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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 5.

FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 7, 1865.

FIVE CENTS.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,
"HALF A MILLION OF MONEY,"
written by the author of "Barbara's History" for
All the Year Round, edited by CHARLES DICKENS.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

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

BACK NUMBERS.

EACH number of THE SATURDAY READER has been stereotyped, and the plates preserved. All numbers, from the beginning, can, therefore, be had at any time; but as the expense and trouble of putting the plates on the press is considerable, the publisher, in order to save this expense, and, at the same time, accommodate subscribers, has opened a register of the names of parties requiring back numbers; and, at the expiration of three months from the issue of the first number of the READER, he will reprint and supply all the back numbers ordered up to that date. In the meantime, a sixteen page sheet containing the story "Half a Million of Money," from the beginning up to date, will be supplied free of charge to each person subscribing for or buying the READER.

MEXICO—THE UNITED STATES— FRANCE.

WE attempted to show, in a recent article, the ruinous consequences that would result from a war between England and the United States. We are inclined to think that a war by the United States to drive the French out of Mexico would be still more fatal, if possible, to the future welfare of the Great Republic. The act, in our estimation, and, we believe, in the

estimation of the world, would amount to a crime of no ordinary magnitude, while it would, at the same time, be one of those errors in policy which are said to carry their own punishment with them. Regarding the question in its moral aspect, we should consider whether the United States would be acting justly to the people of Mexico in expelling Maximilian from the country, even if they had the power to do so. To arrive at a full appreciation of this point, we must glance at the condition of Mexico since the separation from Spain. Mexican independence, properly speaking, dates from the proclamation by Augustin Iturbide, in 1821, of the Constitution known as "the plan of Iguala," by which the crown was to be offered to the Spanish King Ferdinand the Seventh, and, in the event of his refusal, to other members of his house. Eight months afterwards, Iturbide, through the agency of the army and the mob, was declared Emperor under the title of Augustin the First. In less than a year a revolt, in which the famous Santa Anna was the principal actor, overturned the imperial throne and forced Iturbide into exile. Mexico was then proclaimed a Republic, with General Victoria as President. In 1828, a contest for the Presidency brought on a sanguinary civil war, which resulted in the elevation of Guercera to that office, and in 1830 to that of Dictator, to repel a Spanish invasion. Refusing to resign his dictatorial power after the danger was over, a revolution was inaugurated against him by Bustamante and Santa Anna, which compelled him to retire from his position, and Bustamante took his place. Guercera, on his part, got up a rebellion, but he was defeated and executed in 1831. Revolution followed on revolution until 1833, when Santa Anna was made President, who sent whole troops of his opponents out of the country, including Bustamante. Though nominally President, he was, in fact, a Dictator. Texas seceded from Mexico in 1835, and Santa Anna having been made prisoner by the Texans, he was succeeded in the Presidency by Bustamante; but, returning after two years, he resumed his place. He was succeeded in 1839 by Bravo, who was President for a week. A period of confusion ensued. From 1841 to 1844 there was a succession of Dictators—Santa Anna, Bravo, Canaloze—who governed without law or check. A new constitution replaced Santa Anna as President in 1844. He was deposed by a revolution, almost immediately, and banished. His successor Canaloze was deposed by another revolution of the same year, as was President Herrera in 1845. Under the next, Paredes, war broke out with the United States, in the course of which several revolutions took place. In fact the defeats of the Mexicans by General Taylor and General Scott were scarcely more injurious to the country than were its internal convulsions. The American contest came to a close in February, 1848, when California and New Mexico were ceded to the United States. Santa Anna, obliged to fly, was succeeded by Herrera; Herrera by Arista, whom a revolution forced to resign. Santa Anna was recall-

ed, and placed at the head of the Government as President, but exercising dictatorial power, an insurrection against him was successful, and he was driven from the country in 1855. Carera succeeded, and was President for twenty-seven days. Anarchy reigned supreme, and Alvarez became President for about a week. After him came Comonfort, whose rule was interrupted by several insurrections. A new constitution was promulgated in 1857, which was set aside by a revolt of the army in 1858; and Comonfort being expelled from power, two Presidents were elevated to office, Juarez by the Liberals, and Zuloaga by the Conservatives. Each President assembled an army, and there was much fighting after the old ferocious fashion. Robles forcibly deposed Zuloaga, and Miramon displaced Robles—all in rapid succession. Other chiefs appeared on the scene, and the country was the victim of horrors seldom witnessed even in civil commotions. Robbery and bloodshed ruled throughout the land. Those whom the Liberals spared became a prey to the Conservatives, and those whom the Conservatives spared, to the Liberals, while bands of banditti abounded who spared no one. The native and the foreigner were visited with the same treatment; no treaties were respected; no representative of any country was safe from outrage, nor its flag from insult. No Christian or civilized country ever before presented to the world such an accumulation of evils. France, in the worst days of the great revolution, exhibited grandeur if she committed crimes; but the revolutions of Mexico are only farces, though the actors are steeped in blood, and indulge in unbounded robbery and theft.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the state of Mexico for nearly half a century, under what is called a Republican form of Government. We again ask if the United States "would be justified in expelling Maximilian from the country," and re-establishing the reign of anarchy, which has brought forth such bitter fruit in the past, and which certainly affords no hope of improvement in the future? The Republic has been a failure in Mexico, and any system of civilized Government would ameliorate the condition of its people. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the Monroe doctrine is wise and sound in principle, it cannot sanctify injustice and wrong; and to deliver Mexico back to the miseries, misfortunes, and crimes which have marked the last forty-five years of its wretched history, would be both wrong and unjust. We shall not enquire into the means by which Maximilian acquired the crown: that is a question for the Mexicans to decide. Enough that he is there, and professes to desire to do all the good he can for the country. The task he has undertaken is arduous and difficult. Monarchy, on this continent, resembles "a pyramid resting on its apex;" and in Mexico this is doubly true. With no traditional prestige appealing to the affections or prejudices of the people, opposed or viewed with distrust by the Church, surrounded by none of those classes and institutions from which royalty

derives its strength in the Old World, the empire can only hope for permanency, from the benefits it confers on the nation. It should be left to that test, to stand or fall as the case may be.

This is but one phase of the Mexican question. If the Americans, instead of expelling Maximilian and restoring the Republic, should annex the country, as they have already annexed more than one half of what was once the Mexican territory, the social and political consequences to the Union of such a step offer a wide field for reflection. An attack, too, on the ally and protégé of Napoleon would involve a war with France—if not with England—and whoever might prove victor in the strife, so far as the retention or acquisition of Mexico is concerned, the contest would assuredly be most disastrous to all the belligerents in its effects on their commerce and otherwise. We must, however, defer the discussion of these and other points having relation to them for a future occasion.

HISTORY OF THE U. S. CAVALRY.*

TO write history is one of the most difficult tasks man can impose upon himself, and one which requires talent of a peculiar nature in order to make it attractive as well to future generations as that in which it is written.

As no good artist paints a house or castle without its surrounding scenery, its woods and streams, its lawn and the sky above it, while at the same time he brings forward as the most prominent the object of his picture, so no good historian can leave out matter which is intimately connected with, and must give effect to his subject. With a due amount of descriptive powers, he must be able to condense and at the same time clothe his relations in language such as will be interesting to a general public, not forgetting the maxim "let justice be done though the heavens should fall." We confess our inability to discern in Albert G. Brackett's History of the U. S. Cavalry, many of the talents requisite to a good historian, nor has he paid much attention to the maxim we have quoted, but seems to have written more what suited himself, and what he was able by a little twisting to make agreeable to his own notions, and left out many incidents which it was impossible to make agreeable to himself, turn or twist as he might.

The battle of Stony Creek, he tells us, "was a singular affair, and reflected no great credit either upon our troops or the enemy," and that the British were driven off, after losing about 250 men—whereas we know that General Vincent, fearing to reveal his small numbers, having only about half the number of the United States army engaged, retired after capturing their two generals, Chandler and Winder, with a number of officers and men and four pieces of artillery.

We are informed that at the battle of Chipewa, Lundy's Lane, &c, the cavalry did good service, but we should have been pleased to have heard wherein their good service consisted.

According to Brackett, at Chrysler's Farm the cavalry were prevented from holding some of their guns which they had rescued, "on account of superior numbers;" thus making it appear that the British had the greatest force on the field, the truth being that Col. Morrison with 800 men defeated 3,000 Americans, including the Dragoons, under General Wilkinson.

Not a word is mentioned about the battle of Chateauguay, where 2,000 cavalry and infantry under Hampton, and 1,500 under Purdy, were repulsed by 300 or 400 Canadian Militia under Col. De Salaberry.

In the whole book we have not a good description of a cavalry charge, but we have repeated over and over again such sentences as the following: "The cavalry at So-and-so did good service," or "This was a most splendid affair," the effects of which were that so many were

* History of the U. S. Cavalry. By Albert G. Brackett. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

brevetted generals, colonels, majors, &c., &c.; and we have the startling announcement that a certain regiment of Dragoons "made many an enemy quail on many a field." Had the author, even in this style continued to give us correct accounts, the book might have been of some use as a reference. But he has not done so. Yet while engagements of some importance are omitted, others of the most trivial nature are mentioned; so that in order to be consistent, we are surprised he did not relate how a troop of cavalry under Corporal, now General, Scott, dashed into the water on the shores of Virginia, and captured one of His Majesty's ship Leopard's boats filled with vegetables, manned by four sailors, and in charge of a midshipman, afterwards Captain Fox. This omission may, however, be accounted for by the fact that the capture was disapproved of by the Virginia Legislature, and the provisions and vegetables given up.

Too much space is occupied in attempts to describe individual character, Indian life, what the lands produce, corn, peapkins, beans, or melons, the proper method of grooming, feeding, or shoeing horses; space which ought, we think, to have been employed in giving us more detailed accounts of battles in which cavalry have been engaged, showing us the parts they took, and what particular services they rendered in the different engagements.

In page 160 occurs the following sentence: "The cavalry got—God knows where—the cavalry hat familiar to theatre goers as that worn by Fra Diavola." Now to say the least of it, this is bad taste, if not a positive breach of the third commandment. Surely we have too much irreverence and profanity uttered by men in their moments of passion and in frivolous conversation without having it introduced by authors in their moments of calm reason into books which are to feed the mind.

A well written history of cavalry is a most interesting work, and there have been deeds performed by the United States cavalry well worthy of historical record; so that we think it almost a pity Mr. Brackett has published his book, as it may deter others who might have given us an interesting and instructive history of their cavalry, the United States having amongst her sons many able writers.

Altogether the book is more like extracts from an Army Gazette, and would have been better styled "Sketches of United States Cavalry," say, perhaps to be read by the 227 regiments mentioned at the end of the book; but, as we think, even they might be more profitably employed and more interested in reading other books, the author would do well to take Lord Dundreary's advice, "Take his book into the room, and read it to himself."

MONTREAL.

FEW cities on this continent present a greater number of objects interesting to the traveller and the stranger, than are contained within the limits of the commercial metropolis of Canada. Whether we have respect to the stateliness and solidity of its architectural ornaments, its great mechanical wonders, or the natural beauty and picturesqueness of its situation, Montreal is almost without a rival—at least in the New World.

A thorough and reliable Guide has long been felt as a desideratum by the visitor. To meet this want, Mr. John Langford has published a well arranged and compendious "Guide to the City of Montreal," now before us. This little work contains an interesting sketch of the history of Montreal from the advent of Jacques Cartier in 1535 to the present day; a description of every public building and object of interest in the city, together with numerous illustrations. We commend to our citizens generally the author's observations upon the dilapidated condition of Nelson's Monument, which he properly characterizes as a disgrace to every British resident. Our volunteers will probably thank him for the hint which he has thrown out under the heading "Exhibition Building."

Mr. Langford's style is, perhaps, too lofty for the matter of fact subject of which he treats.

* * The Stranger's Illustrated Guide to the City of Montreal. By John Langford. Published by D. Ross.

The illustrations are, many of them, old and but poorly executed.

"POEMS."*

IN this little work we find about forty poems—a few good ones, but the harmony of the verses not always strictly adhered to, and the style occasionally descends below mediocrity. One little poem which opens well, is spoiled by the use of a vulgarism. The opening lines are:

"Thou art passing away! I have watched thy life fade,
Like the hues of the sunlight just blending with shade.

In the next verse these lines occur,

"And sometimes I've thought thou wert only sent
As a specimen sample (!) of what they have there."

The author is not very accurate in his use of the subjunctive mood.

Five verses commence with "I wish I was (!) a poet; I would tune my artless lay." A poem of some depth of feeling is given near the end of the book. It is entitled "A Dream in a Dream." The opening verse reads well:

"It was a tranquil summer eve, the soft stars smiled in heaven,
O'er earth there slept a silence—a deep, unbroken silence,
As if nature paused to listen to the minstrelsy of even."

"The Martyr's Record," in blank verse, is an account of the persecutions of the early Christians in Rome. Nero had some hundreds of them confined in a dungeon to be stoned to death. Among the number was an old patriot, a great favourite at court, who had long held his opinion in silence, and passed unsuspected, until asked one day, at a convivial gathering of the courtiers, to drink to the god Bacchus, whereupon he stepped back from the board and stood in moody silence, while Nero, incensed at the conduct of his favourite, asked its meaning. An avowal of Christianity followed on the part of the old man, and a stubborn refusal to have anything to do with Bacchus. Nero had him straightway removed to the dungeon, where he and hundreds of others died of starvation—martyrs to their faith. The piece is instructive, as showing the fortitude with which the early Christians were gifted, and the tenacity with which they held their religious convictions—even unto death.

MYSTERIES OF EXCHANGE.

TO many who are daily operating in exchange, the principles which govern it are a sealed book. In fact the student has but few aids provided him by which to penetrate the mysteries which surround the subject, for neither our arithmetics nor exchange books throw any light upon it. We have before us a neatly printed sheet replete with information, very valuable to the mercantile man. It contains accurately calculated interest, currency, and exchange tables, together with rules for determining the gold value of, and discount upon, greenbacks; explanations respecting postage rates and the Canadian bill-stamp tariff, &c. There is also a column of letter-press, devoted to exchange and the operations which govern it, a careful study of which will divest "old" and "new par" of the mysteries which surround them. The sheet is compiled by Mr. Thomas Holt, published by Middleton & Dawson, Quebec, and may be obtained of Messrs. Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

CHANCE FOR CANADIANS.

THE Berlin Society for the Study of Modern Languages announces two prizes to be given next year for the best papers on the following theses:—First, the influence of Shakespeare on the Development of the English Language, giving an account of the state of poetic language in England during the literary period immediately preceding that of Shakespeare, proofs of

* "Poems." By S. P. Iceland. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

† British American Commercial Sheet Tables, published by Middleton & Dawson, Quebec.

its development in the poetry of Shakespeare, a comparison between Shakespeare and his contemporaries as regards language, and proofs of the influence of his writings on the polite language of the country. Second, History of the Criticism on Shakespeare's Dramas by the German and Romanic Nations. The theses may be treated in German, French or English, and must be sent to the President of the Society, Dr. Herrig, at Berlin, before the first of July, 1866, the names of the authors being enclosed in a letter bearing the same seal as the manuscript. The prize for the first thesis is 500 thalers in gold, and for the second 200. The decision to be announced on the occasion of the anniversary fête of the Society, on the 26th of October.

A CORRESPONDENT to a London morning paper announces the following literary discoveries which, we think, our readers will agree with us are "curious if true";—"Bibliophiles [in Paris] rejoice at the fact that in knocking down a modern villa erected on the site of an antique Roman dwelling, some precious fragments have been discovered which fill up certain passages wanting in the 'Annals of Tacitus.' Furthermore, a few unpublished pages of the 'Republic' of Cicero have been found in the library of the old convent of Fucino; as also fragments of the lost books of Titus Livy's History. Canon Biff is the fortunate student who has stumbled upon these valuable relics of the past, and he has promised to publish them as soon as possible for the edification of the learned. Strange to say, a somewhat similar discovery has been made in Mexico. It appears that a nuncio of former days left at his death the whole of Pambco Litt's work, with valuable autograph notes. The work has been purchased by a French military surgeon."

THE great work upon which Mr. Thorpe, the distinguished Anglo-Saxon scholar, has been so long engaged, has now been completed. It comprises copies of, or extracts from, all the most curious and valuable early Anglo-Saxon charters known to exist, with notes and historical deductions by the able editor. In selecting his materials it is understood that Mr. Thorpe especially strove to obtain copies of those charters which were peculiarly illustrative of the age in which they were issued. The work forms one large handsome volume.

AMONGST recent arrivals in Paris may be mentioned that of Mr. Abraham Lincoln, eldest son of the late President of the United States, who takes up his abode in the French capital for the purpose of completing his studies.

A MR. CHARLES BARWELL COLES has produced a book of verses which should find a very respectable support amongst grocers. The title is "Tea, a Poem." Messrs LONGMAN & Co. are the publishers. Although the subject seems an insufficient one for an entire volume, yet this is not by any means the first book of verses solely devoted to tea. Almost every nation in Europe has contributed, at one time or another, a long poem upon this subject; and, from first to last (1645 to the present time), there have appeared 150 printed works solely devoted to tea in all its respects.

DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

AS evil fortune would have it, some savages met them, and believed them to be French who were seeking their countrymen. The English understood nothing of the language of the savages, but they learned well enough by signs and gestures that there was a vessel close at hand, and that she was French, for they understood the word Normandia, a name by which the savages designated the French. Now the English, who were in want of victuals and everything, who were ragged, half-naked, and seeking only for prey, inquired diligently the size of the French ship, how many cannons and men she had, and having received a satisfactory answer, they gave a shout of joy. The savages thought that the English were the good friends of the French, were in great need of the latter; and for the sake of friendship, wished above all to see them. On this account one of the natives remained in their ship to lead them to the French. The English, as soon as they discovered the French, began to prepare for battle, and it was then that the savage, who found that he had been deceived, began to bewail his fault and to curse those who had duped him. The French did not know what to think, or whether the new-comers were friends

or enemies. The pilot, therefore, took a sloop and went off in advance to reconnoitre, whilst the others were arming themselves. La Saussaye remained on land, retaining the greater part of the men. La Motte the lieutenant, Ronpère, the ensign, Lambert, the sergeant, and all the more resolute of the party, went aboard the ship.

The English ship, having the wind fair, came on swifter than an arrow, all decked in red, the flags of England streaming, and three trumpets and two drums making a terrific sound. The French pilot who had gone out to discover who the stranger was, did not return to his ship, because, as he afterwards said, the English had the wind by him; and consequently, to avoid falling into their hands, he steered off and made the circuit of the island. So that taking one thing with another, the result was that the French vessel found herself destitute of half her sailors, and had no more defenders than ten in all. Further, there were none of those who understood sea-fighting except one Captain Flory, who wanted neither skill nor courage. But he had not sufficient time either to prepare himself, nor had he men.

At the approach of the English ship the French hailed; the response came in the shape of roars of cannon and musketry. They had fourteen pieces of cannon and sixty muskets. The first volley of small shot on the part of the English was terrible; the French answered coldly, and their artillery was silent. Captain Flory called out loudly to unlash the ore cannon, but the gunner was not there. Now, a Jesuit who had come over in this French ship, and who was called Gilbert du Thet, a man not fearing for his life, nor a coward, hearing this cry, and seeing nobody obeying it, snatched up a match and discharged the piece of ordnance. "But," as an eye-witness of the combat remarks, "the misfortune was that we could not take aim; had we been able to do so, there would have been, perhaps, something worse than noise."

The English, after this first discharge of small arms, ranged their ships alongside the other, and held an anchor, prepared to hook the enemy's cable. But Captain Flory ran off his cable in good time, which foiled the Englishman, and made him leave his position alongside the French ship, fearing that in pursuing he might be drawn upon the shoals. He recommenced his approaches as before; and it was in this second discharge that Father du Thet received a musket ball through the body, and fell dead on the deck. Captain Flory was also wounded in the foot, and three others in different places, upon which there was a sign made of surrender. Two of the French crew were drowned in trying to escape to the shore.

The English captain came ashore, and searched everywhere for the French captain; saying that he wished to see his commission; that this land belonged to them, and that the reason why they had fallen upon the French, was, that they found the latter occupying it. The English captain also stated, that, if the French showed they were come there under the authority of their Prince, they the victors, would respect such credentials, not wishing to violate, in any way, the good understanding between the two kings. But the misfortune for the French was that their captain, La Saussaye, could be found nowhere. The English captain thereupon took possession of his trunks, picked the locks, and having found the commissions and letters Royal, seized upon them, then putting all the other things in their places, each article as he found it, he locked the trunks. The warrior La Saussaye, being come, the English captain received him kindly, and, with fine ceremonies, asked him the first questions, and then came to the point, demanding his commissions. La Saussaye answered that his letters were in his trunks. The trunks were brought to him, and before he opened them, they advised him to look at them carefully to see if anybody had touched them. La Saussaye found that everything was in very good order, but he could not find his letters; whereupon the English captain changed his countenance and tone, and said: "What does it mean that you thus intrude yourselves here?" He accused them all of being corsairs and pirates, saying they deserved death, when he divided the booty among his soldiers. He then lashed the two captured vessels to his own, namely, their

own ship and one they had constructed on the spot. The next day they came on shore, and continued the work of pillage. Two of the French were roughly treated. This frightened so greatly a part of the others, that they fled into the woods half naked. Gilbert du Thet had fallen wounded into the hands of the English. They placed them under the care of their surgeon, as well as the rest of the wounded. This surgeon was recognised as such, and was a very charitable person, and rendered a thousand good offices to the vanquished. Father Biard begged that the wounded should be carried ashore, which was granted. The wounded Jesuit died in the arms of his brethren, and was interred the same day at the foot of a large cross which he had erected at the beginning. Father Biard and Father Enemond Masse entreated the English captain to take compassion on those whom the fortune of war had thrown into his hands, and aid them in returning to France. He promised to treat of their return with the French captain; and from that time until their departure he made the two Jesuits eat of his table, and showed them a great deal of respect and courtesy. He was an excellent captain, very prudent and cunning, but nevertheless a gentleman, possessing magnificent courage. His people also were neither inhuman nor cruel against our persons.

The English captain, who was called Samuel Argal, and his lieutenant, William Turnel, began to treat of the return of the French with La Saussaye. A sloop, one of the two vessels that had belonged to the French, was placed at their disposal. The English captain wished to have a writing signed by the hand of La Saussaye, to the effect that it was by the choice of the latter that this resolve had been taken. This having been done, Father Biard sought the English captain, and represented to him that there remained thirty persons, and that the sloop was totally unfit for the purpose for which she was intended. The captain replied that La Saussaye was not of this opinion, but that if they wished to lighten the sloop, he would soon find an excellent way of doing it; for that he would bring to Virginia the artisans who wished to go, under promise that there should be no interference with their religion, and that after a year of service they would be sent to France. Three accepted this offer. The Sieur de la Motte, from the commencement had consented to go to Virginia with the English captain, who honoured him greatly; this Sieur was permitted to take with him many persons who would be safe under his protection. The captain Flory resolved to try the same fortune; Father Biard requested that the four persons, namely, two Jesuits and two others, should be conveyed to the Isles of Pencoet; and that there they should be recommended to the care of the English fishermen, who were already in that vicinity, in order that by this means they should be enabled to reach France. The English captain granted the request very willingly.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

LESSON VI.

METHOD OF GETTING METALLIC SILVER OUT OF ITS CHLORIDE.

MATERIALS, &c., REQUIRED.—A clean tobacco pipe, some sesqui-carbonate of soda (i. e. the carbonate used for soda powders), an ivory paper knife, metallic zinc, quicksilver, hydrochloric acid (muriatic acid, or spirit of salts).

Put the chloride of silver to be operated on into a glass tumbler, and add to it a little water acidulated with about two drops of hydrochloric acid. Into this put a few slips of zinc in contact with the chloride; the chloride will gradually change, and assume the appearance of a black powder; this black powder is metallic silver in a minute state of division. Most metals assume this black state when finely divided. If this black powder were collected, dried, and fused, a button of pure white silver would result; but the accurate collection of this powder is not easily accomplished, so recourse is had to the process of amalgamation, or the combination of silver with quicksilver.

Take out the slips of zinc, and wash well the remaining black powder; now pour upon it a little quicksilver, and agitate by means of a glass rod; the quicksilver will be found to have united with every portion of the silver powder, and form a soft pasty mass, which can easily be removed.

Take this mass, and, having dried it by means of blotting paper, put it into the tobacco pipe, which answers in this instance as a crucible; put the bowl of the pipe into a clear fire, and urge the heat to whiteness by means of the bellows. The mercury will escape in vapour, leaving the silver as a spongy mass, which, undergoing fusion, will melt into a bright button. Another method of obtaining silver out of the chloride is as follows:

Mix the chloride when dry, on a piece of paper, with about twice its bulk of sesqui-carbonate of soda, by means of an ivory paper knife, and, having put the whole into the tobacco pipe, apply heat as before, when the silver in the form of a button will result.

The operation of smelting may be very elegantly performed in most cases by means of a little instrument called a blowpipe, by which means the flame of a lamp or candle may be directed against any minute portion of substance to be operated upon; but its use requires some practice, involving as it does the necessity of maintaining a continuous jet of air without stopping to take breath. No description can teach the method of this art, but a little well-directed practice will generally confer the power.

If the young chemist can manage to use the blowpipe, results may be obtained similar to those already obtained by the tobacco pipe smelting operations, if a small quantity (not larger than a grain of wheat) of the mixture to be operated on were placed on a piece of charcoal, and a jet of flame from the spirit lamp were directed upon it by means of the blowpipe.

The process of amalgamation, which has been just described, is commonly had recourse to in practice on the large scale for separating gold and silver from the impurities with which they may be associated. Various are the mechanical means employed in different parts of the world for bringing the precious metals in contact with the quicksilver. In some places it is effected by the feet of mules and horses treading the mixture. In other places, mills of various construction are employed; or barrels revolving on their axes: in all cases however the result is the same. A large portion of the quicksilver is separated from the compound by straining the amalgam in porous leather bags and exposing to pressure.

Distillation however must in all cases be had recourse to for separating the last portion of quicksilver; the smelter on the large scale being unable to afford the process so wasteful as regards the quicksilver, as detailed in the tobacco-pipe and blowpipe operations.

In the Uralian mountains five tons of gold ore on the average merely contain half an ounce of gold; yet from this seemingly poor mixture, gold is profitably extracted by means of washing and amalgamation, such is the searching power of quicksilver.

J. W. F.

A GRASS-FIRE ADVENTURE.

THREE different fires, from as many quarters, were reddening the evening sky, as I and my two brother-officers, and the detachment of soldiers under our command, looked forth from our solitary little outpost on the banks of the Great Fish River.

Within the last few days, the Caffres had burst in force upon the colony, marking their track by fire and assagai; the company of Cape Mounted Rifles, who completed our slender garrison, had been sent to the colonists' aid, while we, infantry, as being unfitted for such duty, were left to hold the post. But our hearts were with our suffering countrymen; and it was not until those war-lit flames had died away, and the patrol had returned from his midnight round, that we committed our little citadel to its sentinel's charge, and retired to our barracks, which, built in a hollow square, formed also the post's outer wall, its only additional defence being a row of palisades.

Yet no apprehension for our own safety troubled even the faintest-hearted woman within the gates,

and we could scarcely believe our senses when, shortly after, we were awakened by the harsh shriek of the Caffro war-cry, and rushing out, found ourselves beset by a horde of skin-clad warriors, who, concealed by the darkness, had crept, snake-like, along the ground, until, when close at hand, they had bounded to their feet, and with quivering assagais, and discordant yells, thrown themselves against our defences, hoping to carry them by surprise.

Failing in this design, they fled, though only, as it proved, beyond rifle-range; for day-light revealed us girt round by a belt of foes outnumbering us by twenty to one. At once we divined the truth, that our assailant was some border-chief, who during friendly visits to the post, had detected its weak points, especially that worst and greatest, the want of water, all we used being brought from a neighbouring ravine, between which and us the Caffres clustered thickest. It was soon evident they had decided not again to attack the post, but resting on their arms, to await the time when we should either perish of thirst within our walls, or fall by their assagais without.

There was indeed but little hope it would be otherwise. There was none among those lonely hills to bear to Graham's Tower the tidings of the siege, and days would elapse ere our next mail was due. Our only chance, and that a faint one, was, that some inadvertence of the Caffres might enable one man to steal through their lines, and hasten in quest of aid. As senior subaltern, I claimed this duty; but so closely were we invested, that I almost despaired of ever executing it.

With unspeakable anxiety, we watched, while our small stock of water waxed hourly lower. Despite our most care, it was all but gone, when, on the third night, a brilliant meteor, darting across the sky, was overtaken by a second, which appeared to the eye to shatter it into atoms. A shout of triumph from the besiegers greeted this infallible omen of success; and in further demonstration of joy, dancing and music soon filled the Caffre camp, hundreds of feet beating time vehemently to their owner's guttural strains, while the winding of buffalo-horns and booming of calabash-drums swelled the whole into a deafening din.

Here was the long sought opportunity; and followed by the good wishes of my companions, I started on my hazardous enterprise; bending almost double as I crept cautiously on from the cover of one hillock to another, when some fire flashed brighter across my way, or group drew unusually near, sinking to the earth with bated breath, yet ever seeking for some unguarded spot by which I might pass out. But it was not until many a danger had been narrowly escaped that a break was found in the living cordon, and still gliding on between the ridges, I left the Caffro circle behind, and rejoiced to find myself free to seek for my comrades' help and rescue.

Our stables and horses were in the Caffres' possession; but a few miles distant was a spot where the spare cape corps horses pastured, and thither I hastened in quest of one. Catching the most powerful among them, I speedily equipped him with a bridle and rug-saddle, brought wrapped round me from the post on purpose; then mounting, I took the way to Graham's Town, as a measure of prudence, avoiding the path across the hills, and travelling through labyrinths of intersecting ravines and valleys.

This route considerably increased the distance, but well my new steed served me, threading devious breaks in the thorny jungle, fording rushing water-courses, and pushing through steep rocky defiles, where a single false step would have cost our lives, until, ere four hours were elapsed, nearly half our journey was accomplished. My hopes of success were assuming certainty, when some indistinct sound seemed to mingle with the echo of my horse's footfall, and in dread of lurking Caffres, I spurred on faster. But the sound soon swelled into a dreary howl, and then a loud burst of hysteric laughter, and looking round, I beheld through the darkness, two fiery orbs, and at once knew that a hyena, that dangerous and wily brigand of the woods, was on our track.

There was no longer need of spur or rein,

for, conscious of his danger, my steed bounded fleetly on, but, fresh from his lair, the wild beast's pace was swifter, and each minute he seemed to gain upon us. I did my uttermost to scare him off by shouts and yells, and, at the risk of arousing the Caffres, I fired my pistols, but all in vain; unhurt, undismayed, and resolute, our pursuer still held his way.

Suddenly a second voice joined in chorus, and two more flaming eyes glared on the night. Another hyena had joined the chase, and to my consternation, I perceived that our peril was more than doubled, for the presence of each other seemed to animate the fierce creatures to yet stronger efforts. I knew that lonely travellers had often been similarly beset; and the remembrance of their adventures was far from cheering. Meanwhile, shrill neighs of terror burst from my horse's lips, as he still plunged madly on; momentarily more audible grew the headlong rush of the hyenas through the tangled grass, while their reiterated cries rang in our ears like peals of mocking laughter.

It was a race for life or death, and the odds were evidently against us. Nearer and nearer drew our fell followers, as they strove to outstrip each other; nearer and nearer, yelling, howling, laughing at our heels, as if we had been demon-chased.

At length, with a longer bound, and a higher leap, the foremost sprang to my horse's haunches, holding on by his enormous claws, and, quick as thought, his companion followed. A loud, wild shriek, quivering through the woods, told the poor creature's agony, as wayspent, wounded, and overpowered, he fell heavily to the ground, his inexorable foes still clinging to their prey, and rolling in fierce struggles over him, while, with a thrill of inexplicable horror, I found myself sharing the general downfall.

For a moment I lay stunned and half-insensible, helplessly awaiting my expected doom; but in another, to my infinite amazement, I discovered that I had been thrown to some distance by the shock; and rising, found myself not only unhurt, but in no immediate danger, the hyenas having neither eyes nor ears save for the victim whose blood they had tasted. It was a horrible scene, and I hastened to terminate it by a brace of bullets. My hapless steed's last breath ebb'd as I released him; and with sincere regret for his fate, yet duly and truly thankful for my own unhelped-for escape, I turned away to hasten on my important journey.

But travelling on foot, I made dishearteningly little progress. The valleys, too, generally lay at angles with my route; and wherever I was compelled to cross the shoulder of a hill, or corner of a plateau, some blackened ruin or abandoned weapon was sure to meet my view, impressing the continued necessity of caution. Thus it was past midday, and I was still some miles from Graham's Town, when, rounding a rocky ledge, I came suddenly in sight of a large body of Caffres, encamped in the valley below. Some expedition was apparently at hand, for each man was sharpening his assagai, or looking to the flint-lock of his rifle; while in the midst, clad in a leopard-skin karosse, and vehemently haranguing his countrymen, was the well-known chief Tynlie, whilom the frequenter of mess and ball-room, but now the colonists' most bitter enemy.

In all haste, I retreated, but unfortunately not unseen; for instantly the whole force rose in hot pursuit, while a hue-and-cry rolled up the hill, which awakened a hundred echoes. But it was nothing to the outburst of baffled rage with which, on reaching the summit, the Caffres found that, comparatively fleet of foot, I had escaped to the hill beyond. Rifles and assagais were freely discharged across the intervening ravine, but the bullet fell wide, the flying spears short; ponderous knobkerries whirled and whistled through the air, yet with a like ill-success; and then, as if exasperated by failure, rose a deep fiendish howl, heralding a second flight of assagais, and no words can express the extent of my dismay to perceive that each shaft was tipped with fire, an unerring indication that the most fearful device of Caffro warfare was about to be put into execution against me.

Fanned by their swift passage through the air, the spears came quivering down like fiery ser-

pents but a few yards from me. The long prairie-grass, dried almost to tinder by the tropical sun, smoked and crackled beneath their glowing trail; and in another moment a dozen fires were sparkling and leaping along the ground, raising an impassable barrier between me and my pursuers, but, at the same time, menacing me with a fate more terrible than any their weapons could inflict, and before which even the peril of the past night grew faint and dim. I had but one resource—to turn and flee before this incombatable foe; but when gaining the scent, I gave a momentary glance behind, I was well-nigh appalled, for the conflagration had already spread and stretched into a wide field of flames, reddening the steep hillsides, devastating the ravine to its central stream, and rushing on my track like a fiery tide. The whole wilds on my side of the valley would shortly be ablaze with one of those terrific grass-fires which in that dry climate a single spark will suffice to kindle, and which, taller than a man, rage unchecked and unchecked over vast tracts of country. All I could do was again to flee; but my breathless race was no more for life, but to delay the death no human effort could finally avert. It was a frightful doom to anticipate; and as I still toiled through the cumbrous grass, visions of my distant home and its loved inmates, thoughts of the beleaguered comrades whose fate would be scarce less miserable than mine, pressed on me with inexpressible distress and pain.

Meanwhile, stronger, louder, and fiercer, the mighty conflagration swept on, running in fiery streams along the parched-up herbage, igniting the tickets, exploding in volleys of sparks from out the brushwood, and rolling along in thick clouds of smoke. Quaggas, antelopes, hares, nay, even snakes and lizards, fled before its scorching breath, and, despairing and weary, I followed in their rear. Suddenly, through the circling smoke, I perceived one of those strange, crater-like mounds of rock so frequent in the African wilds. Could I but gain its shelter, my case might be less desperate; and with renewed energy, I strove to reach it; but my strength was almost gone: my breath came fast, and my feet faltered in their eager course, while the flames rolled after me with redoubled speed, and more than once I felt as if I must yet sink to the earth, and yield passively to the fate whose only consolation was, that it would be brief as terrible. No words can tell the intense suspense of those few minutes—the swift rushing blasts of heated air, the swelling tumult of the following surges, telling how near grew the destroyer, while yet far ahead was the little ark in which there might be safety. At length, just as the flames touched my heels, I gained its base; to scramble up the rugged ascent was the work of a moment, then, panting and prayerful, I sank down in its shallow basin, as I hoped, saved.

And so it proved. The fire swept and surged around the stony islet, scathing its guardian aloes, devouring the sparse herbage in its interstices, and almost suffocating me with its dense mass of smoke, then passed on its devastating career until it should be stopped by some interposing stream. Ere long, the denuded ground cooled sufficiently, and descending from the mound, I soon reached Graham's Town, whose rampart of rocky hills protected it from danger. The following night, I formed one of the five hundred men who relieved the besieged outpost, and escorted its inmates back to safety, lighted on our way by the Caffre-lit flames of our recent home and of all our worldly goods. Many, since then, have been the perils of my military life, but none recall a more thrilling memory than those of the journey ending with the Grass-fire Adventure.

MUTUAL SYMPATHY.—We should make it a principle to extend the hand of friendship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, and maintains good order, who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of society, whose deportment is upright, whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claims as the reluctant recognition, the backward sympathy, the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance, which the well-off are apt to manifest to those a little lower down.

WHAT SHALL I OFFER THEE?

"WHAT shall I offer thee?"

Life is so strange;
All I can give to thee
Surely must change."

"Give me an ivy leaf,
Green as the pine;
Something in after years
That shall be mine."

"What shall I offer thee
What shall I send?
What shall I give to thee
Now as a friend?"

"Give me an evergreen
Fresh from the bough,
That shall in after years
Be as 'tis now."

"What shall I offer thee?
Gifts I have none;
What to remember me
When I am gone?"

"Give me an evergreen
Fresh, ere we part;
Something to hide away
Close to my heart."

HERMANN L.

Montreal, Sept., 1865.

DR. RAMSAY'S GHOST STORY.

WE were sitting round the fire at Squire Jones' one evening early in January in the year 185—. It was not exactly a family party, for a great many of the people assembled were not related, but we all know each other very intimately, and though we were a good round dozen in number, yet our conversation had assumed that quiet dreamy character which more usually marks a smaller and less sociable gathering than ours was. We were all staying in the house, and, having exhausted the usual evening amusements, we had, with one consent, as it were, collected round the large old-fashioned fireplace in the library. There was no light save that from the fire, for the introduction of candles had been strongly negatived.

"Oh, no!" cried Kate Crofton, when the squire had suggested it, "we can talk so much better without them."

"And why so, my dear?" said the squire.

"Oh! I don't know," said Kate, who was a general favourite; "but it is much more cosy when one has nothing to do."

And certainly it is so. An easy chair, a bright fire, cheerful company, and no prospect of being obliged to get up too early the next morning,—with these attributes how pleasantly may an idle hour be spent! I could write pages, expatiating on the peculiar charms of fire-light, but I won't, as nobody would read it; more particularly at the commencement of a tale.

Our conversation had, as I have said, become quiet and dreamy, when suddenly Harry Leslie, a nephew of the squire's, said:—

"Have you heard that this house is haunted?" Now if there is one thing that people have a tendency to talk of in that uncertain light, it is of anything that carries some element of the supernatural about it. "Have you ever heard that this house is haunted?" said Harry Leslie.

"Oh! no," said Kate Crofton, all eagerness. "Do tell us all about it. I am sure I should not be able to go to bed to-night unless Julia Vane slept in the same room. Julia is so strong-minded, ain't you, Julia?" But Julia was better engaged listening to honeyed nothings uttered by Arthur Storm, her devoted admirer for the time being.

"Do tell us all about it," said Kate again.

"What nonsense, Harry," the squire interrupted; "you ought not to put such ideas into people's heads."

"No, but indeed, uncle, there is a ghost. That tyrant of the poor slaves, Mrs. Fussemont, told me the other day."

"Mrs. Fussemont ought to hold her tongue," said the squire severely.

"You'll be as bad a tyrant as Mrs. Fussemont, if you don't let me tell them the direful tragedy that led to this uneasy spirit roaming up and down the staircase, clad in a white sheet, and having left his head behind him. Now, Kate, if you go and look out of your door

about half-an-hour after the rest of the people in the house are asleep, you are sure to see him. Just try, will you?"

"How can you be so absurd? as if I would, even supposing he were there at all," she replied.

"Then you wouldn't stop and take a sketch of him, as that relation of Lord Byron's did of the ghost at Newstead?"

"But whose ghost is it?" she asked.

"I cannot enter into all the particulars of the horrible story, as uncle won't let me. But it is some old Sir Hubert de Jones, who lived I don't exactly know when, but somewhere about the time of the Crusades. He was an ornament to our family, I can assure you. He ground down the poor, he cheated the church, he laughed at the priest, he murdered his wife, he ran away in battle, and at length died from drinking. Now don't you think we should want a great many gallons of holy water before we could lay such a ghost as his?"

"Isn't it all nonsense?" said Mary Seymour, turning to me.

"No, no," cried Kate, interposing. "I do like a good ghost tale, particularly if it is true. It frightens one so, you know. But Harry has made this so absurd. Now, Dr. Ramsay, you tell us one, do."

"I tell you one?" I said; "do you think I know anything of ghosts? Besides, if I attempt to frighten you, I may succeed too well."

There was a short pause, and then somebody said:—

"I think that ghost stories told simply for the sake of amusement ought always to be made up. They are not likely then to do any harm; others sometimes frighten people too much."

"But I like a ghost tale to be true," said Kate.

"Yes," cried Harry. "First of all the rattle of a chain, then a groan, after that a suppressed shriek, a hollow whisper—"

"Oh, yes!" cried Kate.

"A pale blue light, a skeleton hand, a damp earthy smell—"

"Yes, yes!" Kate was getting quite excited.

"A suffocating sensation of fear, a cold shudder, an agitated interrogation, a fearful struggle, and then—"

"Oh! what then?"

"Then—to awake."

"You are so absurd, Harry, I won't talk to you. Now do, doctor," she said, turning to me, "do you tell us something. I am sure you must have plenty at your fingers' ends."

"I will tell you a short one," I replied; "after that the squire and I must go and have our cigar-beds, as it is getting late, and you won't have any beauty sleep. So we must go soon."

"Oh, how delightful!" she said.

"What, our going to smoke?"

"No, the tale, of course. Now please to begin."

"Well, I will tell you about a ghost I met on Waterloo Bridge."

"Stir up the fire," whispered she to Harry, "it is getting so dark."

"I thought you liked to listen in the dark," he said.

"Not too dark, you know. And now we are all attention, doctor."

"When I was commencing my professional life in London, I was only too glad to meet with patients, and therefore I had no objection to their being at a considerable distance from my residence, or among the lower orders. In fact, at my first start I had very few who were otherwise. I was living then near Russell Square, and had a patient on my hands, whose wretched abode was situated in one of those dark lanes branching off from the Waterloo Road. To get there I had of course to cross the bridge. Now Waterloo Bridge can hardly be said to be a place where

The breeze pause and die,
Setting the rose-leaves fall;

in the first place it is bleak and gusty, and in the second, there are no rose-leaves to fall there. But we can with great truth say that

At midnight the moon cometh,
And looketh down alone;

for after the twelve o'clock train has left, the passengers who cross the bridge are few and far between. To me it appears, even by day, when crowded with vehicles and foot passengers, to be by no means a lively spot. I don't know whether the approaches produce the feeling, but so it is; and although I consider it a fine work of art, and, as the guide-books say, a fitting monument to the memory of a great man, viz, the builder, if I have to cross it, no matter what the hour, I am always glad when it is done.

"The man whom I had gone to see had become my patient in rather a curious way. One day while I was standing at the corner of Wellington Street, debating in my mind whether I should go and see a patient who lived towards the west-end, or walk on to the city, where I had some business, a wretched haggard-looking woman with pinched worn features came up to me, and said:

"You are Dr. Ramsay of Guildford Street, aren't you?"

"Yes," I replied, "I am. Do you want anything from me?"

"My husband is very ill, and he continually asks me to fetch you."

"Where do you live?" I asked.

"In Seacoal Yard, near Waterloo Road, but I will show you the way, sir, if you will follow me."

"What is your name?"

"My husband's name is Jacob Kerrick. He used to live at Ouselton, and he says he knew you."

"Where did he live there?"

"He was Mr. Pendarvis' groom at the Grange."

"I remember now very well, and I will come with you."

"The woman did not say any more, but having crossed the Strand, walked on rapidly in front of me. We went over the bridge, and having gone down the road some little way, she turned into a narrow lane, and then up a wretched court, over which was written Seacoal Yard. I had noticed on our way that she was thinly and miserably clad, and I was not therefore surprised to find the room into which she ushered me almost destitute of furniture. It was about half-past five, and the evening was cold and raw, but there was no fire. I will not dwell on the wretchedness of the case more than is necessary.

"I found the man to be one whom I had known some years before. He had been a gentleman's groom, had been convicted of theft, and since that had gone irretrievably to the bad. He was very ill, and extremely excitable. After remaining about an hour, I went out to see some of the officials, for the purpose of getting him relieved or admitted into an hospital. I was delayed, and when I returned to his room, it was nearly eleven o'clock. Finding him delirious, and at times quite violent, I had not the heart to leave his wife alone with him while he was in this state. The little kindness I had shown them, such as getting them a fire, &c., appeared to have melted her, and instead of the unwomanly person, whose hard harsh tones had grated on my ear at the corner of Wellington Street, she seemed a different being. I heard her now softly asking her husband to be still, and turning aside, she would try to hide the tears that sympathy, to which she had so long been a stranger, called forth.

"About twelve he fell into a heavy sleep, and telling her that in the morning she would be relieved of the solitary watching, and that I would call on the morrow, I left the house. And now I come to the ghost."

"Oh! yes, now?" said Kate, who was listening with all her might.

"It was a showery night, and rather windy. The moon shone out at intervals, and then was obscured by the heavy masses of cloud which were driven rapidly across the sky. It was doubtless very unprofessional, but as I turned out of the yard into the narrow lane I felt weary and dispirited. The wretched condition of the two with whom I had spent the last few hours had affected me greatly. I must excuse myself on the plea that I was at the time young in my profession, and that I had not acquired the stoical indifference which experience has given, and which enables me to look with calm apathy on any condition however pitiable."

"Nonsense, doctor," said the squire, "you know you are as soft-hearted as a child now."

"I must beg leave to deny the soft impeachment, but we will not discuss that now. As I walked up Waterloo Road, and approached the toll-bar, I suddenly remembered how I had on the previous day received a strange anonymous communication, directing me to meet the writer on the bridge I was about to cross, at a quarter to one, midnight. I knew it was then twenty minutes to one, and it seemed strange to me that I was unintentionally going to keep an appointment to which I had not given a second thought, as I always pitch anonymous communications into the fire. It never struck me that it might be imprudent to cross the bridge, and if the idea of going round ever presented itself, such a proceeding, I am certain from what happened afterwards, would have been quite impossible. Cabs there were none near, so, had I wished it, I could not have ridden home.

"By this time I had reached the bar. I paid the toll, and got fairly on the bridge. The tide was very low, and, excepting where the feeble light from the lamps fell on the water, the river looked like a black and fathomless abyss.

"Before I had advanced a hundred yards from the gate I became conscious that some being, dark shadowy, mysterious, and indefinable, was walking near me. I felt certain it was, and a creeping sensation of fear came over me. In vain I tried to hasten my steps, it was useless. I did not appear to advance faster, and the figure kept up with me. Instead of following me, as it did at first, it had now reached my right side, and I could perceive that its outline was becoming more and more distinct. I was on the river side, as I had started on the left hand pavement looking towards Lancaster Place.

"When we reached the middle of the bridge, a voice commanded me to stop. I was obliged to obey, as also I did the order to be seated, and I sank down accordingly on the stone ledge that runs round each recess. There was not sufficient light from the lamps to distinguish much, but the moon, which had passed under a cloud, now shone forth again, and I saw quite plainly the form of the unwelcome stranger who joined me. The figure was of a gigantic height, this being all the more apparent as it was bending over me while I was seated. The garb was that of a woman, and this tended to increase the effect of the size. The features, although I could trace them on paper, I will not attempt to describe, but their effect on me was to make me long again for the darkness, so that I might not be able to see them. There would have been something ridiculous in sitting thus on that solitary ledge at such an hour had my position been any other than it was; but I was speechless with terror, without any power to move or act, excepting just as I was bid. How long this lasted I know not; but on looking up again, (compelled to do so by a species of fascination,) I saw that this being carried something, what, I could not define. At length I heard a voice:—

"It is your task," it said, "to relieve me of this burden. My hand, though powerless to cast it off, is able to compel you to obey me. Take it."

"I stretched out my hand, resistance was impossible, and it met something cold and clammy. Despite the shudder that passed over me I grasped it, and what I held was heavy.

"Here," said my companion again, "take this cord, and drop the burden into the river." And while saying this, I saw it uncover its neck, and take from it a halter, which appeared to have been tightly bound round it. I did all I was commanded, and having with trembling fingers tied the cord, I lowered the burden over the bridge down towards the water. It stopped in its descent suddenly, and I felt the rope become loose.

"Stay," cried my companion, "it has alighted on the parapet; it cannot remain there." At the same instant I felt the grasp of this being at my throat.

"Oh! release me," I groaned, but it was useless to entreat or struggle. The rope was at my neck, a more than gigantic power raised me in the air, and the next moment I was hanging over the dark stream. I became unconscious, and I remember no more."

I paused, and waited. There was a momentary silence, and then Kate said:—

"But there is more, doctor? do tell us what followed."

"I cannot. I do not know myself."

"Oh! but how did you get home? There *must* be more, you know, only you don't like to tell us," she rejoined.

"All I know is, that when I recovered consciousness I found myself in bed on a fine frosty morning, and, as it happened, rather late. I had been at an oyster-supper the night before, and perhaps that will elucidate the mystery."

"Doctor, I declare you are worse than Harry! frightening us all, and then only to make fun of us afterwards. It has spoiled it all."

"And now," said the squire, "we will have our cigars."

THE smallest compliment we receive from another, confers more pleasure than the greatest compliment we pay ourselves.

PASSIONS, like horses, when properly trained and disciplined, are capable of being applied to the noblest purposes; but when allowed to have their own way, they become dangerous in the extreme.

PROPOSED NEW CAVALRY REGIMENT.

SIR Edward East, D. C. L., author of the "Annals of the Wars," and of a recent publication "Lives of the Warriors of the Thirty Years War," throws out the following suggestions for a new Cavalry Regiment:

"I propose a cavalry regiment that should consist of twice as many men as horses—say 1,000 men to 500 horses—the rider a lightsome, hardy, active little fellow, who should be as much at home with a horse as a Pampas-man. As he could not be calculated on for close contest, he should be armed only with the best and lightest rifle and revolver; but as he might have also to defend himself on foot from the lance or the bayonet, he might carry a small sword of no great weight, but sufficient to ward a thrust. He should bear his ammunition round a waist-belt or on a bandolier—should be dressed in the best form of sportsman-habilliments, with a skull-cap like that of a police. The men's packs should be carried two together on the crupper-pad, unless when the horse carried double, at which time they should be strapped on the men's backs.

"At the proper time the men thus mounted should be carried briskly to the front, and as near to the enemy's formations as possible, when the hindmost should dismount and open fire—the horsemen retiring out of fire, but near enough to take the men on their saddles or protect them from the approach of cavalry. It is probable that such an irruption, which would bring a deadly fire to bear upon the foe, would be so annoying and intolerable, that, as in the olden time, under the effect of round-shot and grape, they would be obliged to move off the field; and then imagine the effect of these voltigeurs upon the flanks and rear of a retiring column! They would be as moving rifle-pits, and would immensely disturb every operation.

"Such troops might also be usefully employed for other purposes, more especially if care was taken to select them from the more intelligent classes—such, for example, as could speak French, or sketch a plan, or make good observations. As special soldiers are appointed for the duties of the staff corps and for sappers and miners, so these horsemen might be rendered available for raids across the front of the armies—two or more together (ride and tye), obtaining information about forage and supplies, and learning the facilities of a district to nourish and quarter troops. They might also execute many of the duties that have frequently to be sought for and organized after a campaign has been inaugurated, such as the gain of intelligence," &c.

A SAVAGE LEGEND.

MR. Alexander Smith, in a recent publication, "A Summer in Skye," relates many swart legends which he collected during his tour through the remote and little visited Island. While on a visit to Dunvegan Castle, which stands on a rock, surrounded on three sides, by the sea, and which, though portions of it are said to be as old as the ninth century, still contains grim old suits of rooms, with dusky portraits, mouldering weapons and armour, spiral staircase and narrow dungeons, his guide related to him the following savage legend of the Macleods and the Macdonalds:—

"On a stormy winter evening, when the walls of Dunvegan were wet with the rain of the cloud and the spray of the sea, Macleod, before he sat down to dinner, went out to have a look at the weather. 'A giant's night is coming on, my men,' he said when he came in, 'and if Macdonald of Sleat were at the foot of my rock seeking a night's shelter, I don't think I could refuse it.' He then sat down in the torch-light at the top of the long table, with his gentlemen around him. When they were half through with their meal a man came in with the news that the barge of Macdonald of Sleat—which had been driven back by stress of weather on its way to Harris—was at the foot of the rock, and that Macdonald asked shelter for the night for himself and his men. 'They are welcome,' said Macleod; 'tell them to come in.' The man went away, and in a short time Macdonald, his piper, and his body guard of twelve, came in wet with the spray and rain, and weary with rowing. Now, on the table there was a boar's head—which is always an omen of

evil to a Macdonald—and, noticing the dish, Donald Gorm, with his men about him sat at the foot of the long table, beneath the salt, and away from Macleod and the gentlemen. Seeing this, Macleod made a place beside himself, and called out, 'Macdonald of Sleat, come and sit up here!' 'Thank you,' said Donald Gorm, 'I'll remain where I am; but remember that wherever Macdonald of Sleatsits, that's the head of the table.' So when dinner was over the gentlemen began to talk about their exploits in hunting, and their deeds in battle, and to show each other their dirks. Macleod showed his, which was very handsome, and it was passed down the long table from gentleman to gentleman, each one admiring it and handing it to the next, till at last it came to Macdonald, who passed it on, saying nothing. Macleod noticed this, and called out 'Why don't you show your dirk, Donald? I hear it's very fine.' Macdonald then drew his dirk, and holding it up in his right hand, called out, 'Here it is, Macleod of Dunvegan, and in the best hand for pushing it homo in the four and twenty islands of the Hebrides.' Now Macleod was a strong man, but Macdonald was a stronger, and so Macleod could not call him a liar; but thinking he would be mentioned next, he said, 'And where is the next best hand for pushing a dirk homo in the four and twenty islands?' 'Here,' cried Donald Gorm, holding up his dirk in his left hand, and brandishing it in Macdonald's face, who sat amongst his gentlemen, biting his lips with vexation. So when it came to bed-time, Macleod told Macdonald that he had prepared a chamber for him near his own, and that he had placed fresh heather in a barn for the piper and the body-guard of twelve. Macdonald thanked Macleod, but remembering the boar's head on the table, said he would go with his men, and that he preferred for his couch the fresh heather to the down of the swan. 'Please yourself, Macdonald of Sleat,' said Macleod, as he turned on his heel.

"Now, it so happened that one of the body-guard of twelve had a sweetheart in the castle, but he had no opportunity of speaking to her. But once when she was passing the table with a dish she put her mouth to the man's ear, and whispered, 'Bid your master beware of Macleod. The barn you sleep in will be red flame at midnight, and ashes before the morning.' The words of the sweetheart passed the man's ear like a little breeze, but he kept the colour of his face, and looked as if he had heard nothing. So when Macdonald and his men got into the barn, where the fresh heather had been spread for them to sleep on, he told the words which had been whispered in his ear. Donald Gorm then saw the trick that was being played, and led his men quietly out by the back door of the barn, down to a hollow rock which stood up against the wind, and there they sheltered themselves.

"By midnight the sea was red with the reflection of the burning barn, and morning broke on gray ashes and smouldering embers. The Macleods thought they had killed their enemies; but fancy their astonishment when Donald Gorm, with his body-guard of twelve, marched past the castle down to the foot of the rock, where his barge was moored, with his piper playing in front—'Macleod, Macleod, Macleod of Dunvegan, I drove my dirk into your father's heart, and in payment of last night's hospitality, I'll drive it to the hilt in his son's yet.'"

CHINESE THOUGHTS.

WE present our readers with a number of extracts from the writings of Mencius, a Chinese sage, who stands next to Confucius in the estimation of his countrymen. Some of them will serve to illustrate his merits and at the same time the highest reach of wisdom in the thoughts of the Chinese.

As water subdues fire, the humane principle subdues the non-humane. But if a man throw without effect a cup of water to extinguish chariots filled with burning wood, can he say, "Water will not subdue fire?" The humane must not bring feebleness to the rescue of those who suffer. Humanity must, therefore, not be weak, but energetic.

Gold is heavier than feathers. Is a cart-load

of feathers, therefore, weightier than a button of gold?

Seek and you will find; neglect anything, you will lose everything; but we must seek what is to be found within (our grasp), for we shall not find what we seek if we seek what is beyond (our reach).

If your lessons are listened to, preserve your serenity; if they are not listened to preserve your serenity, for if you know your truthfulness, why should you not be serene?

He who looks upon the ocean thinks little of streams and rivers. He who has passed the portal of the saints (who has been instructed by the sages), will not value highly the teachings of ordinary men.

The prime minister of the kingdom of Sung consulted Mencius, and told him that being convinced of the oppressive character of a tax that bore heavily upon the people, he thought he should diminish it, and at the end of the year abolish it altogether. Mencius answered, "There was a man who was accustomed to steal every day the poultry of his neighbours, and was reproached for his dishonesty. 'Well,' he answered, 'I will amend little by little. I will only steal one fowl a month for a year to come, and then I will abstain altogether.' No," said Mencius, "no, when you know that what you do is unjust, cease at once to do it. Why wait a year?"

Men talk idly about empire, nation, family. The foundation of the empire is in the nation, of the nation in the family, of the family in the individual; in fine, government is founded on the people, the people on the family, the family on its chief.

Win a people and the empire is won; win their hearts and their affections, and you win the people; you win their hearts by meeting their wishes, by providing for their wants, and imposing upon them nothing that they detest.

As the fish hurries away from the otter to the protection of the deep waters, as the little bird flies to the thick forest from the hawk, so do subjects fly from wicked kings.

You cannot reason with the passionate, you cannot act with the feeble or the capricious.

Sure and sincere truth is heaven's pathway; to meditate on truth in order to practice it is to discover the pathway and the duty of man.

No man who has been consistently true and sincere has failed to win the confidence and favour of other men. No man in whom truth and sincerity have been wanting has ever long possessed their confidence and favour.

The benevolent man loves mankind; the courteous man respects them. He who loves men will be loved by them; he who respects men will be respected by them.

If I am treated rudely, let me examine into the cause, and if I cannot discover any sort of impropriety in my own conduct, I may disregard the rudeness, and consider him who displays it as no better than a brute, and why should the conduct of a brute disturb me?

Mencius relates what follows, and it is characteristic of the manners and customs of his time.

There was a man of Tsi who had a legitimate wife and a concubine, who dwelt together in his house.

Whenever the husband went out he returned gorged with wine and food, and when his wife inquired where he had been eating and drinking, he answered, "With the rich and the noble."

The wife said to the concubine, "Whenever my husband goes out he returns satiated with wine and food. If I ask him with whom he eats and drinks, he answers, 'With the rich and the noble.' Now, never has one illustrious person visited our abode. I will secretly learn where he goes."

So she rose early, and followed her husband to the places he visited. He passed through the locality, but not a soul saluted or spoke to him. Reaching the western suburb among the tombs, was one who devoured the remains of the ancestral sacrifices, but without being satisfied. He went to other places and did the same, and thus he habitually gratified his appetite.

His lawful wife returned home, and said to the concubine, "We placed our future hopes in

our husband, and lo! what are we doing?" She told the concubine what she had seen, and they wept together in the women's apartment (over the profligacy of the man). He returned—not knowing what had taken place—with a gay countenance, boasting of his good fortune to the wife and the concubine.

Such are the means, says the sage, by which many pursue wealth and honour, profits and advancement. How few those are who blush and mourn for this misconduct!

He gave the following description of one of the ancient governments of China (Khi):

The people were taxed to the amount of one-ninth of their earnings, the public functionaries were regularly paid, the frontiers were well guarded, but no (import) duties were levied. There was no interference with the fisheries in the lakes and ponds, criminals were not punished in the presence of their wives and children. Widowers, widows, and those who had lost their parents, were under the special charge of the state. And he quotes the verse from the book of Odes:

Riches and power and blessings but to those
Who soothe the widow's and the orphan's woes.

Upon which the king exclaimed, "What admirable words!" And the sage replied, "O king! if you find them admirable, why do you not practise them?"

Some labour with their intellect, some with their hands. Those who labour with their intellect govern men, those who labour with their hands are governed by men. Those who are governed by men produce the food of men, and those who govern men have their food produced by men.

Not by superiority of age or honour, not by the virtues and power of your brother, is friendship to be secured. Friendship must be allied with virtue. Virtue is its only bond.

When the king of Tsi consulted Mencius as to the mutual duties of princes and ministers, he replied:

If the prince commit great faults, the minister should remonstrate. If he repeat them, if he turn a deaf ear to these representations, the minister should replace him, and deprive him of his power.

The king changed colour when he heard these words, and Mencius added: "The king must not deem my words extraordinary. If the king interrogate his subject, his subject dares say nothing which is opposed to right and truth."

Once he said to the prince: "If a man were commanded to carry off a great mountain and fling it into the sea, he might well answer, 'I cannot do this,' but if he were told to tear away the branch of a young tree, and replied, 'I cannot,' he would exhibit indisposition, but not impotence. Now a monarch who governs amiss should not compare himself to the man who is expected to throw the big mountain into the ocean, but to one who refuses to pluck the branch from the tree."

If, says Mencius, in abundant years good actions predominate, in sterile years evil actions, it is not that man's nature is different, but that passion has attacked and submerged the heart and led it away to evil.

When pulse and corn are as plentiful as fire and water, what should prevent the people from being virtuous?

While you listen to a man's word, watch the movement of his eyes, and you will penetrate his disguises.

Diffuse knowledge, interchange employments, so that the deficiencies of some may be filled up by the superfluities of others.

Sacrifice not in an unclean vessel.

A beggar will not value what is trampled on. The courage of the impetuous is far less virtuous than the courage of the thoughtful.

All men have in them the sentiments of compassion and sympathy. In a crowd that should see a child falling into a well, there would not be one who would not feel fear and pity.

Nothing is nobler than to afford to others the means of exercising their virtues.

Markets were established to enable men to exchange what they possessed for what they did not possess. He was a worthless man who first levied taxes upon this interchange.

MOTHERS.

SOME one has said, that a young mother is the most beautiful thing in nature. Why qualify it? Why young? Are not all mothers beautiful? The sentimental outside beholder may prefer youth in the pretty picture; but I am inclined to think that sons and daughters, who are most intimately concerned in the matter, love and admire their mothers most when they are old. How suggestive of something holy and venerable it is when a person talks of his "dear old mother." Away with your mincing "mammias," and mammias suggestive only of a fine lady, who deposes her duties to a nurse, a drawing-room maternal parent, who is afraid to handle her offspring for fear of spoiling her fine new gown. Give me the homely mother, the arms of whose love are all embracing, who is beautiful always, whether old or young, whether arrayed in satin, or modestly habited in bombazine.

Maternal love is a mystery which human reason can never fathom. It is altogether above reason; it is a holy passion; in which all others are absorbed and lost. It is a sacred flame on the altar of the heart, which is never quenched. That it does not require reason to feed it and keep it alive is witnessed in the instinctive maternal love which pervades all animal nature. Every one must have instinctively felt the aptness of the scriptural illustration of maternal solicitude, which likens a great love to a hen which gathers her chickens under her wing. The hen's maternal care, so patient, so unselfish, is a miniature replica of Nature's greatest work. No doubt it is carried on and on ad infinitum, until we want a microscope to see it. There are myriads of anxious mothers in a leaf, whose destiny is to live for a single day, and then die for ever; as there are millions of anxious mothers in the human family whose span of life is three score years and ten, with a glorious eternity lying beyond. The mother is the mainspring of all nature, the fountain of all pure love—the first likeness on earth of God himself. Man did not deserve to have the first entry into the garden of Eden. Burns, with his great sympathetic soul, seems to have felt this when he sang of Dame Nature,

Her 'prentice han'
She tried on man,
And then she made the lassie, O!

It is not altogether because our mothers are of the "gentler" sex that we fly to them for sympathy instead of to our fathers. It is because there is a more intimate relationship between us, because the strings of our nature are more in unison; because we are more nearly flesh of their flesh, and blood of their blood. Yet how little can we return to her for all her patience with us, all her care, all her love for us. When we are young unfledged birds in the nest, we cling close to her, taking her warm breast and her protecting wings as our birthright—as yet unconscious of our debt of gratitude. And when our feathers grow, we fly away and leave her—fly away to build nests of our own. We pass from one care to another, never sharing it, but always the objects of it.

When we reflect upon what mothers have to endure, we may allow that novelists are right in making the culminating point of happiness the marriage of their heroines. After that their trouble begins. Man, in his self-importance, has applied the proverb to himself; but it should be, "When a woman marries, her trouble begins." It is she who feels the needles and pins of life. Man it is, rather, who sharpens their points. Woman's is a subjective life from first to last. No man knows what a woman suffers in bearing and bringing up a family of children. Only Heaven knows—Heaven which has endowed her with that wondrous love which redeems her existence from being an intolerable slavery. And when the task is done, and the children have gone forth into the world, how hard it is to be left alone with a full heart—with love still warm and sympathy still unexhausted. Ah me! ah me! my heart bleeds when I think of the widowed mother wafting

her loving thoughts across the seas upon the wings of sighs, nursing us again in thought, fondling us once more in the arms of her imagination. This is the mother's fate often; the father's seldom. The father, when he becomes a widower is never too old to begin his life all over again. The mother, in most cases, holds the old love too sacred to pollute it with another. She is content to live upon the memories of the past—to wait patiently until God calls her to that land, where the love of the mother is known, though there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

LARGEST LEGACY ON RECORD.

PROBABLY the largest personality ever sworn for probate was that of the late Mr. Morrison of Basildon. Besides the business in Fore Street and vast landed estates, he bequeathed to his eldest son a direct legacy of a million, which is said to be the only legacy on record to that amount. Like most of those who amass enormous wealth, Mr. Morrison began the world with nothing—in fact, there seems to be no receipt for becoming a millionaire equal to that of walking up to London barefoot, under a firm conviction that its streets are paved with gold. In the dining-room of his house at Basildon in Berkshire, which the traveller to Bath passes on the left as he flies by the beautiful reach of the Thames just above Pangbourne, and which abounds with splendid works of art, the very chairs and tables being from the design of some great R.A., there are two pillars of a rare and beautiful marble, which originally stood in a church in Italy, where great store was set by them; but the church being out of repair and in need of funds, at length sought and obtained permission from Rome to sell the pillar to the wealthy Englishman who had set his heart on possessing them. The conveyance was enormously difficult and expensive, by reason of the extraordinary weight of the columns, which in several places broke into the roads over which they were carried. This story illustrates the energy of the man in getting what he had set his heart upon. Nearly the whole of the Island of Islay, Ponthill Abbey, and vast estates scattered through half the counties in England, are the result of the same energy. Mr. Morrison's wealth would have enabled him to live in the utmost splendor; but though a liberal patron of the arts, he shrank from display, and was utterly free from tuft-hunting, and loved best the society of artists and men of letters.—*Faser's Magazine.*

PHILOSOPHY OF BREAD AND BUTTER.

HALL, in his "Journal of Health," gives us the following bit of wisdom:—"Bread and butter are the only articles of food of which we never tire, from early childhood to extreme old age. A pound of fine flour of Indian meal contains three times as much meat as one pound of butcher's roast beef; and if the whole product of the grain, bran and all, were made into bread, fifteen per cent more of nutriment would be added. Unfortunately the bran, the coarsest part, is thrown away; the very part which gives soundness to the teeth, and strength to the brain. Five hundred pounds of flour give to the body thirty pounds of the bony element, while the same quantity of bran gives more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds. This bone is lime and the phosphate of lime, the indispensable element of health to the whole human body, from the want of the natural supply of which multitudes of persons go into a general decline. But swallowing phosphates in the shape of powders or in syrups, to cure these declines, has little or no effect. The articles contained in these phosphates must pass through nature's laboratory; must be subject to her manipulations, in alchemical specially prepared by Almighty power and skill, in order to impart their peculiar virtues to the human frame; in plainer phrase, the shortest, safest, and most infallible method of giving strength to the body, bone, and brain, thereby arresting disease, and building up the constitution, is to eat and digest more bread made out of the whole grain, whether of wheat, corn, rye or oats." H. J.

AN EXCEPTIONAL PROPERTY OF WATER.

WATER in some of its properties affords abundant evidence of design. The action of the cold atmosphere of winter upon the surface of rivers and lakes is evidence of this.—These are cooled from the surface, and a circulation is established by the constant sinking of the chilled water, until the temperature falls to forty degrees. But at this point, still eight degrees above freezing point, the circulation stops. The surface water, as it cools below this temperature, remains at the top, and in the end freezes; but then a remarkable provision comes into play. Most substances are heavier in their solid than in their liquid state; but ice, on the contrary, is lighter than water, and therefore floats on its surface. Moreover, as ice is a very poor conductor of heat, it serves as a protection to the lake; so that at the depth of a few feet, at most, the temperature of the water during winter is never under forty degrees, although the atmosphere may continue for weeks below zero. But for this wise and merciful provision, the occurrence of a severe winter would behold the complete destruction of our fresh-water fish.

If water resembled other liquids, and continued to contract with cold to its freezing point—if the exceptions we have mentioned had not been made, the whole order of Nature would have been reversed. The circulation just described would continue until the whole mass of water in the lake had fallen to the freezing point. The ice would then first form at the bottom, and congelation would continue until the whole lake had been changed into one mass of solid ice. Upon such a mass the hottest summer would produce but little effect, for the poor conducting power would then prevent its melting; and instead of ponds and lakes, we should have large masses of ice, which during the summer would melt on the surface to the depth of only a few feet. It is unnecessary to state that this condition of things would be utterly inconsistent with the existence of aquatic plants or animals, and it would be almost as fatal to organic life everywhere. The soil itself would, to a certain extent, share in the fate of the ponds remaining frozen to the depth of many feet, and the only effect of the summer's heat would be to melt a few inches at the surface. It would be, perhaps, possible to cultivate some hardy annuals in such a climate, but this would be all. Trees and shrubs could not brave the severity of the winter. Thus, then, it appears that the very existence of some forms of life depend on an apparent exception to a general law of Nature.

TRUTHFUL BATH.—It is said that gout is a disease not known in Turkey, and that this exemption is owing to the use of what we call the "Turkish bath," a luxury which Greece gave to Arabia, and which Mohammed denounced as effeminate and impure. The "Turkish bath" is the natural curative process of most savage or semi-civilised nations. As a remedy for disease it was practised by the Irish Celts, and continues to be practised by their descendants. A "sweating-house" still exists in county Cavan, near the "Port of Shannon," as the head of the river which flows into Loch Allen is called. It is resorted to especially by those who seek health by obtaining copious perspiration. This primitive hot-air bath is easily provided. In a bell-shaped hut, like a wild Indian's, a fire of turf is kindled on the floor, and the hut is tightly closed up. The ashes are subsequently swept out, the patient enters, and he is pretty tightly closed up too. The consequent perspiration is extremely copious, and the patient, on issuing from this oven, plunges into cold water, or has it thrown over him, and he relies upon being swiftly relieved from fever, rheumatism, or whatever malady he may have that is to be cured by this sudorific process.

SPECTACLES FOR HORSES.—An old resident of Philadelphia has a family horse which has done good service for twenty years. For some time past the horse evinced a tendency to stumble and to strain his sight at objects close by. The kind-hearted owner judged the animal from his own case, and ordered of an optician a pair of equine spectacles. A pair of pebble-glasses, about the size of the object-glasses of a large sized lunette, were set in a frame over the horse's eyes. He appreciates the convenience wonderfully, and has never stumbled since he donned the spectacles.

“MAKE USE OF ME.”

MAKE use of me, my God!
Let me be not forgot;
A broken vessel cast aside,
One whom Thou needest not

I am Thy creature, Lord,
And made by hands Divine;
And I am part, however mean,
Of this great world of Thine.

Thou usest all Thy work,
The weakest things that be,
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.

Thou usest the high stars,
The tiny drops of dew,
The giant peak and little hill;
My God, O use me, too!

Thou usest tree and flower,
The rivers, vast and small!
The eagle great, the little bird
That sings upon the wall.

Thou usest the wide sea,
The little hidden lake,
The pine upon the Alpine cliff,
The lily in the brake;

The huge rock in the vale,
The sand-grain by the sea,
The thunder of the rolling cloud,
The murmur of the bee.

All things do serve Thee here,
All creatures, great and small,
Make use of me, of me, my God,
The weakest of them all.

HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF “BARBARA’S HISTORY,”
FOR “ALL THE YEAR ROUND,” EDITED BY
CHARLES DICKENS.

Continued from page 50.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

Biancas. He had written cauzonets in which *amore* rhymed to *core* in the orthodox fashion, and had sung them by moonlight under picturesque balconies, over and over again, in many a stately old Italian city. Above all, he had known Giulio Colonna from his earliest boyhood, and had been inoculated with Italian patriotism ere he knew what patriotism meant. Accustomed to regard Signor Colonna not only as some kind of distant cousin, but also as one of his mother's most frequent guests, he had accepted all his opinions with the unquestioning faith of childhood. He had, indeed, listened to the magic of his eloquence long before he was of an age to understand its force and purport, and had become insensibly educated in the love and reverence of those things which were to Giulio Colonna as the life of his life. It was, therefore, no wonder that the young Earl proved, as he grew to man's estate, a staunch friend to the Italian cause. It was no wonder that he made enthusiastic speeches at obscure meetings, transacted a vast amount of really hard work in his capacity of Honorary Secretary to the Central Committee, and believed in Giulio Colonna and the great Italian republic of the future, with all his heart and soul.

There was, in reality, no blood relationship whatever between the Castletowers family and this branch of the Colonnas. A Miss Holme-Pierpoint had married a Prince Colonna some twenty-five or thirty years before, but she was long since dead, and had not no children. A pleasant intercourse had subsisted, however, between the two families ever since. The Colonnas, down to the third and fourth generation, were royally welcomed at the grand old Surrey mansion, whenever any of them came to England; Lady Castletowers and her son had once spent six delightful weeks of *villeggiatura* at Prince Colonna's Alban villa; and when the young Earl was in Rome, he had been the very life and soul of all the winter entertainments given at that stately palazzo which stands in the Corso at

the corner of the Piazza di Santissimi Apostoli. As for Giulio Colonna, he had been the *intimo du maison* ever since the Honorable Alothesa Pierpoint had exchanged her name for that of Castletowers—just as he had been the *intimo du maison* at the house of her ladyship's father. He was one of the very few whom the countess really valued, and who she condescended to call by the sacred name of friend. Perhaps he was the only person upon earth who could be said to enjoy her ladyship's confidence. It was to him that she had turned for help in her matrimonial troubles; for advice respecting the education of her son; for sympathy when any of her ambitious projects failed of success. She had known him, indeed, from her girlhood. She admired his great and varied talents. She had perfect reliance on his probity and honour; and she respected his nobility of birth. To a certain extent she respected his patriotic devotion as well; though, it is almost needless to add, she was wholly at issue with him on the subject of republicanism.

“It is a point,” she used to observe, “upon which my good friend Signor Colonna is deaf, I grieve to say, alike to reason and good taste. He has so imbued himself with the classical history of his country, that he can no longer discriminate between the necessities of a semi-barbarous race and those of a highly civilised people. He cannot see that the monarchical form of government is precisely that which the age demands. I am very sorry for him. I have represented the matter to him, over and over again, from every conceivable point of view, but with unvarying ill success. I am weary of trying to convince a man who shuts his ears to conviction.”

And when she had said this, or words to this effect, Lady Castletowers would sigh, and drop the subject with the air of one who had exhausted it utterly.

CHAPTER XIV. MOTHER AND SON.

“Late, and alone, Gervase?” said Lady Castletowers, with cold displeasure. “The breakfast-bell rang ten minutes ago. Where are our guests?”

“I am sorry to have kept you waiting, mother,” replied the Earl, “and you will be sorry for the cause. Sardanapalus had bitten Miss Colonna in the hand, and Vaughan has gone round with her to Mrs. Walker's room to get it dressed. I always said that confounded bird would do mischief some day. Where's Colonna?”

“In his room, I suppose, and deaf, as usual, to the bell. Is Olympia much hurt?”

“Painfully; but, of course, not dangerously.”

“There is no necessity for my presence?”

“No absolute necessity,” rejoined the young Earl, with some hesitation, and a little emphasis. The Countess seated herself at the breakfast-table, and dismissed the servant in attendance.

“I am glad,” said she, “of a few moments alone with you, Gervase. How long does Major Vaughan propose to remain with us?”

“I really do not know. He has said nothing about it, and I fancy his time just now is at his own disposal.”

“I think we ought to do something to make Castletowers pleasant to him while he is here.”

“I was intending to make the same remark to you, my dear mother,” replied the young man. “I have, indeed, asked some men from town, and I rather think Charley Burgoyne and Laurence Greatorex may be down next week, but that is not enough. Shall we give a ball?”

“Or a *fête*—but perhaps the summer is hardly sufficiently advanced for a *fête* at present.”

“And then a *fête* is so confoundedly expensive!” groaned the Earl. “It won't be so bad after the half-yearly rents have come in; but I assure you, mother, I was shocked when I look into my banker's book yesterday. We have barely a couple of hundreds to carry us through up to Midsummer!”

The Countess sighed, and tapped impatiently on the edge of the table with her delicate jewelled fingers.

“It's a miserable thing to be poor!” ejaculated the Earl.

“My poor boy, it is indeed!”

“If it hadn't been for paying off that mortgage of Oliver Behren's—”

“Which your father's extravagance entailed

upon us!” interrupted Lady Castletowers, bitterly.

“If it hadn't been for paying that off,” he continued, “our means would now have been so comfortable! That two thousand five hundred a year, mother, would have made us rich.”

“Comparatively rich,” replied the Countess.

“Well, it's of no use to be always moaning, like the harbour bar in Kingsley's poem,” said the young man, with an air of forced gaiety. “We are poor, dearest mother, and we must make the best of it. In the meanwhile, let us, by all means, give some kind of entertainment. You can think the matter over, and whatever you decide upon, is sure to be best and wisest. I must find the money, somehow. Perhaps Trefalden could advance me a hundred or two.”

“Has he not lately come into an enormous fortune?” asked the Countess, abstractedly.

“No, not our Trefalden; but some member, I believe, of his family. I don't know the story, but I have heard it is something very romantic. However, Trefalden himself is a rich man—he's too quiet and clever not to be rich. At all events, I can but ask him.”

“I don't like you to borrow money, Gervase,” said Lady Castletowers.

“I abhor it in the ordinary sense of the word,” replied her son. “But a gentleman may draw upon his lawyer for a small sum without scruple. It is not all the same thing.”

“If I could but see you well married!” sighed the Countess.

Lord Castletowers shrugged his shoulders.

“And occupying that position in the country to which your birth and talents entitle you! I was talking about you the other day to the Duke of Dorchester. He seems to think there must be a change in your ministry before long; and then, if he, and one or two others of our acquaintance, get into office—*nous verrons!*”

“There are always so many ifs,” said Lord Castletowers, with a smile.

“By the way, Miss Hatherton—the rich Miss Hatherton—is staying at Aylsham Park. Of course, if we give a *fête*, the Walkingshaws will bring her with them. It is said, Gervase, that she has a hundred and fifty thousand pounds.”

“Indeed!” said Lord Castletowers, indifferently.

“And she is handsome.”

“Yes—she is handsome.”

The Countess looked at her son. The Earl looked out of the window.

“I fancy,” said the Countess, “that Major Vaughan is paying a good deal of attention to Olympia.”

“To—to Miss Colonna?” said the Earl with an involuntary catching of his breath. “Impossible?”

“Why impossible?”

“Because—Well, perhaps I scarcely know why; but it seems so unlikely.”

“Why unlikely?” pursued the Countess, coldly and steadily.

“Well—Vaughan is not a marrying man—and he has no private means, or next to none, besides his pay—and—and then, they are so utterly unsuited—unsuited in every way—in tastes, ages, dispositions, everything!”

The young man spoke hastily, and with a perceptibly heightened colour. His mother, still coldly observing, went on.

“I do not agree with you, Gervase,” said she, “in any one of your objections. I believe that Major Vaughan would quite willingly marry, if Olympia were the lady. He is not forty; and if he has only a few hundreds a year besides his pay, he is, at all events, richer than Olympia's father. Besides, he is a gallant officer; and if all that Colonna anticipates should come to pass, a gallant officer would be worth more than a mere fortune, just now, to the Italian cause.”

The Earl still stood by the window, looking out at the park and the blue hills far away; but made no reply.

“He has said nothing to you upon the subject?” said Lady Castletowers.

“Nothing.”

“Perhaps, however, it is hardly likely that he would do so.”

“Most unlikely, I should say. But here's the letter-bag—and here comes surgeon and patient.”

Lady Castletowers became at once condolent

and sympathetic! Mademoiselle Colonna laughed off the accident with impatient indifference; Major Vaughan bowed over his hostess's fair hand; and all took their places at table.

"A budget, as usual, for Colonna," said Lord Castletowers, sorting the pile of letters just tumbled out of the bag. "One, two three billets, redolent of what might be called the parfum du boudoir, for Vaughan—also, as usual! Two letters, my dearest mother, for you; and only one (a square-shouldered, round-listed blue-complexioned, obstinate-looking, business document) for myself. A pretty thing to lie at the bottom of one's letter-bag, like hope at the bottom of Pandora's casket!"

"It hath a Bond-street aspect, Castletowers, that affects me unpleasantly," said Major Vaughan, from whose brow the angry flush with which he had received his three letters and swept them carelessly on one side, but not yet quite faded.

"Say, rather, a Chancery-lane aspect," replied the young Earl, breaking the seal as he spoke; "and that's as much worse than Bond-street as Newgate is worse than the Queen's Bench."

"Bond-street and Chancery Lane, Newgate and the Queen's Bench!" repeated Mademoiselle Colonna. "The conversation sounds very awful. What does it all mean?"

"I presume," said Lady Castletowers, "that Major Vaughan supposed the letter to be written by a— a tailor, or some person of that description; while it really comes from my son's lawyer, Mr. Trefalden."

"I met Mr. Trefalden a few weeks ago," said Mademoiselle Colonna, "in Switzerland."

"In Switzerland?" echoed Lord Castletowers.

"And he authorized me to add his name to our general committee list."

"A miracle! a miracle!"

"And why a miracle?" asked Lady Castletowers. "Does Mr. Trefalden disapprove the Italian cause?"

"Mr. Trefalden, my dear mother, never approves or disapproves of any public movement whatever. Nature seems to have created him without opinions."

"Then he is either a very superficial, or a very ambitious man," said Lady Castletowers.

"The latter, depend on it. He's a remarkably clever fellow, and has good interest, no doubt. He will set his politics to the tune of his interest some day, and make his way to the woolstack 'in a galliard.'"

"I am glad this is but a conjecture," estimated of Mr. Trefalden's character," said Olivia;—

"You like him, then?" said Major Vaughan, hastily.

"I neither like him nor dislike him; but if these were proven facts, I would never speak to him again."

Signor Colonna came in and made his morning salutations, his eyes wandering eagerly towards his letters all the time.

"Good morning—good morning. Late, did you say? Peccavi! So I am. I lost myself in the library. Bell! I heard no bell. Pray forgive me, dear Lady Castletowers. Any news to-day? You were early this morning, Major Vaughan. Saw you in the saddle soon after six. Plenty of letters this morning, I see—plenty of letters!"

And with this he slipped into his seat, and became at once immersed in the contents of the documents before him.

"Trefalden writes from town, mother," said Lord Castletowers. "He excuses his delay on the plea of much business. He has been settling his cousin's affairs—the said cousin having come in for between four and five millions sterling."

"A man who comes in for four or five millions sterling has no right to live," said Major Vaughan. "His very being is an insult to his offended species."

"But if this cousin should prove to be a lady?" suggested Mademoiselle Colonna.

"I would condemn her, of course—to matrimony."

"I should think Trefalden would take care of that!" laughed the Earl.

"But is the cousin a lady?" asked Lady Castletowers, with seeming indifference.

"Alas! no, my dear mother, too surely he belongs to the genus homo. Trefalden's words are—I have been assisting my cousin in the ar-

rangement of his affairs, he having lately inherited a fortune of between four and five millions sterling."

"I have no doubt that he is fat, ugly, and disagreeable," said Major Vaughan.

"And plebeian," added Lady Castletowers, with a smile.

"And illiberal," said Olympia.

"And, in short, so rich," said the Earl, "that were he hideous and ignorant as Caliban, society would receive him with open arms, and the beauty of the season would gladly wear orange-blossoms for him at St. George's! What says this honourable company—shall I invite him down to Castletowers for a week or two, and shall we all fall to worshipping the golden calf?"

"Not for the world!" exclaimed Olympia, scornfully; but she was the only one who replied.

The breakfast-party then broke up. The Earl went to his stables, Olympia to her apartments, and Major Vaughan to the billiard-room. Signor Colonna and Lady Castletowers strolled to and fro in the sunshine, outside the breakfast-room windows.

"But who is this millionaire?" asked the Italian, eagerly.

"Caro amico, you know as much as I know," replied Lady Castletowers. "He is a cousin of our solicitor, Mr. Trefalden, who is a very well-bred gentlemanly person. As for this fortune, I think I have heard that it has been accumulating for one or two centuries—but that is probably a mere rumour."

"Between four and five millions!" ejaculated Colonna. "With such a fortune, what might not be done by a friend to the cause!"

Lady Castletowers smiled.

"Sempre Italia!" she said.

"Sempre Italia," replied he, lifting his hat reverently as he pronounced the words. "While I live, Lady Castletowers. While I live."

They had come now to the end of the path, and were about to return, when he laid his hand on hers, and said, very earnestly:

"I wish I could see this man. I wish I knew him. I have won over thousands of recruits in my time, Alethea—thousands, who had only their blood to give, and gave it. Money is as precious as blood in a cause like ours. If we had but one million, eighteen months ago, Italy would now have been free."

"Ah, you want me to help you—you want Gervase to bring him here? Is that so?"

"Precisely."

"Well, I suppose it can be done—somehow."

"I think it can," replied Colonna. "I am sure it can."

"And it might lead to great results?"

"It might—indeed it might."

"Your personal influence, I know, is almost magical," mused Lady Castletowers; "and if our millionaire should prove to be young and impressionable—"

She hesitated. He looked up, and their eyes met.

"Olimpia is very lovely," she said, smiling; "and very fascinating."

"I have thought of that," he replied. "I have thought of that; and Olimpia would never marry any man who did not devote himself to Italy, body and soul!"

"And purse," added Lady Castletowers, quietly.

"And purse—of course," said he, with a somewhat heightened colour.

"Then I will do what I can, dear old friend, for your sake," said Lady Castletowers, affectionately.

"And I," he replied "will do what I can, for the sake of the cause. God knows, Alethea, that I do it for the cause alone—God knows how pure my soul is of any other aim or end!"

"I am sure of it," she replied, abstractedly.

"Had I but the half of four or five millions at command, the stake upon which I have set my whole life, and my child's life, would be won. Do you hear me, Alethea? would be, must be won!"

"And shall be won, amico, if any help of mine can avail you," said Lady Castletowers. "I will speak to Gervase about it at once. He shall ask both the cousins down."

"Best friend," murmured the Italian, taking the

hand which she extended to him, and pressing it gratefully in both his own.

"But beware!—not a word to him of all this. He has his English notions of hospitality—you understand?"

"Yes—it is true."

"Adieu, then, till luncheon."

"Addio."

And the Countess, with a look of unusual pre-occupation on her fair brow, went slowly back to the house, thinking of many things:—chiefly of how her son should some day marry an heiress, and how Olimpia Colonna should be disposed of to Saxon Trefalden.

CHAPTER XV. SAXON DRAWS HIS FIRST CHEQUE.

A tall young man stood at the first floor window of a fashionable hotel in Piccadilly, drumming upon the plate-glass panes, and staring listlessly down upon the crowded street below. It was about two o'clock in the day, and the brilliant thoroughfare was all alive with colour and sunshine; but his face took no joyousness from the busy scene. It wore, on the contrary, as gloomy and discontented an expression as such a bright face could well patron. The ceaseless ebb and flow of gorgeous equipages; the fair pedestrians in their fashionable toilettes, even the little band of household troops riding by in helm and cuirass, failed apparently to interest that weary spectator. He yawned, looked at his watch, took an impatient turn or two about the room, and then went back to the window, and drummed again upon the panes. Some books, an opera-glass and one or two newspapers, lay on the table; but the leaves of the books were uncut, and only one of the newspapers had been unfolded. Too ennuyed to read, and too restless to sit still, this young man evidently found his time hang heavily upon his hands.

Presently a cab drove up to the hotel, and two gentlemen jumped out. The first of these was William Trefalden; the second Lord Castletowers. William Trefalden looked up and nodded, as he came up to the broad stone steps, and the watcher at the window ran joyously to meet him on the stairs.

"I'm so glad you're come!" was his eager exclamation. "I've been watching for you, and the time has seemed so long!"

"I am only twenty minutes late," replied Mr. Trefalden, smiling.

"But it's so dreary here!"

"And I bring you a visitor," continued the other. "Lord Castletowers, allow me to present my cousin, Mr. Saxon Trefalden. Saxon, Lord Castletowers is so kind as to desire your acquaintance."

Saxon put out his hand, and gave the Earl's a hearty shake. He would as soon have thought of greeting his guest with a bow as flinging him over the balcony into the street below.

"Thank you," said he. "I'm very much obliged to you."

"I am surprised that you find this situation 'dreary,' Mr. Trefalden," said Lord Castletowers, with a glance towards the window.

"I find all London dreary," replied Saxon, bluntly.

"May I ask how long you have been here?"

"Five days."

"Then you have really had no time to form an opinion?"

"I have had time to be very miserable," said Saxon. "I never was so miserable in my life. The noise and hurry of London bewilder me. I can settle to nothing. I can think of nothing. I can do nothing. I find it impossible to read; and if I go out alone in the streets, I lose myself. Then there seems to be no air. I have inhaled smoke and dust; but I have not *breathed* since I came into the place."

"Your first impressions of our Babel are certainly not *couleur de rose*," said the Earl, laughingly.

"They are *couleur de Lothbry*, and *couleur de Chancery-lane*," interposed William Trefalden. "My cousin, Lord Castletowers, has for these last four days been the victim of the law. We have been putting him in possession of his property, and he has seen nothing of town save the gold regions east of Temple Bar."

"An excellent beginning," said the Earl,

"The finest pass into Belgravia is through Thread-needle-street."

"And the noblest prospect in London is the Bank of England," added the lawyer.

"I thought it very ugly and dirty," said Saxon, innocently.

"I hope this law business is all over now," said Lord Castletowers.

"Yes, for the present; and Saxon has nothing to do but to amuse himself."

"Amuse myself!" echoed Saxon. "I must go home to do that."

"Because Reichenau is so gay, or because you find London so uninviting?" asked the Earl, with a smile.

"Because I am a born mountaineer, and because to me this place is a prison. I must have air to breathe, hills to climb, and a gun on my shoulder. That is what I call amusement."

"That is what I call amusement also," said Lord Castletowers; "and if you will come down to Surrey, I can give you plenty of it—a fishing-rod, and a hunter included. But in the meanwhile, you must let us prove to you that London is not so barren of entertainment as you seem to think."

"Let this help to prove it," said Mr. Trefalden, taking from his pocket a little oblong book in a green paper cover. "There's magic in these pages, my dear fellow. They contain all the wit, wisdom, and beauty of the world we live in. While you have this in your pocket, you will never want for amusement—or friends; and when you have come to the end of the present volume, the publishers will furnish you with another."

"What is it?" said Saxon, turning it over somewhat doubtfully.

"A cheque-book."

"Pshaw! money again. Always money!"

"Don't speak of it disrespectfully. You have more than you can count, and as yet you neither know what it is worth, nor what to do with it."

"Pray enlighten me, then," said Saxon, with a touch of impatience in his voice. "Tell me, in the first place, what it is worth?"

"That is a matter of individual opinion," replied Mr. Trefalden, with one of his quiet smiles. "If you ask Lord Castletowers, he will probably tell you that it is worth less than noble blood, bright eyes, or Italian liberty. If you ask a plodding fellow like myself, he will probably value it above all three?"

"Well then, in the second place, what am I to do with it?"

"Spend it."

"Saxon shrugged his shoulders; and Lord Castletowers, who had coloured up somewhat angrily the minute before, laughed, and said that it was good advice.

"Spend it," repeated the lawyer. "You never will know how to employ your money till you acquire the art of getting rid of it. You have yet to learn that instead of turning everything into gold, like Midas, you can turn gold into everything. It is the true secret of the transmutation of metal."

"Shall I be any the wiser or happier for this knowledge?" asked Saxon, with a sigh.

"You cannot help being wiser," laughed his cousin; "nor, I should think, the happier. You will cease to be dreary, in the first place. He who has plenty of money and knows how to spend it, is never in want of entertainment."

"Ay, and knows how to spend it!" There is my difficulty."

"If you had read Molière," replied Mr. Trefalden, "you would be aware that a rich man has discernment in his purse."

"Cousin, you are laughing at me."

It was said with perfect good humour, but with such directness that even Mr. Trefalden's practised self-possession was momentarily troubled.

"But I suppose you think a rich fellow can afford to be laughed at," added Saxon, "and I am quite of your opinion. It will help to civilise me; and that, you know, is your mission. And now for a lesson in alchemy. What shall I transmute my gold into first?"

"Nay, into whatever seems to you to be best worth the trouble," replied Mr. Trefalden. "First of all, I should say, into a certain amount of

superfine Saxony and other cloths; into a large stock of French kid and French cambric—and a valet. After that—well, after that, suppose you ask Lord Castletowers' opinion."

"I vote for a tall horse, a short tiger, and a cab," said the young Earl.

"And chambers in St. James-street," suggested the lawyer.

"And a stall at Gye's."

"And all the flowers, pictures, Baskerville editions, Delphia classics, organs, and Etruscan antiquities you take it into your head to desire! That's the way to transmute your metal, you happy fellow! Taken as a philosophical experiment, I know nothing more beautiful, simple, and satisfactory."

"You bewilder me," said poor Saxon. "You speak a language which is partly jest and partly earnest, and I know not where the earnestness ends, nor where the jest begins. What is it that you really mean? I am quite willing to do what you conceive a man in my position should do; but you must show me how to set about it."

"I am here to-day for no other purpose."

"And more than this, you must give me leave to reject your system, if I dislike, or grow weary of it."

"What! return to roots and woad after Kuhn and Stultz?"

"Certainly, if I find the roots more palatable, and the woad more becoming."

"Agreed. Then we begin at once. You shall put yourself under my guidance, and that of Lord Castletowers. You shall obey us implicitly for the next six or eight hours; and you shall begin by writing a cheque for five hundred, which we can cash at Drummond's as we go along."

"With all my heart," said Saxon; and so aided by his cousin's instructions, sat down and wrote his first cheque.

"He's a capital fellow," said Lord Castletowers to Mr. Trefalden, as they went down the hotel stairs; "a splendid fellow, and I like him thoroughly. Shall I propose him at the Eretheum? He ought to belong to a club; and I know some men there who would be delighted to do what they could for any member of my introduction."

"By all means. It is the very thing for him," replied Mr. Trefalden. "He must have acquaintances, you know; and it is out of the question that a busy man like myself should do the honours of town to him, or any one. Were he my own brother, I would not undertake it."

"And I am never here myself for many days at a time," said the Earl. "London is an expensive luxury, and I am obliged to make a little of it go a long way. However, while I am here, and whenever I am here, it will give me a great deal of pleasure to show Mr. Saxon Trefalden any attention in my power."

"You are very kind. Saxon, my dear fellow, Lord Castletowers is so good as to offer to get you into the Eretheum."

"The Eretheum of Athens?" exclaimed Saxon, opening his blue eyes in laughing astonishment.

"Nonsense—of Pall Mall. It is a fashionable club."

"I am much obliged to Lord Castletowers," replied Saxon, vaguely. But he had no more notion of the nature, objects, or aims of a fashionable club than a Bedouin Arab.

CHAPTER XVI. THE ERETHEUM.

"No, by Jove, Brandon, not a bit of a snob! As green as an Arcadian, but no more of a snob than——"

Sir Charles Burgoyne was going to say, "than you are;" but he changed his mind, and said, instead:

"—than Castletowers himself."

"I call any man a snob who quotes Bion and Moschus in his familiar talk," replied the other, all unconscious of his friend's hesitation. "How the deuce is one to remember anything about Bion and Moschus? and what right has he to make a fellow look like a fool?"

"Unfeeling, I admit," replied Sir Charles, languidly.

"I hate your learned people," said Brandon, irritably. "And I hate parvenus. Ignorant parvenus are bad enough; but learned parvenus are the worst of all. He's both—hang him!"

"Hang him, by all means!" said another young man, approaching the window at which the two were standing. "May I ask who he is, and what he has done?"

It was in one of the princely reading-rooms of the Eretheum Club, Pall-Mall. The two first speakers were the Honourable Edward Brandon, third and youngest son of Hardicanute, fourteenth Earl of Ipswich, and Sir Charles Burgoyne, Baronet of the Second Life Guards.

There are men whom nature seems to have run up by contract, and the Honourable Edward Brandon was one of them. He was just like one of those slight, unsubstantial, fashionable houses that spring up every day like mushrooms about Bayswater and South Kensington, and are hired under the express condition of never being danced in. He was very young, very tall, and as economically supplied with brain and muscle as a man could well be. The very smallest appreciable weight of knowledge would have broken down his understanding at any moment; and his little ornaments of manner were all in the flimsiest modern taste, and of the merest stucco. He "dipped" occasionally into Bell's Life and the Court Circular. He had read half of the first volume of Mr. Soapey Spongy's Sporting Tour. He played croquet pretty well, and billiards very badly, and was saturated through and through with smoke, like a Finnan haddock.

Sir Charles Burgoyne was a man of a very different stamp. He was essentially one of a class; but then, ethnologically speaking, his class was many degrees higher than that of Mr. Brandon. He was better built, and better furnished. He rode well; was a good shot; played a first rate game at billiards; was gifted with a certain lazy impertinence of speech and manner that passed for wit, and was so effeminately fair of complexion and regular of feature, that he was popularly known among his brother-officers as the Beauty.

The last comer—short, sallow, keen-eyed, somewhat fippant in his address, and showy in his attire—was Laurence Greatorex, Esquire, only son, heir, and partner of Sir Samuel Greatorex, Knight, the well known banker and alderman of Lombard-street, City.

"Hang him by all means!" said this gentleman, with charming impartiality. "Who is he? and what has he done?"

"We were speaking of the new member," replied Brandon.

"What, Cræsus Trefalden? Pshaw! the man's an outer barbarian. What social enormity has he been committing now?"

"He's been offending Brandon's delicate sense of propriety by quoting Greek," said the Beauty.

"Greek! Unpardonable offence. What shall we do to him? Muzzle him?"

"Condemn him to feed on Greek roots for the term of his natural life, like Timon of Athens," suggested the Beauty, lazily.

"He's little better than a savage, as it is," said Mr. Greatorex, with a contemptuous shrug of the shoulders. "He knows nothing of life, and cares nothing for it either. Last Tuesday, when all the fellows were wild about the great fight down at Barney's Croft, he sat and read Homer, as if it were the news of the day. He's an animated anachronism—that's what he is, Sir Charles."

"Who the deuce is he?" ejaculated Brandon.

"Where does he come from?"

"Heaven knows. His father was a black-letter folio, I believe, and his mother a palimpsest."

"You're too witty to-day, Mr. Greatorex," sneered Burgoyne.

"Then he's so offensively rich! Why, he put down a thousand yesterday for Willis's subscription. There's his name at the head of the list. Makes us look rather small—eh?"

"Confound his assurance!" broke out Brandon. "He's not been here much more than a week. What's Willis to him, that he should give more than the oldest members of the club!"

"Well, it's a munificent donation," said the Guardsman, good naturedly.

"Munificent? Hang his munificence! I suppose the members of the Eretheum can pension off a secretary, who has served them for fifteen years, without the help of a thousand pounds from a puppy like that!"

"Your virtuous indignation, Brandon, is quite refreshing," said Burgoyne. "How long have you been here, for instance? Half a year?"

"It was a bad taste, anyhow," said Greatorex; "leuced had taste. It's always the way with your nouveaux riches. A man who had been wealthy all his life would have known better."

"Yourself, for example," retorted the Guardsman, insolently.

"Just so, Sir Charles; but then I'm to the money-market born, so hardly a case in point."

"Where did this Trefalden get his fortune?" asked Brandon. "I've heard that some fellow left it to him a hundred years ago, and that it has been accumulating ever since; but that's nonsense, of course."

"Sounds like a pecuniary version of the Sleeping Beauty," observed the baronet, parenthetically.

"I know no more than you do, Mr. Brandon," replied Greatorex. "I have heard only the common story of how this money has been lying at compound interest for a century or more, and has devolved to our pre-Adamite friend at last, bringing him as many millions as he has fingers. Some say double that sum, but ten are enough for my credulity."

"Does he bank with Sir Samuel?" asked Brandon.

"No. Our shop lies too far east for him, I suspect. He has taken his millions to Drummond's. By the way, Sir Charles, what have you decided upon doing with that brown mare of yours? You seemed half inclined to part from her a few days ago."

"You mean the Lady of Lyons?"

"I do."

"Sold her, Mr. Greatorex?"

"Sold her, Sir Charles?"

"Yes—cab and all."

The banker turned very red, and bit his lip.

"Would it be a liberty to ask the name of the purchaser?" said he.

"Perhaps it would," replied the Guardsman.

"But I don't mind telling you. It's Mr. Trefalden."

"Trefalden! Then, upon my soul, Sir Charles, it's too bad! I'm sorry to hear it. I am indeed. I had hoped—in fact, I had expected—upon my soul, I had expected, Sir Charles, that you would have given me the opportunity. Money would have been no object. I would have given a fancy price for that mare with pleasure."

"Thank you, I did not want a fancy price," replied the Guardsman, haughtily.

"Besides, if you'll excuse me, Sir Charles, I must say I don't think it was quite fair either."

"Fair?" echoed Burgoyne. "Really, Mr. Greatorex, I do not apprehend your meaning?"

"Well, you know, Sir Charles, I spoke first, and as for Cræsus Trefalden, who scarcely knows a horse from a buffalo—"

"Mr. Saxon Trefalden is the friend of Lord Castletowers," interrupted Burgoyne, still more haughtily, "and I was very happy to oblige him."

If Sir Charles Burgoyne had not been a baronet, a guardsman, and a member of the Erection Club, it is possible that Mr. Greatorex of Lombard-street would have given him the retort uncourteous; but as matters stood, he only grew a little redder; looked at his watch in some confusion; and prudently swallowed his annoyance.

"Oh, of course—in that case," stammered he—"Lord Castletowers being your friend, I have nothing more to say. Do you go down to his place in Surrey next week, by-the-by?"

"Do you?" said Burgoyne, smoothing his flaxen moustache, and looking down at the small city man with half-closed eyes.

"I hope so, since his lordship has been kind enough to invite me; but we are so deucedly busy in Lombard-street just now that—pshaw! twelve o'clock already, and I am due in the city at twenty minutes past. Not a moment to lose. 'I know a bank,' et cetera—but there's no wild time there for anybody between twelve and three! Good morning, Mr. Brandon. Good morning, Sir Charles."

The baronet bent his head about a quarter of an inch, and almost before the other was out of hearing, said:

"That man is bourgeois to the tips of his fingers, and insufferably familiar. Why do you tolerate him, Brandon?"

"Oh, he's not a bad fellow," replied Brandon.

"He's a snob, pur et simple—a snob, with the wardrobe of a tailor's assistant, and the manners of a valet. You called young Trefalden a snob just now, and I told you it was a mistake. Apply the title to this little money-jobber, and I won't contradict you. The fact is, Brandon, I abominate him. I wish it was possible to blackball him out of the club. If I'd been in town when he was proposed, I'll be hanged if he should have ever got in. I can't think what you fellows were about, to admit him!"

Charley Burgoyne was a lazy man; for him this was a very long and energetic speech. But the Honourable Edward Brandon only shook his head in a helpless, irritable way, and repeated his former assertion.

"I tell you, Burgoyne," he said, "Greatorex isn't a bad fellow."

Sir Charles Burgoyne shrugged his shoulders, and yawned.

"Oh, very well," he replied. "Have it your own way. I hate argument."

"Castletowers likes him," said the young man. "Castletowers asks him down to Surrey, you see."

"Castletowers is too good natured by half."

"And Vaughan—"

"Vaughan owes him money, and just endures him."

The Honourable Edward Brandon rubbed his head all over, looking more helpless and more irritable than before. It was a very small head, and there was very little in it.

"Confound him!" groaned he. "He has taken up a paper of mine, too. I must be civil to him."

Sir Charles Burgoyne gave utterance to a dismal whistle; thrust his hands deep down into his pockets; and said nothing.

"What else can I do?" said Brandon.

"Pay him."

"You might as well tell me to eat him!"

"Nonsense. Borrow the money from somebody else."

"I wish I could. I wish I knew whom to ask. I should be so very grateful, you know. It's only two hundred and fifty."

And the young fellow stared hard at the Guardsman, who stared just as hard at the Duke of York's column over the way.

"You can't suggest any one?" he continued after a moment.

"I, my dear fellow? Diable! I haven't an idea."

"You—couldn't manage for me, yourself, I suppose?"

Sir Charles Burgoyne took his hands from his pockets, and his hat from a neighbouring peg.

"Edward Brandon," he said impressively, "I'm as poor as Saint Simeon Stylites."

"Never heard of the fellow in my life," said Brandon, peevishly. "Who is he?"

"My dear boy, your religious education has been neglected. Look for him in your catechism, and, when found, make a note."

"I tell you what it is, Burgoyne," said Brandon, suspicious of "chaff" and, like all weak people when they are out of temper, slightly spiteful—"poor, or not poor, you're a clever fellow at a bargain. Talk of your not wanting a fancy price indeed! What's five hundred guineas, if it's not a fancy price, I should like to know?"

"Mon enfant, you know nothing about it?" said the Guardsman, placidly.

"I know it was an awful lot too much for that mare and cab."

"The mare and cab were dirt cheap at the money."

"Cheap! cheap!—when to my certain knowledge you only gave a hundred and twenty for the Lady of Lyons, and have had the best part of two seasons out of her since!"

The beauty listened with an imperturbable smile, drew on his gloves, buttoned them, adjusted his hat, and, having done all these things with studied deliberation, replied:

"My dear Brandon, I really envy your memory. Cultivate it, my good fellow, and it will be a credit to you. Au revoir."

With this he went over to the nearest glass, corrected the tie of his cravat, and sauntered towards the door. He had not reached it, however, when he paused, turned, and came back gain.

"By-the-by" said he, "if you're in any present difficulty, and actually want that two hundred and fifty—do you want it?"

"Oh, by Jove, don't I! Never wanted it so much in my life."

"Well, then, there's Trefalden. He's as rich as the Bank of England, and flings his money about like water. Ask him, Brandon. He'll be sure to lend it to you. Vale."

And the baronet once more turned on his heel, leaving his irritable young friend to swear off his indignation as best he could. Whereupon the Honourable Edward Brandon, addressing himself apparently to the Duke of York upon his column, did swear with "bated breath" and remarkable fluency; rubbed his head frantically, till he looked like an electrical doll; and finally betook himself to the billiard-room.

When they were both gone, a gentleman who had been sitting in the adjoining window, entrenched behind, and apparently absorbed in, the Times of the day, laid his paper aside; entered a couple of names in his pocket-book, smiling quietly the while; and then left the room. He paused on his way out, to speak to the hall porter.

"I have waited for Mr. Trefalden," he said, "till I can wait no longer. You are sure he has not gone up-stairs?"

"Quite sure, sir."

"Be so good, then, as to give him this card, and say, if you please, that I will call upon him at his chambers to-morrow."

The porter laid the card aside with the new member's letters, of which there were several. It bore the name of William Trefalden.

CHAPTER XVII. SAXON AT HOME.

"Mr. Trefalden."

Thus announced by a stately valet, who received him with marked condescension in the ante-chamber, and even deigned to open the door of the reception-room beyond, Mr. Trefalden passed into his cousin's presence. He was not alone. Lord Castletowers and Sir Charles Burgoyne were there; Lord Castletowers leaning familiarly over the back of Saxon's chair, dictating the words of a letter which Saxon was writing; Sir Charles Burgoyne extended at full length on a sofa, smoking a cigarette with his eyes closed. Both visitors were obviously as much at home as if in their own chambers. They had been breakfasting with Saxon, and the table was yet loaded with pâtés, coffee, liquours, and all the luxurious et ceteras of a second déjeuner.

Saxon flung away his pen, sprang forward, seized his cousin by both hands, and poured forth a torrent of greetings.

"How good of you to come," he exclaimed, "after having taken the trouble to go yesterday to the club! I was so sorry to miss you! I meant to hunt you up this very afternoon in Chancery-lane. I have been an ungrateful fellow not to do so a week ago, and I'm sure I don't know how to excuse myself. Pro thought of you, cousin William, every day."

"I should have been sorry to bring you into the dingy atmosphere of the city, said Mr. Trefalden, pleasantly. "I had far rather see you thus, enjoying the good things which the gods have provided for you."

And with this, Mr. Trefalden shook hands with Lord Castletowers, hoped Lady Castletowers was well, bowed to Sir Charles Burgoyne, and dropped into an easy-chair.

"You were writing," he said, "when I came in. Pray go on."

Saxon blushed scarlet.

"Oh no," he said, shyly, "the letters can wait."

"So can I—and smoke a cigar in the meanwhile."

"They—that is, Lord Castletowers—was helping me to write them—telling me what to say, in fact. He calls me the 'Impolite Letter Writer,' and says I must learn to turn fine phrases, and say the elegant things that nobody means."

"The things that nobody means are the things that everybody likes," said the Earl.

"I have often wished," said Burgoyne, from the sofa, "that some clever person would write a handbook of civil speeches—a sort of 'Ready Liar,' you know, or 'Perjurer's Companion.' It would save a fellow so much trouble!"

To be continued.

A SUMMER BREEZE.

A GENTLE breeze, in its summer joy,
Waved freely the locks of a fair haired boy
And ever it breathed as from time to time,
It hovered around, this noble chime:
"Doy wouldst thou deeply drink of the stream
Whence knowledge flows in its fadless gleam?
Then waste not thy youth in dreams of air,
The worker alone drinks deeply there."

"Malden," it sung as it kissed the brow
Of a gentle beauty, "what seekest thou?
Wouldst taste of the purest joys that spring,
As the years flit by on their tireless wing?
Then seek thou the homo of the tried and sad,
Smooth the path of ago, make the hungry glad,
Yea tenderly cheer the mourner's woe,
And thy soul shall with rivers of peace overflow."

The voice of the breeze grow firm and clear,
As its message addressed a manly ear:
"There are wrongs to be righted, truths to be taught,
And battles untold to be bravely fought.
Wouldst thou work for the noblest crown of life?
Then arm for the conflict, rush to the strife,
With ease let the dreamer deck his brow,
When the battle is hottest be foremost thou."

Once more spoke the breeze that summer day
Ere its mission fulfilled, it died away,
But its tones were more gentle; they fell on the ear
Of a servant of God whose end was near:
"Thou hast drank of the stream whence knowledge
flows,
Thou hast cheer'd the sad, chased the mourner's woes,
Thou hast taught the truth, fought the battles of right,
Go—rest from thy labours in realms of light."

GARDE.

A STORY FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

LITTLE HUGH AND THE FAIRIES.

IT happened a long time ago,—so long ago that the very old man who told the story could not remember how many years before he was born it occurred. It was a long way off too;—down in a wild and desolate part of England, called Cornwall, where Jack the Giant-killer slew the giant of St. Michael's Mount; where the brave King Arthur kept his Round Table, at which the bravest knights in the world sat at meals, and where he was slain by his treacherous nephew Mordred; where Tom Thumb lived; and where the beautiful land of Lionesse, with all its cities and palaces and churches, was swallowed up by the sea, so that fishermen say they can hear the church-bells ringing down in the water when the winds are blowing and the waves are tossing. Everywhere there are high hills and wide barren moors covered with great rocks, scattered around, some people say, by the giants who lived there before they were killed by the valiant Jack, thousands of years ago. Long after the giants were dead, came the Druids, with their white robes and long beards, and wreaths of oak-leaves on their heads. They piled the rocks one on the other to make altars, on which they built great fires, and burned the people that they killed as sacrifices to their savage and terrible heathen gods. The rocks and the altars can be seen now, but the Druids have all been dead long ago, almost as long as the giants have been.

Little Hugh Carew lived with his grandmother at the foot of Carn Bre, a lofty hill with very steep sides, on which great masses of rock were scattered about, so that it was very difficult to get to the top.

From its lofty peak could be seen the far-off sea on the north, and the sea on the south, the strange hill of St. Agnes's Beacon, and the far distant peak of St. Michael's Mount, crowned with towers and battlemented walls. But there were many strange stories about the hill of Carn Bre. It was there that the great Demon fought with the Holy Men who sailed over from Ireland on millstones to drive him away. They tore up huge rocks to throw at each other, and there the rocks lie now, just as they fell. The Demon was driven off the hill, but the stories say he is always wandering around, seeking to get possession of it again. A wicked giant, too, so big that he could step from the top of Carn Bre to the top of St. Agnes's Bea-

con, miles away, was many thousand years ago buried alive beneath the hill, all but one hand, which still sticks out, turned into stone near the top of the hill. His fingers are longer than the tallest man, so that he must have been a giant of mighty size. Sometimes the earth would shake, and dismal groans filled the air, as the giant strove in vain to throw off his heavy load. So it is no wonder that any little boy who believed these strange stories should be afraid to mount the dreadful hill.

But little Hugh's grandmother sometimes talked about other strange people, who visited the hill, and she told him how in Midsummer Eve night the Fairies, and Pinkies, and Elves, and all the curious and beautiful little creatures, swarmed out of the holes in the rocks, and from the woods, and had a grand frolic on Carn Bre; and how other strange sights could be seen there,—the old Druids coming once more and performing their mysterious rites, and the ruined castle on the hill-topsending out strange visions. She said, too, that these sights could be seen by any one who climbed Carn Bre hill on Midsummer Eve, and who did not speak or cry out, whatever might be seen or heard.

Little Hugh had heard these tales so often, that at length he became very anxious to visit Carn Bre on Midsummer Eve, and see the wonders for himself. So when the night came he lay in his little cot, and thought the matter over; and the more he thought about it, the more anxious he became to go. He thought to himself, "The pretty little Fairies will not hurt me, and, who knows? they may give me a piece of fairy gold, or grant me three wishes, or turn my ragged clothes into velvet and diamonds. And as for the Piskies, I know they are fond of fun and mischief, but they are good-hearted after all, and will not hurt a little boy." The end of his thinking was his getting up and dressing himself for the journey.

The moon had not risen when little Hugh set out, but the sky was dotted all over with stars, and some of them were very bright, and winked encouragingly as he looked up at them. It was a very pleasant night, and it was such a new thing for the little traveller to be out of doors so late that he enjoyed it greatly, and went along without a thought of fear. When he reached the foot of the hill he looked back, not certain whether to make the attempt or not; but the starlight was so deceptive that he could not distinguish the way he came, and he was afraid he could not find his way home if he tried, so he grasped the charm with one hand, whilst with the other he took hold of the rocks and bushes to help himself up hill.

He had gone but a short distance, when, on going around a huge rock that lay in his path, he heard a sort of little cry beneath his foot, and started back in affright. The tiniest and most comical little fellow that can be imagined stood right before him. He was but a few inches high, dressed all in green, with a neat little red cap on his head, and funny long peak-toed boots on his feet. The little fellow was very angry, and scolded Hugh fiercely for being so careless with his feet; but Hugh, although truly sorry, could only bow and express his sorrow by his looks, for if he had spoken all his chance of seeing the wonders of Midsummer Eve would have vanished. The Pisky, for it was one of those little creatures, saw that Hugh knew the consequences of speaking to him, and would keep a still tongue, so he nodded to the boy and offered to show him the way. On they went, among the rocks, over the heath, and through the low bushes, going so fast that Hugh was almost out of breath trying to keep up with him. At last, after climbing the hill and stumbling about among the rocks for a long time, Hugh fell into a pit full of brambles, that scratched him so badly that he was ready to cry with pain and vexation. As he scrambled out he heard a loud laughing, and saw his treacherous guide standing on a rock, with several little fellows like him, laughing heartily at his misfortunes. In a moment they all disappeared, but he heard their loud laughter ringing in the air, and echoed from rock to rock until it died away in the distance.

Hugh was very tired with his long walk, and sat down to rest. As he did so, he heard a knocking noise in the ground beneath him, and

lay down with his ear close to the ground to listen. There it was, plain enough, the regular knock, knock, knock of the miner's pick, with now and then a rumble as of the fall of the loosened rock. Presently the noise stopped, and he heard a voice under the earth say, "Stop work, for the Bael-fire will be lit on the hill soon, and we must obey the Midsummer Eve's summons."

Then another voice replied, "We must leave a guard to watch our work, or the thievish mortals will find our treasures of tin and copper, and carry them off."

Hugh jumped to his feet, for he thought it was time to be going, or he should lose the sights on the hill. But whilst he had been resting it had been growing darker, for a black dragon of a cloud had rushed up the sky and swallowed the stars, one by one, until none were left.

Hugh was now very much frightened, and his knees knocked together; but soon the moon lifted its great round, good-humoured face above the distant hills, and smiled so pleasantly upon the little traveller that he gathered courage, and once more set out upon his journey.

Then came a flash of light from the hill-top, and suddenly the whole mount was lit up with the ruddy glare of the Bael-fire, which for thousands of years had burned on every Midsummer Eve on Carn Bre. Then on St. Agnes's Beacon, and on the far off St. Michael's Mount, flashed up the answering fires. The old castle on Carn Bre, that was built ages and ages ago, and had long fallen into ruin, was lit up by the red fire, and strange shapes passed in and out of its walls and among the huge rocks on which the castle was built.

Then the moon climbed up the sky, and the black dragon cloud was driven away out of sight, and the merry little stars played at hide and seek among the fleecy clouds, that were scattered over the sky like beautiful white sheep on a broad field. The lights and shadows went dancing about over the hill, and among them went Hugh, still climbing to the top. Piskies ran along the path before him; Fairies peeped up shyly from banks of flowers; Goblins grinned at him from behind rocks; Hobgoblins with horrible grimaces endeavoured to frighten him from the path; Elves pulled his hair, and hung on to his jacket to keep him back; and straggling Brownies piled up big stones to stop his progress; but he kept straight on towards the old castle and the big fire until he was close to the top itself. The great strong hand, as he passed it, clutched at him, and the whole hill trembled with the struggle of the buried giant to free himself; but he was fixed down too tightly, and Hugh passed on in safety.

It was a strange scene that little Hugh saw; one that few people have looked on, and which no one now living has seen, for since the steam giant has come upon earth to work mighty machines, drag long trains of carriages full of people and goods up and down the world, and push vessels about on the water without caring for wind or tide, the inhabitants of fairy-land have all disappeared, and taken fairy-land along with them, so that Our Young Folks can only get a peep at it now and then through a story or a picture. But when little Hugh took his Midsummer Eve walk, it was ever so long ago, and the steam giant had not awakened from the long sleep into which he had fallen after the world was made, so that the Fairies and other strange creatures could have their mysterious meetings on Midsummer Eve, as they had done for ages and ages.

And now they came trooping up the hill, and gathering in a crowd on the top;—delicate little Fairy ladies, in short skirts and thin gauzy veils; handsome Fairy men; no taller than your hand, dressed in splendid clothes, made of rose-leaves, and violets, and cuckoo-bells; lively little Piskies, in their grass-green suit and bright red caps; funny Goblins; with big mouths and odd little twinkling eyes; ugly Hobgoblins, going about making frightful faces at each other and every one that they passed; Jack-a-Lanterns, dancing around with their lights, and offering to show every one the wonders of the hill; and big, clumsy, good-natured Brownies, always ready to do hard work for pleasant people, or to torment those who were ill-tempered and cross. They were like a great crowd of people who had

turned out to a big festival, or to see a grand procession, and were waiting for the show to begin. King Oberon, the Fairy monarch, and Queen Mab, his wife, who governed Dreamland in her own right, still delayed, and there was much anxiety, because the festival could not go on without their presence, and the Fairies and their brethren were afraid that, unless their Majesties arrived soon, the Spirits of Darkness would get possession of the hill and break up the Fairies' festival.

By and by, after they had waited a long time, and were getting very uneasy, the heavy stroke of a bell could be heard ringing wonderfully loud through the air. It was impossible to tell where the sound came from, for there were no bells for miles and miles from the hill, and yet it sounded as if an immense bell was struck close by. Hugh knew it must be the first stroke of midnight. At its sound, the Fairies, and Piskies, and all the rest, ran in a great fright for shelter into the holes, and behind the rocks. At that moment a great black cloud dropped over the sky like a thick curtain, and the big round moon, and the twinkling stars, and the white fleecy clouds, were all shut out of sight together. The great fael-fire leaped all the brighter, and made the top of the hill, and the old ruined castle, and the big rock behind which Hugh was hiding, as red as the fire itself; but all around the darkness closed in like a great black wall. The air was full of strange sounds, moanings, and wailings, and pitiful shrieks. Hugh was terribly frightened. He clutched the charm around his neck, and would have cried out, but that he was afraid something terrible would happen if he made a noise.

The bell struck a second time. The great flames leaped higher, and lit up the old castle with a very bright light, and out of the arched doorway came a procession of Druids, in long white robes, with garlands of oak-leaves around their heads, and their white beards reaching to their waists. They carried little branches of the sacred mistletoe in their hands, and they passed around the fire several times, singing a low and sad hymn. When the third stroke of the bell sounded, they disappeared in the darkness, and from the other side came up a crowd of savage-looking people, with a few skins wrapped around them, and the naked parts of their bodies stained blue. They passed silently through the fire, driving their oxen and horses before them through the flames, as the people used to do in that country, many ages ago, to preserve them from the evil spirits. At each stroke of the bell different figures came out from the old castle, and went around or through the fire before disappearing in the darkness. At last the eleventh blow was struck, and then was the most fearful time of all. The fire died down and burned ghastly blue. The air was full of shrieks and cries, and from out the thick darkness the terrible Black Huntsman and his demon hounds rushed furiously in and galloped around the fire, lightning flashing from their eyes.

The twelfth stroke sounded. In an instant all was changed. The terrible noises ceased, the mount became still, the black cloud vanished, and the moon and stars shone brightly out. The Black Huntsman and his demon dogs flew down the hill at a tremendous pace. The Fairies, and Piskies, and Goblins and Brownies all came out of their hiding-places and shouted for joy, for riding down the path of a moonbeam, in a fairy chariot drawn by milk-white moths, came King Oberon and Queen Mab, to preside over the fairy festival. The fael-fire was out by this time, and the strong Brownies gathered up the embers and threw them over the hill. Then they made brooms of the heath, and swept the ashes away, so that Queen Mab and the ladies of her train should not soil their white slippers. The Jack-a-Lanterns put out their lights, for now the moon was shining as bright as day, and they went dancing around as masters of the ceremonies, preparing everything for the grand ball.

At last all was ready, King Oberon and Queen Mab led off the dance, and all the other Fairies and Piskies danced in a circle around them, to the music of five hundred grasshoppers, specially engaged for the occasion. Whilst the dance was going on the Brownies were getting the tables ready for the banquet, and the Goblins

and Hobgoblins were cooking the supper. As soon as it was prepared, a Jack-a-Lantern announced the fact, and all the gay party sat down around the mushroom tables, and commenced eating and drinking from the daintiest little dishes and cups that ever were seen. Little Hugh was so interested and delighted at what was going on that he forgot to keep himself hid, and he was seen by the King, who sent a Pisky to find out who the daring intruder was. Now the Pisky that was sent on this errand was the same one who had guided Hugh into the bramble-pit, and he at once told King Oberon the story, who laughed so heartily that the little tears stood in his eyes. The king told Hugh to come forward, which he did, stepping very carefully for fear he should tread on some of the little folks. Queen Mab, taking a golden goblet from the table, filled it with fairy wine and handed it to Hugh, telling him to drink it. He obeyed, and such delicious drink he had never tasted in his life. It seemed to go all through his body, making him feel quite happy. King Oberon filled another goblet, and asked Hugh if he would drink with him. Hugh, who thought he could never have enough of such delicious drink, took the goblet in his hand, and said, "I will, your Majesty."

HE HAD SPOKEN!

In an instant he staggered back as if some one had struck him in the face, and then all was darkness. Mocking laughter rang in his ears as he became insensible and sank to the earth, still grasping the golden goblet.

When the sun rose in the morning, Hugh's grandmother rose too, and called Hugh to get up. He did not answer, and on looking into his bed she found he was not there. "What has taken little Sleepy-head out of bed so early this morning, I wonder," said she. "I generally have to call him half a dozen times before he will get up, and now he is up before me!"

She went to the door to see what sort of weather it was, and there was Hugh fast asleep on the step! She awoke him, when he stared around in great surprise, and asked where the Fairies had gone. His grandmother laughed at him when he told all the story of his night's adventures, and told him he had been dreaming, and had walked in his sleep. At this Hugh was indignant, saying he knew it was all true, and to prove it he still had the gold goblet that King Oberon had handed him. He held it out for his grandmother to see,—when, after all, it was only a golden-cup flower, filled with dew!

Now, what do you think,—did little Hugh dream his wonderful adventures or not?

FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY

MOLES—To the eye of the naturalist who instinctively identifies himself with the nature of the animal he is observing, size is only of relative importance; and in point of fact, a battle between two moles is as tremendous as one between two lions, if not more so, because the mole is more courageous than the lion, and, relatively speaking, is far more powerful and armed with weapons more destructive.

Magnify the mole to the size of the lion, and you will have a beast more terrible than the world has yet seen. Though nearly blind, and therefore incapable of following prey by sight, it would be active beyond conception, springing this way and that way as it goes along, so as to cover a large amount of space, leaping with lightning quickness upon any animal which it met, rending it to pieces in a moment, thrusting its blood-thirsty snout into the body of its victim, eating the still warm and bleeding flesh, and instantly searching for fresh prey.

Such a creature would, with the least hesitation, devour a serpent twenty feet in length, and so terrible would be its voracity that it would eat twenty or thirty of such snakes in the course of a day. With one grasp of its teeth and one stroke of its claws it could tear an ox asunder; and if it should happen to enter a fold of sheep or an enclosure of cattle, it would kill them all for the mere lust of slaughter. Let, then, two such animals meet in combat, and how terrific would be the battle. Fear is a feeling of which the mole seems to be unconscious; and when fighting with one of his own

species, he gives his whole energies to the destruction of his opponent, without seeming to heed the injuries which are inflicted upon himself.

SCORPIONS.—The Rev. J. G. Wood in a recently published work entitled "Homes without Hounds," attests, on the authority of Captain Pasley, R. N., the often debated statement of the scorpion destroying itself when surrounded by a circle of fire. "The fiery circle," he says, "was about fifteen inches in diameter, and composed of smouldering ashes. In every instance the scorpion ran about for some minutes trying to escape, and then deliberately bent its tail over its back, inserted the point of its sting between two of the segments of the body, and speedily died. This experiment was repeated seven or eight times, and always with the same results, so that a further repetition would have been a useless cruelty. The heat given out by the ashes was very trifling, and not equal to that which is caused by the noontide sun, a temperature which the scorpion certainly does not like, but which it can endure without suffering much inconvenience. Generally the scorpion was dead in a few minutes after the wound was inflicted."

ANTS.—What story of enchantment, of sylphide, giant, or gnome, equals in strangeness and picturesque-ness the story of the ants? Romance presents no incidents half so wondrous as the facts observed by M. Huber and others. The strength of the giants is puny compared with that of the Saüba ant, which builds domes two feet in height and forty feet in diameter, and makes passages from his dwelling-place seventy yards long. What is the vitality of the stoutest paladin compared with that of the Driver ant, whose head has given signs of life thirty-six hours after being cut from its body, which lived for more than forty-eight hours, and what mystery can be more bewildering than the fact that this very ant dies in less than two minutes when exposed to the direct action of the sun's rays?

BATTLES OF THE SWORDFISH AND THE WHALE.—Among the extraordinary spectacles sometimes witnessed by those who "go down to the sea in ships," none are more impressive than a combat for a supremacy between the monsters of the deep. The battles of the swordfish and the whale are described as Homeric in grandeur. The swordfish go in shoals like whales, and the attacks are often regular sea-fights. When the two troops meet, as soon as the swordfish have betrayed their presence by a few bounds in the air, the whales draw together and close up their ranks. The swordfish always endeavours to take the whale in flank, either because its cruel instinct has revealed to it the defect in the cuirass—for their exists near the brachial fins of the whale a spot where wounds are mortal—or because the flank presents a wider surface to its blows. The swordfish recoils to secure a greater impetus. If the movement escape the keen eye of its adversary, the whale is lost, receives the blow of the enemy, and dies almost instantly. But if the whale perceives the swordfish at the instant of the rush, by a spontaneous bound it springs clear of the water its entire length, and falls on its flank with a crash that resounds many leagues, and whitens the sea with boils of foam. The gigantic animal has only its tail for defense; it tries to strike its enemy, and smite him with a single blow. But if the active swordfish avoid the fatal tail, the battle becomes more terrible. The aggressor springs from the water in his turn, falls upon the whale, and attempts, not to pierce, but to saw with the teeth that garnish its weapon. The sea is stained with blood; the fury of the whale is boundless. The swordfish harasses him, strikes on every side, kills him, and flies to other victories. Often the swordfish has not time to avoid the fall of the whale, and contents itself with presenting its sharp saw to the flank of the gigantic animal which is about to crush it; it dies then like Maccabæus, smothered beneath the weight of the elephant of the ocean. Finally, the whale gives a few last bounds into the air, dragging its assassin in its flight, and perishes as it kills the monster of which it was the victim.

WAR.—"What are you thinking of, my man?" said Lord Hill, as he approached a soldier who was leaning in a gloomy mood upon his firelock, while around him lay mangled thousands of French and English—it was a few hours after the battle of Salamanca had been won by the English. The soldier started, and, after saluting his general, answered, "I was thinking, my lord, how many widows and orphans I have this day made for one shilling." He had fired 600 rounds of ball that day.

PASTIMES.

PUZZLES.

- 1. If your B m t p t n t ; if putting :
- 2. E E x x marriage o o x X.

TRANSPOSITION.

- 1. Seven little letters do my whole compose—
An order that in ancient times arose;
Transpose, you'll find I'm very obstinate,
Transpose once more—sore blows I'll indicate,
Take off my head, and lo! I turn to food—
Transpose, I'm next an elin of the wood.
Now drop a vowel, and again transpose,
A water-jet my new condition shows;
From what is left a consonant leave out,
I then in cooking oft am twirled about;
Once more behold me, though you'll think it droll,
I now become a deep and dismal hole.
Now drop a letter, and I'm a pronoun,
And am applied to sundry things in town;
Lop off the half of what there still remains,
My last's a beverage that with most obtains.
London, C.W. W. W.
- 2. I'm a word of three letters, whose outer ones joined,
I proclaim ease to the wearied and sore troubled
mind;
My mid one repeated, you plainly will see
What young men and maidens should labour to be.
My whole is an organ, whose keenness of power
May be treated each day—may be called on each
hour.
Montreal. A. H.

CHARADE.

I am a word of eight letters, My 4, 2, 3, is a weight;
my 5, 7, 4, is a small but destructive animal; my 7, 5,
6, is part of the verb "to be;" my 8, 7, 3, 6, is a narrow
way; my 6, 4, 3, is a number; my 1, 7, 6, 4, is a place
of business; my 3, 2, is a negative; my 8, 6, 7, 3, is ex-
pressive of condition; and my whole is a well known
city.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

In a river lost a thing,
Which I from foreign lands did bring;
I lost it with much pleasure.
There was a man upon dry land,
Who, I've been given to understand,
Found it, while seeking treasure.

CONUNDRUM.

What mental change is effected upon a learned per-
son by sickness?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES, &c. No. 3.

RIDDLES.

- No. 1. A thorn in the foot.
- 2. It makes ill-will.
- 3. Inch-chin.
- 4. To are the way.
- 5. Pralgo ague.
- 6. That made by the belles.
- 7. Carec. Carecs.

ENIGMA.

Wig.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1. When it is made into little Pats.
- 2. X. L. Excel.
- 3. Daughter.
- 6. Because it contains the ashes of the grate.
- 6. Because it runs over sleepers.

ANAGRAMS.

- 1. Got as a cloe. 7. I hire parsons.
- 2. Rare, mad, frolic. 8. May I repent.
- 3. Into my arm. 9. To love ruin.
- 4. There we sat. 10. Great helps.
- 5. No more stars. 11. Sly ware.
- 6. Neat leg. 12. Queer as mad.

PROBLEMS.

- 1. We delay the solution of this problem another week, as no attempt to solve it seems to have been made, by our readers, up to the present.
- 2. A quarter of an acre contains 1210 yards. If the roller had been 3 feet wide, it would have to be drawn only 1210 yards to finish the work; but it is only 2 1/2 feet wide, therefore the gardener must draw it

$$1210 \times \frac{3}{2\frac{1}{2}} = 1820 \text{ yards.}$$

At the rate of 2 miles an hour, he will draw the roller 1820 yards in

$$\frac{1820 \times 60}{2 \times 1760} = 22\frac{1}{2} \text{ minutes.}$$

3 One man will do one-third, and one woman one-fourth of the work in 66 days; consequently they will do $\frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{4} = \frac{7}{12}$ of the work.

Hence, as $\frac{7}{12} : 66$; days, the time required.

4. Here $22400 \times 11 =$ units of work done per minute by the descent of the water.

Therefore, $22400 \times 11 \times 6 =$ effective work done

$$\text{And } 22400 \times 11 \times 6 = 4 \cdot 18 = \text{H. P. required.}$$

The following answers have been received—

Riddles.—All H. T., John W.; 2nd and 6th W. C.; 1st John Fort.

Enigma.—H. T.; W. O.

Conundrums.—All H. T.; Alfred C.; 2nd and 6th W. W.

Anagrams.—W. W.; W. N. G.; W. O.

Problems.—2nd and 3rd Student; A. H. R.; 2nd Doubtful. R. N. and W. O. will see that their solutions do not agree.

A NICE IDEA.—A London lady, corresponding with her country cousins through the medium of the press, mentions a novel, beautiful, and withal inexpensive ornament for the dinner table. She says:—"Talking of dinners, let me tell you of a new idea. I was present at a very *recherché* entertainment the other day, where I saw the following arrangement for the centre of the table. There was a large square block of ice, weighing, I should say, at least twenty-five pounds, which was placed on glass castors, in a dish or trough of some kind; the dish was rendered quite invisible by being entirely filled with moss, into which soaked the water which melted from the ice. Delicate ferns fringed the edge, and bright-coloured flowers were imbedded in the moss, the foliage reaching above the lower edge of the ice. The object of raising the block on castors is to prevent the water from accelerating the melting of the mass. Over the iceberg there were two arches, prettily arranged, crossing each other; they were, apparently of cane, and were bound round by garlands of flowers. The effect was enchanting. The atmosphere was delightfully cooled; the flowers were kept fresh; and the sight of this translucent mass was far prettier than the most costly centre-pieces of gold or silver plate. I believe I am right in stating that this novel idea first made its appearance at Orleans House, Twickenham. It can be so readily adopted, that I felt you would be glad of the suggestion."

BLACKSMITHS VERSUS MASONS.—The doctors of Alexandria may be the most capable men, but still they are curious in their style of exhibiting it. Recently, during a violent outburst of cholera, they were rather at a loss to know how to treat the disorder, which has sometimes baffled the ingenuity of the practitioners of other places. A young man brought up in Paris, and who had attended the course of the most celebrated Parisian doctors, had been taught by the great ones of that city that observation should guide the physician, and therefore followed the principle out thus:—He was called in to see a blacksmith, who had all the sufferings according to rule. He was prescribed sur, consequently, according to the strict principles of art. The next day the physician called, and naturally expected to find his patient dead. Not a bit of it—he was working away at his forge, and the physician learnt that, instead of tasting the medicine, the blacksmith had had a good dish of haricot beans cooked with red wine, and two bottles to follow, to wash down the beans, which had completely cured him. The physician thought of the advice of his French professors, that observation should guide the physician, and thought he had discovered a perfect cure for the cholera: therefore, the next day, he ordered the beans and red wine to a mason who had been attacked. But the mason died, upon which the observer made the following memorandum in the journals of the place:—"Haricot beans and red wine are excellent for curing the cholera in blacksmiths, but kill masons."

MAPS.—The first regular map on record was one of brass or copper, made for Cleomenes, King of Sparta, just before his setting out on his expedition to attack the Persian empire. There exists several evidences that the Athenians were well acquainted with the use of maps. Roman generals, after a victory, were in the habit of showing to the people on their return a painting or map of the country they had conquered. Maps and charts were introduced into England about 1489 by Bartholomew, the brother of Christopher Columbus, who was detained for some time in England by Henry VII., and procured a maintenance by making and selling them.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A SELF-EXTINGUISHING lamp is used at the Earl of Londslalo's collaries at Whitehaven, so contrived as to become extinguished by the act of opening, in order to prevent the miner from converting his lamp into a naked light, as is not unfrequently done with the common locked lamp by men who have obtained possession of private keys. Externally it represents a common Davy lamp, but the lower ring or cap of the cage is unusually deep.

DIARRHOEA.—A correspondent has sent us the following recipe for this complaint, and states that it has never been known to fail:—A quarter of an ounce each of powdered rhubarb, ginger, magnesia, and camomile flowers. A teaspoonful to be mixed in a wine-glass with a little spirit, any that may be preferred, and filled up with cold water. If one dose has not the desired effect, it should be repeated in two or three hours. This medicine does not immediately stop the complaint, but gradually carries it off.

COLOURED STARCH.—The latest and greatest novelty of the season is coloured starch. It is made in pink, buff, the new mauve, and a delicate green, and blue will soon be produced. Any article starched with the new preparation is completely coloured—dyed we should have said, but as it washes out, and the garment that was pluk to-day may be green to-morrow, and buff afterwards, we can hardly say "dyed." It is intended especially for those bright but treacherously coloured muslins that are costly, wash out, and perplex their owners. If the pattern has been mauve, they only need the mauve starch; if green, green starch; and they can be rendered one even and pretty shade, thus becoming not only wearable again, but very stylish. White anti-Maccassars or lace curtains may also be coloured in the same way, and infinite variety afforded.

LEAD IN WATER.—A ready test for lead in water consists in taking two tumblers and filling one with water which is known not to have been in contact with lead; the other being filled with the suspected water. Dissolve in each about as much bichromate of potash as will stand on a groat. By daylight the water in each tumbler will be of the colour of pale sherry and water. Cover the tumblers so as to keep out dust, and let them stand in a warm place in a room with a fire in it for twenty-four hours. If the suspected water be free from lead, it will still have the same colour as the other; but if there be lead in the water it will have a more or less opalescent tint, as if a drop or more of milk had been put into it. If there be a great quantity of lead in the water, a very light film of lead will be deposited on the glass.

A NEW form of dissecting microscope has been devised by Dr. Henry Lawson. The stage of Dr. Lawson's instrument consists of an oblong trough of gutta percha, in which small animals intended for dissection can be pinned under water. In the centre of this trough is inserted a small disk of glass, through which, from a mirror placed below the stage, a flood of light can be thrown upon transparent structures. Two arm-rests draw out on each side of the microscope, on which the wrists can be placed when the observer is at work; the upper and front portions of the case unfold upon the table, and display a series of scalpels, needles, scissors, &c., necessary for the dissection of animal tissues. Its magnifying power is low, but this is more than compensated for by the relief which is given to the object under view, and the large amount of penetration which the glasses possess. "The magnifiers are fitted to a sliding adjustment. Dr. Lawson finds that when both eyes are employed, and the object well-illuminated, very small parts can be dissected with a slight amplifying power. The instrument is excellently adapted to the average wants of students and amateur preparers of microscopic objects, and would also do well for botanical investigations."

FROM the pages of a contemporary we learn some interesting statistics concerning telegraph cables. It appears that in Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia, there are fifty-two submarine cables, whose aggregate length is 5,625 miles, and whose insulated wires measure 9,783 miles. The longest of these is 1,550 fathoms, and the shortest, 1 1/2 fathoms deep. There are 95 submarine cables in the United States and the British North American Colonies, which measures *tout entier* 63 miles, and their insulated wires 133 miles. The overland telegraph line between New York, Asia, and Russia, will measure 20,473 miles long, and of this length 12,740 miles are already completed. It has been determined that this line shall cross from America to Asia at the Southern part of Norton Sound, on the American side, to St. Lawrence Island, and thence to Cape Thaddeus, on the Asiatic Continent. Two submarine cables will be required for this, one 133 miles, and the other 250 miles long. Cape Thaddeus is 1,700 miles distant from the mouth of the Annuor river.

PRESERVATION OF TIMBER.—An orthopedic surgeon at Antwerp, named Hossard, has invented a new method of injecting into timber preservative solutions or dyes. It is based on the well-known principle that all porous bodies dilated by heat, have the property of absorbing—as plants do during the night—liquids, according as they are contracted by cold. The timber is heated to a high degree by means of steam or boiling water, which deprives it of its vegetable juices and resins, and is then immediately plunged into a cold solution or dye, which it absorbs so completely as very soon to sink to the bottom of the vessel. The process is very rapid, two hours sufficing for the largest railway sleepers, and from five to fifteen minutes for palisades, planks, &c. When it is considered that the present method of timber injecting, imperfect as they are, require a great amount of patience and loss of time, besides the expensive apparatus for exhausting and condensing, M. Hossard's method, indicated by a simple process in nature, seems worthy of being put in practice on a large scale.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. J. W.—The manuscript of which you write would be of no money value to us; and frankly, we fear, judging from the specimens enclosed, that its publication would prove anything but remunerative. Poetry must possess more than average merit to induce our readers-of-fact public to take it in exchange for hard cash.

A. W.—The waste basket it is. Nothing but a very proper feeling to commend in it.

W. S. H.—Advocate. Letter received; please see notice respecting back numbers.

EMILY H.—"Half a Million of Money" is written by a lady. We cannot tell through how many numbers of the READER it is likely to extend; possibly the authoress herself has not determined the length of the story. At any rate, its publication is not completed in the English periodical.

B. S., TORONTO.—So soon as we have collected the necessary information, we shall commence to publish lists of Masonic meetings, together with other items interesting to the craft. We have already by circulars, as you are aware, invited the co-operation of Lodges, and now repeat the invitation. Secretaries throughout Canada should mail us circulars calling each regular and emergency meeting of their respective Lodges. **G. H. H.**—"Trip" received; accept our thanks. Please favour us with your full name and address when writing again.

J. W., NEW YORK.—The READER has been regularly mailed to your address. No. 1 to 4 will be again forwarded.

F. P. P.—Chess type was ordered from New York some time since, but has not yet come to hand. We will examine your problem so soon as we are prepared to commence the chess column.

W. N. J., W. W., GEORGE—A. H.—We are obliged to you for your contributions to our "Pastime" column, and have availed ourselves of much of the material sent. We believe this portion of the paper is appreciated by our readers, and we are desirous of making it as original as possible; any assistance our friends may render us, will be cheerfully acknowledged.

MISS H. D. M. W.—Please see notice respecting back numbers. Nos. 2 will be forwarded to your address in due course.

MOM. & BRO.—We change the address as you request, and are obliged to you for what you propose to do to aid the circulation of the READER.

E. S., ALMORTE.—Our determination is that six months hence the READER shall better merit the approbation of our subscribers than it does to-day.

I. S.—Should have noticed our statements that answers to the Enigmas, &c., in No. 8 would appear in No. 5. As a rule answers will appear two weeks after the insertion of a given Riddle or Problem.

TORONTONIAN.—It is the Professor Wilson, lately connected with your University, who is spoken of as a candidate for the "chair" vacant by the death of Professor Aytoun.

J. C. W., PERTH.—Your letter is received. We will forward you the back numbers when again in print.

R. C. F., TORONTO.—Of course we will insert any article that we may approve. Generally, however, the friends of the READER will rather serve its interest by assisting its circulation than by forwarding articles for publication.

REV. D. A.—The missing numbers shall be forwarded in a short time.

QUERY.—J. N. E. wishes to learn the derivation of the word "rink," as "skating rink." We have consulted both Worcester and Webster, and can obtain no information. We think the word is probably of Scotch origin. Can any of our readers throw any light upon the subject?—**ED. S. K.**

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

APPLE CHEESE CAKE.—Pare, core, and boil twelve apples, with enough water to mash them; beat them up very smooth, then add the yolks of six eggs, the juice of two lemons, and some grated peel, half a pound of fresh butter, beaten into a cream, and sweetened with pounded loaf sugar; beat all well in with the apples, bake it in a puff paste, and send it up like an open tart.

QUINCES FOR THE TABLE.—The best method of preparing quinces for the table is this: Bake them, remove the skin, slice, and serve with cream and sugar. Prepared in this manner, many prefer them to the peach.

LEMON BUNS.—Take of flour 1 lb., bi-carbonate of soda 3 drachms, muriatic acid 3 drachms, butter 4 oz., loaf sugar 4 oz., 1 egg, essence of lemon 6 or 8 drops; make into 20 buns, and bake in a quick oven 15 minutes.

MARROW PUDDING.—Grate a penny loaf into crumbs, pour on it a pint of boiling cream or milk; cut a pound of beef marrow very thin, beat four eggs well, and then put in a glass of brandy, with sugar and nutmeg to taste. Mix them all well together, and either boil or bake it for three quarters of an hour.—Cut two ounces of citron very thin, and when served up, stick the pieces all over it.

WELCH RABBIT.—Grate fine three ounces of fat Cheshire cheese, mix it with the yolks of two eggs, four ounces of grated bread, three ounces of butter, beat the whole well in a mortar, with a dessert-spoonful of mustard, and a little salt and pepper. Toast some bread, cut in proper pieces, lay the paste thick upon them as above, put them into a Dutch oven, covered with a dish, till hot through; remove the dish, and let the cheese brown a little. Serve as hot as possible.

MUTTON PIE.—Cut mutton into pieces about two inches square, and half an inch thick; mix pepper, pounded allspice, and salt together, dip the pieces in

this; sprinkle stale bread crumbs at the bottom of the dish; lay in the pieces, strewing the crumbs over each layer; put a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg at the top; add a wineglassful of water, and cover in, and bake in a moderate oven rather better than an hour. Take an onion, chop fine; a faggot of herbs; half an anchovy; and add to it a little beef stock, or gravy; simmer for a quarter of an hour; raise the crust at one end, and pour in the liquor—not the thick part.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an amiable spouse to her husband. "Till he got a wife," was the calm reply.

The Japanese say, "The tongue of woman is her sword, and she never lets it grow rusty for want of using."

LEGAL QUERY.—Is there any precedent for a good practical farmer being styled one of the judges of the land?

A NEGRO who had learned to read, wishing to give an idea of it to some of his acquaintances, who had never seen a book, said, "Reading is the power of hearing with the eyes instead of the ears."

AN AFFECTIONATE backwoodsman's wife, who looked on while her husband was struggling fiercely with a bear, said afterwards that it was "the only fight she ever saw in which she did not care who won."

A NEAPOLITAN prefect found fault with a peasant for not paying his taxes. "What can I do?" replied the peasant; "there is nothing doing on the high road—I am out on it every day with my gun, but no one passes. I promise, however, to go very evening until I have picked up the fifteen ducats you want."

WANTED.—A pair of scissors to cut a caper. The pot in which a patriot's blood boiled. The address of the confectioner who makes "trifles light as air." A short club broken off the square root. And a rocker from the "cradle of liberty."

A READY REPLY.—One of the readiest replies we ever heard was made by an Irish labourer. A gentleman travelling on horseback came upon an Irishman, who was fencing-in a most barren and desolate piece of land.—"What are you fencing-in that lot for, Pat?" said he. "A herd of cows would starve to death on that land!"—"An' sure, your honour, wasn't I fencing it to kape the poor basties out iv it?"

A PROFESSOR of legerdemain entertained an audience in a village which was principally composed of miners. After "astonishing the natives" with various tricks, he asked the loan of a halfpenny. A miner with hesitation banded out the coin, which the juggler speedily exhibited, as he said, transformed into a sovereign. "An' is that my bawbee?" exclaimed the miner. "Undoubtedly," answered the juggler. "Let's see't," said the miner, and turning it round and round with an ecstasy of delight, thanked the juggler for his kindness, and putting it into his pocket, said, "I see warn't ye'll no turn't into a bawbee again."

A VERY happy comment on the annihilation of time and space by locomotive travel was made by a little girl who had ridden fifty miles in a railroad train, and then took a coach to her uncle's house, some five miles further. "We came a little way in the train," said she, "and then all the rest of the way in a carriage."

DURING the last illness of Dr. Cibrac, a celebrated French physician, he was attacked with delirium, on recovering from which he felt his own pulse, mistaking himself for one of his patients. "Why was I not called in before?" said he. "It is too late; has the gentleman been bled?" His attendant answered in the negative. "Then he is a dead man," answered Cibrac; "he will not live six hours;" and his prediction was verified.

THE HAZARD OF THE DIE.—Two lawyers in a county court—one of whom had grey hair, and the other, though just as old a man as his learned friend, had hair which looked suspiciously black—had some altercation about a question of practice, in which the gentleman with the dark hair remarked to his opponent, "A person at your time of life, sir" (looking at the barrister's grey head) "ought to have a long enough experience to know what is customary in such cases." "Yes, sir," was the reply; "you may stare at my grey hair if you like. My hair will be grey as long as I live, and yours will be black as long as you die."

The motto which was inserted under the arms of William, Prince of Orange, on his accession to the English crown, was, *Non rapui sed recipi* ("I did not steal it, but I received it"). This being shown to Dean Swift, he said, with a sarcastic smile, "The receiver is as bad as the thief!"

MR. BETHELL, an Irish barrister, when the question of the Union was in debate, like other junior barristers, published a pamphlet on the subject. Mr. Lyssight met this pamphlet in the hall of the Four Courts, and in a friendly way said, "Bethell, I wonder you never told me you had published a pamphlet on the Union. The one I saw contained some of the best things I have seen in any pamphlet on the subject." "I am very proud you think so," said the delighted author; "and pray, what are the things that please you so much?" "Why," replied Lyssight, "as I passed by a pastry-cook's shop, I saw a girl come out with three mucepops wrapped up in one of your works."

MR. CALDECOTT, a great session lawyer, but known as a dreadful bore, was arguing a question upon the rateability of certain lime quarries, and contended at enormous length that "they were not rateable, because the limestone could only be reached by deep boring, which was matter of science." "You will hardly succeed in convincing us, sir, that every species of boring is matter of science," said Lord Ellenborough.

PLAIN LANGUAGE.—Mr. John Clerk, in pleading before the House of Lords one day, happened to say in his broadest Scotch accent, "In plain English, ma Lords;" upon which Lord Eldon closely remarked, "In plain Scotch, you mean, Mr. Clerk." The prompt advocate instantly rejoined, "Nae matter! in plain common sense, ma Lords, and that's the same in a' languages, ye ken."

WHEN Nelson's famous signal was hoisted, "England expects every man to do his duty," two Scotchmen were standing by. One pulled a long sour face, and said, "Eeh, Sandie, there's naething there about puir auld Scotland."—"Hoot, mon," said Sandie, "Scotland a kens well enough her bairns always do their duty.' It's only a hint to those sluggish Englishers."

A COUNTRY gentleman, while strolling out with a genuine cockney, approached a meadow in which was standing a crop of hay. The cockney gazed at it wondrously. It wasn't grass—it wasn't wheat—it wasn't turnip-tops. "Vy, vatever do you call this stuff?" said he to his companion. "That—hay, to be sure!" was the reply. "Hay! he, he! come, that's hay, just show me the hay-corns—come now!"

THE SHOP IN COURT.—"One more question, Mr. Parks," said a counsel to a witness, who happened to be a tailor. "You have known the defendant a long time; what are his habits—loose or otherwise?"—"The one he has got on now, I think, is rather tight under the arms, and too short-waisted for the fashion," replied Parks. "Stand down," said the counsel.

A COUNTRY fellow, anxious to see the Queen, left his native village and came to London to gratify his curiosity. Upon his return, his wife asked him "what the Queen was like?" "Loke!" cried Hodge, "why, I ne'er was so cheated in my life. What doo'th think, Margaret? her arms are loike the sea and nine; although I have heard our exciseman say a score of times her arms were 'a lion and a unicorn.'"

DOUGLAS JERROLD, discussing one day with Mr. Selby the vexed question of adapting dramatic pieces from the French, that gentleman insisted upon claiming some of his characters as strictly original creations. "Do you remember my baroness in 'Ask no Questions?'" said Mr. S. "Yes; indeed, I don't think I ever saw a piece of yours without being struck by your barrenness," was the retort.

THE late Mr. Thackeray had a nose of a most peculiar shape, as may be seen by his portrait. The bridge was very low, and the nostrils extremely well developed. On one occasion, at a party where Douglas Jerrold was present, it was mentioned that Mr. Thackeray's religious opinions were unsettled, and that a lady of his acquaintance was doing her best to convert him to Romanism. "To Romanism!" exclaimed Jerrold. "Let's hope she'll begin with his nose!"

A SHORT time ago, gentlemen from different parts of the country attended Clumber Park, the seat of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, on business. Among them was a farmer who had never seen the present Duke of Newcastle, though he had had interviews with several of the noble duke's predecessors. It happened that while the party were in the waiting-room, the duke himself passed through the room to go to his agent's office. Before his Grace could gain the door, he was stopped by the worthy agriculturist, who shouted, "Hallo! stop; we go into that room by turns!" The duke, turning round with a smile, said, "Oh, then, I will withdraw." He then left and entered the office by another door. In a few moments the farmer was ushered into the presence of the agent, and found, to his great astonishment, that the person whom he had so unceremoniously stopped was the Duke of Newcastle himself. The hearty greeting of his Grace, however, made him quite forget the incident in the waiting-room.

TWOFOLD ILLUSTRATION.—Sir Fletcher Norton was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield, on some question of manorial right, he chanced to say, "My Lord, I can illustrate the point in an instant in my own person: I myself have two little manors." The judge immediately interposed, with one of his blindest smiles, "We all know it, Sir Fletcher."

OXYGEN.—Mr. Carlevaris, the inventor of a substitute for the lime in the Drummond light, writes from Genoa to *Les Mondes* proposing a new method of obtaining oxygen. The process consists in heating to low redness the ordinary black oxide of manganese with siliceous sand. Silicate of manganese is formed, and oxygen is liberated. Gas may be produced in this manner at Genoa at a cost of 40 centimes per cubic metre.

WHEN the chief of the Scotch clan, Macnab, emigrated to Canada, with a hundred clansmen, he, on arriving at Toronto, called on his namesake, the late Sir Allan, and left his card as "The Macnab." Sir Allan returned his visit, leaving as his card, "The other Macnab."

WE LEARN from a contemporary that Dr. Caminiti of Messina, has discovered a remedy for certain neuralgic pains. A female patient of his had long been suffering from trifacial neuralgia; she could not bear to look at luminous objects; her eyes were constantly watering, and she was in constant pain. Blisters, preparations of belladonna, and hydrochlorate of morphia, friction with tincture of acouite, pills of acetate of morphia and camphor, sub-carbonate of iron, &c., had been employed with but partial success, or none whatever. At length Dr. Caminiti, attributing the obstinacy of the affection to the variations of temperature so frequent in Sicily, adopted the expedient of covering all the painful parts with a coating of collodion containing a certain proportion of hydrochlorate of morphia. This treatment was perfectly successful; the relief was instantaneous and permanent, and the coating fell off in the course of one or two days.