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# THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 38.

FOR WEEK ENDING MAY 26, 1866.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,  
"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."

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

IN the sixteenth century many authors of note made their appearance—such as Moore, Sidney, Spenser, Hooker, Raleigh, Shakspeare. That vigorous thinker and eloquent critic, Hazlitt, says: "The age of Elizabeth was distinguished, beyond, perhaps, any other in our history, by a number of great men—famous in different ways—and whose names have come down to us with unblemished honours—men whom fame has eternised in her long and lasting scroll, and who, by their words and acts, were benefactors of their country, and ornaments of human nature;" and he adds—"Perhaps the genius of Great Britain never shone out fuller or brighter, or looked more like itself than at this period." In the seventeenth century, which opens with Bacon and closes with Newton, great advance in literature and intelligence show themselves. Dr. Harvey, Clarendon, Milton, Dryden, Locke, Defoe, Jeremy Taylor, and a host of others, have immortalized this period.

In passing to the eighteenth century, which opens with Addison and ends with Paley, books begin to increase in number and variety; but as regards strength and vigour they appear to yield to their predecessors. Steele, Swift, Pope, Goldsmith, Hume, Johnson, Gibbon, Adam Smith, stand out as shining lights in the literary firmament of this century.

In the nineteenth century books multiply beyond measure. It is estimated that about three thousand books and periodicals come out every year. The public must be perplexed how to choose their reading; and, what is worse, with such a flood, we are afraid the waters of the "old well-springs of English, pure and undefiled," are but rarely drunk. J. S. Mill says:—"Books of any solidity have almost gone by. Literature becomes more and more a mere reflection of current sentiments, and has almost entirely abandoned its mission as an enlightener and improver of them." Our present object and intent is to publish, at stated intervals, selections from some of the best authors, many of whom, probably, do not come within the scope of the majority of our readers.

Our first selection will be from Izaak Walton, who was born in 1593, and whose character as an author is known wherever English literature is cultivated. "The Complete Angler" will ever be a cherished book. Angling was Walton's chief recreation, and his favourite haunt was the River Lea. Of the old scenery and the old manners of a district, within ten miles of London, he has left the most delicious pictures—the reflection of nature in the heart of a good man. Walton was the biographer of Hooker, Donne, Wotton, and Herbert. He lived till the age of ninety; his business was a haberdasher in Fleet Street, and after his retirement therefrom he spent many years in the enjoyment of literary leisure, beloved and respected by the worthiest men of his time.

There is a simplicity and piety in the following, which is quite refreshing in these days.

## CONTENTMENT AND CHEERFULNESS.

I will, as we walk in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys which have possessed my soul since we two met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you may also join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do even at this very time lie under the torment of diseases that we are free from. And every misery I miss is a new mercy: and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-stricken; and we have been freed from these, and all those other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are freed from [the insupportable burthen of an accusing tormenting conscience; a misery that none can bear: and therefore let us praise Him for His preventing grace, and say, every misery that I miss is a new mercy, nay, let me tell you, that there be many that have forty times our estate, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us. I have a rich neighbour who is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says:—"The diligent hand maketh rich, and it is true indeed: but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "that there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty; and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful. Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches; when as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches, hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that when she seems to play, is, at the very same time, spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably, unconsciously got. Let us, therefore, be thankful for health and a competence; and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and having observed them, and all the other finimbruns that make a complete country-fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God, that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but the will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping or not flattering him; and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard

of a man who was angry with himself because he was not taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I know another to whom God hath given health and plenty; but a wife that nature hath made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it and at last into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this law-suit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their will. Well! this wilful purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was curst into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts: for these only can make us happy. I know a man that had health and riches; and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished; and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another, and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from and house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, if he would find content in any houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul. And this may appear if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's gospel; for he there says:—"Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the true of heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And, blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but in the meantime he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes towards that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God hath allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share: but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

Let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not value and praise Him, because they be common; let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we have met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains that we have met with since we have met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain or have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight on the sun when it was in full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and would so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object, to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praise, but let not us; because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and give us flowers, and

showers; and stomach, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

My meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul; that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you, that riches without meekness and thankfulness do not make any man happy. But let me tell you, that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich or contentedly poor: but be sure your riches be justly got or you spoil all. For it is well said: "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And in the next place look to your health: and if you have it please God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of; a blessing that money cannot buy; and therefore value it and be thankful for it. As for money,—which may be said to be a third blessing—neglect it not; but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you, there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them: and if you have a competence, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, Scholar, I have heard a grave divine say, that God has two dwellings: one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest Scholar.

#### BRITISH AMERICAN LITERATURE.

Mr. W. C. Cooper, barrister, of Toronto, is preparing for the press an Equity Digest, a work much needed by the profession.

The Rev. Dr. Forrester, Superintendent of Education, Nova Scotia, is now issuing from the press a work on Education.

Longmore & Co., Montreal, will issue in a few days, two works by Mr. Frederick Driscoll: "The Twelve Days' Campaign," relating to the late American War; and "The Defence of the Provinces," whilst Mr. Lovell has in press "A Sketch of the Canadian Ministry," by the same author.

Mr. J. O. Côté, of the Executive Council Office, Ottawa, is preparing a second and improved edition of his valuable Political Appointments.

Mr. Wattan Small, of New Brunswick, has just brought out a book of Poems, which is well spoken of by the St. John *Morning Journal*.

A brochure has appeared in Nova Scotia with the title of "The Dawn of a New Empire."

L'Abbé Casgrain's Sketch of the Life of the late M. Garneau appears in the last number of *Le Foyer Canadien*.

A third edition of "A Catechism on Baptism," by the Rev. D. D. Currie, of New Brunswick, has lately come from the New York press.

Evan McColl, the graceful Gaelic poet, so well and favourably known in Scottish literary annals, and who now resides at Kingston, in tends shortly bringing out a volume of original poems.

#### LONDON SOCIETY.

We are indebted to Messrs Dawson Bros., for the May number of this interesting Magazine. Among the shorter tales we notice "Second Thoughts," "How Kate discovered America," and "Mrs. Beauchamp's Little Parties." Mr. Greenwood, the Lambeth Casual, contributes an article entitled "Waiting for the Waggon," a London Street Photograph. The series of papers on the Merchant Princes of England is concluded by an article on "The Commerce of the Present." Mark Lemon continues his walks "Up and down the Streets of London," and to those who are familiar with the great metropolis, these papers will be specially interesting. There is also a very interesting article on the "University Boat Race,"—the great annual struggle between the picked crews of Oxford and Cambridge, in which the former have been uninterruptedly successful for the past six years. Chapter VII of "The London Opera Directors" is replete with curious anecdotes, and illustrated with Portraits of Taglioni, Pasta, and Malibran.

#### UNDER THE HILL.

Under the hill,  
When the night winds are still,  
Alice is waiting quite close to the mill;  
Waiting and thinking: "The time is so long!  
Would he were come, like the air to the song;  
Long have I watched for him here at the mill,  
Far from my cottage, there under the hill."

Softly and bright  
On this mellow June night,  
Golden and graceful the moon heaves in sight;  
"Somebody's coming now—this is the time:  
Now by the poplars—now under the lime;  
Quickly love's searching eye traces him still:  
By the brook—past the brook—here, at the mill!"

Under the hill,  
Statuette-like and still,  
Shadows in silhouette fall on the mill,  
Roguish-eyed Alice! on tip-toe she stands:  
Stoops the young miller and presses her hands;  
Presses her lips, too, yet all is so still—  
None but the moon sees them under the hill  
Kingston, C. W. CHAS. SANGSTER.

We omitted to notice, in our last issue, that Mr. Henry J. Morgan—a gentleman to whom our readers have been frequently indebted—was a short time since elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Copenhagen. Christian, King of Denmark, is President of the Society, and Mr. Morgan's diploma bears the royal signature. We congratulate Mr. M. upon being the recipient of so enviable a mark of distinction; and more especially as he is, we believe, the first Canadian upon whom the honour has been conferred.

#### LITERARY GOSSIP.

A NEW and complete edition of Plato is spoken of at Oxford as being in preparation by Professor Jowett.

"ANECDOTES of the Upper Ten Thousand; their Legends and their Lives," is the title of a new work, by Mr. Grantley Berkely, which will shortly be published.

MR. A. W. THAYER, United States Consul at Trieste, has been engaged for more than fifteen years upon a life of Beethoven, the first volume of which is now in the press at Berlin.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE is writing a "History of Fiction."

GUSTAVE DORE proposes to illustrate Shakespeare, and he also proposes to be paid for the work. One or two publishers have offered him \$80,000; but he refuses. His price is \$100,000.

HERR HUMBURG, a Berlin bookseller, has been sent to prison for a month, for publishing a translation into German of "Pauvre France," a libel upon the Emperor Napoleon.

A LONDON publishing House is negotiating with M. Gustave Doré for the illustrations he has designed for Tennyson's "Idylls of the King." Thirty in number, they comprise some of M. Doré's happiest creations, and will be engraved in the highest style of art in London.

In the place of a postage-stamp mania it appears that a taste for collecting seals is becoming very common on the Continent. Very recently, at a sale in Paris, a collection of impressions from 9,000 seals of various royal and celebrated personages sold for £400. The impression of one of Victor Hugo's bore the motto, "Faire et réfaire;" one of Alexander Dumas', "Tout passe—tout lasse—tout casse;" and of Lamartine's, "Spira spera."

MM. EMILE DE GIRARDIN and ARSENE HOUSSEY are about to commence the publication of a new magazine, which will appear monthly or bi-monthly—it has not yet been decided which. Each number will contain a portrait. Madame SANDS will be the first.

COMPENSATION has been granted to Mr. Eric Williams, the occupant of Sir Isaac Newton's house, Vicarage-place, Kensington, which is about to be destroyed by the Metropolitan Railway. The

same company has already pulled down Milton's house in Cripplegate—for in these iron times the associations of intellect go for nothing. The jury, in the case of Newton's house, gave Mr. Williams £2,110 in compensation.

THE proprietors of the *Contemporary Review* have published a list of the principal contributors to the first volume, now complete, which includes Dr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury; Canon Blakesley; Professors Cheetham and J. A. Dorner; the Rev. W. Fremantle, Dr. Howson, Professor Maussell, Dr. Perowne, the Rev. E. H. Plumtree, Dr. Reichel, Canon Robertson, Dean Stanley, the Rev. H. B. Tristram, Principal Tulloch and others.

ALTHOUGH M. Rénan's last book, "Les Apôtres," is exciting the profoundest sensation in French literary circles, it is said that the publishers, Messrs. Levy, have been greatly disappointed in its sale. It is not meeting with anything like the popularity which attended "La Vie de Jésus." The cause of which the *Événement* gives in the words of the old proverb: "Il est mieux de s'attaquer au bon Dieu qu'à ses Saints."

PERHAPS the most lasting monuments to the memory of famous jesters, humourists, and eccentric characters, have been the little joke-books which secured to themselves a sale by having the name of some wit or notoriety upon their covers. "The XII. Mery Gestys of one called Edyth, the Lyeng Wydow," in the reign of Henry VIII., was followed by "Skelton's Mery Tales in Queen Elizabeth's Time," "Jacke of Dover," "The Conceites of Old Hobson," "Scogin," "Archee," and "George Buchanan," came next; and then Polly Peacham, Joe Miller, Ned Ward, Killigrew, Beau Nash, Garrick, Foote, Quin, and Lord Chesterfield, each appealing to the world as the very best mirth-provoker of the time. The old custom of giving a jest-book to every popular character has fallen out of fashion of late years; but it seems now on the point of being revived. The latest announcement is a Spurgeon Jest-Book, under the title of "Anecdotes and Stories of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, now first collected and arranged." This must not take to itself the credit of being the earliest clerical budget of wit. There was a Sterne's Convivial Jester, or That's Your Sort; and a very favourite volume with our forefathers was "Ecclesiastical Transactions, or a Collection of Reverend Jokes."

Most of our readers will already have heard of the very sudden death of Mrs. Carlyle, the wife of the great man who was lately called from retirement to the high office of Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. Mrs. Carlyle's maiden name was Welch, and she came of a family who were directly descended from the great John Knox—the stern old divine whom Mr. Carlyle eulogized so highly in his recent address. After their marriage, in 1827, they resided for some time at Craigenputtock, a small estate Mr. Carlyle had acquired through his wife. It was here that that wide correspondence was entered into with Goethe, Emerson, and other distinguished men, in which Mrs. Carlyle took an active part. In some of the collections of Goethe's poems, verses to "Madame Carlyle, Scotland," may be found; and one of these, it is said, was originally written on a visiting card, which the great German sent to the wife of his friend and admirer. The following is a rough translation of the lines:—

"Messengers like this we send  
To tell the coming of a friend:  
This poor card can only say  
That the friend is far away."

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

GILBERT RUGGE. A Novel. By the Author of "A First Friendship." Harper & Bros, New York. Montreal: Dawson & Bros.

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA. (English Edition). By Victor Hugo. London: Sampson, Low Son & Marshall. Montreal: Dawson & Bros.,

THE LADY'S MILE. A novel. By Miss M. E. Bradon, author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. Montreal: C. Hill

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Gazetteer of the World.** Revised edition, 1866. Just published. Lippincott's Complete Pronouncing Gazetteer, or Geographical Dictionary of the World. Edited by J. Thomas, M.D., and T. Baldwin, assisted by several others. One thick 8vo. 2317 pages. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Murray.** The History of Usury from the earliest period to the present time, together with a brief statement of several principles concerning the conflict of the laws in different States and Countries, &c., &c. By J. B. C. Murray, 8vo. \$1 50. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
- On Cholera.** A new Treatise on Asiatic Cholera. By F. A. Burrall, M.D. 16mo. Price \$1 20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hubback.** May and December: A Tale of Wedded Life. By Mrs. Hubback. Author of "The Wife's Sister: or the Forbidden Marriage," &c., &c. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
- Diarrhoea and Cholera: Their Origin, Proximate Cause and Cure.** By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1865. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Annandale.** The Malformations, Diseases and Injuries of the Fingers and Toes, and their Surgical Treatment. By Thomas Annandale, F.R.C.S., Edin, &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Thurston.** Mosaics of Human Life. By Elizabeth A. Thurston. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Plumer.** Jehovah Jireh; A Treatise on Providence. By William S. Plumer, D.D., L.L.D. \$1 20. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- "I would assert eternal Providence  
And justify the ways of God to men."
- The Story of Gisli, the Outlaw, from the Icelandic.** By George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L., with Illustrations. By Chs. St. John Mildmay. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M.P.E., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal.** As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes. Cloth binding, \$6 00; in half calf extra, \$9 00.
- Artemus Ward.** "His Book," with 19 comic illustrations. By Mullen. Reprinted from the American copyright edition. Published by R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal. Price 25 cents. A liberal discount to the Trade.
- Artemus Ward.** "His Travels," with 13 comic illustrations. By Mullen. Uniform with "His Book." Price 60 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- "Harp of Canaan."** By the Rev. J. Douglas Borthwick. \$1 00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Principles of Education, drawn from Nature and Revelation, and applied to Female Education in the Upper Classes.** By the author of "Amy Herbert and other Stories," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Household Recipes, or Domestic Cookery, by a Montreal Lady.** Price 25c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mill.** The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte, by John Stuart Mill, in one 12mo. vol. uniform with his Inquiry into the Philosophy of Sir Wm. Hamilton. R. Worthington, 30 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
- War of the Rebellion, or Scylla and Charybdis, consisting of observations upon the causes, course and consequences of the Late Civil War in the United States.** By Henry S. Foote, with portrait. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Across the Continent.** A Summer's Journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States, with speaker Colfax. By Samuel Bowles. Coloured maps. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Pilgrim's Wallet, or Scraps of Travel gathered in England, France, and Germany.** By Gilbert Haven, 16 mo. New York: Hurd and Houghton. Montreal: R. Worthington.
- The Field and Garden Vegetables of America, containing full descriptions of nearly eleven hundred species and varieties; with directions for propagation, culture, and use. Illustrated.** By Fearing Burr, Jr. A new edition on toned paper. Boston: Tilton & Co. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Art of Confectionary, with various methods of preserving fruits and juices, &c. &c.** A new edition beautifully printed on toned paper. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Adventures of Baron Munchausen.** A new and revised edition, with an Introduction by T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A. Illustrated by Gustave Doré, One 4to vol. London: Cassells; Montreal: R. Worthington, Great St. James Street.
- Argosy for April.** Price 15 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Words for April.** Price 12½ cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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## THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 165.

## CHAPTER LIV. NIGHT WATCHES.

"The owl hoots near the crumbings walls,  
The dank dew from the yew-tree falls,  
The quiet graves lie heaped around;  
Oh, that I lay beneath the ground!"

Perplexed, if not convinced, Ruth heaved a weary sigh, and, resting against an old tombstone, let her companion talk on. Burke grew more and more plausible as he continued to dwell alternately on threats, and on expediency. The faint glimmer of the light of truth that had shone for a moment into Ruth's darkened soul, was obscured by his words. She felt the weight of her guilty burden, yet ceased to think resolutely of laying it down. She must bear it till the end. With an envious eye she looked on the quiet mounds around her, and longed for her lowly bed; yet, somehow, she wanted to repent; she shrank appalled from the scaffold and the gaol; she had the memory of a far-off childhood that had been consecrated by a dying mother's prayers. Some vague bewildered hope had dwelt like a dim ray in the gloomy solitudes of her soul, that she might meet that mother again. "How?" was a dreary question she had never carefully paused to answer, though the words heard to-day, "Make a clean breast," seemed the right response. Then there was the dread of injuring the lovely and innocent Gertrude, whose sweetness of disposition had penetrated even that hard heart, and won it to tenderness. Altogether, when she at length left Burke, she was as much his bond-slave as ever, carrying a weight of misery in her spirit that was fast becoming too heavy to bear. Unable to eat any food, or to rest, she walked about, scarcely knowing where, until, late in the afternoon, weary, tearless, chilled, she returned by the train, and caught a van for market people that went from the station to the Chace.

Considering how she had been agitated during the day, it was not wonderful that the shock of the evening brought on the severe attack, which, as we have seen, rendered her insensible, and hurled her to the brink of the grave.

Nor must it be supposed that Burke was easy in his mind. He dreaded the mood to which the death of the man in the infirmary, who was indeed her husband, had reduced Ruth. He had schemed to prevent her seeing him at all, fearing that he might entreat her to confess all. Indeed Burke had destroyed the few almost-illegible scrawls given him for her by the dying man. While Burke congratulated himself that no actual communication had taken place, he felt as if Ruth's remorse was as a spark that would fire the mine under his feet. He complimented himself that he had behaved magnanimously to Miss Austwicke, in that he had by no means obtained from her the amount of money that some ruffians would have exacted. He knew enough of crooked ways and evil-doers to know that participation in a guilty secret was often a source of large gain to rapacious scoundrels. He was not, after all, he argued, so bad as others—nay, rather a respectable, considerate sort of man, for he had been moderate in his demands. The fact being, that he knew tolerably well how much he could obtain, without driving Miss Austwicke to desperate means.

He had haunted the docks in London, and the ports of different parts of the kingdom, while he was able to carry his pack, in search of the lost youth. And though he had not told Miss Austwicke the lad was wholly out of his reach, he had said he was gone abroad, and drawn sums of money on his account, which served to swell his private hoard. He now turned over in his mind whether it would not be better to make one great effort at obtaining a final sum of good amount, and take himself off to Australia. The boy seemed got rid of altogether. The secret in his possession was surely worth a costly sum. If, indeed, Burke could have found the lad, after he had exhausted Miss Austwicke's resources, he might have traded in reinstating him in his

rights as heir of Austwicke; but that seemed now hopeless. Fate worked against him. A youth of fifteen or sixteen when lost, would so alter in a few years as not to be recognised, especially by one who had but a casual knowledge of his features and manner.

These cogitations occupied him as he lingered at Winchester to superintend the funeral, which was to take place on Monday. Early on that morning there came to him a letter from Miss Austwicke, enclosing a cheque, and saying that, "as the young person's (Miss Grant's) term of articles was now up, and Miss Austwicke had understood she was for the future to be employed in teaching, Miss A. supposed all had been done that was required, and, therefore, would Mr. Burke state what final expenses there were?"

The word *final* was underlined, and he leered as he repeated it, adding—

"Not yet—not quite final, my good, honourable madam. You've not done with Sandy Burke quite. I must let you know what I know, and you know. The marriage! Miss Austwicke—you'll buy the marriage-lines of me, doubtless, for a nice little sum." He rubbed his hard hands and chuckled as he spoke, adding, "True, the hair—fiery fool of a boy that he was—is lost; and Miss Mysie has been reared bravely, considering she's but a soldier's bairn. It's an ill wind blows nobody good. It was quite as well that my wife took the bit lassie on board ship from her dying mother, and so met Johnston with two bairns. They matched for twins capitally, better than the real pair, and enabled me to get the money for two, aye and pay for two. He was squeamish, John Johnston was, he'd never had the skill to work the matter as I have. Well, anyhow, the lassies both ha'e profited right veel. Nay, but for Mysie, the lad's kicking over the traces would a thrown the whole concern out o' gear." He paused and re-read the letter. Then said, "Well, that idiot got home all-right. She looked to me deadly ill; but nae doubt that's over now. I suppose I must e'en go over there, and watch a bit for her, or the ledly. I hate going there, for I'm obliged to skulk; not but old Gubbins is infirm, and Mrs. Martin seldom leaves the Hall. She'll be waitin' in the kirk-yard."

Accordingly on that night, the funeral of the man, whom Burke called Thomas Smith, being over at four o'clock, Old Leathery went his way to the Chace, taking the rail part of the way, and walking the seven miles in the dusk of the gathering night. He avoided the village, and about ten o'clock entered the churchyard to wait for Ruth's coming—as Miss Austwicke had before so employed her, believing that Ruth could neither read nor write, and felt safe in her stolid stupidity. We need not say that he waited in vain. He crouched down under the shelter of a vault until he was chilled to the bone. Then he walked about until the clock struck twelve. Every light that he could see was out in the Hall, save one that faintly glimmered through the chinks of the blind in Miss Austwicke's drawing-room. Burke tried the private gate between the churchyard and the shrubbery. It was locked. Evidently no one was coming to him that night. The air grew chilly, and a drizzling rain began to fall. He tried to clamber over the gate, and succeeded. Suddenly, the hoarse barking of a watch-dog, followed by a chorus of other barks, woke the slumbering echoes. He saw a window opened quietly. Afraid almost to move, lest the dogs might be unchained, he kept in the shadow. A tall form wrapped in a long cloak emerged from the window, crossed the lawn with gliding step, and came into the shrubbery towards the gate. He knew it was Miss Austwicke, and creeping along he drew near enough to touch her mantle. She looked down with a start and shudder, as at some noisome animal. His dry voice croaked out, in a whisper—"Don't fear, madam."

"Go," she said; "Go at once. My servant is ill—I fear dying. Write; don't come—on any account."

A horse's hoofs sounded on the gravel near, and the lady shrank behind the bole of a large tree. It was the doctor come, before he retired for the night, to see what change had been

effected by Dr. Griesbach's prescription. He went under the arch to the back of the house, and under cover of the slight noise his coming made, Miss Austwicke produced her key, undid the gate, and let out her dreaded visitor into the churchyard. Once there, his fears of the dogs, and it may be the guns of the Hall, were quieted, and he laid his hand on Miss Austwicke's arm, and said—

"I cannot write what I have to say, madam. You must hear me now. Your servant is ill, did you say? What—"

He checked himself; it was no part of his policy to let Miss Austwicke suspect his knowledge of Ruth.

"Oh, merely the woman I have occasionally employed when you have come. I cannot now say."

As on all former occasions of her meeting Burke, Ruth had waited in the distance, the consciousness of that may have given Miss Austwicke a courage she did not feel at this time. Her teeth chattered so as to make her words almost unintelligible, as she continued nervously saying—"Go—go."

"No, madam; I've waited hours. You must grant me a moment. I considered I came by your appointment. Half a dozen minutes will do. The cheque you sent doesn't cover my expenses in what I have had to send abroad."

"Well, well; let me know what it is, and I'll send it. Don't detain me."

"Nay, my leddy, you detain me. You talk of final expenses. I've reason to believe, from some statements I've had from Scotland, that there's not only a certificate of the real marriage, but that it was as right as law could make it."

Miss Austwicke stretched out her hands, imploringly, reeled a moment, and would have fallen, but her fingers closed on the edge of a tomb, and the chill of the damp stone revived her. It was coming, then, this hidden thing in its worst form! Burke heard rather than saw her agitation, in the quick pants in which she took her breath, and he hastened to say—

"I can get every paper, silence every witness, for a sum of money—a small sum—say, merely—a thousand pounds. I'll go to Australia: I had thence the last letter from—"

"Don't name him!" hastily gasped Miss Austwicke; the pattering rain on the ivy leaves seemed to her like auditors.

"Well, I'll keep him, and the paper—everything, there; you'll be quit of the whole thing. That sponge, the small sum, will wipe it all off, once for all, and no more about it. If not, there's some things come to light." He spoke at random, merely to threaten; but her troubled conscience, already roused by the finding of the ghostly relics, gave meaning to his words.

"Is it she, then? is it that Isabel, my brother's wretched—?" She checked herself as the word wife came to her lips, and added—"Did she commit suicide?"

"Suicide!" he answered, perplexed, for he knew nothing of the discovery of the relics, but still bold and cunning.

"Those then, were her bones that have been found? But the child's—how was it that she came there? was she mad?"

"Mad and—dead!"

"Oh, horrible! committed suicide—leaped down that shaft!"

A blast of wind swept round the church with a moan so like a human voice, that both were awe-struck, and Miss Austwicke fell into the common error of supposing that her own words had been the answer given.

"It's no time nor place to tell about her death," said Burke, craftily; "only this I urge—a thousand pounds, and more than half the globe is between you and any further annoyance."

Miss Austwicke heaved a long sigh, as if the very thought enabled her to breathe more freely.

"But if I cannot give it?"

"Then I am sorry; but events must take their course. Better many a thousand than sacrifice the family honour."

"True; yes—I'll write. Where? Winchester?" She had felt uneasy at this being so near.

"No, madam; I go at once to my old address in London, thence to take my passage."

"Well, I'll write. Go!" She made a step or two away, and then returned, saying, "And she had Wilfred's ring?"

The man started, paused a moment in deep thought, and said, interrogatively—

"Ring? What, the one 'Keep faith till death,' and the date 1672?"

This quoting of motto and date convinced Miss Austwicke that the man knew all, and murmuring low, "I'll write, I'll write!" she crept away, leaving Burke nearly as perplexed as herself, and certain that there was no time to be lost in making himself acquainted with all that had transpired, and securing his booty. Ruth's illness at this juncture added to his disquiet. He resolved to hang about the village, and learn any particulars he could, before starting by an early train for London. He found an old cattle-shed in some neighbouring field, where he sheltered for the rest of the night, and was so far fortunate that one of the first persons he encountered the next morning on his journey to the station was the doctor's boy, going to the Hall with medicines. Burke contrived to get into conversation with him, and heard the boy's account how the upper housmaid at the Hall was struck speechless, three nights back.

"Speechless! well, there was some comfort in that. But Australia—that must be his destination—the quicker the better."

So he hastened off to his lair in London without delay.

The next few days were full of occupation to every one at Chace Hall. The squire resolved on going himself to Scotland. His wife wished to accompany him, which he by no means desired. A compromise was effected, by her resolving to return to her younger boys at Scarborough. Marian Hope's engagement had been formally announced at the Hall, and she was forthwith released from her duties to Gertrude; Dr. Griesbach's invitation for the latter being more eagerly received by Mrs. Austwicke than even by the young lady herself.

Ruth, whose dangerous symptoms had somewhat abated, was being, as Martin said, "patched up a bit, but never to be whole no more;" for Dr. Griesbach had, on his return to town, sent an experienced nurse down to take care of her, and attend her to London as soon as she could travel.

Rupert Griesbach seemed wonderfully inclined to shorten his stay at the parsonage when he heard that Gertrude was to be a guest at his own home. The only person who seemed to have no other occupation than the nursery of her own sad thoughts in solitude, was Miss Austwicke. Her gloom was so marked that Mrs. Austwicke whispered a word in her husband's ear—a word of all others the most alarming in any family circle—"Insanity!"

The squire, angrily silenced her; but she was by no means convinced that she had not the real clue to what had of late so altered her sister-in-law.

Gertrude, whose heart, amidst all her powerful hopes and affections, was saddened by the one secret trouble—her mother's coldness—had, by the influence of that hidden disquiet, a pre-sciency of how her aunt was suffering. She was willing to forego all the pleasure of a visit to her young friend, and remain to cheer and serve, if she might, the lonely woman locked up in a gloomy citadel of reserve; but her parents would not hear of this, and Miss Austwicke's decided negative of the proffer, when Gertrude hinted it, left her no alternative but to go to Ella Griesbach and try to forget in new scenes, all that had of late troubled the previously clear stream of her life.

Leaving the family at Chace Hall to their preparations, whether joyful or perplexing, we will take our readers back to Woodford, and see how it has fared all this time with Norman.

#### CHAPTER LV. REMOVALS.

"They that are merry, let them sing,  
And let the sad hearts pray;  
Let those still pip their cheerful wing,  
And these their sober day." GEORGE HICKE.

In the time since we parted from Norman he had grown into manhood. Whether it might be

considered an advantage or the reverse, he certainly looked four or five years older than his real age. The necessity of thoughtfulness, the certainty that his present livelihood and future prospects depended on his own exertions, gave a prematurity to his manners which, even if his own exertions, gave a prematurity to his manners growth had not been rapid, and his frame large as well as tall, would have added to his apparent age. It was odd to see him in Professor Griesbach's laboratory, by the side of his master; the latter looked so feeble and shrunk by comparison with the youthful vigour and comeliness of his pupil. There was not much outward alteration in the manners of either the Professor or old Fritz to the youth; but a certain air of confidence in the one, and of respect for the other, before the first year of Norman's residence was over, marked the progress he had made in the good opinion of each. He fell with ready docility, and even interest, into all the oddities that pervaded the dwelling; gave his brief leisure hours to mechanics with the man, and his diligent days to science with the master; books filling up every interval. At the end of two years there was a short colloquy between old Fritz and the Professor, which had the youth for its subject.

"Mr. Driftwood, sir, is a doer," said Fritz.

"Doer and thinker—good at both!" curtly replied the master.

From his lips this was a high eulogium.

It so happened that some papers Dr. Griesbach supplied to a scientific journal contained the result of various valuable experiments on the medicinal properties of certain new preparations which were being tested by several men eminent in the medical profession; and some controversy, as usual, had ensued, which called the Professor out from his privacy, both as a writer and a speaker. He was frequently at the hospital, of which his relative, Dr. Griesbach, was the senior physician. The Professor read a course of chemical lectures to the Doctor's pupils, and at these his now really most efficient assistant was Norman. Dr. Griesbach naturally felt an interest in the youth he had benefited; for it is an immutable fact in human nature, that though the receiver of a benefit may not be won to gratitude, the bestower is generally led to affection.

Doctor Griesbach had been greatly pleased that he had found, for his clever and eccentric relative, the Professor, one who so well suited him, particularly as no youth ever had before been tolerated. All were idle or stupid, according to the verdict of the Professor and his man Fritz. Even Rupert, who had once tried three weeks there, and was permitted to revolt at the diet, being spoilt, as the Professor said, with luxuries—even he could not, or would not, remain; and as the Doctor had feared it would be a question of losing his friend, or persecuting his son, he wisely withdrew the latter before any great rupture occurred. So Norman's success was the more gratifying from others' failure.

The Doctor never, in any interview with Norman, but once alluded to the introduction he had given the youth, and then he said—

"I don't call myself your godfather, my lad, but I'm certainly your sponsor; and right glad you have not disgraced the name I gave you. I think, however, you've worn it long enough; it's time you cast it off."

"It's as good as any other, sir," said Norman. "I've no one to care what my name is."

The touch of melancholy in this answer, coupled with Norman's excellent character, confirmed Dr. Griesbach, and also the Professor, to whom he mentioned it, that the youth was really without kindred, or disowned or disgraced by them; so it was decided to say no more to him of the past.

Meanwhile old Fritz often amused himself on winter nights in carving pretty ornaments for Miss Ella, who, in her motherless childhood, had often been brought by her nurse to the forest, and, of course, visited what she there laughingly called "The Enchanted Den." Her infantine smiles had won, as nothing else could, both master and man from their absorbing pursuits to listen to her prattle and to provide for her amuse-

ment. And there was, in Fritz's own private room, a certain vase with skeleton flowers, exquisitely prepared and grouped, the cherished remains of little bouquets the child Ella had brought him. As she grew older, and very early, under the matronage of a confidential domestic, she took the superintendence of her father's house, for the Doctor liked to feel that his dwelling had a mistress, even in a sylph of fifteen. The Professor retained his interest in her, and when, very rarely, he went to her father's to dinner, used to stipulate that there should be no visitors, so that he, the lonely man, might enjoy something of the pleasure of family intercourse.

We have seen how she had burst like sunlight upon Norman's sight, and how his boyish eyes had been dazzled by the little maiden.

Old Fritz, at Christmas, was always invited to the festivities of the servants' hall at Dr. Griesbach's. It was not likely that, on the great domestic festival of the year, the youth would be wholly left in the solitude of the forest house; so that in these three years that had led Norman up to manhood, he had been to Dr. Griesbach's dwelling, and at a respectable distance seen his daughter, and, it must be owned, had not unfrequently lent a willing hand to help Fritz in the manufacture of some ingenious toy or ornament for her. He said to himself that the remembrance of his own sister accounted for the interest he felt in all that concerned Miss Griesbach. But it is by no means unlikely that he might have felt a similar influence, even if no such person as Mysic had ever existed; for Ella knew enough of his history to be rather specially kind to him.

"Poor youth! if papa were dead," she had said, "Rupert and I would be orphans—alone in the world—just like him."

There was no one, of course, to hear, and therefore none to contradict this sentiment with the words—

"No, not like him; fortune and friends, education and social position would still be yours."

But she took the side of feeling and fancy, rather than of reason, on a plan, it must be owned, more poetic and charming than rational. Still it was, after all, very little intercourse that subsisted between Gloucester Place and Woodford; enough to keep the residents in London *au courant* with the welfare of those in the forest, and more than enough to fill the thoughts of some of the latter with pleasant musings.

During the six months previous to the events in the last chapter, Dr. Griesbach had reluctantly given up his favourite project of making his son follow his own profession. The young man's tastes so decidedly led him into other pursuits that his father had yielded, and was now delighted at the ardour with which Rupert was prosecuting his favourite studies. Some faint whisper had reached him that his son was by no means insensible to the charms of his daughter's young friend, Gertrude Austwicke. And as the Doctor was himself exceedingly fond of her, he had been content to look on quietly, seeing more of the game than the young people had supposed. He believed in the salutary influence of virtuous love in elevating and refining a young man's tastes, and keeping him from low pursuits and grovelling amusements. Dr. Griesbach recollected that in his own case a six years' engagement had preceded his marriage, and that he traced his ardent pursuit of knowledge and professional success to the influence which one long beloved, and, alas! early lost, had upon him. So, in his recent visit, he had been secretly very indignant with Mrs. Austwicke, on account of her manner to Gertrude; and there was far more of bitterness than the good Doctor often permitted himself to feel, when he uttered the private comment—

"That woman's megrims will make the dear child ill; we'll have her home."

#### CHAPTER LVI. GERTRUDE.

"Sweet visitant, what dost thou here

In this abode of grief?

Bright as thou art thou canst not cheer,

Or bring the bed of pain relief."

In a fortnight's time from Dr. Griesbach's giving the invitation his daughter was rejoicing over

her young friend's arrival. And as, of course, a wedding in prospect was something to interest them both, they were busy planning presents of needlework for Marian, who, as the bride elect of her father's friend, Mr. Nugent, was just now nearly as much an object of interest to Ella as she was to Gertrude. Nor did Rupert's return home need much explanation. Workmen were coming to the parsonage, to renovate its ancient walls; and though Allan had urged Rupert's remaining at the Hall, it was not a very likely place for study, with the young squire as a companion. Rupert so far judged rightly, that in his father's library, notwithstanding the bustle of London, he should have far less interruption; so he too returned to Gloucester Place, purposing to stay until term-time. Ruth was removed to St. Jude's Hospital two days before Gertrude left the Chace for London. Her speech was somewhat better, but still so laboured and indistinct, that it was very difficult to understand her. It had been judged best, as she was always greatly agitated when Gertrude came into the room, that the young lady should not see her before she left the Hall; but the remembrance of the way in which Ruth had nursed her, and also of that silent tear she had once shed on her face, were bonds that Gertrude held firmly by. She resolved not to lose sight of Ruth, and to this end she wrote often to the nurse who still continued to have charge of her.

On the first night after her arrival in Gloucester Place, amid all the sense of comfort that Ella's tender welcome gave to her wounded spirit, she thought of the desolate invalid; and when Dr. Griesbach joined them at the tea-table, she lost no time in obtaining his promise that as soon as Ruth's state permitted she should visit her, though he supplemented his promise by the remark—

"Of all the favourites ever a young lady made, this Ruth of yours is the most ungainly."

"I rather think I've a taste for odd and ugly people," said Gertrude—an announcement which, as Rupert was in the room, made him raise his head from a book he was scanning, and sent a flush over his brow; while Ella, laughing, said—

"Your friend are much obliged to you."  
"What I mean is," continued Gertrude, half apologetically, "servants and people who have to get their living contend with great disadvantages, where they are not prepossessing; and one ought to remember that, and be the kinder to them."

"Kindly logic, my little reasoner," was Dr. Griesbach's approving comment; adding, "you shall see her soon. I am trying a remedy, I hope may greatly benefit her; but—"

He was not in the habit of mentioning professional topics at home, and so checked himself. Yet Gertrude felt, from the one word at the end of the sentence, that it was very doubtful whether Ruth would recover.

Meanwhile it happened that Professor Griesbach and his pupil were both interested in the woman's case, watching it with the keenness of professional zeal, intent on accumulating scientific facts. For a time the patient rallied; then came the reaction that, to experienced eyes, heralded approaching death. Meanwhile, Ruth's mental faculties were something clearer, and her speech more intelligible. It is not often that people who are extremely ill shed many tears: they are past the stage when weeping is a necessity or a relief; but the nurse reported to Dr. Griesbach that Ruth often lay silently weeping for hours; and he, seeing that she was sinking, inquired of her if she had any friends she wished to be apprised of her state and summoned to her bed-side. Her hesitating answer was—

"None but Miss Gertrude."

The words bore no proportion to the pleading, eager, hungry look in her eyes—as if her spirit was famishing for the sight of the one person in all the world that she cared for. There was almost a convulsive working of her massive features when Dr. Griesbach replied—

"Miss Gertrude Austwicke is in town. I will bring her to see you this afternoon—that is, if you promise to keep yourself very composed."

Ruth dropped her eyelids over her eyes, as the only sign her weakness permitted that she would try to obey the injunction.

Dr. Griesbach generally returned home every day for half an hour at two o'clock, took a slight luncheon, and then resumed his visits to his patients. On this day, taking Gertrude in his carriage, and setting her down at the hospital, he put her in charge of the nurse, to be conducted to the bed-side of the invalid. No other thought was in the good Doctor's mind than that merely simple gratitude prompted the wish of the dying woman; just as gentle pity moved Gertrude. That anything more important to either was to result from that interview was as much hidden from him as, in the outset, it was from Gertrude.

Never did the lovely, innocent Gertrude look more charming than when, as with light footsteps and eyes filled with compassion, she entered the ward of St. Jude, and walked up to the sufferer's bed. She stood there for some moments unnoticed; then, with a gentle touch, lifting the torpid hand that lay outside the bed-clothes, she whispered, awe-struck—

"How are you, dear Ruth?"

Wide open on the instant were the great, blank, staring eyes, now larger and more glassy than ever. A strong spasm shook the bed; then Ruth rallied with a wonderful effort, and became quite calm. She motioned Gertrude to come to the other side of the bed. The young girl complied, and was drawing out the little pocket Testament, from which she had often read to Ruth at the Hall, when an impatient gesture restrained her. The woman made signs for her to put her head down close; and, the better to comply, Gertrude knelt at the bed-side, and so brought her ear on a level with the gasping lips, that began at once to pour out a tale which had been mentally conned over, day and night, for weeks, so startling, that, Gertrude—speechless, spell-bound—followed its drift and took in its whole dreadful meaning.

*To be continued.*

#### KATE FORMAN:

#### OR THE SUNKEN RIVER,\*

BY THE LOWE FARMER.

LONG ago—it was in the birthnight of our young antiquity, while as yet the red man was the lord and sole inhabitant of the primeval forest which covered the Ottawa country—a pioneer family found its way to the banks of the great and glorious river, which gives a name to the charming district we inhabit. The fair and wide-spreading stream, which was soon to bear on its bosom, the wealth of its upper waters to the ocean, the fertile slopes which gird its banks, the magnificent scenery, the beautiful and health-giving climate, induced the wanderers to choose the locality for their future home. The spot selected for settlement was near, where now stands the pretty village of Hull, and but a short distance above the magnificent Chaudiere. Here, sturdy arms and light and willing hearts made the first impress of civilization on the Ottawa region, and wove the cradle for the happy and prosperous thousands—the progenitors of future millions—now gathered around the scene of their early daring and beneficent toil. It is needless to dilate on the grand spectacle presented by a household, which thus dares to go forth from its fellow-men, plunging into the dark deep forest—so like the wild and trackless ocean—to make for itself a home—to bid the wilderness smile and rejoice in fruitfulness—to lay the foundation of a state. Of such are the true benefactors of mankind: bloodless and guiltless conquerors, who carry only blessings on their march and give empires to their kind, with the axe and ploughshare. All honour to the heroes! for them should the marble be chiselled and the paean sung.

\* Among the phenomena of the Chaudiere Falls at Ottawa, and their wondrous are many, the chief, probably, is the sunken river. A large natural reservoir is found on the Lower Canadian side of the river, into which the water rushes at several points, and from which there is no visible outlet. Its form is circular, and surrounded on all sides by perpendicular cliffs. It remains, as yet, a complete mystery in all respects. And I may here remark, that traces of the Indian burial ground, as described, are yet apparent, and generally, that the scenery on the Ottawa has been described from nature.

Our family, with which alone we have now concern, bore the homely yet suggestive name of Forman. They had in them the bone and muscle, the fearless hearts and irrepressible energy of the British race. Its members were, beside the parents, four boys, the eldest verging upon manhood, one daughter, and a sturdy lad, the orphan son of departed friends, who had died and bequeathed him to their care. This charge they readily assumed, and scrupulously and affectionately fulfilled. The Formans were a very happy family. If but little of worldly gear had fallen to their lot, they had that which more than compensates its absence: they had for each other unbounded respect and affection—they were firmly united in heart and will; discord, and comparatively, difference of opinion was a stranger in their midst. Another blessing attended them; a manly muscular piety filled the breasts of the parents and was deeply implanted and revered in the children. Thus far, Providence had smiled upon them, and they were worthy of its favour and protection.

To the majority of those who will peruse this narrative, we should have but little to relate that is not already tolerably well known, were we to describe the severe trials, the vast difficulties, the great dangers necessarily encountered by the first settlers in a new and wild district, far remote from civilized life, and man's appliances. At the time of which we write, there were dangers and difficulties to be encountered which have long ceased to exist or being greatly mitigated. For instance, the Indian, untamed—fierce in his pride—cruel in defence of his hunting grounds and the graves of his fathers—waged a ruthless war on intruders. Wild animals, but less savage—more merciful than the human lords of the forest—were more numerous and more dangerous. Facilities for intercourse with remote regions were much fewer than in later times; and, altogether, the situation of the early settler has been considerably ameliorated. But all that we would describe is well known either from experience or by tradition.

But all impediments to the future success of the Formans were by degrees removed or overcome. The axe, wielded by the sturdy arms of the father and his stalwart sons, aided by his ever-ready and willing protégé, laid low, one by one, the giants of the forest, which had bravely withstood the storms of unnumbered winters; road after road was cleared and planted; propitious seasons, and the rich virgin soil, gave prolific harvests; a firm but inoffensive demeanour, coupled with that invaluable assistance and advice, which the civilized, with so little sacrifice, can bestow on the savage, and for which the Formans were never asked in vain, procured them perfect immunity from the hostility of the red men. Indeed, so warm a friendship sprang up between the settlers and the Indians of their neighbourhood, that had prowling savages threatened them, every warrior of the Ottawas would have seized his weapons and rushed to their defence. The bear and the wolf were dangerous only to their flocks, which soon began to increase around them; their rifles soon thinned out these enemies or taught them that the neighbourhood was not a safe foraging ground. Gradually their clearances enlarged, and they found they had some surplus produce to dispose of. This was taken in canoes down the river to the older settlements, and either sold or exchanged for such necessities as they required. What might well be deemed luxuries soon began to appear about their homestead.

It may well be supposed that all this was not the work of a day or a season. Years had passed and, in the meantime the younger members of the family, of whom we have as yet had occasion to say but little, had arrived at years of maturity.

Our narrative now assumes another and a softer hue. Kate Forman, the only daughter of the worthy settler, had sprung into womanhood; in feature, fair and rosy as the ever present sunlight of her own warm heart, and in figure faultless as her own unsullied mind. It is not too much to say that she was beautiful and good,—a glorious specimen of that sweet type, the British yeoman's daughter. What a pity, it may be thought, such a peerless flower should bloom

in such a sterile desert. But it was no desert for her; she had her parents, whom she loved with a fond devotion; she had her brave and hardy brothers, worthy even of such a sister's love; she had her pets in farm-yard and field; she was almost worshipped by the Indians, to whom she was even a kind and attentive friend and benefactor and often a nurse; and she had beside—what will soon be made known as we proceed. The brothers, at the period on which which we are now entering, had reached manhood; vigorous hardy and daring, yet dutiful and affectionate; they were all that parents could desire; they were proud of their good and beautiful sister; and they were delighted at the prospect that lay around and before them; a scene of homely comfort happiness and peace, and which their own willing labour had so largely contributed to form. They were thoroughly contented with the remote home they had won from the wilderness: their future was all sunshine. Robert Moore, the adopted son of the Forman's, who, by the parents and brothers, was never thought of but as a fifth brother and another son, was, in mind and person, inferior to neither of the brothers. Her Indian friends had long designated Kate, the Rose of the Ottawa; Robert had sprung up beside her, sturdy and graceful as the forest oak. By this time it will be surmised, and it really cannot be a matter for surprise, that these two young true hearts should be drawn towards each other. The great Franklin astonished the Parisian *beau monde* with the information that the sun actually rose in Paris before noon: here we tell the fine ladies that peasant lads and lasses *have hearts* we shall probably add something, equally novel, to their stock of knowledge. From early childhood a marked affection had existed between Robert and Kate, and time, which ruthlessly dissipates so many of youth's most cherished dreams, had not changed its current. Its growth resembled and had been as constant, almost as silent and imperceptible, as that of their forest trees, around whose hearts each season adds another and a stronger circling protection. Their affection was as tranquil as it was strong and deep-rooted. Shut out from the world, its influences worked not to disturb the even and uneventful tenor of their course. They loved, and no difficulty, no danger cast a shadow on their felicity. They could not doubt they had no cause for fear.

In saying that the elder Formans looked on and approved, we convey but a faint idea of their feelings. That this affection should arise between their child and one almost as dear was, had ever been, an absorbing and fondly cherished idea. They rejoiced over its realization; they had watched its growth and progress with unalloyed content. But the time had now arrived to bind the fond young hearts with dearer ties, and they raised no obstacles, real or imaginary; they gave no churlish consent. They blessed their children—as both were deemed—and bade them go on their way together rejoicing. Courtship and marriage in the far distant backwoods, admit but of scant ceremony, therefore, we pass over all preliminaries, and simply state that Christmas day, which was very near at hand was selected for the union of the young lovers.

Christmas eve has arrived and the morrow will be the happy day that cements a life-long affection. Forman's hearth, which always glows brightly for the infrequent wanderer, is piled high, crowned with the giant log of yule, dear relic of brave old Scandinavia; his board, ever hospitable, groans beneath an unwonted load and unwonted luxury. Stranger guests are present, too; some from distant settlements; some two or three who, induced by Forman's example and his good fortune, have located in the neighbourhood; Indian chiefs, and a few of the tribes have been invited, and arrayed in all their glory, have come: and, as guest of honour, there is a brave and holy missionary Priest, one of that devoted band which, in times long past, dared much, dared all, to carry civilization, peace and religion to the savage. He has stayed his wandering footsteps for a brief period to seal with the solemnities of the church the auspicious ceremony of the morrow.

The feast is spread and the wassail bowl passes around: with right good will they assail the Christmas cheer. Every heart is light and gay, and homely and harmless joke and quip and crank prevail. Boisterous mirth and hearty is there; and long may it live to season the tamer conventionalities of these refined times. The blushing bride has to bear many a sly remark, while many a cup is drained to her charms and many a wish uttered for her future happiness. Stalwart Robert receives harder knocks, but he is so entranced with his beautiful Kate, now so near his own, that they fall harmless as snow flakes shook from the pine boughs. The proud and happy father looks around with swelling heart, blesses his child, and gives himself up to mirth and jollity, and leads the fun. The fond mother glances stealthily at her darling long and often, and once a tear—a tear whose sparkle came not from sorrow's well,—stood in her eye and threatened to steal down her cheek. It was but for a moment. Now for the dance. And with right good will they skip and frisk and whirl and twirl. No mincing *minuet* theirs; they dance in earnest and they dance and tire. Song is now to be the order of the day, and Kate must sing: refusal is out of the question, and every voice is raised to set aside excuses; so, with just enough of hesitation and bashfulness, to add another charm to her who is all charming, Kate sings and sings well. Song follows song, and then comes the turn of the story-tellers. In that distant and more romantic age, and in such a scene, there was no lack of thrilling legends, of tales of blood, and narratives of deeds of daring and of prowess. Robert Moore was the hero of more than one narrative of strength, of heroism, and of generosity, and saucy Kate jested him on bearing his blushing honours with tolerable equanimity. By a very common turn the story-telling took the tone of the supernatural. In the period of which we write all men believed in the reality of the supernatural; in the visible presence and perceptible influence of ghosts and spectres, and avowed their belief. Has this belief died out? We unhesitatingly answer that, however modified, it still exists. And further, maintain that it is not limited to the vulgar and the unthinking. The *quasi* material belief of the illiterate may be confined to a class, but a spiritualism, more or less refined, pervades us all, and is exhibited, frequently, unconsciously to ourselves; and it will continue to exist so long as we believe in the immortality of the soul—in a life after death. Let us not be misunderstood: the argument does not extend beyond the existence of *the belief*. Well, tale succeeded tale, each more horrible and, possibly more irrational than the last. Than Robert Moore there was no firmer believer in ghosts, demons and the like beneath that hospitable roof but—probably in mere bravado—he smiled at them to-night and affected to doubt. Kate was an ardent believer, and deeply tinged with the superstition of the times. These unearthly and weird tales produced intense and morbid excitement and totally unsettled her otherwise well-balanced mind. Carried away by her feelings, she proposed to test Moore's assumed scepticism, and dared him to go alone and fasten her handkerchief to the solitary maple which shaded the Indian groves on the banks of the river. The Indian burial ground was near the spot where the bridge now stands which connects the two provinces of Canada. This absurdity called all back to reason, and every one objected, by degrees, more and more earnestly, to its being carried out. But Moore would not give occasion to any one to doubt his courage; and as for Kate, had she dared him to plunge into the Big Kettle's\* stygian gulf he would have taken the leap and smiled and braved a certain death. He cut short expostulation by starting on his foolish errand.

The night was calm and cold, the moon was shining brightly over head, and deep snow covered all around. The midnight silence was broken only by the sullen roar of the rushing

\* The Big Kettle, so called, is a vast and almost circular hollow in the centre of Chaudiere Falls, into which the raging waters rush on all sides.

waters, which snapping in their icy chains, drove fiercely over the falls, and in mighty volume sank into the depths below. Moore had but a short distance to traverse—less than half a mile. His path was through a yet uncleared patch of land, and only a stray moon-beam here and there gleamed through the thick bush. This was a striking contrast to the scene he had just left, and the deep gloom and unbroken solitude, if it did not induce fear, certainly considerably sobered his feelings. Call not this an indication of cowardice. There are many of us who, without a moment's hesitation, scarcely a thought, if our path lay that way, would walk through the loneliest cemetery on the darkest night; but where is the one who can truly say his feelings, and quite irrespective of the solitude, are not very different from those he would experience passing along the frequented street? In Moore's case, allowance must be made for the previous incidents, for the effects of the startling tales so recently told; and he who would not have quailed before aught in mortal form, as he approached his destination, became nervous to a degree approaching fright. A partridge had risen at his feet, and its whirr, as it hurried into the gloom, to his heated imagination had an unnatural sound and portent; a wolf, seared from its midnight feast, fled with a hideous howl that came on his ear as the cry of an angry fiend. But the idea of relinquishing his task never entered into his thought, though thousands would shrink in such circumstances who have no fear of death in any form. Let the psychologist explain these phenomena; we have but to relate events. His limbs refused not their office, and he stood upon the confine of the receptacle of the dead of unnumbered generations. His bourne, the maple-tree, was before him, and but a few paces distant. Its leafless, but now laden branches, cast a deep shadow. He approached it; he prepared to fasten the kerchief to one of its lower limbs;—horror of horrors! a huge ungainly form—white as the untrodden snow around—to which over-excited sense gave nor shape nor nature, rose before him. His eye closed on the appalling spectacle; consciousness forsook him; he sank to the ground.

The little that remained of cheerfulness after the absurd turn which the amusement of the evening had taken, was entirely dissipated by the departure of Robert Moore; a feeling of deep dejection ensued, and unconsciously, silently, secretly, a sense of coming misfortune pervaded every breast. Worse, far worse, with Kate. The door had scarcely closed on Robert before she awoke to the almost criminal folly of her conduct. Briefly but bitterly she reproached herself for her indiscretion, and declared her determination to follow and overtake him, to bring him back, or failing that, to accompany him, and if peril came to share it with him. With great difficulty she was dissuaded. A cheerfulness and gaiety which no one felt was assumed. In reality, what danger could be apprehended? who or what could harm the envoy? But presentiment contradicted reason and overpowered hope; the sea-mew has prescience of the approaching storm; man's faculties are sometimes equally unerring.

The minutes passed—how rapidly. Twenty had gone since Robert started; and many whispered and all thought, "It is about time he was back." Poor Kate, her condition was pitiable indeed. She spoke not, heeded not; her eyes were fixed immovably on the door through which he had passed out; more than once she had moved towards it, and the gentle restraint of her anxious parents alone prevented her going forth. At length her anguish found utterance: "Have mercy! have mercy! I am his murderer! I must go! I must go and share his fate! Restrain me not! he is dying, and I am not there."

There are cases in which the heart refuses to be soled. This was one. It was in vain they told her his delay was intended to punish her indiscretion. She heard their words, but they fell on her ear without meaning. Ten minutes more elapsed. By one impulse all rushed out. They would have Kate remain, but knew full

well it would be vain to urge the wish. Rapidly they proceeded towards the burial-ground; they traced Robert's foot-prints on the snow; but they saw none pointing towards home. When a straggling moonbeam shot between the trees, one of the Indians stooped down, and evidently saw a track, one which overcame all the stoicism of his race: a wild yell escaped him; he sprang forward at a pace which tells the race is for life. All followed, and maddening emotion lent them speed. In a few seconds they were near the fatal maple; they saw an object in motion—in another instant a huge white bear rose with a growl that froze the heart's warmest blood and disappeared. And there lay Robert Moore, mangled, torn, defaced—dead! dead!

For a time we suspend our narrative, and pass over a portion of the harrowing consequences of this fatal night. Reflection will readily fill up the void, perhaps, but imperfectly; for imagination in her darkest mood would fail to reproduce the horror, the agony, impressed on all, and to *one* the wild and terrible despair that resulted. We have before intimated that peasant girls have hearts; than poor Kate's, one more tender, more loving, more impassioned, never throbbed in human breast;—it was crushed; broken for ever: and lay dead in the grave with Robert Moore.

Months have rolled away; the snow-bird has disappeared, the crow is seen aloft in his airy flight, the partridge's trumpet has been heard in the bush, the pines have cost off their snowy burdens—here and there the green earth peeps through its robe of white, and smiles at the sun; the glad streams are breaking their chains and rushing into life; spring, fairest of nymphs, with advancing step and hand upraised, stands prepared to cast around her melody and her flowers. Mighty is June! He probes the wounds of sorrow and pours on them his balm, and they heal and disappear from all but memory. There are, however, cases that defy his art, and resist his influence to the last. Affliction burns so deeply into the soul that its ravages are indelible. So was it with poor Kate. About the time we resume our narrative, the girl had risen from her sick bed, around which, for weary months, life and death had unceasingly contested for her possession. Life was the victor, but how poor a conquest had he gained! Her heart—her heart was crushed on that fatal Christmas eve, and, in the after strife, her mind had succumbed. They placed her where the first breath of spring fanned her cheek—they brought her spring's earliest blossoms, but the restorer of all things and the beautifier was powerless here. One thought, one only desire did she express; it was her response to all question, all consolation—*let me go to his grave*. They promised when strength returned with improved health they would take her where they had laid her lover. "I need not your help," she would reply, "I can walk to the sunken river, in which he lies buried. I must see that he sleeps well."

This terrible hallucination produced the extreme consternation. We scarcely need say that it was but the dream of a disordered mind, or describe, how tenderly, how lovingly, poor Moore's remains had been consigned to the earth. But the idea had become fixed, immovable—a portion of herself, and the last waif of her mind's vitality. Her stricken friends wisely judged that argument and dissuasion would be useless, and that all remaining for them was to watch and tend their wrecked treasure.

Towards the latter part of spring an unusually high and dangerous freshet came down the river, threatening destruction to every thing within its course. The flocks, fences and other property of the Formans demanded instant care and all their energies. But even in this alarming emergency the mother would not leave her child. But after a time Kate slept, or appeared to sleep, and the mother—her auxiliaries, under such circumstances, very naturally somewhat divided—thought she could safely absent herself for a few minutes to see how it fared, and what assistance she could give to those who were struggling with the swollen stream. She went; her absence was very brief; but on her return—Kate was gone! To give an alarm and to follow on her track

was but the work of a moment. There was no doubt or hesitation as to the course to take; they flew along the path—since scrupulously shunned—taken by Robert on that dreadful night. They came to the yawning chasm from which the sunken river emerges; but Kate was not there. With frantic haste they searched around. Their search was unrewarded. They peered into the dark, deep, mysterious waters, but they were voiceless and gazed well their secret. Kate was no more seen!—

Off the shore of what is now known as Buckingham, some twenty miles below the City of Ottawa, there is a powerful and most remarkable eddy. It is well known to those who pass up and down the river. A few days after the disappearance of Kate Forman a party of voyageurs, in whose company was the Rev. Priest, whom we met with before at Forman's, were paddling up the river, and they were nearly abreast of the eddy. It is not very surprising that their conversation should have related to that deplorable event, tidings of which had reached them through the Indians. What means this sudden cry of horror? the paddles drop from nerveless hands; more than one strong man sinks insensible, overcome with fright and horror: this the cause. Scarcely more than arms' length from their canoe a human form rises erect, high above the surface, and floats amidst the fiercely whirling waves.

It is a woman's form, shrouded by long and tangled hair. Those who retain their consciousness would flee. The good Priest forbids, and soon imparts a bolder and a better feeling. They approach the floating figure; softly they grasp it and reverently place it in their canoe. Need we say that it proves to be all that remains of the once warm-hearted—the lovely and loving Kate Forman.

The sunken river had yielded up its deposit, and revealed its wondrous and terrific mystery.

Kate Forman reposes beside her lover, united in death. For ages their resting place was pointed out; their loves and mournful destiny related in harvest field and by shanty fires; but the last has faded from memory, and time and change have obliterated all trace of these true-hearted lovers' grave.

## A FROLIC IN THE WOODS.

### MAPLE SUGAR MAKING.

WHEN are you going to take me to see sugar-making?

"To-morrow, if you like. Just the time for it before the roads break up altogether. Will that suit?"

"Yes, exactly. I'll get a couple of day's leave. What hour shall we start?"

"Oh, six, a. m., sharp!"

"Whew! How's a fellow to get out of bed at that unearthly hour, I should like to know?"

"Ha! ha! You military fellows are good for nothing but dancing after the ladies, I believe. Stir yourself up for once, for we must be off while the crust is hard."

"Well, I'll try; but I fancy I'll feel pretty crusty myself. *Au revoir*."

Next morning found our two friends, M. A. and Capt. B., packed comfortably in a light little cutter, with a formidable looking hamper under the buffalo, and spanking off at the rate of nine miles an hour. The conversation was opened by A.'s saying, "Well, B., how do you feel? You look tolerably comfortable; but from the outcry you made yesterday about our starting hour, I thought I was likely to have a bear as well as a buffalo in my sleigh."

"Oh, well," was the good-humoured reply, "I did feel crabbed at being dragged out of my bed this morning, but this fine exhilarating air would soon knock the ill-temper out of any fellow."

"Ah, that's the beauty of our Canada spring mornings. When I was a youngster I never knew what it was to be in bed after five, and during holiday time, fishing and shooting season, four rarely saw me there. I am the stronger for it now. You should try the plan."

"Capital advice, I'm sure; but you see it's hard to shake off old habits. Have you often been sugaring?"

"Not of late years, but as a boy I never missed a season. It was with me an institution, as the Yankees say, and I always managed to get a holiday or two; and many's the scrape I got into, and many the pranks I played up and down the country. I remember once going off towards the townships with a school chum,—my governor owned a shanty there,—a jolly head-quarters we made of it for all our expeditions. The country people must have raised a jubilee after our departure; for what with hiring their horses, over-driving them, firing at their poultry, and such things, we must have tormented them abominably."

"Oh, I suppose all boys are alike in that particular; they must blow off steam somewhere, and it is better to let them rough it. But give us your story."

"It's not much of a story, but sugaring reminded me of it. You know the maple trees are tapped in the spring after nights of frost and days of thaw, when the sap runs freely. A gutter conducts this into the vessels set to catch it. Each tree yields what makes about a pound of sugar. When a sufficient quantity of sap is collected, it is put into cauldrons, and slowly and carefully boiled, poured into shapes, and set to cool. Our favourite share was the thick treacle poured upon the snow, and eaten out of our hands—a rare sweetmeat and one which, old as I am, I have not yet lost the relish for. H. and I had tramped into the wood on snowshoes, and finding a sugar camp with sap gathered, and fires laid all ready for boiling next day, with no one set to watch, we thought it would be glorious fun to light up, boil all the sugar, and run off with it during the night. With boys to think is to act, or rather to act without thinking. Off went our coats; the night was clear and sharp; a stray match in H.'s pocket set the fire going, and in a few minutes we had hot work of it stirring away. Half a dozen times we were ready to throw down our sticks and make off, getting more than we bargained for."

We kept up a running fire. "Hallo, A., how do you like it, old fellow? I've burnt the toes of my moccasins, and they were my best."

"Have you? Bad job that. The knees of my trousers are all scorched. What a lark if the old fellows should come down upon us! Wouldn't there be a row! Guess the governor'd hear of it, and keep me in limbo for the future. Does your sugar crack yet?"

"Not a bit; I've tried it a dozen times. Guess if it doesn't crack before daylight, our heads will get cracked then. What a jolly scrape, to be sure. But I feel pretty small about it, after all. Wonder if the sugar will taste good? Stolen sweets they say do."

"Watched pot" was long in boiling, but in course of time the sugar cracked, the treacle was eaten till we were surfeited and the rest poured into shapes. What a labour it was to carry it off, to hide it and to fill up the pot with melted snow, working exactly like sap, and the fire built, and all left as we found it—even our tracks had to be scraped over with our hands. Black slaves never worked harder—every stitch we had on was wet; and yet, as we trudged along home, we threw ourselves down every now and then, and rolled about with laughter, at the thought of the fellows boiling, boiling all day at the melted snow, and no sugar coming out of it. Home we went, and into bed we turned—used up—but first having taken into our confidence our man of all work, Jem, who promised to keep dark and report progress.

At two o'clock we turned out again and had dinner—splendid trout caught by ourselves the day before. Jem's wife was a capital cook; before it was over back came Jem himself shaking his fat sides. He had been out reconnoitering and found the fellows boiling away, piling on more fire, and stewing and roasting themselves over the sugar they expected to make; his advice to us was to clear off to Quebec that afternoon, instead of next morning, as if they found out the joke they might tar and feather us in their first

rage. As we thought discretion the better part of valor in the matter, we took his advice, leaving some of our sugar—taking home some to boast of its being our own making, and emptying our purses of all our pocket money for him to settle with the owners of the sap handsomely. Their rage at the joke was hot at first; but Canadians are good natured, and full payment pacified them—and they promised not to lodge a complaint against us at head quarters. I however paid rather dearly for my whistle; besides the loss of my pocket money—for the state of my clothes caused some displeasure at home—I was laid up with a cold for several days, but I thought it was jolly fun notwithstanding."

"I don't wonder—so should I have done," said Captain B.; "but what house is this?"

"Hallo, here we are," was the reply. "Jump out B.; we leave the sleigh here—breakfast, and then tramp it; catch hold of the hamper."

The day was fine and sharp, and our friends enjoyed the contents of their basket—their bush walk, and sugar-making after it. Mr. A.'s dog, Carlo, got himself into trouble, however, by running off with sundry lumps of tafficet to cool by Charley, the young guide, who gave him a dose that cured him of taffie stealing for a time. Getting a large lump of the warm, soft, sticky stuff ready, he caught hold of master Carlo, and then stuffing the soft mass in, closed down his jaws firmly upon it. In vain the dog rolled over and over, uttering strange muffled sounds—his mouth was most effectually glued; at last, almost in a state of madness, he bounded off into the woods, and did not return for half an hour, when he came back looking very subdued and crest fallen. Charley met him laughing, "Want another bit old fellow? Guess you've had enough of sugar this year, hav'nt you?" Carlo did not deign to answer, but turned with an unmistakable growl and trotted off towards home.

Next evening, when our friends parted at Captain B.'s door, Mr. A. handed him his share of the spoils in the shape of sundry large squares of tempting looking sugar, and said, "Good-bye old fellow! Thank you for a very pleasant trip; this is to send home, and I'll tell them when they talk of 'sweet spring' there, that we have sweets of spring in cold Canada they know nothing of in England, and that it's not such a bad place after all. Good night."

Thornhill, April 16th, 1866.

## THE JAUNDICE.

A SEQUEL TO THE SCARLET FEVER.

In a series of letters, edited by Chas. H. Stokoe.

Harry Tourniquet, Esq., M.D., at Ottawa, to Mr. Robert Trepan, medical student, at Montreal.

LETTER II.

DEAR BOB,

Here I am—safely landed at last; and I have, after plenty of badgering, passed Old Doctor Moroso was cross as Old Nick, because he'd been told I once wrote for "The Pick;" and that queer little sheet has caused frightful grimaces,

To some rather low people in rather high places.

He asked me, "Why opium put people to sleep?" No doubt, he considered himself very deep; I told him, "Because it a virtue possesst, That the faculties lulled and disposed them to rest."

"If your patient had fever, how would you proceed?" "I should put on a blister, and purge him and bleed."

"Did pneumonia and pleurisy happen to scourge?" "I should put on a blister, and bleed him and purge."

"Did colic torment him; how then, my good mister?" "I should purge him, and bleed him, and put on a blister."

"But what if these remedies cured not his pain?" "I should blister, and bleed him and purge him again."

So my answers extorted an ample confession, That I'd confer credit upon the profession; They heard *Allopathy*, through all of them speak; "If you'd make a man strong, you must first make him weak!"

A unanimous vote then conferred the degree, Which makes Harry Tourniquet now an M.D.

The next thing to decide on was where I should settle? I determined to act like a fellow of mettle, And select the new capital, and as it grew In wealth and importance, I'd grow with it too.

Of course I've for rivals a lot of old fogies, But 'tis children, not men, who are frightened at "bogies."

And you know the conviction we never have dropped And the excellent logic we always have "chopped." That it's we, youthful fellows, just fresh from the college,

Who surpass all the world in *experience* and knowledge.

We are fully possessed of the latest inventions— Of each branch of science, the newest extensions; And our wits are kept sharp by debates and contentions.

While the men in small places grow perfectly rusty, Their routine of practice must make their brain musty; What they once knew, by little and little decreases, Till they only are fit to treat "*local diseases*."

While we freshly taught the best treatment while new,

Who cases of all sorts in hospital view Can range the entire *pathology* through.

And therefore it's we, who are rightly deemed sages, Upon whom has been poured the heaped wisdom of ages!

I shan't call upon Fanny until things are clear; (You know part of her regiment's now stationed here,) But as soon as I have my arrangements complete, I shall "hang up my shingle" in Wellington street. Then, after I have my first struggle endured, Have got known, and a snug little practice secured, I shall run up to Brantford, make friends with Jane Barker,

Who must quite have forgotten that scamp, Ensign Sparker.

Oct. 28th, 1865.

HARRY.

Miss Jennie Barker to her sister Kate.

DEAR KATE,

I have promised young Sparker to walk, So I only sit down for a few minutes talk; I may break off abruptly, it's proper to state, For if he is punctual, I shan't let him wait. To tell a long story 'twere foolish to try, So I'll sit near the window, and say who goes by; And, of course, just as soon as the Ensign appears, I shall slip on my gloves, and then hasten downstairs.

Ah! there goes a lady, a stranger to me, Very tastily dressed;—who on earth can she be? She's wearing that beautiful "Sappho Casaque" Of the *loveliest* velvet and silk, and all black; Her bonnet's black velvet, a black ostrich feather Droops daintily over a sweet sprig of heather; Her veil is drawn up;—what a lovely complexion, It might warm an old anchorite's heart to affection— The red and the white are of such *dazzling* hue, That it tempts one to wonder, if they are quite true! She bends on one side, as she walks, her fair head, And her feet on the pavement so daintily tread.

Oh! here Sparker comes; I must break off my chat, But stay!—to the lady he's ta'en off his hat! How sweetly she smiles as she gracefully stands; And how highly delighted they are to shake hands! I shall learn who she is;—but I don't care to see So much warmth, when the man's come to walk out with me!

He has turned, and gone with her!—well; this is no joke!

And here I'm left, sitting in bonnet and cloak! I shall just wait five minutes, and when he comes back,

He may fairly look out for a furious attack, He shall not slight me, for that "Woman in Black." To be treated in this way is beyond all endurance! She's all affectation!—a lump of assurance!

I have moved from the window—the notion I spurn That I should be watching the fellow's return!

Well! the time has elapsed; and he is not returning! I feel so annoyed that my cheek should be burning; I don't care one pin! so a sign it must be That this precious couple are talking of me. Here's a message from Fanny;—her servant she sends To say she's a visitor—one of my friends— I'm not in the least of a humour to go; But I shall—in the hope it may turn out a beau!

Now tell me, dear Kate, who you think it could be— Can you tell in one guess? or in two? or in three? Do you quite give it up? Then no longer I'll tarry, In letting you know, 'twas my *old sweetheart*, Harry! I felt so much pleasure, he showed such delight, That our foolish old quarrel we both forgot quite, He's looking so handsome! our tongues ran so fast, That a couple of hours unnoticed flew past; And now I have only ten minutes at most To seal up my letter and take to the post, For with me the DOCTOR'S determined to walk, As we haven't, he says, nearly had out our talk! So, I'm sorry to baulk you, but further narration I'm obliged to defer to a future occasion.

JENNIE

LETTER IV.

Dr. Tourniquet to Mr. Trepan.

DEAR BOB,

She is here! She is here! How strange that I never once dreamt she was near; I had put off my calling on Fanny so long, That with shame I acknowledge my conduct was wrong.

## WAITING

There's a girl in the garden, and she sings, how she sings!

"Oh! I would it were the summer, though these days of May are dear;

For my lover will come hither when the honeysuckle clings

To the casement, and the butterfly shames blossoms with its wings;

Yes, my darling will then whisper witting love-love in my ear."

There's a girl in the garden, and she sighs, how she sighs!

"Wherefore do the winds delay him, when they ought to wait him on?

Yet, my love will keep the trysting ere the season's splendour dies,

Though the glory of the last rose in the rank weeds withered lies,

He will come before the pansies and the iris blooms are gone."

There's a girl in the garden, and she wails, how she wails!

While the wind derides her mourning as it drives the leaves abroad,

"Never, never in the haven shall my sailor find his sails,

Nor with boisterous ballad fragments blame the fury of the gales,

For his failing to keep promise when on earth the summer trode."

There's a girl in the garden, and she moans, how she moans!

As the snow is falling softly on her white and wasted face,

"Oh! I long to lie beside my kin where stand memorial stones—"

But she hears her name now spoken in his sweet familiar tones,

"Love, I come, though late, to greet you in our wonted trysting place."

Halifax, N.S. 1866.

A. R. G.

## THE

## TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

Continued from page 171.

## PART III.

At the very moment when madame Agnes, on leaving the shed of Jean Cadoc, was congratulating herself on having gained one more partisan, and at the moment when the faithful Amaury was telling her that a simple gesture of hers was enough to lay the world at her feet, a great noise was heard within the liberties of Notre Dame, caused by the swarming out of the masons who were leaving their work.

Eric was among them, and looked very sorrowful, for he had not seen his sister again since she was led off by Albret in the morning; and his imagination exaggerated rather than softened, the dangers of the great unknown city.

He regained the house of master Thomas, the lodging-keeper, in company with Christain, who shook his bleached head, and said—

"God be pleased that some good fortune may have happened to our girl."

Lords, men-at-arms, in short, the whole escort that had accompanied madame Agnes from the Louvre to the city, were wending their way back to the right bank of the Seine. The beggars packed up their baggage—the small pedlars cleared away their stalls—and the distant lights shining out of the dark streets, were already visible under the smoky porches and red windows of the taverns.

The Duke of Burgogne led the way, and was about to pass the angle of la rue de la Calandre, when, all at once, a noisy and drunken crowd shot across the road and barred the way.

"Clear the road, clowns," cried the duke, putting his hand to his sword.

"Oh! oh!" answered a loud and jovial voice, "here is one of my last night's noble companions

—Salut, mon seigneur; you do not recognize me?"

"Give way," repeated the Duke, trying to spur his horse forward.

Night was rapidly approaching and the torches of the cortège were not yet lighted.

The crupper of the duke's horse struck against the man who had just spoken, but immediately sunk to the ground under the blow of a poignard which had been driven up to the handle between his two haunches.

"'Tis a pity to kill such good horses," said the jovial voice, as the Duke rose, maddened with rage, "but I could not in conscience strike his rider for so small an offence, mon sire!"

"Charge!" cried the Duke to his followers—"charge! and cut them down to the last man."

The jovial band, whose chief had so unceremoniously unhorsed Eudes III, Duke of Burgogne, struck up in chorus a great shout of laughter; and at the same time a cry ran through the whole escort of Agnes—"The brigands! The brigands!"

Montruel seized the arm of Agnes, and in brief and hurried tones, said to her—"That man, madame, must be gained at any price; all the others will count for nothing without him."

The jovial chief laughed twice as loud as his companions; but he knew how to play a generous part—for with his own hands he helped the duke upon his legs.

"Ma foi, mon seigneur," said he, "but you are heavy, and this laughing takes away all my strength—and yet you would like to have me cut to pieces—hey? Is that the way you pay off your obligations?"

"It is that ribald, Cadocu!" said the Count du Perche, from the midst of the escort, "and he is drunk into the bargain!"

Certes, the lords seemed in no hurry to obey the warlike summons of Burgogne—they made no charge, and it was as well for them; for fresh brigands were all the time pouring out of the taverns with a great clattering of steel, and the lords would not have had the best of it.

"Would it require a large sum to gain that man?" enquired madame Agnes, who did not feel in any immediate danger, for the whole escort stood between her and the brigands.

"The Bishop of Orvieto offered him one hundred thousand crowns," replied Montruel.

"One hundred thousand crowns!" repeated Agnes, with affright, "one hundred thousand! by Our Lady, we will let him pass."

"You cannot pass him," added Montruel, in a low voice, "Cadocu alone is worth the whole of us put together."

"One hundred thousand crowns!" groaned Agnes again.

"But," added Montruel, "he would not take the Bishop's one hundred thousand—for the king gave him twice as much!"

Madame Agnes was suffocating.

"Twice as much," she groaned in a half-stifled accent, "the king gave him two hundred thousand crowns; but that was our money, and what will become of me if the finances are thus wasted?"

The chief of the brigands had ordered his men to light their torches, and these orders were better executed than those of the duke's. The dull, smoky light of the resinous sap lit up the whole scene, and revealed a low neighbourhood where four streets terminated, and these streets were full of nameless alleys, with underground quarters; such as the hideous rue Glatigny of our day alone could furnish an example of.

Cadocu took a torch from the hands of one of his men and held it before his own face—"not uglier than thee, mon sire, as thou seest," said he, with his loud drunken laugh, "thou hast surely not forgotten our session of the night before last. If Jean de Nesle is, then, among these gentlemen, I am sure he will give his compère, Antoine, the sign of life."

"Bonne nuit, mon compère Antoine," cried the voice of Jean de Nesle, from the midst of the escort, "thou hast supped *comme-il-faut*, I can see that; pray give way, and let us do as much, and may God keep thee!"

The duke of Burgogne was now standing. His face all livid and his pale lips fringed with foam.

This was the second time the chief of the brigands had insulted him cruelly within the last two days.

"If I ever catch thee at Dijon, my man," muttered he, imprudently ventilating his rage, "thou shalt pay for all this at one reckoning."

"Good, good! messire," replied Cadocu gaily, "it is a good augury to hear thee speak of paying; and I pray thee to remember that besides the thirty thousand crowns that King Phillip has taxed thee with on my account, you still owe me much gratitude; for if I had only expressed the wish, I should now have been the Duke of Burgogne, and you would not have been as much as poor Antoine Cadocu."

"Monseigneur," Agnes said to Montruel; "though I should part with all my chateaus and jewels, messire, it would be insufficient to produce the enormous sum necessary to purchase that man?"

"I will help you, madame," replied Montruel, and he told over the seigneuries he could still mortgage for her service.

Agnes scarcely listened, for she was lost in thought; but suddenly interrupting him in his reckoning, she said abruptly, "I must have an interview with this Antoine Cadocu."

"An interview, madame!" cried Montruel, frightened.

"Yes; I desire to see him this evening."

"It is impossible."

"I wish to see him at your house."

"Certainly," muttered the unhappy Amaury; "my presence will diminish the danger."

Agnes cut him short, saying, in a peremptory tone, "I wish to see him without witnesses."

Montruel succumbed, for there was no contradicting the beautiful Agnes.

"Allons! allons!" cried Cadocu, who was still under the generous influence of wine, "I have yet some nobles left in my satchel, and the tavern-keeper at St. Landry knows me. I can get credit for thee, my lord duke of Burgogne, and for all of you, my lords, till to-morrow morning. Since Jean de Nesle wishes to go to supper, I am not the man to bar his passage. Pass, on gentlemen, unless you prefer to follow me to the St. Landry, and drink a cup of fresh wine to our better acquaintance."

"Another time, another time, mon compère Antoine," replied de Nesle, who was the only one that could reply to the brigand chief good humouredly.

Cadocu mounted the curb stone at the corner of the rue de la Calandre, and giving his men an imperious sign, the whole ranged themselves along the houses, and the escort passed between the two rows of lighted torches; and but for the laughing and shouting in which these rogues never constrained themselves, one would have supposed they had come there only to do honour to the duke and his suite.

"Ho! ho!" exclaimed Cadocu, on seeing the ladies approach, who till now had been kept in the back ground, "my Lord did not tell us of these," and he raised his torch and gave them a salute not altogether devoid of grace.

Antoine Cadocu was a stout, handsome man-at-arms, and was an object of great interest to the female part of the escort.

"Jean de Nesle!" cried he, "is madame Agnes among this gentle flock?" But Jean de Nesle was already out of hearing, so the good clerk, Samson, who was just at that moment passing, and who was anxious to make friends with the brigand chief pointed out to him the wife of Phillip Augustus; "Brave sire Antoine," said he "there she is."

Cadocu raised himself on tip-toe, the better to command a view of the whole party. "Ah," muttered he, "she is accompanied always by that cowardly rogue, Montruel. I have, heard all about it; and they tell me that she resembles that poor Agnes the pretty, whom the cowardly scoundrel has had assassinated. It's true, pardieu! she does resemble her!"

Madame Agnes at this moment passed before him. She had heard the chief of the brigands asking if she formed part of the cortège, and the color came into her face, not that she was either ashamed or frightened, but because the curiosity of Cadocu seemed so well calculated to answer

her design. She was thinking of how to save her two hundred thousand crowns.

Cadocu saluted her and she replied with one of her most charming smiles.

"Peste," thought the brigand, who was inflammable to the last degree; "Peste! poor Agnes, though the pearl of Madame Fontanelle's boarders, could scarcely smile like that."

Agnes, with her smile, had also given him a coquettish nod of her head. And as Cadocu stood lost in astonishment at the queen's blandishments, he observed her moving towards Amaury, delivering in the ear of that faithful serviteur some very imperious mandates. Amaury bowed and left the cavalcade.

"Allons! my merry men!" exclaimed Cadocu, when the escort had passed, "let us now to the St. Landry; for we are drunk enough to find even that scoundrel Gauthier's wine sweeter than nectar."

The brigands were just rushing away to the tavern tumultuously, when Montruel came up, and laying his hand gently upon Cadocu's arm, said, "A word with you, master Antoine, if you please."

The brigand turned upon him and looked him through. "With thee?" growled he. "I warn thee, thou would'st be better anywhere else than here. That Agnes that thou hast killed was my friend. I have no love for white-livered vassals who hire other poor devils to commit assassinations, without incurring the danger which raises even the soldiers of the high road above them."

"I am not asking thee whom thou lovest or whom thou dost not love, maitre Antoine," replied Amaury; "I come to thee with a message—wilt thou listen to it?"

"Would it not please the best if I said 'no?'" muttered Antoine, between his teeth; "and then thou could'st return and say thou had'st done thine errand. Ah, well, I consent to hear thee—but not here, at the next tavern, where thou can'st drink at thine own expense; for by all that's glorious, Antoine Cadocu will not ring glasses with thee!"

"That suits me very well," said Amaury, laughing, "for certainly, by all that's glorious, I should not like to click glasses with Antoine Cadocu."

Antoine turned and laid his hand upon the short sword which hung at his girdle; Amaury shrugged his shoulders and kept his arms folded.

"Pardieu," exclaimed Cadocu upon an air of scorn, "why, I am playing the same rôle as the Duke of Burgogne; I touch my weapon without drawing. Follow me, Amaury Montruel; when thou shalt have delivered thy message, it will be time to attend to other matters."

The highwayman had now gained the tavern of St. Landry, where, on his arrival with Montruel, the noise within was as though hades had broken loose.

#### CHAPTER II.

The place they were about to enter was a large, low room, with a floor of worm-eaten boards laid on the moist earth, and reached by descending half-a-dozen stone steps from the street. There was a torch standing in the centre, and a small boy was employed constantly in keeping it trimmed; and here and there on the tables stood resinous smoky candles—and yet with all this lighting up, half the enormous cave remained in obscurity. On the appearance of the chief, a swarm of women, coming from all corners of the place, surrounded him; for in that pandemonium there seemed to be as many women as bandits.

"Salut! capitaine—salut!" cried a hundred hoarse and screaming voices.

There was, however, one sweet and soft voice. This voice belonged to a young woman of dazzling beauty, who preceded the rest, and who threw her arms round the neck of maitre Antoine.

"Bon jour, Catherine, bon jour, ma mie," said the chief of the highwaymen, with an air of protection.

"Shall we dance?" asked the beautiful Catherine, "shall we sing?"

"Not yet," said Cadocu, "we must first drink a little, and let us have peace a little while; for I have business to discuss with this gentleman."

The swarm disappeared as quickly as they had

assembled; but as to silence that was not a thing to be had there. The master of this establishment, François Gauthier, was a jovial fellow of about fifty—strong as a Hercules, and brown as an old copper bell. Cadocu and our host embraced cordially.

"Wine, maitre Antoine?" demanded Gauthier.

"A pitcher of it," replied Cadocu.

"With two cups?"

It was now Amaury Montruel who replied—"One cup."

Gauthier looked at him from head to foot. Then turning to Cadocu, added—"Is it true, compere Antoine, that Phillip Augustus has lately invented stones and spies? For every body in the city knows that we have thrice as many spies as stones."

Amaury Montruel stood, head erect, immovable and whistling low the refrain of a drinking song.

"Allons! mon compere Francois," said Cadocu, "and fetch me my pitcher. If this gentleman is a spy, that's his business. Pardieu!" exclaimed he, as soon as Francois had turned his back, "the brave boy does not know how exactly he has hit the mark, messire Amaury. But for my part, I begin to esteem you; for I thought I saw you pale a little as you entered my domain."

"If you saw me turn pale, maitre Antoine, it is because I have no relish for the perfumes that that surround us here, which is sufficient to give one three or four emetics; but let us be seated and finish our conference."

"If the king has sent him," growled Cadocu to himself, "he is, perhaps, worth hearing; for the king knows what he's about."

"Be seated, messire Amaury," he resumed aloud; "see, my wine is poured out. Speak, if you wish it, and I will listen to thee."

Montruel sat down and placed his two elbows on the table. If he was not anyways alarmed, he had at least the appearance of being rather embarrassed; for he was at a loss how to open with his negotiation.

"I have come to thee," said he, after a short silence, "on the part of the queen."

"What queen?" demanded Cadocu; "for it is difficult to know where we are these times among the queens."

"I speak of madame Agnes."

"Ah! ah! and thou callest her the queen!—But the council with soon decide whether thou art right or wrong, Messire Amaury; I suspected that thou hadst come from madame Agnes. Well! what wants she with me?"

The words stuck in Amaury's throat, and it cost him a great effort to bring out these few words—

"She wishes to see thee."

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed Cadocu, again, "that does not surprise me; for I have exactly the same thought, and I have been taken with the fancy of seeing her."

It was impossible to felicitate Amaury Montruel any more upon the color of his complexion; his cheeks could be seen to blanch and his dark brow became furrowed with deep wrinkles.

He had but one sentiment left, and that was his love for Agnes de Meranie. Every word of Cadocu's entered his soul like a barbed dagger.

He, however, managed to dissimulate his feelings, and said in an altered voice—

"That is fortunate."

"Yes," resumed the highway chief, swallowing at the same time a large draught of his wine, "and thou who has ruined the other Agnes can well imagine my feelings. Poor girl! because she resembled Madame de Meranie. It is the same with me. I wish to see Madame de Meranie, because she resembles the other Agnes."

Big drops of cold perspiration stood upon Amaury's forehead.

At this moment a loud tumult was heard in the hall—the women screamed—the men yelled—cups were dashed on the floor—and they could even hear the noise of swords leaving their scabbards.

Cadocu seized his pitcher and rapped violently upon the table. Then with his stentorian voice, dominating over every other, he cried—

"Hola! there! I asked you to keep quiet only for a quarter of an hour, and the time is not yet up. If any body wants a broken head, why don't he knock it against the wall?"

A little silence followed this appeal, for Cadocu never spoke in vain.

Amaury had profited by this interruption to suppress the rage which was taking possession of his brain, and he renewed the conversation with a calmer accent; but one could read in his face a determination not to allow himself to be moved by anything that might happen.

"Since the queen desires to see thee," continued he, "and that thou wishest to see the queen, maitre Antoine, my commission is at an end; for the queen is waiting for thee at my house."

"At thy house?" repeated Antoine, in an ironical voice, "Ah! ha! then Phillip Augustus has not such good eyes as people say he has!"

"Answer!" interrupted Amaury drily; "wilt thou come?"

What Cadocu replied must have been insulting to the last degree; for Montruel, in spite of the secret oath that he had made to keep calm through everything, leaped to his feet as though he had been struck in the face.

He turned on his heel, and directed his steps towards the door, without saying another word.

Cadocu held his sides, laughing with his whole heart; he was delighted with himself for finding the opening in that cuirass which seemed so long impregnable.

"I have bitten him," thought he, "bitten him hard enough to draw blood! Messire Amaury," cried he, clipping his words in his irresistible fit of hilarity, "thou hast left me without speaking the last word; but remember if thou should'st take it into thy head to return, I shall be here till sunrise, and drunker and drunker every hour, Messire Amaury! Allons, allons! my sons," added he, rising in his turn, "allons! my girls; 'tis time to begin our revels. Dance, sing, howl, fight and strangle yourselves for joy. Come here, Catherine, ma mie, the good time has commenced."

#### CHAPTER III.

In that same chamber where Amaury had formerly given audience to Fontanelle—in that same chamber where he had promised mountains and marvels to poor Agnes the pretty—before assassinating her, the professed wife of Phillip Augustus, Agnes de Meranie, was alone.

She had already been waiting a long time the return of her ambassador, and her face, stamped with the consuming passions that agitated her soul, expressed a feverish impatience.

"What will the king say," murmured she; "the king is waiting for me and looking for me; perhaps he already suspects me!" A fit of trembling seized her; but she soon threw it off and resumed her pride and her smiles. "What matters" she resumed, "do I not know how to render him blind? And if he becomes jealous, he will only idolize me more." She was half buried in the same immense easy chair, with its carved back, that we remember Amaury in, on entering the Hotel de Nesle.

She was listening attentively and endeavouring to distinguish the far-off noises in the street. The apartment was lighted by a bronze lamp suspended from the ceiling, and the light fell from above on the fan of Agnes—revealing the bold outline of her features, and deepening the orbits from which her black eyes were shining.

She was handsome; and though half buried in the large deep chair, her figure still revealed enough to show its voluptuous character; and at this moment when she felt that no human eye was upon her, she had laid aside that mark of smiling coquetterie, which she usually assumed in the *coquette*, and which detracted something from the tragic character of her beauty.

Agnes de Meranie was a lioness, and lionesses are not improved by affecting the graces of the light gazelle.

"Amaury does not return," said she, while the clock of St. James was slowly striking nine; the gate St. Honoré will be closed. How shall I excuse my delay to the king, and at what hour can I gain admittance into the Louvre?"

She rose and took a few turns round the chamber with her arms folded, and her chin on her breast in deep meditation.

Suddenly, as she thought she had recognized his steps in the street, she enclosed herself in

a cabinet adjoining the principal chamber. Here she found a mirror, and bringing it to the light she began quietly to improve her toilet. She put off her hat, her *gamine* cloak, and the embroidered gold stuffs which covered her shoulders, and proudly surveyed the charms of her almost naked neck.

She rehearsed several poses with which she intended to receive her impatiently expected guest and it must be admitted that these poses did not indicate any great severity of morals. She smiled; passed her hand through her abundant hair—then threw it behind on her shoulders; satisfied with this trial and feeling certain of her omnipotence.

"I shall subjugate this man," murmured she. "I am fortunate; for it seems to me that I am at my best this evening. I intend that he shall leave this place as much my slave, as Amaury Montruel himself."

Suddenly she knit her black eyebrows as though some painful thought had struck her.

"It is not him," resumed she, listening again to the noises outside, "perhaps he is obliged to beg and pray. Oh!" exclaimed she, with a sudden burst of anger, "is it she?—is it my detested rival, from the depths of her prison, who devotes me to all this misery and shame?—Me, Agnes de Meranie! Me, the queen!—to be here waiting the coming of an obscure soldier—a bandit—a miscreant, who lives by pillage, and that robber—that miscreant—that bandit comes not immediately to the rendezvous accorded him the queen of France!" She resumed her promenade around the chamber.

"The queen of France," she repeated, with a bitterness full of hatred; "there are people who refuse me that title, and who will refuse it—as long as that odious Dane lives; days succeed days," exclaimed she, raising her clenched hand over her head, "it is lasting too long—shall I never be relieved from her?"

She sunk again into the great chair; and with her head resting in her hands fell again into deep and dark thought.

"He is necessary," she resumed, after a short silence; "if this Jean Cadoc dares not do it—Cadoc, who is said to possess neither fear nor pity, must do it. What signifies these councils, and these thunders of the church, which never overtake any but fugitives. I will brave all! I will be queen; and when I am queen," added she, with an insolent pride, "then woe to those who shall have braved me!"

Her thoughts seemed all at once to take another current.

"Amaury," said she, wearily—while her distracted look wandered in space—"What shall I do with Amaury when I am queen? These kind of people are necessary to one, while we are trying to reach the goal, but when once we are there we find them in the way. Those who mount to the assault of a fortress, often kick down the ladder by which they ascended—that's prudent."

She played negligently with the long purple cord tied round her waist.

She resumed with a strange smile—"They say that Montruel has killed that poor girl that they called Agnes the pretty, because she knew his secret. What could he say if I used his receipt?"

At this moment a door was slammed with violence. Agnes listened and heard the jingling of spurred boots upon the steps of the ante-chamber.

"At last!" said she, endeavouring to compose herself.

The door which was opposite to her opened wide, and Montruel entered hurriedly.

He was alone; he dashed his plumed cap upon the floor, and came towards madame Agnes—standing mute and with his arms folded before her.

"Well?" stammered Agnes, whose lips trembled with anger and impatience, "will you never speak, messiro? Speak, I say!"

Amaury was as pale as at the moment that he left the tavern of St. Landry—his clothes were all in disorder—and every thing about him announced that he was suffering from some extraordinary trouble. His mouth moved convulsively—but no words came forth.

"Speak, I say!" again cried madame Agnes, bursting with impatience; "why have you returned alone? Pardieu, messire, I begin to believe that you have disobeyed me."

Montruel made a great effort to command himself.

"Yes, I have obeyed you, madame," he at last got out with difficulty.

"Have you spoken with that man?"

"I have spoken with him."

"And you have told him that I wish to see him?"

"Yes; I told him that the queen wished to see him."

"And yet he is not here?"

She looked Montruel in the face with a hard and contemptuous expression.

"Thou liest, Amaury," said she, jerking out her words. "I am more woman than queen; and I tell thee I have seen that man often looking at me as I returned from Notre Dame in such a way....."

She hesitated a moment, and finished with—"I tell thee Amaury, thou liest; that man would not be able to refuse to see me!"

Lost and degraded as Amaury was, he could not avoid blushing for the abandoned woman before him, who seemed to have lost all shame; he guessed what was in her mind, and was profoundly disgusted.

He remained silent and turned away his eyes.

"Answer me," continued Agnes, who seemed to care little about the feeling she inspired him with at that moment, "say—has he refused?—Yes or no?"

"Madame," replied Montruel slowly, "for your sake I wish he had refused me."

"Oh!" exclaimed Agnes—her features suddenly brightening—"then he has not refused thee—he will come?"

"He will not come, madame."

Again her brows lowered, and her flaming eye seemed to express a desire to strangle that man with her hands, as a tigress would strangle its prey.

Though Amaury had exhibited no fear in the presence of Cadoc, he stood in awe of Agnes de Meranie.

"Hear me!" said he, humbly, "I would rather conceal from thee the details of that detestable interview; but you know that I am your slave, and if you require it, I must tell you all."

Agnes replied only by a sign of assent, which was more imperious than her orders.

"I will tell it, then," resumed Montruel sorrowfully; "for the first time in my life I must pronounce words that will offend you."

"Then he has cruelly outraged me?" said Agnes.

"You shall judge for yourself, madame. When I told him that the queen would be pleased to give him an audience—not at the Louvre—not even in open day and before all the world—but secretly at night in my house—he received the information with loud laughter, followed by coarse jokes on the fact of your being under the roof of your devoted servant."

"He did right," said Agnes, drily, "such a fact deserves to be joked at—and then?"

"And then he said, with his hateful laugh, 'Tis all for the best; if the woman thou callest queen has taken a fancy to see me, I also have taken the fancy of seeing the woman thou callest the queen.'"

"Well? well?" said Agnes—her whole mind too much absorbed with her own fixed idea, to enable her to appreciate the insolence conveyed in the reply of the brigand—"Well, I agree with him that 'tis all for the best. Why, then, has he not come?"

"Because there remains something more to tell you," resumed Amaury, in a tone still more doleful, "and it is so extravagant, that I hesitate to tell it in spite of your supreme commands."

Agnes clapped her hands, saying joyfully, "I can guess it."

Amaury looked at her stupefied; for he felt that he did not yet know the queen.

"The impudent rogue," continued Agnes, "has replied that he did not care to put himself out of the way, and would, therefore, expect me at his own place."

"You have not guessed it yet, madame," he replied, "'tis worse than that!"

"Worse than that!" repeated Agnes,—crossing her hands on her knees and assuming the attitude of one who was seeking leisurely the solution of an enigma—"Worse than that! then he must be an insolent joker of a very curious species. Allons! messire Amaury, I cannot guess; I cast my tongue to the dogs—deliver yourself, I pray you, of this great enormity."

This lightness wounded Montruel in all the little modesty and delicacy that might still remain to him.

"Madame," resumed he,—with a kind of severity, though to tell the truth, a severity, alas! quite thrown away—"I am certain that you will share my indignation presently. No, it is not even in his own house that the brigand proposed to me to see you. At his own house, such a proceeding, which is perhaps necessary—though assuredly painful and degrading—might at least be buried in secret. But Cadoc wishes to receive you—you, the queen, in the tavern where he indulges his nightly orgies!"

Agnes rose abruptly.

Montruel proceeded, convinced that her pride would at last revolt—better late than never thought he. "Yes," said he vehemently, "to receive you in the infamous, dirty, indescribable place where he presides over the debaucheries of his brigands!"

Agnes threw her pelerine of cloth of gold over her shoulders.

"In that hell," continued Amaury, becoming animated, "which brings one's heart up in one's throat, and where one's feet slip with the filth that is under them!"

Agnes fastened on her ermine cloak.

"Where one hears nothing but the hideous yelling of drunkenness, accompanied by obscene songs, and where one sees nothing but brutal soldiers mixed *pêle mêle* with the refuse of the other sex!"

Agnes had put on her hat, and was now standing before Amaury.

"You are ready to leave, then, madame," said he, happy and proud of the salutary impression he had made upon her.

"Yes," said Agnes, "I am ready."

"Is it your pleasure that I should conduct you to the Louvre?"

Agnes cast upon him a cold and disdainful look.

"It is my pleasure," she replied, "that you conduct me to the tavern of St. Landry."

Montruel started back and stood mute and motionless.

"Allons! messire Amaury," resumed Agnes in a peremptory tone, "you are indeed a skilful limner, and your picture has given me a strong desire to see the original. Come with me, I pray you; and while I am conversing with maitre Antoine Cadoc, you can remain outside and wait me at the door."

(To be Continued.)

## THE JEWELLED DAGGER.

MY daughter Anna is longing to add new specimens to her vivarium, and I am glad to change wig for wide-awake and Blackstone's Commentaries for Anthony Trollope's last novel. A Monday morning, at the end of a broiling August, finds us in a neat cottage at Herne Bay, watching the tide coming in, bringing, as our landlady assures us, shrimps for breakfast. "So good and fresh, sir, the distinguished foreign gentleman on the drawing-room floor lives on them." So! A prince in disguise, for a fellow lodger, was at least a novelty! Breakfast over—out on the beach, where we behold him, opera-glass in hand, and with the inevitable polished boots and lemon-kid gloves, but withal, a thorough aristocrat in appearance. Tuesday morning: barometer rising, wind all right for a sail. What have we here? A letter on the table, forwarded from my chambers; Nap's head in the corner of the envelope. My friend Phil Madson writes me from Paris, that an interesting Japanese nobleman, with whom he has lately become well acquainted, is shortly coming to London, and that he carries

a letter of introduction to myself. His fate has been a cruel one, yet his character is unblemished; he had been quite the fashion this season, owing to the marked favour shown him by the Emperor. Phil hopes I will do him the civil, and show him the lions—himself being the greatest of all; so that if Belgravia could but know his history it would most certainly feel anxious to hear him roar. At present, he believed, this rare Asiatic to be at some little bathing-place. What a strange coincidence—for of course Anna at once jumped at the conclusion that the shrimp-devouring "distinguished foreigner" must be the Daimio in question; though, with professional caution, I required some proof of his identity. After dinner, whilst still at dessert, confirmation of the fact came to hand, in the shape of a message brought in by Mrs. Matthews, all wonder and mauve ribbons, who informed us that, on hearing my name, the gentleman had exclaimed, striking his forehead, "Ah well! I am happily fallen. Madame, if you permit, I will descend to render visit to him, if it be given me to do it." It having been "given him to do" so, he presented himself, and after five minutes elaborate apologies—began in execrable English and ended in excellent French—he presented to me Phil's letter. The man had evidently travelled much, and was certainly agreeable and entertaining. We soon became friends. There was about the handsome stranger, despite his somewhat Mongolian type, something that interested me, and, independently of my friend's hints, I could easily have imagined him to be the hero of some tale worth hearing. We met naturally often, either on the sands, or smoking together in the garden of the little cottage. Anna's curiosity was not idle in surmises concerning "the Prince," as she called him, and upon me rejoining her after such chance meetings she invariably hailed me with, "Well, papa, have you found out? Has he told you?" He never made any allusion to his former life, and I was baffled in all my attempts to induce him to do so. Daily disappointment thus made the desire to know keener, and Anna took every opportunity to endeavour to draw from him, with female tact, some revelations touching his past history. But the mystery remained unfathomable—at least with such plummets as she could use: we had to wait contentedly for time and nearest intimacy, to assist in such soundings.

These both ere long befriended us, and we had hardly been a month together at Sea View Cottage, when the impervious texture of our conjectures was pierced by—a dagger, not equal in beauty to that which "The costly Sahib yielded to her," but simply in the form of a harmless paper-knife, an Indian present from my son Arthur, who (extravagant fellow) had been very costly to me. "The Prince" was spending the evening with us, and had taken up the knife to cut the leaves of a new book for Anna. Admiring it, and turning it round, he appeared to be much struck with some fine garnets set in the handle, which, scintillating in the rays of the setting sun, dazzled the eye. Suddenly throwing it down as if it had stung him, he exclaimed, striking his breast, "I had a dagger once—one to dream of, but rarely to see." The evident agitation caused by this recollection induced us to forbear inquiry. He preserved silence on the subject, and after he had left us, Anna removed the ornament, to prevent any recurrence of annoyance to him. The fine autumn days were now passing quickly away, and my clients were anxiously awaiting my return. "The Prince" seemed more than politely sorry to hear of our contemplated departure, of which he could never speak with composure. I noticed about this time that Anna appeared to be unusually out of spirits. "Papa," said she to me, a day or two before we were to leave, "I do wish we could stay longer here, instead of going back to that horrid London and those stupid parties, which it worries me to think of again." There was, too, a degree of embarrassment in her manner, whenever I alluded to "our foreign friend." Returning from a stroll on the morning before that which was to be our last at Herne Bay, our hero passed me coming out of the garden, but so preoccupied as not to recognise me. On entering I found my daughter in the arbour, apparently in distress, and upon

my questioning her, she burst into tears. "Father," she cried, "he loves me, but there is—there must be, some insuperable obstacle to his declaring himself. He was but now betrayed into implying as much. 'I am a marked man! under a ban,' he said; 'but the greatest fatality of all is my having seen and known you.' Then, suddenly stopping himself, he left me. Oh! shall we ever see him again?"

I was, I must say, startled and perplexed. I ought, then, never to have permitted this intimacy. But I had fully believed Anna's affections to be engaged elsewhere; nor did I imagine it possible that, though converted to our faith, and himself of European education, this outlandish foreigner could have won my child's heart. Yet, short-sighted mortal! such a complication had been brought about, and all through that disgusting Phil's letter. Somehow or other I was always doing wrong, blunder-headed things, and was as stupid in detecting things out of court, as an owl in discovering mice in broad daylight. Being, as I had long been, her only parent, my sympathies were at once fully awakened for poor Anna, who, in all her little troubles, had confided in me. Why should it not be so, too, in greater ones? At the same time I wished the Daimio to the bottom of one of his own gulfs. But he was, unfortunately, not only on *terra firma*, but upon a portion of it in uncomfortable proximity to myself. So, like Phil's officiousness, he had sent him with an introductory letter to me! I would send somebody even more objectionable, though quite as aristocratic, with a ditto to him! However, there was no use being savage about it. I must make the best of matters, and take the girl back to town at once, where Charley of the Guards would smoke a weed with me. No daggers—no mysteries about *him*: blue eyes, fair hair, fresh colour, as unlike a Japanese as could be. Girls were queer creatures—a smack of romance about a fellow, and they succumb. In their eyes a touch of villainy polishes up an admirer wonderfully. In cooler moments, I might have pleaded guilty myself to a sneaking predilection for adventurers and villains, the same kind of liking as that possibly existing between a terrier and a rat. Had I not got a deal of fun out of such in my own line, when in harness? Yet, in private life, I had a proper and wholesome aversion to a nearer acquaintance with the species. After all, I might be doing "the Prince" an injustice. But to return to my relations with him under Mrs. Matthews' roof. After poor Anna's embarrassing communication I lighted a Cuba, and took a ruminative turn on the sands, wandering father than was my wont. At a turn round the point of a rock I came suddenly upon "the object of my thoughts," who, lost in contemplation, was walking hurriedly to-and-fro on a sequestered reach of sand, in evident perturbation. The look of indecision with which he at first met my gaze was but momentary; the next instant he obeyed an impulse which prompted his hasty advance and fervent grasp of my hand.

"Forgive," murmured he, "and when you know all, you will not blame. My hurried departure will explain what you will probably already guess—that I have remained here too long for my peace. But before we part,—probably for ever,—it is, I feel, due to you, to relate some distressing passages in my troubled history, however repugnant to my feelings it may be to broach a subject so painful."

We sat down upon some large boulders; the sea stretching wide before us, an occasional plash of the waves making the stillness around us more striking, until "The Daimio" thus began his story—one which my readers may think a strange one, and be certainly thankful that none of its incidents are likely to befall them:—

#### THE DAIMIO'S STORY.

"My father was a man of superior attainments and much in advance of most of the nobles, whose national prejudices rendered them averse to all progress. The Emperor and the Court were mostly conservative in their feelings, and strongly opposed to what they termed all kinds of innovations. My father's conversion to Christianity, as well as the fact of his procuring a French tutor for me, proved sufficient to alienate the

favour of the Court; and as time went on, and I grew up, animosity was but too plainly shown towards myself. It is my misfortune to have inherited my father's temper. Though an amiable man, he was liable,—happily on rare occasions,—to paroxysms of anger, which were at times unmanageable.

"One day at a public assembly, I was unwillingly engaged in an argument with the Emperor's son, who was the centre of a group of young nobles. It is needless to say they were all against me, and I was left alone to defend my opinions, which they held to be extravagant, if not dangerous.

"They communicated their disapproval in no very choice words, dispute rising to contention; intemperate language was beginning to irritate me to a degree unbearable to my excitable temperament. My hereditary passion was aroused, and in an unhappy moment, I struck the heir-apparent. The result of this rash act was an accusation and arrest for high treason, followed by an immediate condemnation to capital punishment. I was commanded by the Emperor to take my own life, in our approved national manner of 'the happy despatch,' or, in plain English, ripping up the stomach, and a magnificent diamond-hilted dagger was sent me for this purpose. The royal displeasure was not to be appeased by the humble apologies—the heart-rending appeals from my nigh distracted father. Though on *parole* in our own palace, I was a state prisoner. This must appear inexplicable to you, unless you are aware of the strong, almost fanatic, sense of honour in our country—a religion in itself with us, and which obviates the necessity of public interference in cases of this kind, all being safely left to the honour of the individual. My own ideas on the subject were essentially European, as may easily be imagined after the education I had received. The customary confidence was, however, not denied me. At length the fatal day arrived for the completion of this tragedy, which was to be enacted by torchlight in my own apartment, unawitnessed, save by a serjeant of the Imperial Guards, a body of them remaining in the vestibule. Left alone with me, this man threw himself at my feet, whispering, 'Let me assist you in escaping this unmerited, this cruel destiny. My sympathies are all on your side, and that of your noble father, who in a time of extreme difficulty befriended and rendered me that assistance which alone was able to save me. I can now show my heartfelt gratitude to him by helping you, which I can easily do, if you will listen to me and follow my advice. It is not suspected that I know you; we can change clothes, and with the aid of a bottle of oxblood, which is secreted about my person, we will deceive the tyrant, and spare a nobleman who does honour to Japan.' I entreated him to consider the imminent risk he ran, for if detected, and unable to effect his escape, his life would buy my doubtful freedom dearly. He was, notwithstanding, resolute in his generous purpose, and accepted cheerfully the difficulty. We hastily exchanged clothes. The similarity of his features to mine was an advantage to the scheme. Spilling the blood upon the floor, he threw himself down foremost in the midst, with the crimsoned dagger in his hand. Having hurriedly advised my escaping if possible to his home, naming a village close at hand, he signed to me to inform the guards in the vestibule that the deed was done. They collected in the room to evidence the truth of this assertion; but as I remained with my back to them, at the feet of the supposed corpse, they did not recognise me. The captain, ordering two of his men to remain, marshalled the rest away to carry intelligence of what had taken place to the Emperor. They were scarcely gone, when, quick as thought the suicide arose, and levelling one of the unsuspecting guardsmen to the marble floor, made his exit; while I, in the meantime, with equal alertness, first securing the dagger, prostrated his companion, and, rushing to a side-door, made my escape. What became of the poor fellow I know not, for I lost sight of him. Getting down into the courtyard, I reached, under cover of the night, the neighbouring village, and the dwelling of my deliverer, whose wife befriended and disguised me

in a peasant's costume. Arriving at one of the nearest seaport towns, and with the help of second-hand European clothes and a grey beard, I managed, the next morning, to get unperceived on board a French trader, and, taking advantage of the bustle occasioned by the lading, preparatory to weighing anchor, I concealed myself. I thought the vessel never would be set in motion; at last, to my relief, we sailed, satisfied that there were no Japanese on board. I emerged, and deprecating my presence to the captain as best I could, relating my story, which he at first, I saw, discredited, until I showed him the jewelled dagger, when he became interested, promising secrecy and before the voyage was over, help. On landing, with his assistance I made my way to Paris, where I sought my old tutor, who, in spite of my disguise, instantly recognised me by my voice, and a peculiar opal ring which I had forgotten to remove from my finger. Through some influential friends of Monsieur de L'Aunier, my case was made known to the Emperor, from whom I received every mark of sympathy that his really awakened interest in me could suggest. The dagger had attracted great notice, and I was enabled to sell it for a fabulous price. At Court I became acquainted with Monsieur Madison, who prevailed on me not to quit Europe without visiting England, and gave me the letter which was the means of conferring upon me at once the greatest happiness and the deepest misery. I now go to join the Emperor's troops in Algiers. Forget that I had ever the presumption to love, and remember me only as the most unfortunate of men."

He left me, and I returned to Anna in a thoughtful, distressed mood. Much as I liked "the Prince," I yet felt that I could scarcely encourage so strange a lover, encumbered with such an extraordinary tale. I determined to tell her all about it after his departure, for which I soon found rapid preparations were being made. Anna appeared somehow to divine this; a presentment of hopeless separation was too potent for her to succeed in restraining her emotions, now too plainly shown by her fast-falling tears. But she instinctively checked her sobs upon hearing the sound of his footsteps upon the little staircase; as he reached the last step she stood, her eyes riveted on the door, her hands pressing her bosom, which, by the fluttering of the muslin bodice, I could see was beating wildly. She held her breath as he passed by our room door hurriedly and left the house. She sank down by the window, partly concealed by the muslin curtains. Hurrying down the gravel path, "the Prince" opened the little gate. As he turned to shut it Anna leaned forward; their eyes met, and the tale they told must have been a sad one. Another instant, and he was gone—for ever. "Cruel! wrong! to leave me thus," cried the poor girl. "To go away without a word!" Then, suddenly changing, she sank upon a chair, weeping freely. I allowed her grief to indulge itself, nor did I break the silence that seemed to fill the room; the monotonous stillness was rendered more oppressive by the buzzing of a bee, which having entered at the open casement—attracted by some wall-flowers in a vase upon the table—was busily but vainly striving to free itself at the window-pane, struggling, like my poor child, against hard fate. I rose to release it; would that I could as easily have restored to her poor fluttering heart the freedom it had lost, and peace again to the young life once as joyous and unfettered as this bright happy insect! I must trust to time, the great healer; a girl of eighteen, of such an impressive nature, would more easily forget than one whose fancy might have been less readily impressed. And now—back, as soon as possible, to town; bidding a long farewell to Mrs. Matthews and Herne Bay, that most communicative of women having confided to me that the foreign gentleman had gone away like one distracted, and had eaten nothing for several days; but had paid his bill all the same, and made such handsome compliments, bowing as usual on the stairs, and, indeed, whenever she had looked at him. "And as to his packing, 'twas conducted queer. I went on begging of

him to let me put his things together, but, bless me! he shovelled them all in, one on top of the other; those fine cambric-fronted shirts of his, with an ink bottle with the stopper half out next; and last of all a pair or two of boots!—ramming all down together. I was fit to cry over the shirts; a pretty state they will be in when they come to hand again, if they ever should. When the porter came to fetch his luggage he stared wildly at him, exclaiming 'I will go to mount your back, my fellow,' meaning, I suppose, with the portmanteau, though he didn't explain."

I was soon immersed in my client's business, and my special pleading was, I was told as effective as usual. Poor Anna, too, made great efforts to be cheerful, entering more than ever into society after a time. She gave away her vivarium, and, a year after, married the Guardsman. But the sea-side was not chosen for the wedding trip, and I married nobody, and gave away the paper-knife, that it should never recall painful remembrances of the Jewelled Dagger.

### A TURKISH TRAGEDY.

I HAD taken up my quarters at Emir Keng, a village about midway between Constantinople and Barossa. Foremost amongst those who loaded me with civility and kindness, was Sahir Agha, the principal personage of the place, who, greeting me with more than courtly grace, insisted on my transporting my scanty luggage from the *gahvé* at which I had dismounted, to his own abode, vowing in his expressive dialect that the house was not his, but mine, so long as I condescended to remain in it.

Sahir Agha, who must have numbered some seventy or seventy-five winters, was one of the most patriarchal figures I had ever seen, majestic to a degree unusual even in that majestic race, the Turks of Anadoly. In height he was upwards of six feet, and though so advanced in age, he was erect as the tall cypress of the adjacent Mezalig (burial-ground); a little inclined to *embonpoint*, just enough to impart an air of additional dignity to a man of his years. His dame, some fifteen or twenty years his junior, hospitable as her lord, was moving quickly about, superintending the completion of the arrangements in the room destined for the musafir (guest), and ever and anon pausing to ask some questions regarding Stamboul, or to express her surprise at the acknowledgment I had been compelled to make, that I had never become acquainted with, or even met, her son, who was "reading" there; while at each recurrence of such expression of wonderment on her part, she would incur a bantering reproof from her amiable old spouse.

"These foolish women," he would say to me, by way of explanation, "cannot form a conception of the immense size of our Stamboul; they think it is like their own villages, where every individual is the neighbour of the other and of all. My wife has never had the good fortune to behold the pomp of the city, or the majesty of our lord the Sultan, on whom be the glory of God and salvation. But, Inshallah! when you go back will you do me the favour to bear a letter from me, and a present from his mother to our son; and certainly you will look upon no common man. His native village may yet have to boast of one who will throw dust in the eyes of the very masters of science of our days; had he been born in the olden times, I verily think that he would have sat not far from the side of our lord the Sultan in his Divan. Inshallah! he will be a great man yet. He has now been reading in the College for three years, and we never see him except at the Ramazan, when he comes to bring joy to our hearts, and new light to our old eyes."

Four days of peace and tranquillity did I pass in that still and beautiful village; forgetful of turmoil and the crosses, the struggles, and the bitter disappointments and heart-burnings of the busy world. Reclining luxuriously on the soft rugs spread on the flooring of the *parmaylig*, gazing on the lovely landscape of the verdant plain below, the calm, bright Marmora beyond,

and in the further distance the mountain-peaks of Roumelia, how contented could I have imagined myself, thus to dream away the few remaining years of my earthly pilgrimage in that peaceful abode, and to bid a long farewell to the petty pride, the cold selfishness, and the heartless etiquette of "Frangestan." These fanciful reveries were occasionally interrupted by the master of the house, who would place himself by my side, and question me for the hour together about the war then being waged with Mehemet Ali, and the unfavourable state of affairs at Stamboul, pathetically lamenting the distress of the peasantry, the burden of the heavy taxes, and the depopulation of the country arising from the drain of all the village lads for the army and the fleet.

The dame would sit and listen in silent admiration to these political disquisitions of her lord, but after awhile she would generally change the topic of discourse by reverting to her son, and wishing he were back again in their tranquil village, cultivating the paternal acres, instead of wasting his life over books that were of no use to anyone, and she would end by imploring me, as I "loved God," not to fail to go and ascertain if he were in good health, and to tell him to leave all and be at home again before the next Bairam.

Ere I quitted Emir Keng I availed myself of any stray opportunity to make enquiries among the villagers regarding Sahir's son. I found that different reports and opinions prevailed: some said that he was too proud for them, that he held them vile; others declared that the young man did well to read and study, that he would become one of the luminaries of the faith and "one of the men of the age;" but all agreed that he was too delicate in body and too refined in mind to be aught but a student. Some, again, foretold that his end would not be happy, and that his horoscope would prove an unlucky one.

On my arrival at Constantinople, I lost no time in calling on Latif, the son of Sahir, but I was informed at the door that he was engaged in his studies within the mosque of Mehemet Pasha. I sent to him the letter with which I had been charged, adding a request that he would favour me with his company outside the building as quickly as possible. I had not long to wait, for no sooner had he discovered, not only that the epistle was from home, but also that honourable mention was made therein of the bearer, than he hurried out, and invited me to his house—a small, but very neat and even luxurious one, hard by. Sipping my coffee, I had leisure to survey my host, his attention meanwhile being wholly engrossed by the contents of the letter, which he pursued with evident delight and avidity. The *tout ensemble* of the man before me was certainly the most peculiar and the most striking I had ever seen. In age about six or seven-and-twenty, he was rather above the middle height, his form verging on slenderness, but compact, and evincing by the depth of chest a great degree of bodily strength and muscular power; his hands and unslipped feet were exceedingly small and delicate, the former, indeed, more resembling those of some fair damsel than of one of the rougher sex; his features were of wonderful beauty—the eye of his native land, large, soft, and black, the complexion brilliant, and the nose and mouth so finely chiselled, formed a whole so passing fair that only the bushy, curling, dark beard, and the long moustache that shaded it, relieved his face from an unpleasing taint of effeminacy.

Having finished the letter, and paid me a few conventional compliments, he made numerous inquiries respecting his parents and different members of their household, and also asked for some of their neighbours; questions which were put with a simplicity and an earnestness almost boyish in their tone. Then, for a few minutes, he fell into a deep reverie, during which a change so entire and startling overspread his countenance, that I could hardly believe in his identity with the placid and somewhat feminine-looking student, who had but just before welcomed me so gracefully to his house. The brow contracted and lowered until it all but hid from view the

eye that had previously so impressed me with its mingled brilliancy and softness, while the strong and iron compression of the mouth threw so much of determination and ferocity into his aspect, that I was suddenly struck with the idea that he was liable to attacks of temporary insanity, and that one of the paroxysms of his malady was at hand. Desirous of avoiding anything like a scene, I uttered a few common-place phrases, and rose to bid him adieu; whereupon his face instantly resumed its natural wonted expression, and the beauty, so spiritual in its style, again shone forth in every lineament—

As the stream late conceal'd  
By the fringo of its willows,  
When it rushes reveal'd  
In the light of its billows;  
As the bolt bursts on high  
From the dark cloud that bound it,  
Flash'd the soul of that eye  
Through the long lashes round it,

He begged me to prolong my stay; to call again; and he offered me his services as *cicerone* round the environs of the mosque, promising to show me some ancient tombs and sarcophagi in the neighbourhood. I agreed to his request, and took my departure, rather perplexed by my new acquaintance, his normal appearance, and the mystic nature of his metamorphosis.

After the lapse of about a week, I proceeded to fulfil my engagement by paying Latif a second visit. I found that he was at home, and, as I ascended the stairs, my ears were assailed by the high and angry tones of his and another voice engaged in some vehement discussion or altercation; but the sounds died away in hissing whispers, and on my entering the small anteroom, both the disputants immediately assumed a placid and unembarrassed air, and the stranger, saluting us courteously, passed out. He was a man of about Latif's age, and apparently of some rank in one of the government departments: at least, so I judged by the style and richness of his dress. The *Sokhta*\* talked on trivial subjects for a few minutes, but soon grew excited; and turning the conversation on his late visitor, with seeming reluctance, he gave me to understand that the individual in question was his rival, and more—a successful rival; but whether in the path of science and ambition, or in the thornier mazes of love, I was unable to determine. All I could glean from Latif's words was that the stranger was about to wrest from his expectant grasp the prize he had been struggling to attain, and had been on the point of attaining, when the man I had just seen stepped in between him and his soul's desire.

"But," said he, rising and pacing his small apartment with rapid strides, while he gesticulated with all the wild energy of madness; "but I will drag his soul from his polluted carcase, if he continues to intrude his odious presence between me and the object I have toiled for so long!"

Then, apologising for this rude behaviour to his Frankish guest and his father's friend, without an effort he resumed the noble and winning deportment which had so impressed me at our former interview, and in the course of our ensuing discussion on general topics, he displayed such accurate and extensive information on matters totally unconnected with the Koran and its manifold commentaries, and quite unknown to the majority of his countrymen, that I was both greatly and pleasurably surprised. Our discourse ended by his pressing me to accompany him during the next vacation on his visit to his paternal house, and to spend some time among those scenes, the praise of which from the mouth of a Frank had so much gratified his *amor patriæ*. I cheerfully accepted his friendly invitation, with the proviso that my occupations should allow of my leaving the capital when he did.

In a few days I again knocked at his door, my curiosity and interest having been strongly excited by my new friend's conduct, and by the indefinable cloud of mystery in which I fancied him enveloped. I was answered by an Armenian, who told me that the Effendi was from home, and would not return till late.

\* Vulgarly called "Softa," a term designating a Turkish divinity student.

"But," he added, "you must be tired after your walk; come in, if you will so far condescend, and while you are taking a little repose, I will cook you a cup of coffee."

Impelled by the desire of hearing something of Latif's history, and of the cause of the enmity existing between him and the above-mentioned stranger, I entered, and did not wait many minutes ere the coffee and the pipe were presented. Reclining on the divan, the garrulous Armenian on a low stool at my feet, as I sipped and puffed, I gradually led the way to his master and his master's concerns.

"Ah, Effendi!" said the valet, "Latif Effendi is a man of great head, and as much superior to the other dogs of Turks as his faith will permit, but—" Here the servant paused, touched his forehead with the tip of his finger, slowly shook his head, and recommenced in a soft whisper, "Latterly there is something wrong here—you understand me, *Tchelebi*?"

I nodded; and, after a few pantomimic gestures on either side, doubtless meant to convey a world of meaning, I asked him the name of the gentleman for whom his master appeared to entertain such bitter hatred.

"Effendi," replied the Armenian; "well, I will tell you all, for are we not brothers? I too, am Christian, a Catholic" (making the sign of the cross); "but, by your mother's soul and your own two eyes, let not a breath escape you, or I shall die under the stick!"

I promised inviolable secrecy, and my companion thus began:—

"You know the large red building you pass at the corner of the street leading into the square of the mosque? Well, it is the dwelling of the chief Imaum of our mosque here—a curse on all mosques! That harem contains a white rose, a lily, an unpierced pearl; but I cannot describe her—how could I? her beauty is as far above words as the sun is above the fire of your pipe. I have seen her, for my brother is head groom to the old Imaum, and when I go of an evening to smoke a chibouque with him, I can gaze on her unveiled as she lounges in the rose garden, the fairest flower in it, like a Hourî in Paradise, but a thousand times better, since you know there are no such beings. Well, *Tchelebi*, our Latif Effendi, who often visits the Imaum, happened to see her one day unveiled as she came in, not being aware that a *Nemhareh* was with her father: from that moment Latif's liver became a *kebab*, and now he burns so, that he has lost all recollection of sleep, meat, or drink. Now, *Tchelebi*, you have seen the Effendi's father and his place, and you know that his inheritance is something, and indeed everyone who understands these matters says, that if he becomes an Imaum, 'Sheik el Islam' is a title that he has more right to expect to enjoy hereafter than any man of his time. Well, then, Latif having considered the position of affairs, deemed that, should he propose a marriage with the Imaum's daughter, nobody could call him "presumptuous one;" so he goes like an upright gentleman to the headnurse of her father's harem, and gives her his word for two purses if she will bring about an union between the rose-bud and himself. Latif's prospects and qualities being pretty thoroughly known in this quarter, the old woman said, "Inshallah! the thing should be!" Not that she cared for the piastres, but because she loved him as her own son, and she would not wish her 'milk-child' to be in the harem of a better spouse. So she spoke to the maiden's mother, who in her turn spoke to the father; and as he took care not to repel the proposal, it was soon understood and agreed among all parties that, when Latif should become a regular Imaum, and procure a good mosque, he was to set up his house, and the damsel was to be demanded for him by some respectable mutual friend, according to the custom in these countries. Things were going on in this manner, and the heart of our good Latif was glad and full of hope that his fondest dreams of happiness were shortly to be realized, when that individual you saw the other day (may God bestow his curse on him!) came to our neighbourhood, strutting and twirling his moustache, and cast a black shadow over Latif's horoscope. *Tchelebi*,

this world of ours is a very astonishing one, and who can resist the decrees of heaven? The fellow came, I say, and hired a house close by, which he furnished like a man of substance, and lived in it like a man of wealth (misfortunes on him here and hereafter!) He quickly heard that there was a 'fairy face' in the harem of the Imaum; and as soon as he had ascertained, through an ill-omened daughter of thirteen, his agent in the business, that the fair one's beauty and her father's riches were not exaggerated, he sent his mother as his ambassadress in this work of evil. She repaired with many slaves and much ceremony to the Imaum's harem; and having been admitted to the presence of the lady of the house, she began by inquiring after her health, paying numerous compliments in honeyed words; and thus skilfully leading the way to the real object of her visit, she opened the cause, enlarged on her son's good qualities, alluded to the caiques that he would keep on the Bosphorus, enumerated the Arab horses and the slaves that he would be able to place at his wife's disposal, and finally suggested that the Imaum's daughter should become that wife, winding up her insidious discourse with the hint that the post then occupied by her son—that of secretary to the paymaster of the arsenal—was but the first step in the ladder of honours, riches, and distinctions, which he was destined to ascend. These offers were carried to the father directly the old lady was gone; and he, the wily fox, looking more to the wealth of this world than to the treasures of the life to come, was greatly pleased and flattered by so brilliant a prospect, and thenceforth began to show a sour face to Latif, the unhappy one, who was given to understand that his presence and his proposals were alike unacceptable. Thus the thread of his hopes was cut asunder—he eats misfortune, and since that time he has wept rivers of blood, being no longer himself. He has striven with all his soul to make that man of evil augury forego his pretensions—in vain! God show mercy to him!"

"Oh! he will forget!" said I.

"He will never forget!" rejoined the Armenian. Shortly after the above narrative had been confided to me, I was called away to a distance, and was absent for three weeks from Stamboul. One of my first visits on my return was to Latif's quarter, when, approaching the precincts of the mosque, I perceived a multitude of people densely crowded round one spot, while numbers were continually pouring in from every avenue to the same point. I entered a *gahvé* (café) which I had been in the habit of frequenting occasionally since the time that my introduction to Latif had led me to that part of the city.

"Ah! *Tchelebi*," exclaimed mine host of the café, "you are welcome,—your coming is agreeable—be seated. But since you left us we have all had much grief."

"Wherefore?" I enquired.

"They have cut off the head of your *Kafudor* (gossip)," answered he of the *gahvé*, "and the people are now gazing on his dead body."

On hearing this shocking announcement, I rushed from the coffee-shop, and, struggling through the crowd, I succeeded in reaching the place, where, too surely, lay the corpse of Latif. His head, with the turban still enveloping it, was deposited under his arm; a *Yefta* pinned to his breast, indicated to the public both the nature of the crime for which he had suffered, and the retributive justice in store for all evil-doers and spillers of blood, with a conclusion—hardly perhaps appropriate to the occasion—extolling the clemency of "our lord the Sultan."

The hapless Latif was dressed in the apparel that he had worn on the day of my last visit to him; his features, those exquisite features, were still invested with an air of placidity and repose, the head surrounded by a small pool of blood that had issued from its severed veins, now mingling with the dust, and discolouring the long flowing beard, dark as the raven's wing, which drooped on one side. I was awakened from the trance of horror into which I had sunk by the shrill harsh accents of an old crone, screaming, "Thanks be to Allah! he deserved thus to die." I turned and fled from the dreadful spectacle.

If afterwards learned the following particulars of the deed that had led to this dismal catastrophe. Latif's rival and his beloved one were affianced; the festivals and rejoicings customary on such occasions had been the theme of universal conversation in the quarter; for the Imaum, elated by the dazzling prospects that seemed to be awaiting his daughter, had opened both his heart and his purse-strings, so that the fêtes had been on a scale of unwonted magnificence, and the poor had been surfeited with good things during "the three days" of feasting and pleasure. Barely a week had then to elapse before the bride was to be conducted to the harem of her lord at the termination of the marriage ceremonies. Meanwhile Latif, plunged into the depths of misery and despair, secluded in his solitary chamber, had refused to admit any one of the numerous friends and well-wishers who thronged his doors in the hope of being able to console him; alone he sat during several days and nights, not a sound escaping from the apartment to betoken the presence of a living being within. The Evil One appeared to have obtained the mastery over his soul. At last the unhappy man conquered his emotions so far as to enable him to resume his ordinary avocations, and on the morning preceding the one which was to have witnessed the bridal procession escorting the young wife to her future residence, he entered the mosque at the hour of morning prayer. By the dim twilight of the dawn, but faintly illuminating the interior of the edifice, he failed to perceive a figure prostrate before the *Mihrab* (altar), and thus he nearly stumbled over the suppliant at the throne of Divine mercy, in whom, at a second and closer glance, he recognised his supplanter—the cause of his bitter woe! Maddened at the sight, in the frenzy of the moment he drew the knife from his girdle, and buried it in the neck of his unresisting victim kneeling at his devotions. A second time Latif plunged the blade into the dying man, and fled from the mosque.

He directed his steps to the wharf whence sailed the passage boats for the Gulf of Nicomedia, the nearest point to his native village; and having embarked on board a packet just starting, he drew the folds of his turban over his features, and sat silent and immovable until the boat had reached her destination. The evening of the second day after the commission of the crime saw him clasped in his mother's arms; and his father was in the act of bestowing his blessing on his son as he welcomed him home, when two *Stamboul Cavasses* (policemen), rudely entering, seized Latif and bound him, with the words,—"Thou must come with us, for thou art the murderer!" Latif cast one look of speechless agony on his shrieking mother, and on his venerable father, who was dumb with horror and affright, then silently followed the officers of the law. Nor did he thenceforth open his lips to utter a single syllable until the hour of his death, remaining as one stupefied, his eyes fixed on the ground, regardless of aught that was said or done around him. It chanced, however, that his way to the place of execution lay through the street in which the bride—the widowed bride—lived; and, on passing the house, he threw a quick and sidelong glance at the harem windows, sighed, shuddered, and relapsed into his previous state of apathy.

O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,  
Such moment pours the grief of years!  
What felt the then, at once oppress  
By all that most distracts the breast?  
That pause, which ponder'd o'er his fate,  
Oh, who its dreary length shall date?  
Though in Time's record nearly naught,  
It was eternity to thought.

Four hours later I was gazing my last on the lifeless body of Latif—the young, the beautiful, the gifted, but, alas! the blood-stained Latif.

**FAST AND LUXURIOUS.**—The London and North-Western Railway Company are building sets of saloon carriages, in which a variety of desirable comforts will be provided. There will be smoking-rooms, coffee-rooms, etc. The express trains will not stop at any intermediate station, and the journey between London and Liverpool will thus be performed in four hours.

PASTIMES.

ANAGRAMS.

Streets of Montreal.

1. It it never is toast.
2. I let slut recover.
3. Steel spite crust.
4. See Tremont lie.

A. R. B.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Complete, I am used by all industrious ladies; behead me, I am what ducks like; again behead and transpose, and I am a game many are found of.
2. Complete, I am what none of us like to have; behead me, I am what none of us like to be.
3. Complete, I am a Christian name; twice beheaded, I am deception; behead again, and I am generally seen in English farm yards.—HILDA.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. ADDYWWTETTRROLBELUN. Name of a celebrated English author.
2. HHHWWWOIITTAELLD. Name of one of his works. POLLY.

CHARADES.

I am composed of 8 letters.

My 1, 3, 4, 6, 8, is an amusement.

My 2, 3, 4, 6, is difficult.

My 8, 2, 5, 4, 7, is an allotment.

My 6, 7, 3, 4, is a word expressing affection.

My 8, 2, 3, 6, 7, is pleasant in warm weather.

And my whole puzzle many. HILDA.

2. My first mankind is on with man; My second is a single letter; To guard you from my third, my whole is first rate, ladies—nothing better. A. H. B.

3. My first a single letter is; Sometimes an exclamation, My second a familiar term With people of low station. My whole a gem most choice and rare, A legend bears. Come guess, 'Tis said to pale before despair And brighten at success. A. H. B.

CONUNDRUM.

When is a lady like a small bucket?

RITHMOREMS.

Names of authors.

1. 2060 no rate.
2. 153 knew Sol 50.
3. 155 L. E's hearer.
4. 650 Joel or guards.
5. 751 Seen shark.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. I divided 6s 0½d equally among a number of persons who applied to me for relief. How many were there and how much did each get.
2. How could I pay a bill amounting to £1 1s 0d with 21 English coins without using silver?

ANSWERS TO ARITHMOREM &c., No. 36.

*Arithmorems.*—Wellington. 1. Welland. 2. Elgin. 3. Limoges. 4. Lisbon. 5. Iceland. 6. Nice. 7. Gibraltar. 8. Texas. 9. Oakville. 10. Newfoundland.

*Arithmetical Puzzles.*—1. 12111. 2. 12345679 and 24691358.

*Charades.*—1. Tobacco. 2. Nightshade.

*Decapitations.*—1. Crash-rash-ash. 2. Skate-kate-tea. 3. Box-ox. 4. Chide-hide-die.

*Anagrams.*—1. Great St. James. 2. St. Antoine. 3. Notre Dame. 4. Sherbrooke. 5. Dorchester.

*Square Words.*—K I N G.

I D O L.  
N O T E.  
G L E N.

*Transposition.*—Pick Wick Papers.

*Arithmetical Problem.*—\$160.

The following answers have been received:

*Arithmorem.*—Measles, Polly, Nellie, S. J. C., H. H. V., Argus, Festus, Camp.

*Arithmetical Puzzles.*—S. J. C., Polly, Argus, Festus, Cloud, Geo. B.

*Charades.*—Irene De Forest, Nellie, H. H. V., S. J. C., Argus, Geo. B.

*Decapitations.*—Nellie, Irene De Forest, S. J. C., Argus, H. H. V., Camp.

*Anagrams.*—S. J. C., Nellie, Polly, H. H. V., Argus, Irene De Forest.

*Square Words.*—Argus, H. H. V.  
*Transpositions.*—Polly, Nellie, Camp, Irene De Forest, Geo. B., Argus.  
*Arithmetical Problem.*—Camp, Geo. B., Argus, H. H. V.

CHESS

BRITISH CHESS ASSOCIATION.

A most influential and important meeting of the members of this organization took place at the rooms of the St. George's Club, London, on Tuesday, the 6th March, when it was unanimously resolved that a Congress should be held in London this year—proceedings to commence on the 18th of June. The Committee have not yet published a detailed programme of the Congress; but one of the noteworthy features will be the establishment of a Grand Challenge Cup, to be contended for by British players only, and to be the guerdon of British Championship in Chess.

"BREVITY AND BRILLIANCY."

This work is to be embellished with an unique historical frontispiece representing Messrs. Stanley and Turner in their great match in Washington about twenty years ago, with Herr Lowenthal as spectator at the side of the Board.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM No. 23.—Correct solutions received too late for acknowledgement last week from H. K. C., Quebec; and Alma, Brantford.

I. R. M. B., HAMILTON.—Contributions for our column, either in games or problems are always welcome, and could we spare the space, it should be headed with a standing invitation to that effect.

ST. URBAIN ST.—Much obliged. It will appear in an early issue.

ONTARIO, COBourg, C.W.—Thanks for your prompt response; we shall avail ourselves of your kindness shortly.

F. H. O., DUNDAS, C.W.—We have seen substantially the same position before; as, however, it may be new to many of our readers, we will make room for it shortly.

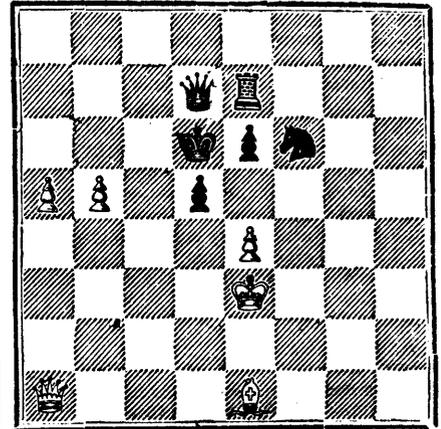
H. K. C., QUEBEC.—The problem appears to be a good one. Please give the author when you write again.

J. G. C., ARNPRIOR, C.W.—Your letter must have been mislaid, or the solution would certainly have been acknowledged.

PROBLEM No. 23.

By H. R. A.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in four moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 24.

WHITE.

BLACK.

1. K to Q 3rd. K to K 3rd or (a);
2. R to K 4th (dbl. ch.) K to Q 4th.
3. B Mates.

- (a) 1. K to K 3rd. K to K B 3rd.
2. K to K 4th. K to K 3rd.
3. R to Kt 6th dbl ch and Mate.

ENIGMA No. 5.

(From Stamm's Work.)



White to play and mate in three moves

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 3.

WHITE.

BLACK.

1. Kt to K B 3rd. K takes Kt.
2. Q to Q B 6th Mate.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. J. C.—It would depend, to some extent, on the character of the work; but we do not think it at all probable that you would find a publisher in Canada willing to undertake the risk.

J. M.—A very welcome budget, and for which we are much obliged.

TUDOR.—Please forward the MS., as it is impossible for us to express an opinion as to the interest of the sketch, until we have had an opportunity of reading it.

MAUDE STANLEY.—We regret that we are compelled to decline inserting the verses entitled "The Tide of Rebellion."

E. S.—Will write to you on the subject of your letter in the course of a day or two.

POLLY.—Shall be happy to hear from you again.

E. T.—Our candid opinion—since you request it—is, that you should devote your attention to prose compositions; we do not think you will ever write respectable verses.

Y. T. B.—The Rev. John Cumming, D.D., was born in Aberdeenshire, in 1810. He has published a large number of works on theological subjects; his favourite topics being the Prophecies. Among his most remarkable works, in this direction, are "The Apocalyptic Sketches," "The Great Tribulation," and "The Destiny of Nations."

IGNORAMUS.—The "Woolsack" is the cushion of the Lord Chancellor's seat; it was originally stuffed with wool, on account of that article being then the staple commodity of England.

INVALID.—Through long illness Invalid's lips have become colourless, and impart a ghastly appearance to her face. She asks "what can be done to remedy this difficulty?" Of course, with returning health, Invalid's lips would again resume their natural colour; but failing that, the application of carmine, dissolved in aromatic spirits of ammonia, would do much to improve her personal appearance.

IRENE DE FOREST.—Many thanks. Contributions to our pastime column are always acceptable.

A WELL-WISHER.—We are obliged to you for your communication, but would rather not discuss the matter in the columns of THE READER.

L. W. R.—Respectfully declined.

KATE R. WILTON.—The idea does not appear to us at all preposterous, and we are glad that you acted upon it. We found no difficulty in reading your contribution "to the very last word," and would willingly print it, had we not already published an article very similar in character in No. 33. We are only permitted to say that your surmises are incorrect as to the author referred to by you.

MEASLES.—Willingly, and with thanks.

A. R. G., HALIFAX.—Many thanks for your contributions. We are glad to welcome our Acadian cousins to the columns of THE READER.

ARTHUR.—We do not think it at all probable that such is the case.

L. C. W.—Messrs. Dent & Co., and Bennet & Co., London, are amongst the most celebrated of English watchmakers—and we believe your order would be well executed by either firm.

## MISCELLANEA.

PALMERSTONIANA.—It is said that we shall not long have to wait for the publication of some of the most interesting papers left by Lord Palmerston to his literary executors, to deal with according to their discretion.

A NEWSPAPER correspondent says that, in Georgia, where Sherman's army made a sweep of all the carriages, the ladies now go visiting in carts. They call them *cartes-de-visite*, and console themselves with the thought that they are in the height of fashion.

A LAWYER, in Maine, recently moved for a new trial on the ground "that, in the verdict, the jury were unduly influenced by the great beauty of the female plaintiff."

COAL AS FUEL.—Coal was first used as fuel in London in the latter part of the thirteenth

century. But the smoke was considered so injurious to the public health that Parliament petitioned the king, Edward I., to prohibit its burning, as an intolerable nuisance. He complied, and issued a proclamation against it. The severest measures were then employed to abolish its use by fines, imprisonment, and the destruction of the furnaces and workshops where it was used.

VALUE OF A CHARACTER.—Colonel Chartres, who was the most notorious rascal in the world, and who had, by all sorts of crime, amassed immense wealth, sensible of the disadvantage of a bad character, was once heard to say, that "although he would not give one farthing for virtue, he would give ten thousand pounds for a character, because he should get a hundred thousand pounds by it." Is it possible, then, that an honest man can neglect what a wise rogue would purchase so dear?

THE Emperor of the French, at the suggestion of the Minister of Agriculture, has granted 300 medals—10 in gold, 178 in silver, and 112 in bronze—to those of the medical profession who, during the late visitation of cholera, evinced zeal and devotedness in the care of the sick.

THE hothouses of the Czars, in latitude sixty north, contain the finest collection of tropical plants in all Europe. Palm trees are nearly sixty feet in height, and there are banks of splendid orchards. The hothouses are about a mile and a half in their length.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

THE paper used for the books printed for the primary schools in Austria is composed of the cellulose of maize, and has a yellowish tint less fatiguing to the eye than the white of ordinary paper.

INK of the very finest and most intense black may be prepared by adding a very minute portion of vanadic acid, or vanadate of ammonia, to a solution of nut-gall. This ink is much more lasting than ordinary ink.

PETROLEUM.—M. Laronde, who recently discovered that petroleum is an excellent test for various substances, especially iodine and bromine, illustrates its action by the following experiment on a quantity of distilled water, containing one milligramme of iodide of potassium. To the liquid in question contained in a test tube he adds twenty-five drops of petroleum; he shakes the mixture, and then adds from two to three drops of any acid, even vinegar. After shaking again, and then letting the mixture stand, the petroleum will be seen to gather at the top, carrying with it the iodine which was combined with the potassium, and which now imparts a beautiful rose colour to the petroleum.

WEED SEEDS.—In a pint of brand-clover Professor Buckman detected 39,449 weed-seeds; in two pints of Dutch clover he found 25,560 and 70,400 respectively. When seeds are saved wholesale it is often very hard to keep all weeds out; there are so many things, for instance, which flower almost exactly like the turnip; but even 20,000 to the pint must be due to something more than carelessness. "Save your own seed, then, if you can," is the best advice to the farmer. It is troublesome, no doubt; but it must pay somebody to do it—why not you? You will have to pay less for hoeing the next year.—*The Scottish Farmer*.

POISONOUS WATER.—Alluding to the death of Dr. Hodgkin from impure water, the *Medical Times* says—"We wonder that travellers do not carry with them a little bottle of solution of permanganate of potass—a few drops of which would speedily purify any water. A friend of ours, who has just returned from India, tells us that he has derived the greatest benefit from its employment. At stations where the water was turbid, and tasted and smelt of decaying organic matter, he found the addition of a few drops of the solution of the permanganate made it in a few minutes as clear and sweet as spring water.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

WHAT length ought a lady's crinoline to be.—A little above two feet.

MOVING for a new trial—courting a second wife.

WHEN is coffee like earth?—When it is ground.

"If there is anybody under the canister of heaven that I have in utter execration," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slander, going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

A SHOEMAKER was taken up for bigamy. "Which wife," asked a bystander, "will he be obliged to take?"—"He is a cobbler," replied another, "and of course must stick to the last."

"DOUGLAS, dear," said a wife, appealing to her husband in a small feminine dispute, "do you think I am generally bad-tempered?"—"No, my dear," says he, "I think you are particularly so."

HOW TO REDUCE HOUSEHOLD EXPENDITURE.—A married man adopted an original way of reducing household expenses. One morning when he knew his wife would see him, he kissed the servant girl. The household expenses were instantly reduced twelve pounds a year.

STRAITS.—"Well, captain, when do you sail for Alexandria?"—"On Tuesday next."—"How do you go?"—"Through the Straits; shall I book you for the voyage?"—"I reckon not; I left home to get out of one *strait*, and I don't mean to get into another."

"I THINK you must allow," said a pompous gentleman, "that my jests are very fair."—"Sir, your jests are like yourself," was the quick retort; "their age makes them respectable."

ON a wet, miserable, foggy London day, Charles Lamb was accosted by a beggar-woman with, "Pray, sir, bestow a little charity upon a poor desitute widow woman who is perishing for lack of food. Believe me, sir, I have seen better days."—"So have I," said Lamb, handing the poor creature a shilling; "so have I; it's a miserable day! Good-bye."

THE MOTIVE.—In the morning train on the Metropolitan Railway the other day, a fussy gentleman (of that kind who are always intruding themselves upon the notice of others) began to question a sweet little girl who was sitting beside her mother as to her name, destination, &c. After learning that she was going to the City, he asked "What motive is taking you thither, my dear?"—"I believe they call it locomotive, sir," was the innocent reply.—The "intrusive stranger" was extinguished.

A WEALTHY Boston gentleman signified his intention of adorning the public garden of that city with an allegorical statue in honour of the introduction of ether. The subject he selected was the scene from the *Beggar's Opera* where the noble captain sings, "How happy could I be with either!"

THE following is a copy of an advertisement which appeared in a country paper:—"Made their escape, a husband's affections. They disappeared immediately on seeing his wife with her hands and face unwashed at breakfast."—*American Paper*.

THE agents of two rival iron-safe manufacturers were recently presenting the claims of their respective articles. One was a Yankee—the other wasn't. He that wasn't told his story. A gamecock had been shut up in one of his safes, and then it was exposed three days to the most intense heat. When the door opened, the cock stalked out, flapped his wings, and crowed loudly, as if nothing had happened. It was now the Yankee's turn. A cock had also been shut up in one of his safes with a pound of fresh butter, and the safe was submitted to the trial of a tremendous heat for more than a week. The legs of the safe were melted off, and the door itself so far fused as to require the use of a cold chisel to get it open. When it was opened, the cock was found frozen dead, and the butter so solid, that a man who knocked off a piece of it with his hammer had his eye put out by a frozen butter splinter.