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# THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 16.

FOR WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 23, 1865.

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By MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

## CARLYLE.

"A CAT can look at a king;" and even we, living in a free country, may be permitted to raise our feeble protest against one who is evidently bent on effecting what we regard as a baneful revolution in English literature. It is impossible not to admire Mr. Carlyle, his varied knowledge, his occasional eloquence, his powers of invective and sarcasm, but above all, we, for our part, chiefly were wont to admire him for his fierce detestation of everything in the shape of a "sham," or what he considers to be such. But from being the denouncer of shams, he has become the first of modern shams himself, a literary Cagliostro, who might have been a great man, and who has degenerated into a charlatan. He was always eccentric in the manner and style of his writings, but in his life of Frederick of Prussia, he has attained a height of absurdity beyond which it is impossible for mortal man to wing his flight. It is Carlylism run mad. He seems to have discovered Ariosto's Curiosity Shop in the moon, and to have appropriated all the crazy ideas there to his own proper use. We are aware that we may be accused of impertinence in thus speaking of an author so eminent as Mr. Carlyle. We cannot help that. We speak what we believe to be the truth; and if we are mistaken, it is our misfortune that we are so. We utter nought in malice—and if we did, it matters little to Mr. Carlyle—for we have derived much pleasure from the perusal of his earlier productions,—his article on Burns in the Edinburgh Review, his French Revolution, his Sartor Resartus and his Hero Worship. These contain much sound thought in sound English; often brilliant, indeed, both in sentiment and language. The greater our loss and that of the world that he has fallen into evil ways, in that respect, and that he is now labouring to pervert the tongue of Shakespeare and Milton into a sort of gibberish which is not the speech of gods or men, nor of "poor beggars," so far as we know. He has not "been at a feast of languages, and gathered up the scraps," for no language ever had such scraps. It is an olla of the dialects of Touchstone, Sarah Gamp, and a Virginia negro whose pronunciation has been reformed. We do not mean to assert that the whole of the Life of Frederick is written in this gibberish, but much of it is, and mars the beauty of a work which otherwise would confer honour on himself and the literature of his country. We shall, however, give a few specimens, from vol. 5, of Mr. Carlyle's mode of writing history. He thus speaks of the Duke of Cumberland's difficulties prior to the Convention of Closter-Seven: "It is well-known how Royal Highness fard

when he did, and what a campaign Royal Highness made of it this year 1767! How the Weser did prove wadeable, as Schmettau had said to no purpose, wadeable, bridgeable, and Royal Highness had to wriggle back, ever back, no stand to be made, or far worse than none; back ever back, till he got into the sea, for that matter, and to the end of more than one thing. Poor man, friends say he has an incurable Hanover Ministry, a Program that is inexecutable. As yet he has not lost head, any head he ever had; but he is wonderful, he; and his England is." An account of some doings of the Germanic Diet is headed, "Keich's Thunder, slight Summary of it," with Question, Whitherward, if any whither? He then goes on to say: "The thunderous fulminations of the Reich's-Diet, an injured Saxony complaining, an insulted Kaiser, after vain *Detortatoriums*, reporting and denouncing 'Horror' such as these; what say you, O Reich?—have been going on since September last." And again: "Kur-Mainz, chairman of the Diet (we remember how he was got, and a battle of Dittengen fought in consequence, long since); Kur-Mainz is admitted to have the most decided Austrian leanings; Britannic George, Austria being now on the opposite side, finds him an unhandy Kur-Mainz, and what profit it was to introduce false weights into Reich's balance that time. Not for long generations before had the poor old semi-imaginary Reich's-Diet risen into such paroxysms, nor did it ever again after. Never again, in its terrestrial history, was there such agonistic parliamentary struggle, and terrific noise of parliamentary palaver witnessed in the poor Reich's-Diet." Alluding to the elder Pitt's retirement from office in 1857, he discourses after this fashion:—the "St. Vitus" is Mr. Carlyle's nickname for the policy of the English government.—"After six months' trial, the St. Vitus finds that it cannot do with him, and will prefer going on again. The last act his Royal Highness of Cumberland did in England, was to displace Pitt. "Down you, I am the man" said Royal Highness, and went to the Wesser countries on these terms." Some of the titles of the chapters or sections are curious; for example: "Serene Highness of Wurtemberg at Fulda (November 30th., 1759) is just about 'firing Victoria,' and giving a ball to Beauty and Fashion, in honour of a certain Event,—but is unpleasantly interrupted." Again: "What is Perpetual President Maupertuis doing all this while? Is he still in Berlin, or where in the Universe is he? Alas, poor Maupertuis!" Then Mr. Carlyle has nicknames for everybody and everything. The King of France has half a dozen or more, the French Government is "the Pompadour", the French army "the Dauphiness", the King of England "Britannic George", the Duke of Cumberland "Royal Highness"; the English policy "St. Vitus", and so on. And by these childish appellations they are almost invariably introduced to the reader. Almost every contemporary writer is "Dryasdust," or "Smell-fungus," and he has revived the double superlative of the Elizabethan age, "most fierce" and "most honestest," or similar coxcomberies. The old familiar names of men and places are also changed into German, of which, they being German, we ought not to complain, though the world will scarcely give His Majesty of Prussia the title of the King of Prussia, even to please Mr. Carlyle.

But our great objection to him is, the strange liberties he takes with the English language. Have all our great writers been wrong, and is Mr. Carlyle right? We have had all sorts of heresies in style from euphuism to that of the spasmodic school; but this is the worst yet. Shakespeare and Milton, and Jeremy Taylor and

Addison, and Swift and Macaulay can no longer be regarded as the standards of our language. Our grand version of the Bible itself must be repudiated. Are we prepared to make the sacrifice, and adopt the Carlyle dialect? We repeat it, if he is right, they are wrong.

Mr. Carlyle cannot even claim the merit of originality in his adoption of the eccentric style of writing. He is travelling over a beaten path. Rabelais, Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy, and Sterno have trodden it before him. He reminds us of Burton especially, although the author of the Anatomy would hardly have thought the assertion a compliment. Nor is his mode of treating his subject a new discovery. It has long been admitted that the accounts of court intrigues and battles do not so much constitute history as does the relation of the ordinary affairs of a people. But while it is well that the Historic Muse should be dismounted from her stilts; being down, we see no necessity to set her to play antics or grin through a horse-collar.

We shall, in our next number, speak of the moral tendency of the Life of Frederick.

## REVIEWS.

Books for review should be forwarded, as soon as published, to the Editor, SATURDAY READER.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M.A., Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. Edited by Stopford A. Brooke, M.A. In two vols. Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1865.

We have received from Mr. Worthington the Life and Letters of the Rev. Frederick W. Robertson. These volumes bear the imprint of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields of Boston, to whose intelligence and enterprise the reading public of the American Continent are already indebted for five successive volumes of Mr. Robertson's discourses. The present volumes give an insight into the wonderful life, and tenderness and strength of beauty and holiness which was shown forth in the early called and widely mourned Incumbent of Trinity Chapel, Brighton. We know that competent judges have affirmed of Mr. Robertson's discourses that they are, considered as sermons, the best in the English language. There are many more profound essays passing under the general name of sermons, and many more finished literary compositions passing under this name, but regarded simply as sermons—words spoken to a mixed congregation they rank out of, and far above the common order. They are terse and tender, full yet fragmentary, pregnant with suggestion, stimulating to the best faculties, presenting throughout the highest Christian ethics applied to the current questions of the times, and pervaded everywhere by the large and sweet charity of the Gospel. The life and services of Frederick Robertson were a benediction to the age and place, when and where he lived. His writings, republished over and over again in England, on the continent of Europe and in America, spread the blessing of his pure thought and devoted Christian life far and wide. The Church of England has her hosts of noble minded and notable men; but take him all in all, no man on her long roll of honoured names occupies a nobler place than he holds. Of course he encountered opposition, and had enemies. What notable and heroic man has not to face and brave opposition from some quarter? But no man won a wider circle of grateful and devoted friends than he. The monuments raised to his memory testify this. In his own college

(Brasenose) at Oxford a memorial window has been raised, to the erection of which seven bishops subscribed, and several deans and numerous clergy, and learned laity, and many ladies titled and untitled. And at Brighton, where he laboured and died, the working men of the town to whom he had endeared himself by faithful service in their cause, placed a medallion on their benefactor's tomb.

Of Scottish and military ancestry, and English birth and training, we notice the results of these on his character and life. His life was consecrated to the cause of God and man. He was fearless in faithful service—a true "soldier of Jesus Christ." Born in 1816, he died in 1853, at the early age of thirty-seven years. These volumes—the record of his brief, but memorable life—cannot fail to command the attention of thoughtful, candid and devout minds of all classes.

**HISTORY OF THE LATE PROVINCE OF LOWER CANADA.** By Robert Christie. Montreal: R. Worthington. Vols. 3 and 4.

These volumes carry the Parliamentary and political annals of Lower Canada to the autumn of 1837, embracing, of course, an account of the outbreak of that year. In a former notice of this work, we spoke of the many valuable documents embodied by Mr. Christie in his text, or added by way of appendix; and in the present numbers we find them increase in value and interest. To ourselves, we admit that the portion of the history which we perused with most profit and satisfaction is that beginning with 1823, and reaching up to the "Rebellion." Others may take greater pleasure in the story of that event, which is well told by the author, and contains much curious information to folk of the present generation. We do not know if Mr. Christie can be said to be quite impartial in all he relates,—a task of difficult achievement;—but he undoubtedly aimed at being so, and in that respect his work will be no less useful to writers in the same field as an example, than it will be for the materials with which it abounds. In proof of the fairness with which he treats all parties who took part in the public affairs of Lower Canada—and in which he was himself not altogether a mean actor—we would refer to his description of the Hon. L. J. Papineau, whom, as a public man, Mr. Christie had anything but reason to regard with friendly eyes. At the close of the fourth volume is a somewhat elaborate sketch of the famous ex-speaker's career. He says:

"In fine, they who have only known Mr. Papineau through his politics and the asperities of public life, in which, perhaps, he has been more inflexible than was consistent with skilful statesmanship, can have no just idea of the many excellent, moral, social and domestic qualities for which in private life he is distinguished. Uniting the erudition of the man of letters with the urbanity of a gentleman; possessing also the highest of conversational powers, and in an eminent degree frank, communicative and convivial, he is, out of politics, all that can be desired, and, in the domestic circle, unrivalled for the amenity and kindness of his manners and disposition. Like most men of strong mind and decided character, his resentments are indeed deep and lasting, but, as a set-off to these, such also are his friendships. No more sincere friend can be than Mr. Papineau. In every domestic and social relation, whether as husband, father, citizen, neighbour, companion or friend, all who intimately know, must acknowledge him to be not merely unexceptionable, but exemplary. Of his power and prowess in debate nothing need here be said. Few have ventured to enter the lists and cope with him who have not been floored in the contest. Expressing himself with equal ease, elegance and energy, in the English as in the French language, his eloquence is at once felt to be of a superior order, grave, dignified and senatorial. He has been, as eminent men ever are, variously represented; according to the prejudices or prepossessions of those who have written of him,—by some as faithful, and little better than a Demon; by others as a political redeemer; and, indeed, by the same

individuals very differently at different periods, and under different circumstances. But whatever be his merit or demerit as a politician and statesman, a matter which those who follow us will more correctly decide than we, his contemporaries can, I have endeavoured—as one of them, unbiassed by any other motive of which I am conscious, than a desire to do common justice to a master-mind and independent man, to say the least of him, who, in his own country certainly has been the most eminent of his time—to delineate with an impartial hand his many private virtues and character, as I have known them to be, that posterity, after the cloud of prejudice which, from the untoward course of his political career, still overshadows his name, shall have disappeared with himself, may understand and appreciate his worth as a man, if it cannot applaud him as a successful politician."

**THE BIBLE HAND-BOOK: An Introduction to the Study of Sacred Scripture.** By Joseph Angus, D.D. Revised Edition, with Illustrations. Philadelphia: Jas. S. Claxton. Montreal: R. Worthington.

Whatever may be the degree of reverence one is disposed to yield to the claims of the Bible, it must be admitted that an intelligent examination of those claims is incumbent upon all. Many valuable aids to the student of the Sacred Books have been published, but few appear to us more complete in their character and arrangement than the work noted above. In Part I, the Evidences of the Genuineness and Authenticity of the Bible as a whole are concisely and forcibly stated. A critical examination of Ancient Versions and Various Readings follows. Other chapters are devoted to the Peculiarities—the Interpretation—the Study—and the Difficulties of Scripture. Part II contains an analysis of the individual Books of the Old and New Testament together with a chapter on the Civil and Moral History of the Jews from Malachi to John the Baptist. The aim of the author, as stated in the Preface, "is to lead men to understand and appreciate the Bible;" but in the course of his labours he has given much information on ancient literature and history which is calculated to aid the work of general education amongst all classes.

**NOTES FROM PLYMOUTH POINT.** By Augusta Moore. New York: Harper Brothers. 1865. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

These notes are selections from the sermons of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. They were, we are told, originally published by the authoress without the revision or inspection of the rev. preacher, but they now appear with that advantage, for this is a new edition, revised and enlarged. The work, it seems, has had a wider circulation in Great Britain than even in the United States; the cause of which may be that, in sending it for the press, the reporter has omitted some of those exuberances which make Mr. Beecher's style of oratory more pleasant to American than British taste.

**MISS CAREW. A Novel.** By Amelia B. Edwards, Author of "Barbara's History," &c. New York: Harper Brothers. 1865. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

Of this tale we need only say that it is from the pen of the author of "Half a Million of Money," which regularly appears in our columns, and which has delighted so many of our readers.

#### NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

We have received a copy of Henderson's Photographic Views and Studies. The views are varied, comprising the rivers Mississiquoi, St. Maurice, Ottawa, Rouge, Lakes Beauport, Memphremagog; Falls of the Chaudiere and Shawenegan, &c. &c. Mr. Henderson unites in his pictures vigour and brilliancy, with a gradation of aerial perspective so perfect, that when we look at them through a tube, or the hollow of the hand, they exhibit almost a stereoscopic effect. We have rarely seen any photography which could compare with them in all the qualities which constitute good landscape photography.

We understand that Mr. Worthington is about to issue a cheap edition of "Artemus Ward; His Book," uniform with "Artemus Ward; His Travels," lately published. The illustrations, which are numerous, were specially prepared for the forthcoming edition. Mr. W. is also preparing an edition of the celebrated "Biglow Papers," which will be got up in handsome style, and issued shortly.

#### MISCELLANEA.

A first part of Napoleon's second volume of the "Histoire de Jules César" is in type, and copies are in the hands of translators. The opening chapters relate to the Gallic campaign of A. U. C. 696.

MISS AGNES STRICKLAND has a new novel in the press, entitled "How Will it End?"

Mr. Shirley Brooks is to edit "Follies of the year," by John Leech, a series of colored etchings from "Punch's Pocket Books," 1844 to 1864.

Messrs. Longmans are about to publish Mr. Gerald Massey's work on "Shakspeare, his sonnets, and his Private Friends."

Mr. Wornum, Keeper of the National Gallery, London, is at present occupied upon a life and a history of the works of Holbein, towards which, during the past two or three years, many important facts have sprung up; but which, in their isolated form, are not sufficiently appreciated, and which, if properly collected and blended together, will acquire a very considerable value. The historical knowledge and literary attainments of Mr. Wornum qualify him for the task.

Experiments of the transfusion of blood, which were frequently made two centuries ago, are again engaging the attention of physiologists. MM. Eulenburg and Landois, who have been lately making numerous investigations of this nature, have ascertained that animals poisoned by opium may be kept alive by what is called combined transfusion, drawing away the poisoned blood, and substituting healthy blood taken from an animal of the same species. It has also been ascertained that animals may be kept alive when deprived of food by periodical transfusion.

As an instance of large effects from comparatively small causes, the following is worth notice. Four ounces of silk-worm's eggs will yield from eighty-eight thousand to one hundred and seventeen thousand cocoons; the number of cocoons to a pound of silk is commonly two hundred and seventy; consequently, the produce in silk from the four ounces of eggs will be four hundred and twenty-two pounds.

Ben Jonson's skull is said to be in the possession of a private individual, and efforts are being made to get it by Dr. King, president of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society.

Capt. Wilson and a party of explorers have left England for Palestine. Their object is to make a preliminary survey of the country. Capt. Wilson is to land at Beyrout, and to go by way of Damascus, Bamas, Kedes, to Tell Hum on the Lake of Galilee. Thence he will proceed, by way of Cana, to Bessan, and then Zerin to Nabulus and Sebastiyeh. He will then visit Seilum, the ancient tombs at Tibuch, Beitin, and Jerusalem. At each of the above spots he will make such explorations as he may find feasible and desirable, and will use his own judgment as to the length of time at which he will remain at each. He has power to engage the necessary labourers, and generally to incur such expenses as may be requisite for the due and efficient performance of the work. On his passage through the country, he is to make all possible observations on the topography and geology of the district.

The ranks of our English novelists have sustained a heavy loss by the death of Mrs. Gaskell. The death was a very sudden and unexpected one. Within the last few months Mrs. Gaskell had bought a small house in the little Hampshire market-town of Alton, and was stopping there for the purpose of furnishing it. On Sunday she was dining with her daughters, when she suddenly fell off her chair. She died within a few hours, and was never conscious after her seizure.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

*List of New Books suitable for Christmas and New Year's Gifts!*

- Tennyson. The Illustrated Farringford Edition of Tennyson's Complete Works. \$5.50.
- Longfellow's Poetical Works, London Edition, beautifully illustrated with over 200 illustrations on wood and steel.
- Book of Rubies, a collection of the most noted Love-poems in the English Language, bound in full morocco. \$7.00.
- Pen and Pencil Pictures from the Poets. Elaborately illustrated. 4to. \$3.00.
- The British Female Poets, by Geo. W. Bethune. \$2.50.
- Gems of Literature, Elegant, Rare and Suggestive, upwards of 160 Engravings. 4to. \$3.00.
- Wordsworth's Poems for the Young. 4to. \$1.50.
- Bartlett's Forty Days in the Desert. Illustrated.
- Bartlett's Foot-steps of our Lord. Illustrated.
- Bartlett's Nile Boat. Illustrated.
- Maxwell's Irish Rebellion. Illustrated.
- Byron's Works. New Riverside Edition. In Half (Calf. Extra \$1.50 per vol. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Bible Hand Book. By the Rev. Jos. Angus, D.D. In 1 vol. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Worthington's New Priced Catalogue of his Stock of Standard, Medical, Law, Scientific, &c., Books which will be sent free on application, is now ready.
- Home Heroes, Saints, and Martyrs. By T. S. Arthur. Cl. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- What Came Afterwards. A Novel. By T. S. Arthur. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Barnum. The Humbugs of the World. Cl. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Bourne. Handbook of the Steam-Engine, containing all the Rules required for the right Construction and Management of Engines of every Class, with the easy Arithmetical Solution of those Rules. Constituting a Key to the "Catechism of the Steam Engine." By John Bourne, C. E. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sir Jasper's Tenant. A Novel. By Miss M. E. Bradton. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. 5. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Charles (Mrs.) Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family. Diary of Kitty Trevelyan. The Early Dawn. 3 vols. 16 mo. 75cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Fairy Book. By Sophie May. Illus. 50 cts. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Idylls of the King. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. Sm. 4to. \$3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Gems from Tennyson. Sm. 4to. 100 Illustrations. \$3.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- A Concise Dictionary of the Bible; comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by William Smith, LL.D. Thick octavo, with 270 plans and wood-cuts. \$5.00.
- New Christmas Books; The Children's Picture Book Series. Written expressly for Young People. Cloth, Gilt Edges. Bible Picture Book. Eighty Illustrations. \$1.25.
- Scripture Parables and Bible Miracles. Thirty-two Illustrations. \$1.25.
- English History. Sixty Illustrations. \$1.25.
- Good and Great Men. Fifty Illustrations. \$1.25.
- Useful Knowledge. One Hundred and Thirty Figures. \$1.25.
- Scripture Parables. By Rev. J. E. Clarke. Sixteen Illustrations. 60cts.
- Bible Miracles. By Rev. J. E. Clarke, M.A. Sixteen Illustrations. 60cts.
- The Life of Joseph. Sixteen Illustrations. 60cts.
- Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Sixteen Illustrations. 60cts.
- Elaborately Illustrated Copy of Arabian Nights. London Edition. \$2.
- Dalziel's Illustrated Goldsmith. Large Quarto. \$2.
- Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. With 250 Illustrations. Tinted Paper. \$1.25.
- Farringford Editions of Tennyson's Works in 2 vols. \$3.50.
- Farringford Edition Complete in 1 vol. Full Gilt. \$2.75.
- Journal of Eugénie de Guérin. London. \$1.50.
- The Gold Thread. By Norman McLeod, D.D. 60 cts.
- Æsop. The Fables of Æsop, with a Life of the Author. Illustrated with 111 Engravings from Original Designs by Herrick. Cr. 8vo. \$2.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Atlantic Tales. A Collection of Stories from the "Atlantic Monthly." 12mo. \$2.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Saadi. The Gulistan, or Rose Garden. By Musle Haddéen Sheikh Saadi, of Shiraz. Translated from the Original, by Francis Gladwin. With an Essay on Saadi's Life and Genius, by James Ross, and a Preface by R. W. Emerson. 16mo. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sunday Magazine, large vol. Illustrated. Full Gilt. \$2.00.

## FORTHCOMING NEW BOOKS.

- Bigelow Papers in 1 vol. Illustrated. Price 20 cts.
- Artemus Ward. "His Book," with 17 Illustrations. Harp of Canaan. By the Rev. J. Douglas Borthwick. In 1 vol. 300 pages.
- New Work by Private Miles O'Reilly. New Cheap Edition, which is expected to have uncommon success.
- The Advocate. A Novel. By Mr. Heavyside. In 1 vol.
- Christie's History of Canada. In 6 vols. 12mo. Uniform. \$6.00.
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## THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

## CHAPTER III. CAPTAIN AUSTWICKE'S REVELATION.

*Continued from page 229.*

"Love is not to be reasoned down, or lost in high ambition." ADDISON.

"It's a long story. I've no breath to tell it, Honor," said Captain Austwicke; "but I want you to know that—that long years ago—I—I married."

Miss Austwicke rose to her feet in surprise, and echoed the word—

"Married?"

"Yes, Honor. Don't—don't make a scene, it's no use—any words."

"When, Wilfred, when?"

"In Scotland, sixteen years ago, when I spent the autumn in Dumbartonshire with Gertrude's brother."

"Married! when you stayed at Lord Dunoon's. Whom?" repeated Miss Austwicke, still bewildered, and half suspecting her brother was delirious.

"Isabel—but you'll learn her name, there," pointing to the sealed envelope.

"Brother, brother! of what family is the lady?" "Something like the wandering ghost of an impatient smile flitted over the sight of the dying eyes as he answered—

"Of the oldest family—the workers: a gardener's daughter—the gardener at Glower O'er."

"A gardener's daughter?" gasped Miss Austwicke—"and you married her? And you tell me this?"

"Would to God I had told it long before—told it like a man to all the world! I should not lie here with pangs of the spirit, that rack me more than the pangs of the flesh. I should not lie here telling my miserable, shameful, cowardly sin to one who, I fear, has no heart to understand my woe—no conscience to help me to set right the wrong I did."

"Brother, what do you, what can you mean?"

"I mean what I say." He rose on his elbow with a strange access of strength, stretched out his hand towards the glass on the table, and, as Miss Austwicke involuntarily handed it, drank again eagerly, and resumed—

"Yes, it's my misery—my curse that you will not see my sin as I now see it. Pride like yours made me shrink from avowing my marriage—made me cowardly and base."

"Wilfred Austwicke, even on that bed you have no right to say such words to me. When, pray, was I cowardly or base?"

"Fear of the world and love of the world both work to sin. Bear with a dying man—a dying brother, Honor. After a brief delirium of passion—a young man's madness, that you cannot comprehend—in which I had made poor Isabel my wife, I stooped to the real degradation of deceiving her. I cannot tell you all the plan, but I led her to believe that I had been married before, and had a wife living, and that therefore she was not legally my wife."

"You, Wilfred—you an Austwicke, did this?"

"Yes, pride made me stoop to this deadly meanness—extremes meet, Honor. I shrank from owning my marriage, in the face of the aristocratic and wealthy marriages my brothers had made. My humble bride would have shamed me with them and with you. Deference to man often means defiance to God. Yes, Honor, it does. I sent money by a sure hand, for Isabel wrote to me no more. I sent money for her and her children—"

"Children?"

"Yes, my children! Oh, that I could see them! Oh, that my strength would hold out to crawl to them on my hands and knees. Surely, if they prayed for their father, the poor innocents—if they prayed, I might have some sense of forgiveness—something to cool the burning of heart and brain that maddens me."

Miss Austwicke looked at her brother steadily, as his eyes rolled and his head moved restlessly from side to side. A conviction that greatly relieved her appeared to have entered her mind. "He is delirious," she whispered. "Poor fellow! it's all mere delirium."

With the intense acuteness to which all his faculties were strung, he heard the purport of her whisper, and said, in a voice of piercing anguish, "I am not delirious, Honor; it's all true."

"Hush, dear Wilfred. Don't excite yourself over a bad dream. How can it be true? Children?"

"Twin children—a son and daughter, I tell you. I never saw them, except in dreams. How I hunger for them—mine—mine! Oh, for life, a little longer life, to do something for them! Oh, for a friend, who would help me in this bitter hour—bitter—bitter—bitter! forsaken of God and man!"

He sunk back and groaned deeply.

Miss Austwicke visibly shuddered. "No, no, not forsaken," she said, sinking on her knees. "I do not, I confess, clearly comprehend what you tell me; but if it will comfort you, I promise, if—if anything happens to you, to fulfil your wishes and intentions towards your children, certainly towards them, and—and your wife."

The big drops started on his brow; he looked at her gratefully. "Sister, I can give no blessing—from my lips it might be but a curse; but I thank you—with all the power left me I thank you—for that promise. And don't be angry, Nora dear, if I also warn you."

His voice had softened and sunk low to a tender whisper, as he called her by the name familiar in childish years, and his mouth worked convulsively.

His sister was deeply moved, and for the first time her eyes were wet. "Yes, Wilfred, speak on; let me hear your warning."

"Beware of the pride that props itself with falsehood! When a poor wretch lies stranded on the brink of the cold river, and traces the road he has passed, how false and mean looks many a deed that has been called expedient! There's a light, Honor—the light of truth—that reveals to us all that we have hidden in the depths of our hearts. It's dreadful—intolerable!" He paused for breath, then gaspingly resumed—"Isn't there—a hymn, Honor—that we used to sing—in childhood—What does it say? something about—"

'Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.'

Oh, sister—sister, for that covering now!"

Just then there was a creeping sound or a rustling behind the bed-curtains, on the other side of the room. Miss Austwicke, alarmed, rose from her knees. The dying gaze of her brother followed her as she, fearing she knew not what, went round to the side of the room that had been so completely screened off by the drapery of the great old-fashioned four-post bed. A faint noise, like the flapping of paper, yet sounded in her ears, but she saw nothing. There was a chest of drawers, flanked by chairs, two on each side, that rested against the papered wall. All was undisturbed by the arrangements on the other side of the sick bed. Miss Austwicke very naturally accused her nerves. She was not by any means the only watcher in a sick room that is tormented by evil sounds. She returned, and brought the candle, holding it high above her head, so as to see into the whole space. Her foot became entangled in something; she stooped, and picked up from the ground nothing more mysterious than a rough garment, a house-maid's apron, that had been carelessly dropped by the side of the drawers—perhaps, as Miss Austwicke, with the quick disgust at untidy habits which was part of her nature, divined, had been used as a duster and so left. This matter-of-fact, lowly incident breaking in on the intensity of her feelings, restored her to a measure of composure, and enabled her, as there came a faint, panting whisper of "Sister Nora," to go to the bed, and bathe the temples of the fast sinking invalid with refreshing perfume. He did not speak—only held her hand for a moment, then feeling along the bed-clothes with his other hand, found the letter, and laid it in her palm; and so folding her fingers over it, held her closed hand tightly in both his, tried in vain to speak, and sighed wearily. Miss Austwicke was thankful for the tranquil dreamy look, that seemed to

weigh down his eyelids, and spread over his features. "If he can sleep a little while, he may, perhaps—who knows?—yet rally—he may get home."

So she stood hushed at the bedside, and presently, as the hands slowly relaxed their clasp, leaving the letter in her palm, she gently withdrew herself from a posture that was becoming painful, and sat down holding the letter, and looking vaguely at it with mournful eyes.

Her anxiety that her brother should not be disturbed made her unwilling either to summon Martin or to leave the chamber. So she sat, leaning back in the chair, for some little time motionless. Suddenly she drew herself up erect and listened. Everything was strangely, awfully still. How was it that she no longer noticed her brother's laboured breathing?—How was it? He had reached home—he was dead!

#### CHAPTER IV. RECORDS, PAST AND PRESENT.

"Thou norest from thy safe recess  
Old friends burn dim, like lamps in noisome air."  
WORDSWORTH.

If Miss Austwicke had been familiar with the sick room and the symptoms that precede death, she would not have been surprised at what seemed to her the awfully sudden termination of the interview with her brother. He had been dying all the day, and his faculties, gathering up for a last effort, had just sustained him through it, and then yielded. Her terror was quite equal to her grief when, on calling loudly for help, Martin and the landlady rushed in to her assistance, and going direct to the bed, proclaimed the fatal fact she at first refused to believe.

Never had Miss Austwicke actually witnessed the departure of a spirit, and the mental sufferings that had preceded her brother's death were so terribly present to her mind, that they added to the horror. She was borne fainting from the room, and during the night that followed, Martin thought it incumbent to call in Dr. Bissle, who prescribed complete quiet for at least two days—a decision that it fretted the lady to obey, for her spirit was defiant; and her previously calm, uninterrupted life had ill prepared her to sustain the shock she had received. After a few hours, when she had partially rallied, her mind, in that unaccustomed place, had one resource, and that was, to ruminate on the strange history revealed in her brother's last words; and before any legal adviser reached her, or any of the rest of the family were apprised, she had to decide for herself what had best be done. It was not in Miss Austwicke's nature to distrust her own judgment, still less to doubt that any course she took would not be morally right.

Captain Austwicke's words, so recently uttered, "There never was much love among us, Honor—never enough, I now think," contained a truth which, however, did not reflect so much as might be supposed on the hearts of the Austwicke family. Miss Austwicke and her three brothers had suffered from the loss of their mother in their childhood. The golden links of maternal love had not bound the young people together, and they therefore grew up a separated household. Honoria, the second-born in the family, had been reared by a very aged lady, her father's mother, who occupied a jointure house on the banks of the Thames, which, for twenty years before her death, she seldom left. The education of her grand-daughter, carried on under her supervision, had been the amusement of her old age; and the aim of the stately old lady had been to imbue the child with all the opinions and feelings that she herself had entertained in a long life passed in a circle as narrow as it was high, in the days when whalebone and Queen Charlotte ruled in the upper region of feminine fashion. To teach rigid etiquette, rather than Christian principle, was the aim of the instructors, and the scope of the education bestowed. Not that there need be, in reality, anything antagonistic in the two—nay, they may, and do often, admirably blend; but then the Christian life, like an odorous balsam, filters through and is distinctly recognised as combining in one whole all the elements of the

gentle life—religion refining manners, and not manners elevating religion. The pupil was apt to learn what her instructors taught, and caught the spirit of the teaching; so the antiquity of the Austwicke name and lineage, the fact that it was a family of influence generations before many of the highest titles in the realm had been conferred, was the one thought of her mind.

Meanwhile Squire Austwicke, the father of the family, was amusing himself according to the fashion of his ancestors, living the life of a country magnate. Hunting, racing, field sports, keeping up his pack of beagles, and a rough bachelor sort of hospitality, after his wife's death, among men like-minded—these were his pursuits, diversified by a few magisterial duties and a good deal of hard drinking. His sons had their education at Winchester. Edmund, the eldest, grew up a fine gentleman, whose breakfasts at college were the admiration of his friends, as afterwards was the cut of his coat and the tie of his cravat when he mingled with those who would now be called "fast men" in London, and were then described as "young bloods," or "dandies." Wilfred, the second son, had a commission in the Honourable East India Company's service; and Basil, the younger, and the most industrious, on leaving college, was entered at Gray's Inn, and, in due time, was called to the bar. Fortunately he married Gertrude Dunoon, a lady of ancient family, and, what was even more to the point, whose kinsmen were all high in the law, and able to advance the interests of Basil Austwicke, who, without any very great talent, maintained a respectable position, which it was sometimes whispered he owed much to family influence.

Of these three brothers, the one whom Honoria had known the best was Edmund; Wilfred and Basil, respectively three and five years younger than their sister, she saw very seldom, and the few letters that at intervals passed were mere formal interchanges of inquiries. At the death of her grandmother, Miss Austwicke returned home, to find herself rather in her father's way. She could not nurse him in his gout so well as Mrs. Comfit, the old housekeeper; she did not read his paper to him so well as his man Ripp—or, at least, he could not ask her to read racing, and sporting news, and those it was that alone interested him. Her presence was a sort of check on the carousals he indulged in, and, in short, they did not suit each other. The old squire was truly glad when his youngest son made a very early marriage; and gladder still when an invitation to Honoria to spend the spring in London with the newly-married pair followed. He did, indeed, hope that another marriage might perhaps occur: for Honoria was then a stately, attractive woman; and though eight-and-twenty, a calm life had kept the bloom of seventeen upon her cheek. But Honoria did not marry. Edmund, the eldest son, did—a lady, a ward in Chancery, with a good fortune, who had been introduced to him by his brother's wife; and on this union with Miss de Lacy, her husband's spirits were so elated at being able to pay off most of his debts—far heavier than his father suspected—that he launched out into yet greater splendour. In this his wife assisted him, believing, like a giddy girl, in the Austwicke acres as being able ultimately to yield a compensating harvest, or perhaps, believing in nothing but pleasure. She had what she wanted—a gay, butterfly life. Poor thing! it was very short. She died a year after her marriage, leaving her husband with a son three weeks old, and the wreck of a squandered fortune, which it was found the Austwicke property could not repair; for at the old squire's decease, which happened soon after that of his daughter-in-law, it was made manifest that he had long lived beyond his means, and the estate was terribly encumbered.

Hitherto the Austwicke family had presented this peculiarity—that one generation had been miserly, and the next spendthrift; but in this case the son of Squire Wilfred the profuse had from boyhood imitated his father rather than his grandfather, and the equilibrium was destroyed which had kept matters pretty well hitherto, so the estate had suffered both by the squandering of the occupant and the post-obits of his heir.

Sorrowful, for he had loved his wife, and bit-

ter, for he was angry with the world, with his father, with every one but himself, Edmund Austwicke went on the Continent. His little son, on whom the residue of his mother's fortune was settled, became the charge of Miss Austwicke until he was nine years of age.

When, at her brother's request, the boy De Lacy Austwicke was to be sent to his father at Bonn, she bitterly resented an heir of Austwicke being educated on the Continent, instead of at Winchester. She, indeed, half suspected that the true reason was not her brother Edmund's fatherly affection, but that De Lacy's allowance of £200 a year out of the small fortune he inherited from his mother would go further abroad, and might be an object with his father in his exile.

Miss Austwicke was not wrong in this supposition. Her brother Edmund indulged on a small scale abroad the same tastes that he had manifested in his hot youth at home. His crop of wild oats had yielded him the usual harvest of shattered health, nerves, reputation, circumstances; and when, at the age of forty-six, just a year before our narrative commences, and when his son was about fifteen years of age, he died suddenly by the breaking of a blood vessel, while engaged at the *rouge-et-noir* table at Homburg, there was no one to shed a tear for him; no, not his sister in her lonely life, that he had made more lonely by his neglect; not his son, whom he had placed with a German professor's family at Bonn, and rarely either inquired after or saw. He died as he had lived, unesteemed and unregretted. The crackling of thorns under a pot is the Divine symbol of such a life—a little unsatisfactory blaze, and then the blackness of darkness.

Miss Austwicke had hoped that De Lacy Austwicke would come to England, and pass the rest of his minority near what was now his estate; but the youth preferred to stay abroad—a determination that so offended his aunt she never wrote to him afterwards.

She shut herself up in the wing of the hall that her father had long ago assigned her, and which the small property left her by her grandmother enabled her to live in with something of the state and consideration that became her birth and breeding. At all events, the degradation of letting the old dwelling to a stranger—a terror that more than once had menaced Miss Austwicke during her brother Edmund's life—had now passed away. She remained here in peace to ponder on the past, and to soothe her disappointments of the present by hoping for the future distinction of her family by the young heir De Lacy.

#### CHAPTER V. THE LETTERS.

"Dare to be true:  
Nothing can need a lie;  
A fault which needs it most,  
Grows two thereby."  
GEORGE HERBERT.

We left Miss Austwicke lying on the sofa in the darkened drawing-room at the "Royal Sturgeon," as she revolved these circumstances of household history which we have sketched, while naturally reverting to the intelligence so recently and painfully received—of there being some most objectionable Austwicks, not merely born in humble life, but actually reared in the station of their mother's birth—altogether beyond the range of her knowledge, and, it must be owned, of her sympathies.

Not that Miss Austwicke was hard to the poor. No; she simply regarded them as a race apart. Yet her brother, an Austwicke, whose race stretched back to the dim old Saxon times, had married—actually married into this low class. Her code of social morals would assuredly have been less outraged by crime than by weakness, for a low marriage was altogether intolerable. Still, there was her promise, made, as she muttered to herself, "as an Austwicke" "she must keep her word to her dying brother," and seek out these low children and their mother. Where were they to be found? what would the papers in the envelope, that she had in her hand as she lay on the sofa, tell her? She had never let the packet a moment from her possession, through all the night of faintness or the day of dreary re-

collection that had intervened, since the dying hand of Wilfred Austwicke closed her fingers on it. Now she turned it over and over uneasily.

As she looked up, musing, she caught the eyes of Martin, who hovered near her, looking curiously at what she held in her hand; and, struck with a sudden fear that any premature knowledge of the fact she so deplored should escape through the prying of an old and privileged servant, she spoke, rather angrily, "I told you, Martin, to get some rest. Why have you not gone away to lie down a few hours? Go now, at once. Go, I bid you! and, in the meanwhile, if I have occasion to ring, tell Mrs. Hobbins to let one of the maid-servants come to me. I don't know, though, that I shall want anything."

"There's the fire, Miss Honor. You were so chilly, and fire is a companion like; and there'll be the lights wanted. Do let me stay with you—I aint a bit tired; and don't, pray, be a trying of your eyes, and making your poor dear head worse, reading anything that'll hurt you. Don't now!"

Martin's entreaty was only prompted by her interest in all that concerned her mistress, but it was most unwelcome.

"Do as I desire, Martin, instantly! I tell you I want to be alone. Go!"

The tone and manner were more peremptory than the words; and Martin, with her handkerchief to her eyes, rubbing them as if they were intruders she wanted to rub out, and dropping sundry apologetic curtsies, went her way, carefully giving Miss Austwicke's message, that no one need go to her until her bell rang, and then a maid-servant.

The lady was no sooner alone than, with a tremulous hand, she broke open the envelope. Some half-dozen letters and papers, each containing but few words, were in the enclosure. One was a sort of tattered memorandum of the marriage of Wilfred Austwicke with Isabel Grant. It was signed by three names: John Johnston, schoolmaster; Jane Johnston, his wife; and Sandy Burke, brother of the above. This paper was in two pieces, and very dirty; it had been torn across, and was merely pinned together. Never did marriage lines look less dignified than on these two dilapidated bits of paper. The handwriting of the witnesses differed greatly: the schoolmaster's was a good, bold signature; his wife's, a tremulous scrawl, crooked, and indistinct; her brother's (for how otherwise could Burke be his surname?) was a blotted, blurred performance—ugly, but distinctive.

There was, beside this torn affair, a letter of Wilfred's, addressed to his wife. It was written in the glow of affection, and referred to a journey they had taken together, and to the pleasure they had enjoyed in it. It deplored the writer's being called away, and ended by a promise, profusely reiterated, that his "sweet Isabel should be brought home to her loving husband with as little delay as possible." It concluded by requesting her to be careful of their secret, as it was best that he should announce their marriage, both to her friends and his.

There was another letter, dated a month later, in which the tone was somewhat altered. Wilfred urged her to patience and trust a little longer; he would soon come to her, and all should be well.

Then there was a brief, hysterical note, in a female hand. It was ill written and ill spelled, with touches of Scottish dialect; but yet, amid all Miss Austwicke's annoyance and displeasure, something of pity touched her as she made it out.

Some receipts for money were enclosed on account of the board and maintenance of Mabel and Norman Grant. A bit of tissue paper held a long tress of fair hair and a broken ring, with a tablet, on which was inscribed "*Véritable*," the back holding hair, and a cypher, "W. A."

Miss Austwicke was not mistaken in supposing this had been a *gage d'amour* from her brother to this Isabel in their brief days of love and joy; and that it had been broken and sent back to him with the torn marriage lines, that must have seemed such a bitter mockery, in the first grief and rage of a heart-stricken woman.

(To be continued.)

## CHOLERA IN INDIA.

MY first introduction to this fearful scourge I shall never forget. I had just arrived in the north-west provinces in India to join my first regiment. Much to my delight, I found among the junior cornets of the corps a young fellow who had been with me at Westminster. When I arrived, he was absent on a month's leave, shooting in the jungles. He left word, however, with a brother-officer to look after my comfort, and I was asked to live with this gentleman until I could procure a tent for myself. This I did in a very few days, and, having engaged the requisite servants, began to feel myself quite at home. Early one morning, after I had been present for about a fortnight with the regiment, Johnstone came over at once to see me. He was a cheery, hearty young fellow; tall, of large make, and up to every kind of manly, healthy exercise. Between leaving school and entering the army, he had spent a year at Cambridge, where he had been in the first boat's crew and the crack eleven cricketers of the college. But his great passion was shooting, and to enjoy the sport of following large game, he had thrown up the prospect of being appointed to a regiment at home, and got himself gazetted to a corps serving in India. I shall never forget him as he sat by my bedside that morning—for I was not up when he arrived—and told me what glorious sport he had had, and how he had, with four other men, brought down, in the month he had been away, three royal tigers, two bears, four or five cheetahs, and "no end" of antelope and such-like small deer, besides having taken several "first spears" in hog hunting. Although he had only been a year with the regiment, Johnstone was a great favourite with all his brother-officers, as, indeed, a good-tempered, good-hearted young fellow, with plenty of courage, and a capital rider, is sure to be.

The day that my friend arrived from his shooting trip, he insisted that I should come over to breakfast with him, both in order to talk over some mutual friends in England, and that he might introduce me to two of the party—one a young civil servant, the other an officer of a native infantry corps—who had been out in the jungle with him. We sat down eight to table, and, although perfectly temperate, a merrier party never assembled. About one o'clock we broke up, every one going to his respective employment or amusement. I remained an hour behind the rest, and smoked an extra cheroot with my old schoolfellow. He spoke of his mother and sisters far away in a pleasant rectory of Lincolnshire, and read me part of a letter he had that morning received from his father, the rector, who seemed to be, and justly so, very proud of his only boy. It is now twenty-five long years since I sat and smoked that cigar with my young friend, but I remember every incident of the hour as if it had been yesterday. I was a young man—a mere lad—just entering life, and how many milestones on the road through this world have I not passed since then? I remember how he broke off rather suddenly, saying he was very sleepy, and would like to take a snooze before evening stables. "Mind you sit next me to-night at mess, old fellow," were his parting words, "and I'll tell you all about how we killed the last boar."

I walked home to my own tent, and wishing as I went that the time would come when, being "dismissed" from riding-school and drill, I should be able to obtain leave of absence and go out on shooting expeditions as my friend Charlie Johnstone did. On reaching my tent, I pulled off coat and waistcoat and lay down, and, feeling very sleepy, told my servant not to let any one disturb me, but to be sure to call me when the first, or warning, trumpet for stables sounded.

About five o'clock I awoke, and was surprised to see that, instead of the ordinary frock-coat white overalls and forage-cap in which we went to stables every day, my full-dress was laid out on a couple of chairs, and my batman, or dragoon servant—himself being clad as if for parade in the scarlet bob-tailed coat which in those days was our full dress—busy in the verandah polish-

ing up my sword. "What's the matter, Wilson?" said I; "why have you got your full dress on?" "Oh, sir," he said, "there's a full dress parade at six o'clock, for Mr. Johnstone's funeral." I could hardly believe my ears. "Mr. Johnstone's funeral!" I exclaimed, half asleep and half stupefied; "what do you mean?" "Oh, sir," replied the man, "poor Mr. Johnstone died this afternoon from cholera, and his funeral is ordered for six o'clock; here are the orders." As he said this, the orderly corporal of my troop brought me the order-book, in which I read: "The Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding regrets very much to announce the sudden death of Cornet Johnstone, which took place this afternoon from an attack of cholera. The regiment will parade in full-dress, with side-arms, at six o'clock, to escort the remains of this officer to the grave. A firing party of twenty-five men from F troop will parade, under command of Cornet Williams, at a quarter before six, and will be marched to the tent of the deceased officer."

To read the wording of the order distinctly was impossible, so utterly bewildered did I feel at this most unexpected occurrence. I had just time to dress and reach the parade-ground before the men fell into the ranks, and so had no time to speak to any of my brother-officers until the funeral was over.

It appeared that poor Johnstone had slept for about half an hour, then called his native servant and asked him to go for the doctor, as he felt very unwell. The servant saw at once what was the matter, and ran to the tent of the regimental surgeon, who in five minutes was by his patient's bedside. But although everything that could be done was tried—the surgeon had been many years in India, and had seen many hundred cases of cholera—nothing was of any avail, and in two hours this young man, in the pride of his strength, died in great agony. The heat being very great, and the body being in a terrible state immediately after death, the doctor recommended that it should be buried that evening, and his recommendation was attended to. Strange to say, there was not another case of cholera in our camp when poor Johnstone died, nor did one follow it. Upon inquiry, we found out that two or three nights previously, the poor fellow had been out in the jungles, slept in a village where there was a great deal of cholera, and that five persons had died of the scourge the very evening that he spent at their place. But he could not have slept in the house with any one that had cholera, for he had pitched his tent close to the village, and slept in it as usual. There could not have been less than fifty people living with him in the little camp. Yet of these but one individual caught the cholera, and there was not another instance of it amongst poor Johnstone's companions, nor in our camp where he died.

My friend's sudden death had a very serious effect upon me. I spent a sleepless night after it, and next day was laid up with violent fever, which ended by going to my brain. I was sent to the Himalayas on sick leave, but it was only after a sea voyage round the Cape to England, and a sojourn of some twelve months in my native air, that I was able to rejoin my regiment. From the day of poor Johnstone's death, until I was at the head-quarters of the corps and fit for duty once more, a period of nearly two years elapsed.

The next experience I had of Asiatic cholera occurred about three years after I had rejoined my regiment, and is so extraordinary that I almost hesitate to tell the story. I had been sent down from one of the far north-west stations of those days to Allahabad, there to take charge of some fifty recruits that had arrived for our regiment from England. They had landed at Calcutta, and had been marched up country to Allahabad, but the officer in charge of them was taken ill, and was ordered back to the Presidency by the medical men, I being sent to relieve him. I reached Allahabad, found everything ready, and started the following morning on our march up country. We got over the regular number of miles every day, and halted every Sunday according to general orders. The weather was cool enough to be agreeable; the two young officers that had come out from En-

gland with the recruits were gentlemanly lads, and a very agreeable man, a surgeon of the Company's service who was in medical charge of the party, made up a pleasant dinner-party of four every evening. There was no lack of game—antelope, wild-duck, teal, and partridges—either along the road, or so near that we could get some shooting every day.

It must have been four or five days after leaving Cawnpore, and somewhere about a third of the road between that station and Meerut, that the following extraordinary incident occurred. We made the usual halt at the end of the first hour, and whilst the cook-boys were mixing the grog for the men, some of the latter asked leave to go to a rising ground about twelve hundred yards off, to look at an European monument which was erected there, probably the spot where some unfortunate officer on his road up the country, had died and been buried. I gave the required leave, and some half dozen recruits started, laughing and joking with each other as they went along. When the ten minutes' halt was ended, I told the bugler to sound, so as to warn them we were about to start, and, as they did not come back, I desired him to repeat the call. He did so, but still the men did not come back. I took out my glass to see whether they were there, and saw them all sitting, or rather lying, down near the monument. The bugler sounded again, but they took no notice whatever of the call. One of them seemed to stagger to his feet, move a step or two, and then sit down again. Their conduct appeared so extraordinary, that I at once came to the conclusion that they had somehow or other got hold of liquor, and had drunk themselves stupid. Yet there was not a village, or even a house, anywhere within sight. I at once despatched a sergeant with men to see what was the matter, and a couple of litters or doolies to bring those who were too much intoxicated to walk. To my great astonishment, no sooner did the second party arrive near the monument, than they too sat down—sergeant, recruits, native doolie-bearers and all—and appeared incapable of moving, or at least of standing. I sounded the bugle again, but they made no sign whatever of coming. At last I could see with my glass one of the doolie-bearers making towards us. When he got near enough to speak, he bellowed out that every man that had gone up to the monument was lying sick, vomiting, and being purged. By this time we were all seriously alarmed for the poor fellows. The doctor wanted to go at once and see what was really the matter, but how to bring them back when the doolie-bearers appeared to be all sick, was the question. Fortunately, a party of palkee-bearers who had been carrying some travellers along the road, and were now returning to their own village, passed at this time. I stopped them, and an offer of four annas (sixpence sterling) to each of them to bring the men now round the monument as far as the road, was at once accepted. They started off with me, the doctor remaining with the troops to make such arrangements as were possible for the men when we brought them back. On arriving at the monument we found every man there more or less ill, all vomiting and all showing unmistakable signs of Asiatic cholera. I had hardly dismounted from my horse, when I felt a strong desire to retch, with violent pains about my stomach, and the peculiar sinking feeling which is a sure sign of cholera. Luckily I had with me a flask of brandy; I took a pull at it and felt better, although still unwell. The palkee-bearers at once, by my directions, seized each one a soldier, and carried them down to the rising ground, and then partly dragging, partly carrying them, got the men two or three hundred yards or so towards the road.

The whole affair did not occupy five minutes, from the time I arrived at the monument until the men were well on their way to join the detachment upon the road, and yet even in that short time several of the palkee-bearers complained of feeling ill, and showed unmistakable signs that they were so. To make a long story short, every one of the Europeans that visited the monument—about twelve in number, including myself—were seized with signs of Asiatic cholera, and of these five died before next morning. Of

the men that remained on the road, not one was seized. Those who recovered, did so very slowly, I for one remaining exceedingly ill and weak for some days. The eight native doolie-bearers were taken ill, but only two died. Of the palkee-bearers not one was seriously unwell, although all were slightly indisposed.

One more instance of the extraordinary freaks of cholera which I have witnessed in India, and I have done. A brother of mine, then belonging to the Bengal Civil Service, but since dead, was taken very ill with jungle fever in the north-west, and was recommended to proceed down the Indus, and so, via Kurrachie and Bombay, to England. I obtained leave to accompany him to the western presidency, and see him safe on board the steamer for Suez. But by the time we arrived in Bombay he felt so much better, that he resolved not to lose his Indian allowances by going home, but to try whether he could not restore himself to health by a sea voyage to China. I wrote to my regiment, and obtained leave again to go on with him to Singapore, where, if better, he would proceed on to Hong-Kong, and I would return to Calcutta. If not recovered, he was to go round with me to the City of Palaces, and there take a passage round the Cape to Europe, as the medical men in Bombay appeared all of opinion that nothing would do him so much good as a long sea voyage. We left Bombay in a sailing vessel, an opium clipper belonging to one of the great Parsee firms. There were four or five other passengers on board, and among them a young officer who had lately exchanged from one of Her Majesty's regiments in Bombay to another corps in Australia, and was on his way to China, where he hoped to find some vessel bound to Melbourne. Our ship was a very comfortable vessel, well found in everything, but all the way down the coast we had the most extraordinary light winds, and often calms, which made the voyage extremely tedious. We had been just a fortnight at sea, were out of sight of land, had not touched anywhere, nor had we communicated with any other ship, when the young officer of whom I have spoken was one night taken extremely ill, and the two medical men we had on board—one being the surgeon of the ship, the other a doctor belonging to the Madras army—at once declared him to be suffering from a very bad attack of Asiatic cholera. He lived about twenty-four hours, and then died from exhaustion. The doctors did all they could for him, but almost from the very first his case was declared by them both to be hopeless. It may be easily imagined that even the most courageous amongst us were not a little frightened at what had happened, and fully expected that others would fall victims to the same complaint. The crew of the vessel consisted of native Lascars, the captain and chief officer only being Englishmen, as is usual in ships employed on what is called "the country trade." The day after the young Englishman died, three Lascars were taken ill; of these, one died and two recovered. After that, we had not a single case in the ship, and everybody on board enjoyed the most perfect health until we arrived at our destination some three weeks later.

Whilst relating these incidents, I have purposely omitted putting forward any theory of my own as to whether the cholera is infectious, or contagious, or both, or neither. In fact, I have no theory to put forth. What I have told in this paper are simply facts that happened in my presence, so to speak, during a prolonged service in the East, and which would almost lead to the conclusion that ever of what we call Asiatic cholera there is more than one kind, and that the complaint may be brought on sometimes quite irrespective of bad drainage, dirty dwellings, or unhealthy food. But I am not a medical man, and I leave others to draw their inferences from the instances I have related.

**Fishery.**—The agriculture of the sea.

**Argument.**—With fools, passion, vociferation, violence; with ministers, a majority; with kings, the sword; with men of sense, a sound reason.

## OUR DICTIONARY OF PHRASES.

**Cacoethes, (Lat.),** an evil custom.  
**Cacoethes carpendi, (Lat.),** a rage for collecting.  
**Cacoethes loquendi, (Lat.),** a rage for speaking.  
**Cacoethes scribendi, (Lat.)** a rage for writing, &c.  
**Cadit questio, (Lat.),** the question falls to the ground.  
**Cadenza, (It.),** the modulation of the voice in singing.  
**Ceteris paribus, (Lat.),** the rest being alike, or other things being equal.  
**Café, (Fr.),** a coffee house, also, coffee.  
**Ca ira, (Fr.), (Lit.),** it shall go on. The chorus of a song sung during the French Revolution.  
**Canaille, (Fr.),** the rabble, the dregs of the people.  
**Capias ad satisfaciendum, (ca. sa.) (Lat.), (law term),** a writ after judgment.  
**Caput mortuum, (Lat.),** the worthless remains, literally, a death's head.  
**Canard, (Fr.),** an unfounded report. *Lit.*, a duck.  
**Cancan, (Fr.),** Bustle.  
**Carte blanche, (Fr.),** free license, an unconditional submission. A blank sheet of paper.  
**Causa belli, (Lat.),** a case for war, sufficient reason for a declaration of war.  
**Cavendo tutus, (Lat.),** safe through caution. The motto of the Cavendish family.  
**Cede Deo, (Lat.),** submit to Providence.  
**Cedant arma togæ, (Lat.),** let arms yield to cloquence.  
**Ce monde est plein de fous, (Fr.),** the world is full of fools.  
**Certiorari, (Lat.), (law term),** to be made more certain: to order the record from an inferior to a superior court.  
**Certum pete finem, (Lat.),** aim at a sure end.  
**C'est fait de lui, (Fr.),** it is all over with him.  
**C'est une autre chose, (Fr.),** that is another thing.  
**Chacun à son goût, (Fr.),** every one to his taste.  
**Champ de Mars, (Fr.),** an extensive open space in Paris, used for military reviews, &c., literally, the field of Mars.  
**Chapeau, (Fr.),** a hat.  
**Chapeau bras, (Fr.),** a hat which can be flattened, and placed under the arm.  
**Chaperon, (Fr.),** one who attends a lady as a protector or guide.  
**Chargé d'affaires, (Fr.),** one who acts in the place of an ambassador.  
**Charivari, (Fr.),** a serenade of discordant music, designed to insult and annoy.  
**Chef-de-cuisine, (Fr.),** head-cook.  
**Chef d'œuvre, (Fr.),** a masterpiece.  
**Chevalier d'industrie, (Fr.),** a swindler, a sharper.  
**Chevaux de frise, (Fr.),** timbers traversed with spikes, to defend a passage, or stop a breach.  
**Ci-devant, (Fr.),** heretofore.  
**Claqueur, (Fr.),** one hired to applaud at a theatre.  
**Cluque, (Fr.),** a gang, or clan.  
**Culm non animam mutant, qui trans mare currunt, (Lat.),** Those who cross the ocean, change the sky, but not their hearts.  
**Colporteur, (Fr.),** *Lit.*, a pedlar; but recently applied to persons who travel, selling or distributing religious books.  
**Comme dit l'autre, (Fr.),** as another says.  
**Comme il faut, (Fr.),** as it should be.  
**Comme le temps passe, (Fr.),** how fast time flies.  
**Comment vous portez-vous? (Fr.),** How are you?  
**Commun bonum, (Lat.),** a common good.  
**Communibus annis, (Lat.),** one year with another.  
**Communibus locis, (Lat.),** one place with another.  
**Compos mentis, (Lat.),** of a sound (composed) mind.  
**Concordia discors, (Lat.),** a jarring concord.  
**Con amore, (Lat.),** with love or pleasure.  
**Congé, (Fr.),** leave, or farewell.  
**Pour prendre congé, (p. p. c.),** to take leave.  
**Congé d'élire, (Fr.),** permission to elect.  
**Contra bonos mores, (Lat.),** (an offence) against good manners.  
**Consummatum est, (Lat.),** it is finished.  
**Contralto, (It.),** in music. The part immediately below the treble, called also the counter tenor.

## MARY

It was a summer evening, and she stood  
Upon a balcony, her wistful gaze  
Directed towards a lone and distant wood,  
Dimly illumined with the sun's last rays—  
A canopy of crimson and of gold  
Floated above the ancient forest trees,  
And on in silent majesty it rolled,  
Like sunlit billows over Eastern seas.  
And she was lovely as the evening star,  
And aptly harmonized with that fair scene;  
Her maiden thoughts were sadly wandering far,  
From what she gazed on, to what once had been!

She was robed simply in the purest white,  
And 'mid the dark luxuriance of her hair,  
Like snow flakes thrown upon the lap of night,  
Glistened some snowdrops delicately fair—  
The light within her sleep-destroying eye  
Seemed borrowed from the ever changing hues  
That graced the bosom of the evening sky,  
And still in simple earnestness she mused—  
Her little hands, as white as driven snow,  
Were plunged amid the midnight of her hair,  
Her brow was laughing in a rosy glow,  
Her lips moved slightly, as she were at Prayer!  
Praying, mayhap for one who years gone by  
Was banished all unseeing from her side,  
Was Mary, as she watched the sunlight die,  
And pondered in the quiet eventide!

## AZREEL AND THE THREE BROTHERS.

By X. Y. Z., Montreal.

To be completed in four numbers.

THREE brothers went out to seek their fortunes. They were the sons of a wise and pious man, and well taught in all their duties to God and man. They came to the desert; when they stopped to rest under the palm-trees, at a well, they found lying in the shade an ancient man in sad coloured garments. He neither spoke to them nor looked upon them, but turned away his eyes as if to avoid seeing them. His camel grazed near by. Meaning to respect his evident desire to be alone, the young men busied themselves in making ready their simple mid-day meal, without troubling the elder traveller. When all was complete, moved to pity by the sorrowful countenance of the old man, they advised together as to whether it would not be best to show him that their feelings were kind towards him, and that they would gladly give him any aid in their power to comfort his sorrow. Finally, Mahmood, the eldest of the three, drew near to him and with great respect solicited his attention.

"Venerable stranger," said Mahmood, "pardon what may to you seem intrusion and presumption, but in your face we read that you have met some sad disaster, and we have been brought up to think it our duty never to pass by suffering without lending such help or solace, as our poor means might afford; such has been the teachings of our father: but even were such not the case, it were churlish in us to pass in the desert, in such a way, a respectable old man, without inviting him to partake with us of our humble repast. May we beg of you to do us this honour?"

All the time he spoke, the old man regarded him with a melancholy countenance, and when he became silent, replied in a touching voice, "Unhappy young man, little do you know whom you have invited to partake of your kindness."

"That would matter little, venerable father," interposed Ali, the second brother. The measure of bounty should be the wants and not the importance of the sufferer. It is not given to the poor and humble like us to help the great and powerful, but we may aid those who need."

"My son," answered the old man, "I am the most abhorred by the human race, and the author of their worst woes; if report say true."

At this Mahmood took one step backward, and spoke not. Ali cast down his eyes in silence. After a moment's delay, Solyman, the youngest

brother, his heart opening with generous emotion, came forward, and said, "Old man whatever were your crimes—were you great and rich—you would still have friends and followers. If you are poor, old, and hated, you have the more need of sympathy and support, though it may be of forgiveness. It is not the part of man to judge, therefore if you need assistance, speak and we will do by you even as we would pray that others might do by us, were we in like case. Not merit, but want is the mother of charity."

At these words, Mahmood and Ali recovered their speech, and added, "Our brother speaks wisely, his words are ours."

The old man paused. A somewhat grim smile stole over his face, and, regarding the young man steadily, he said:

"Know thou who I am! I am Azreel, the Angel of Death, upon whose face no man looketh and liveth."

At these words, the three brothers fell back a space, looking in each other's faces with dismay, for though of stout hearts, the meeting the inevitable Azreel in the first flush of youth and just starting on the journey of life, filled them with an undefined dread.

"Alas!" cried Mahmood, "Is it for this that we have left our father's house, to meet on the first stage of our journey, with that Death who might have forgotten us, otherwise, until decay and weariness made him welcome?"

"Nay" added Ali, "my heart asks not for so much. It only bids me not to perish utterly without leaving sign or memorial, son or daughter, nor the memory of good deeds wrought and fame achieved."

Solyman for a moment held his peace, then with a gentle sigh, he said: "The will of the Lord be done. With the giver of life be the issues of life and death. Resignation and mercy are all I ask."

"Even so be it" exclaimed the dread Azreel, raising himself from his recumbent posture, and revealing a form at once awful and majestic. "He who holds the Book of Life permits unto me a dispensation for a certain number of men. Unto two of you this may be given; over the third my icy breath must pass. Mahmood! unto you it shall be granted by prayer to avert my impending stroke so long as you may wish."

"Unto you, Ali, this prayer now for the first time accorded, will Crise again be granted."

"Gentle, happy Solyman! falling in the first flower of thy youth and innocence, at thine appointed time, unaware of the rugged road from which thy weary feet are betimes withdrawn, blessed of angels, receive in peace and purity, the predestined stroke."

As he uttered these words, a mist seemed to pass before the eyes of the three brothers; objects faded from their sight, and a dreamless sleep fell upon them. When Mahmood awoke, the sun was sinking red behind the horizon. He rose, and as he did so, the sand fell from about him; even as the snow from the belated traveller of the wintry north. He turned, and at his side lay Ali nearly buried under a heap of the sand of the desert. He shook Ali, and raising him from his earthen mantle poured into his lips a few drops of crystal water and applied to his nose a small phial of pungent, aromatic herbs which soon brought him back to consciousness and life. They then united their efforts to withdraw the body of Solyman from a huge mound which reposed over the spot where that well-beloved youth had stood. It was in vain, the treacherous sand of the desert fell back upon the opening they made in the hillock and defied all their efforts. "It is useless," cried Mahmood. "It was fated that here we should fall, and that this should be the burying-place of Solyman."

"He has perished beneath a pillar of sand driven by the hot wind of the desert," said Ali. "Could that scoffing infidel Mustapha the trader, see us, he would deride our story as a mirage and a dream, and insist that the Angel of Death was merely the sandstorm of the desert."

"Be it so" replied Mahmood, "but we will soon have to use the privilege of redemption given us by the mighty Azreel, unless we speedily leave this spot." They hastily sought their camels which, led by a natural instinct, had es-

caped to a protected spot where they quietly grazed, and, mounting, pursued their journey. After some days they reached Bagdad, and taking lodgings at a caravanserai, went out to look for work. They walked that day, and asked many people for employment, but found no one who needed their services. It was the same the next day, and still the next. Finally, their slender store of money being gone, they sold their camels to pay for the necessities of life, and after a while, this sum also being expended, the brothers took counsel together as to what must be done. On that day they agreed to take different directions in search of work. Mahmood took the street towards the Great Bazaar. He was young, tall, strong and of a handsome visage, but want and care had begun to show in his haggard face. He stood for a long time in the midst of the square, where were sold so many rich and costly stuffs, and where gold seemed flowing in a thousand channels all around him, but not one drop of all these streams fell upon him to lighten his burden of misery. To every passer-by he made humble suit. "Have you no burden to carry,—I am strong, I am faithful." But all shook their heads. At last, as the sun was declining, an old man, on a mule passed by. "Stay, Honourable Councillor!" cried Mahmood. "Have you no burden for a miserable man? I am dying of hunger." The old man stopped. "I have no burden," replied he, "but I have relief." "I pray you, then give it to me," said Mahmood. "If you will it so, handsome youth; but you know me not, it seems, though we are old acquaintances. I am Azreel, Lord of the Desert."

"Nay, dread Master," exclaimed Mahmood. leave me, as thou didst promise me at the will. It is better to suffer than to die." "As you wish," answered Azreel. "I chanced to be passing, having to do with you wealthy merchant. I wish you better luck with your burdens. Fortune follow thee. Good day."

As he passed on unnoticed through the crowd, Mahmood stood aghast. He had scarcely proceeded a hundred paces, when he stopped, and touching a splendidly dressed person on the shoulder, whispered in his ear. The man uttered a loud cry, and fell on his face. Those nearest ran to him and lifted him up, but they found that he was dead. A Cadi happened to be present. "It is the visitation of God," said he; "Man dies at the appointed time. Carry him to his house."

Among those who stood nearest the dead man was Mahmood. He lifted the corpse in his arms, while another took the feet, and so they bore it as they were instructed by the Cadi, to whom the dead man was known. Reaching the door of a lofty and splendid mansion, they were speedily admitted and the body laid on a couch of mourning. After all had looked upon the deceased, and were departing amid the lamentations of the household, a grave old man, with a flowing beard, in the dress of a Sheikh, bade Mahmood and the man who had assisted him in carrying the corpse to stay; having paid with ten pieces of gold and dismissed the other, turned to Mahmood and offered him a like sum. Mahmood had forgotten his hunger, but had not forgotten his early lessons of charity, so he put aside the purse of the old man, courteously thanking him for his generous intentions. "Who art thou," sternly inquired the Sheikh, "who refuseth pay for labour?"

"I am one too rich to take money for a work of charity. Give me thy blessing, father," replied Mahmood.

"Art thou not he who to-day asked me in the Bazaar for work?" asked the Sheikh with surprise. "Even so," responded Mahmood. "Thou art my guest, young man!" exclaimed the Sheikh, and without waiting for a reply, he called to the chief of his domestics. "O Yusef! show my friend his apartments, and render him all the consideration due his rank." The Sheikh then departed, and Hassan led the bewildered youth towards the interior of the house. "These are thy apartments, honourable son of a Sheikh, and these, thine attendants," said Yusef, ushering him into a magnificent suite of rooms, where six black slaves in gorgeous dresses stood waiting;



and then bowing low, he retired. Mahmoud's eyes rested on splendid hangings, laden with the richest brocades, and furniture crusted with gold and sparkling ornaments. After reclining for a few moments to gather his scattered thoughts, he signified that he desired a bath. The slaves whom he found nudes, speedily prepared in a marble reservoir, a delicious bath, redolent with aromatic herbs and perfumes. When he prepared to dress, they placed before him robes of the richest materials, blazing with jewels. Arrayed in this he stood before a lofty mirror and saw himself reflected graceful, engaging and magnificent. He had hardly ceased to admire his own attractions, when a slave entered, and bowing low said, "Honourable son of a Sheikh!" my noble master waits his evening meal, in the hope of being honoured with your presence." Mahmoud instantly followed him to a lofty room, still more magnificent than any he had seen, where the Sheikh awaited him at a table spread with every luxury.

The Sheikh welcomed him with great cordiality, and pressed upon him the most delicate viands. Mahmoud ate with the relish of youth and hunger, replying respectfully to the remarks of his generous host. At last, his appetite being fully satisfied, and pipes and coffee being placed before them, the attendants withdrew. They sat sometime in silence, when the Sheikh began, "Think me not prompted by a vain and ignoble curiosity, my young friend, if I ask thee to tell me the story of thy life, for I am convinced that behind the curtain of a plain exterior, something remarkable lingers."

"Honourable father, thou sayest truly," replied Mahmoud. "Thy wisdom and experience have discerned what is happily not apparent to all; but my story, though short, so far transcends all probability, that were I to tell thee the whole truth, thou wouldst not believe it, but wouldst distrust me as a liar, so that I should lose thy esteem."

"Fear not, my son," responded the Sheikh. "I have on my finger a mysterious talisman, a ring, the jewel of which sparkles with a playful light when the truth is told, but when a lie is spoken lowers into a dull and sullen red. Speak on therefore, confident that while you tell only that which has happened, my affection and esteem will increase for you."

"With such a guarantee I will speak," answered Mahmoud, and he told the Sheikh his whole story, as we have narrated it. When he had concluded, the Sheikh embraced him. "My son," cried he, "while you have spoken, behold my talisman has blazed with an unwonted lustre. Every word of your mouth has been true. Allah has sent you to me. You have told me your whole story, and merit a like confidence on my part, if I do not tire you."

"Generous and wise Sheikh!" answered Mahmoud, "I burn to hear the story of one so experienced and noble!—Only discretion and respect hindered me from requesting it. I pray you to begin."

#### SELIM'S STORY.

Know then, began the Sheikh, that I am Selim, the son of Hussein. I was born in this house, when my father, a wealthy merchant, lived in great splendour. He determined to bring me up to his own pursuits, and employed masters, who taught me all the polite literature and religious knowledge thought proper for one of the first rank. When I had just attained my twentieth year, an incident occurred that moulded my whole future life. One night as I reposed by the fountain in my garden I heard from out the splash of its falling waters, issuing a melody, far off but of exquisite beauty, and through it ran the words, "Come to me, come to me," with an energy and tenderness that thrilled my heart. After this, I knew no rest, until finally at my request, my father gave me a stock of goods and a purse of gold and bade me travel to acquire knowledge and wealth. By a long journey, I reached Aleppo, and thence coming to the sea, embarked for Spain. Arrived at Malaga, I sold my cargo, for good profit, and went to Granada, the luxurious seat of the Western Caliphate. I reached the suburbs of Granada on a summer evening, just as the moon rose above the orange groves. As

I rode along, breathing the sweet fragrance of jasmine, and a thousand other delicious flowers, I heard within the garden-walls that I was passing, the skilful touch of a musician, accompanied by a voice, which poured forth such floods of melody as Paris might envy. I drew up my steed, and paused to listen. It was the song I had heard by the fountain,—the melody—the voice. I know not how long I stopped, bewildered, enchanted. Some impulse, impossible to resist, seemed to seize me, and, dismounting, I looked for some part of the wall that I could scale. Finding none such, I led my horse close to the wall, and placing my foot on the high pommel of the saddle, gave a great spring which enabled me to grasp the parapet, and clamber up astride of the wall, whence, availing myself of the pendulous branches of a hanging tree, I lightly swung to the ground. Standing in the shade of the tree, I looked eagerly about and discovered that I stood in a garden full of all rare delights. But these little occupied my soul at that moment. Hither and thither I turned my eyes to find whence came the ravishing music which had so entranced me. At last I discerned a noble fountain, and at its side a beautiful summer house of the rarest workmanship, in which sat an old man, clad in the costume of a Jew of the highest class. At his feet, reclined the singer, whose voice had lured me thither. I would have repented the rashness of my intrusion, but for the vision of beauty, which burst upon my sight. I beheld a face, whose perfect loveliness at once informed my soul, that it was the song and the music set to the human form. Volumes of soul-melody poured over its perfect features, and thought traversed it with a rhythm, which caused me exclaim to my own heart: "This is not a woman. This is music made human." I drew near under the shadow of the trees, until I could almost have touched them, but so cautious were my movements and so dense the shrubbery that my approach was not noticed. At last the song ceased, and the old Jew drew a deep sigh. "My beloved daughter!" he began, "last and only relic of my lost Leah! Some mighty danger hangs over our house. In the stars, I read its steady advance and near crisis, but how or whence I cannot tell. To-night, at the culmination of Venus, I will realize, apprehend and endeavour to avert it. To this end, I must leave you, to seek in my tower to unfold this mystery of the stars. Seems it not strange that this refuge, which seemed secure, after our flight from Cordova, should prove treacherous also. Good-night, my dearest Hannah. Tempt not the night dew to too late." So saying, he rose, and untwining his daughter's arm from his neck which now enclosed it, he kissed her and retired. Again the lady took up her guitar and breathed a murmurous and melancholy love song. My heart stood still, and when she ceased, I was kneeling before her, with downcast eyes. She gave a little scream, which she checked before it was uttered. At this, I lifted my eyes, and said in confusion, "Fear not, lady! it is thy slave who kneels." "Alas! how came you here," cried she. "Lured from Bagdad on the Tigris by your song, I came to die at your feet or win your love." "My dream, my fears, my hopes were then true," exclaimed she. "Oh! noble sir, know you where you stand?"

To be continued.

### OLD MASTER GRUNSEY AND GOODMAN DODD.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, A.D. 1897.

[The following poem, by William Allingham, is a rare study of 'Merrie England' in the oldest time.]

G. God save you, Goodman Dodd—a sight to seeo you!  
D. Save you, good Master Grunsey. Sir, how boyon!  
G. Middish, thank Heaven. Baro weather for the wheat.  
D. Farms will be thirsty, after all this heat.  
G. And so is wo. Sit down on this here bench: We'll drink a pot o' yale, munn. Hither, weenah! My service—bat I'm well enough, I fogs, But for this plaguay rheum I both my legs. Whiles I can't hardly get about: Oh dear!  
D. Thou see'st, we don't get younger every year  
G. Thou'r't a young fellow yet.

D. Well-nigh three-score.  
G. I be thy elder fifteen year and more.  
Hast any news?  
D. Not much. New-Place is sold,  
And Willy Shakespeare's bought it, so I'm told.  
G. What! little Willy Shakespeare bought the Place?  
Lord bless us, how young folks get on apace!  
Sir Hugh's great house beside the grammar-school!  
This Shakespeare's (take my word upon't, no fool.  
I minds him sin' he were so high's my knee;  
A stirrin' little mischief chap was he;  
One day I cotehd him peffin' o' my geese  
Below the church: "You let 'em swim in peace,  
"Young dog," I says, "or I shall fling thee in."  
Will was on t'other bank and did but grin,  
And call out, "Sir, you come across to here!"  
D. I fno's old John these five and thirt'y year.  
In old times many a cup he made me drink;  
But Willy weren't aborn then, I don't think,  
Or might a' been a babe on a mother's arm  
When I did cart 'em fleeces from our farm.  
I went a courtin' then, in Avon-Lane,  
And tho' bit further, I was always fain  
To bring my cart thereby, upon a chance  
To catch some foolish little nod or glance,  
Or "meet me, Mary, won't 'ee, Charlcoote way,  
"Or down at Clopton Bridge, next holiday!"  
Health, Master Grunsey.  
G. Thank 'ee friend. 'Tis hot.  
We might do worse than call another pot.  
Good Mistress Nan! Will Shakespeare, troth, I know;  
A mumble curly-pate, and pretty too,  
About the street, he growed an idle lad,  
And like enough, 'twas thought, to turn out bad:  
I don't just fairly know, but folk did say  
He vexed the Lucys, and so need away.  
D. He's worth as much as Tanner Twigg to-day;  
And all 'e plays in Lunnon.  
G. Folk talks big:  
Will Shakespeare's worth as much as Tanner Twigg—  
Tut, tut! Is Will a player man by trade?  
G. Of course he is, o' course he is; and made  
A wondrous heap o' money too, and bought  
A playhouse for himself like, out and out;  
And makes up plays, beside, for 'em to act;  
Tho' I can't tell thee rightly, for a fact,  
If out o' books or 'is own head it be,  
We've other work to think on, thee and me.  
They say Will is doing awfully howsomever.  
G. Why, Dodd, the little chap was always clever.  
I don't know nothing how o' such-like-toys;  
New fashions plenty, munn, sin' we've boys;  
We used to hunt rare mummings, puppet-shows,  
And Moralities—they can't match better those.  
The Death of Judas was a pretty thing,  
"So-lit so-lit" the Devil used to sing.  
But time goes on, for sure, and fashion alters.  
D. Up at the Crown, last night, says young Jack  
Walters.  
G. Willy's a great man now!  
G. A jolterhead!  
What does it count for, when all's done and said?  
Ah! who'll ope, let Will say: "Come" or "Go!"  
Such-lake as him don't reckon much, I trow.  
Sir, they shall travel first, like thee and me;  
See Lunnon, to find out what great men be.  
Ay, marry, must they? Samst! to see the Court.  
Iker water down to Greenwich; there's no sport!  
Her Highness in her frills and pearls, and carls,  
Barons and lords, and chamberlains, and carls,  
So thick as midges round her, look at such  
An' then wouldst talk of greatness! why, the touch  
Is on their stewards and lackeys, Goodman Dodd,  
Who'll hardly answer Shakespeare w' a nod,  
And let him come doffed cap and bended knee.  
We know a trifle, neighbour, thee and me,  
D. We may, sir. This here's grand old Stratford  
brow  
No better yale in Lunnon, search it through.  
New-Place be'n't such bargain, when all's don'  
'T was dear, I knows it.  
G. Thou loaght'st better munn.  
At Hoggan knots, all an't alike in skill.  
D. Thanks to the Lord above, I've not done ill.  
No more has thee, friend Grunsey, in thy trade.  
G. So-so. But here's young Will w' money made,  
And money saved; whereon I sets him down,  
Sny also who likes, a credit to the town.  
Though some do shake their heads at player-folk.  
D. A very civil man to chat w' Will.  
I've oftimes had a bit o' talk w' Will.  
G. How doth old Master Shakespeare?  
D. Bravely still.  
And so doth mylamm, too, the comely dame.  
G. And Willy's wife—what used to be her name?  
D. Why, Halloway, for down by Shuttery gate.  
I don't think she's so much about o' late.  
Their son, thou see'st, the only son they had,  
Died last year, and she took on dreadful bad;  
And so the fatter did awhile, I'm told.  
This boy o' theirs was nine or ten years old.  
—Willy himself may bide here now, mayhap.  
G. He always was a clever little chap.  
I'm glad o' his luck an' 'twere for old John's sake.  
Your arm, sweet Sir. Oh, how my legs do ache!

Faults.—No one sees the wallet on his own back, though every one carries two packs; one before, stuffed with the faults of his neighbours, and the other behind filled with his own.—(Old Proverb.)

Benefits please like flowers while they are fresh.

Let not him that fears feathers come among wild fowls.

God oft hath a great share in a little house.

## THE WHITE MAIDEN AND THE INDIAN GIRL.

"Child of the Woods, bred in leafy dell,  
I'll show to thee the home where I dwell,—  
Gaze on those walls with their frescoes rare,  
Damask—laces, transparent as air;  
And, tell me, dost thou not think it bliss,  
To dwell in a home as fair as this?"

"Has my pale-face sister never seen  
My home in the pleasant forests green,  
With the sunshine weaving threads of gold  
Through boughs of maples and elms old,  
And tinging green moss and wild flowers sweet  
Carpet more bright than this, neath our feet?"

"Well, see these diamonds of price untold,  
These costly trinkets of burnished gold,  
With rich, soft robes—my dally wear,  
These graceful flower wreaths for my hair,  
And now, at least, thou must frankly tell  
Thou would'st like such garb and jewels w. II."

"The white Lily surely speaks in jest,  
For has she not seen me gaily dress'd?  
Bright beads and rich wampum belts are mine,  
Which by far these paltry stones outshine,  
Whilst heron plumes, fresh flowers and leaves,  
Are fairer than scentless buds like these."

"But, forest maiden, in this my home,  
What sights—what sounds of beauty come,  
Pictures of loveliness—paintings rare—  
The charms that flow from science fair—  
Ravishing music of harp and song,  
Sweet notes that to gifted art belong."

"The wild birds sing in our shady trees,  
Mingling their notes with the vesper breeze;  
The flow of waters, the wind's low moan,  
Have music too as sweet of their own;  
Whilst surely no tints, or colours rare,  
With those of sky or wood, can compare."

"But what of the winter's cheerless gloom,  
When nature sleeps in a snowy tomb,  
The storm clouds brooding over head,  
Thy song-birds gone—leaves, wild flowers dead,  
Imprisoned, neath, ice, the river's foam,  
What then, what then, of thy forest home?"

"We sing gay songs round our winter fires,  
Or list the tales of our gray-haired sires;  
When the hunting path has claimed our braves,  
We pray to the gods of winds and waves;  
Or, on snow shoes swift, we quickly go,  
Over the fields of untrod 'en snow."

"Then, I cannot tempt thee here to dwell,  
Oh! way-ward child of the forest dell,  
To leave thy wandering, restless life,  
With countless dangers, hardships rife  
For a home of splendour such as this,  
Where thy days would be a dream of bliss."

"I thought the pale-faces wise and sage!  
Quick, let me out of this gilded cage  
With its high close walls, each darken'd room,  
Heavy with close stifling perfume;  
Back to the free fresh woods must I hie,  
Amid them to live—amid them to die."

Mrs. LEPRONON.

## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

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

Continued from page 238.

### CHAPTER LXIV. THE BARRICADE IN THE VIA LOMBARDI.

Disagreeably conscious of being roused, as it were, against his will from something heavier than sleep, of a painful struggle for breath, and of a sudden deluge of cold water, Saxon opened his eyes, and found Lord Castletowers leaning over him.

"Where am I?" he asked, staring round in a bewildered way. "What is the matter with me?"

"Nothing, I hope, my dear fellow," replied his friend. "Five minutes ago, I pulled you out from

under a man and horse, and made certain you were dead; but since then, having fetched a little water and brought you round, and being, moreover, unable to find any holes in your armour, I am inclined to hope that no damage has been done. Do you think you can get up?"

Saxon took the Earl's hand, and rose without much difficulty. His head ached, and he felt dizzy; but that was all.

"I suppose I have been stunned," he said, looking around at the empty battery. "Is the battle won and over?"

The guns were gone, and the ground was ploughed with their heavy wheel-tracks. Dark pools of blood and heaps of slain showed where the struggle had been fiercest; and close against Saxon's feet lay the bodies of a cuirassier and two Neapolitan gunners. At the sight of these last he shuddered and turned away, for he knew that they had all three been shot by his own hand.

"Why, no; the battle is not over," replied the Earl; "neither can I say that it is won; but it is more than half won. We have taken the guns, and the Neapolitans have retreated into the town; and now a halt has been sounded, and the men are taking a couple hours rest. The bridge over the Nocito, and all the open country up to the very gates of Melazzo, are ours."

"There has been sharp fighting here," said Saxon.

"The sharpest we have seen to-day," replied the Earl. "The cavalry re-took the guns, and drove Dunn's men out of the battery; but our fellows divided on each side of the road, received them between two fires, and when they tried to charge back again, barred the road and shot the leaders down. It was splendidly done; but Garibaldi was in imminent danger for a few moments, and I believe shot one trooper with his own hand. After that, the Neapolitans broke through and escaped, leaving the guns and battery in our hands."

"And you saw it all?"

"All. I was among those who barred the road, and was close behind Garibaldi the whole time. And now, as you seem to be tolerably steady on your legs again, I propose that we go down to some more sheltered place, and get something to eat. This Sicilian noonday sun is fierce enough to melt the brains in one's skull; and 'tating makes men hungry."

Some large wood-stores and barns had been broken open for the accommodation of the troops, and thither the friends repaired for rest and refreshment. Lying in the shelter of a shed besides the Nocito, they ate their luncheon of bread and fruit, smoked their cigarettes, and listened to the pleasant sound of the torrent hurrying to the sea. All around and about, in the shade of every bush, and the shelter of every shed, lay the tired soldiers—a motley, dusty, war-stained throng, some eating, some sleeping, some smoking, some bathing their hot feet in the running stream, some, with genuine Italian thoughtlessness, playing at morra as they lay side by side on the green sward, gesticulating as eagerly, and laughing as gaily, as though the reign of battle and bloodshed had passed away from the earth. Now and then, a wounded man was carried past on a temporary litter; now and then, a Neapolitan prisoner was brought in; now and then a harmless gun was fired from the fortress. Thus the hot noon went by, and for two brief hours peace prevailed.

"Poor Vaughan!" said the Earl, now hearing of his death for the first time. "He had surely some presentment upon his mind this morning. What has become of the horse?"

Saxon explained that he had sent it to the rear, with orders that it should be conveyed back to Meri, and carefully attended to.

"I do not forget," he added "that we are the repositories of his will, and that Gulnare is now a legacy. I think it will be wise to send her to Palermo for the present, to the care of Signor Colonna."

"Undoubtedly. Do you know, Trefalden, I have more than suspected at times—that he loved Miss Colonna."

"I should not wonder if he did," replied Saxon, gloomily.

"Well he died a soldier's death, and to-morrow if I live, I will see that he has a soldier's burial. A braver fellow never entered the service."

And now, the allotted time having expired, the troops were again assembled, and the columns formed for action. Garibaldi went on board the Tuckori, a Neapolitan steam-frigate that had gone over to him with men, arms, and ammunition complete at an early stage of the war, and was now lying off Melazzo in the bay to the west of the promontory. Hence, with no other object than to divert the attention of the garrison, he directed a rapid fire on the fortress, while his army advanced in three divisions to the assault of the town.

Medici took the westward beach; Cosenz the road to the Messina gate; and Malenchini the Porta di Palermo. This time, Saxon and Castletowers marched with the Cacciatori under General Cosenz.

By two o'clock, they found themselves under the walls of Melazzo. The garrison had by this time become aware of the advancing columns. First one shell, then another, then half a dozen together, came soaring like meteors over the heads of the besiegers, who only roused up the more eagerly to the assault, and battered the more desperately against the gate. A shot or two from an old twelve-pounder brought it down presently with a crash; the Garibaldians poured through; and, in the course of a few seconds, almost without knowing how they came there, Saxon and Castletowers found themselves inside the walls, face to face with a battalion of Neapolitan infantry.

Both bodies fired. The Neapolitans, having delivered their volley, retreated up the street. The Garibaldians followed. Presently the Neapolitans turned, fired again, and again retreated. They repeated this manoeuvre several times, the Garibaldians always firing and following, till they came to the market-place, in the centre of the town. Here they found Colonel Dunn's regiment in occupation of one side of the quadrangle, and a considerable body of Neapolitan troops on the other. The air was full of smoke, and the ground scattered over with groups of killed and wounded. As the smoke cleared, they could see the Neapolitans on the one hand, steadily loading and aiming—on the other, Dunn's men running tumultuously to and fro, keeping up a rapid but irregular fire.

No sooner, however, had the new comers emerged upon the scene, than a mounted officer came galloping towards them through the thick of the fire.

"Send round a detachment to the Via Lombardi," he said, hurriedly. "They have thrown up a barricade there, which *must* be taken!"

The mention of a barricade was enough for Saxon and Castletowers. Leaving the combatants in the market-place to fight the fight out for themselves, they started with the detachment, and made their way round by a labyrinth of deserted by-streets at the back of the piazza.

A shot was presently fired down upon them from a neighbouring roof—they advanced at a run—turned the angle of the next street—were greeted with three simultaneous volleys from right, left, and centre, and found themselves in the teeth of the barricade. It was a mere pile of carts, paving stones, and miscellaneous rubbish, about eight feet in height; but, being manned with trained riflemen, and protected by the houses on each side, every window of which bristled with gun-barrels, it proved more formidable than it looked.

The detachment, which consisted mainly of Palermitan recruits, fell back in disorder, returning only a confused and feeble fire, and leaving some four or five of their number on the ground.

"Avanti!" cried the officer in command.

But not a man stirred.

At that instant the Neapolitans poured in another destructive volley, whereupon the front ranks fairly turned, and tried to escape to the rear.

"Poltroni!" shouted their captain, striking right and left with the flat of his sword, and running along the lines like a madman.

At the same moment Castletowers knocked down one defaulter with the butt-end of his rifle,

when Saxon seized another by the collar, dragged him back to the front, drew his revolver from his belt with one hand, and with the other carried the man boldly up against the barricade.

It was a single act of strength and daring, but it turned the tide as nothing else could have done. Impulsive as savages, and transported in a moment from one extreme of feeling to another, the Sicilians burst into a storm of vivas, and flung themselves at the barricade like tigers.

The Neapolitans might pour in their deadly fire now from house-top and window, might intrench themselves behind a hedge of bayonets, might thrust the dead back upon the living, and defend every inch of their position as desperately as they pleased, but nothing could daunt the courage of their assailants. The men who were running away but a moment before, were now rushing recklessly upon death. Shot down by scores, they yet pressed on, clambering over the bodies of their fallen comrades, shouting "Viva Garibaldi!" under the muzzles of the Neapolitan rifles, and seizing the very bayonets that were pointed against them.

The struggle was short and bloody. It had lasted scarcely three minutes when the Palermians poured over in one irresistible wave, and the Neapolitans fled precipitately into the piazza beyond.

The victors at once planted a tricolor on the summit of the barricade, manned it with some thirty of their own best riflemen, and proceeded to dislodge such of the enemy as yet retained possession of the houses on either side.

In the meanwhile, the Garibaldian officer ran up to Saxon with open arms, and thanked him enthusiastically.

"Gallant Inglese!" he said, "but for you, our flag would not be flying here at this moment."

To whom Saxon, pale as death, and pointing down to the pile of fallen men at the foot of the barricade, replied:

"Signor capitano, I miss my friend. For God's sake grant me the assistance of a couple of your soldiers to search for his body!"

It was a ghastly task.

The Neapolitans had escaped as soon as they found their position untenable; but the loss of the attacking party was very great. Most of the men immediately under the barricade had been cruelly bayoneted. The dead wore a terrible expression of agony on their colourless faces; but many yet breathed, and those who were conscious pleaded piteously to be put out of their sufferings. One by one, the dead were flung aside, and the wounded carried down to the shade of the houses. One by one, Saxon Trefalden looked in each man's face, helping tenderly to carry the wounded, and reverently to dispose the limbs of the dead, and watching every moment for the finding of his friend.

At length the last poor corpse was lifted—the search completed—the frightful bead-roll told over. Thirty-two were dead, five dying, eleven wounded; but amongst all these, the Earl of Castletowers had no place. Saxon could scarcely believe it. Again and again he went the round of dead and dying; and at last, with bloodstained hands and clothes, and anxious heart, sat down at the foot of the barricade, and asked himself what he should do next.

#### CHAPTER LXV. THE LAST OF THE BATTLE.

It was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. Throughout the search at the barricade, Saxon had seen the shells flying at a great height overhead, and heard the battle going on unceasingly in the streets of the town. Sometimes the sounds advanced, and sometimes retreated; but never ceased for one minute together. Finding at length that neither friends nor foes came round in their direction, the men posted at the barricade became impatient, and dropped away one by one, and presently, Saxon being to all appearance no more likely to find his friend in one place than another, followed their example.

He traversed one whole street without seeing a living creature; then, coming to a cross-road, paused and listened. The musketry now seemed to be very distant, but he could not tell precisely from what quarter the sound proceeded. While he was yet hesitating, a couple of Neapolitan soldiers came

running towards him. Seeing an armed Garibaldian, they stopped short, as if doubting which way to turn; and Saxon called to them to surrender.

At that moment, some six or eight red-shirts made their appearance at the top of the street, in full chase. The Neapolitans immediately fired upon Saxon, flung away their rifles, and fled down a by-street to the left.

But the balls glanced harmlessly by, and Saxon, anxious to know how the great interests of the day were firing elsewhere, went on his way, and left the fugitives to their pursuers.

A few steps further on, he fell in with a detachment of Tuscans led by young Beni, now on foot.

"*Holla amico!*" cried the Palermitan, "where do you come from?"

"From the barricade in the Via Lombardi. And you?"

"From the beach, where those cursed Regi have been pouring down shot and shell as thick as fire-stones from Etna."

"How goes the day?"

"Triumphantly. We are driving them up towards the castle from all sides. Come and see."

So Saxon fell in with the Tuscan company; and as they pressed up against the hill, winding round by a steep lane on the eastern side of the town, the young men, in a few hurried sentences, exchanged such news as each had to tell.

"The whole of the lower part of the town is ours," said Beni. "Medici's men have done wonders—the Genoese carabinieri but lost half their number—Peard's company has possession of an old windmill on the heights above the castle, whence they have sifted the enemy clear out of the northern works."

"This is great news!"

"It is great news. Before another hour is past, we shall have them all shut up in the castle, like mice in a trap."

"Where is your horse?"

"Shot under me, half an hour ago. Where is your friend?"

"Safe I hope. He vanished in the mêlée down at the barricade. I have not seen him since."

"Silence! I hear a tramp of feet. Halt!"

The column halted, and in the sudden silence that ensued, the approaching footsteps of a considerable body of men were distinctly audible.

It was an exciting moment. The lane was winding, steep, and narrow. On one side rose a stupendous cliff of solid rock; on the other ran a low wall, overhanging the poorest quarter of the town. A worse place for a hostile encounter could scarcely have been selected; but the young Palermitan, unused to command as he was, at once saw the difficulty of his position, and prepared to meet it.

Silently and promptly, he drew up his little troop across the road—the front row lying down, the second kneeling, the third standing—all ready to greet the enemy with a deadly fire as soon as they should come in sight. In the meanwhile, Saxon had flung his rifle over his shoulder, and begun climbing the face of the cliff. Where there was footing for a goat there was always footing for him; and almost before Beni knew what had become of him, he was posted behind an overhanging bush some twenty feet above. About a dozen others immediately followed his example, till every shrub and projecting angle of a rock concealed a rifle.

The Garibaldians had but just completed their preparations, when the white cross-belts of the Neapolitans appeared at the turn of the road some sixty yards ahead.

Evidently unprepared to find their passage resisted, they recoiled at the sight of the Garibaldians, who instantly poured in their first volley. They then fired a few shots and fell back out of sight, as if hesitating whether to advance or retreat. The nature of the ground was such that neither party could see the extent of the other's strength; and Beni had been careful to turn this circumstance to the best advantage. In the mean while his men had re-loaded, and were waiting in the same order as before.

They had not to wait long. In another second there arose a shout of "*Viva il Rè!*" and the royalists, cheered on by their officers, came back

with fixed bayonets, at the *pas de charge*—a narrow, compact resolute torrent, which looked as if it must carry all before it.

Again the Tuscans delivered their deliberate and deadly fire—again, again, and again; and at each discharge the foremost Neapolitans went down like grass before the scythe. There seemed to be a charmed line drawn across the road beyond which they could not pass. As fast as they reached it, they fell; as fast as they fell those behind rushed up, and were shot down in their turn.

And all this time the tirailleurs on the cliff-side dropped their unerring bullets into the advancing column, bringing down the hindmost men, and picking off each officer as he came into sight.

Mowed down by an irresistible fire, little guessing by what a mere handful of men they were being held in check, and left almost without an officer to command them, the Neapolitans all at once desisted from the attack, and retreated as rapidly as they had charged, dragging off some six or eight of the wounded, and leaving a rampart of their dead piled up half way between themselves and their opponents.

"*Viva Garibaldi!*" cried Saxon, swinging himself lightly from bush to bush, and leaping down into the road.

"*Viva Garibaldi!*" shouted Beni's troops, eager to pursue, but held back by their young leader, who knew that they would have no chance if once they betrayed the insignificance of their numbers. Throwing himself before them, he forbade a man to stir. At the same time the tramp of the enemy, broken, hurried and disordered, died rapidly away, and the Garibaldians, only two of whom were slightly wounded, remained in undisputed possession of their little Thermopylae.

In high spirits, they presently resumed their march; but they saw no more Neapolitans. When the lane opened presently upon a broad platform overlooking the town, they halted. Above them rose the castle ramparts, apparently deserted. Below them lay the streets and squares of Melazzo, with the open country beyond. A strange silence seemed suddenly to have fallen upon the day. There was no echo of musketry to be heard upon the air—no smoke wreath visible even in places where the combat had been hottest half an hour before. Save a distant shouting here and there, and an occasional shell thrown from some part of the fortifications far away to the westward side of the castle, the tumult of battle seemed to have passed magically away.

"What does it all mean?" said Saxon, breathlessly.

"Well," replied Beni, "I suppose it means that the battle is over."

At that moment a detachment of Malenchini's brigade made its appearance at the further side of the platform, shouting, "*Viva l'Italia!*" and planted the tricolor on the highest point of the parapet overlooking the town.

The battle was indeed over; the long day's fight, fought gallantly out, was crowned with victory. The whole of the town, up to the very gates of the castle, was in the hands of the liberators.

#### CHAPTER LXVI. SAXON PURSUES HIS SEARCH.

The battle over, orders were issued for the construction of barricades in all the approaches to the castle. Weary as they were after their long day's fighting, the Garibaldians then stacked their muskets and went to work with a will. Pavements were hastily torn up, carts dragged from the sheds in which their owners had left them, and doors taken from their hinges. Before sundown, a chain of extempore defences was thrown up at every point of danger, and the royalists were effectually imprisoned in their own stronghold.

Then, guarded only by a few sentinels posted upon the barricades, the army dispersed itself about the streets and piazzas, and lay down to rest by hundreds in the churches, the deserted houses, and even the open doorways along the streets.

In the mean while, Saxon went about from barricade to barricade, seeking his friend and questioning every one he met, but seeking and questioning in vain. One Garibaldian remembered to have seen him with the Pavia company

during a sharp skirmish up in some gardens near the castle. Another thought he had observed him down on the Marina. A third was certain that he had been killed by the bursting of a shell; while a fourth no less positively asserted that he was with Peard's company in the windmill above the castle. Confused by these contradictory statements, Saxon wandered hither and thither till the twilight came on; and then, utterly exhausted, stretched himself upon a bench in the market-place, and fell profoundly asleep.

His sleep lasted only a couple of hours. He had lain down full of anxiety and apprehension, and no sooner had the first torpor of excessive fatigue passed off than he woke, oppressed by a vague uneasiness, and, for the first few moments, unable to remember where he was.

He looked round upon a spacious piazza deep in shadow, and scattered over with groups of sleeping soldiers, and stands of arms.

Melazzo taken; Castletowers missing; perhaps wounded—perhaps dead! He sprang to his feet as these recollections flashed upon him, and half stupefied with sleep, prepared to resume his quest. At the first step, he stumbled over the corpse of a Neapolitan grenadier, lying as if asleep, with his white face turned up to the sky. A few paces further on, he met a couple of Garibaldians, preceded by a torch-bearer, bearing away a wounded man upon a shutter.

Learning from these that there were several temporary hospitals in the town, as well as others beyond the gates, he resolved to visit all before pursuing his search in other directions. He then followed them to the church close by, the stone floor of which had been laid down with straw for the reception of the wounded. The torches planted here and there against the walls and pillars of the building served only to make visible the intense gloom of the vaulted roof above. All round, more or less dangerously wounded, lay some sixty soldiers; while, gliding noiselessly to and fro, were seen the surgeons and nurses, busy on their work of mercy.

Pausing at the door, he asked the sentry if he knew anything of an English nobleman—Lord Castletowers by name—whom he had reason to fear must be among the wounded.

"An Englishman?" said the sentry. "Si, amico, there was an Englishman brought in about two hours ago.

So Saxon went up to the nave of the church, and preferred his inquiry to one of the nurses.

She shook her head.

"Alas!" she replied, "his case was hopeless." He died ten minutes after he was brought in."

"Died?"

"His poor body has not yet been removed. It lies yonder, close under the pulpit."

Half in hope, half in dread, the young man snatched a torch from the nearest sconce, and flew to the spot indicated. The scattered corpse lay placidly enough, with a smile upon its dead lips, and the eyes half closed, as if in sleep; but it was not the corpse of Lord Castletowers.

With a deep-drawn breath of relief, Saxon then turned away, and passing gently along the line of patients, looked at each pale face in turn.

Having done this, he inquired his way to the next ambulance, which was established in the ground floor of the Polizia. In order to reach this place, he had to re-cross the piazza. Here he met three or four more torch parties; for the Garibaldians were still anxiously searching for their wounded in all parts of the town.

At the door of the Polizia he accosted the sentry with the same question that he had been asking at every barricade and outpost in the place. Could he give him any information of an English gentleman, Lord Castletowers?

The sentry, who happened to be a Frenchman, lifted his cap with the best-bred air imaginable, and asked, in return, if he had the honour of addressing Monsieur Trefalden.

Saxon replied in the affirmative; but—

"Alors, que monsieur se donne la peine d'entrer. Il trouvera son ami, milord Castletowers dans la première salle à gauche."

Scarcely waiting to thank the friendly Gaul for his intelligence, Saxon rushed in, and almost the first face on which his eyes rested was the face of his friend.

He was sitting on the side of a bench that had been serving him for a bed. He had a large cloak thrown over his shoulders, and looked rather pale; but was, nevertheless, tranquilly smoking a cigar, and chatting with his nearest neighbour.

"So, Trefalden," said he as Saxon burst into the room, "you have found me at last! I knew you would be looking for me all over the place, if you were alive to do it; so I left word at the door that you were to apply within. Excuse my left hand."

"I am so glad, Castletowers!" exclaimed Saxon. "I was never so glad in my life!"

"Gently, my dear fellow—gently! You need not shake one's hand quite so vehemently."

"What is the matter? Where are you hurt?"

"In the right arm—confound it!"

"Very badly?"

"No. That is to say, I am not doomed to amputation; but there's an end, so far as I am concerned, to glory and gunpowder—and that is quite bad enough."

#### CHAPTER LXVII. IN DURANCE VILE.

The mystery of the Earl's disappearance was sufficiently simple when it came to be explained. He had been carried over the barricade in the last great rush, and, instead of remaining on the spot like Saxon, to fight it out to the last blow, had dashed on with some twenty others, in pursuit of the first fugitives. Having chased the Neapolitans into a blind alley, taken them prisoners, and deprived them of their arms, the Garibaldians then fell in with the Pavia company, and shared with them some of the hottest work that was done in Melazzo that day.

It was while with this gallant company, and at the moment when he was assisting to plant the tricolor on the top of the summer-house in a long-contested garden, that Lord Castletowers received two shots in the right arm, and was forced to go back to the ambulances in the rear.

His wounds, though severe, were not in the least dangerous; one bullet having lodged in the biceps muscle of the upper arm, and another having fractured the ulna bone of the forearm. Both, however, had been already extracted before Saxon found his way to the Polizia, and the surgeon in attendance assured them that Lord Castletowers would, in time, regain the use of his arm as completely as if no mischance had ever befallen it. In the meanwhile, to be sure, the results were sufficiently inconvenient. The Earl's military career was brought to an abrupt conclusion, and his hope of doing something brilliant—something that even Miss Colonna should be forced to admire—was nipped in the bud. These things were hard to bear, and demanded all the patience that he could summon to his aid.

Their campaign thus unexpectedly ended, the young men would have gladly gone back at once to their little yacht, and set sail in search of "fresh fields and pastures new;" but to that proposition the medico would not listen. So they lingered on in Melazzo day after day, keeping for the most part beyond the walls, and passing the hot and weary hours as best they might.

It was a dull time, though enlivened by the surrender of the garrison. They saw the Neapolitan transports steam into the bay, and witnessed the embarkation of Bosco and his troops.

When this interlude was played out, the Garibaldians began to look towards Messina and speculate eagerly on what next could be done. Then came rumours of a general evacuation of the royalist strongholds; and by-and-by they learned beyond doubt that the tedium of success was not likely to be relieved by any more fighting in the island of Sicily.

Somewhat comforted by this intelligence, and still more comforted by a note which the Earl received from Signor Colonna the fourth day after the battle, the young men submitted to the semi-imprisonment of Melazzo, and saw Garibaldi depart with the main body of his army somewhat less regretfully than they might otherwise have done.

Brief as a military dispatch, the Italian's note ran thus:

"Caro Gervase. The victory which has just been won terminates the war in Sicily. Dissem-

sion and terror reign in the cabinet at Naples. Months will probably elapse before another blow is struck; and it is possible that even that blow may not be needed. In the meanwhile give ear to earnest counsel. Sheath thy sword, and pursue thy journey in peace. This in confidence from the friend of thy childhood. G. C."

It was something to receive this assurance from a man like Colonna—a man who knew better than even Garibaldi himself the probabilities and prospects of the war. So the friends made the best of their position, and amused themselves by planning what they would do when they received the medico's order of release.

Norway was now out of the question. By the time they could reach Bergen the season would be nearly past; besides which, the Earl was forbidden to expose his wounded arm to so severe a change of temperature. They therefore proposed to confine their voyage to the basin of the Mediterranean, seeing whatever was practicable, and touching, if possible, at Malta, Alexandria, Smyrna, Athens, Naples, Cadiz, and Lisbon, by the way. To this list, for reasons known only to himself, Saxon added the name of Sidon.

At length Lord Castletowers was pronounced fit for removal, though not yet well enough to dispense with medical care. So Saxon cut the knot of that difficulty by engaging the services of a young Sicilian surgeon; and, thus attended, they once more went on board the *Albula*, and weighed anchor.

#### CHAPTER LXVIII. LIFE IN THE EAST.

A little yacht rides at anchor in the harbour of Alexandria, and two young Franks, one of whom carries his right arm in a sling, are wandering to and fro, drinking deeply of that cup of enchantment—a first day in the East.

These two young Franks roam hither and thither in a state of semi-beatitude, conscious neither of hunger, nor thirst, nor fatigue, nor hardly of the heat, which, though it is but nine o'clock in the morning, is already tremendous.

First of all, having but just stepped ashore, they plunge into the Arab quarter of the town, passing through a labyrinth of foul lanes fenced in on either side by blank, windowless dwellings, that look as if they had all turned their backs to the street; and coming presently to thoroughfares of a better class, where the tall houses seem almost toppling together, and the latticed balconies all but touch; and the sky is narrowed to a mere ribbon of vivid ultra-marine high overhead. Here are beggars at every corner, calling loudly upon Allah and the passer-by, donkey-boys, vagrant dogs, now and then a mounted Arab riding like mad, and scattering the foot passengers before him right and left. Here, too, are shops with open fronts and shadowy backgrounds; some gorgeous with silks and shawls; some rich with carpets; some fragrant with precious gums and spices; some glittering with sabres and daggers of Damascus. In each shop, sitting cross-legged on floor or counter, presides the turbaned salesman, smoking his silver-lidded pipe, and indifferent alike to custom and fate. Now comes a Moorish arch of delicate creamy stone, revealing glimpses of a shady court-yard set round with latticed windows, and enclosing a palm-tree and a fountain. One slender, quivering shaft of sunshine falls direct on the green leaves and sparkling water-drops, and on an earthen water-jar standing by—just such a jar as Morgiana may have filled up with boiling oil in the days of the good Caliph Haroun al Raschid. And now comes a string of splay-footed canals, noiseless and dogged-looking, laden with bundles of brushwood as wide as the street, and led by shiny Nubian slaves, with white loin-cloths and turbans. Avoiding this procession, our two Franks plunge into a dark arcade of shops, lighted from above. This is a bazaar. Here are alleys where they sell nothing but slippers; alleys of jewels; alleys of furs, of tobacco, of silks, of sweetmeats and drugs, of books, of glass and ivory wares, of harness, of sponges, and even of printed Manchester goods, Sheffield cutlery, and French ribbons. Here crowds a motley throng of Europeans and Asiatics; impatient Arabs, with

the camel's-hair thread bound upon their brows; sately Moslems, turbaned and slippers; Greeks, in crimson jackets and dingy white kilts; dervishes, in high felt caps; magnificent dragomen, in huge muslin trousers; Armenians, Copts, Syrians, negroes, Jews of all climates, and travellers from every quarter of the globe. The water-carrier, with his jar of sherbet on his head, tinkles his brass drinking-cups in the ears of the passers-by; the tart-seller offers his melon-puffs; and here, just leaving the fruit-shop, where she has doubtless been buying "Syrian apples and Othmanee quinces, peaches of Oman, and Egyptian limes," comes the fair Amine herself, followed by that identical porter who was "a man of sense, and had perused histories."

Wandering on thus in a dream of Arabian Nights, the young men, having fortified themselves with sherbet, presently mount a couple of very thorough-bred, high-spirited donkeys, and set off for the ruins of ancient Alexandria. These ruins lie out beyond the town walls, amid a sandy, dreary, hillocky waste that stretches far away for miles and miles beside the sparkling sea. Here they see Pompey's pillar, and Cleopatra's obelisk, and a wilderness of crumbling masonry clothed in a green and golden mantle of wild marigolds all in flower. Here, where once stood the temple of Serapis with its platform of a hundred steps, the wild sea-bird flits unmolested, the jackals have their lair, and the travellers talk of the glories of the Ptolemys.

At last, fairly tired out, our Franks are fain to strike their colours and go back to the town. Here they put up at an English hotel, where they bathe, dine, and rest till evening; when they again sally forth—this time to call upon the English consul.

#### CHAPTER LXIX. IN SEARCH OF A COMPANY.

The consul was not at his office when the travellers presented themselves; but his representative, a very magnificent young clerk, resplendent in rings, chains, and a fez, was there instead. They found this official in the act of writing a letter, humming a tune, and smoking a cigar—all of which occupations he continued to pursue with unabated ardour, notwithstanding that Saxon presented himself before his desk.

"I shall be glad to speak to you, if you please," said Saxon, "when you are at leisure."

"No passport business transacted after two o'clock in the day," replied the clerk, without lifting his eyes.

"Mine is not passport business," replied Saxon. The clerk hummed another bar, and went on writing.

Saxon began to lose patience.

"I wish to make a simple inquiry," said he; "and I will thank you to lay your pen aside for a moment, while I do so."

The peremptory tone produced its effect. The clerk paused, looked up, lifted his eyebrows with an air of nonchalant insolence, and said:

"Why the deuce, then, don't you ask it?"

"I wish to know in what part of this city I shall find the offices of the New Overland Route Railway and Steam-Packet Company."

"What do you mean by the *New Overland Route*?" said the clerk.

"I mean a company so-called—a company which has lately established an office here in Alexandria."

"Never heard of any such company," said the clerk, "nor of any such office."

"Where, then, do you suppose I can obtain this information?"

"Well, I should say—nowhere."

"I think it is my turn to ask what you mean?" said Saxon, haughtily.

"My meaning is simple enough," replied the clerk, taking up his pen. "There is no *New Overland Company* in Alexandria."

"But I know that there is a company of that name," exclaimed Saxon.

The clerk shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, very well," said he. "If you know it, that's enough."

And with this he resumed his triple occupation.

At that moment a little glass door opened at

the back of the office, and a bald-headed gentleman came out. He bowed.

"You are inquiring," he said, "for some commercial office, I believe? If you will permit me to offer a suggestion, I would advise your calling upon Mr. Melchisedek. Mr. Melchisedek is our great commercial authority in Alexandria. He knows everything, and he knows everybody. A man of universal information, and very courteous to strangers. You cannot do better than call on Mr. Melchisedek."

"I am sure," said Saxon, "I am very much obliged to you."

"Not at all—not in the least. Mr. Melchisedek—any one will direct you. The viceroys is not better known. Good evening."

So saying, the bald-headed gentleman bowed the travellers to the door, and closed it behind them.

"Why, Trefalden," said the Earl, when they were once more in the street, "what interest can you possibly take in an Overland Company? It is some obscure undertaking, depend on it."

"It won't be obscure for long," replied Saxon, complacently. "It is a magnificent affair; and if the agents out here are keeping it quiet, they have their own reasons for doing so."

"You seem to know all about it," said Castle-towers, with some surprise.

"I know a good deal about it."

"And mean to take shares?"

"I have taken shares already," replied Saxon, "to a large amount."

Whereupon the Earl only looked grave, and said nothing.

#### CHAPTER LXX. MR. GREATOREX IN SEARCH OF AN INVESTMENT.

While Saxon and his friend were yachting and fighting, and London was yet full of overflowing, and Francesco Secondo was still, to all appearance, firmly seated on his throne, Mr. Laurence Greatorex bent his steps one brilliant July morning in the direction of Chancery-lane, and paid a visit to William Trefalden.

He had experienced some little difficulty in making up his mind to this step; for it was an exceedingly disagreeable one, and required no small amount of effort in its accomplishment. He had seen and avoided the lawyer often enough during the last two or three months; but he had never spoken to him since that affair of the stopped cheque. His intention had been never to exchange civil speech or salutation with William Trefalden again; but to hate him heartily, and manifest his hatred openly, all the days of his life. And he would have done this uncompromisingly, if his regard for Saxon had not come in the way. But he liked that young fellow with a genuine liking (just as he hated the lawyer with a genuine hatred), and, cost what it might, he was determined to serve him. So, having thought over their last conversation—that conversation which took place in the train, between Portsmouth and London; having looked in vain for the registration of any company which seemed likely to be the one referred to; having examined no end of reports, prospectuses, lists of directors, and the like, he resolved, despite his animosity and his reluctance, to see William Trefalden face to face, and try what could be learned in an interview.

Perhaps, even in the very suspicion which prompted him to look after Saxon's interests, despite Saxon's own unwillingness to have them looked after, there may have been a lurking hope, a half-formed anticipation of something like vengeance. If William Trefalden was not acting quite fairly on Saxon Trefalden's behalf, if there should prove to be knavery or laxity in some particular of these unknown transactions, would it not be quite as sweet to expose the defrauder as to assist the defrauded?

Laurence Greatorex did not plainly tell himself that he was actuated by a double motive in what he was about to do. Men of his stamp are not given to analysing their own thoughts and feelings. Keen sighted enough to detect the hidden motives of others, they prefer to make the best of themselves, and habitually look at their own acts from the most favourable point of view. So the banker, having made up his mind to

accept the disagreeable side of his present undertaking, complacently ignored that which might possibly turn out to be quite the reverse, and persuaded himself, as he walked up Fleet-street, that he was doing something almost heroic in the cause of friendship.

He sent in his card, and was shown at once to William Trefalden's private room.

"Good morning, Mr. Trefalden," said he, with that noisy affectation of ease that Sir Charles Burgoyne so especially disliked; "you are surprised to see me here, I don't doubt."

But William Trefalden, who would have manifested no surprise had Laurence Greatorex walked into his room in lawn sleeves and a mitre, only bowed, pointed to a seat, and replied:

"Not at all. I am happy to see you, Mr. Greatorex."

"Thanks." And the banker sat down, and placed his hat on the table. "Any news from Norway?"

"From my cousin Saxon! No. At present not any."

"Really?"

"I do not expect him to write to me."

"Not at all?"

"Why, no—or, at all events, not more than once during his absence. We have exchanged no promises on the score of correspondence; and I am no friend to letter-writing, unless on business."

"You are quite right, Mr. Trefalden. Mere letter-writing is well enough for school-girls and sweethearts; but it is a delusion and a snare to those who have real work on their hands. One only needs to look at a shelf of Horace Walpole's Correspondence to know that the man was an idler and a trifler all his life."

Mr. Trefalden smiled a polite assent.

"But I am not here this morning to discourse on the evils of pen and ink," said Greatorex. "I have come, Mr. Trefalden, to ask your advice."

"You shall be welcome to the best that my experience can offer," replied the lawyer.

"Much obliged. Before going any further, however, I must take you a little way into my confidence."

Mr. Trefalden bowed.

"You must know that I have a little private property. Not much—only a few thousands; but, little as it is, it is my own; and is *not* invested in the business."

Mr. Trefalden was all attention.

"It is not invested in the business," repeated the banker; "and I do not choose that it should be. I want to keep it apart—snug—safe—handy—wholly and solely at my own disposal. You understand?"

Mr. Trefalden, with a furtive smile, replied that he understood perfectly.

"Nor is this all. I have expensive tastes, expensive habits, expensive friends, and therefore I want all I can get for my money. Till lately I have been lending it at—well, no matter at how much per cent; but now it's just been thrown upon my hands again, and I am looking out for a fresh investment."

Mr. Trefalden, leaning back in his chair, was, in truth, not a little perplexed by the frankness with which Laurence Greatorex was placing these facts before him. However, he listened and smiled, kept his wonder to himself, and waited for what should come next.

"After this preface," added Greatorex, "I suppose I need scarcely tell you the object of my visit."

"I have not yet divined it," replied the lawyer.

"I want to know if you can help me to an investment."

Mr. Trefalden made no secret of the surprise with which he heard this request.

"I help you to an investment?" he repeated.

"My dear sir, you amaze me. In matters of that kind, you must surely be far better able to help yourself than I am to help you."

"Upon my soul, now, I don't see that, Mr. Trefalden."

"Nay, the very nature of your own business—"

"This is a matter which I am anxious to keep apart from our business—altogether apart," interrupted Mr. Greatorex.

"I quite understand that; but what I do not understand is, that you, a banker, should apply to me, a lawyer, for counsel on a point of this kind."

"Can you not understand that I may place more reliance on your opinion than on my own?" Mr. Trefalden smiled polite incredulity.

"My dear Mr. Greateorex," he replied, "it is as if I were to ask your opinion on a point of common law."

Laurence Greateorex laughed, and drew his chair a few inches nearer.

"Well, Mr. Trefalden," he said, "I will be quite plain and open with you. Supposing, now, that I had good reason for believing that you could help me to the very thing of which I am in search, would it then be strange if I came to you as I have come to day?"

"Certainly not; but—"

"Excuse me—I have been told something that leads me to hope you can put a fine investment in my way, if you will take the trouble to do so."

"Then I regret to say that you have been told wrongly."

"But my informant—"

"—was in error, Mr. Greateorex. I have nothing of the kind in my power—absolutely nothing."

"Is it possible?"

"So possible, Mr. Greateorex, that, had I five thousand pounds of my own to invest at this moment, I should be compelled to seek precisely such counsel as you have just been seeking from me."

The banker leaned across the table in such a manner as to bring his face within a couple of feet of Mr. Trefalden's.

"But what about the new Company?" said he.

The lawyer's heart seemed suddenly to stand still, and for a moment—just one moment—his matchless self-possession was shaken. He felt himself change colour. He scarcely dared trust himself to speak, lest his voice should betray him.

Greateorex's eyes flashed with triumph; but the lawyer recovered his presence of mind as quickly as he had lost it.

"Pardon me," he said, coldly; "but to what company do you allude?"

"To what company should I allude, except the one in which you have invested your cousin Saxon's money?"

Mr. Trefalden looked his questioner haughtily in the face.

"You labour under some mistake, Mr. Greateorex," he said. "In the first place, you are referring to some association with which I am unacquainted—"

"But—"

"And in the second place, I am at a loss to understand how my cousin's affairs should possess any interest for you."

"A first-rate speculation possesses the very strongest interest for me," replied the banker.

Mr. Trefalden shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"The law, perhaps, has made me over-cautious," said he, "but I abhor the very name of speculation."

"And yet, if I understood your cousin rightly, his money has been invested in a speculation," persisted Greateorex.

The lawyer surveyed his visitor with a calm lauteur that made Greateorex fidget in his chair.

"I cannot tell," said he, "how far my cousin, in his ignorance of money matters, may have unintentionally misled you upon this point, but I must be permitted to put you right in one particular. Saxon Trefalden has certainly not speculated with his fortune, because I should no more counsel him to speculate than he would speculate without my counsel. I trust I am sufficiently explicit."

"Explicit enough, Mr. Trefalden, but—"

The lawyer looked up inquiringly.

"But disappointing, you see—confoundedly disappointing. I made sure, after what he had told me—"

"May I inquire what my cousin did tell you, Mr. Greateorex?"

"Certainly. He said you had invested a large part of his property, and the whole of your own, in the shares of some new company, the name and objects of which were for the present to be kept strictly private."

"No more than this?"

"No more—except that it was to be the most brilliant thing of the day."

Mr. Trefalden smiled.

"Poor boy!" he said. "What a droll mistake—and yet how like him!"

Seeing him so unruined and amused, the City man's belief in the success of his own scheme was momentarily staggered. He began to think he had made no such capital discovery after all.

"I hope you mean to share the joke, Mr. Trefalden," he said, uneasily.

"Willingly. As is always the case in these misapprehensions, Saxon was a little right and a good deal wrong in his story. His money has been lent to a company on first-rate security—not invested in shares, or embarked in any kind of speculation. I am not at liberty to name the company—it is sufficient that he could nowhere have found more satisfactory debtors."

"I suppose, then, there is no chance in the same direction for outsiders?"

"My cousin has advanced, I believe, as much as the company desires to borrow."

"Humph!—just my luck. Well, I am much obliged to you, Mr. Trefalden."

"Not in the least. I only regret that I can be of no service to you, Mr. Greateorex."

They rose simultaneously, and, as they did so, each read mistrust in the other's eyes.

"Does he really want an investment?" thought the lawyer; "or is it a mere scheme of detection from first to last?"

"Has he caught scent of my little game?" the banker asked himself; "and is this plausible story nothing, after all, but a clever invention?"

These, however, were questions that could not be asked, much less answered; so, Laurence Greateorex and William Trefalden parted civilly enough, and hated each other more heartily than ever.

There was one, however, who witnessed their parting, and took note thereof—one who marked the expression of the banker's face as he left the office, the look of dismay on William Trefalden's as he returned to his private room. That keen observer was Mr. Keckwiteh; and Mr. Keckwiteh well knew how to turn his quick apprehension to account.

(To be continued.)

"DINING WITH THE KING."

WE have so seldom an opportunity of obtaining a glimpse at the *vie privée* of Royalty, more especially as connected with personages and incidents of a contemporary date, that we offer, with an assured confidence in its more than ordinary interest, the following brief narrative, which commemorates the particulars associated with a private dinner at Buckingham Palace, as detailed from the communication of a late distinguished clergyman, who enjoyed an official connection with the court of William the Fourth.

The gentleman alluded to was the Rev. John Sleath, D.D., &c., Subdean of the Chapel Royal, Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral, and High-Master of St. Paul's School. Previously to his appointment to these dignities he was for some years a Master of Rugby School, he was a native of the county of Warwick. He held other preferment in the Church, besides the offices enumerated, and was widely known as a most accomplished scholar, and was the possessor of peculiarly urbane and dignified manners that eminently qualified him for a higher position in the table of ecclesiastical precedence, and of courtly distinction, than he ultimately reached. His expectations of being elevated to the episcopal bench were, for several years preceding his death, very confidentially entertained; and we believe they were encouraged in quarters which fully justified his ambition of gaining a promotion, to which few of his contemporaries could more honourably have aspired on the score of personal merit.

The papers of the day having announced the intelligence of Dr. Sleath's introduction at the royal table, one of his more intimate friends took an early opportunity of obtaining from him the particulars of his visit, which are here given as recorded, for the information of a mutual acquaintance, in a letter of the same date.

On the Sunday preceding the reverend doctor's invitation to dine at the Palace, some one at the royal table had alluded in terms of very warm approval to a sermon preached that morning at St. James's by Dr. Sleath, upon which the King, turning to Mr. Wood, Prince George's tutor, said—"Wood, tell Dr. Sleath he must preach next Sunday at Chapel Royal; you must write to him." On the Wednesday following, he received the King's commands to attend a new bishop's doing homage at half past ten o'clock; previously to retiring, at the conclusion of the ceremony, he was honoured by His Majesty's further commands, that he should dine that evening at the Palace.

It is generally understood, in the circles more immediately cognizant in matters of courtly ceremonial, that a dinner at the private table of royalty, though esteemed an enviable privilege by the invited, is by no means usually a subject for very agreeable recollection, save as far as the indulgence of a sentiment of gratified self-esteem may lead persons so honoured to chronicle the event with feelings of qualified satisfaction. But a participation in the pleasures of the board, as dispensed under the genial influences called into exercise by the frank and easy joviality and unmeasured condescension of our late popular sovereign William the Fourth, was an occasion of real festive enjoyment—an event of unmistakable gaiety and good cheer. The open-hearted cordiality of the King, and the amiable and unassuming deportment of his most estimable consort, Queen Adelaide, put each guest fairly at his ease, and gave a welcome that enhanced the sense of the royal courtesy.

The party assembled on the occasion here particularly alluded to, appears to have consisted of individuals who formed an attractive *entourage* around the hospitable and princely board. On Dr. Sleath's arrival, he was shown into the reception room, where he found the King standing before the fire, talking to Lord James O'Brien, the Marquis of Winchester, Viscount Hill, Earl Amherst, the Earl and Countess of Mayo, two *aides-de-camp*, and a maid of honour. He was received in a very marked and gracious manner, and soon felt himself perfectly free from any idea of formal constraint. Presently arrived the Queen, who made her salutations in an easy quiet manner, in acknowledgment of the profound *obeissances* of those present. Her Majesty was soon followed by his Royal Highness Prince George of Cambridge, who, after making his bows to the company, accosted in a warm friendly manner, Dr. Sleath, with whom he continued to converse in a tone of lively and unaffected heartiness. We should have noticed more particularly the appearance of the Queen, who was attired in full mourning—a satin gown, boa, long necklace, and gauze cap, constituting the principal features of her Majesty's toilette. When dinner was announced, the King said—"Prince George, take the Queen." His Majesty took the Countess of Mayo, the Marquis of Winchester the maid of honour. The party consisted of about sixteen persons, there were no presiding seats at the table as on ordinary social occasions in general society, no "top" and "bottom," to use conventional terms implying the common arrangement in such matters.

The King and Queen sat opposite each other, on each side, at the middle part of the table, Prince George on the left hand of the Queen, the Marquis of Winchester on her right, then the maid of honour, and then the Doctor. The Queen, to use Dr. Sleath's expression, "was very quiet," and addressed her conversation chiefly to Prince George, but only talked a little during her stay at table. The King "was very pleasant." No dishes were set upon the table—nothing in the shape of *entables* appeared there. The entire space was covered with an immense variety of ornamental articles, curiously and elaborately constructed, to which a striking effect was com-

communicated by the softened lights of the numerous wax candles that clustered above the board. Ten servants in superb liveries assisted during the dinner, and behind the King's chair stood a gentleman in black, who gave His Majesty wine. To descend on the varied succession of appetising viands would be superfluous. Even princes are restricted to the enjoyment of the same objects of food participated by their subjects as ordinary delicacies. Thus, cod-fish, soles, white soup, turtle soup, roast beef, fowls, cutlets, patties, game of all kinds, and sweet dishes of every conceivable variety, were handed about to the guests with that prompt and skilful attention peculiar to highly-trained servitors in our best houses. Soon after the fish was distributed, the King said to Dr. Sleath—"Remember you preach to us on Sunday; and will you do me the honour to take wine? What do you do with yourself these holidays?" "Sire! I go into Warwickshire, where I was born, to see all my friends." "Ah, well: Amherst, fill your glass—you are a Warwickshire boy. Here's to the health of the Warwickshire lads and lasses!" at which they all laughed, and drank the toast. (We are not, *en passant*, sufficiently well acquainted with the noble lord's antecedents, to say how he verified the King's assertion of this connection with the county referred to.) After the dinner, a magnificent dessert was put upon the table, the *coup d'œil* of which was a spectacular treat to be ever afterwards recalled with a feeling of unbated admiration. The men stayed to change the ice-plates, and then left. After a rather brief interval the Queen nodded to the King, who immediately said aloud—"Door!" which was opened by the man in black; all the gentlemen stood up; and then the Queen arose, and her two ladies, and left the room. The gentlemen sat till eleven o'clock, the King "very pleasant;" he left the table alone, and the rest a quarter of an hour after.

They were shown to another part of the palace—the Queen's Private Drawing-room. In the gallery were two servants preparing tea and coffee. No eatables were introduced. The tea-equipage was of the utmost possible splendour. Prince George was in high spirits, very attentive, repeatedly asking them to take more. They found Her Majesty seated at the table, doing "rough stitch," Lord Hill talking to her; the King half asleep, leaning on the table; the two ladies talking together. They were all very chatty and agreeable. At halfpast eleven, the Queen walked off with her ladies, and the rest at twelve, the King wishing them a hearty "Good night."

The doctor preached the ordered sermon on the following Sunday, and alluded therein very happily to the Duke of Gloucester, then lately deceased; and he was afterwards assured that his discourse had afforded their Majesties the highest satisfaction.

## A CROCODILE STORY.

**A**MONG the houses recently pulled down in Paris, to make way for the new Boulevard St. Michel, was a well-known wine-shop, more celebrated, however, for a large crocodile which was suspended from the ceiling of the shop than for the wine that was retailed. This animal was stuffed, and was remarkable for its large proportions, formidable rows of glistening teeth, and for seven arrows which pierced its scaly sides. Such a beast could not be without a history. Here it is.

The wine-house was occupied formerly by medical students. The landlord was an amiable, easy-going man, and though not precisely willing to allow the students to live rent-free, was never very exacting, and always ready to give his lodgers time to pay their dues. It happened, however, that one of the students was not only far behind in his payments for rent, but also owed the landlord a considerable sum for board. For a long time the latter did not press for payment; but when the sum owing amounted to 800 francs, he began to get impatient for his money. Under these circumstances the student cudgelled his brain to devise means to satisfy his landlord; but all his attempts to earn money honestly were

fruitless, and he began to despair, when a fortunate chance relieved him of his difficulty.

Being so far reduced as to sell his clothes, he saw in the shop where he had parted with his garments a large crocodile wretchedly stuffed. "How much do you want for that beast?" he inquired from the old clothesman. "Ten francs," replied the latter.—"Oh, you are joking," rejoined the student; "ten francs for such a villainous beast as that! Come, now, I will give you three."—"Done," exclaimed the old-clothes merchant, and away went the student with his purchase, taking care to bring it into his lodgings at night-fall in order that his landlord should not see it.

He now set to work to re-stuff the crocodile, and by dint of hot water and paint, varnish, false teeth, and glass eyes, succeeded in restoring the animal to life-like similitude, and making it a very formidable looking crocodile. When he had completed his task, he purchased seven arrows, attached feathers to them of the most brilliant and showy plumage, and then thrust the point into the sides of the crocodile. This done, he placed the beast in a closet in his room, disposing it in such a manner that by leaving the door open it might easily be seen.

Many days had not elapsed before the landlord paid his lodger an early visit. The student, who had not yet risen, hearing his landlord's voice outside his door, and conscious of the object of being waited on, opened the closet door, requested the landlord to enter, and then jumped into bed again.

The student's apprehensions were true; the landlord had come for a portion, at least, of his rent. He was at first disposed to deal leniently with his lodger, until the latter declared that he was soulless, and, moreover, did not think it at all probable that he should be able to discharge his lodging debt. On hearing this the landlord became furious, and was proceeding to threaten the student with legal proceedings, when, turning round, his eyes fell on the magnificent crocodile within the closet. His curiosity being aroused, he requested to know how his lodger became possessed of the animal, and whether any history attached to it. On this, the student, who desired nothing better, and who had laid his plans to entrap his landlord, proceeded to inform him that the crocodile in question was on the point of devouring one of his uncles in South America when it was pierced by the arrows still in its sides discharged by savages, who appeared on the scene at the critical time.

During the recital of the story, the landlord regarded the animal with great admiration, and when the student had finished, he exclaimed, "Do you know that the crocodile would make an excellent shop-sign?—come, what will you sell it to me for?" The student declared that to part with so interesting a family relic was out of the question; but when his landlord's offers ran high he at length gave way, and the crocodile finally became his property for the sum of 1,200 francs and the further understanding that the student's debt was to be cancelled.

The price was certainly extravagant, bearing in mind that for which the student had obtained the animal; but the landlord had no reason to repent his bargain, for it made not only his fortune, but that of his two successors, and is, moreover, likely to make that of a third.

Suspended from the ceiling of the wine-shop hundreds came to see the great crocodile which was killed when about to devour a man, and now the proprietor of the wine-shop, lately demolished, has carried it off with the rest of his stock in trade for the purpose of setting it up in his new premises.

**Health.**—Another word for temperance and exercise.

**Epicure.**—One who lives to eat, instead of eating to live.

**Coffin.**—The cradle in which our second childhood is laid to sleep.

**Dreams.**—Invisible visions to which we are awake in our sleep.

**Ancestry.**—The boast of those who have nothing else to boast of.

**Book.**—A thing formerly put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside.

## A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In an article on "Nomenclature" in the "Reader" of the 2nd instant, it is stated that Portugal is so called from its having been the furthest western harbour in ancient times, and that on account of the wine, famous in that country, being brought or carried (porto) to England, it has been consequently called port wine. Allow me, with due respect, to enter a protest against that definition of the origin of the word Portugal, which, if incorrect, as I deem it to be, annihilates the idea of carrying as entering into the origin of the word port-wine. To those readers who are familiar with ancient geography, the Portus Calle, at the mouth of the river Durus which divided Tarraconensis from Lusitania (the ancient name of Portugal), will be remembered; and I believe in this instance that the name of a country has been derived from a small town that formerly existed on the coast of the Atlantic. Portugal is merely a corruption of Portus Calle, and we do not call the wines by the name of port from the fact of its being brought or carried, but call it by that name from the fact of its being made in a country called Portugal.

Similar examples of whole countries being called by the name of a town or of a people that inhabited but a small portion thereof and giving their names to principal cities, may not prove uninteresting. The Franks were a powerful German tribe, which, at the breaking up of the Roman Empire, possessed themselves of Gaul, and gave it their own name.

In ancient Gallia, the Parisii, who lived on and about the banks of the river Sequana or modern Seine, and who had for their capital Lutetia, have transmitted to us the name of Paris.

The Senones in the same district with their capital Agedincum, have given their names to the present city of Sens. The Remi, with their capital of Durocortorum, have handed down to us the fact of their existence in giving the name of Rheims to a large city.

Many other instances too numerous to mention might be adduced; but whilst on this topic I will refer to the derivation of the word "daughter," which, as it may not be generally known, may prove interesting to some who like to dive into the origin of words. The Sanscrit for daughter is "dhitri" and the Greek "θυγατηρ;" and from the latter we get our word daughter, which means "milk of cows," for pastoral nations were in the habit of leaving the milking of their herds to the daughters of their owners.

The derivation of the word "candidate" reminds of the word "ambition," which comes from the latin "ambo" to walk about, inasmuch as it was the custom of candidates for office to walk about the cities and solicit votes.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c.,  
W. C. R.

Montreal, December 3rd, 1865.

A Paris correspondent says:—"The *Europe* tells us that the Emperor has the identical mahogany book-case in his study at the Tuileries which he possessed at Ham. Lately it was suggested that glass doors would preserve his books from dust, but he would not allow his *souvenir* of his adverse fortunes to be altered. He had a magnificent collection of meerschaum pipes, which, as Dr. Conneau strictly forbids his making use of them, the Emperor gives away to his visitors. His Majesty's costume in his study consists of an old *paletôt*, well-worn and remarkably shabby. He does not possess a *râbe de chambre*, that favourite and most effeminate garment in which Frenchmen delight to pass their mornings. His constant reference to prints and pictures of various parts of the empire causes an immense number to accumulate in his study, some lying against the walls, and even on the floor. His first valet has an eye to the fine arts, and resorts to a singular ruse when he specially covets any of these; he allows a heap to be in his Majesty's way, 'Mais enfin, complains the Emperor, 'ces tableaux augmentent toujours. Ne pourrait on pas ôter quelques uns?' 'Parfaitement sire,' replies the amateur Jeames; 'je vais enlever les plus gênants.' By which means he has acquired a very fine collection."

WHERE IS THY HOME?

SITTING by my window, a few evenings since, in the dim Autumn twilight, two visions appeared unto me. First came a brilliant creature, dressed with all the elegance which wealth could devise. Her apparel was a combination of the richest colours, and was of the finest texture. On her arms, neck and brow gleamed precious jewels, and around her queenly form was thrown a mantle of costliest material. She gazed at me with a fixed look, and, as I sat spell-bound, enraptured with her magnificent beauty, she smiled winningly and beckoned me to her, but an unseen power withheld me. I asked, "What is thy name?"—"My name," she replied, "is Fashion. I dwell in marble halls; all bow before me—come!" As she uttered these words, I heard a gentle rustling near me, and, turning, I beheld a second vision fairer and more lovely than the first, and from whose presence Fashion shrank with evident dismay. This second vision was a gentle, beautiful creature, dressed in spotless white, without ornament of any kind. Around her there appeared to be a halo of light. Her eyes had a clear, steady radiance emanating from their blue depths, but there was an indescribable air of sadness in the expression of her countenance. She looked grieved at the presence of Fashion, who gradually disappeared, still beckoning to me. I moved not, but asked the beautiful being beside me, "What is thy name, and where is thy home?"—"My name," she answered, with a deep drawn sigh, "is Truth; but alas! I have no home!"

YELVA.

THE MAGNESIUM LIGHT.

QUI Bono?—A very curious and beautiful light: but what is the good of it? asks the practical man. As Franklin met a similar question in the case of electricity: "What is the good of a baby?" Magnesium is a baby; yet, though a baby, it has already given some pledge of its manhood. One of its early feats was taking a number of portraits by photography at night with a precision and effect equal to sunlight. This done, it was at once suggested, why may we not have photographs of caves, catacombs, crypts, mines, and of every dark and wonderful cavity?

One of the first to put this to a practical test was the Scottish Astronomer Royal. It was his great desire to bring the granite coffer—the Sanctum sanctorum of the great Pyramid—to light, and to dissipate all uncertainty about it. This, with the aid of the magnesium light, he has accomplished. According to the theory of the late Mr. Taylor, this granite coffer was a primal measure of capacity, from whence is derived the hereditary Anglo-Saxon wheat measure called the quarter, of which coffer it is the fourth part. Whilst, however, we know by Act of Parliament how many cubic inches are contained in four quarters English, there has been much doubt about the cubical contents of the granite chest or coffer of the Pyramid. The measures of the French Academy in 1799 made it nearly 6,300 cubic inches greater than several English travellers had declared it to be, though they again by no means agreed with each other in subsidiary details. Now, however by means of the magnesium light, we have a series of photographs of this coffer with a system of measuring rods fastened about it shewing the size inside and the size outside; and finally, the cubical contents being summed up, prove that the remarkable granite vessel is a measure of capacity equal with almost mathematical accuracy to four quarters English.

EVEN as now, Oxford was in the fifteenth century noted for its preference of theology to natural science; for when the scolar asked the Master of Oxenford "Wherefore is the son rede at even?" the orthodox answer was, "For he gathe toward hell. The most delicious non sequitur in the same treatise is, Why bereth not stonys freyt as trees? M. For Cayno slough his brother Abell with the bone of an asse cheke.

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES.

The following may be new to many of our readers:

- 1. You O a O
But I O thec
O O no O
But O O mo
And O let my O
Thy O be:
And give O O
I O thec.

- 2. General BBBB's took his CCCC's into the
3. Take 45 from 45 in such a manner that you may have 45 left.

- 4. 60 set down it matters much which way,
And add a nought to it without delay;
Then 5 must follow at the nought's right hand
Ere you the puzzle, sirs, can understand.
Then Each into four equal parts divide,
And place the first fourth by the other's side;
The sum, if worked correctly, will disclose
The source of half our joys and half our woes.

CHARADES.

- 1. Seven names I have which all belong to me,
Without them what I am I should not be;
The first part of them vary, the ends are all the same.
And when they are united, four letters make my name.
2. I am a word of 11 letters. My 6, 5, 10, 7 is frequently connected with a bottle. My 2, 10, 7 was an extraordinary specimen of naval architecture. My 1, 2, 11, 7 is found by the river side. My 9; 10, 4 graces many a tea table. My 8, 9, 3 is three-sixths of the rame of a celebrated dreamer, and is sometimes sold for a penny. My 1, 2, 10, 7 is commou to dogs and trees, and my whole is a celebrated battlefield.

- 3. My first is a plant very easily found,
If you take but the trouble to search.
My next doth in old and now houses abound,
And often besies in a Church.
My whole has of late caused a deal of dissension
Since churchmen have made it a bone of contusion.

ENIGMA.

From men of ancient days I claim my birth,
Confessed by all when known, of highest worth.
Amongst the rich and great I now am found,
And sooth to say, where rank nor wealth abound.
In distant climes, if you should chance to roam,
Few would without me deem complete their home.
Although I'm hard, I'm easily destroyed,
In deep recesses I am oft employed,
To young and old my scories I lend,
Sages with me their midnight hours oft spend.
On me the painter oft has shewn his skill;
On me the blame is laid of much that's ill;
At times I have been seen to grace the fair;
By savages I'm ranked with jewels rare.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- 1. KLEODCW, one of the United States.
2. A mamstonico (dyvyleu of eb hwdesi.
3. Eesennoice kmsae deswrao fo su la.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES, &c., No. 17.

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Wheat-heat-eat. 2. Glove-love. 3. Rice-ice. 4. Glass-lass-ass.

REBUS.—Madam.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Autobiographer. 2. Illegible. 3. Terraqueous. 4. Valetudinarian.

CHARADES.—Assassin. 2. Belleville.

ENIGMA.—Silence.

The following answers have been received:—

Decapitations.—All, Ellen Amelia, Peter; L. P. C.; H. S. V. St. John's, E. R. A., W. F., Nemo; 1st, and 2nd, Artist; 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, Cobweb.
Rebus.—Artist, Nemo, W. F., E. R. A., H. S. V. St. John's; L. P. C., Ellen Amelia; Peter.
Transpositions.—All, Ellen Amelia, Peter, 2nd and 4th, H. S. V. St. John's, E. R. A., 2nd, Nemo.

Charades.—Both, Nemo; H. S. V., E. R. A., Peter; Ellen Amelia, L. P. C.; 2nd, Rufus.

Enigma.—E. R. A., H. S. V., Nemo, Peter; Ellen Amelia.

The following were received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue: Datty, H.

NOTE.—We acknowledge, or endeavour to do so, all correct answers received, but occasionally a note may be overlooked. We beg to apologise to any of our friends who may not find their solutions acknowledged.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. P. B., SEAFORTH, C. W.—The Problem you lately sent is under examination. Hope to hear from you again soon.

G. G., ST. CATHARINES, C. W.—Will forward the games as soon as possible. Problem No. 53 admits of an easy solution in two moves by playing 1. Kt. to Q. B. 5th (ch.) followed by 2. Q. to K. B. 6th, Mate.

Correct solutions of Problem No. 1 were received too late for acknowledgment last week from "St. Urbain St.," Montreal, "W.," Quebec, and J. F. H., Cobourg.

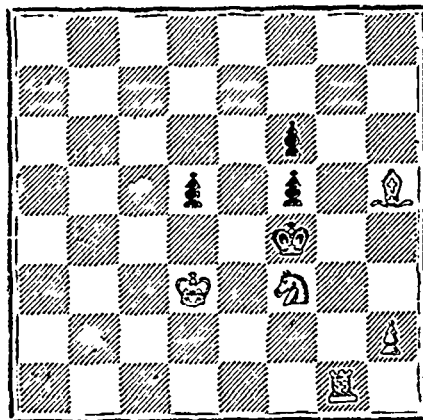
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2.

- WHITE. BLACK.
1. R. to Q. 7th. K. takes R. (best.)
2. Kt. to K. 5th (ch.) K. to K. sq.
3. Kt. to K. Kt. 4th. Anything.
4. Kt. to K. B. 6th. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 4.

By Mr. J. G. CAMPBELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

A sparkling partie between Messrs Andersen and Kieseritzky.

KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

- WHITE. (Mr. A.) BLACK. (Mr. K.)
1 P. to K. 4th. P. to K. 4th.
2 P. to K. B. 4th. P. takes P.
3 B. to Q. B. 4th. P. to K. Kt. 4th.
4 B. takes P. Q. to K. R. 5th (ch.)
5 K. to B. sq. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
6 Kt. to K. B. 3rd. Q. to K. R. 3rd.
7 P. to Q. 3rd. Kt. to K. R. 4th.
8 Kt. to K. R. 4th. P. to Q. B. 3rd.
9 Kt. to K. B. 5th. Q. to R. Kt. 4th.
10 P. to K. Kt. 4th. Kt. to K. B. 3rd.
11 K. to K. Kt. sq. P. takes B.
12 P. to K. R. 4th. Q. to K. Kt. 3rd.
13 P. to K. R. 5th. Q. to K. Kt. 4th.
14 Q. to K. B. 3rd. Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd.
15 B. takes P. Q. to K. B. 3rd.
16 Kt. to Q. B. 3rd. B. to Q. B. 4th.
17 Kt. to Q. 6th. Q. takes Q. Kt. P.
18 B. to Q. 6th. B. takes K.
19 P. to K. 5th. Q. takes K. (ch.)
20 K. to K. 2nd. Kt. to Q. R. 3rd.
21 Kt. takes K. Kt. P. (ch.) K. to Q. sq.
22 Q. to K. B. 5th (ch.) Kt. takes Q.
23 B. to K. 7th. Mate. †

\* Q. to K. R. 5th (ch.) followed by P. to K. Kt. 4th is generally played here.

- † A very good move.
‡ Threatening to win the Queen.
§ Daring, but perfectly sound. If B. takes B. it is mate in four moves.
|| Shutting out the Queen.
‡ Position versus force. A fitting termination to one of the most brilliant games ever played.

Ship.—An extempore island by which earth defeats ocean's attempts to separate men.

Rain.—An indispensable helpmate to the farmer, who demands nothing for his labour.

NEW SOURCE OF ILLUMINATING GAS.—The waste of apples and pears, after the manufacture of cider or perry, has hitherto been, if not a cause of positive inconvenience, a material of little or no use, but it has recently been employed in France in the production of gases for illumination.—Scientific Review.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. A. C., TORONTO.—If the "inclosed peace" for which we are requested to remit "by return of male, wat you think it is worth" were either a little better or a little worse, we would forward you a spelling book per express.

F. B. D.—Remit by registered letter to the publisher, and the READER will be mailed to your address regularly. We do not know how you can better forward the interests of our paper than by using your influence to extend its circulation in your neighbourhood. We have attended to your request in the present number.

PETER.—It cannot be except by changing one of the "u's" into "v." The proposer must have overlooked this—we certainly did.

MARY S.—We regret to say that we cannot publish the stanzas. They are not written with sufficient care.

SOLO.—We are glad to welcome you again, and trust the obnoxious tooth has abandoned its efforts. "Who is Espiegle?" We are not permitted to answer that question; but to your other queries we reply that she is a young lady and a Canadian. We will take an early opportunity of forwarding to her an extract from your letter.

ARTIST.—Perhaps you had better wait until the first is published, which, by the bye, we have been compelled to hold over longer than we intended. We will consider your suggestion, and may possibly act upon it.

J. W. H., MONTREAL.—Whilst on the one hand a number of our correspondents are saying "Give us tales and light reading," others like yourself write "We want solid articles—something to think about," what can we do? Simply use our own judgment.

GRAMMATICUS wishes to know, whether that class of physicians, whose motto is "Similibus similia curantur," should be styled "Homœopaths," or "Homœopathies?" We refer him to the subjoined note of Mr. Tourniquet's.

"Harry Tourniquet is aware that in the jargon of the day, certain medical practitioners are styled 'Homœopaths,' but he rejects the nomenclature, together with the other *malpractices* of the school, he altogether declines to walk in their paths. He has no bigoted attachment to the term 'Homœopathic,' though he has employed it, and it is not contrary to analogy to use the adjective as a substantive in words derived from the Greek, but what grammarian or man of sense would not *trample with scorn* at the idea of calling a pathetic writer a 'path' or what is more to the purpose, a sympathiser a 'sympath?' This suggests the true title, which is 'HOMŒOPATHISER,' a good ore *rotundo sesquipedalian* word; and though 'not at all adapted for my rhymes,' nor exactly an *infinitesimal dose*, it would unquestionably look well on the brazen door-plates of 'the Disciples of Hahnemann.'"

ELLEN G.—We think "Half a Million of Money" will extend through about six or seven more numbers of the READER. "The Family Honour" will increase in interest as the tale progresses.

JAS. H.—The Civil Service Bill is a dead letter, and has been so from the first.

THE MILK SEA.—M. Trebuchet, captain of the French corvette *Capricieuse*, lately witnessed the curious phenomenon so named, about twenty miles south-east of the island Amboyna. The Dutch call it the "winter sea," probably because it resembles fields covered with snow. The observers thought first that it was an optical illusion, caused by the moon's light reflected from the water, but this proved a mistake, as it continued after the moon had set. Captain Trebuchet found the whiteness arose from rings of numerous animalcules, of which he discovered about 200 in four or five litres (about seven English pints) of the sea-water. They were as slender as a hair of a child's head, and adhered to one another endways to the number of twenty, forming little chaplets.

## HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

SUGAR GINGERBREAD.—Three quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, four eggs, a little rosewater, half a cap of yellow ginger, and one pound of flour. Bake it thin.

SEED CAKE.—One cup of butter, two of white sugar, three eggs, half a cup of seeds, and flour enough to make a stiff paste. Roll it very thin, with sugar instead of flour on the board, and cut it in rounds. Bake it about fifteen minutes.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.—Two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter, one cup of milk, two teaspoonful of cream tartar, one of soda, flour enough to make it as stiff as pound cake, and the rind and juice of one lemon. Bake in shallow pans one hour and a quarter.

FOR MAKING WASHING EASY.—To sixteen quarts of rain water add three pounds of sal soda and three-fourths of a pound of unslacked lime. Set it over the fire until it is just warm, then stir it well, and set it away for use. Take one pint of the fluid to two pails of water, and boil the clothes in it. The dirtiest of them will come out white and clean with very little rubbing. There is no danger of rotting the clothes, as it has been thoroughly tested. It is within the reach of all, and costs only two or three pence or so for a common washing.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—Half an ounce of turpentine, one quarter of vinegar, three quarters of an ounce of spirits of wine, half an egg, a quarter of an ounce of camphor, and a dessert-spoonful of mustard. Beat all well together, and apply, night and morning, to any pain, swelling, stiffness, or contraction.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Boys are a good deal like Farina jelly. Just as you mould them, they are likely to turn out.

In the beginning woman consisted of a single rib. Now she is all ribs, from her belt to the rim of her petticoats.

"The happiness of Mr. and Mrs. Moore is very great," said one lady to another; to which reply was made, "When they have a little Moore it will be greater."

CONNELIUS O'DOWD relates that when a great legal authority once at a Bar dinner responded to the toast of "The Navy," on the plea that he had begun life as a midshipman, Lord Brougham attributed his zeal to a mistake, and said he must have thought he was returning thanks for the Bar, and that Navy was spelt with a "K"—knavy.

SCENE: A Railway Station. Railway official (very kindly): "Nice child that ma'am! What age may it be?"—Delighted Mamma: "Only three years and two months."—Railway official (sternly): "Two months over three. Then I shall require half price for it, please."

If any person were to say that Anak is only Anaktor, or Anakrobat, who has Anak of making himself look bigger than other people, or that, being like the giants who, we are told, lived long ago, he is a perfect Anakronism in these days, would such a statement afford matter for Anak-tion at law?

TAKE ADVICE.—An old gentleman who, many years ago, used to frequent one of the coffee-houses where physicians most did congregate, being unwell, thought he might make so free as to steal an opinion concerning his case. Accordingly, he one day took an opportunity of asking Dr. Mutt, who sat in the same box with him, what he should take for such a complaint. "I'll tell you," said the doctor, sarcastically; "you should take advice."

IT DOESN'T SUIT HIS "PALETTE."—A hard-up portrait-painter complains that there is no chance for his craft, now that the sun is made to take likenesses. He says, however much others may praise the invention of sun-pictures, he considers it as decidedly hostile to the painter's calling. It is, in fact, he declares, the *foe-to-graphic-art!*

KILLING comes natural, half the places in Ireland begin with kill. There is Killboy (for all Irishmen are called boys); and what is still more ungallant, there is Killbride; Killbaron, after the landlords; Killbarrack, after the English soldiers; Killcrow for the navy; Killbritain, for the English proprietors; Killcool, for deliberate murder; Killmore, if that's not enough; and last, though not least, Killpatrick.

THAT Johnny is listening again! He says he supposes dwarfs couldn't get enough to eat when they were young, so they went *short*; but giants must have been better fed, because he cannot think how they could be kept *long* without food. He wouldn't be.

ONE English playwright is said to have written to another as follows:—"Dear Bob,—You really must show more caution in constructing your plots, or the governor will be sure to discover the body of Geraldine in the cellar, and then your secret will be out. You consulted me about the strychnine. I certainly think you are giving it to him in rather large doses. Let Emily put her mother in a mad-house. It will answer your purpose well to have the old girl out of the way. I think your forgery is for too small a sum. Make it three thousand. Leave the rest of your particularly nice family circle to me. I will finish them off, and send you back the 'fatal dagger' afterwards by book-post. Yours, &c."

DEFINITION OF A BLUSH.—A writer in the *Medical Gazette* gives the following lucid explanation of the phenomenon of a lady's blush:—"The mind communicates with the central ganglion; the latter, by inflex action through the brain and facial nerve, with the organic nerves in the face, with which its branches inosculate." The explanation beats Dr. Johnson's celebrated definition of network; "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections."

SOMETHING LIKE A TORNADO.—The late tornado in Minnesota, according to a local paper, kicked up some queer pranks. It blew eight oxen over a river eight hundred yards wide. It took all the water out of a pond, carried it a mile, and then set it down on Mayor Doran's farm in the shape of a small lake. It blew a man's boots off. Another man's coat was not only blown short, but actually buttoned from top to bottom. One old lady went up like a balloon, was carried two and a half miles, and finally landed astride a telegraph wire, where she was found by her grandson, and relieved by a ladder.

A "BARBAROUS CONCLUSION" (by our own hair-dresser).—Why is Macassar oil like a chief in the Fenian conspiracy?—Because it's a *head centre* (scenter)?

A MR. N. was about completing the sale of a horse which he was very anxious to dispose of, when a little urchin appeared, who innocently inquired, "Grandpa, which hoss you goin' to sell: dat one you build a fire under to make him d-r-a-w?" The bargain was at an end.

WHERE'S THE ADVANTAGE?—"Ah? here you are, my good fellow; how d'ye do? Upon my honour, it does my heart good to see you once more! How's your family and your wife? we havn't seen her for a long time—when is she coming down to see my wife?"—"I am quite well I thank you; but, indeed sir, you have the advantage."—"Advantage! my good fellow—what advantage?"—"Why, really, sir, I do not know you!"—"Know me! well, I don't know you; where in the world is the advantage?"

A CHALLENGE.—A little fop, conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman, who ventured to give him some wholesome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance, and said, "Sir, you are no gentleman! Here is my card—consider yourself challenged. Should I be from home when you honour me with a call, I shall leave word with a friend to settle all the preliminaries to your satisfaction." To which the other replied, "Sir, you are a donkey! Here is my card—consider your *nose pulled*. And should I not be at home when you call on me, you will find I have left orders with my servant to show or kick you into the street for your impudence."