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# THE SATURDAY READER.

VOL. I.—No. 8.

FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 28, 1865.

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Continued from week to week, the NEW STORY, "HALF A MILLION OF MONEY,"

written by the author of "Barbara's History" for *All the Year Round*, edited by CHARLES DICKENS.

## TO OUR FRIENDS.

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

## THANKSGIVING.

BY HENRY PRINCE.

Eng clouds have shed life-giving rain by day,  
Night's cisterns have distilled refreshing dew;  
The sun hath sail'd the vaulted blue highway  
Benignly all the joyous summer thro'.  
From out the depths of the mysterious air  
God's hand hath stretched and bless'd all things  
below;—  
Now fruitful grain, and herb, and blossom fair,  
Exuberant o'er hill and valley grow.  
The sunny days of harvest-time are past,  
And Peace and Plenty guard the garner door;  
While stalwart Labour, weary, seeks her rest,  
With smiles surveying earth's prolific store.  
And thankful man, in tones of deepest pray'r,  
Gives glory to his God for all His bounteous care.  
MONTREAL, Oct. 18th,  
Thanksgiving-day.

## NEMESIS.

MUCH of the world's morality is simply conventional. That which the people of one country regard as criminal, those of another country consider to be just and lawful. The Asiatic delights in polygamy, and the European monogamist sends forth missionaries to convince him of the sinfulness of having many wives. Everywhere a single murder is a crime, wholesale murder is glory; and circumstances alter the aspect of guilt. Nor is it in great matters alone that our moral code is defective. Acts highly reprehensible are committed every day, by private individuals and bodies of men, which are visited by neither condemnation nor punishment.

Before many months, in all human probability, the cholera will be upon us, and are we prepared for this terrible visitor? If we are not, at whose door lies the sin? We should not perhaps blame

the Corporation overmuch, for they may not have the power nor the time to do all that is necessary. They may not be able to drain the pestilential marshes of Griffintown, St. Antoine ward, and the Quebec suburbs; but there is much that could be effected between this and spring, by the removal of nuisances, including accumulations of deposits injurious to health, cesspools, foul ditches, animals filthily kept, or in wrong localities, and the like. Health officers ought also to be appointed, who, among their other duties, should have power to prevent overcrowding, one of the most fruitful causes of fever and pestilence; as also in the matter of offensive trades and manufactures. Under ordinary circumstances, the mortality of this city is great as compared with other towns and cities in the Province, although the death-rate in some of the wards is far less than in others. In a pamphlet published by Dr. George E. Fenwick in 1862, he ably describes the sanitary condition of Montreal, specifying the prevailing diseases and their causes. In one place he remarks: "After referring to the tables, it will be observed that the greatest proportion of deaths takes place in infants under two years of age; this fact is borne out by professional experience. The proportion of the death of infants under two years of age bears a ratio to all deaths of about one in 2.73, equal to about 36.55 per cent. In this calculation I have omitted the still-born and all those registered as having died under one month; were these added it would give a ratio of one in 1.76, or equal to 56.60 per cent. The ratio of the mortality of children under eight years of age is equal to one in 1.45 or 68.76. Between the ages of eight and fifteen the ratio falls off surprisingly, giving only a percentage of about 2.20." These facts tell their own tale, and sufficiently establish the enormous extent of infant mortality in Montreal; and the chief causes are insufficient drainage and ventilation. We have known instances of persons losing the children born to them while residing in a badly drained part of the city, and who did not lose one after removing to a part where the drainage had been better attended to, or which did not so much stand in want of it. The duty of the Corporation is then plain; they should take every precaution, to be drawn from our own experience or that of other countries, against the calamity that is pending over us. The cholera has appeared in several parts of Africa, Asia, and Europe; and though its somewhat eccentric movements have hitherto resembled the manœuvres of an army preparing for battle, the onslaught is evidently not far off. It is inaction that we have to dread in this contingency; and as the responsibility is great, so sins of omission will amount to crime, even if they should escape unwhipt of justice. But we hope for better things, and that the authorities will be up and doing, ere it be too late. Nor is it to the corporation alone that we must look. The property owners of Montreal have also a duty to perform. They are bound to see that their own houses

and those of their tenants shall want nothing necessary to the health of those who dwell in them, a thing too much neglected, especially in the poorer class of houses.

Perhaps we cannot do better here than to enumerate some of the measures passed by the English Parliament in the cause of sanitary reform, and upon which several works have recently appeared in that country. The first visitation of the cholera to the British Isles was, as we all know, in 1831, the second in 1849, the third in 1854. The second visit fully aroused the nation to the danger of its recurrence, and former provisions for the preservation of the public health were revised and new ones enacted. In 1846 had appeared the "Nuisance Removal Act," which has been altered and improved up to the present time; in 1848, the "Public Health Act," and various acts of a similar kind, establishing local Boards followed; in 1852 and 1853 several acts of a sanitary character, among them the "Metropolis Water Act;" there were also the act to make compulsory the practice of vaccination, of which we have a transcript in Canada, which is never enforced, the Metropolis Local Management Act, 1855, and more recently still an Act further to improve the sewerage of London. We have only mentioned the most important of the English sanitary enactments. They abound with the most useful provisions on matters connected with the question, and are a storehouse of precedents for other countries to copy. They obviate the trouble and expense incidental to the punishment and removal of nuisances under the common law, by giving summary jurisdiction to magistrates, and by the appointment of officers to carry out the intentions and objects of the several acts. The medical officer of health in every parish in London, must be "a legally qualified practitioner of skill and experience," and his functions as well as those of the Inspector of nuisances are thus set forth:

"To inspect and report periodically upon the sanitary condition of the parish or district, to ascertain the existence of diseases, more especially epidemics increasing the rate of mortality, and to point out the existence of any nuisance or other local causes which are likely to originate and maintain such diseases, and injuriously affect the health of the inhabitants, and to take cognisance of the fact of the existence of any contagious or epidemic diseases, and to point out the most efficacious mode of checking or preventing the spread of such diseases, and also to point out the most efficient modes for the ventilation of churches, chapels, schools, lodging-houses, and other public edifices within the parish or district, and to perform any other duties of a like nature which may be required of him."

It is impossible to treat this most important question as we would wish within the space at our disposal, and we must conclude by warning the public that Nemesis in the form of cholera comes from the cesspool and the swamp.

## PIONEERS OF FRANCE IN THE NEW WORLD.\*

IN this volume, by Mr. Parkman, we have the first instalment of a very important contribution to the history of the North American Continent. The tastes of the author have led him to devote himself during a long series of years to the study, not only of the native tribes of North America, but to the earliest European colonization of this western world. The terse, animated, picturesque style which marked his earlier productions is still to be found in this his latest book. The sources of historic information from which he has drawn are various and widely scattered, embracing, we believe, everything heretofore published in relation to his subject, as well as documents in the Archives of France, and in possession of private collections in Canada and elsewhere. The research involved in the study for this volume must have demanded such patience and toil as only an enthusiastic devotion to his theme can make possible to the student. While they are strictly historical, and constantly sustained by adequate authorities, the narratives have all the charm of romance. The writer's love for his subject has led him to visit historic localities, and there compose the picture which he presents to his reader in striking outline and living words.

The present volume, pp. 420, is the first of a proposed series of historical narratives designed to illustrate the earliest European colonization of North America, and the conflict of the leading European Powers for the possession of this continent. The book opens with the "Huguenots in Florida; with a sketch of Huguenot Colonization in Brazil." This portion occupies nearly a third of the volume, and is replete with information of marked interest, presented in a style which gives fresh attraction to the reader at every successive page. The next division, occupying two-thirds of the book, is entitled "Samuel De Champlain and his Associates; with a view of earlier French Adventure in America, and the Legends of the Northern Coasts." Here we have the story of the first beginnings of our cities of Quebec and Montreal; the first ascent by Europeans of the River St. Lawrence and its chief tributaries.

We are strongly tempted to make extracts, but we must forbear, as we cannot but assume such immediate sale of the book as will at once bring it within the reach of our readers generally. We would fain forbear, indeed, and yet as our journal bears the imprint of Montreal, we are constrained to present our readers with Mr. Parkman's account of Jacques Cartier's arrival at Hochelaga on an October day, three hundred and thirty years ago. Causing his two larger vessels to be harboured within the mouth of the St. Charles River, Cartier took the smallest—a galleon of forty tons—and two open boats, and with sixty sailors and a few gentlemen, he set forth from Stadacona (Quebec) for Hochelaga (Montreal).

"Slowly gliding on their way, by walls of verdure, brightened in the autumnal sun, they saw forests festooned with grape-vines, and waters alive with wildfowl; they heard the song of the blackbird, the thrush, and, as they fondly thought, the nightingale. The galleon grounded; they left her, and, advancing with the boats, alone, on the second of October neared the goal of their hopes, the mysterious Hochelaga.

"Where now are seen the quays and store-houses of Montreal, a thousand Indians thronged the shore, wild with delight, dancing, singing, crowding about the strangers, and showering into the boats their gifts of fish and maize; and, as it grew dark, fires lighted up the night, while, far and near, the French could see the excited savages leaping and rejoicing by the blaze.

"At dawn of day, marshalled and accoutred, they set forth for Hochelaga. An Indian path led through the forest which covered the site of

Montreal. The morning air was chill and sharp, the leaves were changing hue, and beneath the oaks the ground was thickly strewn with acorns. They soon met an Indian chief with a party of tribesmen, or, as the old narrative has it, "one of the principal lords of the said city," attended with a numerous retinue. Greeting them after the concise courtesy of the forest, he led them to a fire kindled by the side of the path for their comfort and refreshment, seated them on the earth, and made them a long harangue, receiving in requital of his eloquence two hatchets, two knives, and a crucifix, the last of which he was invited to kiss. Thus done, they resumed their march, and presently issued forth upon open fields, covered far and near with the ripened maize, its leaves rustling, its yellow grains gleaming between the parting husks. Before them, wrapped in forests painted by the early frosts, rose the ridgy back of the Mountain of Montreal, and below, encompassed with its corn-fields, lay the Indian town. Nothing was visible but its encircling palisades. They were of trunks of trees, set in a triple row. The outer and inner ranges inclined till they met and crossed near the summit, while the upright row between them, aided by transverse braces, gave to the whole an abundant strength. Within were galleries for the defenders, rude ladders to mount them, and magazines of stones to throw down on the heads of assailants. It was a mode of fortification practised by all the tribes speaking dialects of the Iroquois.

"The voyagers entered the narrow portal. Within, they saw some fifty of those large oblong dwellings so familiar in after-years to the eyes of the Jesuit apostles in Iroquois and Huron forests. They were fifty yards or more in length, and twelve or fifteen wide, framed of sapling poles closely covered with sheets of bark, and each containing many fires and many families. In the midst of the town was an open area, or public square, a stone-throw in width. Here Cartier and his followers stopped, while the surrounding houses of bark disgorged their inmates,—swarms of children, and young women and old, their infants in their arms. They crowded about the visitors, crying for delight, touching their beards, feeling their faces, and holding up the screeching infants to be touched in turn. Strange in hue, strange in attire, with moustached lip and bearded chin, with arquebuse and glittering halberd, helmet, and cuirass,—were the marvellous strangers demigods or men?

"Due time allowed for this exuberance of feminine rapture, the warriors interposed, banished the women and children to a distance, and squatted on the ground around the French, row within row of swarthy forms and eager faces, "as if," says Cartier, "we were going to act a play." Then appeared a troop of women, each bringing a mat, with which they carpeted the bare earth for the behoof of their guests. The latter being seated, the chief of the nation was borne before them on a deer-skin by a number of his tribesmen, a bedridden old savage, paralyzed and helpless, squalid as the rest in his attire, and distinguished only by a red fillet, inwrought with dyed quills of the Canada porcupine, encircling his lank, black hair. They placed him on the ground at Cartier's feet and made signs of welcome for him, while he pointed feebly to his powerless limbs, and implored the healing touch from the hand of the French chief. Cartier complied, and received in acknowledgment the red fillet of his grateful patient. And now from surrounding dwellings appeared a woful throng, the sick, the lame, the blind, the maimed, the decrepit, brought or led forth and placed on the earth before the perplexed commander, "as if," he says, "a God had come down to cure them." His skill in medicine being far behind the emergency, he pronounced over his petitioners a portion of the Gospel of St. John, of infallible efficacy on such occasions, made the sign of the cross, and uttered a prayer, not for their bodies only, but for their miserable souls. Next he read the passion of the Saviour, to which, though comprehending not a word, his audience listened with grave attention. Then came a distribution of presents. The squaws and children were recalled, and, with the warriors, placed in separate groups.

Knives and hatchets were given to the men, beads to the women, and powder rings and images of the *Agnus Dei* hung among the troop of children, whence ensued a vigorous scramble in the square of Hochelaga. Now the French trumpeters pressed their trumpets to their lips, and blew a blast that filled the air with warlike din, and the hearts of the hearers with amazement and delight. Bidding their hosts farewell, the visitors formed their ranks and defiled through the gate once more, despite the efforts of a crowd of women, who, with clamorous hospitality, beset them with gifts of fish, beans, corn, and other viands of strangely uninviting aspect, which the Frenchmen courteously declined.

"A troop of Indians followed, and guided them to the top of the neighbouring mountain. Cartier called it *Mount Royal*, Montreal; and hence the name of the busy city which now holds the site of the vanished Hochelaga. Stadacona and Hochelaga, Quebec and Montreal, in the sixteenth century as in the nineteenth, were the centres of Canadian population.

"From the summit, that noble prospect met his eye which at this day is the delight of tourists, but strangely changed, since first of white men, the Breton voyager gazed upon it. Tower and dome and spire, congregated roofs, white sail and gliding steamer, animate its vast expanse with varied life. Cartier saw a different scene. East, west, and south, the mantling forest was over all, and the broad blue ribbon of the great river glistened amid a realm of verdure. Beyond, to the bounds of Mexico, stretched a leafy desert, and the vast hive of industry, the mighty battleground of later centuries, lay sunk in savage torpor, wrapped in illimitable woods."

MAGAZINES.—We have received the October number of "London Society" from Messrs Dawson Bros. The opening article discusses "The Medicinal Effects of Laziness" with an evident faith in its sovereign virtues when judiciously indulged in. "Matrimony Across the Water" points out several anomalies in French marriage laws, and is plentifully interspersed with anecdotes illustrative of the contrast between the marriage institution in France and Great Britain. "Witty Women and Pretty Women of the time of Horace Walpole," a very interesting paper, introduces the reader, to a number of the most distinguished ladies of the eighteenth century. Under the heading of "The Merchant Princes of England" we have a sketch of the history of the celebrated Couttses, Bankers of London and Edinburgh, ancestors of the wealthy and excellent Miss Burdett Coutts. There are also a number of light and well-written tales and sketches. The illustrations, a special feature of this magazine, are as usual of a high order.

THE Wallace monument at Stirling, which has reached the height of 155 feet, in the shape of a tower, has been stopped for want of funds; the plant and materials on the ground are to be sold to pay debts.

"Scote wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
Scots o'er an the wide world spread,  
Bring your bowbies, every red,  
Build the glorious fane.  
Will ye grudge the boon ye gie?  
Will ye, wi' unwilling' ee,  
Your exalted duty see,  
Here revealed in vain?"

The only alteration that will be made in the new Atlantic telegraph cable will be the substitution of strands in the place of solid iron wires for the external covering. These strands will each consist of three wires, and each strand will be covered with manilla. It is thought that by this means all chance of the gutta-percha being pierced by the external wire will be prevented, as each wire singly would be too weak to be thrust into the interior of the cable.

Mr. J. D. Morrison, a dentist of Edinburgh, has patented an ingenious modification of forceps, which admits artificially cooled air through its points to the gum, so as to deaden sensation previously to the extraction of the tooth, and thus render the operation painless.

\* "Pioneers of France in the New World." By Francis Parkman, Author of "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," "Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life," &c. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Artemus Ward; his Travels. Part 1. Miscellaneous. Part 2. Among the Mormons. 12mo. pp. 231. Illustrations. N. Y.: Carleton. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Botta. Dante as Philosopher, Patriot, and Poet. With an Analysis of the Divina Commedia, its Plot and Episodes. By Vincenzo Botta. Cr. 8vo. pp. x, 413. N. Y.: Scribner & Co. Cl. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Carleton. Our Artist in Cuba. Fifty Drawings on Wood. Leaves from the Sketch-Book of a Traveller during the Winter of 1864-5. By Geo. W. Carleton. 16mo. pp. viii, 50. N. Y.: Carleton. Cl. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Epictetus. The Works of Epictetus. Consisting of his Discourses, in Four Books, the Enchiridion, and Fragments. A Translation from the Greek, based on that of Elizabeth Carter, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. 12mo. pp. xvii, 437. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Cl. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Grimm. Life of Michael Angelo. By Herman Grimm. Translated, with the author's sanction, by Fanny Elizabeth Bunnell. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. pp. viii, 558; vii, 519. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Cl. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Johnson. Speeches of Andrew Johnson. President of the United States. With a Biographical Introduction by Frank Moore. 12mo. pp. xlvi, 495. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Cl. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mackenzie. The Use of the Laryngoscope in Diseases of the Throat; with an Appendix on Rhinoscopy. By Morell Mackenzie, M.D. 8vo. pp. 160. Illus. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston. Cl. \$1.40. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Physician's Visiting List, Diary, and Book of Engagements for 1866. 16mo. Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- 25 Patients. Cl. 60 cts.; tucks \$1.00.  
50 Patients. Cl. \$1; tucks \$1.00.  
100 Patients. Tucks \$1.50.
- Schiller's Lay of the Bell. Translated by the Rt. Hon. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart.; with Illustrations after Denfus by Moritz Retzsch. Folio pp. 30. Boston: Roberts Bros. Cl. \$5.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Wraxall. The Backwoodsman; or, Life on the Indian Frontier. Edited by Sir C. F. Lascelles Waxall, Bart. 12mo. pp. 302. Illus. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham. Cl. \$1.00. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Derby. The Iliad of Homer. By the Earl of Derby. In 2 vols. \$1.60. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Froude's History of England. Vols. 1, 2, 3, and 4. \$1.60. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Forsyth's Life of Cicero. In 2 vols. \$1.60. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Thomes. The Bushranger's Adventures during a Second Visit to Australia. Also, New Edition of its Companion Volume, the Gold Hunters' Adventures in Australia. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Mills' Inquiry into the Philosophy of Sir W. Hamilton. By J. Stewart Mills. In 2 vols. \$1.25. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Dean Stanley's Eastern and Jewish Church. \$25.50. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Bishop's Criminal Law. New Edition. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Story's Conflict of Laws. New Edition. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- The Pioneers of France in the New World. \$1.75. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- Wandering over Bible Land and Seas. Illustrated. By the Author of the Schonberg-Cotta Family. 90 cents. R. Worthington, Montreal.
- FORTHCOMING NEW BOOKS.
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- Christie's History of Canada. In 6 vols. 12mo. Uniform in November.
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R. WORTHINGTON,

30 Great Saint James Street, MONTREAL.

## ENTRAPPING AN HEIRESS.

"ISN'T he fascinating?" suddenly exclaimed Lucy Grammertton to her cousin Emily, the morning after Miss Sinclair's grand ball.

Emily looked up at the bright young face enquiringly.

"Who?"

"Why, how stupid you are! Who should I mean but the handsome, gentlemanly Augustus Mortington. I'm going to elope with him to-night."

"For shame, Lucy! to mention such a thing when you know that Mr. Sinclair received reliable information last evening that he was nothing but an adventurer, who wishes to make his fortune by entrapping an heiress."

"All slander, my dear Coz. Fanny Sinclair cautioned me last night against receiving his attentions, but it was all through jealousy; she wanted the handsome Adonis all to herself. She told me her father would have ordered him out, but the proof of his being other than what he seemed was rather vague, and to avoid a scene he was allowed to remain. Won't they be surprised when they hear that, in spite of their reliable information, I have consented to be his wife. To-morrow morning, my dear cousin, you will have the pleasure of being called upon by Mrs. Augustus Mortington."

"Nonsense! Did he propose though?"

"Certainly. You remember the few minutes we left the ball-room together. Well, he led me to a lounge, sank upon his knees, and in the most approved style avowed his passion. Circumstances, he said, prevented him from making my father acquainted with his intentions just at present. He was aware that certain rumours were circulating detrimental to his character, but in a couple of days at the most he would bring forward such proof as would confound his accusers. In the meantime, I could rely upon his honour. He could not, however, live that length of time without calling me his own, and he prayed, therefore, that I would not prolong his agony by refusing an immediate marriage. A carriage would be provided at ten o'clock this evening, and a minister would be in waiting at Harden's hotel to unite us at once. He did not care for my fortune, as his own was immense; it was only my sweet self he wanted. I am not made of adamant, and I graciously nodded my consent. He kissed my hand gallantly, swore I had made him the happiest of men, and we returned to the ball-room a betrothed couple."

"Well, Lucy, if such is the case," said Emily gravely, "I must consider it my duty to inform your father of your conduct."

"No you won't. Listen!" and she whispered in her cousin's ear for a few minutes.

When she had concluded, Emily looked up smiling, and, putting her arm around Lucy's waist, they descended to the dining-room whither Molly, the coloured kitchen-maid, was summoned to meet her young mistress immediately.

The conference, which was strictly confidential, lasted for half an hour, when Molly emerged with a broad smile on her countenance, and holding tightly between her fat palms something very much like quarters.

The night set in dark and cold, and at precisely ten o'clock a close carriage drew up a few paces from the avenue which led up to the snug residence of Mr. Grammertton. Mr. Augustus Mortington jumped out, and advancing to the gate, listened eagerly for the sound of footsteps.

"By heavens! if she were to disappoint me," he muttered, after half-an-hour had elapsed without his hearing aught of the expected one, "I should be nicely fixed. She may have revealed her intention to fly with me, and been persuaded to give it up. But pshaw! she couldn't have been so foolish, and she seems too truthful to deceive me. I shall be a made man yet. The governor will, no doubt, come down handsomely when he finds that the irrevocable knot is tied. She's handsome as a picture, too, but that's only a secondary consideration. Money is the lever that moves the world, somebody said, and he spoke the truth. But hark! here she comes. Now for a little boldness, and all will be well."

And he gallantly advanced to meet the approaching fair one, who, deeply veiled, advanced cautiously.

"Dear Lucy, you have made me the happiest of men," he whispered, helping her into the carriage.

She was a little bulkier in person, he thought, than on the previous evening, but he easily accounted for the difference by remembering that then she was in the lightest of ball-room dresses. The evening was chilly, too, and she, without doubt, preferred not to take cold on her wedding night. She trembled perceptibly when he seated himself by her side, and gave utterance to a sound very like a smothered laugh; but, begging her to be calm, and have no fears, he gave the signal, and the horses dashed off.

In about ten minutes the carriage halted opposite the private door of Harden's hotel. Mr. Augustus helped out his future bride; the door was opened by some one inside, and they ascended the staircase, the elated bridegroom whispering words of comfort to his silent, trembling companion. An officious waiter met them on the landing, and ushered them into a small dimly-lighted parlour. The expectant bride sank into a seat, and Augustus, fancying she was faint, ran to a side table, and poured out a glass of water.

"Be quick, darling, the minister is waiting in the next room," he whispered, handing her the liquid.

The darling, however, seemed in no particular hurry, for, readjusting herself on her seat, she drew her veil closer, and allowed him to wonder at her apathy at such a moment with the utmost indifference.

"Come, dearest, do take off your things," he impatiently said, as the minister, who, for a liberal bribe, had consented to perform the ceremony, entered the room, followed by the witnesses.

"Golly! but yer in a dreful hurry to marry me," came in full rich tones from the lips of the laughing Molly.

Mr. Augustus Mortington started as though a thunderbolt had fallen at his feet. The next moment he sprang forward, and tore the covering from her face. The black, plump face met his gaze. With an execration I had better not repeat, he shoved her from him, dashed through the door, upsetting the worthy minister, and gained the street. The carriage was where he had left it, and, jumping in, he disappeared.

It is perhaps needless to add that he has not since attempted his laudable intention to entrap an heiress, nor that Molly was liberally rewarded for the part she had taken in the affair.

Montreal, October, 1865.

G. H. H.

HINTS TO YOUNG LADIES.—A great many essays have been written on the easiest mode of bringing to an end that animal life of ours. One is in favour of hanging, another of drowning, and a third thinks a bullet through the heart will produce the least suffering. But we have an easier road to death than either. Although the object may not be so soon accomplished, still it is as effectual, for thousands have tried it. We will give you the recipe. Take several strong cords—fasten them round the waist as tight as you can bear it, and let them remain a day or two. Gradually tighten the cords, and persevere, until your body has the appearance of an hour-glass. Your health will gradually decline; you will feel faint and languid; you cannot endure work, and will probably have the dyspepsia, liver complaint, and be exceedingly troubled with nervousness. No matter; the work of death will be gradually going on, and, before many months, consumption will be seated, and you will die so easy a death, that your parting breath will be hardly perceptible. If, however, you wish to commit suicide in a shorter time, wear thin shoes and muslin dresses in cold and damp weather. We have never known this recipe to fail.

THERE is no greater obstacle in the way of success in life than trusting for something to turn up, instead of going to work and turning up something.

It is not always the golden roof which keeps out care and sorrow, nor the humble cot which refuses to shelter peace and happiness.

## LOPES.

Continued from No 2.

"THE old boy seemed deuced strong in Lares and Penates," said Jack, at the door; when you're done fooling there, you can say so, and we'll tote the grub down to the dug-out, and make tracks."

"Let's," chimed in a chorus of young braves.

Construing this *lingua franca* to mean, that if we were ready they were, we all rushed, pell-mell, over and through a fence, flew precipitately down to the shore, and found a square pig-trough, half-full of dirty water.

This was a boat.

It was the old problem of the fox and the bag of corn. The boat would only hold so many. The fox must not be left alone with the goose, nor the goose with the bag of corn. Arithmetic was brought to bear, ending in a solution. Jack to cross, with *Bonne mère* and the baskets. Jack to return, and ferry *Bon père*, and the young braves. Young braves to return, and ferry Charon. Charon to return, and ferry young ladies. Thus age neutralized youth, and abstinence appetite.

The last cargo landed, Charon ran on in front of us, up a little hill, to another fence.

A fence is a horrible thing. Not to a man, of course, who struts up to it, puts his hand on the top rail, and vaults over with no qualms of drapery. But a woman sees in that top rail the source of a thousand embarrassments. Possible rips are in it. Probable rents are in it. Likely scratches are in it; certain blushes are in it. It is hard work to climb up to it on one side, and abominable work to get down on the other.

Our toprail we achieved with as much grace as toprails admit of, and abandoned ourselves to Charon. That amiable old fellow, in his blue breeches, now metamorphosed into a sumpter horse, with powers of guidance, trotted on gaily, with a basket slung on either arm. Trotted on until, abruptly, without warning, he plunged into a thick wood on the left. A wood, trackless to the unaccustomed eye, but whose branches seemed to part, and make way for him, as his steps cracked upwards. A wood, umbrageous, dense, rocky, tricky and deceptive, whither we followed gingerly. The balsams, the fir-trees, and the maples, opened their arms in kindly hospitality, as we stumbled passed them, trying in vain to keep up with our forlorn hope, whose voice halloed us cheerily from indefinite heights above, and to whom we ever shouted, panting as we went, "Arrête! Arrête! Arrête!" He heard, halted, turned and launched into a harangue on the subject of *souliers de bœuf*.

"Nothing like the Moccasin of Beef," he said, in effect; "one is not altogether shod, otherwise. A boot of morocco, kid, or *gim robets*, may be well on urban side walk, or macadamized highway. *Tel' ben je n'dis pas non*. But when you go a pleasuring, through mountain bozage, it needs superb, commodious shoon, *comme ceur-z-là*," indicating modestly his own. "If the ladies of Monsieur had informed themselves once of the convenience of moccasins, they would without doubt have shaped themselves a pair for example. *Quiens! Je va-t-y vous ramasser des belois?*"

To whom I, in polished accents of old France, "Most simple vaunter of half dressed cowhide, I know well that thou seest little beyond thine honest nose, and canst scarce tell whether it is pulled for thee, or then followest at random its natural bent. But let me tell thee that these same beef moccasins are the certain Shibboleth of thy unlettered caste, or that I conceive it a duty I owe my country, at them to turn up, most decidedly, my own independent nose. Although conscious of the charm which, for thee, the moccasin may have, I decline exchanging my Bal-moral-boots with their fifty-two eyelid holes, for those ancient, unsavory, and significant *chaussures* of thine. *Oui ramasse nous-en s'il te-plait?*"

Thus by burst of oratory was the ascent interrupted. We were, indeed, for the most part, out of breath, and by no means loth for an episode of

repose. To sink, recumbent, therefore, on a soft bed of punk, anticipatory of blueberries in tins was the work of a moment. But blueberries do not grow in tins. No doubt, if nature had chosen, she might, according to such economy, have ordered the development of that fruit, with the addition while she was about it of a little white sugar, and a silver spoon, but no doubt she didn't do any thing of the kind. I got, for my share, one bush, roots and all, upon which were a great many leaves, two green berries and three ripe ones. But, upon the whole, it was scarcely remunerative to dally at the foot of the mountain, with the summit still unattained, and the day growing. And, as some one pointedly remarked, if we were going up at all, we had better go; so, accordingly we went.

The path was full of the most delightful uncertainties. You were liable, at any moment, to rasp all the skin off yourself; or to tumble backwards, off rocks and break your neck; or to get your eyes put out by branches, which those in front of you were forever letting go with a jerk; or to have an avalanche come tearing down and stone you to death. As for having all the plaits ripped out of your dress, and losing the heels of your boots, and getting your coat tails wrenched off, and leaving your waterfall on every tree you came to, and seeing your hat flying away into gullies beyond reach; these were circumstances which habit duly tempered into trifles to be laughed at. Sometimes the path was perpendicular, to be wriggled up; sometimes a cranway, to be wedged into; sometimes a network of roots and branches, to be tripped upon; sometimes a mere question of breadth; as given a fingerlength of space, and a hundred and forty pounds of compact flesh, to squeeze through it.

Through the wood, and through the wood, and again through the wood, yet we never seemed to gain on destiny. Rock, and wood, and caltross overcome, still ahead were rock, and wood, and caltross. We scrambled, leaped, and tore, one moment, but to scramble, leap, and tear the next. Hero might be a rock, which, in the nature of human anatomy, seemed insurmountable; yet, being surmounted, yonder stood another, half as terrible. To break down, by force of muscle, one gumry tamarack from the impassible way, was to display muscular strength on a thousand more.

Our courage was fast being bruised and flayed out of recognition, when a shout of triumph reached us from an aspirant after fame, who had outcrawled the unambitious, and now, from highest height, proclaimed the victory his. A possibility of chorus-shouting reanimated us. Hope renewed vigour. To conceive was at last to achieve. One by one we emerged into daylight, and the upper air, and sank, gasping, at the foot of the cross that marks the loftiest summit of the mountain.

Past flagellation was forgotten in present reward.

The coveted conjunction of island, river, streamlet, field, forest, valley, and mountain, was, at last, ours. Around and beneath us stretched the very pleasantest picture that one would wish to see. Many another, perhaps grander landscapes, made up of just such materials, but, as they there stood, they fell in with our mood, and suited us, that summer afternoon. If the sky had been bluer, the champaign smoother, the mountains higher, the rivers broader, we might not have been so happy as we were. Scenery may be too ravishing, and thus presuppose too much for full enjoyment. I cannot fancy myself altogether at my ease in the valley of Chamouni, or the roar of Niagara. Valley and cataract seem to levy no end of black mail, payable at daybreak, in rhymes, on every honest traveller who chances their way. Niagara would embarrass me. I cannot rhyme. But here where no eye of poet ever rolled, I was quite at home and enjoyed myself. I could have done the honours, if need be, like a serene and tranquil hostess. But there was no need. Each was his own host, and partook of the scenery as suited his nature.

One gazed dreamily across the wide sweep of intervening country, towards the farthest and dimmest mountain, that shadow and cloudlike,

blended with the sky, and seemed itself a dream. One looked downwards upon the little village in the valley, where in the midst of poplars stood a slender steepled church, and beside it, a graveyard, with black crosses. One looked longingly at a bright and beautiful green island, past which the strong river seemed to journey gently with love-whisperings. One turned to the west, where was neither mountain nor river, but a long stretch of square fields, barley, wheat, and corn, that smiled cheerfully in the sun like a picture of home.

Over hill, and stream, and ripening field, hung such a generous wealth of shine, such a lavish outpouring of sweet summer air, so fair a sky, so light a wind, such an utter glory everywhere, that we became as if hidden to a feast of the gods, to drink at will of their nectar divine.

The tap was excellent. It filled us with the very spirit of gaiety. We all seemed to bubble out simultaneously into jollity. We fairly ran over. We laughed, shouted, skipped, danced over the blueberries, leaped upon the rocks, and executed a thousand caprices, from a mere mad impulse of exuberance. If this was not Olympus, at least, hereabouts, was old Orcaady; and Pan, after all, was haunting the mountain. There were weird whisperings in the air, which were, no doubt, the music of his reed. The woods and the streamlets began to rouse, and stretch and bestir themselves. Pan piped a merrier measure, and dropping from the trees, hurrying from the valleys, scampering through the groves, and trailing up from rivers, came trooping forth a whole bevy of nymphs, fairies, and satyrs, and joined our revelry. How merrily we tripped it in the full blaze of day! How the music sent our feet flying to all manner of wild rhythms! How those bright creatures dazzled us with the beauty of their motions.

My partner was a handsome young faun, who came bounding to me from a little cluster of vigorous elms. We floated together through an old fashioned dance, which the world has forgotten these thousands of years. A maddening dance, full of the most exquisite poetry, the subtlest harmonies, the most witching mazes that wrapped our senses in a dream of ecstasy, and floated us out upon ether. In return for teaching me this lost measure, I ventured some instructions in our own more modern *valse à deux temps*, as developed in Montreal drawing-rooms. He looked slightly bewildered as I took the positions, but when I showed him how the jerk was done, and how the twisting round was done, and requested him to jerk and twist alternately, as fast as he could, his embarrassment increased, and he began hastily to whisper poems of the long ago, when gods came down to woo the daughters of men, and to dance, to dance, to dance, was Life's gravest work, and the whole earth was gay.

As he spoke I saw a regular beauty of a dryad descend from a young maple tree, and go sweeping off to *Bon père*, while a big satyr of a fellow went chattering up to *Bonne mère*, and whirled her round in a *jig-d-deux*. Everywhere were orcaads skipping, fawns leaping, satyrs springing, and, among them, our sober folk had gone mad. We were artless children of nature, who had mistaken our country and clime. Instead of a mere modern New World, we thought ourselves back in the golden age of old romance. It was the sun, that afternoon, who, in the full glory of his immortal youth, had pelted us so merrily with gold, that our senses were fairly dazed.

He began, slowly, to move down the western hills, and, as slowly, we came out of our enchantment. It was hard to think of the beautiful nymphs hiding back in tree and fountain. Hard to part with my pleasant young faun, who had no eye-glass, and wore no paper collar. Hard to make our mountain descent. But bustle was re-organized. We all looked at one another a little bashfully, as if each would like to know what his neighbour thought of him. We put a hardy face on matters, though, made a great ado about picking up the remains of our luncheon, and strapping the baskets on Charon's back. Dear old Charon! He swore by simple frogs, after all, and knew nothing of the Styx.

The trees nodded, like companions, as we raced, rolled, tumbled, tore, bumped, pitched,

slid, and leaped downwards. When we reached the bottom, the little stream murmured gently, and, away beyond the boat, we saw something trailing, like the garments of a maiden. Our enchantment was half upon us, until we were fairly seated in the carriages, with the horses' heads pointing homewards.

Our old Canadian and his wife stood in the door-way to see us off. We turned away. The hour of the angelus rang pleasantly through the valley. And, on the mountain top, radiant in the setting sun, the lonely silver cross shone out like a loved and solitary hope.

ESPIEGLE.

## THE YOUNG CHEMIST.

### LESSON VIII.—Continued.

**T**HERE are other tests for silver and copper besides those already described; but it is not desirable at this time to notice a greater number.

It does not necessarily follow that one substance applied for the detection of another, can also be applied for its separation. Occasionally this may be the case; occasionally the reverse. Of the two tests mentioned in this lesson—hydrosulphuric acid and ferro-cyanide of potassium (prussiate of potash) the former is not only used as an indicator, but also as a separator; the latter is only employed as a test.

The separation of silver from copper, supposing these two metals dissolved in nitric acid, can be easily effected by the application of the chemical knowledge imparted in this lesson. Mix together a solution of nitrate of silver and of nitrate of copper. In the first place, they cannot be separated by hydrosulphuric acid, inasmuch as this gas, as well as its aqueous solution, throws down both silver and copper; neither can ferro-cyanide of potassium be employed for the same reason. Another agent must therefore be sought for, and this agent has been already brought into notice. On previous occasions it was shown that chlorine, in almost any soluble or gaseous state, will throw down silver from its solutions; and common salt (chloride of sodium) furnishes a very ready means of using chlorine. But will common salt throw down copper; or will it exercise any reaction unfavourable to the throwing down of the silver? It will not; but it is as well to try the experiment. Add a portion of common salt to a portion of the solution of nitrate of copper—no visible effect will result. Pour into the mixed solutions of nitrate of silver and nitrate of copper, therefore, a solution of common salt so long as any precipitation takes place, and agitate the glass containing the solution until the white deposit (chlorid of silver) coheres; when coherent, wash it with pure water, and separate the water by decantation; the silver in the form of chloride of silver will be obtained leaving the copper in solution behind. It has been assumed that the mixed solution of nitrate of silver and nitrate of copper has been made by adding each of these salts to water. The young chemist can, however, vary the experiment if he please, by commencing the operation at an earlier stage, and preparing his own solution of the two metals. For this purpose take about the fourth of a wine-glassful of aqua-fortis (nitric acid), and having diluted it with an equal bulk of distilled water, put into it the metals, silver and copper, to be dissolved, such as a small silver coin, say a five cent piece. Silver coins in Canada are not made of pure silver but of silver and copper, but the copper is in a very small proportion. The nitric acid will dissolve the two metals with evolution of reddish fumes. Hence the operation should be performed in the open air. The solution, if sufficient acid have been employed, will contain the whole metals. If it be merely desired to throw down the silver by means of common salt, the presence of a little extra acid is not detrimental, although it would interfere with the action of many other tests. Hence before the application of tests it is necessary to evaporate the solution to dryness, which will drive away the superfluous acid, and then dissolve in water. This latter process is not required to separate the silver from the copper by

means of common salt, which may be added in aqueous solution without further preparation.

The young chemist will, no doubt, have remarked that the solution in acid of the silver coin was tinged with blue, the blue tinge being caused by the copper: this would not have been the case if pure silver were concerned; the solution in the latter case would be perfectly clear. Now only one other metal, namely, nickel, is capable of imparting a tint of similar colour.

The solution of mixed nitrates which has been operated on being now deprived of its silver in the form of chloride, the copper may at once be separated by a very easy method; but it is not intended at present to diverge from the consideration of a certain group of insoluble chlorides, of which silver is at the head. J. W. F.

## ÆTNA AWAKE.

**T**RAVELLING in Sicily not far from Catania, and it being announced to us that lava was issuing from Mount Ætna, we started with two guides to see the spectacle. Fortunately the spot where the liquid rolled out was on the verge of a piece of level ground, so that though the quantity which came pouring out was very great, its progress appeared to be slow; but in a few hours it had spread so far, that, finding there was no appearance of a relaxation of the activity of the mountain, the people who lived on its sides in a line with the direction which the lava was taking, were seized with the wildest terror. This we found to increase as we ascended the mountain, and was heightened by the statements of the charcoal-burners and others who were employed in the higher regions, and who had been compelled to fly before the burning torrent. It was a dreadful sight. The whole of that side of the mountain where the lava was descending seemed to be on fire; tremendous explosions shook the ground, and in the villages we passed through the people were all out of doors; some crying and praying to the Virgin and saints of various denominations for help in their affliction, others blaspheming as if the vocabulary of oaths among them were inexhaustible. To this uproar was added the sharp clang of bells ringing from the numerous churches and convents, under the absurd impression that this noise would check the progress of the eruption. Processions headed by priests in their vestments, carrying images of saints, on their way up the mountain, were frequently seen. Yet the lava continued to descend in obedience to that law which causes all fluids to seek a level; for neither the saintly images nor adjurations checked its progress. Still we were told of some remarkable instances of the course of a stream of lava having been changed by a few trees. In one instance, some trees at the entrance of a narrow gully prevented the lava from entering, and thus saved a large amount of property which would otherwise have been entirely at its mercy. It was not owing to the trees being planted closely together, but is supposed to be due to the repelling force of the vapour which issued from them; where, however, trees stood in such a position that the molten liquid could reach them, it made short work of them; it shrivelled the leaves, bit deeper and deeper into the trunk, which its weight finally overthrew, and what was once a flourishing orchard of olive-trees could only be distinguished by charred trunks.

Frequently during our ascent we met people coming down with loads on their heads; others not only carrying loads themselves, but bringing down laden mules. As we ascended, the grandeur of the spectacle increased; but to get a full and comprehensive view of the eruption, one ought to have been above it, or in a balloon. The number of channels into which it was divided rendering it impossible for a person on the side of the mountain to see more than a portion of the streams. According to those whose judgment can be best relied on, the volume of lava vomited forth during the first six days was at the rate of eighteen thousand cubic feet per minute, and its advance near the mouths at the rate of as many feet in the same time. The further from the orifice, the less the velocity; but of course this

depended principally on the slope of the ground. In some places it moved downwards with alarming rapidity; in others its progress was barely perceptible. The width of the principal current varied at one time from three hundred to five hundred yards, and its depth was estimated at fifteen yards. This enormous torrent of liquid fire plunged down a precipice fifty feet in depth in the form of a cataract, until it entirely filled the basin into which it fell, and gradually raised it to a level with the side of the mountain, the surplus portion, which continued to flow over it, running away down the bed of a river. Fortunately lava solidifies with so much rapidity on contact with the atmosphere, that the further it proceeds from the place whence it is erupted, the slower its progress becomes, until motion finally ceases altogether, and the fresh matter which comes forth finds it a barrier.

The most magnificent spectacle of all, however, during this eruption, was when the fiery torrent reached a forest composed chiefly of some hundred thousand oak, pine, and chestnut trees. Gradually, the lava ceased to flow, and the general opinion was that the eruption was at an end, and there was no further cause of fear, when, all of a sudden, it burst forth with greater violence than ever: but from an opening on the western slope of the mountain; and speedily spread over a district which had till that time escaped with trifling damage, presenting the appearance of a lake of fire. Long after this second eruption was at an end, and the surface had hardened, an opening here and there enabled one to see that the mass below it was still in a molten condition, and in some places the surface might be seen rising and falling like the sea when there is a gentle swell. This was probably caused by the gases generated below being unable to find a vent.

But though the serious eruption was at an end, the mountain was far from quiet; a prolonged rumbling sound was followed by an explosion, which threw large quantities of stones and ashes in the air, mingled with dense masses of vapour, which, on being liberated, expanded into enormous volumes, and floated away into the atmosphere. The din and uproar could hardly have been equalled if the Cyclops of old had been still hard at work there with thousands of Nasmyth's steam hammers. The extent of the atmosphere is such that we can hardly admit that it can be affected by any quantity of gas that can be poured into it from any source; yet it does not seem improbable that the incalculable quantity of poisonous gases which have issued from the mountain since it commenced active operations must have been sufficient to affect injuriously the health of the inhabitants over a large district.

An anecdote current respecting a German who ascended the mountain and looked into the inferno through one of the openings, will assist in conveying the impression it produces on those who follow his example. He was seen ascending the mountain alone, and, after an absence of several hours, returned; yet not a word would he utter in reply to the questions addressed to him. The next day he was found drowned on the edge of the sea. According to the statement of a friend of his, he had long meditated suicide, and it is supposed that he had ascended the mountain with the intention of throwing himself into the molten lava, after the fashion of the well-remembered man of old, whose suicide was discovered by the mountain throwing out his sandal, but that the German's mind was so overpowered by the horrors of the scene he witnessed, that he could not carry out his intention, and descended to find a grave in a cooler and more tranquil fluid.

The effect produced by the decomposition of water during a volcanic eruption may be gathered from an occurrence which took place about twenty-five years ago. A large number of persons had assembled to watch the descent of a current of lava, when, all of a sudden, the end of it was seen to swell into a huge dome. A terrific explosion instantly ensued, which scattered an immense quantity of burning vapour and red-hot stones in every direction. Nearly seventy persons were killed, and every object in the

neighbourhood levelled with the ground. The cause was attributed to one of the residents having omitted to let the water run out of his tank. Ever since that time, one of the first things a man does after he has decided on abandoning his house, is to empty his reservoirs of water.

We observe from the newspapers that *Ætne* is still fearfully and dangerously awake.

## FALSE HAIR: WHERE IT COMES FROM.

FROM THE LONDON REVIEW.

WE are told that when the gentleman on horse-back the other day paraded up and down Rotten-row, with a lady's *chignon* on the top of his riding-stick, all the fair, as he passed them, involuntarily placed their hands at the back of their heads to see if theirs was missing. No circumstance could afford a better illustration of the universal use of false hair among womankind than this. Of old a woman must have arrived at a certain age before her pride would permit her to don the regulation "front" which at once placed her in the category of old women. Now Hebe herself is perfectly indifferent whether we know or not that she is indebted to other heads for her flowing locks. The consequence is, that the trade in human hair has of late assumed very large proportions, and its value has increased at a prodigious rate. Where does it all come from? a spectator naturally asks, as he surveys the harvest of locks hanging in the windows of the fashionable hairdressers, or disposed in every conceivable form on the heads of waxen dummies. And little does the spectator think of the Bluebeard's cupboard he is asking admittance to, in putting this query. As a matter of course, all products required for the artificial decoration of the person find their way principally to Paris, and we accordingly find that city is the emporium of the trade in human hair. One hundred tons weight of this precious ornament is, we are informed, annually taken there, whence it is distributed in a raw and manufactured state over the whole of Europe. If we could watch in secret the rape of each lock, we should be able to give a series of pictures of human agony such as life but rarely presents, for we may be sure that as a rule a young woman would almost as soon lose her life as that glorious appendage, on which so much of her beauty depends. The collectors of hair on the Continent are generally pedlars, or persons moving about the country on some other business to which they add the trade of hair-purchasing. It is a singular fact that heretofore, the agents employed in the collection of this precious material have generally been ostensibly employed in some other occupation. Arkwright, it will be remembered, did a little business in this line when travelling about the country collecting the spun yarn from the cottagers; and a few years since the most extensive purchasers of hair abroad were a company of Dutch farmers, who supplemented their own business in this manner. Perhaps the trade would be considered too infamous to be openly practised, hence this convenient mask. In one department of France, however, there appears to have been no false shame on the part of the women with respect to parting with their hair, and this for a very obvious reason. The peasant girls of Brittany cover the head with a picturesque white cap, which wholly hides the hair, hence from this quarter the sale of the article has been for a long time openly carried on. Mr. Francis Trollope, in his "Summer in Brittany," published a few years since, describes a most amusing scene at a fair in Collenée, where, he says, he saw several hair dealers shearing the peasant girls like so many sheep. A crowd of fair Bretonnaises surrounded each operator, and, as fast as sheared, he threw the long hair, tied up in a wisp, in a basket beside him. Whilst he was operating on one, the other girls stood waiting for their turn with their caps in their hands. The fashion which enforces the wearing of these close caps of course rendered these damsels callous to the loss of their hair, for which they generally get but a few sou, or a bright-coloured cotton handkerchief. We have no doubt that even the simple Bretonnaises have by

this time become awake to the increased value of the article they have to sell, and that silk has taken the place of cotton in the exchange. Spain and the north of Italy also furnish considerable contributions to the collectors of these jet-black locks. The main crops of the golden hair now so much prized come from Germany, and the yellow hair from Holland. The splendid tresses the devotee dedicates to God somehow get back into the world again, and are offered up at the shrine of vanity. This hair is known in the trade as church hair. In visiting a wholesale warehouse and manufactory lately we were shown some of these vestal tresses fresh from an English convent. Vanity of vanities—its next appearance in all probability will be on the head of some fast maiden of Belgravia, deftly woven with her own in order to enslave some eligible elder son.

The *chiffonniers* who go about in Paris, morning and evening, picking out prizes from the gutter, have not overlooked human hair. By their agency the combings of the fair Parisienne are returned once more to the human head; no doubt there is a dust-heap odour the hair merchant knows well. But there is still another kind of hair about which there is a deep mystery. A grim smile passes over the features of the hair merchant as he tells you that the long "leech" of hair (for that is the trade name for the small parcels in which they are done up for sale, after being prepared and cleansed) is known as churchyard hair! As he draws attention, with a certain subdued manner, to the squared end of the "leech," you perceive that they have not been cut, but pulled out of the head with the bulb adherent; sometimes this class of hair comes to market with pieces of the scaly skin at the end. How this hair is obtained is a mystery which the trade does not care to fathom. When we so often hear of the desecration of churchyards, and the shovelling away of the old bones and decayed coffins, we may perhaps make a shrewd guess at the source from which this hair comes. It must be remembered that hair is almost indestructible. The beautiful wig of auburn hair now in the British Museum, had lain in the tomb of a Theban mummy for upwards of two thousand years before it found its way to the national collection, yet that hair is as fresh as though it had just come from the hands of the hair-dresser, and the curl is so strong in it that it cannot be taken out even by the application of heat. Churchyard hair is brought into the market by home as well as foreign collectors, and we cannot help suspecting that the grave-digger is no mean member of that craft. The English woman ~~very rarely sells her hair~~—she must be reduced to the last condition of poverty before she would consent to this sacrifice. But there is a class who are compelled to do so. There can be little doubt that the majority of the long English tresses come from the heads of criminals. It is a cruel and a brutal thing to do—the ostensible reason is cleanliness—but an enforced cleanliness, bought at the expense of the last remnant of self-respect left to the woman, and a cleanliness the more rigorously looked to because its results form the perquisite of the warders. If it is necessary that the charming locks of our fair should be supplemented from this source, they should at least be informed that they are never obtained without oaths, prayers and blasphemous imprecations upon the despoilers, which the drawing-room belles little dream of, as those purchased tresses dance pendulous upon their cheek in the heated saloon.

Fever, also, places his contributions in the hands of the hair merchant, and there is a sad suspicion that the mysterious woman that hovers about the house of the dead to perform its last offices does not, when an opportunity offers, allow it to escape. There are still other sources from which human hair is obtained, of a yet more repulsive nature; but we have said enough to show that when a lady buys false locks she little knows the curious and mysterious tale each individual hair possibly could tell her.

The orator who "carried away his audience" is earnestly and humanely requested to bring it back, by persons who had friends present.

## TWILIGHT.

THE night-flowers open; days are short;  
The red is palling in the west;  
Even the wayward flickering bat  
Is once again at rest.  
Between the netted apple-boughs  
Shine out once more the welcome-stars;  
I dream in twilight of a slave  
Glaring through prison bars.

No sound but when the beetles fall  
Through darkening leafage of the elm;  
The blackness gathers o'er my eyes,  
And would my soul o'erwhelm,  
But that a pallor in the east,  
That still continuous spreads,  
Tells me that mellow darks like these  
Will blossom into morning rods.

## HORRIBLE MISTAKE.

IT was in the autumn of 185— that an old priest finished his course in a lovely village nestled in the bosom of the Pyrenees. I had visited the place regularly for many summers, and had known him well, better, indeed, than almost any one in the place, for he shunned society, and dreaded making new acquaintances, which each year had to be broken off. Having come to C. originally for health, he had for many years taken up his abode there, and did duty as resident Curé—a good simple old man, not "passing rich, but living comfortably on forty pounds a year, with a little garden and meadow on a slope of a mountain so steep that the mowing of his hay was to me an annual miracle. An old deaf housekeeper and a couple of immense Pyrenean dogs were his sole companions. Many a cigar had I smoked at the good old man's fireside; many a long talk had I had with him; and many a time had I been shamed out of my Protestant intolerance by the simplicity and charity of the old Curé. And now he was gone, and I was truly grieved. I followed the remains of my poor old friend to the grave, and then returned to try to console poor inconsolable old Julie, who met every attempt in that direction with the reply, "Jo n'entends pas, en j'en'ai pas besoin d'entendre puisque M. le Curé est mort." The young Abbé who had performed the funeral, at last persuaded Julie to give him her master's keys, and allow him to look over his papers and see if there were any of importance, and he invited me, as an older friend, to join him in the examination. There were not many to go through; one or two requests—a provision for Julie—a few letters, and several papers, bearing date many, many years before, relating to histories imparted to him in the confessional. The young priest glanced at these at first as if he feared to commit sacrilege by doing so; but they all began with the words, "Since every person connected with these events is dead, I consider that this history is no longer under the seal of the confessional."

I easily persuaded him to bestow them upon me, the more easily as they evidently savoured too much of the "shop" to be valuable possessions to himself. On returning to my hotel I examined these papers; they proved to be chiefly memoranda, uninteresting to one to whom the persons were unknown; but there was one story longer than the rest, which I thought worth preserving, and now offer to my readers. It was in a woman's hand, and was headed by a few words in the good Curé's writing, to the effect that the emotion of his penitent Madame de M. rendered herspoken narration so unintelligible, that he had been compelled before giving her absolution, to beg her to state her case in writing, pledging his priestly honour, at the same time, that all she might write should be considered equally "under the seal." That seal is now removed. Here is the record of a sad little tragedy, which took place years ago in this corner of the globe, unsuspected by all the world save the priest and the two or three persons immediately concerned. May they all have got happily through their al-

lowance of purgatory by this time, and be now sleeping in profoundest rest!

You have bidden me write my history, my Father, before I die, and I accept the penance, but it is the bitterest you could have inflicted. You have seen how my tongue failed, and my lips refused to speak, when I strove to tell you by word of mouth the history of the last few weeks of my life. The last, do I say? Ay indeed the last, for I know well that I shall never leave this bed till I seek rest in one narrower and darker. Oh, that my soul might sleep there with my body! Oh, that eternal forgetfulness might be mine, instead of eternal memory and wakefulness! But if even now I never close my eyes without the scene of my crime and my agony being present with me—if I never sleep but to dream of it—how far worse will it be when the faintness leaves me which is now my only relief? Oh! it is terrible to think of existing for years, perhaps for centuries, with my brain and heart on fire with pain as they are now, and that without the body which at length gives me rest by refusing to suffer more. Yet if I die without his forgiveness—my Father, I dare not face the future. I will strive to collect my thoughts, and relate all that you would know.

I was born in Switzerland, in a little village on the shores of the lake of Geneva. My father was a doctor, and as he possessed a little property of his own, we were rather better off than our neighbours, and I was sent for my education to one of the best convents in the neighbourhood. Here I passed my time peacefully for several years, and on leaving it at fifteen I learnt that my parents had promised me in marriage to a young lawyer, the son of an old friend of my father's. I saw him for the first time the next day. He was tall and handsome, and at fifteen a girl's heart is easily won. We loved each other almost from the first moment of our meeting, and it was agreed that our betrothal should take place as soon as the few months had expired that were wanting to complete the year of mourning for his mother. According to the rules of etiquette, we should not have been allowed to be alone together till after that ceremony; but my parents were not strict, and I used to wander for hours with André by the shores of the lake, listening to the songs of the birds, and to the sounds of the sweetest voice, save one, I have ever heard. One afternoon towards the end of May, we were strolling there as usual. The heat was unusually great for the time of the year, and we had been sitting close to the water's edge, listening to its soft cool murmur, and watching its tiny waves rippling in the sun. Ah, how happy we were! We wandered slowly on, saying a word now and then, until we came to a large old tree, at the foot of which a man was lying apparently asleep. We had passed him, when something in his attitude attracted André's attention, and he turned back and touched his shoulder. No movement answered. I stood a few paces off, trembling I knew not why. André bent down for a moment and looked at his face; then he turned to me. "Marie," he said, "I fear he has had a sun-stroke; he has fainted. He ought to have medical advice at once. I can easily carry him to your father's. Go on and prepare them—it may save his life." A cold chill seemed to come over me and my happiness, but I obeyed in silence. Of course, living where we did, I have seen persons suffering from sun-stroke before. I knew what a dangerous thing it was; and with a heart full of compassion I hastened home, and before André could arrive with his burden, my mother and I had made our only spare room ready to receive the sufferer. My Father, surely I may hurry over what followed. That was not my crime, and I do not think that to dwell upon it need be a part of my penance. The young stranger was a Frenchman; and for many and many a week I helped my mother to nurse him. His illness was long and dangerous, but he had youth on his side, and a strong constitution. My father at length pronounced him convalescent. Alas! I helped as well as I could to amuse his slow recovery; and before he was well, before—I must do him the justice to say—he had heard of my engagement to André—he had asked me

in marriage from my father! Poor old father, he was dazzled, and so was my mother, by the stranger's proposals. Perhaps so was I, too, for I did not make the strong resistance that might have turned them from their purpose; but it is not the custom in Switzerland for a girl to dispute her father's will in the question of marriage. Enough. Before the day came that was to have witnessed my betrothal to André, I was married to Monsieur de M., heir presumptive to one of the noblest titles and finest estates in France. He explained his prospects to my father with the utmost frankness. He was heir to his cousin, the Duc de B., who with his wife was already passed middle life and was childless. I believe the idea of what my son would succeed to was even then the prominent one in my mind, as it certainly was in my father's, who exulted in the thought that a grandson of his should be born to such greatness. We were married; and lived—well not unhappily—for about a year, when my husband, who had never quite recovered the effects of the sun-stroke, was attacked by a fever, which in a few hours was fatal, and, oh, I shame to say it! his loss was hardly enough to cloud my supreme joy and pride in the birth of my baby-boy. My treasure! my own darling! I think you would forgive your wretched mother even now if you could know the immense tenderness and devotion that filled my heart to overflowing every time that I looked at you, or held you to my breast in those first days of your life. I was so proud too—so proud of my baby, and so proud of his prospects, for they were very brilliant. His cousin was now upwards of fifty, and had the reputation of having amassed great wealth during his long possession of the B. estates, and though he considered my husband's marriage a mésalliance, and never took any notice of me, yet as my boy grew up he sent for him to Paris, and undertaking the charge of his education, publicly proclaimed him his heir. I let him go, my darling, and never once murmured at all those long years during which I scarcely saw him. Was it not for his good that he should be separated from me? The Duchesse de B. had died, and it was natural that the Duc should wish for the society of his heir. I had moved meanwhile to this neighbourhood. These springs had been recommended for my health, and the journey hither from Switzerland was too long to be undertaken every year. At length the time came when my boy was twenty; and his cousin placed him in the French army. He wrote to me that he was coming to pay me a visit—coming to show himself to me for the first time in his uniform. I shall never forget the day when he arrived. I had expected him all the afternoon; and at last when night began to fall, I fancied he would not come till the next day, and was sitting wondering what could have delayed him, when the ring came at the anteroom bell which announced my boy's arrival. I flew to the door, and stopped, trembling, when I saw the tall strong form standing on the threshold. Could that be my boy whom I had rocked on my knees as it seemed but yesterday? A second decided it.

"My mother!" he said, and almost lifted me in his arms.

"My son!" And in a moment the time since we parted was all nothing. How noble he looked in his blue uniform, with his bright brown eyes and black curly hair. And yet when I came to watch him quietly, there was something in his look which troubled me. He was much handsomer than he had been when he left me, but his expression then had been all sparkling gladness and merriment, while now there was a look of grief about the lines of his mouth when in repose that made me feel a vague uneasiness lest he should have some sorrow which I did not know.

After supper, we were sitting over the fire, chatting dreamily of one thing and another, when my boy roused himself suddenly, and said, "Of course, you have heard the news, mother?"

"What news?" I asked. "You forget what an out-of-the-way place this is—the last that news comes to."

He paused an instant, and then said with an effort, "Only that the Duc de B. is going to be married."

Heavens! how the blood seemed to rush from my heart, leaving me pale and sick. The news I heard seemed ruin to my boy! Could it be true? Was it, indeed, for this that I had deprived myself of the very light of my eyes for so many years? I tried to speak calmly, but the words came slowly, and my voice was thick.

"To be married, and at his age—impossible!"

"Too true, however, my mother," said Henri, "He will be a young bridegroom of just seventy-two. Monday week is fixed for the marriage. I shall go up in time to drink my fair cousin's health at the wedding."

The bitterness of my disappointment could no longer be repressed.

"Oh, my boy, my boy! how cruel! how terrible for you! Why did I ever send you away to that hateful Paris, to be separated from me for so long, and ruined at last?"

"Ay, why, indeed, mother?" he answered lightly, and yet with a sort of earnestness in his voice. "It was a grand mistake, but it is too late to think of that now. Don't you want to know something about the bride? How happy she must be to-night, eh, mother?" and there was something like a sneer upon his face.

"What do I care about her?" I answered, gloomily, "well; who is she?"

"Mademoiselle Caroline de D., aged seventeen, six weeks ago. Bah!" he added, rising and walking up and down the room, "it's a bad business. These marriages do convenience are hateful things—a blot upon France. Well, my news is told now, and we won't talk of it any more. Why, I came down here on purpose to forget it and enjoy myself."

Then he stooped and kissed me, and no more was said; but it was a heavy, heavy heart that I carried to my bed that night.

My boy stayed with me till Sunday week, and then returned to Paris, unaccountably, as it seemed to me, to attend his cousin's wedding, and I was left alone to cherish all the bitter feeling excited by the news he had brought. The marriage duly took place. I read the account of it in the paper—the description of the bride's beauty, and the list of her splendid presents; and about a year and a half later, I read in the same paper the birth of her son,—the boy was to snatch the inheritance from mine. My Father, I believe the devil entered into my heart that day, and instead of driving him out, I welcomed him, and nourished my impotent anger against the authors of my grief, until it became a consuming fire. Ah, how rapidly and how fatally it has consumed all my happiness.

In the morbid state of my mind at that time, I used to read greedily all news of the de B. family that I could find in the papers—the rejoicings at the birth of the heir—the feasting at the family place; and then I heard no more of them for some time, except that the old Duc had had a paralytic stroke, and was now a cripple, although still in perfect possession of his mental faculties. At length, about three years after the birth of the baby—oh, my Father, little more than a month ago—I received a letter which threw me into an indescribable turmoil of mind. It was from the Duc de B.; a few short and cold lines, saying that his infant son, having shown signs of delicate health, had been recommended mountain air by the physicians, and he therefore trespassed upon my well-known kindness so far as to request that I would receive the little boy at C. and take charge of him for—an indefinite period. The letter concluded by saying that as the Duc felt confident that I should not refuse to do him this favour, he should not think it necessary to await my reply, but should send the child by the first opportunity, and as would be no doubt most agreeable to me, he would entrust the selection of an attendant to my care, and the child would be left at my house quite alone. The next day he arrived—a fine, rosy, healthy boy. Bah! they could not deceive me by the shallow pretence of ill-health. I felt at once that the father must want to be rid of the child, or he would never have sent it to me—to me who hated it. Heaven help me! I believed, fool that I was! that it was his love for my son, the heir he had educated and cared for for so many years, that had poisoned his affection for his own

child!—I swear before God, and to you, my Father, that I had no thought of killing that innocent baby. It is true that the care of that child became to me daily a more hateful burden from the constant reminder it brought of what was, and what might have been. It is true that, as day passed on, and no letter or message came from Paris, I became more and more convinced that my feelings were shared by its father; but still, when the baby lips touched mine, and the baby arms clung around me, I relented and even felt a sort of compassionate tenderness for being so helpless and so tender thus consigned to the care of its bitterest enemy. One day I took the boy out upon the mountains, chiefly because I was myself so restless and uneasy that the confinement of the house was intolerable. A thunder cloud lowered in the distance, but the sky over-head was clear and blue, and the torrent sparkled brightly in the sunshine. The street was crowded with joyous groups, and many peals of gay laughter rang in my ear. Little Bernard was excited and happy, and his merry shouts oppressed and irritated me. We rambled on until we came to one of the waterfalls, of which, as you know, there are so many in this neighbourhood. It was a lonely spot, and very beautiful. A rock covered with grass and ferns stretched over the torrent, and below the water rushed, throwing up clouds of spray in which a rainbow shone. I sat down on this rock to rest, holding Bernard by the hand. Dark thoughts were brooding in my heart. My Father, at times I think that insanity was so near me then that I was hardly responsible for my actions. Presently the boy grew restless, and attracted by the rainbow, he tried to pull me to the edge of the rock. I resisted for some time, but at length I grew tired of holding him back, and rose. We walked to the very brink of the precipice. Some flowers grew just below the rock on which we stood: before I saw what he was going to do, Bernard stooped to gather them, throwing himself forward over the rock, with his little weight on my hand. Father, I think the pangs of death cannot be worse than those I feel in writing of that moment. The thought flashed like lightning into my mind, suppose Bernard were to fall? An accident to him at that moment would make my boy's prospects all brightness! The horrible suggestion came to me, I know not whence, to let the child go. An irresistible impulse swept o'er my soul, and seemed to hold me powerless in its grasp; a dizziness came over my sight, and something seemed to relax and then stiffen the muscles of my hand. The boy was still leaning over the precipice; one moment more—a slip of the little feet—one little cry, and all was over! He was dashed on to the rocks below! For an instant I was scarcely sensible; the next all the guilt and horror of my crime rushed over me. As far as I can recall the sensations of that awful moment, what I felt was not so much regret as a wild longing to follow Bernard. I was in the act of throwing myself over where he had disappeared, when a strong arm grasped mine. I turned, and saw my son—his face livid, his mouth working with passion. I struggled to free myself. I tried to break from him, and rush back to the torrent; but his strength was too great, he held me fast until he had dragged me out of the reach of danger on the nearest foot-path. Then, when I had ceased to resist him, he threw me off with a movement of horror, and as I reeled from him, I heard his voice—his voice say,

"Unnatural woman; hear what you have done. You have murdered my child!"

Without knowing what I did, hardly understanding the words, I threw myself on the ground before him, and tried to cling to his knees, but he spurned me with his foot.

"Listen," he said, "for by heaven you shall never hear my voice again. I loved Caroline de D., loved her so that when she was forced to marry that fool de B., I could not lose her. I was constantly in my cousin's house—her child was mine. He discovered it a month ago, and threatened to divorce his wife, but had he done so, I, the seducer, was his heir. He consented to forgive her on condition that he should never

see the child again, and demanded where I would have it sent; and I thought, God forgive me, that my mother and its grandmother would treat it tenderly, and care for it as her own. I followed you here to-day to see my child. Wicked woman, I demand its life at your hands! I thought to see my mother, and I find a murderess! May heaven forgive you—I never will."

I remember no more until I found myself here in bed, and oh, but for the future, would God that I had never come to myself again.

(What follows is in the Curd's handwriting.)

I had just finished reading the above melancholy history when a messenger summoned me to the death-bed of this unhappy lady. I hastened at once to her house, and meeting the doctor descending the stairs, I drew him aside, and asked after his patient.

"You are not too late," he replied, "but she will not last through the night; she is sinking fast, and the pulse has almost stopped at the wrist. It is a case of collapse, and I confess I hardly understand it for the symptoms have not warranted such an end. She is still young; only forty-one, she tells me. She must have gone through a great deal to have so exhausted nature. She must have suffered. Ah, well, I will not detain you, Father; there is no time to be lost."

I had just administered the last rites of the Church, and Madame de M. lay back in her bed fainting, when a knock came at the door of the room. I went to open it, for it was not fitting that she should be disturbed in her last moments. On the threshold stood a young officer in blue regimentals. I knew him instantly, of course, though I had never seen him before, and admitted him in silence. He entered without a word, and walked to the bed. Roused by the movement, Madame de M. turned her head and saw him. With a loud cry she lifted herself up, and with a great effort threw herself towards him. He received her in his arms, and bent his head down over her.

"Mother, I am come to forgive you," he whispered solemnly. "I have also sinned."

We never knew whether she heard those words. When her son laid her gently back on the pillow she was dead.

### FATHER DOMENIC'S SERMON.

IT'S a long time yer honour since I were a waiter in the ould hotel on Domenickstreet, Dublin. Many a good story I heard there, but the best of all was when the bishops used to meet, every one used to tell his story in turn all round the table, and maybe I wasn't in and out of the room pretty often, what with the hot water, and the lemons, and the nutmegs, and the crathur itself, now and again; and if a good story was being told I managed to stay till the end of it. Well then one of them I mind just now (it's yer honour's face puts me in mind of it), the story had come round to Bishop Browne,—they called him the dove of Elphin,—and his reverence just took the last taste of his tumbler in which most of them jined him, and began: "It was about the beginning of partridge shooting, for I was just taking a look at me new Bigby, when Father Domenic was announced; in he walked, a tall, stout man, but I didn't fancy his looks, for his head was as bald as the palm of me hand—but he had hair enough on his chin to furnish out a ridgimint of regular ecclesiastics. Well he wanted to preach for his orders, friar's grey, or bronze or blue, I can't remember (the dove of Elphin had no love for the friars, yer honour). Well I gave him lave at onst, for I'd rather see the partridges than him. So the next Sunday he preached, and it wasn't a bad sermon he gave us, but there was one woman in the church who was mightily affected. Every time she raised her eyes to the preacher's face she burst into tears and rocked herself to and fro, wringing her hands wildly. After the sermon Father Domenic sent for her round to the vestry; round she came, but the moment she set eyes on him out came the wrrra! wrrra! and the wringing of the hands and the rocking of the body. 'My good

woman,' said the Father, condescendingly, 'tell us now in the presence of your Bishop, what part of me sermon thus affects you.' 'Och werra, wrrra! it wasn't the sarmin't at all, at all, but when I looked at yer face I couldn't hold the crying, yer riverence minded me so much of me beautiful puckawa (that's a billy goat, yer honour), that the dogs kilt on me a year ago last Michaelmas.'" An that's the story the dove of Elphin told, and I mind it when I see a face like yer honour's.

TORONTO.

FRONTENAC, U. E.

### HOW MARRIAGES ARE MADE.

IT used to be believed that marriages were made in heaven, but, the delightful principle which too often imputed the results of our own folly, or the intrigue of match-making mammas, to Providence, is, in our practical age, the adopted creed of but a very limited number of disciples. The old theory has however, much in its favour. It is very convenient, and it is very romantic, and what more could be required of a theory which professes to deal with the hearts of young ladies?

Let us give, in a few words, an outline of one of the most ordinary cases of "falling in love"—charmingly expressive phrase! not "walking into love," nor yet "going into love," but simply "falling"—and see how far a union for life will be likely to prove productive of real happiness. Let us suppose the hero to rejoice in the euphonious and not very uncommon name of Brown; for Love, like Justice, is colour blind, and, in the eloquent words of Curran, "cares not what colour an Indian or African sun may have burnt on his face," or what name he may have inherited from the Author of his being. Let Brown be invited on a visit for a few weeks by his uncle, or his mother's cousin, or anybody at all, to the country residence of the aforesaid anybody. Let it so happen that a certain Miss Greene had been invited to the same house exactly one month previously; but that as her mamma was at the time suffering from neuralgia, the filial love of Miss Greene has compelled her to postpone her visit for a few weeks. It so chanced, then, that on Brown's arrival at the country-house, in addition to the inevitable—"Mr. Brown, my daughter"—there is added the further introduction—"Mr. Brown, Miss Greene." Brown sees a pretty little hat bow to him and a pretty little skirt wrinkle in a curtsy before him, and Brown feels so pleasant! Now, it happens—as it often does at a country-house—that there are only two saddle-horses; and as it would not be polite on the part of "my daughter" to monopolize one of them, Miss Greene and Mr. Brown find themselves riding out together. We have supposed the lady to be good-looking, and Brown not in respect worse than the ordinary run of Browns in general. They soon attract each other, and finally fall in love. Brown and Greene both agree that their parents ought at once to give consent to the Brown-Greene alliance. And if you ask either why they fell in love with the other, they do not know. There is no accounting for these things, but they feel they never can love anybody else. Marriages are made in heaven! Now let us call to mind that in all this there has been no consideration whatever by either party of the circumstances or character of the other; and it does not at all follow that because Miss Greene looked well in a riding-habit, and chattered pleasantly when cantering down that shady lane, that, therefore, she will be the most suitable person in the world to give the Commissioners a little more trouble in calculating the number of Browns in the country at the next census. In other words, they have both fallen in love without in the least stopping to consider their fitness for marriage. And after all, the whole of this romantic affair results from old Mrs. Greene having neuralgia, and so preventing her daughter's visit preceding Brown's, and from the old gentleman not being able to afford more than two saddle-horses. An old woman's face-ache and an old gentleman's income have both combined most romantically to carry out the purposes of heaven!

## OF THE WORLD—NOT WORLDLY.

SOME spirit of the air she seemed,  
When first her form I saw—  
Some fairy such as bards have dreamed  
And painters strive to draw.  
She stood amid the tender sheen  
Of gorgeous flowers and branches green,  
With golden sunshine poured between,  
And half in awe,  
My poor heart recognized its queen  
By passion's law.

But, ah! when later, unimproved,  
I clasped the darling to my breast,  
And heard her sweet lips lip "beloved,"  
The while her hand my cheek caressed,  
She was no spirit thou, I know,  
But my own love, so fair and true.  
Nearer my heart her form I drew,  
And closer pressed.  
Others may sprites and fays pursue—  
Dear woman's best!

I was of simple birth and state,  
For she was one of high degree.  
She left the wealthy and the great  
To share my modest lot with me!  
And now our days with bliss are rife.  
She is the sunshine of my life;  
The noblest friend and truest wife  
On earth is she!  
Far from all worldly care and strife,  
How blest are we!

## HALF A MILLION OF MONEY

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

Continued from page 108.

He was talking to Lady Castletowers, and she could scrutinise his features at her leisure.

"I do not think I shall make any such concession to your narrative powers," she said. "The more closely I look at him, the more convinced I am that we have not only met, but spoken—and not very long since either. Why, I recognise the very inflections of his voice."

"Nay, madam, I claim to be a Swiss," Saxon was saying. "I was born in Switzerland, and so were my father and grandfather before me."

"But Trefalden is not a Swiss name," said Lady Castletowers.

"No, Trefalden is a Cornish name. We are of Cornish descent."

The colour flew to Olympia Colonna's face at the discovery conveyed to her by these few words.

"I knew it was no accidental resemblance," she said, with a troubled look. "I remember all about him now, and he remembers me. I knew he did—I saw it in his face."

"Then you really have met before?"

"Yes, in Switzerland, a few weeks ago. I—I was so unobservant as to mistake him for an ordinary peasant, and I—that is to say, we—offended him cruelly. My father has forgotten all about it; but I shall tender him a formal apology by-and-by. I hope he will forgive me."

"Forgive you!" echoed the Earl, in a low, passionate tone.

But Miss Colonna did not seem to hear him.

Later in the evening, when the little party was dispersed about the drawing room, she turned to Saxon, who was inspecting some engravings on a side-table, and said:

"If it were not that oblivion and pardon are thought to go hand in hand, I should ask to be remembered by Mr. Trefalden. As it is, I can only hope that he has forgotten me."

Saxon bowed profoundly.

"I should be much concerned for my memory, madam," he replied, "if that were possible."

She looked at him inquiringly.

"Is that a sarcasm," said she, "or a compliment?"

"I did not mean it for either."

"What is it, then?"

"A simple statement of a simple fact. Made-moiselle Colonna is associated in my memory

with the most eventful day of my life, and if I had tried ever so hard to forget that I had once had the honour of meeting her, it would not have been possible for me to do so. On that day, I first learned the change in my fortunes."

Miss Colonna smiled, and put out her hand.

"Then I insist on being forgiven," she said. "I will not consent to be the one disagreeable episode in so bright a story."

"But I can't forgive you twice over," replied Saxon, bashfully, scarcely daring to touch the tips of her delicate fingers.

"Which means, that you had done so already? Thank you. Now we must be friends; and you shall come and talk to my father, who is deeply interested in your free and beautiful country. Would that our own beloved Italy were half so happy!"

With this she took Saxon's arm, and they crossed over to where her father and Major Vaughan were sitting in earnest conversation.

In the meanwhile, Lord Castletowers was wishing himself in Saxon's place, and thinking how gladly he would have given the best hunter in his stables to be so wronged, and so solicited, by Olympia Colonna.

## CHAPTER XXVI. THE OCTAGON TURRET.

Giulio Colonna was never so immersed in political labours as during these eight weeks that he and his daughter had been staying at Castletowers. He sat all day, and sometimes more than half the night, at his desk, answering letters, drawing up declarations and addresses, and writing fiery pamphlets in Italian, French, and English. Olympia helped him for many hours each day, often rising at dawn to correct his proofs, and decipher his secret correspondence. Every now and then, a special messenger would come down from London by the mid-day express; or a batch of telegraphic despatches arrived, full of secret information in cypher, or so worded to be unintelligible to all save the receiver. And sometimes Lord Castletowers, after a hasty summons to the octagon turret, would order out his black mare, and laden with messages, gallop over to the station as furiously as if the very lives of his guests depended on his speed.

Then Lady Castletowers would look after him with a little deprecating smile; and, turning to the morning visitor who might happen to be sitting with her at the time, would say something about her poor, dear friend, Signor Colonna, and those foolish intrigues in which he still persisted in taking so much interest; or would, perhaps, let fall a word of half-implied regret that her son, the Earl, whose English politics were so thoroughly unexceptionable, should yet suffer himself to be attracted by the romance of this so-called "Italian cause."

but the intrigues went on nevertheless; and her ladyship, who was quite satisfied if Signor Colonna showed himself at the dinner-table, and Olympia spent her evenings in the drawing-room, little dreamed that that room in the octagon turret was the focus of a fast-coming revolution. Fearful things—things that would have frozen the bluest blood in her ladyship's veins—were being done daily under her very roof. Strategic operations were mapped out, and military proclamations translated, by the hand of her own son. Subscriptions to the cause poured in by every post. Revolutionary commissions in embryo, revolutionary regiments were countersigned by Colonna, and despatched in her ladyship's own post-bag, under cover to all kinds of mysterious Smiths and Browns in different quarters of London; and as for musket-money, it was a marvel that the very cheques which accumulated in her house did not explode, and reduce the place to ashes.

A great storm was really brewing, and the leaven of resistance was at work among the masses of Southern Italy. An insurrection had already broken out at Palermo; but it had hitherto attracted no very serious notice in London or Paris. Honourable members attended to it but slightly, as a mere formidable riot, or a salutary warning to sovereigns who misgoverned their subjects and neglected the advice of their neighbours. But Giulio Colonna, in his little room at Castletowers, knew well enough how

to interpret the first faint mutterings of that distant thunder. He knew where it would break out next, and where the first shaft of the lightning would fall. His own pen was the conductor—his own breath the wind by which the storm-clouds were driven.

Yet Colonna was no soldier. A braver man never lived; but the sword was not his weapon. A student in his youth, a delicate man at his prime, he was born for the cabinet, and not the camp. Bodies need brains as much, and sometimes more, than they need hands; and Colonna was the brain of his party. He was never more useful to his friends, he was never more formidable to his enemies, than when bending over his desk, pale and sleepless, and never weary.

The Earl of Castletowers had described his friend rightly when he spoke of him as a man of antique virtue. His virtues were precisely of the antique type—so precisely that his detractors ranked some of them but little above vices. In his creed, as in the creed of the Roman citizen during the great days of the Republic, the love of country held the highest place. Italy was his god. To serve her, he thankfully accepted privation, contumely, personal danger, banishment, and oppression. To serve her, he stooped to beg, to dissimulate, to mask hatred with smiles, and contempt with courtesy. To say that he was ready at any moment to lay down his own life for Italian liberty was to say nothing. He was ready to sacrifice his daughter, like Jephtha; or his dearest friends; or his good repute; if innocent blood were the indispensable condition of success. These were indeed antique virtues—virtues that had nothing in common with the spirit of Christian chivalry. His worst enemies could not deny that Giulio Colonna was a hero, and a patriot. His bitterest slanderers never hinted a doubt of his sincerity. But it was a significant fact, that his blindest worshippers, ready as they were to compare him with every hero that made the glory of classic Greece and Rome, never dreamed of linking his name with that of Bruce or Bayard, Washington or La Rochefoucauld. He was, in very truth, more Pagan than Christian.

Giulio Colonna was a great man, a noble man, an heroic man, after his kind; a man of vast intellectual powers, of untiring steadfastness, of inexhaustible energy and devotion; but a man wholly dominated by a single idea, and unable to recognise any but his own arbitrary standard of right and wrong.

On the morning after Saxon's arrival at Castletowers, the three young men went out with their guns and dogs, and the Colonnas were busy together in their quiet study in the octagon turret. It was a very small room—a mere closet—with one deep mullioned window, overlooking a formal walled garden. A few prints on the walls, a few books on the shelves, a bureau, a table heaped with letters and papers, three or four chairs, and a davenport in the recess of the window, were all the furniture it contained. At the davenport sat Olympia, copying a long list of memoranda, while her father was busy with his morning's correspondence at the larger table. He had received a budget of some forty letters by that post, and was going through them rapidly and methodically, endorsing some for future reference, selecting others for immediate reply, and flinging the rest into a waste-paper basket beside his chair. When the last was disposed of, his daughter lifted up her head, and said:

"What news to-day, padre mio?"

The Italian sighed wearily.

"None," he replied. "None of any value. A few lines from Bertaldi; but he has nothing new to tell. Things remain about the same in Sicily. Garibaldi wants money. Nothing can be done without money—nothing worth doing."

"Better to attempt nothing, than make a useless demonstration," said Olympia, quickly.

"Ay—far better."

"Is that all from Italy?"

"All."

"And from London? I thought I saw Lord Barmouth's handwriting."

"Yes—he sends a cheque for twelve pounds; and here are three or four others, and a sub-

scription from Birmingham—not twenty-five pounds in all!”

Olimpia rose, and laid her hand lovingly upon her father's shoulder.

“Do not be discouraged, padre mio,” she said. “The movement is as yet scarcely begun, and our friends have not realised the importance of the crisis. The English, we must remember, are not roused to enthusiasm by a few words. When we have proved to them that our people are in earnest, they will help us with hearts and hands.”

“And in the meanwhile, our volunteers are to be slaughtered like sheep, for want of proper weapons!” replied Colonna, bitterly. “No, Olimpia, it is now that we need funds—now, when the struggle is scarcely begun, and the work lies all before us. There can be no real discipline without arms, food, and clothing; and without discipline, all the valour in the world is of no avail. What can weaponless men do to prove themselves in earnest?”

“Die,” said she, with kindling cheek and eye. “Yes—we can all do that; but we prefer to do it with something better than a pike or a scythe in our hands.”

Saying this, he pushed back his chair, and began walking gloomily up and down the narrow space between the window and the door. He came presently to a sudden halt, looked full into his daughter's eyes, and said:

“We want twenty-six thousand pounds, at the very least, before ten more days have passed over our heads.”

“So much as that? Alas! it is impossible.”

“I am not sure that it is impossible,” said Colonna, still looking at her.

“No? what do you mean?”

“Sit down, my child—here, by my side—and I will tell you.”

She sat down, and he took her hand between both of his own. Perhaps her heart throbbed for a moment in some vague apprehension of what might next be said; but neither her face nor her hand betrayed emotion.

“There is a young man in this house,” said the Italian, “to whom such a sum as twenty-five thousand pounds would be of less importance than a handful of bajocchi to one of our volunteers.”

“Mr. Trefalden?”

“Mr. Trefalden. He is worth four or five millions.”

“Yes—I remember. We were talking of it at breakfast, a few weeks ago.”

“We were; and I promised myself at the time that I would move heaven and earth to gain him over to the cause.”

“It will not be difficult.”

“In the ordinary degree, not at all; but we must do more than that.”

“It is hopeless to dream that he will give us twenty-five thousand pounds,” said Miss Colonna, hastily.

“I mean him to give us a million.”

“A million! Are you mad?”

“I mean him to give us a million—two millions—three millions—all he possesses, if less than all will not suffice to set our Italy free! Listen, Olimpia mia—we have been told the strange story of this young man's life. We know how pure, and pastoral, and unworldly it has been. We find him simple and enthusiastic as a child—his heart open to every generous impression—his soul susceptible to every sense of beauty. To such a nature all high things are possible—with such a nature, all that we desire may be done. I look upon this youth as the destined liberator—as the destined sacrifice!”

Olimpia sighed, and shook her head,

“If he were Italian,” she said, “it would be easy—and justifiable.”

“Justifiable!” echoed her father, with an angry gesture. “In our holy cause, all means are justifiable. How often must I repeat that?”

“It is a point, padre mio, on which we can never think quite alike,” she replied, gently. “Let it pass.”

He dropped her hand; rose abruptly; and walked restlessly to and fro, muttering to himself. She also rose, and stood, waiting till he should speak again. Then he drew his hand across his brow, and said, harshly:

“The burden of this work must rest chiefly on you, Olimpia.”

“I will do what I can,” she replied.

“Do you know what you have to do?”

“I think so. I have done it often before.”

Colonna shook his head.

“No,” he said, “that is not enough. You must make him love you—you must make him marry you.”

“Father?”

“It is the only certain way to achieve our purpose. He is young and impressionable—you have beauty, fascination, eloquence, and that nameless sway over the will and sympathy of others which has already won hundreds of ardent spirits to the cause. In a week he will be at your feet.”

“You ask me to sell myself!” exclaimed Olimpia, with a magnificent scorn upon her lip that would have become an offended goddess.

“For Italy.”

She clasped her hands together, in a wild, passionate way; and went over to the window.

“For Italy,” repeated Colonna, solemnly. “For the cause to which I have consecrated you, my only child, since the moment when you were first laid, smiling, in my arms. For the cause in which my own youth and manhood have been spent. For the cause in which I should not hesitate to go to the stake to-morrow, or to shed your heart's blood with my own hand.”

“I had rather give my heart's blood than do this thing,” said Olimpia, with averted face.

“The martyr may not choose from what palm his branch shall be severed,” replied her father, sternly.

She made no answer. For some moments they were both silent. Then Colonna spoke again.

“With money now at our command,” he said, “success would be certain. Without it nothing but failure awaits us. Twenty-five thousand pounds, judiciously spent, would equip six thousand men; and with six thousand at his back, Garibaldi would enter Naples in the course of a few days. But what does he say himself?—that whatever is done, must be done in the name of Sardinia? In the name of Sardinia, that gives neither a soldier nor a scudo to the struggle. In the name of Sardinia, whose king dares not countenance our effort, but who is ready to reap the fruits of our victories! No, no, Olimpia mia—it is not twenty-five thousand pounds that we need. It is a million. With a million, we should free not only the Sicilies, but the Romagna, and reconstruct the great republic. With a million, we may reject the patronage of Victor Emmanuel, and the whole monarchical party!”

“With but one million?” said Miss Colonna, doubtfully.

“With but one—or two, if two be needed, and we have two at command. What is one man's wealth, or one woman's hand, in comparison with results such as these? What is any private interest, when valued against the honour and freedom of a great country?”

Again Olimpia was silent.

“And then,” he pursued, eagerly, “with a Roman senate at the Capitol, and a Dictator at the head of the Roman legions, we shall do that which France and Sardinia together failed to do. We shall expel the Austrian from the soil, and buy back Venetia with our blood!”

Olimpia turned at last. Her face was very pale, and the burnished gold of her hair crowned her in the sunlight, like a glory.

“Enough,” she said, calmly. “This young man's wealth shall be bought for Italy, if aught that I can give will purchase it.”

Colonna took her in his arms, kissing her brow. “There speaks the true Colonna,” he said.

“Had my daughter even given her heart to some other, I should have expected this concession—ay, though he had been the best and bravest of our Italian chivalry; but as it is, her duty and her love may yet go together.”

“Nay—we will put love out of the question,” she said, coldly.

“Heaven grant that I may live to see that day when, through thy deed, my Olimpia, our beloved country shall be free—free from the shores of the Adriatic to the waters of Tarento!”

“Amen,” replied Olimpia, and left the room.

CHAPTER XXVII. THE LAST MEET OF THE SEASON.

When Mr. Trefalden arrived at Castletowers at ten o'clock on Thursday morning, he was somewhat dismayed to find the court-yard crowded with carriages, the terrace full of ladies, and the open, lawn-like space in front of the house all alive with scarlet coats, heroes, grooms, and hounds. Having walked across from the station by the field-paths, he came upon the noisy scene all at once, and learned from half a dozen voices together, that it was the last meet of the season.

Fully expecting to find his appointment forgotten, and Saxon among the riders, he passed on to the house, where the first person he met was Miss Colonna, an amazone, with her riding-whip in her hand, and a drooping feather in her hat.

“Ah, Mr. Trefalden,” she said, “we have just been talking of you. You will find none but enemies here.”

“I trust that I am not to include Mademoiselle Colonna among that number.”

“Of course not,” she replied, with a smile that had some little muckery in it. “Is not Mr. Trefalden enrolled among the friends of Italy? By the way, you have not yet seen yourself in our printed report for March. I have placed your name at the head of a column.”

The lawyer bowed, and professed himself infinitely flattered.

“May I ask,” said he, “why I am so unfortunate as to have provoked all this enmity to which you refer?”

“Because your presence deprives us of the pleasure of your cousin's society, and prevents him from putting on a scudlet coat, and distinguishing himself as a mighty hunter before the ladies.”

“When he would infallibly have broken his neck,” said Mr. Trefalden, dryly.

“By-the-by, why did you not tell me he was your cousin, that day we met at Reichenau?” asked Miss Colonna, with provoking directness.

“I really cannot tell—unless I supposed the fact could have no kind of interest for you.”

“Or were you afraid I should want to enlist him also? But here is my steed.”

“May I assist you to mount, Mademoiselle Colonna?”

“Many thanks,” she said, as, having taken her tiny foot with the reverence of a devotee, Mr. Trefalden lifted her dexterously to the saddle, and arranged the folds of her habit. “I had really no idea, Mr. Trefalden, that you, a doctor learned in the law, were also an accomplished cavalier.”

“Why not, signora?”

“Indeed, I can hardly say; but I should as soon have thought of exacting escort-duty from the Archbishop of Canterbury. Do you hunt?”

“I have hunted; but not for several years. I have no time for cruelty, as a fine art.”

“A subtle distinction, I presume, between business and pleasure,” she said, laughingly. “I beg you to understand, however, Mr. Trefalden, that I do not hunt at all. I only ride to cover, and see the hounds throw off. I love to hear their ‘gallant riding’—but I am always sorry for the fox.”

“I fear Lord Castletowers will not endorse that amiable sentiment,” replied the lawyer, as the Earl came running down the broad stone steps, followed by some five or six other gentlemen. Seeing Mademoiselle Colonna already in the saddle, he bit his lip, and said with unconcealed disappointment:

“Has Vaughan again anticipated me in my office?”

The proud blood rose to Olimpia's cheek.

“To assist a lady whose horse waits at the door, is, I believe, the office of whatever gentleman may be at hand, Lord Castletowers,” she replied, haughtily. “Mr. Trefalden was so obliging as to help me to mount this morning.”

The Earl turned in some confusion, and shook hands with his lawyer.

“I beg your pardon, Trefalden,” he said, hastily. “I had not observed you. Won't you take a run with us? Ah, no—I forgot. You are here to-day on business; but we shall meet

at dinner. You will find your cousin in the dining-room."

And with this he sprang upon his black mare, reined up beside Mademoiselle Colonna, and began speaking in a low earnest tone that was audible to her alone. But the lady answered him briefly, bade Mr. Trefalden a courteous good morning, and rode swiftly out of the courtyard, followed by the red-coats as by a guard of honour.

Mr. Trefalden looked after them, and smiled thoughtfully.

"Poor Castletowers!" said he to himself. "She has no heart for anything but Italy."

And then he went into the house, where he found the breakfast over, the dining-room deserted, and everybody out upon the terrace. It was a large assembly, consisting chiefly of ladies, and the general interest was at that moment centred in the hunting party, then gaily winding its way down the green slope, and through the chequered shade of the oaks.

When the last gleam of scarlet had disappeared, Mr. Trefalden went up to Saxon, who was standing somewhat dolefully apart from the rest, laid his hand upon his shoulder, and said:

"Why so dull and mute, young sinner? Is it so hard a fate to stay in-doors and read through a bagful of musy parchments, when others are breaking their necks over five-barred gates?"

Saxon turned with his frank smile, and grasped his cousin's hand.

"It did seem hard a minute ago," replied he; "but now that you are come, I don't care any longer. Castletowers said we were to go into the library."

"Then we will go at once, and get our business over. I hope your brains are in good order for work this morning, Saxon."

But Saxon laughed, and shook his head doubtfully.

"You must be my brains in matters of this kind, cousin William," said he. "I understand nothing about money, except how to spend it."

"Then, my dear fellow, you know more than I gave you credit for," replied Mr. Trefalden. "Money is a very pleasant and desirable thing, but there are three great difficulties connected with it—how to get it, how to keep it, and how to spend it—and I am not at all sure that to do the last in the best way is not the hardest task of the three. My business with you to-day, however, concerns the second of those propositions. I want to show you how to keep your money, for I fear there are only too many who enjoy teaching you the way to spend it."

They had now reached the library, a long low room, panelled and furnished with dark oak, and looking out upon the same quiet garden that was commanded by the window of Signor Colonna's little study. The books, upon the shelves were mostly antique folios and quartos in heavy bindings of brown and mottled calf, and consisted of archaeological and theological works, county histories, chronologies, sermons, dictionaries, peerages, and parliamentary records. Here and there a little row of British essayists, or a few modern books in cover of bright cloth, broke the ponderous monotony; but the Castletowers collection, being chiefly made up of those works which it is said no gentleman's library should be without, was but a dull affair, and attracted few readers. A stag's skull and antlers presided spectrally above the door, and an elaborate genealogical tree of the Castletowers family, cumbrously framed in old black oak, hung, over the mantelpiece like a hatchment.

"Well, cousin William," said Saxon, with an anticipative yawn, "where is the bag of parchments?"

But Mr. Trefalden laid only his pocket-book and a small case-map on the table before him.

"The bag," he replied, "was but a figure of speech—a legal fiction. I have no parchments whatever to inflict upon you—nothing but a few columns of figures, a letter or two, and a map of Western Asia."

Saxon opened his eyes.

"What in the world have I to do with Western Asia?" said he.

"That is just what I am here to tell you."

#### CHAPTER XXVIII. THE NEW OVERLAND ROUTE.

"In the first place, Saxon," said Mr. Trefalden, "I have done for you what I suppose you would never have thought of doing for yourself; I have had your account made up at Drummonds'. I confess that the result has somewhat surprised me."

"Why so?"

"Well, not because you have spent a great deal of money in a very short time, for I anticipated that; but because so many of your cheques appear to have gone into the pockets of your friends. Here, for instance, is the name of Sir Charles Burgoyne—a name which recurs no fewer than fourteen times within the space of five weeks. The first entry is for five hundred and twenty-five pounds; date, the twenty-first of March."

"That was for the mare and cab," said Saxon, quickly. "It was his own favourite mare, and he let me have her. He had been offered five hundred and fifty, only a day or two before."

Mr. Trefalden smiled dubiously, and glanced back at a memorandum entered in his note-book a few weeks before, when sitting behind that morning paper, in a window of the Erechtheum club-house. He contented himself, however, with writing the words "mare and cab" against the sum, and then went on.

"Second cheque—six hundred and ten pounds; date, the twenty-ninth of March."

"My two riding-horses, and their equipments," explained Saxon.

"Humph! and were these also Sir Charles Burgoyne's favourites?"

"No not at all. He was kind enough to buy them for me, from a friend who was reducing his establishment."

Mr. Trefalden checked off the six hundred and ten pounds, as before.

"Third cheque—two thousand pounds; date the thirty-first of March."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Saxon. "That's not spent—it's only borrowed."

"By Sir Charles Burgoyne?"

"Yes."

"And the next, for two thousand five hundred, dated April the third?"

"I—I rather think that's borrowed also," replied Saxon.

"Then come various smaller cheques—four hundred, two hundred, and fifteen, fifty-seven, one hundred and five, and so forth; and by-and-by another heavy sum—one thousand and fifty pounds. Do you remember what that was for?"

"Yes, to be sure; that was the thousand guineas for the mail phaeton pair, and even Castletowers said it was not dear."

Mr. Trefalden turned to another page of his note-book.

"It seems to me," observed he, "that Lord Castletowers is the only young man of your acquaintance whose friendship has not been testified in some kind of pecuniary transaction. Here, now, is the Honourable Edward Brandon. Has he also been generously depopulating his stables in your favour?"

Saxon laughed, and shook his head.

"I should think not, indeed!" said he. "Poor Brandon has nothing to sell. He hires a horse now and then, when he has a sovereign to spare—and that is seldom enough."

"Which, being translated, means, I presume, that the two thousand and odd pounds paid over at different times to Mr. Brandon are simply loans?"

"Just so."

"And Guy Greville, Esquire—who is he?"

"One of our Erechtheum men; but that's a mere trifle."

"You call two hundred and fifty pounds a mere trifle? Howard Patrick Fitz Hugh, Esquire—four hundred pounds. Is he another member of your club?"

"Yes, a very pleasant fellow, an Irishman."

"Both loans, of course?"

Saxon nodded.

"Then come a number of miscellaneous cheques, evidently payments to tradesmen—one, I see, of nearly a thousand, to Hunt and Roskell. How much of that went for the prima donna's bracelet, you young rogue?"

"I haven't the least idea. Gillingwater takes care of the bills."

"There is another little item that must not be forgotten," said the lawyer; "namely, that trifle of fifty-nine thousand pounds to Mr. Lawrence Greatorex."

"Which is not spent but deposited," said Saxon, sagely.

"Exactly so, and which might have been deposited to equal advantage in the crater of Vesuvius. But enough of details. Have you any notion of what the sum total amounts to?"

"None whatever."

"What do you say to seventy-eight thousand six hundred and twelve pounds?"

"I am afraid I have no original remarks to offer upon the fact," replied Saxon, with unabated cheerfulness. "What is your opinion, cousin William?"

"My opinion is, that a young man who contrives to get through fourteen thousand pounds of universal capital per week, would find the air of Hanwell highly conducive to his general health."

"But, cousin, do you think I have done wrong in spending so much?"

"I think you have done foolishly, and obtained no kind of equivalent for your money. I also think you have been unscrupulously plundered by your acquaintances; but after all, you have gained some little experience of life, and you can afford to pay for it. To tell you the truth, I foresaw something of this kind for you; and, having introduced you to Lord Castletowers, I purposely kept myself and my advice in the background for a few weeks, and let you take your first plunge into the world in whatever way you pleased. I had no wish, Saxon, to play Mentor to your Telemachus."

"I should have been very grateful to you, though," said Saxon.

"Well, I am just going to begin, so you can be grateful by-and-by," replied Mr. Trefalden, with his pleasant smile. "I am here to-day for the purpose of inoculating you with financial wisdom, and pointing out to you how absolutely necessary it is that your fortune should be invested to advantage."

"You told me that before."

"Yes; but now I am about to prove it. Eight weeks ago, young man, you were worth four million seven hundred and seventy-six thousand pounds. Since that time, you have embarrassed yourself of a good deal of the odd money; but, putting that aside, we will, for the sake of convenience, reckon your fortune in round numbers at four millions and a half."

"Certainly. At four millions and a half," repeated Saxon, wearily.

"Well, have you ever asked yourself how long your four millions and a half are likely to last, if you simply go on as you have begun?"

"No—but they would last out my life, of course."

"They would last you just six years, nine weeks, and three days."

Saxon was speechless.

"You can now judge for yourself," said Mr. Trefalden, "whether your money ought, or ought not, to be placed at interest, and whether I am making myself needlessly obnoxious to you to-day, when you might have been galloping after the fox. What you require, Saxon, is a fixed income."

"Yes—I see that."

"And, as I told you long since, your property, if well invested, will bring you a princely revenue. At five per cent, it will produce two hundred and fifty thousand pounds a year; and at seven and a half per cent, three hundred and seventy-five thousand—more than a thousand pounds a day. I believe, Saxon, that I have found an investment for you at seven and a half per cent, for as much of your fortune as you may be inclined to put into it."

"A thousand pounds a day—seven and a half per cent," stammered Saxon; "but isn't that usury, cousin William?"

"Usury?" repeated Mr. Trefalden, with an amused smile. "Why, my dear fellow, no man of business ever calculates on making less than seven or eight per cent of his capital!"

"But then he is a man of business, and his skill and experience make part of his capital; so he ought to gain more than a rich idler who only invests his wealth for an income," replied Saxon with a flash of practical good sense that showed how easily he could master even the science of money, if he choose to think about it.

Mr. Trefalden was positively startled. He had so accustomed himself of late to think of his young kinsman as a mere child in worldly affairs, that he had, perhaps, insensibly fallen into the error of under-estimating his abilities.

"There is some truth in what you observe, Saxon," said he; "but it is a truth that does not affect the present question. It would take too long, and lead us too far from the subject in hand, to go into it philosophically; but you may rely on my experience when I tell you that, as a private individual, you have every right to accept seven and a half per cent, if you can obtain it with safety. My aim is to ensure you a liberal income; and if I have been somewhat tardy about it, you must blame my over-anxiety, and not my want of zeal."

"Dear cousin William, I have never dreamed of blaming either!" exclaimed Saxon, warmly.

"I have throughout been keenly sensible of the responsibility that devolves upon me in this matter," continued Mr. Trefalden. "And I confess that, up to the present time, I have been cautious to timidity."

"I am sure of it—sure of it," said Saxon, with outstretched hand, "and am so heartily grateful, that I know not in what words to put all I should like to say."

"I am very glad you place such confidence in me," replied the lawyer, returning the young man's cordial grasp; but the voice and the hand were both cold and unimpulsive.

With this he turned to his papers, placed them ready for reference, and opened out the map upon the table. Then he paused, as if collecting his thoughts upon the subject on which he was next about to speak. Prompt man of business as he was, one might almost have thought that Mr. Trefalden was reluctant to approach the very topic which he had come all the way from London to discuss. At length he began.

"Like most cautious persons, Saxon, I am no friend to speculation; but I do not, like those who are over-cautious, confound speculation with enterprise. In England our great public works are almost invariably originated and conducted by private bodies; and herein lies the chief spring of our national prosperity. Enterprise has made us what we are—mere speculation would have ruined us. What I have to propose to you, Saxon, is an enterprise of extraordinary importance, a gigantic enterprise, as regards its result, and one of comparatively trifling magnitude, as regards its cost. But you must give me all your attention."

"Indeed, I am doing so."

"I need not ask if you know the ordinary line of route from England to India, by way of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea?"

"The Overland Route? Certainly—upon the map."

"And you know the track of our merchant vessels to India and China, round the Cape of Good Hope?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then oblige me by glancing at this map, and following the line which I have marked upon it in red ink. It begins, you see, at Dover, and proceeds by Calais and Marseilles to Alexandria, where—"

"But I see two red lines crossing the Mediterranean," interrupted Saxon.

"We will follow this one first. At Alexandria it joins the railway, is carried across the Isthmus to Suez, thence traverses the Red Sea to Aden, and proceeds by the Arabian Sea to Bombay. This route is the prescriptive property of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-ship Company. Following it, one may travel from London to Bombay in twenty-four days; and we have hitherto been accustomed to regard the accomplishment of this fact as one of the triumphs of modern civilization."

"And so it is!" exclaimed Saxon.

"Ay, but it costs over a hundred pounds," replied Mr. Trefalden; "and the traveller who cannot afford so large a fare must go round by the Cape, and so lose either ninety-four days in a steamer, or four months in a sailing vessel. Now look at my other red line, and see where it departs from the first."

"It passes through the Straits of Messina, touches at Cyprus instead of at Malta, and goes direct to Sidon, instead of to Alexandria," said Saxon, now both surprised and interested.

"Precisely so; and from Sidon takes an almost direct course to Palmyra, whence it follows the valley of the Euphrates, and comes out upon the Persian Gulf at the point where the united waters of the Euphrates and Tigris empty themselves into the sea, one hundred and thirty miles below Korna."

"And then it goes straight down the Persian Gulf, and over to Bombay," said Saxon.

Mr. Trefalden looked up with his finger on the map.

"If," said he, "this line from Sidon to the sea represented a fine railway, in connexion with a first-class steam-ship service at either extremity, which route to India do you think you would prefer?"

"This, of course. No man in his senses could do otherwise. The distance, to begin with, must be much less."

"About twelve or fourteen hundred miles."

"And then there would be far more of the journey performed by land—and through what a land! Palmyra—the plains of Babylon—Bassora—by Jove! One would make the journey to India for the mere sake of visiting places so famous in the history of the ancient world!"

"I confess that I regard this project from a less archaeological point of view," replied Mr. Trefalden. "Now hear the practical side of it; and understand that I am giving you only approximate facts—facts in the rough, before they have been squared and smoothed by surveyors and accountants. We calculate that this line of railway will extend over about seven hundred and fifty, or eight hundred miles; that is to say, it will exceed the line now laid down between Calais and Toulon, by not more than a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles. It will unquestionably draw to itself the whole merchant traffic of India, China, Persia, and Ceylon. It will be the nearest route to Australia, and it will bring Bombay within twelve or fourteen days of London."

"It takes one's breath away!" said Saxon.

Mr. Trefalden smiled a smile of quiet triumph. "But this is not all," said he. "We have reason to believe that at Hit, where there are mineral springs, we shall find coal; and as Hit lies very nearly half way between Sidon and the Gulf, we shall be enabled to supply our steam-service at both shores, and our whole line of railway from one central source."

"Those must be the bituminous fountains mentioned by Herodotus," said Saxon, quickly; "the fountains of Is that supplied asphalt for cementing the walls of Babylon!"

"If possible, Saxon, oblige me by confining your attention to the nineteenth century," expostulated the lawyer. "Try to think of Babylon as a railway station, and of Palmyra as a place where the guard allows twenty minutes for refreshments. Yes—I knew that would appal you. Now, perhaps, you will give me your opinion of the New Overland Route."

"My opinion!" repeated Saxon. "You might as well ask my opinion of the geology of Uranus!"

"That is the very consideration which deters me from recommending it as an investment."

"Oh, you need not let it do that," laughed Saxon. "I am as ignorant of one business matter as another. I told you just now that you must be my brains, whenever money came in question."

"But what makes it still more difficult is, that in this case I may not let you benefit by any other person's brains," replied Mr. Trefalden. "There are many interests to be combated in the promotion of such a scheme as this; and it is of importance that we keep it, for the present, profoundly secret. Whether you interest yourself in

it or not, I must bind you over, Saxon, to breathe no word of this matter to any living ear."

Saxon gave the promise unhesitatingly; but did not understand why it should be necessary.

"Because we must not rouse opposition before our system is matured," explained Mr. Trefalden.

"But if the new route is so great an improvement," urged Saxon, "who would oppose it?"

"All those persons who are interested in the old one," replied his cousin, smiling. "The Peninsular and Oriental Steam-ship Company—the shareholders and directors of the Suez Railway—the forty thousand English who colonise Alexandria."

"And would all those persons be ruined?"

"Every reformation ruins somebody," observed Mr. Trefalden, philosophically.

"Yes, but the reformer is bound to balance present evil against future good. Would this future good outweigh the present evil?"

"Unquestionably."

"In what way?"

Mr. Trefalden was momentarily puzzled. He had contemplated this subject from all sides except the one now presented to him. The benevolent point of view had never occurred to him.

"Well," he suggested, "it will give employment to thousands—"

"But it will throw thousands out of employment."

"—it will promote commerce, extend the boundaries of civilisation, improve Arabia—"

"I wouldn't help to ruin forty thousand English for the sake of improving Arabia," interrupted Saxon, hastily.

"—and bring the shores of England and Hindostan so near, that, were another mutiny to break out, we could land our troops at Bombay within twelve days after receiving the intelligence. The value of that possibility alone is incalculable."

"That is true; but—"

"And of our absolute success," continued Mr. Trefalden, "there can be no kind of doubt. I have been almost unwilling, Saxon, to embark you in an enterprise the advantages of which, however obvious to practical men, are not open to immediate test; but it is my duty to tell you that I have never known so brilliant an opening for the employment of capital."

"But—"

"Seven and a half per cent is merely the rate of interest offered by the Company while the works are in progress; but when once the route is completed, the returns will be enormous. Your seven and a half per cent, my dear fellow, will become twenty-five—perhaps fifty."

"I don't want twenty-five, or fifty," replied Saxon. "I have more money now than I know what to do with."

"I am sure you will always make good use of whatever wealth you possess," said Mr. Trefalden.

"And it would break my heart to injure all those who live by the present system. Why, for instance, should I desire to ruin the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-ship Company?"

"We hope to do no such thing," said Mr. Trefalden. "We shall propose a coalition, and probably employ the very same vessels."

"And then the English colony at Alexandria!"

"Sidon will become what Alexandria is now—or rather, will become a far more important place than Alexandria has ever been since the days of her ancient prosperity. Just as we now require banks, warehouses, quays, and churches at Alexandria, we shall then require them at Sidon. The Alexandrian colonists are wealthy and enterprising: they will simply remove to the new port, and in ten years' time will be richer than if they had remained where they were."

"Do you really think so?"

"I do not think it; I know it. And the Suez Railway Company will fare no worse than the rest. We shall in all probability take their whole body of officials into our service, and incorporate the shareholders' interests with our own. But the fact is, Saxon, you know too little of life to be able to judge a question of this kind; and I see you do not take kindly to the idea, so we will say no more about it."

(To be continued.)

## COLONEL AND MRS. CHUTNEY.

Continued from page 103.

"Mary, Mary! how wildly you talk!" said her gentle cousin.

"No," continued Miss Holden, "I would prefer trying on cloaks at Marshall and Saelgrove's; or, Loo, dear, selling tarts at a pastrycook's in a garrison town. That would be jolly!"

Mary was the orphan daughter of a captain in a marching regiment, which may account for some of her eccentric tastes.

"Ah! Mary—a good husband. and a comfortable home!"

"But show me them! You have both, yet there was a brighter smile in your eyes, and a happier repose on your lips, in the old days when we turned our frocks, sponged our silks, washed our ribbons, darned our stockings, and mended our gloves together."

"Don't talk of it," exclaimed Mrs. Chutney. "I seem somehow to have lost my courage. I cannot please my husband—and then, you know, I had no fortune—at least nothing to speak of. I am the creature of his bounty. And I am always afraid of his finding out my mistakes; for I have grown, oh! so stupid."

"My dear," cried Mary, "you are a goose. No money! Hadn't he plenty? Did you not give him yourself—your tender true heart? I know you love him. Don't you care for his comforts with a watchfulness no money could purchase or reward? Money is all very necessary, but there are things to which money is dross. I say, Loo, do not be so down-hearted. Just show the colonel your value; contradict his whims, disregard his storms in a teacup; don't give him a kiss when he asks for one."

"But he never does ask for one," said Mrs. Chutney, dejectedly.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Holden, with strong emphasis, "I really thought better of him! But hush! I hear a ring. It may be the colonel. There, I have pulled the tablecloth crooked, and mind you stand up to him like a woman—nothing secures peace like an armed neutrality."

"Well, I'll try," returned her cousin, as Colonel Chutney entered.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, "it's terribly hot. Loo, I want some brandy and soda-water, iced, mind iced."

Mrs. Chutney rang the bell and gave directions to the page while the colonel continued addressing Mary: "I see you have been out; too lazy, I suppose to go up stairs" (pointing to their bonnets, which lay upon a sofa); "I must say" (with an irritable laugh), "I do not approve of amalgamations—drawing-rooms and dressing-rooms are better kept apart."

"Well, I do not agree with you," said Mary, carelessly; "by mingling two good things you increase the sum total of excellence."

"God bless my soul!" exclaimed the colonel; "Loo, look at that table-cover!"

"Form square, repel cavalry," said Mary in an emphatic whisper to her cousin.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Chutney, quietly.

"It is crooked—it is infernally crooked. If there is one thing more than another which shows a total indifference to appearance, a culpable negligence of duty on the part of the mistress of a house, it is a crooked table-cover."

"You had better put it straight, love," said the wife, quietly.

"What do you mean?" cried the exasperated colonel.

Mrs. Chutney laid down her work, and half rose. Mary threw herself on her knees and held her down by her dress. Making an imaginary search on the floor, she exclaimed, "You have dropped your thimble." Here the page entered with the desired soda-water.

"Please, m, cook says the fishmonger has not sent the ice."

"I knew it! I expected it!" ejaculated the colonel, walking up and down the room; "when was ice producible in this house in proper time—or anything else fit for a gentleman?"

"If I had known," began Mrs. Chutney, apologetically—

"No explanations," whispered Mary; "charge home."

"Go for some ice instantly," continued Mrs. Chutney to the page. "Do not excite yourself, my dear, it will be here directly."

"Why do you not have an ice-house in the garden, colonel?" said Mary, "and then you could cool yourself there sometimes."

The colonel stopped short in the act of wiping his brow, and stood transfixed. Miss Holden laughed, and adroitly changed the subject. "Do you know, colonel, I like your new morning suit immensely? Turn round. Why, Louisa, how could you say it was unbecoming?"

"Did she say so?" asked the colonel anxiously. "You ought to have told me, Loo. What is your objection?"

The colonel surveyed himself in the glass, feeling an uncomfortable sort of uncertainty some mischief was brewing. What if his much-enduring Louisa was going to be rebellious, to object to systematic annihilation, and develop ideas, wants, and wishes of her own! He must seem amiable, to avert such a calamity.

"I have been detained rather longer than I expected, Mary," he began, blandly, "by an interesting visit. You were the topic of a very flattering conversation."

"Dear me," said Miss Holden, "an ambassador to ask the honour of an alliance?"

"Better still, the contracting party himself, I suspect."

"You are not in earnest!" exclaimed Mrs. Chutney.

"It's a fact, though," said the colonel. "I was leaving the club, when Captain Peake came up to me; and, after a little talk about the East, and our mutual acquaintances there, he, in a very manly and straightforward way, stated that he had met you at Mrs. Monitor's: that the esteem in which you were held, the regard shown for you on all sides, had made an impression on him, which—By-the-by, what's for luncheon? for Peake said he would be here at one thirty, and," looking at his watch, "he is due now."

Mary, who had listened in silent astonishment, now broke in: "But, Colonel Chutney, the man must be mad! I never saw him but three times, when he had tea with Mrs. Monitor, and then he stared so, and seemed so nervous, that he made me nervous too. How could you let him come here?"

"You nervous! that's a good joke!" repeated Colonel Chutney; "and as for Peake, he was one of the courageous fellows in the Indian Navy. I spoke to one or two men in the club about him after he left me, and heard the highest character of him. Why, he was noticed in dispatches for a daring rescue of a merchant craft from some piratical Chinese junks in 'fifty-three."

"Pooh!" returned Mary. "There is no great heroism in facing a legion of Chinese. I fancy I could put an army of them to flight myself."

"Oh, Mary!" interrupted Mrs. Chutney in a tone of remonstrance, when the door was thrown open, and the page announced "Captain Peake;" whereupon entered a broad-shouldered, good-looking man, probably forty years of age, with small whiskers and thick drooping black moustache. His complexion and clothes were deep brown, as if sunburnt generally all over; his hands (he wore no gloves, though a brilliant diamond ring sparkled on each little finger) partook of the general tint; he had a broad honest face, with grave dark eyes, a quantity of dark hair, and a sailor-like look.

During luncheon the captain's performances were precisely those of a man painfully in love. He did not say much, and seemed afraid to look up when he did speak. Chutney rallied him so boisterously, that even Mary Holden blushed, and Mrs. Chutney broke in with timid remonstrances. After luncheon the two gentlemen retired to the bow-window, and, entangling themselves in the gorgeous window-curtains, held a whispered conversation. Nothing was overheard but an anxious question from Peake, which seemed to ask "if there was any other fellow in the way?" What this meant could not be guessed: or at this moment the door was opened violently, to admit Miss Barbara Bousfield. "Steady! Mind what you are about," she ex-

claimed. "Don't scratch the walls or break the banisters;" and she slowly backed into the room, followed by a cab-driver and the page carrying a davenport. They set it down, and a short, sharp, and decisive conflict ensued, ending in the discomfiture of "cabby," and his grumbling departure. Then, and not till then, did Miss Barbara lower her umbrella from its threatening position, and standing at ease, addressed Mrs. Chutney. "There, Louisa, I have brought you a present; so don't say you got nothing from me towards your furnishing. It's a useful concern, not the sort of frippery that is generally made up for women. There—there's a desk to write at; here are drawers to keep your account-books and papers in; here are accounts paid; here unpaid—hope you'll have very few there. I believe there are some secret drawers, too, but you'll not care about them. Married women should have no secrets." While Aunt Barbara spoke, Colonel and Mrs. Chutney examined the davenport with exclamations of delight. Captain Peake looked on with quiet attention; meanwhile the page entered, unperceived by all save the last-named personage, and delivered a letter to Miss Holden, which she looked at with much attention and curiosity, but still without opening it.

"My dear aunt," exclaimed the colonel, "I am touched; by Jove! I am a good deal affected by your kindness and generosity in making my wife so very handsome a present. I know she shares my sentiments." Shakes hands with Miss Bousfield.

"I am sure, Aunt Barbara, I am greatly obliged," chorused Mrs. Chutney; "and I shall try and keep it very nice and tidy."

"I hope so," said the colonel, more emphatically than hopefully. And, glasses in hand, he proceeded to point out the beauties and usefulness of their acquisition to his wife.

"It looks more like a man's affair, colonel, doesn't it?" said Mary, carelessly.

"What do you mean?" asked Aunt Barbara, fiercely.

"Why, the sort of solid heavy thing that seems to suit a man's chambers."

"I am not offering it to you," said Aunt Barbara, striking her umbrella on the floor. "What business have you with opinions? Wait till you are in a position to uphold them."

"As an intelligent being—" began Miss Mary. "Don't make faces at me, Loo," she continued, in reply to some signals from her cousin. "As an intelligent being, I cannot help forming opinions; and, being blessed with the faculty of speech, I can't resist uttering them. A beneficent Providence may in time lend them weight in the shape of a rich husband, and then, aunty dear, they will be better worth our attention."

Chuckles of delight from Captain Peake. "I tell you what," returned Miss Bousfield with suppressed anger, "you will come to no such good end. You are too conceited and shallow, but I washed my hands of you. You value neither opinions nor appearances."

While these sentences were exchanged, Mary opened and glanced at her letter, which seemed of no common interest; for she changed colour, put it back into its envelope, and thrust it into the folds of her dress.

"And conceal your letters when you get them, a very suspicious circumstance," continued the aunt, maliciously.

"I have a right to my own letters, free from your interference," replied Mary, with some serious displeasure.

The moment poor Mary got home and found herself alone, she hastily drew forth her letter, and read as follows:

"Dear little Coz. You have so much courage and judgment, that I am determined to confide a difficult task to your management. I dare not write to Louisa, the tiger would infallibly burn my epistle, and then the d— to pay, with the usual scarcity of combustibles, so I want you to read this to her, and soon, mind, for I am in an awful fix. About six weeks ago I had an awful run of bad luck—so bad and so long, there was no reasonable probability of its lasting; but being in immediate want of funds, and Louisa very selfishly refusing to apply to Chutney, I was imprudent enough to put Samperton's name

to a bill, fully intending, on my honour, to chalk up before it became due."

"Ah!" groaned Mary half aloud, "he has forged Sir Frederic Samperton's name; what shall we do—what shall we do?"

"Luck has, however, been inexorable," continued the elegant letter, "and I could as soon pay the national debt as the fifty pounds I drew for. I have reason to believe that Samperton has the bill. Now Loo must find me the money; I'll repay her, on my word! Let her tell Chutney she has a milliner's bill, or something, to pay. Then she must see Samperton and give him the money—women can do these things so well! Above all, do not let proceedings be undertaken against me, which would be utter ruin. I swear, if you both help me now, I'll reform; if not, I'll cut my throat, and you'll all be disgraced by a coroner's inquest. Your affectionate cousin,

"TOM BOUSFIELD.

"P.S.—Look sharp! No time to be lost! Write to Y. Z., Post-office, Radcliffe-highway."

"No time to be lost," thought Mary, sinking down on the sofa in bewildered despair, and striving to think, "What shall I do? Torment my poor dear Loo? No! she shall not know a word of it. She has stood by me many a time—many a weary hour she has comforted me—and I am the strongest, too. Where, where shall I turn? Aunt Barbara is out of the question. Perhaps Sir Frederic Samperton would give him time. But who will ask him? I might go myself and entreat him. Why should I fear? Sir Frederic has some humanity about him. Fifty pounds! what a deal of money! Oh, what an odious, selfish, weak creature a 'gay young man' is—a 'good fellow,' as his companions call him."

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IV.

The day but one after the events last recorded, Sir Frederic Samperton, M.P., had prepared himself for his morning ride, and was seated at his new davenport, making one or two entries in his note-book, and issuing directions to a smooth valet who stood respectfully beside him.

Sir Frederic's chambers were not only luxuriously furnished, but in excellent taste. The pictures were few; busts and statuettes abounded, and if some of the latter would have appeared unsuitable in a lady's boudoir, their classical grace redeemed them from being too suggestive. There were books, and looking-glasses, and a few pieces of rare china. On the whole, a slightly feminine tone pervaded the apartment, which yet contrasted strongly with the owner's appearance.

Sir Frederic Samperton was a tall, large man, eminently English and aristocratic, with small hands and feet. No moustaches, but long tawny whiskers, and keen grey eyes. He was a healthy, well-tempered man, with large credit as a "good fellow." He never offended any one; never was known to have lost anything by feelings displayed in any particular direction. He was peculiarly alive to beauty in every form, and a little eager in the pursuit of a new whim. As a public man, he adopted a business aspect and common-sense tone; which, like most of his adaptations, answered very well.

"This is a much more convenient davenport than the first they sent me—there was no room in it for anything," he said. "This one looks better too. Don't you think so, Bowles?"

"Much better, Sir Frederic."

"Let me know if the horses are at the door." The valet left the room, and Samperton continued to open and examine various drawers with a thoughtful air. "It's very odd," he murmured at last. "I can't find that promissory note. Where the deuce can I have put it?" pulling his whiskers meditatively. "What an infernal young scamp to let me in for fifty pounds, and I haven't met him three times. Forgery too! Men ought not to ask these unknown fellows to meet gentlemen, because they sing a good song, or—"

The valet re-entered holding a salver on which lay a note. "Lady waiting for an answer, sir."

"Lady," said Sir Frederic, startled. "Young?"

"Well, sir, a youngish lady. Black dress, thick veil, speaks nervous-like."

"She may go," said Sir Frederic. "I will send an answer—or, stop! I may as well see what she says." And, opening the note, he read:

"Though I have not the honour of knowing you, I venture to ask for a few minutes of your valuable time. I am a connexion of Colonel Chutney, and trust you will receive me for his sake."

"What has old Chutney been up to?" asked the baronet of himself. "Show the lady in."

The servant left the room, and returned, ushering in Mary Holden. As she threw back her veil, and her eyes met those of the baronet, she started as if inclined to run away, and then exclaimed only half aloud: "Sir Frederic Samperton? I am so surprised. So sorry!"

"Sorry?" said Sir Frederic, insinuatingly, "for the fulfilment of my most ardent hopes."

"Because," returned Mary, strong in her purpose, and recovering herself, "I spoke to you heedlessly and giddily the other day; and, now that I come to you with an anxious heart, you will not perhaps treat me with"—she paused, blushed, and hesitated—"with the gravity which—"

"What the deuce is she at?" thought Samperton, while he interrupted her with much deference of manner. "Whatever you do me the honour of communicating, will receive my serious and respectful attention."

"Thank you, thank you!" said Mary, much relieved, her bright frank smile lighting up eye and brow; "you put me at my ease." The baronet, suppressing all signs of admiration, handed her a chair, and taking one himself, waited for her to speak.

"I hardly know how to begin," said Mary; "but Mrs. Chutney is my first cousin;" Sir Frederic bowed; "and more—a very dear friend." An embarrassed pause. "Mrs. Chutney's name was Bousfield. Observe, Bousfield."

"Ah!" said Sir Frederic. "I see," continued Mary; "yes—the—the wretched boy who forged your name to that terrible bill is my cousin, Louisa's only brother."

"No, really! What an unpleasant relative! But I presume Chutney will pay up. I will direct my lawyer to communicate with the colonel before proceedings are commenced."

"Proceedings!" repeated Mary, half rising in an agony of eagerness. "Oh, Sir Frederic! Colonel Chutney must know nothing whatever about it. Promise me this, on your honour."

"Really," replied Samperton, smiling, "I should be sorry to disoblige you, but—"

"I do not ask you to lose the money," said Mary, eagerly. "I only ask for time, and it shall be repaid."

"I must say that seems extremely problematical. What security have I? You will excuse this business-like question. What security can your cousin offer?"

Mary anxiously exclaimed, "Mine! I may take a long time to pay it. I have been calculating. I could manage to pay you fifteen pounds a year, and," hanging her head rather sadly, "that would take more than three years."

"And your worthless cousin would get off scot free," said Sir Frederic, gazing at her with admiration.

"Oh! I think he would help me. At any rate, it would be better than to let his sister suffer. She has borne so much; and now, when she is just beginning to learn how to manage the colonel, it would be sad to have her thrown back; she does so want to make her husband love her."

"What a remarkable woman!" observed the baronet.

"Yes," returned Mary, with sincerity. "I tell her she is very foolish; for the more you want a man to do anything, the more he won't do it."

"I see you are a keen observer."

"Oh! Sir Frederic, this may be play to you, it will be death to me. Promise me a year's time, at any rate," putting forward her hand imploringly.

Samperton clasped it in both of his, exclaiming, "I can refuse you nothing. Let us trouble ourselves no more about this worthless young scamp. We'll have a little dinner at Richmond together, talk the matter over, and take a stroll in the

park afterwards! Richmond park looks lovely these May evenings. It does, I assure you!"

Mary disengaged her hand, and went on without deigning to notice Sir Frederic's invitation: "Surely you are chivalrous enough to yield time for paying this money, to save a timid woman from blushing before her husband for her next of kin!"

She had scarcely uttered the words, when Sir Frederic's servant entered hastily.

"Colonel Chutney and Captain Peake coming up, sir!" he said.

"By Jove, how awkward! My dear girl, you had better go into the inner room; they will not stay long, and you can escape after they are gone."

Mary turned very pale. "No, no," she said; "I had best be brave. Concealment looks like guilt." She involuntarily drew back as Chutney and his friend came in.

"Brought a friend of mine to ask your parliamentary interest, Sir Frederic," began the colonel. He suddenly stopped short as if choked, and exclaimed: "Bless my soul! Mary Holden? Why, what brings you here, Mary?"

"Urgent private affairs," returned Mary, trying to assume a tone of badinage, while she coloured to the roots of her hair. "And now I have to thank you, Sir Frederic, for your courtesy to a total stranger, and shall intrude no longer." She tried to pass Colonel Chutney as she spoke, but he stopped her.

"Come, come," he said, sternly, "I have a right to demand an explanation of your presence here. I am not going to allow my wife's nearest female relative to peril her fair fame without knowing the reason why."

"Sir!" returned Mary, indignant, frightened, yet striving gallantly for self-possession. "Has your friend, Sir Frederic Samperton, fallen so low in your estimation that a lady cannot seek a business interview with him without suspicion?"

"Don't talk nonsense to me," retorted the colonel, now in one of his passions. "I'll have the whole truth out. I'll lock you up. I'll hand you over to your aunt."

"Pray, Colonel Chutney, exercise a little self-control," said Samperton, mildly; "but, above all, as this young lady justly observes, do not asperse my character."

Peake also suggested that the affair was, he felt sure, perfectly explicable.

"I do not believe a word of it," shouted Chutney, now scarlet with rage. Turning to Mary, he added: "And you—I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I do not care what you think," returned Mary; "I know I have nothing to be ashamed of. I shall not break my heart if no one believes me." And she burst into tears.

"I believe you, Miss Holden," said Captain Peake, soothingly, coming to her side; he would have said more if he had known what to say, but he didn't.

"Let me go away," wept Mary. "I will explain nothing."

"Yes, I'll take you away, and see you safe home," cried the colonel, seizing her. "Peake, you must tell your story about your seamen and their prize money to Samperton yourself. As for you, Sir Frederic, I'll see you to-morrow."

Colonel Chutney then departed, vindictively leading out the culprit.

WHAT NEXT? The latest fashion which is reported to be gaining ground is the adoption by ladies of stockings of two different colours—the one leg of pink, for instance, and the other of blue. It is a Parisian freak, and apparently so senseless that it is not likely to find favour with our fair countrywomen.

A PROMISE.—A promise should be given with caution, and kept with care. A promise should be made with the heart, and remembered by the head. A promise is the offspring of the intention, and should be nurtured by recollection. A promise and its performance should, like a true balance, always present a mutual adjustment. A promise delayed is justice deferred. A promise neglected is an untruth told. A promise attended to is a debt settled.

## CHESS AMONGST THE CELTS.

THE ancient game of chess was a great favourite with the Celts in former times. The amusements, as indeed everything else connected with this ancient race, which once inhabited all those countries, have been almost completely hidden from modern notice. Mr. Tom Taylor's beautiful translation of the Breton Lays cannot fail to excite an interest in everything relating to the Celts. We purpose to collect some of the statements that we have met with at various times, and in different quarters, about Celtic chess.

There was a prince of Hy Many, a territory situated in the modern county of Galway, who was surnamed "the chess player," no doubt from his being skilled in the game. In the same principality the officer who kept the chess-boards was the same that had charge of the gold and silver—in fact the treasurer.

In an old will of one of the kings of Ireland, Cathair, he is reported as leaving to one of his sons, "a man intelligent in chess-playing," who seems, by the way, to have been good for nothing else, only his chess-board and chess-furniture; which, it may be presumed, was an antique and elegant way of telling him to live by his wits, and thank God that he had them.

There is an old historic tale which gives us the following passage, quoted in the Introduction to the Book of Rights, one of the Celtic Society's publications, in which *fithcheal*, or chess, is thus mentioned:—

"What is thy name?" said Eochaidh. 'It is not illustrious,' said the other, 'Midir of Brigh Leith.' 'What brought thee hither?' said Eochaidh. 'To play *fithcheal* (chess) with thee,' replied he. 'Art thou good at *fithcheal*?' said Eochaidh. 'Let us have proof of it,' said Midir. 'The Queen,' said Eochaidh, 'is asleep, and the house in which the *fithcheal* is, belongs to her.' 'There is here,' said Midir, 'a no-worse *fithcheal*!' This was true indeed: it was a board of silver and pure gold, and every angle was illuminated with precious stones, and there was a man-bag of woven brass wire. Midir then arranges the *fithcheal*. 'Play,' said Midir. 'I will not, except for a wager,' said Eochaidh. 'What wager shall we stake?' said Midir. 'I care not what,' said Eochaidh. 'I shall have for thee,' said Midir, 'fifty dark grey steeds, if thou winnest the game.'"

In the Book of Rights itself the game is several times mentioned. Chess-boards were a common present from the kings of their chiefs, and if they were like Midir's, of gold and silver, they formed a valuable part of the stipend paid by the king to his chiefs. Many such entries as the following occur in the Book of Rights:—

Entitled is the king of Ui Briuin of fame  
To five steeds and five mantels,  
Ten swords, ten crooked drinking horns  
Ten bondmen, ten chessboards.

The same king, the king of Connaught, who gave the above present, gave also to another lord two, and to another ten, chess-boards.

Amongst the directions for a banquet at Tara, the following must be noted:—

Wine is to be dealt out to them at Tara  
Until their spirits are increased; (*sic*)  
Variegated drinking horns with their peaks,  
Sets (of chessmen) with their chessboards.

A chessman made of horn, elegantly carved into the form of a king sitting in a chair of state, was found some time ago in a bog in the county of Meath. This is, we believe, the only known relic of the ancient game of chess in Ireland. C. S.

FILLING-UP.—England began the present century with four acres of land for every person within her borders. When the century was half through, there were but two acres per inhabitant; and now we are upon a descending scale of fractions between two acres and one acre to each person. The estimate of the population of England in the middle of the year 1865 gives 1.78 acre to each person. In Scotland the tide of life rises more slowly, and there are still six acres to every head of population.

## PASTIMES.

## ARITHMETICAL PUZZLES.

1. A certain number, consisting of two digits, is multiplied by four, and thus becomes greater by 3 than the number formed by transposing the digits. What is the number?

2. A boy having a bag of marbles, found that when he counted them by either 2, 4 or 5 at a time there remained 1. Required the least number he could have in the bag.

3. A boy having asked the age of his father, received from him the following reply—12 years ago I was 4 times your age, but if we live 6 years longer, I shall only be twice your age. What were their respective ages at the time the question was put?

## RIDDLES.

1. Why is a stereoscope like matrimony?
2. How do young ladies like gentlemen to come to their doors?
3. Why is it supposed that there is more water in the Pacific than in the Atlantic?

## PUZZLE.

A gentleman, dining out a few days since, on entering the dining-room saw a likeness, and on asking the host whose picture it was, received this reply:—

"Brothers and sisters have I none  
But that man's father, was my father's son."

Whose likeness was it?

## CHARADES.

1. I am a word of 7 letters—my 1, 7, 5, 6, 3, is a Court-house official; my 2, 7, 1, 4, 5, 1, is the name of an ocean; my 5, 1, 6, is distantly related to the last, and very agreeable in summer; my 4, 2, 7, is used in shipbuilding; my 1, 2, 7, 4, is a vehicle; my 7, 2, 4, is an animal; my 1, 3, 2, 4, 6, has frequent connection with earthenware; and my whole is the name of a prominent Lower Canadian.

I am a word of 9 letters—my 8, 2, 4, is what one half of us are, or, have been; my 8, 7, 6, 4 is generally a valuable possession; my 9, 5, 6, is a Spanish nobleman; my 3, 7, 8, 1, is expressive of repose; my 6, 5, 9, is a form of recognition; my 3, 2, 6, 7, 8, is a useful artificial work; my 1, 5, 7, 6, is expressive of pain, and my whole is an intimate friend of the preceding.

## ANAGRAMS.

The following are four lines of poetry;—it will only require a little perseverance on the part of our readers to transpose the letters so as to form the proper words:

Urht si a lahvynee nippeirc!—a thlig  
Ehows amseb lwil erve diewg het nilgiwl hirgt.  
A xfdie asrt— a oletpss necalt uns  
In het dimsn veenab—genbuaelhnac nad eno.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES, &amp;c., No. 6.

## PUZZLES.

1. 16 lads, 15 received  $3\frac{1}{4}$ d. each, and one  $7\frac{1}{4}$ d.
2. 94 turkeys, 1 sheep, 3 cows.
3.  $5\frac{1}{2} + 5 = 6\frac{1}{2}$ .

## CONUNDRUMS.

1. A dripping pan. 2. Because he is influenced by the spirits. 3. Wat Tyler, Will Rufus, (What tiler will roof us).

## TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Possess. 2. Saturday Reader. 3. Oshawa.
4. Waterfall.

## CHARADE.

Host-age (hostage).

## RIDDLE.

Wood.

The following answers have been received.

Puzzles.—All, E. H. A., S. E. J., St. Johns; H. H. V., Student; Nos. 1 and 2, H. J. M., C. R. K.; No. 1, J. McD. P. Alto.

Conundrums.—All, H. H. V.; J. K.; Ellen G.; No. 1, E. H. A.; George, B. C. J.; (several have answered "wet.") No. 2, C. R. K., Student; Alice M. No. 3, D. S. H. L.; William P.

Transpositions.—All, E. H. A.; J. McD. P.; C. R. R.; W. M.; George F.; No. 1, H. J. M.; Fanny D.; Ellen G.; Nos. 3 and 4, Fanny D.; H. J. M., Lola; No. 3, S. E. J.

Charades.—H. H. V.; George T. Lola; Ellen G.

Riddles.—Fanny D.; Lola; H. H. V.; Alto.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

HOW SUGAR IS MADE WHITE.—The way in which sugar is made white, it is said, was found out in a curious way. A hen that had gone through a clay mud-puddle, went with her muddy feet into a sugar-house. She left her tracks on a pile of sugar. It was observed by some one that wherever the tracks were the sugar whitened. This led to some experiments. The result was that wet clay came to be used in refining sugar. It is used in this way:—The sugar is put into earthen jars, shaped as you see the sugar loaves are. The large ends are upwards. The smaller ends have a hole in them. The jar is filled with sugar, the clay put over the top and kept wet. The moisture goes down through the sugar and drops from the hole in the small end of the jar. This makes the sugar perfectly white.

PALIMPSESTS.—The scarcity of writing materials led, in the Middle Ages, to an attempt of economizing them, which was attended with very mischievous results to literature. Manuscripts containing the most valuable productions of antiquity were effaced, that the parchment on which they were written might be used for some worthless legend, or some fanciful disquisition equally valueless. Various efforts have been made to revive the more ancient writing, in the hope of recovering some lost work of classic antiquity. A very effective means of attaining this object has lately been discovered by accident. An old engraving having been photographed, a line which had been written with a pen was perceived in the copy, though nothing of the kind had been observed in the engraving. An examination, however, showed that it had been there, but was erased, under the supposition, very probably, that it lessened the value of the engraving. This discovery of another curious result of photography immediately suggested its use as a means of reviving the effaced writing of palimpsests, and it is even hoped that what is thus recovered may be transferred directly to steel or stone.

COCA LEAVES.—These, which are the leaves of different varieties of the *Erythroxylon Coca*, a South American shrub, have a very remarkable effect on the system, rendering the person who chews them capable, with the use of little or no food, of enduring great fatigue for a very considerable time. Von Tschudi employed an Indian for five days at some very fatiguing work: during the whole of that time he took no food, and rested only two hours in the night, but chewed an ounce of coca leaves every two or three hours. At the end of the five days he was able, without any inconvenience, to perform a considerable journey, taking no sustenance but what he derived from chewing coca. Dr. Scherzer mentions an Indian who travelled a distance of 243 miles and back, resting only one day between the journeys, and having to cross a mountain 13,000 feet high, using, during the whole time, only a little maize, but chewing abundance of coca. These leaves are consumed in large quantities in South America, but have not yet come into use in Europe. They afford another curious instance of the instinctive choice of substances containing theine, or some analogous nitrogenous compound; for it has been found that the coca contains a base which has been termed cocaine, and which resembles theine, caffeine, &c.—*Scientific Review*.

A manufacturer of photographic chemicals at Paris has invented a new kind of writing-ink, which is described as a mixture of the colouring-matter of dye-woods with some of the products of his factory, possessing the advantage over other kinds of ink in not being liable to deposit a sediment, or to become thick or mouldy, while it flows freely, and dries rapidly.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**NEHO.**—Correct in each case. Your letter did not come to hand in time to acknowledge under the proper headings. Communications intended for insertion should reach us not later than the Saturday preceding the day of publication, as we go to press early in the week.

**H. A. M.**—We stated last week that it is our intention to commence shortly a second serial tale. H. A. M. must bear in mind that we have to please a great variety of tastes, and that probably the articles he refers to are to his next door neighbour, amongst the most interesting in the paper. It is our aim to make the contents of the *READER* as varied as possible.

**S. E. F., ST. JOHNS.**—We are always pleased to receive communications respecting our Pastime column.

**FANNY D.**—Thanks! we have met with the question before, but it will probably be new to many of our readers. You should have sent the solution.

**WILLIAM.**—You should have stated the rate of interest allowed by the Bank, and whether you wish the simple or compound interest calculated. If you have not drawn any interest for six years, you are entitled to interest upon the interest, or compound interest. To calculate the latter it will be necessary for you to state whether the Bank compounds the interest it allows half yearly or yearly. We shall be happy to submit the question when we are enabled to state it properly.

**E. H. A., QUEBEC.**—We do not understand your questions respecting the two proverbs. Please state to what the figures refer.

**C. D., TORONTO.**—First attempts are generally consigned to the waste-basket, but as yours is a perfect curiosity in its way, we have determined to give our readers the benefit of it; we cannot, however, promise as much for the second, nor the twenty-second for that matter, as poetry does not appear to be exactly your forte.

## WILLIAM'S LAMENT.

"Oh William, my dear, you look so sad,  
Cannot I help to make you glad?  
Tell to your darling little wife,  
What it is that makes this petty strife."

"Mary, my love, it is hard to tell,  
Do you think I look at all unwell;  
For if you knew what is in my heart,  
Oh wife, I think, that it will part."

"Willie, you be-fore confided to me,  
Unless you tell me I will see."  
(Such is woman's curiosity)

"Think, oh think of my destiny"

"Mary, my brain is going mad,  
I feel as if I were something bad."

"Willie, tell it now to me, I say,  
So that I may comfort you this day"

"Well, Mary, keep very silent then,  
And I will tell you in records ten;  
All this day I shall feel in dirt,  
I have not got a clean, clean shirt."

TORONTO, Oct. 9th, 1865.

C. D.

Now C. D., your claim to immortality is unimpeachable, and we strongly advise you to rest upon your oars.

**F. B.**—We cannot insert the charades you sent, for obvious reasons. The gentleman referred to is far too modest to permit it. The other matter will probably appear.

**GEORGE B.**—Either of our booksellers will be happy to order the work from England; you would receive it in about one month from the date the order was despatched.

**W. J.**—The reported discovery of coal near Quebec is not likely to upset the theory of geologists. The celebrated Bowmanville mine's wonder should warn us against receiving statements which are made by interested parties too implicitly. We have more faith in the science of geology than in the would-be coal discovery, although in this instance we would willingly see Sir William Logan and others at fault.

**ELEK V.**—We decline "Voices by the Wayside," as not exactly suited for our columns. Our fair correspondent evidently possesses literary talent which she should cultivate.

× Your contributions are welcome; we shall make use of some of the anagrams shortly.

**JOSEPH L., HAMILTON.**—The manuscript is received, but has not yet been perused. We will

report when we have decided upon its acceptance or rejection.

**FROSTRATES.**—We decline to insert the "Lines to Mary," simply on account of the religious aspect you have given them. It is not our business to preach Roman Catholicism, nor is it our province to war against it. We do not wish to offend the religious sensibilities of any of our readers. The lines are well written, and we shall be glad to hear from you on other subjects upon the terms you suggest.

**R. C., MISSISSAUGA.**—The manuscript is to hand, and will receive attention in its turn.

**THE FORGE OF CIRCUMSTANCES.**—As above.

**ALPHA.**—The association is eminently deserving of support.

**WILLIAM S.**—The company is incorporated, but there is no appearance of its commencing active operations.

**EDINA.**—In English, the H is aspirated in Hotel, consequently "I was brought from a Hotel" is correct. In French, from which language the word is derived, the H is silent.

## HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

**A SUBSTITUTE FOR CREAM.**—Beat up the whole of a fresh egg in a basin, and then pour boiling tea over it gradually, to prevent its curdling; it is difficult from the taste to distinguish it from rich cream.

**BROWN BREAD Pudding.**—Take half a pound of stale brown bread grated, the same quantity of currants and shred suet, and a little nutmeg and sugar; add four eggs, a spoonful of brandy, and two spoonfuls of cream; boil in a basin or cloth full three hours.

**COUGH SYRUPS.**—Take Iceland moss two ounces, four poppy heads, four tablespoonfuls of barley, put in three pints of water; boil it down to two, and strain it. Add one pound of sugar. Dose, a tablespoonful whenever the cough is troublesome. Another:—boil down thoroughwort to a thick syrup, and sweeten with molasses. This cures when other remedies fail.

**VOLATILE LINIMENT.**—This is a valuable preparation, to be rubbed on the skin as an external stimulant in sore throats, rheumatism, spasms, and kindred pains. After rubbing it well in, which should be continued for twenty minutes to half an hour, flannel should be wrapped around the afflicted part. Volatile liniment is made by mixing equal quantities of spirits of hartshorn and sweet oil; by adding to this mixture a teaspoon or two full of laudanum, the preparation will be much improved in its efficacy in relieving pain.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends?—Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

An old lady wants to know, if the compass has a needle of thirty-two points, how long it would take a woman with such a needle to make a shirt?

A Frenchman wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said "de butter of de poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

A barrister who was remarkable for coming into court with dirty hands, observed, "that he had been turning over Coke."—"I should have thought you had been turning over coals," remarked a wag.

A Paris correspondent tells the following story.—A newly-made doctor practising in the environs of Paris was called in by a small shopkeeper to see her child suffering from a sudden illness. He gave a prescription, went away, and called again two days after. The woman met him on the threshold wringing her hands, and with her face bathed in tears. "How is the child?"—"Dead" was the agonised answer. "Dead? what with?"—"The measles," gasped the weeping mother. "Measles!" thundered the doctor; "wretched woman, you have killed your child."

If you had only told me that it was the measles, I could have prescribed for it directly."

**DO IT AT TWICE.**—Madme. Thierry, who, like Congreve's *Diana*, "does to fat incline," was playing one evening at the Palais Royal, with Gil Perez, in a piece in which the latter, who is small of stature, and by no means physically strong, had to carry her off the stage. His efforts were tremendous, the perspiration streamed down his face, his veins seemed bursting, but still the voluminous fair one "stood like a tower." It was a first night, the audience began to titter, the situation was most critical, and Perez had nerved himself to a fresh assault, when a shrill, boyish voice came from the gallery, "Don't give in! If you can't do it all at once, do it in two journeys."

"I wonder how they make lucifer matches!" said a young married lady to her husband, "with whom she was always quarrelling."—"The process is very simple," said the husband. "I once made one."—"How did you manage it?"—"By leading you to the altar."

"WHAT ought to be the cleanest of all trees?" asked Jones, as he was sauntering along the Margate pier with the choice of his own heart. "Why, the beech (beach), to be sure, dear, because it is washed by an ocean of water twice every day."

**NAPOLEON AND THE COUNTRY GIRL.**—During the stay of the Emperor and Empress at Biarritz, the rustic population frequently had open-air dances, at which the Imperial couple were at times present. At one of these balls Eugénie saw a country girl standing sadly apart while the other girls were merrily dancing. "Why are you not dancing?" the Empress asked her. "With whom should I dance?" said the girl, pitifully; "the man whom I love is in Mexico. Shall I venture to have a dance with others while Jean, perhaps, is lying wounded in the hospital?" This sincere language moved the Empress. She told it to the Emperor, and the latter at once walked up to the girl, and said to her—"My child, you must dance; and as your Jean is fighting for me in Mexico, I will dance for him here with his Mariette. One service demands the other."

**GREEN,** in our class in college, was a very cool man; he could play the most impudent tricks possible before the professor's eye, and never vince. One day the professor of mathematics had a theodolite brought into the room, and gave a long description of its machinery and use. When he had finished, each member of the class had an opportunity of examining it more minutely. When it came to Green's turn, he looked casually at it, and then commenced examining its three legs very minutely. This, of course, put the professor on the *qui vive*, who cleared his throat, and said—"Well, Mr. Green, any questions to ask?" Green took another look at its legs, and coolly remarked—"Why, they are not mahogany are they?" The effect was irresistible, acting in totally different ways on the professor and his pupils.

**THERE'S MANY A CHANGE IN A WINTER DAY.**—The late professor Duncan, of St. Andrew's, was, prior to his appointment to his chair, rector of an academy in Forfarshire. He was particularly reserved in his intercourse with the fair sex; but, in prospect of obtaining a professorship, he ventured to make proposals to a lady. They were walking together, and the important question was put without preliminary sentiment or note of warning. Of course the lady replied by a gentle "No!" The subject was immediately dropped; but the parties soon met again. "Do you remember," at length said the lady, "a question you put to me when we last met?" The professor said that he remembered. "And do you remember my answer, Mr. Duncan?"—"Oh, yes," said the professor. "Well, Mr. Duncan," proceeded the lady, "I have been led, on consideration, to change my mind." "And so have I," dryly responded the professor. He maintained his bachelorship to the close.—*Scottish Character*, by the Rev. O. ROGERS.

## WHY LADIES WEAR WATER FALLS.

"A question 'tis why Women wear a fall;  
The truth it is to pride they're given all,  
"And pride, the proverb says, must have a fall.