

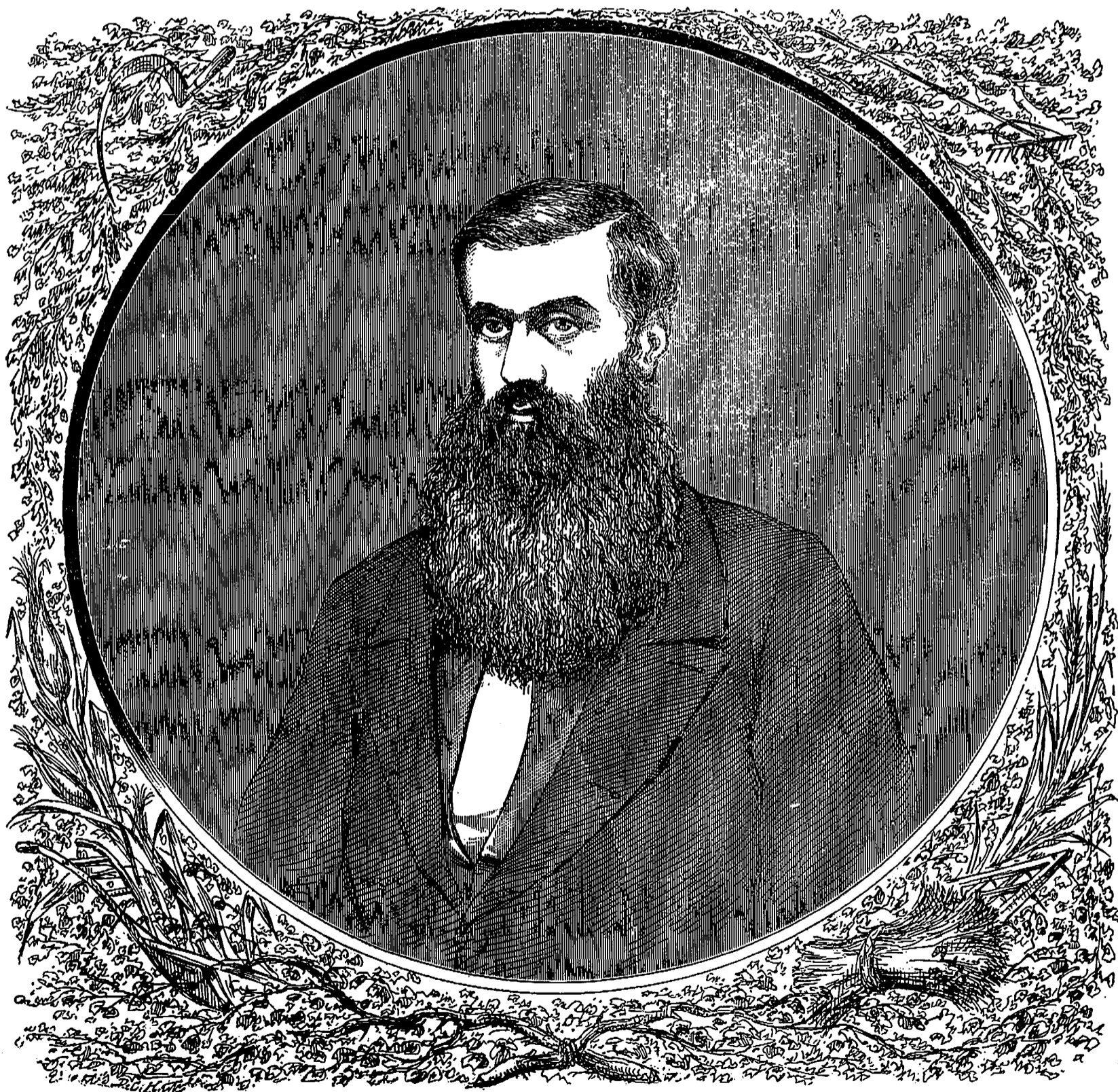
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HAMILTON, C.W., SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1863.

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HON. FRANCIS EVANTUREL, PRESIDENT OF THE BUREAU OF AGRICULTURE.

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PRESIDENT OF THE BUREAU OF AGRICULTURE.

We have few facts to communicate concerning the President of the Bureau of Agriculture. He is a Lower Canadian and has represented the county of Quebec since 1854. Though new to official life, he has had considerable experience in Parliament and gives evidence of ability. As a speaker he is fluent and commands the attention of the House. It is yet too soon to venture an opinion as to his capacity to fulfill the duties of the office of which he is the head. We sincerely hope that he will earn for himself the reputation of an able and efficient public servant.

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THE CANADIAN Illustrated News.

HAMILTON, MARCH 14, 1863.

MINISTERIAL POSITION.

THE position of the Upper Canadian members of the present ministry—with the exception of the premier—was the staple subject of the late debate on the address. So far as we have observed however no very clear *expose* of the situation was given, nor indeed is the task an easy one, even to minds less warped by party pre-possessions than those of members of Parliament usually are.

The theory of our constitution requires that the ministry should be—in outwards appearance at least—a unit on all questions before the country.

It seems pretty evident that if anomalies are to be avoided this arbitrary principle will need modification. There may be no difficulty in its working while a broad easily traceable line of demarcation separates the House into two parties, each with a traditional policy too clearly defined to admit of admixture with the other. The thinking at the same time being done by a few leaders whom the rank and file blindly obey.

But if our politicians are to be anything else than legislative automatons, if their opinions are to be the result of their own brainwork instead of somebody's else the difficulty of obtaining an united cabinet must be apparent.

In connection with this let it be noted that a Parliamentary Opposition are powerless, so far as carrying out any positive policy is concerned. They may by their vigilance prevent many abuses, they may even compel a weak government to adopt some of their measures. But they can only give practical effect to their principles by crossing from the Opposition to the Ministerial benches.—Let us suppose then a Government in power whose policy is disapproved by the majority of the House, but this majority is composed of men who, united in their opposition to the Government, and perhaps on most of the leading questions of the day, yet differ on many points.—In such case what is to be done, clearly one of three things:

1st, That the Opposition should still tolerate the government, notwithstanding their disapproval of it, owing to their own inability to form one according to constitutional etiquette.

2d, That compromises should be made, sufficient to enable them to form a cabinet with at least the outward semblance of unity, or,

3d, That they should unite on such questions as they are already agreed upon, leaving members free to advocate their own peculiar views of questions on which the Cabinet cannot unite.

The first of these courses scarcely call for remark. It must be evident, that if an Opposition are to be excluded from office, on account of individual differences of opinion among them, politicians will be very shy of committing themselves to so-called impracticable measures, however wise and just these measures may be.

All great reforms are the work of time and persistent advocacy.

If then, it is a clearly understood principle, that the advocates of a reform are to be excluded from office until they can obtain a majority in favor of their measure, none but the most honest and upright, and consequently most desirable men to entrust with power, will make the sacrifice.

The second course pointed out, viz: That of compromise, seems to have been the one adopted by the present Ministry. Perhaps with our present ideas about an united Cabinet, it was the only course possible for them to pursue. It cannot be denied, however, that this course opens the door to a political latitudinarianism greatly to be deprecated. However honest in purpose the present Ministers may be, it is always repugnant to the broad moral sense of the community to find men voting against a measure which they once supported. We think it would have been far more satisfactory if Constitutional usage had permitted Ministers, if they could not agree upon representation by population, to have sacrificed the external appearance of unity, and to have allowed each member to vote for and advocate that measure as before.

PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL, TORONTO, AND CHIEF SUPERINTEN- DENT OF EDUCATION.

The Rev. Dr. Egerton Ryerson, Chief Superintendent of Education, was born at Charlotteville, county of Norfolk, Canada West, in 1803. His father was Col. Joseph Ryerson of New Jersey, one of the United Empire Loyalists. At the time of the American revolution he went to New Brunswick, and in 1793 removed to the county of Norfolk, Upper Canada. In 1825, Egerton Ryerson was licensed to preach as a Wesleyan Minister. In 1829, the 'Christian Guardian,' literary organ of the Wesleys, was established, of which he became editor and manager. He was appointed Principal of Victoria College, at Cobourg, Canada West, in 1841.

In 1844, he was appointed Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada.—In that year and the following he traveled through Britain, Ireland and on the continent of Europe, investigating and deriving information about the different systems of popular schools. After his return to Canada, he founded and brought into practical order the present system of school government and instruction in the years from 1846 to 1850. Nothing else, in the various institutions of Canada, bears a clearer and deeper impress of the mind of a statesman than do the Educational institutions as planned and matured by Dr. Ryerson. This strong expression, let it be remarked, is written by one who knows him not personally, and who is never likely to know him; but who, traveling through Canada purposely to observe its institutions, has noted the Common and Grammar Schools, and the modes of tuition practised by that extensive corps of teachers educated to the art of teaching at the Toronto Normal School.

Annual meetings for the election of School Trustees, are as by law directed, held in all the villages, towns, cities and townships of Upper Canada, on the second Wednesday in January, in each year. The constituents are the assessed rate-payers. Municipal corporations as directed by the trustees, levy school rates, and build school houses. The trustees appoint teachers and pay salaries under approval of the Chief Superintendent of Education.

All clergymen recognized by law, of whatever denomination, judges, members of the Legislature, magistrates, members of County Councils, and Aldermen, are school visitors in the townships, cities, towns or villages, where they respectively reside; but magistrates holding commissions of the peace, in counties only, are not visitors of schools in towns and cities; and clergymen only act in townships where they have a congregational charge. Visitors, according to legal regulations, examine into the management

of the schools, and give advice if they think it required, to teachers and pupils. The visitors at meetings which may be called by any two of their number, besides the educational supervision, promote the establishment of libraries, and the diffusion of useful knowledge, generally.

The Chief Superintendent is appointed by the Governor-General, through his responsible ministers. He is assisted by clerks, and apportioned grants of public money to the school sections. He reports all such apportionments to the Minister of Finance. He prepares forms, and gives necessary instructions for the officials charged with carrying out the various school acts; sees that the grants of money are duly applied, and appoints deputy-inspectors to assist him.

He has the general superintendance of the Normal School, and decides on the character of the books, and educational apparatus to be used throughout Upper Canada, subject to the approval of the Council of Public Instruction. These are nine persons of eminence in the Province, of various religious denominations, appointed by the Governor-General, under advice of his Executive Ministers.

The Chief Superintendent also promotes the establishment of school libraries for general reading in the several counties, townships, cities, towns, and villages; provides suitable plans for school-houses with the proper furniture and appendages. He is required by law to collect and diffuse information on the subject of education generally, among the people of Upper Canada.

He is by law required to make annually to the Governor General, on or before the first day of July, a report of the actual state of the Normal, Grammar and Common Schools throughout Upper Canada, showing the amount of moneys expended in connection with each, and from what sources derived, with such statements and directions for improving the Common Schools and the Common School Laws, and promoting education generally, as he shall deem expedient.

The council of Public Instruction, of whom the Chief Superintendent is one, three of the nine members being a quorum for business, make from time to time, the rules and regulations for the management of the Normal School. They prescribe the terms and conditions on which students are admitted and instructed, and grant certificates of degrees in competence.

In August, 1858, the council of Public Instruction, adopted the following regulations as regarded the duration of sessions, and the mode of admitting and instructing students in that Institution. Since then the standard of education required, previous to admission, has been somewhat elevated, but the exact items of alteration are not, while we write, within reach.

The Winter Session commences 8th of January; closes 22nd of June. Autumn Session commences 8th of August; closes 22nd of December. Each Session is concluded by an examination conducted by written questions and answers. No male student is admitted under eighteen years of age; nor female under sixteen. Those admitted to produce certificates of good moral character, dated within at least three months of their presentation, and signed by the clergyman or minister of the religious persuasion with which they are connected.

Candidates for the Junior Division must read with ease and fluency; parse any common prose sentence according to any recognized authority; write legibly, readily and correctly; give the definitions of Geography; have a general knowledge of the relative positions of the principal countries with their Capitals; the oceans, seas, rivers and islands of the world; be acquainted with the fundamental rules of arithmetic, common or vulgar fractions, and simple proportion.

They must sign a declaration of their intention to devote themselves to the profession of school teaching, and state that their object in coming to the Normal School is to qualify themselves better for the important duties of that profession.

Upon these conditions candidates are admitted to the advantages of the institution without any charge, either for tuition, the use of the library, or for the books required in the School.

These teachers in training, are required to board and lodge in the city in such houses and under such regulations as are approved by the Council of Public Instruction.

A sum at the rate of five shillings per week, payable at the end of the Session, is allowed to each teacher in training, who, at the end of the first or second session, is entitled to either a first or second class Provincial certificate. But none receive aid for a period exceeding two sessions, nor unless a higher class (not grade) of Provincial certificate be obtained. Candidates pre-

sent themselves during the first week of the session. The scholastic attainments requisite to obtain the several degrees of Certificate are too numerous to be quoted here.—The following are leading heads: English, Writing, Geography, History, Education and the Art of Teaching, Music, Drawing, Book-keeping, Arithmetic and Mensuration, Algebra, Euclid, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Latin, Geology and Astronomy.

The number of applicants admitted to the Normal School in the year 1861 (the report of 1862 not being due until July 1863) was, first session 161; second 148. The number of Provincial certificates given at close of the first Session 89; at the second 102.

The whole number of educational institutions of every kind in Upper Canada in 1861 (as far as returns could be obtained) was 4,459; increase in the year 80. The whole number of students and pupils attending them was 344,118. The whole amount available for educational purposes was one million, six hundred and seventy thousand, and twenty-three dollars.

The foundation stone of the Normal School, at Toronto, was laid by the Earl of Elgin, Governor General, on the 2d of July, 1851. The building is situated upon the centre of an open square of seven and a half acres, distant from the bay about three-quarters of a mile. The situation is elevated and beautiful, commanding a fine view of the Bay, Island and Lake Ontario.

SUMMARY.

Our Legislators are busy. There is no lack of work and it would be impossible for us to name even, in our limited space what members propose to do.

The Insolvent Bill is one which the whole country has an interest in. It was introduced by Solicitor General Abbott. It seems to have been prepared with great care.—The first section provides that the act shall, in Lower Canada, apply only to those debtors who are engaged in trade, while its operations in Upper Canada will include debtors whether engaged in trade or not.

The state of insolvency is defined in the second section to be 'the continuous stoppage of payment by any debtor;' and any debtor who absconds from the Province, or who secretes his estate or effects or any part thereof, with the intent to defraud his creditors, or who makes an assignment, is also held to be an insolvent within the meaning of the act.

The bill altogether is a lengthy document of thirteen sections, each of which is divided into sub-sections. It is possible, before it becomes law, that it may undergo some change. The following, taken from the 'Leader,' gives the doings of the Legislative Council on Tuesday.

The Legislative Council met at 3 o'clock as usual. Almost all the members were in full dress, and wore a white rosette on the left breast. After prayers, Hon. M. Tessier moved, 'That this being the day appointed for the celebration of the marriage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales with Her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandria of Denmark, as a mark of respect to the Her-apparent, and desirous, with all Her Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, to record its due appreciation of so auspicious an event, which will so greatly add to Her Gracious Majesty's domestic happiness and tend to perpetuate the succession of her illustrious family—this House do now adjourn.'

In moving the resolution, the Commissioner of Public Works, alluded in very handsome terms, to the event which formed the subject of the resolution. He spoke of the happy effect it would have upon Her Majesty, and the universal satisfaction with which the marriage was received by the people of Great Britain. He dwelt upon the loyalty of Canadians to the Crown; and in fitting terms spoke of the grandeur of the Empire over which His Royal Highness would, in all probability, be some day called to reign.

Sir E. P. Tache, who was dressed in the uniform of a Colonel of Militia, in seconding the resolution, gracefully referred to the urbanity of the Prince of Wales, of which he had a good opportunity of judging, as he (Colonel Tache) had had the honor of attending His Royal Highness during his tour through Canada. He alluded to the Prince's attainments. His Royal Highness, he said has an acquaintance with four modern languages, and was in possession of a good solid foundation of learning, which would make him one of the most accomplished Sovereigns of Europe.

All the speakers were applauded, and spoke in a very dignified style, as became the occasion. The motion having been adopted, the House adjourned.

MARGARET.

CONCLUDED.

CHAPTER IV.

Margaret woke next morning to see the sky pure and clear, and the sun shining; that sunshine penetrated to the core of her heart, as sunshine had never done before. Happiness had roused her early. Misery and indifference are heavy-lidded and slothful; happiness is wakeful, grudging hours given to unconsciousness. Many hours intervened before it would be time to set off for the farm; she remembered that James had been fond of lilies of the valley, and went to see if any had bloomed yet. Yes! she gathered a handful, and put them in a shady place on the dewy lawn. As the pure sunshine fell on her black dress, she thought it looked worn and dusty, and went to change it for one Clara had helped to make for her. That done, she sat in the garden and read *In Memoriam*, and thought of the person it belonged to, and to whom she belonged, as she felt, for all her life to come, till it was time to go.

Mrs. Hale was deep in the mysteries of the dairy, and asked Margaret to walk up by herself.

Margaret ascended the stairs lingeringly. 'Come in,' was said before she had knocked. As strange as sweet to Margaret was the look of love that sprang to meet her when she opened the door.

'I have lived in faith that this time would come,' said James; 'but when I heard the bells ring for Miss Woodford's wedding'

Silence once broken, they talked much; the history of thirteen years had to be told.

'But how came you by any other name than that of James Grant?' asked Margaret.

'The other name was my uncle's. He was James Grant Whitecar; I am James Whitecar Grant. His name is in many of my books; Mrs. Hale gave it me. You used to dislike James Grant, and so I did not care to set her right.'

'I was thinking so much about old times and—about you, James, only a few days before Mrs. Hale asked me if I could come sometimes and read to the 'strange gentleman.' I do not believe I did dislike you,' added Margaret, as she turned a little from him to order the lilies in a glass of water.

When Margaret prepared to go, warned by a hint from Mrs. Hale that it was time James had his dinner, and then a space of quiet, she saw that her lover looked at her wistfully. 'Shall I come as usual this evening?' she said, divining his wish.

'Come, then,' he said, pressing her hand against his cheek.

When Margaret came, she saw that James was not yet strong enough for happiness; the excitement of the morning had exhausted him. She read to him from the Bible a little; then they remained quiet, hand in hand, watching the fading light, till James was anxious that she should go before it got quite dark.

'You shall not go home alone many times more, please God to let my strength return as quickly as I fancy it will, now I am so happy,' he said.

A few days afterwards, when Margaret went her afternoon way to the farm, she found that a surprise had been arranged for her. Coming in sight of the porch, she saw a figure rise from a sunny seat outside it, and come down the flagged walk to the gate. A large lilac hung over one side of the gate, a laburnum drooped over the other. No inquisitive eyes could see how James and Margaret met. Leaning lightly on her shoulder, he returned to his seat; the low stool she liked was placed beside it, ready for her.

A westeria in full blossom covered the wall close to which they sat; the warm sunshine brought out its delicate fragrance to mingle with the perfumes of wall-flowers and sweet brier; a lovely landscape lay beyond the garden-fence, and the wind-spirit in the pines sang a low, plaintive melody. A deep sigh from Margaret, drew James's eyes from the golden meadows to her face.

'I am expecting to wake and find it all gone,' she said, in answer to the enquiry of his glance.

'What is it, Margaret?' James seldom used terms of endearment: there was no need; every tone and glance was endearing.

'My happiness,' answered Margaret shyly.

'You will not cease to love; and so, if you lose me, you will not lose your happiness. If you love me as I love you, you cannot really lose me. You have loved a sickly invalid, will you leave off loving when I grow strong? If you will give the strong man the love you gave to the sick one, and not change your love, because what you love is changed, you will love on through any change, even if the mortal man shall put on the incorruptible robe of immortality.'

Margaret turned white.

'Love!' he went on, laying his hand on her head, and speaking in a lower tone, 'may I warn you not to put me in the place of God! Love Him first and best, my Margaret, or you will not love happily.'

James's parting words at that time—'Very soon I shall walk as far as the old house'—gave a new direction to Margaret's thoughts. Much to Hannah's amazement, she turned her attention to household matters next morning, ordered clean lace-curtains to be hung over those of worn and faded crimson damask in all the windows, had the large drawing-room opened, a fire lighted there daily, all the treasured-up old-fashioned knick knacks displayed as they used to be, kept the vases filled with fresh flowers—everything prepared as if a guest were expected the next moment. Hannah's husband was told to get assistance in the garden, the turf was to be mown, the edgings clipped, the paths freed from grass and moss, the borders made trim, and the greenhouse flowers planted out in as short a time as possible.

These things filled the old people with amazement, but were nothing to the change in Miss Woodford's look and manner.

CHAPTER V.

It was midsummer. The hay was down. James stood by the brook, and Margaret leaned on his arm.

'It is just thirteen years ago—all seems the same, only Margaret is changed!' he whispered, as if speaking to himself.

Margaret looked into his face somewhat sadly.

'The difference between seventeen and thirty is great. Of course I must be changed,' she answered.

With a summer flush on her cheek, and a summer rose glowing in her hair—with peace on her brow, love smiling on her lips and shivering from her eyes—Margaret had no need to fear the summer light, much less the scrutiny of her lover's glance.

'I thank God that you are indeed changed!' he said. 'You love me now.'

'God only knows how I love you! Sometimes I almost wish you different—wish you could be imperious now and then, a little cruel and selfish; could cross me, thwart me, prove me, to see how I love you! She began quietly, but her voice had grown passionate as she proceeded; her breath came and went quickly, and her color changed.

'Margaret! Margaret! you make me tremble,' James cried. He was trembling. He sat down, and drew Margaret down beside him; then he said: 'I have not told you yet where I was all day yesterday. I rode to Ling, to talk to Dr. Silver.'

She turned a startled face towards him; he hastened to go on: 'Not that I feel ill—I feel full of life and hope; but I wanted the truth, and I have faith in him. He tells me that I may live many years (my darling, do not shake so!), even to a good old age; at the same time, he says, I am now in such a state that any violent exertion or sudden shock might end my life in a few hours, and that I am not to spend next winter in England under any circumstances. I need not try to say how dear life is to me, for your sake, Margaret; but I want to look the worst (which must be the best, if God wills it) in the face with you. Love, if death should take me soon, in these early days of our happiness, shall I have any cause to reproach myself for having linked your heart to mine?'

Margaret had hidden her face on his shoulder. She looked up when he had finished speaking.

'If we never meet after we part to-night, and if I live on and on, you have done me no wrong—you have done me infinite good. You would leave me better and happier than you found me; and I should thank God night and morning for having given you to me. It was you who told me that those who love cannot lose each other. I feel it now. You have done, and you can do, me nothing but good. My heart has never been drawn so much towards Heaven as since it began to love you. Oh, stay with

me a little James—God will not take you yet—not till you have made me more like yourself.'

'I trust that He will not take me for many years. When He does, you will submit yourself to Him, not only with patience, but with such passionate force of love as you have for me—not the passion of mere impulse, but steadfast, enduring passion, that will become life itself.'

A few days later, there was a wedding at the little gray church; the bride was neither young nor beautiful, the bridegroom was plain and weakly-looking. It was a truer and more beautiful marriage than ninety-nine out of a hundred—such a marriage as is for eternity.

In the afternoon, James and Margaret left Sunnyslope for West Cove. They were to return to the old house in the autumn, only for a few weeks, before leaving England for the winter.

CHAPTER VI.

James and Margaret sat on the natural breakwater which runs out into West Cove Bay; they sat at its extremity, and close to the water's-edge; a projecting ledge above them shut them out from the rest of the world; they faced the breeze and the setting sun.

'So we go home to Sunnyslope to-morrow,' said James. 'I am glad and sorry, or rather I am neither. I have been happy here; but I shall be happy anywhere.'

'I owe a great deal to West Cove. I shall always like it; let us come here often.' Margaret gazed in her husband's bronzed face, rejoicing in the comparative vigor it expressed.

'This broad, broken path of ruby light on the field of green is very lovely! But it looks stormy to-night,' James said.

'Summer is gone; no matter, we go after it, and take it with us,' replied Margaret. 'I think we ought to go to the house now, James; it is not warm.'

'Just a few moments more, till the sun is quite under.'

Margaret threw part of her own shawl round her husband, and they sat clinging close, as if the sinking of the sun were to be the signal for their parting.

'I could almost fancy that our rock trembles,' said Margaret presently; and that wave sweeping under us, made such a strange hollow sound! See the breadth of the billow of green crystal coming towards us; it looks as if it had force enough to sweep the rock away. The sun is gone now—let us go.' Margaret shuddered.

They rose—lingered one moment yet—each leaning against the other.

Above the sound of the water, they heard a child's merry laugh, followed by a shrill cry of warning; then something fell from above, close past them, into the water; a shriek of horror rang out. They looked up—a woman stood right above them, with a blank white face; they looked down and saw a gleam of golden hair; saw it for a second, then it was washed underneath the rock on which they stood.

James began to take off his coat. Margaret made an effort to detain him, while she said to the woman above, in a tone of agonised appeal: 'Is no one there? Is no help near?'

'No one. For Heaven's sake! For pity's sake!'—

James plunged into the water.

'Run up the breakwater—make them put a boat round!' Margaret said to the woman.

She was obeyed. The woman's frantic haste and wild face attracted people to the spot from which she had started. Presently a group of idlers stood above Margaret. She did not know that she was not still alone—she did not hear their questions—she leaned over the water, her whole soul in her eyes.

Twice she saw her husband—the child in his arms—gaining a footing on a sunken rock, clearly visible under the transparent water, only to be swept off by the force of a wave.

She turned her face back at last to see if no help came. 'Hold me!' she said to those who had scrambled down to where she crouched. A man took her firmly round the waist, clasping the rock himself. She threw herself half over the edge. Presently James held the child high enough for her to reach it; she seized it, tossed it into the arms of the person nearest her, and turned to the water again. James had disappeared. A moment after she almost touched him; he smiled up at her, then was again swept out of sight. At last she got a firm hold of his arm; other arms reached over

—he was drawn up, and laid on the rock at her feet, to all appearance dead. The mother of the rescued child lingered by, hugging it in her arms.

Margaret looked up from James's face into that of the woman.

'Let the child be very precious to you, its life has cost me my husband.' She spoke with a calm that seemed stern, that chilled and awed the poor creature to whom she spoke.

James was carried home tenderly, even Margaret owned. The bystanders assured her it was only a faint, from which he would soon recover. He did revive, almost as soon as he was in bed, and the house clear of all strangers but the doctor. His first question, his eyes having satisfied themselves by gazing on Margaret, was: 'Is the child hurt?'

'I do not know. I thought only of you. I will send and ask,' she answered.

'Do love.'

He closed his eyes, and was silent a short time. Presently he said:

'Your hand saved me Margaret. I clutched your dear hand, and saw your white face, and felt safe. I remember nothing after, till I woke here to a delicious sense of fatigue, of warmth, and of your presence. Do not be anxious, love. I am very comfortable. I have no pain. I shall be well after a night's sleep.'

The physician confirmed the patient's statement, and by and by prepared to take his leave, merely advising that James should not rise till he had paid an early morning visit.

Margaret followed Dr. Merton from the room. She led him into another, and shut the door.

'Has all that is possible been done to avert evil consequences?' she asked, when she had briefly stated the previous state of James's health.

'All, my dear madam; and I see no reason for apprehension.'

'If you thought my husband in danger, could you do nothing more?'

'Nothing. Pray, be easy; you are over-excited and require rest. I shall look in the first thing in the morning, and hope to find you more composed, and your husband refreshed and tranquil.'

'Perhaps it would be better to put off our journey one day—I may be very stiff to-morrow. I dare say I am bruised,' said James, when Margaret returned to his bedside. 'Won't you write a line to old Hannah, to prevent her being uneasy.'

'You think of everything,' his wife answered, and sat down to write close by him.

A message came from the mother of the rescued child, of inquiry for its deliverer, and to say that the child was sleeping quietly, and seemed quite uninjured.

'I am very glad he is doing well,' observed Margaret.

'It was a little girl, love,' James, said smiling.

James talked a good deal that evening. Margaret feared that he was over excited by the stimulants that had been freely given. She administered a dose of sedative medicine that had been sent, and then retired behind the bed-curtain, refusing to talk to him any more.

He slept at last. Margaret sat and watched, not taking her eyes from his face. He woke once to beg her to lie down. She stooped, kissed him softly, and laid her head on the pillow by him till he was again asleep.

The night passed, and he slept on. Margaret dozed for half an hour. When she woke, the light of dawn made the candle-light look sickly. Was it that made the sleeper's face look so much whiter, colder?

She let her hand just touch his brow. As she bent over him he groaned slightly. She sprang up to extinguish the flaring, flickering light, and let it in the dawn. She poured out brandy ready to give him, as she had been ordered to do if he seemed faint on waking. When she approached him again, his eyes were open. He held one hand towards her, the other he pressed upon his breast, and seemed to struggle for breath.

Margaret set down the glass she held, passed an arm round him, and raised his head upon her shoulder. 'Are you suffering?' she asked.

Unutterable love shone up from his eyes into hers.

'I am dying! Remember. Be happy—kiss me.' The words were pronounced with pain.

It was a long, long kiss. The wife never

doubted that it was inevitably the last; that this was death. Margaret raised her face from James; she withdrew her arm, laid his head gently on the pillow; she placed his hand in her breast, kept it clasped there, both her own folded over it; she knelt watching still—watching the holy, happy beauty of a dead face.

She saw that face as the face of an angel: ecstatic calm fell upon her, lay round her; the dead hand in her breast stilled all throbs of human grief.

The morning advanced; the night had proved quiet and sultry; the window had remained open. Sounds from the sea, and sounds of early stirrers on the shore, floated into the room where Margaret knelt; nothing disturbed her. That dead hand in her breast numbed her to all things outward; the eyes fixed on the dead face saw visions of angels.

She had knelt there several hours, when, according to his promise, the doctor came. He looked from the face of the dead husband to that of the living wife, turned abruptly from the bed, and walked to the window. Margaret forgot his presence; her

Margaret kissed the child, and answered: 'It is my husband's child. We are going home to-morrow; you and the child will come with us, unless—Have you a home anywhere? any other children?'

'No, my lady. I am a lace-maker, and go from place to place. I have no home anywhere.'

'You will live with me for the future, then.' Margaret kissed the child again, kissed the brow of the still kneeling woman, put the child down by its mother, and went back to James.

'That is what he wishes me to do, she said to herself: so it was she always spoke and thought. He wishes; not 'he would have wished.'

It was high water when she was again alone with her husband. The sea was noisy, so were the children on the beach; many a merry laugh and shout reached Margaret.

That others were gay while James lay dead, woke no bitterness in her. Those who looked into her eyes wondered at their sweet serenity.

Next day, the widowed wife, the widow

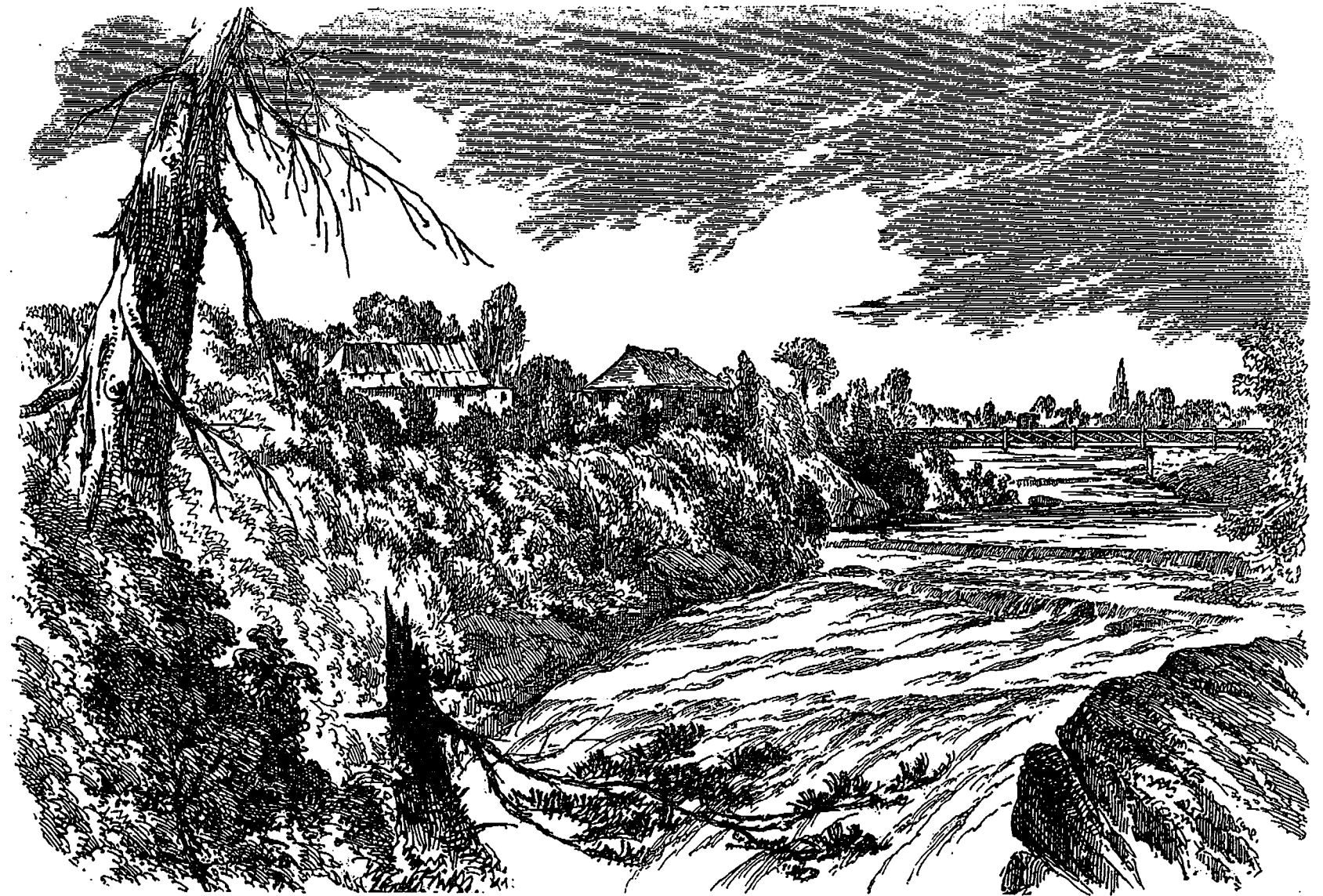
spirit to spirit with her husband—his spirit imbued all her plans of life. If not many are 'widows indeed,' as Margaret was, what wonder, when so few are wives indeed?

Margaret's was an active life—she was neither shy nor proud any longer; she could bear repulse and ingratitude. Those ignorant field-workers, whom she had once envied, were her especial care in life now. James had more than once let fall some words of pity for them, of belief and hope that his Margaret might do some good among them. One after another she won the younger women over to attend her classes, to come to her in their troubles, to look to her for sympathy; she went among them in the fields, and she visited them in their homes.

The poor lace-worker aided her; often unconsciously counselled her. Margaret's extreme pallor—no tinge had returned to her cheek since that night's watching—the unchanging serenity of her countenance, and the unvarying mildness of her manner, caused a little awe to mingle with the love she inspired, and deepened her influence.

dogmatical. And what are women to do? They whose thoughts always cling to what is personal, and seldom mount into the cold vacant air of speculation, unless they have something more solid to climb round. You must admit that there would be a sad dearth of entertainment, and interest, and life in conversation without something of anecdote and story. Doubtless. But this is very different from personality. Conversation may have all that is valuable in it, and all that is lively and pleasant, without anything that comes under the head of personality. The house in which, above all others I have ever been an inmate of, the life and the spirit and the joy of conversation have been the most intense, is a house in which I hardly ever heard an evil word uttered against one.—Guesses at Truth.

A MUDDLED STYLE.—The Albion says:—'Mr. Peter Cunningham, in gathering together material for continuing Allan Cunningham's 'Lives,' had occasion to consult a Mrs. Lavinia Forster, a daughter of Banks, the sculptor. This lady's lack of perspicacity is so droll, that it deserves to be cited as a



FALLS OF LORETTE, NEAR QUEBEC.

eyes returned to the face of the dead. How like in expressions hers was to his, the doctor often remembered afterwards.

The child whom James had saved, and its mother, came to the house. Margaret met them as she crossed the hall. At first she started back from them; then greeted the woman gently, and led the way into the parlor.

Awe-struck by Margaret's face, 'The good gentleman is not very bad, I hope,' the woman gasped out.

As if this woman had been the chief sufferer, she herself only a sympathising friend, Margaret broke the news that her husband had died at dawn, very quietly, having suffered little.

The poor woman, herself a widow, fell on the ground at Margaret's feet; the child, a pretty, timid-looking thing, stole to its mother's side. Suddenly the mother caught it up and placed it in Margaret's arms.

'Keep her to comfort you; it is the best—it is all I have to give you,' she said between her sobs.

mother, the dead husband, and the child, attended by the girl who had been hired at West Cove, and who would not leave Margaret, journeyed to Sunny-slope. Dr. Merton travelled with them, to relieve Margaret of all difficulty. They arrived at evening. The news had gone before them. The first tears Margaret shed were tears of joy, to find herself enclosed in her beloved Clara's arms. She was led to the house by Clara's young husband; they had come to welcome Margaret and James Grant home, to take a farewell of them before they left England.

On the threshold, Margaret paused for the strange woman and the child. She kissed them both, and said: 'Welcome home.' Then all knew who the strangers were.

Next spring found Margaret happy—to be happy was to keep her pact with James. She did not miss him as she would have done had she loved less; she lived with him still—with him and for him. There was no neglect of herself or her home as in former days of loneliness—both were his. She was not lonely now; she lived eye to eye,

I like to remember that Margaret lives still, making his name more and more known and honored. I like to know that the children she inspires with love to God and their neighbor, grow into men and women, that the young women whom she softens and purifies, becomes wives and mothers—that circle evolves beyond circle.

No one knew Margaret before she loved, and who knows her now, will think that James did otherwise than well to link her life to the uncertainty of his.

CONVERSATION.—Personalities are often regarded as the zest, but mostly are the bane of conversation. For experience seems to have ascertained, or at least, usage has determined, that personalities are always spiced with more or less malice. But surely you would not have mixed conversation always settle into a discussion of abstract topics. Commonly speaking, you might as well feast your guests with straw, chips and sawdust. Often, too, it happens that, in proportion as the subject of conversation is more abstract, its tone becomes harsher and more

literary tit-bit. For instance, here is a note of hers relating to the original model of the Boothby Monument, now in the Soane Museum: 'Mrs. Forster presents her compliments to Mr. Allan Cunningham. She has heard from Lady Nugent respecting the removal of some of the models Mrs. Chantrey has been so good as to take charge of for her; and has decided on requesting Mr. Soane to accept that of Sir Brook Boothby's daughter, and writes to Mr. Hardwick to this effect by to-day's courier.' Throwing out the courier, here are seven proper names crowded into as few lines, each person occupying a different position, and suggesting to the reader, in the end, the necessity of enquiring 'who's who?' By way of variety, here is a specimen of droll confusion, the result of three personal pronouns being loosely strung together. Mrs. Forster says:—'I remember at the time of the arrest of Tooke, Hardy, etc., on a charge of high treason, an officer coming to my father with an order from the Secretary of State, for him to accompany him to his office.'

Original Poetry.

WEARY.

BY PAMELIA S. VINING, WOODSTOCK.

I am weary of dreaming what never comes true,
Weary of thinking what never is new,
Of *endeavouring*, yet never succeeding to do.

Weary of walking the dusty old ways,
Weary of saying what every one says,
Weary of singing old obsolete lays.

Weary of laughing to make others laugh,
Weary of gleaning for nothing but chaff,
Of giving the whole and receiving but half.

Weary of making so shortly to mend,
Weary of mending to turn round and read,
Weary of earning only to spend.

Weary of weeping, when tears are so cheap,
Weary of waking when fain I would sleep,
Of giving what nobody wishes to keep.

Weary of drinking to thirst ere I've done,
Weary of eating what satisfies none,
Of doing forever what's ever undone.

Weary of glitter without any gold,
Weary of ashes grown fireless and cold,
Weary!—the half of it cannot be told.

Gossip.

OFFICIAL LITERATURE.

In a beautiful country at the head of a beautiful lake, stands a city of some twenty thousand inhabitants. This city, owing to superfluity of enterprise is deeply involved in financial difficulties; sadly embarrassing to its 'corporation,' and especially so to the Finance Committee thereof. The Committee met some time ago with the purpose of giving the closest attention to the present state of the city's finances, and in due time presented a report. This report contains some good things, too good to be lost, a few of which I purpose to enbalm for the benefit of posterity. Here is an extract:

'It is quite evident to every member of the Council as it must be to every reflecting citizen, that it is utterly impossible for the corporation to meet its pecuniary liabilities without ruining the city, as it would be necessary to levy a tax which it could not bear, and *must ultimate*, if persisted in, to *drive away the population*.'

Do not, dear reader, stop to ask whether it is the corporation or the city which cannot bear the tax, but fix your eyes upon the italicised portion of the extract and admire its beauty. Another extract:

'The taxation has been going on in an increasing ratio for a series of years and has now reached a point, if attempted to exceed would necessarily be disastrous, &c., &c.'

Wasn't Lindley Murray an old block-head?

The Committee next tries its hand at philosophy and gets on as follows:

'There is one fundamental principle which belongs to all communities, viz. that, that which is low must be raised by that which is above.'

Hear, hear! bravo, most profound Committee; will Herbert Spencer be kind enough to think of it before concluding his 'Development of First Principles?'

Let us take another dive in the waters of this prolific pearl fishery:

'It may be justly stated that when this Province was destitute of railways and was in every sense behind the age, &c.' This sentence would have given terrible vigor to the raw-hide of my old pedagogue had it been perpetrated by any of his scholars, but I suppose that a verb need not agree with its nominative if a learned Finance Committee so determine. The report is evidently intended to 'produce an effect' on the bond-holders of the city, and on those of them who admire elegant English it will no doubt be eminently successful.

HOW THE SUMTER GOT AWAY.

'The Sumter has got away at last,' was very generally the first remark that struck the ear of those who went into the main street this morning—and, true enough, her place in the anchorage knew her no more. The evasion took place, it is said, at half-past 6 o'clock yesterday evening, in the dark interval between sunset and the rising of the moon.

When the Sumter was sold by auction some time ago, it was understood that the Government of the U. S. would not recognize the sale. Parties who had been previously in treaty with the steamer withdrew their offer on being made acquainted with this fact, and she was knocked down at the auction to a gentleman sent from England to purchase her. This person was the envoy of a Liverpool firm who were the financial agents of the Confederate Government, and the Federal Government, coming to the very natural conclusion that the Sumter had been purchased, either on account of the Confederate Government or as a private speculation, for the purpose of being freighted with a cargo to run the blockade, instructed the commanders of their cruisers to keep the most vigilant watch upon the Sumter, and seize her should she put to sea.—Her escape last night adds one more to the proofs the American contest has already furnished that it is impossible for any single steamer to prevent another leaving a port, and that the latter has only patiently to wait that concurrence of favoring circumstances which insures her eluding the vigilance of her enemy.

The U. S. gun-boat Chippewa has for the last month or two been as watchful as a lynx, cruising at the entrance of the bay, and never losing sight of the Sumter. The consequence was that the latter dared not make the attempt to put to sea, even during the long moonless nights of last month. But a conjuncture of circumstances that promised success to the attempt occurred yesterday, and the Sumter took advantage of the opportunity. A hard south-east gale compelled the Chippewa to leave the dangerous anchorage at Algeiras, where a heavy surf rolls on a dead lee shore, and to take refuge in Orange Grove Creek, at the head of the bay. Instead of the two steamers leaving their anchorage abreast in a race for the Straits, this move gave the Sumter a couple of miles' start, her anchorage being so much nearer to the entrance of the bay. The easterly gale favored the Sumter in other ways. She is light and goes well under canvass, but cannot trust her machinery, and, with the aid of the gale astern would probably have fore-reached upon the Chippewa if her departure had been discovered and she had been chased.—But the strength of the gale, the thickness of the atmosphere, and the darkness of the night made it next to impossible that her movements should be seen; and moreover, whether by accident or design, another steamer, the Hope, with her funnel painted like the Sumter's, anchored near her. The Sumter yesterday was warped alongside the Britannia steamer.

It was reported in the town that she had dragged her anchors and sustained serious damage from collision with another vessel. Carpenters were sent from the shore, and it was said that she would not be ready for sea for a week at least. Many believe that the anchor-dragging, collision, and carpentering were all parts of an 'artful dodge' to throw the Chippewa off her guard. If they were so, the dodge would probably have had the opposite effect of rousing suspicion and stimulating the Chippewa to extra vigilance. Darkness and the gale were the real friends that favoured the escape of the Sumter. We last hear of her off Cape Spartel, which she was passing under a press of sail and steam at half-past 10 last night, when met by the 'Pactolus' steamer.

No doubt the telegraphic wire has

started American cruisers from Cadiz and Lisbon to intercept the Sumter, but the sea is a wide place, and by keeping a little out of the usual track she will probably run the gauntlet of her foes in safety. We have spoke of this vessel as the Sumter, the name by which she is best known. Her proper designation since she was sold is the 'Gibraltar,' and her new owners doubtless hope she may prove, like Gibraltar, rather hard to take. The Sumter's arrival at Liverpool has been announced.

DRESSING WITH TASTE.

It is strange that, with all the time women bestow upon dress, so few know how to prepare a simple toilet with taste. To be *well dressed* means, with most, to wear rich material, made up in gorgeous style, and with all the usual accessories of lace and jewelry, to add to the magnificence of the general effect. Never was a greater mistake. To be well dressed is only to have attire suited to time, place, and circumstances, made in a becoming manner. This attire may be a shilling calico or a rich silk, and yet in either, if it is adapted to the conditions we have mentioned, a woman may be said to be well-dressed. Where household duties have to be performed, and the care of children devolves partly upon the mistress of the house, a neat dress, fitted gracefully to the figure, is much better for morning wear than the faded remains of a more pretentious costume. Nothing looks more forlorn than to see a would-be lady performing household offices, of not the most refined character, in an old torn or dirty silk dress, or a soiled or draggled open wrapper. One of the secrets of dressing well is to dress appropriately; another, to be careful of the details, the minutiae of the toilet. Thorough personal cleanliness, glossy, well brushed hair, neat shoes and stockings, are as essential to a good personal appearance as the material and fashion of the dress. Indeed, a lady who is particular in these minor matters, can hardly ever be said to be ill-dressed, as this delicate refinement will not only excuse faults, but naturally show itself in the good taste which will guide her selection, no matter how small the cost may be. Some persons have an extreme horror of being 'caught,' as they call it, in a morning dress. Why they should be so sensitive on this point, it is difficult to say. If it is clean, and adapted to the work in which they are engaged, there is no shame in wearing it, and, above all, it ought to be remembered that no attire is good enough for the family which is not good enough for mere acquaintances who may chance to favor you with their society. It is much better to be caught in a plain morning dress than to be caught very much overdressed, as some unlucky individuals are, at a small evening party. In one case there is real cause for mortification, in the other there is none. Mothers should carefully impress this lesson upon their daughters. Many a young lady has lost an eligible match through the discovery that the belle of the evening was the slattern of the morning, and that she paid more attention to the number of her frounces than the cleanliness of her person, more care on the brilliancy of her head-dress than the condition of her hair.

A FANCY BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

The fancy ball given by their Majesties at the Tuileries on Monday night was remarkable alike for its magnificence, its animation, and its infinite variety. The splendor of the rooms, the richness of the costumes, and the originality of the dances rendered this *fete* of extraordinary brilliancy. Not more than six hundred invitations had been sent, so that the company was unusually select; still it embraced the highest personages in Paris. The Empress was attired as a Venetian lady of the middle ages, her

dress, crimson and black, being covered with sequins interspersed with diamonds. The Emperor wore a Venetian mantle of white and crimson; and it is remarked that several high dignitaries had on a somewhat similar costume. The Prince-Imperial, in black vest and continuations, with crimson stockings and Venetian mantle, remained in the rooms until 11. The Princess Mathilde, representing Anne of Cleves, as seen in Holbein's picture in the Louvre, had her dress covered with an immense quantity of magnificent emeralds. The Princess Clotilda, in gold brocade, wore her hair arranged with powder; and the Princess Augusta Bonaparte had on the dress of a Syrian woman. The Countess de Perigny represented Fire; the Countess de Castiglione, Salammbô, with her hair given to the wind, a golden diadem above, bare arms, and naked feet in golden sandals. The long train of her robe was borne by the Count de Choiseul, as a negro, who held an antique parasol over her head. Madame A. de Rothschild was a Bird of Paradise; Madame Emile de Girardin, in the costume of the Isle of Ceylon, had her dress covered with white and black pearls; and the Countess O. Aguado appeared as a Pack of Cards. Count de Demidoff appeared as the Son of Night, and wore the Sancy diamond; Count de Komar as Louis XIII., and the Duke de Montmoreau as Mephistopheles. The Quadrille des Abeilles produced the greatest possible effect. A number of gardeners of Louis XIV. arrived bearing on litters large bee-hives, from which, when put down, there issued a number of young and beautiful women, winged, to represent a swarm of bees; they immediately took up position, and went through a charming series of dances, composed by Marante, of the French Opera. The success of the fair performers was immense. Their Majesties remained with face uncovered until twelve, when it is believed they went through the rooms masked and in other dresses. The Cotillon, led by the Marquis de Caux, as a Caucasian, did not terminate until five in the morning, and altogether the *fete* was in every respect worthy of the august personages who gave it.—Galignani.

THE RULING PASSION.—An extract from a letter addressed to Prof. Tyndall by Mr. James Hall will interest some of our readers:—"Last week, on the 2d of January, accompanied by a guide, I made the ascent of Snowdon from the Victoria Hotel at Llanberis. There had been a heavy fall of snow the previous night, which circumstance I hoped would give me an opportunity of repeating your experiments relative to the blue color of newly fallen snow in Switzerland; nor was I disappointed. As soon as I arrived at a sufficient altitude for the snow to be one foot thick, viz: 1,900 feet above the sea, on making a hole with the baton I was delighted to find the blue color, but rather pale. As we ascended the mountain, we came into a dense mist with the snow deeper; and the blue color became darker every step until we reached the summit, when the color was as dark as that of the firmament. The most beautiful color, however, was in the natural cracks and holes in the drifted wreaths of snow, caused, I suppose, by the particles of snow not having been compressed on each side of the cracks or holes, and the reflections consequently more numerous. The light in the crevices of the snow on the side of the mountain overlooking Glaslyn was exceedingly beautiful. The thermometer on the summit was 28° F., and the calculated height by an aneroid 3,595 feet above the sea."

MARRIAGE.—It is an act of injustice toward woman, and one which often brings its own punishment upon talented men, when they select, as their companions for life, the ignorant or the imbecile of the other sex, believing that, because they are so, they must be more capable of loving.

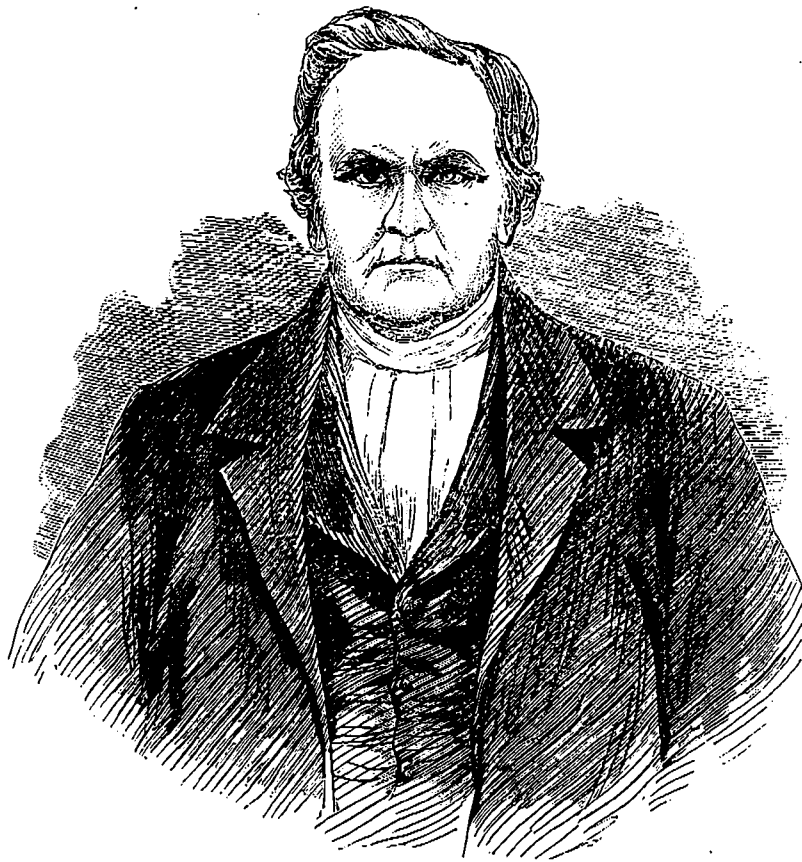
CHAMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY, QUEBEC.

The man that made the Council Room, a description of which has already appeared, made another exactly like it, the Chamber of the Legislative Assembly, and, we must finish the *parlance*, he has done enough; he has shown that the first was not the result of accident, a mere happy thought, but that he was capable, fully capable of producing another equally unapproachable.

The throne possesses a character most mysteriously masonic, indeed this wondrous effort of genius wants but the 'compass and the square' to render the resemblance a complete success, and were it not that the motto 'Dieu et mon droit' is more appropriate, I would humbly suggest the implied change to our august body of representatives. The beautiful pilasters that adorn this seat of wisdom are colored to surpass the finest marble, and in close imitation of similar laudable studies on bar-room counters.

With regard to the architectural experiments, such as the pillars supporting the gallery, &c., I am at a loss, under which order to class them. They may be original, and if so, they are worthy of the most attentive contemplation, or they may belong to the Idiotic, of which it is believed many specimens exist in this favored land; but I must confess that in my humble conception of things in general, I am utterly unable to trace any relationship between them and the standard models of excellence.

The walls of this apartment are of the same unlovely hue that appears in the upper chamber, but in other respects the same staring vulgarity does not exist to the liberal extent that it does in the last; there is less scarlet and the pattern of the carpet is less likely to disturb the nervous system. That part of the gallery that projects on either side of the throne constitutes the reporters box—in which the correspondents of



DR. RYERSON, SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION.

newspapers all over the country, are kept busily employed in registering the spirited and eloquent remarks that fall, or rather rise, from the gentlemen below.

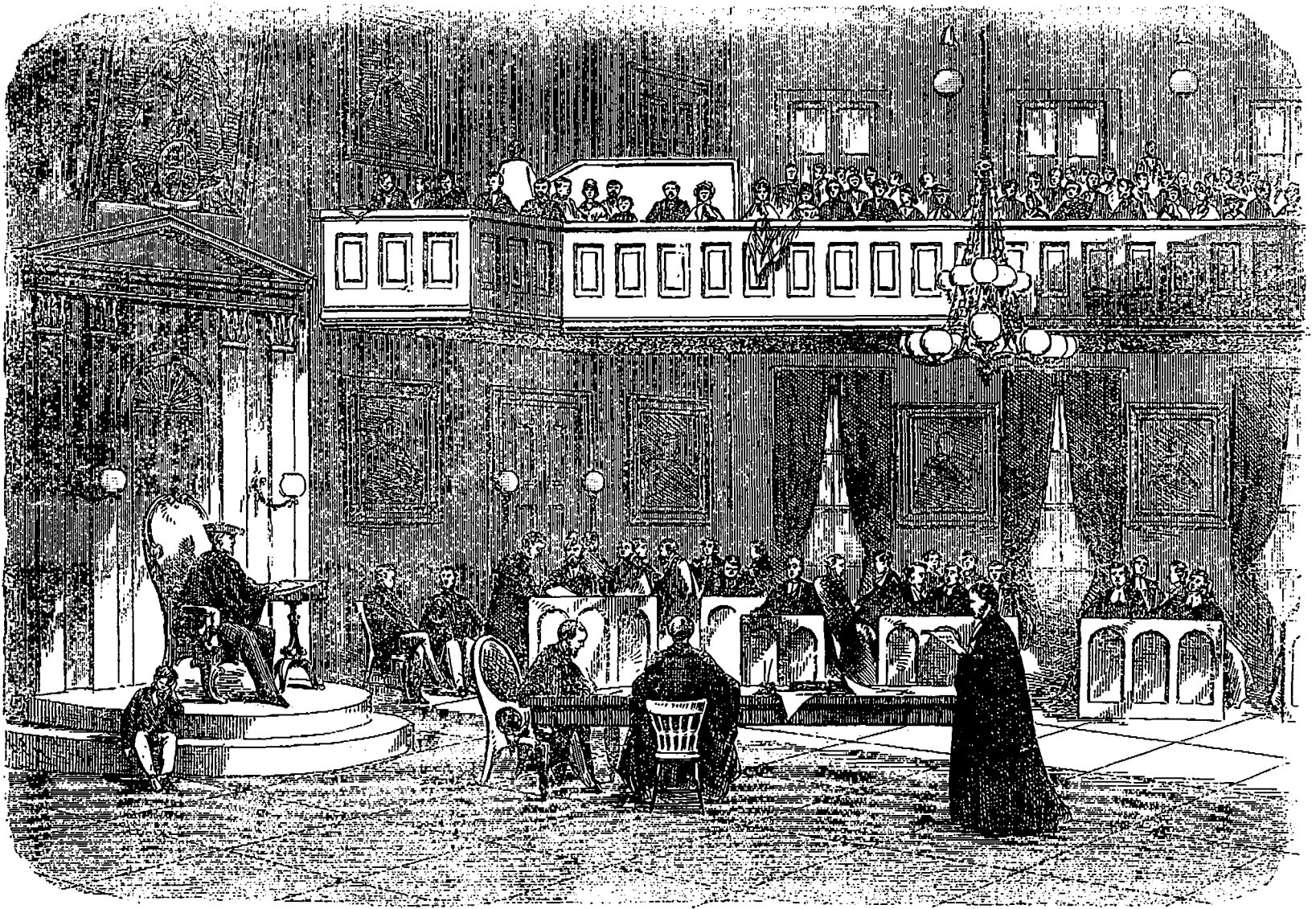
It remains but to notice another instance of the architects inventive powers, and then I will bid farewell to 'the great brick wigwam.' The instance to which I allude is the stair-case leading to the ladies gallery, the ascent of which is by no means gentle, and therefore, in promoting exercise, is highly conducive

to health. This stair-case is enclosed in a passage, of which it occupies the whole width—still we cannot complain of its being too large, seeing that two people meeting there, must 'right about face' and squeeze past as they best may. This economy of space cannot be too much admired, and in the event of an alarm of fire, it is probable that a most exciting game of leap-frog would ensue. But it is not in the economy of space alone that the 'get up' is worthy of notice; light

also is excluded to a degree that is really beyond conception; doubtless there are advantages resulting from this, but they are far beyond the understanding of your correspondent. ALEX. DURIE.

How to Eat.—An English magazine has brought to light a 'manuel on social etiquette,' which was promulgated many years ago. We give an extract or two: 'Gentlewomen, the first thing you are to observe is, to keep your body straight, and do not lean your elbows on the table. Discover not by any ravenous gesture your angry appetite, nor fix your eyes too greedily on the meat before you, as if you would devour more that way than your throat can swallow.' In another page: 'Do not eat spoon-meat so hot that the tears stand in your eyes, or that thereby you betray your intolerable greediness. Do not bite your bread, but cut or break it, and keep not your knife always in your hand, for that is as unscemly as a gentlewoman who pretended to have as little a stomach as she had a mouth, and, therefore would not swallow her peas by spoonfuls, but took them one by one, and cut them in two before she could eat them.' Gentlewomen are further instructed: 'Fill not your mouths so full that your cheeks shall swell like a pair of Scotch bagpipes.' Gentlewomen are also pleasantly put on their guard against the possible perpetration of certain minor misdemeanors: 'You will show yourself too saucy by calling for sauce or any dainty thing. Avoid smacking in your eating. Forbear putting both hands to your mouth at once; nor gnaw your meat, but cut it handsomely, and eat sparingly.' The latter admonition is addressed to what the author styles 'the female younger sort,' but always gentlewomen born and bred.

SIR CHARLES LYELL'S learned work on the 'Antiquity of Man' (previous to woman?) has been published in London. There will be a corresponding issue from the press of Childs, in Philadelphia.



CHAMBER OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY. (SKETCHED BY A. DURIE, FOR THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.)

LORD LANSDOWNE.

From a well-written biographical notice which followed the announcement of his death, in the 'London Saturday Review,' let us copy a valuable remark or two:

'On the morning of Sunday last, all men more or less connected with the world of politics, fashion, science, literature or art, felt that they had lost something more than a sagacious counsellor, a courteous and liberal host, a valued friend, a cultivated companion, or a munificent patron. A link was simultaneously broken in the chain which binds men of intellectual mark together for high and useful purposes, and in that which connects the leading minds of the present generation with the past. Placed by birth, from boyhood, in the position which others, destitute of that advantage, spend years in struggling for, Lord Lansdowne eagerly profited by his opportunities. His manhood and old age were passed, like his youth, amongst all that was gifted or famous, learned, accomplished, refined or elevating—attracted round him far more by his unaffected sympathy and congenial habits than by his rank. He did not give a haughty and protecting patronage to clever men. He claimed brotherhood with them, and sought them as his natural associates; and his usefulness as their common centre is the measure of their loss. There is no longer a house at which the celebrities of all nations may be sure of meeting, as on the table-land of which D'Alembert holds out a prospect in some future state; and the richest store of varied and instructive reminiscences existing in our time is gone with the deceased nobleman to the grave.

'In March, 1808, he had married Lady Louisa Strangways, a daughter of the Earl of Ilchester. Her fine taste and winning, though rather reserved, manners became of incalculable use to him in completing, fitting up, and adorning his two principal residences, especially Bowood, which, for felicitous arrangements, refined luxury, harmonizing objects of art, pictures, and furniture, gradually grew into the most finished, or (to borrow the French expression) *best mounted*, house in Europe. * *

'Lord Lansdowne's literary acquirements were precisely of the kind required by his position and society. He was well versed in the English, French, and Italian classics; and he knew enough of most subjects to lead the conversation upon them till it was taken up by those who had made them an especial study. He had no particular liking for science, although he delighted in the society of such men as Lyell, Owen, Brewster, Wheat-

stone, and Murchison; and he was extremely amused with the matter-of-fact earnestness of one of them, who—when a very eminent statesman laughingly remarked that, according to Darwin's theory, a starfish might become an Archbishop of Canterbury, passing through the intermediate stage of a Bishop of Oxford—gravely assured his lordship that no such transmutation could take place.

'When some one was mentioned as a fine old gentleman to Swift, he exclaimed with violence that there was no such thing. "If the man you speak of had either a mind or a body worth a farthing, they would have

worn him out long ago." Yet surely the term is fairly applicable to one like Lord Lansdowne, who, without deep passions, high imagination, or wearing intensity of thought, retains his flow of mind, his taste, his memory, his sensibility, his attachments, his rational pleasures, his eagerness to give pleasure and confer benefits, at eighty-two. Any deduction to be made on the score of his deafness was more than counterbalanced by his mode of bearing up against this infirmity.

'But, limited as we are for space, we prefer dwelling on his social position and influence, which were personal and peculiar, resulting more from taste and temper than design. It has been truly said that, consciously or unconsciously, he acted on Goethe's rule, never to pass a day without

debut at Lansdowne House—

'In early days, when I, of gifts made proud,
That could the notice of such men beguile,
Stood listening to thee in the brilliant crowd,
With the warm triumph of a youthful smile.'

'Brillat-Savarin lays down that, to make a pleasant dinner-party, the guests should be so selected "that their occupations should be varied, their tastes analogous, and with such points of contact that there shall be no necessity for the odious formality or presentation." The guests at Lansdowne House were so selected; and the host took care that all should share in the conversation; or when they were reassembled in the drawing room, he would adroitly coax them into groups, or devote himself for a minute or two, carelessly and without effort, to the most retiring or least known. He was en-

to present him with a bust of himself. It was executed by Marochetti, and with a Latin inscription from the classic pen of Hallam, now stands in the inner hall at Bowood. Fortunate in all things, he enjoyed in his lifetime what is commonly a posthumous tribute; and he read in marble the chosen words—more lasting than marble—in which his name and memory will be handed down to posterity by those who knew him best.'

A RACY correspondent, of a daily contemporary, writing from Paris, on the sixth of February, says:—'Last night Prince Phalan (one of our New York princes of the blood common) gave his third 'grand ball of the season,' at his princely palace, No. 8 Rue de Cirque. And there was a marvellous mingling of the North and South, with an aristocratic sprinkling of French and English nobility. The Pennimans of New York were there, and the Winthrop of Orleans were there! Oil and water, one would suppose, in these times. And his excellency Mr. Dayton and daughter were there, but not the Slidells and daughters. In dancing the cotillon, it is now *à la mode de Paris* for the host to provide all his guests with beautiful and costly presents, which are given away by parties in the dance; ladies to the gentlemen, and gentlemen to the ladies. This makes the ball an expensive entertainment; and to give one like this is one of the luxuries enjoyed only by millionaires like Prince Phalan of the Rue de Cirque, but formerly of Providence, Rhode Island, where your correspondent first had the honor of making his acquaintance, before the enchanter's wand had touched, etc.'

COMMERCIAL DEPUTATION TO CANADA.—The chairman of the recent meeting held in Chicago, in reference to the passage of Western Produce and merchandise through Canada, has appointed the following committee to visit the Province: Dr. D. Brainard, Hon. Charles Walker, Hiram Norton, Esq., Col. J. W. Foster, Geo. Watson, Esq., and Mayor F. C. Sherman. Mr. Brydges, of the Grand Trunk, has resolved to 'pass' these gentlemen from Detroit to Quebec and back, and accompany them, rendering all the assistance in his power.

AN architectural difficulty is thus stated in an English review:—'A descent to the subterranean portion of the building might possibly lead to the room in which thirty fiddlers were to have been hermetically sealed up, so as to form a reservoir of music to be conducted to every quarter of the house

under the control of stop-cocks; till an insuperable difficulty arose in supplying the fiddlers with air without an escape and waste of sound.'

THE whole of New England is now being scraped to get up one regiment of colored soldiers. Thus far Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, has succeeded in enlisting about three hundred.

CUSTOM surpasses nature; be careful, therefore, what you accustom yourself to.



THE PROVINCIAL NORMAL SCHOOL, TORONTO.

reading some good poetry, hearing some good music, and looking at some fine pictures. 'He looks,' writes Sidney Smith, 'for talents and qualities amongst all ranks of men, and adds them to his stock of society as a botanist does his plants; and whilst other aristocrats are yawning amongst Stars and Garters, Lansdowne is refreshing his soul with the fancy and genius which he has found in odd places, and gathered to the marbles and pictures of his palaces.' He looked also for brilliancy and attractiveness amongst women; and the renown of more than one celebrated beauty dates from her

phatically described as a natural gentleman by one whom he had just been putting at his ease in this manner. He talked delightfully, and he listened as well as he talked.

'Johnson, following in the wake of the Roman satirist, indignantly proclaims:—

'See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
'To buried Merit raise the tardy bust.'

Lord Lansdowne's contemporaries are not open to this reproach. On his retirement from public life, a subscription (limited to a guinea each, in order to comprise the greatest number of subscribers) was set on foot,

OCCASIONAL NOTES, No. II.

Popular Fallacies about Red Tape; Fallacies about Aristocracy and the Crimean War; the same about other Wars; The House of Lords; The Aristocracy in the Army and Navy.

The writer, whose name is attached, is alone responsible for opinions implied in these notes.

It need hardly surprise us that there is beyond the frontier a desire to 'liberate Canada' from what New York journalists are pleased to call the 'Old Fog-ism' and the 'thralldom' of that 'crazy old hulk, the British Constitution,' when it is seen that newspaper historians of daily occurrences in the Provincial Parliament at Quebec writing for Upper Canada newspapers ridicule, and to a degree succeed in making ridiculous, the royal, the noble, the venerable signs of British monarchy, as these are seen in State ceremonies, and daily in the formalities of the two Legislative Houses.—The fallacies which prevail among politicians calling themselves 'liberal,' about British aristocracy and Constitutional history may excuse a short commentary,

And first, of Red Tape:

'In the Crimean war the British Army was crippled in all its operations by aristocracy and red tape.' For seven years that assertion partly true wholly fallacious as relating to aristocracy has been iterated and kept alive. It is associated with this other which is also, a political fiction. 'The Crimean war was mis-managed throughout by aristocratic incapacity.' It is but a few days since a newspaper, widely circulated in Canada West, reproduced and amplified that fiction. Red tape is democratic in origin. In operation it is civic; in war it is unmilitary. In England it was spun and woven in the House of Commons, in popular jealousy of the Throne, the Army and executive Government. For thirty years of this century, Joseph Hume was the stubborn genius of tape.

What does red tape mean? It means order in public accounts. It may imply, but does not always, economy of money of military material, and of time. It may mean efficiency; but it also implies delay; and in time of war delays are dangerous, and may be fatal and irretrievably disastrous. In war, red tape cannot be always patiently untied and tidily done up again. The executive sword must cut it. Hence, the People's House of Parliament, the Commons, have by a hedge of privileges excluded the House of Lords from interfering with finances and the military and naval forces of the nation; or in any way untying the red tape of public accounts. Those privileges of the Commons are held to be the shield and breast-plate of civil liberty—once a truth; a constitutional fiction now, yet a legislative usage dearly cherished.

The Commander-in-Chief who made the poorest figure in the Crimean war of 1854-55 was the son of a preacher of the Edinburgh Tron Kirk, not one of the aristocracy, certainly. The parsimonious head of the Medical Department who, in that war, sent to the East, hospital stores in miserly quantities, and neglected some wholly, was a doctor named Andrew Smith, not one of the old aristocracy. Mr. Richard Cobden, who has read history with one eye shut more persistently than any public man of our time, and who occasionally re-writes snatches of past events, asserted in 1836 in that first effusion which made him notable among persons not remarkable for their erudition, that 'Colonies are only family appendages of an aristocratic government.' In his work, entitled, '1793 and 1853,' he re-asserted that dogma, of 1836, and added: 'that all the wars of England have been

waged against the common sense of the people for the aggrandizement of the aristocracy.' Than this, nothing ever written on British history is less consistent with fact. The manufacturing and commercial interests of the nation have been the leading causes of war. The aristocracy have indeed gone forth to battle, bearing its brunt wherever required in every clime and under every vicissitude. Passing over the wars consequent on the Revolution of 1688, the first foreign war under the 'minister of peace,' Sir Robert Walpole, was undertaken on behalf of the merchants of Bristol and London and the British Colonists of North America in Massachusetts and Virginia, against Spain and her South American territories. The popular cry for war at that time culminated thus:

One Jenkins, captain of a trading vessel, was conducted to the House of Commons by London merchants followed by multitudes crying for reprisal against Spain. At last, through the perseverance of the Parliamentary demagogue of that day, Admiral Vernon, M. P., Captain Jenkins was admitted to the bar of the House of Commons. There he unfolded a handful of cotton in which was wrapped one of his ears. 'Who cut off your ear?' 'A Spanish guarda costa.' 'What did you say to him?' 'I said I committed my person to God, and my cause to my country.' Jenkins triumphed. A naval and military expedition was forthwith sent to the Spanish Main. Vernon commanded, but made a poor figure. That war ended with a large augmentation of the national debt.

The next foreign war, that in which Canada fell to Great Britain by the battle of Quebec, 1759, was undertaken to protect the American colonists, descendants of the Puritans, from the repeated aggressions of France. That war was assuredly not aristocratic. It also added largely to the national debt. The revolutionary war, which closed with the independence of the Thirteen Colonies, in 1783, arose chiefly out of the Mercantile Navigation Laws which excluded colonial ships from sharing in British commerce, as also from such inter-colonial trade as that between the American continent and the West India Islands. That exclusion from commerce, like the Tea duties at Boston and the Stamp grievances, was not aristocratic, but essentially mercantile and democratic. The demand for war against France in 1792, was made by the mass of the people of Great Britain, as well as by the upper orders of society. The Eden treaty of 1789, by which French goods were admitted into Britain, had exasperated the master manufacturers and work people of England, all protectionists in those days. They suffered in trade as the Coventry ribbon weavers do now, who erroneously attribute all misfortune to the Cobden treaty of 1860-61. It was in the debates opposing the Eden treaty, that Charles James Fox and Sir Philip Francis taught the people to believe and to cry: 'France is the natural enemy of England.' It was in those debates that the Premier, William Pitt, Minister of the aristocracy and of a liberal foreign commerce, pronounced it to be a libel on human nature, and an offence against Heaven to legislate as if one country was the natural enemy of another.

Such are some of the errors into which men of one idea are liable to fall. I notice them here, because with fallacies of a like nature current in this Province, they lead the world outside of Britain and especially that part of it lying beyond the Canadian frontier, to believe that our hereditary aristocracy are a British misfortune. True they have large estates; but what matters it to a cultivating farmer whether he pay rent to a landlord whose tenants are a thousand, or to a landlord whose tenants are ten or but one? There may be this difference, the nobleman with a thousand

tenants is usually a more generous landlord than the owner of a small estate.

The House of Lords, hereditary House of legislation and highest court of Justice in Britain is also the vigilant guardian of human rights. And more, while it is further removed from the friction of sordid conflict and electoral collusion than the House of Commons in Britain, or the elected Legislatures of the British Colonies and of the United States, it is more severely, though not so immediately, responsible to public opinion than they.

The candidate for a seat in a representative assembly, may, by interchange of corruption, secure his election, or by adhering to virtue and honour lose it. His responsibility to public opinion is comprised in love of political life and chances of re-election. The representative assembly is an aggregation of political units like himself. No other kind of representative legislature is practicable in new communities. For:

To endow, in a new country, an assembly of new nobles with large territory, titles and hereditary functions of privilege would be a farce, closely related to insanity. Such a House of legislature would be more submissive to the public which made it, and which by revolt might at any time destroy it, than is any assembly subject to dissolution and re-election. The political representative may miss re-election, but he looks forward to the next vacancy to be restored to the last position. The new house of hereditaries might lose territory, title, and power. To retain power they would be degraded to despicable servitude.—Without as much independence as might protect their honour, they would be devoid of influence and of every useful adjunct of authority.

The Monarchy and House of Lords in Britain are portions of one institution. They inherit together traditions of chivalry and privileges of honour which all mankind admire and cherish in some form; either as tomahawks and human scalps, as blue ribbons and stars, as buttoned coats and broad brimmed hats.

Pride of descent in England, looks back to the Crusaders; in America to the Pilgrim Fathers, or to the companions of William Penn, honorable and worthy all.

British monarchy and aristocracy have antecedents of dignity which are a heritage of independence. Yet having inexpressibly more to lose it extinguished in revolution than the members of a representative assembly can lose by missing re-election for a year, or number of years, or in all their remaining life, the House of Lords are obedient to the logic of history and contemporary events. If they oppose the Commons, they do not prolong resistance to such consolidated public opinion as acquires the dimensions and force of national will. They are responsible in the heaviest bonds ever conceded to public opinion. Their revenues are larger; their estates more fruitful of future wealth; their traditions grander; their functions more exalted; their present enjoyments more affluent and refined, than were ever before inherited by aristocracy. These are their bonds of responsibility to the people. No House of elected Representatives in this world shares such a reciprocity of confidence with democracy. But the British Lords possess, as a Legislative House, a moral attribute which the elected representatives of democracy cannot collectively exercise, however true and honorable they may be as individual men. Thus:

The House of Commons in Britain; both Houses of Parliament in Canada; the State Legislatures of America, whether North or South; the House of Representatives and the Senate forming the Federal Congress at Washington, all are elected to represent industrial and commercial enterprises; but chiefly the rights and privileges of monied capital as supreme over the mere social or personal rights of individual men and women. Capital, though its achievements lie in the direction of a higher civilization, and are grand in magnitude and beneficent in ultimate results, is, in its immediate influences timid, cowardly, often cruel, if any sentiment or right, or privilege of humanity bar its way. Democracy is led in politics by the

instincts and panics of capital. It is so in Britain. It is so everywhere. The House of Lords are not wholly detached from those influences, but they are far enough removed from the vengeance of offended capital to make terms for humanity. A catalogue of the enactments which they have initiated, and which the Commons in their democratic or capitalist elements have resisted, or the measures of aggression on the rights of humanity and old established liberty, still more numerous, which have originated in the Commons, and been by the Lords resisted or amended, is inadmissible here, yet such catalogue might be formed; a noble monument of that noble House of legislation.

The legal decisions of the House of Lords, as the Court of Last Appeal, possess a dignity peculiarly their own; the option of equity and justice always conferring on humanity and weakness the benefit of a doubt or any item of unappropriated liberty which may lie in the course of new decisions. They have ceased to be conservative by resistance. They are conservative by prescience—the guides of progress, the guardians of the elements of national well-being. Place in one scale of a fair judicial balance the legislation and the legal decisions of the House of Lords from Magna Charta until now, which have enlarged and consolidated popular freedom and national stability; and in the other scale, all else of popular freedom which British history can furnish, the Lords would far preponderate.

If it be a disadvantage, as is often alleged, that the younger branches of the landed aristocracy in Britain, seek employment in the army, navy and other departments of public service, because each estate of land is not, on the death of a father, divided among the members of a family, that competition of unprovided sons for office under government, must be a disadvantage vastly greater in democratic America and in self-governing Canada. In America and in Canada the Parliamentary lobbies are crowded with at least a hundred applicants for office to every similar unit in Great Britain. In 1862, a Postmaster's place in a rural district of Canada West, worth only ten pounds a-year, apart from such benefit as the union of a store with the post-office might afford, was sought for by nine hundred and forty-six applicants!

I do not write of those matters because of change of place or circumstance. When the outcry against red tape and aristocracy was loudest in the hot crisis of the Crimean war, I encountered popular odium by a work entitled, 'Fallacies about the Army and Aristocracy.' The Earl of Ellesmere of that time, a nobleman better known in literature when Lord Francis Egerton, gave his opinion as follows: 'Hatchford, Cobham, Surrey, April 2, 1855. Mr. Alexander Somerville. I can conceive no better subject than the one you have chosen at the present moment, as I do not know any one more likely to treat it well, than yourself. I may be prejudiced in the matter in question, but the cry which assails the aristocratic element in our army as the cause of any recent military misfortunes seems to me senseless. * * *

EGERTON ELLESMERE.'

In the present American civil war the political men who have plunged their country in convulsion, and the hordes of contractors, financial speculators, and their family connections, all professedly holding the aristocracy of Britain in contempt, the 'homely men of a homely legislature,' as Mr. Cobden was pleased to call them in contra-distinction to what he as untruly termed the 'barbaric pomp' of the British Sovereign and the House of Lords, these 'homely' political men do not go forth to battle. They stay at home to do the politics and reap the profits of convulsions. It is the glory of the British nation, that the 'ruling classes' as they are called, from Princes of the blood downward, go into war personally. It is at once the mainstay of British military and naval efficiency, and the security of national honor, that the officers of the army and navy are chiefly the sons of the nobility and higher gentry. They are gentlemen who might live at home at ease, were they insensible to the responsibilities of their order; but who, choosing public service in peace or war, in calm, or gale, or hurricane; in every vicissitude of circumstance and place and climate; shrinking from no duty imposed; volunteering to perform duties the most perilous, the most deadly; enduring all privations, braving every danger, they elevate the moral tone of the service; they are a guarantee for the stability of the nation; they exalt the renown of the British Empire.

ALEXANDER SOMERVILLE.

'Whistler at the Plough.'

E O L A .

BY CRIPNEY GREY.

[CONTINUED.]

'Ulric! Ulric!' he murmured, with deep emotion, 'this for me.'

The girl answered not, but pressed his hand to her burning lips amid a shower of hot tears.

'There is no time to be lost,' she whispered, hoarsely. 'Is there anything here that we can fasten the rope to?'

Elwyn put the child into her arms, and, after groping about for some moments in the smoke, drew forward a chest of drawers, around which he secured the rope; then, flinging the end from the casement, gently pushed Eola towards it.

'You first, and the child,' she said, tremulously, and tenderly putting back his hand.

Elwyn remonstrated, but she placed the child in his arms, and forcibly fastened it to his neck by her own scarf.

'Delay will destroy both!' she said, vehemently, 'and I will not move till you are safe.'

'Brave but foolish boy!' exclaimed Elwyn, in an agitated tone.

Then, perceiving dispatch was in fact their only chance, he mounted the sill, and, with his little helpless burthen clinging to his neck, began to descend the rope, which was now held firmly by those below.

Eola leaned far out of the casement to escape the suffocating smoke, and to avoid gazing on those horrible flames that were now so alarmingly near her shrinking form, till a joyous shout from below told her the beloved one was safe, and, with a palpitating heart, she prepared to follow him.

She had not slid half way down, ere the flames were playing on the window-sill, and to her horror and consternation the rope began to crack and rive in their devouring heat.

With a spasmodic effort she essayed to reach the friendly ivy, but her strength was exhausted, and, closing her eyes to shut out the dreadful sight above, she clung to the treacherous support, expecting each moment to be precipitated headlong to the ground.

It broke at last, and with a wild shriek, which rose shrilly on the night air, she fell—but not to the earth. A pair of strong arms received her in their kindly embrace, a generous, manly heart beat against her own, and a beloved voice whispered tender blessings in her ear.

How happy she felt! What bliss unutterable did she experience in the grateful clasp of those encircling arms! Had it been at the price of her young life, it were cheaply bought. The repose but for a moment on that dearly-loved breast were payment in full for any amount of suffering.

So thought the young loving creature, as, weak with fatigue and terror, she leaned against the bosom of the man whom her childish hands had saved from a death of the worst description.

The fire continued to rage for nearly two hours longer, and then a drenching rain came to the aid of the over-taxed engines, and the flames were ultimately extinguished. The houseless family found shelter in the different cottages of their kind-hearted neighbors, and Elwyn and Eola returned to the hall.

'How could you dare so much for me, Ulric? for me who have no claim on you?' inquired the former, as he assiduously busied himself in administering brandy-and-water to the supposed page, whom he insisted on placing in a large easy chair by the library fire.

'Because I love you, sir,' faltered the girl, vainly endeavouring to assume her accustomed tone of deference, and turning her sweet countenance from the unwelcome blaze.

'God bless you, my boy!' exclaimed

Elwyn, wringing her hand. 'I believe you do. Had it not been for you, I should have been a corpse in yonder ruins to-night.'

'Oh, Heaven forbid! I cannot bear even to think of it,' murmured Eola, shuddering, and drawing instinctively closer to his side. Elwyn smiled, and passed his hand caressingly over her golden locks.

'Strange,' he muttered, 'very strange that there should be one being so attached to me in this cold world, and I unconscious of it!'

From that hour the gipsy girl and her idol were inseparable. Elwyn felt for the preserver of his life all the affection and solicitude of an elder brother; and forgetting the menial in the friend, with the true generosity of an unprejudiced soul, lost no opportunity of proving his gratitude, but little thinking what a deep and yearning passion lay buried in the childish heart which beat so turbulently beneath the jacket of the beautiful page.

Sometimes he would wonder at her shy demeanour and feminine loveliness, but only to admire it the more for its novelty; and the blush which ever mantled on the soft cheek beneath his caressing touch, excited a sort of vague surprise that such delicacy and innocent bashfulness should have fallen to the lot of a boy, but raised no shadow of a doubt regarding his sex.

And Eola passed her days in a sort of ecstatic trance—a dream of bliss so beautiful, that she sometimes doubted its reality. To follow his footsteps—to wait on his pleasure—to share his sports, and to be repaid by his ever-bright, ever-kindly smile, was to her unsophisticated heart the very climax of earthly happiness.

In the joy of the present she did not even think of the future; she did not care to do so; the happiness of the hour was all in all to this child of Nature.—The thought never occurred to her that one day, sooner or later, the mask must be laid aside, and that in her true character—as the lowly, unfortunate gipsy maiden—she must stand confessed to her high-born love, and cast her youth, her innocence, her beauty, and her virtue against his pride of family, position and social prejudices, on a die—perhaps to love!

CHAPTER XXXII.

Two or three days after that of the memorable dinner party at Roseland Villa, Eswald and Sackville were seated at a singularly early breakfast in the latter's chambers. A casual observer might have thought they had risen very early; but on a nearer scrutiny, the interesting fact would have displayed itself that they had not been to bed at all. The truth was they had both been—as they would themselves have described it—knocking about town until a very disreputable hour in the morning; and both looked rather the worse for the wearing that seedy appearance which is generally the tell-tale result of such proceedings.

The meal was scarcely touched, but a quantity of bitter beer and soda water bottles, occupying the larger portion of the table, told in what direction lay the depraved taste of the two noblemen.

Both were still habited in evening costume, or, rather, partially so; for Sackville's collar, necktie, and gloves were all scattered under the table, and Eswald's coat had given place to a gorgeous violet dressing gown. On one chair reposed a pair of opera-glasses, on the second an opera-hat in a very dilapidated condition, kept in countenance by a solitary dirty white kid glove and a cigar-case; while further on, and occupying a very prominent position on a handsome sideboard, appeared a white crape bonnet, which might once have been very handsome, but which—having by some mystic means been mistaken by Eswald in the dim light of dawn for his opera-hat, and in consequence worn by that worthy all the way from the Haymarket to the Al-

bany—now presented very much the appearance of having been slept in, or, at any rate, slept upon.

Such was the state of affairs in the aristocratic Sackville's elegant quarters.

Their nominal repast over Eswald drew his chair to the fire, and with his feet on the fender, and arms crossed tranquilly on his breast, sank into a quiet doze; while Sackville lit a 'weed,' and commenced the task of scanning over some half-dozen little feminine-looking notes, in variegated envelopes, which emitted almost every fashionable perfume of the day.

In the midst of this occupation he was disturbed by the entrance of Eswald's valet, who—exercising the usual prerogative of confidential factotums to fashionable scamps—made his appearance in the apartment without ceremony.

'Well, Miller, what's in the wind now?' inquired the dissipated young nobleman, without raising his eyes from a sheet of green note-paper, over the contents of which he was evidently much amused.

I wish to see Lord Eswald as soon as possible, to direct his lordship's attention a paragraph in this morning's paper, which may possibly have some relation to his lordship's.

'His lordship' hereupon deigned to open his aristocratic eyes, and furthermore to request that if the man had anything to tell him, he would 'out with it.'

In accordance with this politely conveyed desire, Miller drew from his pocket a copy of the paper, and folding it down at a certain place, with an air of importance handed it to his master.

The latter glanced over it, and then, exclaiming, 'By Jove! it's about Zerny, Gus,' proceeded to read aloud the following paragraph:—

'SINGULAR ADVENTURE.—About two o'clock on Wednesday morning, as Dr. L. was returning from a professional visit in the neighborhood of S——, his coachman directed his attention to a singular looking object by the roadside. The doctor alighted, and found it to be a young and delicate female, who, as he concluded from her appearance, belonged to the upper class. She was clad in a rich morning wrapper over the ordinary night-dress of a lady, and was apparently wandering either in a state of somnambulism or insanity: the latter ultimately proved to be her malady. She was standing on the banks of the river, as if contemplating suicide, when the doctor approached her. She at first indignantly spurned his assistance, but he resolutely took her by the arm, and, in spite of her determined attempts at resistance, succeeded in conveying her to his carriage. The whole affair is involved in great mystery, as the lady's mind is evidently much unsettled, and nothing can be gathered from her as to who she is, or whence she came. Every inquiry has been made in the neighborhood, but hitherto no clue has been obtained by which her friends can be discovered. Much sympathy is felt for the unfortunate young creature, who is evidently oppressed with the consciousness of real or fancied wrongs. Dr. L. has advertised the matter in the principal daily papers, and it is hoped that by this means he will be enabled to restore her to her friends.'

'What do you think of that, Gus?' cried Eswald, on finishing the announcement.

'Hardly know what to think,' responded the indifferent person appealed to—'I'm only sorry we were so jolly tight that night, that we couldn't see her moves.'

'But insane! That never can be true.'

'I don't know. I should think anybody decidedly insane to go flying about the country at two o'clock in the morning half naked.'

'Well, I certainly never suspected she had left the house in that condition. I could fancy the fiery little beggar leaving in the night, in a sort of indignant huff, but in a dressing-gown! Upon my soul, that beats all!'

And for a moment Eswald seems quite annoyed at such a piece of unrea-

sonableness on the part of his so lately pampered plaything.

The truth was, that on the night of the dinner-party, after the disgraceful scene previously related had been so shamefully concluded, Zerneen had quitted the library without leaving the least impression on the minds of the two libertines that her reason had become suddenly affected; and Eswald, half ashamed (though only partially conscious of the enormity of his baseness) to face the woman he had injured, had left his suburban retreat with Sackville that very hour, and returned to town, where he received news on the following morning from his trusty valet of Zerneen's disappearance during the night. At first this news had slightly perplexed him, and perhaps caused him some transient feelings of remorse; for, however vile a heart may be—however steeped in infamy, and encrusted with the corroding effects of long-continued vice—surely there are feelings to whose influence it is vulnerable! surely there is some opening for a tender thought!

But self—that cherished god of degraded manhood—was of course uppermost in his mind. He must be exonerated in certain eyes before a single reflection for the poor misguided victim of his lust and treachery could be allowed a place in his mind. Miller must go back at full speed to the suburban paradise which had lately called her queen, and make up a plausible tale to account for her peremptory and untimely departure; to stop the babbling tongues of the lower servants. As for the femme de chambre, she—well, she rowed in the same boat with the valet, so there was no difficulty in that quarter.

Such is a softened sketch of the line of conduct adopted by Eswald on first hearing of the gipsy's flight.

Then he had breathing time; he could actually afford to waste a short time on thinking of schemes to find Zerneen. He schemed and that was all; he never executed the plans his fertile brain suggested for her discovery.

In fact, on mature reflection, he began to consider himself cheaply rid of her, and to look upon her sudden flight as a very wise thing on her part. 'Of course she had gone back to her old friends, and would no doubt resume her former vocation. The best thing she could do.—He'd fish her up again, perhaps, when the storm had blown over, and do something handsome for her.'

Thus thought the high-born Eswald, when he deigned to think at all on the wretched fugitive; and so the affair passed on till the foregoing alarming paragraph from the newspaper was presented to his notice. Then, indeed, his fancy took fright.

'In her dressing gown,' he repeated, dwelling on what appeared to him the most insane feature of the case. I must see into this. But mad? That's all bosh!—rot! Mad with passion and disappointed pride, perhaps; but really and truly insane—it's all a confounded hoax!'

And Lord Eswald felt really indignant at the game which had been seemingly played on him.

Notwithstanding, at heart he was anything but easy. To conceal his anxiety he busied himself in finding out the advertisement, which he knew would be in the same paper as the 'singular occurrence.'

It was to the effect that 'the lady, found under such unfortunate circumstances, was still under the care of Dr. L——, and on application made to him, would be restored to her proper protectors, or otherwise cared for.'

'Now, the case stands thus,' remarked Eswald, gravely, on perusing the above extract. 'Mad or not mad, shall I come forward in the business, or leave her to take her chance (in which case, if she be really insane, she will of course be placed in a proper receptacle for maniacs,) or

shall I employ a deputy to do the dirty work for me?"

"Well," responded Sackville, who began to take an interest in the proceedings, "if you come forward you compromise yourself; for, you would hardly like it to be known all over the world that a girl went mad while under your roof." "If, on the other hand," he continued, "you leave the affair to chance, you run the risk of being bowled out in a shabby action. I think the deputy idea is the best dodge. Let Miller have a spoke in the wheel."

The individual thus pathetically appealed to came respectfully forward, and gave his opinion in the calm, dignified tone of a man who knows his own capabilities, and how to turn them to his master's account (not forgetting his own interests into the bargain.)

"I think, my lord, that should his lordship think proper to intrust the arrangement of the little matter to my hands, I could acquit myself of it to his satisfaction. His lordship has but to name the manner in which he desires it to be effected, and to place in my hands the means of effecting it, and I can proceed without troubling his lordship further."

"Spoken like a brick! like a senator! You ought to try for a seat in parliament, Miller, cried Sackville.

The well-tutored minion bowed, and slightly smiled; but remained respectfully mute.

"Well, Miller, I'll let you try your hand at it," said Esward, after a minute's reflection, during which he had been carefully weighing the advantages, and probable disadvantages, attached to this line of action. "You have helped me out of a good many scrapes, and I dare say you will do your best to get me through this. And now for the means."

The reader shall be made acquainted with them in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Dr. L.—was sitting alone in the morning room of his commodious house in Harley street.

He was a pleasant-looking, fresh-coloured man, of about forty; a man whom one might imagine to have fed all his life on the fat of the land, and not worked over-hard to obtain it—in fact, a man calculated to shine in the exhibition of that sort of benevolence which is the summer-fruit of prosperity; but certainly not one capable of such injustice to nature and society as to labor for the relief of others at the expense of himself.

The room in which he sat was to all intents and purposes a neat, quiet, orderly room. No evidence here of midnight dissipation, or that pastime which sends the player 'home with the milk in the morning, or to find himself confronted by the amazed kitchen-maid, who is cleaning his area steps. No empty soda water bottles and white crape bonnets here.

The doctor's apartment was the very pink of well-arranged property, and did great credit to his matronly housekeeper (for the doctor was a widower,) who, to do her justice, entertained only very modest expectations, considering her motherly love and kindness towards the doctor's five great romping olive-branches, her paternal care of them during their termly emancipation from school, and the accuracy with which she recollected the very day and hour of their return.

"A visitor, sir," said a demure looking footman, who entered the doctor's presence as the latter was comfortably enjoying his customary perusal of the morning papers, previous to starting on his professional rounds.

"Well, his card?" rejoined the doctor, sharply.

"He gave none, sir. He desired me to say that he was a stranger, come on important business."

"Ah!" exclaimed the worthy M. D.,

in an enlightened tone; but quickly checking himself—"All right," he continued; "you may show him up here."

The servant obeyed, and ushered in a pale-faced, dignified-looking man, attired in deep mourning.

The doctor politely bowed him to a chair, and, when the footman had made his exit, opened the conversation.

"You wished to see me on important business, sir?" he commenced. "May I ask to what it relates?"

"I called in consequence of a paragraph and advertisement which appeared in the newspaper yesterday morning, and which, I am grieved to say, has reference to myself, or at least to one who, alas, is closely allied to me."

"Exactly. I understand," replied L.—. "You have come about that unfortunate lady?"

"I have."

"How did it occur that she was found in such a singular position?"

I need not detail the circumstances which were the cause of the unhappy flight; they are purely of a domestic nature. But, of course, you are acquainted with her situation, and can therefore understand that it is an aggravation of her malady, which, prior to this event, was of a very temporary and harmless character; though, I am grieved to say, it is hereditary.

* * * * *

Now, I trust I shall not offend you sir; but I fear my next question may prove a very unpleasant one."

"Proceed."

"Did you strike her?"

The pale face of the deputy flushed a deep crimson.

"It is a dirty job, and no mistake," he mentally exclaimed. "The worst I ever did for him."

"Remember," continued the doctor, observing the other's confusion and hesitation, "remember that the question is asked purely from professional motives, and that the reply will go no further.—"

What is told me as a secret I guard with honour."

"I did strike her, then," stammered the rogue, with a spasmodic effect; "but I wish you to bear in mind," he added, emphatically, "that the provocation was great, and the blow in self-defiance."

"Precisely," returned the doctor. "I will, of course, take every extenuating circumstance in your favour for granted, for I could hardly think a man (and a gentleman) capable of violence to a young and delicate female, unless under the circumstances you name. I knew she had been struck, from her ravings.—She does not say much; all that she does say is on one theme."

"Her grand chimera, I presume?" put in the consummate fabricator.

"She talks of a mock marriage and a dinner party."

"Exactly. Those are her leading ideas. She was writing a romance about a mock marriage when I first discovered symptoms of insanity in her."

"Indeed!"

"Yes," responded the deceiver. "But what is to be done? Shall I see her?"

"I should scarcely call it wise to do so. At least, she ought not to see you. And I may tell you I have great hopes that, if properly treated, she may eventually recover, in spite of all the unfavourable features of her case—but only under the strictest care."

"Then how do you advise me to act? I am willing to enter into any plan you may suggest that lies within—my means to execute. I came hither with the intention of seeking your advice as a professional man, and with the determination of acting on it."

"Well, now, let me see," murmured the doctor, in a meditative way. "Your poor young wife wants clever treatment and

comfort combined. She wants a good medical attendant and a quiet home. She ought not to see you for at least a month. My plan is this: I am acquainted with a remarkably clever medical man, who for years devoted himself entirely to cases of lunacy, but who now practises in other branches of the profession in a fashionable inland watering-place. Not long ago I received intimation from this gentleman that he would like to receive into his family a lady boarder—an invalid, or some one of that sort. Now, it strikes me that he would not mind taking your wife. She is decidedly harmless, and her delicate situation would not brook harsh treatment. What do you say to the plan? Shall I write to him?"

"If it could be managed with total secrecy, I should accept the proposition eagerly."

"You may rely on me. If you will intrust the affair to my hands, I will manage it so that you need not appear in the transaction at all. I think you could not adopt a wiser course for the time being. Your will not only receive the medical attention her case demands, but the comforts and domestic pleasures of a home."

"Most assuredly. Well, I will think about it, and you shall hear from me decisively to-night."

The gentleman who was 'staying at Wood's,' now, lost no time in making the best of his way back to the Albany, where the two noblemen anxiously awaited him."

"Well, Miller," said the master, with more anxiety than he cared to show, "how did you get on? Did you see her? How is she?"

"My lord, I executed my commission in as satisfactory a manner as I could have wished. I did not see the lady. From all accounts, she is very bad, and what was reported is quite correct."

* * * * *

"Poor Zerny! I should like to see her once more," was Esward's half-pitying exclamation, after hearing the full account of his deputy's interview with the doctor. "Aut there," he added, "what's the use of fretting myself about the matter? If I've been in any way the cause of her misfortune, I'm ready to atone, as far as I have it in my power. If a few hundreds a-year can aid her, they are at her disposal. What more can I do? There are not many men who would do as much. How did I know she was going mad? I could not foresee such a calamity."

No; and if he had, in all probability the foresight would not have deterred him from accomplishing her destruction. So the matter ended.

The unfortunate gipsy girl was transferred to the fashionable inland watering place, there to become an inmate of the establishment of the fashionable ex-doctor of lunatics.

Lord Esward was once more at liberty. He could now enter upon the tedious labour of legitimate love-making to his intended bride, and arrange for his last bachelor carouse at Esward Abbey.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It is with relief that our pen turns to the lighter scenes that surround the more innocent characters of our tale—Elwyn and Eola.

It is a fair October day.

Along one of the green lanes of—shire a young page-boy, in a very handsome livery, is leisurely driving a neat dog-cart.

In spite of his childish face and diminutive stature, however, he appears perfect master of his occupation; and although the hands which hold the reins are in proportion with the rest of the slightly-built frame, they seem quite capable of managing the small but high-stepping horse attached to the light vehicle.

The golden locks and azure eyes of

the little driver bespeak our regard for him as an old acquaintance.

Pretty, artless Eola!

The shade of melancholy has deepened in her face since last we saw her, and her eyes wear a still more pitiful and subdued expression, but not one iota of conscious guilt lurks in their pure depths.

The child of Nature is still a child in purity of soul and mind, still unsullied by her contact with the world and its people.

Yet she is sad.

Something has of late occurred to her mind to tinge its brightness with a streak of gloom. A shadow has come between it and the sunlight, and remains stationary.

It is a shadow of a thought, engendered by a feeling hitherto almost unknown to her—shame!

How imperceptibly, and yet how surely, is the influence of the world's ideas of good and evil exerted in the heart of youth!

The child that to-day sports in unconscious levity on our knee, in a few short years will meet us with the coy air of incipient womanhood: and yet no one may have whispered to her the necessity of such a change. It has come instinctively—almost unknown to herself.

A month ago Eola saw no shadow of harm or unmaidenly indelicacy in the masculine character she had assumed; now she blushed every time her eye rested on her male attire.

Her former wild life, and picturesque styles of costume, had prevented this idea from sooner taking a hold upon her mind; but when once it introduced itself it gained strength and force daily, and ended in becoming in the poor child's heart a firm conviction of a heinous fault. She had for months—nay, years—been the unconscious perpetrator of an immodest action.

The thought was now unbearable.

But how cast off the incubus? How declare herself as an impostor to Elwyn, whom she revered with almost infantine submission? How dare the scornful, dreaded sarcasm of her feared yet blindly-worshipped master?

Such were the perplexing reflections which for some time past had worried her, and which were now the gloomy companions of her lonely drive.

Elwyn had gone to town a few days previously on business matters, and was now expected back at the abbey. He had written for the page to meet him at the station with the dog-cart, which order Eola was now obeying.

She had set out on her drive very early, with the full determination of indulging in a long and deliberate course of reflection on the important question already known to the reader.

It was with a bitter sigh, and an acute sensation of pain about her young heart, that, after a wearisome mental conflict between her secret ties and her innate sense of modesty, the disguised one came to the conclusion that the only honorable way of getting out of the dilemma into which a childish fantasy had betrayed her, was to retreat, while yet undiscovered, from the scene of her error.

And yet it seemed hard to give up her only gleam of happiness, her only chance of life's fairer joys, for a mere puntilio. Still, it was impossible to live much longer under such a mask.—Sooner or later the truth must out.

Yes, she must go. Go where? Ah! there came the climax of bitterness.—"There was not one little spot in all this great, unfeeling world, on which the poor young outcast could claim a resting-place—not one kindly heart among all its millions on whose pity she dared to rely." She was alone.

Alone! Oh, who can tell the real, literal, soul-crushing purport of that little word? Only those (and they are few) who have experienced, who have realized it.

The coldness of the world—the weakness of human nature! How often these expressions form the topic of conversation among people who literally know nothing about either! To half the people who are daily using these hackneyed phrases, both human nature and the world are as sealed books. What does the pampered nursling of wealth and fashion know about the coldness of the world? And what does the fair being who has passed from babyhood to womanhood under the stately roof and careful guardianship of her watchful parents, know of the weakness of human nature?

Ah, my reader, the world is a great deal colder than you imagine—if you could only shiver a little while in its poverty to feel it; and human nature is not half so weak as you may think.

But we must return to Eola.

She was still wavering between her conflicting ideas, when, on turning the corner of a lane leading past a dense and extensive wood, she came upon one of those old familiar encampments, belonging to a gipsy tribe. The sight startled her at first, and she was not a little agitated by the strange associations and reminiscences called up by it. She was driving slowly past, wishing to avoid as much as possible the notice of the tribe, when a young dark-eyed girl sprang forward from the thicket, laid her hand boldly on the reins, and then, approaching the astonished driver,—

‘Let me tell your fortune, young sir,’ she exclaimed laughingly, and with a coquettish glance at the supposed page. ‘Ah, now, don’t frown in that surly manner. A face so fair as yours ought not to know how.’

Poor Eola, who had, at immense labor, managed to manufacture a frown in order to shake off her pretty interrupter, now made matters worse by suffering it to degenerate into a blush.

‘Ha! ha!’ laughed the wild girl. ‘Actually blushing! What a fortune yours must be! Let me tell it.’

‘No, no, no!’ cried the disguised one, with an earnestness that almost startled the madcap before her. Poor Eola was simple enough to believe in fortune-telling, and dreaded to know her own above everything.

‘My fortune? Oh, no!’ she added. ‘I will give you what coin I can spare, but I do not wish you to earn it. I know my fortune.’

‘Well, good-bye, then,’ said the gipsy, pouting and drawing back. ‘I did not want your money, boy.’

Again the girl approached and accosted her.

‘I didn’t want to offend you either,’ she exclaimed, penitently. ‘Let us part friends.’

‘With all my heart,’ returned the other.

What strange inspiration caused the beautiful page to stoop down and kiss that sun-burnt cheek we do not know; perhaps it was policy, perhaps mischief; at any rate she did it; and the recipient of the hasty salute seemed anything but annoyed by it.

With a light laugh she retreated into the thicket, and the supposed page pursued her journey.

This little incident, though trifling in itself, furnished Eola with an immense fund of meditation, and tended greatly to distract her thoughts from the topic which had begun to be so painful. The presence of gipsies in that familiar spot (so often the scene of her own vagabond life) was to the young outcast a source of inconceivable interest and curiosity.

What if there should chance to be any of the old friends of her childhood among them? It was not unlikely, as it had been their favorite place of resort at certain seasons of the year. She felt a strange desire to ascertain if such were the case.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Notes and Queries.

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC & ANTIQUARIAN.

‘*Hic est aut nusquam quod quaerimus.*’
‘*The enquiring spirit will not be contrived;*
We would make certain all, and all behold.’

The Editor wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is not responsible for anything that may appear in this department. While every latitude is given for freedom of thought and expression, a discretionary power is reserved as to what ‘Notes and Queries’ are suitable for insertion.

Correspondents, in their replies, will please bear in mind that ‘Brevity is the soul of wit.’

NOTES.

AN ARITHMETICAL PARADOX.—In an Arabic manuscript was found this remarkable decision of a dispute. Two Arabians sat down to dinner: one had five loaves, the other had three; a stranger passing by desired permission to eat with them, which they agreed to. The stranger dined, laid down eight pieces of money, and departed. The owner of the five loaves took up five pieces, and left three for the other, who objected and insisted on half. The cause came before Ali, the chief magistrate, who gave the following judgment:

Let the owner of the five loaves have seven pieces of money, and the owner of the three loaves one. Now, strange as the sentence may at first appear, the decision was just: for, suppose the loaves to be divided each into three equal parts, making twenty-four parts of all the eight loaves, and each person to have eaten a third share; therefore the stranger had seven parts of the person who contributed five loaves (or fifteen parts,) and only one to him who contributed only three loaves, which make nine parts.

HUTTON.

REMARKABLE TENURE.—At Broughton, Lincolnshire, England, some lands are held by the following tenure. Every year on Palm Sunday a person from Broughton comes into the church porch at Caistor, having a green silk purse, containing two shillings and a penny, tied at the end of a cart whip, which he cracks three times in the porch, and continues there till the second lesson begins, when he goes into the church, and cracks it three times over the clergyman’s head, and kneeling before him during the reading of the lesson, he presents the minister with the purse, and then goes into the choir, and continues there during the rest of the service.

J. S.

WHITTINGDON AND HIS CAT.—It is not, perhaps, generally known that the story of Whittingdon’s cat is borrowed from the east. Sir William Gore Ouseley, in his travels, speaking of the origin of the name of an island in the Persian Gulf, relates on the authority of a Persian M. S., that in the tenth century, one Keis, the son of a poor widow, in Siraf, embarked for India with his sole property, a cat. There he fortunately arrived at a time when the palace was so infested by mice or rats, that they invaded the king’s food, and persons were employed to drive them from the royal banquet. Keis produced his cat, the noxious animals soon disappeared, and magnificent rewards were bestowed on the adventurer of Siraf, who returned to that city, and afterwards, with his mother and brother, settled in the island, which from him has been denominated Keis, or according to the Persians, Keish.

COCKNEY.

QUERIES.

DRESSED TO FITS.—May I request insertion of the following query. Will any of the readers of the ‘Canadian Illustrated News,’ favor me with an explanation, of the origin of the Common expression, ‘she is dressed to fits.’

Milton, March, 1863.

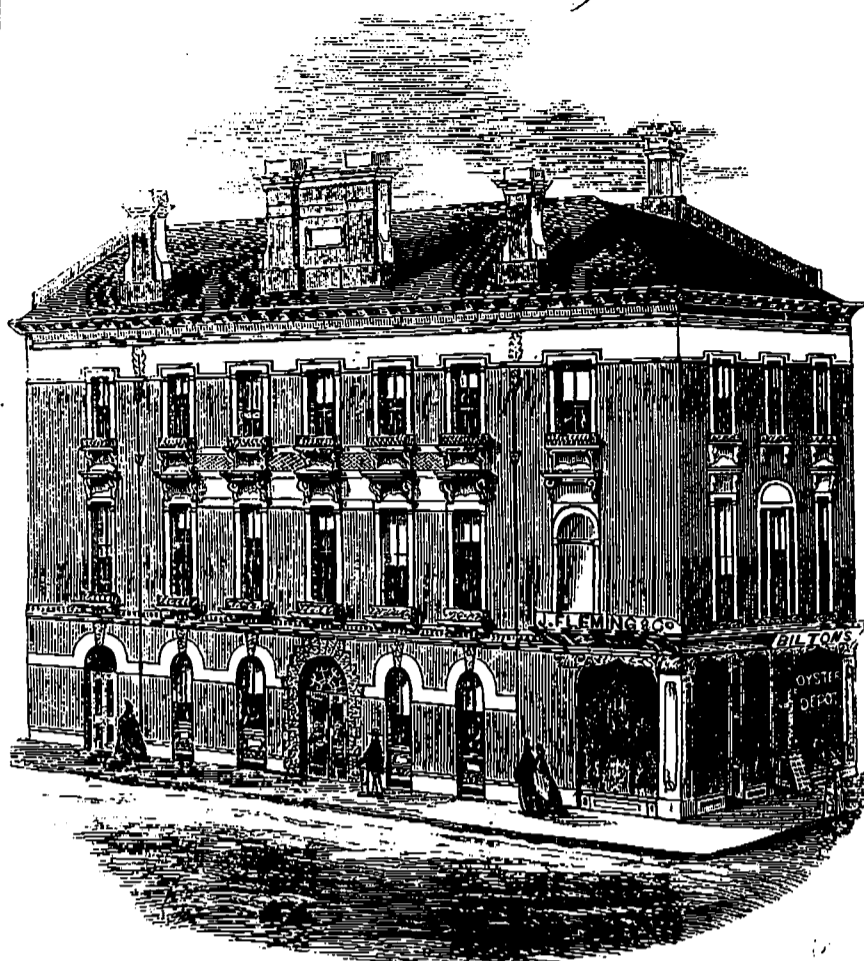
CURIOUS.

A BATCH OF QUERIES.—I have a rare old punch bowl in my possession, which through the carelessness of a servant has unfortunately got broken in some five or six pieces. I would feel very grateful to any of your readers who would inform me through your paper, (or if it is a secret, please furnish the party with my address, and let him communicate with me by post) how it can best be put together, so that it will last, and show but little trace of the damage.

While I am at it. Will you allow me space enough for the undermentioned queries:

1. What are the Kingdoms on account of which the Pope is said to wear a triple crown?
2. Why is a tailor said to be the ninth part of a man?
3. Where can I purchase a copy of the Chaldee manuscript? ANNANDAILE.

Dumfries, 3rd March, 1863.



AGRICULTURAL HALL, CORNER OF QUEEN AND YONGE STS., TORONTO.

CREDIT FONCIER.—I see a great deal in your and other papers, regarding this institution. What is it all about. I cannot exactly make out whether it is a bank, or a building society, on a large scale. Will you or any of your readers, favour us farmers, with a short explanation.

West Flamborough, March 9th. W.R.

ANSWERS.

FORFEITS IN A BARBER-SHOP.—In reply to the query of your correspondent ‘Avon,’ I would state, that the forfeits referred to, were penalties to be paid by persons offending against the rules of the shop, in a conspicuous part of which, a list, was hung up, for the information of the customers. A copy of one of these lists is now before me. It contains, amongst others, the following offences, the perpetrators of which were liable to forfeits:—

- For handling the razor.
- For talking of cutting throats.
- For cutting hair powder, flour.
- For meddling with anything on the shop board.

The number of idlers waiting their turn in a barber’s shop, with nothing to do but gossip, quiz the operator, &c., probably caused some humorist to propound these penalties, but as they could not be enforced, they ‘stood as much in mock as mark.’

Toronto, 6th March, 1863. D.W.

Your correspondent, P.T.B., will find the couplet he refers to in ‘Young’s Love of Fame.’

Hamilton, March 9th, 1863. J.J.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AVON, TORONTO.—We thank you for your communication. We regret that we cannot make use of it at present, as our publisher has none of the peculiar type which it would require. We shall, with your permission, retain the manuscript for a short time.

A. B. Y., ST. CATHARINES.—To guard against such errors, our correspondents should write legibly. More than one-half of the communications sent us are thrown aside, because they are altogether, or in part, unreadable.

R. N., GUELPH.—We cannot insert your communication.

A NEW LIGHT has lately been discovered for locomotive engines, which is said to combine brilliancy with cheapness. It is produced by throwing a jet of gas and air upon a cylinder of lime, and costs only fifteen mills an hour, while the ordinary railway burner costs six cents an hour.

For Leisure Moments.

OUR ARTIST’S PRINCIPAL CONUNDRUM.—Why will it be impossible for the Prince of Wales to keep his wife as long as he pleases?

ANSWER—Because she is only a *Lent* wife.

People generally think their evils less by being common, but their enjoyments greater by being exclusive.

The flowers that breathe the sweetest perfume into our hearts, bloom upon the rod with which Providence chastises us.

Can any one define the exact width of a narrow escape?

Speaking of cheap things—it costs but a trifle to get a wife, but she sometimes turns out a little dear?

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

They err widely who propose to turn men to the thoughts of a better world by making them think very meanly of this.

A country school-master thus describes a money-lender:—‘He serves you in the present tense; he lends you in the conditional mood; keeps you in the subjunctive; and ruins you in the future!’

A Yankee boy had a whole Dutch cheese set before him by a waggish friend, who, however, gave him no knife. ‘This is a funny cheese, Uncle Joe, but where shall I cut it?’ ‘Oh,’ said the grinning friend, ‘cut it where you like.’ ‘Very well,’ said the Yankee, coolly putting it under his arm, ‘I’ll cut it at home.’

CHILDHOOD.—There is a magic charm in its winning ways—honesty and truthfulness in its expression of affection; there is something grand and lofty in that young untainted soul, which should pass through life uncorrupted by the deception and sensuality of the world.

MR. GEORGE PARR, the captain of the All England Eleven cricketers who are to go out to Australia, has just made up his number, which consists of the following: From the Notts Club, Parr, Jackson and Tinley; from Cambridge, Hayward, Carpenter and Tarrant; from Surrey, Julius Caesar, Caffyn and L. Lockyer; from Yorkshire, G. Anderson. Mr. Grace has also consented to go out to the Eleven. This is a most formidable team; in fact the best Eleven in the world. Another player is yet to be selected.

