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# THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. II.—No. 41.

FOR WEEK ENDING JUNE 16, 1866.

FIVE CENTS.

## CONTENTS

TO ARMS! TO ARMS! (Poetry.)	A SALT WATER CURE FOR JEALOUSY.
MY MAIDEN BRIEF.	GONE LIKE A DREAM.
THE JAUNDICE, A SEQUEL TO THE SCARLET FEVER.	NO MAN'S LAND.
LITERARY GOSSIP.	WHY DON'T HE MARRY.
WHAT EMMA SAID. (Poetry.)	PASTIMES.
LIST OF NEW BOOKS.	CHESS.
THE FAMILY HONOUR.	TO CORRESPONDENTS.
THE BIRDS OF CANADA.	MISCELLANEA.
	SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
	WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY,

"THE TWO WIVES OF THE KING."

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

## TO ARMS! TO ARMS!

A CRY from the west!—the foe  
Have dared pollute our soil;  
Up! up! in your native might,  
Sons of wealth, and honest toil.  
To arms! to arms! let the dastards feel  
The vengeful weight of patriots' steel.

To arms! with a gallant rush—  
With brave, stout hearts and true:  
As our fathers fought, still fight  
And crush the robber crew.  
Strike home! spare not! let your blows be strong—  
Short shrift for the outlawed Fenian throng!

Montreal, June 1st, 1866.

GARDE.

## "MY MAIDEN BRIEF."

A LAWYER, says an old comedy which I once read at the British Museum, "is an odd sort of fruit—first rotten, then green, and then ripe." There is too much of truth in this homely figure. The first years of a young barrister are spent, or rather worn out, in anxious leisure. His talents rust, his temper is injured, his little patrimony wastes away, and not an attempt shows a sign of remorse. He endures term after term, and circuit after circuit, that greatest of miseries—a rank above his means of supporting it. He drives round the country in a post-chaise, and marvels what Johnson found so exhilarating in its motion—that is, if he paid for it himself. He eats venison and drinks claret; but he loses the favour of both when he reflects that his wife (for the fool is married, and married for love, too) has, perhaps, just dined for the third time on a cold neck of mutton, and has not tasted wine since their last party—an occurrence beyond even legal memory. He leaves the festive board early, and takes a solitary walk, returns to his lodgings in the twilight, and sees on his table a large white rectangular body, which for a moment he supposes may be a brief—alas! it is only a napkin. He is vexed, and rings to have it removed, when up comes his clerk, drunk and insolent: he is about to kick him down stairs, but stays his foot, on calling to mind the arrear of the fellow's wages, and contents himself with wondering where the rascal finds the means for such extravagance.

Then in court many are the vexations of the briefless. The attorney is a cruel animal; as cruel as a rich coxcomb in a ball-room, who delights in exciting hopes only to disappoint them. Indeed, I have often thought the communications between solicitors and the bar has no slight resemblance to the flirtation between the sexes. Barristers, like ladies, must wait to be chosen. The slightest overture would be equally fatal to

one gown as to the other. The gentlemen of the bar sit round the table in dignified composure, thinking just as little of briefs as a young lady of marriage. An attorney enters,—not an eye moves; but somehow or other the fact is known to all. Calmly the wretch draws from his pocket a brief; practice enables us to see at a glance that the tormentor has left a blank for the name of his counsel. He looks around the circle as if to choose his man; you cannot doubt but his eye rested on you—he writes a name but you are too far off to read it, though you know every name on your circuit upside down. Now the traitor counts out the fee, and wraps it up with slow and provoking formality. At length, all being prepared, he looks towards you to catch (as you suppose) your eye. You nod, and the brief comes flying; you pick it up, and find on it the name of a man three years your junior, who is sitting next to you; you curse the attorney's impudence, and ask yourself if he meant to insult you. Perhaps not, you say, for the dog squints.

My maiden brief was in town. How well do I recollect the minutest circumstances connected with that case! The rap at the door; I am a connoisseur in raps,—there is not a dun who could deceive me; I know their tricks but too well! they have no medium between the rap servile and the rap impudent. This was a cheerful touch; you felt that the operator knew he should meet with a face of welcome. My clerk, who is not much under the influence of sweet sounds, seemed absolutely inspired, and answered the knock with astonishing velocity. I could hear from my inner room the murmur of inquiry and answer; and, though I could not distinguish a word, the tones confirmed my hopes:—I was not long suffered to doubt: my client entered, and the pure white paper, tied round with the brilliant red tape, met my eyes. He inquired respectfully, and with an appearance of anxiety which marked him to my mind for a perfect Chesterfield, if I was already retained in *v. —*. The rogue knew well enough I never had had a retainer in my life. I took a moment to consider; and, after making him repeat the name of his case, I gravely assured him I was at perfect liberty to receive his brief. He then laid the papers and my fee upon the table, asked me if the time appointed for a consultation with the two gentlemen who were "with me" would be convenient; and, finding that the state of my engagements would allow me to attend, made his bow and departed. That fee was sacred gold, and I put it to no vulgar use.

Many years have now elapsed since that case was disposed of, and yet how fresh does it live in my memory; how perfectly do I recollect every authority to which it referred! how I read and re-read the leading cases that bore upon the question to be argued. One case I so *belumbed*, that the volume has opened at it ever since, as inevitably as the prayer-book of a lady's-maid proffers the service of matrimony. My brief related to an argument before the judges of the Queen's Bench, and the place of consultation was a Coffee-house, adjoining the Court House. There was I, before the clock had finished striking the hour. My brief I knew by heart. I had raised an army of objections to the points for which we were to contend, and had logically slain every man of them. I went prepared to discuss the question thoroughly; and I generously determined to give my leaders the benefit of all my cogitations—though not without a slight struggle at the thought of how much reputation I should lose by my magnanimity. I had plenty of time to think of these things, for my leaders were engaged in court, and the attorney and I had the room to ourselves. After we had been waiting about an hour, the door flew open, and

in strode one of my leaders, the second in command, less in haste (as it appeared to me) to meet his appointment than to escape from the atmosphere of clients in which he had been enveloped during his passage from the court—just as the horseman pushes his steed into a gallop, to rid himself of the flies that are buzzing around him. Having shaken off his tormentors, Mr. — walked up to the fire—said it was cold—nodded kindly to me—and had just asked what had been the last night's division in the house, when the powdered head of an usher was protruded through the half open door, to announce that "Jones and Williams was called on." Down went the poker, and away flew — with streaming robes, leaving me to meditate on the loss which the case would sustain for want of his assistance at the expected discussion. Having waited some further space, I heard a rustling of silks, and the great —, our commander-in-chief, sailed into the room. As he did not run foul of me, I think it possible I may not have been invisible to him; but he furnished me with no other evidence of the fact. He simply directed the attorney to provide certain additional affidavits, tacked about, and sailed away. And thus ended first consultation.

I consoled myself with the thought that I had at least all my materials for myself, and that, from having had so much more time for considering the subject than the others, I must infallibly make the best speech of the three.

At length, the fatal day came. I never shall forget the thrill with which I heard — open the case, and felt how soon it would be my turn to speak. Oh, how did I pray for a long speech! I lost all feeling of rivalry; and would have gladly given him everything that I intended to use myself, only to defer the dreaded moment for one half hour. His speech was frightfully short, yet, as it was, it made sad havoc with my stock of matter. The next speaker was more concise, and yet my little stock suffered again severely. I then found how experience will stand in the place of study; these men could not, from the multiplicity of their engagements, have spent a tithe of the time upon the case which I had done, and yet they had seen much which had escaped all my research. At length, my turn came. I was sitting among the back rows in the old court of Queen's Bench. It was on the last day of Michaelmas Term, and late in the evening. A sort of darkness visible had been produced by the aid of a few candles dispersed here and there. I arose, but I was not perceived by the judges who had turned together to consult, supposing the argument finished. B—was the first to see me, and I received from him a nod of kindness and encouragement, which I hope I never shall forget. The court was crowded, for it was a question of some interest; it was a dreadful moment; the ushers stilled the audience into an awful silence. I began, and at the sound of an unknown voice every wig of the white inclined plane at the upper end of which I was standing suddenly turned round, and in an instant I had the eyes of seventy "learned friends" looking me full in the face! It is hardly to be conceived by those who have not gone through the ordeal how terrific is this mute attention to the object of it. How grateful should I have been for any thing which would have relieved me from its oppressive weight—a buzz, a scraping of the shoes, or a fit of coughing would have put me under infinite obligation to the kind disturber. What I said, I know not; I knew not then; it is the only part of the transaction of which I am ignorant; it was a "phantasma or a hideous dream." They told me, however, to my great surprise, that I spoke in a loud voice, used violent gesture, and as I went along seemed to

shake off my trepidation. Whether I made a long speech or a short one, I cannot tell, for I had no power of measuring time. All I know is, that I should have made a much longer one if I had not felt my ideas, like Bob Acres's courage oozing out of my fingers' ends. The court decided against us, erroneously as I of course thought, for the young advocate is always on the right side.

The next morning I got up early to look at the newspapers which I expected to see full of our case. In an obscure corner and in a small type, I found a few words given as the speeches of my leaders,—and I also read, that "Mr. —" followed on the same side."

## THE JAUNDICE.

A SEQUEL TO THE SCARLET FEVER.

In a series of letters, edited by Chas. H. Stokoe.

Harry Tourniquet, Esq., M.D., at Ottawa, to Mr. Robert Trepan, medical student, at Montreal.

LETTER VI.

Miss Jennie Barker to her sister Kate

DEAR KATE,

I've to tell you with sorrow and pain,  
That Harry's got into his tantrums again—  
He's grown angry and jealous, ferocious and grim,  
And all from a foolish and unfounded whim.

My last letter mentioned a "Woman in Black,"  
Whom Sparker marched off with, and *didn't come back*—

The next day, while walking, I happened to meet  
The recreant Ensign in Wellington Street;  
By a very cool bow my resentment I showed,  
And without further notice, I passed on my road:  
But the Ensign declared he was dying with pain,  
Until he could hope my good will to regain—  
So I listened; and learned that the lady he met  
Was a very dear *cousin*—a family pet;  
He'd not seen her since Ponsonby's *bride* she became—  
To have passed her in silence had been a great shame!  
So he'd walked with her onward a very short way,  
And when scarce round the corner, was ordered  
away

Upon Government duty, that brooked no delay—  
He was on his way now, just "to make his amends,"  
And he heartily trusted we still should be friends.

Well! what could I do, but just joke him and chaff,  
And accept his apology with a loud laugh!  
And this gave him courage to proffer a note,  
To read which, he hoped, I'd one minute devote—  
He blushed and grew nervous, and long ere we parted  
I'm sure his poor whiskers most sadly have smarted,  
In a *nonchalant* way, I his letter received;  
When, near hand at a window, I Harry perceived!  
His brow, as he viewed us, grew darker and darker—  
He *hates*, and has always been *jealous* of Sparker!

I was greatly annoyed, and felt sorry for Harry—  
Though, as long years must pass ere he'll venture to  
marry;

In spite of his being a gay, lively rattle,  
An *engagement* with him would be like a long *battle*.  
I have given no cause for his anger and scorn,  
And really, dear Kate, he is not to be borne;  
If I'm not to chatter and laugh when I meet  
With a friend, my poor life would turn out a fine  
treat—

I wish the poor Doctor great joy of his passion:  
I'm not the girl to be used in that fashion.

I found I had still got some shopping to do,  
And so with the Ensign away I withdrew—  
For Harry's black looks had excited me so,  
It relieved me to chatter and flirt with a beau—  
Major Martinet passed us; his bow was so stiff,  
That I saw very clearly he'd taken "a tiff";  
I found out my crime! Do not laugh, little sister,  
I'd affronted "the Major" by calling him "Mister!"  
Dear me! On what trifles and toys it depends  
These "Lords of Creation" to keep as our friends!

Safely seated at home, I almost felt choking,  
The whole *contretemps* was so very provoking!  
I'd half made my mind up to fancy poor Harry,  
And at some *distant* day to accept him and marry,  
But the way he takes huffs, just at nothing at all,  
Is more than sufficient my heart to appal.

But a truce to this nonsense. I'll read Sparker's note—  
Perhaps it may set my poor spirits afloat—  
Come, Katie, and listen to this charming bit—  
I declare our brave Ensign has grown quite a wit.

Ensign Sparker to Miss Jennie Barker.

"It would be, sweetest Jennie, a terrible shame  
If you ever were greatly to change your sweet name;  
But if from your 'Barker' you'd banish the B,  
And if from my 'Sparker' you'd borrow S.P.  
Then my name made your name would gloriously  
shine,  
When the dear little owner for ever was mine."

So, darling, it only depends upon me  
Whenever I please "Mrs. Sparker" to be—

"What! follow a soldier from pillar to post,  
No woman should try it except as a ghost—  
For the best constitution would soon be a wreck,  
To broil at Barbadoes and freeze at Quebec;"  
Now, that is my *sentiment*, just to a dot,  
Though I freely confess that the *verses* are not.

A proposal so very facetiously made  
I can treat as in earnest, or joking, evade—  
I need not accept it, nor need I decide  
To banish the Ensign away from my side—  
But Harry! if you'd ever gain my consent,  
You had better be prompt to amend and repent,  
To plead for forgiveness—for mercy implore,  
And faithfully vow to be jealous no more;  
'Till then, my flirtations let nobody blame,  
For I find "*Rouge et Noir*" such a very nice game!  
You will say it *must* be—since my obstinate pen  
Has written of nothing except these two men.

Well! dearest, forgive me for such idle prating;  
While I've not said one word of the rink or of skating!  
As its greatly the fashion, I often attend,  
Though to cut out fine figures I cannot pretend;  
But I boast that in straightforward skating not many  
Are more graceful or faster than your sister Jennie:  
I can dance a quadrille, and the fellows extol  
The elegant way I perform "the Dutch roll."

But whenever a thaw has removed the deep snow,  
And a frost has ensued, to the river we go;  
For its there the best pleasures of skating are seen,  
When the wind's not too high and the air not too keen—  
For the width of the stream affords plenty of space,  
For a good lengthened dash, or for running a race.  
The exercise makes one delightfully warm,  
Lends a glow to the cheek, and augments ev'ry charm;  
It brightens the eye and inclines one to chatter—  
I don't wonder men are *then* tempted to flatter—  
But when, before skating, they are so presuming  
As to talk of the *flames* which their hearts are *consuming*,

When Fahrenheit shows *ten degrees below zero*,  
I've to laugh, though they call me more cruel than  
Nero,  
For their cheeks look as pale and as stiff, I oft tell 'em.  
As the books on pa's shelves, bound in old-fashioned  
vellum.

The river just now's in a capital state,  
But for further description I mean you to wait;  
As Friday is fixed for a grand gala day;  
When I hope our *wise Doctor* will not stop away—  
Love to pa and to ma; and don't let ma complain  
That so rarely you write to your fond sister,  
JANE.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

GUSTAVE DORN has finished his illustrations,  
thirty in number, for Tennyson's "Idyls of the  
King." They will be engraved in London.

"THE Natural History of the Devil" is the  
title of a discourse preached last month, in Lon-  
don, by a dissenting minister.

A COMPLETE uniform edition of the novels,  
tales, and miscellaneous writings of Thackeray,  
including all his scattered pieces in journals and  
magazines, is in preparation by an American  
publishing firm, who were the first to collect and  
publish his humorous poems in a volume.

A CATALOGUE of some 3000 Armenian MSS.  
contained in the library of Edecmiadzin, near  
Mount Ararat, the seat of the Patriarch, has just  
been printed. Amongst the MSS. are some un-  
published works of the Fathers, and also some  
unpublished fragments of Aristotle and Diodorus  
Siculus. Copyists are employed in the library,  
and these treasures, hitherto inaccessible, are  
now thrown open to scholars. Notice has been  
given that extracts will be sent to the learned in  
all parts of the world who will pay the expense  
of copying them out.

A NEW YORK publisher announces "The Life  
of James Stephens," with a history of the origin  
and progress of Fenianism, authorized and re-  
vised by the great "Head Centre" himself, who  
furnishes, among other curious material, a de-  
scription of his miraculous escape from the iron  
bars of "John Bull's" stoniest hold.

"THE Fortnightly and Contemporary Review"  
are among the new periodicals which are most  
talked about in English society.

THE MSS. and autograph letters of Sir John  
Fenn, Knt., the celebrated editor of "The Paston  
Letters," are about to be sold. As so much curi-  
osity has been felt of late concerning the genu-  
ineness of the "Letters" said to have been edited  
by him, this undisturbed collection of his MSS.  
and papers will excite considerable curiosity  
amongst antiquaries and others.

THERE has recently been privately printed in  
Liverpool a very interesting volume, in quarto,  
"On the Origin of certain Christian and other  
Names: an attempt to draw deductions as to  
the Spread of Nations, of Trade, or of Missionary  
Enterprise, by a Comparison of Names," by Dr.  
Thomas Inman, late President of the Liverpool  
Literary and Philosophical Society. The writer  
says, "The germ from which the essay sprang  
was the question—'How is it that Jack is used  
as the short or pet word for John?'"

MESSRS. Rivingtons have published the first  
part of "The Annotated Book of Common  
Prayer," edited by the Rev. John Henry Blunt,  
which is described as an historical, ritual, and  
theological commentary on the devotional sys-  
tem of the Church of England; a ritual intro-  
duction on the principles and practice of Church  
ceremonial; notes on and illustrations of the  
prefaces and tables of the Prayer Book; the  
calendar, with notes on the minor holidays; and  
a comparative view of the ancient and modern  
English, the Roman, and the Eastern calendars.  
The second part will complete the work, and will  
contain a commentary on the communion service,  
the occasional offices, and the ordination services,  
with the English and Latin Psalter in parallel  
columns, and a short liturgical exposition of  
each psalm, a full index, and a glossary. It  
will be published in a few months.

THE authorship of "Ecce Homo" is still a  
vexed question with the English public, and  
there can be no doubt that the well-kept secret  
has had a great deal to do with the large sale of  
the work. In nine cases out of ten, the second  
question asked by an intending purchaser is,  
"Do you know who is the author?" Various  
tradesmen have selected several distinguished  
individuals as the author whom they believe, in  
their own minds, to have written the book.  
Vice-Chancellor Page Wood was early chosen  
for the post; then came Mr. George Waring, of  
Magdalen Hall. A later favourite was Professor  
Goldwin Smith, and his recent visit to America  
and sojourn with Emerson has been dwelt upon  
with considerable gusto, as throwing some light  
upon the authorship. The last favourite will  
strike many persons with surprise. It is no  
other than the Emperor Napoleon III, whom  
many persons in Paternoster-row roundly assert  
wrote the book in French, and then sanctioned  
its translation into English!

We are unable to give the "Minuetto" from  
Mozart's opera "Il Don Giovanni," in the present  
issue, as promised, in consequence of being short-  
handed in the printing office. A number of the  
employees have nobly responded to the call of  
their country, and are doing duty at the frontier.

## WHAT EMMA SAID.

GENTLY floating down the stream,  
Softly flowing;  
It is sweet, as in a dream  
To be going  
On the bosom of the waters,  
To the light—  
Far beyond the dread and darkness  
Of the night.

Hear you not the songs of angels  
From afar,  
Like the fire that oftentimes flashes  
From a star?  
They are coming, dearest mother!  
Unto me—  
Spirits hear what eyes can never,  
Never see!

Beatific forms still nearer,  
Nearer come;  
And the burden of their welcome's  
"Hither, home!"  
Would you could but hear them, mother!—  
One last kiss,  
Ere my soul is borne, in music,  
Into bliss!

J. P. H

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Baked Meats of the Funeral.** A collection of Essays, Poems, Speeches, Histories, and Banquets. By Private Miles O'Reilly, author of *Private Miles O'Reilly "His Book."* Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Gilbert Ruge.** A Novel. By the author of "A First Friendship." Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 80c.
- Miss Majoribanks.** A Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of "Chronicles of Carlingford," "The Perpetual Curate," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- A New Novel by Charles Dickens!** Joseph Grimaldi: his Life and Adventures. By Charles Dickens. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- The Naval Lieutenant.** A Novel, by F. C. Armstrong, author of "The Two Midshipman," &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 40c.
- The Toiler of the Sea.** A Novel by Victor Hugo, author of "Les Misérables," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price 60c.
- In Trust; or, Dr. Bertrand's Household.** By Amanda M. Douglas. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Beyminstre.** A Novel. By the author of "The Silent Woman," &c., &c. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Josh Billings, "His Sayings,"** with Comic Illustrations. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.
- Brave Old Salt; or, Life on the Quarter Deck.** A Story of the Great Rebellion. By Oliver Optic. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.
- The Game-Birds of the Coasts and Lakes of the Northern States of America,** &c. By Robert B. Roosevelt. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.40.
- Every-Day Cookery; for Every Family:** containing nearly 1000 Receipts, adapted to moderate incomes, with Illustrations. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.
- Broken to Harness.** A Story of English Domestic Life. By Edmund Yates. Second edition. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Only a Woman's Heart.** By Ada Clare. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- Essays, Philosophical and Theological.** By James Martineau. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.25.
- The Book of Roses.** A Treatise on the Culture of the Rose. By Francis Pookman. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Garden Vegetables and How to Cultivate Them.** By Fearing Burr, Jr. Beautifully Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$1.75.
- Garden Flowers. How to Cultivate Them.** A Treatise on the Culture of Hardy Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Annuals, Herbaceous, and Bedding Plants. By Edward Sprague Rand, Jr. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
- Culture of the Grape.** By N. C. Strong. Illustrated. Montreal: R. Worthington. Price \$2.
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## THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR.

Continued from page 213.

Yes, Martin said the squire had expressly said, "I will see Miss Honor in the morning; I and Miss Gertrude. We will not trouble her before." What could it mean? Conscience was instantly alarmed. She rose up and paced the room, saying, "My brother here! Gertrude brought back!"

"Ah! I always thought as that Mr. Rupert was too fast," said Martin.

"Silence! Rupert Griesbach would not dare aspire to my brother's only daughter. Let me hear no more of such insolence."

There was a wild light in her flashing eye that terrified Martin. Of late, Miss Austwicke had been so silent and gloomy, that an outbreak like the present was startling from the contrast. Martin did not require further dismissal.

Left to herself, Miss Austwicke paced the room and wrung her hands; a wild alarm, as of a hunted creature at bay, dilating her eyes. "He's found out something: what can it be?" she kept repeating, over and over again, in a hissing whisper. She must have unconsciously walked miles to and fro—that terrified woman—before the house seemed stilled for the night.

There was a passage over the archway of which she kept the key, which communicated with the centre of the house. As she could not attempt to retire to rest, she wrought herself up to the determination to risk meeting her brother, and, at all hazards, to see Gertrude. This resolution was no sooner formed than it was carried into effect. Threading some unfrequented but to her familiar passages, she came, uninterrupted, to the lobby on which her niece's chamber opened. She listened a moment, and heard no sound. It was evident Gertrude had been left for the night. Afraid to knock, she opened the door noiselessly and entered. A glance showed her that Gertrude was not in bed: indeed, she had flung herself on a sofa, dressed as she was from her journey. Her hat lay beside her on the floor. She was in a troubled sleep; the tears still wet on her flushed cheek, and her parted lips quivering. There was something so touching in her innocence and helplessness, as she had, like a child, wept herself to sleep, that the soul-worried woman who bent over her was awed, and shrunk back, feeling the difference there was between innocent and guilty grief. Suddenly her eyes fell upon a sheet of paper, with writing on it, on a table, beside the couch, on which the lamp was burning. Other sheets, as of a letter began and thrown down, were scattered on the floor.

## CHAPTER LX. RETRIBUTION.

"There's madness in the sudden shock!  
I hear the fiends' wild laugh;  
They come my shame to mock,  
They drive me on the fatal path.  
Through air, through fire, through flood  
Their yell is wildly toss'd;  
It curdles all my blood:  
All's lost!—all's lost!"

THE tears yet wet on Gertrude's cheek, the meekly drooping head and unwonted pensiveness that made her a sweet picture of sleeping sorrow, did not affect Miss Austwicke, as she gazed at her niece with any other emotion than fear. She looked at the fragments of begun and torn-up attempts at letter-writing scattered around. What was the letter that Gertrude had tried, and failed to write? Miss Austwicke stooped and read one—

I may not call you mamma again. It was not wonderful you did not love me. But pity me, and forgive my innocent share in the deception. The woman Ruth told me that Aunt Honor knows all, and has the papers.

Transfixed by these words, Miss Austwicke reared her head in a sort of spasm; then her hand fell heavily on Gertrude's shoulder, and she shook her. "Wake," she gasped, "wake! What's this?—this about—deception, about—"

She kept one hand in a tight grip on Gertrude, and passed the other distractedly over her own brow.

The light slumber of the young girl was over. Broad awake, she sat up, shook back her rippling curls, and said simply—

"What's the matter?"

Then, in an instant recollecting all, she added, as the other again gasped out, "Deception—papers—what?"

"Yes, Aunt Honor, papa has come down about a marriage register which Ruth gave me a rough copy of when she was dying; and oh! aunt, she says I am not Gertrude. His—papa's child was—was killed."

"Marriage register!" cried Miss Austwicke, unmindful of all else. "Speak; whose?"

With a strange access of strength, the excited woman lifted Gertrude to her feet, and shook her to and fro as she spoke—

"Don't tell me about a child. Whose register?"

"Wilfred Austwicke and Isabel Grant's," said the young girl, almost involuntarily repeating the names aloud that she had conned to herself all the day.

"Lost—lost! The family honour lost for ever!" faltered out the wretched woman, between her shut teeth, relaxing her hold of Gertrude, who, awed by the dreadful pallor and gleaming eyes of the ghastly face before her, was about to cry aloud for help. But suddenly the expression changed—the features became less agitated.

"Hush!" she said, laying her finger on her lip—"hush! not now, Gertrude; not now."

"To-morrow, aunt," said the young girl, relieved from the mortal terror that it was a raving maniac who stood before her. "Let me go with you," she added, gently.

"No, no; no, little one," replied Miss Austwicke, softly; and, turning, went towards the door. She was just going out, when, yielding to some sudden impulse, she returned, lifted up the fair young face, balancing the chin on her marble hand, whose touch chilled Gertrude to the bone, while, with the other, she smoothed back the hair from her brow, and, stooping forward, kissed her. It was such a kiss as dying lips might give: it seemed to curdle Gertrude's blood.

"Aunt, aunt! what's the matter?" Gertrude said; but even as she spoke, with a fletter step than she had thought possible to her, Miss Austwicke was gone.

At that instant, a conviction that her aunt ought not to be left alone flashed on the young girl's mind; and, at the same time, a terror, in the present state of the family affairs, of doing anything precipitate, made Gertrude suddenly determine to follow Miss Austwicke, and see her safe to her own apartments. She lost no time in opening the door. It was a clear summer night. At the end of a long passage she saw Miss Austwicke, retreating towards the east wing. The little passage over the arch Gertrude was not acquainted with, and she feared that, if a pass-key was in her aunt's possession, it would prevent her flight being followed. However, Miss Austwicke paused for nothing: she was through the passage, and down the opposite stairs, before Gertrude's fleet footsteps even gained on her. Through a door at the bottom of the passage, the light was shining in Miss Austwicke's accustomed sitting-room; but, instead of entering it, she opened a door on to the lawn, and fled out into the night.

Gertrude, in these last few hours, had known something of the sorrow that longs to soothe itself by active effort or contact with the open air. The starlight on the grass, to the young girl, had something of a benign tenderness in its sweet calm: she ceased to wonder at her aunt's impulse to go out in it. "Some trouble has nearly turned her brain, poor thing. She'll walk, this clear night, and get calm."

Nearly! Ah, Gertrude, you little knew how nearly.

Impelled now more by affectionate solicitude than fear, Gertrude continued to follow her aunt, but, instead of gaining on her footsteps, was soon completely distanced. Seeing Miss Austwicke take the most secluded path through the shrubbery her niece accounted for it by supposing the fugitive had the natural wish not to be seen from the house; but when she continued on that path, and diverged into another which led by a

short cut to Ferny Gap, instantly it came into Gertrude's mind that Miss Austwicke was intending to go to Marian Hope. As to the fact that her aunt had for years studiously avoided Marian, that no more appeared to Gertrude, in her excitement, to be an inconsistency, than if the whole scene was a tumultuous dream. On, on, through the clear starlight, now hidden by the trees, now emerging into the open, went the tall, dark, swift figure, until she neared the hollow in which lay the cottage. Then, as she was just by it, and Gertrude, from the upland, could see her more plainly, for the first time a dread, too terrible to be endured, of the purpose of that flight, darted into her mind.

Just before Ferny Gap there was a little tongue of land, with a tiny green knoll on it, jutting into the river, which at that spot was very deep. With straining eyes, Gertrude—rooted, for a moment, by awe, to the spot—noted that Miss Austwicke did not enter the wicket of the cottage, but shot past it. Terror then put a winged speed into the young girl's feet. She bounded forward wildly, leaping rather than running along the declining path, rushed through the thicket, tore past the cottage gate, and was just at the knoll, when she saw, in the bright starlight, Miss Austwicke on the knoll, give one wild look back, toss her arms high above her head, and with a cry that was less a scream than the pain-wrung yell of a creature in mortal agony, leap frantically into the deepest part of the river.

The sound of the splash seemed to beat against Gertrude like a torturing blow. She screamed aloud, again and again. Suddenly Mr. Hope's door was flung open, and a voice shouted; then came a vigorous step on the path through the gate, and rushed towards Gertrude, who, pointing wildly to the river, could but utter shriek upon shriek. Yes, there before them, in mid stream, was the bubbling agitation of the death-struggles distinctly gurgling in the quiet river. Norman—for our readers recognise that it was no other—instantly understood the exigency, and, fortunately, could swim; indeed, if he could not, his impulse would, just then, have been too strong to be resisted. He leaped into the river, striking out towards the drowning woman, whose head rose darkly to the surface, amid the quivering light tracks of the peaceful stars. Gertrude's emotion had thrown her to the ground, but she could not turn her eyes from the sight before her, and did not hear that other cries were added to her own, and that it was Marian who called distractedly, "Help! help!" It was little use, that cry at that hour, in that lonely place, though one of the keepers chanced to be in the preserves in the upland copse, and, hearing the cries continued for several minutes, came rushing down towards Ferny Gap, but not, indeed, before Norman, spent out, had reached the shore, bringing in his grasp a lifeless form, which, as he laid it on the grass, Gertrude and Marian instantly tended.

Mr. Hope, halting on his crutch, by this time had come to them, followed by the one maid-servant of the cottage. He was able to give directions as to the best methods of recovery; while Norman, after a few minutes' pause to recover breath and thought, regardless of exhaustion and his wet clothes, set off to run to the village and rouse the medical man.

Efforts at resuscitation were made for some hours. With the least possible delay, help of all kinds came. In vain—in vain. She was dead.

#### CHAPTER LXI. INVESTIGATIONS.

"The more the sufferer seeks for ease,  
He finds the more distress and pain,  
Who everywhere the loathed handwriting sees,  
On wall, and door, and window. He would fain  
Question all this, but holds his peace,  
Fearing to make it all too plain,  
This thing which he would ever shroud,  
Wrapping it safe in dark oblivion's cloud."

—FROM THE ITALIAN.

Mr. Austwicke and his son had both been roused in about an hour after the awful occurrence recorded in the last chapter, to find the whole village astir, and Mr. Hope's cottage the scene of death in its most fearful form. As

father and son together entered the abode, neither could at once comprehend the whole fact. Death in any shape is appalling to poor humanity, even when God's hand is seen in the bereavement; but when that sovereign hand is hidden, and human violence, or, worse still, human despair is alone visible, what words can paint the horror?

Gertrude threw herself into Mr. Austwicke's arms, saying, "Oh, papa! she was distracted. I saw it all, though I knew not what it meant." And then, amid choking sobs, she tried to give him an account of the deed.

Allan interposed, with the words, "She has been strange for some time lately;" and then came the unuttered, but not less keen regret, how often felt by the survivors in such cases, that they had not given more heed to the indications of mental change. "Insanity" had been uttered only about a fortnight previously, to Mr. Austwicke's grave displeasure, by his wife, in reference to his sister.

"What could cause insanity?" was his wondering, involuntary question, not expecting a reply.

"Trouble," faltered Gertrude, without a moment's hesitation; and Marian added—"She has long seemed to have something on her mind."

This recalled Mr. Austwicke to Gertrude's recent statement, which he had come down to investigate. He was silent a moment; then rather abruptly took his leave, and, followed by Allan, returned to the Hall, having, in the confusion, scarcely noted the tall young man who had attempted Miss Austwicke's rescue, and gone to and fro amid the tumult and grief, with a help as ready as it was silent.

Not so, Gertrude: she had an interest in Norman, as Rupert's friend, and for his own sake, too—he was so brave, alert, kindly. He had lifted her from the ground in his strong arms, and, carrying her into the cottage, had laid her down as gently as if she had been an infant, while Marian, who had followed him, had said, in Gertrude's hearing—

"The poor lady you have tried to save, dear Norry, was the Miss Austwicke named to you—I'm sure of it. If there's been anything wrong, she knew of it. It has not broken her heart, but her brain."

During the gloomy day that followed, Mr. Austwicke, shut up from all, gloomily looked over his sister's papers, and found not only those entrusted to her by her brother Wilfred, but her correspondence with that crafty old wretch, Burke, and a brief summary, written by herself, in some moment of compunction, and addressed to Mr. Basil Austwicke, of the promise she had made to Wilfred—how she had postponed its fulfilment, until she could not bring herself to the task; how the then heir, De Lacy, having died, plunged her into the guilt of defrauding the rightful heir. The narrative was of the briefest—a mere fragment—and so blotted and interlined, that it was evident she meant to have copied it fair, and finished it, but never could bring herself to the completion. Many scraps begun, and then torn or scored out, proved that her mind had wandered as she wrote, and revealed the pangs of a spirit sufficiently enlightened to know the wrong she did, and not faithful enough to duty to forsake or undo that wrong. One delusion seemed strong above all the rest—what she did had been done to preserve the family honour.

Mr. Austwicke had at length called his son to aid him in searching through the papers, and the impression made upon both was profound. What a mockery, employed as she had used it, was this term, "family honour!" In her pride, she had inflicted family disgrace of the deepest kind.

"Gertrude not my sister!—Gertrude one of twin children of my father's elder brother!" said Allan.

"An heir of Austwicke in existence, who can displace us," said Mr. Austwicke, moodily. "You, my boy, I feel for. As for me, I'm but where I was; but you, Allan, I had hoped, would have held on here a country gentleman, as the elder branch has always been; and you were so well fitted for that."

Yes, Allan felt, if he was now to have to study for his father's profession, it would add double bitterness to his naturally great disappointment.

"I'd rather be a sheep-farmer in Australia than brook the change," he said, impetuously.

"Well, but this heir has yet to be found," said Mr. Austwicke, catching, like a drowning man, at a straw. It seemed to him, that if young De Lacy Austwicke perished, this unknown claimant might not, by a cruel malignity of fate, be yet alive to injure him and his. But any such cogitations were dispelled by Allan saying—

"At all events, father, he must be sought. It will be tough work, giving up the old place to some underbred scamp, perhaps; but it would be dastardly to finesse about it. There's been tragedy enough." Tragedy enough! There rose to the mental vision of both father and son the ghastly spectacle they had recently beheld, making the summer night hideous, the rigid face bearing in death the impress of both pride and anguish—the face of one who had pursued a crooked policy to her own destruction—in self-will had followed the mocking phantom, worldly honour, and neglected the pure and straight path of simple truth. How miserable now seemed the delusion! How impotent before man! how insolent before God!

"There shall be no more of this paltering, as far as far as I am concerned," reiterated Allan. "Living or dead, this unknown claimant must be sought."

While they were thus discussing, the sound of carriage-wheels was at the door, and, just as Mr. Austwicke's hand was on the bell, to give orders for being left undisturbed, the welcome voice of Dr. Griesbach struck on his ear. The order was instantly suspended, Allan merely putting his father's thought into words as he exclaimed, "Dr. Griesbach! Has he heard of our trouble? has he come to offer us counsel?"

"No friend in trouble like an old friend," said Mr. Austwicke, as the Doctor entered; and then, as their hands met in a mutual clasp, for the first time the lawyer's eyes filled, and he turned away his head, not trusting himself to speak.

No wonder he was overcome, for his house seemed and his hopes appeared, just then, all wrecked around him. The favourite child, whose gentleness had been his solace, proved a changeling; the estate, which he had chiefly valued as being able to transmit it, no longer his; his son beggared; his wife both wronged and humiliated; his sister ending a series of concealments by an awful death; the family honour laid in the dust. Enough to overwhelm him. Indeed, as a heavy blow stuns while a slighter stings, the very weight of trouble which had befallen Mr. Austwicke made him calm; while Allan, to whom the words poverty and toil expressed no appreciable idea, was excited and incoherent.

It is vain to analyse the strange complexity of the human mind at times of great excitement, for strange as such a thought might be, if it must be owned, some feeling of Mysie, as being far more within his reach by parental permission, now that he was landless and moneyless, than as the heir of Austwicke, did, like a sunbeam, flicker on the troubled depths of his mind. How he was ever to reconcile duty and inclination, by getting his parents'—especially his mother's—consent, had been no small perplexity, since he had discovered that Mysie Grant, when she left Austwicke parsonage to commence her vocation as a teacher, had taken his heart with her. Somehow, he made no end of excuses to go to Elm Grove. Mrs. Maynard, as Mr. Nugent's sister, became wonderfully interesting to him. As we have seen, only on the previous day he had been there, and brought back from thence, as his ostensible errand, some wedding presents of needlework for Marian. So to him, dark as the present was, it could not wholly obscure the distant light.

Dr. Griesbach's presence was not a mere expression of sympathy: he came to help; and, though at first he did not mention him, Rupert accompanied him down, but, out of delicacy, had not come to the Hall, but awaited his father



at the parsonage. Trouble is the true test of real love—the refining fire, that proves whether or not it is the genuine ore. A prescience that the cloud on Mr. Austwicke's brow, and the perplexed look on Dr. Griesbach's calm, grave face, had betokened something painful to Gertrude, had made Rupert's heart full to over-flowing with earnest solicitude for the fair girl, whom he had as yet known only in the golden light of unclouded prosperity, and who was dear beyond words then. But now, if that light was to be overshadowed, if—though it seemed an impossible thing—sorrow was approaching her, how he longed to be her shield and defender! Hitherto he had been only suppliant to her; but now, if he might be something more than that,—how the bare thought kindled all his energies, and made him exchange all his wonted gravity for a perfect fever of nervous irritation! He had pretended to read during the journey, yet not a word of the journal before his eyes was revealed to his sense; and when, on reaching the village, he and the Doctor heard of the fatal event of the past night, now on every lip, and Rupert Griesbach, in obedience to his father's wish and his own sense of decorum, had gone to the parsonage to wait for further information before venturing to the Hall, he knew not how to control the agitation of his spirit.

Meanwhile long and serious was the consultation in the library at the Hall. The letters and papers of Miss Austwicke were examined again; and Mr. Austwicke said, "Of course, we could legally make a good fight for our position, and might upset this Scotch marriage. Or, given that poor dear Gertrude is the girl, the boy may be dead." For it was hard, both to heart and circumstances, to give up hope, both as to the child and the estate; and Mr. Austwicke, as a lawyer, had been used to litigation. Dr. Griesbach heard him with sympathy, but yet, as he had scanned all the papers, was fully convinced that neither Gertrude nor the land belonged to his friend. Like his son Rupert, the good Doctor thought most of the innocent girl, who had ever been so great a favourite with him, when, all at once, as his eyes fell musingly on a paper, he started as if receiving a shock. Mr. Austwicke noticed the movement, and exclaimed, "What is it, Doctor? Has anything struck you? Do you recognise any flaw?"

#### CHAPTER LXII. KINDRED CLAIMS.

"If faith, and hope, and kindness pass'd  
As coin 'twixt heart and heart,  
How, thro' the eye's tear-blindness,  
Should the sudden soul upstart!  
The dreary and the desolate  
Should wear a sunny bloom,  
And Love should spring from buried Hate,  
Like flowers o'er Winter's tomb.  
The world is full of beauty, as other worlds above,  
And if we did our duty, it might be full of love."

The sudden agitation of Dr. Griesbach which Mr. Austwicke had observed, had been caused by seeing a name, "Norman." The doctor had laid down a letter, and was glancing over a birth register, when he saw the word.

"Norman!" he exclaimed—"Norman! Why, I know a sort of *folius fortunæ* of that name—at least, he gave me that name. Let me see."

He paused thoughtfully, and both Mr. Austwicke and Allan gazed expectantly at him, as, with his finger on his brow, he seemed recalling and arranging particulars.

"Age suits, stature—aye, and looks. Yes; and though the contrast in size is as opposite as in sex, he has eyes so like little True, that I was struck with something, I know not what, familiar to me in them. Ah, sure as fate, my Don Loftus is the man."

"What are you talking about?" said Mr. Austwicke, peevishly, as if unable, just then, to bear with his friend's eccentricities.

"Well—well—I'm only thinking; I may be wrong—quite wrong—that the twin brother of our little True is not dead. But it's not of him, or of this painful matter, my good old friend," addressing Mr. Austwicke, "that I came to speak. My time is short; and I came to say this, as one father to another—let that dear girl belong by birth to whom she may, I want her, and my Rupert wants her, to belong to us. There, that's plain English. As to the Aust-

wicke acres, if she has any claim, we can afford to forego it."

"My sister?" said Allan, then pausing ruefully and correcting himself, he continued "I know enough of her—of dear True, to know she will not be married out of compassion."

"Compassion, forsooth! you young Boreas, who talks of it?—say out of honour and reverence; for something far higher than money or rank—for her truth and nobleness we come to woo her. Yes I'll say we—Rupert and I are agreed fully in that. She's True, and that's dowry enough."

Mr. Austwicke grasped his friend's hand and said, huskily—

"The child must answer. She has no mother to consult."

"Oh, as to that, I've not come without being pretty sure of the ground: the young people seem to have settled the matter, though I own Rupert complains of coldness recently; and talked so gloomily, that it, and the desire to be of use to you, if possible, decided me to run down at once."

"Pardon me, Doctor," said Allan, who had been for a few minutes in deep thought, "from your manner, just now, I thought you knew this—this Norman."

There was a tap at the door, and a servant entered with a message—"Mr. Hope, Mr. Nugent, Mr. Rupert Griesbach, and another gentleman," requested an audience on important business.

"See them for me, Doctor," said Mr. Austwicke gloomily; "it's something about the inquest."

"Nay; excuse me, my friend, do you see them at once, while your son, and I, your old friend, are with you. I don't know why they come so thick, and fourfold;—my Rupert's coming must be mere impatience; but you will have to face your difficulties, and its the best way to go forward and meet them."

"Shew them in," said Mr. Austwicke, gloomily; and the party entered, Mr. Nugent first, with an open letter in his hand; he was followed by Mr. Hope, who leaned on the arms of Rupert and Norman. The blinds of the windows were down, but through the opening at the side of one, a sunbeam poured its ray so strongly that it made a bar of gold athwart the shaded room, and fell on the face of the last person of the group, lighting up his dark eyes, as he raised them steadily, with a melancholy lustre. Mr. Austwicke, glancing past the three faces he knew, fixed his eyes on Norman, and said—

"You are the young man who so bravely risked your life in the attempt to save my poor sister. I forgot, in the confusion and horror of the scene, to thank you. I do so now. You are come, I presume, gentlemen, about the inquest?"

"We are come on other business, and nearly, we fear, as painful business to you, sir," said Mr. Hope. "We would—that is, Mr. Nugent, myself, and this youth"—pointing to Norman—"see you alone, or you and your son."

"You can have nothing, Mr. Hope, to say to me that I should wish to conceal from my friends, Dr. Griesbach and his son; they know all my family affairs, including some I did not know myself till recently, and do not yet understand."

"All?" again, inquired Mr. Hope.

(To be Continued.)

### THE BIRDS OF CANADA. \*

MR. President,—my young friends: I shall to night briefly direct your attention to a study, which no doubt to the majority here present has proved ever since their boyhood an unfailling source of pleasure, and which I have

\* The substance of this paper was delivered as a lecture, before the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, on the 25th April, 1866, by J. M. Lemoine, Esq., Vice President, for the benefit of the pupils of the High School and other public institutions and for the avowed object of making known the contents of the Museum. The lecturer, well known by his French work "*Les Oiseaux du Canada*," also furnished several specimens from his own extensive museum at Spencer Grange.—(Ed. S. R.)

no hesitation in saying will afford increased gratification the more it is followed. No season of the year appeared to me more propitious for bringing under your notice the feathered race than the period of the spring migration—than those lovely April mornings, when the gardens, the fields and the forest resound with the soft melody of hundreds of winged choristers. Natural History in all its branches has ever been reckoned a most attractive subject: it is, however, a study so comprehensive that I find myself to-night under the necessity to take up one department only: let it then be the most interesting.

Let us spend a social hour, and hold confab with the friends of your youth and of mine—the *Birds*. You will credit me when I tell you that it is not in the spirit of exact science, nor with the pedantry of a professor, but rather with the freedom of an old acquaintance that I shall to-night introduce to you some of the denizens of the woods and minstrels of the grove—so correctly styled, "the accredited and authenticated poets of nature." Do not then expect a set discourse on ornithology. Stray jottings—rambles amongst birds and books—that is all I can promise you at present.

That branch of zoology which treats of birds is denominated ornithology, from two Greek words—*ornithos*, a bird, and *logos* a discourse—a discourse on birds—the history of birds. It is beyond a doubt, that the animal kingdom attracted the attention of mankind in the remotest ages: several birds, as you are aware, are indicated by name, and their peculiarities alluded to in Holy Writ. Mention is frequently made in the earliest and best of books, the Bible, of the soaring eagle, the dismal raven, the tiny sparrow, the grave looking owl, the migratory stork. The care taken of the prophet Elijah by our sabbie and far seeing friend the raven, you all remember. The dove and the raven were both honoured with important missions by that distinguished and most successful navigator Noah. You know how much the ibis was petted, nay honoured in Egypt: the white ibis was in special veneration in Thebes—had the run of the city. The stork was sung by Herodotus, the swan by Homer and a host of other Greek poets: Aristophanes some twenty-three hundred years ago celebrated, not only the croaking of frogs, but also the melody of birds.

It was, however, reserved to one of the loftiest minds of antiquity, Aristotle of Stagira, to furnish the world with the earliest methodical information on zoology. This great man was the first to observe and attempt to explain the organization of animals. His treatise, *περὶ ζῴων ιστορίας*, will ever be regarded as one of the masterpieces of antiquity. The generation of animals, their habits, their organs, the mechanism of their functions, their resemblances and differences are therein discussed with astonishing clearness and sagacity. Aristotle may be reckoned as having established a solid basis for Natural History; and his principal divisions of the animal kingdom are so well founded, that almost all of them are still substantially admitted. In arranging facts, he goes back to causes from general results.

We next come to the Roman, Pliny the Elder, born A. D. 23, who died as you may have read in the year 79 of our era, from the noxious fumes of Vesuvius during the eruption which, it is said, destroyed Herculaneum. He had then charge of a Roman fleet, and had, in attempting to succour some of the unfortunate inhabitants, ventured too near to the scene of the calamity: he died during the following night. I presume some of you have perused the very interesting letter recording the event, written by Pliny the Younger, the nephew and adopted son of the Roman Naturalist.

As a laborious, but not always reliable compiler you have heard of Aldrovandus, born about 1535. To illustrate this later point, I shall now quote from the 1st vol. Canadian Naturalist, an extract purporting to describe one of our most beautiful winter visitors, the Bohemian Chatterer: a fine specimen is in the museum of the L. and H. Society. I was fortunate enough to snare three very fine birds of this species in

January, 1864—this is the only time I saw them round my house, at Spencer Grange. I kept them all winter in my aviary, and they soon became so bloated, so uncommonly portly from good eating, that they were struck down by apoplexy, and one after the other died. I need not tell you the sorrow such a catastrophe caused to my family circle.\*

"That the Bohemian Chatterer was known to the ancients there can be little doubt; but a great deal of obscurity prevails as to the names by which it was distinguished. Some have taken it to be the *Incendiaria avis* of Pliny (book x., c. 13), the unassuming bird, on account of which appearance Rome more than once underwent lustration, but more especially in the consulship of L. Cassius and C. Marius, when the apparition of a great owl (*Bubo*) was added to the horrors of the year. Others have supposed that it was the bird of the Hercynian forest (book x., c. 47), whose feathers shone in the night like fire. Aldrovandus, who collected the opinions on this point, has taken some pains to show that it could be neither the one nor the other. The worthy Italian gravely assures his readers, that its feathers do not shine in the night; for he says he kept one alive for three months, and observed it at all hours ("quâvis noctis horâ contemplatus sum"). It is by no means improbable that this bird was the *gnaphalos* of Aristotle (Hist. anim., book ix., c. 16.)

"The geographical range of the Bohemian Chatterer is extensive, comprehending a great portion of the arctic world. It appears generally in flocks, and a fatality was at one time believed to accompany their movements. Thus Aldrovandus observes that large flights of them appeared in February, 1530, when Charles V. was crowned at Bologna; and again in 1551, when they spread through the duchies of Modena, Piacenza, and other Italian districts, carefully avoiding that of Ferrara, which was afterwards convulsed by an earthquake. In 1552, according to Gesner, they visited the banks of the Rhine, near Mentz, in such myriads that they darkened the air. In 1571, troops of them were seen flying about the north of Italy, in the month of December, when the Ferrara earthquake, according to Aldrovandus, took place, and the rivers overflowed their banks.

"Necker, in his memoir on the birds of Geneva, observes that from the beginning of this century only two considerable flights have been seen in that Canton, one in January, 1807, and the other in 1814, when they were very numerous, and, having spent the winter there, took their departure in March. In the first of those years they were scattered over a considerable part of Europe, and early in January were seen near Edinburgh. Iani observes that they are not seen in Tuscany, except in severe winters, and that the years 1806 and 1807 were remarkable for the number of them which entered Piedmont, especially the valleys of Lauzo and Suza."

I could enlarge considerably on the history of this mysterious bird, which appears to have so startled antiquity. Here is the ominous individual: see how silky his plumage looks: mark the wax-like tips of his wings: this is no doubt the portion which was supposed to shine at night.

Nor should we omit the names of Redi, Swammerdam, Willoughby, John Ray, and especially of Francis Bacon amongst the laborious tillers of the soil of Natural History.

Next to Aristotle and Pliny, ranks the great botanist and naturalist Linnaeus, who devoted a life time in reforming and rearranging the history of all natural productions, and lived to see his method triumphant and almost universally received. Nor was he a mere nomenclator; his vast genius led him to take the most elevated views of nature. He penetrated with a glance into causes which were the least obvious on the surface. Order, precision, clearness, exactitude of description and accurate knowledge of relations in detail distinguish his works. He it was who sent to America, to Quebec the eccentric Peter Kalm; every old guide-book reminds you of the amusing account Kalm wrote of Quebec and

Montreal society in 1749; what a fine fellow Count De la Gallisonnière the Governor General in those days, appeared to the Swedish traveller; how our respected grandmothers chatted, flirted, dressed, danced; how well he related all he saw, and some things he did not see. We are led next to consider the brilliant career of a French naturalist, an elegant writer, and profound philosopher, Count Buffon. Possessed of a vast fortune, moving in the highest circles of a nation famous for its civilization and learning, Buffon, during half a century, from his *chateau* of Montbard, promulgated his canons to the scientific world: he tells us he spent forty years in his studies, perfecting and rounding the sentences of his immortal works; but when bearing in mind, the life-like sketches of birds written by Buffon's successors and contradictors, the men of the new school, such as Alexander Wilson, Audubon, Chas. Buonaparte, one is inclined to regret that the illustrious philosopher should have spent so much time indoors writing about his favourites instead of ransacking the forests, the fields, the seashore, to see for himself, like Audubon and Wilson, how God's creatures lived, sang and died.

No doubt, my young friends, you would like to have some details of the career of the two celebrated naturalists just mentioned, especially as their fame is identified with the name of America; both as you may know, visited Quebec. Alexander Wilson, the author of *American Ornithology*, was born in 1766, at Paisley, in Scotland. At the early age of thirteen, he was indentured as a weaver to his brother-in-law William Duncan. His parents were peasants; a few years after we find him acting as a pedlar; dealing in cambrics, cotton, calico by day, and poetry and natural history by night. His restless mind, poetic temperament and poverty induced him to seek fortune in the United States, where he landed on the 14th July, 1794. In 1795, he again took to the pack and next became a teacher a short time after. In 1802, he accepted a situation as teacher in a seminary near Philadelphia. There he became acquainted with Mr. William Bartram, the naturalist and botanist, who encouraged him and lent him the works of Catesby and Edwards on Ornithology. Space prevents me from following the ardent admirer of birds, through the country. There is an interesting episode in his life connected with the refusal of President Jefferson to second the efforts of the aspiring naturalist. He died in 1813, aged 47, from the effect of a cold, caught whilst pursuing some rare bird, having to swim a river in order not to lose sight of it. Although much progress has been made in American ornithology since the days of Alexander Wilson, his treatise, as far as it goes, serves yet as a text book to naturalists of every nation.

How can I becomingly sketch the adventurous existence of the Prince of American naturalists, John James Audubon. Who can do justice to the memory of this noble minded son of science, whose great work, *The Birds of America*, is likely to remain in succeeding ages—a permanent monument of the highest order of genius, celebrating the wonders of nature, in the denizens of the air and songsters of the grove?

John James Audubon saw day light for the first time, in Louisiana, in 1782: he was of French extraction, and was sent to Paris to complete his studies. It is there he learned the art of drawing from the celebrated painter David. On his return to America, at the age of eighteen, he lived with his father, near Philadelphia, on a beautiful estate surrounded by park, lawns and gardens. He soon gave himself up to commercial pursuits, and started for Kentucky. The whole of his books teem with the vivid descriptions of his wanderings in Yankee land. In 1810 he met for the first time his great rival, Alexander Wilson. In 1811, Audubon said good-bye to the *Cashbook* and *Ledger*, and, gun and sketch book in hand, he dived into the depths of the southern forests in quest of knowledge and materials to build up his great project. In 1814, he was favoured with an introduction to the celebrated prince of Canino, Charles Lucien Buonaparte, a close relative of the present French Emperor, and author of most valuable treatises on Ame-

rican Birds, some of which ornament our shelves. After visiting the States in all directions, Audubon sailed for Paris, London and Edinburgh. His drawings of American birds had already attracted considerable attention. In England he soon became acquainted with several men of note in literature; Professors Sedgwick, Whewell, Henslow, Dr. Thackeray, Dr. Buckland, Dr. Kidd—in Paris, Baron Cuvier, Swainson, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, his son Isidore—D'Orbigny, Lesson, and other *savants* shewed him attention. The sovereigns of England and France patronised the enthusiastic disciple of Linnaeus and headed with their names the subscription list to the great work. I wish, my young friends, I could gratify your wish, and follow in detail this wonderful man in his ornithological rambles through the length and breadth of this green land of the West: this day, you might be ascending with him one of the *bayous* of Florida, to watch the habits of the scarlet flamingo, and next month, scanning the prairies of Kentucky in search of the Wild Turkey; the season following, might find you toiling up the rugged and barren uplands of Labrador, a locality so desolate, so rocky and inhospitable that, to use the words of the late abbé Ferland, "there is not enough of soil to bury decently the unfortunate traveller who might perchance die there." Audubon visited Quebec in 1842, residing several weeks with a Mr. Marten, in St. Peter Street, a great taxidermist and admirer of the feathered race, and on his departure, he requested him to accept as a token of remembrance a copy of his magnificent work on the Birds of this Continent. There are yet many amongst us who can recall the dignified, courteous, white haired old gentleman, with black, piercing eyes, eminently handsome in person—one of nature's true noblemen. Spencer Wood in those days belonged to the late Henry Atkinson, a warm friend of the gifted naturalist. Many the stroll did the latter enjoy, at Spencer Wood, listening under the tall pines and ancient oaks to the flute-like warble of the veery and metallic notes of the Hermit Thrush. His steps occasionally wandered, I am proud to say, over that portion of the estate, which has since passed to me; the shady avenue consecrated by the presence of this man of genius, is now known to my children under the name of "Audubon Avenue." These memories, which to some may appear commonplace, I recall, with unfeigned pleasure; and whilst there and listening to the harbingers of spring or poring over Audubon's works, I am reminded that here breathed and stood the possessor of one of the most honoured names in science, a most noble minded fellow-man—whose glory and whose history is inseparable from that of North America. Audubon spent more than twenty years completing his superb drawings and compiling the Biography of the Birds and Animals of America; he sank to rest in 1852, aged seventy years, in the full blaze of his glory.

Next to Wilson and Audubon, in the field of Natural History, I shall point out to you a name widely respected in America and well known in Europe—Professor S. F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington; he is known to us as the chief compiler of the celebrated 9th vol. of the Reports of this Institution, which elaborate book you have now before you; he was assisted in this laborious undertaking by Mr. G. Lawrence of New York and Dr. John Cassin of Philadelphia. Dr. Cassin is also the author amongst other publications of a most gorgeously illustrated work on some new Western birds, also in the library of this society.

In Wilson's *Ornithology* published in 1814, we find mentioned 283 species. Buonaparte in 1838, has described 471. Audubon writing in 1844, brought up the list to 506. Baird's report, which appeared in 1858, enlarged the number to 738, of which fully 300 species are to be found in Canada either as accidental visitors or sedentary species. The Smithsonian Report divides the birds into six orders, viz:

- I. *Raptores*: Birds of Prey.
- II. *Scansores*: Climbing Bird.
- III. *Insessores*: Perching "
- IV. *Rasores*: Dusting "
- V. *Gallatores*: Wading "
- VI. *Natatores*: Web-Footed "

\* Canada Naturalist and Geologist, I., p. 467.

Each of these orders might comprise as follows: I. order, 36; II. 18; III. 120; IV. 15; V. 42; VI. 69. Canada, not embracing all the varieties of climate and temperature, which the American Union does, cannot be expected to unite all the varieties of birds to be found in the United States. The Canadian Fauna is nevertheless very beautiful and varied in its features, including a numerous collection of birds of prey. The web-footed order are well represented in Canada—the Woodpecker family comprises some most brilliantly habited individuals—Alex. Wilson spoke eloquently and truly, when he said, "The ornithology of the United States exhibits a rich display of the most splendid colours; from the green, silky, gold, bespangled down of the minute humming bird, scarce three inches in extent, to the black coppery wings of the gloomy condor, of sixteen feet, who sometimes visits our northern regions; a numerous and powerful band of songsters, that, for sweetness, variety, and melody, are surpassed by no country on earth; an ever-changing scene of migration from torrid to temperate and from northern to southern regions, in quest of suitable season, food and climates, and such an amazing diversity in habit, economy, form, disposition and faculties, so uniformly hereditary in each species, and so completely adequate to their peculiar wants and convenience, as to overwhelm us with astonishment at the power, wisdom, and beneficence of the Creator.

"In proportion as we become acquainted with these particulars, our visits to, and residence in the country, become more and more agreeable. Formerly, on such occasions, we found ourselves in solitude, or, with respect to the feathered tribes, as it were in a strange country, where the manners, language, and faces of all were either totally overlooked, or utterly unknown to us; now, we find ourselves among interesting and well known neighbours and acquaintances, and, in the notes of every songster, recognize with satisfaction the voice of an old friend and companion. A study thus tending to multiply our enjoyments at so cheap a rate, and to lead us, by such pleasing gradations, to the contemplation and worship of the Great First Cause, the Father and Preserver of all, can neither be idle nor useless, but is worthy of rational being, and doubtless agreeable to the Deity."

The lecturer, by means of the diagram of a bird drawn on a large board, explained the different portions: *Primaries, Secondaries, Tertiaries, Scapulars, rump feathers, Auriculars, Tarsi, Tibia, Iris, Mirror*, total length, *alar extent*, and a variety of other technical terms.

"Linnaeus, in his *Systema Nature*, divides the class of birds into six orders. Blumenbach makes nine orders. Cuvier makes six. Viellot, five. Vigors, five. Temminck, in his *Manuel d'Ornithologie*, sixteen; Agassiz and Gould, only four orders.

The vastness of the subject now before us is such that I am compelled to confess how rashly I acted in promising you at the onset a discourse on the ornithology of Canada. It would require, at least, a dozen of lectures to place the topic before you in a becoming manner. I shall, therefore, be satisfied with familiarising you with some of the specimens belonging to our museum. Let us select the Hawks, Owls, and some of the singing Birds.

At least 20 species of the former family visit our latitudes; the delicately spotted Goshawk, identical with the European species: the breast is of a lovely ash colour, with most delicate markings; there is the rough-legged buzzard; there the Marsh Hawk, whom I am sure, on viewing this specimen, you all recognize as that unwelcome prowler who made you miss by his swoop such a shot, on the Chateau Richer, Crane Island—Sorel or Deschambault marshes, at some period or other of your sporting career; there is another species with large expanse of wing; that is the Broad-Winged Hawk, not so large as the Goshawk, and of plumage less bright; then comes the sharp-shinned; the Pigeon Hawk and the Sparrow Hawk, with its elegant cinnamon coloured back and black bands on its tail. I miss here a splendid individual, the great Duck Hawk—*Bullet headed Hawk*, as some style him, and who is none

else than the celebrated Peregrine Falcon of the days of chivalry; he is pretty common in Canada West; one was shot at Charlesburg, near this city some years back. The limits of my discourse prevent me from quoting for your benefit, the elegant and truthful descriptions of the Peregrine and his fearless compeers, as sketched by the great Audubon. Shall we leave this fierce band of robbers by day, and investigate the career of those formidable midnight raiders, the Owls? See how grave, how omniscient they look, with their rolling, shining yellow eyes, their soft plumage and their warm fur leggings, impervious to cold the most intense. There he sits on his perch, the dignified patriarch of the whole tribe: the Great Cinereous Owl; look at him well—he is not an every-day visitor by any means—the largest of the owls; and even exceeds in size that white and fierce marauder, the great Snowy Owl, who as you know is frequently shot in the surrounding country during the winter months. Nature has adapted itself wonderfully, to these birds. They hunt by day as well as by night, and in the soft moonlight, you can scarcely hear the rustling sound of their wings, when pursuing hares or other small animals. Of the ferocity of the Snowy Owl unquestionable proofs exist. The attack of a Snowy Owl, rendered desperate through hunger on a Roman Catholic Missionary, is amusingly related in a *Journal of Travel* on the Labrador coast. The Reverend Father was so astounded at the daring of the bird of prey, that he sought his safety in flight. Of the Virginian or Great Horned Owl, there are some fine varieties, Atlanticus, Magillanicus, Pacificus, Arcticus, Virginianus: *Atlanticus and Virginianus* alone visit Canada; they are often found caught by the leg in steel traps baited for foxes; the ferocious attitude and indomitable courage this owl exhibits, when approached by dog or man is wonderful to behold; he snaps his powerful beak, rolls his bright eyes and erects his feathers;—the very emblem of concentrated rage. I have not heard of any successful effort to domesticate the Great Horned Owl. In some countries, the Barn Owl is highly valued as a destroyer of rats and mice.

I have now placed before you in a row, according to their size, the Owls which visit Canada; you notice the gradation from the Great Cinereous as large as a large Turkey, to the little Saw Whet, a sweetly pretty, tiny fellow, not much bigger than a snow bunting; what an interesting group of wiseacres they all seem? Legislative or City Councillors in conclave! I have informed you that the most numerous order of birds by far was the *Passeres*. It would require a great many evenings to initiate you into their habits and history. I will consequently merely direct your attention to those now before you wearing the showiest liveries and gaudiest uniforms; there, you will remark the brightest of Canadian birds, the Vermillion Tanager, or Summer Red Bird, how velvety his black wings do appear, surrounded by red feathers. Hot weather alone attracts him over the Canadian border from the scented magnolia groves of Louisiana and Florida. The peasant lad, meeting him, in our green woods, in ecstasy at such a display of splendour, hurries home to tell his mother that he has at last seen "*Le Roi des Oiseaux*," for such is the distinctive cognomen the Summer Red Bird, during his July visits obtains amongst the French Canadian peasantry. That sprightly looking individual with a cinnamon coloured back and wings, a white breast and long rounded tail feathers, is the Black Billed Cuckoo; his shrill note is occasionally heard in hedges round the city. Unlike his European congener, his habits as a parent are unimpeachable; you never catch him depositing eggs in other bird's nests,—foundlings at at other individual's doors; this shabby unnatural practice may suit the Cow pen bird of Canada; but our dandy, merry Cuckoo, is too excellent a gentleman, too kind-hearted a fellow to behave thus. We have two Cuckoos in Canada, the white and the black billed. Next to him, you notice a bird encased in a sleek, shiny, black uniform, with gold and crimson *shoulder straps*, a veritable rifleman

amongst the feathered tribe; that is the Red Winged starling; is he not a jaunty, military looking son of song? sporting *epaulettes*, he ought to stand well with the ladies; doubtless his name of *Field Officer* is due to their admiration of his gaudy uniform. There sits Robin Red Breast. What nice anecdotes I could tell you about him my familiar friend, who returns each spring to nestle in a bushy evergreen under my Library window, notwithstanding several murderous raids made in the vicinity, in the dead of night by some marauding grimalkin, when unfortunately for my feathered neighbour the trusty guardian of the grounds, my mastiff *Wolf* is rapped in balmy sleep. You may understand what a lively memory birds retain of the spots in which protection has been extended to them. For six years past have I protected the birds building on my property; it is certainly astonishing so see how they have multiplied.

What a charming musician, the Red Eyed Fly Catcher during his protracted stay from May to September: scarcely visible to the naked, amidst the green boughs of a lofty elm, he warbles forth his love song from sunrise to sunset. How eagerly I watched for the return, from the South of the *Sweet, Sweet Canada bird*, the white throated sparrow—whose piercing whistle resounds even in the depth of night! How is it he did not accompany this spring his congener, the Song Sparrow, so dear to every Canadian heart, with his simple but soft melody?

Have any of you ever watched the Red start darting like an arrow, after the small flies, then relighting on the twig, uttering his shrill *increasing* note, very similar to that of that pretty summer Yellow bird, also one of the fly catchers as you are aware,—a family most numerous and if not generally gifted with song, at least wearing a very bright livery: the Red start, the male bird is easily known by its black plumage: when it is flying, it discloses the under portions of its wings, which appear of bright maize. The female is more of an olive hue, and does not resemble at all her mate: they breed all round Quebec and stop here about three months. It is needless for me to furnish you with a very lengthy description of the *Blue Jay*: you are all acquainted with his cerulean plumage and harsh note especially before rain.

I must not however, forget to point out to you that richly dressed individual, wearing black and orange badges: that is the Baltimore Oriole. He visits the warmest parts of Western Canada, Black and orange, did I say? why, that was the official livery of a great English landowner of Maryland, in the days when democracy amongst our neighbours was not. We have it on the authority of Alexander Wilson, no mean authority, as you know, that this brilliant July visitor took its name from Lord Baltimore, on whose estates a great number of Orioles were to be seen. It is satisfactory to find that even in Republican America, the English aristocracy is becomingly represented not only at the White House, but also in the green fields and green woods of the great Republic. The *Baltimore Oriole* is a tolerably good musician. You can all see how brilliant are the colours of these Canada birds now exhibited to you; as for song, we may safely assert with the same Alexander Wilson, that the *Fauna* of America can compete with that of Europe: true we have not the Sky Lark, nor the Black bird, and the Robin although very similar to him in song and habits is still his inferior; but we have the Wood Thrush, with its double tongued flute notes, Wilson's Thrush, the Brown Thrush, the gingling, roystering Bobolink, the Canadian Gold Finch whose warble reminds you of the Canary. The far famed European Nightingale has certainly met with a worthy rival in the American Mocking Bird, whose extraordinary musical powers have been so graphically delineated by the great Audubon. My young friends, I had promised to introduce you in the very *sanctum* of Natural History, and the advanced hour of the evening compels me to leave you, merely at the threshold. If it should so please you we may, at some future day, resume the investigation of this subject. I thank you for your long and constant attention. *Au revoir*.

J. M. LE MOINE.



## A SALT WATER CURE FOR JEALOUSY.

"LET her go!" said George Danvers, fiercely, as the wild wind thundered round the cliffs, and dashed the spray on his angry face—"let her go; false and cruel!"

He leaned sullenly against a huge rock that marked the high-water limit, and looked listlessly across the tossing, heaving sea. The red sun was going down in a bank of clouds, the gusts of wind burst incessantly from the north, and dashed showers of foam over the sand; and from the harbour was seen the ominous "drum" hoisted—a presage of the approaching storm.

A coast-guard came along the beach, water-proofed, as if in anticipation of rough weather.

"Good evening, sir," said he, cheerily. "There's a gale blowing up from the northward, and there'll be wild work if any vessel gets too near the reefs."

He pointed to a low, black line of rocks over which the snowy surf was boiling, about half a mile off the shore.

"Yes," said Danvers, moodily, grinding his teeth.

At this moment a shrill whistle from the little harbour startled them.

"Why, it's the *Petrel's* steam whistle," said the preventive man; "surely they're never going to get up steam and move out of harbour!"

He pointed with his telescope as he spoke to a dainty screw steam-yacht, which lay moored inside the harbour breakwater. The furious gale blowing seemed to make her slender frame quiver as she was slowly towed by a boat to the opposite side.

The wild, tossing waves roared louder and louder on the beach, and over the reef the breakers spread a sheet of foam, through which the black rocks peered ominously. The wind blew more strongly every minute, and every fishing boat within sight came scudding in close reefed, to seek the harbour's shelter; yet it looked as if the yacht *Petrel* meant to brave the fierce sea.

We must change the sea to the Cliff Lodge, through whose long French windows the fire-light blazed, and made a cheerful contrast with the wild scene without. A young lady, graceful, tall, and very pretty, had risen from the piano, and was standing at the window, her dreamy, hazel eyes fixed musingly on the masses of cloud that were driven rapidly across the sky.

The door opened, and a man dressed in yachting attire, and wrapped in a rough dreadnought, entered the room.

"Well, Agatha," said he, "still in despair because Mr. Danvers has gone off in a rage?"

"No," answered the girl haughtily, "I'm not in despair at all, Clarence; but I don't see why—why you should insist on this incognito."

"And so rouse the jealousy of your admirer? Ah, but I do! It's a patent test, and I think it's bringing out Mr. Danvers in a very unamiable light."

"I think it brings you out in one," said Agatha, impetuously, with a rush of pink colour over her pretty face.

"Possibly," said her companion, coolly, while he pulled a sou'-wester over his head.

"Are you going out in this storm?" demanded the elder lady suddenly.

"Certainly, mother."

"Pray don't go! pray don't go!" said Mrs. Bankley, the tears coming into her eyes as she took her son's hand in hers.

"Come, come, mother," said Clarence, kissing her, "you must get Agatha to give you some of her coolness. She doesn't mind. Though," he added, mischievously, "if Mr. Danvers were on board, her quiet manner might be altered."

He quitted the room as he spoke without noticing the deep blush on his sister's face, and was soon on board his pet screw yacht at the harbour mouth.

Mrs. Bankley and her daughter were staying at Chalktown, and had just been joined by her only son, who had come round in his yacht. Their long visit had procured them many acquaintances, all of whom appreciated the great comfort of Mrs. Bankley's house, for she was

moderately rich. Among the men who attached themselves to her train was George Danvers, a young surgeon, rising into good practice, and much respected in the town. His admiration for Agatha was by no means unperceived by that young lady, nor by her mother, and his known good qualities and character gave him a very favourable chance with both. Latterly his attention had become very marked, and all had gone well until the arrival of Clarence Bankley. He, after hearing the account of his mother and sister, had insisted on being introduced to Danvers as "Mr. Clarence," and, without saying so, his actions implied that he was a cousin, and a near and dear one, of the charming Agatha. He quietly ignored Danvers, turned over the young lady's music, got her sea anemones, and generally attended to her wishes in a way that very few brothers do.

George Danvers foolishly showed jealousy and coldness at the moment when his pretty lady-love's mind and heart were full of pity for him, and when an avowal of the true relationship of "Mr. Clarence" trembled on her lips. But the unlucky temper evinced by Mr. Danvers roused the young lady's pride, and she resolved to punish him in the velvet-tyrannical manner peculiar to her sex.

The easy unconsciousness of her manner, while with her brilliant eyes she saw every expression of his face—the coolness she affected, while her heart secretly beat quicker at his name—and the carelessness of her inquiries about him, while she thought of no one else, imposed on Danvers, and drove him from the house in the unreasonable and irritable state which drives a gentleman to stand with no overcoat in a north-easter, and with the sure prospect of a tremendous shower of rain to wet him to the skin.

To return to the point whence arose this digression. The screw of the graceful yacht flashed round through the green water, and the *Petrel* made slow way toward the open sea. As she neared the mouth, the full force of the wind was realised by her owner and crew; but the former had no idea of shrinking from his purpose.

Danvers, from the beach, watched, in sullen silence, the labouring vessel as she panted through the waves, and was roused into vivid interest as he saw her emerge from the harbour into the open sea, when a huge wave broke over her.

"Whose is she?" said he to the preventive-man.

"A strange gentleman's, sir—a Mr. Clarence's."

"Clarence's!" said the other, bitterly. "What, has he a yacht, then?"

"He has at present, sir. Whether he will in half an hour, I can't say," said the preventive-man, grimly.

Danvers looked towards the Cliff Lodge, and saw Agatha standing at the window, gazing anxiously at the yacht.

"He must be on board, then," he said, hoarsely, "and she watching—watching!" and he turned abruptly away.

The sea was running fearfully high, and the green, broken waves rushed in sheets of foam over the black, sunken rocks of the reef. The wind was blowing such a gale that Danvers was glad to get to leeward of a large rock.

A huge wave, rushing further than its fellows, and flinging part of its water over his sheltering rock, roused him. The salt water drenched his coat, while the shock caused him to drop his favourite meerschau. He stooped, and searched for it amid the wet shingle, when his attention was diverted by a shout from the sailors and fishermen on the pier.

Gazing seaward, he saw the *Petrel*, despite the efforts of the men at her wheel, who jammed the helm "down" with the strength of despair, slowly swept by the terrific wind toward the reef. She had kept in the outer channel, and had the boat answered her helm well, and had powerful engines, she might have been safe. But the machinery which the crack yacht-builder had esteemed sufficient for all pleasure purposes in the sunny Mediterranean or blue Egean was all too weak for a gale like that which tried it on such a coast as Chalktown. It gave way, and

the screw ceased to move with its original strength.

Danvers scarcely realised the position. As he gazed, half stunned with the roar of the storm and the shouts of the men on the pier and in the yacht, he slowly came to perceive that Clarence, his rival and enemy, was in a fair way of being drowned.

Pity and manly terror filled his mind, for jealousy lost its grim sway for the time. As he looked, there suddenly rang from the cliff, high above every other sound, a woman's shriek, and it sent the blood rushing to his heart.

He went as well as the wind let him to a point whence he saw the house-windows. At one of them, her golden brown hair blown back and drenched, her face marble white, and her lustrous eyes terror-dilated, fixed on the sea, stood Agatha.

Mixed emotions swayed Danvers, and a keen pain shot through him as he felt how precious such a love and pity as hers were for the happy man who owned them. He turned seaward, and saw what swallowed up in himself all feelings save generous fear for his fellow men's danger.

The *Petrel*, powerless, had drifted on the rocks. Her holding together, with the terrible sea breaking over her, was only a mere matter of time. Her small crew were together aft. Conspicuous among them, bare-headed, drenched and apparently maimed in one arm, stood Clarence, but showing, as his rival was constrained to admit, thorough fearlessness and cheery calmness through all.

Danvers ran round to the pier, and no run ever seemed so long. Arriving there, he breathlessly demanded who of the men would volunteer to man a boat.

Stout hearts and strong arms were there, but the fishermen, gallant as they were, might well be excused for hanging back in face of such a sea, when their wives and children were remembered.

"Well," shouted Danvers, "I'm only a landsman, I'll go. Surely somebody will go with me. There's a boat."

He pointed to a large fishing-boat, cumbrous and slow in pulling, but not easily capsized. A dozen men, stimulated by his example, volunteered. Oars were fetched, and in a few minutes, amid the cheers of those present, the boat pulled slowly from the harbour.

It was a new sensation with a vengeance, when Danvers found himself out of shelter. The roar and rush of an enormous wave, which burst over the boat, soaking every man in it, taking away the breath of each, and half filling the boat with water, was an experience to be recollected.

In due time the yacht was reached—rapidly becoming a wreck. Clarence and his crew got safely into the boat, and few words were said, for the dangerous return voyage with a more heavily loaded boat had to be encountered. After what seemed an age, the harbour was reached, and all the inmates of the boat were helped, exhausted, on to the pier.

Clarence munificently rewarded the fishermen, and turning to Danvers, grasped his hand, and said—

"You've saved my life. Come up to the house with me."

"No," said the other, crimsoning, "I can't I can't! I'm glad I've helped, that's all."

"You don't get off like that," said Clarence, smiling, and taking our hero's arm, who, against his will, led him to the Cliff Lodge.

They entered the drawing-room, where Mrs. Bankley lay half fainting, and Agatha, with a scream and sob, flung herself into his arms.

Danvers turned away, choking.

"Come," said Clarence, laughing, "don't look so wretched, my dear fellow. I want you to be thanked for saving my life by my sister."

"Sister!" said Danvers, with a revulsion of joy. "Are you—"

"Clarence Bankley, at your service. Forgive my reticence. I wanted to test your affection for Agatha, and I've succeeded."

Agatha's hazel eyes and eloquent silence told Danvers her opinion of him, and their mutual explanations need no chronicling.

## GONE LIKE A DREAM.

GONE like a dream, those rambles sweet,  
Through silent unfrequented ways,  
When my young heart with rapture beat  
And screened itself in beauty's rays—  
Nestling beneath her gentle wing,  
Exulting in her endless spring.

Gone like a dream, those fairy tones,  
Whose music used to charm my ear;  
My spirit still their magic owns,  
I seem to hear them lingering here—  
Here in this dim retired nook,  
Beside the golden gravelled brook.

Gone like a dream, that loving smile,  
That gladdened all on which it fell,  
I deemed it innocent to guile,  
But to that hope have bade farewell;  
That smile is winsome as of yore,  
But falls, alas! on me no more!

Gone like a dream—all, all are gone,  
And I must live upon the past—  
When happier hours upon me shone,  
I sometimes felt they could not last;  
I should forget, but in my breast  
Are thoughts that will not let me rest.

T. B. DOVETON.

## THE

## TWO WIVES OF THE KING.

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

*Continued from page 219.*

"At the place where I drove in my crystal poignard," said he, without in the least departing from his slow and grave style, "there was nothing but a grove of palms. I assumed a beggar's dress, and drawing a large stone there, to serve me as a seat, in my watchings for the commander of the faithful. I waited a little more than a year. He came at last, with his black eunuchs, and at the moment when I was about to spring forth, one of those pierced my breast with his scymeter. When I returned again to that place, where I had said the sultan or myself should die, a whole year had passed; for a whole year I had been stretched upon a mattress incapable of moving. There were no longer any palm trees there, for they had broken up the ground to establish the foundations of a mosque, and I heard the people of Bagdad say, that the kaliph Salim had built that temple to Allah, for having protected his life. I searched a long time for the place where I had thrust my crystal poignard and I found it exactly in the middle of the space reserved for the great door. All around this mosque, which was in course of erection, were numerous stone-cutters, preparing the ornaments for the windows, galleries and minarets. The Prophet inspired me; I quitted my beggar's clothes and immediately set about learning to cut stone. During four long years I lived in that temple, which was constantly growing over my head. It became my dwelling—I knew it stone by stone. I had become a skilful artisan—the master of the works spoke of me to the kaliph. Mark on what occasion."

God knows, Messire Amaury had no desire to know on what occasion the kaliph Salim had wished to speak to Mahmoud; but as Mahmoud did not often speak, he pretended to agree with him.

"Over the spot where I had thrust my crystal poignard," he continued, "the chief door of the mosque had reached the desired height—then nothing further was wanted than to carve and fit the key-stone of the arch. Twenty times already that key-stone had been cut and ornamented at great cost, according to the Persian rules of art; but on each occasion some demon that haunted the church had split and rent it to pieces."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Montruel out of all patience, "thinkest thou, maitre Jean Cadour, that I have time to stand here, listening to thy sleepy tales?"

"I waited seven years to kill the kaliph Salim," replied Mahmoud-el-Reis, with the most perfect tranquility, "and I have only been at Paris a week. If thou hast no desire to serve me precisely as I wish to be served, let us separate. I can wait still."

"Speak, then," said Montruel, with resignation. "The demon who burst that stone," said Mahmoud, who would not abate a word of his narrative, "was me! I had learnt in the kingdom of Kathay how to manufacture that terrible dust which bursts at the approach of fire, and bursts through every obstacle by its prodigious powers of expansion; I employed my nights in boring the key-stone. I filled up the hole with that dust of sulphur and saltpetre; then on the eve of the day upon which the stone was to be keyed, I lighted a match and the stone was rent asunder. The sultan said to me, 'Mahmoud-el-Reis, thou who art so skilful, wilt thou charge thyself with cutting a key-stone and adjusting it? If thou shouldst succeed, I will give thee twenty thousand sequins; but if thou shouldst fail thou shalt die under the baton.'

"I will charge myself with cutting the key-stone, and I will adjust it," I replied, 'if the king of kings, a sight of whom dazzles like the light of ten suns, will accord one favour to his humble slave.' And as the kaliph made me a sign to speak I added, while prostrating myself at his knees, 'There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet! The grace that I ask of the commander of the faithful is that he will assist with his sublime presence at the placing of my key-stone, keeping himself at the exact spot that I shall indicate.'

"For what object?" demanded Salim.

"Because the presence of God's favourite, like the presence of God himself, shall drive away all evil spirits and thwart their curses."

"I was a whole year cutting and preparing the stone, which was larger than the cube of the chamber in which we now stand. When it was finished I passed the whole night preceding the day upon which it was to be placed, watching over it, scymeter in hand. The following day all the officers of the court, the virgins, the priests, the doctors and the kadis were to accompany the kaliph Salim at the ceremony. All the musical instruments that Bagdad contained formed a concert to celebrate the long-expected complection of the mosque—Salim was full of joy and said to me—

"What place hast thou assigned me, Mahmoud-el-Reis? for I must acquit me of my promise as thou hast done of thine."

"I pointed to the place where I had first thrust my crystal poignard in the earth, seven years previously, on my first arrival at the city of Bagdad. The kaliph placed himself on the spot, under a canopy of Cashmeres, borne up by sixteen slaves. At a signal from my hand the ropes tightened in their pulleys, the enormous stone left the ground and became poised in air. I was on the crown of the arch and had a sharp scymeter concealed under my clothing. When the stone arrived over the canopy of Cashmeres, I seized my scymeter and called loudly, three times before the stupefied crowd, upon the dreaded name of Mahommed, the lord of the mountain. Then my sharp steel severed the ropes and the great stone fell, crushing everybody that was under the Cashmere canopy. Dost thou now understand, messire Amaury," resumed the Syrian, changing his tone "why I have told thee this long story?"

"Not yet," replied Montruel.

"I have told it thee," continued Mahamoud, "because here in Paris, as in Bagdad, I feel myself too weak against a sovereign surrounded by his guards. And because to succeed before him, I require a longer arm than the poignard of my order; because I wish to have, without further delay, if thou canst bring Phillip Augustus here to me, under the portals of Notre Dame, at the day and hour that I shall indicate."

Montruel reflected a moment; this fashion of killing the king seemed to please him more than we can tell. He had a certain repugnance to opening the door of the king's chamber, which was confided to his care; but a stone falling from the scaffolding of Notre Dame; that re-

sembled an accident so much, that the easy conscience of messire Amaury found itself suddenly at ease. In his joy he extended his hand to Mahmoud-el-Reis, who kept his own crossed upon his breast.

"A good idea!" said he without noticing this proof of Mahmoud's disdain, "a good idea, mon compaignon! I cannot bring the king under the portals of Notre Dame at the precise day and date that thou shalt indicate; but I can tell thee before hand at what day and hour the king will pass under those portals. Does not that amount to the same thing?"

"That will do as well," replied Mahmoud.

"Ah, well, then, since this business is arranged," said Montruel, with vivacity, "we come now to the promise thou hast made me; thou knowest not what I suffer, mon compaignon—thou knowest not the madness that consumes me. It is now eight days since I have seen her who is my passion, my happiness, my desire, my hope—my whole being—since I live in her and for her.

"It is eight days since I saw her, and I have counted the hours and the minutes of the hours of all these days! Thou hast lately told me—I remember it well, mon compaignon, that thou also wert suffering from the absence of some one—that thou wast a body without soul—ever since thy departure from the pure one. Ah! well! I adore that woman as thou adorest Dilah! thy well-beloved!"

Mahmoud-el-Reis frowned.

"Christian," murmured he, "never pronounce the name of Dilah; and, above all, never compare her to that woman!"

Montruel turned pale, and his lips trembled; for of all outrages that is the most cruel which is addressed to the object we love. He, however, made an effort to suppress the reply that came to his lips.

Mahmoud had crossed the work-shed, and was standing before his statue contemplating it with a respectful love. "I was the cause of that!" he murmured in a voice soft as melody. "Pardon me, Dilah, treasure of my life! It was me, imprudent fool that I was for giving them thy name. It was me who had no fear of profaning my heart by showing them thy image. Pardon me, Dilah! those who have heard thy name shall not repeat it anymore; and I swear to thee an oath, that they shall never possess thine image." These two last phrases died upon his lips.

Montruel did not hear them.

Mahmoud drew a curtain, and the image of Dilah disappeared suddenly behind that veil.

## CHAPTER IX.

"Time passes," said Montruel, "I am waiting."  
"I am ready," replied Mahmoud. "Thou hast not told me how thou wouldst introduce me near the princess Ingeburge?" At the name of Ingeburge, pronounced for the first time, a rustling noise was heard behind the wall of the work-shed.

Mahmoud listened attentively, though taking care to preserve his calm; Montruel trembled and rushed hastily towards the window.

"Has anybody overheard us?" said he, full of fear.

"Look," said the Syrian

Montruel stretched himself as far as he could out of the opening, but could see nothing but a forest of unfinished clustered columns and stones, lying pell-mell, waiting to be placed in position.

"There was nobody," said he, drawing his body back again into the shed; by way of caution, however, he closed the shutters of the window.

"Is access so very difficult to the convent that contains queen Ingeburge?" said the Syrian.

"Nearly impossible."

"Even for thee, the favourite of Phillip Augustus?"

"Even for me."

"They tell me that there is an infirmary at the convent."

"It is true," replied Montruel, seizing that idea impetuously.

"But," added he, on further reflection, thou art not ill."

"I can become so."

"One might feign it," began Amaury. "I did not say I would feign it," said the Syrian, dryly. "I said I could easily become ill—listen and lose none of my words. In a minute I shall be lying there on the ground, without voice or motion; thou wilt then call the nearest masons who are working below at the portals—command them to place me on a litter; and I think," added he ironically, "that thy powerful influence will go far enough to induce them to receive a dying man at the hospital."

Montruel looked at him stupefied. Before he could find words to reply, Mahmoud had drawn from his breast a small flask and put it to his lips.

At the same moment he fell back like one struck to the earth by lightning, and after a slight convulsion, had no more motion than a corpse.

The emotion in the city remained as great as ever. Upon the place du Palais, in the rue de la Barillerie, and beyond the two bridges the crowd increased.

Every one was eager to learn the smallest item of information regarding the proceedings of that tribunal which was about to decide the fate of such high destinies.

In the silence of every other bell of Paris, that one from the belfry of the new palace rang out, at measured intervals, a long and deep tone, announcing to the city and its neighbourhood that the council of prelates were deliberating.

A thousand rumours circulated—for Paris always insists upon having some news, however impossible it may be to obtain it.

The walls of the throne-room were thick; the doors were closed; it was certain that not a word could escape from that redoubtable chamber; and yet the lying and credulous bourgeois related to each other, from minute to minute, all that had passed in the council—they were not particular about details; but each risked his own little fable, and generously accepted the fable of his neighbour—and these accounts, fabricated with the usual Parisian ingenuity, acquired a very respectable degree of authenticity, after having passed through a dozen mouths.

Some said—"Our sire the king is standing in the midst of those churchmen. His helmet on his head, and his gauntlet hand upon his hip, as well becomes a brave man-at-arms to do when he is surrounded by a room full of hypocrites!"

"Ah! ha!" said another "our sire, the king, may well feel proud as Herod—he has made his bow before all these assembled bishops."

Another voice in the crowd proclaimed that the king had said to the council, "Judge not—judge not, my good sirs—I am the king, and will do ever and always as I please."

Another voice affirmed that the king having first crossed himself, like a good Christian, said, "I am the king, but our holy father is the representative of the king of kings—and you are the representatives of our holy father; whatsoever you shall judge proper, my reverend masters, I shall accept your sentence devoutly."

And between these two extreme versions, there were a million of intermediate shades—proving that Paris, though as yet only adolescent, was already the most famous gossip of Europe!

The passing of a closed litter, containing a poor patient, that they were carrying to the infirmary, was not likely to attract much attention from a crowd so steeped in political considerations. A few asked who that sick man was, borne by four workmen from Notre Dame, and followed by a man-at-arms, who seemed to be escorting him.

Those who, in that man-at-arms, could recognize sire Amaury, suspected that some diablerie was on hand; but it was not considered so improbable that some unfortunate artisan might have fallen from the scaffolding.

One remarkable thing, however, and which, under other circumstances, might have furnished the text of many commentaries, was, that the litter had already passed by many infirmaries without stopping. Every time they reached the door of some hospital or convent, the masons who bore the litter attempted to set it down, but were urged by Messire Amaury to advance,

who said to them, "When it is time to stop I will tell you."

The last orders of Jean Cadore had been executed to the letter. Messire Amaury had called, at hazard, four of the masons who were working on the scaffolding and had required them to lend their aid. The three first who saw Jean Cadore extended on the floor of his workshop shook their heads and said—

"It is no use to carry him to the infirmary; it is a coffin that he requires and not a bed!"

The fourth, who had an indefinable expression of fear and suspicion upon his face, knelt down by the side of the supposed corpse and watched it a long time. He rose at length without uttering a word; and when Messire Amaury gave orders that the body should be carried away—it was him who fetched the litter.

But once on their road the three others assumed that air of sadness, that every fatal accident gives to those even, who are not directly interested. The fourth was nearly as pale as Jean Cadore himself—his anxious eye seemed unceasingly to be interrogating the crowd—and to be eagerly seeking some one, among all those strange faces that surrounded him.

One would have said that he had some great secret in his heart, but could find nobody to whom he could confide it.

A little before they reached the great crowd which encumbered the approaches to the chatelet, and at the moment when the gossiping groups were increasing, that companion with the pale and frightened face perceived, at the turn of a street an old man, with white hairs, who was listening to the rumours of the crowd. His face suddenly changed and became lighted up with a ray of satisfaction:

"Christian," cried he, "come to me, Christian, mon père."

The old man heard him, and immediately approached the litter.

By instinct, Messire Amaury seemed to understand that his designs were threatened with some interruption—of what nature he could not guess—but he desired to prevent the old man from joining and talking with the companion.

He urged on his horse, but unfortunately all progress became very difficult, owing to their proximity to the palace, where the cause of the king and his two wives was being decided.

All that Messire Amaury could do was to separate the old man with white hairs from that pale faced stone-cutter just as they had shaken hands.

But it was too late, for the stone-cutter had had time to say to the old man,—

"The man who is within the litter wants to assassinate queen Angell!"

Old Christian stepped back, mixed with the crowd, and followed the litter at a distance.

The fourth stone-cutter, with the pale face, was Eric, the Dane, who had come from the far-off north country, to save the queen of France.

Eric remembered the prophecy of Mila. Eric had not forgotten the strange rencontre that he and his sister had experienced on the night of their arrival at Paris. Ever since he had been working on the portals of Notre Dame; he had never, for a single moment lost sight of that man, so plainly pointed out by the prophecy—that man who bore both a Christian and a Musulman name—that Mahmoud-el-Reis who had sculptured the image of the Virgin Mary, and that the freemasons called Jean Cadore.

When Messire Amaury had been suddenly interrupted in the midst of his conversation with Mahmoud, and had thrust his body out of the window to see if any one was standing on the watch, he could perceive nothing along the entablature of the first story; but the intrepid and agile brother of Eve had been there and had slipped down the outer columns to the ground.

Eric had heard the whole conversation—but Eric had more of good will than of resources. He would have been a stronger man in the wild forests of his own country. In Paris he felt lost, and was a thousand times more isolated than in those desert woods where he had passed his childhood—in the midst of these unknown manners and customs his intelligence was at fault. Be-

sides he missed Eve, that gentle fairy, who was at once his inspiration, his courage, his heart and mind.

At that moment he would have given ten years of his life to have seen his sister, if only for one moment. But where was poor Eve? It was now a whole week since page Albret had led her to the Louvre, by the orders of the king, and Eve had not since returned; and her brother, in spite of all his enquiries, could not find the page, who alone could have told him what had become of her.

When they had crossed the bridge and had reached the gateway of the chatelet, the litter-bearers did not stop till they had reached the inner door. Amaury Montruel then raised his vizor, and the guards allowed the cortège to pass in the name of the king.

At five hundred paces from la Porte-aux-Peintres, Amaury took the lead, and before the litter came up had rang at the bell of Saint-Martin-hors-les-Murs.

In the name of the king, he demanded a private cell for the excellent artisan, Jean Cadore, who was about to enrich the grand portal of Notre Dame with an image of the holy virgin—which was a *chef-d'œuvre*.

Prior Anselm came forward to receive the litter at the threshold of the abbey—the bearers not being permitted to pass over it.

Montruel put both spurs to his horse and returned to Paris.

Of the four bearers, three resumed their way to Notre Dame. Eric slipped behind that hedge which enclosed those fields, where, on the evening of his arrival at Paris, he had overheard that conversation between the friend of the king and Mahmoud-el-Reis.

Some moments after he met with Christian, the Dane, who was waiting for him under the high walls that enclosed the abbey.

#### PART IV.

The sun was already descending towards the horizon, and the belfry of the palace had ceased to sound its measured and grave tones.

In a narrow cell of the abbey Saint Martin-hors-les-Murs, and which contained nothing but a bed, a bench, and a prie-dieu, lay Mahmoud-el-Reis—his pale face had still some bronze tints—but he was motionless; by his side sat an old monk, with an impassible face, lazily reciting his rosary, and thinking no more of his patient than of the grand Turk.

In fact, the new comer not having given the slightest sign of life since his admission into the abbey, in the king's name, was supposed to be really dead; and Christian charity could only now give him the prayers which help the soul on its last journey.

The rosary of the old monk had many beads, and when he was tired of passing them through his fingers, he relieved himself by performing a little sun, which seemed to refresh him and give him courage to pursue his task.

When the old monk was asleep, an observer coming by chance into his cell would have been struck with the strong contrast presented by the two faces before him.

The monk's face was in full bloom, under a half-bald skull; his cheeks though slightly pendant, presented a happy mixture of the lily and the rose; he had three chins all well developed; the general expression of his features was gentleness, though with a shade of apathy. One could see that he was a kind man, and who, if he had never done much good, had never done much harm.

The other face, on the contrary, was energetic, haughty, and powerful—repelling all idea of negative qualities, and proclaiming an active superiority, whether for good or evil.

The life of the monk had doubtless been a long sleep—without dreams—without remorse—but also without aspirations.

The life of the stranger had been a tempest, and the bronze that tinted his pale features seemed but the mysterious reflection of some volcano which was buring in his soul.

The day was falling, and the red light of the setting sun, penetrating through the bars of the

narrow window of the cell, fell upon the bed of the patient.

At intervals a warm ray mixed itself with the dead tints which leadened the skull of the Syrian—around his discoloured lips, something like a bitter smile seemed at times to be playing, under the soft and silky tufts of his black moustache.

The same ray falling upon the broad face of the honest monk deepened its vermilion. His rosary lay coiled around his crossed knees, and his whole aspect betokened a state of beatitude and peaceful sleep.

Suddenly the eyelids of the Syrian, which, up to then, had appeared to be completely soldered, half opened by a slow and nearly imperceptible movement; but you could scarcely recognize the piercing eagle eye of Mahmoud-el-Reis—the furtive look that he cast around him was weak and almost extinguished.

Mahmoud did nothing by halves—the dose of poison that he had taken had not only produced the appearance of sickness, it had rendered him seriously ill.

The most skilful leach in the world that might have been called in to examine him, would have pronounced his life in danger.

It was the first time that Mahmoud had opened his eyes since his arrival at the abbey of Saint-Martin-hors-les-Murs—his swoon had lasted several hours, and at the moment that his senses seemed to be returning, one would have said that he had scarcely a breath of life within him. It was sometime before he could distinguish the objects that surrounded him.

"Am I blind?" thought he, while a vague feeling of fear was depicted on his features, "or is it dark night?"

He tried to raise his hand to pass it over his eyes, but it remained paralyzed by his side.

"The dose was too strong," thought he again. He however, made no attempt to call for aid. Some more minutes passed, when his sight began by degrees to improve, and he felt that his limbs were slowly returning to life.

All at once he perceived the rubicund face of the monk resting on his pillow. Mahmoud was no longer thinking of his own condition—the thought of his task had returned to him; he made an effort to sit up and place his face near to that of the good monk.

In this position he examined him long and attentively, he knit his brows, shook his head and murmured—

"I shall be able to make nothing of him, for he has no passions."

Scarcely had his intelligence returned than he found himself possessed of its full strength—he was able, at one glance, to discover the soul of the monk through its thick covering, and he came to the conclusion that his mind was weaker than his body, and he allowed him to vegetate in his apathetic sleep.

Mahmoud turned on his pillow and closed his eyes—the exertion that he had made had exhausted him. Great drops of perspiration broke out upon his forehead, and he quickly fell asleep, overwhelmed with fatigue.

The good monk, on the contrary, woke up having been disturbed by some confused noises in his dream, stood upon his legs and made a great sign of the cross, muttering to himself—

"Lord Jesus! hath not the dead man moved?" His trembling hand vainly sought his rosary which had slipped upon the floor.

His teeth chattered and the shades of evening seemed to him full of phantoms. He had not time, however, to die of fright, for he heard the noise of voices and steps in the adjoining gallery.

The door of the cell opened, and prior Anselm made his appearance with a veiled woman.

"This is fatigue enough for to-day, my brother," said the prior. "Go and seek the repose that you have earned."

The monk, instead of obeying, immediately continued his search for his rosary.

"Go!" repeated the prior.

"Have I?" stammered the poor monk, "committed any sin of idleness, my father? I have been overcome in spite of myself in the midst of my orisons; and it appeared to me, on my waking, that the deceased had moved."

"The deceased!" exclaimed, in one voice, the prior and the veiled woman.

At the same time the prior seized Mahmoud's wrist and felt his pulse.

"Go! my brother," said he for the third time, "and sin no more."

The monk having found his rosary, now took his departure.

"Is he dead?" asked the veiled woman, with anxiety, timidly approaching the couch.

"His pulse beats feebly," replied the old man, "but there is still life."

They were alone—they could hear the sounds of the monk's steps dying away in the distant corridors.

Prior Anselm took the hand of the veiled woman and led her to the only seat in the cell.

"Yes! my well-beloved daughter," said he as if resuming an interrupted conversation, "the king appeared in answer to the citation of our Church, and I assisted for our lord the abbot, who was absent at the first sitting of the council. The king bore himself like a Christian."

"May God be with him," said the veiled woman in a voice trembling with emotion.

"The council have as yet decided nothing," continued the old man; "but it is easy to be seen that the decision will be in your favour. You will have justice done you, my dear child; you will be queen of France."

Ingeburge raised her veil, showing that her beautiful face was bathed in tears.

"Queen of France," murmured she, "say rather the wife of the king; I do not desire a place on the throne, but to be by the side of Phillip Augustus."

The prior smiled while contemplating the depth of that love, which no outrage could kill, or even weaken.

"Remember, my daughter, that you have solicited the favor of attending on our poor patients. It is eight days since I promised my consent. I have neglected my promise till this evening, when, on entering the convent, I learnt that a patient had knocked at our doors and demanded admission, in the name of the king."

"In the name of the king!" repeated Ingeburge.

"And I said to myself," continued the prior, "this shall be the first patient confided to the care of the queen."

## CHAPTER II.

Mahmoud's cell was now plunged into complete obscurity. The eye, accustomed to darkness, could only just distinguish a white from kneeling on a prie-dieu.

A weak sigh came from the bed of the patient, and before queen Ingeburge had time to leave her praying position, Mahmoud raised his voice and said—

"Am I alone?"

He thought he was dreaming, when, instead of the voice of the old monk, he heard the sweetest and most melodious voice he had ever heard in his whole life.

He thought he was dreaming when that charming voice, out of the darkness, replied to him—

"You are not alone, my brother. There is some one watching over you, and praying for you."

Mahmoud felt as though some beneficent emotion was suddenly warming his breast.

"If I was a thousand leagues from here," thought he, "in the blooming and odorous forests, where roses spring up from the dry beds of the torrent, I should say that I had heard the voice of Dilah!"

He rose this time without effort; for his sleep had driven away the fever.

His eyes made vain efforts to pierce the darkness which separated him from that angelic voice.

"Where are you?" asked he.

There was no reply, but he could hear the noise of the flint striking against the steel, one or two sparks only were emitted, for it was evidently a novice with unpractised hands, who was trying to strike a light.

"Give it me," said Mahmoud, "my breast

burns. I am thirsty—and I think I should be relieved if I could see a little light."

What he desired was to see his unknown companion; for he was among those who cannot distract themselves long from their object, and he had told Amaury that morning, that if there were men about the queen he would ask a day, but if only a woman, he would ask but an hour.

Mussulmen know the tradition of our mother Eve—of the apple and the serpent—and they are still more severe in their judgments on women than we are.

Mahmoud held out his hand in the dark, a light step glided over the floor of the cell, and a small soft hand touched the fingers of the Syrian.

Mahmoud wished to press the small hand between his own, but it quickly escaped him, and he retained only the flint and steel. Some minutes after the lamp was lighted: and Mahmoud beheld a woman clothed in white, her face hidden by a veil, but showing a young and graceful figure.

Through her veil Ingeburge could perceive that the supposed dead man, had suddenly become a galvanized corpse, and was fixing upon her his black eyes, which sparkled like diamonds.

She was frightened, and yet something at first attracted her towards that strange man, so different from those she had seen each day since her arrival in France, and also from those she remembered to have seen in her dear country in the North.

She took a phial from the table and poured its contents into a cup which stood near the patient's pillow.

He refused the drink with an air of impatience. "Water," said he, "some pure cold water."

"This is a remedy," said the queen.

Mahmoud continued to regard her with ardent eyes; the returning fever giving them additional brightness.

"How long is it," said Mahmoud "since the Christian maidens have adopted the custom of eastern slaves, in hiding their faces?"

"Drink, my brother," said Ingeburge, instead of replying to his question.

Mahmoud put forth his hand, but it fell again by his side.

*To be continued.*

## NO MAN'S LAND.

*Continued from page 221*

### CHAPTER II.

That evening Maurice's father began upon him about the 'powney;' she was 'growing too old for the bavin trade; and ye mid get me another in no time, Maurice, if ye were the boy ye was, and had a mind to't. There's a stag of prime, to be found most nights now by the Squab-hollow, and I'd acome round with the powney for to carry on him whumov'.

Perugino makes his arch-tempter in the Vatican fresco a very reverend old man. His was a shrewder guess at human nature than the usual form given to that worthy; there is certainly no more dangerous or subtle one; and Maurice, stung in the morning by Leverton's gibe, and under the sort of fascination which makes a man of another class spend the day in the wet reeds after a wild duck, or pay 1,000*l.* a-year to stalk the red deer in the Highlands, consented to go. For a fortnight after, however, there was a great down-pour of rain, and the nights were dark; moreover, Maurice was not anxious to go while he thought Leverton was on the alert. At last, one night the moon was full, the rain had ceased, and the clouds were high, but they went drifting across the heavens with a strong wind in the upper sky. It was a gusty, wild-looking night—great fleecy masses of enormous size careering along, and making the moon as murky at times as if there were none, though the lower sky and the earth were very still. Maurice did not start from home; the keepers might be upon his trail, so he walked at sunset across the forest by the high road, and as soon as night fell, beat towards the haunt of the stag which he had



marked for the last month. He passed over hill and dale, watching the moonlit glades, and the glancing holly bushes, and the dark masses of shade under the trees; and though without troubling himself much about the picturesque, there was a keen sense of enjoyment in it. At last stalking cautiously, a little eminence in the middle of an open heathy part, which the wary deer had chosen for his bed-chamber, in order to be able to see all around, he caught sight of the branching antlers among a herd of does. He dragged himself nearer and nearer still, and at last fired. The head fell, and he ran rapidly up the hill, the hinds racing off in all directions; he took out his knife to finish the poor thing's life, and began cutting him up, when, very low on the still night breeze came the bay of a hound. 'They've agot the blood-hound out after me,' thought Maurice, with a thrill, not exactly of terror, though there were terrible stories told of the hound, and he was only brought out on great occasions.

There was no use in attempting to get the stag off now; and he set off at a long trot towards running water, and a frequented road to destroy the scent. He ran up a little stream, but the rain had filled it, and it was unpleasantly deep, and prevented his getting on. He passed into a byre, where some lean cows had been driven in, for the same reason; still on and on, for he could hear the low bay of the hound growing nearer and nearer; evidently he was upon the scent, and was summoning his master. The perspiration ran down Maurice's face, and his blood curdled, for he was beginning to grow faint with fatigue; the horrible brute's dreaded and dreadful voice was the only sound except the wind that reached his ear; and besides the physical dread of being torn by a beast, which even a brave man shrinks from, the thought came over him with a force he never had felt before, that if ever Leverton caught and put him in prison, what a chance it was giving him with Rachel's grandfather; and he ground his teeth at his own folly. He might have thought of this before, says a sage reader. Yes, but Maurice was not the first or the last young man who has eaten sour grapes, and whose teeth have been consequently set on edge.

His strength was very nearly gone. His, the swift-foot of the village, was reduced to a pace that a child might have overtaken, when he suddenly remembered that the river was so full with the rain, that it could not be crossed save at the bridge far below; and that, if he could but jump a certain place which he well knew, where the over-arching banks had narrowed the channel, he should be safe for a time from the human part of his pursuers. No man but himself he knew would dare such a leap, and he could do battle with the beast as from a vantage ground. He felt very uncertain whether he could cross it himself, exhausted as he was; but it was his last chance, and he plunged short off to the right. The river was overflowing its banks on either side; a dark mass of troubled water, bringing with it matted clods of grass and boughs of trees broken away in its forest course, swept past. When it reached the narrow, it foamed, and tumbled, and swirled into whirlpools; the ground about was wet and swampy with the rain. It was an ugly leap, and Maurice felt that if he missed his footing, he must be lost; for neither man nor beast could live in such a torrent. He had generally too taken the jump from the other side, where the ground was a little the highest; here he would have to jump up, which increased the difficulty, and he stood for a second or two measuring the distance. The night wind sighed among the branches; everything was still but the turbid rushing water. He had lost time by coming down that way; he must jump or be taken. He sprang at last in desperation. The ground was so soaked that, in spite of the run which he took, he had hardly any impetus; he caught at a sapling as his foot touched the other side; both it and the ground gave way, but a friendly beech-root below held good, and he fell foremost by main strength on shore, and on the right side. He was hardly sensible for the next few minutes; and when he rose, panting, he could scarcely bear to go near the foam-

ing brink again; but it was his best hope, and he ensconced himself in the roots of the beech, with his gun reversed in his hand. He could hear the growl of the hound, now on the crest of the knoll, whence he had just himself come down; the clouds were gathering again over the moon, but enough light was left to see the huge and dreaded brute come in sight at his slow, unerring trot, and pause on the edge before making his spring, for he saw his man. Now or never. As he sprang, Maurice aimed a tremendous blow at him with the butt-end of his gun, and with a frightful yell he fell into the boiling seething whirlpool. Maurice shook from head to foot with rage and fatigue, and a sort of misery at his deed; his sportsman nature could not bear to have killed a dog as he would a wild beast; it was a sort of high treason in woodcraft; and besides, he remembered how Rachel used to fondle him. The dog never reappeared, and sadly he turned home, footsore and completely beat.

His father, who had gone out with the 'powney,' had reached home before him, and was anxiously on the watch. When the keepers came up to the house, both father and son were in bed; but, although Leverton felt certain that Maurice was the culprit, no one had seen him, there was not the slightest evidence against him; and as Leverton had taken the dog without leave, he was not anxious to make much fuss about its death, lest the blame should fall on him. So the thing blew over, but he hated Maurice all the worse for the failure of his night's work.

It had been a great lesson for Maurice himself. He began to mistrust his father, to see that whatever might be the abstract right and wrong of poaching, it never would enable him to win Rachel, and that he was playing his rival's game with the old clerk most satisfactorily. Regular work was slack, but to keep himself out of mischief he hired himself as carekeeper to a farmer four miles off, and the winter passed quietly away. He was now hardly ever at home, for he was off by daylight and home long after dark; but somehow Leverton was convinced that he and Rachel met if only for a minute at a time.

With all his care he could not come upon them, but sometimes she looked a little brighter and her steps were more light, and then Leverton, whose senses were sharpened by jealousy, could have told pretty nearly to an hour when they had come together.

It was a long and hard winter to poor Rachel, but spring came at last, and Maurice's six months were over; his master wanted him no more, and he returned home for a time.

It was a beautiful May. The apple and cherry orchards were sheets of blossom, May and yellow broom and 'fuzzen' scented the air, the ground was a perfect carpet of anemones, blue harebells, and primroses.

While the blackbird and the thrush, Good-morrow said from break and bush, and Maurice and Rachel, like the birds, could not but be glad too in their spring, and feel convinced that all must go right with their love. 'Look at yon,' he said as they stood hand in hand one day 'under the hawthorn in the dale.' He pointed to a chaffinch flying with a long straw in its beak to make its nest. 'They've a had a hard winter too, but it be all a come right with um, and they're abuilding their nestes as we shall soon ourn, Rachel.' She smiled a happy smile and turned to go. 'What art thou adoin' of to-morrow?' said Maurice; 'art agoing to Mrs. Strange's?' 'No, not to-morrow, on'y Thursday.' 'And what time wilt thou be a coming whuom, for my feyther he aworkin' up by Long-dean and I allus come back that way if so be I can. I love the grove, and I'd be there to take thee back at any time thou bidd'st.' They settled the hour and she tripped off home. There had been another listener.

On Thursday Rachel made good haste with her work; Mrs. Strange had never known her so anxious to have done. She was rather a fussy old body however, and it was past five before Rachel was able to get away. She had hurried herself by her haste, and only breathed freely when she came to the grove of tall beech.

It was here that Maurice had met her nearly two years before, and told her that he loved her; and for

some time she was so occupied with her own thoughts that she did find the time long. At last it grew quite late, there was no Maurice, the shadows began to creep fast under the trees, the sun was almost down, and she was growing nervous, when she saw a number of cows on their leisurely road home, poking their noses into a thicket not far off, sniffing the ground, galloping off again, and returning to look once more, as is the manner of cows, who are very curious by nature. She could see the herd-boys trying to get them home, at last go and examine for themselves, and heard their cries of wonder; one raced off to the nearest cottage, the smallest, little Reuben, saw her and ran up, great in his importance at having a story to tell.

'Oh Rachel, it's blood, there's quite a pool of blood, and it's all trampled and torn round, only p'raps the cows has made that; and Rachel, Tom says that both Leverton and Maurice is missin' sin' yesterday evenin'.' The keeper was a callin' of him all about the village to-day, and old Master Lovel wanted Maurice badly, for the wood-cuttin' could na be finished without he. Rachel sat down in mute terror, too miserable even to think out her own thought. Tom was not long in returning; that part of the wood was very unfrequented, but there was a sort of path not far beyond, and he overtook some men going home from their work, one with his fork over his shoulder. It was growing almost too dusk to see footmarks, but a little moon was rising and they could just see by it and the waning sunlight, traces of broken boughs and fern where something had been dragged along; a sullen little dark boggy pool lay in the heather just outside the farthest trees, and thither the tracks led.

The woodmen began to tear down pieces of bark and light them, and a number of flaming torches were soon moving about round the pool. How does news, particularly bad news, travel so fast? there were now fifteen or twenty men about, coming from all sides; a discovery of this kind seems to be perceived long distances off as vultures scent a dead body. They began with their rude pieces of stick to sound the ill-looking pool, black with peaty soil. Poor Rachel could not stir: she watched the glancing lights, the dark forms in and out among the giant trunks, the red glare on the water, as if it were not a horrible reality but only a picture. Little Reuben had taken his stand on a bank commanding both positions; the men had abused him for getting between their legs in his vehement curiosity, and he now acted as telegraph to Rachel, who had buried her face in her hands, and besides, where she sat could hardly see what was doing. 'Master Tomkins says as how he feels summat—no, 'tain't only a log;' then a dead silence, and the gesticulating little arms rose again. 'They've a found un, they've a found un;' found him, found whom?—Rachel's heart stood still, 'Oh! not him, not Maurice, good God, not him!' Then she felt as if she were praying for the death of another man, and besides was it not better that he were the murdered than the murderer?

Her suspense seemed to make her live hours in the minutes that passed, before the boy who had gone down, in his mad excitement, to the pond again to see for himself, rushed back to her.

It was neither Maurice nor Leverton, no one know the face—it was a stranger's.

#### CHAPTER III.

'The crowner sat upon the body,' but he did not elicit much. There was a vague rumour of a man of the same height and appearance having been seen at —, ten miles off, but it was a thriving and frequented port, where many strangers came and went, and nothing followed from the clue. Old Lovel knew nothing of his son.

A night or two afterwards, however, Rachel was sitting sadly at the foot of her little bed; the moon threw the shadow of the quarries of the window-panes over her, not a breath stirred, when a handful of thin gravel was thrown gently against the window. She looked out; a dark figure was standing in the moonlight, and she flew downstairs and gently opened the door. Maurice was leaning sadly against the doorpost, but at the sight of her he seemed for a moment



to forget his troubles, and snatching hold of her he covered her with kisses.

'Oh, Maurice,' she whispered, as he drew her into the little orchard, where they could see all round, 'what has thee done? Where's Leverton? Dost ask first for him, lass?' he answered, sadly. 'He's all right, for aught I know.'

'Dear, thee should remember neighbours say 'hou hadst killed he or he thee, or both yon stranger.'

'Nay, I know naught o' any stranger, nor o' Leverton either. He's a-hiding watching for me, I'll be bound; he've agot what'll send me to prison any day. I were a-coming home 'cross the beech grove, just awhistlin' and thinkin' o' thee, when I cum across a snare and a hare in it. I never laid it, Rachel. I'd sworn for thy sake to give up poaching, but flesh and blood cannot stand a hare in one's path, and a' took it out; when out lept Leverton and dree more. He couldn't beat me turning,' he said, with a bit of his old smile; 'but, there he has his proof. I'd go to prison an it would win thee, but thy grandfather would allus be acasting it up to me; and I'm acum to tell thee thou'rt free,' and he shook with his own deep sob. 'Thou must na think o' one as will not know where to lay his head.'

'Nay,' said Rachel, very quietly and steadily, 'I'm troth-plighted to thee, Maurice. I feel all one as if we were married! Sumnerhurst Church, I'll not leave loving thee nor forsake thought of thee till death do us part. If thou'rt courage to wait, come and seek when the storms be over-past, and thou'lt find me the same.'

He took her in his arms again. 'Thou'rt, true and holy, like the angel in the church, Rachel, and I'm na worthy o' thee. God bless thee and reward thee.'

As they stood under the fruit trees the white petals showered on them like snow in the light breeze; their hopes seemed falling as fast under the moonlight, which looked tranquilly down on their sorrow. 'Art thou safe here?' said Rachel, at length. 'No; I mun be gone,' he answered, peering anxiously round. 'Leverton will leave no stun unturned to catch me, and he'll seek me sooner here nor anywhere. God bless thee, darling, true heart and brave,' and he disappeared in the shadow of the great trees.

A woman's share in such partings is much the hardest; a man has to do battle with life, and cannot brood over his sorrows, while with her 'it walks up and down with her, sits with her, lies in her bed, and talks with her.' As she crept upstairs she felt stunned. Her life had made a plunge, indeed; she felt ten years older than four short days ago. Leverton had altogether vanished. The nine days' wonder of the murder and the disappearance of the two young men died away; the rather stolid life of No Man's Land did not trouble itself about anything for very long, and except to his father and Rachel, poor Maurice was as if he had never been. The days went on long and drearily to her. No one can conceive the utter solitude of an outlying cottage in so thinly peopled a district, and 'if it had not been for the little white hen,' Rachel thought sometimes she should have gone out of her mind.

Maurice gave no sign; he could neither read nor write. The posts were slow and uncertain in those days, and rarely used. Rachel herself could not write, and only 'read in Bible and Prayer Book.' Any one who has had much intercourse with the poor knows how, in almost every family, there has been a lost one, never heard of since his departure into the wide world, and expected vainly and patiently, sometimes 'a matter o' fifty year.'

At the end of about three years there was a dull booming of cannon heard from Hurst Castle, Portsmouth, wherever, in short, there were forts in reach, and a vehement ringing of bells at church, where they heard there had been 'a famous victory'; and later more guns and more ringing for the peace after it. Also, six weeks after, the only result of it that seemed much to concern No Man's Land, viz. Leverton's appearance. He had been seized by a press-gang, he said, and sent off immediately to a distant station, and only released when both ships and men were disbanded.

A few days after, he appeared at the clerk's. Unwelcome as he was to Rachel, she could not refuse a greeting and congratulation in such circumstances, particularly as he looked ill and worn and depressed. He seemed to have some incomprehensible pleasure in coming, for he would sit an hour or two at a time, without speaking, in the chimney corner, smoking with old Silas. Rachel at first used always to leave the room, but as he neither spoke to her nor looked at her, and hardly seemed conscious of her presence, she soon went on with her ironing or her cooking as if he were not there. She had some sort of soothing influence over him, however, though she did not know it; if she stayed long away he grew restless and uneasy. He said he was too ill to take to keeping again, even if there had been a place vacant. Altogether it was hardly possible to recognise the high-spirited over-bearing Ralph in the silent, almost sullen, depressed man. Rachel was surprised that people did not remark it, but he exerted himself more in public, and emotions are not delicately noted in village life.

As for the murder, 'it were a long time ago; it warn't their business. The man were none of theirs, and Ralph was; and most like he knew naught about it. He had brought his ship papers all right home with him, which everybody might see,' and so the matter dropped.

And soon a rumour arose that Maurice was dead, no one could say how or when, but Rachel utterly refused to believe it. Leverton went on coming, and the old man consulted him about everything; he seemed to grow more cheerful as Rachel grew more dispirited. At last, after some weeks, she was struggling on a windy day with some drying clothes, when he came out and helped her.

'Ye work too hard, Rachel; I wish ye'd let me help ye. I wish ye'd let me help ye through life; the thought o' ye has been wi'me all these weary days. Why won't ye hearken what I hae to say?'

'Oh, Leverton,' she answered, wrenching her hands away from him, 'how can ye? I feel as good as married to Maurice, and I'll never forsake him.' 'But if he's dead?' said Leverton, sadly. 'He ben't dead; I dunna believe it. I shall ha' him back again. I wanna b'lieve it.'

Leverton set his teeth and went back into the house without a word. Still he came as before; the old man, apparently out of sheer contradiction, seemed as if he could not do without him, and Leverton took it all in good part.

He made no way with Rachel, but she grew used to seeing him there, and buried in her own thoughts, hardly seemed aware when he was by. He went on with a patience and perseverance which in a better cause would have been beyond praise, to save her and help her with her grandfather, to ward off trouble and anxiety; and she could not but be grateful to him when he turned off a scolding from the fierce and sullen old man, and advised him always, as Rachel saw, wisely and well.

To be continued.

### WHY DON'T HE MARRY?

WELL, as far as that goes, reasons are always plentiful. To a young man of fortune, a marriage is an "occasion" and a family event, and the family machinery to be set in motion somewhat cumbrous. Perhaps it's too much trouble. Most people with incomes ranging between £300 and £800 "haven't got the means." Young people with smaller incomes have "plenty of means," but can't always find a partner to their taste—or what not. How do I know why everybody don't marry? I think they do as much as in them lies, and so does the Registrar-General. I can at least tell you why Mobbs don't—and if that will enlighten you at all on the subject I shall be pleased. Gentle reader, allow me to harrow your feelings with a tale of horror which shall make your blood run cold.

William Pike was a great chum of Mobbs's, and William Pike was going to be married. He had sent Mobbs a neat little note conveying the intelligence that he was about to take as his wife

Miss Mary Tiggs, daughter of Mr. Felix Tiggs, grocer and provision dealer, and requesting him to act as his "best man" on the occasion.

Mobbs had replied, "he should be most happy," and immediately became so abjectly miserable and nervous that it was evident to his landlady that he had something on his mind.

Now—Mobbs was a bachelor, and everybody said a confirmed one—so there is no doubt about it. He was very particular in arranging beforehand the little speech he intended to make on the occasion of the wedding breakfast. He made several inquiries respecting his friend's chosen bride, but could ascertain nothing further than that she was believed to be the only daughter of Mr. Felix Tiggs, grocer and provision dealer.

Well, the day came at last, and Mr. Mobbs did act as Mr. Pike's best man. He accomplished this feat principally by treading on the bridesmaids' dresses, and then getting very red in the face and apologising for it. Then he got into the carriage with the bride by mistake, and in getting out again, also very red, he undid his neck-tie which had taken him three-quarters of an hour that morning in arranging to his taste, and Pike always said Mobbs was an oracle in neck-ties. Altogether Mobbs got so confused and so red, and so in everybody's way, that he wished himself at Jerusalem instead of attending at the marriage of Mr. Pike and Miss Tiggs at St. John's Church, Kingsland, London.

Then there was the wedding breakfast.

"I'll take a little chicken, Mr. Mobbs, if you please," said the bride, and if you believe me that gentleman handed her cold tongue.

Mary Tiggs was really a pretty girl—she had beautiful brown hair, with streaks of gold in it as the sun shone upon her head—soft, sweet eyes, and such a mouth, it was a wonder that everybody didn't stop in the street and snatch a kiss at the price of forty shillings a piece!

Mobbs punched Mr. Pike in the ribs and whispered—"Well, my boy, I respect your choice—she's a stunner!"—which delicate compliment the bridegroom acknowledged in a befitting manner.

The usual toast of "bride and bridegroom's health" being the next business, Mr. Mobbs prepared himself for the ordeal with several glasses of wine, and rose to make his little speech.

When he got on his legs and found everybody looking at him, he became of a vivid beet-root colour. All the rest of his blood that couldn't fly up into his face seemed to him to rush down into his boots. His beautifully worded address he forgot altogether, and when, after some moments employed gazing at nothing, with a sickly smile, having found his voice, he could only jerk out a few sentences as follows:—

"Present occasion—m'sure—most happy my life—really didn't know—ever had more pleasure—friend Mr. Pike—the bride—I mean the bridegroom—that is the newly wedded pair—may torch of Hymen—not to be put out—I mean extinguished—that is not extinguished—all their lives—health, wealth, and happiness—proudest day of my life—m'sure—'pose the health Mr. and Mrs. Pike."

Rapturous applause, of course.

The bridegroom rose to return thanks to Mr. Mobbs and the company, and in the course of his speech made use of this remarkable expression in reference to his friend—"Mobbs, why don't you marry?"

Now Mobbs was very wily. Having previously ascertained that Miss Mary Tiggs was an only daughter, he thought of a capital mode of reply, by which he could at the same time answer Mr. Pike's question without embarrassment and compliment Mr. Pike's wife. He, therefore, rose and said, "Really Bill—I mean Mr. Pike—never in my life—a girl suited me—hope I ain't rude—half as much—as Mrs. Pike—joy of her—ole feller—if she only had a sister, now—marry her to-morrow—blow'd if I would'n't."

Much tittering among the bridesmaids, who all discovered that their noses wanted blowing at once, and accordingly buried their faces in pocket-handkerchiefs made with a little bit of cambric and a great bit of lace.

Mr. Tiggs felt called upon at once to rise in a paternal manner. He begged to state that he

trusted Mr. Mobbs had no intention of wounding a father's feelings by such an allusion to his daughter. He would like to know, however, if Mr. Mobbs meant what he said, or whether he had only intended to make sport of the feelings of a parent.

Mobbs, red and excited, observed—"Sport father's feelings? Not-in-th' least! Meant what I said—all-mi-heart—only meant—convey—how much 'spect daughter—If there was only—'nother Miss Tiggs—ask-your-p'mission—Hymenialter—'dore-her-fo-vever!"

Mr. Tiggs mollified, returned: He had great pleasure in receiving so satisfactory an explanation. He had ascertained from several quarters that Mr. Mobbs was a highly respectable young man—he might say, a desirable young man; he had been acquainted with his circumstances for a long time; he had watched his conduct in the public walks of life, and he was an honour to his species. He would, therefore, inform Mr. Mobbs that he had another daughter, named Amelia Tiggs, who had been for some years staying with her aunt in Scotland, and in accordance with Mr. Mobbs' delicately expressed desire, he would be prevailed upon to allow him to take her as his wife.

Mr. Tiggs, after an effecting appeal to Mr. Mobbs' feelings, concluded by saying—"Take her, my son, and be happy!"

Mobbs' state of mind was terrible—how should he have known that their was another daughter. He felt that he was sold without hope of ransom—he had given his word before all the company—retreat was not to be thought of. But then he looked at the bride, and she smiled on him! And that smile did for Mobbs. Why 't was her sister. Any other fellow would give his head for such a chance. "What! her sister and you wanting to draw back? For shame Mobbs!"—so said the bachelor to himself; then rising, he tended his heartfelt thanks to Mr. Tiggs as follows:—

"Bottom-o-my-heart—good opinion—feelings overcome me—brute-if-they-didnt—ybur kind consent—ever-deserves it—Amelia-m-sure—ever-be-idol-of-mi-soul—Mr. Tiggs—man-and-father—always respect feelings—hope deserve kindness.

Mr. Tiggs then told the company that he could not but consider himself bound by the promise he had made in the warmth of a father's heart, and called upon them all to bear witness to the engagement. If it were perfectly agreeable to Mr. Mobbs—"oh, certainly!" from that gentleman,) he thought it would be the more pleasant if he arranged to have the same guests present at Amelia's wedding as those he now saw around him.

After this the bride and bridegroom left the table to prepare for their wedding trip. During the interval Mr. Tiggs informed his future son-in-law that it would be desirable that his courtship with Amelia should be carried on in writing for the present, as it would be injudicious to remove his daughter suddenly from her aunt in Scotland, who was passionately attached to her, and from whom she had great expectations. Mobbs of course agreed to the justice of these remarks, and Mr. Tiggs promised to write to his daughter and introduce him to her notice.

When Mr. and Mrs. Pike returned to say, "good-bye," to their guests, Mobbs observed to his friend Pike, "Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another, ain't they, Will?"

"Course they are," said Will, "Why?"

"Why the relationship of Amelia to Mr. Tiggs is the same as that of Mary, so Amelia must be equal to Mary, according to Euclid, you know, and if she's only half as nice and pretty a girl as your wife, Will, why I'm a happy man. Good bye."

And Mr. and Mrs. Pike set out for their tour. A few days afterwards Mr. Tiggs brought Mobbs a sweet little note from Amelia, in which she expressed her readiness to receive the addresses of one in whom her father placed so much confidence, like a dear, dutiful girl as she was.

Thereupon Mobbs bought a "Ladies' and Gentlemen's Complete Letter Writer," and after a hard struggle to decide between the relative beauties of several of the letters, he at last wrote

a note compiled from "No. XLII, A letter to a Lady on commencing Courtship," and interspersed with some touching extracts from No. XXXVI, To an adored one."

A short time only elapsed before the postman brought a scented little pink note, which exceeded all Mobbs' most ardent expectations. Just what such a note ought to be. Not too long, to begin with. Not too affectionate all at once, but very prettily and naively expressing her willingness to be courted by the man of her dear papa's choice. "How like her sister Mary!"—thought Mobbs—"Amelia, my dear,"—he added—"bless you!"

After a month's exchange of letters, Mobbs was regularly overcome. He would stop at all the windows of the printshops, select the prettiest face, and exclaim with rapture, "That's like my Amelia!" He would mutter delightedly to himself in the street—"Mobbs going to marry Amelia!"—to impress which fact indelibly on his mind, he would rub one hand over the other at arm's length, as if he were rubbing it in, and laugh.

"I shall give you in charge of the police, if you can't keep your arms from running into my stomach," said a portly gentleman who, walking briskly along the street, had encountered the outstretched fist of Mobbs, engaged in the pleasing exercise just alluded to,—which fists having taken him in the part, technically known as "the wind," had driven the most of that commodity out of his body. What did Mobbs care? He stopped and remonstrated with the gentleman, and spluttered out in his redness—"My-dear-sir—don't-care-a-dump-sir—letter-in-my-pocket—going-to-marry-'melia—beg-pardon-sir-'m-sure-sir—thinking-about-my-'melia—s'cuse-my-observation-sir."

"Idiot!" said the gentleman, sympathetically. The above recorded little incident took place on the day Mobbs received a note from Miss Tiggs, containing a modest little consent to become his bride.

"What-a-dear—sweet-pretty-little-thing-she-must-be!" thought Mobbs, in his lodging, that night.

A few days after this Mobbs received a note from Mr. Tiggs, stating that he wished to see him on important business.

Mobbs jumped on an omnibus as soon as he had finished work at his office, and speedily made his appearance before his future father-in-law.

Mr. Tiggs informed him he had at his disposal a situation which would bring in £300 a year, and he would give him the first offer of it. It was a confidential clerkship in the firm of Tyne, Young, Hyson & Co., large wholesale grocers.

Mobbs was delighted—"Never sufficiently thankful—'m-sure—kindness met with—quite-overpowering."

It ended in Mr. Mobbs being duly installed in the office.

All this time the letters with the Scotland post-mark came duly "to hand." The happy recipient became daily more and more delighted with his fate.

Mobbs had not been long in the office of Messrs. Tyne, Young, Hyson & Co., before the junior partner told him that an extension of their business in the Mediterranean would render it necessary that he (Mr. Mobbs) should go out to the offices of the firm in Alexandria, and that in nine days he must be prepared to start.

Mobbs almost flew to a cab-stand, and took a cab to Kingsland. He could think of nothing all the way but the cruel necessity which was about to separate him from Amelia.

Having informed his future father-in-law of Mr. Hyson's orders, Mr. Tiggs became thoughtful for a few moments, and then spoke with much feeling as follows:—"My dear Mr. Mobbs—I have a father's heart in my bosom—a father's heart," he repeated, as Mobbs screwed his pocket-handkerchief into uncouth shapes, to divert his mind from Alexandria—"and that heart grieves, Mr. Mobbs—grieves to see the rude hand of the merchant interpose between the heart of his child, and the affectionate yearnings of the spirit of the man—I may say, the husband—of her choice." Here Mr. Tiggs coughed a little cough intended

to act as a note of admiration to his words. Mobbs would have interrupted him, and told him Alexandria was a dreadful long way off, but the parent gently waved his hand to indicate that he had not concluded his remarks, and proceeded—"My daughter loves you with the purity of—a—a—I may say—angel—Mr. Mobbs—and I am well aware that the affection with which you reciprocate those sentiments of a—a-devotion—is only equalled by the proper respect with which you have ever regarded the feelings of a—I may say—parent, Mr. Mobbs.—I would, therefore, waive all those considerations which might otherwise lead me, for pecuniary reasons, to let Amelia remain under the fostering care of her aged and beloved aunt, and I would say to you with all the warmth of a father's heart—'Why don't you marry?'"

"This day week," continued the parent—"shall see you united to my dear and affectionate daughter, Amelia, before you set out on your voyage to Alexandria. And however much I might otherwise have objected to my child's crossing the mighty deep, yet under the circumstances, and under the protection of one so well fitted to keep and cherish her—let me say—fragile form—all my objections and paternal fears vanish as the—the-sugar dissolves in 'the cup that cheers but not inebriates.' Take her my son—b-bub-bubl-less you!—all shall be ready by next Ch-choo-choo-choos-day—and I shall be left ch-ch-childless. Don't-do-do-on't grieve M-m-mobbs—d-d-on't mind my feelings—the f-f-feelings I m-m-may say of a p-p-paternal h-heart—Take her and be h-h-h-a-p-p-y,"—and Mr. Tiggs sobbed in his handkerchief.

Mr. Mobbs, with a bursting heart, could only reply—"Mr. Tiggs-sir—ever-there-was-a-parent—father's-heart-sir—Mr. Tiggs-sir—you-are-that-parent."

"Next Tuesday!"—thought Mobbs, when he got home to his lodgings—"only five days and I'm goin' to marry 'melia!" Once a shadow crossed his path in the form of a doubt—he had certainly never seen Amelia; but then she was Mary's sister—and her notes—no! he could not wrong her. However, he wrote Mr. Tiggs trusting he should have an opportunity of seeing his bride before Tuesday morning. Mr. Tiggs, in reply, forwarded a telegram just received from Amelia, to the effect that circumstances rendered it impossible she could leave Scotland before Sunday night.

This of course convinced Mr. Mobbs that his father-in-law had done all he possibly could to arrange a previous meeting, and so he was obliged to be satisfied.

Nevertheless, at 10 o'clock on Monday night Mr. Mobbs called to inquire if Miss Amelia had arrived. No, she had not, but would be there by 8 o'clock train to-morrow (Tuesday) morning.

You may be sure that Mobbs took some pains about dressing himself for the ceremony—his landlady confessed that she had "never seen him that lord-like before. Mobbs had washed his hands after putting on his patent leather boots, and again after brushing his hair, and again after tying his necktie, and washed them again after putting on his bran new dress-coat, and not till then did he feel they were pure enough to handle the little circle of gold he placed in his right hand waistcoat pocket. When Mobbs was very superlatively "got-up," he had a little tuft of hair that he brushed up like an oriflamme in the centre of his forehead. It stood up on this occasion, and when Mobbs blushed at the landlady's compliment, you could see the passing red in under the roots of his hair for a long way.

At 11 o'clock the marriage was to be celebrated, so half an hour before that time Mobbs drove up to his father-in-law's door.

"Where's 'melia?" was his first eager exclamation.

"Calm your excited feelings, dear Mr. Mobbs," said the parent—"my beloved daughter is now engaged in robing her fair proportions for the—a—I may say—nuptial ceremony."

So Mobbs could only go in the drawing-room and walk about, and look at the pictures, and receive the congratulations of the guests. There never was such a quarter of an hour to Mobbs—it seemed as if it would never pass.

At last Mr. Tiggs entered the drawing-room.

A few minutes conversation with that worthy parent, and the bridesmaids came downstairs and met him one by one—pretty creatures they were, all of them. As each one appeared Mobbs whispered in excited haste—"That-my-melia Mst-Tiggs?"

"Restrain your emotion my son," replied the father, pressing his hand in token of affection. "Ha—Mr. Mobbs—SHE COMES!" A flutter of a silk dress coming down stairs—a pleasant hiss as of waving lace, and Amelia appeared.

"Mr. Mobbs," said Mr. Tiggs, "will you now escort the bride elect to a seat?"

"No-no—Mr. Tiggs—don't-go-playin-with-a-feller—that's-not-melia—my-melia—stout's-bullock—heavens—red-hair-Mr.-Tiggs—not-my-melia—scented-little-notes—sweet-little-creechur—No-no-no!"

Mr. Mobbs, who was as red as Vesuvius, on beholding his bride, poured all this into his father-in-law's ear in a hurried whisper, while Amelia, who weighed fifteen stone eight, and whose hair was of an unpleasant ruddy and vegetable tint, waited near the door prepared for anything.

Without deigning to reply to Mr. Mobbs' remarks in the same confidential tone in which they had been uttered, Mr. Tiggs rose and said:

"Mr. Mobbs, do I rightly understand the drift of your coarse remarks to imply that you intend to offer premeditated insult to a father's heart?"

(Miss Amelia Tiggs fainted hereupon, and fell into the arms of two bridesmaids, who, finding her too heavy to hold, let her drop, which sudden precipitation to the floor aroused the bride sufficiently to cry "Oh!" but discovering she was unhurt she relapsed.

"Am I right in arriving at the conclusion, Mr. Mobbs continued Tiggs—"that you have only intended to trifle with the feelings of a—I may say—parent?—to lead astray and then discard the tender and loving heart of a sweet and innocent girl—and, in short, that notwithstanding your engagement made before the um—a—present company—and the manner in which you insiduously obtained the promise of my daughter Amelia's hand, by working upon the feelings of a paternal bosom—do I understand that you—um ah!—ha! hum—in fact, that you object to lead the sweet and innocent girl, whom you have torn from the care of her beloved aunt, and whose heart you have well-nigh broken—to lead Amelia, in short, to the Hymeneal, let us say *altar*?" and Mr. Tiggs wiped from his brow the perspiration which the contemplation of Mobbs' cold-blooded villany had induced.

Mobbs gave one glance at the "sweet girl" whose "tender and loving heart" he had broken ("the sweet girl" was two-and-thirty, if she was a day)—then he cried with the strength of determination, albeit he was very red indeed—

"I'll-be-blow'd-if-I-do!"

"Villain!" said Tiggs.

"Monster!" cried the bridesmaids—(Mobbs is a little man.)

"Action for breach of promise, papa—we've got his letters, and plenty of witnesses," sobbed the "innocent girl," recovering from her swoon. As to Mobbs he jumped out of the window, which was fortunately on the ground floor, and bolted towards Kingsland Gate with all his might, leaving the "father's heart" and the "sweet innocent girl" to do their worst.

Mobbs never again appeared at the office of Messrs. Tyne, Young, Hyson, and Co. He left London, and his address is a secret which even the Editor of this paper cannot penetrate, so it is quite useless for Mr. Tiggs to trouble him on the subject.

If there's one name in the world that Mr. Mobbs hates more than all the rest, that name is Amelia, and if there is another that comes next in Mobbs' mind, deserving of abhorrence, that name is Tiggs.

Mobbs' landlady is a very different sort of person to the one who used to look after him when in London. She takes a great interest in him, and tells all her friends he is "a nice young man; but why don't he marry?"

Mr. Mobbs knows very well—so do you, dear reader!

EUSTACE HINTON JONES.

PASTIMES.

ENIGMA.

A gentleman made the following request of a lady,

Give me kind Miss, a thing I crave, A thing which you can never have; Nor never had in ages past, Nor never will while ages last, Yet give it me, kind Miss, I pray, For if you will, I know you may.

CHARADES.

If you are wicked, wild, profane, Or given much to thirst; Of person or of talents vain, I hope you'll do my first.

The character we form of you, Is from your actions reckoned. Reform! and to yourself be true; And don't exclaim my second.

My whole is daily in the street, Most rarely seen on Sunday. In Montreal, I think, 'tis met, Most frequently on Monday.

J. M.

2. The Grampians to your view now burst, In Norval's flock you'll see my first. Remember when you ran the race, You did my second—'twas the pace! When you were vexed, the other day, You were my whole. What is it? Say!

J. M.

3. I am composed of 38 letters. My 10, 11, 38, 20, 6, 2, is to decay. My 8, 26, 14, 35, 36, 24, is a great show. My 17, 15, 16, is a useful metal. My 29, 34, 9, 19, is what everybody ought to do. My 1, 18, 16, is a number. My 2, 31, 29, is an article of apparel. My 16, 9, 12, 30, is an odorous plant. My 8, 29, 28, 30, 24, is a precise woman. My 8, 3, 35, is a vegetable. My 33, 26, 25, 23, is hasty. My 4, 9, 7, is a winged animal. My 5, 29, 11, is before. My 13, 5, 22, 24, is a man's nick-name. My 21, 24, 27, 1 is what the sun does. My 32, 24, 21, is an answer which some like to get.

My 37, is a vowel. My 13, 38, 15, 19, 3, is what goeth before a fall. My whole is a compliment.

H. P. IROQUOIS.

NOTE.—We insert the above at the request of a correspondent. Ed. S. R.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. LLAAAAAHEEEEMMKKCCPHYRTW. The name of a noted English writer. 2. PPEEELSSWHYROUA. The title of one of his works.

DECAPITATIONS.

1. Comple I am the plural for all colours, behead me, I am sombre, for I remain a grave. 2. Complete I am to be found in every town; behead me, and few ladies can dress themselves without me; behead again, and I play an important part in some games.

MEASLES.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

A gentleman being asked his age, replied thus: "My age, if multiplied by four, And then increased by half a score, Will give a number, which, if doubled, And then split up (now don't look troubled!) Into seventeen equal parts, will be Just half my age. What is't?—tell me."

ANSWERS TO ACRSTIC, Etc., No. 39.

Double acrostic.—A barking dog seldom bites. 1. Agesilaus. Brockville. 3. Arundel. 4. Ravenswood. 5. Kosciusko. 6. Ithream. 7. Nabob. 8. Garibaldi. 9. Davenport. 10. Oudenarde. 11. Galashiels. Transposition s.—1. Tennyson. 2. Longfellow. 3. Walter Scott. 4. Charles Dickens. 5. Bulwer Lytton. Decapitations. Crown, Own, Now, Row, Orow, Worn. Charades. 1. Level. 2. Shakspeare. Acrostic. Norman Macleod. 1. Nottingham. 2. Oldenburg. 3. Rideau. 4. Manchester. 5.

Amsterdam. 6. Newcastle. 7. Montreal. 8. Car. 9. Cherbourg. 10. Lyons. 11. Emden. 12. Otranto. 13. Dantzic.

The following answers have been received:— Double Acrostic.—Nemo, Geo. B, Flora, H. H. V, Cloud. Nellie. Transpositions.—Isabel, H. Patton, Nemo, Flora, Ellen G. Neille. Decapitation.—M.D., Nemo, Geo. B, Flora, Ellen G. Neille. Charades.—Isabel, H. Patton, M.D., Nemo, Flora, H. H. V. Neille. Acrostic.—Nemo, H. H. V., Geo. B, Flora.

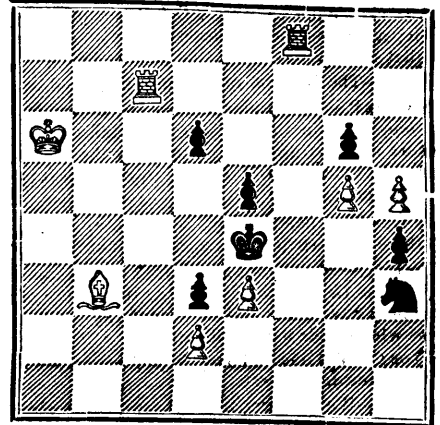
CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. J. TORONTO.—It is very welcome, and shall shortly have a place. C. C. B. CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—We have a letter "on the stocks" for you.

PROBLEM No. 29.

E. H. COURTENAY, WASHINGTON, D. C. BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 27.

WHITE. 1. K to Kt sq. 2. R to Kt 6th. 3. Kt Mates. BLACK. B to R 4th (best.) Anything.

ENIGMA No. 8.

Kling and Horwitz.

K 2. Q 8. K B 3.

K 3. K 4.

Black only draws.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA No. 6.

WHITE. 1. K to K Kt 8th (ch.) 2. R to K B 8th (ch.) 3. P to K 7th (dis. ch.) 4. B takes Q Mate. BLACK. R takes R. R takes R. Q interposes.

Lively skirmish played in the rooms of the Ontario Chess Club, Hamilton, C. W.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

WHITE. (Mr. W.) 1 P to K 4th. 2 K Kt to B 3rd. 3 B to Q B 4. 4 P to Q Kt 4. 5 P to Q. B 8. 6 Castles. 7 P to Q 4. 8 P takes P. 9 Q to Q Kt 3. 10 B to K Kt 5. 11 Q Kt to B 8. 12 P to K 5. 13 P takes P. 14 Kt takes Kt. 15 Kt takes P. 16 Kt takes R. 17 B to Q Kt 5 (ch.) 18 Q to K Kt 8 (ch.) 19 Q takes Kt P (ch.) 20 Q E to Q sq. (ch.) 21 Q to K 7 (ch.) BLACK. (Mr. C.) 1 P to K 4th. 2 Q Kt to B 3rd. 3 B to Q B 4th. 4 B takes Kt P. 5 B to Q R 4. 6 P to Q 8. 7 P takes P. 8 B to Q Kt 3. 9 Q to K B 3. 10 Q to Q Kt 8. 11 K Kt to B 8. 12 P takes P. 13 Kt takes P. 14 Q takes B. 15 Q to K B 6. 16 Kt to Kt 5. 17 P to Q B 8. 18 K to Q 2. 19 K to Q 3. 20 K to B 4.

When Black struck his colours.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. A.—All honour to the sentiments; we are sorry that the versification is too incorrect to permit the insertion of the lines.

H. PATTON.—Will give them a place in an early number.

ERA.—"The Family Honour" will be completed in our next number.

JAS. H.—It is impossible to remove the marks caused by small-pox; but they will gradually become less perceptible.

J. E. M.—The *Great Eastern* is engaged to lay down the third cable. We believe the expedition is to sail from Ireland either towards the end of this month or the beginning of July.

ALMA MATER.—Do not use spectacles until you find them absolutely necessary; for they neither preserve nor strengthen the sight.

G. J. B.—The transpositions of Canadian towns are all incorrect.

Y. N.—We believe that lemon-juice, or a solution of salts of lemon, will erase writing from paper.

ADA G.—Make up your mind to conquer the habit; a firm resolution earnestly persisted in is all that is necessary.

Y. R.—The MS. you refer to never reached us.

MAGGIE R.—A considerable number of females are employed in the English telegraph offices; and we can see no good reason why the larger Canadian offices should not be equally open to the gentler sex.

J. C.—The handwriting is tolerably good, but there are too many flourishes to suit our taste.

G. J. A.—We are not aware that the messengers of the Legislative Council or the House of Assembly have other duties to perform beyond these which their name indicates.

FLORA.—The lines "To my Niece," are respectfully declined.

JULIA.—We are sorry that we are quite unable to assist Julia in the task she has undertaken.

ARTHUR S.—It is less a question of theory than practical experiment. In our opinion the risks are too great.

FLORA L.—We would recommend to our correspondent a judicious exercise of the two "bears"—bear and forbear.

ISABEL.—Will insert your contribution in an early issue.

We are compelled to defer replies to a number of correspondents until our next issue.

## MISCELLANEA.

In the works going on for levelling the hill of the Trocadero at Paris, four mines are fired at once by means of an electric battery, and a surface of more than two acres is raised by each explosion.

THE late Dr. Seymour was asked if he considered tight lacing bad for consumption? "Not at all; it is what it lives on." A wise and witty reply.

AT Manchester, an infant, two years old, was so horribly mutilated by a ferocious pig that it died soon after.

AN incurable old bachelor, and who seemingly rejoices in his infirmity, describes marriage as "a female despotism, tempered by puddings."

A CHINESE mission, charged by the Government of the Celestial Empire to visit Europe, has arrived at Marseilles, on its way to Paris.

STREAM omnibuses on common roads are about to be run in Paris from the Champs de Mars, halting at the Champs Elysées, the Madeleine, near the Opera on the Boulevard des Capucines, near the Theatre of the Gymnase, at the Porte St. Martin, and at the Chateau d'Eau, and proceeding thence to the Terminus at the Bastille.

A STRANGE PASSENGER.—One of the passengers that left Southampton for London, per rail, the other day, was a live alligator nearly fifteen

feet long. It came to England from Greytown, and was conveyed to London in a canoe half-filled with water, partly covered over with boarding. The canoe was fastened upon a railway truck, and was destined for a gentleman residing in the north.

A MILK-SELLER, at Manchester, has recovered six pounds one shilling damages against a farmer for having supplied him with milk which was adulterated with water.

FRENCH GIRLS.—M. Thevenin, speaking of French girls, declares that he had rather turn Fakir, and pass his whole life in contemplation, than espouse one of those empty, stupid, proud, and pretentious women, who believe themselves musicians because they can get through a polka, distinguished because they are draped with cashmere, and well-born because they do not know the price of butter.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

A NEW dye, which promises to be of much commercial value, has just been procured from theine, the principle of tea. Of course, if theine were only procurable from tea, the new discovery would not be of much importance, but inasmuch as the principle exists largely in other plants, it will prove of considerable importance.

"REVOLUTION IN STEAM NAVIGATION."—Such is the heading of an article in the *Liverpool Post*, describing the launch of the *Sleigh of the Wave*, at Birkenhead. This vessel is a splendid steel yacht of first-rate model, finish, and workmanship; and the machinery constructed for her is of an entirely novel character, the motive power being water under pressure, which, it is expected, will entirely supersede steam.

PRESERVATION OF LEECHES.—Among the various means for the preservation of this useful animal, M. Stanislas Martin states that there is nothing so good as the deposit of a bed of silice, formed of pieces of various forms, but not exceeding a nut in size. The leech delights in remaining in the cavities formed by these, and while penetrating into them rubs its body against their asperities, thus effectually cleansing its surface from the filamentous mucus which adheres to it, and which, if not removed, leads to the destruction of the animal.

A NEWLY-INVENTED harpoon contains a pound of powder with a ten-second fuse, and is instant death to a whale, and sure to hold him afterward. It is to be used in the sulphur-bottom whales, which are very large and plentiful in the Iceland and Spitzbergen seas, and have hitherto been neglected because they sink as soon as killed.

It is stated that the system of ventilation adopted in the English House of Parliament is that of exhaustion, the air being put in motion by means of heat, applied by coke fires in great upcast shafts, the two chief being in the Victoria Tower and the Clock Tower.

HOW PLANTS GROW.—Plants breathe carbonic acid instead of oxygen. Deprive a plant of carbonic acid, and it would sicken and die. Over the surface of leaves are countless numbers of pores or open mouths, which take in the carbonic acid. Thus the leaves of plants are like the lungs of animals. It escapes whenever fermentation takes place, and whenever bodies are decomposed. Such are some of the properties of carbonic acid—a substance deadly poisonous when breathed, yet absolutely necessary for our very existence.

THE London Stereoscopic Company have invented a new toy in photography. It is called "a new wonder—instantaneous photography in the drawing-room." Some bits of paper are given to a child, with instruction to slip one of them in water, lay it on another, and press the two bits gently together. A photographic portrait is immediately developed. There is no magic in it; but the effect is a very pretty surprise.

INCOMBUSTIBLE articles of attire have been manufactured suitable for smiths, iron-puddlers, glass-blowers, and others carrying on their ope-

rations in the presence of fire. The result is partly accomplished by the incorporation of asbestos, commonly known as mineral wool, and partly by impregnation with incombustible chemical salts.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

BASE COIN.—Money placed in a foundation stone.

AFFECTIONATE TIMES.—Everything is about as dear as it can be.

A PARADOX.—When a shoemaker is going to make a boot, the first thing he uses is the last.

WANTED.—A pin to fasten the tie of friendship; the tongue of a speaking eye; a leg from the stool of repentance; a link from the chain of evidence; and a feather from fancy's wing.

A COUNTRY boy who had read of sailors heaving up anchors, wanted to know if it was sea-sickness that made them do it.

THE gentleman who borrowed an oyster-knife with which to open an account at a banker's, is anxious to meet with a patent corkscrew to draw a cheque.

## A PARADOX.

As William drew his Susy near,  
He whispered to his bride,  
"Though queer it sounds, I love my dear,  
To live by Suey's side."

DURING the autumn sales the volume of nature is full of fly-leaves.

THE bachelor has to look out for number *one*—the married man for number *two*.

"VERY good, but rather too pointed," as the fish said when it swallowed the bait.

LIGHT LITERATURE.—The books of a gas company.

LIGHT LITERATURE FOR RAILWAY READING.—Our young friends will thank us for directing attention to some Sanscrit books which we find announced. If the works are as charming as their titles, we have a rich treat in store. Here are a few of them:—"Swapanclaksharimahamantrastotra;" "Trigunatmikalikastotra;" "Upagalalitvatodyapana;" "Sankashatatharthivratodyapana;" and "Anantachaturdasi-vratokatha." They will relieve the tedium of a journey, especially if the train jolts a little, and can be recommended for birthday presents.

WHEN Dante was at the court of Sigmore della Scala, then sovereign of Verona, that prince said to him, one day, "I wonder, Signor Dante, that a man so learned as you are should be hated by all my court, and that this fool (pointing to his buffoon who stood by him) should be beloved." Highly piqued at this comparison, Dante replied, "Your excellency would wonder less, if you considered that we like those best who most resemble ourselves."

AN old literary trial was recently brought in England, the plaintiff being one Strous with several initials, the writer of a novel entitled "The Old Ledger," and the defendants the owners and editors of the *Athenæum*, who some months since criticised the work in question, pronouncing it "the very worst attempt at a novel that has ever been perpetrated." Strous employed a Bow Street lawyer, who threw up the case when the attorney for the defendants succeeded in reading extracts from "The Old Ledger," a juror withdrawing for the purpose. The *Athenæum* is, of course, jubilant, though in a quiet and mysterious way.

CONS., VEGETARIAN, ARBOREOUS, AND FLORICULTURAL.—What tree most requires consolation?—The weeping willow. What plant requires a styptic remedy?—Love lies bleeding. What fruit should be sent to a reformatory?—The black-heart cherry. What vegetable induces asphyxia?—The artichoke. What flower does a pretty Quakeress resemble?—The primrose. For what flower is the desire apt to make you lazy?—When you feel lack-a-daisy-call. What is the flower for a teacher?—Verbena. What is the flower for the poor?—Any money. What is the flower for a Chinese woman?—Pick her tea.