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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 3. FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 23, 1865. FIVE CENTS.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,

"HALF A MILLION OF MONEY,"

written by the author of "Barbara's History" for *All the Year Round*, edited by CHARLES DICKENS.

PEACE OR WAR.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

WAR with England! war between England and the United States! Do those who so glibly utter these words picture to themselves their terrible import and the ruinous results that would flow from such an event? We think they do not, we hope they do not, and that these threats in which our neighbours so frequently indulge, proceed from the excitement of the recent contest with the South, and the exultation over its successful termination, rather than from any serious wish or intention on the part of any one fit to live out of a lunatic asylum, to attack Britain or her possessions, at home or abroad. England has abundantly proved her determination to avoid, if possible, a serious collision with her pugnacious offspring; and we will not do the latter the injustice to suspect that her desire for peace has had anything to do with the denunciations daily launched against her by the writers and orators of the Union. Surely our cousins have had plenty of fighting of late. A nation may get a surfeit of glory as of other good things. We have ourselves no extreme veneration for laurels that are steeped in blood, especially in kindred blood; but tastes differ, and we do not pretend to blame those who take a different view of the matter. These then, may enjoy the *certaminis gaudia*, "the rapture of the fight," to their heart's content; yet, as a familiar proverb says, enough is as good as a feast—even of war and battle. What could the people of the United States gain in the way of glory, by fighting England, that they do not possess already? They insist that they thrashed her to rags in the war of 1812. If it will relieve their bursting bosoms, no one will object to their declaring that they frightened her into fits in 1865. As Lord Derby would say, it will please them, and do her no harm; while fighting would certainly injure both.

But this is a grave subject, and ought to be seriously treated. War between the United States and England would, in the first place, involve the destruction of the commercial marine of both nations, and the transfer of their shipping to other countries. The war-risks of insurance alone, independently of the risk of capture, would make this a certainty, if we are to judge from the mischief done to American commerce by one or two Southern cruisers, during the troubles with the South. With scores of Alabamas and Floridas scouring every sea, no merchantman of either of the belligerents could leave port without the most imminent danger of seizure before it had scarcely lost sight of land. No war on land could be so destructive of property as this would be, without taking into consideration the other consequence we have alluded to, that, namely, of placing the carrying trade of the ocean in the hands of those who would be but too ready to take advantage of a chance of enriching themselves at the expense of the two combatants madly bent on ruining each other. This circumstance of itself, without reference to many others, ought to make war between England and the United States all but impossible, and cannot fail to influence every reflecting man of the two nations in continuing peaceful relations between them as being equally the interest of both. In fact, it is not merely desirable that they should cultivate such relations; it is absolutely necessary that they should do so, if they would maintain their high position among the great powers of the world. The present age repudiates the old doctrine, that injury to the commerce of one people is beneficial to that of another people which chooses to consider itself its rival. England and the United States have nothing to gain by war, but everything by peace. So confident are we that this is the light in which the majority in both countries will eventually regard the matter, that we will venture to predict that intimate as the alliance is which now exists between England and France, there is greater danger of war between France and England, than between the United States and England.

We will not repeat the many fine things that have been said and sung in denunciation of quarrels among men of the same race, speaking the same language, once living under the same laws and institutions, with much moral commonplace of the like kind. We know that such quarrels have been frequent in all ages, and we also know that they are bitter beyond anything exhibited in the disputes of communities or individuals bearing no such affinity to each other. The blood of Cain still flows in the veins of mankind. We shall therefore be neither moral nor sentimental on this occasion and subject. Let us be hard and practical instead. We shall suppose that England and the United States are at war. The Americans boast that they can conquer Canada and the sister Provinces in one campaign, and that a short one. They did not conquer them the last time they tried, in four years, but let that pass. Well, these Provinces are conquered,—what then? Is England a soldier or a ship the weaker by this subjugation of an unwilling people? Are the United States stronger by the acquisition? We suspect that the very contrary would be the truth. The British Parliament and Government have declared, over and over again, that whenever the people of the North American Provinces express a wish to dissolve the existing connection with the mother country, no obstruction will be thrown in the way of the movement. They have only to say the word; and no voice shall be raised, save in kindness, to dissuade them from the course they have resolved to pursue; not a shot would be fired by a British soldier to hold them in forced subjection. They would be allowed the full benefit of State Rights, according to the Southern reading of that vexed doctrine; and secession, though it might be a folly, would not be a crime, punished by the sword, or confiscation or the scaffold. It is a country so situated that the fiery spirits in the United States would fain wrench from England at the cost of a war in which colonial hands would neither be weak nor idle. But to resume: What would be the next step in the war? There would be endless contests at sea; and, as we have already shown, the commerce of the two countries would be utterly ruined. This could not be allowed to last long, and the combatants must come to a death grapple on land. This it is not easy to effect, the vital parts of the respective countries being divided by some three thousand miles of water, the one from the other. The ocean can, indeed, be crossed; but not easily with a numerous army which would, if attacked in crowded ships, be slaughtered like sheep. But this is a point which we cannot discuss at length, and which cannot be explained except by widely digressing from the main subject of our remarks. These propositions in connection with it are, however, self-evident. First, That in the present day, no single one of the great maritime powers can secure the exclusive command of the ocean. 2nd, That England could not invade the United States, nor the United States invade England, with any effect, except with an immense army, which, in either case, would have to cross the Atlantic. 3rd, That if sent across in detachments, they would be cut off in detail, before the whole force could assemble; and if they crossed in a body, they would, if attacked by a naval force, even inferior to that which escorted them, suffer serious if not fatal loss, from a determined enemy pouring his shot into their ranks, cooped within the limited space of a ship's deck and hold. This is the great danger which invading expeditions by sea have had to encounter or dread, which led to the overthrow of Philip the Second's great Armada, and which deterred Napoleon from persisting in the invasion of England.

We shall conclude with a few hints offered in all friendliness to the fire-eaters among our neighbours, who tell us that they thirst for a war with England, as the hart thirsts for the water-brooks. They imagine that the Navy they extemporised in the course of the late civil war is so numerous and powerful that the English navy would be wholly unable to cope with it. They are mistaken. England is the workshop of the world;

and the shop that turns out the best articles of hardware, from a tea-kettle to a steam-engine, will turn out the best iron-clad ship of war. She has a long purse too, and it is well filled with the accumulated wealth of centuries, which every man throughout the land is prepared to expend in her defence, if need be. If she has not many soldiers of her own, considering the extent of her dominions and the space over which they are scattered, she has money, and can hire soldiers and sailors, as the United States did for the last four years. What the one has done the other can do, and will do, or we are greatly mistaken, when the necessity arises. We have no fears for England, whoever may force a quarrel on her. Her foes have always had reason to regret their enmity to her; and Americans, without being superstitious, might take warning from the lessons of the last three centuries in that respect. Spain, when the first nation in Europe, attempted to invade and conquer England; and historians admit that the downfall of Spain dates from the defeat of the great Armada. Louis the Fourteenth of France sought to make her his vassal, and the victories of Marlborough sent the once great king—all his glory departed from him—to a dishonoured grave. Louis the Sixteenth aided the American colonies in their war of independence, and he died by the guillotine; the French republic made war on her, and it fell. Napoleon the First pursued her with implacable hatred, and the crowning victory of Waterloo consigned him to exile and death on a barren rock in the Atlantic. The restored Bourbons sent an army to Spain in opposition to the wishes and policy of the English Government, and shortly after, the old Bourbons were chased for ever from the soil of France. Louis Philippe overreached England in the matter of the Spanish marriages, and we soon see him a fugitive like the elder branch of his family. Many of these may be mere coincidences, but they are not the less curious, and we could recount many more of the same sort. We trust we may not have to crown the list, some of these days, with a melancholy incident connected with the history of the United States of North America.

REVIEWS.

Books for review should be forwarded, as soon as published, to the Editor, SATURDAY READER, Montreal.

"ON THE EFFECTS OF EMIGRATION."

This is the heading which Dr. Draper has affixed to the second chapter, or part, of his "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America."* The subject of Emigration is one on which a great deal has been written; it has occupied the attention of Rulers and Statesmen from the very earliest ages, of which we have any historic knowledge. Sacred history furnishes us with many interesting details of the undertakings—successes and failures—hopes and disappointments—of the emigrating Hebrew tribes. The history of the Roman Empire is full of information relating to emigration and colonization. Greece owed her greatness chiefly to the extent and importance of her colonial possessions. Spain in the meridian of her greatness pointed with pride to the vast colonies she had created. Emigration has made and unmade half the nations of the earth, has blotted out whole races of human beings, and re-peopled entire continents. Indeed, it is now generally admitted that the present European race owes its existence to the warlike emigrations of an Arabic tribe, who carried its invading columns through that continent in a northwesterly direction, pressing before it the aborigines, who receded until they were stopped by the sea. It is not to be wondered at, then, that a subject of such prodigious importance should have engaged the attention of the most eminent men of all times.

Our author has attempted, and not without some degree of success, to do what few writers would be bold enough—should we say *brave* enough—to undertake or capable of accomplishing. None but an extraordinarily comprehensive mind could successfully grapple with a subject of such limitless extent. To write a history of the past emigration of the whole world; to examine the particular causes, which, in each instance, lead to it, to analyze the character of the emigrants, or rather of the particular grade from which each emigrating column was drawn; to describe accurately the form it assumed in each special case, whether it was individual or tribal, peaceful or warlike; to represent the peculiar result in each distinct instance and the general result of the whole, with adequate reasons for those results, is a task of such remarkable proportions that it might well excite the ambition of a great man; yet our author has attempted even more than this. He has not, it is true, travelled over the whole ground as an historian would, but he has passed over in a balloon, and if he has not produced an elaborate historical picture, he has at least furnished an interesting and beautiful bird's-eye view. But he has not stopped here, he is not content with an historic view of the past, but sets about sketching a prophetic view of the future: and it is this part of his work which, for us, possesses the most practical interest. We will try to "take a photograph in miniature" of our author's prophetic picture.

The United States will in future be subject to four classes of emigration. First, European emigration to the Atlantic States. Second, internal emigration from the Atlantic States to the West. Third, internal emigration from the Atlantic States to the South. Fourth, Asiatic emigration to the Pacific States. The influence of modern, that is, individual, emigration—both on the society from which it issues and that into which it emerges—depends chiefly on the particular grade from which the emigrants are drawn. Our author adopts the same view of the composition of society as that set forth by Machiavelli. He, too, divides it into three orders. A superior order, who understand things through their own unassisted mental powers; an intermediate order, who understand things when they are explained to them; a lower order, who do not understand at all. Now if the drain of emigration is on the lower class, who pass through life in a state of monotonous slumber, who think in monosyllables—the effect upon the society is imperceptible. This class being very numerous, its self-multiplying force will more than compensate for any loss which can possibly take place through emigration. The effect of this class of emigrants precipitating themselves upon a comparatively new society, like that of the New England States, is greatly to retard its intellectual, though it may advance its material progress. This, together with the fact that the internal emigration to the Western States is drawn about equally from all grades of New England society, accounts—so our author says—for the remark so often made that the intellectual progress of the Atlantic States is not in a ratio with their material advancement. If the drain of emigration is on the higher or intellectual order, it is very detrimental to the society. This is evidenced in the case of Spain, whose "best and bravest" were drawn out of the country by the discoveries of Columbus. Spain was at that time the most intellectual, as well as the most powerful nation in Europe. What is she now? The internal emigration from New England to the West seems to be most satisfactory. It is, as we have said before, derived in about equal proportions from each of the three grades of society, the intellectual—the intermediate—the lower—it is, in fact, a transferring of an already formed society to a new and remarkably rich country, with a favourable climate, and no inferior race with which to become intermingled and debased. The Western States must advance, both intellectually and materially, faster than any other part of the Union. The South, however, possesses the most interest at the present time. Leaving aside the bitterness of feeling which now exists between the white population of the South and the North,—a feeling which will probably soon pass away as it did between the various parties engaged in the last rebellion in England,—our author proceeds to speculate on the probable effects of Northern emigration to the South, and also of the possible admixture of African and American blood. The former is to have a most beneficial effect on the state of Southern white society. It is to impart activity to a race whose sameness of ideas and interests—produced by an equableness of climate—had greatly retarded its intellectual and material progress, had created partial stagnation. As regards the latter, or intermingling of African blood, the numbers of blacks and whites being so disproportionate, and becoming more and more so every year, the result will be "purposeless," whatever meaning may be attached to that expression. Our author believes that, at the close of the present century, the white population of the Union will reach ninety millions, and the coloured only nine; this will save the Republic, otherwise it would be in imminent danger, as may be seen by the following paragraph:

"It is not consistent with the prosperity of a nation to permit heterogeneous mixtures of races that are physiologically far apart. Their inferior product becomes a dead weight on the body politic. If Italy was for a thousand years after the extinction of the true Roman race a scene of anarchy, its hybrid inhabitants being unable to raise it from its degradation, how indescribably deplorable must the condition be where there has been a mortal adulteration with African blood."

The fourth class of emigrants which is to find a home in the Republic will be more dangerous to its welfare than the coloured population. They will be drawn from the lower orders of China, Japan, and India. They will carry with them to the coast of the Pacific their native superstitions, their native ideas about religion; and they will endeavour to introduce polygamy. Dr. Draper's ideas on this point will be understood in his own words:

"With Eastern blood will necessarily come Eastern thoughts, and the attempt at Eastern social habits. I have already referred to the political power of polygamic institutions. It must not be forgotten that they are in accordance with the sentiments of Asiatics. Especially, also, should it be borne in mind that they have already obtained a firm root in Utah. There is imminent danger of the spread of those institutions in the West. As men approach the confines of Asia, they seem to be affected by its moral atmosphere.

"Whatever may at present be the strength of the sentiment of disapproval or even of detestation with which we regard polygamy, we can not conceal from ourselves the strong temptations that will arise for its adoption in the West. We should remember how easily and how often, in an evil hour, great and even religious communities may be led astray. Our present abhorrence of this vice is no greater than was the abhorrence of human slavery in England a few years ago. Yet, because of a contingent political advantage—the division and consequent neutralization of a maritime rival—that country forgot her noblest philanthropic traditions, and arrayed herself in moral support of the slave power in America.

"Warned by such a conspicuous example, we need not be surprised if hereafter there should be politicians—statesmen I will not call them—who may see in an extension of the practices of Utah a solution of the portentous problem of the admixture of the Pacific races. As the Saracens Arabized the north of Africa in the course of a very few years, they may believe that it is possible to Americanize those races.

"Fifty years ago it would have been thought incredible that a polygamic state should exist in the midst of Christian communities of European descent; and yet a community, whose foundation rests on a religious imposture, has carried before our eyes that institution into practical effect, and is fast becoming rich and powerful.

"There is always a probability of the public adoption of political ideas when they concur with the interests or passions of those to whom they are addressed; and conversely, it is from a want of such a concordance that attempts at reformation and elevation of the ideas of men so often prove failures."

(To be Continued.)

* "Thoughts on the Future Civil Policy of America," by John William Draper, M.D., LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers; Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

NEXT week we shall present our readers with a charming *new* song, translated from the German. It is by the well known and prolific song writer, Abt, composer of "When the Swallows Homeward Fly." To those who have only indulged in what are called "popular songs of the day," the accompaniments may possibly, at first sight, appear a little difficult; but if a little care be only bestowed upon "getting it up," the beautiful tone colouring surrounding the melody will amply repay the trouble of practice.

QUESTION AND ANSWER.

ARE there no lilies on Havering Pond,
Under the elm-tree boughs?
Many a one!
Are there no maidens fair and fond
Left in the manor-house?
Never a one.

Are there no tufts of London-pride
Under John Watson's wall?
Many a one!
Hath he no sons still by his side,
To answer the old man's call?
Never a one.

Are there no cattle on Fielden Farm,
No doves in the dovecote still?
Many a one!
And how many friends sit snug and warm
Round the ingle of Father Will?
Never a one.

Are there no people in Havering Church
At matins and evening prayer?
Many a one!
And the parson who planted that silver birch,
Are he and his house still there?
Never a one.

Do the tall flags yet rustle and wave
In the water above the mill?
Many a one!
And the flowers that grew upon Laura's grave,
Doth any one tend them still?
Never a one.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

The two Jesuits, Father Biard and Father Masse, sailed from Dieppe, on the 26th of Jan., 1611. The voyage lasted four months, and they came to land first, at Campeau, from which cause they were afterwards forced to sail near the coast, and to experience delay in many places. This coast, as far as Port Royal, was about 120 leagues in extent. In their route they met Champlain, who about the end of April, was battling his way among the ice-floes, making for Quebec. These floes were frightful, and to gain a passage for the ship, it was necessary to break them with bars and levers fixed in the bow of the vessel. In some places they saw ice-bergs from thirty to forty fathoms in height; "in bulk as large as if many castles were joined together, or; so to speak, as if the church of Notre Dame of Paris, with a part of its island, houses and palaces, were floating on the surface of the water." The Jesuits arrived at Port Royal* on the 22nd of June,1611, the day of Pentecost. There was great joy on their arrival; the Sieur de Potrincourt was delighted. He had been in great uneasiness all winter, for having had with him twenty-three persons, without enough provisions to feed them, he had been forced to send some of them away to live among the savages. For six or seven weeks food had failed those who remained with him, and without the assistance of the savages there was every liklihood that all the company would have perished. But the succour that the new arrival brought, could barely be called succour at all, because the ship's company numbered thirty-six, which added to the twenty-three at Port Royal, made fifty-nine persons who found themselves every day at de Potrincourt's table, besides a savage chief named Membertou, his daughter and his squaw. Added to this, the ship had been a long time on the sea, and the provisions were thus very much diminished, besides the vessel was all; only fifty or sixty tons, and more fitted for fishing than for carrying passengers. On this occasion it was for de Potrincourt to think rather how he might send back to France this large family, lest it should consume everything,than to procure merchandize and fish, in which, nevertheless, lay all hope of supply for the second voyage. Still he could not wholly refrain from trading, because it was necessary to make money to pay the wages of his servants, and aid his purposes in France. With this view, then, he left in his own ship, some days after the arrival of the vessel that brought the Jesuits, and, taking with him almost all his people proceeded to a port of the Etchemins, the Pierre Blanche, about twenty-two leagues due west from Port Royal. They found four French ships there, belonging one to the Sieur de Monts, one from Rochelle, and two from St. Malo. The Sieur de Potrincourt made each of these vessels acknowledge his son as vice admiral, and then asked assistance from them, showing the straits to which he had been reduced the past winter; he promised to repay them in France. Each of the four vessels contributed; the ship from Rochelle giving some barrels of bread, which turned out to be spoiled.

Necessity was now compelling the Sieur de Potrincourt to send back many of his people to France. But he wished to reconduct them in person, in order the more efficiently to arrange everything, and chiefly to procure a further supply of provisions, for without such supply those whom he was leaving at Port Royal were without the means of passing the winter, and would be in manifest danger of being cut off by famine. For this reason, then, he departed from Port Royal about the middle of July 1611, and arrived in France at the end of the month of August following. He left his son, the Sieur de Biencourt in his place, with twenty-two persons including the two Jesuits. The Fathers, seeing that for the conversion of the Savages, the language of the country was absolutely necessary, resolved to pursue it with all diligence. But they had neither interpreter nor master. The Sieur de Biencourt, and some others, knew a little of it, enough for trade and ordinary affairs, but when it was a question of speaking of religious matters the difficulty arose. The consequence was, that the Fathers were forced to learn the language by themselves, inquiring of the Savages how every-thing was named in the native tongue. The toil was not very painful, so long as they asked the name of a thing it was possible to touch or to show—a stone, a river, a house ; to strike, to leap, to laugh, to sit down. But as to actions interior and intellectual, which it was impossible to exhibit to the senses, and as to words termed abstract and universal, such as to believe, to doubt, to hope, to discover, to fear; an animal, a body, a substance, a spirit; virtue, vice, sin, reason, justice, —in words of this description, the Fathers experienced vast trouble, and had to labour hard and constantly. Their masters, the savages, in order to make pastime for themselves, ridiculed the Jesuits freely, and were always ready with some absurd jest. When the pupils wished to turn this ridicule to good account, and had their pen and paper with them, it was necessary that the savages should have full plates before them. To fill their stomachs was the best mode of gaining information from them, yet they became offended and went away if their pupils wished to retain them any length of time. They often laughed at the Fathers instead of teaching them, and sometimes supplied them with obscene phrases which they innocently used in their preaching, thinking them to be beautiful sentences from the Gospel.

In the month of October, 1611, the Sieur. de Biencourt determined to make a voyage as far as the country of the Armouchiquois,* a people who dwelt towards the south-west, commencing from Chouacoet,† and who, as report had it, were very numerous. De Biencourt was compelled by scarcity to make this voyage, and as these people cultivated the soil and laid up a store of grain, he hoped, by means of barter or otherwise, to draw from them some supply, in order to make provision against the famine which awaited the settlers at the approach of winter. His barque was equipped too late in the season to undertake so long a voyage, for she was only ready on the 30th of October, and yet he wished to go to the River St. John before proceeding with the other design. The ship visited the River St. John, and then made sail for the country of the Armouchiquois, arriving at the Kinibequi River,‡ at the end of October,—the river in question was found to be near the land of the Armouchiquois. The savages here flattered the French with the hope of procuring some breadstuffs; but they changed their promise of wheat into trafficking for beaver-skins. These people did not seem to be evil-disposed, although they killed the English who desired to settle among them in 1608 and 1609. They excused themselves to the French with regard to this circumstance, and detailed the bad treatment they had received from the English. They flattered the French by telling them they loved them well, because they were certain their new visitors would not shut their doors against them as the English had done. They also said they knew the French would not chase them from their tables with sticks, nor make their dogs bite them. They were not such thieves as the Armouchiquois, but were the greatest talkers in the world; they could do nothing without making a harangue.

The French remained at the Kinibequi, engaged in trade, till the fourth or fifth of November, a season too advanced to allow them to pass further according to their first intention. For this reason, DeBiencourt set about returning, inasmuch as he thought it less of an evil to suffer winter and want at Port Royal, being there well housed and treated, than to run the risk of the sea in a time of tempests, among barbarians and enemies; having still, moreover, hunger to fear, for the provisions were beginning to fail rapidly. Thus, then, he turned toward Pentagoët,* in order to go back to Port Royal. From Pentagoët they passed to the Isle St. Croix, where a French captain named Plastrier gave them two barrels of peas or beans, a present highly acceptable.

The snow began to fall on the 26th of November, and at the same time began the retrenchment of victuals. They only gave to each person, for the whole week about six ounces of bread, half a pound of bacon, three porringers full of peas or beans, and one of dried plums. The two Jesuits had to fare like the rest of the party. During all this time the Savages did not come to visit them, unless some from the house of Membertou, the principal chief, who made their appearance at rare intervals, bringing, however, some present in the shape of products of their hunting. When this happened, it was a grand holiday, and the French recovered a little courage. That which caused most vexation, was their apprehension about the weather, when they thought of the long extent of the sorrowful months through which they had to pass. The Jesuits tried both in private and in public to console every one. And it happened on the third Sunday after Christmas, on which they read the gospel *vinum non habent*, (they have no wine), Father Biard exhorted the company to hope for better things. The service finished, the Jesuit, addressing himself to De Biencourt, and pointing out to him the companions, said, similing, "*vinum non habent*," requesting him to give them what little wine that remained, adding that his heart told him they would soon receive succour, and at the furthest, during the current month of January. The companions were delighted at the suggestion. And certainly, Father Biard turned out by good luck to be a prophet, for a ship arrived just eight days afterwards to the great delight of the settlers.

The Sieur De Biencourt, in the autumn of 1612, was expecting to receive succours from France, before the winter set in; people said, indeed, that there were three or four vessels on the sea, and were already seeking where they might accommodate the immense quantity of goods coming by the fleet. In this belief, De Biencourt had bartered nearly everything, and in consequence he found himself very much amazed, when, at All Saints, he discovered that he was without hope of succour for this year.

But the Jesuits, who had not built these castles in the air, had reserved in their store-houses, five large puncheons of corn, four of wheat, and one of barley, which had been sent to them from France for their own use—the whole making fourteen barrels of good grain. The Jesuits, seeing the necessity to which De Biencourt was reduced, offered with hearty good will, their means of subsistence; they told him he might take all their grain excepting only two barrels of wheat and one of barley, which they wished to lay up against divers chances, of want and sickness; they stated, besides, that they would make no innovation, and would receive the distribution in the customary manner and daily. De Biencourt accepted the offer and the conditions.

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* Port Royal—Annapolis—Nova Scotia.

* Almouchiquois or Armouchiquois. This name, according to M. J. Morault, was derived from the word *Almousiski*, which in the language of the Abenaquais, meant, "country of the little dog;" and was called so because in this region there was at one time great numbers of diminutive members of the canine race. Later, the Abenaquais called these people *Massadzosek*; from *mass* "great," *uadzo* "a mountain," and *sek*, "towards;" this name was applied because of the country lying in the direction of the Alleghany Mountains. The English converted the term into the word *Massachusetts.—Relations des Jesuits.*—W.

† Chouacoet—Portland Bay.

‡ Kinibequi River.—The Kennebec River, the remote source of which is the Dead River; the latter rises in the N. W. part of Franklin Co., Maine, within five miles of the Chaudiere, which flows into the St. Lawrence. Length of the Kennebec to the sea, about 200 miles.

* The Pentagoet.—The Penobscot River, State of Me.; the main branch rises near the Canada boundary line, and its length to Penobscot Bay is some 275 miles.—W.

WERE I A STAR.

Were I a bright and glittering star,
Set in the firmament above,
I'd pierce the densest clouds there are,
And watching o'er thee from afar,
I'd prove thy beacon-light of love.
A Star of Hope so dazzling bright
To lead thee through life's troublous sea;
Onwards I'd point thee to thy flight,
Upwards I'd lure thee by my light—
I'd prove a guiding-star to thee.

Were I a bird, on fluttering wing,
For thee I'd tune my matin lay;
For thee my sweetest notes I'd sing;
For thee I'd make the echoes ring
Through all the gladsome summer day;
And in the dewy eventide,
When other birds had sought their nest,
Still nearer thee would I abide,
And warbling softly by thy side,
I'd gently lull thee to thy rest.

Were I yon lovely fragile flower,
So delicate and fair to see,
Contented in my woody bower,
I'd linger out my little hour,
So thou didst cast one glance on me;
Or gathered from my lowly bed,
For thee I'd put fresh beauty on,
For thee I'd raise my drooping head,
For thee my richest fragrance shed,
Then fade and die when thou wert gone.

But golden stars, however bright,
Will pale and vanish in the day;
The skylark's song will cease at night;
And lilies wither in the light,
Whilst I would ever near thee stay.
So truer than the flickering star,
More lasting than the fragile flower,
More constant than the warblers are,
I'd ever watch thee, near or far,
And love and serve thee hour by hour.

ROMANCE OF THE ENGLISH IRON TRADE.

In the earlier days of the English iron-trade, the earth still retained its natural tint of green, trees flourished and flowers bloomed where are now mountains of slag and refuse; the coal-basin of South Wales, now a teeming hive of industry, was then an untrodden district of mountain bogs and morass, unvisited by any save the bold wanderers after grouse, or black cock. Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Ayrshire were free from iron-foundries, furnaces, pits, or any other appliances with which those countries now abound. The pleasant woodlands and wealds of Sussex, which now may be traversed without seeing the smoke of scarce one manufactory, in the days of Camden were the centre of the English iron-trade. The reason why is contained in the fact that Sussex was an eminently wooded county. And chance having commenced the trade of iron smelting there, it soon took root and throve apace.

It is not known how many iron works and foundries existed in the Sussex wealds, but the destruction of woods to provide charcoal for their use must have been on a large scale; so much so, as to cause great alarm lest England should be denuded of her forests, and there should be no timber left for her navy. To guard against this, an Act was passed in Elizabeth's time, that no timber should be felled for iron-making, growing within fourteen miles of the sea or the Thames, Severn, or, in fact, any river which was navigable. Sussex, however, the weald of Kent, and part of Surrey, were exempt from the operation of the Act; doubtless from the feeling that it was better to confine the rapacity of the iron-smelter to a locality which had already suffered so much from it, and partly, too, from an unwillingness to check too abruptly a trade which might become useful and important. But Sussex and Kent were not the only places in which the smelting of iron was carried on at this time, for Yorkshire, Staffordshire, and part of Worcestershire had also made a reputation for themselves for carrying on the manufacture; and when the Act passed for prohibiting the cutting down of wood, these latter counties made an effort, which proved unsuccessful, to smelt iron with pit-coal; so that, as a whole the iron works throughout the country were stopped, and did not revive until the reign of Charles II., when the experiments by the celebrated Dud Dudley on smelting with coal proved to be the turning point in the trade.

Dud Dudley was the natural son of one of the Lord Dudleys, who had iron works at a place called Pensnett, near the present town of Dudley. Iron making seems to have been the particular occupation of this family, for ever since the sixteenth century to the present day it has always been remarkable for being represented by one of the largest iron-masters of its time; and it may be safely said that no family in England has been so long or so largely associated with the iron-trade as the noble house of Dudley.

Being sent for by his father from college to superintend the ironworks, Dud Dudley at once proceeded to experiment on his pit coal, in which he succeeded so far as to make three tons of iron a week. A patent was granted to him for thirty-one years by Charles I., which greatly excited the ire of the charcoal iron-masters: who, naturally indignant at his being able to sell iron cheaper than they could, left no stone unturned to throw difficulties in his way. In the end they triumphed, and poor Dudley first of all had his monopoly taken away from him, then suffered severely from a flood, and finally had his furnace destroyed by a riotous mob, who cut the bellows in pieces. Having by this time lost all his money, he was imprisoned for debt; however, he managed to get released, and to obtain a fresh patent, and armed with this he started again in partnership with two other persons in Bristol. But it was to no purpose, for he got taken in by them, and a long and disastrous Chancery suit was the end of Dud Dudley's troubles.

The next successful name in the iron-trade was that of Darby, whose descendants, like those of Dudley, are of renown in all things pertaining to iron. They were sturdy yeomen of Worcestershire in the seventeenth century, one of whom, Abraham Darby, left the pursuit of agriculture and went over to Holland, from whence he returned with Dutch workmen to set up some brass mills at Bristol. There the fortunes of the family began, and from this establishment rose the celebrated Coalbrook Dale Works, which have kept their reputation for now nearly two hundred years. During the first Abraham Darby's life charcoal was the fuel used at Coalbrook, and it was reserved for the second Abraham, his son, to smelt his iron with coal, or what came to the same thing, with coke. It is narrated of him that for six days he anxiously watched the result of his trial, without once leaving the furnace; and that as soon as it answered its purpose, he fell asleep on the top of the furnace so soundly, that his workmen took him up and carried him home without waking. The Coalbrook Dale experiments were the first really remunerative ones, and from that day the use of charcoal steadily died out, and the number of coal furnaces to increase. This is conclusively shown by the fact that the quantity of tons of charcoal iron made in England and Wales in 1740 was 17,000, which by 1788 had decreased to 13,000, while the same year saw a yield of 48,000 tons of coal, or coke, iron. It is true that this great increase in coke iron must not be put down exclusively to the use of that material, but in some degree to the invention of powerful steam engines, such as Watt and Boulton's, for the purpose of supplying a much greater and more continuous blast.

As regarding this latter desideratum, which, both chemically and physically, was one of the highest importance for the proper smelting of the ore, a very great improvement was made in 1832 by a Mr. Neilson, who substituted for the cold air hitherto used a blast of hot air, which was an immense saving to the iron master. He took out a patent for it, and granted a license to the Bairds the great iron-kings of Scotland, for a consideration or royalty of one shilling a ton upon all iron made by them by this process. But their notions of what was fair and honest were not what a king's should be (even though it be only an iron-king, for although they acknowledged that they made in one year 54.000*l* net profit on their hot-blast iron, they actually refused to pay the license on some cock-and-a-bull story that the patent was old and wanted novelty. It will scarcely be believed that wealthy men in a land of honest trading could descend to such meanness, but so it was. They did not, however, get off scot free, for the patentee was not to be humbugged or bullied, but brought an action against them for 20,000*l*., out of which he got about 12,000*l*.

But by far a worse case than Neilson's is that of Cort; which is a standing reproach to English fair-play; and it would really seem, in perusing his case, that the fascination of trickery, shabbiness, and mendacity had enveloped everybody concerned in it, from the highest to the lowest.

Henry Cort, who was a man of moderate means, patented an invention known as "puddle rolls," in which the iron was drawn out into bars, instead of under the hammer. Rolled iron was found so immeasurably superior to hammered iron that Cort's invention was at once seen to be of enormous importance, and some of the leading iron-masters consented to buy a license at the price of ten shillings per ton. Cort himself embarked his whole capital in starting machinery for supplying rolled iron to the Navy, in conjunction with the son of a Mr Jellicoe, the deputy paymaster of that department. Cort and Jellicoe made some nice pickings, as no iron was allowed to be contracted for save that made by their patent. And so all went as merry as a marriage bell, until old Jellicoe died suddenly, and it was found that the capital which he had given his son, together with a few other large sums, had been taken from moneys of the Government lying in his hands as paymaster. The Government was not likely to be a lenient creditor, so that proceedings were at once taken, by which Cort and Jellicoe's works were seized, together with Cort's private patent; which, in defiance of the sums asked and paid for its use by iron-masters, was only estimated as an asset of 100*l*.

Cort was ruined, and in consideration of his services he was allowed a pension of 200*l*. a year until his death which happened about six years afterwards; perhaps, fortunately for him, for he was thereby spared a good deal. As soon as he was dead, Lord Melville, the Treasurer of the Navy, presented a petition to the House of Commons, showing the enormous good Cort had done to the trade of Great Britain, and praying *on that account* a release of all debts with which he (Lord Melville) was hampered, as being responsible for Jellicoe's defaulting, amounting to about 25,000*l*. This was immediately granted him, although he at the same time was indebted on his own account to the Government to the tune of 190,000*l*.

Yet, in the face of this monstrous piece of injustice, the same House of Commons could with difficulty be persuaded to allow 100*l*. a year to Cort's widow. Of course, when the rulers of the land set such an example, the iron-masters were not slow to take advantage of it, and accordingly they petitioned against the patent, alleging that they would have been ruined if they had followed it, although a correspondence was brought forward acknowledging the obligations under which they were lying for the use of it, and it was universally known that these iron-masters had made an enormous fortune out of it. And so it happened that the Corts died in starvation, while others flourished like a green bay tree,—an ugly story, which needs no comment. The story of the founding of the Crawshay family is a feather in their cap.

In the last century, the original Crawshay, then a farmer's son, rode to London on his pony (his sole property) to seek his fortune. He began by sweeping out the warehouse of an ironmonger, who was of a discriminating mind, and saw that young Crawshay had good stuff in him. The ironmonger had been speculating successfully in sending out iron pots to America, and his astute apprentice observed that if the Americans used so many pots, they must want hooks to hang them on. Whereupon his master not only took the hint, but kindly determined that Crawshay should send them out, and that he would lend him the money for the purpose. Upon this venture £100 was realised, and from that time the farmer's son moved rapidly upwards, being first taken into partnership by his master, and ultimately becoming an iron-king in South Wales. It is curious that from this stock have arisen (in so short a time) two baronetages and one peerage—that of Llanover.

A very pretty story is that of Foley, the fiddler, and founder of the Foley family, who introduced into Staffordshire the machinery for making split rods, which, previous to this, had been of the rudest description. The observant fiddler, having heard that Sweden contained appliances suited to this branch of the trade played his way to Hull and across to Sweden, where he speedily became a favourite with the workmen in the iron districts. As soon as he had primed himself with the information he wanted, he suddenly disappeared, and turned up again in Staffordshire, where he persuaded a capitalist to put up the requisite machinery for split rods according to the Swedish pattern. But when the mill was put up it would not

work, and off went the fiddler again, as most people thought, to drown himself for very shame; but in reality back to Sweden, where he and his instrument were welcomed as only an old favourite can be. There he stayed until he had not only corrected the error in his calculations, but also taken furtive drawings of all the ins and outs of the mill, after which the treacherous musician reappeared in the same sudden manner, and set the Staffordshire mill going, to his ultimate enrichment.

I LOVE YOU

We should imagine from what "Lizzie" has to say below of her two friends, Bessie and Harry, that they are not well up in bird language. Fancy them, "blythe and gay," walking through the woods and listening to the lay of a little bird, which anon they heard, and in turn asking "pray," "what the little bird would say?" Sufficiently sentimental undoubtedly. No wonder "the lovers did their walk prolong," but why they should wish to "stay" the song of that very musical little bird in view of its suggested "I love you" burden we don't understand. Perhaps "Lizzie" does. Seriously, our fair correspondent's contribution is scarcely up to the mark, but we print it, hoping she may do better next time. Ed. S.R.

I LOVE YOU.

Two youthful lovers, blithe and gay,
Were walking thro' a wood one day,
When, on a tree, anon they heard
The warbling of a little bird—
Dear Bessie, will you listen, pray,
To what that pretty bird would say?
I think it says in cadence true—
"I love you—I love you."

Away they went in silent mood
Wandering thro' the shady wood,
When once again that melody
Came wafting from a distant tree—
Hark! Harry, listen to its lay,
Think you it doth not mean to say,
In language beautiful and true—
"I love you—I love you."

The lovers did their walk prolong,
Still followed by the sweet bird's song;
They tried, in vain, to make it stay,
But no, it would not still its lay;
Until, at last, young Harry cried—
Dear Bessie, will you be my bride?
The bird has said—and, Oh! how true—
"I love you—I love you."

Lizzie.

Montreal Sept., 1865.

VAN RENSSELLAER'S BOOTS.

Chambers' Journal.

On a piping hot day during the month of August, 1864, I was strolling down the shadiest side of Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington City. I had only been ten days in the New World, and had come over solely and entirely for pleasure; that is to say, I wanted to see something of the stern realities of that great struggle, about which we were then reading so eagerly. I was strolling along, thinking that, but for the swarms of blue-uniformed soldiers, the dust, and the negroes, Washington was not unlike Birkenhead. Everybody who is acquainted with Birkenhead knows that there are streets which commence with a semblance of life and bustle, but terminate after an existence of two hundred yards in a barren region of desolation. The same thing obtains in Washington, only on a larger and more transatlantic scale. At one end of a street you may purchase the last new novel; at the other end you may possibly encounter a rattlesnake.

I was gazing up one of these side-streets, when my eyes caught the words "J. Pocock, Military Bootmaker," inscribed in elegant characters over a shop of extremely select appearance. At the door of the shop (I purposely avoid the word store), lounged a short stout personage, dressed, as befitted the sultry weather, in a white holland coat and a Panama hat. "Why," said I meditatively to myself, "does the name Pocock naturally suggest boots to my mind? I never knew a bootmaker called Pocock. Stay, though. Cunningham and Clifton of Boodle Street, St. James', had a shopman of that name; and by the awl of the venerated Saint Crispin, yonder he stands!" I crossed the street, quite pleased at having discovered Mr. Pocock on foreign ground. "Mr. Pocock, do you recognise me?"

"I do not, sir," he replied gravely.

"I am one of Cunningham's old customers: Cranbrook, son of Sir Lionel Canbrook, of———."

Now, in London, Mr. Pocock would have whipped off his hat, and bowed down obsequiously before the son of a baronet, but he remembered that he was on republican soil, and acted accordingly.

"Mr. Cranbrook! Why, so it is. Allow me to have the pleasure of shaking your hand, sir."

So we shook hands; and then Mr. Pocock remarking that it was cooler inside than out, invited me into his inner sanctum, and placed summer drinks before me, treating me with the easy familiarity of an old friend.

"I can be of use to you here, Mr. Cranbrook," he said. "I know something about everybody. Of course your friends up at the Embassy can get you a pass for the Union lines; but if you want" (here Mr. Pocock cautiously dropped his voice) "to spend a week or two among the 'graybacks,' come to me." I suppose my countenance expressed some surprise, for the bootmaker had correctly guessed my feelings when he added: "I'm not bragging, sir; I can do what I say. I occupy a very different social position here to what Cunningham and Clifton do in London. Cunningham and Clifton are both rich men, with their suburban villas; yet if you, Mr. Cranbrook, were asked to meet them at dinner, you'd consider yourself insulted."

"Indeed, Mr. Pocock," I began, "I should not,——"

"You couldn't help yourself, sir. Society's dead against you. Now, here, there's no aristocracy crushing you down. In England, we feel that there are people better bred and better educated than ourselves, and we succumb to them; but here we all stand much on a level: nobody worships a man simply for his money, and money is the only point of difference between one man and another. As for manners and education, Mrs. Shoddy, with her fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewellery, isn't fit to be compared with a Lowell factory-girl."

"And may I ask what brought you to America, Mr. Pocock?"

"A row with my employers. Cunningham and Clifton, having become rich men, forgot their position, and trod on my toes. You understand me, Mr. Cranbrook—they wounded my feelings, and I quitted them."

"You've been settled here some time?"

"Nearly four years; and I am doing a very flourishing business. But I wish to make one remark, Mr. Cranbrook. When you return to London, and tell Cunningham and Clifton that you have seen me, they will probably denounce me as a scoundrel and a thief —I'll explain why."

The tradesman rose from his chair, and, unlocking a small safe, produced a book, shaped something like the books in which merchants enter their Bills Payable and their Bills Receivable, except that the volume before me was much thicker.

"This work," continued Mr. Pocock, "once belonged to Cunningham and Clifton; but as all the entries in it had been made by myself, and as they had treated me with the blackest ingratitude, I resolved to punish them by carrying it with me to America. This book, Mr. Cranbrook, has been the foundation of my fortunes. I told you just now, sir, that America is socially and politically a republican country; but the Americans love to talk about the British aristocracy; and you may judge of the enthusiasm which this book has created, when I tell you that it contains facsimile impressions of the feet of a large proportion of the peerage and baronetage."

"Mine among the number, I suspect, Mr. Pocock."

"You are right, sir. Let me turn to the index. Folio 262. Yes, sir. Here you are—Lionel Cranbrook; name and address complete in your own handwriting. I always begged gentlemen to sign their names and addresses to the folio containing their foot-measurement. The consequence is, that this is a book of fashionable autographs, to say nothing of the pleasure experienced by our young Washington dandies on discovering that Lord Gules has an enlargement of the great toe joints, and that the Marquis of Wyvern owns the smallest foot in London. Yes, sir, that book has been the making of me; and nothing will induce me to part with it. I was entreated to send it for exhibition to the New-York Sanitary Fair; but I declined, lest it should be lost in the transit; while Barnum has over and over again offered a fabulous price for it for his Museum.

"I suppose you keep a similar book for the fashionable feet of America?"

"Most certainly. Here it is. Valuable, of course, in a practical point of view, as containing the measures of my best customers, but not so interesting as its English companion. You will scarcely believe how the latter has been run after. I have had half-a-dozen ladies a day in their carriages here to see it; and they always reserve their farewell look for the elegant little foot of Lord Wyvern."

"I suppose the American book can't shew anything so small?'

"In one instance it can, sir," replied Mr. Pocock, gravely. "Allow me to turn to the index. There it is. Folio 79."

"Lieutenant Van Rensselaer of the 238th New York. That's a Dutch name, isn't it?"

"The name is Dutch, Mr. Cranbrook; but the family is very ancient and honourable. They settled near Albany, in the State of New York, two centuries ago. And now, sir, would you like to see the lieutenant's boots?"

Mr. Pocock spoke with such deep solemnity that I burst out laughing.

"I shall be delighted," I said.

"These boots," continued the tradesman, as he unlocked a cupboard, are something out of the common. Look there, sir!"

Mr. Pocock lighted a taper, and approaching the cupboard with the reverential air of a devotee visiting the shrine of his patron saint, displayed to my view an elegant little pair of dress-boots, which reposed on a crimson velvet cushion, and were protected from dust and insects by a large bell-glass.

"Talk of breeding, sir!" exclaimed the boot-maker enthusiastically. "Look at the Liliputian size of that foot—look at the arch between the heel and the ball —look at the height of instep! Lord Wyvern, sir, is all very well; but by the side of that New York gentleman, Lord Wyvern is beaten into fits.'

"Yes, they are a nice pair of boots," said I, prosaically; "but how is it that they were never sent home?"

"Mr. Cranbrook," said the tradesman, as he took a bottle of Plantation Bitters from the mantel-piece, and poured out a couple of glasses, "you are a countryman of mine, and an old customer of our London house. My heart warms towards you; and I'll tell you something, if you're agreable to listen, that I've never told any one else, excepting my wife and my negro boy. There's a mystery about these boots!"

Mr. Pocock's manner was so peculiar, that my curiosity was excited, and I begged him to relate the story. He began thus:

"You can see, I think, Mr. Cranbrook, that I am an enthusiast in my art. I was born to be a bootmaker. I am not one of those tradesmen who cease to think of their occupation directly their shutters are put up. My entire waking thoughts are devoted to bootmaking. After years of meditation, I have devised an instrument for measuring the human foot, which will entirely supersede the present barbarously-rude expedients of rule and tape. I shall take out the patent in England. I merely mention this to shew you that I am devoted to my profession.

"In the spring of this year, the 238th New York was encamped on Arlington Heights, close to this city. The 238th is a crack regiment; most of the officers are gentlemen of good position, and, as a matter of course, they patronised me. One day one of them said to me (he was a fellow with a great splay-foot, which my utmost skill could scarcely render passable): 'Say, Pocock, I must bring one of our lieutenants down to see you. He deserves to have a civilised boot-maker.' So he brought me Van Renssellaer, a carelessly-dressed young man, with a thin thoughtful face, and great eyes, that seemed to be looking into the middle of next week, or at anything sooner than what was right before them. This young gentleman had been educated at West Point (they're mostly West Pointers in the 238th), and his whole soul was given up to studying military tactics and manœuvres. He didn't care for balls, or politics, or speechifying; and, if you will believe me, this misguided young man, with a foot which the Apollo Belvidere might have envied, was actually wearing slop-shoes, picked up promiscuously at any chance store he passed! It nearly brought the tears into my eyes; and as I traced out the design of his matchless foot in my fac-simile book, I said: 'Lieutenant, I shall be proud to make your boots for the rest of your life for nothing!'

"I wouldn't allow any inferior workman to meddle with those boots—they were closed by my own hands. I spent a long time over them, too, putting in an artistic touch here and there, just as a painter does with a pet picture. But when I went over to Arlington Heights, intending to present the boots in person (my negro boy Pete was respectfully carrying them behind me), I found, to my grief and chagrin, that Lieutenant Van Rensseliaer had gone—gone away at less than four-and-twenty hours' notice! He had grown tired of the uneventful life of a Washington soldier, and had exchanged into the army of the Tennessee under General McPherson, just then about to start from Chattanooga on the great Georgian campaign. Well, Mr. Cranbrook, it was a disappointment; but as I'm a philosopher, and accustomed to disappointments, I simply put the boots away on a top shelf of that show-case in the shop, and troubled my head no more about them. A month or six weeeks had passed away, and the spring-mud of our streets had become converted into summer dust. It was Friday the 27th May; the hour was seven o'clock in the evening, and I was sitting in this back-parlour meditating over my new machine. My young men had all left for the day; my wife (she is an American lady) was away on a visit to her friends at Trenton, N. J.; the two Irish girls were busy ironing in the kitchen; Pete had gone to deliver a pair of ladies' walking Balmorals at the White House. I mention all these little facts to shew you that I was perfectly tranquil and composed on that evening. Well, sir, I had closed my eyes during an especially severe train of thought, and when I opened them again, I saw, through the glass door, that somebody had come into the shop. It was an officer in full uniform, and he had mounted a chair, and was endeavouring to reach something from the top of the show-case.

"'Allow me, sir,' I said with the utmost blandness, not in the least surprised, for you know, Mr. Cranbrook, that military gentlemen do do eccentric things occasionally—'allow me, sir,' I said.

"'Thank you,' he answered very politely; 'I can reach them myself.'

"I looked up, and saw it was Lieutenant Van Renssellaer! My face flushed with pleasure. 'Lieutenant,' I exclaimed, 'I'm delighted to see you. Permit me to have the honour of taking off——'

"'My good friend,' he replied rather coldly, 'a soldier should always perform these services for himself. I want no assistance; I merely want the boot-hooks and a little French chalk.' With these words he sat down, took the boot-hooks from my hands, which were tremulous with anxious delight, kicked off his ready-made shoes, and with the most extraordinary rapidity (thereby proving the softness of the leather and the excellence of the fit, put on the new boots.

"At the sight of those model feet, encased in what I may justly call those model boots, I was nearly overpowered. My delight was so exquisite as to be almost painful; but it did not last long, for, with the simple and indeed ungracious words: 'Yes, these will do pretty well,' the lieutenant walked out of the shop.'

"I know how your story is going to end, Mr. Pocock," I interposed: "this fellow was a common swindler, dressed up in a uniform, who thereby got an elegant pair of boots for nothing."

Mr. Pocock regarded me with quiet scorn. "What, sir!" he replied. "Do you fancy there is a swindler, or any other man in the United States, whom these boots would fit? Not one, sir. No—no, you are altogether wide of the mark, Mr. Cranbrook. Be kind enough to hear me patiently to the end.

"I took up the ready-made shoes, a pair of the sorriest products of that guilty town, Northampton (guilty, as being the cause of unnumbered bunions)—I took up the ready-made shoes, and placed them carefully, out of regard to their late owner, on the same shelf as that from which the lieutenant had taken his dress-boots. The next morning, I could not help confiding to Pete (for Pete, though a nigger, has a far more sympathising soul than most of the white workmen) that Lieutenant Van Rensselaer had called for his boots. I expected him to answer: "Golly, mas'r, I'se glad to hear dat;" instead of which, he rolled his eyes horribly, and nearly let a shutter fall.

"'When did um call, mas'r?'

"'Last evening.'

"'And took um away?'

"'Ay, on his feet.'

"'Why, mas'r, *dey's on de shelf now!*"

"I came into the shop. Pete was perfectly right. There, on the top shelf of the show-case, stood Lieutenant Van Rensselaer's dress-boots, on the exact spot that they had occupied for days previous; while the shop-made Northamptons were nowhere to be seen! What was to be done? Nothing. I was fairly skeared, as people say in this country, and I told Pete to hold his tongue on pain of dismissal. When Mrs. Pocock returned, I confided the affair to her ear; but though she will swallow any nonsense about spirit-mediums, she was quite incredulous, laughed at me, and said she must take away the keys of the grog-chest next time she went out of town. Now, I didn't read the newspapers much, for I consider newspaper reading sheer idleness, and that the Americans would be a happier people if three-fourths of their printing-presses were burned; but I do look now and then, having a military connection to keep up, into the *Army and Navy Journal*. Mr. Cranbrook, what I saw there, in a number towards the end of June, made my blood run cold. There had been a desperate fight on the 27th May between Sherman's army and the rebels (I always call 'em 'rebels'—it's safer here), at a place named Dallas, and there was a nominal return of the killed, wounded, and missing. Mr. Cranbrook," said the bootmaker solemnly, 'among the missing was the name of Lieutenant Van Renssellaer.'

"I presume," said I, "that he had skedaddled quietly, and come up to Washington; which accounts for his visit to your shop."

"I should be sorry," answered Mr. Pocock, "to think a man with such an elegant foot could be such a coward; but that idea won't hold for a moment. I afterwards heard something further about him. I hinted to you, Mr. Cranbrook," he continued, lowering his voice, and looking cautiously around, "that I occasionally have dealings with Jeff. Davis's people. An agent, who does a brisk trade in smuggling medical stores across the border, called here lately. He had been in Georgia during the months of May and June, and recollected the name of Van Rensselaer, owing to its peculiarity. He told me that the lieutenant was mortally wounded on the 27th May, that he fell into Confederate hands, that he was removed to Atlanta, and died there a few days afterwards."

"Well," said I, "it's a very strange story, and I can only account for it on the supposition that your imagination, in all that relates to boots, is so powerful as to—— Hollo! Pocock, here's a carriage drawn up at your door.'

The active tradesman instantly rushed out like a spider from his den, while I strolled idly into the front shop. The carriage was an open barouche, and contained two persons. The one seated nearest to the side-walk was a lady, who might be some fifty years of age, with one of those peculiarly American faces in which the soft beauty of a European ancestry seems to be blended with the stern dignity of the aboriginal race. She gazed sadly and yet proudly at the young man who reclined by her side. He was evidently an invalid, or at least a person recovering from severe illness, for his face was thin and wan, and notwithstanding the sultriness of the weather, he was wrapped in a buffalo-robe.

"My son wished to speak to you, if you are Mr. Pocock?" said the lady in a soft voice, addressing that obsequious tradesman, who stood bareheaded, with his hand gracefully resting on the door of the carriage, as he had been wont to do in Boodle Street, St. James's.

"Mr. Pocock," said the young man, smiling pleasantly, though speaking with feebleness, "you were kind enough to make a pair of boots for me last spring."

"Lieutenant Van Rensseliaer?" exclaimed the tradesman, turning pale.

"The same."

"Pardon me, lieutenant, I must ask one question," cried Mr. Pocock excited. "Did you call at my shop on the 27th May, at seven in the evening?"

"Most certainly not," replied the soldier, "for I was in the midst of the battle of Dallas. Just at seven in the evening, a cannon-shot took off both my legs, and curiously enough my first thought was this: 'How disappointed poor Pocock will be when he finds I can't wear his exquisite boots!"

DOWRY.—The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is to have in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, and in her behaviour modesty.

TOLERANCE.—Never divide yourself from any man upon difference of opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with you in that from which, perhaps, within a few days you should dissent yourself.

PEACE BE WITH THEE.

PEACE be with thee, gentle maiden,
When the morning hours are bright;
When the light of eve is deep'ning,
To the shadows of the night;
When life thrills with silent gladness,
When that gladness seems to flee,
In the storm, the calm, the shadow,
Peace be ever hid with thee.

GARDE.

Montreal Sept. 12th.

A PARISIAN EXPERT.

WHEN the opera of the "Prophet" was first brought out in Paris, so great was the demand for seats that tickets were resold at a most extravagant premium. One night a young military officer, who had just made an unsuccessful application for a ticket at the box-office, and was about to fall back in despair, was dexterously lightened of his watch by a pickpocket. Detecting the thief before he had time to escape, he recovered the stolen time-piece without the interposition of a policeman. Then taking the culprit aside, he entered into conversation with him.

"You are an expert in your profession," said he, "and now I wish to avail myself of all your skill."

"Monsieur le captaine may command me to the utmost of my abilities," replied the sharper.

"Then," whispered the officer, "go immediately and relieve some gentleman of his opera ticket, and I will pay you one hundred francs for it. No hesitation! be quick! the money is ready."

"It shall be done!" was the business-like answer.

In three minutes the adroit rascal returned with an elegant card-case containing four opera tickets, together with a number of cards having the name of Mademoiselle Solange Dudevant engraved upon them.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the captain, "you have been robbing a lady?"

"No indeed sir!" replied the sharper. "There is my unfortunate victim," he continued pointing to a rosy cheeked young gentleman in a black dress-coat, black tights, white vest with plain flat gilt buttons, and white kid gloves, who was engaged in an animated conversation with a couple of young ladies just within the vestibule.

"Dolt!" exclaimed the captain, "that is a lady dressed *en cavalier*; it is Mademoiselle Solange Dudevant herself! Return the articles immediately."

"Monsieur is right," said the pickpocket. "No one but a brute would knowingly rob a lady, especially when that lady is the daughter of George Sand. Excuse me, monsieur; I will yet procure you a ticket."

In an instant the sharper placed himself before Mademoiselle Solange, with a profound bow.

"Begging mademoiselle's pardon," he said, "she has had the misfortune to drop her card-case."

"Thank you kindly," replied Mademoiselle Solange, taking the card-case into her hand. "Allow me to reward you for returning it."

"As to that, mademoiselle," said the sharper, "permit me humbly to suggest that you have four tickets in your case, whereas your party consists of only three persons."

"You then would like to have the extra ticket?" said mademoiselle.

"Exactly so, mademoiselle," he replied.

"You are quite welcome to it," said the lady.

The sharper took the ticket to the young officer, who, having noticed the manner in which it was obtained, did not hesitate to receive it and pay him the promised hundred francs.

On taking his seat in the opera-house, the captain found himself elbow to elbow with Mademoiselle Dudevant, with whom he was well acquainted. He frankly explained to her the equivocal process by which he had procured his ticket. The lady laughed heartily at the trick of which she had been the unconscious victim.

THE *Scottish Farmer* says of weeds: No doubt they were sent to make men industrious; and the more you stir the ground in getting rid of your weeds, the finer are your crops. Still, they are a sore trial to the farmer, as we may readily imagine when we are told that "the corn sow-thistle has 190 flowers, each with 190 seeds; the groundsel has 6,500 seeds in all; while the poppy bears a hundred flowers, each with 500 seeds,"

A TRUE BILL.

Continued from page 29—Conclusion.

Early the next morning Bernard was again sent for to the prefect's house.

"I have carefully gone over the whole evidence since I saw you," he said, "and it certainly seems there is a very strong suspicion against the baron. I have caused inquiries to be made, and have ascertained that the baron was a confirmed gambler, and that his journey to Petersburg was probably only a ruse to avoid arrest. It is a terrible case, and we must proceed very cautiously. The baron stands very high in the public esteem, and it seems incredible that he could have committed this horrible crime. Still that hat and the bill of the landlord made out in his own name prove at least that he must have returned to Paris. Why should he return? What was the motive? However, I have despatched an agent of the secret police to Strasburg, to track his steps from that place. When I hear anything I will send for you."

On arriving at Strasburg, the police agent at once repaired to the Maison Rouge. The landlord perfectly remembered the baron's having stayed at his hotel for a week, and having then gone, whither he could not say. The porter, however, remembered where his luggage was taken. It was to a house outside the city, on the road to Saverne, where a hired carriage was in readiness. He got into the carriage and drove off. But as the driver was an acquaintance of the porter's, it was no difficult matter to find him. He remembered the job perfectly, but averred that the gentleman's name was Thionville. He should not perhaps have paid much attention to this fact, had he not had a sister living at Saverne as chambermaid in the same hotel to which he drove his fare. On inquiring at Saverne, the agent found that a Monsieur Thionville had arrived at the hotel as stated, and that he had remained there four days, during the greater part of which he had kept in-doors, from indisposition.

The description the landlord gave of his person and luggage left no doubt on the agent's mind that he was on the right track. But nothing further could be learnt. Still, one important circumstance had been proved—namely, that, instead of proceeding on his journey to Russia, he had turned back on the road to Paris, under an assumed name.

The only thing that now remained to be done was to put an advertisement in the French and German papers, inviting the husband of the murdered lady to repair to Paris, in order to claim the property of his deceased wife. For, it was argued, if he had murdered her for the sake of getting possession of her money, it was very probable that he would take the bait now held out. Neither did this surmise prove to be incorrect.

Two months, or thereabouts, had elapsed, and the police were beginning to despair of getting further tidings of the baron, when a gentleman, attired in deep mourning, and apparently bowed down with grief, presented himself at the bureau of the police. "He had," he said, "by chance seen the fearful tidings of his wife's murder in a paper at St. Petersburg, and had hastened back to Paris as quickly as he could. The shock, however, it had caused him had brought on a severe attack of illness, from which he had only just recovered, otherwise he should have returned to Paris some weeks sooner."

Acting in obedience to the orders of his chief, the agent referred the baron to a comptoir, where he would be furnished with the register of the death and burial of his wife.

On entering the room, the baron was politely invited to take a seat while the necessary papers were being found.

After the lapse of a quarter of an hour an official entered the room, and requested the baron to accompany him to another comptoir, where, to his dismay, he found himself submitted to a rigorous examination.

"But, Monsieur le Baron, when you left home, on March 25th, whither did you travel?" asked the chief officer.

"I travelled through Germany, en route for St. Petersburg."

"Good! But which was the first town at which you stayed?"

"Strasburg!"

"Quite true!" said his questioner, referring to some papers. "On what day did you arrive there?"

"On the 28th."

"Yes! and how long did you remain?"

"Let me see—yes! it was one night and half the next day," replied the baron, with a little hesitation in his manner.

"And where did you proceed to next?" resumed the officer.

After some reflection, the baron answered that he had gone to Frankfort.

"Indeed?" answered the officer, raising his eyes, and directing a steady glance towards the baron. "To Frankfort! I think you are mistaken. You say you arrived at Strasburg on the 28th, where you remained till the following day. But the landlord of the Maison Rouge says that you remained at his house till April 7. How do you account for that, Monsieur le Baron?"

"Was I there a week? Yes! now I think of it, you are quite right, monsieur, for I met several friends there, who persuaded me to lengthen my stay."

"You also state that you next went to Frankfort. But if Monsieur le Baron reflects, he will remember that he went to Saverne in a close carriage."

"Yes, but that was only a day's trip, and had nothing to do with my journey," was the ready answer. "But may I ask, monsieur, why all these questions?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur le Baron, you are here to answer questions not no ask them. Suffice it to say, it is usual under such circumstances. Now, please to attend. You said just now it was only a day's trip, I think, how was it you came to stay four days at Saverne?"

"I had only intended to remain one day at Saverne! but was taken ill during my stay at the hotel."

"Was that why Monsieur le Baron changed his name?" continued the officer.

"Changed my name? Monsieur must be in error."

"Not at all. You took the name of Thionville, for some reason best known to yourself. But as you seem to have forgotten this circumstance, will you have the goodness to tell us where you went on leaving Saverne?"

"I returned to Strasburg."

"Pardon me, Monsieur le Baron, and allow me to refresh your memory. You went, or pretended to go, to a private house in the neighbourhood. But was not Paris the goal of your journey, and did you not arrive here about April 15th?"

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the baron, "I have submitted to these impertinent questions quite long enough. By what right you presume to interrogate me in the manner you have done, I do not know. Rest assured I shall represent the matter to the Minister of police. I wish you a very good morning!" And the baron turned himself round to leave the room.

"Not so fast, monsieur. I have not yet done with you," continued the officer, without noticing the interruption. "I repeat—you arrived in Paris about the 15th, and you were in your wife's bedroom on the night of the 15th and 16th."

At this word the baron leaped to his feet, his face distorted with the pangs of fear and passion.

"Calm yourself, Monsieur le Baron, I have not finished with you yet. Will you then explain, if you were not in the bedroom of your wife on the night in question—which you will remember was the very night on which she was murdered—how it was your hat was found in the passage?" And with these words he handed a hat to the baron.

All eyes were bent upon him. The baron turned deadly pale, and remained speechless for a considerable time. At last he stammered forth incoherently:

"It is not my hat. I never saw this one before. . . . I had one like it . . . but not this."

"Not this?" exclaimed the relentless questioner. "Monsieur le Baron, you have been followed step by step from the day you quitted Paris, to the day you returned. If this hat be not yours, then have the goodness to tell me how your bill incurred at the Maison Rouge, Strasburg, found its way underneath the lining? Please to look for yourself."

"Hotel bill!" gasped the baron, as he struck his forehead with his clenched hand.

"Yes! wretched man. By that little piece of paper, Providence has disclosed your crime, and has prevented an innocent girl from dying a felon's death. Confess that you entered your wife's room and committed the diabolical deed for which you would have allowed another to suffer."

But such a confession was never made.

That night Baron de C. was safely shut up in prison till his trial should take place. All Paris rang with the news that the real murderer of the baroness had been discovered, and that he was no other than her own husband. But that night the prisoner escaped. On entering the cell on the following morning, he was found lying stretched out on his couch, cold and stiff. It was supposed that, living a lawless life, he had been in the habit of carrying poison about him.

Years have elapsed since the above events took place. Monsieur Bernard soon became one of the most celebrated ornaments of the French bar, and his wife, née Ernestine Lamont, noted not only for the brilliancy of her balls and dinners, but for the affability of her manner and the courteousness of her disposition. Of the story of the murder nobody knows more than is here told.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

THE following amusing description of the condition of things in the last generation is given by Sydney Smith.—"A young man, alive at this period, hardly knows to what improvements of human life he has been introduced, and I would bring before his notice the following eighteen changes which have taken place in England since I first began to breathe in it the breath of life—a period amounting now to nearly seventy-three years.

"Gas was unknown. I groped about the streets of London in all but the darkness of a twinkling oil lamp under the protection of watchmen in their grand climacteric, and exposed to every species of depredation and insult.

"I have been nine hours sailing from Dover to Calais before the invention of steam. It took me nine hours to go from Taunton to Bath before the invention of railroads, and I now go in six hours from Taunton to London. In going from Taunton to Bath I suffered between 10,000 and 12,000 severe contusions before stonebreaking Macadam was born.

"I can walk, by the assistance of the police, from one end of London to another without molestation; or, if tired, get into a cheap and active cab, instead of those cottages on wheels, which the hackney-coaches were at the beginning of my life. I had no umbrella: they were little used, and very dear. There were no waterproof hats, and my hat has often been reduced by rains into its primitive pulp.

"I could not keep my small-clothes in their proper place, for braces were unknown. If I had the gout, there was no colchicum. If I was bilious, there was no calomel. If I was attacked by ague, there was no quinine. There were filthy coffee-houses instead of elegant clubs. Game could not be bought. There were no banks to receive the savings of the poor. The Poor Laws were gradually sapping the vitals of the country; and whatever miseries I suffered, I had no post to whisk my complaints for a single penny to the remotest corners of the empire; and yet, in spite of all these privations, I lived on quietly, and am now ashamed that I was not more discontented, and utterly surprised that all these changes and inventions did not occur two centuries ago.

"I forgot to add, that as the baskets of stage-coaches in which luggage was then carried, had no springs, your clothes were rubbed all to pieces; and that even in the best society one-third of the gentlemen at least were always drunk."

ROSEY, DEAR.

Dr. Johnson was very severe on the quandum poets of his day. Our readers will not have forgotten these celebrated lines descriptive of the majority of the productions of that class of hopeful aspirants:

"With my hat upon my head *I* walked along the Strand,
And there I met another man with *his* hat in his hand."

We wonder what the worthy doctor would have thought of the following brilliant production had he been favoured with it.

Rosey, dear, for you I am pining,
Sure, my poor heart is worn away;
All day, love, for you I am whining,
In sorrow all night I decay.

Ah! when you are gay, I am sighing,
Small wonder you ne'er think of me;
I'm moping about slowly dying,
While you are so light and so free.

On my rivals you smile so winning,
It makes the blood rush to my head;
Then jealousy drives me a sinning,
To wish you and I were both dead.

Oh! what have you done with your feeling,
For my weeping you haven't an ear:
To-night at your feet I am kneeling,
To-morrow you won't see me here.

[Would it not be an improvement, Mr. William, to substitute this for the last line, "To-morrow I'll be on the beer (or bier)?]

Oh! Rosey, dear, you love another,
There's no chance for me, I suppose;
Then why should I trouble, or bother
My brain with a changeable rose?

'Tis your sex, I fear, that is killing
The poor boys, instead of disease;
To gain their affections you're willing,
But gain them, dear, only to tease.

William.

Sept. 9th, 1865.

TURNED TO ICE.

"SHE will freeze you to death," said Minnie Holmes, finishing an elaborate description of her friend, Miss Helen Ramsey; "anything so cold and still I never saw. It is so strange, Mordaunt!"

"So strange, that I can scarcely realise it," said her brother. "She was the gayest of the gay when I last saw her. To be sure, that is three years ago. What does it mean, Minnie? Some love story?"

"Nobody knows," replied Minnie. "Soon after you left home, she went to Madeira with her mother, who was in a consumption. In a short time she returned, bringing home only the remains of Mrs. Ramsey. Since then she has lived in a state of gloomy apathy. She was inclined to shut herself up entirely; but her aunt, after the year of mourning was over, insisted upon her resuming her place in society. Still, wearing heavy mourning, she looks strangely out of place among her old friends, for her dress is not more gloomy than her dark face. She has turned to ice."

"Was she so fondly attached to her mother?" inquired Mordaunt.

"She loved her very dearly," replied Minnie; "but her death was not sudden. For five years she had been sinking slowly."

"Strange!" said her brother. "Poor Helen! Do you think I had better call, Minnie?"

"Certainly," was the reply. "She receives visits—and you are such an old friend."

Three years before, when Helen Ramsey was a bell and heiress, winning hearts by her beauty and wit, and admiration by her [w]ealth and taste, Mordaunt Holmes had learned to love her. He was the eldest of nine children, and his father, a physician in full practice, had given him every advantage of education and position; but when his college course was finished, he knew that his duty was to earn his own livelihood. No idler, he earnestly sought employment, and became an active member of a large commercial house. Still, at the time he first learned the secret of his own love, his salary was small, his position uncertain, and he fell from the train of the heiress's followers, proud and honourable enough to shrink from the appearance of fortune-hunting. The way soon opened to amend his fortunes. A responsible position in the Parish branch of the house where he was employed was soon after offered him, and, at the end of three years passed abroad, he returned home a member of the firm. Not a day had passed without Minnie, his pet sister, being called upon for a full description of "everybody," and thus he learned the change in Helen.

His card was taken up, and he was shown into the large drawing-room of the fashionable house, where the orphan heiress resided with her aunt. Upon the table lay the inevitable album for photographs, which serves so well to fill up the tedious minutes a morning caller has to wait. Mordaunt opened it. Several well-known faces of old friends met his eye, but he turned leaf after leaf, till two pictures, facing each other, arrested his attention. So like, yet so different! The one, a tall, handsome brunette, standing in an evening dress of rich silk and lace. The heavy, black braids interwoven with pearls, encircled a face full of animation and life. The large, dark eyes, frank and fearless, shone with joyous light; the rosy lips were just parted in a smile. Well Mordaunt remembered the merry party who went to "sit for portraits" when this one was taken; but the companion, facing it, was new to him. Her heavy, black drapery shrouded her neck and arms. The glossy braids were gone, and plain bands swept the pale cheeks. The dark eyes looked forward as if the vacancy before them was filled with haunting shadows; and the perfect mouth was set with stern, resolute sadness. One year only had flung its shadow between the two pictures. He was still studying the faces, when the rustle of a dress beside him made him turn.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Holmes. We have missed you from our circle."

That was all: the cool yet kindly greeting of mere acquaintanceship. Yet her hand trembled, and was cold as ice, as he took it within his. If his life had paid the forfeit of his boldness, he could not have resisted the impulse to break the icy barrier she offered him.

Only a few words of sympathy for her loss, of pleasure in again meeting her, passed his lips, but his tone of earnest sincerity, his warm clasp of the little cold hand, and his look of sorrowful interest spoke volumes. Perhaps she understood him, for even more chilling was her tone in answering. In vain he tried, through the long call, to bring one smile to her lip, one word of cordiality to bid him hope he could move her. Each measured word, every inflexion of the hard, cold voice drove him despairing from the attempt. Minnie was right. She was turned to ice.

At last he rose to go. Yearning with painful interest over this broken life; longing to gather the sad heart into the warm clasp of his love, to comfort and love this mourner, he must bid her a conventional adieu, take up hat and gloves, and walk off as coolly as if his own heart was not aching with sympathy for her burdened one. There was no help for it, and, accepting her cold "Good morning," he left the room. As he stood with the hall door open he suddenly remembered a message of Minnie's about some fancy bazaar, in which she was interested, that he had promised to deliver. Shutting the door again hastily, he crossed the hall to arrest Miss Ramsey before she left the drawing-room. As he stood in the open doorway he saw her; not as he had left her, erect, and cold, but half lying upon the sofa, her face buried in her outstretched arms, her frame shaking with sobs. Such utter prostration of grief he had never witnessed. Her whole figure was convulsed; the little hands were clenched, and she moaned audibly. He was a gentleman, although a lover, and restraining the impulse to throw himself before her, and, entreat her to tell him her sorrow, he softly retraced his steps through the hall and left the house.

Mordaunt Holmes loved Helen Ramsey too truly, too constantly, to let his one repulse discourage him. Day after day he sought her, devoting the whole treasure of his heart and brain to her service, trying, by every tender wile to win the laugh to her lips, the fire to her eyes, fully repaid for an evening of striving, if but once the pale lips parted to smile on him. There were hours, though rare ones, when she threw off her mantle of sorrow, and gave him thought for thought, smile for smile, nay, sometimes, he almost fancied an answering look of love for love. But some memory would break the spell, and, like the Gorgon's eyes, turn her to stone again.

At last, weary of the unequal contest, he risked all. They had been trying some new music, in a half lazy way when almost unconsciously his fingers dropped upon the opening notes of the ballad "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." A gasping cry arrested his hand. He looked up to see the still, cold face suddenly convulsed with a horror and misery that appalled him. Involuntarily he spoke.

"Helen," said he, "what is it? Let me share this burden of sorrow. I love you, and it kills me to see you suffer so."

"You love me?" she said, in a tone of passionate grief. "You would hate me if I let you see my heart. But I will, I will, for this life is killing me. I am breaking my own heart, to drive yours away. While you come, I linger in the light of your love, as a moth does round the fatal lamp, knowing it must blight my life at last; for I love you, Mordaunt—loved you more that you so proudly drew back from me when I was rich and coveted; and now, when you are [my] comforter, and can so delicately try to renew my life's sunshine, I still repeat, I love you. No, do not take my hand, for—for—it is the hand of a murderess!"

"Helen, you rave," said he.

"No; I am calm, rational," she replied. "I killed my mother—my mother, for whom I would have died. It was in Madeira, where the soft air and lovely climate were restoring her life. She suffered with severe pain at times round the heart, and the physician gave me a lotion for external use that he warned me was poison. Other medicine she took hourly; and one night, wearied with long nursing, I left the bottles on the table near her to reach them without rising from my place beside her. While I slept—slept with a mother's life in my charge—she took the wrong medicine; she died in convulsions before we could summon a doctor—the phial pouring its poisonous contents from her clenched hand to the floor."

"My poor darling!" said he. "Oh, Helen!" he continued, "I have no words to comfort such sorrow. Only Heaven can help you."

"I dare not ask forgiveness, she said; "my sin is too great."

"Hush, hush!" Mordaunt. "This is your sin, Helen, that, for an involuntary omission of duty, you dare to question your Maker's mercy and love. Oh, my darling! seek Him for comfort. He will lift this heavy burden from your heart for ever."

"Oh, Mordaunt, help me!" she sobbed. "I am all yours; help me to bear my sorrow as a Christian."

The ice was broken. Throughout the engagement, through the years of love that followed the quiet wedding, it never formed again. The careless girlhood was gone. The ringing laugh, the light jest, might never return to their olden place; but the happy, earnest, Christian woman lived to bless the love that first won her back to warmth and light when her heart was Turned to Ice.

M. E. C.

Common not Vulgar.—Sir Walter Scott once happening to hear his daughter Anne say of something that it was vulgar, gave the young lady the following temperate rebuke.—"My love, you speak like a very young lady. Do you know, after all, the meaning of this word *vulgar?* 'Tis only *common*. Nothing that is common, except wickedness, can deserve to be spoken of in a tone of contempt; and when you have lived to my years, you will be disposed to agree with me in thanking God that nothing really worth having or caring about in this world is uncommon."

Do not Repine.—Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.

A WOMAN.

Her shape from air its lightness seemed to take;
With quiet robed, if in her serious mien;
But felt her steps in haste like flake on flake
With graceful speed alighting on the green.

Not a wild rose-cup's newly-opened curve
Could match the perfect outline of her cheek;
Nor the smooth blendings of its colour serve
That fair complexion's unstained bloom to speak.

The rich soft brown of her luxuriant hair
In orbs of light her eyes again expressed;
The smile of her sweet mouth outsmiled compare,
Moving to speech, or closed in dimpled rest.

Words were her life that cooled with pleasant breath
The angriest cheek, and actions strewn around
Of delicate design, like bells of heath
Whose thousands give its colour to the ground.

Her fine perception pierced the roughest act,
When it encrusted gems of kindliness,
Could rein her wind-wild spirits, and with tact
Approach the leaves of sensitive distress.

Guilt's pupil checked his words in their career,
With crimsoned awe, before her bended brow,
Which like a rain's bright evening would appear,
When sorrow prayed her with a purer show.

Stern to herself, no primrose pressed so light
The ground beneath, as she an erring soul;
And, sin abhorring, from Compassion's height
Shone upon those who mourned in its control.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY," FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," EDITED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 27

CHAPTER IV. THE CHATEAU ROTZBERG

Amid the many hundred miles which it traverses from its source in the glacier-land to its dispersion among the border flats of the Zuyder Zee, the great Rhine river flows through no district so full of strange interest, so wild, so primitive, so untrodden, as that deep and lonely valley that lies between Chur and Thusis in the Canton Grisons. The passing traveller hastening on to the Splugen, the wandering artist eager for Italy, alike hurry past with scarce a glance or a thought for the grey peaks above, or the stony river-bed below, the beaten highway. They little guess what green delicious valleys, what winding ravines, what legend-haunted ruins, and fragrant uplands jewelled with Alp-roses and purple gentian-blossoms, lie all unsought among the slopes and passes of the mountains round about. Still less do they dream that to some of those crumbling towers from which the very ivy has long since withered away, there cling traditions many centuries older than Christ; or that in yonder scattered châlets, some of which cluster like swallows, nests on shelves of granite six or eight hundred feet above the level of the valle,, there is yet spoken a language unknown to the rest of Europe. Only the historian and archæologist care to remember how there lie imbedded in that tongue the last fragments of a forgotten language; and how in the veins of the simple mountaineers who speak it, there yet linger some drops of the blood of a lost, a mighty, and a mysterious people.

Thus it happened that William Trefalden, who was neither an archæologist nor an historian, but only a brilliant, unscrupulous man of the world, every fibre of whose active brain was busy just then with a thousand projects, neither knew, nor cared to know, any of these things, but took his way up the valley of Domleschg without bestowing a thought upon its people or traditions.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of the fourth day from that on which he left London. He had been on the road two nights out of three; and yet his eye looked none the less bright, and his cheek none the paler. As he strode along in the deep shade, glancing up from time to time at the sunny heights above his head, his step grew freer, and his bearing more assured than usual. There was not a soil of travel on his garments. The shabby office coat so inseparably associated with its wearer in the minds of his clerks, was discarded for a suit of fashionable cut and indefinite hue, such as the British tourist delighteth to honour. His gloves and linen were faultless. Even his boots, although he was on foot, were almost free from dust. He looked, in short, so well dressed, and so unlike his daily self, that it may be doubted whether even Mr. Abel Keckwitch would have recognized his employer at the first glance, if that astute head-clerk could by any possibility have met him on the way.

Absorbed in thought as he was, however, Mr. Trefalden paused every now and then to reconnoitre the principal features of the valley, and make certain of his landmarks. The village from which he had started was already left two miles behind; and, save a ruined watch-tower on a pedestal of rock some eighty feet above the level of the road, there was no accessible building in sight. The Hinter Rhine, with its grey waters still dull from the glacier, ran brawling past him all the way. There were pine forests climbing up the spurs of the mountains; and flocks of brown goats, with little tinkling bells about their necks, browsing over the green slopes lower down. Far above the sound of these little bells, uplifted, as it were, upon gigantic precipices of bare granite, rose, terrace beyond terrace, a whole upper world of rich pasture lands, cultivated fields, mossy orchards, and tiny hamlets, which, seen from the valley, looked like carved toys scattered over the velvet sward. Higher still, came barren plateaus, groups of stunted firs, and rugged crags among which the unmelted snow lay in broad, irregular patches, while far away to the right, where another valley seemed to open westward, rose a mountain loftier than all the rest, from the summit of which a vast glacier hung over in icy folds that glittered to the sun, like sculptured drapery depending from the shoulder of some colossal statue.

But William Trefalden had no eyes for this grand scene. To him, at that moment, the mountains were but sign-posts, and the sun a lamp to light him on his way. He was seeking for a certain roadside shrine behind which, he had been told, he should find a path leading to the Château Rotzberg. He knew that he had not yet passed the shrine, and that by this time he must be near it. Presently a chapel-bell chimed from the heights, clear, and sweet, and very distant. He paused to glance at his watch, and then pressed forward more rapidly. It was already a quarter to five, and he was anxious to reach his destination before the afternoon should grow much later. There was an abrupt curve in the road a few yards further on. He had been looking forward to this point for some minutes, and felt so sure that it must bring him in sight of the path, that when it actually did so, he struck up at once through the scattered pines that fringed the waste ground to the left of the road, and trod the beaten track as confidently as if he were familiar with every foot of the way.

As he went on, the sound of the hurrying river died away, and the scattered pines became a thick plantation, fragrant and dusky. Then the ground grew hilly, and was broken up here and there by mossy boulders; and then came open daylight again, and a space of smooth sward, and a steep pathway leading up to another belt of pines. This second plantation was so precipitous that the path had in some places been laid down with blocks of rough stone and short lengths of pine trunks, so as to form a kind of primitive staircase up the mountain-side. The ascent, however, was short, though steep, and Mr. Trefalden had not been climbing it for many minutes before he saw a bright shaft of sunlight piercing the fringed boughs some few yards in advance. Then the moss became suddenly golden beneath his feet, and he found himself on the verge of an open plateau, with the valley lying in deep shade some four hundred feet below, and the warm sun glowing on his face. There ran the steel-grey river, eddying but inaudible; there opened the broad Rheinthal, leading away mile after mile into the dim distance, with glimpses of white Alps on the horizon; while close by, within fifty yards of the spot on which he was standing, rose the ivied walls of the Château Rotzberg.

This, then, was the home to which his great-grandfather's eldest son had emigrated one hundred years before—this, the birthplace of the heir-at-law! William Trefalden smiled somewhat bitterly as he paused and looked upon it.

It was a thorough Swiss mediæval dwelling, utterly irregular, and consisting apparently of a cluster of some five or six square turrets, no two of which were of the same size or height. They were surmounted alike by steep slated roof and grotesque weathercocks; and the largest, which had been suffered to fall to ruin, was green with ivy from top to bottom. The rest of the château gave signs of only partial habitation. Many of the narrow windows were boarded up, while others showed a scrap of chintz on the inner side, or a flower-pot on the sill. A low wall, enclosing a small court-yard, lay to the south of the building, and was approached by a quaint old gateway supporting a sculptured scutcheon, close above which a stork had built his nest.

None of these details escaped the practised eye of William Trefalden. He saw all in a moment—poverty, picturesqueness, and neglect. As he crossed the open sward, and came in sight of a steep road winding up from the valley on the other side, he remarked that there were no tracks of wheels upon it. Passing under the gateway, he observed how the heraldic bearings were effaced upon the shield, and how those fractures were such as could only have been dealt by the hand of man. Not even the grass that had sprung up amid the paving in the court-yard, nor the mossy penthouse over the well, nor the empty kennel in the corner, remained unnoticed as he went up to the door of the château.

It was standing partly open—a massy oaken portal, studded with iron stanchions, and protected only by a heavy latch. William Trefalden looked round for a bell, but there was none. Then he knocked with his clenched hand, but no one came. He called aloud, but no one answered. At last he went in.

The door opened into a stone hall of irregular shape, with a cavernous fireplace at one end, and a large modern window at the other. The ceiling was low, and the rafters were black with smoke. An old carved press, a screen, some chairs and settees of antique form, a great oak table on which lay a newspaper and a pair of clumsy silver spectacles, a curious Swiss clock with a toy skeleton standing in a little sentry-box just over the dial, a spinning-wheel and a linen-press, were all the furniture that it contained. A couple of heavy Tyrolean rifles, with curved stocks to fit to the shoulder, were standing behind the door, and an old sabre, a pair of antlers, and a yellow parchment in a black frame, hung over the mantelpiece. A second door, also partly open, stood nearly opposite the first, and led into a garden.

Having surveyed this modest interior from the threshold, and found himself alone there, Mr. Trefalden crossed over to the fireplace and examined the parchment at his leisure. It was Captain Jacob's commission, signed and sealed by His Most Gracious Majesty King George the Second, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and forty-eight. Turning from this to the newspaper on the table, he saw that it was printed in some language with which he was not acquainted—a language that was neither French, nor Italian, nor Spanish, but which seemed to bear a vague resemblance to all three. It was entitled "Amity del Pie.el." Having lingered over this journal with some curiosity, he laid it down again, and passed out through the second door into the garden.

Here, at least, he had expected to find some one belonging to the place; but it was a mere kitchen garden and contained nothing higher in the scale of creation than cabbages and potatoes, gooseberry-bushes, and beds of early salad. Mr. Trefalden began to ask himself whether his Swiss kindred had deserted the Château Rotzberg altogether.

Strolling slowly along a side-path sheltered by a high privet hedge, and glancing back every now and then at the queer little turretted building with all its weathercocks glittering in the sun, he suddenly became aware of voices not far distant. He stopped—listened—went on a few steps further—and found that they proceeded from some lower level than that on which he stood. Having once ascertained the direction of the sounds, he followed them rapidly enough. His quick eye detected a gap in the hedge at the upper end of the garden. From this gap, a flight of rough steps led down to a little orchard some eighteen or twenty feet below—a mere shelf of verdure on the face of the precipice, commanding a glorious view all over the valley, and lying full to the sunset. It was planted thickly with fruit-trees, and protected at the verge of the cliff by a fragile rail. At the further end, built up in an angle of the rock, stood a rustic summer-house newly thatched with Indian corn-straw. Towards this point William Trefalden made his way through the deep grass and the wild flowers.

As he drew nearer, he heard the sounds again. There was but one voice now—a man's—and he was reading. What was he reading? Not German. Not

that strange dialect printed in the "Amity del Plevel." Certainly not Latin He advanced a little further. Was it, could it be—Greek?

Mr. Trefalden's Greek had grown somewhat rusty these last eighteen years or so; but there could be no mistake about those sonorous periods. He recognised the very lines as they fell from the lips of the speaker—lines sweet and strong as that god-like wine stored of old in the chamber of Ulysses. It was many a year since he had heard them, though at Eton they had been "familiar in his mouth as household words:"

About our heads elms and tall poplars whispered;
While from its rocky cave beside us trickled
The sacred waters of a limpid fountain.
The cricket chirped i' the hedge, and the sweet throstle
Sang loudly from the copse.

Who should this be but Theocritus of Sicily? William Trefalden could scarcely believe his ears. Theocritus in the valley of Domleschg! Theocritus in the mouths of such outer barbarians as the dwellers in the Chateau Rotzberg?

Having ended the famous description of the garden of Phrasidamus, the reader paused. William Trefalden hastened up to the front of the summer-house. An old man smoking a German pipe, and a youth bending over a book, were its only occupants. Both looked up; and both, by a simultaneous impulse of courtesy, rose to receive him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, lifting his hat. "This is, I fear, an unceremonious intrusion; but I am not quite a stranger, and——"

He checked himself. French was the language which he had found generally understood in the Grisons, and he had inadvertently used his native English.

But the old man bowed, laid his pipe aside, and replied in English as pure as his own:

"Whoever you may be, sir, you are welcome."

"I think I have the pleasure of addressing a relative," observed the lawyer. "My name is William Trefalden."

The old man stepped forward, took him by both hands, and, somewhat to his surprise, kissed him on each cheek,

"Cousin," he said, "thou art thrice welcome. Saxon, my son, embrace the kinsman."

CHAPTER V. MR. TREFALDEN AND HIS COUSINS.

Mr. Trefalden took the rustic chair handed to him by his younger kinsman, and placed it just against the entrance of the summer-house. It was his habit, he said, to avoid a strong light, and the sunset dazzled him. The old man resumed his seat. The youth remained standing. Both looked at the new comer with a cordial, undissembled curiosity; and for a few seconds there was silence.

Mr. Trefalden's elder kinsman was fragile, pale white-haired, with brilliant dark eyes, and thin sensitive lips, that trembled when he spoke earnestly. The other was a tall, broad-shouldered, broad-browed, powerful young fellow, with a boyish down upon his upper lip, and a forest of thick golden-brown hair, crisp and curly as the locks of Chaucer's Squire. His eyebrows and eyelashes were some shades darker than his hair; and his eyes looked out from beneath them with an expression half shy, half fearless, such as we sometimes see in the eyes of children. In short he was as goodly a specimen of the race of Adam as one might hope to meet with between London and the valley of Domleschg, or even further; and this Mr. Trefalden could not but admit at the first glance.

The old man was the first to speak.

"You did not find your way without a guide, cousin?" said he.

"It was no very difficult achievement," replied the lawyer. "I enjoyed the walk."

"From Chur?"

"No—from Reichenau. I have taken up my quarters at the 'Adler.' My landlord described the road to me. It was easy enough to find: not, perhaps quite so easy to follow."

"Ah, you come by the footpath. It is sadly out of repair, and would seem steep to a stranger. Saxon, go bid Kettli prepare supper; and open a bottle of d'Asti wine. Our cousin is weary."

Mr. Trefalden hastened to excuse himself; but it was of no avail. The old gentleman insisted that he should "at least break bread and drink wine" with them; and Mr. Trefalden, seeing that he attached some patriarchal import to this ceremony, yielded the point.

"You have a son, sir, of whom you may be proud," said he, looking after the youth as he strode away through the trees.

The old man smiled, and with the smile his whole face grew tender and gracious.

"He is my great hope and joy," he replied; "but he is not my son. He is the only child of my dear brother, who died twelve years ago."

Mr. Trefalden had already heard this down at Reichenau; but he said, "Indeed?" and looked interested.

"My brother was a farmer," continued the other; "I entered the Lutheran Church. He married late in life; I have been a bachelor all my days."

"And your brother's wife," said Mr. Trefalden, "is she still living?"

"No; she died two years after she became a mother. For twelve years, Saxon has had no parent but myself. He calls me 'father'—I call him 'son.' I could not love him more if he were really my own offspring. I have been his only tutor, also. I have taught him all that I know. Every thought of his heart is open to me. He is what God and my teaching have made him."

"He is a magnificent fellow, at all events," said Mr. Trefalden, dryly.

"My brother was almost as tall and handsome at his age," replied the pastor with a sigh.

"What *is* his age?" asked the lawyer.

"He was twenty-two on the thirteenth of last December."

"I should not take him more than twenty."

"Twenty-two—twenty-two years, and four months—a man in age, in stature, in strength, in learning; but a boy at heart, cousin—a boy at heart!"

"All the better for him," said Mr. Trefalden, with his quiet voice and pleasant smile. "Many of the greatest men that ever lived were boys to the last."

"I have no desire to see my Saxon become a great man," said Martin Trefalden, hastily. "God forbid it! I have tried to make him a good man. That is enough."

"And I have no doubt that you have succeeded."

The old man looked troubled.

"I have tried," said he; "but I know not whether I have tried in the right way. I have trained him according to my own belief and ideas; and what I have done has been done for the best. I may have acted wrongly. I may not have done my duty; but I have striven to do it. I prayed for light—I prayed for God's blessing on my work, I believe my prayers were heard; but I have had heavy misgivings of late—heavy, heavy misgivings!"

"I feel sure they must be groundless," said Mr. Trefalden.

The pastor shook his head. He was evidently anxious, and ill at ease.

"That is because you do not know," replied he. "I cannot tell you now—another time—when we can be longer alone. In the meanwhile, I thank Heaven for the chance that has brought you hither. Cousin, you are our only surviving kinsman—you are acquainted with the world—you will advise me—you will be good to him! I am sure you will. I see it in your face."

"I shall be very glad to receive your confidence, and to give you what counsel I can," replied Mr. Trefalden.

"God bless you!" said the pastor, and shook hands with him across the table.

At this moment there came a sound of voices from the further end of the terrace.

"One word more," cried Martin, eagerly. "You know our family history, and the date that is drawing near?"

"I do."

"Not a syllable before *him*, till we have again spoken together. Hush, he is here."

A giant shadow fell upon the grass, and young Saxon's six feet of substance stood between them and the sun. He held a dish in his hands and a bottle under his arm and was followed by a stalwart peasant woman, laden with plates and glasses.

"The evening is so warm," said he, "that I thought our cousin would prefer to stay here, so Kettli and I have brought the supper with us."

"Nothing could please me better," replied Mr. Trefalden. "By the way, Saxon, I must compliment you on your Greek. Theocritus is an old friend of mine, and you read him remarkably well."

The young man who had just removed the book from the table, and was assisting to spread the cloth, blushed like a girl.

"He and Anacreon were my favourite poets," added the lawyer; "but that was a long time ago. I fear I now remember very little of either."

"I have not read Anacreon," said Saxon; "but of all those I know, I love Homer best."

"Ay, for the fighting," suggested his uncle, with a smile.

"Why not, when it's such grand fighting?"

"Then you prefer the Iliad to the Odyssey," said Mr. Trefalden. "Now, for my part, I always took more pleasure in the adventures of Ulysses. The scenery is so various and romantic; the fiction is so delightful"

"I don't like Ulysses," said Saxon, bluntly. "He's so crafty."

"He is therefore all the truer to nature," replied Mr. Trefalden. All Greeks are crafty; and Ulysses is the very type of his race."

"I cannot forgive him on that plea. A hero must be better than his race, or he is no hero."

"That is true, my son," said the pastor.

"I allow that the Homeric heroes are not Bayards; but they are great men," said Mr. Trefalden, defending his position less for the sake of argument than for the opportunity of studying his cousin's opinions.

"Ulysses is not a great man," replied Saxon warmly; "much less a hero."

Mr Trefalden smiled, and shook his head.

"You have all the world against you," said he.

"The world lets itself be blinded by tradition," answered Saxon. "Can a man be a hero and steal? a hero and tell lies? a hero, and afraid to give his name? Tell of Altdorf was not one of that stamp. When Gessler questioned him about the second arrow, he told the truth and was ready to die for it."

"You are an enthusiastic on the subject of heroes," said Mr. Trefalden, jestingly.

The young man blushed again, more deeply than before.

"I hate Ulysses," he said. "He was a contemptible fellow; and I don't believe that Homer wrote the Odyssey at all."

With this, he addressed some observation to Kettli, who answered him and departed.

"What a strange dialect!" said Mr. Trefalden, his attention diverted into another channel. "Did I not see a newspaper printed in it, as I passed just now through the house?"

"You did; but it is no dialect," replied the pastor, as they took their places round the table. "It is a language—a genuine language; copious, majestic, elegant, and more ancient by many centuries than the Latin."

"You surprise me."

"It's modern name," continued the old man, "is the Rhæto-Romansch. If you desire to know its ancient name, I must refer you back to a period earlier, perhaps, than even the foundation of Alba Longa, and certainly long anterior to Rome. But, cousin, you do not eat."

"I have really no appetite," pleaded Mr. Trefalden, who found neither the goat's-milk cheese nor the salad particularly to his taste. "Besides, I am much interested in what you tell me."

The pastor's face lighted up.

"I am glad of it," he said, eagerly. "I am very glad of it. It is a subject to which I have devoted the leisure of a long life."

"But you have not yet told me the ancient name of this Romansch tongue?"

Saxon, who had been looking somewhat uneasy during the last few minutes, was about to speak; but his uncle interposed.

"No, no, my son," he said, eagerly, "these are matters with which I am more conversant than thou. Leave the explanation to me."

The young man bent forward, and whispered, "Briefly, then, dearest father."

Mr. Trefalden's quick ear caught the almost inaudible warning. It was his destiny to gain more than one insight into character this evening.

The pastor nodded, somewhat impatiently, and launched into what was evidently a favourite topic.

"Look round," he said, "at these mountains. They have their local names, as the Galanda, the Ringel, the Albula, and so forth; but they have also a general and classified name. They are the Rhætian Alps. Among them lie numerous valleys, of which this, the Hinter-Rhein-Thal, is the chief. Yonder lie the passes of the Splugen and the Stelvio, and beyond them the plains of Lombardy. You probably know this already; but it is important to my explanation that you should have a correct idea of our geography here in the Grisons."

Mr. Trefalden bowed, and begged him to proceed. Saxon ate his supper in silence.

"Well," continued the pastor, "about two thousand eight hundred years ago these Alps were peopled by a hardy aboriginal race, speaking the same language, or the germs of the same language, which is spoken here to this day by their descendants. These aborigines followed the instincts which God would seem to have implanted in the hearts of all mountain races. They wearied of their barren fastnesses. They poured down into the Southern plains. They expelled the native Umbrians, and settled as conquerors in that part of Italy which lies north of Ancona and the Tiber. There they built cities, cultivated literature and the arts, and reached a high degree of civilisation. When I tell you that they had attained to this eminence before the era of Romulus; that they gave religion, language, and arts to Rome herself; that, according to the decreed fate of nations, they fell through their own luxury, and were enslaved in their turn; that pursued by the Gaul or the Celt, they fled back at last to these same mountains from which they had emigrated long centuries before; that they erected some of those strongholds, the imperishable ruins of which yet stand above our passes; and that in this Rhæto-Romansch tongue of the Grisons survive the last utterances of their lost poets and historians—when, cousin, I tell you all these things, you will, I think, have guessed already what the name of that ancient people must have been?"

Now it happened somewhat unluckily, that Mr. Trefalden had lately read, somewhere or another, a review of somebody's book on this very subject; so, when the old man paused, quite warm and flushed with his own eloquence, he found himself prepared with a reply.

"If," said he, "I had not taken an impression—if, in short, I had not understood that the Etruscans were originally a Lydian tribe——"

"You took that impression from Herodotus!" interrupted the pastor.

"No; for the best of reasons. I never was Grecian enough to do battle with Herodotus."

"From Tacitus, then?"

"Possibly from Tacitus."

"Yes, Tacitus supports that theory, but he is wrong; so does Herodotus, and he is wrong; so do Strabo, Cicero, Seneca, Pliny, Plutarch, Velleius, Paterculus, Servius, and a host of others, and they are all wrong—utterly wrong, every one of them!"

"But where——"

"Livy supposes that the emigration was from the plains to the mountains—folly, mere folly! Does not every example in history point to the contrary? The dwellers in plains fly to the mountains for refuge; but emigration flows as naturally from the heights to the flats, as streams flow down from the glaciers to the valleys. Hellanicus of Lesbos would have us believe they were Pelasgians. Dionysius of Halicarnassus asserts that they were the aborigines of the soil. Gorius makes them Phœnician—Bonarota, Egyptian—Maffei, Canaanite—Guarnacci . . ."

"I beg pardon," interrupted Mr. Trefalden; "but when I said I had understood that the Etruscans were of Lydian origin . . ."

"They were nothing of the kind!" cried the pastor, trembling with excitement. "If they had been his countrymen, would not Xantus of Lydia have chronicled the event? He never even names them. Can you conceive an English historian omitting the colonisation of America; or a Spanish historian passing over the conquest of Mexico? No, cousin, you must forgive me for saying that he who embraces the empty theories of Herodotus and Tacitus commits a grievous error. I can show you such archæological evidence . . ."

"I assure you, said Mr. Trefalden, laughingly, "that I have not the least disposition to do anything of the kind. It is a subject upon which I know absolutely nothing."

"And, father," began Saxon, laying his hand gently on the old man's arm, "I think you forget——"

"No, no, I forget nothing," interrupted his uncle too much possessed by his own argument to listen to any one. "I do not forget that Gibbon pronounced the Lydian theory a theme for only poets and romancists. I do not forget that Steub, whatever the tenor of his other opinions, at least admitted the unity of the Etruscan and Rhætian tongues. Then there was Niebuhr—although *he* fell under the mistake of supposing the Etruscans to be a mixed race, he believed the Rhætians of these Alps to have been the true stock, and maintained that they reduced the Pelasgi to a state of vassalage. Neibuhr was a great man, a fine historian, an enlightened scholar. I corresponded with him, cousin, for years, on this very subject; but I could never succeed in convincing him of the purely Rhætian nationality of the Etruscan people. He always would have it that they were amalgamated with the Pelasgians. It was a great pity! I wish I could have set him right before he died."

Mr. Trefalden looked at his watch.

"I wish you could," he said; "but it grows late, and I shall never find my way back before dark, if I do not at once bid you good evening."

The pastor put his hand to his brow in a bewildered way.

"I—I fear I have talked too much," he said shyly. "I have wearied you. Pray forgive me. When I begin upon this subject, I do not know where to stop."

"This is because you know so much about it," replied the lawyer. "But I have listened with great pleasure, I assure you."

"Have you? Have you, indeed?"

"And have learned a great deal that I did not know before."

"I will show you all Niebuhr's letters another time, and copies of my replies," said the old man, "if you care to read them."

He was now quite radiant again, and wanted only a word of encouragement to resume the conversation; but Mr. Trefalden had had more than enough of the Etruscans already.

"Thank you," said he; "thank you—another time. And now, good-by."

"No no—stay a moment longer. I have so much to say to you—so many questions to ask. How long do you stay in Reichenau?"

Some days—perhaps a week."

"Are you on your way to Italy?"

"Not at all. I wanted change of air, and I have come abroad for a fortnight's holiday. My object in choosing Reichenau for a resting place is solely to be near you."

The old man's eyes filled with tears.

"How good of you!" he said, simply. "I should never have seen you if you had not found your way hither—and, after all, we three are the last of our name Cousin, will you come here?"

Mr. Trefalden hesitated.

"What do you mean!" he said. "I shall come again of course, to morrow."

"I mean will you come here for the time of your stay? I hardly like to ask you, for I know the 'Adler' is far more comfortable than our little desolate eyrie, But still if you can put up with farmer's fare and mountain habits, you shall have a loving welcome."

Mr. Trefalden smiled, and shook his head.

"I thank you," said he, "as much as if I accepted your hospitality; but it is impossible. We Londoners lead busy feverish lives, and become enslaved by all kinds of unhealthy customs. Your habits and mine differ as widely as the habits of an Esquimaux and a Friendly Islander. Shall I confess the truth? You have just supped—I am now going back to Reichenau to dinner."

"To dinner?"

"Yes, eight is my hour. I cannot depart from it, even when travelling; so you see I dare not become your guest. However, I shall see you daily, and my young cousin here must do the honours of the neighbourhood to me."

"That I will," said Saxon, heartily.

Mr. Trefalden then shook hands with the pastor, and, Saxon having declared his intention of seeing him down the mountain, they went away together.

CHAPTER VI. THE VALUE OF A NAPOLEON.

As the two cousins passed across the grass-grown court-yard, and under the gateway, with the stork's nest overhead, Mr. Trefalden pointed up to the broken scutcheon.

"Is that a record of some mediæval fray?" asked he.

"Oh dear no!" replied the young man, laughingly. "My great-grandfather smashed that heraldry when he bought the place."

"Then he was a zealous Republican?"

"Not he. Quite the contrary, I believe. No—he defaced the shield because the château was his, and the arms were not."

"I see. He did not choose to live in a house with another man's name upon his door. That was sensible; but he might have substituted his own.

Saxon's lip curled saucily.

"Bah!" said he, "what do we want of arms? We are only farmers. We have no right to them."

"Neither has any one else, I should fancy, in a republic like this," observed Mr. Trefalden.

"Oh yes—some have. The Rotzbergs, who lived here before us, the Plantas, the Ortensteins, are all noble. They were counts and knights hundreds of years ago, when the feudal system prevailed."

"Nobles who subscribe to a democratic rule forego their nobility, my young cousin," said Mr. Trefalden.

"I have heard that before," replied Saxon; "but I don't agree with it."

This young man had a sturdy way of expressing his opinions that somewhat amused and somewhat dismayed Mr. Trefalden. He had also a frightful facility of foot that rendered him a difficult companion among such paths as led down from the Château Rotzberg to the valley below.

"My good fellow," said the lawyer, coming to a sudden stop, "do you want me to break my neck? I am not a chamois!"

Saxon, who had been springing from ledge to ledge of the slippery descent with the light and fearless step of a mountaineer to the manor born, turned back at once, and put out his hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said, apologetically. "I had forgotten. I suppose you have never been among mountains before?"

"Oh yes I have—and I can keep my feet here quite well, thank you, if you do not ask me to come down in a coranto. I have been up Snowdon, and Cadar Idris, and plenty of smaller heights—to say nothing of Holborn Hill."

Saxon laughed merrily.

Why, what do *you* know of Holborn Hill?" said Mr. Trefalden, suprised to find that small jest appreciated.

"It is a hill rising westward, on the right bank of the Fleet river."

"But you have never visited London?"

"I have never been further than Zurich in my life; but I have read Stowe carefully, with a map."

Mr. Trefalden could not forbear a smile.

"You must not suppose that you therefore know anything about modern London," said he. "Stowe would not recognise his own descriptions now. The world has gone round once or twice since his time."

"So I suppose."

"I should like to take you back with me, Saxon. You'd find me a better guide than the mediæval surveyor."

"To London?"

"Ay, to London."

Saxon shook his head.

"You do not mean to tell me that you have no curiosity to visit the most wonderful city in the world?"

"Not at all; but there are others which I had rathe see first."

"And which are they?"

"Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem."

"Then I have no hesitation in prophesying that you would be greatly disappointed in all three. One is always disappointed in places that depend for their interest on remote association."

Saxon made no reply, and for a few moments they were both silent. When they presently left the last belt of pines behind them and emerged upon the level road, Mr. Trefalden paused and said:

"I ought not to let you go any further. My way lies straight before me now, and I cannot miss it."

"I will go with you as far as the bridge," replied Saxon.

"But it is growing quite dusk, and you have those mountain paths to climb."

"I could climb them blindfolded. Besides, we have arranged nothing for to-morrow. Would you like to walk over the Galanda to Pfeffers?"

"How far is it?" asked Mr. Trefalden, with a glance of misgiving towards the mountain in question, which looked loftier than ever in the gloaming.

"About twenty-three or four miles."

"Each way?"

"Of course."

"I am much obliged to you," said the lawyer, "but, as I said before, I am not a chamois. No, Saxon; you must come over to the Adler to-morrow morning to breakfast with me, and after breakfast, if you like, we will walk to Chur. I hear it is a curious old place, and I should like to see it."

"As you please, cousin. At what hour?'

"I fear if I say half-past eight, you will think it terribly late."

"Not at all, since you do not dine till eight at night."

"Then I may expect you?"

"Without fail."

They were now within sight of the covered bridge and the twinkling lights in the village beyond. Mr. Trefalden paused for the second time.

"I must insist upon saying good-bye now," said he. "And, by the way, before we part, will you be kind enough to explain to me the real value of these coins?"

He took out a handful of loose money, and Saxon examined the pieces by the waning light.

"My charretier to-day would not take French francs," continued Mr. Trefalden, "but asked for Müntz money. When I offered him these Swiss francs he was satisfied. What is the difference in value between a French and a Swiss franc? What is Müntz money? How many of these pieces should I get for a Napoleon, or an English sovereign?"

Saxon shook his head.

"I don't know," said he, "I have not the least idea."

Mr. Trefalden thought he had been misunderstood.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "Perhaps I have not explained myself clearly. This Müntz money——"

"Müntz money is Swiss money," interrupted Saxon. "That is to say, the new uniform coinage voted by the Diet of 1850."

"Well, what is this Swiss franc worth?"

"A hundred rappen."

"Then a rapp is equivalent to a French centime?"

Saxon looked puzzled.

"The rappen are issued instead of the old batzen," said he.

Mr. Trefalden smiled.

"We don't quite understand each other yet," he said, taking a Napoleon from the number. "What I want to know is simply how many Swiss francs I ought to receive for this?"

Saxon took the Napoleon between his finger and thumb, and examined it on both sides with some curiosity.

"I don't think it is worth anything at all here," he replied, as he gave it back. "What is it?"

"What is it? Why, a Napoleon! Do you mean to say that you never saw one before?"

"I don't think I ever did."

"But I know they are current here, for I changed one at Chur."

Saxon looked as if he could not comprehend his cousin's evident surprise.

"You may be right," said he. "I cannot tell; but I will ask my father when I go home. I dare say he can explain it to you."

Mr. Trefalden's amazement was so great that he took no pains to conceal it.

"But, my dear fellow, he said, "you cannot be unacquainted with the standard value of money—with the relative value of gold and silver?"

"I assure you I know nothing at all about it."

"But—but it is incomprehensible."

"Why so? It is a subject that has never come under my observation, and in which I take no interest?"

"Yet in the ordinary transactions of life—of farming life, for instance, such as your own—in the common buying and selling of every day——"

"I have nothing to do with that. My father manages all matters connected with the land."

"Well, then, if it were only as a guide to the expenditure of your own money, some such knowledge is necessary and valuable."

"But I have no money," replied Saxon, with the simplicity of a savage.

"No money? None whatever?"

"None?"

"Do you never have any?"

"Never."

"Have you never had any?"

"Never in my life."

Mr. Trefalden drew a long breath, and said no more.

"That seems to surprise you very much," said Saxon, laughingly.

"Well—it does."

"But it need not. What do I want with money? Of what use would it be to me? What should I do with it? What *is* money? Nothing. Nothing but a sign, the interpretation of which is food, clothing, firing, and other comforts and necessaries of life. I have all these, and, having them, need no money. It is sufficiently plain."

"Ah, yes, it is plain—quite plain," rejoined the lawyer, abstractedly. "I see it all now. You are perfectly right, Saxon. You would not know what to do with it, if you had it. Good night."

"Good night."

"Don't forget half-past eight to-morrow.

"No, no. Good night."

And so they shook hands and parted.

Mr. Trefalden was somewhat late that evening for his dinner; but the cook at the Adler was an expert artist, and not to be disconcerted by so common-place an emergency. It was a very recherché little dinner, and Mr. Trefalden was unusually well disposed to enjoy it. Never, surely, was the trout more fresh; never was Mayonnaise better flavoured; never had Lafitte a more delicate aroma. Mr Trefalden dined deliberately, praised the cook with the grace of a connoisseur, and lingered luxuriously over his dessert. His meditations were pleasant, and the claret was excellent.

"A simple old pastor with a mania for archæology," muttered he, as he sipped his curaçoa and watched the smoke of his cigar—"a simple old pastor with a mania for archæology, and a young barbarian who reads Theocritus and never saw a Napoleon! What a delicious combination of circumstances! What a glorious field for enterprise! Verily, the days of El Dorado have come back again!"

CHAPTER VII. PASTOR MARTIN'S THEORY.

The pastor had spoken from his heart of hearts when he told Mr. Trefalden with what solicitude he had educated his brother's orphan; but he did not tell him all, or even half, of the zeal, humility, and devotion, with which he had fulfilled that heavy duty. Knowing the full extent of his responsibility, he had accepted it from the very hour of the boy's birth. He had lain awake night after night, while little Saxon was yet in his cradle, pondering, and praying, and asking himself how he should fortify this young soul against the temptations of the world. He had written out full a dozen elaborate schemes of education for him, before the child could babble an articulate word. He spent his leisure in studying the lives of great and virtuous men, that he might thence gather something of their tutelage; and, to this end, toiled patiently once again through all Plutarch's crabbed Greek, and Fuller's still more crabbed English. He compiled formidable lists of all kinds of instructive books for his pupil's future reading, long before his young ears had ever heard of the penances ending in "ology." He filled reams of sermon paper with unobjectionable extracts from the classic poets, and made easy abstracts of Euclid and Aristotle for his sole use and benefit. In short, he laid himself down before the wheels of this baby Juggernaut in a spirit of the uttermost self-devotion and love, giving up to him every moment upon which his pastoral duties held no claim, and sacrificing even the Etruscans for his dear sake.

The boy's education may almost be said to have dated from the day on which he first began to laugh and put out his little arms at the sight of those he loved. Uncle Martin, in spite of some maternal opposition, took care of that. He asserted his position at once; and quietly, but firmly, maintained it. He it was who taught the child his first utterance—who guided his first feeble steps upon the soft sward out of doors—who trained his tongue to stammer its first prayer. He taught him that God had made the sun, and the stars, and the green trees. He led him to see use and beauty in all created things—even in the most unlovely. He brought him up to fear the darkness no more than the light; to admire all that was beautiful; to reverence all that was noble; to love every thing that had life. He would not even let him have a toy that was not in some way suggestive of gracefulness or service.

When little Saxon was but two years old, his mother died; and the good pastor pursued his labour henceforth without even a semblance of opposition. Saxon the elder believed in his brother as of old, and deferred to him in everything. Martin did not, perhaps, believe quite so implicitly in himself; but, as he told his cousin, he prayed for light, and only strove to know his duty, that he might perform it.

As time went on, that duty became daily of more extensive operation. The boy grew portentously both in ideas and inches. He developed an alarming appetite for books, as well as bread-and-butter. His curiosity became insatiable, and his industry indefatigable. In short, he perplexed his tutor sorely, and unconsciously raised up a host of difficulties which had been left quite unprovided for in the good pastor's theories.

For Martin Trefalden had theories—very strange, unworldly, eccentric theories, indeed, which looked wonderfully well upon paper, and had been proved by him to his brother over and over again as they sat smoking together by their fireside o' nights; but which had various disagreeable ways of tripping him up, and leaving him in the lurch, now that they came to be put into practice.

Chief and foremost among these was his grand theory about the Trefalden legacy.

Having persuaded his brother to marry, and having, as it were, compelled Saxon the younger to enter on this stage of mortal life, it obviously behoved him, above all other things, to arm that little Christian against the peculiar dangers and temptations to which his singular destiny exposed him. He must be trained in habits of innocence, frugality, charity, and self-denial. He must be taught to prize only the simplest pleasures. He must be doubly and trebly fortified against pride, avarice, prodigality, self-indulgence, and every other sin of which wealth is fruitful. Above all, argued the pastor, he must not love money. Nay more, he must be wholly indifferent to it. He must regard it as a mere sign—an expedient—a medium of exchange—a thing valueless in itself, and desirable only because it is convenient. His childish hand must never be sullied by it. His innocent thoughts must never entertain it. He shall be as pure from the taint of gold as the first dwellers in Paradise.

"But when he grows up, brother Martin," suggested the father one evening, while they sat talking it over, as usual, in the chimney-corner, "when he grows up, you know, and the money really falls due—what then?"

"What do you mean, Sax?"

"He won't know what to do with it."

"But *you* will," replied the pastor, sharply, "and, after all, 'tis you are the heir—not he. You never seem to remember that, brother Sax."

The farmer made no reply.

"And by that time, too," continued Martin, "the boy will be old enough to understand the right uses of wealth."

"You'll teach him those, brother Martin," said the farmer.

"You and I together."

Saxon the elder smoked on in silence for a moment or two; then, laying his hand gently on the pastor's sleeve, "Brother Martin," he said, "thou'rt younger than I, as I have reminded thee once or twice before. I don't believe that I have a very long life before me. I don't feel as if I should ever inherit that fortune, or see my boy with a beard upon his chin."

He was right. He died, as we know, twelve years before the century expired, and Martin Trefalden continued to bring up his nephew in his own way. He could ride his hobby now at any pace he pleased, without even the interruption of a meek question by the way; so he ambled on year after year with his eyes shut, and refused to recognise the fact that Saxon was no longer a boy. He made himself wilfully blind both to his moustache and his inches. He would not believe that the time was already come for discussing the forbidden subject. He could not endure to tell his young Spartan that he must one day be rich; and so, as it were, be the first to raise his hand against that fabric of unworldliness which it had been the labour of his life to erect.

Of late, however, he had "had misgivings." He had begun to wonder whether perfect ignorance of life was really the best preparation for a career of usefulness, and whether the college at Geneva might not have proved a better school for his nephew than the solitude of Domleschg.

Thus matters stood when William Trefalden, Esquire, of Chancery-lane, London, made his appearance at the Château Rotzberg; and thus it happened that his cousin Saxon, the heir to four millions and a half of funded property, had no notion of the value of a Napoleon.

CHAPTER VIII. MR. TREFALDEN MEETS ACQUAINTANCES BY THE WAY.

Punctual as the minute-hand of the quaint little Swiss timepiece on the mantelshelf was Saxon to his appointment. The first metallic chime of the half-hour was just striking as he reached the inn door, and the rapid smiting of his iron heel on the paved corridor leading to the salon drowned the vibrations of the second. He found the breakfast-table laid beside an open window looking upon the garden and the mountains, and his cousin turning over the leaves of a large book at the further end of the room.

"It is pleasant to find one's self so good a judge of character," said Mr. Trefalden, advancing with outstretched hand. "I felt sure you would be true to time, Saxon—*so* sure, that I had sent the eggs away to be poached—and here they are! Come, sit down, I hope you're hungry."

"Indeed I am," replied Saxon, making a vigorous onslaught upon the loaf.

"You seem to have brought the mountain air in with you," said Mr. Trefalden, with a half-curious glance at his fresh young cheek and breezy curls. "It is a glorious morning for walking."

"That it is, and I have been up to some of the high pastures in search of one of our goats. It was so clear at six o'clock that I saw the Glarnisch quite plainly."

"What is the Glarnisch—a mountain?"

"Yes—a splendid mountain; the highest in the Canton Glarus."

"What wine do you prefer, Saxon?"

"Oh, either, thank you. I like the one as well as the other."

Mr. Trefalden raised his eyes from the carte des vins.

"What 'one' and what 'other' do you mean?" asked he.

"The red and the white."

"You mean vin ordinaire?"

"Certainly. Why not?"

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't drink vinegar myself," said he, "and I should not choose to place it before you. We will try a bottle of our host's Château Margaux. I suppose you like that?"

"I don't know," replied Saxon. "I never tasted it."

"Have you ever tasted champagne?"

"Never."

"Would you like to do so?"

"Indeed I don't care. I like one thing just as well as another. These cutlets are capital."

Mr. Trefalden looked at his cousin with an expression of mingled wonder and compassion.

"My dear boy," said he, "what have you done, that you should *only* like one thing as well as another?"

Saxon looked puzzled.

"It is a shocking defect either of constitution or education," continued Mr. Trefalden, gravely. "You must try to get over it. Don't laugh. I am perfectly serious. Here, taste this pâté, and tell me if you like it *only* as well as the cutlets."

Saxon tasted it, and made a wry face.

"What is it made of?" said he. "What are those nasty black things in it?"

"It is a pâté de foiegras," replied Mr. Trefalden, pathetically, "and those nasty black things are truffles—the greatest delicacies imaginable."

Saxon laughed heartily, poured some claret into a tumbler, and put out his hand for the water-bottle.

"You are not going to mix that Château Margaux!" cried Mr. Trefalden.

"Why not?"

"Because it is sacrilege to spoil the flavour."

"But I am thirsty."

"So much the better. Your palate is all the more susceptible. Try the first glass pure, at all events."

Saxon submitted, and emptied his glass at a draught.

"That *is* delicious," said he.

"You really think so?"

"Unquestionably."

"You prefer it to the vin ordinaire?"

"I do indeed."

Mr. Trefalden drew a deep breath of satisfaction.

"Allons!" said he. "Then there is some little hope for you, Saxon, after all."

"But——"

"But what?"

Saxon blushed and hesitated.

"But I am not sure," said he, "that I prefer it to the vin d'Asti."

Mr. Trefalden leaned back in his chair and groaned aloud.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," laughed Saxon, with a comic look, half shy, half penitent. "But—but it isn't my fault, is it?"

Before Mr. Trefalden could reply to this appeal, there was a rustling of silk, and a sound of voices in the corridor, and a lady and gentleman entered the salon, conversing earnestly. Seeing others in the room, they checked themselves. In the same instant Mr. Trefalden, who sat partly turned towards the door, rose and exclaimed:

"Mademoiselle Colonna!"

The lady put out her hand.

"You here, Mr. Trefalden?" said she. "Padre mio, you remember, Mr. Trefalden?"

The gentleman who held his hat in one hand and a bundle of letters and papers in the other, bowed somewhat distantly, and said he believed he had had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Trefalden before.

"Yes, at Castletowers," replied the lawyer.

The gentleman's dark face lighted up instantly, and, laying his hat aside, he also advanced to shake hands.

"Forgive me," he said, "I did not remember that you were a friend of Lord Castletowers. Have you seen him lately? I hope you are well. This is a charming spot. Have you been here long? We have only this moment arrived."

He asked questions without waiting for replies, and spoke hurriedly and abstractedly, as if his thoughts were busy elsewhere all the time. Both his accent and his daughter's were slightly foreign, but his was more foreign than hers.

"I only came yesterday" replied Mr. Trefalden, "and I propose to stay here for a week or two. May one venture to hope that you are about to do the same?"

The young lady shook her head. Her father had already moved away to the opposite side of the room, and was examining his letters.

"We are only waiting to breakfast while our vetturino feeds his horses," said she, "and we hope to reach Chur in time for the mid-day train."

"A short sojourn," said Mr. Trefalden.

"Yes; I am sorry for it. We have travelled by this road very often, and always in haste. The place, I am sure, would repay investigation. It is very beautiful."

"You come from Italy, I suppose?"

"Yes, from Milan."

"And are, of course, devoted as ever to the good cause?"

Her eyes seemed to flash and dilate as she lifted them suddenly upon her interrogator.

"You know, Mr. Trefalden," said she, "that we live for no other. But why do *you* call it the 'good' cause? You have never joined us—you have never helped us. I had no idea that you deemed it a good cause."

"Then you did me injustice," replied the lawyer, with an unembarrassed smile. "The liberty and unity of a great people must be a good cause. I should blush for my opinions if I did not think so."

"Then why not give us the support of your name?"

"Because it would bring no support with it. I am an obscure man. I have neither wealth nor influence."

"Even if that were so, it would be of little importance," said Mademoiselle Colonna, eagerly. "Every volunteer is precious—even the humblest and weakest. But you are neither, Mr. Trefalden. You are far from being an obscure man. You are a very brilliant man—nay, I mean no compliment. I only repeat what I have often heard. I know that you have talent, and I am sure you are not without influence. You would be a most welcome accession to our staff."

"Indeed, Mademoiselle Colonna, you over-estimate me in every way."

"I do not think so."

"I ought also to tell you, that I am a very busy man. My whole life is absorbed by my professional duties."

"It is always possible to find time for good deeds," replied the lady.

"I fear not always."

"Enfin, we are not exacting. To those friends who can give us but their names and their sympathies, we are grateful. You will be one of these, I am sure."

"It is better to give nothing, than to give that which is worthless," said Mr. Trefalden.

Mademoiselle Colonna met this reply with a slight curl of her lip, and another flash of her magnificent eyes.

"Those who are not for Italy are against her. Mr. Trefalden," she said coldly and turned away.

The lawyer recovered his position with perfect tact.

"I cannot allow Mademoiselle Colonna to mistake me a second time," he said. "If she does me the honour to value my poor name at more than its worth, I can but place it at her disposal."

"Are you sincere?" she said, quickly.

"Undoubtedly."

"You permit us the use of your name?"

Mr. Trefalden smiled and bent his head.

"Thanks in the name of the cause."

"But, signora——"

"But what?"

"You will forgive me if I desire to know in what manner you propose to make my name serviceable?"

"I shall enter it on our general committee list."

"Is that all?"

"All neither more nor less."

Mr. Trefalden's face showed neither satisfaction nor dissatisfaction. It was perfectly placid and indifferent, like his smile. Mademoiselle Colonna looked at him as if she would read him through; but she could do nothing of the kind.

"If you repent of the permission you have granted," she began, "or object to the publicity of——"

"No, no," interposed the lawyer, with a little deprecatory raising of the hand; "not at all. It gives me much pleasure."

"If, then, on the contrary, you choose at any time to favour us with more active aid," continued she, "you need only write to my Father, or Lord Castletowers, or, indeed, any of the honorary secretaries, and your co-operation will meet with grateful and immediate acceptance. Till then, no demand will be made upon your time or patience."

Mr. Trefalden bowed.

"Have you many such drones in your hive, signora?" asked he.

"Hundreds."

"But they can only be incumbrances."

"Quite the contrary. They are of considerable value. Their names give weight to our cause in the eyes of the world; and the printed lists which contain them find their way into every court and cabinet in Europe. For instance, I have here a paper——"

She paused, glanced towards Saxon, and dropping her voice to a whisper, said:

"Your guide, I suppose? Does he understand English?"

"Perfectly," replied Mr. Trefalden, answering the second question, and taking no notice of the first. "As well as you, or myself."

"Dio! Have I said too much? Is he safe?"

"I would answer for him with my head, if even he had understood the purport of our conversation—which he has not done."

"How can you be sure of that?"

"Because he is a wild mountaineer, and knows no more of politics than you, Signora Colonna, know of the common law of England."

The young lady took a folded paper from her pocket, and placed it in Mr. Trefalden's hand.

"Read that," she said. "It is from Rome. You are aware, of course, that Sardinia——"

Her voice fell again to a whisper; she drew the lawyer away to her father's table, spread the document before him, and proceeded to comment upon its contents. This she did with great earnestness and animation, but in a tone of voice audible only to her listener. Mr. Trefalden was all attention. Signor Colonna, his thin hands twisted in his hair, and his elbows resting on the table, remained absorbed in his papers. Saxon, who had not presumed to lift his eyes from his plate while the lady stood near him, ventured to glance now and then towards the group at the further end of the room. Having looked once, he looked again, and could not forbear from looking. It was not at all strange that he should do so. On the contrary, it would have been strange if he had done otherwise; for Saxon Trefalden was gifted with a profound, almost a religious sense of beauty, and he had never in his life seen anything so beautiful as Olimpia Colonna.

To be continued.

FORBIDDEN TOBACCO.—If tobacco have now intemperate devotees, at the outset it had intemperate enemies. King James the First's "Counterblast" is scarcely worth notice, because, had King Jamie been wise, he would not have thrown stones at tobacco, nor at anything else. Snuffing was the form of tobacco-taking which seems to have excited the greatest aversion. The Sultan Mohammed the Fourth, of all people in the world, prohibited it in his dominions, under pain of death. The Grand Duke of Muscovy (Russia was not then what it is now) pitilessly hung every wretch who was caught in the act of snuffing. The King of Persia commuted that punishment to the milder penalty of cutting off the snuffers' noses. James the First of England, and Christian the Fourth of Denmark, contented themselves with inflicting money fines, or simple whippings. Pope Urban the Eighth issued a Bull, excommunicating people who should indulge in snuff-taking in church. Deterrent stories are also told of people who had so dried up their brains by taking snuff, that, after death, a little black lump was all that was found remain[illegible] he skull.

WISDOM OF THE ARABS.

A FRENCH gentleman feeling the interest which the French nation has in becoming acquainted with the intellect of its subjugated colony, is publishing in the *Revue Contemporaine*, a series of gems of Pensées Arabs. The thoughts are given in the picturesque disorder in which they cropped up, and were collected for the most part in frequent conversations held with Abd-el-Kader, during his compulsory residence in France. Here are some of them.

Fortune has only a single eye, and that is on the top of her head. So long as she does not see you, she will call you by the tenderest names; she will treat you like her favourite child, and load you with benefits. But one fine day she will take you in her arms, raise you up on high, examine you attentively, and then repulse you with disgust, exclaiming, "Be off; be off with you! You are not my son."

Three things in this world try the rarest patience, and make the sagest lose his reason: the compulsion to quit one's native spot, the loss of friends, and separation from her we love.

Love begins with a look, exactly as a fire begins with a spark.

A sage beholding a hunter who had stopped to converse with a pretty woman, called to him, "O thou, who pursuest and killest wild beasts, have a care lest that woman do not catch thee in her nets."

An Arab was asked, "Do you believe in the end of the world?"—"Yes," he answered. "Since I lost my wife, half the world has already disappeared; and when I die, in turn, the other half will vanish also.

She sent word to me, "You sleep, and we are separated." I replied, "Yes; but it is to rest my eyes after the tears they have shed."

He who greedily seeks honours and riches, may be compared to a man suffering from thirst which he tries to quench with the water of the sea. The more he drinks, the more he wants to drink, until at last he dies of drinking it.

When Allah has a mind to ruin the ant, he gives him wings. The insect, filled with joy and pride, takes his flight. A little bird passes, sees him, and snaps him up.

To kill, or to be killed, is the lot of men.

The lot of women is, to drag the lengthy folds of their garments along the ground.

An Arab woman was asked, What do you think of a young man of twenty?

He is, she said, a bouquet of jasmine.

And of a man of thirty?

That one is a ripe and well flavoured fruit.

And of a man of forty years?

He is a father of boys and girls.

And of a man of fifty?

He may pass into the category of preachers.

And of a man of sixty years?

He is good for nothing but to cough and groan.

He who has never hunted, nor loved, nor trembled at the sound of music, nor sought after the perfume of flowers—do not say that he is a man. Say that he is an ass.

The best of wives is she who bears a son yet unborn,
Who leads another by the hand,
And whose steps are followed by a third.

I am vanquished by love; but she is so beautiful that my defeat is no humiliation.

By Allah, I would not espouse a widow, were her eyes the eyes of a gazelle. All her affection is for her late husband, all her thoughts are with the dead.

Do not attach yourself to a cruel man; sooner or later you will find him as pitiless for you as he is for others.

Do not speak of anything which you would not like to have repeated to-morrow.

Never remain alone with a pretty woman, even if you are obliged to occupy your time in reading the Koran.

When a young man marries, the Demon utters a fearful cry. His fellows immediately crowd round him, and inquire the subject of his grief. "Another son of Adam," he answers, "has just escaped out of my clutches."

To teach early, is to engrave on marble;
To teach late, is to write on sand.

Repentance for a day, is to start on a journey, without knowing where to find shelter for the night.

Repentance for a year, is to sow seed in your fields out of season.

Repentance for a whole lifetime, is to marry a woman without being properly edified respecting her family, her temper, and her beauty.

Life is this: For a day of joy, you count a month of grief, and for a month of pleasure, you reckon a year of pain. There is no strength except in Allah.

Ordinarily, a man is better towards the close than at the commencement of his career. Why? Because then he has gained in knowledge, in experience, and in resignation. His temper is more even, he is less subject to be carried away by passion, and he has acquired a settled position in the world. But is the case the same with a woman? By no means. Her beauty passes; she bears no more children; she becomes morose, uncivil, and her temper gets sourer and sourer.

If, therefore, any one informs you that he has married a woman of a certain age, be assured that he has accepted two-thirds of the evil which the life of a woman contains.

Do not meddle with what does not concern you. Recollect that when the hounds are furiously fighting for a morsel of meat, if they see a jackal pass, they set off together in pursuit of him.

When a woman has adorned her eyes with kohol and dyed her fingers with henna, and has chewed mesteka (the gum of the lentisk), which perfumes the breath and whitens the teeth, she becomes more pleasing in the sight of Allah; for she is then more beloved of her husband.

Never marry a woman for her money—wealth may make her insolent: nor for her beauty—her beauty may fade. Marry her for her piety.

The goods of this world rarely bring happiness, and they almost always exclude us from the benefits of the next.

He who bears patiently the faults of his wife, will receive from the hands of Allah a recompense similar to that which he accorded to Job after his long sufferings.

This world and the next resemble the East and the West; you cannot draw near to the one without turning your back on the other.

The best way of getting rid of an enemy whose sentiments are elevated, is to pardon him. you so make him your slave.

Destiny has a hand furnished with five iron fingers. When she chooses to submit a man to her will, she claps two fingers on his eyes, thrusts two fingers into his ears, and placing the fifth on his mouth, says, "Hold your tongue."

Have you done good?—it leads to paradise.

Have you done evil?—it conducts you to hell.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

LESSON III.

TEST REQUIRED TO PERFORM THE EXPERIMENT IN THIS LESSON, SOME TINCTURE OF IODINE (HALF AN OUNCE IN A STOPPERED BOTTLE).

IT was seen, in Lesson II, that starch is insoluble in *cold* water, but if boiling water be poured on it, a jelly will be formed; take some of this jelly while hot, and add a drop of the tincture of iodine; no change will be perceptible; but, as soon as the mixture cools, the colour becomes blue; apply heat, and remark that this blue colour disappears. Hence tincture of iodine is a test for starch, with which it produces a blue colour; but the starch must be cold. The young chemist may now test various vegetable substances with the tincture of iodine for the presence of starch; first take some thin slices of potatoes, and touch them with the end of a glass rod dipped in the tincture of iodine, a deep blue spot will result. Oranges and lemons may be tested in the same manner, as well as the young buds of almost any growing plant, when the blue spot in every case will demonstrate the presence of starch. As starch is insoluble in cold water, perhaps it may be asked how it therefore enters into the circulation of vegetables, nor does it *as starch*, but it is converted by the organism of vegetables into other principles, of which sugar is the chief, and it is chiefly in the form of sugar that plants take it in. Here we cannot fail to admire the wisdom of the Creator, for had this nourishment not been deposited in an insoluble form it would have been washed away; but, existing in the form of starch, it is free from this contingency. The component parts of starch are, carbon, twelve parts; hydrogen, ten parts; and, oxygen, ten parts; or, as chemists write it in symbols, $C_{12}H_{10}O_{10}$.

Cane sugar is composed of, carbon, twelve parts; hydrogen, eleven parts; oxygen, eleven parts; or, by symbols, $C_{12}H_{11}O_{11}$; so that the only difference between starch and sugar, chemically, is the addition to the starch of one part more of hydrogen and oxygen. In fact chemists can very readily convert starch into sugar by boiling it with weak sulphuric acid; but the experiment would be too elaborate yet for a young chemist. If sugar be adulterated with starch, it can easily be detected by the application of the tincture of iodine test.

LESSON IV.

A MIXTURE OF SALT, SUGAR, STARCH, AND BUTTER BEING GIVEN—TO SEPARATE THEM.

Materials and Tests Required.—Some sulphuric ether, in a stoppered bottle, and the rest as in preceding lessons.

As the object of this analysis is qualitive, not quantitive; and as the manipulation of butter is none of the cleanest, moreover as ether is an expensive chemical, the quantity of butter to be experimented upon need not exceed what can be taken on the point of a penknife; indeed it would be as well to limit the total mixture operated on to the amount which can lie on a ten cent piece.

The mixture of salt, sugar, starch, and butter being made, it is best to separate the butter first. Put the whole into a test tube, and agitate with a little ether, which will dissolve out the butter, leaving the rest in soluble, allow the mixture to settle, and pour off the liquid. Continue to wash with ether until a drop of the liquid evaporated leaves no stain on a slip of glass evaporate the ethereal solution of butter in a silver tablespoon over the spirit lamp, when the butter will remain.

The materials being thus freed from the butter should be exposed for a few minutes to a warm atmosphere, for the purpose of driving off any ether which may remain; and, this being done, add cold, distilled water to the mixture; agitate, and allow the liquid to clear; pour off the clear part, which will contain the sugar and salt in solution, and continue to add water until a drop gives no cloudiness with nitrate of silver, or, being evaporated, leaves no stain on a glass slip; the starch, of course, remains behind. Evaporate the solution of salt and sugar to dryness by means of a water bath as explained in Lesson I, and separate the sugar from the salt with alcohol, as also explained in that Lesson, when the four materials will have been separated which composed the mixture.

During the performance of evaporating the alcohol and ether away in the preceding experiments, it may occur to the student that some process ought to be devised to obviate such waste; and, to attain this object, chemists have recourse to distillation; but as this requires the use of a certain apparatus, which would embarrass a young chemist in his analysis, the alcoholic and etherial vapours have been allowed to go to waste, but at some future period directions will be given so that this waste will be prevented.

From the foregoing analyses the following facts have been brought prominently forward, which the student, it is hoped, will keep in memory:

1st. That tincture of iodine is a test for starch, but the starch must be cold.

2nd. That butter is soluble in ether.

3rd. That salt, sugar, and starch are insoluble in ether.

And, lastly. By means of ether the purity of butter may be ascertained, especially in relation to common salt.

Suppose it is required to know what proportion of salt there is in a given quantity of butter, proceed thus: first weigh a portion of the whole lump, say an ounce, and add ether until all the butter is dissolved out as explained above; the salt remaining when dried and weighed, will give the proportion there is of that material in an ounce of the butter, from whence it can readily be determined the amount there is in the whole quantity.

BRINGING UP.—A person's character depends a good deal upon his bringing up. For instance, a man who has been *brought up by the police*, seldom turns out respectably.

HARDHEARTED ART.—"Steel your heart," said a considerate father to his son, "for you are going now among some fascinating girls."—"I would much rather steal theirs," says the unpromising young man.

FATHER IGNATIUS.

LONDON READER.

BROTHER (or Father as some call him) Ignatius the Norwich Monk has been deserted by some of his best men, because he insists on reserving the sacrament for worship and benediction, contrary to the express rubric, and also, because he offers, at any rate, *secondary worship* to the Virgin. One brother, Stanislaus, who had come over from Rome because he disapproved of these very things, felt it hard that they should be forced upon him there—He could not reconcile them with the primary duty of obedience to the Church; and so, sacrificing what he held to be the minor obligation, he left Norwich and went over to Mr. Archer Gurney, priest of a very High-Church place near the Madeline, and a believer in purgatory, prayers for the dead, and other abominations to the true Protestant. Mr. Gurney gave him advice and money; he did the same, after, to two other monks; and tells us piteously that the whole affair cost him over 15*l*., which he hopes some good Churchman may make up to him, "since it was spent in an endeavour to do good on definite Church-of England principles." Father Ignatius gave them most affectionate letters; but made no concession, and demanded unreserved obedience. One of the three, Mr. Gurney thinks, is not a true man; another seems to have applied his money in an unauthorized way. In fact, if Father Ignatius has any work to do, he is well rid of troublesome, if not suspicious, persons like Brothers Clement and Maurus. It is a little laughable that while "the revival of Brotherhoods" is a matter of which most of us are still discussing the possibility, the "brothers" should have already begun to complain of the evils of centralization, and the desirableness of different "orders," with different heads of different temperaments, so as to suit the different natures of those who join. A Mr. Walker, who was for ten days at Claydon, and then wrote a book, thinks it is not too great stringency, but *not keeping to rules*, which is ruining Norwich. It is really (says he) not a monastery at all but a mission. Mr. Lyne tries to combine the two; he makes the monks keep the rule of silence, while he is "constantly receiving visitors, and chatting with them in his own room;" he keeps the monks to the diet of the order, while he, constantly preaching, &c., lives what they call luxuriously. Above all, he never consults them, as the rule of St. Benedict bids all abbots do. "Brother Maurus's" book on "the scandals at Norwich" is advertised; but "Brother Stanislaus" disclaims indignantly all share in it, and says such things should be kept within their own walls. As for Mr. Lyne, we fancy it would puzzle even the Bishop of Oxford to get much useful work out of such stubborn stuff. None of his vagaries, however, can excuse the way in which he occasionally gets treated. It was bad enough just lately at Manchester; but infinitely worse not long before at refined and courtly Bath; where at the eleventh hour, after the bills stating prices of admission were printed, the Mayor refused to allow any charge to be made (the meeting was to have been held in the Guildhall), so that the room was invaded by the unwashed, and their leaders and abettors, the speaker's temper was sorely tried, the confusion became indescribable, and a savage mob waited for the Father outside, and cut the traces of a carriage which a chance visitor had driven over, thinking by so doing to hinder Mr. Lyne's escape. The worst of it was, the most outrageous among the crowd were people who, from their social position, certainly ought to have known better.

MISCELLANEA.

ANECDOTES OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.—During the time that the cholera raged so severely, a man had been carried to the dead-house who had only swooned, and on recovering himself was naturally very anxious to get away from the unpleasant companions with whom he had been lodged. There was a Sepoy sentry near the door, and on the supposed defunct beating against it with all his might in desperate anxiety to get out, the Sepoy, nowise disturbed at this unusual incident, challenged in due form, and demanded "Who comes there?" The clamour for liberation being renewed, the Sepoy, no doubt imagining that it was an unruly ghost who wanted his body buried before the regular time, replied: "There are no orders for opening the door, and besides, your box (coffin) has not yet come."

The following incident shows the reckless daring evinced at times by our soldiers. Two non-commissioned officers found time to make a wager of a trifling nature, as to who would be the first to enter the battery; they accordingly strained every nerve to accomplish the object of their ambition; but sharp as they were, they were outrun by a private of their corps, who bore away the palm from all competitors. On entering the battery, the non-coms. discovered their rival upon the ground, whilst close by him was lying a Grenadier Sepoy, both of whom were transfixed upon each other's bayonet; in this state they lay glaring at each other, whilst the crimson tide of life was fast receding from them both. Upon the entry to the battery of Brigadier Showers, he exclaimed, when looking upon his bravo countryman, who was fast dying, 'I never saw a British soldier die in a more honourable position.'

WELLINGTON AND OBEDIENCE.—That Lord Wellington never forgave disobedience to orders, whatever might be the justification, is well known. The following anecdote is an illustration of the fact.

The day after Vittoria, Norman Ramsay (whose exploit at Fuentes d'Gnor, when at the head of his troop he charged and broke though a large body of French cavalry who had surrounded him, forms the theme of one of Napier's most eloquent pages) was accompanying the army then in pursuit of the flying French; passing him on the road Lord Wellington ordered Ramsay to take his troop to a village then near, adding that if there were orders for the troop in the course of the night he would send them. Early the following morning Ramsay received orders from a staff officer to rejoin his brigade. He at once proceeded to do so, when he was met by Wellington, who angrily ordered him to be put under arrest, and his troop handed over to Captain Cator, for having disobeyed his orders in not remaining at the village until he received further directions from himself. This measure nearly broke the soldier's heart, to be thus separated from those he had led through so many a bloody field, and the parting was keenly felt by the officers and men. Lord Fitzroy Somerset and the whole of Wellington's staff, as well as Colonel Dickson and the officers of the artillery, made every effort to move his Lordship in Ramsay's favour, but to no purpose. Sir T. Graham addressed a letter to him on the subject which made him angry with that officer, and it was not till three weeks afterwards that Ramsay was restored to the command of his troop. His name was omitted, however, in the Brevet that came out after the battle of Vittoria, and he did not receive his majority until the conclusion of the war, though none had earned it so faithfully and so well. Obedience before everything, was the Duke's motto.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. H., TORONTO.—We are obliged to you for your suggestions, and may possibly avail ourselves of them in future numbers. Literature in Canada does not pay as a profession; hence, while we believe there is plenty of literary ability in our midst, circumstances have failed to develop it. It will all come in good time, doubtless, and then we shall be able to fill the READER with original matter. Meanwhile we must be dependent upon eminent British authors for our Serial Novels and Tales.

CLERICUS—We shall carefully exclude all objectionable and sensational articles from the READER. Our object, announced in our first issue is to supply a living, healthy, Canadian Journal which shall supplant papers of the Ledger and Waverly stamp.

CLERICUS LONDON.—Arrangements for a chess column are almost completed. We shall be glad to receive original problems from our friends.

T. S.—Our political position is one of entire independence; we know no parties in Canadian politics, and cannot lend our space to vituperative attacks upon Mr. Brown or any other public man.

ELLEN T.—The manuscript is received, but we fear it is not of sufficient general interest for publication. Try again.

T. S. B.—You are refreshingly cool, but we deem ourselves quite able to take care of our own interests, and must decline your proposition.

QUIL Communication received—will have our attention.

CANADIAN LASSIE.—Writes to ask if we will give our opinion after the manner of English Periodicals, on things generally interesting to ladies, such as the style of handwriting, colour of the hair, &c. We answer yes. Our fair countrywomen will always find us devoted to their service.

PASTIMES.

We shall occasionally test the ingenuity of our readers by presenting them with a batch of Enigmas, Conundrums, Anagrams, Problems, &c., the elucidation of which may tend to brighten the long winter evenings which are now rapidly approaching. We desire to make the READER an ever welcome guest at the family fireside, and shall spare no pains to do so. Will our friends oblige us by forwarding any original, or well selected matter, suitable for this department of our Journal?

RIDDLES.

1 I went into a wood and got it. I sat down to look for it, and brought it home because I could not find it. What was it?

2. Why is the letter W like a busy body?

3 Part of a foot with judgment transpose, and the answer you'll find just under your nose.

4. Why do pioneers go before an army?

5. What is the name of that city, a word of one syllable, which by taking away two letters becomes a word of two syllables?

6 What is the most pleasant music in the ball room!

7. A word there is of plural number,
A foe to peace and human slumber;
Now any word you chance to take,
By adding *s* you plural make;
But if you add an *s* to this,
How strange the metamorphos is!
Plural is plural now no more,
And sweet 's what bitter was before.

ENIGMA.

I've sometimes a tail,
I'm oft without one;
I've sometimes a head,
Then again *nary* one;
Head-less or tail-less
Quite perfect I am;
But yet at the best,
I'm only a sham.

CONUNDRUMS.

1 When is butter like Irish children?

2. A lady asked a gentleman how old he was? He replied, "What you do in everything." What was his answer, and what his age?

3. What relation is that child to its own father, who is not its father's own son?

4. Why may carpenters reasonably doubt the existence of stone?

5. Why is Westminster Abbey like a fender?

6. Why is a railway train like a flea?

ANAGRAMS.

The letters composing the following words are capable of being re-arranged so as to form other words or sentences having some intelligible reference to the original words:

1. Catalogues.
2. Radical Reform.
3. Matrimony.
4. Sweet-heart.
5. Astronomers.
6. Elegant.
7. Parishioners.
8. Penitentiary.
9. Revolution.
10. Telegraphs.
11. Lawyers.
12. Masquerade.

PROBLEMS.

1. Supposing Nelson's Monument to be 95 feet high, the statue itself 12 feet—and the eye of the observer 5 feet from the ground. It is required to ascertain the distance of the eye from the monument, so that the statue shall appear the largest, or mathematically speaking, subtend the greatest possible angle.—Demonstration required.—F.H.A.

2. A gardener draws a roller at the rate of two miles an hour; the roller is 2 feet 9 inches wide. In what time will he roll a quarter of an acre?

3. If 3 men or 4 women can do a piece of work in fifty-six days, in what time will one man and one woman perform it?

4. There is a fall upon a stream of 11 feet, down which 22,400 lbs of water descend per minute, and on which there was erected a water-wheel whose modulus is ·6. What is its horse power?

Answers to the above riddles, &c. and solutions to the Problems will appear in No. 5 of the READER.

Correspondents favouring us with Problems for insertion will please append the solutions.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A VERY DELICATE OIL, much used in Russian cookery, is expressed from the seeds of the sunflower, and is prepared by enclosing them in bags, and steeping them in warm water, after which the oil is expressed. It is said to be as sweet as butter.

INDELIBLE BLACK INK FOR WRITING ON ZINC.—The following ingredients are said to form an indelible black ink for writing on zinc:—Take 30 parts of verdigris, 30 of sal-ammoniac, 8 of lamp-black, 8 of gum arabic, and 300 of water, dissolve the gum in the water, and pour it over the other ingredients, well mixed and reduced to powder. A quill pen should be used for writing.

The Russian papers announce that a contract has been entered into between the Russian Government and that of the United States, for the construction of a telegraphic line from the most advanced eastern post of the present telegraphic system in Russia, and San Francisco in California.

MICROSCOPICAL CLUB.—A Microscopical Club is about to be established in London. Dr. Lancaster will be its first President, and Messrs. P. Le Neve Foster and M. C. Cooke its first Vice Presidents. A committee of amateur microscopists has been chosen, Mr. Hardwicke elected treasurer, and Mr Bywater secretary. The club has been established for the purpose of affording to microscopists in and around the metropolis, opportunities for meeting and exchanging ideas without that diffidence and constraint which an amateur naturally feels when discussing scientific subjects in the presence of professional men.

WASHING MADE EASY.—Dissolve half a pound of sal-soda, and the same quantity of hard soap, in half a gallon of boiling water, each separately. Pour a little boiling water over a quarter of a pound of quick lime. If quick, it will bubble when the water is applied. Boil the dissolved lime and soda together for twenty minutes, and then put all into a jar to settle.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AT SEA.—Some interesting experiments have just been made at L'Orient, on board the Coligny, the object of which is to utilize the electric light at sea. By means of a submarine reflector, the water was illuminated to a great depth, so that it was possible to look down from the deck and see the fish, attracted by the light, swimming round the lamp as if in an aquarium. A kind of diving-bell, with a large glass eye in one side, and arranged to supply air to a diver, was also let down to a depth of thirty-eight fathoms. By means of this apparatus, it will be easy to inspect submarine constructions, to fish, coral, &c., and recover wrecked property. Signals were likewise exchanged, by means of the electric light, between the Coligny and the semaphore of Belle-Isle. These efficient applications of the electric light were made, in presence of a military commission, by the inventor, M. Bazin, civil engineer, of Angers, and were found to give satisfactory results.

AN OPTICAL EXHIBITION, known as 'Proteus,' has been shown for some months past at the Polytechnic Institution. The apparatus consists of a square cabinet, which, when brought upon the stage, is opened, and shown to be apparently empty. A person enters the cabinet, the door is closed, and, after a short time, is reopened, when a different person leaves the cabinet. The appearance of emptiness is produced by placing two mirrors of the same height as the box and meeting in the centre. An observer situated in front will, of course, see in these mirrors the reflection of the ornamental paper with which the sides are covered. The reflecting surfaces are so arranged that no object in the room is seen in them. By this means, an appearance of flatness will be given to the back. The mirrors turn on hinges, thus allowing a person to conceal himself in the triangular space behind them. When the exhibition is concluded, the mirrors are folded back against the sides. The box is then really what it appears to be, and a great show is made of striking the back, which was, of course, omitted at first.

A NEW LADDER.—An interesting trial was made lately, in the spacious courtyard of the Archinto Palace, at Milan, with what the inventor, Paolo Porta calls an "air ladder." It consists of several pieces, which, with a sort of carriage as a basis, can be fixed one on the top of another. A height of 90 ft. was thus reached in a very few minutes. The apparatus may be bent down to an angle of 45, and is capable of carrying heavy weights. The principle, it is stated, can be adapted to portable bridges, which can be put together in an equally short time.

IMPROVED LUBRICATOR.—Mr. Richard Townsend, of Sheffield, engineer, has obtained letters patent for an improved tallow cup or lubricator for the cylinders and valves of steam engines, steam hammers, and other purposes, which consists principally of a closed vessel of a cylindrical or other shape provided with a tap at the top, and also a second tap at the bottom; so far it is like an ordinary double tap cup. The upper tap is furnished with an open cup, in which is a perforated plate or sieve for preventing any impurities in the tallow or oil from passing into the vessel. This tap and cup are for charging the vessel with tallow or oil without removing any screw plug; there is also a second small opening drilled diagonally or otherwise through the plug of this tap, which, when the tap is opened, allows the air in the vessel to escape at the side as the tallow or oil descends from the open cup.

SIMPLE BUTTER-COOLER.—A simple mode of keeping butter in warm weather, where ice is not handy, is to invert a common flower-pot over the butter, with some water in the dish in which the butter is laid. The orifice at the bottom may be corked or not. The porousness of the earthenware will keep the butter cool. It will be better still if the pot be covered with a wet cloth, the rapid abstraction of heat by external evaporation causing the butter to become hard.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

SOME wives are so jealous that they don't like their spouses to embrace a fair opportunity.

WHY are people who stutter not to be relied on?—Because they are always breaking their word.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOAST.—The fair daughters of Canada: may they *add* virtue to beauty, *subtract* envy from friendship, *multiply* amiable accomplishments by sweetness of temper, *divide* time by sociality and economy, and *reduce* scandal to its *lowest denomination* by a modest Christian deportment.

A LADY in Paris recently gave a concert at her house. "Do you like Rossini?" said she to one of her guests. "Rossini! Indeed I do; he is my favourite composer." "Are you familiar with his 'Barber'?" (of Seville). "Oh, dear no," was the reply, "I always shave myself."

A GENIUS.—A fast youth was taken from college by his father to a solicitor remarked to be an articled clerk. The agreement was made, and the solicitor remarked "For the first six months from to-day you will not receive any salary, after that £80 a year."—"Very well, sir," said the youth—"I shall return at the end of six months."

IN an Indian presidency, a European judge complained to a native subordinate of the perjury practised in his court. "Yes," replied the native, "it is very bad. I have never known it anywhere so bad. Here you can hire any number of witnesses to swear that black is white for four annas (sixpence) a head; but in my native district you cannot hire them for less than eight annas (a shilling)."

MAMMA REBUKED.—"How awkward you are!" said a lady to her little daughter. "*I* do not hold my head down; *I* do not turn in my toes as I walk; *I* do not lean my elbows on the table."—"I beg your pardon, mamma," said the child, who was really a well-behaved little creature, "but are you not rather fond of praising yourself?"

AN old farmer went to his landlord to pay his rent, putting on a long face, to correspond with the occasion. On entering the house, he said that the times were so hard that he couldn't raise the money, and dashing down a bundle of notes on the table, exclaimed "There, that's all I can pay." The money was taken up and counted by the landlord, who said, "Why, this is twice as much as you owe me."—"Hang it, give it me again," said the farmer. "I'm dashed if I didn't take the wrong bundle out of my pocket."

A THOUGHTFUL HUSBAND.—A married lady, who was in the habit of spending some of her time in the society of her neighbours, and was therefore nearly always out when her husband returned home, happened one day to be suddenly taken ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a short distance, but suddenly returned, anxiously exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I come back."

STERNE, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine, sentimental manner, in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. "The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head."—"If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured." We give the above for what it is worth, but should like to know the name of the Insurance Company Garrick expected his friend to insure in.

THE LATE Archbishop of York was a great wag as well as a great smoker. "Ah there you are" cried a lady who surprised him one day with a pipe in his mouth, "at your idol again!" "Yes, madame, replied he coolly—"*burning it.*"

STAYS were quite unknown in Russia until Peter the great danced with some Hanoverian ladies on his journey to Pomerania. Quite astonished, the monarch exclaimed to his suite after the ball. "What confounded hard bones these German woman have."

WORK IN HEAVEN.—Cuffee was so convinced of the lowliness of his position—that labour was his natural lot—that he was indifferent as to a future state, believing that "they'd make niggers work, even if he go to heben." A clergyman tried to argue him out of his opinion, by representing that this could not be the case, inasmuch as there was absolutely no work for him to do in heaven." His answer was, "Oh, you go way, massa, I knows better. If there no work for coloured folks up dere, dey'll make 'em shub the clouds away."

LOVE AND BEEF.—A bachelor uncle, to whom his niece applied for advice on the question of choosing between two suitors, one of whom was rich and the other poor—the latter, of course, being the most ardent, as well as the favourite lover—sententiously replied, "My dear, the question being stripped of all illusory elements, your choice simply lies between love and beef. Now, love is an idea, while beef is a reality. Love you can get along without; but beef you must have. Therefore, make sure of your beef."

"FANCY," said Sydney Smith to some ladies, when he was told that one of the giraffes at the Zoological Gardens had caught a cold, "a giraffe with two yards of sore throat."

AN INGENIOUS HINT.—A parishioner, who had got tired of his pastor's weak sermons, and wanted to give him a hint on the subject, complained to him one day that his pew was too far from the pulpit, and that he must purchase one nearer.—"Why," said the parson, "can't you hear distinctly?"—"Oh, yes, I can hear well enough."—"Can't you see plainly?"—"Yes, I can see perfectly well"—"Then, what can be the trouble?"—"Why, there are so many in front of me, who catch what you say first, that by the time your words reach my ears they are as flat as dish water."

THACKERAY used to relate with great glee the following humorous story:—An Irish gentleman, well known in town, and from whom the character of the Mulligan was partly drawn, walking in the park with a young friend, received a bow from Dean Stanhope, who was passing by, and said to his friend, in a rich brogue, "That's a dane!" Oh, no," replied the other, "you're mistaken; it's Mr. Stanhope, an Englishman." Upon which the offended Mulligan thundered forth, "'Tis not a Dane of Sweden that I mane, surr, but a dane of the Church."

LET NO SHOEMAKER GET BEYOND HIS LAST.—A shoemaker in the provinces, who says he married a second wife under the mistaken supposition that the first was dead, wants to know what he is to do about it, now that No. 1 has turned up.—Answer: "Let the cobbler stick to his *last.*"

COURT FAVOUR.—A gentleman who had been long attached to Cardinal Mazarin, and was much esteemed by that great minister, but little assisted in his finances by court favour, one day told Mazarin of his many promises and his dilatory performances. The cardinal, who had a great regard for the man, and was unwilling to lose his friendship, took his hand, and, leading him into his library, explained to him the many demands made upon a person in his station as minister and which it would be politic to satisfy previous to other requests, as they were founded on services done to the State. Mazarin's companion, not very confident in the minister's veracity, replied, "My lord, all the favour I expect at your hands is this, that whenever we meet in public you will do me the honour to tap me on the shoulder in the most unreserved manner." This request was at once acceded to, and in two or three years the friend of the cardinal became a wealthy man, on the credit of the minister's attention to him. Mazarin used to laugh, together with his confidant, at the folly of the world in granting their favour to persons on such slight security.

A PRINCE IN A "FIX."—Madame de Stael's daughter, the Baroness de Broglie, was an extraordinary beauty. Her charms made such an impression on Prince Talleyrand that in contemplating them he was often deficient in his attentions to her highly gifted mother. One day, being on a party of pleasure on the water, she endeavoured to confound him, and put the question:—"If our vessel were to be wrecked by a storm, which of us would you strive to save first, me or my daughter?"—"Madame," instantly replied Talleyrand, "with the many talents and acquirements you possess, it would be an affront to you to suppose that you cannot swim. I should therefore deem it my duty to save the baroness first."

POACHING INCIDENT.—Robbie, a well known character in the Highlands of Scotland, was inveterately fond of venison and often indulged in a little private deer-stalking on his own account. One day catching sight of what he conceived to be a tame deer, and thinking that "a tame deer might carry as much white on his brisket as a wild ant, and maybe a little mair," could not, though dangerously near the house, resist having a shot at it. The shade of some clumps afforded an easy approach to it, and soon off went his old gun like a twelve-pounder, knocking over the "deer," with which Robbie at once grappled. The "deer" lashed out in an awkward style for Robbie, who however stuck to him till startled by the loud laughter of Robert and Sandy, his two brothers, who had been witnesses of the scene, when the "deer" started off with a lumbering, ungainly gallop, and set up a loud and triumphant *bray*. Robbie arose as if petrified, and, dashing his fist at his own ear, exclaimed. "Oh, Gosh bless me, a cuddy!"

AN AFFECTIONATE WIFE.—In several of the villages of the Pyrenees the mountaineers are in the habit of training animals for the purpose of exhibition. The prefect of Perpignan passed through one of them in company with an officer of gendarmes. The latter pointed out to the magistrate a woman whose husband—a bear trainer—had been devoured by his pupil at a moment when instinct got the better of education. "I have nothing left," said the woman: "I am absolutely without a roof to shelter me and the poor animal."—"Animal!" exclaimed the astonished prefect; "you don't mean to say that you keep the bear that devoured you husband?"—"Alas!" she replied, "it is all that is left to me of the poor dear man."

CANNON AND BUCHANAN.—Our youthful joker tells us that a Miss Buchanan, once rallying her cousin, an officer, on his courage, said, "Now, Mr. Harry, do you really mean to tell me you can walk up to a cannon's mouth without fear?"—"Yes," was the prompt reply, "or a Buchanan's either." And he did it.

"PA AZ YU GO."—This little maxim haz bin modestly at the sarviss ov the wurld for ages, supported by no pertickler pretenshuns tew rheterick, cadense, or pompus period, but brimfull and running over with praktikal philosophee and plebeian sense, adapted tew the latitude and longtitude of every humin kritter. It kontanes within its fore blessid monasilliables an analasis ov welth; it is fortin's steppin stone, and a letter ov credit nun kan distrust wherever it goes. It iz the right bower of ekonomee and maid ov honnur tew plezzure—fillz the day hours with kwiet and drives the baliff from the nite dreem. "Pay az yu go," and yu wil kno how fast yure a going, how fur yu have gone, and when it is time tew stop. Tradesmen will bow when they meet yu, and det with its hungry wolf tred will starve on yure trail. "Pay az yu go" temperz luxury and chastens want, adds dignity tew the poor man, and grace tew the ritch man, wrongs nun and iz justiss tew all. Here iz an antidote for much that iz the philosopher's stone; here iz a motto for manhood; here iz a leaven for enny sized lump. Yung man, pay az yu go, and when yu gits old yu will not depart from it; other vartues will sartinly cluster about yu; and when natur hands in her last bill yu will be awl the better prepared to "pay az yu go."—JOSH BILLINGS.