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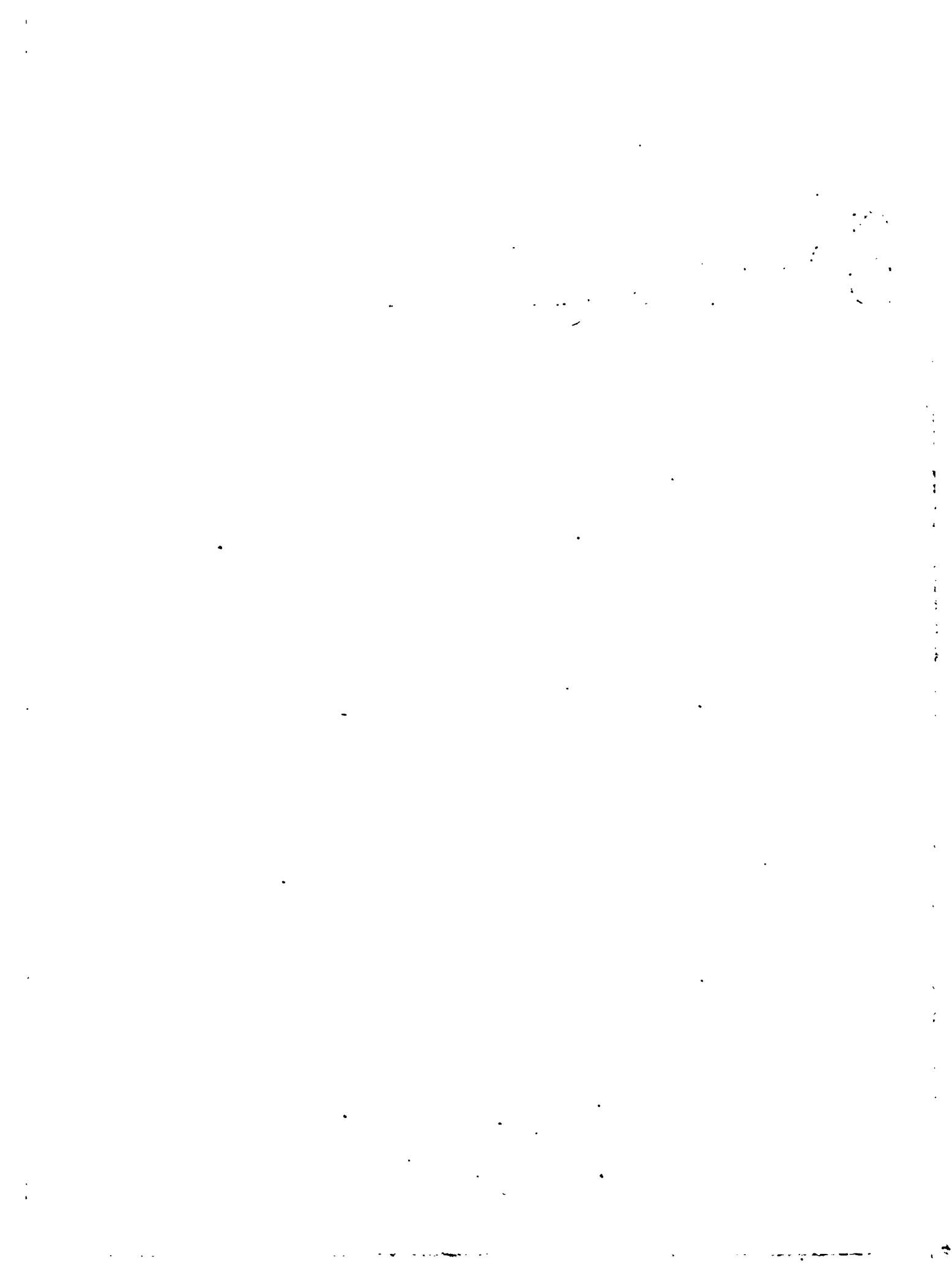
# SATURDAY READER.

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SEPTEMBER, 1865, TO MARCH, 1866.

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# THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 1.

FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 9, 1865.

FIVE CENTS.

## TO THE PUBLIC.

A boon, good Public—yield it of your grace—  
"Let us be friends," behold the boon we crave.  
We're not the Publisher, with serious face,  
Dreaming of Printer's bills and things as grave.  
Nor yet the Editor, with anxious men,  
As small boys shout for "copy, if you please,"  
Nor o'en the printer armed with weapons keen  
Which make and unmake prodigies with ease.  
But we're, so please you, one who fain would be  
Your right good friend and always welcome guest,  
Whispering at times sweet strains of poesy,  
Then sober prose—anon some sprightly jest.  
We've themes exhaustless, "Half a million," say,  
We know no limit to our varied store—  
Of flood and field adventures, grave and gay—  
Games for the parlour—philosophic lore—  
Thoughts for the statesman—scientific truth—  
Problems and puzzles framed for studious youth.  
Fiction all healthful—not of Ledger store,  
Something of everything, we trust, but—*Lore*.  
Then yield the boon, good Public, of your grace,  
As we forswear the role of special pleader,  
And stand unveiled and hopeful, face to face,  
Your friend and servant to command.

THE READER.

## OUR UNDERTAKING.

THE birth of a literary paper in Canada is a matter of some importance, several causes having contributed to make it so. The history of literary journalism in this country is of very small compass, and what little there is to record is of a very sad character. There is scarcely any department of industry on which we could enter, where one bright star, bidding us hope, might not be desecrated flickering in the distance; scarcely a sphere in which labour or talents can be employed, where some intrepid and fortunate precursor might not be pointed to as a living pledge that there is, at least, a possibility of success. Out of this scarcity we have selected one. The occasions on which Canadians have had an opportunity of bidding welcome to a literary paper, on its advent, have been few, and we must add that the greetings at such occurrences have not been of a very hearty nature; and, indeed, the griefs and regrets at the decease of such publications, although of almost as frequent recurrence, have been equally tame and ephemeral in their character. Advancing theoretical speculations as to the causes of this indifference to native literature would only be a loss of time; it would not alter the naked truth that almost every effort in this direction has been totally unsuccessful, while it might possibly give offence, a rudeness and want of taste, of which we have no desire to plead guilty. We have determined to publish a literary journal, and we have no intention of losing money by it; we have entered upon the task in the full belief that the time has arrived when such an undertaking, if conducted with energy and prudence, must prove successful; and although we are unfortunately without a precedent in this respect, twelve unlucky months must roll by before we shall be convinced of the fallacy of our faith. Our primary object, and we may just as well own it, is to make money; and although we may have select-

ed a somewhat roundabout road to fortune, like most other ordinary individuals, we have chosen the one which, for us, possesses the greatest variety of way-side attractions. As a pledge that we will use every legitimate effort to produce a meritorious periodical, we offer self-interest; it is perhaps the "drossiest," but it is certainly the surest we can give. It is the fair-ward of every day life, at whose magical touch, order springs forth from confusion, symmetry out of chaos.

It must be apparent to every thinking person that in a new country like this, where the literary arena is limited, the success of a periodical, whose existence depends chiefly upon the extent of its circulation, can only be attained by embracing a large number of interests, or rather by interesting a large number of readers. To command the attention of the politician, questions of provincial policy must be freely discussed; to secure the approbation of the economist, political and domestic economy must have their places; then the general reader who looks after fresh literature, expects the merits and demerits of every new book to be set forth with mirror-like distinctness; the novel reader considers fiction the staple commodity; the man of science would have us devote half our space to the expounding of scientific theories and the recording of scientific researches and discoveries; the lover of music and the fine arts wants at least a page a week; the admirer of the drama considers the stage deserving of more attention than is generally accorded to it. And the ladies? why, they expect a perfect transcript of the London and Paris fashions. Besides, there are a large number of other interests ranging between the hoary-headed old man who wants a decent periodical to relieve the monotony of idle blessedness, to the urchin of a dozen summers, who willingly suspends the pursuit of his favourite studies—the Rule of Three, Grammar, Spelling Book Superseded, &c.—to luxuriate in the fantastic delights of a good Christmas tale. All this and more must be done, and well done, before the failure of a periodical can be justly charged upon the public.

In handling political and general subjects, we shall endeavour to earn, at least, the palm of originality in our mode of treatment. We shall endeavour to regard the Public as a compound mass of beings possessing equal intelligence, equal understanding and equal judgment with ourselves; and herein will consist our originality. Hitherto Canadian writers have acted towards the public the part of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to Hamlet. How often have they tried to "govern its vanities" with their fingers and thumbs? How many times has it been sounded from its lowest note to the top of its compass? But though they have "fretted" it, they seemingly have not been able to play upon it. The fact is, the public of Canada is not to be played upon by the most skillful performer; and in our opinion the duty of the honest journalist now-a-days is confined to the amassing or compiling of facts and the

placing of the evidence and arguments, on both sides of the question, before his readers in the most condensed and yet comprehensive shape, leaving each individual to use his own judgment and draw his own conclusions. We do not mean to convey the idea that a journalist should withhold his own views on the question he treats of in his paper, but that these should be put forth in the shape of common-sense arguments, and not endearing entreaties or rude badgering, as though the public were a pet spaniel or a rusty horse, innocent of intelligence and amenable only to coaxing or the lash. This is the style pursued by the more respectable journals of this Province at present, and, to say the least, it is anything but flattering to the public.

In fiction, we shall confine ourselves chiefly to the reproduction of the works of British authors of repute; arrangements which we have made with a respectable London publishing house, enabling us to produce the works of some standard writers, at the same time that they are published in England, and before they have been published on this continent. Each of the other departments to which we have referred, we hope, to supply by native talent, and on the whole we are confident of our ability to furnish a SATURDAY READER, which shall deserve and receive generous support.

## VENERATION VERSUS REFORM.

THE people of Quebec seem to be weary of municipal institutions, and have applied to the Legislature to relieve them from the evils of civic government as understood by the Anglo-Saxon race. For this they have been severely censured, as well in Parliament as by the press. But we doubt if the denizens of the ancient capital have not suffered injustice at the hands of their critics and judges. It is certain that the affairs of the city of Quebec have been grossly mismanaged, and that some great change in some direction can alone save them from bankruptcy and disgrace. Now, what are the citizens of Quebec to do in this exigency? Under the existing system, they have, year after year, been hoping that matters would mend; but year after year they have been sinking deeper and deeper into difficulty and debt. Let us not blame them, then, overmuch, if for an extreme evil, they seek an extreme remedy. We do not believe they would act wisely in placing the city funds in the hands of parties irresponsible to the taxpayers; for all experience is opposed to such a step. But while convinced of this, we also believe that our municipal system is greatly behind the age, and requires not only to be amended and reformed, but to be revolutionised, so to speak. A form of city government that was a benefit and a blessing in the days of the Plantagenets and the Tudors, may be anything but a benefit or a blessing in the nineteenth century; yet, in our reverence for the good it has effected in the past, we hold even its faults in traditional veneration. It is the same, too, in the United States, into which the old Puritans

and others introduced the municipal customs of the mother country, and which they long regarded as the chief bulwark of their liberties. We consider the leading fault of the system to be, that under it the same person exercises legislative and executive functions, and which should always be kept asunder. This is the leaven which leaveneth the whole lump. In England they have abated the evil by depriving corporations of many of their ancient powers and prerogatives, while leaving them others which they could beneficially or harmlessly wield. The police was taken out of their hands, for instance; and in the great towns, such as London and Liverpool, many important public duties which formerly appertained to the civic fathers, are now performed by commissioners and trustees, independent of, and apart from, the Council. It is this direction that the reform of our town municipalities ought to take; or the cure, we fear, will be worse than the disease.

It is not in Quebec alone, that municipal government has been found wanting. Almost every town and city in the Province has suffered from it. All are indebted, and several are unable to meet their engagements. Here, in Montreal, our finances are in a somewhat flourishing condition, at present; yet, for a quarter of a century, we have been afflicted with mismanagement, or worse, in every shape and form. The misdeeds of their civic rulers are an endless subject of complaint among our republican neighbours; and the city government of New York has long been a by-word for extravagance and corruption. We repeat, then, that the reform of this great modern nuisance must be thorough and complete.

### WHAT PEOPLE SAY.

The man who declared that if he could make a nation's songs, he cared not who made its laws, was wise in his generation. It is no less true, that the wants, wishes and purposes of a community are generally indicated by the opinions uttered in every private circle, or at every street corner; and that more faithfully, too, than they are to be traced in the columns of party newspapers, or the declamation of party speeches. Instead, therefore, of imparting to our readers our own speculations concerning affairs public and political, we prefer to repeat to them what "all the world" think and say about a few of the matters which command general attention at this moment.

The late ministerial mission to England is spoken of with anything but satisfaction by the opponents of the men now in office. It is asked what it is that our ambassadors have effected? Feasted sumptuously with princes, nobles, ministers of state, and wealthy corporations, certainly; but what more? Nothing but obtained the permission and assistance of the British Government to burthen the people of Canada with an immense debt for the erection of fortifications, and to enable us to buy out the Hudson's Bay Company. Without calling in question the wisdom of fortifying the country against the Americans, and of purchasing the vast tract lying between Canada and the Rocky Mountains or the Pacific, can we afford, it is asked, to do either just now, when we cannot meet the liabilities which we have already incurred? Fortifications are excellent things no doubt; but they are not a profitable investment in a pecuniary point of view: and

the Hudson's Bay Territory will not make very large returns to the treasury for many a long year to come. With a heavy deficit in the Provincial Exchequer, it is difficult to discover how we are to pay interest on some millions more of borrowed money, though such money could be procured at four instead of six per cent., or even less, were that possible. Sinking capital in unproductive works or speculations, is not, one would think, a wise step on the part of this Province, in the existing state of our finances, except under the pressure of an undoubted and immediate necessity. Is there such immediate necessity? Ministers, Imperial and Provincial, say yes; and surely that is high authority. But the Canadian Ministers say more than this. They insist that their mission to England has been highly successful, or, at least, as successful as they expected, or had a right to expect. They have done much to secure the early union of the British North American Provinces into a Confederation which must eventually become one of the great nations of the world; they have ascertained that Canada can be made safe from foreign conquest, and they have received the pledge of the English Government to maintain the existing connection, with the whole means and power of the empire; they have been promised Imperial aid for the erection of the Intercolonial Railway, the improvement of our canals, for arming and defending the Province, and for the extension of our territory; they have turned the tide of public opinion in England, and called forth expressions of sympathy and kindness for these Provinces from the leading men in both Houses of Parliament, from public bodies and private individuals throughout the land; as one of the great results of their labours, the Queen has addressed Parliament in terms of affectionate concern for the welfare of Her North American subjects, as well as of acknowledgment of their loyalty to her person, and attachment to the mother country; lastly, they have learnt the exact position of our relations with the parent state, and consequently the best mode of strengthening that position in the present, and maintaining it in the future. Such are some of the benefits claimed to be derived from this mission.

As to the great subject of the Reciprocity Treaty—the popular mind being relieved from the mist caused by *ad captandum* arguments and arrays of figures and facts which may mean anything or nothing, the case resolves itself into a few plain propositions. 1st. The American farmer and producer pays heavy taxes to meet the interest on the great debt created by the late war, and for the other expenses of his Government; the Canadian farmer and producer pays comparatively light taxes to his own, and none at all to the American Government. 2nd. Under these circumstances, will the American farmer and producer consent to the free entry of Canadian products to undersell him in his own market? 3rd. Is the free use of our great fishing grounds; the free passage of American timber, &c., down the St. John river; the free navigation of the St. Lawrence river and Canadian canals; the free entrance of certain American products into our markets and those of the other North American Provinces,—are these a sufficient equivalent for the advantages we wish to gain from the renewal of the Treaty? They are questions more easily asked than answered.

There is one thing, however, on which all men agree, namely, that the business of legislation

has not, for a long time, been conducted in Canada in a manner creditable to those engaged in it or profitable to the country. While the Parliament, which lately expired in England, is praised by the whole nation for the numerous and important measures it has passed for the general welfare of the empire, our legislators, for about the same period, have left a record behind them of which neither we nor they have reason to be proud. Session after session, they have assembled to quarrel, talk much, and do little or nothing else. The house now sitting is not at all likely to differ from its immediate predecessors in that respect, for the legislative programme consists chiefly of loose promises of what mighty things shall be done when Parliament meets again. This is a real and crying grievance, the cure of which is in the hands of the electors who should apply the proper remedy at the earliest opportunity.

## OUR LONDON LETTER.

### SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND ART.

August, 12th, 1865.

At this season of the year there is, as usual, great dulness in the world of science, literature and art. All who can afford it, and very many who can not, are holiday making. The watering places of England and the show places of Europe generally are crowded with visitors during these hot summer months. The novel writer is either abroad searching for "incidents in real life," wherewith to embellish his pages, or, closely shut up in his apartments, is labouring to be in readiness for the fast approaching time when the reflux of fair ones to town will once more tax the powers of ever circulating Mudie and Booth. The artist is in Italy studying the masterpieces of ancient art. The philosopher, the dealer in wondrous discoveries concerning things material and immaterial in this universe of ours, is awaiting the coming together of the learned societies, ere he opens his budget and pours forth his treasures. The seed is being sown, the harvest has yet to be gathered. The less now, the more in a not distant hereafter.

### PALESTINE AND THE DEAD SEA.

Among the few books which have lately been issued, the most noticeable, certainly the one which has received the most notice at the hands of the at present almost occupationless critics, is a work on Palestine, by Mr. H. B. Tristram. The author combines in his person the printer and the philosopher, though the latter quality predominates over the former. He throws considerable light on the natural history of the land, and some of its physical characteristics. His narrative of adventure is amusing enough. Birds and beasts fell plentifully before his remorseless arm; but in reading his accounts we cannot help feeling that the mere pleasure of the hunt was greater to him than the study of the victim after he had been secured. He holds amongst other things, wherein he differs from various travellers, that the Dead Sea has been sadly maligned. This wonderful lake, believed by the people of the land to cover the wicked cities of the plain, which emits unpleasant odours, and upon whose shores it has hitherto been thought no breathing thing can long live, will yet, if justice be done it, become a favourite place of resort for seekers after health. Its waters, albeit eschewed by fish, and destructive of vegetation, Mr. Tristram believes to be highly medicinal, while the wind which has travelled over its surface is health-giving as the zephyrs of the Blessed Isles. But a more valuable, though not to the general reader so interesting a work as the one named, is promised shortly. It is the result of the labours of a commission of scientific men. The details have not yet transpired, but it is said that the vexed questions concerning the level of the Dead Sea is at least settled and placed at 1280 feet below the waters of the Mediterranean. For the purposes of further exploration a Society was recently

found, the subscription to which already amounts to £2,000. Captain Wilson, a gentleman most competent to the task, has been authorised to commence a topographical survey of the Bible lands, and if the funds of the Society should permit, other works will be undertaken.

#### A UNIVERSAL ALPHABET.

In Mr. Alexander Melville Bell we have a gentleman who claims in an alphabet of forty letters to represent every possible sound capable of being uttered by human beings. Many attempts have been made to introduce a universal alphabet, which men of all languages might use. Mr. Pitman, the inventor of phonography, has long been before the public. The enthusiastic supporters of his system used to declare that by its means a short hand writer would be able to report speeches written in, to him, an unknown tongue. Experience has proved the fallacy of this theory. Mr. Bell does not go so far. His is not a short hand system. He merely claims the invention of a universal alphabet. In the presence of some *servants* recently, he wrote down at their dictation sentences of little known languages, which his son, who was perfectly ignorant of them, when called into the room, read off with a purity of pronunciation not to be excelled. But *cui bono*? A universal alphabet can be of little or no use until the world speaks a universal language, which it is to be apprehended will not be before the millennium, when it will come notionably perhaps. Meanwhile the labours of Mr. Bell and others may help Max Müller and similar enquirers into the origin of languages; but nothing more.

#### SECRET SOCIETIES.

The Arnold Prize Essay for 1865 you will find much more interesting than usual. Even the late J. B. Macaulay I am sure would vote against tearing it up into spills wherewith to light candles made out of prize sheep. The Essay is a rapid review of the history of various secret societies the Rosicrucians, the Gnostics, the Imalites, the Freemasons, the Vehmgerichte, and others. In many French and German novels the agents of the *vehmgerichte* play prominent parts, which unlearned readers are apt to attribute to the imagination of the author. This is not altogether the case. The *vehmgerichte* was at one time a great power in the Fatherland. In days when robber nobles, strong in their feudal castles, wrought their licentious will upon all around and weaker than themselves, when they set the law and the monarch alike at defiance, plundered, ravished and burned at their good pleasure, the *vehmgerichte*, did not a little good service in visiting than with chastisement. Numbering in its ranks many thousands or more bound together by oaths of "mickle might," it worked in secret. Its courts were held in the dark recesses of the forest; to disobey its summons was certain death, while condemnation by it was followed by immediate execution on the nearest tree. Once that the word had gone forth its agents followed the appointed victim wheresoever he might roam. Sooner or later, unless prematurely cut off, he was sure to be found, perhaps in his tent or his bed, or his garden, stabbed to the heart with the mark of the *vehmgerichte*, a gashed cross, deeply cut in his heart. Fearful must have been the days when such means were necessary to punish the wicked, but German writers claim that the society did much to hold evil doers in check, and to ameliorate the evils of the day.

The *vehmgerichte* never penetrated to England. There, consequent upon the wisdom of William the Conqueror, the nobles were always subordinate to the monarch except when supported by the people at large; and though bad enough, when compared with the feudal lords of France and Germany, were a civilized set of beings. A strong dash of romance in Mr. Marras' Essay gives to it an additional charm. This account of the *vehmgerichte* and of the Imalites is the most interesting pastime. Having confined himself within narrow limits, he has scarcely done justice to the rest.

#### THE UTMOST FARTHING.

The latest sensation novel is by Cecil Griffith, and is entitled the Utmost Farthing. It is "absorbing," is warranted to keep every young lady who commences its perusal, out of her bed until

she has finished it. So far as the language used goes it is well written; but there, I must stop in my commendations, for the author has had no other object in view than the manufacture of a telling story and a horrible one too. There is plenty of murder in it, and lots of mystery. The hero Allan Valery kills an Italian, unknown to his betrothed Catherine Maylew. After an arduous courtship he succeeds in persuading Kate to marry him. Soon afterwards his wife and Razaqui, a fellow countryman of the unfortunate lover, discovered by whom the Italian was murdered. For a long time does Valery pay for the preservation of his secret; but Razaqui, determined to revenge the death of his friends, drains him to the "utmost farthing," and then gives him his choice between a public hanging and a private jerk under the ribs. He accepts the latter, and Razaqui administers a few inches of cold steel in the most approved Italian fashion. The curtain then falls.

#### BLACKWOOD.

In the absence of book literature, the August supply of magazines is peculiarly acceptable. "Blackwood" of course must head the list. Tery as he is, disliked as his public sentiments are by a very large body of readers, the great British public cling to him with a tenacity which would be surprising were it not for the talent always discernible in his pages. He has no new story this month. "Cornelius O'Dowd" progresses "with measured pace and slow." When completed, as will shortly be the case, it will be republished, and will doubtless have, as it deserves, a large sale. The number contains a very readable paper on the "Psychonomy of the Hand," in which, amid a great deal of sarcasm, it is still shown that there is more truth in palmistry than is believed by many who would throw it into the limbo of exploded humbugs. Professor Fowler, the phrenologist, finds no difficulty by a casual examination of the hand, in telling whether a man earns his livelihood by brain work or by physical labour. Extend the application of this fact a little, and the man who uses the hammer may readily be distinguished from one who sets type. Extend it still farther, and the hand which labours with the pen, has a different character to that which merely holds the reins of the hunter or lifts the drinking cup. Once this step is gained, once that the key to the pursuits of the subject is found, and a shrewd observer has little difficulty in arriving at at least semi-accurate conclusions, as to his position in life, his hopes, his desires, and general character. Not alone the skull, but the hands, the face, aye the whole body has the story of each man's life written upon its separate parts.

#### DUBLIN UNIVERSITY.

Dublin University Magazine has a very interesting contribution entitled "Missions of the Morn," a string of stories about highwaymen and Rapparees, who have infested the Green Isle. One of the chief arriving there was Pat Collier, whose chosen scene of labour was the province of Leinster. Like Robin Hood, he was a very gentlemanly thief; never shed blood for amusement, and while he robbed the rich, was generous to the poor. One of his jokes is to this effect. A landlord threatened to distrain a widow's goods for rent. Collier, who, like some of his countrymen still living, believed that the holders of land ought not to get anything for its use, supplied the widow with funds to pay her rent, and then, as the landlord was returning home, robbed him of his "ill gotten gains." So much favoured was he by public opinion, that instead of hanging him some of the great folks connived at his purchase of a commission and got him sent on foreign service, in the hope doubtless that he would get killed. While out with his regiment, at the suggestion of some of his brother officers he waylaid a certain captain who had been bragging of his courage, frightened him by the exhibition of a formidable looking cabbage stalk, and robbed him of his watch and other valuables. Falstaffian was the account the dupe gave of the perils he had escaped and of the bravery with which he had fought; but when the cabbage stalk and the lost property were exhibited at the mess table, the hero was found to be far less prudent in the manufacture of excuses, than his prototype old Sir John Collier, the last of the Rapparees.

turned publican on his return to Ireland, died at a good old age, "beloved and respected by all who knew him." The paper is a good one as illustrative of a state of public sentiment almost incomprehensible in these latter days.

#### SIR J. BOWRING ON CHINESE EDUCATION.

Sir J. Bowring holds forth in the *Shilling Magazine* on education in China. Anything coming from the pen of this gentleman is of course worthy of attention. But I imagine people are becoming tired of the celestial pig-tailed. Time was when little was known of their character; when folks were curious about them. Articles from China were carefully treasured and counted curiosities, no matter how ugly or coarse they might be. As we learn from Oliver Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World," even in his day fine ladies cherished miniature pagodas, twirly tailed dragons and gaudy flower pots, and the fashion held until within a recent day. But for evident reasons it is now going out, and with it all care about the Chinese so long as they will sell us tea, buy our opium, and, in remembrance of the thrashings they have had, be on their good behaviour. However this may be, Sir John Bowring finds much that is admirable in their educational system. He says, that in China writing materials—paper, ink, pencils, books—cost but little. Multitudes of books are sold for less than a farthing each. The common price of a printed sheet is a *tsien*, of which twenty make a penny. There are abundance of book-stalls in the streets and squares of Chinese cities where popular literature is provided at rates marvellously low. Poor students find little difficulty in borrowing books to read them in their studies; indeed, it may be generally said that youths of studious habits meet with much of friendly aid and encouragement, and are often assisted by the gratuitous help of those who have obtained degrees at the public examinations."

#### WANTED, A POOR LITERARY MAN.

Turning aside from books to the doings of literary men, the Guild of Literature and Art finds itself in what your neighbours would call—a fine fix. Twelve years ago, the Society was originated for the purpose of assisting needy literary men, authors, and actors, and their widows and orphans. Bulwer Lytton wrote a play for it "Not as Bad as we Seem," in which the chief characters were taken by Charles Dickens, Charles Knight, and others. A great deal of money has been gathered by the Guild, and last week three handsome "retreats" built at Knebworth were opened. The land was given by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, and together with it a large donation. But it now turns out there is no one to live in the "retreats," all the members of the Society being either too well off or too proud to accept hospitality in the shape proffered. One can scarcely tell whether to rejoice or to sorrow at the fact.

The tercentenary anniversary of Shakespeare's birth was prolific of books. The Dante Sixcentenary promises to be almost equally so. Florence has produced seventeen works respecting her great poet; Milan, six; Turin, four; Venice, four; Pisa, three; Padua, two; Palermo, two. Germany is in the field with a number of volumes; and the United States are also represented. But no single English work on the subject has the year thus far seen.

#### NON-EXPLOSIVE GUNPOWDER.

A Mr. Gall has discovered that, by the admixture of gunpowder with three times its weight of finely-powdered glass, explosion becomes impossible; and some of the scientific newspapers are urging that not only should the Government adopt the plan thus indicated for their magazines, but that it should be made compulsory in private dealers to adopt it also. By merely passing the mixture through a fine sieve, the powder may readily be separated from the glass—a process which could be practised as the former was wanted. The allegation that the expense of storage would be very much enhanced is denied. The extraordinary care taken in the Government establishments involves the expenditure of large sums of money, and the regulations imposed on private dealers are in proportion equally onerous. But mixed with glass there would be no necessity for watchfulness, while large quantities might be kept with impunity in private shops,



The advantages thus gained, it is contended, would more than compensate for the expense incurred in mixing and in the use of additional space.

The Earl of Derby has made a suggestion which ere long will be put into practice. He proposes a grand exhibition of portraits of all ages. The old halls of England teem with likenesses of men famous in history, very many of them painted by masters of the art. To the antiquarian and the student the exhibition will be exceedingly interesting. A preliminary meeting has already been held, and an effort is to be made to secure the exhibition building at Kensington for the purpose named.

Dr. H. G. Ollendorff, the inventor of the royal road to the knowledge of German, French, Latin, and other languages, is dead. It is perhaps a matter of regret that his book will not die with him. It is very much to be questioned whether his system ever helped any one to an accurate knowledge of any tongue; while it is certain that half the labour expended in following faithfully his directions would, if applied to less pretentious though more old-fashioned works, have been attended with thoroughly satisfactory results. The deceased Doctor during thirty years of puffing and publishing was very successful commercially, and died worth a large sum of money.

### BIBLICAL CRITICISM AND SCIENTIFIC ENQUIRY.

THE following is a report of some observations of Mr. Chas. Lyell at the recent anniversary of the Geological Society:

"In the discussions which I have lately heard, on the propriety of certain writers having openly declared the modifications in their views, to which they had been led by new discoveries in science, I have heard some able scholars of about my own age gravely declare that, while they highly approved of researches in science and Biblical criticism, and were interested in seeing the light which modern researches in physics, languages, ethnology, and antiquities, were shedding on the interpretation of Scripture, and while they were of opinion that questions arising out of these inquiries should be thought out and communicated to the learned—they yet regretted that they were not all published, as they would have been some four centuries ago, in the Latin language, so as to be confined to a circle which could be safely entrusted with such novelties without there being any danger of unsettling the creed of the multitude.

"I cannot help being amused when I try to imagine what would have been the sensations of these friends of mine, if they had happened casually to drop into the theatre in Jermyn Street when Professor Huxley was lecturing on the origin of species and the various races of mankind, or when Professor Ramsay was giving the course of lectures, which he has just concluded, on geological time—and observed that these discourses, delivered gratis, or for a mere nominal fee, in a Government establishment, were addressed to the working classes—to a large, intelligent, and enthusiastic audience composed of the artisans of London—that they were given, not to a select few and in a dead language, but in the vulgar tongue, in good, impressive, clear, and often eloquent English—what, I say, would have been the reflections of my friends upon the want of judgment shown by the teachers of the present generation, in freely communicating such knowledge to such a class of students? But, if it were possible to limit the communication of new truths to a privileged class, you will, I am sure, agree with me that it is not desirable or right to do so; and that no state of society can be conceived more dangerous than one in which the distance between the opinions of the educated few and the less educated millions is continually becoming wider and wider, in matters in which all must take the deepest interest.

"There is, however, another step in advance, which it is high time for scientific laymen to take, if they would be true to themselves and to science. It is not enough that they should themselves communicate freely, to all the new truths at which they have arrived. They should lend their encouragement, sympathy, and support, to those members of the clergy (a body to whom the education of the millions is mainly entrusted) who boldly come forward to make known such truths as science has established, even when they

necessitate the modification of some of those theological and traditional opinions in which we have all been brought up. They should admire and honour them for the sacrifices they are ready to make in their efforts to reform the popular views of Scripture, and to bring them into harmony with the conclusions deduced from scientific inquiry. Above all, they should protest against the doctrine of those who hold that the moment any one of these teachers, appointed by the nation, has acquired clear knowledge of some of these new truths, he should resign his post, and give place to some other, who, being ignorant, could conscientiously go on teaching the old doctrines, or, not being ignorant, could recede with his sense of duty to teach others what he does not believe himself."

### REVIEWS.

Books for review should be forwarded, as soon as published, to the Editor, SATURDAY READER, Montreal.

#### THE OLD THING.

HAVING a bad memory for names and dates, we are unable to say who wrote the first romance, and, in like manner, we cannot tell our readers the particular day of the week, and year on which it was issued. We are also unable to say whether it was the first, second, or third novel that contained the story of a Secret Love, a Secret Marriage, a Duel and a Wedding. Certain it is that very early in the history of written romance, Secret Loves, Secret Marriages, Secret Duels and Public Weddings became staple commodities in the world of fiction; and with a due respect for ancient custom, Mrs. Leprohon has travelled upon the beaten track with commendable rectitude.

*Antoinette de Mirecourt*\* is a historical romance. It is purely Canadian, treating of Canadian persons and places, appealing to Canadian sentiment and sympathy. We forbear discussing two general remarks about such works. Firstly, the difficulty the writer has to encounter in getting heroes who shall be natural and fit characters—and of securing that romantic setting, that atmosphere other than our own everyday one, which is so necessary to romance. Secondly, there has been so much done already in romances,—Bulwer, James, and a host of others, that even a Canadian author must suffer by comparison. Briefly the plot is this. Antoinette de Mirecourt is the daughter of a Seigneur, whose seigneurie (Valmont) is not on the map. She has a cousin M<sup>me</sup>. D'Aulnay, who incidentally possesses a husband who lets her work her own sweet will, provided he is not disturbed in his library. The scene is, we may say, in Montreal, in 1762. Miss de Mirecourt goes to Montreal to dissipate much as any one would in 1862. She falls desperately in love with one Audley Sternfield, an officer in the English army. He is irresistibly handsome, of course. He has thus two things against him,—his name and his nature. Audley is completely played out. Irresistible young fops, such as the Assyrian Bull in "Maud," and with whom the heroine always falls in love are really getting too common. The full soul loatheth the honey-comb. With this young man Antoinette falls in love, and by a concatenation of circumstances is forced to marry him secretly. She becomes his wife in nothing but in so much that the ceremony has been performed. He also acquires the right of lecturing about her flirtations, and of himself flirting monstrously without reproof. But the plot thickens. A Mr. Louis Beaucheno was previously introduced upon the stage. Papis appear on the whole to have been much the same in 1762 that they are in 1862. He kindly announced that she would marry Beaucheno in four weeks. The lady demurred, being married already. Whereupon a lively scene occurred. Miss de Mirecourt prevails upon Mr. Louis Beaucheno to assist her in, we may say, humbugging her papa. Mr. Louis Beaucheno pretends to be engaged to her, and postpones the ceremony for six months. Being very much in love and not showing it, appears to be his forte. This convenient decoy duck, Mr. Louis Beaucheno, staves off (the 'o' imagery is bold) discovery for some time. Captain A. Sternfield declines to publish his marriage, kindly assigning as a reason to his bride that he only waits her coming of

\* ANTOINETTE DE MIRECOURT, traduit de l'anglais par J. A. GENAND, Montreal, Beauchemin et Valois, 1865.

ago so that he may secure her fortune. This is candid. Just now Miss de Mirecourt discovers that she does not love Audley. The man in question is Colonel Cecil (Cecil of all names, how sweet), Evelyn (Evelyn of all names how original!) a stolen member of the British aristocracy, who was disappointed in love. He loves her, and she loves him. He discovers her love for Mr. Sternfield, and cuts her acquaintance. All the characters drive madly to Laclue, where they lurch on provisions carried out in a hamper. Every one races from Montreal to Valmont, and is detained by the roads. Miss de Mirecourt has a confirmed habit of crying herself to sleep. Mr. Louis Beaucheno and Captain A. Sternfield meet at a ball. Miss de Mirecourt is about to dance with Mr. Louis Beaucheno. Sternfield insists on her dancing with himself—she does so. Well, Mr. Louis Beaucheno challenges Captain Sternfield, and kills him. This is the last we hear of Mr. Louis Beaucheno. He flies to France, and consistently marries some one else. Miss de Mirecourt—we beg pardon, Mrs. Sternfield—waits upon her husband's dying couch. He swears and sighs, and finally dies forgiven. Mrs. Sternfield has an attack of brain fever, and marries Colonel Evelyn,—and that's all.

Briefly the book is good for Canada. It faithfully tells its story without episodes and digressions. It sticks to Canadian accuracy and to Canadian character. The plot is ingenious enough, particularly as regards L. C. Beaucheno and his collateral; by killing Captain Sternfield, he puts himself out of the way. Mr. Evelyn marries a maiden-widow, and we thus overcome the natural repugnance to the true love wedding the scoundrel's widow. The book is not strong in incidental descriptions of the characters or scenery. Still we can confidently call it our best Canadian novel, *en attendant mieux*.

Mr. Genand has translated it with the fidelity and spirit of a scholar and translator. Such reciprocity among authors tends to a better acquaintance with our national literature in both languages, by those who do not possess another tongue than their own.

We may briefly cite (page 273) one little error. The man whose last state was worse than his first, is mentioned by the Evangelists, and not by St. Paul, as the author states.

To conclude. Mr. Lyell's book is intended as a lesson against foolish and inexperienced young girls forming senseless attachments with any handsome young fop they may meet. It teaches the folly of undertaking obligations whose performance entails troubles which were not anticipated and provided for. It shows us that a woman by such a *liaison* forfeits the love of one that is true and manly. It teaches the imprudence of silly match-making, but we cannot help regretting that the author has thought it necessary to deface these good morals by throwing such a halo of romance around the close of her heroine's career. This may be necessary in writing an attractive novel, but, if it is so, it is a necessary evil. The lesson of Miss de Mirecourt's misery and sufferings, brought on by foolish and imprudent conduct, will be totally lost on the romantic young reader, when she learns that the said Miss de Mirecourt's misfortunes ultimately resolve themselves into a happy union with the man she loves and by whom she is beloved. ALLIÉ.

**HAPPY IDEA.**—We understand that a society is about to be organized on this continent, for the purpose of securing from the various Railway companies, and the present contractors, the sole privilege of selling newspapers, periodicals, magazines, books, &c., on the Railway cars and at the stations. The object in view is to use this important medium, through which such an enormous quantity of pernicious and trashy sensation literature is circulated, for the diffusion of periodical books, magazines, &c., which tend to the improvement of the public morals. It is certainly a happy idea, and if sound practicable and judiciously managed, we have no doubt but a large amount of real good may be accomplished. It would be an undoubted boon to the travelling public if nine-tenths of the current literature were entirely banished from the cars, and replaced by something of a more healthy description. The sale of this trashy stuff, combined with the prize package system of cozenage forms one of the chief bores with which the traveller meets. We learn that the committee which has been formed for the organization of the society referred to, has met three times; once in California, once in the Eastern States, and once in the house of a respected citizen of Montreal who takes an active interest in such matters.

## UP THE SAGUENAY.

I HAD been slowly melting for two months. Positively I began to be afraid of myself. The mosquitoes were intolerable; so was the dust; so was the cream souring, and the cook asking if skim milk would do for the berries. But what were these annoyances compared to the heat? Something must be done.

I had been reading in the daily papers insinuating advertisements of trips to the far-famed Saguenay, and a disinterested steamboat that would convey travellers thither for the merest song, financially. The Saguenay? Oh glorious! There has always been, I know not what, of charm to me in that name. When I thought of it I felt another being. I became primal. I wanted to put on a blanket and a pair of moccasins, and get into a canoe. I even thought that a feather or two and a little paint could not be out of the way. Why, the Saguenay was down, down, and away beyond everything; where there was sterility, and that sort of thing; where there were seals and porpoises, and even occasionally something very like a whale. I thought of heat, and dust, and lassitude foregone, and the salt breezes coming up straight into my nostrils from the grand sea; and a determination, not loud but deep, came into my soul that I must achieve this trip, or die the death.

So one morning I went down to the breakfast table, and finding every one in the most melting mood, seized my opportunity diplomatically, and said I must go to the Saguenay. I cannot put a very fine point on the clatter that obtained at this announcement. It was dreadful. Bedlam was a mere incident in comparison. If I had said that I must "run the blockade," or go to the —, or do something else equally unladylike, I can understand that some such accident as popular prejudice might have operated unfavourably on my family circle, well-regulated although it undoubtedly is. I would have looked for a sensation. I would have been rather mortified if my declaration had been treated as ordinary small talk. But every one goes to the Saguenay; it is quite a common occurrence; and I really saw no indiscretion in the proposal. However, the man in authority over me looked daggers—no, that's effete—mild carving knives at me, from under his beelling brows, for a couple of days, by way of intimidating me from harbouring any such heterodoxy in my gentle breast. It was of course. He remonstrated with me forcibly a few times, and then gave up the point, and filled my purse.

Straightway I packed up my purple and fimo anen, and the next morning found myself at Quebec. I went to see it, thinking of Abraham. And, having seen it, I would say without prejudice, that there is a good deal of getting up stairs in it. Too much; I object to it. There is also a sense of narrowness about the streets that oppresses you. When you go out walking you seem to knock down things with your skirts—like Mrs. Pardiggle. And when you go out driving, you have an odd but undoubtedly humane desire to get out and help the horse who goes up the hills sprawling. As for Wolfe, Abraham and those people, they showed me a few shells, a post or two with a little man stuck on the top thereof, some cannon and a good deal of rock, and I went away and got on board a boat which was making a great deal of noise, and where everybody was saying to everybody else, that if anybody wanted any breakfast he had better make sure of his chair. I immediately sat down on one innocently, and tried to keep from shedding tears of joy, when I found that I had anticipated several hungry looking individuals, who at that moment made a rush for it. However, I was hungry myself. When at last, after we had all waited in our chairs, looking at the table cloth for half an hour or so, the waiters came filing in, and I undertook with an infinite relish three plates full of fresh salmon. The way we used to fight for chairs three times a day after this, and having obtained those, the skirmishes we used to have among the crockery—and the way long armed men used to help themselves to roast beef, and that elderly woman with moustaches would fish pitilessly at the bottom of vegetable dishes for stray beans—and the way the vegetables were cooked when we did get them, and the craving we had for the poultry that never reached us—and the snappishness with which we would pass the omelette, when asked for it, are things to be remembered. I think that we all in common pined for enough. I never sat down to the table without feeling that I would not be satisfied, nor rose from it without knowing that I was not. We used to apologize to

ourselves, by saying it was the cold air, the change in the atmosphere, or the salt water, that did it. In connection with hunger we had cold, which I found out practically, when the captain came and made a general remark that we were in salt water. Of course there was a scene directly. No one could get on deck fast enough. I started up to fly, and upset two old gentlemen. Embarrassed, I went to the other extreme, and they, set me. With a thousand blusties, I opened the door, and was immediately met by a whirlwind. It caught me up, and flew about with me, and treated me shamefully. At first I could see nothing for pocket handkerchiefs. Every person was carrying one, and had a cold in his head, and such an absurd blue nose. One is not agreeable with a blue nose—a nose, by all means, of course, that understands itself, as the Germans say. Without a nose, what, for instance, would be the benefit of Lublin's extracts? But I do think that the accident of colour could, as a general thing, be advantageously dispensed with. I tried to distract my attention. I looked at the water, which was a sickly green. I got some, and tasted it—once. I contemplated the scenery, which was lilly. I attempted to be funny with the owner of the elbow which supported me. I even remember making a pun—a bad one. I pretended that I was very happy. But a raw, bleak and humid day on the lower St. Lawrence is not to be defied. I felt that my fate was coming on apace; and I arose with a ghastly smile. The whirlwind playfully laid hold of me again, and hurled me against a judicious number of tripods. These crushed me through the door, and I went and lost myself in "ocular," quite unmanned for the time.

If you ever go up the Saguenay, I advise you to sit up all night, and see everything for yourself. I didn't. I was snoring beautifully on the top shelf of my stateroom when we entered the river, and did not even dream that anything was happening. When I came out to breakfast I received official notice that we had passed the most interesting scenery during the night, but that the passengers were not to be excited, as we would have an opportunity of seeing everything on our way back. Very good. I was not excited. I yielded myself calmly, and with a certain grace, to circumstances which I could not control. All would have been well if matters had ended here; but they didn't. I went to breakfast, and an elderly unmarried woman, with prominent eyes, came and sat down opposite me impressively, and began to "take on" in the most dreadful way. She had seen the capes, and no one else had! She was triumphant. She actually crowed. She said, in effect, that she had gone to bed and to sleep. Not content with this, as an ordinary woman might have been, she awoke before she had any business to, and straightway had an impulse to poke her night-cap out of the window. And oh! my! there gray and hoar, in the morning twilight, towering up aloft and asserting itself amid the clouds, was a great, big—ah! a thing like a goblin monster, or a giant, or a mountain, "or a—you know," she said indefinitely, right beside the boat! And she thought she was going to faint (if you please). After a while she recovered enough to peep out again; and, good gracious! there was ANOTHER! She never! and neither would we, she told us.

At Ha! Ha! Bay you may observe three things: that there is a blue-tongued, beef-moccasined, short gown and petticoated population, who speak the dear old Cannuck gibberish that your grand Parisian disdain; that you buy little casseaus of blue-berries, and pay four times their value for them; that you can go about, like cattle, on a thousand hills. I clambered up a cone, fancying myself an Ethiopian princess making the ascent of my native pyramid. When I got to the top, my companion apologized, sat down, and lit a cigar. I immediately came out of History, and willily suppressed a sense of wanting to choke. We had been gazing across the bay a good deal, and wondering what was on the other side of the mountains, when we turned round abruptly.

"Is that the steamer's whistle?" said I to him.

"Is that rain?" said he to me.

We were both painfully correct.

Sometime after this, I found myself sitting on a lounge in the cabin, with a confused recollection of having rolled down something and of tumbling over a fence at the bottom; of running some distance in a great hurry and getting mixed up hopelessly with horses, carts and cordwood, and of two dripping things sliding over a dirty gangway. I suppose it must have been my companion and myself.

I was still sitting pensive, when everybody began to get up and anticipate and utter exclamations. I asked in my artless way if any one would be good enough to tell me what was the matter. Twenty amiable people said at once that we were coming to the capes, and instantly we all rushed out to see them.

The deck was in a very bad state. It had been raining a good deal; it was still raining a good deal, and as far as one might judge, it intended to go on raining a good deal more. There was a damp, draggled, bespattered look about everything, people who had umbrellas had them up, and people who had none looked upon their neighbours as personal insults. A few women had white pocket-handkerchiefs tied around their heads. There was no curl left in feathers. Straw hats were swollen and blistered. Everyone tried to get the best place, and then as the capes were still some little from us we—paused.

The steamer kept sweeping in nearer to them, and they grow upon us in height and size every moment, until when we were fairly under shadow of one of them, some one (officially) shied two potatoes at it, with the effect of making them appear very small potatoes indeed, by contrast. The rock certainly looks very large; but then why shouldn't it? It is sixteen hundred feet high. People again remarked, that nothing grow upon it. Could we reasonably, and with any degree of certainty look for a crop of cabbage? or even potatoes? I thought not, and, therefore, took the rock calmly, being no poet. There was one beside me, however, with red whiskers, who felt called upon to go off into indefinite rhapsodies. He seemed desirous of making the most of it, and he did. He writhed. He made faces. He said a great deal, and he said it very fast. He brought a good many authors to bear upon it; he quoted ponderous passages from the poets; he even recited modestly a heavy ode of his own. I had an impression of being crushed with soul and awe and nothingness to such a degree, that when he suggested that we should go up to the hurricane deck to get a different view of the cape, I followed him quite feebly. I don't think I shall ever go again. I was first jammed through a narrow passage, then squeezed through a narrower door, then stifled in an apartment so small, that I do not think, even had I felt any inclination for that sort of exercise, that I could have swung a cat there. There was a flight of eight long narrow perpendicular steps, up which the Poet went and pulled me through a hole in the roof, and I found myself on the hurricane deck. Soul, and awe and nothingness was worse than ever, and so was the wind; if I must confess it, I never experienced anything like it. Its searchiness and curiosity were really too much. If some one had lashed me to the pipe, I might have borne it; but as it was, I said that I was going down. When I came to the stairs I paused. Would I go first, or would he? The wind gave me little time for reflection. Blindly and despairingly, I let myself down two steps. There was a nail; something caught. The Poet with not quite so much nothingness in his face set me free. I turned round vindictively and pulled down the hatch with a bang! and he got down some other way, (by a ladder, I believe), and went off and rolled about his stateroom in a fine frenzy. He came out after a while with his hair parted in the middle, but I pretended not to see him, and betook myself to musing.

And the steamer swept on through lights, and through shadows, through turmoil and calm into broader waters again, and I turned from the Saguenay, winding like a great black lissom snake between its lonely walls, and set my face homeward and northward as the loadstone to its star. ESPIEGLE.

**HUMAN LIFE.**—Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but Memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of Heaven. The cup of life is sweeter at the brim, the flavour is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when the cup is taken from our lips.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC HANDKERCHIEFS.**—The idea has been seized upon by a speculative house of business to have handkerchiefs marked with photographs of the owner. The process "will wash." The idea might be extended upon the knob of an umbrella; it would carry conviction at once, and be patent circumstantial evidence against the purloiner.

**SIR JOSEPH PAXTON** is to have a statue erected to his memory, by subscription, in the gardens of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, close to the residence where he died.

## DAWN OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

THE name of New Franco was given to certain territories in America, for two principal reasons: first, because those countries lay parallel to old France; second, from their having been originally discovered by the French Bretons in 1604, or one hundred and eleven years previous to the date of the following narrative. During that long interval of time the Bretons never ceased voyaging to this part of the New World. The Normands, also, were among the first to participate in the work of discovery; for in the year 1606, Captain Jean Denys, of Hauffeur, visited these countries, but as he only brought back with him some fishes and snaps, his fame remained more obscure than that of Captain Thomas Aubert, a native of Dieppe, who sailed thither in 1508, and conveyed to France some of the savages of the new land, and whom he exhibited to his countrymen and was rewarded with their admiration and applause. In 1523 Jean Verazan coasted along the eastern side of the American continent, from Florida to Cape Breton, and took possession of it in the name of his master Francis the First. This navigator, Verazan, was believed to be the god-father of the name New Franco; for Canada, by which appellation the country was also commonly known, was not, properly speaking, all that extent of country styled New Franco, but only so much of it as stretched along the banks of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence. The country, therefore, known as Canada, was only the most northern part of New Franco.

From the commencement of these discoveries the French interested themselves very greatly as to the reclaiming of these deserts and the inhabitants thereof. But, amongst the attempts for this purpose, the one most favourably known was that of the Sieur de Monts Pierre du Gas. This gentleman, having raised sufficient funds, and entered into partnership with certain merchants of Rouen, St. Malo, and Rochelle, received from Henry the Fourth full power and authority of king's lieutenant over the countries situated between the 40th and 46th degrees of latitude; but although his power to dispose of lands was confined within these bounds, his privileges as to trade and government, extended nevertheless, to the 64th degree. From this commission of the Sieur de Monts, it would seem that occasion had been taken to limit the boundaries of New Franco; because it previously extended as far South as New Florida, but now they usually defined its borders to be the 39th degree of South latitude.

The Sieur de Monts, well supplied with men and means, left France in 1604, exactly one hundred years after the discovery of the new regions. He set out to take up his residence on the coast of Norambegue, among the people known as the Eteminquois, and upon a little island he named St. Croix. But misfortune awaited him there, for he lost by sickness a large portion of his people. In the course of the next year he was forced by want to change his residence from St. Croix to Port Royal, eastward some twenty-six leagues, and situated in Acadia, the country of the Souriquois. Here he dwelt only two years, for as much as the associated merchants, seeing that their expenses exceeded the profits, no longer wished to stick by the venture. It thus became necessary that all should return to France, leaving as a monument of their enterprise, two empty buildings, one at St. Croix and the other at Port Royal, and deriving from their labours no other gain nor greater advantage than topographical sketches, and descriptions of seas, capes, coasts, and rivers that had been explored. These were the principal doings of the expedition up to the year 1610 and 1611, of which more hereafter, when it shall become necessary to bring the Jesuits upon the scene.

The Jesuit, Father Biard, lived in the country three years and a half. The place of his longest stay was Port Royal. The snow fell there at the end of November, and never melted away entirely in the woods till towards the latter part of February, if there did not come, as was often the case, some heavy rain, or very strong wind from the South that caused it to disappear. Outside the woods and in the open country, there only lay a little more snow than in France. But it snowed more frequently than at home; the deepest that he saw, however, was one foot and a half, no more. When the North-west wind began to blow, the cold became unbearable; but it did not last more than eight or ten days at the longest, then the weather grew mild, as in France, and one would not be hindered from following any business, nor from coming and going, if indeed

a person were as well provided for in the new as he would be in the old country. But from all the Jesuits saw there was nothing but extreme poverty in the region; some wretched huts, open in many places; their food peas and Leans, and even these very irregularly; their drink pure water; their garments and coats all tattered. They had to go to the woods day by day for their victuals; their medicine was a glass of wine at high festivals; their restoratives some morsels of game, procured by good luck. The locality was unpeopled, the roads without any tracks; the shoes and stockings of the party only fit for the fire-side. But at least the water was very good, and the air very wholesome, and notwithstanding the hardships that had to be endured, the party along with the Jesuits were always in very fair health, and though this company at all times were at least twenty in number, yet in the course of three years only two persons died of disease; and one of these more for the want of a little bread and wine to nourish him, than by severity of sickness. As to the mildness of the weather, Father Biard records that during one year of his experience he remarked that two days, the 26th and 27th of February, were as beautiful, soft and spring-like as could be seen in France about the same time, nevertheless, the third day following, it snowed a little, and the cold returned. Sometimes during the summer, the heat was as intolerable or more so, than in France; but it did not last long, for the weather broke up very soon afterwards. The trees came into leaf later than was usual in France, but this was not the case during the year 1611, for on arriving at Picardy at the end of April, he did not find the season more advanced than it would be in Canada about the same period; indeed it seemed to him that in the latter country vegetation would have made more progress. To speak generally, the weather of Canada, resembled on the whole, what had been experienced in 1611 in Paris and Picardy, with the exception, however, of the fogs and mists to which the new country was more subjected.

At Port Royal, they had little summer except beside the sea-coast; but, among the people known as the Eteminquois, and at Pentagoet, the mists in summer remained for three and four days at a time; this caused the Jesuits to feel apprehensions about their crops, but they had, nevertheless, plenty of facts to the contrary; for at Port Royal, which was colder and more changeable, their harvests always succeeded. Moreover, Champlain asserted that at St. Croix, which is on the same coast, and a place still more chilly and cloudy, all his grain and seeds came to maturity.

The whole of New Franco was divided into different nations, each people having its language and country apart. They met in the summer time to trade with the French, principally on the St. Lawrence. They bartered the skins of the beaver, the seal and other animals for bread, peas, beans, fruit, tobacco, kettles, axes, arrows, beads, awls, bodkins, cloaks, coverings, and all other commodities which the French brought from them. But some of the inhabitants carried on a deadly war against the new-comers, the Excominquois, for instance, a people dwelling, on the North shore of the gulf of St. Lawrence, who caused the French a great deal of injury. It was said this war began on the occasion of certain Basques trying to commit outrages upon the women of this tribe; but they paid dearly for their unchastity; and not only they, but also those of St. Malo, and many others, suffered the sad consequences every year. For, these savages were furious, and gave themselves up to death recklessly, provided they had hope of killing or wounding their enemies. There were tribes who were familiar and good friends with the French as the Montagnais, the Souriquois, the Eteminquois. As to the other tribes, there was no confidence to be reposed in them; so the French only visited them in order to discover something concerning their coasts; and yet they found themselves badly received; Champlain, however, was an exception, for in his last explorations, while ascending the St. Lawrence, he made no complaint about them.

The friendship and faithfulness of the three tribes already mentioned were displayed to the French in a remarkable manner, after the latter were defeated by the English. This will be shown in a later stage of the narrative. These people, having learned of the defeat, came to the French during the night, and comforted them as far as they were able, offering their canoes and their services to conduct the vanquished wherever they wished to go. They offered also, in case the French were pleased to live with them, each of their three chiefs would take ten of the troop—for there

were thirty of the French—and support them till the following year, when the ships from France would visit the coast, and in this way the strangers could return to their own country, without falling into the hands of the wicked Ingres, for it was by this name the savages styled the English.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## MUSIC AT HOME.

ITALIAN OPERA.—It is now beyond doubt that an Italian Opera troupe will visit us this Fall,—probably in the early part of October. We are to have this time a complete chorus and orchestra. The Theatre has been engaged by the management. In our next issue we hope to be able to give the names of the principal artists composing the troupe, and something of their history.

On Thursday and Friday evenings, August the 17th and 18th, two concerts were given in the Mechanics' Hall, by Master Coker, late soprano of Trinity Church choir, N. Y. Owing to the immense attraction in the persons of the Keaus at the Theatre, these concerts were very thinly attended; a fact to be regretted since the concerts, musically considered, were quite a treat.

We regret to hear that there is some probability of Mr. Torrington, the talented violinist and organist of the Methodist church, Great St. James' Street, leaving his post and practice for a better opening at Albany. This regret will be very generally felt in musical circles, for Mr. Torrington has been so useful a musician amongst us (and there being no one here at present that we know of to take his place), that his departure from the city will create a blank not easily to be overcome.

It is whispered that the Montreal Oratorio Society is again coming into existence. We wish the Society life with all our hearts, for take it all-in-all, it was the best vocal organization that has ever existed in Montreal within the compass of our memory.

## MUSIC ABROAD.

The London season closed on July 29th, and the artists are now dispersed in all directions.

Carlotta Patti has given three concerts in Rouen, Dieppe, and Havre. It was her first appearance in France.

The flute-player Tulow, one of the greatest artists on his instrument, is dead.

Flotow, the composer of "Martha," has written a new Opera for Vienna.

When the French musician Mezeray died, there was found among his effects a twenty franc piece, which was wrapped up in a piece of paper. On the paper was written the following: "This piece I have preserved for nineteen years, in order to hire a window on the *Place de Grève*, as soon as a "critic" would be hanged."

In Italy there is a great lack of prima donnas. So says *Il Pirata*.

Adelina Patti, Brignoli, and Scaleso gave a concert in Vichy on the 3rd of August. Wo hope "Vichy" had a good effect upon them.

A young violinist, Benjamin Godard, one of Viennetemps' pupils, has made a successful debut in Germany.

The London *Musical World* seems to think that the performance of Meyerbeer's last opera *L'Africain* at Covent Garden was a success from beginning to end. An account of the same performance in the *Orchestra*, a very able musical paper, indicates something like a failure. Many of the London papers are of the latter opinion.

## NEW MUSIC.

We are indebted to Mr. Prince. Notre Dame St. for a copy of the "Emily Polka Mazurka" composed by Moritz Kelle, Band-master 25th Regt. We heard this composition played by the band a short time ago, and thought it the prettiest *morceau* we have listened to for a long time. It is quite simple—yet effectively arranged for the *Piano-forte*. Price 30c.

Copies of the gems from Meyerbeer's new Opera *L'Africain* may now be obtained at the principal music stores in town.

An English farmer, asked to tell the secret of his luck with land, remarked that "he fed his land before it was hungry, rested it before it was weary, and weeded it before it was foul."

## HOPE RASHLEIGH.

THERE never was a prouder nor more indulgent father than John Rashleigh. A haughty, dry, and saturnine man, with few weaknesses and fewer affections; all the tenderness of his nature having concentrated itself on his daughter. The love which had been only partially bestowed upon the wife was lavished on the child with an excess that knew no bounds.

It was unfortunate for Hope that she was left motherless at the very time when maternal care and guidance were most needed. A wilful, high-spirited girl, clever, beautiful, and perilously fascinating, ran but a poor chance of coming to good, without some firm hand to guide and govern her; but when she was just thirteen Mrs. Rashleigh died, and Hope was given up to the worst training a girl can have—the over-indulgence of a father. Father, servants, masters (when she chose to accept lessons, which she did sometimes out of the weariness of idleness), the half housekeeper, half companion, bowed to her. No one was found to oppose her; even Grantley Watts put himself under her feet with the rest, and thought himself honoured if she condescended to treat him like a slave, made him fetch and carry and work for her, and attend upon her every whim and caprice. She never thanked him, and she rarely rewarded him even with a smile; though sometimes she did; and then he forgot all but that smile, and thought himself richer than many a king standing on the threshold of his treasure-chamber.

Hope and Grantley Watts were cousins of a far-away kind; though he was that most miserable of all things—a poor relation brought up on charity, therefore in no wise her equal according to the canons of society. Still, the equality of blood was between them, however great the inequality of means; and the equality of nature as well; save that the balance of nobleness hung to Grantley's side, who had been spared the dangers which beset a spoiled and pampered child, and whose virtues therefore had a better chance and freer room for growth.

He was a fine, manly, noble-hearted fellow this Grantley, with two special characteristics, good temper and an invincible sense of honour. His cousin, John Rashleigh, was substantially kind to him. He housed him, and had educated him liberally; but for more immaterial kindnesses of tender look or gracious word, of indulgences granted by the generosity of love, of gifts or pleasures beyond strict deserving, the boy had grown up absolutely without them. Hope, too, had used towards him all the insolence which girls of a certain type are so fond of showing towards young men, no matter what their degree; adding to this haughtiness the tyranny and domination to which every one within her sphere was forced to submit. But Grantley accepted all her girlish impertinences with unwavering good humour and that patience of the stronger which is so large and calm; never seeming to see what would have fired many another youth to saucy retaliation, but, always master of himself, returning good for evil, smiles for jeers, obedience for command, and service for ingratitude. And yet he was not mean spirited.

Hope was now seventeen—Grantley two years older. She was a tall, slight, fair girl, with dark eyes to which straight brows and long lashes gave a mingled expression of fire and softness; her hair, which waved in broad undulations and was of a pure golden brown, was thrown back from her face and left loose and wandering about her neck; her lips were full and finely curved; but the general tone of her face and manner altogether was that of pride and self-will, with an underflow of loving warmth if it could but be reached. As yet no one had reached it save her father, and even he was not loved in proportion to the love he gave, as is the sorrowful law of life. The universal feeling in the neighbourhood where she lived was, that Miss Hope Rashleigh wanted her master, and that a little stiff tribulation would be the making of her.

Hope had one quality which counted much in the blotting out of her sins: she was generous. In this she went beyond her father by many degrees, for he was only just, and when he was more than just he was proud, and bestowed from ostentation rather than from generosity—as a duty owing to his own dignity and conviction, not as the duty of kindness to others. She, on the contrary, gave from the influence of her nature because making presents was a pleasure in itself, and alleviating suffering her instinct. No one

who came to her was ever sent away empty handed; and if she was more than usually exacting and impatient with her servants, she healed their wounds so liberally that they all said "a bad day with Miss Hope was equal to a month's wages any time."

This was the only point on which her father ever checked her. He made her a liberal allowance, more than sufficient for her own wants had they been double what they were; but as she was for ever behindhand, owing to her bounties, he had to make up her deficiencies at the end of the quarter; vowing that this should be the last time, and that he must positively, for her own sake, let her learn the value of money. But the last time had never come yet.

At last Grantley was offered an Indian appointment, which, though of small value in the beginning, promised well, and was sure to lead to a favourable future if he were found capable and steady. There was no question of doubt or hesitation in the matter; he must go, willing or unwilling. Penniless young men, kept on idle at home, are generally glad enough of good appointments where they can make their fortunes; but his cousin noticed that he turned deadly pale as he spoke, and Hope caught a look such as she had never seen in his eyes before, and which sent all the blood in a thick wave of mingled passions round her heart.

A few days before Grantley's departure, Hope was walking in the shrubbery by the long field. She had been rather dull of late. Hope Rashleigh could get out of temper. Presently, up the long path where she was walking came Grantley with his gun and his game-bag. He, too, was dull. Glad and grateful as he was for that Indian appointment, he had never been quite himself since it had been made; though his gravity and preoccupation were perhaps only natural in a thoughtful youth on the eve of entering the world on his own account, and with all his future depending on himself alone. As he came nearer, Hope raised her eyes from the book she had been reading; at least not exactly reading, since she was holding it upside down; and as she looked she coloured.

"I am going to get you a partridge, Miss Hope," said Grantley, stopping for a moment as he came near to her. He always called her Miss Hope.

"I dare say the partridges will be safe enough from your gun," said Hope, insolently. But she did not look at him as she spoke; and somehow her insolence seemed a little put on and forced.

"Oh! that is scarcely fair," said Grantley, smiling. "I may be good for very little, Miss Hope, but I am a pretty fair shot."

"At least you say so of yourself. I never believe boasters," answered Hope, carelessly.

"Is knowing an insignificant thing like this, a bit of skill which any one can attain by practice—and not being proud of it, boasting?" Grantley asked, gently.

"I do not condescend to argue with you," cried Hope, shaking back her hair. "You are very rude to contradict me."

"I do not wish to contradict you, Miss Hope," replied Grantley, in a sweet grave voice; "but you must not think me rude because I do not like you to have a mean opinion of me, and try to set you right."

The blood rushed over Hope's face, and she turned away abruptly.

"I am going away—perhaps for ever," then said Grantley after a short pause, speaking in a low voice but not looking at his cousin—looking down instead, occupied about the stock of his gun which just then needed an extra polish; and I should like to ask you one question before I go—may I?"

"I suppose my permission or refusal would not count for much if you have made up your mind," said Hope, she too looking down, folding the leaves of her book a little unconsciously.

"I think it would, Miss Hope. I think I have always been careful to obey your every wish, so far as I could; and I have never willfully displeased you, believe me."

"It is a pity, then, that you should have done it so often without your will," said Hope.

"That is just what I want to ask," replied Grantley. "Why have you been so constantly displeased with me, Miss Hope? No one has tried more earnestly than I to please and obey you—I can truly say from the very first years of my life here—why is it, then, that you hate me as you do? What have I ever done to make you hate me? If I only knew! If I only had known for all these years!"

"Hate you?" she cried quickly, turning full round upon him and raising her eyes with a strange look

into his face. Then she dropped them again, and said coldly, "I did not know, Mr. Watts, that I had ever honoured you enough to hate you. I have scarcely taken so much notice of you as to warrant you in saying that."

Grantley turned pale. "Forgive me," she said, sadly; "this has been again one of my unlucky blunders."

"I think," she said, with a gentler look than usual, "we might as well drop this conversation. I do not see to what good it can possibly lead; and girling offence and then making apologies has always seemed to me a very childish way of passing the time; and we are not children now," she continued, with girlish pride. "It has not been your fault, Grantley, if you have been tiresome and disagreeable." But as she looked up when she said this, and smiled all radiantly and sweetly, the words had no sting in them, and were indeed more coaxing than impertinent. "I dare say you have not meant to be unpleasant, and so I have forgiven you. But you had better go now and look after the partridges. I promise you, if you get one, to take it specially to myself; and I am sure that will be honour enough!" And she laughed one of her sweet, clear, precious laughs, as rare as precious, which most people—and Grantley among them—prized as much as they would have prized the loving favour of a queen.

"Ah, Miss Hope!" he said very tenderly, his handsome face, bronzed and flushed, looking down upon her with such infinite love and admiration, "you have too much power over your fellow-creatures. It is good neither for you nor for them."

"It is very good for both them and me," she said. "It keeps them in their proper places, and makes me able to——" She hesitated.

"To what?" said Grantley, coming a step nearer.

"To keep mine," she answered coldly, drawing herself away.

He sighed, and seemed to wake as from a dream. "Well, I must go," he then said. "Good-by, Miss Hope; I will get you a bird if I can; and remember that you have promised to accept it specially for yourself."

"You need not give yourself the trouble," she answered disdainfully; she, too, seeming to shake herself clear from a pleasant dream. "I have not the slightest wish that you should get me one, Mr. Watts, or indeed that you should think of me at all." Saying which she walked away, and left him without another word.

He looked after her as she slowly disappeared, and then he struck off into the fields for one of the last days of partridge shooting he was to have in the old country. But Hope, going deeper into the shrubbery, flung herself down on the moss at the roots of the trees, and burst into a passionate flood of tears, hating and despising herself the while.

When Grantley returned in the evening he had only one bird in his bag; though game was plentiful this year, and he was acknowledged to be a first-rate shot. His cousin, John Rashleigh, rallied him unmercifully, and Hope said in her most disdainful way: "I thought the coveys would be tolerably safe, Mr. Watts!" But he only laughed, and admitted that he was a muff and not worth his salt—that powder and shot were thrown away upon him—and that he would make but a sorry figure in India where men could shoot—with other jeerings playful or bitter as they might be; simply saying, "Well, Miss Hope, you must have it some morning for breakfast when I am gone; it is the last I shall shoot, and I should like you to have it."

To which answered Hope indifferently: "You are very good, Grantley, but I dare say Fido will be the only one to benefit by your last bag; I do not suppose I shall even see the creature."

Grantley coloured; and Mr. Rashleigh himself thought she might have been more gracious just on the eve of the poor lad's departure, when perhaps they might never see him again; and after all, though he was a poor relation, and had very properly never forgotten that, or gone beyond the strictest line of demarcation, yet he had been many years in the house now, and Hope was very young when he came, so that if she had even considered him almost as a brother, no great harm would have been done; and so on; his heart unconsciously pleading against his child's untoward pride in favour of his dependant.

Perhaps it was some such half discomfort—it could not be said to be conscious displeasure—that made him refuse Hope's request that evening. As usual, she was out of funds; and she had a special need for money at this moment. She wished to help poor Anne Rogers



down in the fever, with her husband in the hospital, and her children destitute, and she knew that her father would not give them a penny; for the man had been convicted of poaching, and Anne herself did not bear the most unblemished character, and had seen the inside of the county jail more than once in her lifetime. But these counter-pleadings did not influence Hope; and she thought only of the suffering family, which she could help, and would, if she had the money. Then she wanted to make Grantley a present before he went away, and she did not want her father to know of it; though perhaps she would have been puzzled to explain why she wished to keep such a trivial matter secret. She had never given him anything, not even a flower, not even a book; and he was almost the only person within her sphere so passed over; but now, when he was going to leave for ever, she would give him something as a remembrance—something that would make him think of her when he was away. Poor, proud Hope, come then at last to this!

She knew that her father had money in the house, when she went into the library to speak to him; for she saw him put a twenty pound note in his desk yesterday, which was just the sum she wanted, and indeed was on the point of asking for then. She would have got it had she done so; but to-day the vault had shifted, and for the first time in his life he refused her, and so sternly and positively, that, as much in surprise as anger, she gave up the point at once. But with a sullen flush of pride and determination on her face, which he did not see, sitting as he was towards the light while she stood in the shadow. And then she left the room in stately silence; too proud to coax even her father after a refusal so harshly made; though, had she coaxed him as Hope could when she chose, the whole thing would have been at an end, and John Rashleigh would have yielded. She was but a spoiled child, remember, whose faults had been fostered by the injudicious training of her life.

The distress of poor Anne Rogers pressed upon her. Unused to opposition and in a mood more than ordinarily excitable, everything became exaggerated, and she laid awake through the night in a state bordering upon mania, feeling herself to be a coward and a murderess in not executing the righteousness of will, and talking from her father what he would not but ought to freely give. Was not humanity before mere obedience? Was she to let a fellow-creature die rather than take what could be spared so well, and what she had the right to demand? Yes, by right; her father's money was hers as well, if not by law yet by moral justice, and if he made a cold and churlish steward, it was her duty to supply his defects, and to let the poor benefit by his superfluities. All the wild reasonings of a wilful mind aiding the impulses of a generous heart passed through her brain that night, and when she rose in the morning it was with the determination to do her own will, and defy her father's.

John Rashleigh was a magistrate, and to-day was market-day at Canstow, the town near which they lived, where the magistrates always assembled in the upper room of the town-hall, and dispensed law, if not justice, on the offenders. His absence gave Hope the opportunity she wanted. Very quietly and very deliberately she unlocked his desk, and took from it the twenty-pound note. But though the act was shameful, she had no perception that she was doing wrong, beyond the consciousness of self-will and disobedience, which did not trouble her much—which, on the contrary, she had reasoned herself into considering the meritorious exercise of a better judgment and a nobler motive.

"Grantley, change this for me," she said, giving him the note.

"I cannot change it myself, Miss Hope," he answered, "but I will get it done for you in Canstow; I am going over there directly."

"Change it where you like," she answered carelessly. "I want the money as soon as you can give it to me, that is all; and Grantley, do you hear? if papa asks you, do not tell him that I gave you the note to get changed."

"Very well, I will not," said Grantley, who, suspecting nothing wrong, saw nothing odd in her request, and who indeed felt not a little flattered that she should have made a secret with him on any matter. So, full of pleasant feeling, he rode over to Canstow, where he changed the note, and bought various things with the money, partly for Hope according to her orders, and partly for himself; not at Hope's charge it must be understood, the squaring of accounts having to come afterwards. And among other things,

he bought a certain camp apparatus for himself at Tell's the ironmonger's, for which he paid with the note in question—that being the largest shop and the largest purchase.

Now it so happened that Mr. Rashleigh went to pay his bill at this same ironmonger's to-day. He took a cheque which he had just received in the market-place from one of his tenants who owed him half a year's rent for his farm; and to save himself the trouble of going to the bank—banking hours indeed being over—he gave it to Tell, receiving the surplus change, among which change came his own twenty-pound note. Passing it through his fingers, and looking at the number to take down in his pocket-book, he recognised it as that lost in his desk at Newlands. He knew the number, and a certain private mark which he always made on his bank-notes, thereby rendering them doubly "branded;" and he knew that no one could have obtained possession of it lawfully.

"Where did you get this, Tell?" he asked.

"Mr. Grantley, sir," said Tell. "He changed it here not half an hour ago, and ordered this patent camp apparatus," showing the young man's purchase.

"Mr. Grantley Watts?" cried John Rashleigh flushing up; "he changed this note here?"

"Yes, sir; I hope no mistake, sir—nothing wrong?" asked the ironmonger, a little anxiously.

"No, no, nothing! I was surprised, that was all; no, Tell, nothing wrong."

But his face was more truthful than his lips; and Tell saw plainly that something was very far wrong in spite of his denial, and that young Mr. Grantley was in for it, whatever he had been doing. He did not suspect anything very bad. Canstow was by no means an immaculate place, and there were offences and offenders enough as times went; but it was not to be supposed that a young gentleman like Mr. Watts had stolen a bank note out of his cousin's drawer. Young gentlemen living in grand houses do not do such things; crime passes them by somehow; and the police exercise their functions very much in proportion to the yearly income. The utmost the man imagined was that Grantley had broken into a sum which Mr. Rashleigh had desired him to keep intact; and, as it was well known that the master of Newlands had a high temper of his own, and liked to be obeyed, that was quite enough to put him out, and make his face grow so white and thin lips so pale. At all events, wherever the fault lay, the lad was in for it, thought Tell; not without a kindly feeling of regret for the evil hour at hand. For Grantley was a general favourite in Canstow, and most people there wished him well.

How came John Rashleigh in a frame of mind more easily imagined than described. Things had gone crossly with him for the last few hours; and John Rashleigh was not the man to bear with the crossness of circumstances, patiently. Hope's extravagance had annoyed him partly because some other of his money matters had gone wrong at the same time; and like most proud men, the merest suspicion of possible embarrassment galled him terribly; then he was sorry at Grantley's leaving, and vexed with himself for being sorry; for what better could a poor relation do? and if he had made himself useful, so that he, John Rashleigh of Newlands, felt that he should be "quite lost" without him, why, that was only the lad's duty and what ought to have been, and he was worse than absurd to feel the least pain at his going. Then the magistrate's business had been worrying him to-day; and he had been on one side of an opinion and his brothers had been on the other, and he had been forced to give in; which had annoyed him not a little; so that, when added to all this accumulation of disturbing influences was the sudden conviction that he had been robbed, and that too by the boy he had loved and cherished more than he had ever openly acknowledged, we can understand in what a whirlwind of fiery wrath he rode full speed through Canstow and up to Newlands, not ten minutes after Grantley had returned.

"Grantley!" he called out as soon as he entered, and still standing in the hall; "Grantley Watts, where are you?"

"Here, sir," said Grantley coming out of the drawing-room, where he had been giving Hope an account of his proceedings, and emptying his pockets of other commission.

"Where did you get the twenty-pound note you changed just now at Tell's?" shouted John Rashleigh.

Grantley was silent.

"Come, sir, I want an answer!" cried his cousin. "Looking down and keeping a demure silence will

not suit me; I want a simple answer to a straightforward question. Where did you get that twenty-pound note from? I left it in my desk when I went to Canstow to-day, and my desk was locked; whoever got it, forced the lock or opened it with a false key. It was either you or some one else. Who was it, Grantley?"

Grantley still made no answer; the truth was beginning to break upon him.

"I do not think any one in my household would do such a thing; two hours ago I should not have thought that you would have done it; and even yet, suspicious as the whole circumstance is, even yet I will accept any explanation that will clear you; also I must hold you responsible for the theft."

"I did not steal it. I have committed no theft," said Grantley, looking straight into his cousin's eyes.

"Oh! you may dislike the word, but that I do not care for," said Mr. Rashleigh, disdainfully. "I have always remarked that people shrink more from a word than a deed, and think themselves especially ill-used if called by the name of their crime. If you are not a thief, what are you then? If you did not steal it, how did you get it?"

"I did not steal it," was all that Grantley could say, repeating himself monotonously.

John Rashleigh was an impatient man as well as a proud and high-tempered one. At Grantley's second assertion he raised his hand and struck the youth across the face.

"Coward!" he said, "have you not even the bad courage of crime? Dare you not confess, what by confession would have been only a fault? If you had told me frankly how and why you had come to do such a thing, I could have understood it as a boyish liberty, and have forgiven it, but now I have only one way of dealing with it—as a crime."

When he struck him Grantley, involuntarily raised his own hand; but a thought came across him, and he retreated a step or two, and dropped his guard.

"It takes the remembrance of all you have done for me, Mr. Rashleigh, and more than even this, to make me able to bear your insults!" he said excitedly, his boyish face convulsed with contending passions.

His voice, harsh and broken as it was, had somehow a different ring in it to that of guilt, and Mr. Rashleigh had not been a magistrate for so many years, and accustomed to all shades of criminals, not to know something of the human voice, and what it betokened under accusation. Grantley's startled him—so did the proud flushed face with the honest eyes looking so frankly, and the indignation rather than fear upon it—and made him half afraid that he had been too hasty. But men of his character do not long doubt themselves for good or evil; and while that one broad fact remained unexplained—how did Grantley get possession of money left locked up in his desk?—he was in his right to suppose he had stolen it, and common sense and the law were on his side.

"Tell me how you came by it," he then said in a somewhat gentler tone; "if I have done you wrong, boy, I am sorry for it, and we will not bear malice; but tell me how you got that note."

"I cannot, sir," said Grantley, his heart swelling. "You will not, you mean, you young fool!" said Mr. Rashleigh, contemptuously.

"I cannot," he repeated,

"Then you will not be surprised if I send for the police? Here, Lewis! Lewis! come here! The thing must be thoroughly sifted, Grantley; and if you are guilty I am sorry for the exposure you have brought on yourself. It is your own folly to let things come to such a pass, when they can never be mended again!"

"To send for the police will not make matters much worse for me," replied Grantley; "the servants have heard all that have passed, and my character will be none the blacker now for a public charge."

"At last we shall get to the truth then," said Mr. Rashleigh; "which will be so much gained."

"No, sir," Grantley replied, firmly, "I shall not tell you even then where I got that money from, or how I came by it!"

All this while the drawing-room door had been standing half open, with Hope close to it, listening to what was passing. A whole world of feelings had possessed her by turns—fear of her father, fear for Grantley, and shame at the false position in which her self-will and cowardice together had placed him—something, too, that was more than admiration at the constancy with which he had borne such pain and indignity that he might keep faith with her, and a kind of dawning idea that what she had done had been after all a sin and dishonour, and that confession

would degrade her for ever—all these thoughts and feelings passed through her mind by turns, and held her motionless and silent; with ever the bitter recollection that Grantley was but a poor relation at the best, and that the distance between them was immeasurable, running like a sorrowful refrain to each. But when her father spoke of giving him in charge, and called to the servant, then she hesitated no longer. Throwing the door wide open, she came out into the hall.

"I took the money papa," she said boldly; and as she spoke she laid her hand in Grantley's, the first time that she had ever willingly done so.

"Hope!" exclaimed her father, "are you mad? You took that money? You?"

"Yes, papa," she answered quite steadily; "you refused to give it to me when I asked you for it yesterday, and I took it this morning. I wanted it, and you ought to have given it to me."

"If I had thought that to refuse it would have made you capable of stealing it, Hope, I would not have hesitated a moment," said the father, sternly.

"I do not call it stealing," said Hope, defiantly. "It was only taking what I had a right to. I unlocked your desk with my own key, and gave the note to Grantley to get changed."

John Rashleigh turned fiercely against the youth. "How dare you, sir, abet my child in her folly?" he exclaimed, passionately. "What was folly in her, and excusable, considering how I have always honoured her and acceded to her wishes, and remembering that after all she is a mere child still, was downright wickedness and dishonour in you. And how do I know but that it was your doing in reality, and she but the innocent tool of your cunning schemes? You bought a precious gimcrack for yourself, and paid for it with my money. I tell you, Grantley, the whole thing looks too black yet for your whitewashing."

"Grantley accounted to me for that camp thing," said Hope. "Do I not tell you, papa, that it was my own doing from first to last. Grantley did not know where I got the note from. I only asked him to get it cashed for me. But I asked him not to tell you that I had done so, because I was afraid you would be angry with me, and I meant to tell you when you were kind again." This she said coaxingly.

"I could not break my word to Miss Hope," said Grantley in a low voice, but firmly. "Yet I should have thought, Mr. Rashleigh, that you would have known me too well to have suspected me of such a thing as this. What Miss Hope had the right to do was another matter, but it would have been a theft in me; and men"—(here Mr. Rashleigh smiled a little satirically) "do not become thieves all at once. Yet I do not think you have ever seen much want of honour in me!"

"I will not have that tone taken," said Mr. Rashleigh, harshly. "You have done ill, Grantley, and it is absurd to attempt to give yourself the airs of injured innocence, and as if you had the right to blame me because I suspected what was so entirely suspicious. And what do I know yet? I have no proof; only your own word and Hope's assertion, which, for aught I know, may be merely her generous desire to get you out of a perilous position by taking the blame on herself. I can scarcely believe her guilty. To have gone into my room in my absence—unlock my desk—take the money I had refused her only a few hours ago—to steal—I cannot believe it! I will not! You have been at the bottom of it, Grantley; you have had some hand in it."

"Now, papa, how can you go on so?" cried Hope, thoroughly frightened. "Do I not tell you that Grantley is innocent, and that I have been the only one to blame? What more can I say to convince you?"  
*To be continued.*

**THE FROLICS OF FASHION.**—What could exhibit a more fantastical appearance than an English beau of the 14th century? He wore long-pointed shoes, fastened to his knee by gold or silver chains; hose of one colour on the one leg, and another colour on the other; short breeches, which did not reach to the middle of his thighs—a coat, the one half white, the other half black or blue; a long beard, a silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, dancing men, &c., and sometimes ornamented with gold and precious stones. This dress was the height of the mode in the reign of King Edward the Third.

WOMAN is a better observer than man, and carries induction further than he, she is consequently more penetrating, and is a much better judge of the moral and intellectual value of those about her.

## THE RIVER AND THE LILY.

I stood, one day, 'neath the ether blue,  
In a forest dark and olden,  
And, fringed with tears, a lily grew  
Near the rushes green and golden:  
And a river ran by the lily's bed—  
Ran under the twilight chilly;  
And these were the only words it said  
"I love thee, fairest lily."

Then the wind came whistling on its way,  
And the lily fell before it;  
And lovely, though in ruin, it lay,  
While the rushes whispered o'er it,  
It had grown by the side of an old stone cross,  
And now, at its foot, 'twas lying  
In the arms of the overgreen, twinkling moss,  
Solemnly, silently dying.

Then the river moaned in a sad, low tone,  
Its voice was full of sorrow:  
And this was its dirge—"Alone, alone,  
From morrow unto morrow."  
It spurned the wind that sought to rest  
From its wanderings in the stilly  
Solitudes of the pathless West,  
For the wind had slain the lily.

The morrow came, and again I stood  
By the silver-bedded river;  
And it rippled in as merry a mood,  
And sang its song as ever.  
Oh, it had forgotten the lily fair,  
And the pledges it had taken.  
And it longed for another to blossom there,  
In its turn to be forsaken.

So now when I see the eye grow dark,  
And the shades of sorrow cling  
To the tattered sails of a lonely barque,  
A voice in my soul is singing—  
"Oh, the heart is false, though the heart may  
fret,

When the waves of life run chilly;  
But trust it not, it will soon forget,  
As the river forgot the lily." B. W.

## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA'S HISTORY,"  
FOR "ALL THE YEAR ROUND," EDITED BY  
CHARLES DICKENS.

PROLOGUE. A.D. 1760.

JACOB TREFALDEN, merchant and alderman of London, lay dying in an upper chamber of his house in Basinghall-street, towards evening on the third day of April, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and sixty.

It was growing rapidly dusk. The great house was full of gloom, and silence, and the shadow of death. Two physicians occupied two easy chairs before the fire in the sick man's chamber. They were both notabilities in their day. The one was Sir John Pringle, Physician Extraordinary to the King—a brave and skillful man who had smelt powder at Dettingen, and won the soldiers' hearts by his indomitable coolness under fire. The other was Dr. Joshua Ward, commonly called "Spot Ward" from his rubicund face; and immortalised by Hogarth in that bitter caricature called *The Company of Undertakers*.

These gentlemen did little in the way of conversation. When they spoke at all, it was in a whisper. Now and then, they compared their watches with the timepiece on the mantle-shelf. Now and then, they glanced towards the bed where, propped almost upright with pillows, an old man was sinking gradually out of life. There was something very ghastly in that old man's face, purple-lipped, unconscious, and swathed in wet bandages. His eyes were closed. His lips were swollen. His breathing was slow and stertorous. He had been quite smitten down that day at noon by a stroke of apoplexy; was carried home from "Change in a dying state; and had not spoken since. His housekeeper crouched by his bedside, silent and awe-struck. His three sons and his lawyer waited in the drawing room below. They all knew that he had not two more hours to live.

In the meantime the dusk thickened, and the evening stillness grew more and more oppressive. A chariot rumbled past from time to time, or a news-vendor trundled by, hawking the London Gazette, and proclaiming the sentence just passed on Lord George

Sackville. Sometimes a neighbour's footboy came to the door with a civil inquiry; or a little knot of passengers loitered on the opposite pavement, and glanced up whisperingly at the curtained windows. By-and-by, even these ceased to come and go. A few oil-lamps were lighted at intervals along the dingy thoroughfare, and the stars and the watchmen came out together.

"In the name of Heaven," said Captain Trefalden, "let us have lights!"—and rang the drawing-room bell.

Candles were brought, and the heavy damask curtains were drawn. Captain Trefalden took up the Gazette; Frederick looked at himself in the glass, arranged the folds of his cravat, yawned, took snuff, and contemplated the symmetry of his legs; William Trefalden drew his chair to the table, and began abstractedly turning over the leaves of the last *Idler*. There were other papers and books on the table as well—among them a little volume called *Rasselas*, from the learned pen of Mr. Samuel Johnson (he was not yet L.L.D.), and the two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy*, written by that ingenious gentleman, the Reverend Laurence Sterne. Both works were already popular, though published only a few months before.

These three brothers were curiously alike, and curiously unlike. They all resembled their father; they were all fine men; and they were all good-looking. Old Jacob was a Cornish man, had been fair and stalwart in his youth, and stood five feet eleven without his shoes. Captain Trefalden was not so fair; Frederick Trefalden was not so tall; William Trefalden was neither so fair, nor so tall, nor so handsome; and yet they were all like him, and like each other.

Captain Jacob was the eldest. His father had intended him for his own business; but, somehow or another, he had never taken kindly to indigo. He preferred scarlet—especially scarlet turned up with buff—and he went into the army. Having led a roving, irregular youth; sown his wild oats in various congenial European soils; and fought gallantly at Dettingen, Fontenoy, Lafeldt, and Minden, he had now, at forty years of age, committed the unspeakable folly of marrying for neither rank nor money, but only for love. His father had threatened to disinherit Captain Trefalden for his misdeed, and, for five months past, had forbidden him the house. His brothers were even more indignant than their father—or had seemed to be so. In short, this was the first occasion on which the worthy officer had set foot in Basinghall-street for many a long day; and all three gentlemen were naturally somewhat constrained and silent.

Frederick, the son, was thirty-six, William thirty. Frederick hated indigo almost as cordially as his brother Jacob; William had scarcely a thought that was not dyed in it. Frederick was an airy, idle, chocolate-drinking, snuff-taking card-playing, ridotto-haunting man of pleasure. William was a cool, methodical, ambitious man of business. Neither of the three had ever cared much for the other two. It was not in the nature of things that much affection should exist between them. Their temperaments and pursuits were radically unlike. They had lost their mother while they were yet boys. They had never had a sister. The sweet womanly home-links had all been wanting to bind their hearts together.

And now the brothers were met under their father's roof, this memorable third evening in April; and in the dark chamber overhead, already beyond all help from human skill, that father lay dying. They were all thinking the same thoughts in the silence of their hearts, and in those thoughts there was neither prayer nor sadness. Poor old man! He was immensely rich—he was pitifully destitute. No one loved him; and he was worth Half a Million of Money.

Mr. Frederick Trefalden took out his watch, swear a fashionable oath, and declared that he was famishing.

"Have somewhat to eat, brother Fred," suggested the Captain; and so rang the bell again, and ordered refreshments to be taken into the dining-room.

The two younger Trefaldens exchanged glances and a covert smile. Their elder brother was already assuming the master, it should seem! Well, well, Lawyer Beavington is there, and the will has yet to be read.

In the mean time, Mr. Fred and the captain go down together; for the latter has ridden up from Hounslow, and will not object to join his brother in "a snack of cold meat and a bumper of claret." Mr. Will, like a sober citizen, has dined at two o'clock, and only desires that a dish of tea may be sent to him in the drawing-room.

If anything could be more dismal than that gloomy drawing-room, it was the still gloomier dining-room below. The walls were panelled with dark oak, richly carved. The chimney-piece was a ponderous cenotaph in black and yellow marble. The hangings were of mulberry-coloured damask. A portrait of the master of the house, painted forty years before by Sir James Thornhill, hung over the fireplace. Seen by the feeble glimmer of a couple of wax lights, there was an air of sepulchral magnificence about the place which was infinitely depressing. The very vaults might have reminded these gentlemen of funeral baked meats—above all, the great real pasty which lay in state in the middle of the board. They were both hungry, however, and it did nothing of the kind.

The captain took his place at the head of the table, and plunged his knife gallantly into the heart of the pasty.

"If thou hast as good a stomach, Fred, as myself," said he, growing cordial under the influence of the good things before him, "I'll warrant thee we'll sack this fortress handsomely!"

The fine gentleman shrugged his shoulders somewhat contemptuously.

"I detest such coarse dishes," said he. "I dined with Sir Harry Fanshawe yesterday at the Hummums. We had a ragout of young chicks, not a wook out of the shell, and some à la mode beef that would have taken thy breath away, brother Jacob."

"I'd as lieve eat of this pasty as of any ragout in Christendom," said the captain.

"Mr. Horace Walpole and Mrs. Clivo were at dinner all the time in the next room," continued the beau; "and the drollest part of the story is that Sir Harry and I adjourned in the evening to Vauxhall, and there, by Jove! found ourselves supping in the very next box to Mr. Horace and Mrs. Kitty again!"

"Help yourself to claret, Fred, and pass the bottle," said the captain, who, strange to say, saw no point in the story at all.

"Not bad wine," observed Mr. Fred, tasting his claret with the air of a connoisseur. "The old gentleman hath an excellent cellar."

"Ay, indeed," replied the captain, thoughtfully. "But he never knew how to enjoy his money."

"Never."

"To live in a place like this, for instance," said the beau looking round the room. "Basinghall-street—laugh! And to keep such a cook; and never to have set up his chariot! 'Sdeath, sir, you and I will know better what to do with the guineas!"

"I should think so, brother Fred—I should think so," replied the captain, with a touch of sadness in his voice. "'Twas a dull life—poor old gentleman! Methinks you and I might have helped to make it gaye."

"Curse me, if I know how!" ejaculated Mr. Fred. "By sticking to the business—by living at home—by doing like young Will, yonder," replied the elder brother. "That boy hath been a better son than you or I, brother Fred."

Mr. Fred looked very grave indeed. "Will hath an old head on young shoulders," said he. "Harkce, Jacob, hast any notion how the old man hath bestowed his money?"

"No more than this glass of claret," replied the captain.

They were both silent. A footstep went by the hall. They listened; they looked at each other; they filled their glasses again. The same thought was uppermost in the mind of each.

"The fairest thing, Fred," said the honest captain, "would be, if 'twere left to us, share and share alike." "Share and share alike!" echoed Mr. Fred, with a sounding oath. "Nay; the old man was too proud of his fortune to do that, brother Jacob. My own notion of this matter is—Hush! Any one listening?"

Captain Trefalden rose, glanced into the hall, closed the door, and resumed his seat.

"Not a soul. Well!"

"Well, my own notion is, that we younger sons shall have a matter of sixty or eighty thousand a piece; while you, as the head of the family, will take the bulk."

"It may be, Fred," mused the captain complacently. "And that bulk," continued Mr. Fred, "will become three hundred and forty thousand pounds."

"I shall have to ask thee, Fred, how to spend it," said the captain, smiling.

"Then thou shalt spend it like a prince. Thou shalt buy an estate in Kent, and a town-house in Soho; thou shalt have horses, chariots, lacquers, liveries,

wines, a pack of hounds, a box at the Italian Opera—"Of which I don't understand a word," interrupted the captain.

"A French cook, a private chaplain, a black footboy, a suite of diamonds for thy wife, and for thyself the prettiest mistress—"

"Hold, Fred," interposed the captain again. "None of the last, I beseech thee. My days of gallantry are over."

"But, my dear brother, no man of quality—" "I'm not a man of quality," said the other. "I'm a simple soldier, and the son of a plain city merchant."

"Well, then, no man of parts and fortune—"

"The fortune's not mine yet, Fred," said the captain, dryly. "And as for my parts, why I think the less said of them the better. I'm no scholar, and that thou knowest as well as myself. Hark! someone taps—Come in."

The door opened, and a bronzed upright man, with something of a military bearing, came in. He held his hat and cane in his hand, and saluted the brothers courteously. It was Sir John Pringle.

"Gentlemen," he said, gravely, "I grieve to be the bearer of sad tidings."

The brothers rose in silence. Captain Trefalden changed colour.

"Is he—his father dead?" he faltered.

The physician bent his head.

Captain Trefalden turned his face away. Frederick Trefalden took out his handkerchief, and ostentatiously wiped away a tear—which was not there.

"Dr. Ward is gone," said Sir John, after a brief pause. He desired his respects and condolences. Gentlemen, I wish you a good evening."

"You will take a glass of claret, Sir John?" said Mr. Fred, pressing forward to the table. But almost before he could say the words, the physician had waved a civil negative, and was gone. Mr. Fred shrugged his shoulders, filled the glass all the same, and emptied it.

"Zounds, brother," said he, "tis of no use to be melancholy. Remember thou'rt now the head of the family. Let us go up-stairs, and read the will."

In the mean time, William Trefalden, like a methodical young man of business, had been up to his father's room to find his father's keys, and down to the counting-house to fetch his father's deed-box out from the iron safe. When Mr. Fred and the captain came into the room, they found Lawyer Beavington with his spectacles on, and the box before him.

"Gentlemen," he said, with calm importance, "be pleased to sit."

So the brothers drew their chairs to the table, and sat down, all silent, all somewhat agitated.

The man of law unlocked the box.

It was full of papers, leases, transfers, debentures, agreements, bills of exchange, and so forth. These had all to be taken out, opened, and laid aside before the will turned up. That important document lay at the very bottom, like Hope at the bottom of Pandora's casket.

"Tis not a long will," observed Mr. Beavington, with a preparatory cough.

As he unfolded it, a slip of paper fell out.

"A memorandum, apparently, in your excellent father's own hand," said he, glancing through it. "It—um—refers to the amount of his fortune. Have you, gentlemen, framed any ideas of the extent of the property?"

"'Twas thought my father owned half a million of money," replied Mr. Fred, eagerly.

"More than that," said the youngest son, with a shake of the head.

"You are right, sir. The memorandum runs thus: 'Upon a rough calculation, I believe I may estimate my present estate at about five hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds. (Dated) January the first, Anno Domini sevenseven hundred and sixty. Jacob Trefalden. A goodly fortune, gentlemen—a goodly fortune!'"

The three brothers drew a deep breath of satisfaction. "Five hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds!" repeated the captain. "Prithee, Mr. Beavington, proceed to the will."

The lawyer folded up the memorandum very slowly, drew the candles nearer, wiped his spectacles, and began.

"In the name of GOD, AMEN. I JACOB TREFALDEN born in the town of Redruth in the County of Cornwall and now a Citizen of London, Merchant (a Widower) being at present in good health of Body, and of sound and disposing Mind and Memory, for

which I bless God, Do this eleventh day of January one thousand seven hundred and sixty make and ordain this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following (that is to say) IMPRIMIS I DESIRE to be interred in my Family Vault by the side of my lately deceased wife and with as little Pomp and ceremony as maybe. ITEM I give to such of my Executors hereinafter named as shall act under this my Will Five Hundred pounds Sterling each to be paid to or retained by them within six Calendar Months after my decease. I GIVE to my three sons Jacob, Frederick and William Five Thousand pounds Sterling each I GIVE—"

"Stay! give thou—please to read that again, Mr. Beavington," interrupted Captain Trefalden.

"Five Thousand pounds Sterling each," repeated the lawyer. "The amount is quite plain. But have patience, gentlemen. We are but at the preliminaries. This five thousand each hath, doubtless, some special purpose. The main business is to come."

"Very possibly—very possibly, Mr. Beavington," replied the Captain. "I am all attention."

"ITEM I GIVE to my Cashier Edward Prescott Five Hundred pounds Sterling. I GIVE to my other clerks One Hundred pounds Sterling each. AND I GIVE to my Household Servants Two Hundred pounds Sterling to be divided among them in equal shares. All which last mentioned legacies I direct shall be paid within three Calendar Months next after my decease. I GIVE to the Minister for the time being of Redruth aforesaid and to the Minister for the time being of the Parish in which I shall happen to reside immediately previous to my decease One Hundred pounds Sterling each to be paid to them within One Calendar Month after that event shall happen and be by them forthwith distributed in such manner and proportion as they shall think proper among the poor Widows belonging to their Parishes respectively. ITEM, I do hereby direct and appoint that my Executors shall as soon as possible after my decease set apart out of my Property which consists entirely of Personal Estate, and is wholly invested in the Government Stocks and Funds of this Kingdom, so much of my Funded property as shall be equal in value to the sum of Five Hundred Thousand pounds Sterling—"

"Ha! now for it!" exclaimed Mr. Fred, breathlessly.

"—the sum of Five Hundred Thousand pounds Sterling," continued the lawyer, "which I give to the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the City of London for the time being and their successors for over IN TRUST for the purposes hereinafter expressed and I desire that as to this Gift they shall be called 'TREFALDEN'S TRUSTEES' and that the amount of my Funded Property so to be set apart shall immediately afterwards be transferred to them accordingly."

The lawyer paused to clear his glasses. The brothers looked blankly in each other's faces.

"Good God! Mr. Beavington," gasped Captain Trefalden, "what does this mean?"

"On my word, sir, I have no more notion than yourself," replied the lawyer. "The will is none of my making."

"Who drew it up?" asked Mr. Will, peremptorily.

"Not I, sir. Your father hath gone to some stranger for this business. But perchance when we know more—"

"Enough, sir, go on," said Mr. Fred and Mr. Will together.

The lawyer continued:

"AND I hereby declare my Will to be that my said Trustees shall receive the annual Income of the said Trust Funds, and lay out and invest such Income in their names in the Purchase of Government Securities, and repeat such receipts and Investments from time to time in the nature of Compound Interest during the space of One Hundred years from the date of my decease, and that such accumulations shall continue and be increased until the same, with the original Trust Fund, shall amount to, and become in the aggregate, one entire clear principal sum of NINE MILLION POUNDS Sterling and upwards, AND I DESIRE that the same entire clear Principal Sum shall thenceforth be, or be considered as, divided into two equal parts, AND I GIVE One equal half part thereof unto the direct Heir Male of the Eldest Son of my Eldest Son, in total exclusion of the younger Branches of my family and their descendants. AND as to the other equal half part of the said entire Principal Sum, I DIRECT my said Trustees to apply and dispose of the same in manner following (that is to say), IN the first place, in purchasing within the liberties of the City

of London a plot of Freehold Ground of sufficient magnitude, and erecting thereon, under the superintendance of some eminent Architect, a Handsome and Substantial Building, with all suitable Offices, to be called "THE LONDON TREFALDEN BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION."

"AND in the next place, in affording pecuniary aid as well permanent as temporary to decayed Tradesmen, Mercantile Men, Ship Brokers, Stock Brokers, Poor Clergymen, and Members of the Legal and Medical Professions, and the Widows and Orphans of each of those Classes respectively, and, if thought fit, to advance Loans without Interest to honest but unfortunate Bankrupts. With full power to receive into the Institution a limited number of poor and deserving Persons being Widows and Orphans of Citizens of London, and to maintain, clothe, and educate them so long as the Trustees shall think proper.

"AND in order that such Institution may be properly established and may be managed and supported in a satisfactory manner, I request my said Trustees to prepare a scheme for the permanent Establishment and support thereof, and to submit the same to the Master of the Rolls for his approval. PROVIDED ALWAYS that in case there shall be no such Male Heir in the direct line from the Eldest Son of my Eldest Son, then I direct my said Trustees to apply the first mentioned half of the said entire principal sum in founding lesser Institutions of a similar kind to the above in Manchester, Liverpool, Bristol and Birmingham for the Benefit of the several classes of persons above enumerated and all which Institutions it is my Will shall be governed by the same Laws and Regulations as the original Institution or as near thereto as circumstances will permit. ITEM I GIVE all the rest and residue of my Funded Property Ready Money and Securities for Money Merchandise Debts Pictures Plate Furniture and all other my Property not otherwise disposed of by this my Will (but subject to the payment of My Debts Legacies Funerals and Testamentary expenses), UNTO my said said three Sons in equal shares and in case any dispute shall arise between them as to the division thereof the matter shall be referred to my Executors whose decision shall be final. LASTLY I APPOINT my friends Richard Morton, Erasmus Broke, Daniel Shuttleworth, and Arthur Mackenzie all of London, General Merchants, to be the Executors of this my Will. IN WITNESS whereof the said Jacob Trefalden have hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year first above written.

"JACOB TREFALDEN.

"Signed sealed published and declared by the above named Jacob Trefalden as and for his last Will and Testament in the presence of us who at his request and in his presence have subscribed our Names as Witnesses thereunto.

"Signed,

NATHANIEL MURRAY.

"ALEXANDER LLOYD."

Mr. Beavington laid down the will, and took off his glasses. The brothers sat staring at him, like men of stone. William Trefalden was the first to speak.

"I shall dispute this will," he said, looking very pale, but speaking in a firm, low tone. "It is illegal." It is a d—d, unnatural, infamous swindle," stammered Mr. Fred, starting from his seat, and shaking his clenched fist at the open document. "If I had known what a cursed old fool—"

"Hush, sir, hush, I entreat," interposed the lawyer. "Let us respect the dead."

"Zounds! Mr. Beavington, we'll respect the dead," said Captain Trefalden, bringing his hand down heavily upon the table; "but I'll be hanged if we'll respect the deed! If it costs me every penny of the paltry five thousand, I'll fight this matter out, and have justice."

"Patience, brother Jacob—patience, brother Fred," said the youngest Trefalden. "I tell you both, the will is illegal."

"How so, sir?" asked the lawyer, briskly. "How so?"

"By the Mortmain Act passed but a few years since—"

"In seventeen hundred and thirty-six, statute nine of his present Majesty King George the Second," interposed Mr. Beavington.

"—which permits no land, nor money for the purchase of land, to be given in trust for the benefit of any charitable uses whatever."

The lawyer nodded approvingly.

"Very true, very true—very well remembered, Mr. Will," he said, rubbing his hands; "but you forget one thing."

"What do I forget?"

"That 'a citizen of London may, by the custom of London, devise Land situate in London in Mortmain; but he cannot devise Land out of the city in Mortmain,' and for that quotation I can give you chapter and verse, Mr. Will."

Mr. Will put his hand to his head with a smothered groan.

"Then, by Heavens!" said he, tremulously, "'tis all over."

It was all over, indeed. Mr. Fred had spoken truly of the pride which Jacob Trefalden took in his fortune. Great as it was, he resolved to build it yet higher, and sink its foundations yet more broadly and deeply. To leave a colossal inheritance to an unborn heir, and to found a charity which should perpetuate his name through all time, were the two projects nearest and dearest to that old man's heart. He had brooded over them, matured them, exulted in them secretly, for many a past year. The marriage of Captain Trefalden in November, 1769, only hastened matters, and legalised a foregone conclusion. Well was it for Jacob Trefalden's sons that his fortune amounted to that odd twenty-five thousand pounds. The Half Million had slipped through their fingers, and was lost to them for ever.

#### CHAPTER I. THE PASSING OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

When the princess in the fairy tale went to sleep for a hundred years, everything else in that enchanted palace went to sleep at the same time. The natural course of things was suspended. Not a hair whitened on any head within those walls. Not a spider spun its web over the pictures; not a worm found its way to the books. The very Burgundy in the cellar grew none the riper for the century that it had lain there. Nothing decayed, in short, and nothing improved. Very different was it with this progressive England of ours during the hundred years that went by between the spring-time of 1760 and that of 1860, one hundred years after. None went to sleep in it. Nothing stood still. All was life, ferment, endeavour. That endeavour, it is true, may not always have been best directed. Some cobwebs were spun; some worms were at work; some mistakes were committed; but, at all events, there was no stagnation. En rovancho, if, when we remember some of these errors, we cannot help a blush, our hearts beat when we think of the works of love and charity, the triumphs of science, the heroes and victories which that century brought forth. We lost America, it is true; but we won Gibraltar, and we colonised Australia. We fought the French on almost every sea and shore upon the map, except, thank God! our own. We abolished slavery in our colonies. We established the liberty of the press. We lit our great city from end to end with a light only second to that of day. We originated a system of coaching at twelve miles the hour, which was unrivalled in Europe; and we superseded it by casting a network of iron roads all over the face of the country, along which the traveller has been known to fly at the rate of a mile a minute. Truly a marvellous century! perhaps the most marvellous which the world has ever known, since that from which all our years are dated!

And during the whole of this time, the Trefalden legacy was fattening at interest, assuming overgrown proportions, doubling, trebling, quadrupling itself over and over and over again.

Not so the Trefalden family. They had increased and multiplied but scantily, according to the average of human kind; and had had but little opportunity of fattening, in so far as that term may be applied to the riches of the earth. One branch of it had become extinct. Of the other two branches only three representatives remained. We must pause to consider how these things came to pass, but only for a few moments; for of all the trees that have ever been cultivated by man, the genealogical tree is the driest. It is one, we may be sure, that had no place in the garden of Eden. Its root is in the grave; its produce mere Dead Sea fruit—apples of dust and ashes.

The extinct branch of the Trefaldens was that which began and ended in Mr. Fred. That ornament to society met his death in a tavern row about eighteen months after the reading of the will. He had in the meanwhile spent the whole of his five thousand pounds, ruined his tailor, and brought an honest eating-house keeper to the verge of bankruptcy. He also died in debt to the amount of seven thousand pounds; so that, as Mr. Horace Walpole was heard to say, he went out "of the world with credit."

William, the youngest of the brothers, after a cautious

examination of his prospects from every point of view, decided to carry on, at least, a part of the business. To this end, he entered into partnership with his late father's managing clerk, an invaluable person, who had been in old Jacob's confidence for more than thirty years, and, now that his employer was dead, was thought to know more about indigo than any other man in London. He had also a snug sum in the Funds, and an only daughter, who kept house for him at Islington. When Mr. Will had ascertained the precise value of this young lady's attractions, he proposed a second partnership, was accepted, and married her. The fruit of this marriage was a son named Charles, born in 1770, who became in time his father's partner and successor, and in whose hands the old Trefalden house flourished bravely. This Charles, marrying late in life, took to wife the second daughter of a rich East India Director, with twelve thousand pounds for her fortune. She brought him four sons, the eldest of whom, Edward, born in 1816, was destined to indigo from his cradle. The second and third died in childhood, and the youngest, named William, after his grandfather, was born in 1822, and educated for the law.

The father of these young men died suddenly in 1844, just as old Jacob Trefalden had died more than eighty years before. He was succeeded in Basinghall-street by his eldest son. The new principal was, however, a stout, apathetic bachelor of self-indulgent habits, languid circulation, and indolent physique—a mere *l'âble Faindant*, without a Martel to guide him. He reigned only six years, and died of a flow of turtle soup to the head, in 1850, leaving his affairs hopelessly involved, and his books a mere collection of Sybilline leaves which no accountant in London was augur enough to decipher. With him expired the mercantile house of Trefalden; and his brother, the lawyer, now became the only remaining representative of the youngest branch of the family.

For the elder branch we must go back again into 1760. Honest Captain Jacob, upon whom had now devolved the responsibility of perpetuating the Trefalden name, took his five thousand pounds with a sigh; wisely relinquished all thought of disputing the will; sold his commission; emigrated to a remote corner of Switzerland; bought land, and herds, and a quaint little mediæval chateau surmounted by a whole forest of turrets, gable-ends, and fantastic weathercocks; and embraced the patriarchal life of his adopted country. Switzerland was at that time the most peaceful, the best governed, and the least expensive spot in Europe. Captain Jacob, with his five thousand pounds, was a millionaire in the Canton Grisons. He was entitled to a seat in the Diet, if he chose to take it; and a vote, if he chose to utter it; and he interchanged solemn half-yearly civilities with the stiffest old republican aristocrat in Chur and Thusis. But it was not for these advantages that he valued his position in that primitive place. He loved ease, and liberty, and the open air. He loved the simple, pastoral, homely life of the people. He loved to be rich enough to help his poorer neighbours—to be able to give the pastor a new cassock, or the church a new font, or the young riflemen of the district a silver watch to shoot for, when the annual Schützen Fest came round. He could not have done all this in England, heavily taxed and burthened as England then was, upon two hundred and fifty pounds a year. So the good soldier framed his commission, hung up his sword to rust over the dining-room chimney-piece, and planted and drained, sowed and reaped, shot an occasional chamois, and settled down for life as a Swiss country gentleman. Living thus, with the wife of his choice, and enjoying the society of a few kindly neighbours, he became the happy father of a son and two daughters, between whom, at his death, he divided his little fortune, share and share alike, according to his own simple notions of justice and love. The daughters married and settled far away, the one in Italy, the other on the borders of Germany. The son, who was called Henry, and born in 1762, inherited his third of the patrimony, became a farmer, and married at twenty years of age. He was necessarily a much poorer man than his father. Two-thirds of the best land had been sold to pay off his sister's shares in the property; but he kept the old chateau (though he dwelt in only a corner of it), and was none the less respected by his neighbours. Here he lived frugally and industriously, often driving his own plough, and branding his own sheep; and here he brought up his two sons, Saxon and Martin, the first of whom was born in 1788, and the second in 1794. They were all



the family he reared. Other children were born to him from time to time, and played about his hearth, and gladdened the half-deserted little chateau with their baby laughter; but they all died in earliest infancy, and the violets grew thickly over their little graves in the churchyard on the hill.

Now Henry Trefalden knew right well that one of these boys, or a descendant of one of these boys, must inherit the great legacy by-and-by. He knew, too, that it was his duty to fit them for that gigantic trust as well as his poor means would allow, and he devoted himself to the task with a love and courage that never wearied. To make them honest, moderate, charitable, and self-denying; to teach them (theoretically) the true uses of wealth, to instruct them thoroughly in the history and laws of England, to bring them up, if possible, with English sympathies, to keep their English accent pure, to train them in the fear of God, the love of knowledge, and the desire of excellence—this was Henry Trefalden's life-long task, and he fulfilled it nobly.

His boys threw alike in body and in mind. They were both fine fellows; brave, simple, and true. Neither of them would have told a lie to save his life. Saxon was fair, as a Saxon should be. Martin was dark-eyed and olive-skinned, like his mother. Saxon was the more active and athletic; Martin the more studious. As they grew older, Saxon became an expert mountaineer, rifle-shot, and chamois-hunter; Martin declared his wish to enter the Lutheran church. So the elder brother stayed at home, ploughing and planting, sowing and reaping, shooting and fishing, like his father and grandfather before him; and the younger trudged away one morning with his Alpenstock in his hand, and his wallet on his back, bound for Geneva.

Time went on. Henry Trefalden died; young Saxon became the head of the family; and Martin returned from the University to accept a curacy distant about eight miles from home. By-and-by, the good old priest, who had been the boys' schoolmaster long years before, also passed away; and Martin became pastor in his native place. The brothers now lived with their mother in the dilapidated chateau, fulfilling each his little round of duties, and desiring nothing beyond them. They were very happy. That quiet valley was their world. Those Alps bounded all their desires. They knew there was a great legacy accumulating in England, which might fall to Saxon's share some day, if he lived long enough; but the time was so far distant, and the whole story seemed so dim and fabulous, that unless to laugh over it together in the evening, when they sat smoking their long pipes side by side under the trellised vines, the brothers never thought or spoke of the wealth which might yet be theirs. Thus more time went on, and old Madame Trefalden died, and the bachelor brothers were left alone in the little grey chateau. It was now 1836. In thirty more years the great legacy would fall due, and which of them might then be living to inherit it? Saxon was already a florid bald-headed mountaineer of forty-seven; Martin, a grey-haired priest of forty-four. What was to be done?

Sitting by their own warm hearth one bleak winter's evening, the two old bachelors took these questions into grave consideration. On the table between them lay a faded parchment copy of the alderman's last will and testament. It was once the property of worthy Captain Jacob, and had remained in the family ever since. They had brought this out to aid their deliberations, and had read it through carefully, from beginning to end—without, perhaps, being very much the wiser.

"It would surely go to thee, Martin if I died first," said the elder brother.

"Thou'lt not die first," replied the younger, confidently. "Thou'rt as young, Sax, as thou wert twenty years ago."

"But in the course of nature—"

"In the course of nature the stronger stuff outlasts the weaker. See how much heartier you are than myself!"

Saxon Trefalden shook his head.

"That's not the question," said he. "The real point is, would the money fall to thee? I think it would. It says here, 'in total exclusion of the younger branches of my family and their descendants.' Mark that—the younger branches, Martin. Thou'rt not a younger branch. Thou'rt of the elder branch."

"Ay, brother, but what runs before? Go back a line, and thou'lt see it says to the direct heir male of the eldest son of my eldest son." Now, thou'rt the

eldest son of the eldest son, and I am not thy direct male heir. I am only thy younger brother."

"That's true," replied Saxon. "It seems to read both ways."

"All law matters seem to read both ways, Sax," said the priest; and are intended to read both ways, 'tis my belief, for the confusion of the world. But why puzzle ourselves about the will at all? We can only understand the plain fact that thou art the direct heir, and that the fortune must be thine, thirty years hence, if thou'rt alive to claim it."

Saxon shrugged his broad shoulders, and lit his pipe with a fragment of blazing pine-wood pitched from the fire.

"Fish at seventy-seven years of age, if I am alive!" he exclaimed. "Of what good would it be to me?"

Martin made no reply, and they were both silent for several minutes. Then the pastor stole a furtive glance at his brother, coughed, stared steadily at the fire, and said,

"There is but one course for it, Sax. Thou must marry."

"Marry!" echoed the stout farmer, all aghast.

"The pastor nodded.

"Marry? At my time of my life? At forty-sev— No, thank you, brother. Not if I know it."

"Our poor father always desired it," said Martin. Saxon took no notice.

"And it is in some sense thy duty to provide an heir to this fortune which—"

"The fortune be—I beg thy pardon, Martin; but what can it matter to thee or me what becomes of the fortune after we are both dead and gone? It would go to found charities, and do good somehow and somewhere. 'Twould be in better hands than mine, I'll engage."

"I am not so sure of that," replied the pastor.

"Public charities do not always do as much good as private ones. Besides, I should like to think that a portion of that great sum might be devoted hereafter to the benefit of our poor brethren in Switzerland. I should like to think that by-and-by there might be a good road made between Tamina and Flims; and that the poor herdsmen at Altfelden might have a chapel of their own, instead of toiling hither eight long miles every Sabbath; and that a bridge might be built over the Hinter Rhine down by Ortenstein, where poor Rütli's children were drowned last winter when crossing by the ferry."

Saxon smoked on in silence.

"All this might be done, and more," added the pastor, "if thou wouldst marry, and bring up a son to inherit the fortune."

"Humph!" ejaculated the farmer, looking very grim.

"Besides," said Martin, timidly, "we want a woman in the house."

"What for?" growled Saxon.

"To keep us tidy and civilised," replied the pastor. "Things were very different, Sax, when our dear mother was with us. The house does not look like the same place."

"There's old Lötsch," muttered Saxon. "He does as well as any woman. He cooks, makes bread—"

"Cooks!" remonstrated the younger brother.

"Why, the kid to-day was nearly raw, and the matton yesterday was baked to a cinder."

The honest farmer stroked his beard, and sighed. He could not contradict that stubborn statement. Martin saw his advantage, and followed it up.

"There is but one remedy," he said, "and that a plain one. As I told thee before, Sax, thou must marry. 'Tis thy duty."

"Whom can I marry?" faltered Saxon, dolefully.

"Well, I've thought of that, too," rejoined the pastor, in an encouraging tone. "There's the eldest daughter of our neighbour Claus. She is a good, prudent, housewifely maiden, and would suit thee exactly."

The elder brother made a wry face.

"She's thirty-five, if she's an hour," said he, "and no beauty."

"Brother Saxon," replied the pastor, "I am ashamed of thee. What does a sensible man of seven-and-forty want of youth and beauty in a wife? Besides, Marie Claus is only thirty-two. I made particular inquiry about her age this morning."

"Why not marry her yourself, Martin?" said the farmer. "I'm sure that would do quite as well."

"My dear Saxon, only look again at the will, and observe that it is the direct heir male of the eldest son of the eldest son—"

Saxon Trefalden pitched his pipe into the fire, and

sprang to his feet with an exclamation that sounded very like an oath.

"Enough, brother, enough!" he interrupted. "Say no more—put the will away—I'll go down the Bergthal to-morrow, and ask her."

And so Saxon Trefalden put on his Sunday coat the following morning, and went forth like a lamb to the sacrifice.

"Perhaps she'll refuse me," thought he, as he knocked at Farmer Claus's door, and caught a glimpse of the fair Marie at an upper casement.

But that inexorable virgin did nothing of the kind. She married him.

There were no ill-cooked dinners after that happy event had taken place. The old house became a marvel of cleanliness, and the bride proved herself a very Phoenix of prudence and housewifery. She reformed everything including the hapless brothers themselves. She banished their pipes, condemned old Carlo to his kennel, made stringent by-laws on the subject of boots, changed the hour of every meal, and, in short, made them both miserable. Worst of all, she was childless. This was their bitterest disappointment. They had given up their pipes, their peace, and their liberty, for nothing. Poor Martin always looked very guilty if any allusion happened to be made to this subject.

Matters went on thus for seven years, and then, to the amazement of the village, and the delight of the brothers, Madame Marie made her husband the happy father of a fine boy. Such a glorious baby was never seen. He had fair hair and blue eyes, and his father's nose; and they christened him Saxon; and the bells were rung; and the choir to the great fortune was born at last! (To be continued.)

## THE ZIG-ZAG PAPERS.

ON BEING LITERARILY IN ONE'S SLIPPERS.

DID you ever, gentle, fair, or kind reader, (for none but such should attempt to read me, had I my will,) come home after a remarkably busy day in the city to your household gods, your nineteenth century Lares and Penates, your rocking chair and slippers? Did you ever, on a cold winter's day, race helter skelter along icy streets—shiver in offices where there always is a draft everywhere—beat impatient tattoos on the toe of your left foot with the heel of your right, and finally at six p.m., get home numbed shivering and chilblainy? Well was it not delicious (I say "delicious" in ordinary type because no possible combination of italics and points of exclamation could ever sufficiently emphasize it) to get rid of your frozen boots and to settle down luxuriously into a soft chair and slippers? Happy you if you possessed the ecstasie accessories of a cozy supper table for two, and a nice little wife in attendance with the fire happy in her dark eyes, red cheeks and comfortable merino, and a little girl who trots down stairs from the nursery every minute with no other apparent object than to pull your whisker and assure you, that she (Sissy) has been a very good girl all day. But all these, though delightful, are but accessory. Home means slippers. You may add thereto a thousand minor appliances, you may give a thousand false definitions. "Home is where she is" says one enthusiastic lover. Just wait till he has been married a year and then he'll be down town on lodge nights, and that so frequently as to suggest a masonic crisis, and a ceaseless calling for advice of the W. G. M. You don't feel at home in your boots. This is a great social truth. The mind of man in its natural carnal state hates boots. If you will only notice how melancholy is the appearance of the true man at a ball. He longs for, his soul yearns after, slippers. He may disguise it in various ways. He may waltz until he has the headache, he may fuddle himself drinking many and loyal bumpers, but this is in vain. His soul (I might pun here about sole, but I won't) is not satisfied. Appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, and his verdict will be in favour of slippers and fireside ease, and let pumps and balls go on unnoticed.

I therefore propound calmly and modestly this great social theory.—THAT SLIPPERS AND CIVILIZATION ARE IN A DIRECT RATIO. I now proceed to elaborate it. The highest civilization is that of kindness and refinement. Very well. Now only "swells" are fond of boots. The working classes wear heavy boots continually, which is the main reason to which I ascribe their intellectual and social degradation. If they do not wear slippers, they dare not sit down in their

family circle, because their conscience, the immutable antipathy to boots which is implanted in the human bosom, tells them that homo without slippers is not homo. The consequence is they guiltily sink to the tavern where they endeavour by nolsy debauch to silence their conscience, and deny that they are ashamed to wear boots. Useless and deluding attempt. In the wildest revel and the most frantic orgie the unsatisfied soul haunts his eldo liko Baquo's ghost, Macbeth, and shouts in his ear "slippers!" Finally, he is driven to listen to the warning or else he dies a pauper or a suicide. Nor is this an overdrawn picture. How "swells" adore the calf as the Israelites did in the days of Moses. Every one knows to what this leads. It is useless to attempt a compromise. The slipper admits of no divided worship. The moccasin is its most dangerous rival, but its admirers are confined to unmarried men and widowers. Divorced men always wear galoshes. A young man in a city far from home influences wears either moccasins or patent leathers in the winter. If the latter, he is tempted to mix in society of the lightest kind. If he wears moccasins, his principles are in danger. They are so insidiously easy he is tempted not to put on his slippers; thus leaving the foundation for a slovenly and careless life. A harum-skarum acquaintance drops in, and invites him to an oyster supper. Had he been in slippers, the effort of putting on his moccasins would have dissuaded him. But his moccasins are on; he goes, his share of the bill is seven dollars, he appropriates his master's funds, and ends his days haply "with his shoes on," that most detested of deaths. A married man dare not wear moccasins. He wears slippers in the long dear winter evening. The type of manhood is the man who after his ten hours' labour, intellectual or physical, comes home, heeds not the glitter of alien windows or the crash of dance music, from familiar halls, but sits him down by his fireside and reads and thinks and appreciates the mellow blessed influence of homo. This man wears slippers. They are homo to him. They are old may be, trodden down at the heel, frayed as to the binding, bulging as to the toes. They would not be changed, for they are symbols of comfort and faithful use. He walks so noiselessly over the thick carpet; it does not make her head throb under the kerchief and cologne on the couch yonder. He does not feel his feet, nothing clogs him binding him earthwards; he almost feels his wings at his shoulders. Ah it seems to me sometimes it would not be impious to think of a man coming home at nightfall and reverencing a voice calling him as erst Moses, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." A homo is holy indeed where one takes off his sandals, dusty and travel stained, and sits down to rest.

I could write for a year about slippers. I won't though. Slippers! "Blessed is sleep," said Sanchez, "it covers a man up like a blanket." Blessed is ease, he meant, it is the slippers of life. Byron, sang, of Hesperus that "bringeth all good things," the stealer to the crib, the mother's breast to the babe—he omitted the specialty of overtide, he did not mention slippers. Winged slippers of Mercury may my readers be taught to lift them nimbly and forgettably above life where humanity wears boots, and each man treads on his neighbour's toes. Ah if all were "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," how beautiful would be their feet!

*Cui bono?* Can you really ask that question, dear reader? It is sabbath evening, and you see my nonsense was leading me to a sermon. One thinks odd quiet thoughts when he is alone but not lonely.

Now there is such a thing as an author's being in his slippers, and writing then. It is not customary. There's Smith trudges about in heavy serviceable editorial brogans. There's Brown trips lightly in poetical pumps. There's Robinson with his political highlows which (between us) want cobbling. You meet all these in boots, you never see them in slippers.

Ah, there's a pleasant little smile on your face; you understand me now. I have my literary labour in this world. I draw on my boots, no one knows but the wearer where they pinch. I write my two heavy articles about reciprocity, or annexation, or some equally interesting subject. But I put on my slippers mentally at eventide, and then I like to gossip freely and frankly, and with friends. In this very paper, I have my boot-work, and very important work it is. My critical boots must occasionally kick an aspirant or drub a welcome on the editorial floor to the meritorious. But I want my home corner where I can doff my toe, and be egotistic, and put on my mental slippers, and talk.

Therefore have I commenced the zigzag papers. I feel, when I sit down to all these ten sheets, that I am facing one friend, one individuality, into which is mingling all the friendship, all the kindness of my ten thousand readers. I want to talk easily half an hour, as Thackeray and Lamb used to. You know that a public cannot always be reached by preaching at them. The chances are they will skip the abstruse heavy moral instructive articles. But in the coming evenings of autumn and winter, I should very much like to make my friends at home, to tell and show my ideas on little things—the books I read; the things, and cities, and celebrities I have seen, and the thousand little nothings which are the charm of life and intercourse. I appeal only to homo lovers, and those who believe in slippers. I won't preach a hard religion. I won't lecture you about things. I will never be long. Some of you know how pleasant it is to tell one's thoughts to a listener. Is it as pleasant to listen? I hope so, for then I would be encouraged to be merry with you when my head is light, and sad when it is aching, not criticizing, nor writing for criticism, but speaking as a man to friends,—

"So to be the man, and leave the artist,  
Save the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow."

I see your kind lips have already answered me as I would have all entreaties answered. How beautifully looks a month when it is set to say "yes," and where eyes repeat it for the heart! ALLID.

### SAVE ME FROM MY FRIEND.

HE has added the one thing more; he has piled the last metaphorical straw upon the poetical camel's fabulous back, and I will expose him. His name is Stephen Hopkins, his residence London, his profession fluctuating, his appearance prepossessing. He is an amiable viper, who, if warmed in your bosom, will sting you in a fit of absence, or rather he resembles a petted calf, who, having grown into a bullock, goes his old playmate in the ribs out of affection. To mental awkwardness, which perhaps he cannot help, he adds a physical weakness which he can help, for his half-blunders might be avoided if he would only wear spectacles. He is the most short-sighted man I ever met with, unable to distinguish a fellow-creature from a tree at twelve paces' distance, yet no one can persuade him to use anything but a single eye-glass, an useful implement enough to men who can fix it, but a vain pretence round the neck of one who, like Hopkins, has no eyebrow. To see a man perpetually endeavouring to glaze his right eye, and invariably failing, is of itself trying to a nervous organization, but I stood that. In early Eton days he came straight out of the Christopher with a flask of rum shrub, which I had fagged him to get for me, in his hand, and walking up to a passing master, offered him the forbidden nectar, saying, "Here you are, Stessu," taking him in his blindness for me, whereby I got flogged, and degraded to a lower form; but I forgave him. At college he made an exactly similar blunder on the occasion of the St. Januarius steeple-chase, which the authorities were making a strenuous effort to suppress, stopping the Dean who was occupying the place I had filled the moment before on the hall steps, and offering to lay against my horse, provided I rode it myself, and the consequent investigation led to my rustication. I forgave him that too.

I lost sight of him for a short period, and prospered. I loved, my suit was acceptable and marriage followed suit. Twenty-two is now-a-days considered an early age for a man to marry, but my first wife was considerably my senior, so that the management of our domestic affairs was not entirely confined to my inexperienced hands. Indeed, as the lady brought me a considerable fortune, her friends not understanding how friendship with a lady older than oneself should ripen into love, meanly suspected me of mercenary feelings, and persuaded her to allow her property to be screwed up pretty tightly. I may mention that this arrangement was not conducive to conjugal felicity; it is humiliating to have to blarney one's wife whenever one wants a hundred pounds or so. However, she was generous enough during the first few months of our marriage; but alas! while she was still a bride, I took her to the Easter ball at Richmond, near which place we were residing, and there I met Hopkins.

"Introduce me to some one, old fellow," said he; "I know nobody."

"With pleasure," said I, turning to where my wife sat. "Mr. Hopkins, Mrs.—"

Hopkins managed to keep his eyeglass up some three seconds longer than usual, so that he unfortunately had a good view of my wife.

"I know your son at college," said he, sinking into a seat beside her.

Poor Dora never forgot that error.

"So your friends take me for your mother, do they? It is evident what you married me for, 'she would say when not pleased, and the money market was so tight! Well, I forgave him that too, and it was a simple matter of chance, not of design, that we did not meet again for five years. At that time I was in the ambitious stage, and desirous of having a finger in the national pie, and as Hopkins was badly off, and without occupation just then, I was glad to be able to throw the chance of earning a few guineas in his way. So I engaged him as a canvasser on my side, and took him down to Bumble the same evening.

"You will only get a guinea a day," I explained to him, "but still, if you have nothing else to do just at present, that is better than nothing."

"Better than nothing, indeed!" he replied, with enthusiasm. "Why, a guinea a day is three hundred and sixty-five guineas a year!" As if it was my intention to stand for Bumble permanently without ever getting seated.

I thought at first that I had secured an electioneering genius; all awkwardness seemed to have departed from Hopkins, and he went about arguing, cajoling, drinking, fort boding, laughing, crying, always with the right people, and so cleverly, that he had been two days at work before it occurred to him to ask me what my political views were.

"Have you seen Mrs. Tubbs yet?" I asked him one morning.

"No. Who is she?" he replied.

"The most important person in Bumble; I have been making abject love to her ever since we came down, and I flatter myself that I have produced an impression. Still, a very little offends her, so you must be on your guard in case you meet her."

"There is a Mr. Tubbs, I suppose?"

"I presume that she does keep a voting machine, dignified by the name of a husband, but he is of no consequence whatever."

In fact, the candidate who secured Mrs. Tubbs' good will was pretty sure of election; her husband was the largest miller, brewer, cornfactor, and banker in that part of the world; and when Mrs. Tubbs pointed out a political path, all her subjects, from Mr. Tubbs himself to the man who fed the hopper, and the clerk behind the ledger, had to follow it, or she would know the reason why. Nor was her influence confined to those who were directly dependent upon her for their daily bread; she was a large customer at the Bumble shops, and every tradesman in the place knew that if he voted against Mrs. Tubbs' candidate, neither that imperious lady, nor any of her numerous belongings, would ever buy anything of him again. Let the fight be anything of a close one, and Mrs. Tubbs had the borough in her pocket. But Mrs. Tubbs, though so powerful, had human weaknesses, and one of them was her love for her children; where-over she went, a whole boy of the little things surrounded her. You can trowel the flattery on to a lady's children, when it would be ill-breeding to plaster any more upon herself, and this was a point upon which I laid great stress with Hopkins. "All is going well at present, so leave her to me if you can; but should you meet her unexpectedly, pay attention to the children," I said; and my friend promised to go all lengths, even as far as pap, if it were needful, in my cause.

There was a public promenade at Bumble, where the militia band played on alternate afternoons to the gentility and gentility who paraded up and down like peacocks, and where I thought it politic to appear; and so, after a hard morning's canvassing, and about two score of luncheons, I went and strolled arm-in-arm with Hopkins amidst the groups. There was an Italian boy with a very amusing and clever monkey, dressed in a pink muslin frock and velvet bodice, who seemed to be much excited by the music. The Italian's game was to pretend to lose the little creature, who was so tame and funny that many people fraternised with it, and of course gave some trifle to the owner. I amused myself with watching this little by-play, while Hopkins left me for a minute to speak to some friend, and we walked on again. Presently we came full upon a portly and voluminous dame.

"Hopkins, Hopkins!" I cried, "have you got your eyeglass fixed?"

"Yes; why?"

"This is Mrs. Tubbs."

I introduced my friend, and we hovered about the lady and her family, paying her a court which I imagine that few English women have received off the stage since the days of Elizabeth.

"Where is Emma?" said the lady, interrupting me, in the middle of a somewhat high-flown compliment.

"Emma! where has the child got to?"

"Here she is; come along, my little darling," cried Hopkins, who had heard the maternal voice, and remembered my injunction; and as he spoke he came up to Mrs. Tubbs, leading by the hand—the monkey!

"How dare—" Mrs. Tubbs began, but her rage was such that she could not articulate. As for ever being returned for Bufflow, I might just as well oppose Lord Palmerston for Tiverton.

Well, after a while I forgave Hopkins yet again only as his extreme shortsightedness and obstinacy in not wearing glasses renders him as easy to cut as a boiled fowl, I could not resist the temptation of passing by on the other side whenever I met him; not I protest, from any feeling of omity, but merely out of precaution. I had tried the good Samaritan's system with him, it had failed, so now I pursued the Levite's, in vain. My first wife had been dead for some years; I took a second, but no one could now say that I married for money, oh, no; the Lady Augusta had a Roman nose, and protracted pedigree, but no fortune, and I promised myself that I would not play second fiddle this time. It was in the month of May; I stood in the exhibition room of the Roy al Academy, before an historical picture, and was expounding the story of it to my lady wife and certain of her noble relations, when I was suddenly startled by a slap on the back, and the voice of Hopkins cried,—Ah! my boy, I have not seen you for an age. Let me congratulate you, old fellow. How's the now missis?"

Lady—was so offended by this piece of vulgarity on the part of my friend, that it was months before I could restore her equanimity, and by the time had succeeded she had established a sort of indescribable supremacy in the household (my married readers will know what I mean) which has brought it about that I am playing second fiddle in this domestic concert also.

Hopkins perceived that he had put his foot in it at the time, and was so distressed, and called himself such dreadful names, that I once more forgave him.

But my patience was well-nigh spent, now it is thoroughly exhausted; Stephen Hopkins is no longer my friend, but my foe; he has caused the finger of scorn to be pointed at me throughout the country; it is his fault that at our public dinners they drink the health of honest John Bull, and couple my name with the toast! Let me explain. I am now middle-aged, I am very stout, and I reside upon an estate I have in Norfolk. Last year I sent some beasts I was very proud of to our agricultural show, where they attracted great attention, and I was engaged in pointing out their beauties to Lord Exmore and a select circle, when I received a violent poke in the ribs, and, looking round saw my *bete noir*, Hopkins, with his useless glass dangling as usual, and his speculative eyes glaring in my direction, acting *cicerone* to a party of ladies.

"This," said he, "is the beast that has got the first prize," indicating me and not the animal which stood close by me. "Observe the straightness of his back and look at the meat on the ribs. Firm, you see," here came another terrific poke, "quite—halloo!"

For when I saw all the people about me tittering, and Lord Exmore himself hardly able to refrain from bursting right out, I lost all patience, and snatching the aggressive umbrella from Hopkins' hand, I broke it across my knee, and tossed the mangled remains away, an action which, as he really thought that he was poking the ox which he had seen before him while his eyeglass stuck, must have surprised him not a little. When he found and applied that instrument, and so discovered what he had done, and to whom, he shouted "Kismet!" and fairly turned and fled.

But I have been the laughing-stock of Norfolk ever since, for jokes are rare in the country, and "once a butt always a butt" is the rule there; so whenever I appear at the cover side, I am asked some fifty times over how much meat I have on my ribs, whether I have been exhibiting myself lately, why I do not now wear my prize medal. And at public dinners they propose the health of honest John Bull, as I said above, and shriek, and thump, and break wine-glasses, until I return thanks.

I will never forgive Stephen Hopkins, never; unless indeed he repent, and do penance, and wear spectacles.

## MODERN FRENCH MARRIAGES.

THE strategy of the matrimonial campaign is this:—A young man, getting on for thirty, tired of a single life, without parents, or expecting soon to lose them, exercising a profession whose seriousness is more suited to a family than to a bachelor or possessing a handsome competency of which a wife alone can do the honours—this young man desires to marry. In his more or less extended circle of acquaintances, he does not know a single girl whose outward charms have made much impression on him, or whose fortune is large enough to tempt him; nevertheless, he wishes to get married. He confides his intentions to two or three friends. Oh! mon Dieu, he will not be over particular, provided the young lady belong to a well considered family, in a social position equal or superior to his own; provided that a similar concordance exist between their fortunes, and finally, it possible that the person herself be not altogether repulsive, he will require nothing more. Be she tall or short, fat or lean, fair or dark, well educated or ignorant, gentle or cross-grained, healthy or sickly, it is all one to him. Equality of fortune and position are the two grand items; all the rest are accessories.

The friends, then, are on the look-out; they soon discover a score of marriageable girls. The postulant has no other difficulty than that of making his selection. A fête, a ball, a call, a dinner, a simple meeting brought about a third party, bring the two enemies face to face. The word "enemies" is not employed by chance.

When two armies, or two diplomatists, have met, what is their first, their only care? Of course to obtain the best possible conditions at the expense of the adverse party. And what means do they employ to accomplish that end? They conceal their forces and their lowest terms, which they only allow to appear when all is over. In all the matrimonial negotiations whence marriages of reason result, matters are conducted exactly as they are by diplomatists. Both of them, suitor and maid, paint—not, perhaps, their faces, although the least said about that the better; but their looks, their words, their attitude, endeavouring to adorn themselves with moral and physical advantages, of which closer intimacy will show that they are utterly devoid.

What does it signify? A good opportunity offers itself, no time is to be lost in striking the bargain. Nobody can live on love and spring water. Money in the funds, farms in Normandy, vineyards in the Côte d'Or, a notary's office with plenty of clients, are precious things of the very first importance. If, by-the-by, the house becomes unbearable, the fortune with its little additions can be divided into two equal shares, and all will go on smoothly again.

The young couple, then, are brought together; the combat is about to begin; for an hour or two, the suitor, without coming forward or compromising himself, is able to scrutinize with his eyes the person proposed to him as his wife. If the eyes are satisfied—and little caution is to be expected in an eye ready to be pleased—it is possible, amidst the confusion of a crowd, by means of a polka, to obtain the favour of a few minutes' tête-à-tête.

All goes well. The young man, enamoured with his partner's charms, returns to the common friend, and says, "I have no objection to conclude the match. But I must have two hundred thousand francs; you know that sum is indispensable."

"Yes, my dear fellow; but no one is compelled to perform impossibilities. We can give only a hundred and fifty thousand."

"Show me, then, another pearl out of your stock of jewellery."

"Easy enough. Did you remark, sitting by the side of your rejected fair one, a very dark complexioned girl?"

"Yes; and the least in the world avry"

"She has two hundred and fifty thousand francs!"

"If she will accept me, the business is settled."

Fresh presentation, fresh dissimulation. During a month, three times a week, for two hours at a sitting, the lover pays his respects to his affianced bride. On the day when, hand in hand, they swear before God and man to take each other for husband and wife, they have been twenty-four hours in each other's company, and that in the presence of witnesses.

Unhappy creatures! They have not had the time even to think of what they are doing. For a month their thoughts have been occupied with everything excepting marriage. The young man has been meditating solely how he will employ his dowry; the young lady has been considering the items of her "corbelle" or wedding presents. But if a dowry and a corbelle are things not to be despised, it is difficult to believe that they alone constitute the whole of marriage. And yet, that is what is called a marriage of reason!

## THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

THE great importance of a knowledge of chemistry to persons of all classes of society, and the necessity of making it a fundamental branch of popular education in our schools, are becoming more and more apparent each day; and it seems certain that the time is not far distant when, along with grammars and geographies, elementary treatises on this delightful and eminently useful science will also be placed in the hands of children.

The chief aim of the articles, which, from time to time, will appear in this periodical, is to present the subject in such a manner as will engage the attention of beginners, as well as those who probably desire to know something of chemistry, but who are deterred from studying it under the too prevalent but false idea that it is a science peculiarly difficult, and one which belongs exclusively to professors and lecturers. The writer of this article, from a long experience, can completely controvert this idea, having practically proved that the fundamental laws of chemistry, which are clear and simple, can be as well understood, even by children, as any other science or branch of education.

In agriculture, a knowledge of chemistry is perhaps indispensably necessary; every farm is, so to speak, a laboratory, and every farmer a practical chemist. But it is not in agriculture alone that it is useful and of advantage; in physics, mineralogy, geology, &c., it is equally useful; indeed the applications of this science are so numerous that there are few circumstances in life in which the chemist does not see its principles accomplished.

Chemistry is the science which teaches us of what the different substances in nature are formed, of the changes they undergo, or constantly undergoing, of the laws by which their union and separation are governed, of the manner of analysing, and also of reuniting the constituent parts of matter.

Chemists divide all bodies into *simple* and *compound*. Simple bodies are those which cannot be resolved into any other substances, such as gold, iron, tin, zinc, oxygen, hydrogen, &c.

Now do what we will with any of these bodies, they still resist all agencies which can be brought to bear on them to decompose them; the gold still remains gold; the iron, iron, &c.

Compound bodies are those which can be resolved into other substances having totally different properties, such as water, limestone, brass, &c.

Now water can be resolved into the two gases which form it, oxygen and hydrogen; limestone into lime and carbonic acid gas, and brass into copper and zinc, the two metals of which it is composed, brass itself being never found as a natural production.

At first sight it may be supposed that the number of simple elements is infinite, judging from the great diversity of substances which are seen around us; but chemists have reduced the number down to sixty-five; and further researches may prove that many of these elements, which we at present regard as simple, may in reality be compound bodies.

Of the sixty-five simple bodies, thirteen are called non-metallic, the remaining forty-two, metallic.

Chemistry is usually divided into two branches, organic and inorganic, merely as a convenient mode of classification, for in reality the organic and inorganic so merge into each other, that many of the so-called organic substances are found capable of being prepared by inorganic methods.

Organic chemistry treats of those substances which are the products of the vital process in animals and vegetables; while inorganic chemistry treats of minerals, water, and air. We shall confine this article to the study of the latter.

The following is a list of the principal simple elements divided into metallic and non-metallic, with their symbols and equivalents:

METALLIC BODIES.

Albuminum.....Al.	13.7	Magnesium.....Mg.	12.2
Antimony.....Sb.	129	Manganese.....Mn.	27.6
Arsenic.....As.	76	Mercury.....Hg.	100
Barium.....Ba.	68.6	Nickel.....Ni.	29.6
Bismuth.....Bi.	213	Platinum.....Pt.	98.7
Cadmium.....Cd.	60	Potassium.....K.	39.2
Calcium.....Ca.	20	Silver.....Ag.	108.1
Chromium.....Cr.	26.7	Sodium.....Na.	23
Cobalt.....Co.	29.6	Strontium.....Sr.	43.8
Copper.....Cu.	31.7	Tin.....Sn.	69
Gold.....Au.	197	Uranium.....U.	60
Iron.....Fe.	28	Zinc.....Zn.	32.6
Lead.....Pb.	103.7		

The remaining twenty-seven are of slight importance.

NON-METALLIC BODIES.

Boron.....B.	10.9	Iodine.....I.	127.1
Bromine.....Br.	80	Nitrogen.....N.	14
Carbon.....C.	6	Oxygen.....O.	8
Chlorine.....Cl.	35.6	Phosphorus.....P.	32
Fluorine.....F.	18.9	Silicon.....Si.	21.3
Hydrogen.....H.	1	Sulphur.....S.	16

Selenium, of slight importance.

The elements of matters, when combining with one another to form new compounds, do not unite in any or every proportion, but follow certain fixed laws, and unite in certain fixed proportions, and no other. Perhaps it would be as well to remark here, that the young chemist must not confound a mechanical mixture with a chemical one; for instance, common salt and sugar, if dissolved in water, are only mixed mechanically; the properties of each still remain the same, as they may be separated from one another by a simple process which we shall give in our next paper; but if sulphuric acid be added to the salt, the properties of both the acid and salt become changed, resulting in a new compound called sulphate of soda; this power or force which bodies have of uniting with one another, is called *chemical attraction* or *affinity*. Water is composed of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. Eight parts by weight of oxygen, if united with one of hydrogen, produce water, eight parts of oxygen will not combine with two, three, or four parts of hydrogen, and if more than one part of hydrogen be added, the overplus will still remain unchanged.

NOTE.—Having regard only to the wants of young chemists in this paper, it seems desirable that the information imparted be conveyed in the most interesting and profitable form, and this object is most unquestionably attained by approaching chemistry in the way of analyses, as it is also the most natural way. The progress of the student in acquiring sound chemical information will be rapid and agreeable, unlike the fleeting stores of theoretical knowledge which mere lectures convey. These views are not peculiar; they are now both advocated and practiced by the College of Chemistry, and by all other public laboratories in the United Kingdom.

PASTIMES.

CRICKET.

IT is our intention to devote an occasional column to Parlour and Out-door pastimes, and we think we cannot do better than commence the series with a few hints, more especially intended for the benefit of young players of the noble game indicated above. We are delighted to observe that cricket is obtaining an ever-increasing popularity amongst us. It is the very best of four out-door games, and beyond the pleasurable excitement of playing to win, there is in it a real genuine amount of moral training. It teaches boys to be fair and straightforward in their dealings with each other; puts them in good temper with themselves and their fellows; encourages the timid, and represses the bold and incautious—teaches them, in fact to be gentlemen in their play as well as in their homes—teaches them self-reliance and self-control; quickness of eye and dexterity of hand; nimbleness of foot and activity of body; bravery, forbearance, and a spirit of honourable rivalry—without which neither the game of Cricket nor the game of life can be successfully played.

CRICKETING REQUISITES.

All that are absolutely necessary to play a game of cricket, are bats, stumps, and a ball, and we advise all who intend purchasing to pay a fair price and secure a really serviceable article. Bats, balls, &c., by the best makers can be readily obtained at numerous stores in most of our large towns and cities.

HINTS.

*Batting.* A good batsman must be wary, and, at the same time, bold. Timid players seldom make

good scores. Let your position be easy, upright and graceful. Keep your feet well together, hold your bat firmly, but not too tightly, watch the ball and be prepared to block, cut, or hit to leg, as it may be necessary. The great art of batting is to time the ball; that is, to meet it and strike it at the most favourable moment, and so play it with the best chance of success. Don't be afraid of hitting at straight balls, but beware of "shooters," that, instead of rising from the pitch, shoot close along the ground. The best thing you can do with them is to block them. Many a run is got from a sharp block, especially when the bat is inclined a little to the right or left. Play forward at balls that pitch short of the crease, and be careful of long-hops, or balls that bound twice or thrice on the ground "sneaks," or calls that roll heavily and rather slowly all the way; "lobbers," or full-pitched slows; and "breakbacks," or balls that are apparently wide of the wicket, and suddenly turn in and take down a stump. Hard hitting is not always the most successful style of play, and if you attempt a great cut without being perfectly firm on your legs, you will miss more than you hit, and very probably get a "duck's egg" (which is represented by the 0) instead of a good score.

*Bowling* is not easy to teach in books, for almost every player has his own peculiar style. The first great requisite for a good bowler is to bowl straight to the wicket. Now, whether you adopt the fast round-arm, or the slow under-hand plan, you must study the action of the batsman, and so accommodate your style to his as to produce the best result—that is, the fall of the wicket. Hold the ball slightly between your fingers, not in the palm, across the seam, and stand up right at the start. Take a short run of four or five paces, and pitch the ball as far as you can to the crease, and if you find that the batsman runs in to the ball, pitch shorter and shorter. Thus if he hits he will be bowled—if the ball is straight—or stumped before he can get back again to his ground. Always avoid long hops, for they are easy to hit. But a long hop or a slow is sometimes effective if you want the striker to put up a catch. The leg stump being the most difficult to defend, bowl rather towards it. Vary your style occasionally, and learn to give the ball a screw or twist as it leaves your hand. Of round-arm and under-hand bowling, the last is easier to learn, but the first is most effective, when straight. In all bowling, however, you must be active and sharp-sighted, never losing any opportunity that presents itself. Some bowlers swing the body a good deal; others only swing the arm. The latter plan is the best, as by it you can vary your pace without giving the batsman warning. Straight bowling is not difficult to hit, but if you can twist your ball, so that it turns in to the wicket after the pitch, that style is very effective. Always bowl with an object, and never simply at random. Make up your mind to take a wicket, and your hand will generally follow its leader, your head. Various dodges are adopted by professional bowlers, which cannot well be described in print; and here let me say that half-an-hour's instruction from a good cricketer will be more useful to a young bowler than a whole volume of written directions.

To watch for catches is among the first of the fielder's duties. Look well to the ball as it descends, and take it with both hands, drawing them down a little, so that you may break the sting of the ball, and at the same time hold it firmly. It is better to be before than behind a ball, for you can always run forward better than backward. As soon as the ball touches the palm, grasp it firmly, for neither the palm nor the fingers will of themselves hold it.

*Stopping a ball* should be done with the hands rather than the feet. As soon as you touch the ball, lift it up with a sort of throwing motion, and deliver it immediately. All young cricketers should practice long stopping; after which they may try their skill at wicket-keeping. A good wicket-keeper should be able to catch or stop a ball with either hand.

*Throwing-in* should be sure and sharp. Not at your greatest swiftness always, but with such celerity and certainty as will send the ball point-blank to the wicket-keeper or bowler. Lose no time between seizing the ball and throwing it in. When the ball is running along the grass, endeavour to get before rather than to run after it. Some players throw it with a long hop; but that plan is not nearly so effective as a good, but not too high, catch into the wicket. When the ball bounds out of your hands, it is better to "put it up," and catch it again, than to entirely drop it. *Fielding*, to be well done, should be done thorough-

ly. Every player should act as though the whole success of the game depended on him alone. Stand easily—not in the old fashioned way, with your hands on your knees, but in a natural, wide-awake manner, with hands ready for a catch, and feet prepared for a run. Attend to the directions of your captain, and do the best for your side. The position of all the players in the field has already been given.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Mr. C. J. Richardson, in a letter in the *Times*, says his boiler at Woolwich Dockyard has shown that petroleum is 60 per cent. more powerful than the best coal as steam fuel, that it can be burnt with perfect ease, and without the slightest danger.

It is, perhaps, not generally known to our readers that a piece of blotting-paper, crumpled together to make it firm, and just wetted, will take ink out of mahogany. Rub the spot hard with the wetted paper, when it instantly disappears; and the white mark from the operation may be immediately removed by rubbing the table with a cloth.

*CRIB-BITING.*—A correspondent of the *Field* says, a mare was cured of cribbiting as follows:—Her manger was taken away altogether, and her corn for every day in the week was placed on the ground. Next week her feed was placed one brick high from the ground, next week two bricks high, and so on, increasing a brick in height every week until her feed was placed as high as the manger; then the manger was replaced, and the mare has never cribbed since.

It is found that the quantity of heat which would raise one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit in temperature, is exactly equal to what would be generated if a pound weight, after having fallen through a height of seven hundred and seventy-two feet, had its moving force destroyed by collision with the earth. Conversely, the amount of heat necessary to raise a pound of water one degree in temperature, would, if all applied mechanically, be competent to raise a pound weight seven hundred and seventy-two feet high; or, it would raise seven hundred and seventy-two pounds, one foot high.

*STEAM OMNIBUS.*—An omnibus drawn by a steam engine is running regularly on the high road between Nantes and Niort. After long experiments and repeated improvements, the inventor has succeeded in making his engine run as well on common roads as others do on rails. It is perfectly under the driver's command, and can be stopped and started with the utmost ease. The roads from Nantes to Niort present several rather steep hills, which the engine with its omnibus ascends and descends with the utmost facility and safety. The engine weighs about 7 tons, with its provision of water and coal; it is 16 ft. 6 in. long, and 6 ft. 11 in. wide.—*Galvani*.

*WORTH KNOWING.*—A correspondent of the *Builder* says about four years ago he took an old country house infested with rats, mice and flies. He stuffed every rat and mouse hole with chloride of lime. He threw it on the quarry floors of the dairy and cellars. He kept saucers of it under the chests of drawers, or some other convenient piece of furniture; in every nursery, bed, or dressing-room. An ornamental glass vase held a quantity at the foot of each staircase. Stables, cow-sheds, pigsties, all had their dose; and the result was that he thoroughly routed his enemies; and if the rats, more impudent than all the rest, did make renewed attacks upon the dairy, in about twelve months (when probably from repeated cleansing and flushing all traces of the chloride had vanished), a handful of fresh chloride again routed them. Last year was a great one for wasps; but they wouldn't face the chloride. And all this comfort cost only eightpence. Housewives should take care not to place the chloride in their china pantries, or in too close proximity to bright steel wares, or the result will be that their gilded china will be reduced to plain, and their bright steel fenders to rusty iron in no time.

*THE CAUSE OF DEW.*—You may have noticed the deposition of moisture on a pitcher of ice-cold water on a summer's day; and in this familiar fact we have an illustration of the simple provision by which, during even the long droughts of summer, the plants receive a partial supply of water sufficient at least to sustain their life. The explanation of the dew upon the pitcher is very simple. The layer of air in contact with its cold mass is rapidly cooled, and when it can no longer hold all the moisture it contains, the excess is deposited in drops on the surface. Exchange now the pitcher for the earth, and you have an explanation of the immediate cause of dew. After sunset the earth, like the pitcher, cools down the layer of atmosphere immediately in contact with it, to such a degree that the whole of the vapour can no longer retain its aërial condition. As a necessary result, a portion is condensed and deposited on the surface, and this is what we call dew.

*DETECTION OF FIRES IN SHIPS.*—An exhibition of an interesting character was lately made at Blackwall, the object being to indicate and announce the presence of fire. An indicator, with an alarm bell, was placed in a part of the building supposed to represent the captain's cabin, connected with a battery, with wires leading to the calorimeters fixed in the hold and other parts of the vessel. Some of these wires also led to the water apparatus placed in the well of the ship. The first experiment was made by increasing the water in the hold, and immediately upon its rising a few inches the alarm-bell was rung, and the indicator showed that the cause of the alarm was from "water;" the continual increase of water caused the indicator again to show "water two feet." The second experiment



was made upon some jute which was supposed to be in the hold and in the act of heating, which, when the temperature rose to only 100°, caused the apparatus to ring the alarm in the captain's cabin, while the indicator denoted "Fire—Hold." The heat was generated upon this occasion by pouring a quantity of warm water upon the jute. The other experiments were made from calorimeters supposed to be placed in various other parts of the ship, the indicator showing in what part of the vessel the fire was generating; in the heat in these cases also being from a tumbler of water heated only to 100°, applied to the several calorimeters.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Why are people who stutter not to be relied on?—Because they are always breaking their word.

What fashionable game are the frogs most fond of?—Croquet (*Croaky*).

MUSICAL LAW.—"Bar's Rest." Long Vacation.

PROVERBIAL.—The reason why policemen are never run over is, that they are never in the way.

AN IRISH TOAST.—The following toast was given at an Irish society's dinner. "Here's to the president of the society, Patrick O'Raferty; and may he live to ate the hen that scratches over his grave!"

Landlady (*deferentially*).—Mr. Smith, do you not suppose that the first steamboat created much surprise among the fish when it was first launched?

Smith (*curtly*).—I can't say, marm, whether it did or not.

Landlady.—Oh, I thought from the way you eyed the fish before you, that you might acquire some information on that point.

Smith (*the malicious villain*).—Very likely, marm, very likely; but it's my opinion, marm, that this fish left its native element before steamboats were invented.

The other day, we witnessed the meeting of two hopeful juveniles, both of whom were remarkable for peculiarity of feature.

"Hi, my hearty," shouted one of them the moment they met, "wouldn't yer like to trade off that 'ere squint eye o' yours?"

"Well," said the other, "maybe it would do mighty well to look kinder round the corner o' that 'ere hook nose o' yours?"

The young gentlemen separated without a sigh or a tear.

The more you contract debts the more they expand.

TABLE OF INTEREST.—The dinner-table.

In walking, turn your toes outward, but your thoughts inward.

A CERTAIN method of keeping eggs from spoiling: eat them while they're fresh.

WHICH is the oldest tree known to man?—The *elder* tree, of course.

WHAT flower most resembles a bull's mouth?—A cowslip.

"I WISH you would pay a little attention to your arithmetic," said an anxious man to her careless son. "Well, I do," was the reply; "I pay as little attention to it as possible."

SHAKSPERE says that "use strengthens habit." Somebody states he tried the experiment on a coat, but it did not answer at all.

HOUSEWIFERY.—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives, now entirely out of use, or practised only by the lower orders.

A KNOWING LINGUIST.—An unsophisticated alderman, on being told that the Italians have no *w* in their language, informed his informant that he "couldn't fool him in that way," and knowingly wanted to know how they could spell wagon, or wealth, or woman, or wine, without a *w*.

HOW TO STUDY.—Take nothing for granted which you can verify for yourself. It may be so, or it may not. Investigate, examine, dissect, analyze, and do not rest until you have proved the point. It may consume time in the present, but will save time in the future.

REPARTEE.—I once heard Lord, who was a fast man, ask dear old Mr. Justice, of convivial memory, if there was any truth in that old saying, "As sober as a judge." It was a good hit, and we all laughed heartily at it. "It is perfectly true," replied the judge, "as most of those old saws are. They are characteristic, at least; for sobriety is the attribute of a judge, as inebriety is the attribute of a man. Thus we say, 'As sober as a judge,' and 'As drunk as a lord.'"

"WHAT'S the matter?" said a stranger to a crowd that had surrounded a black fellow, in ante-petroleum days, for the purpose of carrying him on board of a whaling ship. "Matter?—matter enough," exclaimed the victim. "Pressing a poor negro to get oil."

DISCONSOLATE PARENTS.—An advertisement appeared in a morning paper a few days ago respecting a young lady who had eloped, which concluded as follows: "She is most earnestly requested to return to her disconsolate parents; but if she does not choose to come home after this explanation, she is earnestly desired to send the key of the tea-chest!"

AN Irish peer, travelling in France with a negro servant, directed him, if questioned on the subject, always to say his master was a Frenchman. He was punctiliously faithful to his orders; but whenever he said "My massa a Frenchman," Sambo always added, "So am I."

"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you said in this case." "Ah, sir," replied the conscious witness, "but just think of what I didn't say."

DOUGLAS JERROLD, while at an evening party, once gave his opinion that an epitaph should not consist of more than two or three words, including the name. The company appeared incredulous, and Jerrold was requested by one of the party (Charles Knight) to give them an example by writing his epitaph. Jerrold took the paper, and immediately wrote "Good (K)night."

On his return from India, Brown was asked how he liked tiger hunting. "It is very good sport as long as you hunt the tiger," he replied; "but if, hard pressed, he sometimes takes it in his head to hunt you, then it has its drawbacks."

HATED BOTH.—"Did you attend church to-day?" said a planter to his late slave.—"Sartin, sar," was the reply; "What stories were they?"—"Why, he tell the people no man can serve two masters; now dis is de fuss story, kase you see once I serve you my ole massa, and also young Massa John. Den de preacher says he will love de one and hate de odder, while de Lord knows how I hated you boff!"

CANINE RESEMBLANCE.—A Boston paper says their townsman, Abel Sniggs, has a dog so closely resembling one belonging to Tom Clegg, that it often happens that Clegg's dog takes himself into Sniggs's house, and does not discover his mistake until informed of by the cat.

DIVERSITY OF TASTE WITH REGARD TO BIRDS.—The infant delights in crows, but hates the thrush; some lunatics are raven mad; gluttons are fond of swallows; gamblers like pigeons and gulls; thieves go in for a robin; fast men glory in a lark; and every good husband loves his little duck of a wife.

WOMAN'S WIT.—"Do let me have your carte de visite," said a dashing belle to a gentleman who had been annoying her with his attentions. Of course the gentleman was delighted, thinking he had made an impression on the lady's heart, and in a short time the picture was sent. She gave it to the servant with the question, "Would you know the original if he should call?" The servant replied in the affirmative. "Well, when he comes, tell him I am engaged."

"POOR DICK!" how sadly he is altered since his marriage!" remarked one friend to another. "Why, yes, of course," replied the other, "directly a man's neck is in the nuptial noose, every one must see that he's a haltered person."

The following is a specimen of Western eloquence:—"Where is Europe compared to America? Nowhar. Where is England? Nowhar. They call England the mistress of the sea, but what makes the sea? The Mississippi makes it, and all we've got to do is to turn the Mississippi into the Mammoth Cave, and the English navy will be foundering in the mud."

DURING the stormy days of 1848 two stalwart mobocrats entered the bank of the late Baron Anselm Rothschild, at Frankfort. "You have millions on millions," said they to him, "and we have nothing. You must divide with us."—"Very well," said the baron; "what do you suppose the firm of Rothschild is worth?"—"About forty millions of florins," they replied. "Forty millions, you think, eh?" said the banker. "Now, then, there are forty millions of people in Germany; that will be a florin a-piece. Here's yours."

THE MOST ANCIENT INHABITANT.—The oldest inhabitant of the world has just died, aged 6,000 years—namely, the frog that was dug out of the limestone at Hartepleep, and since been exhibited in the museum of that place. The local poet is going to write an ode to the expiring frog. We regret to hear that he was supposed to have been worried to death by some excursionists who had no respect for age.

GOING UPON TICK.—Sheridan sometimes got the worst of the war of wit. He having boasted that in his establishment everything went on "like clock-work," a friend smartly observed, "Ay, ay, the whole goes on tick, I suppose." A repartee which was too true to be pleasant to the improvident wit.

GENERAL SHERIDAN is said to be as witty as he is brave, and excessively fond of conundrums. One day he astounded the grave and quiet lieutenant-general by asking him why a grape-vine is like a soldier. Of course, Gen. Grant couldn't begin to guess. "Well," said Phil, "it is because it's *listed* and *trained*, has *ten drills* (tendrils) and *shoots*." The lieutenant-general gazed fixedly for a time upon his favourite officer, then bowed his head upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and quietly remarked, "You'll do." (But General Sheridan "won't do," if he thus steals his jokes from Tom Hood.)

A TALE is told of Black John, the last of the Cornish jesters, that, one day, after he had for some time amused the guests, and had drunk his full share of the ale, he fell, or seemed to fall, asleep. Of a sudden he started up with a loud and terrified cry. Questioned as to the cause of his alarm, he said to his master, "Oh, sir, I was in a sog (sleep), and I had such a dreadful dream. I thought I was dead, and I went where the wicked people go."—"Ha, John," said Arscott, of Tettcott, in his grim voice, wide awake for a jest or a tale, "then tell us all about what you heard and saw."—"Well, mister, nothing particular."—"Indeed, John!"—"No, sir; things was going on just as they do upon earth—here in Tettcott Hall—the gentlefolks nearest the fire."

A JUST DECISION.—One night a judge, a military officer, and a minister, all applied for a lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called upon to decide which had the best claim of the three. "I have lain fifteen years in the garrison at—," said the officer.—"I have sat as judge twenty years in R—," said the judge.—"With your leave, gentlemen, I have stood in the ministry twenty-five years at M—," said the minister.—"That settles the dispute," said the landlord. "You, Mr. Captain, have lain fifteen years; you, Mr. Judge, have sat twenty years; but the aged pastor has stood five and twenty years, so he certainly has the best right to the bed."

TOBACCO.—There are about thirty species of tobacco, all possessing nearly the same properties. It is said the plant was first found in Yucatan. It was taken to Spain, and from thence to Portugal. From Portugal it was carried to different European kingdoms. Snuff-taking commenced in Paris. Catherine de Medicis, whose name has an unpleasant history, from its connection with the massacre of Protestants, being its first patron. Soon after the settlement of America, it became an important article of commerce, and 120 lbs. was the stipend paid for a wife by some of the early settlers of Virginia.

At the conclusion of a play acted by some amateurs of fashion at Drury Lane, Foote presenting himself in the green-room was overwhelmed with reproaches. "Where had he been? Why had he not come sooner? Did he know what had missed?—a performance such as he would never have another opportunity of seeing!" and so on. The mimic bowing humbly, signifying his contrition and disappointment. Then approaching Garrick, he asked in a loud whisper, "What he *seriously* thought of it all!" Garrick, probably to flatter the patrician amateurs, affected a jealousy he was far from feeling, and answered in equally audible tones—"Think of it! Why I never suffered so much in my whole life!" "What!" cried Foote. "Ah! I see—for the author. Alas, poor Shakspeare!" The laugh was unanimous against Garrick; and even the noble amateurs joined in it, though not unaffected by the jest.

BEFORE his comic fame was established, Weston appeared as a substitute for Shuter in the character of *Sharp*. Shuter's name was in the play-bills, and when Weston appeared, the galleries vociferated "Shuter! Shuter!" The uproar increased, and nothing could be heard but "Shuter!" Taking advantage of a momentary lull, Weston, in his imitatively humorous manner, asked aloud, in a seemingly stupid amazement, and pointing to Mrs. Clive (a favourite actress then in the part of *Kate Fry*), said, "Shoot her! Why should I shoot her! I am sure she plays her part very well."

At the declaration of the poll for South Lancaster, Mr. H. Yates Thompson, the young Liberal candidate, who made a gallant though unsuccessful fight, complained in an amusing way of the violence with which his views and those of his friend Mr. Heywood had been attacked. The Tories had treated them, he said, amidst loud laughter, too much in the manner of an angry old woman the other day at Bury, who followed a gentleman who had made an effective speech for the Liberal candidate, gave him a smart slap in the face, and shrieked, "Church and State, you beggar!"

A YOUNG Englishman whilst at Naples was introduced at an assembly of one of the first ladies by a Neapolitan gentleman. While he was there his snuff-box was stolen from him. The next day, being at another house, he saw a person taking snuff out of his box. He ran to his friend. "There," said he, "that man in blue, with gold embroidery, is taking snuff out of the box stolen from me yesterday. Do you know him? Is he not a sharper?"—"Take care," said the other, "that man is of the first quality."—"I do not care for his quality," said the Englishman, "I must have my snuff-box again; I'll go and ask him for it."—"Pray," said his friend, "be quiet and leave it to me to get back your box." Upon this assurance the Englishman went away, after inviting his friend to dine with him the next day. He accordingly came, and as he entered, "There," said he, "I have brought you your snuff-box."—"Well how did you obtain it?"—"Why," said the Neapolitan nobleman, "I did not wish to make any noise about it, therefore I picked his pocket off it."

REFUSING A LIBERAL OFFER.—At an outpost not far up the country (Kafirland) resided an officer and his wife. The latter was warned by her husband not to venture alone far from the house; but one day, imprudently going beyond her usual limits, she encountered a wild-looking Kafir, who took her by the hand, and would be moved by no entreaties to suffer her to depart. He made her sit down, and, untying her bonnet, let down her fair long hair, at which he expressed rapturous admiration. He next took off her gloves, and appeared enchanted with her white hands. How much further he would have carried his investigations it is impossible to say, had not the poor lady been rescued by a party of squaws, who, with jealousy in their looks and gestures, rushed upon the Kafir, thus giving her the opportunity of escaping to her home. Next morning the lady and her husband were awakened at an early hour by a great chattering under their window; and, on inquiring the cause of the disturbance, the gentleman was accosted by the hero of the previous day, who had been so impressed by the charms of our fair country-woman, that he had come with twelve squaws to make the liberal offer of exchanging them for the gentleman's wife, and was not a little surprised when his generous terms were refused.

SPIRITUALISM in England is on its last legs. A little while ago the spirits demanded half a sovereign at the doors; now they are willing to perform first and make the collection afterwards, "leaving it entirely to you," and thankfully receiving the smallest donations. This is even a degree lower than the practice of the gentleman who gave an exhibition of rope-tying on Epsom Downs on the Derby Day, but who declined to begin until he had "clucked in another fourpence to make up two bob."

A WONDERFUL TREE.—In the birch wood of Culloden there is a remarkable tree, well worthy of note. Somewhere about thirty years ago a little giant of the forest was blown down in a storm, and fell right across a deep gully or ravine, which it completely spanned, and the top branches took root on the other side. From the parent stem no less than fifteen trees grew up perpendicularly, all in a row; and there they still flourish in all their splendour, while the parent stem evinces no token of decay. Several of the trees are not less than thirty feet high. The tree is a large fir.