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THE SATURDAY READER.

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FIVE CENTS.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,
"BROUGHT TO LIGHT."

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

THIS is a subject of deep interest to every human being of whatever sex or age, but especially to the young, and ought, therefore, to command the attention of the readers of our own light pages, as well as of those who delight in more abstruse studies and are engaged in more serious labours, or believe themselves to be so. We shall not, therefore, apologise for entering on a question which, at the first blush, may appear somewhat out of character with the objects of the *Saturday Reader*. Besides, as Rousseau warned persons of a certain class against the perusal of one of his works, so we, in humble imitation of such high literary authority, beg to hint that those who have no taste for these our present lucubrations, may skip them over, and seek metal more attractive in our succeeding columns, in which, as usual, such is to be found in profuse abundance. Thus, like the man in the play, we can exhibit our tediousness for the benefit of our special friends, and the party on the other part, as the lawyers say, has nothing to complain of.

We have been led to this subject by meeting in Prof. Goldwin Smith's recently published "Lectures on the Study of History," an account of the process by which public opinion is sometimes formed. In speaking of M. Comte's philosophical doctrines, he relates how several of his disciples were led into error by him, from ignorance of the circumstances under which these doctrines were produced and published. M. Comte, after having made many valuable additions to the science of mental philosophy betook himself, at last, to concocting a religion which was to replace the creeds of past, present and future times, and was to be universal or catholic, in the true sense of that word. It was to be scientific and simple, true, evident, and profound. His paradoxes were so specious at first that they received acceptance among a certain class of writers, Mr. Mill and Mr. Carlyle among the rest; but behold! the discovery was shortly made that the French Mahomet was insane* when he devised his Koran,

* Professor Smith, while doing full justice to Comte's genius in his better days, observes:—

There can scarcely be a doubt that Comte, toward the end of his life, by which time he had been abandoned by Mr. Mill and all his rational disciples, was insane. Nor is it difficult to detect the source of his insanity. It was egotism, uncontrolled by the thought of a higher power, and, in its morbid irritation, unsoothed by the influence of religion. The passage in which he says that having at first been only an Aristotle, he, through his affection for a female friend, became also a St. Paul, has been often quoted. But it is not a more rampant display of egotism than the passage at the beginning of his "Catechism," in which he depicts the memorable conclusion "of his course of lectures as the opening of a new era, and shows how the great thinkers who had preceded him in history were precursors of himself. In his later phase, having become a St. Paul, he proceeded to found a new religion, which is simply an insane parody of the Roman Catholicism before his eyes, sets a mystic morality above science, and turned the "Positive Philosophy" upside down.

and there was "a concatenation accordingly," as Tony Lumpkin would say. The disciples had, however, gone too far to recede with credit to themselves, when the fact became known; and M. Comte's crazy dreams are to this day embodied in their philosophical theories. So says Professor Smith, who is a philosopher of another school, and a sounder one, we have no doubt, for he prefers old truths to new fallacies. So also say others; but the Comtites insist their master was right to the extent they went with him, and that they left him when he wandered from the true path. That point they may settle among themselves; our object is to show how men are often led into error.

And this is one of the "signs of times." It is plain to the meanest capacity, that one of those periodical revolutions which have often taken place in the moral and religious world, is now agitating men's minds. The German and French philosophy, Puseyism, and even Mormonism, are among the indications of the coming change; and the danger is that it may take a wrong direction. In those phases of the world's history, much frequently depends on a single man; yet, it has been truly said, it is the age that forms the man, not the man that forms the age. Had Mahomed been reared within the pale of Christianity, he had probably been a Christian reformer, instead of the founder of an antagonistic religion; had Luther or Voltaire lived in the third or fourth century, they would have attacked the paganism of ancient Rome, instead of the dogmas of modern Rome. If Bacon had been born in earlier times, he would, perhaps, have been a teacher of the Aristotelian schools. Each of these men was the product of his age, and supplied the intellectual wants of that age, according to its requirements. Yet, if they had never existed, the revolutions which they headed would have come to pass. When, in the progress of human thought, the moment for action arrives, the man fit for the work appears on the scene. If Luther had passed his life as a humble monk in a convent, the Reformation would have been achieved, for Huss and many others had prepared the path for the coming man; if Voltaire had never written, the train which fired the French Revolution would have been laid; if Newton had not invented the method of fluxions, or Bacon taught the science of induction, others would have done so—not so well, it may be, but it would have been done; and even America would have been discovered without Columbus, because the time for its discovery had come. The same may be said of Political Economy, the Steam Engine, Photography, and the Electric Telegraph. Nay, even the Atlantic Cable would be laid if Cyrus the Grand had been a myth instead of a live Yankee. These were the right men in the right place, and they performed their allotted tasks; but it was because the harvest was ripe for the hand of the reaper.

Our modern thinkers and reformers appear to us to be repeating an old mistake. They imagine that great truths are wrong because they are wrongly applied. The great truths taught in the Sermon on the Mount, and contained in the Gospel must live for ever; for no truth ever dies. But the early Christians did not read them as those of the middle ages did; Luther read them otherwise than as they were understood by the middle ages; and the present age has commenced a new reading of them. It is not the truth that changes, but men's habits of thought. Truth is always the same—it is the human intellect that is not. It is no more what it was five hundred years ago, than what it will be five hundred years hence. A schoolboy now knows much of astronomical science, of which

Newton was ignorant, but he is not necessarily a Newton on that account. Still it is advancing knowledge that alters our modes of thinking.

The man who thoroughly understands the spirit of his age is its true leader, and his knowledge is the secret of his success. To some, it is an instinct, to some a study. We often wonder why Agis, Brutus, Rienzi, and Huss failed, while others in no way superior to them in ability, succeeded. They were, some behind, and some in advance, of their generation, and their defeat was inevitable. The road that the man of one era finds impassable, and a path of danger and death, he of a future day travels with comparative ease, because it has been smoothed and prepared for him by time and circumstances. Many false teachers of our own time will fail from the same cause; they do not appreciate the spirit of the age, and they are attacking truth, while they ought to guide it into the proper channel. They are false teachers, less from design than from having mistaken their mission. The world is full of half-truths; and it is a safe maxim, not to surrender that which you possess until you can replace it with one which you conscientiously believe, after mature deliberation, to be a better. New ideas will force themselves on most of us, and ought to be cultivated and cherished; but new doctrines should be received with caution, and not accepted but on the clearest evidence of their being based on the rock of truth.

THE DRAMA.

"THE king is dead! long live the king!" Such was the cry, with which, of old, in France, they were wont to announce the death of one Bourbon, and hail the succession of another; and very much of such a nature, in these days of starring engagements—when no sooner does one star cease to illumine the dramatic horizon than another arises—would seem to be the duty of the faithful recorder and commenter upon theatrical events. The star, Miss Cecile Rush, whose performances now call for attention, is no mere rushlight (we mean no pun), but an artiste, whose acting is marked by ease and finish, and is conspicuous by the absence of that straining after effect that too often mars the efforts of really accomplished aspirants for histrionic fame.

In "Fanchon the Cricket," her rendering of the wayward, true-hearted, neglected girl, was very pleasing. Her strange demeanor and eccentric make up, in the first act, were quite in accordance with the seemingly singular speeches and actions the author has invested the character with; while the gradual change that came over the mind of Fanchon, under the influence of love, during the remainder of the piece, was strikingly evidenced, by the improvement in her costume and manner. The way in which Fanchon overcame the prejudices of those by whom she was surrounded, and won to her favour, one by one, the relations of her lover Landry, until she finally gained the consent to her marriage, with his son, of Father Barbeaud, the most obstinate of all her foes,—was as little to be resisted by the minds of the audience, as it was by the characters in the play. Mrs. Charles Hill, as Mother Barbeaud, acted very cleverly; the matrimonial quarrel between her and Father Barbeaud (very well played by Mr. T. A. Beckett) was immense. Miss G. Reynolds deserves a word of praise for her rendering of a difficult part, "Old Fadet," Fanchon's grandmother, and a reputed witch. Mr. Vining Bowers was quaintly comical as Didier, the spoiled twin-brother of Fanchon's

lover, Landry, while that part was effectively played by Mr. Carden.

In "Ida Lee," the dramatic version of Currer Bell's well-known strange novel "Jane Eyre," Miss Rush, with the exception that in the prologue she looked a little older than she was supposed to be, was a very efficient representative of the unfortunate orphan, who passes through a childhood of ill-treatment on the part of her cruel relatives, to develop into a modest, independent-minded, talented governess, whose reminiscences of her own infancy teach her to be doubly kind to the orphan entrusted to her care. In the first interview with Lord Remington (the Rochester of the novel), Miss Rush shewed well by her style of playing, independent, yet opportunely yielding manner, that "Ida Lee" was quite capable of standing her ground, even before her blunt, outspoken, seemingly misanthropical, yet good-hearted master. In the remaining scenes, the impression was well sustained, and when the end of the play brought the discomfiture of Miss Lee's scheming, haughty relatives, and her own triumph in her marriage with Remington, whose misunderstood nature had gradually thawed under her unintentional influence, the audience were as much pleased as if the marriage of the hero and heroine was not the natural end of nearly all plays. Mr. Jas. Carden, as Lord Remington, reminded one very much of the Rochester of the novel; he did not overact the character, but brought out the abrupt questions and brusque manner in a style that shewed, however blunt the hero of the play might be, he was yet a gentleman. In "Ida Lee" Remington is a more pleasing character than the hero of "Jane Eyre," from the fact that it is free from any tinge of immorality.

With "Deborah," another version of "Leah the Forsaken," in which Miss Bateman achieved such a success,—we were not so well satisfied as the public seemed to be; not that Miss Rush did not play the character well enough, but that the part of the Jewess, so intense in her love, hate, and scorn, seemed to require more physical power to make it effective, on the stage, than that possessed by the efficient representative of Lady Isabel and Ida Lee. The celebrated curse, in the third act, was delivered with great energy and force, but seemed to wear upon the voice of the actress too much. The fourth act, when the Jewess returns, after an absence of some years, to the scene where her early love was spurned, to discover that the curse has not fallen upon her lover's head, but that he is happy and respected, and doing all he can to alleviate the condition of her race, was, we think, the best in the play, because containing the fewest maudlin, sentimentally sentimental speeches. Miss Emma Maddern, as Marie, who ultimately became the happy wife of Deborah's lover, acted with a becoming simplicity, and very intelligently.

We perceive that early next week the friends of Mr. Nicoll McIntyre, late of the Haymarket Theatre, London, more recently of Wallack's, New York, and who has been playing for a short time here, are getting him up a complimentary benefit, in which he will introduce an imitation of Mr. E. A. Sothorn, as Lord Dundreary reading Brother Sam's letter, which has been greatly praised by the New York press. We would advise the public not to miss an opportunity of seeing a good imitation of a performance that was, perhaps, the greatest dramatic success of the present century. JOHN QUILL.

FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL.*

A new work from the author of "Adam Bede" cannot fail to meet with numerous readers; and it is well that it should be so, for George Eliot's novels stand out in admirable contrast to the highly spiced sensation writings, which form so large a proportion of the light literature of the day.

Felix Holt, the hero of the story, belongs to the working class; his father, a working man,

*Felix Holt, the Radical. A Novel. By George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

had invented two wonderful quack medicines, by the sale of which he acquired a competency, and left, by his will, money enough to educate his only son, Felix, and apprentice him to a doctor. Felix, having discovered the worthlessness of the wonderful medicines refuses to profit by his father's legacy, and learns the trade of a watchmaker, to support himself and his mother. He resolves to remain a poor man and to devote his life to an earnest attempt to enlighten and elevate his own class.

The Transomes, mother and son, are prominent characters in the work; they possess an estate in one of the midland counties of England, about which estate there have already been many lawsuits. The story opens with Mrs. Transome, who, early in the book, it is hinted, has committed some great sin, and is therefore ill at ease. She is expecting back her younger son, Harold, who has been absent in the East for nineteen years. Her husband is an imbecile: her eldest son just dead, and in the affection of her younger son she places her sole hope of happiness. A short time convinces her that she is leaning upon a sorry prop, for Harold comes back to her as a stranger. The period of the story is soon after the passage of the Reform Bill, and Harold Transome resolves to contest the county as a radical. We may add, in passing, that the contrast between Harold Transome the political Radical, and Felix Holt, the true friend of the people, is beautifully drawn. A riot takes place during the election, and Felix Holt, with the hope of saving the life of a person named Spatt, places himself at the head of the mob. He becomes involved in the struggle, and is committed to prison on a charge of manslaughter. Transome loses his election, and soon afterwards learns that he is not legally entitled to the estate, but that it reverts to a family named Bycliffe, and that Esther Bycliffe, the heroine, is the rightful heiress. Harold, at first, only sees in Esther a means of retaining the estate; she is informed of her claim, and invited to live with his mother and himself at the Hall, but he soon learns to love her and grows wiser and better under her influence. At her request he appears as a witness in favour of Felix, at his trial, and assists in procuring him a pardon after his conviction. But Felix Holt also loves Esther though he, for some time steels himself against his love and regards her as a hindrance in the path which he has marked out for himself. Esther is placed between the two. On the one hand, she has the opportunity of accepting worldly prosperity and marrying a man who is very much in love with her; on the other hand she is drawn to Felix Holt, who arouses all that is best and noblest in her nature, and she loves him for this. She finally renounces her claim to the property, to marry Felix, who will not consent to accept wealth with her.

The groundwork of the plot is very complicated, and the characters numerous. We have been able to give but the barest outline of the main thread of the story; but, interesting as the tale will be found to be, the reader who appreciates noble thoughts and an exquisite sympathy with humanity, in its joys and sorrows, will think less of the plot than of the purpose of the writer, and the purifying and invigorating influences which breathe through almost every page of the story.

THE TRYST OF THE SACHEM'S DAUGHTER.

By Mrs. LEPROHON.

In the far green depths of the forest glade
Where the hunter's footsteps but rarely strayed,
For tradition said that a spirit of ill
Roamed through its shadowy bounds at will,
Mingling wierd sounds with the whisperings low
Of the haunted wood and the torrent's flow;

An Indian girl sat silent and lone;
From her lips came no plaint or stifled moan,
But the seal of anguish, hopeless and wild
Was stamped on the brow of the forest child,
And her breast was laden with anxious fears,
And her dark eyes heavy with unshed tears.

Ah, a few months since when the soft spring gales
With fragrance were filling the forest dales;
When sunshine had chased stern winter's gloom
And woods had awoke in their grand young bloom;
No step had been lighter on uplands or hill,
Than hers who sat there so weary and still.

Now, the silken cars of the tasselled maize
Had ripened beneath the sun's fierce blaze,
And the summer's sunshine, warm and bright,
Had been followed by autumn's amber light,
Whilst the trees robed in glowing gold and red,
Their fast falling leaves thickly round her shed.

A Sachem's daughter, beloved and revered,
To the honest hearts of her tribe endeared
By her goodness rare and her lovely face,
Her innocent mirth and her artless grace:
Wooded off by young Indian braves as their bride,
Sought by stern-browed chiefs for their wig-wam's pride.

Heart-free, unwon, she had turned from each prayer
And thought but of smoothing her raven hair;
Of brodering moccasins, dainty, neat—
With quills and gay beads for her tiny feet;
Or skilfully guiding her bark canoe
O'er St. Lawrence's waves of sapphire blue.

Alas for the hour when in woodlands wild
The white stranger met with the Sachem's child,
And she wondering gazed on his golden hair,
His deep azure eyes and his forehead fair,
And his rich soft voice fell low on her ear
And became to her heart, alas! too dear.

Well trained was he in each courtly art
That can please, aye, and win a woman's heart;
And many a girl of lineage high
Had looked on his wooing with fav'ring eye:
Inconstant to all, in hall or in bower,
That chance 'gainst his arts had this forest flower?

Soon, ah! very soon he tired of her smile,
Her dusky charms and each sweet shy wile;
And yet it was long, ere poor trusting dove,
Her faith was shaken in the white man's love;
And now one last tryst she had asked of him
In this haunted glade in the forest dim.

He had lightly vowed as such men will do
To the place and hour of tryst to be true.
She had waited from break of dawn, pale-chill
Now the sun was setting behind the hill;
Amid scenes of pleasure and fashion gay
All thought of his promise had passed away.

"I will wait for him here," she softly said,
"Yes, wait till he comes," and her weary head
Drooped low on her breast, and when the long night
On noiseless pinions had taken its flight,
She looked at the sun-rise with eyes sad-dim—
And whispered "I'll wait here for death or him."

It was death that came and with kindly touch
He stilled the heart that had borne so much;
And the Manitou praying, she passed away
With the sunset clouds of another day,
No anger quickening her failing breath,
Patient unmurmuring, even in death.

For days they sought her, the sons of her race,
In deep far off woods, in each secret place,
Till at length to the haunted glade they crept
And found her there as in death she slept;
They whispered low of the spirit of ill,
And buried her quickly beside the hill.

That year her false lover back with him bore
A radiant bride to his native shore,
And with smiling triumph and joy elate,
Ne'er gave one thought to his dark love's fate;
But an all-seeing Judge in wrath arrayed
Shall avenge the wrongs of that Indian maid.
Montreal, August, 1866.

Power.—A wild horse; difficult to seize, but more difficult to ride.

History.—A highly-seasoned hash for to-day's guests from the fragments of yesterday's meal.

Book.—A raft on which an undying genius floats down the stream of time.

Family.—A caravan in the Desert of Society.

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TOM LINTON, MERCHANT.

HOW HE LOVED, TRADED, AND MARRIED,

BY FRED BENOUGH.

CHAPTER I.

ELIJAH LINTON, Esq., Justice of the Peace in and for the County of Blank, resided at St. Alloway, in said County. I knew Squire Linton from my infancy. A quiet, steady-going, uncommunicative old gentleman, whom report said, had accumulated his tens of thousands, and had them stowed away under lock and bar, in great iron chests, beneath his office. None knew the report to be true, but many believed it, although the Squire, when questioned concerning it by some townsman bolder than his fellows, denied the accusation in his quiet way, much as if he were averse to speaking of the matter at all. Even his son Tom knew nothing of it, and strove to contradict the rumours in circulation about his respected parent, although he acknowledged to me privately that the report might be true for aught he knew to the contrary. Tom had clerked it in his father's store, from his sixteenth birthday, handled a vast amount of cash, which went to his father, who did something with it—what, Tom never knew. There was a vault under the office, which Tom's eyes—as long as he had been in his father's service—had never penetrated. That there were great iron bars across the vault's door, secured in their places by huge padlocks, he acknowledged, for he had seen them once, when in a spirit of adventure he had entered the back cellar—a place he had been prohibited entering under heavy penalties. Tom was motherless, with one sister much older than himself, who was married, and had a family of her own. Thus left alone, he used to drop in upon us—my better half and self—of an evening, play a rubber at whist and make us his confidants generally. A tall, burly, awkward fellow was Tom, with a plain face, an uncouth figure, a heavy stock of reddish brown hair, and a flowing red beard. But a heart he had like a child's. Innocent of wronging a fellow-creature, by word or deed; keenly alive to human suffering in every form; as sensitive as heart well could be. Did he accidentally wrong any one, he was down in the depths of humility at once. The most abject apologies, the most denunciatory language towards himself, immediately followed. Was he wronged, accidentally or otherwise, he was loud and blatant over it, telling his wrongs to friend and foe alike—not with exaggeration, but with a force that enlisted your sympathies in his behalf at once.

Hence it was that at the age of twenty-three—having fallen in love with Edith Burton, the *belle* of the town,—having been her acknowledged admirer and general *chaperon* on all occasions, his attentions encouraged and courted by Edith—he at length found himself an humble suppliant for her hand, and left her with her angry words of refusal, mingled with disdain, ringing in his ears;—hence it was, I say, that the very next evening found him up at our house, looking pale and haggard, although open-mouthed and insolent in word and gesture, quite frightening Mrs. Dora with his loud threats of hanging himself, or enlisting as a private, to fight against Prince Satzuma of Japan, or the natives of New Zealand, who were in rebellion against the government of our beloved Queen.

"She is rich, beautiful, and proud, and I love her," he thundered; but, by Jove! she is poor, low, and mean of heart, and I hate her for it; yet, Fred, there is not such another in the world; and I—well, I'm a fool, my dear fellow, and deserve your pity, for I know that you *do* pity me, though you laugh and think I'll be myself again in a few weeks, without hope, without friends—except yourself and your angel wife; God bless you both! What am I but a miserable wretch, scarce worthy the position in life I fill—a clerk in a country store!"

And he stalked out of the house, leaving Mrs. Dora in a delightful state of nervous excitement, that prevented her obtaining a wink of sleep all the night through. There was no rest for him the next morning till he had been down at Mrs.

Whitney's, and unburdened his mind, in his boisterous way, to Charley Sparks and the other boarders, quite oblivious of the fact that he was thought a fool, and furnished abundant food for merriment for a dozen thoughtless fellows there for a month after.

Every day, for a fortnight after, I met Tom on the street, expanding his lungs and vehemently gesticulating his limbs to some admiring listener, and his theme was always the same, until every chick and child in St. Alloway knew of his wrong from his own word of mouth. At length—having given Mrs. Dora's nerves a chance of assuming their usual composure—he came into our place again one evening; but it was so easy to beat him at whist now, that he soon gave up the game in disgust, and fell to talking of his great wrong, as though it were a new one committed against him but yesterday.

"I can't stay here," he said, "meeting *her* every day, when I know how she glories in the victory she has won, and despises the heart she has trifled with and thrown away—at the same time laughing at those who have a word of pity for me. I can't stand it, Fred; I won't stand it, Mrs. Fred! I shall leave town at once. What do you think I did! I went to my respected father this morning, told him the whole story, asked leave of absence and a little money—enough to take me out of *her* sight at least. His reply was that he had no money to throw away, but if I was determined upon going, and if I would search out a place in which to commence business on my own account, I might draw on him for a thousand, but if it was my intention to tramp about the country without any definite object in view, and spend my slender means foolishly, fifty dollars would be the extent of his liberality towards me. Now, what shall I do? Shall it be the thousand and life in a country store, or fifty and 'the bubble reputation at the cannon's month'?"

"Take the thousand, by all means, Mr. Tom," advised that excellent woman, Mrs. B., and of course I echoed, "take the thousand."

"Well, I can't say that your advised course is my choice," he replied, "though prudence tells me it is the right one; I'll do it. I'll advertise for a country store, take the old gentleman's thousand, purchase a general stock, and go to work,—bah! you can't think how little my heart will be in it though!"

Mrs. Dora reads the "Globe"—in fact the "Englishwoman," "London Society," "Cornhill," "Saturday Reader," and the "Globe," contains about all the matter that she does read, (inference, *entre nous*, that she is not much more perfect than her unworthy consort.) Well, having taken an afternoon *siesta* with that immaculate daily before her, she had seen an advertisement over the signature of somebody who wished to rent a country shop, storehouse and "fixings," somewhere, for a certain sum *per annum*,—she must needs jump up and go off on a search for the paper, while visions of Tom's ultimate greatness—rich, richer, richest; Reeve, Mayor, Warden, M.P.P., filled her giddy head. (Tom took the occasion of her absence to inform me, confidentially, that I had the best, dearest and most estimable, &c. &c., which I didn't hear; adding that he had fondly hoped that E. B. would have been the same to him, but the dream was over, although he never, never, never, &c. &c., which I *did* hear). Returning, she exhibited to our astonished gaze, a piece of the aforesaid immaculate, about the size of a pen-wiper. Dixie, her favourite spaniel, having, in a festive moment, torn up the remainder, in lieu of being able to get anything better in the shape of sheets or table-spreads to amuse himself with.

The address of the said party wanting to rent, was on the pen-wiper, however, and that was all sufficient.

"Address (prepaid) David Welton,
Weltonville, P.O., Canada West."

"David Welton, of Weltonville, will certainly hear from me within a day or two," said Tom; "he is evidently a man of position and influence, as the village seems to be named after him or his family. I'll try Weltonville, and I thank you, Mrs. Fred, thank you with all my heart, for your kindness to a—"

miserable wretch. I can sooner forget—forget—*her* than—than you." Poor Tom quite broke down here, and if it were not a man I am writing about, I should say that there were veritable tears in his eyes. The dearest, best and most estimable cried for a certainty, while her unworthy husband, like most other husbands would, called her weak and foolish, though in his heart he felt the accusation to be unjust, and apologized for having given utterance to it afterwards.

Tom's letter to David Welton, of Weltonville, was shortly followed by a visit to both. Returning, he came straight to our house, caught Mrs. Dora by her small white hand, with his great brown one, and shook it as though he had been absent for a twelvemonth.

"I must thank you again," he said, "Weltonville is such a nice little place, with fine country people in it. The Weltons are the chief personages, of course; but they are not proud and haughty like some wealthy people I know. They treated me very kindly, and I soon became quite at home with them. I rented the shop, and they are going to take me as boarder. They objected at first, but I could find no other suitable place, and declined coming to any conclusions about the shop until I found a boarding place to my liking. It's all arranged now, and I'll be leaving you in the course of a week."

"Some young ladies in the family, I hope," put in Mrs. Dora; "you will need lively company to bring you back to yourself, Mr. Tom."

"Don't, Mrs. Fred; I beg of you not to mention young ladies to me. I shall *never* love any one but *her*—I know I shall not, then why talk about others. I know you mean to be kind in anything you say or do, but it is all over with me; the pang is past, although the incurable wound is left, and there are no 'others' for me. You may smile, my dear Mrs. Fred; I know you call me a simpleton, in my absence, and think me one now, but you have not my experience." And after a pause, "There is a Miss Welton in the family, besides several small children, boys and girls, but what they are like, I can't, for the life of me, tell."

"I did not make the remark," observed Mrs. B. in a suppliant tone, as though she felt that she had lost a portion of his esteem, and wished to regain it;—"I did not make the remark with any intention of wounding your feelings, or of recalling the past, which had better not be recalled; but I thought that if there were young ladies in the house, their society might enliven you in a measure, and in time, perhaps, teach you to forget."

"Yes, yes, I know, it is kind of you; but forget! that is simply impossible; I only wish I could!"

Tom got his thousand dollars, purchased his stock, and removed to Weltonville. I was not at all surprised to hear, when he called at St. Aloway, on his way to Montreal, six months thereafter, that he was the same desponding, loud-talking Tom as of old. He must needs prowl about the Burton Mansion, in hopes of catching a glimpse of the erring Edith. When fortune favoured him, and he saw her looking happy and more lovely than ever, he came right away to Mrs. Dora and I with the old tale, as freshly told, as though he had been practising at it for the past six months, as no doubt he had. It was still, "never, never, never" with him, yet there was a milder expression in his eye, and a firmer tone in his voice, while his old gift at which had come back to him, much to Mrs. Dora's disgust. He was doing well, he said; selling goods at fair profit, and laying by money; but for whom? One of sister Clara's boys, he supposed, as he should not want it long.

"If I could only put my heart into this trading and bartering," he said, "I should grow rich, but I cannot."

Never mind, Fred, my boy, this will do, for the present at least, and as for the future, why, I don't see any for me, and don't wish to."

If the writer of this veracious history felt inclined, he could fly off at random, as most writers do, and relate what Tom said and did at Weltonville, without one word of explanation to his readers, as to the way in which he became

possessed of the knowledge; but he choose to let them know, as he knows, that Tom's open heart could no more conceal from his friends anything concerning himself, than our Fenian friends can keep from giving their mites to the cause of "Ireland's Emancipation," when they know, as well as you or I know, that said mites will only go to help a few indigent Irish in America. From this, it will be inferred that Tom told tales occasionally, nor will the inference be at all at variance with the truth.

CHAPTER II.

Tom lived at Weltonville much as he had lived at St. Aloway, after the great wrong he had suffered. He had not taken a meal beneath the Welton roof before each and every member of the family had become acquainted with his past history, particularly that portion of it, that seemingly did him so much good to relate.

Little Miss Welton listened to his story with every mark of respect, with evident awe and disgust at the cruelty of the fickle Edith, and with unmistakable compassion for the object of her coquetry. He was gold that had been tried and proven, she thought, but had afterward been thrown out as dross. Was there too much that she could do for him? she asked herself. Was there not room here for charity?—charity that binds the broken heart as well as the crushed limb! Oh, that she might, by deeds of kindness and sisterly love, bring back the smile to his lips, and the cheer to his heart, that she felt sure once grew and flourished there! The end was worth striving for, and she set herself to the task, without one thought wherein self predominated—without thinking or caring that the sunlight of her own good acts might ultimately find its reflected way back upon her own noble little head. Small in stature, of feeble constitution, and in almost continued ill health, yet she bent her whole energies to the task she had assigned herself, working with a will for the comfort of her newly-formed friend, and having the satisfaction of knowing that he appreciated her efforts, and was very thankful for them. In her benign presence, he was gentle and tractable, deferring to her superior judgment in most things; but where she was not, he became the same open-mouthed fellow again.

A year passed, and although Tom had not forgotten to talk of his great trouble, he had forgotten to think of it as much as formerly, thinking more of dollars and cents, and the best method of accumulating them.

He called to see us again on his third periodical trip to the wholesale mart of Canada, and gave the dearest, best and most estimable, such a glaring account of the goodness of Miss Annie Welton, that that excitable lady immediately went into ecstasies, advised Tom, when he returned, to propose to the young lady, and, if accepted, marry her forthwith.

"Marry her, indeed!" ejaculated Tom; "does Mrs. Fred not know me better than that? Would I not be dishonouring my sex, by allowing one loving thought of Miss Welton to replace that deep, fervent, pure love, I entertain for her, whom I *never* can forget? Miss Annie is good, kind, noble, without one particle of selfishness in her nature. Any other man in the world might be happy with her, but for *me*, it is simply impossible!"

Mrs. Dora was convinced. No writer of yellow-covered literature, who ever did, could, would, or should live; did, would, could, or should write or imagine a case of truer love, of greater constancy, of more devout and holy attachment. So after Tom's departure she fell to thinking and planning, and her unworthy husband (who professes his ability to read her thoughts as easily as he can the largest kind of print,) knew very well of what she was thinking and planning. Taking advantage of the knowledge thus gained, he objected to some of her conclusions in this way—

"I don't think you had better do it, my dear; it's too delicate a subject even for you to handle, and you know that match-making isn't considered a first class accomplishment."

"Do what? What are you speaking of, Fred? Are you crazy?" Apparently alarmed

for my sanity, but with too many conscious blushes to cause me the least doubt as to my being on the right track.

"It's all very well, my dear, to pretend that you don't understand me; but, you see, I know all about it. You are puzzling your brain about that affair of Tom Linton's. You are scheming and planning how you are to bring about a meeting between Tom and Edith, in hopes that the latter will retract her 'no,' and marry him. I tell you, madam, it will not result as you wish, even should you succeed in bringing them together."

"And pray, Sir Impudence, by what power do you profess to know what my thoughts, schemes or plans are, or that I am scheming and planning at all? And supposing—we will suppose the case—supposing you have guessed aright, how do you know that the result will not be as I desire?"

"No matter what the power I profess to have is, my love; you know that I *have* a little power that way. As to why I think the result will not be according to your wishes, I will be more explicit. I believe that Tom would not marry Edith, should she go to him to-morrow, beg his forgiveness, and retract her refusal of him. I am candidly of the opinion that, of the two women, he now loves Annie Welton best; and if I am correct in this, he is a sensible man. Edith Burton, handsome as she is, rich as she is, has the heart of a coquette—which is simply equivalent to saying that she has no heart at all—while Annie Welton is all heart, all soul, if I am to judge by Tom's own praise of her. Besides, I have never heard him utter—as deeply as he professes himself to be in love with Edith—one word in her praise that can equal in fervency and sincere veneration his expressions in regard to the noble conduct of Annie Welton towards him."

"Then allow me to inform you, sir, that you are sadly mistaken. I do give you credit for having a little penetration in regard to *me*, and although you may write stories and prate about your knowledge of human nature, I must say that you know very little about it—at least, that kind of human nature exemplified in the person of Mr. Tom Linton. Do you mean to say, sir, that he is not all constancy? all devotion to the object of his love? That any woman—good, kind and noble though she may be—can seduce him from his allegiance to Edith Burton? I am sorry that you do not know him better; I regret that your estimation of his character is so low. Do you remember, sir, a certain gentleman who loved a certain lady, but finding that she was engaged, went off and paid court to another lady; was refused, and—if one can believe his own assertions—was glad of it. How he visited the old world in hopes of getting rid of his love, but was not successful; how he came flying back home, upon the slightest possible intimation he received that the way to his first love had been cleared for him? Do you remember how *he* acted? What protestations of undying attachment *he* made? How the fervency of his statements made her believe they were sincere? And, remembering this, can you say that Tom Linton will not be equally as true to his first love?"

"The cases are very different, my dear Dora. Edith Burton is a coquette, a heartless beauty, quite an unfit wife for Tom, or, in fact, any other man, who wishes to be loved and respected for himself alone; while the certain lady of whom you speak, is—I am happy to say—quite the reverse of this, and never looks to better advantage than when her usual serenity is the least ruffled, or when she is striving to be angry with one whom it is quite impossible for her to be angry with under any circumstances."

"You are disposed to be complimentary, Mr. Bengough; but you can't get out of it that way. Now that you do know something of my plans, allow me to enlighten you still farther. I have written Miss Welton, thanking her for the kindness she has shown our friend, and desiring her to join me in endeavoring to bring about a meeting between Tom and Edith. I have suggested that she should write a letter to Edith, informing her of Tom's constancy, &c., and asking her to relent towards him, and, if possible, restore him

to favor and happiness. It looks like a helpless task, but somehow I fancy that we will be successful."

"And I think you have done a very silly thing, indeed; and will obtain the unenviable sobriquet of match-maker for your pains, madam."

"I take the risk, my dear husband," Dora replied, coming around to her usual tone again, now that she saw that I was not altogether pleased with her doings. "I take the risk; and let us hope for the best for our friend, Tom. Believe me, you will see him happy yet."

In answer to Dora's letter, Miss Welton agreed to the plan with her whole heart, and there is no doubt but her whole heart was in the successful accomplishment of it.

CHAPTER III.

I heard but little of the affair for the next six months. Dora and Annie kept up the correspondence begun under such singular circumstances. Letter followed letter in rapid succession, and various plans were suggested as to the manner in which they should bring the matter to the notice of their crring sister. At length I knew that the plot had reached its culminating point, and that to Mrs. Dora was left the delicate task of visiting Miss Edith. Coming home that evening, I met her half way up the garden walk; and that her mission had been successful, one less *au fait* than I profess to be in the art of penetrating her designs, could see with half an eye.

"Oh, my dear Fred, I'm so happy! Do you know, *she* loved him all the while, and cried like a child when I told her of his sufferings; and I—well, I cried, too—but it was not weakness, you know."

"You needn't cry, now, at all events," was my unfeeling reply. "I suppose you refer to this Tom Linton and Edith Burton affair, although you have really omitted giving me the slightest information as to what you are speaking about."

"You know very well what it is, my dear Fred, and you can be very provoking too, sir, when you try, but I am too happy to-night for your comically serious face to have the slightest impression on me."

"I am still of the opinion that the result of your evening's errand will not be as you wish Mrs. Dora," I said, still endeavoring to look very stern.

"And I *know* that it will result exactly as I wish," she rejoined in an emphatic and conclusive tone of voice.

You may be sure that it was not long before a letter had been written Miss Welton. The dearest, best and most estimable actually suggested the propriety of communicating with Miss Welton by telegraph; but I objected to it as extravagant, and, smilingly intimated that I didn't think the company were in the habit of transmitting communications with such lengthy postscripts to them. She saw the cogeny of my remark, and "like patience on a monument she sat," waiting for mail time. And then the hours were carefully counted till the reply had sufficient time to reach her. How regularly she visited the post office! When a week had passed and no answer had been received, she sat down, had a "good cry," and declared that they were treating her shamefully, but no better than she deserved for having taken any part in the matter, and the next minute declaring that either the one or the other of them was ill; desiring that she might have "the wings of the dove," so that she could fly to them, &c. Still days passed on into weeks and twelve of these had passed before she heard from Anne or Tom—the last named individual dropping suddenly in upon us one afternoon, as boisterous as ever, and with fresh troubles crushing their heavy weight upon him. He wished to see me alone, he said, at the bare mention of which Mrs. Dora's pretty nose assumed an elevation of perhaps forty-five degrees.

"Fred, my dear fellow," he began, "I'm a ruined man. There is no help for me now; I am past help. Sit down and listen to me; it may be for the last time. I have been unfortunate before, as you know, but that was as the drop to the bucket,—this second calamity has quite over-

powered me. I tell you, Fred, I am afraid to be alone, for fear that I shall do violence to myself; and yet I desire to die. I *must* die, for I cannot live in this—worse than agony. But I haven't told you. I have failed! I was doing well, but couldn't let well enough alone. I invested my all in oil stocks and have lost all. My creditors came upon me, took my goods, shut my shop, and here I am, without money, over head and ears in debt. This isn't all; since my misfortune I found out that *she* loves me, and will be my wife for the asking. Her parents are willing, but how can I—unfortunate, miserable wretch that I am—how can I ask her when she has her thousands and I have nothing. You little know how I love that woman, Fred, and yet I will sacrifice her; for to ask her to tie herself to one like me would be a sin—an unpardonable sin."

"She has enough for you both, my dear Tom," I urged, "why not marry her and be happy? I am sure there could be no objection under the circumstances."

"There is an objection though. I object. No man shall be able to point his finger at me and say, 'there goes Tom Linton; he married for money, and made a good thing of it.' That's not my style, Fred Bengough."

"I know it, Tom; are you sure that she really loves you, and has not mistaken sympathy for your past sufferings, to be love. They are akin, you know, and it would be sorrowful to find it out too late."

"There is no doubt about her love for me, Fred; I have it from her mother's lips, (she couldn't bear to see me, and so went off on a visit to her aunts,) oh, you little know how miserable I am!"

"She confided it to her mother, then! that looks genuine. You are an artful fellow, Tom! Why was not Mrs. Dora's letter to Miss Welton answered, or did you know of it?"

"Yes, yes," he replied blushing; "I knew of it, but I don't think Miss Welton ever saw it. She chanced to be away, her mother read it, and showed it to me. What became of it after I don't know, only I never heard Miss Welton speak of it, and I'm sure I did not. Pray convey to that excellent woman, Mrs. Fred, my most grateful and heartfelt thanks for the thousand acts of kindness she has done for me. Apologize to her for my not wishing to speak of my bankruptcy in her presence. I couldn't speak of it before her, Fred, although I hated to ask to see you alone. I must go now. I will see you again. Be kind enough to keep this matter from my father. He is so hard upon an unsuccessful business man that I should never be forgiven," and he walked out as he had often walked out before, in a highly excitable state.

"You are an artful fellow Tom!" I thought, "You have been up at the Burtons'; have seen Mrs. Burton and made love to her instead of to Edith. The old lady pities you, no doubt, and has heard her daughter pity you; so she has taken it for granted that Edith relents and has communicated it to you, Tom, and here you are, in a wretched state as usual."

In bounded Mrs. Dora, looking somewhat flushed and angry. Tom's outgoing was so shortly followed by her incoming, that I was tempted to intimate that she had been trying the virtues of the key-hole as a sound communicator, which intimation was indignantly denied; so that I immediately retracted it, and apologised.

"Well, what has that fellow been talking of, that he must keep so secret? Wished to speak to you alone, indeed! After all, I've done for him, too," indignantly pouted Mrs. Dora.

"My dear wife, don't judge hastily nor harshly. He has new troubles; he is a bankrupt; and loves that girl more than ever, now that he finds that she will have him. He hadn't the courage to speak of his bankruptcy in your presence, but desired me to acquaint you with this second calamity, and gratefully thank you from him for all that you have done for him. Respect his feelings, my dear, and don't condemn him for not wishing to speak of his pecuniary affairs before you."

"He is very unfortunate, Fred, and has not used me quite right; yet I so admire his constancy and devotion to Edith, that I cheerfully forgive him. I thought he was doing so well up there. How has he squandered his money, and

what is to be done now?" asked Mrs. B., coming back to something of her old interest in the unfortunate Tom.

"As to how his money was squandered, I may simply answer—in stocks. What is to be done now is a very difficult question to answer, my dear. He is overpowered by debt, and I see no way of his getting out of it, unless some of his friends come to the rescue. He is too high spirited to marry Edith. He says it will be offering poverty for wealth. The same proud spirit will prevent his taking the benefit of the Insolvent Act, so that his case is all but hopeless. To use his own words, he is a 'miserable wretch,' and I cannot possibly see what can be done for him."

Mrs. Dora pondered. She was evidently trying on her thinking cap, and I had respect enough for her abilities to believe that if she chose to put her usual powers of perseverance into play, she would ultimately work out something to Tom's benefit, but she was still under the impression that her services were overlooked and unacknowledged and it was very uncertain that she would work with the energy which, under ordinary circumstances, it was her habit to put forth. There are but few of us, however, who easily give up a point, upon which we have fixed our hearts, and she was not one of the few. She had fixed upon the point of Tom's marrying and starting in business again, and she persevered to the end. Rather lovingly caressing her husband one evening, she opened her mind to him in this way:

"My dear Fred, don't you think that *we* might do something in a pecuniary way, for poor Tom?"

"How can we, my dear? I have been expecting such a question from you, and have been turning the thing over in my mind, and I don't see how it can be done unless I make him a present of eight or ten thousand. I can hardly afford that, you know, and I'm sure he wouldn't accept it, if I did."

"He might accept it as a loan, my dear; only I think that a great deal less than that sum would do for him. If he were married, he would doubtless attend to his business more strictly and could soon refund you the amount."

"I think that a loan to Tom Linton, under his present circumstances, would be simply equivalent to a gift; not but he would pay it if he had the means, but I don't think him much of a business man, and he never will be rich, unless that vault under his father's office should burst at his feet some day."

"Well now, that is just another reason why you should not hesitate about loaning him the amount. His father is rich, in poor health, and Tom an only son. I didn't think of that before. You can afford to lose it even, my dear, you know that you can—for it was only a few days since you told me how many thousands you cleared on that lumber speculation."

"Hundreds, my dear, hundreds; it wasn't thousands."

"I know that you put in hundreds, but it made several thousands for all that. You see, I have a good memory, sir, and am not to be put off by any evasive replies. Now, there's a good fellow I try to help Tom; you know that I've set my heart on his marrying Edith, and don't like to be balked. It's my first trial at match-making, and I promise you it shall be my last; so, don't mar the pleasure I shall experience at seeing them one. You will be doing good with your money, too, sir. You will be making a miserable couple happy, besides restoring a bankrupt merchant to the confidence of his creditors. Think of it, my dear husband, and decide to please your wife—if you can."

Thus adjured, I did think of it, and when Tom came in the next day, I came to the point by asking him how much he owed?

"Nearly three thousand dollars, Fred, and I haven't got fifty dollars in the world," was the reply.

"And how much was your stock worth when you entered into that unfortunate oil business?"

"Only two thousand dollars; it was just before the fall trade began, and my stock was low."

"Now Mr. Linton, supposing that you were back where you started—owed nothing, and had

a stock of goods worth two thousand, what would you do?" I asked.

"Get married, the very first thing, my dear fellow; settle down to business—work hard—leave speculation alone, and make a comfortable living, if not a fortune."

"Well, Tom, listen to me. If you will agree to do as you say, and will give me your notes for ten years at six per cent, you may draw on me for five thousand dollars."

"Do you mean it, Fred? Ten thousand thanks, my dear fellow. I accept the terms, for I can easily meet them. I was clearing my thousand a year before I got oil on the brain so badly. I cannot express my thankfulness, now that I can keep the secret of my bankruptcy from my father."

"You must thank Mrs. Bengough, Tom; she originated the offer, and it was through her entreaties that it is carried out."

"She ever was the best, dearest and most estimable of women, my dear Fred, and you ought to be a happy man, as you are. I have thought sometimes that she was not treated well, in regard to that kind letter she wrote Annie—Miss Welton—but she will shortly know why it was not answered. In the meantime, tell her for me, what a thankful, happy dog I am."

Tom paid his debts to the utmost farthing, and again established himself in business at Weltonville.

One afternoon, a few weeks thereafter, when the writer went home to dinner, he found the best, dearest and most estimable, with the immaculate daily before her, and in a perfect paroxysm of tears.

"Why Dora! what in the world is the matter?" he asked, not a little alarmed at the picture before him.

"Oh! the miserable, ungrateful, fickle, ugly wretch! after all we have done for him! after all you have done for him, my dear husband! After the humility I experienced in seeking and entreating with Edith Burton for him! After all—oh! I hate, despise, abhor, detest him! He's a wicked, unfeeling abominable creature! and I hate myself for having taken the slightest interest in him, or—"

"My dear wife, what is the matter? who is he? and what has he been doing?"

"Doing! just read that!" and she thrust the immaculate before me, when I read—

"MARRIED,

"At the residence of the bride's father, Weltonville, November 13th, by the Rev. Isaac Powers, M.A., Thomas Linton, Esq., merchant, only son of Elijah Linton, Esq., J. P., of St. Aloway, to Annie M., eldest daughter of David Welton, Esq., all of Weltonville. No cards."

I interrupted another string of adjectives from the lips of the best, &c., by a nice little, philosophical speech with this highly moral ending—

"We should not let the little disappointments of this world affect us so, my dear. We should bear up under them as we would under personal misfortunes. I had some expectation of this. It is the way of the world, and I am really of the opinion that Tom has done wisely,—both for himself, and—the future payment of my five thousand dollars."

When Tom's father heard of his marriage, he went to see him, found him prospering in business and opened his heart towards him; acknowledged that he had a little sum of money collected in the vault beneath his office; gave his overjoyed son the privilege of drawing ten thousand out of it, and went home in very good humour with himself and every one else.

So I got my money, and Mrs. Dora got over her belief in the constancy of human nature, at least, human nature as exemplified in the person of Tom Linton, merchant.

HOMES WITHOUT HANDS.

UNDER this quaint title the Rev. J. G. Wood, whose numerous popular works on natural history are so well known, has collected a most extraordinary number of facts, illustrative of the wondrous constructive power of God's creatures, and especially of their instinctive gifts employed

in sheltering their young during the period of incubation. We are so inclined to refer all building power to the hand, that we seem to forget that the smallest insects, with no other implements than their feet or fore limbs, manage to construct houses in places where man would utterly fail for want of light; to drive tunnels, that he could only accomplish by the aid of the nicest mathematical instruments; and by the organisation of labour, to construct dwellings of such magnitude, considering the diminutive size of the workers, as to throw the pyramids completely into the shade.

Among the burrowing mammalia, for instance, the mole, which Mr. Wood considers the typical creature of the class, drives tunnels under ground in marvellously straight lines, now and then ascending to the surface, and casting out the loose earth we are familiar with as mole hills. These are not the domicile of the animals, but merely the refuse heaps ejected in the course of his work; just such heaps, in fact, as we see marking the line of a tunnel. The poor mole, who makes many such passages all radiating from his central dwelling, requires no theodolite to drive his road straight as man does; but, by some singular instinct, he works his unerring way in the dark. Again, where can imperial man show such vast works as the African termite? This social ant is perhaps the most extraordinary builder, among created things. A full-sized nest is twenty feet in height and a hundred feet in circumference, composed of clay, which, under the tropical sun, bakes as hard as clay. So strong, in fact, are these structures, that they will support the weight of a strong animal, and are habitually used by the hunter as a post of observation from which to look for game. And of this vast structure the greater part is underground, a system of galleries is excavated to a considerable distance, the conical shaped mound being indeed formed of the material thus excavated. If we take the size of one of these ants and compare it with the stature of a man, we are lost in wonder at the magnitude of the works they construct. Perhaps the brown ant, which is known only in particular districts in this country, presents one of the most astonishing examples of the true building insect we possess. He not only constructs chambers and galleries, but houses in regular stories, with the view to change his dwelling according to the condition of the temperature and the moisture of his establishment; for upon these conditions being favourable the hatching of its young depends. These ants appear to thoroughly understand the art of brick-making. Whilst some of the workers are engaged in making little clay pellets, others scoop out the foundations of the building. When all is ready, the pellets are placed one upon another, and made to adhere to each other by the pressure of the ants' mandibles and fore feet. Incredible as it may appear, these creatures are equal to making vaulted ceilings to their chambers. In order to do this, they mould each pellet or brick to the proper angle, and they turn arches with wonderful accuracy. "Although," says Mr. Wood, "many centres are employed, the parts always coincide in the proper spot." It has been observed, also, that they take advantage of any object in the course of their building operations which may be of use to them. Thus, they at once seize upon straws, and use them as beams to support their ceilings.

The insect tribe are by far the best of all the building creatures, and mammals the least so; or, rather, we should say, that the necessities of the former compel them to take greater precautions, or to require more forethought than the hardy mammal is required to do. With mammals the earth is required simply to act as an overcoat for themselves and as a warm crib for their young. We are all familiar with the simple burrows used for this purpose by the rabbit, the fox, the squirrel, &c.; but there is one huge animal, whose instincts in this direction are not so well known—we allude to the Arctic bear. Its fur is so thick that it does not require any further protection, even against the rigors of a polar winter. The female, however, when it has to protect its tender cub, always resorts to a

burrow in the snow; or rather, it seeks the shelter of some rock, scoops a hole, and then allows the snow to fall upon her until she is completely buried. There is no fear of her being suffocated, as the breath forms a hole, and keeps open a communication with the upper air. In this manner the bear suckles her young through the hardest winter, never stirring out of her burrow, but feeding her cub and herself upon the immense accumulations of fat she has stored upon her own body previous to her accouchement. So completely is her hiding-place concealed, that the hunter often passes overhead without being aware of the savage game beneath his feet. The artifice of the bear, it is urged by Mr. Wood, may well be imitated by the human being overtaken by a snowstorm. The Esquimaux laughs at the idea of the loss of life under such circumstances. He quietly scoops his hole, and finds that he is only too warm in his sheltering place, which he leaves at his leisure.

As we have said before, the insect tribes are by far the best and most scientific builders, the ants and the bees being perhaps the best representatives of their class. The gigantic labours of the white ants, and the wonderful ingenuity of the brown ants, we have already described; but we think there is nothing in natural history that is so astonishing as the ways of the agricultural ant. We have it on the authority of a letter from Dr. Linccum to Mr. Darwin, otherwise we should have believed it was a joke played at the expense of naturalists, to be told that there is an insect which regularly farms the ground, reap the produce, and house it. We are told, indeed, that it levels the ground around its habitation to give good drainage, thoroughly weeds it, and "having planted the crop in a circle around, and two or three feet from the centre of the mound (ant-hill) the insect tends and cultivates it with constant care, cutting away all grasses and weeds that may spring up among it, and all around outside the farm circle to the extent of one or two feet more. The cultivated grass grows luxuriantly, and produces a heavy crop of small white flinty seeds, which, under the microscope, very closely resemble ordinary rice. When ripe it is carefully harvested, and carried by the workers, chaff and all, into the granary cells, where it is divested of the chaff and packed away. This chaff is taken out, and thrown beyond the limits of the housed area." We are, moreover, told that when the grain happens to become damp, it is carried out and exposed to the sun on the first day to dry, and is then returned again to the store. This looks as like human instinct as well can be.

The ants even let their fields go fallow for a time, and commence sowing again at a regular season. Great care is taken by them to select spots for the farms which are not intruded upon by graminivorous animals. Thus the turn row in arable fields are selected as places where they are little likely to be disturbed. This account of the habits of the agricultural ant has little to do with his home-building capabilities, but it is so curious that the reader will readily excuse the digression.

The driver ant of Western Africa is another very extraordinary creature. This insect is a builder, it is true, but it employs its art in making a kind of covered way to protect it from the sun whilst moving from place to place. These ants, when upon their march, are the terror of every living thing they come in contact with; the natives desert their villages, knowing that the army never deviates from its line of march, and that it devours everything in its way. They never cross water when they can avoid it, but when it is compulsory upon them to do so they never hesitate. They manage to complete a suspension bridge from tree to tree of their bodies, in the following ingenious manner. First, a single ant clings tightly to a branch, and then a second insect crawls cautiously down its suspended body, and hangs to its long outstretched limbs. Others follow in rapid succession, until they form a complete chain of ants, which swing about in the wind. One of the largest workers then takes its stand immediately below the chain, holds firmly to the branch with its hind limbs, and dexterously catches with its fore-legs the

end of the living chain as it swings past. The ladder is thus completed and fixed ready for the transit of insects. When water has to be crossed the ants cling to each other, and thus form a floating raft, the free ends of which is swept by the stream against the opposing bank, where the last ant anchors, and the living pontoon is thus prepared for the passage of the main army. The natives have a story to the effect that even the great python is so fearful of these armies of driving ants that, after it has crushed its prey, it makes a long circuit, at least a mile in diameter, in order to see if an army of these insects are abroad, knowing that, if such is the case, they are sure to make towards it in order to devour it. The python, therefore, deserts her meal, fearing possibly that, whilst gorged and helpless, she may herself fall a victim to these creatures, who resolutely attack snakes, first biting their eyes, and thus rendering them helpless victims, bound in darkness to one spot.

In the ant-lion we have another insect whose habitation combines in one the character of a trap, as well as a home. This singular creature selects a sandy spot, into which he digs a conical pit, throwing up the sand with its hind legs as it progresses with its work. In this manner, it excavates a sand trap about three inches in diameter, at the bottom of which it hides itself and waits for prey. Insects of all kinds are an inquisitive race, running to and fro, and carefully and patiently trying all things; consequently when any of them approach the ant-lion's trap, and peep into it, the treacherous sand gives way, and the doomed creature slides down right into the ant-lion's mouth. How many traps men set for each other, and how easily we slide into them we too well know, therefore we need not preach a sermon to poor little insects upon the folly of heedlessness.

There is a spider which constructs a home and a trap in one, but upon different principles; the ant-lion may be likened to a medical quack, whose artful pitfall leads you to slide down to ruin gently. The trap-door spider, on the other hand, snaps his victim up sharp, without any preliminary struggle. This curious creature inhabits many parts of the world, but the best specimens of the class are to be found in Jamaica and Australia. It makes a tunnel in a sloping bank, and to this tunnel it fits a lid, so beautifully constructed, that it closes without giving any evidence of existence to the creature passing by it. The hole, Mr. Wood tells us, is bevelled inwards as truly as though it had been turned, and the lid fits with a nicety that could not be beaten by the cleverest human workman. The hinge by which the trap is fastened is also a specimen of splendid workmanship, and fits the orifice with perfect truth. The creature, which is very large-bodied, and from its likeness to a crustacean, is called the crab spider, sits at the entrance, with the lid sufficiently opened to allow of its seeing anything near, and immediately it does so, out it rushes and drags in its victim, banging to the trap with a perceptible click.

There are two other spiders, whose habitations and habits are so extraordinary, that our readers cannot fail to feel an interest in Mr. Wood's account of them. The pirate spider is well named, for it constructs a raft of leaves and twigs, upon which it floats upon the water, waiting for anything that may float past in the shape of a meal. And it is not altogether bound to its robber island, for it can follow its prey upon the water, its long legs allowing it to run swiftly on its surface. The raft, or pirate spider, is to be found in most marshy places. It is a handsome spider, its colour being a chocolate brown, marked with a broad orange band, which outlines its abdomen and thorax. The water spider, whose habits partake of those of the war-beetle, is also a native of our island. This creature builds its home in the water, and lives a sub-aqueous life. Its nest, which is made of silk, and woven quite watertight, is generally attached to the leaf of some water-plant. As this spider breathes the air, it was long a puzzle how it stored its submerged cell with air, some naturalists thinking what had been found in its nests had been exuded from the plants; the observations of Mr. Bell, made upon some of these captured spiders, give a most

interesting answer to the question. After building its cell, which is about the size of half-an-acorn, the rounded part being uppermost, it stocked it with air in the following curious manner:—"As soon as it comes to the surface of the water it turns with the extremity of its abdomen upwards, and exposes a portion of the body to the air for an instant; then, with a jerk, it snatches, as it were, a bubble of air, which is not only attached to the hairs which cover the abdomen, but is held on by the two hinder legs, which are crossed at an acute angle near their extremity, this crossing of the legs taking place at the instant the bubble is seized. The little creature then descends more rapidly and regains its cell, always by the same route, turns the abdomen within it, and disengages the bubble.

The great teredo produces a shell more than five feet in length and three inches in diameter, the substance of the shell being half-an-inch in thickness; they look, in fact, like hollow stalactites. These curious tunnel-shaped homes, lined with its internal casing, gave the hint upon which the engineer worked in the construction of the Thames Tunnel.

The aptitude of birds as builders we all know; but our readers will be surprised to hear that there is a bird of tropical America—the red-breasted horn-bill—which "submits to a live confinement;" that is, the female bird, when it enters its nest, which is generally situated in the hollow of a tree, is plastered up by the male, and never leaves her young for three months, during all which time the family are fed by the old bird.

Dr. Livingstone, who gives an account of this bird, in his well-known work, says that "she is said sometimes to hatch two eggs, and when the young of these are full-fledged, other two are just out of the egg-shells; she then leaves the nest with the two elder, the surface is again plastered up, and both male and female attend to the wants of the young which are left."

The bird that most nearly imitates the methods used by man in sewing articles together, is the tailor-bird, which makes a nest as a seamstress would make a pocket. Having selected a convenient leaf, it pierces with its beak a number of holes along one side, using that instrument exactly as a cobbler uses his awl. It then finds some long vegetable fibre and passes it through the holes, drawing the ends of the leaf together until a cone-like hollow is formed, which it lines with a soft white down. In this manner a light and elegant nest is formed, which is not distinguishable from the other leaves of the tree; when one leaf is insufficient for its purpose, another is sewn to it in the same manner.

With respect to the bee, which we all recognise as a sociable insect, Mr. Wood tells a remarkable story. All observers have noticed the close packing of the cells of this familiar insect, and philosophers have long suspected that they represented, with mathematical accuracy, the truest economy of packing within a given space. But it remained to be proved, and in accomplishing this proof, a very singular fact was evolved. "Many years ago," says Mr. Wood, "Maraldi (an eminent mathematician), being struck with the fact that the lozenge-shaped plates always had the same angles, took the trouble to measure them, and found that in each lozenge the large angles measured $109^{\circ} 28'$, and the smaller $70^{\circ} 35'$, the two together making 180° , the equivalent of two right angles." Reaumur, another mathematician, thinking this uniformity of angle might have some connection with the wonderful economy of space which is observable within the bee's comb, asked Kœnig to make the following calculation: "Given, a hexagonal vessel, terminated by three lozenge-shaped plates, what are the angles which would give the greatest amount of space with the least amount material." The reply was $109^{\circ} 26'$ and $70^{\circ} 34'$, almost precisely agreeing with the measurement of Maraldi. The difference was so small, that it was considered practically to amount to nothing in the actual construction of a cell, and the bee was accordingly accredited with having solved the mathematical problem. However, Maclaurin, a hard-headed Scotch mathematician, very properly con-

cluded that, in a mathematical question, precision was a necessity. Accordingly he worked out the problem for himself, and found that Kœnig was wrong in his calculation, and that Maraldi was right; and then the question arose, how did so excellent a mathematician commit the error? "On investigation it was found that no blame attached to Kœnig, but that the error lay in the book of logarithms which he used. Thus a mistake in a mathematical work was accidentally discovered by measuring the angles of a bee-cell—a mistake sufficiently great to have caused the loss of a ship whose captain happened to use a copy of the same logarithmic table for calculating his longitude."

Of the sociable mammalia, the beaver is, without doubt, the best type. In its native wilds it builds really very formidable dams, in order to secure a supply of water in all seasons, and it is known that in constructing these barriers it proceeds upon truly engineering principles. Thus, when it has to deal with a sluggish stream, where there is little pressure of water, it builds the dam with logs of wood laid at right angles to the banks, filling up the interstices with mud. But where the stream runs rapidly, and the pressure is great, the dam is constructed in the shape of a V, its apex being directed towards the head of the stream, thus affording the best means of resistance to the weight of water. The speed with which beavers will fell the largest trees, with the aid of its adze-like teeth only, is truly marvellous. A society of beavers will clear in a wood a space of acres of trees: it would seem as though an emigrant had been busy with his adze, or with fire, so great is the clearance. Mr. Wood tells us that some of the dams they build are "two or three hundred yards in length and ten or twelve feet in thickness." These embankments become very much thicker by reason of the drift wood it collects, so that after a time vegetation covers it with thick verdure, large trees even taking root in it, and transforming it into the appearance of a barrier thrown across the river by natural agencies.

And now let us close this notice of a very interesting subject by a description of an elk yard.

The elk, or moose, inhabiting the northern parts of America and Europe, like the reindeer, is forced to face all the severities of an arctic winter, but these little affect it compared with the dangers it is subjected to, from troops of hungry wolves during the spring-time, when the ice-snow is beginning to thaw. In the open, where the ground is hard, the elk, a creature of immense size and weight, has little to fear from any enemy. Its powerful horns are aided in attack and defence by its power of striking with its fore-feet, and its fur is so thick that it is almost invulnerable to ordinary enemies. But there comes a treacherous time, when the snow has melted below, and a thin crust of ice is left above. Through this the poor moose sinks and flounders, and then the wolves have him at a disadvantage, which they immediately turn to account by boldly flying at his throat, and speedily destroy him. The elk instinctively provides against this danger. Collecting in herds it forms a yard or space, often four or five miles in diameter, which it surrounds with a rampart of snow. The yard is traversed by roads trodden down in the snow in every direction. These roads are so deeply sunken below the level of the surface that the elk can pass and repass without their backs being seen; they are, in fact, traverses, such as troops make when approaching a position by the ordinary trenching operations. Although extending over so much ground, the stranger would not even know of their existence at half-a-mile distance. Here the elk is secure against wolves, who peer into his fortification, but dare not put a foot inside it. To man, however, it is a trap rather for the poor moose, as it gives him clear roads in which his unerring rifle is discharged with deadly effect.

But we must really refer our readers to Mr. Wood's delightful volume itself for further details. He has certainly given the public a work which is as charming as a fairy tale, with the additional interest, that it is founded upon fact. A. W.

THE OLD PINK THORN.

BALLAD.

THE WORDS AND MUSIC BY CLARIBEL.

VOICE..

PIANO.

Moderato.

mf

p

Since the day of hap - py

ritenuto.

child-hood, I've lov'd its grate - ful shade, I wel-com'd ev' - ry blos-som, And mourn'd to see them

ritenuto.

a tempo.

fade: How of - ten have I stood be-neath Its boughs at ear - ly morn, And lis-ten'd to the mor-ry bees, A -

fz p a tempo.

bout the Old Pink Thorn. And la - ter when we

ritenuto. *a tempo.*

lov'd to dance Up - on the vil-lage green, I mind me how the mer-ry maid-ens Choose me for their queen. A

a tempo.

ro - sy wreath they wove for me, How gai - ly was it worn; I lov'd the gar - land made for me, From

ad lib. *a tempo*

out the Old Pink Thorn. Then tell me not 'tis old and frail, I could not spare it now, I prize each ten-der

colla voce. *a tempo.*

riten. *a tempo.*

leaf and flow'r, I know each knot-ted bough; For hap-py mem'-ries of the past, Its ev'-ry leaf a - dorn: Take all the fai-rest

riten. *fz* *p a tempo*

trees a-way, But spare the Old Pink Thorn. . .

f

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

Continued from page 364.

The ambition of Marguerite Grant was satisfied when she became Lady Spencelaugh, and she determined thenceforth to take life easily, and enjoy the full advantages of her position. Several brilliant seasons in London succeeded her marriage—that is, after Sir Philip finally settled in England, which was not till two years later, his regiment having been ordered to India for active service, in consequence of which he was unwilling for some time to sell out. But the rupture of a blood-vessel brought her Ladyship's career to a dismal termination and confined her for many weary months to a sick-bed; and after her return to comparative health, she never cared to resume her former position in the gay world of London, two or three weeks in the May or June of each season satisfying all her ambition in that way; the rest of the year, with the exception of a couple of months at some watering-place at home or abroad, being passed at Belair, where she never saw much company, the health of Sir Philip, like her own, being far from robust. Thus it fell out that for many years past Lady Spencelaugh had considered herself, and had been treated by every one about her, as an invalid, and as such had fallen into an easy, self-indulgent way of life, which she was too old to change; so, beyond checking the tradesmen's accounts herself, and keeping down the number of servants to the lowest point of efficiency, she interfered in no way with the management of the establishment at Belair. She liked to be nicely dressed, and to have a well-appointed carriage; she liked nice little French dinners, and hothouse flowers, and her after-luncheon nap, and an unlimited supply of new novels, English and foreign. Grant Lady Spencelaugh but these trifles, supplemented by an intermittent rain of mixtures "as before," concocted for her by her favourite Dr. Roach, and, for the rest, the world might wag pretty much as it liked, for any interest she took in its sayings or doings. One son she had, Gaston Spencelaugh, the darling of his mother's heart, who had just left Cambridge, and was now in Paris for the supposed purpose of perfecting himself in the French language.

A word as to the personal appearance of Mrs. Martha Winch, and we shall then get fairly underway again with our story. The landlady of the *Hund and Dagger* was a tall, thin, large-featured woman, in reality nearly as old as Lady Spencelaugh, but her light flaxen hair shewed as yet but few traces of age, while her figure was still as lithe and upright as though she were but a girl of twenty. She was a woman of few words, with manners that were grave almost to sternness, and was respected rather than liked by the people of Normanford—a woman of whom it might be averred, that although she had hundreds of acquaintances, it was much to be doubted whether she had a single friend; albeit, as we shall find hereafter, there were one or two vulnerable places in the widow's coldly-beating heart, notwithstanding.

"And now, Martha, for your important news," said Lady Spencelaugh.

Mrs. Winch paused for a moment with her hand on the letter. "Barbara Kreefe is dead!" she said, in a voice that was almost sepulchral in its solemnity.

"Dead!" whispered her Ladyship, as though she could scarcely believe the news, while a sudden terror leaped into her eyes, and all the warmth and colour died out of her face.

"Your Ladyship has no cause to be alarmed," said Mrs. Winch reassuringly. "Barbara has died as she lived—faithful to the *Secret!*"

Lady Spencelaugh gave a great sigh of relief, and wiped the perspiration from her brow with her delicate laced handkerchief. "Go on," she murmured. "Whose letter is that which you have got there?"

"This is a letter written by Barbara on her death-bed, after she knew that she could not recover, and left by her with directions that it

should be forwarded immediately upon her decease. Accompanying it came this newspaper, which contains the notification of her death. With your Ladyship's permission, I will now read the letter, the contents of which are of so singular a character that I could not rest a moment after reading them, but hurried up to Belair at once."

Lady Spencelaugh was busily at work with her fan: it was evident that her mind was ill at ease. Martha Winch got up and turned the key of the door, and closed the French window; and then, going back to her seat, read, in a low and measured voice, the following letter.

CHAPTER III.—A DEAD WOMAN'S LETTER.

MULLINSVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS, U.S.,
April 5, 185—.

MY DEAR SISTER—When this letter reaches you, I shall be no more. I write it—with much pain and difficulty—on my death-bed; and I shall leave instructions for it to be forwarded, as addressed, together with a newspaper containing the announcement of my death, as soon as possible after that event shall have taken place. The painful malady from which I have been more or less a sufferer during the last dozen years, has struck me down at last. But it was not to write of my own sufferings that I began this letter, but to perform an act of justice—of reparation—which may no longer be delayed. The confession I have to make is a painful one, inasmuch as he who began the deception which I am about to reveal was one whom, in spite of all his faults, I loved—my husband; a deception which I have unwillingly been obliged to keep up; and I charge you to make known the contents of this letter to Lady S—without delay, as what I have to put down here concerns her more nearly than it does any one else.

I need not detail the circumstances which induced Jeremiah and me to leave England, seeing that they are as well known to you as they are to myself, and that you were as deeply implicated in the affair which led to our departure as any one. You are aware that on our arrival in this country we took up our residence in one of the western states, at that time but thinly populated and at no great distance from the Indian frontier. Here my husband began to practice as a surgeon, and here we continued to live for seven years. But Jeremiah gambled and drank, and we were obliged at last to seek another home in a place where we were unknown. An opening having offered itself in a small town in the state of New York, we proceeded thither; and there we remained for ten years, leading a miserable existence, for Jeremiah's old weaknesses increased upon him, and one by one his few American friends were alienated. I do not write this as imputing blame to the dead, but simply because a plain statement of the truth is now necessary. Our next move was to the spot from which I write this letter, and where my husband died two years after our arrival. I had three dollars in the house the day he died, and owed three hundred in debts; for all the money that had been sent us was gone—who can say whither? Jeremiah himself could not have told. Every remittance, as it came to hand, was required to meet debts that never seemed to decrease. The thought that I should be left destitute preyed heavily on my husband's mind as he lay dying, and he bound me by a solemn promise not to reveal, till after my own death, the deception that had been practiced by him for so many years. This he did in order that the income derived from a certain source might be continued to me, and that I might thus be enabled to live in comfort after his decease. That promise has weighed heavily on my conscience ever since it was made, but I have not felt myself justified in breaking it. Since my husband's death, I have lived on the proceeds of my needle, and the sums remitted to me lie untouched at the bank; and I have taken steps for having the total amount forwarded to you after my death, for repayment to the sender.

According to the arrangement made before leaving England, my husband was to write to a certain person, through you, three times every

year. This portion of the agreement was faithfully carried out by Jeremiah as long as he lived, and by me after his death, and once in every four months a statement was sent you embracing such particulars concerning the boy as it was thought you might feel interested in knowing.

The whole of those statements for the last eleven years were false in every particular.

Let me briefly recapitulate their contents. Up to the time that the boy was nine years old, the reports sent you were simple statements of facts. You were duly informed of our safe arrival in the country, and our settlement at Willsburgh; you had ample particulars sent you respecting the child—his health, his stubborn temper, and the progress he was making at school; and every letter gave you the assurance that the recollections of his former life were gradually dying out of his memory, and that with the progress of time, the Secret was becoming less difficult to keep. This went on till he was nine years old, but after that time the reports sent you were purely fictitious. You were led to believe that the boy, after remaining at school till he was fifteen years old, was put as assistant into a store, where he stayed till he was quite a young man; but that, growing tired of this life after a time, he joined an exploring expedition that was being formed to search for a new pass across the Rocky Mountains, and that he was never heard of afterwards.

Long before the boy was nine years old, my husband began to chafe under the burden that was laid upon him, well paid for the duty though he was. There were various reasons why this should be so. In the first place, Jeremiah was, in reality, a man of timid disposition, despite the daring scheme which, under the influence of a strong temptation, he had so successfully carried out; and so long as the lad continued to live with us, he trembled lest some untoward accident should bring the deed he had done home to him—exposure before the eyes of the world being what he dreaded beyond everything. Then, the lad's temper was most stubborn and obstinate; and, despite all the efforts of Jeremiah and myself, he persistently refused to address us as 'Uncle' and 'Aunt' (the degree of relationship decided upon before we left England), but would stamp his foot, and turn white with passion, when urged on the point; nay, he would cry that we were no relations of his, but his enemies, who had stolen him away from his beautiful home across the sea; and that when he should grow to be a man, he would have us put in prison for it. As the lad grew older, there was no lack of busy-bodies in the little town to pick up his words, and try to patch them up into a case against Jeremiah. But the boy remembered so little of his former life, and the evidence against us was so weak, that, for my own part, I think we might have defied it with impunity; and that if Jeremiah would have given up insisting upon the relationship, the lad would have gradually tamed down, and have settled by degrees into the trammels of his new life, and little by little have forgotten all that his memory retained of old days, till his recollection of that time became an utter blank. But Jeremiah was too nervous and faint-hearted to carry out such a scheme; and he hit on another plan, after a time, which would at once relieve him of the boy, and still enable him to draw the extra amount allowed for his maintenance and education.

My husband gave out among his friends in the little town, that the lad's relations had sent word for him to be sent back home to England, and that he was going to take him to New York, and see him safely on board ship; and one wintry morning, he and the boy set off on their journey. My mind misgave me, I knew not why; and all the time Jeremiah was away, I could do nothing but wait, and listen, and weep to think of the poor lad's unhappy fate. I had grown to like him, far better than I knew of, till I lost him for ever. He was so handsome, so generous, so brave, that it was impossible to help loving him. Let me say this much now in defence of his memory—poor, ill-fated child!

At the end of a week, my husband came back

alone. I demanded to know what had become of the boy. He refused to tell me. 'You have murdered him!' I exclaimed, struck with a sudden fear. 'Not quite so bad as that, old girl,' he said with a laugh. 'I have not put the young imp out of the world, but only got rid of him; take my word for that. Believe me, once for all, when I tell you that he is quite well and hearty; but further than that you will never know, so you needn't bother more about it.' And he kept his word. I did not know then, I do not know now, what was the fate of the boy. When my husband lay dying, I questioned him on the point, but even then he refused to tell me. 'I did not hurt a hair of his head,' he said; 'but what became of him, I will never tell to anybody.' And so he died.

I wish to palliate nothing. I say again, that the object of Jeremiah Kreefe in acting as he did was to get rid of all danger of having his misdeeds brought home to him, and, at the same time, to receive the double allowance from Lady S—. But I must do his memory one piece of justice, which you will not fail to represent to Lady S—, when you lay this statement before her. However much he might forget himself in some things—however recklessly he might ruin his worldly prospects—however foolishly he might dissipate the sums sent him from a certain quarter, he never, by word, deed, or look, gave intimation to the world of the dark secret that lay like a dread shadow on his mind. In so far as that goes, he carried out with strictest honour his part of the compact. Let Lady S—be further assured that I, too, shall die with my finger on my lips. Her secret is safe with me, even at this dark hour. *It will never be brought to light.*

You now know the truth, as far as my knowledge goes, respecting the fate of poor Master —. What was I going to write? It is, indeed, time to conclude, for brain and hand are growing feeble alike. Let me again set down, while my mind is clear on the point, that I know absolutely nothing of the poor child's fate from the day my husband took him away, at which time he was just turned nine years of age.

And now farewell. Present my dutiful respects to Lady S—. I trust that she is well and happy. It may be, Martha, that you and I shall meet again. To Infinite Mercy, nothing is impossible. Till that time shall come, dear sister, adieu.—Affectionately yours,

BARBARA KREEFE.

The two women sat in silence for a minute or two after Martha Winch had finished reading the letter. 'Poor Barbara!' said Lady Spence- laugh at last; 'I am sorry that she is gone; and yet, Martha, I cannot help experiencing a feeling of relief that you and I are now the sole living depositaries of that ugly business. Poor Barbara! she was faithful to the last; so for that matter, was Jeremiah also, while deceiving me so wretchedly in other things I would much rather have paid him double the money, and have known the truth. I wonder what he did with the boy. But my rendering myself miserable on that point, would do no good to any one. I daresay the young man is well and happy, and filling some inferior position in life to the satisfaction of himself and all around him. I am sure that my best wishes are with him wherever he may be.— You will burn the letter, of course, said Lady Spence- laugh after another pause.

Martha nodded assent, deliberately proceeded to refold the letter and newspaper, and place them in her reticule, and then rose to take her leave.

'By the by, Martha,' said her Ladyship, arresting the widow with a motion of her fan, 'I trust that you have thought over what I said when I saw you last, and have given that odious person his *congé*.'

'I have not, as yet, given him any decisive answer, my Lady.'

'You have not! What am I to understand by that? You surely do not contemplate making yourself ridiculous at your time of life.'

The widow's thin face flushed, more in shame than anger. 'Oh, my Lady, your words are very hard!' she said turning appealingly to Lady Spence- laugh.

'I certainly gave you credit for more sense, Martha Winch,' said her Ladyship as she rose from her seat and began to pace excitedly about the room. 'I tell you again, as I have told you before, that it is for your money alone that this man is seeking you. The scheme is preposterous; and once more I repeat that, from the day you are married, the secret will be ours no longer.'

'Oh, my Lady, cannot you trust me after all these years?' protested the widow. 'I was a wife for twelve years, and when my husband died, he died in ignorance of the hidden bond existing between your Ladyship and myself; and could you not trust me again?'

'But cannot you see, simpleton,' responded Lady Spence- laugh, 'that this Brackenridge is an altogether different sort of man from honest, simple-minded Job Winch, who cared for nothing so long as the little hoard at his banker's kept increasing from year to year? This man will force the secret from you, whether you are willing or no, and trade on it afterwards for his own purposes.'

'The man is not born that will force it from me against my will,' said the widow with energy. 'I may like Mr. Brackenridge—nay, I do like him, and may as well confess as much at once; but your interests, Lady Spence- laugh, have always been, and will continue to be, paramount with me. If the telling of what I know were the price of my marriage with him, I would sacrifice him twenty, ay, a hundred times over, rather than give utterance to a word that could by any possibility compromise your Ladyship. In this thing, pray have faith in me.'

'I have every faith in your good intentions,' said her Ladyship. 'You have been the truest friend, Martha, that ever woman had; but you have never been tried as you will be tried if you marry this man. I tremble when I think that there is even the faintest possibility of the secret becoming known to him. But leave me now; I am unequal to further conversation. Come up to Belair this day-week, and we will discuss the matter again. Ah! how I wish that man had never made his appearance in Normanford!' Lady Spence- laugh sighed wearily, and her arms fell dejectedly by her side: she looked for the moment ten years older than she had done half an hour before.

Mrs. Winch drew on her gloves. 'Has your Ladyship heard lately from Mr. Gaston?' she asked. She knew that Lady Spence- laugh would brighten up at the mention of that name.

'Ah, yes, Martha; I had nearly forgotten to tell you that I had a long letter from the dear fellow yesterday. He seems to be enjoying himself thoroughly in Paris. But I feel it hard that I do not see him oftener. We shall scarcely have him at Belair before Christmas; but when he does come I hope he won't leave us again till after his birthday. Such a day as I mean that to be at Belair, Martha!' There was a glad smile on the mother's face as she said these words, and while the brightness still lingered, Mrs. Winch kissed Lady Spence- laugh's hand respectfully, and took her leave.

CHAPTER IV.—LADY SPENCELAUGH'S HIDING-PLACE.

'No thanks, my dear boy,' said Sir Philip Spence- laugh, as he shook Mr. Duplessis warmly by the hand. 'I confess that I know no one to whom I would intrust my darling sooner than I would to yourself. And now go and inform Lady Spence- laugh of your good-fortune. She will be pleased to hear of it, for you are a great favourite with my wife. Don't forget that you dine with us to-morrow;' and after another hearty shake of the hand, the baronet turned and left Mr. Duplessis standing alone on the terrace, where the two had been walking and talking for the last half hour.

Mr. Duplessis paused for a moment after he was left alone, a bright, confident smile lighting up his handsome face. 'At last!' he murmured to himself. 'The prize for which I have so patiently laboured is coming slowly within my grasp. I shall win it and wear as my own before the world. Beautiful Frederica! you do not love me yet, but you shall learn to do so before long, unless my tongue has lost its cunning!' He turned off the terrace and walked musingly

through the shrubbery towards the side-entrance on his way to Lady Spence- laugh's apartments. Mrs. Winch was just climbing into her chaise as he turned the corner of the house. Halting behind a screen of laurels, he saw the widow take her seat beside Jerry, resume the reins and the whip, and then drive off at a rapid pace down the park. 'Why does that woman come here so often to see my lady?' he said to himself as he emerged from his hiding-place. 'What can be the nature of the bond that exists between the exclusive Lady Spence- laugh and this common- place landlady of a country tavern? This is one of those cases where my little Clotilde may prove a useful ally. There may be nothing in it, or there be much.'

A tall, thin, handsome man of eight-and-thirty, this Monsieur Henri Duplessis; with a low broad forehead, aquiline nose, and long drooping tawny moustache; with an ever-ready smile, which displayed to advantage his large white regular teeth; with accurately arched eyebrows, educated to express for or against proposition—an advantage to an economist of words; and having an undoubted air of fashion and distinction. By birth a Canadian, but descended from an old French family, he could boast a pedigree that would bear the most critical investigation.

Yes, my lady would see Mr. Duplessis—(he was rarely called 'Monseieur' at Normanford or Belair)—so said Mr. Plush; and preceded by that functionary, the Canadian was ushered into the sitting-room of Lady Spence- laugh. Mademoiselle Clotilde was in the ante-room, busily engaged with her embroidery, as Mr. Duplessis passed through, and a meaning look shot from the eyes of the latter, which the French girl was not slow to understand.

'You must lay the blame of my intrusion on Sir Philip, my dear Lady Spence- laugh,' said Mr. Duplessis as he bent respectfully over her Ladyship's hand. 'He insisted on my coming to communicate a certain piece of intelligence, which he was kind enough to say he was certain you would be pleased to hear!'

'Pray make no apology,' said Lady Spence- laugh in her most cordial manner. 'You are among the few friends, Mr. Duplessis, to whom I am always at home.—You are admiring those roses? Yes, they are certainly very fine. But Jennings always succeeds better with his flowers than his fruit.—And now for this news of yours. I suppose I ought not to say that I am dying to hear it; but in a dull place like Belair, where news of any kind is a rarity the expression would be almost excusable.'

Her Ladyship was sitting on a *causeuse*, cutting the pages of a magazine as she spoke. Mr. Duplessis had not sat down, but was still bending over the stand of roses on the table. When he spoke, it was in a low clear voice, in which, however, there was a ring of triumph, which Lady Spence- laugh did not fail to detect.

'My news is this, that thanks to the kind offices of Sir Philip, Miss Spence- laugh has agreed to look more favourably on my suit than she has hitherto done; that she has, in fact, consented to give me time and opportunity to plead my cause in person.'

'So that all there is now left for you to do is to go in and win the race,' said my Lady. 'Well, I heartily wish you every success; but I warn you that you have still some awkward running before you. However, my best wishes, and any little assistance I can render, are sincerely yours. Frederica and I have hardly been such good friends as we ought perhaps to have been, though where the fault lay, I am sure it would be difficult to tell. But I will say this in her favour, that if you succeed in winning her, you may consider yourself a happy man. Whatever little faults of temper or disposition Frederica may have, are as nothing when weighed in the scale with her youth, her goodness, and her beauty.'

Now, in all this Lady Spence- laugh was quite sincere, for despite the polite feud, of many years' standing, which existed between herself and Frederica, she still wished well to the latter in a general, indefinite sort of way—for Miss Spence- laugh was far too rich and important a member of the family to be ignored outright; Mr. Duplessis, too, having the good-fortune to be a great

favourite with her Ladyship, and Sir Philip having so evidently set his heart on the match, and it being desirable that Frederica should quit Belair before Gaston should bring home a bride, and her Ladyship having an inherent weakness for anything that smacked of match-making: all these reasons, I say, combined, induced the baronet's wife to yield gracefully to the force of circumstances, and to make a merit of giving her aid to a scheme, to oppose which would have been both bad policy and labour in vain. 'If Gaston were only a year or two older!' she would sometimes murmur to herself—he was but twenty-one, whereas Miss Spencelaugh was four years his senior, 'if the disparity between their ages were not quite so great, they might perhaps have come together of their own accord; and with her fortune and his own, and the baronetcy at no very distant date, what might not my boy have aspired to!' These, however, were but vain day-dreams, as no one knew better than Lady Spencelaugh herself, and she put them from her with a resolute hand.

Mr. Duplessis, in a few appropriate phrases, expressed his gratitude for her Ladyship's kindness, and then went on to say that there was one feature of the case which he felt some diffidence in mentioning, and which yet he could not pass over entirely. He would say at once that the point in question was neither more nor less than the great disparity of fortune between Miss Spencelaugh and himself; a disparity which, among many people, might lay him open to the imputation of fortune-hunting. It mattered little, he added, what the outside world might say or think in the matter; but he did hope that her Ladyship would believe in the sincerity of his affection for Miss Spencelaugh, and not attribute his suit to a merely mercenary motive.

'Yes, Frederica is certainly very well off,' replied Lady Spencelaugh musingly, without heeding the latter portion of the Canadian's little speech. 'It would have been better for her, of course, in one sense, to have married a man of means equal to her own. But Frederica's opinions are very peculiar and independent, and as she is entirely her own mistress, she must please herself in this matter as in others. She has already declined several most eligible offers, and I believe that money and rank go for so little with her, that she would wed a pauper out of the streets, if he only took her fancy in other respects. Absurd, of course, but a fact nevertheless.'

Then there was a little pause, during which Lady Spencelaugh turned over the leaves of her magazine in an absent sort of way. The conversation was beginning to trench on dangerous ground, and Mr. Duplessis felt that a change of subject was desirable.

'By the by,' he said, as if suddenly inspired, 'I had nearly forgotten to ask whether your new *femme* is likely to prove more serviceable than your last one.'

'Clotilde suits me very well indeed,' replied Lady Spencelaugh. 'She is docile and good-tempered, and remarkably clever with her needle; in fact, I have had no one at all comparable to her since Wilkins left me three years ago; and I am really much obliged to you for the trouble you must have been at to procure me such a treasure.'

'The trouble is not worth mentioning, Lady Spencelaugh. I am glad to find that Clotilde suits you.'

'French girls are generally so unequal; but, so far, your protégée seems an exception to the rule,' said my Lady.—'You are, I believe, somewhat of a connoisseur in precious stones, Mr. Duplessis. Examine this emerald, and then tell me what you think of it.'

Lady Spencelaugh opened a small satin-wood casket as she spoke, lined with white silk, in the midst of which gleamed an unset emerald of remarkable size and brilliancy. Mr. Duplessis took it out of its resting-place, and examined it in silence for several moments.

'Except among the crown jewels, I have not seen a finer stone than this for many years,' he said at last. 'It must be worth a little fortune.'

'It cost something very considerable, certainly,' said her Ladyship with a smile. 'I have a

liking—a weakness many people would call it—for precious stones, as I daresay you are already aware. My collection of diamonds and rubies has, I think, been seen by you more than once.'

'Your Ladyship has so far favoured me,' answered the Canadian. 'Well, if the hoarding of gems be a weakness, it is at least one that has been shared by many royal and distinguished personages, especially where the fear of some future "rainy day" has haunted their minds.'

The Canadian glanced up at Lady Spencelaugh's face as he spoke, and he was startled to see how suddenly it blanched at his words, and what a dark troubled meaning shone for a moment out of her eyes. 'Does she fear that the future holds some "rainy day" in store for her?' he asked himself, and then fell to examining the emerald again.

Lady Spencelaugh recovered herself instantly. 'That may be,' she said with a little harsh laugh; 'but I do not mean to abdicate my throne at Belair, till I leave it for the family vault.'

She shuddered as she spoke. Was it because of the natural dread which human weakness feels at the contemplation of the last great change? or did it arise from some terrible recollection known to herself alone?

'Such treasures as this should be kept in safe custody,' observed Mr. Duplessis. 'I hope that your Ladyship's collection is in good keeping.'

'In the best of all keeping, Mr. Duplessis—in my own.'

'Do I understand your Ladyship to own that all the valuable gems which I know you to possess, are kept about you personally—that is to say, in your own apartments, and not intrusted to the custody of your banker?'

'That is precisely what I wished to convey. I have a secure place of deposit in my own apartments—a hiding-place discovered by me, and known to myself alone; not even Sir Philip is aware of its locality; where I keep all my little treasures of gems and jewellery, and where they are hidden from every eye save my own. If I kept them at my banker's, I could not see them so often as I might wish to do. They are quite as secure where they are, and ready to my hand at any moment. This hoarding of precious stones is my hobby, Mr. Duplessis; and you must not laugh at an old woman for the indulgence of her whims. It is not, perhaps, quite so sensible as putting one's spare cash into a bank; or buying scrip with it, and getting a good percentage; but so long as I please myself, it is a matter of small consequence to others, and Sir Philip is good enough never to interfere in such trifles. The gems will be there for Gaston after I shall be gone; and when they are his own, he can either sell them, or have them set for his wife. I am glad you like the emerald; the colour seems to me particularly deep and brilliant.'

The emerald was put back into its resting-place, and the tiny casket deposited by Lady Spencelaugh in her *sachet*. Her Ladyship's detail had been listened to by Mr. Duplessis with much attention.

'I need hardly say,' resumed Lady Spencelaugh, 'that what you have just heard has been told you in the strictest confidence. It would never do for it to be generally known that the mistress of Belair has such valuables concealed about her apartments. There are plenty of bad characters in the neighbourhood, who would think little of murdering me for the chance of obtaining such a treasure.'

'I give you my word of honour,' said Mr. Duplessis earnestly, 'that no syllable of what your Ladyship has said shall ever pass my lips to any one.'

After a little airy gossip, just dashed with a piquant spice of scandal, touching their common friends and acquaintances, Mr. Duplessis took his leave. He found Mademoiselle still busily at work in the anteroom. She rose as he entered, and putting her finger on her lips, signed to him to follow. There were no prying eyes about, and they reached Clotilde's own little sitting-room without being seen.

'Your eyes ask me a question that I hasten to answer,' said Mr. Duplessis, playfully pinching the girl's ear. 'Antoine is quite well; and if he

did not send his love, it was simply because he did not know that I was coming to Belair.'

The Canadian spoke in French, and the girl answered him in the same language.

'Ingrate that he is!' said Clotilde passionately.

'I wrote to him two, three weeks ago, and he has never yet answered my letter. Speak of him no more, Monsieur; I tear him out of the heart which he has wounded so cruelly. Let him marry that English miss, with the yellow hair and the cat's eyes—for me, I care not!—Will Monsieur say why he wants me this morning?'

'In one moment, Monsieur will say. But I tell thee, little one, that Antoine does love thee, and that all in good time thou shalt become his wife. He cares nothing for the English miss; thou alone hast his heart. So get that tigress look out of thine eyes; and when the letters come to Belair tomorrow, see whether there be not among them a billet for thee in a writing that thou knowest.'

The girl tossed her head disdainfully, but she could not keep back the glad smile that crept over her face as the Canadian spoke.

'And now tell me,' resumed Mr. Duplessis after a pause, 'how go affairs at Belair?'

'We are all very good, but, oh! so terrible dull,' said the French girl with a little shrug and a half-suppressed yawn. 'There is absolutely nothing to tell. Madame eats, and sleeps, and reads, and drives out, and has her little fits of *migraine*, and all is told as far as she is concerned.—Of Mademoiselle, I see scarcely anything. She and Madame seldom meet till dinner-time; between them there is no cordiality. Mademoiselle has a *triste* and weary look in her eyes—a look, my faith! which I know well, and for which there is but one remedy.'

'And what is that, Clotilde?'

'That I must leave Monsieur to discover for himself,' said the French girl archly.

'As for the doings of that poor dear Sir Philip, Monsieur knows as much or more of them than I do. But Monsieur does not know how dull it is for a poor French girl to live here, who was born in Paris, and has seen the world.'

'Patience, little one! Antoine must cure all that. But see now: this morning there was with my Lady a woman whom I want thee to watch—Mrs. Winch of Normanford.—Ah, I see by thine eyes that she is not unknown to thee.'

'My faith, no! said Clotilde viciously.

'Well, watch and listen every time she comes here. Try to ascertain why she comes, and what Lady Spencelaugh and she have to talk about.'

'I had my eyes and ears open to-day when she came,' said the French girl; 'but she locked the door, and drew the curtain before it, and closed the window. She is very cunning, that Madame Vinch.'

'Such precautions merely serve to confirm my suspicions that there is some secret bond between Lady Spencelaugh and herself. Be quiet and watchful, next time she comes to Belair, and, above all things, try to propitiate her. Never turn any one into an enemy, my child, whom it is possible to gain for a friend. And now go, and leave me here alone for ten minutes. I have some papers that I wish to look quietly over. I will punch the head of that pig of an Antoine if he does not write thee a long letter this very night.'

As soon as Mr. Duplessis found himself alone, he drew from an inner pocket of his coat a neatly-folded sheet of parchment, yellow and mildewed with age and damp, which he proceeded to spread out on the table before him. 'I little thought,' he murmured to himself, 'when I took down that old moth-eaten copy of the *Essays of Michel Seigneur de Montaigne* from its shelf in the library the other day, that I should find such a treasure as this between the leaves.'

The treasure thus found and appropriated by the Canadian was endorsed, *Private Plan of Belair House, drawn for ye particular service of Sir Richard Spencelaugh, Bart., by his faithful and devoted Servant, Jonathan Bindloss. Aug. 1690.*

Mr. Duplessis was puzzled for some time to reconcile the discrepancies between the house according to the plan and the house as he knew

it, a great part of Belair having, in fact, been altered and modernised, and some portions entirely rebuilt. But the east wing had been left unaltered, and in that wing were situate the apartments of Lady Spencelaugh; and the Canadian's knowledge of the position of the different apartments soon enabled him to lay his finger on the suite now occupied by her Ladyship; and his eye following his finger as he traced the different rooms one after another, halted at the one now used as a dressing-room, attracted by two words written in a very minute but clear hand. Those two words were *Secret Closet*, and the face of Mr Duplessis flushed as he read them. A star in the margin drew his attention to a foot-note, where he read as follows:

To open the Secret Closet, press gently the fifth marble button from the top on the left-hand side of the mantel-shelf, and at the same time turn thrice to the left the small brass knob which will be found hidden behind the central scroll-work.

'That must be the place where Lady Spencelaugh hides her jewels and precious stones,' murmured Mr. Duplessis below his breath; 'a piece of knowledge which, in the case of certain eventualities, may prove of service to me. Should all go well, and my marriage with Dona Frederica duly take place, I shall be in a position to dispense with this information; in that case, I shall reform, and live strictly on the square. But should the worst come to the worst, why, then, I may be compelled to make use of it. A sad alternative indeed, but if society permits a gentleman to starve, he must revenge himself on society as best he can. Lady Spencelaugh little dreams by what a simple accident her secret has become known to me.—But that emerald! my mouth positively waters when I think of it.'

(To be Continued.)

TEA AND CROQUET.

CHAPTER I.

"TEA and Croquet! And to ask me, of all fellows in the world, to such an affair!"

Mr. Lewis Barrington sat over his solitary breakfast with a letter before him. He was reading this letter in snatches, and stopping every now and then to smile in a grim sort of way at his own reflection in the glass opposite. He certainly did look a bit careworn and gloomy; not exactly the kind of man to be tempted by such an invitation; but yet, somehow, he didn't dislike the letter. He glanced at the signature, and the lines about his mouth began to soften. He was going back to old times, and half losing the present in them. Suddenly he rose, went up to the glass over the mantel-piece, and looked himself steadily in the face. It was a handsome face, but he was not thinking of that. He saw the deep mark between the eyebrows, the lines on his forehead, and the spiritless eyes. He turned from all this with a sigh.

"I don't know why I should sink into a cadaverous old fellow before my time," thought Mr. Barrington, going back to his letter. We will read it with him:—

"DEAR COUSIN LEWIS,—Some of my friends promised me a fit of town-sickness in less than a week. Well, we have been here two whole months, and I think it the most charming life that could be lived—out of a book. As for the plagues, they are riotously happy, and Peggie's cheeks are just like a king-pippin. Now I want you to do me a favour. Come down with my old man next Wednesday. You never did refuse me anything, so don't be cross now; I know it will do you good. You see I really ought to entertain these kind neighbours—and they are kind—and so I am going to give a croquet tea. Don't be frightened; I have lots of new acquaintances, it is true, but there's nothing alarming about them, and you know a five o'clock tea in the country is the jolliest affair possible, where every one does exactly as every one likes. I haven't given up all hope of marrying you off yet. I won't speak against old maids, because I always meant to be one; but an old bachelor—dreadful! And really, Lewis, you are fast near-

ing the awkward corner. I suspected you two years ago of what is called a disappointment, but its quite time you had got over that. There are plenty of nice girls down here. Three Miss Crewes I could recommend. I wonder if you object to red hair and freckles? Don't see why you should. The freckles will wear off, and one gets used to warm colours. Then there are two Miss Russels. Perhaps you would think them rather old, but they are very gushing and tender. One of them sings. But, oh, Lewis, for my *bonne bouche*, my pearl of pearls, my dainty rosebud! I have a great mind to tell you nothing about her, except that there is a rival already in the field; a dreadful young man, named Robert—all Roberts have red hair. I am afraid of this one; if he should carry off my pearl, I'd like to poison him. Lewis, she is the prettiest little imp of mischief that ever teased and petted one alternately. People talk of sweet seventeen. They are simpletons. Seventeen is *gauche*; all shoulders and leanness; undecided about its hands. Now three-and-twenty is —; but there, if you won't come and see, I'll never forgive you as long as I live. Her name is Ada—"

When Mr. Barrington got as far as this, he stopped to put his hand over his eyes, and a greyish hue spread over his face for a moment. The next moment he pushed the letter away with an exclamation of self-contempt, and walked to the window to look out. It was not a cheering prospect. A few sparrows hopped about the pavement, and twittered in the stunted limes; opposite him, houses of dull grey; to the right, houses, and to the left, houses. A quiet place, comparatively, and, as it appeared to him this morning, very dreary. He did not often find it so; he had something else to do. But the picture of the country-house, the fresh air, the free, open space, and the flowers, had got into his head.

"To think that, after two hopeless years, this old folly should come back to me!" said Mr. Barrington. "But yet, I'd like to see Maggie, and the plagues, and Charlie D'Eyncourt—he's a good fellow for a Frenchman. Where's the harm? Come, it's only for once. I'll go."

CHAPTER II.

"Elise," said madame, "I'm sure there's some mystery about her."

Mademoiselle D'Eyncourt was arranging scarlet geraniums and yellow calceolarias in a glass tower, and she looked up at madame, her sister-in-law, and laughed.

"You English ladies," said she, "are always falling in love with each other. I shall tell my brother, if he doesn't come after you soon, he will be supplanted."

"Charlie is coming next week, as you know," said Madame D'Eyncourt; "and you are talking nonsense, Elise. But you must confess that there is an odd attractiveness about this little girl. The ancient relative and *duenna* is feeble, and a nobody, but yet there's some incident in the past that she shares with Ada. Then the cottage that they live in is perfection—a rural paradise. Ah! I'm in love with the country, if you like."

"And with Miss Ada Prescott," said Elise. "Well, she's not bad looking."

Madame D'Eyncourt meditated. She was sitting in the drawing-room of an old-fashioned country-house, and the windows, which looked out upon a smooth, green lawn, with a rare prospect of wood and water beyond, were deep and old-fashioned also, like eyes that have sunk far back into their sockets; but the scene altogether pleased madame. And then she was happy. Suddenly she looked up and clasped her hands softly.

"Elise," said she, "I have an idea."

"Indeed!" said Elise.

"It would be the most delightful affair possible—that is, there's one drawback, said madame. I'm afraid of red-haired Robert Crewe."

"You know you are talking in riddles, I suppose?" said Elise.

"Patience," said madame. "I have written to ask Lewis Barrington for Wednesday."

Mademoiselle D'Eyncourt indulged in a slight grimace.

"You incorrigible match-maker!" she exclaimed. "Now I see it all. But you'll fail. I don't think a croquet tea likely to tempt Mr. Barrington."

"Lewis will do just what I ask him," said madame; "and what else could one get up in the country? There, you needn't look so quizzical; I mean of course that it's the very thing for the country. I shall get an answer from Lewis this morning. Elise—"

"Well?" said the young lady.

"I wish you'd get up a flirtation with red-haired Robert," said madame.

"Much obliged," said Mademoiselle D'Eyncourt, laughing. "To keep him quiet, I suppose? There comes the postman."

"And my two plagues, as usual." Madame stood watching the race between the two children complacently, and paid for her letter in the ordinary somewhat boisterous coin. "Boys should give way to little sisters sometimes," she said. "Alice ought to have won it to-day, King Pippin." And then she looked at the address on the letter, and smiled to herself as she broke the big seal, with a rampant beast upon it. "Tiresome!" she ejaculated. "He can only come for the day, Elise, and makes a favor of that. Never mind, we shall see. What's the matter, Pippin?"

"Oh mamma, such a jolly boat on the pool where the swans are! and the old gardener wanted to row us about, only Alice was frightened. Mayn't we go?"

"Alice was quite right," said his mother. "I'll find you something better than a leaky boat. You shall teach Alice to play at croquet."

"Croquet's up to nothing. It's a girl's game," said the young gentleman. But I don't mind for once."

"There, run away now," said madame; "and mind, nowhere near the pool, King Pippin."

Half-an-hour afterwards madame crossed the lawn where the children were knocking the balls about, to a gate leading out of the shrubbery. As she walked, the speculative cloud on her face grew brighter; and when she stood before the cottage which she had spoken of as perfection, it had vanished altogether.

Madame D'Eyncourt must have been a privileged person, for she went straight up to a French window and peeped in. A young lady was seated on a footstool near it, with her face bent down in her hands, and something that looked like a torn letter was lying at her feet.

"What, Ada crying! Is it an April shower, or what?" said madame.

The young lady made no sign at first of having heard; then suddenly she sprang up, put her arms round madame, and kissed her.

"There, go away," said Ada, tearfully, "and don't look at me. I have been cross, very."

"But, Ada," said madame.

Miss Prescott took up the torn letter and crumpled it into a ball, giving madame a look of comical despair through her tears.

"You'll see the thing in the right light," she said, rather piteously, "or I shall be wretched. But my dragon—don't look so shocked—she doesn't mind being called a dragon a bit—rather likes it, in fact—is so terribly cold-blooded and tiresome."

Madame began to understand.—"Who is it, Ada?" she asked, drily.

"You'll never tell," said Ada.

"Of course, not," said madame. "It's Robert Crewe."

Ada nodded with a gesture of impatient disgust.

"I came here to be quiet," she said. "I brought my dear old dragon down to this quiet place against her will—for, between you and me, she is ever so little inclined to be lazy—that I might be out of the way of persecution. Why, I wouldn't have known even you, if—"

"If I hadn't forced myself upon you?" said madame. "I can't think why, Ada. But I am not a persecutor, am I?"

"Sometimes, madame," she replied. "But what do you think of my dragon? When she knew of this letter, she just looked over her spectacles, so, and said, 'Well, my dear, I hope you like him; if not, I'm afraid you must be to

blame. Gentlemen don't do these things without encouragement. He is a country boor," burst out Ida, "incapable of taking a hint. I have been all but rude to him, and I call this an insult."

"My difficulties are smoothing themselves," said madame. "That's one trouble off my mind, and one gentleman less for my tea; for of course a forlorn swain won't like to meet heartless young ladies. Ada, I am going to give a croquet tea, and invite all the world. Come over and have a practice, will you?"

"Will I not?" said Ada. "But," she added, hesitating, "you won't have any strangers?"

"Little goose! no," was the reply.

"And there's this horrid letter!" said Ada.

"Sit down and write it first," said madame. "I'll wait."

Madame sat for some time patiently looking out of the window. Watering-pots, scissors, gloves, and tiny gardening-tools, were scattered here and there on the green turf amongst the flowers, and she smiled at the whimsical carelessness which was so like Ada. Thinking thus, madame turned a furtive look of inquiry as to the progress of the letter, and the smile faded into an expression of puzzled concern. The paper still lay blank before the girl, but Ada's hands were clasped tightly over each other, and her eyes, usually so full of mischief, had a look of intense, wistful sadness in them, which touched madame strangely.

"Ada," she said, going up to her, "you are not happy. There's something that I don't know of to trouble you at times. I am not going to ask questions, so you needn't turn away; but I don't like my sunshine to be dimmed."

"You are very good to me, Madame D'Eyncourt," she said. "One does foolish things sometimes, you know. I am not sure,—that is, not always sure,—that they don't bring their own punishment."

"Ada, it isn't this," said madame. "Only tell me you can't possibly care for—"

"Robert Crewe," said Ada, and she broke into a laugh. It was just one of those sudden changes which madame scarcely understood. "You didn't suppose I was crying about him just now?" continued Ada. "No, no, I was not thinking of anything that can be altered; and do you know it's odd, but I believe if the time were to come over again I should do just the same as I did years ago. It sounds like nonsense to you, doesn't it? Just wait for me five minutes more. I really will finish this terrible letter."

Madame D'Eyncourt saw the pen dipped into the ink, and heard it go scratching rapidly along the paper: she saw also a little flush steal up into the girl's face as the note was written—written at last with a firm hand, and no hesitation, sealed and addressed; and then she saw once more the look of listless sadness come over Ada's face, and heard her say to herself, "I wonder if he cares."

Madame was puzzled. She began to wonder uneasily if there was some one in the background who would come in to upset her plans, or what did it all mean?

The next moment the two were walking together down the pleasant lane, into which, with a hop, skip, and jump, came King Pippin, and flung himself upon Ada, carrying her off to play with him. Madame D'Eyncourt leaned over the gate, and watched them.

It would be the very thing for both," she reflected. "His gravity would be good for her, and her caprices and sudden changes would light up his dull life. But what's to be done in one evening—and in a mixed company of people, all more or less croquet-mad. Is it a mistake, I wonder? I think not; but we shall see."

CHAPTER III.

"I tell you, Lewis, it's going to be a grand success. Look at all those merry faces. Did you ever see a fairer sight? It is just what I like—no stiffness and parade, but plenty of space and opportunity for flirtation; not that I approve of flirtation, of course, in one sense of the word, but it has its good points."

Mr. Barrington looked down into Madame D'Eyncourt's face with an expression of comical helplessness and reproach.

"I can't think how I came to be here," said he; "I had no idea your party was to muster so strong; but they haven't seen me, Maggie. Upon my word, I have a good mind—"

"Now, Lewis, be good," said madame, putting her arm within her cousin's, coaxingly. "Its rather amusing, you know; but I don't believe one of those people who think the idea so charming would have had the courage to carry it out themselves. They would have been afraid of it. Five-o'clock teas have a suspicion of primitiveness about them here. I can fancy old Lady Harding looking at Mrs. Colonel Simpson, and murmuring, 'Very—ah—delightful; but a little odd, don't you think?' And Mrs. Colonel Simpson replies, with admirable *nonchalance*, 'Oh, these things are becoming quite fashionable. Lewis, you will play, to please me?'"

"Never used a mallet in my life, Maggie," said he.

"Oh, but no one will know that," said madame. "It all comes natural. I must just introduce you to a few people, and then you shall see my pearl of price."

"Maggie," said Mr. Barrington, "I do wish you to leave off planning for me. Its quite of no use; I'm a confirmed old fogie. I wonder you don't consider the plagues a little more, too. It may be worth something to them some day to have an old bachelor-uncle."

"Lewis!" said madame; and she looked up at him with a little pettish curl of the lip, and led the way to the lawn. "Hark! what a clash of tongues!" she said. "I am wanted here. I think we won't have umpires, Lewis: its stupid."

Mr. Barrington only shrugged his shoulders with an acknowledgment of lamentable ignorance. And then he underwent a round of introductions, and caught a glance of commiseration from M. D'Eyncourt, who understood the despairing expression with which he looked at the balls and mallets lying about the lawn. Madame D'Eyncourt drew him near to these. A group of young ladies stood amongst them, talking.

"Miss Prescott takes the blue," was the first thing that reached madame's ears. She had a sort of fleeting impression of something, a nervous movement of the arm on which her own rested; and then the group parted, and she proceeded to introduce Mr. Barrington to Ada Prescott.

Madame D'Eyncourt did not pause in her introduction, but she had a startled consciousness of something wrong, as she uttered it. Ada's slight figure was suddenly drawn up with an imperious haughtiness utterly foreign to her; and the face that had been flashing with merriment was as cold and stiff as marble. From her, madame glanced at Mr. Barrington, and saw that he was very pale, and his lips were pressed tightly together. A dead silence followed his low bow; he never raised his eyes from the balls which strewed the ground at his feet, and a sort of uneasy sensation began to steal over the group. Madame D'Eyncourt felt this, and roused herself.

"Come, Lewis," said she, "you must take a ball; that will make up eight, just the number. Here, you shall have pink."

Mr. Barrington took his mallet mechanically, looking at the bit of pink upon it with absent eyes, and taking no notice of the further arrangement of sides. When it came to his turn he followed up the blue ball almost unconsciously, and lit it.

Some one called out, "Help yourself with a splitting stroke, and send blue the wrong side of her hoop. Miss Prescott is an enemy."

Mr. Barrington stood upright, with an involuntary movement, as if to throw down his mallet; then he saw that Ada stood close to him, looking down with chilly indifference for his stroke. The colour came into his cheeks, and he bent his head so that she only heard his words.

"I don't know the game," said he. "Am I fighting for a victory over you?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Its an equal battle," said he; "but I will win. I must win. If I do—"

"That isn't right, Mr. Barrington," shouted some one. "No consultations, please; you are on our side."

Ada turned away, to all appearance as indifferent as ever; but Madame D'Eyncourt detected a slight quivering about her lips, and saw that she struck one foot upon the ground sharply, as a passionate child might have done. The thing was puzzling. It became evident to the players on both sides that there was some strange earnestness in this game, which they caught without understanding it. They, too, got terribly in earnest, not knowing why, and were almost inclined to laugh at the breathless interest with which every stroke was watched. Lewis Barrington had no thought of laughing. The game which had appeared to him so trifling became suddenly a thing of portent—a sort of superstition; and the colour which had come into his cheeks when he spoke to Ada remained there, a token of some strong excitement. Once, during the game, Madame D'Eyncourt found herself near Ada, and spoke,

"I don't understand it," she said. "Have you and Lewis met before?"

"You will please not to speak to me of Mr. Barrington; you see we are enemies," returned Ada, with that new haughtiness, at which madame laughed a little; it was so comical.

"Yes," said she; "but, Ada—"

"You are very good to me generally," said Ada. "Be so now, and ask no questions. You told me there were not to be any strangers."

"My own cousin," began madame; but she was interrupted by a chorus of voices in distress.

"Blue to play. Come down and scatter our enemies, blue, or the game is lost. They are all rovers, and pink plays next."

Again Madame D'Eyncourt looked at Ada in astonishment.

"Why, Ada, how your hand shakes" she said. "What is it?"

"Yes," said Ada, calmly, "its very absurd; but it does shake. I can't help it. There!"

An exclamation of dismay followed the unlucky stroke.

"Wired," said Madame D'Eyncourt; "and pink wins. I thought you couldn't play, Lewis. Didn't I tell you it would come to you naturally?"

Mr. Barrington made some indistinct reply, and turned from the peg.

"You must let me off now, Maggie," he said, very quietly.

"I should like to know what it is all about," said madame. "It appears to me that I have made a failure; but I suppose there's nothing to be done?"

Mr. Barrington shook his head, and walked away. He knew, without looking back, that Ada played on—that she would probably play all the evening; and he wondered vaguely how long it would last, when these stupidly happy people would go away, and what was to be the end of it all. Some one spoke to him from time to time, and he answered mechanically, and got away from them. He stood by the shrubbery gate, and leaned over it in the beautiful misty calm of the Autumn evening, dimly conscious now and then of the distant hum of voices, the sharp clicking of mallets and balls, and by-and-by of the twilight that came creeping over the scene. When would these people go?

"Come and feed the swans, Cousin Lewis?" said a small voice at his elbow. "Miss Prescott and I are going."

"Did she—did Miss Prescott—send you?" said Cousin Lewis, starting.

"Not exactly," was the reply. "What do you think she'd want with you? You're not her cousin. No, she didn't send me."

"Then I can't come, Pippin," said he.

Mr. Barrington stood for some minutes longer by the gate, and then turned to look after the boy, saw him join Ada, and go with her into a side walk leading to the forbidden pool. A shadow darkened Mr. Barrington's face as he watched them; then it grew fixed and resolute. He altered his mind, and followed them. "Sooner

or later," he said, gloomily; "I'll take my chance."

No one noticed his movements much, he thought, and he did not see Madame D'Eyncourt's eyes follow him with their look of puzzled inquiry as he crossed the lawn. When he reached the end of the walk, he came suddenly upon Miss Prescott and her small escort, sitting on an iron seat in front of the pond. Lewis took the boy's hand.

"Run away, Pippin," he said, deliberately. "I want to speak to Miss Prescott."

The quick colour came into Ada's face, and she started up with a defiant movement towards the lawn.

"One moment," said Lewis. "I fought for a hearing, and won it fairly. It is not much to grant after hiding from me for two years."

"Hiding?" repeated Ada.

"What do you call it?" he asked. "You left no clue by which I could trace you. You were cruel and unjust."

"I have not been hiding," said Ada, proudly.

Mr. Barrington saw that her haughty lip was beginning to tremble, and her flushed face to grow pale.

"Ada, forgive me," said he, holding out his hand appealingly.

Later that evening, when the lawn was deserted, and the owls hooted at each other in the woods, Mr. Barrington led Ada up to Madame D'Eyncourt, as she stood at the window of the old-fashioned drawing-room.

"Do you know how late it is?" said madame, looking from one to the other; "and am I never to be told what mystery there is between you two?"

"Maggie," said Mr. Barrington, putting his arm boldly round Ada, "two years ago this naughty child ran away from me."

"Ran away from you—yes," said madame, hopelessly.

"She had promised to be my wife, you understand, he continued, "and we had not known each other long. She was wilful and impulsive, as you know; and I—well, perhaps I was inclined to domineer a little in those days. Never again, Ada. One unlucky night she vexed me terribly, and I said something which I have never ceased to repent. The next day, Maggie, when I went, desperately penitent to recall my words, and beg for pardon, my bird was flown. The rooms were already putting on a stately chilliness of order for the reception of new comers. Ada and her aunt were gone, and no one knew where. All that I could learn was the bare fact that they had left town. I have been searching ever since, and now—"

"I knew quite well that she hid some secret away under the sunshine," broke in madame, triumphantly; "but, my little madcap, surely it was not needful to run away?"

"I did it on the impulse of the moment," replied Ada, demurely. "I thought he would come back, although he had said our engagement was a mistake, and that I should never make him happy. So I ran away."

"But I have snared my bird at last, when I had almost given her up," said Lewis.

"Do you think I shall make him happy, madame?" said Ada, looking a little nervously at Madame D'Eyncourt. "I am afraid—"

"Of nothing," interrupted Mr. Barrington, putting his hand on her lips. "There, take her for a cousin, Maggie, and be as good to her as you have always been to me. Remember, I owe my prize to that invitation of yours which I had very nearly refused; and so henceforth I hold your balls and mallet in the highest respect. All honour to them!" L. S.

PASTIMES.

ACROSTIC.

- 1. An English town. 2. A Russian river. 3. A town in the State of Kentucky. 4. A spotted beast. 5. A mountain near Troy. 6. A Greek lyric poet. 7. A town in Cheshire. 8. The wife of Saturn. 9. An amphibious animal. 10. A stinging insect. 11. A Greek philosopher. 12. A shell-fish. 13. A French revolutionist.

The initials and finals name two celebrated British poets.

CHARADES.

1. I never am bashful with courtiers or kings, But give every comer as good as he brings. When consulted, my answers are usually clear, Though I'm apt to be dull if my friends are too near. If I flatter at times, 'tis in hopes of no fee, For, pleased or displeas'd, 'tis indifferent to me. If they smile, so do I; if they frown, 'tis the same; Now read with attention and tell me my name.

2. I am a word of eleven letters. My 3, 10, 9, 7, 2, 1, 10, 9, 7, signifies thought; my 7, 2, 1, 10, opportunity; my 8, 9, 2, 7, 3, means to join; but my 8, 9, 7, 2, 3, is to loosen. My 7, 8, 9, 10, 3, are formed of my 9, 5, 7, 10, 3; and whilst some parts of the former are marked 11, 5, 4, 7, others are scored 4, 5, 6, 7, 3. My 2, 10, is an inflexion of the verb "to be;" my 2, 7, form an impersonal pronoun; my 7, 5, 1, 10, signifies one of several volumes; my 4, 5, 6, 7, is a place of defence which an enemy sometimes attempts to 3, 7, 5, 6, 1, but which he 11, 5, 1, 10, 7, 2, 1 10, 11, fails to do. My 3, 10, 9, 11, 10, I have no doubt you possess, as you are a reader of the Saturday Reader, whilst the evils comprised in my whole, I hope you never will experience during your continuance of such an excellent practice. G. R.

3. Nine letters need I to express my name, And words a dozen are contained in same; Just now my whole does very much incline To tell us all about my 8, 6, 9. 7, 2, 1 is rapid and well-skilled, To show what 9, 6, 3 recruits are killed, How many shake like 6, 4, 5, 8, 1, What deeds in our 8, 9, 6 are done. Who to life's utmost 4, 5, 6, 1 has reached, Or, taking 5, 6, 7, squall'd and screech'd; Or middle-aged—I care not 9, 6, 5— All people, old and young, from me derive Knowledge, amusement, and instruction too, Or, if they do not, yet some day will do. 3, 6, 4, 5's an insect with a sting; 3, 9, 8, 1 a twittering song can sing; In kitchen 7, 6, and 1 are found; A lion lays my 5, 6, 3 on ground. Now tell me what I am, and for your pains, Receive me daily, by the early trains.

SQUARE WORDS.

We repeat the following as it was inserted incorrectly in our last issue.

- 1. A vulgar, pretentious person. 2. Those that really do good. 3. Just once. 4. A beverage.

BIBLICAL QUESTIONS.

- 1. In what part of the Bible is it mentioned that iron swam in the water? 2. Where is it mentioned that a wise man's heart is at his right hand, but a fool's at his left? 3. In what part of the Bible does it say that the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls?

ANSWERS TO TRANSPOSITIONS, &c. No. 43.

Transpositions.—Sir Morton's Pets. 1. Tavistock. 2. Thamesville. 3. Oakville. 4. Ontario. 5. Onondaga. 6. Rossiter. 7. River Beaudette. 8. Sunnidale. 9. Port Robinson. 10. Edwardsburgh. 11. Millbrook. 12. Irish Creek. 13. Newmarket.

ANAGRAM.

Not many lives, but only one have we, One, only one, How sacred should that one life be, That narrow span.

We have no time to sport away the hours, All must be earnest in a world like ours.

Riddles.—1. Ovid. 2. Ten-net. 3. The letter i. 4. Shadow.

Curtailment.—Patent-Paten-Pate-Pat-Pa. Transpositions.—1. Penetanquishene. 2. St. Gillaume D'Upton. 3. Hiawatha. 4. Chateauguay.

Charades.—Muf-fin. Arithmetical Question.—For the horse \$60.27; for the cow, \$20.09, and for the calf, \$5.74. The following answers have been received:

Transpositions.—Allen B., Arthur, Custos, Elora, H. H. V., Weston. Anagram.—J. A. W., Arthur, Custos, Geo. B., Ellen H., Weston. Riddles.—Arthur, Camp, Argus, J. A. W., Geo. B., Ellen H. Transpositions.—Argus, Geo. B., H. H. V., Ellen H., Weston, Camp.

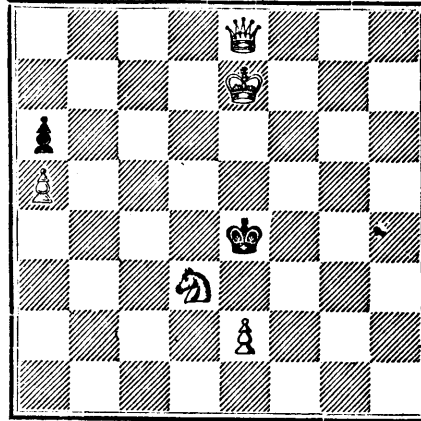
Curtailment.—J. A. W., Argus, H. H. V., Custos, Elora, Weston.

Arithmetical Question.—Custos, Elora, H. H. V., Weston, Argus, Camp.

Received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue. Polly, Mignonne, A. A. C.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 38. BY T. P. BULL, SEAFORTH, C. W. BLACK.



White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 36.

- WHITE. 1. R to K B 8. 2. Q to K 8 (ch.) 3. Kt to K B 6 Mate. (If Black plays 2. K to Q 3, Mate is given by 3, P takes Kt.) (a) 1. Kt takes Q. 2. Kt to B 6 (ch.) 3. R to Q 8 Mate. (b) 1. Kt takes Kt. 2. Q to K 8 (ch.) 3. Q to R 8 Mate. (c) 1. B to K 2. Anything.

ENIGMA No. 15. KLING AND HORWITZ.

(A splendid lesson upon the value of position.)



White to move and win.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 13.

- WHITE. 1. B to K Kt 5. 2. K to his 2. 3. B P takes P. 4. B to B 6 Mate. BLACK. P takes B (best.) P to Kt 5. K takes Kt.

Brilliant skirmish played some little while since between Mosses, Chas. A. Gilberg and Dickson.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

- WHITE. (Gilberg.) 1 P to K 4. 2 K Kt to B 3. 3 B to Q B 4. 4 P to Q Kt 4. 5 P to Q B 3. 9 P to Q 4. 7 Castles. 8 P takes P. 9 Q Kt to B 3. 10 K Kt to Kt 5. 11 P takes P. 12 P to Q 6. 13 Kt takes K B P. 14 Kt takes R. 15 Q to K R 5 (ch.) 16 B to Q R 3. 17 Q Kt to Q 5. 18 Q R to K sq. 19 Kt takes Kt. 20 Q to K 5. 21 Q to K B 4 (ch.) 22 R takes Kt. 23 R to K sq. 24 Q to Q 6. 25 Q takes B (ch.) 26 B takes P Mate. BLACK. (Dickson.) 1 P to K 4. 2 Q Kt to B 3. 3 B to Q B 4. 4 B takes P. 5 B to Q B 4. 6 P takes P. 7 P to Q 8. 8 B to Q Kt 3. 9 R Kt to K 2. 10 P to Q 4. 11 Q Kt takes P. 12 Q takes P. 13 Q to Q B 4. 14 Q takes B. 15 K to B sq. 16 Q to K Kt sq. 17 Q Kt to Q B 3. 18 B to K 2. 19 Kt takes Kt. 20 R to K sq. 21 B to K B 2. 22 R takes R. 23 P to Q 4. 24 B to Q sq. 25 R to K sq.

The attack is well kept up to the end; and altogether this game forms an interesting specimen of the Evans' Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

V. R.—A number of papers on the early history of Canada, were published in the first volume of the READER. We shall be glad to receive popularly written articles on other subjects.

J. E. L.—We accept the story, on your own terms, with many thanks. When you have the requisite time at your disposal, please continue your contributions, and we will remit as before.

G. C. G., QUEBEC.—Have you received our letter with enclosure? Please write.

DR. G. S.—If you will forward an article on the subject occasionally, we shall be happy to publish it.

T. B. D.—With every disposition to oblige our correspondents, we cannot always accede to their requests as promptly as we would wish. We think a little reflection would convince T. B. D. of this fact.

POLLY.—We are pleased to hear that our correspondent is enjoying herself so thoroughly, and feel a little disposed to be envious, when we read about rambles on the beach, and delightful sea breezes; but as we prisoners of the city must pine in vain for the invigorating freshness of sea air, it is true wisdom to be philosophical, and submit to our lot with a good grace. We are convinced that Polly will succeed, when she has leisure to "try."

IONA.—Many thanks for your good wishes. The article will appear in an early issue.

WM. J.—We will, if possible, find room for your communication; but cannot positively promise, as we have not been able, as yet, to give it an attentive perusal.

NELLY B.—The lines are pretty, but the versification is not sufficiently correct to permit their insertion.

M.—The sketch, with careful revision, might be worth publishing. As M. has asked us to point out its most glaring faults, we will add that the orthography is very incorrect, and that such expressions as "drowned" are unpardonable.

W. J. "The Live Coal" is respectfully declined.

YOUNG CANADA.—William Henry West Betty, an English actor, who made his *debut* at the Belfast Theatre, when not twelve years old, was called "The Young Roscius." In fifty-six nights he drew nearly one hundred and seventy thousand dollars, and in his sixteenth year, after winning immense popularity and accumulating an ample fortune, he retired from the stage.

C. A.—Catherine is derived from the Greek, and means "pure." Amy is from the Latin, and signifies "beloved."

H. M.—Please accept our thanks.

AN ADMIRER. We shall commence our next volume with an original serial story, by a popular English author. It will be published from advanced sheets for which the publishers pay liberally. Illustrations have been specially prepared for the story, and will appear in the *Reader* in advance of or simultaneously with their appearance in England. We can assure "An Admirer" that no efforts will be spared to render our paper worthy of the cordial support of our friends.

G. A.—Respectfully declined.

Meta.—Thanks!

MISCELLANEA.

THERE is a man in Cincinnati taxed on an income of thirty thousand dollars, who, eleven years ago, exhibited a monkey in the streets for a living.

THE quarterly return of emigration from Liverpool shows an increase of over seven thousand passengers compared with the corresponding period of last year.

SWEARING in conversation indicates a perpetual distrust of a person's own reputation; and

is an acknowledgment that he thinks his bare word not worthy of credit.

GENERAL CIALDINI was originally a medical man, and subsequently an engraver, and a portrait of PONIATOWSKI, done in 1826, is attributed to him.

MORE than one million five hundred thousand human beings derive their sole support from the culture and manufacture of the fibres spun by the silkworm.

AMONG the many curiosities of the Paris Exhibition will be a piano-violin. Attached to a piano of the ordinary kind will be a box containing a violin, and from some admirable mechanical arrangement, when the keys are touched the violin will discourse excellent music. It is an American invention.

AT Athens, a malady, hitherto unknown, has broken out among the beasts of burden. The animals, seized with a sudden fit of rage, tear their own flesh.

THE English pheasant is now numbered among the feathered inhabitants of the woods of some parts of Australia.

A "colored" millionaire announced as the Duke de Bouton qui Perce, in Paris. He is the wealthiest of the ex-Emperor Soulouque's ebony courtiers. His fortune is stated to be seven millions; and a splendidly decorated and furnished hotel has been prepared for him in the Avenue de l'Imperatrice.

MISS Rye, an English young lady, is about to send one hundred working women to Australia, in August. On the arrival of the girls in Victoria, they will be received into excellent barracks, and kept there, free of expense, until situations are provided for them.

APPLICATION OF THE VOLTAIC PILE.—It is perhaps, not generally known that the French prize of 50,000 francs for the most important application of the voltaic pile to industrious purposes, is open to all nations. Competitor's names will be received at any time within five years from the date of decree (April 18th), and the claims will be examined by a Commission appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

CARE OF HARNESS.—If harness is not washed occasionally, it becomes hard, dry, and rotten. Harness for service needs about two applications of neat's-foot oil a year, but it should be washed as often as once in three or four weeks in strong Castile soapsuds, and kept in a dry place away from the dust.

ONE pound of green copperas, dissolved in one quart of water, and poured down a sink-drain, will effectually destroy the foulest smells.

COMMANDER Warren has patented a plan for stopping shot-holes or leaks in iron ships by sheets of lead fastened over the damaged part by means of screws acting on the outside of vulcanised India-rubber suckers.

TO PREVENT THE RAVAGES OF INSECTS UPON TREES.—Take one part of French vinegar, and nine parts of water. When the liquids have been well mixed, sprinkle the solution over the flower-beds by means of a garden-syringe or a watering-pot with a fine rose.

TO SOFTEN HARD WATER.—We have found no plan better for softening hard water than exposing it for a few days to the atmosphere. The water not only becomes less hard, but is aired and warmed, and is in every way better for watering plants than water from a well or spring.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MOON.—Mr. Warren de la Rue, with his thirteen-inch telescope, has obtained photographs of the moon so perfect that they bear being enlarged to a diameter of three feet; and they are found so exact when submitted to micrometrical examination, that they furnish correct data for the measurement of the vibration of the moon. They serve also as a foundation for the lunar map, six feet in diameter, undertaken under the auspices of the British Association.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

WHAT day in the month of March is a command to go-ahead?—March 4th.

As long as a miser lives, his money-chest is very sure to be heir-tight.

"Look well before you loap," is very good advice in its way, but how can *sickly-looking* people follow it?

"WELL, Annie, how did you get along with that stupid fool of a lover of yours? Did you succeed in getting rid of him?"—"Oh yes, I got rid of him easily enough. I married him, and have no lover now."

AFFECTIONATE TIMES.—When everthing is about as dear as it can be.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S MAXIM.—As people sprinkle the floors before they wash them, so some ladies sprinkle their husbands with tears in order to sweep cash out of their pockets.

DEAR Miss Chibbles says, even if a woman had as many locks upon her heart as she had upon her head, a cunning rogue would find his way to it.

AN Irish gentleman having lost a horse, sent an advertisement to a newspaper, offering a reward for its recovery, with the following postscript added at the last moment:—"No further reward will be offered, as I have found it!"

THACKERAY'S nose was almost a broken-bridge snub. Jerrold, being told that the wit's religious opinions were unsettled, and that a lady of his acquaintance was doing her best to convert him to Romanism, exclaimed, "To Romanism? Let us hope she'll begin with his nose."

JONES once discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference frequently makes a great many enemies, while a little distinction makes a host of friends to the one on whom it is conferred."

THE latest style of bonnet is described as consisting of two straws, tied together with a blue ribbon on the top of the head, and red tassels suspended at each of the four ends of the straws.

A MILLER, in giving a testimonial to the proprietor of a powder for destroying vermin, astounds us with the assertion, "A fortnight since I was full of rats, and now I don't think I have one."

"DEAR me, how fluidly he talks!" said Mrs. Partington, recently, at a temperance meeting. "I am always rejoiced when he mounts the nostril, for his eloquence warms in every cartridge of my body."

THE editor of a Yankee newspaper says that he never dotted an *i* but once in his life, and that was in a fight with a contemporary.

THE earth is a tender and kind mother to the husbandman; and yet at one season he always harrows her bosom and at another plucks her ears.

"CAN you tell me how old the devil is?" asked an irreverent fellow of a clergyman. "My friend, you must keep your own family record," was the reply.

MOTTES.—For a Draper. "Good mourning."—A sheep-breeder. "Lovely wether."—A sea-sick Passenger. "Sic transit."—A Breeches Maker. "Knee-plushultra."—A pleasure-boat in August. "The last rows of summer."—A Woodman. "For he is a jolly good feller."

THE following advertisement recently appeared in a daily paper:—"A young lady who has received a good education, can read and write, and is versed in geography, history, music, dancing, and elementary mathematics, wishes a situation in a respectable family as washer and ironer."

"JEANNIE," said a Scotchman to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favoured suitor to the altar, "Jeannie, it's a very solemn thing to get married." "I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel, "but it's a great deal solemn not to."