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THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 35.

FOR WEEK ENDING MAY 5, 1866.

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"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."

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

A CHAPTER ON SNOBS.

THE late James Sheridan Knowles, who was a professor of elocution in the earlier part of his life, afterwards a dramatist of considerable merit, and who ended his days as a controversial preacher, used to say, that, when composing his theatrical productions, he carefully avoided reading Shakespeare's plays, lest he might insensibly reproduce any of their thoughts and metaphors. Whether he were wise in thus placing his intellect on half rations, it is not for us to decide; and we are led to withhold our opinion on the matter from the fact that we, ourselves, intending to take a glance at the world of snobdom, have never read Thackeray's book on the same subject, the reason being that before perusing it we lent it to a friend, who, by never returning it, demonstrated to any impartial mind that, if somewhat lax in his ideas of honesty, he at least was no snob.

We may here premise that snobism is an evil of ancient date: we could mention the names of men who stand in the front rank of history, and who, tainted with this social stain, provoked the gilded witticisms of Athens and the epigrammatic satire of Rome; but we refrain from bringing these prototypes of modern snobdom on the stage, lest their imitators in our own days might excuse themselves in following their example, by much the same argument as was used by the semi-intellectual and sentimental young men of the past generation when upbraided with wearing eccentric shirt collars. "Oh, we use them because it was Lord Byron who introduced the fashion." A snob, like the rainbow, a Turkey carpet, or a peacock's tail, is composed of different colours, but with this difference that, in the former case, the diverse lines are orderly, pleasing and natural, while in the latter they are jumbled together, they are repulsive and artificial. Now these colours appertain equally to his mental as well as to his exterior man; and just as in beings of a higher order the mind gives the tone to the manners, to the conversation, to the attire, we shall, in the exercise of an all-embracing charity, suppose for the nonce, that the snob is endowed with a mind of some kind, and that it imparts its characteristics to what we may style his department, and personal bearing. Now, the external signs are those by which this social monstrosity is the more readily discovered; and these signs are easily described. First of all, he seeks to shine in the matter of dress; the clothier's shop is the temple in which he worships, and a mirror, no matter where it is, the shrine at which he most frequently bows. He watches the latest

fashions with all the nervous anxiety with which impulsive young ladies look for the postman's knock in the season of valentines. He is a tailor's walking advertisement, and thinks more of a crease in his coat than a crease in his conscience. He affects the sunny side of the street, and stalks pompously along, as if heedless of ladies being compelled to step into the gutter, and utterly indifferent to the overturning of the apple-woman's basket. Finally, he sports an eye-glass when lounging through the streets, or even when condescending to glance at an object of such microscopic proportions as a horse. The eye-glass like the mark set upon Cain, is a sign by which all men may distinguish the snob: it is, to use a somewhat paradoxical metaphor, the key-stone to the arch of his vanity.

The mental characteristics of the personage we have been describing, are on a level with his outward decorations. He converses in monosyllables, as if afraid of opening the flood-gates of his eloquence, and overwhelming with a torrent of thought, the person to whom he deigns to address himself. He generally lisps, and has a mortal aversion to give the letter "R" that full, rasping enunciation which it receives from an Irishman, a Scotchman and a Frenchman naturally, and from educated Englishmen as a matter of course. The letter "h" he strikes out of the alphabet, or slurs it over with the weakly intonation which sounds as if combined of the mew of an asthmatic kitten, and the chirrup of an unfledged house-sparrow. In society he stands upon the dignity of his silence, and is well informed as to the popular topics of the day as is a South African Bojesman if asked to expound a question in conic sections, or attempt the equally difficult task of explaining the mysteries of Canadian or American politics for the past ten years. But the snob is wise in his day and generation, and knows well enough that a network of jewellery spread over the breast of his vest, a refulgent ring or two, a shining coat, symmetrical pair of boots, hair redolent of perfumes, and capacity to invest in any number of tickets for the opera, will bear him gaily along the sparkling current of "the best society," when a man with ten times his brains, but without his money and gewgaws, would sink at once to the bottom—would be smothered unpitied in the black and fetid mud that often forms the bed of the sparkling current aforesaid.

Now, we would not be understood as saying that we have ever experienced much annoyance at the hands of snobdom, nor do we fear that exclusive class will ever be strong enough in Canada to procure from our Government a special Act of Incorporation. They ought to be watched, however, for bad weeds grow fast; social fungi multiply as rapidly as the fungi of our forests, fields and gardens. But we would not, with all his faults, desire that the snob should be pointed at, or insulted; while there is a chance of reforming him, let him have it, for he is more a subject for pity than for anger. And in spite of his follies and his personal decorations, we would not have him treated like the Bird of Paradise, which, being the most beautiful of all the feathered race, has the misfortune to possess the most unsightly feet, and for this reason its captors cut them off, and tell the unwary European purchaser that, unlike the other birds it never alights anywhere, but lives upon the odours of the cinnamon trees. Now, the snob has many deformities, while the Bird of Paradise has only two; still as he is a man and not a bird, we would neither have his feet amputated, nor one hair removed from the graceful semicircle of his moustache; we would only ply him with a little good-natured banter, for to weak minds ridicule is far more terrible than argument.

We had intended to say something on the female counterpart of the snob—we mean the coquette. We know the ground is a ticklish one upon which we tread; but the way to avoid the sting of a nettle is to grasp it resolutely, and "it soft as silk remains." The coquette is even more dangerous than the snob; and in a future number of the *Reader* we may find time to prove it; but, for the present, we may illustrate our meaning by comparing the one to the rattlesnake that warns you to leave its lair, and the other to the terribly beautiful cobra di capella, the hooded snake of India, that calmly awaits your approach, and without a sign of its presence, strikes at you with the rapidity of lightning and prostrates you almost as instantaneously. The snob and the coquette generally avoid each other—their intuition is marvellous—their natures cold, their calculations wary; and if they approach it is with the calm and watchful attitude with which two practised fencers advance to a duel with the sword. The snob is a kind of social antidote to the coquette, and she to him; and we may all be glad there is more truth than polish in the sentiment:

"Big fleas have little fleas
Beneath their wings to bite 'em;
Little fleas have lesser fleas,
And so on *ad finitum*."

THE TOILERS OF THE SEA.*

Although this novel will scarcely add to the laurels which deck Victor Hugo's brow, it is nevertheless a more readable work than "*Les Misérables*." It contains less coarseness, less of digression and detail, in fact, less of that prosiness which characterized the magnificent Frenchman's pen when he wrote his great onslaught on society. The scene is laid in Guernsey, M. Hugo's adopted home, or rather we should say in and around Guernsey; for one of the three parts of which the work is composed is wholly devoted to adventures upon a group of rocks lying some fifteen miles from the coast. It is these adventures which give the book its peculiar character, and justify the title selected by the author.

Our space will only permit us to give a very rapid sketch of the story, and one which we fear will do but scant justice to the peculiarities and beauties of the work. It opens on Christmas day 182—, with an event; the roads were white with snow, an unusual scene in Guernsey. Gilliatt, of whom the author says, "He was only a poor man and knew how to read and write; most likely he stood on the limit which divides the dreamer from the thinker—the thinker wills; the dreamer is passive. Sometimes he had that astonished air I have mentioned, and you might have taken him for a brute; at other times he had in his eye a glance of indescribable profundity." Gilliatt, walking behind a young girl, Déruchette, observed her write with her fingers in the snow, and then turn round smiling. On reaching the spot he discovered that it was his name that she had written. Gilliatt paused, wondered and went away thinking. He was not popular in St. Sampsons, where he dwelt. The house he lived in was unquestionably haunted—he was accused of being a sorcerer; and more than that, he was a stranger, no one knowing from whence he came.

A brave, rugged old sailor, named Lethierry, is next introduced. He had spent his life on the sea, but fortune had smiled upon him in his old age, and he was known as a man of some property. His delight still was to battle with the elements, in endeavours to save the lives of

* A Novel. By VICTOR HUGO, author of "*Les Misérables*." New York: Harper Bros. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

shipwrecked sailors, or to bring disabled vessels into port. Lethierry had two pets—his niece Déruchette—"A bird transmuted into a young maiden—what could be more exquisite? Picture it in your own home, and call it Déruchette. Delicious creature! one might be almost tempted to say 'good morning Mademoiselle Goldfinch.'" It is thus that M. Hugo commences his airy and graceful description of Lethierry's niece. The other pet which shared with Déruchette the old sailor's love and care was *Durande*—his steamer, the first which had been seen in any Guernsey port. The introduction of this boat had been opposed by self-interest and religious fanaticism, headed by the preachers, who had berated it in their sermons and nicknamed it "the Devil-boat."

Sometime before the commencement of the narrative Lethierry had taken a partner Rantaine, who proved a clever rogue, and decamped with 50,000 francs in excess of his share of the partnership. This was a serious blow to the old sailor; but, nothing daunted, he persevered in running his steamer, and was in a fair way for making up his loss. The time came however when from increasing years Lethierry was compelled to secure a captain for the steamer in his own place. He selected *Sieur Clubin*, a taciturn man with a spotless reputation, to suspect whom would be to make one's self suspected. *Clubin* moreover had penetrated Rantaine's character, and, previous to his flight, had warned Lethierry respecting him.

Four years passed without change, but the owner of the steamer was desirous of securing a husband for his niece who should also be Captain of the *Durande*, for *Sieur Clubin* was almost as old as himself. Lethierry's *beau idéal* for husband and Captain was a brave, powerful tawny sea king; "for," said he "a man who can manage a ship can manage a woman." Déruchette's ideal however was cast in a different mould. A clergyman, the Rev. *Ebenezer Caudray*, is now brought on the scene, and appointed rector of St. Sampson's; he belonged to a good family, and, report said, would be very rich at the death of an uncle.

But in this rapid sketch we must not forget Gilliatt, the reputed sorcerer. The simple act recorded at the beginning of the story had led him to love Déruchette. He nursed this love in silence for four years watched her by stealth, learned her favourite song "Bonnie Dundee" on the bagpipes, serenaded her with it violently by night. Lethierry was disgusted, and Déruchette did not know what to make of it. Coming home from a fishing excursion one afternoon Gill discovered some one asleep upon a reef in the Little Bay of the *Bû de la Rue* which is covered at high tide. The tide was rising, the sleeper almost submerged; with much difficulty Gilliatt rescued him, and he proved to be the Rev. *Ebenezer Caudray*. As Gilliatt was wandering home dreaming of Déruchette, *Sieur Landoys* shouted to him "There is news at the Bravées" (the residence of Lethierry). "What is it?" "I am too far off to tell you." "Is Miss Déruchette going to be married?" "No! I go to the Bravées, and see." But for some thirty-four pages Mr. Hugo leaves us in suspense as to what has happened.

Sieur Clubin, during one of his stays at St. Malo, the French port to which the boat ran, discovered Rantaine. He procured a revolver, surprised him on the cliff, and compelled him to return the 50,000 francs, with compound interest, amounting in the whole to 73,000 francs. This scene is very dramatic, and the conversation between the two is perhaps one of the best specimens in existence of Victor Hugo's lighter style. The 73,000 francs, in the shape of three one thousand pound notes, are contained in a small iron box; this box *Clubin* secured in a belt he wore round his waist, and he remembered that on the inside of this belt his name was written.

Forthwith the *Durande* steams away for Guernsey, but encountering a heavy fog off the coast of the island is wrecked upon the "Douvres" rocks. *Clubin* compels the crew and passengers to leave in a boat, but magnanimously resolves himself to remain with the wreck.

And now M. Hugo has prepared a surprise for the reader. *Clubin* proves only second to Rantaine in villainy. He has wilfully wrecked

the vessel, intending to retain possession of the three thousand pounds, and to swim to the island about a mile distant, whence he has engaged his passage in a smuggling vessel to England. America was to follow.

When *Clubin* found himself alone he ventilated himself. Hypocrisy had weighed for many years upon him—he had made it an art, and now he rejoiced that upon those barren rocks he could throw aside his disguise and frankly confess himself a villain. *Clubin* was triumphant, but retribution speedily followed. He was preparing to swim when the fog lifted and he discovered that instead of the "Hanway" reef—upon which he supposed he had driven the steamer, and which lies one mile from the coast—he was wrecked upon the "Douvres" fully five leagues from land. The fog had deceived him, and instead of one mile he had fifteen to swim. After enduring frightful agony he stripped, plunged into the sea, and—something seized him by the foot.

We now return to Gilliatt. When he reached the Bravées he found Lethierry, crushed and bewildered with his grey head bowed upon his breast, and Déruchette seated by his side weeping. A vessel had picked up the *Durande's* boat, and brought the passengers into port. The Captain reported that the wreck of the *Durande* had been thrown between two high rocks where it remained suspended, and that the machinery was probably uninjured. On the impulse of the moment Déruchette declared that she would wed the man who succeeded in bringing the machinery safely into port. Gilliatt came forward. "You would marry him, Miss Déruchette?" Lethierry "took off his sailor's cap, and threw it on the ground; then looked solemnly before him, and without seeing any of the persons present said 'Déruchette should be his. I pledge myself to it in God's name.'"

The next day Gilliatt sailed for the "Douvres," and it was to the grand episode of his adventures upon these rocks that we referred in the opening paragraph. Single-handed for almost three months, he worked heroically upon his task, a giant in fortitude; marvellously fertile in resources; his food limpets, gathered from the rocks; half naked and uncheered, save as he dreamed of Déruchette; yet undaunted by difficulties, and finally, surmounting every obstacle he succeeded in placing the machinery intact upon his boat, and humming "Bonnie Dundee," sailed for St. Sampson's and Déruchette. In connection with his labours on the "Douvres" rocks, there is a sublime and prolonged description of a great storm in which M. Hugo excels himself. Here, too, Gilliatt met with an extraordinary and revolting adventure with the Devil-fish, a species of jelly-fish. Whilst searching in a submarine cave for a crab which had escaped him "suddenly he felt himself seized by the arm; some living thing—thin, rough, flat, cold, slimy—had twisted itself round his naked arm in the depths below." A second, third, fourth and fifth form issued from the crevice and seized him in various parts of the body. The description of this horrible monster of the deep and the terrible encounter is continued through three chapters. Gilliatt recoiled, he uttered no cry, he was spell-bound, but after a time of frightful agony remembered that the cephalopoda is vulnerable through the head.

"He plunged the blade of his knife into the flat slimy substance, and by a rapid movement like the flourish of a whip in the air, describing a circle round the two eyes, he wrenched the head off as a man would draw a tooth. The struggle was ended." The death of this monster was followed by another revolting discovery that of *Clubin*. He, too, had had a struggle with the Devil-fish, but with different success. The belt containing the money was still fastened around his fleshless vertebral column, and was secured by Gilliatt and carried with the machinery to Lethierry.

When Gilliatt arrived at St. Sampson's he left his boat and crept to Lethierry's garden where he had for four years been accustomed to watch Déruchette. She was walking there in the moonlight, and after some time was joined by *Ebenezer Caudray*. The clergyman who had become rich through the death of an uncle, and was compelled to leave the next day for England,

asked her to become his bride. Déruchette consented, and Gilliatt crept back, bowed down and stupefied, to his boat.

The happiness of Lethierry, at the recovery of his precious engine, was unbounded. He was full of projects, he would rebuild the *Durande*; Gilliatt should be her Captain. He had been as one dead, had gone clean out of his mind, but he recollected everything now. "Ah! by the way you are to marry Déruchette."

"Gilliatt leaned with his back against the wall like one who staggers, and said, in a tone very low, but distinct!"

"No."

Lethierry started.

"How? no."

"I do not love her."

But the old sailor was not to be deceived. "You don't love Déruchette? what! was it to me then you used to play the bagpipe?"

There was a parting between *Ebenezer Caudray* and Déruchette the next morning, previous to the starting of the packet for England. Gilliatt interrupted this parting, and said: "Why should you say farewell? Make yourselves man and wife, and go together." With his assistance the marriage was performed, and when the *Cashmere* left St. Sampson's it bore them together—man and wife. As the vessel passed the reef from which Gilliatt once rescued *Ebenezer Caudray*, the wind carried it near the shore, and Déruchette exclaimed "Look yonder. It seems as if there were a man upon the rock." The man was Gilliatt. He watched the receding vessel regardless of the rising tide; the waters reach his waist, his shoulders, his chin, but he moves not; and when the *Cashmere* "vanished on the line of the horizon, the head of Gilliatt disappeared. Nothing was visible now but the sea." Alas! poor Gilliatt.

Such is an outline of "Victor Hugo's story." If we except Gilliatt's labours upon the wrecked *Durande*, there is but little originality in the plot. Occasionally the book contains digressions which have but slight bearing upon the progress of the narrative; but nevertheless the "Toilers of the Sea" contains some passages of great sublimity, many of great beauty; and for touching sweetness and heroic self-sacrifice the closing scenes have been but seldom equalled. We trust what we have written will lead our readers to the book itself. We have essayed but a slight sketch of the story, and are conscious that we have conveyed no adequate idea of the power, depth, and sublimity with which Victor Hugo has invested many portions of his last work.

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER, by James Greenwood, author of "Wild Sports of the World," &c. New York: Harper & Bros.; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

We believe this work is from the pen of the celebrated volunteer *Casual* of the *Pail Mail Gazette*. It is an exciting book of travels and hair-breadth escapes, and will undoubtedly be a great favourite with boys. *Reuben Davidger* escaped to sea as a "stow-away," on board a vessel bound for India, but after suffering shipwreck was taken prisoner by Borneo pirates. A large portion of the book is occupied with his adventures among these pirates—from whom, however, he eventually escaped and reached an uninhabited island, where he lived a sort of *Robinson Crusoe* life for two years. Finally, wearied of solitude, he put to sea again in a canoe, manufactured by himself. Again he was taken prisoner; but this time fell into better hands—became a great man, and was finally rescued by a British man of war, and returned to England. The descriptions of scenery and the manners and customs of the Borneo savages are graphic. *Davidger's* adventures are varied and interesting; and last, but not least, the illustrations are numerous and well executed.

MAGAZINES.

We have received from Messrs. Dawson Bros.: Good Words, Temple Bar, Frazers Magazine, and the Dublin University Magazines—all for April.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Good Words for April. Just Ready! R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Sunday Magazine for April. Just Ready! R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Burrall on Cholera. A New Work. Just "Hot from the Press." R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Diarrhoea and Cholera: their origin, Proximate Cause and Cure. By John Chapman, M.D., M.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Reprinted, with additions, from the "Medical Times and Gazette" of July 29th, 1865. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Story of Gisi, the Outlaw, from the Icelandic. By George Webb Dasset, D.C.L., with Illustrations. By Chas. St. John Mildmay. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Thurston. Mosaics of Human Life. By Elizabeth A. Thurston. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Anandale. The Malformations, Diseases and Injuries of the Fingers and Toes, and their Surgical Treatment. By Thomas Anandale, F.R.C.S., Edin, &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Principles of Education, drawn from Nature and Revelation, and applied to Female Education in the Upper Classes. By the author of "Amy Herbert and other Stories," &c., &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Household Receipts, or Domestic Cookery, by a Montreal Lady. Price 25c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mill. The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte, by John Stuart Mill, in one 12mo. vol. uniform with his Inquiry into the Philosophy of Sir Wm. Hamilton. R. Worthington, 80 Great St. James Street, Montreal.
- War of the Rebellion, or Scylla and Charybdis, consisting of observations upon the causes, course and consequences of the Late Civil War in the United States. By Henry S. Foote, with portrait. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Across the Continent. A Summer's Journey to the Rocky Mountains, the Mormons, and the Pacific States, with speaker Colfax. By Samuel Bowles. Coloured maps. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Pilgrim's Wallet, or Scraps of Travel gathered in England, France, and Germany. By Gilbert Haven, 16 mo. New York: Hurd and Houghton. Montreal: R. Worthington.
- The Field and Garden Vegetables of America, containing full descriptions of nearly eleven hundred species and varieties; with directions for propagation, culture, and use. Illustrated. By Fearing Barr, Jr. A new edition on toned paper. Boston: Tilton & Co. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Art of Confectionary, with various methods of preserving fruits and juices, &c. &c. A new edition beautifully printed on toned paper. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Adventures of Baron Munchausen. A new and revised edition, with an Introduction by T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A. Illustrated by Gustave Doré, One 4to vol. London: Cassells; Montreal: R. Worthington, Great St. James Street.
- Just published, this day, "The *Diplow Papers*. By James Russell Lowell, complete in one vol. Paper covers, uniform with Artemus Ward." Illustrated. Printed on fine paper. Price 25 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Parables of our Lord, read in the Light of the Present Day. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. 1 vol., 8q. 12mo. Gilt top. With Illustrations by Millais. \$1.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Angels' Song. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "Gospel in Ezekiel," &c. 82mo. 40c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Hesperus and other Poems. By Charles Sangster, Author of New St. Lawrence and Saguenay, &c. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- History of the late Province of Lower Canada, Parliamentary and Political, from the commencement to the close of its existence as a separate Province, by the late Robert Christie, Esq., M. P. F., with Illustrations of Quebec and Montreal. As there are only about 100 copies of this valuable History on hand, it will soon be a scarce book—the publisher has sold more than 400 copies in the United States. In six volumes, Cloth binding, \$6.00; in half Calif Extra, \$9.00.
- Artemus Ward, "His Book." Just published, this day, by R. Worthington, Artemus Ward, "His Book," with 19 Comic Illustrations, by Mullen. Elegantly printed on best paper. Paper covers, uniform with his Travels. Price 25c.
- This day published, by R. Worthington, The Harp of Canaan, by the Revd. J. Douglas Borthwick, in one vol. octavo. Printed on best paper, 300 pages, \$1.00, in extra binding, \$1.50.
- Guthrie. Man and the Gospel. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D., author of "The Gospel in Ezekiel," &c., &c. London; Strahan; Montreal: R. Worthington, 30 St. James Street.
- Theology and Life. Sermons chiefly on special occasions. By E. H. Plumptre, M.A., London. 16mo. \$1.50. Montreal: R. Worthington.
- The Magic Mirror. A round of Tales for Old and Young. By William Gilbert, author of "De Profundis," &c., with eighty-four Illustrations. By W. S. Gilbert. R. Worthington, Montreal.
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THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 117.

Gertrude was innocently unconscious of the reason why of late she had read the biographies of several scientific men with such great interest; why German literature was so increasingly absorbing, or that anything but admiration for Rupert Griesbach's scholarship, and gratitude for his help, made her reserve passages that puzzled her, for his solution. If Marian had been one of those young ladies who, rallied their female friends on incipient predilections, she might have indulged in a little jesting at Gertrude's expense when that young lady recently was expressing her compassion for Rupert's having never known a mother's care, as she had learned from what Ella Griesbach had told her of the family history. But Marian never jested on the subject of the affections, and, indeed, sought by study to absorb Gertrude's mind in those pursuits in which it was her office to assist her; so that without a thought beyond the present, as far as Rupert Griesbach was concerned, Gertrude had yielded unreservedly to the pleasure which she occasionally enjoyed at the parsonage in his society. To him—a shy, absorbed student, Gertrude's beaming, spiritual face had come like an embodiment of his ideal of beauty. Her sylphlike grace and childlike frankness, combined with her taste for poetry and her many acquirements, rendered her a paragon of perfection in his eyes—the one guiding star, as he told himself, of his destiny. But what was he that she should ever be won to love him in return? Would her father ever consent to give her to him, when she might surely look above him in worldly station? Would his own father, for years to come, approve of his wooing any bride but science? These were questions that troubled the course of his love; and while they did not prevent its stream flowing in an everdeepening channel, checked its rising as yet to sight above the banks that bounded it. Meanwhile youth and hope had made the days at both Hall and parsonage delightful for the last six weeks to all. And here they were now on the breezy knoll, a happy company, whose joy was by no means diminished by finding Harriet and Mysie there, who, in good truth, had both been amusing themselves by running races down the knoll, when their childish amusement was put an end to by the arrival of spectators. Gertrude, who had a prescience of their sport, was not a little amused to see how Mysie, who was just on the scamper, suddenly brought herself up, and, swinging round, regained her equilibrium by dropping a low courtesy to Allan. It seemed so oddly ceremonious that the laugh was general. And certainly neither Mysie's grace nor beauty suffered in Allan's estimation by her elaborate stateliness of welcome—for what with the recent exercise and the little confusion, the brilliancy of her look last night, which Allan had thought could not be surpassed, was exceeded by the flush of this morning, which not only added to the rich bloom of her cheek, but deepened the glowing light that kindled in her rich brown eyes. They all stood in a group looking at the scene before them.

"It is certainly fine," said Mr. Nugent, calmly critical.

"Fine! I never saw anything more beautiful in my life!" cried Allan, with enthusiasm, but not looking at the distance.

"This brother of mine always talks in superlatives," cried Gertrude, apologetically.

"Do I? I spoke as I felt," said Allan. Perhaps it was not the prospect that had caused his exuberant exclamation.

How they rambled about, tried to talk of history, and how Norman William had depopulated places in the district; tried to talk of science, and the geological strata, and really succeeded only in talking merry nonsense—need not be said. They all enjoyed themselves rarely, and, returning from their walk, parted at the lodge gates, with the promise of all meeting at tea at the parsonage, perhaps next evening.

Marian, who wished to return home early, had left them on the road.

Gertrude and Allan, as they strolled in pleasant, youthful fatigue—how different from other kinds of weariness!—up to the Hall, were both silent, and enjoyed their reverie; for each had pleasant matter for reflection. They were startled by the voice of Miss Austwicke, who was on the lawn, with an open letter in her hand, and came up to them gloomily, with the words—

"Your father, Allan, sends me word that he comes down to-morrow evening, and will stay till Monday."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Gertrude.

"He has some trouble; some unpleasant news from Scotland. He would have come down at once, but he waits for your mamma to join him."

"What, from Scarborough?" said Allan.

"Yes; she will travel thence to London to-day."

"Dear me! mamma will not like that, I fear," said Gertrude, the smile vanishing from her face, and an indefinable sense of impending evil settling on her mind, and even Allan laughed rather blankly, as he said—

"Well, the more the merrier, dear True."

But, cheerily as he spoke, they two went into the house in very different spirits from their setting out that morning; and, if they had known all, with good reason.

CHAPTER XLV. EXHUMED.

"Some peasant then shall find my bones
Whitening amid disjointed stones."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Whether it was that Miss Austwicke's presence at the dinner-table was not exhilarating, or Allan and Gertrude had expended too much animation in their morning's walk, certainly they were neither of them very cheerful over the meal. In truth, the conversation was not interesting, for Miss Austwicke only spoke to utter a complaint.

"I understand, Gertrude, you have given Ruth a holiday to-morrow."

"Yes, aunt; is there any harm in that? You can, of course, countermand it if you choose."

"And put myself in the unpleasant character of a sort of domestic tyrant?—preventing relaxations that would otherwise be allowed. I think, since Martin has been so taken up with other duties that I have had to put up with inefficient people, if I choose to employ Ruth I might be consulted about her."

"Dear aunt, if I had thought that you cared to be troubled about such a matter I would have told you. I'll speak to Ruth."

"No, no; I tell you, I will not have that done. I can surely speak to you, True, as to the future."

Allan interrupted the conversation by saying—

"Of all co-partnerships, defend me from sharing a servant with any one. If the services are good, neither employer gets enough; and if bad, both are bored."

"Ruth nursed me very well, and that made Aunt Honor take notice of and employ her."

"I don't know, True, about taking notice of her," said Miss Austwicke, quickly. "I was in want of some one, I suppose."

"Doubtless, aunt," replied Gertrude, feeling inwardly that everything she said seemed to be wrong, and annoyed on Allan's account that the peevishness of one should make them all uncomfortable. She was therefore glad when her aunt rose from the table, and they left Allan to sit over the dessert and amuse himself with a newspaper. Gertrude would not have been sorry if her aunt, in her present temper, had betaken herself to her own domain; but as she intimated her intention of taking her coffee in the drawing-room with Gertrude, the young lady was fain to accompany her there. She was surprised at Miss Austwicke returning again to the subject the moment they were alone.

"Remember, Gertrude, I will not have you say a word to Ruth about what we have been speaking of."

"I'm not in the habit of talking to servants about our conversation, aunt," was the comment, in a surprised tone, of Gertrude. And then came the hasty, nervous rejoinder—

"No, no, of course not; excuse me, True."

There was a fluttering sigh, so painful to hear, as Miss Austwicke spoke, that Gertrude was

tempted to throw her arms round her aunt in a pitying embrace, and ask if she were not ill; but she was checked by seeing her draw herself stiffly erect, call up a stern look to her rigid face, walk stiffly across the room, take a seat at the window farthest from where her niece was, and look intently out on the grounds. Gertrude turned to the piano, as to an ever-sympathising friend, and began to play softly some simple melodies in a minor key; and as the twilight gathered, and her skilful fingers extemporised upon the keys, she lost herself in intricacies of thought as completely as did the thin, pale, grey woman, who sat immovable at the window, staring out on the lawn, and seeing nothing but the troubled visions that haunted her weary brain.

Both started suddenly to their feet in vague terror, as Allan, hastening into the room with the Scotch newspaper in his hand, said—

"Only think, True, such a strange thing has happened! The workmen at Glower O'er—but I must read it to you. Do ring for lights. How dark that trellis makes this room!"

"You noisy fellow! I declare you have quite frightened me," said Gertrude, ringing the bell as she spoke.

But her aunt, in a concentrated tone that sounded sepulchral in its enforced calmness, said—

"Speak, then, Allan, if you've read it; say at once what it is—this strange thing."

"Why, the excavators for the line were going through that district where that old kinsman of mamma's, Angus Dunoon, once sunk his shaft, when he took it into his head that there were mineral treasures there; and, lo and behold, there's some trinkets found there, that have been, on examination by some local authority, sent to my father, forthwith."

"What, family jewels, hid in the old troubled times?" said Gertrude.

"No, no, True; there have been no troubles in loyal Scotland since 1745, and this Angus Dunoon flourished until a year or more after our mother was born. I suppose he would have been forgotten long ago, but that his vagaries brought our grandfather to grief. A man may lose his money by being too clever, as well as by being too foolish."

"Yes, yes, every excess is bad," said Gertrude, impatiently; "but these trinkets, Allan, what are they, if not family jewels?"

"They are not family jewels; strangely enough, they are a child's ornaments, a necklace and coral, and there was with them—"

Candles were just then brought in, and the young man paused a moment, and ran his eye over the paragraph in the paper, till the servant left the room, and then resumed, seriously—

"There was with them a rather awful accompaniment."

"Awful, Allan! What?" said niece and aunt simultaneously.

"Why, a kind of old oak chest, or 'mistletoe bough' affair—"

"A skeleton? never! You're romancing, Allan," said Gertrude, turning pale as she tried to put off the idea.

"Yes! bones of a child—and a grown person." Miss Austwicke heaved a long sigh as of relief, and said, having recovered her usual tone of voice—

"Well, and how can that concern Basil—your father, Allan?"

"Why, the trinkets have the Austwicke crest and name on them."

He read the short paragraph in the paper which furnished the incidents he had related—

"SINGULAR DISCOVERY OF HUMAN REMAINS.—The workmen engaged in excavating for the new line of railway past Glower O'er, on Friday last, laid open an old shaft, sunk many years ago by the late Angus Dunoon, Esq., and came upon some bones, which on inspection proved to be those of a child and a grown person; by the size, the latter is judged to be a female skeleton. A child's coral and necklace, with a crest and the name of Gertrude Austwicke engraved on them, were with the bones. From the complete decomposition of clothing and flesh, it is conjectured that these extraordinary relics must have been many years in the place where they were found."

And concluded by saying—

"The remains await the investigation of the authorities, and the police have the trinkets in their possession, to take them for identification, to the learned

counsel, Basil Austwicke, Esq., brother-in-law of Lord Dunoon, and owner of the land."

"What is the date of the paper?"

"The seventeenth, and this is the twenty-second."

"The dreadful things have come then, I suppose, to papa," said Gertrude, her face pallid to the very lips.

"Well, the trinkets are not dreadful; and there's nothing to scare you, True. That they should be found in such ghastly companionship, is certainly very strange."

"Can my brother's sending for his wife, have anything to do with this? Why should he send for her?" said Miss Austwicke, speaking to herself.

Though the remark was not addressed to them, they both replied—

"She has, of course, to see the trinkets."

The paper passed from hand to hand, and was read over and over again. Gertrude, after a time, remarking—

"I heard mamma once tell Dr. Griesbach about her uncle, Angus Dunoon, who, she said, prevailed on grandpapa to mortgage his estate. Mamma added, that a learned experimentalist was quite as fatal to the Dunoon family as any spendthrift could have been. Mamma was warning the Doctor against letting his son live with some relative, who was, in some way, a devotee of science."

"Oh! Professor Griesbach she meant, said Allan. "Well, if people haven't acres to lose, they can't lose them; and I fancy the elder Griesbachs are not of the genus, 'learned fool.' Rupert, here, may be."

"I am sure, Allan," began Gertrude; but she stopped short; and if it was a defence she meant to volunteer of Rupert Griesbach, she stopped short in time to avert Allan's banter, if not her own self-condemnation.

One good arose from the turn given to the conversation: the colour had returned to her face.

Miss Austwicke still continued abstracted and uneasy, and soon after left them.

CHAPTER XLVI. DREAMLAND AND DAYLIGHT.

"A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only,
As the mist resembles rain." LONGFELLOW.

With the aid of books and music, the brother and sister passed the evening, without any further reference to the subject, though it had taken possession of the thoughts of both—Gertrude, especially. On retiring to her room, she resorted to that infallible balm for troubled minds, the Book of books, and read over, more than once, the ninety-first Psalm, before bending her knees and offering her evening prayer; yet this did not wholly succeed in tranquillising her mind.

She lay awake many hours; indeed, it was not until the morning sun came brightly into her room that she fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that she was in a spacious apartment, standing between her father and brother; and that her mother walked up the whole length of the shadowy hall, with her face convulsed with either grief or anger: that she was shrinking back, to avoid her mother's approach, when the floor under her feet opened, and she fell down a black and yawning gulf, an immense depth, and, trying to rise, was held down in the grisly arms of a skeleton. Her struggles to free herself woke her. She started up in bed with a cry, and as consciousness returned, saw Ruth standing at her bed-side, dressed in her bonnet and shawl.

"Thank goodness, it was but a dream!" she cried adding, "what folly to remember." And then, in a cheery voice, as the golden beams of the morning made the room pleasant, and chased away the ugly vision, she added, "What, going so soon, Ruth?"

"It's not very soon, miss. You've overslept yourself. I'd a mind to waken you, for you looked so troubled—and I must be going by the nine o'clock train, and it's a long walk to the station."

"Yes, yes, go, good Ruth, and mind be back punctually, for mamma and papa come to-night;

and you had better ask my aunt, in future, when you want to go out."

Ruth curtsied, and left her, and as Gertrude was not one of those young ladies who allow themselves to become dependent on a waiting-woman, she was soon dressed, and out over the lawn, into the shrubbery, and ready, as far as she herself was concerned, to laugh at her dream. But still there was quite enough in the reality made known to her of this mysterious discovery in Scotland to check any exuberance of spirits. So she spent a quiet day over her books with Marian.

Allan, directly luncheon was over, went to the parsonage, to take a ramble with Rupert Griesbach.

Dinner was ordered at six o'clock. An hour before that time, the house was in all the bustle of an arrival, which, however was much more quiet than had been expected, for the two younger sons had not come. They were still at Scarborough, with friends of Mr. Austwicke's. That lady and her husband both looked excited, worn, and troubled. Fatigue, merely, was it?—so Gertrude hoped.

It was characteristic of both parents that, as their children came out on the steps of the great porch to meet them, Mrs. Austwicke should rush into Allan's arms, while Gertrude was folded to her father's breast. He held her there, as it seemed to her, with even more affection than usual. Then he released her, and handed her to her mother, who stooped forward and kissed her cheek, saying, in a constrained way—

"You are looking well, Gertrude." Then, turning to Martin, who was curtsying in the hall, she exclaimed, "I'm wearied to death, Martin!"

"And no wonder; whirled along those horrible railroads," said Miss Austwicke, who walked out of the shadowy side of the Hall, to shake hands stiffly with her sister-in-law, and rather more cordially to welcome her brother. "You, Basil, I suppose, are used to it; but it tries even you—I see it does."

The greeting on each side was soon over, but it rather startled Gertrude, as she and her aunt were leaving Mr. Austwicke, to be conducted by old Gubbins—now tottering with age, but tenacious of his privileges—to his room, that, instead of accompanying the ancient butler, Mr. Austwicke should turn back in the hall and come up again to his daughter, fold her in his arms and kiss her; then, holding her at arm's length, should say, appealing to his sister—

"Who is she like, Honor?"

"Well, I don't deny, Basil, that she has the Austwicke eyes and brow; you may see them repeated over and over for two hundred years in the corridor pictures; but she's more of a blonde than we Austwicks are, and smaller, though, fortunately, not quite a pigmy. That's the Dunoon hair and complexion."

"Of course it is—of course!" cried Mr. Austwicke, in a triumphant tone, that sounded strangely excited. "If I wanted to make my darling vain, I should say she blends what's best in both houses; but, there's no doubt that little head has nonsense enough in it."

"Well, yes—and some sense too," said Miss Austwicke, with unwonted kindness.

"Perhaps a little of that goes a great way," laughed Gertrude.

"With young ladies, doubtless," rejoined Mr. Austwicke, laughing in concert with Allan, who was an amused spectator of the little scene, and speaking more like himself than he had yet done.

They all separated to dress for dinner, and when they met at table the topic that had been so much in Gertrude's mind, and it may be also in that of her aunt and brother, through the day, was not alluded to. Mr. Austwicke chatted pleasantly; his looks dwelling, evidently with great complacency, on his daughter, who, in honour of the occasion, had dressed herself very prettily in a pale pink silk, trimmed with filmy, white lace; her abundant curls of the very palest gold falling round her snowy neck. A little pearl locket, suspended from a delicate gold necklet, was the only ornament in the way of jewellery; but what need of more, with that resplendent hair, softly-tinted cheeks, and beam-

ing eyes, and the youth and grace that made a sort of atmosphere of light around her?

"My own little True!" murmured the fond father, as he looked at her.

"I think it is quite time that we call her Gertrude, Mr. Austwicke," said the lady of the Hall, petulantly. "I dislike nick-names; they're, to my thinking, very vulgar."

"Oh, mother dear!" said Allan, "pet-names and nick-names are two very different things. True she is, and True she must be—and no pun intended, I assure you—to the end of the chapter."

"Bravo, Allan, that's a good motto, my boy," cried Mr. Austwicke. "True she is, and True she must be."

Miss Austwicke seemed to shiver.

"As to *true*, if you really have any grand moral meaning in your words, Allan," interposed Mrs. Austwicke, tartly, "there's no great merit in people being that which it would be disgraceful not to be."

Again a thrill ran through Miss Austwicke, though she felt it incumbent on her to say—

"Certainly—you are quite right."

"When you keep talking of me so, Allan, I feel quite savage," said Gertrude. "I should like to be Dr. Johnson."

"You—your little goose! and why, pray, that wise wish?"

"Why, then I might say something as severe as he said to Boswell: 'You've only two subjects: yourself and myself, and I'm heartily sick of both.'"

"He was a very sensible man, I think," said Mrs. Austwicke.

Her husband coughed drily, and rejoined, "He was, rather, my dear."

When the dinner was over, and the ladies were going to the drawing-room, Mr. Austwicke said—

"We'll take tea in the library this evening. There's something there, Honor, that you must look at; and you, Allan, and Gertrude; I want you all to see it."

"Excuse me, papa," said Gertrude, hardly conscious why she spoke, and certainly unable, if she had been asked, to give a reason for declining to go.

"Certainly not, dear. You are quite an interested party in this—this unpleasant matter."

"Unpleasant?" said Miss Austwicke, inquiringly.

"Yes, very much so. Everything that makes a family talked about is unpleasant. Rumour is at once a contemptible and yet a dangerous thing: families suffer by it."

"I should think, in our case, the family honour," began Miss Austwicke, in her old way—but she stopped of herself, even before Mrs. Austwicke, with a derisive laugh, said—

"Spare us any Austwicke glorifications; I'm too tired, indeed, for them to-night. You're always the family Honor, you know."

Pleased with this smartness, which, as in many other instances, prevents rather than aids its possessor having any insight into what is going on around, the three ladies walked at once to the library.

CHAPTER XLVII. THE RELICS.

"There have been doings dark as night,
And close as death: which the clear eyes of day
Has seen not.
Night's ear hath many counsels of the dark;
She hears the whispers of the self-reproached,
And blacker grows." ANONYMOUS.

The two elder ladies maintained an anxious silence. Gertrude, agitated by vague fears, tried to tranquillise herself over a book, when Allan and Mr. Austwicke joined them.

There was a strong new oak box on a side-table, with a padlock on it, towards which the looks of three of the party were soon directed. Not a word was spoken until the servant and the tea-things had departed; then Mr. Austwicke brought the small box to the centre table and, placing it under a tall lamp, unlocked it. He took out a child's coral necklace, finished with a very handsome fastening, and two clasps of the same workmanship mounted in gold; a stick of coral, ornamented with gold bells; a tattered old Testament, and a common tin tobacco-box.

These latter he had scarcely laid on the table, when Miss Austwicke, who had put on her spectacles and was leaning over the first-named articles, hastily turned the clasps, and exclaimed—

"Why, these are the necklace and clasps which I gave to you, Gertrude, as a christening gift! See, here's your name on the back of the clasps—'Gertrude Austwicke, from her Aunt Honoria.'"

"Of course they are," said Mrs. Austwicke, "the very same; and you know how annoyed I was that by the carelessness or dishonesty of the servants, they were lost while I was at Madeira."

"Yes, I remember your writing to me about it. I never thought you would have left the child's trinkets with that poor old, infirm Scotch nurse of yours."

"Liza Ross was as faithful a creature as ever lived," said Mrs. Austwicke, decidedly. "She nursed me, and I know, whoever was to blame, she was not."

"But you told me she became blind, sister."

"Yes; she couldn't, of course, help that."

"And this coral; was this Gertrude's? and lost at the same time?" asked Allan, wishing to interrupt the rising anger.

"I gave that to her," said Mr. Austwicke; adding, "but what puzzles me most is this." He took up a bit of wool out of the midwived ravel of a silk purse, in which it had been wrapped, and displayed an antique plain gold ring, with a motto inside, and a date, 1672, remarking, "This was found too."

Miss Austwicke reached out her hand, and no sooner looked at the ring than she started to her feet with a faint cry.

"It's Maud Austwicke's marriage-ring! It was given as an old family relic to my mother, and then—"

"Aye; and then, what then?" inquired her brother, anxiously. "Why do you look like that, Honor? the ring won't harm you."

Miss Austwicke, trembling in every limb, sat down, she would have fallen if she had not, and gasped out—

"It was left to Wilfred."

"Left to him? But was it ever given to him?"

"I—I don't know," faltered Miss Austwicke.

"Oh, but I do know that," interposed Mrs. Austwicke; "I saw him wear it on his watch-chain, and I once told him he used a family relic badly in so doing. Yes, he had it when he visited at Dunoon, before Gertrude was born."

"Indeed, had he?—but," gasped Miss Austwicke, "I can't talk of poor Wilfred."

She leant back, and covered her face.

They had all been too intently occupied to hear a single knock, which had been twice repeated, at the door. It opened, and Ruth, with a shambling curtsey, entered.

"What do you want?" said Mr. Austwicke.

"Please, sir, it rains, and the bay window is not fastened."

"Go round that way, then," said Mrs. Austwicke, indicating, as she spoke, that Ruth should pass behind a low screen, in the rear of the table, to the bay window, which was at the end of the room.

Gertrude fancied that Ruth was rather anxious to show her that she had come home early. Meanwhile the woman, taking the direction indicated, had to mount some steps at the window to close an open pane. She did her work quickly, and was descending, when, turning her head an instant, she saw, by the light of the lamp which fell full upon them, the necklace, clasps, and coral. The latter lay by itself very conspicuously. No one noticed her, and, after a wild stare of dumb surprise, she descended, and, with the creeping step of one fearful of notice, tottered out of the room. Yes, tottered. Allan turned his head, and observed her gait with something more than surprise, but he said nothing. Could it be possible, he was asking himself, that Ruth (who had, he knew, been so attentive to his sister, and was a valued servant) had been drinking? He feared so; the woman, he was sure, actually staggered. However, there were other things just then to think of, and his attention was recalled by Gertrude's remark—

"It is fortunate these things are found, papa."

"H—em! my dear—ye—s. But there's this unpleasantness—don't be shocked—the remains of two people, a child and a woman, were found with them."

"So we read, papa, in a newspaper Mr. Hope sent us. That is very dreadful."

"If that was the thief's skeleton, she met her deserts," said Allan, with rashness.

"But the little child?" cried Gertrude.

"The unfortunate woman, Allan," said Mr. Austwicke, solemnly, "met more than her deserts poor wretch! she must have fallen down the old shaft. I hear that it was very slightly, if at all protected. Some planks of wood put over it, that had rotted away; and, what made it worse, a growth of weeds and grass had gathered about and hid it."

"I wonder a place was so left," said Allan, indignantly.

"You would not wonder if you had ever been in Cornwall. They often leave shafts of exhausted mines there quite unprotected."

"Angus Dunoon had once an estate in Cornwall. He had to sell it, and it now belongs to the Pentreals," remarked Mrs. Austwicke.

The Testament and tobacco-box were then looked at. There was the name of "Niel Glossop" in the one, and the initials, "N. G.," roughly scratched on the other.

"Well, but, mamma, when had Gertrude these things? and what servants had you in Scotland?"

Mrs. Austwicke was just about to speak, when they were startled by cries and voices, and a great confusion in the house. Just as Mr. Austwicke's hand was on the bell, a man-servant entered in haste, saying—

"Please, sir, Ruth's down in a fit. She's desperate bad."

(To be continued.)

JAMES BARRY, R.A.

JAMES Barry was born in the city of Cork, Ireland, October 11, 1741. His father was employed, during the early portion of his life, as a coasting trader between Ireland and England. Young Barry made some trips when a boy; but the occupation was very distasteful to him, and consequently he had to be allowed to follow the bent of his own genius. It is said that he painted his first picture when only seventeen: at about twenty years of age he had made such rapid progress as to venture on a visit to Dublin, with one of his productions, which he exhibited in one of the rooms of the Society for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce. The subject he chose was St. Patrick on the shore of Cashel; who, in conferring the rite of baptism on the monarch of that district, has unconsciously planted the sharp end of his crozier through the foot of the royal convert. One of the guards is uplifting his battle-axe to revenge the injury, but is restrained by another, who is pointing to the unchanged aspect and pious demeanour of his royal master, as an evident proof that he will not suffer his pious feelings to be interrupted by the pain.

Burke, on seeing this painting, at once perceived the merits and defects of his young and aspiring countryman. He immediately gave his advice, and what was more his assistance, and it was chiefly through his aid that Barry was enabled to visit Italy.

After remaining in Rome for about five years, he left, in the spring of 1770, and passing leisurely through the various cities in the north of Italy, so rich in the treasures of art, he arrived in England early in the following year. In London he attracted considerable attention by a picture of Venus. This was followed by many others, which all tended to confirm his already established reputation.

His next productions of any note, were his grand series of pictures in the great room of the Society of Arts at the Adelphi. These are six in number, and represent severally the following subjects; The Story of Orpheus; A Greek Harvest Home; The Crowning of the Victors at Olympia; Navigation, or the Triumph of the Thames; The Distribution of Premiums by the

Society of Arts; and Elysium, or the State of Final Retribution. Of the above the Greek Harvest Home is said by good judges to be the best and most perfect as a picture. He completed the paintings in 1783; and the only remuneration he received for his nearly seven years' labour, was two hundred and fifty guineas, and the proceeds of two exhibitions of the works.

Barry was elected to the Professorship of Painting to the Royal Academy in 1782; but was expelled seventeen years after, chiefly on account of a publication of his entitled: "A letter to the Dilettanti Society, respecting the obtention of certain matters essentially necessary for the improvement of public taste, and for accomplishing the original views of the Royal Academy of Great Britain."

The lectures which he delivered before the Academy are literary productions of considerable merit; they are invaluable to the student of art, and may be perused with profit by the amateur and general reader.

Many stories are extant of the civil feuds between Barry, and the courtly painter, Sir Joshua Reynolds. Passing these over, however, we will try to amuse and interest the reader, by recording one of a more pleasant nature, the actors in it being Barry and his kind and worthy friend, the Right Hon. Edmund Burke. A long time had passed without their having seen each other, when one day they met accidentally in the street. The greeting was, of course, cordial. Barry invited his friend to dine with him the next day. Burke arrived at the appointed hour, and the door was opened by Barry's housekeeper, Dame Ursula, as she was called. She at first denied her master; but when Burke mentioned his name, Barry, who had overheard it, came running down stairs. He was in his usual attire; his thin grey hair was all dishevelled; and an old and soiled green shade and a pair of mounted spectacles assisted his sight. He gave Burke a hearty welcome, and led him into the room which served him for studio, gallery, parlour and kitchen; it was, however, so filled with smoke, that its contents remained a dead letter. Barry showed the utmost surprise, and seemed to be at a loss to account for the very strange state of affairs. The secret was soon found out by Burke, for it appeared that Barry had removed the stove from its usual situation by the chimney-piece, and had drawn it into the middle of the room, placing it on an old dripping pan to defend the carpet from the burning ashes. Recourse was had to the bellows, no blaze would come, but volumes of smoke were puffed out, as if to show that the fire could do something if it liked. After opening the windows and getting rid of the smoke, Barry invited his friend to the upper rooms to view his pictures. As he went from one to the other, he applied the sponge and water, with which he was supplied, to wash off the thick dust which covered them. Burke was delighted with them, and with Barry's account of each, as he pointed out its particular beauties. He then took him to his bedroom; its walls were hung with unframed pictures, which had also to be freed from the thick coating of dust that obscured them. They were, it is almost unnecessary to say, noble specimens of art. Near the fireplace, stood the rough, stump bedstead, with its covering of coarse rug.

"Yonder is my bed," exclaimed the artist, "you see I use no curtains; they are very unwholesome, and I breathe as freely and sleep as soundly as if I lay upon down and snored under velvet. Look there," continued he, as he pointed to a broad shelf high above the bed, "that I consider my *chef-d'œuvre*; I think I have been more than a match for the dastardly rats."

Barry had no clock, so depended on the cravings of his stomach to regulate his meals. By this infallible guide, he perceived that it was time for dinner; but forgot that he had invited Burke to partake of it, till reminded by a hint.

"'Pon my word, my dear friend, I had totally forgotten, I sincerely beg your pardon; but if you'll just sit down here and blow the fire, I'll get a nice beefsteak in a minute."

Burke did his best, and had a "rousing fire" when Barry returned with the steak rolled up in cabbage-leaves, which he drew from his pocket; from the

same receptacle he produced a parcel of potatoes, a bottle of beer was under each arm, and each hand held a fresh French-roll. A gridiron was placed on the fire, and Burke was deputed to act as cook, while Barry performed the part of butler. While he laid the cloth, Dame Ursula boiled the potatoes, and at five o'clock the friends sat down to their repast. As soon as dinner was despatched, the friends chatted away over their two bottles of port till nine o'clock. The great orator was often heard to say that this was one of the most amusing and delightful days he had ever spent.

Doctor Samuel Johnson, having visited an exhibition of some of Barry's pictures thus speaks of him: "Whatever the hand may have done, the mind has done its part. There is a grasp of mind there which you find no where else."

The latter portion of poor Barry's life is said to have been a perfect blank. He seldom appeared in public, and his last literary effort was a letter and petition to the king, which was published in the Morning Herald, December 3rd, 1799. In 1805, some friends of his, and particularly the earl of Buchan, supposing his finances to be in a very low state, raised a subscription, and purchased for him a comfortable annuity, but he did not live to receive even the first payment. He was taken ill at a tavern where he usually dined, and was carried to the residence of Mr. Bonomi, the architect, where he languished fifteen days, and expired February 22nd, 1806. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, and over him is a flat stone inscribed

THE
GREAT HISTORICAL PAINTER,
JAMES BARRY,
DIED 22ND FEBRUARY, 1806,
AGED 64.

"Barry, take him all in all, was certainly a man of very extraordinary powers of mind, with the clearest views of what ought to be the objects of art, but with a temper so irritable, and manners so brutal, as totally to destroy all chance of success, in any of his propositions for its benefit, and almost to render nugatory the strength of his understanding. In his earliest letters from Italy this irritability is very palpable, and what is extraordinary, he seems never to have had any distinct view how to ground himself in the fundamental parts of his profession, or to have had patience to be slow in acquiring knowledge before he attempted to be rapid in executing it. Of this defect Burke seemed aware, and cautioned him often in his letters. 'Whatever you do, my dear Barry,' says he in one of them, 'leave off sketching; study with a knife in your hand: I am convinced that exquisite masterly drawing the glory of the great school, can only be acquired by particular studies, and not by general compositions.' This sound advice of Burke seems to have been very little heeded by Barry. Judging from his works one would say, it was evident he never had dissected, and his power of drawing was ignorant and inadequate; he knew scarcely a principle of the human figure, and so blind was he to his own deficiencies, that he asserts that 'the Adelphi works possessed the castigated purity of Grecian outline, and would bear comparison with any work ancient or modern.'"

"His mind seems to have been engrossed by some undefined idea of grandeur, of which he saw no traces in the works of his contemporaries, and which accordingly his impetuous character treated with little charity. His notions of grandeur appear to have been too closely identified with vastness. The series of paintings in the Great Room at the Adelphi, which Barry painted gratuitously, display much power of thought, but at the same time exhibit with equal force the undisciplined mind and pencil of their author." †

"And Barry, who, scorning to prostitute his talents to portraiture or paper staining, was necessitated, after the most unparalleled exertions, and more than monastic privations, to accept of charitable contribution; and at last received his death-stroke at a sixpenny ordinary! It may, however, afford some consolation and some hope to observe that the public felt for Barry, that they

acknowledged his abilities, subscribed readily to his necessities, and at least did "

"Help to bury whom they help'd to kill."

Montreal, March, 1866. ARTIST.

AN ADVENTURE AT LABRADOR.

Translated from the French for the Saturday Reader.

THE Labrador coast is extremely sterile, gloomy, and intersected with ravines, marshes and small lakes. With but few exceptions there are no trees to rejoice the sight of the traveller, by their green foliage, or afford shelter from the fiery heat of the summer's sun; for, notwithstanding the sharp cold which predominates in mid-winter, the summer's heat is frequently excessive in the extreme. Not a hedge—not a fence—no roads, only here and there a little foot-path, winds itself, like a serpent, sometimes over a precipice, sometimes through a tuft of brushwood.

One must walk three or four miles before coming to a solitary human habitation. All is vast and solitary—everything bespeaks desolation and gloom.

The stillness of the scene is only interrupted by the cry of wild birds, which are found in abundance—the croaking of the crow, and the noise of the sea waves. Nevertheless to this place resort the different people of Europe and America—English, Scotch, Irish, Jersey, Canadian, and others; there do they establish themselves—such is the love of gain.

Winter is the season for deer-hunting at Labrador; then is it, that the lover of this laborious pastime may give full scope to his passion, provided he has plenty of courage and muscle. With what zest does he set out, at the first beam of sunlight, snow-shoes on his feet, knapsack on his back, and a gun upon his arm or on his shoulder, leaving in his wake a line of oval figures upon the yielding snow. But then, what dangers beset his path? The sun, till now so beautiful, suddenly disappears behind a dismal veil of thick vapor, the wind whistles fiercely, and the snow rises in whirls, till all is lost to view. Where will he go then, alone—sometimes on the summit of a sharp rock, sometimes on the edge of a precipice, sometimes between two walls of snow? He no longer remembers his point of departure; it is cold, and the wind pierces him, though he does not see a pace before him—still, he must keep on walking or he will freeze to death.

Then is it that prudence and presence of mind become necessary; and we will see, hereafter, how it is brought to bear, on such occasions as this.

Last winter I was present at one of the jovial gatherings so frequent at Labrador, during the snowy season. We sang, danced, and amused ourselves as we best could. Anecdote had also its turn: and here is one I gathered from the lips of one of the guests—a man of probity and truth. The conversation fell upon the chase of deer.

"It is a fine—a noble amusement," said he; "at one time it was my passion; but that time has passed. A few paces are the most I can now perform and even those with difficulty—what would I not give to be able to do as I once did?"

"Tell us all about it—tell us about it, if you please," said a voice.

"About what?"

"Your adventure; I have not heard it yet."

"With pleasure; provided you have sufficient patience to hear me out to the end, for I am a bad story-teller. However, as truth needs not the embellishment of art I will tell you crudely, what happened to me about,—yes—about ten years ago."

So saying, our speaker, having complacently filled and lit his pipe, a most indispensable observance—commented somewhat in these words:

One fine afternoon in the month of February, having supplied myself with all the requisites for the chase, I started off with one of my employes, a Jersey.

"What fine weather," said my companion, addressing me in his jargon; "I hope it will not

* Annals of the Fine Arts,

† Mr. Wornum.

* John Ouse, R. A.

turn out bad, by and bye. Tell me, what is the distance to your cabin?"

"My cabin may be about twelve miles from where I live."

"Oh, that's nothing; we'll reach it before nightfall."

We walked on, in silence, for about five or six miles, when my companion, again addressing me, said—

"What the deuce!" said he, "look there; is not that a deer track?—see there, chum."

In truth, before us lay a long track, lost in the distance.

We followed the track, and hurried on our pace; we walked on for upwards of three hours without perceiving anything; the night was fast approaching, and we took the road to my hut where we arrived at dark.

As you know, the deer occupy a track of about three or four leagues in this place, it is usual for huntsmen to erect a hut, on the limits, containing a stove and all things necessary to render it comfortable; sometimes we passed whole weeks in this manner.

We entered the place, struck a light, made a fire, despatched a part of our provisions with an appetite undiminished by our recent walk, lit our pipes, and began to feel a little lonesome, when my companion, animated no doubt, by our desolate situation, and by the prevailing silence, broke out suddenly.

"Do you believe in spirits," said he.

"In spirits, you clown," replied I, laughingly.

"What! you laugh; ah well! I tell you there are such things."

"Have you seen any?"

"Yes sir—that is to say—no—but others have seen them for me. I could tell the name of the person who did; what could tell you as I do."

"Well! and what have you seen?—What has she seen?"

"It's awful what she has seen. I'll tell you all about it. It was on a night in the autumn—it was as dark as in the—"

He had not time to finish the sentence, when frightful howls were heard a few paces from the cabin door. My companion trembled, but quickly recovered himself.

"Chum," said he, "wolves,—my gun."

He rushed out of the cabin, and I followed with my fire-arms. We looked around us on every side—nothing could be seen. Shortly after I heard the distant howling of wolves; we re-entered the hut, and the Jersey was about to continue his ghost story, but seeing me stretched upon the pallet, where we were to rest, he followed my example and we were soon fast asleep.

The next morning before sunrise we were afoot—not the slightest cloud was to be seen; a few stars glistened here and there—we had every prospect of a beautiful day before us.

"Chum," said my companion, "after having slept so well, I hope we will be able to run well. If I could only take down, at least, three deer—how I wish I was that dog there."

"Get ready and let us start," said I, "without so much bluster; perhaps you may not see even one; how, then, are you to kill three?"

"You haven't forgot your spectacles, I hope."

"No! no; everything is there," (pointing to the knapsack.)

These spectacles, generally green ones, are absolutely necessary to the sportsman, if he wishes to escape getting sore eyes. It is by no means an uncommon thing to see persons, who have had the imprudence to neglect their use, become blind for several days, from the glare of the snow, during which time they suffer acutely.

Breakfast over, we started off. After having strayed hither and thither during the whole morning, without seeing anything, we came to the conclusion to separate,—each taking a different direction. You can understand; this gave us a double chance. We parted, then, promising each other to meet again at the hut, if we did not happen to do so before.

Off I went, then, towards a spot where I had been successful more than once. I took care not to breathe a word of my intentions to my comrade; for you see, a hunter, like a musician, possesses at heart a sort of a jealous rivalry towards others.

I walked on for about an hour. Arrived at the point I had made for, I could see nothing; however, I resolved to wait there a little. This spot was a lake, from which, at various intervals, arose slight eminences. Placing myself in ambuscade behind one of them I remained there. I was beginning to feel the time very long, when suddenly I perceived a deer running, or rather flying towards me, leaving behind him a track of blood upon the snow—I presented my gun, and coughed in joy. On he came—I fired, and the deer fell.

I went up to it, the ball had entered his heart; but, what has wounded it in this way, said I, examining one of its legs, from which poured a stream of blood.

I had not to wait long—my companion came up as fast as his legs could carry him, and blowing in like a whale.

"Ah, chum, master—you've hit him; much obliged to you for the trouble—but it was I who commenced his destruction; to me is the honour due."

"But where would he have been now, my brave, if I had not been here?"

"Oh, what's this about! I have good legs, I would have caught up to him; he was fainting fast."

"Tut, tut; your gun is still loaded."

"Look there!"

At this instant we again sought cover of the little hillock. Coming towards the lake, like a moving forest, were a hundred deer, wending their way carelessly and quietly, sometimes browsing upon the bushes or tufts of moss, that here and there peeped above the snow; they advanced as sportively as so many dogs, stopping occasionally to sniff the air on every side.

I hastened to reload my gun—they were on the lake—they were getting nearer—"Hold yourself ready," said I, to my companion; "we will fire together."

"Oh, chum, look at them! I'm ready."

They were directly in front of us—b—bang—two deer remained upon the spot, the rest vanished like a shadow.

"Behold my spoils," said my companion.

"How! your spoils? and do my shots go for nothing?"

"Behold my spoils, I repeat. Did not I tell you as much this morning. Well, look at them."

"Listen, my brave boy, who killed the first?"

"I did."

"You're a—toad," said I a little roughly, for he rather nettled me.

"Ah, master—any other name but that if you please."

You see this epithet to a Jerseyman is what that of *Jack Bull* or *roast beef* would be to an Englishman.

"Don't get angry," said he; "I'll explain the thing to you. When I left you I had not gone five hundred paces when I perceived at least sixty deer. I wounded one and he came in this direction. Had I not wounded him, he would certainly have followed the rest, and flown towards the opposite point—there, chum."

"But who felled him?"

"Oh, why didn't you let him alone? he was mine."

"I tell you it is not so; we'll see. And how can you say that these two are yours?"

"Very easily—I had two balls in my gun."

"I had three."

"Possible, master—but you aimed too high. I saw that."

"Mortal to a—" I was going to say the words, but I could not give expression to my contempt for the man.

"We'll arrange about it,—we'll arrange about it," said he, and so the dispute ended.

As you are aware, it is seldom that similar altercations do not arise among the sporting fraternity on such expeditions. Each one has the modesty to believe himself the most expert of the number, whether as marksman or pedestrian; and if his success does not equal his boasting, he had a bad gun or he fired at too great a distance, or the priming was bad, his snowshoes were too large, too small, or too heavy; in short, he has a thousand excuses to give.

"There!" said I, "I think that's enough for to day; let's cover these carefully and return. For

you know, gentlemen, the foxes would have had an agreeable festival had they got hold of them."

"But, chum, it's still early; I'll bet you'll knock over three more before dark."

"Ah! well, you can remain. I will go and bring the *comitick*" (a sort of sleigh, drawn by dogs, in use at Labrador) "and the dogs, to take this load to the house. To get there more quickly, I will leave you my gun; I have plenty of time before night-fall, and shall return by moonlight, and bring a man with me."

I cut out the three deers' tongues to bring them with me, by the way of triumph. This is a thing a huntsman never forgets.

"In case you go away, don't forget to bury the defunct," I cried to my companion, and started off, on my return journey.

The weather was most beautiful,—ravishingly beautiful—disencumbered of my gun I felt as light as a feather. The snow-crust, over which I trod was yielding as sand, but not deep enough to incommode my pace. It was charming to see how quickly I went—I almost flew. I should add, that what gave me an additional stimulus was, the three tongues, of which I had possessed myself. Three tongues, thought I—the idea kept me in a transport of joy; with what pleasure would I display the three jewels of my crown,—for I was as happy as a king. What happiness would I not enjoy in spreading them before my friends!

I did not feel as if I was walking at all, so overjoyed was I, and I never noticed the thick fog forming insensibly in my rear. I only observed it when great snow flakes began dropping through the air, and the sun had already disappeared. I hurried on, for I doubted the safety of this atmospheric effect in Labrador. I knew the danger which generally followed it, and I had still a good part of the road before me. However having examined the points of the horizon—ah, bah—said I—it will be nothing, I am certain. I was mistaken; soon the wind increased and whistled loudly, and the snow drifted furiously. I respired with difficulty, still on I went. When—all of a sudden—the snow seemed to give way beneath my feet; I felt as if flying through the air. I was overcome—suffocating—choking; I shook the snow off myself several times, but felt it coming afresh upon me.

That I had fallen from some precipice I had no doubt; but from what side I had come I could not say. Where, then, was I to direct my steps? I could scarcely see my hand before my eyes—it was already night—what ought I do—perish?—No! said I—I must not lose hope yet. What gave me some courage was that the cold was not very intense.

I took my snow-shoes from off my feet, and used them to dig a hole in the snow, a sort of ditch, in which I seated myself, having wrapped a large shawl around me, which I had been using as a sash, so that I might not be choked with the snow. I then covered my retreat with my snow-shoes, and confiding in Providence, I thus awaited the fine weather; or at least, the light of day.

I was tired; my eyelids closed in spite of all my exertions to keep them open. I did not wish to sleep; for had the cold fastened upon me, I would have run the risk of perishing. Constrained then to keep awake I set myself to think of the delightful hunt I had just achieved—of the effrontery of my Jersey companion, who pretended that the full merit belonged to him; and finally, I took to castle-building in the air. Two or three hours had elapsed; suddenly it seemed to me I no longer heard the wind—I uncovered my face and raised my head; judge of my surprise when I found that all around was calm. The heavens glistened with stars, and the moon contributed the glory of its soft light to the scene—in an instant I was on foot, my snow-shoes on, and my shawl around my waist—

Involuntarily I almost danced for joy—when I found myself face to face with a man; who do you think? My brave Jersey.

"Where," said I, "do you come from?"

"From the cabin, chum?"

"But, tell me, then, were you on the road during the great storm?"

"By my faith was I."

"Why, truly, you are a gallant knight, and merit the cross of honor, were there one to give."

"Oh, that's not all, master. I've fired five times since you left."

"Possible? what success?"

"Five."

"Five more! But you're jesting?"

"You'll see them to-morrow."

"Show me the tongues?"

He showed me them. "Horrible," said I to myself. "He has five and I only three. Why did not I remain longer?"

"Call me toad now."

"Oh! but, my friend, do you still think of that?"

"Do I still think of it?"

And my companion regarded me with an air that surprised me—and then I overheard him holding the following soliloquy:

"Shall I do it? I can—he is unarmed; I have a good gun—toad—eh?"

I did not know what to think; I began to feel alarmed; for I knew him to be of an extremely vindictive disposition, inclined to take offence at the least trifle, and he was not likely to look upon the epithet I applied to him in a moment of anger as a slight injury. However, a moment afterwards I heard him continue.

"No—I'll try him otherwise; but if he refuses, I'll stretch him at my feet. Chum," and turning towards me, "stay there, master," said he.

I stopped.

"You insulted me, a short time ago—a thing you had no right to do—and if you do not apologise this instant, I'll fire through your brains."

And he covered me with his gun.

"John," said I, you surely would not take the life of your master."

"Make haste, or I fire!"

"I," said I to him, "I apologise to my servant—do you think to intimidate me?"

I had not time to finish my sentence—zing! a bull whizzed past my ear. I jumped forward to seize the gun, but John disappeared like a flash of lightning. I made use of my legs to try and catch him, but without success. I lost sight of him in turning a slight rise in the ground.

"He is a demon," said I; "such audacity! I never thought him capable of it. But he has not got off yet. People don't escape here, as they do in a city."

I walked on, looking carefully around me at each pace; for he might have concealed himself behind some ambush and have fired on me as he would on a deer. In a short time I perceived something white glimmering in the indistinct light of the moon, and making its way towards me. I thought, however, I might be mistaken, and I rubbed my eyes several times to make certain. I looked at it; the phantom seemed to be stealing softly over the snow—the nearer it came, the more I became convinced that it was supernatural. I was, however, far from being superstitious or believing in spirits; still fear seemed to take possession of me in spite of myself.

I stopped—the phantom placed itself immediately before my eyes and stared at me. I endeavoured to test its reality. I tried to touch it, but my hand seemed lost in space. The hair of my head began to bristle—my tongue parched—I trembled violently, my legs shook under me, I tried to rid myself of its presence, but the ghost stalked on by my side. I tried to speak, but my tongue was dumb. I rubbed my eyes again—it was still there. I was dying with fear—when suddenly—

"What happened?" said the speaker, turning to me.

"I don't know," I replied; the ghost disappeared; or, perhaps you spoke.

"Nothing of the kind."

"Well, do you believe in spirits now?"

"You will be able to judge in a moment, my friend, whether I have reason to do so, or not."

Our speaker arose and having re-filled and re-lit his pipe sat himself down again and looked at us in silence.

"Ah, well," on my showing some impatience at his delay, "I was dying with fear when suddenly—"

"I awoke," said he, "and the apartment rang with a peal of laughter."

"My encounter with John and the ghost were the productions of a dream, and I found myself in my ditch of snow, the cold reality before me. It was fearfully cold, and the snow had hardened around me. I was completely benumbed and sick to the very heart; I raised myself—the weather was clear and the wind had fallen. The day had just begun to dawn. As I had suspected I found myself enclosed between two hills. With much difficulty I managed to walk around my excavation during a whole hour, in order to warm myself. I had much trouble in recovering from my torpor. At last I tried to climb one of the hills in order to ascertain the locality, for I had scarcely any idea of where I was; but I tried in vain. I made a desparate stride and fell. I was surprised to feel my limbs so feeble. I, who many times had clambered up rocks, steeper and higher than these; all my efforts were futile, and I beheld myself obliged, at last, to take a long winding to arrive at the desired point. I then found that I was only three miles from my dwelling, but I could no longer walk; I felt my limbs benumbed to an extent I had never experienced. It was cold—oh! excessively cold—I could not put one foot before the other.

I stretched myself upon the snowy crust and waited for death; for that I was going to perish I made certain. About half an hour passed. I no longer felt chilled; indeed I experienced—the most agreeable sensations. I enjoyed a sort of existence bordering on ecstasy or enchantment—a sweet repose we rarely feel. When I perceived two hunters not far from me, I made a sign to them, they came, and I explained my situation; they took me by the arms, and dragged me home.

Gentlemen, my feet were frozen. I have now but one toe remaining; judge of my misfortune. I, who had the reputation of being the best sportsman on the coast, can no longer share in the pleasures of the chase.

As he had finished his story, we thanked him, and the dance and fun was revived.

NOTES ON LIONS.

LIONS appear to be monogamous. The lioness carries her young five months, and has two or three at a birth. According to Jules Gerard, the cubs begin to attack animals, as sheep and goats, that stray into their neighbourhood, as early as from eight to twelve months old. About two years old they are able to strangle a horse or camel, and from this time until maturity (about eight years), he adds, they are truly ruinous neighbours. They kill not only to obtain food, but apparently to learn to kill. The age to which lions attain appears doubtful: Pompey, the lion in the Old Tower of London Menagerie, reached his seventieth year; and fifty years has been sometimes given as the ordinary limit reached by them; but this, most likely, is over the mark. Dr. Livingstone has observed that they appear to suffer from loss of teeth as they advance in years. A great number of these animals would appear to have existed in the earlier ages of man's history, and must have presented an important obstacle to the spread of the human race.

Taking Holy Writ as the earliest record to which we now have access, it is remarkable how often the lion is referred to in a figurative manner by the writers. In the original text, we find various names used to distinguish the lion at different periods of his existence. Thus (according to Dr. Kitto), we have *gur*, a lion's whelp, as in Jeremiah li. 38, and Ezekiel xix.; *chephir*, a young lion just leaving his parents, the most destructive period of his existence, see Psalm xci., and Ezekiel xix. 3 and 6; *ari*, a young lion having just paired, as in 2d Samuel xvii. 10, and Numbers xxiii. 24; *sachel*, a mature lion, as in Job iv. 10, Hosea v. 14, and Proverbs xxvi. 13; and *laish*, a fierce or black lion, as in Job iv. 10, and Proverbs xxx. 30. Regarding the last expression, we may remark, that black lions—that is, those with a blackish muzzle, and black tips to the hairs of the mane—are to this day accounted the most formidable both in North and South Africa.

Lions appear to have been the object of special worship at Leontopolis in ancient Egypt; and

in one of the Egyptian bas-reliefs, to which Sir G. Wilkinson assigns an antiquity of three thousand years, some Egyptians are represented hunting with tame lions, much in the style chetahs are used to this day in the Deccan.* If not one of the animals universally regarded as sacred in ancient Egypt, the lion still seems to have been a universal favourite, for in every possible form of ornament we find the head and claws reproduced in water-spouts, chair-legs, and sword-handles.

M. Gerard has remarked that, in North Africa (besides a considerable destruction of human life), the damage done by carrying off and killing cattle cannot be estimated at a lower figure than three hundred pounds per annum for each lion.

Lions appear to attack game by seizing the flank near the hind-leg, or the throat below the jaw—points which instinct seems quickly to teach dogs of all kinds to assail, when in pursuit of the larger animals. Dr. Livingstone, while bearing witness to the enormous strength of the lion, truly wonderful when compared with his size, remarks, however, that all the feats of strength, such as carrying off cattle, that have come under his observation, had been performed by dragging or trailing the carcass along the ground. The tales of lions never devouring game save when killed by themselves, are unfounded. We have ourselves seen a family of lions (they often hunt in families) in the Transvaal territory quarrelling, like a pack of hungry hounds, over the putrid carcass of a horse, which had died of Paardsikté (pleuroneumonia) a few days previously, while the plains around were teeming with those countless herds of migrating game (antelopes and quaggas), of the numbers of which it is so difficult to convey an idea to the fireside traveller.

A point where imagination has wrought wonders is in the matter of the lion's voice. This fancy has been also demolished by Dr. Livingstone. 'To talk of the majestic voice of the lion,' he writes, 'is merely so much majestic twaddle. I have never found any one who could fairly distinguish between the roar of the lion and that of the ostrich, although the former appears to proceed more from the chest. To this day,' he adds, 'I am unable to distinguish one from the other, except by knowing that the former roars by night, and the latter by day only.'

Jules Gerard is, however, more enthusiastic in his appreciation of the vocal powers of his favourites. He remarks, that the sound of a lion's voice a league off, appears to an inexperienced observer as if close at hand; and that he has frequently tracked lions at a distance of three leagues (nine miles), by the sound of their voices; he also testifies to a certain musical grandeur in the sound.

Naturalists have generally considered the Asiatic lion as a distinct species from the African, but this appears by no means well decided. There are several varieties of the African lion. The Arabs in North Africa distinguish three—the yellow, the gray, and the black; and M. Gerard states, that while individuals of the two former varieties have been known to roam over immense tracts of country, specimens of the black-maned lion have been found to inhabit one spot for over thirty years. Mr. Gordon Cumming, on the other hand, whose opportunities of observing these animals were only second to those of Jules Gerard, states that he is satisfied that the two varieties of South African lion (the *Vaal*, or yellow, and the *Blaauw* or *Zwaart*, or black) are one and the same species at different ages; that their manes invariably become darker as they increase in years; and that the thickness of the coat, and the luxuriance of the mane, appear to depend on the nature of the cover frequented by the animals, being always greater where there is least shelter.

* The ancient Egyptians seem to have been very successful in utilising the *Felina* generally. In several bas-reliefs, fowlers are represented accompanied by cats in place of dogs, and in one, an animal, apparently of that kind, is depicted in the act of retrieving. A tame lion may often be still met with in Cairo, though lions in a state of nature are not found nearer, we believe, than Abyssinia in the present day.

LONGING.

WAITING, longing, love, for you,
Listening to the cushat's coo,
Cooing, oh, so plaintively!
Watching as the sun sinks down,
And the moon sails o'er the town,
Longing, yearning, love, for thee,
In my heart of hearts.

Listening to the autumn rain,
Rattling on the window pane,
Sounding, oh, so dismally!
Watching, as the snow-flakes fall
And the earth assumes its pall,
Waiting, longing for the time
When we meet again.

Oh! those pleasant summer days!
When I basked in love's own rays,
How the time passed cheerily!
Yes, the past is very pleasant,
And the future; but the present
Passeth, oh, so wearily!
Longing, love, for thee.

Speed then, speed, thou lingering present,
Faster then belated peasant
Past some haunted house;
For I see a bright day dawning,
At the sight my dreams are warming,
When, my love, I'll fold thee to me,
Mine for evermore.

Quebec.

WYVANT.

THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

Continued from page 123.

CHAPTER VI.

Messire Amaury Montruel, lord of Anet, and friend of the king, wasted not that day—the eve of which he had so well commenced.

We witnessed, in the morning, the scene in which Samson, the clerk, one of his agents, executed a part of his orders; but Messire Amaury had many strings to his bow, and did not confine himself to such small matters.

At about the same hour as the page gained the Louvre with his pretty companion, Messire Amaury was in his retreat at the Rue St. Jacques-la-Boucherie, in conference with two much more important personages than the clerk, Samson, or the scholar, Tristan.

The first of these personages was a man of fifty, with a swollen and blotched countenance, and rusty grey hair, he was called Herbert Melfast, lord of Canterbury. He had been a long time the private and confidential counsellor of John Plantagenet. For more than a year he had been absent from the English court, travelling in Europe, and even in Asia.

Those who knew John Sans Terre and his worthy servant, the lord of Canterbury, said that the latter had not been travelling merely for pleasure. He was met in the divers courts of Europe, at Copenhagen, Germany, Bohemia, and Flanders; he had crossed the Bosphorus, to confer with the Greek emperor at Constantinople; in short, he had made a bold push into the heart of that country, so little known in those days, and which was grovelling in the Mussulmans' error. He had confronted, they said, the dangers of barbarous Kourdistan, and cleared the limits of the fearful country of assassins!

The other personage with Messire Amaury was that man with the remarkable and intelligent face that we encountered in the opening of our history, upon the high road between St. Lazare and the Porte-aux-Peintres. An eagle nose—a keen and proved look—hair dark as ebony, cut short over a brow slightly depressed; of a tall and slender figure—but under whose frail appearance was hidden an uncommon degree of strength. He was handsome, though not from a European point of view—which exacts a roundness of contour and an amplitude of form as

imperiously as gracefulness—his was the bizarre and wild beauty which seems to belong to the Great Desert.

He was, in comparison to European warriors, what the high-bred Arab steed, with his muscles of steel, is to our robust and heavy chargers from Normandy or Luxembourg. Everything about him denoted a man of decision—his beard was pointed, and his nails were like the talons of a tiger. His visage bore the impress of great gravity and coolness, and all his movements betrayed that quiet indolence of the handsome panther, by which we are so deceived, until we have been frightened by the prodigious vigor of its leaps. His age appeared to be about thirty. The reader already knows that this man bore two names: Mahmoud el Reis and Jean Cador. Mahmoud el Reis was the Mussulman who came from Syria with a mysterious and terrible mission, and was the man that Herbert Melfast, lord of Canterbury, had been to seek at the peril of his life, among the deep gorges of the Anti-Libian. He was one of the initiated and fiercer brotherhood, called the *Fedavi*, or Sons of the Crystal Poignard, who executed the orders of the Prince of the Mountain.

Jean Cador was the enthusiastic artisan, who had profited by the crusades to learn, at their very source, the secrets of the Saracen chisel.

Mahmoud carried a poisoned dagger next his skin; his thoughts were red with blood, and he belonged to Herbert Melfast, who had purchased him from the Old Man of the Mountain, on account of John Sans Terre, his master.

Jean Cador carried the sharp gouge of the image-cutter—his thoughts hovered over artistic space: he dreamed only of delicate lines—handsome arches—and beautiful granite saints. The pious prelate, Maurice de Sully, after having seen one of his sketches, had shaken his two hands with enthusiasm, calling him his dearest son.

"Now," said the lord of Canterbury, at the moment we introduced our readers to the scene enacting in the retreat of the king's friend, "Now, Messire Amaury, my cousin, the time for hesitation has passed—I warn you of it; before we leave this place, we must know whether you are with us or against us."

Amaury's eye was fixed and his brow was bathed in perspiration—for he was a rogue without any strength for mischief—but traitor enough for a dozen; and Phillip Augustus would seem to have been inexcusable for having chosen such a man for a favourite. We can understand kings deceiving themselves, and opening their secret counsels to great criminals, and we cannot understand a king soiling his hand by bringing it in contact with such impotent perversity.

Amaury Montruel made no reply. Herbert Melfast looked at the Syrian, who maintained his impassibility.

"Well," exclaimed he, as the blood mounted to his face, "I am placed between one who has been little better than a mute from his birth,—pointing to Mahmoud el Reis—and my cousin Amaury, who trembles like a timid old woman, without ever being able to decide upon anything."

"If it was a thrust of the lance or a blow of the sword" said Montruel.

"Ah! Mort de Diable!" interrupted the Englishman "if I was in thy place I would soon choose between the lance and the sword. Thou hast that man as much as we do—more than we do—for thou art madly in love; and that man holds to thy beard the woman that thou worshippest."

Amaury wiped his anguished brow.

"That man," continued Herbert Melfast, "thou followest night and day—thou sittest at his table and thy couch is spread before his door when he sleeps; and yet, instead of killing him, thou watchest over him. When thou art capering on thy steed behind him couldst thou not use thy lance? When he sleeps after the repast of the morning couldst thou not use thy sword?"

"We, French chevaliers," said Amaury, "have other uses for our weapons, milord," in a tone which showed that for a moment he had recovered all his pride.

Melfast gave him a bitter smile of disdain.

"Say plainly that thou art against us!" said he, in a dry and hard tone.

"I could heartily wish that I was, my lord, at the price of half my blood; for Phillip of France is my lord, and I have sworn fidelity to him. But alas I have neither strength nor reason; I love Agnes to my utter ruin. I am not against you. I am with you." These last words were uttered as with a feeling of pain and regret.

In spite of this assurance the countenance of Melfast still expressed a doubt; as to Mahmoud el Reis, he remained standing in the middle of the chamber as immovable as a bronze statue.

"If thou art with us," said Herbert Melfast, with a tone of distrust, "make thy conditions, my cousin; I have power to accept them, whatever they may be.

Amaury seemed to collect his thoughts.

"In the first place, I wish for Agnes de Mervanie," said he.

"The love of Agnes," replied Herbert; "she alone can give thee; but as to her body, thou shalt have it, though a whole army of chevaliers disputed it with thee!"

"And as it is necessary that Agnes should be happy, that is to say, powerful and rich as a Queen, I must have the appenage of a prince."

"Choose among the duchies of France and England, my cousin."

"I desire the duchy of Burgundy, in France, and the duchy of Suffolk, in England."

"Thou shalt have them."

"By letters of the king."

"By letters of the king, sealed with the great seal!"

"But," resumed the friend of the king, "Agnes has been suffering a long time."

Herbert Melfast pricked up his ears. Amaury seemed to be selecting his words.

"The hatred of a woman," said he, lowering his voice, "is not like the hatred of men, so long as Ingeburge lives, something will be wanting to the happiness of Agnes."

The Englishman assumed a cynical smile.

"We must do something for that beautiful and excellent lady," said he; and then turning to Mahmoud, he addressed himself to the Syrian "wouldst thou have any repugnance to poignarding queen Ingeburge?"

The Syrian folded his arms upon his breast.

"None" replied he, in a grave and soft voice, in spite of its strange guttural accent, "she is a queen—she is a Christian,—and she is condemned."

Herbert Melfast turned towards Montruel.

"See my love for thee," exclaimed he; "and this should make thee great shame, my cousin Amaury; the bargain is then concluded. We will give thee a queen and two duchies, and thou shalt give us a king. It is not a bad bargain for thee; and I will concede that thou hadst thy good reasons for holding out; but let us to facts—how wilt thou deliver to us the king?"

"The king is now always surrounded by his new guards," replied Montruel; "we must watch our opportunity and give—give—My cousin, the noble John Sans Terre, is subject to changes—I must first be secured in my duchies and in the balance."

Herbert Melfast did not show himself in the least offended by the distrust testified against his master.

"The duchies are my concern," said he, "with a great laugh; but as to the balance, my cousin speaks of, that is the affair of thy poignard, friend Mahmoud."

The Syrian raised his handsome figure, rolled his eyes from one lord to the other, and then made a sign that he was about to speak. He threw a strange and solemn dignity into all his actions.

"There is only one God," said he, slowly, "and Mahomet is his Prophet; seven times glory to God, and three times glory to his Prophet. The sons of Sebbah were sent direct from Allah. From the day of his translation to the regions of felicity, his successors became heaven's representatives on earth. I am Mahmoud el Reis, son of Omar. My master Mohammed, said to me, follow that man—point-

ing to Herbert Melfast—and take thy poignard with thee! I love Dilah, who is more beautiful than the daughters promised for the eternal pleasure of the faithful; I was loved by her. We were about to be united. Dilah shed tears that my burning lips tried to dry up. The master said to me, if thou returnest with the blood of the king upon thine hands, I will watch over Dilah for thee."

The eyes of Mahmoud turned towards heaven, and he still spoke more to himself than to his two companions, as he continued—

"I went to Dilah, at the hour when the great trees cast their shadows on the terraces of the City of the Pure, and said to her, I will return— wilt thou wait me! Dilah gave me her timid brow and replied—'I will wait for thee.'

"And as I left the next day, at the rising of the sun, I heard the voice of Dilah murmuring behind the flowery hedge, 'return quick!'

"From that day," continued Mahmoud el Reis turning towards the Englishman and the Frenchman, "I am a body without a soul—my spirit remains in the shady gardens of the Pure. When the sun sets my eye seeks the same cherished star in the sky that Dilah watches, while waiting for me; but you have nothing of ours here,—not even our stars. If the blood of the queen will give me the blood of the king, then the queen must die, in order that I may return to my betrothed!"

Amaury was about to reply, but Melfast restrained him quickly.

"He has allowed us to speak," whispered Melfast, and he is noble among his brothers.

"I have promised to the priest with white hairs," continued the Syrian, "to carve him a statue; eight days are necessary to enable me to keep my promise. In eight days, if I have finished my statue, and if the queen is dead, thou shalt show me by what road I may arrive at the breast of the king!"

Eight days, for men of the temper of Amaury Montreul is an age—they reckon on the events of the day, without a thought of the day after.

"In eight days," replied Amaury, "if the Danish woman is no more, I will do what thou askest me."

At Montreul's gate there stood a horse of the purest Arab blood, richly caparisoned, in the Persian style; two black slaves waited at the stirrups. Mahmoud leaped into the saddle, and gently stroked the shining neck of his horse, while the slaves handed him his stone-cutter's tools, and then took the road to the purlieus of Notre Dame.

All Paris was waiting, with curious anxiety, the arrival of the celebrated image-cutter that had been engaged by Maurice de Sally to sculpture a statue of the Virgin—to complete the twelve signs of the Zodiac, which were to ornament the chief portals of the cathedral. As soon as Mahmoud made his appearance, the crowd became more dense and tumultuous than in the morning.

"Jean Cador! Jean Cador!" they shouted on all hands, "that's the good artisan who is going to give us an image of our lady!"

The Syrian, on his magnificent Arab, and followed by his black slaves, passed through the press of his admirers, taciturn and proud. On the arrival of Jean Cador at the chief door of the church, two deacons presented themselves and conducted him to a temporary atelier that had been constructed for him on a level with the first gallery; Cador entered it with his two negroes—the doors were closed—leaving the disappointed crowd grumbling like the audience of a theatre upon whom the curtain has been let down too soon.

"I suppose that's too great a lord to work in the open air, like ordinary people," said one.

"Does he think we want to learn in his school?" said a jealous artisan.

"We have not been among the Pagans," said a third; "we work as our forefathers worked, and without the assistance of apprentices like demons. I hope that man will bring no misfortune on the church, or on those who are building it!"

At that moment they could hear from the little work cabin the dry noise of the hammer on

the granite, and the splinters of stone flying off in every direction, striking sharply against the sonorous wooden partition; it was as though twenty men were working there with all their might. Artisans and bourgeois looked at each other, and more than once crossed themselves, repeating the words of the stone-cutter, "God forbid that that man bring us any misfortune!"

CHAPTER VII.

Through the large trees of a vast and irregular garden, planted on the side of a hill, might be seen the towers of an immense old abbey. It was at that season of the year when the large trees are still bare, but in which the shrubs are just putting forth their verdure. Wandering through the parterres whose compartments represented hideous monsters and and fabulous animals—might be seen a young damsel walking slowly, and followed by two women in the costume of nuns.

The latter had their faces covered with long veils—they spoke not a word, and regulated their steps by those of the young girl who preceded them. The young girl had just descended the moss-grown and half-ruined steps which led from the cloisters of the abbey into the narrow paths that wound through the bushy parterres. She appeared a little older than the sister of Eric, the mason; but she was at that time of life when a few years only add additional charms to beauty: and she was therefore, by so much, more beautiful than our pretty Eve. If we were not afraid of perpetrating a comparison too academical we should say that Eve was the rose-bud and the other the full-blown flower; further, we may say that there was a resemblance between our charming unknown, and if not strictly a family resemblance, they were unmistakably of the same country.

Both were blondes, with the same soft golden hair—both had blue eyes—both were slender and well formed; Eve's figure was perhaps the stronger—but the recluse of the convent was more graceful and high-bred. For this delightful unknown was a recluse, and the two nuns who accompanied her, might well pass for her jailors.

The cloisters, towers, and vast dwellings, whose austere profiles could be traced through the trees, belonged to the abbey St. Martin-hors-de-Murs—the nuns were there only by a favour conceded to royal authority, for the convent belonged to the monks of St. Benoit, whose severe rules forbid the presence of women within their abbeys.

The beautiful young girl was the sister of Canute, King of Denmark, and was the wife of Phillip Augustus, King of France, Queen Ingeburge.

And yet, though we have called her a young girl, it was not from forgetfulness, for Ingeburge was as much a maiden as on the day when she quitted the old forests of her native country, and sailed for the land of France, with a heart full of hope and pride... to be the queen... to be the well-beloved wife of the most glorious sovereign in the universe!

It was only necessary to see her to read in her face the virgin purity of her soul. The poor queen had wept much; but she still preserved a little of that childish *insouciance* which can sometimes smile through its tears. It was early in the morning and the sun was playing over the newly-opened leaves of the lilies and white thorns.

On first coming out of her cell the head of the young girl-queen was bowed sorrowfully upon her breast, as though she was overwhelmed with her grief and solitude. History has told us that she loved her ungrateful husband with a profound and undivided love. And even those who have elevated the coarse Agnes into a heroine of romance, have never been able to tear from the truthful brow of poor queen Angel the sweet and poetic aureole that adorned it.

And for all the scorn, and all the injustice, and all the honors which were heaped upon her unworthy rival, and which were so many bleeding outrages, the loving young queen had always, in the depths of heart, pardon and devotion for her lawful lord. She loved: and in that slow martyrdom, which was consuming her youth—

one word could re-animate—one caress would have made her happy.

She thought, alas! by times, of the fate of other women who were wives and mothers, and of the smiles of their cradled infants, while she, though queen, was neither a wife or mother.

In days gone by, she had her brother, her companions, her country. Phillip Augustus had robbed her of all these, and had given her, instead, a solitary and cold prison.

And wherefore? what had she done to that king? At the first call she had thrown herself into his arms, all radiant with joy. She had brought him her youth, her beauty, and all the exquisite perfections of her heart and soul;—and in return for these priceless gifts—the king had struck her down, without anger as without pity, and given her a living death.

And still she loved the king.

We have said that she was sad on leaving her cell, but as she left the gloomy arches of the cloisters, the fresh air struck her bent brow and she raised her beautiful blue eyes, full of melancholy, and when her pretty foot had once touched the gravel of the parterre, a smile already shone through her sadness.

Like those first flowers, called by the country people "pierce snow"—which, by the aid of the sun, thrust their heads through the frozen ground, queen Angel raised her head, and her lungs drew in that sweet air so different from the air of her prison. She gave an involuntary start, and seemed about to run over the grass plats, still wet with dew.

The two nuns gave a cough, which reminded poor Angel that she was the queen, and she resumed her slow and measured step.

But the breeze shook gently the branches of the odorous cytises—the amorous birds were singing in the green bushes—and the heart of Angel expanded in spite of herself, and in spite of her two austere duennas—a voice seemed to speak to her from the depth of her soul and promised her happiness.

Alas! if she believed in these promises it was the hopefulness of childhood—hoping ever. What happiness could the inhospitable and treacherous land of France give her—that land which, instead of the promised power and felicity, had given her death and abandonment?

All at once she uttered a cry—a veritable cry of joy.

The discreet nuns gave another warning cough; but the queen gave a spring light as that of a fawn and cleared at one bound the wide border which separated the parterre from the grass plat.

"Madame! madame!" shrieked the two nuns. But the young girl run over the grass, with her hair flowing over her shoulders, and her white robe streaming in the wind. She was no longer queen Ingeburge, but Angel, daughter of the North, and free, as formerly, in the fields and woods of her own country.

The two nuns, who had quickened their steps to overtake her, found her kneeling on the grass, and as they were opening with a duet of reproaches, she turned towards them with a smile on her lips and tears in her eyes, and in her hands she held a bouquet of small blue flowers.

"Pardon me, my sisters," said she, with the gentleness of an infant, "I could not resist; for I saw from afar, that my *vennen* (forget-me-nots) had blown."

"What does that signify," began one of the duennas, and the other supported her companion's question by a sharp glance.

Angel looked at them with astonishment. "What signifies my *vennen*!" exclaimed she, clasping her beautiful white hands, "can you ask me that, my sisters? You know not, then, that this is the first flower which makes its appearance upon the terrace of our palace at Copenhagen; it is the flower of souvenir—it is the flower of our country." Her voice trembled as she bore the bouquet to her lips.

"Oh! my poor country!" she murmured, "oh! my cherished flowers; see how weak they are, and how their stems bend. That is because they are not the native flowers of France. They are exiles, like me; perhaps they suffer like me. Oh! my sisters," she added, bursting into tears, "your

France is not good for everything that comes from our country!"

Some minutes after this queen Ingeburge was seated on a stone bench by the side of a friar, whose bald head and white beard gave him a very venerable appearance; the monk and the queen were conversing in a low voice—the two nuns stood off at a distance.

"I have confessed my faults, father," murmured the queen, her hands still joined and her eyes still devoutly lowered; "but I feel that I am still wanting in resignation to the will of the Lord. I have many desires and many regrets. I sigh for the past—the happy days of my childhood—my country—my brother—my companions. I long for some new country instead of the one to which they have brought me. I desire the attachment of some one near me—a little liberty, and the confidence and love of a husband. Alas! everything that I have not, my father. I know that it is sinning against God, thus to murmur under the weight of his chastisements. But God will pardon me, my father, for I have suffered so much and am so weak!"

The priest, who was the prior of the abbey, looked at her with a commiseration full of respect and tenderness.

"God has pardoned you already my daughter," replied he. "God pardons simple and honest souls like yours; but it is a fault to give way to obstinate despair, and to complain without ceasing. Judge whether heaven has abandoned you: the legate of our Holy Father has just arrived to cite Phillip of France once more before the council, to compel him to renounce his criminal life, and the guilty consequences of his second marriage."

The young queen shook her fair head doubtfully.

"I am but a simple maiden, mon père," said she, "and perhaps I do not understand everything; but all this was judged in the former council, and the second marriage was then condemned. Should not the first sentence be revoked, before they enter into judgment again?"

Prior Anselme involuntarily turned his eyes away.

Women and young girls possess the sagacity of a lawyer, when their private interests are at stake; and though this has been apparent to us ever since the days of our mother, Eve, we nevertheless continue always to express our astonishment at it.

"Oh! pray," resumed the queen who had observed the movement of the old man, "do not attach too much importance to my words, my dear father, I am sure that the church will sustain my cause; for the church could not be a party to any act of injustice. And these judgments and those councils...."

She stopped and the prior gave her an inquiring look.

Ingeburge finished with a still more sorrowful smile. "I desired to say that all these things could not give me back the heart of the king, my husband."

A silence ensued, during which the old priest, holding the queen's white hand in his own, contemplated her with paternal interest.

"There are some things which are beyond me, my daughter," said he at last, "but to my mind you are queen of France and were you only a poor girl, without support or protection, I should still feel myself attracted towards you; because your pure conscience is to me like a beautiful book—the pages of which I can turn over with love. If there is anything that you desire, and that is within the limits of my authority, as prior of this abbey, tell it me without fear."

The queen blushed slightly, and replied—

"Is it really true that my prayer will be granted?"

Père Anselme nodded assent.

"Ah, well," said Ingeburge, "they tell me that in another and distant part of the buildings of your abbey there is an hospital for poor patients."

"You have not been deceived, my daughter," replied the prior.

"Accomplish, then, your promise, mon père," continued the young queen, and grant that

which I shall ask thee." Here I am useless to others as well as to myself. Here I can do nothing but dwell on my sorrows, and shed useless tears, which are an offence against heaven; I would rather that my days were turned to some good account. I should like to devote my time to ministering to those poor patients."

"You—the queen!" interrupted prior Anselme. "If I was indeed queen," said Ingeburge, "I should know how to relieve the suffering and aid the afflicted in a different way—but since I can do nothing...."

"My daughter," again interrupted the old monk, whose voice betrayed his emotion, "there are too often in our infirmary, contagious diseases."

"And if I should die by their means," murmured the queen, with an angelic smile, "I should no longer have to complain that France had refused me the queen's crown, since she would have given me a holier one!"

The prior contemplated the queen with admiration and raised her hand to his lips. "Your wish shall be granted, my daughter," said he, "you shall minister to our poor patients. Have you any other desire?"

"Oh yes!" replied Ingeburge quickly, but immediately hesitated—as one about to ask a favour too ardently desired.

"Mon père," resumed she after a pause, "I am here alone—and my heart can only open itself to you. These holy women—(pointing to the nuns—who stood at a distance like two statues of old wood—stiff and severe)—who follow me always and everywhere, these holy women do not understand me. Perhaps they do not love me. Is it not possible to give me a companion of my own age? and if you cannot accord me a young girl from the North country, speaking to me my own tongue—then a young French woman."

"The orders of the king are absolute," replied the prior.

At that moment a noise was heard coming from the cloisters, the arches of which were hidden from the queen and her confessor by the trees and shrubs. Neither of them paid any attention to that noise.

"I am told that you have much influence over my dreaded lord, King Phillip Augustus," continued the young queen, in a supplicating and caressing voice, "mon père, I pray you on my knees: it would do me so much good to hear the gentle voice of a young girl; she would soon love me. Oh, I am sure she would soon love me; and should I not love her who would consent to share my afflictions." The old man could make no reply; the noise in the cloisters increased, and they could distinguish the voice of a woman behind the thick bushes.

The attention of the queen and the prior was not yet aroused. A tear from the beautiful blue eyes of Ingeburge was coursing down her pale cheek.

"I do not insist," murmured she, "for if you refuse me, mon père, you, who are so good—it must needs be because my demand is unreasonable. I will try to forget the foolish wish which I have so nourished, of not being always alone and abandoned—and of having the heart of a friend always near me—a heart which might have received the overflowings of my grief. Alas! it is too true, when I reflect upon it—it would have been too much joy."

She wept and the good old prior felt that he was about to do the same; but he sought not to encourage a hope in her, that he could not share; for in all that related to Ingeburge the king had shown himself inexorable.

The young queen put her hands to her burning brow, and spoke no more, but her sobs bespoke her deep distress.

At that moment the noise behind the bushes redoubled and seemed to draw nearer. Ingeburge still paid no attention to it. What could that noise signify to her? but the old prior raised his head and listened.

All at once, among the confused murmurs, a clear and sweet voice arose—it was the voice of a young girl—and that voice said:

"Angel—my sister, Angel!—where art thou?" The young queen rose with a convulsive start;

her brow became paler, her eyes wandered—she threw back the ringlets of her long fair hair—and muttered in accents full of fear—

"Oh! I am becoming mad!"—the prior himself knew not what to think.

Again the voice repeated, "Angel! where art thou—my sister, Angel?"

The queen pressed her cold hands to her temples—then, as though she would combat that madness, which for a moment at least had made her happy—she fell on her knees, exclaiming—

"Here! Eve—my sister, Eve!" Suddenly the rustling foliage opened, and a young girl, clothed all in white—fair and charming as the queen herself, flew like an arrow across the grassplot and precipitated herself into the arms of Ingeburge.

It was our little Eve, who was no longer master Adam, and who had laid aside for ever her disguise as a mason's apprentice.

Breathless and agitated, it was long before Eve could find words to tell her joy to the laughing, weeping queen, who threw her arms round Eve's neck, looking at her affectionately a long time, without speaking.

"My sister! my sister!" murmured she—without knowing that she was speaking—"Oh! my sister! do I see thee again?"

"Oh, my queen!" exclaimed Eve in the Norse language, "I have suffered much to reach thee, but I see thee. I kiss thy dear hands, and I have nothing left to do but to bless the goodness of God!"

Ingeburge continued to contemplate her as though she dared not trust the evidence of her eyes and ears.

At that moment the old nuns hastened forward and each seized Eve by an arm.

"What does this woman want?" said they in one voice—"We have orders to prevent any person whatever from speaking to the princess of Denmark."

At that word you would have no longer recognized the young maiden, whose portrait we have just been sketching—she rose suddenly into a strong and proud woman.

The prior had no time to speak for her.

"To the queen of France!" said she slowly, while her haughty look disconcerted, for a moment, the two nuns.

"To the queen of France," repeated one of the nuns who still held Eve by the arm—"be it so; that title avails you nothing, madame—and you will never miss it, by the respect you show for it." There was an ironical bitterness conveyed in these last words.

"My daughter," said the prior, moving towards Ingeburge, "the orders of the king are strict."

But Eve, drawing a parchment from her bosom, interrupted him—

"I am here by the orders of the king," said she.

The nuns could not conceal their incredulous smiles. The old priest himself seemed to doubt, while Eve extended the parchment towards him.

The queen seized it in its passage, and eagerly sought for the king's signature. When she had found it she kissed it respectfully, without knowing the contents of the order.

Then she returned the parchment to the prior who read it:

"The young girl does not lie," said he; "the king wishes her to be the companion of madame Ingeburge, the queen."

The two nuns withdrew, muttering to themselves. The battalion of frère servants, and other keepers of the monastery, who had chased Eve through the bushes, did the same, on receiving a sign from the prior, who at the same time laid his two hands upon the fair head of Eve.

"Thou hast a good heart, young girl," said he; "I pray God that he may give thee back the consolations and joy, that thou hast brought to our poor recluse. May this day," added he, turning towards the queen, before whom he bowed, "be the commencement of a happier life."

The queen extended to him her two hands, which he kissed, and withdrew with a slow step.

(To be continued.)

WHO DID IT ?

ONE of the most pleasant recollections of my childhood and its home is that of the medical man, who, as my mother was delicate, and some of her children often ailing, generally called at least once a week, and often twice or thrice.

He was a very becoming, genial, kindly old fellow was Mr. Simley, or, as the village people always called him, Dr. Simley.

There was comfort in every line of his rather red face; hope in every ray of his bright, quick eyes; and when he had time he would tell stories of things that had happened to himself or within his knowledge, and it was strange that, though he himself was so gentle and soothing, his tales were generally full of horrors, and quite of the "thrilling school," but they were all true, and it strikes me that they are better worth recording and preserving than many that are of the airy stuff that dreams are made of, and that are not even "founded on fact."

One of these tales that I have resolved to jot down I shall simply call "Who Did It? or the Doctor's Story," and I shall tell it as nearly as I can in dear old Simley's own words.

My dear madam, he said, for he always addressed himself to my mother, as she lay, white and wan, on her sofa, and we children crowded round him,—before I go I'll just tell you a very curious thing that happened when first I began to practice at Deal. That book, which I see lying on your table, "Murder Will Out," reminds me of it, but only in contradiction to the popular adage, for in the story I am going to tell you, murder would not out.

I had been in practice about three years at Deal, and I was fast asleep one morning—a cold winter's morning—having been up attending a lady till about four o'clock, and I had got warm at last, and fallen sound asleep, dreaming of a delicious banquet, for I had gone to bed faint with hunger, when my assistant rushed up to tell me that a man was below in great distress, begging me to come with him immediately to his house, for that his sister was lying in bed with her throat cut; that no one knew who had done it, but it was much to be feared it was herself. I sprang out of bed, hurriedly dressed myself, and hastened down stairs.

The man was walking up and down my passage impatiently. He was a rough, seafaring sort of man, on on seeing me, said—

"Thank heaven, you have come, sir; but I fear you'll be too late!"

As he spoke I opened the street-door, and we went out together. He led the way.

"When was it done?" I asked.

"Can't say, sir," he replied. "I found her bleeding to death, and quite insensible, when I went into her room to know why she wasn't up getting breakfast ready."

"She is your sister?" I asked.

The man nodded,

"How old?"

"About two and twenty, sir!"

"Married or single?" I asked.

"Single, sir."

"Had she a sweetheart?"

"Yes."

"Had they quarrelled?"

"I think they had a few words."

And she took that to heart?"

"I don't know, sir. I only know he came to stay a few days with us, to settle about her and she getting spliced, and one day, after a talk with her, in which they couldn't quite agree, he disappeared, and hasn't been heard of since."

By this time we had reached a very old and miserable part of Deal. The houses looked like tumble-down wharves, and were made of wood.

At high water the collars were twelve feet deep and more in sea-water. The stairs were like a bad ladder. I never saw a more wretched house.

I followed my leader up into a room on the first floor.

Several people were there. They made way when they recognized "the doctor."

A man had bound the wretched woman's

throat up, and the bleeding seemed to have stopped. She was quite insensible, and almost cold. She literally seemed to float in her own blood. As far as I could judge, she was a very fine young woman, with jet black hair and a very white skin.

Though anything but new to dreadful scenes, this one thrilled me with horror. Besides I had not broken my fast. A feeling of nausea came over me, and hurrying out of the room, I was obliged to negative all the entreaties that I would stop and see if the unfortunate creature was dead or not.

"That I can answer immediately," said I. "She is not dead. But the loss of blood has been so fearful, that from one moment to another the spark of life may become extinguished. There is no use in my staying, for she must not be moved a hundredth part of an inch from the position in which she is lying."

"But, sir," said Tom Hobson, the brother, "only tell us this: is it possible that she should recover?"

"Young man," said I, "the issues of life and death are not in our hands—there's nothing impossible."

"You know, madam," said the doctor, "how much I am attached to my sister—my adviser—my friend—my housekeeper!"

To own the truth, Hobson's great anxiety about his sister interested me. The stern necessities of the poor, the imperative wants of everyday life, often swallow up the affections in the humbler classes. But knowing that I could do nothing until an evident change took place, I sent word to this effect, by my assistant, when Hobson came, at two the next morning, ringing at my surgery bell.

Half expecting to hear that the bleeding had broken out afresh, and that the poor girl had expired then and there, I visited Hobson's but the next morning. To my surprise, I heard she seemed rather better; she had moved a hand: therefore, a degree of sensibility had returned.

The man, a powerful navy, who had bound up the throat, cut nearly from ear to ear, was in the hut, and seemed to take almost as deep an interest in the poor creature hovering over eternity, as did her brother himself; but it was an interest of a more hopeful kind.

This man's wife was also in attendance, and I was informed that one or other of them never left the patient for a moment.

Tom Hobson followed me to the door with eager thanks; but I answered there was not much to thank me for, as I had done nothing—but that doing nothing was his poor sister's best chance.

"Chance!" exclaimed Hobson; "then you think there is a chance—I hope she may live?"

"I have more hope than I had yesterday. It is now clear that the jugular was untouched, and that the hasty binding up completely staunches the blood. However, she may, and it is not unlikely, will sink from exhaustion; for I dare not venture to move her to pour a cordial down her throat."

"But to-day you can, at least, give us hope, sir?" said Hobson; and perhaps to-morrow she may be better still."

Bessie Hobson's fearful state was the talk of the place, and everywhere one heard the question, "Who did it?"

"Would she live?" was the query which to me, as a professional man, had the greatest interest.

I found myself almost unconsciously listening to the neighbour's gossip about this unfortunate young creature.

I was told that the man who bound up Bessie's throat was her sweetheart's brother, and this man's wife confirmed what Hobson told me about the young girl's having had words with her sweetheart.

Some of her acquaintances told me that Bessie, who, though a good, industrious girl, was very fond of compliments, had been flirting with a handsome French sailor, but that, in reality, she cared for no one but William Blake, and that she had tried all she could to make it up with him, and was very sorry at his taking himself off

When I weighed all this evidence, and I put to myself the question, "Who did it?" I could not help thinking in my own mind that Bessie's sweetheart, in one of those fits of jealousy that differ so little from madness, had been tempted by the evil one to do the deed.

In all my practice, I never knew a woman cut her throat. The fair sex are, I grieve to say, often as impatient of life under very trying circumstances as men; but they fly to the "tempting pool," not "the felon knife," and so I came to the conclusion that Will Blake had done the dreadful deed.

The improbability of the suicide, the jealous quarrel, the sudden disappearance of Will Blake, all went to prove the fact that Bessie had been murdered by her sweetheart.

As prolonged inanition was as certain to prove fatal as the re-opening of the ghastly wound, I now resolved to administer a little beef-tea. I trembled myself for the result. Would she be able to swallow? Would the inevitable moment prove fatal?

Robert Blake seemed quite confident about his binding up, and certainly he had shown considerable skill. Hobson was pale, and almost breathless. The brother, Blake, and his wife were present when I attempted to give the unfortunate young woman a little cordial and a few spoonfuls of broth. It was a moment of great anxiety for all of us. The first drops were swallowed with the greatest difficulty; but, as the patient proceeded, she gained a little strength, and opened her eyes, but she soon closed them again—to the weakened organs of vision the light was painful. I ordered that the room should be darkened as much as possible, and that the patient should be kept very quiet.

"To-morrow," said I, "there will either be a decided change for the better, or she will be no more."

I was at Hobson's cot early the next morning. "She is no worse," said Mrs. Blake.

"Then I have good hopes," answered I. "The food has passed into the stomach."

And I proceeded to administer more, and in rather larger quantities than the day before; but the portions were very small, and given at long intervals.

It was about five minutes after the last spoonful of broth that Bessie slowly opened her eyes, and endeavoured to hold out her hand to me, but her strength failed her. I could only say from the bottom of my heart, "Heaven bless you!" and enjoin her to remain perfectly quiet and leave her to the constant care of her kind friends.

Her brother followed me to the door. He was too much agitated to speak, but I answered the question he put with his eyes.

"She will live," said I; "that is, if she continues to be equally carefully nursed."

"And that you may depend upon, sir," said Blake, who had overheard my last words.

I called the next morning. From the expression of horror on the faces of Blake and his wife I feared there had been some fearful relapse, and that poor Bessie had expired in the night.

"No, sir," answered Blake; "thank heaven, she's doing well; but her brother has put an end to himself, and I verily believe it was he who did it. We've kept the dreadful news from the poor creature there; but her brother drowned himself last night. He must have jumped off the jetty-head at high water, and this morning I, with some others, found him stark, staring dead on the beach.

"Yes," I exclaimed; "I believe you are right—he did it. Yet what motive could he have?"

"A still tongue makes a wise head, sir," said Blake. "I know more than I choose to tell; but everything comes out at last."

An inquest was held on the body of Hobson. "Accidentally drowned" was the verdict; but I felt certain accident had nothing to do with it, and I became convinced that the man's great anxiety was not lest his sister should die, but lest she should live.

"I knew that all along," said Blake, to whom I had expressed this opinion; "and I verily believe he'd have finished the poor creature off, if we had given him a chance; and since she has

come to herself, only see how she trembles when he draws night!"

"I verily believe," said I, "poor Bessie Hobson owes her life to your kindness and your wife's."

"Well, do you see, sir, we do pity the poor creature heartily; but it's not only from pity we've kept so closely waiting on her. You must know that it's my own brother, William, that Bessie was keeping company with, and many and many in the town believes he did it out of jealousy of that ere Frenchman. But Will's as innocent as the babe unborn, and that will be proved soon, though the police are after him. Still, if that poor creature had died, it might have gone very hard with my poor brother when he did come back, as I expect he soon will. Now there's good hope we shall hear the whole truth from the lips of one who's sure to know who did it."

Great interest continued to be excited in Deal by Bessie's state. That a woman should live after having her throat cut almost from ear to ear, seemed little short of miraculous.

But live she did, and daily she gained strength and flesh. A collection was made for her, and she was soon surrounded with every comfort. About a month after the horrible occurrence, she was able to get up, and take her meals seated by the fire; but, to the great disappointment of all around, she had not recovered the powers of speech. This I attributed to the dreadful shock the nervous system had received, and, as month after month passed away, and in this respect there was no improvement, I began to fear she would remain permanently dumb. However, she no longer lived on charity. She was very clever at her needle, and the proceeds of her work more than supported herself. She had left the rude cot in which I first found her, nearly floating in her own blood, and had taken up her residence with her kind friends, Tom Blake and his wife.

One fine afternoon, Bessie was seated with Mrs. Blake in the honeysuckle arbour at the end of the little garden, both busy with their needles. Who should suddenly appear before them but William Blake.

"William!" exclaimed the poor girl, who had been so long speechless; "thank God, you have returned!" and, almost beside herself with joy, she was clasped in her lover's arms.

Yes, joy and love had restored the power of which terror and agony had bereft her.

William told her that, in a fit of jealousy, he had determined to leave his native country, and try to push his fortunes in America. But he soon repented of the step he had taken; not only he found he could not be happy far from Bessie, but one of his fellow-passengers turned out to be the identical French sailor, who had driven him nearly mad with jealousy. William returned in the ship that had conveyed him from England. We know the reception he met with from the being on earth he loved the most.

On Bessie's part there was now no hesitation in confessing the whole truth. Had not William returned, she would have spared the memory of her wretched brother; but now a full confession was necessary to vindicate her lover.

To me, and to the magistrate, Bessie related how, as she was returning one night, much later than usual, from a house where she had been working at her needle, she lost her way, and, instead of taking the road to the town, followed the one which led to the beach, and how she had suddenly come upon her brother, as, with a ruffianly set of well-known smugglers, he was rolling barrels of contraband spirits into a cave, through a door painted so as to resemble the cliff, and of which the good people of Deal had not the least suspicion.

Bessie was dreadfully terrified, and hoped to retrace her steps before she was perceived. She did not so much fear her brother, but she had a great terror of his companions. So great was her agitation, she hardly knew how she got back. Her brother did not return for a couple of hours. He found her pondering over the embers of their scanty fire. She was a thoughtful, God-fearing girl, and it seemed to her wicked to allow her brother to go on in his wicked ways, without one word of warning or exhortation. She found it rather difficult to approach the subject, and she almost relented having done so at all, when,

by Tom Hobson's start of surprise, she discovered that he had not seen her that night at the cave.

Unfortunately for herself, Bessie threatened Tom with telling the minister of the parish if he did not give up his wicked associates and lawless practices. Bessie says she shall never forget the expression that came over her brother's countenance when, hoping to deter him from utter ruin, she had recourse to this threat.

But Hobson made no answer at the time, and Bessie went to bed. She was roused by the sound of the terrible words. "You shan't live to peach upon me," uttered by Hobson, rushing at her with a broad, sharp gardener's knife, which he used when he went out occasionally as journeyman gardener.

Bessie remembered no more; but Blake told me that he happened at the very time to be returning from sitting up with his mother, who was dangerously ill; that hearing shrieks he burst open the door of Hobson's crazy dwelling, and met the master of it, with the bloody knife in his hand, uttering loud lamentations, and declaring that his sister had cut her own throat, as he believed, through a quarrel with his (Blake's) brother Will, if he had not got in at the window and done it himself, to serve Bessie out for walking with the Frenchman.

"Run for the doctor," says I; "she may not be quite dead yet," continued Blake when relating the facts to me; "and while he did so, I tore up one of the old sheets, and bound up poor Bessie's throat in her own blood. I must have been helped from on high, for you yourself say sir, you couldn't have done it better yourself. Blake added, he did not believe one word of what Hobson said, for that Bess was too good a girl to lay violent hands upon herself, and that he believed Will was half way to New York; but one thing I said and I stuck to, Tom shan't have this poor creature in his power again, so I, or my wife, or the police, have watched her ever since, but this you know as well as I do."

"I know," answered I, "that under Providence you and your wife have saved this excellent young woman's life, and perhaps your brother Will's into the bargain. So many murders have been committed under the influence of jealousy that it would have gone hard with him, and he might not have been able to get hold of those who could prove an *alibi*."

The doctor concluded his sensational story with the information that Will Blake and Bessie Hobson were happily married.

"These details, my dear madam," said Dr. Simley, still addressing my mother, "are a warning to all who place too much reliance on circumstantial evidence. In former times, when human life was held less sacred than it is now, I fear there are many of these cases of which Pope, the great satirist, speaks—

"When wretches hang, that jurymen may dine."

In the course of this story, to which you have listened with such flattering attention, how often have circumstances pointed at innocent parties, and what a strange concatenation of circumstances was necessary to prove 'Who Did It.'" L. G.

TWENTY-FIVE DARK HOURS.

I'M what we call a ganger, and have so many men under me when we're making a new line o' rail. I passed best part o' my time in the country; but I have worked on the lines in France and Spain; but what I'm about to tell you happened in London, where we'd sunk a shaft right down, and then was tunnelling forwards and backwards—the shaft being to get rid of your stuff, and sometimes for a steam-engine to be pumping up the water. It's rather dangerous work, and a many men gets hurt; but then a great deal of it's through carelessness, for lots of our fellows seems as though the whole o' their brains is in their backs and arms, where they're precious strong, and nowhere else; but I'd got so used to it, that in cutting or tunnel it was all the same to me, and now I was busy supering the men digging, and sometimes brick-laying a bit, so that I thought werry little about danger when I'd seen as all the shores and props was well in their places.

It was just at the end o' the dinner-hour one day, and I was gone down the shaft to have a good look round before work begun again, and I'd got my right-hand man, Sam Carberry, with me. It was a new shaft, about thirty foot deep, with ladders to go down, and a windlass and baskets for bringing up stuff and letting down bricks and mortar.

We hadn't tunneled more than p'raps some ten or a dozen foot each way, so as you may suppose it was werry fresh—green, as we call it; and I wasn't quite satisfied about the shoring up, and so on, for you know fellows do get so precious careless when once they've got used to danger; and as for some of our big navvies, why they're jest like a set o' babies, and for everything else but their regular work, they're quite as helpless. Tell 'em to fill a lorry, or skid a wheel, or wheel a barrer, they'll do it like smoke; but as to taking care o' themselves—but there, I needn't say no more about that—just look at the great, good-tempered, lolloping fellows! A man can't have it all ways; and if he's got it all in bone and muscle, why 'tain't to be expected as he's going to have all the brains too.

"That's giving a bit there, Sam," I says, a-pointing to one part o' the shaft where the earth was a-bulging and looked loose. "That ain't safe. There'll be a barrer full o' stuff a-top o' somebody's head afore the arternoon's over. That's the rain—that is. Take your mull and knock out that lower shore, and we'll put it a couple o' foot higher up. Mind how you does it!" Sam nods his head, for he was a chap as never spoke if he could help it, and then he gets up, while I takes a look or two at the brick-work, so as not to be done by the men, nor yet dropped on by the foreman. Then I hears Sam banging away at the bit o' scaffold-pole, and directly after it comes down with a hollow sound; and then there was a rattling o' loose gravelly earth as I peeps out, and then feels as though my heart was in my mouth, for I shouts out: "That's the wrong one!" But in an instant Sam dropped to the bottom, and as he did so, it seemed as though some one drew a curtain over the hole, and then I felt a tremendous blow on the chest, and was driven backwards and dashed up against the wood scaffolding in the tunnel, and I suppose I was stunned, for I knew nothing more for a bit. Then it seemed as though I was being called, and I sorter woke up; but everything was dark as pitch and silent as death, and feeling heavy and misty and stupid, I shut my eyes again, and felt as if going to sleep, for there didn't seem to be anything the matter to me. It was as though something had shut up thought and sense in the dark, and not a wink of light could get in. But there I was in a sort of dreamy comfortable state, and lay there perfectly still, till a groaning noise roused me, when thought come back with a blinding flash, and so sharp was that flash that my brain seemed scorched, for I knew that I was buried alive!

For a few minutes I stood where I first rose up in a half-stooping position, with my head and shoulders touching the poles and boards above me; but a fresh groan made me begin to feel about in the darkness, and try to find out where I was, and how much room I had to move in. But that was soon done, for at the bottom there was about a yard space, and as far up as I could reach it seemed a couple of yards, while the other way there was the width of the tunnel. I dared not move much, though, for the earth and broken brickwork kept rolling and crumbling in, so that every moment the space grew less, and a cold sweat came out all over my face, as I thought that I should soon be crushed and covered completely up. Just then, however, another groan sounded close by me, and for the first time I remembered Sam Carberry, and began feeling about in the direction from whence the sound came.

Bricks, bits o' stone, crumbling gravel, the uprights and cross-pieces and bits of board all in splinters, and snapped in two and three pieces, with their ragged ends sticking out of the gravel. But I could feel nothing of Sam, and I sat down at last, panting as though I had been running, and there was the big drops a rolling off me, while I drew every breath that heavy that I grew wild with horror and fear; for it

seemed as though I shouldn't be able to breathe much longer, and then I must be stifled. It was awful, the thoughts of all that; and had such an effect on me, that I dashed about like a bird in a cage—now here, now there—in mad efforts and struggles to get out. I cried, "Help, help!" and swore and tore about, jumping up and plunging my hands into the earth; till at last, panting, and bleeding, and helpless, I lay upon the gravel crying like a child.

Ah! That did me good, and seemed to clear my thoughts and make me mad with myself to think I had been wasting my strength so for nothing, when perhaps I might have been doing something towards making my escape; and while I was thinking like this, all at once I started, for there was a groan again close to my head; then, after feeling about a bit, I got my hand upon a bit of broken board, when I felt a groan again, and then, after searching about, found that underneath the board was a face which, by scratching away the earth, I could touch, and feel to be warm.

The first thing I did was to start up and strike my head violently against a cross-piece so that I was halfstunned; and then I began to feel about for a shovel till I got hold of a handle, and found that the rest was so tightly bedded in the soil, that I must have been a good hour grubbing it out with my fingers. But I kept leaving off to go and speak to the face, which I knew must be that of Sam Carberry; and though, poor fellow, it did him no good, he being quite insensible, yet it did me good, for there was company—I was not alone—and after leaving off that way now and then, I worked again like a good 'un till the shovel was at liberty; for while I was hard at work, I had no time to think about anything else.

And now, though I could feel that poor Sam was breathing, he didn't groan; and I began with the shovel to try and set his face more at liberty, but at the first trial I threw down the tool with a horrible cry, as the loose gravel came rattling down, and in another minute the poor fellow's face would have been completely covered, if I had not thrust myself against the earth and it back.

If I could only have kept from thinking, I would not have cared; but now that I was forced to keep still and hold up the earth, the thoughts would keep coming thick and fast, and mixed up with them all were coffins—black cloth coffins with white nails; black coffins with black nails; elm coffins; workhouse shells; and inside every one of 'em, I could see myself lying stiff and cold. There was one light-grained elm, which looked sometimes quite like a little speck right off in the distance, and then came gradually closer, and closer, and closer, till it seemed as though the next moment it would crush me, or drive me into the earth where I was crouching; then it would gradually go back further and further, till it was quite a speck again. Then there were processions of the people in black, constantly crowding by.

Now and then there was a noise of a stone falling or a little bit of rolling earth, else all was as still and silent as if there wasn't such a thing as hearing. It was so still that the quietness was horrible, and I began to talk out loud for the sake of having something to hear; and then I listened again, hoping to hear the sounds of pick and spade, for I knew they would be trying to dig us out, alive or dead.

"That'll be it," I says out aloud; "they'll dig, and dig, and dig, till they gets to us; but then they've got all the stuff to get up the shaft, and shore up again as they goes, and I shall be gone long before they gets to me!"

Then the horror of death came again, and I leaped up and beat myself about till I was drenched with blood and sweat, and then I lay still again, with my heart throbbing and beating, and, try what I would, I couldn't get enough breath. I tried to reach the face of my poor mate, and I found it still warm, and that the earth had not settled over it. It was company to be able to touch it so long as he was alive; but I thought about what must come, and then shivered as I felt that I should scrape the loose gravel over it, and creep to the far end of the narrow hole. And now I began, for the first time,

to think about home, and my two girls, and their mother; and there was no comfort there, for I began to wonder what was to become of them when I was gone. Quietly as could be, I calculated what my funeral would cost the Odd Fellows, and then about the allowance there'd be for my people out of the Widow and Orphan's Fund, and then I thought how things might have been worse than they was. At last of all, I feels quiet and patient like, and, for the first time since I'd been buried, I was down on my knees with my face in my hands.

I don't know how long I stopped like that, when all at once I fancied I heard a voice speaking, and I started up; but it sounded no more, and as I sat listening I could see again all sorts of things coming and going. Now it was coffins; now strange-looking beasts and things without any particular shape; and as they moved, and coiled, and rolled forward, I kept feeling as though they must touch me; but no, they glided off again, and at last, to keep from thinking, I stripped off coat and waistcoat, and, groping about till I got hold of the shovel, I cried out, "God help me!" and began to try and dig a way out.

"Every man for himself," I half roared, and the curious, stifled sound of my voice frightened me; but I worked on till I had thrown back a few spadefuls, when I found that I had put it off too long, and that I could do nothing but sink down, panting for air. I couldn't keep off the idea that something was pressing down upon me and trying to force out my breath; at last this idea got to be so strong that I kept thrusting out my hands and trying to push the something away. I don't know how time went, but at last I was lying, worn out and helpless, upon the ground, feebly trying to grub or burrow a way out with my fingers.

All at once I remembered poor Sam, and, after a good deal of groping about, I found the board again, and laid my hand upon his face, but only to snatch it away with a chill running through me, for it was as cold as ice. Then I tried to touch his breast, but soon gave up; for, with the exception of his face, he was completely bedded in the earth, while the board had only saved him at the first moment from instantaneous death.

I crept as far off as I could; for now it seemed that death was very very near me, and that my own time must be pretty well run out.

I won't tell you how weak I was again, and how all my past actions came trooping past me. There they all were, from boyhood till the present; and I couldn't help groaning as I saw how precious little good there was in them—just here and there a bright spark amongst all the blackness. At last, I began to think it was all over, for a heavy, stupid faintness came over me, and I battled against it with all my might; but it was like—to me, there, in that darkness—like a great bird coming nearer and nearer with heavy shadowy wings; and, as I tried to drive it off, it went back, but only to come again, till at last the place seemed to fade away; for after groping round and round the place such a many times, I seemed to see and know every bit of it as well as if I saw it with my eyes, till it faded away, and all seemed to be gone.

Nex' thing as I remembers is a dull "thud-thud-thud" noise, and it woke me up so that I sat holding my head, which ached as though it would split, and trying to recollect once more where I was; and I s'pose my poor mind must have been a bit touched, for I could make nothing out until I had crawled and felt about a few times over, when once more it all come back with a flash, and I remember thinking how much better it would have been if I had kept half stunned, for now I knew what the noise was, and I could hardly contain the hope, which seemed to drive me almost mad. Would they get to me before I was dead? could I help them? Would they give up in despair, and leave me?

I lay listening to the "thud-thud-thud," till all at once it stopped, and the stillness that succeeded was so awful that I shrieked out, for I thought they had given up digging. But the dull distant sound roused me again, and once more I lay listening and counting the spadefuls that I knew were being laboriously and slowly

thrown out. Now I was crying weakly, now foaming at the mouth, every now and then the noise could not be heard; at last, when I could just faintly hear the sound of voices and tried to shout in reply, I found I couldn't do more than whisper.

All at once the earth came caving in again, and I was half buried. Weak as I was, it took me long enough to get free, and to crawl up and sit behind an upright post or two, and it was well I did, for no sooner was I there than the gravel caved in again, and I heard a shout; saw a flash of light; and then was jammed close into the corner, and must have been suffocated but for the wood framing about me, which kept the earth off. But as I set wedged in, I could hear the sound of the shovels and picks, and I knew how men would toil to get out a brother-workman. And now, feeling quite helpless and resigned, I tried my best to pray for my life, or, if not, for mercy for what I had done wrong.

"Ain't nobody here?" said a voice, as it seemed to me in the dark, and I could not speak to cry for help.

"Must be," said another voice. "Poor chap's under them planks!" And then come that sound of shovels again, and then a loud hurrying, and I felt hands about me, and that I was being carried, and something trickled into my mouth. Then voices were buzzing about me more and more, and I began to feel able to breathe, and I heard some one say: "He's coming to;" and then one spoke, and then another spoke, and I knew I was being taken up the shaft; but all was as it were in a dream, till I heard a loud scream and felt two arms round me, and knowing that now I was saved indeed, I tried to say—"Thank God!" but could only think it.

After a bit I managed to speak, but I suppose I said all sorts of foolish unconnected things, till I asked the time, when the voice that revived me so, whispered in my ear that it was nearly three.

"And how long was I there?" I got out at last. "Twenty-five hours!"

The first school avowedly established in Great Britain, for the purpose of instructing adults, was formed in 1811, through the exertions of the Rev. T. Charles, in Merionethshire. About the same time, and without any concert or connection with the schools in Wales, an adult school was established at Bristol, through the instrumentality of Mr. William Smith.

The National Anthem of "God save the King" was first performed on July 16th, 1607, by the composer, Dr. John Ball, chamber musician to King James.

The first attempt at printing by a machine was in England, April, 1811. After many obstructions and delay, the sheet H of the *New Annual Register* for 1810, "Principal Occurrences," 3000 copies were printed by this machine; and was the first part of a book so printed.

Charles Berger and Fleury Mesplet established the first press at Montreal, in 1775; and in the same year the first attempt at stereotype printing, in North America, was made by Benjamin Mecom (nephew to Dr. Franklin) a printer at Philadelphia. He cast plates for a number of pages of the New Testament, but never completed them.

BLANK VERSE is verse without rhyme, or the consonance of final syllables. Of this species is all the verse of the ancient Greeks and Romans that has come down to us. But during the middle ages, rhyme, however it originated, came to be employed as a common ornament of poetical composition, both in Latin and in the vernacular tongues of most of the modern nations of Europe. In the fifteenth century, when a recurrence to classical models became the fashion, attempts were made in various languages to reject rhyme. Thus Homer's *Odyssey* was translated into Spanish blank verse by Gonsalvo Perez, the secretary of state to the Emperor Charles V, and afterwards to Philip II. The first English blank verse ever written appears to have been the translation of the first and fourth books of the *Æneid* by lord Surrey.

ST. JOHN'S FIRE.

ON Midsummer Day, the festival of St. John the Baptist, a singular custom is observed in most of the countries of the Continent of Europe, which is a relic of the pagan rites of antiquity. A pile of fagots and brush-wood is elaborately built up, and decorated with fruits and flowers by way of offering, which is lighted in presence of the civil and religious authorities with much pomp and ceremony; and around which the population of the town or village dance, whilst the most active leap over the flames in couples.

The ashes, charcoal, and small unconsumed twigs are collected with much care, as charms or talismans against various evils. The crowning wreath of flowers is especially prized, and the young maidens wear the faded blossoms round their necks, suspended by a red woollen thread.

In Provence, in the vicinity of the mountains, on the morning of St. John the Baptist's Day, the inhabitants rise at daybreak to watch the rising of the sun. As soon as it appears, it is welcomed with shouts of joy, and the sound of bells and trumpets from all quarters. But during the interval that elapses between the dawn and the appearance of the star of day, the pilgrims busy themselves with collecting aromatic plants, which, upon their return home, they put into flasks of olive oil. This infusion they regard as a specific against various diseases, and especially wounds. The festival of the day concludes with the lighting a large bonfire, around which they dance the *falandoula*.

At Ciotat, in the same province, the signal for lighting the fire is given by the firing of a cannon, and while its flames rise high into the air the young men throw themselves into the sea and sprinkle each other, in commemoration of the baptism in the river Jordan.

At Brest some three or four thousand persons assemble in the evening upon the *glacis*. Children, workmen, and sailors, all carry a lighted torch, or *link*, in their hands, which they whirl rapidly about in various directions. It is a curious sight to observe from a distance, amid the gloom of night, thousands of lights carried by invisible hands, sparkling and moving in every capricious direction.

In Brittany, upon the approach of night, a fire suddenly appears on the loftiest rock or mountain; the signal is immediately taken up, and then a second, and a third, a hundred, a thousand even, are soon seen blazing in every direction. The earth seems to have as many stars as the sky above. Presently a confused noise, or roar, is heard, joyful in its character, but most strange music, amid which singular metallic sounds and vibrations of harmony mingle, produced by children, who rattle canes against the sides of copper basons. The horns of the shepherds respond from valley to valley; peasants sing carols before the cawrics; and young maidens, clothed in their best attire, hasten to dance around the fires of St. John, for they are told that if they dance around *nine* fires on this eve before midnight they will be married before the year is out. The shepherds make their flocks pass over the embers of the sacred fire as a protection against disease. Then the assembled crowd form a ring, and dance around the flickering fire, shouting and screaming like mad. Empty seats are arranged around the fire; they are intended for the souls of the departed, who are supposed to come and listen to the songs, and watch the dance.

In the month of June the Greeks celebrated in honour of Diana a festival they called *Lophrica*, and on the day of the summer solstice they lighted bonfires. This custom is perpetuated to modern times, although the object of it is entirely changed.

PASTIMES.

PUZZLE.

Take one-fourth of five and not any more,
Add two-thirds of ten as you've oft done before;
Next add a unit, place one hundred near,
Then one-fifth of seven will make all quite clear.
'Tis a city in Europe; the name's not very long
But its praises are sung in a favourite song.

HATTIE.

ARITHMOREM.

1. 1100 and he brogs = a general under the Prince of Orange.
2. 6 " a hone = one of the Waverly novels.
3. 1000 " O! roe = one of Shakespeare's heroes.
4. 501 " sworn = a town in Upper Canada.
5. 551 " beg here = a town in Germany.
6. 51 " roek = a seaport of Asia minor.
7. 152 " U here! = a prime minister of France.
8. 1500 " say hen = a governor general of Canada.
9. 650 " son grips = a village in Western Canada.
10. 1001 " ha!!! = a division of Chinese Tartary.
11. 500 " wear 500 = a line of English kings.
12. 550 " ana U = a town of Rhenish Bavaria.
13. 1050 " sun go at noon = a Danish astronomer and pupil of Tycho Brahe.

The initials form the name of a celebrated astronomer, and the finals one of his discoveries.
R. T. B.

CHARADES.

1. If my second is allowed to grow in my first, my whole will be the inevitable result.
2. My first is found in the sea, my second is found in the sea, and my whole is found in the sea.
3. I am a word of nine letters.
My 8, 5, 1, 2 is what every one would like to be.
My 6, 7, 3, 4 belongs to a flame.
My 2, 3, 8, 4, 5, 7 is a solitary person.
My 9, 3, 6 is what gentlemen like to hear when they pop the question.
My 6, 1, 2, 5, 6, 4 should always be avoided.
And my whole is an important science.

G. K. S.

ENIGMA.

Beauteous forms of grace and ease
The eye delight, the fancy please—
In grace, in beauty, I abound,
But 'tis my boast I'm useful found,
E'en on your cook each passing day
(Though sculptors to me homage pay);
And yet sometimes when I appear,
She frets and fumes with sudden fear,
And casts me from her stores, I fear,
Where I'm too apt, perhaps to grow;
Where the rose, the pimpernel
Bloom in fragrance, there I dwell.
Ladies, do you delight to trace
Your lineage to an ancient race?
Vain mortals! cast aside your pride;
Know that to me you are allied.

ACROSTIC.

1. One of the books of the New Testament.
2. An ocean.
3. Something we all like
4. One of us two.
5. A girl's name.
6. A celebrated poet.
7. An exclamation.
8. A portion of time.

The initials will give the name of a town in Canada.
HATTIE.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A father divided his money equally between his two sons; both of them were in debt and both of them resolved at once to pay what they owed. One of them expended in this way \$15,600, the other \$1200; after which the latter found himself seven times as rich as the former. What was the entire sum left by the father?

ANSWERS TO DECAPITATIONS, &c., No. 33.

- Decapitations.—1. Sark-ark. 2. Keel-eel. 3. Speck-peck. 4. Pear-ear. 5. Gnat-nat-at.
Charades.—1. Cur-few. 2. Mar-grave. 3. Wo-man.

- Enigma.—Empty-mpy-mpt-mt.
Names of countries.—1. Chin-a. 2. S-pain.
3. Ire-land. 4. Can-ada. 5. Green-land. 6. Tun-is.

- Square words.—H a n d.
A g u e.
N u m b.
D e b t.

- Arithmetical Problems.—1. 41 guineas, 86 crowns. 2. Grandfather 84, father 63, and son 36 years. 3. Cost £50, sold for £40.

The following answers have been received:
Decapitations.—E. H. Festus, H. H. V., Camp, R. T. B., Flora, Jos. T.

Charades.—Presto, Cloud, E. H., Flora, Vigalent, Argus, H. H. T.

Enigma.—Argus, Camp, Ellen S., H. H. V.
Names of Countries.—R. T. B., E. H., Argus, Flora, Camp.

Square Words.—E. H., Vigalent, Presto, Mentor.

Arithmetical Problems.—Presto, Argus, Mentor.

The following were received too late to be acknowledged in our last issue. E. H., Fannie A., Gordon W., Memo.

CHESS

BREVITY AND BRILLIANCY IN CHESS.

With great pleasure we are able to announce that a new work on Chess, under the above title, is now in press, to be shortly brought out by the Appletons, and when we have announced that house as the publishers, we can give no higher guarantee that it will appear in the very highest style of typographical excellence, in every particular. Chessically, as its name implies, it consists of games short and brilliantly contested; with the additional interest, that they all have problem terminations, ranging from two to twelve moves, all on diagrams. It has, also, other interesting features. Culled from the whole range of Chess literature, and edited by Miron J. Hazeltine. Eq. 12mo., (about) pp. 300.—N. Y. Clipper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. H. C., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Thanks for your kind wishes, as well as the promise that accompanied them, which we trust will be soon redeemed. The solution is correct.

J. C. BOMEY, KINGSTON, N. Y.—Hope to report progress on that Problem shortly. You deserve, and shall have a hard nut to crack in return. Many thanks for the enclosure. Some of the back numbers have been mailed to your address.

PROBLEM No. 20.—Correct solutions received from H. K. C., Quebec; and Alma, Brantford; too late for acknowledgment last week.

PROBLEM No. 21.—Correct solutions received from St. Urbain St.; J. McL.; C. C. H.; Rook, Hamilton; R. B. Toronto; and H. K. C., Quebec.

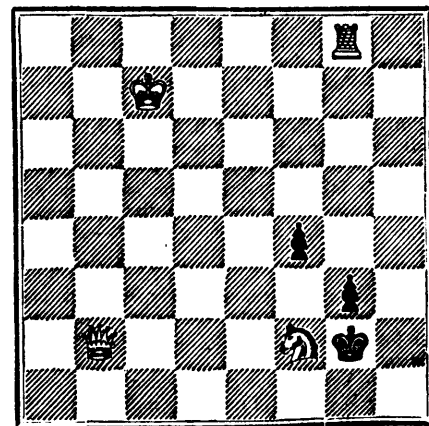
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 21.

- | WHITE. | BLACK. |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. B to K 5th. | F to Kt 5th or (abcd.) |
| 2. Q to R 7th Mate. | |
| (a) 1. _____ | F takes Kt. |
| 2. B to B 5th Mate. | |
| (b) 1. _____ | K takes Kt. |
| 2. Q takes B Mate. | |
| (c) 1. _____ | B to B 6th. |
| 2. Q takes B Mate. | |
| (d) 1. _____ | Anything else. |
| 2. Kt Mates at B 3rd. | |

PROBLEM No. 23.

We are unable to give the author of this neat and difficult stratagem.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

ENIGMA No. 2.

From Alexander's "Beauties of Chess."



White to play and Mate in three moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LIZZIE F.—We are sorry that our answer must be "no." Whatever may be said to the contrary, we believe that it is impossible to remove them. Leave it to time.

J. R., CANADA EAST.—Respectfully declined in its present form. The subject is a good one; but the article is susceptible of considerable improvement.

R. T. B.—Always acceptable. You will find an answer to your question in the previous page, or rather an illustration of what we meant.

S. J. C.—We overlooked the request in the concluding paragraph of your letter, when acknowledging its receipt in our last issue. We have not seen the lines before, but from internal evidence believe that you are correct in your supposition. If they are original, we have a true poet in our midst, and one whom we should delight to know.

N. A. S.—Will you favour us with an article on a less hackneyed subject? It is difficult to write anything new upon the one you have selected.

E. H.—Not at all too presuming, and we do feel flattered, but unfortunately an objection was raised. Can you guess from what source? It is too bad is it not? The popular version is that a learned Yankee Custom House officer was in the habit of marking the packages he passed "Ori Korrek;" all correct—hence the abbreviation O. K.

G. W.—We have, indeed, good reason to be proud of our gallant volunteers; and we doubt not that every young Canadian, were it necessary, would emulate the alacrity of the young men of England upon the occasion you refer to. English pluck forced the "Little Corporal" to forego his darling project, and Canadian promptness has undoubtedly chilled the ardour of our friends, the Feuians. Although we cannot publish your communication, we respect the feeling which prompted it, and are proud to reckon amongst our correspondents one who carried arms in the Volunteer Militia of Great Britain from 1798 to 1812.

J. H. Y.—Declined with thanks. Will mail as requested.

ARTIST.—We have only been able to glance at your last communication; if accepted, will endeavour to give it an early insertion.

NOVICE.—The first requisite is practice, the second *practice*, and the third *PRACTICE*. Confidence will come in good time. Join the Mercantile Literary Society, and take an active part in its weekly meetings.

HOUSEWIFE.—One method of freeing a house from Cockroaches is to sprinkle Scotch Snuff into the holes and crevices which they frequent. This is the best use to which snuff—so far as we are aware—can be applied.

J. C.—Your contribution will appear in an early issue. Please accept our thanks.

PHILO.—We have met with the following statement as to the origin of the word "Tee-total," but cannot vouch for its correctness. "One Dick Turner a faithful but illiterate abstainer was once stammering through a speech when he said, 'm-m-moderation is n-n-no g-g-good—we must have t-t-tee-total!'" (meaning the total). There had previously been a dispute as to the designation of the total abstinence body, but Dick Turner's eloquence settled the point, and the word "tee-total" was selected by the early abstainers as their distinctive name.

G. Y.—Yes, at your convenience.

A. B.—We know of no better method than the one suggested in the article referred to.

LEX.—Not in the present volume.

MISCELLANEA.

A PETRIFIED Australian male aborigine has been brought to England. This singular specimen of petrification was, it is said, found in one of the stone caverns which abound at Musquito Plains, South Australia. It was lying in a natural position, as if having fallen asleep.

VANITAS, VANITATUM!—A gold coffin set in precious stones now encases the body of the se-

cond King of Siam, aged thirty-seven, brother of the reigning sovereign. It is deposited on a throne, to await the day of the solemn funeral, which, according to the customs of Siam, will not take place for a year.

CHARCOAL put to the roots of dahlias and other flowering plants, will redder them vividly; flowers nearly white being thus turned to a deep red, sometimes altogether, and sometimes mixed with the lighter hue in half a dozen varieties from one and the same root.

CLASSIC THEATRE.—A new theatre is about to be erected at Paris, in which the works of Greek and Latin authors will alone be performed—such as those of Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, Terence, and others. Something like 3,000,000 francs have already been subscribed in shares, and the architect has completed his plan for the building.

HORSE FLESH.—A letter from Berlin states that great success has attended the introduction of horse-flesh in that capital as an article of human food. The meat is perfectly wholesome, and very tolerably palatable, resembling rather coarse beef. Grand dinners have been given by a society interested in its introduction, at which horse-flesh alone was produced, though prepared in various ways.

By the death of the Earl of Harrington, the title and estates, worth £30,000 a year, and which, before long, will, it is said, be worth £50,000, have gone to a cousin who was in possession of an income that would be considered narrow even for a London clerk, and on which he has brought up a family of thirteen children, the eldest son now Viscount Petersham, and heir to the title, having been educated as a civil engineer. The new earl is a man of considerable ingenuity, and known as the builder of many handsome yachts.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

MR. A. de Lentilhac, of Tomaqua, Pa., has patented an artificial fuel composed of fine coal dust, vegetable gluten, and coal tar, pressed into bricks or blocks, dried, then placed in hermetically sealed iron boxes, and baked or cooked in a hot oven.

The latest wonder in chemical science applied to amusement is the new article vended as "Vesuvian tea." A few grains placed in a small tray, over a light for a few moments, ignite, and transmute themselves into a shower of particles exactly resembling ordinary tea.

In a lecture lately delivered by professor Frankland, at the Royal Institution, he stated that the alleged presence of ozone in the atmosphere cannot be proved. Thus, there is no evidence that atmospheric ozone has any effect on the prevalence or absence of infectious diseases, as commonly supposed.

It was an observation made by Scheele, but the fact has recently been published as a new discovery, that ordinary brown vinegar will keep bright and clear for any length of time if heated to the boiling-point for a few minutes.

A **SPRING** of natural ink—a mineral substance resembling crude Petroleum, but without any smell, and possessing all the qualities of the finest writing fluid—has been discovered in Les Angles, in the vicinity of Buena Vista Lake California.

THE ABUNDANCE OF MAGNESIUM.—It has been estimated, says the American *Gaslight Journal*, that the ocean contains 160,000 cubic miles of magnesium,—a quantity which would cover the entire surface of the globe, both sea and land, to a thickness of more than 8 feet. In obtaining salt from sea-water, the residuum is largely magnesium. It constitutes 13 per cent, of magnesian limestone,—a rock found in all parts of the world in enormous quantities. Three years ago all the chemists who had obtained magnesium at all had probably not obtained an ounce among them. One year ago its price was 112 guineas per pound. Now, owing to improvements recently introduced, magnesium wire is sold at

3d. per foot. It has been suggested that, when it shall be cheap enough, vessels of war should be built of it; for whilst but little heavier than heart of oak, it is as strong and tenacious as steel.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

SOME of the young ladies up West are so economical that they resort to tight lacing in order to avoid being waistful.

IN the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hands majestically, he began—"Gentlemen, all I want is common sense."—"Exactly," interrupted Jerrold; "that is precisely what you do want."

THE friends of a celebrated wit expressed some surprise, that, at his age, and with his fondness for the bottle, he should have thought it necessary to marry. "A wife was necessary," he said. "My acquaintances began to say that I drank too much for a single man."

NEGATIVES AND POSITIVES.—Mr. Pitt was disputing at a cabinet dinner on the energy and beauty of the Latin language. In support of the superiority which he affirmed it to have over the English, he asserted that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative possibly could. "Then," said Thurlow, "your father and mother must have been two complete negatives to make such a positive fellow as you are."

IN an action for a breach of promise of marriage the defendant's counsel asked the plaintiff, "Did my client enter into a positive agreement to marry you?"—"Not exactly," she replied; "but he courted me a good deal, and he told my sister that he intended to marry into our family."

GALLANTRY AND INGENUITY.—Of all the declarations of love, the most admirable was that which a gentleman made to a young lady, who asked him to show her the picture of the one he loved, when he immediately presented her with a mirror.

CAUGHT.—A man who was boasting that there never was any rope or cord, whether made of hemp, wire, or anything else, in which he could not tie a double bow knot, was summarily put down by being requested to tie a knot in a cord of wood.

THE FRASE OF IMAGINATION is described as follows:—"When your stomach is empty, and your pocket ditto, sit down and read a cookery-book."

A WINDFALL.—A jolly farmer, who resided near the foot of the Grampians, was wending his way to Forfar market, accompanied by his wife and daughter. Having some business to transact in Kirriemuir, they halted at one of the inns, where they left their vehicle for some time. After they had got their business transacted, and the farmer had carefully put in the right-hand side pocket of his coat some money that he had got in exchange, they again took the road, and had proceeded a little to the south of the bridge at the gasworks, when the daughter, who was seated on the back seat of the vehicle, with her back to her father, thought she saw a piece of money on the road, and told her father. He stopped the vehicle, dismounted, and went back to the place indicated by his daughter, when he discovered it to be a half-crown. After picking it up and showing it to his daughter, he put it in his pocket among the rest of his money, mounted his vehicle and drove off again. He had several times to stop and pick up money before they had got half-a-mile out of town, the daughter keeping a sharp look-out, and the farmer, as he picked up the other half-crown, remarking, "Odd, lassie, they're surely sawen the ground with siller hereabouts." When they had reached near to the west end of the fens, the daughter intimated that there was a knife and some money lying together. The farmer was not long in picking it up, when he remarked that the knife was very like his own; so, after turning it over in his hand to look at it, he thrust his hand in his vest pocket where he thought he had it and his money, when, to his utter astonishment, his fingers went through the bottom