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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 43.

FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 30, 1866.

FIVE CENTS.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY.

"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."

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

MOURN FOR THE HONOURED DEAD.

MOURN for the brave and noble

Who fell—as warriors fall;
Mourn for the gallant hearted,
Stout heroes each and all.
Mourn for our dear dead brothers,
Who bore the battle's brunt;
And nobly died for duty—
For freedom—at the front.

Mourn! mourn!—the stricken widow,
Her sighs are sad and deep—
The desolate bereaved ones,
How can they choose but weep?
The orphan—parent—sister—
The dearer still and best—
Are weeping for the heroes
Who fell at Ridgeway's crest.

Mourn!—oh! my gallant brothers,
Who sleep the warrior's sleep;
Not these alone are weeping—
Ten thousand mourners weep!
The nation, in its sadness,
Hath breathed a nation's sigh—
It weeps its fallen heroes,
Who died as heroes die.

Deck! deck! the graves with laurel,
Where sleep the honoured dead;
Teach infant lips the story
Of those who fought and bled.
Keep green their mem'ry ever
Who bore the battle's brunt,
And nobly died in harness,
Like heroes—at the front.

Oh! land of noblest freedom,
Of mountain—river—flood—
Dear, aye more dear thy borders,
Baptized in richest blood.
Oh! may thy stalwart children,
At duty's high behest,
Strike, aye as struck the heroes
Who fell at Ridgeway's crest.

Montreal, June 16th, 1866. GARDE.

FENIANA.

A GENERATION has almost elapsed since the last freebooters were driven beyond the Canadian Frontier. In 1837 a band of idle and lawless propagandists on the other side of our borders, stimulated by our domestic troubles, and wishing at the same time to enjoy an elysium of plunder, and to subvert the institutions of the country,

flung themselves across the lines, with the object of wresting Canada from the mother country, and ultimately annexing us to the neighbouring Republic. They counted upon the assistance or active sympathy of our people; but the invaders were miserably disappointed, and the attempt cost the lives of many who were engaged in it, while those who managed to escape to American soil were greeted with scorn and contempt.

The Canada of 1866 differs from that of 1837 in possessing one of the best and freest governments of which the world can boast—a constitutional system which holds in just and admirable balance the principles which have been found to work best in a monarchy as well as in a democracy. But the Canada of 1866 is the counterpart, in one respect, of that in 1837—namely, that our territory has been violated, and the blood of our compatriots been spilled by armed bands who have their homes and procured their weapons in the United States.

It is a sad commentary, indeed, on the civilization of the nineteenth century, which boasts of having given to international law almost the sanctity of the Decalogue, that a great and peaceful people, living in friendly intercourse with a nation that prides itself on being the first in the race of modern progress, have no more security for their frontiers than if they were the neighbours of the King of Dahomey.

The men who have dared to invade this Province, and to bring upon an inoffensive people the unutterable horrors of war, aver that they come here to establish a basis of operations against England, their ultimate object being the liberation of Ireland. Now this is either a falsehood, or it is sheer madness. What! establish in Canada a basis of operations against England! It is like erecting a mortar battery at the bottom of the sea, for the purpose of throwing bomb-shells into the moon. But no matter what may be the real intention of the Fenian leaders in making this iniquitous onslaught, the results to the people of Canada must, in the very nature of things, be serious to the last degree, while the people of Ireland, for whom these men pretend to be making this invasion of our Province, will most probably have the effect of retarding those measures of improved legislation which the imperial government are anxious to bring forward.

If the Fenian leaders knew the history of Ireland as well as they know the art of duping their followers, they would be aware that appeals to arms, even in their own island, have never achieved either a satisfactory military or legislative result. And passing over the desperate conflicts—the nightmare horrors of Irish history—that leave their tracks of blood and fire in the records of every generation from Henry the Second to Queen Elizabeth, we cannot find that there was a permanent success secured to the people that had suffered so much and fought so well.

But, better days have long since dawned on Ireland; and the Roman Catholic stands before the law, the full equal of his Protestant fellow countrymen. The senate, the bar, the army, are open to him; and on the Irish Bench, at the present moment, the majority of the Judges are Roman Catholics. These advantages were not gained by arms, but by a more powerful engine than a host of a million of men—we mean moral force; and it was by this weapon that Daniel O'Connell conquered emancipation.

Those Irishmen, and there are few of them in British North America, who may be disposed to look with an angry eye on the past, should bury in eternal oblivion every feeling of bitterness. Let them pause for a moment, and reflect on

what Englishmen have suffered, in order to secure that liberty of which they are the common inheritors. Let them think on the struggles and sufferings of the noble band of patriots who rose up against the tyranny of Charles the First, and battled for free Parliaments, against unjust taxation, and against the horrible enormities of the Court of Star-Chamber. Let them think of such men as Hampden and Sir John Elliot, who sacrificed everything, even life, on the altar of constitutional government. Of Sir Harry Vane, the younger, the purest statesman who ever breathed, and whose name should be dear to every advocate of freedom of conscience, for having stood up for the fullest religious toleration to all men, at a time when diversity of belief from that of the ruling power was looked upon throughout Europe, and even among the Pilgrims in Massachusetts, as a crime against the State.

We think it is an excellent rule, as well in national matters, as in the experience of individuals, to let the "The dead past bury its dead." And we look with equal abhorrence on those who would, jackal-like, dig up the corpa of buried national hatred, or buried religious bigotry;—and the men who would engage in such acts, are neither more nor less than mental cannibals, and would be physical ones also, were it not for the accident of birth, and their contiguity to civilization. Now, not a little of the antipathy which the demagogue excites, owes its existence to the raking up of old national animosities. Such men, however, have no field in Canada. The Irishmen of this Province, like their race the world over, are sharp-witted, keen, intelligent, and know well they have everything to lose and nothing to gain by a change that would substitute any other flag for the one under which they prosper. The Irish people of Canada have every advantage they desire; and the wealth, position, and influence to which they have attained, prove they have not been slow to profit by their opportunities. Their loyalty is unquestioned; nay more, it has manifested itself on this emergency in a manner so spontaneous and so practical, as to contribute in no slight degree to the defence of the common country, and to the deep disappointment of our common enemies,—men who would seem to have no other creed than the villainous watchword of the Socialist—"Property is robbery"—"*La propriété c'est le vol.*"

MUSICAL.

M. Gounod, the composer of "*Faust*," "*Mirella*," "*La Reine de Saba*," and many other works, has just received his nomination as Membre de l'Institut in Paris, which now includes among its members for the musical department the following names: M.M. Auber, Carafa, Ambroise Thomas, Reber, Berlioz, and the newly appointed Charles Gounod. The nomination of M. Gounod has caused general satisfaction, and it is evident that he was the man who ought to have been chosen; for surely no living composer, not already of the Institute, enjoys such a well-deserved and world-wide reputation as he does. M. Felicien David, a well-known and much respected musician was his chief opponent, and stood well on the competitors' list, polling 16 votes, while his more successful confrère polled 19.

Joachim has settled in Hanover permanently, and thanks to royal intervention, has decided on accepting no more foreign engagements, however seductive they may prove.

Sivori is in Paris, and has given two brilliant concerts this season, with the eminent pianist, Herr Jaell.

The destruction by fire of the large Concert hall, known as the "Academy of Music," in Fourteenth Street, New York, on May 21st, is not only a public inconvenience, but likely to prove a most disastrous occurrence to the managers, who had their plans in full operation for the present season. The public may ultimately be great gainers by the destruction of a house that was ill designed, and wretchedly proportioned for the purposes for which it was intended. The stage was too small, and the disproportioned space allotted for the audience, was calculated to hold many hundreds of people who had to satisfy themselves by listening, for they could scarcely catch a glimpse of the stage. Yet its acoustic powers were by no means of a high order; and save for the impressiveness of its gaudy and glittering interior, it was as unfitted for musical performances as it is possible to conceive a building. But the loss to the managers is of a far more serious and positive character. Max Maretzek, the opera manager, is the severest sufferer. He has lost the scores, and vocal and instrumental parts of over seventy complete operas; as well as the entire stock of dresses, scenery, properties, etc. Those could hardly be replaced for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and were only partially covered by an insurance of some ten thousand dollars. In addition to this loss, Mr. Maretzek had just completed his engagements for the coming season, and only the week before the fire sent out a heavy sum in gold to pay the advances for the artists he had engaged in Europe. Mr. Grau is also a considerable sufferer, having lost in music, dresses, properties etc., between thirty and forty thousand dollars, over which there was no insurance.

We understand that our esteemed and justly celebrated composer, Mr. Balfe, is at present following the example of M. Gounod, and is diversifying the pursuit of Music with that of Literature. His present charming residence in Herts, Rowena Abbey (so named from a saintly legend derived from a martyr-princess of the Heptarchy period), is full of interesting antiquarian matter. Every field holds ancient coin, cinerary urns, and flint weapons; and many extremely interesting traditions of the primitive religious house are still preserved orally, and in the ancient records of the shire. These, Mr. Balfe is now busily engaged in reducing into an historical and legendary monogram of the Abbey, illustrated with drawings of the more interesting of the remains. The publication of the work (which will contain several elaborate transcripts from black letter) will be looked forward to with very great interest by the antiquarian world. We understand that it will be published by an eminent genealogist and antiquary in London, who combines poetry with pedigree, and *bonhomie* with both.

We have had sent us two pieces of *Music for the day*, composed by Mr. Henry Prince. The first a song, the words by E. H. Parsons, Esq., entitled "Shoulder to Shoulder" is a lively, martial strain, likely to become a great favorite with the volunteers; the second, a galop in honor of the officers and ship "Pylades," introduces the "Old English Song" "Hearts of Oak are our Ships." But we can scarcely say the fine old sea-song gains much by his adaptation to a galop of the present time. Both pieces however are well written, and will probably command a good sale.

We learn that Mr. Worthington has completed an arrangement with the publishers of Miss Braddon's works, which will enable him to issue in Montreal an edition of her new novel, now in the press, simultaneously with the appearance of the English edition. There is little doubt but the forthcoming work by this favourite authoress will be favourably received by the novel reading public here. We trust Mr. Worthington's enterprise will be rewarded with pecuniary success.

LONDON SOCIETY.—The June number of this favourite Magazine is to hand, and the contents as usual are of a light and varied character. There is an interesting article on Walter Savage Landor, accompanied with a portrait; also a

series of Continental Gambling Sketches. The London Opera Directors, and Mark Lemon's Walks up and down the Streets of London, are continued. The Game of Croquet and its Laws; The Playgrounds of Europe, and several cleverly written tales conclude the number, which is the last of the ninth volume. For sale at Dawson & Bros.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"THE Dogs of the British Islands" is the title of a volume just published in London.

THE title of M. Guizot's forthcoming volume of Meditations is "Méditations sur l'Etat Actuel de la Religion Chrétienne."

M. RENAN is about to issue a new edition of his "Vie de Jésus," with considerable alterations, and an appendix giving in detail his reasons for regarding the fourth Gospel as genuine and authentic, contrary to the opinions of most rationalists.

GUSTAVE DORÉ has yet another classic in hand—this time one for which his pencil will in some respects be adapted. Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Regained," with illustrations by Doré, will, we hear, be issued next autumn by a London publishing firm.

THE Religious Tract Society has just sent forth a series of twelve illustrated cards, each giving a picture of some important event in the history of England, and having three medallion portraits of the rulers of the land, with sentences on the back of each card biographical and historical.

THE "Oratorical Year Book for 1865, a Collection of the best contemporary Speeches delivered in Parliament, at the Bar, and on the Platform," is the title of a new work announced for publication in England. The editor is Dr. Alsager Hay Hill.

A VOLUME of miscellaneous poems by Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburne is in the press, and will shortly be published.

MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER is about to issue a small edition of his "Proverbial Philosophy," to be termed the "Bijou Edition." It will be delicately, by permission, to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

MORE rumours are in circulation about "Ecce Homo," and it is confidently asserted by some well-informed persons that the bulk of the book is only a reprint of an older work issued under a somewhat different title. A foreign journal is of opinion that "the author of 'Ecce Homo' is no tyro in literature, no Buckle or Lecky, but an English statesman, who brings a highly disciplined and richly-furnished mind to his task. There is much that would indicate the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone to be the author; certainly it shows the marks of a mind no smaller or less cultured."

VERY recently, at the sale of the collections of a well-known seeker of curiosities in Paris, (M. Le Carpentier,) a cherry-stone, on which were carved the incidents of an Indian battle, realized nearly £40. It was the late owner's boast that at the last Paris Exhibition this cherry-stone attracted greater crowds than all M. Rothschild's valuables.

THE small volumes of selections from the works of foreign poets which Sir John Bowring has issued to the world from time to time, are about to be increased by the Life of Petöfi, the Magyar poet and hero, with selections translated from his works in poetry and prose.

MM. PEYRAT, Feurey, and Neftzer, the respective editors of the *Avenir National*, the *Temps*, and the *Constitutionnel*, have each been sentenced to a fine of one thousand francs, for having published a premature report of the debate which took place in the *Corps Législatif* on the third of May.

THE celebrated "Father Prout," of *Fraser's Magazine* and *Bentley's Miscellany*, died in Paris on the 19th ult. Mr. Francis Mahoney, at the time of his death, was the Parisian correspondent of the *Globe*, an appointment he had held

for several years. He was a native of Cork, born, we believe, in 1805; but quitted Ireland early, and was educated at the Jesuit schools in France and at the University of Rome. He returned from Italy in priest's orders, and resided for some time in Ireland; but a clerical life in that country was not to his mind, and, having decided to adopt literature as a profession, he became acquainted with Dr. Maginn and Serjeant Murphy, both Cork men, and the trio were among the wittiest and most racy contributors to *Fraser's Magazine*. Mr. Mahony's translations into Greek of "The Groves of Blarney," and "The Night before Larry was Stretched," as well as of several of Moore's "Irish Melodies," evinced considerable humour. The "Prout Papers" were collected in 1836 and published by Fraser. They had been long out of print, when in 1860, a new edition, illustrated with twenty-one etchings by Maclise, in two volumes, with considerable additions, was issued in "Bohn's Illustrated Library." His "Facts and Figures from Italy," published by Mr. Bentley, appeared originally in the *Daily News*, of which he was the Roman correspondent during Mr. Charles Dickens's editorship. Mr. Mahoney had been in the Levant, and visited the Danubian Principalities, Turkey, Greece, and Egypt, and published an account of his travels.

TRANSLATION

OF HORACE'S FAMOUS ODE IX, BOOK III. BY HON. W. GLADSTONE.

- Horace*: While no more welcome arms could twine
Around thy snowy neck than mine,
Thy smile, thy heart, while I possessed,
Not Persia's monarch lived as blessed.
- Lydia*: While thou didst feel no rival flame
Nor Lydia next to Chloe came;
O then thy Lydia's echoing name
Exceeded e'en Ili's Roman fame.
- Horace*: Me now Thracian Chloe sways,
Skilled in soft lyre and softer lays;
My forfeit life I'll freely give,
So shie my better life may live.
- Lydia*: The son of Ornytus inspires
My burning breast with mutual fires;
I'll face ten several deaths with joy
So fate but spare my Thurian boy.
- Horace*: What if our ancient love awoke,
And bound us with its golden yoke;
If auburn Chloe I resign,
And Lydia once again be mine?
- Lydia*: Though brighter than a star is he,
Thou rougher than the Adrian sea,
And fickle as light cork, yet I
With thee would live—with thee would die.

The following is LORD DERBY'S version of the same Ode.

- Horace*: While I was dear to thee,
While with encircling arms,
No youth preferred to me
Dared to profane thy bosom's snowy charms;
I envied not, by thee adored,
The wealth, the bliss of Persia's lord.
- Lydia*: While all thy bosom glowed
With love for me alone;
While Lydia there abode,
Where Chloe now has fixed her hateful
throne,
Well pleased, our Roman Ili's fame
I dreamed eclipsed by Lydia's name.
- Horace*: 'Tis true my captive heart
The fair haired Chloe sways
Skilled with transcendent art
To touch the lyre, and breathe harmonious
lays;
For her my life were gladly paid
So Heaven would spare my Cretan maid.
- Lydia*: My breast with fond desire
For youthful Calais burns;
Touched with a mutual fire,
The son of Ornytus my love returns;
For him I'll doubly die with joy,
So Heaven but spare my Thurian boy.
- Horace*: What if the former chain
That we too rashly broke,
We yet should weave again,
And bow once more beneath the accustomed
yoke?
If Chloe's sway no more I own
And Lydia fill the vacant throne!
- Lydia*: Though bright as morning star
My Calais' beaming brow;
Though more inconstant far,
And easier chafed than Adrian's billow
thou;
With thee my life I'd gladly spend,
Content with thee that life to end.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Chambers's Encyclopædia: vol. viii. From "Puerto Bello," to "Sound." R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Chandos: A Novel. By "Quida," author of "Strathwore," "Held in Bondage," &c., Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Eccentric Personages: By W. Russell, L.L.D. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street.
- Geological Sketches. By Louis Agassiz. Just Published. Price \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Poems of Home and Abroad. By Wm. P. Tomlinson. Price \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Roebuck. A Novel. Price \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Gilbert Rugge. A Novel. By the author of "A First Friendship." Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 80c.
- Miss Majoribanks. A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Perpetual Curate," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- A New Novel by Charles Dickens! Joseph Grimaldi: His Life and Adventures. By Charles Dickens. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- The Naval Lieutenant. A Novel, by F. C. Armstrong, author of "The Two Midshipmen," &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 40c.
- The Toller of the Sea. A Novel by Victor Hugo, author of "Les Misérables," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- In Trust; or, Dr. Bertrand's Household. By Amanda M. Douglas. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Beymistre: A Novel. By the author of "The Silent Woman," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Brave Old Salt; or, Life on the Quarter Deck. A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Oliver Optic. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.
- The Game-Birds of the Coasts and Lakes of the Northern States of America, &c. By Robert B. Roosevelt. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.40.
- Every-Day Cookery; for Every Family: containing nearly 1000 Receipts, adapted to moderate incomes, with Illustrations. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.
- Broken to Harness. A Story of English Domestic Life. By Edmund Yates. Second edition. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Only a Woman's Heart. By Ada Clare. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Essays, Philosophical and Theological. By James Martineau. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- The Book of Roses. A Treatise on the Culture of the Rose. By Francis Pookman. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Garden Vegetables and How to Cultivate Them. By Fearing Burr, Jr. Beautifully Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Garden Flowers. How to Cultivate Them. A Treatise on the Culture of Hardy Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Annuals, Herbaceous, and Bedding Plants. By Edward Sprague Kidder, Jr. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Culture of the Grape. By N. C. Strong. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America. By the Rev. Xavier Donald Macleod, Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in St. Mary's College, Cincinnati, with a Memoir of the Author. By the Most Rev. John B. Purcell, D. D., Archbishop of Cincinnati. New York: Virtue & Yorstan. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$3.
- Ecco Homo: A Survey of the Life and Work of Jesus Christ. R. Worthington, Montreal. Price \$1.
- Betsy Jane Ward, Her Book of Goaks, just published. Price \$1. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mrs. L. M. Sigourney's Letters of Life. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hidden Depths: a new novel. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Jargal: a novel. By Victor Hugo. Illustrated. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The True History of a Little Ragamuffin. By the author of "Reuben Davidger." R. Worthington, Montreal. Price 40c
- Epidemic Cholera: Its Mission and Mystery, Haunts and Havocs, Pathology and Treatment, with remarks on the question of Contagion, the Influence of Fear, and Hurdled and Delayed Intermittents. By a former Surgeon in the service of the Honourable East India Company. Pp. 120. Price 80c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- On Cholera. A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrell, M.D. 16mo. Price \$1.20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Diarrhœa and Cholera: Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure. By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1865. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.

The above prices include postage to any part of Canada.

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

HOW WE WENT RESURRECTIONING.

THERE is something in the atmosphere of a Medical College, and indeed of all colleges, which arouses the spirit of adventure and mischievousness, latent in most young men, who have not been brought up bilious and dyspeptic; a something which, like the chickenpox and measles, propagates its contagion and infection from one body to another. Without deep diving into metaphysics for a reason why, we may couple the fact that we take our modes of thought and action from our company, as we take some fever; with the fact that association excites us to energize on the propensities of our nature, good, and, most generally, bad. Didn't the fifth page of our copy-books at school say—"Evil communications corrupt good manners"? In chemistry, we know that separated particles of a different nature produce entirely new substances when coalescent, and in political and all large assemblies we daily see how association unanimately approves results that would make individuals composing it blush to uphold on their own responsibility. And so in our colleges, the meek student is bullied or bantered out of his meekness, and in time likes the college air, and insensibly glides into doing at college as the collegians do. There are always exceptions, of course, but they are, like angels' and holiday visits, few and far between.

We have often wondered if the students who came in large numbers from all parts of Greece and Italy, to Crotona, to be taught by Pythagoras, or if the illustrious scholars of Plato, who were assembled in the groves of Academies, were as wild and wayward out of school as the collegians of this age all over the world. The practical jokes of Abernethy, Hunter and other great English surgeons were only the repetition of previous example; and would you believe it, reader of mine, that those grave and gray M.D.'s who to-day fight for you and I the battle of life versus death, have doubtless had their own experience of knocker and bell-handle demolishments, in the days of their "Primary," and could tell you of adventures by flood and field "from grave to gay, from lively to severe?" Have you ever seen a stranger metamorphosis under the sun—don't dare to mention such a petty one as that of the chrysalis into a winged animal—than that of the Medical Student into the M.D.—when he ceases to carry lower maxillaries in one pocket, and a protruding stethoscope and case of dissecting instruments in the other, and changes the rakish or independent devil-may-care look for propriety and preciseness? The transformation was never for the worst; but I couldn't help regretting when the "Final" brought the old jolliness to anchor, till sails were trimmed, and leaving the ruffled and pleasant waters of Alma Mater we steered our barks towards the precariousness of practice, and heard no more the fine fellow who used to go through the alphabet beginning—

"A. is an Artery filled with injection" and then the hundred hearty voices joining in the chorus—

"Vive la compagnie!"

But to my story. I suppose the most of people know that a thorough study of practical anatomy is one of the most essential requirements of a medical student—I remember reading that in Gray—and that "subjects" are "provided" for them in the colleges to dissect. There are many foolishly prejudiced against the dissecting room, but the medical student is no differently constituted in stomach or nasal organ from the rest of humanity, and has to overcome his dislike to the disagreeable necessity of the zinc-floored room, while, as Virgil says—

"Pectoribus inhians spirantia consul exta."

I wonder now, whether you'd prefer he should learn by dissecting the dead body or by bungling and butchering the living; and it would make an alarming difference to you if he didn't know accurately the position of artery and muscle that might be severed during an operation you might need.

Well, in the autumn of 1861, I was enjoying a few weeks in a certain city in Upper Canada,

just at College commencement, when the fellows were happy to meet again, and the *esprit de corps* was so strong that you'd see dozens of them arm in arm perambulating the streets, and often making night hideous, and nervous people more nervous with their roars. The police were good natured, for the boys were harmless; there was no use of making war on them, for they always got the best of it sometime or another. Jim H. and I were walking down P—street when Fred K—, an old friend and first-rate fellow, turned the corner and espied us and came up. I may state here that I was not a student of their college, but through them I soon became acquainted with all the best fellows.

"Hilloa!" said Fred. "You're just the very fellow I'm looking for. Do you want to have some fun and adventure?"

"Under sun or moon?" I asked.

"Moon," said Fred.

"When?" said we.

"To-night," said he.

And "Done!" said we.

"Now, look here," mysteriously began our friend as he looked around to see that no one was near enough to hear us. "If your hair is in the habit of standing on end or if your teeth chatter in the vicinity of tombstones don't come, for it's a case of body-snatching to-night!"

We vouched for the good conduct of hair and grinders, and assured him it was just the very adventure we'd like.

"Don't say a word about it to a soul for your lives," continued Fred. "Meet at my office to-night at half-past nine, and each of you bring a pickaxe or shovel. I'll need eight fellows upon whom I can depend, so I have got you two, and" (he mentioned the other names). "At half past ten or eleven o'clock we'll start for—Cemetery."

We then parted, and about nine o'clock p. m. sallied down to Fred's office—Jim with a spade and I with a pickaxe, at the slope. Punctually at half-past ten we left the office, accepting Fred as commander in chief. On the road he told as it was necessary we should be posted at different places inside of the Cemetery, and we'd be obliged to wait patiently until he patrolled and found everything right. Signals were arranged between us, and it was understood that when we heard a peculiar whistle we would all run to the large gate fronting on B—street. We were all disguised; some having our faces blackened: Jack N. carried two canvass bags, while each of the eight had either a pickaxe or spade. Jim H. told me the other six fellows were first year students, while Jim was an art student, and I a non-matriculant then.

We arrived at the gate, where we were to rendezvous in event of alarm, and were posted two by two at distances inside, too far apart to see or hear each other. According to instructions we crouched down inside the rather low fence, hid by some large trees from any conspicuous view, though at that ghostly hour we did not anticipate many passers by. In about half an hour Fred came around to our post, as visiting rounds; and we reported all quiet at our piquet. He reminded us of the whistle, "which" says he, "you may not hear for some time yet, but don't spoil the whole thing by a little impatience. There are two bodies to get at, you know, and as the young fellows posted at the other end of the ground are very impatient to begin, I'll set them at work, as I know you're old hands and can wait; when they get their operation over I'll have them take your place here and you can begin at the other grave, which is only about fifteen yards from where you're lying. And remember, if you hear the whistle of alarm run to the gate, and wedged together like the Macedonian phalanx, die before we yield—but don't forget your pickaxe and spade."

We thought that last a fine pororation for Fred, and promised to kick manifold buckets before we'd surrender to police or people.

We crouched down and were patient. A cold breeze blew stiff from the larboard bow—that was a pointed tombstone to our left—and the vicinity of a lake did not contribute materially to our comfort, as we heard the waves beating on the shore, and to crown all, saw a storm coming on from the West. The heavy black clouds thick-

ened and marshalled themselves for a combat, the trees moaned—and what made the matter worse they were nearly all weeping willows—the waves beat stronger against the shore, and the wind played hurly-burly with the waters of the lake. Several times we thought we heard, and Jim swore he saw Fred moving among the tombstones and beckoning him to be quiet. It was now half-past one o'clock a. m., and awfully cold and windy, and by-and-bye a drizzling rain began, which increased till it became a perfect cataract, raining drops like marbles, and giving us a decided demonstration of the sciences of fluids in motion, and compelling Allopathy to confess that Hydropathy as applied that once to us had cured our depraved taste for Resurrectioning.

"I wish Fred would come, or we'd hear the whistle," said I, as I began to experience the water cure more externally than was agreeable. "Look there!" said Jim, grasping my arm, "what on earth is that?"

We had crept under protection of an old shed, or storehouse for spades, wheelbarrows, &c., in the Cemetery, and through the entrance Jim pointed. I couldn't see anything. A second time Jim vowed he saw Fred moving across the ground, and, looking for myself, I was sure I saw him too.

"They're taking a most awful time to do their digging," said Jim.

"The rain stopped them, I dare say," I answered, "and see, it's clearing off; the rain has stopped." The clouds were rolling away and the stars peeped out, very far apart they seemed.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" said Jim to me. "No," I replied, "except in the ghost of Hamlet's father, for I saw him myself on the stage."

"No joking," said Jim, "but I do; Dr. Johnson did"—Jim read Johnson more than was recommended to collegians up to their ears in classics—"It can't be all nonsense about those spectral appearances we read about both in ancient and modern history."

We told ghost stories, and I did all I could to frighten him.

"I say George," said he, "don't you remember the fate of Idas when he broke one of the pillars and desecrated the sepulchre of Apharens?" "No," said I.

"He was thunderstruck immediately by Jupiter."

"I'm glad the storm is over then," said I, "and we're safe; though I wish our turn would come to set to work—in spite of the fate of Idas."

"Let's go back to our post," said Jim. Back we went, feeling very wet and disgusted. "I don't see the fun in this. I vote we set to work on our own hook," said Jim.

"But I don't know the grave," I said. He wanted to fire away at any, just for exercise, but I pulled out my watch, and told him it was half-past three o'clock, and to tell the truth I was about tired of the thing, and felt that Fred had given too much of the adventure to the other fellows.

"Look here, George, I'll be hanged if I stand this any longer. It's getting decidedly 'weary, stale and unprofitable.'"

"Well, let's go the gate, and—"
"Whew! whew-ew!" There it was at last—the whistle. "Whew! whew-ew!"

Up we jumped, feeling very stiff and miserable and shouldering our respective weapons we made tracks for the aforesaid gate, where we found our six comrades—but not Fred.

"I say boys," said one, "I'm afraid Fred's caught! He hasn't been at our post since half-past eleven o'clock!"

"Who was up at the far end of the Cemetery?" I asked.

"Dick and I," said Jack N.

"Well, what did you do?"
"Do! why we didn't do anything, but lie down very quiet and get wet, and would have been drowned if we hadn't crept under a shed where masons had been cutting stone and even there we couldn't keep the water out. I'm as wet as I can be."

"I feel the black soot running beautifully down my neck," said Bill L.—who had blackened his face.

"I feel awful stiff," said another.

"And I've got rheumatics in my right shoulder," said Jim.

The idea struck me just then that there was something rotten in the state of Denmark, "so to speak."

"Did any of you see Fred after that half-past eleven visit?" I asked.

Each post reported "nary a see."

"He told us," said Jack N., "that as we were not up to the work he'd get you to begin operation first, and when you were done he'd get you to take our posts and we'd set to work at a grave about fifteen yards from where we were lying."

"Did he say anything about the Macedonian phalanx," I asked.

"Yes."

"I say, boys," I said, "I think *this is a sell!*" We stared at each other vacantly, and you may imagine how sweet we looked in our dripping disguises, and our eight spades and pickaxes.

"Let's whistle again," said Tim.

We "whew, whew-ew'd"—but no answer came and no Fred.

"What's the time?"
"Just a quarter to four."

"I vote we go home!"

We sloped arms and sloped. Jim and I pitched the spade and pickaxe into the yard and by the aid of that friend of youth, the latch-key, opened the front door, and keeping close to the wall to prevent the stairs creaking, we slipped upstairs and went to bed.

The next morning we went down town with stiff legs, and the influenza, and as we passed C's book store there was Fred and a host of fellows laughing at us, while there was a general cry of—

"How are you resurrectionists?"

We made such a dash as our stiffshanks would let us, but he bolted and when next we met we had forgiven him.

After he had visited Jim and I, at half-past eleven o'clock, he had gone home to bed!

"And were there no bodies to raise?" asked Jim.

"None but your own," said Fred.

I don't think we'll go resurrectioning again, not if we know it. W. G. B.

Montreal, May 26th, 1866.

STOCKINGS.

WE have always held that a writer is morally bound to begin at the beginning, but are nonplussed how to follow that excellent rule on the present occasion, by reason of our subject having no beginning to it. We are nowhere told that Adam or Eve were ashamed of their nether limbs, nor is it recorded when their descendants first awoke to the impropriety and inconvenience of parading earth bare-legged; in fact, we are utterly in the dark as to when, where, or by whom stockings were first introduced to an appreciative world.

The Anglo-saxons were accustomed to swathe their legs in garters, tied in a knot just below the knee; and if illuminators may be accepted as trustworthy authorities, King Canute wore a pair of veritable stockings. The Normans wore drawers called chaussés, sometimes bandaged and crossed with garters. How their wives and daughters clad their lower limbs, we do not know. Henry III. made his sister a present of a pair of gold embroidered cloth stockings, and we are inclined to infer therefrom that stockings were familiar articles of feminine attire before they became common to the apparel of both sexes.

In an account-book kept by one of the servants of the first Duke of Norfolk, bearing date 1463, there is an entry of the payment of three shillings and fourpence for 'hosyn,' fourteen shillings for two pair of 'morrey hosyn,' and ten shillings for 'a pair of black and a pair of white for my master.' Henry VIII. is said to have worn taffeta or cloth hose, except when, by lucky chance, he could procure a pair of silken hose from Spain. From an inventory of his apparel, however, it is evident that King Hal's hose were made of various materials—of coloured cloths, of silk, satin, and velvet. But these 'hose'

were rather breeches than stockings, for in the same inventory we find entered, 'a yard and a quarter of green velvet for stocks to a pair of hose for the king's grace—a yard and a quarter of purple satin to cover the stocks of a pair of hose of purple cloth tissue,' besides several entries of similar character respecting 'stocking of hose.' After a time, the component parts of the hose became separated, the upper part retaining the old name, and the lower portion receiving the names of stocks, nether-stocks, and stockings. Unfortunately, our old writers apply the term 'hose' indifferently to either garment; and we are often puzzled (as when Skelton describes the poor women of his time hobbling about in blanket hose) to tell which they really mean.

The introduction of silk stockings must have been welcomed heartily by all who could afford to buy them. Mezerai asserts that they were first worn by Henry II, of France, at the marriage of his sister in 1559; but before that, Edward VI. had graciously accepted a pair from the merchant-prince, Sir Thomas Gresham, who imported them from Spain, the land where they were first manufactured. The story goes, that a loyal-minded grandee, the happy possessor of one of the first pairs of silk stockings made in Spain, thought he could not do better than present the novel utilities to his queen, and to that end placed them in the hands of the first minister of the crown, greatly to the discomposure of that modest man, who astonished the innocent-meaning noble by returning him his stockings, and bidding him remember that 'the queen of Spain had no legs!' Our own Elizabeth, not ashamed to own that she had legs, received a similar gift in a very different manner. Soon after her accession, her majesty's silk-woman, Mrs. Montague, tendered as her New-Year's gift a pair of knitted black silk stockings—the first of the kind made in England. Elizabeth lost no time in putting the gift to its proper use, and was so pleased with the result, that she sent for Mrs. Montague, and inquired where she procured such comfortable foot-gear, and if she could get any more like them. 'I made them very carefully, of purpose only for your majesty,' replied the silkwoman; 'and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand.' 'Do so,' quoth the queen; 'for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stocking.' And she kept her royal word, and would have laughed at the economy of the Margrave John of Custrin, who seeing one of his councillors wearing silk stockings on a week day, said to him: 'Barthold, I have silk stockings too, but I wear them only on Sundays and holidays.'

Shakespeare seemingly perpetrates an anachronism when he makes Prince Henry tell Poins he knows he owns but two pair of silk stockings, the pair on his legs, and those that were the peach-coloured ones. The many allusions made by Shakespeare, prove that the stocking was worn by all classes of people when he wrote his plays. Sir Andrew Aguecheek flatters himself that his leg does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Mad Petrucchio claims Kate the curst for his bride 'with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with red and blue list; and when he arrives at his home, expects his servants to honour the occasion by welcoming their mistress in their new fustian and their white stockings. Socks and foul stockings contributed towards making Falstaff's buck-basket journey disagreeable; Kit Sly, the drunken cobbler, exclaims: 'Never ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; and Malvolio has immortalised yellow stockings, even should Blue-coat boys forswear them.

According to Stow, the Earl of Pembroke was the first Englishman to encase his legs in home-made knitted worsted stockings. He says, that in the year 1564, one Rifer, a London 'prentice, taken with the appearance of a pair of woollen stockings he had seen at an Italian merchant's, managed to borrow them for a few days, made a pair exactly like them, and presented them

to the earl. There may have been something peculiar enough in the Mantuan hose for Rider to think them worth imitating, but there are strong reasons for believing knitted stockings were by no means such unfamiliar things to English eyes as Stock insinuates. 'What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?' asks Launce, in one of Shakspeare's earliest plays. Knitted hose are mentioned in an act of parliament passed in the reign of Edward VI.; and from the Household Book of Sir Thomas l'Estrange, we find that a pair of knitted hose could be bought, in 1533, for a couple of shillings, while children's stockings of the same sort only cost sixpence a pair—too low a price, it seems to us, for anything from beyond the seas. Boethius in 1497, says of the Scotch, 'their hosen were shapen of linen or woollen, and never came higher than their knee;' and Savary does not hesitate to credit the Scots with the invention, upon the rather insufficient ground that the French stocking-knitters chose St. Fiacre as the patron of their guild. Holinshed, describing a pageant at Norwich in 1573, tells us: Upon a stage stood at the one end eight small women children spinning worsted yarn, and at the other, as many knitting of worsted yarn hose;' and in another place says the bark of the elder was used by country wives for dyeing their knit hosen black.

Cloth stockings went completely out of favour in Elizabeth's reign; worsted, jarnsey, thread, silk, and fine yarn being employed in its place. Stockings of yellow, white, red, russet, tawny and green were not deemed sufficiently elegant unless they were interlaced with gold and silver thread, or had 'quirks and clocks' about the ankle. 'And to such impudent insolency and shameful outrage it is now grown,' complains the horrified Stubbs, 'that every one, almost, though otherwise very poor, having scarcely forty shillings of wages by the year, will not stick to have two or three pairs of these silk nether-stocks, or else of the finest yarn that may be got, though the price of them be a royal, or twenty shillings, or more, as commonly it is, for how can they be less, when the very knitting of them is worth a noble or a royal, and some much more. The time hath been when one might have clothed his body well from top to toe for less than a pair of these nether-stocks will cost.' With stockings in such demand, Lee might reasonably hope his stocking-loom would receive patronage and protection; but his hopes were grievously disappointed. Elizabeth refused to grant him a patent, and he took his loom to France. The ill-fortune so common to great inventors pursued him there, and he died poor and broken-hearted. After his death, some of his workmen succeeded in establishing themselves in England, and laid the foundations of the stocking-manufacture, the importance of which may be estimated by the fact, that twenty years ago, nearly fifty thousand looms were employed in the trade, a number that has no doubt been since largely increased.

Kings have often enough condescended to borrow of meaner creatures. James I. carried this species of condescension somewhat lower than usual, in borrowing a pair of scarlet stockings with gold clocks from one of his courtiers, when he desired to impress the French ambassador with an overpowering notion of his magnificence. Had all his subjects been as economical, the stocking-makers would have fared badly; luckily for them, the extravagances of the former reign still held their own; and the rage for leg-decoration took a new form, and expended some of its zeal upon broad garters, with gold fringes and point lace, which were fastened to the knee with a large bow or rosette. Dekker, in his *Gull's Horn-book*, advises his supposed pupil, if he was ambitious, 'to fashion his legs to his silk stockings, and his proud gait to his broad garters;' to study his directions until he can walk, as others fight, by the book, and then Pauls may be proud of him, and all the Inns of Court rejoice to behold his most handsome leg. Another writer declares the fops wore spangled garters worth a copyhold, filling the ladies especially such as had good legs, with envy, because fashion would not allow them to make a similar display

The Cavaliers affected gay stockings and long dangling garters; so, of course, the Puritans patronised the opposite fashion of sombre black stockings, and tied their garters up short. In Charles II.'s reign, England supplied the foreign markets with leathern, sicken, woollen, and kersey stockings; but as regards the home consumption, Nat Lee grumbled that plain sense had grown

Despicable as plain clothes,
As English hats, bone-lace, or woollen hose.

The last were not likely to be held in high favour at a time when an English ambassador thought it necessary to appear in white silk stockings over scarlet ones of the same material; and a lady's wardrobe was considered incomplete without at least four pairs of silk stockings 'shot through with silver,' and diamond-buckled garters to keep them company. Mr. Pepys 'made himself fine' with linen stockings from the Hague, and when he went into complimentary mourning for the Duke of Gloucester, donned a pair of short black stockings over his silk ones. That ladies did not demur at receiving gear for their nether limbs from their admirers, may be inferred from Pepys choosing a pair of silk stockings as his gift to pretty Mrs. Pierce, when she was his valentine. At another time he records in his Diary: 'To my cousin Turner's where, having the last night been told by her that she had drawn me for her valentine, I did this day call at the New Exchange, and bought her a pair of green silk stockings and garters and shoestrings.' Mr. Pepys was not singular in his fancy for green stockings. One day Lord Chesterfield met King Charles and his brother at Miss Stewart's, when the conversation turning upon the Muscovite ambassadors, then the talk of the town, 'that fool Crofts' unluckily observed that all the ladies of the said Muscovites had handsome legs. Upon this his majesty gallantly swore no woman in the world owned such a leg as their beautiful hostess; and Miss Stewart, to confound any sceptics present, 'with the greatest imaginable' ease immediately afforded the company ocular demonstration of the fact. All the gentlemen with one exception, endorsed the royal judgment. The exception was the Duke of York, who contended that the leg on view was too slender, avowed his preference for something shorter and thicker, and concluded his critical remarks by asserting that 'no leg was worth anything without green stockings!' This struck my Lord Chesterfield as irrefragable evidence that the royal duke had green stockings fresh in his recollection; and as it happened that Lady Chesterfield had short and thick legs, and was partial to green stockings, the jealous earl jumped to a jealous conclusion, and lost no time in carrying his wife into the country, to keep her out of mischief. Yellow stockings would seem to have been favoured by humbler folks, for when the queen and the duchesses of Richmond and Buckingham, bent on a graceless frolic, disguised themselves as country wenches, and mixed with the crowd at Audley End Fair, her majesty 'bought a pair of yellow stockings for her sweetheart' at one of the booths, in order to keep up her assumed character.

In Dutch William's reign, the gentlemen wore their long stockings rolled up over the knee. With the square-cut coats and long flapped waistcoats of the days of Anne, it was the fashion to wear scarlet or blue silk stockings, ornamented with gold or silver stocks, drawn over the knee, but gartered below it. The beaux of the beginning of the Georgian era voted scarlet and blue vulgar, relegating such vivid colours to second-rate dancing-masters, and affected pearl-coloured stockings, the tops of which were hidden by their knee-breeches. From a memorandum of Lady Suffolk's, we learn that one dozen pair of thread stockings, at seven-and-sixpence per pair, was considered a sufficient supply to last a princess of England a couple of years. In 1753, the fair sex were reproached for making

Their petticoats short, that a hoop eight yards wide
Might decently show how their garters were tied—

(a couplet not altogether inapplicable to the ladies of our own time) and for being generally

too fond of displaying their white stockings. In 1778, Walpole's friend, Mrs. Damer, brought black silk stockings in vogue for a while, white having been hitherto worn even for mourning. English cotton stockings were in great request abroad, so much so, indeed, that when all trade between England and France was prohibited, the Empress Josephine actually applied to parliament for permission to purchase half-a-dozen pair for her own use, a request that was of course once complied with. When knee-breeches went out of use, the stocking went out of view, and ceased to become a noticeable item in male attire; and as to the leg-gear of the ladies, we have no further changes to chronicle, except the marked revival, of late years, of coloured stockings,

A WIFE WITHOUT A WEDDING.

"FRESH fish! fine fresh fish! caller haddies! Buy a fish, ma lamb?" and the speaker put down her creel on the pavement of the High Street, Cortobello, holding up a "caller haddie" for Mrs. Sutton's inspection, who, saying mildly "Thank you, I don't want any," tried to pass on.

"Do buy a haddie, ma lamb, fresh an' loupin oot o' the sea, amais as bonnie as yersel: come, Captain—" this to Mrs. Sutton's husband—"gie me a hansom; I ha' walked every step frae Musselburgh, and deil a bawbee ha' I taken."

Such persuasion had its success; "the Captain" saw no easier way of escape than that of buying a couple of haddies.

"What a pretty girl that was with Nancy," said Mrs. Sutton; "did you notice her Charley?"

"Of course I did; do you think, because you made me marry you, that I am to be blind as well as dumb? She's the prettiest girl I've seen in Scotland, and that's saying a good deal. What eyes she had, and such ankles!"

And then Charley, by way of proving that his eyes could see, descanted for the rest of the way upon the girl's beauty, and until Mrs. Sutton remarked,—

"I declare you've fallen in love with the girl; I'll grow jealous if you say any more; and Charley laughed, but held his tongue.

Next day, as he was smoking a pipe in company with a brother officer, a great chum of his, and a right good fellow—Harry Tremayne—they walked as far as Musselburgh, and, reaching the shore just after the fishing boats had come in, almost the first person they saw was the girl that Charley had been raving about.

"There she is, Harry," he said, "sitting on the rock there;" and there indeed she was; her creel well filled by her side; her little brown hands crossed on her lap, and her great grey eyes looking far away across the blue water.

She was dressed in the pretty picturesque costume worn by the fisher girls, and, like most of them, as clean and trim as if she had come out of a bandbox ready for a fancy ball: her dark auburn hair was glowing in the sunlight, and rippled loosely away from the broad white forehead, across which dark pencilled eyebrows arched themselves over thickly fringed grey eyes. Eyes that came back suddenly from their wanderings over the sea, and looked up in Harry's face with a recognition which startled his friend just a little, and showed him this was not the first time the two had seen each other.

For an instant surprise and pleasure only looked out from the eyes; then the lashes drooped, a hot flush crimsoned the girl's face. She turned abruptly away, addressing herself to Charley.

"Buy a cod, sir?" but Tremayne answered, "Why don't you ask me, Effie? What have I done to make you look so angry? I promised you a fairin' from Dunbar, and I've walked all this way to bring it; just look, what a smart brooch to pin that red neckerchief!" Effie shook her head, and kept her eyes away, and Charley, seeing that he was *de trop*, walked on to the boats.

When he looked again, Effie's red neckerchief was pinned with a glittering true lover's knot, and the fair face was sparkling with dimpling smiles.

Charley did not say much to his friend on their way home; to tell the truth, being now a married man, he had begun to look more severely on "little amusements," such as it was pretty evident Tremayne was carrying on. He wanted to say so too, but like most men, hung back; the imputation of being called a "preacher" is a thorough-going bugbear, and shuts many a mouth that would fain speak words of caution and wisdom. Harry on his side said equally little; he had an unpleasant suspicion of the truth, as regarded what was going on in Sutton's mind; and, what was worse, his own mind was misgiving him, and a certain small still voice was whispering at his heart. The walk home was not a conversational one, and the restraint even at the end of it was flagrant enough to excite little Mrs. Sutton's curiosity.

Young husbands are apt to be confiding, and young wives hear a good deal more of the private lives of their bachelor friends than is always good for either. Tremayne had been Charley's chum in his wild days; when Charley came to confession, Harry Tremayne's sins were exposed likewise, and when Mrs. Sutton forgave her husband, and sighed over the temptations and loneliness of a young man's lot, Harry, being still in the midst of dangers, still knocking about on the ocean, unpiloted by a loving wife, and at the mercy of the syren songs, came in for a large share of pity, and had no notion why the clear blue eyes of his friend's wife became so plaintive and earnest when she gave him little covert lectures upon the wickedness of the world, or why she took such trouble to get him to go to church with them every Sunday.

Tremayne was not very deep, nor yet very conceited, so he neither fathomed the true state of the case, nor fancied he had made an impression. Mrs. Sutton looked very pretty when she got earnest, and he thought if he could find such a wife he would not object to going to church twice a day; especially, too, when he saw Charley keep as jolly as ever, and that he did not refuse all his bachelor invitations, or close his doors against his old friends; and that once, when he went home decidedly tipsy, Nelly did not sulk next day, but insisted upon his going up to mess that he might get quit of "that stupid headache."

"Your wife's an angel," said Tremayne, as they walked away from the lodgings that day. Charley nodded, and his eyes looked watery, though that might have been the effects of the headache. Neither of them said more upon the subject, but Charley never got drunk again, and Tremayne never asked him to join another bachelor carouse.

Tremayne was a reckless, headlong fellow; but neither vicious nor yet more than ordinarily selfish in his pursuits and pleasure. He went pretty much after the counsel in the song:—

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
Your rule be still the same—
Your work not toil, your pleasures pure,
Your love a steady flame;
Your drink not madd'ning, but to cheer,
So may your joy not pall;
For little fools enjoy too much,
And great ones, not at all.

He preferred a handsome face to an ugly one, and liked to chaff a pretty girl, whether she spoke well-bred English or not. He had been taken by Effie Dennistoun's eyes as she glanced up below the strap that helped to support her creel; and as Effie had to pass Piershill nearly every day on her road to Edinburgh, there was no lack of opportunities to indulge in the flirtation, very harmless as far as Tremayne went, but dangerous enough to Effie, who was one of those imaginative, dreaming girls, who, gaining only a distant glance of the great world to which Tremayne belonged, thought, like poor "Hetty Sorrel," that it would be the height of human bliss to "be a grand lady, and ride in her own coach, and dress for dinner in a brocaded silk, with feathers in her hair, and her dress sweeping the ground."

Effie had seen great ladies going to the assemblies in Edinburgh, and knew very well that nature had made her as pretty as any of them. Effie was very eager to be a lady, and tried hard to speak like those she had heard speak, as well

as to keep her hair bright, and her dress clean and smart. People often turned and looked after her as she followed her mother to the market, and more than one fine gentleman had spoken to her, and told her how pretty she was. Effie quite believed them, but was wise enough to make no signs of the same. The truth was, Effie's heart was safe; vanity was the ruling passion as yet. But after a few meetings with Harry Tremayne, things took a new turn; Effie had a queer dream, in which Tremayne figured, and then she had her fortune told, and the lover who was, as is the fashion with prophets of the class, to make a lady of her was evidently Tremayne. After that, Effie made no demur about it; she thought of him continually; repeated over and over every word he said to her, trying to catch the very accent of his voice. She spent every spare minute getting up the dainty bright-coloured "bedgowns," as they are called, which form the upper portion of the costume worn by fisherwomen, and brushed her hair until it shone and sparkled like gold threads. Her hopes were very bright for a time; then there came a cloud; Effie saw Tremayne walking with a lady in Edinburgh; and Effie came home sick at heart that night, but the heart sank deeper still, and jealous rage and disappointment rose rampant, when one evening she met him again; this time the lady had hold of his arm; and watching she saw him take her to a grand carriage, and whisper and smile with her for a long time before he could say good-bye, and bid the coachman drive on.

Effie, poor little jealous soul, had told him all this on the Musselburgh beach, and in so doing laid bare her heart. And Harry as we have seen, went back to barracks in a very repentant mood.

"Are you game for a steeple-chase?" said Major Clinton coming into Tremayne's room early next day; "and will you take a seat on my drag? I am going to tool my four spears to Gillon, where a steeple-chase comes off to-day. I hear there's a lot of country fellows going, and I mean to do a little horse dealing."

Tremayne was glad enough to say "Yes," and thus get away from his own thoughts. He had been making up his mind to see Effie and ask her to forgive him,—a plan, the prudence of which was, to say the least, doubtful; and by accepting the seat on the drag he would avoid the immediate necessity for this.

"We'll start from the stable-yard," said Clinton, looking in again; "the leaders may be troublesome, but with the Portobello Road before us, we'll do, I think."

Accordingly the start took place from the stable; the conduct of the leaders doing much to prove Clinton's wisdom in choosing such open ground. They displayed a strong inclination to become bipeds in place of quadrupeds, but not finding that feasible, wheeled about and looked at their driver, until a well-directed cut from the heavy-thonged whip brought them to the fore, and sent the team down the turnpike at a slapping pace, and with the reins as taut as fiddle-strings.

"By Jove!" said the man on the box seat, drawing a long breath, "you did that business cleverly, Clinton; that brute with the big star on his forehead is an ugly customer, I won't forget the look he gave us in a hurry."

"Don't abuse him Dick, I am going to ask fifty for him to-day. I bought them all on spec at Falkirk, and a worse set of screws I never saw. I only gave ten a piece, and what with feeding, physicing, and grooming I mean to get fifty a-piece. Look how they step out now, as they settle down! They'll be as quiet as lambs before we reach Musselburgh. Hallo! that's a pretty girl; whom did she nod to?"

They had just whirled past a group of fisher-girls—amongst them Effie, who, seeing Tremayne, blushed and hung back.

"Fetch her a fairin' from the races, Captain," shouted one of the girls, and Tremayne saw Effie fly at her and a regular scuffle was going on as the drag turned out of sight.

"A friend of yours, Tremayne? I always thought you were a sly fellow, and that there was something else at Portobello besides playing looker-on at domestic felicity; but what a beauty

the little girl is! What'll you take I don't cut you out in a week?"

"Take him, Tremayne," cried Clinton, who was an inveterate speculator, and never let slip an opportunity of booking a bet; "I'll back Tremayne for a pony."

"Done with you," replied Sir Hugh Joclyn, the man who had offered the bet.

Two or three more bets were registered, and when Joclyn put his book back into his pocket, he had backed himself pretty heavily to win.

Tremayne had taken the challenge, but he was regretting it already. Joclyn, he knew, would stop at nothing; and a more heartless thorough-paced *roué* did not disgrace the service. Thinking thus, the meeting was a failure as far as he was concerned. Clinton made a success, and sold two of his team, and as some of the others had won their money, they were in right humour.

Sir Hugh had avoided Tremayne all day, but he was next him on the drag, and as they neared Musselburgh, he said.

"You must tell me where your beauty lives, Tremayne. What, you don't know! Oh! well, never mind, I am always luck in such things. There, what do you say to that?" he pointed to a cottage where, sitting upon a form, mending a herring-net, was Effie herself.

Tremayne did not sleep any better for the second look at Effie's face, and went down to Portobello early in the day, fully determined to make a clean breast of it, and take Charley into his confidence. Unfortunately Charley's wife's mother had been taken ill, and Charley's wife having been sent for, he, of course, had gone too; so Tremayne returned to barracks and mooned away the afternoon in his quarters. Next day he walked to Portobello again: he was not sure whether he expected Charley to have returned, or whether it was not a sort of hope that fate might decide his best course by letting him meet Effie, in which case he would certainly tell her the whole story; and "I only hope she'll think me as great a blackguard as I do myself," was his mental reservation. But he saw neither Charley Sutton, nor yet Effie, and was very bitterly inclined when he went to mess. Joclyn was in great force, too great to be altogether clean-handed. Every one in the regiment knew and recognised the sort of feline propensity he had to pur when game was afoot.

"You've been on the water to-day," said Captain Farrier, as they stood in the anteroom after mess.

"I believe you; I've been fishing all day."

"Caught much?"

"Yes, secured a couple of hundred."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that the fish were a little shy at first; but I found out the right sort of bait, and tried it so successfully that I'll make a couple of hundred out of my day on the water."

Tremayne was close to, and heard, as he knew he was meant to do, every word. Starting up, he strode forward, his lips white, and a very lamp of rage blazing in his eyes.

"He's drunk," cried Clinton, taking his arm. "Get hold of him, Farrier," and by main strength he turned Tremayne's face away from Joclyn, and led him out of the ante-room.

But Tremayne was not drunk, only sick at heart—disgusted with himself, and mad with the inuendo spoken by Joclyn; and if Major Clinton had not been a little bit sore in the same cause, he would certainly have quarrelled with him, for Tremayne was in a queer way, and ready for anything.

Another day slipped by; nothing apparent was done; Tremayne was waiting, so he told himself, for the return of the Suttons; he kept away from barrack pretty much all day, but not in places likely to fall in with Effie; and so the fifth day after the bet was made came, and not one word he had spoken to her, or one step taken either to save her or win the bet he was so thoroughly ashamed of. He went down in a sort of despair to look for Charley, and, as luck would have it, found them just returned.

"Is there anything the matter?" was Mrs. Sutton's first question, for, woman-like, she had seen the signs upon Harry's face.

"Indeed there is," answered he, dolefully; "will you let Charley come out with me for half an hour? I want his advice awfully."

And so Tremayne at last had an opportunity of making a clean breast, and as Charley always kept no secret from his wife, it came about that a woman's wit was brought to the rescue. It was too late to do anything that night, Charley had said, partly, if the truth were told, to gain time, and his wife's counsel; for Charley was a wise man, and did not like to meddle with pretty girls and their affairs of the heart without his wife's sanction.

Next day, when Tremayne reached Portobello, he found Charley was absent: he had gone to send Effie's mother to Mrs. Sutton, who intended speaking to the woman openly, and asking her to warn Effie; but this Charley, seeing the girl, thought he might do also, and spoke up accordingly, telling her how much Tremayne had suffered, and how he had not known what was best to do to put her on her guard, and a great deal more, making, as Charley thought a most touching story. When he had done, she asked,

"Did he send you? Then why didn't he come himself?"

"After all I have said, can you not guess, Effie?"

Effie's face was growing whiter and whiter, but she kept it turned to him as she said,

"Maybe I do; but I'll ken better if you tell me, sir."

"He was afraid you had learnt to care too much for him, Effie; and he was very sorry he had been so selfish, and thought if he saw you he would only make things worse for you."

Effie had covered her face with her hands as he began to speak; but now she dropped them, and lifted up her face, all flushed and passionate, her great eyes dilating with angry scorn.

"Worse for me! He need not fear for me. He thocht he might win and mock at me, for that I was only a fisher-girl: it was naethin' to say his words to the like o' me. But he'll find he was wraing; there's some ioe's me, tell him. I'll no be a fisher-girl long. Tell him—"

But before words would come, the poor lips losing courage, began to quiver and Effie rushed back into the cottage, slamming the door between Charley and her broken heart.

Next day, the last of the given week, Tremayne was on duty; Charley's report of his interview with Effie had by no means lightened the poor fellow's spirits: he kept looking at his watch every half hour, and taking every occasion to cross the square and glance towards the gates. About four o'clock he met Clinton, who stopped him.

"I say, Tremayne, the day's nearly over, old fellow; it's been the most cursed week I've passed this many year. I don't care a rap for the money, but I hope to God he'll lose. It was a blackguard shame of me to set you on to take such a bet, Harry; and I see you are as miserable about it as I am. I'll cut Joclyn after this."

Tremayne crushed out an oath between his teeth, but said nothing.

Six o'clock came, then seven, and the men began to lounge into the ante-room for mess; when Joclyn's servant came to the door, beside which Tremayne and Clinton were standing.

"If you please, Captain Tremayne, Sir Hugh would be glad if you and Major Clinton would speak to him."

Tremayne's heart gave a keep throb; he knew it was all up.

"Where is he?"

"At the barrack gate, sir."

There was no speech between the two men as they went out. There was a bright moon shining, the white road was almost as light as day, and there sure enough stood Effie, with Joclyn's arm round her waist. He had won his bet, even at the eleventh hour.

"Come, old fellow, who's right?" he cried triumphantly. "I told you the bet, Effie,—how he said I'd not stand here with my arm round you."

Effie's eyes had been fixed upon Tremayne, but she turned round her face now and kissed Joclyn; then, pushed him away, came close up to Tremayne.

"Ye dared me to it; you thocht you might laugh at me, and sent your friend to jeer me; but I'm even with you now, Captain Tremayne. Come now, sir," and she turned to Joclyn, "I've done my part, you do yours."

Joclyn laughed coarsely. "All right, Effie, you are a rum little girl. Gentlemen," and he took her hand with a mocking bow, "gentlemen, this is Lady Joclyn, my pretty little wife, without the trouble of a parson or a wedding. Allow me to present you; Lady Joclyn, Major Clinton (you owe me a pony); Lady Joclyn, Captain Tremayne (and you a couple of fivers); and now, sweetheart, for my payment."

Major Clinton had started as Joclyn began to speak, and a searching look in Effie's excited and triumphant face resulted in a muttered,—

"By George! he's done."

As Effie and Sir Hugh disappeared, the Major turned, eager to unburthen his mind and give Tremayne the benefit of the great light that had shone in upon him; but Harry was gone, and Clinton went to mess, and kept his own counsel.

Tremayne did not show again that night; next day it was known that he had got leave, next week that he was applying for an exchange, and next month that he was on his way to India.

Clinton had an interview with Charley Sutton before Joclyn's leave expired, and that gentleman too effected an exchange; and the regiment moving soon after, the story of the bet and Effie were nearly forgotten, until, a couple of years afterwards, Clinton read Joclyn's marriage in the Times, and a few days subsequently found the newspapers full of a scandal in high life. Sir Hugh Joclyn had been married, it was true, but it was soon apparent that another wife was in existence, and Lady Joclyn, *née* Effie Dennistoun, was, according to the then existing Scotch marriage law, proved the lawful wife, and so acknowledged by the public.

Some weeks after the trial a poor travel-stained, wild faced woman was seen wandering along the bench at Musselburgh: as night drew on, a few of the kindlier fisher-folk spoke to her, and bid her come in for shelter. But the poor thing only shook her head, and whispered, "I am going home; he's coming to fetch me."

Next morning, when the tide went back, a group of children looking out for shells, came upon a sight that sent them cowering together.

The poor mad woman lay there dead.

Several of the elder people recognised the body, and it was known that Effie Dennistoun had come home—to die. I. D. FENTON.

DERBY DREGS.

WE extract the following from *All the Year Round*. It is a side of the question not usually dwelt upon in descriptions of the London grand gala day:—

"Another account" is not unfrequently the heading to a newspaper narrative recording the experience of a second eye-witness of some great public event. I have read some admirable descriptions of the Derby Day of 1866, in which the playfulness, humour, and boisterous good temper of the crowd assembled on Epsom Downs are descanted on, and truthfully. But I wish to furnish "another account." The English carnival—the one day in the year when business worry and household cares are forgotten by the many; when peer and peasant, shopkeeper and artisan, mingle together on equal terms, and when hearty participation in the national sport makes the glum pleasant, the sad joyful, and the reserved merry—this is the received notion of the Derby Day. But there is a cant of gentility as offensive in its way as any other form of cant; and we seem to fall into it when speaking of this race.

Now, I have returned home weary and sore with long struggling, and shocked and disgusted by much that I have seen and heard. So let me hint at, for I dare not describe accurately, some of the depravity and riot which sullies the great English festival; and which after twenty years'

experience of the Derby Day, I had never previously seen or suspected. Like most people I know, my great object has been on previous occasions to obtain a good start home soon after the event of the day, and to thus leave the dregs of pleasure for the inveterate votaries of it lingering on the hill and by the course. This year, for reasons of my own, I decided to wait until the last carriage had departed, and though I rescinded this determination when twilight came on, and hundreds of vehicles were yet left, I saw enough to convince me that our boasts as to the good temper, gentility, and orderly behaviour of a Derby crowd are conventional, and need modifying, and that our carnival is far more redolent of vice and brutality than our national vanity allows us to believe.

Take the famous hill, an hour after the racing of the day is over, and when the grand stand and its adjacent tributaries look ghastly and tomb-like in their emptiness. Foul language, drunken shrieks, fights, blasphemy and theft, seem things of course, and are rampant on all sides. No one is shocked, or frightened, or astonished. Gaudily-dressed women claw each other's faces until they sink back bleeding and exhausted; while their temporary lieges look on approvingly from their carriages, or sleep a drunken sleep at their sides. Boys, who are models of the tailor's and haberdasher's art, who smoke big cigars, and swagger and swear, strut and tumble tipsily about, with ruddled painted creatures on their arms old enough to be their mothers. Fashionable dotards grin senilely, and bribe the strolling minstrels to heighten the point of their songs. These last are both male and female, and some of the latter are but mere children. With hard metallic voices, and with the animation of automatons, they pour out their ribaldry to the jangle of the wretched organ carried by the leader of their gang. The dotards fling silver, the tipsy boys listen, and the unwomanly women applaud, until another fight is in progress, when attention is diverted, and the dreadfully repulsive singers seek new ground. A drag with young and old men and painted women, all fashionably attired, on its roof, is stationed near an omnibus laden with well-dressed men. Pea-shooting, orange-throwing, and threats between these two parties, have been followed by more decided and more dangerous measures. First a glass tumbler, then a champagne bottle has been hurled; but happily the vigour in each case has exceeded the precision of the throwers.

"Yer never a-goin' to stand that 'ere, are yer, master?" cries a shambling outcast. "A blessed shame that is, as ever I see," cries a stout man, with a voice and manner that remind one of a rusty agricultural implement; "why don't you get off and tackle them?" "I'll back you up," counsels a flashy fellow, and with an unnaturally shiny hat; and the high-spirited young fellow on the box of the drag foolishly yields, and, jumping down, challenges the whole of the omnibus-riders to fight. Nor does he wait for an answer. With the discretion of a Quixote attacking windmills, he clambers to the roof, and there and then, without a single ally (for his shiny-hatted customer made off as soon as his advice was taken), hits out right and left at from a dozen to twenty men. There can, of course, be but one end to an encounter so unequal. In vain do the drunken crowd try to stimulate the gallant adventurer's own party into helping him. They remain comfortably on their dreg, while smashing blows are being given and received by one man against twenty. At last they have him down upon the roof, one elderly man holding him by the throat, while another checks his writhing by pinning him by the legs. The crowd seem half maddened now, but their sympathy is limited to sending a shower of broken glass and stones, and to yelling and swearing "Shame!" For a few seconds the little active figure is at the mercy of its opponents, and the cry of "Throw him over!" seems about to be realised, when, with a jerk and plunge which nearly send down the men at his throat and legs, the hardy assailant is on his feet again; and, by dogged hard fighting, makes his way triumphantly along the omnibus roof, and descending at

the opposite end to the one he got up by, resumes his own seat on the box of the drag amid the excited cheers of the drunken mob pressing up from below. A coat torn to ribbons, a long bruise under the left eye and ear, and a hat destroyed, are, curiously enough, the principal injuries he has received, while the bleeding face and swollen eyes among his adversaries testify to his prowess. A man beside me is so delighted with this feat that he becomes quite confidential on the subject of fighting, and after showing a painfully obsequious deference to opinions he persists in crediting me with, but which I neither expressed nor entertain, as to the best mode of what he calls "tackling a lot from the shoulder" confides to me that "a little game o' roulette may be had behind the long booth yonder, all quiet and comfortable, and with no chance of the Bobbies spiling sport."

Another little eddy over and above the common disorderly surge of drunken men and women, and we see a dozen stout arms pulling an open carriage back, while others frustrate the coachman's whipping by first seizing the horses' heads, and then depriving him of his whip. The poor animals become frightened, and plunge and kick among the broken bottles, while threats are exchanged between the men inside and those resolute on detaining them until the appearance of the police. The women here are quiet, timid, and fearful, and implore pitifully that they may be allowed to go on their way. The coachman, obedient to a private signal, makes a last strenuous effort to get his horses into line with those leaving the hill, and again is triumphantly defeated by the shrieking crowd. Very few among those pulling back know why the vehicle is detained, or what its occupants have done, but there is devilry and mischief in the wind, and they yell, and shout, and dance, and push, and pull with the energy of demons. Confusion, recrimination, abuse, cards offered and refused, attempts to pull one of the men from his seat, frustrated by the tearful appeals of his female friends, who are frightened into behaving well now, until the police and the victim on whose behalf the row has been made, appear upon the scene simultaneously. He is a shocking spectacle. Ghastly pale, and with a large ridge of rapidly coagulating blood dividing his face and cutting his nose asunder, he half staggers to the carriage, and faintly, singling out the man who hit him, as he says, with a loaded stick, gives him into custody. The injured speaker is a gentleman, is perfectly sober, and there seems no exaggeration in his story, which is corroborated by many of those who saw the assault. A stone had been thrown by some one near, whereupon the man in the carriage had hit out furiously, some said with a champagne bottle, some with a loaded stick, but all agreed with no more discrimination than a Malay who runs amuck, and the result was that a perfectly innocent and inoffensive man was disfigured for life. The crowd, drunk and sober, press round; the police are swayed to and fro, and there seems a likelihood of their defeat, until one of their number, who is mounted, sees the mob from afar, and is soon in its midst. A few pertinent questions from the inspector, the battered bleeding face of the wounded man bearing forcible testimony against the accused; and the carriage is drawn out of the line, while those in it are taken to the temporary station amid the cheers and derision of the mob, which resumed its indiscriminate assaults upon the instant.

Those three tawdry women in the barouche near, have been pouring brandy upon the crowd, and the woman who stood on the seat to hiccup out a speech a quarter of an hour ago, has had two fights since, and is now more than half delirious with drink and pain. Her upper lip is cut open, her forehead is bruised and swollen, her white bonnet and muslin dress are steeped in blood. The two young girls, her sole companions, are in different stages of intoxication: one is crying: the other is challenging all comers to fight. In vain do the police put up the hood of the vehicle to screen the defiant woman from the mob. She hangs over its side to shriek out blasphemy and rage, until, for fear of more serious disturbance, the constables turn the horses'

heads, and send the driver off by a circuitous and deserted road. The police van comes up now. Every divisional cell in it is so full, that it has been necessary to stack the thieves and pickpockets who have been caught red-handed on the course, into the middle passage, from which they looked through the iron bars of the van door, and shout out ribald jibes at the policeman-conductor, and jests to their friends below. How you and I and the people near us escape accident is a marvel. Wherever the crowd is thickest, and the apparent possibility of escape most remote, the driving is most reckless, and the horses least controlled. A drunken little shrew seizes her husband's whip, and, first lashing his horse into fury, belabours the bystanders right and left, not with animus or meaning, but as a vent or safety-valve for her own mad excitement. Next we have a bitter fight between some "roughs." They have been hanging about the carriage, the horses of which are now plunging and rearing a few yards ahead, have aided in twisting it into position for starting, and in lifting hampers to their places, and now, having had money thrown them, are quarreling over its division. A haggard half starved-looking wretch, whose hollow cheeks and wild eyes speak of misery and privation, cries that he has done all the work, and that "this villain has taken the money." Then they set at each other like wild beasts, the bystanders applauding delightedly, and forming an impromptu ring. There is no formal set-to here, no "squaring" of arms and fists, no knowing posturing of back, and head, and body—it is the savage combat of two wild animals, who bite, and scratch and kick, and fall upon each other like hungry wolves. It is over in a few seconds, for they tumble down with a dead thump upon the turf: the haggard hollow-cheeked wretch undermost: just as a policeman breaks through the outer circle, and lays about him with his staff. The shock of the fall has brought blood from the nose and ears of the man who complains of having been defrauded! while his opponent makes off, scratched and torn and breathless, but carrying away the pitiful little prize for which both have bled.

Tired and disgusted, we next turn towards the railway station. To gain this from the hill, we pass the corner where the two streams of departing carriages from hill and course converge. Every evil we have seen is intensified here. The mob is so numerous as to form a ragged army. In disorderly bands, each hundreds strong, it dances round the vehicles, and uses every device to worry and excite respectfully dressed riders into retaliation. Costermongers' carts have been robbed of their oranges, and these are freely thrown. Some hot-headed young fellows are weak enough to fall into the trap, and accepting the insulting challenges thrown out, descend to fight. In vain do the policemen warn them against trusting themselves in the crowd, with, "There is but two or three o'you, remember, and there's hundreds of them." They go in valiantly, and are speedily sent back wrecks. Hats, cravats, and coats gone, and their owners bruised, and sore, and breathless, regain their carriage to meditate on the genial amenities of the Derby. At this juncture the strong unruly detachments of roughs are in speech, conduct, and demeanour, like the people I have beheld waiting to see one of their fellows publicly strangled in the Old Bailey, or hanging on the outskirts of other great assemblages, for plunder and rapine. Their game is to fling missiles in all directions, and when retaliation is attempted, to turn fun into business by hustling, robbing and maltreating the daring spirit.

But sadder than all this were the pale frightened faces of some respectable young girls, who, seated in an open carriage with their father, had somehow got entangled in this fringe of drunkenness and vice. Happily, they would not be likely to understand much of the unutterably foul speech they heard. But they covered their heads and faces with shawls and wraps, and shudderingly clung together, as if for mutual protection, while the mocking crew yelling about them insisted, with many indecent oaths, that they were drunk, and could barely be re-

strained from plucking back their covering. Their father, a gallant-looking old gentleman, entirely lost his head, and after angrily and fruitlessly directing his postilion "to get away anywhere—anywhere away from these wretches," had to sit by, bewildered, while his daughters were outraged by their horrible surroundings.

The half-naked battered man we saw being led towards the station was one of the "welchers" who had been exposed and beaten out of the betting-ring earlier in the day. An utterly worthless scamp, who made bets and received stakes without the most remote intention of paying his losses, his chastisement was of course merited. Yet, as he limped painfully along, and every now and then putting his hand to his bandaged head, looked vacantly around, it was impossible to withhold commiseration. To be publicly thrashed by many infuriated men, to have one's garments torn and one's body bruised; to be marked as a swindler by professional visitors of every race-course in England, and to be now making for home, branded, penniless, forlorn, and writhing at every step, seemed a heavier punishment for swindling than even the law awards, and suggests some curious reflections as to the various degrees of moral turpitude and the penalties attached to them by the world.

The distant hills were rapidly becoming misty and indistinct when we left the Downs; and the sounds of revelry were still coming up from the course and from the hill. The "fun" was as vicious, the road as drunken and disorderly, the basest passions as predominant, as ever; and the dreadful scenes described were being duplicated, turn which way we would. There were of course plenty of decent people in carts and vans, who were simply jolly and good tempered. But of the ragged roughs on the one hand, and the gaily-dressed vicious people, both male and female, on the other, who prolonged their festival of riot long after the races were over, it is impossible to speak with too much loathing and contempt. They were below the level of animals the foulest and most obscene; and henceforth, when I hear the British moralist declaiming against the licence of the Continent, or the British optimist expatiating on the Englishman's honest hearty enjoyment of his Derby Day, I shall take the liberty, of reverting to the evidence of my senses, and of asserting that there is a great deal in the Derby Day highly desirable to be swept off the face of the earth.

A REMARKABLE MEDICAL CONCLUSION.—Dr. Taylor, in his recent work on *Medical Jurisprudence*, relates a story of Sir Astley Cooper:—"He was called to see a man who, while sitting in his chair in a private room, had been mortally wounded by a pistol-shot from the hand of an unknown person. Sir Astley, having done what was necessary respecting the wound, compared closely the direction from which the pistol was fired with the position of the wounded man, and he came to the conclusion that the pistol must have been fired by a left-handed man. The only left-handed man known to be on the premises at the time was an intimate friend of the deceased, against whom there was no suspicion; but this observation led to his arrest and subsequent conviction for murder."

How PLANTS GROW.—Plants breathe carbonic acid instead of oxygen. Deprive a plant of carbonic acid, and it would sicken and die. Over the surface of leaves are countless numbers of pores or open mouths, which take in the carbonic acid. Thus the leaves of plants are like the lungs of animals. It escapes whenever fermentation takes place and whenever bodies are decomposed. Such are some of the properties of carbonic acid—a substance deadly poisonous when breathed, but absolutely necessary for our very existence.

Revenge.—Bitter sweets, plucked from the Devil's garden.

Letter.—A speaking trumpet through which the voice may be heard at any distance.

Dinner.—A prize granted to many who do not contend for it, and denied to many who do

RECOGNITION.

(Translated from the German).

There comes a wanderer, staff in hand,
Homeward returning from distant land.
His beard is tangled, his face is brown;
Will they know him again in his native town?
'T was a youthful comrade, true and fast;
Once many a wine cup between them passed.
Yet strange—the toll gatherer knows him not;
Do beard and sunshine his features blot?
He shakes the dust from his trodden boot;
He turns in silence, with brief salute.
Behold his true-love stands at the door;
"Thou blooming fair one, welcome once more?"
But the maid, unconscious, remains unmoved!
She knows not the voice of her own beloved.
He bends his step 'ward his childhood's home.
To his cheeks so brown the tear drops come.
Near the cot his mother is wending her way;
"God bless thee, beloved," 'tis all he can say.
The mother—she turns and shouts with joy;
In her arms she is clasping her truant boy.
Though the sun may swart, and the beard may grow.
The mother, the mother her son doth know.

THE

TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

Continued from page 250.

Ingeburge almost smiled, and she had sufficient courage to look at Mahmoud, and it now appeared to her that the proud and wild physiognomy of the Syrian was completely transformed. He was kind, submissive, tender, and his look was as timid as that of an infant.

"Thank thee," said Ingeburge; "thou knowest not the happiness that thou hast given me, my brother."

"Thy brother!" repeated the Syrian, who had never till then understood the signification of that title of Christian charity.

"But then," said Ingeburge, "if it was not by orders of the king, why shouldst thou have wished to assassinate the queen?"

"That would be a long story to tell thee, young girl," replied the Syrian, in a melancholy tone, "and doubtless I could not succeed in making thee comprehend it, for we have neither the same manners nor the same religion."

"What!" exclaimed Ingeburge, "art thou then not a Christian?"

Mahmoud folded his arms upon his breast.

"There is but one God," said he solemnly, "and Mahomet is his prophet!"

In spite of her weakness, Ingeburge rose and withdrew to the furthest extremity of the cell to put herself as far as possible from that man that her creed taught her was under the direct influence of unholy laws.

"I knew that thou wouldst regard me with horror," resumed the Syrian, whose voice became sad and plaintive; "but I have already told thee that since thy face is that of my beloved Dilah, I cannot deceive thee any more."

These last words were an enigma to the queen. She had never before heard the name of Dilah, and yet the repetition of that name now struck her as that of some forgotten friend.

"Is there any truth in the Asiatic creed, and has each soul some far-off sister, who feel each other's joys and pains?"

Mahmoud continued in a grave voice—"Dost thou love any one, young maiden?"

"I do," replied she.

"With ardour—with passion?"

"With ardour," replied Ingeburge, whose large blue eyes sparkled. "I love with passion!"

"To dying for him thou hast chosen?"

"To dying a thousand deaths!" exclaimed the queen.

"He is a happy man," thought Mahmoud.

The queen bent her head, as though humiliated with the thought, that the man to whom she was so devoted gave her nothing in return but indifference and disdain.

Mahmoud continued—"I sought to kill the queen, because a man said to me, 'I will give thee the life of the king for the life of the queen.'"

Ingeburge pressed her hands to her brow as if a sudden light had broken in upon her mind—the whole truth of Eve's narrative appeared revealed to her.

"Fool that I was!" cried she, "and unfortunate! I that have suspected the noble heart of Philip Augustus, when it was Philip Augustus himself that they wished to kill."

She stopped as though to recall the name of that other assassin mentioned in Eve's tale.

"Amaury Montruel," began Mahmoud.

"That is it—that is it," interrupted Ingeburge. "That is the name of the man who wished to kill me!"

The Syrian recoiled in his turn. "To kill thee!" murmured he, while his dark brows involuntarily knitted. "No! it was the queen of France that Amaury Montruel desired me to kill."

"I am the queen of France!" said she.

For a moment Mahmoud remained mute. A bitter strife was raging in his bosom—the implacable fanaticism of his sect was struggling against the chivalrous sentiments engendered in the poetry of his nation.

"The queen!" he repeated, with his long eyelashes drooping over his dark and wild eye.

"The queen," repeated Ingeburge; "and I can repeat to thee the words of that coward who proposed this sanguinary step to thee—'For the blood of the queen thou shalt have the blood of the king.' But I say to thee...." Her tears burst forth, and for a moment her voice failed her; then falling on her knees, with clasped hands and beseeching accents, she continued: "But I say to thee, take the life of the queen, but let the king live."

And her hands convulsively tore open the delicate linen which covered her bosom, as though to give the poignard an easier access.

"Thou lovest only too well," said Mahmoud, shaking his head; "for thou art not beloved again."

"I asked thee for death," said the agonized Ingeburge, and thou hast given me torture!"

"There also exists one who loves me," resumed Mahmoud, who seemed to be recovering his native pride; "and she who loves me, waits me; and in order that that long and cruel delay may have an end for both of us, it is necessary that I return to the feet of my master with the blood of King Philip Augustus on the point of this dagger."

Saying this, he snatched the crystal dagger from his breast, and brandished the glittering weapon over his head.

Ingeburge shrunk within herself.

"That is my reason for having wished to kill the queen," said Mahmoud.

A moment of silence ensued, during which nothing could be heard but the stifled sobs of Ingeburge, and also that strange clamour, the distant and confused echos of which we mentioned before.

It increased—it drew nearer.

For the first time, Mahmoud-el-Reis seemed to notice it. For a moment he listened, then gave a look of impatience, as though he would say—"What is it to me!"

Perhaps it signified more to him than he thought for.

CHAPTER IV.

The queen remained silent—crushed under the weight of her great grief—for this man inspired her with a suspicious fear; she assigned no limits to his power, and her delirium pictured to her the pale corpse of Philip Augustus, with the crystal poignard in his heart, and stretched out in some apartment of that unknown palace of the Louvre where she had never entered.

Mahmoud on the contrary was talking to himself; but as soon as his eye fell upon the dis-

tressed queen, all his wild energy disappeared again as by enchantment.

The queen was now to him like a vision of Dilah! and it seemed to him as though Dilah was interceding for the queen.

"I have sought in the western sky," murmured he, plunged into a reverie which overpowered him in spite of himself, "I have sought the brilliant star that Dilah looked at on the night of our parting. It was not there. That mysterious thread which connected our hearts is broken, and it was to replace Dilah's star that the genii's have sent me the sister of her soul. Yet what shall I tell Dilah when she shall ask me—'What hast thou done to obtain me? Show me the blood on the point of thy poignard. Art thou brave or art thou but a coward, unworthy of the love of a woman?'"

Ingeburge implored no more; but the silent tears coursed down her cheeks, paler than alabaster. It was better to let the absent Dilah plead the cause of her distress.

An extraordinary conflict was stirring the depths of Mahmoud's heart. On the one hand, was the promised prize of love; the burning fanaticism that the Kurds imbibe with their mother's milk; the fearful oath that order of assassins impose upon its *fedawi*; on the other hand, there was but a poor illusion,—a dream! A resemblance aided by one of those oriental myths, so dear to Asiatic imaginations.

Certainly the struggle was an unequal one; but the dream was founded on the exquisite flower of the North, that stood before him—the dream was incarnate in the divine beauty of Ingeburge.

Mahmoud loved, as they only love in those climes where the burning passion leaves an ineffaceable impression on the heart; the dream spoke louder than anything else to the ardent imagination of Mahmoud. He hesitated—struggled; the terrible and threatening countenance of the Old Man of the Mountain passed more than once before his dazzled eyes, but behind the severe mask of the prince of the assassins there stood a pale vision, soft and beautiful under its melancholy smile. It was Dilah!

It was Ingeburge to Mahmoud. Ingeburge and Dilah were so mingled, that they appeared to him but one adorable and adored being.

Suddenly he put aside his long brown hair, and passed the back of his hand over his moistened brow—

"Sister," said he abruptly, approaching the queen, as if in his trouble he had heard from the lips of poor Ingeburge all the reasoning that had conquered his fanaticism. "What does all that signify? Do not Dilah and thyself possess the same soul, divided between thee by the hands of genii? If thy heart is stricken, will not her heart feel the blow? If I kill the king, wilt thou not die?"

It is needless to say, that Ingeburge did not understand all this. For it required strange and subtle sympathies to interpret the passions, and that which might appear absurd and foolish to cooler reason has a different signification to the lover.

Ingeburge began to see, though but confusedly, the light that was dawning through this opened door of salvation, and answered at hazard—

"Oh, yes! if the king were to die, I should die."

"Ah, well! it is necessary that thou shouldst live. Do I not know that if one of these two souls were to perish, the other would fade and wither also. Do I not know that the life of Dilah and thine own are one and the same life? Under the great shadow of the Pure, when I shall see her again, more beautiful than ever, and better loved, I will say to her, 'I had the poignard raised, the life of the king was in my hands, I could have accomplished my oath, and gained without effort, the delights that the prophet has promised to his elect. I could have done it. I can do it now,' as though he was making the last struggle.

The queen watched the varying expression of his countenance with an anxious look.

"No! no!" he resumed in a firm voice, repelling for the last time the phantoms of his

fanatic creed. "He shall live to love thee, I swear it in the name of the prophet! And I will tell Dilah in our last embrace: I have returned to die, and not to be happy. For my life and my happiness, O Dilah! I have given them to the sister of thy soul!"

Amidst that dull and continued hum of voices which swelled and increased without ceasing, they suddenly heard another and a nearer noise; it was a quick step coming along the corridor, and leading to the cell where they were; sometimes it hurried on quietly, sometimes it seemed to hesitate, and they could hear a confused mixture of exclamations and words rapidly exchanged.

The queen listened, Mahmoud-el-Reis rose, and assumed the impassable and cold manner usual with him.

They could distinguish a woman's voice, which said, "Father Anselme alone could tell us into which cell queen Angel entered!"

"Eve," murmured Ingeburge.

They could hear doors opening and closing noisily.

"Search! search!" cried another voice. "No one has left the monastery. The assassin of the queen cannot escape us!"

"My brother Eric," murmured Ingeburge.

Not a muscle of the Syrian's face moved, he looked like a bronze statue.

The steps approached, the door was shaken from without, and a voice said—

"It must be here, it is the last cell, and the assassin is doubtless hidden here."

"Queen," said Mahmoud in a low and solemn voice, "protect me if thou desirest thy husband the king to live; for his breast is threatened by other poignards besides mine."

"Eve, Eve," cried Ingeburge, "this way, come to me, Eve!"

The Syrian spoke not another word; he folded his arms upon his breast and looked at the door which was about to open with an assured eye.

CHAPTER V.

Eric had been watching all day under the walls of the Abbey St. Martin. Three times he had presented himself at the gates, and three times the gate-keeper, in obedience to strict orders, had refused him admittance.

Eric was not discouraged; his was one of those patient and strong natures which are accustomed to overcome all obstacles. It had taken him many days to clear the distance which now separated him from the forests of the North. His talisman during that long and difficult journey had been, "never to despair!"

He had come to protect queen Angel, his sister: and had entered upon his task with a full knowledge of his weakness.

The hour to defend queen Angel was at hand, and poor Eric was at his post, ready to lay down his life for his noble sister.

He knew that an assassin had introduced himself within the walls of the convent where the queen was; but that to effect his object the assassin had been obliged to swallow a draught, the effects of which he had seen with his own eyes.

He knew that some time would be necessary to enable Jean Cadore to recover his strength, and that after that, more time would be consumed in his attempt to reach the queen.

For Eric had not been able to avoid the afflictions which overtake poor travellers on the weary road; he knew, from experience, what the inside of a convent infirmary was like, and he knew that some labour was required to gain the interior of the convent after leaving the infirmary. And Eve's brother had said to himself, "when the night comes I will not ask for an open door, and yet I will get at the assassin in the monastery!"

We said just now that Eric's talisman, during his long journey, and by which he had put every obstacle out of his way, was patience—he possessed another: Eve, his sister, that gentle and brave child—ever sustained him—gave him courage; and the quick intelligence of the young girl, had often found the saving expedient in the greatest embarrassments of their journey.

How many times did Eric think of his sister Eve that long day, as he wandered among the dark bushes that surrounded the enclosure of the abbey.

What had become of her after her interview with the king? and why had the king asked to see master Adam, his poor little companion engaged by him to carry mortar at the works at Notre Dame?

Eric could not tell, and betimes his heart was wrung with agony when that frightful thought came across him, "I shall never see her more."

The hours seemed very slow; towards sunset and about the same time that Angel had arrived at Mahmoud's cell, to relieve the good old sleepy monk, Eric plunged into the thickest of the bushes and seated himself at the foot of an oak where he could see through the trees the high towers of the convent.

He looked and reflected that queen Ingeburge was a prisoner within those walls. He looked—urging the tardy course of time and calling the night propitious.

Far, very far, at the extremity of the cloistered buildings, there was a small tower whose narrow windows were reddened by the setting sun shining through branches like a fire.

"That's where she dwells, perhaps," thought Eric, "our poor sister Angel."

In the midst of these reflections, one of the windows of the tower opened, and a woman clothed in white leaned out.

Eric sprang to his feet.

"It is she," murmured he; then shading his eyes with his hand, he continued looking a long time with his whole soul in his look.

His heart beat violently.

"Eve," stammered he; "My God, I believe it is Eve."

The sun sank down behind the trees which bound the horizon, and the form of the young girl in the turret became indistinct.

"I must have deceived myself," murmured Eric, giving away again to his grief, "I think I see my poor Eve everywhere."

He stopped to listen, he heard a song borne on the breeze of the evening.

Eric thought he could recognize that sweet air of the Song of the Swallows—sung by the choir of the freemasons on their fête days.

But the wild breeze turned and the song died away.

At that window, where the young girl clothed in white had appeared, a light was placed as soon as it became dark. Eric marked its position through the trees and took it for his compass.

He scaled the walls of the abbey, descended into the gardens of the monastery, and directed his steps towards the lighted tower.

Some mysterious attraction led him there. The large garden was deserted, but under the obscure cloisters he could hear the measured tread of the monks, and at times a slow chant from the arches of the chapel.

Eric advanced by paths unknown to him towards the distant light.

Suddenly he stopped to listen, and kneeling down placed his ear to the ground.

Long before Mahmoud-el-Reis or queen Ingeburge had heard that noise, that we have several times spoken of, it had attracted the attention of Eric; and he could tell that it came from the direction of Paris.

On his travels Eric had sometimes heard, by putting his ear to the ground, the distant noises of an army on its march. This noise was similar to it—the noise seemed to tremble against his ear.

Perhaps it was King Phillip Augustus leaving Paris to fight the English.

As he was not there to listen to the noises outside, Eric pursued his road after many detours, and at length reached the lighted tower.

But Eric was obliged to acknowledge that he was not much nearer to the object of his enterprise; the window was too high to be reached by climbing, and it would require an iron ram to batter in the door which opened into the garden.

A dead silence reigned all round, the psalmody of the monks was hushed and they had doubtless retired to their dormitories.

Eric remained motionless, overpowered with the idea of his impotence.

"Ah, if my poor sister should be there?" murmured he at last; "Whenever I was at a loss as to what saint to offer my vows, Eve always helped me with some happy thought."

He looked up at the window by chance and saw a shadow against the glass, then he heard the voice of a young girl humming a couplet of the same song he had so lately heard under the oak. The voice said,—

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

"The trowel shines brightly, it is the glaive of the artisan. We will all go to the baptism."

"Is not the cross on the belfry already rusty?"

Eric clasped his hands, and sang the last couplet by way of answer, as he had done on that night when the same song had announced to him the approach of his brother masons.

"The swallow is come; his nest is in the tower. Master, alas! the bells are ringing!

"Thou art dying, and thy daughter is dead: we shall all die, but the tower will live."

"And in ten times one hundred years, it will still be the house of the swallows."

Eric had commenced in a low and timid voice, and his first notes were lost in the night.

But as he advanced, he swelled his voice, so that he felt certain that his song had reached the inmates of the tower.

There was, however, no sign of life, and even the handsome silhouette had disappeared from the window.

"Eve!" cried Eric, without any more fear or caution; "Eve! Eve! dost thou not hear me?"

The light was put out.

Again Eric cried in a louder voice, "Eve! Eve!"

"Silence," murmured a voice, which seemed to come through the thick walls.

Eric raised his head, and saw just over him, one of those narrow openings in the wall designed to permit the archers to discharge their arrows through; the next moment a heavy door turned upon its hinges, and the gentle Eve was suddenly in the arms of her wondering brother.

A long embrace followed, accompanied by half-stifled words and tears of joy.

Then Eric, rousing himself all at once, repelled Eve's caresses.

"Where is the queen?" he asked abruptly.

"Queen Angel is good and pious as ever," replied the maiden. "She has this evening obtained permission to watch over a patient."

She could not see that these words had struck Eric with the force of a thunderbolt.

She, therefore, continued gaily, "Thou, then, hast thou been able to reach this place, my brother?"

Eric made no reply, for he was crushed by his terror. Eve tried to take his hand, it was icy cold, and Eve could perceive that his limbs trembled beneath him.

"What is the matter?" said Eve, who became alarmed in her turn.

"That patient," stammered Eric, with an effort, "did he come here to-day?"

"Yes," replied Eve.

"At what hour?"

"About mid-day."

"And how long has queen Angel been with him?"

"About an hour."

Eric raised his hands over his head and uttered a stifled cry.

"May God have mercy on us!—may God have mercy on us!" he repeated.

Eve was obliged to support him to prevent his falling to the ground; great drops of cold sweat fell from his brow on to the hands of Eve.

"Dost thou know?" resumed he in a vacant voice, "the name of that patient with whom the queen has been for this last hour?"

Eve began to tremble also.

"Repeat it to me," said Eve, frightened.

The voice of Eric burst forth—"Mahmoud-el-Reis," cried he; "and in exchange for the blood of the king that the traitor Amaury has promised him, he has promised that traitor the blood of the queen!"

It was Eric and his sister Eve, with some archers of the convent and some monks, that Mahmoud and queen Ingeburge, had heard in the corridor adjoining their cell.

At the cries of the queen, the door was burst open, and Eric rushed impetuously into the cell. He was armed with a dagger, and his dagger immediately sought the breast of the Syrian.

Ingeburge arrested his hand with a sign. Eve was already weeping and embracing the queen's knees.

The archers and monks, astonished to see that man standing upright who had been brought to the monastery doors half dead, muttered among themselves something about sorcery, and were debating whether it was not better to strike him down at once, like some animal that was mad. The discussion was soon ended, and four or five halberds were presented at his breast at once; but the Syrian never seemed calmer in his life. He coolly and skillfully turned the halberds aside with his hand.

"Queen," said he, casting a quiet but a proud look at Ingeburge, "thou hast but to speak the word to save me. I expect thy testimony in my favour."

"Down! down! with the assassin of the queen!" cried the lay brothers and servants of the monastery, who had remained outside in the corridor.

There was an evident expression of gratitude in the glance of the eye, that Ingeburge gave to Mahmoud-el-Reis; and she was doubtless about to pronounce the word that would have saved him, but she hesitated, and during the few moments that followed, she saw that man again, as she had first beheld him—terrible and implacable, powerful and fascinating as a demon.

In his hand she recognized the frightful poignard, and Phillip Augustus assassinated before her eyes.

"Seize him," cried the queen, in an agony of fear.

Mahmoud made no effort to defend himself; his face showed no change, but a sad smile played upon his lips.

He was immediately struck down and loaded with chains.

He turned his eyes upon the queen.

"I pardon thee," he murmured; "thou wert thinking of him; I saw it in thy face. Oh queen! thou lovest well—I pardon thee!"

At that moment every one within the cell and in the corridors started as if struck by a violent electric shock.

A sort of thunderbolt seemed to have shaken the old abbey walls, and every body turned their eyes with fear on Mahmoud-el-Reis, whom they regarded as possessed of some diabolical power, owing to his wonderful resurrection from death to life. But they were not long allowed to attribute the thunder to Mahmoud; for an immense tumult was heard both from without and within the walls of the convent.

At the same time, they heard the frightened servants of the monastery running to and fro, and crying—

"Help! help! they are assaulting the holy house of St. Martin! Help! help!"

CHAPTER VI.

The assailants of the abbey were the same army that Eric had heard so far off, when he put his ear to the ground in the garden; it was certainly a grotesque army, but not the less terrible.

Towards sunset, at the hour when the artisans were leaving their scaffolding, a considerable number of masons and their apprentices might be seen taking the direction of Saint-Jaques-la-Boucherie, and singing in chorus.

While the workmen entered their homes to partake of the evening repast, a noisy troop, chiefly composed of young lads, made an irruption into the taverns near l'Eglise St. Jacques. Now the taverns of la rue Planche-Mibray, of la rue de la Tixerandorie, and of la rue Jean-de-l'Epine, were not much cleaner, and had not a more honest reputation than the underground taverns of the city.

Besides the apprentices, another crowd is-

sued from the portions of Notre Dame; these were all beggars, male and female, who generally plied their calling round the works of the cathedral.

Some highwaymen followed, escorted by those nameless beings that the city of Paris keeps always hidden in her bowels, and who never make their appearance except on fatal days, like those obscene animals who break out of their muddy prisons on rainy days.

It was not only the island of the city that furnished its contingent to this tumultuous assembly. Every other quarter of the city furnished its ragged quota: these from la place Beaudoyer, these from la place Saint-Michel, from la Porte Buci, and from la Cour des Miracles.

The tavern-keepers in the neighbourhood of l'Eglise St. Jacques, evidently had their instructions, for among all these empty pocketed people, not one was refused a cup of hypocras, or a jug of spiced wine. But the tavern which had the greatest call was that of Master Jean Fontanelle, the husband of that beautiful Fontanelle, that we remember to have met in the retreat of Messire Amaury.

This appeared to be their head quarters, for here the good clerk, Samson, and Tristan the student, gave audience to the secondary chiefs who were to lead off the dance.

The good clerk, Samson, with his old sick woman's face, had evidently absorbed a prodigious quantity of wine since the morning, still managed to keep his legs, and except for a few hiccups, maintained his usual eloquence. The scholar, Tristan, was still further gone, though he had drank three times less than Samson.

But your ordinary toper, who can only indulge occasionally, can never hold out against these fellows, meagre valetudinarians, who contain a sponge instead of a stomach.

Samson had mounted upon a table. "Come hither, Ezekiel," said he in a mocking tone; "Come hither, Trefouilloux, Jean, Pierre, Luc, Francois, and Gilles!"

Ezekiel and Trefouilloux were the first to come to the call, and it was marvellous to see the transformation these fine boys had undergone; certainly none of those simpletons who had given him a sou to be allowed to peep into his breast, through the sham skylight, would have recognized him again in his new costume; and it was the same with poor Ezekiel, whose limbs usually dislocated and bent under him, had now resumed their natural position.

Ezekiel and Trefouilloux both wore the student's cap and long hose; and the student's cap was also saucily posed crosswise on their ignoble brows, each envied the other's ugliness; but they were not bad representatives of those false neophytes who grow grey in the schools. Our age would err greatly if it thought it could boast of having invented that burlesque thing in the schools, called a student at fifty.

Pierre, Jean, Francois, Pacome, Gilles, and Joseph, and several hundred other beggars, advanced disguised as scholars. Fontanelle's tavern was full and overflowed into the street.

At the sight of Ezekiel and Trefouilloux, dressed in student's gowns, Tristan hardly knew whether to laugh or scold; for low as he had descended, he still retained some of that *esprit de corps*, which gave so much strength to the universities, and his pride was touched.

"Tête-diable!" he growled, "what a profanation!"

"Bah!" said Samson, "I like these sham students as well as the real ones; they are both rogues."

It became necessary for Tristan to thrust his hand in his satchel, and finger over the gold pieces that Samson had deposited there, to prevent him from plunging his dagger into the body of his compeer.

Samson, however, continued his speech—"My friends," said he, "I am pleased with you; but you must tear your costume a little more: your appearance is still too decent. Trefouilloux and Ezekiel, your caps are too clean—drag them a little in the mud. There, now, you are perfect; and I doubt whether more ignoble men of letters could be found, if we were to search the whole length of la rue du Fouarre. Good! now my

children, you understand the nature of the work we have to perform this evening."

"Yes, yes!" master Samson, replied the beggars, "we have had a hint of that."

"I have told them," said Trefouilloux, with importance, "that we were going to force la Porte aux Peintres, and to take the abbey St. Martins-hors-des-Murs by assault."

"And you were not frightened, my darlings?" croaked the clerk.

"Not at all—not at all, master Samson," answered the crowd.

"I have told them about the monk's wine cellar," said Ezekiel, approaching Samson, confidentially, "and they are all fire and tow."

Tristan appeared seized with a fit of morose drunkenness, and breathed not a word; but Samson did not disturb himself about that—for he knew a sure means of reanimating his ardor.

"Now let us understand each other," my children," said he, again addressing the beggars. "Down there, in la rue Jean-de-l'Epine, they are organizing the brotherhood of freemasonry; but remember, our party represents the men of the gown and the holy republic of letters."

"Profanation!" repeated Tristan, in an idiotic accent, "profanation!"

"Consequently," continued Samson, "we are all savants, from first to last. We are primed with Latin and even a little Greek, and remember we never speak French but at the last push."

"Vive le Latin! and vive le Grec," cried Trefouilloux, seconded by his colleague, Ezekiel. We will speak nothing but Latin and Greek!"

"That's right—that's right," cried the whole crowd of beggars, laughing and pressing to get inside the tavern—"Down with the French language; let us speak nothing but Latin and Greek."

"Shall I teach you a few words," said Samson.

"We know enough already," said Trefouilloux, raising his shoulders.

And his colleague Ezekiel immediately burst forth with a sample—

"Magnificat. Cicero. Cara Michel Larigus!"

The clerk burst out laughing; but Tristan again repeated, "profanation!" and raising his eyes to heaven added—

"Infundum!"

"A little rehearsal was necessary," continued the clerk, "and then when the people of Paris hear our talk, they will say—there goes the University: the daughter of the church has pronounced against Ingeburge the foreigner—the curse of France and of her king."

"Good! good! master," said Trefouilloux speaking in the name of the whole assembly; "The people of Paris may say what they please—that's certain; but it is time that we left, so that we may arrive at the abbey before the monks have eaten their supper."

"Let us leave then," repeated the clerk, leaping down from the table.

A great riot now ensued, owing to the sham university men trying to force their way through the outside crowd.

Tristan remained behind.

"Hola! mon compagnon!" said the clerk, shaking him gaily by the arm, "art thou not coming with us?"

"Profanation!" stammered the scholar.

"We require then to speak the Latin," said the clerk—"the pure Latin of our classics; those rogues may use some kind of gibberish, that will do for the multitude, with their long ears—but suppose some learned man should be passing..."

Tristan laid his head upon the table.

Samson looked at him, and laughingly said, "hast thou forgotten the most beautiful girl in Paris?"

"She is gone away," replied Tristan. "I have been hanging round the house of Thomas the lodging keeper for the last eight days, hoping to see her; but she has left."

"Ah! Vertudieu!" added he, half rising, "neither Phidias nor Praxiteles ever sculptured anything half so perfect, friend Samson. She seemed to me to have the laughing waist of Veus!"

"Yes, yes," said the clerk, coldly; that was a pretty sprig of maidenhood; but she has gone—gone at least for thee, mon compere Tristan." The scholar started to his feet, and looked the clerk in the face—"Gone for me," he repeated; then thou knowest where she is?"

(To be Continued.)

FROM WATERLOO TO PARIS.

I WILL ask my readers to give one glance at the battle-field of Waterloo, and then to take a walk with me to Paris.

It is nearly dark—just light enough to shew the Duke himself, smiling (how rarely the hard and sharp old soldier could smile!), and giving a kindly word, and a never-forgotten shake of the hand, to a subaltern unknown alike to fame and to him. Here come the Prussians! Their line of march crosses us just at this point. They pause not, but carry on the pursuit—which we leave to them, nothing loath. Late, late into that night was I roused from sleep by the braying of their horrid trumpets, as regiment after regiment saluted us in passing with *God Save the King*.

And now we held a soirée—a sort of conversatione. The gossip was far more interesting than usual in such assemblies. Of the refreshments, the less said the better. As to solids, I fared like "Maister Michael Scot's man—sought meat, and gat none." Liquids were worse. In the dark, I rashly adventured on a drink of what was said to be water. Its real composition I never knew, but have thought of it in after-days, when reading of the stuff which Mohammed, in contrast to the iced sherbet of the Faithful, describes as the potion of the damned. I had swallowed not a little before I was able to stop and fling away the rest with a shudder. Well I might, if the tales were true about the sort of things that were flung down the wells that day. There was trade going on: the men had crosses and orders to sell. I bought none, for which omission I was soundly rated afterwards by my female relatives. A good deal was doing, too, in horseflesh: two were offered me at fabulously low prices, so low that I would have nothing to say to them, and I was right: they proved to be useless from wounds. Now for rest! Last night, the French had slept on this spot. There lay, arranged by experienced hands, the top of the ridge of what had been a farmhouse roof—stuffed it was with wealth of hay, and unoccupied. In I crawled, and in spite of Prussian trumpets, that night was to me as peaceful as the day had been wild.

Up rose the sun, and so did we. "It was idlesse all."

"Where's my servant?"

"Shot through the knee, sir. But you can have — His master's killed."

My new valet made his appearance, and not empty-handed. Whence it came, Heaven knows, but he produced a fowl, and offered it for breakfast. All I could contribute was some rice I had got out of a waggon bearing the address of the Imperial Guard; and so we made a joyous picnic. After which he had more good in store for me.

"Would you like a clean shirt, sir?"

"Of all things."

"Well, sir, I can't say it is quite clean, but it's almost as good: master only wore it once."

And on inspection, it looked so little the worse for wear, in comparison with my own, that I was glad to put on the dead man's garment.

So, fed and clothed, I strolled out for a little walk, to spy, not the nakedness, but the curiosities of the land. It was strewn with a medley of all imaginable military equipments and stores. So far to the front, there were few ugly sights; there had been no fighting here. The worst were the horses—standing in helpless suffering, or lying about, many of them unhurt, only from exhaustion incapable of standing. I put some corn to the lips of one; they opened and took it in. Another handful, and he got upon his legs, shook himself, and stared at me wofully. Poor fellow! I had better left him to his insensibility.

A flash, a crackling, a rush of the men to the

pires of arms! What is it? Some thoughtless fellow had picked up a bundle of quick-match (used by the French artillery, like reed pens, dipped in some yellow devilry), and stupidly flung them into one of the fires that were burning about. The explosion sent the fire flying about in all directions. Close by were the arms with the cartridge-boxes hanging to them. Fortunately, no mischief ensued. Only two days before, when the fighting was just over at Quatre Bras, an officer of the 30th, walking hastily by the piles of arms, knocked one down; a musket went off, and killed him on the spot.

A roar and a clatter just behind me. I turned, and saw a black cloud and a wheel sailing into the air. A French ammunition-wagon had blown up. (A spare wheel was carried at the tail of them.) It turned out that two British soldiers, never stopping to think what was in the wagon, had been chopping up the wood-work to light their fire. They had escaped all that fighting, and now a spark had torn them to pieces—so completely, that the only remains found were part of a gaiter (the button shewing the number of their regiment) and a lump of something that looked like ill-cured bacon, such as the Maories make in New Zealand.

"Fall in!" I found myself in command of my company, and got orders to see that the muskets were unloaded, for fear of accident; so I marched them to the nearest bank, and fired into it. The earth shook, and we had done with destruction.

And now the regiment was formed for a march. At the last moment, came a message to me from a brother-officer. "If you please, sir, Mr. — begs you'll bring this horse [a French trooper] on for him till he comes up. He's away on duty." Just then the word was given to move, so I mounted; but the brute would only retreat. Twice he drove me through the ranks, stern foremost; then I jumped off, and left him to his fate.

Going off the field, we passed the last trace of war—a large farmhouse in flames, adjoining the road, which was very narrow, so that we had to pass unpleasantly close. The folding-gates were open; the immense farm-yard, seen through them, was one furnace. The heat was almost painful.

It is well known how apt a young gentleman of good expectations is to come to grief; and more than once such has been my lot, as it was now. The custom on service was, that the officers of each company messed together, and the captain provided the canteen—a box containing the equivalents for plate, glass, china, and cutlery, with a lot of campaigning knick-knacks of approved utility. Simple enough they were in general. But my captain was a luxurious one, and had bought a pair of canteens, the admiration of the regiment—of all, at least, except perhaps a few hardened veterans, who might call them effeminate. His subalterns were objects of envy to all the rest. But, alas, he was wounded, and left in the rear; his baggage would follow him. The company's mess was broken up. The other members of it joined old friends in other companies. I was a raw recruit, a stranger to them all, and at first felt lonely enough; though I soon found some to take compassion on me. What was worse, when the regimental baggage came up, mine was not among it. Great destruction was known to have taken place in the retreat, or rather flight to Brussels. In all probability, my kit was gone. I was worse off than the men in the ranks, for they had their knapsacks. I had absolutely nothing but the clothes I wore. As to the ornamental details of the toilet, I will only say that I always contrived to appear on parade clean enough to pass muster, and, under the circumstances, I venture to think that was rather creditable to the handiness of a beginner. At night, I had not even a greatcoat. I lay down as I marched; but I could always get straw, or some substitute for it. It was summertime, and I did perfectly well.

The magnitude of our success now began to be evident; we learned that the enemy was utterly broken and dispersed, and that we were marching on Paris. No one now can tell what a magical sound that was. As we had finished in

the forefront of the battle, so we were now leading the advance. It was felt to be our proper place, and all were in high spirits.

The second or third night, we found ourselves between Maubeuge and Bavay, on the very spot where, a fortnight before, those one hundred thousand French had been massed. Now, but for us, all was as quiet as a cover after the hounds have gone away with their fox. Two or three marches more brought us to Le Cateau; here we squatted in some fine meadows. Turf, shady trees, and running water made a veritable gipsy paradise. We were promised, and got, three days' rest in it, to get ourselves to rights. Such had been the scramble of the Waterloo gathering, that regiments were marching into action up the very end, and some did not arrive till all was over. Chiefly from these new-comers, two detachments were now selected, and sent to attack Cambrai and Peronne. The latter bore the name of a virgin fortress. But there was universal dismay among the enemy, and very little resistance was made. We heard the firing, as we were enjoying ourselves by the waters of C— I never heard the name of the little stream.

On one of these sunny afternoons, I was lying on my face in the soft grass, cozily basking, and chatting with a veteran boy by my side. A sort of Scotch Achilles he was indeed, though, for Achilles, he made rather a startling confession.

"The first time I went into action," he said, "I was in a regular funk. I couldn't help it. But I felt sure I had disgraced myself, and fully expected to be turned out of the regiment. To my surprise, nobody found fault with me—nobody shunned me. I took heart, and thought: Well, it's very kind of them; I'll try and do better next time; and I did. But still it was bad; oh! shocking bad; and still no notice was taken. Practice became frequent. Most days we were under fire, more or less; till I got broken in, and gradually came to behave pretty much like the others. But I can't say I ever really enjoyed any fighting till the other day.

Our three days' grace came to an end, and away we walked. One evening the word was passed: "We were to surprise St. Quentin. By two in the morning, the regiment will be under arms. No signals to be made. The most absolute silence necessary." Tents we had none: ours were at the bottom of the Brussels canal. So all that was to be done was to rise up, as a wild beast does from his lair. Excellently it was done. I was awakened by a tap on the shoulder, and a whisper in my ear: "Up with you!" and up I stood. The men had a little more to do; but the doing of it was inaudible and invisible, for the night was a pitch-dark one. Napier gives the number of minutes in which, from their awakening, the Old Light Division could get under arms. These men had belonged to it, and made good what Napier says. There they stood, eight hundred men, ready for anything, and would be felt before they were heard or seen. There they stood, and got no word to move. What's amiss? The defenders of St. Quentin had given it up, and we lay down to finish our nap.

A few days after, on the march, we fell in with a battery of artillery which had formerly served with the regiment. The men were mostly old acquaintances; there was a hearty recognition and mutual inquiries. I heard a rapid fire of question and answer, in which there seemed no variety. "How's So-and-so?"—"Dead." That was the burden of the funeral-song. It seemed to shock both sides. We had met gaily and parted sadly. Very differently—very extraordinary were our next acquaintances. A queer troop it was? We were fairly puzzled, and but slowly arrived at the conclusion that the work of our own hands was before us—the sovereign and the court we had helped to restore! Louis XVIII. and his tail, travelling to take possession! Not Frankenstein himself could have been more disgusted at the thing that he had raised up. A most undignified appearance they made indeed; and our men were not commonly civil—truth to tell, I heard hisses.

We had now settled down to a very regular mode of life. At three in the morning, we

jumped up; it would be so cold then that I did not like to touch the hilt of my sword, and the heat would be as excessive before the day was over. Our invaluable servants had a cup of hot chocolate ready—that, with hard biscuit, made our breakfast. They got their own, and had everything packed in time to join the battalion, which moved off immediately. One morning, as we were waiting for the bugle, and warming our hands over the fire, a peasant forced his way rudely enough among us, laughing grimly at our effeminacy, which needed fire on a summer morning. 'Look there!' he said, holding out two frightful stumps. 'I left my fingers in Russia. That was something like cold!'

The march, twelve or fifteen miles, was mere play, and the rest of the day was our own. Rations were regular; field-peas abundant and just ripe; they made a capital addition to our stew. Officers would make foraging excursions to pick up fowls, or any other provisions to be had for money, and we paid for all, like Englishmen. But we could not go far, and very little was offered, though we, in advance of the whole army, always came upon fresh ground. The orders against plunder were most rigid. Not a man might leave the bivouac for water, unless regularly marched by a corporal. The fact was, some of our precious allies had taken to pillaging, and the Duke was determined to put it down. Our men were really very well conducted, and indignant at suffering for the misconduct of fellows whom they thoroughly despised. And this feeling was shared by the officers. Such restrictions were felt as an insult to the regiment. Often, in the villages, we were pressed to stay the night, generally by the women. I heard afterwards that some Prussian officers had yielded to such temptation, and that there had been cases of murder; but there was between the French and Prussians, a bitterness with which we had nothing to do.

I was one of a party of three—one mounted—who were foraging in a village, when some of the people came in crying for help; some Germans had broken in, and were plundering. Off we set; soon got sight of the offenders; sent our cavalry to cut off their retreat, and then we two charged into a lot of some twenty foreigners, who were helping themselves. They ran for it, forded a river, and took to a wood; but our active little dragoon made one prisoner. Him we marched into the centre of the village, cut some sticks, made him strip, tied him to a tree, and told the Frenchmen to lay on. But they were afraid: nothing could induce them to touch him, and he evidently thought he was going to get off. I felt a sensation of rage, and the next moment felt myself flogging, and my two companions helping me. He got a right good thrashing, and was then turned into the river, to follow his comrades.

But I had another adventure of that sort, which might have proved more serious. There was with us a battalion of the German Legion; capital old soldiers, but infamous plunderers. I fell in with two of them—powerful grenadiers—behaving very ill. They had their muskets—I nothing but a sword, and I was but a baby in their hands. Without a thought, or I should hardly have ventured it, I collared them both, and have often since wondered why they did not finish me. It was more than a mile from camp, and they might have done it with perfect safety. Perhaps it was the habit of discipline—perhaps contempt of the boy. But I marched them gravely to their own regiment, and gave them up to their adjutant, making him take down the charge. He smiled as he did so, and pretended to put them in arrest. I saw how the matter was, and thought I had done enough.

The country through which we were passing was one of gentle slopes, and quite open; the general crop, tall rye. I have lost my way in it so completely, that it was only by the sound of the bands I have been able to steer for the camp.

I one day met a Prussian cavalry regiment surging right through it, like a fleet at sea. They were marching in column of sections, twelve or fifteen abreast. The trumpets would give a flourish. The leading section struck up

a verse of some soldiers' song, and sung—as trained Germans do—beautifully. The whole regiment took up the chorus. Then another flourish of trumpets. The second section sang a second verse; and so on. And all the time, the harvest was being trampled under their horses' feet!

If, as I would fain hope, the reader has by this time learned to take something like an interest in my comfort and respectability, he will be glad to hear of my getting a good wash; all the more desirable, as we were now really drawing near to that centre of civilisation and elegance, Paris. Comes, then to me a brother-rough, and says: 'Here's a nice old chateau. The people have run away—only an old woman in the house. Let's make ourselves comfortable.' We entered; about half-a-dozen—mere boys, and very innocent. The dame was discreet, and left us to ourselves. Such a pond in the garden! and such a hot day! Here goes! In five minutes we were in the water—rinsing our garments, and spreading them on the banks to dry. Then we well and truly washed ourselves, and dried ourselves in the same blessed sun; then stepped into our clean clothes—and emerged perfect puritans. The old woman was very friendly and compassionate. 'You're going up to Paris?' she asked.

'Yes!'—slightly triumphant.

'Ah, poor children! you don't know the men of the faubourgs. I do.' (The old wretch had no doubt witnessed the Reign of Terror.) They'll cut all your throats, they will!

At length, to-day we were to see Paris. All went on like other days, till we halted, as usual, for five minutes' rest in a lane. There was a rising-ground in front; a few officers strolled up it, came back rather hastily, and proclaimed—Paris! The column moved on—topped the rise. Before us was a large dome, glittering in the sun; we had heard of the gilt roof of the Invalides, (the French Chelsea), and knew it at once. The city of our dreams lay full in view. Every tower, every building, had a historical name—but we thought not of them; we had eyes for only one object—Montmartre. Rumour had told us that the French were by this time very formidably entrenched before Paris, and that the stronghold of all was Montmatre. There was no mistaking it. Wicked and dangerous it looked—rising sheer out of the plain—one mound of newly turned earth—one vast battery. Our oldest hands looked grave. 'If we are to go at that, it will be no joke.'

Blücher with his Prussians, had been before Paris for some days; Wellington was known to have gone up and held council with him. 'March forward,' as his men delighted to call him, wanted now to go straight forward. The fleeing foe had turned to bay—he would finish him at a blow. But the Duke, an economist in everything, was habitually sparing of the lives of his men—feeling always how few they were, and how matchless. There was no occasion to engage at disadvantage, so he confronted his enemy, ready to strike, when and where his quick eye might catch opportunity. Meanwhile he sent the glutinous fighter to do what little fighting remained—to turn the French flank—and we sat down on the heights above Montmorency. Below us a plain, cultivated like a garden; Montmartre rising of it, as I have said. Almost at our feet, the town of St. Denis, where, as I afterwards saw, a deadly trap was set, well and skilfully concealed. Over the background spread the capital of Europe—looking as peaceful as it might do to-day. Across the plain ran a high-road, bordered with avenues of tall trees. The only living object in this plain was a *vedette* (mounted sentry) of our German Legion. For what purpose he was there, none of us could guess; but a parcel of cowardly fellows came out of St. Denis, hiding behind the tress of the avenue, and popping at him in pure wantonness. Our hill was covered with anxious and indignant spectators. The steady German kept walking his horse backwards and forwards, impassive as a target. 'Ah! they've hit him! See! his cap's off!' He coolly dismounted to pick it up, and coolly resumed his walk. It seemed an age while this cruel work was going on; at length, to our

exceeding joy, he was withdrawn. The clumsy blackguards never hit him, after all.

There was a bustle. What now? The Prussian army defiling past us for the second time, on their way to turn the French. 'Of their infantry, perhaps every third man carried a chair—plunder. Checks on the march were constant, and whenever one occurred, the chair-men sat down to rest. Numbers of the cavalry were leading their horses, and carrying the saddles on their own backs. On inquiry, I found this was the punishment for neglecting their horses.'

Already we were beginning to taste the good things of Paris. Our knowing old campaigners had somehow supplied themselves with wine, in buckets and all kind of vessels. Yet they did not get drunk. I wondered to see it allowed. But there seemed a tacit understanding between officers and men that the indulgence should not be abused. There came a sudden order to march. Oh the swearing! It seemed to act as a sort of safety-valve. The buckets were spitefully kicked over—the ground was literally drenched with wine—and we moved as steady as if wine had been water.

This night I made myself exceptionally comfortable. Almost the only point I cared about in my sleeping arrangements was, that my head should be raised. Now I had found a beautiful sloping bank. Willows were there, and rushes; and I 'biggit a bower' which Bessie Bell and Mary Gray might have envied. Above all, I got plenty of clean, smooth, wheaten straw, out of which I manufactured something almost like a mattress. Down I lay. To go to sleep at once was waste of enjoyment. I was not positively, but superlatively luxurious; ay, and comparatively too, as I listened to heavy firing on the right, and knew how the Prussians were passing that night. Next morning, we all knew that Vandamme had repulsed them, with the loss of two thousand men. (This was looked on as a flea-bite, and amidst the general success, absolutely forgotten; but I dare say the French remember it.)

My sleep was profound. I woke staring: nothing over me but the sky, or under me but the earth. I had gone to sleep on a bed of straw, beneath a canopy of boughs. I rubbed my eyes, looked up, and the mystery was explained—there on the bank above, stood my hut. I had slidden off my smooth and sloping couch, down to the flat below, without ever waking.

That morning, I was sent on picket to a windmill on a rising-ground, with orders to watch and report any movements of the enemy. A mere post of observation. The miller's house was plundered and deserted; a scientific rummage produced only a little flour, with which my men proceeded to make damper (unleavened cakes). The oven was found to be full of something; they pulled out the poor house-dog, with a bayonet-wound through his heart—dead in defence of his master's property. My sentries had nothing to tell—all was hushed. Around were vineyards and fruit plantations; the men were busy baking; I quietly on the watch. Presently, I heard 'Peep! peep!' and out came a fowl from the vines. I kept still; another answered the signal. All quiet; so temptingly quiet, that, one by one, the whole stock of poultry, which must have fled from the Prussians, came out and put themselves into my hands. It sounds like taking an ungenerous advantage of such touching confidence, but I confess to chicken-pie.

While it was preparing, I had decided to attempt scaling the mill, which, at first, had looked too ruinous. Up I got, and swept the horizon with my glass. Here and there, a cloud of dust—no more. What is that flag about, on yonder tower—lowered, raised, three times in succession? I was too far off to make out the colours; but I know, since, that the towers were those of Notre Dame; and I conjecture that what I saw was the lowering of the tri-colour, and the hoisting of the white flag. All of a sudden, the mill began to shake so fearfully that I ran to the ladder by instinct; it was only a brother-officer coming to relieve me.

On my way back to the regiment, I met the pontoon-train going to throw a bridge over the

Seine. At the risk of affronting Volunteers, I will describe what pontoons then were, and how used (probably modern science has improved them). Light flat bottomed, metal boats, which accompany the army on carriages. You draw a line across your river—float a pontoon—make it fast to the line—anchor it, head and stern; then another, and another, at proper intervals, all across the stream; lay planks from boat to boat—and there is your bridge. Safe enough, if you do not overload it; but it waves up and down under any passing weight, and ignorant horses are apt to disapprove of it. Before it was ready, there was the duke waiting, and there also was a party of cavalry. The first horses pawed the planks, and shied; the men dismounted to lead them. The Duke laughed. 'Oh for shame!' he said; 'ride.' He sent them over, and rode after them. In a short time, we got an ugly report that he had been made prisoner. I never heard what foundation there was for it; but certainly that handful of cavalry was the only force across the river with him, until we followed, to attack, as we were told, the bridge Neuilly, over another winding of the Seine. As we followed the bank, the bridge came in sight. On we went, steadily, in column of companies; mine was one of the last. I saw the leading company, nearer and nearer; saw them wheel to the left, close up to the bridge—looked for the smoke, listened for the rattle; there was neither, and they were quietly crossing. The bridge had been abandoned. It was mined; I saw the places as we passed. No troops shewed; but Lord! (as Pepys used to say) Lord! how the women did abuse us! And for a mile or more, there was not a whole pane of glass to be seen; who broke them, or why, I cannot tell. The Prussians had not been here. Probably the retreating French. Once more I was in luck. We took up our quarters in a suburban village—Argenteuil, I think. No billeting. I picked out for myself a snug-looking villa, and walked in. An old respectable servant met me, and explained that he was left in charge, with orders to make any British officer comfortable, and with a gentlemanly request that I would not waste or destroy anything. I assured him I had not such a thought, and we were friends at once. He shewed me over the place. Delicious it was! Such a pavilion, in such a garden! 'Where would I sleep?' 'What would I like for dinner?' To keep all this to myself would be too sulky and greedy. At the same time I must not trespass too far on the old butler's good-will. First, I fixed on my bed-room. How I did ogle that bed! Remember, I had not slept in one for three weeks. I would have turned in at once, but it was broad day. So I thought mightily of dinner, named an hour, said I would bring two friends, and left the rest to him. He seemed delighted to be so treated, and promised I should be well satisfied. I was now going out, but he pressed me so hard to take something first, that I consented, and he brought me a bottle of wine. My years have been many, so have my wanderings—in the course of which I have seen worshipful society in many lands, and tasted, God be thanked, a very fair quantity of very good wine, but never any equal to that bottle of dry champagne.

I picked up two comrades, and invited them to dinner. 'Come with me at once,' I said; 'we can amuse ourselves till it is ready.' On the way, one of them pricked up his ears. 'Do you hear that bugle?' The assembly! There was no denying it. We had to make the best of our way to the regiment—which was just marching—were kept moving till dark. I got no dinner at all, or supper either, and I slept in a burying-ground, with my head on a grave. O sublunary hopes, what are ye!

Next morning I found we were in a large walled enclosure (I have searched for it since, but it does not exist). I strolled forth into the high-road, which ran by it. Twenty yards from me were two English vedettes, carbine in hand; ten yards in front of them sat two French ones, in like attitudes—the first French soldiers I had seen since Waterloo. Presently, I saw a small party of cavalry coming across the fields: it was a French corporal with the relief. He posted

fresh sentries (ours sitting like statues). Then he touched his horse's side, and walked up to one of the Britons, pulled out a case-bottle, and tendered it with a bow. It was accepted, with another, and justice done to it. Like hospitality was shewn to the other Englishman; and then the corporal, rejoining his party, went off as he had come. Such are the courtesies of war.

But the war was over—further resistance hopeless; and no one was surprised to hear that the French army was to retire behind the Loire, and we were to enter Paris. Where was Bonaparte? Gone, no one knew where—no one seemed to care. Paris ours! That was enough, and we were prepared to make our entry. The colours were not taken out of their cases, for there was hardly anything to take: they were mere rags; and one of the poles was a lancer's, the original one having been snapped in two by the shot which killed the ensign. So the colours were represented by their oilskin bags. As we passed the Barrière de l'Étoile, there was a wondering and constantly increasing crowd of spectators, as at a review, but not a soldier. We were the first English.

A STRANGE STORY.

NOT far from Geneva there stands a fine old chateau, long in the occupation of a strange, morose, misanthropic man, who mixed in no society, though, at the same time, he appeared to derive little pleasure from the exquisite gardens and other amenities with which, with a most lavish hand, his beautifully situated mansion had been surrounded. It was at length offered for sale, and, much to the surprise of those who knew its value, passed—at a very moderate price—into the hands of a jeweller, well known to many an English tourist, resident in Geneva.

Delighted at his bargain, Monsieur G. lost no time in making every arrangement for adapting the chateau to the taste of some "mild lord Anglais," who was certain to covet so lovely a spot for his summer residence.

He was right in his anticipation. A gentleman, with his wife and two daughters, soon established themselves at Belle D., taking the place not for the summer only, but by the year.

A few weeks elapsed, and they had begun to feel themselves at home in their pleasant dwelling, when, one evening, Mr. M., while reading aloud to his family, encountered a difficult phrase, which it was necessary to elucidate by means of the dictionary, and the younger sister, Emily, hastened to the library to procure that work.

She was gone rather longer than was expected, and, when she did return, looked so pale and agitated, that her mother anxiously inquired the cause.

"Well," was the reply, "I have had a sort of adventure; but my ghost (for I have certainly seen one) was by no means terrible, and I don't know why I should feel so flurried. It was a very handsome young man!"

Pressed for details, the young lady related that she had seen nothing in her way to the library, but that on her return, just as she was descending the first step of the stair, she heard a noise behind her, and, looking round, observed a young and handsome man in a naval uniform. He looked sadly at her for some seconds, during which she never removed her eyes from his face, pointed with his finger to the side of the corridor, and vanished, as it were, into the wall!

This story was received, as the majority of such are destined to be, with some incredulity. Nevertheless, so much impressed was Mr. M. with what he had heard, that, when their daughters had retired, he and his wife rediscussed the matter, and came to the resolution that Mr. M. should visit the "haunted" corridor about the same hour, and see if any similar appearance would be vouchsafed to him.

Accordingly, on the following evening, he mounted guard, and walked to and fro for a considerable time without result. Tired at last of his vigil, he was wheeling round to com-

mence what he had resolved should be his last turn, when he almost ran into the arms of a young naval officer, precisely answering the description given by his daughter. The figure pointed to the wall, and before Mr. M. had fully regained his self-possession, disappeared.

Mr. M.'s countenance, on entering the drawing-room, sufficiently denoted that his search had been successful, but he declined to say what he had actually seen, and requested his family, for the present, to control their curiosity.

Early next morning he proceeded to Geneva, and called upon his landlord.

"I have come, sir," he said, "to ask your permission to remove a portion of the wall in the corridor of the chateau." And finding the proprietor hesitate, he at once related the double apparition, adding that, unless his proposal were complied with, he must decline to continue a tenant of the mansion.

The landlord shrugged his shoulders, extended his palms, and, deciding within himself that this was but a new example of that English eccentricity which it is equally impossible to comprehend and resist, gave the permission required.

Some masons being sent for, the work at once began. As it proceeded Mr. M. was much struck by the singular manner of the master-mason, who, having first discouraged the idea of disturbing the wall at all, threw every imaginable obstacle in the way, and, subsequently, when his men had actually set to work, watched their proceedings with a fixed stare, and a face gradually becoming deadly pale.

An hour, however, elapsed before any discoveries were made. But at the end of that time there was turned forth to the light the upright skeleton of a man, which, as the wall was removed, fell toppling forward among the workers. At this sight the master-mason reeled, and sunk upon the floor in a swoon.

Restoratives were administered, and the man was conveyed to Mr. M.'s study, where the latter as soon as he was sufficiently recovered, questioned him as to the agitation he had displayed, hinting that, in the event of his not relating all he had previously known concerning the brick-ing-up the body, the gravest suspicions might attach to his own share in the business.

Under the influence of such arguments, the man related, in a confused and agitated manner, the circumstances here given in a more connected form.

A former possessor of the chateau—Monsieur Frémont—resided there with his wife. They had no children.

One day Monsieur F. received a communication from the curé of a neighbouring parish to the effect that his (Monsieur F.'s) brother had died suddenly, and that in his last moments he had expressed an earnest hope that his brother would assume the charge of his two sons.

A reply was forwarded, requesting that the boys might immediately repair to their uncle's house. In due course they arrived. The elder was a fine handsome youth, with frank, engaging manners; the younger, though handsome also, was reserved and unsocial, and the regards of the whole household were quickly centred in the former, whose gaiety soon dissipated the gloom of the chateau.

The younger brother, François, saw, with concealed jealousy, the decided preference felt by his uncle and aunt for his elder; nor was this sentiment likely to have been lessened by a fact that, before they had resided a year at the chateau, had by some means come to his knowledge—viz. that the whole of the property had been left to his brother, with the exception of a sum just sufficient to start him (François) in any profession he might select in which to earn his bread.

To the great regret of Monsieur and Madame Frémont, Cécile, the elder, conceived a passion for the naval service, and, carrying his point, quitted the chateau, taking with him all the light and mirth it contained.

At first his letters were frequent, teeming with affection and merriment; then, long intervals of silence would excite the apprehensions of his loving friends. The second winter after

his departure was unusually severe, and the health of the old people began to fail.

One sad morning, Francois, entering with a countenance of assumed grief, communicated the heartrending tidings, received, he said, through a shipmate of his brother's, that Cécile had died at sea. Already weakened by illness, the shock was too much for the kind old people. Madame Frémont died within a few weeks; and before the close of the year her husband rejoined her in the grave, having previously settled all he possessed upon his surviving nephew.

The latter, now at the height of his ambition lorded it grandly over his dependents; and profound was the regret that the kind, mirthful Cécile had not lived to occupy the master's position.

One evening Francois was sitting alone, moody and out of sorts, sipping his solitary wine, when he was startled by a voice speaking without the window, which looked upon the garden.

Advancing with caution, Francois demanded who was there.

"It is I, Francois!" replied a voice that blanched the hearer's cheek; but, with trembling hands, he opened the window, and his brother, radiant with health and happiness, bounded into the room. He had intended a surprise for his relations, of whom (Francois having intercepted the correspondence on both sides) he had not heard for many months.

In one instant Francois comprehended his position and took his resolution. To his brother's eager inquiries, he answered that their uncle and aunt, not being quite well, had dined upstairs, whither, after Cécile had refreshed himself, they would presently proceed.

Contriving, while Cécile was divesting himself of his overcoat, to secure the door, Francois returned to his brother, and, affecting the greatest joy at his arrival, encouraged him to drink and talk until, wearied with excitement and his journey, the latter sunk into a temporary doze.

It should be mentioned that, at this time, some confusion reigned at the château, on account of alterations that were making in the house, and which necessitated the removal of a portion of the wall of the corridor. During this operation, most of the domestics were quartered in an outbuilding, some distance off.

No human eye witnessed the manner in which this true descendant of him that did the first murder completed what was in his mind. He presently quitted the room, locking the door, and desiring that he might be disturbed no more that night.

When all was still, he crept forth and made his way to the lodging of the master-mason. What passed between them was never exactly known, but, on the following morning, the mason, assisted by his tempter, contrived to wall up the remains of the victim, where they were subsequently discovered.

Tormented by remorse, the form of his brother ever before him, the wretched criminal at length dismissed his household, sold the château, and proceeded to Paris, hoping in that lively city to drown the remembrance of his flagrant guilt. But vengeance "suffered him not to live." A quarrel with the Comte de C. in a gaming-house led to a meeting next day in the Bois de Boulogne, in which Francois was killed. Singularly enough, among his papers was found a confession of the murder, though bearing his assumed name.

The remains of poor Cécile were decently interred in the cemetery at Geneva. The M. family continued their residence at Belle D., and certainly, up to the time when I (the narrator) made their acquaintance, nothing extraordinary had ever again disturbed their tranquillity.

"Thank you, my love," said Colonel Savage, suddenly awaking, "very nicely read. Word of honour—twelve o'clock! Bed, bed!"

Scholar.—A worker for the noblest wealth, whose banker is his memory.

Death.—The ticking of the clock which marks the end of one moment in the eternal life of Humanity.

PASTIMES.

ARITHMOREMS.

1. 100 and actual T = An Asiatic town.
2. 1 " *horp* = A mountain in the East Indies.
3. 50 " *rank A* = A Scotch town.
4. 500 " *so sea* = A Russian town.
5. 1,000 " *naul* = An Italian town.
6. " *See barn* = An Asiatic town.
7. 503 " *J. rank* = A river in Siberia.
8. 51 " *segar* = An African town.

The initials and finals of the above name two American rivers.

TRANSPPOSITIONS.

Buildings in Montreal.

1. FOOTEIFCSP.
2. IKCATNBY.
3. LTSNWLHCRLLEAA.
4. AOOAEWLHTTT.

MAY.

SQUARE WORDS

1. 1. Part of a bird.
2. A metal.
3. A girl's name.
4. An insect.
2. 1. Repose.
2. Denotes a lengthy period.
3. Dry, withered.
4. A shrub.

MAY.

CHARADES.

1. I am composed of 12 words.
My 4, 5, 7, 9, 1 is to search.
My 9, 2, 10, 11 is to exhibit.
My 11, 3, 9, 1 is one of the cardinal points.
My 9, 10, 5, 1, 2 is another.
My 2, 10, 9, 1 is a multitude.
My 1, 6, 8 is a number.
My 12, 10, 11 is present.
My 9, 2, 6, 3, 8 is glittering.
And my whole have rendered themselves famous.

2. I am a word of 9 letters.
My 5, 7, 1, 8, 4 is the name of a print.
My 6, 9, 3 is an important little article.
My 1, 8, 5, 3, 9 is a carpenter's tool.
My 8, 2, 6 is a part of the face.
My 1, 8, 4, 5 is an excuse.
My 8, 5, 3, 9 is a road.
My whole is the name of a fruit.

MAY.

My first you see with, my second you see through, and my whole people may be seen with.
4. My first is a deer, my second is a deer, and my whole is a deer.

WORD PUZZLE.

Look
Look U Look
Look
&

C that 0 VXS nor x x UR ii.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

What two numbers are those whose sum multiplied by half the greater is 154, and whose difference multiplied by half the less is 24?

W. W. FULLARTON.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMA, &c. No. 41.

- Enigma.*—Wife.
Charades.—1. Mend-i-cant. 2. Rampant. 3. The best paper published is the Saturday Reader.
Transpositions.—1. William Makepeace Thackeray. 2. Yellow Plush Papers.
Decapitations.—1. Shades-lades. 2. Place-lace-ace.
Arithmetical Question.—The number is 20 and his age 40 years.
The following answers have been received:
Enigma.—Flora G., West, Blythe, Cloud.
Charades.—H. H. V., West, Constance, Nemo, Valour.
Decapitations.—Valour, Constance, Flora G., West.
Transpositions.—Nemo, Constance, Cloud, Blythe, West.
Arithmetical Question.—Nemo, H. H. V., Cloud.

CHESS.

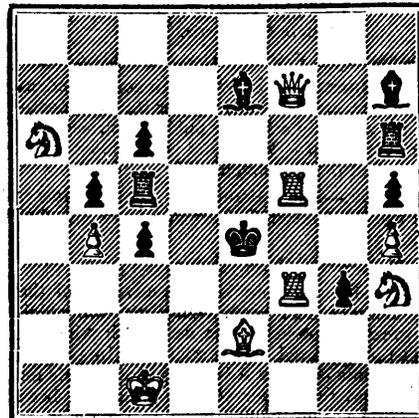
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Answers to correspondents crowded out.

PROBLEM No. 31

By C. C. BARNES, CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

BLACK.



WHITE.

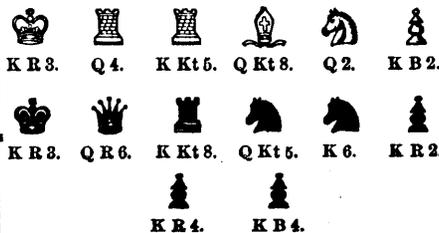
White to play and Mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 29.

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to K 7th. | P takes P or (a) |
| 2. B to Kt 8th. | Kt takes P or (b) |
| 3. R to B 4th Mate. | |
| (a) 1. _____ | P to Q 4th. |
| 2. B to Q sq. | P to Q 5th. |
| 3. B to B 3rd Mate. | |
| (b) 2. _____ | P to Q 4th. |
| 3. B to R 7th Mate. | |

ENIGMA No. 10.

By N. MARACHE.



White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 8.

- | | |
|----------------------|--------------------|
| BLACK. | WHITE. |
| 1. K to his 3rd (a.) | K to Q 4th |
| 2. K to Q 2nd. | P to K 3rd. |
| 3. K to his 2nd. | K to B 4th. |
| 4. K to his 3rd. | K to Q 4th, draws. |
- (a) White has only to wait for Black to play his K here, and to answer either K to Q 4th, or to K B 4th.

A curious game, played in Paris between Messrs. Journoud and Chappelle.

SICILIAN OPENING.

- | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------|
| WHITE. (M. Chappelle.) | BLACK. (M. Journoud.) |
| 1 P to K 4th. | 1 P to Q B 4th. |
| 2 B to Q B 4. | 2 P to K 3rd. |
| 3 Kt to K 2nd. | 3 P to Q 4. |
| 4 P takes P. | 4 P takes P. |
| 5 B to Kt 5 (ch.) | 5 Q Kt to B 3rd. |
| 6 Castles. | 6 B to Q 3. |
| 7 K to K sq. | 7 B to K 3. |
| 8 Kt to Kt 3. | 8 Kt to B 3. |
| 9 Kt to B 5. | 9 Castles. |
| 10 Kt takes B. | 10 Q takes Kt. |
| 11 B takes Kt. | 11 P takes B. |
| 12 Q to B 8. | 12 Q R to K sq. |
| 13 K to K 3. | 13 P to Q 5th. |
| 14 Q to K Kt 3. | 14 P takes K. |
| 15 Q takes Q. | 15 P to K 7 and wins. |

"Here is a position so curious and unusual, that it might be thought an ingenious study; it occurred, nevertheless, and is a proof of the variety and richness of the combinations which a game of Chess may present. An insignificant Pawn, after having forced the enemy's lines, penetrates into the White camp, which seems paralyzed by its audacity, and, unassisted, makes itself master of the position."—*La Regence.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS

E. Y.—Far be it from us to ridicule any expressions of filial affection; on the contrary, we admit that the sentiments contained in the verses sent for publication are honourable to yourself; but with all our disposition to be lenient we cannot look upon the following stanza (which is a fair sample of the whole) as poetry:

"My mother dear she loves me,
And I love her,
Ever since I was so high,
Before I could stir."

We assure E. Y. that poetry is not his forte.

SALLY SIMPLE.—We owe our fair correspondent an apology, and willingly tender it. The poetical MS. was laid aside for publication, but has been overlooked. We would still print it if the subject had not lost much of its interest.

E. SHADE.—Many thanks for your kindness. Will use the matter forwarded as we can find room.

C. H. S.—Will write you in a few days.

G. R.—Phonography is far in advance of the old systems of short-hand. One feature in which it is greatly superior is the ease with which it can be deciphered when written. In the old stenographic systems it is almost impossible for any one but the writer to read what has been taken down; and frequently he, as we know to our cost, is greatly puzzled to do so. Practical phonographers, on the contrary, are able to read any moderately clear notes, no matter by whom written, with almost as much ease as they can printed matter.

FLORA G.—We regret that we are unable to give any satisfactory reply to your query.

YOUTH.—The words printed in italics in the Bible are not contained in the original, but were inserted by the translators in order to make the meaning of the various passages intelligible.

A. M. E.—We would rather not offer an opinion in this place upon points of doctrine. Our correspondent should apply to the editor of the *Echo* or to some other Church Journal.

EUSTACE.—The meaning of your own name is healthy, strong. "Clement" signifies, mild tempered, merciful.

M. N. R.—"Utopia" signifies a state of ideal perfection. The term was invented by Sir Thomas Moore, and was applied by him to an imaginary island, which he represents to have been discovered by a companion of Americus Vespucci, and as enjoying the utmost perfection in laws and politics. The name has now passed into all the European languages.

L. R. H.—The "Tempter and the Betrayed" is respectfully declined.

H. H.—Watch for opportunities and avail yourself of the first favourable one that offers. Remember the old proverb, "Faint heart never won fair lady."

BENTON.—A Roman Legion in the 2nd Century was called "The Thundering Legion" because the prayers of some Christians in it are said to have been followed by a severe storm of thunder and lightning which greatly discomfited an invading enemy.

ALEX.—Must permit us to determine that and all kindred questions for ourselves.

KING OF THE C. J.—We did not remember the explanation you quote, and have not yet been able to look up the volume, but with all due respect to your authority, we think our answer the more rational of the two. If you will look back you will see that we said "the present Emperor holds," &c.

ALICE.—The verses are not devoid of merit, but still they contain too many imperfections to admit of publication.

T. T.—At your earliest convenience.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Any ordinary pronouncing dictionary will give the correct accentuation of the words respecting which you are doubtful.

JOHN S.—With pleasure—glad to have an opportunity of obliging you.

ADA B.—In our next.

BLANCHE.—A bright little effusion, showing some signs of promise. Blanche should take lessons in harmony and thorough bass. Too simple for publication.

MISCELLANEA.

A new kind of counterfeit sovereign has been put into circulation. The coin bears the date 1852, and is made of gold alloyed to such an extent as to be worth but 17s.

The largest sum ever given for a violin was £700, for which Mr. Hart sold one by Joseph Guarnerius, who died in 1745. Paganini played on one of Guarnerius's violins.

A Russian prince startled Paris, lately, by driving down to the Bois de Boulogne, in a carriage drawn by six gigantic Norwegian dogs.

CURIOUS PRESENT.—The King of Dahomey recently testified his appreciation of Mr. William Craft, who has a school in his vicinity, and who is a famous fugitive slave from Georgia, by sending him a present of six slaves.

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, when being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied, "I intend to apprentice them to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society."

—There is nothing by which I have through life profited more than by the just observations, the good opinions, the service and gentle encouragement of amiable and sensible women. —*Sir S. Romilly.*

—The Queen has created Prince Alfred a peer of the realm, under the titles of Duke of Edinburgh and Earl of Kent. He took his seat in the House of Lords, on Thursday, May twenty-fourth, her Majesty's birthday.

The value of Welsh coal for steam purposes was discovered in 1830. Since that period the yield of the Welsh coal-fields has gone on increasing every year. It now amounts to about 5,500,000 tons annually, according to the returns annually of the coal exports from the ports Cardiff, Swansea, Newport, and Llanelly.

A curious menage has just been established in the Jardin des Plantes. In an iron cage have been placed a young lioness, an Algerian wild boar, and a little dog. This last is quite the master, the lioness generally amusing herself with teasing the boar. When, however, the lioness goes too far, the dog interferes and re-establishes order.

—WORTH SEEING.—There is a dog in France, which, according to its owner, has its tail where its head ought to be. We read:—"One of the acts passed last year in Paris, that no dog should go at large without a muzzle, a man was brought up for infringing. In defence he alleged that his dog had a muzzle. 'How is that?' asked the justice. 'Oh,' said the defendant, 'the act says nothing as to where the muzzle should be placed; as I know my dog hates a muzzle I put it on his tail.'

INNOCENT GIRLS IN SWEDEN.—The Swedes are not, as it appears to me, a theatrical nation. It was in keeping with this sentiment that when a lady, a friend of Tante Fredrika's, sent her two country maid-servants to the theatre, to give them a pleasure, they quickly reappeared. "You have surely never been to the theatre?" said their mistress, surprised. "Oh, yes, we went to the theatre, and sat there," said they, "till suddenly a curtain drew up, and some ladies and gentlemen began talking together, but as it was on family matters we felt we were intruding, and so came home!"—*Twelve Months with Fredrika Bremer in Sweden.*

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

A SMART young article clerk, hearing it stated by a lecturer that "man is merely a machine," remarked, "Then I suppose an attorney may be said to be a suing machine."

AT THE TURKISH BATH.—*Smith (abstractedly)*—I say, BROWN, come and dine with us to-day, to meet Robinson and his sisters. No fuss or ceremony, you know. Come just as you are!!" —*Punch.*

THE NEEDLEWOMAN'S EXCLAMATION.—*Ahem.*—*Punch.*

STUFF AND NONSENSE.—Cracking jokes while you are eating your dinner.

"How do you like Shakspeare?" said a blue stocking young lady to an old river captain. "Don't like her at all, madam; she burns too much wood and carries too little freight."

LEARNING versus WISDOM.—Josh Billings remarks that "Enny boddy kan tell where lightning struck last, but it takes a smart man tew find out where it iz going to strike next time; this is one of the differences between learning and wisdom."

WHAT is the difference between a tunnel and a speaking trumpet?—One is hollowed out, and the other is hollowed in.

THERE is an editor out West, who, when he is short of matter, sends out his paper with one side or page entirely blank, merely drawing his subscribers' attention to the fact by a note—"This space will be very useful for the children to write upon."

YOURS is a very hard case, as the monkey said to the oyster.

INDULGE in humour just as much as you please, so it isn't ill-humour.

TOO MUCH AT ONCE.—Lord Chesterfield one day, at an inn where he dined, complained very much that the plates and dishes were dirty. The waiter, with a dreg of pertness, observed, "It is said that every one must eat a peck of dirt before he dies."—"That may be true," said Chesterfield, "but no one is obliged to eat it all at one meal, you dirty dog."

A SCHOOL COMMITTEE MAN.—Not long ago an influential man, being placed in the responsible position of chairman of the school committee, prepared the annual report, which is distributed among the people for general perusal. In commenting upon the capabilities of the teachers, he remarked, "He was sorry to say the lady teachers were generally deficient in the general information they were possessed of!"

CHANGE NECESSARY.—Husband: "That's good butter my love."—Wife: "It should be, dear, at one-and-six a pound. The man at first wanted two shillings, and I was just going out of his shop, saying, 'he was the dearest man, when he came down to one-and-six. I can't think what made him alter his price—can you, dear?' (The "dear" changes his buttermen).

Mr. Copley, the celebrated portrait painter, and father of the late Lord Lyndhurst, once met a lady in the street, who said to him, "Ah, Mr. Copley, I have just seen your likeness, and I kissed it because it was so much like you!"—"And did it kiss you in return?" he asked. "Why, no," was the reply. "Then," said Copley, "it was not like me."

The following list of refreshments includes many individual drinks not found on the wine lists of the popular hotels—

- For bankers—current wine.
- For stockbrokers—share-y-wine.
- For shipmasters—the old port.
- For mining operators—mineral water.
- For octogenarians—elder wine.
- For seamstresses—so-da water.

We do feel puzzled over this announcement which we find in a newspaper:—"A widow married a young man, and her daughter-in-law married his father. By the widow's marriage with the son, she became her husband's grandmother, consequently, great-grandmother to a son, the issue of this marriage. Now, as the son of a great-grandmother must be a grandfather, or great-uncle, this boy must be his own grandfather." We don't see our way out of the difficulty. A man must not marry his grandmother, of course; but suppose the widow married first, then her husband was not her grandson till afterwards, and what was he to do then?