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THE SATURDAY READER.

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FIVE CENTS.

CONTENTS.

SHAKSPERIAN HYGIENE.	BURIED IN THE SEA (Poetry).
CANADIAN LEGAL LITERATURE.	HOW I MADE A FORTUNE IN WALL STREET, AND HOW I GOT MARRIED.
LITERARY GOSSIP.	THE DOCTOR AND SOPHY. FOR THE LITTLE ONES.
LIST OF NEW BOOKS.	PASTIMES.
THE FAMILY HONOUR.	CHESS.
GHOSTS, WIZARDS, AND WITCHES.	TO CORRESPONDENTS.
GLIMPSES OF OLD TIMES.	WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.
CHRONOS (Poetry).	
A SLIDING PARTY.	

Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,
"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."
TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY READER FROM
THE FRENCH OF PAUL FEVAL.

SHAKSPERIAN HYGIENE.

NOT BY ANY-MAN.

"Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly.—*Merry Wives of Windsor.*"

YOUR correspondent V. says it is not absolutely impossible that William Shakspeare was an attorney's clerk, and he has given us a very interesting paper, illustrative of Shakspeare's knowledge of legal terms and practice. All readers of Shakspeare, specially those learned in the law, must have been amazed, not only at the number of his juridical phrases and forensic allusions, but by the accuracy and propriety with which they are introduced. "We cannot argue with confidence on the principles which would guide us to safe conclusions respecting ordinary men, when we are reasoning, respecting one of whom it was truly said :—

"Each change of many coloured life he drew
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;
Existence saw him spin her bounded reign,
And pausing time toiled after him in vain."

The idea of Shakspeare being a lawyer's clerk was first suggested by Chalmers, and has since been countenanced by Malone and others. Payne Collier, than whom there has been no one amongst the editors of Shakspeare who has treated his author with more reverence, is strongly inclined to the belief that the author of Hamlet was employed some years in engrossing deeds, serving writs, and making out bills of costs. Payne Collier referred the matter to the late Lord Campbell, and in a very delightful book, entitled "Shakspeare's Legal Acquirements," he says :

"Were an issue tried before me, as Chief Justice at the Warwick Assizes, 'Whether William Shakspeare, late of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman, ever was clerk in an attorney's office in Stratford-upon-Avon aforesaid,' I should hold that there is evidence to go the jury in support of the affirmative; but I should add that the evidence is very far from being conclusive. . . . The probability is (particularly if the trial were by a special jury of Fellows of the Society of Antiquarians) that after they had been some hours in deliberation, I should receive a message from them, 'There is no chance of our agreeing, and therefore we wish to be discharged.'"

It has been suggested that Shakspeare, during his first years in London, may have dined at the ordinary in Alsatia, where he may have had a daily surfeit of the law—if, with his universal thirst for knowledge, he had any desire to drink deeply at this muddy fountain. It is thus described by honest old Decker, (1609) :

"There is another ordinary at which your London usurer, your stale bachelor, and your

thrifty attorney do resort; the price threepence; the rooms as full of company as a jail; and indeed divided into several wards, like the beds of a hospital. . . . If they chance to discourse, it is of nothing but of statutes, bonds, recognizances, fines, recoveries, audits, rents, subsidies, sureties, enclosures, liveries, indictments, outlawries, feoffments, judgments, commissions, bankrupts, amercements, and of such horrible matter."

In such company a willing listener might soon make great progress in law. Shakspeare was conversant with all sorts and conditions of men. His genius was unbounded, consequently, he might have acquired knowledge even from conversation, which would have required a special study with others not so richly gifted.

Some have supposed Shakspeare a schoolmaster; if so, would he not have a little respect for the cloth? In all his dramas we have but three schoolmasters, and he makes them all exceedingly ridiculous. Holofernes in "Love's Labour's Lost," is laughed at for his pedantry and bad verses; Sir Hugh Evans in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," who, although in holy orders, has not yet learned the English language; lastly, Pinch, in the "Comedy of Errors," who unites the bad qualities of a pedagogue and a conjurer.

The butcher theory we will leave to those who have no divinity to shape their ends, and not mechanical handicraft to point a skewer.

It is to be remembered that Shakspeare is satirically severe upon the profession of the law, and may it not be argued from thence that he was not a member of the profession? In "Henry VI," act 4, in the scene between Jack Cade and his coadjutors, occurs the following :

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.
Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment being scribbled o'er should undo a man? Some say the bee stings; but I say it is the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since.

Sir John Falstaff's banter with the Lord Chief Justice does not smack of reverence—his sole object is to turn him into ridicule, and admirably he succeeds.

"God give your lordship good time of day; I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship though not clean past your youth hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish for the saltness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to a reverend care of your health."

Again, when Falstaff is arrested, at the suit of Dame Quickly, he gains his discharge with the consent of the Chief Justice, by saying to his lordship—

"My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says up and down the town that her eldest son is like you."

Look, what a butt he makes of Mr. Justice Shallow during his visit to him in Gloucestershire; and how he anticipates the fun of recapitulating, at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, all Shallow's absurdities and eccentricities :

"I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Henry in continual laughter. The wearing out of six fashions (which is four terms or two actions) and he shall laugh without intervallums."

Again, at Menenius, in "Coriolanus," who is made the vehicle of satire to the judges :

"You wear out a good wholesome forenoon in hearing a cause between an orange wife and a posset seller, and rejoin the controversy of three pence to a day of audience. When you are hearing a matter between party and party, if you chance to be pinched with the colic, you make faces like nummers . . . dismiss the controversy more entangled by your hearing; all the peace you make in the cause is, calling both the parties knaves."

The speculations as to Shakspeare's profession are harmless, and afford a little literary recreation. I am not going to combat the opinions

of an attorney, and doubtless he has already considered me tiresome, and is inclined to say with King-Lear

"This is nothing, fool."

If so, I can but give him the rejoinder.

"Then 'tis like the breath of an unsee'd lawyer—you gave me nothing for it."

Why may Shakspeare not have been a sailor? It has been shewn most conclusively that Shakspeare's knowledge of seamanship must have been the result of the most accurate personal observation, or, what is perhaps more difficult, of the power of combining and applying the information derived from others—

The boatswain in the "Tempest" delivers himself in the true vernacular style of the forecastle.

Lord Mulgrave supposes that Shakspeare must have acquired this technical knowledge by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of the time. He adds, "no books had then been published on the subject."

Was he a gardener? in "Winter's Tale," act iv., scene 3, occurs the following :

Perdita.—Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers of the season

Are our carnations, and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Polixenes. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Perdita. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their pinedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Polixenes. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we
marry

A gentler scion to the wildest stock;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itself is nature.

Perdita. So it is.

Polixenes.—Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Perdita. * * * Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer—

O, Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that I righted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

A chapter on Shakspeare's flowers I might give you at no distant day—the very thought of them is cheering amidst this long winter snow.

My present object is to show that Shakspeare, who has left no subject untouched, and truly, "nullum quod tetigit non ornavit," has scattered through his plays scraps of medical experience of equal truth and wisdom with anything science can teach us. A few of the Hygienic maxims or rules of health I subjoin.

First, then, we have the important functions of the stomach in the animal economy, accurately sketched in the fable of the Belly and the Members, in "Coriolanus." The stomach thus replies to the rebellious limbs :—

"True it is, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon: and fit it is;
Because I am the store-house and the shop
Of the whole body: But, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,

Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain;
And through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live."

(This passage is the more remarkable as it was written before the discovery of the circulation of the blood by Harvey. I may be pardoned the following digression from "Hygein," to express my wonder and admiration at Shakspeare's distinctly defining the principle of gravitation long before Sir Isaac Newton was born,—as it applies to the earth.—In "Troilus and Cressida" we find,

"Time, force, and death
Do to this body what extremity they can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is, as the very centre of the earth
Drawing all things to it."

Hercin is the "apprehension like a god," approaching inspiration.)

And now, the often quoted—

"May good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both;"^a

rather than

"A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
Which would increase his evil;"^b

at the same time remembering, that

"Nature's with little pleased, enough's a feast. And truly, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing;"^c

While, as regards intemperance in strong drinks, well may we say with Cassio,—

"Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths,
To steal away their brains!"^d

Or, with Cæsar,—

"Its monstrous labour when I wash my brain,
And it grows fouler;"^e

Diseases are, indeed, the interest paid for pleasures, or, rather, perhaps, for excesses,—more particularly those of the table; and too many of us, sooner or later, learn by experience, that

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us;"^f

How often is the wealthy gourmand, e'en though

"Epicurean cooks
Sharpen with cloyless sauce the appetite—" ^g

tempted to exclaim—

"Will Fortune never come with both hands full?
She either gives a stomach and no food;
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not;"^h

The influence of the mind on the digestive functions did not escape the all-observing eye of our poet. Thus he makes Henry VIII., in giving Cardinal Wolsey the schedule of his ill-gotten wealth, say:

"Read o'er this, (giving him papers)
And after, this; and then to breakfast, with
What appetite you have."

Nor is the "green and yellow melancholy" of her who "never told her love" to be regarded as a metaphorical or poetic fiction.

How beautifully does the poet apostrophise sleep and its blessings:

"O Sleep; O, gentle Sleep; Innocent Sleep!"ⁱ
"Sleep that unknots the ravel'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life; sore labour's bath;
Balm of hurt minds; great nature's second course;
Chief nourisher in life's feast;"^j

"O, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh mine eyelids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great
With all appliances and means to boot;"^k

The benefit of early rising we may learn even from the facetious Sir Toby Belch, for, says he,

"Not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes:
and 'dileculo surgere saluberrimum est,' thou knowest;"^l

Whilst the value and necessity of exercise and of active exertion in promoting sleep—the poor man's best friend—are shown in such passages as these:

"Weariness can snore upon the flint, while resty
Finds the down pillow hard,"^m

Rarely indeed are the indolent and luxurious

"As fast locked up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones;"ⁿ

"The wretched slave
Gets him to rest, cram'd with distressful bread,
Nor sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phoebus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium;"^o

"Happy low, lie down!
Enjoy the honey-heavy drow of slumber!
Thou hast no figures and no fantasies
That busy care draws in the brains of men;"^p
"Do not omit the heavy offer of it,
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth
It is a comforter;"^q

In truth, compared with such medicine as healthful exercise, "the most sovereign prescription in Galen is but empiricute, and to this preservative of no better repute than a horse drench;"^r so, that he who makes good use of it, may almost say, "I will make a lip at the physician," and is half disposed to say with Macbeth,

"Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it!"
"Out loathed medicine, hated poison hence!"^t

Each of us becoming more or less his own doctor, and proving that

"The labour we delight in physics pain;"^u

That excessive exercise of the mind is injurious to the body, impairing the activity of the nutritive processes, is seen constantly in the lean, wan and shrivell'd aspect of hard students,

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."

Shakspeare did not overlook the fact, when he makes Cæsar say

"Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek headed men, and such as sleep o' nights
You Cassius has a lean and hungry look:
He thinks too much;"^v

Overtasking the mind, like over exertion of the body, tends to the premature decay, and not seldom to the exhaustion and overthrow of its powers; many melancholy instances of which have been exhibited, more especially among literary enthusiasts.

Look at the poet's intimate knowledge of the innate qualities and apparent states of the human mind. The case is a medical one, and his analysis of it is so clear, and so concise, that one of the Presidents of the College of Physicians, in a lecture to that body, introduced it, to illustrate his own discourse upon insanity, as an exemplary definition of that disease. It is the scene where Hamlet rebukes his mother for her marriage with his uncle, and she charges him with being in ecstasies.

Queen. "This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in."

Hamlet. "Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I'll matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from."

Can anything be more definite or lucid on the subject?

"Of all poets (observes the eminent German critic Schlegel), perhaps Shakspeare alone has portrayed the mental diseases,—melancholy, delirium, lunacy, with such inexpressible, and, in every respect, definite truth, that the physician may enrich his observations from them in the same manner as from real cases."

And when we remember that "foolish fond old man, fourscore and upward," who feared he was not in his perfect mind: can we not fervently offer up the prayer, when we, like Othello, get "perplexed in the extreme,"

"Oh let me not be mad; not mad, sweet Heaven
Keep me in temper: I would not be mad;"^w

It will, alas, be vain to enquire of the physician in the striking language of Macbeth:

Can'st thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of the perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart?"

or why, a young maid's wit should be as mortal as an old man's life? OPHELIA.

^a Macbeth. ^b Coriolanus. ^c Merchant of Venice. ^d Othello. ^e and ^g Antony and Cleopatra. ^f Lear. ^h ⁱ and ^k Henry IV. part 2. ^j Macbeth. ^l Twelfth Night. ^m and ⁿ Measure for Measure. ^o Henry V. ^p Julius Cæsar. ^q Tempest. ^r and ^s Coriolanus. ^t and ^u Midsummer Night's Dream. ^v Julius Cæsar. ^w Lear.

CANADIAN LEGAL LITERATURE.

A late number of the "Upper Canada Law Journal," notices the publication of "The Magistrates' Manual," by John McNab; "The Office and Duties of Coroners," by William Boys, L.L.B. Harrison and O'Brien's "Digest of Upper Canada Reports;" and announces the following as being in press: "A Handy Book of Commercial Law for Upper Canada," by Robert Sullivan, M.A.; a Treatise on the Law and Practice in Ejectment, by R. Snelling, LL.D.; and Division Court Acts, Rules and Forms; with notes, practical and explanatory, by Henry O'Brien. All these important works are from the press of the well-known law publishers, W. C. Chewett & Co., Toronto.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

There is a rumour that Miss Braddon will ere long appear as the editor of a new magazine, the title of which has not yet been decided upon.

"OUR OWN CASUAL" of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has been immortalized, and his narrative turned into doggerel verse, in the shape of a threepenny ballad of thirty-four stanzas, each ending with the word *Workhouse*. Take the description of the bath:—

The water looked like mutton broth;
A nasty smell came issuing forth;
But luckily a cleanly cloth
They lent me in the Workhouse.

Miss Isa Craig is said to be the editor of the *Argosy*, which is published in London and New York by the Messrs. Strahan.

The *Basilogia*, the celebrated book of portraits, by Pass, which, about twenty years ago, was sold at an auction, at Canterbury, for two shillings and sixpence, has just been re-sold for £300.

M. PONSON DU TERRAIL, a French novelist, has been condemned, in Paris, to pay a fine of one thousand francs, for having made his landlord figure in one of his works under his real name, GRAPILLARD. He has repealed against the sentence.

The lovers of aerial navigation, in Paris, intend to publish a journal called *L'Aéroscope*. Nothing but the lightest literature will, of course, be received.

Mrs. Alfred Gatty, the English writer, whose various tales are so well known and appreciated, projects a monthly magazine, to be edited by herself, and illustrated by herself and her daughters.

The old report that Mr. Tennyson is busily engaged upon a classical subject has been revived. Some four years since a similar statement was put in circulation which was gradually varied until the poem in preparation was said to relate "a very early period of British history." The coming poem, as in the case of "Enoch Arden," will not improbably be on a very different subject from that guessed at.

Old usages of modern slang words turn up in unexpected quarters sometimes. Most of us think that the word *jolly* in the sense of *very extremely*, is of recent date; but in a serious theological work of two hundred years ago—John Trapp's "Commentary on the Old and New Testament" (London, 1656-57)—we read: "All was *jolly* quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither." We have heard the same phrase from a schoolboy's mouth, applied to a maiden aunt's tea-party. Trapp's Commentary is a great favourite of Mr. Spurgeon's.

The total number of new books published in England during the past year, 1865, is summed up as comprising 4,952 titles. Of these 4,496 are original additions to the previously existing stock of literature. They include several books destined to a lasting place in public estimation, as Mr. Grote's "Socrates and Plato," J. S. Mill's "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy;" Palgrave's "Travels in Arabia," Lecky's "History of the Progress of Rationalism in Europe," Smiles' "Lives of Boulton and Watt," and many others.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Guthrie. Man and the Gospel. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "The Gospel in Ezekiel," &c., &c. London; Strahan; Montreal: R. Worthington, 30 Gt. St. James Street.
- The Adventures of Baron Munchausen. A new and revised edition, with an Introduction by T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A. Illustrated by Gustave Doré, One 4to vol. London: Cassells; Montreal: R. Worthington, Great St. James Street.
- Just published, this day, "The Biglow Papers." By James Russell Lowell, complete in one vol. Paper covers, uniform with Artemus Ward." Illustrated. Printed on fine paper. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Just published, *Second edition* of "The Advocate," a novel. By Charles Heaysege, author of "Saul," "Jephthah's Daughter," &c. Cheap Paper Cover edition, 50 cents; Cloth, \$1.25; Gilt, \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid. By Professor C. Piazzi Smyth, F.R.S.S.L. & E., &c. With Photograph, Map, and Plates. London edition, \$2.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Simple Truths for Earnest Minds. By Norman Macleod, D.D., one of Her Majesty's Chaplains. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Millais's Illustrations. A collection of eighty beautiful engravings on wood. By John Everett Millais, R.A. 1 vol., large 4to. London: Strahan & Co. \$5.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Parables of our Lord, read in the Light of the Present Day. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 1 vol., sq. 12mo. Gilt top. With Illustrations by Millais. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Theology and Life. Sermons chiefly on special occasions. By E. H. Plumtre, M.A. London. 16mo. \$1.50. Montreal: R. Worthington.
- Bushnell. The Vicarious Sacrifice, Grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation. By Horace Bushnell, D.D. 12mo. A new English Edition. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Angels' Song. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "Gospel in Ezekiel," &c. 32mo. 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Words for February. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sunday Magazine for February. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Magic Mirror. A round of Tales for Old and Young. By William Gilbert, author of "De Profundis," &c., with eighty-four Illustrations. By W. S. Gilbert. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The North-west Passage by Land. Being the narrative of an Expedition from the Atlantic to the Pacific. By Viscount Milton, M.P., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., &c., and W. B. Cheadle, M.A., M.D., Cantab, F.R.G.S. London. Cassell, Petter and Galpin. 8vo. Beautifully Illustrated. \$5.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Good Words for 1865. In one handsome octavo volume, with numerous Illustrations. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Sunday Magazine for 1865. One large octavo volume with numerous Illustrations. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Jamieson. The Complete Works of Mrs. Jamieson, in ten neat 16mo. vols. A new edition, just published. The only uniform one published. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Student's English Dictionary. One vol. 814 pages. Illustrated. London: Blackie & Son. 1865. \$2.63.
- Hesperus and other Poems. By Charles Sangster, Author of New St. Lawrence and Saguenay, &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Robertson. Sermons and Expositions. By the late John Robertson, D.D., of Glasgow Cathedral. With Memoir of the Author. By the Rev. J. G. Young, Monisth. 12mo. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Dr. Marigold's Prescription. By Charles Dickens. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Kingsley. Hereward, the last of the English. By Charles Kingsley, author of "Two Years Ago," etc. 12mo. pp. iv., 397. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Cl. \$2. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. P., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, Cloth binding, \$6.00; in half Calf Extra, \$9.00.
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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 405, Vol. 1.

CHAPTER XXXII. THE WANDERER.

"Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him
Who giveth, upbraiding not,
That his light in thy heart become not dim,
Nor his love be e'er forgot;
And thy God in the darkest of days shall be
Greenness, and beauty, and strength to thee."
BARNARD BARTON.

Leaving the household at Austwicke for a time, and Mysie Grant settled at her school, we will track out the career of Norman from the night that he left Mr. Hope's roof, and went forth, lashed by his own excited feelings, and Marian's well-meant words.

He was in the mood that prompts to extreme physical exertion, and he walked through the western suburb of London, hardly conscious of wind or rain beating on him, and never pausing until he reached Charing Cross, and so on to Westminster Bridge.

All who remember the old bridge know that the balustrade on either side was intersected by a series of semicircular alcoves, or recesses, in most of which there were seats. Oh, what destitution and weariness, what loneliness, famine, and despair have coiled up in those dreary gaps to rest awhile, shrunk aside from the busy thread of the active and hopeful, the successful and the gay, to weep, or curse—or, for human woe and virtuous poverty jostle with guilt—to pray!

It was difficult to say to what class the rash boy belonged, whose rush through the wild night was brought to a halt in the centre alcove. His clothes were soon so saturated with the rain that they impeded his walking. He felt neither cold nor weariness; but he flung himself down on the stone seat, put his elbows on his knees, and holding his head in his hands, almost doubled himself up. He rocked himself backwards and forwards, as he crouched, with the animal instinct of self-preservation; for now that he was no longer rushing on, the chill of his wet garments benumbed him. But his collapse was not destined to be of long duration; for some sudden alteration in the surrounding room struck on his closed eyelids. He raised his head, and saw before him, on the Surrey side of the bridge, a glare of light. A column of flame shot up, and then burst abroad in a vast glow; the clouds caught the reflection, and carcered in crimson and amber masses over the stormy sky.

Suddenly the silence—the brief, impressive silence of early winter morning in London—was broken. There were distant shouts and cries, the rush of feet, the rumble of fire-engines, the hoarse murmur of a gathering crowd, soon to deepen into a roar.

Norman sprang to his feet, and was with the first group of policemen and stragglers that rushed over the bridge towards the fire. It was a great soap-boiler's and candle-maker's, in a street near the river; and the flames, from the nature of the material that fed them, spread so rapidly, that the greatest fears were entertained for the dwellers in a crowded hive of little streets surrounding the great factory. As the blazing tallow, spouting from the windows of the building, ran along the gutters, and leaped in flames upon the adjacent houses, the shrieks, noise, and bewildering glare, the hissing of the torrents of water from the engines, the smoke, the steam, the uproar, were all for some time so confusing, that the boy never knew he was both shouting and working his best in the general *mêlée*. He helped the distracted people, who, in frantic haste, had risen from their beds to fly for their lives, carrying whatever, at the moment, they could lay their hands on of their household gear; mostly, indeed, it was little children that were snatched up in the agony of terror, and borne off. Norman had helped in this fight for dear life till, in a lull of the tumult, as he was leaving a school-room, that had been opened to receive the women and children, his arm was suddenly caught hold of by a woman, who was covered up in a patchwork quilt, and who held a writing-desk and a book in her hand.

"Oh, dear! there's nobody helps me. I've

been calling to you. Won't you help me? I'm lame and—"

Norman was hurrying past, but the words "I'm lame," arrested him. He thought in a moment of Mr. Hope; and turning to the woman, he took the desk from her hand, and suffered her to cling to his arm as she cried—

"You won't leave me; you mustn't leave me, there's a dear, good youth! Pray don't till I get to my friends. I'm so—so weak. Pray help me."

"Yes, yes; I am helping you; but where do you want to go?"

"Oh, only just beyond Lambeth Walk, my good soul."

"Where's that?"

"What! don't you know Lambeth Walk?"

"I'm a stranger."

The woman paused and looked at him keenly a moment. Her manner altered, as she said rather differentially—

"I really, in my terror this awful night, mistook you for one of the people hereabouts. Ah! my dear young gentleman, I've not always lived in this neighbourhood. No, no. In the late Mr. Fitzwalter's time—"

"Make haste; pray make haste. I may still be of use there," said Norman, looking back, as he spoke, to the scene they had left.

"My dear young gentleman," she said, fawningly. "you could do no more than help the helpless, and I'm sure I'm helpless enough."

But the youth, like many more, liked the bustle and excitement what seemed more active effort. This creeping along by the side of a half crippled woman might be duty, but it was not duty exactly in the aspect that he liked. You and I, reader, often try to choose our duties.

"I must rest, my good sir; I must, indeed," she continued. "Oh, dear! I never thought that I—an officer's daughter—that I should have to suffer such hardships."

"Hardship! It would have been worse if you had not escaped," replied the youth, bluntly.

"No doubt—no doubt."

She sat down on the step of a door, and Norman saw that she was carrying a large book under her arm.

"Let me take your book," he said, relieving her of it, and regarding her with increased respect; for from the size and bulk he felt sure it was a family Bible, and his training at Mr. Hope's had given him the habit of reverence for the Book of books. After some minutes' waiting they resumed their walk.

The fire was certainly by this time abating; for it grew darker, and the spars and gables showed Norry the dirty and broken pavement before miserable dwellings. As the excitement which had for a second time that dreary winter morning spurred him on began to ebb, the boy was conscious of a creeping chill spreading over him—of the keen craving, too, of hunger. The light desk and book fagged him, to say nothing of the drag of his companion on his arm. He was a strong lad, but the last eight hours of emotion and fatigue, added to the previous day's activities, began to make him feel more weary and miserable than he had ever felt before in his life. His companion noticed that he flagged, and saw in the gleams of the lamps they passed that his face, naturally thin and dark, was haggard.

"Dear me! are you tired? Have you hurt yourself lifting anything?"

"Oh, no—thank you," he answered, hastily, unwilling to own, even to himself, that he really was nearly spent. "Have we far to go?"

"We're just there."

In a few minutes they came to a row of houses, with weed-grown, melancholy patches of garden ground before them. Entering the broken gate of one of these, and knocking loudly at the door, they waited for admittance, apparently in vain. The sleep of the inmates was sound; and, shivering on the step, Norman knocked again and again, and failed to rouse them. At least twenty minutes had been so passed when a window was opened at the next house, and a man, with an oath, bade them not make "such a row!" Whether it was his rough voice, or the wail of an infant awakened from sleep in another house, that roused the occupants of No. 5, the two shi-

vering applicants had at length the satisfaction of seeing the first-floor window, open, and a shaggy, grey head appear, while a husky voice inquired, angrily—

"Who's there?"

"Lavinia."

"Livy! Why, what's up now?"

"Let me in; I'm perishing."

"The more fool you," growled the man, as shutting the window and getting a light, he came down-stairs, with heavy tread and muttered grumbings.

The door was opened, and the woman, with an hysterical sob, made her way through a door off the passage into a little front room, dingy at all times, but now looking perfectly desolate by the feeble light of the tallow candle.

"I'm burnt out, Major."

To Norman's surprise, the man burst into a loud laugh, saying—

"And how could that hurt you, Livy? You do look queer." Observing her drapery of patchwork quilt, he touched it, and said, "You're that bit of property the richer, I should suppose."

He was about to add something more, when he caught the astonished and indignant expression of Norman's face, and restrained himself exclaiming—

"Burnt out, Mrs. Fitzwalter! Indeed! I'm so glad you're safe that I don't know what I'm saying."

Norman set the desk down on the table, and the book slipped from his weary arm on to the floor.

"I'll pick up the Bible," exclaimed the youth, recovering it, and laying it on the desk.

"The Bible! eh, Livy?" inquired the man.

Mrs. Fitzwalter laid her hand on the cover of the book, and with a peculiar look, said—

"This young gentleman has rescued me. Major, for dear life, let's have a bit of fire; I can't keep a limb of me still."

At that instant Norman startled them by uttering a sharp cry. They both looked at him. He was drawing his hand out of his pocket, and, with pallid lips, as if speaking in a dream, he said—

"It's gone!"

"What?"

"My purse."

He sat down, sick and giddy from exhaustion; and as the room swam round, closed his eyes a minute. They thought he had fainted, but he never lost consciousness. He heard the interchange of inquiries; he even felt the hands of the two making casual search in his pockets, as they unbuttoned his collar and raised his head. In a few minutes, he started to his feet, and began to apologize, with a sort of angry shame, for his weakness. One thing struck him as strange: Mrs. Fitzwalter, on throwing off her patchwork outer garment, was by no means uncomfortably clad, though in rather shabby black. Indeed, her appearance was a contrast to the litter of pipes, newspapers, slippers, that were spread over and under the rickety chairs of the room; the crustaceous remains of a supper of oysters forming a kind of rockery on the table.

Civily asking him to sit down, which, despite his assurances that "nothing ailed him," Norman was fain to do, the two left him alone, the woman carrying her desk and book with her. He heard them calling Susan; and in a short time one of the scraggiest and briskest of little London servants entered, her hair bristling with dirt and hurry, and her keen eyes, furtively glancing at him, as she raked the ashes hastily and made the fire. How quick and how dirty the little frame of bones was! How she swept away the oyster shells, wiped down the table with her smutty apron, and, returning in an instant brought back a tray with an extraordinary variety of cracked cups and saucers, a pungent odour of spirits meanwhile prevailing the house, to the instant perception of Norman's olfactory, rendered acute by hunger! He watched the girl, gloomily thinking of his lost purse and bundle. He had now nothing but what he stood upright in, and not a penny in the world.

That wonderful half-crown which figures so conspicuously as the commencement of the fortunes of many millionaires, and is, consequently, so much an article of belief in the creed of

inexperience—neither that coin or any other was Norman's. He was all at once a beggar. He raised his head, and his nostrils quivered a moment, as he muttered to himself—

"I'm no beggar—unless I beg. I shall not do that! I'll die first!" A little piece of youthful heroics that by no means stilled the hungry craving that clutched his vitals. "I'll tell these people," he said, "that I am destitute."

The entrance of a curious combination of viands red herrings, fried bacon, and a smoking loaf, just obtained from an early bakehouse—put a stop to the youth's meditations. He was asked to partake of their fare. With his head erect he sat down with them, and learned from their conversation that Mrs. Fitzwalter's loss that might had been terrific—"a great quantity of most beautiful and valuable household furniture—trinkets that she had kept through all her troubles—and not a penny of insurance to cover the loss." As they were so communicative to him, and he felt so sorry for the distress that Mrs. Fitzwalter suffered, he was led to reply frankly to their questions about himself and his loss. The sum in his purse was so small, that his host said—

"Oh, it's well it's no worse. Your friends will make that trifle up."

"It was my all, and I—I have no friends—that is, none I can trouble just now."

"Then, where do you live?"

"Oh, I'm in search of some employment."

His entertainers exchanged glances, and "Livy," as the Major called her, said, putting her head aside in a most sympathetic attitude—

"Oh, my young friend, my preserver, say—have you now—have you clandestinely left the parental roof? Confide in us—pray."

"I have no parents. I can't tell you anything more than this—I have to get my own living, and I want work."

"What work have you been used to?"

"Oh, writing; I could be a clerk."

"Writing!" they both said in a breath, and then were silent.

Meanwhile, Norman, as breakfast was over, rose, and, thanking them, was about to leave, but his youthful strength had been sorely over-tasked; he was drowsy, chilly, and ill. His teeth chattered as if he was stricken with an ague fit as he was bidding them farewell; and their offer that he should lie down and rest, he was powerless to refuse. He was shown up-stairs to a little nook of a room in the roof, where, on a dirtier mattress and a more grimy floor than he had ever seen, he was fain to lie down. For one whole week after, he did not rise from that bed, or take anything but some weak tea, or black barley water that Susan made him.

But he got better, after the rigour of the attack had spent itself, and that quickly.

One most perplexing trouble awaited his recovery—he had no clothes to wear! Susan came to him with a note from Mrs. Fitzwalter, neatly written, in which she eloquently deplored "the great misfortune that had befallen her at the fire, and stated that the deep distress consequent thereon had made her so destitute that she had been obliged to raise money on his garments to procure him medicine and necessaries; but that her brother, Major Sutcliffe, would cheerfully lend him what clothes he could spare." She added, "that, as she had a large circle of connections to whom she required to make known her trouble, and as her health had been dreadfully shaken, so soon as her young friend felt able to use a pen, she would be obliged by his doing some writing for her—it would save her having to employ a stranger." There was something that touched Norry's lonely heart in not being considered a stranger. He had yearned, in that short, sharp illness, for the dear ones he had left, with an intensity of love and grief he had never known before; and it seemed as if he was not utterly adrift when this spar was thrown out to him; it was something to lay hold of.

So, in a day or two afterwards, the youth was in a costume that had the most comical effect. A tattered, flowered dressing-gown, whose original yellow and crimson was diversified with some green patches, and a tarnished buff waistcoat, and rusty black continuations, in which

garb he was so swaddled by their all being three or four times too wide for him, that his gaunt limbs looked like a pair of cross sticks in an old clothes shop, used to exhibit tatterdemalion garments. His hair had (very unnecessarily, as he secretly thought) been cut close while he was ill, and he could not forbear starting back with vexation and amazement when he surveyed himself in a bit of cracked looking-glass, after making his grotesque toilet. A more miserable, and, at the same time, ludicrous object was never seen. He was so ashamed to show himself, that he sat down, utterly disconsolate, on the mattress. However, he had to bear his humiliation; and it was certainly some consolation that neither Mrs. Fitzwalter nor her brother seemed inclined to laugh at him. He tottered down to a chair, had a desk—the very desk rescued from the fire—put before him, and was required to copy certain long letters to Mrs. Fitzwalter's friends, containing, as he thought, rather florid descriptions of the fire, and the loss it had inflicted.

He seemed to have been away many years from the cottage at Kensington. He was at work, it is true—doing something for the bread he ate, and the trouble he had given; but wrapped up so grotesquely, that he seemed, in losing his clothes and his money, to have lost his identity.

"Can it really be only ten days since I left them? Am I not in a dream?" he asked himself. No, it was all real: and he began, in a few days, to be rather curious about his employers; he caught himself thinking "Is that low man really a major?"

"Is the man really a major?" was a very natural question, for Norman was not ignorant of the gradations of rank in the army. He had known an old sea captain at Kensington, a very rough specimen of humanity; but in all the roughness of the veteran there was the unmistakable trace of gentlemanly manners and feeling. But this major was vulgar—a coarse dictatorial, gormandizing creature, given up to low pleasures. The postman was a very frequent visitor at the house; and Mrs. Fitzwalter seemed to have no small amount of care or business, or both, on her shoulders. It rather surprised Norman to find that she had so many liabilities to meet, and that she had to make such frequent and pathetic appeals for money. However, he was well content that he could do her bidding, as far as writing was concerned; and when she told him that she was also assisting many poor families by the statements she drew up of their various troubles, there were some days when the boy congratulated himself on being in any way, however, humble, the means of assisting the afflicted. But it must be owned that his own wretched plight, rolled up like an untidy bundle in the Major's dressing-gown, fretted him continually, made him a close prisoner, and he pined for the open air with the intense longing of youth and convalescence. Indeed, he was quite right in believing that the remains of weakness that hung about him were the consequence of breathing the close air of the dingy room to which he was confined. He was so conscious that his illness must have caused trouble and expense, that he felt reluctant to complain of this strangu garb; but as day after day passed, and he pondered his condition, he at length grew desperate, and when, after a long day's writing, Mrs. Fitzwalter came in, much better dressed than ever Norman had seen her, he ventured to say—

"Do not think me ungrateful, but I would live on bread and water rather than continue to wear these clothes."

"Ah! you're getting tired, young sir. It's all very fine your talk while you were ill about wanting work, and being willing to do it; and now, though we've given you of our crust and our cup, you're discontented."

"No, no, don't say so!—clothes are a necessary of life—something that I could show myself out of this room in, however bad, if they were only the shape of a decent suit, I'd work night and day to get."

He had a hard struggle to keep the tears that sprang in his eyes from welling over as he spoke; and Susan the little slavey, who was crawling with a broom and dust-pan over the room, turned

her head and gave him a glance as he spoke, that seemed to him like a shy sort of approval.

"Ah, if you had troubles and losses like mine you might murmur," said Mrs. Fitzwalter, in a tone of reproof. "I like contentment; a contented mind, I tell the major, is a continual feast."

"It isn't a continual suit of clothes," suggested Norman.

"Well, now, I'll tell you what; suppose you were to write to a gentleman I know well in this City—a benevolent gentleman, rolling in money and just say how you've been robbed, and then fallen ill, and for want of clothes can get no employment, and ask him to send you a trifle to clothe you."

"Why that would be begging," interposed the youth.

"Well, pray, and why not? Who are you that you shouldn't do what your betters, young sir, have had to do?"

"Oh, while I can work I cannot beg."

"Hoity-toity! here's a grandee, Major! Our don, here—Norman Nobody, Esquire—doesn't like begging." She turned her head as she spoke, and her words were addressed to the Major, who entered the room at that moment, and growled out—

"Not beg! why, what's he doing here! What's a fellow that eats your bread, and wears your clothes, but a beggar?"

To be continued.

GHOSTS, WIZARDS, AND WITCHES.

A BELIEF in ghosts and witchcraft has more or less extensively prevailed in every age. And notwithstanding the scepticism as to things sacred, which is in too many quarters a marked characteristic of the nineteenth century, we are inclined to believe that it would require but little evidence even now to give currency to an adroit imposture or an assumption of peculiar gifts. Who has not in his own experience met with ghost stories which have for the time being created intense excitement, and unbinged the minds of hundreds. We well remember one in our young days, which was for weeks almost the sole topic of conversation in the English village in which we were born. We are not aware that the mystery was ever unravelled, but we well know that numbers came from all quarters, even from the county town, some ten miles distant, to listen for mysterious sounds which were said to issue at midnight from a particular spot on the wild heath which bordered the village. Strange tales were also told by the credulous villagers of fearful sights to be seen. Prominent among these was a milk-white steed, bearing at lightning speed the headless body of one who was declared to be—we know not on what evidence—a long deceased lady of the manor.

That strange sounds were heard in this instance is beyond doubt, but little by little the excitement died out. The best explanation we remember hearing of these noises was that they proceeded from some strange animal which for the time being had made S— heath its home. As to the milk-white steed and the headless trunk, terrible as they were to us in our early boyhood, they have long since resolved themselves into fictions of the heated imagination of the S— villagers, although we are not sure that we could even now pass the haunted spot at the dread hour of midnight without experiencing some unpleasant sensations.

We have been led to these remarks by the perusal of an article on "Imposture and Credulity," in the last number of the "Dublin University Magazine." As this subject possesses a peculiar fascination to many, we have determined to give our readers the benefit of a number of extracts from the article:

Sir Walter Scott relates that he fancied he saw the apparition of Lord Byron, soon after the noble bard's decease, in his own house at Abbotsford. The account runs thus: "Not long after the death of a late illustrious poet, who had filled, while living, a great station in the eye of the public, a literary friend, to whom he

had been well known, was engaged, during the darkening twilight of an autumn evening, in perusing one of the publications which professed to detail the habits and opinions of the distinguished individual who was now no more. As the reader had enjoyed the intimacy of the deceased to a considerable degree, he was deeply interested in the publication, which contained some particulars relating to himself and other friends. A visitor was sitting in the apartment, who was also engaged in reading. Their sitting-room opened into an entrance-hall rather fantastically fitted up with articles of armour, skins of wild animals, and the like. It was when laying down his book and passing into this hall, through which the moon was beginning to shine, that the individual of whom I speak saw right before him, and in a standing posture, the exact representation of his departed friend, whose recollection had been so strongly brought to his imagination. He stopped for a single moment, so as to notice the wonderful accuracy with which fancy had impressed upon the bodily eye the peculiarities of dress and posture of the illustrious writer. Sensible, however, of the delusion, he felt no sentiment save that of wonder at the extraordinary accuracy of the resemblance, and stepped onwards towards the figure, which resolved itself, as he approached, into the various materials of which it was composed. There were merely a screen, occupied by great coats, shawls, plaids, and such other articles as are usually found in a country entrance-hall. The spectator returned to the spot from which he had seen the illusion, and endeavoured, with all his power, to recall the image which had been so singularly vivid. But this was beyond his capacity; and the person who had witnessed the apparition, or more properly, whose excited state had been the means of raising it, had only to retire into the apartment, and tell his young friend under what a striking hallucination he had for a moment laboured." Sir Walter spoke of the strange incident, at the time, without reserve; and there could be no doubt it was a very remarkable deception of the optical powers. Many authentic ghost stories rest on the same class of evidence. In this category we should feel inclined to include the spectral head which haunted the late Earl Grey, but that it repeated its appearances, and, as we have heard or read, was also seen by other members of his family.

Many persons who are not at all given to superstition, have, nevertheless, feelings of weakness they cannot entirely subdue. Some consider a squint unlucky, and would not willingly retain a servant with obliquity of vision. Few like to sit down to dinner with a company of thirteen; and no sailor would commence a voyage on Friday if he could help it. In all ages and countries, up to a comparatively recent period, and under every degree of civilization, a belief in witchcraft, sorcery and astrology has been prevalent. Strong and highly cultivated minds have bowed under this conviction. Amongst them we may enumerate Luther, Bacon, and Dr. Johnson. When the inquisitive Boswell asked the great lexicographer what witches properly meant, "Why, sir," replied he, "they properly mean those who make use of the aid of evil spirits." Boswell—"There is no doubt, sir, a general report and belief of their having existed." Johnson—"Sir, you have not only the general report and belief, but you have many voluntary solemn confessions." In his Folio Dictionary, he defines "Witch—a woman given to unlawful acts."

It is surely not credible that witches should have effected what they are said in tales and legends to have done. Yet wise and great men have condemned witches to die. All mankind, in rude and civilized ages, have agreed in the agency of preternatural powers. The Act of Parliament which some suppose was intended to put an end to witchcraft, was passed, as Dr. Johnson said, to prevent persecution for what was not witchcraft. Men had ceased to believe in it; why and exactly when, we cannot tell, as we cannot tell the reason of many other things. Our British Solomon, King James, who was a staunch believer in the supernatural, classifies its professors. He says, in his Demonology,

"Magicians command the devils, witches are their servants." This opinion found many followers.

We still see horse-shoes, owls, hawks, &c., nailed on the doors of old barns. These supposed charms against sorcery were used even in pagan times, and date back to the Romans. Persons accused of witchcraft have been subjected to the most barbarous and unrelenting punishments. In thousands of cases, the victims, often quite innocent, were burnt alive, while others were drowned by the test applied. If, on being thrown into a pond, they did not sink, they were pronounced witches, and either stoned on the spot or reserved for the stake. Five hundred witches were burnt at Genoa, in three months, in 1515. One thousand in the diocese of Como, in a year. An incredible number in France, about 1520, when one sorcerer confessed to having 1,200 associates. More than 100,000 perished, mostly by the flames in Germany. Grandeis, the parish priest of Loudan, in France, was burnt on a charge of having bewitched a whole convent of nuns, A.D. 1634. In Bretagne, twenty poor women were put to death as witches in 1654. Maria Renata was burnt at Wurtzburg, in 1749. At Kalisch, in Poland, nine old women were burnt in January, 1775. And so recently as 1802, five were condemned by the Brahmins, Patna, for sorcery, and executed.

In England, under the reign of Henry the Eighth, A.D. 1541, a statute was enacted declaring all witchcraft and sorcery to be felony, without benefit of clergy. Again, in the 5th of Elizabeth and first of James. Barrington estimates the judicial murders for witchcraft in England, in two hundred years, at 30,000. Sir Matthew Hale burnt two persons for witchcraft in 1664. Three thousand suffered for this imputed crime under the Long Parliament. Northamptonshire and Huntingdon preserved the superstition longer than any other counties. Two pretended witches were executed at Northampton in 1705, while the *Spectator* was in course of publication in London, and five others some years afterwards. In 1716, Mrs. Hicks and her daughter, a child of nine years of age, were hanged as witches at Huntingdon. In Scotland thousands suffered. The last was at Dornoch, in 1722. The laws against witchcraft had lain dormant for many years, when an ignorant or malicious person attempting to revive them by finding a bill against a poor old woman in Surrey, they were formally repealed, in the tenth year of George the Second, A.D. 1736.

Examples bearing upon the subject of which we are now treating crowd upon us in numbers that would speedily fill a volume. Let us endeavour to select a few of the most remarkable and least familiar.

Wenceslaus, son to the Emperor Charles the Fourth, married Sophia, the Duke of Bavaria's daughter. When the union was to be solemnized, the Duke, knowing that his son-in-law delighted in magical tricks, sent to Prague for a waggon load of conjurers. While the most skilful amongst them were studying for some rare and unusual illusion, Wenceslaus's magician, called Zyto, who had sneaked in and hid himself in the crowd, suddenly appeared, with his mouth, as it seemed, cloven on both sides, and open to his very ears. He pounced upon the Duke's chief necromancer, and swallowed him up bodily, in his clothes as he stood, spitting out only his shoes because they were dirty and studded with large nails. He then vomited him up again into a huge cistern of water, and brought him in wringing wet, to the infinite delight of the whole company. The tale is gravely related, says Delrio, in the history of Bohemia, written by Dubravius, Bishop of Olmutz. This Zyto assumed now one face, now another, and heightened or diminished his stature at pleasure. When the king was carried in a litter with horses, Zyto seemed to follow him in another drawn by cocks. When at the royal table, he played strange pranks with the guests, changing their hands into the feet of an ox or the hoofs of a horse, so that they were unable to help themselves to anything in the dishes before them. If they looked out of the window, he beautified their heads with horns. To show that he could

command money for his use, at any time, he changed so many wisps of hay into thirty well-fattened swine, and sold them to a rich baker, at the price named by the latter, stipulating only that he should not suffer them to enter any water. The baker, unmindful of the condition, allowed them to run into a pool, and, in a trice, found only so many wisps floating on the surface. Whereupon, in a fume, he sought out Zyto, and finding him asleep, at full length, on a form, pulled him violently by one leg to awaken him. To his horror and amazement, both the leg and thigh seemed to come off and remain in his hands. He rushed from the court and was never seen within its precincts again. But this terrible Zyto was at last carried away alive, body and soul, by the devil in *propria persona*; "which event," adds the worthy bishop, "afterwards begat a care in Wenceslaus to bethink himself of more serious and religious matters."

4. Delrio tells the following strange tale of a contest between two magicians. The one had stolen a beautiful maiden, mounted her behind him on a wooden horse, and so careered aloft in the air with his prize. While they were thus on their journey, the other necromancer happened to be at a great feast in the castle of a Burgundian nobleman, and being sensible of their transit over the castle, compelled them by superior art to descend and present themselves to the view of all present, taken in *flagrante delicto*, and unable to stir. But the detected necromancer had his turn, and privately enchanted his brother in the art who had thus entrapped him. As he was looking from a high window into the court below, he fixed on his head a large and spreading pair of horns, so that he could neither draw back within the strong iron bars nor venture to cast himself down from so high a place. In this dilemma, he compromised with his antagonist, on the understanding that he should be released from his horns and return to the feast, while the other departed with his prey, involved in a friendly cloud.

5. Again, the same writer tells, on the authority, as he says, of unquestionable witnesses, of two magicians who met by accident in the Queen of England's court, and agreed that in any one specific thing, each should infallibly obey the other. The first therefore commanded the second to thrust his head out of the casement of a window, with which he at once complied. Immediately a gigantic pair of stag's horns sprouted from his forehead, to the great delight of the spectators, who flouted him with a thousand mocks and taunts. He, resenting the disgrace, and thirsting after revenge, when his turn came to be obeyed, drew with a piece of charcoal the lineaments of a man upon the wall, and then commanded his brother sorcerer to stand under that picture, and that forthwith the wall should give place to receive him. The other, apprehensive of the extreme danger he was in, began to beseech his rival that he would hold him excused. But the other stood on the bond and insisted on compliance. Magician number one, thus compelled, took the position assigned; then the wall seemed to open, and he being entered therein, was never afterwards seen.

From the two last instances we collect two important facts in the science of witchcraft. Although its professors studied the same art under the same master, they were not necessarily gifted with equal powers, or aware of the attainments of each other.

One of the most renowned of the wizards of the middle ages was Michael Scott, of Balwearie, commemorated in glowing verse by his namesake in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

We have exhausted the space we can devote to this subject in our present issue, but may probably return to it in a future number.

VERY TRUE.—A California editor, speaking of the complaints by his readers that he don't publish all the local items they desire to see, justly observes that it is often their own fault, in not sending the facts. He says he don't like to publish a birth after the child is weaned, a marriage after the honey-moon is over, or the death of a man after his widow is married again.

GLIMPSES OF OLD TIMES.

A VOLUME of old newspapers is a mine from which stores of amusement may be extracted. And the interest felt in turning over the leaves and glancing at the contents of such a book, is vastly increased, when it is a chronicle of the "good old times," in the city or country of your birth. Here and there you meet with names which afterwards became distinguished in Parliament, at the Bar, or in other pursuits,—some of them, perhaps, now enshrined in the history of your country in connection with great political changes. The customs of the day, and the various events occurring to move the feelings or prejudices of the community, are laid open to your view, and you are also supplied with news from all quarters of the globe, of wars and revolutions, battles and sieges, which have now become historical, but which, in the columns before you, have all the interest of contemporary events. Added to these, you have the usual accounts of disasters, crimes, etc., and many of the other items that give variety to the modern newspaper.

While looking over the shelves of a valuable library in this city, a short time ago, I noticed two books, the labelled backs of which promised me some entertainment of this kind. They proved to be the first and second volumes of a semi-literary newspaper, published in Quebec, many years ago, as they bore the dates 1788-9-90. This newspaper, which existed for some years, was entitled "The Quebec Herald, a Universal Miscellany," and was issued by one William Moore, at first once, and afterwards twice a week. Mr. Moore was evidently a man of enterprise, as he not only published the "Herald," but also another paper, called the "Courier," (which did not long exist, however,) besides printing Almanacs, Quebec Directories, Catechisms, and even books, when he had the opportunity. The "Herald" was slightly smaller than the "Saturday Reader," and each number contained eight pages of closely printed matter, of which little more than a page was advertisements. Altogether it was a very creditable production for the Canada of last century; and as its files give us "glimpses of old times" from several points of view, I have thought that a few notes on the two volumes might not be unacceptable to the patrons of the "Reader."

First of all, let us take a glimpse of the literary world of Canada, as revealed by the "Herald." Mr. Moore intended his paper to be not only a vehicle of news, but strove to encourage the literary talents of the Canadians, by asking for and inserting essays and poems of native production, as well as correspondence on every subject. In these two volumes each number contains two or more short essays; but unfortunately, it is in some cases difficult to say whether they are original, or selected from European publications. In each issue is a column devoted to poetry, headed with the ambitious title of "Mount Parnassus." Here the poets have full swing, and some of the pieces are very well written, particularly those in the epigrammatic style. The following is a specimen:

"TO MRS. P.—

"To heal the wound a Bee had made
Upon my Peggy's face,
Honey upon her cheek she laid,
And bade me kiss the place;
Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the wound
Imbibed both sweet and smart,
The honey on my lips I found,
The sting within my heart."

Another:

"ON SEEING A LADY ASLEEP.

"When for the world's repose, my Sally sleeps,
See Cupid hovers o'er the maid, and weeps,
Well may'st thou weep, fond boy; thy power dies,
Thou hast no darts, when Sally has no eyes."

Besides the contributed pieces, two volumes of original poems are advertised in the "Herald," to be printed by Mr. Moore. As they were, perhaps, the first important efforts of the Canadian Muse, some information respecting them may not be uninteresting. The first advertisement is headed "To the ladies and lovers of elegant poetry," and proceeds to state that the poems were written in an elegant style by various ingenious ladies and gentlemen, who favoured the printer with copies."

Subscribers are then solicited, and a specimen of the first poem given. Its title is "The Pleasures of Hypochondria." This work, however, does not seem to have passed through the press; probably the high price, (seven shillings and sixpence a copy) deterred the public from subscribing. The second announcement refers to two poems, filling sixteen pages quarto, written by William Murray, mariner. This book was duly published. One of these poems is called "Labrador," being a descriptive daily instructor how to dispose of time to the best advantage, in the various businesses on that coast during the year. The printer states that "it is well wrote, and the language would not discredit any of our most celebrated poets, being chaste and harmonious." The second is a piece entitled "Advice to a New-married Lady," with a specimen, as follows:

"Be frugal, plenty round you seen,
And always keep the golden mean;
Be always clean but seldom fine—
Plain in your neatness always shine."

The unfortunate author had met with his death by drowning, and the poems were published for the benefit of his widow and children.

But among the Quebecers (and Montrealers) of that age the favourite mode of expressing their ideas and opinions was,—as it is to-day—by writing letters to the newspapers. Mr. Moore must sometimes have been overwhelmed by the number of letters he received, on all imaginable subjects; more especially when he had to pay the postage on them. There is in one issue a plaintive editorial paragraph on the subject of postage, in which he informs one of his sinning Montreal correspondents, that having been so often taken in, he has decided on leaving unpaid letters in the Post Office, very special cases excepted. Each "Herald" contains from one to six or seven communications, and the number of subjects treated of is quite bewildering. Letters on politics, trade, ladies' dress, church matters, extravagant living, *habitant* sleighs, old bachelors; letters bombastic, abusive, serious and humorous, all are to be met with. One gentleman desires to be informed "Whether all the fishes were drowned in the Deluge?" and the following week is favoured with a scientific answer to his question. Another, who signs himself "Heigh ho!" wishes to know "what we were, what we are, or what we shall be?" and receives in reply such a castigation for his profanity from one Mr. "Zethus," that he can only answer with a tirade of abuse. Many of these communications have an odd appearance to the modern eye, owing to their being wholly printed in Italics, and they are all addressed to "Mr Moore," or "To the Printer." That the authors had a good opinion of their own abilities is evident from the high sounding signatures often attached to their productions. Junius, Censor, Argus, Castigator, and similar signatures abound, and the language used by some of these gentlemen would, if printed in these days, assuredly subject the writers to prosecutions for libel.

The foregoing glimpses of the literary attempts of the early colonists show that for such a small community, they possessed considerable mental activity. And if we wish to discover how the Quebecers of those days lived and amused themselves, the "Herald" is ready to give us some hints on that subject also. In winter there were assemblies once a fortnight, concerts, and driving parties to "club" houses in the vicinity of the town. In summer, horse racing was patronized, and at intervals, during the year, the theatre in St. John Street was opened for the delectation of the public. These club-houses were a great snare to the bachelor part of society, if we may credit the lady-correspondents of the "Herald;" leading them to forsake the company of their fair friends, for the purpose of carousing together. Citizens who were inclined to be studious had the "Quebec Library" as a resort, an institution which had rooms in the Bishop's Palace, and possessed a collection of two thousand volumes. And those who liked a "glass of something" had ample opportunity to gratify their taste, judging from the large quantities of wines and liquors advertised for sale, and the numerous coffee-houses and taverns in the town and neighbourhood.

While the richer folks, however, could thus enjoy themselves, the poorer classes seem to have

been in great distress. The "Herald" makes mention in several places of gratuitous distributions of food to the poor, by charitable citizens, particularly one instance, in which the Freemasons were the actors. On the 24th June, 1789, the five Quebec lodges celebrated the anniversary of St. John, not only by a masonic dinner, but also by distributing four hundred and fifty loaves among the indigent of all creeds. It is worthy of remark, as showing the good feeling then existing among the people, that the *Curé* of Quebec was willing to give certificates to those of his flock who desired to participate in the charity of the brethren; for all applicants had to bring certificates from their clergy; and, judging from the large number relieved, many of them must have belonged to the Roman Catholic faith. In 1790, wheat, flour, and other provisions were imported by Government, to remedy the scarcity of food in the Province.

The commercial advertisements in the "Herald" are worthy of notice, as they give us a glimpse of the mode in which business was then conducted in Quebec and Montreal. The stores seem to have been kept on the village plan,—they were places where anything and everything could be procured. In one shop, among a great variety of other articles, you might have found dried codfish and fashionable ribbons, in another, oranges and surgeon's instruments, in a third, smoked herrings and white kid gloves, and so on *ad infinitum*. One tradesman carried on tailoring and bookbinding in the same workshop, another, (a professional perfumer), sold boots and shoes as well as perfumes. Now and then slaves were offered for sale, sometimes with the guarantee of a "title." A more praiseworthy business,—the trade in the fish of the river and gulf—was energetically followed. In 1788, more than eight thousand five hundred tierces of salmon were exported from Canada, besides large quantities of other fish. Commercial transactions in those days, however, seem to have been beset with difficulties as regards exchange. Mr. Moore published a book of "Easy Rules" for changing the different currencies of Great Britain and America into each other. This work contained *fifty-four* rules to aid the merchant in converting *eight* currencies, viz. Sterling, Army, Lawful, Halifax, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and South Carolina.

In the days of the "Herald," the means of communication, between different parts of Canada, were, as might be supposed, both scanty and uncertain. The mails from Quebec generally reached Montreal in about two days, but when a gentleman wished to pass between the towns, and did not travel by mail, he had some difficulty in effecting his object. Such was the case with Mr. Moore, who in June, 1790, inserted the following notice in his paper: "Any gentleman having to visit Montreal, the printer will be happy to take a carriage with, he is ready to start at an hours notice." The English mails were usually despatched by the packet from New York, and left Quebec about four weeks before her departure, while mail communication with the settlements in Upper Canada was *supposed* to be weekly, but it would seem from the "Herald" that it was not by any means regular.

The European news contained in the "Herald" was always about three months old, a state of things which would no doubt be unsatisfactory to the Canadians of the present day. Mr. Moore, however, did his best; adopting every means to secure the latest intelligence and giving copious extracts from the English newspapers. This part of the Herald must have been deeply interesting to its readers, for great events were then transpiring in the Eastern hemisphere; and even now these paragraphs seem new and fresh, and bring the scenes and incidents described vividly before the mind. The French revolution, so soon to become a carnival of blood, was then irresistibly progressing, and we have lengthy accounts of the debates in the National Assembly; the storming of the Bastille, with a list of the inscriptions found on the walls of the cells, the submission of the king, and the grand ceremonial of the 14th July. There are also speeches by Wilberforce on the slave trade, by Pitt on the Can-

ada question, and paragraphs relative to the anticipated war with Spain, accompanied by lists of the fleets possessed by that country and Britain, in which are named some of the ships now famous in history. There is intelligence from the war between Austria and Turkey, news from Russia about the Empress Catherine and Paul Jones, and from India about Tipoo. Nor is America neglected, for there are numerous items from the United States, where the people were fast recovering after the war of Independence, and the Government proclamations, (many of which find place in the "Herald,") bore the signatures of Washington and Jefferson. Among less important news, there are accounts of the depredations of the Indians in the State of New York, and of the progress being made in the settlement of Kentucky.

A glimpse of the darker side of the good old times is given us by the following advertisement copied from the "Herald" of the 36th October, 1789. It tells its own mournful story:

The poor criminal prisoners, nine in number, humbly appeal to the feelings of a humane public to consider their distressed situation, and with all submission, pray relief. Donations received at the prison.

I might select from this old newspaper many other interesting things relating to the Canada of last century, but my notes are already too long. I must, however, refer to one curious glimpse it gives us, of the domestic economy of the old Quebecers. In 1790 there was in general use a very pleasant beverage, which has disappeared from the tables of polite society, and is only seen in the apple stalls of modern times. I allude to *spruce beer*. This article might fairly have been called an "institution" of the ancient city, if the "Herald" speaks truly. The two volumes are full of it. First there are advertisements of the essence of spruce to make the beer, then a grand quarrel arises among the patentees of the essence, bringing grist to Mr. Moore's mill in the shape of long advertisements and angry letters, and showing the growing importance of the business. This quarrel is followed by still more advertising of the indispensable essence, the matter culminating, (towards the end of the second volume), in the establishment of two spruce beer breweries, for supplying the "public in general at their residences," with the very best manufactured article, either double or single. How we should smile at the appearance of such an announcement in one of our daily newspapers!

And now I close the "Quebec Herald," the work of busy minds and hands in this old city seventy-six years ago. Mr. Moore has left his office opposite Freemason's Hall, and with all his workmen, subscribers and correspondents, has departed to the silent land. The "Herald," too, is long since dead. May its precious remains rest for many years to come in the library of the Literary and Historical Society! H. K. C. Quebec, January, 1866.

Ἐπίτιμος.

CHRONOS pms'd on the ragged steep and said:

"Dost weep for the loss of a damsel dead?"

He laugh'd a laugh of glee,

He laugh'd a hollow mock,

A bitter scorn to me,

That raved against the rock,

And echo'd oft in the valley below,

Where resteth and listeth my lost love low.

Helios halted his horses and said:

"Dost weep for the woe of a damsel dead?"

He bent his broad face down,

Until his great red eyes

Peer'd from under a frown

Of clouds in the moody skies,

And burn'd and blaz'd in the valley below,

Where resteth and listeth my lost love low.

And the glimmering night faint starr'd and fair

Teem'd in rustling robes from the fragrant air,

Until the less'ning cliffs

Faded into the dim

Depths, in windy rifts

Of darkness, and the glim

Of gold was drown'd in the valley below,

Where resteth and listeth my lost love low

Lennoxville.

FREDERICK.

A SLIDING PARTY.

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"HULLO Harry, old boy, how are you? Going to the Meltons to-night?"

"I should rather think so. Half of our fellows are asked, and all the beauty of your 'antientie citie.' It's going to be awfully jolly, I hear."

"Glad to hear it. Come down with me now to Henderson's, to choose a 'toboggan'—mine's a wreck from our last party—and then we'll go out to the rink. The band plays this afternoon."

"All right," was the reply, and the speakers—a young Canadian barrister, fond of fun and Pothier, and his friend Harry, *un jeune militaire*,—turned down by the Ursuline Convent on their way to select a 'toboggan' for the evening's work. There we will leave them for the present, and rejoin them in the evening of this cloudless, bright, January day, at the scene of action.

Eight o'clock—the moon a couple of hours above the eastern horizon—and by twos and threes the fortunate invited are arriving at Melton Hall, the country seat of a successful Quebec merchant. We dash up the avenue in the centre of a column of carioles to the music of merry sleigh bells, our toboggans dragging in the rear. A sudden halt at the door, which is immediately flung open, and a blaze of light streams forth full in our faces, almost preventing us from seeing the group of graceful forms that flit across the distant end of the hall. Mr. and Mrs. Melton are in the drawing room, as hearty and kind as ever, receiving the guests as they enter, and then directing them to the breakfast room to see Edith, who is there superintending the tea and coffee.

"May I get you a cup of coffee?" Miss Shelburne, before we start, are the first words we catch distinctly on entering that apartment, and looking round we recognize in the speaker's manly voice that of Will Noble, one of our friends of the morning, now ready for action from his perfect get-up. The pea jacket and bright sack, knickerbockers, and fur gauntlets are just the thing for the occasion. The ladies, too, are all prepared; beautiful figures are well set off in the neat, close-fitting dresses of grey or brown, trimmed with scarlet, blue, or fur, looped up, and showing feet—*oh! si bien chaussés!* And direful batteries of killing eyes are made more deadly still, half masked beneath the jaunty caps of velvet and seal-skin, worn *à merveille*, and firmly secured by the no-end-useful cloud.

"Thanks, no—I would be sure to scald myself, or spill it, or do something equally awkward, I am so excited to be off. This is my first sliding party, you are to know; we don't have these things in Upper Canada—at least where I come from—and I have heard so much about them lately, I am very anxious to see what they are like in reality," answered Mabel, or, as she was generally called, Queenie Shelburne, as she looked up into Will's face, the picture of bright anticipation.

"Well—remember, first slide with me. I'll take good care of you," he looked as if he could. "Ah! there is Edith Melton," he continued, as he caught sight of a handsome, dark-eyed beauty at the other side of the room, "I must go and pay her my *devoirs*, and at the same time will see what I can do to hurry up the start for you; for Edith is of such a dreadfully *lazy aller* disposition that half the night will slip by before she thinks of starting." (Will had a shocking bad habit of *travestie* in quoting French.) "*Au river*, Miss Shelburne," and he bowed himself away.

"Good evening, Edith," he said, as he held out his hand to the daughter of his host. "How d'ye do? Miss Weston," as he bowed to a beautiful girl with bright Titian hair, who was leaning on the arm of the fair Edith.

"So, Will, you've come at last. I've been waiting for you this half hour to help me attend to this crowd and get them started. The boys have been on the Bijou hill all the afternoon, and report that it's in splendid order."

"Yes," put in Jack Melton, a youngster of about twelve. "Tom and I were on the hill all day, and if we haven't made two jolly bumps for the girls, it's a caution." "Well, Jack, if they

give me an upset, I'll bury you alive; so look out if you see me sprawling," said our hero, and turning to Miss Melton he continued, "I think all are ready, so we may as well start at once—oh! and here's Captain Tremaine will look after you," as he saw a soldierly-looking fellow making his way towards them. "Take care of your heart," he laughed with the familiarity of old acquaintanceship, as he turned to rejoin Mabel Shelburne, who had been busy declining proffers of guardianship down the hill ever since he left. Then telling the gentlemen to look sharp and get their partners as they were going to start, he tendered his services to adjust Miss Shelburne's cloud; and in a few moments the party were *en route*. As they emerged from the shadow of the gallery, an exclamation of admiration burst from every lip; for down on their right lay a scene only to be met with in Canada, and even there rarely enough to be thoroughly appreciated when seen in its glory, as it was that night. A day or two previous there had been a thaw, with a *finale* of a heavy rain, which had frozen as it fell, and thus clad, in mail of ice, house and fence, and hedge and tree. And now as the group turned towards the grove of maple and elm through which they had to pass on their way to the hill, their eyes fell and feasted on a sight worthy of fairy land. The rays of a full moon, sailing serene in a cloudless sky, fell upon the icy covering of the branches, causing them, as they swayed lazily to and fro, to gleam and glisten in the bright light like myriads of silver sprays. All the efforts of the genii slaves of lamp and ring never succeeded in producing such a scene of wonderful enchantment. It was what childhood might have dreamt of after a long afternoon with the fairy tales, but what sober manhood could never expect to behold in this matter-of-fact world, and for a moment after the first exclamation of wonder no one spoke—all were lost in the contemplation of those millions of emeralds and diamonds in their wonderful setting of light—gleaming, and dancing, and sparkling in the merry moonshine. But the hill was some distance away, and one cannot be sentimental in a hurry; so, transferring their admiration, the gentlemen selected their *toboggans* from the crowd at the door, and offered to make themselves drawers of burdens to their fair companions; but the kind offers were, almost without exception, declined, as the way was not very long, and the fun of tramping it great. Then the cheering marching song "Tramp-tramp-tramp" was struck up, and rang sweetly out that clear frosty night, and sailing on over the white fields, reached, faint and soft, the village that lay so pale and quiet down below in the valley of the St. Charles. But ere the last chorus was well finished the top of the hill was reached—Jack and Tom in advance, to secure stations whence they might watch and enjoy the effect of their afternoon's plot.

Now, Captain Tremaine was a handsome man and a brave soldier, furthermore an ardent admirer of Edith Melton; but though he had scaled the Redan, and fought well at Umbala, he had never yet steered a *toboggan* down a hill that made an angle of sixty degrees with the plane of the horizon; but when Edith Melton, who could steer as well as either of her brothers, proposed that they should lead off, the gallant Captain was not the man to drawback, though in his heart of hearts he did wish that for once some one would take him at advantage, and start before him. No one, however, seemed inclined to do so, although Will did suggest it to the fair Mabel, but she preferred seeing the fate of the first pair before venturing. So the Captain held the *toboggan*, and Edith took her place in front and tucked in her skirts, then the captain grasped the strings, and that worse than useless guiding-stick that all beginners provide themselves with, and sat down in the rear. Then some one gave them a push, and they are off—slowly enough at first—so easily and smooth that the captain commenced to pick up courage, and to think that after all it isn't so very hard, for the *toboggan* answers readily enough to his stick, thrust cautiously in, first on one side and then on the other. The speed increases at a fearful rate, and before they are ten seconds *en route*, are darting through

the drift at sixty miles an hour. The captain, half blinded by the clouds of snow, dashed into their faces as they rush on in their wild career, rather recklessly dashes his guiding stick into the snow, a sharp turn to one side—Jack's bump is reached—a plunge into a drift, and the *toboggan* flies on without its riders, who pick themselves up unhurt, but white with snow from head to foot; and, as they emerge from their impromptu plunge, they are hailed with a peal of merry laughter, and whole volleys chaff from the top of the hill. The captain is overcome with confusion, and has no very distinct idea as to what he should offer to do under the circumstances. Edith, however, soon brings him to himself by sending him after the *toboggan* now safely lodged in a snow bank a few rods further on. But fun and merriment are to the fore and the boys are bound to have their share; so as soon as the captain's back is turned they start down the hill on separate sleighs, giving him an awful start as they whiz past his legs, one on each side, screaming at the pitch of their voices. The truant *toboggan* is, notwithstanding, safely reached, Edith rejoined, and the ascent commenced; Edith chaffing, as far as a lady may, her unskilled conductor, and only consents to take the hill with him again on condition that she shall steer.

In the meantime Will and Mabel have started; Will, to the astonishment of the tyros, standing upright on his *toboggan* during the whole of that steep and flying descent—in slight trepidation, it must be confessed, lest he should fall, unprepared, upon one of those abominable bumps, and so come to grief; but all nerve, and determined to do or die in the presence of beautiful Mabel. The ringing cheer, however, rising from the foot of the hill reassures us, and we know that the feat has been successfully accomplished. Then one after another, in twos and threes, the rest of the party risk the descent, and in a few minutes there is a continued chain of *toboggans* ascending and descending, amidst such merry squibs and jolly fun as only such a sliding party can call forth. There were "rafts" and "railroad trains," when all banded promiscuously on the *toboggans* secured together, and went down "all in a heap," singing gloriously; and there was fun no end. But although sliding is so very jolly, it is also very fatiguing; so that in a couple of hours when the proposal to adjourn to the house and have a dance was made, it was accepted almost unanimously. A few petitioned for "just a couple more slides," but as nearly every one was commencing to feel tired, but one more was allowed, and then faces were turned towards the Hall. On the gallery there was a general stamping of feet, shaking of caps and skirts, and disencumbrance of superfluous snow. Then the ladies adjourned to Edith's room to arrange dishevelled hair, and don light dancing shoon, while the gentlemen, under the guidance of Mr. Melton, found their way to the dining and billiard rooms, there to—await the return of their fair companions. In a very short time there was a murmur of merry voices from the drawing room, the signal that the ladies were ready to accept of partners for the "Jolly Dogs" and "Guards," and as there were few there *qui choreas spreverunt*, but few seconds elapsed before most had chosen eligibles for that inevitable opening quadrille. Will was a little late, and lost Mabel for the first, but was promised the next, so had faint content himself with Minnie Weston, Edith's pretty blue-eyed friend. Lucky for Will that Minnie had so much to say for herself, for his heart had flown quite from him, and he had strangely lost his wonted loquacity. However the next best thing to dancing with Mabel was having her for *vis-à-vis*, and in that quality he had the pleasure of seeing her chatting as gaily to that confounded fellow, Harry Fitzmythe, of the Brigade, as if she was perfectly unconscious of the existence of such an individual as her masculine *vis-à-vis*. Will was a self-possessed man of the world, and, though he did not say much, he spoke sufficiently to prevent the dance from being stupid to his lively partner, great as the exertion was. It is finished, however, and now, unusually silent, he is standing with Mabel on his arm, who is looking enchantingly beautiful after her out-door exercise, but not talking as she did to her last

partner; but the piano is filling the room with the praise of the beauty that dwelt in Killarney, and Mabel, who is passionately fond of waltzing, doesn't see the point of missing this opportunity, and so requests to be enlightened as to whether Mr. Noble was very much fatigued after his exertions on the hill, for if so they might as well sit down. This roused Will from his reverie, and answering by slipping his arm round the dainty waist of his fair interrogator, in a few seconds they were whirling round *en bon deux temps*. When the music ceased he found himself near a door facing one that led into the library; and, complaining that the room was very warm, he conducted his partner into the pleasant retreat, where Mr. Melton was fond of passing his mornings in company with his favourite elegant, ancient, and modern writers. It was a long high room, rather narrow for its length; the left side, on entering, lined entirely with books, the far end taken up by the large fire-place, and the moose head and riding whips placed above; while on the other side were three windows, the centre one a cosy, cushioned alcove, hung with rich green curtains, that matched to perfection the ground of the heavy pile carpet, and the massive velvet-covered furniture.

Was it strange that Will should be anxious to have another look at the silver sheen of the icelad trees, sparkling and gleaming so wonderfully in the moonlight? And whence could it be better seen than from that quiet centre window? Or was it strange that he should wish Mabel to enjoy it also? I trow not. So they soon found themselves by those luxurious cushions looking out upon that scene of fairy enchantment. Then silence fell upon them, and Mabel continued gazing out at the grove, while Luna's fair face shone down on the wide and frozen expanse that stretched away white and far across the valley below, to the distant Beaumont hills, the monotony of the colourless plain broken occasionally by a protruding fence, or the dark contrast of a clump of sombre pines; and Mabel's eyes rested on all that weird and elfin scenery, but she saw it not; for she was aware that somebody was looking, not at the sleeping beauty outside, but up into her own fair face, and exceeding fair she was, as she stood there gazing dreamily out into the night from the fathomless depths of those dark hazel eyes, half shaded beneath their drooping lashes, the rich brown hair thrown back from a face usually almost too pale, but to-night with just the faintest tinge of pink on the soft cheeks, coral lips slightly parted, showing pearly teeth within—she looked, what she was so often called, queenly—one of Tennyson's queens, you know, tall and and wondrous fair; yet not so much in regularity of feature as in expression, and Will felt the power. "Mabel," at last he said—it came out a little hoarsely—and Mabel started just a little, but continued to gaze out upon the white fields, "You're not sorry that you took that first slide with me, are you?"

Now Mabel felt very serious herself just that moment, but she had a keen sense of the ridiculous, and the words and tone of the question struck her very forcibly as being highly absurd; but somehow she could not laugh at it just then, though she has often smiled when thinking over it since. So she answered, but without turning her head, "Why no; do I look as if I was?" And Will saw the absurdity of his question and chafed and annoyed he became silent again. But this could not last. His heart was hot within him, and thumping so that he almost choked. Now or never, he thought, I *must* speak, and mastering his emotion, he essayed again, this time very soft and low. "Mabel! will you trust yourself to me to take the hill of life?" The deep hazel eyes were turned for one instant full in his face, then the lids drooped; but not until Will had read his happy answer.

Already we have pruned too long. It is time to wish them *bonne chance!* and drop the folds of the heavy green curtain. WYVANT.

Quebec, February, 1866.

M. Guizot is said to be busy at work upon the second volume of his "Religious Meditations," the last proof sheets of which are now engaging his attention.

BURIED IN THE SEA.

Buried in the sea!

Far, far from the land of his birth;
From all that to him was dear,
Or cherished or loved on earth.
No monumental stone,
To mark the spot where he lies;
His hidden grave unveiled from all,
But the watchers in the skies.

Buried in the sea!

'Mid the corals and shells of the deep;
O'er his sea-grave sad and lone,
The mermaids their virgils keep.
Did they chant a requiem for him,
Keeping time with the sea's wild moan,
For the sailor-boy who sleepeth
So far from his native home?

Buried in the sea!

What matter if wavo or sod
Cover the tenantless clay,
If the soul is safe with God.
For the sea, like the graves of earth,
Shall yield up its sacred trust,
When the angel trump recalleth
Its hallowed and precious dust.

J. E. M.

St. Therese, Blainville, Jany. 22nd, 1866.

THE

TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

CHAPTER I.

ON the first day of March of the year 1202, towards seven o'clock in the evening, two travellers, who seemed harassed and fatigued, descended the abrupt hill, at the foot of which lay grouped the confused set of buildings, which formed the Lazaretto of St. Lazarus. From the Lazaretto to the wall of the city was reckoned a half league, if not more, and our two travellers, whose clothing was all covered with dust, had been on foot since sunrise.

One of them, the youngest, was much to be pitied, being a graceful and delicate child, who appeared to be scarcely fifteen years of age. He wore the costume of a cavalier, but his soft voice and graceful figure seemed to denote that he was but a page. The darkness of the night rendered it impossible to distinguish his features, which were further concealed by the beautiful tresses of his fair hair.

The other traveller, on the contrary, was tall and robust. His limbs admirably knit, though not deficient in grace, were more remarkable for their vigour. In spite of the obscurity, one could see that he bore upon his shoulder a wallet at the end of a staff. There were no arms in his girdle; a sort of white leather apron descended to his knee, and upon that appeared a triangle of bright copper, which, in short, was a mason's trowel.

Some lights were visible at the narrow windows of the Lazaretto, and the youngest of our travellers, believing himself at the end of his journey, gave a long sigh of relief.

"Eric, my poor Eric," said he, "I do not believe that I could have taken another step!" seating himself at the same time on one of the steps of the door, which led to the Lazaretto. Eric also stopped, but shook his head with an air of tender commiseration.

"Thou art then very tired, Eve," said he. Our beautiful child with the fair hair was called Eve. You would not have had to wait the reply of Eve, to recognize that it was a young girl who spoke—her soft voice would have convinced you of that, and Eve replied—

"I dared not tell thee how much I suffered, my good brother, for thou wouldst have desired to have carried me again, and thou hast already too great a burden, in thy heavy stone hammer; but the flints in the road have torn my feet, and I repeat that I could not have gone another step."

"Then," replied Eric, approaching suddenly to

take the young girl in his arms, "I must carry thee, my dear Eve, for we are not at the end of our journey."

The fair head of Eve fell upon her breast, "Oh, my God, my God!" murmured she, "shall we then never arrive there;" and when Eric wished to take her, she escaped from his hands.

"No, no!" said she, while making an effort to run, "we have been walking since the break of day, and thou must also be very tired, my brother."

Eric wished to protest; but in running after his companion, he tottered himself over the rough parts of the road. Eric was young and strong, and his day's task must, indeed, have been long, thus to have exhausted his vigour; and besides, as Eve had truly said, more than once on the road, Eric had carried her like a child, whenever she wept—discouraged by the sight of her poor little bleeding feet.

They had come from a great distance, Eric and his sister Eve—a very, great distance!

The path which led from the Lazaretto of St. Lazarus to the gate of St. Denis, wound about through the tall forest before reaching the marshes, at this period already cleared as far as the Rue de Paradis. At one turn of the road Eric perceived, all at once, a great number of lights spread over the plain, and gave vent to a loud cry of joy.

"A last effort, my sister," said he; "for see here is Paris—Paris the object of all our journeyings."

Eve looked at those luminous dots, twinkling in the night, and with her hands crossed upon her breast and her voice trembling with tears, repeated—

"Paris! Paris! where our Queen should be, our well beloved angel! Paris, where she is unhappy. Paris, where she is a prisoner!"

"God will help us!" said Eric, rising to the full height of his tall figure. "Had not God been with us, we should have perished ten times over from the perils of the land and of the sea." Eve, with her eyes fixed in the direction of Paris, knelt down upon the grass, moistened by the dews of the evening, and offered a fervent prayer to heaven.

When she rose, she found she had recovered a little strength, and leaning upon the arm of Eric, they resumed their road, scarcely daring to exchange a word, for fear of wasting the breath now so necessary to carry them through. From the few words, however, that did escape them, it could be gathered that they came from the North country,—that they had crossed the Baltic sea in a Danish vessel, and had landed at the north of the Elbe. From thence they had directed their steps towards Paris—passing on foot through Batavia, Belgium, and France. Their resources were of the most modest description; for they spoke of all sorts of privations that they had borne on the road.

As to the motive which had led them to undertake that long and painful journey, one could only guess it from their conversation. It is only in the dramas of the high school, where you will find the *dramatis personæ* mutually explaining, with minute care, matters with which each are marvellously well acquainted beforehand: this intuitiveness is the effort of art—our hero and heroine were children of nature.

All that is permitted us to infer from the few words that were exchanged between Eric and his sister, is, that they were pursuing the accomplishment of a mysterious mission, full of peril, and that they worked with a rare courage, but that their humble strength bore no proportion to the greatness of their task.

They had now passed the stream of Menilmontant, which courses round the northern boundary of Paris, and empties itself into the Seine, behind la Ville-l'Evêque. They were walking in the midst of cultivated grounds, having on their left the high walls of the Abbey St. Martin; night was coming on, and the roads were completely deserted. All at once they heard the sound of horses' feet, in the direction of the Lazaretto. Eric pressed the arm of his sister.

"The prophecy!" whispered Eric.

Eve trembled. They both stopped and gained the hedge which bordered the road. The horsemen approached. The moon, which was now rising

dull and red behind the towers of the Abbey of St. Martin des Champs, enabled Eric and his sister to distinguish the profiles of the newcomers. There were two, the one wearing knight's armour, the other had upon his shaved head the turban of a Saracen.

There was but one thought in the head of poor Eve.

The Prophecy! the Prophecy!

We shall know presently what that prophecy was. The knight said to the Saracen—

"Well, then, comrade, so you have come to Paris to kill a man?"

"Yes, my lord, to kill a man."

"And might we learn the name of that man?"

"You cannot learn it, my lord."

"Not by begging hard?"

"That would be useless,"

"Nor by fighting hard for it?"

"That would be dangerous!"

"Possibly. Thou hast, indeed, the air of a bold fellow, my man—and, besides, should I kill thee that would be a miserable way of getting at thy secret."

"And if I should kill thee, my Lord," added the infidel frankly, "thou wouldst be none the wiser."

"True," said the knight, laughing.

There was then a pause. The Christian and the Saracen had now passed the place where Eric and his sister were sheltered;—the latter followed the horsemen, keeping close to the hedge.

"Comrade," resumed the Knight, "this is a strange adventure; for I also am going to Paris, but to kill a woman!"

Eric and his sister trembled to the marrow of their bones.

"The prophecy!" whispered both at once.

The Saracen seemed to take the thing as a matter of course, for he replied, yawning—

"Ah! thou art going to kill a woman,—my Lord?" he added, however, "Is it thy wife?"

"No," replied the cavalier.

Another pause. After some seconds the knight resumed,

"Is your man easy to kill?"

"The most difficult man to kill in the whole kingdom, my lord."

"It must then be the king?"

"I have told you that you cannot know his name. And your woman?"

"She is also the most difficult woman to kill in the whole kingdom."

"That must then be the queen?"

The knight then burst into laughter.

Eric was obliged to put his hand over the mouth of Eve, to prevent her crying out.

The moon had now risen over the towers of the Abbey, and the knight avails himself of the opportunity to examine better his strange companion.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed he "it is, then, with the blows of a hammer that thou desirest to kill thy man."

"The way signifies nothing, my lord," replied the infidel, who bore the scrutiny of the knight with a grave courtesy.

In short, the Saracen carried, like our friend Eric, a trowel by his side, and a heavy stone-cutter's hammer over his shoulder.

"What does that mean?" asked the Christian.

"You miscreants have secrets of your own."

"It is the simplest thing in the world, my lord; one cannot always kill, when one would."

"To whom tellest thou that?" interrupted the knight, smiling.

"Ah," said the Saracen, "it must then be a long time since thou didst any work, my lord?"

"A very long time."

"For my part, I have scented a man seven years, and have tracked him over six thousand leagues."

"Pish! and hast thou killed him?"

"The first day of the eighth year, my lord, yes—I say then it is necessary to wait thy opportunity—live to wait, and eat to live: this hammer is my bread-winner."

"Thou art then not a man of arms?"

"I am a mason, my lord."

"And how callest thou thyself?"

"Mahmoud el Reis."

"Ah, well, Mahmoud el Reis, I believe that thou art a precious rogue;—perhaps one had better enter into a compact with the evil one than with thee; but—"

"But," interposed the Saracen, always grave and cool, "You have not the evil one at hand, my lord."

"Exactly, since thy man and my woman are two souls, bearing the highest crests in the kingdom, let us league together."

"I am very willing."

"I will help thee with thy man, and thou shalt give me a shoulder with my woman."

"Agreed."

"Where art thou to be found?"

"At the portals of Notre Dame, where I cut stones after the manner of the Saracen."

"Good; thou shalt hear from me. *Au revoir.*"

The knight was about to use his spurs, when the Saracen, without ceremony, retained him by seizing the bridle of his horse.

"Thou has forgotten to tell me thy name, my lord," said he.

The knight appeared to hesitate a moment, but he recovered himself, and replied,

"I am Amaury Montruel, Lord of Anet, and the friend of the king."

"Friend of the king?" repeated the Saracen; "and one may find thee?"

"At the tower of the Louvre."

Mahmoud released the bridle and bowed; Montruel left at a gallop.

"Friend of the king!" repeated Mahmoud again.

Then Eric and his sister saw him bear over the neck of his horse, who neighed slightly, bounded off and disappeared with incredible swiftness.

"Mahmoud el Reis—Amaury Montruel! Forget not these two names, Eve," said Eric.

CHAPTER II.

Not far from the shores of the Gulf of Bothnia, and beyond the city of Upsal, there was an immense forest, consecrated to the worship of the god Thor. In the forest lived the prophetess Mila, who commanded the winds and the tempests. Nobody had been able to find out the place of Mila's abode; but whoever required her services, had to betake themselves to the edge of the forest, precisely at mid-day, and there sound a horn seven times. Seven days after, at midnight, if the same person went to the same spot Mila would be there to meet them. Old men said that in their youth, Mila was more than one hundred years old.

When a voice from on high had ordered Eric and Eve to leave France, they went to interrogate Mila. Eric and Eve were children of the peasant Atho, a vassal, holding directly from Canute, King of the Danes; and though Christians, they were still under the influence of the superstitions of the North.

One day at noon Eric sounded the horn seven times on the borders of the dreaded forest, and seven days after, at the hour of midnight, Eve and himself stood trembling on the same spot.

Mila was at the rendezvous. She was a woman taller than any man of war, her floating grey locks fell over her lank shoulders, her eyes shone in the darkness from the depth of their cavernous orbits.

"If you wish to leave," said she, "depart!" before they had put a question to her; "the road will remain open to you for one year; you will suffer hunger and cold; but you will arrive at the end of your journey."

"And shall we be saved?" demanded Eve.

"Thinkest thou to be stronger than fate?" muttered the prophetess. Then she added,

"Listen to me. When you approach the walls of the great city, the first person that you meet on horseback, and talking of death, will be the enemy of her that is dear to you, her enemy, and her misfortune. The second person that you shall meet will be Destiny. Withdraw."

Eric and Eve wished to ask more; but an invisible and resistless force bore them away from the forest.

The journey lasted a year. The first person that they met on horseback, under the walls of Paris, spoke of death

The journey lasted a year, because the peasant Atho was poor; though he was the king's vassal, and his wife had nourished at her own breast the daughter of the queen. The children of Atho did not carry much money. In order to subsist, Eric had been obliged to work, with his trowel and hammer, through all the towns where they had passed. The prophecy had then proved true on two points out of the three. There remained to be solved the third. Before entering Paris the children of the peasant were going to encounter "Destiny."

When Mahmoud el Reis disappeared in the darkness, Eric and Eve resumed their way.

"It was of her that they spoke," said Eve, "my heart tells it me."

"Yes, yes," replied Eric. "I trembled to the marrow of my bones. It was of her that they spoke."

He hurried on. Eve no longer felt the pain of her poor little wounded feet; besides the object was so near! They heard already the voice of the sentinels, who kept watch in the turrets of the Port aux Peintres. But Paris, like every paradise, (and according to our roguish old Uncles, Paris is at least the paradise of woman,) has always been difficult of access. The sentries of those distant times were not less disagreeable than the green-coated gentry, fathers of families, who at the present day have the care of our barriers. It is even possible that they were still more disagreeable, indeed, if the modern green-coats, imprudently put their dirty hands into the boxes of your carriage, when they are out of temper; still they allow you to pass on without beating you like a dog. The soldiers of that day, on the contrary, would beat you like a dog, and not allow you to enter afterwards.

The soldiers who guarded the Port aux Peintres told our two travellers to go to the Porte de Nicolas Hudron. On their arrival there they found it closed; the soldiers who kept it cried out to Eric.

"Friend, go to the Porte Montmartre!"

They retraced their steps, and gained the Porte Montmartre—it was closed.

"Holla," cried some one from the high ramparts, "do you not know that at this hour the only entrance is by the Porte Coquillière?"

Half-way from Porte Coquillière, they heard a clock strike; it was Porte Coquillière, closing in its turn. And you may believe that these precautions were not useless, at a time when the night was the property of thieves; however, through the wicket of Porte Coquillière a sergeant cried to them,

"Beware of approaching here; go and see if they will allow you to enter by Porte St. Honoré, which is left open to night for the passage of the king."

"My good master," demanded Eric, "can you direct us, after passing Porte St. Honoré?"

"There is the river, where they ought to drown all such rascals as you!"

Eric and his sister resumed their journey; it was a sad welcome to the City of Paris.

"My brother," said Eve, "shall we seek hospitality at some monastery?"

Eric was angry. "I know not," said he, "whether hospitality is practiced about here, my sister; but in our wild forests, I have never walked so long without finding an asylum."

They were passing along close to the city walls. "Keep off in the open roads," cried a man of arms, whose round was on the ramparts above them; and they heard the dry thrum of the stringing of an arbalest. Eric seized the arm of his sister and drew her towards the open fields. Eve was now quite exhausted, and she sunk down upon the tilled ground; but as every minute was now precious, Eric picked her up and carried her in his arms. After a quarter of an hour's slow and painful walking Eric met with a road bordered by two rows of young elms. This was the Royal Avenue which led to the Tower of the Louvre, at the Porte St. Honoré. At the moment when Eric was entering this road, two cavaliers passed—a lord and his page.

"Holla!" cried Eric, emboldened by his distress,—"if you are Christians have pity on us."

Eric had forgotten the prophecy; but Eve re-

membered it—for a woman parts with such souvenirs only with death. By the clear light of the moon, she looked full upon the features of the unknown cavalier who had reined up at the voice of Eric.

"Destiny! Destiny!" thought she—

"Destiny," since the young stranger thus named him, was a knight of a noble mien, clothed with great simplicity; and had it not been for the remarkable beauty of his steed, one would have taken him for a poor gentleman—and yet there was something imperious and bold in his bearing, which protested energetically against the poverty of his livery. His page bore no colours. The gentleman was still young, and Eve found him handsome. He turned towards Eric, who still bore his cherished burden, and said to him—

"Is that young boy wounded, my master?" He spoke of Eve who wore, as we have said, man's clothing.

"My lord," replied Eric, "the poor child has neither been touched by iron or by fire, but fatigue has killed him. We have come from such a long distance, and the archers refused an entrance into Paris, where we might have found a bed and nourishment."

"Fatigue wounds as badly as iron or fire, I know that," murmured the unknown. Then he added, turning to his page—

"Albret, dismount my son; thou hast good legs, and the way is not long from here to the Hotel de Nesle."

So far "Destiny" showed himself propitious.

The page obeyed immediately and complaisantly assisted Eric to place the pretended young boy upon the saddle.

"He is very light," said the page. Then added, addressing him, "mount thee, also, if thou wishest, friend, my horse can carry three at need, and another still—like the celebrated horse of the four sons, Aymon."

Eric replied, "I am a man, and will walk, to testify my gratitude and my respect to the noble lord who has furnished us with assistance."

"As thou wilt, friend," said the page—and he took the lead.

The gentleman approached his horse to the side of the traveller. "Thy companion seems very young," said he, "to undertake such a journey."

"True, my lord," said Eric, "but you know necessity has no law."

Eve lowered her head, for she saw that the gentleman was watching her—while she had no necessity to turn her eyes upon him—for she had so thoroughly scanned him at their first meeting that the features of the unknown were engraved upon her memory. She found a strange majesty in his grave and sonorous voice. Poor Eve was thinking of the prophecy of Mila.

Albret, the page, who was walking in advance, said to himself, "Never have I seen a young boy so light as that."

"It is necessity, then, that has brought thee to Paris?" enquired the gentleman.

"Yes, my lord."

"And from what country comest thou?"

Eric did not seem disposed to tell the truth on this question, for he answered without hesitating—

"My lord, we come from the city of Cologne, upon the Rhine, where they have skilful workers in stone."

The gentleman turned his eyes, which had remained fixed upon Eve, towards Eric. Eve breathed more freely.

"I had not remarked," said he, "that thou carried the hammer and trowel. Art thou a Freemason?"

"Yes, my lord, I received the Accolade at Aix-la-Chapelle from the hands of Master Cornelius Hausser the first and the last."

"And thou art sure of finding occupation at Paris?"

"Occupation?" repeated Eric, with a singular inflexion of voice; "Oh, yes, my lord," and his eyes drooped under the piercing look of the gentleman.

"I mean occupation as a stone-cutter," said the latter.

Eric hesitated. "May God reward you, my

lord," replied he at last, "for the charitable interest you have taken in a poor man. I know a little of master Christian the Dane, who followed Queen Ingeburge, when she came over to marry the King of Paris. But Christian may have no great credit, now that the poor Queen is in disgrace."

"Ah, ah!" said the gentleman, with an air of constraint, "then they know down there that the queen is in disgrace?"

"We also know, my lord, that the king has given her place to Madame Agnes, daughter of Berthoud de Meran, the Bohemian."

"Daughter of Berthoud, Duke of Meranie" corrected dryly, the gentleman.

"I will call that woman according to the good pleasure of my lord," said Eric; "for excepting Christian the Dane, I know not a living soul in the great city of Paris."

"And thou wishest to engage thyself among the artisans that King Philip Augustus employs upon the monuments of his capital. Is it not so, my friend?"

"That would be my dearest wish."

"But thy young companion is not strong enough to handle the hammer?"

"Oh, said Eric," blushing lightly, "my young brother mixes the mortar and carries the sand."

"What with such hands as these?" interrupted the unknown. Eve hid her hands under her cassock. The gentleman smiled.

"Friend," said he, afterwards brusquely, "there is the city gate, and now we separate. How do they call thee?"

"They call me Eric, my lord."

"That is a northern name," said the unknown, with a slight frown.

"My father, who settled on the River Rhine, came from Norway, my lord."

"And thy young brother?"

Eric was not prepared for this simple question, and was opening his mouth to repeat the name of his sister Eve,—when the young girl, anticipating him, replied in her soft and gentle voice—

"I am called little Adam, noble lord!"

They arrived at the Porte St. Honoré, which was wide open, twelve archers, six on each side, were drawn up under the gateway. The captain of the gate stood, hat in hand, upon the threshold of the guard-house. The gentleman passed and saluted, with his hand, while the soldiers received him with military honours.

Eric and his sister exchanged a look of astonishment. They could not understand how it was that they were not turned out, and saluted still as rogues and vagabonds. The gate closed heavily behind them. The gentleman, who had passed through first, now turned round.

"Little Adam," said he, addressing Eve, when they had got about fifty steps from the gate, "I make thee a present of this little purse, in which are twelve écus in gold, in order that thou mayest remember me." Eve dismounted, and the page took the bridle of the horse. Eve, confused and happy, received the purse with respect; nor did she withdraw her forehead, when the gentleman, bending graciously over his saddle planted there the kiss of a friend.

"As to thee, Eric," resumed he, "to-morrow morning thou wilt go and seek Maurice de Sully, bishop of Paris, and beg him for the love he bears me to employ thee on the works of his Cathedral."

"On the works at Notre Dame," exclaimed Eric, "that is what I desire more than anything in the world!" "Indeed? Ah, well, *mon maitre*, then everything goes right. *Au revoir*, little Adam; I wish thee happiness. He was leaving, when Eric called to him—

"My lord, my lord! in whose name am I to present myself to my lord the Bishop of Paris?"

In his turn the unknown now appeared to hesitate an instant, then he replied with a smile, "in the name of his gossip, Dieudonné."

He turned the angle of a street which ascended towards St. Eustache, and disappeared, followed by Albret, his page,—who said to himself, "Never saw I lad with skin so white and eye so soft!"

To be continued.

HOW I MADE A FORTUNE IN WALL STREET, AND HOW I GOT MARRIED.

Continued from page 13.

CHAPTER V.

The adventure at Long Branch happened just as I was five and twenty. That extra salt-water bath brought about a kind of crisis in my destiny. My impression is that just at that time I was fast lapsing into a mere langer-on of Wall street. Nearly reconciled to the idea of living from hand to mouth, and becoming not over-particular as to the method of raising the wind, I did not then have any such opinion of myself; but now looking back to the period, I do it with something like a shudder, for I can see just what I escaped. The fact is, although, as I have before remarked I did not sympathize with the views of life entertained and promulgated by Deams, although I could not call him an honest man, even after a tolerably low standard of honesty, yet, consenting to act with him, at least to co-operate with him in his various schemes, I was insensibly drifting down to his standard and falling in with his notions of morality—which, as the reader understands, was of "The world owes me a living" school—when the terrible undertow of old ocean gave me a surge in the opposite direction. Then was swiftly, suddenly exhibited to me just a glimpse of the great BEYOND, and my feelings were still too fresh not to receive a sharp impression from the present. Besides—Mary Worth. No matter what should come of so peculiar an introduction, even should nothing come of it, as was most likely, indeed proper, still an event of my life was irrevocably interwoven with an event of the life of a beautiful young girl; one in whom I had permitted myself to take a sort of romantic interest—an interest such as only young persons can appreciate—and with whom I was now unexpectedly associated in an occurrence never to be obliterated from her memory.

The thought of Deams in this connection was absolutely abhorrent to my mind. Besides, I believe my faculties were sharpened by the shock I had received. The few days of convalescence at Long Branch were valuable moments to me. I took a new survey of the situation. What does Deams want of me? What does he expect from the connection? After all, am I not to become his dupe, when the occasion serves, just as Eli Nichols made a tool of me in the matter of the land-warrants? Again: was it really to be credited that, as Deams would have me suppose, there was nothing going on in Wall street but "Pitch and toss," and no rule of the game but "Heads I win, tails you lose": "Hardest fend off," and so forth? Were there not enterprises requiring quick wit, energetic action, firm nerve and praiseworthy prudence, which should partake neither of trick, lumborg or rascality? Why then should I allow a shallow pretender, thrice broken in fortune and of doubtful integrity, to take advantage of my fresh strength and buoyant feelings and uninjured name? It was with such reflections that I prepared, Monday morning, to return to New York, and when I caught sight of Mary Worth at the window, and received her parting salutation, I felt fully resolved and with the strength of a Hercules bracing every nerve, determined to renew the contest with other plans and firmer hopes and more honest appliances. And so I entered the Great Babel again.

CHAPTER VI.

Reader, I wish I could stop here! You behold me in the full enjoyment of a fresh unhackneyed and honest resolution. But what says the proverb—"Hell is paved with good intentions." It were a pleasant way to round a story to depict to you how this sudden change wove a new web for my future and left nothing for me to do but rise rapidly in the scale under the effect of these new impulses and of the patronage and assistance of Marmaduke Worth, Esq., President of the Bank of Mutual Safety. I have a pretty long history to recount before I can indulge in any such record, if, indeed, any such is to come. Not that my late resolves were cast aside. Oh, no. I had

taken a wrong step by my connection with Deams, and it was not so easy to retrace it.

On reaching town, that individual was the first to welcome me. I found him at my lodgings, waiting my coming, as he knew I was to arrive that afternoon. His treatment of me was so flattering, his manner so kind, I may almost say deferential, that I lost sight of all the unpleasant thoughts I had entertained of him the last few days, or if remembered, it was with self-reproach that I could do an unfortunate man so much injustice.

Deams had heard very full accounts of the Long Branch adventure. The journals were filled with it, and my exertions, severe as they really were, had been magnified to grace their columns. Deams had placed the files on my table, and I read, displayed in immense headings, with double leads: "EXTRAORDINARY OCCURRENCE AT LONG BRANCH. DISPLAY OF MARVELLOUS STRENGTH, DEXTERITY, AND HEROISM. A YOUNG LADY SAVED FROM THE JAWS OF DESTRUCTION. A RESCUE AFTER BEING SWEEPED OUT INTO THE OCEAN. JOHN BRANT, ESQ., A YOUNG NEW YORKER, THE HERO. MISS MARY WORTH, DAUGHTER OF MARMADUKE WORTH, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF MUTUAL SAFETY, THE YOUNG LADY SAVED."

Following these announcements were "Details by an eye-witness"—"Further details"—"A Correction"—"An additional correction;" which last stated "positively and on the very best authority that Mr. Algernon Hawley did not make any attempt to save Miss Worth, but devoted himself solely to securing his own safety."

"You see, you see," said Deams triumphantly. "I always considered you a trump. I saw 'luck' in your face the first moment I met you, but I did not think you would throw double sixes so soon."

I confess, although I was flattered by so much notoriety, the observation of Deams sounded coarse and repulsive. When, therefore, he went on to say: "Brant, this affair is worth more to us than a cash deposit to our credit of fifty thousand dollars," my late disgust and suspicion began to revive.

"How so?" I asked, curtly.

"Why, don't you understand," he replied, with an air of triumph, "that the favour of Marmaduke Worth is the best capital you can have to work on in the street?"

"Do you think I would take advantage of it?" I exclaimed scornfully.

"Do you mean to say you *wouldn't* take advantage of it?" retorted Deams, holding his breath.

That is just what I mean to say, Mr. Deams," was my defiant response.

Then you *are* an idiot and no mistake," was the rejoinder.

I saw the folly of an altercation with Deams, and, on the other hand, he had no disposition to enter on one with me, so after a few words the subject was changed, he, no doubt, believing I could in time be brought to embrace his terms, while I felt sure I should never bring myself to so debasing a situation.

Another matter perhaps insensibly weighed with me when I decided it was foolish to fall out with Deams. I had returned from Long Branch literally (after paying my bills) without a dollar in my pocket. Going there to spend Sunday I was detained nearly ten days, and the small sum which I was possessed of had melted clean away.

How difficult, from very highest to very lowest, to get rid of an association once formed! I found myself, despite myself, that very evening in close consultation with Deams about two or three enterprises where I could not avoid perceiving that the most was to be made out of my name "being free and clear;" which means, reader, that I had never failed in business and owed nothing that was likely to annoy me.

"By Jove," said Deams, "I wish I stood in your shoes, Brant; I mean financially, Wouldn't I make a fortune though! Why a man who owes nothing and has three cents over can pass for a millionaire if he likes."

With all the nonsense Deams was in the habit of uttering, he frequently let drop a sentence

which served to set me thinking. This observation was one of that kind. I recorded it in my memorandum book, and it was of use to me on future occasions.

"Well, Mr. Deams, if you could make a fortune were you in my place, you can doubtless instruct me how to make one," I continued, pleasantly.

"Of course I can," he replied; "that is what we are together for. I have, as you see, several enterprises on hand. In a few days I shall decide which will draw best, and we will then set to work."

"Meanwhile—"

"Meanwhile what?" Deams interrupted sharply, as if suspicious that I was about to raise further objections.

"Meanwhile, nothing," I answered, "except I am out of money." "Is that all," said Deams. "Don't let that distress you. I will put you all right to-morrow. Depend on me for that."

"The next day Deams handed me, for my signature, a beautifully prepared promissory note, in which the maker (myself) promised to pay to the order of Ezekiel Hubbard sixty days after date, the sum of five hundred and fifty dollars value received.

"Sign this," said Deams, "and I will get you the money in fifteen minutes."

"Where?"

"Never you mind where, the money will come, I have already arranged for it."

"Mr. Worth?" I asked suspiciously.

"Don't be such a fool I beg of you," said Deams, with an injured air. "Mr. Worth you know is not in town, and do you think I would attempt such a thing after what you have said?"

"But I don't want five hundred and fifty dollars. If I must attempt to borrow, fifty is the most I should apply for."

"Which would at once destroy your credit," retorted Deams. "John Brant borrowing fifty dollars, indeed! I should like to see him try it as long as I am his friend. Besides, the fact is, I am a trifle behind myself. I want, say, a couple of hundred dollars; I will stand all the shame; in sixty days people will be back in town and our company under way; we shall then have all the cash we require for any purpose,

"But why don't you have this note drawn to your order, and who, pray, is Ezekiel Hubbard?"

"Do you not understand that my name would kill the paper? Every one knows there are lots of judgments against me, and nobody knows anything against Ezekiel Hubbard, I'll be bound," said Deams, laughing.

"But who is he?"

"No matter who he is—I will tell you though, as a joke. He is the old fellow who does odd jobs for me at the house, and he makes a first-rate indorsement, no mistake about it," and Deams again laughed.

"I was learning rapidly. The great lesson was to be sure and keep your name, so at least nothing can be said against it for Wall street uses; and I made another note of that, making it specially important."

"So you will not tell now where the money is to come from?"

"Yes I will though," said Deams quickly, "and then you will have the whole story. Eli Nichols will give it to me."

"How much off?"

"Fifty dollars," said Deams stoutly.

"Which you propose to lose?"

"Yes."

"How can you afford it?"

"Why, am I not to have over thirteen thousand dollars early in September from one of the matters we talked over last night?" exclaimed Deams triumphantly, "and do you think I mind a trifle like this if it serves to give you a lift, and keep us all easy until then?"

"Well, for my part," I rejoined, "I don't like this at all; however, I will think it over and decide to-morrow."

To-morrow! There is the mistake. We hesitate and cry to-morrow, and when it comes there is no improvement over yesterday. On the contrary, the necessity is stronger; we see a way out of the immediate distress, and we attempt the present relief unmindful of what is to come of it.

Deams practiced the usual trick of his kind; he undertook to serve my wants and mixed his own larger ones up with them,—thus involving me to an extent in his necessities while appearing to relieve mine.

It requires a good deal of assurance, certainly, to profess to be doing one a great and needful service, when in reality you are extorting a favour instead; but Deams was not lacking in impudence, and I yielded, almost without knowing why, and against my better judgment, to his suggestion. I thought much about it, however; indeed, that night I slept very little. What if I am somewhat behind, I said to myself, I have several friends who would not hesitate to lend me a small sum,—why not borrow it?—in a few days I can make it good. Then pride interposed, while Deam's subtle argument came to mind, that to borrow a small sum would injure my credit. In short, it was by a moral weakness such as ninety-nine of a hundred exhibit, that I decided to embrace Deam's offer.

So the note was signed, and Ezekiel Hubbard endorsed it, and the same day Deams gave me, as agreed upon, three hundred dollars. How much he received I never knew, but I dare say Eli Nichols retained a hundred dollars instead of fifty.

Yes, I had the three hundred dollars; but per contra, time was running away with the sixty days, when five hundred and fifty dollars were to be paid. Would Deams be ready with his portion? I was sufficiently doubtful of the answer to this question to make me careful of the money I received, and except the small sum I had immediate use for, I laid by the whole, determining to practice the strictest economy and make every effort to get something ahead before the note should mature. As for Deams, he left for Saratoga the day after the affair, and I did not see him again for a couple of weeks.

About this time Eli Nichols sent for me to come to his office. I went accordingly. He received me very cordially, and after a few words of a general nature, desired me to make certain brokers an offer for some of the bonds of the Elkton and Buffalo Railroad Company, which were then much depreciated. I saw in the request the repetition of the land-warrant trick, and very quietly declined the business. Eli was much chagrined by my refusal. He asked what was the matter. Did I object to earning a commission?

"Oh no," I replied.

"What then?" said Eli.

"You have never paid me for helping you to make fifteen hundred dollars by the sale of those warrants, and I want you to close that account before we open a new one."

The old fellow flew in a rage. "Young man," said he, "perhaps you want to quarrel with me. Let me tell you I have driven more than one fellow out of the street who undertook to run against me. I advise you to be getting the money together to pay your rent due next month."

"Nichols," I exclaimed, rising as I spoke, "I have no desire to quarrel with you, but I had as lief do so as not. As to my note, if you will make it an object I will take it up now. What say you?"

"Time enough when it is due, youngster," retorted the old fellow, "Then you will be down on your marrow-bones for an extension. Don't you think you will get it?"

"Good-by, Mr. Nichols, I perceive you are a little irritated. I will call again some time, perhaps we can agree on a price for the note," and I left without having my temper ruffled in the slightest.

This was a real triumph. To show myself independent of the class to which Eli Nichols belonged was a great thing. It taught them I was not to become their serf or bondsman, and made me feel stronger by the lesson. I was exceedingly perplexed what to do nevertheless, and I was very glad I had been careful to save my money. It was now the dullest period of the summer, with really nothing doing. Nearly all my acquaintances were away, and even Wall street appeared destitute. The return of Deams was to me a welcome event, for, in spite of my resolution, I began to be very desponding. I

could see the current of wealth sweep by, and was not able to swim with it or in it. I was only an idle spectator when I felt that I had the capacity to take part with the strongest. When with my employers in Murray street I had opportunities of meeting the best business men of the city, and often wondered how such and such a one had risen to wealth and influence on what seemed to me so small a mental capital. I had not yet learned that it is not apt to be the "smart" man, so called, who ultimately succeeds, but rather the careful, industrious, persistent person. Now I was chafed because there appeared to be no chance for getting a foot-hold, and so I told Deams on our first interview when he was just from the Springs.

"Served you right," he exclaimed; "no business to be sitting here in the dumps when there was nothing for you to do. Knew it would be just so. You ought to have come with me—have had a grand time, and am home fresh and fine, and ready to sit down with triple energy to the great scheme; for while I have been away I have decided what and when and how! You must take hold in earnest and your fortune is made."

What the "great scheme" was I will presently explain.

I have spoken of the feeling I entertained toward Mary Worth. This feeling, I now declare, was in every respect genuine, and, as I believe, honourable to my nature. It helped me to preserve my self-respect, which I frequently yielded in part to the temptations of the "street" (for I confess I was sustained by no deep well-grounded principle). The idea of what she would think of me, could she know what I was doing, saved me from lapsing into a state of recklessness or indifference, and preserved always within me a strong ultimate resolution to become worthy of her—that is, worthy of what I conceived her to be. I say ultimate resolution, because there are degrees in moral obliquity as well as in moral excellence. Often when I was engaged in something I could not justify to myself, I would say, "this is unworthy of me." Yet I would go on with the permy worse self; and this is why I use the phrase "ultimate" with reference to what I was and what it seemed as if I might one day become.

In this connection let me observe that I determined, when the Worth family should return to town, that I would claim no acquaintance with any member of it beyond the ordinary salutation. They should all understand, and especially she should understand, I claimed nothing from the accident of having saved her life. One day, it was early in September, and before the Worths had come back, I met Mr. Worth, who usually came in two or three times a week, face to face on the sidewalk.

He stopped me as I was passing and gave me his hand very cordially. "I intended to call on you, Mr. Brant, before this," he said, "but when I am in the city I am usually much hurried till I get out of it. In two or three weeks my family will be in town, and I shall then have a better opportunity for seeing you and learning if in any way I can be useful to you."

It was delicately put, and in a manner that could not offend my pride; but I was resolved then and there to define my position *a propos* of the Long Branch adventure: "Mr. Worth," I replied, "I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness, but you must permit me to say I have no intention of drawing on it. The nature of the accident which made us acquainted precludes any possibility of my taking advantage of it to further my interests. I hope Miss Worth has entirely recovered."

"She is quite well," answered Mr. Worth hurriedly, "quite well, I am thankful to say. 'Young man,' he continued, 'I honour you! Good morning.'"

"I honour you!" The words came spontaneously out of the heart of the old experienced man of Wall street. I repeated them several times to myself. "I honour you; I honour you!" What was the capital of fifty thousand dollars which Deams had talked of compared with the reward I had just received? Would I exchange the one for the other? No indeed, never!

I entered my office disgusted with its atmosphere and with every association connected with

it. Deams was at his desk, in close conference with two or three individuals whose appearance I particularly disliked. He beckoned me to approach, and I was thereupon introduced to Mr. Philo Coldbrook, Mr. Elton Pope, and Mr. Aaron Masterman.

Reader, I give you these names in full, because Deams gave them in full to me, and because, further, I have some particular reason to remember them.

"We were waiting for you, Mr. Brant," said Deams with a deferential air, which I saw was assumed for some object or other. "These are the gentlemen who control the immense coal-fields I was speaking to you about (it was the first I had heard of them), and Mr. Brant, gentlemen, is the capitalist I told you of."

"Very happy to meet you, Mr. Brant," exclaimed Mr. Aaron Masterman, a portly, big-bellied individual, with small, snuff-coloured eyes, rubicund visage and a delicate pug nose. "Glad to meet you and talk over matters. We think with your assistance we can make our affair a lively one; if we can coax the matter to change—eh?" and Mr. Aaron Masterman laughed a low coarse laugh, which added to my disgust, and which caused Deams to exhibit a frightened air.

"Yes," said Mr. Elton Pope, a small, thin-visaged fellow, with a yellow wig, very large protruding orbs, and an immense Roman nose which occupied nearly his entire face. "Yes, and we hope Mr. Brant will regard our scheme favourably."

"We hope so," chimed in Mr. Philo Coldbrook, a tall, spare fellow, with lank hair and wall eyes which had a snaking side sweep—"we hope so."

There was a pause. Even Deams, who usually was so ready, did not appear to know what next to say.

"Let me have a word with you, Mr. Deams," I said at length, proceeding to the front part of the office.

Deams followed with evident alacrity. Evidently I had come in on him too soon, and he was as anxious to explain as I was to have an explanation.

"What does all this mean?" I asked, in a tone of angry impatience.

"Now keep cool, will you," said Deams, soothingly, "keep cool, and don't spoil a fortune for us all by your rashness and irritability."

"Whom do you mean by 'us all'?" I demanded in the same tone.

"Why, you and I to be sure. But for heaven's sake don't act in this manner, sir! they are nothing us."

"Deams," said I indignantly, "do you expect me to assume any robe you choose to invent for me, without even exhibiting the decency of consulting me on the subject?"

"It is all a mistake, my dear boy, it is all a mistake. I did not know my friends would be in to-day, but when they did come I could not send them off. I had spoken of you very highly financially, I admit, but in no way which you will disapprove of, I swear to you, when I come to tell you all. Now don't spoil all, please don't," he added beseechingly. "In thirty days our fortune will be made, sure, if you will only hear to reason. This evening you shall look over the papers and judge for yourself. Then accept or reject the scheme just as you please, only don't be precipitate."

"You don't expect me, then, to give those gentlemen an interview to-day?"

"Certainly not; of course not; indeed I much prefer you should not," exclaimed Deams hurriedly. "I think you had better just leave us now, and I will explain to—"

"Say what you please, Deams, for yourself, but not a word for me till you have my authority to do so."

"Quite right," interrupted Deams, in his turn, at the same time opening the door of the office as if fearing the effect of a longer discussion; "quite right, I will be with you early this evening."

What Deams said to his three "friends," I leave the reader to imagine. I only know at the next interview—and there was a next interview—they seemed doubly impressed with my consequence, and the necessity of conciliating me.

For myself, I left my office in no pleasant state of mind, a state in strange contrast with that in which I entered it, after my interview with Mr. Worth.

"How I wish I had a clerkship in a first-class mercantile or banking house," I muttered, audibly to myself; "I am not made for this kind of life, and I can't stand it."

Just then, Stokes, a leading banker, overtook me. I had but a brief acquaintance with him; but he placed his arm in mine very friendly.

"I understand you will soon bring out your new company," he said in a confidential tone. "I think I may guess who your bankers are. What I would say, is, that our firm has peculiar advantages in the management of such a stock, and if you can arrange to give us a passable interest we will do wonders for it."

What should I reply? It was a risk to me, to be sure; but was I to make myself ridiculous by appearing ignorant of what Mr. Stokes meant? Doubtless this was the affair Deams had begged me not to listen to, and which the shrewd broker had already got wind of."

Perceiving that I hesitated, Mr. Stokes continued: "You must not suppose I wish to commit you. Only when you are ready, think of what I tell you, and give us a call. Affairs have been very dull, but we shall have active times this fall, depend on it. Gold can't stand where it is. I am sorry to say so, very; but I must not act against my own convictions, Good-day."

"Gold can't stay where it is." The observation struck me with a strange and almost unearthly significance. I knew Stokes was one of the most loyal men in the street, and had invariably discouraged an attempt at speculation in gold. His present observation seemed to come from him without premeditation, yet as the result of an opinion audibly arrived at against his will. As I said, it produced the strongest impression on me. It went down in my book with an *18*, which should recall it to my particular attention.

Punctual to his appointment, Deams was at my room at seven o'clock precisely.

"How lucky everything seems to turn with you," was his first salutation. "I have seen Onis, and he told me Stokes, Mead and Co. think very highly of our scheme, and are ready to act as our brokers. What do you think of that, you unbeliever?"

I confess I was a good deal mollified at this remark, for I began to think there must be something of value after all in an enterprise which Mr. Stokes should go out of his way to speak to me about. (I, long afterwards, learned the secret of his conduct.) I could not, however, put away from my recollection the appearance of the three gentlemen who I encountered at my office, and for whom I entertained such a repugnance.

"Yes," continued Deams, "we are at last all right. In fact we are getting into shape much more rapidly than I had myself calculated on. In a few weeks, my boy, you may draw a pretty large check on your bank, say with five figures, and the only question the teller will ask is: 'How will you have it?'"

Deams continued to rattle on in this strain, without any interruption from me. A very pleasing vision was flitting before my mind, produced by a momentary indulgence of fancy. "What if all these brilliant predictions prove true? Who knows but you will suddenly realize a fortune? Did not Alfred Johnson clear a hundred thousand by bringing out the great Nugget Bullion Company? Chester Symonds, too, he discovered a tin mine in New Hampshire, and sold out to Sparks, Hodge & Co. for fifty thousand. Of course it is not your legitimate business man who undertakes these things, but what of that? What matter how the money is made, if honestly made? and if I do make it!" I held my breath unconsciously. A thought of Mary Worth was natural in this conversation. Yes, indeed, if I do make it, I would seek her out, and the thought of the adieu she waved to me from her window made my heart beat audibly.

"What the deuce is the matter?"

It was the voice of Deams which recalled me to myself.

"I say, are your wits wool-gathering? What were you thinking of?" he exclaimed.

"Of that large check you were speaking about, with five figures in the margin."

"Good," cried Deams, "I am glad you begin to have some appreciation of what I am doing for you. I shall expect an apology for your savage manner this morning."

"You shall have it, Deams, the moment my check is honoured; and now let me have the promised explanation. First, what is your famous scheme, and then who are your three 'friends,' and why did you represent me as a capitalist? How did Stokes come to know me in the matter at all?"

"One at a time, then," said Deams, "and first, can you tell me the price of coal?"

"No."

"I supposed not; but I can tell you it is nearly fifty per cent. higher than it has ever been before, with a prospect of a rising market."

"What of it? Neither you nor I am house-keeping, and we do not intend to be for the present, I fancy."

"Look at that," cried Deams, with an air of triumph—"see that."

He unrolled a large lithograph, covered with many coloured lines and sections. On one corner I read—"Map of coal lands belonging to Grocer P. Wilcox, Esq., situated in Shawnee County, Pennsylvania, consisting of thirteen thousand seven hundred acres."

"Well."

"Well," echoed Deams, "you have got control of that magnificent tract. I have arranged all the details for the largest and most successful coal company ever originated in this city."

"Superior to Parker Vein?" I inquired dryly.

"Have done with your jesting," said Deams. "This is the real thing. Property unsurpassed. Veins fourteen feet in width, and inexhaustible. Transportation, Shawnee railroad to pass right through it. Price, only a million and a half of dollars. Three hundred thousand cash, balance in stock of the company at par. Easy terms of payment."

"And the three hundred thousand dollars, cash payment?"

"Runs over a space of five years—only sixty thousand per annum."

"But, the first sixty thousand?"

"We shall go to the public for that," said Deams. "Meantime, you are the capitalist. Do you take?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, I did not suppose you would without further explanation, and to do that I must show you the prospectus as soon as I have prepared it. To-morrow I shall fill up the list of the Trustees of the new company, and I will then open the whole budget. In a word, however, we have secured this property. A number of 'good' men are ready to take it up. You know, there must always be some one to stand between the seller, and the company, else there could be no 'ground floor.' I have put you into that position, where I rather think you can take care of our interests. Now you see the value of a name free and clear. If you had anything against you, it wouldn't do, you know, to hold title to anything."

I did see.

"Now, all I ask is," continued Deams, that you say nothing which shall commit yourself in anything till I have the papers ready to submit to you."

"But those disgusting wretches—"

"You mistake them, Brant. They are the gentlemen who introduced me to the property—acquaintances of Mr. Wilcox, the proprietor."

"Who help make the 'underground' below the 'ground floor'—eh! 'a lower deep below the lowest deep,' I suppose?"

Deams turned very red in the face. "You do not think—" he began.

"Oh, no, I don't think anything, Deams, only this: if you have a fair case for a proper speculation, and want nothing improper of me, why, I will go into it—that's all."

"Now, you talk like a rational man, said Deams,

"That's a little doubtful," I responded, "only don't attempt to humbug me."

"I attempt it!" and Mr. Henry Deams assumed an air of desperate astonishment.

"One word more," I said. That five hundred and fifty dollar note is due next week. Shall you be ready with your portion of the money?"

"Don't be in the least alarmed. I have already spoken to Mr. Masterman and told him I should require a few hundred dollars, and he has promised I should have all I require."

"I am glad of it. You will not, on any account, disappoint me?"

And thus the conference ended.

To be continued.

THE DOCTOR AND SOPHY.

From the German of Otilie Wildermuth.

IT was a fine flourishing village, in the Swabian lowlands, to which the father of our heroine had retired many years before, and where he occupied himself with the farming of his estates. He was a well-educated and even accomplished man, wrote poetry and leading articles in the weekly paper, and was—not because he did this, but notwithstanding that he did it—a thoroughly sensible man, who kept himself well up to the spirit of the age, without being in anywise carried away by it. It was principally for his wife's sake that he had so early given up his profession, and settled down on the ancestral estates where she had been born and bred. Although she was quite fitted, intellectually, to be his companion, still her whole heart and soul was in her farm, her hemp and potato fields, her stately farm-yard, and her gardens, in which she grew the finest vegetables, the largest quantity of cabbages for the winter store, and always produced lettuce a fortnight before Mrs. Elfner of the parsonage.

Sophy was her only daughter, light of foot and light of heart, now and then, it is true, rather shy and awkward; but from her dark eyes shone such a fresh and living spirit, that it was readily excused. Still she was not all that she ought to be; and the mayor's Mathilda, and Pauline the vicar's daughter, from the neighbouring town, often talked very seriously about Sophy's want of cultivation. She had not read any of Schiller's works, and had scarcely so much as heard of Goethe, although they were in her father's library; and when Mathilda wanted to lend her Frederica Bremer's last work, she said, "Well, you know I have really so much to do during the day, that I don't care to read in the evenings besides." Even her mother, though she could scarcely boast of a very classical education herself, was troubled about this total indifference to her mental improvement, on account of which Sophy was so very much behind the demands of the age, and thought it would be well to send the girl for a year to Stuttgart. But her father saw this wild rose unfold itself, and climb unrestrained round its home, with incomprehensible indifference; and the childlike freshness of the girl, who was at the same time an obedient and diligent child, was the joy of his heart—now feeding the birds, now comforting the screaming children of the neighbours, whose mothers were out in the fields—or sporting with them on the village green, while cousin Clara was laboriously practising duets with the schoolmaster, or reading novels, with sundry yawns and stretches.

Clara, the squire's niece, had been early left an orphan, and found a home under his roof. She had a fine full figure, and fair hair and complexion, and though but a year or two older than Sophy, was much more cultivated. She had been two years at Stuttgart, and had learnt dancing and embroidery, dressmaking and millinery, and had also heard a course of lectures on literature, of which she still had certain undefined recollections. She dressed herself well, worked samplers, and caricatured flowers; and in society, when she was not exactly able to join in the conversation, she at any rate gave herself airs that looked as though she knew much better than any one else, and did not care to give others the benefit of her superior wisdom; so that all the world thought it quite natural that the young medical man who had lately settled in the nearest market-town, and had been engaged as family doctor by the squire, should

pay particular attention to Clara, more especially as she was supposed to be an heiress. He had not, indeed, as far as was known, expressly paid court to her; but still, he was to be found the livelong day at the Hall. Never before had every slight indisposition of any member of the household received such a thorough and lengthened course of treatment.

A splint, which Clara had got in her finger, required a week's attendance, and the good mamma was obliged to have a wart on her nose removed with caustics and compresses, whose existence she had long ago forgotten, and which had long ceased to derogate from her beauty; and once Kate, the old housemaid, told with fits of laughter, how the doctor now thought she must have a sprain, because she had got her foot slightly bruised.

The neighbourhood was so rich in medical men, that it was not to be wondered at that the doctor, notwithstanding his well-known ability, should devote so much time to this one household. He was tired of playing at chess with his druggist for half a day at a time, and bewailing the healthiness of the population; and it was most likely on account of this want of practice that he kept his intentions about Clara so long in the background. Clara, who had an excessively quiet heart (if she had indeed a heart at all), was very well contented to pass for the doctor's adored one, but did not further trouble herself about the matter.

The doctor, a cheerful and enjoying companion, was always welcomed by young and old at the Hall; and even Sophy, who could seldom be prevailed upon to take part tamely and quietly in cultivated society; let herself be seen when he was there, and occasionally made remarks which were even more sensible than cousin Clara's airs; so that her mother thought that if it ever came to the point with the doctor and Clara, they must send her over to them for a time; the doctor would best be able to make something of her.

It was a most remarkable occurrence when one day Sophy herself looked pale, and complained of a headache after a sleigh drive, in which the doctor had driven Clara, who could no longer find room in the squire's old sleigh.

Notwithstanding her extreme unwillingness to allow it, her mother sent for the doctor, who, as might be supposed, did not make lighter of this than of former illnesses in the house; he thought of all kinds of serious turns that it might take, and ordered all kinds of remedies and preventives. The mother would not let herself be hindered from sitting up with Sophy, who, however, slept like a top, and awoke fresh and rosy in the morning. But her mother positively forbade her getting up till the doctor had seen her. He came early in the morning, and notwithstanding the minutest examination, found but few symptoms of illness—"Only her pulse is rather quick, and this high colour in her face seems to me rather serious; I think, at any rate, we had better apply six leeches." So poor Sophy had to atone for her deep blushing on the entrance of the young doctor, by the bites of half-a-dozen leeches.

One evening, not long after Sophy had so luckily recovered from this dangerous illness, the young doctor came in an especially happy state of mind, to tell his friends of his having at last got an appointment he had long coveted, with a very remunerative salary. They congratulated him heartily on his good luck; the squire was only sorry to lose such an agreeable neighbour. The mother thought, "How vexatious that Clara would go to the Casino to-day, when the doctor would most likely have wished to have made her an offer," and pondered in her mind whether she should have the people work at the Hall for Clara's outfit, or send everything out to be done.

Sophy had escaped away unobserved, most likely because she thought it would be proper to congratulate the doctor, and did not know how to do so; and it was not till he was preparing to depart, after having lingered much longer than was proper, that she turned up. She lighted him down stairs, and then the still hesitating visitor begged her to show him her young hares

(Sophy always had a little menagerie). Although it was rather late, Sophy good-naturedly complied, and went down with him to the little room where she kept them. The mother thought it was not quite suitable, but the squire only laughed, and told her to let them alone.

Not long afterwards they heard the doctor shut the front door and gallop away as fast as he could, although he had come on foot. But Sophy rushed up stairs with cheeks hot and glowing, and dashed into the room.

"What is it? What is the matter? What has happened to you?" asked the squire.

"Oh, such a thing never happened to me in all my life!" screamed Sophy.

"Well, what then?" asked her mother.

"The doctor wants to marry me!" Sophy burst out, and began to cry, because she did not know what to do.

"Well, that is a nice fellow," said the squire, pretending to be very angry, "talking of marriage to an innocent child, and making it weep such bitter tears. I will tell him directly what I think of it. I will write him such a letter that he won't stick up in his looking-glass," and off he went to his room in a great rage.

He had not been there very long when Sophy came in: she had already dried up her tears.

"Father," she began, very timidly, "I think you should not exactly send an express messenger to the doctor: it—it—"

"Why? Why not? you poor injured child!"

"It—it would cost too much," said Sophy, in the greatest embarrassment.

"Oh you careful child!" laughed the delighted squire. "What a good housewife you will make! Well, well, we will leave it for the present, until we can tell the doctor face to face that one must not talk of marriage to children of seventeen."

"Yes, but grandmamma was only sixteen, said Sophy, and she took to her heels as fast as she could.

Well, the doctor came again, and they talked over the matter face to face, and he did not order Sophy any more leeches, though her face had a still deeper crimson hue than before.

The marriage was very properly delayed a little, but there was a merry betrothing feast before the doctor left. Clara was of course very much astonished, but still she contrived to bear the loss of her lover with dignity and resignation; she made a pretty bridesmaid, and soon after comforted herself by the side of a long-legged conveyancer.

I don't know if the doctor got Sophy to read Schiller and Goethe; but this I do know, that she never regretted the unheard-of event which happened to her in her rabbit-room, and that she never repented having spared that messenger's fee.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

"A story! a story! please do tell us a story, Aunt Eunice, its raining, so hard; we can't go out, and were tired playing at party,—do, please Auntie, a real, true, story." So clamoured the little ones, one dark and rainy afternoon in November—such a day as calls to mind those words of Longfellow's:

"The day is cold and dark and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary,
The vine still clings to the moulting wall,
But at every gust, the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary."

Such a day as makes it pleasant to draw the easy chair up to the warm grate fire; and to watch the rosy, beaming faces of the little ones clustered round it. Bright, happy faces—sorrow has not set its seal there yet; sin has not marred and defaced the curves of the sweet childlike mouth, nor dimmed the joyous, sparkling eye! Oh, childhood, happy childhood! what would not many of us give to be back, once more, around the old hearth-stone!

But all this time the little ones are becoming impatient, and little Frank climbs up into my lap, and he nestles the bright, curly head close in and whispers, "It is quiet—quiet now," while Alison, grave and sedate, speaks up from her corner, "Tell us about when you were a little

girl, Aunt Eunice." Just then is heard a prolonged howl from John, who is luxuriously stretched at full length before the fire; the elongated countenance, together with the very unmistakable twinkle in the eye of master Hugh, inform me, who is the culprit, "Hush, boys, hush!" "Be quiet, bize," echoes little Frank.

I think, I shall tell you to-night about my grandmamma.

The first recollection I have of her, was upon this wise. One day that I had been naughty, I was shut up in her room, till I should come to my senses. I remember wandering about, not in a very contrite frame of mind, till I came to an old-fashioned chest of drawers, with brass handles, the said handles used to be my admiration. This time I ventured to explore further, so I got a chair and a stool, and mounted. Oh, the wonders I discovered! First, a funny old pin-cushion, worked in silk, of gorgeous hues, all sorts of impossible flowers, flat red roses and stumpy blue ones, and clusters of white things, about which I could never rightly make up my mind, as to whether they were intended for bunches of white currants, or branches of the lilac tree, such as I saw blooming every spring in our garden—all a little the worse for the wear, it is true, but in my eyes most magnificent! By it stood a queer box, worked in porcupine quills, and the work-basket, and the wonderful housewife, with pockets innumerable, all made to fasten, with the dearest little buttons imaginable, and each pocket with something in it. Then the other pretty basket with the keys, wonderful keys they were, brass keys, great big ones, heavy to lift, and steel keys, with queerly cut wards, thin and thick, wee crooked ones, and long straight ones; ah! *that* one, I knew it well, with the little bit of red string around it. That was the key of the closet where the jam was kept; and this little silver one, opened the cabinet in the parlour, that grandmamma had promised to let me see, when I should be a big girl; and often, I used to go and measure myself against the architrave of the nursery door, where papa had notched the height of the different members of the family. For I thought that when I should have reached up to Cousin Lizzie's mark, I should most decidedly, be a "big girl," for was she not *ten years old* and went to school *all by herself*!

Well, having poked and peered into every box and basket, I tossed and tumbled things about to my heart's content, I began to get very tired and to wish somebody would come and let me out; but as however nobody *did* come to effect the desired release, I was about to curl myself up in the great armchair and go to sleep, when my eye suddenly lit upon a very large book, (the old Family Bible, as I afterwards knew,) laying on a little stand close by. I thought to myself, now I shall see some fine pictures—so with infinite trouble I pulled the ponderous tome on to the floor, and squatted myself comfortably down beside it; but to my chagrin and vexation, there was not a single picture in it. The only pretty thing, to my mind, being the title page which had great red and black letters on it, the reverse side of which was covered with writing, the register of the marriages, births and deaths in our family for generations back.

And now the spirit of distraction seized me; procuring a pin I began deliberately scratching out every second letter which was printed in black ink, leaving in the red ones. Very likely having finished the former, I should have gone on with the latter; but just then, the key quietly turned in the lock, the door opened, and there stood grandmamma; Oh, I shall never forget the look, nor the tone of voice, as glancing first at my work and then at me, she simply said, "Oh, Eunice!" Fifty whippings and imprisonments would not have had the effect that those simple words had upon me, spoken in that low, and utterly *grieved* tone of voice.

But to understand and feel it as I did, I must try and describe my grandmamma. She was tall, and of a fine figure, straight as an arrow, her movements very dignified and stately, (proud, some people said,) she had a large open forehead, without even a wrinkle, aquiline nose; the curves of the mouth wore usually rather a haughty

expression, but who can describe the sweetness of the smile! and then her eyes, dark eyes, large, deep and soft. Who is it that calls eyes, "wells of light?" Surely, such were my grandmamma's. She generally dressed in black garments that rustled softly as she moved, (ladies were 'guiltless of crinoline' when I was young;) a snowy white kerchief crossed in soft folds across her bosom; the chatelaine, with the house keys, the scissors, the pincushion hung from her side, and, like an aureole, the silver white hair, smoothly parted beneath the manifold plaited borders of her cap. Such was my grandmamma.

Can you not see her now, as she stands there; but to return, I rose to my feet, my face crimsoning, feeling, oh, so ashamed of myself! and as if I were going to choke. Grandmamma, quietly raised the book from the floor, sat down in her arm-chair, and drew me towards her. And she talked to me, oh so lovingly, so gently, and as I still sobbed as if my heart would break, she gently turned from the subject; began to tell me, as I now tell you, of when *she* was young. She told, how that once—"Children, tea is ready." "Oh, Aunt Eunice! oh, mamma! wait till we hear this. Oh, Aunt Eunice! don't stop, go on." No, no, children, another night I will tell it we must not keep papa waiting; and see, poor, wee Frankie has fallen fast asleep; and so I talked to the little ones, one dark November day.

AUNT EUNICE.

PASTIMES.

ANAGRAMS.

Members of the Legislative Assembly.

1. Ah in fault W.
2. Come as wan J.
3. Ho smart wig.
4. Real worst S.

ACROSTIC.

1. The seat of a University.
2. A celebrated French General.
3. The ancient name of one of the countries of Europe.
4. A Queen of England.
5. An Italian city.
6. A tribe of North American Indians.
7. A Roman Emperor.

The initials of the above will reveal the name of one of Shakespeare's heroines.

CHARADES.

1. To a land where the sun is ever bright
And the sky is ever fair,
My first with the branch of the palm tree dight
Hath gone to worship there.
He hath bent his knee at the sacred shrine,
Where the deathless tapers burn;
And hath marked on his breast the holy sign,
And he riseth to return.
With a lighter heart, but a form bent down,
By my *heart* he onward moves;
And he smiles, but 'tis like the sunlight thrown
On the gloom of cypress groves.
He hath reached his home but his foot shall stray
O'er the path he loves no more;
For his breath grows short and his weary day
Of my *whole* on earth is o'er.

2. I am composed of 8 letters. My 1, 2, 4, 6 is an article of merchandize; my 4, 7, 5, 6 is found in almost every country; my 8, 7, 2, 4 is often heard in Indian jungles; my 3, 8, 7, 5, 6, is not confined; my 3, 2, 4, 6 is, what Shakspeare was; and my whole is a part of North America.

RIDDLE.

There was a man of Adam's race,
Who had a certain dwelling place;
'Twas not in heaven nor hell,
'Twas not on earth where mortals dwell;
It was no work of human art,
Brick, stone, nor lime in any part;
A house compact and covered o'er,
Where none did dwell since, nor before.
Now, if you know this man of fame,
Tell where he dwelt, and what's his name.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Behead what you were yourself and leave the familiar name of a celebrated character; behead again and leave a verb.
2. Behead a word which implies "seriousness" and leave what madmen do; behead again, and, transposing the letters leave a girl's name.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. FEECAHHRDKN. What we cannot well dispense with.
2. EAAARRPPSH. Not exact.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.

We have only space under this heading to state that "Double you" and "Trumps" have drawn our attention to the fact that the solution given in No. 25 to Problem No. 3 in No. 23 was slightly incorrect. The answer should have been; he remained 2 h. 46 m. 9½ s. Time he left 10 h. 39 m. 26½ s. nearly.

ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS, &c., No. 26.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Alexander T. Galt. 2. Amos Wright. 3. Joseph Rymal. 4. Samuel Ault. CONUNDRUM.—To place a check upon his stomach.

CHARADES.—1. Welcome. 2. Enigma. 3. Berthier. 4. Ohio.

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Ox. 2. Woman. 3. Their. 4. Clear.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1 Saturday Reader

2. A man renowned for repartee
Will seldom scruple to make free
With friendship's finest feeling.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—20160 shingles.

The following answers have been received:

ANAGRAMS.—Esther, Cloud, H. H. V., Festus, L. W., Presto.

Charades.—Esther, R. Hamilton, H., Cloud, Festus, Presto, H. H. V.

Conundrum.—R., L. W., H. H. V., Cloud, Presto.

Decapitations.—Esther, R. Hamilton, H., Robert, H. H. V., Presto, Cloud, L. W., Guide.

Transpositions.—Both, Violet, Cloud, Festus, Presto, H. H. V.; 2nd, H., Esther, L. W. Guide.

Arithmetical Problem.—H. H. V., Cloud, Presto, John L., Minto, Portia.

The following were received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue: Robin, Esther, H., R. Hamilton.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PROBLEM No. 12.—Correct solutions received from "St. Urbain St.," C. C. H.; J. McL.; R. B., Toronto; Tyro, and H. K. C., Quebec; G. G., St. Catharines; Oeola, Cobourg; and R., Hamilton.

PROBLEM No. 14.—Correct solutions received from St. Urbain St.; C. C. H.; Victor; H. K. C., Quebec; X. L., Kingston; R. B., Toronto; and R., Hamilton.

T. P. B., SEAFORTH.—Thanks; it will appear shortly. Your solution of Problem No. 12 is correct, but it was received too late for acknowledgment in our last.

W. A.—Your "4 pounder" is under examination. Further contributions will always be acceptable. We give a preference to 3 move Problems, as we have found that comparatively few care about solving more difficult ones.

T. MILES HILL, M.D., NEW YORK.—Must we thank you or our mutual friend G. G. for those positions he has forwarded? We shall be glad to welcome you as a regular contributor.

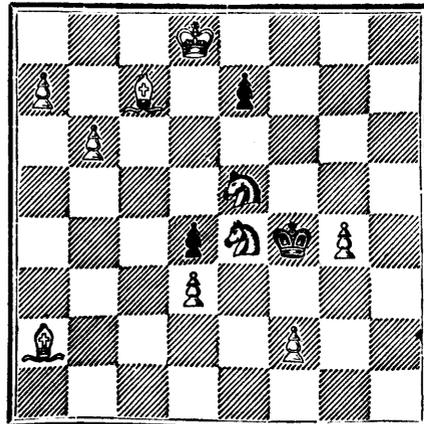
G. G. ST. CATHARINES.—The enclosures were duly received, and will have early attention.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 14.

- | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1 B. to Q. 6th. | K. takes B. or (a). |
| 2 K. to Kt. 5th. | P. moves. |
| 3 Q. Mates. | |
| (a) 1 | P. takes B. |
| 2 Q. to Q. R. 4th. | P. moves. |
| 3 Q. Mates. | |

PROBLEM No. 16.

BY GEO. GROVES, ST. CATHARINES, C. W. BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and Mate in three moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GEORGE LISTER.—Will appear in an early issue.
R., CANADA WEST.—If you wished your ballad to appear in the *Reader*, you should have sent it to us before, not after, its publication in a country newspaper. Of course we should decline to insert it under the circumstances, were it much more meritorious than it is. As you ask our candid opinion of it, we give it. The composition is careless in the extreme: at the same time there is a pleasant dash of humour about your treatment of the subject.

TRUMPS.—You will find the matter referred to under the proper heading. The Chess Editor will pronounce upon your problem. Shall be glad to hear from you again.

H. K. C.—It passed the ordeal referred to without difficulty. A more interesting paper has seldom been submitted to us.

OTAC.—We will write you in the course of the ensuing week.

R., CANADA EAST.—As the lady need not blush for the portrait you have sketched, why not forward it to her direct, especially as you must please excuse our making the *Saturday Reader* the medium for communicating so delicate a dish of flattery.

F. T., MONTREAL.—You have chosen a novel field, and that is no slight recommendation. We have reserved the story with the unpronounceable names for publication.

C. W. G.—Your proposition is, for the present, respectfully declined.

A. D.—Both are very amusing; but they have appeared in print so often that we do not care to republish them. Thanks for the trouble you have taken.

ESTHER.—Much obliged. We will endeavour to find a place for your contribution shortly.

A. S.—Amen to the wish. We have not been able as yet to look over the arrangement of the parts.

S. S.—We will, if possible, give your last contribution a place in our next issue. Thanks.

LISSON.—"Upwards of a hundred" means more than a hundred.

VIOLET.—A letter addressed to the Provincial Secretary would probably procure you the information sought.

CALSB.—"Aim high" is an excellent motto, but one should always make sure of his steps as he proceeds. As you are comparatively young, our advice to you is this:—remain in your present position and prosecute your favourite studies during your leisure hours. A lengthened and thorough preparation will increase your chances of success, should you finally determine to embrace the profession indicated.

SCHOLAR.—The seven wonders of the world were, 1. The Colossus at Rhodes; 2. The Pyramids of Egypt; 3. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; 4. The Mausoleum of Halicarnassus; 5. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon; 6. The Vocal Memnon; 7. The Phidian Statue of Zeus. Our modern wonders are of a somewhat different class; but, if some grand old Greek or Roman could visit us now, what does "Scholar" suppose he would think of the Telegraph and the Steam Engine.

CAIUS.—Respectfully declined.

W. L.—We have more than once stated our willingness to answer, so far as we are able, any and every communication we may receive.

ACCIDENTS FROM EDGE TOOLS, HARD BODIES, &c.—In all recent wounds, the first consideration is to remove foreign bodies, such as pieces of glass, splinters of wood, pieces of stone, earth, or any other substance that may have been introduced by the violence of the act which caused the wound. Where there is much loss of blood, an attempt should be made to stop it with dry lint, and compression above the part wounded, if the blood be of a florid colour; and below if of a dark colour. In proportion to the importance of the part wounded, will be the degree of the discharge of blood, and the subsequent tendency to inflammation and its consequences.

QUAINT EPITAPHS.

COPIED FROM THE TOMB STONES.

1. Here lies I,
No wonder I'se dead,
For a broad wheel'd waggon
Went over mine head.
2. Here lies the body of Betsey Bowden
Who would have lived longer, but she conden;
Sorrow and grief made her decay,
Till her bad leg carried her away.
3. A man in his widowhood had his son sleep
with him. On their death the following was written on their tombstone:
Here lies I, and my son John,
As we did lie in bed;
And here we shall lie, till Christ doth say,
Come out, ye dead!

4. Written for John Ford, for five guineas,
but not put on his ill-treated wife's head stone.
A veritable fact.—F. H. A.

Here lies the body of Jane Ford,
While she lived, she served the Lord;
But if for hell she's changed this life,
She'd better be there, than John Ford's wife.

5. Inscription on a bell.
To call the folks to church in time,
I chime.
When mirth and pleasure's on the wing,
I ring.
When from the body parts the soul,
I toll.

Numbers 1, 4 and 5 are set to music (as Rounds)
by F. H. Andrews.
Montreal, February, 1866.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

THE man who couldn't "trust his feelings" is supposed to do business strictly on the cash principle.

No matter how long you have been married, never neglect to court your wife.

A **YOUNG lady** vocalist, being much alarmed during a rehearsal, declared she trembled so she could not "shake."

MILTON was once asked why he did not teach his daughters foreign languages. "Surely one tongue is enough for a woman!" was his reply.

SHOPPING.—A lady, a regular shopper, who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the store, objected that none were long enough. "I want the longest hose that are made."—"Then, madam," was the reply, "you'd better apply to the next engine-house."

GO AHEAD WITH YOUR OLD STEAMBOAT.—On a recent trip of one of the Illinois river packets—a light draft one, as there were only two feet of water in the channel—the passengers were startled by the cry of "man overboard!" The steamer was stopped, and preparations made to save him, when he was heard exclaiming, "Go ahead with your darned old steamboat! I'll walk behind you!"

"SAY YES, OR NO."—Lord Tenterden had contracted so inveterate a habit of keeping himself and everybody else to the precise matter in hand, that once, during a circuit dinner, having asked a country magistrate if he would take venison, and receiving what he deemed an evasive reply, "Thank you, my lord, I am going to take boiled chicken," his lordship immediately replied, "That, sir, is no answer to my question; I ask you again if you will take some venison, and I will trouble you to say yes or no, without further prevarication."

GAOL REFORMATION.—In a speech at Manchester Lord Stanley said, "There is a story of an admirably-conducted man in gaol, who by extra work managed to lay by a respectable sum, which was duly paid him on his release, and which he immediately proceeded to invest in a first-rate set of house-breakers' tools."

Old John Morris was a chronic toper. One day, while returning from the tavern, he found locomotion impossible, and stopped at the corner of a fence, where he remained standing. He had

been there only a few minutes, when the minister came along. "Well, John," said he, "where do you suppose you will go when you come to die?"—"Well," said John, "if I can't go any better than I can now, I shan't go anywhere."

A young man who carried a collecting-plate after the service, before starting put his hand in his pocket, and put, as he supposed, a shilling into the plate, and then passed it round among the congregation, which included many young and pretty girls. The girls, as they looked at the plate, all seemed astonished and amused; and the young man, taking a glance at the plate, found that, instead of a shilling, he had put a conversation-lozenge on the plate, with the words, "Will you marry me?" in red letters, staring everybody in the face.

A timid fellow who, on being challenged to fight a duel, was informed that he had the privilege of selecting weapons, time, place, &c., said he should prefer "pistols and a mile."

A married gentleman, present at a spirit-rapping circle, being informed that the power depended wholly on the will, begged that his wife might try it, as he had never seen anything resist her will.

A passer-by, recognising Sheridan, remarked to his friend, "He's a great genus, is that Sheridan?"—"That man has murdered you," observed his friend. "No, no," replied Sheridan; "he has only knocked my eye out."

"Why, you measure out your wit wholesale," was observed of a chattering fool who was engrossing the whole talk in Covent Garden Green Room. "True, sir," said Corri, "the gentleman measures his wit as in the East they do rupees—by the lack."

MATHEMATICAL.—He who erects a perpendicular line upon a horizontal one makes a right angle; he who fishes for trout with a naked hook makes a wrong angle.

A FAITHFUL VALET.—It was a general remark at a certain club by B's friends that he had the best valet of any man for ready wit to serve his master—a perfect Leporello,—but he earned for his master, the other day, the credit of having shot the moon in good earnest, which spread to his intimate friends, who were not a little surprised to see him turn up at the club. The mystery was that a certain creditor called too frequently, and, getting angry, said, "You always assert that your master is out, and you don't know when he will return. I want to know now when he will return, and I'll wait here."—"Well," said the Leporello, "I give you my word that this time my master will never return, and you may believe that or not, as you please." It was said with so much earnestness that the creditor left in bitter anguish, and soon spread the report that B—had levanted, the fact being that the valet was quite right, as his master would never return—not having gone out.

The most extraordinary instance of patience on record, in modern times, is that of an American judge, who listened silently for two days while a couple of wordy attorneys contended about the construction of an act of the Legislature, and then ended the controversy by quietly remarking: "Gentlemen, the law is repealed."

BRUISES.—The best application for a bruise, be it large or small, is moist warmth; therefore, a warm bread-and-water poultice in hot moist flannels should be put on, as they supple the skin. If the bruise be very severe, and in the neighbourhood of a joint, it will be well to apply ten or a dozen leeches over the whole bruised part, and afterwards a poultice. But leeches should not be put on young children. If the bruised part be the knee or the ankle, walking should not be attempted till it can be performed without pain. Inattention to this point often lays the foundation for serious mischief in these joints, especially in the case of scrofulous persons.

"I don't want mother to marry again," said a little boy one morning at the breakfast-table. "Why not?" was asked, with some surprise. "Because" said he "I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another."