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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 33. FOR WEEK ENDING APRIL 21, 1866. FIVE CENTS.

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

LAUGHTER AND ITS USES.

HE among the ancients, for whom we entertain the highest regard, is Democritus, the laughing philosopher. He was none of your super-solemn exponents of wisdom, none of those teachers whose brows wear a perpetual frown, and each of whose wrinkles might be translated into a severe moral lecture; but he was a man who adapted himself to every change of circumstance with a light-hearted readiness that betokened the true philosopher; and after laughing for a hundred years, seated himself with a smile in Charon's ferry-boat, was quietly carried across the Styx, and pleasantly landed in the meadows of Asphodel. At this remote period of time, it would be impossible to ascertain if Democritus were acquainted with the properties of that comic chemical compound, called laughing gas; but of this much we are certain, that the course he pursued embodied a deep physiological truth, and, had his example been followed by posterity, epsom salts and blue pill would never have been added to the number of our plagues, and the terrific array of bottles that are seen marshalled on the shelves of our apothecaries—every large jar a one hundred pound shot, to be levelled one time or another at the stomachs of the community, and every small phial a minnie bullet at least—could never have come into existence.

To laugh and grow fat, is one of those sayings that almost rises to the dignity of a prescription by Dr. Abernethy. It is a saying that conceals, under a somewhat rough and ready form of phraseology, a vast amount of practical wisdom; and if everbody obeyed the injunction, there can be no question that a great quantity of physic would be thrown "to the dogs;" though why dogs, and not those nocturnal abominations, the cats, should be selected by Macbeth as the victims of pills and potions, is a matter we could never thoroughly understand. Some time ago the obese portion of the population of England were awakened to a sense of their ponderous condition by a pamphlet written by a Mr. Banting, who, after illustrating the evils of corpulence, as experienced by himself, gave certain rules for reducing the most Falstaffian proportions to the slender symmetry of a bamboo. Now, there is a great difference between the man who is sleek, plump and well-rounded, the man who gives his tailor no difficulty, when fitting him with a coat—there is a great difference we say between such a one, and the man who feeds as ravenously as an alligator, waddles and flounders under a mass of useless and burdensome flesh, and who, even if his life, or rather his dinner, were depending on the feat, could not stoop down and tie his shoe-strings. As to this Mr. Banting, we regard him as an arrant humbug, if not something worse; we look upon him as an ogre in human shape, and possessed of more than ogre's cunning; and our readers will doubtless bear us out in our opinion, when we inform him that he is—an undertaker! It will be seen at a glance that it is for the interest of his profession that every rubicund, genial, good-natured man, should be transformed into a sallow, fretful and melancholy skeleton; and we wonder that some of the philanthropic butchers of London, actuated by motives of humanity, did not, before this time, execute summary vengeance on Mr. Banting—and thus remove at least one agent who has been labouring for the deterioration of the species, by endeavouring to wean them from beef-steaks and mutton-chops.

We are not learned in the abstruse mysteries of anatomy, and therefore cannot tell how it is that a good, hearty laugh propels through certain nerves and muscles a current of leaping vitality, before which, as at the touch of Ithuriel's spear, the blue devils take wing and vanish, and the spleen-born vapours that overshadow the mind are swept away as rapidly as the mists of the morning before the beams of the rising sun, and the breath of the freshly-blowing breeze. We do not profess to be able to explain how this beneficent result is accomplished, but we are aware that it is, in the great majority of cases, a physiological fact. A number of interesting cases might be cited to show that a vigorous laugh has often effected cures, in cases of internal disorders, when all the medicines of the pharmacopœa failed of success. The latest instance of this kind is narrated by Dr. John Brown, the author of that pathetic story "Rab and his Friends;" the case is mentioned in a useful and entertaining little book, written for the working classes, and entitled "*Lay Sermons*," and came under the notice of Dr. Brown himself. The facts are as follow: An excellent young wife lay at the point of death; her husband and friends were standing, sorrow-stricken, by the bedside, when some one present made an observation at which the dying woman suddenly burst forth into a loud laugh, and the result was, that an internal tumour was ruptured, and from that moment she entered upon a speedy recovery. The learned Erasmus, one of the brightest intellectual lights of the sixteenth century, was cured of a disease in a manner somewhat similar. He was reading the barbarous Latin of "*Hutten's Letters of Obscure Men*," and fell into such violent fits of laughter, that he broke an internal abscess that had caused him prolonged suffering. The French physician, Tissot, a man celebrated in his day, professed to cure consumptions and liver complaints by causing his patients to laugh; and Sydenham, one of the first names in English medical science, asserted that the arrival of a clown in a village was as beneficial as the entrance of twenty donkeys laden with drugs. Sterne wished laughter enumerated in the Materia Medica, and tells us that "When a man smiles, and much more when he laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life."

There are some men fancy that it is a sign of greatness always to wear a face as solemn as a tomb-stone; and thus try to earn the reputation of deep intellect and of being continually wrapt up in thought. It is Coleridge, we think, who tells the story of an old gentleman at a dinner party, who forbore to join in the conversation, and who, wearing a look of great profundity, was regarded by the other guests as a man who, when he opened his mouth, would edify all present by the utterance of something original and striking. But the company were disagreeably surprised, when, on dumplings being brought in, the old gentleman opened his mouth for the first time, and uttered the request.—"Give me one of them jockies." Of the same mental calibre of this old gentlemen, are those bilious bipeds, whom we meet in every walk in life, and who regard laughter as one of the greatest sins of which they could be guilty; such persons as these are the icebergs of society, and woe be to the barque of innocent amusement that cannot leave their path. We have it, however, in history, that there have been men who made some noise in the world, and who thought it a point of excellence never to laugh. We are told that, among the ancients, Phocion, Anaxagoras, and Cato abjured laughter; and Philip IV., of Spain is said to have laughed outright only once in his life; and this was the occasion. His bride, Anne of Austria, while journeying toward Spain was met by some German nuns who desired to present her with some stockings of their own knitting. But a Spanish grandee of her suit put in the objection, that it would be against etiquette to accept the gift, as the Queens of his country were not supposed to have any use for stockings; she then burst out weeping, fearing that, on her arrival at Madrid, her feet would be cut off; and this incident furnished her husband with the only hearty laugh he ever enjoyed. We have seen it stated that the late Emperor Nicholas, of Russia, never laughed; we do not wonder at it, for the load of guilt that weighed upon his soul was not only likely to extinguish the embers of mirth, but, if he possessed a conscience at all, was sufficient to drive him mad. Such a man deserved no more sympathy than was expressed, in a poem that appeared in *Punch*, shortly after the news of his decease reached England. We quote, from memory, the first stanza:

> "Smitten, as by lightning smitten,
> Down amid his armed array,
> With the fiery scroll half written
> Bidding myriads to the fray;
> Knee to earth and eye to heaven,
> God hath won the day."

We have it on record that, in one instance, laughter had the effect of winning a victory. It is stated that, during Napoleon's campaigns in Egypt, the Mamelukes made a furious attack upon the French, but immediately retired and fled on hearing the peal of laughter which arose from the French ranks on hearing the word of command, "*un quarré, les ânes et les savants au milieu.*" (Form square—the asses and men of science, in the centre). The Prussian General Bulow proposed that troops, when commencing battle, should advance with their arms at a shoulder, and salute the enemy with loud bursts of laughter. "Be sure," said old Bulow, "that your opponents, surprised and dismayed at this astonishing salute, would turn about and run off." Man is the only animal that laughs, and a cynical Frenchman accounts for this fact by saying that animals were not made capable of laughter, because they were created before man, and therefore had nothing at which to laugh. We had intended, in the course of this article, to devote some attention to a subject closely connected with laughter, namely humour; but we find we have already transgressed the limits within which we must confine our observations. We may, however, in another number of the *Saturday Reader*, take occasion to jot down a few observations on wit, humour and the humourists, not forgetting a glance at certain subjects which come within the range of the ludicrous. In this money-grubbing, selfish and materialistic age, a good, rollicking, body-shaking roar of laughter, is almost as great a phenomenon as the occurrence of an earthquake; and the dyspeptic shadows that flit along our streets bear ample evidence of the assertion. Further, that species of literature which, by a misapplication of language, is dignified by the name of

"humorous," is often nothing more than a re-hash of jokes that were old when Noah was a sailor. We see, also, that a great many specimens of this "humorous literature" depend for their success on the barbarous orthography, of which Artemus Ward, if not the originator, is at least a practiced professor. Now, Artemus is a clever fellow in his way, but the humour which he endeavours to set off in the orthography in question, bears about as much relation to real humour as grinning through a horse-collar at country fairs does to the spontaneous irradiation of countenance, to the unpremeditated puckering of the corners of the mouth, that follow upon the recital of a good joke or the witnessing of a ludicrous incident. We must now conclude by giving our readers what we consider some of the first conditions for a good laugh namely:—a clear conscience, a tight rein upon the passion for wealth, and for the pleasures of the table, and a continual observance of the axiom laid down by the wise, and pious physician, Sir Thomas Browne—"Always treat a man in this world, in such a manner that you will not be afraid to meet him in the next."

BRITISH AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Messrs. Rollo & Adam of Toronto have issued from the press "The first three Philippic Orations of Demosthenes," with notes, critical, explanatory and historical. By Samuel Woods, M.A., Head Master of the Grammar School, Kingston.

A Philadelphia publishing firm announce "The Principles of Surgery," a volume of some 500 pages; by Dr. Canniff, of Belleville, the candidate for the Registrarship of the General Council of Medical Instruction of Upper Canada, and a gentleman, well and favourably known in his profession by his contributions to the *London Lancet*, and other medical periodicals.

The Canadian public will be glad to learn, that the collected works and writings of the late Dr. Hamilton, of Scarborough, C.W., the genial "Guy Pollock" of our periodical and newspaper press of days gone by, are about being published in Scotland, to which will be prefixed a history of his life by Dr. J. R. Dickson of Glasgow.

We understand the Smithsonian Institution, through some of its officers, have made an offer to publish "The Dictionary of the Indian Languages," on which the Rev. Mr. Belcourt, of Prince Edward Island, has been engaged for the last twenty-eight years.

Messrs. Dakin & Metcalf, of Cambridge, Mass., have issued from the press, "Newfoundland and its Missionaries," pp 400. By Rev. William Wilson, of Milltown, New Brunswick.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, the enterprising publishers of New York, are about to produce "The Cyclopædia of Biography, edited by George Sheppard, the erst Canadian journalist.

Mr. J. B. Calkin, of the Provincial Normal School, Truro, Nova Scotia, is preparing "a General Geography" for the press. Hon. L. A. Dessaules, of Montreal, is collecting materials for a History of Canada, since the Union. We also hear that his recent lectures on the American War, are being translated into English for a Boston publisher. Rev. John Carroll, of Guelph, intends bringing out a new historico-biographical work, to be called "Case and his Canadian Contemporaries." The miscellaneous contributions in prose and verse, together with the unpublished MSS. of the late Mr. Hickey, of Ottawa, who, previous to his premature death, wrote several clever articles for "Blackwood," are shortly to be published. It is probable that the Rev. E. H. Dewart, the author of "Selections from the Canadian Poets," may, ere long, bring out a volume of poems from his own pen. Mr. Donald Gunn, of Red River Settlement, is assisting the Smithsonian Institution in compiling a work on the zoology of North America. And to complete the list of literary announcements, we have much pleasure in informing our readers, that Mr. Daniel Carey, of Quebec, one of our "real" writers,—a true poet in every sense of the word—is engaged on a work on Canadian History designed for popular use.

A New Map of the whole Continent of North America. By J. T. Lloyd.

It is impossible to look at this map, in these days of universal geographical inquisitiveness, without a feeling of gratitude to its authors for the pleasure and information afforded us. Its chief, and we may say entirely new feature, is the large and exact scale upon which all the North and Nor-Western parts of the British Possessions in North America—hitherto almost unknown except by name—are delineated. The tracks of every Arctic exploration are accurately laid down—the boundaries of the Hudson's Bay Company's Possessions, and the course of the Telegraph line now in such a forward state between St. Petersburg in Prussia, and the United States.

Another interesting feature is the completeness of the new survey of the Western Pacific Coast.

The course of the Central Pacific Railway is also defined, and the progress that has been already made in that gigantic undertaking from its opposite approaches. Having reached the city of Placerville, in California, starting from the city of Sacramento, coming East—and the city of Torpello, in Kansas, starting from St. Louis, and going West. It embraces also the West India Islands—objects of great and new interests to us at this moment, and shows all the projected canals and railroads across the Isthmus of Panama. The agent, who is now canvassing the city, has just received a new stock.

We have this week much pleasure in welcoming to our columns a contributor, under the signature of M. J. from Halifax, N.S. Whilst we are looking for the consummation of those bonds which are to unite us in a closer political existence, we shall be happy to do all we can to make the Saturday Reader a centre of union for the literary talent of the whole British North American provinces.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

A reprint of the March number of the Temple Bar Magazine has been called for.

Captain Gronow has left a widow and four young children utterly destitute. A subscription has been set on foot for their benefit.

From Paris we hear that M. Gustave Doré is preparing to illustrate La Fontaine's "Fables," for which purpose he spends most of his time in the Jardin des Plantes studying animals, not forgetting fourteen rats, more or less, which he keeps in an immense cage in his studio in order to observe their habits.

The Messrs. Chappell, of bond-street have made an engagement with Mr. Charles Dickens, who is to give for them thirty readings, receiving for the same the largest sum ever paid to a lecturer in England. The first reading will be "Dr. Marigold," at St. James's Hall.

The second number of the monthly Chinese newspaper, the *Flying Dragon* edited by professor Summers, has just appeared, illustrated with a map of Europe.

A most curious gathering of autograph letters addressed to the late Lady Blessington by artists, literary men, noblemen, and others, have just been sold. The names of Moore, Shelley, Landseer, Dickens, Macready, Bulwer, Lytton, Disraeli, and many other celebrities occurred. There were also some very extraordinary relics in the shape of locks of hair of distinguished persons; amongst others, Lucretia Borgia (given by her to Peter Bembo, and presented to Lady Blessington by the Abbé Bentivoglio, keeper of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, 24th May, 1826); the Duke of Wellington, Lord Nelson, Countess Guiccioli, and Mrs. Hemans.

The London Review says—A contemporary, a few weeks since, directed very marked attention to the practice of a foreign West-end bookseller in twisting adverse criticism into good ones for advertising purposes—thus deceiving the public; and, as the journal in question stated, "converting condemnation into entirely unmerited eulogy." Another instance has just been shown to us. In a denunciatory review of a work by a new poet, the writer remarked:—"And this extraordinary production Mr.——— modestly conceives to be equal to Goethe!" which unsatisfactory opinion was thus served up to the public in next week's advertisement:—"Extraordinary production * * * equal to Goethe."

Mr. Harrison Ainsworth has made an application to Vice Chancellor Page Wood to restrain Mr. Bentley from affixing his name to *Temple Bar*, which has recently become the latter's property. It appears that Mr. Ainsworth's demand arises out of a purchase made by him several years ago from Mr. Bentley, when it was stipulated that no other Magazine would be started or published by the latter, or, at least, have his name on the cover. In the face of this arrangement, the Vice-Chancellor granted an injunction; and now, we believe, although *Temple Bar* will continue to be published at 8 New Burlington-street, it will be without the name of Mr. Bentley as publisher or proprietor.

The Bankruptcy Court is becoming a fashionable resort. Among its latest noble patrons, and in some way connected with literature, is the Georginia Augusta Frederica Henrietta Cavendish Bentinck, who got her discharge a few weeks since. The possessors of Mr. Elliott's (Grace Dalrymple) diary make like to annotate the entry of the marriage of her daughter (by George the Fourth), Miss Seymour, to Lord Charles Bentinck, by the remark that the only child of that marriage, with royal blood in her veins, is the lady to whom the Commissioners of Bankruptcy lately granted a discharge.

A Mr. J. W. Morris has "arranged" a useful little work called "The Student's Chart of English Literature" in which he exhibits, by means of coloured inks, on a lined surface, a considerable number of important facts, in such a way as to impress them firmly on the memory. He begins with Mandeville and ends with Taylor; and by a simple arrangement of lines exhibits the place of each particular author in the series. It is a very ingenious plan, well conceived and carried out.

BY THE RIVER.

In sunny meadows grass and grain
  Are waving tall and green;
Small orchards dot the upland plain,
  With fields of maize between.
Past rustic door, and silver beach,
  When wind-tost branches shiver,
Long shadows from the woodland reach,
  And tremble down the river.

The linnet loves on summer days
  The broad stream's leafy side,
Where deep within cool tiny bays
  The weary cattle bide.
The beauty of the peaceful shore,
  Fails not to praise the Giver,
But she forgot that happy lore,
  Who dwelt beside the river.

Unlike a rural maid her mien,
  With oval eyes and brown,
Such locks as grace an orient queen,
  And cheek of crimson down;
And calm her heart as earliest star
  Whose rays at sunset quiver,
When lovers came from towns afar,
  To seek her by the river.

In evil time they came to woo,
  And evil fate befel;
She took the false, and left the true,
  Who loved her long and well.
But her from tongue of scorn and blame
  Sad hearts shall ne'er deliver,
For a stain is on fair Ellie's name,
  And she lies beside the river.

Halifax, N.S. M. J.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Lost Tales of Miletus. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

Text Book of Chemistry. By H. Draper. New and enlarged edition. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

Walter Goring. A Story. By Annie Thomas, author of "Dennis Donne," "On Guard," &c. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Principles of Education, drawn from Nature and Revelation, and applied to Female Education in the Upper Classes. By the author of "Amy Herbert, and other Stories," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Household Receipts, or Domestic Cookery, by a Montreal Lady. Price 25c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Mill. The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte, by John Stuart Mill, in one 12mo. vol uniform with his Inquiry into the Philosophy of Sir Wm. Hamilton. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.

Author of "Schonberg Cotta Family," "Winifred Bertram and the World she lived in." By the author of "The Chronicles of the Schonberg Cotta Family," "Diary of Ketty Trevylyan,"&c., &c. London: Nelsons. Montreal: R. Worthington, St. James Street.

Hatch. The Constitution of Man, Physically, Morally, and Spiritually Considered: or the Christian Philosopher. By B. F. Hatch, M.D. This work has been very favorably reviewed by some of the leading reviews in the United States. The subject is an entirely new one, and one worthy of perusal.

War of the Rebellion, or Scylla and Charybdis, consisting of observations upon the causes, course and consequences of the Late Civil War in the United States. By Henry S. Foote, with portrait. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Across the Continent. A Summer's Journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States, with speaker Colfax. By Samuel Bowles. Coloured maps. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Mozart. The letters of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, (1769-1791.) Translated by Lady Wallace, with portrait and fac-simile, 2 vols. 16 mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Chastelard, a Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne, author of Atalanta in Colydon, &c. &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Pilgrim's Wallet, or Scraps of Travel gathered in England, France, and Germany. By Gilbert Haven, 16 mo. New York: Hurd and Houghton. Montreal: R. Worthington.

The Field and Garden Vegetables of America, containing full descriptions of nearly eleven hundred species and varieties; with directions for propogation, culture, and use. Illustrated. By Fearing Burr, jr. A new edition on toned paper. Boston: Tilton & Co. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Art of Confectionary, with various methods of preserving fruits and juices, &c. &c. A new edition beautifully printed on toned paper. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Mr. Dunn Browne's Experiences in the Army, a series of Letters, with portrait of author. 1 vol., 12 mo. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Guthrie. Man and the Gospel. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "The Gospel in Ezekiel," &c., &c. London; Strahan; Montreal: R. Worthington, 30 Gt. St. James Street.

The Adventures of Baron Munchausen. A new and revised edition, with an Introduction by T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A. Illustrated by Gustave Doré, One 4to vol. London: Cassells; Montreal: R. Worthington, Great St. James Street.

Just published, this day, "The *Biglow Papers*. By James Russell Lowell, complete in one vol. Paper covers, uniform with Artemus Ward." Illustrated. Printed on fine paper. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Parables of our Lord, read in the Light of the Present Day. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 1 vol., sq. 12mo. Gilt top. With Illustrations by Millais. $1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Theology and Life. Sermons chiefly on special occasions. By E. H. Plumtre, M.A, London. 16mo. $1.50. Montreal: R. Worthington.

The Angels' Song. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "Gospel in Ezekiel," &c. 32mo. 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The Magic Mirror. A round of Tales for Old and Young. By William Gilbert, author of "De Profundis," &c., with eighty-four Illustrations. By W. S. Gilbert. R. Worthington, Montreal.

Hesperus and other Poems. By Charles Sangster, Author of New St. Lawrence and Saguenay, &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.

History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book--the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, Cloth binding, $6,00; in half Calf Extra, $9.00.

Artemus Ward, "His Book." Just published, this day, by R. Worthington, Artemus Ward, "His Book," with 19 Comic illustrations, by Mullen. Elegantly printed on best paper. Paper covers, uniform with his Travels. Price 25c.

This day published, by R. Worthington, The Harp of Canaan, by the Revd. J. Douglas Borthwick, in one vol. octavo. Printed on best paper, 300 pages, $1.00, in extra binding, $1.50.

The above prices include postage to any part of Caanad.

R. WORTHINGTON,

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

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 85.

Before Norman had recovered himself sufficiently to inquire, "What is it to me, her coming here? Why did I make such a simpleton of myself, rushing down in that way?" Fritz was conducting Dr. Griesbach across the yard. Norman was able to face round and bow.

"What! Don Umbra, I declare, shot up into a lofty mystery! I need not ask how pease-meal and bannocks have agreed with you. I'm glad to see you."

The last words were so cordially uttered, and accompanied by the open hand in which our startled Norman laid his own, that the banter of the first exclamation was quite atoned for.

What an altered house the sombre abode was for the next two hours! Something of Ella's cheerfulness flushed through the old place. Talk of marvels of chemistry, what is so great a marvel as the transforming power of beaming looks and kind words sweetly uttered?

Martha came out of her cell, and sunned herself in the light of the smiles she had seen before the shadow of her mother's grave had fallen on Ella. Fritz changed his old jacket, and donned a fine laced coat in honour of the "Fraulien Ellachin." The Professor patted his young relative's cheek paternally, and let his active old hand rest lovingly on her soft curls.

Norman was called to join the party as they sat down to a repast of fruit, and cream, and brown bread. And miserably abashed the youth was, with some secret consciousness that kept him unable to raise his eyes to Ella, and yet treasuring every word she spoke, he was most thankful for a word of commendation from Dr. Griesbach before he and his daughter departed.

"I'm pleased, almost more than pleased, gratified by what I hear of you," said the kindly physician, in a whisper, at the gate. "Work, learn. I'll advise my kinsman here about further studies, if you progress as you have done hitherto."

"Shall I take a message to Rupert?" said Ella, as she kissed the Professor's cheek in filial style.

"No; I'm angry with him. Why is he not here in my laboratory?"

"He's not well. And he prefers languages to alembics and retorts," said the young girl.

"Your brother is wilful, then. Chemists and engineers rule the world."

"Pshaw! nonsense," said Dr. Griesbach, impatiently: "wealth rules."

"Oh, dear papa! I've heard you say truth rules."

They were gone, and the night came down darkly upon the house as Norman went to bed, reciting to himself, over and over again, what he had just heard. "So Martha was Ella's nurse before she came here as housekeeper. I'll coax the old woman to talk about her. And this Rupert is her brother." What could it matter to Norman?

CHAPTER XL. FRIENDS AT THE HALL.

> "Life is transfigured in the soft and tender
> Light of love, as a volume dun
> Of rolling smoke becomes a wreathed splendour
> In the declining sun."
>
> ALEXANDER SMITH.

While Norman's life was thus unfolding under the teachings of books, solitude, scientific experiments, and, though last not least, the inspiring hopes of love-prompted ambition, we must leave him for awhile to their influences, and visit some old acquaintances.

Time had passed beneficially over Austwicke Chase since we last saw Gertrude recovering from her long illness, and compensated for suffering—so her parents thought when they saw her—by being no longer conspicuously undersized. Yet a lingering delicacy of constitution rendered great care and quietude needful; and it is just possible Mrs. Basil Austwicke was not sorry that the physicians she consulted, advised a tranquil country-life for Gertrude until she should be grown up.

Meanwhile, Allan Austwicke had discovered—as his parents had, indeed, long before—that his old contemptuous talk about the "mere Nimrods," and bucolic squires of his Austwicke ancestry was but talk, indulged in on the "sour grapes" principle, while he had no expectation of succeeding to the ancestral acres. To misprize advantages which are never likely to be possessed, and to satirize peculiarities out of the range of individual temptation, are common foibles of the young—perhaps of the old also, only the former do braggingly and independently what the latter do malignantly and enviously. Not a particle of envy was in Allan's composition when he thought it likely he should have to be a lawyer. While he did not exactly take a study kindly—that was not his rôle—he had made amends to himself for his school toils by fancying that, if even not a great lawyer, he should be something far better than a *mere* country gentleman. But on the death of the heir De Lacy, he had gone to Oxford; and, though by no means a presuming young man, he was not insensible to the improvement in his position which his father's coming into possession of the family estates had brought about. The life of a country gentleman, improving his property and engrossed in agricultural matters, soon seemed to Allan the very happiest life; he felt again as he once had done when, a little child, he had gone to the Cattle Show in London, and rejoiced at Farmer Wotton, of Wicke Farm, on the Austwicke lands, taking the prize for pigs. From that moment, fat cattle, fat lands, and big homesteads, had been secretly a good deal in the boy's mind; and, as it is quite certain, some English boys take to water like Newfoundland dogs, and were meant by Nature to be sailors, so it is equally sure that some have as strong a predilection for the woods and fields, and all the work and all the sport that is to be made or found in them.

Mrs. Austwicke, to be sure, had cherished the hope that her son would be a scholar. Certain glowing visions of legal triumphs leading to the woolsack, or at least the judge's ermine, had floated before her mind as likely to be Allan's inheritance; for though she held that his Austwicke ancestry had never shown either great talent or ambition, her son's descent from the Dunoon family gave him an inheritance of brains which, she argued, education would teach him how to use. But, it must be owned, maternal pre-visions are too much influenced by affection or vanity to be very correct. And so it came to pass, as Mr. Basil (now Squire Austwicke) had laughingly prognosticated all along, that Allan was soon a keen sportsman, a fearless hunter, a capital cricketer—"anything, my dear," the father would add, "but a lover of parchment and a groper among Acts of Parliament."

The young man had left college, as hundreds do, without disgrace and without distinction. He spent afterwards, by Mrs Austwicke's request, some time abroad, rather impatiently, and was returning, much to his father's satisfaction, to "look to matters" at the Hall, which was all the more needful, as a legal appointment—one of those quiet bits of preferment that come to well-connected rather than well-endowed lawyers—had come to Mr. Basil Austwicke. He was made Taxing Master in one of the law courts; and as he had planned many alterations, meant to be improvements, at Austwicke, he needed some one who would look to his interests during his long-enforced absences from his estate.

Not half the farming, draining, and road-making that he had planned could have been undertaken, but for the fact that the barren Scotch acres, which were his wife's dower, had been sold to a railway company. And though the money had been but tardily realized, and still more slowly was the iron road, in which he was a large shareholder, progressing, yet Allan was surprised, as, on a fine August morning, he approached his ancestral home in a dog-cart, which had been sent to meet him at the station, to see the changes that had been effected while the young man was making what he very truly called "a run on the Continent."

The dilapidated old church was restored; the whole front of the house was renovated; and a fine arch, where the east porch stood, was flanked by a sort of annex—his aunt Honoria's dwelling,

now quite distinct from the large mansion. An arrangement most agreeable to her from the first, and of which she had by degrees so availed herself, that even Gertrude came to understand she was to wait for permission to visit her. That young lady had lived, for the greater part of the last three years, in companionship with Marian Hope, and found so much occupation in her studies and her charities, that time never was tedious to her. Her aunt's secluded habits left her to her own devices, and she had therefore enlarged her very limited circle of friends by adding Harriet Nugent, the curate's sister, to the number.

As Allan was driving slowly now, marking the alterations to the house, his attention was not so wholly engrossed that he did not observe there were three ladies on the lawn. He noticed that one hurried away to the little side gate, leading, by a private way, through the churchyard to the parsonage, while Gertrude, who was waiting to catch sight of him, ran open-armed across the lawn, with all her old childish impetuosity, to welcome him. Throwing the reins to the groom, Allan jumped down and ran to meet her, half lifting her sylph-like form in his embrace, and saying—

"It's a pity, True, my darling, that I cannot swing you unto my shoulder, as I once used."

"Orson! you're big enough, and rough enough for anything."

But as she spoke, each looked approvingly at the other. They were, indeed, a great contrast; strength and delicacy were the two words that described them. Never an Austwicke of them all, as his aunt would say, was taller or comelier than the young man, whose cheek of ruddy bronze was shaded by short, crisp, nut-brown hair; and whose laughing hazel eyes shed such a light over his face, that people did not stop to examine the features before they said, "What a handsome man!" while Gertrude, still *petite*, had all the pliant grace of nymph-like elegance. Few now would comment on her smallness, for there was such just proportion in the fine lines of her form, the falling shoulders, and round, white throat, and her sweet fair face, with its contrast of dark eyes, had so much more expression than usually belongs to a blonde, that most people would be tempted to think her brother very economic in his praise, when, after an admiring look, he held her off at arms' length, and said, approvingly—

"You'll do, True."

"To be sure I shall—for you, that is, and perhaps—but see, here's Marian, we're forgetting her."

They walked towards Miss Hope, who was wonderfully altered since we saw her last. The Austwicke air, and freedom from the anxiety that had wasted her early youth, had caused Marian to develop into a very lovely young woman, with one of those exquisitely clear, pale complexions, that shows the faintest tint of rose which animation or emotion gives, and therefore ever varies the expression of the face with the feelings. Amid a crowd, Marian would never be noticed for personal attractions; but in a small circle, when animated by music or conversation, her face kindled into positive beauty. Now, as she advanced to welcome Allan, and to answer his inquiries, he could scarcely believe it was the same Miss Hope he remembered, pale, subdued, and timid, and that he had once irreverently stigmatized, in order to tease Gertrude, as an "inanimate piece of putty."

The three walked together to the house.

And how is Aunt Honor?" said Allan "I suppose I shall find her in the house?"

"No, Allan; she sent to me this morning the message that this was one of her bad days, and that she cannot see me. She has been reading Lady Hester Stanhope's Life of late. I hope she will not take her views about lucky and unlucky days," said Gertrude.

"Miss Austwicke has too much good sense," interposed Marian, looking rather deprecatingly at her friend.

"I don't know about good sense, Marian. Megrims grow like mildew, if people live alone and yield to them."

"Well, our mother, dear True, will never have megrims from that cause, happily."

"I hope mamma may come down, Allan, now you are here."

"She has written to me to meet her at Scarborough. She thinks the boys should stay the bathing season there."

"Oh, but papa wants you here, Allan; I heard him say so when he made just a run down, to look round, as he said, three weeks ago. You won't go to Scarborough?"

"No, True no; my mother has the boys, and though I should like well enough to go to the moors this autumn, I shall stay here and look to things a bit."

After a little desultory talk of home matters when they reached the house, they soon separated to dress for dinner. As Miss Hope was preparing to go, Gertrude pressed her to remain.

"You forget, my dear," said Marian, "that Miss Austwicke may change her mind, and dine with you and Mr. Allan after all; and you cannot wonder that I do not care to meet her oftener than necessary."

"Oh, why do you attach so much importance to Aunt Honor's whims, Marian? I thought you were a better Christian."

"I think, dear Gertrude, that it is a Christian duty to avoid giving offence or annoyance. Miss Austwicke, I think, has never liked me; at least, upon acquaintance, I fear she has come even to dislike me, and therefore it is well to avoid her."

"What does her dislike matter—if dislike it is? I think it's mere whims."

Marian shook her head. "We don't discuss the matter. I don't see that Miss Austwicke is bound to like me because her niece does."

The two girls looked affectionately at each other, and Gertrude said, "So much the worse for her to have missed making such a friend as you are, Marian—though you do preach to me dreadfully sometimes, and are so frightfully obstinate.'

"You'll have no end of things to say to your brother, my dear, and you know I half promised to go to Harriet's for an hour."

"Oh, then I've no chance. Let's see, Mr. Nugent is at home, I think?"

"Hush!" said Marian, laying her white hand lightly on Gertrude's mouth. "You worry me, you do indeed, when you——"

"Oh, it's tender—too deep—a subject to be discussed," whispered Gertrude, provokingly.

"You forget that Mysie is there, and Mrs. Maynard is expected daily—and Mysie is to me what your brother is to you."

"Not exactly so; 'blood's thicker than water' —but you are right, Marian dear: I did forget." And so the two friends separated; and while Gertrude hastened away to change her dress Marian walked through the private path across the churchyard to the parsonage, intending to stay an hour there, and then go home.

Our readers remember that Mrs. Maynard, the widow lady at Elmscroft, with whom Mysie had been placed, was the eldest sister of Mr. Nugent, the curate at Wicke Church. That gentleman had not, as time advanced, made any more favourable impression on Miss Austwicke, who was tenacious in her dislikes—as may be inferred, indeed, from the foregoing conversation. She had shut herself up from all intercourse that could be avoided. Gertrude alone was welcome to her. And as she saw the attachment that bound her niece to Marian, the reserve which from the first Miss Austwicke had shown towards Miss Hope so increased that it became painfully marked, so much so, that the only natural solution was that which Marian and Gertrude had both arrived at—namely, reserve must unfortunately, have deepened into dislike. Whatever was the feeling, it was powerless to affect Marian's position in the family; indeed, to some extent, it had rather established her there. For, when after Gertrude's long illness, Mrs. Austwicke had stayed a month at the Hall, on her way from the Continent, before the London season commenced, that lady managed to discover how Marian was certainly far from being a favourite with her sister-in-law. From that time Mrs. Austwicke treated her daughter's companion more cordially than she had hitherto done, alleging, what was indeed the truth, that in Gertrude's illness Marian had been indefatigable, as a reason for showing her greater consideration. When she took leave of Gertrude to go to town, Mrs. Austwicke said, "I'm not going to have your aunt interfering in this house. I yielded to her and your father, rather against my own wishes, in taking Miss Hope at first; but I shall retain her for my own pleasure. I like her; I told your aunt so."

Gertrude was, of course, very glad to have her friend's society more assured to her, but she was quite sufficiently versed in the tactics of the family to be certain that her aunt's coldness towards Marian would henceforth increase. And so it did, to such a degree, that all which concerned the Hopes—father and daughter—or that transpired in their intimacy at the parsonage, was wholly unknown to Miss Austwicke. She had none of that meanness that likes to encourage servants, talk, or to listen to depreciating remarks about others. She was silent herself, and enjoined silence on dependants as to the people not agreeable to her. And so it had come to pass that a distant politeness when they met was the prescribed rule between Miss Austwicke and her niece's companion-governess. She never invited Marian to her apartments, nor took any meals with Gertrude when Miss Hope was with her. It had been the custom the first two years for Marian to dine with Gertrude in the middle of the day; but during the past year Gertrude's attainment of the dignity of eighteen had led to her having a late dinner, at which, four times a-week, her Aunt Honoria appeared. It was served an hour later than Marian stayed, except in the height of summer.

This plan had given Miss Hope the opportunity of spending more time with her friend Harriet, who, on her part, was delighted to have a friend who entered cordially into all her parochial plans of usefulness. Mr. Hope, too, in the society of Nugent, had a happiness of which he had long been deprived. And as his health somewhat improved, he assisted the good clergyman in forming and conducting adult classes among the people of the village—a plan that never could have been carried out so efficiently but for the curate having such an ally. All these mutual pursuits and interests so ripened the intimacy, that the Hopes were able to explain, and the curate and his young sister naturally understood, how dear to them was the orphan Mysie whom they had reared, and who was now placed with Mrs. Maynard, the eldest sister of the curate. Harriet joined in Marian's regret that their cottage, "Ferny Gap," was so small; it gave force to the interdict which had prevented the Hopes having Mysie to spend vacations with them. And as in process of time Mysie's term as pupil had expired, and Mrs. Maynard employed her as teacher, it was a kindness the curate's sister liked to manifest, to invite Mysie, or rather Miss Grant, to accompany Mrs. Maynard on a visit to the parsonage for the holidays. She had now been a month there, and was still remaining, while Mrs. Maynard had gone to London to meet the parents of pupils, and arrange business matters prior to the re-assembling of her pupils at Elmscroft. Mysie's stay would not be only for a few more days, and hence an evening with her was becoming precious. Though we won't say that this was the only attraction which the parsonage had for Marian; but in this we are anticipating.

When Gertrude found that Marian had actually gone, she sent Ruth with a note to urge her aunt to come and welcome Allan; but her attendant received the answer, written in pencil, "That she was in no mood to welcome any one."

"Poor soul!" sighed Gertrude, as she read the line; and her pity was almost as great as if she had known how hopelessly miserable the lonely woman had cause to be. To the young girl it seemed the depression of ill-health and isolation; to Miss Austwicke it was the constant fret, the caustic irritant, of a troubled mind, bent on an incessant arguing with itself in the impotent endeavour to make wrong right.

When Allan rejoined his sister in the drawing-room, and conducted her to dinner, he was rather amused at their being alone with the spacious well-filled table between them.

"How odd it seems, True, you and I *vis à vis*,

and our family so large, that we should be so scattered. The squire—he liked to call his father by his country title—the squire in London; our mother and the boys at Scarborough. Strangest of all, Honoria the stately, that dignified daughter of the House of Austwicke, who has resisted all transplanting from her ancient stock, to think she would be within a few rooms of us, and not come to welcome me. I'm something to her now, True—as the Austwicke heir, eh?"

Gertrude, as tenderly as she could, spoke of her aunt's peculiarities, and mentioned her increased reserve to Marian.

"I like your Miss Hope very much," said Allan.

"Who could help it?"

"Oh, as to that, I could, you know, if I chose. I've never seen any one yet—any woman—that I couldn't help liking."

Gertrude laughed. "That's, of course, to come. I didn't mean *so*. You know, Marian is my friend; and besides, sometimes, I really think —but there," interrupting herself, "no, I've no reason at all for saying it."

"Of course, you've no reason at all—girls seldom have. If you had reason you wouldn't talk in that disjointed way. What were you going to say when you first spoke?"

"Oh, never mind. On second thoughts——"

"I hate second thoughts."

"They're the wisest."

"They're not the frankest. Frankness, True, is a duty from you, or you satirize your name. Come, you were going to say something to me about Miss Hope."

"I've no right, Allan, in the world to say it."

"Well, people say heaps of thing of everybody that they've no right to say. Well out with it."

"Don't teaze; only this, there, if you must know; I was thinking what a capital clergyman's wife Marian would make."

"And what a capital clergyman Mr. Nugent is. I'll tell you what: don't you be match-making, True; you're too young, little one, for that."

"My wise old brother," laughed Gertrude, "I thought you had given up all thought of being a counsellor."

"Not to young ladies."

Thus chatting, their dinner passed pleasantly over, and the evening being very warm, they strolled out into the grounds. It was a lovely evening, and brother and sister turned their footsteps towards the old ivy-clad church, which, glided by the lingering rays of the setting sun, looked its best. As Allan stood with Gertrude on his arm, a hasty step approached.

"Welcome home! I'm glad I've met you—I was going, even at this hour, up to the Hall to shake hands with you."

It was Nugent who spoke, and as Allan replied in an equally cordial tone, the curate urged him to step in a minute at the parsonage.

"Harriet will be pleased with a call from Miss Gertrude."

"I don't know that she will with one from me; she ran away as I came in sight a couple hours ago."

"No—not Harriet, you mistake,'" interposed Gertrude.

"Oh, then I owe her an apology. We'll call."

A few steps brought them to the garden, where without going around to the door, the curate let them at once into the drawing-room, through an open window under the veranda.

"I brought a wanderer from foreign parts to see you, Harriet," he said.

A lady-like young woman, who was seated at a work-table conversing with two friends came forward to welcome Allan, and, turning to her companions, said to Allan, "Miss Hope, you know. Miss Grant this is Mr. Allan Austwicke" —the young man shaking hands meanwhile, and bowing looked a moment after intently at the young lady last named, and then said, "Miss Grant does not remember me; but I have had the pleasure of meeting her before."

Marian Hope glanced as inquiringly as Gertrude did in the young man's face as he spoke, and our old acquaintance, young Mysie Grant, in a voice that was not without a little tremor in it, said—

"At Mrs. Maynard's. I think Mr. Griesbach had some relative there."

"Yes, I knew Mr. Griesbach, and made a run over with him now and again to Mrs. Maynard's." Mr. Allan did not think it needful to say that he had been rather profuse in his offers to drive his friend over to Elmscroft, and had often schemed to get a look at a certain young lady there. But any awkwardness or compunction he momentarily felt was diverted by the words—

"Griesbach! What, Rupert? He is here," said Mr. Nugent.

"Indeed! where is the old fellow?"

"Out this evening. Gone over to Winchester to-day. Here is reading here with me during the vacation."

"Is it the rosy light of the setting sun that gives such a brilliant light tint to Mysie Grant's complexion?" was a mental question that occurred both to Marian and Gertrude during this conversation.

Of a truth, it was not wonderful that Mysie should attract attention. She was of the tallest height that woman can reach without awkwardness, and her shape was so fine that she would have been called handsome even if the most animated face that ever soft, clear black eyes and white teeth gave brilliancy to, had not been set off by glossy raven ringlets and peach-bloom cheeks.

Marian Hope had been so taken by surprise, a year before, at her developing into so beautiful a brunette, that she was right glad Mrs. Maynard's care would be continued to Mysie on the expiration of her term as pupil, and that she would still remain under that lady's roof.

(To be continued.)

GIPSIES.

A DELIGHTFUL, if slightly maddening, amount of mystery has been put forth in a certain book,* written by a Scottish enthusiast, by which it appears that both Scotland and England are penetrated through and through with gipsy blood, and that men and women whom we had all along taken for douce and honest Anglo-Saxons, or at the least Celts of the true breed, are nothing better than gipsies—subjects of the Lord of Little Egypt, and descendants of the "mixed multitude" of the Exodus.

According to Mr. Simson, the gipsy element never dies; it is never absorbed by marriage or apparent overlaying. Once admitted into a family, it dominates the rest: once a gipsy always a gipsy, to the third and fourth, or thirtieth and fortieth generation.

If this is true, it is bewildering to picture the secret honeycombing of society there must be by means of these gipsy drops. Indeed, the right question would not be, "Who is a gipsy?" but "Who is not?" For anything we may know, the wife of our bosom and the friend of our hearth may be equally gipses in mufti; gipsies concealing their language as if it were a sin, but teaching it to their children as the most sacred bequest they can make; gipsies with long pedigrees, and quaint beliefs, and strange traditions, and haunting desires after the original tent and horn-spoon, and child stealing, and all the rest of it, all the time absolutely unknown to us accepting them as honest Britons devoid of guile or mystery. Once admit this base of secresy, and you may build on it the most gigantic pyramid of marvel you choose.

Bunyan, a tinker and the son of a tinker, was therefore a gipsy, says Mr. Simson, all tinkers (Scotticè, tinklers) being gipsies, as are all thimble riggers or thimble-men—the craft coming originally from Egypt, and the modern men being a superior class of gipsies; while other gipsies are to be found living decently as city workmen of all trades and classes, from horse-dealers to inn-keepers, from constables to carpenters, gipsydom being as universal as it is occult. A Scottish "tinkler" told Mr. Simson that he had wrought all his life in a shop with fellow-tradesmen, and not one of them ever discovered that he knew a gipsy word. And they make first-rate lady's maids, the mistress little suspecting that her quick-handed, fair-haired, blue-eyed Phillis calls herself in secret a "managie" instead of a woman, and her mistress "raunie" instead of a lady.

The Great family of the Falls at Dunbar—merchant princes in their time—were merely Faas with a difference; and the Faas were the senior clan of Scottish gipsies, the famous John Faw, or Faa, in the time of James the Fifth, being known by the name and state of "Lord and Earl of Little Egypt," and called gravely "that peer" by McLauren in his Criminal Trials; by which means the gipsy soul has passed into every family with which the Falls of Dunbar became connected. Notably into the Austruther family, into whose veins the beautiful Jenny Fall, or Faa, shed the richer stream of gipsy blood when she married Sir John Anstruther of Elie. This was so well known and so bitterly resented at the time, that the rabble insulted her at an election at which Sir John was candidate, by singing before her "Johnny Faa, the gipsy laddie," who by his glamour bewitched the Earl of Cassilis' lady, so that she left her home and lawful lord, and was off and away with the vagabond peer. Jenny probably secretly imparted to her sons and daughters a knowledge of the gipsy tongue, which they, as probably handed down from generation to generation through all the ramifications of the family tree; till it is more than wonderful to think how many descendants of Lady Anstruther now waltzing in ordinary lace and tarlatane, or twisting their moustaches at the Horse Guards, are imbued with the gipsy soul, speaking gipsy among themselves, and regarding with contempt all who cannot boast a like descent from the Lord and Earl of Little Egypt, or make out a claim to be *ab origine* one of the "mixed multitude" led by Moses through the Red Sea.

James the Fifth of Scotland had once a curious adventure with the gipsies. Travelling under the disguise of the gudeman of Ballangeigh, but with the objects of Don Juan rather than of Haroun-al Raschid, he fell in with a band of gipsies carousing in a cave near Wemyss, in Fifeshire. He entered and joined in the fun; but, forgetting manners and prudence, he became a little over-free towards one of the women, when a gipsy "came crack over his head with a bottle," and a scuffle ensued. The sham tinkler was discovered to be no tinkler at all, and put to various degrading uses in return for his intrusion, while kept as the prisoner of the gang for several days. In consequence of which discourteous treatment James enacted that if three gipsies were found together in any part of his dominions, any of his subjects might seize and hang or shoot one of the three out of hand forthwith.

The poor gipsies had a bad time of it in Scotland after this. They and the witches had enough to do to live at all through the storms of persecution and prejudice continually breaking out against them; but they did live through them, and increased and multiplied according to the manner of their kind till they grew to be at times formidable to public peace;—always formidable more or less by reason of the robberies and petty thievings, and sometimes murderous assaults and international fights, with which they indulged themselves and helped out their means of living.

They seem to have organized themselves into thoroughly well-drilled plunder-bands, with captains and lieutenants, offices, disguises, accomplices, and detectives all complete; and for those who knew the knack, there was nothing easier than to get back a purse stolen in the fair, or to save themselves from the footpad twirling his bludgeon with "stand and deliver!" as the open sesame of the pocket. "Gleid Neckit Will," the great black burly gipsy chiefly known as Will Faa the gipsy king, once attacked the minister of Yetholm, but so soon as that gentleman spoke to him by name, loosed his hold and took him in safety through the "bad bit." Others fell in with gipsy chiefs, talked to them pleasantly, and obtained "tokens" or passes—a

* A History of the Gipsies. By Walter Simson.

knife, a coin, a ring, what not—which, showed to the inevitable footpad, procured instant immunity and respect. McDonald and his brother-in-law, James Jamieson, were notorious evil-doers in the footpad and thieving line; but anecdotes might be told of them, as of others, where friendly behaviour and confidence got back the "lifted" property, or hindered it from being taken. One Campbell, a farmer, going to market to buy a horse, was robbed by this Captain McDonald, to whom he had shown his money; but he had it all returned the next day, sitting with the gipsy chief at a certain house in Perth, and seeing pocket-book after pocket-book brought in while they were drinking whisky-toddy together. "The gipsy chief was, in fact, but doing a very important branch of his calling, and was on that day doing a considerable business, having a number of youths ferreting for him in the market, and coming in and going out continually."

When McDonald and Jamieson were hanged at Linlithgow, Annie McDonald the widow of the one and sister of the other, took up the reins of government, and dispensed her royal protection of restitution as time and circumstances seemed fitting. David McRitchie, a friend of Mr. Simson's, told him how he purchased a horse one day at a fair in Dunfermline; when feeling for his pocket-book, it was gone. As he knew Annie McDonald well, he sought her out, told her his tale, and asked her for help. "Some o' my laddies will hae seen it, Davie; I'll inquire," was her answer.

Taking him to a public house, she told him to be seated, and to drink; then learning all there was to learn of the pocket-book by way of marks and signs, she entered the fair, and after various doublings and windings reached her bureau of business. In about half an hour she returned with the book, and all its contents undisturbed, cash, notes, papers, &c., exactly where they were, and scrupulously intact. "The affair was transacted in as cool and as business-like a manner as if Annie and her 'laddies' had been following any of the honest callings in ordinary life." Great fears were entertained for the peace of the neighbourhood when those two gipsy chiefs McDonald and Jamieson were hanged; and the prison authorities were accompanied by a strong armed escort—"the whole scene presenting such an alarming and warlike appearance, that the people of the town and surrounding country compared it to the bustle and military parade which took place twenty-five years before, when the rebel army made its appearance in the neighbourhood." Nothing, however, was attempted by the gipsy bands; and when they arrived at the gallows, McDonald who had expected a rescue, was bitterly disappointed. Looking round him, he said: "I have neither friends on my right hand nor on my left; I see that I must die;" and turning to the hangman, John Livingston, he put something into his hand, saying, "Now John, don't bungle your job." Ever afterwards it was a cant cry in Linlithgow, against the hangman, "Now, John, don't bungle your job. What was it the tinkler gave you, John?"

McDonald's first wife had been a virago called Eppie Lundie, famous for stripping her victims if met with in lonely places, leaving them in woods and fields stark as when they were born; but she was too much of a vixen even for her robber husband, and he divorced her over a dead horse, according to the rites and ceremonies of his race. This is an effectual but expensive manner of getting rid of a bad wife among the gipsies; for horseflesh is dear, and the gipsies do not eat it when killed, and as the sacrifice must be unblemished and in no manner lame, it is not therefore any "old screw," worn out and useless that will answer the purpose. The sun must "be at its height" when the ceremony is to take place; none but gipsies of full blood are allowed to be present; and lots are cast for the one who is to be the sacrificial priest on the occasion. All the men and women taking part in the rites carry long staves; and the priest, with a long staff in his hand, walks round and round the horse many times, repeating the names of all who have possessed it, and extolling its qualities and virtues. Then it is shot; and the man and woman, joining hands at the head, walk slowly down towards the tail—the horse between them —saying certain sentences together. By another version, they "walk three times around the body of the horse contrariwise, passing and crossing each other at certain points, as they proceed in opposite directions. At certain parts of the horse (the corners of the horse was the gipsy's expression), such as the hind and fore feet, the shoulders and haunches, the head and tail, the parties halt and face each other, and again repeat sentences in their own speech at each time they halt. The two last stops they make in their circuit round the sacrifice are at the head and tail. At the head they again face each other and speak; and, lastly, at the tail they again confront each other, utter some more gipsy expressions, shake hands, and finally part, the one going north the other south, never again to be united in this life." Immediately after the separation takes place, the woman receives a token of cast iron, about an inch and a half square, with a T upon it, and which she must always wear about her person. A divorced woman cannot marry again, but the husband can have as many wives as he likes to marry, and sacrifice a horse to get rid of afterwards.

There are many anecdotes of gratitude and fidelity in the book before us; one of old Jean Gordon, a Meg Merrilies in her way, who saved the purse of the "winsome gudeman o' Lochside, poor boy," in consideration of old kindness shown by him, and ill repaid by the thievery of her tribe. The winsome gudeman losing his way among the Cheviot Hills, came to a large waste barn, where seeing a light, he entered—encountering Jean Gordon the gipsy. She made him give her his purse, retaining only a few shillings as a blind to her greedy sons when they returned; and she apologized for and regretted the thefts of which those nine sons had been guilty, and which had sent her away from Lochside, in gipsy shame at this ungipsy-like sin. Then she made him a shake-down, and sent him to bed. Presently, her gang returned; and soon a scene of Fee Faw Fum in little was enacted, as they found out their guest, and asked his name and quality.

"It's the winsome gudeman o' Lochside, poor boy," said Jean; "he's been at Newcastle seeking siller to pay his rent, honest man, but deil-be-licket he's been able to gather in; and sae he's gaun e'en hame wi' a toom purse and a sair heart."

"That may be, Jean," said one, "but we maun rip his pouches a bit, and see if it be true or no."

Which they did, for all that Jean "set up her throat" against such inhospitality. They found nothing worth taking; so they made a virtue of necessity, and left his few poor bawbees intact; and the next morning Jean guided him safely to the high road, gave him back his property which she had concealed for security, and would not accept a single sixpence for her reward. Her nine sons were all hanged on the same day at Jedburgh; and she herself, poor old soul, was drowned in the Eden, shouting to the last, "Charlie yet, Charlie yet."

In like manner, Mary Yorkston, another gipsy chieftainess, protected Mr. Lindsay, the gudeman of Coulter Park, when her tribe had begun to plunder him. She also gave back his purse to a favourite farmer of hers, who had lost it in the market. Matthew Baillie, who was her head man, spreading from twenty to thirty purses before the farmer, desired him to lift his own. As he did so, Baillie took it from his hand, saying, "Hold on; let us count it first." Then, with as much coolness as if he was a Lombard-street banker transacting quite legitimate business, he counted the contents; when not a farthing was found wanting. "You see what it is when honest people meet!" said Baillie, with virtuous self-satisfaction, as he returned the purse to the owner. Another noted captain, Will Baillie, of the same tribe, paid a widow's rent and saved her from ruin in quite a fine and melodramatic style; and the very men and women, whose "sorning" or masterful begging was next door to robbery, would forego their own advantage if touched on the point of fidelity or gratitude. Charles Graham, one of the Lochgellie band, once did a very clever bit of dishonest generosity. A woman with a large family, at whose house he had often quartered, could not pay her rent. Charlie lent her her money out of his own pocket, but when the factor was returning home with it in *his* own pocket, Charlie robbed him of his gear, then went back to the woman and gave her a discharge in full for the sum just borrowed from him. When he was apprehended—for all these great men came to very bad and small ends—the people gathered about in wonder to stare at him, renowned as he was. "Let me free, and gie me a stick three feet long, and I'll clear the knowe o' them!" shouted Charlie, maddened by their curiosity. He was an exceedingly handsome man, with such small hands and feet that both gyves and manacles slipped easily over them; but, in spite of his tricks, he was an immense favourite with the people, being of that darling, dare-devil, generous nature which always makes a popular rogue.

Most of the chiefs were desperate characters and always in the heart of some terrific scuffle with the law. There were the Browns and the Wilsons, for example, noted horse-stealers if nothing worse, and hanged for their crimes when the law got too sharp for them. Charles Brown, one of the gang, was a man of great personal strength, but was run down at last, and carried to Perth jail. In the condemned cell he managed to slip his irons. and to set fire to the straw on which he lay. Surprised at the building being on fire, suspecting Brown to have been the cause of it, and that he was free from his chains ramping like a lion in his den, no one was anxious to face him. At last a sergeant of the 42nd volunteered, and went to the cell-door, which he unbarred, letting out the smoke into the prison.

"Who's there?" he said.

"The devil!" vociferated the gipsy through fire and smoke.

"I am also the devil and of the black watch," thundered back the intrepid Highlander.

The tinkler was daunted. The superior force of law in the person of the sergeant carried the day; his irons were refixed, and poor Charles Brown remained passive until he left his cell for the gallows.

Peter Young, another gipsy of the same class, broke out of many prisons before he was finally caged and hanged. He was one of the "honourable" gipsies, faithful to his word and generous to his friends, and always only just a rope's length in advance of death, which finally overtook and tripped him up. Lizzie Brown, by some called "Snippy," was a member of the Brown family just spoken of. She was a tall stout woman, and had been handsome in her day, and while her face was complete; but after she lost her nose in a battle of the tribes fought in Angus, she was not quite so comely. The gipsies fought there with highland dirks, and poor Lizzie came in for her share of the hard knocks and flourishes. In the heat of the battle she suddenly put her hand to her face, and called out, "But in the middle of the meantime, where's my nose?" without either surprise or lamentation for the loss, It was all in the way of war, and Lizzie Brown, alias Snippy, was content to suffer with the rest.

Disguises as many as there were social characters to imitate, helped the gipsy thief on his way. As a fine gentleman riding a good horse, and ruffled and beringed, the vagabond tinkler of the moor and the wayside barn deceived many a country "softy," and was able to lift many a well-filled purse, and to learn the goings and comings of the well-to-do lairds not travelling in company or too heavily armed. As sailors, as travelling pedlars, as workmen of all honest callings to be exercised by the industrious they penetrated everywhere, learning family secrets, and turning their learning to acccount, earning a penny more or less honest when time and the occasion served, while their cleverness in craft was as great as their cleverness in disguise. One Alexander Brown, who was hanged, saw in a field an ox with a "rat tail," having lost about three-fourths of that appendage. Borrowing a tail of the same colour as the creature's, he fastened it to the stump, and started off with his prize, shipping at the Queensferry for the south. Here he

was overtaken by a servant of the owner, who could not be quite certain of the ox, because of the long tail; else he was sure enough. He was beginning to examine this troublesome tail a little too minutely, when the gispy drew his knife, cut it off above the join, drew blood, as of course, and throwing the false length into the sea, called out, "Swear to the ox now, you loon!" The servant was confounded, and the tinkler went on his way with his tailless ox to a convenient market hard by.

Billy Marshall, the gipsy chief in Galloway-shire, had a passage-at-arms with the Laird of Bargally, whom he attacked and robbed, losing his cap in the struggle. A respectable farmer, passing by soon after, picked up the cap and wore it, which, the laird seeing—recognizing only the head-gear, and confused as to the head beneath—he accused him of the assault and robbery, and had him brought to trial on the charge. It would have gone hard with him then, had not the gipsy come to the rescue. Putting on the cap in open court, he puzzled and confounded still more the poor bewildered laird, who could only, as the gipsy said, swear to the bonnet what head soever it was on, and who therefore lost his cause, both rogue and honest man going free by the rogue's own voluntary risk.

The first appearance of the gipsies in Europe was in the beginning of the fifteenth century; and the earliest mention made of them is, as having been seen in Germany in 1414. They did not come to England till 1512, having taken nearly a century in passing from the Continent. They were in Switzerland in 1418, in Italy in 1422, and in France and Spain in 1427. Giles Hather was the king, and one Calot the queen, of the English gipsies in the early days; and they rode through the country "on horseback, and in strange attire, and had a pretty train after them." Their character has been always been much the same, at all times and in all places. Theft, quarrelling, child-stealing, horse-stealing, fire-raising—in fact, turbulence and lawlessness generally—have marked them wherever found; and times would be bad for the peaceable if ever the gipsy element had the upper hand, and the "nawkens" became "been gaugies;" which, being interpreted, means, if many of our gentlemen were gipsies, as Mr. Simson would have us believe, if so be that his theory of indestructible vitality and general interfiltration is true.

THE ROSE OF MONTREAL,

BY THE LOWE FARMER.

In the dim morning of our early day,
While Cartier's prows yet on our waters lay,
These deeds were done! Tradition still sustains,
On the lone hill-side, o'er the spreading plains,
The mem'ry of Marie, the ROSE OF MONTREAL.

PART I.

The sun sinks down behind the pines
The west soon ceased to glow;
The stars hang out their beacons bright,
The fire-flies dance below.

The taper gleams from verdant nooks,
The wand'rers guide, and there
Huge timbers blaze athwart the night
The shaggy wolf to scare.

Waveless and still the waters sleep
On broad St. Lawrence' breast;
The kine are hous'd, the watch-dog loos'd,
All hail the hour of rest!

And where the scatter'd shanties stand
The river's banks along,
Sweetly up-rise, the seraph strain,
The saintly vesper song.

Upon the Isle's extremest point,
Where the fierce rapid flows,
A lowly cottage stood remote,
The garden of the Rose.

Here dwelt Marie, so fair a flow'r,
That all the maiden call
(And goodness heighten'd ev'ry charm)
The Rose of Montreal.

And her bold sire was by her side,
And gallant brothers three;
St. Malo's noble sailor they
Had followed o'er the sea.

Their sturdy arms had hew'd a home
Where giant forests tow'r'd;
And *He* who virtuous toil rewards
Rich blessings on them show'r'd.

Uprose the moon, night's radiant crown,
And pour'd her silv'ry beam,
A lustrous glory, up and down,
O'er all the mighty stream.

They sat beside the porch and watch'd
The fitful moonbeams play;
Their dreams were of their sunny France,
So far—so far away.

But while they lov'd their mother land—
The fair, the fam'd—so dear,
High hopes, bright auguries awoke,
Their exil'd hearts to cheer.

The night wore on; at length thus spoke
The sire, in gentlest tone,
My children, now to rest and sleep,
I stay awhile alone.

They went, a fond good-night from all;
A blessing each he gave;
None questioned why the sire remained
Nor mark'd his aspect grave.

How wondrous, nature, are thy ways,
Thy myst'ries, how profound!
A sense of coming ill he felt
Where all was bright around.

Meanwhile his boys and sweet Marie
Their grassy couches sought;
And soon they slept the happy sleep
Of toil and virtue bought.

The father sat immovable:
But thought was wand'ring far:
Awhile, his gaze was on the stream,
Anon, on some lone star.

He fail'd to give his dreamings shape,
To learn why he was sad;
But the dread weight of woe was there
Oh God! could he be mad?

Dark and more dark:—now rose around
Shadowy forms of things
To health unknown: strange sounds he heard,
Weird voices, rushing wings.

The hours roll'd on, the moon was low,
The stars began to wane,
And still he sat immovable,
Bound by a spectral chain.

Oh God! what means that horrid sound
Big with all agony?
Sleepers, awake, for time is short:
Quick! quick! for death is nigh.

That horrid sound in echo rang
Among the forests hoar;
Climb'd the huge hills, thro' caverns ran,
And circled round the shore.

They woke—that cry would waken death,
And ere the echoes died
Marie, her brothers, one and all,
Were at their father's side.

Dead—dead—already dead he lay
They saw not life depart;
Three murd'rous arrows in his breast,
And one had pierc'd his heart.

Draw, mercy draw thy shrouding veil,
And hide the rest from view;
Alas! our tale is not half-told—
Horror on horror grew!

PART II.

One shriek poor Marie gave, that rang
Around like life's last knell,
And on her father's prostrate corse
Th' unconscious maiden fell.

The brethren, one sad moment gaz'd,
Then fiercely rush'd to arm!
A desp'rate woe, a madd'ning grief,
Had stifled all alarm.

Forth strode they fir'd for vengeance just,
Obeying nature's law;
They swept the woods their clearance round,
Nor yet the murd'rers saw.

They came upon a dense dark clump,
Impervious to the light;
The slanting moonbeams shone on *them*,
Murder was cloth'd in night.

Here lurks the savage, whisper'd all;
They peer'd into the gloom,—
No form was seen, no leaf was stirr'd,
And all was still as doom.

On! on! the senior cried, but scarce
The words had utt'rance found,
Ere arrows fly, a murd'rous shower,
And blood bedews the ground.

From many a ghastly wound it stream'd;—
The savages rush out,
And knife and hatchet, gash and crash
Amidst the hellish rout.

The last dread savage rites are done,
The gory scalps are shorn;
The aged sire's the chief retains,
But vengeance wakes with morn.

Then turn they to the hapless maid,
Stain'd with parental gore;
She lives, tho' life seems ebbing fast,—
They bear her to the shore.

Canoes were there, a num'rous fleet:
Still in her death-like dream,
They lay her in the chief's canoe
And push into the stream.

Like wily sleuth-hounds to the isle
They came with fell intent;
As sated tigers gorged with blood
Away again they went.

The paddles work with vig'rous stroke,
And num'rous is their band;
With utmost speed they steal away
For morn is near at hand.

They fly thro' all the rest of night,
And far into the day;
The rising sun upon them beam'd,
And so its noon-tide ray.

But not unnotic'd had they fled;
These fiends all streaked with gore,
A friendly neighbour, early risen,
Had marked them leave the shore.

Aghast, he felt dread deeds were done,
And flew from farm to farm,
And signal guns and trumpet blare,
Soon spread the wild alarm.

Brave men rush'd on from every point
The fearful news to learn;
The tidings heard, the meekest there
With savage fury burn.

Meantime, to search a party went;
They had not long to look;
A clue, to where the demons smote,
The course from shore they took.

And o'er their friends, so foully slain,
Big tears rough warriors shed;
Others, more stern, they stain'd their swords
In the heart's-blood of the dead.

"We'll cleanse them," said they, "in the blood
Of those who did the deeds,
(No vaunting boast) and they shall fall,
Branch—root—like noxious weeds."

They search'd—but Marie was not there:
Their raging grief was seal'd:
Their hearts told all: "Great God," they cried,
"Our Rose, our Marie shield."

They launch'd their boats with utmost speed,
By hope of vengeance cheer'd;
A hundred gallant men embark'd,
And friendly Hurons steer'd.

Swiftly they follow on the course
The flying savage went;
They rowed, unflagging, 'long the stream
'Till day was nearly spent.

Then drew they close in under land
Till night and darkness fell;
To seek the wily foe by day
Were vain, they knew too well.

They had not seen the savages;
Ahead too far they were;
But Hurons knew they now were nigh
The cruel murd'rers lair.

The blood-stain'd band had reach'd a spot,
O'er which their wigwams stand;
Marie yet lives, tho' all distraught,—
They bear her to the land.

And then the fearful chief essay'd,
(She knew not what he said)
To tell, that 'twas for her sweet sake
That kindred blood was shed.

He'd seen, and in his savage breast
Had sworn, in evil hour,
Never to rest, till he had made
His own, the gentle flow'r.

Now up the steep and thro' the trees,
Their devious way they sped;
And to the wigwam of their chief
The wretched maiden led.

Of much that happ'd we may not tell!
The brutal feast is clos'd,
The savage orgie, and the fiends
Upon their mats repos'd.

Poor Marie lay beside the chief,
And tears of blood she wept;
The fell debauch asserts its power,—
The savage soundly slept.

Noiseless she rose, she leaves his side,
Sense wakened into life;
A feeble torch relieved the gloom—
She spies a glitt'ring knife.

That gentle maid was ruthless now,
As cubless tigress bold!
Censure her not—grief's surging waves
O'er mercy's fountains roll'd.

She seiz'd the fatal steel, and stood
Beside the sleeping chief;
Monster, thy course is nearly run,
Death's tarrying is brief.

With lifted hand still stays the blow:
Relents she?—why that start?—
She saw the bleeding scalps, and drove
The weapon through his heart!

He died, and died without a sound:
A moment pauseth she;
Gazed round the hut—on that dread corse—
And then prepared to flee.

She stepped outside, but sleepless eyes
Were watching all around;
And scarcely had she gone a rood,
Ere she was seiz'd and bound.

Then rush they all to find their chief:—
A wild unearthly yell
Arose, it shakes the forest pines,
And o'er the mountains swell.

Their words were few but quick their work;
They bind her to a tree,
And round her pile the faggots high—
The flames rise fierce and free!

But heav'n is kind; her suff'rings short;
Her head sinks on her breast;
Tired nature yields; she meekly dies;
And finds eternal rest.

The savages all madly dance,
Around the fearful fire;
Their sentinels are watching now
Beside the martyr's pyre.

Unseen th' avengers make their way,
The soaring flame their guide;
With wary step they circle round,
And guard on every side.

They close upon the savage crew,—
Their last fell work in sight—
The time is come!—like vengeful gods
They rush from out the night.

Slay! slay! and spare not, is the cry,
And blood, is flowing fast;
Of all that murd'ring tribe none live,
Death claim'd the very last.

Revenge was sated—death was tired—
No soul was living there—
Th' avengers left a noble feast
For rav'nous wolves to share.

Our poor Marie's remains the fires
That kill'd, consum'd not all;
With rev'rence home they're borne and laid
Within the church-yard wall.

And pious hands a maple plant
Where sleeps the Island Rose.
And still to weep beneath its shade
The love-lorn maiden goes.

OTTAWA.

OLD LETTERS.

THE magic mirror was once a potent restorer of the vanished past. At the summons of the magician, the silent phantoms, grisly or graceful, dreaded or beloved, moved in solemn procession before the expectant eyes. But, although for such resurrections, that credulous fancy of the longing heart has lost its power; the possessor of old letters owns a surer spell. Hidden away, and mostly forgotten in the mere business of living, the pause of recollection will sometimes come, and as we turn over the worn pages, the figures of the former time rise with the vivid reality of Fitz-James's dream, and to us, as to him,

> "They come, in dim procession led,
> The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
> As warm each heart, each brow as gay,
> As if they parted yesterday."

Here is a package, unread for years; almost unthought of, prized but lightly even in the pleasant days when they were gaily traced by the bold and rapid hand that has long been nerveless dust. And yet how the full heart, and free spirit, beat even now in the eager lines. Glimpses of the blue broad Pacific, of tall tropical ferns, and the gorgeous skies we never gazed on, gleaming in panoramic beauty; clear keen, photographs, caught in the whirl of London; etchings of Edinburgh celebrities, fine and forcible in the merest outlines; lovely moonlight pictures of the Frith of Forth; wild heathery moors, and lonely Highland lochs, here unroll before us at the simple touch of unconscious power. No thought of display inspires the eloquent diction, or mars the graphic scene, so quickly succeeded by the gentle recollections, and playful incidents of familiar intercourse and love. The warm, true words recall, with a force no other influence retains, the kindly apparition of that lost friend. The versatile thought, the tender feeling, the fearless candour of that gay and confident spirit, revelling on the very brink of doom, once more surround our life; until that bygone time, with its few pains, and many pleasures, seems present and actual again, and we come back to remember, with a sigh, that the blue, honest eyes were early closed, and, with little warning, a brave, true soul went to judgment.

Then comes, perhaps, a miscellaneous collection. Many varieties of character find exposition here. The epistle, rapid and vain, filled and crossed with empty fervour; not an ungraceful stroke to be detected throughout the fair pages. Trivial, yet not without motive and meaning, according to its kind. A certain intent underlying the polite frivolity. Some little object to be gained in harmony with the feeble and not over-scrupulous mind. Surely we all know such letters, and their writers.

Here are others, faithful records of faithful hearts; travelling over sea and land, with the kind greeting no time or circumstance can change. Letters of the simple and the unworldly, the people who are unspoiled by good fortune, and not embittered by evil days; who take their friends for better, for worse, and hold to them for a lifetime, in spite of some pain and disappointment. Thank God! we have all a few such friends, to whom we can turn for succour in our extremity, knowing they will not fail us.

Here, too, are several closely-written sheets, all filled by the same hand. Gracious words of kind counsel, and wise encouragement; silent sparks of genial satire; bits of gossip, and mirthful little tales of the society that made his world, abound here. But the hand that wrote will write no more. It shapes no longer for us, or for the world, the visions of the flagging brain, and the inevitable day will soon come.

Some of these mute appeals to memory are not so pleasant to look upon. This small parcel still exists, perhaps because it rouses no emotion sufficient to destroy it. It excites little wrath, and less regret. The sharp pang may have long ago subsided—the wild grief that accompanied the bitter revelation, passed away; but read again the sweet, treacherous lines, and the light erect form, so full of swift and subtile grace, speeds along its old accustomed paths; the smiling eyes rekindle for a moment; the caressing words and beguiling ways, false and shallow as they were, seems to renew the old delight and trust, that, perhaps, in one dark hour, shrivelled away for ever. But He who inflicts the blow, knows how to send the balm, and the honest heart, though sorely wounded, seldom goes long unhealed.

Here are two or three more, bound together, whose interest attaches rather to a later time. Joy and sorrow, anger and forgiveness issued from these broken seals. One brought confidence and peace; in another the hasty hand too well obeyed the haughty heart, earning pride's usual portion, the sharp discipline of repentant pain.

Another, a solitary among the other groups. It contains a spray of plumy grass, plucked by a tourist friend at "Windermere," and the streaked petals of a York and Lancashire rose, from the border of "Still St. Mary's Lake," where Wordsworth's swan will sit forever, and

> "Float double swan and shadow."

Who speaks of "Windermere" without recalling with grateful reverence the solemn figure of the great poet we have just named? What perfect delight, what lofty comfort, what immortal sustenance, has he not bequeathed us in "Laodamia" alone? Nobler than its ancient models, its classic grandeur is penetrated and warmed by the human tenderness, and spiritual light, which we miss so often in the greatest heathen minds—magnificent old pagans as they were—and we never read it without feeling that we, too, can ascend for a while to that severe region which his passionless intellect, and pure imagination, were so well fitted to conceive.

Are there any more! Ah yes! That small lot, easily distinguished by the very peculiar handwriting. We almost hesitate to touch these. We never read them now. And yet the shadow that is upon them, the sad and painful history they recall, never involved us in its calamity. These letters contain only the kind services, and affectionate recollections, of one who had been the friend and favourite of happy days. And although his name is now spoken under ban, and rarely spoken at all, we yet love to think that when these lines were written, he was not more evil than he seemed, and are glad to remember, that if he merited his condemnation from others, he never did aught but good to us. We may grieve for the misfortune and sin, which banished him from his own clime and kindred, for the wrecked and branded life, which his own deed put beyond the pale of this world's hope; but he left us no bitter remembrance; and we still think with a deep though unspoken regret, that he who was the inheritor of so many of the best gifts of Nature and worldly circumstance; the beloved son of a proud mother, the dear companion of fair women, and the friend of good men; should be now somewhere a nameless wanderer, the obscure associate of the lost and lawless men, who congregate in the dark places of the earth.

Are there any more? Yes; but we will read no more to-day. M. J.

Halifax, N.S.

The spread of the trichinæ disease in Germany has compelled the butchers to be scientific. We understand that meat-vendors in Germany are forming microscopical societies for the purpose of investigating the condition of the flesh which they offer for sale. They have discovered that this is the only means of satisfying the now sceptical public, and of preventing the ruin of their own trade. Already the Butchers' Microscopical Society, of Nordhausen, in Prussian Saxony, has published its rules. Professor Kützing has agreed to instruct the members in the art of using the microscope, and of detecting the trichinæ in their various forms. In order to be a member, the butcher must be in possession of one sufficiently good microscope, and be able to detect the presence of trichinæ. At least three portions of the muscles of each pig must be submitted to examination immediately after slaughtering. When the microscopes and preparations are not found to be kept in proper order, reproof will be administered, which, if not efficacious, will be followed by expulsion from the society. The society offers to pay not only more than the market price for every pig containing trichinæ, but a premium of fifty thalers (about £7. 10s.) to the person who delivers it.

GIGANTIC SCHEME FOR SUPPLYING LONDON WITH WATER.—Mr. Bateman, the engineer of the Glasgow waterworks, has published a pamphlet proposing a scheme for supplying London with water by means of an aqueduct from North Wales. He proposes that the acqueduct shall have two branches in Wales, which shall meet before they cross the Severn; the length of the whole will be 152 miles; the capacity will be 220,000,000 gallons daily, and the cost £8,600,000.

CAPTAIN COLES'S TRIPOD MASTS.—A model of this invention was lately exhibited at Llyod's Captains' Room. It does away with shrouds and stays, as the mast is supported by two smaller ones. The advantages claimed are at follows:—Saving of wear and tear of ropes, improved ventilation of ship, increased speed; quicker voyages may be made in consequence of a vessed fitted with these masts being able to sail closer to the wind. The masts may be as readily cut away as wooden masts.

Victor Hugo's "Travailleurs de la Mer" forms three thick octavo volumes, and so great is the demand for it, that the publishers give a last notice that of the first edition copies can be furnished to subscribers only. The work will be published in a few days. The English translation is to be published under the title of "The Toilers of the Sea."

A MORNING SCENE.

EASTWARD.

See, on the silent sunrise hills,
With life the misty vapour thrills;
The morning, slender fingered, opes
The blossoms on the gloaming slopes
The dewy grasses wave their blades
Within the forest's less'ning shades;
And light the warm wind wanders down
The glim'ring waves of thymy brown.

WESTWARD.

The streamlets ripple softly by,
Where purple flowers in clusters lie;
The pensive crags o'er hang the vale;
Athwart the crags the mosses trail;
And where the wildest roses blow,
The fragrant breezes murmur low,
Twining their eager arms around,
The wanton flowers that blush aground,

SOUTHWARD.

Afar the long waves dally through,
The broken beach in sluices blue,
Dank weeds in slimy stretches grow,
Where sullen waters cease to flow;
There cliffs with dreary presence rise,
Betwixt the vision and the skies;
And gloomy caverns echo low,
The dreamy drift of water's flow.

There slowly up the shingly beach
The waters, many-fingered, reach
Lanquidly into lakelets brown;
And silver sands slide slowly down.
There lifts aloft the woolly crest;
There blue lagoons in rock-rifts rest,
And tow'ring hills o'er hill-tops rise,
From wave-washed shores to slanting skies.

NORTHWARD.

Straight up the dusty highway leads
To th' noisy town, thro' grassy meads;
And laughing children sally down
To gather shells; and fishers brown.
Mid-air the tapered steeples gleam,
And all the ivied gables seem
Golden in the sun; and the air
Is sweet with songs of maidens fair.

FREDERICK.

Lennoxville, C. E.

THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

Continued from page 91.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

Thomas, the lodging keeper, possessed a large half ruined building which stood on the confines of the estate belonging the chapter of the cathedral of Paris, the narrow and ill-formed windows of which looked upon the purlieus of Notre Dame. For many years it had been allowed to go to ruin, because its demolition had been decided upon, in order to give place to the great works that had been projected by Maurice de Sully. The neighbourhood was thereby covered all round by similar places, joining on one side the principal street of the city—and on the other, the empty spaces which were covered by bushes and by the *debris*, caused by the erection of the tower of the new basilique. Paris was already an old city—spreading its strength far from its original centre.

Phillipe Augustus and Maurice de Sully—the great prelate, founder of Notre Dame, both desired, in beginning those gigantic works, to place the soul of Paris in its normal centre, and they succeeded in doing so for some years at least; but Paris, like those trees whose sap constantly rises to the highest branches, had to submit to the same conditions as every other thing that increases.

The cathedral, that *chef d'œuvre* of the architectural age, remained to mark the heart of the colossus—the arteries lay far beyond.

The dwelling of Thomas, the lodging keeper, was divided into a multitude of narrow and dark rooms, which served as the habitation of the foreign workmen occupied on the works of Notre Dame. There were many similar dwellings spread about at hap-hazard, from the church of St. Julien to la Motte-aux-Papelards, forming the eastern part of the city, and all used for the same purpose.

On the left bank of the river, towards the spot where still stands the Hotel Dieu, and following the edge of the river to la place Maubert, there were convents, churches, and noblemen's hotels—all raising, in mingled confusion, their pointed roofs, towers, and turrets.

Such houses as those of Thomas, the lodging keeper, resembled somewhat the convents in their interior arrangements. They had great halls, serving for common dormitories, where every kind of domestic work might also be carried on, by payment of a small daily contribution; there were also private cells for those who could afford to pay a higher price. It is needless to say, that even these cells were scarcely comparable to the most miserable apartments in the poorest quarters of our day.

Between those massive erections, on the left shore, and the heap of miserable cabins strewn among the ruins, there was an extensive space of which the purlieus now existing round Notre Dame give no idea. The soil of this place was low and muddy, and the slightest rise of the Seine would change all the surroundings of the cathedral into an impracticable marsh.

Bazars made of planks, of all sizes, encumbered the purlieus, and were coloured by the same dust as covered the scaffolding of the lofty arches then in coure of erection. These bazars, or shops, were like a permanent fair, where the families of the masons, penned up in one corner of the city, would obtain all the necessaries of life. In short, amidst these bazars, grouped without order, and according to the caprice of their founders, the gigantic sketch of Notre Dame showed its confused but already imposing lines.

It was certainly a strange picture, and one which it is impossible to restore in our civilized times; but it is true, also, that we shall never build another Notre Dame!

The day after that on which our history begins, some minutes after sunrise, two men debouched upon the spot, by the turning of a little wooden bridge. They seemed pale and unsteady as though they had just risen from some orgie. One of them was enveloped in a narrow and rusty cloak, and wore on his head a skull cap of a clerk—the other had the costume of a cavalier, covered by the surcoat of a scholar. These vestments, worn by the latter, had faded by long use, and seemed tanned by the smoke of taverns; but they affected a certain elegance, and he who wore them had something of the air of a gentleman. He was tall, thin, and well built. His toque, or narrow-brimmed hat, worn by the men of the robe of that day, was placed crosswise over a head of magnificent black hair; he had a dagger in his girdle, and his buskins, pointed like needles, stuck out three feet in advance of him.

Johannot and Nanteuil, in their romances of the middle ages, have a hundred times over sketched this kind of galliard, flat-sided, bony, and bandy-legged, but preserving still a certain bizarre beauty, in spite of its diabolical form.

The man in the great coat was our good clerk, Samson, the faithful servitor of Messire Amaury; the other was the scholar, Tristan de Pamiers, the terror of the bourgois, and suzerain of the clerks of Parliament. Samson and Tristan had been carousing the whole night at some drinking booth, in the neighbourhood of the old Palace. As they were poking their way among the *debris* and the closed bazars, a man covered with a large dark cloak and coiffe, with a toque and visor, turned the angle of the rue de la Calandre, and was proceeding in the direction of the church of St. Julien. Beyond these three personages, the place was quite deserted.

The clerk and the scholar followed, as well as they were able, the bank of the Seine, and reached that promenade, planted with scrubby bushes, and called the Motte-aux-Papelards. On passing the lodging house, kept by maitre Thomas, Tristan stopped short—extended his long thin arm in the direction of the house, and with a gesture full of emphasis, said—"It is there!"

"What is there?" asked Samson.

"It is there that dwells the prettiest girl in Paris!"

The clerk shrugged his shoulders.

"I saw her at that window," resumed Tristan, "and at sight of me she fled away. *Incessu patuit dea*.... I thought I had seen Venus herself illuminating, with her beauty, the darkness of that frightful dwelling."

"Let us speak of busines. Yes or No?" demanded Samson, growling.

Tristan remained immovable, like a May-pole, before the house of Thomas, the lodging-keeper, with his hands crossed on his breast, and his eyes raised to heaven, with an air half impassioned and half joking.

"Had I but the lyre of Ovid—had I but the harmonious cithern of Propertius—or the viol, with its garland of roses, of old Anacreon,—now would I celebrate the celestial charms of that divinity!"

"Mon compere," interrupted Samson, "thou settest me to sleep. Rest thee here and sing, without either cithern or viol, while I go and find my bed."

"Oh, heart of rock!" groaned scholar Tristan, with melancholy; then changing his tone, he added—"Miserable thing! is it thus that a rogue like thee darest to speak to a man of my condition? If I have a fancy for drinking, thou should'st give it me; if for singing, thou should'st open thy long ears; and if it is my pleasure to sigh, thou should'st wait and be silent."

"Still it is me who pays, seigneur scholar," replied master Samson, gently jingling the gold crowns in the purse that hung at his girdle.

The scholar smiled.

"Well, well, Samson!" said he, "thy purse is right. After all, if thou art a villain, void of heart and soul, thy gold crowns are noble; and I can agree with them, as my peers and companions. I will return presently. But now I will go with thee; scold as much as pleaseth thee, I will listen;" and they resumed the road to la Motte-aux-Papelards.

The man in the dark cloak, who had entered the purleius by the opposite way, and seemed to come from quarters on the right bank, had stopped to watch them, but all unperceived by the clerk and the student.

While they had remained before the house of maitre Thomas, the man in the dark cloak, hidden behind the corner of a chapel, had seemed to hesitate about leaving his shelter till they had passed the foundations of Notre Dame, but as soon as they had gone, the man in the cloak raised the visor of his toque, and discovered the young and honest face of the handsome page, Albret, who, as we recently related, had given up his horse to the two distressed travellers.

"Samson!" muttered he, that rogue of Montruel's, with the king of the clerks of Parliament! that presages some mischief. What could they be looking at?" added he, shifting his ground among the shops to gain the precise spot; "it was here," said he, after having moved in an easterly direction, "but I see nothing very interesting." His eyes at that moment were fixed upon the house of Thomas, the lodging keeper, the miserable windows of which were all closed.

"Allons!" said he to himself, "I shall not guess the secret of my old companion, Tristan, this morning; let us rather to our work,—for the king has bid me fetch him that pretty lad that we met yesterday on our way to the Louvre. On my soul, I am acquainted with more than one beauty who would like to have the complexion of that youth! A very bouquet of lilies and roses; and his voice—it seems as though I could hear it still. But all this will not tell me where he lives; and when the king has once said, 'I will it so,' to return empty-handed is no longer to be thought of."

He took a few steps in the direction of the confused mass of old buildings, then muttering to himself again, he went on.—"There are two,—three,—six,—there are twelve,—there are twenty,—the deuce!—there are at least fifty; and,

I suppose, I must knock at every one of those worm-eaten doors, and enter all those dark alleys, to ask fifty times of fifty old furies, 'pray is it at this house that Eric, the mason, and his little brother, Adam, live?'" And he shook his handsome head, with an air of comical embarrassment. "A fool's business," he continued, "for each fury will show me her broken teeth and send me to Jericho; but the king has said, '*I will it so!*'" At this moment he was only some steps from the house of master Thomas, and one of the small windows that looked upon the purlieus opened, and the head of a young girl made its appearance, illuminated by the rays of the morning sun.

Albret stood petrified. "I am dreaming!" he murmured. He stood in the shade of one of the bazars, and was not perceived by the young girl, occupied as she was in gazing with curiosity on the strange neighbourhood we have already endeavoured to describe. The sun rejoiced in her simple and charming smile, and the morning breeze played with the ringlets of her golden hair. Her large blue eyes, dazzled by the strange light, were half closed, revealing through her long eye-lashes the exquisite softness of an angel's look. While Albret stood in contemplation of that rare beauty, he was obliged to press his hand upon his heart, which was beating as though it would break; he reflected a moment. "That is not him, it cannot be him, and yet what a strange resemblance!"

He threw back his hair, passed his hand over his brow, and feared he was losing his senses.

"It was night when we met," said he to himself, "and I scarcely saw him, and yet could two faces be more alike?"

The young girl, half clothed, as though she had just risen from her bed, encouraged by the apparent solitude of the place,remained supported on her elbows at the window.

"Alas! I have found something that I was not seeking," sighed the pretty page, "Behold me thoroughly in love; me who have ever mocked those who loved. My heart never beat before but once, and that was when I saw Queen Ingeburge, so noble, so beautiful, and so unfortunate; but never before did it beat as it has beaten to-day."

A cloud spread over his brow and his eyelids suddenly closed.

"Ah!" said he, trembling, "this, perhaps, is what Tristan was looking at so earnestly!" In truth, the pretty page was already jealous as a tiger, though only a minute old in love.

A voice was now heard in the interior of master Thomas's house, and the charming young girl turned quickly, closed the window and disappeared.

Albret felt as though his heart would burst.

"I love her," murmured he, bending his head under the weight of that passion which he felt growing upon him with a sudden and invincible strength, "I love her and the destiny of my life is there."

There, in the dwelling of Thomas, the lodger of masons, the destiny of Albret's life, that youth of a seignorial race, and the favourite page of the most powerful king in the universe!

As to the orders of Phillip Augustus—as to the mission that he had received,—all was confusion and disorder in the mind of the handsome page. The truth was too romantic for belief; but still something told him, that the little Adam and that adorable young girl were one and the same person; but he repelled the idea as much as he could. Certainly the simplest thing would have been to have entered into that house, which was so near; but in such cases, how rarely we do the simplest thing?

Albret said to himself, "I will search every house, but I will accomplish the king's orders;" though at the same time he budged not, but remained with his fascinated eye fixed upon that window, now closed, but which had so recently served as a frame to the radiant vision that had appeared to him.

The clerk and student were all this time walking among the bushes of la Motte-aux-Papelards, like wise men.

The clerk said, "I know enough, see'st thou, compere Tristan, to make me a great lord, if I am not hung first."

"Have patience," interrupted the scholar, "and thou shalt be hung, compere Samson."

The clerk placed his bony and mis-shapen hand upon the student's shoulder, and in spite of the enormous quantity of wine which he had imbibed, assumed an air of gravity and reflection.

"I am not joking, friend Tristan," said he, "and though thou art a little insolent betimes, if thou showest thyself reasonable, I will protect thee when I become a great lord."

To show how reasonable he could be at a pinch, Tristan controlled a burst of laughter, which made great efforts to escape him.

"We may see as strange metamorphoses as that," resumed the clerk, whose tone became more and more solemn, "without going very far to seek them; but yesterday Agnes the pretty was but a poor foolish girl, and to-day have I not seen her pass in a gilded litter, going to take possession of her chateau d'Etampes."

"Her chateau d'Etampes," repeated Tristan, "the chateau d'Etampes belongs to Montruel—given him by the king."

"And Montruel has given it to Agnes," continued Samson, "and why? simply because Agnes had a secret."

"But is it the same secret as thine?" demanded the scholar."

Samson looked the scholar all over.

"A secret," resumed the scholar, who had in his turn become almost serious. "A secret, my brother, which is worth such a chateau as the chateau d'Etampes, must be a good secret."

Samson drew close to him and assumed a still more mysterious air.

"Listen," said he, in a low voice, "my secret is two-fold—it concerns Agnes and another with her. Montruel is the friend of the king; he has other chateaus besides the chateau d'Etampes. I will sign no quittance for less than two of the handsomest!"

As they were thus talking, an object came in view towards the point of the island of Notre Dame, called in our day the island of St. Louis. The object was surrounded by men, who were advancing slowly, and they could at first scarcely distinguish it, seeing only some gilded thing reflecting the rays of the rising sun.

"By Jove," said Tristan, "we were speaking of a litter; I could swear I see one—and a beauty, upon my faith!"

Samson looked on in silence; but as he looked, his eyes changed their expression, and all the intoxication that still remained about him was evidently leaving him.

"Thou hast nothing to say?" resumed Tristan.

"Thee, who see'st so far," said the clerk, in a changed voice, "say, is there any one within that litter?"

Tristan shaded his eyes with his hand, and after looking attentively, said, "it is empty."

The clerk's brow then recovered a little from its paleness. The litter approached towards a boat upon the left bank of the river, opposite the eastern point of the city; the men who were escorting the litter jumped into the boat, crossed the Seine, and landed in the face of our two companions.

Samson remained silent, while Tristan contemplated him with a curious eye.

When the boat touched the shore, the scholar heard Samson muttering to himself, "it is indeed her litter—why has it returned empty?"

"Friend Samson," responded the scholar, with a bitter smile, "these good people could tell thee."

Samson recoiled! his face was livid; for in those who accompanied the litter he recognized the inmates of that mysterious house that Amaury Montruel occupied in la rue St. Jacques-la-Boucherie, the tall and robust members of a police force without control—men that Samson himself had selected and trained to obey, without ever questioning the orders of their master.

"You are returning from the chateau d'Etampes?" demanded the clerk, addressing himself to the men.

"No! maitre Samson," replied the chief of the band who recognized him, "we have not been so far as that," and the man had a hideous smile upon his lips.

"In the forest," resumed he, "we met some bandits, who wanted the rich girdle of the damsel."

"She is dead——" muttered the clerk.

"Aye! dead enough!" maitre Samson, "said the man," moving on after the bearers of the empty litter.

Samson stood stupefied.

"Diable," said the scholar, "if thy secrets are worth as much as those of Agnes the pretty, friend Samson, thou will neither be hung, nor become a great lord."

By degrees the troubled face of the clerk recovered some serenity.

"Friend Tristan," replied he at last, "the chateau d'Etampes is a long way off, and there is a thick forest upon the road; I will choose two chateaus that are nearer. But now to our business again, if it please thee; this contretemps has quite sobered me, and I am about to talk to thee as out of a book."

"I am all attention," said Tristan.

Samson drew him toward the extremity of la Motte-aux-Papelards, and resumed, with his ordinary dry and firm voice.

"Amaury Montruel, my worthy master, desires to produce some little show of an emotion through the city during these days."

"That is easy enough to do," interrupted the scholar.

"Doubtless," pursued Samson; "and I should have no necessity for thy services, if only an ordinary row was in question. But Messire Amaury has his own ideas—it matters little to him when the scholars and bourgeois exchange broken pates in the streets. What he wants now is a popular revolt, on a small scale, directed *comme il faut*, and striking a sure blow."

"What—against the king?" demanded Tristan.

"For the king," replied the clerk.

"Then try to explain thyself more clearly."

"The king is much embarrassed," said Samson, taking an air of presumption, "he is more enamoured than ever with Agnes de Meranie, and knows not what to do with Queen Ingeburge. Montruel, who is the friend of the king, naturally wishes to come to his aid; dost understand?"

"I understand that Amaury Montruel is the mortal enemy of Queen Ingeburge," said Tristan.

"That is nearly about what I desired to tell thee, my brave companion. "Now follow me again." King Phillip is weak enough to have a fondness for those schools."

"That proves King Phillip's good taste," said Tristan."

"I do not think so," said Samson; "but let as not dispute about that; for after all, I belong, like thee, to the university. King Phillip thinks that all these colleges, instituted or restored by him, will make his name renowned, and prove to be the glory of France. Ah! if he knew the respectable corps of Paris scholars as well as I do!"

"Come to facts, gossip," interrupted Tristan again. A bell was now heard from the purlieus of Notre Dame. The passers-by increased at every moment and were covering both sides of the river. It was half-past six in the morning.

"Thou art right," said the clerk, "the labourers are about to resume their work, and God knows we shall soon have company enough. I will be brief. The king, right or wrong, being attached to the schools—a fact which he has proved by deciding two or three causes in favour of the university, when, at the same time, the students and all the clerks of Parliament deserved to have been horsewhipped out of Paris. An opportunity now offers itself to the scholars to show their gratitude to the king. Consequently, my master wishes you to raise these learned philosophers, and that you assemble them altogether before the palace, making them cry out against Madame Ingeburge.

Tristan shook his head.

The deep and prolonged hum of the swarms of artisans employed on the cathedral, was now heard: numerous boats were rippling the quiet surface of the river Seine—clumsy tumbrils, loaded with stones, were labouring through the heavy roads which followed each bank of the river; over the rising walls of the cathedral,

countless human faces could be traced, profiled against he sky: the bells of the neighbouring churches and convents began to chime, and the thousand other noises of Paris burst simultaneously into life.

"Against Queen Ingeburge," continued the clerk, who had not yet remarked the negative air of his companion—"Against that foreigner, who is the unhappy cause of all the calamities under which the unfortunate kingdom of France languishes!"

"That's a patent lie!" objected the scholar.

"A lie that is proclaimed aloud," replied the clerk, "is better heard than a truth proclaimed in a more reasonable voice. Say, will you cry it aloud?"

Tristan seemed to hesitate.

"Besides," continued the clerk, "do not our professors teach us that every question has two sides? For example, if Queen Ingeburge did not exist, Phillip Augustus would have but one wife; the major-excommunication would disappear—the people would again obtain the sacraments which the church has refused them—all would thus be for the best; and thou can'st not but admit that from that point of view, Madame Ingeburge is the true cause of all our misfortunes."

Tristan shrugged his shoulders.

"Hast thou, then," said he, "so much sophistry to expend, that thou should'st waste it upon me? Ingeburge was queen before we had heard of this Agnes; and it is *she* who has drawn upon us the thunders of Rome. And though, to tell the truth, these thunders of Rome give me little concern, you should reflect that the ignorant people are not so advanced as the members of the university! The people suffer, and they understand very well that Agnes de Meranie is the cause of their sufferings; and it is exactly on that account that Amaury Montruel desires that the scholars should go to the people and tell them that they are deceived. Amaury Montruel does not know the scholars; there may be young fools among them with many vices!"

"Say every vice," said maitre Samson, correcting him.

"Every vice," repeated Tristan, "well, I will even accord thee that; but remember they are younger than us, mon compere, and their hearts are not dead."

Maitre Samson set up a laugh; "*their* hearts!" said he, with a singular inflexion of voice.

Tristan folded his arms upon his breast, and looked at him curiously; "Friend Samson," said he, thou hast not yet reached thy thirtieth year, and yet thy visage is that of an old hag of fifty; thy grimaces, when speaking of the heart, are like those of an evil one, who has dipped his claws into holy water. Tell me, Samson, hast thou retained the smallest idea of what thou wast at thy twentieth year?"

"No!" replied Samson, without any hesitation.

The eyes of the scholar became dreamy, while a ray of intelligence and pride shot across his withered brow; "For my part," said he, in a slow and sad voice, "I shall soon be twenty-six. I have lived at the rate of one lustre, (five years) per annum; but I do not forget that I have been young—that I have believed—that I have loved! And I tell thee, moreover, compere Samson, that if at that day—when I was myself—if at that day a rogue like thee had come to me with the proposal that thou makest me to-day—to kill a woman by calumny—to assassinate her—not with a poignard, but to raise against her the blind mob, to tear her to pieces with their nails, and to devour her with their teeth—I would have replied to thee with my dagger and not with words!" and he grasped nervously the handle of his knife which hung at his girdle.

Samson bore all this unmoved.

"Yes! thou would'st have done all that formerly, compere Tristan," said he coolly, "but to-day what wilt thou do?"

"To-day!" exclaimed the scholar, carried away by an impetuous movement.

The clerk thrust his hand into the depths of his pocket and jingled his golden crowns. Tristan hesitated and his head fell upon his breast.

"To-day," said he, giving that word a very different inflexion this time, "to-day I am almost as great a sinner as thee, compere Samson. My heart is no longer touched by a regret or a reproach. That is a disease I would fain cure; to-day I leave my dagger in its place—I enter into discussion with the rogue and if I find his proposition materially acceptable—ah! well—I will accept it."

CHAPTER II.

There was nothing more now between the acolytes, but a question of excution—or possibility of execution. Tristan was overwhelmed with debts; that sudden good impulse of his heart could not endure, and his insatiable thirst for debauchery, which had become his second nature, returned in full force.

Samson drew from his satchel twenty-five golden crowns, which he counted out upon the spot, already too much exposed to the gaze of the numerous passers-by. In fact the bargain was closed.

"We are not children," said the clerk, smiling with complacency, "though I do not quite share thy opinion upon the chivalrous spirit of the Paris students; for though I admit that some big words incautiously addressed to these light-headed beings might be sufficient to make an adventure fail, such as, 'Assassinate a woman! Insult a woman!' and the like, and would be almost certain to bring the blood into beardless cheeks, and rouse up all the foolish impulses of youth, still remember, friend Tristan, that Messire Amaury and myself set small store upon thy virtuous companions—it is upon thee that we reckon."

"Still," said Tristan, "with all the will in the world, I cannot get up a riot by myself."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Samson, "do our little Paris students wear their name and quality inscribed upon their faces?"

A stronger repugnance still was depicted upon the features of Tristan.

"I do not understand thee.." said Tristan; but was it because he did not wish to understand.

"I thought I had warned thee of that," said Samson, "looking him through; thou hast my twenty-five crowns, and henceforth we must have no more joking, mon compere!"

"Perhaps thou wilt explain thyself," said Tristan.

"Good! Good! I have no false shame, and I will put, then, the dots to thine i's. All men resemble each other do they not? What difference is there between a scholar and a beggar, if the beggar has the same dress as the scholar?"

"That is infamous!" said Tristan; but these words were not pronounced with that brave tone indicated by his jauntily posed cap and his ferocious moustache—

"The question is not whether it be good or bad," said Samson, drily, "but whether it is feasible——is it feasible?"

"I think"—began the scholar—

"Oh! if it is not feasible," interrupted Samson, "give me back my twenty-five crowns, in order that I may provide myself elsewhere."

Tristan put his hand upon his satchel, not to give them back, but to defend them to the last extremity in case they should be attacked.

"If, on the contrary, it is feasible," resumed Samson, "hold out thy hand again, mon compère, and I will count out twenty-five more crowns for thee to pay for disguising the beggars as scholars."

Tristan hesitated—stamped and swore—but at last held forth his hand.

The approaches to Notre Dame being now encumbered with labourers, venders, and spectators, Samson, the clerk, and Tristan, the scholar, separated.

CHAPTER III.

In the house of Thomas, the lodging-keeper, and behind that closed window, that still transfixed the eyes of the handsome page, Albret, three persons were assembled. These were Eric, the mason—his pretty sister, Eve—and that venerable old man, with the white head and beard, called Christian the Dane.

We have already heard his name in the mouth of Eric, when the poor traveller, replying to the questions of chevalier Dieudonné, told the hopes that he indulged of earning his livelihood in the unknown city. When that charming vision that had fascinated the handsome page, Albret, that beautiful fair child, who at sunrise was leaning out of her window, and who had so suddenly disappeared—it was because old Christian had just entered her chamber.

Eric, Eve, and the old man were now talking in a low voice, fearing that they might be overheard through the thin partitions of master Thomas's house; Christian occupied the only bench—Eric and Eve were seated upon the bed.

"You are good children," said the old man, in a voice full of emotion, "and God will reward you; but this long and painful journey, which has so exhausted thy strength, my son, Eric, and which has so often made thy poor little feet bleed, my gentle Eve,—that journey will not help them."

"And why?" exclaimed Eric.

Eve became pale as an alabaster statue, and murmered,

"Is our well-beloved princess angel dead?"

"God forbid," replied the old man, "but heaven alone can henceforth lend her any aid."

"If she is not dead," said Eve, with a flushed brow, "then I promise thee, my father, that our journey shall not have been made in vain. I will go to her, wherever she is—I will follow her like a tender sister and like a devoted slave—and when once there, the poignard of the assassain shall only pierce her heart through mine."

"Poor child," murmured the old man, "no poignard threatens her; King Phillip of France is a chevalier, and our beautiful princess is in safety in her prison. But despair can kill as well as poison and steel, and our beautiful queen is in despair."

"I will console her," cried Eve, with tears in her eyes.

"Listen," said old Christian, in a voice full of sadness, "I, who was one of her servants—I, who formed part of the queen's suite—have been five long months without seeing her. When I presented myself at the gates of the Abbey St. Martin, where the king, her husband, had enclosed her—the pitiless guards repulsed me. I prayed—I knelt in the dust of the road—but the halberds of the guards barred my entrance, and the heavy portcullas was allowed to fall: such was the order of the king."

"The king must be very cruel," said Eve, whose heart rebelled.

"There is a curse upon him," said the old man, lowering his voice still more.

Eric and his sister maintained a fearful silence.

"If the prophecy spoke not of that," resumed the old man, "have no faith in the prophecy!"

"No," murmured Eric, "the prophecy spoke not of that."

Eve said nothing—but something more was required to prevent her from believing in the prophecy of Mila, who had predicted the meeting with the man who threatened the life of Queen Angel, and the meeting with the chevalier Dieudonné, the aiding destiny. The head of the old man fell upon his breast and he seemed to be recalling his souvenirs.

"No; King Phillip is not cruel," said he, as though speaking to himself, "and I think that he would have loved her. The first time he saw her after our arrival, his eye became animated for he found her very beautiful! But on the day of the ceremony, a man came to Paris: he arrived from the country of Bohemia, they call him Berthoud, lord of Meran. Phillip welcomed him with a strange distinction; for in the first court of the universe, they could have well dispensed with the presence of that demi-savage adventurer. Before proceeding to the church, Phillip received the lord of Meran at his royal dwelling, and it is said that they passed more than an hour together in the private oratory of the king.

"What passed at that interview?"

"On leaving the oratory, Phillip Augustus wore suspended from his neck, a gold medal, and that medal bore—for I have seen it with my own eyes—the portrait of Marie, dauguer of Berthoud, lord of Meran, who has been known from that time to all the world by the name of Agnes of Meranie."

(*To be continued.*)

BLANCHE.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS so unfortunate whilst a student in Paris as to fall ill with ague, and, like all bachelors, sought care and cure in a Maison de Santé. Tourists, however, so rarely hear of this truly Parisian institution, that before commencing my story I preface a word or two concerning it.

A Maison de Santé is neither more nor less than a hospital conducted on æsthetic principles; in other words, illness beautified, for whether you are jaundiced or palsied, have broken a limb or lost a lung, you are made to feel that such a visitation is the best possible luck in the world. Tender nurses smoothe your pillow, courteous physicians discuss the news of the day, pretty valetudinarians bring you roses and *feuilletons*. I selected the Maison de Santé Municipale. Any- one who has walked from the monster railway-station of the Calais terminus to the Faubourg St. Denis, would remember an imposing-looking façade which extends the length of an ordinary street. Enter, and you are lost in admiration of the breadth and elevation and symmetry of the building, and the brilliancy and airiness of its entourage. Open porticoes lead from spacious salons to flowery pastures; there are fountains playing, caged birds singing, and every ornamental element of out-door life. One path curls round an artificial height covered with daisies, another ends in a laurel-grove and rustic seat, a third climbs a terrace of well-kept flowers. Groups of cheerful valetudinarians sit here and there, carriages come and go at one's bidding, servants are ready to fly at a signal, and the distant noise of the streets gives a pleasant *dolce far niente* feeling.

I was spending my last day of convalescence at the Maison de Santé. To-morrow I should no longer talk politics with the rheumatic monsieur, belles-lettres with the asthmatical monsieur, social science with the dropsical monsieur, agriculture with the monsieur who had broken his leg, art with the monsieur who had dislocated his collar-bone, love and romance with the ladies who had had the measles.

The only person whom I really regretted was a young man not mentioned in this category. His name was Félicien des Essarts, and his illness had arisen, as the illnesses of many young authors arise, from mental over-excitation, irregular hours, and insufficient food.

"I'll just tell you the thought of my mind, Browne," he said, as we reclined on a well-cushioned bench out of doors. "If I am not strong enough to leave this place in a few days, I shall never leave it at all."

"Nonsense, Des Essarts, you ate half a fowl for your breakfast."

He shook his head.

"You students don't know how we poor *feuilletonists* exist. Do you remember Marius in 'Les Misérables.' He purchased a chop, and on the first day ate the lean, on the second the fat, on the third gnawed the bone. I've surpassed that economy many a time, and am feeling the evil effects of it now."

I tried, first to laugh, then to reason away his fears, but in vain. He was possessed with the idea that he should never leave the walls of the sanatorium alive.

"What matters!" he laughed, recklessly. "I have had some good days. One of my pieces was acted at the Variétés—aye, acted for twenty-one nights in succession—a year or two back. What a festival we had! There was Victor, and Etienne, and François, and Emilie of the black eyes. Pretty, pretty Emilie! would she cry if she heard that I were laid in the cemetery of Montmartre? Perhaps; but it does not matter to me. Look here."

He took from his bosom a small painted photograph of a young girl, whose beauty consisted in her rare complexion and sweet pensive expression. The auburn air, the violet eyes, the glowing lips, combined to make such a face as one seldom sees.

"Well?" he said.

"If I were not betrothed to one of my own countrywomen I should envy you," I answered.

"*She* is not an Emilie," he went on impetuously. "She is pure as an angel, and would mourn for me till her hair grew grey. Will you promise me a favour, Browne?"

I promised.

"You will be free to-morrow—oh, my God! strong and free, and a man again! You must go to her instead of me."

"And my message?"

"Let me take breath a little. Blanche has not a happy home, you must know. Her father married a widow with money, and the poor wretch hardly dares to treat his own child kindly. There is another daughter, too—that woman's—and between two fiends and a fool, no wonder that Blanche was ready to run away. We should have been married six weeks ago but for this illness."

"And now?"

"And now I think we shall never be married at all. Could you befriend Blanche a little in that case?"

"With friends—money—counsel?"

"With all."

Then, seeing my look of bewilderment, he added, eagerly and apologetically,

"She could do anything that other poor young ladies do by way of living—teach, sew, model flowers, play the pianoforte. Is it possible for you to help her towards a livelihood? She would be happy anywhere, if people treated her kindly, and——"

He looked at me eagerly, blushed to the brow, and added, in an undertone,

"I couldn't rest in my grave if she staid at home. There is a man who calls himself Henriette's lover (Henriette is the name of the step-sister), but he hates her, and loves Blanche,—loves Blanche, as the miser loves money, as beasts loves prey, as gourmands love fine dishes. The man has no soul—do you understand?"

I understood quite well, and he saw it; grasping my arm with the strength of fury, he muttered between his teeth, "The man is rich, in good health, and has no heart. When I think of my own condition I long to curse him, if curses could save Blanche."

Here the resident physician came up, and observing Félicien's flushed cheeks and excited manner, he divided us under some special pretext. I saw my friend no more that day, and though on the next we breakfasted in company, the presence of the convalescents hindered us from speaking freely. He merely gave me a card, containing the following address:—

"Madame Goupil,
"Pension Bourgeoise,
"Rue de Buffon, No. 2."

Adding, as we made our adieux, "There is your vantage ground, but whatever you do, beware of offending Blanche's step-mother."

"*Courage, mon ami!*" I cried, cheerfully; "let us hope that you will soon be able to fight your own battles."

"Never."

I wrung his hand, and feigned not to see the tears that had gathered in his eyes. But the deelicate transparency of the complexion, the unnatural lustre of the dark eyes, the wasted hands, the drooping figure, all pointed to one conclusion, and made me afterwards sorry for what I had said. Almost a miracle were needed to prolong the life of Blanche's lover.

And now in what way was I to fulfil my promise? Here was a young girl whom I had never seen, threatened by all kinds of dangers and insults by people I must learn to know. Surely I had the strangest of duties, and the most difficult of guardianships!

I thought over the matter steadily for half an hour, and by the end of that time had come to the following conclusions:

Firstly, it would be prudent to enter the pension as a simple boarder, in nowise disclosing my acquaintance with Félicien.

Secondly, it would be as well for me to consult an old friend of mine, an ex-governess of my sister's, residing in the Rue St. Honoré as to Blanche's future.

Thirdly, I resolved to feign admiration for Henriette, and kick her unworthy lover out of doors the very first opportunity.

That very evening I went to the Rue de Buffon.

Quitting the omnibus at the entrance of the Jardin des Plantes, I followed what seemed to be a by-street, cast into deep shadow by high garden walls and chestnut-trees overtopping them. Here and there a little iron gate broke the white monotony, and the last of these was distinguished by a plate bearing the words, "Pension Bourgeoise." The bell-cord being broken, I entered unceremoniously, and found myself in a long narrow garden, overgrown with grass, flowers, and vegetables. At the lower end stood some hen-coops and a round table; at the upper, the house presented a front of bow-windows open to the ground, with dormers above. and a side entrance, with kitchen and red-bricked staircase.

A little old lady in black satin was busily feeding chickens as I entered, but quitted her occupation to follow me inquisitively towards the house. On catching sight of the lady proprietress, however, she vanished with the agility of a nymph.

Madame Goupil was florid, sleepy-eyed, and wore a yellow cap. She certainly had nothing of the fiend in her looks, unless an indolent languid air of cunning, or the wearing of a yellow cap, may be called so. But she was not quite a pleasant person. Something indescribable in her voice and manner made you feel as if she should not take any trouble about you, unless she found it worth her while.

"So, monsieur would join our little circle?" she said in a monotonous undertone. "The air is so pure, and the family arrangements so friendly, that monsieur can but be charmed. And then, monsieur, Goupil is the most amiable of men. Only yesterday he walked to the Halles on purpose to procure beans for one of our ladies, because she asked for them. A child in his ways, but an angel at heart, is my poor Goupil, monsieur."

I caught sight of a tall grey-haired man, wearing a velvet skull-cap and shabby surtout, cleaning salad in the kitchen, and was not wrong in supposing this to be the poor Goupil. After a few minutes, he entered by another way, and we were soon busily discussing terms. I noticed that Madame, though avowedly estimating her husband's abilities at a very low rate, appealed to him upon every point.

"You hear this, Bernard? You understand the gentleman to intend that, Bernard?" she said, if once, twenty times, Bernard looking very much in awe of his wife all the time. Our arrangements were made without much ado, and I entered the pension from that very hour.

"Monsieur will not find the time pass heavily," said Madame; "removed from the din of the city, we live an idyllic life, occupying our leisure with music, dancing, and the rural pursuits of the poultry-yard. Our daughter Henriette brightens us old folks with her wit, and monsieur, her lover, brings us the news of the great world. Truly a happy family, monsieur."

"You have a daughter?" I asked.

"We have a daughter," said Madame, eyeing her husband significantly; "and such a daughter, monsieur!"

"Only child, madame?"

"An only child."

Just then Monsieur Goupil shuffled back to the kitchen, and Madame cried, shutting the door upon him,

"See what he is, this poor Goupil, monsieur! The child I speak of is his step-daughter, and he cannot bear to hear her praised. Fire and water, fire and water are not nearly so antagonistic as these two, monsieur, and I have to bear the brunt of it all."

Madame chatted on, I too much perplexed to answer or even follow her. She mentioned only one child, distinctly negativing the existence of any other. Where then was Blanche?

The sound of the first dinner-bell relieved me of my hostess's unwelcome presence, and I strolled into the garden by way of obtaining quiet. Hardly had I set foot on the turf, however, before a footstep sounded close behind me, and, looking up, I beheld the little chicken-feeder.

She was a strange little personage, with pink cheeks, pale yellow hair blowing to the four

winds, restless blue eyes, and a habit of pecking her looks at you as a timid bird afraid of being driven away. And she had a somewhat foggy understanding.

"Does monsieur like feeding chickens?" she asked, nervously; "because here is some grain."

I hastened, to please her, and she brought from under her apron a handful of barley.

Smiling at my look of astonishment, she whispered, "Clever police make clever thieves, monsieur, *voilà tout*."

We sat down under the chestnut-trees, and soon had a hungry brood around us. The little lady chuckled over the feast that her cunning had provided for them.

"Ah," she said, apparently thinking herself alone, "if Blanche were here you'd peck out of her hands, you pretty dears!"

Hardly were the words said than she recollected my presence. Dismayed and crestfallen, she was fain to explain away her words, but lacked the power. "I was thinking of some one else; don't pay any heed to me," she whispered. "There are some things one mustn't talk about in every house—you understand."

And then, as if fearful of betraying herself, she shook the remaining corn from her apron, and walked quickly towards the house.

I was getting into a maze. Evidently some fate had befallen Blanche of which my poor friend knew nothing. Her existence was denied; her very name was under a ban.

Had she fallen into some snare set by her sister's lover? Had she been driven to desperation by the tyrannies of her home? Was she dead?

In the midst of these disturbing thoughts the final gong sounded for dinner, and I recollected that I had forgotten my toilette. To rush to my room, to change my clothes, to perfume my handkerchief, was the work of a minute. When I entered the salon, with a voluminous apology, Madame was still ladling out the soup.

I was formally introduced to Mademoiselle Henriette, Monsieur Colin, her financé, the rest of the party *en masse*, and then took the seat assigned me. The better to fulfil my purpose I feigned a countrified, somewhat unsophisticated mien and manner, thus procuring myself the drainings of the wine-bottle, the untempting limbs of the fowl, the most meagre modicum of dessert, and, what was quite compensatory, perfect oblivion of everyone present except of Mademoiselle Henriette. That young lady never forgot a single element of the small society around her for an instant. She was as keenly alive to each little weakness and as keenly appreciative of each little idiosyncrasy, as a writer of Balzac's school might be; and naturally, at a private table d'hôte of this kind, food was not wanting for such mental appetite.

Of the fourteen members composing Madame's family circle, ten were ladies of an uniform age and presence, but varying strongly in those slight shades that only quick observers can detect. One motive had evidently driven them all to seek the sheltering wing of Madame Goupil—namely, economy; and one passion evidently kept them from ennui—namely, jealousy of each other. My little friend, the chicken-feeder seemed the enfant gâté of all, and the only centre of cordiality and good feeling. Among the men, it suffices to particularize Monsieur Colin, Henriette's lover. He was about fifty, and still possessed that florid kind of beauty so admired by women of a certain type. Well made, with regular features, and a bright black close-cut beard, he lacked nothing but intellectuality to recommend him among women of all types. He spoke well, and had a sweet voice; he had a certain indolent way of paying tender little courtesies; he never said or looked a rude or sarcastic or unwelcome truth. But for all that, as my poor friend had said, the man was without a soul. When Henriette used that stinging little whip, her tongue, so pitilessly, Monsieur Colin was the first to smile; when Henriette browbeat her timid, trembling old stepfather, Monsieur Colin encouraged her with a glance of admiration; when Henriette lashed one inoffensive middle-aged lady after the other into silence, Monsieur Colin tried no mediation, offered no apology, and evidently enjoyed the scene from the bottom of his heart. How I hated the man! How I hoped that Henriette would turn against him one day! This admirable young lady was not handsome, and had passed the Rubicon so awful to Frenchwomen, namely, the thirtieth birthday. Though wanting, however, in youthful softness and bloom, she had attraction of a more startling and uncommon kind. Her figure was tall, and symmetrical as a statue; her eyes were the finest I had ever seen, and wonderful for their power of expression; her wit was ever ready and ever new.

CHAPTER II.

The evening passed pleasantly on the whole. As soon as the cloth was removed, we adjourned to a little salon opening on to the garden, parties were formed for whist and dominoes, whilst those who loved music drew round Mademoiselle Henriette's piano.

She played fairly, and sung one or two songs with no little execution, Monsieur Colin smoking his cigar at her elbow all the time. Once I saw him kiss her hand, but the act was done so indolently and formally that I could not understand Henriette's triumphant acknowledgment of it. She blushed, faltered, and smiled, like an *ingénue* of seventeen. About ten o'clock Monsieur Colin took his leave, and the little household separated for the night. One circumstance that occurred amid the universal jargon of parting compliments struck me. It was this:

There seemed to be a tacit division of domestic duties between Mademoiselle Henriette and her parents. Madame went through the kitchen and butteries, trying the locks and surveying the stores; Henriette extinguished the lights and stowed away the plate; Monsieur, having put on his hat and boots, lighted a lantern and stepped out into the garden.

"I am going to lock up the chickens," he said, explanatorily. "If Monsieur wishes for a turn in the moonlight I shall be delighted to have his company."

I was about to fetch my hat, when I heard Henriette's laugh close at my ear.

"Afraid of the bogeys, poor little papa?" she said, sneeringly; "shall it be eaten up by goblins, then, and frightened out of its little wits!"

"I merely invited Monsieur to join me," answered the old man, shrinking away; "I—am—not—frightened——"

But the tremor of his voice, and the timidity of his gesture, betrayed him. Pitying the poor old man, I laughingly deprecated Henriette's sarcasm. I followed Monsieur bare-headed across the turf, singing a snatch of Béranger about love and moonlight. When we had reached the end of the garden where the thickly interleaved chestnut boughs made a deep shadow, Monsieur stopped short.

"It's very kind of you to come with me," he said, holding up his lantern so as to see my face, "Henriette—Mademoiselle—makes fun of everything I say; but, in very truth, Monsieur, I saw something unearthly here last night."

He looked round, shuddered, and bending down, began locking the fowl coops hurriedly.

"Be so kind as to hold the lantern for me, Monsieur," he began again "It is chilly, and my hands shake. What is that moving in the trees?"

"Nothing is moving in the trees but the wind," I said, with difficulty repressing a smile.

The last key was turned, and Monsieur rose, with an effort of cheerfulness.

"We all have our fancies, my dear Monsieur, have we not? *N'importe*. Were it not for each other's little weaknesses, where would be the need of divine charity?"

I feigned perfect faith in Monsieur's vigorous bravery, and tried to lead the conversation back to its original source.

"You saw something unearthly?" I began.

"One must seek to drive away such painful impressions, Monsieur; and Mademoiselle Henriette declares that I had muddled my brain by drinking too much coffee. The fact is, I am getting old, and have had many troubles."

"Your daughter is a splendid creature, and ought to console you," I said. "What a sparkling wit she has, and, by St. Cupid, what a figure!"

I felt my arm caught as in a vice, and heard a low, senile chuckle. "My daughter! Monsieur calls her my daughter!" he said, adding in an almost inaudible voice, "I had a daughter once, but her name was not Henriette."

"And you lost her? She is dead?"

"Monsieur mustn't ask questions. She displeased Madame, and was sent away—do you understand? I could not save her; but, indeed, we are both breaking rules. Many thanks for Monsieur's society. Good-night; good-night."

And saying this, he shuffled towards the kitchen, lantern in hand, leaving me to grope my way up-stairs as best I could. Two other days passed, and by the end of that time I had fallen into the routine of the pension. Madame's rigorous economics, Henriette's tyrannic behaviour to everybody but her lover, Monsieur Colin's selfish acceptance of her homage, poor Goupil's submission, the little quarrels of the ladies, all these things repeated themselves without any especial variety. I took care to spend every evening at home, and by that means won the good graces of every one. Henriette tried to coquet with me by way of provoking Monsieur Colin to jealousy; Madame liked a leaven of gentlemen's society in her establishment; she said it looked well and sounded well; Monsieur was grateful for such waifs and strays of kindness as I ventured to show him; whilst Monsieur Colin seemed really relieved to have Henriette's attentions a little divided. I believe he was almost as fond of this girl as it was in his nature to be, but he admired beauty, and in his eyes she had none.

"Poor Henriette will make a good wife," he would say to me over coffee and cigars; "and has extraordinary talents. But what are talents without a pretty face?"

"Mademoiselle has glorious eyes, and the figure of a Juno," I put in.

"Bah! you should have seen the eyes of the little sister, Blanche!"

And then the subject would be put off abruptly, and just as I deemed myself on the edge of a great discovery, all became blank and inscrutable as before. At the end of of a week I had learned nothing.

Not caring to carry so unsatisfactory a story to my poor friend in the Maison de Santé, I wrote instead, touching upon Blanche's absence and the common acceptation of it, as cheerfully as was possible. I received in reply the following pencilled note:—

"I am only able to crawl from my bed to the window, or would leave this place at the risk of my life and seek Blanche. I cannot tell you the terror with which your letter has inspired me. I know Henriette and her mother too well to doubt some foul injustice—Heavens; crime would seem the proper word—is at the bottom of this mystery. What is best for you to do, I know not—all that I implore of you is to do something. How can I die in this fearful suspense?"

Inside the envelope was scrawled by way of postscript,

"Goupil is harmless and good-hearted. He would tell you all he knew."

Acting upon the hint, I took every opportunity of improving my acquaintance with Monsieur Goupil. But he was so child-like, so helpless, and so terribly in awe of his wife and stepdaughter, that all our little confidences had to be obtained by stealth. Sometimes I made a point of meeting him, as if by accident in the markets—for he was the boot-cleaner, scullery-maid, and errand-boy of the establishment—sometimes I volunteered my assistance in digging up potatoes, or gathering peas. Sometimes I presented him with half-a-dozen cigars, and once I took him to the play.

We went to the Porte St. Martin, and saw "Les Pilules du Diable," surely the most gorgeous, rollicking, captivating extravaganza that the ingenuity of man ever contrived.

The poor old man laughed, wept, and embraced

me from very rapture; but when we adjourned to a café close by, and supped as I suspect he had not supped for many a year, the cup of his gratitude was full. He called me his *fils bien aimé*, his friend, his protector, pledged himself to everlasting affection and remembrance; finally, opened his heart to me.

It was a sad story. He had married because he needed bread, and the bread thus obtained was dealt out in niggardly portions, and steeped in bitterness beyond the bitterness of asphodel.

"Of course, when a man marries a lady because she has a house and some hundred francs," he said, with pitiful meekness, "there are little caprices to be endured; but I could'nt bear to see my poor Blanche made a Cinderella of. Oh, Monsieur! she was so pretty and so sweet, and her step-sister Henriette would have trodden on her neck if she dared."

We were now walking along the boulevard, arm and arm, and he looked behind and before him whilst speaking.

"Blanche had a spirit, but Henriette broke it. She made her do the work of the house, and wear her old dresses; she taunted her with her dependence before all our *pensionnaires;* she—oh, Monsieur, what am I saying? Let us talk of the play——"

"But I am especially interested in Mademoiselle Blanche," I said, persuasively. "Moreover, I am the friend of her faithful lover, Félicien des Essarts——"

"Félicien? Why did he go away? Where is he?"

I answered his questions one by one. The picture of Félicien sick, Félicien lonely, Félicien all but broken-hearted for the loss of Blanche, struck and subdued him. He grew coherent and self-possessed, and he told me what he knew without any effort at concealment.

One night, during his temporary absence, Blanche had disappeared. None could tell whither she had gone or the reason of her going, but Madame and Henriette forbade the mention of her name from that hour.

"I don't think Blanche would willingly have left me so," added the old man, tearfully. "She knew that I had no one else to comfort me; she knew how I should weep for her."

I caught his arm, and cried eagerly,

"You do not suspect that they drove her sway, or anything more unnatural and wicked?"

"I suspect nothing. I haven't mind enough left for suspicion, Monsieur. I only know that I wish I were dead."

My companion was too overcome, and I too bewildered, to say any more. When we reached the gate of the pension both were striving after self-composure, and both were looking, perhaps with the same thought, towards the chestnut-trees.

Was I dreaming? Had I imbibed the phantasmagoria of "Les Pilules du Diable" so strongly as to see unreal things in a real world? I stood by the little iron gate, I heard Mademoiselle Henriette playing in the salon, I saw the shabby little figure of the poor Goupil beside me, and yet I had lost my senses and knew not where I was.

A shadow—a shape—a something moved amid the chestnut-trees. One moment, and I felt that the diaphanous drapery was tangible, and the figure it covered was living; another, and I caught or imagined that I caught the gleam of a woman's golden head; a third, and Monsieur Goupil was clinging to my knees, pallid and palsied with fear, and about the chestnut-grove were darkness and silence only.

"Oh! Monsieur, Monsieur, that is what I saw once before. It is my Blanche, and yet it is not she. Surely such sights as these portend terrible things!" he cried; and it was a long time before I could soothe him.

To satisfy myself was more difficult still. I put the matter before me in every possible light. I accounted for the old man's hallucination and my own, by various plausibilities. I reduced the mystery to its simplest and least objectionable form. Still it was a mystery; a mystery I resolved to fathom, if indeed it were fathomable; a mystery I could neither forget by night nor by day, a mystery that made study impossible to me and sleep unhealthy.

From that day I spent all the strategy, of which I was master upon Henriette. I fêted, flattered, and provoked her; I dropped hints as to her lover's gallantries; taunted her with his indifference; I played upon her love of gifts and her love of pleasure. For strong-minded as she was, and self-contained as she was, she had a childish love of fine clothes, sweetmeats, cheap music, and street shows.

She did not wholly dislike me. When Monsieur Colin failed to come, she gladly played my favourite songs, mimicked such of her mother's boarders as were absent for my amusement, and, in fine, relieved her *ennui* without relieving her malice.

One evening, when she had been unusually jealous about Monsieur Colin, and, suave to me, I ventured upon a more decided course of action.

We had been talking lightly of love, using without stint or shame what Balzac, happily calls the *argot de cœur*, and recurring again and again to personal experiences. Henriette argued on the side of second love. I opposed whilst I spoke. "Witty and attractive as you are," I said, "you have a rival in Monsieur Colin's heart whom you will not easily supersede. She came first, and will outstay a reign like yours."

The girl's eyes flamed.

"I defy her power, and deny her claim," she said.

"Blanche's?" I asked, quietly.

She turned upon me, as if determined to sound my knowledge to the bottom.

"I have no secrets," I added, in a voice of cold indifference. "*You* must be better able to judge of this young lady's hold on your lover's heart."

"I?" she faltered.

"You."

"Pierre has told you——"

"Monsieur Colin has told me nothing I can repeat, Mademoiselle. If you wish to make the world as if it held no Blanche to him, the way is easy."

She looked up eagerly. I bent down and whispered in her ear.

"Reinstate your step-sister in her home and the game would be in your own hands."

Thunderstruck as she was, she never for a single instant lost self-possession. She accepted my knowledge of the family secret as a matter of course, and gave me no clue to the unravelling of it.

"Have you forgotten that Blanche is ten years younger than I?" she asked, evidently anticipating a triumph for herself now. She was disappointed.

"What of that? Were Blanche beautiful as an angel, her presence could not harm you as her unexplained absence is doing. Monsieur Colin is not a boy of eighteen, and would tire of her after two days' ineffectual courting."

"You do not know him."

"But why keep this pretty Blanche hidden from us all?" I said, in an altered tone. "You are cruel, Mademoiselle, and will leave us soon. Are we to have no one in your place?"

"Monsieur," Henriette answered, very distantly and drily, "it may be the fashion in England, but in France nothing excuses inquisitiveness as to domestic affairs. Oblige me by changing the subject."

Thus it happened that I risked all and gained nothing. I felt utterly powerless now to help my friend Félicien, much as I desired it. I felt even more than powerless, since I became an object of suspicion to both Madame Goupil and her daughter. The old man avoided me, partly, as I imagined, from fear of his wife, and partly from fear of himself. He could not help prattling of his troubles, and the very winds seemed to turn eavesdroppers on Madame's behalf.

All circumstances combined to make life in the Rue de Buffon a dreary affair at this time. Madame fed us ill, Henriette's tongue became venomous as the sting of a wasp, Monsieur Colin stayed away altogether, and the threadbare bachelors and shabby spinsters played dominoes and whist without a smile.

Félicien still lived, and on one or two occasions was enabled to see me. He had grown fiercely suspicious of the two Goupils now, and would fain have set the police upon their track, have charged them with the murder of Blanche, have done a hundred unconsidered things. I promised to take the initiative, but felt that too much caution could not be used. If, after all, Blanche were living, we might dearly repent such precipitate conduct; and precipitation alone could do no good.

One evening, events were brought to an unlooked-for crisis without any interference whatever. I had paid up my arrears to Madame, fully intent upon quitting the Rue de Buffon next day, which resolution seemed rather satisfactory than otherwise to the two ladies. Every one else, including Monsieur Colin, expressed unfeigned sorrow, and as to "ce pauvre père Goupil," as my friend the chicken-feeder, informed me, he cried whenever he found himself alone.

It was the first really autumnal evening, and though the windows of the salon were open still, and Henriette's white muslin dress similated summer, every one shivered sympathetically.

Candles were not yet lighted, for Madame practiced every possible economy that could be supported on sentimental grounds. Fruit and vegetables were the food of man before sin came, therefore it was proper and poetic to live on apples and potatoes. The summer was too beautiful to let go too easily; therefore it behoved every one to go without fires till near Christmas. Twilight induced dreaminess and spirituality; therefore her unhappy boarders were doomed to two or three hours of inactivity and darkness.

To-night the twilight was unusually deceptive and depressing. The garden lay in deep shadow, unbroken, save when the chestnut boughs tossed like funereal plumes against a cold grey sky. Not a sound broke the stillness, save the murmur of the outlying world of Paris, and the hoarse chaunt of a blind beggar in the neighbouring street.

Henriette sat at the piano and played fitfully, as the fancy seized her, Madame dozed on the sofa, rousing herself now and then to praise her daughter's performance, or to beg her dear Goupil to run and see how Jeannette was getting on with her ironing. Monsieur Colin smoked, nibbled chocolate, and took no notice of anyone. The *pensionnaires*, one and all, whispered to each other during the performance of Henriette's loudest passages, and held their peace at other times.

I perhaps enjoyed the most cheerful mood. Whatever exertions I might take on Félicien's behalf, however close the future might bring me to the old sordid life in the Rue de Buffon, I felt already removed from it, and the feeling was refreshing.

I could but regret, however, my poor old friend Monsieur Goupil, and the little chicken-feeder, and the power I should lose of henceforth brightening their lives. I thought, too, of the shadow among the chestnut-trees, alternately doubting, questioning, believing it.

On a sudden, as if the brain were indeed able to clothe its eidolon with shape and substance, I saw before me all I had just before seen in the eyes of fancy only.

A figure clothed in fantastic drapery of light colour moved slowly across the lawn. One hand bore a lamp, and the light of it made clear what else would have been phantasmal; a small head weighed down with golden hair, a lissom form crouched as if in fear; a pale, sweet face, large wondering eyes; all these were as plain to see as if it had been daylight.

I uttered an exclamation, and started to my feet.

"Look!" I cried; "Madame, Mademoiselle Henriette, look! You at least should not miss this sight."

From that moment I could understand the capability of blind men to interpret the passions and gestures of those around them. It was perfectly dark in the salon, yet I knew instinctively and momentarily all the emotion that Madame displayed, and Henriette suppressed. The former drew back, shrinking and praying; but I could

feel the daughter's breath come and go, and all the white, silent terror of her face.

The old ladies almost battled for a place near the gentlemen, and were hiding their faces and crossing themselves in company. The gentlemen called Jeannette to bring lights, and stood still. Monsieur Goupil fell to the ground, prone and speechless. Monsieur Colin's cigar was not even lifted from his mouth. Momentary though it was, every feature of this scene impressed itself so strongly upon my memory, as to be recalled without an effort after the lapse of years—Madame's agony of fear—Henriette's self-imposed calm—the cowardice of the little crowd—my own bewilderment—and the circumstances that recalled us to reality with the charm of magic.

It was the voice and the gesture of Monsieur Colin. He was sitting in the embrasure of the window, and, as I have said, went on smoking during the first shock that had paralyzed us all. A second later, and he leaned a little forward, flung his cigar upon the gravel-path with one hand, and with the other held something poised high above his head in the air.

"*Ma foi!*" he said, coolly; "we want no ghost here."

On the heels of his speech came a click, a flash, a report, and then a bullet whizzed straight and swift across the top of the chestnut grove.

The deed and the manner of it would alone have recalled us to our senses, but we were to be recalled in a more enduring and satisfactory way. A low, plaintive cry issued from the darkness, a cry that sent Monsieur Goupil and the little chicken-feeder across the lawn, crying, "Blanche! Blanche!" a cry that reduced Madame to shame and Henriette to silence; a cry that even Monsieur Colin could not hear unmoved.

It was indeed Blanche, but, as her simple father had before said, Blanche, and yet not Blanche. Suffering, cruelty, the deprivation of all she held dear, had gone far to wreck a mind naturally clinging and timid. She was meek and patient and loving, but she could not think or reason or remember.

I removed her at once to an hospital, where she gradually gained mental and bodily health. When she was well enough, I took Félicien to see her, and from that date she recovered.

It was to myself she confided her sad story. Driven from her home, ignorant as to the cause of her lover's silence, fearing the unscrupulous admiration of Monsieur Colin, lacking bread and shelter and love, no wonder body and mind alike broke down. For some weeks, however, she had earned a wretched pittance as a *réveilleuse*, going weary rounds to wake weary sleepers when the great world of Paris was still. Partly from an instinctive love of her old home, partly from the desire of seeing her father, she had ventured to the Rue du Buffon, bearing in her hand the lantern by which she guided herself up fifty staircases when on duty.

The rest of the story is told in few words. Félicien slowly recovered, and, with Blanche, hired modest apartments near the once courtly Place Royale. There, by their joint efforts as playwright and milliner, they maintain themselves and their old father, in peace, if not in plenty. Monsieur Colin found a prettier face, and never married Henriette, after all. The pension in the Rue de Buffon is still an admirable institution where ladies and gentlemen are boarded at twenty-five francs a week.

PASTIMES.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. An island—behead me, and I once proved a place of safety.
2. Part of a ship—behead me, and I am a fish.
3. A flaw or blemish—behead me, and I become a measure.
4. A fruit—behead me, and I become part of the body.
5. An insect—behead me, and I am a nickname; behead again, and I am a preposition.

CHARADES.

1. My *first* though your house, nay, your life he defends,
   You ungratefully name like the wretch you despise;
   My *second*—I speak it with grief—comprehends
   All the brave, and the good, and the learn'd, and the wise;
   Of my *whole* I have little or nothing to say,
   Except that it tells the departure of day.

2. My *first* is to deface; my *second* is the end of all earthly things; and my *whole* is a foreign title.

3. My *first* is the lot that is destined by fate
   For my *second* to meet with in every state;
   My *whole* is by many philosophers reckoned
   To bring very often my *first* to my *second*.

ENIGMA.

Without a head I perfect am,
Without a tail the same:
Or if you take my centre out
You do not change my name.

And if deprived of all the three
At one fell swoop, you'll find
That I may be pronounced complete
With what remains behind.

When to my perfect form restored
You certainly may see
(If you examination make)
That there is nought in me.

NAMES OF COUNTRIES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A part of the face, and an article.
2. A consonant, and what none of us like to feel.
3. Anger, and a part of the earth's surface.
4. To be able, and a girl's name.
5. A colour, and the soil.
6. A measure and a verb.

SQUARE WORDS.

1. A part of the body.
2. A disease prevalent in the neighbourhood of swamps.
3. A feeling produced by intense cold.
4. The penalty of extravagance.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

1. The sum of 61 guineas was paid with a certain number of guineas and crowns, and the number of crowns exceeded the number of guineas by 43. Required the number of each.

2. A person being asked his age, replied: "My grandfather's age is exactly $\frac{4}{3}$ of that of my father, my age is $\frac{4}{7}$ of that of my father, and the sum of our ages together a year ago was ninescore years." Find the respective ages of each.

3. A horse was sold for £10 less than it cost, and the difference between the squares of the cost and selling prices, in pounds amounted to £900. What did it cost and for what was it sold?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE, &c., No. 31.

Puzzle.—One fifth of seven=e, add × then divide 150 or CL by one fifth eight=c. Answer EXCEL.

Arithmorem.—1 Solon. 2 Ingersoll. 3 Richmond. 4 Indus. 5 Saxony. 6 Archipelago. 7 Acadie. 8 Chatham. 9 Boccaccio. 10 Rochester. 11 Onondagas. 12 Collingwood. 13 Kingston—Sir Isaac Brock.

Charades.—1 Car-rot. 2 Cut-lass. 3 Penman-ship.

Transpositions.—1 Horse-shoe. 2 Leek-keel. 3 Moor-room. 4 Rose-sore.

Acrostic.—1 Guido. 2 Amethyst. 3 Roscius. 4 Indus. 5 Byron. 6 Acre. 7 Sever. 8 Daniel. 9 Inkerman—Garibaldi.

The following answers have been received:

Puzzle.—Philip, Hattie, Ellen B., J. W.

Arithmorem.—Alpha, H. H. V., Cloud, Measles, Ellen B., Argo, Festus, J. W.

Charades.—Measles, H. H. V., Camp, Argus, Alpha, Festus, Ellen B., J. W.

Transpositions.—Alpha, Camp, Argus, Measles, Filbert, H. H. V.

Acrostic.—Measles, Filbert, Festus, George V., H. H. V., Camp.

The following were received too late for insertion in our last issue. Alpha, Comus, A. L.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. K. C., QUEBEC.—Solutions to problems Nos. 16 and 17 correct, but were received just too late for acknowledgement in the regular list.

G. G., ST. CATHERINES.—All O. K. They have been duly forwarded.

C. C. B., CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.—Your kind letter and welcome enclosure was duly to hand. We will reciprocate with pleasure. Our Chess column commenced with No. 13.

W. A., MONTREAL.—Owing to severe indisposition, we have not yet been able to examine your last "posish"; it looks well on the diagram.

PROBLEM No. 18.—Correct solutions received from "St. Urbain St."; Philidor; C. C. H.; W. S. Toronto; H. K. C., Quebec; and I. R. M. B., Hamilton.

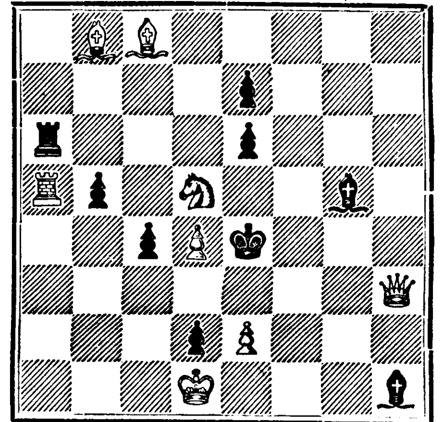
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 19.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Q to R 2nd (ch.)	K takes P.
2 Q to R 6th (ch.)	K to B 3rd or (*a b.*)
3 Kt to R 5th Mate.	
(*a*) 2 ————	K to R sq.
3 Kt takes P Mate.	
(*b*) 2 ————	K takes Q.
3 B to B 8th Mate.	

PROBLEM No. 21.

BY CHAS. C. BARNES, CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in two moves.

Game played at the odds of Pawn and two moves in a recent match between two members of the Montreal Chess Club.

Remove White's King's Bishop's Pawn.

BLACK. (*J. W. Shaw.*)	WHITE. (*Prof. Hicks.*)
1 P to K 4th.	
2 P to Q 4th.	P to K 3rd.
3 B to Q 3rd.	P to K Kt 3rd.
4 P to K R 4th.	B to Kt 2nd.
5 P to K 5th.	P to Q B 4th.
6 P to Q B 3rd.	Q Kt to B 3rd.
7 Q to K Kt 4th.	Q Kt to K 2nd.
8 P to K R 5th.	Q B P takes P.
9 R P takes P.	P to K R 3rd.
10 Q to K B 3rd.	Kt to K B 4th (*a.*)
11 P to Kt 4th.	Q to Q B 2nd.
12 P takes Kt.	Q takes P (ch.)
13 Kt to K 2nd.	Q P takes P.
14 Q Kt takes P.	Kt to K 2nd.
15 Kt to Kt 5th.	Kt takes B P.
16 B takes Kt.	P takes B.
17 Q takes B P.	P to Q 4th (*b.*)
18 Q takes Q (ch.)	B takes Q.
19 R takes P.	K. R. to Kt. sq.
20 P to K B 4th.	B to Q Kt sq.
21 Q Kt to Q 4th.	B to Q 3rd.
22 P to Q Kt 3rd.	B to K Kt 5th.
23 Kt to Kt 5th.	B to K B sq.
24 K R to his 4th.	B takes Kt.
25 Kt to B 7th (ch.)	K to Q 2nd.
26 Kt takes R.	B to Kt 2nd.
27 R to R 7th.	B to Q 6th.
28 B to Kt 2nd.	R takes Kt.
29 R takes B (ch.)	K to B 3rd.
30 R to K 7th.	K to Q 3rd.
31 B to R 3rd (ch.)	K to B 3rd.
32 Q R to B sq (ch.	K to Kt 4th.
33 P to Kt 7th.	B to R 2nd.
34 R takes P (ch.)	K to R 3rd.
35 Q R to B 7th.	B to Kt sq.
36 P to Kt 4th.	R to K sq (ch.)
37 R interposes.	R to Q B sq.
38 R takes P (ch.)	K to Kt 4th.
39 Q R to Kt 7th (ch.)	K to B 3rd.
40 P to Kt 5th Mate.	

(*a*) Bad as this is, there seems to be no better move. White must lose a piece at this juncture.

(*b*) Had Q taken Q, it is obvious White would have lost his Q in return.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ALPHA.—We shall be glad to receive the contributions referred to, and trust the "spare time" may be found to prepare them.

J. S.—Thanks.

FREDERICK.—The indebtedness is on our side, as we consider your contributions indicate the possession of a true poetic vein. Our columns will always be open to you.

LUCIUS.—Respectfully declined. Permit us to add that we wish our young friends would endeavour to throw a little more vigorous life into the sketches they forward for publication. We are in danger of being flooded with sentiment.

YOUNG CANADA.—The possibility of navigating the Lower St. Lawrence in winter is a question of so much interest to Canada that we think our merchants and public men should earnestly press the subject upon the attention of the government until the experiment has been fairly and fully tried. You have probably noticed the resolution passed by the Quebec Board of Trade; we trust it may bear fruit, for a matter of so much importance should not be permitted to remain undetermined.

WET FEET.—Your question comes a little late in the season, as the snow, at least in this locality, has almost entirely disappeared. The best way to prevent snow-water penetrating to your feet is to wear a good pair of rubbers. Failing this, thoroughly saturate your boots with a mixture of melted bees-wax and mutton suet, not forgetting to well rub the edges of the soles where the stitches are.

JULIA S.—The covered passage-way which connects the Doge's palace at Venice with the state prisons is popularly called the "Bridge of Sighs." The title originated from the fact that condemned criminals were conducted over this bridge from the Hall of Judgment to the place of execution.

ARTIST.—It is pleasant to learn that good results have followed the course we adopted. We have not forgotten our promise, and will not trespass much further upon your patience.

C. R. B.—We fear we cannot at present accede to your request, but may be in a position to do so at some future time.

W. Y.—The city of Rochester in the State of New York is sometimes called the "Flour City." There are a number of large Flour Mills in the neighbourhood.

ELLA C.—If you were born in England, you are an Englishwoman, although your parents may be Scotch.

LATTO.—Declined with thanks.

ANGELBURGHE.—"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever" is the first line of Keat's celebrated poem "Endymion."

AUGUSTUS.—Forward the MSS., and we will look over them, and decide in a few days.

FLORA W.—The twenty-fifth of March is the Feast of the Annunciation of the Virgin Mary, hence it is call Lady Day.

JAMES PORTER.—Many thanks! Will write you shortly.

MISCELLANEA.

MONUMENT TO LORD PALMERSTON.—In reply to an address of the House of Commons, Her Majesty has commanded the erection of a monument to Lord Palmerston in Westminster Abbey.

A REPORT is current at Paris that an agent from some great capitalists and contractors, who propose to establish a tunnel under the sea from Dover to Calais, has arrived in Paris, commissioned to apply to the Emperor for permission to make borings on French soil, to ascertain the practicability of the scheme.

AMERICAN DEAD LETTERS.—At Washington, last year, 4,500,000 of letters went to the dead letter office, 58,000 of which contained money.

PRINCE SATSUMA, as a wise Japanese ruler, is turning his attention to the manufacture of silks for the English and American markets. The English language is now being taught publicly in Japan, under the sanction of the Government.

"MOTHER," exclaimed a little poet of four summers, "listen to the wind making music for the leaves to dance by."

IN Paris, the average sale per week of eyes intended for the human head amounts to 400. One of the leading occulists "receives" in a magnificent saloon, resplendent with gilding and mirrors.

A POOR Irish gentleman has, very much to his surprise, become Earl of Harrington, being heir male of the late young Earl, who died in his minority. When the great Earl of Chesterfield died, the inheritance passed to a cousin of very remote degree. The same thing has now happened in the line of the younger brother of the first Earl of Chesterfield, of whom Lord Harrington is the representative. The new Earl of Harrington's son, now Vicount Petersham, is an engineer, by profession and education, and highly esteemed by those who have had occasion to seek professional service from him.

THE loyal town of Wareham has a town-hall with a cupola in a tottering state, the estimated repairs of which will cost some 7*l.* or 8*l.* Wareham, if not a wealthy town, is a *cheeky* one. The Mayor sent a begging-letter to the Prince of Wales to prevail upon him to incur the cost, and the Prince, as might have been expected, refers them to the good feeling of the inhabitants of Wareham to raise the paltry sum amongst themselves.

HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.—There is a "world of wisdom" in the following quotation, brief as it is:—"Every schoolboy knows that a kite would not fly unless it had a string tying it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by half a dozen blooming responsibilities and their mother will make a higher and a stronger flight than the bachelor who, having nothing to keep him steady, is always floundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world tie yourself to somebody."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE velocity of the sound-wave in air of the freezing temperature is 1,000 feet a second.

A GOOD cement for chemical and electrical apparatus may be prepared by mixing five pounds of resin, one pound of wax, one pound of red ochre, and two ounces of plaster of Paris, and melting the whole with moderate heat.

FALLING ASLEEP.—The human body falls asleep by degrees, according to M. Cabinis, a French physiologist. The muscles of the legs and arms loose their power before those which support the head, and these last sooner than the muscles which support the back; and he illustrates this by the case of persons who sleep on horseback, or while they are standing or walking. He conceives that the sense of light sleeps first, then the sense of taste, next smell, and, lastly, that of touch.

THE artificial oil of bitter almonds used in confectionery, &c., is prepared by the action of nitric acid on the foul oils of gas tar. The essential ingredients of eau de millefleurs is derived from the drainage of cow-houses. The oil of pineapples is obtained from a product of the action of putrid cheese on sugar.

REMEDY FOR DAMP WALLS.—The following is said, on good authority, to be an excellent remedy against damp in walls:—Three quarters of a pound of mottled soap to one gallon of water. This composition to be laid over the brickwork steadily and carefully with a large flat brush, so as not to form a froth or lather on the surface. The wash to remain twenty-four hours, to become dry. Mix half a pound of alum with four gallons of water, leave it to stand for twenty-four hours, and apply it similarly over the coating of soap. Let this be done in dry weather.

COHESION.—The cohesive force of the best red sealing wax has been proved to be equal to 1,500 lb. per square inch, and that of the black sealing wax rather more than 1,000 lb. to the square inch; the deficiency in the latter is attributed to the diminished quantity of lac used in the composition. The cohesive force of solid glue was found to be 4,000 lb. per square inch; that of cast iron is 25,000 lb.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A SAD ACCIDENT.—The lady who was nearly killed by the accidental discharge of her duty, is slowly recovering.

ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.—Ascertaining the cost of a dinner-party.

GOOD AUDIENCE FOR AN AUCTIONEER.—Buy-standers.

FACT FOR THE CURIOUS.—Every bear should be taught to dance, for what is the use of bruin without hops?

INFIRM.—"That decrepit man going along there reminds me, doctor, of that tooth of mine which you had so much trouble to extract."—"How so?"—"Because he's *in-firm.*"

A SPANISH gentleman studying English, being, at the tea-table, and desiring to be helped to some sliced tongue, in doubt as to the term, hesitated a moment, and then said, "I will thank you, miss, to pass me that language."

IF you and your sweetheart vote upon the marriage question, you for it and she against it, don't flatter yourself as to its being a *tie.*

MOST men are perfectly willing to lend you money at all times, except when you happen to want to borrow.

THE height of politeness is, passing around on the opposite side of a lady to avoid stepping on her shadow.

WHEN a boy gets to think himself above parental authority, his parents should try to *shake* him in his belief.

WHAT London publishing firm do Chang, the Chinese giant, and his *suite* resemble?—Longman and Co.

FEATHERS.—"Husband, I wish you would buy me some pretty feathers."—"Indeed, my dear little wife, you look better without them."—"Oh, no," said she, coaxingly, "you always call me your little bird, and how does a bird look without feathers?"—"Why, dressed to be sure," said he.

BINDING A SOLE.—"My friend," said the Rev. Sidney Smith to a cobbler who was mending his shoe, when the great wit was a poor curate in Gloucestershire, "you remind me of the sacred ordinance of matrimony."—"How so?" quoth the cobbler.—"Because you bind two soles together in unity!"

HALLOWED.—One day Freddie's little sister, Carrie, hearing her mother talk about a name for a new little baby brother that had been given to them a short time before, said:—"Mamma, why don't you name him Hallowed? It says in my prayer "Hallowed be thy name," and I think it is a pretty name, too."

BRINGING HIS MAN DOWN.—Rogers used to relate this story:—An Englishman and a Frenchman fought a duel, in summer time; and not to make the act public, and the better to satisfy their consciences in case of the result proving fatal, they agreed to fight in a darkened room. The Englishman, unwilling to take his antagonist's life, generously fired up the chimney,—and brought down the Frenchman. "When I tell this story in France," pleasantly added the narrator, "I make the Englishman go up the chimney."

WHO'S THE FOOL?—Some merchants went to an Eastern sovereign and exhibited for sale several very fine horses. The king admired them, and bought them; he, moreover, gave the merchants a lac of rupees to purchase more horses for him. The king one day, in a sportive humour, ordered the vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his majesty's name at the head of them. The king asked why. He replied, "Because you entrusted a lac of rupees to men you don't know, and who will never come back."—"Ay, but suppose they should come back?"—"Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."