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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 11. FOR WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 18, 1865. FIVE CENTS.

CONTENTS.

England and the United States. Will it be War?
Artemus Ward.
Philosophical Puzzles.
Ninety-eight and Sixty-five.
List of New Books.
How I Lost my Leg.
Chess-Playing.
True Lovers (Poetry).
Love and Law.
The Young Chemist.
Like a Well Spring in the Desert (Music).
The Voltigeurs of Chateauguay (Poetry).
Little Things (Poetry).
La Rabbiata.
Strange Fishes.
Epitaphs.
Pastimes.
Riddle—Charades.
Conundrums—Puzzles.
Anagram, &c., &c.
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Answers to Correspondents.
Household Receipts.
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"HALF A MILLION OF MONEY,"

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

NOTICE.

All the back numbers of the Reader are now in print, and we shall be happy to forward them to any subscribers who may need them to make up their sets.

Any person getting up a Club of five will be entitled to a free copy of the Reader, during the existence of the Club; and if a yearly Club of ten, to a free copy of the paper, and a handsomely bound copy (two volumes) of Garneau's History of Canada, which is published at $3.00 by R. Worthington, Publisher and Bookseller, next door to Post Office, Montreal.

ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.

Will it be War?

THERE are rumours from over the ocean of war between the United States and England. We cannot believe in such an event, especially as the consequence of disputes about the destruction of American vessels and property by the cruisers of the late Southern confederacy. At the worst, the question is one for negociation, and not for arbitrament by the sword. Similar claims made by the American Government against France and other European nations were not settled until after years of refusal and delay; and the same was the case with respect to claims of the same kind advanced by the United States against several European governments. Our republican neighbours are generally allowed to be a pretty shrewd people in matters wherein their individual interests are concerned; but in public affairs they are often supposed by foreigners to do exactly what they ought not to do, when the question admits of doubt. In short they are expected to act on the principle of "the rule of contraries," in such cases. We have a different opinion of them. We are of opinion that in all their dealings, private or public, they look sharply after their own profit as much as any people in the world. The common belief among Englishmen is that their wish by day and dream by night is to go to war with us. We do not mean to say that there is not much of ill will not only expressed, but felt, by many Americans against England, or perhaps it were more correct to say, against Englishmen; nevertheless that feeling is not quite the domineering passion which it is so often described to be by our travellers and newspaper scribes. We have heard and read of the injustice of which the United States were guilty in attacking England in the very agony of the great struggle with Napoleon in 1812. But some of us do not know, and many of us choose to forget, that there had been bitter provocation on our own part, and considerable forbearance on theirs, for some years previous to the breaking out of hostilities on that occasion. No one will accuse Captain Basil Hall of having cherished any special love for Americans or American institutions; indeed, after he published his well-known work on the country, he was accused of being the libeller of both, which he was not. Now, Captain Hall, who served on the North American station immediately before the war of 1812, has expressed his astonishment at the patience with which the merchants and shipmasters of the United States bore the conduct of British officers in interfering with their trade in the most annoying manner, of which he mentions several instances. It is a mode of proceeding which the one country would in these days no more pursue than the other would permit. But, be that as it may, our business is not with the past but the present. Can we for a moment imagine that, just emerged from a struggle that has left them laden with an enormous debt, with their commerce in a feverish state which may end either in disaster or renewed vigor, with their revenue in anything but a satisfactory condition, with the rebellion in the South only just extinguished in the blood of its inhabitants, with everything to gain by peace and nothing to gain by war, but the satisfaction of a blind hatred; is it to be imagined, we say, that under these circumstances, the government of the United States is seeking a cause of quarrel with England? We repeat our unbelief in the report. They may make demands for the redress of real or supposed injuries; but they are well aware that they are not in a condition to attack a first rate power like England. A proverb of somewhat doubtful wisdom says that an unsuccessful insurrection strengthens a government; but if so, it weakens a nation. The thousands of men slain, and the millions of property destroyed, in the recent civil contest have not surely added to the strength of the United States. They have other business on hand than to go to war They have to reorganise and conciliate the South, to re-establish their commerce, to get back their shipping, and to cultivate their farms so long left waste by the absence of their owners on the battle-field. We agree with those who insist that the true sentiments of the American people are not to be found in the windy declamation of stump speeches or in the sensational columns of such newspapers as the *New York Herald*. We are too apt to judge our neighbours by these superficial symptoms, rather than by the sober second thoughts which really influence the administration of the country, and direct its policy. To the Englishman more particularly the American is an enigma which he in vain attempts to solve, and he contents himself therefore with deciding that he is unintelligible, just as Lady Mary Montague explained the eccentricities of the Hervey family by declaring that mankind consisted of men, women and Herveys. After Mrs. Trolloppe's famous book on American manners appeared, and other English travellers had written similar works, a noted American author published, by way of rejoinder, a satire which he styled, we believe, "John Bull in America," in which he described a cockney travelling in the United States. Among other adventures, in which the caricature is clever but over-drawn, the Londoner once finds himself benighted on a prairie, and obliged to seek refuge in a lonely shanty, inhabited by a wild looking Yankee and his family. He is hospitably entertained, but passes the night in great tribulation and fear, expecting to be murdered in his sleep, if he were to indulge in that balmy luxury. Departing next morning, and having rode some few miles, he saw his late host pursuing him and making signs that he wished to speak to him. This added wings to his flight; but at last the owner of the shanty overtook him, and—handed him his watch, which he had left behind in his confusion and terror. This, of course, is marked with the exaggeration of caricature; but are we certain that we, ourselves, do not often take an equally false view of the American character? We freely admit that they are a clever, sensible people; but still, there is no absurdity of which we do not consider them capable. For instance, we think that in the existing position of their affairs, they are ready to rush into a war not only with England but with France as well. They tell us so themselves, will be the response. But it must not be forgotten that those among them who thus speak and write are no less impatient to "fight all creation," to destroy all the navies of Europe by the use of monitors that cannot cross the Atlantic, and to sever Ireland from the British Empire by means so ludicrously inadequate to the proposed end, that derision at the folly of the attempt is lost in pity and amazement.

If all mankind, minus one, were of one opinion, and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind.—*Jno. Stuart Mill, M. P., on "Liberty."*

PHILOSOPHICAL PUZZLES.

THERE was a day when philosophy was a young science, and it in that far time had, to a slight extent, the playful habits of youth, when it would in rare moments forget its usual occupation of arranging and fathoming the universe, and with ponderous humour, by the mouth of a disciple, give forth some puzzle of a more amusing character than the great problems of existence and knowledge, the discovery of whose solution formed its principal business, and to which desirable end it is still busily engaged.

Thus, the celebrated and well-known puzzle of Achilles and the tortoise was invented by Zeno of Ela some centuries before Christ, and furnishes a good example of this philosophical play. This problem is as follows: If Achilles and a tortoise were to run a race, and Achilles were to run ten times as fast as the tortoise, if the latter had the start, Achilles would never overtake the tortoise, as can be thus shewn. Suppose them at the starting of Ahilles to be separated by a space of a thousand feet, when Achilles has run this thousand, the tortoise would have run a hundred, and when Aschilles had run this hundred, the tortoise would have run ten, and so on forever. This sophism has even been considered insoluble by many philosophers, and among others by Dr. Thomas Brown, since it actually leads to an absurd conclusion by a sound argument.

Amongst other famous ancient dialectic problems are the following dilemmas, which are framed with wonderful ingenuity, the acuteness displayed in their construction being probably unsurpassed. The first is called Syllogismus Crocodilus, and may be thus stated: An infant, while playing on the bank of a river, was seized by a crocodile. The mother, hearing its cries, rushed to its assistance, and by her tearful entreaties obtained a promise from the crocodile (who was obviously of the highest intelligence) that he would give it her back if she would tell him truly what would happen to it. On this, the mother, (perhaps rashly) asserted: "*You will not give it back.*" The crocodile answers to this: "If you have spoken truly, I cannot give back, the child without destroying the truth of your assertion; if you have spoken falsely, I cannot give back the child, because you have not fulfilled the agreement; therefore, I cannot give it back whether you have spoken truly or falsely." The mother retorted: "If I have spoken truly, you must give back the child, by virtue of your agreement: if I have spoken falsely, that can only be when you have given back the child; so that whether I have spoken truly or falsely, the child must be given back." History is silent as to the issue of this remarkable dispute.

Of a similar nature is the other example above mentioned, which is even more acutely stated. A young man named Euathlus received lessons in rhetoric from Protagoras, it being agreed that a certain fee should be paid if the pupil was successful in the first cause he pleaded. Euathlus, however, neglected to undertake any cause, and Protagoras, in order to obtain his fee, was compelled to sue him. Euathlus defended himself in the court, and it was consequently the young man's first suit. The master argued thus: "If I be successful in this cause, O Euathlus, you will be compelled to pay by virtue of the sentence of these righteous judges; and should I even be unsuccessful, you will then have to pay me in fulfilment of your original contract." To this the apt pupil replied. "If I be successful, O master, I shall be free by the sentence of these righteous judges; and even if I be unsuccessful, I shall be free by virtue of the contract." The story states that such convincing arguments thus diametrically opposed completely staggered the judges, who being quite unable to decide, postponed the judgment *sine die*.

A celebrated instance of ingenious fallacy is that propounded as a just argument by Diodorus Chronos, who, by this fallacy, claimed to prove the impossibility of motion. He argues thus: All that a body does, must be done either in the place where it is, or else the place where it is not. Now, it can not move in the place where it is, and much less can it move in the place where it is not. Consequently, it cannot move at all, and therefore motion is impossible. It is related that the inventor of this sophism on one occasion dislocated his shoulder, and was compelled to send for a surgeon to set it. The leech assured the philosopher that the shoulder could not possibly be put out at all, since it could not be out in the place in which it was, nor neither in the place in which it was not.

The inverting argum nt of the lying Cretans is well known; but the reader will excuse its quotation for the sake of illustration, and for the chance of its being new to some out of the many. St. Paul says (Titus i. 12, 13): "One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said: The Cretans are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies. This witness is true." The Cretans being always liars; the prophet was a Cretan, therefore he was a liar, and lied when he said they were always liars. Consequently, the Cretans are not always liars. Again, since he was a Cretan, he was not always a liar. Therefore, the Cretans are always liars, and so on *ad infinitum*.

With regard to more trivial instances of logical profanity, I must quote one which is frequently employed in private life with much exasperating effect, and is also found by cross-examining counsel, a serviceable mode of confounding a witness, and simultaneously throwing dust in the eyes of a jury. It consists in desiring to have either a direct negative or affirmative answer to a question, which, being done, a question respecting any desired improbability can then be asked, as, for instance: "Have you cut off your tail yet?" If the answer be yes, it is of course an admission that the examinee once had a tail; while, if the reply be no, it is assumed to be an admission that he still possesses that unusual personal ornament. A somewhat similar process is involved in the inquiry of the man; "How long he has left off beating his father?" It will be seen what a wide field of vexation a skilful use of this process can command. As an example, in strong contrast to the foregoing, the following problem may be cited as an interesting but somewhat hopeless subject of inquiry—namely, What is the effect of an irresistible force striking an immovable sphere?

It may be observed with regard to the foregoing illustrations, that they start from the borders of serious argument, and descending by degrees, they travel first through ingenious, and then trivial quibbles. Continuing the descent, we should finally arrive in the extensive region of jokes, but, before arriving at that stage of debasement it is better to quit the subject

NINETY-EIGHT AND SIXTY-FIVE.

A GREAT amount of harm may be caused by speaking and writing of the Irish rebellion of ninety-eight and the present Fenian conspiracy, as if they were similar, when in truth they have little in common.

Until about the year 1600, Ireland was with the exception of about twenty miles around Dublin independent of England, the septs or clans followed their own customs and the Breton laws. During the next sixty years this newly conquered people were still further estranged by the confiscation of their lands, upwards of five hundred thousand acres were confiscated in the province of Ulster alone in the reign of James I, then followed the cruel wars and confiscations of Cromwell, and before many of those who thus suffered were in their graves the peace was again broken by the war of 1690, succeeded by the penal laws separating the Roman Catholic Irish from all interest in the well-being of the state, and making them a proscribed and outcast race. They could not sit in Parliament, all their priests were banished, they could not intermarry with Protestants, they could not become solicitors. If a son turned protestant, his father could not leave his property to his other children, but the renegade became heir to the exclusion of all the rest. No papists could possess a horse of greater value than five pounds, neither could they give or take long leases. In 1778, only twenty years before the outbreak the first relaxation of these laws took place. Up to that date the whole course of the Legislature for Ireland had been to keep alive a spirit of Irish nationality and a deep hatred of the Saxon invader.

The volunteer movement of 1782 had shown the strength Ireland possessed if it could be brought out. And the French Revolution had called up a restless impatience not only of wrong but of all old established rule. In Ireland, five sixths of the population were debarred from the rights of freemen, and were ruled by the remaining sixth, and even of that sixth there were many men, young and foolish, no doubt, but full of love for abstract right and justice, and of sympathy for their countrymen. From this class, the leaders of the rebellion were taken, but it is doubtful whether they could have roused the peasantry to fight were it not that the government employed the yeomanry to search for arms. This employment of men under few restraints of discipline, and animated by a most ferocious hatred of those whose dwellings they were employed to search, aggravated if it did not cause the rebellion. The animosity occasioned by too frequently fatal party fights now manifested itself in the form of floggings, pitch cappings and picketings inflicted on the unfortunate papists, in order to wring from them confessions of having arms concealed. The bridge of Wexford and the barn of Scullabogue were the atrocious retaliation of an ignorant and savage peasantry for the outrages they had suffered; but the barbarity was not all on their side. Lord Cornwallis, the then Lord Lieutenant, mentions one or two cases of cruel murder committed by protestants, which in atrocity if possible excelled the other. Such being the condition of Ireland in 1798, was rebellion to be wondered at? It was a question with most Irishmen not so much of right as of expediency; and most thoughtful men, while lamenting the course pursued, will respect the motives of the men of '98 who rose in dark and evil days,

"To right their native land."

Very different indeed is the case in 1865; eighty-seven years have passed since the first relaxation of the penal laws, and very few of those who could take the field can recollect the passage of the measure that emancipated the Catholics from their civil disabilities. There are no real grievances now, and Fenian discontent lives upon tradition. The past glories of Ireland handed down from father to son have lost nothing by the transmission, until the idea of what they have lost is burlesqued by the song:

> Oh we once were an elegant people,
> Though we now live in cabins of mud;
> And the land that ye see from the steeple
> Belonged to us all from the flood.
> Then my uncle was king of Tyrone
> And my grand-aunt vice-roy of Tralee,
> But the Sassenach came and signs on it,
> The devil an acre have we.

This discontent may make them clamour for tenant right, shoot a hard landlord, and let off steam in seditious speeches. It may furnish material for claptrap speeches among the orators of "Blusterland," but it never would rouse to any overt act of rebellion any one who had anything to lose.

FRONTENAC, U. E.

ARTEMUS WARD. *

Mr. Ward, traveller, showman, philosopher, has won for himself an extended reputation, and many of our readers have doubtless thoroughly enjoyed the perusal of his varied adventures described with racy humour, couched in wonderful orthography. Mr. Worthington is about to issue a series of reprints of Standard Novels, and "Artemus Ward (His Travels)" is the first instalment. It is reprinted from the American copyright edition, and in paper and typography compares favourably with American books of its class.

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HOW I LOST MY LEG.

A RAILWAY ADVENTURE.

SOME years since, at a time when Ireland was greatly disturbed by political agitation, it was my fortune to be called as a witness against two men who had been charged with an agrarian outrage, and whose conviction my evidence had helped to secure. As I left the court, I noticed that I was closely-watched by three or four savage-looking men, who, I was afterwards informed, were relatives and friends of the convict, and whom I might most certainly look upon as my future enemies.

A few months afterwards, I missed the last train from the same town, and as the distance to my home was not more than six or seven miles, I resolved to walk. Soon, to my extreme annoyance, I discovered that I was followed by the men I have referred to, and I had little doubt that some outrage was intended.

If I could conceal myself till they passed by, I felt that I might be saved. I feared to move onwards, lest they should hear my footfall, as I had heard theirs. I looked eagerly around. Through the dim light I saw a mass of brambles almost beside me. There was a gap in them. Without a moment's hesitation I plunged in. There was a terrible cracking of dry branches, a rending of clothes, and a tearing of flesh, and the next instant I lay sprawling in the dirt and slime of a half-dry ditch.

In two minutes my pursuers, for I could not help regarding them as such, were opposite the spot where I lay ensconced. They passed on. I began to breathe more freely. Suddenly they stopped, apparently to listen.

"I don't hear his footsteps now," I heard a voice say.

"I thought I heard a crackling among the branches this minute," said another. "Let us look about. Ah, these hedges!"

They examined them for a moment, but appeared to be ignorant of the ditch that lay behind.

"Oh, he's not there! There's a lane should be above—that's where he's gone," said a gruff voice.

Adopting this idea, they rapidly retraced their steps.

I emerged from my hiding-place. I knew they would soon discover their error, and be again on the right track. My safety now depended on my speed. Little more than a mile further on there was a road-side inn; if I could reach that I thought I should be in safety.

In an incredibly short space of time I was there, breathless and exhausted. The door was shut, but a light gleamed through the shutters.

With a prayer of thanksgiving in my heart, I knocked loudly for admission.

My summons was answered by a man's voice demanding to know who was there.

"A traveller," I replied, faintly.

"It is too late to open to-night; I am going to bed," was the reply.

"For heaven's sake open the door!" I implored; "there is life and death upon it. I will pay you handsomely for inconveniencing you."

The last argument took effect—I heard a bar withdrawn. The next moment I was within the house. I sunk on a chair, prostrated by fatigue and terror.

"Perhaps," I said, when I had explained that I was pursued, "you won't object to my lying down on the settle here till daylight?"

Before he could reply there was a loud knocking at the street-door.

"Don't open, for the love of Heaven!" I exclaimed; "it is those men. They have discovered me—they will murder me."

"All right—don't be afraid. They shan't come in if I can help it," was the reply.

The words had scarcely passed his lips when the men were in the house. After admitting me he had not replaced the bar, so the door was on the latch. One glance was sufficient—they were my pursuers.

"Come, come, my lads," said the landlord, "you must get out of this. It's long past shutting-up time, and I am going to bed"

"Bring us some whisky, and hold your jaw," said one, surlily.

The landlord was a big, strong man, but he quailed before the savage glances which were cast upon him. He evidently feared to provoke a contest, so thought it was better to endeavour to get rid of them quietly.

"Well, if I bring it, you must be off the instant you have drunk it."

"We shall use our own minds about that," was the insolent reply.

Here, then, I was sitting within a few feet of the men whom, I felt, had vowed my death, utterly helpless, with no chance of escape. I met death face to face at that moment. I looked despairingly at my host. I could read no sign of hope in him.

To get them the whisky he passed through a door I had not noticed before. It was beside me. He closed it behind him. It opened outwards. He was absent several minutes, and I heard a rumbling noise. During this time a whispered conversation was going on between my pursuers, but, close as I was to them, I could not distinguish a word. What a horror it was to be left alone with them! I expected every instant that they would rush upon me, and murder me on the spot.

At length the landlord returned, with a measure of whisky in his hand *He left the door partly open.* There was no fire on the hearth; the only light was a single tallow candle that burned on the table where the men sat. In putting the whisky on the table, he managed to extinguish it. The place was in total darkness. Instantly I felt a powerful grasp upon my arm, I knew not whether that of friend or foe. I was dragged a few steps, a door slammed, and I was in the open air, with the landlord beside me. He rolled some heavy-looking object against the door—it looked like a mill-stone—and then said, hurriedly—

"Off with you over the fields. You'll find a house a quarter of a mile off."

"But yourself?" I said.

"I can take care of myself. But get off—you have no time to lose."

I had not, for while he spoke a yell of rage burst from the house, and kicks and blows rained upon the door, until the planks cracked and splintered.

With my feet winged with terror, I sped on like a hunted deer. Crash! I knew the last frail barrier between my pursuers and myself had given way. I heard their fierce howl as they burst forth. I was several hundred yards ahead of them. Now began the race for life or death.

I was always a good runner, but I never ran as I ran that night, simply because I never ran for so great a stake—it seemed to me as though I were borne onwards by a whirlwind. The ground flew beneath my feet; ditches and gates were overleaped, walls clambered over—no barrier checked my speed. My preserver had spoken of a house. I looked round, but could discern nothing through the gloom. I must have passed over double the distance he had mentioned. I must have taken a wrong direction. I was distancing my pursuers a little, but this desperate pace could not be kept up much longer. My breath was fast failing me, my strength must soon give way, and then I should drop to the earth from exhaustion, and every second I ran the risk of being hurled to the ground by some obstacle in my path, which the darkness would prevent me seeing.

Suddenly I felt myself descending with frightful rapidity. I could not arrest my speed; I just had presence of mind enough left to throw myself backward—had I not done so I should inevitably have been dashed to pieces. A thousand lights danced before my eyes, but I was not stunned. I found myself at the bottom of a declivity, an enormous opening in the earth, like a huge cavern, before me I knew not what it was—I had not sufficient sense left to think—it looked like a shelter. I dragged myself along into its depths, until I fell prostrate in a swoon.

I know not how long I remained insensible. I awoke with a sensation of the most parching thirst; my mouth and throat felt as though they had been seethed with hot iron. This feeling was

accompanied by violent pains in the chest and limbs. For a moment I could not remember where I was, or what had happened. All was dark around me, but on one side the grey light of morning stole in through a large opening. Gradually all the horrors of the past night revived in my memory. Where had I got to? The place was damp and cold; my teeth chattered in my head. I was still lying on the ground. In moving, my hand encountered a substance colder than the ground: it was hard; it rose from the level; it felt like an iron bar. I felt further on, and encountered a similar one. This subterranean place—that arched opening through which the light was creeping—I understood it all: *I was in a railway tunnel.* I was literally lying *between the lines!* What a frightful situation! If a train had passed I must inevitably have been crushed to death.

With a cold perspiration starting from every pore, and my hair bristling with terror at the fearful peril that had menaced me, I endeavoured to rise to my feet. What was my horror on finding that my limbs were powerless! The unnatural exertion I had used, and the cold damps of the tunnel, had rendered me as helpless as a new-born infant. I fell back with a groan, to await the awful doom that was impending over me. The thoughts, feelings, agonies that I endured, as I lay thus, no human tongue could describe. With the thought of my poor wife and children at home burning into my brain, I tried to offer up a prayer, and resign myself to my inevitable fate.

I could now see, through the opening of the *tunnel, that it was broad daylight, and a certain* brilliancy denoted that the sun had risen. All was deadly still. Presently I heard the twittering of the birds. Oh, it was horrible to die thus! I made another effort to rise and stand upright.

A low, subterraneous rumbling sound, like the distant rolling of cannon-balls, broke upon my ear. Each second it increased in intensity, till it resembled the falling of an avalanche; then a shrill, piercing whistle; then a rushing sound. Suddenly the opening of the tunnel was darkened, and, in place of the soft daylight, a fierce, red spot shone like the eye of a demon. There was another horrible shriek of the whistle, and the monster was upon me. Then there was a crushing sense of pain, and I swooned again.

When I recovered I was in my own bed, with my wife beside me. It was long before I quitted my room. My leg had been completely smashed, and an operation had been necessary. My wooden leg is a constant reminder of my terrible adventure, and I confess to an involuntary shudder at the sight or sound of a rapid railway train.

CHESS-PLAYING.

THE first book printed in England in moveable types was a translation by William Caxton of a famous Italian work on chess. This seems to show that "the pleasaunt and wittie playe of the Cheasts" was even more popular four hundred years ago than it is now. Considering how few persons could read, how much opposition was offered to the printing-press, and how great was the risk of publication, it is difficult on any other supposition to account for Caxton having, in 1474, made choice of this subject for his first experiment. But, however this may have been, the volume that issued from the abbot's house in Westminster could not but give a considerable stimulus to English chess-playing. The original from which it was taken had been acquiring increased celebrity during 270 years, and certainly contained much curious and valuable information. Of course it had its own theory of the origin of chess, which will ever remain matter of dispute; and it tells so pretty a story on that head, that every one who reads it wishes it may be the true account. A philosopher, it says, named Philometer, invented it in the time of Evilmerodach, King of Babylon, with the view of conveying to his Majesty in an inoffensive manner a lesson in the uses of mercy. Thus the game taught by showing that kings, queens, knights, and common pawns, had each their proper places and relative duties, and that the pawns, far from being on the whole inferior pieces, constituted in fact, when well managed, the strength of the game. The lesson was much needed, for the king was "so tyrannous and felon, that he might suffer no correction, but slewe them, and put them to deth, that corrected him." Happily Philometer's good design was completely successful. He not only kept his head on his shoulders, but the king "thanked him greatly, and changed his lyf, his manners, and alle his evil condicions." Another account of the origin of chess is, that, during the siege of Troy, *Palamedes invented it for the Grecian* soldiers, to enable them to kill time, which hung rather heavily on their hands. Hence, when Labourdonnais established the first Chess-Magazine, in 1836, he called it *Le Palamède*. But after Niebuhr has ridden rough-shod over all the fables of the she-wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus, the Goddess Egeria, and the like, one is apt to be very suspicious of any story that dates from Priam and the Trojan horse. There is an old English black-letter translation from the Italian on this ancient game, which assigns to it a curious origin. Lydie and Tyrrhene, it says, were two brothers, "who, being afflicted with great hunger and famine, did invent this playe, to the end that in playinge of it they myghte employe their spirites so vehementlye that they myghte more easily passe the faminall affliction." "Indeede," it adds, "they passed the tyme so well that they made but three meales in two days." In our present prospects of murrain and scarcity, it may perhaps be worth consideration, how far a passion for chess would serve us also as a *pièce de résistance in the assaults of famine*

But Lydie and Tyrrhene are far from being the only witnesses to the absorbing influence of chess. The last of the Caliphs continued deep in the game while the enemy was at the gates of Bagdad, and cried out, when warned of his danger, "Let me alone, for I see a move to checkmate my opponent;" and a messenger, who came to the Danish Court on urgent business, found King Canute engaged in it at midnight. The fire-eating monarch, Charles XII, of Sweden, used very characteristically to push the king forward, and make more use of it than of any piece on the board. In this way he often exposed himself to checkmate, as by similar hazards in the field he frequently endangered his kingdom. When he was besieged in his house at Bender, with a few adherents, by a whole army of Turks, Voltaire tells us that he barricaded the doors, looked to the defences, and then was sufficiently composed to sit down to chess, and expose his king as before. In some parts of Europe, in the Middle Ages, the devotion to chess was so excessive, and withdrew persons to such an extent from their honest calling, that the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, thought it needful to interfere. Eudes de Sully, Bishop of Paris, forbade clergymen to play or keep a board; and St. Louis of France visited chess-playing with a fine. Such discouragements, however, have been very rare and partial, and chess, like the chase, has ever been esteemed a princely recreation. Charlemagne played at it while governing half Europe, and some ivory chessmen, said to have been used by him, are preserved at St. Denis. Tamerlane built an obelisk of 90,000 heads which he had cut off, yet, in his softer moods, diverted himself with chess. Philip II, of Spain, and Charles V, his father, found time for chess amid their wars and conquests; so did Catharine de Medicis and Henry IV, of France. Leo X, to his love of arts added that of chess; and Queen Elizabeth, Louis XIV, William III, and Frederick the Great, the most notable sovereigns of modern times, were all skilled in the Indian game. We call it Indian, for antiquaries are now unanimous in their opinion that it was unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and was invented, as Gibbon says, in India, to admonish kings that they are strong only in the strength of their subjects, and was introduced into Persia in the reign of Nushivran, about the middle of the sixth century.

Some three hundred years ago, Leonardo, a Calabrian, accomplished a singular feat. Having set out for Madrid, where he intended to challenge the great chess-player, Ruy Lopez, he heard that his brother had been taken by some corsairs. He determined to ransom him, and actually won his ransom by playing chess with the captain of the galley, in which his captive brother was sitting chained to the oar. He then proceeded to Madrid, and, in the presence of the Court, had the satisfaction of beating Father Ruy Lopez, who was esteemed the best player in Europe, and had composed a valuable treatise "on the liberal invention and art of chess." In its palmy days the game was sometimes played with real men and women on a chequered pavement of black and white marble. Don John of Austria *had such a chess-board, on which living pieces* moved under his direction. A Duke of Weimar also converted his soldiers into chessmen, and managed them in a similar way. Sometimes the field of action was a level turf, divided into sixty-four squares of alternate gravel and grass. There is a curious anecdote related of an Eastern sovereign in connection with the chess-board. Wishing to reward the services of his Prime Minister, he desired him to choose a present. The Minister replied that he would be satisfied with one grain of corn on the first square of the board, two on the second, four on the third, and so on, doubling each time till the last square was reached. The Sultan laughed in scorn at so paltry a demand; but, on his Minister's insisting that he desired nothing more, he summoned his secretaries, and was amazed at being informed that his dominions would not yield the quantity of grain required, nor his entire resources suffice to purchase it. In the year 1785, the game of chess was made the means of a famous hoax. A certain Kempelen exhibited what he called an *automaton chess-player in London.* It was a figure dressed as a Turk, and placed behind a chest. This Kempelen used to open, so as to display the machinery which seemed to impart motion to the Turk while playing intricate games with any of the spectators. But the marvellous nature of the machinery was at last exploded, and the inventor fared no better than the brothers Davenport have fared in Paris. It was discovered that the chest concealed a full-grown man, who could stretch his arms down the "automaton," and direct its movements in the game. The machinery was all a feint, and intended only to disarm suspicion. There was another and a more honourable "automaton chess-player" in London in 1820. The living player was M. Mouret; he was concealed with great skill, and many of his games are still on record. The celebrity which he obtained contributed to the formation of chess clubs, which have led to the establishment of the British Chess Association, and the reduction of the laws of chess into a fixed and recognised code.

A peculiar combination of mental faculties is necessary to attain great proficiency in the game; but a man may be a first-rate player without being in other respects remarkably clever. There is something quite magical in the strategy and forethought of a great adept. A Saracen named Buzecca came to Florence in 1266, and played with three persons at one time, seeing only one of the boards. Sacchieri, the mathematical professor at Pavia, played four games at a time, without having any of them before his eyes, and he remembered, and could set down if required, every move that had been made from the commencement of the game. Philidor's feats in the last century are too well known to be repeated; but they yield in importance to the surprising instances of skill we have seen in our own day. Morphy has played eight games of chess at a time without seeing the boards, and Paulsen, another American, has played twelve under similar circumstances. Morphy's games, though fewer in number, were of a higher order than those of Paulsen. An old Spanish writer, Don Pietro Carrera, recommends players, in order to win, "to avoid filling their bellies with superfluous food, because fulness is contrary to speculation, and obfuscates the sight." "Those persons," he adds, "are praise-worthy who, previous to playing, clear their heads by medicines, which have the virtue of rendering the spirits pure and subtile;" but unless the medicine comes to them in some agreeable shape, few of our readers, we suspect, will feel inclined to follow the prescription.

TRUE LOVERS.

They linger in the garden walk,
Talking as only lovers talk;
Sweet, foolish trifles, love's delight!
With joy and faith their faces bright.

Sometimes she stops and plucks a rose,
To hide the truth her sweet blush shows;
Scattering the rose-leaves in the air,
A dainty shower o'er face and hair.

With laughing looks she sees them fly,
Then sudden stops and breathes a sigh;
For youth and love as soon are gone,
And death and age are hastening on.

He gathers from the garden plot
A tuft of pale forget-me-not;
She takes them with a careless jest,
Then hides them in her snowy breast.

He lays a rose-bud in her hair,
Whispering she is wondrous fair;
While tenderly his loving hands
Linger o'er the rippling bands.

They pause to watch the evening sky,
And see the golden sunlight die;
A squirrel started from its lair
Breaks the calm quiet of the air.

She trifles with her golden curls,
Till the bright flag the wind unfurls,
And blows a tress across his face,
Touching his lips with soft embrace.

They reach the great hall door at last,
He holds her slender fingers fast,
Then kisses them, as well he may,
While she, all blushing, speeds away.

LOVE AND LAW.

CHAPTER I.

People are usually very hard on attorneys. No gentlemen come in for so much abuse, or get so little thanks for professional work, as they; and yet the public, who trusts them with the management of their most important concerns, in very few cases have reason to regret the confidence.

Richard Carton was eminently an honourable man. He had a great deal to struggle with at the outset of his career; but fortunately for himself, he commenced the battle so young, that he had gained a respectable vantage ground when little more than thirty. He had to make good his own way. Neither wealth, interest, or connection was his, yet, by his undeviating honesty, perseverance, and skill, he rapidly became one of the most respected solicitors in Waterton. To him were entrusted those intricate cases which require a careful pilot in the beginning. Carton was famous, too, for the exact diagnosis he seemed to take of every transaction submitted to his hands. His balance of the fortunes and chances of law appeared something wonderful. And then he never told half the truth to save the nerves of a client, or permitted a technical error of his opponents to tempt him to an unfair advantage. Even those whom he beat spoke well of him, and when he succeeded in establishing the will of Peter Plumtre, the wealthy grocer, in the very teeth of an asserted later document, under which the son of Farmer Green claimed a fat legacy, the honest yeoman came to Carton to draft his own will the day after the contest. Moreover, young Tom Green was put as an articled clerk under Carton.

"If thee *lawyered* 'un out of a fortun'," said old Green, "thee moight be the best 'un to train Tom to win another."

Carton was a bachelor. Various reasons were assigned for his celibacy. There were lots of young ladies in Waterton, and there were lots of mammas who wouldn't have had the least objection to the well-to-do young solicitor for a son-in-law; but somehow he kept clear of them all, or at least, never made any advances that could by any possibility be constructed into a matrimonial intention. Perhaps he was very hard to please, and none of these young ladies pleased him; perhaps he had never met the right one. He liked his work, his book, his *dolce far niente* of an evening in his sloop-yacht, and in truth he never felt that vacancy which is supposed to indicate a disposition towards settling.

About the month of May, or beginning of June, strangers crowded into Waterton. It was no unusual thing for Carton to pick up new clients, who, coming to the sea-side, were yet haunted by litigious cares, which required his aid to banish.

Now it was a fast man, whose fastness had developed into a run from his creditors, and who came to see what could be done, in order to stop the courses of those alarming little bills, which some time or other must be met. Again it was that crotchety individual, who has, as it were, become chronically litigious, the descendant of Will Touchy, who goes to law with his servants, his landlord, his washerwoman, or his relatives.

Carton never encouraged Will Touchy, and would often send him away wondering at this miracle of an attorney, who didn't appear to know what was the best for himself.

CHAPTER II.

It was a very hot June day, and the Venetian blinds in Richard Carton's snug office scarcely kept out the glare and stifling heat of the noontide sun. In the outside room, Tom Green and an assistant were at work, their pens whistling away over the paper, and making a kind of trio, in which a blue-bottle took the bass part, as he endeavoured to commit sucide against the window.

Carton did not expect a visitor, and almost overcome by the heat of the day, was leaning in a sort of a doze upon his desk, when a knock came to the outside door. He started up to open it, and letting in a military, buttoned-up-looking personage, who, marching into the centre of the office called, out, as if he were addressing a battalion—

"Is Mr. Carton at home?"

Richard bowed, and by a gesture indicated his connection with Mr. Carton.

"Very good, sir. Glad I came at the right time. I want to have a word with you in private."

Carton closed the door, handed him a chair, and then expected to hear some story about a dead cat being flung over a party wall, a hotel-keeper's excessive charge, a collar lost by a laundress, or any other grievance peculiar to half-pay officers of limited income and very limited temper.

"My name is Delmar."

Carton bowed.

"Captain Delmar, late of her Majesty's—th. I have brought you my wife's marriage settlement."

Carton here looked serious, as the captain produced a parchment from his breast pocket.

"I conceive under this, that I have a title to the Prideaux property in this neighbourhood. You will see by the clause which regulates the reversionary interests——"

And here he commenced a recital of legal terms, with great volubility, until Carton interrupted him effectively, but politely.

"My dear sir, this is a matter we must proceed in cautiously. If you will be good enough to answer me such questions as I put to you, it will considerably shorten our interview."

And then the man of business, by a few well chosen queries, extracted from Captain Delmar the substance of what that gentleman would have occupied an hour in confusing.

"You must leave this settlement with me, and also forward any other documents in your possession. This is a complicated and difficult undertaking, and may involve a heavy expense to prosecute. When I have mastered the details, I shall instruct counsel, and then inform you of the result. By the bye, have you any children, captain?"

"Yes; one daughter."

"Is she of age?"

"No, not until next month. Perhaps I had better leave you our address, in case you should desire to communicate with me."

And, handing his adviser a card, the captain took his leave.

CHAPTER III.

In due time Carton received the rest of Captain Delmar's papers. He was not long in perceiving that his new client had previously submitted his case to other solicitors, who shrank from encountering the risk of defeat and the outlay, which could probably be only refunded in the event of success. When Carton hinted to the captain the necessity of being prepared with advances for the progress of the suit, the old gentleman appeared to be taken aback considerably; but Carton, perceiving his hesitation and the cause, and, moreover, having previously anticipated both, and decided on his own course of action, said:

"Captain Delmar, I will undertake to conduct your case. I am not a rich man, but will advance the necessary funds, if, on my winning, you will fairly take into consideration the hazard I run in doing so."

It is needless to say that with this great generous offer the captain closed at once, and insisted upon Carton's dining with him that very day, that they might drink success to Delmar *v.* Prideaux.

"You must be introduced to your real client, Mr. Carton, for I understand it is Kate in whose name our suit must be instituted."

"Yes we must wait until Miss Delmar is of age; but there are preliminary steps to be taken in the interim."

It is difficult for three to converse at table. There is one too many for the freedom of a *tête-à-tête*, and too little for the reserve of company. Where there are a pair of silent listeners, your remarks, which would pass muster in the rattle of a large party, start out unsheltered and abruptly. But Carton had not the infirmity of too much self-consciousness, nor did he want that rare conversational gift which consists in making your hearers imagine that they have a fair proportion of the best ideas you exchange with them. Miss Delmar was at first inclined to be a little haughty with papa's man of law, probably because she had pictured to herself a fussy, talkative person, whose motions were tied with red tape. She was rather surprised to find Carton a good-looking, perfectly well-bred gentleman, who never once spoke of business, but who drifted from Tennyson to Millais, from Faust to Fletcher, with an unassuming grace and fancy, with a clever, reverent criticism, which displayed not only a love of art, but a love for it, that found expression in easy, picturesque language, and not in that *pococurante* jargon which she had often heard from pretenders. When they came for coffee to the drawing-room, after dinner, Miss Kate was not at all unprepared for Carton's request that she would sing for him. She sang nearly through a portfolio. Mr. Carton was always noticed seeking a distant corner when any of the Waterton belles operated on the works of Italian masters. It was whispered that the wretch had no taste for music—or anything else. If they only saw him while Miss Delmar was playing!

"I don't think she is handsome," he communed with himself, as he went home that evening, "and still I like her style: or is it her eyes? Aye, it must be her eyes! By Jove! I must win that suit for her if possible. Regular old soldier that half-pay!"

"Papa."

"Well, my love?"

"Is Mr. Carton reported to be a clever man of business?"

"Clever!—why they say he can do anything?"

"He seems quite a gentleman. Doesn't he?"

"Oh, yes; for an attorney he does."

"Or for anybody. I am sure he is worth a dozen of those booby ensigns or lieutenants you introduced me to when we lived at Chatham."

"Well, my dear, I have no objection you should think so, for a while, at least, until our suit is over; then, you know, we can cut him as soon as we like."

Kate had often heard her father speak as meanly as this, and had found out long ago the bitterest truth for a child to learn: that it was only by an effort she could keep near enough to her line of duty not to despise him.

"Good night, papa."

"Good night. And, Kate, remember, don't fall in love with Carton, especially now that there is a chance of your being an heiress."

CHAPTER IV.

I have hinted that Carton kept a yacht. The Sybil was a stout little craft of about forty tons, with which he used to stretch out to sea of the long summer evenings, unaccompanied, save by Jack Sterling, who tended the main sheet, while Carton himself took the helm. There was one passenger, a huge Newfoundland dog, called Dred, who was never absent from Carton's side.

Many a joke was passed by the loungers on shore about lawyer Carton's immunity from drowning, especially when they watched the Sybil ducking and staggering under the heavy seas, for her owner was no mill-pond sailor, and enjoyed the exitement of a bold tuzzle with the elements. So it came about that while the great cause of Delmar *v.* Prideaux was pending, Captain Delmar and his daughter frequently joined Carton in his evening voyages. Miss Delmar was an excellent sailor, and, I belive, thoroughly enjoyed these excursions.

They would weigh anchor from the town about five o'clock, and slip off in the first flutter of the land breeze, creeping quietly into the wide waters, and seeing the beauty of the sun-set, and the night, coming in with the tide, and the plangent ripple of the waves as they broke off the bows of the Sybil. It was Miss Delmar's habit to bring a book, which she never read. The captain had his cigar-case, and Carton had his place by the rudder.

"What book is that you have brought with you this evening, Miss Kate?"

Miss Kate opening the leaves carefully—

"Oh, the Newcomes?"

"The Newcomes! Do you like Ethel? Jack, look out there for a gibe."

"Well, yes, no, I—I really should be in her place to judge her."

"Don't you think, if she loved Clive, that she ought to have let him see it sooner?"

"I didn't believe gentlemen of your profession, Mr. Carton, put any faith in romance."

"I do," replied Carton gravely, "but not in that sort—the Miss Newcome sort of romance."

"Is not that a guillemot, or a strange kind of gull, Mr. Carton?" Kate would ask, as some curious seafowl would hover above the boat; and in this way would she put Carton off those dangerous points which he was now rather given to bringing the conversation upon.

Of course the reader understands the state he was in. She was so fond of Dred, his dog! Dred would yawn lazily at her feet, and put out his head to be stroked, closing his eyes with very pleasure while Miss Delmar's little hand slid over his woolly pate. Those water parties wound up with a tea at the captain's, where there was a quiet chat over the chances of Delmar *v.* Prideaux, then some music in the drawing-room, and then Carton went home. It was becoming a deucedly stupid home. Home, indeed! You see our hero was getting worse. He was feeling solitary. The catastrophe must come soon.

The captain was gone to sleep in the bow, and Jack Sterling is leaning over the bulwarks, whistling softly for the wind that won't come for an hour yet. There is one star, the very pilot of the gloaming purpling in the west. How thin the voices sound from the shore, and what an echoing dreamy song seems poured into the air at the rise and fall of the waves! The sea is dark blue, save for a broad path of darkening crimson. Kate Delmar is silent; the book has dropped into her lap, and she keeps unconsciously stroking Dred's fortunate noddle, while that intelligent brute thumps his tail in ecstatic acknowledgment against the deck.

"Kate!"

He came nearer—so near, she had to turn or move away ever so slightly, ever so gently, though still stroking the dog's head.

"Darling, one word; I——"

"Please, yer honner, 'bout the 'elm!" suddenly roars the inopportune Mr. Sterling, as a gust of night wind switches over the bay, and fills out the breast of the sail. And now pouting her bosom like a proud damsel, the Sybil lies to it, and cleaves her way to the dim shore line, and the helmsman is not in the best of humour, for that remains unsaid which he had longed to say. As he hesitates whether it would be well to try again, he feels a hand touch—placed in his. He takes it to his lips to kiss, and——

* * * * *

When the lights are brought into the room, when the tea things are laid, how queer these two feel! The gallant captain mixes his usual sherry and water. Kate is not able to sing that night, her heart is too full to trust her voice with the love words of a song. They linger over the "good-night;" Carton has a flower or something, I know not what, to bring away with him, but it makes his bachelor home less lonely.

CHAPTER V.

Delmar *v.* Prideaux went on with varying success through the dilatory stages of equity law: and the summer passed, and the winter came, and it was closing spring before counsel on either side could see land in this important case. When the day for the final struggle was approaching, Carton was in a perfect fever of excitement, and was a source of constant joking and fun to Kate, who took a certain pleasure in teasing him, pretending an utter indifference to the proceedings, and making him talk about Dred, about her bonnet, about the Sybil and Jack Sterling: about anything, in fact, rather than the subject with which she knew his mind was fully occupied. But then, if she saw him getting really vexed, the rogue would put on the most contrite expression, twist her lips into such a pretty *moue*, half comical, half serious, steal her arm through his, and address a long speech of commiseration to Dred, the terms of which were so singularly applicable to Dred's master, as to make him acknowledge the speech in a manner which not unfrequently interrupted the peroration.

In reality, however, Miss Kate ardently wished the suit won.

"I would like to have a heap of money for Rick, and for papa," she thought.

The eventful day at length arrived. Carton recommended both the captain and Kate to remain at Waterton while he went up to London, promising to send them a telegram of the result. And so they remained in the telegraph-office from one o'clock, watching for the news. Five o'clock came, and they were about to leave, when whirr-r, ting-ting-ting.

"Oh, this is it now, papa, surely!" cries Kate.

And then was heard a curious droning sound, as the green paper revolved from a little brazen drum, and a keen eyed clerk read off the cabalistic strokes impressed on the paper:—

"*Richard Carton to Captain V. Delmar, Case won—I shall be down to-morrow.*"

"And the Prideaux property is yours, Kate," cried the captain.

"And Richard will be home to-morrow," said Miss Delmar.

"Kate," spoke the captain, with a gravity which well became his fierce and respectable features; "Kate, remember, dear, that Mr. Carton should not any longer be so intimate with you as that you should dispense with the formal adjunct of his name."

Carton came back in high feather. He had begun to discover the captain, and was almost determined that the old warrior should not balk his happiness and that of his Kate, for he knew he was all in all to Kate. The captain often took a private scowl at the pair as they walked on the beach under his very moustache; he could not with any decency, however, give open expression to his sentiments.

Richard came up one evening to Kate with a vexed, disturbed countenance.

"I must go to Jersey for a few days," he said, "upon a matter I cannot afford to neglect."

"But you won't stay long, Rick?"

"Certainly not. Not more than a week, at furthest; and then I can write, you know, every post."

"Don't fall in love with a native of the beautiful Channel island, and give me Dred to take care of."

He was not two days gone, when Tom Green, the articled clerk, called upon Captain Delmar. He left a parcel, with Mr. Carton's compliments. It was only Mr. Carton's bill, which Captain Delmar could look over at his leisure. When the noble captain opened the package, and just glanced at the first few sheets, he rubbed his hands together gleefully.

"Admirable, admirable!" he muttered; "this is the very thing to settle him!"

Kate just then entered the room, followed by Dred.

"I thought you were done with law papers, papa?"

"Ahem—my dear, this is Mr. Carton's bill of costs."

Bill; the word jarred harshly in Kate's ears—it was like the butcher or the grocer sending in that little account.

"You see he left instructions with Mr. Green to leave it with us," went on the captain.

Kate felt her cheek on fire.

"I don't wonder he was half ashamed of it himself, though. What do you think he has done?"

"I am sure I can't imagine."

"Try. Make an effort."

"I have not the least idea."

"Here, then, take this, and read for yourself."

And so saying, he handed her the red-lined paper and went out.

Oh! how bitter, bitter, that moment was which showed her the utter paltriness of the man to whom she had given her heart.

She quivered—her whole frame quivered—with indignation and scorn, as she saw marked down in that mean record every hour Richard Carton had spent with them, and for every hour he had entered a charge! She read on, column after column, sickening with shame as she did so, until, at last, the paper dropped from her hands.

Dred put his big paw upon it, and looked up into her pale face, only waiting for a signal to tear it in pieces. She sat for an hour in a stupid, sorrow-stricken maze; she then crept up to her little room, and to Dred's great surprise and dismay, slammed the door in his nose. Dred didn't know what to make of it. It had been all "cakes and ale" with him up to this. He had the *entrée* to that *penetralia*, from which he was now so ignominiously excluded. He growled like a double-bass in the bronchitis for twenty minutes, and then betook himself to the kitchen, where lying before the hot cooking range, he meditated on what a poor dog has to suffer from feminine caprice.

Carton wrote every other day, but Kate never got his letters; the gallant captain had made an arrangement with the postman, highly creditable to him as a half-pay officer and a gentleman. Poor Carton, waiting at St. Hillers, and watching the mail, was nearly mad with suspense.

Meanwhile, Kate became very listless and very pale. She had taken Dred into favour again, and walked with him on the strand every day. One morning she said to her father—

"I should like to leave this place for a while."

"Very well, love," replied her affectionate parent, crumbling Carton's last letter in his pocket; "very well; so you shall. By the way, I have sent our clever attorney's bill to be examined by Mr. Percival."

Then there came one more letter from Carton, in an envelope addressed to Captain Delmar, explaining his delay in St. Hiller's, and how he might have to delay there as yet another fortnight. But why did not Kate answer his letters?

Captain Delmar replied that Mr. Carton need not on his account, or that of his daughter, in the least accelerate his movements, &c.

When Carton received this, it was near driving him to suicide. She had thrown him over no doubt. An old story. What a fool he had been! Well, he would strive to forget her; and then he very consistently made a fool of himself over her likeness in a locket.

He returned to Waterton; but the Delmars had left.

"Any message from the Captain or Miss Kate for me?" he inquired of faithful Tom Green.

"No, sir. I never saw Miss Kate looking better, though. She left your dog here. She and some officer friends of the captain's had great goings on while you were away."

This information of Mr. Green's was given with an air of refreshing innocence, and though utterly false, by the sheer force of audacious villany imposed upon Carton.

Carton received a note from his London agent that the final order was made up in Delmar v. Prideaux, and that certain funds in court were lying to the credit of plaintiff. Would he come up to draw for his client? So Carton took train for the metropolis, from whence he despatched a business letter to Captain Delmar, requesting Miss Delmar's signature to the form of receipt which he begged to enclose. This he forwarded to the Bath, where, he ascertained the Delmars were now residing. No answer was returned; but on the morning he should have been provided with the receipt, he was waited upon by a Mr. Percival, a brother practitioner, who informed him that *he* had been sent as an authority for Miss Delmar, through her father, to get the money.

"So they would'nt trust me," thought Carton, sadly, and certainly this was the unkindest cut of all.

It would appear that, as soon as ever Richard left Waterton, the Delmars went back there, as Mr. Percival had directions to forward a bank-bill to their old quarters. He did so on the day he and Carton drew the funds.

Next morning the two solicitors met by appointment.

"I want to speak with you about this bill which you furnished rather prematurely to your client, Mr. Carton," said Mr. Percival.

Carton stopped him at once.

"I am completely at a loss to understand you, sir," was all he could reply.

"Did you not give directions to have this bill sent to the captain, or Miss Delmar?"

Carton looked so helplessly amazed and bewildered, that Mr. Percival repeated the question.

"I never furnished a bill to the Delmars. I never dreamt of doing so."

And Carton took from Mr. Percival the bill which the latter held in his hand.

As he read it, his face crimsoned even as Kate's did, but a quick fierce intelligence seemed to sparkle in his eyes. He ran for his hat.

"I must telegraph instantly to Waterton. Did you post that bank-order to Captain Delmar there?"

"Of course."

"I suspect the receipt you had was forged. That clerk of mine is capable of any villany after this. I see how everything occurred now."

And off he darted from Mr. Percival's office.

"No telegram can be sent to Waterton, sir. The wires were cut near it this morning."

This was the answer at the telegraph station to Carton's eager inquiry for the message form.

There was a shrewd, though quiet-looking personage with him.

"An old dodge, sir," remarked this individual; "an old dodge; but we'll hunt him up yet."

Sergeant Shady, of Scotland-yard, and Richard Carton travelled together that night. It was late when they arrived at Waterton. Carton made at once for the house where Green boarded. As he expected, the bird had flown.

"I think, sir, we had better get to Liverpool at once," suggested Shady. "Most likely he will make for there."

On to Liverpool, then, searching solemn, staid hotels, fast hotels, sly family ones, snug bachelor ones, flaunty caravanserais, and all the other varieties of hotels in which travellers are usually done better than the chops. Carton offered large rewards, the smart detectives of Liverpool were put on the alert, but for a week no trace of the defaulter could be got.

Sergeant Shady was beginning to feel gloomy.

"I am afraid we are licked, Mr. Carton," the man said; "I am afraid he has got clear off."

It was to be their last day. Carton and Sergeant Shady and Dred took their places on the outside of an omnibus. The detective was habited in the garb of a country yokel, and looked the part to perfection. Eagerly did the two men scan every face in the human stream flowing past and around them.

A foreign-looking man, in a large beard and moustache, sat behind them. One would imagine he must have been a Newfoundlander, from the manner in which Dred kept staring at him. He seemed not to like this attention on the dog's part, and whispered something to the conductor in a low voice.

"Hollo! What is the matter with Sergeant Shady? He has jumped up, seized the foreign gentleman by the throat, and has him handcuffed in about fifteen brace of shakes! Look! the wig is gone now—and the moustache—and the whiskers!"

And, cursing in the best or the worst English he can command, Tom Green is fully recognizable.

"I knew him," said Sergeant Shady; "I knew him by the way in which the dog stared the fellow out of countenance."

When Carton saw the wretch safely lodged in gaol, pending his trial (and the miscreant openly exulted in his crime, and said he did it all through revenge and spite against the man whom he conceived had robbed him of a legacy), he went off at once in search of Kate. He knew enough now to make the captain be compliant and agreeable.

Need I say he was welcome to her, and how she sobbed and laughed, and sobbed again, and was happy at having him back?

The reader must fill in the picture.

The captain chose to live at Boulogne-sur-Mer when he became a father-in-law; and there you may yet see the noble warrior parading the Grande Rue, and otherwise improving his mind.

Carton and his wife are as happy as two may be in this wicked world, and prove in the manner of their lives how well love and law may go together—sometimes. W. B.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

LESSON IX—*Continued.*

As regards the solution of chloride of silver in ammonia the chloride may be got—first by evaporating away the ammonia, or by pouring into the ammonia an acid, when the chloride will be deposited. The chloride, having been isolated from its solution by any of these processes, may be treated for the purpose of extracting the silver, either by means of metallic zinc, as described in Lesson VI, or by the process of admixture with a carbonated alkali, and subsequent fusion, as described in the same Lesson.

Although chloride of lead is partially soluble in water, it is insoluble in a mixture of alcohol and water in certain proportions. Hence, by adding alcohol to a watery solution of the chloride of lead, the chloride will be thrown down, when it can be reduced to the condition of metallic lead by mixing it with a carbonated alkali, and exposing to heat as described for silver; or by treatment with metallic zinc, as for chloride of silver, but this process of reduction is rather slow.

Chloride of mercury may also be reduced to the metallic state by similar treatment, only quicksilver being an exceedingly volatile metal, the process of reduction should be conducted in a glass tube, and instead of an open fireplace, the mere flame of a spirit-lamp will be sufficient. The mercury will be found to sublime and to collect in minute particles on the inside of the glass tube. By touching these particles they can easily be made to cohere into one globule. This plan of reducing chloride of mercury to the metallic state, by means of a carbonated alkali (although not the best) is mentioned in order to demonstrate the existence of an analogy in this respect between it, and silver and lead.

LESSON X.

SPECIAL REMARKS CONCERNING MERCURIAL COMBINATIONS.

Materials required.—Some calomel (protochloride of mercury); aqueous solution of bichloride of mercury in hot water (two grains to one oz of water), a specimen of mercury; some ether in stoppered bottle; alcohol; solution of albumen (white of egg) in water; some tinfoil; hydrochloric acid; nitric acid; a plate of gold (a sovereign), spirit lamp, and watch glasses.

In the previous remarks on these three metals, silver, lead and mercury, scarcely an allusion has been made to any points of distinction between them, except those bearing reference to the qualities of their three chlorides. But it must not be imagined, however, that there do not exist other qualities of distinction between them equally well marked, but it was important to expatiate on the distinction of the three chlorides, because it is most valuable as a qualitive indication, and because it effects the grouping together of silver, lead, and mercury in a way most useful to the analyst. The qualities of mercurial combinations will be specially investigated in this lesson. As a preliminary to this investigation, it will be necessary to inform the young chemist of two distinct series of salts of mercury. Thus 200 parts by weight of mercury unite with thirty-six of chlorine, forming a chloride, which is called the *proto*chloride. 200 parts may also unite with seventy-two of chlorine forming a chloride, which is called the *bi*chloride. In short, compounds of mercury, such as are ordinarily met with in the course of analysis, admit of generalization, as *proto* compounds and *bi* or *per* compounds, whereas, this remark does not apply to the usual compounds of lead and silver, and it is necessary to distinguish between these *proto* compounds and *per* compounds as their properties are very different. On referring to Lesson IX, it will be observed that an emphasis was laid on the necessity of employing an excess of mercury in order to form the protonitrate of mercury. Heat should not have been used in that case also and a violation of either of those precepts would have given a mixture of pernitrate with protonitrate of mercury. It is very easy to make a prosalt of mercury unmixed with a persalt, but not quite so easy to effect the reverse, making a persalt unmixed with a protosalt. It is therefore recommended that specimens of persalts required by the young chemist for manipulation, be purchased at the druggists'—not made by himself. J. W. F.

(To be continued.)

HAIR.—A German, with the laborious and useless plodding characteristic of his countrymen, professes to have counted the hairs on the heads of four women of different complexions, and has just published the results. On the head of the blonde (light hair and blue eyes) there were 140,419 hairs; on that of the brown-haired woman, 109,440; on that of the black-haired woman, 102,962; and on that of the red haired 83,740. Although there was this disparity in the number of individual hairs, each crop was about the same weight. The average weight of a woman's hair is stated, by the same authority, to be 14 ounces.

A SOCIETY of French historical antiquaries meet once a month at Metz, with the avowed purpose of rehabilitating Joan of Arc, by proving that she was not burnt at all, but was married, had children, and died quietly at Metz. They have already published one extract from the *Mercure Galant* of October, 1686, edited by Vizé, from which it appears that one father Vignier, of the Oratory, discovered at Metz, and had transcribed before a notary public, a manuscript which states that in 1436 Joan came to Metz, where her two brothers met her, and at once recognized her, though they thought she had been burnt long ago. Then, to test her, "lui donna le Sieur Ficolo un cheval, le Sieur Aubert Roulle un chaperon, le Sieur Grognet une épée et ladite pucelle sauta sur le cheval très-lestement," at the same time telling Nicole a thing or two, which proved her identity to his satisfaction at any rate. By-and-bye she marries Mons. des Armoises, chevalier; and Father Vignier is lucky enough to find the very marriage contract, dated 1436. These antiquaries meet to dine, no less than to trace out all about the *Pucelle*, and call themselves "La société du Banquet Jeanne d'Arc."

LIKE A WELL SPRING IN THE DESERT.

Words by GEORGE LINLEY.—Music by FRANZ ABT.

Andantino con espressione.

1. Oh! like a
2. When hope's glad
3. Oh! when my

p *molto legato.* *pp*

well spring in the de - sert, Thou cam'st my droop - ing frame to cheer; Thou wast the star, that shone to
vi - sion fleet-ly fa - ded, And left my spi - rit torn with care. Thy se - raph voice, in soft tone
lamp of life's ex - pi - ring When earthly joys no more de - light, May thy sweet voice be near to

p

poco riten.

guide me, To gild life's path - way dark and drear. As the sweet Spring time to the Bird, As the fair
whis - per'd, "Yield not to sor - row, ne'er des - pair." Oh! 'twas as mu - sic hov'ring near, As some lov'd
com - fort, Thy sun-ny smile to glad my sight. So that in calm - ness and in peace, My wea-ry

string. *rit*

pp rose - flow'r to the Bee, Thy gentle smile is ov - er dear, Is ov - er wel - come un - to me.
strain re - member'd well, Those few fond words that met mine ear, Still charm and haunt me like some spell,
spir - it may de - cline, That my lone pil - gri-mage may cease, Blest with that An - gel smile of thine.

pp *string:*

THE VOLTIGEURS OF CHATEAUGUAY.

22ND OCTOBER, 1813.

[We welcome to our columns with much pleasure the author of the following stanzas. Mr. Sangster ranks amongst the first of Canadian poets, and "The Voltigeurs of Chateauguay" is worthy of his reputation.]

OUR country was as a stripling then,
Young in years, but of mettle true;
Now, how proudly our bearded men
Look back and smile at what youth can do.
Hampton might threaten with odds thrice told,
The young blood leaped to attack the foe;
Winning the field as in days of old,
With a few stout hearts that braver grow
If ten to one the invaders be;
Like the Voltigeurs of Chateauguay.

The sun rose fair that October morn,
Kindling the blaze of the autumn hues;
Pride in each eye; every lip breathed scorn;
Stay life-come death-not an inch they'll lose-
Not a square inch of the sacred soil;
Hopeful, and firm, and reliant all.
To souls like these there is no recoil;
If spared—they live; if they fall—they fall.
No braver battled on land or sea
Than the Voltigeurs of Chateauguay.

No threatening ramparts barred the way,
No bristling bastions' fiery glare;
Yet scarce three hundred scorned the fray,
Impatient in the *abattis* there.
"On !" Hampton cried, "for the day is ours ;"
Three thousand men at his boastful heels;
"On !" as they press through the leaden showers
Many a scoffer to judgment reels.
True hearts—true shots, like their ancestry,
Were the Voltigeurs of Chateauguay.

From bush and swamp sped the rattling hail,
As the fusilade grew sharp and keen;
Tirailleur—Chasseur—loud the wail
Where their deadly missiles whizzed unseen.
Here Schiller stands, like a wolf at bay;
De Salaberry—Macdonell, there ;
And where Hampton's masses bar the way,
Press du Chesnay, Daly, and Bruyère :
And their bold commander—who but he
Led the Voltigeurs of Chateauguay !

No brief disaster can daunt the brave;
The soil is theirs—shall they own defeat?
Perish the wretch, without grace or grave
Who would not death ere dishonour greet !
In every breast of that Spartan band
Such was the purpose, engraven deep ;
At every point—on either hand,
Thrice armed * on the jeering foe they leap;
Who, rolling back like the ebbing sea,
Met the Voltigeurs of Chateauguay.

"See to the ford ! not a man shall pass !"
Gallantly done ! how the foe disperse !
Routed, and broken like brittle glass,
Nothing is left them but flight and curse.
"They're five to one !" baffled Hampton cried;
"Better retreat until fairer days,"
The three thousand fly, humbled in pride,
And the brave three hundred give God the praise.
Honour and fame to the hundreds three !
To the Voltigeurs of Chateauguay !

Yes, God be praised !—we are still the same,
First to resist, and the last to yield;
Ready to pass through the fiery flame,
When duty calls to the battle field.
And if e'er again the foe should set
A hostile foot on the soil we love,
Such dauntless souls as of old he met
His might and valour will amply prove :
True hearts—true shots, like our ancestry,
Like the Voltigeurs of Chateauguay.

CHAS. SANGSTER.

KINGSTON, C.W.

* Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just.—*Shakespeare.*

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

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

Continued from page 156.

address that told nothing—suggested nothing. "Elton Villa" would have bespoken a neat, stuccoed anachronism in the Græco-Gothic style; "Elton Lodge," a prim modern residence, with gardens, gates, and a carriage-drive; "Elton Cottage," an unassuming little place, shrinking back from the high road, in a screen of lilacs and laburnums; but "Elton House" represented none of these to the mind's eye. "Elton House" might be ancient or modern, large or small, a cockney palace, or a relic of the old court days. There was nothing in its name to assist conjecture in any way. Thus, again, the very suburb was perplexing. Of all districts round about London, there is none so diverse in its characteristics as Kensington—none so old in part, so new in part; so stately here, so squalid there; so of the country countrified in one direction, so of the town towny in another. Elton House might partake of any of these conditions for aught that one could gather from its name.

In short, Mr. Abel Keckwitch turned the address over in his mind much as some people turn their letters over, stimulating their curiosity instead of gratifying it, and spelling out the motto on the seal, instead of breaking it.

At length he resolved to go over to Kensington and reconnoitre the ground. Having come to this determination one Saturday afternoon (on which day, when practicable, Mr. Trefalden dismissed his clerks at five o'clock), Abel Keckwitch pushed forward with his work; closed the office precisely as St. Dunstan's clock was striking; and, instead of trudging, as usual, direct to Pentonville, turned his face westward, and hailed the first Hammersmith omnibus that came by.

It was a lovely afternoon; warm, sunny, summerlike. Mr. Trefalden's head clerk knew that the Park trees were in all the beauty of their early leafage, and that the air beyond Charing-Cross would be delicious; and he was sorely tempted to take a seat on the roof. But prudence prevailed. To risk observation would be to imperil the very end for which he was working; so, with a sigh, he gave up the air and the sunshine, and took an inside place next the door.

The omnibus soon filled, and, once closely packed, rattled merrily on, till it drew up for the customary five minutes' rest at the White Horse Cellar. Then, of course, came the well-known newsvendor with the evening papers; and the traditionally old lady who has always been waiting for the last three-quarters of an hour; and the conductor's vain appeal to the gallantry of gentlemen who will *not* go outside to oblige a lady—would prefer, in fact, to see a dozen ladies boiled first.

This interlude played out, the omnibus rattled on again to the corner of Sloane-street, where several passengers alighted; and thence proceeded at a sober, leisurely rate along the Kensington-road, with the green, broad Park lying all along to the right, and row after row of stately terraces to the left.

"Put me down, conductor," said Mr. Keckwitch, "at the first turning beyond Elton House."

He had weighed every word of this apparently simple sentence, and purposely waited till the omnibus was less crowded, before delivering it. He knew that the Kensington-road, taken from the point where Knightsbridge is supposed to end, up to that other point where Hammersmith is supposed to begin, covers a fair three miles of ground; and he wanted to be set down as near as possible to the spot of which he was in search. But then it was essential that he should not seem to be looking for Elton House, or going to Elton House, or enquiring about Elton House in any way; so he worded his little speech with an ingenuity that was quite masterly as far as it went.

"Elton House, sir?" said the conductor. "Don't know it. What's the name of the street?"

Mr. Keckwitch took a letter from his pocket, and affected to look for the address.

"Ah!" he replied, refolding it with a disappointed air, "that I cannot tell you. My directions only say, 'the first turning beyond Elton House.' I am a stranger to this part of London, myself."

The conductor scratched his ear, looked puzzled, and applied to the driver.

"'Arry," said he. "Know Elton House?"

"Elton House?" repeated the driver "Can't say I do."

"I think I have heard the name," observed a young man on the box.

"I'm sure I've seen it somewhere," said another on the roof.

And this was all the information to be had on the subject.

Mr. Keckwitch's ingenious artifice had failed. Elton House was evidently not to be found without inquiry — therefore inquiry must be made. It was annoying, but there was no help for it. Just as he had made up his mind to this alternative, the omnibus reached Kensington-gate, and the conductor put the same question to the toll-taker that he had put to the driver.

"Davy—know Elton House?"

The toll-taker—a shaggy fellow, with a fur cap on his head and a straw in his mouth—pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, and replied,

"Somewhere down by Slade's-lane, beyond the westry."

On hearing which, Mr. Keckwitch's countenance brightened, and he requested to be set down at Slade's-lane, wherever that might be.

Slade's-lane proved to be a narrow, winding, irregular by-street, leading out from the high road, and opening at the further end upon fields and market-gardens. There were houses on only one side; and on the other, high walls, with tree-tops peeping over, and here and there a side-door.

The dwellings in Slade's-lane were of different degrees of smallness; scarcely two of the same height; and all approached by little slips of front garden, more or less cultivated. There were lodgings to let, evidences of humble trades, and children playing about the gardens and door-steps of most of them. Altogether, a more unlikely spot for William Trefalden to reside in could scarcely have been selected.

Having alighted from the omnibus at the top of the street, Mr. Keckwitch, after a hurried glance to left and right, chose the wall side, and walked very composedly along, taking rapid note of each door that he passed, but looking as stolid and unobservant as possible.

The side-doors were mostly painted of a dull green, with white numerals, and were evidently mere garden entrances to houses facing in an opposite direction.

All at once, just at that point where the lane made a sudden bend to the right and turned off towards the market gardens, Mr. Keckwitch found himself under the shadow of a wall considerably higher than the rest, and close against a gateway flanked by a couple of stone pillars. This gate occupied exactly the corner where the road turned, so that it blunted the angle, as it were, and commanded the lane in both directions. It was a wooden gate—old, ponderous, and studded with iron bosses, just wide enough, apparently, for a carriage to drive through, and many feet higher than it was wide. In it was a small wicket door. The stone pillars were time-stained and battered, and looked as if they might have stood there since the days when William of Orange brought his Dutch court to Kensington. In one of them was a plain brass bell-handle. On both were painted, in faded and half illegible letters, the words, "Elton House."

CHAPTER XXXVII. MR. KECKWITCH PROVES HIMSELF TO BE A MAN OF ORIGINAL GENIUS.

A thrill of virtuous satisfaction pervaded Mr. Keckwitch's respectable bosom at the discovery of Elton Lodge, Slade's-lane, Kensington. He had gained the first great step, and gained it easily. The rest would be more difficult; but it

would be sure to follow. Besides, he was not the man to be daunted by such obstacles as were likely to present themselves in an undertaking of this kind. They were obstacles of precisely that nature which his slow, dogged, cautious temperament was best fitted to deal with; and he knew this. Perhaps, on the whole, he rather liked that there should be some difficulties in the way, that he might have the satisfaction of overcoming them. At all events, they gave an additional zest to the pursuit that he had in hand; and though his hatred needed no stimulus, Mr. Keckwitch, like most phlegmatic men, was not displeased to be stimulated.

Sufficient, however, for the day was the triumph thereof. Here was the gate of Elton House; and only to have penetrated so far into William Trefalden's mystery was an achievement of no slight importance. But the head clerk was not contented only to see the gate. He wanted to have a glimpse of the house as well; and so walked on to the bottom of the lane, crossed over, and returned up the other side. The lane, however, was narrow, and the walls were high; so that, take it from what point he would, the house remained invisible. He could see the tops of two or three sombre-looking trees, and a faint column of smoke melting away as it rose against the background of blue sky; but that was all, and he was none the wiser for the sight. So, knowing that he risked observation every moment that he lingered in Slade's-lane, he turned quickly back again towards the market-gardens, and passed out through a little turnstile leading to a footway shut in by thick green hedges on either side.

He could not tell in the least where this path would lead him; but, seeing a network of similar walks intersecting the enclosures in various directions, he hoped to double back, somehow or another, into the main road. In the mean while, he hurried on till a bend in the path carried him well out of sight of the entrance to Slade's-lane, and there paused to rest in the shade of an apple-orchard.

It was now about half-past six o'clock. The sun was still shining; the evening was still warm; the apple-blossoms filled the air with a delicious perfume. All around and before him, occupying the whole space of ground between Kensington and Brompton, lay nothing but meadows, and fruit-gardens, and orchards heavy with blossoms white and pink. A pleasant, peaceful scene, not without some kind of vernal beauty for appreciative eyes.

But Mr. Keckwitch's dull orbs, however feebly appreciative they might be at other times, were blind just now to every impression of beauty. Waiting there in the shade, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, recovered his breath as he best could, and thought only of how he might turn his journey to some further account before going back to town. It was much to have discovered Elton House; but he had yet to learn what manner of life was led in it by William Trefalden. It would have been something only to have caught a glimpse through an open gate—to have seen whether the house was large or small, cheerful or dismal. He had expected to find it dull and dilapidated, with half the windows shuttered up, and the rest all black with the smoke of many years; and he did not feel inclined to go away in as much ignorance of these points as when he left Chancery-lane. Suddenly an idea occurred to him —a very bright, ingenious idea, which gave him so much satisfaction that he indulged in a little inaudible laugh, and started forward again quite briskly, to find his way out of this labyrinth of hedgerows, orchards, and cabbage-gardens.

He had not gone many yards before he came to a cross-road whence more paths branched off in every direction. Here, however, like a large blue spider in the midst of his web, stood a portly policeman, from whom Mr. Keckwitch at once learned his nearest way to Palace Gardens, and followed it. He asked for Palace Gardens this time, being anxious to emerge conveniently upon the High-street, without again venturing too close to Slade's-lane in broad daylight.

Having emerged at this point, Mr. Keckwitch went into the first stationer's shop that he could see, and bought a ledger. The stationer had considerable difficulty in supplying him, for the ledger he required was of a somewhat unusual shape and size. "It must be oblong," he said, "plain ruled, and bound in red leather." He would not have it ruled off in columns for accounts, and the stationer had none that were not ruled in that manner. At last he found one that was quite plain—a mere oblong book of Bath-post paper bound in purple cloth, with scarlet leather back and corners; and with this, although it was not exactly what he wanted, Mr. Trefalden's head clerk was forced to content himself. He also bought a parallel ruler, a small bottle of ink, and a couple of quill pens, saying that he would rule the book himself.

It was now striking seven by Kensington church clock; and Mr. Keckwitch, who was not used to going without his tea, inquired his way to the nearest coffee-house, which proved to be in Church-street, close by. It was a modest little place enough; but he made himself very comfortable there, establishing himself at a table at the further end of the room, calling for lights and a substantial tea, and setting to work at once upon the ruling of his ledger. When he had done about a dozen pages, he divided each into three parts by a couple of vertical lines, and desired the waiter to bring him the London Post-Office Directory. But he did not look in it for Elton House. He had searched for that some days back, and found no mention of it. He simply opened it at Kensington High-street, page four hundred and forty-nine, and proceeded patiently and methodically to copy out its contents under the several titles of Name, Address, and Occupation. By the time that he had thus filled in some four or five pages, and finished his tea, it was half-past eight o'clock, and quite dark.

That is to say, it was quite dark in the sky overhead, but quite brilliant in Kensington High-street. That picturesque thoroughfare was lighted up for the evening. The shops blazed with gas; the pavements were crowded; there was a brass band playing at the public-house at the corner; and the very fruit and oyster stalls in front of the church were bright with lanterns. The place, in fact, was as bright as at noonday, and Mr. Keckwitch, who wished to avoid observation, was naturally disturbed, and a good deal disappointed. He had, however, made up his mind to do a certain thing, and he was determined to go through with it; so he pulled his hat a little more over his eyes, put his ink-bottle and pens in the breast-pocket of his coat, tucked his ledger under his arm, and went boldly out in the direction of Slade's-lane.

He had observed a baker's shop within a few doors of the corner where the omnibus had set him down, and this shop was his present destination. He went in with the assured step of a man who is about his regular work, touched his hat to a pleasant-looking woman behind the counter, and said:

"I am going round, ma'am, for the new Directory. There's been no change here, I suppose, since last year?"

"No, sir; no change whatever," she replied.

Mr. Keckwitch opened his ledger on the counter, pulled out one of his quill pens, and drew his fat forefinger down a certain column of names.

"Wilson, Emma, baker and confectioner," said he, reading one of the entries. "Is that quite right, ma'am?"

"Fancy bread and biscuit baker, if you please, sir," replied Mrs. Wilson, "not confectioner."

"Thank you, ma'am. Fancy bread and biscuit baker."

And Mr. Keckwitch drew his pen through "confectioner," and substituted Mrs. Wilson's emendation with a business-like gravity that did him credit.

"I thought the Post-office Directory for this year was out already, sir," observed Mrs. Wilson, as he blotted off the entry, and closed his ledger.

"This is not the Post-office Directory, ma'am," said Mr. Keckwitch, calmly. "This is a new Directory of the Western and South-Western districts."

"Oh indeed! a sort of new Court Guide, I suppose?"

"Just so, ma'am. A sort of new Court Guide. Wish you good evenin'."

"Good evening, sir," replied Mrs. Wilson, as he again raised his finger half way to the brim of his hat, and left the shop; he had scarcely passed the threshhold, however, when he paused, and turned back.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am for troubling you again," he said, "but perhaps you can tell me who lives in Elton House?"

"Elton House?"

"Yes; Elton House, in Slade's-lane. I've been knocking and ringing there till I'm tired, and can get no one to come to the gate. Is it uninhabited?"

Mr. Keckwitch said this so naturally, and with such an air of ill-used respectability, that detective Kidd himself would scarcely have doubted the truth of his statement. As for Mrs Wilson, she accepted every word of it in perfect good faith.

"Oh no," she replied, "it is not uninhabited. The name is Duvernay."

"Duvernay," repeated Mr. Trefalden's head clerk, re-opening his ledger, and dipping his pen in Mrs. Wilson's ink. "With your leave, ma'am, a foreign family, I suppose?"

"I think she is French."

"And Mr. Duvernay—can you tell me what profession to enter?"

"There is no Mr. Duvernay," said Mrs. Wilson, with an odd little cough, and a slight elevation of the eyebrows. "At least, not that I am aware of."

Mr. Keckwitch looked up with that dull light in his eyes that only came to them under circumstances of strong excitement. Mrs. Wilson looked down, and coughed again.

"Is the lady a widow?" he asked, huskily.

"I believe she calls herself a widow," replied Mrs. Wilson; "but indeed, sir, I can't say what she is."

"And there's no gentleman?"

"I didn't say that, sir."

"I beg your pardon, I thought I understood so."

"I said there was no Mr. Duvernay; and no more there is. But I don't desire to speak ill of my neighbours, and Madame's a customer."

Mr. Keckwitch shook his head solemnly.

"Dear! dear!" said he. "Very sad, very sad, indeed. A wicked world, ma'am! So little real respectability in it."

"Very true, sir."

"Then I suppose I must simply put down *Madame Duvernay*, there being no master to the house?"

"I suppose so, sir. There is no master that I have ever known of; at least, no acknowledged master."

"Still, if there is a gentleman, and he lives in the house, as I think you implied just now——"

"Oh, sir, I imply nothing," said the mistress of the shop impatiently, as if she had had enough of the subject. "Madame Duvernay's doings are nothing to me; and the gentleman may be her husband for anything I know to the contrary."

"You cannot give me his name, ma'am?"

"No, sir."

"I am sorry for that. I ought to have his name if he really lives in the house."

"I cannot give it to you, because I don't know it," said Mrs. Wilson, rather more graciously. "I cannot even take it upon myself to say that he lives at Elton House. There is a gentleman there, I believe, very constantly; but he may be a visitor. I really can't tell; and it's no business of mine, you know, sir."

"Nor of mine, if he is only a visitor," replied Mr. Keckwitch, again closing his ledger, and preparing to be gone. "We take no note of visitors, but we're bound to take note of regular inhabitants. I'm very much obliged to you, ma'am—very much indeed."

"I'm sure, sir, you're very welcome."

"Thank you. A little help often goes a long

way in matters of this kind; and it isn't pleasant to stand at a gate knocking and ringing for half an hour together."

"No, indeed; far from it, sir. I can't think what all the servants were about, to let you do so."

"Good evenin' once more, ma'am."

"Good evening, sir."

And Mr. Keckwitch walked out of the shop, this time without turning back again.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. DESPATCHES FROM ITALY.

"I love this terrace," said Miss Colonna, "it is so like the terrace of one of our Italian houses."

"I am always glad, for that reason, when the summer is sufficiently advanced to let us put out the orange-trees," replied Lord Castletowers.

It was shortly after breakfast, and they had all strolled out through the open windows. The tide of guests had ebbed away some days since, and the party was once more reduced to its former numbers.

"Yes," said Olimpia, "the dear old orange-trees and the terra cotta vases go far to heighten the illusion—so long as one avoids looking back at the house."

"Or round upon the landscape," suggested Saxon, smiling; "for these park trees are as English as the architecture of the house. What is the style, Castletowers?"

"Oh! I don't know. Elizabethan—Tudor—English-Gothic. I suppose they all mean the same thing. Shall I cut down my poor old oaks, Miss Colonna, and plant olives and poplars in their place?"

"Yes, if you will give me the Sabine for the Surrey hills, and an Italian sky overhead."

"I would if I could—I wish it were possible," said Castletowers, earnestly.

"Nay, I always see them," replied Olimpia, with a sigh. "I see them now—so plainly!"

"But you Italians never have the mal do pays," said Saxon.

"How can you tell that, Mr. Trefalden? I think we have."

"No, no. You love your Italy, but you do not suffer in absence as we suffer. The true mal do pays runs in no blood but the blood of the Swiss."

"You will not persuade me that you love Switzerland better than we love Italy," said Olimpia.

"But I believe we do," replied Saxon. "Your amor patria is, perhaps, a more intellectual passion than ours. It is bound up with your wonderful history, your pride of blood and pride of place; but I cannot help believing that we Swiss do actually cherish a more intense feeling for our native soil."

"For the soil?" repeated Castletowers.

"Yes, for the clay beneath our feet, and the peaks above our heads. Our mountains are as dear to us as if they were living things, and could love us back again. They enter into our inner consciousness. They exercise a subtle influence upon our minds, and upon our bodies through our minds. They are a part of ourselves."

"Metaphorically speaking," said the Earl.

"Their effects are not metaphorical," replied Saxon.

"What are their effects?"

"What we were speaking of just now—the mal do pays; home sickness."

"But that is a sickness of the mind," said Olimpia.

"Not at all. It is a physical malady."

"May one inquire how it attacks the patient?" asked the Earl, incredulously.

"Some are suddenly stricken down, as if by a coup de soleil. Some fade slowly away. In either case, it is the inexpressible longing, for which there is no possible cure save Switzerland."

"And supposing that your invalid cannot get away—what then?"

"I fear he would die."

The Earl laughed aloud.

"And I fear he would do nothing of the kind," said he. "Depend on it, Trefalden, this is one of those pretty fictions that everybody believes, and nobody can prove."

"My dear Gervase," said Lady Castletowers, passing the little group as she returned to the house, "Signor Colonna is waiting to speak to you."

Colonna was leaning over the balustrade at the further end of the terrace, reading a letter. He looked up as the Earl approached, and said, eagerly,

"A despatch from Baldiscrotti! Garibaldi has sailed from Genoa in the Piemonte, and Bixio in the Lombardo. The sword is drawn at last, and the scabbard thrown away!"

The Earl's face flushed with excitement.

"This is great news," said he. "When did it come?"

"With the other letters; but I waited to tell it to you when your mother was not present."

"Does Vaughan know?"

"Not yet. He went to his room when he left the breakfast-table, and I have not seen him since."

"What is the strength of the expedition?"

"One thousand and sixty-seven."

"No more?"

"Thousands more; but they have at present no means of transport. This is but an advanced guard of tried men; chiefly old Cacciatori. Genoa is full of volunteers, all eager to embark."

"I would give ten years from my life to be among them," said Castletowers, earnestly.

The Italian laid his hand caressingly upon the young man's arm.

"Pazienza, caro," he replied. "You do good service here. Come with me to my room. There is work for us this morning."

The Earl glanced towards Olimpia and Saxon; opened his lips, as if to speak; checked himself, and followed somewhat reluctantly.

CHAPTER XXXIX. A BROKEN PROMISE.

It must be conceded that Miss Colonna had not made the most of her opportunities. She had not actually withdrawn from the game; but she had failed to follow up her first great move so closely as a less reluctant player might have done. And yet she meant to act this part which she had undertaken. She knew that, if she did so, it must be at the sacrifice of her own peace, of her own womanly self-respect. She was quite aware, too, that it involved a cruel injustice to Saxon Trefalden. But with her, as with all enthusiasts, the greater duty included the less; and she believed that, although it would be morally wrong to do these things for any other end, it would be practically right to do them for Italy.

If she could not bring herself to lead this generous heart astray without a struggle—if she pitied the lad's fate, and loathed her own, and shrunk from the path that she was pledged to tread—she did so by reason of the finer part of her nature, but contrary to her convictions of duty. For, to her, Italy was duty; and when her instinctive sense of right stepped in, as it had stepped in now, she blamed herself bitterly.

But this morning's post had brought matters to a crisis. Her father's face, as he handed her the despatch across the breakfast-table, told her that; and she knew that if she was ever to act decisively, she must act so now. When, therefore, she found herself alone with Saxon on the terrace, she scarcely paused to think how she should begin, but plunged at once into her task.

"You *must* not think we love our country less passionately than the Swiss, Mr. Trefalden," she said, quickly. "It needs no mal do pays to prove the heart of a people; and when you know us better, you will, I am sure, be one of the first to acknowledge it. In the meanwhile, I cannot be happy till I convince you."

"I am glad you think me worth the trouble of convincing," replied Saxon.

"How should I not? You are a patriot, and a republican."

"That I am, heart and soul!" said Saxon, with sparkling eyes.

"We ought to have many sympathies in common."

"Why so we have. The love of country and the love of liberty are sympathies in common."

"They should be," replied Olimpia; "but, alas! between prosperity and adversity there can be little real fellowship. Yours, Mr. Trefalden, is the happiest country in Europe, and mine is the most miserable."

"I wish yours were not so," said Saxon.

"Wish, instead, that it may not remain so! Wish that women's tears and brave men's blood may not be shed in vain; nor a whole people be trodden back into slavery for want of a little timely help in the moment of their utmost need!"

"What do you mean?" said Saxon, catching something of her excitement, without knowing why or wherefore.

"I mean that the work to which my father's whole life has been given is at last begun. You know—all the world knows—that Sicily is in arms; but you have not yet been told that an army of liberation is assembling in the north."

"In the north? Then the King of Sardinia ——"

"Victor Emmanuel is willing enough to reap the harvest watered with our blood," replied Miss Colonna, impetuously, "but he will not offer us even a hearty 'God-speed' at present. No, Mr. Trefalden, ours is an army of volunteers and patriots only—an army of young, brave, and generous hearts that love Italy and liberty, and are ready to die for what they love!"

Beautiful as she was at all times, Saxon had never seen Olimpia Colonna look so beautiful as when she spoke these words. He almost lost the sense of what she said, in his admiration of how she looked while saying it. He stammered something unintelligible, and she went on.

"Garibaldi has sailed for Palermo with an advanced guard. Volunteers are pouring into Genoa from Venice and Milan. Subscriptions are being raised on all hands—in England, in France, in Belgium, in America. A month hence, and South Italy will be free, or doubly chained. In the meanwhile we need help; and for that help we look to every lover of liberty. You are a lover of liberty—you are a citizen of a model republic. What will you do for us?"

"Tell me what to do, and I will do it," said Saxon.

"Nay; I might ask too much."

"You cannot ask more than I will gladly grant."

Olimpia turned her dazzling smile upon him.

"Beware!" said she. "I may take you at your word. This cause, remember, is more to me than life; and the men who enlist in it are my brothers."

Alas! for Saxon's invulnerability, and his cousin's repeated cautions! Alas! for his promises, his good resolves, and his government stock! He was so far gone, that he would have shouldered a musket and stepped into the ranks at that moment, to please Miss Colonna.

"These men," she continued, "want everything that goes to make a soldier—save valour. They are content to accept privation; but they can neither live without food, nor fight without arms, nor cross from shore to shore without means of transport. So take heed, Mr. Trefalden, how you offer more than you are prepared to give. I might say—do you love liberty well enough to supply some thousands of brave men with bread, ships, and muskets, and then, what would be your answer?"

Saxon drew a blank cheque from his purse, and laid it on the parapet against which she was leaning. He would have knelt down and laid it at her feet in open day, but that he had sense enough left to feel how supremely ludicrous the performance would be.

"There is my answer," he said.

Miss Colonna's heart gave a great leap of triumph, and the colour flashed up into her face. She took a tiny-pencil-case from her watch-chain—a mere toy of gold and jewels—and hastily pencilled some figures in the corner of the cheque.

"Will you do this for Italy?" she said in a breathless whisper.

"I will double it for *you*!" replied Saxon, passionately.

"For me, Mr. Trefalden?"

Saxon was dumb. He feared he had offended her. He trembled at his temerity, and did not dare to lift his eyes to her face.

Finding he made no answer, she spoke again, in a soft, tremulous tone, that would have turned the head of St. Kevan himself.

"Why for me? What am I, that you should do more for me than you would do for my country?"

"I—I would do anything for you," faltered Saxon.

"Are you sure of that?"

"As sure as that I——"

The young man checked himself. He would have said, "as that I love you," but he lacked courage to pronounce the words. Miss Colonna knew it, however, as well as if he had said it.

"Would you jump into the sea for me, like Schiller's diver?" she asked, with a sudden change of mood, and a laugh like a peal of silver bells.

"That I would!"

"Or in among the fighting lions, like the Count de Lorge?"

"I know nothing about the Count de Lorge; but I would do for you all that a brave man dare do for a lady," replied Saxon, boldly.

"Thanks," she said, and her smile became graver as she spoke. "I think you mean what you say."

"I do. Indeed I do!"

"I believe it. Some day, perhaps, I shall put you to the proof."

With this, she gave him her hand, and he—scarcely knowing what he did, but feeling that he would cheerfully march up to a battery, or jump out of a balloon, or lie down in the path of an express train for her sake—kissed it.

And then he was so overwhelmed by the knowledge of what he had done, that he scarcely noticed how gently Miss Colonna withdrew her hand from his, and turned away.

He watched her across the terrace. She did not look back. She went thoughtfully forward, thoughtfully and slowly, with her hands clasped loosely together, and her head a little bent; but her bearing was not that of a person in anger. When she had passed into the house, Saxon drew a deep breath, and stood for a moment irresolute. Presently he swung himself lightly over the parapet, and plunged into the park.

His head was in a whirl; and he wandered about for the first half-hour or so, in a tumult of rapturous wonder and exultation—and then he suddenly remembered that he had broken his promise to William Trefalden.

In the meanwhile, Olimpia went up to her father's study in the turret, and stood before him, pale and stern, like a marble statue of herself.

Colonna looked up, and pushed his papers aside.

"Well," he said eagerly, "what speed?"

"This."

"Saying which, she took a pen, deliberately filled in double the sum pencilled on the margin, and laid Saxon's cheque before him on the table.

CHAPTER XL. THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY

Had Saxon been suddenly plunged into a cold bath, it could scarcely have brought him to his senses more rapidly than did the remembrance of his broken pledge, and the thought of what his lawyer cousin would say to him.

"It isn't as if he hadn't cautioned me, either," said he, half aloud, as he sat himself down, "quite chopfallen," at the foot of a great oak, in an unfrequented hollow of the park. And then one unpleasant recollection evoked another, and he remembered how William Trefalden had joked with him about fetters of flowers, and made him almost angry by so doing; and how he had boasted of himself as more invulnerable than Achilles. He also remembered that his cousin had especially inquired whether he had not yet been called upon to subscribe to the Italian fund, and had given him much good advice as to what his conduct should be when that emergency might arise. To put his name down for a moderate sum, and commit himself to nothing further—those were William Trefalden's instructions to him; but how had he observed them? How had he observed that other promise of signing no more large cheques without consulting his cousin; and what reliance would his cousin place upon his promises in the future?

Saxon groaned in spirit as he thought of these things; and the more he thought of them, the more uncomfortable he became.

He did not care in the least about the money, although he had, in truth, been mulcted of an enormous sum; but he cared a great deal about breaking his word, and he saw that it must be broken on the one hand or the other. He also saw on which hand it was to be.

He had given the cheque to Miss Colonna, and Miss Colonna must have the money, there was clearly no help for that. But then he entertained misgivings as to the cheque itself, and began to doubt whether he had anything like balance enough at his banker's to meet it. In this case, what was to be done? The money, of course, must be got; but who was to get it, and how was the getting of it to be achieved? Would that mysterious process called "selling out" have to be gone through?

Saxon puzzled his brains over those abstruse financial questions till his head ached; but could make nothing of them. At last he came to the very disagreeable conclusion that William Trefalden was alone capable of solving the difficulty, and must be consulted without delay; but, at the same time, he did not feel at all sure that his cousin might not flatly refuse to help him in the matter. This was a fearful supposition, and almost drove the young fellow to despair. For Saxon loved the lawyer in his simple honest way—not so much, perhaps, for any lovable qualities that he might imagine him to possess, as for the mere fact that his cousin was his cousin, and he trusted him. He had also a vague idea that William Trefalden had done a great deal to serve him, and that he owed him a profound debt of gratitude. Anyhow, he would not offend him for the universe—and yet he was quite resolved that Miss Colonna should have the full benefit of her cheque.

Thinking thus, he remembered that he had authorised her to double the amount. What if she should take him at his word?

"By Jove, then," said he, addressing a plump rabbit that had been gravely watching him from a convenient distance for some minutes past, "I can't help it if she does. The money's my own, after all, and I have the right to give it away, if I choose. Besides, I've given it in the cause of liberty!"

But his heart told him that liberty had played a very unimportant part in the transaction.

CHAPTER XLI. A COUNCIL OF WAR.

In the meanwhile, a general council was being held in the octagon turret. The councillors were Signor Colonna, Lord Castletowers, and Major Vaughan, and the subjects under discussion were Baldiscrotti's despatch and Saxon Trefalden's cheque.

The despatch was undoubtedly an important one, and contained more stirring news than any which had transpired from Italy since the Napoleonic campaign; but that other document, with its startling array of numerals, was certainly not less momentous. In Major Vaughan's opinion it was the more momentous of the two; and yet his brow darkened over it, and it seemed to the two others that he was not altogether so well pleased as he might have been.

Castletowers was genuinely delighted, and as much surprised as delighted.

"It is a noble gift," said he. "I had not dreamed that Trefalden was so staunch a friend to the cause."

"I was not aware that Mr. Trefalden had hitherto interested himself about Italy in any way," observed Major Vaughan, coldly.

"Well, he has interested himself now to some purpose. Besides, he has but just come into his fortune."

Signor Colonna smoothed the cheque as it lay before him on the desk, filled in the date, crossed it, and inserted his own name as that of the person to whom it was payable.

"I wonder what I had better do with it," said he, thoughtfully.

"With what?" asked the Earl.

Colonna pointed to the cheque with the feather end of his pen.

"Why, cash it, of course, and send the money off without delay."

The Italian smiled and shook his head. He was a better man of business than his host, and he foresaw some of those very difficulties which were the cause of so much perplexity to Saxon himself.

"It is not always easy to cash large sums," said he. "I must speak to Mr. Trefalden before I do any anything with his cheque. Is he in the house?"

To which the Earl replied that he would see; and left the room.

After he was gone, Vaughan and Colonna went back to the despatch, and discussed the position of affairs in Sicily. Thence they passed on to the question of supplies, and consulted about the best means of bestowing Saxon's donation. At last they agreed that the larger share should be sent out in money, and the rest expended on munitions of war.

"It's a heavy sum," said the dragoon. "If you want a messenger to take it over, I am at your service."

"Thanks. Can you go the day after to-morrow?"

"To-night, if you like. My time is all my own just now. By the way, who is Mr. Trefalden's banker?"

He put out his hand for the cheque as he said this, and Colonna could not do otherwise than pass it to him. After examining it for some moments in silence, he gave it back, and said:

"Are those his figures, Signor Colonna? I see they are not yours."

To which the Italian replied very composedly, "No, they are Olimpia's."

Major Vaughan rose, and walked over to the window.

"I shall ask Bertaldi to give me something to do, when I am out there," he said, after a brief pause. "I have had no fighting since I came back from India, and I'm tired to death of this do-nothing life."

"Bertaldi will be only too glad," replied Colonna. "One experienced officer is worth more to us now than a squadron of recruits."

The dragoon sighed impatiently, and pulled at the ends of his moustache. It was a habit he had when he was ill at ease.

"I'm sorry for Castletowers," he said, presently. "He'd give his right hand to go over with me, and have a shot at the Neapolitans."

"I know he would; but it cannot be—it must not be. I would not countenance his going for the world," replied the Italian, quickly. "It would break his mother's heart."

"It never entered into the sphere of my calculations that Lady Castletowers had a heart," said Major Vaughan. "But you have enjoyed the advantage of her acquaintance longer than I have, so I defer to your better judgment."

At this moment the door opened, and the Earl came in alone.

"I can't find Trefalden anywhere," said he. "I've looked for him all over the house, in the stables, and all through the gardens. He was last seen on the terrace, talking to Miss Colonna, and nobody knows what has become of him since."

"He's somewhere in the park, of course," said Colonna.

"I don't think so. I met my mother as I came in. She has been wandering about the park all the morning, and has not seen him."

"If I were you, Castletowers, I'd have the Slane dragged," said Major Vaughan, with a short, hard laugh. "He has repented of that cheque, and drowned himself in a paroxysm of despair."

"What nonsense!" said Colonna, almost angrily; but he thought it odd, for all that, and so did the Earl.

(To be continued.)

LITTLE THINGS.

Often, little things we hear,
Often, little things we see,
Waken thoughts that long have slept
Deep down in our memory.

Strangely slight the circumstance
That has force to turn the mind
Backward on the path of years,
To the loved scenes far behind!

'Tis the perfume of a flower,
Or a quaint old-fashioned tune;
Or a song-bird 'mid the leaves
Singing in the sunny June.

'Tis the evening-star, mayhap,
In the gloaming silver-bright,
Or a gold and purple cloud
Waning in the western light.

'Tis the rustling of a dress,
Or a certain tone of voice,
That can make the pulses throb,
That can bid the heart rejoice.

Ah, my heart! But not of joy
Must alone thy history tell.
Sorrow, shame, and bitter tears
Little things recall as well.

LA RABBIATA.

(From the German of Paul Heyse.)

THE sun had not yet risen. Over Vesuvius lay a thick grey sheet of mist, which stretched away towards Naples, and obscured the little towns along the coast. The sea was calm. The harbour was built in a narrow bay under the high and rocky Sorrentine coast, and here the fishermen and their wives were already moving about, and pulling to shore the boats and nets which had been lying out all night. Others prepared the barks, trimmed the sails, and got out the oars and masts from the caves, which were built deep into the rock, and in which the tackle was kept at night. Not an idler was to be seen —even those who were too old to go out in the boats, helped to pull in the nets; and here and there on one of the flat roofs stood an old woman, turning her spindle, or busy looking after her grandchildren.

"Do you see, Rachela, there is our padre curato?" said an old woman to a little creature ten years old standing near her, and busy with her spindle. "He is just getting into the boat; Antonino is to row him over to Capri. Maria Santissima! how sleepy the reverend gentleman looks!" And so saying, she waved her hand to a pleasant-looking little priest who had just settled himself in the boat, after having first carefully spread his black cloak over the wooden bench. Others on the shore paused in their work to watch the padre go off, as he nodded and bowed from side to side.

"Why must he go to Capri, grandmother?" said the child; "have they got no padre there, that they must borrow ours?"

"Don't be so silly, child," said the old woman; "they have got padres enough, and the most beautiful churches, and even a hermit, which we have not got. But there is a grand signora there; and she lived here in Sorrento for a long time, and was very ill; so the padre was often obliged to go to her with the Sacrament, because they thought she would not live till the morning. Well, the Holy Virgin has helped her, and she has grown strong and well again, and can bathe in the sea every day. When she went back to Capri, she gave a whole heap of beautiful ducats to the church and to the poor, and would not go till the padre had promised to visit her, so that she might confess to him. It is astonishing what a deal she thinks of him; and we may bless ourselves that we have got such a padre, with talents worthy of an archbishop, and who is so run after by grand people. The Madonna protect him," and with these words, she nodded to the little bark which was just going to push off down below.

"Shall we have fine weather, my son?" asked the little priest, glancing doubtfully away towards Naples.

"The sun has not yet shone out," answered the lad; "he'll soon drive away that bit of fog."

"Then pull away so that we get there before the heat."

Antonino was just taking the long oar to push out into the open sea, when he suddenly stopped, and looked up towards the steep path which led down from the little town of Sorrento to the harbour beneath. A slight girlish figure was visible up there, hurrying down over the stones, and waving a handkerchief. She carried a little bundle under her arm, and her appearance was poor enough. Nevertheless, she had a lofty way of carrying her head, and the plaits of hair which were coiled over her forehead seemed to crown her like a diadem.

"What are we waiting for?" asked the padre.

"Somebody is coming who wants to go to Capri too. By your leave, padre, we sha'nt go the slower, for it's only a young girl of scarcely eighteen years."

At this moment the girl appeared from behind the wall which hid the winding-path.

"Laurella," said the padre; "what has she got to do at Capri?"

Antonino shrugged his shoulders; the girl hurried forwards, her eyes cast down.

"Good morning, la Rabbiata," cried some of the young men who were standing round. They would have said more if the presence of the padre had not held them in respect, for the cool way in which the girl received their salutation seemed to make them more insolent.

"Good morning, Laurella," said the padre; "how goes it? art thou going to Capri?"

"With your leave, padre. Ask Antonino; he is the master of the boat. Every one is master of his own property; and God ruler over us all. There is a half carline," said Laurella, without looking at the young boatman, "if I can go for that."

"You can use it better than I," muttered the lad, pushing away some baskets of oranges so as to make room for her. (He was going to sell them at Capri, where the land is too dry to produce oranges enough for the wants of the many visitors.)

"I will not go for nothing," answered the girl, bending her black eyebrows.

"Come now child," said the padre, "he is a good lad, and does not wish to enrich himself from thy poverty. There now, get in"—and he gave her his hand—"and sit down by me. Why, he has spread out his jacket for thee to sit on; he did not do as much for me; but young people are always so; for the smallest bit of womanhood, people care more than for ten holy fathers. Now, no excuses, Tonino; it is as our God has made it." Meanwhile, Laurella had got in and sat down, after having first carefully pushed away the jacket. Tonino let it lie, but muttered something between his teeth; then he pulled hard against the current, and the little boat flew out into the gulf. "What hast thou in thy bundle?" asked the padre, as they sped away over the sea, which was just lit up by the first rays of the sun.

"Silk, cotton, and bread, padre; the silk is for a woman at Capri who makes ribands; and the cotton for some one else."

"Hast thou spun it thyself?"

"Yes, padre."

"If I remember rightly, thou canst also make ribands?"

"Yes sir, but my mother is worse again, so that I cannot leave home, and we cannot pay for a loom for ourselves."

"Worse is she? Dear me! when I was with you at Easter she was sitting up."

"Spring is always the worst time for her; since the great storms and the earthquakes, she has had so much pain, that she has been obliged to lie down."

"Do not leave off praying, my child, and asking the Holy Virgin to make intercession for thee. When thou camest down to the shore, they called thee 'la Rabbiata.' Why so? It is not a nice name for a Christian, who ought to be meek and humble."

The dark face of the girl glowed all over, and her eyes sparkled.

"They mock me, becaus I don't dance and sing and chatter like the others; they ought to let me alone, I don't meddle with them."

"Thou mightest, however, be pleasant to every one; others whose life is easier may dance and sing, but even one who is sad can have a pleasant word for all."

She cast down her eyes, and pulled her eyebrows over them. They went on a little while in silence. The sun had now risen in full splendour over the mountains; the peak of Vesuvius reared itself over the sheet of cloud which still clung to its base, and the white houses on the plain of Sorrento peeped out from the green orange-trees.

"Has nothing more been heard of that artist, Laurella, that Neapolitan who wished to have thee for a wife?" asked the padre.

She shook her head.

"He came to take thy portrait, why didst thou not let him?"

"What did he want with it? There are others more beautiful than I—and then—who knows what he would have done with it; he might have bewitched me with it, mother said, and hurt my soul, or even killed me."

"Think not such sinful things," said the padre, seriously; "art thou not always in God's hand, without whose will not a hair of thy head can perish? and dost thou suppose that a man with a portrait in his possession is stronger than the great God? besides thou couldst see that he only meant kindly towards thee; would he have wished to marry thee otherwise?"

She was silent.

"And why didst thou refuse him? They said he was a good man, and would have supported thee and thy mother better than thou canst do with thy little bit of spinning and silk-winding."

"We are poor people," said she, passionately, "and my mother has been ill a long while; we should only have been a burden to him. I could never pass for a signora, and when his friends came to see him, he would have been ashamed of me."

"How thou talkest! I tell thee, child, that he was a good gentleman; besides, he was going to settle at Sorrento; there will not soon again be such another, who seemed to be sent straight from heaven to help you."

"I don't want a husband; never!" said she, quite determinately, and as if to herself.

"Hast thou taken an oath, or wilt thou turn nun?"

She shook her head.

"They are right who call thee obstinate, though such a name is not nice; dost thou not consider that thou are not alone in the world, and by this stubbornness thou makest the life and sufferings of thy poor mother only more bitter: what sufficient reason was there to refuse every honest hand which would support thee and thy mother; answer me, Laurella?"

"There is a reason," said she, gently and hesitatingly, "but I cannot tell it."

"Not tell it—not even to me—not to thy father confessor? At another time thou wouldst have no difficulty in telling me; is it not so?"

She nodded.

"Then relieve thy heart, child; if thou art in the right, I will be the first to allow it! but thou art young, and knowest nothing of the world, and some day thou mightest repent that for a childish fancy thou shouldst have thrown away thy happiness."

She cast a rapid, mid glance at the lad who sat at the end of the boat, rowing busily, with his woollen cap pulled down right over his brow. He was looking sidelong at the water, and seemed to be lost in his own thoughts. The padre observed her glance, and bent his ear nearer to her. "You did not know my father?" whispered she, and her eyes became fierce.

"Thy father? Why, I think he died when thou wast scarcely ten; what has thy father, who may be in Paradise, to do with thy obstinacy?"

"You did not know him, padre; you do not know that he is entirely to blame for my mother's illness."

"How so?"

"Because he ill-used her, and beat her and kicked her. I still remember the nights when he came home in a rage; she never said a word, and did everything that he wished; but he, he beat her till my heart was ready to break; I used to pull the bed-clothes over my head, and pretend to sleep, but in reality I cried the whole night. And when he saw her lying on the floor, then suddenly he would change, and drag her up, and kiss her till she screamed out that he would stifle her. Mother forbade me ever to say a word about it, but it wore her out, so that now all these long years since he died she has never got well, and if she should die soon, which God forbid, I know well who killed her."

The little priest shook his head, and seemed unwillingly to acknowledge his penitent in the right. At last he said, "Forgive him, as thy mother has; do not fix thy thoughts upon such sad pictures, Laurella; better times will come, and make thee forget it all."

"Never shall I forget that," said she shuddering, "and therefore I shall remain single, in order to be subject to no one who will first ill-treat me, and then fondle me; if any one wanted to beat me or kiss me now, I should know how to defend myself, but my mother could not defend herself from either blows or kisses because she loved him; and I will not be made ill or wretched by any one because I love him."

"Thou art a child, and talkest like one that knows nothing of what goes on in the world; are all men like thy poor father, that they give way to every temper and passion, and ill-treat their wives? Hast thou not seen plenty of good people in the neighbourhood, and wives who live in peace and unity with their husbands?"

"Nobody knew how my father treated my mother, for she would a thousand times rather have died than have complained of it to any one, and all because she loved him; if love seals one's lips when one ought to cry for help, and makes one defenceless against wrong such as one would not endure from one's worst enemies, then I will never give my heart to a man."

"I tell thee thou art a child, and knowest not what thou sayest; when the time is come, the question whether thou lovest or not will often arise in thy heart, and then all these resolutions will be forgotten."

Again a pause, after which the padre began again:

"And that artist, didst thou make up thy mind that he would use thee ill?"

"He used to look as I have seen my father look when he asked pardon of my mother, and wanted to take her in his arms to make peace with her again; I know those eyes, it made me shudder to see them again."

After this she kept a persevering silence. The padre was silent also; perhaps he was thinking of many beautiful maxims which he might have held up before the girl, but the young boatman had grown uneasy towards the end of the confession, and this checked him. After rowing for two hours, they arrived in the little harbour of Capri. Antonino carried the padre out of the boat over the little rippling waves, and carefully set him down. Laurella, however, would not wait till he waded back for her; she gathered her little skirt together, and with her wooden slippers in her right hand, and the bundle in her left, she nimbly splashed through the water.

"I dare say I shall be at Capri a long time to-day," said the padre, "and thou needest not wait for me; perhaps I shall not return till tomorrow; and, Laurella, when thou reachest home, remember me to thy mother. I shall come and see you this week. Thou wilt go home before night?"

"If I have an opportunity," said the girl, and pretended to be busy with her dress.

"I must go back, too," said Antonino, trying to speak in an indifferent tone; "I shall wait for you till the Ave Maria; if you don't come then, I will go my own way."

"Thou must go, Laurella," broke in the little padre; "thou canst not leave thy mother alone at night; art thou going far?"

"To Anacapri—to a vineyard."

"And I must go towards Capri; God protect thee, child, and thou, too, my son."

Laurella kissed her hand, and a farewell escaped her, which the padre and Antonino might both appropriate. Antonino, however, did not claim any of it; he pulled off his cap to the padre, without even looking at Laurella. When both, however, had turned their backs upon him, he let his eyes wander after the holy father for an instant as he wearily plodded through the deep shingle, and then fixed them upon the girl, who had turned to the right to go up the hill, holding her hand over her eyes to shield them from the burning sun. Before the path disappeared, she paused a moment as if for breath, and looked back. The shore lay at her feet, with the sea lovely in its intense blue; above her towered the lofty cliffs—it was indeed a view worth looking at. It so happened that in glancing towards Tonino's boat she met his eyes; each made a gesture of impatience, and the girl continued her way with a sullen expression on her face.

It was not long past noon, and already Antonino had been sitting for two hours on a bench before the osteria. He must have had something on his mind, for he was constantly getting up and walking into the sun, and looking hard at the paths which led right and left to the two little island towns.

He then said to the hostess that he was afraid of the weather; it might remain fine, but he well knew that colour of the sea and of the water; it had looked just like that before the great storm when he had had so much trouble to get the English family safe to shore.

"How have you fared at Sorento," said the hostess; "better than we did here in Capri?"

"I could not have afforded maccaroni if I had had only the boat to depend upon; now and then taking a letter to Naples, or taking out a signor to fish; that was all; but you know that my uncle has great orange-gardens, and is a rich man; 'Tonino,' said he, 'so long as I live you shall not want, and when I die, you'll find yourself provided for;' so with God's help, I have got through the winter."

"Has he children, your uncle?"

"No, he was never married, and was a long while away from home; during that time he made a great deal of money, and now he's going to set up a great fishery, and will put me at the head of it."

"Then you are a made man, Antonino!

The young sailor shrugged his shoulders.

"Every one must bear his own burden," said he, and then he jumped up and looked again right and left after the weather, though he must have known that there is but one weather side.

"Let me bring you another bottle, your uncle can pay for it," said the hostess.

"Only one more glass," said he, "for you have a fiery kind of wine here—my head is quite hot already."

"It does not go into the blood," said the woman; "you can drink as much as you like; there, my husband is just coming, you must stay and talk with him a little."

And the stately padrone of the tavern appeared, coming down from the mountain, his net upon his shoulder, and his red cap on his bushy head. He had been taking some fish to the town, which the grand lady had ordered for the good priest from Sorrento. When he caught sight of the young man, he waved him a cordial welcome, sat down on the bench beside him, and began to talk. His wife had just brought a second bottle of pure unadulterated Capri wine, when footsteps were heard crunching on the hard sand to the left, and Laurella made her appearance on the road from Anacapri. She gave a slight nod, and then stood still. Antonino jumped up.

"I must go," said he, "it is a girl from Sorrento, who came across early to-day with the priest, and wants to get back to her sick mother before night."

"Well, well, there is plenty of time before night," said the fisherman; "she will have time to drink a glass of wine. Here, wife bring another glass."

"Thank you, I won't drink," said Laurella, without moving.

"Pour out, wife," said the man; "pour out, she must drink."

To be continued.

STRANGE FISHES.—No. II

A CERTAIN sporting fish has been seen to shoot with the precision of a prize rifleman. "We have," says Sir Charles Bell, "a curious instance of the precision of the eye and of the adaptation of muscular action in the beaked chætodon, a fish which inhabits the Indian rivers, and lives on the smaller aquatic flies. When it observes one alighted on a twig, or flying over (for it can shoot them on the wing), it darts a drop of water with so steady an aim as to bring the fly down into the water, when it falls an easy prey. It will hit a fly at the distance of from three to six feet. Another fish of the same order, the *zeus*, has the power of forming its mouth into a tube, and squirting at flies, so as to encumber their wings, and bring them to the surface of the water. In these instances, a difficulty will readily occur to the reader. How does the fish judge of position, since the rays of light are refracted at the surface of the water? Does instinct enable it to do this, or is it by experience?' Now, Sir Charles Bell was one of the closest observers and the most trustworthy writers of his time, so that his authority is unquestionable.

There is another operation by fishes, which seems to require almost equal experience. Professor Agassiz, while collecting insects along the shores of Lake Sebago, in Maine, observed a couple of cat-fish, which, at his approach, left the shore suddenly, and returned to the deeper water. Examining the place which the fishes had left, he discovered a *nest* among the water-plants, with a number of little tadpoles. In a few moments the two fishes returned, looking anxiously towards the nest, and approached within six or eight feet of where Professor Agassiz stood. They were evidently not in search of food, and he became convinced that they were seeking the protection of their young. Large stones, thrown repeatedly into the middle of the nest after the fishes had returned to it, only frightened them away for a brief period, and they returned to the spot within ten or fifteen minutes. This was repeated four or five times with the same result. This negatives the assertion made by some naturalists—that no fishes are known to take any care of their offspring. Here are other instances of their natural affection.

Dr. Hancock relates that both species of *hassar* mentioned below make a regular nest, in which they lay their eggs in a flattened cluster, and cover them over most carefully. Their care does not end here: they remain by the side of the nest till the spawn is hatched with as much solicitude as a hen guards her eggs, both male and female hassar steadily watching the spawn, and courageously attacking the assailant. Hence the negroes frequently take them by putting their hands into the water close to the nest, on agitating which the male hassar springs furiously at them, and is thus captured. The *round-head* forms its nest of grass, the *flathead* of leaves. Both, at certain seasons, burrow in the bank. They lay their eggs only in wet weather. Numerous nests suddenly appear in a morning after rain occurs, the spot being indicated by a bunch of froth which appears on the surface of the water over the nest. Below this are the eggs, placed on a bunch of fallen leaves or grass, which the fishes cut, and collect together. By what means this is effected is rather mysterious, as the species are destitute of cutting-teeth. It may possibly be by use of their arms, which form the first ray of the pectoral fins.

Pennant, indeed, gives an additional instance of parental affection in this much-wronged class, for he says that the blue shark will permit its young brood, when in danger, to swim down its mouth and take shelter in its belly! The fact, he tells us, has been confirmed by the observation of several ichthyologists; and for his part he can see nothing more incredible in it than that the young of the opossum should seek an asylum in the ventral pouch of its parent. He does not tell us, however, that any of these observers who may have seen the young sharks swimming down the throat of their affectionate parent, ever saw one of them *returning*; and until that is seen, we must think the evidence rather incomplete, more particularly as the division and direction of

a shark's teeth seem to us to render such a feat next to impossible. The teeth of sharks are arranged in several series, one within the other, of which the outermost row is that in use, and the other rows are discumbent, and serve to replace the foremost when injured.

The reader may possibly have found on the seashore certain cases, which are fancifully called seapurses, mermaids' purses, &c. Now some sharks bring forth their young alive, whilst others are enclosed in oblong semi-transparent, horny cases, at each extremity of which are two long tendrils. These cases are the above *purses*, which the parent shark deposits near the shore in the winter months. The twisting tendrils hang to sea-weed, or other fixed bodies, to prevent the cases being washed away into deep water. Two fissures, one at each end, allow the admission of sea-water. The young fish ultimately escapes by an opening at the end, near which the head is situated; and here the young shark remains until it has acquired the power of taking food by the mouth, when it leaves what resembles its cradle.

EPITAPHS.

In a churchyard in Somersetshire, England, may be seen the following:

> Here lies margaret Jouly, a beauty bright,
> Who left Isaac Jouly to mourn her flight.

The "bull," is a species of witticism generally "attributed to the Irishman," and in the following, to be seen at Monknewton, near Drogheda, he would seem to maintain his fame:—

> Erected by Patrick Kelly,
> Of the town of Drogheda, mariner,
> In memory of his posterity.
> Also the above Patrick Kelly,
> Who departed this life the 12th August, 1844.
> Aged 60 years.
> Requiescat in pace.

But the "Irishman" cannot claim the sole possession of this sort of wit. The Welshman and the Englishman both dispute it with him. In Stenmyneeh churchyard we read:

> *Here* lies John Thomas,
> And his three children dear:
> *Two* buried at Oswestry.
> And *one* buried here.

And at Nettlebed, Oxfordshire:

> *Here* lies father, and mother, and sister, and I.
> Who all died within the short space of one year,
> They be all buried at Wimble, except I,
> And I be buried here.

But the Scotchman outdoes them all, and carries off the prize for a double "bull":—

"Here lie the remains of Thomas Nicholls, who died in Philadelphia, March, 1753. Had he lived, he would have been buried here."

If brevity be indeed "the soul of wit," it is to be found in the well known epitaph on Sir Christopher Wren, the architect in St. Paul's Cathedral:—

> "Si monumentum quæris, circumspice,"
> If you seek his monument, look around you.

Or, that most beautiful one in Gloucester Cathedral:—

"Miserrimus."

Which perhaps has never been surpassed, unless it be by the one suggested by Sir Walter Raleigh:—

"*Hic jacet.*"

Wit and Humour.—There is a wide difference between wit and humour. Humour lies sparkling at the bottom of a deep well—while wit, clad in garish habiliments, with a bright feather in his hat, sits astride the highest weather-cock.

The following distinction may be made between the desire of ease and the wish for happiness; that the one induces is to regulate our actions by our feelings, and the other by our reason.

People who brood over their sorrows, are usually successful in hatching a numerous family; and those who "nurse their rage to keep it warm" are sure of a comfortable temperature of indignation.

In many a heart a sweet angel slumbers unseen till some happy moment awakes it.

PASTIMES.

RIDDLE.

> Emblem of purity, image of truth,
> Double faced liar from earliest youth.

CHARADES.

1. Earth rests upon, but heaven disowns my *first*
   (Yet it existed before Earth was cursed);
   Witness to many a gallant vessel lost,
   Which in my *next* and *last* was tempest tossed;
   Hid in my *first* my *whole* will charm you best,
   But in my *last* they always seek a rest.

2. The letters which compose my whole
   A number sacred is, in Hebrew scroll.
   My *first* and *sixth* with loving lip
   Old maids and babbling gossips sip;
   My *three, two, one*, describes the common lot
   Of all who live and breathe, and then are not;
   My *five, two, one*, a negative proclaims,
   And when reversed a heavy weight it names; (be
   Without my *three, two, four*, and *six* there could not
   A single plant, or flower, or shrub or tree;
   My *one, two, three*, and *six* exemplifies
   A kind of wrong well known to legal eyes;
   My first two, and my last two are the same,
   My whole is a Canadian city's name.
   Belleville.

3. As Kate sat musing by the fire,
   John came in and sat down by her,
   "A penny for your thoughts," quoth he,
   "My thoughts, good sir," at once said she,
   Are of what we put our feet on, what the poor make bread of, and what the rich possess."

4. I am a word of nine letters; my 5, 6, 2, 3, 4, is often heard in crowded assemblies; my 5, 6, 8, 1, is a companion; my 4, 3, 7, 9, is composed of paper; my 6, 2, stands for another; my 7, 4, 5, 6, adds dignity to a bishop; my 5, 6, 8, 4, 5, 6, is a sacred edifice; my whole is loved by husbands, but not by their wives.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is most like a hen stealing?
2. Why should the children of a thief be burned?
3. When Brutus asked Cæsar how many eggs he had eaten for breakfast, what was his answer?
4. When a Hebrew pays his debts, what character in Shakspeare does he name?
5. Why is a candle manufacturer the worst of characters and the most pitiable?

PUZZLES.

The following, though pretty well known, may be new to some of our readers.

1. If Dick's father is John's son,
   What relation is Dick to John?

2. To a hundred and four,
   Add one and fifty more.
   And then I think you'll plainly see
   What our behaviour ought to be.

ANAGRAM.

> Iknht otn usacbec hot eey si grtibh
> Dna lismse rao hignualg ortho,
> Hto archt htta sbato nihwti si thlig
> Nad orto orfm apin adn reac.
> A sblbu aym niegt cht ketsdar odluc,
> Reo sya'd satl aebsm tapedr,
> Adn ntohnurca i hot stouinsu limse,
> Yma rluk cth usdseta tealr.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., No. 9.

Puzzles.—1. Monosyllable.
2. 5½*d*.

Conundrums.—1. Because he is always for getting (forgetting). 2. Because they contain bells (belles). 3. When he has a bullet in (bulletin).

Transpositions.—1. Effervescence. 2. Saltpetre. 3. Curiosity!! 4. Psyche. 5. Empress. 6. 7. One word.

Charades.—1. Wardrobe. 2. Woodpecker. 3. Legend.

Enigma.—Miles.

Arithmetical Problems.—1. 10 Merchants. 2. 4 miles. 3. 6 and 5.

The following answers have been received.

Puzzles—Both, Gloriana A. A., Peter Oxon, H. H. V. 1. M. S., Camp, Q. E. D., 2. H.

Conundrums.—All, H. H. V., Geo. H. Lester, Arnold B., 2 and 3 Gloriana, 1 and 2 Q. E. D., J. A. K., 2. H.

Transpositions.—All, A. A., Oxon, Peter Lester, Geo. H. Cloud; 1, 5, 6 and 7, Jim Crack Corn; 1, 2, 4, 5, Gloriana; 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, J. A. K.; 1, M. S.; 7. W. J. M; 1, 3, 5, H; 3, 4, 5, Q. E. D. 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, Camp.

Charades.—All, H. H. V., Geo. H., Arnold B., Lester; 1 and 2, Gloriana, Peter, Camp, Jim Crack Corn; H E. J., A. A., Oxon; 1, W. J. M.

Enigma.—Gloriana, A. A. Oxon, Jim Crack Corn, Geo. H., Q. E. D., Lester, Cloud. Camp, Peter.

Arithmetical Problems.—All, Gloriana, Geo. H., Arnold B, Student, H. H. V.; Peter, 2 and 3, A. A. Oxon; Camp.

The following were received too late to be acknowledged in last week's number. H., Gloriana, G. Massey, Presto Cloud.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Cure for Diarrhœa, Dysentery, and Cholera.—From authentic sources it is stated that in Germany, in 1842, camphorated spirits of wine cured thousands of cholera patients—frequently in less than a quarter of an hour. A simple mode of preparing the medicine is the following:—In an ounce phial of spirits of wine dissolve a quarter of an ounce of camphor. Three drops of this solution is a sufficient dose for an adult, and may be taken on a piece of sugar, or in a teaspoonful of hot liquid, and repeated until relief is obtained. In cholera it may be taken every ten minutes. For infants and children from one to three drops of a weaker solution will suffice. This remedy has been found successful in dysentery, where other means had failed. It has also been found valuable in recent colds, and as an external application on cuts, &c. When cholera broke out in Gibraltar, the wife of a military officer heated a quarter of a pound of soft soap, and added half an ounce of camphorated spirits of wine to it. With this mixture she rubbed her husband's legs, and in a short time cramps and other alarming symptoms were entirely removed.

Strong Glue.—Common glue, as used by cabinet-makers, is not always sufficiently strong to resist the strain to which the pieces joined together with it may happen to be exposed; sometimes even it is required to make metal, glass, or stone adhere strongly to wood, in which case a mixture of glue and ashes of wood will be found greatly preferable to glue in its ordinary state. The latter should first be reduced to the proper consistency required for wood, and a sufficient quantity of ashes added to give it the tenacity of a varnish. It must be applied hot.

A new and improved tunnelling machine, to be worked by compressed air, is now in course of construction at the engineering works of Messrs. Hawkes & Co., at Gateshead.

On Wednesday, the 13th inst., according to *The Sunderland Herald*, an extraordinary and remarkably interesting discovery was made at the Ryhope Colliery by some workmen engaged in quarrying in the limestone rock. This rock was blasted, and in removing the loosened fragments of rock the workmen came upon a large quantity of bones, including several human skulls, numerous skulls of animals, such as foxes, badgers, &c., and a great number of human and other bones. The place where the bones were found was about twenty feet below the surface, and about thirty feet within the bank. The appearances indicated that there had been a cavity in the rock, which had at one time been filled with water, but there appears no means for accounting for the presence of the skulls and bones, except that they were washed into the hollow of the rock many centuries ago.

The Paris correspondent of the *Chemical News* states that an important experiment has been made by M. Duchemin during a holiday at the seaside. He made a small cork buoy, and fixed to it a disc of charcoal containing a small plate of zinc. He then threw the buoy into the sea, and connected it with copper wires to an electric alarum on the shore. The alarum instantly began to ring, and continued ringing while connected with the cork buoy, and it is added that sparks may be drawn between the two ends of the wires. Thus the ocean seems to be a powerful and inexhaustible source of electricity, and the small experiment of M. Duchemin may lead to most important results.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Query.—Patience, good friend; it is a difficult matter to determine.

Q. E. D.—We are glad to welcome you under your old signature. Accept our thanks for the contributions, which we will make use of from time to time. Shall be pleased to hear from you frequently.

Peter.—Thanks! Will appear in next issue.

T. B. P.—You should have appended the solution; please forward it.

Camp Quebec.—Much obliged for your good wishes. You can aid us by extending the circulation of the Reader as opportunity offers. Will refer your comment to the author—a committee of ladies should be appointed to award him fitting punishment.

Young Canada.—We have simply to say that the article was not obtained by us from the source indicated, and could not be, as we never see the paper you refer to. Our selections are made almost exclusively from English periodicals.

Jim Crack Corn.—If not indispensable to the possession of the office, you must admit that it is a very desirable adjunct. Don't understand the query, why "high" and what does "slender means" refer to?

G. W. T.—If he simply acted as a broker, giving the names of his principals, he cannot be held in any way responsible.

Solo.—Thanks! Will make further selections in an early issue.

George A.—Why not get up a club in your village? the Publisher offers special inducements to the getters up of clubs.

Alice G.—Please forward the complete MS.; we cannot judge from one chapter.

Literary.—Our advice is, "stick to the warehouse." Literature is, at best, an uncertain profession, especially in young countries. As for fame, it is a perfect "Will-o'-the-wisp," that will lead you a sorry dance, probably to the tune of empty pockets, if there be any *tune* in them.

Gloriana.—Much obliged; you will see that we have made some slight alterations.

Alethes.—The MS. is to hand; will give it our early attention.

A. B. McN.—The piece handed to Mr. T. has not reached us. We cannot insert the whole of the verses sent, but select one or two stanzas.

CANADA.

Bring me my harp!
My soul doth feel inspired
With true devotion fired,
To Canada my home.

Time-honoured battle plains!
Where Wolfe, the hero, fell,
(Ringing the foeman's knell),
And victors stood alone.

* * * * * *

Land of the brave and free,
May heaven's outstretched arm
Shield from all threatening harm
And guide thy destiny.

God will defend the right
Amid night's darkest hour,
And on our country pour
A flood of glorious day.

* * * * * *

Bring me my harp!
That I may touch each string,
And welcome music bring
To thee! my cherished home.

H.—We shall be glad to receive any short articles you think may be of any service to us.

G. A. H.—We are not disposed to attach much importance to the rumours of impending Fenian invasion from the United States. The hope of increasing the difficulties which at present exist between Great Britain and the United States might induce an attack upon one of our border towns, something of the character of the St. Albans raid, but we think even this very unlikely. Government is in a position to obtain fuller and more reliable information than that circulated by sensation mongers; and should danger be imminent, will doubtlessly take prompt measures to meet and avert it.

Veritas.—We are unable to give you the information desired.

Notre Dame.—The back numbers are all in print, and may be obtained at the Reader office.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

Cream Biscuits.—Rub one pound of fresh butter into one pound of flour, make a hole in the centre, into which put half a pound of powdered sugar upon which the rind of a lemon was rubbed previously to pounding, and three whole eggs; mix the eggs well with the sugar, and then mix all together, forming a flexible paste, cut it into round pieces each nearly as large as a walnut, stamp them flat with a butter stamp of the size of a crown-piece, and bake them in a slack oven.

Apple Snow.—Put twelve good tart apples in cold water, and set them over a slow fire; when soft, drain the water, strip the skins off the apples, core them, and lay them in a deep dish. Beat the whites of twelve eggs to a stiff froth; put half a pound of powdered white sugar to the apples; beat them to a stiff froth, and add the beaten eggs. Beat the whole to a stiff snow; then turn it into a dessert dish, and ornament it with myrtle or box.

Rout Biscuits.—Boil a pound and a quarter of lump sugar, upon which you have rubbed the rind of a lemon, in half a pint of milk; when cold, rub half a pound of butter with two pounds of flour, make a hole in the centre, pour in the milk with as much carbonate of soda as would lie upon a sixpence, and a couple of eggs, mix the whole into a smooth paste, lay it out upon your baking-sheet in whatever flat shapes you please, and bake them in a very warm oven. The proper way to shape these biscuits is by wooden blocks having pine-apples, leaves, and other devices carved on them.

Macaroons.—Blanch and skin half a pound of sweet almonds, dry them well in your screen, then put them into a mortar with a pound and a half of lump sugar; pound well together, and pass the whole through a wire sieve; put it again into a mortar, with the whites of two eggs, mix well together with the pestle, then add the white of another egg, proceeding thus until you have used the whites of about eight eggs, and made a softish paste, then lay them out at equal distances apart upon wafer-paper, in pieces nearly the size of walnuts, place some strips of almonds upon the top, sift sugar over, and bake in a slow oven, of a yellowish brown colour; they are done when set quite firm through.

Oatmeal Cake.—Melt half an ounce of salt butter or lard in a pint of boiling water, and having put a pound of oatmeal into a basin, pour the water, quite boiling, upon it. Stir it as quickly as possible into a dough. Turn this out on a baking-plate, and roll it out until it is as thin as it can be to hold together; then cut it out into the shape of small round cakes. Make these firm by placing them over the fire on a griddle (a gridiron of fine wire bars) for a short time, and afterwards toast them on each side alternately before the fire until they become quite crisp.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

It is reported that a patent has been obtained at Washington for a newly invented machine to make haste.

When is a clock like a discontened workman?—When it strikes.

Black stockings of all colours were advertised the other day by a country dealer.

When is a good tune most relished?—When it is opportune.

When may two people be said to be half-witted?—When they have an understanding between them.

Sydney Smith was once looking through the hot-house of a lady who was very proud of her flowers, and used not very accurately a profusion of botanical names. "Madam," said he, "have you the *Septennis psoriasis*?"—"No," said she, "I had it last winter, and I gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury; it came out beautifully in the Spring." [*Septennis psoriasis* is the medical name for a disease.]

A leather medal having been offered for the worst possible conundrum, the prize was unhesitatingly awarded to the following, selected from several hundreds sent in—"Why is rascality like the breast of a fowl?"—"Because it is a *piece of chicane*."

When can a ship be said to be sensibly, imprudently, ridiculously, ambitiously, and boldly in love?—1st. Sensibly—when she is attached to a man of war. 2nd. Imprudently—when borne along by a great swell. 3rd. Ridiculously—when in the company of a small boy (buoy). 4th. Ambitiously—when making up to a peer (pier). 5th. Boldly—when running after a smack.

Sir W. G——, when Governor of Williamsburg, one day returned the salute of a negro who was passing. "Sir," said a gentleman present, "do you condescend to salute a slave?"—"Why, yes," replied the Governor, "I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners."

Mr. Serjeant Gardiner, being lame of one leg, pleading before the late Judge Fortescue, who had little or no nose, the judge told him he was afraid he had but a lame cause of it. "Oh, my lord," said the serjeant, "have but a little patience, and I'll prove every thing as plain as the nose on your face."

A Party of "bon-vivants" who recently dined at a celebrated tavern, after having drunk an immense quantity of wine, rang for the bill. The bill was accordingly brought, but the amount appeared so enormous to one of the company (not quite so far gone as the rest), that he stammered out it was quite impossible so many bottles could have been drunk by seven persons. "True, sir," said Boniface, "but your honour forgets the three gentlemen 'under the table.'"

In King William's time a Mr. Tredenham was taken before the Earl of Nottingham, on suspicion of having treasonable papers in his possession. "I am only a poet," said the captive, "and those papers are my roughly-sketched play." The Earl, however, examined the papers, and then returned them, saying, "I have heard your statement and read your play, and, as I can find no traces of a plot in either, you may go free."

How to Raise it.—Tom Moore, the poet, used to tell a good story of the gentleman, who, when he was short of money, and his relatives were stingy and refractory, used to threaten his family with the publication of his poems. The invariable and immediate result was as much cash as he wanted.

Just Like a Waiter.—The *Grand Journal* tells a little characteristic story, which may be thus Anglicised:—A gentleman going into a chop-house the other day found the room very close and hot. He called the waiter, and said. "Haven't you any ventilators?" The reply was, "No, sir; they are all gone. I have just served up the last."

Cracking a Joke on a Cracked Skull.—A famous craniologist, strolling through a churchyard near town, perceived a gravedigger tossing up the earth, amongst which were two or three skulls The craniologist took up one, and after considering it a little time, said, "Ah, this was the skull of a philosopher."—"Very like, your honour,' said the grave-digger, "for I see it is *cracked*."

Thumping won't make a Gentleman.—Two eminent members of the New York bar, whom we will call Messrs. Doe and Roe, quarrelled not long ago, so violently, that from words they came to blows. Doe, the more powerful man (at fists, at least), knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which Roe, rising, answered with equal indignation," "No, sir, never; I defy you! I defy you! you can't do it."

"Jack," said a gay young-fellow at a ball to his companion, "what can possibly induce those two old snuff-taking dowagers to be here to-night? I am sure they will not add in the least to the brilliancy of the scene?" "Pardon me," replied the other, gravely, "for not agreeing with you; but for my part, I really think that where there are so many lights of beauty, there may be some occasion for a pair of snuffers."