Another strange contrivance! The anchor is shaped like a mushroom, and has a hole just its shape cut out of the bottom of the vessel for it, so that when it is 'weighed' the surface of the ship is unbroken, and there is nothing to tell of the existence of an anchor. When the ship is to be anchored, the chain is let go, and the mushroom is dropped into the water, to find a hold in the bottom of the sea.

The compartment at the other end of the ship corresponding to the one we are now in is appropriated for the stokers. Although it is much like the other, we go to see it, passing on our way the cooking-place, which is in a house on the deck. We are rewarded for our trouble: the doors between this house and the spaces on the fore-side of it happen to be now open, and we can see one of the ends of the vessel. The ship is divided into eight compartments, the partitions being made watertight; and thus hitherto, in going from one to another, we have had to ascend to the deck, and descend by another ladder. But now we cannot do this, as we are in the extremities of the ship, beyond the deck. The remaining spaces must be entered through this, and so the usual contrivance of watertight doors is adopted, the doors being shut upon india-rubber, and screwed close, so that the india-rubber completely fills up the joint. These compartments are used for provisions and stores.

At the end of the next one to us is the bulkhead or partition upon which the shaft turns, and which communicates the power of the screw to the ship. It is made very strong, and is rigidly connected with the ship, it being the part of the ship which first receives the moving force of the screw, and thus has a tendency to move from its position.

'And now for the saloons,' says the boatswain; and accordingly we visit them, and see that the engineer's description is correct. Everything is done on the principle of getting as much accommodation as possible out of a little space. The cabins in which the officers will eat, drink, and sleep are about the size of a compartment of a railway-carriage.

'And what do you think of the *Ross Winans*,' says our guide in parting; 'isn't she a queer fish?'

Without expressing ourselves in such decided terms, it is certain that any one who has seen the cigar-ship must allow that in many respects she is a great curiosity; and whatever may be thought of her chances of answering the expectations of the owners, there can be but one opinion as to the excellent and skilful manner in which every detail has been suited to the general design.

## WHAT IS THE QUADRILATERAL?

IN view of the almost certain outbreak of war in Europe, the following description of the Austrian strongholds in Venetia will probably be interesting to our readers. It is more than probable that they will soon be the theatre of stirring events.

The term Quadrilateral is applied to a group of four fortresses erected by Austria for the defence of Venice, and which form the corners of a four-sided space of considerable extent. These fortresses are Peschiera, Mantua, Verona, and Legnago.

After the war of 1859, the Austrian province of Lombardy was ceded to Piedmont, and it became necessary to define the boundary of the Austrian empire on the one hand, and of Piedmont—on the other. Rivers and mountains are the natural boundaries of states, and in this instance the line selected was that of the river Mincio. The Mincio flows from the Lake of Garda southward to the Po, the latter the greatest of Italian rivers. At the northern extremity of the Mincio, just where it leaves the lake, is the fortified town of Peschiera; and twenty-one miles southward on its course is the fortified city of Mantua, round which the Mincio forms a lake, and then winds its way onward to the Po.

This line of the Mincio between Peschiera and Mantua is the western line of the Quadrilateral. The eastern line is bounded by Verona on the north and Legnago on the south, the river Adige flowing between the two, a distance of twenty-three miles. On the south the river Po divides the Austrian territory from the provinces of the Italian kingdom.

These rivers are an important element in the strength of the Quadrilateral, as their passage alone would present a work of some difficulty in the face of an opposing army. But the great strength of the position is, of course, to be found in the strongly fortified towns at each corner, which mutually support each other. They are so far apart that, for an opposing army to reduce them, four separate sieges would have to be undertaken, if the position were maintained to the last; but they are, at the same time, so near together, that, if one were attacked, the others could readily forward troops or supplies to its assistance. Again, no enemy could attempt to advance towards the other portions of the Austrian empire on this side, without having previously subdued the Quadrilateral; for such a movement, by which a strong opposing force would be left in the rear, would be against the most elementary principles of military science, and its danger is obvious. The four fortresses of the Quadrilateral are, therefore, not only a stronghold of Austria in Venetia, but they are also a

bulwark of defence for the Austrian empire; and this is why Austria clings to their possession with a determination which other circumstances in connection with Venetia would scarcely be sufficient to justify.

No better illustration can be found of the strength of the Quadrilateral than the fact that, after the victorious armies of France and Piedmont had advanced to the Mincio in 1859, fresh from the fields of Magenta and Solferino, they were compelled to pause in front of this almost impregnable position, and to bring their conquests to a close. In a formal bulletin issued to the army and the people by the Emperor of the French, it was candidly acknowledged that it had been thought inadvisable to prolong that brilliant campaign into a "sterile war of sieges," and a favourable peace had therefore been concluded. But unless the obstacle were almost insurmountable, there can be little doubt that the war undertaken for the "liberation of Italy" would then have been pursued to the completion of the task, and Venetia would not have been left under German domination, while its sister province, Lombardy, was set free.

Large sums have been expended by Austria upon the works of the four fortresses, and, especially since the war of 1859, the greatest care has been taken to strengthen them in every possible way. Only two of the towns possess any importance apart from their military position; these two are Mantua and Verona. Mantua has a population of about 30,000 people, and was once the capital of a republic. It possesses many valuable remains of Italian art, and boasts several academies and scientific institutions. The birth-place of the poet Virgil is near the city. The population of Verona is about 60,000. This also is a very ancient city, and possesses remains of Roman antiquities. It is now a town of considerable commercial activity, having its woollen and cotton manufactures, silk mills, and dye works. The fortifications take rank among the most remarkable in Europe, and the garrison is capable of accommodating 20,000 men. Peschiera and Legnago derive all their interest from their place in the Quadrilateral. The population of the former is about 3,000, and of the latter, 6,000.

## THE RILEYS.

NOT long ago I was hailed, with an offer of service, by a young cabman whose face seemed to belong, in some indistinct manner, to my recollections. I was not in need of his aid at the time, but, pausing to answer him, I observed such a decided look of recognition in his eyes, that I was moved to say in reply—

"I think I must have known you, but I have forgotten."

"Why, bless you, miss," said he, with a radiant countenance, "I'm Tom Riley. Don't you remember me?"

"So you are, sure enough," I said. "I'm delighted to see you, Tom. And where are all the other boys?"

"Scattered about, miss," was Tom's reply; "but," he added cheerily, "we're all afloat now; and the little one, you know, miss, is dressed up smart, and goes to school, and is took good care of."

I was almost as much pleased as Tom when we parted; and as I walked along, straightway there rose before me the green sequestered lane and lonely old house where Tom, in company with eight or nine brothers and one little morsel of a sister, spent the half-vagrant days of his early existence. The lane skirted a piece of open common, on the border of which, and nearly opposite the house, lay a fine clear pond, prettily fringed with alder bushes, and in the spring season with

"Siller saughs wi' downy buds.

A gigantic old willow stood at one end, stretching its long arms half across the water. Thither came the robins every year, and reared their families successfully under the stout protection of the Riley legion. The brethren permitted no

straggler to encroach upon their lawful spoils, and brought home many a shilling from the neighbouring city by skillfully transferring the finest of the young birds to small wicker cages of their own manufacture, and hawking them about for sale. But little as they were troubled with sentiment in their ordinary-lived hunting excursions, no shot was ever fired into the old willow, and the robin who built her nest in its branches was safe even in the hardest times from the family gridiron.

When I first knew these Rileys the carriage of a kind doctor, now in his honoured grave, might have been seen daily standing at the door of the old house which they inhabited. The poor mother, worn out at last with endless toil, and many hardships, was near the close of her labours, and neither skill nor charity could do more than sooth her last hours.

The father was a poor drunken creature, treated with some toleration by his sons, chiefly to please their mother, whom, in their careless way, they respected and loved. When she died, the last trace of filial sentiment for the man disappeared from their behaviour towards him, although they never denied him a share of what they earned and scraped together. When he wandered off to the city of a morning, they would shout after him the most familiar and forcible admonitions, which were always unheeded, regarding the sobriety of his returning condition; and the youngest of the children looking out for him in the evening, would report loudly to the others through the open doorway that "John was coming home as drunk as a pig."

The forays of these boys were perhaps not always of the most strictly unquestionable character, but the poor scamps never got into serious trouble, and were never idle; and it was beautiful to observe the unceasing regard which, according to their light, they manifested for the comfort and welfare of their motherless little sister. They traversed the neighbouring parts of the country and fished, and shot, and foraged in all directions. Perhaps the most important personage in the household was Bob, who, during the long illness of his mother, had assumed the position of cook and general manager of family affairs. Bob was remarkable for an administrative faculty, and gave much satisfaction in his department, and after the death of the poor woman, he continued in his responsible office, regarded with not unmerited respect, especially by the younger children.

Perhaps Bob's greatest performance was the production of what he called a "pot-pie." Every imaginable ingredient that came to hand assisted in the formation of this work of culinary art. *Debris* from the tables of neighbouring families, odd crusts past relishing in their original state, a fat plover, a handful of robins, and I am afraid the tail of a fried trout, or a piece of a good stout eel, if they had happened to be in the way, would not have been considered unworthy of the compound by Bob, his being an original mind. At all events Bob's cookery was regarded in the family with unlimited favour, and his "pot-pie" was as savoury, if not quite so romantic a mess, as ever issued from a gipsy's caldron.

The dead mother had helped out her scanty means of living by the sale of young poultry, and Bob was now grown skillful in the matter of setting the old fowls, and continued, with the advantage of the pond I have mentioned, to rear fine broods of ducks and goslings. He was assisted in these pursuits by the younger members of the family, who were of an aquatic, or, to say the least, amphibious nature, and quite as much at home in the water as on dry land. These children were familiar with all the general arrangements of the feathered families; but one of them, a little fellow of fine or six years, being one day at the house of a lady in the neighbourhood, was struck with amazement at witnessing the unusual circumstance of two goslings in the act of being brought up by a very motherly old hen. For some time he was transfixed with wonder, and at last exclaimed—"Dood Dod! I never see a hen lay a doslin before!"

Somewhere about this period of the family



history, a kind woman from a country settlement ten or twelve miles distant, who had been a friend of the dead mother, offered to take the solitary little girl home with her, and provide for it as her own. As things were, it was a good prospect for the child; but the boys, one and all, regarded the proposed separation as a grievance. The society of the little creature was one of the few pure pleasures they possessed, and without well knowing why, they felt themselves better boys in her company than they could boast of being upon many other occasions.

Nevertheless the greater number of them had sense enough to see that the project was a wise one; they knew the character of their friend, and were not ignorant of the comforts of her home, and soon began to submit with a good grace to the proposals. Bob alone was wholly rebellious, and indignant, at being suspected of incompetency in the task of correctly bringing up the child. He knew that he had done his best, poor fellow, and was wrathful at the thought of parting with his pet-lamb. But even he was conquered by circumstances, and the little girl departed to her new home.

After this event, Bob lost some of his relish for domestic life, and occasionally emerged from the vast canvas apron in which he thought it necessary to perform his household operations, and sought employment at one or another of the fancy farms in the vicinity. I remember Bob, in this way planting potatoes for a relative of mine, and the amusement we had at an occurrence connected with his labours. Bob had a little garden-patch at home, which was to him a source of great pride and some profit. That portion of it usually devoted to the culture of potatoes, was still unplanted. Seed, that spring, was scarce and dear, that of his employer was very good, and Bob was very poor. The temptation was great; Bob pondered the matter, and finally helped himself to as many potatoes as were required to put one bit of ground in a thriving condition. But Bob shared the common fate of guilt, and was not too clever to be found out. The theft was discovered, and it was also observed that simultaneously with his departure in the evening, some Digby herrings had disappeared from the kitchen, in which he had taken the closing meal of the day. The case was rather plain—the fish had newly arrived from the city, their exact number was known, they had been left for a few minutes in an exposed situation, and their pungent odour assailing Bob's appreciative nose, had proved too much for his virtue. He was contented with five or six, and hoped they would not be missed, but he was mistaken.

It happened, however, that a merciful mistress reigned in that establishment, who spoke to Bob upon his arrival the next morning, with so much truth and kindness about his potato privileges, that the lad melted into contrite tears, and confessed his crime. She abstained from mentioning the missing fish, and Bob, glad to be allowed silence on that point, went to his work comparatively happy.

But 'Nemesis' was at hand, and, as often happens, the avenger took a familiar shape which his victim could neither withstand nor avoid. The eldest son of the family, a clever boy of sixteen, much about Bob's own age, and not at all averse to his society, haunted the wretched youth for the rest of that day, like an accusing spirit. In vain, did Bob take refuge in sulks and obduracy. At every turn, and at the most unexpected moments, he found himself confronted with merciless persistence by his enemy, and heard himself solemnly adjured to relieve his conscience by a full confession. First, it was, "Were the Digbys good Bob,—you know you had them for supper when you went home last night?" Then it would be, "Now Bob, we'll say no more about the potatoes, but make a clean breast of it, and say you stole the Digbys?" Former friendship, combined with other substantial reasons weighed with the transgressor, inducing him to make a considerable effort at bearing his trial with outward meekness, but at last nature triumphed, and the persecuted Bob, flinging down the spade, offered battle to his tormentor on the spot.

Well, those days are gone, as inevitably lost to us, as they are to the family in the lane. Change and death, and sorrow, have since been busy among those whom that former time recalls. Some who were friends then, have parted company in this world for ever. The wide sea rolls between some of us who still remember each other with affection, and the church-yard grass still more effectually severs our companionship with the best and kindest of the band. We are, as Tom said of himself, and the kindred Rileys' "scattered about." Poor Bob, you have vanished from your historian's Ken, and are as intangible to me as is the old time in which you figured so prominently; but you were a kindly vagabond then, and, recollecting your many virtues, I have a strong hope, that you are not an irreclaimable one now.

Halifax, N. S.

Io.

## REVIEW OF THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

*Translated for the Saturday Reader.*

Wearied with the effort necessary to disengage their beautiful leaves from the buds which imprisoned them, the time-honoured trees of the Tuilleries, and those of the wood of Boulogne, instead of directing their branches towards heaven, lower them submissively to the earth. What are these leaves saying in the low rustling sound which serves them for a language? Are they expressing the joy they feel in being born, in living, in receiving caresses from the sun, in being cradled by the wind? Is it their astonishment at beholding the animated flowers, the joyful groups, who frolic through their avenues, rivaling themselves in freshness? Truly the livery of beautiful weather is everywhere exhibited; feathers take the place of furs, and lace of velvet; to survive at all *Benoiton* chains are compelled to transform themselves into garlands of flowers.

Two forms of existence divide the empire of Fashion between them; elegance, which is the worship of the beautiful, of the simple, of harmony in form and colour; and extravagance, which treads on the heels of absurdity, and often outstrips it. The followers of the last, it must be owned, are numerous, but good taste maintains a vigorous struggle, and will, I am certain, dethrone masks, gold dust and dresses with sleeves dissimilar in pattern; perhaps even though that is a more serious matter, the gigantic puffs which have recently adorned *certain gracious villagers*, and which must have felt astonishment at finding themselves in such high company.

I know a pure and simple country, where it is the custom to *bless* whatever is admired; no envy mingles with this fraternal salutation. "Oh! the lovely head of hair; may God bless it and the wearer," exclaimed a fair stranger, who had recently arrived from this far distant land, as she saw bent forward from her carriage, a lady dressed with the greatest care, and whose hair was adorned at once with all the modern styles; bands, ringlets, horns, plaits and what-not! "At Paris," said I, "you must add good wishes for the true proprietor of what you see or for the artist who knows how to deceive you so skilfully by a false *mirage*. By this means, justice is done, and we render to Cæsar that which is Cæsar's." Unquestionably this magnificent head of hair comes from the banks of the Rhine. For a few pieces of silver some poor girl has sold her beautiful braids, her golden ringlets. Alas! look closer; they now frame a forehead, which knows not how to blush. "Is it possible?" said the unsophisticated stranger, "does she thus exhibit what is not her own?" "But," said I, "it is the fashion—the age is given up to dissimulation, and the false is now without the slightest scruple, the order of the day. We no longer plate but electrotype; no diamonds, but paste; no gold but copper; no silver but aluminium. At one time methods were sought to beautify the hair, and to increase its growth; but why? we can purchase it. At

one time, decoctions, preservative of the skin, were secretly employed; but now we *tattoo* it with enamel. Commerce complains, but it is wrong; every thing is sold, even hairs bleached by age or by misfortune. Pious talismans, formerly preserved, or burnt with reverence, now, thanks to industrial skill, compose a tissue which advantageously replaces the net once employed as a base for periwigs. The price of hair is quoted; it is rising on the *yellow*, but falling on the *black*. Every day the demand for this kind of merchandize augments, thereby proving how rapidly the world is growing bald. It is sought for even in the basket of the *rag-picker*. This is literally true. A company, which allows nothing to be lost, using at first the finest flour, then making biscuits from the crusts gathered from beneath the table, employs a large number of workmen in sorting hair.

It is separated into its different shades, then into different lengths. Capillary artists, who are not rich enough to shear the living, find their materials here through their mediation. Extremes meet, and the proudest heads form a *communium* with the dust.

But let us speak of spring materials. Mohair, Cashmere and *taffetas*, under a thousand different names, are worn; that, which is called English in the *faubourg St Honoré*, is Chinese or Mexican in the *Rue de Rivoli*, and becomes Prussian on the *Boulevards*. The tissues and their arrangement are made to agree; striped patterns are the same as they were last year, worn with flowers, sprinkled, or as emblems. Chambery gauzes, muslins especially, are very much worn. If the material of the dress is without pattern, it is relieved by a rich border round the petticoat, which resembles a light garland, and constitutes the only ornament of these robes, which are worn with lace shawls, or *pardessus* of silk; while striped or half plain dresses require a similar *pardessus* with long *dentelures*, confined to the body by a girdle ornamented with pearls, or trimmed with *guipure*. These *toilettes* may be prepared, but at the present season a preference is given to light *taffetas*, *fantaisies*, or to the *foulard*, that admirable vehicle for the display of taste.

Dresses of *taffetas* are not overloaded with ornament; a *cordeliere* of silk commonly surrounds the bottom of the dress, and also forms a border to the *pardessus*. Lighter dresses are worn with a little *volant*, which, by the aid of an embroidered border, forms festoons. *Dessus* in black *taffetas* are short and without ornament, and often with divided skirts for young ladies, or with puffings of *guipure* surmounted by lacing for their seniors. They are fitted or half-fitted to the waist; some do not show the figure.

Hats are smaller, and vary more in shape than ever. There is the *Empire* hat, which a simple garland surrounds; the *Fanchon* hat, entirely covered with flowers; the *Lamballe* hat, a charming nonentity, where the rose couches in a *Marabout* nest, or the violet takes shelter beneath a foilage of peacock's feathers; and, finally, *that* hat, which departs from all accustomed forms, and consists simply of an oval circlet of straw, *tulle* or *crape*, surrounded by a garland of daisies, or of *hay* thorn. Very wide ribbons accompany this headdress, a flower replacing the traditional bow.

After having thus spoken of robes and head-dresses, ought we not to give a *souvenir* to the *two faithful servants*, to whom we owe the greater part of our enjoyments, in spring especially, when the enamelled plains attract and invite us? How can we run along the grass, how even smile upon the charms of nature, wearing a clumsy and displeasing *chaussure*? But in revenge, how delightful, when the foot is, as it were, *gloved* by a dainty little boot! And now-a-days there is no need for tedious waiting in a shop, until your turn comes to be measured; no, all that is now required is to drop a little parcel in the post, containing a boot which you have worn, and in forty-eight, or even in twenty-four hours, you receive a charming pair of boots, fitting you deliciously! Is not this a fine concession to the lazy?

## DARLING LILY.

Little Lily, darling Lily,  
Cloth'd in flowing robes of white:  
So she came, the angel baby,  
Making all her pathway bright.

Little Lily, darling Lily,  
Sweet she sat upon my knee,  
Gazing at me with her dark eyes,  
Gazing, oh! so earnestly!

Little Lily, darling Lily,  
Said her first prayer by my knee,  
With her hands so sweetly folded,  
And her eyes closed rev'rently.

Little Lily, darling Lily,  
Thus she lives, of all the light,  
Lovely as her sweet name flower,  
Like a little sunbeam bright.

ISABEL.

## THE

## TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

Continued from page 269.

Samson gave an equivocal sign of the head.  
"By all the powers of satan, thou shalt tell me," exclaimed the scholar, putting his two hands on his shoulders.

"And if I tell it thee thou wilt come with us?"

"Yes! though that masquerade be a profanation!"

"And thou wilt speak Latin along the road?"

"Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, if necessary."

"Ah, well! mon compere Tristan," said Samson, striking him upon the stomach, "thou art in better luck than thou hast deserved to be; for the most beautiful girl in Paris is at the very place to which we are going."

"At the abbey St. Martin-hors-des-Murs?"

"At the abbey St. Martin-hors-des-Murs, in attendance on madame Ingeburge."

Tristan cocked his cap and plunged into the crowd, working his way with his elbows; from that out he took the lead of the cortege. Samson followed laughing.

In la rue des Arcis the university, headed by its banner, met the freemasons with their banner displayed.

These two respectable bodies, escorted by an enormous crowd, took the direction of la Porte aux Peintres.

The tumult increased as they advanced—the bourgeois hung out of their windows, and their enchanting wives pretended to be frightened.

At the head of the crowd there was a man chosen for his fine voice who repeated at regular measured periods—

"Le toz des écoles et les privilèges de l'Université!" and the crowd of beggars growled out—

"Death to Ingeburge the foreigner—the curse of France and her king!"

Those who had not witnessed the prologue of that infamous comedy discovered nothing but the lugubrious side. The bourgeois, persuaded that the schools had risen and joined the people, demanded, with arms in their hands, the death or banishment of the queen.

And that had a great effect upon the city; for the schools, not being understood at that period, enjoyed a great prestige.

The sovereign protected them, and the ignorant placed faith in their vain and empty pretensions. It required ages to lay bare the miserable pomp and the falsity of their teachings!

As the cortege ascended la rue St. Denis the crowd increased, augmented by the wild theories of those gossips that Paris produces, and will produce to the end of time.

The success of the masquerade was complete: no one had the slightest suspicion of its real character, and the agitation spread rapidly through the city.

"All goes well!" said Samson.

"Yes," replied Tristan, who had sworn to speak latin, "but—*si forte virum quen. . .*!"

"I believe that king Phillip himself would be unable to place here the *quos ego*."

Ezekiel cried—  
"Turlipit credo, discipulis suis! Ergo! porro! confiteor."

And Trefouilloux repeated his famous "*Magnificat Cicero*" &c.

How was it possible that the people could avoid fancying themselves in the presence of scholars, on hearing such learned words?

When the head of the cortege arrived at la Porte aux Peintres half the city had followed it as accomplices—the gossips emulated each other in their attempts to heap abuse upon poor Ingeburge; and some of them spoke in Latin in order to pass with the crowd for young scholars, though many of these idiots had outlived twelve school periods.

Beggars, sham masons, and sham scholars sang, from time to time, with open throat; the nymphs of the city—the fairest and vilest of whom had been convoked for the occasion—danced and laughed on either wing of the army, and carried flagons and cups to seduce the guards of la Porte aux Peintres.

"Mars adamat venirem," said Tristan, who had recovered his good humour, and was vomiting Latin at all pores.

Samson added—

"By the aid of Bacchus, and some nymphs, we shall have soon overcome these blockheads and then we shall be able to say—

"Panduntur Portæ!"

"That's it!" exclaimed Trefouilloux, translating in his fashion that Virgilian Hemistich. "We will hang them all at the gate, if they don't open to us."

Tristan was so enraptured with Trefouilloux's translation that he was near choking with laughter.

The Bourgeois said, speaking of Trefouilloux, "that's a learned scholar, though so full of merriment."

The guards at the gate had been kept for some time on the *qui vive*; and their chief had ordered them to let down the port-cullis.

"What means all this disturbance?" he asked, "we have surely not yet reached the *fools' fete day*."

There were possibly among his men some old veterans who had been gained in advance; for whenever the chief asked for some explanation of the noise that reached him from time to time, they always replied that it was nothing, and when the first rioters reached the gate the archers hastened to fraternize with them.

In fact, these poor soldiers saw nothing in the affair but a troop of women dancing and singing, and they apprehended no danger from them.

The mob part of the crowd at first observed a profound silence, and having extinguished their torches, the guards of the Porte aux Peintres believed in good faith that they had to do with some merry making party that they had rambled without design into these parts.

For some minutes there were shaking of hands exchanged through the bars, some free jokes and some fall glasses tossed off.

Then, as though it was woman's destiny always to play the tempter and always to succeed, the bars were half opened by an amorous soldier, and the women poured through the gate.

A great cry of triumph now rose from the crowd in the street, and the guards found themselves all at once in the power of the beggars.

At this moment Fontanelle, who had followed the drunken procession at a distance, took hold of a very young girl—whom she had compelled to accompany her—by the arm.

"Martha," said Fontanelle, "dost thou remember thy sister Agnes the pretty?"

The little maiden who up to that moment had been laughing like a fool, fell at once into tears.

"I see that thou dost remember her well, Martha," said Fontanelle. "Thou art weeping because they have killed thy poor sister. Would'st thou like to revenge her?"

Little Martha seized Fontanelle by both hands and her dark eyes shone like two lights in the shade.

"Good," said Fontanelle, "then dost thou desire to avenge her; Martha, the man who killed thy sister is there in that crowd, disguised and hidden like a coward. Take thy way, Martha, directly to the tower of the Louvre; ask for young Albert, the king's page, and tell him all that is going on here."

"And will he kill my sister's assassin?" asked little Martha in a voice full of emotion.

"Yes, Martha, he will come and kill thy sister's assassin, especially if thou forgettest not to add that those who have forced the Port aux Peintres are going to take the abbey St. Martin by assault, where queen Ingeburge is with her attendant, the Danish woman, Eve."

Martha waited to hear no more but flew away with the speed of a fawn, and disappeared like an arrow shot into darkness.

Along the whole line of road, not a bush, nor a flower, nor a blade of grass, escaped the withering influence of these human locusts.

Three tall rascals who preceded the crowd, and immediately behind the university banner, bore on their shoulders a heavy oaken beam, in form of a battering ram, which constituted the artillery of the invading army.

Behind these came fifty scoundrels, armed with axes and mallets, and in the centre were some of Cadocu's brigands that had allowed themselves to be debauched—these men formed the most formidable part of the expedition; for Cadocu's companions were worth more than the whole of the army of Phillip Augustus put together.

The greater part of this howling pack were armed only with wooden stakes, old swords, and old halberds, past service, and even kitchen spits.

The motley crew were now fast approaching the end of their march, and on their flank two figures might be seen—a man and a woman—who seemed to keep aloof, and to be walking unconcernedly in the cultivated fields, as though they felt no interest in the movement. The man was dressed like one of the dirtiest beggars—the woman's toilet was that of a bold and extravagant harlot: but if any one could have heard the style in which the seeming beggar addressed his companion, when they were alone, they would have thought they were listening to that exaggerated kind of gallantry which has been preserved to us by the romances of chivalry: they would have heard the beggar addressing the woman as *ma souveraine*, just as though it had really been messire Amaury Montruel, the friend of the king, talking to the noble Agnes de Meranie; but they would have heard nothing but abrupt and ungracious replies on the part of the woman.

"Eight days," she muttered, when they had gained their first battle and passed la Porte aux Peintres, "eight whole days without any result. I believe that I have done wrong to trust myself to you, messire."

"Oh! ma souveraine," exclaimed the doleful rogne, Montruel—for it was indeed him, and the bold harlot was no other than madame Agnes—"if you knew what I have suffered during that age which you call only a week?"

Agnes shrugged her shoulders and interrupted him—

"That miscreant that you reckon upon so much?" said she.

"Mahmoud-el-Reis has been at the abbey for several hours," replied Montruel.

"Then why all this masquerade? will your Saracen hesitate to strike at the proper moment?"

"I did not think so this morning," replied Amaury; "but since morning I have discovered a secret which astonishes me and frightens me."

Agnes darted her eager eyes at Montruel.

"What secret?" she impatiently demanded, seeing that he had stopped short.

"The statue," said Montruel gravely, "that Mahmoud has been making is the portrait of madame Ingeburge, and it appears to be an object of idolatrous worship to him."

"Holla! brothers!" called out a blown voice in the crowd, not so quick, I pray you; the road is very steep and we have plenty of time."

"*Celad sedit colus arei*" replied the learned scholar, Tristan, who continued to maintain his

place at the head of the *cortege*, "the monks' wine is at the top of the hill—courage, mes enfants, if you would arrive before supper!"

"And if Mahmoud betrays thee?" resumed Agnes.

"If Mahmoud betrays me," replied Montruel, speaking still lower, "I have a man at hand who will replace him."

They now drew near to the thickest part of the crowd, and Montruel pointed out to his "*souveraine*," a miserable object, whose ignoble features lighted up by the flare of a torch, was working energetically in the midst of those hang-dog faces.

"I have seen that man somewhere before," said Agnes, seized with a fit of horror and disgust.

"You have seen him in the purlieus of Notre Dame," said Montruel; "it was him who begged for the largest ruby of your necklace." "Do you not remember poor Louise?"

Madam Agnes looked surprised; for she was not in a humour for joking.

But Amaury was not joking. That man that all the great and small of beggards knew by the name of *pauvre Louise*, was the fortunate rival of Ezekiel de Trefouilloux in the purlieus of Notre Dame; by counterfeiting the character of a woman, with four arms, one of which had the foot of a goat.

*Pauvre Louise* was now charged, in consideration of a handful of sous, to supplement Mahmoud-el-Reis, in case he refused to perform his job, and to poignard queen Ingeburge as soon as they could procure him admittance to her retreat.

Now with poor Louise, there was no fear of false delicacy or tenderness. When Agnes had well examined that hideous and repulsive face, she said with more calmness—

"The king gets weaker, messire. The result of the first sitting of the council has not been favorable; and I tell you that the life of this woman threatens me more than ever."

The three ram-bearers had now halted before the principal gate of the abbey, and a heavy blow against the folding doors awoke the echoes of the interior.

The good monks had not expected anything, confident in the respect inspired by the character of their establishment; nothing was further from their thoughts than an assault on their abbey. Most of them were walking in the cloisters—some had already retired to sleep—while a few were still prolonging their vigils in the chapel.

By virtue of the temporal power of suzerainty that the abbots exercised over the precincts of the monastery every convent had its contingent of men-at-arms.

The abbey of St. Martin-hors-des-Murs was one of the most important in Paris, and had a little garrison, well armed and well disciplined; but unfortunately most of the archers and men-at-arms, warned of the intended assassination of queen Ingeburge had momentarily left their posts—but for that the beggars would have had some trouble, for the abbey was a veritable strong place.

The outer gates once forced, there was nobody to defend the curtain, and the approaches to the great staircase—the crowd, therefore, rushed into the interior, with its thousand discordant cries, and dominating over all could be heard the *basochienère* clamor—"Le loz des écoles et les privilèges de l'Université!"

In an instant cloisters, galleries, and corridors were filled by the intoxicated crowd—made daring by its easy access.

In refectories might be seen beggars and women feeding, mixed pell-mell.

Scholar Tristan, who had been drinking all along the road, was in a state of delirium, and his Latin, like his hair flowed as loosely and as wildly as the locks of a *bacchante*, so that the beggars who tried to repeat what he said were uttering the most prodigious barbarisms.

The outer crowd, who had not yet effected an entrance, cried "Sack! sack the house of the hypocrites!"

"Let them bring us out the foreigner!" replied the rogues who were eating and drinking with the women, under the austere eyes of the granite saints.

Further off might be heard some contests going on between the brigands and the archers of the abbey, who had now recovered from their stupor.

Blood and wine were flowing at the same time—the monks, who had attempted to interpose their sacred character to quell the fury of the combatants, had been outraged.

A truce was no longer possible, and the mad-heads began to debate whether they should burn the abbey or pull it down.

"This nest of hypocrites must be rooted out," said the amiable Trefouilloux, *de fundus in combum.*

Which the purer taste of Ezekiel converted into—

"*De fondo in comblos.*"

It was on the whole an atrocious orgie, in the midst of the holy saints; but in spite of the delirium that seemed to have taken possession of every head there was one present who had been economizing his faculties, and that was maitre Samson.

He whispered a few words into the ear of a bandit, and immediately a fatal clamor burst forth on all sides—

"The foreigner! the foreigner! give us the foreigner!"

A few moments after the invasion of the monastery, and at the moment when the tumult was at its height, there might be seen in the darkness of the night which covered all exterior objects, three shadows moving on through the broken doors.

Two of these were Messire Amaury Montruel and *pauvre Louise*, the latter holding in his hand a long and sharp cutlass: following them, in the deeper obscurity, was a masked woman, who seemed desirous of concealing herself.

"On leaving the vestibule, thou wilt take the right cloister," said Amaury in a half whisper, but loud enough to be heard by the masked woman, who was listening attentively. "Ascend the great staircase, at the first landing of which stands the statue of St. Martin. Turn to the right thou wilt find thyself in the cloisters of the second story, into which the doors of the infirmary open. There thou wilt meet some monk or brother, and compel him at the point of the cutlass to show the cell of Jean Cador. Dost understand?"

"I have understood," said *pauvre Louise*, with a self-satisfied air; "is that all?"

"Jean Cador, the image-cutter, will be able to tell thee where to find madame Ingeburge."

"And when he shall have told me that?..." began *pauvre Louise*.

He did not finish, but made a significant sign with his cutlass.

One could hear the short and hurried breathing of the veiled woman.

Montruel turned towards her as though to ask whether she was satisfied. *Pauvre Louise* had already started on his errand.

"Stop!" cried the veiled woman.

*Pauvre Louise* stopped with an air of bad humor—like a man who feared they were about to complicate his work.

Montruel, in his simplicity, believed that his *souveraine* was seized with remorse; but his error did not last long.

"Suppose that Jean Cador has turned traitor?" said the veiled woman in a harsh voice, "or suppose he is sick on his bed, and impatient from not having properly measured the poison that he took?"

Montruel sighed.

"Listen," said he to *pauvre Louise*, "you understand, if Jean Cador refuses to tell thee where madame Ingeburge is, or cannot move from his bed, dispatch him, and return again to the cloisters; and again at the point of thy sword compel some monk or brother, to lead thee to madame Ingeburge—monks and brothers never resist these arguments."

"And if thy commission is well executed," added the veiled woman, advancing a step, "I will give thee, over and above our agreement, a gold chain weighing thirty-two crowns."

*Pauvre Louise* uttered a wild scream and bounded off, brandishing his weapon.

He must have worked many years in the pur-

lieus of the cathedral to gain thirty-two golden crowns.

As soon as he had left, Amaury and his *souveraine* disappeared among the bushes that bordered the enclosure of the abbey.

#### CHAPTER VII.

In the large hall which led to the refectory an old man of tall form and snowy hair suddenly appeared in the midst of the delirious crowd.

"Madame Ingeburge! the foreigner!" they cried pressing round him on all sides, for they guessed him to be some great dignitary of the abbey.

Prior Anselm cast a calm but sorrowful look over the crowd.

"And who are you," he demanded, "that come here to profane the House of God?"

"May it please you, my lord monk," replied Tristan the scholar, "we are pious sons of the university. We have come from a pious motive—*pietates causa*. It grieves us to be kept fasting from all the sacraments of Holy Mother church. We would break down the obstacle that stands between us and our eternal salvation."

"That's it—that's it," cried all the rebels in chorus.

And Trefouilloux, fearing to lose such a solemn moment, hastened to put in here his best Latin—"Magnificat Cicero, cara Michel Sarigus."

A slight flush rose to the cheeks of the monk. "You are joking with fearful matters, lost children," he murmured, "may God grant you repentance before your last hour."

We need not say that religion at that day held a supreme influence over all classes. There was no *caste*, however void of honour and propriety, that had not at some day been made to submit to that gigantic influence wielded by the power of faith.

There was immediately some sensation among the crowd, some souls surprised, some heads bent, and more than one countenance, inflamed by drink, became suddenly covered with paleness.

A general silence prevailed, in spite of the obstinacy of some incorrigible rogues.

"*Quosque tandem...*" began Tristan.

But Samson, feeling that the success of the enterprise was being compromised, interrupted him—

"Reverend father," said he gravely, "joking is very far from our thoughts. We have come here to do what the assembled council of Bishops have been vainly attempting to accomplish this last eight days. We have come to put an end to the lamentable state under which the kingdom of France is groaning. We are serving the church and we are serving the king. Deliver madame Ingeburge to us that we may conduct her out of France, where she ought never to have entered; and if necessary we will take her to Denmark, beyond the sea."

The clerk Samson knew his business, for by these words he had excluded the idea of profanation or murder, and remorse that had begun to take hold of the public conscience, became extinguished.

In short, what was there so culpable in removing an obstacle which prevented Phillip Augustus from returning in a Christian spirit into the bosom of the church, and bringing his people with him?

The beggars, lately so contrite, asked no better than to be persuaded that they were engaged in a pious work, and when the prior endeavoured to speak to them again, his voice was smothered in a general murmur.

"Reverend father, you are wrong," exclaimed Trefouilloux, who considered himself quite qualified to settle that point; "the noble scholar, Tristan, king of the Basoche, told you the truth when he called you '*Quosque tandem!*'"

Tristan endeavoured to speak, but the crowd all cried "*Quosque tandem! Quosque tandem!*"

"Ah! ah! Tristan has hit the mark; that's a *quosque tandem!*"

While prior Anselm was struggling in vain against the *quosque tandem*, which is in itself an invincible thing, *pauvre Louise* was gliding silently along the cloisters, thinking of the thirty-two gold crowns promised by the unknown woman.

The choice of pauvre Louise, by Amaury, was all in his favor; for that was a wicked soulless brute—a kind of mad wolf, who, for thirty-two crowns, would willingly have cut the throat of sixty-four Christians.

*To be continued.*

## THE BED-MAKER'S STORY.

A TALE OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.

MY family, sir, for three generations have been connected with this college, my mother being college washerwoman, and my grandmother before, and a better one for getting up surplises there never was, at least so my poor mother used to say. It is many years ago now since my grandmother was bed-maker here; I remember her as a child, an old woman, clean and most respectable to look at, as all our family ever were, sitting in the chimney-corner at home, she was then nearly ninety, and had been pensioned off fifteen years, but had as good a memory as ever, and many was the tale she used to tell me about the gents she did for. Of course you know, sir, college isn't now as it was then. The room we are sitting in was part of the Master's old house, and that is the reason why the fireplace is covered over with that curious oak-carving. This room, so my grandmother used to say, was one of the bedrooms; through that panelling across the staircase was a door, leading to a long passage, which the Master in old times used when he wanted to go to the college-library, which you know has been pulled down.

"Well, sir, when my grandfather was first made bed-maker, Dr. A. was master,—a great scholar by all reports, but one who bore his head rather too high.

"The young gentlemen did not like him, no more than did the college-servants; for the smallest faults gentlemen used to be sent down, and servants dismissed. Among those most liked by the servants and the young gentlemen in general, was a Mr. Bond, as handsome a man, my grandmother declared, as ever came up,—over six feet two, with black curly hair, an eye like a hawk, and a laugh that did one good to hear.

"The college servants would have done anything for him, as he spent his money like a prince, gave suppers, and never asked about perquisites, and had a choery word for every one; and that is, after all, what they like better than anything.

"There was nothing Mr. Bond couldn't do. He kept two horses, hunted in pink, rowed better than anyone else, sang songs of his own writing, and made love; and this leads to the sad part of my story.

"Well, sir, never being at lectures, and giving wine parties, when the noise used to be so great that it could be heard in the street, was not the way to make him a favourite with the Fellows and Master. If he was loved by servants and young gentlemen, he was hated by the tutors and Master, the latter especially; for one night after having gated several gentlemen, his door was screwed up, and painted pea-green. Who did it, no one for certain knew; but the Master and everyone believed it to be Mr. Bond.

"Dr. A. had a daughter, the loveliest girl ever seen; grandmother used never to tire of talking of her blue eyes, bright golden hair, and tall slight figure; Miss Dorothy was her name.

"Her mother had died when she was a child, and the poor young lady had a solitary time of it from all accounts. The doctor was too much taken up with his books to give much time to his daughter, and too proud (for he was well born) to let her associate much with the other young ladies in the town; and so the poor girl lived a dreamy solitary life, always looking out of the window into the court-yard, or wandering listlessly about the old home, exploring all its corners and passages.

"There was no college chapel in those days, the young gentlemen used to go to St. Bennet's Church. The Master had a high pew there for his family, which was generally only occupied by Miss Dorothy, who used to come (as grand-

mother would say) fluttering in by herself like a pretty bird, and hide her blushing face behind the red curtains, for all the young men could not help looking at her as she came in, she was so pretty, and what is more, she knew it.

"Mr. Bond, from all accounts, was not a very religious young gentleman, but not one single chapel did he ever miss, and this, I believe, saved him from being sent down on several occasions, when he got into some mad scrape. The bed-makers used to say that he went to look at Miss Dorothy, but when they first spoke to each other they did not know, though sure it is they used to meet each other. I daresay, sir, you will wonder how my grandmother came to know as much as she did; but you see, sir, there was a great deal of talk at the time, and when Miss Dorothy was taken ill, my mother acted as nurse, it being vacation time, and so won the sweet young lady's confidence, that she used to tell her everything, and seemed happier talking to her about the sad story than at any other time.

"I told you, sir, that across the landing there was a private passage to the library; the key was kept in the Master's study, and no one was allowed to use it but he.

"The first time Mr. Bond ever met Miss Dorothy was when the Master's door was screwed up. The Master sent for Mr. Bond, suspecting him, though unable to prove anything against him. The young lady and gentleman met on the staircase. Miss Dorothy had often noticed Mr. Bond from her window, and seems, sir, to have taken such a fancy to him, that every hunting morning, which was Wednesday and Friday, she was at the window to see him walk through the court, looking like a prince in his red coat, and get on his splendid black horse Eagle. I remember the name, for when my father started his donkey and cart to take the clean linen home, my grandmother begged him to call it Eagle too.

"Miss Dorothy, as I said before, was timid as a bird, and very shy, when she met Mr. Bond on the staircase. Trying to get quickly out of his way, she would have fallen, being tripped up by the stair-cloth, if he had not put out his hand and caught her.

"This was the first time that a word had passed between them, and it was only an expression of regret at her clumsiness on the one side, and pleasure on the other that he had been able to save her from a fall. Still this meeting soon led to others.

"Miss Dorothy used to ride. Mr. Bond met her first as if by accident, but in time met her every day, seeing her groom handsomely each time not to reveal that his young mistress had any other companion than himself. For some time these rides went on well enough, till one day who should they meet but the Master himself. He was driving with the provost of King's in a close carriage, and pretended not to recognise the couple.

"However, when he got back he sent for the groom, and dismissed him on the spot. Then he sent for Mr. Bond. Miss Dorothy was coming crying and pale as death out of her father's study when she met him.

"'Bless you, my darling,' he said, as she passed him. 'It is all my own fault; cheer up; I ought to have spoken to your father before; he can't object to me as a son-in-law. I am rich and well-born, so don't cry, my pet.' Then he went into the study, and she into her room.

"The Master was white with fury when Mr. Bond entered the room.

"'Sir,' he said, 'you are no gentleman; you are a disgrace to the university. I shall expel you.'

"'And what for?' asked Mr. Bond, doing his best to restrain his passion at the insulting tones of the old man.

"'What for, sir? why, for insulting me: it was you who fastened up my door, you who dared to ride with my daughter.'

"'The first of those charges you are not in a position to prove, sir,' said Mr. Bond, quietly; and the second, I fancy, would hardly be deemed a reasonable cause for expulsion by the university authorities, who must ratify your sentence.'

There was truth in this, and the Master knew it. 'But,' continued Mr. Bond, 'I humbly beg your pardon. I have acted most wrongly; I should have spoken to you before. Your daughter loves me: may I make her my wife? and indeed, sir, you shall never repent having committed such a jewel into my keeping. For God's sake, sir, forgive us. You were a young man once, indeed, indeed.'

"'Quiet, young man!' shouted the Master, who had set his mind on Miss Dorothy marrying a distant cousin, a nobleman who was then undergraduate at Trinity, and had shown her considerable attention. 'Quiet. I care not for the honour you would bestow on me; leave me, sir, and never let me hear of either of you two speaking to each other again, or it will be the worse for both of you.'

"Mr. Bond left him in a towering passion. 'You have no right to separate us, nor shall you, by heaven, sir! I am in a position to support a wife, and your child is of age. Good-bye for the present, sir!'

"'Send Miss Dorothy here,' said the Master, as the butler returned from showing Mr. Bond out. The young lady came, blushing and crying.

"'Oh, dear father, forgive us both; he loves me so much, and he is so good and noble; we did not intend to keep it secret from you any longer; do, dear good father,—it will break his heart and mine too.'

"'Child,' said the old man, savagely, 'get up at once, and no more folly. You shall never speak to Mr. Bond again. Promise me never to see him again.'

"'Oh, father, I dare not promise you that. God knows I would do anything else to please you, but it would be death to me and to him also. Oh! have pity, he loves me.'

"'Loves you, fool!' said the Master, 'don't flatter yourself; a man so devoid of principle as he is has told many a girl the same story; he has been making a fool of you for lack of better amusement. I despise the man. Get up!' Here he laid his hands roughly on her shoulders. 'Go, little fool.' She rose to leave the room, pale as a statue, without saying another word. 'Stop, he cried, as she reached the door. 'Child, swear never to speak to that bad young man again.'

"'Never, father!' cried the girl, her eyes flashing with passion. 'You have no cause to speak evil of Mr. Bond. He is good and noble, and I love him. I will not promise you this.' Without waiting for an answer, she sailed out of the room.

"But her self-possession did not last long; she ran up-stairs, and threw herself on her bed (in this very room, sir), where, when her maid came to find her, she was still crying as if her heart would break.

"'Oh, miss,' said Nancy, as she came in, 'what is the matter? you a-crying your eyes out, and the Master furious. And, oh! I'm ashamed to tell you what he has told me to do, it is cruel like; you are not to leave the house all the week till Tuesday, when you are to go to your aunt in Wales.'

"'So I am a prisoner, am I? and you are to be my gaoler. My father is kind and considerate. Get me some tea.'

"Then Miss Dorothy got up, set her things straight, and determined not to show her sorrow to her maid; but Nancy told my mother it was no good, the poor child went on terrible about her father and Mr. Bond, and never got a wink of sleep all the night.

"Next morning she thought she would try once more to overcome her father's resolution, but he was incensed at her display of temper the evening before, and refused to see her.

"Miss Dorothy was allowed to go into the little patch of garden where the stables used to stand. Next morning when she went out to get a breath of air, and to look at her horse, as was her custom, she found the groom who had been dismissed packing up his things to leave.

"'Oh, I am sorry you are going to leave, Williams, and I am glad I have met you to say good-bye. Here's a little present for you.'

"William touched his hat as he took the sovereign. 'Bless your pretty face, miss, don't



care about me. Mr. Bond's taken me on to look after his hunters, and miss,' (here he lowered his voice to a whisper, though there was none within hearing), 'my new master bade me give you this 'ere, and I am not to go till I has an answer, "No," says he, "not if your old master blows your brains out,"'

"Dorothy took it trembling up into her room; it was only a few lines beseeching her for the love of heaven to let him see her once more. She had once told him, he wrote, that she had discovered a way from her father's house to the college library; as she was forbidden to leave the house, would she meet him there, it was their only chance.

"She took a pen, and wrote a line promising to be there the moment the bells ceased to ring for evening service. As the bells ceased ringing, Miss Dorothy left her room, and went to the study, the key was in its old position, and she took it. As she passed by the window she saw her father crossing the court-yard in his surplice. It was some time before the passage door would open, at last the latch lifted, and, hardly daring to breathe, she walked to the library door. Not daring to open it at first, she knelt down and listened—the place was as still as death. In a few seconds time she heard the door open and a heavy footstep on the floor, then a voice humming a familiar air.

"Without waiting longer she timidly turned the key and entered the room. What passed between the two I never heard, but the interview was interrupted by the sound of some one on the stairs. Miss Dorothy started.

"'We shall be detected, George,' she said. Still he held her.

"'Promise, love,' he said, 'or I shall die.'

"'Yes, I promise; God forgive me,' answered she. Then she closed the library door, and ran back to her room. Nancy was there arranging a dress, and started as her young mistress entered, she looked so lovely, with her cheeks still flushing with the hot kiss her lover had imprinted on them, and the excitement of the meeting.

"As the clock struck nine, Miss Dorothy stole down-stairs, the hall door was open, and she was soon out of the college gates. There was no gas in the courts and streets in those days, and the porters who saw her hurry across the court, took her for one of the bed-makers. Wrapping her cloak round her, for it was a cold November night, she hurried along the street, nor did she stop till she reached the end of Parker's Piece, where a fly with two horses was waiting.

"William the groom was there, but no one else,

"'He should have been here before, miss; clocks are striking quarter past. Get in miss, you will catch your death of cold.'

"'No, thank you, Williams, I shall see him sooner if I stop here. Oh, dear I wish I had not come. It is too late to go back?'

"'Go back! why, bless you, miss, he will be here in a minute. Look there, ain't that him? No, he was to have come alone.'

"'Oh yes, alone,' said she, shivering and beginning to cry. 'How wicked I am.'

"'Quiet, miss, for heaven's sake. Get into the fly; it's the proctors, I can see their bands, you will be suspected.'

"She sprang in, and Williams lowered the shutters. The proctors were there in a minute; they had seen a woman's dress, and were suspicious.

"'Who have you there?' one asked as he came up.

"'A lady, sir, if you have no objection.'

"'Any one else?' asked the other, 'no member of the university too, I hope; my man, it is a suspicious place, please to open the door.'

"The door was opened, and they looked in. Miss Dorothy sat back, and pulled the veil over her face. The moon was shining brightly, and in the proctor she recognised Mr. Hanly the senior fellow of Corpus, who had once paid her great attentions, and who might have won her heart if she had not met Mr. Bond.

"'I beg your pardon, madam,' he said, raising his hat, but not recognising her. 'You must forgive the liberty I have taken, but we are

forced to be very careful.' Then he closed the door, and walked off.

"'What's the next move, miss? I fear som'uns up,' said Williams, looking in as the clock struck eleven. 'No doubt he's gated, and can't get out. When did you see him last?'

"'About six o'clock,' said the poor young lady, sobbing. 'Oh, Williams, he can't have deceived me!'

"'Bless ye, no, miss, he ain't one of that sort. Why, miss, I knows for certain he'd die for you: still, it's precious queer. Says he to me at three this afternoon, "let the fly be ready." Says I, "Yes, sir; but shall I see you before night?" "Yes," says he, "I'm just a going to say a few words to your dear young missus, and then I shall see you." But he never came, so I follows former orders, and comes up here. But, dear heart, cheer up, them great gates is shut, and the porters won't let him out. But what had we better do now, miss?'

"'Oh, take me back, take me back!' she cried. 'Oh! I wish I had never come. I will ask my father to forgive me; he spoke unjustly and cruelly of George, still I am very wicked. Oh, drive me back!'

"'If I were you, miss,' said Williams, 'I should not go back to college; there's no cause, as I sees, that the Master should know anything about it. He thinks you safe a-bed, next morning you slips in with bed-makers, and no harm comes of it.'

"'O Williams, but then where can I sleep to-night?'

"This question puzzled him, and he scratched his head in silence. At last he said, 'Well, miss, s'pose you sleeps in this 'ere vehicle; I'll keep watch on the box; eh, miss?'

"'Oh, no Williams, you know you would die of cold. I must go back; perhaps he will forgive me.'

"Williams went to fasten some piece of harness preparatory to starting; in a minute he returned, and lowering the window, looked in again.

"'Bless you, miss, what a fool I was not to think of it afore: why, miss, you see if you goes back it must be through the porter's lodge, as the other entrance shuts early. A deal of gents may be in the court. You will not like to go by yourself; s'pose you come to my sister's, eh?'

"'Oh, no, Williams; I should die if I met anyone in the court. Thank you for thinking of Mrs. Giffard; she was my nurse, and I know would have pity on me.'

"'Well, sir, you know my grandmother's name was Giffard, and she was sister to Williams, he being my mother's uncle. Mother said she was then only ten years old, but remembered the night Miss Dorothy came to our house.'

"She and her father and mother slept in the same room. They had been in bed about two hours when they were awoke by a knocking at the door. My grandfather sprung up, and looked out of the window.

"'Why, bless me, wife,' he said, 'if there ain't that brother of yours. What on earth is up now? Coming in a minute, lad,' he said, as George again thundered at the door, 'you'll wake the whole street.'

"Grandfather threw his wife's shawl over his shoulders, and ran down-stairs. In less than a minute he was back again. 'For Heaven's sake, old lady, get up; here's a pretty go, poor beautiful young creature, and perished with cold.' Then he turned round to my mother, who was sitting up wondering in bed, and told her to go to sleep. This my mother pretended to, but was far too excited and curious to do more than close her eyes. Her father and mother were soon both down-stairs, and the sound of a tinder-box being struck, and a fire lit, soon reached her ears. In another hour's time her father returned alone to bed, and in the next room she heard her mother trying to pacify some one who was sobbing loud enough for her to hear through the partition. After a time all was quiet again, and she did not wake till her father rose; he was one of the butterymen at Trinity.

"Then she got out of bed and listened; there was more crying in the next room; she went to

the bed-room door, and looked out, and saw a tall young lady, very beautiful and pale as snow, pass hurriedly along the passage, followed by my grandmother.

"Mother says she never saw a lily of the valley without thinking of Miss Dorothy, as she looked then, so frail and trembling, with her white face bent down.

"The Master had discovered his daughter's flight, and was beside himself with passion. Grandmother knew this the night before, and was not so much surprised that Miss Dorothy had come to her house at that late hour as she would otherwise have been. She was Mr. Bond's bed-maker, and going to his rooms about chapel-time, she had noticed his portmanteau locked and lying on his bed, but had seen nothing of him. He had not slept in college, and no one knew anything about his whereabouts. There was nothing else talked of in college but the disappearance of Mr. Bond. That Miss A. had intended to run away with him, thanks to the discreetness of my grandfather and the Master's servants, was never generally known: at last, like all other wonders, it ceased to interest any one. All knew Mr. Bond was a mad young gentleman, and cared for no one: what more likely than he should have betaken himself to his home in the north for a week's change, and had not cared to consult the college authorities on the subject? Still to Miss Dorothy, my grandmother, and others, there seemed some mystery which they could not fathom. Nancy, the lady's maid, who slept in a little room out of her mistress's, had sat up till past three, waiting for her return. Twice in the middle of the night she started up, hearing something like a cry of distress coming seemingly from the college library. At first she thought it only a dream, for she was anxious and nervous about her mistress, but the next time she felt that it was more than a dream, and woke one of the maids, who sat up the rest of the night, sir, by this very same fire here, sir; but there was no more sound, so Nancy believed it to be a dream, till what was discovered afterwards proved it to be no fancy. Well, sir, I need not tell you that the Master was furious about Miss Dorothy; at first he threatened to turn her out into the streets, but his pride prevented him doing this, as all the university would have known his disgrace, so he wrote off to his sister in Wales, begging her at once to come and take her back with her, and in the meantime strictly forbade her to leave the house. At the time of which I am speaking, the Master's house ran along the west side of the old college library, and there were two small oak-panelled rooms at the end of the east corridor, which were separated from the rest of the house. In these rooms Miss Dorothy was confined; they were well suited for the purpose, for there was but one means of escape, and that was actually through the Master's study, which had a door opening on to the further end of the passage.

"Poor child! she was miserable indeed, and Nancy her maid hardly liked to leave her alone for a minute, she was so low and nervous. One evening, Nancy had to go out into the town, and Miss Dorothy was left alone.

"It was getting dusk, and the solitude of the dark old room frightened her. It seems that the library was connected with her bed-room by means of a small door opening in the panel. This door was not visible from the library, as it was covered by another thicker door, which was covered with books, and was not distinguishable from the rest of the walls. Miss Dorothy had noticed the door in her room, a door which had not been used for years, and of the existence of which I believe the Master himself was not aware. As she wandered about the room, feeling too nervous to sit still, her eyes fell upon an old-fashioned key lying in the corner of an oak cupboard. Taking it in her hand, she determined to try the door on the opposite wall that she had watched the morning before.

"Grandmother happened to be that evening in the housekeeper's room, when suddenly she heard a piercing cry,—a cry, she says, she can never forget, so full of horror was it.

"She started to her feet, and just at that



minute Nancy dashed into the room. "Come with me, come with me." All three started off, pale as death, and met the Master, who had heard the scream, hurrying in the same direction. They opened the door, Mrs. Brown the housekeeper bearing a light. On the floor, pale and rigid as marble, lay Miss Dorothy, the door in the panel open, and just in front of her, and across her feet, lay Mr. Bond, his hands stretched out and clenched, rigid and cold as a statue, as if to embrace her, his once handsome eyes staring lustreless out of their sockets, and the marks of corruption already on his beautiful face.

"Miss Dorothy was taken back to her old room here, but only survived her shock two days."

"An inquest was held on the body of Mr. Bond, and the verdict returned was accidental death. It seems that the poor young gentleman, knowing that as an undergraduate he had no right in the library, after Miss Dorothy had left him, seeing one of the book-shelves swing back, had retired behind it. It was the librarian who was entering, the shelves of the door were empty, and he filled them with the large volumes that lay on the table, and then left the room."

"When the room was empty Mr. Bond no doubt tried to leave his hiding place, but the door closed with a hasp, and the heavy books that had been placed on the shelves rendered all his attempts to force it open vain, and what is more, excluded the air, for the doctors all agreed that the cause of death was suffocation. The door the young lady opened corresponded with the door in the bookcase, and when the double doors were closed there was just room for a man to stand up between them. The body, which was in a standing position, fell down at the wretched lady's feet as she opened the door in the panel."

"And this, sir, is the story as my grandmother used to tell it, and many were those among the servants who rejoiced when the old library was pulled down; unearthly noises and screams, it was said, were often heard there, and indeed, sir, there were several who declared that they had seen Miss Dorothy herself more than once in her shroud, kneeling, lifting up a skeleton hand before the door which had made a living tomb for her love."

As Betsy finished her story I looked round my room, and a shiver ran through me; nor could I sleep one wink, thinking of the sweet young lady who died in the very room where I was lying, and never shall I forget that Christmas-eve and Betsy's tale.

RANDOLPH FIGOTT.

## A TALE OF THE CATACOMBS.

THE traveller who visits the Rome of to-day, if a classic scholar and antiquarian, occupies himself with the ruins of ancient Rome—that "mother of dead empires." The artist who visits Rome spends his time in the galleries of pictures and statuary. He cares little for the Rome of two thousand years ago, or the Rome of to-day, except in so far as they contribute to the enjoyment of his favourite pursuit.

While there is a Rome for the artist, and another for the antiquary, there is a third Rome for the Christian visitor—a Rome of three hundred churches, with St. Peter's, a world in itself, and the treasures accumulated through fifteen centuries in the Vatican. In this he finds a world which occupies all his attention. And when he has seen all that presents itself upon the earth's surface, he finds that there is another Rome beneath the ancient city—the Rome of the Catacombs.

Why these excavations were made originally, no history tells us. But in the second century of our era, they were used by the Christians in Rome as places of refuge from persecution, of secret worship, and for the burial of the dead. Here were deposited the bodies of the martyrs, the bones of those who were devoured by wild beasts in the amphitheatre, and the ashes of others.

These catacombs are of great extent. There are long galleries, with recesses on each side for burial, looking like the tiers of berths in our steamboats. When the bodies, or relics, were deposited, the recess was walled up and plastered over with cement, and the inscription, giving the name and age of the deceased, and commending his soul to the prayers of the faithful, was carved in stone, or traced in the soft mortar. The lamps are found which were kept lighted before the graves of the martyrs, either as a mark of veneration, or to light those who came there to pray; and in many of these tombs are found phials of martyrs' blood, and the instruments of their torture.

Our story opens in the second century. Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the philosopher, was Emperor. A fierce and general persecution drove the Christians to the catacombs. The necessities of gaining a livelihood compelled them to attend to their business and labours; but their churches above ground were deserted, and the mysteries of religion celebrated by the graves of the martyrs in the bowels of the earth. Many were thrown into prison—many were tortured and slain.

At this period, and at frequent intervals during the three first centuries, the pagan was zealous in his own worship; the malicious man who wished to gratify a spite against his neighbour; or the plunderer, who coveted his worldly possessions, had only to denounce him to the public authorities, if he was a Christian, to satisfy his zeal, his malice, or his cupidity.

Octavian, an officer of the Emperor's household, proud of his rank, his wealth, and his position as a favourite of the philosophical sovereign, distinguished himself by his talent and zeal; and in no way more than by the activity with which he pursued those enemies of the old religion enshrined in history, literature, and arts of Rome.

In one of his expeditions against the Christians, he entered the house of Agrippa, a citizen of high position, who had been accused as a convert to the new and despised faith. He did not find him. There were Christians everywhere, even in the imperial palace—and one of them had warned Agrippa of his danger.

But in place of a Christian, whom he would have joyfully dragged to prison, to be consigned, in turn, to the torture and the wild beasts, Octavian found a young lady, whose beauty was accompanied by a sweetness which charmed the young and susceptible officer.

As he knocked for admittance, she met him at the gate. His soldiers were scattered about the mansion to prevent escape. Calm and sweet, with an air of purity and resignation, the maiden met him.

"You seek my father?" she said. "He is not here."

"Do you know where he is?" asked the officer, gazing at her with an admiration he cared not to conceal.

"If I knew, would you ask a daughter to betray her father?"

"That father is accused of being a member of an infamous and superstitious sect, which is endeavouring to undermine and destroy our ancient religion."

"My father," said Claudia, "belongs to no sect, and nothing infamous can attach itself to the name of Agrippa."

"Is not your father a Christian? Does he not worship a man who was executed as a malefactor?"

"Again you ask a daughter to betray her father. When you have found him, he shall answer for himself. He is a man of truth, and will not deceive you."

Surprised at the mingled dignity and sweetness of the beautiful maiden, Octavian was forced to withdraw, baffled in his search. But he could not forget her. She came like a vision. He could see the flush of her face as she defended her father; and he asked himself the question, which he had not been able to ask her, so awed had he been by her presence: "Can she, also, be one of those Christians whom we have undertaken to exterminate off the face of the earth?"

Her image sank deeper and deeper into his

heart. Her presence—her sphere, as modern philosophers have termed it—her spiritual being had impressed itself upon his memory and heart in ineffaceable characters.

The persecution raged on. Octavian was not so zealous as formerly; but the taunts of his companions spurred him forward. One day a spy brought him word that he had found the entrance to one of the secret hiding-places of the Christians. Losing no time, he took a band of soldiers, and following his guide, came to the entrance of one of the catacombs. They descended to the dark passages, their steps lighted by torches. Octavian read the inscriptions on the graves of the martyrs of the past eras of persecutions. He heard music in the far distance, sounding as if it came from the bowels of the earth. Then came the smoke of incense. Following the guide with stealthy steps, they came to a subterranean chapel crowded with worshippers. They were all upon their knees in a posture of adoration, while a white-haired priest, robed in flowing vestments, stood before an altar made of a martyr's tomb.

The armed men gathered in the dark space, in the back of the chapel, for the altar was lighted with tapers, and lamps were suspended from the ceiling. All was hushed in a profound silence for a few moments. Then the worshippers arose; and a woman, turning her head, discovered the soldiers, and was surprised into a cry of alarm.

The venerable priest turned from the altar, and approached Octavian.

"Is it I for whom you search?" he asked. "I am ready. Lead on."

But before Octavian could give an order to his soldiers, another form stood before him. Claudia, in her more than mortal beauty, as it seemed to Octavian, threw herself between him and the aged priest, and said, "I am the one he seeks. Look upon me. I am a Christian. Carry me to judges; bring me to the Emperor. You will need no proof—I avow it. I am a Christian. Leave this old man—leave these poor people. You want a victim—I follow you."

Agrippa, her father, took her gently by the arm, and said, "Not so, my child; what can he have against thy youth and innocence? It is I for whom he has come. This is he who sought for me at home. Here I am, sir; you shall not a second time be disappointed."

Alas! for Octavian. The spy who brought him was also a spy upon him, and would not fail to give notice of any lack of fidelity to the Emperor and the laws. The soldiers, too, acting under his orders, might report against him. He had no choice but to arrest some one; and how could he refuse those who offered themselves?

With a pang, which went to his heart, Octavian ordered the soldiers to arrest the priest and Agrippa.

"Will you not arrest me, also?" asked Claudia. "Where are my fetters?" said she, holding up her little hands, with a smile.

"Let men answer for their deeds," said Octavian. "We need not burden ourselves with women."

"I go with my father and my priest," said the heroic girl. "Who will hinder me?"

She knew that it was to the prison. If she refused to sacrifice to the gods, it was to torture. And there was death—she knew it well. All knew it; and yet there ensued this extraordinary spectacle. Men, women, and even children, pressed forward, and said, "Take me, also!" and held up their hands for the chains.

Octavian drove them back, and ordered the soldiers to take the prisoners he had selected. He could not hinder Claudia from going by the side of her father. If he could but have taken her and flown—there was no such possibility! He was compelled to lead on to the prison; and he had no power to resist, when the peerless Claudia, holding the hand of her father, said to the gaoler, "I, also, am a Christian; lock me up with my father!"

Octavian, filled with love, remorse, and despair, went to the palace of the Emperor, and made his report. He could not stay the course of what Rome considered justice. He knew the course of the trial, for he had been a witness to many such. He knew the tortures that would

be applied to that delicate woman, scarcely more than a child!

The trial was over. The aged priest, the father of his beloved, and she, whose image never left him night or day, were sentenced "to the lions!" What a joy to Rome—*Cristianos ad leones!* The old cry rung out once more from the ferocious Roman mob. "The Christians to the lions."

Octavian resolved to make one effort to save them. He threw himself upon his knees before the Emperor, and begged him to pardon these three Christians!

"Three Christians!" said the philosophic Marcus Aurelius. "Why should we forgive three Christians? Have they been tried?"

"Yes, sire!"

"Condemned!"

"Yes, sire!"

"Then they must be punished. Whoever hears of a Christian being pardoned? The religious tranquillity of the empire requires that the impious sect should be exterminated."

No more hope. The day came; and the Emperor went to the amphitheatre, and Octavian attended him. The old priest standing in the midst of the arena, his hands spread out in prayer, was devoured by a great Numidian lion. Agrippa, father of Claudia, sank under the spring of a ferocious tiger; and as he fell, seventy thousand Romans sent up shouts of applause.

But even this cruel mob was hushed to silence, which gave place to a murmur of admiration, when Claudia, pale as a lily, but with a higher beauty than ever, walked with a graceful dignity into the arena. She gazed around a moment, her eyes pausing with a look of tender pity on the group of officers behind the Emperor. Then she looked up to that heaven in which alone she trusted, and which now seemed open to receive her.

Two lions bounded forward from the two sides of the arena. But they had not half way reached her, when an officer of the imperial suite sprang into the arena, and placed himself at her side! The people were paralyzed. The Emperor, who was not a cruel man, made a signal to rescue them. It was too late. Before the guards could gain the arena, two more martyrs had moistened its sands with their mingled blood—two more souls had ascended to heaven.

## HAUNTED HILDERTON

"WHY is this called 'haunted' Hilderton? and how did you ever come to live here, uncle George?" asked Ellen. "You never said one word about it in your letters to India."

"Unless an arrangement could have been come to with her Majesty's mails to carry ghost stories at half-price, it would have been too costly, my love," replied Colonel Savage. "Well, well! You have been here now nearly a week, and I—I trust you and Soph have found everything comfortable."

"Everything delightful. But, uncle, why haunted? I've never seen anything."

"I wouldn't brag, my dear," said the colonel, mysteriously. "It is one of the polished peculiarities of the disturbing influence here, that it refrains from troubling newly-arrived visitors until they have recovered the fatigue of a journey, and are beginning to feel themselves fairly at home."

"I am sure it is very kind," said Ellen, warmly. "How good you all are in dear old England—ghosts and all! But, uncle, what is it?"

"Ah! that's the point," replied the colonel. "There's an idea—a vague, misty consciousness of an indistinct impression—that—But, why talk of it? However, do what I will, I have never been able wholly to eradicate the terror from my household. The butler, as bold a man about a house as ever stepped, would fight against any odds in defence of his plate-chest—but, at the first rumour of the supernatural, his manly cheek turns pale, and a reinforcement of Molly the housemaid is necessary before he will even descend the stairs."

"It's a noise, uncle?" said Sophy. "Oh, tell us all about it."

"To be sure," said her uncle. "Why not? You're sensible children. This is how it happened. Your uncle Charles, as you know, is a great musician. It is, or was, his intention to become the first fiddler of the age. How far that purpose may have been modified by fortuitous circumstances we shall know when he returns from Southern Tartary, from whence his last letters were dated; but he certainly threw himself into the pursuit with all his natural ardour. He practised incessantly, and when he wasn't playing the fiddle, he talked it."

"It chanced that he and I were staying together at the house of Sir Simon Mumford, with whose fair daughter, Charley, in the intervals of fiddling, believed himself in love. He was hard at work on a fantasia, in a little room opening from the hall, when Mumford, bursting out of his study, pen in hand, rushed in, and caught him by the hand. 'Charles, my dear fellow,' he said, 'this is superb! A little more perseverance, and, by Jove! you are at the top of the tree—the top, my boy!'"

"Charley, highly gratified, was going in for another turn at the fantasia, by the way of acknowledgment, when Mumford hastily added, 'I must warn you however, that if any of the professionals get hold of your mode of dealing with that glorious bit, they'll adopt it, and claim it as their own. You must be more private, Charles. Paganini always practiced in the beer-cellar; Filippowicz rented a hut on the Skerries, and was provisioned, once a month, from the mainland. Go you down to Hilderton. There's nobody there but the gardener and the ghost. The place is at your service as long as you please.'

"Charley jumped at the idea, and thanked our kind host cordially for his considerate proposal; but Miss Julia, who came in at the moment, looked, I thought, less gratified."

"I shall take down my Stradivarius—no, my Korts junior," said Charles, hesitating among his family of violins, and tenderly caressing the child he at last selected as he lifted it from its green cradle. (It boasted fifty-nine patches, was mellow, tremulous, and worth, Charles said, three hundred guineas.) 'I shall take down this—a box of cigars—and Grüntergönen's first movement—fifth quartette—you know it, Miss Mumford?'"

"But too well," murmured the young lady. "It is a teaser," said Charles, thoughtfully.

'First violin comes in at the ninth bar, accompanied by the other three instruments, forming the chord of the second inversion of dominant seventh, up to the nineteenth bar, when,' added the enthusiast, preparing to illustrate his meaning, 'the following delicious passage occurs—No? Well, then, I'll hum it. Teecumptyte—teeumptyte—ti-la—tilo—'

"I like those words so much!" said Miss Mumford. 'Who wrote them, now? Such pathos—such—Was Grüntergönen a family man? I am convinced that he composed that work in commemoration of some domestic difference. I am sure he was a kind, indulgent parent—witness that feeling teeumptyte—and yet firm of purpose—hence that inexorable ti-lo.'

"He does not seem to have had it all his own way," remarked my brother; 'for there ensues a jolly row, all the four instruments talking together, until—hist!—comes in that movement, replete with softness and dignity—twee-twee-twee—'

"That's the maiden aunt interposing," remarked Miss Julia; I recognise her voice."

"There was more chat, no doubt, of equal interest; but I need not pursue the dialogue. It was arranged that my brother should go down to Hilderton for, say, a fortnight, and I, having no engagement on hand, agreed to bear him company. I could not repress the idea that Sir Simon regarded my brother's temporary occupation of the house, while in a fiddling-fit, as a means of exorcising the ghost. Touching the latter, Miss Julia's sole comment was:

"'Fiddlestick!'"

"And my brother replied that was precisely the instrument he intended to use."

"You see what Hilderton is—one of those jolly old buildings such as may be met with in

the eastern parts of Belgium, which seem to have been castles in their youth, but have since taken to farming, and been unlucky. Excepting that the rooms were darkish, we found it very comfortable. The gardener, who, with his wife, dwelt in two back rooms on the ground floor, on being questioned as to the nature of the haunting influences, replied, succinctly:

"'Shadders!'"

"'Pressed further, he added:

"'Wices!'"

"And this was all he would say. The process of cross-examination was too fatiguing to follow up, inasmuch as this gentleman had acquired a habit of condensing his speeches into a single word—an eccentricity for which I was conscious of a secret longing to punch his head."

"It was from the clerk, sexton, beadle, constable, postmaster, and general gossip of the village, Mr. Adolphus Dollums—called Dol-dol for short—that we learned the real story of the Hilderton ghost, which, though sufficiently curious, was nothing more than this: Every family—and they were not a few—who had attempted to occupy the house, had, after a few days' residence, become aware of a low muttering sound, as of distant conversation—or, rather, of that peculiar hum which, when issuing from behind the scenes, is, with the initiated, the certain precursor of a popular row, the observations of the insurgents being confined to the repetition of the one word—'Mum-mum-m-m-m!'"

"At first hardly distinguishable, the sound, by slow advances, resolved itself more clearly into the measured note of conversation, broken, resumed, with cadences, and, sometimes, apparently a climax, yet never, on any occasion, reaching the intelligible. All efforts to trace this sound to its origin had proved fruitless. Time after time had the house been cleared of every living thing, the listeners excepted, and still the strange debate went on, sometimes by day, sometimes by night, without, apparently, coming to a division."

"Time might have reconciled the tenants of Hilderton to what the gardener called the 'wices' (as for the 'shadders,' I hold them to be but the illegitimate offspring of the former), but for the one distinctive feature, that the sound, through many months, always seemed to be drawing nearer. How it happened that this fact, instead of affording satisfaction to the curious listeners, only impressed them with fear, our informant could not explain. An idea had got abroad that, whenever the mysterious voices of Hilderton should become intelligible, something of an awful nature as concerning the then existing tenants would be revealed, or would occur. Strange as it may appear, the effect produced by this tradition was such as to occasion the departure of three sets of occupants, and the haunted mansion, which had passed into the possession of my friend Sir Simon, had remained untenanted, save by the gardener, until he suddenly offered it to my brother in the manner I have mentioned."

"Such was the story; and, I need not say, it had little effect upon our nerves. We enjoyed ourselves, each after his own fashion, very much. Charley fiddled and scraped in a manner that must have compelled the spirit of Grüntergönen, if it were within hearing, to come forward with some sort of acknowledgment of so much perseverance; and I lived the life of a frog. You have seen that splendid plunging-bath, constructed at some expense, by the original proprietor. Well, I, who emulate the ancient Romans in their love of water, passed a considerable part of the hot summer's days in that cool grot. The tap was always running. Fortunately, the spring that supplied it, and which rose close beside the house, was an abundant one."

"We had been here nearly a fortnight, and nothing had occurred to remind us of the ghost, when, one evening, as we sat smoking in this very room, Charles suddenly removed the cigar from his lips, and assumed the appearance of a listener. Almost at the same moment I became sensible of a distant grumbling sound, which gradually increased in volume until it resembled very many voices engaged in earnest discussion. Not one word, however, was intelligible. We could distinguish breaks, ripples, and rushes, in the mysterious rivulet of talk, but that was all."

There could be no doubt that we were listening to the invisible debaters of Hilderton.

"Taking our candles, we commenced a careful scrutiny. The sound evaded us. Go into what room we would, it seemed remote as ever. Once or twice, indeed, the voices appeared to combine in a rushing murmur, so as to convince us that they must now inevitably become distinct. But no; that point was never fully reached, and when our stay, which was prolonged to nearly a month, was on the eve of terminating, all our searchings, listenings, and inquiries, left us no wiser than before.

"On the night before our intended departure, we were sitting, as usual, in this room, a little disgusted at having failed in tracing the source of the baffling sounds. On this occasion, they were in full flow, and louder than at any previous time. There seemed to be dissensions in the council. Every now and then a low roar broke the monotonous murmur, but whether of reprobation or applause, was doubtful as ever. I must own that, while listening to these unearthly disputants, I was not unconscious of a sort of awe, while at the same time, our complete bewilderment had in it something of the burlesque.

"It had been a day of sudden storms, and the rain, at times, descending in torrents, almost drowned the mysterious voices, although it appeared to us that the latter exalted themselves, to meet the emergency. At length, in the crisis of one of these storms, there occurred a thunderous murmur, so loud and positive, that Charley fairly started from his chair!

"*'Something's coming'*" he shouted, and was snatching up, a candle, when the gardener, pale and excited, dashed into the room, and uttered, as usual, one word:

- "Run!"
- "What's the matter, man?"
- "House!"
- "What?"
- "Fallin'!"
- "And he bolted from the room.

"A noise as of a crashing wall and a rushing cataract roused us to action. We flung ourselves down the stairs, and were instantly waist deep in water, volumes of which came welling through the bath-room door. Quickly wading into the court-yard, we learned what had come to pass, subsequently more fully understood. A large spring that must have been for some time mining its way in the direction of that which already supplied the bath, had effected a lateral junction with the latter, when the two together, overflowing all obstacles, natural or artificial, had burst into the house. How far their eccentric proceedings had contributed to the voice-like sounds I have described, I cannot say. I am told, however, that such a cause has produced still more extraordinary phenomena than these, and, also, that atmospheric changes, rain-fall, &c., and the disuse of the bath, when the house was untenanted (whereby the spring found a readier outlet), would account for the intermittent character of the sounds. All I can tell you is that the mansion did not fall; that the voices ceased with the repair of the wall; and that my friend Mumford, finding that it was easier for his house to acquire a bad name than to get rid of it, and that Hilderton would be 'haunted' till its fall, sold it to me for a song."

"Then, uncle, there is no ghost, after all?" said Sophy, with a sigh.

"I trust it is the only drawback you will experience, my dear," said the colonel, "Remember, I didn't promise you one."

A BILL for the protection of copyright, before the French Chamber, is intended to give to the heirs of an author a kind of royalty upon future editions, in the shape of a small tax to be imposed upon works which, upon the expiration of the ten years' privilege of the present law, shall have become the property of the public. Unless the bill passes before July, the heirs of Alfred de Musset and Augustine Thierry will lose all claim upon the writings of these popular authors.

PASTIMES.

ARITHMOREMS.

1. Names of towns, countries, etc.
  1. 50 and *go swags*.
  2. 2,500 "*sea rat*."
  3. 1,061 "*Eton nag*."
  4. 561 "*cran*."
  5. 50 "*an ark*."
  6. 501 "*hen grub*."
  7. 50 "*an rose*."

The initials of the above will give the name of a celebrated philosopher of the sixteenth century. W. W. F.

1. 1. 551 and *N. nob* = A famous acrobat.
2. 801 "*R. rah*" = An English king.
3. 510 "*roof*" = An English college.
4. 50 "*rest U*" = A province of Ireland.
5. 550 "*tag nose*" = A modern statesman.
6. 1,000 "*hah, grub*" = A town in Holland.
7. 500 "*nae beer*" = A Scotch town.
8. 1,050 "*one rat*" = A town in Canada.

The initials give the name of an aged Scotch lord, one of the greatest statesmen alive. KECHMACHIE.

CHARADES.

1. My first is either good or bad,  
May pleasure or offend you;  
My second, in a thirsty mood,  
May very much befriended you.  
My whole, though called a cruel word,  
May often prove a kind one;  
Sometimes it may with joy be heard,  
Sometimes with tears may blind one.
2. I am composed of 13 letters.  
My 13, 11, 4, 10, 8 is a number.  
My 9, 3, 7, 13, 9 denotes confidence.  
My 3, 1, 13, 10 is a flower.  
My 9, 5, 8 is a weight.  
My 6, 2, 9, 11 is a musical instrument.  
My 12, 2, 8 is what my whole will never do.  
My 13, 9, 1, 4, 10 is pleasant in winter.  
My 3, 5, 4, 11 is to wander.  
And of my whole Canada may be proud. MAY.

ANAGRAMS.

ROMAN EMPERORS.

1. I do it clear.
2. I am in dot.
3. Oh I nor us.
4. I go darn. A. PYNE.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

CELEBRATED COMPOSERS.

1. ZTAORM.
2. EVEHNBTOE.
3. CHAB.
4. LEANDH.
5. YHAND. OLIVE.

DECAPITATION.

1. Complete I am a kitchen utensil, behead me and I am part of the earth's crust, now transpose and I am used for bottles.
2. Complete I am part of a vessel, beheaded I am a slimy fish, beheaded again and my final consonant doubled and I am a measure.
3. Complete I am a building, beheaded I am an article of furniture, beheaded again and I am strong. A. PYNE.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Divide \$79616.00 among 6 men, 45 women and 130 children, giving each man 2½ times what each woman receives, and each woman 4½ times as much as each child. What will be the share of each man, woman and child? A. PYNE.

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREM, &c. No. 41.

*Arithmorem*.—*Marseilles, Christiana*. 1, Magnac. 2, Adanah. 3, Rochester. 4, Scutari. 5, Ephrates. 6, Inglostadt. 7, Lipari. 8, Liberia. 9, Emden. 10, Salamanca.

*Transpositions*.—1, Oliver Goldsmith. 2, William Carleton. 3, Allan Ramsay.

ANAGRAM.

The day with its sandals dipped in dew  
Has passed through the evening's golden gates,  
And a single star in the cloudless blue  
For the rising moon in silence waits;  
While the winds that sigh to the languid hours,  
A lullaby breathe o'er the folded flowers.

*Charades*.—1, France. 2, Watch-man. 3, Copartnership.

*Decapitations*.—1, Bride-ride-die. 2, Flame-lame-me. 3, Bread-read-dear.

*Square Words*.—R O M E.  
O V E N.  
M E A D.  
E N D S.

The following answers have been received:

*Arithmorem*.—Nellie, H. H. V., Flora, B. Camp.

*Transpositions*.—Flora, Argus, H. H. V.

*Charades*.—Nellie, May, Isabel, H. H. V., Argus, Camp.

*Decapitations*.—Nellie, Isabel, May, Argus, H. H. V., Flora.

*Square Words*.—Isabel, May, Argus, H. H. V., Nellie.

*Anagram*.—H. H. V., Argus, Camp, Flora.

Received too late to be acknowledged last week M. N., Chatham, Olive, May.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. ROMEYN, KINGSTON, N. Y.—The key move is correct. We have not had leisure to examine the positions you enclosed, but hope to report on them shortly. Shall be glad to receive those promised "beauties" by Dr. Hill.

ST. URBAIN ST.—The interesting games will shortly be inserted. Thanks.

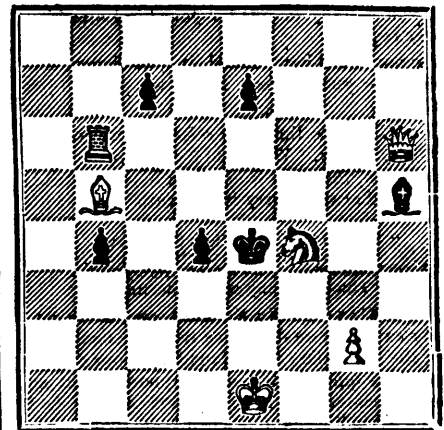
RALPH.—The fact of the Rook being *en prise* of an adverse piece is no bar to a player's Castling.

G. G., ST. CATHERINES.—Have the Finnegans gobbled you up that you don't write? Hurry up friend George.

PROBLEM No. 29.—Correct solutions received from St. Urbain St., and Ralph, Montreal; R. B., Toronto and X. L., Kingston.

PROBLEM No. 32.

BY HERR KLING.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 30.

- |                     |             |
|---------------------|-------------|
| WHITE.              | BLACK.      |
| 1. B to Q Kt 3rd.   | B to Q 4th. |
| 2. Kt to K 4th.     | Anything    |
| 3. B Kt or P Mates. |             |

ENIGMA No. 11.

By I. R.; M. B., HAMILTON, C. W.

QR8. QR7. KR sq. QB8. K5. QKt2

QKt6. QKt7. Q4.

QKt4. KR sq.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 9.

- |                     |            |
|---------------------|------------|
| WHITE.              | BLACK.     |
| 1. P to R 6th (ch.) | K takes P. |
| 2. P to K 7th.      | Anything.  |
| 3. Mate.            |            |

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**W. W.**—We would have inserted your contribution had we received it a week or two earlier. Happily the season of excitement and alarm seems to be passed.

**ALICE G.**—"The Two Wives of the King," will be completed in a few weeks.

**ADA B.**—If the offensive breath arises from decayed teeth, which are the most fertile cause of this annoyance, use frequently as a wash to rinse the mouth, a solution of permanganate of potassa—sixty grains of the salt to half pint of cold spring water, also twice daily a toothpowder containing charcoal. But if it is the result of derangement of the digestive organs, a tablespoonful of a solution of Chlorate of Potassa, sixty grains to the half-pint, may be taken internally three times daily in a wineglass of water. Let the mouth also be well rinsed with the first named solution in order to deodorise any offensive matter deposited on the teeth by the breath. Either of the solutions may be readily obtained from the nearest chemist, and if perseveringly used will, we believe, be found effectual.

**H. M.**—Received—Thanks!

**C. H. S.**—Will reply to your letter at the earliest opportunity.

**A. PYMS.**—Many thanks for the welcome budget; you will observe that we have already made extracts from it.

**G. C. LONDON.**—Our next issue will contain evidence of the decision arrived at.

**WILLIS.**—Ingenious and rather pretty, but not up to the standard for publication.

**MAY.**—Always welcome.

**ARTISAN TOMBS.**—You omitted to append the solution to your problem—please forward it. The correspondent's column in last week's issue, contains a reply to your postscript; we will, however, refer to the matter again, if you will, as our time is now much occupied, indicate the chapter in which your authority treats of the subject.

**OLIVE.**—Many thanks for your kind attention to our request.

**VICTOR.**—We have found it quite impossible to decipher your letter. Please use pen and ink in future.

**SUSAN J.**—The lines you refer to were written by Chas. Swain. We quote them, as we believe with Susan, that this would be a happier world, if we could always carry "this truth" about with us—

"Time to me this truth hath taught—  
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing,  
More offend from want of thought  
Than from any want of feeling."

**YOUNG CANADA.**—In England, employers certainly expect more deference from the employed than the same class do in Canada, but our correspondent is quite mistaken in supposing that an English master can have his servant punished for not attending church when requested.

**L. A.**—We think yours a good plain business handwiring; a little more freedom in the style however, would be an improvement.

**GEO. L.**—A good listener is always valued. "Speech is silver, silence is golden," so say the Germans.

**M. M.**—"My Adventures in a Shanty," is respectfully declined.

## MISCELLANEA.

**A SHARK** was recently caught off the Austrian coast, the stomach of which contained a snake and a cheque-book.

**A PARISIAN** has conceived the notion of opening an exhibition, at ten centimes a head, to show a million of money spread out in gold pieces. He thinks he will have a rush of visitors, as the curiosity to know what a million is like, is universal.

**WIDOW TO WIDOW.**—The widow of Major de Vere, who was murdered by a private soldier shooting at him, at Chatham, has been presented with a residence at Hampton Court Palace by the Queen.

**AN ENGLISH GIANT**—The following inscription is on a tombstone in the churchyard of Calverley, Yorkshire:—"Also Benjamin, son of the above John and Mary Cromach, who died on the 25th of September, 1826, aged 25 years, who took a coffin 7 feet 11 inches long.

It is stated that by transplanting flowering plants several times a year for two successive years, without allowing them to bloom, they can be made to produce double blossoms.

**A GENTLEMAN** was always complaining to his father-in-law of his wife's temper. At last papa-in-law, becoming very wearied of these endless grumbings, and being a bit of a wag, replied, "Well, my dear fellow, if I hear of her tormenting you any more I shall disinherit her." The husband never again complained.

**QUESTIONS ASKED.**—The first question asked about a stranger when he enters a room varies according to the country in which he happens to be. In France, it is, "Is he received at Court?" In England, "How much has he a-year?" In Holland, "Is he solvent?" and in Germany, "Is he of gentle blood?"

**A DISCOVERY** of an important character is said to have been made in France, which will enable us to pass over the silkworm and go direct to the mulberry tree for our supply of silk. In the bark of the tree a fine textile substance exists, and M. Brunet has succeeded in reducing this to the fineness, durability, and general appearance of silk. He is buying up bark for the purpose of producing large quantities of this new kind of silk.

**A HORSE** recently jumped over the rail of a race-course and seriously hurt a young man. While he was lying on the grass, another young man uttered a piercing cry, and exclaimed, "My brother, my poor brother!" He flung himself on the prostrate form, from which he was at length kindly raised, while the injured man was taken away to receive medical care. It afterwards transpired that the affectionate creature who flung himself on the body of his brother, had done so to steal his gold watch and chain, and portemonnaie.

**A LOCAL** paper has just been started in one of the southern suburbs of London, under the title of the *Norwood Post*, in the first number of which is a clever imitation of the Roman satirist called "Juvenal in London."

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**AN** easy way of preserving milk or cream sweet for a long time, or of removing the sourness when it has already come on, is to add to it a small quantity of common soda, pearlash or magnesia.

**MR. RENNIE** succeeded in boiling an egg by heat derived from motion. He placed it in a vessel containing 10 lb. of water, and which was made to revolve 232 times in a minute.

**THE AMERICANS** are good at saving themselves labour by substituting machinery for hand work. Their last invention is a cradle-rocker. When the child is put to rest in the cradle, the mother winds it up—the cradle not the baby—and forthwith the child is rocked to sleep.

The following is an easy method of detecting whether the red colour of wine is artificial or otherwise:—A small piece of bread or of sponge which has been well washed is dipped into the wine, and then placed in the water. If the colour is artificial the water will be at once coloured; otherwise, the colour will not be apparent for half-an-hour.

**A NEW PRACTICAL MECHANIC'S RULE.**—Mr. William Hay, of High Street, Dumbarton, has forwarded us a practical mechanics' rule, of his invention, which will be found useful in the drawing office as well as in the workshop. It has all the usefulness of an ordinary two-foot rule, with the addition of several peculiar advantages. Numerous practical questions can be worked by its aid, such as finding the circumference of any circle; the side of the greatest square that can be inscribed in a given circle; the radius of a circle that will circumscribe a given square; constructing any regular polygon, &c.

In fact, the rule is one of the most useful we have ever seen; and, with Mr. Hay's book of instructions, should be found wherever mathematics are practically dealt with.—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

**LATEST YANKEE REMEDY FOR BALDNESS.**—Use brandy externally until the hair grows, and take it internally to clinch the roots.

**IMPORTANT INFORMATION FOR THE FIRE BRIGADE.**—The man who was fired with indignation, and burning for revenge, has fortunately been quenched by a flood of tears.

Our lady contributor says the reason why tall men best succeed in matrimony is because all sensible women favor Hymen.

Few of our ladies have travelled much, yet all of them have taken tea in China.

**QUIBBLE**, reading that "it has been decided in the Court of Queen's Bench, in Dublin, that a clergyman of the Church of England can legally marry himself," observed that that might be very well as a measure of economy, but that even in the hardest times he would rather marry a woman.

"**MATCHLESS misery**" has been defined to be having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

WHAT musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it?—Fiddle D.D.

**REFLECTION BY AN IRISH LOVER.**—It's a great pleasure to be alone, especially when you have your sweetheart with you.

The following epitaph conveys a back-handed compliment (unconsciously, no doubt) to the unfortunate deceased lord and master:—"Maria Brown, wife of Timothy Brown, aged eighty years. She lived with her husband fifty years, and died in the confident hope of a better life.

**WORKING OUT.**—An unwashed street boy, being asked what made him so dirty, his reply was: "I was made, as they tell me, of the dust of the ground, and I reckon it is just working out."

**FILE RIGHT.**—"File right!" said an officer to his company.—"Bedad," said an Irishman, who stood near by sharpening his saw, "It's me own property, and I'll be after doin' as I please wid it."

**BATHOS.**—An editor announces the death of a lady of his acquaintance, and thus touchingly adds:—"In her decease the sick lost an invaluable friend. Long will she seem to stand at their bedside, as she was wont, with the balm of consolation in one hand and a cup of rhubarb in the other."

The right man in the right place is a husband at home in the evening.

"I AM all heart," said a military officer to his comrades. "Pity you're not part pluck," said the colonel in command.

**JERROLD** was at a party when the park guns announced the birth of a prince. "How they do powder these babies!" he exclaimed.

**A QUAKER'S ADVICE TO MONEY-HUNTERS.**—A prudent and well-disposed member of the Society of Friends once gave the following friendly advice:—

"John," said he, "I hear thou art going to be married."

"Yes," replied John, "I am."

"Well," replied the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife, I was worth fifty shillings, and she was worth sixty-two; and, whenever any difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown up the odd shillings."

WHAT air does the young mouse sing to the old mouse, while biting his way through the scenery at Her Majesty's Theatre?—"Hear me gnaw ma!"

The young ladies of Swamptown have passed the following resolution:—"Resolved, that if we, the young ladies of Swamptown, don't get married this year, somebody will be to blame."